ILLUSTRATED SECTION.

The Toronto World.

ILLUSTRATED SECTION.

PART 1—PAGES 1 TO 8 TORONTO, ONT., SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1905. PRICE FIVE CENTS

MRS. S. H. McCOY AND HER HANDSOME PAIR WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE PARADE ON DOMINION DAY.

The Pictorial Side

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD is the subject of an illustrated biographical sketch in The King of June 17. The sketch is one in that British periodical's series of "Political Pen Pictures in and out of Parliament" and is very complimentary, as follows:

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the Liberal candidate for York, is a true Canadian. He was born in the Town of Whitby, situated some thirty miles east of Toronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. His father, a well-known Canadian barrister, was by birth an Englishman; and his mother was of that United Empire Loyalist stock which is to the Canadian what the Pilgrim Fathers stock is to the American. Her American ancestor was one of those British when, to quote the present secretary for war, "the state of the army is a danger to the empire," it is vitally important that members of the house of commons should have some practical acquaintance with military matters, and especially that experience with those matters in the homeland and in the colonies that enables one to approach the question of army reform from the point of view of the British Empire as a whole. . . . If ever a man held his political creed with the force of religion, that man is Mr. Hamar Greenwood. Hence politics are more to him than a mere game—they are the serious business of life. . . . In the general election of 1900 Mr. Greenwood was urged to stand for Grimsby, but declined the cordial invitation. Nevertheless, he took an active part in opposing the return of the government. In February, 1903, he received the unanimous invitation of the York Liberals to fight for that historic city, so long represented by the late Sir Frank Lockwood. He and his loyal supporters are undoubtedly preparing for the general election with Japanese thoroness. "Lockwood yesterday, Greenwood to-day and to-morrow," so runs the motto for York. It is given to some men to be fortunate enough to find the road thru life made interesting by notable incidents, and by the elements of romance. The Liberal candidate for York is one of these lucky men. His invitation to contest York was itself one of those happy incidents. He was asked to take the place of a distinguished politician whose illness prevented him from making the speech of the evening. Altho a perfect stranger to York, Mr. Greenwood's obvious sincerity and stirring speech so appealed to the York Liberals that he was forthwith invited to become their candidate. The picture of Mr. Hamar Greenwood shows him in his uniform as an officer in the King's Colonials, Imperial Yeomanry, of which corps he was one of the first officers. It was started in 1902 under the honorary colonelcy of the Prince of Wales, and consists of colonials and men con-

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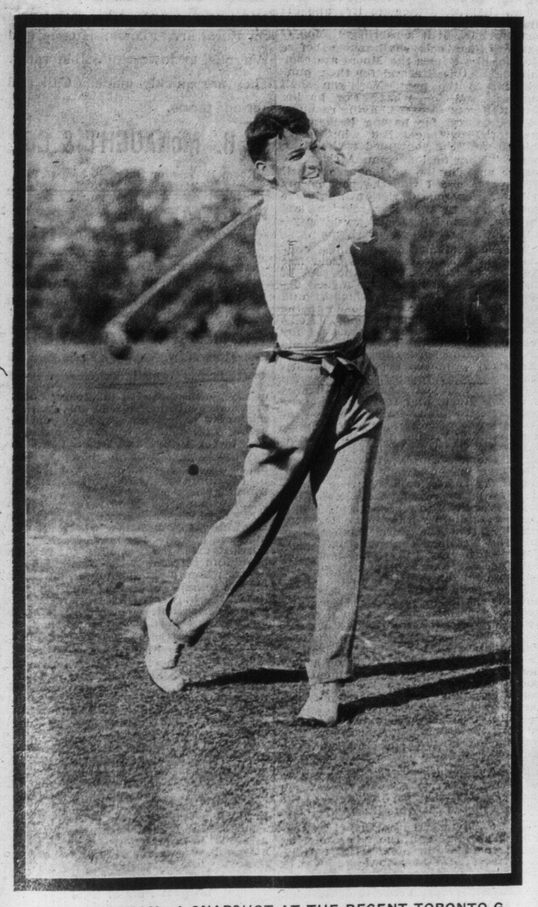
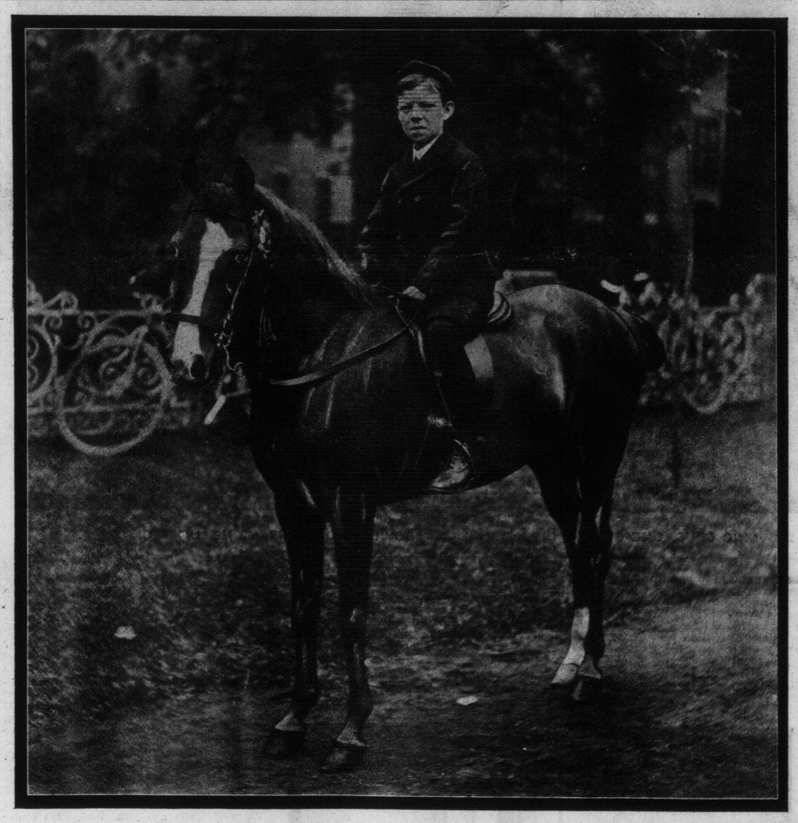


MR. G. SOUTHAM—A SNAPSHOT AT THE RECENT TORONTO G. C. TOURNAMENT.

soldiers who lived in the New England colonies until the Stars and Stripes supplanted the Union Jack, when, with thousands of other loyalists, he moved into Canada to live and to die under the old flag. Mr. Greenwood was educated at the public school and high school of his native town and at the University of Toronto. Like so many other men, he showed his bent at college where he made his mark as a speaker, and, incidentally, as a cricketer. He took his degree in 1895, with first-class honors in political science and law. Whilst still a student, like the energetic Canadian he is, he developed his love for soldiering by joining the active militia of Canada, and held a commission in that notable service for seven years. It is interesting to note that he qualified for his commission at the Royal Military School, Toronto, which was then, and is now, under the command of Colonel Otter the hero of Paardeberg, and a good friend of the Liberal candidate for York. At a time



MASTER GOODERHAM'S LADY ISABEL WON A FIRST PRIZE IN THE OPEN-AIR HORSE PARADE.

Diamonds in Hudson Bay

WILL a diamond find of considerable magnitude ever be made on this continent? is a side issue attending the work of field experts of the United States Geological Survey in certain sections. Geological conditions like those observed at the Kimberley mines in South Africa have recently been discovered in Kentucky. The Piedmont plateau, at the southeastern base of the Appalachians, has already produced, in the region between Southern Virginia and Georgia, some 10 or 12 diamonds, which have varied in weight from those of two or three carats to the "Dewey" diamond, which when found weighed over 23 carats.

It is, however, in the territory about the Great Lakes that the greatest interest now centres, for in this region a very interesting problem of origin is being worked out. No fewer than seven diamonds, ranging in size from less than four to more than 21 carats, not to mention a number of smaller stones, have recently been found in the clays and gravels of this region, where their distribution was such as to indicate with a degree of approximation the location of their distant ancestral home. The discovery of the latter locality would possibly mean the greatest diamond find that the world has ever known. Geologists are working on the hypothesis that the scattered stones already found were carried down by the ice floes during the glacial invasion, probably from some common source of origin. All the diamonds found in the tho the identification of these stones has been largely accidental, and it is very probable that a much greater number have actually been discovered. In Wisconsin have been found the Saukville diamond, a beautiful white stone of six carats weight, and also the Burlington stone, having a weight of a little over two carats. The former had been for more than sixteen years in the possession of the finder before he learned of its value. In Michigan has been found the Dowagiac stone of about 11 carats weight, and only recently a diamond weighing six carats and of exceptionally fine "water" came to light at Milford, near Cincinnati. This augmentation of the number of localities, and the nearness of all to the "kettle moraines" leaves little room for doubt that the diamonds were conveyed by the ice at the time of its later invasion of the country. Having then, say the geologists, arrived at a satisfactory conclusion regarding not only the agent which conveyed the stones, but also respecting the period during which they were transported, it is up to investigators to inquire by what paths they were brought to their adopted homes, and whether it may not be possible to follow them in a direction the reverse of that from which they came, until the starting point or points be reached. From the great rarity of diamonds in nature, the hypothesis of a common home is the one more generally favored, and holders of this view point for its support to certain marks of "consanguinity" observed upon the stones already found.

Not only did the ice mantle register its advance in the great ridge of morainic material known as the "kettle moraine," but it has sculptured upon the ledges of rock over which it has ridden, in a simple language of its movement, after first having planed away the disintegrated portions of the rock to secure a smooth and lasting surface. As the same ledges have been overridden more than once, and at intervals widely separated, they are often found, palimpsest like, with recent characters superimposed upon earlier, partly effaced, and nearly illegible ones. Many of the scattered leaves of this record have, however, been copied by geologists, and the autobiography of the ice is now read from maps which give the direction of its flow, and allow its motion as a whole, as well as that of each of its parts, to be satisfactorily studied. Recent studies by Canadian geologists have shown that one of the highest summits of the ice cap must have been located some distance west of Hudson Bay, and that another, the one which glaciated the lake region, was in Labrador, to the east of the same body of water. From these points the ice moved in spreading fans both northward toward the Arctic Ocean, and southward toward the States, and always approached the margins at the moraines in a direction at right angles to their extent. Thus the rock material transported by the ice was spread out in a great fan, which constantly extended its boundaries as it advanced.

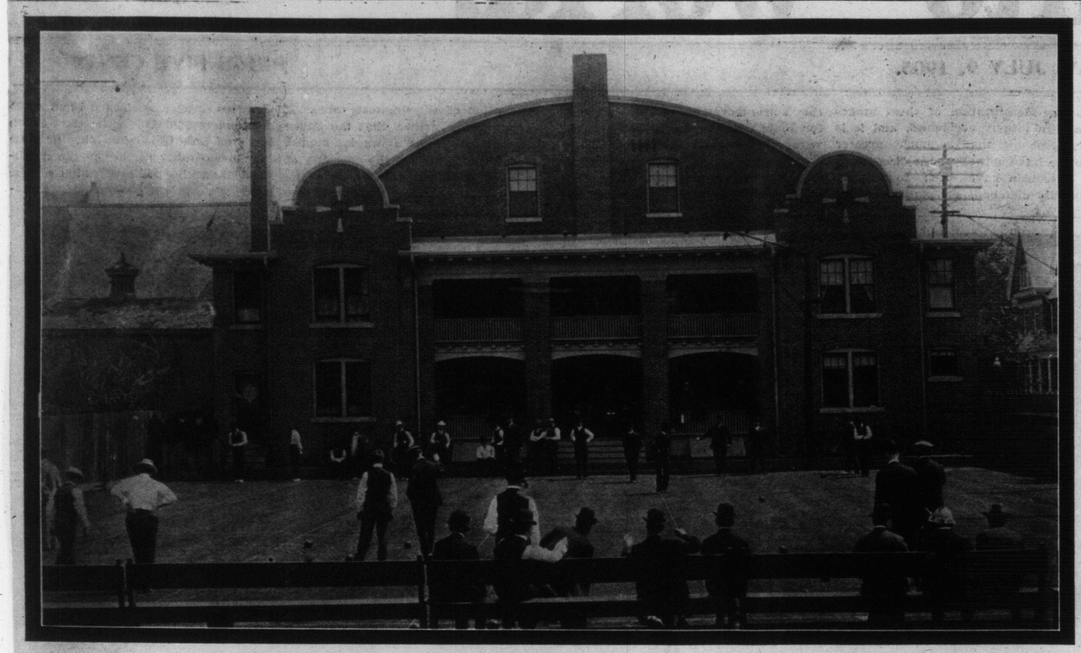
The evidence from the diamonds discovered on the moraine of the Green Bay glacier is that their home, in case they had a common one, is between the northeastern corner of the State of Wisconsin and the eastern summit of the ice mantle—a narrow strip of country of great extent, but yet, in the opinion of scientists, a first approximation of the greatest value. If it is assumed, further, that the Saukville, Burlington and Dowagiac stones, which were found on the moraine of the Lake Michigan glacier, have the same derivation, their common home may be confidently placed as far to the northeast as the wilderness beyond the Great Lakes, since the Green Bay and Lake Michigan glaciers coalesced in that region. The small stones found at Plum Creek, Wisconsin and the Cincinnati stone, if the locations of their discovery be taken into consideration, still further circumscribe the diamond's home territory, since the lobes of the ice mass which transported them made a complete junction with the Green Bay and Lake Michigan lobes or glaciers considerably further to the northward than the point of union of the latter glaciers themselves. If, therefore, it is assumed that all the stones which have been found have a common origin, the conclusion is inevitable that the ancestral home must be in the wilderness of Canada between the points where the several tracks marking their migrations converge upon on another, and the former summit of th

Continued on Page 5.

Henry Wade. S. Nordheimer. Dr. Goldwin Smith. Mayor Urquhart. Noel Marshall. J. Montgomery. Dr. W. A. Young. Inspector Stephen.
OFFICIALS OF THE OPEN-AIR HORSE PARADE ASSOCIATION—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT THE PAVILION IN QUEEN'S PARK ON DOMINION DAY, AT THE CLOSE OF THE SHOW WHEN THE BAND WAS PLAYING "GOD SAVE THE KING."

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD.
Well-known Canadian who is the prospective Liberal candidate for the City of York in the British House of Commons. Was educated in Toronto.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE PARADE ON DOMINION DAY—A SCENE ON COLLEGE-STREET.



BOWLING ON THE GREEN AT THE QUEEN CITY BOWLING CLUB, TORONTO.

European Duties On Automobiles

THE frontier regulations for automobiles and motor cycles are well worth knowing by the tourists who are going abroad this summer. Briefly they are as follows:

Austria—The duty on automobiles and motor cycles must be deposited and a receipt taken at the time they enter the country. The money will be repaid to the traveler on his recrossing the frontier with the machine if the receipt is presented to the customs authorities. The receipt is valid for two months, and may in certain cases be extended, but not beyond Dec. 31 of the year of issue.

Belgium—The duty is 12 per cent. ad valorem, paid on entry; a receipt valid for a year is given.

Denmark—No duty is collected on automobiles for traveling purposes and as a means of transportation. A simple declaration of the traveler that the entry is temporary is sufficient.

Germany—Automobiles and cycles are identified at the last custom house before leaving German soil so that there may be no additional proceedings on their re-entering the country. On foreign automobiles the duty is 150 marks ($35.70) each. The automobile is provided with a lead seal. The amount will be repaid if the receipt is presented at the custom house when the machine is taken out of the country.

England—Automobiles in condition for use are duty free. There are no special requirements.

France—On entry of automobiles in France a guaranty must be deposited, viz., 50 francs ($9.65) for 100 kilograms (220 pounds) if the vehicle weighs more than 125 kilograms (275 pounds), and 120 francs ($23-16) if it weighs less than 125 kilograms. The customs receipt is good for six months, and the amount will be repaid to the traveler on his leaving the country.

Greece—Besides a non-returnable fee of a few drachmas (1 drachma equals 19.3 cents) the duty on automobiles is calculated according to a special tariff. When the vehicle leaves the country the duty is repaid, but 5 drachmas (96 cents) for expenses and an additional payment are deducted if it does not repass the same custom house as the entering.

Italy—For motor cycles with two or more wheels 42.60 lire ($8.22) duty must be deposited. Automobiles with two wheels and three springs attached directly to the vehicle pay 110 lire ($21.23). Motor vehicles having more than two wheels and three springs which are attached directly to the vehicle or by means of auxiliary springs pay a duty of 330 lire ($63.69). The receipt is valid for six months, but the period may be extended to one year upon a written application made before expiration of the six months. The money will be refunded to the traveler on leaving the country.

Luxembourg—Automobiles are duty free if in condition for use on entering from Germany, as Luxembourg belongs to the German customs union. The duty is 150 marks ($35.70). The duty will be refunded when the traveler leaves the country on condition that he has given a notice containing a description of the automobile and place of entering and leaving the country to the custom house in Luxembourg ten days before his entry.

Netherlands—Automobiles are free of duty if used for traveling, but the frontier customs official has discretionary authority, as a matter of precaution, to demand a deposit, which may not exceed 5 per cent. of the value. The receipt is valid for one year, and the duty will be refunded on presentation to any frontier customs official by the traveler on recrossing the border with the vehicle.

Norway—Automobiles are free of duty as a means of traveling. The traveler must make written declaration that the vehicle is for the purpose of travel and is being entered for temporary sojourn only.

Portugal—Duties are established for particular cases. Deposit will be refunded when machine is taken from the country. Notice by letter or telegram should be given to the frontier customs official concerned.

Roumania—Duties on vehicles are according to a special tariff. Deposit will be refunded when machine is taken from the country. Previous notice is advisable.

Russia—Vehicles can cross the frontier only by special permission of the minister of finance obtained by written request. The duty for a two-seated vehicle is 99 rubles ($46.35) in gold and 5 per cent. extra for coach and trimmings; for a four-seated or larger vehicle the duty is 132 rubles ($67.98) in gold and 20 per cent. extra. Duty on the motor is additional, according to a special tariff. There are many requirements to be fulfilled. Duty will be refunded to traveler in two to ten months, when he leaves the country with the machine.

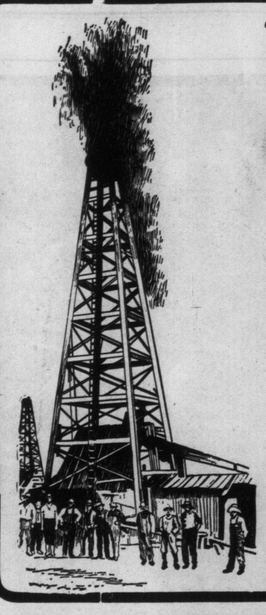
Sweden—A duty of 15 per cent. of the value of the vehicle is required to be deposited, to be refunded when the machine is taken out of the country, under some circumstances expenses to amount to 5.5 crowns ($1.47).

Switzerland—A free passport of admission for six months is granted for automobiles with lead seal attached, otherwise the rates of duty are 20 francs ($3.86) for 100 kilograms (220 pounds) and 4 francs (77 cents) for 100 kilograms of the motor.

Spain—A duty of 18.50 pesetas ($3.57) is levied per 100 kilograms (220 pounds) for motors, and for vehicles according to form, varying from 350 pesetas ($67.-) to 1000 pesetas ($193). The receipt must be duly confirmed by the frontier customs official where machine is taken out of the country before presentation at the custom house first passed on entering the country in order to have deposit refunded.

Turkey—A duty of 8 per cent. is collected on vehicles. Two per cent. will be refunded to traveler when his machine is taken out of the country. An excessively high assessment should be guarded against.

It is sometimes necessary, and always advisable, to have an authentic description of the automobile, weight, number, etc., signed or stamped by the manufacturer, to be presented at the frontier or elsewhere. Previous notice to customs officials as to entering or leaving a country will be the means of facilitating matters in many cases.



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Spirits of the Alhambra

A Story of the Last of the Zegris

IT was the day before the famous festival of the Most Holy Corpus Christi. The City of Granada was decking itself in gala attire for the celebration of the Mystery of the Eucharist and the expulsion of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella. Among the throng that had congregated in the city from all the quarters of the globe were the two people of whom this story tells. One of them was a stranger, unknown to you and to me; the other was myself. As my readers have some acquaintance with me already, let me begin by telling who the other man was—or, rather, what he was like. He had arrived in the same diligence with me, but he did not come, as I did, from the royal City of Madrid—or anything like it. On the contrary he rode only from the humble inn of the Zegri, about six leagues distant from Granada. The diligence makes a brief halt there. During the time we spent in coming the six leagues behind ten restless, galloping horses, we passed a few bare, commonplace compliments, following the strange custom which prevents one from addressing more than a few words to the unknown traveling companion. But altho the rules of courtesy prevented me from conversing with the stranger, I had the consolation of carefully studying his bearing and physiognomy, inventing for him, according to my wont in such cases, an entire history and biography, and using my psychological intuitions as data.

As for his appearance—he was extremely handsome and looked to be about 33 years old. His stature was moulded in a noble cast, and his complexion reflected the pale brown hue of antique marble. A restful attitude and elegant movements were set off by a seriousness verging on melancholy, especially when he talked—and this, I repeat, was very little, that little being more with the stage driver than with me. In his voice I thought I noticed some strange accent, of a kind new to my ears—not French, nor English, nor Italian, nor German, nor Portuguese, which are the languages I am accustomed to hear, altho I do not speak all of them. He wore a full, but very short beard, which was coal black, and showed traces of the Oriental, or even of the Semitic, in its outlines. His large and expressive eyes, velvety in their blackness, recalled those of Malek-Adal, the hero of 'Mathilde of the Crusades,' whom we have all adored since our childhood days. In his hands perfection of anatomy, rather than aristocracy, was evident, and his feet were irreproachable in both senses. He was dressed in orthodox traveling clothes, made according to the mode of all Europe, but inconspicuous except for the graceful abandon with which he wore them. Finally, his head, with the hair closely trimmed, was covered by a half-Greek, half-English cap, that added a classic tinge to his magnificent profile. Who could he be? I confess that I left him on alighting from the coach in Granada without having been able to determine, or rather without having decided upon any one of the thousand conjectures that occurred to me along the road. Now, if you want to know what these conjectures were, I will tell you that the man appeared to me to be simultaneously a bandit chieftain, a prince traveling incognito, an Italian artist, an employe of a commercial house, an Andalusian marquis, a pirate, a fantastic being of the vampire genius, a novice of the Hieronymite friars and a soldier of Garibaldi; in short, some extraordinary being who was either illustrious, exotic, terrible, dramatic, supernatural, or stagey and disagreeable. I asked the driver for the stranger's name, but he replied that the traveler had boarded the coach too near Granada to make a ticket necessary. I then thought of following him, but some people who had come out to meet me claimed my attention. Just as we seated, it occurred to me to subject him to a cross-examination, but that, I concluded, would be discourteous. So I answered his silent salute with a bow, and, full of curiosity, turned my steps toward the Hotel of Victory.

Nine o'clock the next morning arrived, and the great day of the Corpus was beginning. The air was filled with joyous chimes of many bells, and the musicians of the garrison were playing the royal march. The awning-covered streets were carpeted with sweet-scented plants and blossoms; gorgeous tapestries adorned the overhanging balconies, and vast multitudes of people were pouring into the city at every gate. Everything in nature seemed to overflow with life and joy—for the procession was passing along the streets of the "Jerusalem of the West." I posted myself in the plaza of Bib-rambia, near the Zacatin, and in a few moments the vast line began to file past, with its guilds, fraternities, children of the orphanage, parochial crosses and all the brilliant retinue that is wont to accompany the Most Holy Sacrament. Last of all came the consecrated host, encased in a rich and elegant pyx of gold and jewels, and resting upon a bier of heavy silver borne on the shoulders of eight priests. Straightway the heads of the worshipping multitude were bent low; the people fell on their knees and smote their breasts, causing all the plazas and streets to palpitate with holy enthusiasm. It seemed as tho all hearts were responding in dull accents to the inspiring hymns which a hundred-voiced choir chanted in unison with the glorious pealing of numberless bells. And with it all the senses of the devout were lulled to quiet rest by clouds of incense and by the soft odors wafted over them from the flowers that surrounded the pyx. In the midst of the prostrate throng one solitary man remained standing. Naturally he attracted every one's attention. I looked at him, following the gaze of all.

It was my traveling companion! I know not whether he interpreted my look of astonishment as one of advice or friendly reproof; but, be that as it may, as soon as our eyes met, the stranger saluted me lightly and dropped to his knees like all the rest. A moment later the procession had passed. In mingled confusion the crowd whirled itself away, and the particular object of my curiosity was lost amid the billows of the multitude. That afternoon I clambered up to the Alhambra. Its dark avenues and ancient turrets, its plazas and palaces were deserted. The Christian celebration kept everyone down in the city. I entered the Royal House, as the palace of the Moorish kings is generally called. This, also, the place that Zorilla says ethereal fairies built, was wrapped in sweetest solitude and deepest silence. A stray swallow, flying from African shores, was singing on the same pillar upon which his ancestors had rested four centuries before. The sun was fondling, as in days of old, the graceful columns of the Court of Lions, and sending its laughing rays gliding along the silent galleries. For some minutes I remained dreaming, not noticing that another wanderer was in the place. Finally, my glance shifted about and rested for a moment upon one of the dome-covered pavilions across the court. I saw—my traveling companion. He was intently studying the architecture of the structure, in which scattered debris showed that renovations had been in progress. As I moved toward him, drawn by a sudden impulse, the sound of my footsteps attracted his attention. He turned his head and, coloring slightly, came forward to meet me without hesitation. We passed a few words of formal greeting, and then he turned suddenly and pointed to the pavilion he had been examining.

"Why are they tearing that down?" he asked abruptly. I looked at the scaffolding and at the fragments of scattered roofing on the flagstones.

"They are not tearing it down, but reconstructing it," I said.

"Reconstructing it! Then the Spaniards love the Alhambra!" wonderingly exclaimed this strange individual. "We love it above all comparison," I answered.

"Ah! Pardon the frankness with which I talk. I was so solitary here, thinking that no one save myself would remember the old Mohammedan castle to-day. You, like all the rest, would naturally have stayed down there this evening to assist in the grand Nazarene festival which modern Granada is celebrating. Apropos, I owe you an explanation. This morning a glance from you reproved me because I had not fallen to my knees as the procession passed. Do not deny it. Alas! It was not pride; it was not impiety that impelled me; for perhaps I, too, am a Christian. It was sorrow that was driving me mad, and—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "I do not understand." But I became all ears, seeing that he was about to unfold the longed-for biography. "I must give free rein to my feelings," he continued in a voice full of the saddest melancholy. "Yesterday, when we were nearing the holy city, you doubtless saw me tremble in silence; this morning also, during the procession, you surprised me in a state of unknowing preoccupation. So you are already my confidant, and therefore I bid you listen to me for a moment." Having delivered himself thus, he grasped my hand and led me to the hall of the Abencerrajes.

"Here," he said, "above this fountain that is still darkened with the red stains of ancient blood, the valiant Zegries struck off the heads of their rivals, the Abencerrajes. In this court, and in this very hall, once lived those famous houris, daughters of Yemen and Damascus, who worked their enchantments over the Prophet's soldiers. Look up—view the galleries of filigree, thru which the moon's inconstant beams will flicker again to-night. Look at those roofs, bordered with gold and red, and you will see the mysterious legend of a thousand glorious reigns. Once they stood as praises to God and His warriors; from the days of Alhamar, who reared this castle in 40 years, to the time of Boabdil, who lost it in less time than it takes to heave a sigh, all the heroes of Granada engraved their names on these fantastic galleries. O thou Yussef, ruler of the ancient Moors! O unfortunate Muley! O noble Mahomad! Where, oh where, are your ill-fated descendants? Here I am, the last Zegri, who comes to call up your shades amid the Alhambra's ruins; but where, alas! are my unhappy brothers!"

"The last Zegri," I exclaimed. "What! You?"

It was fast growing dark. The mysterous man put his arm in mine, and we passed out of the hall of the Abencerrajes, thru the Court of Lions, and on again thru the Court of Myrtle Pond, finding ourselves at last in the Hall of Ambassadors. As we walked along I tried to realize the strangeness of the adventure. The idea of a Zegri in the middle of the nineteenth century, dressed like an Englishman, speaking perfect French and Spanish! To think of finding him as courtly in manner and as suave in bearing as a Parisian, as kindly and tolerant as the best Catholic! What poet could fancy greater good fortune? Chateaubrand himself would have bartered his pen-and-ink Abencerraje for my Zegri of real flesh and blood!

The balcony of the Hall of Ambassadors is one of the Alhambra's classic spots. From its parapet may be seen the ever-blooming gardens that lie along the street of the Darro. Directly in front the picturesque pinnacles of Sacro Monte raise themselves aloft, and from beneath them there comes across the lovely vale that endless, melancholy echo of the river, as it cuts its way thru an abyss arched over by trees and flowers—trees and flowers which ascend in terraces on that side of the fortress, until they reach the very windows of the palace and waft their perfumes thru its vast chambers. It is like a tale of the Thousand and One Nights; it is the work of genii and fairies. To this balcony it was that Zegri led me. The faint twilight was growing fainter on the other side of the cathedral, which stood out dark and gigantic against the background of gold in the west. The moon was beginning to tip the treetops with white, shedding her mellow light like a gauze of silver over the dark woods and valleys. The nightingales, eternal dwellers in this paradise, hailed her with their sweetest songs, while the cuckoo, that singer of silent places, uttered his measured, oft-recurrent groan. It was nightfall! It was springtime! It was Granada! You who have not loved or mourned in that Eden, and at that hour, will long in vain to imagine all the mystery, all the enchantment, all the poetry that is contained in the human soul. The voice of the romantic being beside me broke in upon my thoughts.

"Yes, I am an African. I am Aben-Adul, the last of the Zegries. No, that is wrong; I am as much a Spaniard as you are. I am a son of Granada, exiled—one of a proscribed race. Centuries have passed since my fathers, my entire tribe, with their kinsmen and servants, were hurled forth from the houses they had built, from the lands they had tilled, from the woods they had planted to give them shade in their old age. 'Be Africans,' you said to them, when they had lived for seven centuries in Spain—and you cast them out of the land and hurled them into the seas. By a miracle of the Most High—nobody knows how—swimming or in fragile barks, shipwrecked and starving, they reached the other shore of the Mediterranean, coast of forgotten Africa, the unknown continent. You say that continent is our fatherland! Listen: We came there, and the Kings of Atlas and the Desert called us strangers, as you had, 'Be Spaniards,' they said to us; 'return to the sea. Between the sea and the Empire of Morocco there was a strip of coast—bare and devastated by war. It was called 'The Riff.' There we encamped without clothes or food, without instruments of labor, with neither leaders, nor priests, nor law, nor God—like the accursed Israelites. Later we spread out toward Tetuan and Tangier, where the more fortunate families established themselves, leaving the rest of us to take refuge in the mountains. And there we have been for three hundred years, laden with our tents of canvas that serve us for houses; wanderers, nomads; without civilization or art, without a name; having neither laws, nor fatherland, nor tombs. The Moroccan Emperor robs us and hunts us like wild beasts. The Christian King calls us dogs and shoots us. Hence it is that we, the sons of those cast out princes of ages past, return evil for evil, the sword for the sword, and infamy for infamy. Here are those princes of long ago, here in front of us! Nevermore shall I return to see my brothers of The Riff! Here, here are those who built the Generaliffe, who inhabited the Albaicin. Here are those who made a paradise of this plain, who bordered the banks of this river with gardens and enameled the rocks with gold and carpeted the paths with flowers. My race has fulfilled its mission on earth; not so with yours. We, when we passed thru Spain, bettered her, civilized her, rescued her from barbarity. Scientists, poets, botanists, architects philosophers, mechanics, agriculturists—we were all of them in your country. Art and science may be thankful to us; humanity owes us a debt of gratitude. Ah, they are far away—my fellow countrymen—and sunken in misery, ignorance, ignominy. And here you are—happy, rich, powerful, illustrious.

"Well now, Christians, philanthropists, propagandists, enemies of slavery—what have you done for my fathers and mothers, for my brothers and sisters? Of what use are arms, or eloquence, or suffering? Does it not make you shudder with horror to think that there lives on the very borders of Spain a race that is barbarous, savage—nay, even almost ferocious—and that you are doing nothing to redeem it? I understand why the Greenlanders are barbarians, for they live on the edge of the earth, upon a mountain of ice inaccessible to men of other races. I understand, too, the condition of the negro, buried in the sandy deserts of the unexplored torrid zone. In their cases, and in some others, it is the man outside the region of the law. But that such people exist in the centre of the civilized world, surrounded on all sides by cultured races, that leave them to live and die like irrational things—ah! it is outrageous, terrible. It is a sacrilege! You, O haughty Spaniards, shall answer before God for the crimes the Moors are committing in this life and for their punishment in the next. Yes, you shall answer. And for what? For having forgotten your fate, for having renounced your duty, for having broken the laws of Providence. But what is all this to me?" he continued with bitterness. "I am no longer an African, no longer an Islamite, no longer a Zegri! Five years ago I was the poet of my tribe. A generous Christian taught me your language and your religion, and in your tongue I first read my history—and blushed crimson with shame.

"Yes—a descendant of kings, converted into a beast of the field like Nebuchadnezzar! That I, the poet of my tribe, should live to see myself despised by the world of thought and knowledge! To be a reproach to the human race, an outcast among citizens, a degradation and a disgrace to my fellow men! It was too much. I sold my flocks, and herds, and tents, kissed thrice my promised bride, the beautiful Alcina, and fled away from Africa forever. Ten years have I wandered over the globe, and fortune has been propitious to me as far as she had intended to be. A warrior in the Crimea, a merchant of India, a consul at Jerusalem, an American sailor—I have been all of them. And I will be anything else save one—a dweller in The Riff. But if my riches, or bravery, or Christian faith, or my love for humanity could ever avail to restore to my people the social dignity they have lost, the standing that the world denies them, and the blessings that they have forgotten—then my life would not have been useless, and happiness would enter my soul for the first time!"

Thus spoke Aben-Adul. I stretched out my hand to him with deep and genuine emotion, and was about to answer him with one of those fixed editorial utterances, such as we Spanish journalists are accustomed to dedicate to "our future in Africa," when a new incident came to add enchantment and poetry to the romantic scene. Down below us, among the woods that fringe the river's bank, the tremulous and delicate vibrations of a guitar resounded thru the still night, and the broken, murmuring strains of the fandango were wafted up to our ears.

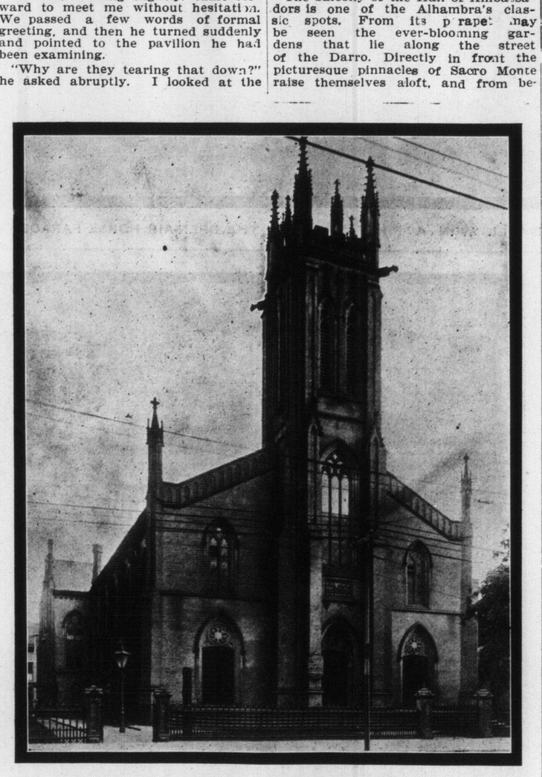
"Hear," said the Zegri. "The echoes of Africa answer my sighs! What you hear is the song of the desert, the prayers of the caravan."

As we listened, the nocturnal troubadour began one of those verses of long cadences and voluptuous melody, which comprise all the passionate sadness of the tragic Andalusian amour.

"Alcina!" murmured the African. Yes, it was the melancholy song of his land. It was the monotonous and languidly compassionate air that the French monk David learned in the Algerian deserts. It was first the fandango, then the yodeling rondena, then the dancing cana, and last, after a silence, the playeras of Andalusia. It contained all the glossary of that delicacy and incomparable musical Andalusian motif, which even inspired Italy envies us. And there is reason for envy. For never has human sentiment produced melody so touching and tender, so natural and ineffable, as the infinite sigh and the thousand-times repeated "ay!" upon which our southern songs turn. When it is night-time, when the hour is at hand that brings back to the imagination the days of long ago, then is its power felt. When solitude, moonlight, sleeping nature, silence and the inborn piety of the spirit all come to arouse the most remote foundation of the soul, and the idea's unexplored deserts, then—then it is that this "ay!" this Afric song, this mystery-laden guitar, this vague conception and elusive memory of the Moors, stirs up in us a feeling of suffering, as of exiles, and kindles in our breasts a longing for new fatherlands. Then it is that these plaintive notes uproot from the depths of the heart a bitter-sweet flood of tears, a sacred and pleasant sadness, and a certain solemn and exalted prayer, which can amply compensate for a life of vanity and folly. Such were my feelings. I dreamed anew the splendid dreams of childhood and moulded them to the tune of the music, living again in the delirium of my youth and with the beloved ones, of whom death had robbed me, traversing anew past nights of love, and reveling in illusions which yesterday I saw in the future and which I find today in the past. As my thoughts wandered thus, I guessed what was passing in the mind of Aben-Adul. He was thinking of Africa, where that same pathetic song resounds thru the night air, where the same moon lights up the laughing vales of Atlas, where, at that moment, perhaps, the first breath of the northeast wind was cooling the fevered brow and refreshing the burning heart of her whom he could not forget. Long did we remain dreaming, each laboring under the burden of his own fate. At last the serenade, which had held us entranced, ceased. The Moorish apostate, brushing aside a tear and encircling me in his arms, exclaimed:

"Adieu, brother! O that I had never come to the Alhambra! I will depart for the north. To-morrow night the moon of Andalusia shall no longer light my way. I think you understand me. Adieu! And may He be with you."

Thus he spoke, and, without awaiting my reply, quickly disappeared. It seemed as tho he were vanishing away in the fantastic shadows of the Moorish colonnades that the starlight was tracing along the flagstones of the court, and upon the water of the Myrtle Pool. Had I been dreaming? Was I awake? I know not. But is there, after all, so great a difference between a dream and a reality?



KNOX CHURCH—PRESBYTERIAN.
Oldest church of its denomination in Toronto to be torn down to make room for the expansion of Simpson's big stores.—See "The Pictorial Side.

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Largest Pair of Shoes.

A woman wears the largest pair of shoes that was ever manufactured. It was turned out recently in a New England factory, says the Boston Globe. The size of these shoes may well be imagined when it is known that the weight is 18 pounds for the pair. Each shoe is 23 inches long and 7½ inches wide in the widest place. Every detail is as carefully attended to as in an ordinary first-class shoe, but because of the enormous size it required several weeks to turn them out. Special lasts were made, and nearly all of the work, except the stitching, which was done on the usual machine, was done by hand. The vamp of the shoes is made of the leather known to shoe men as satin, and the tops are of calf. The sole and heel are of the best quality of sole leather. On this part of the shoes considerable work was necessary, as all of the rabbroading on the extension sole was done by hand, and the treeing and polishing was also necessarily done by hand. As near as can be figured the size of the shoes is 40 as compared with the average ordinary man's shoe. The entire cost of manufacturing them was about $50. They were made for a negress who lives near Atlanta, who is known for many miles because of the size of her feet.

The Servian Crown.

King Peter of Servia, it is said, will abdicate at an early date in favor of his son, the Crown Prince George. It is not known in what way the youth has offended his father, says Punch.

MRS. JENNIE S. ARTHUR.

A teacher in the Toronto Public Schools for thirty years, and now retired from the principalship of the Louisa-street school.

Midsummer Fashions

NOW is the harvesting time for the woman who knows how to make a remarkably smart appearance on very little money. True, the stock in the stores has been pretty well picked over, but the keen shopper has learned by several years' experience that not a few wonderfully desirable articles left among the most exclusive goods have been reduced to a price within reach of her purse. With this end in view, she has saved her pennies during the spring and early summer, titivated her previous year's frocks to "make them do" and is now reveling in some extremely modish creation of Lame Fashion which will give her a distinguished appearance on her August vacation and not be at all out of date when the warm-weather season rolls around again.

Most surprising among the July reductions are the jaunty traveling and rain coats, and if a woman takes the pains to look carefully thru the display she is almost sure to find one garment with a new and unusual cut. Word comes from England, the home of rain coats, that old-fashioned gloria is the popular material for this convenient wrap, which is more shapely than ever before, following the lines of the figure and held in by a well-fitted strap which comes to a point quite below the waistline in the front, or, disappearing at the side seams, buttons inside the coat and leaves the front to hang in a princess line to the floor. With a simple leg-of-mutton sleeve, these coats will be of service not only for cool or dusty excursions during the remainder of the summer, but as a protection of almost imperceptible weight for heavy winter clothing.

In the matter of traveling suits, a little fashion bird has whispered that glossy Sicilienne cloth in finely mixed patterns is the material par excellence for lightweight tailored gowns, and is to enjoy a tremendous vogue next season. In choosing from the remnant of the ready-made suits a woman cannot go amiss in purchasing a bolero jacket and a circular skirt with a bias seam at back and front to prevent the sagging at the sides so common with the circular skirt of two years back.

According to a very up-to-date society journal, the most sought-after model this season in tailored frocks is a veritable "double-decker," the deep upper flounce being finished in long points and edged with braid in contrasting color. The bolero accompanying this skirt gives the effect of a shawl rather than a fitted garment, and the suit of voile worn by a member of the smart set was a light shade of American beauty red, showing high discs of more brilliant red and trimmed with wide silk braid to match the discs.

When selecting a late-season traveling hat from the endless array of bargains make sure it has a turned-up brim closely resembling a cake-tin with fluted edges, for these chic, Frenchy-looking hats have come to stay. Bunches of roses, shaded or in delicately-blended colorings, fill in the crevices, and two or three folds of velvet extending up from the bandeau tend to soften the severe lines of the hat to the face. Heavily spotted veils are worn with these pert little chapeaux, and a short chiffon veil to match the face veil, thrown from the face and over the top of the hat, gives a fair traveler a particularly trim appearance.

No well-dressed woman, in this day of machine-embroidery, can afford to be without a fancy linen suit, and even the hand-embroidered coats and skirts can be purchased at this season for an amazingly low price. In buying handwork it pays to go to the smartest linen shops. Not only are their goods of the most dependable grade, but they are now sacrificing fifty and seventy-five dollar suits as low as twelve or eighteen dollars. Many of these are soiled from handling, and require laundering, but not a few are sold below cost, as exclusive shops never carry stock over from one season to the next.

A charming linen suit has a pleated skirt with a flaring front panel of all-over embroidery and a jaunty bolero made entirely from the same machine eyelet work, showing asters in a kind of sunburst.

The bell-shaped sleeves to the elbow are slit up the side of the arm and three buttoned edging is joined by a tiny pearl buckle in the centre of each. A pointed sailor collar finishes the V-shape neck. Another very popular but simple suit has a two-flounce skirt, the edges of which are buttonholed in wide scallops with mercerized cotton. A short box-coat to the hips and the umbrella sleeves are finished in the same manner with an embroidered shawl collar the only other trimming.

One of the most reasonable lightweight suits is of coarse linen crash in white or pale colors flecked with knobs in a darker color. These have three-quarter coats with duck collars and cuffs and are selling for $10. An extremely tailored golf shirtwaist for wear with a suit of this kind is of white linen tucked over the shoulders and blousing a bit at the waistline. A puff sleeve comes to the elbow to which tucked half-sleeves may be attached by buttons, and the low-cut oval neck with a narrow turn-back collar may be filled in, if desired, with a tucked linen chemisette. Simple lingerie hats, which are to be had for a song, are an appropriate finish for such a costume, and a fad of the summer girl is to fasten a splurging wired bow of pale blue or pink or green ribbon directly at the front of the low crown.

While the net afternoon frock, undoubtedly the season's favorite, has had a long run, charmingly dainty little gowns are still to be found in this snowflake material. Its chief beauty is the fulness with which it is made up. One unusually attractive model has the skirt drawn in very full shirrings about the hips. The full baby waist is trimmed around the shoulders and in a circle midway between waistline and arm, with a double row of tightly-gathered liberty ribbon headed with a double fold ruching of the net. This trimming is applied also at the middle and elbow of the half-length puff sleeves and around the foot of the skirt.

Another very handsome net frock is indescribably exquisite with an applique of princess lace down the front of waist and skirt. An edging of the same lace finishes the bell-shaped sleeves, which are slit up the side of the arm to show a fan-like under sleeve or rows and rows of Valenciennes lace. Princess lace, which is decidedly the smartest trimming of the season, is nothing more or less than an Irish applique lace edging on a plain white net.

Hardly less a favorite than the net gown is the simple handkerchief muslin frock. These often show a bit of hand embroidery at the front of the bodice and skirt and are wonderfully dainty when the seams are joined by Valenciennes insertion. The sleeves for these very dainty and bewitchingly youthful gowns are pert little puffs reaching half way to the elbow.

In putting the finishing touches on her wardrobe, the busy shopper must not forget the all-important scarf for evening wear. For this use nothing is more elegant than a spangled Assyrian shawl in black or white net, glittering with gold or silver pallettes. An all-enveloping hood is another very becoming protection from evening's chill. This may be built from a large lace veil, lined with mousseline. Gathered near the edge it leaves a lace ruffle around the face, and is caught to the left of the coiffure with a butterfly roset of liberty ribbon. The back of the hood is held in place with a splashing bow and a big bow fastens the lace ends about the throat in the front.

English to G.

One of the young Chinamen who have some smattering of English, and are opening what they call "Anglo-Chinese" schools in Shanghai and the neighboring towns, is very modest. He advertises that "English is taught as far as the letter G."

ADDITIONS TO SUMMER WARDROBES—AN EVENING HOOD OF LACE AND MOUSSELINE.

Six Most Famous Women

WHO are the half-dozen most famous living women? If the most famous are those who, thru strength of personal character, have become best known to most people, then the three most famous women now alive are the Queen of England, the Dowager Czarina, and the terrible old Dowager Empress of China. Each of these three is known to all mankind—of whatever color, or habitat, save only the savage races—because of her own individual character. The unthinking might complete the half dozen by the addition of the names, say, of the Empress of Germany, the young Queen of Holland, and, perhaps, the Dowager Queen of Italy, perhaps "Carmen Sylva," the writing Queen of Roumania. But these estimable royal ladies will hardly do for entrance in this list, since they are known to the world only by reason of the accidents of birth and marriage.

The names of two American women should be written in this list. After the consort of King Edward and the mother of the Czar, no white woman is a titne so well known to the races of teeming Asia because of what she stands for, personally, as the Vicereine of India, Mary Leiter Curzon, as clever as she is lovely, and famous, of course, thruout all civilized lands. The other American name in this glittering half dozen should be that of the only woman, living or dead, who has ever established a faith. Mary Baker Eddy, the mother of "Christian Science." Who is she whose name might complete the list? It would be hard to find one whose fame approaches in universality that of these five, but there are many more women, whose celebrity in art, philanthropy, literature, science and reform is almost world-wide to choose from.

An Obscure Duke's Daughters.

Known to more people of more races than any other living woman, except, perhaps, the monstrous old Dowager of China, are Alexandra and Dagmar, as they were christened—daughters of old King Christian of Denmark—who was not a king at all when they were born, but simply an obscure nobleman with the formidable title of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sodenburg-Glucksburg. Life has run along strangely different lines for the two gentle Danish girls. Their father, as you remember, was so poor that he even had to give drawing lessons to eke out the family income, and the daughters had to help make their own bonnets and gowns; you may also remember the gypsy woman who told their fortunes and declared that Alexandra would some day wear the double crown of queen and empress, that Dagmar would rule a vast empire and that a third sister, Thyree, would bear a title approaching the queenly, tho she would never rule. The three girls laughed at the prophecy, but it all came true. Thyree marrying the English Duke of Cumberland and her older sisters, by a fate most ironical, marrying men who were to reign over people bound to be eternally at odds—one to be the head of the most advanced constitution monarchy in the world, and the other the last autocracy remaining in Europe.

The Alexandra is known to the world chiefly because of her sweet and womanly qualities her personality is as strong as her sister's. The English Queen has been no better wife, no better mother than some other royal and imperial consorts. But Alexandra has always shown perfect taste, complete balance under the most difficult conditions, and perfect breeding, while the lack in those qualities has been almost painful on the part of some crowned women; indeed, most of the royal ladies sometimes lose their poise, but Alexandra never has. Besides, she is counted the best dressed gentlewoman in all Europe.

The character of Dagmar, rechristened Marie Feodorovna when she married the present Czar, is as different from that of her sister as can be imagined. Alexandra is a born queen, and has always been so, from her childhood up, and has never had to grow to her own force of character, her indomitable will and her over-mastering intellectuality. For this empress, unlike the empresses and queens of the western world, was not born of imperial or even royal parents. Wives of Chinese emperors are rarely or never chosen for their rank, but according to their comeliness from the Celestial viewpoint. When an heir to the throne of China is of marriageable age, many pretty Tartar girls—thousands, sometimes—are summoned to Pekin, where the older women of the imperial household study them, sending the less attractive ones away, gradually, till only a few remain. From these the primary wife or empress and a few secondary wives or concubines are selected. It was in this way that the dowager empress selected the wives and concubines of the present spineless Celestial emperor, and no doubt she was selected by the same method when the late emperor, Hien Fung, was ready to marry. He died more than 40 years ago.

She who now rules over China's 400,000,000 souls was only a secondary wife. Yet, in benighted China, where the woman of ordinary character, no matter what her rank, is only the depraved toy of man's passion, she so managed affairs as to rise to the head of the state and to keep the place thru all the vicissitudes that have beset China since then. She was first in the empire thruout the Taiping rebellion, when Chinese Gordon was in the Chinese service; she managed everything when the French and Chinese were at war; she was supreme during the war with Japan and thruout the Boxer troubles; and tho Japan whipped her fleets and armies and she had to flee from the Celestial capital when the allied armies to-day no American actress possesses fame that is really world-wide.

ADDITIONS TO SUMMER WARDROBES—RIBBON-TRIMMED NET FROCK FOR AFTERNOON.

hagen, she was soon back in Russia, and her influence over her son has been strongly apparent ever since. Her recent frequent exhortations to him to be firm and brave, as his father would have been, to show himself to the people, are just removed from the current news. Maria Feodorovna has never been friendly with the young Czarina. The dowager is 68, her gentler sister, Alexandra, is 61.

Chicago Girl Vicerine.

The late Levi Z. Leiter was a multi-millionaire when the then "young, but very important Mr. Curzon," attached to the British embassy at Washington, met and wooed his daughter Mary, but the foundation of the Leiter fortunes was begun not many years before at Chicago in retail trade of the pettiest and humblest. When Leiter had got enough money together to suit him he sold out and the family removed to Washington. There he and his wife set about the task of marrying their three daughters, Mary, Daisy and Nannie, to young foreigners of title, with all the directness that had characterized the Leiter quest for wealth. The first Leiter home in Washington was the old Blaine mansion. Later a new one was built, in which social functions such as Washington had not seen before for display, were held. At these gatherings, despite certain evidences that elaborate functions were also new to the Leiters themselves, the best old world blood, as represented at the new world capital, was glad to worship before the shrine of beauty and dollars. This is not written captiously, for when the Curzon-Leiter engagement was announced, it was spoken of as a real love match, and so, doubtless, it was. At all events, the marriage has been highly satisfactory, both from the domestic viewpoint and as an international match.

Lord Curzon's talents—he wasn't a lord when she married him—have enabled him to raise his wife to a plane nearer that of royalty than any occupied by any other American-born woman, while the Leiter wealth has enabled him to support the state of Indian viceroy as he could not have done without it. But that tells only a part of the story on behalf of her who was Miss Leiter. More than once when the imperial airs assumed by the viceroy toward the Indian princes—during the famous Delhi durbar especially—have seemed likely to bring about a serious break of relations, his clever wife has stemmed the storm by paying those same princes and their families just the attentions that she alone could pay, and in a way that completely quenched their resentment. And, tho certain of the English ladies in India have occasionally chafed a bit at the vicereine's almost imperial attitude toward themselves, the wise governmental heads in London have smoothed the threatened resulting difficulties over and all has been well. This tactful, adaptable, resourceful daughter of a man who began life selling small goods on Chicago's streets has certainly earned her own fame, and she deserves it all.

Concubine Enthroned Herself.

The grim, slant-eyed old Dowager Empress of China owes her fame wholly of the Occident marched to the defence of the legations, she is still the power above all in China. The pitiful emperor himself, as all the world knows, dares hardly even to breathe without her assent. This grim, cruel, bloody and really terrible woman, now 71, a veritable female incarnation of the old Chinese antipathy to the foreign devil, exerts more real power over more of her fellows than any other woman who ever lived. Her subjects are almost as numerous as all the people who dwell in the countries of Europe. Possibly she is known to more human beings, living in her own day, than any other woman has been since the beginning of time, tho the western world knew little about her before the Boxer troubles.

Founded a Religion.

Christian Science, the only religious cult ever founded by a woman, has spread with more amazing rapidity than any other faith has spread in all the religious history of the race. When its founder, a poor New Hampshire farmer's daughter, born Baker, christened Mary, and, thru marriage, bearing successively the surnames of Glover, Patterson and Eddy, was 44, and the edifice used by the mother church in Boston was dedicated the Church of Christ (Scientist) she was not known outside of New England. Yet, to-day there are almost a thousand churches and societies using the Christian Science form of worship, and their membership is said to be nearly a million, scattered thru 75 of the world's countries, tho naturally the great majority live in America. Mrs. Eddy was by no means a pioneer in mental healing. Indeed, her opponents declare, she herself was treated in the middle sixties at Portland, down in Maine, by one Dr. Quimby, a professor of "spiritual science," in much the same way she and her followers have since treated others. However that may be, it was Mrs. Eddy and no one else who gave the system body and permanence. "The light of science," she says, came to her in 1866, just one year less than four decades ago. Ten years later, in 1876, she organized the first "Christian Science Association" in Lynn, Mass. She founded the first regular Church of Christ (Scientist) in 1879. Meanwhile, ever since the death of Dr. Quimby, she had been "healing," first in an obscure way, later in Lynn, where she called her system the "science of divine metaphysical healing," and still later in Boston, where, in 1881, at 60, she established the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, from which, in its eight years of life, about 4000 healers were graduated. As her nominal fee was $300, some newspapers have figured that her gross receipts must have been $1,200,000, to say nothing of the sale of her books. Just how much she has profited financially, from the institution and the various "science" publications knows, but she is surely a very rich woman. In Concord, N.H., where she has lived in retirement since 1889, the newspapers rate her wealth as more than $1,000,000. During all her career as a personal healer, Mrs. Eddy's church grew slowly, but after she had given the costly plot of ground for the mother church and her followers had Perhaps Mrs. James Brown-Potter has played in more countries than any of her countrywomen, tho her abilities are not to be compared with Mrs. Fiske's or Mrs. Leslie Carter's. But none of these are to-day to be written about on the same page with Sarah Bernhardt, child of France; Eleanora Duse, daughter of Italy, or Ellen Terry, Englishwoman. The world was kinder to Terry in her youth than to either of the others. Duse, child of low-grade Italian strollers, traveled from place to place on foot, and sometimes barefooted at that; often she had to act under the skies, the poverty of her father and mother, with whom she tramped, being such that they were almost never able to engage a theatre, no matter how mean, and were lucky when they could afford even a tent.

As a girl, Bernhardt was "long, lean, thin and skinny." Even as late as ten or fifteen years ago her personal appearance was often ridiculed. Her first audience laughed at her. She lost one of her early engagements thru slapping the leading lady; she tried singing in fairy extravanganza and failed; she boxed the ears of the leading actor at the Odeon and was discharged again; from the beginning her course was stormy and erratic, but she won before reaching middle life, and now, at 61, many consider her the world's leading actress. Her "affairs" have been many; her husband, M. Damala, is not famous for any deeds of his own. Ellen Terry married young, but was separated from her husband for the sake of her art. She is 58, Duse is the youngest of the three, being only 44. She married a nobleman, but they separated, and her unfortunate attachment for D'Annunzio, the decadent novelist and poet, has embittered her later years. Bernhardt has a son. Terry a daughter; Duse is childless.

Tho she will sing no more, Adelina Patti, Spanish by birth, but winning her first renown in America, is probably known to more people at 62 than Melba, Nordica, Calve, Eames, Ternina, Sembrich or any of the younger, more robust song birds who now hold the stage and exchange their golden notes for the gold which lures all humanity. Tho Patti, like some other among the famous women, has been much married—her present husband, Baron Cedarstrom, being the third, (or is it the fourth?) and each a man whose only distinction has been his union with the wondrous diva—she has had no children.

Red Cross Celebrities.

There was a day when the name of Florence Nightingale—named Florence because of her birthplace, tho her parents were English—would surely have belonged to the most famous half dozen. It was of her that Longfellow wrote:

The speechless sufferers turn to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls—

because of her inestimable service to the soldiers as nurse in the Crimean war. Her work furnished the impulse that led to the formation of the Red Cross, now performing blessed services on the far eastern battlefields. When a grateful England subscribed $250,000 for her, she built with the money the Nightingale Home for Trained Nurses, in London, and so established a new and beautiful profession. She is still living at 85. Mme. Oyama, wife of Japan's great field marshal, Japanese by birth, like her husband, but educated at Vassar College, is the most eminent woman in the Red Cross work to-day. Tho brought into world-wide notice thru the war in the far east, her fame is also due to her because of her own personality, and the race has granted it freely.

The former Empress of France, Eugenie, living at the age of 79, survivor of almost every vestige of the order of things of which she was a part, is almost forgotten, but her fame survives, and she deserves at least a line or two in this rapid survey.

Science, Philanthropy, Salvation.

The scientist would surely present the name of Mme. Curie, co-discoverer, with her husband, of radium, that mysterious element which is revolutionizing many long-established scientific notions. And from the scientific viewpoint, who shall say he is wrong? Mme. Curie has won fame young—she is only 37, and she is pretty besides. Her path to fame, tho full of endeavor, was not racking; in her Polish home she was surrounded by incentives to scientific research, and her husband, who loves her more even, perhaps, than their beloved joint discovery, is constantly working by her side in their laboratory. The Curies never really strove for fame, only to do their work, nor for money. Fame they have won, but money has not, and probably will not, come to them. Miss Helen Gould, known not only for her wealth, but for the way she gives it away, has fame of a sort that carries with it a feeling of universal regard and respect, since she is devoting her life to the best uses she can devise for the millions that came to her by inheritance. Nor should the women of the Booth family—Eva Booth, head of the Salvation Army in America, and Mrs. Ballington Booth, co-head of the American Volunteers—be left out of the list of candidates. Even if they cannot find a place among the first half dozen, their fame has been won by endeavor of the sort tht helps those who need help most, and it will last, perhaps, long after some of the others now well known to the world shall be forgot.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mme Adam.

Certainly no other living woman can reach the standard set in fiction by Mrs. Humphry Ward or in editing by Mme. Juliet Adam, editor of the French Nouvelle Revue. Mme. Adam is surely the most famous woman editor in the world; tho her periodical is not read by the masses, even in France, it is familiar to every chancellerie in the whole world. Mme. Adam is 75 and her life has had its thrills. At 15 her parents married her to a notary, whom she deserted after he had indulged in numerous pleasantries at her expense, trying to sell her, body and soul, to a Turkish Pacha for money, being the most interesting. In Paris, after that, she became a close friend of George Sand and was married the second time to Edmond Adam, a senator of France and a good man, who, dying left her his money and a memory so prized that, tho she was widely sought as wife for her wealth, if for nothing else she remained a widow. With this wealth she established her periodical as a rival of Le Revue des Deux Mondes, and the most famous salon in Europe. Most of the famous men of France have been figures in her salon; many of the famous political essayists, poets and novelists wrote first for her Revue. She was the friend of Gambetta; she suggested the Franco-Russian alliance; she got Pierre Loti into the Academy and she kept Zola out. She has been at the front in many of the most strenuous movements of France, and while not entitled, perhaps, to be named among the six most famous women, she certainly stands high in the list among the world thinking men and women.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is younger and destined, apparently, to reach greater fame than any other woman writing now alive. Mrs. Ward's path to fame has been without the difficulties of one who seek it have to overcome. Born in Australia, her father a clergyman, Dr. Thomas Arnold—her uncle Matthew Arnold—she was taken to England when a young girl and there married T. Humphry Ward, himself a man of letters, and now art critic for the staid old London Times. Possibly Marie Corelli's books have been more widely read than Mrs. Humphry Ward's and those who prefer "The Sorrows of Satan" to "The Marriage of William Ashe" might vote Miss Corelli the more famous of the two. The

THE MANAGERS OF THE AGENCIES OF THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA.
This picture is reproduced from a photograph made at the annual conference of the managers of the bank held in Toronto on May 24th last.

Trades on Her Social Position

IF a certain London florist should carry out his present intention of bringing suit against a famous hostess in Mayfair, one of the most sensational lawsuits of recent years is likely to ensue. The inevitable result would be a complete exposure of the manner in which, for several years, the lady in question has traded systematically upon the unique social position which she occupies there. One of the few American hostesses in London who enjoy the personal friendship of Queen Alexandra and other feminine members of the royal family, she utilizes this social advantage by making a regular business of "boosting" rich Americans whose social position at home is uncertain into the charmed circle of London swelldom. Of course, the Queen and the other royal women have no idea that their agreeable American acquaintance thus makes use of their good-will for the benefit of her own pocket. That she does so, however, is a generally understood thing in society; so well understood, in fact, that the exorbitance of this hostess' terms for assisting American social climbers and the really astonishing way in which she makes every step of the business produce a big profit are subjects of frequent comment. It is said that her charge for completely launching a newcomer in London society is $100,000. Moreover, the lady makes it an invariable condition that her clients shall patronize certain tradesmen indicated by her, with whom, of course, she has arranged for a "rake-off" on the profits. At present she enjoys a practical monopoly in her particular line, and thus has been in a position to dictate terms to the various silversmiths, stationers, caterers and others whom she recommends her clients to patronize.

Heretofore the commission demanded by her has been 50 per cent. of the profits, and if she had remained satisfied with this uncommonly stiff rate all would have been well. Not long ago, however, 'the great introducer," as she has been dubbed in social circles, served notice on all the purveyors with whom she has relations to the effect that thereafter her share of the profits must be 60 per cent. This ultimatum led to the revolt of the florist already mentioned, who is one of the best known in the West End of London. He sent in a bill on the original terms, which the American court favorite has so far refused to pay, and declares that unless his demands are met the matter will be brought into court and the whole business "aired."

Generally speaking, of course, the bills of rich Americans who are being foisted upon London society in this way are sent direct to them, and the fashionable go-between's commission paid to her when the account is settled. Quite often, however, when one of her clients is desirous of giving a big function the "introducer" undertakes to place all the necessary orders and pay all the bills, with the understanding, of course, that the actual hostess shall reimburse her on being apprised of the net cost. The now recalcitrant florist was dealt with in this way, and herein lies the strength of his case, the American "introducer" appearing in his books as the actual debtor, and not her guileless client. Probably the thing will not be allowed to come into court—one scandal would be too great. The florist's threat, however, has got noised about in the inner circles of swelldom, and many who have paid their money to Mayfair favoritism are in terror lest they may be obliged to testify to that effect in the witness box. In case the suit actually should be brought there is likely to be a sudden epidemic of illness and of important foreign business. The sum of $100,000 has been quoted as this court favorite's charge for complete introduction of rich newcomers into England's highest circles. This, I am informed, includes presentation at court, which automatically brings invitations to all court affairs, invitations to the more privae social functions and the attendance of at least three members of royalty at Mrs. Moneybags' first grand effort. This fixed price covers the period of three months known as London's season. That is all that is necessary, and it is really about the simplest way for the social aspirant to go about it. For when this three months is successfully gone thru with, Mrs. Moneybags is socially fixed for life. Her standing is secure for ever, and while more expensive than going into New York society it is more economical in the long run, as in New York one may cease to be a fad, and the second attempt to join the aristocracy would cost more than the first. Then entering society thru the royal gates of Buckingham Palace practically conquers all the social markets of the world at once. That $100,000 is invariably cash down. The American "introducer," however, is nothing if not adaptable, and she has what might be described as an "a la carte" system, too. For instance, a court presentation engineered by her costs $5000. For obtaining the attendance of one of the reigning families and perhaps a couple of duchesses at Mrs. Moneybags' first big "at home" the social mentor demands $10,000. This latter event is the most important of one's social career in London. Of course, being presented at court counts for a lot, but the seal of approval is set definitely only when royalty enters one's house. After that there is no question.

In spite of the fact that her methods are notorious, and have been for several years, the American "introducer's" enviable social position seems to have been impaired little, if at all. As has been said, royalty doesn't know about the game, and society seems disposed to wink at it. But one rather wishes that the West End florist would bring his threatened suit, for it is time the whole business had the searchlight thrown on it.

DISPENSES WITH SLIDES.

A new form of lantern has recently made its appearance, which differs markedly both in its optical principles and in the results attained from the ordinary projecting apparatus which the lecturer is accustomed to use. Limited as it is to the utilization of slides only, the ordinary lantern renders it impossible to use directly illustrations from books, sketches, specimens and models. Photographs of these various objects must first be made, and from the negative a lantern slide prepared. Even tho the resulting slide may be sharp and clear in every detail, it still presents the defect of presenting its subject in dead black and white tones. Attempts at colouring, altho sometimes successful, are often the cause of many grievous errors on the part of the artist. An apparatus which has been recently introduced by Philadelphia instrument makers, projects on a screen not only the image of a lantern slide, but reflects as well pictures in books, specimens of insects, or other natural objects, mechanical models and the like, and this all in the natural colors of the objects. The lecturer is thus enabled to make use of the countless illustrations in magazines and books, of an innumerable series of color prints, sketches, photographs, and of working models that can be shown in motion on the screen, as well as apparatus for experimenting in chemistry and physics, specimens of plants, flowers and moths, all in the delicate tints of the originals. By the use of lenses, diaphragms and mirrors the object is illuminated and reflected on to the screen. By use of an illuminating lens, a cone of light from the condenser is projected upon the object, every part being uniformly illuminated. The lens is used either for spreading the light over the entire object or condensing it upon a very small portion when a brilliant light and special details are desired. When the lens is shifted toward the source of light, the rays are distributed over the entire object; when the lens is drawn toward the object, the beams condense and concentrate on the point desired.

A Hot-Weather Tragedy.

Providence Journal.

"I am not depressed," said the hardware merchant, replying to an inquiry of a solicitous friend. "I am amused. One of the peculiarities of my face, according to those who feel at liberty to discuss the subject with me, is that my expression when I'm about to cry closely resembles my make-up for a laugh. To tell the truth, I had a weird experience this morning. More than once I've insisted that this hardwood finish that's all the rage isn't what it's cracked up to be. It's expensive, to begin with, it takes more time than it's worth to keep a mirror-like surface on it, and it's in a conspiracy with the rugs to throw you on the slightest provocation. However, I sometimes defer to my wife, and we have it in our house in two or three different shades.

"This morning I discovered a brand new objection to it. I was up before the rest of the family were stirring, and, being thirsty, I pattered down to the dining room in my pajamas and bare feet, because I remembered there was ice water on the sideboard when I went to bed. Now, as it happened, our hardwood border in that dining room was oiled two days ago, and it was supposed to be dry. Mother, as I sometimes call her, and the girls all agreed it was dry. Maybe it is. I only know that after I drank long and deeply I was anchored in my tracks. I was glued to the floor for fair—and the soles of my feet are very tender. I tried to lift myself and get a start by pulling on my ankles, but it was like pulling on bootstraps, of course, and I wasn't exactly dressed for a rescue. Still, after I'd struggled for a while I had to shout for help, and in the end the cook and second girl came and pulled me out into the hall a good deal as you'd tear a paper from a wall.

"It was a ridiculous performance, and what was worse it was more painful than getting rid of a porous plaster. The only reason I don't limp is that I'm as sore and lame in one foot as I am in the other. Mother and the girls guessed that the hot weather had made the top dressing sticky, and I guess they don't need another guess."

PROMINENT GOLFERS AT THE RECENT TOURNAMENT AT TORONTO GOLF CLUB.

PARKDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE LACROSSE CLUB.

The Parkdales won the championship of the Toronto High School Lacrosse League for 1905, winning six games and losing none. The names of those in the above group, reading from left to right beginning with the bottom row are as follows: M. Treleaven, W. Richardson, A. Orr, F. Hassard, H. J. Crawford, B.A., president athletic association; L. E. Embree, M.A., principal; B. Ferris, captain; J. Millar, president; E. H. Watson, B.A., vice-president; J. White, A. Duff, W. Eccleston, C. N. Wood, R. Bell, H. Gall, S. Vogan, F. Crafgie, C. Stuart, A. Carman, D. Stewart.

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QUAINT SIGNS OF THE INN.

During my Easter holidays in the Lake district, says a yriter in The Dundee News, I was very much amused at the interesting poetical signs of the public houses situated in the small hamlet of Eamont Bridge, near Penrith, and consider them worthy of record. Eamont Bridge is a neat, compact hamlet standing in two counties, namely, Cumberland and Westmoreland, and boasts of four well-equipped, fully-licensed public houses, each bearing a poetical sign.

Thus on the "Robin Hood" sign is inscribed:

Gentelmen, my ale is good,
This is the sign of Robin Hood;
If Robin himself be not at home,
Step in and test his cheery foam.

The "Gate Inn" reads thus:

This gate hangs well, and hinders none,
Refresh, and pay, and travel on.

The "Welcome Here Into Cumberland" has on its signboard a Highlander hailing with gladness the approach of a bona-fide traveler from the Westmoreland side—with a poetical line thus:

Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pay,
Whilst the "Hive" Inn sings:
In this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you be dry step in and try—
But don't forget the money.

These houses stand adjacent to each other, and in the immediate neighborhood may be found the "Rat Trap," the "Red Cat," the "Laughing Cat," "Merry Tom," "Poor Tom" and "Tom o' Bedam" Inns.

Elephants As Workers.

Mrs. Edward Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan) describes the working elephant in The Pall Mall Magazine, the scene of his job being Rangoon.

"The elephants around us," she writes, "were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawn. They were harnessed for this with a broad breastband and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawn planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled. A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant, and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint with his iron spike, that two might go with that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second, with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none he would take his ease in the sun and wait. Or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another; and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up, any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on casters. More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk around it, place it on the top of the pile, and then calculate its position, and push and pull until it was square in its place. The oddest, because the most reasonable thing, was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretch out one hind leg to give himself balance and purchase. That seemed to bring him, somehow, our work, but he was doing it in our way. Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds.

"'That means it's 11 o'clock,' said the foreman. 'Dinner hour. Not for King Edward himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now until 3. It's their off time. At 3 they begin again, and work till dusk, and they start about 6 in the morning, but they don't understand overtime.'"

A New Idea.

"What are the suggestions for the day?"

The greatest philanthropist of the age turned anxiously to his private secretary.

"Remember," he said, half severely, "we must give away ten millions more before the week is over. I simply can't stand it to have money accumulate in this reckless manner. We must get rid of it."

The secretary did not immediately reply.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," said the great philanthropist. "The National Theatre says they can't take another cent. Every missionary society is black with cash. The old sailors are all smoking dollar cigars. Universities are storing bonds in barrels in their cellars. Speak, man, your face is lighting up. Have you an idea?"

"I have indeed," said the private secretary. "Have no fear, all will be well. Here's a man who has given me a clue."

And with a glad smile of relief the philanthropist read from some unknown correspondent as follows:

"Why not endow a good comfortable home for decrepit millionaires who have given away all their money?"

Covered With Tattoo Marks.

An unknown man, of about 35 years, who was found with his throat cut in Kensington Gardens, was almost completely covered with tattoo marks, says The London Express. The marks, which form the only means of identification, are as follows:

Chest portrait of Queen Victoria, surmounted by the Royal Arms, and the flags, guns, stars and female on horseback holding a spear, St. George and the Dragon.

Right forearm, six men and women, and various other marks.

Left forearm, a grace and cross, with the words, "In memory of Brother Arthur, aged 32," and other marks.

Back, figures of a woman encircled by a snake, lions, peacocks, parrot, mermaid, a swan mounted on a camel, and a horse jumping a gate.

Right thigh, a heart and anchor.

Left thigh, two men in fighting attitude.

Each leg was encircled by a cleverly tattooed garter.

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Over 200 square miles of virgin land and valuable timber.

Growing wild on this land are oranges, limes, lemons, bananas, cacao, vanilla and many wild fruits, while small tracts are planted by the natives in corn, coffee, sugar and tobacco of the finest quality.

It is the sportsman's paradise; there are a dozen species of wild animals, many choice game birds, and the rivers beautifully clear, teem with fish.

Owing to geographical situation, transportation facilities, healthful climate and the wonderful suitability of the land for all tropical products, it is generally predicted by government officials and experts who have made a study of tropical land, that a small strip between the Coatzacoalcos River and the railroad, which embraces the Chimalapa Lands, will soon be the highest priced land in the world. Planted in rubber in bearing, it is worth $1000 per acre. The timber is of the finest quality, and of such variety that it can be applied to almost any purpose to which wood can be used. Single mahogany logs from this district have brought $5000. We must have many of those amongst the great quantity of mahogany trees on our land. The average profit on this wood is $50 per M.

Fortunes are being made from small mills cutting Spanish cedar into cigar box material. The Spanish cedar on the company's land would run into millions worked up in this way. The most plentiful wood on the property is called Chico Zapote. There is in places $5000 worth of this wood to the acre. It closely resembles mahogany, and is taking its place. It is one of the most durable woods known. Rollers used in a sugar mill, which tradition states to be 175 years old, are sound and unworn. It is impervious to salt water and the destructive teredo. Chicle, the basis of all chewing gums, is obtained from this tree. The yearly revenue from this gum alone is estimated at $25,000.

A Toronto contractor states that 2 other woods are worth $100 per M. for interior finishing, and we already have several parties who wish to place orders in this city. Prima Vira or White Mahogany is now more highly prized than red for high-class furniture. There are several carriage woods much superior to anything grown here. In the Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, there is a Mexican cart known to be 200 years old. Although the wood has never seen oil or paint, it is still perfectly sound.

These are a few out of at least twenty-five varieties, every one of which is of great value for one or other of the many uses to which wood is applied.

A few years ago elm in Ontario was worth $6 per M. It is now $25. Hemlock was worth $5. It is now $17 and scarce. If this is the case here in a comparatively new country with a small population, think of the United States cutting their forests at the rate of 30,000 acres per day, or Great Britain, France or Germany importing everything.

A careful estimate made by a man of long experience places the net value of timber at $21,000,000, and states that in ten years these figures will increase one-third. The land values are increasing very rapidly.

$100 invested in these lands represents 13 acres with the timber thrown in. It is there to be seen. Samples cut by us from living trees are now to be seen at the company's offices.

Samples of woods, rubber, etc., at Company's offices, 88 to 90 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me book containing information about Mexico.

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ADDRESS.....

In Norway

—On pay-days saloons are closed and savings banks open until midnight.

—Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry office.

—There is a telegraph box on every street car. Write message, put on right number of stamps, drop in the box.

—Young farmers can borrow money from Government at 3 per cent.

—Practically no illiterates. Men perhaps the finest in the world physically. Army service universal; only 2.3 per cent. of youths rejected for physical defect.

—Health splendid. Death rate for men, 18.3, because of dangerous fishing; for women, 16.5. Average expense of living less than any other civilized country perhaps. Average wage earnings, $88 a year.

—More reindeer than horses, more sheep than cows.

—Illiterates—Two men in a thousand in Sweden, 3 in Norway and Denmark, 78 in Russia which wants to "improve" Norway and Sweden by dividing and conquering them; 13.6 even in England.

A Fair Field and No Favor.

"And so," said the dabbler in scientific speculation, "if we could succeed in exterminating the injurious microbes there is no reason why we should not live forever."

"Just so," said his friend, "and if the injurious microbes succeed in exterminating us there is no reason why

MEDALISTS OF GIVENS-STREET PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1905.

Reading from left to right the names are as follows: G. Reid, A. Honeycomb, W. Hunnisett, C. Jardin, F. McNair, G. Thompson, M. Bailey, J. Stewart, M. Park, C. Corbett, R. Bell, A. Love, E. Morre, M. Curren, G. Gibson, A. Wylie, C. A. Harper, F. McGowan, C. Jones, W. Lewis, R. Chapman, F. Hall, C. Boyless, J. Mossow, N. Neill, M. Spence, B. Gourley, M. Golding, R. Reeves, C. Henry, M. Hughes, E. Hutton, H. Tomson, M. Harris.

English Art Sales

THE National Gallery has its romances in the strange adventures of pictures. There is the famous Van Eyck, "Jan Arnoldfini and His Wife," which was a Bruges barber-surgeon's gift to a queen regent; there are the treasures of the palaces, works like Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. and Correggio's "Mercury Instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus," which were sold by the Cromwellians for a song and bought back after many vicissitudes at high cost; there is the "Parish Clerk" which Gainsborough gave to an honest carrier; and there is the sumptuous "Family of Darius," which Veronese painted during his convalescence in an Italian villa and left behind in acknowledgment of the kind treatment received from his host—a masterpiece for which over $68,000 was eventually paid. Christie's is also a fascinating realm of romance, where neglected pictures from the backstairs of country houses are auctioned off for thousands of guineas, or drinking cups for which sixteenth-century craftsmen were paid in shillings for their drudgery are sold for more than $81,000 as ornaments for American dining-rooms. What grim sport there must be for ghosts, if that bustling salesroom in London, where a smooth-faced, dry-voiced auctioneer keeps the run of the guineas and occasionally taps the desk with a hammer, be a haunted place!

How eloquent would be the spirit rappings of George Morland, if these could be heard when his works are held up before a fashionable throng on Saturday afternoons and the rival dealers begin to compete for them! His stern father's prediction that he would either be hanged or would turn out a genius can be favorably interpreted when a little work like "The Dancing Dogs," for which he was glad to take 15 guineas, now commands a buzz of admiration at Christie's and 400 guineas as a record price. Genius seems to have won the day when a hastily-painted sketch of an itinerant showman making a monkey and some dogs dance in front of a cottage door has so high a valuation placed upon it; and the final victory is not surprising when Morland's father, mother and grandfather were painters before him, and he came naturally by his vivacity of style, his bold craftsmanship and his habits of observation. Yet when that work was painted the artist was a spendthrift and a drunkard, working in debtors' prisons and sponging houses, carousing with boon companions whenever a dealer would advance him a few guineas and plunging from one excess or vagary into another. Who could have ventured to forecast his ultimate triumph as an artist on that gloomy day when he was buried in an obscure churchyard on Hempstead-road, a drunkard who had always been in debt? Yet it has come at last; and in consequence of the high prices at Christie's for "The Dancing Dogs" and "Higglers in the Morning," all the Morlands, with which town and country houses are well stocked, have increased heavily in value.

There is also a rising market for Raeburns. The Scottish Van Dyck married a lady of fortune when he was twenty-two, and never knew what it was to struggle for a living, his success as a portrait painter being uninterrupted and complete, first in Edinburgh and finally in London. He was an industrious painter, who was content with receiving small prices for his work, and when he died a large collection of his portraits were kept together by his executors. This collection of forty-nine portraits was sold in 1877, half a century after his death, for an aggregate sum of £6000. On Saturday, when Lord Tweedmouth's pictures were dispersed at auction, one of these portraits, that of Lady Raeburn, a charming combination of whites and browns, was sold for 8700 guineas. For this portrait and another of Sir Henry Raeburn himself, in dark coat, yellow waistcoat and white stock, 1460 guineas was paid thirty years ago. There was a slight decline in values when the pair was resold in 1887 for 1320 guineas, but on Saturday, when a new standard was established, the two portraits between them brought 13,200 guineas, having advanced tenfold in eighteen years. The other Raeburns from Brook House were sold at high prices. The portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which was once in the possession of the poet Campbell, ran up from 200 guineas, the previous auction price, to 1000 guineas, and the portrait of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive, a white-robed beauty, with a shapely neck and gold earrings, for which 200 guineas was paid in 1887, was fiercely competed for and finally sold for 3600 guineas. This was not the good lady of Auchincruive whose funeral pageantry drove Burns out of a comfortable inn on a frosty night and inspired the gloomy ode, "Dweller in yon dungeon dark;" but it was the fair Lucy Johnstone, whose beauty and graces dazzled the poet so completely that he at first resolved to say nothing at all about her "in despair of saying anything adequate," and finally wrote the charming poem "O wat ye wha's in yon town" in praise of her loveliness. The sweet lady's portrait is now eighteen times as valuable as it was eighteen years ago, and has kept company as long as possible with Lady Raeburn, who headed the advance in prices and kept it. Lady Raeburn was the painter's good genius from the moment when, as the fascinating widow of Count Leslie, she set her cap for him, and even as she enabled him with her money to take Sir Joshua's advice and to prepare himself for his career by two years' study in Italy, so also by this portrait she lifts the values of all his works and places them close behind the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses as priceless masters of the English school of portraiture.

Other pictures sold at Christie's disclosed the same upward tendency in values and the contrasts between the painters' earnings and the dealers' speculations. Hogarth's "Assembly at Wanstead House," with portraits of the first Earl of Tyney and many of his relatives, was sold for £2750—a big price for a small work. Hogarth himself received £180 for it from his patron and considered himself lucky to get so much for it; and well he might, when he had started in his career as a proof-reader and engraver of arms and shop bills. John Hoppner, born to poverty in Whitechapel and struggling strenuously to keep soul and body together while he was learning to paint portraits in Sir Joshua's grand style, never had a chance to be anything but a fashionable portrait painter, and he lived; and a pair of his portraits was rattled off on Saturday for 9550 guineas. Sir Joshua himself was at the top of the market while he lived, but his works are marching on whenever the auctioneer introduces them to bidders. He received 150 guineas for the full-length of the Countess of Bellamont in a lilac dress trimmed with ermine and knots of gold braid; and in the course of a century the value of the portrait had increased to 2400 guineas, and on Saturday, after another interval of thirty years, it was sold for 6700 guineas. Even Sir Joshua's "Simplicity," which is suspected of being repainted and restored, has advanced from 180 to 2000 guineas in the course of thirty years. Alexander Nasmith's portrait of Robert Burns, in like manner, has risen to 1600 guineas than a modest price for his work while it was sold for 8700 guineas. Sir Joshua's portrait

How Sammy Botts and the Queen of Water Nymphs Outwitted the Superstitious Old Judge

IN ANOTHER INSTANT HE SAW THAT HE HAD CAUGHT A GIRL.

ONCE upon a time—and that means any old time in a story, but, really, it was when you were only a baby and didn't know one story from another—there lived in a tiny house, which was entirely too small for a whole family, a small boy whose name was Sammy Botts. Now, that name would never suggest a boy who would have a fairy story, would it, nor make you think that to him would happen the most wonderful things? He, perhaps, never thought it remarkable that to him alone, among all the children in the Botts family, there would fall this strange fortune, for he was chock full of fairy tales and believed every one of them.

Grandma Stiger, who was so old that her face was wrinkled like a dried apple, had told him stories since he was a baby, stories out of the past, tales so ancient that for a thousand years they have been told by the firesides in Germany, France and Russia—weird, startling, mysterious stories of yore, in which princes, princesses, mermaids, knights in armor, dragons and wizards were as common as toads; in which kings and queens ruled every moment, and unheard-of riches, gems and gold were piled up in mountainous heaps and everybody was said to "live happy ever after" at the end. Sammy, whether at work or play, was continually pondering over these tales, and in the yard or in the dim, misty woods and marshes which surrounded his home he was always on the watch for some evidence of fairy presence, some trace of mysterious things that, he believed, haunted the neighborhood. Every dark shadow seemed to hold something shapeless and indistinct, until he searched its depths and was disappointed at finding nothing. The cellar of the house, until he was quite a big boy, held for him a magic charm, for in it, he fancied, there dwelt all manner of hideous, uncouth things; but as he grew older he gradually learned that rats and mice, with perhaps a bat or two, were all that could be found there by the most careful searching. When he was 14 or 15 he came to see that all these things were fables, and he was sensible of a feeling of bitter disappointment, for always he had expected to see a giant or a dragon some time and to rescue a princess from some evil plight.

Of course, he soon found other fairy tales to read that were as wonderful as those of grandma—tales so marvelous as to astonish and bewilder him; tales of crystals that grow like plants in a night; of stars, and suns, and comets, millions of miles away and burning millions of tons of silver and gold like balls of straw; of astonishing fish swimming miles deep in the sea, all lighted up with rows of windows like a railroad train, or with great, flaming round headlights between their eyes, bending forward an illumination like that of an automobile—fish that gave electric shocks strong enough to kill a man; birds with rows of teeth like sharks, that lived ages ago, tremendous animals, as large as a city block, that devoured whole armies of other smaller things, the least one of which would have swamped a ship; reptiles that were half bird, that swept thru the air, and fishes covered with enamel plates just like our teeth, or steely spikes and bristling like porcupines; turtles as big as the dining room table; of corals that build whole continents, altho themselves as small as flees; of forests turned to flashing crystal, of fish that climb trees; of crabs that eat cocoanuts; of horses no larger than foxes and with five toes; of birds' eggs as large as pumpkins. He read how plants and animals, during long ages, gradually changed from simple things like worms and jellyfish into the great creatures that roamed the world long ago, and then into the things we see all about us, and every day he read new, marvelous tales that are perfectly true, but as astonishing as any of his old fairy stories, but he never felt quite satisfied. Somehow it never seemed the same when he knew that the story was really true! When you think you know how it happened it doesn't seem like a story; in fact, most children think it is a lesson.

In the spring, when the moist woods were misty, and the distant spaces seemed hushed and half veiled by a curtain of vapor, when the violets and pitcher plants and the arbutus whispered of the coming summer, Sammy used to wander aimlessly about the house, until at last he could no longer resist the desire to be abroad. His mother used to worry and say that he was getting malarial fever, but it was merely the old yearning to witness something new and wonderful, and the most he could do was to watch the unfolding of the ferns and the changing of the tadpoles into long-legged frogs. Far in the widst of the woods was a dark, deep pond overshadowed by tall trees and banked with soft, green moss. It was fed by a brook, narrow and paved with shining, flashing pebbles; a stream that came gurgling down from the hills so far distant that Sammy had never even dreamed of making a journey to them; a trout-brook filled with speckled fish, sly and watchful, and the water of which was cold even in summer. The pond had pickerel, sunfish and catfish in its dark, green depths, as well as giant bullfrogs, and over it hovered from early spring until the late autumn the gleaming dragon flies that give you luck when they alight on your fishpole. Here he sat for hours fishing from a perch on the limb of a great dead tree that had fallen by the water's edge, dreaming sometimes of the fairy tales he remembered so well, and at other times of the Indians who once dwelt there and perhaps speared fish or trapped beaver in this dark pond or fought for this hunting-ground, picked up in the woods and fields near-by gave evidence.

In summer the pond was darker than ever, for then the great trees cast a shade like that of a roof over the water, and one could imagine that strange shapes moved about in the purple depths; grim water-monsters, or perhaps mermaids, gamboling down in the water-forests below and peering up at the arrows of sunshine that now and then slanted down into the gloom. Oftentimes the boy was startled at these strange shapes, which, after all, were most likely merely the shadows of the branches on the smooth water; but, peer as intently as he would, he never saw anything below. However, as the water was very deep, it was impossible to see more than a few feet, and all sorts of things might have been there without revealing a trace to him.

"If 'twasn't that you always brought lots of fish home," said Sammy's father, "I'd be against your fooling away your time. But we need the food, and as you don't seem to like work around the farm, I suppose it's the best way to make you useful!"

So Sammy was permitted to fish all day long. Thus it happened that he came to have a fairy story. One day in June he felt an unusually strong tug at his line, and with a grin that showed the expectation of hauling in the very biggest fish ever caught he yanked up his stout pole. When his hook appeared above water, what was his astonishment to see something that was no fish, but which hung glittering in the sunlight. It was a fragment of fine silken cloth, a part of a splendid garment, the like of which he had read about but never seen before, all gleaming with tiny diamonds, pearls and rubies! Of a deep blue color and edged with such fine lace that a spider's web was the only thing with which it could be compared, it really seemed to be part of a fairy's robe; and after he had laaid it in the sun to dry he hastened home with it.

"It's some kind of cloth," said his mother, when she had carefully examined it. "But it isn't like anything they sell in the store here."

"I reckon the stones are false," said his father. "Tain't likely anybody in Blobbs county ever lost any real diamond-embroidered clothes, unless it belonged to the Spanish explorers who came here four hundred years ago!"

"They used to wear just such things," asserted Amanda Botts.

"I've seen clothes like that in the theatre in Berlin!" said Grandma Stiger. "I do believe they're real diamonds, too!"

"Why, if they're real, it's worth a farm!" cried William Botts, the oldest son. "I'll take them down to the clockmaker's when I go down to town for my terbacker, and he'll tell us in a jiffy!"

Mrs. Botts placed the shimmering fragment in her bureau drawer, and so unlikely did it seem that it was of any value it was never taken to the jeweler at all; and, as time passed, it was forgotten by all but Sammy. But he never ceased to cast his hook in that same spot in the hope of getting hold of another bit of the shining cloth, and day after day he could be found sitting on his log watching the water. At last his patience was rewarded, but this time he caught a far greater prize. He felt a strong tug, and he hauled in quickly. There came slowly to the surface something glittering, and in another instant he saw that he had caught a girl! Her golden head came out of the water, her blue eyes wide open with fright, and he almost dropped his pole; but thinking that the girl must be drowning he pulled in desperately. She struggled to escape, but he never noticed that, and at last he had her out on the grass, trembling violently.

"Gracious! How on earth did you get in there?" cried Sammy.

The beautiful creature, who seemed to be about twenty years old, made no reply, but tried to fling herself into the pond. Sammy, thinking that she must be crazy, held her by her glittering diamond-strewn cloak, which he now saw was the same as the piece he had caught on his hook.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You needn't be afraid of me! I'll not harm you! You don't suppose I'd hurt a girl!" She stopped trembling, but still looked very much frightened.

"Why do you want to get into the pond?" he demanded. "You've been almost drowned already, I guess!"

"That is my home, and there I belong!" said the girl, in a whisper.

"What! Say, tell me, now, what's the matter with you? You ain't crazy, are you?"

"I am a water-sprite, the queen of the water-nymphs!" replied the maiden. "Had not my crown fallen off my head I would not now be your prisoner!"

"Are you really and truly a water-nymph?" asked Sammy in wonder. "Gee- I wouldn't stop you from going back! I'm sorry I ever caught you!"

"I cannot go back now!" she replied, sadly. "I have lost my crown, and thus I am no longer queen! No, I must remain with you!"

"Goodness! But what will your subjects say to that?" cried Sammy, as he wondered what he would do with her.

"Alas! I have no subjects! All vanished years ago, and I was alone in my palace!" she replied sadly. "After all, I guess it is better as it is, for I was very lonely down there, and I have often wished to come up and speak to you, for you have a kindly face and I did not fear you until you caught my robe."

"I've been fishing for that for a long time, but I never calculated to catch a water-sprite," said Sam. "So you think you won't go back?"

"I cannot," she answered, smiling. "I am your prisoner. I will go with you."

"But, gee whiz! I'm only a boy, and maybe mother will not allow me to take you home. She scolded dreadful when I brought a dog home one time!" said Sam. "Besides, our house is hardly fit for a queen!"

"You must remember that I am no longer a queen," she said, meekly. We will go to your mother and learn what she thinks about it."

"All right," replied the boy. "But if she scolds, don't you blame me!"

To say that the whole Botts family was astounded when Sammy arrived with the glittering nymph would be putting it mildly; but when he told them how it happened, and she had told her own story, most of them were dumb with astonishment. Finally, Mrs. Botts said: "Well, you seem a bit too fancy for our house, but seeing as how Sammy's to blame, I suppose we will just have to put up with it. I guess you can be as useful about the house as Amanda, anyhow! Can you wash dishes?"

"I can learn," replied the water-sprite. "I want to be useful, now that I am to live among mortals, but you must teach me."

So the water-sprite, whose name was Lurline, made the Botts house her home. Mrs. Botts took her gay robe and gave her a calico gown at once. Altho she was as old as the hills, she really knew nothing of the things which every boy and girl has learned. She couldn't read or write, nor did she know the name of any household things.

"It's one blessed comfort that she doesn't eat!" cried Sammy's mother one day. "If she did she wouldn't be worth her keep!"

But if she was rather helpless about doing simple housework, Sammy soon discovered that she had wondrous power. She could summon the fish to her, call all manner of birds and animals, read weather-signs and weave magic spells that made it easy as winking to learn anything she desired. It was not long before she was able to read and write as well as any in the house, and she soon, by her magic arts, made herself into a capable housemaid. Amanda spent her whole time reading novels, about the house making sheep's eyes at her like a big, sick calf. Finally, he asked his father to let him marry her, and Mr. Botts, after thinking it over, gave him permission, but neither one of them asked Lurline anything about it. Just about this time the gossips in Baldy Centre, which is the name of the little village in which all this happened, began to get busy with matters in the Botts household. Rumors, of course, had long been wafting about regarding the beauty and skill of the Bottses' new servant, but when it leaked out that Bill was anxious to marry her, a real clamor like that of angry bees broke out, and soon it was whispered that the lovely sprite was a witch! Now, in the remote and old-fashioned region many people really believed in witches, and soon the whispers grew to loud, bold charges that she was using magic arts. Old Deacon Dave Holland, ever on the watch for wickedness in his district, consulted Elder Fortner, and both concluded that she was a dangerous witch.

"Tain't right to have and harbor such a pesky critter in our midst!" cried Elder Fortner.

"Nope. Sure as shootin' she'll put a spell on somebody some fine mornin'!" added the deacon. "We ought ter git her arrested right off!"

So, not long afterward, Sheriff Sam Kirby drove up to the Botts house and demanded to see Lurline. William was at the gate, and he asked:

"Watcher want with her? She don't want ter hire out to you!"

"I don't want to hire her. I've come to arrest her for witchcraft, that's all," replied the sheriff. Now, had William been a true hero, he would have resisted; but he was afraid of the sheriff, and, too, he feared that he might also be charged with witchcraft, altho he had not enough brains to remember even one word of a magic spell. So, instead of helping poor Lurline to escape, he weakly slunk away and allowed her to be carried off. Had Sammy been home, I think he would have resisted the officer, but he was absent and only knew of the arrest of the water-sprite when she had been taken to the Baldy Centre jail and it was too late to do anything. The jail was a little frame building, one storey high and with a door that a man could have easily pushed down, but the nymph never dreamed of attempting such a thing. Had she pried the rusty old lock with a hatpin it would have been easy to move it; but all locks and doors were mysteries to Lurline, and she sat there weeping, with no hope of rescue. Next day she was taken to court to be tried for witchcraft and dark practices, and many witnesses were there to attest their knowledge of her wicked acts. It didn't matter that none of them had ever seen her before, nor really knew a thing about her; old Judge Higbie simply allowed them to give evidence, for he firmly believed he had a witch before him. One related that she had predicted a thunder storm two days before it came. Sammy had begged Lawyer Harry Wooten to defend the water-sprite and he was there to do it willingly, for her beauty alone should have caused plenty of defenders to come to her help. He asked the witness:

"Well, didn't Mr. Moore often pretend to say what the weather would do? Do you consider him to be a wizard?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Moore tells the weather by his corns, like a good sensible weather prophet!" was the reply. Another testified that Lurline had been heard to sing and all the catfish and suckers in the lake had come swimming to her. An old maid named Cissie Stillman testified that her cow had the "hops" and her chickens the "pip" every time Lurline went past her house, while Pop Wilberforce, the grey-haired blacksmith, swore that his irons wouldn't heat while she was looking into the shop, and that gooseflesh broke out all over his body when her blue eyes rested on him! Mrs. Calbfleish gave evidence that her baby squinted since Lurline came to Baldy Centre, and Silas Prettyman said that, altho he had always stuttered, yet when the water-sprite was near him he lost his voice altogether. Some of the jury shuddered at this, for they had felt the very same sensations, they said. Finally Judge Higbie said: "I find by the evidence that you are guilty, and I will not trouble the jury to give a verdict. You are certainly a dangerous woman to be loose in this highly moral community; and, come to think of it, altho my evidence is not needed, I must say that since you came here my rheumatism has been worse, which causes me to blame you alone; therefore, I will sentence you to be burned at the stake, unless some one offers himself, in the ancient fashion, as your champion and combats with Sheriff Kirby to the death!"

Now, there sat Bill Botts, white and silent. Had he been a true lover he would have risen and challenged the sheriff, and there; but he was a coward from head to foot, and he trembled at the thought of a fight with the valiant sheriff. Had Sammy been present he would have been glad to fight anybody for his water-sprite's sake; but boys were not allowed in the court room, and he never knew what the sentence was until the court had adjourned and his friend had been carried back to jail. Then he went home to weep bitter tears for a while, but soon a wild determination seized him, and after darkness had fallen he stole to his mother's bureau, and taking out the glittering robe of the nymph he slipped out of the back door and silently sneaked, by way of the fields, to the rickety old jail. All was dark and silent, for at 9 o'clock everybody goes to bed in Baldy Centre. He listened and heard Lurline softly weeping within. He tapped on the frail door and the sound ceased. His heart was thumping wildly as he whispered:

"Lurline, it is Sam! Can you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered. Sam picked up a stone, struck the rusty lock a hard blow, and it fell clinking to the ground; then he pushed the door open and walked in. The water-sprite seized his hand in the darkness and cried:

"Ah, I was sure that you would come and save me, you dear boy!"

"Let's hurry away from here, right off," whispered the boy. "Somebody might wake and hear us. We won't be safe until we get far away!"

Away they slipped, hand in hand, and when they were in the dark woods near the pond both felt safer. Suddenly Lurline gasped:

"Look! Something glitters in the moonlight! There, in the grass by the water! Can it be the eyes of some wild beast?"

Sammy went to the spot, and there lay the water-queen's crown gleaming in the sunlight! He placed it on her head and said:

"There! Now you are a queen again!"

"But a queen without any subjects! No, I am not going back into that dark old hole any more. I will stay with you!"

"But where can we go, and what can we do for a living?" demanded Sam. "I have but seven dollars! That won't pay board for more than two weeks!"

"I have thought it all out and have a splendid plan. I have been reading The Weekly Cornet and know all about things. I know a way! We will go to London, and I will get an engagement in a museum as the Water-Queen!"

"Bully! I would never have thought of that!" cried the delighted boy.

"And they'll have to pay you a salary, also, for you are my manager and must see that they don't cheat me!" she added. So they spent the seven dollars for railroad tickets, and, as Lurline had expected, it did not take an hour to make a splendid engagement at four hundred dollars per week, as the manager didn't even allow her to leave his office without signing a five-year contract. She saw her name next day, in letters of red, a foot high, on the billboards all over town, and this is the way they read:

LURLINE, THE WATER-NYMPH!

First Appearance in Any Museum of the Submarine Marvel!

The Beautiful Water-Sprite Lurline Will Appear in a Tank of Real Water, Remaining Under the Surface for Hours! The Most Wonderful Spectacle of the Age!

Pronounced by Scientists the Miracle of the Century!

Attired in a Robe of Woven Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies, and Crowned With the Water-Queen's Coronet of Priceless Value!

The Peerless Immortal Will Lecture From Her tank at 4 and 9 p.m.

Prices Advanced to One Dollar During This Unparalleled Exhibition!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

So now they are as happily situated as they could wish. When the news at last reached Baldy Centre, as it did in two years, even Judge Higbie, as he stared at Lurline's picture in the Sunday paper, was obliged to admit that a mistake had been made, and all were mighty sorry they had lost the chance to have a real water-queen in their village to draw countless multitudes and immense sums of money there every day. In fact, so deep was this feeling, after a time of reflection upon the subject, that finally Judge Higbie and Deacon Dave Holland were expelled from the village board, and Harry Wooton, the water-sprite's defender, was selected in their stead; but William Botts, whose mind was not of the strongest, went crazy with sullen regret and rage, and one day was found floating in the dark pond! But Sammy and his water-queen may be seen daily at the museum by all who have the price, which, owing to the vast crowds and the great interest displayed by even the crowned heads of Europe, has been raised to two dollars, so that all who are curious can hear her tell her own story, which seems to me more wonderful every time I hear it.

That they are very happy is evident from their smiling faces; and, if plenty of money, easy work and the continual appearance of their pictures in the papers is any criterion of fame, they are also famous! At their home, which I often visit, can be seen the photographs of nearly every queen on earth, all sent to Lurline by the monarchs themselves; but, as Sammy often says:

"Anybody may happen to be a plain land-queen, but there's only one water-queen in all the world, and I'm her manager!"

Walt McDougall.

FRANK H. NICHOLS, A CHURCHILL-AVENUE FARMER.

Transvaal Gold Mines.

The report of the Transvaal chamber of mines recently issued gives the following information concerning the gold production of the last year:

A marked increase has to be recorded in the gold production of the Witwatersrand district during 1904, there having been a gradual improvement improvement cmfwyp hrdlu upup rdlun thruout the year, until a total of 349,899 oz. (fine gold) of a value of £1,485,234, was reached in the month of December. The number of stamps crushing at the beginning of the year was 4360, and at the close 5555, and increase of 1195. The output of the district for the year amounted to 3,658,241 oz. (fine gold), of a value of £15,539,219, a gain when compared with the preceding year of 798,759 oz., valued at £3,392,912, and in comparison with 1898 an improvement of 33,660 oz., of a value of £397,843. The total gold production of the Transvaal from all sources amounted to 3,779,621 oz. (fine gold), equivalent to £16,054,809. These figures show an increased value in the production of £3,465,561 over that of 1903, and £10,674 over that of 1898, which latter year had hitherto been the best on record in the history of the Transvaal goldfields. The dividends declared by the gold companies ranged up to 250 per cent., and the sum distributed was £3,927,624, against £3,362,234 in 1903.

In Northwest Schools.

With a heart attuned to "nature-study," a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian Northwest exclaimed: "Yah, teacher; it's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw."

It is the boys who furnish the crisp definitions: "Irony is small articles made out of iron." "Anticlimax is a brand of chewing tobacco." "Facile, a little face." "An autograph is a money-grabbing scheme set on foot by one man." "Antifat and antitoxin are those new, cheap breakfast foods." "A blizzard is something inside of a hen." "Our ancestors are our back relations." "An octagon is an eight-sided devil fish."

The Great Whale Race

SIMEON SIMMONS, A.B., retired, seated himself, slowly on account of habit and painfully on account of rheumatism, on his accustomed bench, which overlooked the sea from the vantage of a side hill, and waited the coming of his companion and gossip, Reginald Marwood, aged 9. To the old sailor presently appeared Reginald dressed after the manner of the right honorable Earl of Fauntleroy, whose memory he execrated, and wearing long yellow curls, which he detested with all his childish heart.

"Hello, Jack!" called Simeon. "How does she head?"

It was agreed between the two chums that the hated name of Reginald should never be mentioned; it was Sim and Jack always with them. Having returned the nautical salutation of his friend, Reggie, alias Jack, removed his shoes and stockings so as to be "more like other folk," as he expressed it, and, seating himself beside the sailor, demanded:

"Now, Sim, I want you to tell me the most thrillingest thing that ever happened to you."

"Wall," said the old man after puffing meditatively at his pipe for a minute or so, "I guess the time I raced whales with Bob Starbuck for a thousand dollars a side and our lives thrown in was about as exciting as anything I remember to have stumbled across in my waried and wonderful career. No 'twant, neither, 'twas the time I—"

"Oh, tell us about the whales!" cried Jack; "let the other go till next time."

"Well, if you keep still and don't ask questions," replied Simeon, "perhaps I might make shift to retail unto you that 'ere most remarkable and surprisin' affair consarnin' the whale race afore alluded to. Bob Starbuck and me was shipmates in the whaler Mattapoisett, out'er New Bedford, a-cruisin' in the South Pacific with a mighty hard and crool man, which his name was Dickinson, captain of her. He never did appreciate Bob and me from the time we shipped, and finally and to onclude the sum of the critter's villanous and unlawful conduc' he marooned us on a island which wa'n't no where in particular; no, sir, by jings, wa'n't even down on the chart. The measerly old—but howsomever, there we was sure enough, we the two best sailors and most innocentest and peaceable men in the whole ship's company, marooned! Just set ashore with a barrel of ship's biscuit and a breaker of water and abandoned like two blessed, innocent orphings, as we was. Well, 'taint no use gettin' mad about it at this late date, tho, as I told the captain when I bit his thumb in a friendly scrimmage the day afore he marooned us—but, howsomever, it's the whale and not the wicked captain as I'm a-tellin' of.

"This here island was one of them kind which to some extent perwades those cruisin' grounds, bein' and consistin' of a coral reef, shaped like a barrel hoop growed into a island, and inclosin' a lagoon in the centre of which arose another island, the which was a hill hove up by a earthquake or a volcano or somethin' of that sort. There was cocoanuts and other tropical fruits sich as you may have heard tell on, all a-growin' and flourishin' on the volcano island, and a spring of good water. So me and Bob got along so-so for a time, tho tropical fruits and ship's biscuit washed down with spring water makes a mighty thin diet for vigorous and growin' youths such as me and Bob was.

"Thru the coral reef island there was a entrance broke which led into the lagoon where the water was mighty purty, bein' all pink and yellow and green where it lay over the coral bottom and shone bright in the sun. Me and Bob had been on the island for nigh about a week, and was thinkin' we would have to settle down to playin' Robinson Crusoe for a life job, when one mornin' what did we see disportin' in the lagoon and a thrashin' up the shinin' water with their tails but a couple of whales! Yes, sir, whales; each one of 'em, as I calkilated, seventy barrels of ile, and sparm at that. They had come blunderin' in thru the openin' in the reef and couldn't find their way out again.

"I should ought to have mentioned that when me and Bob explored our island fust we found the wreck of a whaler which had been drove clean across the reef in a storm and was a-droppin' to pieces, part on the beach and part in the lagoon. Me and Bob thought as how we might make shift to build a raft out of the timbers, but our island lay so far out of the track of vessels that if we put to sea on such a craft we rightly considered as how we would surely starve to death, havin' nothin' but tropical fruit to provision her with, which won't keep, unless it be cocoanuts, and our crackers bein' et up, and havin' only one small breaker for to carry water in for such a long cruise as was probable we would have to take. We dryfied that it would be safer to wait on the island for some chance whales or tradin' vessel blown out of her course to come along and rescue us than to go driftin' about the sea undefinitely on any old raft. But we likewise considered that we would, nevertheless and notwithstanding, build a raft to be used for fishin' purposes, havin' found plenty of hawsers and chain cable in the wreck wherewith to lash her together.

"The day after we fust seen the whales in the lagoon I was out on that calm and peaceful bit of water astride of a big timber, a-tryin' to lash it to another of ekall size, and not thinkin' any harm mor'n a blessed hintant, when I hears a rushin' and a blowin' behind me, and turns my head just in time to see the old bull whale a-makin' for me faster'n one of these new fangled trolley keers. Well, sir, I sprung up 'bout ten feet in the air—yes, sir, ten feet. If I didn't I'll—well, howsomever, when I come down I landed plum' astraddle of that whale's back, the same which was a-rushin' thru the water with the big timber in his mouth, havin' grabbed that by mistake for me. I had the big hawser in my hands when I went up, and I had it when I come down, and quickern a wink I scrambled up on that whale's head and, leanin' down fust on one side and then on the other, I passed the hawser around the protectin' gear and lashed it firmly into that villainous old whale's mouth. Mad? You never seen a critter so mad in your life as that whale was.

"He couldn't sound with that big timber in his mouth, which was keepin' his head up, so he went dashin' round and round the lagoon, sputtin' water thirty feet high from his blowholes and lashin' the sea into comb'n' waves with his flukes, while Bob Starbuck followed me runnin' along the beach, shoutin' 'Whoa! Whoa!' to beat the band and implorin' and beseechin' me to heave to. But Old Barnacle, as I called the whale, refused to heave to or whoa until he got tired out, when finally he stopped and lay still on the water, evidently meditatin' on the situation. As for me, as soon as my fiery and untamed steed had come to a dead stop I slipped off and swum ashore.

"That night I lay awake most until mornin', thinkin' mighty hard, and when the sun begun to show big and red out of the sea to the east'ard and the palm trees begun to make their rustlin' sound in the mornin' breeze I wakes up Bob, who was a powerful sleeper, and I says to him, 'Bob, there's another whale in that lagoon—catch her and harness her.' 'What in'—well I won't repeat what Bob said. He was a uneddicated man and swore terrible sometimes when his feelin's was aroused. Howsomever I persuaded Bob to do as I said, explain'n' a little plan I had to rescue us from our captivity. I calkilated that, as near as I could judge, the island an which we were then residin' was about 500 miles due west of Callyo, the same bein' a port on the coast of Peru, in South America. Judgin' by the speed which Old Barnacle had shown in his trial trip of the preceedin' day I judged that he ought to make the distance in about three days if steered on a straight course, the doin' of which I had figgered out.

"It took Bob nigh about a week to catch his whale and rig her, repeatin' my performance with the fust whale. Sometimes he would sit astride a piece of timber an' the whale wouldn't notice him, and then agin when she rushed for him Bob would lose his nerve and slip into the water and make for shore instead of jumpin' into the air. Then agin Bob would jump all right, but the whale would miss the spar. But finally, after they had played tag with each other until I got out of patience, Bob got his whale harnessed and we was ready for the second part of the performance to begin, the which was perwidin' for the steerin' of the critters.

"Seeing Old Barnacle sleepin' on the water I swum out to him and, climbin' aboard, passed a line under his stummuck and made it fast on deck. Then I made a big runnin' bowline—a sort of slip noose, you know, sonny—and when he got restless and begun to whip the water with his flukes I got it over his tail, arter several casts, and bringin' the loose end taut fastened it for the time bein' to the line I had lashed around him amidships. Bob did the same to his whale, which he called Sally, arter a gal he was engaged to down Chatham way.

"Next day we repeated the performance until we had port and starboard tiller ropes leadin' from our whales' natteral rudders to their decks. They couldn't go down under water, you remember, on account of the spars lashed in their mouths, and so we had 'em pretty much to our mercy. We built platforms on to the back of our whales and I got the wheel out'er the wreck and mounted that for steerin' purposes, while Bob made shift to rig us a tiller for to steer Sally by. Then we loaded up with cocoanuts, which is both meat and drink, and was ready to start on our surprisin' voyage.

"Sally and Old Barnacle was sailin' up and down the lagoon, every now and then shakin' their heads and flappin' their tails as if a tryin' to get rid of the riggin' we had put onto 'em, but seemin'ly more or less reconciled to fate, which is a good thing, sonny, in man or beast. Just before we was ready to swim out and go on board Bob who was given to sportin' ways, bettin' and sich, which I despise, said to me, 'Sim,' he says, 'this here voyage for which we have signed on promises to be rather a mono-to-nous and diseventful one. Let's do something to make it interestin'. I bet you a thousand dollars I beat you into Callyo.' 'Bob,' says I, 'you ain't got no thousand dollars.' 'No more have you,' says he. 'Wall,' says I, 'under conditions consider it done.'

"Each on us had a harpoon, taken out'er the wreck, wherewith to tech up our steeds, and we started 'em in fine style, Sally takin' the op site into the sea fust on account of Old Barnacle steerin kinder wild at the start. Sally cut the water like a Californy clipper and as Bob drew away from me I could hear him a-singin' a old shanty song.

"By nightfall Bob was hull down and I seen that thousand dollars vanishin' away. I had gin Bob a boat compass I had in my pocket when marooned to steer by and was a usin' myself the binnacle compass out o' the wreck. By daylight next mornin' I sighted Sally, and before noon Old Barnacle had got a move on hisself and we was only about a mile astern o' the leadin' craft.

"Whales, you know, Jack, lives on animalicules, which is little fish so small you can't see 'em, and these they catches up as they 'plows the ragin' main,' as the Bible says. So Sally and Old Barnacle got plenty of food, and arter the fust day seemed to enter into the spirit of the adwenture and enjoy the race. That afternoon we sailed clost to a tradin'ship and saw her crew standin' along the rail lookin' at us with eyes fairly a-poppin' outer their heads. To-ward night we sighted a whaler, which lowered away as scon as they seen the two whales. We headed right for 'em, and when they seen the whales was rid by men and was properly rigged as ocean cruisers they just stood up in their boats and looked flabergasted, while we shot thru the fleet like steam injines broke loose. By noon of the third day I was alongside Bob and was forgin' ahead. Old Barnacle evidently bein' ashamed to be beat by one o' the gentler sex and resolvin' he'd git to Callyo before Sally or bust. We sighted the peaks o' the Ande' Mountains on the mornin' of the fourth day, with Old Barnacle two lengths ahead, which place he kept to the finish. A dago man-o'-war come along about noon and fired at us, but didn't hit nothin' 'cept the Pacific Ocean, and toward night we went carvortin' into the harbor of Callyo, a day late, but with the people shoutin' like mad along the waterfront and the dago fort a-poppin' away at us by mistake for hostyle torpedo boats. Well, sir, we run those whales bow-fust onto a sandy beach. Yes, sir, regular beached 'em. They was a-goin' so fast they was aground hard and fast before they knew it and we was off their decks. The governor of the place come down and give us both commissions as admirals in the dago navy arter he had heard our story.

"That night, arter the governor had helped us wet our commissions, I says to Bob, 'Bob,' says I, 'I believe I won that race, and I'll trouble you for that 'ere thousand dollars.' 'What thousand dollars?' says Bob. 'The one you lost on the bet,' says I. Bob, bein' onreasonable and having been drinkin' the governor's grog, I shame to say,

Continued on Page 8.

Some July Specials For Men and Women

If it's the most up-to-date style you require, we have it; if it's highest quality, here you will find it; if it is minimum price, our policy is too well known hereabouts to need further emphasis. However, we'll quote:

MEN'S SUITS TO ORDER FOR $11.50 AND $13.25. REG. PRICES $20 TO $24.

Genuine Scotch and English Tweeds and Fancy Worsteds—best linings and interlinings used—a top-notch offering.

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We have proved our leadership in Ordered Tailoring values—these fine Homespun Trouserings are the equal of any $5 Trouserings offered elsewhere.

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Shirts, negligee and stiff fronts, Reg price $1.50, for 75c. Collars, regular 20c. each, special price 3 for 25c. Underwear, Balbriggans, shirts and drawers, regular price 50c., special 35c. each. Neckwear, Derby and Flowing Ends, new shades, regular price 50c. for 21c. Suspenders, regular 50c. for 21c. Hats, soft and stiff fur felts, newest American blocks, worth $2.50, for $1.

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25% Off the Charles Stark Prices

Only the best quality has been handled by this firm. A rare opportunity to buy these high quality Glasses at a quarter off the price.

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Monte Carlo's Big Profits

From T. P.'s Weekly.

NEWS which concerns great sums of money has a curious way of leaking out into public life, however tightly guarded it be. It was in this manner that the profits of the Casino Co. of Monte Carlo are known. Discreetness itself in this matter, the world has already learned the fact that their wonderful cash-coining machine has, during the season of 1904-1905, earned for their shareholders the magnificent sum of £140,800, an increase over the previous year of £20,000, and on the balance sheet—the right side for them, at least; it not for the Riviera generally—the highest figure ever reached.

What this increase is due to, or supposed to be due to, we are not told; whether it is a sudden outburst of public economy not less than to the student of morals, is very considerable. It would appear, however, that M. Blanc's gauge of success, whose echoes from the Mooreish cafe are heard not infrequently on the Parisian boulevards, "Sept chances pour cent Blains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers" come into the market. It would appear, too, that the Prince of the Sunny Principality, who receives from the Casino Co. when he renewed their lease for another fifty years, is not so ruinous a bargain for them as was at first supposed; and that the £100,000 which was spent on the local theatre and orchestra is a sound investment, not-withstanding the continued loss on these latter attractions.

As one strolls into M. Blanc's parlor, one is tempted to wonder, ever issue thence as fat as when he entered? Is there not a Chicago friend of his with scooping five hundred thousand francs from the tables in a single day, and greater marvel still!) having the horse sense to "walk out" with his winnings intact. There is no reason to doubt, too, that in the 1901-2 winter season one of the Club Privés, playing in the Sporting Club de Boulette et de Trente-et-Quarante—lies before the writer, a jar account of one of the most famous and most amusing of the many attacks which have been made upon the bank within recent years. The prime mover in the plot was the magnificent "swell-mobsman" who, in his own person, successfully "worked" nearly every pleasure resort on the continent, and who now, to the seemingly unlimited attention of wealth by the Tideless Sea, Artlish Monte Carlo, spied out the land at he attempted operations; and, clad in an unassuming disguise, made a partner of the croupier who was shuffling the cards preparatory to starting a fresh deal, and so forth—while his on the table, and supply her with gold change for a bank note. At the precise instant when the croupier had finished dealing, and the ladies dropped fifty louis on the floor, where they noled noisily hither and thither, the confederate, with a quick sleight-of-hand movement, substituted his personal coup had caused, the impressionable croupier had hardly considered the cards to be examined by the players, and to call a fresh deal. The croupier had barely time to insert a specially-shuffled pack, and to withdraw the cards before the confusion caused by the fall of the pieces had drawn all eyes from the table. Two months' profits of the bank, at the very least, could afford to disregard a single coup like that.

Less impudent, but more ingenious, was the plot hatched by Count Victor Acquet, a well-known Parisian, and after weeks of study and record-keeping he discovered a system of interchangeable, so that it was impossible for the croupier to number to number daily. He arranged to explode in the midst of the players at the table, and, under cover of the confusion, substitute the doctored pack for the genuine one. The plot was foiled by the vigilance of the chief inspector, who had been tipped off by an anonymous letter.

Another plot, which was actually successful, was that of the Russian Prince Kourakine, who, with a confederate, broke the bank at Deauville to the tune of 1,500,000 francs. The prince, who was a heavy loser, had noticed that the croupier who presided at the table in question was in the habit of dealing the cards in a certain manner, and, by means of a system of signals, he and his confederate were able to tell the exact position of the cards in the box. Their winnings were so enormous that they were compelled to leave the country, and the bank was closed for a week.

Of the many attempts to break the bank at Monte Carlo, the most remarkable was that of Jay Gould, who, with a system based on the theory of chances, and a capital of 2,000,000 francs, actually succeeded in breaking the bank. Unfortunately for him, however, he was unable to withstand the temptation to continue playing, and he left the Riviera a poorer man than he had entered it.

Probably more money has been lost by people who thought they could defraud than thru what we must, for lack of a better name, call "honest" play. The martingale, for instance, is a tempting bait for the professional swindler; and there are more than a few people in Monaco's many hotels who have spread the other spot of similar size on the civilized globe. True, the majority of them make a good thing out of it, but Monte Carlo Stake snatching and various ingenious variants of the confidence trick form the staple of the business of those who live by it self suffers from their attentions.

A copy of that remarkable weekly, Le Frondeur, lies before the writer, and in it there is a full account of the methods of play. Like many wise folk before and since, he came to the conclusion that the only safe way to deal with cards; it was non-mechanical; the "personal equation" entered into its working, and the bank was bound to win high. In trente-et-quarante, then, he saw his opening.

Vanishing for a space from the ken of his friends, he returned to his victims, he "turned eventually, accompanied by a friend of his own sex (which is a point to be noted), at a fruitful and well-dressed ladies. The party ranged themselves, two on each side of the croupier, at the middle table, and while the croupier was shuffling the cards preparatory to starting a fresh deal, the "lady" on one side of the table engaged the croupier in conversation, and so forth—while his confederate, who sat on the other side, was busily engaged in changing gold for notes. The croupier had barely time to insert a specially-shuffled pack, and to withdraw the cards before the confusion caused by the fall of the pieces had drawn all eyes from the table. Two months' profits of the bank, at the very least, could afford to disregard a single coup like that.

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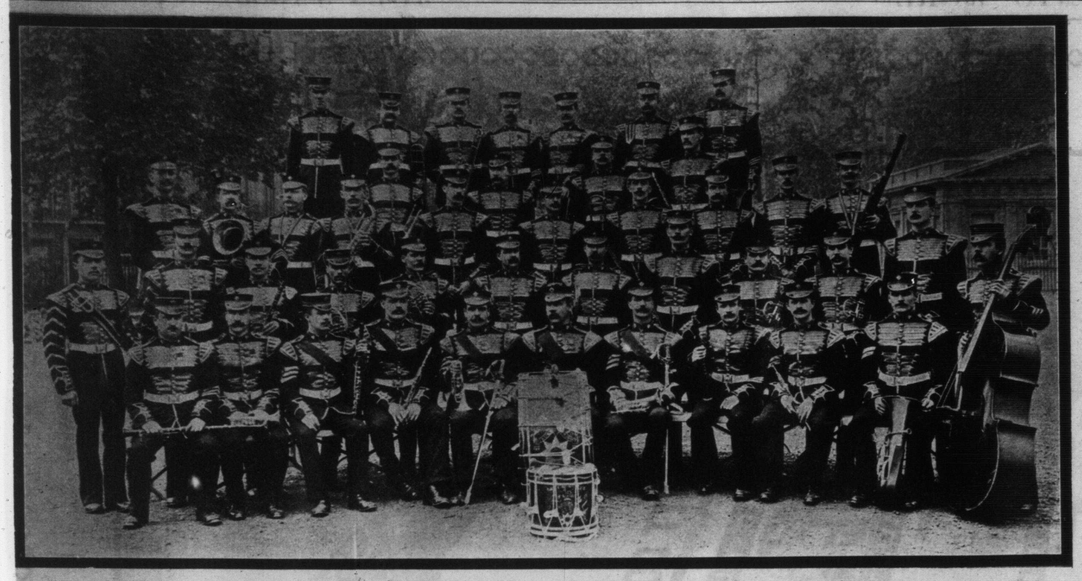
The above illustration will give the readers of The World a slight idea of the immense factories erected by the E. W. Gillett Company, Limited, at Toronto Junction, Ont. This fine property was purchased for the company by the general manager, Mr. William Dyas, a few days after their former premises were destroyed by fire. The enterprising concern always keep a duplicate set of machinery stored at a distance from the factory and when fire struck the premises they were enabled to start operations next morning. The letters in the large sign on the roof are seven feet in height, and at night are lighted by over two thousand electric lights, the reflection of which can be seen for miles. The chimney is the largest brick one in Canada, and one of the largest in the world. The company extend a cordial invitation to visitors to this city to call and inspect their large establishment. The amount of tax company has paid this year is treble that of last year ago.



FAMOUS BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS WHICH WILL BE ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE EXHIBITION THIS FALL.

Lord Kitchener's Victory

Freeing the Indian Army From Red Tape.

PERHAPS it is because of the hot weather—we approach the English "dog days"—or perhaps it is because of the peculiarly irritating conditions of English politics just now, but certain it is that Westminster is a very uncomfortable place at the present moment, writes a correspondent of The New York Evening Post. The immediate trouble of the past week as between the government and the opposition has been the South African war contract scandals. Under some startling straight talk from hands upon his own side of the house, from journals entirely sympathetic to the Unionist cause, Mr. Balfour has assented to a complete and semi-judicial inquiry into the whole affair. The report of Sir William Butler's committee, which has brought the whole question so pertinently before the public is admittedly the report of a non-judicial body; it abounds in what one writer calls "tasteless embroideries;" but it is not too much to say that its disclosures amaze and incense the British public the more it is read.

It is not that the British public has become accustomed to army scandals. The remount committee some time ago showed in how negligent a manner many departments of the war office have hitherto done their work and how completely they are apt to break down. But in this and other exposures there was no evidence of the falsification of army officers. The same cannot be said of the allegations with which Sir William Butler's report is so liberally peppered, and the irony of the situation is enhanced by the fact that the report was published here (London) on the very morning after Mr. Choate had explained how much his admiration for British ways was increased by the absolute purity of the British public services. As the matter now stands, certain British officers are found to be mixed up in the sale and resale of army horses in a way which compels the gravest suspicion of their personal honesty.

It seems obvious that the very first duty of a British government, when it might face to face with this scandal, the first desire of every honest man in the army should be to secure an immediate and searching judicial investigation, which would bring home the guilt wherever it might be found, and punish the guilty parties without fear. This may have been what the government intended all along, but so desirable an interpretation of its delay is made difficult by the fact that three years have elapsed since Lord Kitchener himself warned the war office of the extreme necessity for superintending that the money involved in the sale of war stores in South Africa would probably reach six or seven millions sterling. Indeed this warning and the warning of the quartermaster-general led the war office to cable orders for monthly reports to be sent of all kinds, but no report was ever sent except one in October, 1902, and that recently omitted all mention of sales to the public, and only forwarded sales to the Colonization department.

During the whole of these three years the attempt has apparently ever been made by the war office to get accounts and sales which, as they knew from Lord Kitchener's statement, ran into so many millions of pounds; and only now, under the pressure of public opinion, have the officers implicated been suspended, though they are still receiving their pay, and a royal commission with power to compel the attendance or witnesses and to call for documents has been decided upon to investigate the whole affair. A long and tedious business it is bound to prove, and it is hardly to be expected that the report will be in the hands of the public and the whole scandal laid bare until after the present ministry has left office.

It is just this fact which helps to intensify the irritation of the present position in the house of commons. It is felt that even tho the guilt be brought home to a number of officers the prime cause of all this trouble and scandal is to be found in the inefficiency of the war office and in the failure of the officers themselves as administrators.

Hence the demand to which Mr. Balfour has with no little show of irritation at last assented for an immediate arraignment of the military administration of the government quite apart from the investigation to be undertaken by the royal commission. The public insists upon learning why it was that this scandal was allowed to grow up and flourish under the very eyes of the ministers without any apparent attempt to minimize evils so great and so patent. The whole affair suggests once again how hopeless it is to expect the war office to do its work efficiently under the present method of administration.

Lord Rosebery has, as we know, indicated his profound conviction that war office muddles and mismanagement will never be done away with until a man of the character of Lord Kitchener has, as it happens, provided this week an apt illustration of his method of handling abuses. After a prolonged struggle he has at last compelled the Indian and British governments to abolish a system which has long been in force in the Indian army, and which is not altogether incomparable with that still controlling the British army. According to Lord Kitchener the whole system hitherto in vogue in India succeeded in producing a maximum of friction and a minimum of efficiency. The functions of the commander-in-chief and the military department of the viceroy's council constituted a system of dual control, involving enormous delay and endless discussion. Thus we read that in the year 1903-4 the number of communications which passed between the military department and the commander-in-chief's department on mobilization questions alone amounted to nearly 10,000, that is to say, roughly, 200 per week, altho the two departments are situated in the same building in Calcutta, and in adjacent buildings at Simla. In the case of an urgent demand for a reserve of 1000 rounds of small arms' ammunition, it took nine months to secure the assent of the military department, and even then the resource of 1000 rounds asked for was cut down to 750 rounds. This sort of thing obviously spells muddle and perilous delay, and Lord Kitchener feels it to be his imperative duty to state that the present method is faulty, inefficient and incapable of the expansion necessary for great war in which the armed might of the empire has been engaged in a life and death struggle. And it is forthwith abolished.

It is to Japan that Lord Kitchener turns for his example of the kind of reform necessary. "Japan,' he says, "has shown us what can be done by thoroly enlightened and up-to-date methods of army administration, whereby a young nation which had set before itself the object of producing an army complete in every preparation for war which foresight and singleness of purpose could suggest, has attained striking success. The disastrous consequences to the Russian empire of opposite methods give us the other side of the picture. Can we, then, hesitate and linger to break the chains of custom and the tolerance of admitted defects which are so strong in India, and shall we not reform, while yet we have time and opportunity, our ancient and defective system of army administration?"

And Lord Kitchener has had his way. The acute duel between the viceroy (Lord Curzon) and the commander-in-chief has been terminated by a British ministerial declaration for the soldier and against the politician. The views of the army are in future to be represented on the viceroy's council by Lord Kitchener himself, and not allowed to filter thru a subordinate, and Lord Kitchener is made absolute on all the larger questions of army control. Obviously, this is a departure of the deepest interest for Inda herself, and of grave constitutional import, in view of that larger rearrangement of imperial defence which the present army scandals in Great Britain are certainly hastening on. The kind of military dictatorship which Lord Kitchener will now exercise in the affairs of India may prove to be a beneficent dictatorship, but all the same a principle is involved of the highest importance in the evolution of British policy generally, and it is obvious that the change may be fraught with serious consequences in its surrender in regard to India of a principle of political control which has so often proved in British history a vital defence against rampant militarism.

WEAR PAJAMAS NOW.

American People Change Their Night Apparel.

"It is a curious fact that the people of this country are rapidly changing the style of their night apparel," said S. L. Bird of the Traver-Bird Co. the other day to a Detroit Free Press reporter. "It was not very many years ago that the long, loose night dress was universal. Then came the pajamas, which have since grown in public favor, until to-day we sell two suits of the latter to one of the former, and the proportion is about the same in all the larger stores thruout the cities of the country. Pajama is a Hindoo word and designates the light garments worn by the Hindoos in the day time. It refers only to the pants, which are usually made of silk or cotton and silk. This was seized upon by the Europeans as a comfortable garment for night wear in summer, and then, when it was once introduced, heavier garments were used all the year round. The coat was a European innovation, and at first it was made with fastenings of loops and frogs or knots of heavy cord. This was found to be an inconvenient method, as the sleeper was frequently and unceremoniously aroused from his dreams by their awkward size as he rolled over from one side to the other, and the knobs were changed to buttons. At first pajamas were used almost exclusively by the wealthier classes, but today they are in demand by all the people, who seem to find them a more comfortable dress for night wear. They are made of madras, cheviots and silks. There are several large factories in this country that make nothing else but night garments, largely pajamas. The making of pajamas requires skilful tailoring, as they must be made easy and comfortable. The factory which makes our night garments turns out nothing else. We order six months ahead, and thereby get the advantage of exclusive patterns. So extensive a change in style in day clothing would be extremely noticeable and even radical, but as it is, the change has gone on quietly and, so far as I have seen, without remark."

Horses Ate Goose Eggs.

"What do you think of feeding horses on goose eggs?" asks an American backwoodsman. "That was done by a party who were stuck up on the Adelaide during the wet season. The natives used to bring in canoeloads of eggs, which were broken into buckets and supplied to the horses."

The Great Whale Race

Continued From Page 6.

replied, 'You go——' well, howsomever, he wouldn't pay; and then I says, 'Well, turn over your whale to me then—them whales is sparm and vallyble.' 'I didn't bet no whale,' says Bob, which was true in one way. Howsomever it were a question, and we argled it out as sich, and while we was both in the hospital recoverin' from the effects of the argyment the governor confiscated the whales as bein' derelict cratts stranded on gove'ment property. So I never got nothin' out of it—'cept, of ccurse, I'm a admiral."

At the close of the old sailor's yarn the boy thought a moment and then said:

"Sim, is that a true story?"

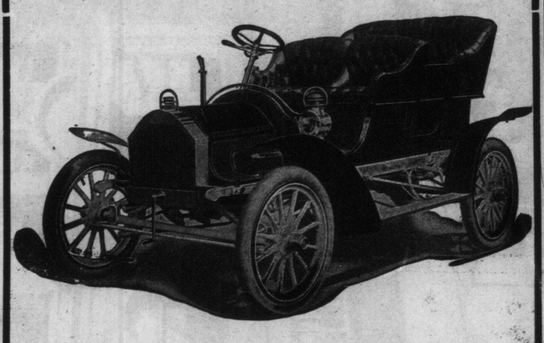
"Sich a question," replied Sim, solemnly shaking his head; "sich a question from one so young argies bad for human nater."

And rising with an air of offended dignity and the look of a wounded but forgiving spirit, he took his way without another word toward where the sign of the village tavern was swinging invitingly in the salt sea breeze.

Sing a Song.

Sing a song of July—of new potatoes,
Cabbages and lettuce growing thick,
Eggplants, onions, spinach, corn, tomatoes,
Carrots, yams and parsnips—take your pick.
Watermelons held in fond embrace,
Disappearing into open faces.
Black and white and ivories softly glowing,
Sing a song of July, and sing it quick.

THE TEST



The test of an Automobile is its power to withstand hard usage and make time over hard roads.

The "RUSSELL" has proved its worth under such conditions.

It is a car built for Canadian roads. Has power to save for tough spots. Is most comfortable to ride in.

Don't buy an Automobile without testing the "RUSSELL."

SPECIFICATIONS: 12 to 14 horse power, double cylinder opposed engine situated under the bonnet in front, driving through a slide gear transmission with three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive direct to rear axle. 90 inch wheel base. Wheels 30 x 3½ inches. Gasoline capacity for two hundred miles. Body of handsome design with side entrance tonneau, which is also easily detachable so as to be used for runabout purposes. Color—ultramarine blue body with light running gear.

EQUIPMENT: Two oil lamps, tail lamp horn. Price $1500.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co.,
LIMITED
Automobile Corner—Cor. Bay & Temperance Sts. Toronto.

Trousers

We like to show our Trousers to the man who thinks he can't be pleased.

Anyone can suit the fellow who is easily satisfied, but it takes good workmanship, honest material and the best of Tailoring experience to suit the really

Careful Dresser

We have pleased the particular man for some time, and we'll not fail to do so this summer.

Ask him what he thinks of the last pair of Trousers we sold him. It's dollars to doughnuts that he'll tell you they're better than the best he ever bought before.

We Have Excelled Ourselves

this season in our assortment of Trousers to choose from.
It's time to buy now—while the variety is large.
Trousers at $3, $3.50, $4.50, $5 or $6 up to $8.
If anything goes wrong they're our Trousers—not yours. You take no chances here.

OAK HALL
—CLOTHIERS—
115 King St. E., Right opposite the "Chimes."
J. COOMBES, Manager.

CUBA---THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

CANADA-CUBA LAND AND FRUIT COMPANY, LIMITED

INCORPORATED UNDER "THE ONTARIO COMPANIES ACT."

Second Issue of Ten Thousand Acres Only Will Be Sold at $20.00 an Acre

After this is sold a further issue will be sold at $40.00 per acre. Buy Now and Save Money. You can't duplicate this land for less than $50.00 per acre to-day in Cuba. Buy a business lot at $50 to $75 which will rapidly increase in value. Terms cash; or 25 per cent. cash and 25 per cent. each month till paid for.

Deeds of the Property Sold and For Sale All in Our Possession and Free From Encumbrance. Titles Guaranteed.

Cuba will be a favorite winter resort for the people of North America, because of its favorable location and uniform temperature. At the time when the Northern States are clothed with snow and ice this island has the climate of June. With its fine sandy beach for bathing, its land-locked harbor for yachting, the rolling lands in the background for beautiful scenery, and Canadian people for neighbors, Ocean Beach should be the most desirable as a winter resort. The scenery on Guadiana Bay is grand and inspiring. Our estate is covered with tropical foliage. The water is so clear that the gravelly bed from ten to twenty feet below can be seen distinctly, abounding in certain sections with Spanish mackerel, a species larger than the mackerel of our Northern markets and fully as palatable.

Purpose of the Company

Since Cuba obtained its independence, and since its favorable climate and fertile soil have become known, there is a growing demand among the people from "The States and Canada" for real estate holdings in this island. Naturally the desire is to be located among the Canadian people, and to know that titles are clear and valid. As the company's property is especially adapted for the establishing of a colony, and as it contains more acreage than the company could put under cultivation in many years, we have concluded to offer for sale fifty thousand acres of land divided into ten-acre lots or upwards. The balance will be put under cultivation for the benefit of the company. This suggested establishment of a colony is especially desirable in order to make a port of entry at Ocean Beach. The part of the tract facing the ocean near Guadiana Bay is set apart for a business and residential site. The land which we are offering for sale is the best portion of the property, as regards location for shipping facilities, being nearest the water front. The quality of the soil also is all that can be desired.

There is no tax on improved real estate in Cuba.

In Cuba the conditions for intensive agriculture are ideal.

The staple crops of the Island will be oranges, grapefruit, lemons, limes, early vegetables, coffee, tobacco, cotton, bananas, cocoa, cocoanuts, mangoes and such products as olives, grapes, almonds, etc., which can be successfully raised. All of these are very valuable and yield most bountifully when cultivated intensively.

The labor required to plant, care for and harvest them is much less than farm labor usually is in Canada, and the climate is more temperate and pleasant. The soil is light and easily worked, and the opportunity for keeping bees and poultry and for dairying offered by the closeness of the large Havana markets, where products from these lines sell readily at high prices, greatly multiplies the sources of income for the planter and furnishes something for each member of the family to do—work both pleasant and profitable.

Ballou, the historian, writing of Cuba, says:

"Nowhere on the face of the globe would intelligent labor meet with a richer reward. Nowhere on the face of the globe would repose from labor be so sweet."

And, finally, it may be added that the expenses of living are far less once a start is obtained.

Bearing these truths in mind, let us take up the conditions and purposes which make up the present undertaking of those engaged in developing this favored spot.

Extract from "Commercial Cuba in 1903," published by the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor, August, 1903:

* * * "It will unquestionably be easy and natural for Cuba to export to the United States and other countries large quantities of vegetables, especially those of a tropical or semi-tropical habitat, and those which are in demand early in the year in northern communities.

"One great advantage possessed by the Cuban vegetable grower is that almost all kinds of vegetables enjoy in that Island a perennial growth, one crop following its predecessor immediately.

"In this way the producer reaps the reward of two, and sometimes three, crops annually of all the different kinds of vegetables which he cultivates."

Extract from report of A. A. Quint of Quibra Hacha, Republic of Cuba:

"I planted a quarter acre with tomatoes; the yield was sixty crates of very large, fine tomatoes. The price in New York at time of picking was $3.50 per crate." * * *

LAND IS THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH

As a permanent place of residence as well as a health and pleasure resort, Cuba, owing to its climatic and scenic charms, is attracting wide attention. Any person from a northern climate can live in Cuba in summer with as much comfort as in Canada, while the winter months are, of course, very much more comfortable than in a land of snow, sleet and blizzards.

Soil and Products of Cuba

In no part of the United States or Canada is found a soil so rich, so fertile, so productive as in Cuba.
There is no garden like this favored spot.
It is perfect in soil and climate.
Three crops a year can be grown.
Four hundred years of Spanish misrule prevented the development of more than a small portion of this beautiful Island, and thousands of acres of virgin soil now await the thrifty and energetic Canadian to make it the most productive spot in the world.

Remarkable Growth of Orange Trees

In a letter recently received is the following item: I visited a fruit farm and photographed an orange tree three years ago from setting. It was six inches in diameter at the base and about eighteen feet high, with branches five or six feet long and full of fruit. I also photographed a tree five years old which bore 5000 oranges last crop, and another seven years old, which bore 7000 oranges. Grape-fruit attains perfection in Cuba.

Oranges

It is claimed by the best authorities on citrus fruits that if all the available lands suited for the purpose in this part of the world were put into cultivation it would be more than twenty years before the market would be supplied to the same extent that it was previous to the freezes in Florida and California.

It must be remembered that an orange grove will mature here in one-third less time than in California or Florida.

Governor-General Charles H. Allen says: "A ten-acre orange grove once in bearing, gives a comfortable income, sufficient to support a family in the best country style."

"When an orange tree is in full bearing it is valued at $100."—Florida Fruits and How to Grow them.

Profit on Oranges and Other Citrus Fruits

As an indication of the profits to be derived from raising oranges and other citrus fruits, I quote from an Official work on Cuba, recently published: "The person owning an orange grove in a country free from frosts is the most independent and happiest person on earth. A full-grown orange tree will yield from 1000 to 5000 oranges yearly, and, like the lemon tree, begins to bear the third year. Before Cuba got its setting back during the war orange lands were selling from $150 to $300 per acre, and a three-year-old grove was worth $1000 per acre. The oldest trees in Cuba are some 100 years old, and each year the crop is greater than the previous year. No limit is placed upon the age of the orange tree; so in beginning an orange grove, remember, if four or five years are required to bring it into bearing, it will then continue to yield its golden harvest for generations to come, and when once in fruit you can sit beneath its shade almost in idleness and have an abundant competency."

Cattle Raising

Grasses in Cuba have a most wonderful growth. Green all the year and very nutritious. Cattle-raising has always been the chief occupation of the natives, who have a natural disinclination to the labor necessary in cultivating the soil for market. Pasture always green and no winter storms or no feed to prepare. Large numbers of cattle and hogs in fine condition and good breed are found in all sections of the Island. Havana and other points in Cuba furnish the market, the price being much higher since the Spanish-American war than in the United States.

Cost of 20-Acre Banana Plantation, Including Care of Same for Each Year

200 banana plants to the acre.
Selling price at plantation, 35 cents per bunch.

Cost of land, at $20 per acre	$400
Cost of clearing, at $5 per acre	100
Cost of 6000 banana bulbs, at 3 cents each	180
Cost of planting bananas, at 2 cents each	120
Cost of care of land, at $10 per acre	*200
Total cost	$1000

Estimated Income for a 20-Acre Banana Plantation at End of Each Year.

Estimating 85 per cent. of plants bearing	$1785
Cost of care and marketing products	300
Net profits	$1485

*Note: an owner of a ten or twenty-acre banana plantation can largely reduce this cost of "care" by doing much of the work himself.

Truck Growing in Cuba

Of all agricultural pursuits, that of growing vegetables, as a commercial venture, has hidden in the possibilities much to attract not only the tiller of the soil but many of those who have surplus money accumulated in other than agricultural pursuits.

It is easily within the bounds of probabilities to estimate a crop of vegetables that can be grown during the winter months at a thousand to two thousand dollars' profit per acre, and if one takes into consideration the small vegetable places worked by the Chinese around Havana it would be reasonable to say into thousands of dollars per acre.

No Danger of Overdoing

Won't this fruit business be overdone? we are asked. It will, provided that the United States and Europe quit growing, and our wide-awake transportation companies all get flat wheels and hot boxes. The United States is now buying millions of boxes of lemons yearly from Mediterranean ports. Cuba can grow every one of them. In 1894 Florida exported 250,000 boxes of early oranges to Liverpool that sold at 20 to 30 shillings per box. This market alone could be worked up to 1,000,000 boxes of early oranges to go in before Mediterranean oranges are ripe. All we need is the fruit to ship and we will have more markets than fruits. It will be at best ten years before Cuba can begin to cut any great amount of ice in the markets of the fruit world.

And to do this we must plant at once ten to twenty thousand acres yearly. We can pay the duty and land our products in the markets cheaper than Florida or California can, and as to quality, we are without a peer.

Fish, Game and Animals

Seven hundred varieties of fish, also crabs, oysters, lobsters and turtles, are found in the waters surrounding the Isle of Pines. The sea and rivers which empty into it are literally alive with them. Sea-bass, red-snapper and pompano are the choicest eating.

Parokeets and beautiful humming birds, brilliant as winged jewels, quail and wild pigeons are found in the woods, and ducks along the coast. Such game is plentiful, as very few natives own guns, owing to the license of $10 a year required of those who keep them.

There are positively no poisonous snakes or insects or dangerous wild animals on the Island. The largest four-footed animal found is the "hutia," about the size of a large squirrel. You can sleep in the open air in the woods or in a tent without the slightest danger from beast or reptiles. Mosquitoes and even common house flies are never troublesome in summer.

To Merchant, Mechanic or Clerk

The condition under which the average mechanic or clerk exists to-day is one of ceaseless toil, from morning till night, year after year. If he has a family, after paying the landlord, grocer and doctor, and buying coal and clothing, there is little left to provide for an emergency or old age. Contrast this condition with that under which one can live in Cuba. The owner of ten acres of land under cultivation will have an income double that which is earned by most mechanics, with the expenditure of one-half the labor.

For a small sum he can construct a suitable house. His vegetable garden and fruits will supply a large portion of his food. There will be no rent bills, no coal bills and no winter clothing to buy. Under these conditions he can lead an independent, healthful, out-of-door life, having a sufficient margin between his expenses and income to enable him to put aside each year a portion for the future. His property, moreover, is constantly increasing in value.

Do you want a guarantee of independence in old age?
Do you want insurance against poverty?
If you do, read every word of our Prospectus.
It points the way to a comfortable income for life.
It shows you how you can easily provide for the future.
Give it your earnest attention.
Read it carefully.
Do it to-day.

TITLES GUARANTEED

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

AGENTS WANTED. **GEORGE F. DAVIS, MANAGING DIRECTOR, 106 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO** Telephone Main 5731

NE ENGLISH PLATE

ock tea set, 3 pieces, ebony fittings, e bowl and creamer gold lined, finlate, our price, $11.00.

'clock tea set, 3 pieces, ivory fitsugar bowl and creamer gold finest plate on Brittania base, our $11.25.

'clock tea set, 3 pieces, ebony fitsugar bowl and creamer gold slightly larger than above sets, plate on nickel base, our price

ese goods cannot be bought at prices outside this store.

$4.00 cut glass bowl, 8 inches, is but doubt the greatest value in da.

WETHERLEY & CO.
248 YONGE ST.
store is small—so also our prices.
Open evenings 8 to 10.

The Toronto Sunday World.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR | 32 PAGES—SUNDAY MORNING JULY 9 1905—32 PAGES. | PRICE FIVE CENTS

JAPS ATTACK AND LAND TROOPS ON SAKHALIN
KNIAZ MUTINEERS SURRENDER AT KUSTENJI

JAPANESE SQUADRON OPENS FIRE ON THE VILLAGE OF KARSAKORSK FOUR INHABITANTS ARE KILLED

Torpedo Boats Begin Movement for Possession of the Island, and St. Petersburg is Officially Informed That Landing Has Been Made—Black Sea Pirates End Their Career Ignominiously.

St. Petersburg, July 8.—(7.50 p. m.)—A landing of Japanese troops on the Island of Sakhalin was officially reported to-night, and startled military circles in St. Petersburg, tho it had been realized, since the defeat of Admiral Rojestvensky, that the Japanese were able to take possession of the island so soon as they thought fit. The strength of the landing force cannot be ascertained, but the garrison of the island is too weak to offer an effective resistance.

A despatch, dated July 7, from Gen. Liapunoff, commanding the Russian troops on the Island of Sakhalin, says: "At 9 o'clock in the morning of July 7 a Japanese squadron approached the village of Chipivan, about seven miles southwest of Karsakorsk, and opened fire on the shore."

Another despatch of the same date says: "At 3 p. m., Japanese torpedo boats approached Karsakorsk, and the Russian batteries opened fire on them and compelled the boats to retire. During the bombardment four of the inhabitants of Karsakorsk were killed. The bombardment had been anticipated, and the commander had ordered the withdrawal of the defenders northward."

GAVE THEMSELVES UP.

Mutineers Throw Themselves on the Mercy of Roumanian Government

Kustenji, Roumania, July 8.—The flag of St. Andrew's once again floats over the battleship Kniaz Potemkine and the torpedo boat, which have proven such terrors to the Black Sea communities for a couple of weeks past. The formal surrender of the mutinous crews actually occurred a. — o'clock this afternoon, after a series of discussions and negotiations between the Roumanian authorities and the leaders of the mutineers.

Roumanian officers who boarded the battleship on her arrival here called upon her crew to surrender, in which case they will be treated as foreign deserters, or else leave the port forthwith. It speedily became apparent that the Russian vessels returned to this port with the intention of giving themselves up to a foreign government, and the crews soon announced their acceptance of the Roumanian terms. The mutineers wanted to be permitted to take off the treasure which was on board the niaz Potemkine, but the Roumanian authorities declined to acquiesce.

Will Be Deported.

The Russians will gradually be conveyed to any frontier they may select, and then will be liberatel, the local officials having given an understanding to this effect. The Roumanian flag has been hoisted over the Russian war vessels, as well as the flag of St. Andrew's, so as to prevent any attack on them in Roumanian waters by the vessels of the Russian squadron, which are reported to be in pursuit of the mutineers.

The Roumanian officials demanded the breech-locks of the guns of the battleship as a pledge of the mutineers' good faith.

Authorized to Sink It.

Constantinople, July 8.—The Russian embassy authorized Turkey to sink the Russian battleship Kniaz Potemkine if she appears at the entrance of the Bosphorus.

Senate Arming to Defeat Coercion?

There Are Indications That the Hon. Gentlemen of the Upper Chamber May Yet Prove Themselves to Be the Heroes of the Autonomy Bill Transaction—An Exciting Debate May End in Referring Bills Back to House.

Ottawa, July 8.—(Special.)—There is a well defined rumor this morning that when the autonomy bills come up in the senate on Tuesday there will be very little plain sailing for these two fruits of a lengthy session.

It is said that a determined effort will be made by the upper chamber to modify the drastic terms of the education clause and a long and heated debate is to take place. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is opposed to the shackling of the west and there is every indication that on the Liberal side of the Senate, among the Liberals of the old school of Liberalism, there will be many protests against the proposed outrage.

It is even asserted that the senate may send back the Alberta and Saskatchewan bills to the commons for reconsideration. In the event of the bills passing the senate it may be stated confidently that it will be only after a long and exciting discussion, and the prorogation may be delayed for another week or ten days by reason of the prejudice of the upper house against the coercion of the west.

Not only the educational clauses but the land clauses are likely to meet with considerable criticism. Senator Lougheed has already asked for information concerning the sales of land, especially school lands, in those districts, and this information may take some time to get together.

In any event, one thing is certain, the senate intends to discuss the autonomy bills very thoroly and prorogation may be indefinitely delayed by reason of that intention.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell has also moved for a return showing the number of closed grazing leases granted since 1897 by the government in the Northwest Territories. The request calls for many statistics.

Sir Mackenzie made the admission that "he required the information for use in discussing certain important bills."

ASSESSMENT IS AWAY TOO LOW BUT ASSESSOR HUTTON HAD TO EQUALIZE, NOT PLACE A VALUE

Hamilton Arbitrator Declares That Mackenzie, Macdonald and Kerr Properties Are All Assessed Far Below Their Value—Senator's Residence, Worth $25,000, Pays Taxes Only on $4000 Valuation.

Hamilton, July 8.—(Special.) — "The World is correct; it is a perfectly absurd assessment," said F. R. Hutton, when he read The World's editorial on the assessment of the Mackenzie property to-day. He went on to explain that he wasn't employed to value the Mackenzie property, but to equalize its assessment with the Kerr and Macdonald properties.

"The World," he continued, "asks: Why should Mr. Mackenzie's assessment have been made to harmonize with assessments that were too low? The reason for that was that the proclamation act provided the Mackenzie assessment must be made to harmonize with the assessment of the other property in the assessed district. Messrs. Kerr and Macdonald had gone to the court of revision two years ago and had their assessments reduced.

"Mr. Hutton had nothing to do with real values. He simply had to fix the assessment by the other two properties, both of which he found assessed away below their real value, especially the Kerr house, which was assessed at $4000, when it would be cheap, according to Mr. Hutton at $25,000. The Macdonald house was assessed at $7000.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Hutton figured that the Mackenzie house was worth three times as much as the Macdonald house, which would bring its assessment up to $21,000. As compared with the Kerr residence, Mr. Hutton considered the Macdonald residence worth at least half as much again, which would bring the assessment of the Mackenzie house down to $6000. Striking the mean between the two, he considered that $13,000 was a fair assessment for the Mackenzie house, as compared with the assessment of the Macdonald and Kerr residences.

There was little dispute about land values. There are five acres in the Mackenzie property, valued at $3500 an acre, or $17,500 for the parcel, tho by an error in the previous assessment this had been worked out to be $27,000 instead of $17,500.

A BEAUTIFUL GROVE SOLD.

A Toronto Firm Has Acquired a Fine Estate.

The estate of the late Miss Anna McGrath of Erindale, which is one of the finest in Ontario, has been disposed of at Osgoode Hall by the Hon. Justice Anglin. It consists of a large tract of valuable land, fronting on Dundas-street, with an estimated number of over half a million feet of timber, which is composed of magnificent tall trees, making a picturesque grove, also a large portion of farming land.

The fortunate purchasers were S. Price & Sons of this city, whose large farm adjoins this estate. With the annexation of this property to the Price farm it makes it the largest one within many miles of Toronto, and with the beautiful Credit River running direct through the property it affords a most desirable and suitable place for this firm.

DOMINION BANK STATEMENT.

Operations for First Half of Year Very Encouraging.

The half-yearly statement of the Dominion Bank was published on Saturday. The operations of this institution for the first six months of the year are highly satisfactory, showing net profits for that period of 15.85 per cent., against 15.32 per cent. for the year 1904. The profits for six months were $237,777.88. Two quarterly dividends of 2 1-2 per cent. on the capital of $3,000,000 have been paid out, and the balance at credit of profit and loss account is now $222,350.52, against $134,572.64, brought forward at the beginning of the year. The total deposits carried by the bank on June 30 were $29,971,059.13, an increase of $271,015.75 since the first of the year, while the notes in circulation decreased $522. The total liabilities to the public are $32,660,861.13, against which quick assets of $15,301,288.95 are shown.

May All Be Dead.

Paris, July 8.—A private despatch from Bizerta, Tunis, says the submarine Farfadet was refloated to-day and towed to the arsenal. The crew perished. This is not confirmed officially.

MISSING TRIO IN TORONTO? DETECTIVES IMAGINE SO

New York Woman Abducts Her Children to Keep Them in Ignorance of Their Wealth.

One of the most important questions that are agitating the local detective department and the prominent private detective bureaus in the city is, where is Mrs. Emil G. Schaeffer, divorced wife of the late Gen. Schaeffer, the millionaire brewer of New York?

It is not so much Mrs. Schaeffer for whom the sleuths are looking, but the two children whom she kidnapped from her beautiful home, at 53 East Ninety-third-street, New York City. When General Schaeffer died he left Eleanor, aged 9, and Freda, aged 8, half a million dollars each. When the will was probated a few days ago the children were not represented by counsel, and the executors of the estate are unable to ascertain their whereabouts. That is why the detectives have been asked to locate them.

Summering Here.

There are good reasons for believing the missing woman and her children are in Toronto, not in hiding, as the word would imply, but spending the summer here, and enjoying themselves. They are supposed to have changed cars at Hamilton a few weeks ago, and taken the Toronto train. They stopped at a prominent hotel for a couple of days, during which time they hunted up quiet but aristocratic apartments. The local detectives for the past few days have been camping on the wharves, with the expectations of recognizing them on their way to take some boat trip. So far they have not been successful. Altho furnished with photographs of the mother, their best clue, and the one they rely on, is a woman with two children, one dark, the other fair, and perhaps a maid with them.

Rather Romantic.

The story is a sensational one, of the breaking up of two homes. Mrs. Schaeffer and Governor A. Worth, a Wall-street broker, became infatuated with each other, and eloped. Mrs. Schaeffer took with her the two children. After a quick and hard chase by Pinkerton men in the employ of General Schaeffer, they succeeded in returning them to the care of the father. When he was ill the mother again kidnapped the little ones. Since then nothing has been heard of them. After the death of the father the search was not resumed until commenced again by the executors a few days ago.

There is no one who can take the children from the mother now. At the time of the general's death, it was thought she might put in an appearance, or be represented by counsel, on account of her children's interest in the estate.

Children Are Millionaires.

After the divorces were granted, she married Worth, who is a rich man. Altho the youngsters are worth $1,000,000, it is believed in New York that she does not intend to allow the children to benefit in any way by the father's will, and to bring them up without any knowledge of their enormous wealth.

RUSSIA WANTS NORWAY SWEDEN WANTS FINLAND

Montrealer Gives a Version of Present Difficulties—Says Norwegians Are Ungratetul.

Montreal, July 8.—(Special.)—"Russia is at the back of the whole scheme, and the Norwegians are aware that, for a long time past, their country has been overrun by Russian spies. Of course, neither Norway nor Sweden is afraid of Russia at the present moment, but Sweden would not at all object to Russia having Norway, if the former could only have back Finland. Give us back Finland. They were the people who stuck to us, and we stuck to them. There was never any trouble with Finland."

So says J. S. Swenson, formerly of Gothenburg and now of Montreal, in discussing the trouble between Norway and Sweden. The action Norway has taken, Mr. Swenson characterized as an insult to Sweden. If Norway had asked for separation it would have been different. Sweden demanded satisfaction, but at the same time Mr. Swenson did not believe the two countries would come to war.

The Swedish people had always said: "Let Norway go." Norway, ever since the union in 1814, had always given trouble. Before the union, Norway for hundreds of years was a mere province of Denmark, and was a poverty-stricken country. Under the union it had prospered. Yet it was dissatisfied. It had home rule, just as Canada had home rule under England, but it wanted its own consuls and foreign ministers. That could not be granted, for the countries would never be united in time of war with separate foreign ministers.

MUTINY DOESN'T BOTHER.

New Crew Secured—Strikers Leave for Boston.

Halifax, July 8.—The majority of the crew of the Canadian cruiser Canada, who left the ship yesterday on account of ill-usage, left Halifax this morning for Boston.

It is understood none of them will be proceeded against. A sufficient number of men have been secured to complete the crew, and the cruiser will sail to-night to meet the turbiner Virginian, to take off her Canadian mails and hurry them to Sydney, to connect with the fast express.

MARRIAGES.

KELLY—DUGGAN—On Saturday, July 8th, at St. Mary's Church, Bathurst-street, by the Rev. Father T. O'Donnell, Annie (Nan), youngest daughter of John Duggan, to William J., youngest son of the late Capt. M. Kelly.

DEATHS.

ALLISON—At his sister's residence, Walton-street, Peterborough, on Friday, July 7th, Richard Allison, aged 38 years.

SMITH—At 101 Parliament-street, on Friday, July 7, 1905, Charles Smith, aged 67 years.

Funeral from above address on Monday morning at 8.30, to St. Paul's Church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery.

SUNDAY WEATHER.

To-day, if predictions prove true, should be an ideal summer Sabbath; blue skies and a refreshing cool breeze from the northwest.

ENTIRE TRAIN IS DERAILED ACCIDENT NEAR ST. MARY'S

G.T.R. No. 8, Going at 50 Miles an Hour, Has Mishap—But No One is Hurt.

Stratford, July 8. — (Special.)—An accident happened this morning at 7 o'clock on the London branch of the G.T.R., about a quarter of a mile south of the St. Mary's Town station, between Horseshoe Quarry and the Maxwell Works, whwen the whole of train 8 due here from London at 7.30, was derailed, and the baggage car and two coaches partly overturned and left leaning against a steep embankment. The last car, a combination mail and smoker, altho derailed, was not overturned. As most of the passengers were in this car, fortunately no person on the train was more seriously injured than to receive a bad shaking up.

The accident occurred thru the trucks of the tender leaving the track, and as the train was traveling at about 50 miles an hour, the whole of the train was derailed also. The train traveled about a hundred yards before it was brought to a standstill, and the track for that distance was terribly torn up and bent and the ties cut to pieces.

The cars are not badly smashed, but the engine and tender are in bad shape. The track was not cleared till a late hour to-night.

TRUCKS GO TO WINNIPEG.

That is the Reason Toronto Lacks New Summer Cars.

The scarcity of new summer cars this season and the continuance of the old ones in use has been explained by street railway officials to the effect that new cars are ready, but owing to the strike in the Canada Foundry Co. it is impossible to get the trucks for them, and consequently the citizens must forego the comfort they might have from up-to-date open cars. There is another side to the story, however. The Canada Foundry Co. has been making the trucks for the Toronto Railway Co. right along as fast as they can, but the trucks don't stay in Toronto. As soon as they are finished they are put on cars at Davenport and sent direct to Winnipeg for cars which have been sent there from Toronto. The Winnipeg orders for cars are evidently favored more than the demands of the Toronto service.

BATHERS HAVE A KICK.

Ferry Service Provided by City is Irregular.

No special element in the city enjoyed more fully the ideal summer conditions which prevailed on Saturday than the young men and boys intent on bathing privileges. Over at the sandbar at Hanlan's Point they could be numbered by the hundreds. But one cloud dimmed the horizon and that was the infrequent ferry service from the Queen's wharf to the sandbar. A one-hour service is said to obtain between Queen's wharf and Fisherman's Island, but the would-be bathers maintain that the ferry service furnished by the city is not only infrequent, but closes at 6 o'clock instead of at 7, as agreed upon, thereby depriving many workmen from enjoying the advantage.

AS PRESIDENT GEORGE ARGUES IT BEFORE BRITISH BUSINESS MEN

Canadian Manufacturers Ask a Competitive, Not a Prohibitive, Tariff Against Britain.

London, June 23.—The visiting Canadian manufacturers were entertained last night by the London Chamber of Commerce. T. F. Blackwell, president, occupied the chair. Among those present were Lord Strathcona, Sir Gilbert Parker, the Dean of Westminster, A. G. Sandeman, ex-governor of the Bank of England, Sir G. Livesey, T. J. Pittar, chairman of the Board of Customs, Col. Sir J. Roper Parkington, W. K. McNaught, president of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, W. Adamson, president of the Straits Settlements Association, A. D. Scaighets, master of the Salters' Company, R. S. Fraser, W. P. Griffith, Hon. J. D. Rolland, P. W. Burton, Sir W. E. M. Tomlinson, M.P., G. A. Vandry, Sir G. H. Chubb, Sir W. Lloyd Wise, S. M. Wickett, F. S. Watts, president of the Chamber of Shipping, Lloyd Harris, Spencer Phillips, president of the Bankers' Institute, A. Siemens, president of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, and Kenrig Murray, secretary of the chamber.

Admiral Sir John Ommanney Hopkins, in responding for the navy, said that some of the finest men in the reserve which was to feed the navy belonged to Newfoundland, and what the empire wanted from Canada was not money to build an ironclad, but thousands of her stalwart sailors, who were grand fighting stuff. (Cheers.)

Sir E. Fitzgerald Law, who spoke for the land forces, recalled the way in which the Canadian militia had won the admiration of their comrades in the regular army on many occasions, from the capture of Detroit in 1812 down to the battles in South Africa.

The chairman in giving "The Canadian Manufacturers' Association" said Canada required not only people but capital, and it was to the advantage of both countries that she should borrow and we should lend. At the same time she should take warning from the terrible results that in some other colonies had followed reckless speculation and attempts to grow rich too fast. England was ever ready to receive Canada's agricultural products, and the productions of her factories also. He trusted the visitors would go back with a conviction that the old country was still living and active; that she was anxious to do her duty to the colonies and determined to do her duty to herself in the interests of the empire. (Cheers.)

W. K. George, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in responding, after playfully inviting those present to visit the approaching Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, said that many wrong reasons had been given for their visit. He therefore wished to say, frankly and forcibly, that it had been undertaken with no political significance. (Cheers.) They came as a body of business men, chiefly to meet and learn to know the people of the homeland. While they hoped the visit would result in clearer knowledge of conditions and in an increasing exchange of trade, their aim was, above all, to establish a closer touch and better understanding with the people of the motherland. These alone were the motives of their visit. He most emphatically denied that they were making demands, asking concessions, or mapping out policies for the people of Great Britain or intruding on their political field. (Cheers.) Reiterating the statement he had made at Tilbury the day before as to the ambition of Canadians for their own country, he pointed out that most of their provinces were not only larger than many of the greatest European Powers, but at least equal to them in natural resources. They possessed water power, the motive power of the future, to an extent almost beyond calculation. Within 50 miles of Ottawa there was water power capable of developing 900,000 horse power; and the rest of Canada, except the prairie section, was equally well provided. Canadians would fail in their duty if they did not develop their country in every possible phase, fully utilizing her resources. If they did not provide remunerative and attractive employment for her people, the people would go elsewhere for it, as they had done in the past. The last United States census showed that there were in that country 1,250,000 natives of Canada, attracted by satisfactory employment at remunerative wages, which were due to the great industrial development of the republic. Under fair and equitable conditions Canada would have the same marvelous development. (Cheers.) As to the criticism that Canada granted a measure of protection, no answer was necessary for those who understood the conditions of the case. Canadian manufacturers did not ask a prohibitive tariff against Great Britain, but they would insist on a competitive tariff which would at least put them on an equal footing with the longer-established industries of this and other countries, and would make up for the greater cost of labor in Canada. The tariff was not only necessary to Canadian industries; it had been in almost every instance an essential of their birth. The Canadian tariff had compelled manufacturers from the United States, in order to secure a share of Canadian trade, to come and establish in Canada great factories representing a capital of hundreds of millions of dollars. It was better for Canada, and, therefore for the empire, that these industries should employ thousands of people in the British dominion instead of in Pittsburg, Buffalo or Chicago. (Cheers.) He regretted that, after careful investigation, he could not tell of a single million of British capital invested in the same field. Canadian manufacturers intended to make everything they could advantageously produce; and they wanted as far as possible by their trade to build up the empire. With the idea that this was feasible, they had pronounced in favor of the Canadian preferential tariff, and in many instances the object had been achieved. Five years ago only 2-4 per cent. of the sugar imported by Canada came from the British West Indies and 50 per cent. came from Germany. As Germany penalized Canadian products Canada retaliated by a surtax on German goods. In the years 1903-04 British colonies provided 75 per cent. of Canada's sugar supply and Germany less than 4 per cent.; and in the first nine months of the present fiscal year the imports of German sugar were nil, while the Canadian market was practically closed to other German manufactures. (Hear, hear.) Canada did not contend that any other part of the empire must reciprocate this preference. Each part must decide if it could do so without injury to itself. Canada had progressed without such reciprocity, and would continue to do so tho reciprocal preference would accelerate her development tremendously. Canadians were not going to ask Great Britain to make sacrifices for them—it was for the mother country to consider and decide such matters. (Hear, hear.) He went on to declare, amid loud cheers, that from the bottom of their hearts Canadians desired no national life outside the British Empire. (Loud cheers.) No separate existence, however splendid, could compare with the position they foresaw in the galaxy of free states forming the British nation. (Cheers.) The time was coming quickly when Canada would bear her fair share of the burden of imperial defence—the mother country could depend on that. (Cheers.)

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., said that Mr. George struck the true note. Any statesman would be unwise who could wish to stifle the industries of the colonies.

Lord Strathcona, who was received with enthusiasm, proposed the health of the chairman, and the proceedings came to an end.

DOCTORS IN EAST END WANT A HOSPITAL THERE

Deputation Waits on the Mayor and Furnishes a Series of Conditions Desired.

A deputation of doctors waited on the mayor on Saturday morning to ask that hospital accommodation be provided in the east end should it be decided to move the General. The growth of population in that part of the city demanded such provision.

The doctors said that the grant of $200,000 should not be made unless the east end was given a hospital, and the following conditions were made:

First—That the age limit for members of the staff of the new hospital be placed at sixty years, after which time they shall be promoted to the consulting staff.

Second—That appointments to the staff of the hospital shall be in equal proportions between school men and non-school men.

Third—That the term for the occupancy of a position on the active indoor staff shall be limited to ten years.

Fourth—That practitioners sending in pay patients shall be allowed to attend their own patients, and a person shall be considered a pay patient who contributes $3.50 per week and upwards for his support.

FLIM-FLAMMED OUT OF $10.

Queen-Street Tailor is a Victim of Ancient Swindle.

C. W. Sheridan, the tailor, at 34 East Queen-street, was flim-flammed out of a $10 bill Saturday by the old, old method. A stranger came in to make a purchase, and gave him a $20 bill, receiving in change $17. The customer changed his mind and asked for the return of the twenty, at the same time handing back the change. After he had left, Sheridan discovered he was too shy, and then he told the police.

LONG TERMS AT KINGSTON FOR TWO PETTY BURGLARIES

Stratford, July 8.—Davis Smith and Joseph Bowen pleaded guilty this morning in the police court to robberies committed in the Township of North Easthope on June 4 last.

At one place they got about $2 and at another $20 and a revolver.

Smith was sentenced to five years and Bowen to four years in Kingston penitentiary.

STORM NEAR BUFFALO.

Buffalo, July 7.—A tremendous rainfall, amounting almost to a cloudburst, caused great damage to farm lands south of Buffalo to-day. Conrad Bucher, a farm hand, was struck by lightning while working in an open field and instantly killed. Wheat fields and orchards were ruined.

JAPAN LETS LOOSE THE DOVE MID CHEERS AND GUN SALUTE

Peace Plenipotentiaries Leave Tokio While Bands Play and Fireworks Shower.

Yokohama, July 8.—The steamer Minnesota, having on board the Japanese peace plenipotentiaries, sailed from this port for Seattle at 4.30 this afternoon. The governor of Yokohama and the civic bodies escorted the plenipotentiaries to the pier, where they were received by a military guard. At the pier the plenipotentiaries and their suites entered launches and were conveyed to the Minnesota, which was dressed with flags, as were all the ships in the harbor. The Marquis Ito, Premier Katsura, the other members of the cabinet, and the American minister were among those who accompanied Baron Komura and his party to the Minnesota. An enormous crowd of Japanese and foreigners, with bands of music, assembled at the waterfront, and general enthusiasm was manifested, the bands playing patriotic airs and the crowds discharging fireworks. The Japanese guardship Takao fired a salute of 19 guns as the Minnesota put to sea, escorted by a torpedo boat and a naval steamer specially detailed to convoy her out of Tokio Bay.

Russia and Thibet.

Pekin, July 8.—M. Pokotiloff, the Russian minister at Pekin, has left for Washington. Prior to his departure he requested the board of foreign affairs to sanction the despatch of a small body of Russian soldiers as an escort to the dalai llama to the borders of Tibet.

The Chinese replied that an escort was superfluous, and refused their consent. Russia is apparently desirous to emphasize the fact that the llama is under their protection, and it is reported that the llama is drawing funds from a Russian bank at Kiachta.

Minister Pokotiloff recently privately interviewed the llama at Urga, and gave him presents. The llama is still at Urga.

Lodz Disturbances Unjustified.

St. Petersburg, July 8.—The official Messenger this morning prints a detailed account of the disturbances at Lodz, and editorially declares that they were unjustified by local economic conditions, and were fermented by revolutionary, Socialist and Jewish agitators. The account says that the disturbances culminated June 23 in an open conflict between the troops and the rioters. On that day 160 of the rioters were killed and 152 wounded, one officer and three soldiers were wounded, and two police agents were killed and many wounded, while $50,000 worth of property was destroyed. According to the account, 20,000 Jews left town within two days.

Gradually Driving North.

Tokio, July 8.—The following official despatch has been received from the Japanese army headquarters in Manchuria:

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

The enemy is being gradually driven northward.

ELECTRICITY AT CHEAP RATE.

Toronto Concerns to Get Niagara Current at $35 per H.P.

A contract is understood to have been entered into between the Toronto Street Railway and the Toronto Electric Light Co. and the Electrical Development Co. of Niagara Falls for a supply of power at from $35 to $40 per horse-power.

In addition the Toronto Electric Light Company is to have control of the distribution of power in Toronto. Substations are being constructed on Teraulay and Scott-streets, being connected with the main station on Davenport-road by underground conduits. They will have a carrying capacity of 10,000 horse-power, and the switchboards will cost $75,000 each.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

New York, July 8.—Beeves—Receipts, 400; feeling steady; dressed beef, steady, at 7c to 9¼c; exports, 836 beeves and 6110 quarters of beef.

Calves—Receipts none and no trading. Feeling firm. City dressed veals firm at 9½c to 12c. Country dressed calves, steady at 5c to 10½c.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 4275; sheep, steady; lambs, 25c to 50c lower; common grades showing the greatest decline; sheep sold at $3.50 to $5; lambs, at $7.50 to $9.40; dressed mutton, steady, at 9½c to 11c; dressed lambs, lower, at 12c to 15c.

Hogs—Receipts, 1336; feeling nominally higher on Buffalo advices.

It is expected that over 8000 dog tags will be disposed of this year, an advance over last year of 500.

Arnie King, aged 17, pleaded guilty to two charges of theft of money and will spend six months in the Mercer.

Commencing last night at 11.30 o'clock and running nightly, the Grand Trunk will put on a sleeping car for the Temagami district. This will continue for the tourist season, and the return train will leave on Monday night.

Wm. Dobie, general manager of E. W. Gillett Co., Limited, and party returned a few days ago after making a 300-mile trip in his automobile in Western Ontario, and had a very enjoyable time, as the weather thruout was pleasant. Mr. Dobie intends to leave almost immediately to make the trip to Montreal and return. He reports his new Columbia to be satisfactory under all conditions.

AN OFFICIAL TIPPED IT OFF TO GOTHAM "GO-BETWEEN"

As Result, Entire System of Compiling U. S. Cotton Reports Will Undergo a Radical Change.

Washington, July 8.—As the result of the investigation by secret service agents into the charges made by Richard Cheatham, secretary of the Cotton Planters' Association, that information had been given to cotton brokers in New York by some person or persons in the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture, Secretary Wilson to-day made public an official report in which he states that Edwin S. Holmes, the associate statistician, has been guilty of "juggling" the official report. The report says:

"It has been found that Mr. Holmes communicated advance information to L. C. Van Riper, New York broker, and M. Haas of New York, who acted as a go-between in conveying information from Holmes to other New York brokers, including Theodore Price. Steps have been taken by Secretary Wilson to prevent any further leakage of the department figures, and an entire reorganization of the bureau of statistics and manner of preparing monthly crop reports has been outlined by him.

On a New Basis.

According to the new plan to govern the preparation of monthly reports of the bureau of statistics the general special field agents and the state agents will report on speculative crops directly to the secretary or acting secretary of agriculture. These reports will remain sealed in the custody of these officers until the day the official report is to be made, when the agents' reports will be opened and the official report compiled under strict precautions. There never will be at any time in the possession of the bureau of statistics or in any one office of the department, except while the compiliation official report is being made, complete information from the correspondents in all of the cotton states.

Won't Happen Again.

Texas and Georgia, two of the largest cotton producing states, will be separated from the groups of reports from townships and counties. Hereafter there will be three special field agents, instead of one, assigned to the work of collecting statistics for the cotton crop reports. These agents will have no communication with each other and will report on different groups of states.

Secretary Wilson's report, in closing, says: "There will be no more opportunity for advance information on reports of speculative crops."

Victor H. Olmsted has been appointed associate statistician of the department of agriculture to succeed Holmes.

Denial From Price.

New York, July 8.—Theodore H. Price, the New York cotton broker, to-day declared that he had no acquaintance with or knowledge of either L. C. Van Riper or M. Haas.

GAVE THEMSELVES UP.

Mutineers Throw Themselves on the Mercy of Roumanian Government

Kustenji, Roumania, July 8.—The flag of St. Andrew's once again floats over the battleship Kniaz Potemkine and the torpedo boat, which have proven such terrors to the Black Sea communities for a couple of weeks past. The formal surrender of the mutinous crews actually occurred at 5 o'clock this afternoon, after a series of discussions and negotiations between the Roumanian authorities and the leaders of the mutineers.

Roumanian officers who boarded the battleship on her arrival here called upon her crew to surrender, in which case they will be treated as foreign deserters, or else leave the port forthwith. It speedily became apparent that the Russian vessels returned to this port with the intention of giving themselves up to a foreign government, and the crews soon announced their acceptance of the Roumanian terms. The mutineers wanted to be permitted to take off the treasure which was on board the niaz Potemkine, but the Roumanian authorities declined to acquiesce.

Will Be Deported.

The Russians will gradually be conveyed to any frontier they may select, and then will be liberated, the local officials having given an understanding to this effect. The Roumanian flag has been hoisted over the Russian war vessels, as well as the flag of St. Andrew's, so as to prevent any attack on them in Roumanian waters by the vessels of the Russian squadron, which are reported to be in pursuit of the mutineers.

The Roumanian officials demanded the breech-locks of the guns of the battleship as a pledge of the mutineers' good faith.

Authorized to Sink It.

Constantinople, July 8.—The Russian embassy authorized Turkey to sink the Russian battleship Kniaz Potemkine if she appears at the entrance of the Bosphorus.

Estate of Robert Mackie.

The estate of the late Robert Mackie, M.P. of Renfrew, according to the will, amounted to $180,000, which is left to the widow.

This is according to information received at succession duties office here.

It had been said the estate would run up to perhaps $750,000.

That Old Piano

In many a home there is an article that by courtesy is known as a piano; too often it is nothing more than a cumbersome, bulky cabinet that has long ceased to be musical or useful. If you have such a piano why should you keep it? Why shouldn't you let us take it in part payment of a new BELL Upright?

If you will give us your name and address on a postal card we will say what we can allow you in exchange, and give you all the information in regard to new instruments, terms, etc., you may desire.

Bell Piano Warerooms

146 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Pianos Rented.

Genuine satisfaction is given by

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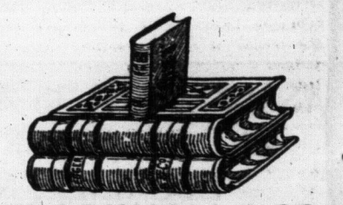
Best 5 cent Cigar



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25c BIRD TONIC FREE

Sold at 25c. But this medicine free by sending us 2 bird keepers' addresses and 3 Bird Bread yellow wrappers. Bird Bread in 10c yellow pkts. (2 tins) of any grocer or druggist. If dealer has none send his address to us and cash or stamps for pkts. wanted.

BIRD BREAD (Avoid imitations) (Pats. 1891-95-99) cures birds' ills and makes them sing. Free tin in 2 lb. Cottam Bird Seed pkts., the standard bird food, sold everywhere. Expert help in bird troubles free for reply stamp. (Address exactly)

COTTAM BIRD SEED, 35 St, London, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY LOANED SALARIED PEOple, retail merchants, teamsters, boarding houses, etc., without security; easy payments. Offices in 49 principal cities. Tolman, 306 Manning Chambers, 72 West Queen-street. 7

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A—YOUNG MEN—FOR FIREMEN AND brakemen, Canadian and other railroads; experience unnecessary; firemen $75, become engineers and earn $180; brakemen $60, become conductors and earn $140; name position preferred; stamp for particulars. Railway Association, room 145, 227 Monroe-street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENERGETIC WORKERS EVERYwhere to distribute circulars, samples and advertising matter. Good pay. No canvassing. Co-operative Advertising Co., New York.

PERSONAL.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? Matrimonial paper containing hundreds of advertisements of marriageable people, many rich, mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

FARMS FOR SALE.

PAYING—140 ACRE FARM FOR $1800 —$500 down. Near Kennebec River; schools, churches, neighbors, markets. Over 1000 cords wood—cuts 25 tons hay—pastures 30 head; ample buildings; level, no rocks. Apple orchard. Send for detailed description. H. L. Bacon, Richmond, Maine.

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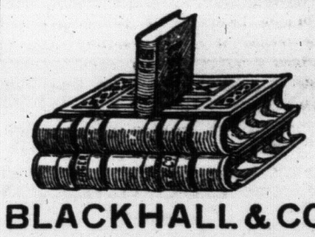

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Glimpses of the Political Field

The proceedings at Ottawa are being conducted with a rapidity that shows parliament to be fully capable of despatching business when it makes up its mind to do so. The platitude will be repeated, that estimates amounting to millions are being put thru in less time than the house often requires to vote a few thousands. There is not much force in this argument. It is a rare occurrence for an item in the estimates to be struck out, no matter how fierce the criticism may be, and the discussion that is given to the estimates is, for the most part, so many wasted words and so much wasted time. Members of the house are beginning to realize this fact, and it will probably not be long before the opposition members get together in caucus and raise the whole question of the wisdom of discussing each and every item in the estimates as if it was a national issue. There is no national value in such tactics, and it is doubtful if there is not a decided party loss. People, on the whole, like to have as much money voted for their own particular necessities as the government is willing to give them. Criticism of these appropriations not infrequently provokes strong local hostility and makes enemies of people who are naturally antagonistic to the government. Probably the best way of treating the estimates is to make three or four big fights on a few appropriations. If the opposition were to pursue this policy it could afford to let the remaining estimates pass in a bunch, and neither the country's nor the party's interests would suffer.

As usual, after a long session of parliament, there is a demand for an increased indemnity. The round robin this year seems to have been pretty generally welcomed. An increase of $1000 is asked, which would bring the emolument of a member up to $2500 per session, in addition to mileage. Ministers of the crown, as well as members, it is said, are mentioned in the round robin as deserving of an increase, and the leader of the opposition and the judges seem to be also included in the list. A unanimous request from both sides of the house, as a rule, appeals strongly to the government, and there is every reason to believe that members will get some increase in indemnity, even if they do not get an extra thousand. The government may hesitate to increase the salaries of ministers. The question is a delicate one. Public feeling, no doubt, is in favor of paying ministers of the crown salaries that will enable them to be independent. Raising ministerial salaries would be simple, but for the fact that the public now knows that poverty is not the inevitable reward of public men who give their service to the country. Some men go into the government rich and die poor; others go into the cabinet poor and leave it with a fortune. The Laurier government has turned out several graduates of the latter class. The list of ministers and ex-ministers would show at least one individual who, when he entered the government, was deep in debt, and today is rated at from half a million to two millions. The members of the Laurier government who have made fortunes since 1896 have done more than anything else to injure the popular movement in favor of increased salaries for ministers of the crown.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of increasing judges' salaries, and there is also something to be said against it. Canada does not pay her judges salaries which attract the strongest men to the bench, but it is doubtful if making the rewards more remunerative would improve the quality of the judiciary. Greater rewards would simply mean greater wire-pulling on the part of applicants who are not fitted for judicial duties, but who are influential in their party. The Laurier government is again to blame for the conditions which have made the public indifferent to the claims of judges for more generous recognition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has done some things that he is justly proud of, but he can have no pride in the character of the appointments which he has made to the judiciary. He has been positively brutal in his disregard of merit, standing and dignity in his appointments to the bench. The judiciary has been used consistently as a repository of any kind of lawyers who could furnish the necessary party influence, and promotions have been made in the same way. Until the government sees fit to dignify its judicial appointments with brains and standing, there is no good reason why the public should be made to pay more liberally for judicial services than it does to-day. A number of strong men will be wronged by the execution of this policy, but it is better that a few men should get less than they deserve than that a group of party healers with no claim to recognition should profit from a general increase in judges' salaries.

It has at last occurred to the senate that divorce courts are the proper tribunal for taking evidence in divorce cases. That the senate should realize its own limitations is gratifying, but, unfortunately, the senate will not be able to divest itself of the power of granting divorces, even if it should make a genuine attempt to do so. Quebec would not listen for a moment to a proposal to establish divorce courts in Canada. The church is opposed to a change which it believes would greatly increase the number of divorces, and this feeling is reflected in the attitude of the French-Canadian members. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, which have divorce courts, are living proof of the fact that divorce courts do not increase divorces, but that rather they make all classes equal before the law. The senate makes classes unequal before the law, inasmuch as it is only the rich who can afford to appeal to the senate for relief. On grounds of argument, there is not one word to be said in favor of retaining the senate as a divorce tribunal, but arguments will not count under prevailing conditions at Ottawa, where Quebec has the upper hand and is disposed to assert its supremacy at every point.

A number of newspapers are expressing a hope that there will be no party politics in the new legislatures of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The new provinces would be fortunate if they could obliterate party lines, as defined at Ottawa, but they will find it hard to do so. The Dominion government's educational policy brought out party feeling all over the country, and this feeling is bound to be maintained to a very large extent in the west. Another circumstance which will emphasize the old party lines is the government's treatment of Premier Haultain. Mr. Haultain has never been a pronounced party man, and he is not so regarded in the west. When, in view of this fact, the government deliberately side-tracked Mr. Haultain from the new premierships and did all in its power to make it impossible for him to gain political ascendancy in either of the two provinces, it created a feeling of resentment among Mr. Haultain's friends and gave them a strong natural preference for the Conservative party. In the natural course of events there must be a provincial rights party and a non-provincial rights pary in Alberta and Saskatchewan. This issue will perhaps do more than anything else to re-create party lines in the west, the Conservatives falling naturally to the side of provincial rights and the out-and-out Liberals falling naturally to the side of coercion. The new provinces have been given absolutely no chance to destroy party lines. They have in fact been hampered at every point. Such are the terms of the autonomy conferred on Alberta and Saskatchewan; such has been the treatment of Premier Haultain, and such are the possibilities of a continuance of the provincial rights issue that party lines are likely to exist in the new provinces for many years to come.

DIFFER IN DRESS, BUT ON THE SAME OLD CHASE

Callers on Mayor Urquhart on Saturday were: Elia Son Anton, a blind bishop of the Syro-Chaldean Christian Church in Mesopotamia, and a one-armed disciple.

Dressed in long clerical black coats, with swarthy complexion and jet black hair hanging in greasy ringlets over their faces, they were strange figures. They were in pursuit of Canadian money to build Syro-Chaldean churches and schools in their native province.

Death of Charles Smith.

Charles Smith, an old resident of the east end, died Friday afternoon at his residence, 101 Parliament-street, aged 67. He came to Canada from England with the 47th Regiment during the Fenian raid and settled in Toronto as an engineer. He leaves a widow, six sons and one daughter—John, Thomas, Charles, Joseph, James and Leo, and Mrs. Stephen O'Brien. The funeral takes place on Monday at 8.30 a.m., to St. Paul's R. C. Church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery.

CARE OF ORPHAN CHILDREN PROVINCE FINDS HOMES

Department Presided Over by Mr. Kelso is Performing Excellent Work.

Australia is a continent without an orphanage, a country without an orphan. Each waif is taken to a receiving house, where it is cared for until a country home is found. The local volunteer societies canvass their neighborhoods and send to the children's committee of the destitute board the names of any families they have found where children may be placed. The children's committee selects the home which it judges is best adapted to the development of the child in question.

In the year 1893 the Ontario Legislature made a good beginning in the work of systematically caring for its neglected and dependent children. Up to that time, altho there were a number of orphanages and reformatories in existence, there was no legal machinery whereby a neglected child could be taken away from vicious or immoral surroundings and guardianship, the common procedure being to convict a child of vagrancy or some definite offence and then send it to a reform institution. Now it is possible to take away a child altogether when it can be shown that the home surroundings are unfavorable and that no improvement can be brought about by moral suasion. Under this Children's Protection Act there is a central office in the parliament buildings under the direction of J. J. Kelso, who has some 36 Children's Aid Societies organized in the various cities and towns of the province for the purpose of looking after neglected or orphan children. During the 12 years in which this act has been in operation the home conditions of many thousands of children have been improved and some 2800 orphan, deserted or neglected children have been transplanted to foster-homes. These societies have given a good deal of attention to the mental and physical as well as the moral tendencies and where necessary the best surgical, medical and dental skill has been called in to set right the defects that have arisen thru lack of proper care and attention on the part of former guardians. I am informed that many children who suffered from club feet, hair lip, hernia, loss of a limb, etc., have been professionally treated with such success that they are today normal children, their former disabilities having been almost completely removed.

Keep Eye on Them.

The children going to foster-homes are all recorded at the parliament buildings and official visitors call upon them from time to time to see that they are properly treated and also to encourage the foster-parents. This movement marks a long stride ahead of the old-fashioned custom of placing all neglected or orphan children in asylums and reformatories, where they were brought up in a monotonous and routine way and also at large expense to the community. The total expense of this work to the province does not exceed $10,000 per annum, while to the municipalities the additional expense of helping the local societies does not aggregate over four or five thousand dollars a year. Thus the child-saving movement in Ontario, while doing the work of at least five or six large institutions, does not cost altogether what it would take to maintain one institution.

If at any time a child in a foster-home develops any physical weakness, no objection is made to its return for medical attention, the idea being to make it as easy as possible for those assisting in the work by taking a child into their home. As they grow older the children prove valuable assistants in the households of the province, the girls helping with the domestic work and the boys attending the cattle, etc. Mr. Kelso reports that cases of ill-treatment or over-work are exceedingly rare, while on the other hand the children are acquiring a useful knowledge of life and after 16 or 17 gradually become wage-earners and merge into the general community much in the same way as members of an ordinary family group. About 50 or 60 of those who were placed in homes in the earlier years of the work are now married and are useful and respectable citizens.

No More Cruelty.

Probably the greatest gain thru the efforts of this department has been the educational propaganda carried on, asserting the right of every child born into the community to fair and just treatment. Public sentiment has been aroused on this point to such an extent that cruelty to children and many evils such as street-begging, girls selling newspapers, etc., have become a thing of the past. The movement aims at making child-saving work unnecessary by assuring to every little one proper care and attention in its own home from its own parents, and this is undoubtedly the class of work that should be encouraged.

In the furtherance of this work the physicians of the province can lend valuable aid. There should be regular and systematic inspection of all children, especially those of the poorer class, in order that defects may be corrected before it is too late. Often children are allowed to grow up, by indifferent or thoughtless parents, with poor teeth, defective vision, rupture, etc., who, with timely care and attention, are easily curable. Additional legislation in this direction would probably be necessary but in the meantime physicians are asked to communicate any cases coming under their observation to Mr. Kelso or the local Children's Aid Society and to assist as far as they can in bringing about the desired improvement.

Another matter in which valuable assistance can be given is in finding good homes in the country for the babies that are born in the larger cities and find their way into the various institutions. There are no doubt many country homes where a baby would be made welcome, and it would greatly assist the children's societies if physicians would make a point of calling attention of childless people to the good work they could do by adopting a little friendless mite. In this way the death rate would be considerably reduced.

Cotton Burned.

Meridian, Miss., July 8.—Fire to-day destroyed the building of the Gulf Compress Company. Over 14,000 bales of cotton were in storage, and about 5000 bales were damaged or destroyed. The loss is about $175,000.

An Immense Business

This is one of the many and similar expressions relative to the output of "Tomlin's Toronto Bakery"—may be heard daily from passers by. Thousands use this bread and thousands more would use it if they ever gave it a trial; it has that habit of cultivating and keeping your friendship.

H. C. TOMLIN, Prop.

420 to 438 Bathurst St.

Phone Park 553

DRAW A MARRIED COUPLE IN A CAGE THRU STREETS

Brother of Bride Invents New Way of Torturing Newly Wedded Pair.

Pittsburg, July 8.—Pittsburg has invented a bright, fresh, new way of torturing bridal couples, and incidentally the city was last night furnished with a spectacle which threw the efforts of Barnum out of joint. For over an hour a bride and bridegroom were hauled thru the principal streets in a menagerie cage. Their den was illuminated with the glare of red fire. A band blared out notice of their approach and a whirlwind of cheers, cat calls and shrieks of delight marked the interest of the people.

F. C. Zimmerman of Hackensack, N. J., and Miss Louise Timmins of the east end were the unfortunates. They were married last evening at the residence of Rev. Mr. McAnnly, pastor of the Roman-avenue Christian Church. It had been arranged that after the ceremony there should be a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, and there were many carriages to convey the bridal party to and from the church.

There was also a brother of the bride, who had secured a menagerie wagon from a circus, and as soon as the ceremony was over and the bridal couple was departing, the brother and others of the guests bore down on the newly wedded pair and, despite their efforts to escape, carried them bodily to the menagerie cage, pushed them in the door and locked it.

A brass band had been engaged for the occasion, which headed the procession, and followed by the wedding guests in the carriages, the march thru the principal streets of the east end began. The guests burned red fire and blew horns, while the angry occupants of the cage beat their hands against the bars in futile efforts to escape.

Chairs had been placed in the cage for their comfort, and finding that all efforts to escape were useless, they sat down and tried their best to grin and bear it. The parade lasted for over an hour and was viewed by thousands of people.

BELL DARE NOT RESCIND.

Would Risk Entire Loss if Contract is Canceled.

Montreal, July 8.—(Special).—W. D. Lighthall, secretary of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, said to-day, in discussing the telephone decision of Justice Kellam:

"From the copy of the decision I have now received the decision appears practically to be this, that a connection is permitted on paying the Bell Company $5 annually per each Bell phone there, which is a very small sum. The conditions with regard to the railway seem to be nominal, as the Bell Company dare not rescind the contract and so lose all by coming under the statute alone."

GRABBED LIVE WIRE; IS DEAD.

In Spite of Warning Montreal Man Was Foolhardy.

Montreal, July 8.—(Special.) — On the Upper Lachine-road this morning a man was instantly killed thru taking hold of a live electric wire.

One of the electric wires belonging to the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company broke and hung over the sidewalk.

The deceased and another man came along, and in spite of the warnings of nearby residents took hold of the wire. He was instantly killed.

MONTREAL EATS PURE FOOD.

Montreal, July 8.—(Special.)—Dr. J. J. McCarrey, chief food inspector for the city, says that of 20,000 gallons of milk delivered daily in city very little is diluted or impure. The use of preservatives is practically unknown. Dilution and skimming are seldom found.

The traveling ice cream vendor has to be looked after carefully, for his cart is regarded as a certain means of contagion. There is a feeling that his traffic should be put a stop to. Care is being exhibited by confectionary people in the use of aniline dyes.

Dr. McCarrey says that Montreal food is usually plain and invariably good.

Naturally.

Tokio, July 8.—The news of the successful flotation of the Japanese foreign loan of $150,000,000 caused great satisfaction here.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

When away on a

VACATION

your mind will be relieved if you know that your

SILVERWARE

and other valuable articles are in a place of safety.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation's vaults are both fire and burglar proof and its rates are moderate.

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JULY BOND LIST

WE HAVE JUST PREPARED OUR QUARTERLY LIST OF INVESTMENT OFFERINGS, WHICH COMPRISE SOME VERY ATTRACTIVE GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS AT SPECIALLY FAVORABLE RATES. WE WILL BE GLAD TO SEND COPY ON APPLICATION.

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Must Bear Signature of

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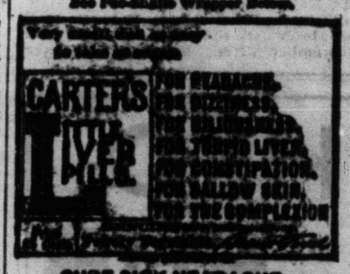

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The most invigorating preparation of its kind ever introduced to help and sustain the invalid or the athlete.

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is well illustrated here. This season we are showing some exceptionally attractive and becoming styles, amongst which we would mention

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Pember's Hair Emporium
127-129 Yonge Street.

SOCIAL LIFE

The Waterloo Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Galt, and the Ladies' Aid Society in connection, have shown what a success it is possible to gain in the cause of charity by their exhibition of things made in Canada which took place last week. The object in view was to obtain as large a fund as possible to benefit the hospital, and altho the sum realized is not yet known, it will no doubt be substantial, everything having been managed on the basis of sound common sense. The country people were all largely interested in the success of the fete and brought in their contributions from far and near, each individual being made to feel that he or she had an individual part in what was to form a perfect whole. The two large rinks were utilized for the exhibition and all the necessary work of carpenters, plumbers, etc., was done by the workmen, with the heartiest good will and free of charge the electric lighting being contributed by the Messrs. McCullough. The march of the nations which took place in the evening was a brilliant spectacle, led by Mrs. Goldie, representing Canada, in a robe of rich white satin, with wreaths of hand-painted maple leaves in the vivid autumn coloring, the long train borne by four little Canadians. Following came in unique combination Indians, French ladies, cowboys from the Northwest, squaws, habitants, braw Hielanders and representatives of the peoples who make up the great nation, one of the brightest jewels in the crown of the British Empire. The decorations of the various booths were also symbolical and in charge of women and girls appropriately costumed. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. J. J. Davidson, and Mrs. Arthurs went from Toronto to Galt for the occasion, and report that it would be impossible to praise too highly the efforts of every one concerned in the exhibition, all having worked in harmony for the common good.

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Mrs. Charles Fuller, who is enjoying a villagiatura at Balmy Beach, had a few people out to afternoon tea on Monday, the weather being lovely and her guests much enjoyed lounging on the comfortable chairs on the verandahs, where tea was served.

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Mrs. Hanbury-Williams has returned to ottawa after having paid a visit to Lady Drummond. Her children will spend the summer at Kingsmere.

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Miss Esther Toutaut de Beauregard, daughter of the late Captain Armand de Beauregard, New Orleans, La., was on Tuesday married to Mr. Percy James Robinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter Robinson, Toronto. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. William Carter, 665 Huron-street. An uncle of the bride, Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., read the service. Mr. William Carter gave his niece away and her cousin, Miss Maud Carter was bridesmaid, Mr. Aubrey B. Blanchard, Truro, N.S., being best man. Only immediate relatives and friends were present, among those from a distance being Mrs. Richard T. Beauregard, Miss Amelie T. Beauregard and Mr. R. T. Beauregard from San Antonio, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will be absent on their bridal tour until September, after which they will take up their residence at St. Andrew's College.

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Mr. James Brydon, who has been manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Collingwood for the last eighteen years, has been transferred to the Yonge and Bloor-street branch, Toronto. Previous to his departure the citizens presented Mr. Brydon a chest of silver, in token of their love and regret at his departure. Mrs. Brydon will also be much missed, as she took so much interest in all the philanthropic work of the town.

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On Monday night the first of the series of summer dances of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club took place at their new and delightful island home. The night was perfect and the scene one of enchantment. The merry young people who thronged the verandahs or "chased the glowing hours with flying feet" pronounced the floor to be all that their foundest hopes had pictured, and, if it is ever safe to prophesy before the event, one may predict no success for to attend the rest of the dances, which are to be given fortnightly, I understand, until the number five is reached.

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Mrs. Acton Burrows has gone to Prince Edward Island to remain until the middle of September. She was accompanied by two of her daughters.

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Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson have gone to the Pacific Coast, expecting to be absent for six or seven weeks.

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Mrs. John King and her daughter, Miss Jean are staying with Mrs. King's son, Mr. Mackenzie King, deputy minister of labor, at his summer cottage at Kingsmere, Quebec.

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The engagement is announced in Hamilton of Miss Taylor, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, to Captain I. I. C. Thomson.

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The marriage of Miss Doris Abramson, only daughter of Mrs. A. Jacobs, to Mr. Joseph Rosenthal, Toronto, took place last week at Kings Hall, Montreal. The bride was given away by Mr. A. Jacobs, and wore a gown of white crepe de chene, with trimmings of lace and orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of roses. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Bella Frank from Chicago, who was gowned in white silk organdie, and by Miss Sarah Jacobs in cream voile. They both carried pink roses. Mr. Charles Samuel was best man. The groom presented the bride a handsome diamond ornament. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal left on a trip to the Thousand Islands and Toronto.

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Mrs. Isadore Hellmuth has been staying with Mrs. Stewart Houston, Toleadal, Allandale.

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Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, with their sons, have gone to their summer cottage at Georgian Bay.

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On Wednesday afternoon, June 28, at 3 o'clock, a pretty wedding was solemnized in All Saints' Church, King City, which was beautifully decorated by the members of the congregation. The groom was Alfred E. Mason, Toronto, and the bride was Miss Annie Bosworth, elder daughter of Mrs. Edwin Bosworth of Kinghorn. The ceremony was performed under a bell of daisies, which swung from an arch of roses. Rev. F. M. Dean officiated. The bride, given away by her uncle, Robert Ash, Unionville, was attired in point d'esprit over peau de soie, and carried a bouquet of white roses, with maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid, Miss Sarah, sister of the bride, was dressed in pale blue crepe de Paris over taffeta, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The bride's mother wore a dress of black voile over taffeta, and the groom's mother was attired in black silk, relieved with white. Little Irene Glass, dressed in white silk, trimmed with Irish point lace, was flower girl, and carried a basket of white carnations, which she, walking backward, dropped at the bride's feet. The groomsman was Charles Mason, cousin to the groom, and the ushers were Walter Armstrong of Scarboro and William Perkins of King City. The groom's gift to the bride was a crescent of pearls, the only ornament worn by her; to the bridesmaid a gold locket and chain; to the flower girl a gold ring, set with pearls, and to the groomsman a gold ring, set with emeralds. After the ceremony, the wedding luncheon was enjoyed by 150 guests, upon the lawn, at the house of the bride's mother. A large number of valuable presents, received by the bride, spoke to the high esteem of her many friends. Amid a shower of rice and flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Mason left for a wedding trip.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude E. Bridgland, second daughter of the late Dr. Bridgland (Bracebridge), to William Kingsmill, son of the late Judge Kingsmill, Toronto. The marriage will take place the last week in August.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Elgin-avenue, left last Thursday for an extended trip on their Winton touring car, visiting the principal towns and cities thruout Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, returning by way of Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

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W. H. Barber and Miss Barber, 41 Chicora-avenue, left to-day by way of the St. Lawrence River and Thousand Islands, for Montreal, and will sail on Friday by the Victorian for an extended European tour.

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Mrs. P. J. McGee, 87 1-2 Cottingham-street, is spending the summer at Aura Lee Villa, Fairy Lake, Muskoka.

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The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn M. Kent, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent of St. George-street, to Albert A. Thompson, youngest son of the late Robert Thompson of Toronto.

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The exodus to England seems greater from Toronto this year than ever. Among those who have left during the past week have been Dr. Albert and Mrs. Ham, Mrs. Grace Denison (Lady Gay of Saturday Night) and Charles Matthews of The Globe.

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An interesting event took place on Wednesday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, it being the occasion of the marriage of their youngest daughter, Sadie J., to Dr. James B. Johnstone of Whitby, by Rev. Dr. Abraham. Miss Louie Reynolds of Toronto, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march. The bride was attired in white silk eolienne, trimmed with chiffon, over ivory taffeta silk, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Edyth Guthrie, was gowned in white silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The little flower girl, Edyth Weherly, dressed in white silk, carried a basket of lilies of the valley and ferns. The groom was supported by Dr. Arthur Rutherford of Hawkesbury. The gift of the groom to the bride was a beautiful silver tea service, to the bridesmaid a pearl ring, to the flower girl a gold bracelet and to the groomsman a fleur de lis pin. After the ceremony, all retired to the dining-room, which was artistically decorated for the occasion with smilax and Marguerites. The health of the bride and bridesmaid was proposed by Dr. Abraham, and responded to by Dr. Johnstone and Dr. Rutherford. Dr. and Mrs. Johnstone left on the evening train for Toronto, and from there by boat they will take a trip down the St. Lawrence.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hutchins, St. George-street, are spending the summer at Centre Island, the guests of Mrs. Mead.

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Foster, 86 Major-street, was the scene of a happy gathering of friends to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. The evening was delightfully spent in dancing, singing, music and cards, the prizes being won by: First lady's, Mrs. Pearce; second, Mrs. F. Smith; consolation, Mrs. Embree; gentleman's, first, Mr. Embree; second, Mr. McLiver; consolation, James Sproule. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Humphrey, Mrs. Farron, Dr. J. F. Ten Eyck, Mrs. C. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. Reinholt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Embree, Mr. and Mrs. James Sproule, Miss Maggie Sproule, Burton Sproule, Mrs. Alex. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLiver, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Robinson, Mrs. J. A. Smith, Miss Ruby Smith, Harold Smith.

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Lady Eileen Eliot, says an English paper, is considered to be the most beautiful girl now in society, altho she is somewhat past the debutante age, she has been little seen in London. Lady Minto has brought up her two elder daughters very simply; they are to h keen sports women and were enthusiastic skaters while in Canada. Lady Eileen helped her parents to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their great colonial tour, and the princess is much interested in all Lady Minto's children. A great part of Lady Minto's life previous to her marriage was spent about the court of Queen Victoria.

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A great many Toronto people came home in the Canada last week: Mrs. Marlitt, Misses L. and M. Waldie, Dr. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, Mr. O. T. Macklem, Miss Hewby, Mr. F. S. Hammond, Mr. Charles Greenwood, Mrs. B. Greenwood, Misses Greenwood, Harold Greenwood, Prof. Craike, Mr. and Mrs. Crowdy.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ellis have taken a cottage at King's Royal Beach, Georgian Bay; their daughter will accompany them there.

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The Misses Fannie and Annie Johnston of Howard-street left July 1 for a three months' trip to the coast. While there they intend paying a visit to their brother, Dr. Wilson Johnston, now practising medicine in Colfax, Wash.

White embroidered linen trimmed with bands of sea green linen and ruches of white Valencinnes. White straw hat with pink roses.

HED-RUB

eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling and makes the old head feel like new. You can buy it from your druggist or barbers. Try it—you will be pleased.

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Whether it be a pair of Steel Spectacles or Gold Rimless Eyeglasses, you can be sure of getting an exact and comfortable fit at a most reasonable price. We have a large assortment of Smoke Glasses, neat, strong and inexpensive. Just the thing for your vacation. 23 years' experience.

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Canada can now boast of one of the finest mineral waters in the world, namely, radnor.

From its spring in the Laurentians, radnor comes to each thirsty soul, the most delightful of refreshers, and mixes exquisitely with rye, Scotch, milk or wine.

Get in touch with the spirit of the Laurentians, and always order radnor at your club or restaurant, and see that there is a good supply in your refrigerator at home.

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Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

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...ING GOWNS, SMART SUITS and BLOUSES
...LLINERY
...ns in New Spring Millinery
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Practical Optician. 28 Leader Lane

a cottage at King's Royal Beach, Georgian Bay; their daughter will accompany them there.

• • •

The Misses Fannie and Annie Johnston of Howard-street left July 1 for a three months' trip to the coast. While there they intend paying a visit to their brother, Dr. Wilson Johnston, now practising medicine in Colfax, Wash.

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SOCIAL LIFE

People are flying all over the country, and a great number have flown out of it, every steamer bearing its quota to the old country. This week, Mrs. Grasett, Canon Cody, Mr. Tate Blackstock, Mr. Reeves, St. George-street, have all sailed; also Mr. Alfred Denison. At the island are Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Scott and Miss Helen Scott. Mrs. Francis has a large party at Dolce Domum. All the cottages at Muskoka are now filled with their summer occupants. G. R. R. Cockburn went up this week. Mrs. Cockburn will follow next week. Col. and Mrs. Pellatt still have General Otter as their guest in their summer house at Davenport Hill. He is making good progress towards recovery.

• • •

Minnicoganashene has a large number of guests from Toronto, other towns in Canada, and from many places in the States.

• • •

Mrs. and Miss Michie are at Preston Springs.

• • •

Mr. Anderson has returned to England.

• • •

Mrs. Gregory, Westminster College, has gone to Lake-of-Bays, Muskoka. Her son, Dr. Allison Roles, accompanied her.

• • •

Lady Gzowski remains at Clovelly, and General and Mrs. Sandham, from England, are with her.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Madison-avenue, have taken a cottage at Windermere, Muskoka. They go up next week to stay the summer.

• • •

Mrs. Godson and the Misses Godson, Rosedale, have left for Muskoka, where they will spend the next few months.

• • •

"Auburn Villa," the beautiful home of Mrs. and Mr. John McDonough, Nashville, was on Tuesday evening the scene of a lawn party. The hostess, tastefully gowned in black silk, received, and was assisted by her aunt, Mrs. H. E. Willmott, Chicago, who wore a gown of black silk crepe de chene. A party of 75 arrived by the evening train from Toronto, and those, with arrivals from the surrounding country and adjacent towns, swelled the throng to over 500. Refreshments were served in the basement, which was tastefully decorated with syringa blossoms, ferns, evergreens and bunting. A large platform for dancing was laid on the centre of the lawn. The grounds were well lighted by Chinese lanterns and colored lights, neatly arranged, and the merry party thoroly enjoyed themselves.

• • •

At "The Willows," Orangeville, home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macdonald, the marriage took place on Thursday of their eldest daughter, Miss Ella Margaret, well-known in musical circles, to Mr. Arthur E. Chapman, C. P. R. train despatcher. Rev. Mr. Burch of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Orangeville, performed the ceremony in the presence of immediate friends of the bride and groom. Mrs. George McIntyre (nee Strong) gave vocal selections. The bride was attired in a handsome navy blue traveling suit. Among the gifts was a silver tea service, presented by St. Andrew's Choir, of which the bride was a valued member. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are spending the honeymoon in Toronto, Detroit and other places west.

• • •

Mrs. J. B. Hallworth, Cottingham-street, and her son, Goldie, are staying Cobourg with Mrs. Wethey, Mrs. Hallworth's aunt.

• • •

Mrs. Kenly and her son, Mr. W. M. Kenly, of the Ontario Bank, have taken apartments at Formosa Cottage, Hanlan's Point, for the summer.

• • •

Miss Sandersen and sister, Bella, of 253 Sherbourne-street, are visiting at the home of the mayor of Okotoks, Alta., who came here last Christmas and carried off as his bride one of Toronto's best teachers, Miss Smart, of Duke-street school.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boeckh are spending the summer at their cottage, "Fair Oaks," on Pigeon Lake, Bobcaygeon.

• • •

Mr. L. Waldemar Clemens, who has been on a sketching tour with Mr. Horne Watson, returned last week to attend the Orr-Edwards wedding. He is the guest of his mother and father at "Blair Lodge."

• • •

Dr. Alpha C. Bennett, Melbourne-avenue, has been appointed to the resident staff of the Hospital for Sick Children.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson of Elgin-avenue left on Tuesday for a month's automobile tour of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio.

• • •

Mr. William M. Thompson of Pittsburg, Pa., accompanied by his wife (nee Graham) is visiting R. Thompson of Russell-street.

• • •

Miss L. Norris of Beverley-street is the guest of Mrs. James Scott, Muskoka.

• • •

Mrs. Duncan MacGregor (Peterboro) is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Rosedale.

• • •

The greatest sorrow has been manifested in other than newspaper circles the past week at the death of Fred Ewan, son of John A. Ewan, one of the editors of The Globe. Deceased was only in his 19th year, was an only son and was an especially bright and clever young men. He gave promise of an exceptionally brilliant career. In such cases words are utterly inadequate to express the sympathy we must all feel for the bereaved parents whose popularity is unbounded among an exceptionally large circle of friends and acquaintances. The funeral on Wednesday to St. James' Cemetery was not only numerously attended, but many leading citizens by their presence testified to sincerity and width of the sense of sorrow.

• • •

A pleasant event took place at "The Evergreens," Darlington, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collacott, on Wednesday. The contracting parties were Miss Hilda Mae Logan, daughter of the late Edward H. Logan, London, and Dr. W. T. Willard, Toronto Junction. The bride looked charming in a pretty dress of cream silk eolienne over taffeta, with trimmings of chiffon embroidery and ribbon, carrying a bridal bouquet of roses. She was given away by her stepfather, Mr. Robt. Collacott. Miss May Willard, Galt, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty dress of green silk organdie and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Miss Madeline Stephen, Darlington, who was flower girl, wore a dress of white dotted Swiss muslin and carried a basket of sweet peas. The groom was supported by Mr. John Hancock, B.A., of Galt. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. L. S. Wright, B.A., B.D., Tyrone, assisted by Rev. W. McM. Logan, A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of the bride, beneath a bell of flowers. The house was prettily decorated in green and white, the bride's table being very tastily decorated with an umbrella of smilax and white ribbon, daintily interwoven. After the wedding dejeuner Dr. and Mrs. Willard left on the evening train for a trip down the St. Lawrence, the bride traveling in a smart suit of navy blue broadcloth and white silk blouse, with hat to match. The groom's gift to the bride was a crown of whole pearls, while to the bridesmaid and Miss Nellie Pattinson, Bowmanville, who played the wedding march, he gave pearl lily of the valley pins and to the flower girl a pearl ring. Dr. and Mrs. Willard will be at home to their friends at 396 Annette-street, Toronto Junction, after July 20. The guests from a distance included: Rev. and Mrs. W. McM. Logan, Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. McMurtry, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McMurtry and Misses Edna and Helen McMurtry of Galt, Miss Linton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hoar, Mr. J. E. Willard and Miss A. Willard of Toronto Junction.

• • •

On Friday evening Milton Robbins Jennings of The Evening Telegram was married to Miss Caroline L. Sheldon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Sheldon, in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Eugene M. Bartlett, Bryant-street, Buffalo. The house was beautifully decorated and the wedding one of the most fashionable of the season. Rev. Edwin S. Hoffman performed the ceremony in the presence of a large circle of friends and relatives. The beautiful gown of white chiffon worn by the bride was trimmed with rose point lace. G. Ernest McRae of Toronto was best man, and W. H. Carswell of Toronto one of the ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings left for a short wedding trip. They will be at home after July 20.

• • •

Harry C. Fielding of Ottawa, son of the minister of finance, was the guest of Ald. Church at Hanlan's Hotel last week. Mr. Fielding is taking a course at McGill University.

• • •

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Freeland, 5 Dean-street, last Saturday noon, when Miss Phoebe Hammell was married to Albert Edwin Curtis of Toronto Junction, by Rev. Mr. Smith of Toronto Junction. The bride, who was given away by her brother, W. H. Hammell of Beeton, was gowned in pearl grey silk eolienne over taffeta, with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley. The wedding march from Lohengrin was played by Miss Lindley Nelson of Galt. The bridesmaid, Miss Minnie Nelson, was gowned in a dress of grey Parisian voile, with blue Dresden girdle and tulle hat with ties, and carried a boqet of pink roses and ferns. The best man was William Curtis, brother of the groom. Little Edna Bennett was flower girl. Master Willie Freeland was page. About 165 guests were present.

HAMILTON SOCIETY.

Miss Winnifred Featherstone of Toronto is visiting Miss Stella Switzel at the beach.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waters gave a delightful at home at their beach residence, Minnehaha, in honor of the representatives of the North American Life Insurance Company, which held its annual meeting at Hotel Brant.

• • •

Mrs. Edward J. Moore, who was recently elected president of the Burlington Woman's Institute, gave a garden party for the members on Tuesday afternoon at her residence, Cedar Lodge. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Hemphill.

• • •

Mrs. Webber of Guelph is visiting her sister, Mrs. Roselle Knott.

• • •

Mis Phyllis Hendrie is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ledyard in Detroit.

• • •

Madame Franzin Van Gestel, widow of Baron Franzin Van Gestel of Holland, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Magill.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Barber and Miss Francis Barber are at the Seaside Hotel, Atlantic City.

• • •

Dr. Freeman, late of the Hamilton City Hospital, is visiting his parents in Burlington.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. William Buchanan of St. Thomas stopped over in Hamilton this week as they were en route from Cobourg, where they attended the wedding of Senator Kerr's daughter.

• • •

Misses Florence and Evelyn Gibson visited their sisters, Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Darling in Toronto this week.

• • •

Miss Lloyd Mewburn and Miss May Mewburn are back from Calgary for a visit.

• • •

The engagement is announced of Capt. J. J. C. Thompson and Miss Margaret Taylor, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor.

• • •

Mrs. T. H. Stinson gave a tea this week in honor of Mrs. Lloyd Mewburn.

• • •

Hamilton came near having a tragedy last week when Roselle Knott, the clever actress, was upset from a boat in the lake. Her son, Tom Knott, and her manager, Mr. Shipman, were with her and brought her safely to the shore.

The fancy for Princess effects is increasing, and will continue to do so as the autumn advances. This costume is in a coarse, or rather a heavy, make of crepe de chine, with an embroidered bolero of taffetas, edged with white panne. The same embroidery formes the border on the skirt. This garment would naturally require close fitting in a series of tiny pleats, and would be most becoming to a tall, slight woman. Worn with this is a picturesque hat, covered with white and black feathers.

Endorsed and eulogized by Nordica, Albani, Plunket Greene, Watkin Mills, Burmeister, Hyllested, Jonas, Nutini and a host of other artists famed the world over.

Durability, pure singing quality, responsiveness of touch and unrivalled tone are some of the characteristics of the

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

(MADE BY YE OLDE FIRME OF HEINTZMAN & CO.)

Its beautiful singing quality of tone and wonderful touch has made it pre-eminently the artists' piano.

Piano Salon, 115-117 King St. West, Toronto.

Used in all the leading colleges and conservatories throughout the wide Dominion.

THE GOODS LAY ON THE COUNTER AND THE OLD WOMAN TOOK THEM

Sixty-Five-Year-Old Meaford Woman in cells for Shop-Lifting.

Mrs. Sarah A. Brown came to Toronto. Her home is in Meaford. She is 65 years of age. She had not been in Toronto for many years. Heretofore, she has been an honorable woman, respected in the town where she resides. She came to town, and, like many others, she visited a department store. There, as all know, the goods are displayed, not only lavishly, but carelessly. The temptation was too much for the old woman. She yielded, and the police took her in. In her possession were found a waist, some silk belts and other stuff.

She did not require the goods she stole. She had plenty of money, yet she stole. Who is to blame—the tempter or the tempted? This is not an isolated case. There are many of them which never reach the police court annals. These incidents did not happen years ago. Who is to blame?

STAGE COACH HELD UP.

Bandit Compels Driver to Open Mail Bags and Take Loot.

Meadows, Idaho, July 8.—The stage from Warren to Meadows has been held up by a lone highwayman near Resort Station. The bandit covered the driver with two automatic revolvers, and compelled him to open the mail sacks and throw them down. He then removed all the registered letters. Two passengers and the driver were lined up and relieved of their valuables. The robber then coolly walked away with his plunder, amounting to $1200 or $1500. He was unmasked.

KILLED FOR HIS MONEY.

Woman and Paramour Drown Aged Man to Secure Property.

Pocahontas, Ark., July 8.—Edward Hubbard, at a coroner's inquest, has confessed that he and Willie Roberts, a woman, whom he names as his accomplice, carried out a plot which resulted in the drowning of Pleas Burns, an old man, who lived alone on Spring River. The drowning was the culmination of a plan to secure the old man's property thru a will made in the woman's favor.

SUMMER RESORTS.

CASPE BASIN

The Favorite Spot for Health and Sport. Charming Resort for Sportsman and Pleasure Seekers.

The vicinity affords beautiful scenery, fine sea bathing and unexcelled fishing. Guests have the privilege of salmon and trout fishing in connection with the house. Salmon and Trout Fishing Par Excellence.

BAKER'S HOTEL

(OPENED JUNE 1ST.)

so long and favorably known, offers first-class accommodation for tourists, with all the comforts of home.

Before making your plans for your summer outing, be sure to write for terms and other information to 246

BAKER'S HOTEL, Gaspe, Que.

HIS SUMMER COTTAGE.

Don't you want to be the fellow
Who has boarded up his p'ace,
Aand moved his little family
To a spot,
Where cosy summer cottages
Are dotted o'er the space
A little while ago you might have
Got?

He can eat on the verandah,
With mosquitoes in his pie,
And separate the cobwebs
From his tea;
When he has finished feeding,
He can comfortably lie
Contented in a hammock 'neath
A tree.

Free from care and worry,
He can lay his carcase down,
And think, 'mid calm surroundings
Of the day;
And smoke a fragrant weed they would
Not let him smoke in town,
And watch his little sunburned youngsters
Play.

He can frolic with his offspring,
As they rock him to and fro,
And shake tobacco ashes
In his eye;
He can listen to their prattle
About things they shouldn't know,
But learn from other prodigies
Near by.

He can listen to the linnet
Singing softly, all alone,
And blend the song with harmony,
That floats
From someone's damp piano
With sad rheumatic tone,
And chronic cold that's settled in its
Notes.

When wifey's washed the dishes,
And brings her cheering smile
To make him glad he happened
To be born;
Both of 'em get chummy
With the sunset for awhile
And talk of canned tomatoes at
The morn.

He chases with two buckets
To another fellow's well
Nearly half a mile away
From his,
Because it's clear as crystal,
And anyone could tell
It's better than the other
Water is.

His relatives and bosom friends
Know where he's hanging out;
They like to come to meals
And stay a day.
They know he might be lonesome
Unless they were about;
He'd love 'em if they'd only stay
Away.

He doesn't miss the icema...,
But he'd like to have the ice
To keep the butter closer
When it's hot;
He likes to split the firewood,
And a bathroom would be nice,
So would other things he has'nt
Got.

But his saucy summer cottage,
With its ragged-edges name,
And cheerful coat of paint,
Is pretty trim;
Most of us would like a little place
Somewhat the same,
And so it's up to us to envy
Him. —Rub.

ORILLIA'S POWER PLANT PAYS BIG RETURNS ON INVESTMENT

Notwithstanding Extraordinary Expenditure and Ill-Luck Public Ownership is a Success.

A good example of the advantages of public ownership of public utilities is afforded in the electric power plant of the Town of Orillia, situated at Ragged Rapids, on the Severn River, a distance by transmission line of 19 miles from the town. This plant has cost to date $260,000, and a further outlay of $20,000 is to be expended for needed repairs, made necessary by the washing away of the flood dam in April, 1904. Altho scarcely in operation two years, this plant has returned to the town treasury $31,000 of revenue, and is paying off the debentures at the rate of $13,000 per annum. The capacity of the plant is 1800 horse power, of which 800 is in use for municipal and private purposes. The town enjoys an all-night arc light service and power for municipal demands at a minimum cost and foresees a gold mine in its power plant in the future. The factories in Orillia are all operated by electricity at $16 per horse power. The light service for business houses is 35c per lamp per month, with 20 per cent. off. Private consumers get the service for 25c per lamp per month, with 20 per cent. off, and enjoy the advantage of a free light for the front of their dwellings. The revenue from the plant this year will reduce the taxes by $6000 and pay all expenses, including debentures.

Thru its power plant Orillia has an electric pumping system that is a guarantee against conflagrations. The capacity of the electric pump is 1,250,000 gallons a day, which gives a pressure from the stand pipe of 98 pounds to the square inch for fire purposes in the centre of the town. The original contract price for constructing this plant, submitted by the Buffalo Construction Company, was $68,000. The contract was taken off their hands before operations were begun by the Electrical Maintenance and Construction Company of Toronto, of which P. H. Patriarche was president. Ill-fortune followed the company in their contract until the corporation was forced to take it over. The contractors are supposed to have lost nearly a hundred thousand dollars in the deal. Peter Ryan being one of those fated to suffer. The plant was begun in 1899, and the power turned on in 1902. A year or so later, a large portion of the stone dam, measuring 16 feet thru at the base and standing 32 feet high, was carried away by the spring freshet. A wooden dam was constructed at a cost of $28,000, by Joseph Battle of Thorold, and power again turned on in October, 1904 since when the plant has been in active operation.

In spite of the great cost the plant is proving a valuable asset to the town.

ORIL'.IA'S POWER PLANT

Power House and Masonry Dam Washed Away in 1904, But Rebuilt—A Paying Investment.

The accompanying cut shows power house and masonry dam, before the latter was washed away in the spring of 1904. The dam, as seen in the cut, was 160 feet in length at the crest and 35 feet high. The piers were five feet in width, and averaged 12 in depth. The dam was 31 feet thru at the toe, and tapered to four feet at the crest. When the washout occurred, three of these piers were carried away, together with about two-thirds of the foundations below the surface of the water.

ONTARIO OIL FIELDS BOOM NEW COMPANIES TO OPERATE

Provincial Authorization Granted Three Concerns—Batch of Other Enterprises.

The Ontario Gazette announces the incorporation of the Osborne Oil Producers, Limited, capital $100,000, and head office in Petrolea. Provisional directors John Armstrong, Owen Sound; Peter Ryan, John A. McIntosh, oil operator, and Daniel Urquhart, Toronto, and William McIntosh of Petrolea.

The South Bay Oil Company of Ohio have secured a license to operate in Ontario, with G. G. Moncrieff of Petrolea as attorney, and authorization to employ not more than $100,000 capital.

The Hickey Oil Company has secured a license to employ $1,000,000 in the oil business in Ontario. It is an Arizona concern, and H. F. Slater of Leamington is its Ontario attorney.

The Ontario Gas and Fuel Company is incorporated with a capital of $100,000, head office in Hamilton. Directors: F. M. Lowry and J. C. McDowell, Pennsylvania; W. A. Spratt, Hamilton; W. J. Atkins, Dumnith, and C. A. McGara, Dundas.

The Home Realty Company is incorporated with capital of $40,000, head office Toronto, and Annie I. Hunter, R. G. Hunter, Margaret Rolls, Cecil Hunter and Alfred Hunter of Toronto provisional directors.

The Toronto Weisbach Light Company with a capital of $60,000, head office Toronto, and J. G. Lohrman, Indiana; J. R. Adamson, John Fiech, F. J. P. Gibson and G. C. Arnott of Toronto, provisional directors.

The Johnston Oil Engine Company is incorporated with a capital of $250,000, head office Toronto, and H. A. Johnston, A. M. Wickens, Orange Jail, inventor; C. L. Watts, all of Toronto, and W. F. Johnston of Ingersoll as provisional directors.

The Canadian Camp Club, Limited, capital of $25,000, head office Toronto, and G. L. Curtis, R. T. Morris, J. A. Cruickshanks, all of New York; W. T. McCullough, New Jersey; L. O. Armstrong, Montreal; A. E. Dyment and J. B. Doble of Thessalon, Ont., as provisional directors. They secure the rights of a hunting and sporting club.

The Raymond Manufacturing Company of Guelph has secured letters patent permitting an increase of capital stock from $150,000 to $250,000.

The Colonial Lumber Company, a Dominion concern, has secured a license to operate in Ontario, with R. W. Gordon of Pembroke as attorney.

The Crescent Watch Case Company has secured a license to operate in Ontario, with John McKnight of Toronto as attorney.

The New Ontario Iron Company, incorporated under the laws of Maine, has secured a license to operate in Ontario, employing here not more than $1,000,000. Tara Reid Martin of Toronto is their Ontario attorney, and they propose to develop mines and other properties in the Rainy River district.

Merrall's Engineering Company has secured a charter to deal in and make mining and other machinery. Capital $150,000, head office Toronto, Frank D. Woolworth, Ida Cometh Morrison and Mercy Cometh Morrison, provisional directors.

The Georgian Bay Milling and Power Company with a capital of $100,000, head office Meaford, and W. Moore, W. T. Moore, F. R. Moore, W. J. Moore and Susan A. Moore, all of Meaford, charter members.

The Niagara Falls Brewing and Malting Company, capital $100,000, head office Niagara Falls, and G. G. Durham, J. Bamfield, J. J. Bamfield, Harry Williams, C. J. Flynn, F. G. Kick, all of Niagara Falls, and T. Flommerfelt, Chippewa, charter members.

The Concrete Pole Co., head office St. Catharines, capital $100,000, and John Jennings, H. L. M. Weller of Toronto; E. J. Odlum, H. H. Collins and G. B. Burson, St. Catharines, as charter members.

The Monarch Brass Manufacturing Co., $100,000 capital, head office Port Colborne, and C. A. Masten, J. R. L. Starr, and J. H. Spence, Toronto; Susan Whittaker and Lilian M. Beal, charter members. The company will make and deal in steam fitters' and other supplies.

TOM JOHNSON OF OHIO.

The Man Who Knows What He's About in Things Generally.

Lincoln Steffens in McClure's.

Convinced of the injustice of privileges, Mr. Johnson did not quit turning privileges into money; he was twitted on the point while he was a member of congress in 1891, and his answer shows how he excused himself. Mr. Johnson moved that the duty on steel rails be removed. Mr. Dalzell, the Republican leader, interrupted Johnson to ask him if he, a manufacturer of steel rails, was not a beneficiary of the duty on them. Johnson said he was; that he got a higher price for his rails because of that duty; but that, as a member of congress, he represented not himself, nor his mill, nor his stockholders, but his constituents; and that as a free trader he wished to commence his reforms along the line in which he was interested. So he continued his motion to put steel rails on the free list. In other words, his position was that while as a business man he would take advantage of the favoritism of his government, as a citizen and as a politician he would fight all privileges as economically unjust.

Another amusing incident occurred at Detroit. As the manager of the street car system, Johnson was seeking from the city a double-track privilege. Mayor Pingree was against the grant, "but," said Johnson, "Pingree didn't know why; he came to me and said he knew there was something the matter with the ordinance, and wouldn't tell him what was wrong? I laughed. I said I wouldn't tell him what he wanted to know, but I would tell him this much: 'If,' I said, 'I had the say for the city in this thing, I'd see Tom Johnson in hell before I'd let him have it.'" When the hearing was held, Pingree couldn't make his position very clear; he hesitated and then he said he didn't understand the ordinance, but he pointed at Johnson and he said: "But I can tell you this. Tom Johnson there told me that if he was in our places he'd see Tom Johnson in hell before he'd grant it. Everybody looked at Johnson, who laughed heartily. "Yes, I did say that," he admitted, "but it is a dirty trick to tell it on me."

So he knew what he was about in business, but he kept at it till he had made his money. Then, when some men go in for yachting or the senate, and give money to charity and churches, colleges, and libraries, Tom Johnson gave himself and his money to politics, to municipal reform as the mayor of Cleveland. And as mayor he knew what he was about.

THOUGHT BOAT IN DANGER PASSENGERS IN A PANIC

Kingston, July 8.—There was a lively time at Folger's wharf at 9 o'clock last night.

The steamer Pierrepont, with about 400 Sydenham-street Methodist picnickers, in effecting a landing, struck the end of the wharf, and listed to such an extent that it was thought she would capsize.

People aboard screamed hysterically and rushed to the gangway to jump off, but were prevented from doing so, and lives were saved.

The steamer's wheel was badly smashed and the end of the wharf wrecked.

WHERE CITY COMES IN.

The city treasurer has received from the Toronto Railway Company a cheque for $31,353.48, the city's share of $231,715.00 received by the company in June. The payment to the city is $6180 greater than for June, 1904, and $17,600 more than for the same month five years ago.

Provincial Appointments.

The following provincial appointments are gazetted: R. E. Preston of Kenora, to be registrar of deeds for the north division of the District of Rainy River. William Carrel, M.D., of Cayuga, H. A. Minchen, M. D., of Enniskillen; George Eric Chapman, M.D., of Sombra; I. J. Lane, M.D., of North Williamsburg, to be coroners. J. S. L. McNeely of Carleton Place, to be magistrate for Carleton Place, without salary. Andrew More of Kenora, to be magistrate for the municipalities of Kenora and Keewatin, at a salary of $750 per annum. Edward William Smith of Almonte to be magistrate for Almonte without salary. Lachlan McBain, Camaington, to be bailiff of the fifth division court of the County of Ontario. Patrick J. Harrington, Killaloe Station, to be clerk of the eighth division court of the County of Renfrew. Thomas Morgan of Ripley, to be bailiff of the ninth division court of the County of Bruce. Walter Caughell of Little Current to be bailiff of the second division court of the District of Manitoulin. John W. Duncan of Brassels to be clerk of the fourth division court of the County of Huron. Thomas Connors of Orillia to be bailiff of the sixth division court of the County of Simcoe.

ARE CANADIANS PATRIOTIC?

Editor World: W. K. George, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in recent speeches in England, has been telling the British people that Canadians intend to manufacture everything that can be made in Canada, and to make the best, which sentiments I am heartily in sympathy with; but in order to make Canadian manufacturers successful, goods made in Canada must be given the preference and bought by the Canadian people. Does "made in Canada" mean anything to Canadians in general?

A case in point: (Being interested in a company engaged in the manufacture of writing inks, mucilage, carbon paper and typewriting ribbons, I will deal with this subject only.) Will the Canadian manufacturers and consumers make inquiry in their offices and ascertain if Canadian-made writing inks, mucilage, carbon paper and typewriting ribbons are being used? I think I see a smile on their faces as they read this, and the remark that this is a small matter, usually attended to by the office boy. Still, it is a matter of vital importance to one or two new Canadian industries, and the office boy will some day be a man and his training should teach him to prefer "made in Canada" goods, and, altho the matter is a small one to the individual user, on the aggregate, it means the importation of considerably more than $100,000 worth of these goods per annum into this country. To point out to you the difficulties of introducing the "made in Canada" goods in our country, I might say that the majority of the stationers in the large centres are sole agents for this country for some special foreign brand, and it is a very hard matter to obtain recognition from them, or to induce them to even stock sufficient goods to fill orders for the "made in Canada" article. The wholesalers and jobbers will not stock these goods until the demand is credited. In the meantime such requests as are made for our goods are met with the reply that they are not in stock, and the foreign-made article is usually furnished instead.

What are our politicians—federal, provincial and municipal—doing to further the interests of "made in Canada" goods? Take our postoffices, custom houses, charitable institutions, municipal buildings, and especially the schools, and you will find the great majority are using foreign-made inks, mucilage, etc. Is this nation-building? And do you not consider it a vital and important question which should be given closer attention by the Canadian people and the Canadian press?

We cannot sell a dollar's worth of these goods in the United States owing to the patriotic feelings of the people across the line, and the high rate of duty on goods entering that country. In this connection I might also say that in the matter of protection we are also heavily handicapped in a peculiar way. Empty glass bottles entering Canada are charged at the rate of 30 per cent. duty, of which the Canadian manufacturers of these articles take full advantage, and we do not object, but glass bottles entering Canada from the United States filled with foreign-made inks are only charged for at the rate of 20 per cent., the same as the ink in them. Is it fair that we should be hit on both cheeks?

What are Canadian mothers doing for "made in Canada" goods? I have heard them lamenting about their sons having to leave home and country to seek employment abroad, while at the same time they would go down town shopping, and never once think of enquiring whether the goods they were buying were made in Canada or not. If they would do this it would very soon create employment, and their children would not be forced to leave this good country.

Before closing I would like to give credit where credit is due by saying that the railroads of Canada, large and small, have shown a very friendly disposition, and given us their support, as have also one or two of the leading banks and other financial institutions, for which we are truly grateful.

Canadian.

Hamilton, July 8.

Fine Salmon.

Mr. Pashley of Kerne Lodge caught a splendid salmon with rod and line in the River Wye, near Ross, on Friday. After giving some good sport, it was eventually landed with the assistance of W. Davies, boatman. The prize measured 4 ft. 1 in. in length, and 25 in. round the girth, and on being weighed, it turned the scale at 40 pounds. This equals the 40-pound fish caught by Mr. Rickards of the Priory, Usk, in the Wye, at Ross, on April 3, which measured 4 ft. 6 in. in length, and, up to the present, has not been beaten this season. Reports of good medium-sized salmon having been captured are numerous.—Ross Gazette, Scotland.

THE SENSE OF TEARS.

Recently an English writer suggested that a series of articles by the "right people" on "Books That Have Made Me Cry" would prove interesting. Richard Le Gallienne thereupon comes forward with an article on the cynicism and brutality of the literature of the day, and declares that a list of "books that have made me cry" would contain few written in the last fifteen or twenty years." Emotion and sentiment have been banished by cynicism and brutality, and for the most part our writers have been ashamed of showing their feelings—granted they have any—as some young English officer of dragoons. In fact, lack of feeling has been the smart note in literature and such qualities as pity and tenderness, when they have occurred, have seemed pathetically old-fashioned. Le Gallienne asserts that "whatever the reason or whatever the source, a spirit of cynical hardness of heart has been abroad in the world during the last two decades," and he arraigns such writers as the German philosopher Nietzsche and Omar Khayyam, the one for "scornfully rending the Christian doctrine of pity" and the other for "sapping a serious interest in life by an atheistic gospel of passing pleasure." He adds: "One stanza of Omar Khayyam has done more to shake man's belief in his spiritual destiny than all Ingersoll's lectures put together";

Robbed, or apparently robbed, of that, the world for a time seems to have lost the sense of moral obligation. If, after all, there is no final accounting for the "deeds done in the body," such as the conscience of man has mysteriously hinted from the beginning, if we really are as the beasts that perish, and our actions of no more lasting significance—what matter how we live, so that we do live as vividly and voraciously as possible the brief span allotted to us? Such a spirit has certainly been abroad in the world of late, a spirit of sauve qui peut in a universal defeat of the dreams of man, a spirit of panic selfishly bent on clutching what personal safety and satisfaction are to be had in the general debacle, heartlessly indifferent to the needs of others.

This is offered as the explanation of the "feverish desire for wealth which seems to be the only motive and ambition in the hearts of the younger generation. Not so many years ago youth was inspired with many a generous, auroral dream; but nowadays its one dream seems to be "How soon can I afford an automobile?" A more cheerful note is struck in this: "After all man is an emotional, even sentimental, animal, and his cynical moods are of no long duration. At heart he is a dreamer, and a lover, and something of a poet; and no literature that fails to respond to his emotional and imaginative needs can long survive. Cynicism may produce narrow masterpieces for the appreciation of the cynical connoisseur of such things; but no really vital work can be done in literature or any other art without deeper feeling. Emotion is the basis of all great art, and pity is ever the sign of the masters."

The writers, great or small, says Le Gallienne, "who have made the deepest impression and longest kept a living place on the bookshelves of the world, are those most deeply imbued with the 'sense of tears in mortal things'; that wistful pathos which so strangely haunts all the actions of men and women and is no less present in their joy than their sorrow—the pathos of being alive in a world where every experience is mysterious or seemingly charged with some unknown immortal meaning." In this last sentence Le Gallienne very nearly describes a feeling which we all know, but which in words is indescribable.

FIND BIG NEW CLAY BELT JUST RIGHT FOR FARMING

Provincial Experts Send Back Reports of Fresh Discoveries in New Ontario.

In a written report to Director Gibson, Archibald Henderson, agriculturist, who, with L. C. Kerr, chief geologist, was sent into New Ontario by the bureau of mines, announces the discovery of a new clay belt area. It is in the great bend of the Mattagami River, some 200 miles north of Sudbury, and lies south of the clay belt, as mapped until now.

Mr. Henderson writes in part: "Altho the region traversed is, according to the present maps, south of the southern limit of the clay belt, yet my line ran thru excellent clay land, timbered mostly with some rich spruce. The soil is a clay loam. The country is very level, with no rock exposures. The township, therefore, the greater part of which is incuded in the Great Bend of the Mattagami, will make excellent agricultural land, and apparently this area should be included within the limits of the clay belt."

Mr. Kerr, who is in the same district, reports meeting a prospector returning from the Porcupine River, with good-lookin gsamples of gold-bearing quartz, hematite, traces of copper, and another ore, which the prospector claimed was nickel, but which Mr. Kerr did not see. The Mattagami River district bears good cedar, some jack pine, birch and poplar.

The Original Dixie.

From The Louisville Herald.

I wish I was in the land o' cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Chorus:

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old Missus marry "Will de weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But when he puts his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was a sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all the gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig to-morrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar buckwheat cakes and ingen batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Loo away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Sunk in a Fog.

Portland, Maine, July 8.—The three-masted schooner Sarah C. Smith of Boston, stone-laden, was sunk in a fog off Portland harbor early to-day by the steamer Governor Dingley.

LANT

ut R built—A Paying Inve:t nent.

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GENEROSITY AND CORRUPTION

Even Charity is no Excuse for Breach of Trust and Improper Application of Funds and Authority.

G. W. Alger, in The Atlantic Monthly.

Some years ago there died in New York a politician who had been the notorious leader of one of the slum districts. During the greater part of his career, he had been the subject of the most pointed attacks by individuals and organizations interested in decent government, for he had been the enemy of everything which meant honesty in public affairs and social life. He had made money corruptly by extending his favor, under the usual arrangements, to individuals who wanted franchises for gas, electric light and street railway operations; by affording his protection and influence to "policy men," to poolroom gamblers and disorderly-resort proprietors. His name had been signed hundreds of times on the bail bonds of thieves and fallen women.

Public Enemy with a Big Heart.

He was a politician of a type common enough in the great American cities, and the characteriistics of his career had been long familiar to the newspaper-reading public. Yet, when he died, the largest church in the district was filled with a vast crowd of mourners. As the papers said, there was not a dry eye in the church. It was genuine sorrow. For the money which his more reputable gas and railway friends from the brown-stone districts had given him had paid many an old woman's rent, had helped many a friend in trouble. The "protection" money had been freely given to the outings and games of the social organizations of the district. His "pull" had always been available for the man who wanted a job. The money of Peter had gone to an army of Pauls, and the great robber baron had died comparatively poor. He had been a public enemy—with a big heart; dishonest—and generous.

Dramatic Quality in Generosity.

There is a certain dramatic quality in generosity which appeals to the heart. A mean rascal we all despise and hate; but a rascal with a big heart, who never forgets his friends, finds many apologists. It is of the utmost importance to a country organized, like ours, on a democratic basis, that as a people we should be highly sensitive to injustice. That sensitiveness is the most necessary protection for freedom. The greatest force for good government. Anything which tends to befog our ideals of justice, or to make us underestimate its importance, is a danger to be guarded against.

The Darlings of Rome.

In the latter days of Rome, the darlings of the rabble were the oppressors of Africa, who transmuted the sweat and blood of conquered provinces into bread and circuses for the Roman mob. Justice, long since dead in the imperial city, had been succeeded by a riot of generosity of the most lavish and barbaric kind. It would be, of course, a jaundiced eye which should make any but a most distant parallel between the Roman rabble and the American people. But much, if not everything, is forgiven the millionaire whose fortune has been wrung from the overtempted consciences of aldermen, if he recognizes what the college presidents call "The Responsibility of Men of Wealth."

Fraud and Philanthropy.

As a people we have fairly good taste in our attitude toward the philanthropy which finds its root in fraud and unjust enrichment. If a traction magnate or a tricky financier gives us a hospital or art gallery, we do not cry in an offensive chorus, "Where did he get the money?" We accept with a philosophic gratitude anything given back to us collectively which was stolen from us individually, for the excellent reason that, the ill-gotten booty having been once acquired by the great operator, it is a public good fortune that his expenditure of it should in some degree take the form of public gift, rather than of private wassail and ostentatious extravagance.

Closes the Mouths of Critics.

One of the effects of the generosity of the unjust, which deserves more consideration than it gets, is this: it closes the mouths of critics whose voices might otherwise be heard in effectual protest against public wrongs or defects which cry for change in economic conditions. Limitation of space confines the writer to one illustration.

He Could Not Protest.

There was public agitation some years ago concerning a certain bill, involving a franchise of great value, which was being heavily lobbied thru the New York legislature. A movement was at once begun against the measure, and during its progress a gentleman standing justly high in public esteem, a man of unquestionable probity and of great influence, was asked to take part in this protest. He remained in doubt for a few days, and then declined.

Depended on the Grafter.

He was the president of an important charitable institution dependent largely for its support on the generosity of a particular donor who was also the real sponsor for the grab bill. With what he conceived to be the prosperity of his institution at stake, he could not feel it to be his duty personally to antagonize the corrupt scheme of the generous supporter of his institution. Other able men, he argued readily, could be obtained to do the work which, under the peculiar circumstances, he must refuse to do himself. The gain which the opposition to the lobby for the bill might make by his influence did not seem to him at all equal to the quite probable loss which he felt might come to his institution by such offensive action on his part.

How This Affects Churches.

Just how far the loss of influence of the city churches is due to similar conditions, it is hard to say. To the writer there seems to be a certain tendency among the great metropoiitan churches to plan their expenditures on the basis of the largest amount which may be expected from the richest parishioner. So that in case any two or three heavy contributors should for some reason terminate abruptly their donations, the work of the church would be practically crippled. With the finances of the church built on such a foundation, it is hardly surprising that the sharp edge of pulpit criticism should be dulled, or should find expression, if at all, in innocuous and ineffectual generalities that keep up the brave show of a spiritual independence which has been long since smothered by charity.

The Chief Value of Colleges.

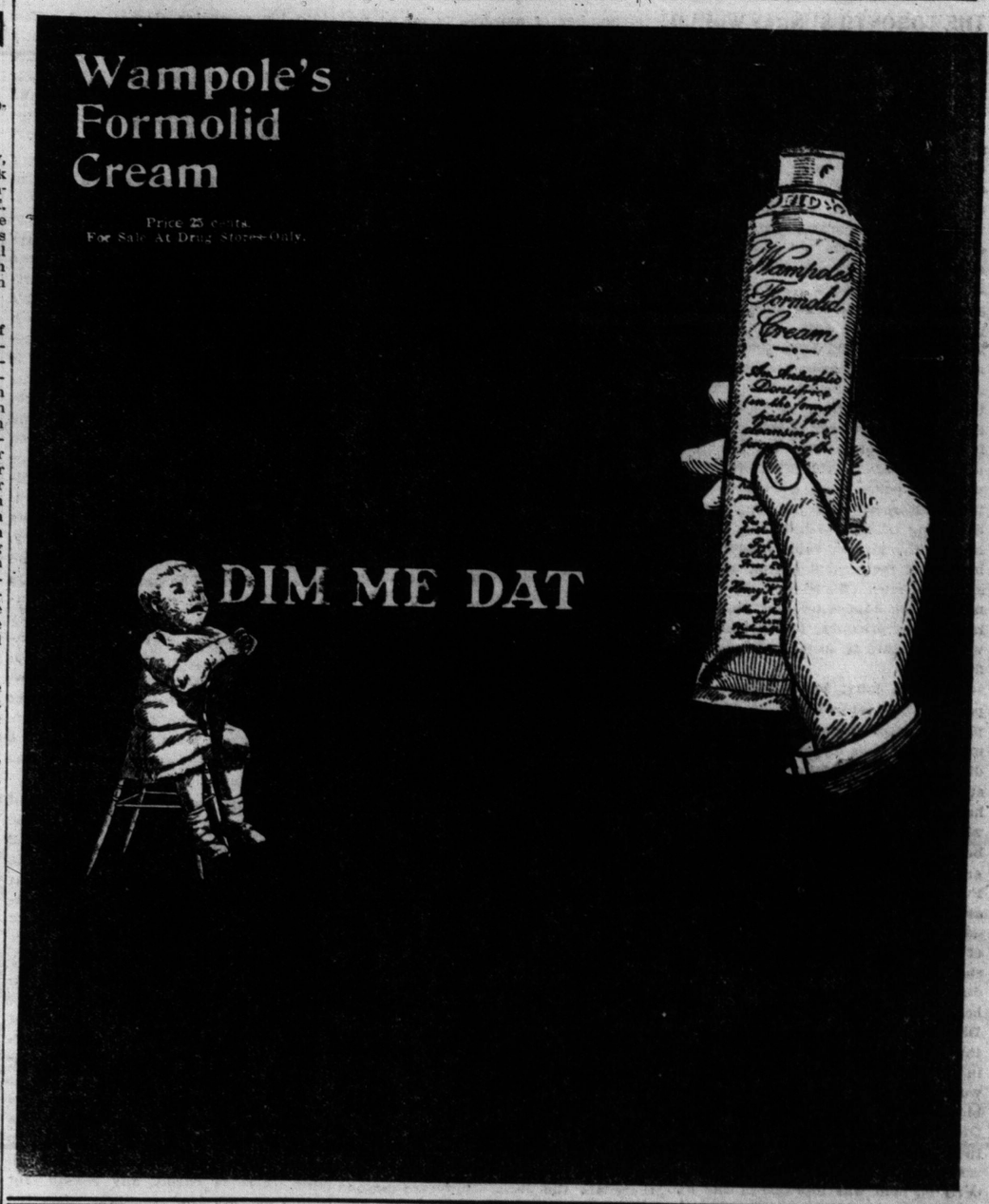
After all, the principal use of the college is as a place where the next generation is to get right ideas of what is worth while in life itself. The academic facts which to the ignorant seem the advantages of education are of minor importance. We hear much during the season of college commencements of the necessities of the modern university in the way of enlarged endowments and increased equipment. Some of this talk is, of course, reasonable enough. It is addressed mainly to the rich as a demand for the recognition by them of a duty of generosity, one which in our days has had a most remarkable response.

Apparatus No Substitute for Ideals.

But apparatus is an impossible substitute for ideals, and the best endowment of a college is the character of its graduates. The two-thousand-dollar bequest, for example, to his Alma Mater, which the will of the late William H. Baldwin contained, was small if considered as a mere matter of money, but his character and the ideals of public service which his life expressed form part of that permanent endowment which alone makes a university great. The memory of a railroad president ready to sacrifice, if need be, his position, rather than lose an opportunity for usefulness on an unpaid committee of citizens banded together for important civic service, is a rarer and more precious contribution to the fibre of university life than any mere material bounty from ravenous fingers unclutched by hypocrisy or the fear of death.

Confusion in Regard to Morals.

It seems like the mere hyperbole of a jealous and disappointed spirit to affirm that the corrupt practices of the unjustly rich are less harmful than their benevolences; but the statement will bear argument and furnish much reason for a belief in its accuracy. It is because this benevolence tends to create in the popular mind confusion on a matter of morals concerning which we cannot afford to have confusion. We cannot afford to believe that the seizing of special and unjust privileges, or the use of corrupt practices or oppression, by which enormous wealth is increasingly acquired, may be excused or palliated by public gift or private benevolence, or by generosity, however bountiful. We cannot afford to let a delayed or partial restitution acquire a false glamor, and under a false name become a substitute for common honesty.



EXPERT COMING TO U.S. TOURGEE CITY OWNERSHIP

Dr. Crawford, Health Pioneer of Glasgow, Says Town Council Should Serve Without Pay.

Robert Crawford, LL. D., magistrate of the City of Glasgow, and while a member of the town council regarded as the health pioneer of the city, in an interview on the subject of "Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities," declares that what is required for good city government is to have men in the town council who are willing to serve without fee or reward, and having no personal interest of any kind to influence their action.

Dr. Crawford, in company with Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., lord provost of Glasgow, will visit New York and other large American cities next winter in the interests of municipal ownership. This makes his views on the subject doubly interesting at this time.

Dr. Crawford says:

"When I was in America in 1900 I kept my eyes open and viewed things from a municipal point of view. I met many people connected with municipalities and municipal reformers. I was not favorably impressed with the American municipal government. Even at that time the idea seized me that a day was coming when it would be my mission to return to America and talk, not in one city, but in many, on the question of the ethics, principles and practice of municipal government as I had seen it and participated in its administration in the City of Glasgow.

Is Coming Next Winter.

"Next winter will probably see me ready to cross the Atlantic. It would not surprise me if I had as my companion Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., the present lord provost of Glasgow. Sir John is perhaps Scotland's best amateur photographer, and he might be able to illustrate what he had to say about municipal government. I expect to visit Chicago, but have written Mayor Dunne that I should prefer to go to America not specially in connection with tramways.

"What is required for good city government is to have men in the town council who are willing to serve—it may be at great sacrifice to themselves—without fee or reward, and having no personal interest of any kind to influence their action. In my opinion the excellence of the municipal administration in Glasgow arises from the splendid character of the men who compose the administrative body. My view is that the administration of public utilities should be in the hands of municipalities, but only on condition that they can be kept clear of all personal interests on the part of the administrators and from all domination of political, labor or any other section. I am for the providing of public service under public ownership for the advantage of every man, woman and child in the community, and for nothing else ,and that all the time.

Suits the Poorest Purse.

"I mentioned tramways, and hinted that I did not wish to speak specially on them when I go over, yet I might say here that while on the other side the 5-cent fare is the rule, I am not prepared to say whether I consider that is a mistake or not, but I'll say emphatically that it would be a mistake for Glasgow to go on such a principle. Our aim is to suit the quantity of the locomotion to the poorest purse. In Chicago one may go as far as the tramways extend for 2 pence half penny. No one would care in Glasgow to travel more than 2 pence half penny would take him. The half penny fares in Glasgow have been a success, but, of course, it would need to be made plain to the Americans that in Glasgow one cannot go the entire length of the route for that amount. He gets half a mile at any rate, and a great deal more if he pays a penny.

"What strikes one when he visits America is the uneven paving of some of the streets. In that respect Glasgow has made great strides during the last two decades. There is nothing to complain of in the American buildings, except that they may be too high, but that is due to the value of the ground. There is no doubt—we have found this to be the experience in Glasgow—that the extension of the city's boundaries is coterminous with the extension of its privileges in the shape of water, gas and tramways.

"In my opinion private water, gas, electric light and tramways are a mistake. The Glasgow corporation, in managing its own water, gas, electric light, tramways, sewage and many other things, would never go back to the old lines. All its enterprises have been successful, and if the idea of the late Baillie Osborne, who in his latter days was the father of the Glasgow town council, had been carried out, I believe to-day there would have been running under Argyll-street, Glasgow, a tramway. That was one feature of Boston I admired.

Served His Own Generation.

"The work I was specially instrumental in carrying out in the Glasgow corporation would be of interest to the Americans, because what was accomplished in Glasgow, might, with advantage, be accomplished in some cities of America. During the fourteen years I was in the Glasgow town council I had a very active existence. It was admitted that I put thru six times the work that had been done by my predecessors. All the time I was looking to the future of the city that I was striving to serve in my generation. Health of the citizens was my speciality.

"All houses had to be altered, but the citizens are feeling the benefit of the changed condition of things now. Glasgow has a capital system of cleansing; some of the streets are cleaned every night, or, rather, early every morning, with water from the fire hose plugs. One great evil in a city which has to be avoided is the dividing of what was once a big house into a lot of small houses. Glasgow suffered from this, for these small houses were made without any regard to sanitation, light or ventilation.

Building Laws All Right.

"Now things are altered. No one can convert a big old house into small houses; indeed, no one can build a house of any description unless the plan of the house has been passed by the dean of the guild court. I had a good deal to do with the Buildings Regulations' Act; in fact, it is not egotistical to say that I was the moving force. So far as I saw, they are all right in this respect in America.

"In the Glasgow town council they have a custom of making a tried member a magistrate. The honor is all right; it is a recognition that one's services are appreciated, but if a man is to do good work in a municipality he has not time to do his municipal work and attend to magisterial duties at the same time; and there I am at one with the people of America. I believe in stipendiary magistrates.

"The Americans have nothing to learn in the way of fire appliance and the ringing up and turning out of their fire brigades, but you see, the care of private property comes in here."

IN DAYS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Interesting Souvenir of Toronto's One-Time Fair.

A trifle musty and age yellowed is the copy of the "Crystal Palace Guide," whose date of publication goes back 47 years, to the time when the "palace" was built, and which has just found its way into the hands of Dr. Orr.

It is in newspaper form, and the larger cut that adorns the front page shows the Crystal Palace itself, with somewhat antiquated vehicles and crinolined ladies passing to and fro before it. It will be interesting for old-timers, as a reminder of the days when the "provincial" exhibition was held at a point on King-street just east of the present Parkdale subway and a few hundred feet back from the street line. The "palace" was later lifted from its foundations and transplanted to the present fair grounds, where, on raised foundations, it is to be recognized as the transportation building.

The Guide is an interesting account of the way in which Canada's "greatest and grandest" came to have its inception. In July, 1846, a convention was held in the local court house, and a provincial agricultural association formed. In October of that year, the first exhibition was held, and at the public dinner on the first day congratulatory addresses were made by Chief Justice Robinson, Rev. Dr. Ryerson and Hon. Adam Ferguson of Woodhill. In July of the next year the association was incorporated by legislation, and Lord Elgin was present at the exhibition, which was held in Hamilton, and at which prizes to the value of $3750, as against $2000 for the opening, were offered. Cobourg, Kingston, Niagara and Brockville held the fair in successive years, with a return to Toronto in 1852, and in 1858 this city became the permanent location, with the laying of the foundation stone of the Crystal Palace, in the presence of Sir Edmund Head, the then governor-general, the object being "the fostering of the resources of Upper Canada." The building was 256 feet long by 96 wide.

JULY.

Loud is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveler, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues,
Then Nature's voice its joy renews.

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

Poor Fellow.

Now, Stealthy Steve went out to hunt—
The day was very hot—
He got no game, but he himself
Returned about half shot.
—Chicago Chronicle.

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

NO. 83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

CIVIC FITS OF MORALITY.

Toronto has had its waves of morality, and we believe we are not overstating the case when we say that each wave has left the city less leprous or cleaner than it was before. Our waves have not perhaps been so strong or sweeping as the upheaval that recently struck Philadelphia. Probably in our case the need has not been so great, nor the field so abounding in possibilities. The City of Brotherly Love, that good old Penn founded, has arisen to the occasion, notwithstanding that she has earned widespread notoriety for corruption. Not alone have the gas grafters been swept aside, but further proof of the astonishing change that has come over her was furnished when the police made a wholesale raid in the disorderly and gambling section, capturing nearly 600 habitues. It was one of the largest raids made in the history of the United States, and possibly the most effective of all, for the magistrates supported the police by holding the prisoners to strict account, without regard to social or financial influence.

This raid must be considered as a part of the reformation of Philadelphia, caused solely by public sentiment. The laws against gambling and disorderly houses have been on the statute books all the time; the police have had plenty of evidence upon which to make the raid; the jails have been big enough to hold all the prisoners who might have been gathered in. Public sentiment, however, was not aroused, and was perhaps even antagonistic to undue activity on the part of the police. But when Mayor Weaver summarily removed from the office of director of public safety a man who had failed to do his duty and appointed Director Potter, the new official found that public sentiment was behind him in an honest effort to rid the city of its worst element. The police, instead of blocking the efforts of the Law and Order Society, suddenly found it to their interest to co-operate, and the raid resulted. In previous raids the disorderly element was forewarned and had no difficulty in escaping. On the last occasion, even as in the Toronto Junction case, when a Conservative attorney-general took the matter in hand, every officer kept his mouth closed and executed his orders.

Unfortunately the law deals far more kindly with men than with women in Philadelphia, as elsewhere. The men captured were discharged upon payment of a fine of $10 and costs. All the "respectable" men gave assumed names, of course, and most of them managed to escape without revealing their identity. The women accompanying them—some of them said to move in respectable circles—will suffer a heavy fine and the far more effective punishment of open and uneffaceable shame. Possibly the great raid will lead to an amendment to the law providing for the adequate punishment of men who frequent the dens of shame—certainly such a result will be demanded. But while the men escape, the public generally will feel little pity for the women who counted on privacy as a shield for their wrongdoing. Their shame will be the most powerful deterrent imaginable to others who hover upon the brink of vice. The fear of exposure will keep from going astray many a woman and girl whose moral fibre would otherwise be too weak to resist temptation. The sooner such a deterrent is applied to weakness and vice on the male side the better. Philadelphia's sturdy steps toward reform and decency will encourage many another city in the United States. It will be to her everlasting honor if the old Quaker City, long sunk in her own corruption, should become the pattern after which other municipalities can model much-needed reforms.

THE CRIMINAL LAW OF THE STATES.

In an address to the graduating class of the Yale Law School a member of President Roosevelt's government, to wit, Secretary Taft, delivered an impressive criticism of the defective administration of criminal law in the United States. He declared that the way in which murder trials are conducted is "a disgrace to civilization." These are strong words, but they come from one of the ablest lawyers in America, a distinguished jurist and an administrator of wide experience and high character. He sustained his criticisms with striking figures. In 1885 there were 1808 murders in this country and 108 legal executions. In 1904 there were 8482 murders and 116 executions. While the number of murders increased four and a half times, the number of executions remained practically the same. During the past twenty years there have been 131,951 murders and homicides in the United States and only 2286 executions. The number of murders in that country last year was larger than the number of American soldiers lost in the war with Spain and in the Philippines. It is a record which constitutes a national disgrace.

Secretary Taft ascribes this terrible increase of bloody crime to two causes, the ease and facility with which the defence can set up obstruction, the frequency of appeal, the frequent delays which add to the difficulty of conviction and the farcical system of selecting juries. Secretary Taft strongly urges the adoption of the British system as a remedy for these defects. He would limit the right of appeal, denying appeal to the upper court except for errors which the higher court can say have changed the result of the trial, and would forbid reversals of judgment on mere technical errors which do not affect the essential merits of the case. He would forbid peremptory challenges of jurymen and give judges power to comment and to advise jurors on the value and significance of evidence.

Referring to the secretary's remarks a United States contemporary "makes the significant comment that criminal cases are seldom tried on their merits in this country." The criminal is given every possible advantage and technicalities are relied on for escape from justice. Even when convictions are obtained, afterthoughts and statements are brought forward and political and church and race influence is employed in the effort to secure pardons, which too often succeed. The result is seen. Eight thousand murders a year and 116 executions. It is truly an awful lesson.

REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA.

Russia is ripe for revolution—ages of despotic autocracy, centuries of unjust rule, a weak and obstinate czar and a Bourbon bureaucracy. To these add defeat and humiliation in a foreign war. Nor are these all. Poland and Finland are alien in race, in tongue, in aspiration, in tradition. Both are ripe for revolt and both have the bitter memories of a thousand wrongs. Then there are the Jews, oppressed beyond endurance and challenging the sympathy of all their brethren of happier lands.

Charles I. and Louis XVI. were just as opportune kings as Alfred the Great or Louis XI. They were born for their times. It is doubtful, extremely doubtful, if any other real King England ever had could have lost the war against the parliament, and it is certain that Louis XVI. advanced the revolution farther than Marat or Danton or Robespierre. Liberty in England and revolution in France owned much to the fatuous obstinacy of Charles and the fatuous folly of Louis.

This Czar Nicholas seems to be one like them. He is obstinate, and it is the pertinacity of a weak man, and yet he is impressionable, but it is the susceptibility of a languid man. He is obstinate in the wrong. So was Charles of England. He is capricious in the right. So was Louis of France. He listens to everyone, is convinced by everyone, and yet at noonday he is under the same influence that he was at the dawn, and that he will be at nightfall. Such rulers are made for revolution. He is not half the man old George III. was, not half the man James II. was, and George lost America and James lost England.

That Russian court may be playing one of its tricks on our neighbors' peace-making president. It seems as tho there is something in the very air of St. Petersburg that makes it impossible for candor to breathe that air or exist at that court. Russian diplomacy has been another name for perfidy for centuries. Turkey was more to be trusted. The war with Japan might have been avoided if Russia had been frank of speech, and it is certain that it would have been avoided if Russia had been honest of conduct.

However, Russia is in dire distress and much can be allowed for her present strait. She cannot withstand Japan, and yet peace, even honorable peace, with Japan might be followed by revolution that would paralyze mankind with horror. In His inscrutable Providence, God has given Russia a pigmy for ruler, when in all human calculation a giant was never so imperatively required.

THE VALUE OF SALT.

A man operated upon in a city hospital lay apparently dead upon the table. His pulse stopped beating for nearly five minutes. Two of the attending surgeons said that life was extinct. Other injected saline solution into his muscular tissues, and a few minutes later, altho the had apparently been dead, there was a convulsive movement of the body. In half an hour there was marked improvement, and by constantly repeating the treatment the man is now in a fair way to recover.

The life-giving quality of a salt solution is not a new thing among physicians and surgeons. In many an operating room the solution has been applied with remarkable results, altho perhaps there is no case where heartbeats had ceased for an appreciable length of time. In cases where death seems imminent from extreme exhaustion the revivifying power of salt is also known. The story recently printed, therefore, to the effect that a professor of biology in Chicago had found the secret of life in salt water carried with it a certain air of plausibility, while still another announcement that radium is found in salt water and that radium possesses almost creative powers comes within the range of credibility. There is no doubt that salt water and air are tonics. The constant procession of the weak and suffering to the seaside is the tribute which humanity pays to the wonderful life-giving principle which is wrapped up in the sea. The time may come when in salt water will be found the mysterious secret of existence, which for ages has baffled the closest scrutiny of science. The ocean may be the storehouse of the world's vitality.

In a vague way the ancients knew of the restorative value of salt. Those who lived away from the sea regarded a salt spring as a special gift of the gods, while the Germans believed that the presence of salt in the soil invested the latter with peculiar sanctity, and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Salt was literally worshipped. Even the ancient Hebrews, instructed by Moses as to their offerings to the Lord, were told that "with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." Homer refers to salt as "divine," and Plato characterizes it as "a substance dear to the gods." The importance and almost religious value of salt upon the tables goes back to the earliest times. In addition to all this, there is hardly any reason for doubting that the very first concerted movements of the human race were due to a desire to secure salt, while in some countries cakes of salt still pass current as a form of money. In fact, columns might be written concerning the part which salt has played in the religious and commercial history of the world.

It would indeed be strange if, after all these centuries, the sanctity of salt should be found to have a substantial foundation. There is unquestionably some mysterious virtue in this common mineral which has a wonderfully recuperative effect upon the human system. It may be that science will go further and find that in salt—known and worshipped by the ancients, and indispensable to modern mankind—there exists the secret for which a world has for so many centuries sought eagerly and in vain.

CAN PATRIOTISM BE TAUGHT?

Some little time ago a member of the British ministry, speaking in support of a scheme for providing in the colonies a series of lectures on the home country, and in the United Kingdom a corresponding series on the colonies, quoted with approval the reply made by a Japanese who was asked how his nation attained and kept so high a standard of patriotism. "We," he said, "teach patriotism in the schools." Like everything else taken up by this wonderful eastern people, they have succeeded in imbuing the youth of the nation with the utmost patriotic devotion, not by such means as national holidays, planting of commemorative trees and high-flown sentiments which tend to an excessive respect for outward symbols. The Japanese method is "to train the children in the art-forms upon which that nation has stamped its character, and to connect this training thruout with the national legends, fairy stories and fables."

Dr. Arthur Somervell, inspector of music to the English Board of Education and the Scottish Education Department, has latterly been urging some ancient doctrine in novel form to the School Music Union and the Parents' National Educational Union. He has been an enthusiastic student of pedagogic problems, and holds very strongly that many of the most obvious difficulties and dangers in present school systems arise from the neglect of "certain methods of training which have either never been known or have been forgotten, regarding psychological development and physical and intellectual sequences."

"It is impossible," he continues, "to watch another great nation of islanders on the other side of the world without realizing that they have some knowledge, some motive power which we do not understand—some inspiration which is not at our disposal. Could we keep a secret known to thousands of our people? Could we control absolutely our press? Is it conceivable that there is any possible war, any possible cause whatsoever, which would unite our people in one common purpose so well understood that the political opposition would voluntarily cease to exist until that purpose was achieved? When a whole nation can act as one man, feel as one man, there is only one cause possible, and that is a system of national training which has cultivated to a high degree the imaginative faculty, enabling men to see principles—a system of national training which keeps them from looking at life piecemeal in a way which opens the door to endless differences and makes truly concerted action impossible."

It is the faculty of imagination and the sense of beauty which Dr. Somervell maintains need to be awakened if a nation is to become united and patriotic. The matters in which the British race peculiarly excel, such as capacity for government, the maintenance of social order and the like stand in the same position as good manners and habits which are not learned so much thru the intellect or by direct teaching as by the impressions produced by the mental and moral atmosphere of early childhood. Of the subjects taught to children, those which earliest make this appeal thru the senses are the subjects relegated to the later stages of education but chosen by the Greeks for its foundation, "the rhythmic arts of dancing and gymnastic, of song and poetry—the special poetry of fairy story, legend and fable."

If this is so it follows that the easiest and most effective method of cultivating the imagination of children is also the best and most direct method of instilling and evoking their love of country. National songs—not so much "God Save the King" and "Rule Britannia," as the music which the nation made for itself in its own childhood—are the natural things upon which to bring up the rising generation. Experiments along this line have already been made in Britain on a considerable scale. The teachers in the elementary schools of Ayrshire have in a measure led the way. Not long ago forty-six thousand Ayrshire children were gathered together and sang old ballads and folksongs, as they should be sung, in unison. The teachers bore unanimous witness to the growth of a corporate feeling and to the improvement in discipline which had followed this new development of the singing lesson and the inspectors had noticed a parallel improvement in the morale of the teachers.. The art life of Japan is closely interwoven with the daily life of the people and is at once an insitement to patriotic feeling and the mode by which that feeling finds expression. Music and song afford that opportunity to the British race and is the best expression of its life. The more these are cultivated in the early stages of education, the deeper will be the love of country in the people and the more readily will the imagination respond to the great ideas involved in the progress of the empire.

The Sunday Question.

London Saturday Review.

There is a Sunday question; we have no doubt on that point. It is true the rant of professional revivalists and the sensational rhetoric of popular preachers might easily put off the "sober and peaceable members of the Church of England" to whom the prayer book is addressed, and prevent them from taking seriously the present alarm as to the abuse of Sunday. But a thoughtful survey can leave no doubt in the minds of any who think that Sunday should not be leveled with the other six days of the week that a tendency in that direction is running somewhat strongly and rapidly. The movement of laymen to stem this tendency cannot be called premature, and we have no fear of its being too late. As the promoters of the movement do not attempt to impose on the public any castiron rules for Sunday observance, but simply point to the spirit which they think should inform it, the spirit of worship and rest, we are able to give them unhesitating support. It is a real pleasure to find a church movement which an examination of the names connects with no one church party more than with another, and which is entirely sane and sensible. The Sunday question would be easier to deal with if the zeal of the preacher, lay or cleric, did not so often outrun his knowledge, and, to be frank, his honesty. Illegitimate arguments are too often summoned in aid. What is the real extent of the evil? The thing has two sides, one much more serious in our view than the other. There is the frankly pagan Sunday, and there is the decent but wholly secular Sunday. The number of houses where Sunday is not only like any other day but rather more rowdy, where even intentional violence is done to the public sense of respectability, is not really great. They may amount to a good many if counted up, but proportionately they are still few. They are mainly the houses of new rich people, who hope to get into society by their fastness. There should be no prejudice against a man because he is rich or because he is new, but in most countries it is a plain fact that new rich people are the most luxurious and the most rowdy. It is not unnatural; they are under no restraint of tradition, of status, of public responsibility, and not infrequently they have lacked the advantage of good education and bringing up. They have given up working; they have means to obtain every pleasure; and if they are not intellectual they do not know how to use their means except in enjoyments more or less crude. But if the upper class would make these people see that these Sunday performances were not to their taste, they would soon mend their ways. And this the best elements in the upper class ought to do. They owe it as a duty to common order and public feeling. Whether his free attitude to Sunday be the license of the libertine or the liberty of the spiritually enfranchised, no man, least of all a local magnate, has a right to use his liberty to offend the common sense of his neighborhood. The lay movement we spoke of will be able to bring very useful influence to bear in this direction. On the whole we think this Sunday rowdiness will soon abate. But the other side of the Sunday question is much more difficult to deal with. The numbers who ignore the religious aspect of Sunday certainly increase. They spend the day harmlessly and reasonably, religion apart—but it is merely a secular day off work. Especially church-going has fallen off amazingly; it has fallen off in all classes, but most of all in the upper class. Even amongst those who do not at all mean to ignore religion going to church is no longer a matter of course. That being so, it is not strange that the mere men and women of the world should fail to recognize any obligation to attend public worship. This we regard as a serious and a sad tendency; and the church should bend all its energies to check it. It is stultifying the increased energy of the clergy, and the renewed activity in every branch of religious work which the last half century has shown. In religion, as in other things, every man has become a law to himself, and when a man becomes a law to himself he becomes an anarchist.

WAR HELPS HIDE MARKET.

Latest Order from Japs Is for 1,000,000 Sides of Sole Leather.

From The Milwaukee Sentinel.

"The Russo-Japanese war has completely cleaned out the California hide market," said J. Philbrick. "California has been the hide centre for the entire west, shipping to all parts of the country, but for the past three months has been receiving its supply from the Texas market, where I have recently been dealing in hides. I learned from a California representative while in Texas that orders had been placed by the Japs for the shipment of 1,000,000 sides of sole leather, probably to be used for the soldiers and harnesses and accoutrements for the horses, representing a total of between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000.

"The business system of the Japs is illustrated by the fact that the entire amount is paid in cash before the packing for shipment. Naturally, the price of hides has advanced. For the past eighteen months this has been so, but recently the jump has been greatest. American factories are forced to look to the foreign markets for their supply. It is a well-known fact that the French-tanned hides are the best in the world and the most costly, but the high prices here allow of the purchase of these skins at about the same figure as in this country. There is good reason for the excellent hides sent out from France.

"The calves are kept in better condition and the hides are correspondingly better nourished and the abattoirs of Paris are parlors in comparison with the foul places of this country. Every skin is thoroly cleaned, and when it comes to the market it is in the best shape posible."

Modern Restlessness.

From The British Weekly.

The great restlessness of the modern world is perplexing. Why is it that people need so much change nowadays? That they need it, and that they take it, there can be little question. Hard workers very seldom remain in the same house in London for three months at a time. They break up the days by getting away for one week-end at least. They need a good holiday in the autumn. Four weeks is coming to be regarded as a minimum. The usual holidays, Easter, Whitsuntide and the rest are enjoyed, if possible, with a margin. Nearly everyone who can afford it gets away for some little part of the winter.

Amazing Sympathy.

New York American.

The sympathy of some Americans, mostly belonging to the distinctly commercial class, for Russia as against Japan is amazing, but still explainable. There are people so lost to any sense of the universality of human brotherhood that they would be willing to sacrifice a rising, intelligent, progressive and democratic nation like the Japanese to the execrable Russian autocracy lest the trade of the United States might encounter a new rival.

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At Canada's Summer Resorts

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The social and out-of-door life at the Queen's Royal during the week has been similar to a large house party. The younger guests have joined heartily in the amusements and sports while the older ones have enjoyed the comfort, the like of which only the Queen's Royal affords.

The most brilliant affair of the week was the Independence Day ball, given in honor of the officers and ladies of Fort Niagara. The music of the evening by a Chicago orchestra, was in keeping with the day and event. About the new nine-hole putting course, making possible a pleasant combination of sport and social life, has centred considerable interest. It takes no experienced player to enjoy the game; the novice, be she maid or matron, can become enthusiastic during the first game. In an 18-hole putting contest L. H. Beck of Buffalo won the gentleman's first prize and Mrs. Hinkley of Buffalo the ladies' prize. The competition between Mr. Beck and W. K. Morgan of Buffalo was spirited, Mr. Beck winning in the last three holes, two up. After the contest tea was served on the verandah and the presentation speeches made by the president of the club, Pyton Clark of Baltimore.

One of the athletic events which occurred during the week was a team match between the Buffalo and Toronto lawn tennis teams. The Buffalo team, composed of Kirkover, McLaughlin, Richards, Morey, Hodge and Bissell played against Martin, Nail Monroe, Carveth, Glassco and Burns in single and doubles. Buffalo won three singles and tied for a fourth match and won one double; Toronto won two singles and two doubles.

The Mississauga Juniors, a boys' athletic association, composed of a tennis club, a golf club, an aquatic club and a track team has been organized to further the sports and direct the energies of the younger guests of the Queen's Royal. Challenge cups have been provided for a continuous tournament in the various clubs, the holder having to defend his title weekly, the cup to become the property of the boy holding it the greatest number of weeks during the season.

The coming week promises to be one of unusual interest in athletics. The most important event and one of unusually wide interest is the 17th annual championship competition of the Ontario Bowling Association, beginning on Tuesday and continuing for several days. Between two and three hundred entries are already in and entries will remain open up to July 11. The annual business meeting of the association will be held in the Queen's Royal casino on Tuesday evening. The glory of the game, older among the Scots than golf, will be upheld in the smoker, to be given in the casino on Wednesday evening, when the clans will be supreme.

The principal golf event of the week will be a ladies' handicap on Saturday afternoon, open to the ladies of the club and the guests of the Queen's Royal. Harry Kirkover, Jr., of Buffalo has presented a handsome cup for this competition. Friday afternoon there will be a men's handicap, a match medal play, the first of a series of regular fortnightly matches.

Recent arrivals at the Queen's Royal are: Toronto—Gus. Schorfelf, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mathes, H. H. Seydan, A. E. Simpson and wife, W. S. Wedland, A. W. Barnard, Frank Stanley, W. M. Taylor, J. W. Alexander, Mrs. F. H. Cox, G. Midland, W. P. Echardt, E. E. Peacock, T. A. Staunton, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Murray, Miss Murray, Mrs. C. S. Murray, F. L. Summerhays, Carl H. Behr, Dr. and Mrs. Winnett.

Mr. Bernard and Miss Barbara Bernard spent a few days this week in Toronto.

Miss Ada Bolton, Buffalo, was visiting the Misses Sherlock.

Albury Hood of Toronto was here visiting his parents.

H. A. Benohel of Toronto was here.

Miss Ella Cairns of Toronto is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kenly.

Miss Minnie Campbell of Toronto is visiting here.

Messrs. Robinson and Montgomery of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, were here this week.

Miss Belle Evans of New York is visiting her mother.

Miss Adelaide Orr has returned from Ottawa after spending the winter there.

Herb Aikins of Toronto was here Monday.

Peter A. Porter, H. P. Bissell and Lawrence D. Rumsey of Buffalo were here Monday.

John Nyer of Toronto was visiting old friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson of New York are the guests of Mrs. Chittenden for the summer.

Captain George E. Clarke of the 37th Regiment, who remained here after camp to visit his father, has returned home.

Charles Thonger entertained some Toronto friends on his beautiful grounds Tuesday afternoon.

Herbert Bantleon of Rochester is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Louis Yong, "Minerva Cottage."

J. H. Prescott and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher of Buffalo are also guests of Mrs. Yong.

Mrs. Harold A. Gagnier and little daughter, Toronto, were here Wednesday.

Hon. Peter A. Porter and wife of Niagara Falls, N.Y., were guests of Mrs. Rosenmuller.

Miss Wright and Miss Daisy Wright are visiting in Toronto.

Miss Margaret Creed of Cleveland is here for the summer.

Monty Macrae of Toronto was here this week.

Weir Anderson of Toronto was another visitor during the week.

Grimsby Park.

Erriy in May there is always a goodly number who are ill at ease until they can get to their old haunts in and about Grimsby Park. On Victoria Day, when the Park House opened, quite a number of cottages were already occupied. Every week since the number of inhabitants has been increasing, so that now both of the hotels have their usual quota of guests for the first part of the season, and the cottages one by one are taking down their shutters, displaying their bunting and preparing for a good time generally. Dominion Day is considered the opening day of the season. Jupiter Pluvius on this, as on two previous Dominion Days, claimed homage and sent copious showers and plenty of mist and fog. The opening entertainment was transferred from the large auditorium to the corridor of Lakeview Hotel. Arthur Blight, the musical director for the season, had arranged an excellent program and with a nice company present, W. C. Wilkinson, as chairman, called off the various parts, musical, vocal and oratorical. The instrumentalists were Miss Hardy, pianist, and Miss Rutley, violinist. Mr. Blight furnished the vocal parts, Mrs. Blight playing the accompaniments. Rev. Dr. D. V. Lucas contributed very much to the enjoyment of all present by reciting from Drummond's Habitant and Tennyson's Northern Farmer. Several bright and clever addresses were given by gentlemen called upon by the president without previous notice, and Fred Dane, the latest acquisition to the board of directors, touched upon a variety of matters affecting both the company and the visitors, in fine style. Sunday was quite an improvement in every way as far as the weather was concerned and very fair congregations greeted Dr. Lucas at both the morning and evening services, held in the large auditorium. The special feature of the day was the very fine music given by the choir as they led the congregation in a hearty and inspiring service of song. Both the Park House and the Lakeview Hotel are now open, and the managing director will have the assistance of L. P. VanNatter, so long and favorably known to former visitors to the park, as caterer for both the hotels, with headquarters at the Lakeview.

Toronto is represented among the cottagers now in residence by the families: W. C. Wilkinson, J. Pearson, Mrs. Brown-Gilverson, H. Irving, E. A. Chown, W. Barker, G. Robb, Mrs. Banks, J. D. Stinson, C. W. I. Woodland, J. Smith, Mrs. Howell, F. Anderson, J. H. Ford, J. H. Denton, Rev. J. E. Dyer, F. Higgins, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. S. J. Hunter, W. F. Rutley, J. Brimer, J. Holdge, F. T. Butler, Mrs. Stock, F. Dane, F. A. Bowden.

Hamilton has Rev. Dr. S. P. Rose, Mrs. Hunter, L. F. Stephens, Mrs. Dingwall, Miss Cartmell, H. R. Hardy, Mr. Walden, J. W. Gage, Mrs. W. T. Miller.

Kingston has T. Botterell and Mrs. and Miss MacDonald.

Pittsburg, Pa., sends Mrs. Rand and children.

Galveston, Texas, has Mrs. Warriner.

St. Catharines has C. M. Gripton, Mr. Fairfield and Mrs. Seymour.

Park House has among its guests Miss Messler from Pensacola, Florida; Hon. Mr. Maguire, wife and daughter, Cincinnati, have become guests of the Lakeview Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. King, with Mr. King, jr., as chauffeur, spent a few days in Grimsby Park as a break in their automobile tour from Houston, Texas, to the western part of the Province of Ontario.

Mr. De La Plante, a former Torontonian, was setting his face on an automobile trip from Buffalo to the Thousand Islands, but the necessity of calling in an expert electrician caused him to postpone so lengthy a journey till his son, as chauffeur, has gained experience on shorter trips.

The automobile, mighty as it is, has not done away with humanity's love for a good horse, and this season a liveryman all the way from Arthur, Ont., has established a stable at Grimsby Park and the lovely riding and driving horses have drawn from the pockets of the visitors money enough to make the liveryman feel glad.

Lake Couchiching.

Henry Pellatt of Toronto has returned to his beautiful summer home, "Southwood," Lake Couchiching, for the season.

Other tourists on Lake Couchiching are: Mrs. and Miss Warren of Toronto; A. A. Allan and family of Toronto; M. Howard and family of New Orleans. Mrs. Waters and family, H. Whitney and family of New Orleans; Fagar F. Shidle, Pittsburg; Dr. Crawford Scadding of Toronto.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. J. B. Henderson of Orillia hooked a 30-pound lunge near Heward's Point, Lake Couchiching, and successfully landed the monster fish, after a hard struggle.

Fern Cottage Resort, Lake Couchiching—The tourist season has opened most auspiciously at Fern Cottage. The addition of a long-distance telephone service is much appreciated, as is also the privileges of trips on the lakes per steamer Geneva, which connects with Fern Cottage.

Dominion Day was observed by an impromptu concert, the success of which was due to the entertaining capacity of A. C. Memivier of Toronto.

Recent arrivals are: Mrs. Marr and daughters, Mrs. Atherton, Miss Murphy, Miss Enid Holden of Washington, D.C., Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Metevier and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Watson, the Misses O'Leary of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hale of Orillia, Miss McKanaghan, Miss Mawe, Miss Allen of Chesley, Mrs. E. A. McBain and daughter of Reston, Man., Miss May Cushing, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Sparrow Lake, Muskoka.

Tourists are arriving daily at Sparrow Lake, and a heavy season is anticipated. The following have registered at the various resorts to date.

At "Uneda Rest," Mrs. Dr. Hastings and family, T. Stanley Ryecroft, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McArthur and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Gibson, W. P. Merrick, Miss Bristol, Miss M. Oldham, M. G. Bowman, Jas. Johnstone, Leslie Stewart of Toronto; Rev. Allen E. Armstrong of Lynedoch; Messrs. F. G. Kamper and T. E. Kamper of Buffalo; Mrs. Chas. Greer and family, J. D. Newell and daughter, of Newcastle, Pa.; Harry H. Clarke of New York.

At the Stanley House: Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson and Mrs. Bennett and family of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Smith and family of Pittsburg; Mrs. Brickner of Rochester, N.Y.

At Lake Shore House prospects are bright for a full house during the next two months. Mr. and Mrs. Arens of Toronto are registered here.

Those sojourning at the Beach are: Misses I. and V. Woodrow, Miss Osler and Mrs. Frank Woodrow of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chester of Detroit and Miss Marian Perkins of Toronto are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vanderlip of Vanorna Point.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mills of Pittsburg are registered at Lakeview House.

Messrs. George C. Lobey and E. J. Cousins and families, of Toronto, are occupying cottages at Lovey's Point.

The following are registered at Massey's Camp: C. J. Musson, Miss Struthers, Miss Ethel Williams, T. W. Beales and Miss Beales, J. C. Chadwick, Charles McCracker, Mrs. Dr. Frawley and family, S. H. Moore of Toronto; Rev. W. B. Smith and E. R. Butler of Woodstock, Rev. S. W. Follis of Hamilton.

E. W. D. Butler and family of Toronto have returned to Sparrow Lake for the summer.

E. L. Cousins of Brattleford, Vt., came 800 miles to spend one day on the lake.

The Toronto Sunday and Daily World will be on sale on Captain Thomas Wood's steamer Champion, and at Lake Shore House. Get The Sunday World and keep in touch with tourist life thruout Muskoka.

An event of interest took place at the Massey Camp on Friday evening, when William Woods, a sailor by profession, climbed the 100-foot flagpole to fix the rope to permit of the flag being raised. For seven years the pole was rendered useless as a flagstaff because of the rope becoming fast, and no one venturing to remedy the trouble. It took Woods several minutes at the head of the pole to rectify matters, during which time it swayed in a manner that sent thrills of horror thru those who stood in breathless silence at the bottom, momentarily expecting a catastrophe.

Sojourning at Geneva Park, Orillia, are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dudley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. James Wansley of Toronto, Allen McPherson and family of Longford; Mrs. Leacock and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Murphy and family, Miss Greenway, the Misses Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. George Hale and family of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Janes.

James B. Tudhope, M.L.A., and family have returned to the Whitehouse for the summer.

C. J. Atkinson, in charge of the Broadview Boys' Institute camp party of Toronto, 75 in all, arrived at the park on Friday night.

The following Toronto guests are registered at Orchard Point resort, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. L. Shaw and family, Mr. Edward Barton, Victor Kennedy, S. R. Tarr, Miss L. M. Tarr, Miss Olive Leara, Fred Learn, Mr. and Mrs. A. St. Leger Trigge, Dr. G. A. Roberts, Miss Macallum, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Ramsay and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Parry, Chicago; A. E. Erle and M. Evison, Orillia.

At the Belvidere.

Parry Sound, July 10.—Following is a list of guests at the Belvidere: A. W. Mellows, Dayton, O.; S. L. Dreibellors and wife, Reading, Pa.; C. E. Ranch and wife, E. E. McCurdy and wife, Lebanon, Pa.; Z. T. Mullin and wife, Washington, D.C.; F. A. Birley and wife, Erie, Pa.; W. L. Helliwell, Toronto; W. B. Stewart, Cleveland, O.; Alex. T. Davidson, Toronto; John McNiel, Chicago; M. T. Wismer and wife, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; W. R. Hebbard, St. Andrew's, Que.; J. M. M. Duff, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Valleyfield; W. B. Maclean, Toronto; Patrick Calhoun and family, Cleveland, O.; Dr. C. H. Gilmour, Toronto; G. A. Macpherson, A. A. Davidson, Guelph, Ont.; L. P. Graves, Buffalo; R. D. McNaughton and family, Moosomin, N.W.T.; L. J. S. Kenny, Toronto; A. F. Leggatt, Ottawa; Martin Simon and wife, T. L. Miller, wife and child; Mrs. A. Jelinks, Cincinnati, O.; A. C. Hill, H. C. Tugwell and wife, Toronto; J. G. Orchard, John V. Fox, Chicago; John L. Fruauf, New York; J. H. Mullin, Cambridge, Mass.; Frank J. Apple, New York; Roy McKinley, Cleveland, Ohio; C. L. Russell and wife, Toronto; George T. Bell, Gen. P.A., G.T.R., Montreal; E. W. Tanner and wife, New York.

At Preston Springs.

Preston Springs, July 10.—(Special.)—Preston, Canada's oldest health resort, continues to be popular with health and holiday seekers. The past winter has been the most prosperous one in the long history of the baths, and the hotels have at all times been well filled. At present both the Hotel Del Monte and Hotel Kress are entertaining many visitors, and applications for accommodation are increasing with the advent of warmer weather. The chief event of the week at the "North End" was a tally-ho party of Hotel Del Monte guests, who drove out to Puslinch Lake, where they spent a jolly outing. Trips on the trolley to Berlin, Waterloo, Galt and Hespeler are very popular with the summer visitors, who are not slow in availing themselves of the outing facilities afforded.

Among those registered at the Hotel Del Monte are: Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. Nattress, Mrs. Wm. Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Fullerton, J. A. Macdonald, Mrs. R. O. Baker and children, Miss Babe Cable, C. A. Pearson, Dr. Kertland, Miss Kertland, S. R. Higgins, H. P. Timmerman, M. H. Brown, D. H. Gibson, Fritz Piske and wife, D. H. Gibson, J. F. Maclaren, Toronto; R. E. Nicholson, Hamilton; J. J. Eagan, Buffalo; M. J. Rebbetoy, Cayuga; Frank Wilson, Ottumwa, Iowa; R. Phillips, Fergus; James Calder, Hamilton; Mrs. Dickie, Berlin, Germany; Mrs. Chas. Sterling, Mrs. Beck, London, Ont.; J. A. McBride and wife, Miss Eleanor Mason Shelburne; Miss A. M. Bemis, Mrs. M. B. Parsons, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

At Hotel Kress are: F. C. Doyle, Mrs. Ashcroft, Rev. and Mrs. Dixon, Montreal; Gertrude B. Pape, A. Willinsky, Misses Willinsky, S. M. Mehr, J. H. Somerville and wife, Mrs. L. B. Cowan, Miss M. and B. Torrance, Miss Bridges, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitfield, Mrs. W. J. Murray, Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nickels, Wm. Starr and wife, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Strauss, W. R. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. John Millar, Mrs. C. Milligan, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lewis, John A. Shoemaker, Buffalo; F. G. Holwell, Winnipeg; Chas. F. Young and wife, Brantford; Miss Dunlop, Miss B. Ball, Woodstock; Miss M. Wilson, Glasgow, Scotland; George Auer, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. and Miss Shern, M. Smith, Peterboro; Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Brampton; Mrs. Castell, Miss Castell, Fordwich; Rev. Canon Dixon and wife of Montreal, and Inspector Stark and wife of Toronto, are also sojourning at Hotel Kress.

At Bala Falls.

Following is the list of arrivals at the Bala Falls Hotel, Bala, Muskoka: M. E. Brown, Toronto; A. E. Sloane, Pittsburg, Pa.; Harper Armstrong, Miss Agnes McGill, Mrs. A. Gourlay, Miss Hazel Gourlay, Miss Irene Gourlay, G. E. Montgomery and wife, Toronto; D. F. Crossland, Washington, D.C.; W. J. Pollard, N. Crone, H. A. Hand, Toronto; S. D. Foster and wife, Washington, Pa.; R. B. Burgess, New York; A. C. Dennis, Montreal; A. H. Worthington, Toronto; H. W. Davis and wife, Sharon, Pa.; C. H. Blatt, Ellwood City, Pa.; C. W. Bishop, W. H. McLaren, W. Pugsley, W. Dunlop and wife, George Gilbert, Toronto; Mr. George and wife, Buffalo, N.Y.; C. B. Shipp, Springfield, Ill.; F. H. Crawford and wife, E. J. Mills and wife, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Hatch and daughter, Atlanta, Ga.

One of the Earmarks.

From The Detroit Tribune.

"Those people who moved into the adjoining house yesterday must be awfully rich," said Mrs. Urban.

"Why do you think so, my dear?" queried her husband.

"Because," she replied, "they own a lawn mower."

Distorted Visions.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

The oil magnate had been badgered, his money scorned as being tainted, and himself heaped with contumely of every sort.

"Talk about the dreams of avarice," murmured he, "they're getting to be regular nightmares with me."

Sufficient Cause.

From The Philadelphia Press.

"Subbubs' house was all lighted up last night," said the first suburbanite.

"Yes," replied the other, "they were celebrating a silver jubilee."

"Nonsense! they haven't been married twenty-five years."

"No, but they have had one cook for twenty-five days."

His Liberty for Charity.

Kingston, July 10.—"Box Car" Kelly, otherwise known as Hayward, sentenced to the penitentiary from Toronto three years ago, was liberated on Thursday. Late that night he was caught on the penitentiary grounds putting tobacco in various places for the benefit of some of his convict friends.

Guards caught him. He was sentenced to a month in jail for trespassing.

Snaps in Gasoline Launches

We are offering 6 only 18 ft. Launches, torpedo stern, latest model and equipments, $275.00 each.

2 only 16 ft. Launches, $225.00 each.
22 ft. Launches
25 ft. Launches
30 ft. Launches for immediate shipment.

Toronto Gas & Gasoline Engine Co. Limited
YORK AND LAKE STREETS
Open day and night.

KIRKE LA SHELLE.

Career of Manager and Playwright Who Died Recently.

Kirke La Shelle, the theatre company manager, playwright and author, who died recently, was 41 years old and was born in Wyoming, Ill. After he had secured a common school education in his native town he was thrown upon his own resources and became a printer's devil in the newspaper office there. It didn't take him long to become a full-fledged printer, and by the time he was 21 years old he had become foreman of the composing room of The Chicago Daily News. Then he asked for and got a job as a reporter. In four years he was city editor. Then he became managing editor, and then principal editorial writer of The Chicago Mail. From The Mail he went to The Post as dramatic critic. This was the last regular newspaper work that he did, altho later he wrote occasional articles for the papers and magazines.

It was as dramatic critic and amateur playwright in Chicago that Mr. La Shelle met Miss Mazie Nodine, whom he married ten or twelve years ago when he entered the theatre business as business manager for E. S. Willard, who was then on his first tour of America. The following season he decided to start out for himself. With George Lederer he engaged in the production of a comedy, Charles Dickson being the star.

The venture was not a success, and a year later Mr. La Shelle handled the "Robin Hood" Co. for the Bostonians. He did so well with that company that the following year he managed all of the Bostonians' interests.

With the money he made out of the Bostonians and with Arthur F. Clark, another Chicago man, as a partner, La Shelle launched Frank Daniels as a star in "The Wizard of the Nile." When the cost of the production, railroad fare, printing bills and minor expenses had been paid and La Shelle found himself at the opening town the total of his capital was just $34, but the "Wizard" made good and in two seasons founded the fortune of its producers. Clark soon retired and for eight years La Shelle managed Frank Daniels, producing "The Idol's Eye," "The Ameer" and "Miss Simplicity."

It was in "The Ameer" that he did his first work as a librettist, writing the book of the opera jointly with Fred Ranken. Later, with Composer Julian Edwards, he wrote the comic opera "The Princess Chic," and in 1887, with the late Fred Hamlin, he produced Augustus Thomas' famous play, "Arizona." They made independent fortunes out of this play, which had been refused by half a dozen managers before they took it.

La Shelle also had considerable to do with starring J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Briar Bush," and three years ago he produced "The Earl of Pawtucket," another play by Augustus Thomas which a number of experienced managers had refused on various grounds. The play made Lawrence D'Orsay one of the most successful stars in the country.

Late in the same year "Checkers" came out under La Shelle's management and a new star, Thomas W. Ross, proved his worth. With Owen Wister, the author of the book, Mr. La Shelle dramatized "The Virginian."

The manager was in indiffefent health when he took up the details of producing "The Education of Mr. Pipp" last winter. Physicians told him that he must ease up a bit, but he would not give up work until "The Heir to the Hoorah" was running at the Hudson Theatre. Then he moved to Bellport and began to enjoy his recreation by doing a laborer's work.

While rolling a tennis court he injured his leg and soon afterward he was seriously scalded while mending a hot-water pipe. A complication of ailments finally developed into phlebitis, which caused his death. He leaves a widow and two children, a daughter 8 years old and a son of 4.

ATLANTIC CITY, CAPE MAY, SEA ISLE CITY OR OCEAN CITY, N.J.

Low-Rate Fifteen-Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On July 18, Aug. 1, 15 and 25, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, and Ocean City, N.J., at rate of $10.00 from Lewiston, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Lockport.

Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m., carrying thru Pullman parlor cars and coaches to Atlantic City, and 9.00 p.m., carrying through sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express trains, leaving the seashore and Philadelphia within fifteen days.

Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad-street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market-street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

A stop over of ten days will be allowed at Philadelphia on going trip if passengers deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at Broad-street station immediately on arrival. Stop over within limit is also allowed on return trip.

For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo District, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main-street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

(Henry Tudor in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

I.

Great God of Peace—for thou art God of peace,
Not "God of Battles" only—hear our prayer!
Thy Man-Child can no more in silence bear!
Oh! stem yon crimson flood,
The tide of innocent blood!
Thou "Man of War," who makest wars to cease—give peace, give peace!

II.

Day in, day out, we see our brethren die,
Fond fathers from their orphaned children ta'en,
Helpless and hopeless, to be rent and slain!
Not Russia, not Japan,
But the great heart of man,
Pierced with the anguish of the widow's cry, doth moan and sigh.

III.

It is not—oh! it is not, as of old,
Ere thou did'st send thine own anointed son
To do .to teach, to die! The work be gun
On Calvary cannot cease;
Thy Man-Child yearns for peace—
Only the hardened Pharaoh heart is cold, as ice-bound mold!

IV.

For very hope deferred our grief increase,
Wherefore, thy Man-Child, kneeling at the throne
Before his father's footstool, maketh moan!
Let this unholy grail
Pass, ere our spirits fail!
Smile on thy Man-Child—bid this anguish cease!
Oh, Father! Abba Father, give us peace!

Thief Hid in the Bar.

The sum of $27 was stolen from the cash register of Sullivan's Hotel, at the corner of Church and King-streets Friday night. The thief is thought to have secreted himself in the bar at closing time.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

How many corners of the city are there like one I could point out, one side of which is beautifully green and redolent with flowers, and the other side possessing nothing more graceful than a litter of empty boxes, barrels and baskets that have worn away every vestige of grass and converted what might have been a thing of beauty into a scene of desolation, evil-smelling filth and all untidiness. I ask Dr. Sheard, now that he has obtained the ascendancy of the streets, and is seeking an increase of pay, if something cannot be done to remedy this state of things? I also ask citizens and citizenesses if an active organization could not be formed with the object of inducing their fellows to have some regard for the good looks of the city. As has previously been pointed out in these columns, in various cities of the States organizations have most successfully taken this matter up and wrought great good. Ladies, what say you?

A recent tabulated statement comparing the water rates in 122 of the leading cities of America is not without interest. A six-roomed house, with bathroom, closet, washstand and hose for sprinkling the average charge for the water supply in the 122 cities is $18.00 a year. In Chicago it is $16.50. In ten cities the charge is $12 or less. In Watertown, N.Y., it is $10. In Cleveland, O., it is $8.50, while in Detroit it is only $6.30. In Toronto it is about $4.80. Chicago has claimed to furnish water cheaper than any city in the United States. For houses of the above description a private company in Terra Haute, Ind., supplies water for $16, which is 50 cents less than the Chicago rate. It also filters the water, while Chicago water is not filtered. Perhaps a city owning its waterworks should supply water cheaper than a private company, but this does not appear to be always the case. The question of water supply is highly important to any city. It involves life and health. Often it is not what it should be. Most water should be filtered. All of it should be clean and wholesome and therefore free from contamination.

New York has a new reason for boasting. Its birthrate has increased until it is now 30 in 1000, which political economists regard as the ideal rate. New York, however, is ambitious to exceed this rate, and thinks it will be increased to 32 in 1000 within a year. Chicago also boasts that it has reached the ideal rate of 30 in 1000, while at the same time it has cut down its death rate. It claims that its death rate of children under 5 years of age is less than that of any other large American city. In 1900 it was 6.2 per cent. less than in St. Louis, 29-3 per cent. less than in Philadelphia; 33.4 per cent. less than in Boston; 34.6 per cent. less than in New York and 55 per cent. less than in Baltimore. This is a good showing for Chicago. In most large cities the death rate among children, especially among infants, is terribly high. In 1893 the average age of those dying in Chicago was 22.8 years. In 1904 it was 32.5 years, a remarkable difference. While there has been an increase of several hundred thousand of population since 1893 the number of deaths last year was 772 less than in 1893. In Chicago last year the death rate was 9.5 per cent. less than that of St. Louis, 19 per cent. less than that of Boston and 20-5 per cent. less than that of New York. A large per cent. of the population of Chicago is foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage. The increase in the birthrate of both Chicago and New York is doubtless due to the large per cent. of foreign-born population. There are comparatively few births in the fashionable quarters, tho even among these the birthrate seems to be increasing. As yet the United States does not appear in much danger from race suicide.

John D. Rockefeller has given Yale $1,000,000, the largest single donation that institution has ever received in the 204 years of its existence. Another million has been subscribed by graduates of the institution. This will increase Yale's productive fund to nearly $10,000,000. The announcement of Mr. Rockefeller's gift was received by the thousand graduates with wild enthusiasm. There was no objection to Mr. Rockefeller's money. Connecticut's new senator, a man named Brandege and a Yale alumnus, seemed to voice the sentiments of the alumni and faculty when he said, "Among the alumni of Yale are men far richer than King Akbar, who built the Taj Mahal to satisfy a woman's whim and his own vanity. To them I say there is no such avenue to the upbuilding of this country and the elevation of posterity as the liberal endowment of this grand old university. Bring on your tainted money. We will purify it with the Yale spirit and consecrate it to the blessed mission of educating noble men to uphold the institutions of our glorious country and with wisdom, patriotism and liberal conservatism keep her in the front rank of the nations of the world." Dr. Palmer of the Yale corporation declares, "No one but a fool would raise any question as to the acceptance of the money, and we can't help a fool's talk." Of course, Mr. Rockefeller will find no difficulty in inducing educational institutions to accept his money. Why shouldn't they accept it?

J. J. Kelso, superintendent of neglected children, has kindly sent me his report for last year. It is comprehensively compiled, and should prove of great interest and usefulness to the philanthropically inclined. It goes into the question of neglected and deserted children very fully, quotes many instances of beneficial result from the adoption of children that otherwise would get nothing but the training of the streets and of criminal resorts, and suggests many improvements in present methods. The great obstacle naturally that Mr. Kelso and his associates encounter in the reclaiming and reformation of wayward children is the rights of parents. As a rule, no matter how depraved the mother may be, or how neglectful the father, they naturally cling to their offspring, preferring apparently rather to see them grow up amid sordid and depraved surroundings than commit them to the care of those who would at least do their best to give them an opportunity of earning a decent living and to become respectable citiezns. I doubt if anybody could read this very complete report without being moved by the instances quoted, and by the efforts and energies that good people are putting into one of the most important social movements of the day. The report is admirably illustrated with pictures of children either at work or variously enjoying themselves. There is a scene with boys fishing, there are babies in various attitudes, there are girls feeding the chickens and cows, good little girls at church and a bad little boy with a convict crop on his head and a convict's number on his chest. The story of the abolition of Penetanguishene Reformatory and the work done by that institution is given at some length, so, too, are reports of the guardians of Barnardo Homes and those responsible for juvenile immigration generally. In short, Mr. Kelso has presented to the public, thru Provincial Secretary Hanna, a book of paramount importance and interest.

Under the old management Equitable directors appear to have had a pretty soft thing. They were paid $25 for each meeting of the executive, whether they attended or not, and as the committee held three meetings a week, each member was paid $75 a week, and this included directors who were also officers and drawing large fixed salaries. Thus a director, whether he attended to his duties or not, received pay amounting to more than the salary of many high in the service of their country, and who are often called upon to work from ten to fifteen hours a day for months at a time. Hereafter only directors who attend the meetings will receive a fee, while directors who are salaried officers will receive no fee. The pension of $25,000 a year paid to Mrs. Hyde has been stopped. Thus Paul Morton has already stopped extravagances that amount to more than his salary of $50,000 a year.

T. B. S.—The lines are found in Themistocles. They run:

Where ingratitude, that sin of upstarts,
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thousand
Base, grov'ling crimes cling round its monstrous growth,
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenness.

Secretary Taft, who is expected to be the late John Hay's successor in President Roosevelt's cabinet, is a weighty man in more senses than one. He is described as scaling about 325 pounds, and as frequently indulging in rather boisterous laughter and of a cheerful, generous and good-natured disposition as are all men who are fat and sleep well o' nights; but when it becomes necessary to hang the quivering hide of a subordinate on the ridgepole of the national wigwam he, it is said, is the "right guide" of verbal vivisectionists.

One of the leading banks of New York City pays to its stockholders an annual dividend of 160 per cent. It is an old, conservative and honorable establishment, that for above threescore and ten years has done a legitimate banking business. Its profits, great as they are, are fairly earned and are the reward of honorable dealing and established credit. There is no element of "frenzied finance" in its operations. It is simply a bank and nothing else. This institution was chartered by the State of New York many years ago and did a very modest business, yet safe and sound, until about the year 186-, when it suddenly became one of the leading banks of the great city. It was a bank of issue under the old system a system that was taxed out of existence in order to relieve the greenback of competition as a paper currency. Under the law of the land the greenback was a legal tender for the redemption of state bank notes outstanding, but this particular bank refused to avail itself of that privilege and announced that it would redeem its circulating notes in gold coin, and it did this when for one dollar in gold it could have bought nearly three dollars of greenbacks. Short-sighted men said the managers of that bank were fools for redeeming in gold when it was just as lawful to redeem in depreciated paper, but the event showed that it was the inspiration of financial genius. Depositors flocked to the bank and opened accounts. Here was a financial integrity that nobody could possibly misunderstand. The bank had lost some thousands, but it gained millions in established credit, and credit to a bank is what honor is in man, chastity in woman, valor in the soldier. Its large profits are due to its large deposits. Its large deposits are due to its sound credit. Its sound credit is due to the commercial honesty it practised when it redeemed for $300 in lawful money what it might have redeemed for $100 of lawful money. It was a similar transaction that established the credit of the Rothschilds and made that house the foremost bankers of the world. There is no secret about it. It is on every tongue. You hear it every day. It is the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

The city council has declared war against the overhead sign, and the said sign has been given a year to quit. Why, if it is a nuisance, it should have been given any time at all, is one of those things the leisurely-moving board of control may be able to explain, but other people will find it hard to understand. We are told the two-feet law has not been enforced. Why hasn't it? Who is to blame? And why should its enforcement be placed a year off now that somebody has awakened to the necessities of the case? Perhaps in the course of a century the city engineer, Dr. Sheard, or somebody else, possibly the city solicitor, will enforce the by-law against protruding produce and against the merchants and other citizens who litter the streets with empties and refuse! Park Commissioner Chambers says that the care of the boulevards rests with the householder. He is right—it does "rest" there. But should the appearance of the streets be left to such haphazard chance? Park Commissioner Chambers has very properly great regard for the trees, but if the boulevards are to be mere mounds of dirt, with stumps of decaying wood thrown in, surely the beauty of the streets is destroyed. It is a marvel to me that landlords do not see to it that the fronts of their places are kept clean and bright and orderly. But the rent is seemingly all that they are after, and, having got that, why the demnition bow-wows can seize upon both exterior and interior for all they heed.

Why doesn't some local John Pierpont Morgan organize a syndicate, buy up York-street from King to Queen-street, and clean out the evil-smelling rookeries, junk shops and the resorts called in mockery restaurants? Of all the pest holes in the city, of all the fever-breeding haunts, some parts of York-street are the worst, and yet it is practically one of Toronto's main arteries, forming the principal entrance to the city, the approach to the provincial courts of law and the main connection between two of the city's three great thorofares, King and Queen-streets. If ever anything was needed to purify this town, it is the cleaning out of York-street, the northern part of which reeks with filth, the abodes of disease and all uncleanliness. And men learned in the law and occupants of the bench tramp up and down it daily! It is a positive barrier between the trade of one section of the city and that of another, for nobody who can avoid the northern part of York-street will frequent it. Where, oh where, is the health officer? Peradventure he has too much to attend to!

Said a gentleman from New York town to me on Friday: "I note you are going to pay your governors of the new provinces—Alberta and Saskatchewan—$9000 a year! I suppose that means two more fat offices for your premier to fill." "You are correct in your surmise," said I. "Why don't you elect your lieutenant-governors," said he, "the same as we do? Is it because we do, and you imagine it would be a blot on your poltical methods to imitate anything that is good in ours?" "They are representatives of the crown," I replied, "and as such must be appointed by the crown." "Representatives of the crown, must be appointed by the crown, fiddlesticks! They are representatives of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or rather, will be. They should be representatives of the people. You have emasculated Haultain and will set up in his stead two dummies who will simply be at the beck and call of the boss manipulator and velvet-handed, soft-voiced tyrant at Ottawa! I am almost tempted to wonder the territories don't rise in revolt." And then, as he threatened to talk treason, I left him.

Speaking of the new hospital, an evening paper remarks that "the trustees best understand the necessities of the situation." Perhaps so, perhaps so! But I should have thought the patients knew something, too! Experience teaches, and as one who knows something about hospitals I would like to point out the desirability of peacefulness and restfulness. I have been annoyed by noisy and even intruding students, have had my olfactory nerves disturbed by pungent odors, have been aroused by the pitiful moans of the dying and the ear-piercing shrieks of the injured. That facilities for study are urgent and most important, all will allow, but at the same time the patient should be taken into account, and where he can be best treated and nursed back to life is the place where the hospital should be. As I have said before, the means of passing from one spot to another in the city are so accessible and convenient that I cannot see that it makes any vital difference on the score of accessibility whether the General Hospital be maintained on its present site or removed to College-street. Doctors would doubtless prefer to have all the hospitals within a block of each other, so that they could the more easily make their rounds; but the patient needs rest and the further he is removed from the turmoil of the city the more likely he is to get it. That an entirely new hospital is needed, no one can deny, but the proposed removal from one site to another is a question apart. Had I my way, there would be three sections, one for surgery near the university, one for fever patients at the present spot, and another for convalescents on the hills to the north.

Meeting a gentleman who is much devoted to yachting, the other day, I asked him what of the situation and what of the cup challengers. He replied: "The interest in the new Royal Canadian Yacht Club is much intensified by the great yachting event which is now impending—the contest for the Canada Cup at Rochester. The Temeraire, owned by Frederic Nicholls, rear-commodore of the club, is a perfect little beauty—low, with long, fine-drawn overhangings fore and aft, and painted white; she is what all of Fife's creations are—most pleasing and attractive to the eye, and it will certainly take a good one to beat her. The Zoraya, belonging to Mr. Worts, presents a very different appearance, being higher out of the water, with a short counter astern, and painted black; she looks a powerful, dangerous boat and must be a formidable rival to Temeraire, designed, as she is, by A. Milne of Glasgow, whose 30-footers defeated those of Fife in a majority of cases last year. Both boats have racing sails from Ratsey & Lapthorn, and are really so handsome that they make glad the heart of any yachtsman. They are the very best in design, material and workmanship that can be produced, and yachtsmen regard them in very much the same way as ladies would new costumes from Worth. E. K. M. Wedd sails Temeraire—perhaps the best skipper in the yacht club to-day, if we except Aemilius Jarvis, while Zoraya is captained by her owner, Mr. Worts, who has less experience than Mr. Wedd, but who has sailed her so far with skill and judgment; he is surely entitled to much credit for his enterprise in building a challenger, and his courage in handling her himself. There have been some trials between the two boats and the Invader, sailed by N. Gooderham, and the Beaver, by Dr. Garrett, so that the races have been most interesting. The Invader was the winner at Chicago four years ago, and the Beaver was unsuccessful in Toonto six years ago, having been beaten by Genesee—good old eBaver, if the had only had a bit of breeze and a bit of sea, there would have been another story to tell! The races so far have been slightly in favor of Temeraire, not much tho, and if you want confirmation of the fact that Zoraya may win out in the trials, go and ask the crew of Temeraire what they think of her. These trials are indecisive absolutely as yet, because the wind has been light and fluky and the boats have not been fit and ready—each boat has beaten the other and been beaten by the other, and when that is the case it is sure that they are pretty evenly matched. The series of trial races to decide which is really the faster boat begins on July 22, and it is safe to say that whichever boat wins the Yankees will have their work cut out to hold the Canada Cup.

And then having dined luxuriously off my yachting friend, I started in to sup off my esteemed associate, Captain R. K. Barker, the indefatigable rowing man and ever-kind secretary of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen. He said: The Grand Challenge Cup, emblematic of the world's championship in eight-oared rowing, tho carrying no title of championship with it, but representing the goal to be striven for by all amateurs who row a sweep, has never left England since its creation about the year 1837, altho almost annual attempts have been made by Belgians, Canadians, Germans, Frenchmen or our cousins from the United States, for the past twenty odd years. Neither a Scotch nor an Irish crew has ever been able to lift it, and it now bears the names of over 1000 English winners, representing various English clubs or colleges only, and it seems that it should also bear the inscription: 'No foreigner need apply.' Our own Toronto Argonauts have tried twice, first in 1899, when they succeeded in defeating the Dutchmen of Laga, Holland, by only two feet in a very hard race, but fell down in the semi-final against the crew of the London R. C. on the following day, undoubtedly thru lack of sufficient training. In 1902 the Argos again tried to wrest the premier rowing trophy of the world, but were defeated by a length by Third Trinity, Cambridge, in the semi-final heat. This crew won the cup from Leander in fairly easy fashion in the finals, and were acknowledge the best crew seen in England for many years. The Argonauts that year came nearer to the 'cup' than any of the many crews that ever invaded England, but had a bit of hard luck in the heat with Trinity in drawing the 'Bucks' shore, with a strong wind blowing from across the river. Their time was several seconds faster than the final heat on the following day, when Trinity defeated Leanders the winners of many years past. Thise year has witnessed another attempt to lift the cup on the part of the Vespers of Philadelphia and a Belgian crew, but without avail. The Vespers were defeated in the semi-finals by Leander, who won out on the last day against

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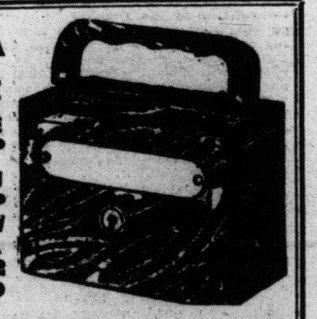

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the Belgians in easy fashion. The Vesper eight, from time trials and subsequent racing results, were up against a most powerful crew, but Leander apparently did not have to extend themselves too much to land in front, as on the last day in the final heat they had no trouble in rowing the course five seconds faster than it required to beat Vespers, and that in an easy heat against the Dutchmen. The fact that Leander slowed down to 34 strokes to the minute for a great portion of the course in their race against the Vespers, shows conclusively that they were not extended to their utmost, as their average rate of stroke, when pressed at all, is around forty to the minute. And yet the Vespers represent to-day the best crew probably in North America. Selected from the best in the many clubs in Philadelphia, the main centre of rowing in the United States, and also including several champion varsity sweeps from different colleges, a better crew could hardly be gathered together in the whole of the big country to the south of us.

The Argonauts have been awaiting the result of this year's race for the 'Grand,' and the fact that English oars are still impregnable makes them feel that another venture should be made. The Argos' experience, gathered from prior attempts and from comparison with the defeated oarsmen of this and prior years, has taught them about what to look for, and what they have to meet if they line up at Henley. Slowly but, it is to be hoped, surely, the Argonauts may get the cup, and unless the attempt is made next year, a large number of the best men the club ever turned out will be past the rowing stage and 'out of the game.' If the nucleus of the last 'Henley' eight can be brought back to the fold, including Kent, Hamber, Hardisty, Parmenter and Jim McKenzie, and added to the best of the present eight, the fastest crew that ever rowed in Canada will make the trip next June, and will be coached by 'Joe' Wright, the most experienced sweep in Canada rowing today, 'the grand old man' of rowing, and captain of the club. If the venture is made and does not succeed, all that can be said is that it is useless to try further, no matter what North American clubs or varsitys may think. English oarsmen at Henley are those who have 'swung' a sweep at Eton or some other good preparatory college, and afterwards at Oxford or Cambridge, before graduating into the Leander Club, and one style of 'going,' and only one, is taught from early boyhood till the candidate's rowing days are over. In America various styles prevail, and this makes the task harder, particularly as our season is shorter and a very long journey and a change of climate militate against the chances of Canadians or those from the United States. However, if the Argos take on the trip (and they will only take it on if certain men will sit in the boat) their chances should be of the very best, as every name is that of a powerful and experienced oarsman, and one who knows what he has to do to have a chance to win. If the venture is made, T. P. Galt, hon.-pres. of the Argonauts, will accompany the crew, Joseph Wright will go over as coach and captain, and Captain R. K. Barker will manage the trip. Active training will be indulged in during the latter part of this summer, and the crew will be got together very early in the spring. Other likely members of the crew would be Fellowes, Grubbe, Boyd and Rice of the present club senior eight.

The practical attempts which have been made of recent years to use the anti-toxin treatment for the prevention of disease in animals would appear at last to have been highly successful. George Cugley, a gentleman well known across the border as a lover of animals, and who has made a life study of them, has discovered a serum by which dogs and also cats may be rendered immune from that dire complaint, distemper. The method is to inject the serum hypodermically into the blood of the animal by means of a needle-pointed syringe. The vaccination of a dog or cat does not "take" as it does in human beings, nor is there even an eruption. There has been many distemper cures which have been said by their inventors to be infallible, but here we have a treatment which renders the animal immune from the malady itself. In pursuing his investigations, Mr. Cugley made experiments, in which healthy dogs, some inoculated with the serum and others without it, were confined with dogs afflicted with the disease. In no case did an animal inoculated contract distemper, while those not treated with the antitoxin did so freely. Cats were tried with the same success.

In the course of business certain London banks have occasion to send out large sums in gold coin to China. No sovereigns, however, will be accepted which have the familiar St. George and the dragon on the reverse side. The dragon plays a leading part in religious matters in China, and its figure on the coin is abhorrent to the Celestial mind. The London consignees have, therefore, to pick out the older coins, having a shield on the reverse side for transmission to the east, and these are now consequently becoming very scarce.

Several journals are agitating themselves, and, possibly, their readers, with the novel inquiry: "Are women less humorous than men?" It is never very easy to see what particular good comes of arguing about women, as all are like each other, yet totally different from men, but certain amusing matters have been thrown out in the course of this present philosophical discussion. The practical joke, one lady claims, does not appeal to her sex. "It is rare, indeed," she says, "to find a girl, however young and light-hearted, who either plays a practical joke or enjoys this primitive form of humor." This poetical view of the youthful fair will be peculiarly welcomed by all immediately acquainted with the healthy schoolgirl at home for the holidays. "One subject of humor almost exclusively given to woman," says the same writer, "so far as she can she keeps strictly to herself. Of course, I mean her husband." Some of us may wish that the wives of the more excruciatingly humorous husbands would keep those gentlemen to themselves more strictly than they do. "Many a man," she continues, "who is taken most seriously by the world, is regarded by his wife as supremely comic." That 'urely is just as it should be. What could be more flattering than to be regarded as supremely comic? The sad thing is that so many wives who believe their husbands to be supreme comedians are supremely mistaken. So the unhappy men are continually encouraged to try to be jocose. And the judicious weep.

A "sanitary bulletin" issued by the New Hampshire State Board of Health contains the results of analyses made of foodstuffs sold in that state. Of 363 articles purchased and analyzed, consisting of canned goods, meat products, baking powders, jellies, jams, spices, etc., more than 45 per cent. contained adulterations. Of 32 samples of canned fruits, jellies and jams examined, 29, or 91 per cent., were adulterated. Raspberry and strawberry jams were colored by coal-tar dye and preserved by benzoate and salicylate of soda. Much of the so-called strawberry jam offered for sale is made of apple stock prepared with flavoring chemicals and aniline dyes. Cheap jams, jellies and canned goods are almost invariably adulterated. The safest thing to do is not to eat them.

Among the minor arts of life is the art of refusing a tip and paying a compliment at the same time. Jerome K. Jerome has lately been protesting against the weakness of the diner in face of the waiter. Here is the artful way out. After one of those June dinners that societies, regiments, colleges, organize, a diner, having tipped the table waiter, the wine waiter and every waiter within sight, was confronted by another. "You'll remember the waiter?" was the murmur. "Let me see, what have you done for me?" "Toothpick, sir," was the reply, as the waiter indicated the horrid and unused implements. "Remember you!" exclaimed the diner, laying his genial hand upon his shoulder, "I shall never, never, forget your bonny face."

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

A STORY OF DISASTER.

Fatal and Other Accidents at Automobile Races.

New York, July 8.—A succession of serious accidents attended the first series of automobiles racing at Morris Park.

While driving a ninety-horsepower car in the heavyweight championship race, Paul Sartori dashed thru a fence, fatally injuring a boy named Joseph Hollahan, who was looking on. The accident occurred when the racers were traveling at a terrific speed, Sartori covering a mile in less than a minute, when he struck the three-quarters turn. The crash could be plainly heard in the grandstand. Altho other machines in the race were speeding around the track, the crowd swarmed over the fence, placing themselves and the drivers of the cars in the utmost peril.

There were four starters in the race: Louis Chevrolet, Paul Sartori, Webb Jay and M. Roberts. The race was for four laps, or 5.56 miles. There was a flying start, in which Webb Jay got away first. At the three-quarter turn he was leading, with Chevrolet second, Sartori third and Roberts last. A crowd of fifty boys collected around the fence on the outer curve, and as Sartori approached several of them started to cross the track. They became confused, and so did Sartori. He turned, and before he could prevent it his car crashed into the outside fence. Young Hollahan was standing behind a post. The machine hit the post and threw the body at least forty feet. Sartori went flying thru the air, but landed in the soft earth and was not hurt.

In the meantime the other three cars went on. On the last lap Roberts' car threw a tire and was overturned, after he had just managed to swerve out of the way of the following cars. Roberts fell clear of his car, but had three ribs fractured.

Webb Jay won the race in fast time, beating Chevrolet out by nearly a quarter of a lap. Jay's last mile was covered in 49,3-5 seconds, which is a world's record for the distance. The former record was 52 4-5 seconds, made by Chevrolet.

While whirling about the track in a preliminary spin before the races, a tire of Dan Wurgis' high-powered Red Bird burst, causing the machine to swerve. It crashed into the fence, tearing away twenty feet of railing and then overturned, burying Wurgis beneath it. He escaped with severe cuts and bruises.

Just before the races began, a car in which were Mrs. Delancey Kane and her maid ran into the car of Mrs. C. H. Dale. Mrs. Kane and her maid were both cut by flying glass and Mrs. Dale was thrown to the ground, but escaped with slight injuries.

Ignorance.

He chewed tobacco by the pound,
Of booze he'd killed a lot;
In fact, for three-score years or more
His status was half-shot;
Of coffee, too—that poisoned drug
He'd had his full allot—
He took it many times per day
And always by the pot.
'Twas surely sad to see a man
To throw himself away
And dwindle swiftly out of sight
From premature decay.
He might have lived to ripe old age,
And done a lot of good,
Had he but cut the poisons out
And lived on breakfast food.

BEST WAY TO SHUN COLDS THEIR CAUSE AND EFFECT

Care of Skin Needful and Improper Clothing and Wet Shoes Lead to Influenza.

"A-chew! There, I am catching cold! Where in the world could I have taken it?"

These are expressions one may hear almost any day, says The Washington Star, and they indicate an idea lurking in the minds of many people that a cold is something which overtakes a person calendestinely, thru no fault of the victim, and often despite the best care to avoid it. The notion is very widespread that a cold is due to something without the body, accidental in character and insidious in its unexpected and sudden coming.

Colds are common enough, since nearly all have them, but their causes are imperfectly understood. Nine persons out of ten would say that an attack of influenza was due to some exposure whereby the body is chilled by dampness or low temperature, yet under precisely similar circumstances, at another time, the same person does not contract a cold, indicating that this ailment is due in some measure to the physical condition of the victim.

The dictionary defines a cold as "A morbid condition produced by cold." Medically speaking, this condition is one of congestion, accompanied by fever, with inflammation in the nasal passages, throat, lungs or other part of the body. The definition also fits the popular idea that this is brought about by exposure or indiscretion, such as venturing out of doors without wraps, sitting in a draught of air or getting chilled in any of the numberless ways incident to modern life. It is probably true in most cases that the morbid condition of the definition is an antecedent to the chill, and that the true cause of the cold lies quite as much within the system as without. A few scores or hundreds of the millions of capillaries of the skin thru which the insensible perspiration of the body is carried off, are closed, and the effete and poisonous matters which should escape freely are retained, resulting in the inflammatory disease known as a cold.

Felt in the Weakest Part.

When the pores of the skin are closed the ill-effects are likely to be felt in the weakest parts of the body. Some suffer from colds in the head, some in the lungs; in some the cold affects the joints, causing rheumatism; in others the digestive organs are affected; in others the kidneys, and so on. The vital forces seek temporarily to expel from the system the poisons accumulating within thru other channels than the skin, and the weakest link in the chain bears the hardest strain. All the lurking impurities in the body seem to concentrate there, and often much suffering ensues.

More people die of pneumonia and other pulmonary disorders in the winter and spring than in other seasons. Shut up in close and heated rooms the impurities of the body quickly accumulate therein. More food is taken and this adds to the load the physical system must carry. The skin from lack of frequent bathing and the weight of heavy clothing becomes clogged and its pores inactive. The lungs from inhaling impure air assumed an unhealthy condition, which invites the infection of germs. From lack of exercise in the open air there is general stagnation of the animal forces and the body sinks into an impoverished state, in which the blood is poorly oxygenated and is impregnated with poisons. These are the natural precursors of a cold, vigor degenerates, health breaks, there is a chill and serious illness and sometimes death follow.

Care of the Skin.

The surest way to avoid colds lies in the scrupulous care of the skin. Strangely enough, this avenue of escape for internal impurity is most neglected in winter, when it is most needed. In summer, when the body is thinly clad, when houses are open to every breeze, when perspiration flows and the cleanly persons resort to the daily bath, there is almost an entire absence of colds. The skin performs to the full the function intended by nature. In winter when rooms are chilly and water cold, the bath is suspended, the skin is smothered beneath heavy underclothing and thick outer garments, and the capillaries, after vainly struggling against the outside pressure, lay down the burden and turn a million poisonous streams back into the blood. Bathing, such a delight in summer, is essential to health in winter, and should not be neglected. Once each twenty-four hours resort should be had to the tub, the shower or the sponge, as personal bent may dictate. This is needful, if the skin is to perform its functions properly. A person in fair vigor will undoubtedly be benefited by the tonic of the morning cold bath. At least—the daily bath—hot, tepid or straight from the hydrant—with vigorous friction of the skin under a towel wielded by a strong hand, is a prime precaution against colds and other ills that flesh is heir to. It is cheaper and better than doctors.

Of course thick underwear, overcoats and cloaks must be worn in cold weather. One should be warmly clad, because scant covering subjects the body to rapid radiation of heat, as dangerous as it is uncomfortable. But in the habit of sitting in overheated rooms and donning heavy wraps many people vastly overdo the matter. Too much coddling is as serious a menace to health as too little clothing.

A familiar figure in the City of Rochester some years ago was a man whose proud boast was that he never slept in a room with a fire and never wore an overcoat. In the coldest weather he could be seen about town dressed in medium-weight suits, and his broad expanse of shirt front, with diamond pin, was never confined beneath an overcoat. He lived past three score and ten, the picture of health and manly vigor, and was the victim at last of an accident on a hunting trip in the north woods.

This example is cited, not for imitation, but to show that heavy clothing is largely a matter of habit, and that weighting the body down with it is unnecessary, either from the standpoint of health or comfort.

Heavy Clothes Breed Colds.

The London Lancet a few winters ago startled its readers with this caption. An explanation followed and the data of some experiments performed by an investigator in a British hospital. The fact was established that those who wore an especially thick and warm overcoat easily took cold. It was set forth that this garment prevented proper ventilation of the body. It was like a steel covering to keep inside all the moisture emanating from the skin pores, and when removed the temperature of the body was so quickly reduced as to result in a cold.

The same authority suggests that colds frequently result from sudden changes in the temperature surrounding the body, namely, passing from overheated rooms into the cold air outside or the reverse. Much stress was placed oupon the danger incident to going into a heated room, throwing off the wraps and subjecting the body to a change of perhaps forty degrees from the air outside to that inside. This was explained as the reversal of the accepted theory that a cold results from going into cold air. The conclusion reached was that moderately thick overcoats or wraps should be worn in winter, and that they should not be removed too suddenly upon entering the house after a ride or walk.

The Lancet also called attention to wrapping up the face and throat as a fruitful source of taking cold. The idea was expressed that this was even worse than the wearing of very heavy clothing. With the neck and face bare it was maintained that there was a reasonable amount of ventilation thru the skin, and that the worst effects of coddling the body were thus neutralized.

Keep Feet Warm.

To go dry shod and to keep the feet warm is an important precaution against colds. More influenza, sore throat, hoarseness, are attributed to damp shoes than to any other cause. In winter the pavements, if not actually wet with rain or covered with ice or snow, are generally damp. This is particularly true of the miles of brick sidewalks in many cities. Walking over them will chill the feet and generally saturate the soles of the shoes. If the wearer then sits for hours in an office or even at home without changing the footwear, the clandestine cold is easily accounted for. The habit of walking in the snow or in rain storms without rubbers is pernicious from the standpoint of health, and the secret of many a broken constitution lies in this act, of carelessness. Wet shoes mean cold feet, and cold feet mean many ills, besides the single one of influenza.

Another source of danger is found in the wearing of heavy shoes in hot rooms, causing the feet to perspire, and then going forth into the icy temperature outside where the extremities are quickly chilled. If one would avoid colds, changing shoes from lightweights inside to heavyweights outside, and galoshes for wet and snowy streets, will pay the expense and trouble involved. The seeker after health need not fear the shaft of ridicule which puts him into "the old man's class" by wearing rubbers.

Equally important with the care of the skin and the feet is that of the digestion and the inner secretions, if a person would shun colds. Proper assimilating of food is all-important, and interferences therewith should always invite attention. A well-known authority on hygiene says late suppers, and, especially generous feeding at them, are a prolific source of colds. This writer ventures the remark that the hoarse and sneezing victim the next day wrongfully attributes to some innocent draught of air the blame which should attach to the salad, rarebit or wines so freely indulged the preceding night. In other words, the liver and kidneys overworked by an indiscreet master have retaliated by spreading poisons thru the body which result in influenza.

Medical writers, especially those of France and Germany, say Americans do not consume enough liquids. The German drinks his beer, the Frenchman his wine, the Englishman his tea, but the temperate American has none of these special beverages. These and other writers declare that all persons should drink much water, if they do not resort to some other form of liquid beverages. They advance good reasons for this in saying that free action of the internal organs depends upon a generous supply of liquid. The athlete, especially the jiu-jitsu man, drinks large amounts of water. Nearly two gallons daily, the sages say, the average person requires to keep in perfect health. If this were done, it is affirmed, the wrinkled, pinched, pimpled and anaemic visage of many Americans would be changed to the ruddy glow of health.

Question of Exercise.

The memories of old-timers reach back to the simple folk in far country places who had simple ways to deal with the ills of life. Among them was the strenuous old farmer who always "worked off" his cold. He would shoulder his ax and have it out with the sturdy oak or beech tree, needed for the next year's wood supply. In the vigorous exercise of chopping he would start the perspiration and his cold in two hours would be gone.

Rational exercise is an essential thing to prevent colds. Elsewhere it was said the lungs are vitiated by the breathing of contaminated air confined in offices, living and sleeping rooms. Two hours in the open air each day walking or in some form of exercise clears the lungs of accumulated poisons, fills the blood with oxygen and saves the individual from slow suicide. This is needful among the simple precautions one should resort to in keeping away influenza.

Among the recent discoveries of science it is pointed out that pneumonia, consumption and influenza are germ contagions which pass from one person to another by some sort of contact. No doubt colds are epidemic, yet it remains true that the influenza germ will pass by that person whose physical condition does not invite its lodgment. With bodily organs intact and each performing its full functions, there is little to fear. Such a person is proof against colds, whether they be the old-fashioned kind superinduced by exposuse, or the new-fangled variety produced by a bacillus with an unpronounceable name.

Cure for a Cold.

While much may be done to prevent colds, along the lines suggested, many still must fall victims to them. Even the athlete, with all his training, cannot always win. When one has a cold it should not be neglected. Attention should be given at once to the skin and the internal organs that they may resume their functions and expel the accumulated load of poisons. There are many simple ways of doing this, and usually the simplest ways are the best. Like the farmer, some can "work off" a cold; some can starve it away; others may take hot lemonade and sweat it out in bed; others still may resort to the wet pack, and those who can afford it to the Turkish bath. To some of these means everyone should turn upon the first symptoms of a cold. They are the assistants of nature in throwing off the internal impurities which have caused all the trouble. If left to do this unaided, the strain upon the vital forces often results in some lasting or chronic form of catarrh or kindred ailment. Death has many times been the result of a neglected cold.

St. Kitts Post Office.

The vacant postmastership at St. Catharines is causing the office-seekers a lot of worry, as well as the powers that hold the benefice, remarks The Thorold Post. Alonzo Riggins has been in the office for 43 years, and has instructed every postmaster during that time in his duties. He has, in fact, been the business front of the postal business in the city nearly all that time. By all the rules that ought to govern, he should have the office, and has applied for it. In any well-ordered manufacturing or commercial establishment he would have been promoted long ago. But the rules that ought to govern do not govern. It all goes by political preferment. The man who has done the most for the government gets the plums, which are usually dispensed by the sitting member or the last defeated government candidate, who, when the plum is a fat one, usually picks it for himself. In this way E. J. Lovelace will probably be postmaster, tho Senator Gibson, who, also, is a mighty man of valor at Ottawa, is said to favor his old friend, Donald Robertson, and stands a good chance of winning out over Mr. Lovelace. But the oughtness of the situation points direct to Mr. Riggins.

ANGEL CHILDREN.

Is there any happier woman in this world than that mother whose each successive little one seems to her but one more darling angel to continually lift her thoughts toward the sunshine of perfect happiness? But sorry is the lot of that poor mother to whom motherhood has ceased to be a cause of rejoicing, but has become instead a burden to be dreaded and looked forward to with melancholy and apprehension.

"About three months before our last baby was born (which is our fourth), writes Mrs. Nellie Carl, of Myrtlepoint, Coos Co., Oregon, "my health was very poor. I had been troubled for about eight years with female disease. I doctored with good physicians but obtained no relief, so I wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, and was advised to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so, and am happy to say my health began to improve and I did my work up to the last, and felt splendid.

"I got along finely during confinement, and have the healthiest baby I ever saw. When he was three months old he weighed eighteen pounds: he is now seven months old and weighs twenty-four pounds. I can say I have had no return of my old troubles. I thank you very much for the good you have done me."

Any woman may write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., a statement of her case, which will be considered in absolute confidence by this physician who stands among the foremost specialists of the century in the treatment of women's diseases. He will send her (in a plain, sealed envelope) sound, sensible, valuable advice free of all charge.

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page, illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 31 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing only, or cloth-bound for 50 stamps.

PREEN BEAT DISHABILLE INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP

Saturday's Results at Kenilworth Park—Card for Monday's Racing.

Buffalo, July 8.—(Special)—Second choices won the first two races at Kenilworth to-day, Brush Up and Jack Dolan, the favorites, Wild Irishman and Halifax, finishing outside the money. Au Revoir, favorite, won the mile handicap, and in the international event Preen beat Dishabille, the first choice. Bienneworth was first everywhere in the fifth. Summary.

1	Brush Up, 92 (Perrine)	4—1
2	Conjuress, 88 (J. Henderson)	4—1
3	Peggy, 99 (Lee)	10—1
—	Elquoso, 109 (E. Walsh)	15—1
—	Royal Window, 106 (Greenfield)	10—1
—	Juin M., 108 (Oliphant)	10—1
—	Morochord, 104 (Helgerson)	15—1
—	Sagredo, 110 (Jones)	60—1
—	Combustion, 109 (Romanelli)	40—1
—	Wild Irishman, 98 (J. Hennessy)	3—1
—	Margaret O., 101 (Turner)	60—1
—	Merangue, 92 (Powers)	5—1
—	Caper Sauce, 97 (J. Miller)	10—1

Time 1.08. Start fair. Winner J. L. Hayman's b.f., 3, by Ben Brush—Miss Laudeman. Brush Up was best, led all the way, winning easily by two lengths. Caper Sauce was as good as left.

Second race, for 2-year-olds, 5½ furlongs:

1	Jock Dolan, 105 (E. Walsh)	5—2
2	Nagazani, 102 (Travers)	5—1
3	Silver Sue, 109 (Fisher)	10—1
—	Halifax, 112 (Helgerson)	6—5
—	Pythia, 109 (Bell)	7—1
—	Libation, 105 (Meade)	15—1
—	Away, 102 (Jones)	25—1

Time 1.07 1-5. Start fair. Winner J. Phillips' b.c., 2, by Pontiac—Charma. Jack Dolan just got up in time to win, after a hard drive all down the stretch. Halifax got away very badly; might have won with an even break. Silver Sue finished strong.

Third race, handicap, for 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile:

1	xAu Revoir, 116 (Oliphant)	1—1
2	Bragg, 104 (Helgerson)	5—2
3	War Whoop, 100 (Romanelli)	5—2
—	Little Scout, 112 (E. Walsh)	1—1

xCoupled. Time 1.39 3-5. Start good. Winner G. C. Bennett's ch.h., 5, by Debeauvoir—Bon Voyage. Au Revoir was very much the best; was only galloping in front all the way. Bragg finished strong. War Whoop ran fair. Little Scout could never get up.

Fourth race, the International Handicap, for 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs:

1	Preen, 107 (Creamer)	5—1
2	Dishabille, 116 (Oliphant)	2—1
3	Rose Tint, 111 (Doherty)	8—1
—	Toscan, 114 (Lee)	4—1
—	Scotch Plume, 105 (J. Walsh)	5—1
—	Bobbie Kean, 104 (Romanelli)	6—1
—	Arelina, 90 (Perrine)	15—1

Time 1.12 4-5. Start good. Winner Goughacre's Stable's br.c., 3, by Atheling—Pow Wow II. Preen got away running, opened up a big gap, winning easily. Dishabille could not give the weight; was best of the others.

Fifth race, selling, for 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 40 yards:

1	Plennenworth, 111 (Oliphant)	8—5
2	Fair Calypso, 89 (Klenck)	16—5
3	Winchester, 96 (Romanelli)	30—1
—	The Don, 111 (Travers)	7—1
—	Solon Shingle, 108 (Buchanan)	10—1
—	Gay Lizzette, 106 (Lee)	7—1
—	Zigzag, 89 (Perrine)	5—1

Time 1.43 3-5. Start good. Winner, G. C. Bennett's ch. h., a, by the Prince of Monaco—Middlemarch. The winner was very much the best, drew away in the stretch in a gallop, by six lengths; next two driving hard.

Sixth race, selling, for 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs:

1	Nil, 107 (E. Walsh)	2—1
2	Merry Belle, 107 (Romanelli)	10—1
3	Orilene, 107 (J. Hennessy)	6—1
—	Lacene, 107 (Fisher)	4—1
—	Gamester, 103 (Jones)	15—1
—	Venus, 100 (Lee)	8—1
—	Cadillac, 100 (Hennessy)	10—1
—	Gold Girl, 100 (Helgesen)	15—1
—	Carrie Graham, 95 (Perrine)	10—1
—	Tsara, 95 (Powers)	6—1
—	Annie Berry, 95 (Klenick)	30—1

Time 1.02. Start good. Won handily. Winner P. Lorillard's ch.f., by Gigantum—Nil Desperandum. Nil was much the best. Merry Belle finished strong. Lacene was away badly.

Kenilworth Card.

Buffalo, July 8.—First race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile—Milton Young 92, Winchester 97, Adel Trebla 99, Bellindian 100, Flat 94, Meistersinger 104, Enverite 104, El Donoso 104, Red Light 99, Oro Viva 106, Standard Bearer 105, xBlack Cat 84, xSun Ray 102, xSweet Tone 94, xEdgely 84, xCrestfallen 96, xExclamation 103, xWaddell 11, 96.

Second race, maiden 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs—Knickerbocker 112, Orevilla 112, Quixote 112, Peter Brecker 112, Lady Stewart 109, Annie Berry 109, Hocus Pocus 109, Donna 109, Mazzini 112, King's Guinea 112, Azure 109, Buckle 109, John McBride 112, Calabogue 112, Rosador 109, Devoir 112.

Third race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 40 yards—Standard Bearer 103, Widow's Mite 106, Don't Ask Me 106, Yama Christy 103, Gay Lizette 106, Princess Tulane 106, The Don 111, xFair Calypso 89, xStepaway 101, xLustig 101.

Fourth race, handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 40 yards—Sir Ralph 102, Arrah Gowan 96, Bragg 104, Loretta M. 97, Stroller 119, Judge Himes 115, Little Scout 111.

Fifth race, steeplechase, about 2 miles—Farthingale 151, Follow On 130, St. Jolly 135, Butter Ladle 130, Junius Roane 132.

Sixth race, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Shrine 118, Royal Window 100, Dishabille 107, Stay Away 87, Thomond 92, Azelina 102, Gypzene 98, Hyperion 89, Pat Bulger 118.

xApprentice allowance claimed.
Weather clear; track fast.

Highland Park Program.

Detroit, July 8.—First race, 1 mile, 4-year-olds and up, selling—Montpelier 107, J. I. Mac 106, Sir Hugh 109, St. David x106, Bedlam x106, Our Bessie 104, Bugler 102, Maraschino 101, Jim Hale 101, Little Wally 99, Frank Kinney x99, Viola x97, Pat Costigan x97, Colonist x96, Parnassus x96, Four Leaf C. 94.

Second race, ⅝ mile, maiden 2-year-olds—W. H. Carey 111, J. K. F. 111, Peter Sterling 111, China Alley 111, Lena Jones 108, Proform 108, Edna M. 108, Hark 106, Eastern Pride 103, Rubinon 103, Cantrome 103, Etrena 103.

Third race, ¾ mile, 3-year-olds and up, selling—My Alice 111, Bird Slayer 109, Yo San 107, Jehane 105, Monis x104, Capitano x102, Magnolin x103, xLeola, Ezell 102, Marian Wil x95, Many Thanks x99, Jim Ferrin x93, Fallen Leaf x91, Miss Affable x88, Itaska x88.

Fourth race, 1 mile, 4-year-olds and up—Baikal 97, Hans Wagner 97, Circular Joe 95, Hortensia 95, Columbia Girl 90, Mafalda 90.

Fifth race, 1⅛ miles, 3-year-olds and up, selling—Benckart x116, Gay Minister 113, Alabarch 104, Harry New x101, Rabunta x98, Honda x96, Sarilla 95, Watermelon x91, Big Bow x87, John Garner x87.

Sixth race, ⅞-mile, 4-year-olds and up, selling—Fly Leaf x97, El Rey x99, Rudabek x101, Lady Lavish x101, Mezzo 102, Hindoo Princess x102, Sister Kate II. x102, Annie Davis x103, George Perry x106, Irish Jewel 106, Glendon 109, Heritage 110, Canajoharie 112, Showman x112, Little Margaret 113.

xApprentice allowance claimed.

HANLAN'S POINT
TO-DAY—(SUNDAY)
A MUSICAL TREAT
2—Concerts—2
Afternoon—Evening
BAND 48TH HIGHLANDERS
Special Programs Arranged by
Mr. John Slatter

Dufferin Driving Club.

The Dufferin Driving Club hold a special meeting Monday night at the club house, when all members are expected to be present.

Dons' Crews for Next Saturday.

The Dons will hold their midsummer regatta over the club course on Saturday next for the Flavelle Trophy. The following is the draw for the crews. The men are expected to report to their strokes not later than Saturday morning:

—First Heat.—

N. Long, H. Sodin, F. Thomas, H. Taylor.
H. Marsh, H. Lang, W. Cameron, D. O'Keefe.
H. Sharpley, S. Faulkner, J. Burton, W. Dyre.

—Second Heat.—

W. Ramsden, J. Lumley, C. Baker, T. Haliburton.
J. Shea, F. Downey, F. Gallagher, H. McCarthy.
R. See, W. Crawford, R. S. Baker, W. Leslie.

—Third Heat.—

M. Fligg, S. Wood, P. Boyland, W. Bowler.
A. C. Tibbitt, J. Ward, J. Cox, C. Clements.
J. Young, F. Cornell, H. Ragen, W. J. Webby.

—Fourth Heat.—

R. Seagrave, H. Burns, T. McCarthy, F. Collett.
F. Shea, M. Nugent, George Wibby, A. C. MacIvor.
Len Marsh, W. Ross, Ryan, W. O'Connor.

Races commence sharp at 2.30 p.m. Crews must be ready 15 minutes in advance of race.

Winners of heats row off in pairs (semi-finals), and winners row off in final.

Argonauts Senior Eight.

The Argonaut No. 1 senior eight was selected yesterday by Coach Barker and will row at St. Catharines about as follows:

Jackes stroke, Monteith No. 7, McGregor No. 6, Snivelev No. 5, McLaughlin No. 4, Toms No. 3, Quigley No. 2, Cooper bow; spare, Becher and Isaacs.

The average weight of the crew is only 151 pounds, which is about 17 pounds average per man less than last year's crew, but snap and enthusiasm will help to win.

Arrow Won Queen City Race.

The bay was rough on Saturday, and only two boats finished in the Queen City Yacht Club's motor race. The commodore's Arrow was the winner, with Mr. Lawson's boat second.

Kew Beach Won by 17 Shots.

New Toronto visited Kew Beach on Saturday and lost by 17 shots, as follows:

Kew Beach.		New Toronto.	
F. Bruce.		C. Phillips.	
E. Walker.		W. McDonald.	
W. N. McEachern.		A. Campbell.	
E. Forbes, sk	25	T. Ironsides, sk	15
N. G. McLeod.		C. Lyon.	
F. Maxwell.		T. Campbell.	
W. A. Hunter.		J. Dwyer.	
A. Gemmell, sk	18	A. Hunt, sk	17
Dr. Hamill.		B. Taylor.	
E. James.		J. Neil.	
B. A. Walker.		W. Hennessy.	
J. A. Knox, sk	18	H. Drummond, sk	12
Total	61	Total	44

Miss Sutton Genuine Champion.

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

The match was exciting. There were several prolonged rallies and two deuce games in the first set and five in the second set. Miss Sutton, who played in her best form thruout, completely wore her opponent down. The American girl developed a wonderful new back stroke, which puzzled Miss Douglas, kept her on the back line and kept her from getting near the net. In the last game the second set was won straight off the reel by Miss Sutton and gave her the championship. The 3000 spectators present gave Miss Sutton a great ovation, the men waving their hats and the women their sunshades.

H. L. Doherty beat N. E. Brookes of Australia in the challenge round of the tennis singles, 8—6, 6—2, 6—4.

New 300 Yard Running Record.

Birmingham, Eng., July 8.—At the athletic sports here to-day H. A. Hyman of Pennsylvania University beat the English record for the 300 yard run. Hyman's time was 31 seconds. The previous record of 31 2-5 seconds was held by C. D. Wood.

Australians by an Innings and 112.

London, July 8.—The Australians defeated the Hampshire cricketers by an innings and 112 runs.

Cambridge Beat Oxford.

London, July 8.—Cambridge University in the annual cricket match to-day defeated Oxford by 40 runs.

The Band at Hanlan's.

Conductor John Slatter has arranged two special programs for the concerts to be given to-day (Sunday) by the popular 48th Highlanders' Band.

ARTFUL WON HANDICAP ORTWELLS RAN SECOND

Beldame Ran Third—There Were Seven Starters—Program for Monday.

New York, July 8.—The race for the rich Brighton Handicap to-day at the beach resulted in the crack horses finishing just as they were backed—Artful, Ort Wells and Beldame, running 1, 2, 3. There were four other starters, all at long odds. Summary:

First race, two-mile steeplechase—Jim Newman, 144 (Ray), 3 to 1, 1; Rube, 137, (Saffel), 2 to 1, 2; Opuntia, 149 (Kelly), 15 to 1, 3. Time 4.28. Messina, Champs Elysees, Castilian, Candling and Paul Aker also ran.

Second race, three-quarters mile—Right and True, 108 (J. Johnson), 4 to 1, 1; The Mighty, 108 (Fountain), 3 1-2 to 1, 2; Line of Life, 108 (Duggan), 8 to 1, 3. Time 1.14 3-5. Buttons, Consuelo II., Jay Fay, Consideration, Long Shot, Old England, Belligerent, Mayor Pelham, Atwood, Girdle, Royal Legend, Robador and Gold Ten also ran.

Third race, three-quarters mile—Whimsical, 104 (W. Knapp), 1 to 4, 1; Brookdale Nymph, 112 (Hildebrand), 3 1-2 to 1, 2; Cinchona, 107 (J. Martin), 5 to 1, 3. Time 1.15. Cassini, Miss Lingard, Georgiana, Old Guard, Veronese and Rye also ran.

Fourth race, one and one-quarter miles, Brighton Handicap — Artful, 103 (Hildebrand), 6 to 5, 1; Ort Wells, 125 (Sperling), 8 to 5, 2; Beldame, 125 (O'Neill), 3 1-2 to 1, 3. Time 2.04 4-5. Mon. Beaucaire, Adbell, Dolly Spanker and Delhi also ran.

Fifth race, 1 1-16 miles—Pronta, 96 (Moriarty), 2 1-2 to 1, 1; Action, 106 (T. Burns), 2 to 1, 2; Voladay, 102 (B. Smith), 5 to 1, 3. Time 1.47 1-5. Bronze Wing, Jennie McCabe, Niblick, Will King, Lady Jocelyn, Chimney Sweep and Memories also ran.

Sixth race, 5 1-2 furlongs—Osiris, 110 (Hildebrand), 8 to 5, 1; Caprice, 107 (O'Neill), 4 to 5, 2; Albert F., 110 (W. Knapp), 3. Time 1.09. Amfortas, Tipping, Holloway, Muffins, Monterey, Listless, Hallowmas, Yellow Girl, Merry-Go-Round, Palora, Adessi, Sir Carruthers and Hester W. also ran.

CORINTHIAN KICKERS COMING.

Parker's Team Will Be Here as Well as Scotchmen and Englishmen.

New York, July 8.—All doubt about the visit of the Corinthian Association football team of England has been dispelled by the arrival in New York of G. A. Parker, manager of the famous eleven.

The team will sail from Liverpool to Quebec on Aug. 3, and after a series of games in the chief Canadian cities, will play in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Mr. Parker has also been in communication with the authorities at Harvard, and it has been proposed that an intercollegiate team, made up of the men from Harvard, Columbia and Haverford Colleges, should meet the visitors, either in New York or Cambridge.

The Corinthian eleven is the strongest amateur team of Association players that has ever been got together for a tour. Nearly all the players are varsity men, and the eleven includes G. O. Smith, one of the best and most popular players in England. The other men are: Wreford-Brown, Rowlandson, Norris, Timmis, Page, Vickers, Morgan, Owen, Lowe, Curwen, Corbet, Harriss, Vassall, Foster and Bryant.

The New York game has been arranged for Sept. 16.

This will make three Association teams to entertain next fall, including Murray's Scotchmen and Englishmen.

Association Football.

The semi-final football match between the Locust Hill Clippers and Norwood will be played at Markham on Tuesday evening, July 11, at 6.45. Norwood is a fast team and should put up a good fight for the Stratton Cup, now held by the Clippers.

FIGHTING THE HOTTENTOTS.

German Troops Storm Entrenchment and Do Some Killing.

Berlin, July 8.—Small engagements continue to take place in German Southwest Africa. The troops, after overcoming great difficulties, are able occasionally to close with the bands of rebellious natives.

The most considerable engagement since that at Narus, June 17, occurred June 27, the official reports of which was telegraphed to-day. Major Graessar with three companies, the despatch says, attacked 200 Hottentots near Kochas, on the Fish River, stormed a temporary entrenchment and killed many of the natives.

The German loss was two officers and three men killed and an officer and 11 men wounded.

BACK FROM CAVALRY CAMP.

Quartermaster-Sergt.-Instructor Le Blanc and Q.M.S.-Instructor Rose of the Royal Canadian Dragoons returned to Stanley Barracks on Saturday from the cavalry camp at La Prairie, where there were 1800 men under canvas. They report a magnificent camp with all conditions favorable to good results.

ANOTHER CONCATENATION.

Fully recovered from their concatenation at Honey Harbor the order of Hoo Hoos are now in shape for another which will be held in London on or about July 28. The lumbermen initiated a large number of new members into their black cat order during the Georgian Bay outing.

A wash vest will brighten up an old suit.

It is astonishing what a difference a fancy wash vest will make in an old suit---but the vest has to be right.

Semi-ready linen vests are right in every detail of style, fit and material. Single and double-breasted, they are all designed on the latest lines.

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

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

Prices, $3.50 to $5.00. 808

Semi-ready Tailoring

TORONTO 22 WEST KING STREET MANNING ARCADE

MARLBOROS AND ROYALS WON IN SUNLIGHT LEAGUE

I. C. B. U. Beaten 7 to 1 and Strathconas Lost 4 to 1—Saturday's Amateur Scores.

At Sunlight Park on Saturday afternoon the first game between the Marlboros and I.C.B.U. resulted in a win for the former by a score of 7 to 1. It was rather a one-sided listless game, the Irishmen putting up a weak exhibition of ball, both at the bat and in the field. The Marlboros on the other hand played first-class ball, hitting and fielding in clever style, and winning their game easily. The second game went to the Royal Canadians by a score of 4 to 1. The game was close and exciting, but was a weak-hitting contest. The rivalry between these two clubs, however, made it an interesting game for the spectators to watch. Phelan and Hynes both pitched good ball and both teams played good fielding games. The scores:

—First Game—

Marlboros—	R.	H.	E.	I. C. B. U.—	R.	H.	E.
Hester, rf	0	0	0	Jordan, 2b	0	0	1
Lea, 3b	1	3	1	Oster, c	0	0	1
Hewer, lf	3	1	0	Trayling, lf.	0	2	0
Brittain, ss.	0	2	0	Meegan, 1b	0	0	0
O'Connor, cf.	1	0	0	F. Smith, p.	1	0	0
Mack, 1b	1	1	0	Myers, cf	0	0	0
Brydon, c	0	2	0	W. Smith, ss.	0	0	1
Cadman, 2b.	1	1	0	Ferris, 3b	0	0	2
Lackay, p	0	0	0	Koster, rf	0	0	0
Totals	7	10	1	Total	1	2	5

Marlboros	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	2—7
I. C. B. U.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two base hits—Brittain, Brydon. Three base hit—Lea. Double play—Jordan to Meegan. Struck out—By Lackay 9, by Smith 3. Bases on balls—By Lackay 7, by Smith 3. Stolen bases—Marlboros 3, I.C.B.U. 4.

—Second Game—

Strathconas	R.	H.	E.	Royals—	R.	H.	E.
W. Benson	0	1	2	Ray, cf	0	1	0
Hynes, p	0	0	0	Johnson, c	1	0	1
Ross, cf	0	1	0	Poulter, 2b	0	0	0
Winchester	0	0	0	Thomas, lf	1	2	0
Spencer, 2b.	0	0	0	Love, 3b	0	0	0
Hickey, 1b	1	1	0	Story, rf	2	1	0
Scott, lf	0	0	0	McKenzie, ss.	0	0	0
Avison, rf	0	0	0	Phelan, p	0	0	0
T. Benson, c.	0	0	1	Brett, 1b	0	1	1
Totals	1	3	3	Totals	4	5	2

Royal Canadians	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1—4
Strathconas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Two base hits—Story, Thomas. Sacrifice hit—Scott. Double plays—Winchester to Spencer to Avison; Poulter to Brett; Phelan to Brett. Hit by pitcher—Johnson, Ross, Scott. Struck out—By Hynes 6, by Phelan 5. Bases on balls—By Phelan 2, by Hynes 2. Stolen bases—Royals 5, Strathconas 3. Umpire—Walsh.

Other Amateur Games.

In Eastern Manufacturers' League, A. R. Clarke Co. defeated McDonald Mfg. Co. by 8—4. A. R. Clarke's team will play in Acton next Saturday.

The 20th Century Clothing B.B. team defeated the John Inglis B.B. team. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
20th Century	6	7	2
John Inglis	4	5	4

Batteries—Bonnell and Edmonds; Dunn and Black.

The Mohawks defeated the Young Tecumsehs at the Island oval by 3 to 2.

St. Francis beat St. Helen by 3 to 1. Batteries—Flett and Donnelly; Burke and Glynn. Feature, Corbett's one-hand catch.

It was quite a surprise alright, but every bit of it was meant. It was a good game, and as tight as the score looks, 10 to 6, being this time in favor of Bryant Press. Batteries—For winners, Reiger, Heatherall; for losers, Wilcox, Kehoe, Woods.

MY REPUTATION

I have had the reputation for doing such careful work for the gentlemen of this city that I am just as careful as a man can be to not let any imperfections creep into my system and disappoint any customers.

My charges for pressing, repairing and cleaning are just as low as can be.

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ST. KITTS AND BRANTFORD WON SENIOR C.L.A. GAMES

Torontos Beaten Before Fine Crowd at Rosedale 5 to 2—Chips Whitewashed, 7 to 0.

St. Catharines and Brantford won their senior C.L.A. games on Saturday, the Athletics by 5 to 2 and the Irish Indians were whitewashed 7 to 0. There was an enormous crowd at Rosedale and good fast lacrosse, tho the boys in blue were beaten by 3. Record and schedule:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
St. Catharines	6	1	.857
Tecumsehs	4	2	.666
Toronto	3	5	.333
Brantford	2	4	.333
Chippewas	1	4	.200

Game Wednesday, Brantford and Chippewas at Island.

Games next Saturday: Brantford at Tecumseh, at island; Chippewas at St. Catharines.

St. Kitts Beat Torontos.

St. Catharines 5.
Torontos 2.

By a comfortable margin of 5 to 2 the Athletics of St. Catharines won from the Torontos at Rosedale on Saturday, and thus took another and firmer grip on the championship shield. It was a hard fought game from the first, but only in the opening quarter had the home team a lead.

The boys from across the lake had a new system. That is, it was new to them. The most tantalizing opportunities would not induce their defence to leave their posts in front of their net; hence when a well directed shot was sent in the direction of Cory Hess he was generally there, with Harris, Cameron and Elliott supporting him.

The Torontos defence hugged the active home-brewed home of the St. Kitts aggregation so closely that few of them were given a chance to illuminate the horizon. Few such stoutly contested games have been seen in Toronto, the visitors having their work cut out for them in every position in the field.

The work of Hanley in goal, of Rowntree, Lambe and Kirkwood in the field, and Henry and Powers close to the opposite nets was splendid. For St. Catharines, Hess in goal, and Harris and Cameron, close to him, were the conspicuous players. Harris has been lame for a week and limped on the field like an inmate of an infirmary. But when he loosened his joints he exhibited skill. His work was spectacular.

Joe Lally of Cornwall gave entire satisfaction as referee. He was liberal with his rest passes and the following players were out of the game for various periods: Athletics—Barnett, Lowe, Forrester, Downey, Cameron and O'Gorman; Torontos—Henry (2), Francis, Hanley and Parke.

Coach Murphy of the Torontos got over the disability of captains not being allowed on the field by posting himself with a megaphone in the club house window and directing the play from there.

A large crowd witnessed the match and distributed their applause liberally between the two teams. The score:

—First Quarter—
1 Torontos.....Carmichael....11 min.
—Second Quarter—
2 St. Catharines..Forrester .....10 min.
3 St. Catharines..Lorne .... 5 1-2 min.
4 St. Catharines..Barnett.... 2 3-4 min.
5 Torontos.....Carmichael..5 3-4 min
—Third Quarter—
6 St. Catharines..Barnett .....21 min.
—Four Quarter—
7 St. Catharines..Forrester..11 3-4 min.

The teams and officials were:

St. Catharines (5)—Hess, Harris, Cameron, Elliott, Richardson, Downey, Forrester, Barnett, O'Gorman, Lowe, Kells, Hagan.

Torontos (2)—Hanley, Francis, Iler, Neeley, Rowntree, Lamb, Kirkwood, Marshall, Parke, Carmichael, Henry, Powers.

Referee—Joe Lally of Cornwall.
Umpires—W. Swain and C. Querrie.
Timekeepers—H. O'Loughlin and R. J. Kearns.
Penalty timekeeper—P. Punshon of Oshawa.

Chippewas Outclassed.

Brantford, July 8.—The Chippewas were completely out-classed here today by Brantford, the score being 7 to 0 in favor of the home team. Excepting the last quarter, the game was not up to a great deal, being a sort of listless exhibition. It was characterized mostly by loose and amateur playing. In the last quarter, everything was Brantford's way, the ball hardly being near the Chippewas' goal. The Chips played a great defence game. During the first quarter, Brantford was unable to score at all. Robinson, in the flags, was the star of the entire bunch, while Graydon stayed by Tack Hendry, doing good work. The Chips' home could not break in. Their shots were mostly from away out, and proved easy picking. Brown Jackson was referee, and allowed many things to go unpunished, consequently the game was rough at times. In all ten men were ruled off for tripping and slashing, which was done on both sides. Brantford scored four goals in the last quarter. The line-up was:

Chippewas (0): Goal, Robinson; point, Pitcher; cover, Graydon; defence, Hamburg, Ross, Mackenzie; centre, Bond; home, Donaldson, Taylor, Roach; outside, Yeaman; inside, O'Connor.

Brantford (7): Goal, Hutton; point, Dowling; cover, Davidson; defence, Brown, Adams, Degan; centre, Taylor; home, Doyle, Laderoute, Whitehead; outside, Hendry; inside, Layden.

Guelph Beat Hespeler.

Guelph, July 6.—(Special.)—Guelph defeated Hespeler this afternoon by a score of 6 to 1 and practically cinched the championship of this district in the Junior C.L.A. series. It was a great game of lacrosse, and tho a little ragged towards the last was always interesting from a spectators point of view.

In the first quarter Guelph notched two—McWilliams and Armstrong doing the tricks.

Hespeler had a look in and Kinder scored.

In the second quarter Guelph had the decided advantage and gained three more goals—the necessary being done by Oliveson, McWilliams and Larose.

The thrd quarter saw another score for Guelph by Curliss.

No further tallying was done, and the game ended 6 to 1 in the Shamrocks favor.

The better team undoubtedly won, and have every chance of landing the C.L.A. championship.

Hespeler, however, has a good team, and one of which the little town should feel proud.

Mr. Jack Kearns of Arthur made an impartial referee, and the teams were as follows:

Hespeler	Position	Guelph
Johnston	Goal	Booth
Mitchell	Point	Graham
McCraig	Cover Point	Watson
Burnett	1st Defence	McKenzie
Jas. Jardine	2nd defence	Larose
Pickering	3rd defence	Degan
McLennan	Centre	Hallett
Munroe	3rd home	Armstrong
Kinder	2nd home	Staples
Jack Jardine	1st home	Curless
Craig	Outside Home	Olaveson
Seigle	Inside home	McWilliams

Timekeepers—Guelph: C. Walker; Hespeler, O. S. Ebby.
Penalty—J. Driscoll.
Umpires—Guelph: O'Condy; Hespeler, J. Jardine, sr.

Shamrocks Beat Weston.

The Shamrocks beat Weston at the Junction Saturday by 6 to 1, scoring 1 in the first quarter, 2 in the second, 1 in the third and 2 in the last. Weston tallied in the second. Waghorne made an ideal referee. The teams are now well together in the Junior C.L.A. district. The players Saturday were:

Weston (1): Goal, Chavanaugh; point, Roe; cover, Ellerby; defence, H. Laughton, Somcosky, F. Chapelle; centre, E. Reaman; home, G. Holley, G. Rountree, Conkey; outside, A. Chapelle; inside, Stubbs; captain, Laurence; timer, A. K. Keefler.

Shamrocks (6): Goal, Atton; point, C. Gilbert; cover, Complin; defence, Doane, L. Rountree, A. Gilbert; centre, McGraw; home, Kingsman, Brown, King; outside, Gilbert; inside, Patterson; captain, F. Breen.

Referee—F. C. Waghorne.

The Island Queen.

The new top deck steamer Island Queen was put into commission on the Island Park service on Saturday afternoon. She is a pretty neat looking little craft, and seats 330 passengers. The work of enlarging the boat was only completed yesterday evening and the painting has not been done yet.

Foot Crushed by Car Wheel.

Charles Abey, 29 Beverley-street, attempting to board a King-street car, slipped. His foot got under a wheel. He was taken in an ambulance to Dr. McMahon's, and subsequently removed to the Emergency. It is likely his foot may have to be amputated.

Alleged Pickpocket Arrested.

Edward Stanley, who claims Niagara Falls, N.Y., as home, was arrested Saturday afternoon by Detective Verney, charged with picking pockets. He was "working" the Yonge-street Wharf. He is probably one of the Buffalo gang, and came over to take a chance.

A rich man died the other day. He died in the very midsummer of life, and he left his family $1,000,000. The doctor's certificate showed that death resulted from typhoid fever. The doctor himself said to a friend: "That man was a suicide. He had a splendid constitution. I could have pulled him through if his stomach had been sound. But he ruined his stomach by hasty meals, snatched in intervals of business and by neglect of symptoms which have been warning him a year past, that his stomach was failing in its duties."

The symptoms of a disordered stomach are, among others, variable appetite, sour risings, heartburn, undue fullness after eating, dull headache, dingy complexion, discolored eye, fluctuations in physical strength, nervousness, sleeplessness dependency. No person will have all these symptoms at once.

The restoration of the stomach to sound health, begins with the first dose of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The cure progresses until the functions of the stomach are in healthy operation. Then the nerves are quiet and strong, the appetite healthful, the sleep restful, the eye bright, the complexion clear.

"Please accept my thanks for the benefit which my child received from your medicine," writes Mrs. W. A. Morgan, of Silica, Mo. "He had been troubled for nearly a year with liver complaint, indigestion and constipation. I gave him your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and they did him great good. I gave him the 'Discovery' about eight months, and several vials of the 'Pellets.' He seems to be perfectly well now."

If you want a cure accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

These ORIGINAL Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago, have been much imitated but never equaled. They're made of purely vegetable, concentrated and refined medicinal principles, extracted from native American roots and plants. They speedily relieve and cure foul, torpid and deranged Stomachs, Livers and Bowels and their attendant distressful ailments. One or two a laxative, three or four a cathartic.

HARLEYITES WON AND LOST FALKENBURG INVINCIBLE

Rochester Trimmed Buffalo Easily—Orioles Broke Even With Newark.

The Royals and Harleyites broke even Saturday afternoon before one the biggest crowds of the season. Montreal took the first, the home team fielding indifferently at times, and Curri ebeing touched up frequently at the right time. The second came to the locals rather easily, as Falkenburg again served up grand ball, striking out a goodly number. President P. T. Powers was the guest of the Toronto directors. Umpire Moran did good work and enforced his rulings, in one case with a fine. Rochester easily beat Buffalo by 9 to 1. The Providence Jersey City game was called at the end of the sixth, with the score 1-all. Baltimore won and lost at Newark. Record:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Jersey City	34	24	.586
Baltimore	35	25	.583
Providence	35	26	.574
Buffalo	31	20	.525
Toronto	30	30	.500
Newark	27	33	.450
Rochester	26	34	.435
Montreal	22	37	.373

Games on Sunday: Providence at Montreal, Baltimore at Newark.

Games on Monday: Newark at Toronto, Providence at Montreal, Baltimore at Buffalo, Jersey City at Rochester.

Montreal 5, Toronto 1.

Montreal tallied two runs in the second. Joyce, first up, cracked a single into left; Bannon flied out, but F. Hartman singled into centre. Buss' drive sent Joyce in. Magoon fell down on Barber's easy one, and the bases were full. Miller grounded out to Magoon and F. Hartman tallied.

In the fifth good fielding prevented Montreal from getting runs. Soffel dropped Barber's easy fly, and Miller was passed. L. Hartman attempted to sacrifice towards third and Sullivan fielded Barber out at third. Meaney chopped off what ordinarily would be good for a hit, but Soffel jumped in the air back of second and pulled down with his gloveless hand the ball, doubling up L. Hartman at second and retiring the Royals without a run.

In the sixth Montreal added three more. Magoon missed Lachance's grounder and Joyce beat out a bunt towards third, Currie making no attempt to throw the ball. Currie's wild pitch advanced Lachance to third, and Joyce to second. Bannon was passed and the bases were full. Harley got L. Hartman's hard-hit fly. Buss grounded out, Magoon to Toft, and Lachance scored. On Buss' out both Joyce and Bannon tallied. Toft evidently forgot things here, as but one run should have come in on the out.

Toronto's first run came in the seventh. Carr was passed and stole second. Sullivan's well-placed single over second scored him. The score:

Montreal—	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Miller, 2b.	3	0	1	2	3	0
L. Hartman, s.s.	5	0	0	3	4	0
Meaney, r.f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Lachance, 1b.	5	1	0	15	0	0
Joyce, l.f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Bannon, c.f.	3	1	0	1	1	0
F. Hartman, 3b.	4	1	2	1	1	0
Buss, c.	4	0	1	4	1	0
Barber, p.	4	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	37	5	6	27	15	1

Toronto—	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
White, l.f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Harley, c.f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Murray, r.f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Soffel, 2b.	4	0	1	1	3	0
Carr, 3b.	3	1	1	1	1	1
Magoon, s.s.	3	0	0	3	3	2
Toft, 1b.	4	0	1	12	0	0
Sullivan, c.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Currie, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	32	1	6	27	12	4

Montreal ..... 0 2 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—5
Toronto ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

Bases on balls—Miller 2, Magoon, Carr, Bannon, Murray. Double-play—Soffel (unassisted). Stolen bases—Harley, Carr, F. Hartman. Struck out—Murray, Magoon, Lachance, Buss, Sullivan, Balk—Barber. Wild pitch—Currie. Left on bases—Toronto 7, Montreal 8. Time—1.50. Umpire—Moran.

Second Game.

The Torontos went at Felix at the start in the first innings. White singled nicely into left and Harley beat out a bunt. Murray attempted a sacrifice towards third and White was fielded out at third by Felix. Soffel's long fly to Meaney tallied Harley.

In the third Falkenburg fanned out Buss and Felix and was proceeding to strike out Miller, who objected unnecessarily to Umpire Moran's decisions. The umpire promptly fined him $5 and put him out of the game. Wiedensaul took his place at second.

Toronto took another in the third. White fanned, and Harley secured the first corner on F. Hartman's high throw of his bunt. Murray was given four wide ones. Soffel's single to right tallied the manager.

In the seventh White, first up, hit for two sacks into the crowd back of first, and Murray's long home run over Bannon's head cleared the bases and gave the home team two more.

Montreal got a run in the eighth on Felix's two-bagger to left and two outs. The score:

Toronto—	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
White, l.f.	4	1	3	0	0	0
Harley, c.f.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Murray, r.f.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Soffel, 2b.	4	0	1	1	3	0
Carr, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	1
Magoon, s.s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Toft, 1b.	4	0	1	13	1	0
Sullivan, c.	4	0	1	9	3	0
Falkenburg, p.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	32	4	8	27	16	1

Montreal—	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Miller, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wiedensaul, 2b.	3	0	0	2	2	0
L. Hartman, s.s.	3	0	0	4	2	1
Meaney, r.f.	3	0	1	5	1	0
Lachance, 1b.	4	0	1	5	0	0
Joyce, l.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bannon, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
F. Hartman, 3b.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Buss, c.	4	0	0	5	0	0
Felix, p.	3	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	31	1	4	24	8	2

Toronto ..... 1 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 *—4
Montreal ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Home run—Murray. Two-base hits—White, Felix. Sacrifice hit—Harley. Bases on balls—Bannon, Murray, Meaney, L. Hartman. Stolen bases—Harley, Murray, Joyce. Struck out—Joyce, Carr, Falkenburg, Buss, Felix, White, F. Hartman 2, L. Hartman 2, Soffel, Wiedensaul, Bannon 2. Left on bases—Toronto 7, Montreal 6. Time—1.45. Umpire—Moran.

Eastern League Results.

At Baltimore— R.H.E.
Newark ..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 4 0 0—5 9 2
Baltimore ..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—2 6 3
Batteries—Morarity and Curran; Adkins and Byers. Umpires—Zimmerman and Conway.

At Jersey City— R.H.E.
Providence ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 6 2
Jersey City ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 7 3
Batteries Poole and Thomas; Olmstead and McAuley. Umpire—Hassett. Game called to allow teams to catch train.

At Rochester— R.H.E.
Buffalo ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 5 3
Rochester .... 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 6 0—9 11 2
Batteries—Kissinger and McAllister; Faulkner and Steelman. Umpires—Fertsch and McManus. (Egan ill.)

At Baltimore, second game— R.H.E.
Newark ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2 7 1
Baltimore .... 1 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 0—4 7 0
Batteries—McLane and Curran; Adkins and Byers. Umpires—Conway and Zimmerman.

Ingersoll 8, Brantford 2.

Brantford, July 8.—(Special.)—Ingersoll defeated Brantford in a W.O.B. League game to-day. The game was fast and Millan's pitching was superb. Score:

R.H.E.
Brantford 2 2 4
Ingersoll 8 12 4
Batteries—Brantford, Cobean and Elliott; Ingersoll, Millan and Graham. Umpire—Stockton.

Galt in First Place.

Galt, July 8.—Preston, the leaders of the Canadian League, played the Galt team here to-day and were defeated by 7 to 2. The game was a very good exhibition, tho several errors were made by both teams. The game places Galt and Preston tie for first place in the league. The batteries were: Flaherty and Marshall; Heimbecker and Nairn. Umpire—Hugo.

Western Ontario League.

Woodstock, July 8.—The Simcoe Western Ontario League team disbanded to-day, and an effort will be made at a league meeting to be held in a day or two to have London or Hamilton, or both, put a team or teams in the league. Pitcher Long of Simcoe has gone to the Utica team of the New York State League, and Infielder Cameron has signed with St. Thomas. The standing at present is:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Woodstock	9	2	.819
Brantford	6	4	.600
Ingersoll	5	5	.500
Simcoe	3	8	.273
St. Thomas	3	7	.300

REGATTA AT CANOE CLUB ISLAND A. A. WAR CANOE WON

Large Gathering at Toronto Canoe Club and Splendid Contests in Fair Weather.

Choppy water and an energetic wind for the contestants, but fine sky and a cooling breeze for spectators, made the annual regatta of the Toronto Canoe Club a delightfully interesting affair on Saturday afternoon. The lady friends of the canoeists turned out in large numbers and made themselves at home in the pretty club-house. There were 400 spectators.

The events were run off in good order, without mishap, but it was seven o'clock before the program was completed. During the afternoon and after luncheon an orchestra provided music for dancing. The feature of the races was the carrying off of the war canoe race by the I. A. A.

Summary of Races.

Single blades, open—Bloomfield 1, Blackburn 2, eight starters.

Junior fours (for Shea's medals)—Miller, Fullerton, Lewis and Elliott 1, Forson, Nichols, Riddey, Fraser 2.

Double blade tandem handicap—Bloomfield and Garland 1, Brent and Lawlor 2.

Single blade fours—Bloomfield, Findlay, Ridpath and Blackburn 1, A McNichol, Brown, Vaughan, E. McNichol 2.

Single blade tendam (open)—Nichol Bros. 1, Forsen and MacFarlane 2.

Double blade fours—C. Riddle, McMurtry, W Gallor and Findlay 1, H. rentB, F. Woodley, Oliver, E. McNichol 2.

Tandem handicap, 1-2 mile—Miller and Hardy 1, Lewis and Forson 2, Blackburn and Gowland. Time 5.35.

War canoe race, 1 mile straight away—Won by I. A. A. by about one-half a length, with Findlay's crew of the I. C. C. second and F. McNichol's crew third.

Handicap fours—Postponed.

Single blade tandem (for Shea's trophy)—Miler and Hardy 1, Forson and Lewis 2, Blackburn and Gowland 3. There was a tie between Miller and Hardy and Forson and Lewis on points in three races and this will have to be decided later.

The dinghy race will have to be sailed over again, no decision being given owing to claim of foul. A dozen boats were in it.

Some of the Visitors.

Among the visitors were: Miss Bella McKenzie, Miss G Brazier, Miss Maud Staines, T Staines, H Brazier, H F McKee, Miss A Bamford, J N Forrest, Dr C A Corrigan, Miss O'Loane (New York), Miss Grace Mackenzie, Eric James, Miss Banfield, E R Ryan, Miss Murine Dodds, Miss B Biggs, Miss E McQuilan, W H McHardy, J A Gilpin, Miss M Lewis, Miss L Hilborn, Miss F Hilborn, J H Thompson, Miss Headley, T H Trimble, Miss M T Benville, Elmer Rutherford, Miss Effie Specimen, Mr and Mrs F W Boustead, Miss F Wentake, Miss Flo E Gilpin, H R Bain, A Marshall, A G McKenzie, Miss Alice Martin, T F Livingston, W J Brady, Miss Nellie Burton, Miss Alda Burton, Miss Libbie Pearsall, Miss McBeith, Mr and Mrs Sparrow, W G Sparrow, Miss M Nixon, Mrs M A Batting, Miss E K Nixon, Miss Olive Nixon, Harold T Batting, Wm H McKinnon, H Wilkinson, W C Johnston, Mrs G D Lewis, Miss Belle Torten, Miss Georgie Willcock, Miss A H O'Donnell, Mr Forest, Miss A O'Donnell, J O O'Donnell, Neil McConnell, W Rogers, E Appleton, Miss Herrington, Miss Boneman, W Corbell, Dr and Mrs Powell, Miss Buffy, J McLellan, Miss Meta Corrigan, H J Lowe, W McHardy, W R Sherring, Miss N Taylor, A H Baker, Miss King, Miss Jose, Miss Jean Graham, Miss E Hurley (Buffalo), S A Fullerton, H C Wilson, Miss E Ryan, C S Robertson, Mrs A R Hughes, Miss Madeline Mungay (Stratford), Miss Ruby Newcombe, C Mitchell, Miss Stewart, Rena Copeland, George Stewart, H P Phin, Jean Farrar.

Galt Wins From Hespeler.

Hespeler, July 8.—The Amity Club of Galt played an exhibition game of baseball with a picked team of the town. The score was 21—15 in favor of the Galt team. Loose playing in the first three innings lost the game for Hespeler. Altho Douglass pitched good ball, he had poor support. In the last innings Hespeler scored seven runs.

Maitlands in the Lead.

On Maitlawn yesterday afternoon, the Maitlands defeated Weston, the only other unbeaten team in the Senior City series, by the score of 13—2. The playing of the home for the winners was responsible for the high score, as their clever stick-handling fairly dazzled the opposing defence. For the winners, Wright, Lillie, Stroud and Hooper played a great game.

—THE—
Dominion Bank
OFFICES IN TORONTO:
Corner King and Yonge Sts.
" Jarvis and King Sts.
" Queen and Esther Sts.
" Queen and Sherbourne Sts.
" Dundas and Queen Sts.
" Spadina Ave. and College Sts.
" Bloor and Bathurst Sts.
" Queen and Teraulay Sts.
" Yonge and Cottingham Sts.
" Dovercourt and Bloor Sts.
In connection with each branch is a
Savings Bank Department.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

AMERICAN LINE
Plymouth—Cherbourg—Southampton.
St. Louis.....July 15 St. Paul.....Aug. 5
Philadelphia.....July 22 New York.....Aug. 12
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Noordland.....July 15 Westernland.....Aug. 5
Haverford.....July 22 Merion.....Aug 12
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
New York—London Direct.
Minnehaha.....July 15 Mesaba.....July 29
Minnetonka.....July 22 Minneapolis.....Aug. 5
DOMINION LINE
Montreal to Liverpool—Short Sea Passage
Dominion.....July 15 Kensington.....July 29
Ottawa.....July 22 Canada.....Aug. 5
LEYLAND LINE
Boston—Liverpool.
Cestrian.....July 19 Canadian.....Aug. 3
Devonian.....July 27 Cestrian.....Aug. 16
RED STAR LINE
Antwerp—Dover—London—Paris
Vaderland.....July 15 Zeeland.....July 29
Kroonland.....July 22 Finland.....Aug. 5
WHITE STAR LINE
New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Majestic..July 12, 10 a. m. Teutonic, Aug. 2, 10 a.m.
Cedric.....July 19, 8 a. m. Celtic.....Aug. 4, 8 a.m.
Baltic.....July 26, 1 p.m. Oceanic, Aug 9, 1 p.m.
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....July 13, Aug. 17, Sep. 14
Arabic.....July 23, Aug. 24, Sept. 21
Republic.....Aug 10, Sept. 7, Oct. 5
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES
From New York
CRETIC.....July 27, Sept. 26, Nov. 4
REPUBLIC.....Oct. 19, Nov. 30
From Boston
ROMANIC.....Oct. 7, Nov. 18
CANOPIC.....Aug. 5, Sept. 16, Oct. 28, Dec. 2
Full particulars on application to
CHARLES A. PIPON,
Passenger Agent for Ontario, Canada, 41 King St. East, Toronto.

Prize Medal Philadelphia Exhibition 1876.
OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH
Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s.
WELLINGTON KNIFE BOARDS
Prevent Friction in Cleaning and Injury to the Knives.
POLY BRILLIANT METAL POMADE
Never Becomes Dry and Hard Like Other Metal Pastes.
SILVERSMITHS SOAP
For Cleaning Plate.
JOHN OAKEY & SONS
Manufacturers of
EMERY EMERY CLOTH GLASS PAPER BLACK LEAD
J. Oakey & Sons, LIMITED
London England

Deposit Your Savings in THE METROPOLITAN BANK
Interest Allowed at Highest Current Rates
Capital Paid Up, $1,000,000
Reserve Fund - $1,000,000

HIGH-GRADE REFINED OILS
LUBRICATING OILS AND GREASES
THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

ROOT NOW NEXT FOR PRESIDENCY YIELDS TO ROOSEVELT'S COAXING

After an All-Night Argument, Corporation Counsel Drops Money-Making Pursuits in Favor of Republican Honors to Come.

New York, July 8.—The American says: Uncle Sam has wrested Elihu Root away from the corporations. Mr. Root will be secretary of state in the place of the late John Hay. The announcement will be made by to-night or to-morrow morning. This is authoritative information from Oyster Bay.

It took an all-night battle on the president's special on its way east to win Mr. Root. On the other hand, President Roosevelt was fighting for the United States government to secure the services of one of the ablest lawyers in America and one of its foremost statesmen. On the other hand were battling the great retaining fees of the vast interests which Mr. Root, as a lawyer, represents.

The call to duty was triumphant. Mr. Root has elected to serve his country and to give up for the next few years the immense practice which he had and the prospect of hundreds of thousands of dollars in easily acquired savings.

As a reward for the sacrifice Mr. Root has in prospect in 1908 the Republican nomination for president. He now joins the race on equal terms with Fairbanks and Taft.

The president, it is understood, induced Mr. Root to accept the position with difficulty. Many conferences were held. The entire situation was rehearsed. It is said that Mr. Root's attention was called by friends to the fact that his refusal to accept the secretaryship of state would cause general discussion and place the United States, internationally, in a ridiculous position. His friends, it is said, told him that if the news came forth that a rich lawyer had refused to accept a position corresponding to a prime ministership in other countries, because of

ELIHU ROOT.

retainers from corporations, it would cause comment.

It is believed, and it has been asserted by men competent to speak upon the matter, that a frank understanding has been reached, if, indeed, a combination has not been formed, between the president and Mr. Root, whereby the latter is to receive the full support of the president at the Republican National Convention three years hence.

Mr. Root frankly avowed when he resigned as secretary of war several months ago that the step was dictated by a desire to make money. It is an open secret that since he returned to the practice of law in New York his income has shot up to practically $1000 per week, while some place it at half a million a year. It is reasonably certain that Mr. Root's income would remain at this figure for an indefinite period. He had no idea of re-entering public life a week ago, when came the sudden and unexpected death of Secretary Hay, which knocked the main prop from beneath the administration.

NEWLY ARRIVED ENGLISHMAN APT TO BE A GRUMBLER

One Reason Why He Isn't Popular When He Makes His Home Out West.

(Washington, D. C., Post).

Regina, Assinibia, N. W. T., June 15.—The Englishman as a class is not popular in Canada. He suffers for the quality of his defects and the defects of his qualities.

The fine class of young Englishman who come to Canada are often condemned beforehand on account of the prejudices created by those wastrels of their own nation—the horde of inefficient "remittance" men.

And the newly arrived Englishman is such a grumbler—"grouser" Western Canada calls him. The Western Canadian is intolerant of even legitimate criticism. The fact is his uneasy conscience tells him it is true, hence he winces, and inconsiderate, hence he is angry. Filled with a proud sense of the undoubted greatness of this western land, its possibilities and boundless opportunities to all who are wise to see them, he is impatient of any disparagement whatever. There is so much to do, so few to do it, and so little time to do it in. Winnipeg, for instance, is not a completely modern city. But stop to consider—it was only incorporated as a village in 1873, and now it is approaching a population of 100,000 people.

Archaic Information.

The ingenuousness of many Englismen is wonderful. The sources of misinformation they seek about Canada are painful to contemplate. At a hotel one night a fine young immigrant, just arrived that day told me he had learned a lot about the west in a very interesting book. What think you it was? Capt. Butler's "Great Lone Land."

Why did he not go forty years further back and read Mrs. Moodie's "Backwoods of Canada?" Her remarks on social conditions in pioneer communities would at least have been pertinent. The hardy laboring men of Canada, with whom this young man would come in contact, would chaff him unmercifully, and, further "stuff" him. They possess a rough facetiousness which is not too considerate of their victim's feeling.

Many young Englishmen who come to the west have been a fairly social status at home. Their manners betray the fact, and they are thereby apt to stir up the latent hostility of a "Jack is as good as his master" type of Canadian and American. The less qualities a man possess, the more insistent he is on his equality. However, in time they soon fall in with those who will appreciate them.

There is, too, an outward appearance of guilelessness about a well-bred young man from home which is in striking contrast to the pert assurance of the average Western Canadian. The latter is "on the make," and has, perhaps, learned all the mysteries of horse trading in his teens. It must be confessed in sorrow that his manners and his knowledge are not equal to his assurance. They are not all of this class, but this class naturally is most conspicious.

Man to Man the World O'er.

The very diffidence and reserve of a well-bred Englishman may be, and are, mistaken for hauteur. Social conditions are wonderfully involved in this western land. All are engaged in the chase of the dollar, and those who make the most having often risen from very humble circumstances, the natural social results follow. Englishmen, and the English women especially, would do well to take any advances made to them as kindly meant, even tho too much curiosity may be displayed. You have to get used to your barber treating you as a friend and equal.

Manual capability is what is in demand in the west. The young Englishman from the cities especially, does not shine in this respect, and hence farmers will tell you at times that "no Englishman need apply." The craft that will enable a man to strike straight to his objective, hundreds of miles if needs be to cross the prairie, is in more demand than a knowledge, however profound, of music hall celebrities.

The plain, unvarnished truth is that England seems to the westerner to be able to produce and ship out here more incompetents than all the rest of the British Isles. Young fellow who never learned to do anything at home come out here to "take to farming." That is what they announce.

This class of men hang around the hotels until their money is all gone. Then they write home to the English papers warning people to stay away from Regina, for instance. The reply of the Regina people is that there is one million dollars worth of building in progress, and every contractor is short of men.

A Contemptible Quitter.

I heard a visitor telling a man here that Winnipeg was ful of English lads who were clerking at $10 per week. "More fools they," was the reply. "Why have they not sand enough to jump the job and go to work? I would go out on a railway or threshing gang first." A man who is content to remain as a minor employe had better remain in a city; at any rate, stay away from the west.

Part of our heritage as a part of the empire is a wonderful traditional respect for the bulldog tenacity of purpose of the English John Bull. Destroy that and there is not much left of the patriotic attachment of Canadians to the Crown.

Conceive, then, of the shock and disillusionment when they find so many Englishmen "quitters." A "quitter" is ne plus ultra of despicable beings. There is no room for ne'er-do-wells from any clime.

In contrast to such cases I will mention one single instance which will be sufficient. Being alone one day on a deserted railway platform, I accosted an English lad, a carpenter, from London, too. This was his day's performance: In the morning he got off the train, and tramped six miles into the country to seek work. He struck a bargain to build a farmer a stable at carpenter's wages, and to work at $15 per month and all found for the summer.

Then he marched back for his luggage, and, shouldering part of it, bade me a cheery good day as he started off to again tramp those long six miles over the prairie. That boy will succeed. And if he does six of his "pals" are to join him to take up land. Here is what a business man said to me also: "Yes, we have some fine English lads here. They are a class of men who have a sense of honor." That was a high compliment on the plains. I will venture to say that they had to live down the reputation of "remittance" predecessors before that fact was realized.

Concerning Politics.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, Reporter: This is the time when conventions are breaking out in different spots in the Northwest Territories. The worn convention is a noun of multitude. A noun of multitude signifies 'many," but not much.

Sometimes a convention signifies not much.

However, that is a matter for statesmen and politicians to decide. And we are told there is a difference between a statesman and a politician. The one works for the next generation, the other works for the next election.

Some say that politics is a disease—the chief symptoms being a swelling of the head and itching of the palms of the heads.

Politics has little to do with politeness, and political writers and speakers are evidence of this.

Hitherto, The Reporter has not been a political or party newspaper, which is, probably, the reason why we do not wear any diamonds.

"Plausible Arguments"
are often used to promote the sale of teas that are worthless in the cup, but leave the dealer a large profit.
"SALADA"
Ceylon Tea is the finest tea the world produces.
Sold only in Lead Packets—25c-30c-40c-50c-60c per lb. By all Grocers.

HORRORS IN A RUSSIAN CHURCH.

An Imbecile Pounded by the Priest to Exorcise the Devil.

An Odessa correspondent says: The following occurrence in a city like Odessa would appear to be well-nigh incredible.

Some ten days ago there arrived here from Bender a man clad like an ordinary monk, and accompanied by a girl of about 13, whom he described as his niece and as being possessed by the devil.

Father Joseph, of the St. Nicolai Church, near the foot of the flight of 300 steps leading from the Nicolai boulevard to the Primorskaya, is popularly accredited with miraculous power. To this sanctuary the monk took his devil-possessed niece.

The girl was pale and emaciated as she was led into the church, which was filled with a crowd of devotees of Father Joseph. When the latter commenced the prayers for exorcism the monk assisted the process by brutally pounding the poor girl with his fists. There were murmurs among the congregation at this spectacle, but no interference.

The exorcism was at last declared to be incomplete and was adjourned for a second ritual on the Sunday following the Wednesday when this scene took place. The brutally-treated victim, mute and semi-conscious, was taken away by the monk.

On Sunday last the exorcist ritual was repeated before a crowded congregation. Whilst the prayers for devil-expulsion were being read the poor girl was shockingly used by the monk. He bruised her face into a pulp, beat her with sledge-hammer blows all over the body, turned her on her face and cruelly twisted her arms round her back.

At this horrid stage the congregation became greatly excited, and a number of women, led by the orthodox wife of a British subject here, threw themselves upon the monk, beat and trampled upon him, and tore into shreds his monkish attire.

It was then discovered by an ambulance doctor who was called that the girl had been for many days rendered absolutely mute by the shocking treatment to which she had been subjected. She was taken to the city hospital, but there is little hope of her recovery.

If she recovers from her bodily injuries, the doctors say, her reason will be permanently affected. The monk was arrested.

It transpires that this brute is no relative of his victim. He was formerly in deacon's orders, but was expelled for his fanatic and homicidal tendencies. He explained to the police that he had, some years ago, been possessed by the devil, and was exorcised by Father John of Cronstadt.

He had first attracted his victim at Bender by his religious fervor, and then abducted her. The doctors say that the girl must have received horrible ill-treatment for many weeks, judging by the bruises and partially-healed wounds with which she was covered.

"STEALS" HIS OWN DOG.

Chicago Man Arrested Eight Times by Overzealous Police.

St. Paul, Minn., July 8.—Arrested eight times by the police here because he was leading his pointer dog along the street, Robert L. Taylor of Chicago regards the St. Paul police force as overzealous.

When Taylor arrived to join a party of campers he turned the dog over to a small boy to take to the home of his friends. The dog, frightened by the fireworks, ran away.

Taylor asked the police to find the animal, which they did, and turned it over to him. On the way to his friend's house, leading the dog, Taylor was "spotted" by no less than eight patrolmen as the abductor of the canine, about which the whole department was agog, and every one of the eight immediately proceeded to "pinch" Taylor, who escaped each time by showing the order from the police sergeant for the dog.

The Eye and the Ear.

By George M. Cohan.

The Eye and the Ear
Went to see and to hear
All the Musical Comedy "Hits" of the year.
The Eye was amused
At the colorings used,
For spectacles brilliant
It saw and enthused.
Such costumes and taste,
Glorious groupings so placed,
Such stage pictures were never thought out in haste;
And the scene painter he
Got on so famously
That the realism brought out the Eye's sympathy.
The Eye first inspired
Soon grew dazzlingly tired
Of the glittering gildings
And color schemes fired,
And the Eye gave a sigh,
And said, why is it I
Should enthuse while the Ear is so quiet close by?
If you could but see
You would praise it like me.
Said the Eye to the Ear,
I am sure we'd agree.
To the Eye said the Ear,
I'm so glad you can't hear
All these tainted old jokes they've been springing all year.
You can just take my word
It's been worse than absurd
You've seen pretty things,
But they're tough things I've heard,
To the Eye said the Ear,
We'd agree, that is clear
If I'd hear what you see
And you'd see what I hear.

Different Courses.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"If I had my life to live over again I would do very differently," sighed the repentant man, gloomily.

"So would I!" chirped Cheerup. "I've let more good things get by me than you could shake a stick at."

Are These Grapes Sour?

From The New Bedford Evening Standard.

A few of us are marked men, having no college degrees. By and by the absence of the distinguishing letters will be quite a notable distinction.

Township After Bondsmen.

Tilbury, July 8—The township council of Tilbury East has instructed its solicitor to proceed against the bondsmen of Treasurer Robertson for the full amount of his shortage. The bondsmen are all relatives of the defaulting treasurer, and are well-to-do.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON SPORT.

He Denounces System Which Permits Many to See and Few to Play

Speaking at the commencement exercises at Harvard recently, President Roosevelt thus referred to matters of sport: "The second point upon which I wish to speak is the matter of sport. Now I shall not be suspected of a tendency unduly to minimize the importance of sport. I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy whatever with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton wool, and I have a hearty contempt for him if he counts a broken arm or collar bone as of serious consequence when balanced against the chance of showing that he possesses hardihood, physical address and courage. But when these injuries are inflicted by others, either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted by the question, not of damage to one man's body, but of damage to the other man's character. Brutality in playing a game should awaken the heartiest and most plainly-shown contempt for the player of it; especially if this brutality is coupled with a low cunning in committing it without getting caught by the umpire. I hope to see both graduate and undergraduate opinion come to scorn such a man as one guilty of base and dishonorable action, who has no place in the regard of gallant and upright men.

"It is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life. It is a bad thing to permit sensationalism and hysteria to shape the development of our sports. And finally it is a much worse thing to permit college sport to become in any shape or way tainted by professionalism, or by so much as the slightest suspicion of money-making; and this is especially true if the professionalism is furtive, if the boy or man violates the spirit of the rule while striving to keep within the letter.

"Professional sport is all right in its way. I am glad to say that among my friends I number professional boxers and wrestlers and baseball men, whose regard I value, and whom in turn I regard as thoroly good citizens. But the college undergraduate who, in furtive fashion, becomes a semi-professional is an unmitigated curse, and that not alone to university life and to the cause of amateur sport; for the college graduate ought in after years to take the lead in putting the business morally of this country on a proper plane, and he cannot do it if in his own college career his code of conduct has been warped and twisted. Moreover, the spirit which puts so excessive a value upon his work as to produce this semi-professional is itself unhealthy. I wish to see Harvard win a reasonable proportion of the contests in which it enters, and I should be heartily ashamed of every Harvard athlete who did not spend every ounce there was in him in the effort to win, provided only he does it in honorable and manly fashion. But I think our effort should be to minimize rather than to increase that kind of love of athletics which manifests itself, not in joining in the athletic sports, but in crowding by tens of thousands to see other people indulge in them. It is a far better thing for our colleges to have the average student interested in some form of athletics than to have them all gather in a mass to see other people do their athletics for them."

After the Ball.

The fairies had a dance last night, and left upon the ground
So many diamonds that the grass was sparkling all around;
They hadn't time to pick them up, for day began to dawn,
I saw them there this morning as I ran across the lawn.

Nurse scolded afterwards, and said my shoes were soaked with dew,
She said I'd took the freshness off, for they were almost new;
I nearly answered crossly when she said, "You naughty child!"
But a daisy on the window-sill turned up its face and smiled.

The flowers can't bear to see me cross, they told me so one day,
It seems to make the world less bright and takes the sun away;
So when I looked across the room to where the flower-vase stood,
And saw the daisies smiling, it made me feel quite good.

I hope I'll be a little girl a very long, long while,
That I may hear the fairies talk and see the daisies smile;
I can't believe what Dicky says, that daisies aren't alive,
But then he's eight years old, you know, and I am only five.

The Cost

I.

Our childish faith is swept away
As age spreads truth before our eyes;
We cease to dream of elf and fay
And fairy princes in disguise.
And O, the loss we suffer when
We yield the stork and Santa Claus!
The saintless world can ne'er again,
When they are gone, be as it was.

II.

The cynics come to make us doubt,
They laugh our old beliefs to scorn;
The slips and flaws are pointed out.
And ere we know it, we have torn
The old faith from our breasts and turned
To build our own new theories,
Forgetting the sweet prayers we learned
In childhood at our mothers' knees.

III.

Where is the profit, where the gain,
What are we given to repay
Us for the losses we sustain
When simple faith is swept away?
Knowledge—aye, 'tis worth the cose
We pay in fairy queens and elves,
But what is left when we have lost
Faith in our friends and in ourselves?

A Life Job.

From The Philadelphia Press.

"I want to put an 'ad' in your paper," said the weary looking man. "Make it: 'Wanted, a situation; any old job.'"

"Shall I say 'money no object?'" suggested the clerk.

"No, make it 'object matrimony.' If I could get acquainted with a decent job I'd be willing to marry it for life."

Very Pleasant.

From The Chicago Journal.

"What did that gentleman mean when he asked you if you environment was pleasant?" asked the younger sister.

"Oh, he meant the things which were around me while I was in the country," replied the elder one.

"Well, Julia, I never heard men's arms called by that name before!"

Nordheimer Pianos—
ARE THE HIGHEST GRADE INSTRUMENTS MADE IN CANADA . . .

Arguments"

e the sale of teas that
ip, but leave the dealer

ADA"

ea the world produces.
30c-40c-50c-60c per lb. By
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ARE THE HIGHEST GRADE INSTRUMENTS MADE IN CANADA . . .

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

Justin H. McCarthy's novel "The Dryad" possesses something of the flavor of an old Frnch romance combined with a classic sentiment that reverences the ancient gods of Greece. The scene is laid at Athens six centuries ago, when French adventurers overran the land. Rainanart is an ideal knight who is set upon by ruffians in the forest and rescued by a dryad who tends his wounds and falls in love with him. When one sees the account of her beauty and of the grace of her half-revealed form one is not surprised that he falls in love with her, but a wicked duchess steals him from her and induces him by love philtres to enter into a betrothal. Then follows the romantic story of the dryad's efforts to rescue her lover. She is a resourceful creature and having been gifted by the gods with great strength as well as immortality, she can appear as a knight in a tournament and win renown. She also finds means of outwitting the wicked duchess and by the aid of Simon, her truculent squire, her enterprise succeeds. The author's ingenuity is tested in bringing about a satisfactory union between a mortal and an immortal, but he does it very cleverly, and the book, as a whole, with all its poetry and chivalry will certainly be appreciated by such readers as like to have their fancy set jogging among picturesque and exciting scenes.

It is disappointing to find that the well-known ability of Agnes and Egerton Castle has not found due scope in "Rose of the World." Even these clever authors have been able to make no more than a lay figure of Rosamund, probably because she lacks the sympathetic qualities that one regards as the needful endowment of a heroine. She was unresponsive to the love of the gallant young soldier, her first husband, but as the wife of a pompous lieutenant governor she is roused to passion for the hero's memory thru co-operating in the production of his "Life." This as it turns out is a premature undertaking, for while the biography is in progress its subject is actually staying in the house in the character of a mysterious Pathan secretary, and being disguised by a red turban and a fan-shaped beard remains unrecognized by Rosamund, by his most intimate friends, and by the old servant of his boyhood until the psychological moment comes for him to declare himself. There was some promise of character drawing in Sir Arthur, the egotistic second husband and his lively niece, Aspasia whose joke of calling him "Runcle" because he called her "My dear Raspasia" would be all very well once in a way. The authors, however, do not succeed in imparting vitality to these or to their other characters and the book therefore does not reach the standard that they might be expected to maintain.

Frederick Upham Adams, like H. G. Wells, is evidently of a versatile mind. The hero of an entertaining romance written by him is one John Henry Smith, who lends his name to the title and who is young, good-looking and very rich, and an orphan. He thinks he is a woman hater; at any rate he is sure that a woman is totally out of place on the golf links.

The heroine is Grace Harding, the only child of Robert L. Harding, a strenuous self-made American, who has salted down something like 50 millions, wrested from Wall street thru railroad deals. Harding at first despises golf as ladylike shinny, unworthy the attention of a real man. Later he becomes infatuated with the game.

Grace is altogether lovely and charming in a vigorous, independent way of her own. She plays a good game of golf, but pretends to be a beginner in order to try some experiments on John Henry. As for John Henry, he falls in love the instant he sets eyes on Grace Harding—so deeply that immediately the golf links become almost unattractive unless the heroine is very much in evidence.

Then there is Jim Bishop, a farmer, a typical, sturdy American, and Jim Bishop's wonderful hired man, William Wallace, and Olive Laurence, a southern heiress, and various and sundry other men and women for good measure. Side by side with the love affair between John Henry and Grace runs a railroad financial deal involving millions. John Henry appears to be an idler devoted to golf, but he has brains and a bulldog obstinacy. He is shorn in Wall street for a few thousand dollars in a railroad deal, scents a conspiracy, ferrets it out, and risks pretty much his whole fortune to get revenge. As the crisis approaches he and Harding find they are both in the same deal and combine forces with the result that they make millions.

Along toward the end of the book, after John Henry has saved Harding's life by killing a bull with an automobile and has been thru a tornado with Grace, something really awful happens and it is apparently all off between hero and heroine. At any rate she disappears in Europe without giving any address, after telling John Henry that she never wants to set eyes on him again. It was all the worse because John Henry was sure there was another man, his lifelong rival in golf. How it all came out makes the rest of the book.

The story is frankly told and avowedly humorous, but who cares so long as it is entertaining? The golf in it is good, and the golfing situations true to life, as any golfer knows instantly. The characters for the most part are interesting and convincing. Harding is lots of fun, besides being a real man, while Bishop, who turns out to be a boyhood playmate of Harding, furnishes considerable entertainment. Besides the leading love affair, there is one of considerable interest between Bishop's hired man and the southern heiress.

Aside from the entertainment furnished by the story, there is really quite a good picture of democratic American life, with its self-made men, its idle rich, its sturdy independence, its heiresses, its fortune hunters, its chattering fashionable and other types. For a story so light and humorous as almost to be comedy in places there is a good deal in it.

The pictures that supplement the text are supposed to be drawn by John Henry himself, who tells the story; incidentally it may be mentioned that A. B. Frost has a hand in them.

Altogether, one hasn't lately seen a book better fitted for light summer reading, except for the fact that the reader is apt to get too interested to be willing to read it in instalments.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of several Japanese stories, has written nothing more charming that "A Maid of Japan." Heine, the maid of Japan, had an English father, who deserted his adoring little Japanese wife and their child with very few twinges of conscience. Heine grew up on the seashore with old Sakura, the poorest of all the shell gatherers, who had received the baby from the arms of the despairing young mother ere she swam out to the deep water of the sea to return no more.

Little Heine gathers the beautiful pink and gold shells from the caves and grottos, and sells them to obtain a scanty living for the old woman and herself, ignorant of what blood runs in her veins, but feeling that somehow she is different from her companions.

When, in a most unexpected and romantic way she meets Charles Barrington, race calls to race and like to like. The romance of Barrington and Heine makes a beautiful story, and Mrs. Fraser tells it with great delicacy and charm. She also makes an interesting comparison between Barrington and his Japanese friend, Nakayama, and emphasizes the opposing points of view of the Britisher and the Sumurai and the difference in the ethics of the east and the west.

Nakayama has his love story also and his own standard of honor and of noblesse oblige, and the reader becomes as much interested in the ceremonial courtships of Ttsu and Nakayama as in the more unconventional wooing of Barrington.

Mrs. Fraser is familiar with the mise en scene of her stories, and she produces striking pictures of a civilization which just now is exciting the interest of the world.

The reader who like sensational fiction may with confidence be recommended to search the pages of "Who Giveth This Woman," by William Le Queux, for himself, and may rest assured that among them he will find nothing that is dull and much that is charged with a most entertaining mystery. Mr. Le Queux, with unfailing regularity, two or three times a year publishes a novel bristling with the maddest and most thrilling adventures. In spite of this prolific output, there is no trace of weakening in his stories; the plot is invariably ingenious, the mystery skilfully concealed, and the secret only made clear in the last few pages. For wealth of incident and continuous relays of excitement, the present tale ranks as one of the best he has written. A certain man, in the lower walks of life, has unexpectedly bequeathed to him an enormous fortune, and a correspondingly enormous mystery. Chance has made him the witness of a murder, while this murder was merely a sequel to the kidnapping and assassination of a foreign princess. Having penetrated some way into the secret, curiosity prompts him to go further. Naturally, this prurient desire is resented by the conspirators, who determine to remove out of their path this too persistent witness. A fearful death is prepared for him, towards which he walks unconscious of his danger, and is only saved by a fortunate accident. To say more would be to reveal the secret of the plot, and to reveal the secret would be to destroy the interest of the story.

William Alexander, author of "The Life Insurance Company," is, or was, for it is hard to say who may be at any time, the secretary of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and should know things for many reasons which have been obvious of late. Mr. Alexander has adopted the plan of supposing an imaginary life insurance company undertaken by ordinary business men quite ignorant of the "science" of the thing. By explaining to them step by step how they must meet the problems which arise, he inducts the reader also into the mysteries. He shows how the actuary, starting from mortality statistics, arrives at a pretty accurate measure of the expectation of life at any given age, and so is able to say what premium each insured person must pay, and he shows how the bare sum sufficient to provide such insurance must be "loaded" to allow for the expenses of running the business. For instance, the calculated rate for $1000 of ordinary life insurance at thirty-five years of age is $21.08 per annum; the "loaded rate," the "office rate," the rate actualy charged, is $28.11. Mr. Alexander shows how the actuaries calculate a "level" rate as an equivalent for a series of premiums increasing as the insured grows older, and he explains the various forms of insurance other than the ordinary life policy—the endowment plan and the various combinations of that plan with the ordinary life plan. The general principles are comprehensible enough, tho many of the figures are intended for people who are preparing for an insurance career. Further, Mr. Alexander gives a clue to what is meant by a "reserve," and shows why it is that a company with insurance in force to the amount of $171,556,895, and assets of $36,854,327, can have liabilities of only $29,387,640, and so a surplus of $7,466,686, but you have to be in the business to understand that. A chapter is devoted to proving that "no company can afford to grant insurance at less than cost"—which seems simple enough. He also explains why it is that a man who has paid his premiums, say, for two years, and then repents of his bargain, can't get all his money back. It appears the man was insured for these two years on a basis calculated for a much longer term, and the price was made accordingly. Moreover, since the insurance company cannot withdraw from the bargain and the insured can withdraw when he pleases, the fact that he will lose more or less of what he has put up serves to prevent the use of his advantage, while if he does withdraw in spite of the penalty, it gives the company a compensatory advantage. Further on, Mr. Alexander discusses the present tendency to be liberal with backsliding policyholders, and how far it is a good thing. By way of contrast, he quotes the rigid older rules. A prominent American company (a company which now gives its policyholders world-wide freedom) began by issuing policies which were so framed that they became "null and void" and all payments under them were "forfeited to the company" for any one of the following reasons:

1. The non-payment of any premium. 2. Death by the insured's own hand. 3. Any untrue statement in the application. 4. Death upon the high seas. 5. Death in consequence of a duel. 7. Death in the known violation of any law of the United States or of any state or province wherein residence and travel are permitted. 8. Residence or travel south of the southern boundaries of Virginia and Kentucky between July 1 and Nov. 1; at any time beyond the settled limits of the United States and the British provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. 9. Military or naval service, the militia not in actual service excepted.

The author does not neglect, of course, explanations of the differences between stock companies, where the profits are professedly the property of the stockholders, and mutual companies, where the profits, by theory at least, are divided among the policyholders. He shows, too, how the two plans are combined, and indicates something of the difficulty of arriving at an equitable apportionment of dividends.

Mr. Alexander shows again how all-important is the stability of an insurance company; how that virtue is the basic virtue which makes insurance really insure, and how, therefore, the placing of the premiums too high is an evil easily reparable (by dividends or otherwise); while placing them too low inevitably brings ruin. He further explains how necessary it is that an insurance company shall constantly renew its strength by insuring new lives and answers another question which has puzzled laymen, viz., why it is that tho premiums are estimated on the basis of average mortality, only selected lives are actually insured. The reason, he says, is simply that so long as life insurance is not compulsory, the natural tendency is to bunch insurance on the weaker lives, and so give a mortality of insured persons very far above the average.

The book goes on to explain the elaborate machinery of a modern insurance company and provides and analyzes samples of policies and business statements. It discusses annuities and vigorously combats the notion that there is any gambling element in insurance.

The adventures of the librarian with the gift horse are deserving of a book to themselves. Some of them would require an affidavit of veracity to make them digestible. A Brooklyn librarian, for instance, received a letter from an old lady at some distance from his library, stating that she was leaving the city suddenly, and had some old magazines and papers she could not well take with her. If the librarian would send for them at once, he might have them. Mindful of accumulated stores from which he had sometimes extracted rare pamphlets or replenished broken sets of periodicals, the librarian hurried an assistant with an express wagon to the scene. The beaming old lady met him and said, "I will bring them down." Ascending to an upper floor, she presently returned with—three current numbers of Munsey's, one of Lippincott's and the last week's file of The Brooklyn Eagle. "I always give my old magazines to libraries," she said sweetly; "I think we should always remember those less fortunate than ourselves."

Delinquent Accounts by Auction.

The Seneca Tribune has evolved a new scheme to work on its worthless delinquent subscribers. It proposes to sell their accounts to the highest bidder at public auction. It wants to find out if anybody else has any confidence in them.

Devil Shortage.

As evidence that moral conditions in Kansas are improving the country papers are complaining of a scarcity of devils.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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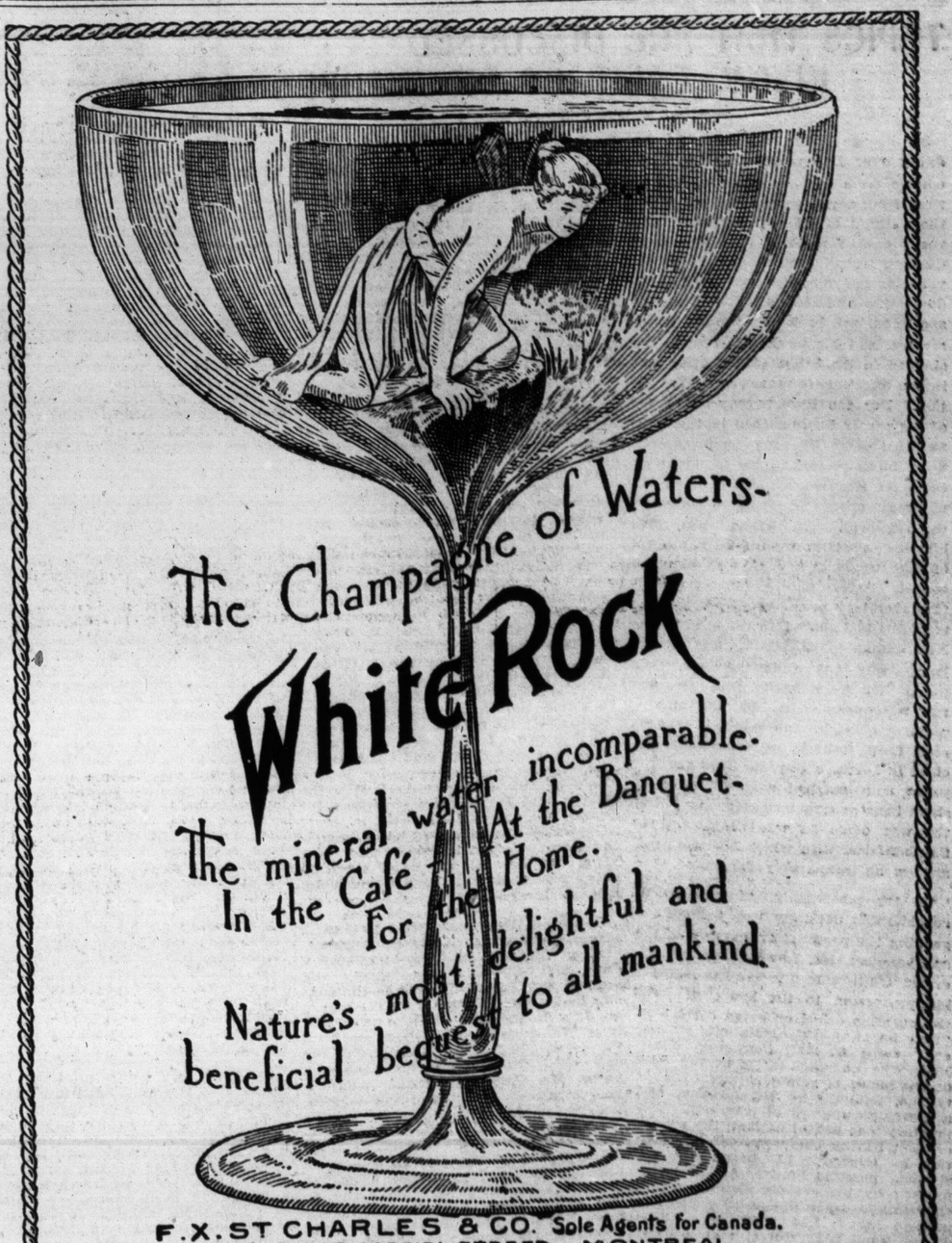

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TOPICS THAT ARE DISCUSSED IN THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE

Sir George White, who kept the flag flying over Ladysmith and saved the empire from a great disaster, has retired from active service and will spend the autumn of his honorable career in the dignified position of governor of Chelsea Hospital, whose scarlet-coated veterans are so conspicuous in the London parks and streets. The field marshall can look back on fifty-two years' service, and his work will remain enshrined in the heart of the army and in the affectionate memories of the nation. For the first twenty-five years of his career he remained in the comparative obscurity of a regimental officer, having reached his majority in the 92nd Highlanders, but having an uncertain chance of rising to command the regiment. The Afghan war gave him his opportunity, and he came out of that campaign a V. C., a C. B. and a brevet. After holding office as military secretary to the viceroy he got his regiment and served on the staff in the Nile campaign of 1884-85, and in the Burma war of the following year, when his ability as a leader first obtained full recognition. In 1893, tho only a major-general, he was selected to succeed Lord Roberts as commander-in-chief in India, a post he filled for five years with marked success. After a short term as quartermaster-general of the war office he was despatched to South Africa, with which his name will always be inseparably associated.

On the reassembly of parliament considerable curiosity was evinced regarding the personal appearance of the speaker-elect, Mr. Lowther, and in the crowd waiting in the central hall for his procession to the house of lords the question asked on every hand was, "Has he shaved?" Hats off, strangers," came at last, heralding Black Rod, who knocked thrice at the door of the house of commons and soon returned, followed by Mr. Lowther and a jostling company of members. The mystery was solved at last, the speaker-elect having compromised the question by trimming his beard to the shortest possible limits. All were impressed by his serious dignity, which showed how much the occasion had impressed him. His chaplain, Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce, next to himself, was the gravest figure in the procession. It was noticed with some interest that St. Margaret's bells were ringing gaily as if in welcome of the new speaker.

The late speaker's seat at Carlisle is to be contested, and Mr. Sanderson, the Unionist candidate, is making adroit use of the fact that he succeeded Mr. Gully in the recordership of Wigan. "Here I am at Carlisle," he says to his audiences—"you see the point. It lies with you to see that the rest of the story is filled up. Claude Lowther, M.P., a kinsman of the new speaker, who has represented North Cumberland since the general election, is seriously ill and unable to attend parliament, but sent a message to the Carlisle Unionists saying, "Am laid up with painful illness, but more painful is the thought that I am not fighting with you all day and every day for the cause which we have at heart."

Another link, if a humble one, with the past has been broken by the death of Lord Beaconsfield's old coachman, who fell down in Holland Park, overcome by the heat. He was very proud of driving the great statesman, and his death recalls the story of Lady Beaconsfield's courage in concealing her pain lest she should disturb her husband just when he was about to make an important speech. Lord Beaconsfield had said good-by to his wife as he stepped out of his carriage at the house, when the footman inadvertently slammed the door on Lady Beaconsfield's hand. She uttered not a cry, with a supreme effort concealing the intense pain until her husband had passed into the house, entirely unaware of the acident. Then she fainted. When Lord Beaconsfield returned after a triumphant evening in parliament he learned for the first time of the heroic action of his wife. If he had known of the accident it would have most certainly unnerved him for the speech which his wife knew he had to deliver.

Lady Beaconsfield's devotion to her husband was as noticeable as was that of Mrs. Gladstone to her great husband. The late Sir John Mowbray once asked Lady Beaconsfield how her husband managed to keep going with such an enormous strain upon his strength. "Ah," she said, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes lights; and then he tells me everything that has happened in the house, and then I clap him off to bed." How characteristic it was of Disraeli to like plenty of lights! Sir Charles Gavan Duffy heard Lord Beaconsfield give a clever definition of party politics. "He spoke immediately of my intention to leave the house of commons," said Sir Charles, "I was too impatient, he said. Human life might be likened to a wheel; it was constantly turning round, and what was at the bottom to-day would be at the top some other day." Sir Charles made a good retort to this simile. "The wheel, I said, was worked by a strong pulley hauled by the party whips, and Irish Nationalists never came to the top."

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who accompanied the Duke of Cornwall and York during his colonial tour of 1901 as assistant private secretary, has been engaged for some years in revising his book on Russia, issued in 1877. He put a vast amount of research and industry into the volume, which was at once acknowledge to be an authoritative work and was translated into French, German, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Hungarian, Croatian, Turkish, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali and Punjabi. Altho the new edition would be timely just now, it is not an event in recent contemplation, and will really be a new book. The labor entailed may be gathered from the following remarks he made the other day to an interviewer:

"Of course, I am putting into some chapters what might make a volume in itself. Look at that lot of MS. there," he said, pointing to a huge pile on his desk, "and you will understand my meaning. After I had written my three new chapters on the revolutionary movement, I quite unexpectedly received those documents. They contain more matter than you would think, as they are written on very thin paper.

"Well, I read thru those papers—which contain a vast amount of valuable information. It took me a full month. I re-wrote my chapters, but even then I had not finished."

One or two chapters deal with the eastern and far eastern questions. Sir Donald has traveled and lived in many countries of the east, and has a knowledge bearing upon Russia greater perhaps than that of any other Englishman. His book will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Beerbohm Tree is about to produce a stage version of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," written by Comyon Carr, and will play that "merry old gentleman," Fagin. To add to the novelty he intends to place it on the boards on July 10, the last night of he season. Miss Trevelyan is to be Oliver and Miss Collier will be Nancy. Speaking of the value of Dickens' works for stage purposes, Mr. Tree says: "Ah! what a field it is! He is so broad and comprehensive in his revelations of human life. Think of Dick Swiveller and Micawber—think of the almost endless list of immortal characters. The great difficulty is what to choose when the area of selection is so vast. And do you know this—Dickens was never more popular than he is now. More copies of his books are selling to-day than were selling ten years ago. Do you know I was talking to Hall Caine on the subpect. You should have heard his enthusiasm about Dickens. He said to me: 'Why, I tell you that there is a greater than myself!'" And Mr. Tree laughed.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been interviewed regarding the forthcoming production in London of her new version of Adrienne Lecouvreur. The reason of this sensational premiere taking place in the British metropolis, she declared with flashing eyes and reaching out her arm in an inimitable gesture of despair, is that "the Societe des Auteurs actually refused to allow me to produce my own play in my own theatre. And so," she continued smiling, "I place myself and my work at the mercy of a London audience." Of the forthcoming performance Mme. Bernhardt speaks with enthusiasm, both as an actress and an author. She has woven a plot round the story of the Duchesse de Bouillon and Adrienne Lecouvreur. Her stage version differs from that of the well-known piece by Scribe and Legouve in that it comprises six acts instead of five and introduces new scenes in the Bastille and the Luxembourg Gardens and new parts such as Voltaire, Count d'Argenthal, Du Marsay, la Balicourt and the hunchback Abbe Bourret, a very effective role, entrusted to M. de Max.

After the recent remodeling of the French cabinet the curious result follows that in the present government a financier, M. Rouvier, presides over foreign politics; a stockholder, M. Berteause, over the war office, and a medical gentleman, M. Merlou, over the financial department. The changes, however, do not imply any alteration in the policy of the cabinet. M. Merlou has been working under the premier's direcion and will continue the policy of the treasury on the same lines. Apropos of M. Rouvier I hear from an excellent source that as soon as he leaves the cabinet—when he does—he will accept the chairmanship of the Credit Lyonnais, the board of which, since the death of the former president, has not been working quite smoothly. The premier's own bank, La Banque Francaise pour le Commerce et l'Industrie, altho it has large capital and an influential connection, has done nothing of a striking nature in the domain of high finance. It is reported to have of late taken an interest in the scheme for the unification of the Greek debt, which, however, presents great difficulties in carrying to a successful issue.

These two stories are going the round in London these times: One concerns Mr. Balfour, who s a keen golf player and is quick at remembering the caddies who serve him. Once, when on the tee, just about to engage in a foursome, he recognized one of his opponents' caddies as a boy who had carried his clubs on a former occasion. Mr. Balfour nodded to the lad. The caddie was very pleased at the recogniton and, turning to one of his friends, he said, "Ye see hoo we Conservatives ken ane anither!"

The other is of the late William Terriss, who seeing a novel ear-covering which was recommended for the cold weather, bought it, and gave it to his old coachman, who could thus protect himself while waiting for Mr. Terriss at night. The coachman was profuse in his gratitude; but a night or two later Mr. Terriss noticed that he was not wearing the muffler. "Why have you given it up so soon?" he asked. "Well, sir," was the man's reply, "it was werry comfortable, but you see, sir, I found out t'other night that when I 'ad my ears covered a friend 'ad asked me to 'ave a drink, and I'd never 'eard 'im!"

About the middle of this month a valuable "find" in the shape of a copy of the fourth quarto edition of Shakespeare's Richard III. will be sold at Sotheby's rooms. The discovery was announced some weeks ago by some of the United States papers, but not quite accurately. It was said, for instance, that a well-known firm had offered £800 for the treasure. This was incorrect, but, as the fourth quarto edition of this play is very rare, and the volume in question is the third copy known to be in existence, it may bring anything up to £1000—some experts say even more than that sum. As the book is causing considerable general interest, the following quaint description, as given in the title-page, may be quoted: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence, the Pitiful murther of his Innocent Nephewes; his tyrannical Usurpation; with teh whole Course of his detested life and most deserved death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain, his Servants. Newly augmented by William Shakespeare."

Scotsmen are congratulating themselves that the only authentic portrait of their national poet by Alexander Nasmyth which can by any conceivable possibility come into the market has been purchased by Lord Rosebery. It was offered at Christie's rooms on June 3 last, but withdrawn after 1600 guineas had been offered. Its history is indisputable, since it remained for some years in Nasmyth's studio and, in 1824, at the wish of his wife, who had been a pupil of the artist, it was bought by Elias Cathcart of Auchendrane. For the last eighty years it has hung in that house, which overlooks the Doon at the point where, according to tradition, Burns wrote the classic "Ye Banks and Braes." Since the portrait was sent up to Christie's, one of its owners, Miss Mary Cathcart, has died, at the age of 82. "The three sisters of Auchendrane" were women of note. They enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Gladstone, and they are almost the only representatives of the Carrick family now identified with his political views.

British art is evidently appreciated by the French government, which has just purchased a picture of Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, the well-known R. B. A., and principal of the Yellow Door School of Painting at Beckenham. It is his "Too Late; Return of the Prodigal," which was hung at the Royal Academy last year, and is now at the Paris Salon. This is the second canvas by Mr. Spenlove which has been bought by the Luxembourg, an honor which only two otehr British artists share. In 1901 there was acquired from the Old Salon, where it had been awarded a gold medal, his "Funerailles dans les Pays-bas." Last year the French government purchased for the Luxembourg "The Magnolia" of Charles Conder, than whom since the French elegantes of the 18th century, there has been no more enchanting painter of fans; a Scottish landscape by Tom Robertson, which had been refused room by the Burlington House; one of Mr. Strang's attractive portrait drawings after Holbein, and a charming full-length study of a girl in white, carrying sprays of blossom, by another exponent of the Glasgow school, John Lavery.

A Man Ate Nothing

For Lunch for 10 days but

Grape-Nuts

AND CREAM.

A test to see if the food really furnished the nourishment claimed.

He Gained 4 pounds in 10 days.

"There's a reason."

White Rock Booming.

Considering that White Rock is a comparatively new water in this country, having only been introduced some four years ago, the sales for the past year have been something enormous, one order alone placed by F. X. St. Charles, Montreal, chief agent for Canada, to satisfy the Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Quebec and Halifax trade, amounting to 25 full carloads, netting altogether 5134 cases, or 432,350 bottles, for the months of June and July. This water is rapidly coming to the front, and to-day in Canada and the United States is said to be equalling or outdoing the sales of any other bottled water in the world.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

From The New York Press.

A man has to be too smart to live to keep up to his own opinion of himself.

A woman can believe anything nice a man says of her, especially if she knows it isn't so.

A woman has the faith in her own love to have faith in somebody else's that she knows is faithless.

It takes a girl to rub her cheeks to take paleness out of them and hold her hands above her head to put it in them.

When a man has to read an old love letter he wrote he feels cheaper than when his hat blows off in a windstorm.

MOTOR RACE TO PORTLAND SEEN IN WAYSIDE PHOTOS

Scenes in Great Transcontinental Race on Lewis and Clark Trail Depicted En Route.

We publish this week The Motor World's picture show of the cross-continent race between "Old Steady" and "Old Scout" to Portland, Oregon—the most remarkable motor race that ever was.

Scene No. 1 is entitled "Western Hospitality in Wyoming." The driver has just paid his bill at the King Edward and is once more steering his spotless car towards the golden gates of the west. Little did Lewis and Clark dream perhaps that a generation or so after they had broken trail thru that wild land such a handsome enterprising city should rise in their wake. The population of this town is evidently three. One is a cowboy; the second is his wife; the other is probably a hired man. They have been listening to the chauffeur's tales—Tales of a Wayside Inn; wild stories of bogs and twisted trails, with the gasoline wagon doing the queerest sorts of stunts over hill and dale. He has passed himself off as Christian in the Slough of Despond—known to the rancher as Alkali Muskeg. He has been called "pardner," until two a.m., after which he slept on the puncheon floor while the coyotes played tag round his gasoline car—thinking it was some new kind of a skunk.

No. 2.—Old Steady has an argument with wild cattle whose corral is fair on the trail ahead. These cattle are buffaloes—dehorned. So far as can be discerned from the picture they have been trapped into the corral. Fortunately Old Steady is not red, so that the driver was allowed to proceed without a direct personal encounter with the father of the herd.

No. 3.—Old Steady is in Nebraska among the sage-brush. The chauffeur has gone off with his gun to hunt prairie chickens for dinner; will call at a Choctaw camp for some bear oil for his wagon. During his absence some Choctaw kids happening along have been tooting his horn and trying to start the devil-wagon off on the trail.

P.S.—As a matter of fact the chauffeur is off to one side steering a kodak. He is a wise man. He would have us believe that the Indians took his picture and sent the negative thru on a mustang.

No. 4.—Old Steady is in Wyoming. To the right, ahead along the trail, may be seen a camp. This is a camp of mound-builders. These ingenious archaic people were once numerous in those parts, now alas! almost extinct. The driver has just run over one of their mounds and has broken a tire. Consequently he is engaged in some mythological swearing. But the mound-builders will keep him over night. They are a peaceful people; so primitive indeed that they have not begun to live above ground. The chauffeur will teach the chief now to drive a motor. This we fear will mark the beginning of the mound-builders' finish. They will all want automobiles.

No. 5 shows "Old Scout" at the Amss Monument, Wyoming. If we had not been told this by the label on tht picture we might have taken it for one of the pyramids of Egypt. The driver of Old Scout has not put his wheel over the monument. This would have made record sales for Oldsmobiles as hill-climbers.

No. 6.—One of the racing motors has struck a native cottage for the night, in Wyoming. This shelter is not inhabited. The driver is inside frying a buffalo steak with a side order of bob-cat. He will waken in the morning to find that a couple of savages have run away with his car.

N.B.—The rest of the story will be told with full particulars on the return of the Oldsmobile pathfinders to civilization.

EUROPEAN REGULATIONS.

Intending tourists in Europe will find the following information useful:

The following abstract of the frontier regulations respecting customs duties, etc., affecting travelers by automobiles and motor cycles entering various European countries for temporary sojourns, translated from the Automobile Welt, Berlin, was transmitted by Vice-Consul-General Alvesto S. Hogue, Vienna, Austria, April 29, 1905:

Austria.—The duty on automobiles and motor cycles must be deposited and a receipt taken at the time they enter the country. The money will be repaid to the traveler on his recrossing the frontier with the machine if the receipt is presented to the customs authorities. The receipt is valid for two months and may in certain cases be extended, but not beyond Dec. 31 of the year of issue.

Belgium.—The duty is 12 per cent. ad valorem paid on entry; a receipt valid for a year is given.

Denmark.—No duty is collected on automobiles for traveling purposes and as a means of transportation. A simple declaration of thetraveles that the entry is temporary is sufficient.

Germany.—Automobiles and cycles are identified at the last custom house before leaving German soil so that there may be no additional proceedings on ther re-entering the country. On foreign automobiles the duty is 150 marks ($37.50) each. The automobile is provided with a lead seal. The amount will be repaid if the receipt is presented at the custom house when the machine is taken out of the country.

England.—Automobiles in condition for use are duty free. There are no special requirements.

France.—On entry of automobiles into France a guaranty must be deposited, viz.: 50 francs ($9.65) for 100 kilograms (220 pounds) if the vehicle weighs more then 125 kilograms (275 pounds), and 120 francs ($23.16) if it weighs less than 125 kilograms. The customs receipts is good for six months and the amount will be repaid to the traveler on his leaving the country.

Italy.—For motor cycles with two or more wheels 42.60 lire ($8.22) duty must be deposited. Automobiles with two Motor vehicles having more than two wheels and three springs attached directly to the vehicle pay 110 lire ($21.23). wheels and three springs, which are attached directly to the vehicle or by means of auxiliary springs pay a duty of 330 lire ($63-69). The receopt is valid for six months, but the period may be extended to one year thru a written application made before expiration of the six months.fi The money will be refunded to the traveler on leaving the country.

Not Question of Speed or Absolute Distance, But of Milage Cost.

Now that the automobile has reached the point where it can be relied upon to go long distances, at high speed, and be cared for by the average citizen, attention is now directed to the matter of economy in operation, for with the price of gasoline increasing an dthe cost of rubber going in the same direction, this is a very serious matter.

There is probably no one better able to tal kon this subject than Albert L. Pope, whose company is one of the largest, if not the largest, makers of motor vehicles in America. In conversation recently, Mr. Pope said:

"The general public now appreciate the fact that the automobile can go long distances at a rate of speed from one to sixty miles an hour, while it can be kept in good condition by any average man who will give it a little study. Now comes the matter of economy, which will further develop the automobile to a point where it will carry four or five people over a stated distance, at a much cheaper rate per mile than is charged by the railroad.

"At the present time the rate per mile, as might be expected, is, generally speaking, more than the railroad charges, but the time is coming when motors will be operated with such a small amount of gasoline, lubricating oil and such light wear on the tires and machinery that great mileage will be covered at a comparatively small figure.

"These results will be obtained by lighter weight machines equipped with easy running motors, using carburetors that reduce the quantity of gasoline to the minimum. Even now, a big touring car like the Pope-Toledo, will carry six passengers over 150 miles of good road in a day at a cost including gasoline, lubricating oil and wear an dtear on the tires and machinery which, all told, will amount to less than the charge of railroad to carry those six people the same distance, figuring the mileage at about two cents a mile. Automobile clubs are now beginning to promote contests of this kind, which will be welcomed by makers of high-grade cars."

To Spot Scorchers.

A device for accurately registering the time taken by a motor car to traverse a given distance has just recently been patented. It is known as the Gibbs and Dumbell Time Recording Camera. The camera takes an actual photograph of the people on the car passing a given spot, and simultaneously it also takes a photograph of a chronometer. It is claimed by the inventor and patentees that this device would render inaccurate timing by police an impossibility, and that the evidence thus produced would be of the utmost value in legal cases arising from alleged furious driving or police traps.

Racing Psychology.

At Hartford the other day a newspaper man asked Eddie Bald what he thought as to the respective demands made upon a driver's nerve in time trials on circular tracks and in competition. "It is this way," said Bald. "Time trials are, of course, safer than races, but they lack that psychological quality which takes a man out of himself and renders him entirely oblivious to everything except the main object he has in view. I really think it requires more actual effort to attend strictly to business in rounding the corners at a mile-a-minute gait when you are alone on the track and out for time only, than it does when you are out in a scrimmage trying to do up the other fellows, with the air full of dust and a general whirl all around you. Under the latter condition some power outside of your own mentality seems to direct the wheel. Yes, I think that anything like judicious management makes it profitable for a manufacturer to put out a big racer. It certainly costs a lot of money, but if the machine does good work it must be an excellent advertisement for its maker. And it certainly pays to win races with fully-equipped stock cars, such as are sold regularly to purchasers."

Famous Song Writer is Dead.

Manchester, N.H., July 8.—Walter Kittridge, poet and author of "Tenting on the old camp ground," died at his home at Reed's Ferry to-day. Death was the result of infirmities, due to old age. Mr. Kittridge is survived by a widow and one daughter.

Two Killed in Wreck.

New York, July 8.—Two men were killed and three injured in a rear end collision between two freight trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Marion, N.J., to-day. The dead are: Daniel Mattson of Burlington, N.J., flagman, and Harry Hartman, Camden, brakeman.

"Aut Caesar Aut Nullus."

From The Philadelphia Press.

"I don't see why the Nurocks don't move into a better neighborhood."

"Why should they?"

"Why, they's so much wealthier than the people around them."

"That's just why they stay; they're the envy of their present neighbors."

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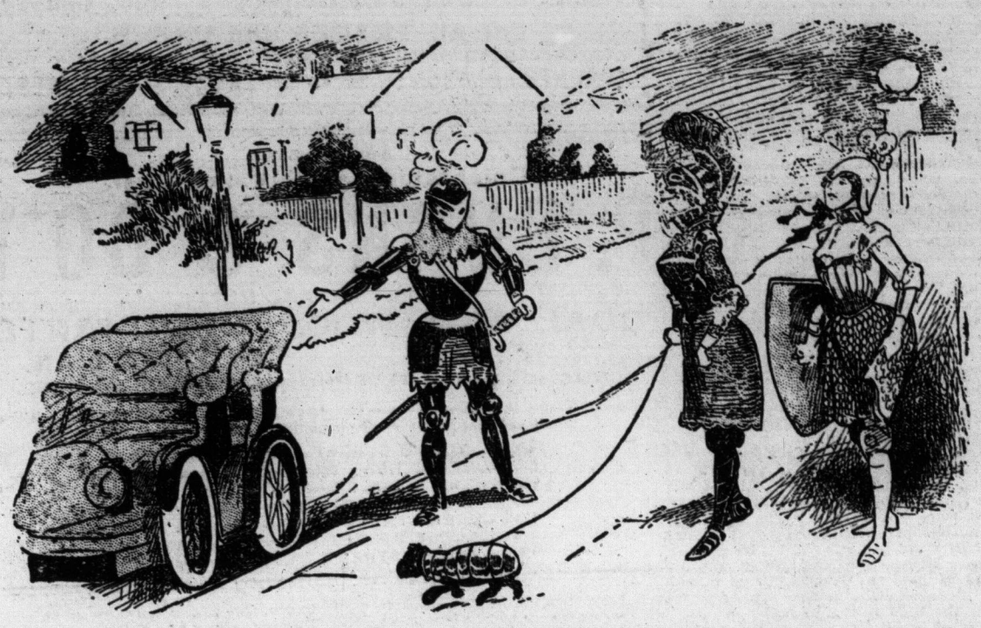
LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU



Must be clad in bullet-proof armor.

Egyptian Repartee.

From The Columbus Dispatch.

Cleopatra was relating to Antony the wonderful story of how she swallowed the pearls.

"I only have one wish," saaid Antony.

"And what is that?" inquired the ancient queen.

"Why, that I could swallow the story as easily as you say you swallowed the pearls."

And even the sphinx smiled.

Just Like a Man.

From The Philadelphia Press.

He: "How awfully mannish she is."

She: Isn't she, tho?"

He: "Yes, and the funny part of it is that she thinks people admire her for being that way. I should think she'd realize that people are only laughing at her."

She: "Well, she's mannish even to that extent."

Angelina: "Edwin, uncuddle at once, before papa sees us."

Edwin: "I'm afraid there isn't time to do it, my dear."

Very Realistic.

From The Detroit Tribune.

"'And when the hero spoke,'" read the college girl with the novel, "'there was a lump in the heroine's throat.'"

"Poor girl!" sighed her chum. "I bet she felt bad."

"Not at all; she felt good."

"And how was that?"

"Why, it was a lump of ice cream."

They Couldn't.

From The Houston Post.

"Men wear whiskers to hide their chins, don't they, pa?"

"I suppose so, Willie."

"Women can't hide their chin, can they pa?"

"I never met one that could. Now run out and play."

Apothecary's Weight.

From The Philadelphia Press.

"I'm sure," whispered the gossip, "that Mr. Pillsbury, the druggist, takes a dram occasionally."

"Yes," replied the bright girl, "I believe he has no scruples in that direction."

Brilliant Percy.

From The Detroit Tribune.

Fred: "And what is Percy Sapp doing now?"

Jack: "Sprinkling gasoline on the love-letters to give the girl an impression that he owns an automobile."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

From The Chicago News.

"Why, Mabel," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "you've got one of your stockings on wrong way out."

"I put it on that way," explained the little miss, "'cause there's a hole on the other side."

A little girl called at a grocery and asked for a quart of vinegar to be put in a gallon jug. This being done, she asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel.

"Why didn't you ask for half a gallon in the first place?" asked the grocer.

"Because," answered the small shopper, "it's for two different persons."

Small Tommy, being reproved by his mother for some misdeed, showed his displeasure in his face.

"Why, Tommy," said his mother, "aren't you ashamed to make a face at me?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the little fellow, "I tried to laugh, but my face slipped."

More Spirituous Than Spiritual.

She (Gazing at the rising moon): 'I wonder, George, what it is at this solemn hour of the stilly night that makes us think, in spite of the prosaic actualities of the day, that all around us are hovering spirits?"

He: "What makes us think of spirits? Instinct, I expect." (looks at his watch.) "It's ten minutes to ten, I see. Out here I fancy closing time's ten, ain't it?"

Bashful Beaumont: "Er—I—er—dreamt I—er—kissed you last night. What's that a sign of?"

Modest Maiden: "Well, it's a sign that you're more sensible asleep than awake."

Too Similar.

"Miss De Collete is not going to the ball, then?"

"No. Extravagant girl, she doesn't care to appear in similar dresses at two consecutive dances."

"But she told me her reason was because she had nothing to wear."

"Precisely! Didn't they say she wore next to nothing at her last ball."

T'other Way Round.

He: "That's Lady Passeh. She's got an action on at the courts asking for $5000 damages."—She: "Damages! I should have thought she'd have asked for repairs."

Some Pick-Ups.

"Money makes the mare to go," said Jenkins. "Yes," was the reply, "but it can't always make the automobile run!"

Husband: "Did you ever notice that nearly all the misers on record are single men?"—Wife: "Yes, married misers are too common to be worth mentioning!"

Son: "I say, father, what is the meaning of 'noblesse oblige'?" "I don't know, my boy, unless it has some connection with those foreign nobles who are obliged to marry for money!"

She: "A female suffrage advocate says women should get men's wages."—He: "A friend of mine who is married says they do."

He: "Will you give me a place in your heart?"—She: "Yes, if you can pay the rent."

Supper-table problem. He played a long lullaby on the piano. Most of his hearers fell asleep. Ought the musician to feel flattered or otherwise?

An old family. Mr. De Pink: "My dear, I've found a husband for you." Miss De Pink: "Does he belong to an old family?" Mr. De Pink: "Rather. All his brothers are over eighty and he's grey-headed himself."

Too crew-el. "What is a man-of-war?" asked the teacher. "A cruiser," was the prompt reply. "What makes it go?" "It's screw, sir." "Who go with it?" "It's crew, sir."

She (ready for the dance): "Charley, how do you like my new ball dress?" He: "Where is it?"

Mistress: "Mary, wasn't that gentleman asking for me?" New maid: "No, mum. He described the lady as he wanted to see as being about forty, an I told him it couldn't be you." Mistress: "Quite right, Mary. You shall have an extra afternoon off to-morrow." New maid: "Yes, mum! Thankee, mum! Yes, mum! I told him it couldn't be you, f'r you was about fifty." Mistress: "And while you're taking your afternoon off y'd better look for a new place!"

A prim old spinster was present at the wedding-breakfast of her nephew, a young man, who had in the course of his twenty-one years, received much-needed discipline at her hands. During a pause in the conversation her young relative looked at her with a beguiling smile. "Tell us why you never married, aunt Sarah?" he said banteringly. "That is easily told, John," said the old lady calmly. "It was because I was not so easily pleased as your wife is!"

The Best Butter.

Spiffing (to neighbor at dinner): "What a terribly ugly man that is opposite."

Neighbor: "That is my husband, sir."

Spiffing: "Strange how the ugliest men always get the prettiest wives.

[Neighbor all smiles.

A Peaceful Calm.

Rackerty: "Did you get home last night all right, old man?"

Flummock: "Yes; but when I got upstairs the missis wouldn't speak to me."

Rackerty: "Lucky devil."

For Outward Application.

Lodger: "Can I have some water, please, Mary?"

Slavey: "I filled your jug last night."

Lodger: "Yes; but I want some to wash in now."

Not the Sinews of War.

Mr. Goodygoody Cantwell: "Don't you, my dear brother, know how wicked it is to print all these police reports, and divorce cases and racing news in your paper. It is all sin."

Newspaper proprietor: "Just so, I look upon those items as the sin(e)ews of the paper."

Leg Breaks.

"No, dear, the papers were all wrong. Pa umpired, and says he never saw cricket like it. Cotter's leg-breakers on the fiery wicket were very destructive; he made the ball rear like a mad rocking-horse. With successive deliveries he landed Fry in the eye, Hayward on the nose, Jones on the funny bone and Hirst on both knees. They were carried to the pavilion for first aid. His fifty Kelly failed to stop and it went to the boundary, killing two spectators and a sparrow. His other overs were equally disastrous. Armstrong was successful in keeping runs down. His analysis reads 2o. 2m. 0r. 0w. Armstrong bowled 10 wides. The inquest is on Saturday."—Allie Stoper's Tootsie.

A Boy and a Girl.

(Washington Star.)

He learned to play at tennis,
He had won full many a match;
On the ball ground he was famous,
He could pitch and bat and catch;
He could box and throw the hammer,
And at wrestling he was good;
He was thoroly athletic—
But his father chopped the wood.

She was well informed on ethics,
She could formulate a plan
Which would show us all our duty
To our sighing fellow man.
She could write on household topics
In a manner hard to beat;
She embroidered fancy pillows—
But her mother cooked the meat.

Left in Doubt.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

First Pennsylvanian: "Well, that tainted chorus girl couldn't make a go of it and they've disbanded her show."

Second Pennsylvanian. "A tribute to our Pennsylvania good sense.

First Pennsylvanian: "I don't know whether it is or not. Maybe they figured that if it wouldn't go in Pennsylvania it wouldn't go anywhere."

ART IS LONG.

Scratch: "Hallo, old chap. What's become of your door?"

Dauber: "Can't you see? Landlord collared my easel for the rent. So I've collared his door for an easel. We must all ive, my boy.

UNCLE FRUITBODY'S MERRY WHEEZE.

(1) "Now mind, said Dr. Dosem to uncle Fruitbody. "Only one glass of port at dinner. I allow you one—no more." And Uncle Fruitbody smiled.

(2) And went on to Dr. Mixem, who said, "Well, I think I can allow you one glass of port at meals—but only one, mind." And Uncle Fruitbody smiled again.

(3) And consulted Dr. Bolusyou. "One dose of the mixture twice a day," said he, "and only one glass of port each twenty-four hours." Then Uncle Fruitbody, thinking he might well make a good thing of it, went on and consulted nearly every doctor in the town.

(4) And now, on the whole, Uncle Fruitbody does himself very well, thank you.—Ally Slope.

Museum lecturer: "The bearded lady's husband has been dead only two months yet she's sprucing up again."

Manager: "What are the symptoms?"

Museum lecturer: "Why, this afternoon she appears on the platform with her whiskers trimmed Vandyke style.—Puck.

"Dearest," whispered Cordelia, after she had captured the coveted solitaire, "I have a confession to make. I am a cooking-school graduate."

Clarence shuddered.

"Oh! well," he rejoined, after the manner of one resigned to his fate, "we can board."—Chicago News.

Cholly: "I was weally seveah with a wude fellah on the street cah to-day."

Dolly: "What did you do, Cholly?"

Cholly: "Well, y' see, the chap kept staring at me, horribly. So finally I fixed my monocle upon him and said: "I say me man, you must be devilish hahd up for something to look at, y' know." I could see he was awf'ly cut up, f'r he said: "I guess that's right."—Cleveland Leader.

First youth: "Hullo, kiddy, wot's yer name?"

Second youth, "Dunno."

First youth: "Dunno? How's that?"

Second youth: "Muvver's been and got married again this morning."

GEMS OF LITERATURE

THE PICKWICKIANS.

(From Dickens' "The Pickwick Papers.)

[It was thirty-five years ago on June 9, 1905, since Charles Dickens' death.]

The first ray of light which illumines the gloom, and converts into a dazzling brilliancy that obscurity in which the earlier history of the public career of the immortal Pickwick would appear to be involved, is derived from the perusal of the following entry in the transactions of the Pickwick Club, which the editor of these papers feels the highest pleasure in laying before his readers, as a proof of the careful attention, indefatigable assiduity, and nice discrimination, with which his search among the multifarious documents confided to him has been conducted.

"May 12, 1827. Joseph Smiggers, esq., P.V.P., M.P.C.,* presiding. The following resolutions unanimously agreed to.

"That this association has heard read, with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and unqualified approval, the paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, esq., G.C., M.P.C.,x entitled 'Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with Some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats;' and that this association does hereby return its warmest thanks to the said Samuel Pickwick, esq., G.C., M.P.C., for the same."

A casual observer, adds the secretary, to whose notes we are indebted for the following account—a casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head and circular spectacles which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded. What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the transactions of the club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celebrated bodies, and, as it is always interesting to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of great men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

"Mr. Pickwick observed (says the secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air and the water was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of "No")—but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated or it might not. (A cry of "It is," and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production, would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him, on this the proudest moment of his existence. Cheers.) He was a humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor, and of some danger. Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice "No.") No! (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried "No" so loudly come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried "No?" (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of—

"Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of "Order," "Chair," "Yes," "No," "Go on," "Leave off," etc.)

"Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamor. He had alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent's false and scurrilous accusation, with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent was a humbug. (Immense confusion and loud cries of 'Chair" and "Order.")

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotton had no resitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"

Here the entry terminates, as we have no doubt the debate did also, after arriving at such a highly satisfactory and intelligible point.

*Perpetual Vice-president — Member Pickwick Club.

xGeneral Chairman—Member Pickwick Club.

SOME OSLER EPIGRAMS
TRUTH PUT IN PLAIN TERMS

Regius Professor at Oxford Defines Medicine as Science of Uncertainty.

Some epigrams by Dr. William Osler, who recently left the Johns Hopkins Hospital to become regius professor at Oxford University, came to light recently, says the Baltimore correspondent of The New York Herald, the sayings having been compiled by one who heard them at the clinical addresses and lectures delivered by the physician during his stay at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

As Dr. Osler is regarded as the greatest English speaking diagnostician living, the following is of interest:

"Medicine is a science of uncertainty and an art of probability. Failure to make diagnosis makes medicine interesting. Of course one can make a certain diagnosis in every case, but it is done at the expense of one's conscience, and one goes deeper into the inferno with each diagnosis so made."

This is his opinion of drugs:

"Physicians are apt to become affected with the drug habit from patients. Drugs are no good. Some doctors imagine that they can carry the magic button in their medicine bag. Press it ,and behold, the disease is cured in one day. If many drugs are used for a disease, all are inefficient."

The Ideal in Medicine.

Regarding seeking the ideal in medicine and life he said:

"In seeking absolute truth we aim at the unattainable and must be content with finding broken portions.

"If the fight is for principle and justice, even where failure seems certain, where so many have failed before, cling to your ideal and, like Childe Roland before the dark tower, set the slughorn to your lips, blow the challenge and await the consequences.

"The past is always with us, never to be escaped; it alone is enduring, but amid the changes and chances which succeed one another so rapidly in this life we are apt to live too much for the present and too much in the future."

On the relative value of the professions, Dr. Osler had this to say: "We can imagine in the future a social condition in which neither divinity nor law shall have a place, when all shall be friends, and each one a priest, when the meek shall possess the earth, but we cannot picture a time when birth and life and death shall be separated from that 'grisly troop' which we dread so much, and which is ever associated in our minds with the physician and nurse.

"There is no more potent antidote to the corroding influence of mammon than the presence in a community of a body of men who are devoted to science, living for investigation and caring nothing for the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. We forget that the measure of the value of a nation is neither in the bushel nor the barrel, but mind, and that wheat and pork, tho useful and necessary, are but dross in comparison to those intellectual products which alone are imperishable."

Of appendicitis, Dr. Osler said:

"All colics mean appendicitis nowadays, and are admitted on the surgical side, much to the detriment of the patient, as a rule, with the sacrifice of several weeks in bed and the loss of his appendix, when perhaps his pain was due to a lobster salad of the night before. Pain in the stomach nowadays is always appendicitis, and is recognized by the doctor's wife over the telephone."

Fling at Surgeons.

The doctor gave this fling at the surgeons: "Wherever there is pus there should be steel. Call on the Philistines for aid. Empyema needs a surgeon and three inches of cold steel instead of a fool of a physician."

In paying his respects to the anatomists, the doctor said this: "Anatomy may be likened to a harvest field. First come the reapers, who, entering upon the untrodden ground, cut down a great store of corn from all sides of them. These are the early anatomists of modern Europe. Then come the gleaners, who gather up enough from the bare ridges to make a few loaves of bread. Such were the anatomists of the last century. Last of all come the geese, who still continue to pick up a few grains scattered here and there among the stubble, and waddle home in the evening, poor things, cackling with joy because of their success. Gentlemen, we are the geese."

This is Dr. Osler's advice to medical graduates: "A young physician should be careful what and how he writes. The crow of the young rooster before his spurs are on always antagonizes and jars. Keep your mouth shut, too, for a few years, particularly in discussions. Shun as most perilous that frame of mind, too often, I regret, seen in physicians, which assumes an air of superiority and limits as worthy of your communion only those with satisfactory collegiate or sartorial credentials."

Dr. Osler has always ranked the professional nurses with the physician. He has paid them these tributes:

"Printed in your remembrance, written as headlines on the tablets of your chatelaines, I would have two maxims: 'I will keep my mouth shut as if it were a bridle,' and 'If thou has heard a word let it die with thee.' Taciturnity, a discreet silence, is a virtue little cultivated in these garrulous days when the chatter of the Banderlog is everywhere about us, when, as someone has remarked, speech has taken the place of thought. To talk of disease is a sort of Arabian Nights' entertainment, to which no discreet nurse will lend her talents.

Praises Trained Nurses.

"Marriage is the natural end of the trained nurse, who is a choice selection from the very best women of the community, who knows the laws of health, and whose sympathy has been broadened by contact with the best and the worst of men. She has not acquired immunity from that most ancient of all diseases, that malady of which the Rose of Sharon sang so plaintively, that sickness 'to be stayed not with flagons nor comforted with apples.'

"In public the trained nurse has become one of the great blessings of humanity, taking a place beside the physician and the priest, and not inferior to either in her mission.

"The religion of humanity is thin stuff for women whose souls ask for something more substantial to feed. There is no higher mission in life than nursing God's poor. In doing so, a woman may not reach the ideals of her soul, she may fall far short of the ideals of her head, but she will go far to satiate those longings of the heart from which no woman can escape. Romola, the student, helping her blind father, full of the pride of learning, we admire; Romola, the devotee, carrying in her withered heart woman's heaviest disappointment, we pity; Romola, the nurse, doing noble deeds amid the pestilence, rescuing those about to perish, we love."

In addressing a class of students, the doctor has said:

"In the first place, in the physician or surgeon, no quality takes rank with imperturbability. It is the quality which is appreciated by the laity, but often misunderstood by them, and the physician who has misfortune to be without it, who betrays indecision and worry, and who shows that he is flustered in ordinary emergencies, loses rapidly the confidence of his patients. Cultivate, then, gentlemen, such a judicious measure of obtuseness as will enable you to meet the exigencies of practice with firmness and courage, without, at the same time, hardening the human heart by which we live."

Here is one of the great physician's references to death:

"Pneumonia is the captain of the men of death. It is the old man's friend. It enables him to escape those cold gradations of decay. It is a painless release from the troubles of life. This patient had a ten-cent piece in his mouth several times to pay his ferriage. One foot was in Charon's boat half the time. Saline infusions saved him. What a disappointment it must have been to the old watchman! The only regret that he can have is that he will have to undergo it again."

For the Clergy.

Other sayings by Dr. Osler are:

"I suppose, as a body, clergymen are better educated than any other, yet they are notorious supporters of all the nostrums and humbuggery with which the daily and religious papers abound, and I find the farther away they have wandered from the Council of Trent the more apt they are to be steeped in thaumaturgic and Galenical superstition."

"The common sense fibres seldom become modulated before the age of 40. The earliest they are seen microscopically is at the age of 20. They usually begin to appear at the age of 21."

"Choose a freckled girl for a wife. They are invariably more amiable."

"Punctuality is the only necessary virtue; have this, and all others will be added."

"The odor of bronchiectasis is potent; it bears the Standard Oil strain."

"No farmer in this country goes thru life without an attack of dyspepsia—some early, some late, some all the time."

"John as known to himself and John as known to his Maker are totally different from John as known to us."

"As much pity should be given to a woman's tears as a goose going barefoot."

"Jaundice is the disease your friends diagnose for you."

"Tubercle bacilli ride into the lungs on black chargers—coal smoke and dust."

"Be suspicious of a man with white hair, a dark moustache and a florid complexion; he has served the gods."

"He (a deaf mute) is a happy man. We are no worse off with him than the veterinarians."

"There are incurable cases in medicine, incorrigible vices in divinity and indissoluble cases in law."

"Here is a small boy who will not talk to anyone. He will make a wise man. Do not encourage him to talk."

"A great university has a dual function—to teach and to think."

"It cannot be denied that in dealings with the public just a little touch of humbug is immensely effective, but it is not necessary."

"There are only two sorts of physicians—those who practise with their brains and those who practise with their mouths."

"Throw away all ambitions beyond that of doing the day's work well."

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MUNICIPAL LIGHT IN NEW YORK.

Plans and Estimates Submitted for the Enterprise.

Arc lights at a cost of $64.07 a year instead of $146 for the same period, and incandescent lights at five and one-half cents a kilowatt hour instead of 10 cents, in Manhattan and the Bronx, is the final estimate of the commission appointed by the mayor to provide plans and estimate the cost of a municipal electric lighting plant, says The New York Herald.

With the report the commission, composed of Cary T. Hitchinson, Nelson P. Lewis and George F. Seaver, submitted plans and drawings for a building to be erected on the site purchased recently by the city covering the block bounded by avenue A and the East River and Ninetieth and Ninety-first-streets.

This plant is designed to supply power sufficient to maintain 15,000 arc lamps and 300,000 16-candle power incandescent lights. The estimated cost of the building, with equipment, is $7,567,000, and the total annual operating and fixed charges are estimated at $1,269,000. A plant of sufficient size has been provided to enable the city to light the streets, parks and parkways, as well as all of its public buildings, with electricity to the entire exclusion of gas if it should decide to do so. The report says:

"The total cost of supplying the service contemplated in this report at the rates charged the city by the Edison company, would be $2,750,000; the operation of this plant would therefore effect an annual saving of $1,481,000, equal to approximately 20 per cent. of the investment required.

"The total cost to the city of gas and electric lights for the last year, under the ruling rates, was $1,703,000; the operation of this plant would therefore effect a saving of $434,000 below the cost under existing conditions—that is ,electric lighting can be substituted for gas both in streets and in public buildings, and an annual saving of $434,000 be made."

The estimates of the cost of this plant include the cost of nine sub-stations in Manhattan and five in the Bronx, each occupying a city lot. This plant applies only to Manhattan and the Bronx; the question of a similar plant for Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond is to be considered later.

PUZZLED POLICE.

Stranger Deposits £648 and Disappears.

The Bradford police are uneasy about the whereabouts of a man named Michael Glenn, who introduced himself to them last Friday in a mysterious manner, says The London Mail.

He walked into the police station and handed a bag containing £335 behind the counter, asking the detective in charge to take care of it for him. Beyond saying that he was a foreman from Pittsburg, and that he could neither read nor write, he gave no account of himself.

He extracted a sovereign from the bag, and returned on Saturday for £10, which was handed to him. When he left the police station he went to the Craven Bank, and then disappeared.

Later in the day, the manager of the Craven Bank went to the police station and reported that Glenn had deposited with him a bag containing £324, asking that it should be taken care of until he required it. He would take no receipt, and desired no interest.

Nothing further has been heard or seen of Glenn, and there are now two bags, each containing £324—one at the bank and the other at the police station—waiting for him to take away.

DR. ELIOT DEFENDS COLLEGE MEN

Harvard President Says College Education Never Induces Crime.

"As to college life being conducive of crime, I need only say that such a statement is absurd. Any man has nobler ideals after a course in one of our great universities," says President Eliot of Harvard, on the pronunciamento of Professor James upon education and crime recently.

Harvard graduates are especially incensed over the professor's statement that "there is not a public abuse on the whole eastern coast of which some Harvard graduate is not an enthusiastic advocate."

"Of course," continued President Eliot, "if a criminal sought an education that he might be cleverer in carrying out his criminal propensities, he would undoubtedly become a cleverer rogue; but I believe that any man is stronger and wiser and has nobler ideals after a course in one of our great universities.

"There may have been men who have been thru Harvard and afterward become criminals, or even men who were criminals before they entered college, and sought a college training that they might be more proficient in crime; but no man was ever influenced toward crime by a college education."

Well Protected.

"Do you expect to enjoy the Fourth?"

"Well, I've bought a baseball mask and a pair of ear muffs. I'm hoping to live thru it."

Not a Consistent Yearner.

"Bliggins says that he yearns to be a barefoot boy again."

"So do I," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "But only for a minute, so that I could enjoy the satisfaction of writing a cheque for all the shoes I wanted."—Washington Star.

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LOCAL FOREIGN

AUTOMOBILING

INTERNATIONAL GENERAL

GOOD DRIVER MAKES TRIP PLEASURE FOR HORSEMEN

A Huge Red Car With 16,400 Candle-Power and a Gabriel's Horn No Terror to Cooksville Horses.

The editor of this page, along with two other gentlemen, accepted an invitation the other day to take a run out to Cooksville. The owner of the car and the host of the occasion was one of the best-known automobilists in Toronto. As he is a bashful man, we refrain from publishing his name.

This run was not memorable for either smashups or breakdowns. It was a comfortable, clean ride, thru a charming landscape with a couple of hours' loaf in a quiet village, a fine, healthy supper and a pleasant jog home again by starlight.

A Fine Driver.

My admiration was divided between the scenery and the chauffeur. Our host was a most capable driver. That is to say, he did not run his luxurious car in a beeline over all the ruts, broken stone and clay hubbles between High Park and Cooksville. Neither did he try to climb a pine tree in High Park. With an easy and a jaunty grace he steered his large red Winton thru devious ways. Charily he tooted his horn in the city and warily he slowed up and switched for street cars, rigs and pedestrians. In High Park he took the curves in judicious, long swings that gave everyone on board a chance to notice that most delightful natural suburb of Toronto. The wapiti we did not see. Neither did we go up the Hell's Gate Hill and down the toboggan slide. There are a few hills in High Park that even a 32-horse car doesn't care about.

It was just the first day of the hay weather. One farmer had cut a field of clover. We all enjoyed the scent of the haymaking, but none of us hankered for a pitchfork—except the writer, who has pitched more tons of hay than all the weeks since he quit the farm.

This glide out to the village demonstrated one thing clearly—that a capable, careful driver can put a huge red car over a road without scaring any horse beyond control. Our driver was remarkably careful. He is not a turtle either, for if he was given a beach track or some horseless road where there are no laws as to speed, he would be a bioscope man. As it is, he is a real chauffeur, who realizes that a horse is not a car, and that a large red auto to the average farm horse sometimes looks like the devil.

An Automobile Convention.

We got to Cooksville in time for a healthy supper. There we found another carload of city folk—J. J. Main and his family—in his new Royal Tourist. Later Mr. Smith of the Auto and Supply Co., in his black mandarin costume, slipped in from Buffalo with another Royal Tourist and a load of people. The entire party ate their money's worth at the hotel.

After supper an automobile convention was held in front of the hotel. A number of villagers and farmers had gathered, and a colony of small boys. These inspected the three big cars with much curiosity. The learned talk about gears, transmission, clutches and spark-plugs they regarded as one might a foreign tongue.

"Bet that car cost as much as my farm," said one. The wager was not accepted.

"Bill, could you steer one o them juggernauts thru your front gate without strikin' the hubs?" asked another.

"Druther drive a load o' hay blindfolded," was the reply.

"Wall," observed a pipe-dreaming old gentleman who sat on the step, "when I got my first self-binder I had the biggest kind'v a picnic threadin' it and a hull half-day's variety shows putt'n it the first round on a field'v wheat. I c'n run the blame thing now with my eyes shut. I know how she's workin' by the sound'v the gear, too. But if I was to be given one o' them handcars f'r a Christmas box I could n't start it out 'v its tracks, and if I got it started I'm blame sure I'd never git it stopped till I begun to git homesick."

"There's one consolation," said another, "I'm willin' t' bet that there ain't one o' these clever gentlemen that knows an ioty about how 't run a hayfork."

Lights Lighted.

It was now time to illuminate. The gas lamps were lighted one by one and the village got full of leery, big white eyes. The storekeeper barred his big brown shutters and came over to watch. The chores were done, and Cooksville was gliding into the night.

"Say, boss, how many ile lamps would it take t' make as much light as all them 'luminations on that one car?" proposed one of the neighbors.

When told that the lights on that car were equal to 16,400 candles all burning at once, he calculated that there was more light in Cooksville that night than there would be if Cooksville had a monopoly of all the stars seen from the postoffice at once, with a full moon thrown in.

Home Again.

By the time he had the sum worked out two of the cars were a mile out of the village, and we were steering our searchlight down the Dundas-road. With 10,000 candles in one lamp, we naturally saw a few things that an ordinary cat might have missed. The party who steered the lamp took a special delight in turning it on to a few features. Some of the features got a trifle red; others slipped into smiles. At every clump of houses along the road the folks lined the fences when they heard the drone of the Gabriel's horn and saw the thirty-rods' shaft of light ahead of that search-lamp. All the horses's eyes turned a ghastly green. Cats crossing the road turned to look at the constellation—and their eyes gleamed like glass alleys. All the dogs had green eyes. It was a ghastly, ghostly drive, during which our chauffeur and host again demonstrated that a good light and a careful hand on the wheel, are able to make a fairly good road by night as safe for motorists and for drivers of horses as by day.

The editor of this page is now waiting for another invitation to a country ride.

TORONTO'S MOST EMINENT MOTORIST NO CHAUFFEUR

W. H. Moore Has Many Motors, a Suave Personality, a Successful Career and Good Cigars.

The most remarkable motorist in Toronto is undoubtedly W. H. Moore. Mr. Moore has not gone into gasoline. He prefers steam and electricity. He is a sort of custos to about 500 motors in and around Toronto alone.

So far as is known Mr. Moore has never driven a car. He has hundreds of chauffeurs. His motors are open to the public—for the small sum of five cents each. Last year these motors carried in Toronto 59 million people.

Mr. Moore's enthusiasm for motoring is unbounded. He is not in the game for his health as some people are, neither for pleasure as are many more; so far as we can discover, wholly for profit and the public convenience.

Cars and Other Cars.

These motors of Mr. Moore's have made a large difference to the people at large. It is questionable whether in a century of gasoline this will be overtaken by the automobile. These public motors are a perfect democracy—except for a few incidentals such as the "end-seat hog," the man who occupies two seats, and the family picnic that occupies ten and places little Willie's boots on a stranger's Boston creases. Ordinary automobiles have been blessed—by the minority. These popular motors of Mr. Moore's have been thrice blessed by thousands. Gasoline cars have been cursed—by a few. Electric cars have been cursed by the many. Automobiles have killed up to date just one man in Toronto. Electric cars have killed many people. So far as is known automobiles have never been guilty of running away. Mr. Moore's motors have jumped tracks, crashed into railway trains, taken the bits in their teeth down main thoroughfares, tried to climb over walls and bunted into stores. This is merely to show that where all the power is generated at a common centre there will be occasional outbreaks; that where cars and motormen are required to stay on a track and under a wire, there will be times when they will burk all restrictions.

A Man of Manners.

As a motorist Mr. Moore has a distinct personality. Moreover he keeps an excellent brand of Havana cigars. He lives on Cluny-avenue, which is nothing if not classic. He is a university man. His faculties are marvelously alert. He is able to think in two directions at once.

Equanimity—well, has Mr. Moore's sedate smile ever been equaled? There is a silk finish about this smile that makes a critic get a sort of benevolent feeling. To have an abrupt difference of opinion with Mr. Moore is not easy. You might as well quarrel with a rose for having perfume or a star from shedding light. The man at whose nod trolleys and trains go hither and thither must have a principle of ease in order not to waste energy. As a lubricator Mr. Moore is worth all the money. Friction he abominates. Antipathies he will not have. Things must run smoothly. Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Are not the three great capital M's in charge of affairs?

Scientific to the Limit.

And so it is that the ordinary go-ahead man with only one gear in his anatomy finds this urbane Mr. Moore a large conundrum. Entirely without fuss and chugging the autocar changes his gear. His brakes are tremendous. His clutch never slips. Up-hill to him is like flying is to wings. Down-hill he will stop and hang on a forty per cent. grade if necessary. There is no fluster. He never pounds. He has roller bearings. In daylight people know he is coming by the gentle breeze he awakens. At night his search-lamp irradiates the road.

We call this man a success. He wins. To understand him—well that is not easy and scarcely necessary. He will not abide tinkering. If needs be he will manoeuvre, but he wants no racing. Very likely if you should start him on a long level road for a race he might take your dust for a season in order not to discourage you. Under cover of your dust let some farmer behold him slide into a lane, round a curve, over a bridge and come out on the old road ten lengths ahead of you—and smiling.

Between the farmer and the regular motorist Mr. Moore should prove a strong link. He is trying to convert the farmers from horse-haulage to electricity. The automobilist is a practical example to the farmer of conversion from horses to gasoline. The cause is common—in the interests of 20th century progress. And so far as we can see no other century but this one would ever have been quite scientific enough to accommodate W. H. Moore.

An inventor who devised a folding bicycle, but never could make a commercial success of it while the bicycle craze was at its height, is now selling quite a few of them to owners of touring cars. They are carried on back or top of the car, and provide for the emergency of being stalled on a lonely country road. With the bicycle, the chauffeur can go quickly for supplies or help, whichever is needed.

A bright idea has occurred to an eastern manufacturer of "Rubberneck" coaches. He has come to the conclusion that automobiles do not sell readily in Utah, because the tonneaus are not big enough for Mormon families. He proposes to send out a few sightseeing wagons, that carry forty persons, and try to sell them to the elders.

OMAHA CHAUFFEUR LOST NERVE ON RUNAWAY CAR

Sensational Career of a White Steam Automobile Down Crowded Streets of Pork City.

A citizen of Toronto who lives in Bloor-street east has rather lurid memories of a certain steam auto which took him for a lively spin out west in the pork country. It was at Omaha on the Missouri. The car was a White steamer.

"There were lots of those steam cars in Omaha," said this gentleman. "Folks out there consider them fashionable. Evidently you people here think they are antediluvians."

"Ask Ed. Gurney," said The World man. "He'll tell you the whole law and the prophets about steam automobiles. He had one."

"Well, I don't kwonw that Omaha is in the backwoods, either," protested the ex-Omahan. "If you'll remember it was Omaha that the Oldsmobile cross-continenters headed for to get a beeline on the Lewis and Clarke trail to Portland."

"But this particular steam car?"

"Give me my last ride in any horseless thingumbob not run on a track," was the reply.

"Broke the speed limit, I suppose?"

"Broke all the speed limits. The blame thing ran away."

"Out on the prairie, was it?"

"Hmh! Right on the main street of Omaha, on a down grade towards the river, with street cars and rigs in general as thick as flies in a sugar barrel."

Brake Wouldn't Work.

"Did something break?"

"Don't ask me to be technical. I only knew that the driver and I had been out for a quiet spin in the suburbs one evening and were returning thru town at a gentlemanly pace. We turned on to the main street, which is on a down grade. And when we were half-way into the heart of the city the brake quit. After that we had the right of way."

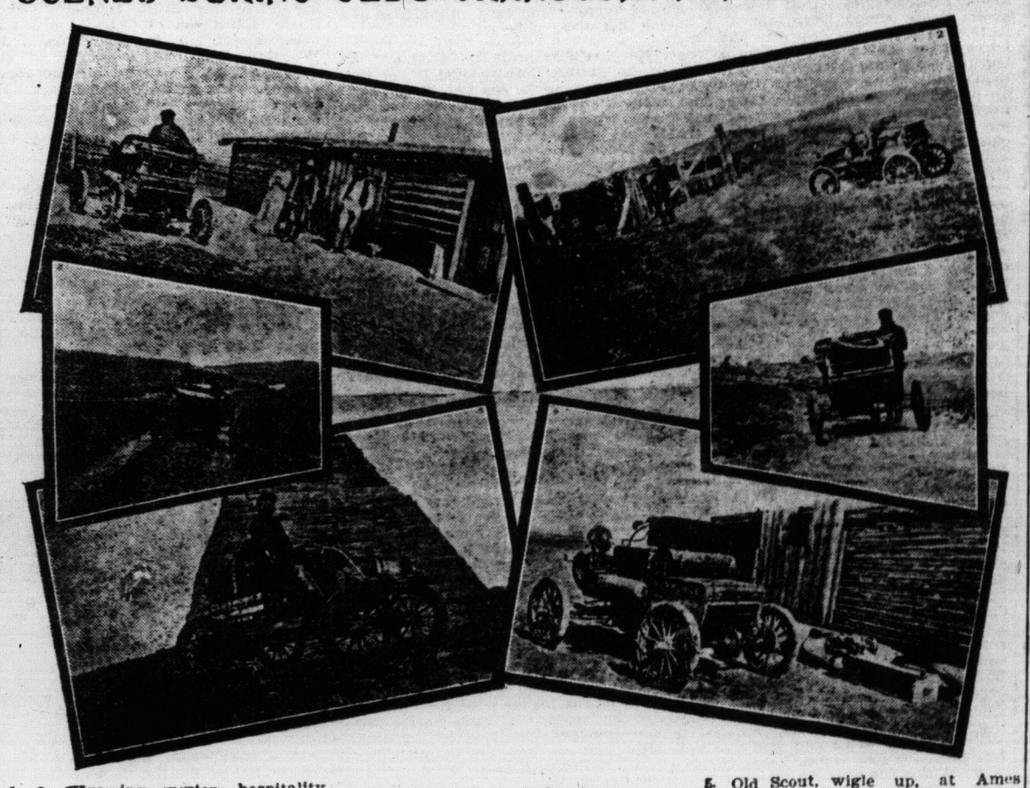
"Why didn't the driver apply the emergency brake or the reverse?"

"Rattled. He was perfectly paralyzed. He didn't do anything. I couldn't climb out. To jump would have been certain death. Wasn't a policeman in Omaha could arrest us. Even a special order from the mayor wouldn't have terminated proceedings. The entire section of Omaha thru which we were going was to me a blur. The whole city seemed to be gliding off the earth. The anly thing the driver did was to steer—or else the car picked its own road thru things in general.

Saved by a Break.

"You know how sometimes you have an ugly dream and sometimes dream it was a dream. Well, that's about the psychological state of my mind during that sprint thru Omaha. I expected to wake up and find it all a dream, and yet I was conscious enough to know that I wasn't dreaming. Cold creeps? Well, I got them all right. Every rod increased our speed. Every chug fetched us nearer the Missouri River. Quite sure by this time that I had not taken a nap on the road, I was just getting ready to strip for a high dive, when something broke inside that steam car. The thing wiggled to a standstill in the twilight. Kind of dazed like, I let myself out and slid home. And I don't know to this day what stopped that car."

SCENES DURING OLDS TRANSCONTINENTAL CONTEST



1. In Wyoming; western hospitality.
2. Old Steady in Wyoming; A disputed way.
3. Old Steady in Nebraska.
4. Old Steady in Wyoming.
5. Old Scout, wigle up, at Ames Monument, Wyoming.
6. A shelter for the night in Wyoming.

MOTOR TRUCKS ARE STRAWS SHOW WAY WIND BLOWS

Automobiling Not a Question of Pleasure and Big Cars But a Problem of Power and Progress.

There are now four motor trucks operating and ready to operate in Toronto, not to mention the number of runabout delivery rigs, the electric tallyhos, the motor cabs not sold yet, and a whole series of light motor rigs used simply and solely for convenience.

We mention this fact again, because it is significant. Next year we shall call attention to it again, when it will be still more significant. If Toronto were an American city it might have been emphasized long ago—that the automobile has entered civilization not merely as a pleasure rig, but as a vehicle of convenience.

Not a Question of Big Cars.

A census of Toronto automobiles would, we think, show a majority of rigs operated mainly for convenience. It is not denied that this year has seen the multiplication of big cars. Neither does anyone pretend that any car above 20-horsepower is not got mainly for touring purposes. But automobiling is not to be judged by the minority of big cars any more than horses are to be judged by the minority of racers. Neither is it reasonable to say because a man has a big car, which by its power is able to climb any hill in the vicinity of Toronto, that he goes on the road simply and solely as a highwayman.

Gasoline in Economics.

The fact is—whatever the prejudices may be—that gasoline as a motive power has got into the economics of civilization just as firmly as electricity did twenty years ago, and steam half a century before that. Gasoline is here to do work; to haul loads on trucks, to take a man round to his work more swiftly and easily than either a horse or a bicycle; to help solve the problem of easy delivery on crowded city streets and cheap power on country roads and farms. Gasoline exists as much for the farmer as for the man in the city, just as the steam threshing engine came into use and shoved out the old horsepower.

Problem of Power.

Automobiling is not to be judged merely by its pleasure cars. These will always exist. You might as well rule out the city carriage and say that horses should pull only wagons, carts and drays. For centuries the horse has pulled practically everything that didn't require a track for its wheels. This century will mark the gradual passing of the horse monopoly as a motive power.

Electric railways are doing their share. But electric railways don't run on side lines and concessions. If a motor truck is able to haul sodawater and pop from York Mills to Toronto, two and three tons at a load, a motor truck is able to haul a farmer's bales of hay, his potatoes, his wheat, his oats and his pigs. If an ordinary business man, used to an office, is able in a few months to put a 40-horsepower car just where he wants it, inch by inch, under perfect control, a farmer or a dray driver is able to do the same with a motor truck. It is not a question of speed. It is a problem of power, convenience and control. The horse has not increased his power. The draught team to-day hauls three tons on the best of roads. The most powerful motor truck run by gasoline is able to haul twice the weight with much more reliability, no fatigue and little or no care.

Therefore the farmer should recognize in the motor not an enemy, but one of his surest allies in progress. We don't believe that the farmer's motto is "Stick in the mud." The farmer is progressing. And the farmer of the twentieth century will progress by means of gasoline and electricity where those of the last century stuck to the horse and the ox.

Case of Prejudice.

In a recent speed case in a Long Island town it was found almost impossible to get a jury together, all the "honest tillers of the soil" called in as jurymen declaring themselves prejudiced against automobiles. One man, when examined by counsel for defence, declared that he would like to see all autos swamped 10 miles off Fire Island, and another, "that he would like to have all red devils taken back to ——."

You Auto See It.

The most stylish and up-to-date delivery and advertising rigs are the motor machines used by E. W. Gillett Co., Limited. It is the intention of this company to send out five or six of the same style of machine in order to cover the Province of Ontario. Besides the chauffeur there will be an advertising man travel with each car to look after the extensive outdoor advertising done by the company named.

I have heard during the last week a good deal of fault found with the remarks of an evening paper on the Open Air Horse Parade and Show held on Dominion Day. While I agree with the fault-finders that carping criticism has a damaging effect, keeping good men in retirement who would otherwise come to the fore, it appears to me that the promoters of the show and parade have great reason to congratulate themselves upon the fact that a most influential journal was willing to give up four columns to a report and review of the event. Excepting The Toronto World, it was the only paper that gave it so much consideration, and, whether the comments be good or bad, there is cause for satisfaction in the attention accorded. For my own part, having read the report carefully thru, I do not see so much reason for objection as others appear to do. It is to be regretted, undoubtedly, that harsh remarks should have been applied to Robert H. Davies' entries. An open air horse show, with the dust flying, and the hustle and bustle that naturally characterize it, all the judging and everything having to be got thru in the course of not more than two or three hours, is not by any means the same as an indoor function, when, right prior to entering the ring, which is free from dust and dirt, the vehicle and even the horse can be thoroly gone over. The executive thought, and I think, that it was uncommonly patriotic, liberal, enterprising and self-denying of the ladies and gentlemen who filed an appearance in the saddle and harness classes to turn out on Dominion Day. There was neither glory nor profit for them to be attained, compared with the same that accrues from prize winning, or even exhibiting, in the great and prominent indoor shows. The parade and show in the Queen's Park on Canada's national anniversary is intended more for the benefit of the commercial horse, its driver and its master, than for the encouragement of the saddle and harness classes, the presence of which is desired more to lend eclat to the occasion than because, as I have said, any great reputation is to be gained. It is possible, therefore, regarding things from this point of view, that our friend of The Telegram—and it is needless to try and deceive anybody into the belief that he and his paper are not referred to in this paragraph—might have been a little more lenient, for he must also remember that the view he can get of the exhibits in the park is far closer than that he can get in the armories. There he is kept religiously outside the enclosure, while in the Queen's Park he can minutely inspect everything almost at his leisure. Another fact our friend, whose interest in the horse must be welcome to every lover thereof, appears to have overlooked, is that the class that Mr. Davies exhibited in was not an appointment class. Of course that furnishes no excuse for untidiness or for carelessness in the grooming of the horses. The judge confirms Mr. Davies in the statement that both the grooming and the state of the vehicle and trappings were quite satisfactory. As regards The Telegram's reference to the judge himself, that is a matter with which only that paper and the gentleman mentioned can have any concern. Others, knowing the difficulties in securing judges for such an occasion, may lament the reference to a gentleman who has acted on many occasions, and who is always generously willing to give his aid for the improvement and development of the horse and its interests; but, yet, as I have said, it must be a matter for settlement between the aggrieved and the aggriever.

The commendation of one man like Professor Goldwin Smith is of more value, to my thinking, than all the criticisms, deserved or undeserved, emanating from gentlemen who seemingly would rather blame than praise. It has always been my view that people who gratuitously engage in a public enterprise, especially when it is of a philanthropic nature, or that has for its object the benefit of mankind, are entitled to more considerate treatment than when there is financial or other profit directly in view. In the case of the open air horse parade and show the promoters are endeavoring to do a good work and are deserving of all the aid that either press or public can give them. At that they are entitled to establish their claim for such consideration before they obtain it. This, it appears to me, the Open Air Horse Parade Association have certainly done. When ladies and gentlemen enter into the spirit of the thing with them and do their best to help it along, it is of course a pity that they should be abused, or even harshly found fault with, supposing there are a few discrepancies, but at the same time good rather than evil is likely to follow, for I would hate to think that people so actuated could be so chicken-hearted as to be dismayed or discouraged by language that they and others happen to think unjust and uncalled-for. In the exuberance of our desire to do our work well and to secure recognition, many of us say things at times, and do things at times, that are open to doubt as to their judiciousness. The Telegram, I am sure, has no other object in view than to help a good cause along, and, therefore, if comments are made that we cannot all agree with, there is no reason for hasty condemnation, or for any condemnation at all, seeing that there are always more directions than one from which to look at anything and everything. And my experience is that anything that is done in the open can escape comment whether it be judicious or injudicious. For every individual who has found fault with anything concerned or connected with the open air horse parade and show which was held on Dominion Day, there are hundreds who have expressed their genuine admiration and great satisfaction. The secretary, I am in a position to know, has received a number of letters testifying that, as one prominent gentleman puts it, "The Dominion Day parade was a credit, not only to the city, but to the province, and those responsible for inaugurating it, and who have spent so much energy in making it a success, are entitled to the gratitude of the citizens." Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion has been made known thru the daily press, and, therefore, need not be repeated here; but it is sufficiently emphatic to counteract the effect of all who would convey a different impression and would withhold from the directors, the hardworking judges, and the equally hardwarking marshalls, the credit that was their due, among not the least of whom were members of the Harness, Hunter and Saddle Horse Society and of the Canadian Pony Society, under whose auspices the first two shows were held.

Having been asked the question as to whether the check rein was used as much as formerly I put the query to a number of gentlemen whom I regarded as authorities, suggesting at the same time in several instances that the automobile had caused a revival of the practice, and here are a few of the replies received:

No. 1 writes: "I only know what I see in the streets, and I am very little in them. I think it likely that the red and green devils' would have the effect of increasing a driver's desire to have his horse under control. But except on the trotting track and in the case of an unmanageable horse I consider the use of an overhead rein absolute cruelty and horribly unsightly. The harness makers, who ought to know better, are chiefly to blame. They put them on animals already so weak and submissive that they can't say 'Boo!' to the goose that owns them. I never see an overhead check without wishing I was behind the owner for ten minutes with the instrument of torture in his mouth any my hands yanking it. Talk of the cruelty of muzzling dogs, it is not in it with the accursed overhead check. Why don't you start a crusade against dogs? They are one of the principal curses of Toronto. The dog-days are coming and it would be a suitable subject for discussion in 'the silly season.' They are a positive danger to everybody who rides or drives a horse."

No. 2—John Macdonald says: "I have yours of this date, and am very pleased to give you any information I can on the subject. The bearing rein will not be discarded on this side of the Atlantic for horse show purposes at least. You can readily understand that any bits for park use such as the Buxton or gig bit have a bar at the bottom. To use this bit without a bearing rein would be liable to endanger human life, as a horse is liable, with his head free, to catch the bar on something with serious results. For road work the Liverpool, elbow, coaching or four-ring bit can be used without a bearing rein with perfect safety, and on all forms of road work the bearing rein is optional. You can use with a four-in-hand a bearing rein on any horse that requires it without it appearing odd or out of uniformity. Common sense should be used a great deal as nothing is more inhuman in warm weather than to see a horse with his head too high, but, as before stated, the bearing rein will have to be used for show purposes where appointments count and on any vehicles for ordinary park use if the whole turnout is to harmonize."

No. 3.—Dr. W. A. Young writes: "In reply to your favor under date of 6th inst., as to whether in my humble opinion the check rein on horses is used now as much as formerly, I may say that I think that it is being used more commonly than ever. This is due perhaps largely to the fact that on all properly appointed harness the running bridoon is used to the entire exclusion of the old fashioned check, which gave the horse no play whatever in head movement. The full bridoon, I think, adds materially to the general appearance of the turn-out and is not in any way inhuman. Such a check is essential, especially for horses who pull or bore, and, when using the regulation Buxton bit, is necessary; otherwise there would be accidents, due to the horse perhaps getting his bit round the pole crab and pulling him down and perhaps his mate with him. I cannot, however, say the same for the overdraw checks used on trotters and roadsters, as I consider them cruel and therefore should not be used on so noble a creature as my true friend, the horse. Trusting that this is a reply to your query."

No. 4.—Dr. J. T. Gilmour writes: "The check rein is extensively used. In the summer it is essential, as horses will make every effort to get grass, and if the horse is left alone, it is apt to get tangled, with the consequent troubles. High checks are undoubtedly cruel, and in the winter time there is no occasion for any. The use of the check, as a whole, like a great majority of customs, is a matter of fashion. Exhibition committees and judges at horse fairs could do much to abolish them."

No. 5 writes: "Your favor just received. The check rein is still used a good deal and is necessary in many cases."

No. 6.—Jess Applegath writes: "Yours received. Don't think the check rein is used as much as it was and would rather see it done away with."

No. 7.—C. A. Burns writes: "I received your letter and in answer, from long experience in driving horses, would say that a driver is much safer when a horse is checked. I might say that the only horse that ever ran away with me was a horse without a check, and he got his head down to his knees and ran three miles before I got him stopped. There are many other reasons. They get their heads down, getting the lines over the shafts. If you stand your horse anywhere in the city in the summer time he is eating grass, getting his front feet over the lines or over the tie weight and the chances are before you get back there has been a smash-up. In my experience with horses there is only one in 500 you can drive without a check that will keep himself in a position that a horse ought to go. Another reason is that when a horse is checked up he cannot pull the driver nearly as much, as the saddle takes off a certain amount of the strain. There is another reason why a check should be worn. When driving your horse a distance, when you let him walk many horses naturally put their heads away down to their knees and walk along the street in that style, without your full attention is on him, keeping him well in hand. If you stop to speak to anyone on the street they are throwing their heads up and down most of the time, and I have seen horses hold their heads down and get their front feet over the lines. As far as safety goes, a check is the proper thing and when properly rigged does not affect the horse any more than any other part of the harness. In a word, I have owned over 500 first-class horses and have only had two or three in all that time that showed themselves off and carried themselves properly without a check. I may say also that all horses shown in New York and at good exhibitions have certainly got their checks on."

No. 8.—W. T. Merry: "In reply to yours of 6th I would say that the check rein is quite necessary to the trotter or road horse and is used as much as ever for that class of horse.

No. 9.—"For ordinary driving I am of the opinion that at least 75 per cent. of the driving horses are better for a moderately loose check rein, particularly where a woman is driving, or a weight is used. I am glad to see that the hideous over-check is going out of use. Excepting in the case of a bad actor, it never should be used."

No. 10.—"Yours of the 6th inst re check rein to hand and with pleasure I give your my views on the subject. I think checks are used quite as much as at any time during my recollection. I think the proper use of it is quite justifiable and necessary. It steadies the horse and prevents him getting his head to the ground when standing, or the rein around the shaft or pole, which frequently causes trouble. The improper use of it I strongly condemn. We all see horses shown at Toronto and other horse shows with their heads drawn up so high they cannot see the ground, and the moment they are brought to a standstill you see the groom jump and let the head down or they could not endure it, nor could they be got to stand. Were I one in authority I would certainly compel all checks, when standing, to be left in the same position as when in motion. No check should be used so tight that a horse would be uncomfortable when standing."

No. 11.—Thomas Hodgson, V.S.: "In answer to yours of 7th inst. would say I find there are as many as ever of check reins used and I believe 90 per cent. of the horses need the check rein for this reason—business horses especially—they get their foot over the weight-strap and eat grass on the roadside and the dray horse gets his head under the neck-yoke and it is a common occurrence to pull the bridle off, which is a danger to the public at large. I believe the hardest and most unnecessary bit in use in the city is that used on our city police horses. A number of our most valuable horses would be absolutely useless without a check rein of some kind. For myself, I have three horses. I use the check only on one of them because it would be useless without it."

A marked feature of the newspaper situation in Toronto to-day is the attention given to the horse. In times gone by the morning papers. The Toronto Sunday World and, of course, The Canadian Sportsman did homage to the noble animal. Now two of the evening papers run special columns frequently, while the third without featuring the horse to the extent that the others do rarely misses anything of importance about him. After a bit Hon. Sydney Fisher and Hon. Nelson Monteith may come to recognize that there really is such a thing as a horse in the province and that by some people he is accounted as of as much worth and as deserving of encouragement as the cow, the sheep, the pig or the hen.

Contradictory reports about the prospects of a meeting at Kenilworth Park, Buffalo, next year, and a reduction in the stakes and purses at Saratoga are the latest results of the move in New York State affording facvilities for betting, but refusing to recognize its existence. And yet a frequent visitor to Buffalo tells me that affairs were never so well conducted and that the racing could not be better. The attendance, too, he says, is well maintained, altho not up to the Woodbine standard.

In spite of the uncertain state of racing in the west and the somewhat dubious condition of affairs in the east, recent sales of thorobreds have been good, prices for yearlings being generally well up to the average. At Sheepshead Bay on June 30 a colt by Danny Higgins' stallion Bel Demonio (sire of Collector Jessup) sold for $650. Mrs. John M. Clay, a noted breeder, has sent ten of her mares to Bel Demonio, who is a half brother to Beldame, both being out of imp. Bella Donna. "Dave" Boyle, eldest son of Charlie, who had made several bids for the Plates at the Woodbine, has made a number of purchases at the Fasig-Tipton thorobred yearling sales at Sheepshead Bay. He bought a brown colt by Voter—Quesal for $2300, a chestnut colt by Goldcrest—Ethel Green for $100 and a bay colt by Goldcrest—Lena L., for $500.

After the defeat of Tanya by Sysonby for the Realization, John W. Rogers is reported to have said to Mr. Keene: "I congratulate you. I don't want to run against him any more." John Huggins, backed by an extended experience as a trainer in England, remarked: "Sysonby is as good a horse as I ever saw—a good horse. It is my profound conviction that in any country they do not make them any better."

Hamilton, prompted by the success of the recent meeting that followed Woodbine, is going to have a ten-days' meeting in the fall. That Hamilton should have come out ahead in June in spite of the adverse weather shows what management can do. I only hope that, to use a familiar phrase, flushed with success, Hamilton is not going to turn gambler. It is that kind of thing that will bring surcease to the sport and array legislators and parsons and other good men against it. Mr. Monteith has an excellent opportunity by imposing a daily tax on race meetings, the licensing of which the late David Mills, when minister of justice, said was within the power of the local government, to raise a fund wherewith to help along horse shows, aye even to aid a people's show like the recent open air affair, which I am pleased to see London, Ont., proposes to imitate.

A change has taken place in the leadership of the list of American winning sires. Sir Dixon having deposed Hastings from first place, while imp. Meddler is pressing Hastings for second place. Up to June 27 the progeny of the twenty leading stallions had won the following aggregate sum:

Sire	Breeding	Amount
Sir Dixon,	by Billet—Jaconet	$57,205
Hastings,	by Spendthrift—Cinderella	48,855
Meddler,	by St. Gatien—Busybody	44,485
Ben Strome,	by Ben d'Or—Strathfleet	37,360
Watercress	by Springfield—Wharfdale	36,849
Star Ruby,	by Hampton—Ornament.	34,075
Octagon,	by Rayon d'Or—Ortegal	33,135
Lamplighter,	by Spendthrift—Torchlight	30,885
Ben Brush,	by Bramble—Roseville	28,875
Topgallant,	by Sterling—Sea Mark	28,775
Rapallo,	by Bend Or—Napoli	28,755
Faraday,	by Himyar—Miss Austine	26,950
Hamburg,	by Hanover—Lady Reel	24,400
Oddfellow,	by Barcaldine—Geheimniss	24,350
Sorcerer,	by Ormonde—Crucible	24,325
Goldfinch,	by Ormonde—Thistle	24,310
Pirate of Penzance,	by Prince Charlie—Plunder	23,710
Knight of the Thistle,	by Rosebery—The Empress Maud	22,035
Rossington,	by Doncaster—Lily Agnes	21,300
Melton,	by Master Kildare—Violet Melrose	21,030

Sir Dixon and Hastings, the first two, are American bred; so, too, are Octagon, Lamplighter, Ben Brush, Faraday and Hamburg. The others were all imported, except Melton, who is still in England.

In money won, the leading representatives of the foregoing sires were:

Sire	Horse.	Age.	Amount.
Sir Dixon,	Agile,	3	$31,085
Hastings,	Blandy,	3	10,350
Meddler,	Tanya,	3	18,240
Ben Strome,	Roseben,	4	9,420
Watercress,	First Water,	2	16,277
Star Ruby,	Cairngorm,	3	19,945
Octagon,	Beldame,	4	23,650
Lamplighter,	James Reddick,	2	5,310
Ben Brush,	Delhi,	4	15,800
Topgallant,	Uncle Charley,	3	12,280
Rapallo,	Right Royal,	3	8,345
Faraday,	Oxford,	3	17,865
Hamburg,	Burgomaster,	2	10,025
Oddfellow,	Horatius,	5	6,005
Sorcerer,	Security,	2	20,350
Goldfinch,	Tradition,	3	7,275
Pirate of Penzance,	Ivan the Terrible,	3	5,165
Knight of the Thistle,	Jake Sanders,	3	8,245
Rossington,	Good and Plenty,	5	12,320
Melton,	Sysonby,	3	20,705

P. K.—Blair Athol died from inflammation of the lungs in September, 1882, aged 21. He won the Derby in 1864. Imp. Diomed died in Virginia, 1808(aged 31. Touchstone died in 1861 at the age of 30. He was 23 when he got Adamas and 29 when he got Soapstone.

A correspondent, who approves my suggestion that the adoption of the totalizer might be the proper solution of the question of legalized betting on racetracks, sends me an extract from a letter written by Richard D. Green-Price, a well-known English authority. Mr. Price, who is advocating more generous treatment of the horse-breeding interests by the British government and is discussing ways and means, writes: "The finding of this money is such a simple matter, and does not affect the taxation of the country in the least, that, while admiring the French for their modus operandi, I am at a loss to see why we might not, with great advantage to ourselves, act on the same principle. France, by means of a machine called the 'totalizer,' or pari mutuel, extracts 10 per cent. of all moneys invested in betting, and applies it for the good of agriculture and for the benefit of the poor of Paris. Instead of allowing the public to be "pinched" in the odds they may have to accept when betting with bookmakers, or running the risk of being welshed, and never being paid at all, this system is absolutely fair. The persons who put their money into the machine on a certain horse, if it wins, share all the money thus pooled on the race, less 10 per cent. Not only does this revolutionize the system of betting, but sweeps away street betting and starting-price betting, the greatest evils we are now laboring under, and would thus provide ample funds for the board of agriculture and fisheries, to the untold benefit of horse and live stock breeders generally."

In 1673, Sir William Temple wrote to the Earl of Essex concerning the horses

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Our stock of Carriages, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trotting Boots, etc., etc., is most complete in every department. Visitors welcome to our show rooms at all times, where will be found every stable requisite for private sale. Auction sales every Tuesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock.

AUCTION SALE, TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 11th,
AT 11 O'CLOCK,

100 HORSES All Classes, consisting of Heavy Matched Pairs, Heavy Delivery Horses, General Purpose Horses, Carriage Horses, Drivers and Workers.

Consigned by the following well-known shippers: Thomas Jacques, Chatham; Bert Weese, Lindsay; George Williamson, W. B. Williamson, H. Jifkins and others

In addition to the above, there will also be sold the following:

MAY and MAUD—Pair bay mares, 4 and 5 years, 16 hands, beautifully matched carriage pair, with good manners and all-round action

EVA—Chestnut mare, 5 years, 15.3 hands, a grand combination mare, city broken and very fast.

DIAMOND—Seal-brown gelding, 8 years, 15.3 hands, extra well broken, good all-round action, with speed. Would make excellent doctor's driver.

FLIRT—Bay mare, 6 years, 14.3 hands, extra high all-round action. Can road 12 miles an hour.

BEAUTY—Bay mare, 6 years, 15.1 1-2 hands, can step a 2.40 gait, with high action, and would make a great gentleman's roadster or doctor's driver.

SHEPPARD—Bay gelding, 5 years, 15.3 1-2 hands, by Keswick, very handsome driver, thoroughly broken to all city sights and sounds.

RUBBER—Bay gelding pony, 6 years, 14 hands, thoroughly city broken, extra good saddle and harness pony, and very reliable for ladies or children.

Consigned by a gentleman who has given up driving: Grey gelding, 5 years, 14 hands, thoroughly broken, splendid hackney pattern, kind for ladies or children to drive, also a Tilbury cob cart, with rubber tires, brass-mounted harness, nearly new, also stock saddle, nearly new.

BURNS & SHEPPARD, Auctioneers and Proprietors.

POSITORY

BURNS &
SHEPPARD
Proprietors

BLISHED 1856)

Harness, Saddles, Blankets, Robes, Whips, complete in every department. Visitors imes, where will be found every stable re- sales every Tuesday and Friday, at 11

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EPPARD, Auctioneers and Prop. ietors.

on the twenty leading stallions had won of the following aggregate sum:

Sire	Breeding	Amount
Sir Dixon, by Billet	Jaconet	$57,205
Hastings, by Spendthrift	Cinderella	48,850
Meddler, by St. Gatien	Busybody	44,485
Ben Strome, by Ben d'Or	Strathfleet	37,360
Watercress by Springfield	Wharfdale	36,849
Star Ruby, by Hampton	Ornament	34,075
Octagon, by Rayon d'Or	Ortegal	33,135
Lamplighter, by Spendthrift	Torchlight	30,895
Ben Brush, by Bramble	Roseville	28,875
Topgallant, by Sterling	Sea Mark	28,775
Rapallo, by Bend Or	Napoli	26,950
Faraday, by Himyar	Miss Austine	24,400
Hamburg, by Hanover	Lady Reel	24,350
Oddfellow, by Barcaldine	Geheimniss	24,325
Sorcerer, by Ormonde	Crucible	24,310
Goldfinch, by Ormonde	Thistle	23,710
Pirate of Penzance, by Prince Charlie	Plunder	22,035
Knight of the Thistle, by Rosebery	The Empress Maud	21,300
Rossington, by Doncaster	Lily Agnes	21,050
Melton, by Master Kildare	Violet Melrose	

Sir Dixon and Hastings, the first two, are American bred; so, too, are Octagon, Lamplighter, Ben Brush, Faraday and Hamburg. The others were all imported, except Melton, who is still in England.

In money won, the leading representatives of the foregoing sires were:

Sire	Horse.	Age.	Amount.
Sir Dixon,	Agile,	3	$31,085
Hastings,	Blandy,	3	10,350
Meddler,	Tanya,	3	18,240
Ben Strome,	Roseben,	4	9,420
Watercress,	First Water,	2	16,277
Star Ruby,	Cairngorm,	3	19,945
Octagon,	Beldame,	4	23,650
Lamplighter,	James Reddick,	2	5,310
Ben Brush,	Delhi,	4	15,800
Topgallant,	Uncle Charley,	3	12,285
Rapallo,	Right Royal,	3	8,345
Faraday,	Oxford,	3	17,865
Hamburg,	Burgomaster,	2	10,025
Oddfellow,	Horatius,	5	6,005
Sorcerer,	Security,	2	20,350
Goldfinch,	Tradition,	3	7,275
Pirate of Penzance,	Ivan the Terrible,	3	5,165
Knight of the Thistle,	Jake Sanders,	3	8,245
Rossington,	Good and Plenty,	5	12,320
Melton,	Sysouby,	3	20,705

P. K.—Blair Athol died from inflammation of the lungs in September, 1882, aged 21. He won the Derby in 1864. Imp. Diomed died in Virginia, 1808 (aged 31. Touchstone died in 1861 at the age of 30. He was 23 when he got Adamas and 29 when he got Soapstone.

A correspondent, who approves my suggestion that the adoption of the totalizer might be the proper solution of the question of legalized betting on racetracks, sends me an extract from a letter written by Richard D. Green-Price, a well-known English authority. Mr. Price, who is advocating more generous treatment of the horse-breeding interests by the British government and is discussing ways and means, writes: "The finding of this money is such a simple matter, and does not affect the taxation of the country in the least, that, while admiring the French for their modus operandi, I am at a loss to see why we might not, with great advantage to ourselves, act on the same principle. France, by means of a machine called the 'totalizer,' or pari mutuel, extracts 10 per cent. of all moneys invested in betting, and applies it for the good of agriculture and for the benefit of the poor of Paris. Instead of allowing the public to be "pinched" in the odds they may have to accept when betting with bookmakers, or running the risk of being welshed, and never being paid at all, this system is absolutely fair. The persons who put their money into the machine on a certain horse, if it wins, share all the money thus pooled on the race, less 10 per cent. Not only does this revolutionize the system of betting, but sweeps away street betting and starting-price betting, the greatest evils we are now laboring under, and would thus provide ample funds for the board of agriculture and fisheries, to the untold benefit of horse and live stock breeders generally."

In 1673, Sir William Temple wrote to the Earl of Essex concerning the horses

in Ireland: "Horses in Ireland are a drug, but might be improved to a commodity, not only of greater use at home, but also fit for exportation into other countries. The soil is of a sweet and plentiful grass which will raise a large breed, and the hills, especially near the seacoasts, are hard and rough, and so fit to give them shape and breadth and sound feet. The present defects in them are breeding without choice of stallions either in shape or size, and trusting so far to the gentleness of the climate as to winter them abroad without ever handling colts till they are four years old." Sir William thought that to this method of leaving the horses unhandled until 4 years old was due the "uncurable shyness which is the general vice of Irish horses." Such shyness, he says, is "hardly ever seen in Flanders, because the hardness of the winters in those parts forces the breeders there to house and handle their colts for at least six months every year. In the studs of persons of quality in Ireland where care is taken and cost is not spared, we see horses bred of excellent shape and vigor and size, so as to reach prices at home and encourage strangers to find the market here; among whom I met with one this summer who came over from Erraud and brought about twenty horses to carry over into the French army, from twenty to three score pounds price at the first hand." To improve the Irish horses Sir William urged the establishment of horse racing and a horse fair, "to be held at a certain time every year for the space of a week . . . During this week the Monday, Wednesday and Friday may be the races; the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday the fairs may be held. At each race may be two plates given by the King, one of £30 and the other of £20, as the prizes for the first and second horses; the first engraven with a horse crowned with a crown; the second with a coronet and under it the day of the month and the year. . . . The horses must be evidenced by good testimonies to have been bred in Ireland." The Earl of Essex, lord-lieutenant at the time, does not seem to have taken up the scheme for holding state-aided races in Ireland, and the project fell thru.

The necessity for official inspection of all stallions coming into the country is well established by the report to hand that at the quarantine station near Lethbridge, N.W.T., a bunch of 200 horses are being held, the majority of which are suffering from mal de colt or equine syphilis. A large staff of veterinary surgeons have been busy for some days examining the horses and already over 100 have been destroyed. The disease is said to have been taken into the Lethbridge district by a stallion imported from Montana by a Pincher Creek farmer.

The Queen City A. C. intends to run one of its popular excursions to Fort Erie race track on Tuesday, July 18, the opening day, and every Saturday thereafter. The special leaves at 11.30, by the G.T.R., returning after the last race. The club has made arrangements by which its patrons will have to pay only $2.50 for railway fare and admission to the track on the first day, the feature of which is the Canadian Derby.

POP.

CANADA HAS NO MUSICIANS.

Without Charms to Soothe This English Critic.

(Canadian Associated Press Cable)

London, July 8.—An article in The Saturday Review by John Francman on colonial music says Canada has become frightfully advanced. Canada has no musicians of her own, and for some reason has decided to make a hero of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, undoubtedly, is popular in Canada, which does not tell us as much about musical gifts as about Canada's musical judgment. He has lately written a rhapsody of "Canadian Folk Songs." As Canada has no folk songs, it would be interesting to know who hoaxed Sir Alexander. Canada, however, having no musicians of her own, seems determined to capture some one, who, if not a very great composer and not a conductor at all, is a man of unimpeachable character.

She Grabbed at Her Skirts Behind.

From The Milwaukee Sentinel.

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

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

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

HORSES OF PECULIAR DISPOSITION AND HABITS

A Fakir That Was True to His Name and Suffered Abasement Accordingly.

In an article published in The Badminton Magazine the noted English trainer and author, John Porter, deals with the matter of bad-tempered horses in a way that will evoke sympathetic reminiscences in the minds of all trainers of experience who in the nature of things must have had similar cases to deal with. He says:

"I have had some queer-tempered ones thru my hands at different times, but the only really vicious one that I can recollect was a horse called Fakir, by Musjid, out of Mendicant, the property of Sir Joseph Hawley. He began his tricks early in life. It was with difficulty he could be persuaded to go to the downs, and when there a still greater difficulty arose in getting him to the starting point of a canter or gallop. He gradually went from bad to worse, and at last became irreclaimably savage and dangerous. One day he seized the boy, who was riding him, by the leg, pulled him off, knelt upon him, and began worrying him as a dog would a rat. Most providentially—an extraordinarily lucky accident — the hood got over his eyes, which blindfolded him, and thus enabled the boy to get away much bruised, but otherwise not seriously hurt. The horse as soon as he found that the boy had escaped, at once began to tear up his saddle and clothing, and these he soon reduced literally to shreds; but, the hood still blinding him, we managed to get him home and safe on the pillar reins, where he remained until the following day. He was submitted to an operation soon afterward, and from that time became perfectly quiet, but was of no use for racing purposes. Sir Joseph gave him to Tom Cannon, who sold or gave him to the mailman at Stockbridge. Some two or three years afterward I was going to Stockbridge races, got into a trap at Andover station to drive over to the course, took stock of the animal in the shafts and recognized my friend Fakir. Such is the punishment for vice. He would have had a very much better time in my stables if he had been pleased to behave himself reasonably.

"I have had several queer-tempered horses in my charge which it would be going rather too far to describe as absolutely vicious. St. Alexis, by Stockwell, out of Mendicant (therefore half-brother to my friend Fakir) was notable among these. He was one of the first lot that came into my hands when I originally started training for Sir Joseph Hawley, who told me that the horse was useless for racing, as he had no heart and would do nothing. Sir Joseph kindly said that, if I cared to do so, I might make use of him as a hack to carry me on the downs, and for this purpose he seemed likely to answer well. He was very excitable at first, and fretted and fumed when the horses cantered past him; but I persevered with him, patted and coaxed him, allowed him to eat grass and stand and wander about as he liked; and by these means and kind treatment, he gained confidence. I obtained permission from Sir Joseph to enter him in the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, which he won in a canter from a large field of horses. This was a case of highly nervous and sensitive animal gaining confidence by gentle treatment. Had he been otherwise dealt with there can be no doubt that he would have remained worse than useless.

"Of sulky or jady animals I think I may say that Shotover and Farewell were the wrost two I ever had at Kingsclere. The former was of a very peculiar temperament. She resembled the famous parrot in the story, for she was, or appeared to be, always thinking, and her thoughts must have been the reverse of agreeable to her, for after a spell of meditation she would sulk for hours. I recollect on one occasion I had to move her from one box to another while some repairs were going on. She stood perfectly still the whole day. When we entered the box at stable time to all appearances she had not even casually moved her foot, neither had she attempted to eat any of her food. It was, as I understood it, a protest at being disturbed and turned out of her own home. That was the only way she could think of to express her resentment; as soon as she got back again to her box she was perfectly happy and ate her food at once. I do not know that one ought to speak of a mare as disappointing when she has won the Derby, but she was very exasperating in one way; when I had her just fit, and she was looking her best, inspiring us with most confidence accordingly, she ran some of her worst races. Farewell was a rank jade. She won the One Thousand in a canter and refused to race ever after.

"Orme and Flying Fox had the same kind of disposition; both were very high-couraged and required extremely careful management. You could lead but not drive them, any rough treatment they resented and would fight against it, but they ran their races out gamely, and you can forgive a great deal in horses which do that. They both had one peculiarity, the habit of hanging out their tongues, and the strongest objection to having their mouths handled in any way."

BRYAN CAN'T BEAT MONEY ROBBED OF FIGHT IN 1896

Lawson Tells Kansas Audience That Roosevelt is Powerless in Hands of Financiers.

Ottawa, Kansas, July 8.—Thomas W. Lawson of Boston addressed a great crowd at the Chautauqua assembly here to-day. He spoke of the "system." "I have come to Kansas on a simple mission—to point out to you that the American people are being robbed, by whom, how, and what the consequences will be if the robbery is not stayed and an example made of the robbers."

Mr. Lawson discussed at length the evils of the "system," and continued: "What are you going to do about it? You know that the economic condition which allows the few to possess all and the many to be left with nothing must be ended. If it is not, slavery is the alternative. How shall it be ended? By your ballots? What are ballots against dollars? And the "system" has unlimited dollars. With $5,000,000 I saw Rogers rob the able, fearless, honest, but all wrong on the money question William Jennings Bryan out of the presidency of the United States in 1896. Do you imagine he would shrink from repeating the operation in 1906 if he feared that the man you nominated would upset his control?

"To-day at the helm of your affairs is an able and fearless American, bold to conceive and strong to execute. To all of you he is a hero, and you are behind him, ready to back up his course wherever he sees fit to go. President Roosevelt knows it, and today no man in the country is more keenly aware of the necessity of curbing the corporate despotism under which we live—but what can President Roosevelt do?

Roosevelt Is Helpless.

"I hate to say it, but he is as helpless in the "systems" net as a bull in a balloon. Like Gulliver in Lilliputia he is bound by 1000 threads—congress, the senate, the partisan interest and gratitude and all the intangible influences which the great money power can weave around any individual. How brave and quick the president is to do. A wrong is called to his attention, a law must needs be passed—the rebate evil must be curbed, and he sends messages to congress demanding instant action. What happens? Congress temporizes; the senate snubs him and the 'system' snickers."

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

Municipal ownership, Mr. Lawson dismissed as a will-o-the-wisp, and he then said: "In the surest, safest and most natural process of restitution is the application of the 'systems' own methods to the "system."

The Only Way.

"The first step is for the American people to divorce themselves from the 'system' and sell every share of stock and every bond they hold back to the frenzied financiers at inflated prices. Take the money thus realized and place it in banks and trust companies, or, better still, in government, state and municipal bonds."

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

WHY "DOONEY" GOT IT.

Toronto Ball Player Explains Cause of His Accident.

Alex. (Dooney) Hardy writes The World from Troy, N.Y., concerning the circumstances which led up to his accident of a week ago. He says:

"Please correct the statement that I was with the woman the night I was shot. I was going thru the lane, and she was not within 10 feet of me. But this man had just come from another town and had made the statement he was going to shoot the man that was going with his wife, and as I was the first one he saw anywhere near her I got it."

"Dooney" will be back in Toronto in a week's time for a fortnight's rest before he resumes his work with the Troy B.B.C. He won the last five games he pitched.

ADAM LLOYD COMMITTED.

Police Magistrate Finds Sufficient Evidence of Murder.

Belleville, July 8.—(Special.) — Police Magistrate Flint this morning gave judgment in the case of Adam Lloyd, who had a preliminary trial on the charge of causing the death of his wife, Mrs. Hannah Lloyd. Acting on the advice of the attorney-general, the magistrate refrained from discussing the evidence. In the opinion of the magistrate, there was sufficient evidence to commit the accused for trial, and he was committed for trial at the next court of competent jurisdiction, which will be at the assizes held here in October.

TO MAKE TORONTO SIT UP.

New Ontario Newspaper Favors Annexation to Manitoba.

Winnipeg, July 8.—There is a movement at Emo Town and other places in New Ontario to ask Ottawa to join the Emo district to Manitoba.

The Emo Journal says the Ontario government should be asked to refund some $25,000,000, the amount collected from timber sales in New Ontario. The paltry sums which have been voted for roadwork is the principal cause of the annexation movement.

The Emo newspaper continues: "While many do not relish the idea of separating from Ontario if it can possibly be helped, they realize that a strongly signed petition would enable agitators to make Toronto sit up."

Watchman Dies in Fire.

Boston, July 8.—The body of Augustus Bossert, watchman, was found today in the ruins of the fire which destroyed last night extensive lumber yards and wharfage property in the south end.

Dies at 102.

Fort Plain, N. Y., July 8.—At the age of 102 years, David T. Timmerman, the oldest man in this section of the country, died here to-day.

Is the worst kind of poverty. However rich a woman may be, if her health is "poor" she is poor indeed. She has no appetite for food and the choicest dishes cannot tempt her. She turns and tosses through a restless night on a couch which might woo an empress to slumber. She has no strength for household cares, no delight in social pleasure. She sits "perked up in a glistering grief wearing a golden sorrow." She is a wife and mother. But she has no happiness in either relation. She knows her husband's life is set in tune and time to the minor music of her own misery. If her child laughs or cries her nerves quiver with pain.

Ask such a woman if she would like to be well; to be her husband's comrade, her child's playmate. Could there be but one answer?

Such a woman can get well if she will. All her symptoms indicate a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organism. Cure that condition and the woman will be lifted up to the full enjoyment of health.

In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure womanly diseases, will restore the womanly health. It has cured tens of thousands of women many of whom had been given up by physicians and friends. It is essentially a medicine for woman's ills. It dries enfeebling drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration. It cures female weakness and bearing down pains. It tranquilizes the nerves, restores the appetite and gives refreshing sleep.

"Favorite Prescription" differs from almost all other medicines put up for woman's use in that it contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is in the truest sense of the term a *temperance* medicine.

A Constant Sufferer.

"I had been a constant sufferer from uterine disease for five years," writes J. A. Steorts, of Yankee Dam, Clay Co., West Virginia, "and for six months previous to taking your medicine I was not out of my room. Could not walk or stand, as there was such pain and drawing in left side and bearing down weight in region of uterus, accompanied with soreness. I suffered constantly with headache, pain in back, shoulders, arms and chest; had palpitation, nervous prostration, constipation, dizziness, ringing in ears; could not sleep, and breathing was so difficult at times I could not lie down. Words fail to describe my sufferings when I wrote to you for advice. In a short time I received a kind letter from you telling me I would be greatly benefited, if not entirely cured, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I had taken one bottle of the 'Prescription,' together with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and the local treatment which you advised, I could walk (with the support of a cane), the drawing and pain in side and bearing down weight were not so bad, and when I had taken three bottles of the medicine the periods were regulated, I was not so nervous, could sleep well, and the pain in side and bearing down had vanished. I have taken six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and my health is better at this time than it has been in five years.

"With grateful thanks for your kind advice, and with best wishes."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a most effective laxative for women. They cure biliousness and sick headache.

GROWING CROP PERFECT OPINION OF GRAIN BUYER

Prospects of Canadian West Neve Excelled—Weather Splendid—No Rust.

Winnipeg, July 8.—(Special.)—W. A. Matherson, grain buyer for the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, who returned Thursday night from a trip west and south, states that in his 25 years' experience he has never seen the present crop prospects of the Canadian West excelled. The growing crop, according to Mr. Matherson, is now about perfect, and if the remainder of the season should be favorable the country should cut the largest crop in its history. When seen he said:

"In my trip I was along the Soo line, at Halbrite, Yellow Grass and other points. I never saw the wheat better there. Earlier they had a little more rain than was necessary, tho not as much as we have had here, but the last week's splendid weather was just what they needed. Then from Alameda to Melita the prospects are for the best crop the district has ever had.

"At Pipestone and Virden, on more northern branches, conditions are similar, and as far west on the main line as Broadview. The last district I examined was around Boissevain, Ninga and Killarney, and as to conditions there I cannot put it strong enough. I measured field after field near Ninga and Killarney, in which the wheat was over three feet long and was heading out.

"On the whole, I think the crop is about a week later than usual. I examined the wheat thoroly and could find no trace of rust. I do not like to prophesy what the yield will be, but with such weather as the country has had the last week continued, Manitoba and the Territories should cut the largest crop in their history. The only district where the crop promises to be light is on the low land of the Red River Valley. This year's acreage is tremendous, as compared with that of the year 1902, which produced our greatest crop up to date, hence the magnitude of our prospects if the balance of the season should be favorable."

WINNIPEG BOUNDING AHEAD.

Marvelous Increase in Building Operations in the Present Year.

That the City of Winnipeg is destined to be one of the largest cities of the Dominion is yearly becoming more manifest. Its importance as a business centre is so fully recognized by eastern manufacturers that many of them have established branches of their various industries in that city, and many factories and warehouses are now in course of construction. Building Inspector E. H. Rodgers has just reported to the Winnipeg City Council that for the six months ending July 3 of this year 1646 building permits have been issued, covering 2130 buildings, at an aggregate cost of $6,481,550. At the same date last year the figures were 989 permits, 1338 buildings and aggregate cost $6,392,900. For the next half year it is expected that building operations will more than exceed those of the past six months. With the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the improvements to the C.P.R. and Canadian Northern and other large enterprises, the west bids fair to bound forward with gigantic leaps this year. The crop reports of the C.P.R. and other reliable sources estimate that the wheat crop of the Northwest for 1905 will approximate 100,000,000 bushels, with also large yields of other grains, so that with favorable weather for ripening and harvesting our western provinces will be basking in the sunshine of prosperity this year. The tide of immigration continues to flow into that land of promise and plenty, and the people of the west are beaming with hope and gladness as they stand on the threshold of prosperity and richness and welcome all newcomers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Hope enables a man to accomplish wonders—in his mind.

A man seldom has to work overtime to make a fool of himself.

Where there is a man's will there is a woman's way to break it.

Honeysuckles and the sweet girl graduates bloom simultaneously.

A man seldom goes to a friend for a loan if he really needs the money.

A well-balanced man doesn't have to part his hair or name in the middle.

More women would go in for vocal culture if they could buy things for a song.

After singing the baby to sleep a woman proceeds to talk her husband to sleep.

About the only fault the average woman has to find with her past is that it's too long.

During the courtship a young man is never out of danger till the girl says "No" three times.

Some girls proceed to catch on and marry—then implore the divorce judge to help them let loose again.

People would have more faith in a reformer if he would furnish proof of his sincerity by beginning with himself.

When a man stands at the marriage altar he gets as nervous as he does when watching the bulletins of a baseball game.

Walking is said to be the best exercise a man can indulge in. Perhaps that is why so many men walk home from the races.

Lots of men who figure on schemes to make millions would be surprised to find themselves in possession of $5 in real money.

A PLACE OF DEPOSIT

For the funds of individuals, corporations, institutions, firms, societies, clubs and associations of every kind; as well as for the moneys of executors, administrators and trustees.

INTEREST ALLOWED AT 3 1-2 PER CENT.

PAID-UP CAPITAL SIX MILLION DOLLARS

CANADA PERMANENT
MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET. - - - - TORONTO

THE FINANCIAL BACKING STILL GOOD AT NEW YORK

Current Happenings Again Ignored as Market Factors—The Week in Local Securities.

World Office,
Saturday Evening, July 8.

The banking interests continue to supply the energy to the New York market, and these are to appearances unwilling to allow prices to wane, irrespective of whatever market factors may present themselves. The action of prices is, therefore, altogether at variance with a diagnosis of the situation, and utterly problematical as to the future movements. Gossip agencies and even commission houses are hampered in attempting to follow the line of fluctuations with plain reasoning, and are compelled to fall back on the assertion that the situation has improved without being able to enter into details as to the matter of improvement. Traders have become so thoroly seized of the inside manipulations that it has become necessary to provide fewer profits on the long side during the week.

* * *

On Monday the government report of the cotton crop was published. The percentage condition shown was with one exception the worst in 15 years, yet the market simply ignored the official finding, as if it had been a matter of the most trivial nature. The forecast from Washington indicates a loss of from two to three million bales from that of last season, even allowing for favorable weather from this time forward. Wherein this is to be construed as beneficial, the market leaders have thus far not condescended to explain. The same character of treatment has been meted out to the other important crops, a clearer insight into which can be obtained from next Tuesday's statistics. This will be particularly the case with corn, which common consent places in the unsatisfactory column until it has been proved otherwise.

* * *

An appeal is being made for support on the grounds of increased gold production, and its consequent enhancements in commodities and securities, with emphasis more especially on the latter. The basis of the argument is sound, and cannot be successfully combated. The extent to which gold is depreciated, and articles of which it is the measure appreciated, is purely a matter of test. All classes of merchandise have been occupied for several years in bringing about a parity caused by the gold disturbances, and it cannot be charged that the stock markets have not more than kept pace. The production of gold for the current year is placed at about $350,000,000. The amount is large, and by its application in financial circles a much larger amount of credit will be available. Considering, however, that the inflation of securities on the New York market alone would more than absorb the new supply, the discounting process has been thoro, at least as far as the United States is concerned. Other parts of the gold-using world are doubtless applying the expansion test, but scarcely at the same gait as the novel New York financiers.

* * *

Another export of gold was necessitated this week, and the exchange market still displays a position of requiring more before it will be satisfied. How far the new Japanese loan, with its apportionment of $50,000,000 to this side of the Atlantic, will affect the exchange market is not at all clear. It is more than probable that a goodly percentage of the current loan will be kept in the countries participating in the flotation. In the issue previous to the present one most of the $30,000,000 taken in Canada and the United States was canceled by commercial interchange, and it is expected that the present flotation will follow somewhat similar lines.

* * *

Railroad earnings continue favorable, but, considering that in most instances large new bond and stock issues have been added during the last three years, it is questionable whether the net earnings are keeping pace with increased charges. Of the steel and iron business opinions are not optimistic, and in pig-iron there is more pressure to sell than to buy. One matter that has recently been lost sight of is the possibility of rate legislation, but then, again, this will be brought to the fore when it becomes necessary to suggest a reason for liquidation.

* * *

The close of the market on Saturday was easy, due presumably to a weak bank statement. The surplus is now reduced to about $11,000,000, and the decrease in loans was not in ratio to the withdrawal of deposits. The outlook is not good, and, except for further manipulation, prices should prove susceptible to pressure. With a movement such as the present it would be usual to witness a demonstration before an attempt is made to realize, and that this may occur is the only foundation for anticipating any further improvement.

* * *

Speculation has narrowed down to a small portion of the local list of stocks, three issues practically controlling the dealings of the week. This trio of stocks consisted of General Electric, Toronto Electric and Sao Paulo. The improvement in each issue has extended to about three points, but both Toronto Electric and Sao Paulo have lost from the high level reached. General Electric has made a satisfactory recovery from the low position which it reached, owing to a weak speculative account. There is still a large amount of stock of this issue to be placed, and while it may fairly appeal to investors at 150, after the recent experiences with the shares, it is doubtful whether a feeling of confidence can be established above this level.

* * *

Bull gossip continues to be served out daily on Toronto Electric. Whether the rise in the price has been in response to what must appeal to the staid operator as so much gush, could only be told by a history of the week's transactions. The incoming of Niagara Power should provide a cheaper cost of operation to this company, but whether this will be so or not is much in the air up to now. In considering this question the amount of loss which the company will sustain in its present development works might also be computed. The machinery installed by the Toronto Electric Light Company forms a decent proposition of the company's assets, and if Niagara power is to be used a large sized depreciation will have to go into effect as far as this section of the company's property is concerned.

* * *

Of Sao Paulo the only thing that can be said is that it is highly speculative. If the pool which was connected with Dominion Coal and Dominion Steel is operating these shares, and this is reputed to be the case, pretty wild fluctuations may be witnessed on occasions. Of the general market it may be said that the tone has hardened, but the demand continues light without much promise of reaching inordinate proportions. Commercial conditions have shown some recent improvement, but are still not as good as might be wished. Crops are holding their own, and except in the case of the Northwest there exists no doubt now that more than an average general yield is assured. The local speculative situation is still very much at the mercy of New York for its sentiment, and a continuance of buoyancy on Wall-street will enable special interests to work for higher prices here. The expectation of a good half-yearly statement by the way is very satisfactory, as will be seen by reference to another column. A steady demand for Dominion Bank has developed during the week, but otherwise bank shares have been quiet.

New York Bank Statement.

New York, July 8.—The statement of averages of the clearing house banks of this city for the five days show: Loans, decreased $4,410,500; deposits, decreased $7,733,800; circulation, increased $323,300; legal tenders, decreased $1,861,700; specie, decreased $3,772,800; reserve, decreased $5,634,500; reserve required, decreased $1,833,450; surplus, decreased $3,701,050; ex-U.S. deposits, decreased $3,803,500.

Head's Weekly Market Letter.

New York, July 8.—The week in the stock market began with a resumption of bullish activity upon a somewhat increased scale and prices reached the highest level for the present upward movement, while in a few instances some new high records were established. It seemed apparent, however, that manipulation was largely responsible for most of the gains recorded, and while there were occasional signs that the public had been attracted to the speculation to a moderate extent, it is evident that scant opportunity has been afforded thus far in the present movement for the distribution of any considerable amount of stocks to outside interests, and for this reason the greater proportion of stocks must be considered to be still safely lodged in quarters from whence they are not likely to be disturbed except at the will of the owners. This fact undoubtedly constitutes a most important element in the present stock market, which is alike in many respects to that of last year at this time. Then, as now, the speculation was entirely in the hands of the larger interests, who were apparently satisfied with the outlook for the crops and the general business situation and were willing to risk the possibility of crop failure or other unfavorable developments interferring with the progress of the subsequent bull movement. As it turned out prices advanced for several months before any outside response of consequence was obtained and public buying did not attain noteworthy volume until after prices had scored tremendous advances. There seems good reason to believe that the present campaign will result somewhat similarly. The crop outlook as a whole appears to be good, notwithstanding the usual contradictory statements of the various experts, but with the exception of winter wheat the crops are still a long way from maturing. They have, however, had a good average start and should result favorably. There is a generally optimistic tone to the current iron and steel trade advices, and while the business at present is not above normal for this season of the year the outlook for the fall is decidedly attractive. Money is easy, both at home and abroad and the foreign political situation appears to be mending slowly. Railroad earnings are excellent and there appears to be substantial reason for expecting increased dividend disbursements on various leading railroad and industrial issues in addition to those which have already been made. It is true that the present price level is a high one, compared with a year ago, but there seems little reason to doubt that the chief cause for this lies in the steady increase in the world's gold production, practically all of which is being used in the transaction of the world's business and which must also be considered as responsible for the relatively high prices of commodities. It is, of course, a difficult matter to judge as to the extent to which the increased supply of gold has affected values, but it has undoubtedly constituted a potent influence and will continue to do so as long as the yellow metal retains its position as the monetary standard of the civilized world. It works automatically, constantly adjusting itself to over-production and under-production in all branches of commerce and its effect upon special branches can only be determined in a general way, but it would seem reasonable to assume that the security markets will share largely in any benefits resulting from the present activity in gold production. When this is taken into consideration it would appear that the present level seems high only by comparison with those which existed before the supply of gold had reached its present proportions and a substantial upward movement from the ruling levels is not an improbability, provided that the outlook for general business continues satisfactory.

New York Stocks.

The following table shows values to-day on the New York Stock Exchange, as compared with those of a week previous:

	July 1.	July 8.
American Sugar	139¼	140
American Locomotive	48¼	48⅝
Amalgamated Copper	81⅞	83⅜
Atchison common	83⅜	85⅜
do. preferred	102	102½
American Car Foundry	34½	35½
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	71⅜	71⅞
Baltimore & Ohio	113⅞	114
Chesapeake & Ohio	53⅛	53¾
Twin City	113⅜	114⅜
Colorado Southern	27⅜	27½
Chicago Gt. Western	20	20⅛
Chicago, M. & St. Paul	177¼	180¼
Colorado Fuel & Iron	44⅝	46⅜
Erie common	46⅛	47½
do. 1st preferred	82½	83⅛
do. 2nd preferred	72	72⅜
C. P. R.	151¼	151⅝
U. S. Steel common	32⅜	34⅜
do. preferred	99¼	102
General Electric	176¼	...
Illinois Central	166½	167⅜
Louisville & Nashville	149¾	149½
Missouri Pacific	99⅜	100¼
Manhattan	...	...
Metropolitan	127¾	128⅛
M. S. M. common	...	123
M., K. & T.	29	...
Pennsylvania Railroad	140⅞	143
Norfolk	85¾	85⅞
Ontario & Western	53½	53
New York Central	145	148½
Rock Island	29⅞	31½
People's Gas	104¼	105⅜
Reading	99⅞	107⅜
Southern Railway common	32¾	33⅞
do. preferred	...	98½
Southern Pacific	64⅜	65⅛
Tennessee Coal & Iron	83½	92
Union Pacific	127¾	130⅛
Texas Pacific	...	34
Wabash preferred	40½	40
Western Union	...	93½
Sloss	...	85

EXAMINERS APPOINTED.

O.C.P.S. Council Concluded Annual Meeting on Saturday.

The council of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons closed their summer session on Saturday by hearing the report of the complaints committee. Various complaints were sent in by students, alleging that their examination papers had not been fairly judged. The examiners were upheld in their decisions in every instance.

A bylaw was passed appointing Drs. McDonald, Moorehouse and Campbell the executive committee for the year.

Hon. Dr. Sullivan again brought up the matter of provincial health bureaus, and on his motion a committee was appointed to wait upon the government with a view to establishing a bureau and department of health. The government will also be asked to assist in the establishment of sanitaria for the treatment of consumptives.

The council decided to continue its verbatim records of meetings and adjourned to meet in Toronto next year.

The medical council selected the 15 subjects and appointed the official examiners, adopting the education committee's recommendations: Anatomy, descriptive—Dr. T. W. G. McKay of Oshawa. Theory and practice of medicine—Dr. George Hodge of London. Clinical medicine— Dr. H. R. Duff of Kingston. Midwifery, operative and other than operative, and respiral diseases—Dr. J. R. McCabe of Strathroy. Physiology and histology—Dr. R. D. Rudolf of Toronto. Surgery, operative, and other than operative—Dr. W. T. Parke of Woodstock. Clinical surgery—Dr. J. S. McCullough of Alliston. Medical and surgical anatomy—Dr. T. H. Middleboro of Owen Sound. Chemistry, theoretical and practical, and toxicology—Dr. A. R. Pyne of Toronto. Materia medica and pharmacology — Dr. James S. Sprague of Stirling. Medica jurisprudence and sanitary science—Dr. D. J. Sinclair of Woodstock. Diseases of women—Dr. R. E. Webster of Ottawa. Diseases of children—Dr. James Newall of Watford. Pathology, therapeutics and bacteriology—Dr. Isaac Wood of Kingston. Homeopathic examiner—Dr. W. A. McFall of Peterboro.

Regarding the suggestion that an examiner may examine on the subject on which he lectures, the committee reported as follows: "No teacher shall be eligible for appointment as examiner in the subject which he teaches, but this restriction shall not apply to teachers of anatomy, physiology and chemistry."

Electric Fan Sore Throat.

Philadelphia Record.

The reason the "electric fan cold" is so often accompanied with sore throats is, according to doctor whose downtown location brings him many such cases, that the draught made by the fan carries so much dust with it. "The fact is," says this authority, "that the air stirred by the fan is not fresh air, unless the fan is backed up against an open window. When operating in an inside room or in similar places, where it is most appreciated, the fan uses the same air over and over, and this air gathers up and keeps in motion all the available dust. People who don't catch cold are sometimes affected by this dust, and show symptoms either of sore throat or of nose troubles akin to catarrh. The right way to use a fan is to so arrange it with relation to an open window that all the air with which it is supplied comes from outside."

Business in the Home.

Good Housekeeping.

The adoption of business principles in the home is not only one of the ways to obtain happiness, it is the only way. We are speaking now of the average household, composed of an average man and an average woman. And here is the first step toward happiness: First, the husband must have the absolute right to refuse money to his wife; second, the wife must have the absolute right to demand money from the husband. It doesn't look like affection; it doesn't seem connubial. But analyze it.

Mr. D. F. Maguire has disposed of his interest in McMillan & Maguire, brokers, etc., and has taken charge of the business of A. E. Webb & Co., stock brokers, members of the Toronto Stock Exchange, 9 Toronto-street. The firm of A. E. Webb & Co. deal in all the stocks listed on the Toronto, Montreal and New York stock exchanges, either for cash or on margin, as well as in Chicago grain and provision market. Mr. Maguire will give his personal attention to all his old friends who favor him with their business.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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MEMBERS HEAR THE CALL HEAT WILL BREAK UP HOUSE

Remarkable Scenes at Close of Autonomy Debate—Foster in Sarcastic Mood.

Otawa, July 8.—(Special.)—It has been a stirring week in the house of commons, and the way in which business has been rushed thru is a great tribute to the weather. Two weeks ago the end of the session appeared to be as far away as ever. Then Ottawa experienced a spell of real midsummer heat, and members began to hear the call of the sea and wood, and to think that there were other things in life besides clause 16 and C. P. R. exemptions. The end of the long-drawn-out autonomy debate came at midnight on Thursday, when the Alberta bill passed under the wire after being under discussion since Feb. 21. Alberta was promptly followed by Saskatchewan, and the smile of pleasure that lit up the pallid face of the premier, as he acknowledged the cheers of his enthusiastic followers, when the third reading finally went thru, was eloquent testimony to the relief felt at the disposal, for the time being, of these stormy petrels of this session.

The scenes that attended the final stage of the autonomy bills were more than usually interesting. The house of commons, when it feels so disposed, can throw off the burden of care and give an exhibition of lightheartedness that would put in the shade any similar exercises of any high school in the country. The packed galleries on Thursday had an exhibition of the house of commons in a playful mood. True, the fun was at times a trifle ponderous, and it was hard to follow some of the jokes, but there was no denying the holiday spirit that pervaded the chamber. For instance, when young Armand Lavergne of Montmagny, the disciple of Henri Bourassa, apostle of the third party, by dint of much endeavor, succeeds in hurling a paper dart across the floor of the house with such well-directed aim that it fell on the desk of Jean Baptiste Morin, one could understand the humor of the thing, and when Jean Baptiste gravely turned round, looking for the culprit, and, selecting Mr. Monk, returned the compliment of the paper dart, one can readily understand that the positive cleverness of the thing struck everyone.

Speaking of Henri Bourassa, there is no doubt that the able member for Labelle is gaining ground among the solid Quebec element of the house. His fiery speech late on Thursday night in favor of his amendment, making French an official language of the new provinces, made a great impression among the members from his own province, and it took all the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to keep the Quebeckers in the straight and narrow lines of party allegiance in the vote on the subject. Henri Bourassa might be compared to Lord Randolph Churchill. Each has something of that great force in things political, the power to carry men with them and the power to lead. Lord Randolph possessed that faculty to a remarkable degree, and altho Henri Bourassa may not meet with the success as a leader of a third party that attended the efforts of the English nobleman, he still possesses the power to attract men and compel attention. Men like Bourassa are a pleasant change from the hide-bound party supporter, and altho the third party possesses two members at the present time—Bourassa and Lavergne—it is a very energetic and enthusiastic one.

Jean Baptiste Morin provided one of the amusing incidents of the session on Thursday, and nearly startled the French members out of their seats. The member for Dorchester is, of course, in favor of clause 16. He has, all thru, supported the government in the autonomy bills, and his vote was recorded among the famous 13 on the night of the second reading. On Thursday afternoon the vote on Mr. Borden's amendment, to leave all matters regarding education to the new provinces, was taken. Mr. Morin, who sits a few seats away from the front bench, saw Mr. Borden rise to vote, and when his turn came he followed his leader. A yell went up from the Liberal benches, but the die was cast, and Jean Baptiste Morin, looking very uncomfortable and wondering what on earth all the noise was about went on writing his letters laboriously. About half an hour later there was an earnest conversation going on in the corridor. Jean Baptiste was being paraded up and down with Monk on one arm and Bergeron on the other, and there was being drilled into his understanding the most voluble French, the meaning of the amendment for which he had unwittingly voted. The anxiety of Mr. Morin during the remainder of the divisions to vote with his eyes open, was so noticeable that on two occasions he was nearly passed over by the clerk when the names were being called, owing to his determination not to rise in his seat at the risk of voting the wrong way.

Following hard on the heels of the autonomy third readings came the budget, and Mr. Fielding got the hand from the Liberal benches, when attired in a flannel suit of an "ultra-summery" nature he rose to deliver his annual financial statement. There was a sort of parochial smugness about Mr. Fielding on Thursday. One could see that surplus sticking out all over him as it were and he bandied millions across the floor of the house until the ordinary financial layman began to see the dollar mark everywhere. Poor Jerome Sykes, the late comedian, when he appeared in "The Billionaire" used to come on the stage in a white suit with the dollar mark all over it. Great big dollar marks, too. As one looked at Mr. Fielding on Thursday as he rubbed his hands and expatiated on the surplus and all the great things the government had done for the country, and how thankful that country ought to be, there was a sense of something lacking in the make up of the man. That suit of "The Billionaire" would have fitted Mr. Fielding to a T.

Mr. Foster's reply to the budget speech was characteristic of the member for North Toronto. One remarkable thing about the whole of the budget debate which took up part of one day only, which establishes a record, was the fact that Mr. Fielding had concluded and Mr. Foster had replied before 6 o'clock adjournment came. Mr. Foster was at times sarcastic, and he got off one or two characteristic sentences that had the proverbial sting to them. Here is a sample taken from Hansard. "A great country this we have. Why there sits a gentleman, the very minister of finance himself who in 1884 and 1886 tramped Nova Scotia from one coast to the other, ferried over its rivers, not so well provided with wharves as they are now, visited its ports which were void of breakwaters and piers, wandered thru its wastes and outplaces that had no armories and public buildings, and declared to every good citizen of Nova Scotia, for the sake of our future, arise like one man, break this bond that unites us with Canada and let us throw in our lot with the United States with which country is our national market." Mr. Fielding winced noticeably once or twice as these stinging words were hurled across the floor of the house.

Prorogation is looked for on or about the nineteenth. It is said that morning sittings will be the order of the day commencing on Wednesday next. It is the evident desire of each side to rush things thru. The country is calling in syren tones.

Have You Rheumatism?

You Can Be Cured FREE

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

It is now possible to be cured of any form of rheumatism without having your stomach turned upside down or being half-choked to death, and every sufferer from rheumatism should welcome this marvelous discovery with open arms and give it an honest trial.

Are You All Round Up With Rheumatism and Gout?

The new remedy was discovered by John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis., who is generous enough to send a package free to every sufferer who writes at once. It is a home treatment, and will not keep you from your work.

As you know, if you've tried them, every so-called rheumatic remedy on the market to-day, except this genuine cure, will cause you violent stomach pains, and some of them are so dangerous they will cause heart trouble. And the worst of it is they never cure. When a person has rheumatism the constitution is so run down that he should be very careful what he puts into his stomach.

It therefore gives me pleasure to present a reliable remedy. That remedy is

"Gloria Tonic."

Before I decided to tell the world about the discovery of "Gloria Tonic," I had it tried on hospital patients, also on old and crippled persons, with perfect success. But some people never will believe anything until they know it from experience, so the best and quickest way is for you to write me that you want to be cured, and I will send you a package of "Gloria Tonic," free of cost. No matter what your form of rheumatism is, acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, etc., "Gloria Tonic" will relieve you. Do not mind if other remedies have failed you, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable. Mind no one.

If you are a sufferer, send your name today, and by return mail you will receive "Gloria Tonic," and also the most elaborate book ever gotten up on the subject of Rheumatism, absolutely free. This book contains many stippled drawings from actual life, and will tell you all about your case. You get "Gloria Tonic" and this wonderful book at the same time, both free, so let me hear from you at once. Address John A. Smith, 1568 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

IF PEARY WERE YOUNGER HE'D BE MORE SANGUINE

Arctic Explorer, Now Fitting Out in New York, Talks of Dangers of Quest.

One everlasting Whisper, day and night
Reapted, So—
Something lost behind the ranges,
something hidden; go and find it.
Somehting lost behind the ranges, lost
and waiting for you. Go!

To fit out here for her troublous journey to where the sea trails of the Arctic run out and stop—to the edge of the great ice circle and beyond which no ship may go, the Roosevelt, the new exploring steamer of the Peary Arctic Club, came into port last evening, says The New York Herald, and went to a berth in the stream off Forty-second-street, North River.

It was in the thick of a gray mist that the new explorer came up the lower bay late yesterday afternoon. Clad in a rough gray suit and soft hat Mr. Peary was recognized. To those who received the courteous greeting of the quiet spoken man who came forward to greet visitors, it seemed as tho into his rugged face and pale blue eyes, some of the weariness of a long and patient and unsatisfied search had crept.

Knows Difficulties He Faces.

"If I were fifteen years younger," the explorer said, in his level, quiet tone, "I would feel more sanguin. I know th difficulties that are to be overcome—know the trump cards which the Arctic holds. But we have now three strong points in our favor and we shall endeavor to give the Pole the hardest try it has had yet, and I hope to win. These three points are:

"First—This ship, which is beyond question the most powerful and best equpped of any ever sent to the Arctic.

"Second—My experence n Arctc exploraton, and whch ,on and off, has covered a perod of nneteen years.

"Thrd—Knowledge of esqumaux, their language, idiosyncrasies and habits, and which is valuable, in getting from them the best efforts of which they are capable.

Right here I would like to say that it is to Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of your city, that the chief credit for fitting out this ship is due. Without his efforts she might not have been built at all, and she certainly would not have been ready this year had it not been for him.

Laying in Supplies.

"We will remain here ten or twelve days, taking on provisions and making final preparations, and will then go to Sidney, Cape Breton, where we will take on a full supply of coal. From Sidney we will proceed across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and thru the Straits of Belle Isle, north along the Labrador coast, then across Davis Strait to the west shore of Greenland, then to Melville Bay and the Whale Sound region.

"Here we will stop to get Esquimaux and dogs and to lay in a supply of walrus meat for the dogs. At Cape Sabine we will establish a sub-base, properly equipped with necessary supplies and provisions. At this point my Esquimaux will assemble, those of the Whale Sound tribe, which are the best of all Esquimaux. From this tribe I will selecttwenty or twenty-five of the best hunters and will take them on board ship with me, along with their families.

Winter Quarters in September.

"From Cape Sabine we will drive the ship thru Kennedy and Robeson channels to the northern shore of Grand Land, where the vessel will be put in winter quarters. We expect to reach there about the first of September.

"The Arctic night begins then and lasts until February. Then, as soon as the long Arctic day begins, we will start in our sledges for the Pole. From where we will leave the ship to the Pole is roughly 490 miles."

"What do you expect to find when you reach the pole?" one of Mr. Peary's listeners asked.

"I expect nothing," he replied. "There is nothing abnormal there. I am sure of that—no open sea, no anything out of the ordinary. Without instruments of precision one might walk over the exact spot and never know it."

"What instruments do you take with you."

Only Three White Men.

"Two only, a traveler's theodolite—a very light one—and a pocket sextant. Nothing else, except, of course, my watch. I will probably also carry a light rifle, but there is little chance, I think, of meeting any animal life near the pole."

"Our trip is to be made in sledges, of which there will be twenty. Each sledge will be drawn by a team of eight dogs, each sledge will contain one member of the expedition and 500 pounds of provisions. These provisions will consist of pemmican, ship's biscuit and tea for the men and pemmican for the dogs.

"All of the party will be Esquimaux, except myself, the surgeon and possibly, I will say probably, one other white man. I am not at liberty to disclose either name. I may mention here that Mrs. Peary will not accompany the ship. She may go with us as far as the first rendezvous at Cape Sabine, but even that is problematical.

Survival of the Fittest.

"We will now go back to the sledges. As I have said, there will be $20 with one man in cash. The Esquimaux that I will select will be the hardiest that can be obtained, but it is likely that many will drop out of the struggle before the goal is reached. It will be the survival of the fittest—just as it always has been."

"Then—if you succeed?"

Animation flashed into the blue eyes. "Then," he said, "it will be to the glory of America of having first opened up to the world thre million square miles of unknown regions—of a vast expanse which has been separated from rest of the world for countless ages—of a region whose fauna and flora are so old that it will be all new to science.

"Then, again, is the sentimental side. The moral prestige you might call it—which goes with the winning of the greatest race in which the nations of the world have recently engaged. It will carry with me a small silk flag, and if it is my fortune to reach the pole, I will plant there the banner of this country."

Peculiarities of the Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt, which is to carry Peary and his fortunes, was built in Portland, Me., from which port she now arrives. She has many peculiarities of model, among others a pronounced raking stem and wedge-shaped bow, very sharp dead rise of floor, affording a form of side which cannot be grasped by the ice; a full run to keep the ice away from the propellor, a pronounced overhang at the stern to still further protect the propeller, and a raking sternpost.

Her principal dimensions are: Length, 184 feet; breadth, 35 5-16 feet; depth, 16 2-10 feet; gross registered tonnage, 614 tons, and maximum load displacement, about 1500 tons.

The filling in of the bow, where it is to meet the ice, is almost solid. To lessen the danger of having propeller flanges broken off by ice, the propeller has been so constructed as to be easily disconnected and hoisted upward into a well.

The main features of the machinery are in a compound engine of massive construction; an unusually heavy shaft of forged steel twelve inches in diameter; a massive propeller ten and one-half feet in diameter, but with blades of large area, which are detachable in case of injury; a triple boiler battery; arrangements for admitting live steam to the low pressure cylinder, in order to largely increase the power for a limited time, and an elliptical cruiser type smokestack to reduce wind resistance.

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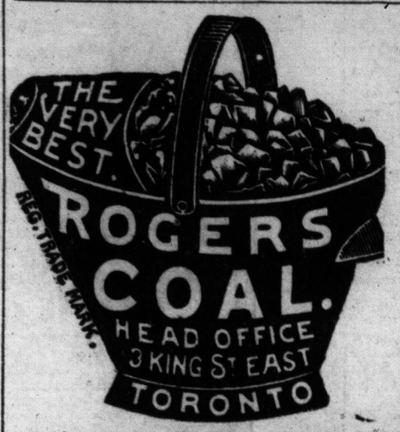

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TO SMOKE INSPIRES SPIRIT OF SIN

Very Fumes of Tobacco an Incentive to Evil.

Denver, July 7.—"The fumes of burning tobacco are an incentive to immoral and pernicious conduct," said Robert L. Ready of Baltimore in his address at Central Presbyterian Church to-day.

"Tobacco smoke should be shunned and those who must use the weed should do all in their power to keep the fumes from other people. A smoke-laden room is more harmful by far than the smokers imagine, and it inspires a spirit in those who inhale the smoke which is the doorstep to sin."

BOTH GET LONG TERMS.

Men Who Robbed Passenger on Lake Boat Are Sentenced.

Barrie, July 8.—(Special.)—Judge Ardagh this afternoon committed John Howard to two years in the Central Prison and Charles McClelland to two and a half years in Kingston Penitentiary, for the theft of $180 from a man named McDonald on an upper lake liner last month.

Detective Mackie of Toronto, who so cleverly captured McClelland in Toronto, as he alighted from a train in the Parkdale yards, was present to give evidence.

HOW TORONTO PERPETUATES A TOWN-TIME CUSTOM IN THE WARNING CLANGING OF OLD MARKET BELL

Few of the Thousands Whose Goings and Comings Are Marked By It Are Aware That a Gentle Old Lady of 70 Has For 13 Years Fulfilled the Curious Duty.

There still exists in the St. Lawrence Market an old custom of the days when Toronto was an overgrown town, before it donned the long trousers of a real city's dignity. 'Way up in the tower of the old hall, which faces King-street, there is a bell whose dolorous tones can be heard sometimes in the brief lull of traffic as it chimes out different hours to be observed by the bellringer.

Of the thousands who live in the neighborhood of the market or who have passed beneath its shadow there are few who know who the person is who so assiduously attends to the duties of the old bell. For it must be said that in the many years that it has clanged out the workers' time of day at 6 a.m., noon and 6 p.m., there have been but few occasions that the bell has been a minute astray from the time that it was supposed to be rung.

Like the bell, its ringer is one of the landmarks of that part of the city, and, strange as it may seem, it is a woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Riddle, who so carefully pulls the rope, day after day, to tell those who work in the vicinity that it is time to go to work or to cease their labor for another day.

Mrs. Riddle is a sweet-faced, motherly old lady, who has passed the allotted three score years and ten of her life and has rung the bell on the hours required during the past thirteen years. When she has been in ill-health or indisposed the duty has fallen upon her son or daughter-in-law, who reside with her in the caretaker's apartments in the old hall. Mrs. Riddle is still hale and hearty at even her advanced age, and still takes keen delight in ending the allotted ringing at times with such a vigorous pull on the rope of the bell as to send it hurtling over and over and finally ending in a clamorous bang.

The duty of ringing the bell is part of the work of the caretaker of the building, to which position the husband of Mrs. Riddle was appointed by the city, and private individuals, who own the building, some thirty-five years ago. He acceptably discharged his duties until his death, thirteen years ago, after which his widow was appointed in a like capacity. She is assisted in her duties by her son and his wife.

To reach the bell rope it is necessary to climb several flights of stairs, and then grope one's way down the long dark hallway to where the rope dangles. The stairs are steep and narrow, and it is no easy matter, even for one of younger years, to get to the tower without having that tired feeling on arrival.

The tower wherein the big bell swings has for thirty-five years been in an unstable condition. The wooden columns that support it are rotted away, tho they are covered with galvanized iron to protect them from the weather. In one of them is a large hole where an examination that reveals this condition was made two years ago. Some day, unless the matter is attended to, the old tower will come tumbling down upon the heads of those beneath.

ADVANCE IN STENOGRAPHY WHAT 25 YEARS HAS DONE

Annual Meeting of the C. S. R. A. Brings to Attention the Rapid Development of Stenography.

Saturday saw the 14th annual gathering of one of the least known, yet most important associations in Canada. The Chartered Stenographic Reporters' Association of Ontario has a membership roll of only fifty, yet it represents the cream of the reporters' profession, and the letters "C.S.R." after a reporter's name are the hall mark of proficiency in court reporting.

In 1891 an act of parliament incorporated the Chartered Stenographic Reporters' Association of Ontario, with a charter membership of 37 and with a view to promoting and increasing the knowledge, skill and proficiency of its members in all things relating to the business of a stenographer.

In those days court stenographers had not reached anything like the perfection that it has to-day. The advent of the typewriter in the hands of an experienced operator has done much to revolutionize this branch of the profession, as it has so completely revolutionized the business of ordinary office stenography.

T. W. Bengough, one of the charter members of the association and its first treasurer, told a World reporter a few things about the wonderful growth of the profession in Ontario in the last quarter century.

"Twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Bengough, "I was the first man in Toronto to employ a stenographer. Such a thing as a woman stenographer was then unknown. To-day there are over five thousand office stenographers in Toronto and the majority of them are women. You couldn't get a hard-headed business man in the city to look at a typewriter. I tried to interest one of the biggest firms in Toronto in a typewriter and they laughed at the idea. 'It wouldn't be businesslike to send out a printed letter,' said they. To-day they employ a good many typewriters and all their business correspondence is done by them.

"I asked a friend of mine one day what he thought I could make out of a school for teaching typewriting. He said he thought about $300 a year, and now look at the business colleges in the city which make stenography and typewriting a feature of their curricula."

The Modern Way.

E. Nield, the secretary-treasurer of the association, employs a very ingenious device to aid him in his work. His shorthand report of a court session is dictated to a graphophone. The record thus made may be used at any time later. A reproducer is fitted to a graphophone and the original court proceedings are taken off on a typewriter by a stenographer. By this means when a reporter is absent from his office and the records sent back in a very short time they are ready for use. There are very few of these machines in use in Canada.

The business of the association is managed by a council of nine members. This council also carries on all the examinations for entrance into the association and conducts the general work of an executive. The president is R. W. Clewlo and the secretary-treasurer E. Nield. The council is composed of Messrs. Clewlo, Tyson, Horton, Perry, Angus, Matthews, Nield, Black and Bengough.

The association conducts two sets of examinations, the first, that for shorthand clerks, gives the successful candidate a certificate of proficiency, and the second admits to full membership into the association. The second examination consists of papers on shorthand, a speed of 150 words a minute is necessary; spelling, arithmetic, geography, correction of errors in grammar, transcription, composition and penmanship, punctuation and an exercise in foreign words and phrases.

Fairly Remunerative.

The pay of the court stenographer in Canada is about one-half that in the United States. A court stenographer here earns about $1200 a year; across the line $2500 is earned very easily.

Some years ago a number of court reporters from the United States attended a meeting of the C. S. R. here and have since paid the highest tribute to the excellence of the organization and work done by the Ontario Association. The next few years will probably see a great increase in the membership and influence of the C. S. R. Association of Ontario.

GIVEN A MILITARY FUNERAL.

But Less Than 100 of Garrison Paid Last Honors.

With military honors, the body of William Oldbury, armorer-sergeant of the ordnance store corps at Stanley Barracks, was yesterday committed to its last resting place in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Sergeant Oldbury's whole life had been spent in a military sphere. Even more renowned was the death of his son, who, at the battle of Omdurman, bore the proud distinction of being the one to sound the charge on that occasion.

That less than 100 of his comrades and military men in the city were present at the last sad rites yesterday is not creditable to the military spirit of the city. The funeral arrangements were carried out under the command of General Otter, and among the officers present were: Col J V Graveley and Col Macdonald.

The pallbearers were: Sergeant Fawcett, R C D; Sergeant Skinner, R C D; Sergt Harridan, R C D; Sergt Patton, R C D; Sergt Fuller, R C D; Sergt Moon, G G B.

The funeral service at the fort and the graveside was conducted by Rev. Mr. Williams of St. John's Church, chaplain to Toronto Garrison. The firing party at the grave was furnished by the R. C. I. of Stanley Barricks, under Sergt. McKinney.

The gun carriage was supplied by the 9th Feld Battery.

NEED SENSIBLE UNIFORM.

Postman's Tunic is a Warm Proposition in Hot Weather.

The postmen of the city are getting together to see the Toronto members of parliament with a view to the adoption of more sensible uniform for summer wear. The letter-carriers have not enough to worry them with the encumbrance of a big bag of mail matter, but they are forced to carry it around and hustle with it garbed in a military tunic that has a stiff collar and buttons up high on the neck. What particular virtue the designer of that costume claimed for it in summer weather it is hard to state and harder to find. The only reason for continuing it is that it has been worn for years and the postmen think if they make a joint kick they might get some relief by the adoption of a more sensible and comfortable cover.

TO EVANGELIZE THE WORLD.

Epworth Leaguers Inaugurate an Important Movement.

Denver, July 8.—The seventh International Epworth League convention today inaugurated a movement toward evangelization of the world. At morning sessions in Trinity Epsicopal and Central Presbyterian Churches and Coliseum Hall cards were distributed on which was printed a pledge to work prayerfully and earnestly for the extension of the league and its principles. The signing of these cards by the delegates will be one of the most important results of the great convention.

Picnic at Oshawa.

Oshawa, July 8.—(Special.)—The Dodge Manufacturing Co. employes of Toronto held their third annual picnic on Saturday, July 8, at Prospect Park here. An ideal day favored them and upwards of 500 of the employes and their friends took advantage of the pleasant sail, arriving at the park about 11.30 a.m., and immediately opened the proceedings with a baseball match between the woodworkers and ironworkers, resulting in a victory for the woodworkers. Score, 9 to 7.

Refreshments were then served by the entertainment committee and after partaking of a good lunch the program was reopened by a tug-of-war between the different shops, resulting in a final victory for the foundry.

Accepts the Call.

Stratford, July 8.—(Special.)—Rev. W. T. Cluff of St. John's Church, Strathroy, has accepted the rectorship of St. James' Episcopal Church, this city, to succeed his Lordship Bishop Williams.

NIAGARA POWER THIS YEAR GOOD PROGRESS ON LINE

One Hundred and Twenty-Five Thousand Horsepower Will Be Available.

"Before Christmas we expect to have Niagara power coming into Toronto," was the statement of Frederic Nichols of the Toronto & Niagara Power Company, when asked regarding the progress of construction and power transmission lines in course of erection between here and Niagara.

Travelers along the G. T. R. between here and Hamilton, and from there to Niagara Falls, will have noticed the substantial iron towers, looking like small windmill towers, that skirt the line at intervals of a hundred yards or so. Those are the transmission lines that are to carry the 125,000-horse-power from the falls to Toronto. They are about 20 feet high, and 10 feet wide at the base, and carry six heavy copper wires, whose measurement in technical terms is 190,000 circular mills, or, in other words, over half an inch in diameter. Since spring the lines have been gradually progressing, with picturesque workingmen's camps at intervals on the way. At the present time, with the exception of a few gaps covering about five miles altogether, between here and the falls, the towers are up and wires strung. Just now poles are being erected in the ordinary manner along the right of way, and separate from the transmission lines, for a telephone system.

Work on the power station at Niagara is about to begin, and next week the steel superstructures will be placed in position. Already the power station for the Toronto end is nearing completion at the head of St. George-street. The brickwork is all up and the roof is on. The machinery will shortly be installed. The object of the station here is to "stop down" the power. About 50,000 volts will be on the wire, in use all along the line, but at the station here it will be reduced to 12,000 for transmission thru the city.

"How much power has already been contracted for in Toronto?" was asked.

"We have nothing to say about that," was the answer.

Yonge Street Arcade Restaurant and Lunch Counter now open. Regular Dinner in Dining Room 35 cents, other meals a la carte. 71

Carnahan's Ice Cream Sodas and Fancy Specials taste good any kind of weather.

McDOUGALL RESIGNS.

Ottawa, July 8.—Auditor-General John Lorne McDougall resigned this afternoon.

Mr. McDougall was returned for the house of commons for South Renfrew, September, 1869, again in 1874, and sat at intervals till August, 1878, when he was appointed auditor-general of Canada by the Mackenzie government, and has held the office ever since.

Use Carnahan's Flo-saline Cream.

DOCKS ON ASHBRIDGE BAY WOULD BOOM THAT LOCALITY

At Present, East of Church Street, Navigation is Practically at a Standstill.

Ald. Church, one of the board of harbor commissioners, put forth an effort to revive things along the north shore of the harbor east of Yonge-street to Ashbridge's Bay. In a letter to Ald. Church, Harbormaster Postlethwaite says, in answer to Ald. Church's questions:

1. (Q.) Can you advise me what can be done to improve the harbor east of Yonge-street?

(Ans.) The eastern part of the harbor, with the exception of three docks, viz., Rogers' coal dock, Polson's coal dock, Polson's Iron Works and Meddler & Arnott's dock, has been allowed to fill up till it is too shoal for any but the lightest stone hooker craft, and this, I suppose, because there was no business to make it worth while to keep it open. With the three exceptions mentioned, and the dock near the old sugar refinery, foot of Sherbourne-street, now used by P. Burns as a coal dock, there is no navigation east of Yonge-street, and the property seems to be almost valueless for vessel interests. This portion of the harbor, however, was formerly the very centre of harbor business.

2. (Q.) What can be done to secure water lots, and are the owners liable to confiscation for not building?

(Ans.) The harbormaster says yes, and continues: "When the new windmill line was adopted, it was by agreement between the city authorities and the Dominion government at Ottawa, and particulars of which agreement can be found in the city solicitor's office or in that of the engineer. I know that a certain length of time (1903) was given to the owners of water lots in which to build out to the new line, failing which some penalty was attached; the water lot was confiscated, or the city had the right to step in and build the wharf on certain conditions.

3. (Q.) Is this eastern district suitable for navigation purposes, as it was formerly?

To this question of Ald. Church the harbormaster says:

(Ans.) "I don't know why the eastern portion of the harbor is not as suitable for business as any other portion, provided proper wharves were constructed and channels dredged thereto, which should afford the necessary depth of water. With the exception of the four docks named, there does not seem to be enough business east of Church-street to keep the wharves from going to ruin. This is because of the poor condition of this part of the harbor, as it formerly was the best locality.

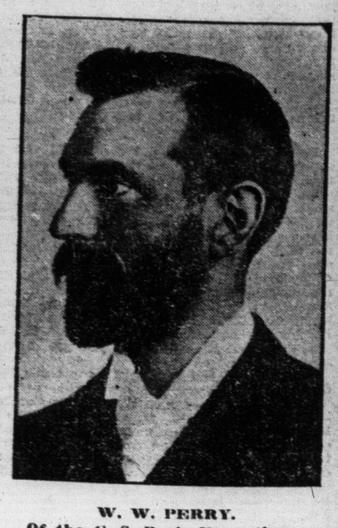
Would not the erection of city wharves in this locality and in Ashbridge's Bay stimulate business in the harbor? To this question, the harbormaster answers: "Undoubtedly it would do so. Enquiries are not infrequently made for wharf accommodation, and I do not doubt that business in the harbor has been seriously affected by the lack of wharfage facilities. I might instance the difficulty the Canada Lake and Ocean Co. had in securing a wharf for their vessels to land at; that year the Dominion Coal Co. were here in search of similar accommodation, but failed to find it.

"In this connection, I would point out that the most suitable place for erecting city wharves would be jutting out from Ashbridge's Bay into the harbor, north of the eastern entrance. This, I am convinced, would give an impetus to the erection of factories on the land recently filled by the city and rescued from the marsh to be of advantage both to the city and to navigation in the harbor. At a distance of 1200 to 1500 feet from the breastwork enclosing Ashbridge's Bay, the water is 10 to 12 feet deep, so that but little dredging would be required to reach the end of these wharves, and after the construction of the cribwork, the city sand pump could be employed in filling in the wharves with sand sucked up from the desired channels, thus accomplishing two works at the same time, and most economically."

Ald. Church will move in to-morrow's city council for a special committee appointment on harbor improvement, and that the committee be authorized to confer with the harbor board and board of trade, as to improvements, as notwithstanding that harbor interests are somewhat neglected. Toronto has the finest harbor on the lakes, that only needs to be developed; 3398 vessels, with a total registered tonnage of 1,412,459 tons, arrived in the harbor in 1904, and 171,000 tons of coal alone were carried, and 350,000 packages of freight.

E. NIELD,
Secretary of C. S. R. A.

R. W. CLEWLO,
President of C. S. R. A.



W. W. PERRY.
Of the C. S. R. A. Executive.