

of going home at the noon hour on the day of the accident, the plaintiff at-

Montreal, 12-40; Quebec, 8-34; St. John, 18-42
Halifax, 24-34.

Western Ontario Masonry is growing rapidly, and it is assuming a very great importance. The dispensation is expected very soon.

The article mentioned, which appeared in this morning's issue of the

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC 23, 1907.

THAT HALF-MILLION FUND.

Concerning the fund of half a million dollars raised for the Conservative party in 1904, Hon. Mr. Pugsley, in an interview at St. John, N. B., says he will pay no attention to such "political mosquitoes" as Mr. Kemp or Mr. Bennett, but he adds that "whenever Mr. Borden is ready to discuss the matter with him, either in Parliament or elsewhere, he is ready to meet him in debate."

Mr. Borden has so far declined to take up the challenge issued by Mr. Pugsley at a public meeting in Ottawa. The Minister of Public Works offered to give the name of a person who received \$25,000 to be spent in one New Brunswick riding, if Mr. Borden demanded it on the floor of the House. So long as Mr. Borden remains silent the fundings of his lieutenants mean nothing.

Another sidelight on the Conservative campaign of 1904 is furnished by Mr. David Russell, the eastern capitalist, who mustered strong influences against the Laurier Government. He has accused the general manager of a leading bank of a breach of faith in divulging the fact that he (Russell) had sold Mr. Hugh Graham's note for \$100,000. There was no violation of trust by the bank manager, as he was compelled to produce his books by an order of a high court. This \$100,000 was for use in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Graham has already testified that he sent election funds into each of the ridings of the Quebec district. His benefactions must have been enormous in the aggregate. And he was not the only special providence of the Conservative party. Mr. Russell was another with a long purse. The other members of the plutocracy are not yet known to the public, but their names will probably leak out.

Was all the money they subscribed merely a pledge of their affection for the Conservative party? Did they expect no return, if that party got the reins of power?

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY CRITICISED.

In the current number of McClure's Magazine appears an article on the United States navy, which is causing a big sensation over there. Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the writer, is an associate of the United States Naval Institute, and has evidently been prompted by men in the naval service who are in a position to know the facts. His object is to show that Uncle Sam's warships are not fit to go into battle. Such charges, however, are not new. The Navy, a periodical devoted to the interests of the service, has been saying the same thing for months past, and so have a number of the daily newspapers. Mr. Reuterdahl's article merely sums up, but his conspicuousness and earnestness have made it the climax of a long series of publications, and whether he is exactly right in all his assertions, he has achieved the difficult feat of goading the bureau chiefs into taking some notice. The charges are being discussed by the press generally, such sound journals as the Brooklyn Eagle accepting them as correct. Discussing Mr. Reuterdahl's article the Eagle says:

"He begins with the assertion that if war is to come to this country it must come by sea; that it will be decided by a few hours of fighting; that it is for those few hours that our fleet must be continually prepared; that if we are not prepared when that time comes our losses will be incalculable. These facts are so obvious that our author is content to stand on them, and he comes to the conclusion that the American navy is unprepared for war, he submits an array of bolstering facts that are as alarming as they are body blows to our pride in our navy."

One of Mr. Reuterdahl's most serious charges is that after the battleships now on their way to the Pacific were fully loaded their armor belts, which were all right when the vessels were light, were found to be in no case more than six inches above the water line. On this the Eagle comments:

"The humiliating fact is present that alone of the nations of the world America is the one that has continued to have its last product—the Connecticut, the flagship of the fleet—spending to the Pacific—this fundamental blunder. A battleship fights at sea. Hence her gun ports and turrets must be well out of water. All modern battleships in foreign navies have forward decks from 22 to 28 feet high, the armored sides 25 to 32 feet. The three of our navy of the Indiana class are but 11 feet above water; the two of the Kearsarge, 13; the Connecticut, 18. Experience shows that with ports open for action during bad weather each wave would send through them tons of water, by which, in short circuiting the electrical apparatus, turrets and guns would be put out of

business. In short, the gun power of each ship would be reduced one-third."

Naval officers are taking part in the discussion, some of them being remarkably outspoken. For instance, Rear-Admiral Melville declares that there is a dangerous and self-seeking clique at the navy department, and as he was for fourteen years head of the engineering bureau of the department he should be in a position to know. While in that capacity he did his utmost to induce the department to take the lead in engineering matters, but with little or no success. "No good," says the old admiral, "can come out of the navy so long as it is controlled by these bureaucrats, for the 25-years-old clique down there at Washington wants to get the control of the navy into its own hands." The change of clique control, however, is by no means a new one, having been made as far back as 1859.

The result of the charges and discussions is to convince the bureau chiefs that they can no longer pursue their historic policy of ignoring such accusations or of pigeonholing them when made by subordinates, and it is announced that they have decided that some reply must be made.

A GIFT FROM THE PEACE RIVER.

The Winnipeg Free Press, greatest of western journals, sends to its contemporaries every year a unique Christmas gift, characteristic of the west. This year it is a miniature barrel of flour ground at Vermillion in the Peace River country, and made from wheat grown in that neighborhood. Vermillion is described as being situated 700 miles due north of the United States border, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle, and 650 miles west from Hudson Bay. The mill in which the flour was made, which belongs to the Hudson Bay Company, was built in 1902, has a capacity of 35 barrels a day, and is the source of supply for the company's posts in the region. It may be added that wheat from the Peace River country took first prize at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, which was not its first trophy. Before it reached Winnipeg the flour was carried over 1,800 miles, by steamer, pack train, York boat and railway.

In the book accompanying the gift is some interesting information as to milling methods from the earliest times. The saddle-stone, the pestle and mortar and the quern, used by the ancients, are still employed by primitive races. The greatest modern revolution was the introduction of the purifier in Minnesota in 1870, which enabled the miller to grind from spring wheat, then regarded as of no account. Before its invention the price of good flour was \$10 a barrel. The purifier gave value to the crops of Minnesota, Dakota, and Western Canada, and led to the agricultural development of that part of North America. Fifty years ago Ohio was supposed to mark the western limit of wheat-growing. Kansas, Illinois, Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, were not considered at all, and Western Canada to all intents and purposes was not on the map. But wheat-growing began its western and northern march, and now no one ventures to set limits to the latitude in which the king of cereals may be reared in this country. The Peace River district may within a generation become the home of a large population, and count its yield of wheat by millions of bushels.

Since the federal general election the Liberals have won 33 by-elections and the Conservatives 9. In the aggregate the Government has not lost a seat.

London's milk supply scores 100 per cent in the official tests. Let us keep our water supply on the same high level. We can't do it by taking the supply from the river.

The accusations leveled at George W. Fowler, M. P., by a Moncton paper, are described by Le Soleil as "terrible." If he is being slandered there is no man in public life who will get less sympathy or deserves less.

Probably the nice things said of the retiring mayor by men in receipt of his hospitality, will be treasured up for use if he ever becomes a candidate for the Legislature. This was done in Mr. Beck's case by his organ. A grosser breach of the civilities could scarcely be imagined.

More citizens of the right stamp ought to be offering for aldermanic and school board honors. But when we think of some of the men elected year after year, is it any wonder?

The solid men who do offer their services regard municipal office not as an honor but as a duty. This is creditable to them, but a reflection on the majority of citizens who are responsible for such a condition of things.

IF CHRIST WERE HERE.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

Would you find Jesus Christ at the ring, where crowds assemble to see two men hammer each other till the blood flows? Would you find Jesus Christ editing a paper that would give a full account of such a performance? Would Christ attend the card table, the whist tournament? Would he attend the opening ball at the Armories? These and many other questions were asked by a local minister in the course of a sermon on Sunday on "The Devil of Sport." They suggest other questions. Would Christ be found editing a modern church paper? Would he attend

BRIDGE WHIST ON THE WANE

CHEATING BLAMED FOR IT—SOME EXAMPLES OF SHARP PRACTICE.

A PAIR OF THEM.

"Jimmie," said a merchant, solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy, in his excitement, responded with: "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"

NOT NECESSARY.

[Baltimore American.]

Nell (excitedly)—I'm going to hang up mistletoe in the decorations this year. Are you?

Belle (calmly)—I don't have to.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

[S. E. Kiser.]

That I may not in blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope,
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,
Of comfort they have never had.

That through the year which lies ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be wet,
For any word that have said,
Or profit I have tried to get.

JOLTING THE GRANDDAD.

[Life.]

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby.

Youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age.

Insulted Parent—Naturally, he has a great deal brighter father!

SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS.

[Technical World.]

Today Canada alone produces over \$3,000,000 worth of furs every year, and to this Alaska now adds \$750,000 of raw pelts, and Labrador probably half this amount. Until a decade or so ago the Prybloss and other seal islands sent out \$500,000 worth of skins annually, and then, of course, we have the enormous quantities dressed and manufactured for the home markets.

KELVIN'S FAITH.

[Guelph Mercury.]

It will be rather a blow to the free-thinkers, so called, to find that Lord Kelvin—"the greatest mind of recent times"—believed in the Supreme Being.

HAPPY.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"I'm so happy. George proposed to me last night."

"George? Why, I never would have guessed that you cared for him at all."

"I don't, and he says he's going to be miserable all his life because I won't have him. But this makes the third proposal I've had this year."

SO THAT THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

A London paper, describing the reception to Emperor William at the Guildhall, says: "Round about him were gathered the wealth, the intellect, the beauty and the aldermen and the lords of London." It is always well to be explicit when touching upon such matters.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

[Town Topics.]

They stood beneath the mistletoe.
Pretty Bess and bashful Joe.
Stood and stood and stood and stood.
Like two solid blocks of wood.
"I like at last Joe said to Bess:
"Might as well sit down, I guess."
Bess just glared and said: "You can. I am waiting for a man."

CANADA WILL GET THE MEAT TRADE.

[National Provisioner, New York.]

An item of news of importance to America exports meat interests is the announcement this week of a treaty between France and Canada by which Canadian meats are admitted to France at the lowest tariff rates, in return for tariff concessions by Canada. This means that unless the United States makes a reciprocal agreement with France, our meats will be shut out of that country, as they are now, practically—while Canada gets the trade.

WHY?

[Sam Kiser.]

Although my gifts are cheap and small,
And not the things I need, at all,
Why should I regret the giving?
Since all around me I may see
The happy ones who wanted what
They got?

THE NEXT DAY.

[Toronto Star.]

The night before Christmas has been widely treated of by poets. But the Morning After—where is the lyric that can harp despatches?

SHOPLIFTERS.

[Hamilton Times.]

It is said that 250 shoplifters were caught in Montreal stores last Saturday afternoon and night. Five hundred private detectives watched the departmental and other large stores with the above result. Not one of the 250 were prosecuted. Why? Because, we are told, it is a settled policy with the big dry goods stores of Montreal not to prosecute unless they can avoid it. Publicity of the kind outside, in a police court they believe to be harmful to their business. They only prefer charges when some very valuable article is lifted or in all cases, however, the party detected is usually made to sign a confession of guilt, which is carefully locked away to be used should the party be found stealing a second time.

INK FROM BANANA TREE.

"The banana furnishes us with ink, with handkerchiefs, with wax, with blacking, with excelsior, with oil, with flour, with window cord, with brushes."

The speaker, a banana planter from Jamaica, paused and smiled.

"You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "Yet truly the banana tree is a wonderful thing. Every part of it serves some good use. The long leaves make a fine excelsior. The juice, being rich in tannin, furnishes a good indelible ink, and a good shoe polish. The stems yield a quality of hemp, and from this hemp there are made face handkerchiefs, cords and ropes of all kinds, mats and brushes. The oil is used in gliding. Of banana flour, the flour ground from the dried fruit, there is no use speaking—you are too familiar with it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Especially reduced prices on articles suitable for New Year's Gifts.

CHAPMAN'S

An excellent selection of New Year's Gifts.

STORE OPEN TONIGHT

Important Announcement From Our Ladies' Fashionable Tailor-Made Suit and Costume Department.

J. G. RAYMOND, Cutter.

Our Annual January Reduction Sale in This Department

Beginning on THURSDAY, JAN. 2, OUR ANNUAL JANUARY REDUCED PRICES FOR THE MAKING OF HIGH-CLASS AND TAILOR-MADE SUITS AND COSTUMES GO INTO EFFECT. This announcement will be of interest to many of our customers who contemplate purchasing their new Spring Suit as well as those who annually look forward to this event, intending to avail themselves of the price-inducements offered during the slack period which usually comes directly after the festive season. We intend that these prices shall enable us to keep on practically our full staff of experienced hands the whole season round. The following prices will prevail on and after THURSDAY, JAN. 2.

Note The Reductions. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with mercerized lining	Regular price \$20.00. January price	\$15.00
Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with guaranteed silk or satin lining. Regular price, \$23.00. January price		\$17.00
Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with mercerized lining	Regular price, \$21.00. January price	\$16.00
Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with silk or satin-lined	Regular price, \$27.00. January price	\$20.00
Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with silk or satin lining	Regular price, \$30.00. January price	\$23.00
Ladies' High-Class Tailor-Made Suits, making and trimming, with silk or satin lining	Regular price, \$34.00. January price	\$26.00

Skirt, Waist and Dress Making, Reduced Prices

Fashionable Skirt or Waist Making. Regular price, \$2.50. January price	\$1.50
Fashionable Skirt or Waist Making. Regular price, \$3.00. January price	\$2.00
Fashionable Skirt or Waist Making. Regular price, \$4.00. January price	\$3.00
Fashionable Skirt or Waist Making. Regular price, \$6.00. January price	\$4.00

DRESSES

Making Dress, regular \$12.00. January price	\$8.00
Making Dress, regular \$15.00. January price	\$10.00
Making Dress, regular \$18.00. January price	\$12.00

We would emphasize the advisability of placing your order AT ONCE, to avoid possible disappointment, as from the numerous inquiries this department will be exceptionally busy after the New Year. The above reduced prices will continue until such time as we have booked sufficient orders, when they will be withdrawn.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

scorekeepers to cancel equal sums

canceling the progress of the game so as to reduce the labor of adding up at the end. If one side has an item of 36 scored it can be canceled if items of 18, 12 and 6 are simultaneously canceled on the other side.

A little over, such as canceling six too much or too little, will hardly ever

be noticed, especially when previous cancellations have been made; and, if it is, it is easy to smile sweetly and thank you so much for pointing it out, and how careless of me, etc. But the steady advantage of from 12 to 30 points picked up on every rubber of any length is something that no one can stand against.

The Author of Lady Audley's Secret

SOMETHING ABOUT MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON, THE ENGLISH NOVELIST—MILLIONS OF READERS.

Millions of readers throughout the world who have wept over the sorrows of the misguided heroine in "Lady Audley's Secret," or followed the tantrums of the erratic girl in "Vixen," will be delighted to learn that the authoress, Miss Mary Elizabeth Braddon, has just safely passed the crisis of the illness which at one time threatened to bring her long life to a close. Though Miss Braddon is 70 years old, it was only two years ago that her latest book, "The Rose of Life," was placed on the market, and it is likely she will take up the pen again to tell another clever story.

One of the most prolific of story writers, Miss Braddon has been the delight of the young and romantically inclined girls of England and the United States for two generations. Her yellow-backed novels have had a tremendous sale and even the grown-ups are fond of picking up the fervid romances and following the woes and trials of the heroes and passionate heroines until the villain meets his deserved fate at the end of the book.

Miss Braddon has a happy faculty of selecting catchy titles for her novels and she began early by writing a thrilling romance which she called "Three Times Dead." This, later, was reprinted with the title, "The Trail of the Serpent." It was an exciting tale and death stalked in ghostlike form across its pages, but it didn't make a hit at the time. The printer who was publishing it offered her \$50 for a book which would combine the human interest of Charles Dickens with the plot-weaving skill of Wilkie Collins, but he paid her only \$12 on account for "Three Times Dead."

Miss Braddon was born in London in 1837. Her father was an attorney, of a literary turn of mind, and encouraged his little daughter to write fairy stories. When in her teens she contributed poems and stories to magazines and newspapers, but failed to be paid for them. She was 23 when "Three Times Dead" appeared, and two years later published "Lady Audley's Secret," which made one gigantic leap into popularity. She was then deluged with demands for stories of all kinds.

She wrote "The Doctor's Wife," which showed that she was just as strong in the analysis of sentiment as she was great in the production of sensational incidents embellished with an ornate style. This made her position permanent, and she could select for her own publishers. She selected one for life, being married to John Max-

well, the London publisher, in 1874. Mr. Maxwell always retained her maiden name as her nom de plume.

From 1860 until the present time she has written as many as 65 novels, besides a large number of short stories, two or three dramas and a multitude of topical essays. Her profits from the enormous sales of her books are said to have been by no means small, and several publishers made fortunes out of them. She invested her money in real estate and bought Lichfield House at Richmond-on-Thames, which was formerly the residence of the Bishop of Lichfield. Here she has the little table and the book of Wellington, and on which he wrote his dispatches after the battle of Waterloo.

Though she wrote so many novels, Miss Braddon rarely worked with the pen more than two hours a day, but she wrote fast and accomplished much in this time. Her habit was to toss sheet after sheet over her shoulder after completing it so that she would not have to bother about blotting the wet ink. During the last few years she has not written as rapidly.

Up to ten years ago she was still using a pen in her work, but since that time she adopted dictation, her amanuensis using the typewriter. Her handwriting was always beautifully clear, and she once humorously suggested that it might be taken "for the fist of an adjutant of a cavalry regiment." She was devoted to riding even up to a few years ago, and is passionately fond of cast, dogs and birds.

Her own favorite author is George Eliot, although she regards Balzac and Bulwer Lytton as the great masters of prose fiction. Much of her ornate style was founded on that of Bulwer, traces of whose influence can be found in "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Sea Fruit" and "Dead Men's Shoes."

She has remarkably varied talents. She reads French, German, Spanish and Italian with equal ease, and possesses a large library. In addition to her literary qualities Miss Braddon is a great traveler, and has had a particular fondness for Switzerland, the Italian lakes and the wild coast of Cornwall. She has a house in the New Forest, but spends most of her time at her cozy home at Richmond-on-Thames. Her son, William Babington Maxwell, has inherited some of his mother's talent, and is a writer of novels and short stories.

The golden wedding of the eminent geologist, Dr. Henry Woodward, though it occurred in London, is worth note, since he has been for 43 years keeper of the geological department of the British Museum—a very important post in the scientific world. Mr. John W. Bates, manager of the St. Thomas Canning Company, has resigned.

LORD BERESFORD ON THE NAVY

A STIRRING SPEECH BY THE GAL-LANT OLD SEA DOG.

Lord Charles Beresford made a remarkable speech on the state of preparedness of the navy, at a dinner at the Salter's Hall recently. He said he had now had 48 years' experience in the navy. He had served in 25 vessels, and had commanded in trials 35 vessels. He had been on every station to which ships were sent, and in every colony except British Guiana.

The men were the same now as of yore, they had the same ideal of duty, the same pluck, and the same respect for discipline as they ever had. Since the days when he joined we had started other methods of warfare. We had got under-water warfare and torpedoes; we had got wireless, and we had got a shocking amphibious animal called a submarine, of which we were very frightened, as we had not tried it yet in warfare. Then we had mines which a ship might strike in the open sea, and all that the ship could do if she hit one was to sink, and the hand to play "God Save the King."

Success in war depended upon the accuracy and foresight of their action in time of peace. Therefore we ought to have everything ready and everything prepared before we went to war. (Cheers.) That side would win which has prepared itself best in peace. Whenever a fleet went to sea it should not steam from one port to another, but always use the coal doing steaming which represented war.

There was another very great point in the navy to which they must always pay attention, and it was perhaps more important than the others. It was the point of maintaining the very best comradeship with each other. The officers must have confidence in each other. They must be good-natured, under discipline, and be good comrades in every way. He had never believed in exalting himself for a moment at the expense of one of his comrades. We tried to run our fleets by commendation, and not by condemnation, and the consequence was that the officers and men had far more confidence and far more respect in each other.

We might have what size ships we liked, and as many as we liked, the most armor, the most boilers and engines, but we had to remember that it was the human element that won. That was why the question of comradeship was so important. These remarks about the navy were not belittling remarks; they all referred to one point—that our navy was there, and that we paid for our navy as insurance for peace. It had to fight, if necessary, to be prepared to fight if necessary, and if thoroughly well prepared would win. But the greatest wish in this country was for peace, because if we went to war that would be a tremendous disturbance in our trade in commercial matters, and in our societies.

"It is your business and it is our business," concluded Lord Charles, "to have our navy in such a state that war is impossible; and if any country does provoke war our sense of security and practical state of preparation will pulverize that country if they dare to molest us."

At the beginning of the year the number of people living under statutory prohibition in Maine, North Dakota and Kansas was only 4,500,000. By the end of the year Tennessee and Georgia will nearly have troubled the number.

Latest News From Far and Near

Doggies' Red Letter Day Prize Winners at Show

The dog show yesterday can rightly be termed a "howling" success in every way.

Large crowds were in attendance all day long, and yesterday afternoon when the judging was in progress there was scarcely room to turn around.

The following is the list of prize-winners.

American Foxhounds.

Open, bitch—1 Queen, George McCarty; 2 Singer, M. T. McCarroll.

Boston Bullterriers.

Puppy dogs—1 Nip, Miss Myrtle Gee.

Puppy bitch—1 Vermont Queen, W. F. Kitchin.

Open, dogs—1 Buster II, Walter Craig; 2 Rex VII, L. C. Jackle; 3 Bobs, E. C. Winnett.

Open, bitch—1 Tody, R. Oakes; 2 Peggy Brady, W. O. Ruse; 3 Kiddo II, W. O. Ruse.

Bullterriers.

Puppy bitch—1 Polly Perkins, Dan Thody; 2 Peggy, W. Grover.

Open, dogs—1 Stockwood King, P. Hanford.

Open, bitch—1 Polly Perkins, Dan Thody; 2 Peggy, W. Grover.

Bulldogs.

Puppy dogs—1 Bully Boy, C. Moule.

Puppy bitch—1 Lady Norfolk, Williams & Davis.

Open, dogs—1 Barney, Howard Houston.

Brindle Bullterriers.

Puppy dogs—1 Jap, George May; 2 Colonel, F. F. Morgan; 3 Paddy, W. R. Thomson.

Puppy bitch—1 Topsy, J. McLeod.

Open, dogs—1 Colonel, W. R. Thomson; 2 Rowdie, F. Legg; 3 Wickey, F. D. Grant.

Open, bitch—1 Dolly Mac, Frank Maguire; 2 Lilo, Geo. Patrick.

Beagles.

Puppy dogs—1 The Major, Geo. Bowman; also first in open dogs.

Open, bitch—1 East Lodge Music, George Bowman.

Collies.

Puppy dogs—1 Duke, I. Thody; 2 Haly Road Favorite, Col. McEwen; 3 Jack, Mr. Kennedy.

Puppy bitch—1 Sparkle, D. Thody; 2 Bess, W. Kennedy.

Open, dogs—1 Duke, D. Thody; 2 Chester, W. Kennedy; 3 Douglas, R. Readon.

Open, bitch—1 Sparkle, D. Thody; 2 Bess, W. Kennedy; 3 Beauty, W. Armstrong.

Cocker Spaniels (Black).

Puppy dogs—1 Togo, James Scott.

Open, dogs—1 Coverdale Laddie, F. C. Hessel; 2 Togo, James Scott.

Open, bitch—1 Black Beauty, S. A. Webb; 2 Diana, Miss H. Stewart; 3 Trilzie, C. James.

Cocker Spaniels (Red).

Puppy Bitches—1 Keenpane, Mrs. Waters; 2 Blossom, Wm. Fulton.

Open, dogs—1 Jim, F. R. Ambrose; 2 Paddy, E. White.

Open, bitch—1 Minnie, W. Spark.

Dalmatians.

Puppy Dogs—1 Laddie, Lloyd Collins.

Open, bitch—1 Spot, H. Blashill.

Dachshunds.

Open, dogs—1 Doctor, from Guelph, Wm. Saunders.

Open, bitch—1 Daisy S., W. Saunders.

English Setters.

Open, dogs—1 Dewey, J. E. Jeffreys.

Open, bitch—1 Winona B., W. Campbell; 2 Newcastle Nellie, A. H.

M. Graydon; 3 Queen of Kent, George Bowman.

English Foxhounds.

Open, dogs—1 Fatal, London Hunt Club; 2 Farmer, London Hunt Club.

Open, bitch—1 Pastime, London Hunt Club; 2 Tulip, London Hunt Club.

Foreigners (Smooth-Haired).

Puppy Dogs—1 Kenilworth Jack, Kenilworth Kennels; 2 Flash, Miss A. Maker.

Puppy bitch—1 Kenilworth Bluebell, D. Wm. Fuller.

Open, dogs—1 Forard On, Kenilworth Kennels; 2 Kenilworth Jack, Kenilworth Kennels; 3 Toby, G. B. Gerrard.

Open, bitch—1 Kenilworth Bluebell, Kenilworth Kennels; 3 Nettie, Wm. Bowden.

Wire-Haired.

Puppy dogs—1 Ruffles, Ald. Beattie; 2 Rags, Geo. Jackson; 3 Pete, J. Cook.

Puppy bitch—1 Cricket, M. T. Carroll.

Open, dogs—1 The Meddler, Miss La-hatt; 2 Ruffles, Ald. Beattie; 3 Rags, Geo. Jackson.

Open, bitch—1 Pete, J. Cook; 2 O. Spring, M. T. Carroll; 3 Cricket, M. T. Carroll.

French Bull.

Puppy dogs—1 Buster, Miss Nettie McKay.

Open, bitch—1 Busy, Mrs. Campbell.

French Poodles.

Open, bitch—1 Rex, L. Paladino; 2 Rexie, Mrs. E. Sainsbury.

Greyhounds.

Puppy dogs—1 Bisque, Dr. Banghart.

Open, dogs—1 Mac, G. B. Gerrard; 2 Jap, E. E. Winnett.

Great Danes.

Puppy bitch—1 Lady, F. Johnson.

Open, dogs—1 Togo, F. R. Dale; 2 Bismark, Geo. Langley.

Gordon Setters.

Open, dogs—1 Price Helango, F. B. Ware.

Irish Setters.

Puppy Dogs—1 Togo, E. Graves.

Open, dogs—1 Terrence, A. Harvey.

Irish Terriers.

Open, dogs—1 Tip, S. F. Southcott; 2 Irish Sport, Davey.

Open, bitch—1 Troubles, D. Cook.

Irish Water Spaniels.

Open, dogs—1 Lunsdale, O. Hara; H. H. Taylor; 2 Sport, D. Jones.

Miscellaneous—Dog or Bitch.

Welsh Foxhound—1 Miller, London Hunt Club; 2 Prince, Mr. Lamb.

Manchester.

Open, dogs—1 Pete, W. Bennett; 2 Rex, W. Bennett.

Pointer.

Open, dogs—1 Tonkwa, Mrs. A. Waters, St. Thomas.

Pugs.

Open, dogs—1 Jack, Wm. Hunter.

Open, bitch—1 Lika, Dr. Tillmann.

Scottish Terriers.

Puppy Bitches—1 Midget, J. E. Jeffreys.

Open, dogs—1 Bill, Wm. Hunter; 2 Shaggy, Merle Palmer.

Open, bitch—1 Trilzie, J. E. Jeffreys; 2 Babe, Mrs. Morris.

St. Bernard.

Open, dogs—1 Rev. E. R. Young.

Toy Terriers.

Puppy Bitches—1 Beant (silver-haired), James Calder.

Open, dogs—2 Major, S. C. Lackie.

Open, dogs—1 Floss, E. Brooks; 3 Fluffy (silver), J. H. Kelly.

English Toy Spaniels.

Open, bitch—1 Maynor, R. Oke.

Open, dogs—1 Trul, Miss D. Frown; 2 Nellie, Dr. F. L. Wood; 3 Chilly Sauce, A. J. Roberts.

SHOULD HAVE WARNED RUNNERS

Toronto, Dec. 28.—Claude Pearce is for them to sit back and watch their mad clear through over his disqualification by the C. A. A. U. for running in the Burlington race on Christmas Day. Pearce set his heart on competing in the New Year's race at St. Catharines and has been preparing for some weeks for that event. Now he will be kept out of it. He said this morning: "I would like to ask why did the C. A. A. U. not make an announcement that the race was not sanctioned. Is that the way they have of protecting their men. It may be all very well

U. S. Will Send 150 Athletes To Represent States in England

New York, Dec. 28.—The plans of the American Olympic Committee to send an adequate representation to England to compete in the Olympic games next year are nearing completion. The track and field representation is better perfected than that of other branches of the sport, but there is an excellent chance of the others being well represented by men who can hold their own with the foreign countries in the contest for the international championships. It is probable that there will be ten teams to cross the ocean for the different contests, and fifty men. The sports now included in the scheme of the committee are track and field sports, swimming, shooting, rowing, lacrosse, racquets, tennis, gymnastics, wrestling and boxing.

Five Record Holders.

There is a stronger representation in the field sports possible today than there is on the track. Were a selection to be made today from the men available it would be possible to choose five world's record-holders, all of whom are able to duplicate their performances, and who are very unlikely to be beaten. In the other branches the men available are certainly as strong as the men who went to Athens and are probably very nearly

as able as the men who represented the New York Athletic Club a decade ago, although that team was rightly regarded as one of the greatest ever got together in athletics. The world's record-holders who could be sent out are Ralph Rose, Matt McGrath, Martin Sheridan, Walter Dray and Ray Ewry. Rose is, of course, the greatest shot putter in the world, as his recent performances, breaking all but one of the various shot-putting records in one day, attest. Besides Rose, Coe and Sheridan could well take care of the representatives of any other country. There is no doubt but that the team will be much stronger than that which went to Athens.

A donkey in a field at Ruan Minor was feeding with two cows, when it began chasing them. On getting close to one of them it seized its tail between its teeth and bit it off close to the body, leaving only a short lacerated stump.

A plan for the construction of a tramway line at Peking, elaborated by a Japanese, has been presented to the bureau of foreign affairs by the Japanese minister at Peking. He demands a monopoly of 10 years, after which the concern may be bought by China.

At the Barnstable Fat Stock Show, on Wednesday, was a side show of seven Egyptian sheep. The sheep look like a cross between a deer and a goat, and are red, white, and black, and have long tails.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR WANDERERS

Portage La Prairie Trimmed Cup Holders at Winnipeg By 2 to 1.

Winnipeg, Dec. 28.—Portage la Prairie hockey team defeated the Wanderers, of Montreal, here last night in an exhibition game by 2 goals to 1.

Portage showed good form, and won on their merits. There was nothing sensational, however, in the article put up by either team.

A raging blizzard howled outside and the attendance was very small.

The Wanderers' lineup was the same as on Monday night, with the exception of Harold Armstrong, who replaced Small at cover. Charlie Quinn was between the nets for Portage, and Debeu and Ross comprised the rest of the defense. Lalonde was the only new man on the team. Doc Smith, Serviss, Charlton and Lalonde were the forwards.

The lineup was as follows:

Portage (2). Wanderers (3).

Quinn.....Goal.....Hern Debeu.....Point.....A. Ross

Ross.....Cover.....Armstrong

Charlton.....Rover.....Glass

Serviss.....Center.....Stuart

Lalonde.....Right wing.....Chiphase

Smith.....Left wing.....Johnston

Considerable damage was done at Dover on Wednesday by the firing of the heavy guns from the forts. Upon the firing of the 9-in. guns the vibration was so great that in many cases portions of the ceilings fell down, and ornaments were broken.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS that George Mennis, of Chicago, and Rudolph Unholz, the South African light-weight, have been matched to do battle in Toronto.

In the language of the poet, who the dickens is Unholz?

Are they working the Jack O'Brien gag of digging up a mixed-ale boxer and labeling him a "champion" in Toronto?

A NEW YORK PAPER MIXES UP Longboat with Halpin and Rose, who occupy the center of the athletic stage, and it wonders how their cases will be settled by the amateur authorities. The paper says Longboat is in an odd position in the athletic world, being disqualified by the American Union and the Canadian Federation, but it expects that the redman will soon be reinstated. If the Canucks reinstate Longboat and the American association fails to do so, the writer argues that no American athlete can run against the Indian in London, which would throw the poker-players out of the competition.—Toronto World.

AMERICAN MONEY THREATENS to put a ball team in London, Ont. It is hardly necessary to add that since the stringency struck Wall street America's money and stage money are synonymous twins.—Toronto Telegram.

If some of that "stage" money had been spent in Toronto a long time ago, the ball team there would have been champions for a number of years.

BRUNO SODERSTROM, the Swedish and English pole-vaulting champion, will shortly make a trip to this country for the purpose of studying the American athletic methods, and incidentally to get a line on what America will have at the London Olympiad next July. Soderstrom, who defeated all in the pole vault at Athens, except Gonder, of France, is one of the greatest vaulters in the world. He finds it no trouble at all to do twelve feet consistently.

Joe Hall has a BAD REPUTATION

Ottawa Citizen: Joe Hall, who has been expelled from the Manitoba Hockey League for rough work, has quite a record for that line of work in Ottawa.

When the Winnipeg Rowing Club came east after the Stanley cup Joe was on the team. Five minutes after the first game was started Joseph and Alf Smith clashed, and both were cut up considerably. Five minutes later Hall skated up behind Alf and tried to pull the Ottawa man out of business.

Later he was ruled off for the match after breaking a thumb. Last year, when Harry Westwick and Alf Smith played for Kenora, Hall smashed both Ottawa men repeatedly. Finally he collided with Westwick, and had one of his hands injured, having to retire for the season.

CALGARY HERALD SAYS BURN FOR OLYMPIAD

Toronto, Dec. 28.—Tommy Dair, who was out west with the Teumessus, disagrees with the Calgary Herald on Art Burn, the runner. The Calgary Herald says that Arthur Burn's chance to represent the Canadian Olympic team as a medium distance runner are very good. He has well earned a place, and is one of the best pure Canadian-born runners in Canada. If he is not given an opportunity to get on the team it will not be because he does not deserve it. By his class and by his past performances he most decidedly merits the place, and if the team is made up on merit then Burn will most decidedly go.

Dair said Burn ran at New Westminster, and says that Tom Longboat, Tom Coley and Jack Tait would simply eat Burn alive in a race, while Hilton Green, Harry Selan, Harry Lawson, Alf Sellers, Ben Goldsboro, George Adams and half a dozen more around here would beat him four times out of five.

At the Barnstable Fat Stock Show, on Wednesday, was a side show of seven Egyptian sheep. The sheep look like a cross between a deer and a goat, and are red, white, and black, and have long tails.

UNABLE TO PLAY FIRST O.H.A. GAME

Poor Ice and Rain at Penetang Yesterday—Opening Fixture Postponed.

Toronto, Dec. 28.—The O. H. A. championship season was scheduled to open last night with a game in the intermediate series at Penetang, between Bracebridge and Penetang, but this morning it was found that the ice was very bad. The weather was in the same condition, rain falling heavily, and the game was postponed until a later date.

The following O. H. A. players were registered today:

Goderich, intermediate—Dan McDonald, Alex. McIver, John Wiggins, Arthur D. McLean, J. F. Thomas, Donald McIver, E. Hemphill, Harry Belcher, John McKinnon, Kenneth M. Leod, James Wiggins, M. G. Rhynas, Gordon McDonald, R. W. Craigie, J. C. Tait, A. McDonald and Wm. McLean.

Cannington, intermediate—L. W. A. Sharpe, John R. Payne, L. A. Clark, C. G. Cowan, W. H. Edwards, Richard Nurse, Geo. H. Halward, T. J. McConnell, N. V. Pipher, J. C. Osborne, Fred Halward, T. K. Lockwood, L. W. S. Clark, Jas. F. MacDonald, J. A. Brown, M. D. Ted Halward, R. E. Wallace and Archie Wilson.

Markham High School, Junior—Percy Reesor, Alex. P. MacMillan, Edwin J. Meyer, Carl Weber, Emerson H. Reesor, Eddie Sanderson, Allie Robinson, Harold E. Dobson, Lorne Glen.

Brantford, Junior—Alfred Johnson, H. Duncan, E. L. Burgess, Reginald A. Hall, Fred A. Garvin, Angus Duncan, Roy Emerson, Ignatius O'Neill, C. H. Black.

"I will never play ball in the minors," he has said. "When I cease to be up there with the best, I'll hike back to my farm in Tuscarawas county, I've got the best."

Cy would rather talk farming than baseball, when he does talk. As a matter of fact, that is very seldom. The grand old man minds his own business, is kept busy at it, and consequently is well liked. He has no views to express, no interviews to give out, no grievances to exploit, no demands to make. He is a just, plain, simple-minded farmer—and a pitcher.

Cy does something unusual about his having worked hard for 19 years. He says anybody could do it. He maintains there is no reason why a man who has passed the 40-year mark should not be at his best.

"None gold" "bed" is the response Cy is not clever as a conversationalist, he isn't even well groomed in the manners of the world. But he is braver than many a supposed intellectual giant, because he knows Cy Young and knows how to take care of the old gentleman.

Started in 19 Years Ago.

Cy started pitching in 1888. In these 19 years he has never known a really bad season. His is the most remarkable record ever made by a ball player. He has seen a generation of famous stars drift from the field and he is now tightening his belt to meet still another generation, fast becoming seasoned. Every year he has been among the big winners, even though with a tall end club. Often he has led them all.

The greatest achievement of his on the diamond came May 5, 1904. He shut out the Philadelphia Athletics in one of the few perfect games ever recorded in the history of baseball. For full nine innings not a man reached first base. He did not allow the semblance of a hit nor a base on balls. No errors were made behind him. Just 27 of Connie Mack's men stepped to the plate.

Was Star From the Start.

Young was pitching for the country town teams of Ohio when Cleveland got him. He was a star from the start. He went with the other Cleveland players to St. Louis, but jumped to Boston during the war. He has been at the Hub ever since.

He has never known the pain of a sore arm and he has shown no signs of weakening in recent years. The man revels in hard work, winter and summer. Cy never goes into "fun," the pleasure he gets out of life is work. When he leaves the diamond in the fall he hustles to his home, and you can find him there, looking, not like the world's most remarkable athlete, but like a simple, healthy, rugged old farmer. He doesn't look like the man who has heard the plaudits of a sport-mad country ringing in his ears for 19 years.

Cy Young is worth well over \$100,000. He earned every cent of it. He chews scrap and smokes good, healthy nickel cigars—and sidesteps the hard-boiled shirt whenever he can.

WORRALL AND WILSON REMAIN LEADERS

The last two teams competing for the prizes offered by the Ideal Alleys management failed to lower the marks set by Worrall and Wilson, the winners. Summary:

Chees, Sheers.....130 145 183-514

K. Casselman.....150 122 148-420

.....330 267 337-934

W. R. Lashbrook.....107 134 205-446

L. Sutcliffe.....153 115 113-381

.....260 249 318-827

For saving two ladies from drowning, Mr. Owen Vince, a longshoreman, was awarded the Royal Humane Society's vellum certificate at Ventnor. He has saved fourteen lives.

YOUNG, BASEBALL'S GRAND OLD MAN

Quiet Old Ohio Farmer Who Has Stood High in the Game for 19 Years.

Detroit, Dec. 27.—When will old Cy Young forget the cunning he has known for 19 years? When will the greatest of all players weaken and drop from view? He has signed his contract for 1908, his nineteenth year on the ball, with the Tigers, and got him during the coming season. Think of being, not only a major league ball player, but a major league top-notch pitcher, for 19 years, a man feared and respected by every batter in America.

The Old Ones Are Gone.

Jim McGuire has quit; George Davis, they say, is all in; Jake Beckley drifted to the minors last season; Clark Griffith, who pitched a year ago; Willie Keeler fell way down last season; Jack O'Connor has probably seen his last year in the majors. Many of the old warriors will pass from view next year in all probability. Time waits for but one man, and he is Cy Young. He alone laughs at age; time he pays no heed.

Cy, the Ohio farmer, is fast nearing the half-century mark, the time of life when the average human being is thinking of seeing back and having "wifey" bring him his slippers and tea in the evening. Yet he is already patching his last season's baseball trousers to start out again on the firing line, pitted against the greatest, hardest youths in America.

Never Play in Minors.

"I will never play ball in the minors," he has said. "When I cease to be up there with the best, I'll hike back to my farm in Tuscarawas county, I've got the best."

Cy would rather talk farming than baseball, when he does talk. As a matter of fact, that is very seldom. The grand old man minds his own business, is kept busy at it, and consequently is well liked. He has no views to express, no interviews to give out, no grievances to exploit, no demands to make. He is a just, plain, simple-minded farmer—and a pitcher.

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The greatest achievement

London's Battery Makes Fine Showing

Ottawa, Dec. 27.—The results of the competitions of the Canadian Artillery Association for 1907 are announced. The winners in the more important contests are as follows:

Field Artillery—Competition for general efficiency—1 Third Field Battery, Montreal, 150 and Governor-General's cup; 2 Sixth Field Battery, London, \$40 and Lansdown challenge cup; 3 Ninth Field Battery, Toronto, \$25; 4 Seventeenth Field Battery, Sydney, N. S., \$20; 5 Fifteenth Field Battery, Granby, Que., and Sixteenth Howitzer Battery, Guelph, equal, each \$7.50.

Competitive Practice—Special prizes for 12-pound batteries—Sixth Field Battery, London, Association challenge cup; For Howitzer Batteries—Sixteenth Howitzer Battery, Guelph, Association challenge cup; For Ontario Batteries—Sixth Field Battery, London, Montzambert challenge cup; Battery Manoeuvres—1 Sixth Field Battery, London, Grant challenge cup; Twenty-second Field Battery, Sherbrooke, Que., Gzowski cup.

Entertained Children of the Shelter

Two Sunday school classes of the Askin Street Methodist Church, of which Miss Newans and Miss D. Dunkin are the teachers, visited the Children's Aid Society Shelter Home last night and treated the little ones to the best time they ever had in their lives. A Christmas tree, loaded down with all kinds of toys and goodies, had been previously prepared by the young ladies, and after these had been distributed by Santa Claus to the intense delight of the kiddies, a programme

of songs and readings was given by the following: Olive Parker, Mabel Avery, Gladys Robinson, Mayme Blashill, Ruth West, Alice Allport, Edna Bartlett, Lily Graham, Violet Ward, Maude Down, D. Dunkin, Florence West and Anna Newans. This was followed by games and a good frolic with the children.

Members of the society were present, and all expressed themselves as very grateful for the enjoyment the young ladies had given the children.

Stationary Engineers Held Meeting

The Canadian Association of Stationary Engineers held its regular meeting last evening, when a number of interesting subjects were discussed. Among the subjects discussed was the purchasing of steam engine indicator and other instruments used in testing steam or other power plants; also a library for the use of the members.

The matter of engineers' examinations was also referred to, and considerably criticised, because the Government had not appointed practical men on the board of examiners.

It is impossible to deal with a matter of such importance in such an impractical manner, and we trust to see the same amended, because as it is the best of no value to the engineer, or manufacturer, and the object of this organization is to promote the common interest of both.

Local Items

—Mr. E. Nettleship, of Montreal, is visiting his parents, Cathart street, South London.

—Mr. Fred Dalton, of Toronto, has returned after spending Christmas with his parents in this city.

—Miss Elsie Durward, of Detroit, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. John A. Wilson, of 121 Inkerman street.

—Mr. R. F. Booth and wife of Toledo, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. C. W. Norman, 384 Hamilton road.

—Mr. James McNeill of Lansing, Mich., is visiting with his sister, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of 519 Simcoe street.

—The choir of Chalmers Church will give a service of prayer at the evening service tomorrow. Miss Forrester will act as soloist.

—Mr. Frank R. Dark left today for his home in Detroit, after spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Dark, 526 Adelaide street.

—Mr. Bert Hillen, manager of the Buchanan Coal Company, of this city, is spending the holiday week with old acquaintances at Cromarty and Staffa.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stewart P. McMorris have returned to their home at Niagara Falls, after spending Christmas with their parents at 785 Hellmuth avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Smith and family, of Winnipeg, and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Proby, of Toronto, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. G. Hilton Smith, 27 Craig street.

—Mr. E. McKay, of Byron avenue, just returned a few days ago from a very successful six-weeks' business trip through the Maritime Provinces. Mr. McKay reports a very mild winter so far in that section.

—Mr. John Geary, of London Township, who recently went to England to finance a steam radial railroad from this city to Owen Sound, has returned. Mr. Geary will make no announcement yet regarding the enterprise.

All Doing Well.
The six men injured in the boiler explosion near Lambeth the day before Christmas are doing well. Their injuries are very painful, but no complications have arisen. Mr. Nixon's ankle, which was badly smashed, is healing well.

Enjoyable Holiday Hop.
Over 150 guests attended Messrs. Dayton & McCorkle's "Holiday Hop" at the Palace Dancing Academy last evening. The excellent floor and choice music rendered by the academy orchestra was thoroughly appreciated by everyone present.

Remanded for a Week.
Victor Borst and Joseph Henry, a white man, and an Indian, respectively, appeared before Judge Chittick yesterday and were remanded for one week on charges of theft. The pair reside on the Muncy reserve. One of the chief witnesses against Borst is his wife.

Travelers Meeting.
The annual meeting and election of officers of the Travelers' Club will be held this evening at the club rooms. There will be three presentations made to prominent members of the club, and the evening will be of great interest. A very large attendance of the members is anticipated.

Gard of Thanks.
Mr. and Mrs. William Tambling, of 361 Oxford street, wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Todd, of 799 William street, for returning to them the coat of their little son Willie, who was killed in the wreck of the Brewster building on July 18 last. Mr. Todd discovered the coat among the debris on Dec. 24.

London Township Election.
It has been stated in a local paper that W. A. Langford would oppose J. H. Hodgins for first deputy reeve in the London Township elections, and

money, the guests spent a very enjoyable evening until the hour of 12, when all retired to the spacious dining-room, when a sumptuous wedding repast was served. The numerous and costly gifts which were received showed the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Among the number was a handsome gold watch and chain, the groom's gift to the bride. The groom also presented the bridesmaid with a handsome gold bracelet. The guests dispersed at an early hour. The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends. They will reside in Detroit.

MASONIC OFFICERS WERE INSTALLED

Eight Recently Elected Worshipful Masters Placed in Office.

The installation of the recently-elected officers of the Masonic lodges in this city took place in the lodgerooms last night in the presence of a very large number of the brethren.

The installation was conducted by the following officers: Rt. Wor. Bro. E. E. C. Killmer, Aylmer, D. G. M.; Rt. Wor. Bro. J. A. Tancock, St. John's, No. 20; Rt. Wor. Bro. R. F. O'Neill, of Thamesford, P. D. G. M.; Wor. Bro. Charles Buskard, St. George's, No. 42; Wor. Bro. U. A. Buchner, Kilwinning Lodge, No. 64; Rt. Wor. Bro. J. B. McKillop, Tuscan, No. 195; Rt. Wor. Bro. A. E. Cooper, St. John's, No. 209a; John F. Flannigan, Cornhillian, No. 330; A. M. Trick, King Solomon, No. 378.

A pleasant feature of the gathering was the presentation during the evening to Rt. Wor. Bro. R. F. O'Neill, of Thamesford, past district deputy grand master, of London district, No. 3, of a full set of regalia of the office.

The presentation was made by Rt. Wor. Bro. E. E. C. Killmer, of Aylmer, district deputy grand master of London district.

Worshipful Masters Installed.
The worshipful masters of the eight city lodges, who were installed last night, were: James Dean, Union, No. 330; S. F. Glass, Kilwinning, No. 64; J. O. Weldon, St. John's, No. 20; Geo. Bott, St. George's, No. 42; H. A. Abbott, Tuscan, No. 195; Wm. W. Davidson, No. 380; Very Wor. Bro. T. G. Davis, King Solomon, No. 378; Very Wor. Bro. W. A. Tanner, St. George's, No. 42; Very Wor. Bro. H. E. Shippson, Cornhillian, No. 330.

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MOTHER DIES TO SAVE LITTLE ONES

Starves Herself So That Her Children Would Have Sufficient Food.

New York, Dec. 28.—Starving herself that her four children might have sufficient food to sustain life, Mrs. Diobee Prince, taken to the Eastern District Hospital yesterday morning in Williamsburgh yesterday morning, died of starvation.

Notwithstanding the mother's sacrifice, neighbors who learned of the conditions yesterday found that the children had had nothing to eat since early on Christmas morning.

The physicians who attended the dying woman say that her weakness and emaciation had reached such a stage that their best efforts were of no effect in reviving

School for Housewives

TWELFTH NIGHT DAINTIES

How to Place Cookies in Pan

Potter Cookie Cutter

Glass Rolling Pin

New Cookie Cutters

Place Paper Over Paper Over Is Too Hot

Putting in Thumbtack Ring and Cord

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST.
Grapefruit, cracked wheat and cream, hashbrowns, popovers, toast, coffee and tea.

LUNCHEON.

Beef loaf (a left-over), brown bread and butter, cut thin; lettuce and macaroni salad, crackers and cheese, lemon meringue and custard, cake, cocoa.

DINNER.

Okra and tomato soup, smothered chicken, boiled rice, Brussels sprouts, mashed potatoes, pumpkin pie and American cheese, black coffee.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST.
Baked quince and cream, bacon, fried, boiled eggs, brown and white bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Beef loaf, sliced, deviled, breaded and fried (a left-over), potato, lettuce and macaroni salad, crackers and cheese, lemon meringue and custard, cake, cocoa.

DINNER.

Oyster bisque, chicken scallop (a left-over), rice croquettes (a left-over), soufflé of Brussels sprouts (a left-over), floating island, black coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST.
Oranges, oatmeal porridge and cream, sausage and fried apples, corn bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Baked cheese omelet, tomato toast (baked), graham rolls, gingerbread and cocoa.

DINNER.

Mutton and barley broth, beef-steak and onions, stuffed potatoes, creamed cauliflower, bread and raisin pudding, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST.
Fruit, barley crystals and cream, poached eggs, rice muffins, scalloped potatoes, toast and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Fruit cocktail, celery soup, olives, veal cutlets, French fried potatoes, creamed cauliflower, crackers, cheese, angel food, coffee.

DINNER.

Raw oysters, celery, olives, salted nuts, consommé (a left-over), turkey, giblet gravy, cranberry jelly, macaroni timbales, mashed potatoes, lettuce, French dressing, rice, plum pudding, ice cream, fancy cakes, coffee, nuts, mince, raisins.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST.
Oranges, hominy and cream, bacon and green sweet peppers, sally lun, toast, tea, and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Sausage and griddle cakes—in profusion! maple syrup and griddle cakes (a left-over), corn course, milk and cocoa (a stormy-day luncheon).

DINNER.

Cream of celery soup, carried veal, stewed potatoes, oysters, omelet, rice and macaroni, to be eaten with the turkey, giblet pudding and cream sauce, black coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST.
Baked apples and cream, cream fritters, hominy muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Salt mackerel, boiled and creamed; stewed potatoes, oysters, omelet, rice and macaroni, to be eaten with the turkey, giblet pudding and cream sauce, black coffee.

DINNER.

Beef gravy soup, halibut steaks, with Béchamel sauce, whipped potatoes, fried hominy, charlotte russe, black coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST.
Oranges, corned beef, cream, scrambled eggs and chopped bacon, muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Creamed halibut (a left-over), potato purée (a left-over), baked toast, baked quince, tea.

DINNER.

Julienne soup, roast mutton, scalloped sweet potatoes, spinach, mince pie, black coffee.

GAS STOVE ADVICE

Buying a gas stove, ornamentation should be a minor consideration. Much fretwork is a collector of dust and germs.

Blue painted steel is durable and easy to keep clean. It does not rust or discolor.

Of distinct advantage, also, are strong steel wire oven racks that will not break or absorb heat, oven doors, spring-poised, that do not open or close with a jar; interlocking parts that can be removed for cleaning without displacing screws or bolts; oven and broiler doors, interlined with heavy asbestos or aluminumized steel, and legs to raise the range from the floor high enough to permit sweeping underneath.

Covers made with reducing rings to accommodate vessels of different sizes, and an arrangement that places oven and broiler on top the range, doing away with the stooping posture, when baking or broiling, are also of great convenience.

The best burners are of one piece, vialing leaky joints and independent supported so that they are readily removable for cleaning.

For the forgetful one there is now a patented safety lighter, warranted to insure against accident from explosion. The coals are arranged with valves, by which the supply of oxygen may be regulated.

Among the axioms which might be hung beside the range with advantage to the cook and the gas bills are these: Matches are cheaper than gas.

Never light a top burner until you are ready to use it. It gives the maximum of heat when first lighted.

Turn off a burner as soon as you have finished.

TO BRIGHTEN PAINT
KITCHEN paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room.

The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished.

A good plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

The finale of the English mid-winter holidays, and are not unwilling to transplant some attendant customs into a life that is more utilitarian and strenuous than that of older lands.

Twelfth Night Cake.

Rub light a cupful of washed butter and two cupfuls of fine granulated sugar.

Beat the yolks of eight eggs light, and add, beating steadily as you go, to the creamed butter and sugar. Have ready half a pound each of raisins, seeded and chopped fine, and of currants thoroughly cleaned and stemmed, a quarter of a pound of citron cut into tiny strips with sharp scissors and the same of almonds, blanched and minced.

Dredge all these well with flour. Sift two heaping cups of flour three times. Stir the fruit with alternate handfuls of flour into the eggs and butter-mixture, together with a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ground mace. When these ingredients are well compounded, whip in the stiffened whites of the eggs with long, horizontal strokes.

Pour into a buttered mould with a funnel in the middle and bake in a steady oven for an hour, covered. Remove the paper from the top and bake, uncovered, until a straw comes out clean from the middle of the loaf.

When cold spread with thick frosting and before this is quite dry, letter the top "Twelfth Night" in gilded comfits.

Before sending the cake to table, make four incisions, carefully, in the underside, leaving as little trace as may be of the work in the soft substance. Into one cut thrust a dried bean; into another, a silver dime; into a third, a small silver thimble, and into the fourth, a gold ring.

These articles must not be near to one another, and should be pushed well into the body of the loaf.

The fun comes when the cake is cut. He or she who gets a slice with the bean in it will have a thrifty partner in the path matrimonial. The dime betokens wealth; the ring, a speedy marriage; the thimble, lifelong celibacy for man or woman.

The bachelor is condemned by it to sew on his own buttons, the woman to be a maiden aunt and

darn the stockings of other people's children.

The mother of the household must cut the cake, and not a word be spoken until the slices are distributed. Nor must any one of the recipients examine what has fallen to his or her share until all are supplied.

When the eggs are "set," stir just enough to make them cover the pork. They should not be hard. The salt seasons the eggs. Another way of disguising the fat pork is to fry, dipping each slice in batter.

This may be the original of John's grandmother's recipe.

13 Another way is to fry and cut up into mouthfuls and make a cream gravy with it. It is now some years since I saw salt pork cooked in any of these ways. I use it only as a relish with other meats, and with beans, fricasseed chicken, and so on.

Other housewives have come to the assistance of John's "head cook." I have not room for their letters today, but that we might extend our borders and lengthen our tent cords!

Recipe for Ale Requested.
Kindly give me a recipe for making English ale. W. H. E. (Monticello, Ill.).

Will not some of our English correspondents reply by sending in a recipe for such home-brewed ale—"mellow old October," for example—as we read of in English books and taste in English farmhouses?

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TWELFTH NIGHT, as a season of revelry and home-frolics, is comparatively unknown in this country.

Lately, there has been an effort to bring it into popular favor; more, I fancy, because it is the fashion with a certain class of would-be leaders in the social world to engraft upon our life the habits of the English, from whom Anglomaniacs would have us "take the pace" in everything, from men's trousers to religious dogma and observance.

There were rhyme and reason in the Twelfth Night supper, and the mammoth cake compounded for the occasion in the English homestead, in days when the "Frank" and "Harry and Lucy" of Maria Edgeworth were written.

Our eldest grandmothers have not forgotten Mrs. Catherine's disappointment when Frank and Mary ran into the housekeeper's room to stop the hands that were measuring and weighing materials for the big Twelfth Night cake, and how her face cleared somewhat on learning that the money the feast would cost was to be given to a poor boy in whom she was interested.

LAST OF HOLIDAYS
The supper was the last of holiday revels.

Even now the English Christmas holiday lasts until Epiphany—otherwise, "Twelfth Night."

Our boys and girls go back soberly to school on the 2d of January, when that date does not fall on Saturday or Sunday.

The church festival of Epiphany was instituted in commemoration of the visit of the Three Wise Men of the East to Bethlehem. It is also called "The Greek Christmas."

The gifts of the Magi to the infant Christ were gold, frankincense and myrrh, and these who detect symbolism in every traditional custom—the petty as well as the dignified—will have it that the spices and tropical fruit in the plum cake, and the gilding with which it was decorated in lang syne, have reference to the votive offerings left with the Virgin for her royal son.

Without straining the imagination to peer into the ages, we recognize the lingering flavor of Yuletide in the joyous ceremonials of

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

WILL you accept these few household hints?

To save work in the kitchen, keep all your old bread papers; keep them folded neatly in a drawer, and when you make biscuits or pie cover the breadboard with a clean paper.

After using one, roll it up and burn. This saves the trouble of scrubbing the board. For chocolate pie make a shell of rich pastry and bake it empty. Beat the yolks of two eggs light. Add a cupful of Yuletide, a tablespoonful of flour, half a cupful of unsweetened grated chocolate and half a pint of milk.

Mix all together well and cook in a double boiler until thick. Fill the shell and spread the white with the mixture and beat to a stiff meringue, over the top.

Return to a quick oven and brown very lightly.
Mrs. A. L. E. (Noblesville, Ind.).

The device for keeping the board clean is excellent, provided you are sure of the papers. I should suggest sterilizing them by laying upon the upper grating of the oven for awhile and then cooling before using them.

The recipe for chocolate pie is new to me, and must be tempting to all who read it.

One Dead Lamb
I glean many good ideas from the Exchange. I keep the blank books the children have used and paste in them articles I clip from the paper. I was much interested in the letter from Mrs. K. Glen-side, Pa., and copied her for having her baby on her lap while she wrote.

I, too, have had my baby on my lap, and though I have four other children, it seems as if I could not live without him. He is here, but the comfort and the pleasure of their presence compensate for all.

One of my boys, aged 12, is delicate. He suffers from indigestion. Perhaps some of the members may be able to tell me of a dietary for him?

We removed recently to Pensacola from New Orleans. I am interested, as are other ladies here, in the effort to make this a city beautiful.

Our first step is to beautify our own yards, liberally sowing a good example to our neighbors.

Now we wish to be broader in design and in execution, have the streets cleaned, the parks put into better condition, etc. Any suggestion you or yours could give us would be welcome.
Mrs. D. (Pensacola, Fla.).

"There is no flock, however watched and tended.
But one dead lamb is there."

We have read and said the words over hundreds of times, but never without a heartache. I heard John B. Gough

quote one line of a poem thirty years ago that has come into my mind since, whenever a

PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL

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The point was reached now. The two men looked straight into each other's eyes, and a vein above Jack Renton's temple showed suddenly into prominence and shone through the skin like whipcord. The millionaire answered his question with another.

"Have you satisfied yourself as to who Miss Beresford is? Can you tell me who her father is?"

So he had been right. David Renton also had fathomed the secret which Anthony Garrick believed was his alone—the secret which would break Margot's heart if she ever learned it. Jack's firm jaw set itself.

"No," he said, steadily. "I cannot tell you."

"You do not know?"

"No."

"Will you ask Sir Anthony?"

"I will not."

A moment's silence ensued, then Mrs. Renton pushed back her chair and, with down-bent head and choking back a sob, went hastily from the room. Her husband watched her go, and when he spoke his eyes were still fixed on the door.

"I have never seen Miss Beresford, but I believe she and her brother are twins, and I have studied him to some purpose," he said.

"I need not go into further details. No doubt you quite understand now why a marriage between you and Sir Anthony Garrick's ward would be obnoxious to me."

He sat down in his wife's chair, and picking up a magazine rustled the leaves of it, and Jack, resting his arm on the mantel-shelf, stood looking silently into the fire for a long time. Then he turned and spoke, and his voice was a trifle husky.

"I love Margot, sir, and nothing will induce me to give her up; neither the knowledge of what her connections may be nor anything else, but I do not think you will take my meaning wrongly when I say that the happiness I am looking forward to with her will be very seriously marred if you withdraw your friendship. A man does not give up his home ties and those he has cared for lightly. I, at least, cannot, and I hope you will consider the matter again. There will be a big blank in my life if I have to reckon it up with you and Cousin Edith out of it."

The words had cost him an effort. David Renton recognized that, and felt prouder of him than he had ever done, but he gave no sign.

"My mind is made up," he said. "All the consideration in the world will not alter the facts."

"Wait till you see," Jack pleaded. "I can work for my wife anywhere, and if you wish me to go out of the firm, I am ready, but don't let us quarrel. You have been too good to me to let me be able to stand that. I am willing to wait till you get accustomed to the idea, and you may see the matter differently then."

He left him, and putting on his coat went out, tramping miles across the open country, thinking, endeavoring to straighten things out, wondering how he could explain David Renton's attitude to Margot, giving free rein to his fierce loathing of Anthony Garrick.

It was 10 o'clock when he neared home again, and as he was cutting down a short bypath to reach one of the side gates a man and a girl passed him. He did not know the girl, but, though the man had his cap drawn down over his eyes and kept his head bent, he knew him to be Archie Beresford.

"Like father, like son," he muttered as he glanced over his shoulder at them. "Who can the girl be? I never saw her before that I know of, but I fancy I'll know her again."

There was nothing pretty about her. People who did not like Gretna Archibald called her a rouse, a snub, and frankly dubbed her reddish hair curdy, but she had a cool audacity and an unbounded belief in herself which served her instead of physical charm, and carried her much farther. To hesitate at anything when she had an end to gain was unknown to her.

"That was young Renton of Conynslea," she said sharply, when Jack was out of earshot.

"So I saw," was Archie's response. She withdrew her arm from his with an offended movement.

"Then why did you pretend you didn't? That was a silly thing to do; he knew you—I could tell that by the way he looked. You won't get me out with you in a hurry again, if you can't behave better when we meet your friends."

She used this threat every now and again, and occasionally gave signs of fulfilling it by declining to see him for a week or two. She "knew her way about," she said, and there was nothing like keeping him in order.

"Oh, come now, Greta, don't be so awfully hard on a chap!" Archie said.

led closer, and tried to insinuate his arm within hers again. It was beastly awkward, and though he will be as handsome, and his quick perception told her, but her quick perception told her that sometimes men who have lost and suffered can be like adamant regarding anything that touches what is left to them.

She was going downstairs that evening when the library door was suddenly jerked open and Tom came out, shutting it behind him with something very closely approaching a bang. She called to him, but he flung himself across the hall and went out without answering, and when she reached the doorway the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

Without an instant's hesitation she gathered up her skirt and sped down the drive, only to be convinced in a few minutes that wherever he had gone to he had not taken that way. She turned back, and in front of the house came face to face with the butler, taking a stolen airing.

"Have you seen Mr. Beresford, Phillips?" she asked breathlessly.

He thought he had gone to the stables, at any rate he went that way, Phillips replied, and instantly she was off again, running through the gardens and down a footpath to the nearest way, afraid of she knew not what.

The light in the big lamp in the middle of the stable yard was glimmering faintly, after the fashion in which all the lights at Abbotdale had a way of glimmering, but it was bright enough to show her the hunted, half-desperate look on Tom's face as he stood beneath it, when she passed under the archway which gave entrance to the paved court. He had a pocketbook and some papers in one hand and a pencil in the other, but he tried to thrust the whole lot out of sight when her light footstep startled him, and looking up he saw her.

"I ran out after you—I would not have found you had Phillips not told me where you had gone," she panted.

"What is wrong, Tom? Have you been quarrelling with Sir Anthony?"

"Do you think Sir Anthony would condescend to quarrel with such as I? He was simply letting me feel the power of his heel—that was all."

The answer was given with a harsh, reckless laugh. He was still trying to cram the book and papers into his pockets, but his hands were shaking, the pockets he had reached were obviously too small, and they stuck obstinately.

"What is it?" the girl breathed, her frightened eyes lifted to his face. "Is it money?"

"Has it ever been anything else since I came here? Money and being shown that I am not wanted!" Tom cried passionately. "Oh, don't trouble to contradict me, Margot—you know that's the truth. He has hated me since the first day he saw me—I don't know why, but he has; his one desire has been to get me out of the way."

And old Renton is the same, he can bear the sight of me. I was got into his office by some of Sir Anthony's mean, underhand tricks, and I've had to pay the penalty ever since."

"Not doing right?" Margot echoed, pausing in her task of transferring two or three of the violets in her waist belt to his coat, and giving him a gravely puzzled look. "In what way?"

"By staying at home—as things are. In your thinking it is disrespectful to you."

"Jack!" The violets fell at her feet, as one soft white hand went swiftly over his mouth, stopping speech. "You know I do not. But I will tell you what I do think," she added, releasing his breast, while her hands against his troubled ones, shining eyes met his heart was too small to hold more than one love at one time, if you could throw aside at a moment's notice those who have been your best friends, you would be the man I fell in love with. I don't want a husband who would not give a thought to any duty except the duty of making love to me."

The last words were scarcely audible, for his arms had closed round her, and he was kissing her passionately. He told her, but it was a sneering remark, Sir Anthony's which had disturbed and vexed him. The sting was taken out of the sneer now, however.

"You always understand," he declared gratefully. "I was not really doubting that you were content to wait until I have at least done my best to win them over. Only I was—feeling uneasy."

"I am content to wait till they are won over, though it should be years and years," she said.

His endurance would not stand a strain like that, but he hoped it would not be put to the test, he said with a smile. And then silence fell upon them.

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for a little space, and in both their minds the same thought was, that no matter how long they might be patient, it would not avail them anything. But the man fought the thought doggedly.

Margot knew David Renton well by sight. Though they had not met, she had seen him often in the streets of Fleetville, and his fine, clear-cut face, with its subtle suggestion of power and strength haunted her since the first intimation of his opposition had reached her. She admired him; he was handsome, and did not look unkindly, but her quick perception told her that sometimes men who have lost and suffered can be like adamant regarding anything that touches what is left to them.

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The last words were scarcely audible, for his arms had closed round her, and he was kissing her passionately. He told her, but it was a sneering remark, Sir Anthony's which had disturbed and vexed him. The sting was taken out of the sneer now, however.

"You always understand," he declared gratefully. "I was not really doubting that you were content to wait until I have at least done my best to win them over. Only I was—feeling uneasy."

"I am content to wait till they are won over, though it should be years and years," she said.

His endurance would not stand a strain like that, but he hoped it would not be put to the test, he said with a smile. And then silence fell upon them.

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Always at the top of the tree—always at the top! Archie rides the winning horse!"

"Do you ride it on the top of a tree?" one of the others questioned curiously. He had lost, and even at the best of times Archie's inanities were unbearable to him. The equestrian performance should be worth seeing! Are you not to give us our revenge?"

The brilliant son and heir of the philanthropist indulged in a wink.

"You don't catch this child napping, my son; what Archie gets he keeps. Besides, I'll take my place, so on, Tom. See if you can win for once."

"Are you going?" Tom asked.

"Got to go and see my girl, Lucky in cards, lucky in love," he giggled.

"What does Johnny say that?" Tom asked, a proverb myself, 'pon my word, I will. Something about the girls. Archie knows them, you bet!"

He swaggered out, and the man who had spoken before made a grimace of disgust.

"I can't think why you let that bouncer come within your door, Ellis," he said, addressing himself to their host, a quiet, inoffensive-looking individual, who was the most inveterate gambler in Fleetville.

"Oh, he doesn't always win," was the significant reply. "Your deal, Beresford."

They settled to business again, and Tom played with a feverishness born of the fear within him, but he lost steadily, and when he rose a few more names and amounts had to be added to those already written in his pocketbook. And the count of summons floated ever before his eyes.

CHAPTER X.

Arrested.

"Is Beresford in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I wish to speak to him, please."

It was a bright morning, the first morning in April, a week later, and the spring sunshine was streaming in through the window of David Renton's private room in the office as he sat at his desk, his morning paper open before him. He had gone through only a few of these when he had paused, staring at an incredible manner at the one he was then reading, as if he could scarcely believe what was written. The next instant he had rung the bell sharply, and he was still puzzling over the scribbled words when Tom oozed his summons.

"You want me, sir?"

Mr. Renton lifted his head sharply, something in the voice grating on his keen ear. And when his voice betrayed, Tom Beresford's face was showing as clearly. Fear was plainly written across it.

"Yes; shut the door. Do you recollect my giving you a letter on Friday afternoon, and asking you to post it?"

"Friday afternoon?"

"Yes. It was addressed to a gentleman in Manchester—Mr. Bell. I don't think the incident can have escaped your memory. I am not in the habit of calling upon you to serve me personally, and I explained at the time that I wished you to take it because no one else was available."

Tom's face was slowly turning to an ashen hue; it was by a strong effort he was keeping his teeth from chattering.

"Yes, I remember now," he jerked out. "Just before you left."

"What did you do with it?"

"I posted it."

"There is no doubt as to its being posted," the elder man said, dryly. "It reached its destination, but, unfortunately, the chief part of its contents was missing. You sent it off at once?"

"Yes."

"You knew what was inclosed?"

"A momentary hesitation, then the denial came."

"No."

Mr. Renton raised his eyebrows.

"Pardon me, Beresford, but you did you were here when I mentioned it to Mr. Bryce that I had sent Mr. Bell."

"Tom, tell me! Oh, don't leave me in this suspense! Were you asking money from Sir Anthony?"

"No, I wasn't!" He flung off his touch, then stooped suddenly and faced her. "If you must have it, you must! One of your bills was sent into him today, and he has ordered me to pay it, or face the county court. And having nothing to pay it with, it will have to be the county court. He wants that! Everybody will pity him then because the lad has done so much for her, but he has turned out badly!"

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SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

It was at the instance of Queen Alexandra that Miss Florence Nightingale was decorated with the English Order of Merit, the statutes of which had to be modified by King Edward in order to admit of her appointment to this highly prized distinction, and the part which the Queen played in the affair was emphasized by the fact that her own birthday was selected as the most suitable date for the bestowal of the honor.

Next to Florence Nightingale, there is no one in the United Kingdom who has done more to promote the profession of nursing the sick and the wounded than Queen Alexandra, and to her is mainly due the establishment of the calling on a thoroughly organized basis.

It is to her, too, that the nurses owe vast improvement of their status, and their increased prestige, while the pension funds and analogous schemes which she has founded for their welfare are innumerable.

It is not generally known that Miss Nightingale was known in her girlhood by a different name. Originally her patronymic was Shore, which she bore until after she had attained womanhood. Her father was William Shore, and it was only on inheriting the estate of Lea Hurst, that beautiful place in Derbyshire, from his uncle, Peter Nightingale, that he, in accordance with his relative's will, assumed the name and the armorial bearings of the testator.

He came of an old family, which for generations had owned the leading banking house in Sheffield, which has been possessed of land in the counties of Derby and York since the fifteenth century, and which exists today in the person of Harrington Shore, of Norton Hall, and Lindridge House, Leicestershire.

Her father was a wealthy and cultured man who mingled much in the literary and fashionable society of the day and was a great traveler.

It was in Italy that his two children were born. One of his daughters, that is to say, the one just decorated with the Order of Merit, received the name of Florence from the city of her birth. The other daughter, born at Naples, received the extraordinary name of Parthenope, and married the late Sir Harry Verney of Claydon, which is now in the possession of his son, Sir Edmund Verney.

The Order of Merit owes its foundation to King Edward, and its membership is restricted to 24. Unlike all other English and foreign orders of chivalry, it has no royal personage on its roster save the sovereign, and it confers no title or precedence.

Yet so highly prized is the distinction by those who are fortunate enough to possess it that they prefer the letters "O. M." to all the other initial letters which follow their names to indicate the orders of knighthood which they own.

Several have accepted it in preference to a peerage, among them the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, the British ambassador to Washington. The insignia of the order consists of a cross of red and blue enamel, bordered with gold, and having within a laurel wreath, upon a center medallion of blue enamel, the motto of the order, that is to say, "For Merit" in letters of gold.

On the reverse side within a laurel wreath, upon a center of blue enamel, is the cipher, in gold, of the sovereign. The cross is surrounded by the imperial crown in gold and colored enamel, and is suspended around the neck by a parti-colored ribbon of scarlet blue, and crimson of the width of two inches.

Miss Nightingale is the only woman of the order, and the remainder of the

members constitute the cream of the men of mark of the British Empire, including Lord Kelvin, who died just recently; Lord Lister, Lord Cromer, Admiral Sir John Fisher, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour, Lord Kitchener, William Holman Hunt, the painter; George Meredith, the novelist, and the foreign members, namely, Admiral Togo, and Field Marshals Oyama and Yamagata.

Had Carlyle lived he undoubtedly would have been included in the order. For the reason why he declined the grand cross of the Order of the Bath when it was pressed upon him by Queen Victoria and several of her ministers was because it would have entailed his becoming Sir Thomas Carlyle, which he considered would be ridiculous and calculated to diminish rather than to enhance his prestige.

He, however, accepted with pleasure the Prussian Order of Merit from the late Emperor William in recognition more especially of his history of Frederick the Great, since this Prussian order permitted him to remain plain Thomas Carlyle as heretofore.

King Edward had this in mind when he created the Order of Merit, and thus found means to honor John Morley, who had also declined the grand cross of the Order of the Bath, who gladly accepted the Order of Merit.

Prussia's Order of Merit was created by Frederick the Great in 1740, and like its English counterpart possesses only one class. The insignia is worn around the neck by a black moire ribbon, with narrow edges of silver. It has an eight-pointed blue enamel cross, mounted in gold, between the branches of which there are four Prussian eagles spreadwise. The cross is surmounted by an "E" and a crown.

Its membership is limited to 80 names, 30 military men and 50 civilians. There is but one American upon whom it has ever been conferred, namely, the historian, Bancroft.

Little Princess Anna Monica of Saxony is liable to be overwhelmed with presents this Christmas, which she will spend in the Tyrol with Baron Ernest Schonburg and his Brooklyn wife, the baron being one of the chamberlains of the king of Saxony.

The king has already dispatched a large quantity of toys to the chateau of Pallaus, near Brixen, which the little girl is to receive from him on Christmas eve, and her position has excited so much notice not only in Saxony but also throughout Germany and Europe that Christmas gifts are pouring in for her from all quarters in token of good will.

By surrendering the child, who is a pretty little girl, her mother, the ex-princess of Saxony, has forfeited all remaining sympathy since she is regarded as having sacrificed her daughter for the sake of her Italian pianist, and for the income which will enable her to live in him in comparative luxury in Italy.

If she had refused to give up the child and been ready to forfeit her annuity from the king to keep the little girl with her—in fact, if she had shown any spark of maternal attachment in her conduct, she would have been regarded by the people with indulgence as due in a great measure to heridity.

It is proposed by the king that the little princess, who has until now been accustomed to the sunny skies of Italy, shall remain with the Von Schonburgs at their chateau of Pallaus until she has become in a measure acclimated to the more invigorating air of northern latitudes, and as the monarch entertains a warm regard for his chamberlain, who is a man of near 60, and for the latter's kindly American wife, he looks to them to wear the unfortunate child from the effects of the sorry existence in which she has hitherto lived.

By her wrong-witted mother, and to prepare the little girl for the life which she will lead henceforth with her elder sisters, the Princesses Marguerite and Marie, respectively, 8 and 7 years of age.

While it is a difficult and exceedingly delicate task that the king has confided to Frau Von Schonburg, it must be regarded in the light of a great compliment that he should have turned to her, and all others, for assistance in this, to him, so extremely painful a matter.

An amusing episode occurred the other day at the wedding of Princess Louise of Orleans to Prince Charles of Bourbon and of Spain, of which I have seen no mention made in the newspapers.

When the King and Queen of Spain arrived by special train from London on the eve of the wedding, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, as well as many of the royal princes invited to the marriage, were on the platform of the railroad station at Evreux to welcome the Spanish sovereigns.

There was also a guard of honor and an assemblage of the local dignitaries and there was an atmosphere of distinct solemnity and pomp, which seemed to weigh heavily on all present.

At length the royal special rolled into the station and the king and queen were seen standing at the windows, saluting those gathered to greet them.

Instead, however, of the train gliding slowly and noiselessly into the station and coming to a standstill smoothly and without any jar at the appointed place, the engine driver, who had miscalculated his distance or perhaps was inexperienced in the difficult art of guiding royal specials, brought the train to a stop with such a sudden jerk that it knocked the king, the queen and their attendants completely off their feet, the queen sitting down violently on a couch, which alone prevented her from a bad fall, while the king was sent sprawling all over the car.

The traditional dignity of the grandees, both of the masculine and

feminine persuasion, in the suite of their majesties, was even less well maintained, and while the royalties and the local dignitaries on the platform assumed an air of becoming composure, the crowd made merry of the contretemps in a manner calculated to add to the embarrassment and annoyance of the travelers by the special.

The first to recover his footing and his good temper was King Alfonso, who, boy like, was quick to see the laughable side of the matter. Apropos of this royal wedding, it is well to call attention to the fact that King Edward has a strain of Bourbon blood in his veins and can, like King Alfonso, the Duke of Orleans, Don Carlos, and the titular king of Naples, claim descent from St. Louis of France.

King Edward, as we all know, is a descendant of Mary Queen of Scots. She was herself a granddaughter of Antoinette de Bourbon, eldest daughter of the Comte de Vendome, who descended in the male line direct from Robert Count of Clermont, sixth son of St. Louis. Antoinette de Bourbon married Francois de Guise, and one of the daughters of this union, Marie by name, became the wife of King James V. of Scotland, and by him the mother of Mary Stuart.

There are many who insist that the features of Edward VII. are distinctly Bourbonian, while his charm of manner, his readiness of wit, and his courtesy are Gallic rather than British. His Bourbon ancestry would account for this.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra will start much earlier than usual next year on their annual spring cruise. For the royal yacht is ordered to be in readiness by Feb. 1, and they are due at Malta for a visit there to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught before St. Valentine's day, that is to say by Feb. 14.

Afterwards they will cruise around the coast of Sicily, spending about a week in visiting the various points of interest on the island, and then the royal couple will part company, the King proceeding to Biarritz, where he will be throughout March, until the first or second week in April, while the Queen will continue on board the yacht and proceed to Athens to visit her brother, the King of Greece. She does not expect to return to England until the beginning of May.

Biarritz, rather than the Riviera, will be the Mecca of the English great world this spring.

For in addition to King Edward, the widowed Caesars will likewise be at Biarritz with her daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia and the latter's husband, Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who translated Capt. Mahan's works into Russian and published them at his own expense. She is the benefactor of his fellow officers of the Czar's navy.

King Alfonso may likewise be relied upon to put in an appearance at Biarritz during the stay there of King Edward and of the Russian Empress, so that the season there gives promise of considerable brilliancy.

London Truth in its issue of Dec. 4 refers, in a discussion of the situation in Portugal, to the extraordinarily pronounced strain of Semitic blood in the aristocracy of that kingdom. True, the Portuguese Jews were always regarded as the patricians of their race, and are on record as having protested against the crucifixion of Christ. In this connection it may be timely to recall how King Joseph at one moment turned to his heart's content with the dignity of a prince of Pless.

Married to the beautiful daughter of Col. and Mrs. Cornwallis West, it was naturally supposed that on his father's death last year he had succeeded to all of the nobiliary honors of his parent. But it now turns out that the title of duke bestowed by the Kaiser upon the late prince three years ago was merely ad personam, and became extinct with his death.

Quite a number of the higher titles of nobility conferred by the Kaiser in recent years are coupled with the intimation that they are either only for life or else that the crown reserves to itself the right of nominating the heir.

An instance of the latter kind is the princely title of the chancellor, Von Bulow. He has no sons, but the patent expressly stipulates that the sovereign reserves to himself the prerogative of selecting that particular one of the sons of the younger brothers of the chancellor who appears best qualified to perpetuate the princely dignity of his uncle.

A similar reservation was insisted upon by the Kaiser upon the death of the duke of Gotha for 1908, which has just made its appearance, is the indication that the Kaiser has not seen fit to continue the title of duke to the eldest son and heir of the late Duke of Pless, who has therefore to remain content with the dignity of a prince of Pless.

Among the features of the new Almanach de Gotha for 1908, which has just made its appearance, is the indication that the Kaiser has not seen fit to continue the title of duke to the eldest son and heir of the late Duke of Pless, who has therefore to remain content with the dignity of a prince of Pless.

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upon in the patent by which the title of prince was bestowed upon Count Munster as a reward for his services as chief representative of the German Empire at the first peace congress of The Hague.

Prince Munster died about three years ago, leaving two sons, the older of whom had become involved in all sorts of scrapes, financial and otherwise, while the younger, Count Alexander Munster, married to Lady Murel Hay, sister of the Earl of Kinross and owner of Marfield Park, a beautiful country seat in the south of England, is to all intents and purposes an Englishman.

Consequently, at Prince Munster's demise the Kaiser did not see fit to perpetuate his title of prince, which thereby was permitted to drop.

Charles Jacobs Tunnel Builder

PRESIDING GENIUS OF SIX NORTH RIVER TUBES.

An Engineer Whose "Sand Hogs" Are His Chief Care—How He Came To Take Up Construction Work in New York—Invented the Shield Used in Pushing the Bore Under the River Bed.

Not one New Yorker in a thousand, probably, could answer the question, "Who built the city's first river tunnel?" Few, perhaps, could even tell where that tunnel is.

The man is Charles M. Jacobs, an Englishman by birth, at present chief engineer and construction head of all the six tubes that are being laid under the North River from Manhattan to New Jersey, two for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and four for the so-called McAdoo companies. The city's first river tunnel, which he planned and built between 1892 and 1894, is the ten-foot passageway beneath the East River from Ravenswood, L. I., to East Seventy-first street, owned by the gas companies, and containing, besides two enormous mains, a three-foot-wide railway track for dummy cars. Though only a gas tunnel, it is almost as big as the ones now under way, and the problems of its building were in a lesser degree the same that have confronted the engineer in his more recent and better-known achievements.

Those who know Mr. Jacobs by reputation, in a general way, have heard little of his personality. His name, of course, is seen in print oftentimes these days, but it is only a name to the public at large. He is not one of the captains of success who are accustomed to be "written up." While he is approachable and affable to such inquirers as wish to hear about his tunnels, his attitude toward the seeker for personal narratives is as chilly as the eyes of the sphinx. The way he looks at things is shown by a story told by one of his friends the other day:

"Somebody was telling him about a complimentary newspaper account of the work on the Pennsylvania's tunnels. He seemed to take only a slight interest in the first part of the article, but when his attention was called to a description of the 'sandhogs,' as the patient laborers of the tubes are called, he exclaimed: 'That's the best thing ever written about the job!'"

The "sandhogs," in fact, the "engineer's" chief pride. When the two shields of the northerly railroad tube met under the river early in the fall, their edges coming together with a margin of less than one inch, and thereby proving the remarkable accuracy of the technical work done by the chief and his men, the railway company sent a group of its officers into the depths to celebrate the event. Outside, in the city, the feat of Jacobs was being heralded, as it deserved, as one of the noblest merits. The initial ceremony of the celebration, just as the exploring party reached the point of junction, was a cheer for the "sandhogs," proposed by the man who was getting the public credit for the achievement.

INVENTOR OF HIS OWN SHIELD.

Besides having been the head of the engineering committee that designed the railway tunnels, as well as the McAdoo tubes farther down stream, Mr. Jacobs has invented many of the devices used in their construction. In the case of the McAdoo enterprises he has been virtually the contractor as well as the engineer, owing to the impossibility of obtaining any one to undertake the job after the fatal and futile efforts of past years to bore what was called the "Morton Street tunnel," along the route adopted for two of the northerly tubes.

The improved type of shield, with which the tunnels are bored through the river soil is his contrivance. Although designed along the same lines as the shields heretofore used, it is unique in that it is fit for whatever sort of soil is met. For the benefit of those who do not know what a shield is like, the invention may be described briefly as a gigantic cylinder of steel and iron, a yard or two in length, with a cutting edge that is pushed forward by powerful hydraulic pressure, while the "sandhogs" dig out the soil or blast the rock within the limits of its circumference. Behind the shield the tube is built, link by link, each link being an iron ring. All these rings are fastened together into a continuous circular passageway of metal, along the bottom of which, within a year or two, will be laid tracks for electric cars and for the fast through trains coming into New York from the south and west.

It is no small task to watch over the tunnels, with their six shields and their scores of workers. Mr. Jacobs labors morning, noon and night. When he is not at one of his three city offices, he is inspecting one or another of the tunnels. Four of the tubes are already pierced from shore to shore though much work still remains to be done inside them. The other two (the southerly pair of the McAdoo companies) have been excavated to a point beyond the New York and New Jersey State line in the center of the river.

One of the results of which the chief engineer is proudest—he admits it



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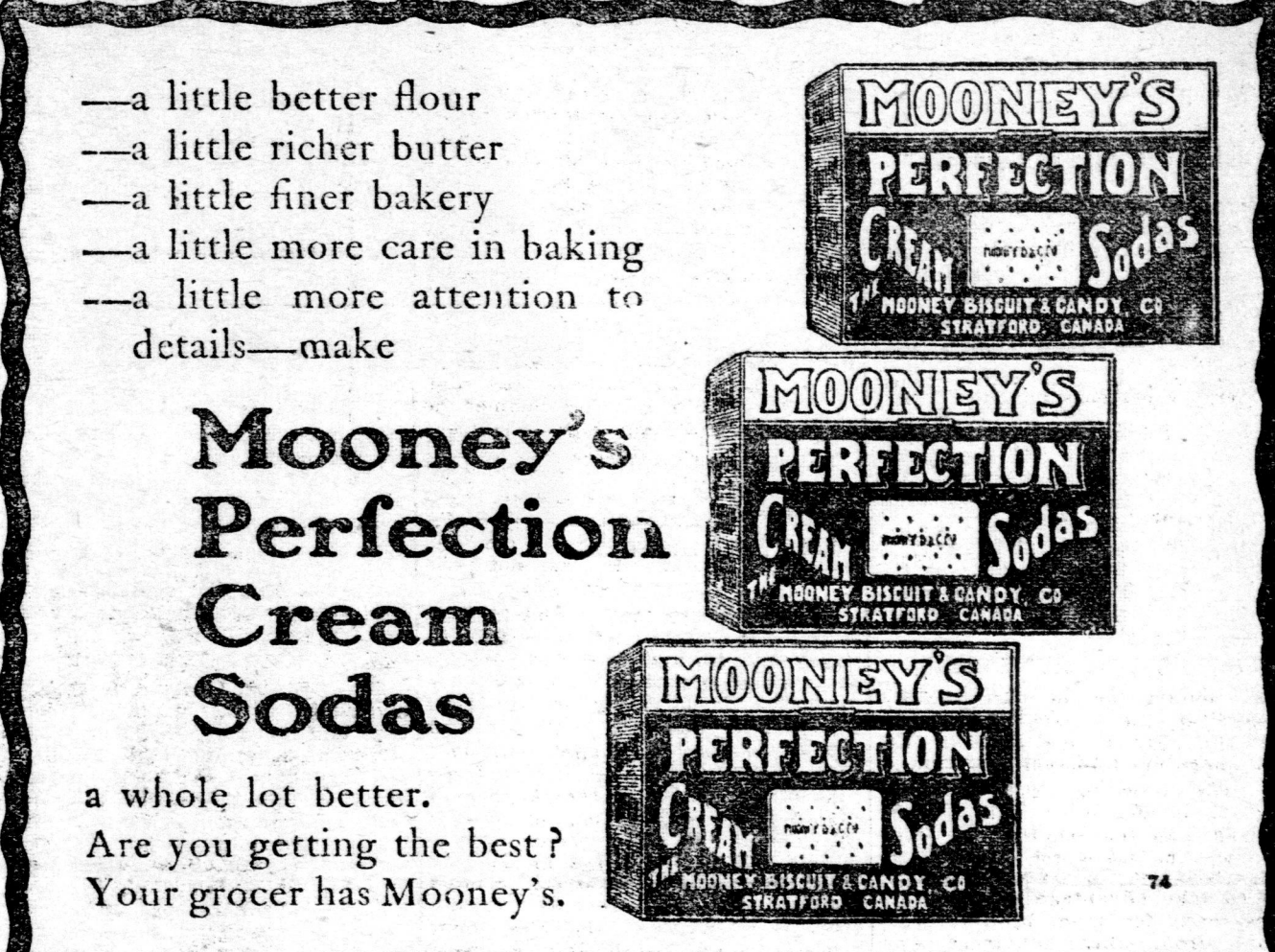
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River had its inception in 1900. The McAdoo interests talked of completing the old Morton street line, started many years ago and abandoned on account of a series of disastrous accidents in the days when the science of building river tunnels had not advanced far enough to do the work without a tremendous loss of life. Then, in 1902, a company was organized to do the work, and since then two more tubes have been started farther south. The two tunnels of the Morton street route and those at Cortlandt street differ from the Pennsylvania Railroad tubes in that they are expected to carry only light trains of the type seen in our subway, while the railway tunnels will bear the weight of heavy Pullmans and coaches.

President Cassatt of the Pennsylv-

(Continued on Page Eighteen.)

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