

LONDON AGAIN WELCOMES THE OLD BOYS TO THE OLD TOWN

EVERYTHING READY FOR THE GREAT CELEBRATION
ROUTES OF OLD BOYS AND MARDI GRAS PARADES

How the Divisions Will
Gather for Big After-
noon Parade.

FLOATS MAKE
DREAM OF BEAUTY

Programme of the Sports and
Games To Be Run Off at
Queen's Park.

The complete programme for the
week of Old Boys has been arranged
and is given below. Yesterday The
Advertiser gave only the afternoon
programme, but today the entire pro-
gramme is given.

It will prove a most interesting af-
fair, and should please the most cri-
tical.

The programme, as given, will be
followed out absolutely.

The following is the official pro-
gramme:

Monday.
1:20—Procession leaves courthouse.
2:20—Addresses by Mayor Stevely
and Mr. E. J. MacRobert, at Queen's
Park.

2:45—Massed bands.

3:00—Judging of fancy turnouts.

3:15—Exhibition of jumping. Hon.
A. Beck's horses. Four gold medals.

3:45—Relay race (open). 1 mile, 4
relays, 220 yards each.

4:00—Veteran firemen's relay, 40
yards. Three men on team. First, sec-
ond, third. Three prizes aggregate \$18.

4:15—Special event.

4:30—Visiting Old Boys' race, 75
yard. First, second, third, \$8.

4:40—Special event.

4:50—Quarter-mile bicycle, high
wheel. First, second, third.

5:00—Boys' race, under 15 years,
First, second, third, fourth, fifth; \$6.

5:10—Girls' race, under 15 years,
First, second, third, fourth, fifth; \$6.

5:20—Veteran firemen's exhibit.

Monday evening—Mardi Gras fes-
tival.

The floats will assemble on Well-
ington street, near Victoria Park, and will
leave Victoria Park at 8 o'clock sharp.

It will proceed south on Wellington
street to south side of Dundas street,
Dundas street to Ridout street, Ridout
street to Fullarton street, Fullarton
street to Richmond street, Richmond
street to Queen's avenue, Queen's ave-
nue to Adelaide street, Adelaide street
to Dundas street, Dundas street to
Queen's Park, ring entrance. Then to
the grandstand.

Order of the Mardi Gras Procession
Announcement Float—This will
contain announcements which will inform
the people concerning the procession.

Seventh Regiment Band.

High school cadets, the guard of
honor for the Queen of the carnival at
the coronation ceremony.

Canadian Float—This float will show
Miss Canada, attended by nine young
ladies representing the different prov-
inces, each in characteristic costume.

The float will be drawn by four horses
and will be attended by South African
veterans.

Floral Float—This is in charge of
Mr. W. W. Gammon, and will be one of
the prettiest floats imaginable.

American Float—This will show the
Goddess of Liberty on an elevated
platform, attended by six pages. For-
ty-six young ladies, representing
every state in the Union, and seven
other young ladies representing terri-
tories, will also be seen, garbed in
characteristic costumes. This float
will be splendidly illuminated by hun-
dreds of electric lights, and is ex-
tremely handsome. Preceding the float
will be a drag in which John Bull and
Uncle Sam will be shown. Uncle Sam
will be John Bull's guest on this oc-
casion.

Scotch Float—This will be decorated
with the Scotch Thistle and other
Scottish emblems. A pipers' band will
attend, and it will be drawn by
Clydesdale horses.

(Continued on Page Four.)

**RAILWAY CITY BOYS
TO COME 100 STRONG**

To Arrive Here by a Special About
9:30 Monday Morning.

The St. Thomas London Old Boys
leave for this city one hundred strong
on a special train at 9:30 on Monday
morning.

They will meet at the Grand Central
Hotel at 8:30, where the Twenty-fifth
Band will give a band concert.

The procession will then be formed
and will proceed to the station.

The caps, badges and membership
tickets have been distributed, and
things look bright for a fine time.

OLD BOYS' PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK

Tonight—Band concert in Armories by 7th Band and
91st Highlanders, Hamilton.
Street illuminations.

Arrival of Hamilton and Buffalo Old Boys.

Sunday morning—Special sermons and music in the
churches.

Arrival of Winnipeg and Western Old Boys.

Afternoon—Arrival of Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago
and other Old Boys.

Evening—Special sermons in all churches. Old Boys'
Choir in the First Methodist Church.

Monday morning—Arrival of all Old Boys.

Afternoon—Procession and Sports at Queen's Park.

Evening—Mardi Gras procession and coronation cere-
monies in Queen's Park.

Tuesday Morning—Meeting of International Associa-
tion in City Hall.

Afternoon—Sports at Springbank. International
baseball match.

Evening—Mardi Gras procession and ceremonials at
Queen's Park.

Wednesday Afternoon—Military sports and manoeu-
vres at Queen's Park by Seventh Regiment.

Evening—Great ball at Armories.

Thursday—Picnic at Port Stanley. Banquet in the
evening.

Friday—Visiting friends.

Saturday—Homeward bound.

Route of Old Boys' March
From City to Queen's Park

The Old Boys' procession will leave
the corner of Richmond and Dundas
streets Monday at 1:30 p. m. sharp.

Every section must be in readiness to
make the start.

The route will be—Richmond street
to Queen's avenue, east on Queen's
avenue to Adelaide street, south on
Adelaide street to Dundas street and
east on Dundas street to Queen's
Park, and then around the track in
front of the grandstand.

The marshals were appointed, as fol-
lows—Grand marshal, Walter Bartlett;
Marshals, J. W. Metherall, James Mc-
Cormick, Ed. Smith, W. C. Coe, Harry
Dyson, J. J. Dyer, H. Abel and John
McLean.

The procession committee of the
Old Boys met last evening at the city
hall, and decided on the route of the
procession on Monday afternoon as
well as appointed marshals for the
parade.

The procession was divided into sec-
tions, and each section will have a
different meeting place. They will
all fall in at a certain point and move
in with the big procession.

The sections were arranged as fol-
lows:

Section 1—The section will assemble
on Dundas street between Richmond
and Talbot streets. It will consist of
the mayor and council, the board of
education, separate school board, city
officials, police and Seventh Regiment
band.

Section 2 will assemble on the east
side of Talbot street north of Dundas.

In this section will be the Ninety-First
band, the Hamilton Old Boys, Toronto
Old Boys, Hon. Adam Beck's prize

horses, London Hunt Club, Irish jaun-
ting car and pony show.

Section 3 will assemble on the west
side of Talbot street north of Dundas.

In this section will be the Twenty-
Sixth Regiment band and the W. O. W.

Section 4 will assemble on south
Dundas street west of Talbot street.

Here will be the Detroit Old Boys, the
Windsor Old Boys, the Chicago Old
Boys and the Detroit band.

The veteran firemen, the city fire-
men and the comic floats will assemble
on east Talbot street south of Dun-
das, and will join this section.

Section 5 will assemble on the north
side of Dundas street west of Talbot,
and will consist of the Twenty-Fifth
Regiment band and St. Thomas, the St.
Thomas Old Boys, the A. O. F., the
Buffalo band, the Buffalo Old Boys,
Cleveland Old Boys and the Toledo Old
Boys.

Section 6 will assemble on Carling
street. The Citizens' band and the
Old Boys from Winnipeg and the west
will meet on the south side of Carling
street.

On the north side of Carling street
will assemble the Port Huron Old Boys
and band and the Sarnia Old Boys
and the Petrolia Old Boys.

Section 7 will assemble on Ridout
street, east side, north of Dundas
street, and will consist of the decorated
automobiles. On the east side of Ri-
dout, south of Dundas street, the
Woodstock Old Boys with band, the
Ingersoll Old Boys and high bicycles,
the Stratford Old Boys and bands.

Section 8 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
consist of manufacturers' floats and
decorated wagons.

Section 9 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
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decorated wagons.

Section 10 will assemble on Talbot
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Section 28 will assemble on Talbot
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Section 29 will assemble on Talbot
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decorated wagons.

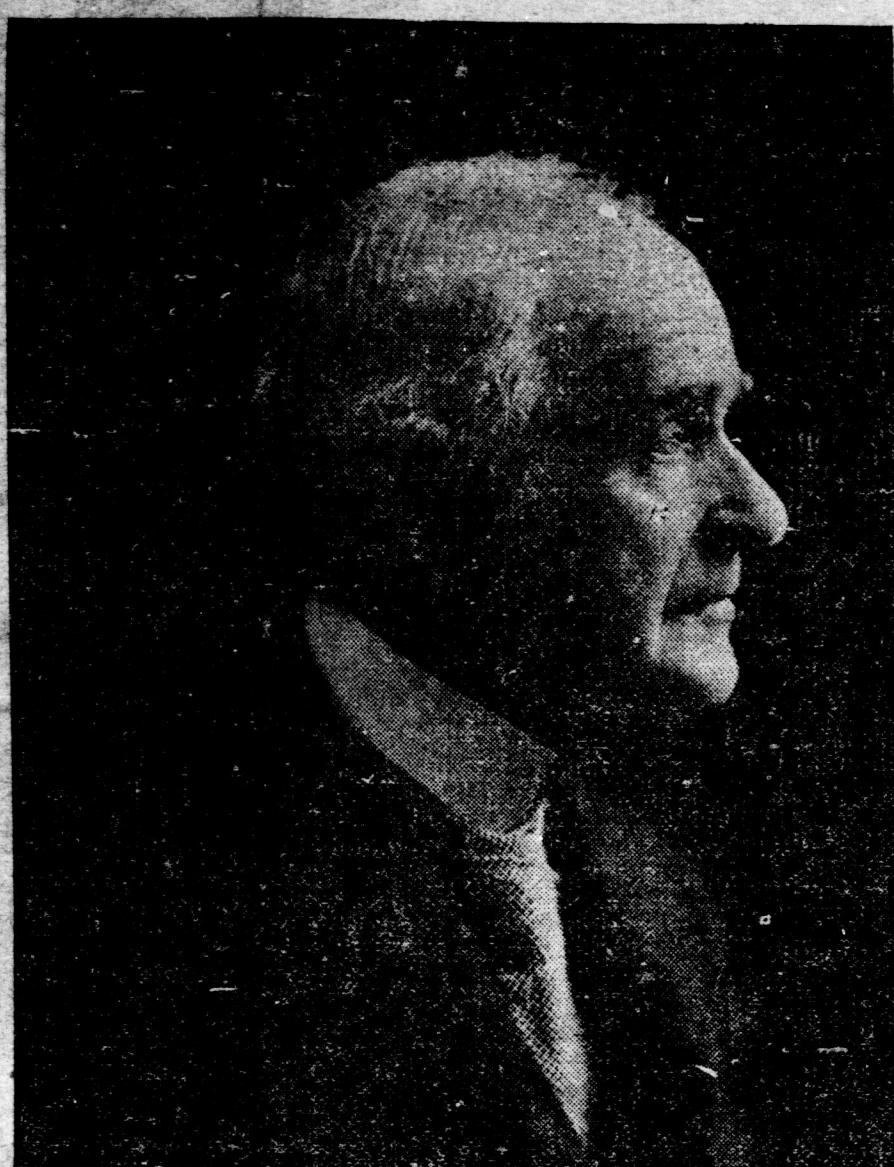
Section 30 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
consist of manufacturers' floats and
decorated wagons.

Section 31 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
consist of manufacturers' floats and
decorated wagons.

Section 32 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
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decorated wagons.

Section 33 will assemble on Talbot
street north of Carling street, and will
consist of manufacturers' floats and
decorated wagons.

"The Daddy of Them All"



MR. NICHOLAS WILSON,

Probably the oldest school teacher in Canada, and who is the father
of the Old Boys' movement, which has spread to almost every city in Can-
ada and the United States.

SOFT DRINKS ARE TOO HARD
SAYS INSPECTOR GALPIN

Consequently Certain Well-Known Citizens Were Hauled Into
Court Today and One Was Fined—Other Cases
To Be Heard Later.

It appears that certain persons have
been selling alleged "soft drink," in
London which are in the opinion of
the authorities "hard" drinks, calcu-
lated to make the heavy heart feel
light and the light head feel heavy.

Inspector Galpin "got wise," and at
this morning's session of the police
court the inspector was in the lime-
light all the time.

The first case tried was that of
Robert Garner.

Mr. Garner is a dealer in cider, but
Inspector Galpin charged him with
breaking the law by selling liquor
without a license.

Mr. Garner's cider, it was shown,
was so hard that one might easily be-
come intoxicated. Mr. Garner plead-
ed guilty and was fined \$50 and \$35
costs.

Local Option Beer.

Mr. John Murray, a manufacturer
of soft drinks, thought to make an
honest dollar by selling soft drinks at
the races recently. He procured a

keg of what is known as "local option
beer"—that is beer containing less
than 2 per cent of alcohol. Inspector
Galpin tapped the keg and took away
a quart bottle, the contents of which
he had analysed.

The result is a charge of breaking
the liquor bylaws by selling without a
license.

It is understood that the liquor the
inspector secured contained more than
2 per cent of alcohol.

The case was left over until next
Tuesday.

Another Case.

Abraham Kenter, a Hebrew, who
was fined \$20 and costs on a previous
occasion, was charged by the inspec-
tor with selling liquor without a li-
cense.

Mr. Kenter is also in the hard cider
business, it is said, according to evi-
dence which will be offered. The case
was adjourned for a week.

Edward Dutton, an Indian lister,
was charged with being drunk. The
case was enlarged for a week.

**COLORED CANDIES BLAMED
FOR DEATH OF A LONDON GIRL**

Josephine Armstrong Dies in Victoria Hospital After Two Weeks

Illness—Physician Says Dyes in Candies Were Cause
of Child's Dimise.

Josephine M. Armstrong, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Armstrong, died at Victoria Hospital early this morning, proba-
bly as a direct result of eating col-
ored candies. The little girl had been
sick for nearly two weeks, having
been taken ill after eating a great
many of the candies. Dr. Homer
Black was in attendance and stated
to The Advertiser that death was di-

rectly due to uremia, which was
probably brought about by the ab-
sorption into the system of the poi-
sonous colors used in the candies. It
is not known where the child got the
candies. The little girl was the sec-
ond eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Armstrong, and was very popular
with a wide circle of friends. The
funeral will be held on Sunday af-
ternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Greek Doesn't Want Cart Smashed

Jacob Fox appeared in the police
court this morning, charged by James
Lampotus with damaging his push-
cart.

Lampotus believes that Fox has a
grudge against him, and says that a
couple of days ago he came up and
smashed his push-cart.

The case was adjourned for a week.

The case of Frederick Hale, charged
by Chief Williams with cruelty to
animals was dismissed, as it was

shown that the animal in question
was being worked by a veterinary's
orders.

Mary Hennessy, for being drunk,
paid \$2.

Isaac Stewart, a drunk who came
up recently, was told he was com-
ing up too often, and was fined \$5
and given a week to pay it in.

The case of Clarence Robinson,
charged with fraud was laid over to
give Robinson a chance to settle the
matter by paying up the amount.

Death of Mrs. Levins.

The death occurred in Detroit on
Thursday, following an operation, of
Mrs. Levins, wife of the manager of
the Detroit White Lead and Color
Works, and sister of Mrs. C. E. Ber-

nard of the Hotel Savoy, London. Mr.
and Mrs. Bernard attended the fu-
neral in Detroit today. The late
Mrs. Levins was well known in Lon-
don and Belmont, where she had many
relatives. Her maiden name was Mc-
Lachlan.

OLD BOYS POURING INTO LONDON
BACK TO CHILDHOOD'S SCENESThe Advertiser's
New Story.

The Advertiser will begin the
publication of a new story,
"The Wings of the Morning,"
by Louis Tracy, on Tuesday.
"The Wings of the Morning"
is packed with human interest
and romance in every chapter.
Louis Tracy is a master of plot
and invention.

A liberal installment will be
printed every day. Look for
the first on Tuesday.

NEW ZEALAND'S OFFER

Seventy-Five Thousand Pounds For
All-Red Route.

London, July 31.—The premier of
New Zealand, speaking at Wellington,
said the Dominion was disinterested with
the service via the Suez Canal, and
was prepared to pay £75,000 annually
for an all-red route with 18-knot
steamers on the Pacific.

HANGED AT KAMLOOPS

Man Who Blew Up Hotel and Killed
Proprietor's Daughter.

Kamloops, B. C., July 31.—Francisco
Ceddo was hanged in the jail yard
here this morning at 9:20 o'clock for
the murder of a hotel proprietor's
daughter near Greenwood by blowing
the hotel up with dynamite.

PERE MARQUETTE PICNIC

Buffalo Division of Road Will Once
More Go to Chatham.

Chatham, Ont., Aug. 1.—For the
third year in succession the employes
of the Buffalo division of the Canadian
will hold their annual picnic in this
city, the date set being Aug. 22. On
this date, as in former years, a great
many special trains filled with em-
ployes will trail to this city. Chief
Trainmaster Gihlila will be in charge.

THE WEATHER.

TOMORROW—FINE.

FORECASTS.

Toronto, Aug. 1—8 a.m.

Today—Moderate winds, mostly wester-
ly; fine, not quite so warm.

Sunday—Fine and warm.

Local Temperatures.

The highest and lowest readings of the
thermometer at the local observatory for
the 24 hours ended at 3 p.m. yesterday
were: Highest, 81.5°; lowest, 61°.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.

Calgary 48 48 Clear

Port Arthur 62 61 Fair

Parry Sound 60 48 Clear

Toronto 66 54 Clear

Ottawa 66 54 Fair

Montreal 66 58 Clear

Quebec 60 54 Clear

Father Point 56 48 Clear

The first column in the above table re-
cords the temperatures at 8 o'clock this
morning, and the second column records
the minimum temperatures during the 24
hours.

WEATHER NOTES.

The weather remains fine over Canada,
with more moderate temperature condi-
tions from the lakes to the Maritime
Provinces, while in many portions of the
Western Provinces great heat prevails.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

Minimum and maximum temperatures:

Dawson, 42-78; Atlin, 48-70; Victoria, 50-
70; Vancouver, 51-72; Kamloops, 51-72;
Battledore, 48-78; Edmonton, 54-74; Prince
Albert, 54-72; Calgary, 44-50; Qu'Appelle,
52-64; Winnipeg, 52-60; Port Arthur, 48-
78; Parry Sound, 64-80; Toronto, 64-88;
Ottawa, 70-84; Montreal, 74-86; Quebec,
72-82; St. John, 56-60; Halifax, 58-78.

Among the early visitors to the city
hall was the veteran founder of these
reunions, Mr. Nicholas Wilson.

A reunion without him would not
seem right, and he had to be on hand
to welcome his former students.

All of them greeted him with affec-
(Continued on Page Eight.)

Market Gardener Badly Injured
In Runaway on Wellington Road

William Gibson, of Westminster,
Is in a Serious Condition in
Victoria Hospital.

Struck a Post.

When in front of George Jackson's
butcher shop the wagon swerved sud-

KNOT & SAUGSTER

ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE. PHONE 650.

Carfrae Crescent—The new survey just over the Trac-tion Company's bridge. The footpath has now been put on the bridge, drain laid and sidewalk will be laid at once. Water mains will also be laid. Two red pressed brick houses have been built and a number of lots sold. Lots cost only \$6 to \$12 per foot. Now is your chance. Do not miss it. You can buy a lot by paying a small payment down and the balance in monthly payments. You will be sorry if you delay. This is the nearest new survey to the centre of the city.

ST. JAMES STREET—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 8 rooms, all modern conveniences, hardwood floors all downstairs, veranda, fruit and ornamental trees, lot 50x125 feet to a lane. Call for particulars.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Two-story brick, 8 rooms, modern conveniences, fruit trees, veranda, lot 50x125 feet. Call for particulars.

SURREY AVENUE—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, pump, barn, lot 60x114 feet. Only \$1,500.

CENTRAL AVENUE—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, pump, barn, lot 60x114 feet. Only \$1,500.

RIDOUT STREET SOUTH—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, pump, barn, lot 60x114 feet. Only \$1,500.

EDWARD STREET—Frame cottage, 6 rooms, cement, two chicken houses, cement walks, sink and water in house, lot 36x125 feet; fruit and shade trees, \$1,500.

GRIMES STREET—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, pump, barn, lot 60x114 feet. Only \$1,500.

GREY STREET—Two-story frame, brick foundation, 7 rooms, good cellar, lot 50x125 feet. Call for particulars.

GRAVEL PIT—Best near city; unlimited quantities of gravel and sand of the best grades; 10 acres of good market garden land. Call for particulars.

NELSON STREET—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, pump, barn, lot 60x114 feet. Only \$1,500.

BARBER SHOP—Doing good business, first-class chance for good man. Two hydraulic chairs and all furniture good. Only \$250.

LOHNE AVENUE—Frame cottage, 4 rooms, lot 36x125 feet. Price, \$800.

WILSON AVENUE—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, kitchen cupboard, wardrobes in bedrooms, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$1,500.

WATERLOO STREET—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 6 rooms, modern conveniences, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$1,500.

FACTORY ON C. P. R.—Lot 50x125 feet. Call and get particulars.

HORTON STREET—Two-story and attic brick, 11 rooms, large front and back stairs, modern conveniences. Call for particulars.

CHEAPSIDE STREET—New story and half frame, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$2,500.

DUNDAS STREET—Two-story brick, 3 rooms, a splendid hardwood floor, doctor's store, a fine corner, lot 50x125 feet. Call for particulars.

INCLOSURE PLACE—Two splendid lots. A chance of a lifetime. \$550 each.

PRINCIPAL AVENUE—Two-story brick, 6 rooms, electric light and fixtures, lot 36x125 feet. Call for particulars.

LANGARTH STREET—Two-story brick, cement foundation, 7 rooms, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$1,700.

NELSON STREET—Frame cottage; lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$800.

SACKVILLE STREET—New 1½-story brick-veneer, cement block foundation, 6 rooms, good sink and water in house, lot 37.5x55 feet. Call for particulars.

RIDOUT STREET SOUTH—Two-story brick, stone foundation, 10 rooms, modern conveniences, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$4,500.

PICCADILLY STREET—Two-story brick, 10 rooms, modern conveniences, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$2,500.

MATLAND STREET—Frame cottage, 7 rooms, cellar, lot 36x125 feet. Price, \$1,500.

WORTLEY ROAD—Two-story and attic red pressed brick, cement foundation, 11 rooms, modern conveniences, front and back stairs, veranda; lot 50x125 feet. Call and get price.

ELEANOR STREET—Frame cottage, cement foundation, 6 rooms; lot 35.6x125 feet. Cheap for quick sale, \$1,500.

LOT FOR SALE
A number of choice building lots in this survey, fronting on Lovett street, Kitchener and Roberts avenues. Lots high and dry. City water in each lot. The George White Sons' works now being erected near the property. There will be a great demand for new houses in this locality.

Better secure your lot now. No taxes for 1908. Free copy Registrar's Abstract. Get into the growing locality that is rapidly increasing in value. The last large block in the centre of the East End.

Money will be advanced to purchasers of lots to erect dwellings.

A. A. Campbell, 428 Richmond St.
314-4

NEEDHAM & ROBSON
It's now for the Old Boys' week. Stop and think. There is no better proposition to offer under the sun than farming. A good farm in this district is worth a gold mine.

We have the best farms in Middlesex to offer for sale. The following are a few of the first class on our list:

No. 156-160 acres in the Township of Delaware, 8 acres hardwood timber, level clay loam, good fences, 2 acres orchard, 1½-story frame house, good frame barns, 5 acres timber, level, clay loam, fences good, well watered, 3 acres orchard, two-story brick house, large barns on brick walls; on gravel road, 6½ miles to London.

No. 192-196 acres, half-mile to Merton; 1½-story frame house, beautiful lawn, good barns; on gravel road.

No. 198-199 acres, Township of Westminister, 8 acres timber, 1½-story brick house, good barns on foundations, on gravel road, four miles to London.

No. 200-201 acres, Township of Lobo, good brick house, good barns; on gravel road, twelve miles to London. No better farm in Canada.

No. 203-205 acres, Township of London; large brick house and large barns, on cement foundation, 1½ miles to London, edge of cattle. Will sell right. No better farm.

No. 207-209 acres, Township of London; good brick house, frame barn, fences wire. First-class farm. Will sell right; good reasons.

Call or write for full information. See Free Press.

ED. DANN, Valuator
418 TALBOT STREET, LONDON.

ELOCUTION.
SHATTIE E. ROONEY, A. L. S. E., teacher of expression, elocution and physical culture. Concert engagements accepted. Studio, 275 Lyle. 15c-20c

P. Walsh's Bulletin

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUILD THIS FALL, secure a lot in the Ridout street survey. Sewer, sidewalks, street cars, etc. All brick houses to be erected on these high, elevated lots. You cannot beat our present prices.

CHEAP LOTS on the Wharfcliffe road and Macdonald street, near the Ridout street survey. Several lots are already sold. Don't delay if you want a nice high and dry lot.

LOHNE AVENUE—A large frame cottage on brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, clothes closets, dining-room and two kitchens; a well-built house; frame barn; lot 50x125 feet. Inquire at once.

GROSVENOR STREET—New 1½-story brick house, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, three cellars, electric light and gas; lot 50x125 feet. A splendid opportunity. Price, \$2,000.

A FRAME STORE AND DWELLING, on brick foundation, very central and doing a nice business. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Price, \$2,000.

TRAFALGAR STREET—Frame cottage and barn, with two lots. \$750.

MATLAND STREET—A modern two-story brick, 10 rooms. At a bargain to close.

POTTERSBURG—A large frame cottage on brick foundation, 7 rooms, in perfect order, veranda, 22 Queen's street, at a bargain.

WATERLOO STREET NORTH—Frame cottage on brick foundation, 6 rooms. Must be sold. Price, \$500.

KENNETH AVENUE, south of Piccadilly street—New 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

LOHNE AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, electric light; good lot. Cheap at \$2,500.

YORK STREET—Two-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, lot 50x125 feet. Want a quick sale. Price reasonable.

HAMILTON ROAD, near Hyatt avenue—New 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, complete, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, furnace, electric light and gas; lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$2,500.

NELSON STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

MATLAND STREET, south of G. T. R.—A new 1½-story brick-veneer house, 8 rooms, sewer laid in; good lot. Cheap at \$2,100.

GREY STREET, near William street—Frame cottage, 7 rooms, in perfect order, lot 50x125 feet. Price, \$1,500.

TEN LOTS on Waterloo and Huron streets, at a bargain.

WELLINGTON STREET, south of G. T. R.—A new two-story brick house, 8 rooms, foundation, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, 2 bedrooms, hot water in bathroom, furnace, gas, veranda; lot 42x100 feet. Want an immediate sale. Call for price.

ELIAS STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

SOUTH LONDON—Choice lots on Wharfcliffe road, near the Ridout street survey. Several lots are already sold. Buy now, while they are cheap.

WELLINGTON STREET, south of G. T. R.—A new two-story brick house, 8 rooms, foundation, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, 2 bedrooms, hot water in bathroom, furnace, gas, veranda; lot 42x100 feet. Want an immediate sale. Call for price.

ELIAS STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

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ELIAS STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

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ELIAS STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

SOUTH LONDON—A new two-story brick house, 8 rooms, foundation, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, 2 bedrooms, hot water in bathroom, furnace, gas, veranda; lot 42x100 feet. Want an immediate sale. Call for price.

ELIAS STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 22 Queen's street. Price, \$2,000.

SOUTH LONDON—A new two-story brick house, 8 rooms, foundation, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, 2 bedrooms, hot water in bathroom, furnace, gas, veranda; lot 42x100 feet. Want an immediate sale. Call for price.

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J. B. CAMPBELL, M.A., M.D.—SPECIALTY, diseases stomach. Hours, 2-4, 7-8, and appointment.

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J. LEWIS THOMAS, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER, 34 Central avenue, late department public works, Canada. Phone: 225 Dundas, 82 St. Thomas.

W. FLETCHER SHEPHERD, ARCHITECT—Dufferin block (late Toronto). Phone 966.

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London Advertiser.

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NOON AND EVENING DAILY.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 1.

HERE'E ORATORY!

The French-Canadian is a natural orator. He has the temperament of eloquence. The emotional appeal of the Quebec celebration has touched many lips and pens with rhapsody, but the laurel goes to Hon. Adolphe Turgeon, of Quebec. There is a prose poetry in his apostrophe to Canada which in an English speaker would seem florid and overstrained, but which comes from a Frenchman spontaneously, and with no suggestion of bathos. Here it is:

"O, Canada! Land of valor and of beauty, I would that my voice were as far-reaching as Roland's magic horn to carry the accents of my love and pride into the homes of all Land that thrills with life, with its lakes and springs, its rivers fertilizing the plains, or mirroring the trees of the great forests on their banks! Land rocked to sleep by the melody of torrents and the songs of streams; iridescent with the powdery spray of cascades, watered by the St. Lawrence, 'of all famous rivers, the only one unchangeably pure!' Land invigorated by our winters that breathe powerful energy and gaiety over fields bespangled with sparkling crystals, sheltered by splendid mountain tops, and rich in the glowing health of its plains! Land wherein memories sleep and hopes are at rest! Land redolent with the poetry of fields, stars, and souls! While still in the bloom of thy virgin energies, well might thine immortal founder utter in admiration that exclamation never yet surpassed and that we repeat today: 'It may be said that the country of New France is a new world, and not a kingdom, beautiful in every perfection.'"

A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR.

If it were assumed that Mr. Sifton would permanently leave public life, the Conservative press might do tardy justice to his great achievements, and he might share the experience of other Liberal statesmen who, after quitting the stage, have been praised as vehemently by their opponents as they were previously traduced. The Toronto World is an honorable exception. It has not waited for Mr. Sifton to die, or shelve himself, before paying him tribute. Says the World: "If there be truth in the rumor that Mr. Sifton is once more to accept a position in the Cabinet, a new light will be cast upon his career. He has suffered the penalty of every man of constructive imagination. Twelve years ago he outlined plans for the future of Canada, which are now being appreciated, and becoming intelligible. Being misunderstood he was at that time criticised for what has proven to be his foresight. On the floor of the house Mr. Sifton's utterances have always commanded respect, because of their conciseness and pith. As a man of business capacity in the large sphere of government he has shown himself alert, adroit and competent. He is a man worth having in the service of his country."

Only Canadians blinded by party prejudice will refuse to recognize what Mr. Sifton has done to give this country the impetus which has carried it to heights of prosperity and progress undreamed of twelve years ago. It was a fortunate day when this man with a vision, and a capacity to realize it, set himself to the great task of developing western Canada. His very success marked him out for calumny, but he pursued his design with apparent indifference to praise or censure alike. Today Canada is reaping the reward of his foresight, energy and ability, and his fellow-countrymen, with a few bigoted exceptions, acknowledge his unique public service.

SOLVING THE IRISH LAND PROBLEM.

That the Wyndham act of 1903 is contributing largely to the solution of the Irish land problem, all accounts from the Emerald Isle agree. It will take an immense amount of money to carry to completion the plan contemplated by that measure, the money originally at the disposal of the Government for assisting tenants in purchasing their holdings having been exhausted some time ago; but the very fact that there is every prospect of this vexed question being settled for all time justifies any sacrifice which the imperial exchequer may make.

The proceeds of the first issue of bonds to enable the carrying out of the provisions of the act, amounting to £28,000,000, having been expended, the Government has come to the relief of the land commissioners by the negotiation of a new loan of £5,000,000 at 2½ per cent interest, maturing

in 25 years. This makes a total of £33,000,000, or \$165,000,000, so that, deducting the discount and the expenses of carrying out the law, at least \$160,000,000 has already been paid over in behalf of the tenant farmers of Ireland for the purchase of their farms from the previous owners.

This latest bond issue was placed at 10½ per cent below par, and it is significant as indicating the high degree of public confidence in the Irish land reforms, that the loan was subscribed for forty times over. All told, there were 24,000 bids for the new bonds, amounting to \$875,000,000, and a deposit of nearly \$9,000,000 was made to secure the applications. Under the circumstances the best the Government could do was to cut down all the subscriptions to a small percentage of the amount called for.

The proceeds of this loan, though helping considerably in the settlement of purchases that have already been arranged, can bring relief to only a small portion of those landlords and tenants who have been waiting long and anxiously for the completion of their bargains with the state. The purchases already made and awaiting completion by the payment of the price agreed upon amount to more than £35,000,000.

In the opinion of Wm. E. Curtis, who is studying conditions in Ireland for the Chicago Record-Herald, the result of the recent loan was in large measure due to the favorable reports that have been made by the land commissioners regarding the promptness of the purchasers in the payment of the installments already due. The latest report of the commissioners show that up to July 1, only 305 out of 44,773 farmers were in arrears. In a recent letter, Wm. O'Brien, M. P., declared it to be a literal fact that in the transactions involving the transfer of more than one-third of the land of Ireland from the present landlords to tenant purchasers, under the land acts of 1885, 1891 and 1903, the English taxpayer has not been at the loss of a single farthing, saving his share in the bonus, to which the Irish taxpayer is an equal contributor. Under the three acts, 116,992 Irish farmers have had farms purchased for them by the Government, which they are under obligations to pay for by installments, amounting annually to \$7,240,000, or 1.023, or less than 1 per cent of them, are in arrears in their payments, and the amount unpaid is only about \$50,000. This is conclusive evidence that the peasant farmers of Ireland are carrying out in good faith the generous arrangement that has been made for them by the British Parliament.

Besides the actual tenants, the commissioners have provided farms for 2,547 persons who are not tenants, such as the sons of farmers and laborers. To these 70,226 acres, an average of 35 acres each, have been allotted and paid for by the Government.

In view of the amicable relations existing between the landlords, the tenants, the investors and the politicians, the present is considered a favorable opportunity for negotiating further loans to complete the land purchases already pending, and more than one scheme with this object in view has been suggested.

Meanwhile, as a result of the dividing up of lands into small farms, there is growing complaint of lack of labor, and among the remedies suggested are measures to restrict emigration and to restrain agricultural laborers, who spend most of the year in England and Scotland, where higher wages are paid.

THE PEERS SURRENDER.

The Unionist peers, upon second thought, have withdrawn all opposition to the old age pensions bill, and have sanctioned it in the form in which it left the Commons.

No doubt the peers were told plainly by Mr. Balfour that they were making a tactical blunder. In rejecting or mutilating the bill they would be furnishing a stick to beat their own backs if the Government chose to make the mending or ending of the House of Lords a battle-royal, and they would also deal a blow at the Unionist party which would be held responsible for their conduct.

The Upper Chamber's somersault is another proof that it is merely a pawn in the Conservative game. It is animated by no fixed principles, and even the interests and prejudices of class, which it might be supposed to represent, bow to the exigencies of party.

The surrender of the peers has deprived the Government of a grievance which would be mightily effective in a constitutional battle, but it has further discredited the Upper House.

Home, Sweet Home.

The Lords got their back up only to back down.

The Old Boys will excuse a touch of coolness in their reception when it's the weather.

The water supply is running low again. The house with a leaky tap is not occupied by a good citizen.

London is still home to thousands of her returning sons and daughters, and many of them will admit that there's no place like it.

The attack on the preferential duties on British woollens comes from the

blatant advocates of an ultra-imperial preference.

Lord Roberts' iron frame has withstood the rigors of war in many a climate, but it is not equal to the assaults of Canadian hospitality.

WOLFE'S UNMARKED GRAVE.

[Westminster Gazette.]
Most people who see the Wolfe memorial in Westminster Abbey assume that the great general is buried there, but as a matter of fact the hero's last resting-place has been for a century and a half without a stone to mark it. From Canada his remains were taken to his father's residence at Greenwich, and afterward interred in Greenwich Parish Church in a spot unmarked by any memorial for the information of posterity.

Montcalm was buried where he fell, and his remains now lie in the convent of the Ursulines at Quebec.

UNNOTICEABLE.

[Judge.]
Saphead—Doctor, if I were to lose my mind, would I be aware of it myself?

Doctor—You would not notice the difference, nor would any of your friends.

VILLAINS.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
How easy it would be to sort out our villains if in real life they always showed their villainy as early and as plainly as they do on the stage.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

[Brooklyn Life.]
Kicker—What's all that noise in the factory?

Snicker—That's the minister practicing what he's going to preach.

OF THOSE WHO CHANGE.

[Woman's Life.]
Weep not for those who die; they love us yet.

Are with us lest our lonely hearts grow strange.

Are with us lest our weary hearts forget.

Weep not for those who die, but those who change.

The changed ones—those we loved and now must lose.

(The dead are safe; we love them and they live).

Far better dead than changed, if I might choose.

The dead are ours; the changed we must forgive.

Oh, changed and lost! . . . Oh, lost, how utterly!

I know not if the ages can repair the broken lives, the love that once was there.

Love should live changeless through eternity.

EVEN IN SUMMER.

[Atlantic Constitution.]
"Even in the summer time," says Brother Williams, "it's a good idea to have a steam heater in de meetin' house, kase it puts de sinners in mind o' what's ahead o' 'em."

PREVIOUSLY INEXPERIENCED.

[Brooklyn Life.]
"Since Miss Ann Teek has her electric phonograph she spends so that she keeps the busy couple busy."

"Why does she do it?"

"She says it's so exciting to be chased by a man."

A JUDGMENT.

[Punch.]
Brown (watching ship)—Ah! They've just dropped the anchor.

Mrs. B.—I serve 'em right! It's been dangling outside all the morning.

ALSO DISAPPEARING.

[Omaha Bee.]
The world's supply of cork is said to be disappearing at an alarming rate. The world's supply of stuff that goes under the cork is also disappearing at the rate usual in campaign years.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

[The Tatler.]
Garg—If I miss don't get better by next Tuesday, fortnight I'll send for 't doctor.

Farmer—Why not before then, Garg?

Garg—Well, it'll be forty year next Tuesday fortnight since we 'ad 't doctor, an' I'd like 't make it 'e'ven forty.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

[Judge.]
Tourist—My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?

Landlord—My! You're fortunate in coming to just the place! Why, the south wind always blows here.

Tourist—Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now.

Landlord—Oh, it'll be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know.

"BOBS" AT QUEBEC.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
"Fine feathers don't make fine birds," nor a 't 'e for sartorial splendor and good braid fine soldiers.

Just after the close of the Boer war an American tourist in London was watching a civic and military parade pass the corner where the big hostilities for Yankee tourists cluster near Trafalgar Square.

There were resplendent figures on horseback, richly uniformed grandees in carriages—a glittering line of gay coats, robes, sashes, waving plumes serpentine into the Strand.

Just then there was a burst of cheers for "Bohs." "Which is he—where's Lord Roberts?" asked the American eagerly of his elbow neighbor. "That's 'im," says the Cockney, with a stare of surprise that anyone couldn't pick out "Bohs," pointing with his pipe at a little, wiry, terrier-like man in plain tweed suit and brown derby. "Well," gasped the stranger, "you ought to see General Miles."

Something to a like effect may have passed through the minds of spectators when the great Anglo-Irish soldier arrived in Quebec last Wednesday. "A small, plain, wiry gentleman, with a brown face and a gray moustache, looking about at the decorations with the pleased and interested air of one who would rather see than be seen."

Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise; 'E's a terror for 'is size, an' 'e does not adventure—Do yer, Bobs?

No peacock business for "Bobs."

A FEMINE AMENITY.

[Philadelphia Record.]
An English nobleman, noted for his wealth and for his inclination to part with it, one attended a bazaar promoted by Princess Metternich in aid of a hospital.

"Will you buy this cigarette case?" asked the princess, offering a pretty article to the peer. No, his lordship did not smoke.

"This penholder, then," said the princess. No, his lordship never wrote.

"A bonbonniere? Surely!" No, said his lordship, he never ate sweets.

"The bonnet that look up a cake of soap," "I shall not ask you to buy this soap," he remarked.

READY FOR CELEBRATION

Continued from Page 11

Irish float—This will be most beautiful in its simplicity. The color scheme is white, green and gold. It will be drawn by six pairs of white horses on each of which will be saddle-cloths of rich green velvet with emblems of Ireland thereon. The front part of the float will represent Blarney Castle, with a replica of the coat-of-arms of the United Kingdom showing on it. The rear of the float will show the harp of Erin. On the platform will be the Goddess of Erin, playing the golden harp. The rapids of Killarney will also be shown by moonlight. The effect will be startlingly vivid, and is certain to prove very popular. Several Irish attendants in typical Irish costume will be in attendance. An Irish jaunting car will bring up the rear.

English float—On this float will be Miss Britannia and 35 children singing Rule Britannia and other English songs. It will be drawn by four horses. A replica of one of the towers of Windsor Castle will be shown.

Italian float—This will represent the vessel Santa Maria in which Columbus discovered America. It will be manned by the Marconi Club, and will have 30 men on it as bodyguard.

A. F. float—This is a characteristic float and will be accompanied by the officers of the order and many members.

Orient Club float—This will be fitted up with all the richness of Oriental splendor. It will be manned by a large number of members of the club. Veteran Firemen's float—It will be preceded by one company on foot and will be manned by another company. On it will be a pretty little cabin made of asbestos, and an exhibition will be given by the company manning the float.

Hermitage float—This will represent a cave in the mountains, and the hermits of old times will be shown.

Woodmen of the World float—This float will represent a forest in which are growing trees and trees cut down, besides a beautifully illuminated globe. The officers of the society will be on a guard horse.

Travelers' float—This will represent the different wares and articles manufactured in the city.

Southern float—This will be taken in charge by St. John's Club, and will represent the Southern scene.

Then follow, Hon. Adam Beck and Mrs. Beck driving their prize-winning horses.

The Royal Float.

Following these are the heralds announcing the approach of the royal float. This float will be attended by a mounted guard from "B" Company of the First Hussars.

In the royal float will be the queen of the Mardi Gras, Miss Florence Stevely, attended by the following ladies in waiting, Misses M. MacRobert, Dorothy McCann, E. Butler, (Detroit), Irene Edy, M. Strong, M. Mara, Mildred Belton, Florence Belton, B. Underwood, and the following pages: Fred Skinner, Oren Beltz, Carl Ziegler, Cecil and Harold McCann.

Comus Meets Mayor.

During the route of the procession King Comus will be met by Mayor Stevely, and welcomed to the city, and his worship will deliver over the keys of the city to King Comus and the Queen.

Then will follow the magnificent coronation ceremony on the stage in front of the grandstand. A royal throne has been erected, and a scene of unusual splendor will be enacted. It is expected that the ceremony will take about two hours.

The various bands which will be in the city will be interspersed throughout the route of march.

Tuesday Morning.

Meeting of International Old Boys' Association and election of officers.

Tuesday Afternoon.

2:30—Baseball match, International Old Boys, Springbank, Visiting Old Boys' race.

2:30—Tilting the ring, visiting Old Boys, Visiting Ladies' race.

3:40—Novelty race, visiting Old Boys.

4:00—Married ladies' race.

4:30—Fat men's race, 220 pounds and over.

4:40—100 yards, open.

5:00—Tug-of-war, International Old Boys.

4:00 to 6:00—Reception to visiting ladies.

Tuesday Evening—Mardi Gras Procession.

The procession of Monday evening will be repeated, with the addition of numerous other floats. There will be many new and novel characters shown in this procession. Many comic and blasphemous floats will be shown.

The route of this procession will be as follows: It will leave Queen's Park at 7:45 p.m. It will proceed west on Dundas street to Adelaide street, south on Adelaide street to King street, south on King street to Wellington street, north on Wellington street, east on Dufferin avenue, east on Dufferin avenue to Adelaide street, north on Adelaide street to Dundas street, and east on Dundas street to Queen's Park.

On arrival at the park the prizes will be presented by the Queen, and the procession will be reviewed. Then will follow the magnificent spectacle of fighting the flames.

Wednesday.

Wednesday will be given over entirely to the Seventh Regiment. The afternoon programme is as follows:

1.—Parade of the Seventh Regiment from the armories to Queen's Park, where they will troop colors, march past, etc.

2.—Officers' powder race.

3.—100 yards dash.

4.—Tent pitching.

5.—Stand-at-ease contest.

6.—Company relay race.

7.—Looking pleasant.

8.—Wall-scaling contest.

9.—Push ball.

10.—220 yards hurdles.

11.—Tug-of-war.

Wednesday Evening.

The Mardi Gras dance will be given in the armories by the officers of the Seventh Regiment. The arrangements for this dance are most complete, and it will prove a very interesting event.

Thursday.

The Irish Benevolent Society will

20 pay-life rate

Endowment

One of our

special Reserve

Dividend Policies.

You pay the

ordinary 20 pay

life premium,

and policy will

mature as an

Endowment

at expectation

of life.

Booklet Free.

London Life

POLICIES

GOOD AS GOLD

J. F. Maine, Superintendent Industrial Branch.

Geo. McBroom and W. A. Winterstein, Inspectors Ordinary Branch.

entertain its friends at Port Stanley on this day.

This picnic will be the greatest affair ever given by the I. B. S., which is saying a great deal.

It will contain all the features of former years and many new ones.

Friday.

This day will be given up to visiting friends.

Saturday will see the departure of practically all of London's visitors.

CANADIAN

Mrs. Bertrand, of Lachine, is the mother of triplets.

Fire did \$2,000 damage to Ottawa's civic asphalt plant.

Eddie King, the horse trainer, is dead at St. Catharines.

Paroled prisoners are proposed to assist in harvesting Manitoba's crop.

Rev. Father John Cameron, P.P., of New Aberdeen, N. S., is dead at Boston.

Lord Roberts will turn the first sod for the soldiers' monument at Battle Creek.

Port Arthur council refuses to insert a fair wage clause in civic contracts.

In Welland the W. C. T. U. complain that the liquor law is not enforced.

Wm. Morris, of Detroit, for ten years inspector for Lloyds, is dead, aged 80.

Clifford Brewer, of Ingomish, N. S., was drowned while tending his lobster traps.

Americans fishing in the St. Lawrence without a license were fined at Kingston.

Joseph Trumbley, who broke jail at the Soo, was sentenced to two years in Kingston.

Fifty new coke ovens are being built at Fernie by the Crow's Nest Coal Company.

Charles Sterling, of Halifax, former business manager of the Herald is dead, aged 52.

Charles Jones, a Westminster farm hand, fell on a mower knife and may be fatally hurt.

The body of Auguste Lacoste, of St. Henri, was found in the Cote St. Paul locks at Montreal.

H. A. Robertson, of Stratford high school, goes to Lindsay Collegiate as commercial master.

P. D. Ross, of the Ottawa Journal, may run in Ottawa as a Federal Conservative candidate.

Commutation of the death sentence passed on Giuseppe Graeco at Hamilton is to be applied for.

A big cut in lumber prices has been made in the west, boards being reduced \$5 50 per thousand.

A. H. Puddy, the Winnipeg post-office clerk who stole registered mail, was sentenced to three years.

H. Drackett Case, a young Englishman, who disappeared from Hamilton last winter is in Norwich, Eng.

West Middlesex Conservatives will nominate a candidate for the Commons at Gloucester on Aug. 10.

Rich samples of gold, silver and nickel from the Sturgeon Lake country have been brought to Port Arthur.

The Arncliffe Puzzle

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

"Sure," answered Bradshaw cheerfully. "That's part of the game. And if you'll believe me, Miss Holt, I have a list of the widows and orphans I have despoiled brought up to me every morning before breakfast. It amuses me, and keeps me from becoming dyspeptic, like other masters of the art."

He said this so solemnly that Edith, a little bewildered by the events of the past quarter of an hour, looked at him doubtfully. Then she saw light. "But you would not take any of Lord Arncliffe's money," she cried triumphantly.

"Why, no, I don't value any money unless I earn it. And to tell you the truth, I have rather more than I know what to do with, anyway. If you like, I will give a free library to Arncliffe."

Oh," he added, "if Dr. Lester intends to practice here I might endow a cemetery."

"You are a horrid man," cried Edith with mock modesty, "and I am glad Reggie won't be under your influence any longer."

"Why," exclaimed young Holt, "you are not going to get rid of me, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"It is not that," interrupted Edith. "Of course, you cannot remain a clerk under present circumstances. If you would like to go into the army—"

"The army?" cried Reggie, with an emphatic sniff, for he had imbibed much of the American spirit in a short period. "I mean to work, and I am going back to New York just as soon as you are comfortably fixed."

And later Edith realized that her brother was right. Only in strenuous endeavor lay redemption of the past and salvation for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Alingier were sitting in a window recessed in the entrance hall listening to the seemingly artless prattle of Miss Harland, when Edith and the rest came in. Lester and Phyllis had just returned, and indeed, he was unaware of her presence at the hall—and hence he naturally regarded the dainty little beauty with some curiosity.

Phyllis was also interested in the man who had been her bosom friend so many heartbeats.

"Just as I said," she commented to herself. "A nasty square jaw and a mouth like a rat-trap. I should like to punish him."

Phyllis had only one way of punishing a man. To Bradshaw's untimely indignation, she left her hand in Lester's for a full ten seconds, gazing up at him the while with big trusting eyes that had in them a suspicion of naive admiration. Men are only human, and Lester regarded this welcome as a natural tribute to his manly excellence.

Meanwhile Edith lost no detail of the pretty little scene. Perhaps the ultimate results of Miss Harland's flirtatious habits might have been disastrous but for the intervention of a lucky chance. After giving Lester a full discharge from her office, she Phyllis averted her eyes in shy confusion, as was her usual custom, and the first person they fell upon was Bradshaw.

Good gracious! His jaw was square, too, and if Lester's mouth was like a rat-trap it seemed to her terrified imagination that here was a trap equal to holding a lion. William Lincoln Bradshaw was madly in love. In days to come he would, if his fortunes changed, toll unceasingly in the inferno of New York's climate for the dollars his wife would fritter away in Paris or Monte Carlo. But he would stand no nonsense, now or then.

Thus it was that a word, which they stood a little apart from the rest, he spoke to her. No word of love passed between them, but there was no need for explanations. "Say," he said quietly, "I won't have it."

Phyllis had a tear which she had managed to keep unshed through many desperate encounters, and now she summoned it up. But the granite mouth remained unmoved. That tear had never failed Phyllis yet, and she began to feel frigidly expectant.

"I did not mean anything," she faltered, not even attempting to deny the unspoken charge. And, lo, the tear fell, a pearl of price, splashing itself into diamonds of light on the cheek of two thousand pounds in stock, and just as quickly as a jewel could be summoned from London.

So it was evident that in their new-found happiness Edith and Lester had, like their friends, forgotten the shadow of tragedy which still draped Arncliffe Hall in sombre hues.

CHAPTER XXII.

One person, however, had not forgotten it. At the farther end of the spacious entrance hall Detective Hobson was watching the drive expectantly. It was no part of his plan that Warren should meet Leigh and thus learn of Lester's rescue. So he sent Wilson to find the agent, with a message that Mrs. Warren wished to see him immediately. Hobson caught the sound of distant wheels and his face brightened. Then, at length, a dog-cart came into view, driven in Warren's usual furious style. That was enough for the detective. He walked up to Lester and Bradshaw, drawing them aside for a moment, and then he led them onward and out on to the drive.

He halted Warren, who pulled up his steaming horse.

"Oh, Mr. Warren," said the detective gently, "your mother has been asking for you everywhere. I saw her inside there a moment ago."

Warren beckoned to a gardener's boy. "Here, take the cart to the stables," he said, striding toward the door, which the detective had purposefully left open.

Hobson followed close at his heels. Shutting the door before the waiting footman could intervene, he touched his quarry smartly on the shoulder. "I want you, Warren," he said, with an ominous change in the tone and manner of his address.

Warren turned and put up his hands.

5,000 CURED OF HAY FEVER.

Instead of sending patients to the mountains, doctors are now prescribing "Catarrhosone." It relieves quickly and permanently cures Hay Fever.

All druggists sell Catarrhosone. Plenty to cure Hay Fever for \$1.

with the sheer instinct of self-defense. It was what Hobson wanted. The young agent, scarcely yet realizing the dreaded truth, found himself securely handcuffed after a brief struggle.

The two girls started apart, each clinging instinctively to the man of her heart. It was Hobson's great moment, and he made the most of it.

"Harry Warren," he said in a loud, clear voice, "I arrest you for the murder of Lord Arncliffe and the attempted murder of Thomas Alingier. I warn you that anything you may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against you."

For a moment Warren became blind with terror, but that and all other emotions gave place to the sense of shame at standing there manacled before women—before Edith, whom, in his way, he loved. And so he hung his head and stood silent, until a strangled sob made him look up. It came from Edith, who had caught sight of Mrs. Warren standing like a statue at the foot of the staircase.

The old housekeeper was so ghost-white that the very sight of her brought a tightening of the heart. Warren laughed hysterically when he saw his mother, and he turned to Hobson with an air of bravado.

"All right," he said gruffly. "I confess the whole business. I poisoned Lord Arncliffe, and I attacked Mr. Alingier to obtain possession of the books which showed my defalcations. Sorry, Mr. Alingier, but I need must when the devil drives—you know. Now, is that sufficient, or am I to be kept here any longer to amuse the company and torture a poor old woman?"

"Yes," broke in Lester, always generous. "This is infamous, Hobson. You might very well have arrested Mr. Warren privately. In fact, I understood—"

"You will please allow me to carry out my business in my own way, Dr. Lester," said the police officer, with a certain stern dignity. "I represent the crown now, and I will not allow you or anybody else to interfere with me in the execution of my duties."

While this unexpected altercation was taking place, Mrs. Warren came forward slowly, with the firm step and impassive face of a woman born to command.

"It is all over, mother," muttered Warren, hurriedly. "I have confessed to the murder of Lord Arncliffe and everything else, so the less said the better."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Harry," she answered, a gleam of the wonderful mother-love coming for a fleeting instant into her calm eyes. "You were always a loving son, whatever else you have been. But this farce must stop before it becomes a tragedy."

"Not another word, mother!" growled Warren almost brutally. "Don't listen to her," he shouted in a frenzy, raising his manacled hands in entreaty. He almost flung himself on Hobson. "Take me away, do you. Why are you keeping me here?" he bellowed again.

Mrs. Warren silenced him with a pitiful gesture.

"No, my boy," she murmured. "At best, I could look forward to only a few more years, while you, even if they imprison you, may yet enjoy something of life. Gentlemen, it was I who poisoned Lord Arncliffe."

Mrs. Alingier and the two girls looked at the stately housekeeper with wondering horror, but the old solicitor, learned in the ways of the world, shook his head.

"What a miraculous thing is that maternal love, which leads from the cradle to the grave!" he whispered to Lester. "But it will not save her son, poor woman."

Hobson, however, seemed to be of a different opinion. "I quite believe you, madam," he said. "But do you understand the consequences of such a confession?"

"Perfectly," replied Mrs. Warren, quietly. "I make the statement of my own free will, and am prepared to give proofs of it. There," she said, laying a bundle of letters on the table, "are papers which will bear out, and here is the bottle which contained the poison I administered to Lord Arncliffe, together with a description, in his lordship's own handwriting, of the nature and action of the poison. He had forgotten it, or he would surely have mentioned it in the codicil to his will."

She handed Hobson a quaint old Venetian flask as she spoke. It was iridescent with age, and as the rainbow gleams caught Bradshaw's eye, the American started forward.

"Why," he cried, "that was the thing I saw in the tree!"

"So it was you," said Mrs. Warren, curiously unemotional. "I rather suspected it. I ought to have killed you."

Harry Warren had broken down now. He was sobbing like an overgrown child, but his grief was so plainly in his mother's behalf that none could feel anything except pity for him. Mrs. Warren glanced at her son, but she obviously nerved herself to continue.

"Let us reach the end," she cried, imperiously. "I killed Lord Arncliffe because I was afraid he would discover my son's defalcations, and I knew that from him no mercy was to be expected. Most people have regarded Lord Arncliffe as the famous philanthropist, the benefactor of his species. To me he was an unrelenting and inveterate enemy."

She paused, and seemed to sway a little, but she waved aside the chair which Lester offered her.

"Forty years ago," she went on, "William Bradshaw and I were engaged to be married. Then I met Harry Warren, and although Mr. Bradshaw was even then wealthy, I married him for poverty and married the man I loved. I never regretted it, and my discarded lover never forgave me. When my husband died, fifteen years after our marriage, I was left destitute, with a baby three years old dependent upon me. It was then that Lord Arncliffe asked me to come and see him. As he was an invalid at the time, I thought, and her features yielded to bitter memory for old proposal. For my son's sake, I was prepared to accept it, but I soon learned that he merely required a house-

keeper—someone to look after his servants and see that his table was kept creditably.

"I was glad! A competence was forthcoming, and I had my son at my side. And I was free to live with the undimmed memory of my dear husband. Then Lord Arncliffe began a system of petty persecution. He always treated me with the most scrupulous respect, but he never lost an opportunity of pointing out how different my position might have been. I endured it for my child's sake, and I cultivated a calm indifference which has made me more like a sphinx than a living woman. His hatred was unrelenting. I nearly killed him once before. My husband, God help him, was given to drink. It was his only failing, and I found Lord Arncliffe—Lord Arncliffe, the advocate of temperance—giving wine to my boy of ten!"

"But tell me, Mrs. Warren," interposed Lester, who, like the others, was watching her narrowly, and whose professional instinct was aroused, "what was the poison you gave Lord Arncliffe?"

"I found it in a secret drawer, there," said she, feebly indicating a Florentine cabinet at the head of the stairs. "The secret drawer had warped a little, and when I opened it I found an old bottle and some directions, written by Lord Arncliffe himself, many years earlier. It is said that five drops a day will kill a man in a month, ten drops a day in a fortnight; twenty in a week, and so on. I had a special reason for hastening the end, so I gave Lord Arncliffe five drops daily, and he died exactly in the month. I think he guessed the truth—I hope he did!"

Lester picked up Lord Arncliffe's paper. "Acqua Tofano," he read aloud. "Manna of St. Nicholas! Good heavens! To think that it duped me and Matheson! Is there any left, Mrs. Warren?" he demanded with a fresh anxiety which communicated a thrill to the listeners.

"No," was the answer, given faintly, and with something of a ghastly smile. "I took all that remained an hour ago, when I knew that you had escaped from Leigh and my son. And I think," she confessed with a little gasp, "I have only about five minutes of life left."

(To Be Continued.)

STOPS IN SERMON TO RESTORE CHILD

Bishop Finds Theme in a Lost Girl at an Illinois Camp Meeting.

Chicago, July 31.—Bishop William A. Quayle, spying a little flaxen haired girl with tear filled eyes standing in the aisle, paused in his sermon at the Methodist camp meeting at Desplains with the query: "What's your name, dearie?"

"Crystal," she answered with a sob. "Where do you live?"

"In Woodlawn."

"What's the trouble?"

"I—I can't find my mama."

Stooping, he lifted the child in his arms, and holding her before the assemblage, asked whether the mother was present. She was, and claimed the child.

Continuing, he said: "A child lost. There are thousands of boys and girls in Chicago who are lost. Let us try to save them, and for several minutes the incident furnished him with a theme."

The anticipations of a record-breaking attendance were justified. D. W. Potter, president of the Desplains Campmeeting Association, authorized the statement that there were 10,000 people on the grounds. Five special trains were run to the grounds from Chicago on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad and many came in automobiles and carriages. Many were present from other Illinois cities and towns outside of Chicago, and the country surrounding Desplains furnished its quota.

The atmosphere was humid, the sun was hot, and the mass of people who filled the auditorium and the space within hearing distance beyond the windows perspired freely.

The Rev. Dr. W. T. Tilley, district superintendent of the Chicago district, was in charge. "It is the privilege of the gentlemen to remove their hats," he declared. Both hats were taken, and coats and hats went off. The people evidently were happy, and were determined to make the most of their opportunities and to treat lightly their inconveniences.

Rain commenced to fall at 11:30 o'clock and continued for an hour, making it difficult for Bishop Quayle to be heard and the "Glory" song was started. When the rain subsided the meeting was continued.

The bishop had concluded his sermon before the song was announced and the subsequent speaking was in the nature of an exhortation to the unconverted to begin the Christian life.

The rain drove everybody on the camp ground to cover. They sought shelter in the hotel and in the two tents which are used for the children's and young people's meetings. Plentiful dinners under the trees had to be postponed to later in the day. To relieve the temporary distress the authorities announced that the people might remain in the auditorium and eat their lunches. A great number of them were turned into an old-fashioned church social.

DUG UP 60 BOMBS.

El Paso, Texas, July 31.—Deputy United States Marshal Hillebrand today located 60 bombs three miles north-east of El Paso where it is believed Mexican revolutionists had hidden them. A secret service officer from San Antonio traced the bombs from Ysleta, below El Paso, to the place where they were found today.

Texas is more susceptible to foreign influences than even butter. This is why it should never be exposed to the air or sold in bulk form. The sealed packets of "Salada" Tea preserve the tea in all its native goodness. Insist upon "Salada."

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THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED have arranged with the LONDON BRANCH OF THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC for a block of THIRTY SCHOLARSHIPS to be taken within the next THIRTY DAYS from this announcement.

To every purchaser of a NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO, during this limited time, THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED, will give ONE FREE SCHOLARSHIP OF ONE FULL CALENDAR YEAR'S TUITION in THE LONDON BRANCH OF THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, composed of the following faculty:

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Mrs. Ave Galbraith, L. R. A. M., Organist Christian Science Church.

Mrs. Albert D. Jordan, A. T. C. M.

Miss Minnie Raymond, Adelaide Street Baptist Church.

Mrs. George Stead, Organist Empress Avenue Methodist Church.

Miss Alma Gillies.

Mr. B. E. Chadwick.

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Mrs. Kingsmill, late of the Mehan Studios, New York.

Mr. Alfred Dunn, Choirmaster of First Methodist Church, St. Thomas.

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Privilege of Membership in the College Choral Society.

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Free Lectures on the History of Music and the Elementary Theory of Music.

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SPIES TO USE WAR BALLOONS

Sky-Scouting May Become a Feature of Modern Warfare.

New York, July 31.—Scouting from the sky, photographing the camps and defenses of the enemy from balloons, and sending information by wireless to headquarters, is one of the possibilities of warfare of the future which is being considered by the United States Signal Corps for the department of the east.

Interest in aerial manoeuvres in war will be accentuated in the tests to be held by the war department at Fort Myer in August.

While he does not believe that the flying machine has yet shown itself to be entitled to consideration, Col. Scriven said he believes that experiments made in Europe, with the dirigible balloon, as well as with lesser ones in this country, show that these ships of the air will be valuable in collecting information about the enemy which heretofore has been impossible.

In discussing these possibilities Col. Scriven said he is of the opinion that balloon scouts may be enabled to get an almost complete photographic picture showing fortifications and the distribution of forces by means of the telephoto, a new instrument with which, by the use of an extra lens, it is possible to focus on objects at a distance of perhaps a mile, and secure such detail as will make the picture seem as if it had been taken at a few hundred feet.

Col. Scriven explained that the camera could be placed in the bottom of the balloon and operated by clock-work.

He stated that there would be some danger of a balloon being hit by projectiles while engaged in such scout work. It has been demonstrated in Europe, he said, that a balloon at a height of one mile can be destroyed by gunfire, and a mile is about the limit of ascent. At the same time the wrecking of a balloon at such a height would require the greatest skill, as there would be no perspective to help in taking aim.

The balloon in warfare, said the officer, might also be used to tow explosives through the air and drop them into the enemy's strongholds. He said that such war ballooning as he foresaw might necessitate changes in the construction of our seacoast defenses.

SAVED FROM DROWNING

Three Point Edward Visitors Rescued by Lighthouse-keeper.

Port Huron, July 31.—Charles Gorman, of Alliance, Ohio, and two young women, Miss Alice Newing, of Ridgetown, Ont., and a companion whose name could not be learned, who are staying at Point Edward, Ont., capsized in a small skiff nearly a mile from shore in Lake Huron yesterday afternoon.

The trio were rescued by George Perry, one of the lighthouse keepers, who put out to their rescue in a small launch.

One of the girls attempted to obtain a glass of water from the lake, and in so doing capsized the boat.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed remedy for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. Sold at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

ALMOST SENSATIONAL

There is General Surprise at the Great Number of Persons in London Who Praise Booth's Kidney's Pills.

It's but a short time since the first box of Booth's Kidney Pills came to London.

What a work this stranger has accomplished! Dozens of residents benefited and cured of lame, weak and aching backs, urinary and kidney troubles. It is remarkable. The reason for it is Booth's Kidney Pills are a new blend of vegetable ingredients, having a peculiar action on the kidney tissue that brings quick help.

Mrs. S. Bottrell, 309 Dundas street, London, Ont., says:

"Kidney complaint has been my lot to endure for several months, and nothing that I used cured the trouble until I took a treatment of Booth's Kidney Pills, procured at the W. T. Strong drug store. What I was cured of by Booth's Kidney Pills was a weakness of the kidney secretions, which contained a brick dust sediment, attacks of dizziness, pains through the kidney regions and a bearing-down pain in my back and hips. Booth's Kidney Pills not only cured the malady, but also acted as a good tonic to my system and, as a blood purifier, I cheerfully give Booth's Kidney Pills a strong endorsement."

Sold by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Company, Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents.

Use Genuine Gas Coke

CHEAPEST and BEST FUEL

Prices of Coke After October 1, 1908

IN YARD DELIVERED.

Large, per ton.....\$5.00 Large, per ton.....\$5.50

Crushed, per ton.....\$5.50 Crushed, per ton.....\$6.00

By Ordering Now in 5-Ton Lots You Can Save 50c a Ton

Prices for 5 Tons or Over From Now

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The London Advertiser Co.

There were 9,914 new books published in 1907, or 1,311 more than for 1906.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 693 Richmond street, Phone 921.

LIGHT

Cody Coal Oil Gas Lights are to summer resorts, country churches and stores what Cody Gas Lights are to cities—the best yet. Cheap, safe.

National Light Co., 348 Talbot St.

Pen Pictures of the Pageant

Written Specially for The Advertiser by Frank Yeigh.

(Written specially for The Advertiser by Frank Yeigh, Toronto.)

Old Quebec has been a picture gallery these passing celebration days—pictures on river and bank, on steep streets and broad-flung battle fields, on curbs and citadel walls, pictures under the sunshine, under the twilight and under the stars, moving pictures mostly with the figures representative of many nations and many ranks and garbed in many styles of uniforms. Let me attempt to describe a few of these Quebec-pictures, framed so picturesquely and revealing such striking figures, such gradations of coloring, such romantic history.

Arrival of Wales.

Picture one: The arrival of a royal prince, of a king's son, of a throne-heir. Half a hundred thousand on-lookers crowd the Terrace and slopes, all gazing in one direction, to the point, all watching for a ship. England's latest and greatest fighting machine, the terrible Indomitable. Hours of waiting but increase the tension of interest, when a message seemed to course through the throng, for far down the channel a dark-looking object could be seen creeping away from the Citadel cape. While every eye was fastened on the approaching vessel, a shot from a man-of-war rang out startlingly, the signal for all nine of the gun-laden craft to roar out their salvos of welcome, twenty-one shots from each cruiser and battleship, until the very air was bombarded with the cannonading and the echoes reverberated between the river banks.

A Mighty Ship.

Slowly, silently the great grey bulk swung against the tide, followed closely by her mighty consort, the Minotaur. As vessel after vessel was passed, the crew lined up on deck and sent the air with cheers upon cheers, while the bands rang out their welcome in martial musical note and thousands of banners and pennants were sent flying from every yard arm and mast.

Truly it was a moving picture, a noble spectacle, a thrilling scene this reception of the Prince of Wales as he sailed up the king of rivers and cast anchor opposite the historic King's Wharf and visited for the sixth time England's greatest possession.

Picture Two.

The landing of the royal visitor and the procession through the ancient highways of the ancient town, through old and narrow winding streets in Lower Town, up the twisting Mountain Road, under arches and banners and flags that all made a continuous row, and amid a city full of folk cheering the man. Bordered the way are five thousand defenders, red-coated, green-coated, black-uniformed, all arms of the sea, vice from all parts of the Dominion, and through this double line of soldier boys, standing man to man and shoulder to shoulder, the King's son passed by. And as he passed, while the war vessels of three nations had welcomed him, now the Citadel cannon spoke their message of welcome back again to the stronghold on the height and to a land prosperous and contented.

Champion Day.

Picture three: A change of scene and a change of day. Champion day, and a change of scene by which the dial of time was put back centuries. Down in the harbor the little hundred-ton "Gift of God," as the great explorer's little craft, the "Don de Dieu" was renamed, sailed up to the wharf and landed the make-believe Champlain of 1608. Hard by is a fac-simile of the Habitation and across its narrow drawbridge and into its circumscribed interior the Father of Canada and his first city builder, followed by three score red men, real ones.

Awaiting Champlain in Sous le Cap and Sous le Fort and Little Champlain street are four thousand costumed characters, the actors in the beautiful pageants. These fall into line as the velvet coated pioneer slowly enters the city in which he caused to be built the first house. There was no use telling the onlooker that this was 1608, and Champlain belonged to 1608, or that the bodyguard of richly caparisoned heralds and men-at-arms were moderns. For the day and hour and place it was all real—they were as real as Quebec is real and Canada is real. It was merely hundreds of men of the old regime come back to life for a brief hour, and one were wise to make the most of it, for they may not come this way again for many a generation.

Back 300 Years.

Slide by slide with Champlain are the voyagers, De Monte and Pontgrave, looking like the bold pirates of the novel. And there comes our old friend, Jacques Cartier, looking the character to the life, and behind him a round hundred sailors, with remarkable garments and head dress of the good old-fashioned yo-ho type. Yet another page of Canadian history was recalled in the passing by of the St. Malo sailor, though he predated Champlain by over half a century.

So they march bravely on until the way is a mass of blinding color. There they come around the Basilica and down Fabrique street, and what a fine picture they make and in what an ideal frame. Lords and ladies of high degree make up the courts of Francis I. and Henry IV., as Fontainebleau and Versailles are recalled. What epochal events in Canadian history are connected with these old French palaces and gardens.

Dollard's Band.

No sooner had they swept by, each fairly ablaze with gorgeousness, than the Thermoplaea of Canada is recalled. **CORNS CURED** IN 24 HOURS. You can painlessly remove corns, blisters, hard soles or bleeding by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never hurts, leaves no scars, contains no acids, is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. **PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR**

prayer of every Canadian: Almighty and everlasting God, by whose spirit the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified, we thank thee for all thy mercies, and specially this day for all the blessings and protection vouchsafed unto this city and the Dominion during these three hundred years. We thank thee for the growth and extension and for the great and continued prosperity enjoyed by us at thy gracious hands. And especially, O Lord, our God, we thank thee for the labors of all those who in this day and generation have assisted in building up the fortunes of thy people in this land, and after all those also who are now laboring in thy service, most humbly beseeching thee to grant that they may be blessed in these their labors to the continued upbuilding of this Dominion in thy faith and fear, to the honor and glory of thy great name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

POWDER INSTEAD OF THE SAND BAG

Successful Method Adopted by a Thief—Victim Is Suffered.

Pittsburg, July 31.—For a thief who having apparently passed beyond the stage of the sandbag and the revolver, goes about armed only with a small white powder, which when blown into the face of his victim causes him to instantly lose consciousness, the police are conducting a rigorous hunt. The victim finds when he recovers his senses that the robber has departed with his valuables.

The existence of the powder thief, who has apparently been operating for some time, became known when Louis Glazer, of Sixth and Federal streets, was arrested yesterday by mistake, and brought before Magistrate Scott, in the city hall, charged with blowing in the mysterious powder in the face of Louis Sofean, who keeps a shoe store at 2001 Boulevard street. Glazer was exonerated and released, and the real criminal has not yet been found.

Sees Man at Work. An even more sensational exploit of the powder thief was narrated by Max Speigel, 1533 Ritten street, who by a curious coincidence saw the man at work with a pal scientifically and quietly sending Sofean to the land of nod. Speigel shouted for help and chased the two men around several corners.

According to the story Speigel told Magistrate Scott, to that official's amazement, a man came to his home two months ago, down the street to his sister-in-law, asked for a loan to defray the expenses of the wedding, and when Mrs. Speigel showed him a roll of \$240 he calmly pulled out a little paper filled with white powder and shook it in Mrs. Speigel's face.

Then, Speigel said, his wife went to sleep, and dreamed all manner of pleasant dreams, finally returning to the things of this world, to find the roll of bills and the man gone. How long she remained unconscious she cannot tell. When her sister returned to the house and found what her would-be lover had done she became hysterical. She was revived with some difficulty.

Next morning, according to Sofean, the shoemaker, two men came into his shop and asked him if he felt ill. He said he did not. "Well, we'll fix you all right, anyhow," the powder man told the shoemaker, as he slowly pulled out the little paper of powder, and, with a wave of his gloved hand, blew it into the man's face. Sofean collapsed on the floor. The three men ran out of the store. Glazer was among those who joined in pursuit.

When he was arrested by mistake the real thieves had made good their escape up a side street. **Powder Still on Face.** After Glazer had been taken to the Fifteenth and Snyder avenue police station two policemen returned to the shoe store. They found Sofean just returning to life, but still unable to distinguish between his dreams and reality. The white powder was still sticking to his face. When Sofean revived he was taken to the city hall to appear against Glazer.

Magistrate Scott, when he heard the strange story of the shoemaker, expressed incredulity, but when the man's statements were substantiated by Speigel, he ordered the investigation. Sofean exonerated Glazer, and said that he was not the man who blew the powder into his face. Glazer was then discharged. "This is the queerest case I ever handled. I never in all my experience met with anything like it," said the magistrate as he released the prisoner. Medical men, who told of the mysterious powder, and its effect, were much puzzled. The general opinion seemed to be that a combination of morphine and cocaine, with possibly a small quantity of an Oriental drug, is used by the thief.

HE ATE FLY POISON SOAKED IN PADS

Toronto Man, Sick and Discouraged, Attempts Suicide.

Toronto, July 31.—Because of illness and the extreme heat James Brown, a married man of about 40 years, boarded at 137 Spadina avenue, attempted to commit suicide last night by eating fly poison soaked in pads. That the attempt was not successful was due largely to the prompt and effective action of Dr. J. M. McCormack, of 113 Spadina avenue, who pumped the poison from the man's stomach and had him removed to St. Michael's Hospital.

Brown, who is employed by the T. Eaton Company as a warehouseman, has not been well for several days, but continued at work. Last evening he went to his employment, but an hour later he came home, complaining of being ill. A short while later Mrs. Thomas Drury, who keeps the boardinghouse where Brown and his wife roomed, heard groans, and entering



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the room, found Brown lying on the floor with a piece of wax saturated with fly poison clutched in his hand. Dr. McCormack, who lives a few doors down the street, was summoned and pumped the poison from the would-be suicide's stomach.

Brown, who was in a semi-conscious condition, resisted the doctor's efforts to save his life, and, being a big, strong man, the doctor had a strenuous time. The ambulance had meanwhile been called, and the man was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, where last night he was resting quietly and apparently out of danger.

CROWN NOT READY IN COL. LESLIE'S CASE

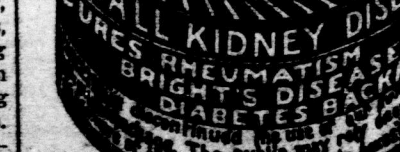
Defence Is Ready To Go On—Confident Case Will Be Dropped.

Toronto, July 31.—Col. J. G. Leslie appeared in this morning's police court charged with obtaining \$2,000 by false pretences from Charles H. Dea in December of last year. Col. Leslie said nothing, his counsel, Hartley Dewar, K. C., pleading not guilty for him and electing to go before a jury.

"The crown will not be ready till the seventh," said Mr. Eric Armour, who is acting as crown attorney. "Surely my learned friend can be ready before that," said Mr. Dewar. "If the plaintiff has had this bottled up inside him for a year he ought to be ready to go on. It's a serious charge against a prominent man like Col. Leslie, and we are anxious to get it cleared up. I want to go on with the investigation because I am sure your worship will dismiss the case."

Mr. Armour said, however, that Crown Attorney Corley would not be ready before the 7th, and Mr. Dewar had to be content. "I wish my learned friend would furnish me with particulars of the charge," he said.

Mr. F. C. Daniels and A. M. Hoberlin went on Col. Leslie's behalf in \$1,000 each. Mrs. Leslie with a large number of friends was in court, and listened carefully to the proceedings.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRONCHITIS
DIABETES
GRAVEL
RHEUMATISM
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM

term. Mr. O'Brien, who is a London boy, made many friends while in Woodstock, who will regret his removal.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him for \$85. Profit on liniment, \$54.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotelkeeper, St. Philippe, Que.

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C. P. R.

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For Liverpool From:
July 24.....Empress of Ireland.....
Aug. 1.....Empress of Britain.....
Aug. 15.....Lake Manitoba.....
Aug. 29.....Lake Umbagog.....
Book early, through nearest agent, or S. J. SHARP, 71 Yonge street, Toronto.

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River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. Summer cruises in cool latitudes. The well known S. S. CAMPAÑA, 1,700 tons, lighted by electricity, and with all modern comforts, sails from Montreal as follows: Mondays, 4 p.m., 27th July, 10th and 24th August, 7th and 21st September. For Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mel Bay, Percé, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

NEW YORK FROM QUEBEC, calling at Charlottetown and Halifax. S. S. Trinidad, 2,000 tons, sails from Quebec, 27th July, 8th and 22nd August.

BERMUDA. Summer excursions, \$40 and upwards, by the twin screw S. S. BERMUDIAN, 5,500 tons, sailing from New York fortnightly from 2nd June to 8th October. Temperature, cooled by sea breezes, seldom rises above 80°. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort. For full particulars apply to E. De La Hooke or W. Fulton, ticket agents, London. ARTHUR AHERN, secretary, Quebec.

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Tunisian sailsAug. 7 Sept. 4
Victorian sailsAug. 14 Sept. 11
Corcoran sailsAug. 21 Sept. 18
Virginian sailsAug. 28 Sept. 25

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

Ionian sailsAug. 8 Sept. 5
Grampian sailsAug. 15 Sept. 12
Pretorian sailsAug. 22 Sept. 19
Hesperian sailsAug. 29 Sept. 26

MONTREAL TO HAVRE, LONDON

Pomeranian sailsAug. 8
Sardinian sailsAug. 15
Sicilian sailsAug. 22

For rates of passage, sailing lists, etc., apply E. DE LA HOOKE, G. T. R.; W. FULTON, C. P. R., or F. B. CLARKE, 415 Richmond street. zxt

WABASH
Daily until Sept. 15 the Wabash will sell round trip summer tourist tickets at very low rates to points in

Arizona, Colorado, California, British Columbia, Mexico.

Tickets will be sold via all direct routes, and good to stop over, with final limit Oct. 31. This would be a grand opportunity to spend your vacation in the Great Golden West, and see it all in glory. All tickets should read over the Wabash, the short and true route between the east and the west. For tickets and other information see your nearest Wabash agent, or address J. A. RICHARDSON, I.R.A., 81 Yonge street (Traders' Bank building), Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Civic Holiday
Aug. 3

RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE
FROM LONDON

to all stations in Canada, east of Port Arthur, and to Detroit and Buffalo.

GOOD GOING
Aug. 1, 2 and 3. Return limit, Aug. 4. Tickets and

Full information at London offices, W. Fulton, 41 Dundas St. W. John Shaw, C.P.R. Station, or write C. B. Foster, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION
TO NORTHWEST—AUG. 3.

VIA GRAND TRUNK LAKE AND RAIL ROUTE.

Return Tickets From All Ontario Points to

Winnipeg, Man.\$32.00
Duloraine, Man.33.50
Brandon, Man.33.50
Edmonton, Alberta42.50
Calgary, Alberta49.50
Humboldt, Sask.37.00
Saskatoon, Sask.38.50

And all other points in proportion. Homeseekers' tickets include second class berths up to capacity of steamer, and meals at special rates. All privileges as to stop-over, baggage and variations of route are available for this route.

Steamship Saronic Leaves Sarnia Monday at 3:30 p.m.

Tickets and all information from all Grand Trunk agents.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CIVIC HOLIDAY
Return Tickets At Single Fare

To all stations in Canada, also to Detroit, and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

TICKETS GOOD GOING
AUG. 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD.

Return limit Aug. 4, 1908. Secure tickets at Grand Trunk Ticket Offices.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*3:50 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:23 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *3:00 p.m., 10 p.m.
Arrive from the west—*12:09 a.m., *3:35 a.m., *11:23 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the east—*12:14 a.m., *2:40 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., *11:13 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. Depart for the west—*4:00 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., *8:18 p.m.
The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:00 a.m., *4 p.m., *6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.
Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., *8:10 p.m. International Limited.

STRATFORD BRANCH.
Arrive—*3:25 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:33 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.
Depart—6:10 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—10:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:50 p.m.
Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Depart—5:40 a.m., *7:10 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., *3:30 p.m., 5:05 p.m., *11:15 a.m., *11:25 a.m.

On Saturdays a train will leave London at 10:40 p.m. for Port Stanley. Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:15 p.m., 1:40 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 6 p.m., 7:40 p.m., 9:20 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 11:45 p.m.

*To and from Walkerville, without change. Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Arrive—From the east *11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., *10:52 p.m. From the west—*4:30 a.m., *8:20 a.m., *5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—*4:40 a.m., 8:25 a.m., *5:25 p.m. For the west—*11:35 a.m., *8:10 p.m., *11:09 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. *From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
Arrive—8:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:50 p.m.
Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., *10:25 p.m.

*Runs through to Waterford.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
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MARITIME EXPRESS leaving Montreal 12:30 noon daily, except Saturday. OCEAN LIMITED leaves Montreal 7:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday.

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ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND 32.00

Going Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13, 1908; returning Aug. 31, 1908.

Our illustrated booklet, "Tours to Summer Resorts," tells of the places mentioned above. Write for free copy to Toronto ticket office, 61 King street east.

R. & O. Saguenay River

Special rates, including meals and berth, via steamers TORONTO and SAGUENAY, leaving Toronto daily, except Sunday, until July 1, thereafter daily, for Rochester, Thousand Islands, running all rapids, to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

Steamer BELLEVILLE leaves Hamilton at 12 noon, and Toronto 7:30 p.m., every Tuesday, for Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates on this line.

For tickets and berth reservations apply to local agents, or H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

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"The Niagara Falls Route."

Have now on sale low one-way first and second-class tickets

Via Chicago and St. Paul to Winnipeg, Man.,

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Civic Holiday

To all stations in Canada, Detroit, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge. Tickets good going Aug. 1, 2 and 3. Return limit Aug. 4, 1908.

Call on Michigan Central agents or write S. H. Palmer, D. P. A., St. Thomas, W. J. Lynch, P. T. M. Chicago, O. W. Ruggles, G. P. A., Chicago.

PERE MARQUETTE CIVIC HOLIDAY

August 3rd, '08, RETURN TICKETS

AT SINGLE FARE

From London to all stations in Canada. Good going Aug. 1 and 3 and return Aug. 4.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

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SPORTING NEWS OF THE DAY

BASEBALL, ROWING, BOWLING, RACING, TENNIS

QUOITING, BOXING, FOOTBALL, GOLF, CRICKET

HEAMAN'S THISTLES TAKE TECUMSEH

The Consolation Goes to Stratford—Full Scores of All Yesterday's Games.

The thirteenth W. O. B. A. tournament is now a matter of history, and it will be classed as the group yet held. Yesterday the finals of the association and consolation were finished. The Tecumseh trophy was won by Bert Heaman's Thistles, while A. E. Cash's Stratford rink won the McNeely trophy. The first match of the Scotch doubles was finished, and was won by Jack McNeely and Dr. Andy Scott, and was a most popular win. The other match will be finished this morning.

The Tecumseh Trophy. The second match in importance was the Tecumseh trophy match. Bert Heaman's Thistles lined up against Mr. P. P. Hughes' strong Stratford rink, and a fine battle ensued. Heaman came back with a 3 end, and seemed within striking distance, but Heaman was not to be denied, and kept on scoring. The rink took turn about in scoring, and as a result Heaman was able to hold his lead to the end. The bowling was close, and there was not a big end during the game.

Skip Hughes had a good rink, and it deserved the high place it got. There was a local bunch of rooters for him at the game, and they pulled hard for him to come through. But Heaman was just a little too good and the Stratford man could not get up. The score:

London Thistles. Stratford.
Geo. Wyatt. J. T. Watt. 10-10
Joe. Pocock. Dr. Forsythe. 10-10
W. Fulton. H. W. Thomson. 10-10
A. Heaman. Sk. 15 F. Hughes. Sk. 10-10

The consolation match went to Stratford. In the final game two rinks were the classic City lined up against each other for the money. A. E. Cash's good rink won first money from Dr. Gray's Candy Kids in a good match. The winners were skipped in the trophy by Jas. Steele, but he had to retire, and Cash took charge. He handled them well, too.

Dr. Gray lost when Cash got 5 on the fourth and 4 on the sixth ends. These two ends gave the winners more than they made on the other eleven ends. Don't make any mistake about the bowling, either. It was perhaps the best game of the finals. The bowlers were always well placed, and only the luck of the game decided which was the better rink. There was a great crowd watching the match, and there was a lot of enthusiasm. Credit must be given to the winner as he certainly handled his rink well, and made few mistakes. The score:

Consolation—Finals.
Stratford. Stratford.
W. Norfolk. E. W. Killer. 10-10
S. J. Mallon. G. Hodgins. 10-10
M. A. Humber. F. A. Copus. 10-10
A. Cash. Sk. 16 Dr. Gray. Sk. 10-10
* Substituted for James Steele.

The score by ends—
Cash. 211102001010-10
Gray. 200010021010-10

The Scotch Doubles. The first match of the Scotch doubles was won by those sterling young bowlers Jack McNeely and Dr. Andy Scott. Jack came to miss the trophy contest this year and he watched his rink, the Nightingale rink, go down and out with more genuine regret than any person on the green. However, Jack determined to get into the game, had writ and all, and with Andy Scott he put up a magnificent game in the doubles. They were pitted against that great pair of bowlers from Berlin, but won by steady, true bowling. The German town pair made them work all the way, but the Thistle team came home strong. The score:

London Thistles. Berlin.
McNeely and Euler. 10-10
Scott. 10-10
Score by ends—
Berlin. 1010101000010-10
Berlin. 1010101000010-10

The Results. The results of the tournament were as follows:

Labatt Trophy Winners—Brantford Heathers, Dr. Wiley, skip; J. T. Watt, third; M. W. Jackson, second, and Dr. James, lead.

Runners-Up—Mount Forest, Dr. Beacons, skip; J. A. McNeill, lead; J. H. Ireland, second, and R. Galt, third, lead. Tecumseh Trophy, Association Match Winners—London Thistles, A. M. Heaman, skip; Wm. Fulton, third; Joe Pocock, second, and George Wyatt, lead.

Runners-Up—Stratford, F. P. Hughes, skip; H. W. Thomson, third; Dr. Forsythe, second, and J. T. Watt, lead. McNeely Trophy, Consolation Match, Winners—Stratford, A. E. Cash, skip; M. A. Humber, third; S. J. Mallon, second, and W. J. Norfolk, lead.

Runners-Up—Stratford, Dr. S. B. Gray, skip; F. A. Copus, third; G. Hodgins, second, and E. W. Killer, lead. Scotch Doubles, First Match—London Thistles, Jack McNeely and Dr. A. Scott, runners-up—Berlin, W. D. Euler and W. Snins.

The second match for the Scotch doubles will be finished this morning. Three teams are left, Jimmy Tytler and Fred Beltz, Bert Finchamp and Bert Lind, and Erle Caughill and Newton Newell, of Aylmer, are still left. The Aylmer pair drew the bye, and will play the winners of the other game.

Mr. Duncan C. Ross, M. P. P. Stratford, was a visitor on the green yesterday and rooted hard for Hughes to win, but he could not get through with it. He enjoyed the fun immensely.

Bill Fulton skipped the consolation winners last year, and was third on the association winners this year. "That's moving up one place," said Bill. "We ought to come home with the trophy next year, if there is anything in progression."

Somewhat said that the Irish on Bert Heaman's rink had something to do with it. Bill Fulton and Joe Pocock represented old Erin in fine style.

Tony Tillmann had more fun than any person at the tourney. "We did not win, but he had the time," said Tony. He is going to take a rink to the Twin City tourney at Berlin.

Dr. Jeff Wood was on the job all the time, and was never happy unless he was helping somebody out.

Skip Warren, of Parkdale, Toronto, was the last Queen City rink to go out of business. He lost to Dr. Gray in the consolation semi-finals.

The great show is over, and the bowlers have all gone home. So far as can be learned everybody had the time of their lives. It was great.

Dr. Burritt, of Mitchell, last year's winners of the association, got to the semi-finals of the consolation this year, and got a piece of the money.

Skip Jimmy McDougall and Skip Warren, of Parkdale, flipped a coin for fourth money, and the Toronto man won.

President J. C. Waddell made the presentation speech after the finals, and congratulated the winners and losers on their plucky battles.

Consolation—Sixth Round.

London B. C. London B. C.
J. McDougall 15 H. Finchamp. 14
Berlin. Brantford.
W. Euler. 22 B. Ingles. 11
Toronto. Toronto.
J. Wilson. 16 McGillivray. 10
Mitchell. London B. C.
Dr. Burritt. 21 J. Leach. 15
Stratford. Stratford.
J. Steele. 12 T. Williamson. 8

Seventh Round.
London B. C. Berlin.
J. McDougall 15 W. D. Euler. 13
Toronto. Toronto.
Dr. Burritt. 10 J. Wilson. 9
Parkdale. Waterloo.
J. Warren. 15 E. Seagram. 9
Stratford. Stratford.
Dr. Gray (bye)

Eighth Round.
Stratford. London B. C.
J. Steele. 10 J. McDougall. 8
Mitchell.
Dr. Burritt (bye) Parkdale.
Dr. Gray. 18 J. J. Warren. 10

Consolation—Semi-Finals.
Stratford. Mitchell.
Dr. Gray. 13 Dr. Burritt. 11

Scotch Doubles—Primary Match—Second Round.

Wright and Little. 6
McCurdy and Denholm. 6
Shoebottom. 16 Knight. 11
Laur and Horton. 11
Monteth. 10 Butler. 9
Pritchard and Abbott. 9
Rutherford. 13 McGuffin. 6
Dunbar and Fear. 11
McCurdy. 13 McConachie. 11
Terry and Edwards. 11
McClendless. 16 Teasdale. 12
Heppburn and Tytler. 12
Stranger. 14 Belz. 7
Strowger and Armstrong. 7
McKenzie (default) Scott.

Third Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Fourth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Fifth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Sixth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Seventh Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Eighth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Ninth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Tenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Eleventh Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Twelfth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Thirteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Fourteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Fifteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Sixteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Seventeenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Eighteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Nineteenth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Twentieth Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Twenty-first Round.
Marr and Pritchard. 12
Weld and Rutherford. 12
Love. 12 Lind. 11
Cornwall and Waffle. 11
Sims and Irwin. 11
Euler. 20 McLaren. 13
Wood and McDonald. 12
McGillivray. 14 Davis. 12
Wilson and McDonald. 12
Brown and Hungerford. 7
Nightingale. 12 Stevenson. 9

Gosnell and White (default).
Vining and Arley. 17
Vining and Arley. 17
Jarvis and Phelps. 12
Connors and Gibson. 7
Barker and Glover. 7
Drews (default).
Stevenson and Graham. 10
Hoover. 10
Lochard and Hillard. 8
McKittick. 13
Little and Bawden. 9
Knight (default).
Abbott and Horton. 9
McGuffin. 10
Fear and Edwards. 10
Teasdale. 13
McConachie. 10
Hill and Armstrong. 10
Bingham (default).
Finchamp and Waffle. 10
Lind. 14
Stanbury. 9
Euler and McDonald. 10
McLaren. 12
Davis. 10

Third Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Fourth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Fifth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Sixth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Seventh Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Eighth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Ninth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Tenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Eleventh Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twelfth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Fourteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Fifteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Sixteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Seventeenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Eighteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Nineteenth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twentieth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-first Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-second Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-third Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-fourth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-fifth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-sixth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-seventh Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-eighth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Twenty-ninth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirtieth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-first Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-second Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-third Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-fourth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-fifth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-sixth Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-seventh Round.
Marr and Barber. 11
Weld. 12
Swift. 11
Casselman and Richardson. 9
Scott. 12
Heighway and Jarvis. 9
Drew. 10
Connors. 5
Brown and Stevenson. 5
McKittick. 12
Finchamp and Hill. 8
Lind. 9
Bingham. 7

Thirty-eighth Round.
Marr and

Old Boy Movement Is 13 Years Old How It Originated Way Back in '95

Mr. Nicholas Wilson and the Part He Has Played in the Reunions.

The Old Boys movement is just thirteen years old.

It originated in London, and in no city has it met with more success than here.

In 1895, a number of former London residents residing in Toronto organized an excursion to the city. A special train was run, and large crowds attended. The picnic was a great success, so great that the Old Boys residing in Windsor and Detroit joined with Toronto and several large excursions were run to London on Civic Holiday, the first Monday in August.

During the visit a meeting was held in the city hall, and the International London Old Boys' Association was organized.

The next year a monster testimonial was carried out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Nicholas Wilson as a teacher in London's schools.

There were few places in Canada or

the United States where there were not former pupils of Mr. Wilson, and so great was the anxiety on the part of these pupils of Mr. Wilson that the executive was enabled to get in touch with many former Old Boys.

This testimonial was a splendid success. It was followed the next year by another reunion, in which former Londoners from all over the United States and Canada took part.

They were held every year until 1901, each year better and greater than the previous one.

But it was decided that a reunion every year was placing too much responsibility and expense on the home guard, so it was decided to hold them every two years.

The reunions of 1903 and 1905 were splendid successes. At the last home-coming it was decided to hold the next one in 1908, an interval of three years.

This is the one that is being commenced under such auspicious circumstances and it bids fair to more than rival its predecessors.

Let every citizen of London do his and her best to make this one the greatest ever.

The movement is distinctively a London movement, and in the city of its birth this movement should find its greatest triumphs.

Police Are Drawing the Lines Tight

Chief Williams is taking every precaution to establish a perfect system of protection for the citizens during the coming week, when the big celebration will draw thousands of outsiders to this city and among them there is certain to be some who belong to the class that live on what they can steal.

Four special detectives, one from Detroit, one from Toronto, one from Buffalo and one from Windsor, will be in the city all the time, and as these gentlemen are familiar with all the best-known crooks of the United States and Canada, from the continent watch that they maintain at the border points, London will be well-protected.

London Customs Returns Satisfactory

The customs returns for the month of July show that trade is in a satisfactory condition and Collector Elliott expects that for the balance of the year there will be a steady increase in the monthly returns as many of the large firms are buying their stocks.

The returns for the month just ended total \$65,935 78, an increase of \$10,469 13 over the returns for June when the total receipts were \$55,466 65.

July of 1907 was the largest month for receipts that the city has ever had, and the returns then totalled \$102,361 13.

Look Out for Crooks and Grafters

Look out for all kinds of grafters and crooks from now on.

Yesterday a crook entered the home of a well-known manufacturer who resides on Wellington street, near the park, and stated to the servant that he had come to inspect the gas appliance.

The girl took him to his word, and the man was allowed to do as he pleased, until the lady of the house became aware of his presence.

He was very bold at first, but when the lady went to the telephone he suddenly decamped.

All sorts of grafts will be worked by the crooked gentry. Don't leave the house without somebody to watch it, and don't allow strangers to enter your home on any pretext, is the advice of the police.

Destructive Lads Fined by Magistrate

In the juvenile court this morning four small boys were fined \$4 each for the damage they caused yesterday afternoon in a South London orchard.

The boys went into the lot, and, not content with stealing apples, they broke the trees and then deliberately started in to damage a garden.

The owner appeared and succeeded in getting the lads' names, after they had heaped abuse upon him.

Magistrate Love gave them a severe reprimand, and ordered them to pay \$4 each.

The two lads who recently broke into the gum slot machines and stole the money appeared and were again remanded for a week.

Military Pageant on Wednesday Next

At a meeting of the officers of the Seventh Regiment last night final arrangements were completed for the parade of the Seventh Regiment on Wednesday and for the programme of sports in the afternoon.

It was also decided to go ahead with the Mardi Gras dance, to be held on the same evening, and judging from the enthusiasm with which the scheme was entered into it will be a splendid function.

The following officers were elected to the dance committee: Honorary chairman, Capt. W. A. McCrimmon; honorary secretary, Capt. Gordon Ingram; honorary treasurer, Capt. G. A. Bentley.

Patronesses—Ladies of the regiment, and Lady Carling, Mrs. C. S. Hyman, Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. F. E. Leonard, Mrs. Coffey, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Stevely.

Already the committee have completed practically all the arrangements necessary for the dance. The floor is being prepared and will be in excellent condition, the best it ever was. The Seventh Regiment Orchestra, under the direction of Bandmaster Slater, will furnish the music.

On Wednesday the regiment will parade full strength. A half-holiday has been declared by Mayor Stevely for that afternoon, and the men will have no difficulty in getting away.

Aylmer Bowlers Defeated Londoners

E. A. Caughill and N. Newell, of Aylmer, today defeated Jas. Tytler and Fred Beltz, of London, in the finals of the second match Scotch doubles in the W. O. B. A. tournament. The game was closely fought out, the Aylmer team winning by a score of 10 to 9.

Tytler and Beltz had previously defeated Lind and Finchamp, of London, in the semi-finals of the doubles, and Caughill and Newell drew the bye.

The score of the battle between the two London rinks in the semi-finals was 12-10.

The completion of the doubles brings to a close a tournament that was the most remarkable ever held in Canada in every way, and to the rinks and teams which won prizes unlimited credit is due for they had to compete against the best that the Dominion afforded in the line of lawn bowlers.

A Detroit Man Was First to Register

The Old Boys have commenced to register, and at noon there was a large number registered. The majority of them have come from a long distance. Mr. Richard H. Haylock, of Detroit, was the first to write his name on the register. He was followed by many others, and for an hour there was a constant stream of visitors to the booth.

Clear across the continent they have come. From Vancouver on the west to Brunswick on the east they have come. Among those who registered this morning are:

Rus T. Collins, Toronto; Mrs. M. P. Chapman, Mount Forest; A. K. Clynne, St. Louis, Mo.; Ephraim Webb, Tawas City, Mich.; John Gould, Stratford; Richard H. Haylock, Detroit; Fred C. Hodges, Chicago; Miss Alice Lutman, Vancouver; Leonie B. LeBlie, and Margaret LeBlie, Cleveland, Ohio; J. T. Merritt, Winnipeg; Mrs. F. C.

Mackay, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. P. W. Murray and two sons, Bennington; J. H. McConnell, Windsor; Dr. J. M. McGready, Port Arthur; W. D. Slater, Toronto; Henry Stewart, Mesa City, Ariz.; Mr. and Mrs. Terry, West Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Taylor, Fargo, North Dakota; Frank Watson, Flint, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Williams, Toronto; J. A. Williams, York, Texas; William Yeates, Hamilton; John Hume, Toronto; F. M. Wardle, Detroit; Thos. J. Carney, Kelowna, B. C.; C. P. Clarke, Toronto; Mrs. C. Dixon, Grand Lodge, Michigan; Abe E. Goldsmith, Saginaw, Michigan; Chas. Hall, Fulton, Mo.; T. J. Hodgins, City of Mexico; Geo. J. Haylock, Chesley; A. M. Lang, City of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McLaughlin, Chicago; Gavin Park, St. Louis; Mrs. Anthony Rolfe, Denver, Col.; J. A. Smith, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. G. L.

Smith, Chicago; E. R. C. Struthers, Pearl Tait, Montreal; D. R. Tollhurst, New York; Mrs. R. Smithson, Tees, Detroit; W. Wiley, Ottawa; Harry Hall, Windsor; W. E. Weston, Hamilton; and Teddy Tuck, Winnipeg; Miss Ilton.



EAST END DECORATIONS ARE VERY FINE

Money and Effort Have Not Been Spared to Welcome the Old Boys.

The decorations on Dundas street, between Adelaide and Elizabeth streets, have been completed, and it is an acknowledged fact, East Londoners say, that they are the most elaborate in the city.

Long lines of electric lights and flags have been run down the centre of the road and also parallel across every few feet.

Wires have been run along the telephone poles and from these streamers of bunting have been hung.

Each building is decorated, making it the prettiest scene in London.

This evening the local Highlanders Band will give a concert, and all stores will be specially decorated.

The lights will be turned on for the first time.

The decorators were kept busy and worked all night last night.

WAGON AND BUGGY COLLIDE IN EAST END

Driver of One Rig Badly Shaken Up—Both Vehicles Damaged.

While driving down Rectory street yesterday afternoon a young man employed by a Hamilton roofer and grocer caused his wagon to collide with the rig of Mr. George Hughes, of Bathurst street.

The young fellow is alleged to be a furiously driver.

The collision occurred at the corner of Hill street with such force that the young fellow was thrown to the road. The wheels became locked and in the melee both vehicles were badly damaged.

Local Items

—Read The Advertiser's new story, "The Wings of the Morning," which begins on Tuesday.

—Rev. A. B. Meldrum, of Cleveland, will preach at both services in St. Andrew's tomorrow.

—The Ninety-first Highlanders' Band will be in charge of A. L. Davis, a former Hamilton boy, and will be entertained by him. All made a record at the last reunion, when he handled the Sarnia boys, and he will probably duplicate it this time.

—The services in Dundas Centre Church tomorrow will be of an especially interesting character. In the morning the pastor, Rev. G. B. Lancelley, will preach on the "Blessings of Home," and in the evening the Rev. F. H. Sanderson, D. D., of Marion, Iowa, will preach. The choir will be largely augmented by all the former members who can be secured, and a splendid musical programme is promised.

Banks to Close Early.

Monday being generally recognized as a holiday, the banks of the city will close at 12 o'clock. All having clearing house business are requested to attend to it as early as possible Monday morning.

A Painful Accident.

Mr. Wm. Ferguson, of McAdam & Ferguson, met with a painful accident a few days ago while moving. The wagon was jolted, throwing him out of the seat. He fell on his shoulder, dislocating it. A physician was called and attended the man's injuries. The accident will lay him up for some time.

A Quiet Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at the First Methodist Church parsonage on Thursday afternoon, when Miss Lizzie Beatrice Fisher, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. George Alfred Hanks, of Chatham. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. L. Rutledge. After the wedding the young couple left for Chatham, where they will take up their residence.

Port Arthur Visitor.

Dr. J. M. McGrady, president of the Port Arthur Old Boys, arrived this morning and was an early visitor at the city hall. He reports that there will be a fair crowd of London Old Boys down from Port Arthur, but not so many as he would like. "We are doing all right in Port Arthur," said the doctor. "We will have a grand city in a few years. Things are looking up splendidly in the west."

A Big Day.

"We had the biggest day in our history yesterday," said Major Hayes, the city tax collector, to The Advertiser. "We deposited \$25,000 yesterday. This is \$25,000 more than we deposited at one time before. Two years ago we took in \$67,000, but yesterday beats that. I think we have done as well with the taxes this year as any other. I have between 700 and 800 letters to open."

The Late Capt. Fuller.

Brantford Expositor: It is with very sincere regret that many former Brantford friends will hear of the death in London of Capt. J. W. Fuller, for many years a resident of this city. He was formerly employed in the G. T. R. car offices here and when the shops were removed to London, went with the staff to that city. Capt. Fuller was formerly in command of A Company, Dufferin Rifles and was a most efficient officer. He was very popular here in military circles, also amongst the members of the First Baptist Church, of which he was a most devoted member. Capt. Fuller served through the Northwest rebellion. To Mrs. Fuller, who was a Miss Page, of Brantford and the family, sincere sympathy will go out.

CAPT. FULLER'S FUNERAL HELD TODAY

Remains Taken to Brantford Via the G. T. R.

The funeral of Capt. J. W. Fuller was held from his late residence, Lorne avenue, this afternoon at the Grand Trunk depot.

The remains were taken on the 2:05 train to Brantford, where interment will take place.

EAST END NOTES.

Mrs. (Capt.) Johnston, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Hemming, of Elizabeth street.

Mr. C. R. Somerville and family have returned home from their summer cottage at Grand Bend to spend Old Boys' week.

Mr. Arthur Harrison, of Dundas street, east, returns home from Mitchell this evening.

Miss Nina Harrison, of Dundas street, east, has returned home after spending a pleasant vacation at Port Stanley.

Miss Clara Watt, of St. Thomas, is visiting with Miss Margaret Graham, of 739 King street.

Mr. Harry Lewis and family, of Queen's avenue, have returned home from Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Keene and family have returned to this city from Port Stanley.

Miss Birdie Freeland, of Buffalo, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Freeland, Queen's avenue.

Orval and Eric Wyckoff, the sons of Dr. A. J. Wyckoff, have returned home after spending their holidays with relatives in Toronto.

LONDON MAN DIES IN PORT ARTHUR

Word Received of the Death of Mr. Joseph McGinnis.

Word was received from Port Arthur this morning announcing the death on Thursday of Joseph McGinnis, of this city. Mr. McGinnis was 36 years old and left London about two months ago. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Minnie McGinnis, of 84 King street. The remains will be brought to this city and the funeral will be held on Monday afternoon from the undertaking rooms of Smith, Son & Clarke to Woodland Cemetery.

TRAIN TIMES OF OLD BOY ARRIVALS

London is en fete for the home-coming of her Old Boys, and the citizens have responded in the most satisfactory manner to the committee's appeal to decorate.

The city never in its history presented a gay appearance than at present, and when tonight for the first time the myriads of electric lights are flashed the spectacle will be a brilliant one.

The first of the Old Boys to arrive in a party are seventy from Buffalo who have chartered a special Grand Trunk coach and will arrive tonight on the Grand Trunk Express No. 5. The Buffalo party will be joined at Hamilton by several hundred Hamilton Old Boys, who are bringing with them the Ninety-first Highlanders' Band.

Four special cars bearing London Old Boys from Toronto and other eastern points will be attached to the C. P. R. express that arrives from Toronto this evening about 8 o'clock.

The C. P. R. also reports that they are expecting a number of Old Boys on the midnight train from the east.

Tomorrow morning the party of Old Boys from Winnipeg will arrive at 11:20 in the morning, via the C. P. R., and a number of other Toronto Old Boys will also join them. The main body of Toronto Old Boys, however, will not leave until Monday, and they will come in a special train. Hundreds of Old Boys from all over the country are coming here to meet themselves, and will stay with friends for several days.

A large number intend staying throughout the celebration, while others will not be able to leave their places of business for more than a few days.

OLD BOYS ARE COMING HOME

Continued from Page 1

tion, and it is safe to say that none enjoyed the meeting more than Mr. McMillan.

Major Stevely and very many of the aldermen were also on hand, and they assisted in getting the registration under way, and helping along the reunion.

The decorations are practically finished, and the evening when all the lights have all been strung.

Brilliant Illumination.

The city will be brilliantly illuminated this evening. London never looked prettier, and when lighted up presents a gala appearance.

The proceedings will be officially commenced this evening, when a band concert will be given in the armories by the Seventh Regiment Band and the Ninety-first Highlanders, of Hamilton.

This concert will be one of the artistic features of the week, and it is certain to be patronized by a very large crowd.

The great reunion is on and it will be a wonder.

Let the spirit of joy reign supreme.

The Best Cook In London

Undoubtedly uses Strong's Baking Powder. The best cooks everywhere generally use the best materials and Strong's Baking Powder is the best material for leavening that can be made. You can pay more for baking powder, but it is impossible to get anything better. Government analysis proves it. This baking powder insures lightness, whiteness and deliciousness in every batch of biscuits made. Costs but 25 cents a pound.

Strong's Drug Store

184 DUNDAS STREET. Our new Cook Book, 18th edition, free. All housekeepers should have one.

RIEL'S SON DEAD.

Quebec, Aug. 1.—Fred Pelland, publicist of the department of colonization, received a dispatch from Winnipeg yesterday, announcing the death of Mr. Jean Louis Riel, only surviving son of the late Louis Riel. Mr. Riel married Miss M. L. Casault, sister of Mr. Jules Casault, of this city.

LATEST STOCK MARKET REPORTS

During July and August, Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges are closed Saturdays.

[Special from Harris, Winthrop & Co., to H. C. Becker.]

New York, Aug. 1.—There has been some persistent buying in evidence today, as was prevalent during most of yesterday's session. There was also some very heavy realizing, but these offerings were more than taken care of and the market continued to maintain a marked degree of strength up to near the close, when profit-taking became so general, many traders preferring to even up over the week-end that prices eased off quite a little from the top. The buying was again concentrated chiefly in Reading and Union Pacific, these issues making new high records for the year. Various rumors were current to account for the strength in Reading, one being that the statement for the fiscal year, ended June 30, would be surprisingly favorable and another that something favorable would soon be announced concerning the commodity clause of the Hepburn rate law. The Hill shares and copper stocks also played conspicuous parts in the advance. With the Wheeling and Lake Erie notes taken up and nothing in the immediate situation of unfavorable nature the manipulative interests had things pretty much their own way. It is said a very substantial short interest has existed in Reading and the Gould shares and that this has been quite an important factor in the advance of the past two days.

NEW YORK.

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

New York, Aug. 1.

Open. High. Low. Close.

Amal. Copper 78 1/2 78 3/4 77 7/8

American Sugar 122 1/2 123 1/2 122 1/2

Amer. Locomotive 56 56 55 56

Amer. Foundry 40 40 39 40

Amer. Rething 90 90 89 90

Amer. Cotton Oil 37 37 36 37

Atchafalpa, com. 87 1/2 87 1/2 87 1/2

Baltimore & Ohio 92 1/2 92 1/2 92 1/2

Brooklyn Transit 51 51 50 51

Canadian Pac. 174 1/2 174 1/2 174 1/2

Chesapeake & Ohio 43 1/2 43 1/2 43 1/2

Chicago & G. W. 7 7 7 7

Col. Fuel & Iron 33 1/2 33 1/2 33 1/2

Chicago & N. W. 127 1/2 127 1/2 127 1/2

Distillers 36 36 35 36

Erie, com. 24 1/2 24 1/2 24 1/2

Erie, pfd. 41 1/2 41 1/2 41 1/2

G. Northern, pfd. 137 1/2 137 1/2 137 1/2

Illinois Central 142 1/2 142 1/2 142 1/2

Inter-Met., pfd. 32 1/2 32 1/2 32 1/2

Kansas & Texas, pfd. 31 1/2 31 1/2 31 1/2

Louisville & Nash 109 1/2 109 1/2 109 1/2

Mexican Central 15 1/2 15 1/2 15 1/2

Missouri Pacific 72 1/2 72 1/2 72 1/2

New York Central 108 1/2 108 1/2 108 1/2

Norfolk & Western 73 1/2 73 1/2 73 1/2

National Lead 42 1/2 42 1/2 42 1/2

Ontario & Western 42 1/2 42 1/2 42 1/2

Pennsylvania 126 1/2 126 1/2 126 1/2

Pressed Steel Car 32 1/2 32 1/2 32 1/2

Reading 122 1/2 122 1/2 122 1/2

Republic Steel 21 1/2 21 1/2 21 1/2

Rock Island 18 1/2 18 1/2 18 1/2

Southern Railway 19 1/2 19 1/2 19 1/2

Southern Pacific 93 1/2 93 1/2 93 1/2

St. Paul 142 1/2 142 1/2 142 1/2

Texas Pacific 25 1/2 25 1/2 25 1/2

Union Pacific 159 1/2 159 1/2 159 1/2

Central Leather 27 1/2 27 1/2 27 1/2

U. S. Rubber 31 1/2 31 1/2 31 1/2

U. S. Steel, pfd. 109 1/2 109 1/2 109 1/2

Wabash, com. 13 1/2 13 1/2 13 1/2

Wabash, pfd. 28 1/2 28 1/2 28 1/2

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

The success of the **F. H. College** is largely due to the patient, persistent, painstaking classroom work in both departments. Particulars upon application.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Prin.

The NATTY DRESSER

or the man of reserved and quiet taste in his attire, often finds it hard to make a choice in fabrics, simply because his tailor "has not got the goods." His range of clothes is confined to a few domestic woolsens. At this store things are different, and we would be pleased to show you a range of imported goods second to none.

O. Labelle

Merchant Tailor,
220 DUNDAS STREET.

Try HYGIENIC BAKERY

HOME-MADE BREAD
Appetizing, Satisfying and Health Giving
Phone 2390. 549 Hamilton Road. ywt

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.
180 KING STREET. Phone 515, 473
The best, the largest and cheapest in London. Open night and day. ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

J. C. ELLIOTT

225-228 Dundas Street.
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & EMBALMER
Open day and night. Residence on premises. Phone 1597.

SMITH, SUN & BLANKE

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Lady assistant. Night calls personally attended.
Rubber-tired Funeral Cars.
113 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 186
629 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 679
Residence on Premises.

D. A. STEWART

(Successor to John T. Stephenson.)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
Reasonable charges. Best equipment.
Open day and night. Residence on premises.
106 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 459
GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Mgr.

W. HARRISON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR & EMBALMER
First-class Equipment. 671 Dundas.
Phone 1150. Residence on premises.

COOL MEALS

For Warm Weather

Service any hour of day or night.
ICE CREAM, Wholesale and Retail, 85c Gallon.
Delivered anywhere in city.

Olympia Restaurant and Quick Lunch

175 1/2 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 2097
READY FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE OLD BOYS.

We are waiting to receive a call from you in regard to a new Fall and Winter Suit or Overcoat. Goods are new. Open for inspection. You are respectfully invited to call on us.

A. L. KLEIN & CO.,
206 Dundas Street.

SPECIAL SALE OF BRASS BEDS

\$40 00 Beds for \$30 00.
\$30 00 Beds for \$26 50.
\$26 00 Beds for \$21 50.
Big reductions in all Furniture.
Joseph F. Crummeys
565 RICHMOND, COR. ALBERT.
Phone 2168. Take Belt, Wellington or Oxford cars.

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution

Reopens Sept. 1

W. Caven Barron,
Principal.
874 DUNDAS ST. OR PHONE 1101.

Bishop Bethune College

OSHAWA, ONTARIO
Visitor, the Lord Archbishop of Toronto
A Residential School for Girls
Preparation for the University. Young ladies also received. For terms and particulars apply to the
SISTER-IN-CHARGE or to the SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Major Street, Toronto 1
COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPT. 16th.

NEW BRICK HOUSE for sale in London North; only \$50 00 down, balance in monthly installments.

BUILDING LOT for sale in London South; no money required if building erected.
OFFICE TO LET, central, only \$5 a month.

THE LONDON LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

82 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Order Hamilton's

Hamilton's Porter is fully aged. It is the best. Ask for Hamilton's when you are buying.

Order Hamilton's

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor,
212 Dundas Street
Higgins Block. Telephone 593.

GENUINE SCRANTON COAL

Pea Coal \$6 00
Nut, Stove or Furnace.. \$7 00
Pocahontas \$6 50
Cannel \$7 50
All thoroughly screened and prompt delivery.

Webster & Kernohan

PHONE 1383. ywt

Call at The "Old Boys" Jewelry Store

and get a Souvenir to take to the friends at home. Spoons, Hatpins, Bracelets, Buckles, etc.

THOS. GILLEAN

402 RICHMOND STREET.

COAL

NOW'S THE TIME FOR FILLING UP!
It's fully to wait until the last scuttle Order now, get the benefit of lowest market prices and run no risk of delay on account of earlier orders.

GILLIES & SON,

288 ADELAIDE STREET. ywt

A Name That Means Something

A bread of the finest quality, which the choicest flour can make; a bread that never fails in quality; a bread that everybody says is best.

Johnston Bros. XXX Bread

No one wants to eat anything but the best. Ask for Johnston Bros. XXX Bread.

JOHNSTON BROS.,

PHONE 944.

GARDENERS HAD A VERY MERRY TIME

At a Splendid Outing Held on July 29.

The annual picnic of the London gardeners held on the 29th of July was a great success from every point of view, the large crowds enjoying themselves immensely.

The picnic committee aimed high and succeeded in making the picnic the best yet.

The association wishes to thank those who so kindly donated prizes for the sports and which materially helped toward the success of the picnic.

A baseball game between the married men and the single men was won by the former. Mr. C. Maker, market clerk, acting as umpire. A long list of sports were run off, and suitable prizes awarded the winners. Messrs. Bates, Hunter and Darch acted as judges with Mr. Thos. Ball as starter, and Mr. A. C. Johnston, the past president, as master of sports. After lunch the prizes were distributed and the picnic broke up.

Seeing London. The most satisfactory way is from Hueston's carriages.

Old Boys and Girls

We extend you one, and all a hearty invitation to visit our store while with us. See our big array of SOUVENIR JEWELLERY. Costs but a trifle, too.

SUMNER

The Quality Jeweler,
380 RICHMOND STREET.

DO YOU NEED CEMENT? ALWAYS BUY

ATLAS

IT IS BEST AND CHEAPEST.

JOHN MANN & SONS
Canadian Agents,
LONDON, ONT.

We Have

A store full of visitors' attractions representing the very newest Watches, with all improvements. Rings, Solitaire and Combination settings. Other jewelry of all descriptions. Diamonds, white, yellow, cinnamon and green, white gems, Sterling Silver Plateware and novelties. Silverware in endless variety. Clocks for drawing room and kitchen. Cut Glass, representing richest patterns. Souvenir Spoons, Belt Pins, Hat Pins, etc. All in immense variety.

Prices Not High

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

Parnell's Home-Made Bread

A reliable loaf at all times, in all places. At home, in the picnic hamper, the outing basket.

Always sweet and never a whit of change in quality—highest quality. Five cents, at your grocer's, or direct from Parnell's bakeries, 75-77 Bruce street.

PHONES, 929, 1390

"Land o' Cakes"

"Land o' Cakes" is a name frequently given to Scotland where meal cakes form an important article of diet. The phrase was made famous by Robert Burns in 1789, in his poem *On Captain Grose's Paraginations Through Scotland*, which commences with the following lines:

"Hear, 'Land-o'-Cakes an' brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats."

It might truly be said that London is a "Land of Biscuits," for in no other city is such a number of delicious Tea Biscuits made.

The reliable and absolutely pure "Purity" leads all the baking powders and is in great favor by the housewives of the city. Get a supply for the OLD BOYS. Only

20 Cents Lb.

Cairncross & Lawrence

Chemists and Druggists
216 Dundas St. LONDON, Ont.

DR. MAHAN DEAD

Discoverer of Compass Oil Passes Away in his 72nd Year.

Dr. Schuyler W. Mahan, one of London's best-known residents, died at his home, 235 Hill street, last night, after a brief illness. Dr. Mahan was in his seventy-second year and was known far and wide as the discoverer of Compass Oil. Dr. Mahan had lived in London for a great many years. Besides his wife he is survived by one son living in the United States. The funeral will be held on Sunday afternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

The reason the Gourlay Piano finds such favor with students and children is because the action is so sympathetic and responsive. It is made with extreme accuracy and the adjustments are so exact that the action is perfectly balanced and moves with the slightest touch. Beginners and students require a piano of the highest character, for just in proportion to the responsiveness of the instrument are they encouraged to greater endeavors.

Atlantic City Excursion.

Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, August 7th. \$11.00 round trip. From Suspension Bridge. Particulars 54 King street east, Toronto.

Jewish butchers and rabbis in Montreal, are quarrelling over kosher meat.

Early Morning Paper

Monday being Civic Holiday, The Advertiser will be published at 4 a.m. only.

City and other subscribers will be supplied with this edition.

City and District

—The case of criminal assault against Louis Logan, of the Muncie Indian Reserve, which was to have been heard yesterday, was enlarged until next Wednesday.

Home From Mexico.

Mr. Jack Sturgeon, one of the far-away Old Boys from Canana, Old Mexico, is living with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Patrick, 805 Dufferin avenue. He has not been home for seven years.

To Manage the Unique.

Mr. O. Richards, of 647 Queen's avenue, has purchased the Unique Theatre, which will be managed by Mr. W. N. Spence, the popular manager of Mr. Bennett's, and Mr. Spence will give his patron the best that can be produced. Mr. Spence has been manager of different American theatres, and is well known in vocal society. He is a London boy, and we wish him much success.

Camp Flower o' Dunblane.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the male chorus of the above camp was held in the camp rooms last night. The following were elected an executive committee to make all arrangements for the fall and winter work of the chorus: Honorary president, James Grey; president, Joe Saunders; secretary, treasurer, Jas. E. Patterson; committee, Messrs. Cameron, Irwin, Dixon and Cruickshanks.

Mr. J. L. Galbraith was again the unanimous choice for chairman, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Galbraith for his excellent services in the past.

Prof. Abbott as a Florist.

The Warrensburg (Mo.) Star, July 25, has the following paragraph in regard to a former resident of this city: Prof. Frederick Abbott, of the Normal faculty, has established an enviable reputation as a florist of no mean ability and taste. Every afternoon after school hours Prof. Abbott can be found in his garden of flowers at his home on West Gay street. The barren back yard has been converted into a beautiful park and a flower paradise. It shows what can be accomplished by hands thoughtfully and artistically used. In place of the unsightly back yard usually found, Prof. Abbott has a place of beauty and a joy for the eye of the lover of flowers. In this little park nearly every flower imaginable is to be found. If a similar flower garden was kept at every home what a beautiful place Warrensburg would be.

THIS YEAR'S FAIR TO BE A HUMMER

London's Great Exhibition Will Be Held From Sept. 11 to 19.

To those who have been accustomed to attend London's popular exhibition a visit this year will be a revelation.

The grounds and buildings present a most beautiful appearance. About \$1000 have been expended on new buildings to replace old ones. All the buildings have been painted and the general effect is certainly fine.

Inquiry at the general offices brings forth the fact that this year's exhibition will (weather permitting), eclipse all previous ones from every standpoint. Space in some of the buildings is already at a premium, and surprises await the visitors, especially in the Main Building. The old curiosity shop, carpet weaving, the bakery, the printing press will all be very interesting and attractive, while several of our leading manufacturers will have their machines at work, demonstrating the manufacture of their goods. Athletic Day on Monday, Sept. 14, promises great things, and very handsome trophies and medals have been provided for the same. The dog show prize list has just been issued and the committee are sure of a great success. The attractions provided are on a much larger scale than ever before attempted, and include a large Wild West Show, which will be a whole programme in itself. Programmes are being prepared now giving full particulars.

Entries are already coming in, and everything indicates a great exhibition. The citizens of London should all become interested and help to make this year's exhibition the best ever.

All information as to space, prize lists, entry forms and everything in connection with the exhibition may be obtained at the secretary's office, Richmond street.

SAY HE TOOK \$300 FROM TORONTO LADY

A Grand Trunk Employee Placed Under Arrest at Detroit.

Archibald Jackson, of Toronto, a Grand Trunk employee, was arrested in Port Huron yesterday afternoon by Detective Wallace, of Toronto. Jackson is alleged to have obtained \$300 from a young Toronto lady whom he had promised to marry, and then left town. It was learned that he was in Port Huron and Detective Wallace located him there yesterday and arrested him. Jackson was placed in the cells at the police station for a couple of hours, while Detective Wallace was waiting for a train.

DECIDED AGAINST ONTARIO

Judgment Given by Privy Council in the Woodruff Case.

London, Eng., Aug. 1. — The Woodruff case has gone against the Ontario Government, in the Privy Council. The Government thus loses many thousands of dollars in succession duties.

The Woodruff case was fought out in Ontario courts before being taken to the Privy Council. The late Mr. Woodruff, of St. Catharines, had a large fortune, but at death he left a comparatively small estate. This arose from the fact that in the nineties and up to a short time prior to his death he turned over large amounts of money to relatives. On his death the Government attempted to collect duty upon hundreds of thousands of dollars thus transferred, contending that the transfers were made with the object of avoiding the duties.

The final result of the fight in Ontario courts was that the Government was able to collect upon the most recent transfers, but not upon others. From this the Woodruffs appealed to the Privy Council, and the Government cross-appealed to be allowed to collect upon the whole amount of estate transferred. The Privy Council has allowed the Woodruff appeal, and no duty can be collected on amounts transferred. The Government's cross-appeal is dismissed, and the Government must pay all costs of both appeals.

Old Resident Dead.

An old and esteemed resident of London Township died this morning at the family residence, lot 29, con. 5, in the person of Mrs. Margaret Tuckey, wife of Mr. John Tuckey. Mrs. Tuckey was in her 80th year. The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon.

Dr. Jarvis

DENTIST
Cor. Dundas and Clarence Streets

GILLETTS

HIGH GRADE
CREAM TARTAR
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.
Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

A Few Don'ts for Housekeepers

Don't worry if the London Old Boys should come home a little dusty and spread it on the floors. Don't have the carpets taken up and beaten, as that destroys the backs and effect of any carpet—is not thorough or sanitary.

Don't forget that the vacuum cleaning wagon is the best known sanitary and effective way of getting entirely rid of dust and germs from your carpets, rugs, draperies and furniture without removal. Estimates free, charges moderate.

The London Sanitary House-Cleaning Co'y

Office, Mitchell's Garage, 297 Dundas street. Phone 2394. S. H. Pavey, Manager.

ROSS'

Genuine Clearing Sale of entire stock of MEN'S FURNISHINGS and HATS at and under cost. All reliable and up-to-date goods

Remember the place. It Will Pay You.

196 DUNDAS STREET

SPECIAL

Closing Out Sale

— OF —

Ladies' Tan Oxfords

HERE'S THE IDEA!

After a good season's business in Tan Oxfords, we find we have many broken lines. We mean lines where we have not all sizes. These shoes are our best styles. That's the reason the lines are broken. It's the best styles that always sell first. We're going to make short work of closing these out, and here's our offer.

Women's 'Varsity Oxford, in tan, Russia calf and brown kid, handsome styles, newest patterns, different heights of heels and toe shapes. This season's choicest style 'Varsity' are \$3 75 shoes, but we will close out the remaining sizes at \$2 99

Women's 'Blue' Brand Oxfords, tan, Russia calf and brown kid, ribbon ties, etc., our specialty, \$3 00 shoes, closing out price... \$2 23

Women's 'Kripps' make of Oxfords, tan, Russia calf and brown kid, all styles, nattiest shapes, many weights of soles and various heights of heels. 'Kripps' are exceptional value at the regular price, \$2 75; your choice now at the closing out price \$2 14

Women's \$2 00 Brown Kid Oxfords, now \$1 49; \$1 75 quality now \$1 33

SEE OUR WINDOWS.

J. P. COOK CO., Limited

167 Dundas Street. Annex 398a Richmond Street

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before

Get your Bedding Supplies here. Can save money for you—always a little, often a great deal.

Very Special Clearance Sale 200 Box Seat Dinners, with perforated seats, at \$1.00 each. Regular trade price \$1.50.

With Pantasote leather seats, at \$1.35 each. Regular trade price \$1.85.

With hand cane seat, at \$1.50 each. Regular trade price \$2.00.

You'll see them if you're prudent. You'll buy them if you're smart at

John Ferguson & Sons

174 to 180 KING STREET

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County Bldgs., next Court House, London.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MUK

BY WILHELM HAUFF

1802-1827

A CLASSIC
IN A PAGE

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In this story, one of the many famous tales in the tale-cycle "The Arabian Nights," Hauff shows the mastery of the art of simplicity in literature. The unconscious art of the Oriental tale writer is never more evident than in this story. Although German has long been, and although their favorite modern authors write little else, the best things in German prose remain the short stories of such men as Goethe, Hoffmann, Grimm, Kleinschmidt and Hauff. No student's knowledge of literature is complete without a knowledge of these forms of literature. They are quite different in style, construction and tone from the short stories of other races and nations.

In Nisaea there once lived a man whom everybody called "Little Muk." He was a most wonderful figure. His stature was only four feet. His body was tiny and graceful, but it had to support a head that was far larger and wider than the heads of ordinary human beings. He lived all alone in a fine, great house, doing even his own cooking.

The people of the city would hardly have known whether he were alive or dead, so little did they see of him, as he emerged from his mansion only once every four weeks, had they not watched the smoke from his chimney every day at noon or seen him walk solemnly up and down on his roof at night. On such occasions beholders on the street might have imagined that they saw a great head promenading there all alone, since his body was so short that it was hidden by the parapet.

The lady of the town were overjoyed when the day came for Little Muk's periodical appearance on the street. They gathered around the door and waited for him to emerge. When the portal swung open and the great head with the still greater turban peered timidly forth, to be followed by the little body, every eye was thrown into the air and every body danced around him and yelled.

Little Muk merely replied with a grave nod of his big head and moved majestically down the street, dragging his huge slippers along the pavement. They were so enormous they would have fallen from his tiny feet had he essayed to lift them in walking.

A shabby little cloak hung over his shoulders. His legs were encased in flowing breeches, vastly too wide for his tiny limbs. Around his waist was a broad belt through which was thrust a dagger that was so long that one could not say whether Muk were fast to the dagger or the dagger were fast to Muk.

As he moved slowly along, the mischievous boys would follow, chanting a refrain that they had invented for his benefit, and occasionally even pulling his cloak.

He never paid the least attention either to their pranks or to the shouts of the boys. He was the son of the richest man in the city, and he was the son of the richest man in the city, and he was the son of the richest man in the city.

When the door opened again the frightened lady saw him emerge. The rich man held him by the hand and parted from him with many deep bows.

Scarcely had he gone before his host beckoned to his son. The boy advanced with hanging head. "You have insulted the honored Muk," said his father gravely. "I shall tell you and your companions the history of this man and then you will not laugh at him any more. Before and after my tale, however, you shall be presented with twenty-five well counted and well placed blows."

He took the long stem from his pipe, unceremoniously rubbed his mouthpiece and laid it on earnestly.

When the twenty-five were fully delivered he called the boys and handed him and told the story of Little Muk.

Little Muk's father was a distinguished but poor man of the city of Nisaea. His name was Mukrah, and he lived alone as quietly and as much alone as his son was living.

He was ashamed of his son because of his unfortunate shape. As he did not wish to expose him to ridicule he would not send the poor lad to school, and thus Little Muk grew up in ignorance, and in addition, in perfect innocence of the ways of the world. When he had reached the age of sixteen he was still a child, and his father, who was by nature solemn and thoughtful, found new occasion for complaint in that fact.

One day he fell and hurt himself so severely that he died soon afterward, leaving poor Muk quite helpless. The relatives who had lent him money, drove the boy away. "Go out into the world," said they, "and seek for your fortune."

Little Muk answered that he was entirely prepared for a voyage. All he needed, he declared, was a suit of clothes, and he asked the relatives to give him his father's old garments. They acceded graciously to this modest request.

His father was a tall and powerful man. Therefore the clothes did not fit very well, as you can imagine. But Muk had a ready expedient. He cut off all that were too long and then attired himself in his legacy. Unfortunately he could not trim down the width of the clothes as he had trimmed the length. This explained his remarkable costume, for he wore it over his father's mighty turban, the broad sash, the wide breeches, the blue cloak, all these were the relics of his father.

Garbed in these clothes, with his father's long Damascus dagger thrust through his sash and a little stick in his hand, he went through the gates of his native town and forth into the wide world.

Morally and untroubled he walked all that day. Having gone forth with his fortune, he was alert for it all the time. Whenever he saw a fragment of glass or a potsherd glitter in the sun, he ran to it, picked it up and put it into his sash, confident that he had found diamonds. If he saw the mineral of a mosaic gleam like fire, or a lake shine like a mirror, he would hasten toward it breathlessly, imagining that he had arrived at a fairyland.



MUK CREEPT INTO THE GARDEN WITH HIS SPADE TO GET A NEW SUPPLY



MUK PASSED HIM AND STOPPED AT THE GOAL



THE FRUIT OF THE FIRST TREE HAD TRANSFORMED HIM HORRIBLY

But, alas! These mirages disappeared whenever he came near to them and became just like other places, while his wearying limbs and his complaining stomach told him rudely that he was still in the land of common mortals.

Hunger and weariness, disappointment and fear began to overcome him after he had wandered for two days without finding his fortune. The fruits of the field were his sole sustenance, and the hard ground was his bed. But on the third morning he looked from a height and saw a great city before him. The crescent shone gloriously from its towers and bright banners waved from all the roofs. They seemed to beckon him.

He stood still in admiration and gazed at the beautiful town and the shining city. "Ah, there Little Muk will find his luck," said he. "There or nowhere." Despite his weariness he gave a little leap of joy. Then he gathered all his remaining strength and stepped out bravely for the city.

Although it had seemed so near by, he did not reach it till almost noon, for his tiny limbs almost failed him and he had to sit down many times in the shade of a palm to recover his strength. At last, however, he reached the city gate. He pulled his cloak neatly into place, tied his turban gracefully, smoothed out his sash, adjusted his dagger and cleaned his slippers of dust. Then he strode hopefully into the streets.

He went from street to street, but nowhere did a door open for him, nowhere did any person call to him, as he had hoped they might in this city. "Come in, Little Muk, come in! Eat and drink and rest your weary limbs!"

He was just looking longingly at a large and beautiful house, when a window was opened and an old woman looked out. With a sing-song voice she cried:

"Come in! Come in! Let dinner begin! The table is spread. With chicken and bread! Come, neighbor! Come in! Let dinner begin!"

The door opened a moment afterward and Muk saw handsome cats and dogs arrive from all directions and enter. He debated a moment whether or not he would dare follow. At last he gained courage and entered.

Two young cats preceded him and he decided to let them guide him, as he assumed that they knew the whereabouts of the feast better than he did.

When he reached the head of the first flight of broad stairs he was met by the old woman who had looked from the window. She bent a sour glance on him and demanded his business.

"You cried out an invitation to dinner," said Muk, "and since I am so very hungry, I thought I would accept it."

The old woman laughed and said: "Whence do you come, you wondrous fellow? The whole city knows that I cook for nobody except my beloved cats. Now and then I invite company for them, as you have seen."

Little Muk told the old woman his story and begged her to let him eat with her cats just once. The woman permitted it and gave him food and drink generously. After he had been satisfied and had regained his normal spirits and strength, she said: "Little Muk, remain with me. You shall have little work and shall be well fed and well paid."

Little Muk liked the cat's dinner so well that he was overjoyed to remain, and became the servant of Madam Ahavzi. He had easy but peculiar duties. Madam Ahavzi had six cats. These had to be combed every morning, after which their fur had to be rubbed with precious ointments. When the old woman went out he had to watch the cats, and when they ate he had to serve them with handsome dishes as if they were human beings. At night he had to bed them on silken cushions and cover them with velvet blankets.

There were some small dogs in the house, too. But they were not treated with much distinguished consideration as the cats, which Madam Ahavzi coddled as if they were her own children. Muk led as lonely a life as he had led in his father's house, for he met only dogs and cats and saw no human being except the old woman.

For a time everything went very well with him. He had plenty to eat and little to do. But after a while the cats became extremely unruly. As soon as the old woman went out they jumped around the house as if possessed, throwing everything topsy turvy, and smashing many a beautiful and rare object. As soon as they heard Muk's mistress coming up, despite his fatigue he was delighted

with his slippers, and he fell asleep with a smile of joy. He dreamed that the little dog appeared before him, saying: "Little Muk! You do not understand the slippers. If you will turn three times on your heels, they will carry you wherever you may wish. And the walking stick will guide you to buried treasure. Wherever there is gold, it will tap on the ground three times. When it taps twice, it means that silver is buried there."

When Little Muk awoke he thought over his dream and proceeded to make an experiment. He turned three times on his heel and wished himself in a large city. The slippers at once went into the air with little Muk, padded through the clouds like the wind itself, and before Muk realized it he was in a great market place where there were hundreds of shops and more hundreds of persons.

He soon found it advisable to go into a more lonely part of town, for people kept treading on his immense slippers and tripping him, or else his long dagger would thrust passively in the side, so that he escaped blows only with difficulty.

He began to wonder what he should do for a living. His cane was not worth much unless he could first find a place where gold and silver happened to be hidden. He was too proud to exhibit himself for money. He thought of his slippers, and decided to offer his services to the King as runner.

He went to the palace and was sent by the eunuchs to the overseer of the slaves. "Away!" cried the overseer, when Muk told him what he wanted. "You to be a runner! Away!"

Little Muk assured him that he was in earnest and begged him to let him try. The overseer, who was a good natured man, told Muk that he would let him try that evening. Then he went to the King and entertained him with the tale.

The King was greatly amused and called all the princes and princesses. These told all their attendants, so when the evening came everybody came to the meadow to see the boastful dwarf make an exhibition of himself. A shout of joy rang out when he appeared and made a most graceful bow before the royal family. Such a figure had never been seen before.

Little Muk did not permit the laughter to embarrass him. He stood proudly resting on his cane and awaited his rival. The overseer had selected his best runner. As soon as he was alongside of Muk, the Princess Amorra shook her veil and like two arrows aimed at the same mark the two shot over the meadow.

At first Muk's antagonist had a great lead. But Muk swung swiftly around on his vast slippers, passed him and stopped at the goal while the other, snapping for breath, was still running madly.

"You shall be my very own personal runner," said the King to Muk. "Every year you shall have one hundred pieces of gold, and you shall dine at the table of my principal servants."

Muk thought that he had found his fortune. His heart was joyous. The King sent him as messenger in his most important and secret affairs, and was charmed with the care and extraordinary speed of his new servant.

The other servants did not like him when they saw that he was becoming the King's favorite. They began to conspire against him. Muk had too kind and amiable a heart to respond to their hatred with a similar feeling. Instead, he sought to win their regard. If he could find treasure, thought he in his innocence,

and share it with them they would become friendly.

He had heard that the King's father had caused much treasure to be buried once on a time when enemies broke into the land, and that he had died without being able to tell his son where it lay hidden. Little Muk took his cane and wandered everywhere in the great palace gardens.

One day the cane tapped three times. He drew his dagger, marked the spot, felled trees and went back to the place where he obtained a spade. As soon as night had fallen he returned to the spot.

Muk found that digging for treasure was no easy task. His little arms were weak, his spade was heavy. He worked for two hours before he struck metal. It was the iron lid of a great chest.

He climbed into the hole and lifted the cover. The chest was full of gold pieces. As he could not move it he contented himself with filling his breeches and his sash, as well as his little cloak. Had it not been for the slippers he could never have stirred under the weight. As it was, he was nearly dead when he reached his room and had hidden the treasure under his cushions.

He began to bestow his gold with both hands. Instead of gaining favor, however, poor Little Muk only succeeded in making them more envious than ever. The chief cook Ahnui said: "He is a coiner." The overseer of slaves, Achmet, said: "He has swindled the King out of it." But the treasurer, who reached rather deeply himself into the King's money chest at times, said: "He has stolen it."

They conspired more than ever to destroy the favorite. The chief of the cup bearers appeared before the King with great sorrow and grief that the ruler observed it and asked him what was the trouble.

"Alas," said the hypocrite, "I am woe-stricken that I have lost the favor of my royal master."

"What are you dreaming, Korchuz?" replied the King. "Since when did I cease to let the sun of my consideration shine upon you?"

The chief of the cup bearers answered that he was loading his dwarf runner with gold, but giving nothing to his other servants.

The King was mightily surprised and asked for particulars. The conspirators found it an easy task to instill in the King's mind the suspicion that Muk had stolen the money from the royal treasure chamber. He commanded them to watch the dwarf.

That very night Muk crept into the garden with his spade to get a new supply, as he had given away all that he had taken the first time. The conspirators followed him and just as he was putting the gold into his garments they fell upon him, tied him and carried him before the King.

The monarch was gruff, because he had been startled from his slumbers. Angriely he held court at once. The chest had been brought in and set before the King, and the treasurer declared that he had come upon Muk just as the dwarf was burying the gold.

Grimly the King asked Muk what he had to say.

Little Muk answered that he had not buried the chest, but had found it there. Everybody except the King laughed at this excuse. The monarch, infuriated at Muk's impudence, cried: "Miserable man! Would you have sport with your master after having robbed him? Treasurer! Declare if you recognize this gold as being glistening from my treasure!"

At first the ruler did not believe it, but he consented to give the dwarf a chance. He hid some gold in the earth and told Muk to find it. In a few moments the chest tapped three times.

Then the King knew that his treasurer had cheated him, and he lost no time in sending him a silken cord so that he might hang himself. To Little Muk he said: "I will give you your life. But it appears to me that you have another secret. If you do not confess to me how you can run so fast you shall remain in lifelong imprisonment."

One night in chains had been quite sufficient for Little Muk. He told about the slippers, but did not tell the secret of turning on the heels before running. The King, impatient to try, thrust his feet into them and they dragged him around and around in a ring. Little Muk, glad to get a small revenge, permitted him to run till he fell in a faint.

When the King regained consciousness he was intensely angry at the dwarf. "I have given you my word," said he, "to let you have life and liberty. But you must leave the land within twelve hours or you shall be hanged."

The slippers and the cane were put into the treasure chamber, and Little Muk, poor as ever, wandered over the border, cursing his vanity that had led him to imagine himself being able to play a part in a royal court.

He sought the wildest place that he could find, for he was bitter against human beings. In a great thicket he found a spot that suited him. He lay down, determined to starve to death.

But when his hunger became great he considered that starvation was a dangerous matter. Then, too, the trees under which he lay were fig trees and magnificent fruit was close overhead. He could not resist them.

He climbed up and ate heartily. When his little skin was full he descended to drink from a little brook that ran near by. What was his fright when he stooped over and saw his reflection in the clear water! His face looked back at him, but it was ornamented with two huge asses' ears and a mighty, long, thick nose! He reached up with both hands and, sure enough, his ears were more than half a yard long.

"I deserve asses' ears," he cried, "for I have trampled fortune under my foot like an ass!" Weeping bitterly, he wandered about, lamenting the bitter fate that had pursued him. Again he determined to die, but again, when hunger assailed him, little Muk could not resist eating, and as there was no food except figs he climbed another tree and ate a few, although with great fear.

The idea came to him that he might manage to hide his ears under his turban. He reached up to try. He could feel no asses' ears, but only his original ones.

Again, thought he, a kindly fortune has granted me the means to relieve my disasters and to attain competence! His plan was made very quickly. He plucked from each tree as many figs as he could carry,

The treasurer offered to swear that it was the very gold that was missing from the chamber. The King ordered Muk to be chained and imprisoned in a tower. The treasurer took the gold, ostensibly to put it into the treasure chamber, but in reality to take it home. There he took it out to count it. At the bottom of the chest he found a note. It read:

"The enemy has entered my land. I hide here a part of my treasure. The curse of his King shall fall on him who finds it and fails to deliver it to my son."

However, when they told him the very next day that he was doomed to die, he thought it was better to live without the cane than to die with it. He begged the King for a secret hearing and confessed to him his deed.

Little Muk engaged in sorrowful reflections in his cell. He knew that death was the punishment for stealing royal property. Still he did not like to confess the secret of the cane, as he feared that he might be deprived not only of it, but also of his slippers. Unhappily the latter could not help him now, because he was chained so closely to the wall that he could not move his heel.

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Again, thought he, a kindly fortune has granted me the means to relieve my disasters and to attain competence! His plan was made very quickly. He plucked from each tree as many figs as he could carry,

keeping them separated carefully so that he knew which were the dangerous and which the healing ones. Then he returned to the country which he had left under such sad auspices.

In the first city that he reached he bought garments and a great false beard that disguised him, giving him the appearance of a swarthy, under-sized Arab trader. Having assured himself that he was quite unrecognizable, he went boldly to the city of the King and passed through the gate unchallenged.

It was just at a time of year when ripe fruits were rather scarce. Little Muk squatted near the gate of the palace, where, as he knew from observation, the chief cook used to repair regularly to look for tidbits for the royal table. He had not waited long before the great man came across the courtyard. He examined the wares of the peddlers and at last his eye fell on Little Muk's basket, in which were the figs that made ears and noses grow so long.

"Ah," cried he, "a fine bit of fruit! His Majesty will surely like it! How much do you wish for the basket?"

Little Muk demanded a modest sum and the two soon agreed. The chief cook gave the basket to a slave and went on. Little Muk hurried to escape, for he thought that when the transformation began in the court they might suspect the figs as the cause and look for the seller.

The King was exceedingly merry at the table that day. Again and again he praised his chief cook for the excellence of his cooking and the skill and originality with which he always managed to find something choice and desirable. The cook, who knew what a fine surprise was still to come, smiled meaningfully and permitted himself a few modest and humble remarks, such as: "It is not yet every day's evening," or "If the end is good all is good," so that the Princess became most curiously curious to know what other delicate thing was to appear.

When the beautiful, richly colored and tempting fruit arrived a general exclamation of surprise and desire escaped the lips of all. "How ripe! How magnificent!" cried the King. "Ah! You are a fine creature and deserve our most particular and extraordinary benevolence." Saying thus the King, who was wont to be very economical with such dainties, served them out with his own majestic hands. Each Prince and Princess got two. Each of the court ladies, too, for physicians and the eunuchs received one. The others he took and began to devour with every symptom of keen enjoyment.

"Goodness me!" suddenly exclaimed the Princess Amorra. "How strange you look, oh, my father!"

All gazed at the King and gasped with amazement. Monstrous ears sprang out from his crown and a fearful nose had grown and was already hanging below his chin.

Scarcely had they looked at the King when the eyes of the Princess turned the same amazement and fright at the rest. All were ornamented with the same horrible features.

Clamor and screams filled the great dining hall. Terrified, the eunuchs and themselves behind curtains and lamented, while the Princess sent their slaves scurrying on horseback and on foot for physicians and learned men. They came in hordes, not only from the city, but from the domain, hurried to the palace by speedy Arabian horses and fleet camels.

They ordered pills and mixtures, but the eunuchs and the physicians remained behind curtains and lamented, while the Princess sent their slaves scurrying on horseback and on foot for physicians and learned men. They came in hordes, not only from the city, but from the domain, hurried to the palace by speedy Arabian horses and fleet camels.

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Wanted: Man of Pluck Luck Doesn't Count

By Dr. Madison C. Peters.

When the sluggard's fields teem with richest stores, waving with golden grain and choicest fruit, while the lands of the hardworking and thrifty pursuing man are covered with weeds and brambles; when the drunkard looks sleek and beautiful and the sober and industrious man starves on his hard toil; when intelligence is put upon the pillory and twaddle is enthroned on the heights; when genius revels in the earth and ignorance stares to the skies, we might possibly be led to believe that there was such a thing as luck. Everywhere we see the rewards of industry and wisdom, and hence must deny that there is such a thing as luck.

The fetish called luck is accountable for many of the failures in life. He who lets the absurd idea that luck is against him into his head—allows it to dominate him to such an extent that he lies down without making any effort to retrieve his standing or make progress toward a desired goal—loses ambition and courage, and the result is that failure overtakes him and he clasps him in her chilly embrace.

If such a man could only realize, only bring home to himself, that luck is merely the hugar of the imagination, he would make the effort to shake off his apathy and take the conditions of life as he should with a brave heart and without fear. He would soon learn that what he considers luck is only another name for which perseverance, and an invincible determination to succeed.

HONEST ENDEAVOR BRINGS SUCCESS.

Honest endeavor is the right expression to use when referring to those who have succeeded in life's mission. Granted that luck is not a misnomer in terms, nor a phantom of the brain, let us ask: Did it ever build a house, did it ever drive a steam engine, did it ever plant, sow, reap and mow? did it ever accomplish anything in the world or fulfill any end? No sane person will say that it did.

Luck did not give our rich men their wealth; it did not win the victories of our generals; it did not write the great masterpieces of literature; nor did it deliver into the mines of science to exhumed the priceless gems of discovery that have enriched mankind. It never brought business to the merchant, clients to the lawyer, patients to the physician. It never filled the pulpit with eloquence or breathed upon the lip of the preacher the divine fire of his mission. None of these things did it do, because it is a thing as intangible as the moonbeam across the face of the snow; "it seems to be, yet has no being."

It is worth and a determined spirit that make the wheels of the world go round and bring success in their train. Idleness never accomplished anything, work has accomplished everything good, and great, and useful in the world.

Work is as necessary to material advancement as are air and water to life. A man can gain nothing by standing idly by, except the name of a drone in the human hive, and be left by the sweat of others. You must be up and doing if you would advance. You must not wait for opportunity, but create the opportunity for yourself.

WEALTH WITHIN REACH AT HOME.

Don't say your surroundings are un-

favorable. Far off fields look green, but when we come to them they are just like all other fields. At home wealth is within your reach, if you adopt the right way to get it.

The old Persian, Ali Hafez, had set his soul on the possession of diamonds so he wandered away into far countries in search of the gems. He went to the mountains of the Moon beyond Arabia and then into Palestine, and on to the confines of the Tigris and Euphrates. Finally, worn out and dispirited, he returned to his own land, starving and in rags, and died in poverty and misery. His successor one day in his garden turned up a black stone. "That is a diamond," shouted his dervish, who was standing by. "I know a diamond when I see it." They went to work and almost every shovelful of the soil revealed gems fit for the crowns of emperors.

You may say that the diamonds in this case were found by chance—or "luck" if you prefer to call it so—but the moral of the story is, that had Ali Hafez looked in his own garden he would have found the gems for which he traveled so far in vain.

There are many who have not the daring of Ali Hafez to go in search of what they desire, and are too indolent to work for it at home. They mope around in idleness, praying or something to turn up, some "wind-fall," or "fat" office to come their way to save them from honest work. From the ranks of these are recruited the loafers and gamblers who subsist on the toil of others.

SOME GIVE UP TOO QUICKLY.

Some try their hand at this, that, and the other thing, and because success does not immediately crown their futile efforts they give up and say luck is against them, while by persistent endeavor along some definite line they could have achieved what they desired.

These are the ones who envy other who think that the man of honors and wealth has no special right to what he has gained by honorable and honest work, and who would wrest it from him if they could, but powerless to do so, they raise the red flag of anarchy and become a curse instead of a blessing to the nation.

The twisted philosophy of "luck" is at the bottom of much of our social evil. The cure of this evil is found in pluck, a term synonymous with warm-hearted, manly energy, which knows no defeat, but ever battles bravely on until the combat is crowned with victory.

Pluck gives courage to the soul, strengthens the mind, nerves the hand, steels the sinews to dare, do, and accomplish.

The man of pluck will never say "I can't," but "I will." Nothing daunts him. Courageously he marched forward with trust in himself and faith in God, never looking backward, but always forward, ever advancing until the goal of a well-spent life is reached.

Be a man in the true sense of the word. Crown on fate and laugh at the shibboleth of luck. Do not woo failure, turn your back upon her and she will leave you to the smiles and embraces of her deadly rival—success.

all. There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be done in the slang language, and undone in common parlance.

"I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting L. S. Young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past caring which would have once been inconceivable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament, my misfortunes. But, my dear mother, 'Dear one, what are names but air?' for'd, poor Will Erskine—these would have been mourners indeed."

"Well—exertion—exertion. O invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he, too, would be too difficult to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public."

FAMOUS EPIGRAMS—VIII.

(By S. T. Coleridge.)

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,
Neocera, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucretia?

"Ah," replied my gentle fair;
"Dear one, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;

SHOCKING THE BANK OF ENGLAND

HOW A STRANGER OBTAINED ACCESS TO THE STRONG ROOM.

The Bank of England, that staid, conservative bulwark of British finance, has more than once passed through startling experiences. Of these perhaps the most unexpected was that connected with a communication it once received from an unknown source, a communication as vivid as any in the most flaming melodramatic novel.

The letter that caused the board of directors to sit up and take notice was couched in the following extraordinary terms:

"No doubt you think you are all safe, and that your bank is safe; but I know better. I have been inside your bank during the last two nights, and you knew nothing about it. As I am not a thief, and wish to warn you of your danger, I invite you to meet me in the great square room at twelve today. I shall then explain all to you. Let only two of you come, and say nothing to anyone else."

The next night the square room—"the richest compartment in the world," as it has been called—was guarded, but nothing happened.

Then came the next phase of the mystery. A heavy chest of securities, taken from the strong room, arrived at the bank, with a letter, complaining that the directors had notified the police, and that the writer had appeared according to his promise. Now, he continued, to prove that he was not a thief, he sent with his letter a chest of papers that he had taken from the bank. If a few men would assemble, without the police, in the strong room, the writer would join them at midnight. Otherwise the mystery would continue unsolved.

After solemn deliberation the directors decided to do as they were told. They assembled in the strong room. At midnight there came a cry from behind the stone walls. "Put out the lights!" They obeyed. Then a dark lantern entered. His story was soon told. He gained his living by searching the sewers at night, and through a sewer opening he had found his way into the richest room in the world.

OLD-TIME SLAVE CABIN.

The first negro home that I remember was a log cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small, narrow door, which hung on rusty, worn-out hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a rickety shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung dejectedly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house.

Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or rather there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place.

My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, though I do not now remember having suffered there at all, except, especially as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

I mention these facts here because the little slave's cabin in which I lived as a child, and which is associated with all my earliest memories, is typical of the places in which the great mass of the negro people lived a little more than 40 years ago, and there are thousands of negro men and women living today in comfortable and well-kept homes who will recognize what I have written as a good description of the homes in which they were born and reared.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race 50 years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves today.—Booker T. Washington, in the Century.

IT CURES THE CHILDREN.

When youngsters get cramps, indigestion and bowel trouble; when they toss and roll in their sleep—try Nerville—just a few drops in sweetened water. Nothing better than Folsom's Nerville. Thousands say so.

Call me Laura, call me Chioria,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only—only—call me thine!"

A BIBULOUS SCHOLAR.

The great Porson, librarian and Greek scholar, would sit up drinking all night, without seeming to feel any bad effects from it. Horne Tooke told Samuel Rogers that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and, as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you," and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee house, Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up forty."

Tooke used to say that "Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all." Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill. He was to be a servant came into the room, sent thither by his master for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.

HOW INVENTIONS WERE STOLEN

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BEFORE DAYS OF PATENTS TO PRE- SERVE TRADE SECRETS.

Before patents were granted for inventions, the inventor had but one way to secure a return from his invention. This was to keep it secret.

Secret inventions were the most valuable possessions of many families and guilds. But in proportion to their value, they tempted the cupidity of competitors. The secret of making Venetian glass, a greatly prized article, was most jealously guarded. A Venetian named Paoli, who possessed the secret, left Venice and wandered northward practicing his art. He was stabbed in the arm by a dagger marked "Traitor"—a measure taken to preserve the secret.

In 1710 the Elector of Saxony learned that a man named Bottger had discovered the secret of making porcelain. He was accordingly ordered to bring the secret to the castle of Albrechtsburg until the discovery had been perfected. The workmen were sworn to secrecy, and the drawbridge was kept up except to admit those specially authorized. Thus the secret was preserved until the famous Dresden ware began. The secret was soon carried to Vienna, where a royal factory was established, and to France where it was the foundation of the manufacture of the famous Sevres pottery.

The stealing of the secret of making "cast steel" is an interesting example. A watchmaker named Huntsman was dissatisfied with the watch springs the market afforded, and in 1760 conceived that if he could cast the steel into an ingot, springs made from it would be more homogeneous. His conception was successfully carried out, and a large market was established for "Huntsman's ingots." Large works with tall chimneys were soon built.

Every effort was made to keep the secret. No one was admitted to the works. The process was divided, and persons working on each part were kept in ignorance of other parts of the work. One bitter winter night a man, dressed as a farm laborer, came to the door apparently in an exhausted condition and asked admittance. The foreman, deceived by his appearance into thinking the man was incapable of understanding what he would see, let him in.

The man dropped down in sight of the furnaces, and seemed to shudder. Through furtively opened eyes he saw the workman cut bars of steel into bits and depositing them into crucibles put the crucibles in furnaces and urged the fires to the highest pitch. The floor, or rather the roof, was covered from the heat by wet cloths. Finally the steel melted, he saw the crucibles were withdrawn and the steel was cast into moulds—and the secret was a secret no longer.

A LETTER TO KEEP FOREVER.

When you get an illegible letter from a correspondent, don't lose your temper and write him a scolding rebuke. Just sit down in good humor and concoct one like this of Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Prof. E. S. Morse:

"My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasant if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, here's a letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it today, and a little more, and I'll be the wiser for a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have no eyebrows. Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. Aldrich."—Tit-Bits.

SHOOTING STARS.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the Dipper, are very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars,

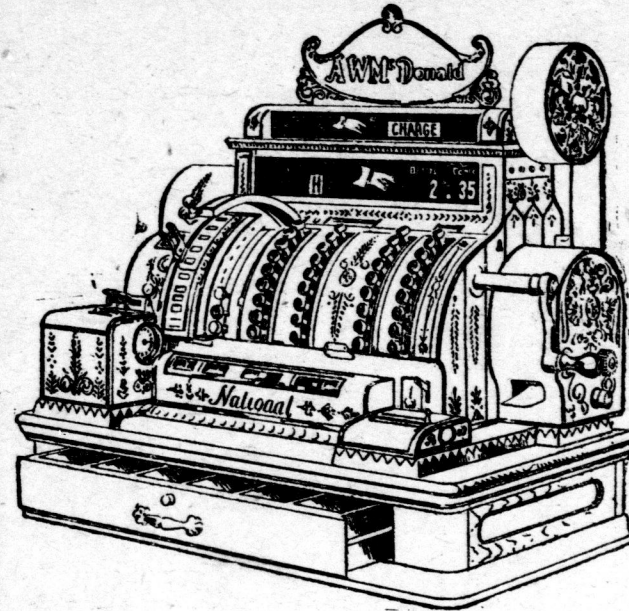
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Bargains for Old Boys' Week

Knowing the great demand there will be for Bed Springs and Mattresses, we have made several gigantic purchases. We are able to offer these articles cheaper than ever before. Don't fail to get our prices before buying. We will surprise you.

MATTRESSES

Our \$ 3.00 Mattress for \$2.50
Our \$ 3.50 Mattress for \$2.50
Our \$ 5.00 Mattress for \$3.25
Our \$ 6.00 Mattress for \$4.50
Our \$12.00 Mattress for \$9.00

IRON BEDS

Our \$ 4.00 Bed for \$2.95
Our \$5.00 Bed for \$3.75
Our \$ 6.50 Bed for \$4.25
Our \$ 8.50 Bed for \$6.25
Our \$10.00 Bed for \$7.25
Our \$15.00 Bed for \$11.00

SPRINGS

Our \$2.50 Springs for \$1.95
Our \$3.50 Springs for \$2.50
Our \$4.50 Springs for \$3.00
Our \$6.00 Springs for \$4.00
Our \$8.00 Springs for \$5.50

Stretchers and Mattresses

Our \$2.00 Stretchers for \$1.50
Our \$2.50 Stretchers for \$1.75
Our \$2.00 Mattresses for \$1.45
Our \$2.50 Mattresses for \$1.75
Our \$3.00 Mattresses for \$2.00
Our Canvas Stretchers for 95¢

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Get prices on our Flags. You will find they are the lowest of all.

RUGS

200 Small Rugs, worth \$3.50, for, each \$1.50
50 Turkish Rugs, size 9x12, for, each \$12.50

LACE CURTAINS

500 Pairs to Clear at Cost.

Our \$1.25 Curtains for 85¢
Our \$1.50 Curtains for \$1.10
Our \$2.00 Curtains for \$1.45
Our \$2.50 Curtains for \$1.75
Our \$3.50 Curtains for \$2.50

The Ontario Furniture Co.

LONDON'S LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSE.

but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air, without being wholly burned up, and falls on the grounds.—St. Nicholas.

A DREAM OF APPLE PIE.

Let some properly informed Puritaness tell of apple pie. We speak not of hanging and footfalls of dough lodged with apple sauce, not of larded tarts nor open-faced counterfeits of the real. We speak of what lingers as a sweet dream half forgot, a once radiant vision dimmed by time, the memory of a childhood ecstasy. This perfection of pie was bottomed with a crust which in the finished product was saturated to the point of precipitation with the rich juices of its inwards.

But those inwards! Pared and cored greenings, sliced and laid in orderly circles, each decked in the making with a delightful little dab of fresh butter, sprinkled with sugar, each particular grain of which came through the baking gladsome, sparkling, individual gems. There was, we think, a dusting of nutmeg and perhaps with some other rich spices, the whole covered with a top crust which was not crust, but a fluffy layer of petals of yellow rosebuds.

This, it is seen, is but an impressionist sketch. Let the Puritaness

Just the right flavor and the right degree of saltiness.

Just the right juiciness and tenderness secured by the right degree of boiling.

Just the finished tongue for the table, palatable and appetizing.

CLARK'S OX TONGUE

Ask your grocer for it.

W. Clark, Mfr., Montreal.

willing for so great a cause to endure publicity set down for print the just and exact proportion of each ingredient and all such requisite particulars as ignorance may need to know to produce the perfect pie here faintly though reverently suggested.—New York Sun.

T. P. In His Anecdoteage The World's Greatest Book

(By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.)

Timbs relates that ten gentlemen of acknowledged taste were each desired to write out a list of the ten most interesting works they ever read. One work only among this list went into every list; this was "Gil Blas."

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard on the subject, the preference would probably have been given to "Don Quixote." The doctor used to say that there were few books of which one could ever possibly arrive at the last page; and that there was never anything written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, excepting "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." After Homer's "Iliad," he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen and perhaps to the literary classes among them, while "Don Quixote" is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage, equally ap-

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly, the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says: "One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea, which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

plauded in France and England, as in Spain, quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude, the first book to be found in every shop where books are sold, through all the states of Italy, who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers?

A BLACK DAY IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE.

The following memorable and pathetic entry which occurs in Sir Walter Scott's journal after the Ballantyne-Constable disaster, which plunged him into debt, cannot be quoted too often:

"1826. Jan. 22.—I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad news I have just received. I have walked my list on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another turn to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck—i.e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then 'Woodstock' and 'Don Quixote' may both go to the papermaker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave this court of session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad."

"And lay my bones far from the Tweed."

"But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor distrustful. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the foundation is awakened from its inmost recesses as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage."

"Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his

Fortune in a Tenor Voice

REMARKABLE CONTEST CONDUCTED IN PARIS, FRANCE.

A Bartender Acquires Sudden Fame and Fortune—Two Other Rare Finds—Many Disappointed.

His name is Falandry. Yesterday he was an obscure barkeeper at Montpellier.

Today he has his private sitting-room and bath at the luxurious Thiers establishment for worthy students, \$200 cash for clothes, \$60 per month pocket money, and tuition, special push and interest at the Paris Conservatoire.

Tomorrow he will be a world celebrity, the idol of the crowd, arousing wild enthusiasm, petted, envied, with gold and the love of women at his feet. Yet not by work or talent, Falandry has just a voice, the rarest in the world. He is a tenor, greater, even than Caruso.

How they found him—and three other golden voices, Franz, Dominique and Villeneuve—is the story of the search for unknown tenors, organized over all France by newspapers, opera and conservatoire directors.

Everybody knows the scarcity of great operatic tenors. Whether it be Mario feeling from an imbrogio to Paris and must earn a living; Tamorlick, the briefless lawyer, seeking his bread in the opera chorus, or Caruso wearing his voice for a dollar in the Naples winehops, the world seems to find its tenor princes by mere chance.

TENOR AT \$2,500 PER NIGHT.

Once found, they need not be actors; may be fat, without stage presence; ignorant, eccentric and capricious—the voice pardons everything! Duprez made them change an opera, so that he could sing on horseback, wearing a gold spur. Caruso will not sing in a gold spur. Caruso will not sing in a theatre for less than \$2,500 per night. His contract with Conried assures him \$200,000 a year till 1911. The Gramophone Company gives him \$40,000 a year, and his society dates net him \$40,000 a year more.

"Are there really so few tenors; or are they spoiled, undiscovered?" recently asked Camille Saint-Saens, the composer.

"Start search!" said Castillon de Beauxhostes, editor of the Toulouse Dispatch.

"A drag net for non-professionals!" said Jean de Reszke, now voice manager of the grand opera.

"Not?" said Albert Carre, manager of the Opera Comique.

And so, within a month, the Temps, Matin, Gaulois, Echo de Paris and Gill Blas, acting with the Petit Nicolas, the France of Bordeaux, the Toulouse Dispatch, the Petit Ange, the Echo of Dijon and the great trade papers, Musica and Comediant, let it be known that, on certain dates, at Paris, Dijon and Toulouse, the conservatoires would be supplied with special juries—free from local prejudice or favoritism—to hear non-professional tenor voices. The best would be sent up to compete together at the opera-comique in Paris—where four winners, at least, would be assured brilliant futures.

"At Toulouse, alone, 156 tenors, young and old, let loose their voices."

"We don't care for training," explained Nussy-Verdier, nephew of Saint-Saens.

"What were looking for is organs," said Valentin Durc, ex-tenor of the opera. "Sing out, any old way!"

They did.

When they came on a few arpeggios, some would warble: "Ya, ya, ya, ya!" and others, "Tia, ha, ham!" and others, "Pa, pa, pami!"

SEARCH FOR NEW SINGERS.

One tenor, 16 years old, weighed 270 pounds and had a sweet and tiny voice, a twitter.

"He will not go to America, even for the prices of Caruso," said his mother. "But he might sing at the Grand Opera in Paris, if I could be always with him."

There were lawyers, carpenters and cooper-smiths, wood carvers, postoffice clerks and farm boys, dentists, soldiers, waiters, joiners. What is it that swells a man's head, just as soon as he sings even a bad tenor?

"I am a house painter," said a watery-eyed one, "which is saying I have sentiment. What is a voice without it?"

"I'm a cooper-smith, like the illustrious V. Often, in my humble working costume, I'd stroll under the windows of the Conservatoire. There, I'd warble, hoping that Croce-Spinelli would remark my splendid voice, but he thinks that there are no tenors in Toulouse!"

"I am a wood carver," said another. "I attribute my voice to a singular accident. A few days before my birth, my mother heard 'Othello' and was so struck that they feared she might give birth to a negro. Instead, it was a great tenor!"

"I have the tenor's stoutness," said the throat that gives the voice.

"No, it's the stomach!"

"It's the diaphragm!"

"It's the nose!"

"As for me, I sing with my heart!"

"Hence the future seems dark. Modern music is not favorable to tenors. It refuses us the great airs that make crowds delirious and intoxicate the ladies. I'd give up the career were it not for the younger school of Italy."

"Hem! hem!"

IN GREAT VOICE COMPETITION.

At Dijon, sixty and at Paris eighty tenors showed up. As at Toulouse, though regularly without instruction, each had a good operatic song by heart.

No unknown tenor could wish for a better hearing. In the coquettish little Femina Theatre of Paris the auditorium was half-filled with famous experts, while the gallery held the jury.

In the centre sat De Reszke with the two directors of the Opera, Messager and Broussan, Gustave Doret of the Opera Comique, Tsardon, the great teacher, and Mmes. Brevai, Hegion and Tsardon.

It was excessively businesslike; a grand piano, a most finished accompanist, eighty tenors—and a little bell in the hands of the jury.

When the bell rang it meant "23—don't linger!"

The candidates came on, announced in quick succession:

"M. Severelli, 25 years old, cavatina from Faust." And a young clerk in a sack suit attacked: "Saluti demeure, chaste et pure!"

Ting-ling!

"M. Loubersac, 23 years old, air from 'L'Africaine'."

"O Paradis!"

They let the young dentist sing his song through—asked him to sing again! It showed that his voice was fine.

A comic-tragic note was given by a gentleman put down as 24—but who looked older—and who wrestled with his music without being able to produce more than gasps. When the fatal bell rang he rushed to the wings in an agony of despair.

CONTESTANTS OF ALL KINDS.

"M. Dupont, aged 42, cavatina from 'Faust'."

A dozen chose that snivelling masterpiece, the tenors. This was a Parisian dog-barber, greatly worse for liquor; a dog-barber is one of those artists who clip poodles to resemble lions.

"Saluti demeure, chaste et pure!"

"But I've not finished!" cried the poodle-clipper, and he went on manfully without the aid of the piano.

"It's because I'm not dressed in a frock coat!" he howled as they led him to the wings. "I want to see De Reszke!" And De Reszke was glad he was in the gallery.

Then came a strange little figure in a tightly-buttoned frock coat of the 1880 vintage, smiling and apologetic, canoodled at his two predecessors and in dumb show promising something better. He was a carpenter, half-Italian to boot, and he begged the bread in the opera chorus, or Caruso wearing his voice for a dollar in the Naples winehops, the world seems to find its tenor princes by mere chance.

"I have no chances, all the same!" he said in the wings. "I am not young enough. I have no looks!"

Among the 200 tenors of Toulouse, Dijon and Paris, the unbiased, tenor-seeking jury found just 25 fit to compete together at the Opera Comique.

The known scarcity of great tenor voices is thus once more proved, but was it not strange that it took all this machinery to discover voices like Falandry, Franz, Dominique and Villeneuve? Falandry had actually been refused aid by the Montpellier Conservatoire.

BARKEEPER CHARMS HEARERS.

A few months previously, in the Rue de la Medecine of Montpellier, a lost street in a bad neighborhood—a strange thing happened nightly.

In the dark, tired workmen, speering clerks and lost girls would stop, stricken by a voice, a tenor voice that sent up to the stars such arias with such a generous ease, such magnificent prodigality, that even brutal rounders would creep toward it, touched by new emotions.

A Montpellier druggist stopped one night and heard the singer. Who could sing like that? It was Falandry, young barkeeper of a tough joint, but what of that? "I'll speak to some one capable about you!" promised the discerning druggist, and soon Justamann, friend of the arts was ready to stand part of his expenses. He had a chance conversation with a critic he learned that "the south of France is full of tenors." And the sneer brought forth its fruits. The rich man buttoned up his pocket.

Now the Opera Comique of Paris blazed with matinee lights. Hammerstein was there, and Lady de Grey, and all the notabilities of Paris—the Rothschilds and Grammonts, Castellan and Cahens, academicians, painters, artists, writers.

In the jury sat Lucienne Brevai and Hegion, star sopranos of the opera; Messager and Carre, managers of opera and Opera Comique; Duvernoy, La Salle and Bouquet of the Paris Conservatoire; Bachelet and Basser, leaders of the two great orchestras, and the critics of the foremost dailies of Paris, Toulouse and Dijon.

Before the most brilliant public of its kind in all the world the voice of the despised barkeeper rose and soared in utter triumph, like the birds of his song, "Oiseaux Legers."

This time there was no doubt that the tenor of the world was found.

"He has 10,000,000 francs in his throat!" exclaimed Albert Carre, who soared in utter triumph, like the birds of his song, "Oiseaux Legers."

"Don't say things like that," said Hammerstein. "You'll swell his head."

But had Falandry not been there Franz Dominique and Villeneuve would have quite justified the search for tenors.

Franz, glove counter clerk at the Printemps department store, is a trained singer, complete almost; good musician, handsome physique, with authority.

His voice is of surpassing volume, clear and homogeneity. Yet in the ordinary course of things he could not get a hearing or engagement. Now they've snapped him up for the Grand Opera, where you will soon hear him singing "Rachet, quand du Seigneurs" in "L'Idylle"—a tenor star of the first Paris order.

FARM BOY TO GRAND OPERA.

Dominique, clerk from the Dijon postoffice, utterly untrained—like Falandry and Villeneuve—but with a tenor voice so high, free, sweet and easy that it may grow to Caruso value, goes to the Conservatoire of Paris.

And Villeneuve, the Beziers farm boy, goes to the Conservatoire with Falandry and Dominique. In the jury and among the experts there are those who prophesy the greatest kind of future for him. What a change for the humble backer, who runs a men's furnishing store in Zeilers, a veritable type of the extreme south of France! He was already counting on the millions Villeneuve would draw from the United States.

"What a public! What success! If I had a public like that, I'd be a millionaire!"

The United States traditionally devoted to a policy of peace, and arming itself only for defense, is teaching

An Old Boys' Song.

The composer of the music of the following is Mr. H. G. Schwabe, and the words were written by Mr. James McLaughlin. Both are Londoners, and dedicate their joint productions to the Old Boys:

London Old Boys

Al. Am. London. Old Boys! let us sing an old song, as we have done for many a year, and as we shall do again, when we are old and grey, and when we are all dead and gone, and when we are all in the land of the living dead.

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KING EDWARD'S GARDEN PARTIES

SELECTING GUESTS — CHANGES OF RECENT YEARS IN ETIQUETTE AND DRESS.

The delicate and arduous task of sending out invitations for a royal garden party and receiving the replies is placed in the hands of the lord chamberlain, who is assisted by a large staff. That the latter is necessary will be easily understood, says London Tit-Bits, when it is stated that the number of cards dispatched frequently reaches a total of 8,000.

Each of the large white, gilt edged cards, bearing the royal crown and neatly engraved, has to be filled in with the recipient's correct name, titles and such honors as he may possess, and great accuracy is necessary in this to avoid giving offense.

The names are taken from three lists. There is, first of all, the list of persons who have the "right" to be present at all court functions. This "right" is, of course, merely nominal, for no one is expected to attend a royal function without being specifically invited, although doubtless if those on the list did put in an appearance they would not be shown the door.

Included in this list are members of the House of Lords and their wives, the ambassadors of foreign powers, the members of the cabinet, the high officers of the law and of the royal households and peeresses in their own right.

The second list comprises members of the House of Commons, high, naval and military officers, civic dignitaries, baronets and knights, the judges and leading members of the bar, and heads of the departments of state, lord lieutenants, etc.

These lists are subject to occasional revision, necessitated by death or the elevation of those whose names appear on it to higher posts or more exalted positions, or for other reasons.

The third list is usually drawn up specially for each function, and consists of leading members of the church, representatives of art, music, science, medicine and the stage, leaders of commerce and trade, the members of local councils and other governing bodies, and distinguished foreigners who happen to be staying in this country.

The lists having been compiled are submitted to the King, who goes very carefully through them, adding or deleting names as he may wish. The lists are then returned to the lord chamberlain's department and a number affixed to each name. A corresponding number is put on the card of invitation.

As the replies are received the names are ticked off, and when no reply comes to hand a mark is put against the name and a note made of the number. Special care is taken to see that the addresses to which the cards are sent are correct in order that they may not fall into wrong hands.

In the old days, it was no infrequent occurrence for cards to change hands in a way that was not anticipated or desired. It is an open secret that cards were frequently sold for large sums to persons who had no right to be present. This practice was discovered at one of the Marlborough House garden parties owing to the presence there of certain persons who had not been invited and who gave up cards bearing names other than their own.

Since then the precautions taken to prevent cards going astray have been very stringent, and those charged with the duty of taking the cards of visitors at the entrances to the castle are experienced men who are well acquainted with the leading personages of the day and are not likely to be deceived by counterfeiters masquerading under assumed names and titles.

The necessity for care on an occasion of the sort will be gathered when it is stated that a great deal of the royal plate, of enormous value, is displayed in the innumerable marquees where refreshments are served and that it is a comparatively easy matter to gain access to Windsor Castle from where the garden parties take place.

No one is allowed to take a parcel of any sort or even a photographic camera into the grounds without special permission; nor is anyone without a permit allowed to take sketches. No one is expected to approach within a certain distance of the royal group, and it is of course contrary to etiquette to address the King without being called upon to do so.

It is the custom of the King, however, to move freely among his guests on these occasions and to shake hands with or address a few words to anyone he recognizes or who is specially brought to his notice. The visitor thus honored must remove his hat.

Catering for a company of 8,000 is no light matter. In the old days the staffs of the royal palace, assisted by waiters supplied by a contractor, did the work, but nowadays the task is entrusted to a firm of caterers. The royal gardens still supply the fruit, the royal bakeries much of the bread and pastries, and the wines come from the royal cellars. But the ices, mineral water, tea, coffee, confectionery, and other matters are provided by the caterer, who also supplies the china, glass and silver plate.

In Queen Victoria's time it was not etiquette to smoke at garden parties, but the King frequently indulges in a cigar and it is not regarded as an infraction of the social law for visitors to do likewise. At the recent garden party at Windsor there was no smoking. In the matter of dress there is considerable latitude, and the tall hat and frock coat, at one time the strict rule, have now been largely supplanted by lounge suits and straw or Monte Carlo hats of soft felt.

The steamer Britannic of the Northern Navigation Company, has been sold to the Montreal and Cornwall Navigation Company for \$15,000.

Allen Reid, Vancouver manager of the Anchor Investment Company, of Winnipeg, ended his life because his salary was unpaid.

ON GROWING A MUSTACHE

A TIME WHEN YOUR FRIENDS GET FUNNY AT YOUR EXPENSE.

Whether or not raising or attempting to raise a mustache is a crime, a felony or a misdemeanor, is very hard to establish, but it is certain that it is an offence. It must be, because if it were not there would not be so much comment from your friends and well-wishers. Like having a toothache, starting a mustache is invariably productive of much advice.

"Take it off!" It's a safe bet that someone will tell you that the very first time it becomes apparent what you are intending. That should be said rather sneeringly. The only answer is something as follows: "You guys that can't raise hair on your upper lips are all jealous."

"Did you forget to wash your face this morning?" is one that is extremely appropriate to the earliest stages. It is used very often by some of our quiet families. Some of them do it quite unconsciously. It is very helpful, because it can be said entirely without thought. The best possible comeback is: "No, I didn't forget to wash my

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Surely the Canadian authorities are making a mistake in inviting Capt. the Hon. Arthur Murray, recently elected member of Parliament for Kinross-shire, and younger son of Lord Ellbank, to attend the tercentenary celebration at Quebec, as a representative of the family of Col. Alexander Murray, of Cringletie, Peebleshire, who commanded the Black Watch, or Forty-second Highlanders, in the taking of Quebec, and in whose arms Gen. Wolfe died on the Heights of Abraham. Since then and in memory of that battle all children born to the Cringletie Murrays have been christened with the compound name of Wolfe-Murray, and the present chief of the family and lineal descendant of the colonel is Gen. Sir James Wolfe-Murray, who was until recently a member of the army council at Whitehall, in London, and is now in command of the Scuderie division of the British army in India.

The Murrays of Cringletie have no connection whatsoever with a common ancestor 700 years ago—with the Murrays of Ellbank, the former being a Peebleshire house and the latter hailing from Selkirkshire. The Cringletie Murrays are a branch of the Murrays of Blackbarony, in Peebleshire, of whom the chief is Sir John Murray, born of an American mother, who was Miss Helen Sanger, daughter of Gerry Sanger, of Utica, N. Y.

Under the circumstances the Canadian authorities would have done far better, if they wanted a representative of the family of Col. Alexander Murray, of Cringletie, commanding the Black Watch on the Heights of Abraham, and in whose arms Gen. Wolfe died, to have invited either of the two sons of Gen. Sir James Wolfe-Murray, one of whom is captain of the Seaforth Highlanders, and the other a lieutenant of the royal navy, or else to have asked Sir John Murray, Bart., of Blackbarony, the chief of the Peebleshire Murrays. The presence of Capt. the Hon. Arthur Murray, son of Lord Ellbank, at the Quebec celebration means nothing at all, since his family have no association whatsoever with the battle of Quebec or the historic scenes on the Heights of Abraham.

Away back in the twelfth century the Murrays of Ellbank and the Murrays of Blackbarony and of Cringletie had a common ancestor in the person of Malcolm de Moravia, who was likewise the ancestor of the Dukes of Atholl, of the Murrays of Ochtertyre, of the Earls of Dunmore, and a number of other ancient Scottish houses; but the branches to which Lord Ellbank and the Murrays of Cringletie respectively belong parted company some three years ago or more, so that the relationship is, to say the least, extremely remote.

The present Lord Ellbank is the tenth peer of his line, and is a retired captain of the royal navy. The first Lord Ellbank, as created a peer in 1643, in the reign of King Charles I., and showed his gratitude by subsequently taking his stand among the six Scotch peers who strenuously opposed the surrender of the ill-fated king to the English parliamentary forces and to his death. This first Lord Ellbank had a sister, whose ugliness is still commemorated in many a Scottish legend and poem.

She has come down through history to us as "Muckle Mouthed Meg," and it is said that her father, Sir Gideon Murray, lord of the session in Scotland, and first owner and master of the now ruined Ellbank castle, caught a border raider in the act of stealing his cattle, and gave him the choice of being hung on the gibbet, which formed an indispensable feature of the principal tower of the castle, as of most other Scottish strongholds of the day, and of marrying his daughter. It is said that, after beholding the charms of "Muckle Mouthed Meg," hesitated so long as to whether it were preferable to be hanged or to become her husband, that it was not until the rope was being actually placed about his neck, and that he, with manifest reluctance, accepted in lieu thereof the matrimonial noose.

I should not like to conclude this reference to the Murrays without calling attention to the extraordinary reverence on which the Murrays thrive, and which is found at its best on the broad acres of the great chieftain of all the Murrays, the Duke of Atholl. It is known there as "Atholl Brose," and its principal ingredients are of honey, cream and especially whisky, the latter strong and plentiful. One hardly knows whether the proverbial sturdiness of the Murrays is due to the fact that they and their ancestors have been drinking this brew for 600 years, or whether they are fine specimens of manhood in spite of it.

Sir John Shelley, who is taking so conspicuous a part in the promotion of the sport of ballooning, and who has recently been giving a ballooning party at Avington place, in Hampshire, must not be confounded with Sir John Shelley, of Shobrooke Park, in Devonshire. There are at the present moment two Sir John Shelleys both of whom have the same hereditary devices, one having his home, however, by Avington Park, and the other in Devonshire. It is to the Avington Park Shelleys that the famous poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, a grand-uncle of Sir John, belonged, and Percy, like Sir John, was indebted for the American blood in his veins, as well as for much of the wealth of this branch of the Shelley family, to the marriage of one of its members, of the name of Timothy, to an enormously wealthy New York widow of the name of Mrs. Joanna Plum.

The son of the poet was Sir Percy Florence Shelley, who died without issue, in 1889, and it was then that the son of the poet's brother John came into the honors and estates of the younger of the two being the

father of the present master of Avington Park. He is married to Lord Llangattock's daughter, who is quite as absorbed in ballooning as her brother, the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, who has taken so conspicuous a part in the promotion of aerostatics and of motoring in England and spends a considerable portion of each year in the United States in connection with these two interests.

Sir Percy Florence Shelley was passionately devoted to the memory of his gifted father, and one of his most cherished relics—still preserved at Avington Park—is the drenched and discolored volume of Sophocles found in the pocket of the drowned poet. Sir Percy Florence's mother was, it may be remembered, Mary Wollstonecraft, author of that "extraordinary book," "Frankenstein." The poet was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Harriet Westbrook, and with her he lived at a beautiful country place, known as Nantwilt, in the Welsh valley of Elam. Nantwilt is frequently referred to by Shelley in his poems, and until the Birmingham waterworks were begun was the home of pilgrimages on the part of many of the poet's English and American admirers. There was an Anglo-American movement at one time to purchase the place and to convert it into a sort of Shelley museum. But the scheme came to nothing, and now Nantwilt is at the bottom of one of the six immense reservoirs which have been constructed in the valleys of Elam and of Claerwen, and which furnish water to the great city of Birmingham.

The fate of the place is singular and serves to recall the role which water seems to have played in the career of the poet. For his first wife drowned herself in the Serpentine in Hyde Park in 1816. The poet himself was drowned six years later in the Mediterranean, and now his favorite home lies submerged underneath sixty feet of water at the bottom of the reservoir of the city of Birmingham.

The baronetcy of these Hampshire Shelleys only dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was conferred upon the son of Joanna Plum, of New York. The other baronetcy of the family, now held by the Devonshire Shelleys, goes back to the reign of King James I., and its owners trace their descent from Thomas Shelley, who was lord of the manor of Shelley in Kent, and who flourished in the reign of King Edward II. The manor of Shelley passed out of the possession of the Shelleys through purchase as far back as in the sixteenth century, and for hundreds of years afterwards this branch of the Shelleys made their home in Sussex; nor was it until the death of the present baronet of the senior line of these Shelleys transferred their headquarters to Devonshire.

England's House of Lords, sitting as the supreme tribunal of the British realm, has issued a decree in final appeal, confirming Godwin Butler Meade Swift in the possession of the Swift estates in Ireland, which are valued at the most part in County Kilkenny, and which comprise Swift's Heath, one of the grandest country seats in the Emerald Isle.

The extent of the possessions may be gathered from the fact that they yield an estimated revenue of some \$150,000 a year, and were granted by Charles II. after the restoration to Godwin Swift, attorney-general of the palatinate of Tipperary, and uncle and guardian of the famous Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, and author of the "Satirical Travels." In the library of Trinity College is still preserved the original manuscript of the witty dean's account of "The Family of Swift," in which he has much to tell of the romantic loyalty of its members, the cause of the Shelleys, of whom, the Rev. Thomas Swift, who accompanied James II. into exile, married a grand-daughter of John Dryden, the poet.

The Godwin Swift of the era of Charles II. was a grand-nephew of Burnham Swift, who was member of Parliament and secretary of state in the reign of King Charles I., who bestowed upon him the Irish barony of Carlingford. Dying unmarried, it became extinct at his death, in spite of which several of his descendants have put forth pretensions to it, though they have never been admitted by the committee of privileges of the House of Lords or by the crown.

The suit which has just been brought to a close by the decree of the House of Lords has, however, no relation to the pretensions of the present and past owners of the great Swift estates to the barony of Carlingford, but arises from the matrimonial vagaries of the father of the actual master of Swift's Heath. The father, who used to style himself Lord Carlingford, married three times. The first marriage took place in 1833 at Kischorf, in Austria, and was solemnized by a Roman Catholic priest, the lady being Marie Theresa Baroness Wetzlar, a Roman Catholic. She died in 1859. In 1841, that is to say, eighteen years earlier, the so-called Lord Carlingford is asserted to have married Jane Anne Hopkins, daughter of Capt. Hopkins, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, and in 1845 went through another ceremony of marriage with her, of which official records exist.

"Lord Carlingford," when he married Miss Hopkins made no secret of his position with regard to Baroness Wetzlar, but insisted that his union with that lady was of no legal value, and was a mere matter of form, gone through to satisfy the scruples of the mother of the baroness. Among other grounds which he put forward was the fact that in those days, according to Irish law then in force, marriages be-

tween Protestants and Catholics were illegal. But, as since determined by the courts, these Irish statutes then in existence with regard to mixed marriages only applied to such unions when effected in Ireland, and had no bearing upon mixed marriages contracted abroad.

By this second marriage "Lord Carlingford" had two sons—namely, Longueville and George. Longueville died some years ago, and George has been therefore the sole plaintiff in the present proceedings. In course of time this second wife of Lord Carlingford died, and he thereupon married in 1863 a third wife—namely, Miss Jane Clarke, by whom he had a son, Godwin, the present owner of the Swift estates, according to the decree of the courts, now decided on final appeal, the only legitimate issue of his father. But the tribunals hold that the first marriage of the late "Lord Carlingford" to Baroness Wetzlar was perfectly valid, and that therefore Godwin, as the son of the first wife, is the legitimate issue of his father, and the children born to the union necessarily illegitimate.

As is so often the case in these suits, all kinds of charges were made on both sides, and the plaintiff insisted that, whereas he and his brother had been extremely well treated by the step-mother as long as their father was alive, she behaved abominably to them after his death, and cut herself adrift from them. Longueville, the elder, became a Dublin policeman, fell into bad health, and eventually succumbed to brain trouble, in the workhouse at Dublin.

George Swift, the claimant of the estates, has been a sailor before the mast for the greater part of his life, and insists that his step-mother used every effort when he was a boy to get him indentured on board the coffinship Sandringham, which foundered with 700 coolies on board. He subsequently served before the mast in the royal navy on board the frigate Monarch, and after leaving the service settled in Canada, where, how he does not seem to have succeeded very well, as all his proceedings have been carried on "in forma pauperis."

The present master of Swift's Heath, and the victorious defendant in this cause celebre, which has now been brought to a close, after dragging on so many years its weary length through the Irish and British courts, has had the good sense to refrain from adopting the title of Lord Carlingford, which was last borne, it may be remembered, by Clive of India, and no relation whatsoever to the Swift family, but who was secretary for Ireland and a minister of state in the reign of Queen Victoria. It was she who bestowed it upon him in 1874, on the occasion of his promotion to the rank of lord privy seal. He was the husband of the famous Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, of Stratton Monte Carlo at the tables, and what is more, to bring the entire amount back to England with him intact, much to the dismay of the Bonaparte-Radziwill-Blanc management of the casino. Lord Villiers will likewise, on the death of his father, the Earl of Jersey, inherit the latter's possession and control of Childs' Bank at 1 Fleet street, which faces what was once Temple Bar, the western boundary of the Strand, and the site of the city of London. Childs' Bank is several hundred years old, and a rule is that one partner should always keep on the premises and be constantly on duty, "keeping office-ships," as it is called. Lord Villiers will likewise, in past the habit of cutting the front of the bank "shop," and the rear premises "the counting-house."

Although a large number of English people have contracted marriages on the strength of divorces which they have obtained from the courts of Dakota—divorces repeatedly pronounced to be of no account by English tribunals and to have no value whatsoever in the eyes of British law—the Earl Russell is so far the only one who has been called to account for bigamy in this connection. There are scores and scores of these decrees that have been issued to English people by the western tribunals of the States which are of no account, the subsequent marriages based thereon being therefore of a bigamous character. Yet, although bigamy is a felony, Lord Russell has been only once who has suffered imprisonment for a matrimonial alliance of this kind.

One is led to make this remark by the fact that Reginald Grey Coke, son of the late Lady Grey, the widow of the aged Earl of Leicester, has just had his marriage to Gallia Hambourg, sister of the Anglo-Russian pianist, Mark Hambourg, pronounced bigamous by the London divorce court because he had wedded, at Dubuque, in Iowa, on the strength of a divorce which he had secured from the district court of Douglas County, in the State of Nebraska, from his first wife.

The latter, as usual in most of these cases where western divorces are obtained by foreigners on grounds which would not be admitted by the tribunals of their own country, was left in complete ignorance of the fact her husband had taken any proceedings against her until after she had read among the marriage notices in the London Times the announcement of his union at Dubuque to Miss Hambourg. She therefore appealed for redress against her husband in the English courts, which have just granted her a full divorce on the ground of her husband's unfaithfulness and bigamy.

Reginald Coke, who has been a source of considerable trouble to his parents and to his relatives in connection with his debts, has announced his intention of remaining abroad and of never returning to England, and when last heard of was living with his new wife at the Marlborough Hotel in St. Paul, Minn. It is said that he had intended to adhere to his intention not to return to England, as, owing to the growing frequency of such cases as these, and to the criticism which has been aroused in legal circles and among the public generally by the leniency shown to all the offending parties save Lord Russell, it is resolved to make an example of the next

party guilty of bigamy of this kind who falls into the clutches of the British law.

Until now the American divorces have constituted a subject for pleasantry, and the marriages following them have been smiled upon with indulgence by society. The number of them is astonishingly great, and in the long list of titled people. But from now on they will be treated with much more severity, and a term of penal servitude, which is the penalty for bigamy, will bring it home to the rich, who alone can afford a trip to the Dakotas and to Nebraska for divorce purposes, this bigamy, a felony, and its perpetration entails the brand of crime.

Young Coke comes from good stock. His father is a former officer of the navy, a veteran of the Crimean war, and has written several books of American travel, while his mother, Lady Katharine Coke, was a lady-in-waiting of the late Duchess of Teck, and has been retained in the same capacity by her daughter, the Duchess of Wales. They have a beautiful place in Derbyshire, known as Longford Hall, to which, as their only surviving son, Reginald should have been the heir; but it will now probably go to his charming sister, Mary Charlotte Crutchley, one of the most clever actresses and dancers on the amateur stage. The Hon. Henry Coke, that is to say, the father of Miss Gallia Hambourg's husband, is a younger brother of the present and second Earl of Leicester, the patriarch of Holkham, who by his two marriages has had nearly a score of children, as well as grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Holkham is an estate of nearly 50,000 acres, and the property has been in the possession of the Coke family since the days of Edward Coke, the lord chief justice of England, under Queen Elizabeth and James I.; and in the library at Holkham is preserved the original and second Earl of Leicester's Bacon's copy of Sir Francis Bacon's "Novum Organum," which he presented to him by the author, with the latter's signature, as a tribute of regard and respect of the author for his judicial colleague.

The present Lord Leicester's father, the grandfather of young Reginald Coke, was the most vigorous and passionate champion of America throughout her war of independence, nightly toasting George Washington as "the greatest man on earth," while the father of the shrike he is now denouncing, George III., as "the worst man who ever sat on a throne," and his prime minister as "that vile Pitt, head of the vile Tories."

Nor must it be forgotten that it was he, arrived in the picturesque garb of a knight of the shrike he had a right to wear at court, and in which Gainsborough painted him, who presented to his discomfited king the parliamentary address which put an end to the American war. In fact, it was he who moved and carried in Parliament the motion and address to the crown for Great Britain's recognition of the independence of the United States.

Lord Villiers, whose engagement to Lady Cynthia Needham, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey, has just been announced, may be regarded as a favorite of fortune. For his racing stable has been most successful during the last two or three years, maintaining in the most brilliant fashion the fame achieved by his ancestors, the fourth, fifth and sixth earls of Jersey, on the English turf, while about two winters ago he managed to win \$250,000 from Monte Carlo at the tables, and what is more, to bring the entire amount back to England with him intact, much to the dismay of the Bonaparte-Radziwill-Blanc management of the casino.

Lord Villiers will likewise, on the death of his father, the Earl of Jersey, inherit the latter's possession and control of Childs' Bank at 1 Fleet street, which faces what was once Temple Bar, the western boundary of the Strand, and the site of the city of London. Childs' Bank is several hundred years old, and a rule is that one partner should always keep on the premises and be constantly on duty, "keeping office-ships," as it is called. Lord Villiers will likewise, in past the habit of cutting the front of the bank "shop," and the rear premises "the counting-house."

WONDERS OF THE DOMESTIC FLY

TIMELY FACTS AND SPECULATION CONCERNING AN INTERESTING CREATURE.

"The common domestic fly," said a man who is no scholar, but has managed to pick up many interesting facts, "is altogether too common and too domestic to be one of the most interesting animals."

"You don't mean 'animals,'" a listener broke in; "a fly is not an animal!" "Then she must be a vegetable or a mineral," said the first speaker. "Call God and your conscience to witness, she is one of the most interesting creatures extant."

"An industrious female fly lays about 3,000,000 eggs. There are no indolent flies and few males. The fly does not act after laying; if she did she would be retired from her wonted activity during longer or shorter periods of incubation. Her eggs hatch without motherly attention, and it is seldom that one fails to hatch."

"The fly has so many eyes," the man who is no scholar went on, "that she can see in all directions at once, without turning her head or rolling her eyes. That's why it's so hard to hit her. A fly time poet sang:

"Now do the little busy fly,
Buzz in a fellow's hair;
But try to smite her lip and thigh,
And lo, she isn't there."

"The intelligence of flies is an interesting and exasperating study. One KIDNEY WEAKNESS IN WOMEN. How the back aches, awful pains through the limbs, circles under the eyes. The cure is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Thousands say no medicine brings such lasting good health. Try a 25c box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

MARRHOEA

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

of the ordinary ways of trying to kill flies is to fold a newspaper in the shape of a heavy flat pad and whack at them with it when they are sitting still.

"Now, the fly is familiar with the scientific fact that if she sits perfectly still the descending paper will make an air-cushion in front of it that ninety-nine times out of a hundred will protect her from being crushed. The concussion apparently stuns her and she falls to the floor apparently dead, but in a few minutes she has recovered and is again on the job.

"That's why when you strike at a fly hard enough to spatter the butter all over the walls she is able to reappear so quickly on the rim of the sugar bowl.

"When out not for food, but merely for the fun of tantalizing you, the fly knows when she has had enough. Then she sits down on a dark spot in the carpet and watches you glance about the room looking for her on the walls.

"A very good way to catch flies is to distribute fly paper and platters of poison on the tables and window sills. No matter how thick the flies are where this is done, their number will be quickly reduced. You can easily prove this by counting the flies you have caught. It is a great comfort when there are a few million flies in the air, and more coming, to count up your catch and know that a dozen or so will never pester you any more.

"This method of getting rid of flies is often employed in restaurants. It was the method used in the railroad restaurant where a passenger hurried to get refreshment, glanced along the display of pies, and said:

"Give me a piece of this huckleberry."

"That ain't huckleberry," said the waiter girl, waving her hand over the pie.

"Up with the lark" is a poetical expression for early rising. If less poetic, the lark doesn't compel you to get up, but the fly does. Besides, the lark is an English bird, but the fly is a bird that knows no nationality. If the fly would go away and let you sleep till the lark gets up you would have less cause for complaint.

"When we were children we were taught to believe that a fly's foot was a wonder of nature, and that when it was placed flat upon the ceiling away in the center and made a tiny vacuum, and that the pressure of the atmosphere around it, in accordance with the laws of nature, held the fly from falling." Several "human flies" broke their necks trying to do the same trick with artificial flies' feet before it was discovered that if flies kept their feet clean they couldn't walk on ceilings.

"Flicker believe the mankind was created for their amusement, and it has always been a question with me which gave a fly the more solid enjoyment—to buzz around your nose and make you get up a few hours earlier in the morning than you want to, or to pester you in the daytime until you rage around the room with a paper slapper in your hand while she watches you from behind a door-hinge."

THE FLUE DOORS
Situating "singly" over feed door—on some furnaces.
Situating "doubly," same distance from each other, same distance from feed door—on "Sunshine" Furnace.

"SUNSHINE" ADVANTAGE: Operator can easily clean every bit of soot out of radiator.

THE OPERATION
Fire put out, smoke-pipe pulled down—on some furnaces.
Fire stays in, smoke-pipe stays up—on "Sunshine" Furnace.

"SUNSHINE" ADVANTAGE: Furnace can be cleaned out any time in season without trouble, dirt, or "fear of chilling the house."

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VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.
Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on a disease which I was unable to cure. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skilful. I wrote them and got The New Medical Treatment. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$25 and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment."

HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW MEDICAL CURE cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN—Impudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system, and the symptoms are showing over you. Mentally, physically, and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER: Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weaknesses? Our New Medical Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No name given. To Medical men, write for an honest opinion from Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy. "The Golden Monitor," (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Urinary or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feelings up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment for your case, entirely free. In plain wrapper, by return mail, I will also send you free of charge my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVICE" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can cure themselves. I will also send you a sample home treatment which will speedily and effectively cure Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Pimples and skin affections always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Write me your address and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 12.

WINDSOR, Ont.

THE TAPE TELEGRAPH.

"The familiar tape telegraph, which has been used for many years in stock brokerage and in the transmission of news of general interest, is rapidly being supplanted by another system, by which the messages are printed on a sheet, line after line. This is a great improvement over the old style, and much time is saved to persons who may have occasion to make use of the instrument. In the case of the newer method the messages are torn off in sheets of handy length and posted at a convenient place, whereas with the tape considerable time must be lost in going over the great string of tape which accumulates in the course of a few hours, an installation of this character has been recently made in the Capitol, where several of the more important committee rooms are supplied with such receiving stations, and members who happen to be detained in these rooms during sessions of Congress are enabled to keep fully in-

formed as to the proceedings of the body. The proceedings of both branches of the body are reported, and the members have thus the device of much value.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Polish women are now engaged at work on the dams now being constructed near Bredstedt, Schleswig, Prussia. They work as well as men and for less money.

DETECTIVE WITH THE CAMERA

HOW PHOTOGRAPHY COMES TO THE AID OF JUSTICE—THE FINGER PRINT SYSTEM—CONCERNING WILLS.

An interesting development in the application of photography to the elucidation of criminal mysteries has been recently reported. In the case of a man accused of the murder of a woman, the question arose whether there were stains of blood on the accused man's clothes. A photographer entering the witness box, showed to the magistrate some colored photographs of various articles of clothing that it was stated had been worn by the accused man. The photographs exhibited ruddy stains on the clothes, and the photographer averred that these were stains of blood. He had, he explained, passed a fine jet of oxygen gas under considerable pressure over certain dark stains, hardly observable by the naked eye, on the clothes. Under the gas the stains became ruddy. He had then photographed them by the new color process.

SECRETS REVEALED.

How far such evidence may be considered satisfactory when subjected to judicial criticism in a criminal court, of course, remains a question, but the incident recalls to the student of criminal detection the extraordinary manner in which photography has in recent years come to the aid of the investigators of crime. In certain directions the eye of the camera has proved a terrible detective. With the aid of magnifying lenses it has revealed terrible secrets that otherwise would have undoubtedly been hidden from the keenest eye.

A JUST SENTENCE.

Strangely enough, the first case in which microphotography is recorded is playing a part in medical jurisprudence was a trial in which the accused person was himself a medical man. The prisoner was a doctor who had established himself in practice by a tour in the south of France. He was going well with him when suddenly, there appeared in the same place a rival doctor who in a short time succeeded in displacing him from a large share of the public's patronage. One day the newcomer received a mysterious present of game. He looked upon the birds as the testimony of some patient's gratitude. The result proved that the present had originated from some person actuated by no such agreeable motives. The doctor's wife having partaken of the birds, was taken ill, and for a time lay at death's door. The birds had been poisoned. An analytical expert to whom they were submitted, having subjected them to an examination, produced in court photographs of the isolated crystals of atropine he had succeeded in discovering in the prisoner's receiving eight years at the travaux forces.

THE EXPERT'S EVIDENCE.

The first case in which photographs of magnified blood corpuscles were produced for the purpose of differentiating between human blood and that of various animals was that of a man accused of murder and tried before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. The question was whether the stains upon a knife, with which it was averred the prisoner had murdered his victim, were the stains of human blood. The expert declared he had no doubt about it. Microphotography showed that there was a distinct difference between the sizes of the corpuscles of human blood and that of different animals. But microphotography had not at that time established its reliability as it has since, and the lord chief justice seems to have looked at it with some suspicion. The witness, he said, "had shown them the marvelous powers of the modern microscope. At the same time, admitting the great advantage of science, they were speculating upon things almost beyond perception, and he would advise the jury not to convict on this scientific speculation alone."

THE FINGER-PRINT SYSTEM.

It is largely owing to the camera that the finger-print identification seems to some people so marvellous as to be incredible. Criminals, however, have come to recognize its infallibility. In a case a short time ago in which the chief evidence against a prisoner was an enlarged photograph of three finger-prints discovered on a glass which the perpetrator of the crime had touched, the prisoner stoutly declared that there "must be some mistake." The finger-print expert, however, pointed out to him and the court no fewer than twenty-three distinct points of similarity between the photograph of the prints on the glass and the enlarged photograph of the prisoner's fingers in the Scotland Yard album. So satisfactory—or, at least, so convincing—did this evidence appear to the prisoner that he confessed there was no course open to him that he could see but "to throw up the sponge and plead guilty."

FORGERY.

The late Robert Pinkerton, the celebrated American detective, declared that photography had almost been the ruin of the professional forger. It has filled his path with thorns. Microphotography reveals any tampering with the surface of paper or parchment in the most astounding fashion. The deadly eye of the camera searches out otherwise invisible things. When enlarged photographs were made of the forged documents, manufactured by Piggott, the accuser of John Stewart Parnell, the manner in which the forgeries had been concocted was perfectly plain. The letters had been laboriously traced by letters by letters from real writing in the hand of Parnell. The photographs showed the pencil marks below the ink—the trembling of the hand in applying the ink over the pencil.

An immense number of the forgeries of olden times consisted in imitating certain words in an original document with acids and substituting others in the space they had occupied. No acid will, however, so effectively obliterate writing that the eye of the camera will not bring it to light, while it will also detect the action of the acid on the paper.

CONCERNING WILLS.

Then what about the links in which the original document and the forgery have been written? By means of the color sensitive plate a marvellous difference will probably be shown between them.

SEEKING FOR SNAKE VENOM

TWO DOCTORS BUSY AT AN ODD WORK IN THE PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS.

For the purpose of extracting poison from the fangs of snakes and using it in experiments to find an antidote for malignant fevers, Dr. Walter M. Atkinson and his assistant, Dr. J. L. Engle, of the Pasteur Institute at Lille, France, are hunting snakes. The search is for copperheads and rattlesnakes exclusively, and the poison obtained from their fangs is used in the experiments at the laboratory in Lille.

The first step is, of course, the catching of the snake alive. This is done by means of a snare of fine silver wire as flexible as a thread. This wire, one end of which is made into a slip noose, is attached to the end of a stick some four or five feet in length, and when a snake is found this noose is slipped over its head and the slightest pressure of the snake will draw it tight. In this manner it is often carried until the cage is reached.

When a sufficient number of reptiles have been secured the extraction of the venom is the next step. This has of necessity to be done with extreme care. A thin glass funnel three inches in diameter is secured to the mouth of the snake by a piece of the mouth of wide mesh gauze, fastened in place by a rubber band. The end of the funnel is inserted in a sterilized, frosted glass tube about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and about three inches long. The funnel and the tube are held by a long pair of forceps. The case containing the snakes has a small opening in it. When this is opened they will try to make their escape, and as they do so they are grasped just back of the head.

Snake and gauze-covered funnel are gradually brought nearer and nearer until the snake's head is almost touching two or three inches of the mouth of the funnel, when a slight, quick pressure of the doctor's hand angers the reptile and it strikes the first object in view and sinks its fangs into the meshes of the gauze.

These fangs, of which there are two, are located in the upper jaw. The hypodermic needles. As soon as any pressure is exerted upon them the venom is ejected through them from glands located above.

Two drops of venom are all that are used each time, but the same snake is used time and time again.

With these two drops of poison clinging to the gauze the first gleaming of the hypodermic needle is made. A slight tap upon the gauze causes the venom to drop into the funnel, and from there into the sterilized tube. Great care is exercised to keep everything clean and the operation sterile. When the tube is full it is hermetically sealed.

The commercial value of the venom is \$30,000 a pound, or \$200 an ounce. Dr. Atkinson expects to secure about \$3,000 worth from his summer's work.

While the use of venom secured from reptiles as an antidote and antitoxin is not new, its use as an antitoxin for malignant fevers is. Dr. Atkinson carries a set of surgical instruments with him whenever he is out hunting snakes, and his method of treating a snake bite is very interesting.

Should he be bitten on the end of a finger, the most probable place in handling them, a common rubber band such as is used in every office is twisted tightly about the finger near the hand. When the circulation has thus been shut off, the band is gradually worked forward until the blood is all forced into the tip of the finger. Then with a sharp lancet an incision is made in the flesh from the first joint to the tip of the finger, and the blood spurts out and carries the poison with it.

After the blood and venom have been removed from the incised finger, a hypodermic injection of potassium permanganate is made in the finger, and as a last resort strychnine is administered in tablet form.

President Roosevelt has accepted the honorary presidency of the Peace and Arbitration League, which has as its objective adequate armament and effective arbitration.

In Los Angeles a bride-to-be had to wait several hours on the court house steps before she could be married, while her fiancé hunted for the purse he had lost on the way to the wedding.

Mr. Ann Kour, a well-to-do widow, was shot twice and killed last night in her home in Granite City, Ill., by a man whom she had repulsed.

tween them. In a case some time ago the word "may" in a document had been altered. Both the words had, to the naked eye, been written in the same ordinary black ink. A color sensitive plate revealed that the alteration in the document was in an entirely different fluid. The inference that it had not been made by the writer of the document was irresistible. Differences in ink have led to the conviction of many a criminal. One of the most damning pieces of evidence against a murderer a short time back was a will he produced. It was the will of a dead woman, and the question was whether it was a forgery. It was shown that the alleged will and the signature of the woman to it were in one ink, but the signatures of the witnesses to the will were each in different ink. How could anyone believe, in the face of that fact, that all those signatures were appended at the same time?

A POPULAR DELUSION.

There is one popular delusion with regard to the possibilities of the camera in the detection of crime that is cherished by some people. It is widely believed that the victim of a murderer may retain on the retina of his eye or her eye the portrait of the assassin, and that a photograph of dead person's eye may reveal the culprit's picture. At the time of the Merstham Tunnel mystery many people suggested that the police were lax in not taking photographs of the eyes of the victim, Miss Money. It seems almost a pity to shake a belief which has been found so useful by the writers of sensational novels, but the truth must be told. The camera, great as are its powers, cannot achieve this feat. It is true that Professor Kuehne, of Heidelberg, and Professor Boll, of Vienna, managed, working with most elaborate precautions, to secure some retained on the retina of a rabbit. But this result was attained by artificial scientific conditions as could never obtain save in the laboratory of the experimentalist.—T. P. Weekly, London, Eng.

KING EDWARD A BUSY MAN

BUT THE KAISER SPENDS MORE TIME THAN HE DOES IN DRESSING.

Even Theodore the much occupied is a person of leisure compared with Edward VII. The London correspondent of Town and Country reports the King's querulous state of mind. "The King's engagements do not warrant him in the disposal of a single hour before September." And the note was written early in June.

The first thing in the morning he is in the greenish riding costume of a German jager. A hard frock of riding brings him back to his bath, from which he comes adorned in a plain morning costume made for business purposes. An hour or two in this monotonous garb fully satisfies him for something more elaborate, and if there is no reception on he appears in the undress uniform of the Guards.

This carries him until luncheon time, after which there are some three hundred uniforms to be changed from, and as the Kaiser usually has two or three functions of some sort to perform he makes use of his vast wardrobe regularly and in proper rotation. It is in the evening that the Kaiser is less brilliant.

He makes but a poor show in evening dress; in fact, as a civilian he is not a success. His frock coats, according to the discerning editor of the Tatler and Country, are not distinguished in manner, and his evening dress waistcoats are things only to be worn by German rentiers and French mayors.

There is only one fortress during all these years that King Edward has not been able to capture, and that is the stern determination of public opinion to resist with all its might the encroachment of the tall white hair.

Every year or two, as King Edward and Prince of Wales he has tried to lead the nation into the realms of white hair, but this is the one thing wherein people will not follow their sovereign.

THE ART OF COMPLIMENT.

All people enjoy being complimented, though many say they do not. There is no conceivable subject on which people do not take pleasure in a well-turned compliment. They like one of their good looks, their wit, or grace, the books they have written, their touch on the piano, the puddings or pies they make, their oables, their sermons, their everything.

To study the art of complimenting one needs only to familiarize himself with recorded instances of those who have been past masters in the way of doing it both sincerely and delightfully.

When, for example, Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting the portrait of Mrs. Billington (an entrancing singer in her day) in the character of St. Cecilia listening to the celestial music on high, she took him to her great composer Haydn and showed him the picture. "It is like," said Haydn, "but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" hastily asked Reynolds. "You have painted her listening to the angels, you ought to have painted her listening to her." "Mrs. Billington sprang up and threw her arms around my neck," added Haydn.—Boston Herald.

Rapid extermination of sea lions on the Channel Islands, Cal., is threatened.

The girl whose hair requires more treatment should wash it once a month. Between times it should be airtight and shaken. Five minutes a day

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Good Looks in Hot Weather

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD KEEP COOL AND PRETTY.

The Tepid Bath and the Cologne Spray a Good Starter—Art in Curling for the Hair—Sleeping in a Perfumed Room—Rouge More Noticeable in the Heat.

The hot weather girl, properly speaking, is the girl who understands the hot weather, and how to take care of herself in it. She is the hot weather girl because she thrives in the hot days and looks pretty in spite of them.

The hot weather girl keeps cool. She is never moist, never fussed, never hurried, never overheated, never tanning, and never out of condition. In appearance she is cool, and if you were to ask her how she enjoyed the heat she would reply that the day had not seemed hot to her.

The pretty hot weather girl begins the day with a tepid bath. If she is where she cannot get a bathtub to herself she will take a tepid sponge bath, following it with a spraying of eau de Cologne. Nothing so cools the body as a spray of cologne water. No matter how strenuous the heat the effect of that spraying with cologne will remain as a cooling memory.

The ideal beauty bath for a very hot morning is a tepid spray bath taken from a bathroom hose. It is a sort of shower bath, though one need not necessarily wet the hair. Then comes the alcohol spray and one feels cool.

At night the girl who wants to look pretty, even during the dog days, will spray her face with very hot water, which she will use liberally. A small bath spray can be attached to the warm water faucet and with its aid the girl can spray her face until the flesh tingles. No matter how hot the night this will cool the skin. Then comes the liberal application of a good face cream. Then, finally, when the girl has taken off all superfluous cream with a bit of flannel she is ready to go to bed.

Even the matter of her sleeping is an art. She knows that she will want to sleep soundly, and without discomfort. The girl who sleeps as though she were suffocating with the heat will wake the next morning with tired lines in her face and with a headache. The sheets and pillow cases should be kept in lavender, and on very still nights the strong scent of the sheets, those that have lain directly upon the lavender pads, should be brought out and spread upon the bed.

The next thing is the perfuming of the room, and this can be done in one of a dozen delicate ways. If the room were the bedroom of a queen or of a woman of millions there would be hung in it the perfumed sheeting which is used by those who do not care how much money they spend. The sheeting, which is really only an ordinary linen sheet cut in half, is saturated with water. It is then spread over a line in the middle of the room and some agreeable perfume is sprinkled upon it. The odor depends upon individual preference and upon one's peculiarities. Lavender is for nerves; violets will soothe a headache that comes from being tired, while rose is for those who like strong odors and who are suffering from the heat.

If the bedroom of a woman who is desirous of looking her best next day and who did not care what it cost to be pretty, there was hung a big wet cloth saturated not only with water but with sprayed with violet perfume. A electric fan was placed so that it played directly upon the moist cloth.

The result was a calm, cool atmosphere.

There is an apartment house in New York which has what is known as a cold storage. In each apartment there is a kitchen which is supplied with a refrigerator. Inside the refrigerator it is always ice cold. A coil of pipes is covered with perpetual frost. The owner of one of the apartments opens the refrigerator door on a very hot night and sets an electric fan in front of it. In a short time the air of the whole apartment is cooled.

The pretty girl does not use rouge in the summer time. She knows that it will show upon her complexion, and to look painted is bad at any time of year, but particularly in hot weather.

But when it comes to powder she uses a great deal of it and rubs it well in. So her skin is fine, smooth and soft by cold cream at night and powder in the morning.

The girl who keeps her beauty in spite of the heat is careful of her hair. She knows that stringy hair is unbecoming, so she arranges to have her hair as prettily fluffed as possible. There are girls who can brush the hair until it is light and soft and shiny. It is then thrown over a pompadour and fixed, neatly with some pins, and, behold, it is arranged for the day.

The girl whose hair requires more treatment should wash it once a month. Between times it should be airtight and shaken. Five minutes a day

will sufficiently air the roots of the hair, but one must also brush the hair to make it glossy and to preserve its texture. It is best all through the hot weather to wear the hair as loosely coiled as possible, and the wise girl who also aspires to be pretty will make it a habit to brush her hair down her back for half of the day at least. At night she can wave it, dress it high, decorate it with fancy pins and curl it in front. It will preserve its curl and its shape. It has been restored by the sensible way it has been treated.

The girl who wants to keep cool and pretty will observe another hair rule. She will comb her hair with a big comb whose teeth are dull, a comb which will not rasp the scalp. There is economy in using a cheap, sharp comb. It will ruin the hair in the end. It also heats the head and makes one feel hot all day.

Hurry and worry are both fatal to the beauty of the hot weather girl, who she will have none of either of them. Hurry is a thing which she can banish by planning properly, while worry is a thing she has long since outgrown. There is no need of hurrying and no sense in worrying.

The clothing should be as light as possible in summer. The pretty girl inclines to white because it makes her feel cooler. Blue is also a cool color, but pink is exciting to the nerves. Green is tranquillizing, and violet soothes the eyes; but it is white that acts best upon the temperament; its slight makes one cool.

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In order that every suffering woman may prove its good qualities, without cost, I will send enough of Orange Lily for ten days' treatment absolutely free to each lady who will send me her address. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. 15k-t

ther, the benefit will be permanent, whether they continue to use Orange Lily or not. It is not taken internally, and does not contain any alcohol or other stimulant. It is an applied treatment, and acts directly on the suffering organs. In all cases of women's disorders, these organs are congested to a greater or less extent, and Orange Lily will relieve and remove this congestion just as positively and certainly as the action of ammonia or soap on soiled linen. It is a simple chemical problem, and the result is always the same, a step towards better health and complete cure.

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