

WITTE'S REPLY MAY END CONFERENCE; OYAMA AWAYS THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK

Japanese Now Have Russian Answer to Demands, Which It Is Believed Declares Mikado's Terms to Be Unacceptable—Outlook for Agreement is Dark.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 12.—The meeting of the peace conference this morning, as indicated in these dispatches last night, was brief. It lasted a little more than an hour. The Russian reply was delivered by Mr. Witte, and the meeting adjourned to give Baron Komura and his colleagues opportunity to examine the document. Mr. Witte indicated courteously that he would expect the same expedition in the Japanese response as had been observed in the preparation of the Russian reply, and this was readily assented to. The Russian plenipotentiaries immediately returned to the hotel, while the Japanese remained at the navy yards.

IF THE NEGOTIATIONS ARE BROKEN OFF OYAMA WILL IMMEDIATELY GIVE BATTLE TO LINEVITCH.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS LEARNS FROM AN UNIMPEACHABLE SOURCE THAT OYAMA'S PLANS ARE PERFECTED, HIS ARMIES ARE READY, AND ONLY AWAIT THE SIGNAL THAT A RUMPTURE HAS OCCURRED TO LAUNCH HIS ATTACK.

SO PESSIMISTIC IS THE FEELING AMONG THOSE IN THE CONFIDENCE OF BOTH SIDES, THAT THE PREDICTION WAS MADE TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT, THAT IF A MEETING SHOULD BE HELD THIS AFTERNOON IT MIGHT BE THE LAST, AND THAT THE HISTORY OF THE "WASHINGTON CONFERENCE" WOULD BE ABRUPTLY CONCLUDED TODAY.

Will Reply at Once.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 12.—The

Japanese plenipotentiaries have agreed to make their response to the Russian reply at 3 o'clock this afternoon or at the same time tomorrow. Soon after adjournment of the joint session and the departure of the Russians from the building, the Japanese chief envoys and their assistants went into formal session in their private council chamber, taking into consideration and preparing for cabling the Russian reply to Tokyo.

May End Suddenly

St. Petersburg, Aug. 12.—Dispatches from Portsmouth make it clear that unless there is a very substantial abatement of the demands of the Japanese plenipotentiaries, which is unlikely, the peace conference will come to a sudden conclusion. The two nations are so wide apart that all hope of agreement has been practically abandoned here. It is probable that the next session will end in final adjournment and that Mr. Witte may sail for Europe very shortly.

St. Petersburg Hopes for Best.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 12.—Some hope is expressed in the newspapers that the Japanese may withdraw certain of their stipulations and thus make further negotiations possible, but the unanimous editorial opinion is that if the Japanese do not recede the Portsmouth conference is at an end, for, as one editor puts it, a nation with half a million men in the field facing the enemy cannot treat on the basis of payment of an indemnity and territorial concessions.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 12.—The Russian reply to the Japanese conditions of peace was delivered by Mr. Witte to Baron Komura this morning. The heat was already almost unendurable when the Japanese and Russian

plenipotentiaries set out for the navy yard about 9 o'clock. The mercury was in the nineties on the veranda of the hotel and not a breath of air was stirring. The foreigners were fairly overcome. They were mopping their brows and their eyes were closed. The heat evidently affected their tempers. The grim, serious business on hand upon the issue of which the whole world waits breathlessly, seemed temporarily forgotten in the general exasperation of the weather.

Mr. Witte and Mr. Takahira, who have suffered from the heat since the unprecedented heat wave which has held this vaunted summer resort in its relentless grip for three days, looked almost worn out. Baron Komura, with Mr. Takahira, and Mr. Witte, with Baron Rosen were taken to the navy yard in automobiles, while the secretaries and attaches of the missions went over in a launch. The latter greeted each other on the wharf with smiles, but there was little cordiality and no fraternizing. The few remarks exchanged were simply the polite and complaints against the weather.

When they entered the launch, they were performed compelled to speak again to each other as they were taking their seats, but before they had gone 200 yards the attempt to keep up the conversation ended. Perhaps among the Russians the reserve was less noticeable than among the Japanese. But there was little to choose between them in this respect. Their strained attitude toward each other could have been manifest to the most indifferent observer. It seemed a bad augury. Indeed, pessimism, black pessimism reigned.

It was already well understood that Mr. Witte's reply upon the two main points was a firm but courteous refusal. The Russians made no concealment of that and such indications as came from their headquarters, breathed a spirit of implacable resolution to the end of victory. Indeed there were open intimations that unless the Japanese modified their positions upon these points the attempt to make a peace must result in failure and predictions were freely made among the Russian correspondents that next week would see the end.

Ploughed into Cattle

Chicago Express Kills Four Near Merritt, but Holds the Rails.

St. Catharines, Aug. 12.—The Chicago Express ran into a drove of cattle this morning near Merritt. Four cattle were killed, but the engine and train held to the rails and no one was injured. The cattle belonged to Chas. Stokes, milkman, of Merritt.

Great Sawmill Fire

Big Plant at Fredericton Destroyed, at a Loss of \$200,000.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 11.—The Aberdeen sawmill at Fredericton, owned by Donald Fraser & Sons, was destroyed by fire this evening, together with six to ten million feet of lumber, entailing a loss of \$200,000. It was the worst fire in the history of Fredericton in half a century. The mill was running full blast when the fire broke out, probably caused by a hot-box on a flat piece of timber in the basement, and so suddenly and rapidly did the fire break out and the flames spread through the oil-saturated building, that the men had no time to escape with their lives, and a number had to leave their clothes behind.

The dwelling houses were saved, also five million feet of lumber piled at the upper end of the yard. The mill was built in 1884 and was well equipped. Donald Fraser said tonight he thought the property was insured for about one-third its value. They will likely rebuild the mill, which is one of the best for the South American market, and was being held for better prices.

No Terminus Chosen

Site for Western End of G.T.P. Not Yet Decided Upon.

Toronto, Aug. 12.—Mr. William Mainwaring, general superintendent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, advised the board of directors of the Lake Superior branch, which is run from Port Arthur to intersect the transcontinental line, interviewed President of the board, Hon. Dr. Reame yesterday morning.

Although the exact nature of their interview was not disclosed, it is understood that the Government demands in connection with the filling of plans for the new branch and the handing over of the provincial grant were discussed. The preparation of the branch line plans will be completed as soon as possible, but no building will be done until these bear the approval of the Minister of Public Works.

As to the 6,000-acre land grant, Mr. Mainwaring says it is given as a bonus, and should certain areas turn out worthless from a mining or agricultural standpoint, the company has the right to deflect their road to take in profitable tracts. The terminus of the new branch will, according to Engineer Wood, be about 250 miles east of Winnipeg.

Mr. Mainwaring emphatically states that the western terminus of the G. T. P. has not yet been chosen or discussed by the board.

Pelée Island for Game

Leamington, Ont., Aug. 12.—It is reported that a syndicate is attempting to purchase the whole of Pelée Island, with the intention of converting it into a game preserve.

Went Through Bridge.

Frankford, Ont., Aug. 12.—Edward Sharp was driving a traction engine owned by D. Smith across Frankford bridge last night, when the engine dropped into the river, taking one whole span of the bridge with it. Mr. Sharp was badly scared, but it is thought he will recover. The engine lies bottom side up in the river.

A NEW BATTERY TO DEFEND QUEBEC

Powerful Ordnance To Be Placed on Banks of St. Lawrence Below the City.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 12.—The militia department has settled upon the site of the land battery that is to be established on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, just below Quebec, for the further protection of that port and of shipping by the St. Lawrence route. An order-in-council has been put through in connection with the appropriation of the necessary land which has an elevation of 150 feet above the river. The guns which are now on hand ready for mounting are big enough to command the whole river at this point. The new fortification will be about two miles below the city and will be sited on the east bank of the river. It is to be some five miles down stream from Quebec.

Freights Crash at Komoka; Painful Injuries to Trainmen

West and Eastbound Trains Come Together in Early Morning Fog.

An east and a west bound freight train came together at Komoka this morning. One of the trainmen had his arm broken and three others were rather painfully bruised or cut. The rolling stock was damaged to some extent, but the wreckage was soon cleared away and traffic was not delayed more than twenty minutes after the relief crew from London reached the spot. Both engines were partially derailed.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock a.m., the eastbound freight, with engine No. 791 in charge of Conductor Hodgins, was entering the siding at Komoka. Engine No. 403 was pulling the westbound train slowly into the station along the main line. A dense fog which prevailed rendered

it impossible for either engineer to see the other train. The eastbound engine had not entered the siding more than a few feet when its caboose was struck by the oncoming No. 403.

The signal was against the westbound train, but when the engineer saw it and put on the brakes, the latter went "lock-ed" and the wheels skidded, bearing the engine far enough to strike the other.

The men who were hurt were all from Samia. Brakeman Peart was the most seriously hurt, his arm being broken and his body bruised. Dr. Drake was summoned from this city, and went out and attended the men. Fireman Young received a cut over the right eye. Conductor John Murphy, in charge of the westbound train, was bruised about the body. Fireman J. H. Legatt had his head cut.

Peart was brought to this city at once and taken to the hospital. The other men were attended to in Komoka, and will not be more than a few hours off work.

British Fleet Reaches Quebec

Prince Battenberg's Fine Squadron Visits Ancient Capital.

Quebec, Aug. 11.—Amid the thunder of guns from the citadel, the ship of the second cruiser squadron, under command of H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, arrived in the harbor of Quebec at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon and cast anchor, to remain for a visit which promises to be of the greatest interest, and in honor of which the citizens of the ancient capital have made every preparation on a grand scale for a round of festivities such as seldom has been seen.

Upon the arrival of the fleet, the admiral, Prince Louis, was received by a salute from the citadel and the salute was replied to by the flagship. Every point of vantage overlooking the river was crowded with those anxious to witness the spectacle of six of the premier ships of the royal navy coming up the river.

Admiral Prince Louis, with his staff, landed about six o'clock and drove up to the Governor-General's headquarters. The people of the city were in the city and returned back to the ship about seven o'clock.

The Governor-General, Lord Grey, will go on board the admiral's flagship tomorrow morning.

Norway's Dissolution Vote.

Christiania, Aug. 12.—Preparations for the holding of a referendum tomorrow are complete. The people of Norway are almost unanimously in favor of a dissolution. The state railways and private steamship companies will carry voters free.

Shea Boss Again.

Philadelphia, Aug. 12.—Cornelius P. Shea, of Chicago, was today re-elected president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters by a vote of 120 to 117, defeating Daniel Furman, of Chicago.

The weather.

Tomorrow—Fine and Cool.

London, Saturday, Aug. 12. Sun rises, 5:18 a.m. Moon rises, 5:40 p.m. Sun sets, 7:57 p.m. Moon sets, 2:34 a.m.

The very fine, warm weather has continued throughout the Northwest Territories and Manitoba, and also in most other districts in Canada. A few light scattered showers occurred in the Lake Superior region and the far eastern portion of Quebec.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 52-58; Kamloops, 52-54; Calgary, 54-74; Edmonton, 56-76; Swift Current, 54-80; Winnipeg, 56-78; Parry Sound, 62-86; Toronto, 62-84; Ottawa, 62-84; Montreal, 72-84; Quebec, 62-82; St. John, 54-66; Halifax, 56-84.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Aug. 12-8 a.m.

Today—Moderate to fresh southwesterly winds, shifting to westerly; fair and cool.

Sunday—Moderate to fresh westerly to northerly winds; fair and cooler.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.

Calgary 52 50 Fair

Winnipeg 50 50 Clear

Parry Sound 62 64 Fair

Toronto 70 64 Cloudy

Ottawa 70 64 Cloudy

Montreal 72 64 Cloudy

Quebec 70 64 Cloudy

Father Point 70 64 Cloudy

WEATHER NOTES.

The weather has been very fine and moderately warm in the Territories and Manitoba, and also in the provinces, with the exception of a few local showers and thunderstorms, also fine, and for the most part extremely warm. The fine weather promises to continue in the west, and local thunderstorms are indicated in other provinces.

AMERICAN BOAT TAKES THE LEAD

The Iroquois Crosses Starting Line Ahead of the Temeraire.

Charlotte, N. Y., Aug. 12.—The start-

ing gun in the international yacht race was fired promptly at 11 o'clock. The American boat went over the line first at 11:00:41; Temeraire at 11:00:56. The Iroquois took the windward position at 11:02:30. The Temeraire also took the windward position by outpointing the Iroquois.

The Iroquois seemed to be outpointing her rival, but the Temeraire was pointing high.

There is a 7-mile breeze blowing from the southwest with prospects of increasing. The course is a triangular one 3 miles to each leg to be sailed twice around, making an 18-mile course.

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CROWNED QUEEN OF REUNION, WAS MRS. BEST, OF DETROIT

The Week at a Glance.

Visitors in London, 35,000

Cost of the celebration and reception to the Old Boys, \$7,000

Cost of the celebration and reception to the city, \$2,000

Money spent in city by the visitors, \$175,000

Bands in London during festivities, 15

Meals served by the hotels and cafes, 60,000

Homes and business houses decorated for the celebration, 8,000

Electric lights used in the illumination of the city streets and private residences, 5,000

Followed Wife's Orders

She Told Him to Drown Himself and He Promptly Obeyed.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—James Garron returned home intoxicated yesterday and his wife told him to jump into the lake and drown himself.

"All right," said Garron, "I'll do just that."

He did, and though he was alive when taken from the water, he died in the hospital two hours later. In the pocket of his coat the coroner found this note: "This is to certify that my wife, Maggie Garron, told me to leave the house and go to the lake and drown myself. Good-bye and God forgive her."

Mrs. Garron became hysterical when informed of her husband's act, and hurried to the hospital but did not arrive a few minutes after his death. "I was only joking," she said as she knelt at the side of the bed where lay the body of her husband.

Struck Foreman He Gets Holiday

Fireman Bolton Gets Fractious and Is Suspended From Duty.

While the Japanese and Russian envoys are negotiating for peace at Washington, the members of No. 3 Fire Station, South London, are negotiating for battle.

Foreman Thomas Aitkin and Fireman Bolton are the principals in the battle of South London. As a result, Bolton is suspended for ten days, while Aitkin has several cuts on his face.

The row is the first serious one which has taken place since Lawrence Clark became chief. And that it will be the last for some years those who know the chief are ready to admit.

This week Foreman Aitkin, according to the information secured by Chief Clark, desired to make a change in the men of the station, but did not meet with the approval of Bolton, and he began to argue with his superior. Finally matters became so very warm, and according to Aitkin, Bolton, assaulted him viciously. The foreman defended himself with all the power he could command, but he was not able to get away, and he was badly cut about the face and Bolton had a lump on the back of his neck as big as a soccer ball.

When the chief was apprised of the row he drove at once to the station and suspended Bolton for ten days for striking an officer, and he will thoroughly investigate the case. Tomorrow he leaves with Ald. Saunders for Duluth, where they will attend the fire chiefs' convention, so it is not probable that the case will come up for a couple of weeks.

Bolton told the chief he would appeal to No. 3 committee at once, but the chief told him that as far as the ten days' suspension was concerned, it would stand.

"I will not permit fighting on the department by any one," the chief said today. "Such disgraceful tactics as these I will stamp out at all costs. The striking of an officer by a fireman I will not countenance, no matter what the nature of the grievance of the fireman. All the men may appeal to me against the decisions and orders of the subordinate officers, but they must not take the law into their own hands."

\$15,000 in Gems Lost

Diamonds Amongst Debris of the Great Hoboken Fire.

New York, Aug. 12.—A diamond hunt is going on in the ruins of the Lackawanna railroad terminal at Hoboken. There was a vast quantity of baggage in the building at the time of the fire, and none of it was saved. Among other things consumed was a trunk, said to have contained \$15,000 worth of diamonds owned by a wealthy New York woman. Private detectives are watching the laborers engaged in clearing away the debris, but no trace of the diamonds has yet been discovered, and the railway officials refuse to confirm the story of their loss.

Who Will Get Appraisership?

Windsor, Ont., Aug. 12.—Hon. R. F. Sutherland has forwarded the revised list of delayed customs appointments to Ottawa, and it is expected that it will be confirmed today. The most coveted appointment to be made is that of appraiser, which was first apportioned to Severn Ducharme, of Belle River, Ont., but it is said that Walter Welsh, who has had much experience in the customs office here, is to be promoted, Ducharme being taken care of in some other way.

Butler Will Recover.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 12.—Tom Butler, the bicycle rider known as "Yoio," who was injured Tuesday, is improving and his physicians say he will recover.

Dropped Six Floors

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 12.—An elevator in the Board of Trade building dropped from the sixth floor to the basement at noon today. Four persons were injured.

Interesting Event at the City Hall—Praise for Citizens and Visitors Alike.

With the presentation of a diamond ring to Mrs. Charles Best, of Detroit, in the city hall this morning, the Old Boys' reunion came to its end. Today's staff of clerks are busy in Secretary McCann's office paying out prize money and settling up all sorts of accounts.

After much preparatory work, Secretary McCann has given out a resume of the greatest of all reunions, which will be found elsewhere, and it shows that the "Old Boys' reunion" of this year broke all previous records all along the line, and that the people who came here, as well as the people of London, had the time of their lives.

Today the crowds on the streets are of a slightly holiday proportion, but they are gradually becoming smaller as every train leaving the city carries hundreds of visitors away. Sunday will practically wipe out the departures, though quite a few people are taking advantage of the extensions allowed on the tickets and will spend a week more in London.

President Carrothers and Secretary McCann are expressing the most profound thanks that the feast has passed off without an accident of any serious nature.

They were so many people here," President Carrothers said, "that I was always afraid some unfortunate thing might occur. But I think the citizens will agree that the feast has been a success, and I can assure you the officers of the association are more than grateful to all those who helped them out in so many different ways this week. The reunion has been a good thing for the city, and it most certainly gave the visitors the time of their lives."

The presentation of the diamond ring to Mrs. Best took place in the city hall at 11 o'clock today. Mrs. Best, who was always a member of the Old Boys' office was crowded with visitors, and Mayor Campbell, President Plummer and Mayor Campbell, and other prominent gentlemen spoke.

Mr. Plummer called the meeting to order, and he then said that Mrs. Best, who was the largest number of votes, and was to be crowned "Queen of the Carnival." He introduced Mrs. Best to Mayor Campbell, and then he presented her to the crowd. He said that Mrs. Best was a lady queen of the reunion, and while the spectators heartily applauded.

Then his worship was introduced to Mrs. John Cousins, of Chicago, and she was presented with a beautiful gold watch, she having secured the second highest number of votes.

His worship concluded by expressing the hope that all had had a nice time, and he extended to all a cordial invitation to come to London for the next Old Boys' reunion.

Mr. Nicholas Wilson addressed the gathering, and he said he was proud to bear testimony to the fact that the visitors were the best-behaved crowd that ever came to London, incidentally remarking, too, that the crowd which the Irishmen took to Fort Stanley was a credit to the city and to the people who composed it.

Police Magistrate Love, after congratulating the winners of the honors, said it also gave him pleasure to testify to the orderliness of the vast crowds which had been seen this week. Nowhere else could such a spectacle be observed. No other city could boast of such gentleness and such general good behavior.

"London has set an example for the whole of America in the way in which her big celebration has been carried out. There has been no trouble and everything has passed off in a manner creditable to the men who had the celebration in charge, and creditable to the citizens of London."

Continuing, Mr. Love paid Mayor Campbell some complimentary compliments for the manner in which he had handled the affairs of his office in the face of the extraordinary difficulties, and he concluded by saying that brother could congratulate himself that he had such

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

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

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

LOVETT STREET—Brick cottage, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; lot 6x120 feet.

BUTCHER SHOP AND DWELLING. In central part of city. Lot 6x120 feet. 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen and clothes closet, good cellar, sink and good refrigerator and benches, blocks, etc. Call for particulars. Lot 6x120 feet. Call for price.

RICHMOND STREET—Three-story store, centrally located. Good investment. Lot 4x120 feet.

MARYBORE PLACE—Brick-veneer story and half, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, cement block foundation, modern conveniences; lot 4x120 feet.

DREANEY AVENUE—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, sink and water in house. Lot 6x120 feet.

OXFORD STREET—Semi-detached brick two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen, summer kitchen, good cellar, sink and water, modern conveniences; lot 6x120 feet to a lane. Call for particulars.

VACANT LOTS—GROSVENOR STREET, BETWEEN COLBORNE AND MAITLAND STREETS. ONLY \$5 PER FOOT.

HELLMUTH AVENUE—Story and half brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, mantel, all modern conveniences; lot 26x148 feet to a lane.

RIDGEWAY—Two-story and half brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, smoking-room, veranda, clothes closet, back and front stairs, all modern conveniences; lot 26x15 feet and right of way.

REGINA STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar, fruit of all kinds; lot 4x120 feet. Only \$80.

GEORGE STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, woodshed; lot 7x120 feet. Only \$150.

ADELAIDE STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, sink, hard and soft water in house; lot 3x150 feet. Only \$100.

NELSON STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and summer kitchen, good cellar, fruit trees; a splendid corner lot. 26x120 feet.

YORK STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, a splendid place for a factory; lot 6x120 feet.

ALBERT STREET—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation; parlor, 4 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, try, front and back stairs, all modern conveniences. This house is nearly new.

VACANT LOTS—I HAVE SOME NICE LOTS IN NORTH END. I CAN SELL FOR \$100, ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN. LOTS, 50x150. CALL IF YOU WANT A BARGAIN.

BRUCE STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, good cellar; lot 4x120 feet. \$80.

PALACE STREET—New brick-veneer story and half, 3 bedrooms, room for bath, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, furnace, gas and fixtures, cement, cellar under all of house; lot 3x148 feet. Only \$240.

GREY STREET—Brick-veneer story and half, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, bath, good cellar with cement floor, lot 6x120 feet. Only \$240.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 2 bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar, all modern conveniences; lot 3x120 feet. \$50.

COLBORNE—Brick story and half, 5 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, all modern conveniences; lot 3x120 feet. \$50.

ONTARIO STREET—New story and half brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, good cellar, all modern conveniences.

DUNDAS STREET—Frame story and half, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, cellar, house double-sided; lot 3x120 feet. Only \$100.

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

PHILIP STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, pantry; lot 3x120 feet. Only \$100.

PEGLER STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 6x120 feet. Only \$100.

WORTLEY ROAD, near Askin street—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, electric light, veranda, fruit and ornamental trees. Call for particulars.

TALBOT STREET—SPLendid VACANT LOTS, 36x120 feet. Only \$500.

EUCLEID AVENUE—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; lot 6x120 feet. Only \$100.

PICCADILLY STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar; lot 6x120 feet. Only \$150.

SIMCOE STREET—Semi-detached one-story and basement, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, gas, veranda, all in good repair; splendid carpenter shop; lot 8x120 feet. A good investment.

LORNE AVENUE—Brick-veneer, story and half, 3 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room and kitchen, modern conveniences, cement walks; lot 3x120 feet. Only \$50.

RUXWELL STREET—1½-story brick, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, veranda, modern conveniences; lot 8x120 feet. Call for particulars.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Story and half brick-veneer, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, gas and fixtures, bathroom with bath, veranda; lot 3x120 feet. Only \$150.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—SPLendid VACANT LOTS, CHEAP.

KITCHENER AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer; 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry; lot 6x120 feet.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick two-story and attic, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, good cellar, all modern conveniences, veranda, fruit; lot 4x124 feet. Call for particulars.

THOS. C. KNOTT, 'PHONE 650. ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE.

VETERINARY SURGEONS. W. R. KINCAID, VETERINARY SURGEON, 117 King; residence, 365 Ridout. Telephone 455.

C. S. TAMLIN, VETERINARY SURGEON, 351 Talbot; 'phone 965. Residence, 354 Oxford; 'phone 78.

TENNENT & BARNES, VETERINARY SURGEONS—Office, 117 King; residence and infirmary, corner King and Wellington. 'Phones, Office, 688; home, 275. Treatment of dogs a specialty.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, 63 Richmond street. Branches, boxing, building, corrective work, fencing, boxing, etc. For terms apply R. C. Barkie, at school, or residence, 57 Colborne street.

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905.

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

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

A. A. CAMPBELL,
THE REALTY DEALER,
428 Richmond St., London, Ont.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The following are a few of the properties which we have on our list for sale or exchange. If you do not see what suits you in this list, we will be glad to forward to your address, free of charge, a copy of The Ontario Real Estate Monthly, containing the descriptions of properties which are for sale or exchange.

No. 32—Two-story brick house, situated on PICCADILLY STREET, central; contains hall, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, 5 bedrooms and 2 clothes closets, bathroom, cellar, gas, city and soft water. Price, \$1,200.

No. 38—Two-story brick house, situated on CENTRAL AVENUE, central; contains hall, double parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, kitchen and pantry downstairs, hall, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, furnace, gas, city and soft water, large lot and stable.

No. 75—1½-story frame house, contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, 4 bedrooms, veranda, city water. Price, \$900.

No. 72—One-story brick cottage, situated on HILL STREET, contains parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms, gas, city and soft water, nice lot, several fruit trees. Price, \$1,000.

No. 75—1½-story brick-veneer house, situated on WATERLOO STREET; contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms, small lot. Price, \$1,300.

No. 74—Two-story new brick house, situated on BEACONSFIELD AVENUE; contains vestibule, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, electric light, gas, city and soft water. Price, \$1,400.

No. 64—One-story red brick cottage, situated on NAPIER STREET; contains parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 2 large bedrooms; nice lot, frame stable.

No. 68—Two-story frame house, situated on WORTLEY ROAD, contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms, veranda, city water. Price, \$1,200.

No. 56—One-story frame house, contains parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms, summer kitchen, cellar, woodshed; lot is 35x145 feet. Price, \$900.

No. 39—One-story frame house, contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms, city and soft water; situated on COLBORNE STREET; lot is 35x145 feet. Price, \$1,000.

No. 252—Two vacant lots, situated on CAMBRIDGE STREET; each lot is 26x125 feet; these lots are high and dry, have a frontage of 145 feet deep. Price, \$300 each.

No. 162—VACANT LOT, situated on NAPIER STREET, has a frontage of 33 feet, and is 135 feet deep.

No. 235—One-story house, situated on SOUTH STREET; contains double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms, nice lot, frame stable, a frontage of 60 feet. Price, \$1,300.

No. 235—1½-story house, situated on PALACE STREET; contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms; house is on brick foundation, good cellar, city and soft water; lot is 35x120 feet. Price, \$1,200.

No. 185—Two-story house, situated on QUEEN'S AVENUE; contains hall, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms, bathroom upstairs; lot is 9x120 feet; cellar. Price, \$3,000.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. BLACKSMITH SHOP, wagon repair and paint shop, in the village of DUAR, County of Kent; contains 2 stories, lean-to 18x20, storehouse, wagon shed, 2x12x20; also quarter acre of land. Price, \$250.

CARRIAGE AND REPAIR BUSINESS in the village of MORPETH; also house and any kind of building; 2 stories; two-story building 24x40, contains showroom and paintroom, blacksmith shop and repair shop; 2x12x20, 2x12x20, 2x12x20; also quarter acre of land. Price, \$250.

No. 295—42 acres in the Township of LONDON, County of Middlesex; 5 acres of timber, soil is a clay loam, well drained, and is a very fine site for a school; frame barn, with stable under, 40x60, barn 20x30, granary and 2x12x20; 2 miles from London. Price, \$2,500.

No. 295—42 acres in the Township of LONDON, County of Middlesex; 5 acres of timber, soil is a clay loam, well drained, and is a very fine site for a school; frame barn, with stable under, 40x60, barn 20x30, granary and 2x12x20; 2 miles from London. Price, \$2,500.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR PROPERTY, LIST IT WITH US. WE HAVE THE MOST MODERN AND SUCCESSION METHOD OF ADVERTISING, AND SELLING PROPERTY THAT THERE IS IN ONTARIO. WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

Head Office—78 Dundas St., London, Ont. Telephone 696.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

IF YOU WANT TO BUILD A HOUSE IN SOUTH LONDON, INSPECT OUR SUPERIOR LOTS ON HIGH AND PARK, CLOSE TO THE BELT LINE, AND VICTORIA SCHOOL. SECURE A CHEAP LOT AT ONCE, ON EASY TERMS.

KING STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, furnace, laundry and vegetable cellar, electric light and hot water, front porch, 2x12x20, 2x12x20, 2x12x20; call on us at once.

DUNDAS STREET, East End—Two-story brick house, almost new, 8 rooms, all modern improvements, lot 48x120 feet to a lane. Price, \$3,450.

BRISCOE STREET—A large frame house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, frame barn, chicken coop; with three large lots; must be sold, owner now living in Winnipeg. Call at once.

PRINCES AVENUE—A splendid brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, in perfect order; frame barn; lot 66x120 feet. Price, \$1,400. Cheap property.

WE CAN GET READY SALES FOR FIVE AND TEN-ACRE LOTS. THE DETACHED FOR REAL ESTATE WAS NEVER BETTER.

BATHURST STREET—1½-story brick house, on brick foundation, 10 rooms, bathroom, all in house, 2x12x20, 2x12x20, 2x12x20; lot 9x120 feet. Price, \$1,400.

DUNDAS STREET, East End—Two-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, frame barn and shed; lot 22x120 feet. Price, \$2,000. Cheap property.

REGINA STREET—A neat frame cottage, 2 bedrooms, in good order; lot 3x120 feet. Price, \$850.

WATERLOO STREET, near Simcoe street, a new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, modern improvements; good lot. Price, \$1,300.

MAITLAND STREET—A new, up-to-date brick house, 7 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. At a reasonable price.

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

QUEBEC STREET, near Dundas street—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 33x120 feet. Price, \$1,200.

OXFORD STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. Price, \$2,000.

BYRON AVENUE—A splendid two-story frame house, on brick foundation, 6 bedrooms, modern improvements; corner lot 24x120 feet. Price, \$2,000.

CHICHESTER STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, modern improvements; good lot. Price, \$1,300.

RICHMOND STREET, near the G. T. R. station—A large 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, modern improvements; in good order; suitable for a boarding house. Price, \$2,400.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Very warm; with thunderstorms.



First Art Sateens to Arrive.

We have 15 pieces New Art Sateens, being the first to arrive of our new fall stock. These include all the newest designs and colorings, among them pinks, pale blue, reseda, olive, mahogany, old gold, bright and dark red grounds, with beautiful floral patterns. These Sateens are 30 inches wide, and this is without doubt the time to select your Cushion Cover and Comforter Coverings—before the choice patterns are picked up. Our price per yard is only 18c.

You Save Money Buying Linens Here

We make a specialty of Linens. We aim to sell good Linens. We show the latest novelties each season. We carry no old stock, and our expenses are lower than any other house in Canada carrying such a high-grade stock, consequently we can afford to sell the finest qualities at most reasonable prices. Make it a point to visit our department. You will profit by it. See these Handsome Hand-Embroidered Waist Patterns and Skirt Panels to match.

Eyelet and Blind Embroidery on sheer linen fronts, collar and cuffs, and some with embroidered pleat to match; at each \$2.50 and \$2.75

Skirt Panels embroidered to match above at, each \$2.25 and \$2.50

Sheer Linen to finish out costume, at, yard 75c

EXTRA SPECIAL—A limited number of complete Waist Patterns, embroidered on sheer muslin; enough material for complete waist; clearing at only, each 79c

Mail Orders must be sent promptly to secure one of these.

Linen Curtain Scrim 35c and 40c Yard.

We have just received several pieces of Linen Scrim, for which a great many of our customers have been asking. We suggest that you buy at once.

48-inch Pure Linen Scrim, in pure white, ivory and ecru; used in making curtains, bed spreads, valances and fancy collars, and drawn-work of all kinds. At only, yard 35c

Heavier quality, in ivory only, yard 40c

New Cream Flannels for Fall.

27-inch All-Wool Cream Flannels, unshrinkable, twilled; at, per yard 45c and 50c

32-inch All-Wool Cream Flannels, unshrinkable, both twilled and plain; at, per yard 45c

27-inch Union Cream Flannels, will not shrink, in plain only, at 25c and 35c

44-inch Plain Union Flannel, extra fine quality; at, per yard 65c

46-inch Silk and Wool White Flannel, extra fine quality; at, per yard \$1.00

32-inch White Remino Flannels, unshrinkable; per yard 60c

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street.

brick house, 6 rooms; lot 44x150 feet. Price, \$1,000. Cheap.

ONTARIO AND ELIAS STREETS—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; nice lot. Price, \$2,000.

PRINCES AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, large cellar; lot 33x120 feet. Price, \$1,500. Inspect at once.

TWO IMPROVED LOTS, with fruit and shade trees, on the Dundas avenue, at a reasonable price.

LOTS on Redan and Marmion streets, south of the Hamilton road, at \$450 per foot. If you want a cheap lot, inspect at once. Desirable lots on the Becher block, south of Mount Hope, is Waterloo and Grosvenor streets, two lots, cheap.

STRATHROY. Mr. J. J. Mills has returned from a very pleasant trip to the old country.

Hon. James H. McCall, M. P., and wife, of Bendigo, Victoria, Australia, paid a brief visit to Mr. H. McCall, our guest at the Hamilton Hotel, on Wednesday. Hon. James McCall went to Australia over 50 years ago, and has abundantly prospered in that country. He is now visiting this country and the United States, for both business and pleasure. Having been to Great Britain, he will also visit Washington, D. C., and other points on the other side, before his return.

Acting Mayor Becket and the council quickly dispatched the business on the side of the Hamilton road, at \$450 per foot. They struck a tax rate of 25 mills for the current year—a raise of two mills—whereby they hope to reduce considerably the portion of the town's debt at the bank.

Mr. J. Dutton, postmaster of Stratford, Assa, who has been visiting in the country for a week, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hughes and Miss German are holidaying at Muskoka. The Front Street Methodist Church choir propose taking in the cheap excursion from Port Huron to Muskoka next week.

Miss Ethel Parker is visiting in London.

Mr. F. E. Evans, librarian at the education department, Toronto, is home on a two-weeks' visit to his brothers, F. and D. Evans, and sister, Mrs. James Chalmers. Mr. Evans, although an appointee of the Ross Government, off a popular officer, and has had the pleasure of accepting a considerable raise in his yearly stipend at the hands of the new Government. He is accompanied on his trip by his 14-year-old son Frank.

W. S. Calvert, M. P., has returned home.

A large number of London Old Boys from different parts of the United States and Canada have visited friends here the past week.

Mrs. J. J. Richardson, of Marcus, Ia., is visiting friends here.

About 500 people went on the excursion on Tuesday (Civic Holiday), to Sarnia and Detroit. A large number also took in the Old Boys' celebration at London.

Mr. J. Buttery, of Westfield, N. Y., is visiting his brother, Mr. G. Buttery, Adelaide Township.

Ballast trains are running on the new track between Stratford and Kono.

BOTHWELL. Bothwell, Aug. 12.—Mr. Roy Tyrrell, of Toronto, is at home for ten days' holiday.

Misses Lillie and Mattie McLean are spending a few days with their aunt at Oakdale.

Mrs. E. Crumpton is in London this week with friends.

Mr. R. Moulton, of the Bank of Toronto, Toronto, spent a few days here with the sister of his sister, Mrs. James McLister.

Quite a number of the young people here attended a picnic given by the Junior League of the Methodist Church, at Sarnia, on Wednesday.

Mrs. James Luke left on Wednesday for a month's visit to friends in Detroit.

Miss Blair attended the funeral of her cousin in Stratford on Thursday. Mrs. Charles E. Bayley left on Thursday for Cleveland where she will remain for a month, and then go on to

JOTTINGS FROM NEAR-BY PLACES

Furnished by the Special and Occasional Correspondents of the Advertiser.

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A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

MARKET PRICES

Other quotations on page 6.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Aug. 11.—Receipts for the week at the Union stock yards have been 125 cars, containing 2,300 cattle, 187 sheep, 818 hogs and 13 calves.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Cattle are quoted at 11c to 11½c per lb; refrigerator beef, 9½c to 10c per lb.

HAY MARKET.

TORONTO. Aug. 11.—Baled Hay.—The market is dull; car lots on track here are quoted unchanged, at \$7.50 per ton for old and new No. 1 Timothy, and \$6 for No. 2.

OIL MARKET.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 11.—Oil opened and closed at \$1.27.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., Aug. 11.—Credit balances, \$1.27; shipments, 18,000 barrels.

LONDON.

London, Aug. 11.—Petroleum, American refined, 5½d; spirits, 8½d.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, Aug. 11.—Petroleum, 17 francs 50 centimes.

DAIRY MARKETS.

NEW YORK. Aug. 11.—Butter.—Steady and unchanged; receipts, 5,000 boxes; state cheese—Weak; receipts, 5,000 boxes; state milk cream, small colored and white, fancy, 10½c; do, fair, 10c; do, 9½c; do, 9c; do, large colored and white, fancy, 10½c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Butter.—Easy; creameries, 17c to 18c; dairies, 16c to 18c. Cheese—Firm, 11c to 11½c.

NANANEE.

Napanee, Ont., Aug. 11.—Offerings on cheese board today, 1,100 white and 750 colored; 10½c to 10½c bid; No. 1 accepted; bulk closed after market at 10½c.

PERTH.

Perth, Ont., Aug. 11.—There were 2,000 boxes of white and 250 boxes of colored cheese boarded here today; 10½c was offered, subject to Brockville prices tomorrow; the buyers present were Bissell, Webster, Patton and McVeigh.

BRANTFORD.

Brantford, Ont., Aug. 11.—Cheese market today; 1,800 boxes offered; sold, 1,075 boxes; 10½c to 10½c bid; No. 1 accepted; bulk closed after market at 10½c.

TROQUOIS.

Troquois, Ont., Aug. 11.—At the cheese board today 1,045 boxes were offered, all colored; price offered, 10½c to 10½c; no sales were recorded on the board; after the close 10½c offered on the street, the salesmen accepting this figure.

KEMPVILLE.

Kempville, Ont., Aug. 11.—All the cheese sold here tonight at 10½c; offerings over 1,320 boxes; usual buyers present.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK. Aug. 11.—Sugar.—Raw firm; refined, 3½c to 3½c bid; centrifugal, 3½c to 3½c bid; 4½c to 4½c bid; 5½c to 5½c bid; 6½c to 6½c bid; 7½c to 7½c bid; 8½c to 8½c bid; 9½c to 9½c bid; 10½c to 10½c bid; 11½c to 11½c bid; 12½c to 12½c bid; 13½c to 13½c bid; 14½c to 14½c bid; 15½c to 15½c bid; 16½c to 16½c bid; 17½c to 17½c bid; 18½c to 18½c bid; 19½c to 19½c bid; 20½c to 20½c bid; 21½c to 21½c bid; 22½c to 22½c bid; 23½c to 23½c bid; 24½c to 24½c bid; 25½c to 25½c bid; 26½c to 26½c bid; 27½c to 27½c bid; 28½c to 28½c bid; 29½c to 29½c bid; 30½c to 30½c bid; 31½c to 31½c bid; 32½c to 32½c bid; 33½c to 33½c bid; 34½c to 34½c bid; 35½c to 35½c bid; 36½c to 36½c bid; 37½c to 37½c bid; 38½c to 38½c bid; 39½c to 39½c bid; 40½c to 40½c bid; 41½c to 41½c bid; 42½c to 42½c bid; 43½c to 43½c bid; 44½c to 44½c bid; 45½c to 45½c bid; 46½c to 46½c bid; 47½c to 47½c bid; 48½c to 48½c bid; 49½c to 49½c bid; 50½c to 50½c bid; 51½c to 51½c bid; 52½c to 52½c bid; 53½c to 53½c bid; 54½c to 54½c bid; 55½c to 55½c bid; 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161½c to 161½c bid; 162½c to 162½c bid; 163½c to 163½c bid; 164½c to 164½c bid; 165½c to 165½c bid; 166½c to 166½c bid; 167½c to 167½c bid; 168½c to 168½c bid; 169½c to 169½c bid; 170½c to 170½c bid; 171½c to 171½c bid; 172½c to 172½c bid; 173½c to 173½c bid; 174½c to 174½c bid; 175½c to 175½c bid; 176½c to 176½c bid; 177½c to 177½c bid; 178½c to 178½c bid; 179½c to 179½c bid; 180½c to 180½c bid; 181½c to 181½c bid; 182½c to 182½c bid; 183½c to 183½c bid; 184½c to 184½c bid; 185½c to 185½c bid; 186½c to 186½c bid; 187½c to 187½c bid; 188½c to 188½c bid; 189½c to 189½c bid; 190½c to 190½c bid; 191½c to 191½c bid; 192½c to 192½c bid; 193½c to 193½c bid; 194½c to 194½c bid; 195½c to 195½c bid; 196½c to 196½c bid; 197½c to 197½c bid; 198½c to 198½c bid; 199½c to 199½c bid; 200½c to 200½c bid; 201½c to 201½c bid; 202½c to 202½c bid; 203½c to 203½c bid; 204½c to 204½c bid; 205½c to 205½c bid; 206½c to 206½c bid; 207½c to 207½c bid; 208½c to 208½c bid; 209½c to 209½c bid; 210½c to 210½c bid; 211½c to 211½c bid; 212½c to 212½c bid; 213½c to 213½c bid; 214½c to 214½c bid; 215½c to 215½c bid; 216½c to 216½c bid; 217½c to 217½c bid; 218½c to 218½c bid; 219½c to 219½c bid; 220½c to 220½c bid; 221½c to 221½c bid; 222½c to 222½c bid; 223½c to 223½c bid; 224½c to 224½c bid; 225½c to 225½c bid; 226½c to 226½c bid; 227½c to 227½c bid; 228½c to 228½c bid; 229½c to 229½c bid; 230½c to 230½c bid; 231½c to 231½c bid; 232½c to 232½c bid; 233½c to 233½c bid; 234½c to 234½c bid; 235½c to 235½c bid; 236½c to 236½c bid; 237½c to 237½c bid; 238½c to 238½c bid; 239½c to 239½c bid; 240½c to 240½c bid; 241½c to 241½c bid; 242½c to 242½c bid; 243½c to 243½c bid; 244½c to 244½c bid; 245½c to 245½c bid; 246½c to 246½c bid; 247½c to 247½c bid; 248½c to 248½c bid; 249½c to 249½c bid; 250½c to 250½c bid; 251½c to 251½c bid; 252½c to 252½c bid; 253½c to 253½c bid; 254½c to 254½c bid; 255½c to 255½c bid; 256½c to 256½c bid; 257½c to 257½c bid; 258½c to 258½c bid; 259½c to 259½c bid; 260½c to 260½c bid; 261½c to 261½c bid; 262½c to 262½c bid; 263½c to 263½c bid; 264½c to 264½c bid; 265½c to 265½c bid; 266½c to 266½c bid; 267½c to 267½c bid; 268½c to 268½c bid; 269½c to 269½c bid; 270½c to 270½c bid; 271½c to 271½c bid; 272½c to 272½c bid; 273½c to 273½c bid; 274½c to 274½c bid; 275½c to 275½c bid; 276½c to 276½c bid; 277½c to 277½c bid; 278½c to 278½c bid; 279½c to 279½c bid; 280½c to 280½c bid; 281½c to 281½c bid; 282½c to 282½c bid; 283½c to 283½c bid; 284½c to 284½c bid; 285½c to 285½c bid; 286½c to 286½c bid; 287½c to 287½c bid; 288½c to 288½c bid; 289½c to 289½c bid; 290½c to 290½c bid; 291½c to 291½c bid; 292½c to 292½c bid; 293½c to 293½c bid; 294½c to 294½c bid; 295½c to 295½c bid; 296½c to 296½c bid; 297½c to 297½c bid; 298½c to 298½c bid; 299½c to 299½c bid; 300½c to 300½c bid; 301½c to 301½c bid; 302½c to 302½c bid; 303½c to 303½c bid; 304½c to 304½c bid; 305½c to 305½c bid; 306½c to 306½c bid; 307½c to 307½c bid; 308½c to 308½c bid; 309½c to 309½c bid; 310½c to 310½c bid; 311½c to 311½c bid; 312½c to 312½c bid; 313½c to 313½c bid; 314½c to 314½c bid; 315½c to 315½c bid; 316½c to 316½c bid; 317½c to 317½c bid; 318½c to 318½c bid; 319½c to 319½c bid; 320½c to 320½c bid; 321½c to 321½c bid; 322½c to 322½c bid; 323½c to 323½c bid; 324½c to 324½c bid; 325½c to 325½c bid; 326½c to 326½c bid; 327½c to 327½c bid; 328½c to 328½c bid; 329½c to 329½c bid; 330½c to 330½c bid; 331½c to 331½c bid; 332½c to 332½c bid; 333½c to 333½c bid; 334½c to 334½c bid; 335½c to 335½c bid; 336½c to 336½c bid; 337½c to 337½c bid; 338½c to 338½c bid; 339½c to 339½c bid; 340½c to 340½c bid; 341½c to 341½c bid; 342½c to 342½c bid; 343½c to 343½c bid; 344½c to 344½c bid; 345½c to 345½c bid; 346½c to 346½c bid; 347½c to 347½c bid; 348½c to 348½c bid; 349½c to 349½c bid; 350½c to 350½c bid; 351½c to 351½c bid; 352½c to 352½c bid; 353½c to 353½c bid; 354½c to 354½c bid; 355½c to 355½c bid; 356½c to 356½c bid; 357½c to 357½c bid; 358½c to 358½c bid; 359½c to 359½c bid; 360½c to 360½c bid; 361½c to 361½c bid; 362½c to 362½c bid; 363½c to 363½c bid; 364½c to 364½c bid; 365½c to 365½c bid; 366½c to 366½c bid; 367½c to 367½c bid; 368½c to 368½c bid; 369½c to 369½c bid; 370½c to 370½c bid; 371½c to 371½c bid; 372½c to 372½c bid; 373½c to 373½c bid; 374½c to 374½c bid; 375½c to 375½c bid; 376½c to 376½c bid; 377½c to 377½c bid; 378½c to 378½c bid; 379½c to 379½c bid; 380½c to 380½c bid; 381½c to 381½c bid; 382½c to 382½c bid; 383½c to 383½c bid; 384½c to 384½c bid; 385½c to 385½c bid; 386½c to 386½c bid; 387½c to 387½c bid; 388½c to 388½c bid; 389½c to 389½c bid; 390½c to 390½c bid; 391½c to 391½c bid; 392½c to 392½c bid; 393½c to 393½c bid; 394½c to 394½c bid; 395½c to 395½c bid; 396½c to 396½c bid; 397½c to 397½c bid; 398½c to 398½c bid; 399½c to 399½c bid; 400½c to 400½c bid; 401½c to 401½c bid; 402½c to 402½c bid; 403½c to 403½c bid; 404½c to 404½c bid; 405½c to 405½c bid; 406½c to 406½c bid; 407½c to 407½c bid; 408½c to 408½c bid; 409½c to 409½c bid; 410½c to 410½c bid; 411½c to 411½c bid; 412½c to 412½c bid; 413½c to 413½c bid; 414½c to 414½c bid; 415½c to 415½c bid; 416½c to 416½c bid; 417½c to 417½c bid; 418½c to 418½c bid; 419½c to 419½c bid; 420½c to 420½c bid; 421½c to 421½c bid; 422½c to 422½c bid; 423½c to 423½c bid; 424½c to 424½c bid; 425½c to 425½c bid; 426½c to 426½c bid; 427½c to 427½c bid; 428½c to 428½c bid; 429½c to 429½c bid; 430½c to 430½c bid; 431½c to 431½c bid; 432½c to 432½c bid; 433½c to 433½c bid; 434½c to 434½c bid; 435½c to 435½c bid; 436½c to 436½c bid; 437½c to 437½c bid; 438½c to 438½c bid; 439½c to 439½c bid; 440½c to 440½c bid; 441½c to 441½c bid; 442½c to 442½c bid; 443½c to 443½c bid; 444½c to 444½c bid; 445½c to 445½c bid; 446½c to 446½c bid; 447½c to 447½c bid; 448½c to 448½c bid; 449½c to 449½c bid; 450½c to 450½c bid; 451½c to 451½c bid; 452½c to 452½c bid; 453½c to 453½c bid; 454½c to 454½c bid; 455½c to 455½c bid; 456½c to 456½c bid; 457½c to 457½c bid; 458½c to 458½c bid; 459½c to 459½c bid; 460½c to 460½c bid; 461½c to 461½c bid; 462½c to 462½c bid; 463½c to 463½c bid; 464½c to 464½c bid; 465½c to 465½c bid; 466½c to 466½c bid; 467½c to 467½c bid; 468½c to 468½c bid; 469½c to 469½c bid; 470½c to 470½c bid; 471½c to 471½c bid; 472½c to 472½c bid; 473½c to 473½c bid; 474½c to 474½c bid; 475½c to 475½c bid; 476½c to 476½c bid; 477½c to 477½c bid; 478½c to 478½c bid; 479½c to 479½c bid; 480½c to 480½c bid; 481½c to 481½c bid; 482½c to 482½c bid; 483½c to 483½c bid; 484½c to 484½c bid; 485½c to 485½c bid; 486½c to 486½c bid; 487½c to 487½c bid; 488½c to 488½c bid; 489½c to 489½c bid; 490½c to 490½c bid; 491½c to 491½c bid; 492½c to 492½c bid; 493½c to 493½c bid; 494½c to 494½c bid; 495½c to 495½c bid; 496½c to 496½c bid; 497½c to 497½c bid; 498½c to 498½c bid; 499½c to 499½c bid; 500½c to 500½c bid; 501½c to 501½c bid; 502½c to 502½c bid; 503½c to 503½c bid; 504½c to 504½c bid; 505½c to 505½c bid; 506½c to 506½c bid; 507½c to 507½c bid; 508½c to 508½c bid; 509½c to 509½c bid; 510½c to 510½c bid; 511½c to 511½c bid; 512½c to 512½c bid; 513½c to 513½c bid; 514½c to 514½c bid; 515½c to 515½c bid; 516½c to 516½c bid; 517½c to 517½c bid; 518½c to 518½c bid; 519½c to 519½c bid; 520½c to 520½c bid; 521½c to 521½c bid; 522½c to 522½c bid; 523½c to 523½c bid; 524½c to 524½c bid; 525½c to 525½c bid; 526½c to 526½c bid; 527½c to 527½c bid; 528½c to 528½c bid; 529½c to 529½c bid; 530½c to 530½c bid; 531½c to 531½c bid; 532½c to 532½c bid; 533½c to 533½c bid; 534½c to 534½c bid; 535½c to 535½c bid; 536½c to 536½c bid; 537½c to 537½c bid; 538½c to 538½c bid; 539½c to 539½c bid; 540½c to 540½c bid; 541½c to 541½c bid; 542½c to 542½c bid; 543½c to 543½c bid; 544½c to 544½c bid; 545½c to 545½c bid; 546½c to 546½c bid; 547½c to 547½c bid; 548½c to 548½c bid; 549½c to 549½c bid; 550½c to 550½c bid; 551½c to 551½c bid; 552½c to 552½c bid; 553½c to 553½c bid; 554½c to 554½c bid; 555½c to 555½c bid; 556½c to 556½c bid; 557½c to 557½c bid; 558½c to 558½c bid; 559½c to 559½c bid; 560½c to 560½c bid; 561½c to 561½c bid; 562½c to 562½c bid; 563½c to 563½c bid; 564½c to 564½c bid; 565½c to 565½c bid; 566½c to 566½c bid; 567½c to 567½c bid; 568½c to 568½c bid; 569½c to 569½c bid; 570½c to 570½c bid; 571½c to 571½c bid; 572½c to 572½c bid; 573½c to 573½c bid; 574½c to 574½c bid; 575½c to 575½c bid; 576½c to 576½c bid; 577½c to 577½c bid; 578½c to 578½c bid; 579½c to 579½c bid; 580½c to 580½c bid; 581½c to 581½c bid; 582½c to 582½c bid; 583½c to 583½c bid; 584½c to 584½c bid; 585½c to 585½c bid; 586½c to 586½c bid; 587½c to 587½c bid; 588½c to 588½c bid; 589½c to 589½c bid; 590½c to 590½c bid; 591½c to 591½c bid; 592½c to 592½c bid; 593½c to 593½c bid; 594½c to 594½c bid; 595½c to 595½c bid; 596½c to 596½c bid; 597½c to 597½c bid; 598½c to 598½c bid; 599½c to 599½c bid; 600½c to 600½c bid; 601½c to 601½c bid; 602½c to 602½c bid; 603½c to 603½c bid; 604½c to 604½c bid; 605½c to 605½c bid; 606½c to 606½c bid; 607½c to 607½c bid; 608½c to 608½c bid; 609½c to 609½c bid; 610½c to 610½c bid; 611½c to 611½c bid; 612½c to 612½c bid; 613½c to 613½c bid; 614½c to 614½c bid; 615½c to 615½c bid; 616½c to 616½c bid; 617½c to 617½c bid; 618½c to 618½c bid; 619½c to 619½c bid; 620½c to 620½c bid; 621½c to 621½c bid; 622½c to 622½c bid; 623½c to 623½c bid; 624½c to 624½c bid; 625½c to 625½c bid; 626½c to 626½c bid; 627½c to 627½c bid; 628½c to 628½c bid; 629½c to 629½c bid; 630½c to 630½c bid; 631½c to 631½c bid; 632½c to 632½c bid; 633½c to 633½c bid; 634½c to 634½c bid; 635½c to 635½c bid; 636½c to 636½c bid; 637½c to 637½c bid; 638½c to 638½c bid; 639½c to 639½c bid; 640½c to 640½c bid; 641½c to 641½c bid; 642½c to 642½c bid; 643½c to 643½c bid; 644½c to 644½c bid; 645½c to 645½c bid; 646½c to 646½c bid; 647½c to 647½c bid; 648½c to 648½c bid; 649½c to 649½c bid; 650½c to 650½c bid; 651½c to 651½c bid; 652½c to 652½c bid; 653½c to 653½c bid; 654½c to 654½c bid; 655½c to 655½c bid; 656½c to 656½c bid; 657½c to 657½c bid; 658½c to 658½c bid; 659½c to 659½c bid; 660½c to 660½c bid; 661½c to 661½c bid; 662½c to 662½c bid; 663½c to 663½c bid; 664½c to 664½c bid; 665½c to 665½c bid; 666½c to 666½c bid; 667½c to 667½c bid; 668½c to 668½c bid; 669½c to 669½c bid; 670½c to 670½c bid; 671½c to 671½c bid; 672½c to 672½c bid; 673½c to 673½c bid; 674½c to 674½c bid; 675½c to 675½c bid; 676½c to 676½c bid; 677½c to 677½c bid; 678½c to 678½c bid; 679½c to 679½c bid; 680½c to 680½c bid; 681½c to 681½c bid; 682½c to 682½c bid; 683½c to 683½c bid; 684½c to 684½c bid; 685½c to 685½c bid; 686½c to 686½c bid; 687½c to 687½c bid; 688½c to 688½c bid; 689½c to 689½c bid; 690½c to 690½c bid; 691½c to 691½c bid; 692½c to 692½c bid; 693½c to 693½c bid; 694½c to 694½c bid; 695½c to 695½c bid; 696½c to 696½c bid; 697½c to 697½

FIRST DIRECTORY OF LONDON IS AN INTERESTING VOLUME

Published Year After City's Incorporation—Peculiar By-laws—Railway Facilities.

A volume over which the older residents of the city could ponder for some hours, and which would also prove of exceptional interest to the younger generation, is in possession of Mr. James Gillean, jun., of Maitland street, who recently took up his residence in his native city after an absence of many years in Amherstburg. It is a copy of the first directory of London, published in 1856, one year after London was incorporated a city. Although the book is fifty years of age it remarkably well preserved, not a single page being damaged to any extent. It contains nearly three hundred pages, and in addition to giving the names, addresses and occupations of the adults of London, it furnishes a vast amount of miscellaneous information, including abstracts of the city by-laws, banks and bankers, building societies, civic government, fire department, educational matters, insurance companies, the legal profession, fraternal societies, the police department, and Provincial and Dominion affairs. Geo. Raiton was the compiler and publisher.

As a supplement to the directory Mr. Raiton issued a map of the city, which then comprised seven wards, bounded on the east by Adelaide street, on the north by Huron street, and on the west and south by the Thames. East, West and South London were excluded, the city only including what was subsequently divided into the four wards. A glance at the map shows that so far as the names of the streets are concerned, there have been very few changes during the half century. In those days Queen's avenue was known as North street, Dufferin avenue as Duke street, Princess avenue as Bond street, and Central avenue as Great Market street. What is now Carling street was the western section of North street, and that part of Queen's avenue, between Richmond and Talbot streets, was called William street, although the present William street was then in existence. There was no Maple street in those days, the thoroughfare of that name being known as Hitchcock street. What would strike the average Londoner of today as being rather strange is the fact that Richmond street was then divided into four sections, each section having a different name. According to the map, the portion extending from the south branch of the river to Dundas street was known by its present name. From Dundas street to the "V," or Central avenue, it was called Mark Lane; from the "V" to Oxford street, Sarnia street, and from Oxford street to Burlington street, the present Clarence street was also favored with two names, the section north of Dundas street being called Church street, and the south section Clarence street.

Why Raiton Made Venture.

In his introductory pages, Mr. Raiton addresses a few lines to Mr. Wm. Barker, who at that time occupied the mayor's chair. Mr. Raiton said that the want of a city directory having been generally acknowledged, he had hazarded the experiment, and he begged to submit the volume, "as the result of my humble endeavors, to supply the deficiency with which many were more or less afflicted. It is an inconvenience than to attempt the remedy." Further Mr. Raiton says: "Being a novice at bookmaking, I seek no credit for the undertaking, which involves more labor than skill, but shall be content to avoid censure if my efforts have failed to meet the public expectation. The task which I have imposed upon myself has not been a sinecure, nor am I certain of a return equal to the labor and outlay attending it, but if the city shall progress with even less rapidity than it has done, I look forward to an early occasion for revising and improving upon the first directory published in London."

Considerable space is given to a preface. In it Mr. Raiton says that he was aware that many difficulties would present themselves and in this he was not deceived, but he did not anticipate any hesitation on the part of the citizens to support an enterprise which, if successfully carried out, would aid in establishing London as a place worthy the name which its rapid growth and progress had acquired. Neither did he expect that any business man would withhold his advertising support, but would cheerfully contribute towards making the directory an evidence of the stability, wealth and enterprise of which London had reason to be proud. Many, however, had been fit to withhold their support, either by refusing to subscribe for the book or to advertise in it, and although some who at first stubbornly refused to either had since seen the error of their ways and done both, yet the absence of considerable advertising patronage caused in some measure a delay in publication.

An Apology.

Mr. Raiton apologized to those whom he may have offended by frequent asking for advertising patronage, "as his solicitation was intended for their own benefit rather than his own." Had he not been resolute in his exertions to win over the bulk of the advertising community, to the exercise of philanthropy, beyond a mere sense of pecuniary mammon, the attempt at the directory would have been a failure, but to their credit be it said, they contributed voluntarily, from a thorough conviction of its importance and the necessity for aiding the enterprise which every citizen should seek to promote, which every town should possess, and which no city could dispense with.

Those were the days when Londoners "ran with the masher." Such a thing as a permanent fire brigade was not thought of, although the city had a population of several thousands. However, all things considered, the city had fairly good protection against fire. There were no less than four engine companies, with a total of 220 men—three companies having sixty men each and the fourth having forty men—a hook and ladder company with forty men, while another company, with the old engine of the Phoenix, was being organized, and two companies of youths "were growing into manly existence." Number Two company was captained by Mr. Samuel McEbride, who is still a resident of the city.

By-laws Were Strict.

Of the by-laws in force in London in 1856, those framed with the object of preventing fires make interesting reading for the resident of today. The town had suffered heavily by a conflagra-

tion a few years previously, and the stringency of some of the by-laws was due in some measure, no doubt, to a desire on the part of the town fathers to take every precaution possible to prevent another such disaster. Even the use of stoves was governed by the by-laws. One clause stipulated that under every stove, whether situated in a dwelling, building or shop, a brick or metal hearth was to be placed, the bottom of the stove should not be less than eight inches from the hearth; that the sides and ends should not be less than eighteen inches from any wooden partition, and that above the stove, no stovepipe should be nearer than twelve inches to the ceiling. When a stove was used to heat a room other than that in which it was located, the by-law stated that the pipe should not pass within six inches of the partition. Measures were also adopted to prevent fires arising from the careless handling of hot ashes, a clause of the by-laws stating that ashes were not to be placed in any wooden receptacle in or near a house, or within 25 feet of it, unless in some safe brick, metal or stone receptacle.

Fire Wardens Had Power.

The town inspectors and fire wardens were clothed with considerable power, the by-laws providing that between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., they should have authority to enter any public building or private house, and examine the stoves, chimneys or fireplaces. Between the 1st of November and the 1st of April chimneys were to be swept once every eight weeks, and where they were used continuously throughout the year they were to be swept once every eight weeks. Every tenant or occupant of a dwelling had to provide himself with a good leather bucket, containing not less than two and a half gallons, the same to be put in some conspicuous place, near the entrance, while in each shop or hotel two buckets were to be provided. Even half a century ago London was, in the opinion of some, in advance of the London of today, in one respect—it had a by-law compelling citizens to remove all snow and ice from the walks in front of their houses or places of business. London was also then in possession of a fire limits by-law, which prevented the erection within a specified area of any wooden building. The area, however, was very limited, including only the few blocks in the business section.

No Tipping Allowed.

The by-laws which governed the saloons of those days contained some amusing clauses. One of them said that "all tipping, or giving of money, or habitual resorting to hotels are strictly prohibited, and especially no apprentice, journeyman, servant, or freed man shall be permitted to resort to frequent the barroom, or abide about the premises as an idler or drunkard."

The alphabetical list of names contained in the directory occupies 90 pages, the average being 40 to the page, or a total of 3,600 names. Allowed that two in every five inhabitants were included in the volume—which is the calculation for the latest city directory—London at that time had a population exceeding 8,000. One of the interesting entries reads: "Elias Huston, preacher and prophet, who professes that he is Elias that was to come, and that the spirit of Elias is with him. Mr. Huston complains in his preface that the business men did not come to his support as they should, he nevertheless succeeded in obtaining over one hundred pages of advertisements. Some of the advertisers were Messrs. A. G. Smyth, James Gillean, J. H. Flood, and E. W. Hymn, all of whom are still residents of London; Prof. Wm. Saunders, of Ottawa, and the following, who were prominently identified in one way or another with the city's advance: Chas. Hutchinson, J. G. McIntosh, John Elliott, Samuel Peters, E. W. Hymn, Adam Hope, Henry Davis, R. Lewis, Edward Adams, Alex. Davidson, John Birrell, P. B. Beidome, Frank Cornish, John Campbell, Charles Chapman, A. Rowland, James Shanly, J. and T. James Moffatt, Wm. Robinson, and the late Squire J. B. Smyth.

Early Railway Facilities.

In those days the railway facilities of London, as of every other city in Canada, were exceedingly limited, compared with those of the present day. London had the Great Western Railway, with its two or three trains a day each way, to and from Windsor, and Hamilton, and the London and Port Stanley line, built by the city, with the object of enabling the merchants to bring their supplies by water to Port Stanley, and thus keeping down the rates on the Great Western. The line of the Grand Trunk to Stratford was then in contemplation, while the London, Huron and Bruce line and the Sarnia branch had probably not been given a thought. One of the prominent items in the directory announced stage lines daily for Goderich, Clinton, Brucefield, Port Sarnia, West and East Plympton, Adelaide, Stratford, Corbair, Melrose, Stratford, St. Marys, Biddulph, Port Stanley, Union, St. Thomas, Five Stakes Junction, "connecting at London with the Great Western, London and Port Stanley, London and St. Marys Railway, and with the Grand Trunk at Stratford and St. Marys."

TEDDY TALKS MONROE

Says Big-Stick Policy Is Now Recognized by World Powers.

Chautauqua, N. J., Aug. 11.—President Roosevelt arrived here this morning, and delivered an address before the Chautauqua assembly. He said, in part, as follows: "Today I wish to speak to you on one feature of our national foreign policy and one feature of our national domestic policy. The Monroe doctrine is not a part of international law, but it is the fundamental feature of our foreign policy so far as the western hemisphere is concerned, and it has more and more been meeting with recognition abroad. The reason why it is meeting with this recognition is because we have not allowed it to become fossilized, but have adapted our construction of it to meet the growing, changing needs of this hemisphere. Fossilization, of course, means death, whether to an individual, a government, or a doctrine."

Mr. Roosevelt repeated his warning to the South American republics that they must behave, or be punished, and declared that European powers with claims would be aided by the United States in every way in their attempts to collect.

Mary Manning Quits Stage.

New York, Aug. 11.—Mrs. James K. Hackett (Mary Manning) has given up all professional engagements to take care of her eight-months-old baby, now dangerously ill at the Naples, house formerly owned by E. C. Benedict, the banker, in Greenwich, Conn. When Mrs. Hackett went to Europe, the child was left in charge of Mrs. Hackett, her mother-in-law, and a nurse, but when the girl baby became ill Mrs. Hackett returned from abroad.

CHINA WANTS PAY TO RAISE BOYCOTT

America Must Open Doors of Hawaii and Philippines.

INSISTS ON A NEW TREATY

United States May Exclude Laborers But Must Be Courteous to Merchants and Students.

Peking, Aug. 11.—China demands two important concessions from the United States as a price for bettering her trade relations with the United States. First, fair and courteous treatment of Chinese merchants, tourists and students when visiting the United States. Second—the admission of Chinese laborers to Hawaii and the Philippines without restrictions.

The foregoing demands were outlined by Wu Tingfang, formerly Chinese minister to the United States, and now vice-president of the Chinese board of foreign affairs. Wu Tingfang, in his interview, said that the existing regulations for the exclusion of Chinese from the United States were unsatisfactory from the Chinese standpoint, and hence it was desired that they should be modified by a new treaty. The Chinese, he said, agreed to the exclusion of coolies, but the existing regulations pressed with severity on other classes. He instanced the cases of merchants, travelers for pleasure, students, and others who, while nominally admitted, were subjected to indignities to which Americans would refuse to submit. Moreover, he is not allowed to retain the services of agents to protect their interests, and the immigration authorities decide against him there is no possibility of appeal.

"That these grievances are well founded is demonstrated by the necessity for President Roosevelt's stringent order that courtesy be shown the Chinese by the immigration officials. There have been numerous instances of harsh treatment which the Americans themselves have been forced to apologize for. Mr. Wu admitted that European immigrants were not allowed representation by lawyers or others during their examinations, but he rejected this argument because, he said, the Chinese in other respects were given treatment entirely different from that accorded the Europeans.

"The Chinese Government, he said, agreed to the exclusion of coolies, but it urged as the main points of a new convention that the United States should be treated on an equal footing with other aliens, with the right to retain counsel and the right of appeal, and the admission of Chinese coolies to Hawaii, which he regarded as of the utmost importance. Hawaii was greatly in need of labor, Mr. Wu said, and the Chinese islands had suffered. At all events, the Chinese there could not compete with American labor, and he pointed out that the Philippines, he said, had long been a natural field for Chinese industry, but the application of the exclusion act to the islands had changed this.

Regarding the desirability of Chinese labor in the Far East, Mr. Wu instanced the prosperity of Singapore, and the Straits Settlements, and the adjacent country.

Mr. Wu expressed himself as greatly regretting the cutting out of American goods and steamship and insurance companies, as it might estrange the good will of Americans, which he thought would not help him, however, he said, the Chinese classes most concerned, considering that the prospects for the solution of the difficulties arising from the boycott, decided on the boycott as the only means of ventilating the question. He pointed out that the movement against American goods, though thoroughly organized by the best and most conservative Chinese, was altogether pacific and was not directed against persons or property.

Mr. Wu confessed that he was surprised at the extent of the movement and the depth of feeling manifested not only by the mercantile classes, but by the students and even the women. He said that such an explanation of public sentiment meant extraordinary progress in the direction of the growth of a real nationality. He could not say what the results would be should the boycott be disregarded, but considered the movement a most serious one and trusted it would soon be rendered superfluous by the satisfactory settlement of the grievances complained of.

Mr. Wu's attention was called to the fact that the boycott was directed against the boycott, and he indignantly repudiated the suggestion. He said it would be unreasonable to expect that the Chinese Government could compel the Chinese to purchase goods as to believe that the United States Government was able to prevent the Chicago strikes.

"I regret," said Mr. Wu, "that so little progress has been made in the negotiations for a new convention. Should the American Government persist in its wishes of China to be embodied in this convention, it would practically have no effect on the United States, as Hawaii and the Philippines do not concern American labor, while the facilities required for superior Chinese immigrants in the United States are admittedly just and reasonable. I suggest that an educational test would be the most effective means of preventing the ingress of coolies and an easy means of ascertaining the eligibility of other classes, besides eliminating undesirable class distinctions."

OVER THE WABASH SYSTEM

To the Great Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, Portland, Oregon, June 1st to October 15th, 1905.

Round trip tickets on sale until Sept. 30, good for 90 days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges going and returning to Chicago. Rates from London, \$28 75; going and returning through California, \$77 75. This will be the lowest rate for the Pacific coast at any time. The Great Wabash is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest route to all Pacific coast points. Berths reserved and all other comforts luxuriously furnished. First cabin, \$60; second cabin, \$35. Third class, to or from Liverpool, Derry, Belfast and Glasgow, at lowest fares. For full particulars apply to J. A. Hooke, 250 La. Hooke, W. Fulton, F. B.

pearances indicate a large yield. Agents in Moosejaw section are optimistic regarding the yield, and harvesting operations will begin about the same time as last year. Throughout southwestern Manitoba similar conditions prevail, although more rain than necessary has fallen, delaying the ripening of the crop. Early cutting has begun in some sections and will soon be general.

The feature of the weather for the week is the prevalence of halts throughout the wheat area, extending to the territories, and causing damage. At Fleming, wheat on a strip 10 miles by 4 miles, was destroyed, cutting the straw and battering it into the earth. At Russell, the crop on the Barnardo and adjoining farms, was ruined. At Glenboro, 70,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000 bushels of oats have been destroyed. At Bismarck, 500 acres of wheat have been spoiled by hail. Other places from which halts are reported have been reported are: Virden, Hargrave, Wapella, Whitewood, Broadview, Summerberry, Carleton Place, Neudorf and Balaclava. Apart from storms, the conditions for the development of the big crop have been splendid. At Marquette, the yield is reaching a bushel, and wheat has a good head and is coloring rapidly, the weather being such as will bring the grain to maturity quickly.

HERO KEPT THE LIGHTS BURNING

Lighthouse Guard for Five Days Battled With Mad Comrade.

New York, Aug. 11.—Stratford Shoals light, and perhaps the big Long Island Sound steamers which are guided by it, were saved last week through the heroic struggle which the keeper of the light, Merrill Hulse, made for seven days against an insane man marooned with the keeper and trying to extinguish the light. The madman was Hulse's brother-keeper, Julius Coster, who went crazy, and tried to destroy his light. In attempts to get at the light, Coster wanted to kill Hulse. The story of the lone keeper's defense of the Stratford Shoals was learned today, when the head keeper, Gilbert Rutland, who was ashore on a vacation last week, handed in his official report of last week's happenings. The lighthouse is situated on Long Island, midway between Bridgeport and Port Jefferson.

Hulse had no warning that he was living with an insane man until one day Coster attacked him with a weapon made of a razor lashed to the end of a long pole. The keeper overpowered Coster, and repeatedly afterward, during the first two days of his confinement, Coster was forced to fight for his own life. Then Coster's mania took a new turn, and one afternoon Hulse found him with a hammer and chisel, trying to cut away the walls of the lighthouse. That night the light suddenly stopped revolving, and its keeper ran to the lamp room, to find Coster with an ax, about to destroy the lenses. He fought his way into the room and saved the light, but from that time on, for the next three days, Coster worked, the brave keeper was forced both to guard the lenses day and night, and to fight many times for his own life, and finally, to the end of the period, another burden was laid on him. As Coster's delirium wore off, he became desirous of committing suicide, and when removed from the lighthouse, he wore self-inflicted gashes all over his neck, which only Hulse's faithful watchfulness had kept from becoming fatal. He was taken to a hospital.

HE TELLS THEM TO ASK THE I. O. F.

John J. Burns Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Had Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys—Says His Brother Foresters Can Tell All About It.

Danbury, P. E. I., Aug. 11.—John J. Burns, prominent member of the I. O. F., here, whose cure of Chronic Inflammation of the Loins and Kidneys caused a sensation some time ago, reports that he is still in splendid health. "Yes," says Mr. Burns, "my cure is entirely satisfactory. I have had no return of the disease. I have been a real man since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The doctor could not help me. I got so bad I could scarcely walk, sit or sleep. I was about to give up entirely, when a friend recommended me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I am in good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

For tickets apply to E. De La Hooke, G. T. R., or W. Fulton, C. P. R., Hamilton and Montreal Lines. Steamers leave Hamilton, 12 noon; Toronto, 7:30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Bay of Quinn's ports: Thousand Islands, Montreal, intermediate ports. LOW RATE, ABOVE LINE.

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GOING DATES: Aug. 29, 1905—Stations south of, but not including main line, Toronto to Sarnia (including Toronto).

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For pamphlet giving full particulars apply to nearest Canadian Pacific agent. W. FULTON, C. P. and T. A., London, Ont.; C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., C. P. B. Toronto, Ont.

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13 Million Packets Annually.
Sold only in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb.
BY ALL GROCERS.

A Shining Mark

Mr. Wood was easy-going and somewhat lax; but Clifford Raven was, though not unjustly so, strict and somewhat exacting. There would be no shirking work for the future in Wood's Quarry; and though the men rather grumbled at first, they grew reconciled to his rule, and liked him. They were not at all a bad set of men as a whole, but as yet there was always one black sheep in every flock, there was a black sheep in Wood's Quarry. He was one of the younger men, a fine specimen of humanity, tall and slim, with a dark face and black eyes, seemed to hint at gipsy blood; indeed, he was as often as not called "Frenchy" Vise.

This man had regarded Clifford's advent and sudden appointment as manager with anything but a favorable eye, and had withstood all Clifford's attempts to be friendly. He was a good workman when he chose; but, unfortunately, he was fond of the bottle, and once or twice Clifford had found him lying asleep in one of the out-of-the-way nooks and crannies of the place when he should have been at work.

On these occasions Clifford had spoken sharply and distinctly, and, of course, Frenchy Vise had hated him for it. But there was another reason for his dislike. Though he was only a laborer like the rest of the men, he had been near the spot from which Clifford had rescued her, and witnessed all that had passed between them subsequently.

He had seen the looks of gratitude and admiration which Nellie had cast upon her rescuer, though Clifford had not, and Frenchy Vise had not been able to forget them. They rankled in his silent, jealous heart like poisoned arrows, and so it came to pass that Clifford had an enemy already made in Wood's Quarry. Wherever he went, Vise's dark eyes followed him with sullen vindictiveness, and once or twice he had been near to mutter something that seemed like threats against the man "who had come from nobody knew where to play the slave-driver over honest workmen."

This morning Clifford had his mind too occupied even to think of Kate; for a large order for stone had come in the day before, which was wanted in a hurry, and Frenchy Vise had put on, and all were to work overtime.

He had been hard at work himself since dawn, and was now going round to see that quantity of stone had been quarried.

With his quick, bright glance, he leapt from rock to rock, measuring the heaps mentally, and exchanging a word with the men now and again.

Suddenly he seemed to miss one of them, and looking round, asked of the foreman who was near him: "Where is Vise?"

The man looked up and wiped his brow. "I don't know, sir. Haven't seen him for this last hour. Anybody seen Frenchy Vise?"

The men who were within hearing rested on their picks and shook their heads, and one or two smiled as they resumed their work.

Clifford's brow came together. "Damn that Vise!" said the foreman. "He's always skulking. Good workman, too, sir, when he likes, I expect he's on the drink again!"

"I can't stand that at any time," said Clifford, quietly, but loud enough for the others to hear. "I've given him my word that the order shall be done in time. You all know that, and you know that I have arranged that you shall have extra pay."

"Aye, aye, sir, that's so," said the men in their stolid fashion. "You'll find Vise in the east working, sir." Clifford turned and looked at the other man added in a lower tone, "Clifford, turn him away without another word, and went to the east working, and there, wrapped in peaceful slumber, with an empty bottle by his side, lay the missing man."

Clifford had been used to drunken miners, and knew how to deal with this gentleman. He stirred him up with his foot, and did not waste his breath in words until the man roused completely and sat up, staring at the rude dispenser of his dreams with a half-audible oath.

"Vise, if I were you, I should be ashamed of myself," said Clifford, sternly. "This is not the first time I've caught you skulking. What have you to say for yourself?"

The man rose and shook himself, eyeing the stern face viciously. "You have been drinking," said Clifford, pointing to the bottle. "For shame, man! Where would the quarry be, if all of us followed your example? You know I want this work done, and yet you lie here like a helpless pig—pledged your word!" retorted Vise, with a sharp sneer. "Anybody 'ud think this was Raven's Quarry, instead of Wood's!"

Clifford looked at him steadily. "I am not going to gratify you by quarrelling with you, Vise," he said. "Come, I've had to deal with your kind before now. You are a good workman and a rather a clever fellow; don't spoil it by being a fool as well. You know as well as I do that I am answerable for what goes on here, and that I'm not the sort of a man to stand by and see my employer robbed!"

"Robbed! Do you call me a thief?" snarled Vise, with an evil glare in his black eyes.

"Any man who steals his master's Ceylon Tea is a thief, my friend," said Clifford, quietly. "Now think that over and remember too, that this is your last chance. The next time I find you playing this trick it will be the last."

The man was sobered by the grave, stern voice, and stood, staring sullenly. "Oh! you'll sack me, will you?" he said.

"Most certainly," said Clifford, calmly. "As I would any man who behaved as you do. But I should be sorry to do that. We understand each other, I think."

"Yes, we understand each other," muttered Vise. "You've been my enemy ever since you came 't quarry, you interloper!"

"I'm no enemy of yours or any man's," said Clifford as quietly as before. "You have only two enemies, Vise—yourself and that!" and he picked up the empty bottle.

Vise stared, and a dark red stained his dusky cheek. "Give me that bottle!" he growled. "It's none of yours!"

Clifford laughed at the childishness of the request, and raised his hand to throw the bottle away. As if maddened by the gesture, Vise raised his pick and took a step forward; at the same moment, Clifford heard a cry of terror from behind him, and the next instant he saw and felt an arm thrown across his breast. Looking down in amazement, he encountered the pretty face of Nellie Wood; it was as white as death.

"The pick dropped harmlessly on Vise's hands, and with a smothered cry he stole past them, his eyes fixed on Nellie with a wild glance.

"Miss Nellie!" said Clifford, and he half put his arm round her waist to support her; for she leant against him now almost as if she were going to faint.

"With a little, spasmodic shudder she dropped to her knees, and, so they stood while one could count twenty. Then, still pale and trembling, she looked up at him and drew a long breath.

"Oh, Mr. Raven, what—what was he going to do?"

"Vise? Nothing, Miss Nellie," he said, with a smile. "But—but—" she said, with a shudder. "He was going to strike you! He had his pick raised!"

"Was it that that frightened you?" he said, laughing to reassure her. "He should be going to put it over his shoulder. Vise is rather theatrical in his movements, that's all."

She looked at him fearfully and doubtfully, and shook her head. "No, that was not all! Oh, Mr. Raven!"—she paused and pressed her hand to her bosom—"that man—he is a bad, violent man, you will take care, you will be careful!"

"Come, Miss Nellie," he said, smiling. "You are distressing yourself without any cause."

"No, I am not," she said, forgetting her natural timidity in her earnestness. "I have seen him—he is the most dangerous man in the quarry! I have heard my father say so; and he does not lie!"

"Do you think so? Why?" said Clifford, smiling still, and letting his hand drop from her waist, where it had remained until now.

Her head dropped, and a faint color came into her cheeks. "I—I don't know. But I am sure of it. I have seen him—he has looked at me, and you have not even known it."

"Have you?" said Clifford, rather surprised. "But I think it's only fancy on your part, and in any case don't make yourself uneasy about him; the poor fellow means no harm."

"I—I am not so sure of that. You will be careful—watchful, I mean?" she said. In her earnestness, she drew a little nearer to him, her eyes—deep violet, and very beautiful—seeking his imploringly. "It is such a solitary place this quarry," and she glanced round with a little shudder. "And you are so brave that you are sure to be careless—and he is a bad man, Mr. Raven."

"Miss Nellie," he said, lightly. "Now you are trying to make me believe you are afraid of him. By the way," he went on as they walked out of the working, "I am glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to me."

A swift blush suffused her cheeks, and she glanced up at him, then looked aside shyly. "My—my kindness, Mr. Raven?" she murmured.

"Yes," said Clifford. "It is to you I owe the comfort I enjoy at the cottage. It is wonderful how kind and homelike you have made it for me, and I am very, very grateful, believe me."

"Who told you? Ah! Jim!"

"Yes, Jim was the culprit," said Clifford. "But I should have guessed that it was you who had acted the kind and friendly to an unknown stranger and wanderer."

"Stranger! You forget," she murmured, almost indistinctly. "You saved my life!"

Dainty, Home-Made Ices and Creams

WITH THE NEW FREEZERS, ICE CREAM MAKING IS ROBBED OF ITS TERRORS.

Half a Dozen Ways for Serving—Most Popular Flavor of All, Vanilla—Various Ways of Introducing Cherries into Frozen Desserts.

From all over the land arises the cry for the favorite summer dish, ice cream. In reply, the city housewife orders by telephone from the caterer, or sends her own maid around the corner to the nearest candy shop for her frozen dessert. Her country or suburban cousin freezes her own cream, and the family takes their gains by the proceeding. High-priced city caterers offer a frozen custard to which cream has been added, the cheaper shops adulterate ingredients from milk to favoring, until the mixture ferments in anything but an absolutely healthy stomach.

Of the new kind of freezers, which enable the city housewife to make her own frozen desserts rapidly and inexpensively. She should remember that cream swells with freezing, and that at least half of the liquid should be scalded and cooled before the freezing is undertaken. To this half, she adds the rest of the cream beaten or whipped smooth.

Vanilla is not only the most popular flavor in ice cream, but it can be used as the foundation for many fancy desserts. Scald one cup of unskimmed milk and one cup of cream with one cup of sugar. Set away to cool thoroughly. When quite cold add two cups of whipping cream and vanilla to taste. Have ready plenty of ice which has been pounded in a burlap or canvas sack, for which purpose a wooden mallet with a short handle is best. Many women use the flat side of an axe and are exhausted by the task. A wooden mallet can be bought for a quarter.

Pour the mixture into the can, adjust the beater, fasten on the cap securely and pack with the crushed ice and rock salt. In the proportion of three parts of ice to one of salt, and the finer the ice the quicker the freezing. Have a reserve stock of crushed ice to fill up the freezer as fast as the first of melting. When the crank moves slowly, and heavily, wipe off the top of the can, and if the mixture is too thick, loosen it with a spoon. Remove the beater, take a long wooden ladle and beat the mixture until your arm aches.

This will give it a smooth, velvety finish. Put on the top, drive a cone firmly into the round opening in the center with old carpet or burlap and allow the cream to stand an hour or so before serving, as this mellows the flavor, packing with plenty of fresh ice.

Ice cream sandwiches make a dainty dessert. Bake an oblong loaf of sponge cake. When cold, cut in slices half an inch thick and make sandwiches, with a half-inch layer of the cream between two of the cake.

Raspberry Jelly with Cream Filling—Soak half a box of gelatine in a cup of cold water. Place over the fire a steaming containing one cup of sugar, a cup of water and the thinly pared rind of two lemons. Let this mixture simmer ten minutes. Lift out the lemon peel and add two pounds of fresh raspberries, stewing until the juice is strained out of the fruit. Strain this juice, but over the gelatine, making sure that the latter is thoroughly dissolved. When cool add a dash of maraschino cherry. If you use liquor in cooking, pour into a mold with a hollow in the center and set away to harden. Turn out on a platter and fill the hollow in the center with vanilla ice cream.

Chocolate Sauce for Serving with Vanilla Cream—Boil a cup of macaroons, dried and crumbled, with sugar, and the same quantity of water for five minutes and set aside to cool. In a double boiler melt one-fourth of a pound of unsweetened or baker's chocolate, add to this the sugar syrup and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir until standing over the hot water, then pour a little of the chocolate over each portion. The hot chocolate sauce made famous by Huyler is made as follows: Grate two ounces of chocolate, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of cream. Boil and four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Boil without stirring until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Serve at once over vanilla ice cream.

Cherry Sauce—Stem and stone two cups of cherries, and add the bruised kernels of half a dozen. Sweeten to taste and let this mixture stand for half an hour. Then bring to a boil, strain through a jelly bag and to every cup of juice add one teaspoonful of arrowroot wet in cold water. Cook this mixture five minutes, being careful not to burn, and set away to cool. Serve cold over vanilla ice cream. Peaches may be given preference for cherries, and use the same proportions of juice and arrowroot.

Cherries are plentiful in almost all markets and they make delicious frozen mixtures. For cherry ice, allow one quart of the fruit, stemmed, stoned and washed, and mash this thoroughly with two cups of sugar, add the juice of one lemon, strained, and one quart of cold water. If the cherry skins are not desired strain this mixture, but otherwise generally the pulp and skin are permitted to remain. Freeze as directed for vanilla ice cream.

Another recipe for cherry ice requires cooking as follows: Scald one quart of ripe cherries and squeeze out the juice as for jelly. Allow for each cup of this juice one cup of water and one cup of sugar. Boil the water and sugar together for five minutes, skin, cool and add the cherry juice and one-fourth of a cup of lemon juice. Freeze hard, and when setting top off each portion with a bunch of cherries with a leaf of the same.

Chocolate Frape—Place two squares or ounces of baker's chocolate into a double boiler. When it has melted add one quart of milk, which has been warmed slightly; two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cover and boil five minutes. Then whip with an egg beater until very smooth and set away to cool. Freeze as you would ice cream, until the mixture is soft and mushy. Whip the mixture with a fork until it is firm and smooth, and serve at once with whipped cream which has been sweetened with pulverized sugar and flavored delicately with vanilla.

When a hostess desires to carry out a color scheme in her midsummer fest, cover with old carpet or burlap and allow the cream to stand an hour or so before serving, as this mellows the flavor, packing with plenty of fresh ice.

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"Red Feather" Tea



Quoth Jack Canuck, "I proud to be Behind this here Red Feather Tea; So rich and fragrant in the cup, So free from dust, so well put up, It holds Dominion over me, And always will, I'll guaran-teea."

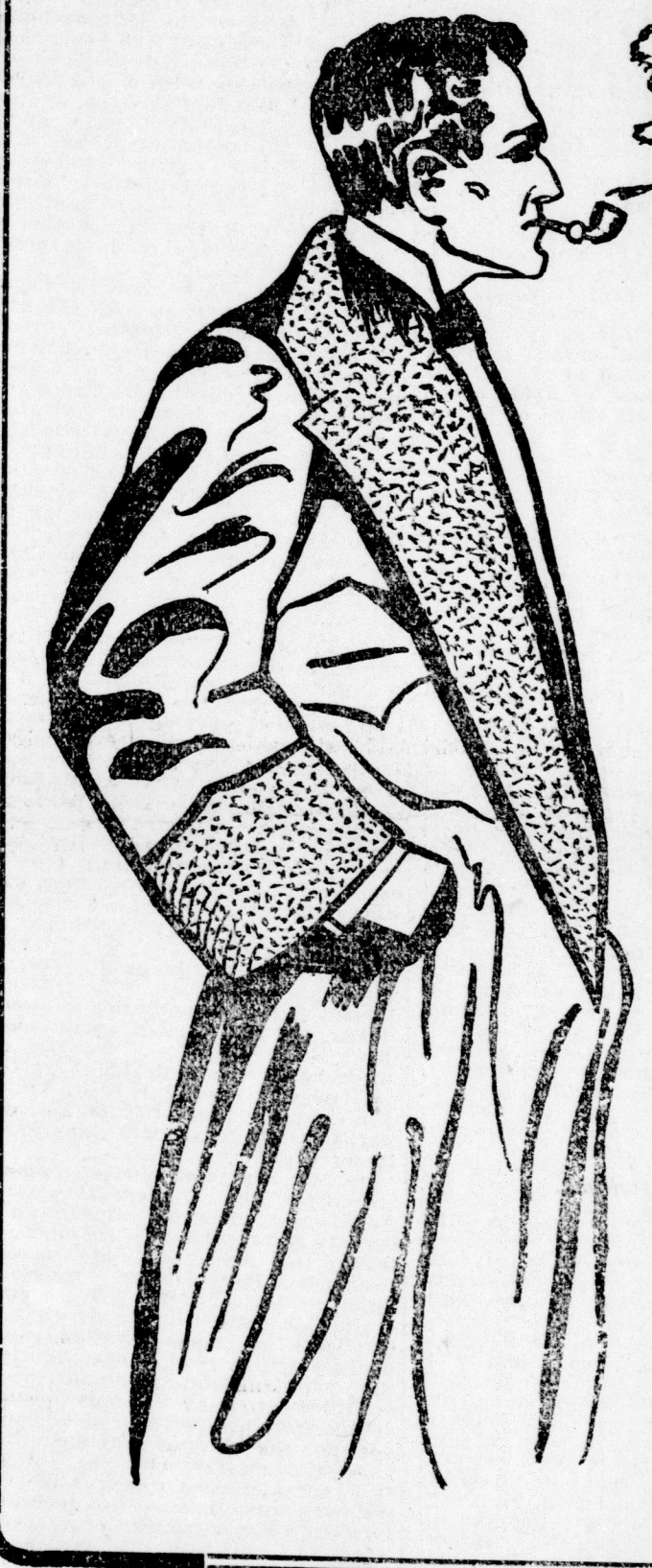
A Treat from Ceylon

One Price—40 Cents.

Write for Sample—Red Feather Tea Co., Toronto.

More Sherlock Holmes Stories

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE OF LOGICIANS AND DETECTIVES.



THE SERIES OF THIRTEEN Sherlock Holmes stories now running in the Saturday Advertiser will close today. Sir Conan Doyle has been offered enormous inducements to continue his fascinating narrative of the exploits of the great detective and has responded with thirteen new stories. The Advertiser, at considerable expense, has purchased the exclusive rights to these in a wide territory and will begin their publication on Saturday, Aug. 19. The Sherlock Holmes tales are among the most popular and attractive features ever offered Canadian newspaper readers. They are read with avidity by old and young, men and women. They are not sensational trash, but productions of real literary merit, and keen inductive logic. The new stories will appear as follows: August 19.—The Adventure of the Speckled Band. August 26.—The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb. September 2.—The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor. September 9.—The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet. September 16.—The Adventure of the Copper Beeches. September 23.—The Red Headed League. September 30.—A Case of Identity. October 7.—Silver Blaze. October 14.—The Yellow Face. October 21.—The Stockbroker's Clerk. October 28.—The Gloria Scott. November 4.—The Musgrave Ritual. November 11.—The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.

WHICH LOVES BEST, A MAN OR A WOMAN?

Helen Oldfield, in Chicago Tribune.

There be some subjects of never ending discussion, all the more so, it would seem, because they are such as can by no possibility be definitely decided one way or another. Among these unprofitable questions few are more vexatious, and constantly thrashed out than that: "Which loves best, a man or a woman?"

To this there would appear to be but one answer. Feelings cannot be measured excepting by results, and even this measure is but partial.

"We live together years and years, And leave unsounded still Each other's springs of hopes and fears."

Each other's depth of will. There are men and men, there are women and women, and as Helen Oldfield says, "Love is like lightning; it takes people differently." Some men love more deeply than other men, more devotedly than some women, and vice versa. It seems the fashion of late to insist upon analyzing feelings and emotions, to strive to grasp the impalpable, to discuss men and women as though they were of different species instead of one flesh, members, all of the same family. Humanity is much the same, male and female, if:

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady Are sisters under the skin."

So, also, the colonel and Patrick are brothers, and closely akin to their work. Love is, above all else, the "one touch of nature" which makes the whole world kin. Scout it, scorn it, deny it, as any man and some women may, nevertheless, it lies in wait for every one, and may, at any moment, arise to claim its own. Like the lightning it may fall to strike, but when it does there is no force upon earth equal to it, few which can resist its power.

It is the passion which most entirely sways human nature, gives its color to existence, dominates thought, inspiring and controlling moods of mind. Its aspects are so many, diverse, its changes so numerous, its influence so subtle and strong, so absolutely does it interpenetrate life, so vital is its effect upon humanity that preachers and teachers, poets and moralists have to this day failed to exhaust the subject. The contradictions which well afford material for a volume of commonplaces. At one time so wholly selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, at another it is self-sacrificing, and at another it will welcome

Again Selected To have its pines chosen again and again for the leading educational institutions in the country, is something that any firm should be proud of, and in this respect no manufacturers in this country have been so highly favored as the Williams Piano Co., Limited, of Oakville, Ontario. The Brampton Conservatory of Music has decided to adopt their famous instrument, and have ordered from the makers two choice New Scale Williams Pianos. The Williams Piano Co., 171 Dundas St. West, Toronto.

The greatest sacrifices with the spirit of a martyr, will yield everything and endure anything for the sake of the beloved. It is trustful, yet suspicious; it is humble, yet arrogant. One moment it is reverent and complaining, at another it pours forth praises and tender protestations, the next hour and smiling or singing, and the next it is weeping and expecting it nor what phase it may assume. All this applies as well to men upon which side, the balance sways in favor and disfavor of each. If Shakespeare wrote that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," none the less he drew Romeo; therefore, he declares men to be "deceivers ever." Byron, on the other hand, calls the love of a woman "a fearful thing," and in another defines it as her whole existence, and so, praise and dispraise might be multiplied indefinitely. Mrs. Browning and Miss Proctor may be classed as poet laureates of woman, to discuss men and women as though they were of different species instead of one flesh, members, all of the same family. Humanity is much the same, male and female, if:

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Babies Out Shopping.

"It is the will of the Lord," wails the mother when her little one is brought in mangled by a car. As a matter of fact, the will of the Lord in such cases is largely controlled by the watchfulness of the mother in a large city, where danger lies at every crossing.

It is not wilful neglect nor lack of love, but just thoughtlessness on the part of mothers who take their babies shopping with them, that has long been the marvel of the matrons in the last child departments of the large stores, and to the city police, to whom a toddling baby of a year or two, making its way alone on a crowded thoroughfare, is an everyday occurrence.

And this question of helpless little babies strapped in their go-carts or carriages and left on the sidewalk while the mother is making purchases within, is a tragedy of city life that is difficult to understand. No mothers in the world are more truly devoted and self-sacrificing than the American mother, and yet every day the papers are filled with little tragedies which can always be traced to the cause of carelessness.

Sometimes the infant is asleep when left, but bargains are engrossing, and

the minutes

Bargain Days in School Raiment

WARM-WEATHER CLOTHES WILL BE NEEDED WHEN SCHOOL OPENS.

Shepherd's Plaid With Scarlet Trimmings Will Be Worn by Both Boys and Girls for Wash School Garments, and the Sailer Suit Is Most Effective With Insignia and Tie of Scarlet.

[By Katherine Anderson.]

With the opening of school less than a month away, mothers study juvenile wardrobes with anxious eyes. What possibilities for first warm school days do those garments hold? Not much, if the youngsters have spent the summer in the country; yet it does not pay to buy fall things so early, besides which the mother must think of the child's feelings during those first hot days under schoolroom discipline. There will be many summerlike days before linens, ducks and crashes can be laid aside for the more sober woollen frocks.

The woman who is summing in town can face the problems of school clothes more easily than her sisters who still loiter by the sea or mountain stream, for the bargain days in shops catering to children are at hand. Summer togethery of all sorts is cut ruthlessly rather than carried over for another season.

Boys of the kindergarten and primary-school age will wear wash suits until October, and even later, with woollen reefer for chill mornings, so the wise mother looks first for bargains in these materials. Sailer and Russian blouse suits which sold in June for \$10 have dropped to \$7.50, or even \$5, while \$5 suits are cut to \$3.50 and \$2.50. Naturally the market is still flooded with the regulation "bargain suits" for boys, made from cheap material, stiff with dressing and sewed with stitches which pop open at the first suggestion of wearing. These are not cheap at any price.

Materials from which deft-fingered mothers still fashion the best-wearing garments of all are also greatly reduced. Piques, ducks, linens, crashes and galatea cloth which sold for 50 cents or more during the spring are now down to half the price. One provident mother of two boys of kindergarten age has bought a length of dark cloth (not navy) of good quality for 25 cents a yard, and is making it up for blouses, trimmed with white linen braid and pearl buttons. This being the best bargain she has induced a tailor to make up two pairs of wee trousers for each of the boys at 50 cents each. The wash trousers will be made up with a pattern of chilly mornings the boys will do woolen trousers.

The sailor suit is gaining rather than losing popularity, and the sailor boy who has been toggled out all summer in one-piece or two-piece linen suits built on the Russian blouse order, with white sailor's collar and "trimmings" is coming with effusion a school suit on simple sailor lines.

A pretty fall model shows a galatea cloth in black, with a wide white plaid, with shield and sleeve insignia done in scarlet. With this is worn a brilliant scarlet tie, dark red, dark blue and brown. The shirt is trimmed with white braid and white ornaments, while pretty suits are shown in all-white linen or a white ground, striped with dark blue, dark red or dark green, and made up with cuffs, sailor collar and belt of the dark-colored linen, stitched with white or trimmed with narrow, flat white braid.

With most of the sailor suits straight knee-length pants are worn, but with the Russian blouse the trousers are full, gathered at the waist, and held to the knee with rubber.

For early fall wear mothers who make blouses at home are using a non-shrinkable, fashionable pattern of weight, that will wash. This comes in gray, tan and dark blue, and the trousers can be ordered from a tailor, material provided of course.

Two blouses should be made for each pair of wee pants. Mothers who have the time to make their own blouses for their children, small boys insist that one home-made suit will outwear two ready-made suits, and the making is largely a matter of cutting and sewing. The pattern fits the child, the success of the garment depends upon its neat finish.

One wise mother who has not the gift of fashioning blouses for her boys never allows her youngsters to do a new suit, bought ready-made, until she has run up every seam between a foxhound and beagle, with the most powerful body and a beautiful blue and white coat, and a face alive with intelligence.

Such a beautiful big dog—a cross between a foxhound and beagle, with the most powerful body and a beautiful blue and white coat, and a face alive with intelligence.

Such things as he did for us at his master's word of command—things that would put to some any mere "trick dog" at a circus; and last of all Coonskin showed us that his dog was a "gentleman" for taking his wife by the shoulder, he pretended to make her hand about her, and in one bound the dog was at him, growling and showing his teeth, so that Coonskin hastily desisted.

A moment later he tried it on one of us, and the dog was at him again, and Coonskin told us that with the "blue dog" as a guardian, any woman was safe, for he would allow no man to touch her, and so, one by one, we shook hands with the "blue dog," who barked us a "good-night," and so we said "good-bye" to Coonskin and his dog.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

If you want to keep your children healthy all the year round, give them the hot weather months, give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will prevent all the troubles which are caused by the hot weather months, which carry off so many little ones during the hot summer months, or it will cure these troubles if they come on unexpectedly. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles, because it always does good, and one can never do harm, as it is guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. It is good for children at every stage from birth on upward, and will promptly cure all their minor ailments. Mrs. J. J. McFarlane, Aubrey, Que., says: "My baby was troubled with colic and indigestion. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and he promptly cured him. Now when he is a little out of sorts, I give him a dose of Tablets, and they promptly bring him back to his usual health." You can get the Tablets from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail for one cent a box by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

esqueeness to a school dress, and always pleases its little wearer. Pretty school dresses are evolved from a mercerized taffeta in black and white check, which is selling now for 12 and 23 cents per yard, according to the quality. Piped or good-looking set off by scarlet ornaments on the shield or on the sleeves, this makes a pretty sailor suit for a kindergarten girl. Some suitable patterns in challie are also offered for juvenile fall wear, and there is a marked revival of the apron custom.

Pretty summer frocks which mothers know will be outgrown ere next summer rolls round can be worked over into aprons. The Mother Hubbard or Katie Lee pattern, with a good cape over the shoulder, make the best of all patterns for school wear, and when the little girl finds that all her small friends are toggled out on the same practical fashion she will make no further objection to aprons.

A TEN-POUND NOTE.

My case may be an exceptional one, but at all events I am not in the least desirous of picking up any more Bank of England notes which do not belong to me. Of course, if I had been a dishonest man I should have pocketed the money and said nothing to anybody, but it so happens that I am not built that way. Consequently there appeared in one of the daily journals the following announcement:

"Ten pounds—Found in the city, on Tuesday last a 10 note. The owner can have it on giving the necessary particulars and paying for this advertisement. Apply, etc."

I further specified that I was to be seen from 11 to 12. The day the notice was published I got to my office at the usual time, about 10 o'clock, and found to my surprise a number of strangers awaiting my arrival.

I am first, sir," said a tall, half-pay captain-looking man, extra brushed up for the occasion. There was no mistake about his nationality; his accent proved that he was from the sister isle. "And that is my friend and old pal, officer, Captain Macgillivuddy," he added, introducing me to a counterpart of himself, "who will satisfy you that the note you have brought to your humble servant," at the same time handing me a card, on which I saw:

"CAPTAIN BARRY.
"Junior Army Club."

I beckoned to the two captains to follow me to my room.

When we were seated I said: "I am glad to hear that you have reached a conclusion at once if you tell me the number of the note."

"Oh, it is only the number you want; I don't care for the note," turning to me and raising his voice, he said, "I will inform you, sir, that I have never taken the number of a note in the whole course of my life, and I am sure that the note is yours."

"By giving you the word of an officer and a gentleman who has served his country in all parts of the world, if that is not enough I don't know what will satisfy you."

"There did you lose the note?" "Oh, there did I drop the bit of paper?" It would be somewhere near the bank, I'm thinking. To tell you the truth (this confidential friend here and my self came down to the city yesterday to have some turtle soup at Birch's, and the milk punch got a little better of us. You saw I had the note when I left Birch's."

"That I should think I did. You were going to take it to pay for the luncheon, was it?" "That is quite true," I said, "but as you saw yourselves, there are some things which I am not sure of. See whether any one of them can give me the correct number."

"I was astonished to see the ante-room was empty. The other claimants had disappeared, and my companion burst out laughing."

"They were quite right to vanish," said Birch. "I should like to expect from the note of my foot."

I asked the Irishman in again, and not without a considerable amount of reluctance, gave up the note.

During the day I had several other visitors, but none of them gave me the number of the note was not in any case stated I dismissed the former in summary fashion and paid no attention to the latter.

Between 5 and 6, when I thought of going home, I telephoned Mr. Esplanade, the troublesome note. It read as follows: "Pleased to hear you have found my note. Am on my way to see you."

"EDITH WARBURTON.
The sender of the telegram was soon called and summed up the facts of the case. "I am so glad it has been found," she said, "and I have paid away your note to a man who said it was his, and who brought a witness to prove it. I said, 'Oh, how could the note be his and mine too?' You had the number of your note, didn't you? I said, 'Certainly, here I am,' and handing him a scrap of paper."

She had the correct number of the note, and I had been done by the two Irishmen. I took nothing for it but to pay her another ten pounds.

One morning, a day or two afterwards, I received a visit from a city merchant whom I slightly knew.

"You have been finding a ten pound note," he said, "and I am so glad to hear of it. It will be a lucky thing for my clerk if yours is the one he says he lost."

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Millionaires' Wives Have No Vacations

WHEN THE WORLD IS VACATION BENT THEY WORK THEIR HARDEST.

DAY IN THE LIFE OF MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, WHO DRESSES FIVE TIMES DAILY.

When September Comes, She May Not Rest, But Must Take Her Way to Paris for More Gowns, and Then Through Round of English Sports, Working Her Way Back to Horse Show Week in New York.

In August, when the thoughts of the masses are centered on vacation days, the women of the millionaire class are working their hardest. In fact, it is the society woman who stands out just now pre-eminent as the member of her sex who knows no vacation. The deeper her purse the more arduous her mid-summer labors.

At Newport she must make more frequent changes of raiment than she does in town during the morning bath and the afternoon functions at the Casino. In her palace by the sea she must offer more unique entertainment than in the city, and during the winter season. It is at Newport that the daily parade of fashions is a sight worth seeing, and here that garden fests which represent fortunes in novelties and are the talk of two continents are given each year.

But, for the millionaires, the summer is not a time of idleness. It is a time of constant change, of new surroundings, of new people, of new experiences. It is a time of constant change, of new surroundings, of new people, of new experiences.

For two weeks out of fifty-two—yes, for the entire year—it represents boredom, physical nervous, mental exhaustion. Since last August the Newport matron has been doing the same thing over and over again. She has no more than the drawing-rooms of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington or Chicago, to the drawing-rooms of London. She has no more than the drawing-rooms of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington or Chicago, to the drawing-rooms of London.

Two weeks ago in Paris, spent in the fitting rooms of makers of modes, prepare her for a run over to England and Scotland, while the men have gone for the fall shooting. Here she must simulate, if she does not feel it, an interest in sport, and there will be shooting, breakfast afternoons, interminable English dinners and solemn country balls for her to grace.

November finds her back in New York, but not to remain. She may or may not open her city house. There are smart hotels in plenty to house her for the horse show week, and that is all which attracts her to New York. This week is marked by a series of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and box parties for which she reaches on or about the first of the new frocks for whose fittings she stood in Paris.

Christmas, and all December, for that matter, are spent out of New York, perhaps in Italy, where quite a smart American colony gathers to greet old Santa Claus. Jan. 1 finds her back in New York for a hard, brief whirl at opera, more dinners, more balls, more luncheons and more bridge. The New York season is shorter each year as society grows more restless. Once it closed with Lent, but Lent is now the gayest season of the year, spent among country homes and house parties, followed by the inevitable trip south to Palm Beach, Bermuda or the Bahamas.

After her dip in the ocean, for which she dresses with care, she makes a more sober toilet selected according to her taste and engagement. This may be some athletic event on the Casino grounds, a morning concert of which she is patroness, or the next engagement may be for luncheon. The afternoon may be marked by a garden fete, a reception, a Casino function or a more informal gathering for bridge. In any case she dons a suitable gown, and who shall not say that garden fete, and who shall not say that garden fete, and who shall not say that garden fete.

The afternoon engagement concluded she hurries home to dress for dinner and the evening's engagement, which may consist of bridge party, lawn fete, ball or private theatricals. This hour before dinner is supplied by the telephone, the time which she spends in her dressing room, and the time which she spends in her dressing room.

Of course, all this is done in a room cooled by breezes from the Atlantic and lighted by electricity. Electric fans may do their best, but the problem of the millionaire's wife is not exactly soothing to the nerves or cooling to the tired body.

After the social curtain falls for the night, she has "dropped" to bed. The amusing young man for whom she has been good enough to make room in her carriage she may order her coachman to take her for a drive along the water's edge or through the leafy lanes. This will be her one restful, quiet hour of the day, when she reaches home, daylight will be peeping into her window. A maid with a wonderfully built negligee and a cup of chocolate will be waiting for her. A cupid bath in a cold tub if she is much exhausted, and then rest in the vain hope of storing up enough nervous energy to see her gayly through another day.

THE STRAIN OF ENTERTAINING. When she plays the role of guest only, but she must entertain, and in her role of hostess she has much to do and plan, and the changes of gowns go on just the same.

As her summer functions are very elaborate, there are many tradespeople and theatrical managers who are summoned from New York for consultation. Caterers are interviewed in person and by long distance telephone, the unique refreshments may be served. Carpenters, electricians and decorators submit plans for a suitable background for the entertainment, all of which Mrs. Fish superintends in person. She is terse, businesslike and capacious in preparing her entertainments, but she always gets results which make even her own jaded acquaintances wake up.

Sunday is apt to be a strenuous day in Newport. To be sure, athletics, tennis to polo, are suppressed at the Casino grounds, and the elect make a day of going to church, but it is a heavy day for the hostess, because it is the day of exclusive functions at which she is expected to appear at her best. It is breakfast, luncheon, dinner or evening bridge. Men there are in plenty for the week-end, and their comfort must be conserved, their amusements must be provided, and they may not come down for the next week-end, and the social game without plenty of eligible men is not worth playing.

And so it goes until the harvest moon rises and wanes and the last dress has been worn until it is pronounced passe. The season is over and the society matron hies herself away—but not to rest.

THE BUSINESS TRIP ABROAD. She is off to Paris for more gowns. Her trip involves an ocean voyage, which once upon a time represented a business trip.

Don't Be Discouraged. Hay fever is curable, so is asthma. But you must use the proper remedy. Its name is Catarrhose. For absolute cure try Catarrhose—it never fails.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. The Best in Existence.

T. M. Wood, manager of the White County News, Bebe, Ark., is a representative southern business man who does not hesitate in expressing his good opinion of a well-known remedy. He says: "It gives me pleasure to recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, having used it myself and in my family with the best results. In fact, I believe it to be the best remedy of the kind in existence."

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THE DEPENDABLE TWO-PIECE SUIT AND CAP.

seven days or more of solid rest. Now the cabin de luxe and bridge boat have done away with this. The smart traveler may take all her meals in her richly-furnished stateroom, but she dresses for them religiously and plays the bridge with fellow-devotees until the same late hour at which she retired in town or at Newport.

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or more to rest in the sanatorium of a noted facial specialist in Paris, whither American women swarm to have their faces skinned as a means of removing the evidences of social strenuousness—and boredom. Mrs. Fish does not believe in beauty doctors, but the skinning process is a blessing to other tired women in more ways than one. During the fortnight, while the new skin is forming they must be absolutely alone. They can neither talk nor smile. Their faces must be in absolute repose and so the tired body and nerves rest also.

DETAILS OF A SUMMER DAY. Even in midsummer there is one member of the society woman's household staff whose presence must be reckoned with—and that is the house seamstress. She it is who makes over the elaborate gowns which can be worn in public only once, twice or thrice. These she converts into house frocks and negligees, and she has the ear of her mistress above all other servants. It is she who utilizes all the rich fabrics, rare bits of lace and extravagant scraps of trimming to make the Parisian outfit reappearing in a most deceptive if charming guise.

The housekeeper of the society woman's menage also secures an occasional audience, but she is expected to oil the wheels without disturbing the woman deep in the social game. If she has attended social prominence, she will find some woman who can.

And last but not least come interruptions in the form of charities. The summer colonist is expected to do much for the local church and its beneficiaries. This is particularly true of social climbers. And many women there are who have attached social prominence, yet do charitable deeds from a sense of pure pleasure.

Mrs. Fish practically supports a church near her summer home at Garrison, N. Y., and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont devotes \$5,000 a year to unostentatious work among the poor. Both are well-trained nurses, who know how to look up deserving cases and are regularly on their feet.

Such is the summer vacation of the millionaire's wife—a round of pleasure that has long since ceased to please, a flurry of entertainments which have long since ceased to amuse.

HER COUNTRY LOVER

BY FRANK M. SWEET.

"Thank heaven," said Mrs. Chester Allyn, as she folded the letter and allowed the wrinkles to smooth from her forehead for the first time in six weeks. Beatrice, you may begin to pack. We leave tomorrow. The country just now is abominable."

Beatrice, from the other side of the fireplace, looked at her mother inquiringly.

"There is the Roscoe dinner, mamma," she suggested.

"Don't be silly, child," impatiently. "We can send regrets to the Roscoes. Remember, the Governor's reception comes off next week, and we are sure to have invitations if we return to the city. Then there is the Van Wert's marriage and the horse show and the afternoon drives on the avenue. Beatrice, it is straight Providence you get your hands in."

"The Goodwins have their picnic Friday," said Beatrice incontinently.

"The Goodwins! Mrs. Chester Allyn raised her hands in amazement at such frivolity. "Child, child! haven't you any sense of fitness? Don't you know it's on Friday the Governor's reception comes off? Count Bernstein will be there, and an ill-suppressed eagerness appearing in her voice, 'at your feet again. You mustn't goad him too far, Beatrice.'"

The girl tapped her foot impatiently. "Count Bernstein is a fool," she said. "Count Bernstein is a nobleman," her mother retorted, "and besides that, he is not impetuous, like most foreigners. Even your father admits he has a nice property."

"Papa also agrees with me in his being a fool. But don't let's quarrel, mamma. The little count is a great deal. And I really think I must stay over for the picnic."

Mrs. Chester Allyn rose in sudden agitation, then sat down. "You had better, whether it be breakfast, luncheon or dinner," she protested, "mad! mad! Count Bernstein isn't a good natured man at best, and you've been keeping him at a distance for a year. Remember, wealthier girls than you are ready to become Countesses of Bernstein."

"They have my best wishes, mamma. But really, you know I promised the Goodwins—and I am 20 years old. I never have forgotten how you once punished me for breaking a promise when I was a little girl."

"That was different," shortly. "You are the most incorrigible, inconsiderate, obstinate, selfish girl I have ever seen. Beatrice, you have been the envy of all the girls in your set for a year, and now you are ready to jeopardize what success you haven't already let slip through your fingers for a whim you don't care a button about, except to irritate me. What does an invitation to the Goodwins amount to, anyway? It will not even be necessary to send regrets, as to the Roscoes. Send. Goodwin will be around in the morning."

with vegetables and milk for us, and you can tell him it will not be counted. I'll be there Friday. If he seems disappointed, buy a can of extra quarts of milk from him, or something."

"Mamma!"

"Oh, yes, I know," irritably. "They're good enough neighbors, in their way, while one is obliged to live in the country. It's pleasant to go out under their big elms and eat ice cream and strawberries and drink milk. But they're only poor, peddling farmers, Beatrice. Mrs. Goodwin does all her own work and milks the cows. They're honest, I suppose, and kind-hearted; but it's absurd for you to think of giving up the Governor's reception to keep from hurting the feelings of some ignorant farmers. And it's not being nice to me, child."

"They have sent



Little-noticed but Injurious Habits



Incorrect and Ugly

Ways in Which Racked Nerves, Stopped Shoulders and Near Sightedness May Be Avoided

I WONDER how many women who are "all nerves" realize that much of their trouble is due to certain little everyday habits that pass un-noticed, but are none the less injurious. For instance, the manner of sitting. The average woman assumes a strained and incorrect position at all times, sitting, standing or lying down.

Don't sit with the shoulders drawn forward, one shoulder higher than the other, and your head bent down until the shape of your vertebral column resembles the letter C.

Another bad fault is slouching down in your chair until you are literally sitting on the end of the spine.

Not only should "grown-ups" look to their own bad habits, but they should watch closely the small children with whom they come in daily contact and try to keep them from acquiring injurious habits. Children should be prevented from their particular failing as much as possible at once, and it is worth while to give up a few weeks to the cure, just as you would if they were suffering from a childish disease—measles or mumps, for instance.

The problem is made particularly difficult in that frequently we find them established before we have really noticed them.

One day we see a child pulling his lips into queer shapes, and another that is

forever putting his finger into his mouth; while another will suck everything he can, such as the end of a handkerchief, the sheet on his cot, or the sleeve of his pinafore.

They are very little things in themselves, but they should be checked, otherwise serious results may follow.

One of the most important points to notice is the child's sitting position. Improper position assumed in sitting at desks, or in standing, have combined to produce among our school children a set of physical ills that have come to be

known by the generally accepted term of "school room" deformities.

To be convinced that this evil is a serious and growing one, and one that should be checked at once, and with a strong hand, in the interests of future generations, it is only necessary to visit a school room and watch the scholars.

There is no doubt that children learn at first by imitation; and for this reason, as well as for our own good, we should be careful not to form injurious habits, particularly those of standing and sitting badly.

Inducing Near-sightedness

Really Restful and Charming

The Reason She Has the Backache

BIG AND TOO DARK FURNITURE BAD FOR HEALTH

FURNITURE can be unhealthful in many ways if too dark, it is depressing to the vitality. If too large, it takes up valuable air space. Generally, it is a great refuge for dust. Now, we get a very large proportion of our disease through dust, and it is therefore essential to do everything that we can to prevent its accumulation.

The tops of bookcases and wardrobes are usually bordered by cornices, and become what might be called lakes of dust. Here the deadly microbes breed and multiply, ultimately finding their way into our bodies.

These danger places should be covered with strong paper, pasted to the edges of the cornice, and then it would be easy to remove the dust on each room-cleaning day. Great care should be taken to sweep the dust from the balanced beds and heavy pieces of furniture.

Heavy, thick curtains should be often taken down and well shaken in the open air. And if possible they should have no place in the sleeping rooms. All corners, especially dark ones, should be cleaned with a damp cloth. Dusting thoroughly, and rub in a little vasoline or damp cloth, which should be washed frequently. It is better to burn dust, for if thrown in the air it is liable to be blown again into the house.

Children under 18 months of age should not be given bread and butter, except in very small quantities. When given, the bread should be as thin as possible. Children under 2 years of age are generally better without any meat, though gravy or beef tea may be given with vegetables for dinner. No feeding between meals should ever be allowed.

Bad for the Shoulders

SICK ROOM WORK MADE EASIER; AID FOR THE NURSE

IT IS often a great strain to a nurse to raise a person in bed to a sitting posture when he is unable to help himself. But this will be lessened if the patient puts his right arm round the nurse's neck while her right arm supports his shoulders. The nurse then leaning backward need make but little effort, and with practice will be able to raise the patient with ease.

Frequent bathing brings great refreshment, and acts both as a cure and antidote in the case of feverish symptoms. The water should be tepid for the face and hands and warmer for the rest of the body. The patient should be unclothed only a little at a time, and not allowed to make any exertion.

When the invalid is lying in bed a foot-bath may be given under the bedclothes, and often proves soothing, and will even induce sleep when other remedies prove of no avail. The patient, lying on the back, bends the knees up, and the feet are then immersed in the foot-bath up to the ankles. To dry them a towel is held above the foot-bath, and the feet are received in its folds while the bath is withdrawn.

In illness no detail is unimportant that can add to the comfort of the sufferer in the slightest degree. Crumbs in the bed are among the minor miseries, and to remove them there is nothing better than a whisk-broom. When fanning a sick person the action should be performed with regularity.

GOOD QUALITIES OF SALT

Besides being an essential part of the culinary art, salt has many other uses perhaps not generally known. Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt water is very efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes after by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens the gums, makes the teeth white and sweetens the breath. Salt added to the water in which cut flowers stand keeps them fresh. Salt used dry, in the same manner as snuff, will do much to relieve colds, hay fever, etc. Salt in warm water, if used for bathing tired feet, will be found very refreshing. Salt and water will stop hemorrhage from tooth extraction.

Relief From Your Blemishes—Valuable Hints By Mrs. Henry Symes

Thin Cheeks

Would you like me to show you how to massage the face to fill out the cheeks? Do you think five or six times over each cheek surface? I am sure lotion for premature wrinkles, which you gave me prescription for, want to ask you how and when I should apply it.

To make thin cheeks plump, rub a good skin food in with the following movements: To treat the right cheek place the thumb of the left hand just beyond the corner of the mouth on the left cheek as a brace. Make rotary

movements upward and outward, beginning at the corner of the mouth, and making three diverging lines of manipulation over the cheek. With the right hand treat the left cheek. About six times over each cheek is sufficient.

Use the lotion for premature wrinkles once a day.

Wants Hair to Grow

You have helped others; I know you can help me. My hair is very short, indeed, so short, I cannot braid it in one braid behind, but have two little, small braids two inches

long. Now, Mrs. Symes, what I want is a good tonic that will cause my hair to grow long, thick and rapidly.

How many bottles of Dr. Vancaine's hair tonic do you have to use before you notice your hair is enlarging?

I have used your hair tonic. It has thickened my hair, but it has not grown any longer. When you send me another bottle, try the quinine hair tonic; it has caused rapid growth of hair in many instances. It is impossible to say how

long before you will notice results from taking the Vancaine remedy. The time varies greatly in different cases. Don't be too impatient, as I am sure you will get results in a reasonable length of time.

Quinine Hair Tonic.

Sulphate of quinine, 1 dram; rosewater, 8 ounces; diluted sulphuric acid, 15 minims; rectified spirits, 2 ounces. Mix, then further add glycerine, 3 ounces; essence roseate or essence musk, 2 or 3 minims. Agitate until solution is complete. Apply to the roots every day.

Wants Curly Locks

Kindly give me in next week's paper, if possible, a formula for my hair. It is as straight as a bodkin when I curl it, it hardly lasts a day. Please give me a hair formula to keep my hair curly (wavy) always.

I know of nothing that will make the hair permanently curly, but am giving you formula for a harmless curling.

Solution to Keep Hair Curled.

Take of gum arabic, 1 ounce; good moist sugar, 1/2 an ounce; pure hot water, 3 pint. Dissolve. When this solution is cold add alcohol, 3 fluid ounces; bicarbonate of mercury and salicylic acid, 6 grains each. The before admixture. Lastly, add enough water to make the whole measure one pint. Perfume with Cologne, lavender water, or Moisture the hair with the fluid before putting it in rollers or pins.

Face Too Fat

My face is entirely out of proportion to the rest of my body. Have a slender, but good figure. Kindly tell me if anything can be done to reduce flesh on my face.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. Massage your face night and morning, using hard, firm pressure. A few drops of benzoin in the water used for washing will also help to reduce the superfluous fat.

Ruddy Nose

Would you kindly give me some formula for red nose? My nose becomes very red in the least heat or heat. I am a healthy girl, and cannot think what is the cause of this. Hope I may see in next week's paper some formula to help this affliction.

For this you must diet. Eat nothing greasy for a while. While you are doing this you must bathe the nose thoroughly, but without pressure, with warm water in which there is a little of the tincture of benzoin. The proportion should be as ten drops to a quart of water. For a daily wash use powdered borax and rosewater. Take a tablespoonful of borax and half a pint of rosewater. Use nightly.

Hair Split at Ends.

Before using any dye the hair should be freed from grease by a thorough shampoo.

Treatment for Pimples

Will you give me, through your column, a remedy or lotion for the removal or absorption of small white, hard pimples on the face? I have had them for years, and once some years ago under the eyes, and they have spread to both sides of the nose. They itch continually, and are very hard. They do not seem to be any substance in them, just a hard little spot. I shall be very glad to hear of any remedy that will overcome this trouble. Yours faithfully,

BLANCHE A. H.

Have the ends of your hair carefully trimmed, and try using the quinine tonic for awhile. To keep your hands thoroughly clean, wash them dry thoroughly, and rub in the following mixture: Put into a bottle two ounces of glycerin, two ounces of water, four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a few drops of carbolic acid. Shake well before using.

To Clear the Complexion

I am a constant reader of your health and beauty corner, and will kindly ask you to help me. I always had a lovely complexion, until lately; my face is getting all chapped and dry. I would like to know what to do that would restore my complexion to its former beauty. Trusting that I am not imposing on your good nature, I am, your devoted reader,

GOLDIE M.

The orange flower cream is a skin food, and will not remove pimples. To clear your complexion rub the face over first before washing it with two teaspoonfuls of flower of sulphur mixed in half a pint of milk. This mixture should stand a little while before it is used on the face.

To Stain the Hair Dark

Please give me a stain for my hair. It is of dark amber. A stain that will make it very dark, and not thin, as my hair is thick. Am a reader of your column, and hope to see it in next week's paper. F. L.

Walnut Stain for the Hair. Four ounces of walnut skins beaten to a pulp, to which is added pure alcohol, 16 ounces. Let stand eight days and strain. Before using any dye the hair should be freed from grease by a thorough shampoo.

Wart on Her Nose

Please answer the following queries at your earliest convenience: 1. What will remove a wart from the side of the nose? 2. What is the cause and cure for falling hair when the scalp is clean and the hair falls out? 3. What is the cause and cure for the hair to fall out when the hair falls out? 4. Try touching the wart with a silver nitrate stick. If this does not cause it to disappear, try the application for which I am giving you the formula below.

There is often a natural falling of the hair in spring and fall, but this is scarcely perceptible. Hair never falls to excess without reason. The tendency to split and break is also an indication of a disordered scalp. In some cases this is the result of an internal trouble, and you may need a tonic to build up your whole system. Have the ends of your hair thoroughly singed or trimmed, and then apply the lotion for which I am giving you formula.

Wart Ejector. Sublimed sulphur, 120 grains; glycerin, 5 fluid drams; acetic acid, 1 fluid dram. Apply rapidly for several days. The wart then dry up and drop off.

For Falling Hair.

Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil

ADVANTAGES OF THE PUNCHING BAG

By Dr. Emma E. Walker.

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THE problem of indoor exercise for girls is solved by the use of the punching bag, otherwise known as the striking bag. By the use of this apparatus every muscle of the body is brought into play. The thin girl grows plump from development of her muscles; and the stout girl grows thin because the extra fats are burned up and waste matter is quickly cast off.

The form is greatly improved by the daily use of one of these bags. Lightness of foot, a springy step, and a graceful poise are developed even to a greater degree than by means of dancing lessons. The weak trunk muscles are strengthened so that the amateur athlete holds herself straight with ease and comfort. The size of the waist and abdomen are reduced.

I know of one girl whose neck was so thin that she could not wear a low-necked gown, but after six months of this exercise her neck muscles have developed charmingly. Another girl whose lungs were very delicate now has a splendid chest capacity as well as hard, firm muscles.

Although this exercise is generally indulged in indoors, still you can so arrange as to have plenty of fresh, outdoor air in the room, being careful not

to let the object of her exercise, as girls well know, is to make the blood circulate freely, in order to give new life to all the tissues and to carry off quickly all of the old waste material. Bag punching will accomplish this result as well as any other sport that I know.

Devotion to this exercise will bring about a velvety complexion, or, at least, ideal by the use of the punching bag if there is fresh air in your room as it can by any other means.

Many cases of dyspepsia and "the blues" have been vanquished by the use of this exercise. You need no opponent, and can play at any time by yourself. You depend only upon your self for a game. You can play as fast as you choose.

The motions come to you naturally; you need no instructor. You will not injure yourself in any way by the exercise. When you get tired, just stop and rest.

The bag should hang about at a level with the shoulders, then you must needs strike straight out at that height. This stroke calls into play more muscles than any other. If you hit the bag a little above the center it will not rebound, and your nose will thus be spared many

kind of bag, as there is a great variety. You will need also a pair of light knuckle gloves.

Strolling Club for Girls.

Now that the warm days are at hand, "Strolling Clubs" will again become popular. Last fall this pastime was much enjoyed, particularly by the girls of Baltimore and Boston. And this was the plan: A party of girls, in number from four to ten, agreed upon some place, generally the home of a friend, as the objective point for a stroll, and in the early afternoon walked several miles out into the country. A light luncheon, prepared by the hostess or carried out by the girls, was served, and the party walked back again to the city in time for dinner.

In some cases, especially if the distance were great, the walk was limited to going out, and the return made in the trolley cars. Like everything else, the capacity for walking increases with practice. Do not be too ambitious at first, but begin with a short jaunt, then gradually increase the distance till you can rival your English sister, who often thinks nothing of a twenty-mile "stroll."

For the girls who are engaged during the day, and who cannot take the afternoon walk, there is another plan which has been tried with equal success. They take the walk after dinner in the cool of

one of the most valuable and attractive exercises, but the latter quality certainly often depends upon the associations at the time, for nothing is more stupid than the old-fashioned "constitutional."

Bowling.

Bowling is another vigorous game, and you must be careful in indulging in any exercise of this kind not to strain or overexert yourself. Be sure that you are in good physical condition before undertaking any of these sports. Bowling brings in the twisting of the trunk, which, when properly performed, is so beneficial to the functions of the internal organs.

Skating.

Among the winter sports are skating, speed skating, and tobogganing. The first two give practice in the delicate balancing of the body. Skating especially will cultivate grace. After skating is once learned it is supposed never to be forgotten. All of these exercises are especially advantageous in that they are taken in the open air when it is crisp and fresh. They all involve vigorous exercise.

We hardly realize in this country what a delight these pastimes are. It is a delight these pastimes are. It is a delight these pastimes are. It is a delight these pastimes are.

XIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND STAIN.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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the embassies are often strained." The Prime Minister nodded his acquiescence.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Holm. He would take so valuable a prize headquarters with his own hands. I think that your course of action is excellent one. Meanwhile, Hope, I can not neglect all our other duties about this one misfortune. Should there be any fresh developments during the day we shall communicate with you, and you will no doubt learn the results of your own inquiries." The two statesmen

When our illustrious visitors had departed Holmes lit his pipe in silence and sat for some time lost in the deepest thought. I had opened the morning paper, and was immersed in a sensational crime which had occurred in London the night before, when my friend gave an exclamation, sprang to his feet, and laid his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he, "there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now, if we could be sure which of the

taken it, it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hand. After all it is a question of money with these fellows, and I have the British treasury behind me. If it's on the market I'll buy it—if it means another penny on the income tax. It is conceivable that the fellow might ho-

AIN, BUT IT DOESN'T CORRE

t back to see what bids come from
t his side before he tries his luck on the
ther. There are only those three
apable of playing so bold a game —
here are Oberstein, La Rothiere, and
duardo Lucas. I will see each of
em."

"Is that Eduardo Lucas, of Godol-
hin street?"

"Yes."

"You will not see him."
"Why not?"
"He was murdered in his own house last night."
My friend has so often astonished me in the course of our adventures that I was with a sense of exaltation that I realized how completely I had astonished him. He stared in amazement, and then snatched the paper from my hands. This was the paragraph which I had been engaged in reading when he rose from his chair.

MURDER IN WESTMINSTER.

A crime of mysterious character was committed last night at 16, Godolphin

pet, one of the old-fashioned and secluded rows of eighteenth century houses, and the Abbey, across the river and the great Tower of the Houses of Parliament. This small but select patron has been inhabited for some years by Mr. Edmond Langens, well known in society circles both on account of his charming personality and because he has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best amateur actors in the country. Mr. Langens is married man, 34 years of age, and his establishment consists of Mrs. Langens, an elderly housekeeper, and of a maid, a French girl, who receives the letters and scraps at the top of the stairs. The valet was out for the evening, visiting a friend at Hammersmith,

house to himself. And Mr. Lucas had
saying that time has not been trans-
ferred, but at a quarter to twelve, about
George-Constable Barrett, passing along
Dolphin street, observed that the
door of No. 16 was ajar. He knocked,
but received no answer. Perceiving a
light in the front room, he advanced
to the passage and again knocked,
but without reply. He then pushed
open the door and entered. The room
was in a state of wild disorder, the
furniture being all swept to one side,
and one chair lying on its back in the
center. Beside this chair and still
gasping one of its legs lay the un-
fortunate tenant of the house.

You Are Ailing.

Not quite sick—but robbed of ambition to work—find it hard to think clearly, but bad enough for life. Per-
fetto dull. There is a remedy—Per-
fetto, but quickly lifts that half-
dead feeling. Gracious, better
makes you feel good; it sharpens
the duldest appetite, makes it keen as

BLOOD? Ferreroze makes lots of it.
It is a rich nourishing kind that vitalizes
the whole body. You'll be wonderfully
strengthened, more energetic,
and vigorous after using
Ferreroze. Broyant health, surplus
reserve energy all come from



Sore Muscles
Sprains, Strains
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Good for
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Test
Head
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Pain
Pain

For over FIFTY years this wonderful Remedy has proved itself the safest and surest antidote for pain in the world.

In every family this invaluable Sore Muscles Remedy should be kept on hand.

no remedy for all inflammatory diseases would be constantly kept on hand. The expense is a mere trifle, and saves more than twenty times the amount in doctors' or druggists' bills.

Roadway Square, New York **SAVADAY**

"If he said so, I certainly can not deny it."

"Of what nature are they?"

"Nay, madam, there again you ask me more than I can possibly answer."

"Then I will take up no more of your time. I can not blame you, Mr. Holmes, for having refused to speak more freely, and you on your side will not. I am quite your obedient servant."

"Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department," said Holmes, with a smile, when the dwindling fro-u-frou of skirts had ended in the slam of the front door. "What was the fair lady's game? What did she really want?"

"Surely her own safety," I replied.

"Hum! Think of her appearance, Watson — her manner, her suppressed excitement, her restlessness, her tenacity in asking questions. Remember that she comes of a caste who do not lightly show emotion.

"She was certainly much moved."

"Remember also the curious earnestness with which she assured us that it was best for her husband that she should know all. What did she mean by that? And you must have observed, Watson, how she maneuvered to have the light at her back. She did not wish us to read her expression."

"Yes, she chose the one chair in the room."

"And yet the motives of women are so inscrutable. You remember the woman at Margate whom I suspected for the same reason. No powder or her pose—that proved to be the correct solution. How can you build on such a quicksand? Their most trivial action may mean volumes, or their most extraordinary conduct may depend upon a hairpin or a curling tongs. Good morning, Watson."

"You are off?"

"Yes, I will while away the morning at Godolphin street with our friends."

The regular establishment. With Eduardo Lucas lies the solution of our problem, though I must admit that I have not an inkling as to what form it may take. It is a capital mistake to theorize in advance of the facts. Do you stay on guard, my good Watson, and receive any fresh visitors. I'll join you at lunch if I am able."

All that day and the next and the next Holmes was in a mood which his friends would call taciturn, and others morose. He ran out and ran in, smoked incessantly, played matches on his violin, sank into reveries, devoured sandwiches at irregular hours, and hardly answered the casual

which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say nothing of the case, and it was from the papers that I learned the particulars of the inquest, and the arrest with the subsequent release of John Mitton, the valet of the deceased. The coroner's jury brought in the obvious "Willful Murder," but the parties remained as unknown as ever. No motive was suggested. The room was full of articles of value, but none had been taken. The dead man's papers had not been tampered with. They were care-

ly examined, and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, an indefatigable gossip, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter writer. He had been on intimate terms with the leading politicians of several countries. But nothing sensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. As to his relations with women, they appeared to have been promiscuous but superficial. He had many acquaintances among them, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. His habits were regular, his conduct inoffensive. His death was an absolute mystery.

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the alet, it was a council of despair as an alternative to absolute inaction. But a case could be sustained against him, he had visited friends in Hammermith that night. The alibi was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster before the time when the crime was discovered, but his own explanation that he had talked part of the way seemed probable enough in view of the fineness of the night. He had actually arrived at 10 o'clock, and appeared to be over-

He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man's possessions — notably a small case of razors — had been found in the male's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Milton had been in Lucas' employment for three years. It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Milton on the continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris for three months on end, but Milton was left in charge of the Godolphin rect house. As to the housekeeper, she told him that she had never

So for three mornings the mystery remained, so far as I could follow it in the papers. If Holmes knew more, he kept his own counsel, but, as he told me, that Inspector Lestrade had taken me into his confidence in the case, I knew that he was in close touch with every development. Upon the fourth day there appeared a long telegram from Paris which seemed to solve the whole question.

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WILSON'S

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KILL THEM ALL
AVOID POOR IMITATIONS

**Get the Doctor
Quick!**

When accidents happen in the home or on the job, the best remedy is **Extraction—the old family doctor**. Always ready—always sure—any time, day or night. A bottle on the shelf—ready—always sure—the old family medicine house. When pain racks the body it relieves and cures. Irritations are relieved, wounds healed. **Extraction** is pure, powerful, priceless.

Sold only in sealed bottles under staff wrapper.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

Compelled to close their places, the Chambers of Portland, Ore., are trying to buy a tract of land at Millwauke 30 minutes from Portland, across the line in Clatskanie County, with the intention of establishing a "Monte Carlo Casino."

Only by the SE who have had experience in this line.

THERE IS A SECOND STAIN, BUT IT DOESN'T CORRESPOND WITH THE OTHER

Telegraph, "which raises the veil which hung round the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who met his death by violence last Monday night at Godolphin street, Westminster. Our readers will remember that the deceased gentleman was found stabbed in his room, and that some suspicion attached to his valet, but that the case broke down on an alibi. Yesterday a lady, who has been known as Mme. Henri Fournay, occupying a small villa in the Rue Austerlitz, was reported to the authorities by her servants as being insane. An examination showed she had indeed developed mania of a dangerous and permanent form. On inquiry, the police have discovered that Mme. Henri Fournay only returned from a journey to London on Tuesday last, and there is evidence to connect her with the crime at Westminster. A comparison of photographs has proved conclusively that M. Henri Fournay and Eduardo Lucas were really one and the same person, and that the deceased had for some reason lived a double life in London and Paris. Mme. Fournay, who is of Creole origin, is of an extremely excitable nature, and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy. It is conjectured that it was in one of these that she committed the terrible crime which has caused such a sensation in London. Her movements upon the Monday night were not yet traced, but it is undoubtedly that a woman answering to her description attracted much attention at Charing Cross Station on Tuesday morning by the wildness of her appearance and the violence of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, that the crime was either committed when insane, or that its immediate effect was to drive the unhappy woman out of her mind. At present she is unable to give any coherent account of the events of the night, and holds out no hopes of the re-establishment of her reason. There is evidence that a woman, who might have been Mme. Fournay, was seen for some hours upon Monday night watching the house in Godolphin street."

"What do you think of that, Holmes?" I had read the account aloud to him, while he finished his breakfast. "My dear Watson," said he, as he rose from the table and paced up and down the room, "you are most long-suffering, but if I have told you nothing in the last three days it is because there is nothing to tell. Even now this report from Paris does not help us much."

"Surely it is final as regards the man's death."

"The man's death is a mere incident—a trivial episode—in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the Government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter had been lost, it can't be lost—but if it isn't lost, where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did this mad wife of his carry it off with her? If so, is it in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the police having their suspicions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion, it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Hallo! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow, chestered house, prim, formal, and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly with a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained, save an ugly, irregular stain upon the carpet. This carpet was a small square rug in the center of the room, surrounded by a broad expanse of beautiful, old-fashioned wood-flooring in square blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one of which had been used on that tragic night. In the window was a sumptuous writing-desk, and every detail of the apartment, the pictures, the rugs, and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was luxurious to the verge of effeminacy.

"Seen the Paris news?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes nodded.

"Our French friends seem to have touched the spot this time. No doubt it's just as they say. She knocked at the door—surprise visit, I guess, for he kept his life in water-tight compartments—he let her in, couldn't keep her in the street. She told him how she had traced him, reproached him, one thing led to another, and in the end, danger so handy the end soon came. It wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chairs were all swept over yesterday, and she was in his hand as if he tried to hold her off with it. We've got it all clear as if we had seen it."

Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"And yet you have sent for me?"

"Ah, yes, that's another matter—a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in. I'm sure you know what you might call frankish. It

For Constipation

Kidney Troubles and Rheumatism, Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, Is Pronounced Excellent.

The highly satisfactory experience of an Ottawa family who used Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, for the ailments above named, is given in the statement of Mrs. E. Alaire, who writes to the Clafin Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Both my husband and myself have found Bu-Ju Pills very good for kidney trouble and rheumatism. We also find them very good for constipation. We heartily recommend them.

MRS. E. ALAIRE.

St. Church Street, Ottawa, Ont.

What Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, did for this family, it will do for all sufferers from constipation, rheumatism and allied disorders of the system. It is better to try such a simple remedy at once than to delay until a cure is hopeless. People who try "Bu-Ju" are unanimous in praise of its benefits. It begins to relieve at once, because it gets at the root of so many ailments, namely, a defective or disordered state of the kidneys. When the kidneys are sick, the whole body suffers. Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, heals and strengthens the

has nothing to do with the main fact—can't have, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over—so far as this room is concerned—we thought we could tidy up a bit. This carpet, you see, it is not fastened down, only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found—"

Holmes' face grew tense with anxiety.

"Well, I'm sure you would never guess in a hundred years what we did find. You see that stain on the carpet? Well, a great deal must have soaked through, must it not?"

"Undoubtedly it must."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that there is no stain on the white woodwork to correspond."

"No stain! But there must—"

"Yes, so you would say. But the fact remains that there isn't."

He took the corner of the carpet in his hand and, turning it over, he

showed that it was indeed as he said. "But the underside is as stained as the upper. It must have left a mark." Lestrade chuckled with delight at having puzzled the famous expert.

"Now, I'll show you the explanation. There is a second stain, but it does not correspond with the other. See for yourself." As he spoke he turned over another portion of the carpet, and there, sure enough, was a great crimson spill upon the square, white facing of the old-fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. There is enough for the stains to show each other. If you lay it over this way. But what I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, and why?"

"I could see from Holmes' rigid face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted. Tell him you know someone has been here. Press him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now!" cried Holmes with frenzied eagerness. All the demonic force of the man massed behind that listless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the drugged from the floor, and in an instant was down on his hands and knees, clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It hinged back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it, and drew it out with a bit of paper.

"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you, madam, to be kind enough to place it in my hands."

"The lady sprang to her feet, with the color all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed—she tottered—I thought that she would fall. Then with a grand effort she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features."

"Come, come, madam, it is useless. Give up the letter."

She darted to the bell.

"The butler shall show you out."

"Do not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."

She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forbore to ring it.

"You are trying to frighten me. It is not a very manly effort to avoid a scandal by such means. You say that you know something. What is it that you know?"

"Pray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you."

"I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."

"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your in-

"It's a lesson to you that you can't deceive me, Constable MacPherson," said Lestrade, with dignity. "No doubt you thought that your reach of duty could never be discovered, and yet a mere glance at that drugged carpet was enough to convince me that someone had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir, only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about typewriting, and came to the wrong number. Very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Yes, sir, she was a well-grown young woman, I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome. Oh,

She stared at him with an ashen face and gulped twice before she could speak.

"You are mad, Mr. Holmes—you are mad!" she cried, at last.

He drew a small piece of cardboard from his pocket. It was the face of a woman cut out of a portrait. "I have carried this because I thought it might be useful," said he. "The policeman has recognized it."

She gave a gasp and her head dropped back in the chair.

"Come, Lady Hilda. You have the letter. The matter may still be adjusted. I have no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty ends when I have returned the lost letter to your husband. Take my advice and be frank with me. It is your only chance."

Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.

"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd illusion. Holmes rose from his chair."

"I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have done my best for you. I can see that it is all in vain."

He rang the bell, and the butler entered.

"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?"

"He will be home, sir, at a quarter to one."

"Very good, I shall wait."

The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes' feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and wet with her tears.

"Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded, in a frenzy of supplication. "For heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring him any sorrow. I would not break his noble heart."

Holmes raised the lady. "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to let us settle this matter. I am sure there is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"

She darted across to a writing-desk, unlocked it, and drew out a long blue envelope.

"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to heaven I had never seen it!"

"How do we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, we must think of some way! Where is the dispatch-box?"

"In his bedroom."

"What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"

A moment later she had appeared with a red, flat box in her hand.

"The box was shut, locked, and returned to the bedroom."

"Now we are ready for him," said Holmes. "We have still ten minutes. I am going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."

"Mr. Holmes, I would cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in all London who loves her husband as I do, and yet he knew how I have acted—how I have been compelled to act—he never forgave me. For his own honor stands so high that he could not forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, my happiness, my very lives are at stake!"

"Quick, madam, the time grows short!"

"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage—a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he has thought it criminal. Had he read that letter his confidence would have been forever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the whole matter was forgotten. Then at last I heard from this man, Lucas, that he would lay it before my husband. I implored him to spare me. He said that he would return my letter if I would bring him a certain document which he described in my husband's dispatch-box. He had some spy in the office who had told him of its existence. He assured me that no harm could come to my husband. Put yourself in my position, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do?"

"Take your husband into your confidence."

"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not. On the one side I seemed to have the other side of the matter to take my husband's paper, still in a matter of politics I could not understand the consequences. I was in a matter of love and trust they were only too clear to me. I did it, Mr. Holmes! I took an impression of his handwriting. This man, Lucas, furnished a duplicate. I opened his dispatch-box, took the paper, and conveyed it to Godolphin street."

"What happened there, madam?"

"I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. He followed him into his room, leaving the hall door ajar behind me, for I feared to be alone with the man. I remember that there was a woman's voice as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk. I handed him the document. He gave me the letter. At this instant there was a sound at the door. There were guests in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the drugget, thrust the document into some hiding-place there, and covered it over."

"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French. My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last I have found you with her! There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand, a knife gleamed in hers. I rushed from the horrible scene, ran from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring."

It was the next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offence. The instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If it had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his hiding-place was. How was I to get into the room? For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded, I could hardly tell you. I brought the paper back with me, and thought of destroying it, since I could see no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stairs!"

The European secretary burst excitedly into the room.

"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried.

"I have some hopes."

"Ah, thank heaven!" His face became radiant. "The Prime Minister is lunching with me. May he share your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet I know that he has hardly slept since this terrible event. Jacobs will you ask the Prime Minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining-room."

The Prime Minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.

"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"

"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."

"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We can't live forever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should anyone take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that anyone did take it."

"Then how could it leave the dispatch-box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the dispatch-box."

Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill-timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No, I was not necessary."

"You may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"It was on the top."

"Someone may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no, I had everything out."

"Surely it is easily displaced. Hope," said the Premier, "let us have the dispatch-box brought in."

The secretary rang the bell.

"Jacobs, bring down my dispatch-box. This is a farcical waste of time, but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, Jacobs, put it in the box. I have always had the key on my watchchain. Here are the papers, you see. Letters from Lord Merrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note from the Russo-German grain taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Frowley—Good heavens! what is this? Lord Belgrave! Lord Belgrave!"

The Premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.

"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. How congratulatory!"

"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart. But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, Jacobs, a yard, a sorerer! How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else."

"I can not believe my eyes! He ran wildly to the door. 'Where is my wife? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!' We heard his voice on the stairs."

The Premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.

"Come, sir," said he, "there is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"

Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.

"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and, picking up his hat, he turned to the door.

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QUEEN MEDICINE CO.

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lord Leicester, the patriarch of the English peerage, will probably have breathed his last ere this letter appears in print. He was born more than four score years ago of a father who was 70 years of age at the time, and who had been born as far back as in the reign of King George II., seventeen years before either the first Napoleon or the great Duke of Wellington came into the world. The youngest of old Lord Leicester's eighteen children was born eleven years ago, when his father was 71, and at the time of the little fellow's birth no less than 41 years divided him from the birth of his paternal grandfather, Thomas William Coke, the first of the Holkham Earls of Leicester of the present creation. Lord Leicester's eldest son and heir, who will succeed to the earldom, and to the possession of the famous Holkham Hall estate, has been known as Viscount Coke, and as an officer of the Scots Guards has seen a good deal of active service in Egypt, the Sudan, and in South Africa. He married a charming Irish woman, Alice White, daughter of Lord Annaly, and has three grown-up children and a couple of daughters. In spite of this his mother is still a wonderful young-looking woman, with a tall, graceful figure, typical of the English aristocracy. She is one of the most clever banjoists in English society, and excels as a skater, having won all sorts of trophies on the ice.

Although the Leicester peerage is of modern creation, having been granted in the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, yet the Coke family is an ancient one. Sir Edward Coke was lord chief justice of England under Queen Elizabeth and King James I. The great-grandson of this lord chief justice, Sir Thomas Coke, was postmaster-general in the reign of King George II., and was created Viscount Coke of Holkham and Earl of Leicester. Dying without issue, Holkham passed into the possession of his sister's son, William Robert, who assumed the surname and arms of his uncle. It was his eldest son, for the greater part of his life known from one end of England to the other as "Mr. Coke, of Holkham," who at the age of 90 was created by Queen Victoria Earl of Leicester and Viscount Coke.

Holkham, which comprises over 50,000 acres, is one of the most beautiful places in Norfolk, situated in that part of the county which is the nearest spot on the English shores to Denmark, which has often led Lord Leicester to insist that King Christian was his next-door neighbor. The hall is a massive building, built something over 200 years ago, and of very stately proportions. The entrance, some 70 feet long by 50 feet wide, is of variegated alabaster, of tones at once cool and rich. The settees and chairs with which the hall is partly furnished light its cold splendor with resonant notes of color and gold, and the floor is thickly strewn with relics of the chase in the shape of skins of bears, boar and deer. A broad crimson carpeted stair leads to a gallery, which extends round three sides of the hall, from whose balustrade spring eighteen solid pillars of alabaster.

On this gallery open the doors of the various apartments. These apartments are rich with the most precious of the greatest painters of Europe, Holbein, Van Dyck, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, and among the treasures contained in the library is a first edition copy of the "Novum Organum," presented by its author, the great Sir Francis Bacon, to his rival, chief justice Coke; an illuminated manuscript copy of "The Divine Comedy," of the fifteenth century, which belonged to Dante himself, a Cicero of the ninth century from the Abbey of Cluny, which was used by Abbot of Cluny, the leaves of which are reported to be impregnated with a subtle and deadly poison. I may add that on the title page of Bacon's presentation copy of his "Novum Organum," Chief Justice Coke, the recipient, has written the following caustic comment:

"Deserveth not to be read in schools, but to be freighted in the ships of fools."

There is also in the library a beautiful reliquary of beaten gold ornamented with precious stones and alleged to

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If you knew how bad for health constipation is you would be more careful. Irritable bowels, headache, indigestion, jaundice, anaemia and a thousand other diseases, too, sooner or later it will bring you down to bed. The use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills changes all this quickly. They are made to cure constipation in one night and always do so. In taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills you are sure of a keen appetite, splendid color, jovial spirits and sound, restful sleep. Gentle in its action, good for men, women or children, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1 at all dealers in medicine.

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Colds are the most dangerous of all forms of disease. A neglected cold leads to Bronchitis, Consumption, Pneumonia, "Coughs" are the result of irritated bronchial tubes. "PSYCHIC" cures coughs by removing the irritating particles and healing the inflamed membrane. It is a germicide and destroys the bacteria germ. It is a tonic and builds up the lungs, the liver, and tones up the system. It makes for better health in all conditions of humanity. Get strong and the cough will disappear. "PSYCHIC" cures the most obstinate kind and breaks up a cold in a few hours.

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graduating at the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, did not go to Heidelberg. Just now he is over in America at the head of the delegation of the London Times correspondents, to record and watch the peace conference at Portsmouth.

Some time ago a statement in these letters to the effect that a great English noble was willing to let one of the most beautiful and stately country seats in England, for nothing, to a people who would undertake to keep the place in proper repair, brought me shoals of communications from all parts of the United States and Canada asking me for the name both of the nobleman and of the country seat, with a view of opening communications with him. The fact of my mentioning that several prospective tenants, after going over the place, had declined to accept the owner's offer, did not seem to deter them. If I did not satisfy their curiosity it is because I could not do so without explaining why the owner was so anxious to let his house without receiving any rent in return. Inasmuch, however, as he has now himself announced the abandonment of the place in his intention of demolishing it and of closing it up forever, likewise adding that it is no longer suitable for a residence, I can be no reason for my withholding any longer the information.

The country seat in question is Trentham Hall, the greatest landowner in the United Kingdom—namely, the Duke of Sutherland. The reason for his abandonment of Trentham is that the Trent—the third of English rivers—flowing through the park and through its big lake has become so frightfully polluted by the potteries, the factories, the towns and cities along its banks as to poison the very air of the beautiful park and make it for this reason that this superb place, about which the late Lord Beaconsfield grew so enthusiastic in his novel "Lothair," is about to be divested of all the treasures with which it is filled from cellar to garret and to fall into ruin and decay like some of those palaces of the enchanted princesses.

FALLEN STARS OF ENGLAND; TRAGEDY OF THE MUMMERS

One rainy night, not so long ago, you might have seen a little old lady get out of a third-class carriage at "the Junction." It is always known as "the Junction." The vast, drab Cockney world south of the river has grown understandingly tired of hearing the word "Clapham." The old lady, with her worn umbrella, was obviously very poor.

Moreover she was anything but neat. She had nothing of the prim, mild look that is supposed to go with respectability in the case of old ladies in black. Her face was strong feature, her deeply lined, her complexion was of the whole aspect only savoured by harshness by a certain suggestion of humor of human experience. Yet she thanked the workman in the corner, who opened the door for her, with a gratefulness that was quite an overpowering reward.

Who was she? Everyone wondered. To tell the truth, the London Chronicle, person, was just an actress—a mummer of the old-fashioned sort, who had known hard times and very little else. This, she had known, was a great day for her. She was, after some eighteen years, a comic linkkeeper's wife, in a wretched melodrama subsequently produced at an outlying theater, but not considered worth touring.

It was not a very good thing, but the part neither "fat" nor particularly appropriate. She played it, however, for all it was worth, and slapped her back in response to the invitation to "kiss the old lady" in getting even a part like that. Poor, brave old girl!

A trifling incident, to be sure. Just now, the heavy rain of the end of the season, when favored actors and actresses have been gathering at the royal garden party, and have considered themselves quite outraged at the royal garden party, and have considered themselves quite outraged at the royal garden party, and have considered themselves quite outraged at the royal garden party.

It is by no means the only class of modern player who changes her sympathy rather than her envy. It is also, to a very great extent, a special product of our time. Quiet, for the most part, law-abiding, frugal, clutching the fringe of respectability, and far more pathetic phenomenon in its way than the frankly Bohemian mummer of tradition.

Take, for instance, the dingy lads and dragged ladies of the provincial tour, with their Sunday journeys, their seedy lodgings, their card parties, their good-fellowship, and their promiscuous taking the actually starving and down-at-the-heel mummer of the pavement, and of a domicile that it is best to forget the fact of these—so far as their calling is concerned—is not so poignant.

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When you feel lack of energy and ambition, when you feel that your blood is thin and watery, your nerves are exhausted and your vigor is at low ebb, it is unwise to try to do more than rest. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be of greatest usefulness to you. This great food contains restorative and reconstructive powers which are not to be found in any other preparation.

In this regard it is different to any medicine you ever used. Instead of tearing down the tissues it builds them up and gives to the body the vigor which is required to throw off disease. You are invited to test Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by keeping a record of your increase in weight, and using it. Gradually and certainly the wasting process is overcome, and week by week new firm flesh and muscle is added. So can a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

cases of the fairy tales. The grounds, which may be described as masterpieces of the landscape gardener's art, were laid out by the celebrated "Capability Brown," while the house, which Lord Beaconsfield describes in "Lothair" as "an Italian palace," consists of a sort of amalgamation of buildings dating as far back to the times of the Saxon kings down to the times of the Victorian architect, Sir Charles Barry. In the dining-room hangs that painting by Romney of the group of dancing children of the first Marquis of Stafford, the mention of which in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "The Marquise," of William Ashe," has excited such universal condemnation in the English press.

A unique feature of Trentham is the fact that the parish church actually forms part and parcel of the place. There is a manor castle in England with its chapel within the building for the lord and his retainers, and it may be, for the villagers and the passing stranger as well, but a full-fledged parish church within the precincts of the palace is a dignity to which the manor of Trentham has never been alone among British nobles able to lay claim. It is a very old church, antedating the palace itself. In fact, the church, sister of Ethelred the King, was abbess of a nunnery in connection with this church, and she died A. D. 639, while the plain columns of the church date from the days of William the Conqueror. The church was administered by Augustinian canons until the days of the reformation, when Trentham, with its church and its palace and its beautiful park, was granted by King Henry VIII. to the Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk.

Among the long list of illustrious visitors who have passed through Trentham Hall during the last few hundred years may be mentioned people so widely divergent as Garibaldi and the Duke of Devonshire, whom while staying there, was with difficulty prevented by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, from appearing in the park in oriental costume and an unfortunate member of his suite who had offended "les convenances."

As for the touring crowd they have their salary, presumably, such as it is. They have besides little or no appearance to keep up, no living neighbors to watch their clothes getting shabby, no handy tradesmen to tempt them with credit. True, under the present slavery of the baronetical music, the lot is anything but rosy. Still there is always the vagabond charm about their existence. Here to-day and gone to-morrow is a method of life that has its compensations.

It is a very different thing with the poor mummery who are becoming so curiously common in the suburbs of London's drover suburbs. They have neither change of scene nor change of clothes to give them pride and spirit. They are vain in their own eyes, and they are vain in their own eyes.

There are, as we have noticed, the old players who have had their day, like the old lady in the train. These have had their resources of letting lodgings to the others. They struggle along somehow, in shabby genteel fashion, with a few pupils, perhaps, and occasional appearances in the neighborhood show. They are the cheerier sort.

On the other hand, still more characteristic of the time is the remnant of the well-educated young people who were on the stage just ten or twenty years ago. When the theater was booming as a possible middle class profession, without vulgar marks. They were those who were not especially brilliant or good looking, and have not succeeded. The girls—thank heaven!—have had generally a good home to go back to, or a husband waiting for them. They have generally played for a few years in the provinces, but they have never been in the provinces. They were those who were not especially brilliant or good looking, and have not succeeded. The girls—thank heaven!—have had generally a good home to go back to, or a husband waiting for them. They have generally played for a few years in the provinces, but they have never been in the provinces.

When they are absolutely starving, of course, they have to the control of the trashy plays, of the vulgarity and hopelessness of the touring life. When they are absolutely starving, of course, they have to the control of the trashy plays, of the vulgarity and hopelessness of the touring life. When they are absolutely starving, of course, they have to the control of the trashy plays, of the vulgarity and hopelessness of the touring life.

Some of them to their misfortune, have a little money of their own. On the other hand, they have no money, and haunt the agents' offices, meet one another at West End bars when they can afford it, and at the local public house between the last day of the month and the first of the next. They are the cheerier sort.

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WEATHER PROPHECIES REASONS FOR FAILURE

MANY VARYING INFLUENCES AT WORK EVERY HOUR.

A correspondent wishes to know why weather prophecy cannot be made mathematically exact. He thinks that if an astronomer can predict an eclipse a century ahead within a second or two of the exact time, a meteorologist should be able at least to foretell a storm a day in advance, within an hour of the moment if its occurrence. But the trouble with weather prophecy is that it does not deal, like astronomy, with solid bodies moving in ascertained orbits, at known rates of speed, and under the control of simple laws. It is fundamentally as easy to foretell an eclipse as to say where an express train, traveling at an average speed, will be at any particular hour of its schedule. In fact, the astronomer has a great advantage in this respect. For the bodies whose motions he deals with meet with no accidents, get no hot boxes, and have no delayed connections to make.

On the other hand, the weather, on the other hand, deals with an ocean of air, inclosing the solid globe of the earth, and subject to a hundred varying forces and influences, to foresee the effects of which would need practical omniscience. The sun heats the air over part of the earth, and the heat that part of the earth receives is not the same at the moment to be shining, and the heated air expands and rises, and the motion extends in one way or another, to the irregularities of the globe. Since half of the entire mass of the atmosphere is compressed by gravitation, below the level of the highest peaks, and since the sun's rays strike the surface, except where the sea lies, is broken by many lofty ranges of mountains and many elevated plateaus, the air currents which flow over the earth in consequence of the disturbances created by the sun's rays are diversified by the irregularities of the globe. Then moisture arises from the sea under the influence of the sun and the clouds in turn interfere with the distribution of the heat, and consequently with the direction and strength of the aerial currents.

All this while the earth is swiftly rotating on its axis, so that the parts of its surface exposed to the sun's rays are continually changing and air currents traveling north or south are shifted east or west, relatively to the surface over which they pass, and thus additional complexities are introduced in the atmospheric circulation. Moreover, as a result of the inclination of the earth's axis to the sun's rays, the axis to the plane in which it revolves about the sun, the position of the latter in the sky is never exactly the same day in succession. From the 22nd of December until the 21st of June, the sun rises higher above the horizon every day, and the sun's rays gradually sink again towards the south, and the whole system of the solar influences upon the atmosphere shifts slowly north and south across the Equator as the median line.

Let again, the earth's orbit is an ellipse, and in midwinter we are carried three million miles nearer the sun than in midsummer, and this change of distances causes an alternate increase and decrease in the total amount of solar heat received per day by the earth. Add to all this the fact that evidence is accumulating that the sun itself is not perfectly regular in its outgiving of radiant energy, and we have enough without seeking any further cause of variability, to show that weather prophecy must always remain a very uncertain branch of intellectual exercise. Usually it can only deal with generalities. Even the prediction of the arrival at any particular point of a great storm known to be crossing the country is frequently falsified through some



unforeseen influence acting upon the atmosphere. The more genuinely scientific the basis on which a weather prophet rests his calculations the more ready he will be to admit that there is a broad margin of error to be allowed for, and the less certain he will feel, on finding one of his predictions fully verified, that he has discovered the great secret of weather—Garrett P. Serviss, in N. Y. American.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT TAKE NO OTHER.

A woman has been elected as local magistrate in the commune of Rank Horlen, Hungary, because the adult male population of the place had emigrated to America and not a man was left to fill the position.

BRIGHT EYES.

Land an Irresistible Charm to Every Face.

Clear, sparkling eyes make the plainest face beautiful. The eyes cannot be bright if the body is suffering from blood poisoning. Many people suffer from blood poisoning and do not know it, but they show it by their dull eyes, grey or sallow complexion and faded appearance. Constipation poisons the system. Instead of the blood taking up wholesome nourishment in the intestines, it absorbs the poisons which the bowels have not gotten rid of. The blood deposits these poisons wherever it can, which accounts for the dull eyes, pimples and headaches. Ripe fruit is Nature's remedy for constipation. Fruit acts on the bowels and makes them move—acts on the liver and causes more bile to flow, which is the natural purgative, acts on the kidneys—acts on the skin and clears it and beautifies it. An Ottawa physician has discovered a process for combining the juices of oranges, apples, prunes and figs, and then by forcing into the united juices an additional atom of bitter from the orange peels, a new and very much stronger fruit is produced. The fruit extract is made into tablets, by the name of "Fruit-a-lives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets." These little tablets are easy to take, have the gentle fruit action and are a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and liver troubles, and all blood impurities. "Fruit-a-lives" are recommended by able physicians everywhere. For sale at Druggists, a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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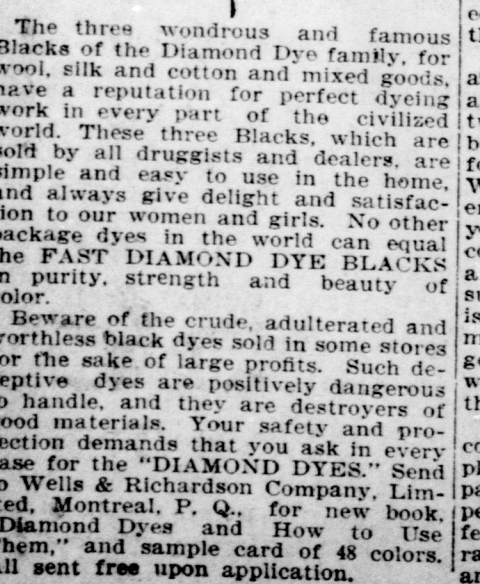
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Dogs Always Honest.

Providence.

Diamond Dye Blacks Are the Blackest.



The San Jose Scale.

The life history of the San Jose scale, which is the most serious pest of modern orchard fruit trees, is of a most interesting and, of nature, and a tragedy as well. Commencing in June for a period of approximately six weeks, the females continue to produce young, and during about 400, or from nine to ten times twenty-four hours.

The female invaders forth in search of a favorable place to establish itself, and within relatively few days (on an average of little over twenty-four hours) find some convenient point and work its slender, needle-like beak through the bark. If it be female it never moves from the position, and with its legs, antennae and mouth becomes vitally attached, and pump drainage the vital fluids from the tree.

The female scale insect requires about thirty days to attain maturity, and the male from twenty-four to twenty-six; thus the round of life may be completed in about thirty-three to thirty-six days. Detailed studies of Washington show that four entire generations are normally developed in a year, and that the scale insect, in connection with its ability to multiply a number of generations annually, results in an enormous increase, and it may in one season a single individual be the progenitor of over three billion. It is no wonder that many trees succumb to the ravages of this pest.

The San Jose Scale has been recorded upon a large number of food plants, but it is very injurious to commercial fruit trees—peach, plum, cherry, and apple. It is referred in about the order named. Current bushes are very subject to injury, and

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well-known local finder and huntsman, "and that is that you can never tell when a dog is mad at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time. It is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If you see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door. If he is angry with you he will growl. All these emotions are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door and he goes in, he will wag his tail immediately by whining, and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.

"If you see a dog growl at a stranger, you must watch his eyes, but for a dog to growl and wag his tail at the same time is impossible. He will wag his tail if he is glad, and he will growl if he is angry. He is like nothing of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is over-pleased with you, he will wag his tail, and if he is angry with you, he will growl. In fact, and his whole map is based on the testimony to it. If he is dispersed or if he is angry, he will growl. He will wag his tail if he is the same way."—Houston (Tex.) Post.

Salary of a Banker

A "junior" on entering will probably receive \$200 per annum, and an annual increase of \$100 till his salary is \$800 or \$900, when ability (or occasionally "pull") will advance him more fully his subsequent advancement. It may here be mentioned that some of the larger banks realizing the special and peculiar risks run by sellers of losing money, allow them \$100 to \$200 a year "risk fund," which is put to their credit at head office annually, and is available against any large loss; the

THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO RICH.

Nobody who hasn't gone through it knows how horrid it is to be rich, to mean very much to the rich. My father says, "There goes the rich Miss Ellice," or "pretty Miss Ellice" or "nice Miss Ellice," though it seems to me that I am some of those much abused descriptive adjectives, but always that inevitable "rich Miss Ellice."

I was as nearly born an orphan as I possibly could be, for my mother died when I was a baby, and my father a few months later, leaving me all of those oppressive millions and no blood relations (I always hated that expression) except a very numerous, to look at me, so I was made a ward in bankruptcy.

My nurses used to toady to me, and my children I was allowed to scold, never to be angry with. I was growing me as a kind of natural curiosity because I was "an heiress."

When I was 19 a chapman was engaged to marry me and travel about the world. I had longed to travel, but now found out it was just as bad as being abroad as at home.

The facts about me leaked out everywhere, and I was asked to make a false name and have a little money, but my chapman, who was a bishop's widow and rather rigid in her views, would not consent to my making such pretenses, as she said.

The truth were known I believe that day. De Selwyn in her quiet way endeavored to make a kind of triumphal progress through the world, but she failed. People never failed to find out where she was. Whispers and glances went round, and mothers with sons scraped

[illegible]

pecunious unattached ones—had stalked me to my lair. My hat had blown away, and after it, he had picked it up, and handed it back with a bow and a murmured word.

To be sure he had not followed up this stage, but I was certain that this was one of his tricks, and that he would be more pushing next time. I was so hopelessly experienced in that line, that of things I knew all the phases. I had tried to cheer me up, but I had seen that he was up to my ears in fraud, and it was a big trick, at least six feet tall and broad in proportion. I couldn't forget it, especially as he had so delicately indicated my mind it might have appeared exceedingly good to look upon.

Next day I met him again, or rather I was taken off my guard by his sudden taking of his hat, and I was making the most of yesterday's acquaintance he glared and plunged into the first corner. Could this be a new kind of thing? I asked myself. It would be that he wished to rouse interest by piquing curiosity?

I smiled with scorn at the thought and determined to show the man at the next opportunity how futile were his subtleties. I was to have the chance to make me think of him, and I confessed that to a certain extent he succeeded. It was a novelty to be sure, but he was big, brown, frowning fellow lingered in my mind.

That evening my opportunity came, as I was walking had usually to be taken, as Mrs. Pendennis' work-days were.

**DISCIPLINE ENFORCED
BY THE FATHER WHEN**

MALE BIRD FORCES HIS FAMILY INTO THE WORLD

Hidden in the grass, I tried to solve the secret of the father's peculiar doings. Each time the patient mother reënt in his arms grew more restless and violent in his search for the cause of his wife's strange joyously by a snail's pace for a large white grub—surely a prize for any one who would find it for all her prowess, her spouse darted at her all her if, in madness, while she, trembling in through the bushes down the limb and it seemed as if the wren housed— to be wrecked. I was tempted such cruel treatment as she meted out through the fern on fluttering wing to was that moment, as if thoroughly subdued, she came to the bug to the father. This was the bone and fought and a domestic battle had ceased. Both seemed satisfied. The mother turned to the tree top, the little sweet song as rarely stilled a flood of From that moment she seemed a different. Her enticement from all care and search for bugs. Each return was her the tree top, the high-sounding trill from the tree top, the whirled and whirled of the tangled vines to

[illegible]

SIMPLE WATERCRESS A VALUABLE PRODUCT

**MADE TO MEET PRESENT NEED
OF MAN.**

"As invariably we turned upon our
often met again. I could
help women, and I was, and all
out him, and whether, after all, I
really was one of them.

"After a whole fortnight I came in
one day to find Mrs. Pen-
dennis nervously harassed. 'The
confession to make, dear,' she said
dinner. 'Do you forgive me, but—'
while she let out—the who was
really are, I'm afraid she—who you
by this time.' half Judson
by this time."

"If by Judson you mean the
I retort it doesn't much
matter, for if he came for the purpose
suspect he must have known all
about it."

"Don't say 'we suspect.' Margot, I
don't suspect."

"You did. You know you did. If you
now it must be because you've
thought of it."

"Well, I told you the dear doctor's
was inclined to gossip, and her
husband is an old acquaintance of the
man here. I said, she is what
the quietest, most secluded spot in
America, and he thought of his friend's
Why did he want a retired spot? Is
an escaped convict?"

"No. But his name is John Dray-

[illegible]

Flowing streams are natural forcing
houses, producing a subaqueous vege-
tation far earlier than any other that
grows on land. In the same way, the
sterling streams of water on the growth
of other plants, which, with their roots
and stems below it, are the first to
push forth leaves and branchlets above
the surface of the water. The influence of
the spring air. Among the first to
emerge, the gathering of which is the
first harvest of the year. The water-
cress would not have been made
known to man, had it not been for
Providence to make it known to
man. In the months of February
and March, when the health of all
the European was low and the scurvy
rampant, when there were few fresh
vegetables to eat and no acid fruit
was in leaf; when the church,
with its fasts and abstinence, with
salt, ordered a dish of water-cress
to avoid the salted food—yet, with a
conscious want of sense insisted on
it, in places where the only fish to be
eaten was salted. The most valuable
brook was producing the most valu-
able anti-scorbutic plant in the world,
and yet, when up uncultivated and unbid-
den, beautiful to the eye, and of great
flavor, and appearing not only in the
cold of spring, but as a kind of
gift presented by nature and
spring its own invitation to eat it in
the greenness of its leaves.

[illegible]

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS - CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed -
 Aloe Scurra -
 Indella Sella -
 Citric Seed -
 Peppermint -
 All Carobana Indica -
 Warm Seed -
 Clarified Sugar -
 Waterproof - Warm

}

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

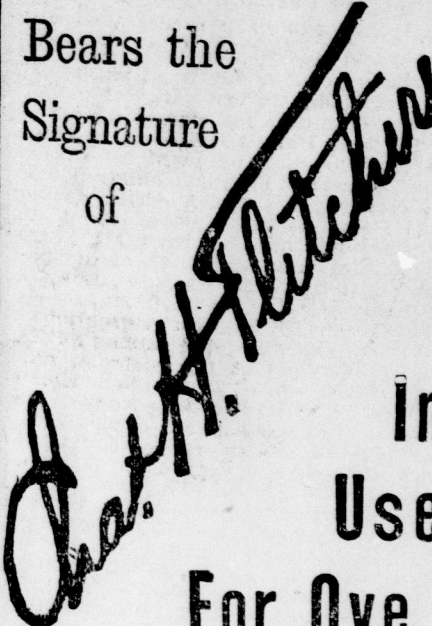
**At 6 months old
 35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
 Always Bought
 Bears the
 Signature
 of



in
 Use
 For Over
 Thirty Years

CASTORIA

We Carry in Stock
INGOT COPPER, ANTIMONY AND TIN.
THE CANADA METAL CO., TORONTO.

A strong proof of the growing favor in which our Cocoa is held is that our sales have doubled within a year.

Cowan's Is going into every
PERFECTION home and is
Cocoa appreciated for
its purity and
excellence.

BLOOD DISEASES CURED

NEW NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

He was surprised at how the Method Treatment took your New blood disease for serious. I had been cured for twelve years. I had consulted with many physicians, taken all kinds of blood medicine, visited the Springs and other mineral water resorts, but only got temporary relief. They would help me for a time, but after discontinuing the medicines the symptoms would break out again—running sores, blotches, rheumatism, looseness of the hair, swellings of the glands, palms of the feet, itching of the skin, dyspeptic stomach, etc. I had given up in despair. Then a friend advised me I had no hope but you, as you had cured him of a similar disease 8 years ago, commenced to heal up and I became encouraged. Three weeks' time the sores Method Treatment cured. Four months and at the end of that time every symptom had disappeared. I cured 7 years ago and no signs of any taint can be recognized. I am now 33 years old, in good health. I confer any person to your treatment with all my heart. You can use this testimonial as you wish."

Are you a victim? Are you afflicted with **Scalding Head, St. S. Blood and Skin diseases, Urinary, Bladder and Kidney complaints of men and women.**

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your wife been afflicted with blood disease? Have you had gonorrhea? Do you for your **CONSULTATION FREE.** No charge. Charges reasonable. **BOOKS FREE**—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on "Diseases of Women."

NEW NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment FREE.

DRS. FEELE & BERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

The Power of Imagination. Imagination in some people is exceedingly strong. One day recently a local physician was talking to a friend about the power of it.

"Well," said the doctor, "you have the strongest imagination I ever knew of."

A former period; in fact, it offers, with the common exception of size and yardage, more and better facilities for comfortable living. Every country home is comparatively as well furnished. Almost all the comfort which is found in the city home can be installed and enjoyed in the more isolated farmhouse lying in an out-of-the-way locality. —St. Louis Republic.

My imagination isn't very strong," lied the other.

"Yes, it is. Some day, I'll prove it to you," said the physician. A week later two men were walking down town together, when the doctor handed his friend a cigar.

"It's mighty strong, Will," he said, smiling. In fact, that the same strength frequently makes me sick. But all the same, it's mighty good."

"Never once bitten"
Is the report from the Cape by a user.

CALVERT'S
Anti-Mosquito Soap

...one smiled. "It won't make me," he said. He lighted the cigar, as they were about to part, and said:

"You're looking pale around the mouth. What's wrong?"

"Frankly," said the other, "what has made me slightly ill. I never feel as strong a weed."

It was the doctor's turn to smile at one of the mildest cigars he had said, "I'm not a doctor."

Prevents insect bites

owing to the dislike of mosquitoes and other insects for two of its ingredients—Carbolic and Camphor. 15 c. a tablet, at druggists, or by mail from F. C. CALVERT & Co., 301 Dorchester St., Boston.

you how strong your imagination is. The doctor's friend got over his illness at once. "Well," he said, "you've it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Luxuries of Rural Life

The rural town is fast becoming a city in general accommodations, manners and style, and it is the means of disseminating the latest ideas and conveniences surrounding farms. Through inhabitants and improvements the country is settling nearer to the city, nearer to civilization and nearer to the luxuries of life.

Blood Poison
Brings Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula.

WEAVER'S
SRP

Cures them permanently.

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Milly Selling Her Tin Jewelry

YOU are not the only one who wonders how Milly happened to be a tin jeweler. Ever so many people, as they passed up and down Seventh avenue, wondered that, too. Well, it was this way. One day Milly got to thinking about Christmas, and she said to mamma: "What do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

Her mother's face saddened as she replied: "A good many things, sweetheart; but mother had a message from Santa Claus that he is going to be poor this year, and fears he cannot remember her at all."

"Oh, mamma, dear!" cried Milly, "that makes me feel so bad."

Never mind, honey," her mother hastened to say. "Santa Claus will remember you. He said he wouldn't neglect you for anything in the wide world."

"But, mother dear, I don't want you to miss your Christmas. Can't I help Santa Claus?"

You can, dearie, if you find some way of earning money."

So then Milly set her bright young wits to work, but with all her thinking and pucker up her brows, no plan could she hit upon. One day she went down to Main street with her mother, and among other errands, they walked into Mr. Amy's hardware shop for a tin pan. In the back part of the shop was a barrel, which Milly had often noticed. This time her eye no longer fell on the barrel, but on a happy idea struck her.

"Oh, Mr. Amy," she cried, "what do you do with all these strips of left-over tin in this barrel?"

"Just throw them away, little one," replied Mr. Amy, with a smile, for he liked Milly ever so much.

"Then may I have them?"

"Indeed you may; and all you want any other time."

So this is the way Milly started up in the tin jewelry business, and it was all her own idea, too. It happened that some carpentry work was being done on the house, and one of the large working benches was out against the

Sydney's Card Castle



Sydney Saw Jacks Leaning Around the Walls

SYDNEY'S mother had given him two packs of old cards to build with, and Mary had lent him the big ironing board, and he took them all into the garden, and prepared to have a fine time.

He laid the board out on the sweet green grass of the lawn, and then he set to work to build a card castle. He had made up his mind not to rest content until his castle had used up every one of the cards in the two packs.

It is not easy to build a hundred and four cards into a castle, for the cards generally topple down before you have used half that number. Some day you must ask mother to let you have some cards, and after you have tried you will know how hard it really is.

But Sydney was a very patient boy, and when he had once made up his mind to do anything, he would try and try and try; and, you know, if you only try long enough, you can do most things. And so it was with Sydney and the cards. No sooner did one castle fall down than he started building another. And, at last, he was so careful that there stood a beautiful castle, and every one of the cards had been used.

"I wish I could get inside," said Sydney to himself, as he walked all round on tiptoe to admire it. "It would be jolly to see what the inside is like."

I suppose that just when he spoke he must have stepped on a wishing-stone, for he had no sooner said, "I wish," than the card castle began to grow larger and larger, and Sydney began to grow smaller and smaller, until in

front of him stood the fine doorway he had made, and it was big enough for him to walk through easily.

Sydney walked into a wonderful hall where, to his surprise, he saw the eight Jacks leaning all round the walls as if they could not find anything else to do.

"The Kings and Queens are all in the next room," said one of them to Sydney. "They are quarreling, as usual."

At that moment such a dreadful din came from the next room that Sydney almost wished himself outside again.

"Dear me," he said, "what a noise they are making. Whatever are they quarreling about?"

"Why, about who is the greatest, and is to walk first in the procession, of course," said the Jack.

"Kings and Queens never quarrel about anything else."

Before Sydney could ask any more questions the door burst open, and in rushed all the Kings and Queens, and if you want to know what the noise was, like, you just listen when sixteen angry people are all talking at once.

Sydney put his fingers into his ears to keep the noise out, which, perhaps, was rather a rude thing to do. But then it was very rude of the Kings and Queens to quarrel so dreadfully. Directly they saw Sydney they all stopped talking, and stared at him.

"Why, it's the boy who built our castle," they all shouted together. "He will be able to settle the question."

"I do wish you would not all speak at once," said Sydney.

"Well, I am to speak first, then," cried the two Kings of Hearts.

"No, I am, I am, I am," shouted the Diamonds and Clubs and Spades; and then they began to quarrel again as hard as ever about who was to speak first.

"Nobody will be first at this rate," exclaimed Sydney. "You will never do anything but quarrel. Tell me why you think you ought to be first," he asked the King of Hearts.

"Because I represent Love, and that is the greatest thing in the world," the King replied.

"No, no," shouted the King of Diamonds. "Money and jewels, they are the greatest; and I am greatest because I mean money and jewels."

"Love and money!" growled the King of Clubs, contemptuously. "I am greater than these, can kill them both. I represent the Sword."

"And I," broke in the King of Spades, "am greater than you all, for I dig the ground so that you can grow food, and without that none of you could exist."

At that, the others all started shouting again, and the Queens joined in, and they quarreled and quarreled, and became so excited that at last they shook the house down, and Sydney found himself sitting on the nice, cool grass again.

"Well, I am jolly glad to be out of that," he said, "won't put any Kings and Queens in my next card castle. I know now who shakes them down."

"I wonder though," he went on, "which is really the greatest. I think it must be the King of Hearts and Love. I am sure it cannot be money or the sword."

A. F. C.

BUSY BEAVERS



How Beavers Cut Down Trees

WOULD you enjoy living in a hut built on the bottom of the river, boys and girls? A hut with the top part, in which you lived, above the level of the water, but with no windows and only one door at the bottom under the water, so that you would have to dive through the water every time you wished to go in or out?

That is the kind of house our friends the beavers build in the autumn and live in all through the winter. Do you wonder they wear such thick coats of fur? They need them.

There are a good many beavers still existing in Pennsylvania and surrounding States. Many of you have probably seen beavers at one time or another. If you have, haven't you noticed how very shy they are? They never come out of their homes until they think they can do so unobserved.

Then, have you watched how busy they are, always hard at work at something or other?

The picture shows another characteristic—their curious flat tails, which are so useful to them in swimming.

Beavers are very clever as well as hard-working. If, for instance, they find the river is not deep enough to conceal the entrances to their houses, they build what is called a beaver dam.

With their teeth, which are very sharp and strong, they cut down trees

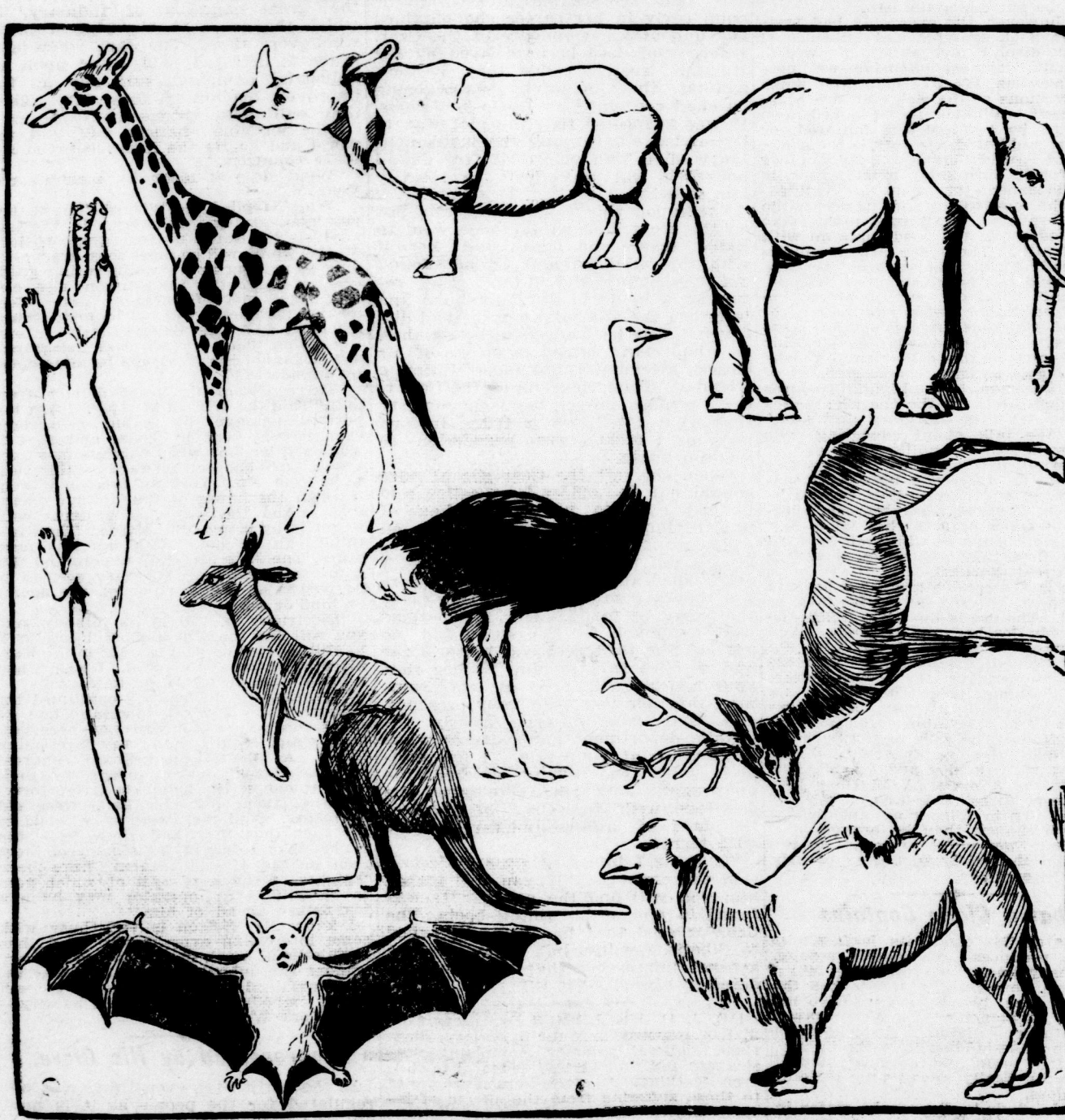
and divide the trunks and branches into short pieces. With these pieces and stones and clay, twigs and grass, they build a dam across the stream, so that the water cannot pass until it has risen high enough to run over the top of the dam, thus making a deep pond behind it.

About ten or twelve beavers live in each house. As you can imagine, their houses are dark. But they are probably very comfortable. For, in winter, they freeze hard, and the beavers are well protected from other animals.

When spring at last comes again the beavers separate and roam about all summer, until the first chilly days of autumn. Then they set to work again, some to build new houses, while others simply mend up their old ones by plastering fresh mud over them.

It is very interesting to watch them at work, gnawing down trees and bushes, cutting them up, pulling the pieces into the water or trotting along on three legs with a bunch of tail-grass, or a lump of clay held between one paw and the chin, for that is how they carry their building material.

A COMPOSITE ANIMAL CONTEST



See who can put together the funniest composite animal, boys and girls. Here are nine animals, which you can use for the purpose. Take a head from one, a neck from another, etc., paste them in proper position on a sheet of paper, and when your composite animal is finished, cut it out, write your name and address on the back of it and send it to Polly Evans.

CLEVER LITTLE STORIES BY CHILDREN

An Early June Day.

John and Harry were sitting under a cherry tree talking together.

John said, "Let us get up the tree and get some cherries."

"No," said Harry, "mother said they were not ripe yet, and if she caught us eating them she would punish us."

"Well, we don't have to let her know anything about it," said John.

"All right, neither of us need tell anything on each other."

"Well, give me a boost," and up the tree they went.

I guess you can see those bad boys, in your mind, eating the unripe cherries. When they came down John said to Harry, "I feel sick. I guess I will be down."

"So do I feel sick," so they both lay down on the grass.

The trouble was they had eaten too many unripe cherries. They were very sick afterwards, and, I tell you, it taught them a fine lesson.

ROBERT K. JONES.

Lucky Joe.

of John Brown, as he had no relations. This bright morning he was rowing some corn, and, getting tired, he went up on the fence to rest. He did not have very much education, for when he was big enough to handle a hoe he had to work.

As he sat there thinking, he heard a shriek back by a small brook.

He listened again and heard the cry, "Help! help!" again. He dashed into the wood and ran toward the brook where a log spanned it. Two little boys were struggling to get out of the water, when "Joe" dashed to the rescue. He plunged in and pulled them out.

Those boys were the sons of James Livingstone, the richest man for miles around. This man rewarded "Joe" by giving him a good education, and years after Joe Water became a great business man.

TERRENCE KLING.

by helping our editor do good and have lots of fun besides.

But I must tell you of my vacation two years ago. Papa and mamma took me to Atlantic City for two weeks, and one day while they were in bathing and I was sitting on the beach playing with some clams papa had dug for me, I got my finger in one of their mouths, and he closed up tight.

I cried, and a lot of people got around me and laughed. One man said it looked so funny to see me standing crying with a clam hanging on my finger that he must have a picture.

I wish I could have got one to keep myself. Papa saw me, and came over and pried it off, and my finger nail was black for a long time after.

CHARLES N. HOUSTON, 10 years, 1706 Jefferson street, Philadelphia.

Fun for One.

At an Ohio farmhouse the yard had been newly sodded, and a horse purchased, which greatly pleased 3-year-old Harvey, who saw visions of unlimited fun ahead.

At bedtime his eyes were closed.

Who Will Win?

GET your scissors out, boys and girls, and make this jolly home-made game for yourselves.

Cut out the four runners, paste them on cardboard and cut out again, then paste them to a small tin baking pan.

cardboard, cut out again and set up in position beside the basin.

Now you are ready for the game. Have four players, and each player choose a runner. Then each player in turn starts the pan to spinning in the

NELLIE, AN ENGLISH GREYHOUND

NELLIE is an English greyhound, and belongs to Mrs. M., who is devotedly attached to her.

In fact, the two are constant companions, and share each other's joys and sorrows. When Mrs. M. is depressed in spirit, as she very often is, the dog will lay its head on her knee, and, looking up in her face with such a pathetic expression, the tears actually sometimes come to her eyes. Who ever before heard of a dog shedding tears? Indeed, Nellie has more than dog sense—she seems almost human in intelligence.

This beautiful greyhound came from England, where they are trained to run races. They are large dogs, but very fleet-footed, and, when running, steer themselves by the tail, which serves as the rudder to a vessel.

Nellie was given to Mr. and Mrs. M. when quite a young dog, and at once became a great pet with them.

They lived at that time at a country home along the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. M. went to the city every day. Nellie knew the different trains, and would watch on the lawn for her master's return. She knew when Saturday came, for on that day Mr. M. came home on an earlier train, and she was always on hand at the right hour, looking for him.

Mr. M. was a fine musician, and Nellie seemed to be very fond of hearing

him play on the organ, for while he played she would lie at his side as quiet as a mouse.

One day when he was brought home very ill, she apparently realized it. During his illness she lay outside his door and would not leave it, and whenever she got a chance would sneak into his room and lie by his bed. When he died she begged to go to the funeral, and to this day has never ceased to watch for his return.

Since her master's death Mrs. M. has been more than ever devoted to Nellie, and does everything to make her life happy and comfortable. She takes her on a walk every day, buys her dainties and ice cream, which she carries home in her mouth, amuses and talks to her, and Nellie talks back in dog fashion, but she has never barked since she lost her master.

Nellie is very jealous, and goes off and sulks when Mrs. M. pets another dog. She was only real naughty once in her life, and that time, like Taffy, the Welshman, she stole a piece of meat which had been cooked for Sunday dinner, and after eating it went off and hid—knowing she had done wrong.

Nellie is now 14 years old, and her mistress thinks her the handsomest dog in the country.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.



Aid for the Mother Hen

A Breach in the Bear.

Little Edna went out with her mamma to gather eggs one morning, and, seeing that the old hen was getting on, she

Mother, surveying her small-boy who had just returned from an expedition to the ocean, exclaimed: