

Gross Act of Injustice Committed by the School Board

SENIOR TEACHERS OF L. C. I. ARE VICTIMS OF NEPOTISM

Principalship of the Institute Goes to a Young Member of Staff, Through Influence of His Cousin, Trustee MacRobert—General Indignation.

Those Whom the Clique Passed Over

R. A. LITTLE, appointed 1886, 21 years
WM. C. FERGUSON, appointed 1892, 15 years
WM. M. GOVENLOCK, appointed 1898, 9 years
FRANK P. RIDDELL, appointed 1898, 9 years

The action of the Board of Education yesterday in knifing the senior members of the Collegiate Institute staff, by passing over their claims to promotion in favor of a first cousin of one of the trustees, has aroused the deepest indignation among citizens of all classes, and all shades of politics.

It was known that Trustee E. J. MacRobert, as is his usual practice where his relatives are concerned, was working for Mr. McCutcheon, but no one thought he would find a sufficient number of fellow-trustees to inflict a rank injustice on several of the old and experienced teachers of the Collegiate Institute.

Conservatives feel that Mr. MacRobert has taken advantage of the party by using the machine for his personal ends. He has long been known as the boss of the board. What he said "went." He had a cousin appointed on the teaching staff of the public schools, and later Mr. MacRobert pulled wires and secured for him the position of public librarian of London. When the gentleman did not like the librarianship, Mr. MacRobert had him placed back on the teaching staff, in the position made vacant by the death of the late Principal Kirk.

The public did not take Mr. McCutcheon's candidature seriously and fully expected that the principalship would devolve by right of seniority upon Mr. W. C. Ferguson. Although the latter was an applicant for the principalship, he made it plain that he would be perfectly satisfied if Mr. Little were made principal and he (Mr. Ferguson) were given the promotion to which seniority entitled him.

Mr. Little has served on the Collegiate Institute staff for 21 years, and has had 22½ years' experience. His present salary is \$1,600.

Mr. Ferguson has been a member of the staff for 15 years, and has been teaching for 17½ years. His salary is \$1,500.

Next to Mr. Ferguson in seniority and salary stood Mr. W. M. Govenlock. He has had 14½ years' experience, 9½ years of which have been spent in the London Collegiate Institute. His salary is \$1,400.

Next to Mr. Govenlock was Mr. Frank P. Ridwell with 17 years' experience as teacher, and 9½ years' membership of the local staff.

All of the above-named gentlemen have headmasters' certificates and have priority over Mr. McCutcheon, who has had only 9½ years' experience as a teacher and has been in London for only 7 years. Until a year ago he was a junior teacher. His present salary is \$1,350, and he has not yet reached the maximum. Other members of the staff with headmasters' certificates who have a longer teaching record than Mr. McCutcheon are Mr. McVicar, 14 years' experience; Mr. Stuart, 12 years; and Mr. McLean, 15½ years.

Mr. McCutcheon has been put over the heads of all these gentlemen. Next to Mr. Little the teacher who has suffered the most injustice is Mr. W. C. Ferguson, admittedly one of the ablest teachers of modern languages in the Province. He has refused several offers of more lucrative positions elsewhere, and is now deprived of the vice-principalship to which he would have been entitled if Mr. Little had got his rights. Mr. Govenlock and Mr. Ridwell have been also dealt unfairly with, and the regular process of promotion, which the whole staff has the right to expect, broken up.

Trustee Strong is in the north in search of health, and was not able to be present at yesterday's meeting. Trustee Weekes explains that he was detained at his office for half an hour, and the appointment was made before he reached the city hall. He says the position should have gone to Mr. Little. If Messrs. Strong and Weekes had been present the vote would have been a tie, but the decision would have rested with Chairman Fitzgerald, one of the MacRobert faction.

TRUSTEES INTERVIEWED.

The members of the Board of Education who were responsible for the injustice were interviewed by The Advertiser man, and three of the five refused to give reasons for their vote. They absolutely refused to discuss the subject at all.

Trustee MacRobert when questioned said: "I will not talk about the matter at all. My vote is there and that is all there is to it. I think The Advertiser is impertinent to ask me my reasons. I never heard of such a thing."

"Mr. McCutcheon is a cousin of yours, I understand?" he was asked.

"Yes, he is a first cousin of mine. I don't deny that," he answered.

Chairman Fitzgerald, like Mr. MacRobert, made a show of indignation when the question was put to him as to the reasons of his choice.

"I have nothing for publication at all," The Advertiser has no right to ask such a question. The matter is settled, and that is all there is about it."

Trustee Granger, the newest acquisition to the Board of Education, was also non-committal.

"I have no explanations to make," he said. "I followed my own judgment. I prefer not to discuss the matter."

Trustees Graham and McCormick claimed that they voted for Mr. McCutcheon because they thought he was the best man.

Mr. Little is at present summering on the Magnetawan River. He came to the city when Principal Radcliffe resigned, and interviewed the members of the board. He is said to have received assurances which led him to believe that he would be the next principal without a doubt, and he returned to his summer home in an easy frame of mind.

BENNETT EMPLOYEE SERIOUSLY INJURED

Charles Godfrey Usher at Unique, Fell in the Basement.

Mr. Charles Godfrey Usher, one of the ushers employed at Bennett's Unique Theatre, met with a serious accident last night.

When he went to the dressing-room to don his uniform in the evening he did not notice that the door leading to the basement had been left open by someone, and he fell into the cellar.

When picked up he was in a semi-conscious condition, but later he recovered sufficiently to allow of his being sent home on a street car.

He was very badly bruised about the body, and it is feared his ribs are fractured.

He resides at the corner of Fall Mall and William street.



Mr. R. A. LITTLE, Vice-Principal, London Collegiate Institute.

Mr. R. A. Little, B. A., has been in the teaching profession for over 23 years. 21 years of which have been spent at the London Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Little is a specialist in classics, and his standing among teachers and educationists is of the highest.

In the authorship of Latin prose he has an established reputation throughout the Dominion. He was the joint author with John Henderson, M. A., head master of the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, of the First Latin Book and New Latin Reader, which are recognized in every province of Canada as the standard works, and are favorites with teachers and students alike.

Mr. Little is a popular citizen, an efficient instructor, a good disciplinarian, and is popular with the staff and pupils of the Collegiate Institute. He has never been active in politics, and has never been a member of a faction or clique in school board affairs. He has attended strictly to his duties as a teacher.

The position of principal was Mr. Little's by right eight years ago, and he was deprived of it by partisanship on the board of education. He was subsequently made vice-principal, and has given a loyal support to the head of the institution, in spite of the wrong which he suffered. Now, for the second time, he has been deprived of his right by a flagrant act of injustice. No greater outrage was ever perpetrated by a public body than by the London School Board yesterday.

DEATH CALLS OLD CITIZEN

Mr. W. D. Buckle Well Known Londoner Passed Away This Morning.

London lost one of its most respected citizens and successful businessmen, this morning, when Mr. W. D. Buckle, the well-known Richmond street real estate broker, passed away at his late residence, 381 Dufferin avenue.

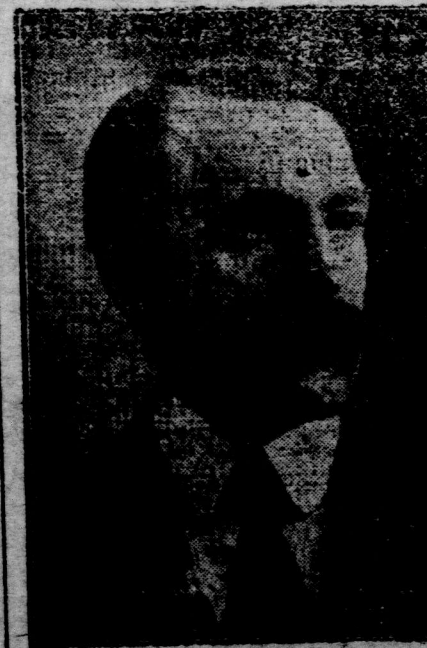
Mr. Buckle was born in Durham, England, in 1840, and came to this country with his parents when a small boy. He had been a resident of London since that time, and had watched it grow to its present proportions.

He represented the city as alderman for a number of years, and was in the council at the time the site of the present Victoria Park was obtained, of which move he was a hearty supporter.

In religion Mr. Buckle was a Methodist, taking a lively interest in church affairs, being a member of the trustees board of the Colborne Street Methodist Church, and had been its secretary-treasurer for many years. He was also the superintendent of the Sabbath school for a number of years.

Mr. Buckle was one of the first newspaper reporters of this city. He is survived by three sisters, and a nephew, Mr. W. B. Dimond, of Minneapolis, Minn.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, Tuesday next, at 3 o'clock.



TRUSTEE JAMES GRANGER.

BACK TO GRAND TRUNK

Montreal Thinks Mr. McGuigan May Once More Be There.

Montreal, Aug. 10.—It is the very general belief that Mr. McGuigan, who left Montreal with the sincere regret of his fellow railwaymen and particularly of the head of the system, C. M. Hays, will once more return to the G. T. R. He may, however, go to the Canadian Northern. It will be remembered that McGuigan's former chief, Hays, did the selfsame thing, that gentleman leaving the Grand Trunk for the Southern Pacific and then resigning to take up the position of first vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk and later on of president of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

MORE TROUBLE FOR E. H.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 10.—Unless the demands of the striking boiler-makers on the Pacific division of the Southern Pacific Company are granted within 24 hours the organization of boiler-makers will call out all boiler-makers on the Harriman lines.



TRUSTEE C. M. R. GRAHAM.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT ESSEX, ONT.; EXPLOSION OF A DYNAMITE CAR; WRECKS STATION AND KILLS SEVEN

English Clergyman Says Canada Is Grand Country

Rev. Mr. Ceredig-Jones, of Bradford, England, Gives His Impressions of Dominion.

"I have traveled much, but I have seen nothing so beautiful as your fair Dominion. We in England consider we have many beautiful places, but I doubt if there is anything which can compare with the beauties of the Thousand Islands, or the magnificence of Niagara Falls. I'm Britisher enough to feel glad that you, as Canadians, have a larger portion of the Falls than your neighbors to the south."

In these words, the Rev. E. Ceredig-Jones, for 23 years Unitarian minister of Bradford, England, expressed to The Advertiser his pleasure with the things he has seen while visiting in Canada.

Mr. Jones has been traveling through the country for the past three weeks, leaving tonight for Detroit, from which place he will start a two months' trip through the United States.

"What impresses you most as an Englishman with this country?" Mr. Jones was asked.

The Farmers' Homes.

"That is a hard question," he responded. "I have been delighted with almost everything here. Of course England is simply one large garden."

SOUTHWESTERN BADLY CRIPPLED FIRE TAKES TRACTION BARN

Sheds in London South Completely Destroyed With Five Cars—Loss About \$75,000.

MOTORMAN'S GALLANT ATTEMPT TO SAVE CARS

The car barns belonging to the Southwestern Traction Company, situated on Chester street, on the extreme south of the city, were burned to the ground this morning.

At about 6:45 a.m., when Motorman Ben Jackson went to the sheds to get his car, which was due to leave the station on Horton street for St. Thomas at 7 o'clock, he noticed flames running along the inside of the roof. Aid was at once summoned, and then Johnson did his best to save as much as possible. He succeeded in getting two cars out safely, and went back into the now blazing building after a third. He tried to connect the poles in order to get the necessary power to run out the cars, but the heat was too intense and he was unable to reach the spot.

Hand Bucket Brigades.

By this time many people were at the scene, and did what they could with the pails available to control the flames. The South London fire wagon also went to the scene, but the nearest hydrant is too far distant to allow a stream of water to be used on the building. Had water been available in abundance, however, it would have been too late, for the sheds are simply a framework of wood, covered with galvanized iron, and burned like so much tinder.

It is conjectured that a live wire touching the tar-paper on the roof caused the conflagration. The flames quickly spread, and half an hour after the fire had first been seen the sheds and all within were a mass of ruins. The firemen devoted their attention to saving the surrounding buildings, keeping the winding room practically Continued on Page Eight.

Started by Live Wire.

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Michigan Central Train Crew Reported Killed or Injured.

Depot Completely Demolished, and Seven Bodies Taken From Ruins.

St. Thomas, Ont., Aug. 10

By the explosion of a car of dynamite in front of the Michigan Central depot at Essex, Ont., between 9 and 10 o'clock this morning, seven men were killed, five are seriously injured and the station completely demolished. One of the dead men is believed to be Conductor Berry who was in charge of the train. He was formerly of St. Thomas. Included amongst the injured are Station-Master Steiner and Operator Abbott. The train, which was a regular Michigan Central freight, was manned by a crew from Amherstburg, and it is reported that the fireman was badly injured. The explosion was a terrific one, wrecking everything in the immediate vicinity. Telegraph and telephone wires were destroyed, cutting off communication from outside points. Wrecking trains were rushed from St. Thomas and Amherstburg. The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Advertisement Less Than Fifteen Words.

Meetings—When no admission is charged, one cent per work each insertion.

Articles for Sale, To Let, Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Rooms and Lodgings, Lost and Found, Rooms to Let, and all similar condensed advertisements—First insertion, one cent a word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

DEATHS.

CROSS—At the family residence, 553 Colborne street, on Saturday, Aug. 10, 1907, Sadie Charlotte, beloved daughter of Mrs. Hannah Cross.

Funeral from her late residence, on Monday afternoon at 3; service at 2:30 p.m.

BUCKLE—In this city, on Aug. 10, 1907, W. D. Buckle, aged 67 years.

Funeral from his late residence, 381 Dufferin avenue, on Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 3 p.m.; service at 2:30.

GILBERT—At the residence of her son-in-law, George Pritchard, South London, on Aug. 9, 1907, Phoebe, relict of the late Charles B. Gilbert, in her 80th year.

Interment at St. Francis Funeral home.

AMOS—In this city, on Aug. 8, 1907, Marion N., beloved wife of William J. Amos, and second eldest daughter of Alexander and Mary Russell, aged 21 years.

Funeral from the family residence, 696 Queen's avenue, on Sunday, Aug. 11, at 3 p.m.; service at 2:30. Friends and acquaintances please accept the intimation. Interment at Mount Pleasant cemetery.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

SPRINGBANK THEATER

Tonight Stoddard Stock Company Presents "The Belle of Richmond." Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday "The Girl of the Golden West." Thursday, Friday and Saturday "Damon and Pythias."

LABOR DAY, Sept. 2

Second race for the

Cigarmakers' Union

- Tankard -

Many other track events.

Splendid vaudeville programme by

Frank Clegg

Boy entertainer, xylophone soloist.

Victor Lewis

Impersonator.

Imperial Male Quartet and Others.

Canadian National

EXHIBITION

1907 TORONTO 1907

AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 9.

\$400,000 New Buildings \$400,000.

Finest Grandstand in the World.

\$50,000 PREMIUMS ATTRACTIONS \$15,000.

The latest in Airships.

Processes of Manufacture.

Superb Art Loan Collection.

Grand Musical Festival.

Finest Live Stock on the Continent.

Extra Excellent Exhibits.

High-class Special Attractions.

Great Show of Dogs.

Remarkable Exhibit of Cats.

Most brilliant, most imposing, most realistic spectacle yet.

"THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ."

Fabulous display of Fireworks

and magnificent Military Tattoo

and massed band concert nightly.

Reduced rates on all lines of travel.

LUSITANIA

Largest ship in the world. 32,500 tons.

Sails New York to Liverpool, Sept. 2.

Tickets via Allan, C. P. R., Dominion, Cunard, American, Anchor, Atlantic Trans-

port, Red Star and other lines. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

\$1.60 to Detroit

The old reliable Chosen Friends' excursion, via Grand Trunk Railway, Saturday, Aug. 17, good for three days. This is our last cheap excursion to Detroit.

OCEAN TICKETS

at lowest rates via C. P. R. Line, Allan, Dominion, Cunard, American, Atlantic Trans-

port, Red Star and other lines. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

MONTREAL

Excursions via the steamer Dundurn and Merchants' Line, via Hamilton, Toronto and the St. Lawrence River. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

SPECIAL DANCE AT HILL CREST, PORT Stanley, on Monday, Aug. 12, 84. Thomas' Civic Holiday.

625-55 LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, via boat, Tashmore, every Saturday and Sunday. Low rate every day. Lowest rate to Cleveland, Toledo, F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

625-55 LONDON TO DULUTH AND RETURN, via boat, Tashmore, every Saturday and Sunday. Low rate every day. Lowest rate to Cleveland, Toledo, F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

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FEMALE HELP WANTED.

OFFICE ASSISTANT (LADY) FOR LARGE wholesale warehouse. Apply by letter, Box 95, this office.

GIRL WANTED FOR BOTTLING—NOT less than 17 years, to begin at \$3. W. B. Saunders, 352 Clarence.

WANTED AT ONCE, FOR TWO MONTHS—a good servant, one who can cook, three in family, no laundry work; \$14 a month. Apply to Mrs. Furness, 522 Talbot street.

WANTED BY SEPT. 1—AN EXPERIENCED housemaid. Apply Mrs. Smallman, 458 Colborne street.

MILLINER (CAPABLE) TO MAKE UP and trim hats from wholesale stock; also two assistants, immediately. T. L. Broderick & Co., 111 Dundas street, London.

MARKER WANTED. APPLY FOREST City Laundry.

CAP MACHINE OPERATORS WANTED: also girls to learn capmaking. Apply the "Panda" Cap Company, 556 Richmond street.

WANTED—GIRL OR WOMAN TO WASH dishes. Apply Alexandra Cafe.

TRIMMER AND PREPARER FOR MILLINERY department. E. S. Morrison.

RELIABLE WOMAN WANTED FOR WASHING, not later than Tuesday of each week. Apply 31 Cartwright street.

GENERAL SERVANT—SMALL FAMILY, high wages. Apply 516 Bidout street.

GIRLS WANTED FOR CALENDAR DEPARTMENT. The London Printing and Litho. Company.

JANITOR WANTED FOR TALBOT STREET Baptist Church; one whose wife will assist preferred. Apply George R. Matthews, 115 John street.

WANTED AT ONCE—EXPERIENCED chambermaid. Apply Duke of York Hotel.

GIRLS WANTED FOR MANGLING DEPARTMENT. Apply Forest City Laundry.

GOOD GIRL WANTED—GOOD WAGES, no washing. Apply Mrs. Ed. Hunter, 100 Maple.

DINING-ROOM GIRL, KITCHEN GIRL and laundry. Apply to the Housekeeper, Victoria Hospital.

GIRLS WANTED. APPLY D. S. PERKIN & Co.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED NURSE FOR infant, middle-aged woman preferred; must have good references; may go home at night if preferred. Apply Box 64. Advertiser's office.

GIRLS WANTED FOR BOX SHOP AND wrapping gum, etc., at Stanley street, near Dundas street. Apply C. R. Bonville, 614 Dundas street.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, ON AUG. 2—CHAIN NECKLACE, set with eleven emeralds. Reward. Call Northumberland's piano store.

LOST—CARD CASE, BLACK LEATHER. Reward. Town Topics, care Box 94. Advertiser.

STRAYED—TWO-YEAR-OLD HEIFER. Apply W. R. Wilson, lot 20, c/o. London Township, or Denfield P. O. Owner may have same on proving property and paying expenses.

LOST—\$2 REWARD—LAST WEEK Waterman fountain pen, holder enclosed in gold. Return to Advertiser's office.

FOUND—LADY'S SMALL PURSE, AT Irishman's picnic. W. A. Martin, 463 Mainland street.

NOTICE—STRAYED INTO THE PREMISES of the undersigned, about July 9, a heavy bay horse. Owner may have same on paying expenses. Walter Lewis, Mooreville P. O.

LOST—LADY'S SILVER WATCH, ON Water Wharf, off of Stanley street, near ward. Apply 22 Victor street.

WANTED.

WANTED—A FOLDING COUCH; MUST BE in good condition. Box 95. Advertiser.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—DRIVING horse; must be safe, good looking and cheap. Address Box 40, Melbourne.

WANTED—FIVE TO TEN ACRES, NEAR city, with or without buildings. Highest cash price. Joseph Boyle, Crumlin, Ont.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED BY YOUNG lady in private family, with use of piano; north of Queen's avenue preferred. Address Box 87. Advertiser.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATFORD & BAWDEN, CONTRACTING Plasterers. Agents for Paristone hard wall plaster. Phone 1460. Henry Stratford, 427 Waterloo.

WHEATCROFT & MCGILVER, 258 Dundas street, Phone 2355. Have your machines repaired and repaired now. Estimates furnished.

HAIRDRESSING, ETC.—COMBINGS waited. 223 Dundas, formerly Miller's hair store.

ABEL'S CARPET CLEANING, DISINFECTING and Upholstering Works—Most up-to-date cleaner in Canada. All work guaranteed. Phone 2346.

J. HARRIS & CO. HAVE REMOVED TO 727 York street. Phone 2504. Dealers in iron, rubber and metals.

THE COMPRESSED AIR CARPET CLEANING Works, in full operation. W. Thomas, 530 York street. Phone 1164.

ARCHITECTS.

W. FLETCHER SHEPHERD, ARCHITECT—Duffield block (late Toronto). Phone 565.

J. LEWIS THOMAS, CIVIL ENGINEER, architect. Phone 2228. 374 Central avenue. Late Dominion Department Public Works.

H. C. MORRIS, ARCHITECT—SIXTH Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers.

MOORE & HENRY—ARCHITECTS, LAND SURVEYORS, CIVIL ENGINEERS. John M. Moore, Frederick Henry.

REMOVAL—GEORGE CRADDOCK, ARCHITECT. 451 Talbot.

WILLIAM G. MURRAY, ARCHITECT—112 (second floor) Masonic Temple. Phone 1557.

GARMENT CUTTING.

DRESSMAKERS SHOULD PREPARE FOR next season at Mrs. Frank's Cutting School. Instructions on any part of costume. Lessons every evening during August. 243 Dundas street.

MONEY TO LOAN.

PRIVATE FUNDS AT LOWEST RATES—M. P. McDonald, barrister, 418 Talbot.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES—Thomas C. Knott, real estate broker, Room 101, Masonic Temple.

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO LOAN at 4% to 5% on real estate security; sums to suit. In commission. Address T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 93 Dundas.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN—LOWEST rates. Buchner & Gunn, 83 Dundas.

SLATE ROOFING.

SLATE ROOFING, ASPHALT, CHIMNEY, gutters for new roofs. Walter Scott, 381

MALE HELP WANTED.

LABORER WANTED. APPLY 133 LAN- GARTH street.

WANTED—A HOUSEMAN; GOOD SAL- ARY. Apply at the Tecumseh House.

WANTED—ACTIVE YOUNG MARRIED man, accustomed to city delivery work; permanent position. Call at once. Johnston Bros.

TEAMSTER WANTED. APPLY THE London Box Company.

TRAIN PORTER WANTED. APPLY AT Griggs House.

APPRENTICE WANTED TO LEARN litho engraving. Apply with samples of drawing to Lawson & Jones, Limited.

AT THE DOMINION SCHOOL OF TELE- GRAPHY, 9 Adelaide street east, Toronto, students are taught quickly and thor- oughly. All students are placed in good positions immediately upon graduation.

SMART BOY, ABOUT 17, TO WORK IN store. T. A. Howat & Co., 234 Dundas.

WANTED—TWO EXPERIENCED GROCERY clerks. Apply Box 90. Advertiser.

EXPERIENCED LEDGERKEEPER WANTED for wholesale and retail establish- ment. Apply Box 91. Advertiser.

CYLINDER PRESS FEEDERS WANTED. Apply Southern Printing and Litho. Com- pany.

A YOUNG MAN WITH AMBITION TO take charge of a large route of new customers in city, man with horse and rig preferred; good pay. Apply 555 Clarence street, London, Ont.

WANTED—CLERK FOR GENERAL STORE; duties to be explained. Sept. 1. Apply at- tending salary to Thomas H. White, Win- nipeg, Man.

MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE in eight weeks. Catalogue free. Moler Barber College, Queen and Spadina, Toronto.

WANTED—YOUNG MAN FOR JUNIOR office work; must be well versed in short-hand and typewriting. Send application in handwriting to Box 82. This office.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. GEORGE McNEILL, NORTHEAST corner Dundas and Waterloo streets. Telephone 2169.

DR. R. O'NEILL, EYE AND EAR SURGEON—Phone 1019. Office, 225 Queen's avenue. Residence, 171 Queen's avenue.

F. L. BURDON, M.D., L.R.C.P. AND S. (Edinburgh) Special attention diseases women, children. Office and residence, 461 Waterloo. Phone 258.

DR. McLELLAN, GRADUATE NEW YORK M.D., Noe, Throat Hospital. Only special work. 109 Maple.

DR. NORMAN R. HENDERSON, CORNER Park and Dufferin avenues. Eye, ear, nose, throat.

DR. ERNEST WILLIAMS, 23 QUEEN'S avenue. Hours, 4-8. Special attention diseases of children.

DR. EGGLESE HAS RETURNED FROM THE Levant and resumed practice.

DR. PINGEL—OFFICE, 444 WELLINGTON street, London. Electrical treatment of diseases of women a specialty.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, F.R.C.S. (ENGLAND)—Specialist surgical diseases. 439 Park avenue.

DR. E. PARDEE BUCKE, 307 QUEEN'S avenue—Eye, ear, nose and throat.

DR. SEPTIMUS THOMPSON, 413 PARK avenue, corner Queen's. Eye, ear, nose, throat.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 296 Queen's street. Special attention paid to diseases women and children.

J. J. MASON, B.A., M.D., SOUTHEAST corner Dundas and Colborne. Phone 388.

DR. KINGMILL, MEMBER ROYAL COL- LEGE Surgeons and Licentiate Royal College Physicians. Corner Park and Queen's avenues.

DR. MEKE, QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON—Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

DR. W. J. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS—Phone 610. Special attention diseases women and surgery. X-ray.

DR. J. CAMPBELL, 80 DUNDAS street. Hours, 12 to 4 and 6 to 8.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P. AND S. (England) Office, 27 King street. Tele- phone 529.

LEGAL CARDS.

J. W. G. WINNETT, BARRISTER, ETC. 418 1/2 Talbot street. Money to loan. Marriage licenses.

SCANDRETT & PROUDFOOT, BARRIS- TERS, solicitors, etc. Money to loan. 25 Dundas. T. W. Scandrett; W. A. Proud- foot, B.A.

W. H. BARTRAM, BARRISTER, SOLI- CITOR, etc. Office, 99 Dundas street.

MAGPHERSON & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors. Money to loan. Robinson Hall Chambers.

J. M. McKEVY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Robinson Hall Chambers. Money to loan.

EDMUND WELLS—Barrister, 425 Richmond street.

TENNENT & CAMPBELL, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc. Money to loan. Lowest rates. 78 Dundas.

A. GREENE, BARRISTER, ETC. CAR- LING block, Richmond street. Private funds to loan.

BOUCHER & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 83 Dundas. Phone 800. Money to loan. T. A. Buchner; J. M. Gunn, B.A.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLI- CITOR, etc. 109 Dundas, near Richmond. Money to loan.

GIBBONS, HARPER & GIBBONS, BARRIS- TERS, etc., corner Richmond and Carling. George C. Gibbons, K.C.; Fred F. Harper; George S. Gibbons.

J. F. FAULDS, BARRISTER, ETC. ROBIN- SON Hall Chambers.

JARVIS & VINI—BARRISTERS ETC. 101 Dundas. C. G. Jarvis; Jared Vining, B.A.

CRONIN & BETTS & COLLETT, BARRIS- TERS, solicitors, notaries public, etc. Huron and Erie building.

PURDON & PURDON, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Masonic Temple building, corner Richmond and King. Thomas H. Purdon, K.C.; Alexander Purdon.

McKILLIP & MURPHY, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc., corner Richmond and Dundas. J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

FITZGERALD & FITZGERALD, BARRIS- TERS, Money to loan. Masonic Temple, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER DAY OR EVEN- ING classes at the Western Business Col- lege at any time. Regular commercial course; complete shorthand course; ad- vanced course. W. C. Coo, C.E.B., presi- dent.

J. A. YOUNG PREPARES PUPILS FOR matriculation, etc. Class

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1853.

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Job Department 178
Editorial Department 134
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don, Ont.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Readers of The Advertiser are re-
quested to favor the management by
reporting any irregularities in deliv-
ery. Communicate with the Circula-
tion Department or Phone 107.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 10.

A CRUEL INJUSTICE.

There will be both indignation and
surprise over the conduct of the
school board in allowing nepotism and
politics to govern the appointment of
principal of the London Collegiate
Institute. The majority of the trust-
tees have dealt unjustly with individ-
uals, and have played fast and loose
with the educational interests of the
city. The welfare of a great institu-
tion has been made the plaything of
pull and partyism. The public willnow see the reason why electors of one
party stripe were urged day after day
to vote the "straight ticket" in the
last municipal campaign. It was
known at that time that the position of
principal would be vacant during the
present year. The "straight ticket" was
part of the carefully-contrived con-
spiracy which culminated yesterday.It is not pretended that the success-
ful applicant for the principalship is
better qualified than others who have
given longer service. He was passed
over their heads through the favor of
a relative, who is an influential mem-
ber of the board. There will be no dis-
position to censure Mr. McCutcheon for
profiting by this lucky accident. The
prizes in the profession are few. But,
without commenting or reflecting on
his abilities or fitness for the office, it
is plain that his promotion, under such
circumstances, is utterly dishearten-
ing to those who had stronger claims,
and will tend to the disorganization
of the staff. It will not be surprising
if the victims of the board's injustice
will quietly seek other positions where
preference goes by merit, not by fa-
vor.Every teacher in London is given to
understand that ability and length of
service are not factors in determining
promotion. This state of affairs will be
a warning to capable teachers to avoid
this city, or to leave it when they get
the opportunity.These conditions created by the
School Board will aggravate the diffi-
culties of Mr. McCutcheon's task in
conducting the largest Collegiate In-
stitute in the Province. It is question-
able whether he is well-advised in his
own interest in assuming so heavy a
responsibility.Citizens will be wanting in public
spirit and a sense of justice if they
do not find some method of showing
their resentment of the wrongs in-
flicted upon senior members of the Col-
legiate Institute staff, and of the
vicious principle which the School
Board establishes.

THE OIL TRUST APPEALS.

It is not the nature of men like the
Standard Oil Company magnates to
meekly bow to the recent finding of
Judge Landis, and without murmur pay
over the enormous fine imposed of
\$29,240,000. The announcement that
an appeal is to be at once entered will
surprise no one. John D. Rockefeller
is credited with having declared that
the Chicago judge will be long dead
before the fine is paid. Whether or
not he said this, there can be no doubt
that not until every legal resource has
been exhausted will one cent of the
fine be paid. Even so to gigantic a
corporation as the oil trust the fine is
a stupendous one. To be effective it
had to be made so, for a small penalty
would only be regarded as a license to
continue the old methods.According to the Commissioner of
American Corporations, the total
amount of dividends paid by the
Standard Oil Company from 1882 to
1906 was \$552,000,000, or an average
of \$22,000,000 a year; so it will be
seen the fine amounts to rather more
than a year's dividends. The agree-
gate profits were \$790,000,000, or a year-
ly average of \$31,600,000. The profits
in 1898 were 256 per cent; in 1904 they
rose to 670 per cent. About \$75,000,000
was the amount of the original invest-
ment.The first step in the appeal proceed-
ings will be a motion in the United
States Circuit Court of Appeals for a
reversal, on points of law and fact, of
the judgment of the lower court. In
the event of the trust being defeated
there a reversal will be sought from
the United States Supreme Court the
appellants claiming that the fine is a
violation of the provision contained inthe eighth amendment to the Constitu-
tion, that "excessive bail shall not be
required, nor excessive fines imposed,
nor cruel and unusual punishment in-
flicted."In support of the claim that the fine
is excessive, it is argued, on behalf of
the trust, that the Standard Oil Com-
pany of Indiana, the defendant of
record in the case, is capitalized at only
\$1,000,000, with but \$10,000,000 of as-
sets, and that to fine any corporation
close on thirty times its assets is a
legal absurdity. The answer to this is
that the Indiana corporation is merely
a subsidiary of the New Jersey cor-
poration, the real Standard Oil—a fact
which was clearly established at the
trial.This raised the interesting and im-
portant point as to how far a parent
corporation is responsible for the mis-
deeds of its offspring. In other words,
can one corporation hold a majority of
the stock of a smaller one, and remain
immune from all accountability in law
for the illegal action of the subsidiary?
Or, can the courts look beyond the
title of a defendant and adjust a pun-
ishment to both the enormity of the
offense and the ability of the defend-
ant to discharge the obligation im-
posed?That the judgment and penalty are
popular is shown by the praise given
Judge Landis in the press, and the
fact that some of his more enthusi-
astic friends have attempted to start
a presidential boom on his behalf—an
attempt which the judge has promptly
frowned down. In the general denun-
ciation of the company's methods, no
one has been more severe than the
Commissioner of Corporations. That
official declares that the domestic con-
sumer has been obliged to pay an
enormous tribute to the monopoly,
which, instead of being a benefit to
the consumer, has increased the price
of oil or kept the price higher than it
would have been under free competi-
tion. That included in its unfair prac-
tices are illegal advantages in pipe lines,
railroad discrimination, formation of
bogus companies, bribery of railroad
employees, giving short measure and
deception as to the quality of oil sold,
and that it maintains bogus independ-
ent companies, and has an elaborate
system of espionage on genuine inde-
pendent companies.Progress of the appeal proceedings
will be watched with keenest inter-
ests by the American people, and it is
safe to say that the sustaining of
Judge Landis' finding by the highest
court will be as popular as the judg-
ment itself. At the same time it should
prove a strong hint to the Standard
Oil Company to mend its business
ways.

"CANADA'S CENTURY."

This is the title of a volume which
is a very practical evidence of Cana-
da's growing importance in the esti-
mate of British observers. It is a
reprint of letters written by Mr. R. J.
Barrett, editor of the *Financial and*
Bullionist, London, England, while on
an extensive tour of this country. He
has taken his cue from Sir Wilfrid
Laurier's historic phrase: "The Twen-
tieth Century Will Be Canada's Century."
Lord Strathcona has written an
introduction to Mr. Barrett's book, and
commends it alike to the student of
Canadian progress and development,
and to those who, from a more prac-
tical and commercial standpoint, desire
to know what Canada is and what it is
likely to become. He adds:"It seems to be the destiny of
Canada to continue along the path of
progress for many decades—one
might almost say centuries, to come.
Before the end of the century its
population ought to exceed that of
the United States at the present
time, considering the facilities the
country offers for the provision of
homes for a large population, and
the ease with which settlers can now
reach it. The advantages Canada
offers are being recognized in every
portion of the United States and of
Europe, and immigrants of all na-
tionalities are pouring in to reap
the benefit of the riches with which
it has been endowed."Mr. Barrett is a trained observer,
and has done his work with thorough-
ness. He traveled from the Atlantic
to the Pacific and visited every prov-
ince but Prince Edward Island. "I went
with an open mind," he says, "quite
free from prejudice or predilection—
not over-optimistic or inclined to over-
rate, but with an earnest desire to see
and hear and apprehend. Thus I tra-
veled east and west—saw cities, prair-
ies, homes, and industry—investigated
every phase of enterprise—talked with
men who represent the great Domini-
on's energy and are themselves its
pioneers, or pre-eminent in fostering
its growth. I left the beaten track at
times; I saw the fertile lands where
railway cars could not convey me, and
spoke with lonely settlers in the home-
steads of the west."The result is a monument to Mr.
Barrett's industry, and his journalistic
faculty of acquiring and collating in-
formation. He has apparently covered
the whole Canadian field—agriculture,
manufacturing, mining, banking, trans-
portation, fisheries, forest resources,
electrical development, and even sport
and tourist attractions. He has got
his facts at first-hand, and has
amassed a wider range of detailed
information about Canada than has
been put into any other volume yet
published. His book of 550 pages is
handsomely illustrated with views,which represent different aspects of
Canadian progress.Mr. Barrett's conclusions will satisfy
the most optimistic Canadian. "Not
till I went to Canada," he said, "had
I imagined anything that equaled the
reality I saw. Assuredly every evi-
dence emphasizes with increasing
force the truth of Sir Wilfrid Laur-
ier's prophetic pronouncement that if
the nineteenth century saw the mak-
ing of the United States, assuredly the
twentieth will be Canada's Century."

The family compact spirit dies hard.

Great is Pull and MacRobert is its
prophet.The London School Board can put
the ordinary spoilsman to shame.The water controversy suggests that
Mr. Facing-Both-Ways is on the city
council.Trustee MacRobert must at least be
given credit for recognizing the ties of
kinship.Experience, ability, seniority, long
and faithful service—these count for
nothing with the school board.The teaching profession throughout
Ontario is notified that London is a
good place to stay away from.What do fair-minded Conservatives
think of the use made of their party
to do the chores of the school board
boss?What a fine board of executors
the quintet of the London School Board
would make for the Whitney Govern-
ment!All honor to Trustee Teasdale. He
may lose the favor of the boss and
his friends, but he has saved his self-
respect.There has been an intermittent agi-
tation for the teaching of ethics in
the public schools. In this city it is
needed more in the school board.It would be charitable to suppose
that Messrs. MacRobert, Graham,
Fitzgerald, McCormick and Granger
must be secretly ashamed of the in-
justice they have inflicted upon senior
members of the Collegiate Institute
staff.

RIGHT KIND OF SCALES.

[Toronto Star.]
Albany officials have started a crusade
against short weights. There would be no
kick coming if tradesmen would use the
kind of scales, for instance, that amateur
anglers employ in weighing black bass in
Muskegon.

THE MOUNTBANK.

[Harper's Weekly.]
I give them tragedy—their eyes
With grief are wet;
And merry comedy, that wins
Their laughter, yet—In smiles and tears, so poor as I,
There is not one;
Nor heart nor home awaits me, when
The play is done."Monest men or women, have I none
That calls me friend;
No sweetheart, to come hugging me
Her woes to mend.
Not any dear joy-hallowed spot
Where memory's green grass grows;
Nor even one lone grave, where I
May steal to weep.

PROBLEM IN ADDITION.

[Harper's Weekly.]
Little Solly his brow puckered by intel-
lectual strain, he leaned on the black-
board a sketch of a milkmaid and cattle—
One—two—three—three—cows.
Teacher—Yes, and what else?
Little Solly (in triumphant haste)—And
one lady!
Teacher—How many altogether?
Little Solly—One—two—three (stope and
draws his right foot up and down his left
leg). One—two—th-th-three (pauses in a
desperate effort to count a little further,
then gasps)—Oo-oo-oo, teacher, I don't
know how to add up cows and ladies!

REFLECTIONS.

[New York Press.]
Being a mother of a large family is not
so much trouble to a woman as not being
married.—Boston Herald.
Lazy men work overtime when it comes
to dispensing advice.—Chicago News.
Censure and criticism never hurt any-
body—if true they show a man his weak
points, and forewarn him against failure
and trouble; if false they cannot hurt him,
unless he is wanting in character.—Glad-
stone.
It doesn't take much of a domestic at-
titude to sour the milk of human kindness.—
Philadelphia Record.
A man can make a lot of money by get-
ting other people to do it for him.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

[Montreal Gazette.]
The evidence in the London collapse dis-
aster goes to show that everybody knew it
was going to happen, and nobody felt cal-
led upon to stop it. The rottenness of the
mortar in the crumbling wall can hardly
have been worse than that in the system
of municipal building inspection which
collapsed so spectacularly at the first test.

BY THE RIVER.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
A green spot by a river's brim,
A man without a care;
A pensive maiden close to him,
A day superbly fair.
Green branches lightly swayed above
By breezes cool and sweet;
A tale of knight and of love,
Glad looks that often meet.
A hand within another laid.
A sight, a whispered word;
A man without a care, a maid
Whose breast is strangely stirred.
A sky without a single fleck
On all its broad expanse;
A wrap upon the maiden's neck,
A basted-up romance.

CANADA'S GROWTH.

[Globe's Weekly.]
On this basis Canada may expect to have
seven and a quarter millions of people in
1917, nearly ten millions in 1921, almost
thirteen millions in 1931, over seventeen
millions in 1941, and more than twenty-
three millions in 1951. There is one cir-
cumstance, however, which impairs the
value of all such comparisons. The growth
of the United States in the first half of
the nineteenth century was almost entirelyYou
Spend
Carelesslya sum of money every
week that would be
enough to provide
protection for your
family, in case of your
death, or provide an
income for you in
your old age. You
fritter away what
would insure you, and
be a safeguard to
your loved ones.That thought should
be sufficient to make
you write at once for
information about
our policies. Our
Reserve Dividend
policies provide a
remarkably satisfac-
tory method of
assurance for men of
moderate income.
Endowments are
obtainable at ordi-
nary Life Rates.LONDON
LIFEInsurance Company,
London, Canada.
GEO. MCBROOM
InspectorJ. F. MAINE
Supt. Industrial Branchby natural increase, and so proceeded at a
regular geometrical ratio, never varying
from a mean of 34.5 per cent by as much
as 2 per cent either way. Canada's present
spurt is the result of a wave of immigra-
tion. It may keep on at its present rate;
it may swell to an even greater volume;
or it may decline. Historical parallels are
not very trustworthy guides in such a
matter.

AT A WESTERN WINDOW.

[Benjamin S. Parker, in Reader.]
I gaze from the western window,
Afarward the sunshine and the shadows
Where the sunshine and the shadows
In parting glory play.
To violet isles enchanted
That smile at the open door.
As the argosies of evening
Ball through to a fairer shore.
The day is long behind me,
The night is coming on.
But I hear a robin singing
The song he sang at dawn;
Now one with the moon is evening,
And one with the earth and sky.
The blossoms in the meadow
With the stars that breathe on high.

A SKETCH OF SIR WILFRID.

[T. P. O'Connor.]
I dare not talk of the temptations that
were open to a man in his position, for
nothing could tempt him to defect by a
hair's breadth from the straight path of
perfect integrity—but everybody will know
that a man who lives in a country grow-
ing from hour to hour with gigantic rapid-
ity and who might easily become a multi-
millionaire, if he so desired, Sir Wilfrid
Laurier has remained the man with mod-
est tastes, a modest house, a modest in-
come. He has preferred in life the greater
and purer glory of serving his country and
countrymen, with no other reward than
the modest remuneration of their minis-
terial salary and the immeasurable extent
of their affection and respect.

AND SO IT GOES.

[Pittsburg Post.]
The young man lies him to the sea,
He has been thrifty;
And in two weeks he blows what he
Saved up in fifty.

GETTING REVENGE.

[Detroit News.]
Thomas Beecham, the famous pill man,
victim of a swindle, has been told that
the swindler is a grocer. They tell a
story about him and a grocer.
The grocer was guilty of some rather
sharp practice on Mr. Beecham one day,
and the latter stamped out of the shop
roaring:"You're a swindler, and I'll never enter
your doors again!"
Next day, though, he came back and
bought five pounds of sugar."Dear me," said the grocer, smiling in a
forgiving way, "I thought you were never
going to enter my doors again?"
"Well, I didn't mean to," said Mr.
Beecham; "but yours is the only shop in
the place where I can get what I want.
You see, I am going to pot some bulbs, and
I need sand."Minard's Liniment Company, Limited:
Gentlemen,—In June, '98, I had my hand
and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a
tick on my horse. I suffered greatly for
several days, and the tooth cut refused
to heal until your agent gave me a bottle
of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began
using. The effect was magical; in five
hours the pain had ceased, and in two
weeks the wounds had completely healed
and my hand and arm were as well as
ever. Yours truly,
A. E. ROY.

St. Antoine, P.Q. Carriage-maker.

TEN O'CLOCK CLOSING TONIGHT

J.H.CHAPMAN
& CO.

TELEPHONES:

FIRST FLOOR, 791.
SECOND FLOOR, 2174Your phone orders receive just
as careful attention as if person-
ally chosen.Hosiery Counter, 7 to
10 p.m. TonightEast Counter—Front Entrance.
Big selling at the Hosiery Coun-
ter shows where the right values
are. Chapman's values are always
right.Ladies' Embroidered Cotton
Hose, full-fashioned, Hermsdorf
dye, double heel and toe, good
value at 40c pair, tonight, 35c per
pair, or three pairs for \$1.00.Ladies' Gauze Lisle Hose, double
heel and toe, black, flower printed
on colors, white, pink and blue,
regular 60c per pair, tonight, 49c.Boys' Heavy Ribbed Black Cot-
ton Stockings, double heel, toe,
and knee, Hercules brand, good
wearers, sizes for boys 7 to 16
years, very special, per pair .25cGents' Furnishing Dept.
WEST COUNTER—FRONT
ENTRANCE.Men's Cotton Half-Hose, with
balbriggan soles, 25c value, re-
duced for clean sweep19c
Men's Pure All-Wool Black
Cashmere Hose, splendid quality,
double heel and toe, regular 25c,
value, for19cMen's Cotton Half-Hose, with
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double heel and toe, regular 25c,
value, for19c

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FIRST FLOOR, 791.
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Big selling at the Hosiery Coun-
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balbriggan soles, 25c value, re-

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson
Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty
Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XV. Links in a Chain.

I sent my mind back to collect each trifling detail that had formed a link in the chain of fate since the day when I had received my astonishing invitation from Lady Sophie de Gretton in the park. And then, when I had them all before me, I tried to join them together in something like proper sequence. But I was very young, and I had had no previous experience as an amateur detective.

If I had not been mistaken, if Mr. Wynnstay had really attempted to drug me at Holland ark Mansions that memorable night, it seemed certain either that he had wished to do me some serious harm or else that he had intended to search my pockets for papers which he was desperately anxious to discover. These were the only reasons for such a course that occurred to me.

Then I found, in trying to recall them one by one, that I could not accurately remember the words exchanged by Lady Dunbar and her companion behind the curtain. I had not charged my mind with them as I might have believed at the time that their purport could intimately concern me, and I had not only the impression left that Lady Dunbar had resented the power which the owner of a certain escriptorie might exert over her. She had consulted Mr. Wynnstay confidentially, and he had been of the opinion that much depended on papers in the aforesaid person's possession, that person being mentioned by him as "the girl," by Lady Dunbar as "the creature."

Now, I assuredly was a girl, but to my idea of myself the description "creature" was far from applicable. I had never harmed Lady Dunbar, and

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4130

A PRETTY WASHABLE FROCK.
(4130).

The frocks for the little people do not tend so much to elaboration of design as in times past, but to fineness of fabric and exquisite development. Here is a simple dress for everyday or "best," which is easily constructed and very pleasing. The lingerie fabrics are most used for such frocks, but a light-weight cloth might serve as well. The simple round yoke and cuffs of embroidery, edged with a narrow full of Valenciennes, while the latter furnishes the edge of the skirt. Tucks in front and gathers in back regulate the fullness and provide sufficient adornment for the body of the dress. If a party dress is desired, the sleeves may be in short puff and finished with a narrow band of insertion. For a cloth dress, braid would be the best adornment. The skirt may be finished with a ruffle or hem. For the medium size 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4130—Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

could not see how I should be able to do so even if I would. Her daughter disliked me, I felt instinctively, though she had sought my society with some assiduity during the few weeks of our acquaintance. But that was different. Lady Sophie's scarcely veiled hints had set me blushing for the motive which might inspire antagonism in Miss Dunbar's heart.

Why, I knew not, but Mr. Wynnstay and Lady Dunbar apparently had some common interest in my affairs. Both had given evidence of wishing to fight against me rather than for me, if I could trust to my poor deductions; yet Mr. Wynnstay, supposing it were he, had gone to Haptholme Villa, announcing that he had information which "might be to my advantage."

The more I thought the more tangled grew the coil in my brain; yet I did begin to wonder if I were going to prove rather an important young person, after all. At any rate, it seemed clear that Mr. Wynnstay and Lady Dunbar believed themselves possessors of a knowledge of my past. It might be that I was not the girl they supposed me to be, for, as Jimmy had said, perhaps I didn't belong to the "right branch of the family."

But they were taking something for granted, I thought, and I would do the same. Possibly, if I proved to be of significance in their lives, I might come into money which Lady Dunbar considered that she and her daughter ought to inherit. Such things had always been reserved, even with me, so that I knew next to nothing of my antecedents.

Lady Dunbar had admitted that I resembled some one she had formerly known, and though I could not prove that her story about her charitable visit to Peckham was a fabrication to cure her rest motive, I was sure that ever now that she had deliberately followed me home.

The telegram which I had seen her writing, it suddenly struck me, had probably been sent to Mr. Wynnstay. Perhaps he had not been at home when it arrived; for much later, when I had first seen him on the point of leaving Holland Park Mansions, I now remembered that he had been crushing something which looked like a telegram in his hand.

If this had been a message concerning me, how extraordinary a coincidence it must have seemed to him at that moment that I should walk almost into his arms! The resemblance which had impressed Lady Dunbar at first sight must have been evident to Mr. Wynnstay as well, or he would not have immediately taken measures for detaining me—measures which, at the beginning of the scene between us, I had attributed to a stranger's kindness of heart.

I now fancied that in obedience to the telegram the man had gone to Haptholme Villa at the earliest practicable hour on the following morning. He had already seen me, and been aware of my absence, the night before, though he had not necessarily known that it would be permanent.

He had doubtless obtained at the house in Peckham a good deal of information regarding me which Jimmy, with the best intentions in the world, had neglected to dilate upon in his narrative. He had been willing to pay the sum of five pounds merely to obtain a glimpse of the escriptorie, and nearly two hundred to possess it.

Question myself as I might, I could not find a reason substantial enough to explain such extravagant eagerness. I had never supposed that the poor little piece of furniture, which I treasured in memory of my mother, was of much intrinsic value. It was antique, I knew, but I was meagerly instructed in such matters. I thought I had heard mother say that the escriptorie, which had been hers since I could remember, was Chippendale; but Chippendale meant little more to my ignorance than bamboo; and, besides, the desk showed the wear and tear of life at Haptholme.

The dog's teeth, the baby's drumsticks, Emmy's pencils, and Jimmy's penknife had all left their traces upon it from time to time, to say nothing of an ink blot which an unexpected tap on my elbow had once caused me to upset. Notwithstanding these things, a presumably disinterested "private gent" had considered the thing worth twenty pounds and a four-wheeled cab, while Mr. Wynnstay had turned pale over its loss.

No doubt the latter had supposed that I kept important papers locked away in it, refusing to credit Mrs. East's perfectly true statement that every drawer was empty, save for Arne's letters. His explanation that

Indigestion Ruins Complexion

The Sallow, Pale Tired Woman Usually Has Stomach Trouble.

The good looks of every woman depend largely upon the proper working of her stomach and other internal organs.

If your stomach is strong and digestion is good, the cheeks blush with color, eyes dance and sparkle, breath will be pure and your hair smooth and glossy.

Let indigestion creep in, and the skin becomes sallow and rough, pimples break out, eyes get dark-circled, ill-health is all too apparent.

Get the stomach toned up with Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they increase the secretion of the gastric juices, promote vigorous digestion, increase the supply of blood and thereby invigorate the entire system.

The system is quickly won back to a normal healthy condition by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and every girl or woman who uses this remedy will show it in a clear wholesome complexion, and a sound healthy body.

Sold in 25c boxes by all dealers.

the desk itself was to be taken as proof of my identity seemed too far fetched, and I did not credit it. I blushed a little as I told myself that Mr. Wynnstay had in all probability retained what he had heard of me to Lady Dunbar and "Diana," as the younger woman had invited me to call her. Whatever else they might or might not know of me, they were probably aware that, instead of being the high-born young orphan heiress from the country, whom Lady Sophie de Gretton had taken under her wing for the reason because of an old friendship, I was only a little insignificant blunderer, plucked by the hand of eccentric charity from nursery governessing in the wilds of Peckham.

My evasions of Lady Dunbar's rather pointed questions regarding the frequency of my visits to that neighborhood had availed nothing. Doubtless, when Lady Dunbar asked them she was already acquainted with the truth from that mysterious person, Mr. Wynnstay. How she and Diana, the only enemies I had made in the new world (which was not to be all sunshine for me), must laugh when they heard the stories Lady Sophie had carefully set afloat concerning my past!

They might tell what they knew (and this reflection brought another blush), but I was not to share among my smart acquaintances. But, on the whole, I hardly fancied that they would proceed to this extreme without sharp provocation. If it were Lady Dunbar's matter to deny having followed me to Peckham, to disavow all personal interest in me and my antecedents (lest I should be put on the track of rights now unknown to me, and strive to claim them), she would not wish to admit a knowledge of what my life had been before I burst upon society as "one of Lady Sophie's debutantes."

I ought not to have cared who knew the story of my perfectly respectable, blankly monotonous years at Peckham. I had earned my living honestly and by hard work, which was more than could be said of many among my new friends. But, though I had not to resent having circulated false reports concerning myself, my growing vanity had led me to accent without protest Lady Sophie's version of my history; and now I owned to my conscience that I would be mortified if she were contradicted, and the bald truth ruthlessly brushed aside.

The only real decision which I had arrived at by the time I reached Peckham Lane was to tell my protegee Jimmy's story, and let her sharp wit supplement my inexperienced efforts at deduction.

I had started out at twelve o'clock and it was two when I returned. Lady Sophie was ready for luncheon, and pronounced herself half starved; but my part as narrator, and hers as listener, after all, prevented our doing justice to the dishes and ends with which her cook had studied our feminine appetites.

Eventually, however, though her opinions largely coincided with mine, they proved disappointing to my expectations, for she had no brilliant light to throw on the matter.

The principal question appeared to be: Had I evidence to show who I was, or who my father's name had been, as the other side, judging from the Easts, did not seem particularly promising. If I had proofs, it might be worth while to spend a little money in having the affair sifted, and find out whether I could lay claim to the advantages of which the Dunbars or others would fain deprive me. Lady Sophie had read papers requesting missing heirs to come forward, and who could tell but I might come into some nice little legacy?

I had no such proofs, no family papers whatever? Then, beyond consulting her solicitor, Lady Sophie did not see what steps we could possibly take.

"It was nothing like this that made you first think of asking me to come to you?" I asked at last.

"The color rose to her handsome face. "No, it was nothing like that," she echoed with reserve.

Next day Lady Sophie did repeat my tale to her solicitor, a delightful old person in a Gladstonian collar, who had transacted legal business for her late husband and her late husband's father. I was not present at the interview, but my benefactress assured me that she had been most clear, concise, and had not forgotten a single point.

Yet the upshot of the matter was that Mr. Wallace had smiled, as he might smile indulgence at a precocious child. He knew Mr. Wynnstay by reputation, and had every reason for believing him to be, professionally or privately, above reproach. He was unable to see that thing which in the case (the excellent man would persist in regarding me as a "case"), and advised Lady Sophie not to take measures which she was sure to regret.

Mr. Wynnstay was an honorable and clever solicitor, who might be trusted to tell Miss Brand know, in good time, if there were any chance of her inheriting property, whether or not clients of his had endeavored to prejudice his mind, in supposition which Mr. Wallace considered extremely wild, excessively improbable.

"I dare say, if we knew the whole truth of the matter (all you overheard, and all that your little cousin told you) the explanation would be so simple that you would laugh at your own suspicions," declared Lady Sophie, fresh from her talk with her old adviser. "If you are determined to be the heroine of a romance, my child, turn your eyes away from this middle to a love story. I assure you it will be far more repaying."

This shut me up within myself again, as a mention of "love" from lips invariably did, through my vague, half-admitted fear that she would plunge into personalities. I resigned my mind to the loss of the escriptorie, and came near to forgetting my many causes of bewilderment in preparations for Henley.

Lady Sophie and I had been asked for the three days of the regatta on board a grand house boat, which belonged to Captain Weyland's married brother, Lord Forth. Lady Dunbar and Diana were invited also; and Sir George Seaforth had told me that he had accepted because we were going.

Life on the idle hour was a revelation to me. Lady Sophie had provided

me with some pretty dresses, and I was petted and flattered, till it became a marvel that my head was not completely turned. Perhaps this would have happened if it had not been for Sir George Seaforth.

CHAPTER XVI. Sesame and Lilies.

It was not that Sir George did not conspire with the rest for the overthrow of my common sense, but when he was with me what the others did or said mattered little. And, somehow, no look or word of admiration from this one man ever appealed to my vanity.

I was apt to take it for granted that most men meant what they said. If they assumed that I was the only girl worth talking to, worth gazing at, on earth; and when they neglected other women for the sake of absorbing as much of my society as I would grant, I was willing to believe that they did it solely for the desire to be with me.

But when George Seaforth schemed to get me away from the crowd into quiet corners, I made myself miserable with the fear that he only did so because he wanted to make some one else—Diana, perhaps—jealous. Or I was tormented with the thought that he might merely enjoy a flirtation with a girl who had achieved the reputation of a beauty.

Again, if I had succeeded in persuading myself that so abominable a motive had never entered Sir George Seaforth's head, I flung my spirit once more into the depths of the conviction that his desire was to save me from neglect. I fancied the few sweet compliments which he sometimes paid me, in words as well as deeds, were but the utterances of habit, the things which men of the world, in society, considered due to every tolerably good-looking woman.

Whenever we parted (no matter how happy I had been while we were together) I was invariably despondent, overwhelmed with useless regrets for smart repartees I might have made, and had not; hating myself because I had been so dull, so stupid, so altogether unamusing.

To Be Continued.

RIGO'S NEW WIFE IN SLANDER SUIT

New York Woman Asks \$250,000
From Princess De Chimay's
Successor.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—In a \$250,000 suit for slander that has just been brought by Mrs. Isabella J. Martin, of New York, against Mrs. Catherine Rigo, formerly Mrs. Casper Emerson, of this city, who two years ago supplanted the Princess de Chimay, her own cousin in the affections of Janes Rigo, another sensational chapter in the musician's career has begun.

Mrs. Martin makes the most remarkable assertion that it is not the former Mrs. Emerson who is with the Princess de Chimay, but herself, Incognito.

Mrs. Rigo contends that she is virtually a prisoner in the Princess Hotel, Atlantic City, because of her fear of Mrs. Martin, who, she says, has threatened her with vitriol and has surrounded her with detectives. Rigo is now playing at the Hotel Rudolph at Atlantic City.

"I am the victim of a conspiracy," Mrs. Rigo said yesterday. "A conspiracy, I really believe, which has been fostered by the Princess de Chimay, my cousin, for the purpose of winning my husband back to her by alienating him from me."

Agent of Princess de Chimay. "Mr. Rigo thinks that Mrs. Martin is crazy, but I am positive that she is but the agent of the princess, and the princess' family, who desire to separate us. But that isn't all. Mrs. Martin has threatened to do me bodily harm. I am afraid of her. She has been seen about the place, and I have been afraid to leave my hotel. I remain here, guarded night and day."

"Moreover, I have been given to understand that this woman has been frequently seen at the Rudolph Hotel, where my husband is playing. That she followed us here from New York to persecute us is evident from the scurrilous letter that she has sent to me by messenger. I do not propose to tolerate that woman any longer. I am already preparing to invoke the law to keep her from annoying Mr. Rigo or myself any longer."

Mrs. Rigo was served on Tuesday last with a summons in the suit that Mrs. Martin has instituted against her. The suit is based upon a statement that Mrs. Rigo made in New York last month, in which she declared that Mrs. Martin had thrust herself upon her, declaring that she, Mrs. Rigo, was really the Princess de Chimay, who was trying to conceal her identity, that she was the mother of a 15-year-old boy, whose parentage she refused to acknowledge.

Mrs. Martin's suit is based on remarks made by Mrs. Rigo that she was persecuted by her. In her bill of complaint Mrs. Martin says:

Scents Princess in Disguise.

"Plaintiff has every reason to believe that most strenuous efforts have been made by all concerned, Thomas Lyon, of Chicago; Mrs. John Morrow, mother of ex-Princess de Chimay, and the sisters of Thomas Lyon, aided by Mr. Rigo, and others, to sink in oblivion the hateful name of Princess de Chimay. Plaintiff understands and believes that for five years the defendant known by so many different aliases, has been flitting between America and Europe, changing names constantly in order that she may establish and build up a new name, thereby killing the old name of Princess de Chimay."

"Plaintiff is informed, and so believes, that prior to the meeting of Rigo and Mrs. Casper Emerson at the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria, they were for months before constantly seen in each other's company, and that while driving in the park in a hansom with plaintiff, defendant informed her that Princess de Chimay had changed her entire appearance, had all the skin burned from her face in order to erase the crimson stain that was tattooed there; and also her arm was burned in

Rheumatism, Munyon's 3X Cures



Think of a remedy that removes sharp, shooting pains in any part of the body in from one to three hours, and effects a perfect cure in a few days. It purifies the blood. It neutralizes the acid and takes all inflammation and soreness away. Have you a lame or aching back, lumbago or sciatica? Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's 3 X Rheumatism Cure, and see how quickly you will be cured. If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Special Kidney Cure. Money back if it fails. Munyon's Vitalizer makes weak men strong, and restores lost powers.

order to erase the coat-of-arms of the Chimay family, and Rigo's name, and she was so fearful of the outcome that she (the Princess de Chimay) paid her maid \$100 to try the first experiment."

FRANCE TRAINS FOR AIRSHIPS

Premier and War Minister Made
Fun of Their Journey
in the Clouds.

Paris, Aug. 10.—Ministers generally do not seem anxious to imitate the example of M. Clemenceau and General Picquart, who were passengers in the sixth aerial voyage of the Patrie on Monday last.

The Premier has had to submit to a good deal of Opposition chaff in consequence of his journey in cloudland. What would have happened to the country if M. Clemenceau had not come back? Did France run the risk of a coup d'etat while the Premier and the head of the army department were in the air? These are some of journalistic pleasantries which have been hurled upon M. Clemenceau.

But badinage of this kind does not affect the Premier. He had been up in a captive balloon, but never before in a dirigible, and both he and M. Picquart are greatly impressed with the possibilities of the aerial fleet, on the lines of Patrie, which, as pointed out in the Daily Chronicle a week ago, contemplates building.

M. Bertheaux, ex-Minister of War and chairman of the Army Budget commission, made several trips in the Lebaudy last year, when she carried out her trials in the neighborhood of the eastern frontier, and he is an ardent supporter of the scheme for increasing France's aerial fleet.

Yesterday M. Julliot, the constructor of the Lebaudy and Patrie, and warmly congratulated him on giving to France what experts agree is the most perfect type of dirigible yet designed.

The Patrie is not to go to her frontier station at Verdun for the moment. She is still at the balloon park at Mendon, where she is employed in the training of the crews of the future airships, and in this connection she will make a series of ascents weekly. M. Clemenceau contemplates making another ascent shortly, this time with M. Thomson, Minister of Marine. Some of M. Fallieres' intimate friends suggested that he should go on a presidential cruise in the Patrie, but M. Fallieres is said to have reported that he will think about it when his term of office had expired.

MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally, because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand, and give them occasionally to her children. The Tablets can be given with equal success to the newborn babe or the well-grown child. They always do good — they cannot possibly do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

More than one-half the members of New York City's population—2,753,235 persons—have deposits in the city's savings banks.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT moves all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Callard & McLachlan, London. 61-17

The floor area of St. Peter's, Rome, is 277,093 square feet, being the greatest floor area of any cathedral in the world.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

In Bloomsbury, London, recently a clergyman conducted the service and preached for about five minutes in an absolutely empty church.

Argentina has a 66,720-acre wheat field.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all dealers or EDWARD MORSE, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

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We guarantee you
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SELLING OUT

Compare These Prices With Any Jeweler In Existence:

Ladies' Chatelaine Silver Watch.	Was \$4 00. Now	\$2 50
Boys' Nickel Watch (extra value).	Was \$2 00	\$1 00
Ladies' Hunting Waltham Watch, in a 25-year case.	Was \$15 00.	\$8 50
8-Day Clock, half-hour strike, 22 inches high.	Was \$5 00	\$2 25
Alarm Clock; good timekeeper.	Was \$1 50. Now	65c
Plated Cuff Links and Scarf Pins.	Were 50c. Now	25c
Solid Gold Birthday Ring.	Was \$2 00. Now	\$1 25
European and American Backcombs from		35c up
Masonic, Oddfellows', and all society pins at		Half Price
1847 Rogers Bros.' Goods greatly reduced in price.		
1847 Rogers Bros.' Knives and Forks, per dozen		\$4 00
Gents' Waltham Watch, 20-year, gold filled case		\$7 00
Repeating Alarm Clock		\$1 10
Cut Glass Berry Bowl		\$3 25
Ladies' Chatelaine Gun Metal Watch		\$2 00
Rogers' Berry Spoon		1 00
Pearl Handled Butter Knives		50c
Fancy Gilt Clocks		\$1 50
Brass Kettles and Chafing Dishes		Half Price

P. BIRTWISTLE, 116 Dundas Street

WOODS' FAIR

Soaps, Powders and Polishes

Our store has for fifteen years been recognized as headquarters for Soaps, Powders and Polishes, and this department has been steadily growing all that time, because we have always endeavored to sell reliable goods, and at the closest possible prices. We still keep a great many of the old standby brands; also a host of new ones. In fact almost anything in this line is to be found on our counters.

Family Bar 2 1/2 pounds Soap.	price	10c
Ruby Laundry Soap, 10 bars 25c		25c
Our Own Electric Soap, 12 bars for		25c
Pure Imported Castile, bar 19c		19c
Transparent Glycerine, toilet, 5c		5c
32 other lines, all at		5c
Rosebath Toilet Soap		10c
White Rose Soap		10c
Caroline Soap		10c
Lilac Soap		10c
Woodbury's Facial		25c
Twin castile and oatmeal bar 5c		5c
Klenzine Ammonia, 1 and 2-lb.		3 for 5c
packages, at 5c and 10c package		
Velvet Borax Flakes		10c
Star Ammonia		5c
Snowflake Ammonia		5c
Family Borax		5c
Hand Sapolio		10c
Polishing Sapolio		10c
2-In-1 Shoe Polish		10c
Nonsuch Shoe Polish		10c
Ideal Shoe Polish		10c
Our Own Shoe Polish		15c
Newport Shoe Polish		10c
Brightlight Shoe Polish		10c
Nonsuch Enamel		10c
Quickshine Polish		10c
Ray Black Lead		3 for 5c

J. M. THOMSON.

Don't Experiment--Stick to

SHREDDED WHEAT

A natural food, clean, pure, wholesome, nutritious. Made under public inspection. The whole wheat and nothing but the wheat. Nature's best gift to man.

Health and strength in every shred.
For Sale by all grocers—13c per package; 2 for 25c.

The health of the nation will be improved by the

The British American Real Estate Company's List of Properties

Only a partial list. If it does not contain a property that just suits your requirements call and look over our complete list.

We will exchange your city real estate for Northwest and or for Ontario farm property if desired. We can show you some especially "good buys" in Northwest land if you will drop in and see us.

- \$7,000**—Dundas street, 2-story, solid brick house, 6 large bedrooms, hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, fruit and furnace cellar, large drive barn, lot 66x180.
- \$1,250**—Central avenue, 1½-story frame house, 2 large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, and a good chicken coop, lot 37½x150.
- \$2,300**—Quebec street, 1-story brick-veneer house, frame kitchen, 2 large bedrooms and a bathroom, hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, pantry, nice lawn and evergreen trees in front of house, lot 48x140.
- \$4,000**—Talbot street, 1-story cottage, 4 large bedrooms, and bathroom, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, and pantry, shed and soft and hard water, large cellar, all modern conveniences, lot 68x118.
- \$2,200**—Ontario street, 1½-story brick house, 3 large bedrooms, and a bathroom upstairs, hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, and 1 bedroom downstairs, electric light in house, lot 35x120.
- \$2,900**—Maitland street, 1½-story brick-veneer house, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry downstairs, also 1 large bedroom, 4 large bedrooms, bathroom and a large hall upstairs, wired for electric light, lot 35x150.
- \$10,000**—Richmond street, five stores, brick, cellar the full size of each. These are all 2-story buildings, with stores below, and residences above.
- \$1,600**—Grosvenor street, 1-story cottage, cellar in good condition, 2 large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry, 2 woodsheds. This place is in good repair, lot 55x133.
- \$3,500**—Albert street, 2-story frame house, 3 large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, lot 52x240.
- \$1,600**—Cathcart street, house and 7 lots, having a frontage of 22½ feet, 1 story frame house, large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, lot extending down Tecumseh avenue.
- \$2,200**—Richmond street, 2-story brick-veneer house, 2 large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, gas for light and cooking.
- \$1,100**—Central avenue, 1-story cottage, has water and gas connection, 4 large bedrooms, closets of each, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, lot 30x120.
- \$1,150**—Rogers avenue, 1½-story brick house, 4 large bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, water and gas connection, also electric light, lot 30x130.
- \$1,475**—Edward and Langarth streets, 1 story brick house, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and pantry, 3 large bedrooms, all modern conveniences, lot 30x100.
- \$6,000**—100 acres in the township of Brooke, county of Lambton, soil clay loam, level, all drained by a good well, good frame house, 11 rooms in the house, good barn, henhouse, pigpen and driveway, on a gravel road near the market.
- \$3,900**—75 acres in the township of Enniskillen, county of Lambton, 15 acres softwood timber, soil clay loam, good frame house, 8 rooms in house, good stable and implement house, henhouse, near market and cheese factory and on a gravel road.
- \$7,000**—150 acres in the township of Metcalfe, county of Middlesex, 140 acres cleared, 10 acres softwood timber, soil clay loam, slightly rolling, watered by a good spring well, good 1½-story brick house, barn 36x100. This is a good dairy farm.

Land purchasers desiring a free trip to the Northwest Territories call and see us.

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402½ RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.
PHONE 2569.

BABY FARMER TO HANG

Callous Cardiff Woman Sentenced for Cruel Murder of a Child.

London, Aug. 10.—For murdering the child of a single woman named Maud Treasure, on June 3, Leslie James, alias Rhoda Willis, a Cardiff baby farmer, aged forty, was on Wednesday sentenced to death at the Glamorgan Assizes.

While lodging with a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Portmannor road, Cardiff, prisoner induced them to adopt a child for £1. Later she came home drunk and fell out of bed. Mrs. Wilson went to her aid, and discovered in the bed the dead body of another child wrapped in a parcel. The infant, which had been suffocated, was Maud Treasure's child, which prisoner had undertaken to adopt and bring up for £6.

Emma Chatwin, of the Salvation Army Home, Cardiff, gave evidence that on May 7, on leaving her home, she stumbled over a bundle, and, hearing a baby's cry, she stopped and found a baby wrapped up in an old red flannel and rug. A note was also found on the steps, evidently written by prisoner, which ran:

"Dear Captain.—Do take my baby in. I am one of your girls gone wrong. I will come back if you will forgive me, and will bring money."

The prisoner had, in 1906, been for a time an inmate of the home. The child was taken to the Union Workhouse, where it died a few days later.

In passing sentence, the judge said: "Don't let anyone suppose that because you are convicted of murder that nobody pities you, nobody prays for you. I employ you to employ the short time that is left to you to preparing for death and for that mercy which you will undoubtedly find in heaven, but which you cannot expect here."

The prisoner heard the sentence apparently unmoved.

Mrs. Baird, who has been called "the queen of chess," has published 1,200 chess problems, and no woman has eclipsed the position which she holds in the chess world. She possesses about 50 prizes secured in open competitions. Mrs. Baird's father, mother, and two brothers share her enthusiasm for chess. She has other recreations, including archery, tennis and cycling, while she has always been very fond of designing illuminations.

The Japanese embassy in London has made a collection of 40,000 objects of British and other European art, which seem to be sent to Japan.

LOSE MILITARY POWER

French Editor Points Out the Folly of Disarmament.

Paris, Aug. 20.—A powerful article on "The Dupery of Disarmament," by M. de Lanesan, appears in the *Siecle*. M. de Lanesan points out that the false beliefs and insincere arguments which prevail on this subject are made use of chiefly in Great Britain and France, the two most highly civilized and well-to-do countries in the world, and that the result is the gradual but steady decay of their national virility and military power.

He says that France is disarming at such a rate that in a short time people will be asking whether she has an army, for during six months of every year her whole force will be represented by 200,000 moderately trained men scattered over the length and breadth of her territory. The decadence in the navy is more pronounced than in the army, France having sunk to fourth place among naval powers.

M. de Lanesan declares that the effect of the propagation of pacifist ideas has been the same in England. There are signs that the standard of naval strength, to which the British Admiralty is pledged—that of equality—is no longer kept up.

The programme of construction has been limited, recruiting has slackened and fewer boys are entered in the training schools. In a few years, if this policy of disarmament is kept up, Great Britain will be beaten in the race for naval supremacy both by Germany and the United States.

M. de Lanesan asks: Of what use, then, will be the grouping of nations which far-sighted British statesmen have brought about if the nations concerned have disarmed before an international convention allows them to do so without danger?

Disarmament, as it is being practised in Britain and France, is all the more dangerous because Germany and the United States and Japan are every day increasing their power and their armaments, Germany at least with unmistakably aggressive intentions.

A rope that had been used by the public executioner in the hanging of several murderers was sold at auction in London the other day and brought £1 25.

Japan gets 180,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

Fire broke out in a shop in Paris owing to the sun's rays passing through a burning-glass hung in the window and falling on some celluloid combs.

BIKES AND DOGS IN MIMIC WAR

Kaiser Wilhelm to Introduce Unique Innovations Into Army Maneuvers.

Berlin, Aug. 10.—Great interest attaches to the detailed announcement just made regarding the military maneuvers to take place in the Province of Posen from Sept. 16 to 21, which the Kaiser will attend. The maneuvers will be unique, inasmuch as many modern improvements and recent innovations in the technique of waging war will be subjected to an exhaustive trial.

According to information received from a well-informed source, the new military airship will take an active part in the maneuvers, as was arranged some time ago in the event of the success of the trial flights. Bicycle divisions will also play an entirely new role, being used not only for reconnoitering purposes, but also for active offensive warfare, executing surprise attacks on infantry and cutting communication, etc. By way of experiment, they will be provided with machine guns.

Dogs will be largely employed on patrol and intelligence service. Wireless telephony will be extensively tested, with the view of ascertaining its importance in warfare. Another interesting instance will be the less important role played by cavalry, owing to the substitution of cyclists.

A conspicuous part will be played by armor-clad towers containing revolving cannon and quick-firing guns. The troops will be called upon to meet many difficulties similar to those presented at Port Arthur. Great importance will be attached to the laying out of mine fields and the construction of bridges by railway troops who will be supplemented by a company of railway workers from Bavaria.

On the last day of the maneuvers an attack will be made on the fortifications, which the emperor will lead in person.

MORE WOE FOR STANDARD

Eastern Branches of Big Corporation May Be Heavily Fined.

Jamestown, Aug. 9.—Judge Hazel, in the federal court for the western district of New York, received from the grand jury today a partial report of the investigations which have been made of the Government's charges against the Standard Oil Company, the Vacuum Oil Company, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania roads of giving and receiving special and illegal concessions on the shipments of oil from Olean, N. Y., to points in Vermont.

The report includes the presentation of two indictments against the Standard Oil Company, two against the Vacuum Oil Company, two against the New York Central and Pennsylvania jointly and two against each of these railroads separately, a total of ten indictments. Of the two indictments against each corporation, one contains 188 counts, and the other 40 counts.

The investigation began on July 9 and the report given today is only a partial one, the jury adjourning to convene again on Sept. 5 to continue its work.

The law provides a penalty of \$20,000 for each count in each indictment in case of conviction. A conviction on each count would render the Standard, Vacuum, New York Central and Pennsylvania liable to fines of \$4,560,000 each or a total of \$18,240,000.

A Windsor Lady's Appeal.

To all women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures leucorrhoea, ulceration, displacements, falling of the womb, painful or irregular periods, uterine and ovarian tumors or growths, also hot flashes, nervousness, melancholy, pains in the head, back or bowels, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write today. Address Mrs. M. Summers, box H. 12, Windsor, Ont.

The Republic of Panama contains about 28,781,000 acres of land, of which about 76,450 acres are under cultivation.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THE CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, FOR COLIC, FOR SCARLET FEVER, FOR CHOLERA, FOR THE GUMS, ALL ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

The smallest railroad in England is the Garstang and Knott End (Lancashire) Railway, which in the last six months earned a net revenue of \$2,380. The half-yearly meeting of proprietors was attended by one person, the secretary.

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by Callard & McLachlan. 12-11-1.

A prophetic, believed by the natives to be a spirit able to put on a mortal shape when necessary, has arisen in Swaziland, Africa, and under her orders the people are getting rid of all white things in the country. White goats, white fowls, white vessels for domestic use—all are being disposed of. The natives believe that when everything else white has been disposed of the white men will disappear.

SUPPER NO MORE.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia and the faculties and shadowy organs with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of *Parmentier's Vegetable Pills*, which are among the best vegetable pills known. Be sure and take and are most successful in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

ENGLISH WOMAN SHOOT'S HUSBAND

Jealous of His Avowed Love for Another, She Shoots Him on Paris Street.

Paris, Aug. 10.—An Englishwoman, who last night shot her husband dead from motives of jealousy at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue La Fayette, was brought up for examination this morning before M. Rieux, the police commissary for the Rue Montmartre district. She stated that her husband's name was Charles Florentin Margry, aged 63. He was a widower, his first wife's maiden name being Lillierap, and by his first marriage he had a son, now a youth of 15 years. He carried on business as a feather dyer at 3 Rue St. Apolline, under the style of Lillierap & Co.

The woman stated that her maiden name was Schooberg, that she is 40 years of age, and that she was a native of Dorsetshire, in England. She had lived in Paris for thirteen years, and had worked for M. Margry six years. Four years ago she had married her employer, and a girl, now 3 years old, was born of the marriage.

M. Margry had of late paid marked attention to one of his employees, and his wife had insisted that this employee should be discharged. The discovery after this of a postcard, on which her husband and his former assistant were photographed walking together arm in arm, had greatly excited the wife.

Mme. Margry described the tragedy to the magistrate without emotion. She said that she and her husband went out last night to dine at a restaurant. While there she saw him with a young woman in love with a woman worker in their feather-dyeing factory, and he admitted that he was. When they left the restaurant he remarked: "I am tired of your recriminations, and I have had enough of you. You can go back to London if you like. I will not live with you any longer."

Mme. Margry continued: "I was furious, and drew a revolver, which I always carry, from my handbag. I fired at my husband, meaning to wound him slightly, but the bullet entered his head and killed him. But he deserved it. No Englishwoman ought every to marry a Frenchman."

Advertiser Correspondence

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

I am appealing through your kindness to the generosity of the London public for help to send a young English girl, who is threatened with consumption, to her relatives in Wales. She has been in service in Canada for six years, and latterly for some time in London. Repeated attacks of pneumonia have weakened her lungs, and last winter Dr. Arnott, jun., arranged to have her placed in St. Joseph's Hospital while waiting for admittance to the free sanatorium at Gravenhurst. The mother superior, sisters and nurses at St. Joseph's were interested in this young girl, with no money, ill and friendless, except as people were led from sympathy, to show her kind regards. She went to the sanatorium in April, and the secretary of the National Sanatorium Association has notified me "that the time allotted to her will be up on August 23, and that they cannot keep her indefinitely at the sanatorium; that he had a letter from her mother in Wales, begging that her daughter might be sent home to her; that she, the mother, was unable to provide for her daughter's living in St. Joseph's Hospital, and that she, the secretary, further asks me if I, as one of those interested in the young girl, could obtain the necessary money for her journey, and saying she would be physically fit to travel to England."

London (where she has lived for some time, earning her living in a health gave way) has no place as yet for consumptives, and the problem is, what to do with the poor girl when her time is up at the sanatorium, Aug. 23. The only solution is to try and obtain sufficient money to send her to her mother, who is most anxious to have her. Upwards of \$80 will be needed to cover all expenses, and put a small amount in her pocket for her necessities. I shall most gladly receive and acknowledge contributions for this purpose, and would urge the citizens who will help to send the money quickly, that the girl may be sent to England the latter part of August to insure a calm passage, for she is very weak and frail.

Could people but see how weak and frail and how she longs to be with her mother, their hearts would be deeply touched. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. E. M. Tilley, 564 King street, and will be gratefully acknowledged. Sincerely yours, E. M. TILLEY.

London, August 9.

GROWTH OF CANADA'S INDUSTRIES.

[Toronto Telegram.]

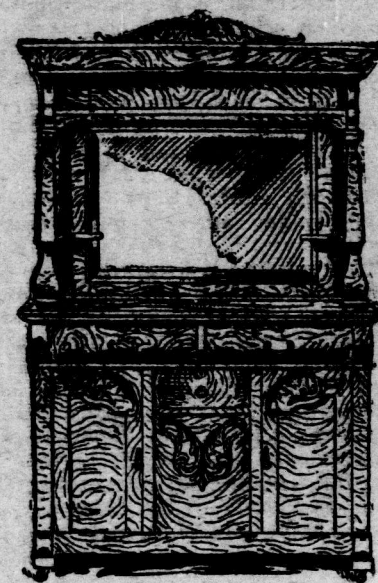
The Government reports issued recently show that there are now 62 big manufacturing concerns in Canada transacting business of \$750,000 and upwards. Seven years ago there were only 24 industrial concerns transacting this volume of business in Canada.

Enterprises long established have shared in the general prosperity of the country. Perhaps the best illustration of a solid and substantial growth is that of the Slater Shoe Company, which has passed the million mark, and which stands well in the race for supremacy among Canadian industrialists. The Slater Company recently issued a quarter of a million of 7 per cent preferred stock at par.

It is not yet known whether this stock, or any part of it, is to be offered for public subscription, but the average investor would certainly prefer such an opportunity rather than the many speculative and promotion stocks which are usually the only choice of the public.

Midsummer Furniture Sale

We are going to make things hum for the balance of the month by offering some of the biggest values you have ever had the chance of securing. Our stock is magnificently complete now and offers you undoubtedly the best selection of medium and high-grade furniture to be found in Western Ontario.



This handsome **SIDEBOARD**, nicely carved and polished, lined silver drawer. British plate mirror, was \$32, now.....**\$26**

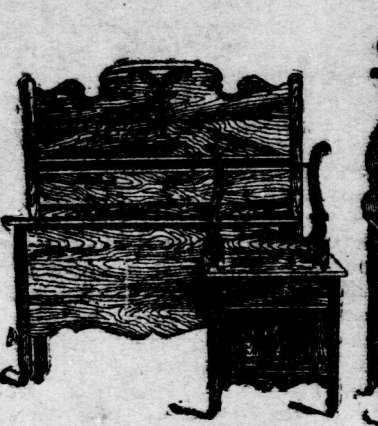
25 Per Cent Off on Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses and Lace Curtains



This heavily embossed **DINING CHAIR**, was 85c, now.....**55c**



MORRIS CHAIRS—50 Morris Chairs go on sale at wholesale prices. We are offering a solid oak chair with best velvet cushions for.....**\$6.75**



This large **BED-ROOM SUITE** heavily carved and nicely polished, surface oak, has large British plate mirror, now.....**\$17.50**



This handsome **Dresser** in surface oak neatly carved and highly polished. This is a value you cannot equal for \$11 now.....**\$7.75**

The Ontario Furniture Co.
London's Largest Furniture House - - - 228-230 DUNDAS STREET

ENGLAND BACKWARD IN WAR BALLOONS

While France Has Led and Germany Followed, Island Empire Is Still Inactive.

London, Aug. 10.—"If a war were to occur in the near future between Britain and another Power, should we be found wanting, and consequently handicapped, in the matter of airships?" Such was the question put to Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, the well-known aeronaut, yesterday.

"France," said Major Baden-Powell, "has made great headway; Germany has now shot suddenly forward; but England will not be left behind. The authorities are keeping their eyes open to all new developments, and, though I would not divulge any information of a technical character, I think I may state that experiments have been attended with good results."

Major Baden-Powell, however, reluctantly admitted that the English experts had gained no practical experience. In their quarters at Alderbury, they have plans and models in abundance; but never once has a military airship been sailed in England. France, on the other hand, already possesses two which have proved successful, and it is stated that five more are on order. From these the French army would receive invaluable assistance in the event of war. In England the lack of funds for experiments is the great handicap.

"As to the utility of these for combat purposes, however," continued Major Baden-Powell, "I am rather dubious. For scouting purposes they should prove of inestimable service in procuring information as to the disposition of the enemy's force. But the limited amount of ammunition which they can carry will render them almost useless as war machines. Dropping a chance bomb into the middle of a fort will do little harm. It would be extremely difficult for them to hit a gun."

"In the chance of war during the next year or two, the presence of airships would mean nothing very revolutionary, but before ten years are passed many new inventions will undoubtedly have made them an important factor."

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS.

Everywhere you see people with sore, running eyes, catarrhal sneezing, nose colds and headaches. These are the first stages of Hay Fever, which increase in severity till frost comes. Only sure cure known is to inhale Catarrhoxone. It destroys the germ, gives relief in a few minutes, cures thoroughly. Doctors recommend Catarrhoxone because safe and efficient. Sold by all dealers for \$1. Try this guaranteed cure for Summer Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever. It never fails.

A "gang" in which will be included some of the best-known students of the University of California, has gone to Arizona to do ordinary laborers' work as railroad graders.

BRINKLEY GUILTY

Death Sentence Ends the Great English Poison Trial.

London, Aug. 10.—After a trial lasting four days, Richard Brinkley, the Fulham carpenter, was found "Guilty" of causing the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Beck, of Croydon, by poison, and sentenced to death. Brinkley was also charged with attempting to murder Daisy Beck and Reginald Parker.

Enthralling as any product of the novelist's imagination was the story unfolded during the trial.

Mr. and Mrs. Beck and their two daughters lived at Croydon, Parker, an accountant, employed in the city, lodging with them. Brinkley, a friend of Parker's, came to see him about buying a dog, bringing a bottle of oatmeal stout. He and Parker had some, and a portion was left. This was drunk by Mr. and Mrs. Beck, who afterwards died of prussic acid poisoning, while their daughter Daisy, who just tasted it, suffered severely.

"Brinkley's aim was not," said prosecuting counsel, "to poison the Becks, but Reginald Parker. By a subterfuge he had secured Parker's signature to a will obtained by a trick from an elderly German woman, Mrs. Blume. By that will he was left property worth £700 or £800. That would only go to him if the signatures were valid. Parker could prove that it was not valid.

Asked if he had anything to say before receiving sentence, Brinkley shook his head, and answered faintly, "I am not guilty." The judge then passed sentence of death in the usual form, and the prisoner, looking deathly white, was removed below.

KILLED BY A RACEHORSE

Attendant Found Kicked to Death in a Newmarket Stable.

London, Aug. 10.—Entering the box on Wednesday in which a three-year-old racehorse named Sheffield was stalled, John Watson, trainer for Mr. Leopold Rothschild at Newmarket, found its attendant, a middle-aged stableman named William Archer, lying on the straw dead.

A doctor found marks indicating that Archer had been kicked over the heart, and at the inquest on Thursday it was stated that the horse had been blistered, and would consequently be somewhat irritable.

"Accidental death" was the verdict. Deceased often asserted that no stableman had been more frequently injured than he. He was savaged by St. Vincent, subsequently seriously injured during a race by the same animal, and nearly every bone in his body had been broken.

He rode as jockey with some success years ago, and had been thrice picked up for dead.

Archer is known to have had friends in London, but their address has been lost, and it is hoped that the report of his death will attract their attention.

The dead man was boasting only an hour or two before his death that after a long run of ill-luck he had succeeded in backing two 10-to-1 winners.

In Belgium 70 per cent of telegraph messages are delivered in from one to fifteen minutes.

MADMAN ON AN EXPRESS

Light-Hearted Official View of an Italian's Strange Conduct.

London, Aug. 10.—Passengers on the express from Italy by the Simplon route had an unpleasant and startling experience on Sunday. The train had just left Dijon when there was a smashing of glass, and immediately afterwards a man, half-dressed, with blood streaming from a wound in his breast, rushed into the various compartments one after the other, asking questions of the passengers, and uttering threats in Italian.

Several lady passengers were terribly frightened, and one had her dress soiled by the intruder's blood. Entering a compartment where an Englishman was travelling alone, the madman insisted upon knowing who he was, the reason of his journey, and so on, but appeared to be reassured when told of the traveler's nationality.

In consequence of the disturbance the train was pulled up at the next station, where, however, the authorities were not greatly impressed when told of the occurrence, seeming to think that the case would be met by confining the strange passenger to his sleeping-berth. An Italian gentleman, however, made a vigorous protest, declaring that if the man again entered his compartment he would draw his revolver upon him. The originator of the disturbance was therefore ejected from the train.

The foundations of the Bourée building at Amsterdam have given way, and the building has been closed. It cost \$4,000,000 and was completed only recently.

A prominent clergyman at the head of an East Side and Bowery mission is authority for the statement that the men who line up for free bread at the distributing places around 1 o'clock every morning—men who have no place to lay their heads for a single night's lodging—are nearly all from the interior of the United States.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

LATEST LOCAL AND TELEGRAPH NEWS
BASEBALL—RACING—BOWLING—BOXING
LACROSSE—RUNNING—QUOITING—TENNIS



Supporters of the Rockets, Stars and Perrins are puzzling their heads these days trying to figure out just what chance there is of beating out the McClarys for first honors. According to dope, there is as much chance now of heading the bunch from the tin-mill as there is of convincing people that they want "filtered sewage" from the river for drinking purposes. However, a few figures will cover the question perhaps in a more thorough manner than a column of other material would do.

In the four contests which the leaders have taken part in the second season, they have made 33 runs, 37 hits, and 21 errors, against 11 runs, 20 hits, and 31 errors on the part of their opponents.

The complete tables of the runs, hits, and errors made by each team up today in the second season are as follows:

	R.	H.	E.
McClarys	33	37	21
Rockets	28	37	26
Stars	36	45	30
Perrins	17	24	23

In the four games the Smiths have played, Gibson pitched the last three, and allowed 18 hits, while Kerr officiated in the first contest, allowing two hits. As shown in the above standing, the leaders have made fewer errors than any of the other teams, although the Stars head them in the matter of hits and runs. However, thirteen of the hits and 15 runs accredited to the latter nine were made in one game with the Rockets.

There still remain to be played seven regular games, counting those of this afternoon, and for any other team to win the McClarys would have to lose four of these, and either the Stars or Rockets win six. The Perrins seem to be out of it for first honors, although they make some of the other fellows travel to maintain their present places. The Stars still have two games to play with the leaders, while the Rockets will have a like number to travel with the tinware bunch after today's games. The McClarys and the Perrins have a postponed game to play off, but it has not yet been decided whether it will be played or not.

It is really too bad that some team other than the Smiths does not lead the race, for the chances of a post-season series seem slim to say the least.

On Monday the big fellows play the Wabash team of St. Thomas at that place, and on Wednesday the Stars take a toss at the railroaders in the village of saints.

The league standing, exclusive of today's games, is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
McClarys	4	0	1.000
Stars	2	3	.400
Rockets	2	3	.400
Perrins	1	3	.250

(For today's scores of all local and big league games, see Advertiser bulletin this evening.)

Ossie Schreck, the famous one-hand catcher of the Athletics, is perhaps the greatest pie-eater among the professional ball players of today. Ossie can eat pie at any and all times, declare his brother ball-tossers. Connie Mack says he always expects to hear the hotel management along the route set up a "holier" on account of the way the horny-handed Schreck goes into the pastry.

Mike Powers, the doctor, who is a close student of all things pertaining to the medical profession, was the other day reading a treatise entitled "The Revolution in the Mince Pie" when Ossie Schreck happened along, and, glancing over Mike's shoulder, his eye took in the title of the work. Turning to the little doctor, he exclaimed: "That's the kind of a revolt, Mike, that I would like to put down."

Charlie Atherton, once of Indianapolis, the new first baseman of the Portland club, defies style among baseball players by wearing a mustache. Even Van Halten yielded to the custom and shaved his upper lip.

But Atherton's mustache does not prevent him playing good ball and getting the binges. He is not an entire stranger to the coast, having been with Los Angeles a short time, about 1901 or 1902. Several prominent players were imported from the east at that time, and Atherton was among the number.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Reminds one of "Doc" Sippi in the early part of the season, doesn't it?

CRIPPLED ATHLETES WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

A billiardist with both arms gone, a champion boxer with a dislocated elbow, a record-breaking swimmer who is a cripple, a pitcher who is shy two fingers, and a cricketer with only one leg.

Sounds light fiction, doesn't it? Yet the names of these remarkable athletes, who have achieved prominence despite serious disqualifications, disposes of the old idea that to be successful an athlete must have the perfect body.

The armless billiardist is Albert Sutton. He has appeared all over the country; he has played the best of the two-armed champions on even terms, and has had to yield only to men in the very front rank.

As an exponent of fancy shots, the kind of exhibition that causes the average lover of the cue game to hold up his hands in amazement that such things can be done, Sutton is second to no one. Sutton has been playing for many years, and yet he has only two stumps, both arms being off above the elbow. It is worthy of note that he gets the better all the time.

Three-Fingered Brown.

When the Chicago Nationals won the championship last year, a large part of the credit was given to Pitcher Brown. He was far and away the team's winning pitcher, and with him on the slab there seemed no way the Cubs could lose. Yet Brown is a mutilated athlete. He has only three fingers, or, rather, two fingers and thumb, or his pitching hand. The first and second fingers he lost in an accident.

Another ball player who is known all over the country, Bill Coughlin, the hard-working third baseman of the Detroit Americans, is minus one finger on his throwing hand, but no one would ever know it from the way he plays the bag. Bill, who comes from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, Wilkes-Barre being his home, was a breaker boy before he discovered that

baseball was his right calling, and he lost his finger in a mine accident, which are all too frequent in that hard life.

Deaf and Dumb Pitcher.

For many years one of the most interesting members of the New York National League Club has been Dummy Taylor, the famous deaf mute pitcher. Although he can neither hear nor speak, he has made a name for himself in big league baseball.

Dummy is very popular with his team-mates. So that they could converse with him and keep him from growing lonely, all the members of the team have mastered enough of the deaf and dumb code so that they can give him needed directions about the condition of a game. Especially skilled did Bowerman, who usually catches Taylor, become. The two are fast friends, and Taylor tells all his troubles to the tall backstop.

Danny Hoffman, the fleet center fielder of the New York Americans, has been virtually blind in one eye for the last three years as a result of being hit with a pitched ball by Tannehill, Boston's left-hander.

For a time Hoffman's life was despaired of, and when he got in the game he found himself almost helpless before a left-handed pitcher, for it was his right eye that was damaged.

But now the left eye has accustom itself to the extra strain, and Hoffman has been hitting and fielding finely this year.

Munson, the Cornell distance runner, had such poor eyes that even in competition he had to wear eye glasses. A humorous picture he made circling around the track with a pair of eyeglasses across his nose, as though he were on his way to deliver an erudite lecture.

All of which shows that natural obstacles cannot baffle a man who is determined to succeed.

THE TURF.

WINNERS YESTERDAY.

At New York—Vails 2 to 5, Miss Strone 15 to 1, Ben Fleet 4 to 1, Far-west 7 to 2, Miss Doyle 3 to 1, Boema 7 to 1.

At Fort Erie—Hartig 2 to 1, Cathrine P. 1 to 2, Retient 2 to 1, Woolstone 2 to 1, Frascati 1 to 2, The Globe 2 to 1.

TIGERS COME BACK IN FIRST PLACE

Chicago, Losing to Boston, Leaves Detroit Safe Until Monday.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—The Tigers will come home in first place. Inability to play today, owing to the heavy rain, coupled with the fact that Chicago lost, makes it impossible for them to be reached by their rivals until they are on the home grounds. Tomorrow they will play one game, according to the present schedule, as Connie Mack is not too eager for the Tiger play at its present standard, and besides they will be turning people away with only one game as a card, so from a financial standpoint there is no need of two.

Donovan and Waddell will most likely hit up in another of their old-time fights. This afternoon was spent by the Tigers in the theaters and the hotel waiting for the returns from that Boston game.

Red Donahue is expected to again don a Tiger uniform. He made the announcement this morning.

"I can get in shape to pitch within a week or ten days," said he. "The only thing that is holding me back is that I need someone to handle my business. I have done far better than I ever dreamed of here, and the place is in such shape now that I can get away for the rest of the year if I can get somebody to look after things."

Bill Donovan spent yesterday evening talking to Donahue, and showing him where both he and the team would be the better if he could get back into the game and pitch as he did last year.

Jennings will see him today and talk the matter over. Meanwhile Donahue is searching for someone to look after his saloon and cafe. Probably before night everything will be decided.

[From the Evening Advertiser Bulletin Service.]

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
At Boston—10210300*—7 13 1
Chicago—000003120—6 9 1
Batteries—Glasie, Young and Griger; Al-rock, Patterson and McFarland. Umpire, Connolly.
At New York—New York-St. Louis game postponed; wet grounds.
At Philadelphia—Detroit-Philadelphia game postponed; rain.
At Washington—Cleveland-Washington game postponed; rain.

AMERICAN LEAGUE STANDING.
Detroit..... Won. Lost. P.C.
Philadelphia..... 57 38 .609
Chicago..... 61 41 .598
Cleveland..... 55 43 .566
New York..... 45 59 .433
Boston..... 41 56 .423
St. Louis..... 38 58 .396
Washington..... 29 63 .315

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
At Chicago—000000100—0 6 2
Philadelphia—000000003—6 0
Batteries—Lundgren and Moran; Corrida and Deon and Kachitsch. Umpires, Carpenter and Rigler.
At Pittsburgh—03001010—5 11 3
Pittsburgh—000101010—0 8 2
Batteries—Phillips and Phelps; McGinnity and Brennan. Umpires, O'Day and Klein.
At St. Louis—01100201—5 8 2
Boston—000310000—0 8 2
Batteries—Fleming and Noonan; Marshall; Bouttes and Needham. Umpire, Emslie.

NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING.
Pittsburgh..... Won. Lost. P.C.
Cincinnati..... 57 40 .590
Pittsburgh..... 57 40 .590
New York..... 57 41 .588
Philadelphia..... 52 41 .559
Brooklyn..... 45 53 .459
Cincinnati..... 41 55 .444
Boston..... 39 59 .398
St. Louis..... 29 57 .337

EASTERN LEAGUE.
At Buffalo (first game)—00000000—0 6 2
Buffalo—000000000—0 6 2
Toronto—000000000—0 6 2
Batteries—Currie, Milligan and McAllister; Applegate and Carrigan. Umpires, Sullivan and Owens.
At Buffalo (second game)—10030000—6 11 3
Buffalo—10101010—3 5 2
Toronto—10101010—3 5 2
Batteries—Winkler and McAllister; Jacobson, Mitchell and Hurley. Umpires, Sullivan and Owens.

EASTERN LEAGUE STANDING.
Toronto..... Won. Lost. P.C.
Buffalo..... 56 34 .622
Newark..... 48 36 .571
Providence..... 47 45 .511
Jersey City..... 45 46 .495
Baltimore..... 46 47 .495
Rochester..... 39 53 .424
Montreal..... 28 58 .326

GODERICH BOWLING TOURNEY.

Clinton Players Take Both the Singles and Doubles.

Goderich, Aug. 9.—Hoover, of Clinton, took the finals of the singles, and Jackson and Ross, of the same place, won the finals in the doubles. Hoover won by default from Hays, of Clinton, and Jackson and Ross defeated Clement and Jackson by a score of 13 to 10. This concludes the tourney.

It is an odd fact that South Africa owes three of her greatest industries to Jews. De Pass developed the whaling and guano industries, Andrade that of ostrich farming, and Mosenthal the wool and hide trades.

For full account of Toronto Game See Page Four.

YANKEES FORFEIT THE CANADA CUP

Rochester Yachtsmen Knew Seneca, the Defender, Was Over Measurement.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 9.—The Canada cup has been forfeited to the Adele, the challenger. The Seneca, the defender, is over measurement, and cannot qualify for her class. The cup therefore goes to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto without a contest.

Races between the challenger and defender, however, will be held at Summerville tomorrow and the original programme will be carried out, except that the race will be for a flag, and not for the Canada's cup. Commodore MacDonald, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, said today:

"The cup will be returned to the donors for them to do with it as they see fit. We do not want the cup under unfair conditions."

It is claimed by the Canadians that the Rochester Yacht Club members have known that the Seneca was over measurement ever since the contract was awarded. The Canadians today made a formal demand for the cup, under the forfeiture clause.

Later.
Later an amicable arrangement was reached. It is expected that alterations can be made at once that will qualify the Seneca.

LANSING MEETING CLOSES

Good Card Marks Get-Away Day at Capital City.

Lansing, Mich., Aug. 9.—A good card marked get-away day at the local track. Weather conditions were ideal and each race was good. Coletta won the first race, a 2:16 pace, from the favorite, Lady Hilda. Coletta broke in the first and third heats or she would have taken the race in straight heats.

Lady Hilda got her only first in the third heat. By running a close second and third in the other heats, she came in for second money. Ausberg was favored by the betting contingent in the 2:22 trot, and won in straight heats. Bertha May taking second. The third race was a free-for-all, but as several of the best horses had already left town, a match race between El Brino and Alpha W. was decided on.

El Brino won and set the track record, made by Dillard Onland of 2:07 1/2. The summaries:
Coletta, s. m. Tobias)..... 3 1 6 1 1
Lady Hilda (Roche)..... 2 3 1 2 2
Monte Matred (Boone)..... 1 2 5 6 5
Mamie Riley (Cunningham)..... 6 5 2 3 3
Time, 2:10 1/2, 2:11 1/2, 2:11 1/2, 2:12 1/2, 2:11 1/2.

Second race, 2:22 trot, purse \$500—Ausberg, b. m. Jones)..... 1 1 1
Bertha May (Field)..... 1 2 5 6 5
Dan K. (Burns)..... 4 6 2
Brismore (Hoffman)..... 3 3 4
Time, 2:17 1/2, 2:15 1/2, 2:15 1/2.
Third race, match race—El Brino, b. s. (Porter)..... 1 1 1
Alpha W. (Fisk)..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:13 1/2, 2:07 1/2, 2:13 1/2.

CURRENT GOSSIP OF THE HORSES

[Written expressly for The Advertiser by J. V. McAree, of Toronto.]

Memories of Saxon, the great Canadian-bred racehorse, stallion, with which Senator Beth won the senior championship at the St. Louis World's Fair, are recalled by the dispersal of the famous Rawlinson stud hackneys in Alberta. It was through the performances of Saxon that the breeders of the east had their attention imperatively called to the western ranch as a nursery of high-class harness horses.

Few of them, however, had any idea of the extent of the breeding operations the Rawlinson brothers carried on. With the present exception of the Pabst farm, where all the best of the Jordan stud are located, the Alberta ranch was the biggest hackney plant on the continent. The quality of the stock there turned out was a big advertisement for the country, for all year out on the range year in and year out, and no doubt the example set by the Rawlinsons has inspired many a western rancher to go in for a little extra quality in his horse stock, having learned that the right sort is just as tough as the scrub.

A Top-Notcher
Saxon is considered by some good judges the best hackney ever bred in Canada, and at the moment one does not recall an American-bred hackney that could take his measure. Certainly in his year there was nothing shown capable of making the big brown horse go his limit. He was sold at one of the Beth sales for \$5,500, the purchaser being Judge Moore, of New York, owner of Forest King, and the agent Mr. Godfrey, the secretary of the American Hackney Society, and one of the best authorities on the breed on the continent. Mr. Godfrey considered Saxon one of the best hackneys living. But instead of the great horse being sent to the stud, he was altered, and made one of a park four for his millionaire owner. The operation completely spoiled the horse in more ways than one. He has never appeared in a show since, and Judge Moore's investment represents a cold loss. For momentary representations a cold loss, for momentary representations a cold loss, for momentary representations a cold loss.

It is an odd fact that South Africa owes three of her greatest industries to Jews. De Pass developed the whaling and guano industries, Andrade that of ostrich farming, and Mosenthal the wool and hide trades.

For full account of Toronto Game See Page Four.

CANUCK ROWERS DAZE YANKEES

Win a Place in Every Event They Enter at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—Spirited races marked the six preliminaries to the annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held on the Schuylkill River course this afternoon. The regatta was international in character, for the United States, Canada and Germany were represented.

The Canadians were the surprise of the day. They either were placed or won every event in which they competed. James and Toms, rowing for the Argonaut B. C., of Toronto, were Canadian victors in the senior, pair oared shells, and Thompson and Toms just as easily in the intermediate double sculls. In the association single sculls, rowed in one heat, John O'Neill, of the St. Mary's A. A., of Halifax, was second, and W. Bowler, of the Don R. C., Toronto, was third.

To cap the climax, the Argonauts' senior four-oared crew made a runaway race of this event, beating the Ravenswood B. C., of Long Island, and the Seawanhaka B. C., of Brooklyn. The Brooklyn crew was a favorite, even over the Canadians, and its defeat was a big surprise.

Germany was represented in the regatta by Woldemar Sand, of the Helles R. C., Berlin. He rowed in the second heat of the intermediate singles, but was outclassed from the start. He had recently been ill, however.

Senior pair oared shells, final won by James and Toms, Argonaut R. C., Toronto, by a length. Hartman and Flanagan, Vesper B. C., Philadelphia, second; Rice and Klein, New York A. C., third; Dunn and Russell, Metropolitan R. C., New York, fourth. Time, 9:16 1/5.

Intermediate single shells, first heat, won by Alex. W. Warnock, Springfield, B. C., Springfield, Mass.; J. A. Miller, New York A. C., second; Jas. O'Neill, Nonpareil A. C., New York, third. Time, 9:38 2/5.

Intermediate singles, second heat, won by R. L. Smith, Vesper B. C., Philadelphia; second, J. F. Daly, Potomac B. C., Washington; third, Frank Shea, Sheephead Bay B. C., Brooklyn. Woldemar Sand, of the Helles R. C., Berlin, Germany, failed to finish. Time, 9:44.

Intermediate doubles, sculls, second heat, won by Thompson and Toms, Argonaut B. C., Toronto; second, Johnson and McDowell, Philadelphia; third, West and Portier, Malta B. C., Philadelphia. Time, 8:34 4/5.

Senior four-oared shell, final, won by Argonaut R. C., Toronto; second, Ravenswood B. C., Long Island City; third, Seawanhaka B. C., Brooklyn. Time, 8:10 1/5.

Association single sculls, final, won by Durando Miller, New York A. C.; second, John O'Neill, St. Mary's A. C., Halifax; third, Walter Bowler, Don R. C., Toronto; fourth, W. M. Varley, Atalak B. C., New York. Time, 9:42 5/5.

It is Highball, rather than Sonoma Girl, whose soundness is a problem to followers of the light harness game. The California mare seems to be sound as a dollar, whereas the Geers gelding, it is announced, is having trouble with his legs. Usually, a horse that can stand the terrible preparation that the Tennessee driver gives his charges can stand a grand circuit campaign, although his own pet, Walter Direct, was an exception to the rule. It is to be hoped that the gelding will be all right again, and give the mare a battle for one of the stakes that otherwise appear to be at his mercy. At present, outside of the free-for-all trotters, there is nothing in sight that is likely to stop the daughter of Lynwood W.

All-Around Driver.
Nat Ray, the Canadian steeplechase rider, is at present driving a small light harness stable, and, apparently, he is almost as clever in the sulky as in the saddle. Recently he set a new record for the Orangeburg, N. Y., track with John McEwen, the gray Canadian pacer.

Canadians Lose on Grand Circuit.
Angus Pointer, the ugly, but fast, Canadian-bred sidewheeler, is plying right at 2:04, and looks able to get his share of the free-for-alls. Gallagher is also plying a streak. La Points is keeping up her earlier brilliant work. Collingwood Rooker and Jubilee are also at the races in Michigan, as is Darkey Hal. The Canadians have a strong hand anywhere but on the big circuit, where so far they have to win their first heat for 1921.

Trotters Make Good Pacers.
Stinson, the trainer for the Cruicks-

ton Farm at Galt, has put Alexander to the racing post. Since he has had this horse, he has done very little good with him, and it is to be hoped that a change of gait will mean a change of luck as well. Many a good trotter has made a good pacer, the most illustrious example being Jay Eye Sea, the first horse to trot in 2:10. After several seasons spent in retirement, the little Dictator gelding came out and paced in 2:04 1/2. The trotter, Italia, that Nuckolls, the Cleveland trainer, drove to a record of 2:14 1/2, he converted to pacing, and gave a mark of 2:04 1/2 that very year. Connor, Anaconda, Extasy and Smuggler are other examples that prove a horse that is fast at one gait is likely to be fast at the other. As a rule, however, the conversion is from the pace to the trot, from the lesser to the greater. As far as breeding goes, the gait is interchangeable, trotters being bred from pacers, and pacers from trotters as often as not.

Good English Horses.

It is worth noting that the two best horses of the year—Peter Pan, among the three-year-olds, and Collin among the two-year-olds—are bred from English dams. So was Commodore, their sire, and so was Domino, his sire. It is also to be noted that both these great horses had a lamentably short career in the stud. Had they lived, there is every reason to believe that as sires they would have surpassed Hamburg, now acknowledged to be the greatest of American sires. In view of the great luck he has had with the English imported blood, Mr. Keene's decision to breed from only English matrons in the future is a wise one.

UMPIRE BAITING IN THE NATIONAL AND AMERICAN

A Few Anecdotes About McGraw, Anson, Griffith, Donahue, Dahlen and Others.

Occasionally, while watching a ball game in the big leagues you will see an umpire suddenly grow angry and fire a player out of the game. As far as can be seen from the stands the player simply has been arguing quietly, and the punishment appears so severe. If the people in the stands could hear those conversations between the players and the umpire they wouldn't blame the official. Rather, they would wonder that he didn't poke the player in the nose.

SARCASM NOT RELISHED.

It is impossible to print even a small percentage of what is said to umpires by ball players in the heat of battle, but the odd thing is that the umpire seldom fires a player out when he gets abusive or profane. The player who gets fired is the nagging, sarcastic fellow, who hits at the weak spots, and does it maliciously. If the umpire sees that a player merely has lost his temper it amuses him, and he pays little attention to what is said. The sarcastic boy gets it.

JACK SHERIDAN: CHASER.

A short time ago one of the Highlanders was chased by Jack Sheridan. All he said after being called out on strikes was, "Look out, Jack; if you drop your watch a blind man will see it first."

DAHLEN BAD ACTOR.

Billy Bull Head Dahlen perhaps has been driven to the bench oftener than any player in the country. Dahlen is a nagger. He keeps right after an umpire from the time he gets displeased with a decision until the game ends, and then starts over again the next day. He never is abusive, but he can make the meanest kids and the most personal remarks in the quietest way, of any player in either league. Every time he gets near an umpire during a game, if he happens to be after that umpire, he dishes out a shot.

One of the funniest things Dahlen ever did was when he was playing with the old Chicago club. Just before the game started he remarked to O'Day, jokingly, "Hank, if I run up to you and call you a blank, blank, blanky blank in the first inning, you chase me out of the game?" "Huh," grunted Hank, "I should say I would." "All right," remarked Dahlen. "I want to get out to Harlem in time for the fifth race." Hank grinned. For two innings Dahlen hauled Hank like a pickpocket—but Hank made him stick.

LANGE THROWN OUT.

Big Bill Lange once was thrown out of a game by Charlie Snyder, and the crowd was sore over it. Snyder has been going bad for several innings, and both teams were kicking mildly. Lange was going out to the field, smiling, and stopped in the diamond to hand Snyder something. Snyder opened the little package, and the first thing the crowd knew he was waving Lange off the field. All Lange had done was to give him a pair of spectacles.

MUGGY McGRAW THE LIMIT.

Few spectators ever have had any idea what Muggsy McGraw says to umpires. The chances are that if the crowds could hear some of his remarks McGraw would have been driven out of baseball years ago. He is a pastmaster at abuse and Billingsgate. He knows the weaknesses of umpires, and hits at them. People who know McGraw off the field as a clean, gentlemanly little fellow, hardly can believe what he says. With him it is cold-blooded science. He isn't mad. He wants the next decision, and he burns the umpire up. His great success is in knowing exactly when and where to stop, and he can tell by the umpire's looks just when to quit. His remarks about the personal appearance, habits, family life, etc., of umpires hurt, and he has driven more umpires out of business than any one—except possibly the Tebeau-Griswold alliance at Omaha.

GRIFFITH OPENS UP.

Clark Griffith always has been an umpire baiter. Grif is mean and sardonic, and in deadly earnest when he kicks. One day in Philadelphia the Warner chased Grif out of the Al grounds, and Grif came fretting and angry up into the press box, complaining to me that Warner had been unjust. "I didn't say anything loud, so any one else could hear it," said Grif. "I just told him the truth."

"What did you say, Grif?" "Why, I walked up to him quietly and in a gentlemanly manner, and told him he was a blank, blank, blanky blank, blank, blank." "Don't you think that was enough?" asked some one. "No," said Grif. "That's what he is, and he didn't have any right to put me out."



Clark Griffith, pilot of the Highlanders, who makes life miserable for American League umpires.

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THE SALARY QUESTION.

Remarks concerning the salary of umpires is another favorite method of roasting the official. "Cheap \$40 a month skate," has been hurled at almost all of them. Ball players don't know what salaries umpires get, but regard them as underpaid and cheap labor. Another favorite way of going at the umpire is to cast insidious aspersions on his eyesight. In a game in the White Sox park recently, Jiggs Donahue slid to second, and was called out by Sheridan. Jiggs thought he was safe—so, for a few moments his friendship for Sheridan ceased. "Why," he yelled at Sheridan, "a blind man could have seen that with his fingers."

ANSON A BLUFFER.

Anson always was an umpire bluffer—and his team was one of the most persistent at baiting umpires. There never was an umpire who liked Anson, and his team generally got the worst of it because they nagged continuously. Julian Mitchell, the theatrical manager and producer, tells a story about the time he was rehearsing

Western University Will Ask the City for Financial Assistance

Senate Appoints a Committee to Request Council to Levy One-Fifth of a Mill.

The senate of the Western University came to an important decision last night when it was decided to ask the city council to set aside one-fifth of a mill towards the support of the university.

Dr. John D. Wilson was the prime mover, the senate unanimously concurring in his suggestion.

As a result, a committee, composed of His Lordship Bishop Williams, Vice-Chancellor Dr. Moorhouse, Public School Inspector Edwards, Vice-Principal Dearness, of the Normal School, and Dr. Wilson was appointed to arrange the details and meet the council to make the request.

Dr. Wilson was seen by an Advertiser reporter, and was enthusiastic over the proposal.

"It is an important one, both for the university and the city in general," he said. "Outsiders always say to us, when approached, that the city of London does nothing for the university—an unwarrantable argument against us. This fact has militated against us in our dealing with the Provincial authorities. The university is worth much more to the city than a factory. Look at Queen's University, for instance. Fifteen hundred students are drawn to Kingston every year, and the citizens there think it a most beneficial institution, for they

have given generously on several occasions to its support. That university has not half so extensive a territory as draw its students from as we have in Western Ontario. I am persuaded that when the citizens understand our plan they will rally heartily to its support."

The city may under the university's new charter assume the control of the arts department upon the endowment of two chairs. That the granting of a stated sum will be tantamount to an endowment is the opinion of Provost James. Thus the city council can, if it desires to assume its right, control the arts department.

Bishop Favors It.

Bishop Williams was also heartily in favor of the scheme.

"It is the only sensible and practical scheme for the city," he declared. "If it is done in the proper way, we need the university to round out our educational system, and then we will have a complete system of education from kindergarten to university."

The old system of centralization of university effort is being done away with both in the United States and in England. The smaller university has decided advantages. Toronto University is denied to all but the well-to-do on the ground of expense. London should have its university so that the sons and daughters of the poorer classes may remain at home and yet enjoy all the advantages of higher education. I am heartily in favor of local universities."

The committee will meet shortly to arrange for the deputation to visit

note several important items now being born or built that go side by side, or form an important section or part of the same civic question.

"(a) High-pressure systems are now being built in other Canadian cities that will soon be in operation; their success or non-success would then be a guide to us.

"(b) That whereas the price of coal is steadily advancing year by year, particularly in the Province of Ontario, Niagara electric current will naturally rapidly rise to sweep the coal power bills out of existence, and as the time appears almost at hand when this city will have at her service this power in unlimited quantity at a fraction of the present cost of steam power, so that all our new plant could be established on the new lines. And whereas every citizen is interested in the lighting, not only of the city streets, but his home, at a lesser price than now paid. With all these conditions and circumstances staring us in the face, it may be wise and decidedly practicable that the city may add to the work of the water commission the department of electricity, or adding another municipal-owned plant on the same land and using the same office staff and the same set of engineers to push water into the mains of a high-pressure waterworks plant from electrically-driven pumps, and from the same supply, force or distribute the electric current for power and lighting purposes to the citizens much on the same principle as the water department is now doing."



THE NEW PRINCIPAL.

Mr. F. W. C. McCutcheon, the newly-appointed principal of the Collegiate Institute, was born near Thorndale. He was educated in the public schools and the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. He entered Toronto University in 1892, and later attended the School of Pedagogy. He was then appointed to the staff of the Mount Forest High School, where he remained for three years. In 1900 he joined the staff of the London Collegiate Institute.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

The board of health will meet on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Miss Agnes Sims, of Corning, N. Y., is visiting her aunts at 189 Clarence street.

Mr. Frances, manager of Sterling Bros., is spending his holidays in Lobo Township.

Mr. Allan King, English street, has returned home after attending the reunion of the Galt Old Boys.

Miss S. Lee, Miss R. Lee and Mr. E. Lee, of 314 Wolfe avenue, left today for Winnipeg on a short visit.

A dispatch from Ottawa announces the gazetting of Mr. C. H. Elliott as collector of customs at London.

Miss Emma Norris and Mrs. Belle McCartney, of Nissouri, are visiting Mrs. Edward Wright, of this city.

Mr. B. J. Blanford, wife and child, of 784 Wellington street, will spend the next few days in about Orillia visiting friends and relations.

Miss Maggie Mullin has returned to Peoria, Ill. She was home attending the funeral of her sister, the late Miss Clara Mullin, one of the victims of the Reid disaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruhlman and Mr. Arthur Allen, of Cleveland, Ohio, have returned home after a very pleasant visit with their aunt, Mrs. James McKinnon, of 16 Victor street, city.

The engagement is announced at Ottawa of Miss Brownie Williams, sister of Dr. E. L. Williams, of this city, to Mr. F. S. Jacobs, B.S.A., of Winnipeg. The wedding will take place quietly at Billings Bridge, Ottawa, on Thursday, Aug. 22.

The death took place yesterday afternoon of Mrs. Phoebe Gilbert, relict of the late Charles B. Gilbert, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Geo. Pritchard, of South London. Mrs. Gilbert was in her 89th year at the time of her death. The funeral takes place from her son-in-law's residence Monday, the body being taken to Sarnia for interment.

The many London friends of Mr. Chester Martin, of Detroit, son of Mrs. James W. Martin, of this city, will be pleased to hear that he has been appointed freight agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a wide American territory to look after. His district will include the states of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Mr. Martin held a position with the Canadian Pacific freight department for years, and his advancement comes as a direct recognition of his good and faithful service during that time.

Appointments Confirmed.

The Canada Gazette today announces that the provisional appointments of Lieut. Ingram, Lieut. Miller and Lieut. Brown, of the 16th Regiment, have been confirmed.

Late Miss Cross.

Miss Sadie Charlotte Cross, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Cross, of 553 Colborne street, passed away this morning. The funeral takes place from the family residence at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. P. HUNT & SONS, 585 Richmond street. Phone 70.

SOUTHWESTERN BADLY CRIPPLED

(Continued from Page One.)

undamaged by means of the chemicals.

Five Cars Destroyed.

Hardly sufficient time has elapsed as yet for the railroad officials to accurately determine the damage. Five cars were completely destroyed, including all the available running stock of the road, but two. Besides this, new equipment for six cars, which had just arrived, were completely destroyed.

Loss \$75,000.

Mr. F. Rumball on being asked the loss this morning by an Advertiser representative, gave it as his belief that it would be in the neighborhood of \$75,000. The road is, however, insured on the schedule plan for the full amount, in ten companies, six British and four Canadian. The accident will seriously interfere with the operation of the road. Only two cars remain intact, and as all the repairing equipment is destroyed, it would be impossible to replace any parts that might go wrong. The company has six new cars in St. Thomas, but these are not equipped with motors as yet. They will be completed as quickly as possible, however, and it is hoped that the road will be able to continue its regular service within three weeks or a month.

"We may be able to run again sooner," said Mr. Rumball. "We're going to get going again just as soon as possible, and not lose any more of the most profitable time of the year than necessary."

"Will you build again on the same place?" Mr. Rumball was asked. "Yes, we'll get right to work as soon as the ruins cool off," he responded.

The Company is insured in the following British companies: Royal, Liverpool, London and Globe, London and Lancashire, Guardian, British America, London Mutual.

A Spectacular Blaze.

A large crowd saw the blaze. Fanned by the light breeze, the flames got a firm hold, shooting high into the air. The heat near the building was unbearable, and the crowd drew back, waiting for the end. In a very few minutes the walls caved in, and the spectators were enabled to see the remains of the five beautiful cars which it had been found impossible to extricate. They were completely destroyed. The beautiful new bodies having been entirely burned, while the electrical equipments were completely ruined. Nothing remained but the wheels on the badly-bent tracks. The fire was not of long duration, the building measuring 145x40 feet, being a mass of ruins within half an hour.

After consulting this morning, the managers of the road have decided to run the two available cars, giving the best service possible under the circumstances. They will run as far as the turn on Ridout street, passengers being enabled to connect with the street railway from there.

It is hoped that the cars in St. Thomas will be equipped and ready to run within two weeks.

The company are also talking of constructing the new sheds of concrete. This will be decided very soon, as the work of reconstruction is to be commenced at once.

SAYS CANADA IS GREAT COUNTRY

(Continued from Page One.)

It is, as finely cultivated, but your own agricultural districts are very beautiful, and the farmers' homes improve one as showing prosperity. I think the thing I have noticed most is the great activity of the people. Everyone seems in a hurry, and yet I have met with the greatest kindness, everyone being ready to help me, as a stranger, in any way possible."

He thinks Canada has a great future, and says there are many of the very best agricultural classes in England, Wales, and Scotland who would be only too glad to come out if they understood the real advantages of the country.

Looking to Canada.

"Before I left the old land," continued Mr. Jones, "I took a trip through Wales, and there many asked me to look out land for them."

"I intend lecturing on Canada when I get home, and I am most certainly going to recommend the young men—yes, and the young women, too, to come here and settle."

"I'm going to come again myself," concluded the reverend gentleman, "for this is a wonderful country."

BUSINESS EDUCATOR'S EXAMS

June Report in Westervelt's College, Y. M. C. A. Building.

Examinations for diplomas in business and shorthand are held upon the three last days of each month. Minimum mark 467, maximum 700.

The June report in Westervelt's College, Y. M. C. A., shows the following in shorthand: Kathleen Dell, Strathroy, 582; Beatrice Grant, Opaoka, 582; Nettie Lewis, city, 607; Margaret Tweddle, Nairn, 590; Ella B. Manning, Lambeth, 595; Edna M. Green, London, 598; Pauline M. Sifton, city, 624; Lily M. Ross, city, 615; Helen E. Watters, city, 549; Fred C. Wright, city, 535; Loretta Forbes, Marengo, Ill., 536.

Business Course—Isabel Simpson, city, 625; Milton Mann, Telier, 533; Olive Smith, Godrich, 547; Jacob Cox, city, 583.

Students making 600 marks and over are placed on the honor list.

It Keeps The Babies Well

Warm weather brings to little children the danger of stomach and bowel disorders. It should also bring them the defense provided by our

Strong's Carminative

See that there is a bottle of it in the house ready for use whenever need arises. It corrects all stomach and bowel troubles, overcomes feverish conditions, and keeps little folks well and happy. Price, 25 cents.

W. T. STRONG

Druggist

184 Dundas Street.

TRAMP, IN REVENGE, KILLS FIVE TRAINMEN

Williamsport, Pa., Aug. 10.—A tramp who was put off a Pennsylvania railroad train at Ridgway, Pa., exploded nitro-glycerine under the cars, and five men were killed.

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Three Up-to-Date Banks

Your savings account, or your active business or personal account, will be well placed if placed with one of these banks.

The time to save is while you are earning.

Open a savings account with this bank now and deposit part of your salary each pay day.

Your savings will accumulate steadily and earn interest annually at the rate of 3 per cent paid 4 times a year.

An active account with this bank will prove an advantage and a convenience to any man or woman.

A splendidly equipped bank—a bank that offers the best and most satisfactory service.

Depositors are free to command every banking courtesy.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

OFFICES IN LONDON:

Corner King and Richmond Streets, Corner Dundas and Adelaide Streets, Corner John and Richmond Streets.

CORUITY MUST STOP IN LONDON

Magistrate Love Again Fines a Man Who Abused a Horse

—Flossie Lawson's Case.

"I am determined to put a stop to these cruelties to animal cases," said Magistrate Love this morning, as he levied a fine of \$2 and costs, amounting in all to \$5, on Flossie Lawson, a 25-year-old young man. Rollins had recently bought an old, dilapidated nag which should, according to Chief Williams, be in the hospital, and placed it on a delivery rig.

The horse was covered with sores and was totally unfit for work. Flossie Lawson, the young colored woman who was recently detained on a charge of insanity, was taken to Elora this morning by an aunt, who will look after her in the future. One first-timer was discharged.

THE LATE W. D. BUCKLE.

Ald Scarlett Is Out and Out For Spring Water

Says He Is for Komoka First and Would Like Lake Huron As Second Choice.

Two more aldermen are lined up for spring water, who have been represented by the Free Press as in favor of filtration. Ald. Scarlett, a prominent member of the Worman & Ward firm, and a traveler of many years experience, came out strongly in favor of spring water. Ald. Neil Cooper, who was stated to be a filtration man, also declared that he was a spring water man, not in favor of the Komoka scheme, but in favor of the artesian well scheme, or the Titus scheme.

"I am a spring water man all the way," said Ald. Scarlett this morning to an Advertiser reporter. "I fought for the Komoka scheme last year and I have not changed my mind a particle on the question since then. The people want to be assured that the water is there, and they will have that. I will fight for spring water, as I have always done."

"What is your second choice?" was asked.

"My second choice would be the Lake Huron scheme," he replied. "I don't want filtered water."

Ald. Cooper's Position.

"Of course, I am a spring water man," said Ald. Cooper. "My scheme is the artesian wells scheme. I was in favor of the Titus scheme. I told the water commissioners some time ago that there was plenty of water at Springbank. I wanted them to put in several more collecting basins and a storage reservoir. There's lots of water there and this would insure a plentiful supply all the time."

"What about filtration?" was asked.

"Well, I have not studied this morning that he did not think the work of filtration would be done properly, and therefore he was going to oppose that scheme. I know that dead animals and sewage is dumped into the north branch, and that it will never become better, but worse. If anything should happen to the filtration business we would be in a bad position, and the city would be full of fevers."

Travelers for Spring Water.

"The commercial travelers are in favor of spring water ten to one," said a prominent official of the Travelers' Association this morning.

"There are over four hundred of them working out of this city, and I have met nearly all of them of late, and I find that not 10 per cent of them want filtered water. They declare that the people of London do not know when they are well off. If they had to drink some of the water that we have to drink, they would cut this filtration business off their programmes. None for mine."

Another traveler who did not wish his name used in connection with the argument came out strongly in favor of London spring water.

"I would quit drinking beer, if I could get such water on the road," he said, with a laugh. "Why, you people don't appreciate a good thing. I have drunk the water in the cities where they have filtration plants—St. Louis, Philadelphia and other places—I don't want any more of that. I will drink the water that more people drink beer in those cities than in any other cities. Stick to the spring water."

reach over one and three-quarter millions.

The Comparative Figures.

The figures are as follows:

Population Increases.

Ward 1 467

Ward 2 635

Ward 3 1,204

Total 2,306

Increase in Land Assessment by Wards.

Ward 1 \$346,386

Ward 2 151,227

NOBBY SUITS

The correct styles are here in all the up-to-date goods. You want a new suit and we want to make it.

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Merchant Tailor.
220 DUNDAS STREET.

\$1.00
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Will buy a good Razor—one that will shave smooth and clean and will stay sharp.

Razor Strops 35c to \$2.50
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185 DUNDAS STREET.

GURD'S GOOD GUNS**WALL PAPER**

No better time than at present for papering your rooms. New Goods recently arrived.

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212 DUNDAS STREET.

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Taught by Professionals

Every graduate placed in a situation. No failures in this school. Individual instruction. Pupils may join at any time.

Coo's Shorthand and Business College
110 DUNDAS STREET.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.,
County Bldg., next Court House, London.

\$2 Buys a Good Shoe
At PAXMAN'S, 290 Dundas St

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution, Limited

Subjects Taught:

PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN, SINGING, HARMONY, ELOCUTION, and all band instruments

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Kindling Wood
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FERGUSON & SONS
Funeral Directors
174 TO 180 KING STREET
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.
Phones 273 and 543.

SMITH, SON & CLARKE
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Lady assistant. Night calls personally attended.
Rubber-tired funeral cars.
113 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 586
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ELLIOTT & OLMSTED
Removed to 236 Dundas.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS & EMBALMERS
Open day and night. Residence on premises. Phone 1775.

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(Successor to John T. Stephenson.)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
Reasonable charges. Best equipment.
Open day and night. Residence on premises.
104 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 489.
GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Manager.

Phone an order today for pure, delicious

ICE CREAM
A trial will convince you that ours is best.

City Creamery
351 Dundas Street
Phone 1708

The Blaine donkey, once the property of James G. Blaine, still roams around the outskirts of Bar Harbor, Me. He is said to be over 40 years old.

GREAT CHANCE for small investors, only \$10.00 to secure a share; 6 per cent on subsequent payments.

London Loan & Savings Company
434 Richmond street, London.

Huron & Erie

Loan and Savings Co
440-442 Richmond St., London, Ont

ISSUES DEBENTURES RECEIVES DEPOSITS

A Responsible Directorate of Prominent Business Men

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T. G. Meredith, K.C., Vice-President.

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F. R. Eccles, M. D.,
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John Labatt,
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Wm. Saunders, C. M. G.
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Order Hamilton's
Hamilton's Porter is fully aged. It is the best. Ask for Hamilton's when you are buying.

Order Hamilton's

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor,
212 Dundas Street

Higgins Block. Telephone 596

THOS. GILLEAN
402 Richmond Street.

Odd things not found elsewhere

Cut Glass

There is no season when our cut glass is not in demand. At present we have on exhibition a new assortment in superb qualities and pleasing designs for late summer wedding gifts. Inspection invited.

THOS. GILLEAN
402 Richmond Street.

The Bread You Eat
Makes All the Difference in the World

The bread used on your table is a patent factor in determining the family health. Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread is a perfect health food. At good grocers.

Johnston Bros. Phone 818

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—St. Thomas holds its civic holiday on Monday. Port Stanley will entertain the railroad citizens, and Hill Crest will provide a special dance for them in the evening.

—The following donations towards the fund for the relief of the sufferers of the Crystal Hill disaster are acknowledged by The Advertiser: Mrs. Thomas Tomlinson, Shabbona, Mich., late of Westminster, \$1; Miss Lucy Hobbs, \$2.

—Mrs. Charles Armand Carnelle, a well-known musician of Buffalo, N. Y., is spending a couple of weeks' vacation in this city the guest of Mr. Lee, the popular pianist who has been playing this season at Springbank Theatre.

—Rev. W. A. Cameron, B. A., a former leader of the McMaster Band, is to occupy the pulpit of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, and take charge of the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, during the absence of Pastor Ross.

—Mrs. Frank Jackson, of 1 Dundas street, is suffering from a severe attack of diphtheria at her mother's home in Elmville. Mrs. Jackson left last Monday to visit her mother. At that time she was in perfect health, but she contracted the disease while on the visit to Elmville. Mr. Jackson left for that place today.

The Wire Broke.
Owing to the breaking of the trolley wire on Richmond street, near Kent, late last night, the cars operating north of Dundas street were tied up for half an hour. It was found impossible to keep the system in operation by changing the routes, and nothing could be done but repair the break as speedily as possible.

Open day and night. Hueston's livery, Richmond street and Wellington street.

There will be a dance at Hill Crest, Port Stanley, tonight, with Linke's orchestra in attendance. 614 xt

From the hawkbill turtle of the Caribbean Sea comes the tortoise shell of commerce.

SWASTIKA JEWELRY

The very latest thing in jewelry. Unique in design and the most popular article of jewelry in the United States and Canada today. See them in our window.

SUMNER
The Popular Jewelry House
380 RICHMOND STREET.

Many Know

That the service to be had at the optical department of Diamond Hall is excellent. We guarantee the best of satisfaction. Our prices are moderate.

W. G. YOUNG
Eye Specialist.
214 AND 674 DUNDAS STREET.

DON'T BUY CEMENT
Until you get our prices, wholesale and retail

JOHN MANN & SONS
401 CLARENCE ST.
426 YORK STREET

High-Class Diamonds

People who wear Diamonds want stones that will bear the closest scrutiny—gems which are free from flaws, and from whose surface every ray of light is reflected as from a drop of water.

We carry all sizes of Diamonds, from the largest to the smallest, either set or unset, and all of the purest quality.

C. H. WARD & CO.
374 Richmond Street

Takoma Loaf—the bread of quality
—the bread that has won the housewife's favor. Ask your next-door neighbor what she thinks of Takoma Loaf. For sale at all grocers. Every loaf wrapped.

Phone 929

The Best Thing in the Nursery
Except the Baby

Euthymol Talc Powder

Purified and Antiseptic. Have you had the new package?

Parke, Davis & Co. could not improve the powder, so they improved the box.

We have none other quite so dainty and pure as Euthymol. Ask us for a free sample box.

Cairncross & Lawrence
Chemists and Druggists.
216 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

ASSOCIATION RECEIVES MANY DONATIONS

Between \$300 and \$400 Contributed for the Dog Show in September.

Thus far the London Kennel Association, which will hold a big exhibition of dogs in September, has collected between \$300 and \$400 to furnish a prize list.

The members desire to thank the following, who have made donations: R. C. Struthers, Hobbs Hardware Company, Carling Brewing and Malt Company, George H. O'Neill, A. M. Smith & Co., John Labatt, Adam Beck, A. H. Brenner, Lieut.-Col. Little, W. M. Gartshore, Thos. McCormick, Philip Pocock, D. H. Howden & Co., McLeod, Nolan & Co., Grafton & Co., J. P. Cook, W. T. Strong, E. J. MacRobert, F. G. Turnbull, R. J. Young & Co., George B. Gerrard, Jeffrey Hale, G. C. Gibbons, John Pringle, H. S. Blackburn, E. Guillemont, Thos. Gillean, John Mills, F. J. Karn, London Electric Company, J. S. Barnard, J. P. Evans, Cowan & Co., Moses Masurett & Co., D. S. Perrin & Co., E. Adams & Co., A. E. Cooper, R. Arkell, Cairncross & Lawrence, Dominion Express Company, Senator Coffey, and many others.

NO PERSON should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaints and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has earned for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

BIG ACTS WILL BE AT BENNETT'S

Opening for the Season 1907-8 Will Take Place on Monday, September 2.

Great activity is being displayed in vaudeville circles generally preparatory to the openings early in September, for instance, if one could see the volume of work that is being turned out daily from the head offices of the Bennett Theatrical enterprise in this city, they would be astounded.

The rapid yet substantial growth of this local firm has been a marvel to those theatrically interested throughout America. Starting but three years ago with only one theater, today owning and operating five magnificent and modern theaters in the principal Canadian cities, is the company's history at a glance.

The Bennett circuit, with theaters in London, Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, are booked by the United Booking Office of New York, who supply the talent for the nine theaters of B. F. Keith in London, Eng., New York, Cleveland and Columbus, O., Portland, Me., and Manchester, N. H.; the Keith & Proctor theaters in New York City, Jersey City, Newark, Troy and Albany; the Shea theaters in Toronto and Buffalo, the Temple, in Detroit; Kohl & Castle's circuit of six houses in Chicago and St. Louis; the well-known Orpheum circuit that has nine theaters reaching from Chicago to the Pacific Coast and through the southwest; the Percy Williams' Greater New York houses, and the two far-famed temples of vaudeville of Oscar Hammerstein's, the Victoria Theater and the Paradise Roof Garden, N. Y.

The Keith office, controlling as it does, the bookings of over a hundred other theaters not mentioned above, obtains the very acme of vaudeville talent, comprising the latest sensational novelties, miniature spectacular productions, noted foreign artists, stars from the "legitimate" and other big features from every possible source. Their special agents are at all times scouring the globe for something new and novel to offer the public.

By this arrangement every theater booked by the United is assured the cream of vaudeville. It is a great advantage and should be the source of great pride to the theatergoers of Canada to have this class of entertainment supplied for forty weeks out of the year by a home company.

The bills at Bennett's Theater in this city will be bigger and better than ever. The opening for the season of 1907-8 will take place Monday, Sept. 2.

ITEMS FROM PORT STANLEY

[Special to The Advertiser.]
Port Stanley, Aug. 9.—The large steel steamer Algonquin arrived in port today from Port William with 50,000 bushels of wheat and a large cargo of oats for the John Campbell Company, Limited, of St. Thomas.

Recent registrations: J. H. Towe, G. W. Snider, Miss M. Dwyer and sister, Misses Mary and Rose Graham, Misses Taylor, London; J. Anderson, London; A. Munson, London; E. B. Armstrong, St. Thomas; Capt. and Mrs. H. B. Madden, St. Thomas; Miss E. O'Connor, Miss P. Gordon, Detroit; I. Groh, Toronto; R. M. Millar, F. E. Stephens, London.

Kanawha Camp contains the following London boys: Harry Lacey, Wm. Robson, Wm. Yealland, Russell Coulter and Carlyle Webster.

Mrs. George Campbell, of London, who has been the guest of Mrs. Len G. Westland, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and niece, of London, are visiting at Sunnyside Cottage.

Miss Winnie Brown and Miss Maggie McNaughton, of London, have returned home after visiting Mrs. W. Sanborn.

A special Pere Marquette train conveyed a large crowd of picnickers to Port Stanley today from West Lorne. Mr. R. N. Price, of St. Thomas, is in town on business today.

Miss Edith Wain, and Miss Sarah Adcock, of the Anderson Company, St. Thomas, are holidaying in the village.

WATERWAY TALES

Send for New D. and C. Annual Magazine.

The latest contribution to the literature of travel is the 250-page book issued by the D. & C. Line. It contains three interesting stories, entitled "After Many Years," "A Romance En Route," and "The Sunset Tryst," beautifully illustrated with fine half-tones of scenes along the D. & C. Coast Line. Sent anywhere upon receipt of ten cents to prepay postage.

Address:
D. & C. NAVIGATION CO.,
YAGUIS ARE MADE SLAVES

Mexico Sends Prisoners to Work on Yucatan Plantations.

Mexico City, Mex., Aug. 9.—Advices from Guaymas say that four hundred Yaqui Indian prisoners are being taken to the hot lands of Yucatan by the Mexican Government, where they will be kept in slavery for the remainder of their lives.

More than five thousand Yaquis have been killed in battle or captured and deported to Yucatan during the last five years, but the remnant of the once powerful tribe kept up their war against federal authority as vigorously as ever. Among the prisoners deported are many women and children. All are made to work upon plantations.

The change of climate from the high mountains of the north to the low tropical lands of the south soon has a fatal effect upon most of the prisoners.

FORESTERS WILL MEET AT BERLIN

Prominent Londoners Delegated to Attend the I. O. F. High Court Convention.

The high court of the I. O. F. meets in Berlin on Aug. 28 and 29. It is expected that a very large number of delegates will be in attendance. Those from London courts will be as follows:

Court Hope—C. H. Peacock, J. A. Tilley, T. K. Stiles.
Court Dufferin—H. Pratt, J. F. Hicks, W. Evans, B. Tripp.
Court Victoria—J. Pearce, A. A. Nickerson.

Court Welcome—T. Ball, Robert Gilmore, F. Bisset, S. Knight, E. Moyer and W. Evans.
Court Byron—J. Justin, Whit Lancaster, E. Monteth.

Companion Court Forest City—Companion Anstie.
Court Friendship—Mrs. London.
Court Joy—Mrs. Angus and Mrs. Bickley.

It is announced that the following officers will also attend the high court meeting: H. V. C. R., F. J. Darch; High Treasurer Very Rev. Dean Davis; High Auditor J. Hambly, H. J. Secretary A. M. Hunt, H. S. B. W. A. Hunter, P. H. C. R. C. H. Merryfield, P. H. Treasurer Frank Adams.

ANNULLED THE MARRIAGE

A Boy-and-Girl Romance Wound Up by the Courts.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—The marriage of Ellen Maria Fasken, aged 17, to Henry Parr, aged 18, has been annulled by an order made by Justice Mabee. This is the first case of its kind under the recent legislation by the Ontario Legislature.

The two were neighbors. They met each other on the way home from Sunday school and from high school at Elora, and were married on April 19 last.

The girl left her husband at the door of the minister's house, giving the ring and certificate to the boy.

The court orders that the certificate be delivered up for cancellation and that the record of marriage be amended by memorandum of judgment.

Austin K. Jones has been bell-ringer at Harvard for 49 years. He has rung the clapper of the bell in Harvard Hall 3,175,000 times and has walked to and from the bell rope nearly half a century, 53,045 miles. He is 81 years old and has rung in and tolled out five Harvard University presidents.

NEARLY ALL INFANTS are more or less subject to diarrhea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints, and is highly spoken of by those who have used it.

Tait-Brown Optical Company,
237 Dundas St.
EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS.
Glasses manufactured on the premises.

Hats HALF PRICE
AND LESS AT OUR MOVING SALE.

10 dozen Soft Hats, regular prices \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Now 98c
Choice of all our best \$3.00 Hats, now \$1.98
Choice of all our \$2.50 Hats, now \$1.49
Straw Hats half price.

BOUGHNER

DOCTOR JARVIS

25 Per Cent Discount on Artificial Teeth
During August. Now is your chance to save dollars.

OFFICE: Cor. Dundas and Clarence

LONG SILK LACE MITTS 45c.

MARA'S
VELVET RIBBONS SEE OUR SPECIAL AT 19c YARD.

BEST OF GOODS

For the

LEAST MONEY

At 5c A YARD—Best Prints for making comfortable; fast colors. Per yard.....5c

At 29c A PAIR—Summer Net Corsets, steel filled. Special.....29c

At 10c EACH—Eyelet Embroidery COLLAR TABS: Each.....10c

At 18¹/₂c A YARD—Wool Voiles, in colors of reds, grays, greens, wide width. Per yard.....18¹/₂c

At 35c EACH—Ladies' Waists, in dark colors and guaranteed fast; all sizes. Each 35c

At 99c A PAIR—Summer Blankets, white and gray; large size. Per pair.....99c

At 13c A PAIR—Ladies' Cotton Hose, tans, white and blacks; seamless and fast. Per pair.....13c

Try MARAS For Black Voiles
Opposite Market Lane

ROSS' Clearing at Half Price

12 dozen choice patterns in 50c Silk Neckwear...25c
One lot of Fancy Summer Hosiery, worth 25c, now.....2 for 25c

Several dozen select patterns in Summer Shirts, worth 75c and \$1.00, now.....54c

New Black Stiff Hats for fall just arrived. Price \$2 and \$2.50

196 DUNDAS ST.

F. C. B. C.

Y. M. C. A. LONDON, ONT.

Twenty-two years under the present management, more than one hundred and thirty firms in London employing our graduates, and not ONE in either Bookkeeping or

Shorthand

out of a position, is a record of which we naturally feel a wee bit proud.

We have no figureheads on the faculty. Three specialists in Bookkeeping, one a chartered accountant, and three in Shorthand are employed throughout the year; others added as the work increases. Two hundred and twelve day pupils is our registration. The B. E. A. is our standard for graduation. We lead, always have, others imitate.

Handsome catalogue for the asking. College reopens, Sept. 3.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

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SPECIALITIES:
Bookkeeping, Practical Banking, Office Methods, Actual Business, Auditing, Finance, Expert Accounting, Shorthand, Press and Court Reporting, Touch Typewriting, Penmanship and Preparatory.

ABSOLUTELY THOROUGH
Strongest faculty ever assembled in a Canadian College of Commerce.

OPENS SEPT. 3
Elegant descriptive matter free for the asking. C. H. CLARK, President.

Temporary Office, Monarch Typewriter Company, Masonic Temple.

QUEEN'S HEARTFELT WISH
Comfort of a New Nursing Home for Poor Clergy.

London, Aug. 10.—The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, on Wednesday, opened the new hotel of St. Luke, in Fitzroy Square. Her majesty was too hoarse after recent cold to respond herself to the address, so Archdeacon Utterton read out her reply, which was as follows:

"May God's richest blessing rest upon this hostel, and may it bring comfort and relief to many a poor and needy sufferer. This is the wish of my heart—A."

The Queen has always displayed great sympathy with the work of the hostel, and not only contributed £100 to the building fund, but also sent an autograph letter wishing all success to the work.

The hostel was founded in 1892 to provide medical and surgical treatment and a nursing home for the clergy of the Church of England, their wives, widows and children, who are unable to afford the heavy expenses of a private nursing home or of trained nurses in their own homes. With the site the total cost of the new hostel amounts to £24,000, of which £5,000 has still to be raised.

Every year from 800 to 1,200 couples come to England from the continent, mostly from Germany, to get married. To comply with the conditions of the English law the bride usually comes, over first, stays one night in a hotel and gives notice of the marriage on the following day. Then the man arrives and the ceremony takes place. It is generally by license, as otherwise both would have to be in England four weeks.

On the Roof of the Rockies; Canada's Mountain World

Written Especially for the Advertiser by Frank Yeigh, Toronto.

I am standing on the roof of the Rockies.

Below is the steep way of ascent, via cliff, couloir and cornice; farther below is the green-paved bed of the valley. Of Paradise Valley, made a deep vale by eight encircling peaks.

Around is the snow world of the upper stories of the hills, pure as the white-winged clouds overhead, as the deep-bosomed lake beneath. A vagrant wind current, of Arctic chill, is playing drift with the latest fallen snow—that which fell last night when the sky-scraping summits were submerged in the whirl of a blizzard, and our tent areas were galied white with the same frozen pellets; when the wild swish of the storm answered to the wild song of the stream hard by.

I walk upon this field of glistening white, gliding in its immaculateness, and yet mistrusting its fair surface for hiding possible overhanging cornices or bridging crevasses where fathoms are as feet.

I stand at last on the roof of the Rockies, on the small uneven area that makes the summit of Mount Aberdeen 10,340 feet above the sea level.

The sight is a sight of wonder. For behold what a sweep of vision may be seen from the little eye windows of men! I am in the center of a garden of hills. Peaks are piled on peaks, and Alps o'er Alps arise. No mask of cloud shuts out the marvelous scene, no curtain of rain or storm enshrouds the upheaved giants.

I stand in an elemental world, somber, mysterious, sublime; in nature's mightiest workshop, revealing the chiseling and sculpturing effects of ages of ice and flood, of aeons of storm and stress in mountain-making and destroying.

It seems a long way from the man-stuffed town, from the battlefields of human endeavor and strife, and here-

to I have been brought by the wanderlust of life, by the gypsy-longing for the out-of-door and the high hills. Here, too, on the crest of a continent, one feels a degree nearer the sky. The stately heights appear to commune with the stars that hang so low in the heavens. So it seems.

Cast the eye in a circle and note the sum total of the scene. Mount Lefroy is practically on a level, with one great stone wing thrusting its bulk into Paradise Valley, and one making a theater scene high above Lake Louise. The beautiful lake itself has shrunk into a ribbon of blue-green in its granite bed.

Mount Victoria is also on the eye level—the vertebrae of the continent; walling in Lake Louise on one side, walling out Lake O'Hara on the other. Victoria, with its sparkling crown of snow and its wall-clinging masses of snow and ice, is very day, as it has repelled other invaders of its sublime sanctuaries.

The eye is now swinging leftward, catching Pinnacle in its sweep, the mountain of colossal church spires and tall chimneys, of rock gendarmes and sharp-pointed aiguilles. Pinnacle thwarted Edward Feuz and his fellow-climbers the very day, as it has repelled other invaders of its sublime sanctuaries.

And Temple! The noble hill of height, sheathed in snow garmenture, of dazzling whiteness, where the cloud shroud loves to linger, as a mountain climber loves to linger at a vantage while he drinks in the sublimities in scenery.

I look up to Temple, even from Aberdeen's crown, as I look down upon Sheol and Fairview and Mitre and the Saddleback. There, on Temple, a row of little black specks of humans are silhouetted against the further sky as they audaciously master its last escarpment.

Yet other peaks peer over yet other ranges. Part of the Ten Peaks show their crowns over the roof of the Sen-

tinel Pass and by the Eiffel Tower. All this I saw on the roof of the Rockies, the while a wintry maid found the narrow of man, and made him dance a hornpipe to no music but its own if the Alpinist were to keep from freezing.

I saw yet more from the wind-swept cairn on Aberdeen, the tented town of the Alpine Club of Canada in the valley, the circular homes of the mountain livers looking like snow balls of white on a carpet of green, with the two answering streams of Paradise Creek joining their forces through the camp.

The way up Aberdeen has been a strenuous way in spots—always and everlastingly up. A snow-choked gully provides a stairway when zig-zag steps are cut in its surface. A mass of boulders form another stage in the climb, with one step up and two down as the unanchored man threatens to carry one on a prolonged toboggan slide. A bit of sheer rock wall intervenes, giving exercise in mountain goat work, but the succeeding obstruction of rotten rock, with insecure hand and foot holds, affords the first real testing of nerves and wits that makes the rope that relates one to the Swiss guide seem like a friend in need.

It is still and ever up. It is the only way to scale heights and make depths. It will suddenly reveal a canyon of disconcerting depth, or a yet steeper couloir, up which the climber has to find a toe-hold in treacherous snow or slippery ice. But the excelsior spirit wins out. And who shall describe the thrill of achievement when the last parapet is scaled, the last danger point passed and the Mountain is conquered?

To the man on the level, gazing sheer upward to the supreme height and all the difficult way thereto, it is the height of folly; to the victorious Alpinist it is the height of joy. It is all in the point of view.

The up-climb involves the down-go. That must not be forgotten. On Aberdeen it means a preliminary slide over a sea of loose stones that sometimes lays the novice by the heels, with his feet describing air circles and his alpenstock pointing aimlessly toward the sky.

It chiefly means, however, a three-thousand foot glide down the steepest and smoothest of snow slopes. To shoot valleyward like a human rocket, compassing in a few minutes distances that involve hours on the climb, to feel every nerve tingling and every muscle straining, and every drop of red blood leaping for the joy of life; to have a big Rocky Mountain for a toboggan slide, and even to turn unexpected somersaults, to be tumbled into soft snow masses, only to be tumbled out of them; to have feet wet and neither garments sadly torn and worn—all this is tremendously worth while; it is the rarest sport some stiff-jointed old folks have indulged in since they were young.

So back to camp. Ah, the welcome cheer, the congratulations on having qualified as active members by surmounting a summit over ten thousand feet high, the welcome of the blazing camp fire, the welcome of the cookery tent!

As a matter of honest record, let the camp supper come first. Would one have been a sea could be so deliciously pruned as appetizing, or daintier so tasty? Would one have dreamed of the warming effects of dish after dish of clear strong tea?

Or would one have thought there could be such human amalgamation, such rare comradeship among the sons of men and the daughters of women as is shown around the family fire, that crackles afresh every time a joke is made or a merry quip tossed into the log-fire? In all conscience, Dignity is denied admission to the camp, indeed, how can it exist when barbers are many a mile away, collars and cuffs are proven to be unnecessary to life, shoes lose the last coat of blacking, clothes almost lose the art of hanging together, and burned and blistered faces are powdered and cold-creamed.

The impromptu entertainments emphasize the fact that hilarity is no crime. Men sing who never sang before, and should never sing again; the council chamber save in preaching the duties of steadfastness, union, and common action along the decided course. He had the capacity, which so many otherwise able Irishmen lack, a capacity without which the best political ability is likely to be wasted in the sands of faction, the capacity for what the biographer has termed "pooling his mind." He gave his colleagues the best advice and guidance of which he was capable, but if other advice prevailed he did not emerge into the highways and the byways to agitate for the coercion of those who (Continued on Page Eighteen.)

APPRECIATIONS OF EDWARD BLAKE

TRIBUTE OF THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL—SINGLE-MINDED DEVOTION TO IRISH CAUSE.

"My present serious illness (though I have every prospect of recovering) a substantial measure of health and strength and ability to do some quiet work, yet leaves me, as I believe, no reasonable prospect that I could resume the strenuous duties of membership without danger of a recurrence of the attack; and I am advised that it is my duty to withdraw. Thus it only remains for me, with grateful thanks for your goodness, and warmest wishes for the triumph of the cause, to say the sad word, 'Farewell.'"

So the Hon. Edward Blake wrote from his London house, 20 Kensington Gate, to his friends and constituents of South Longford on Friday last, and the note of farewell will find a sympathetic echo in every part of Canada. Having long stood in the very front rank of Canadian politics, Mr. Blake has for fifteen years been content to serve as a private in the ranks of the Nationalist party, and now, in his 74th year, he puts a graceful if sad finish to his parliamentary and public life. He has the best wishes of his many friends and admirers, and of every Canadian, for a speedy restoration to health and the enjoyment of many years of quiet and useful work.

It is a long and strenuous political career that this letter of resignation brings to a close, and those who measure fame by conventional standards may send regrets over its seeming failure. Lord Rosebery once spoke of Mr. Blake as "the most brilliant orator and one of the most capable statesmen of Canada." The Hon. George Brown, after 23 years' intimate acquaintance with the public man of Canada, declared him to be "the ablest of them all." During his leadership of the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament he showed a singular mastery of detail and a large grasp of public questions, while as a jurist and advocate he was a recognized leader both in Canada and this country. And yet he missed the prizes of office which fell in abundance to men far below him in moral weight and political ability, and in actual achievement, as evidenced by the statute book, he may seem to hold a comparatively small place in the parliamentary records of either land.

AN IRISH TRIBUTE.

Must then the public career of Mr. Blake be deemed a failure? No Canadian who reads his history will call this Canadian record a failure, and as for his Irish work of the last fifteen years, with which we are now especially concerned, listen to the Freeman's Journal:

"Ireland's fair-weather friends are beyond reckoning. But she will always remember with gratitude the loyalty and the devotion that brought to her side in years of difficulty, doubt, and dissension the Irish-Canadian leader who turned from paths of honor, profit, and ambition in the land of his birth to serve the land of his forefathers in her hour of trial. Mr. Blake's rally to Ireland was an inspiration; his services to her have been a great example. A statesman of repute, a great constitutional lawyer, a politician skilled in party warfare, his counsel and his purse have been for the past fifteen years at the service of the Irish party. His experience and his ability entitled him to claim a leading part in the councils of the party. But his voice was never heard outside

THE NEED OF SPECTACLES

In many of the headache cases which an oculist is called on to investigate the vision is very good. In fact, says a writer in the Medical Brief, it is what we call normal, or 20-20.

The trouble in these cases is the astigmatism, which is an uneven curvature of the front of the cornea. That is, one meridian, say the horizontal, is more curved than the other, the perpendicular.

For these cases a cylindrical glass is what is required to equalize the two meridians. This nature refracts only in one meridian.

By wearing proper glasses these cases are relieved of their headaches. It is not a matter of vision, but it relieves the eye strain.

Astigmatism is supposed to be caused by the unequal pressure of the eyelids on the cornea. This is a common explanation. It may also have astigmatism of the lens of the eye, which is not so common.

People who get to be 45 years old and have never had any trouble with their eyes, find that in the evening, when reading, their eyes get tired, and they become uneasy. The book has to be held a little farther off to see the letters. This condition is what is called presbyopia, or old sight. The vision for distance may be normal. What is needed is a convex glass which will magnify.

The condition of presbyopia is physiological and not pathological. The muscles which move the lens so as to make the focus for reading distance lose their power. Their place is supplied by the glass.

It is necessary always to test persons first for distance, to see if they are far-sighted. If they are, the far-sighted glass is added to what may be needed for reading. That is, a person who is not either near-sighted or far-sighted at 45 will require a plus 1D glass to read with. If they are far-sighted, say plus 2D, they would need a plus 3 to read with.

If a person were near-sighted, say minus 2D, the condition is different. The person who at 45 uses minus 2D for distance needs only a minus 1D to do near work with, and at 50 years needs no glasses at all for close work. Every five years from 45 on an extra plus 1D is required for reading distance. At 55 this same person would still be using the minus 2D for distance and plus 1D for near work.

We come across people 80 or 90 years old who say they never use glasses, and see as well as ever for distance and near. This is easily explained. One eye is neither far-sighted nor near-sighted, and the vision is good for distance. The other is near-sighted and is used for near work. Of course, these two eyes never can focus together.

When a person has astigmatism troubles it is not necessary to wear glasses all the time. To use them for close work may be enough. If, however, the headaches continue when a person is walking or sitting around a house, it will be necessary to make constant use of them. In other words, any time a person has headaches, wear the glasses. The amount of astigmatism often changes, and sometimes very quickly—that is, in a few months. It may get less or it may increase. For this reason a person might have headaches six months after getting glasses and wearing them all the time properly. The change in the cornea would explain the whole trouble.

Wit ax and wit steek an very much talk.

De peep start de record to beat.

De farder she go de more still she's get.

And commence say noding at all, Dey walk on de rock, dey walk on de wet.

Always skeer les' somebuddy fall!

But higher an higher de guide ees go.

And everyone de de sam ting, Dey pass all de rock, see noding but snow.

She's cold! freeze ear, every ting! Dey don't stay longue tam, you may bet on your boot.

But glisser and run away down, An when dey see camp, dey yell an dey hoot.

Cos' everyone save heem hees crown.

Dere face shee's all red wit blister an snow.

De pant hees full of beeg hole; Cos' wen dey slide down, dey sit as you know.

And stear heem go straight wit a pole.

At night dey all sing, some speak an some play.

Some boy she sit close on de girl, De girl she do noding, but everyone say.

Tees fines' place on de hole worl'.

I didn't clime Temple, Hungabee at all.

Nor Pinnacle sam as de res', Cos' I go for beeg ting and dey are too small.

I took Aberdeen, which ees bes'.

Wheeler, ess captinne, she know every-ting.

Tree times more dan you an us all, If Edouard be ded am sure she be King.

Or get better job by nex' fall.

Then to bed—no, wait a bit. Tired muscles and achng bones cry aloud

for rest, but there's a vision awaiting one, even from the borders of the camp fire. For a silver light rests on the temple dome, such a strange eerie ghost-light that belongs neither to day or night or the twilight time of the plains. It is the ghost-light of the midnight sun lands—of Norway, of the Arctic circle of Canada. For hours it rests like a benediction on the illumined winter crests, the silver light of the high hills.

Under the spell, one slips away from humans. One is alone. It is the dominion of night and the stars. It is a country that is different. The hush of nature soothes and silences. All is so quiet—so quiet, so passing peaceful, except for the distant murmur of the glacial creek ever rushing to the Bow, to the prairies, to the Atlantic.

There had been many voices in the valley during the daylight hours—the peal of storm in the lordly mountain place, the awesome reverberations of avalanches, the artillery rattle of rock slides, the music of frost-released creeks, the whistles of rock-burrowing animals, the songs of birds, but now, under the low-hanging stars and the newborn moon, Paradise Valley is:

—a mighty mouthed hollow. That's plumb full of hush to the brim."

It's really bedtime now—beds of balsam boughs where sweet sleep waits, even if mischievous branches dig in to one's anatomy, even if unsuspected heights of land are found in mother earth, even if night-prowling breezes crawl in under tent and blankets and touch the slumberer with their chill, even if prowling porcupines, seeking shoes off which to dine, alarm wakeful ones into visions of grizzlies!

So to bed and so to sleep, and so to dream of happy days, such very happy days, among God's everlasting hills, such glorious hours on the roof of the Rockies in this our Canadian wonderland.

"Ouida," Her Romance and Her Poverty

PERSONALIA ABOUT THE NOVELIST, NOW IN DIRE WANT, WHOM IN MAX BLA—BOHM CALLS A MIRACLE OF MODERN LITERATURE—AN ECCENTRIC WOMAN AND A GENIUS.

Ouida, so it is said, is in direct straits of poverty. The novelist who once could make hundreds with a few strokes of the pen now finds it impossible to eke out a living. The sybarite who once surrounded herself with luxuries that nearly rivaled those of the most magnificent of her imaginary heroines is now reduced to sackcloth and ashes, were we to credit the accounts which she herself has hastened to discredit. One is glad to know that the accounts of her poverty are exaggerations of her real condition, which is, however, a fall from her period of affluence.

Her debacle—strange as it may seem to the public, which knows not how little dependent is pudding upon praise—was almost coincident with a turn of the critical tide in her favor. Once she was more popular with the crowd than with the critics; later she became more popular with the critics than with the crowd.

In the days when Ouida was reaping her harvest of applause and pelf from the public the critical journals, with the Saturday Review at their head, were having the same sort of fun with her books that they are now having with Marie Corelli's masterpieces. They laughed at Ouida's gorgeous rhetoric and at her opulence of carefully acquired misinformation. They told how she described Queen Victoria as present at a levee and how she made one horse win the Derby two years in succession—the Derby, a race confined to 3-year-olds. When she described

Wanda's library as a spacious hall containing a million volumes they pointed out that a million volumes would fill not a hall, but a colossal museum. Her references to the "pointing of the digitus monstrari," and her heading of one of her chapters with the words "Thalassisi! Thalassisi!" seemed very terrible to gentlemen who thought that criticism consists in spotting mistakes. A characteristic bit of old-time slashing criticism is the Saturday Review's onslaught on "Wanda" in 1883.

"To which pompous display to which piece of tawdriness shall we first introduce our reader?" asks the critic. "Shall word painting or word daubing, or whatever it is called, lead the way? Oh on the other hand, shall the big bouncing characters be first mustered?" He tears the first two chapters to pieces in a column and a half and then gives up the job. "We feel," he says, "that we have already gone far enough in introducing our reader to Ouida's characters and adjectives. Of both the one and the other we are essentially weary. But tastes differ, and they are met with in vulgar novels or in vulgar hotels, but unfortunately only too many admirers."

The fact of the matter is that Ouida is not and never was an artist. She lacks moderation and repose, the self-criticism that produces art. That is why she was so little appreciated by reviewers. Writers of enormous vitality never are artistic; they cannot pause to pick an epithet, to polish a phrase, to round off a period. They must always be rushing swiftly onward. Ouida, who is an essentially feminine as was John Oliver Hobbes, possessed none of her rival's tact and preciosity, but was endowed instead with a force and energy whose exuberance is strongly in contrast with the other's reticence and economy of emphasis. All her books are amazing in (Continued on Page Eighteen.)

LOST RACE OF INDO-CHINA

The great mystery about Indo-China and one which must ever be insoluble is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilization of that strange country.

The mighty walks of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely-settled jungles, remain as the memorial of a great empire, which has utterly disappeared, and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple or what tyrant hounded on his myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures. Angkor-Wat was one of the most astounding monuments of the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself, were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise.

Only a highly civilized and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat, a very different race from the Annamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.—Singapore Free Press.

A SPLITTING HEADACHE.

[Philadelphia Press.] "I'll give you something to eat," said the lady, as she glanced over at the wood pile, "but I expect some work—"

"Lady," pleaded Weary Willie, "I got a splitting headache."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes," de thought o' splitting wood all ways gives me dat kind of a headache."

WORTH THE MONEY.

[Chicago News.] "So you want to marry my daughter eh?" queried the stern parent.

"I do," answered the young man.

"Are you aware, sir," continued the P. P., "that it cost more than \$15,000 to bring her up and educate her?"

"No, sir," replied the applicant for the job of son-in-law, "but I'm right here to inform you she's worth every dollar of it."

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S BITING SATIRE OF A SOCIETY DOLL—A FIGURE WITHOUT EYES.

A new English writer, John Galsworthy, is hailed as a second Thackeray, owing to his mastery of satire. The following in the London Nation, headed "Fashion," gives an impression of his extraordinary powers:

I have been watching you this last ten minutes, while your carriage has been standing still, and have seen your smiling face change twice, as though you were about to say: "I am not accustomed to be stopped like this"; but what I have chiefly noticed is that you have not looked at anything all these minutes except the persons sitting opposite, and the backs of your flunkies on the box. No, clearly, nothing has distracted you from following your thought: "I am mounted in this expensive chest, on these expensive wheels; there is pleasure before me, I am told!" Yours is the three hundredth carriage in this row that blocks the road for half a mile. In the two hundred and ninety-nine before it and the one hundred that come after, you are sitting too—with your face before you, and your unseeing eyes.

Resented while you gathered being brought into the world with the most distinguished skill; remembered by your mother when the whim came to her; taught to believe that life consists in caring for your clean, well-nourished body, and your manner that nothing usual can disturb; taught to regard society as the little ring of men and women that you see, and to feel your business is to know the names of the people who are to get it given you you have never had a chance!

You take commands from no one; your heart gives you your commands, forms your desires, your wishes, your opinions, and passes them between your lips. From your heart well-up your springs that you want, and get it given you; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. Each year when April comes, and the earth smells new, you have an odd aching heart underneath your corsets. What is it for? You have a husband, or a lover, or neither, whichever suits you best; you have a car, and get it given you if you wished for them; you are fed at stated intervals with food and wine; you have all you want of country life and country sports; you have the theater and the opera, books, music and religion! From the top of the plume, torn from a dying bird, or the flowers made at an insufficient wage that decorate your head, to the sole of the shoe that cramps your foot, you are decked out with solemn care; a year of labor has been seen into your garments, and forged into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the center of the world; if you wished you could have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wished you could see everything that has been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of Nature's grandest charms, and the most perfect works of Art. You could hear the last word that is said on everything, if you wished. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—you have never had a chance!

For, sitting there in your seven hundred carriages, you are blind—in heart, and soul, and voice, and walk, the blindest creature in the world. Never for one minute of your little life have you thought, or done, or spoken for yourself. You have been prevented; and so wonderful is this plot to (Continued on Page Eighteen.)

ETHER A TESTING DRINK IN RUSSIA

The habit of ether drinking is extremely prevalent in some parts of Russia, as of East Prussia, and all the efforts of the authorities to combat the evil have hitherto been almost fruitless.

An idea of the extent to which the habit prevails may be gathered from reports given in the Russian newspapers of a recent accident which occurred at a place called Trossno. Ether is drunk by farmers on festive occasions, when it appears to be consumed in painful. A farmer celebrating his son's wedding in the fullness of his hospitality got in two pairs of ether. During the process of decanting the ether into bottles a violent explosion took place, by which six children were killed and one adult was dangerously and fourteen others more or less severely injured.—Family Doctor.

BUYING OLD FIDDLES

Great numbers of fine old violins and violoncellos that come into the high-class market of London are procured through the medium of advertisements inserted in obscure country papers, and especially those of ancient cathedral cities.

Of course, few of the fiddles thus obtained are veritable masterpieces, but a great many of them are fine examples of early English and foreign makers, and they are often bought for ridiculously small prices by a group of experts who have brought the business to a lucrative system. Many a struggling family of long descent in some out-of-the-way part of the country happens to see in the one country newspaper of the week that good prices are given for old fiddles, and some long-forgotten instrument in a lumber-room, or put away on a shelf, suddenly comes to mind.

Correspondence follows; the dealer sends a deposit in order that some fiddle spoken of may be sent to him and examined, and he usually replies that the instrument sent is dilapidated, and but so generally, but that he is willing to give 30s. or £2 for it. In a great many cases the offer is accepted offhand, and in this way most of the finest fiddles extant of the second class come into the hands of dealers. Only lately a cello that came from a Shropshire farm at the price of £2 sold the same day to a West End dealer for nearly £100.

One of the most shrewd and respected of all these dealers was, until a year or two ago, a humble member of the orchestra of a London suburban theater. He began to advertise in remote papers to the greatest limits of his scanty wages, and is now one of the most extensive and prosperous dealers in the trade.

YUM! YUM!

[Harper's Weekly.] One of the officers of the Indian office at Washington was visiting a reservation in Montana on Government business when a certain chief, who had taken a fancy to Uncle Sam's agent, invited him to attend the wedding of the Indian's daughter.

The Indian office man was, to his regret, unable to be present at the festivities, but the Indian laconically described the function subsequently, in order to indicate what the agent had missed.

"Five dogs," said the chief, "and plenty pie."

CANARY HATCHES WILD BIRD'S EGGS

Hilma Anderson, of Oliver street, Everett, a few days ago was wandering in the fields when she found a bird's nest on the ground with several pale blue eggs with brown speckles. Curious to know if her pet canary would sit on the eggs, she took the nest to her home and placed it in the corner of the bird's cage.

Gleefully chirped the little canary and soon realized that there was nothing in the network of hair and grass to hurt her. Upon examination the pet of the home soon became bold, and when she spied the eggs in the nest her motherly nature was aroused and in a moment she was peacefully nestled. She remained on the nest for the rest of the day, leaving it only to satisfy her hunger and thirst.

Day after day the canary sat on the eggs, and all were astonished yesterday morning as they entered the room to see the canary excitedly flying and hopping about her little home. Proudly she chirped, as Hilma approached, and to her great delight the child found the eggs hatched and three tiny feathered birds nestled in the corner.—Boston Herald.

TRADES FOR SOLDIERS

The difficulties confronting the ex-soldier in his search for civilian employment are many and varied, but, given a certain knowledge of gardening on a scientific basis, his chances of obtaining work are greatly increased. There is a growing demand on the part of owners of country houses for handy men who have been disciplined, and a knowledge of gardening, coupled with experience of horses, will make for mutual benefit. In the case of the ex-soldier who contemplates emigration such knowledge will stand him in good stead in a new land.

It is proposed that general officers commanding at home should communicate with the county representative of the department of agriculture, who in turn would send a county instructor of horticulture to the regimental allotments to give a course of instruction to the men there stationed.

Another branch of employment where the possibilities of instruction seem to argue well is telegraphy, and the army council has signified its intention to place a limited number of old telegraph instruments at the service of regiments as a step toward systematizing such instruction. The general postoffice is prepared to grant certificates of proficiency to soldier telegraphists who shall have satisfied the examiners, the degree of efficiency so obtained being such as to qualify the operator to act as substitute in a country postoffice. Thus an ex-soldier who, in the ordinary way, would be employed as a postman, will be able to secure such appointments as sorting clerks or telegraphists.

The sum of £2,500, which has been allotted for expenditure on technical instruction during 1907-8, is solely for the civilian employment of soldiers, and not for military purposes.—London News.

A ROUGH ROAD.

[Life.] A traveler in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give yo' fried eggs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stop."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook he say de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry s'ggs dey scramble."

School for Housewives



A Wooden Scraper for New Freezer.

OUR foreign friends — and enemies — make much fun of the new continent fancy for frozen sweets. On the other side of the water they are a semi-occasional dainty, and are partaken of with a moderation which resembles stinginess to our more liberal eyes.

I will recollect a certain high-priced pension in Paris where I passed several comfortable weeks. The table was excellent and plentiful. No economy was observed in any branch of the service, with the single exception of the ice cream, which was served as our dessert Sunday and Thursday evenings.

A beautiful mould of smooth and delicious cream was placed in front of madame, who presided at the head of the long table. Alongside of the ice cream was a tall pitcher of hot water in which stood a knife. With this heated blade madame sliced the frozen dainty into attenuated slices which were quickly distributed by the waiters, and then what was left of the cream was whisked off the table and out of sight before any one had a chance to demand a second supply.

Always, as I looked at the slim specimen placed before me I was reminded of the boy at the college boarding house who, after his first help of pie, sent back his plate with the remark, "A very good sample! Now, if you please, I'd like some pie!"

I have sometimes wondered over the ability to eat so many frozen desserts and to partake of them in such large quantities. It cannot be our almost tropical climate, for the dwellers in hot lands do not, as a rule, make such lavish use of ices as we do.

EASY FOR HOME COOKS

Whatever the cause the demand has certainly led to a supply of delicious cold sweets, ranging all the way from sherbets and water ices, through plain frozen creams and French custards to the elaborate bisques and biscuits which are usually unknown on the home table unless when ordered from a confectioner.

Many even of these may be composed by the home cook, and the simpler forms of ices and ice creams are within the reach of any one of ordinary experience. How the cook, who makes light of frying her brains and her doughnuts at the same time, and takes a big batch of pies and a variety of cakes as a matter of course in her weekly work, can shrink from making ice-cream is a puzzle.

The ice cream costs little more than the pie—if as much—and is especially economical to families living in the country, who have their own ice-houses to draw upon, and who keep cows and hens. Given ice, milk and eggs at cost, the further expenditure for ice cream is light.

A good freezer is absolutely necessary, and of such there are many on the market. Whatever be the make, get it: a first-class establishment, and be wary of new departures and experiments. I speak

as one having experience in such lines.

Provide yourself also with a good ice shaver, a mallet for crushing large pieces of ice, a generous supply of heavy gunnysacking, or bagging, in which to break the ice; "overhaul" your cook-book — to quote Captain Cattle — and then go ahead.

Don't be afraid of new combinations. Your family will probably enjoy them, and even if the general verdict be unfavorable there is little fear that the product will ever go begging.

I have spoken of different kinds of ice creams. Sherbet, sorbets, water, or fruit ices, as they are variously termed, have water and fruit juice or flavoring as their foundation.

THE "PLAIN ICE CREAM"

The plain ice cream, sometimes called "Philadelphia ice cream," is made without eggs and has milk and cream as its basis. The French or Neapolitan, described occasionally as "Delmonico ice cream" — probably because that famous caterer was among the first to introduce it in this country — contains eggs, and these are put with the milk and cream to make a custard. It is richer than the Philadelphia ice cream, more expensive, and, to many, tastes less pleasing than cream made without eggs.

Water Ices.

A good general rule for these is to boil together a pound of sugar and a pint and a half of water for five minutes, then stand aside to cool. When cold, fruit juice may be added in the proportion of a pint of the juice to the above of sugar and water; then freeze. These proportions may occasionally be varied as judgment indicates. For instance, when making lemon ice the amount of water and sugar must be greater in proportion to the quantity of juice.

Raspberry Water Ice.

Add a pound of sugar and the juice of two lemons to a quart of red raspberries and let them stand together for an hour. Put them through a press, add a quart of water to the juice thus gained, and freeze.

Pineapple Water Ice.

Shred or grate two large pineapples and press the pulp in a vegetable presser so as to get all the juice possible. Or, you may use the contents of a quart can of pineapple.

In either case add to the juice a pound and a half of sugar, stir until this is dissolved, put in the juice of two lemons, a quart of water and freeze.

Peach Surprise Ice.

Peel and chop two quarts of ripe peaches; add to them a pound and a half of sugar, two cups of cold water and the whites of five eggs. Do not beat these, but put the whole product into the freezer. The dasher will whip the eggs while the freezing goes on.

This same sort of "surprise" may be made of any kind of fruit, or even of several sorts mixed together. Peaches, pears, berries of all kinds, pineapples, oranges, bananas, may all be used separately or together in the same proportion and method as directed in the preceding recipe.

Plain Vanilla Cream.

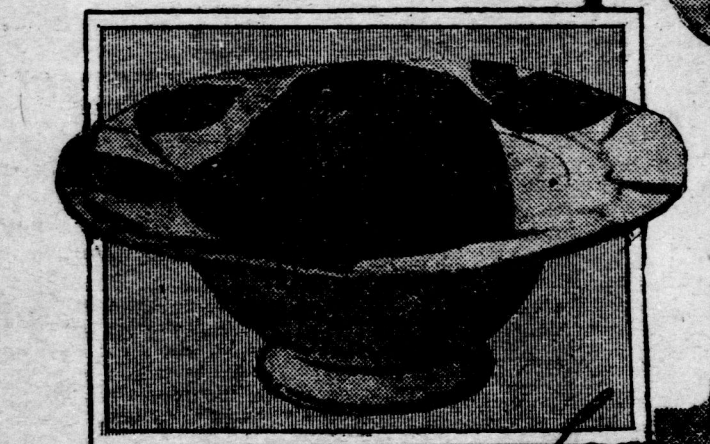
Put a half pound of sugar over the fire in a double boiler with a pint of rich milk and cream. Stir for about



A New Ice Shaver



Melon Dish in White and Gold



Individual Fruit Dish

ten minutes, or until the liquid in the inner vessel is well scalded.

When cold, add a pint more of cream, flavor with a teaspoonful of good vanilla extract and freeze. After the dasher is withdrawn the cream should stand packed in ice and salt for a couple of hours to mellow.

This is one of the plainest forms of ice cream. It may be made still simpler by using half milk and half cream, or richer by using all cream and no milk. The vanilla bean may be boiled with the milk, instead of resorting to the extract, and the flavor will be found better. Cream made like the above is the foundation of many different creams.

The flavoring may be varied by adding grated chocolate melted over hot water and stirred into the hot milk. Very strong coffee may be used with it for coffee ice cream; strawberry or other fruit juice may make fruit ice creams as desired. Most delicious of all, perhaps, are the summer desserts made by adding crushed fruit, sweetened to taste, to the cream prepared

as above directed. The fruit should be put in when the cream is about half frozen.

In winter preserved fruits may be substituted for the fresh fruits, with pleasing results. Crushed macaroons will make a biscuit ice cream, and burnt almonds or other pounded nuts may be added to the plain cream for the sake of gaining variety.

French, Neapolitan or Delmonico Ice Cream.

Heat a pint of milk to boiling and pour it upon four beaten eggs mixed with two cups of granulated sugar. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Set it aside to cool, and when entirely cold add a quart of rich cream. Flavor to taste, and freeze. Here, as with the plain cream, the vanilla bean

FROZEN DESSERTS



A New Ice Shaver

The best way to catch ice

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

HERE are a few things that save time and patience, not to say temper.

1. When buying a broom, take out two good splits for cleaning out the spouts of coffee and tea pots. Coffee pots will never taste of such if they are scalded properly. Never dry them with a cloth. Scald, and leave open in the sun to dry.
2. Place glasses and lamp chimneys on their sides, rolling them around in hot water, and scald without breaking.
3. A correct steel is the best not scraper I know of.
4. Concentrated lye in liquid form will remove dried paint from window panes.
5. When opening jars, hold the top with a cloth that has been touched with rosin. You may do the same in unscrewing a fountain pen. It will not slip and turn in the fingers.
6. Keep a couple of small boards for sink and table, on which to set pots and pans.
7. Before setting a pan or kettle over the blaze, grease the bottom, and the black may afterward be rubbed off with ease.
8. Don't be all the time scrubbing and scouring! Now and then, let well enough alone.
9. When about to sweep a carpet, wet into a paste coarse cornmeal with water and ammonia, and scatter over the carpet. It takes up all the dirt when swept, without filling the room with dust.
10. I have three ice cream nails covered with chintz. I keep one back of the stove for the stove cloth; one with a hole in the bottom, for cord and twine; one over the sink for scouring powder. A paper flour-sack is covered and hangs at the end of the sink to put wrapping paper and stray bits of string in.
11. How to make a good mop and one that may be kept clean. Cut a broom three inches below where it is sewed; wire the lower straw so that they will not spread too much. Have ready a piece of stout cloth, and cut a hole in the middle just large enough to pass the handle through. Lastly, tie the cloth closely down where the broom is sewed.
12. Put all small pieces of soap in one of the little salt bags, sew it up and use as a dish cloth.
13. Keep a light towel in the belt of your apron and don't make a mop rag of the apron while in the kitchen.

Mrs. A. J. C. (La Fayette, Ind.)

Thanks for the baker's dozen of capital items. It is observation of the small details of housewifery that marks the difference between the thrifty and the slack manager.

That hint as to the kitchen apron is well put. I am often disgusted at the uses to which the convenient apron is put hourly and of habit. It is meant to shield the gown beneath from grease and grime. Whereas, it is stiff with both after two days' wear.

The woman who does her own housework, as a rule makes no change in her dress for breakfast and the noon-day dinner beyond slipping off her apron and drawing down her sleeves. A voluminous bib pinafore should make it practicable to do this decently and in order, if the pinafore be moderately clean.

When greasy and soapy hands are wiped on it twenty times in the forenoon; when a corner is caught up to keep the hand from burning in pulling a hot dish from the oven, or to rub the sooty mark from the bottom of a bakepan; or to dust the flour from biscuits and loaf; or to wipe her own streaming brow—but we will not go into further particulars.

All may be included in our house-mother's admonition—"Don't make a mop-rag of your apron!"

Ivy Poisoning

I have seen repeated references in your Corner to ivy poisoning. The "three-finger," or "mercury," or, as it is called at the South, "poison oak," is a terror to mothers and a torment to children from May to November in the country. If those who have handled or have been touched by the vine will immediately, on reaching home, strip and rub the body well with strong salt and water, especially the hands, face, ankles and neck, letting the brine dry on the skin, they will almost certainly escape the effects of the poison.

This is our experience.

C. D. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The sad experience of a majority of mothers is that the children never suspect that they have touched the noxious thing until the eruption shows itself.

"Our experience" leads us to prescribe as the best of domestic remedies for the dreaded rash, sour buttermilk made very salt, or lopped milk, into which plenty of salt has been stirred. Wash the affected parts freely in it three or four times a day, and thoroughly, letting it dry on the skin, upon rising in the morning, and just after the bath preceding bedtime.

Red Ant Scourge

Reading in the Exchange of the sufferings of "Mrs. G. O." of Cairo, Ohio, from the red ant scourge, I am moved to suggest a remedy.

We once lived in a flat building which was so infested with red ants that all the tenants threatened to move in consequence of the nuisance. The landlord tried to hire professional exterminators, but they said they would contract to rid houses of any pest except red ants. The tenants tried everything they had ever heard of, but promised relief, but in vain.

At last the landlord was told that kerosene would do the work. He poured it around the outside walls of the building where the bricks entered the ground. In a few weeks there was not an ant to be seen in any of the flats. He did this once or twice in a year, also pouring the oil around baseboards and window sills inside of the building. Up to that time ants swarmed over everything eatable left around in any one of the flats. The rovt was completed.

Could I procure through the Exchange the March number, 1904, of the "Ladies' Home Journal," I wish the picture on the cover. And will anybody send me a poem called, "Martha Virginia's Hand"? It was published in the Century Magazine ten or fifteen years ago. I will gladly pay postage upon these and will exchange some dainty water-color work for either or both, if any one will grant my request.

I hope the housekeeper who is tormented by red ants will try the kerosene. They are a terrible nuisance.

I have had so much help from the Exchange that I am happy to be any service to it.

C. A. S. (Chicago)

You have done us a signal service. Of all the insect pests of the well-ordered household, I regard the tiny red ant as the most intolerable, since he is the most difficult to get rid of.

I am reminded, by his tricks and his manners, of what Queen Christina is said to have alleged as the reason for missing the fly at which she shot on a wager: "He was so small she couldn't hit him."

What the red ant lacks in size he makes up in numbers. His defilement netting; he creeps through the narrowest cracks—he is ubiquitous and pestiferous—and as the sands upon the seashore in multitude. So, I reiterate, we are your grateful beneficiaries.

Mock Olives

I once saw in the Exchange directions for making mock olives from green plums. Unfortunately, I have mislaid the recipe. Will you please repeat it soon?

A. R. (Sparta, Ga.)

A correspondent sends in the following recipe, which is, I think, what you want.

Mock Olives.

Select small green plums of uniform size. Lay them for three days in brine strong enough to leave a mark when you press them. Then wash them four times in clear water.

Put into a jar which has been heated, so that it will not break when you pour in enough boiling hot brine to cover the plums. Cover, and set in a pot of boiling water at the side of the stove. Keep hot, but not actually boiling, for three hours. Drain and wash again; put into wide-mouthed bottles and cover with more brine, not so strong as the first, which has been boiled, then cooled.

Fit on close covers. They will be ready to eat in two months.

The same housewife adds:

In my opinion the damson plums, which are barely ripe, but not soft, make nicer mock olives than the green. But then I prefer the ripe (black) olives to the green.

R. E. M. (Little Rock, Ark.)

So do some of the rest of us. The black olives from California ranches are far more to my taste than the unripe and harder fruit.

By the way, have any of our adventurous housewives ever tried to put up stuffed mock olives after the style of the delicious little pinolais?

If the experiment has been made, may we hear how it succeeded and the modus operandi?

Helpful Hint

Perhaps some of these little hints may be of use to the family.

A blanket I have washed for over forty years. You will see that most of the nap is gone and that it is worn very thin. Yet it is as soft as when it was bought. I think it is because I have washed it in soda water while I was in the South. I think the main thing in washing woolen goods, also in rinsing them, is not to let the soda "die."

Mrs. A. J. C. (Chicago)

The fragment is, as you say, beautifully soft, although much worn.

Women who complain that their blankets are as hard as leather and badly shrunken by their washer women would do well to adopt my method.

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST.

Berries, cereal, poached eggs laid on sliced fried tomatoes, popovers, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Fish, salad with sliced cucumbers, mayonnaise dressing, thin bread and butter, cake and iced tea.

DINNER.

Jellied soup, roast beef with browned potatoes, young cauliflower, eggplant au gratin, blackberry shortcake, coffee.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, molded farina and cream, bacon, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold beef sliced thin, potato salad, bread, butter and jam, iced coffee.

DINNER.

Beef soup with noodles (made from trimmings of roast), broiled chicken, boiled rice, string beans, fresh fruit, coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, Spanish omelet, fried bread, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Browned hash, sliced tomatoes, quick biscuit, iced tea.

DINNER.

Roast lamb, mint sauce; fried eggplant, baked potatoes, lettuce salad, crackers and cheese, sliced pineapple, coffee.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal and cream with sliced bananas, bacon, toast, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Mixed chicken, whole wheat muffins, string bean salad, tea.

DINNER.

Lamb broth, with rice, shepherd's pie from roast lamb, baked hominy, green peas, boiled blackberry pudding, coffee.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, chipped beef in cream, fried hominy, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Baked omelet, mince muffins, tomatoes

stuffed with peas, crackers and cheese, iced tea.

DINNER.

Iced cantaloupe, broiled steak, creamed young onions, boiled new potatoes, blackberry pie, coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, shirred eggs, tomato toast, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Soft shell crabs, cucumber salad, bread and butter, sliced thin, cake and iced coffee.

DINNER.

Cream of corn soup, baked bluefish, mashed potatoes, baked eggs, blueberries and cream, coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, mince beef, muffins, tea, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Creamed fish in apples, potato croquettes, English muffins, junket and cream, tea.

DINNER.

Green pea soup, shoulder chops in casserole, baked macaroni, sweet corn, blackberries and cream, coffee.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

All that is necessary in England in order to transform a plain citizen into a full fledged knight, with the prefix of "Sir" to his Christian name, is a tap on the shoulder with a sword by his sovereign, with the utterance of the words "Arise, Sir John" or "Sir James," as the case may be. Once a man is thus knighted he remains a knight and is entitled to a title for the remainder of his days, and there is no legal means by which he can divest himself of the honor.

If I mention this it is because King Edward is creating a good deal of disturbance in certain labor circles by the unexpected manner in which he is thrusting knighthood upon labor leaders. Thus, the other day when at Cardiff he transformed the mayor, the labor leader of the district and the working men, from "Mr." William Crossman into "Sir" William Crossman in the twinkling of an eye and without the slightest warning.

The labor party at Cardiff is of the most advanced radical type, strongly socialistic, and with leanings towards republicanism, and for the King to have suddenly transformed its leader into a knight constitutes a coup on the part of the sovereign which has given rise to a certain amount of confusion in this royal recognition of the labor party; others resent it. But no matter how they may take it, the fact remains that it would be difficult for a man who has just received a title from the sovereign to lead his followers any further in the direction of republicanism and to preach socialistic war against the monarchy.

A few months ago the King had John Kirk, of London Fresh Air Fund and Ragged School Union celebrity, under the flat of a sword blade and converted into Sir John Kirk before that modest and retiring philanthropist knew what was happening, and it is no secret that if Sir John had had the slightest idea of what was in store for him when he was summoned by the King to Buckingham Palace to receive as he believed a subscription to the fresh air fund, his aversion to titles and his modesty would have kept him away.

The knighthood of Sir William Crossman is not the first distinction of the kind conferred upon a working man. For three weeks ago the King knighted William Randall Cremer, M. P., the peace propagandist, who is almost as well known in America as in England. Sir William Cremer was originally a working man, and by trade a carpenter. Indeed, he still remains to this day a member of the carpenters' union.

I notice that Keir Hardy and William Crooks, two of the labor members of parliament, the one a miner, the other a cooper, were present at the royal garden party at Windsor at which Mark Twain was one of the guests. But after the experience of Sir William Crossman at Cardiff, it is doubtful whether they will consider it quite safe to attend any more functions at which the King is present. He might take it into his head to transform them into knights and thereby destroy their political future and their hold upon their party before they could say or do a thing to avert the catastrophe.

Let me in this connection recall the clever manner in which the King, while still Prince of Wales, transformed the late Anthony Mundella, son of a Carbonari conspirator, from a red hot republican and adversary of the crown, into a champion of the royal family. Mundella was at the time the ultra radical member of parliament for Sheffield. One day while he was at the railroad station there a royal train arrived on its way north, stopping merely long enough to change engines. On board were the then their apparent and his consort.

Somebody notified the prince of Mundella's presence. At once the prince, who had never met him before, presented him to the princess who treated him to one of her winning smiles, and then exclaimed:

"I hear, my dear Mr. Mundella, that you are about to address your constituents this afternoon here. I wish you would avail yourself of the opportunity to convey to the good people of Sheffield the expression of the charming remembrance which the princess and myself retain of our last visit to their city, and of the magnificent welcome which they accorded to us. I am sorry that we cannot make a longer stay on this present occasion, but we are both looking forward to visiting Sheffield again."

That afternoon when Mundella faced his constituents, instead of treating them to one of his customary red hot diatribes against the reigning house, he inaugurated his speech with an intimation to the effect that he had been commissioned by the Prince and Princess of Wales to convey to the people of Sheffield the gracious message given above. He delivered the message withunction and manifest satisfaction, and from that time forth his animosity against the royal family was at an end. In fact, he fled as a privy councillor and as one

LADIES ARE INTERESTED.

"Berlin" Castile Soap is a green toilet soap made of pure olive oil. It is the most lasting toilet soap made in Canada. Its green color indicates the presence of the sulphur in the olive oil, of which it is made. This gives it the antiseptic qualities which make it so beneficial to the skin. Try it—5 and 10 cents a cake

of the most loyal champions of the reigning dynasty.

Duke George of Leuchtenberg is the newest recruit to the growing colony in Paris of expatriated members of the reigning house of Russia. The duke, recently divorced by Princess Stana of Montenegro (who has since become the wife of Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevitch, commanding in chief the troops of the metropolitan district of St. Petersburg, and de facto generalissimo of the Muscovite army), has bought a mansion in the Rue General Appert, in Paris. Others who have their homes there are Grand Duke Cyril, Grand Duke Paul, Grand Duke Alexis, and Grand Duke Boris, all of whom have been recommended by the Czar to leave Russia and to live abroad. To these may be added Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, who lives in England with his morganatic wife, Countess Torby, and Princess Yurieffska, the morganatic widow of Alexander II., who has her home in Paris. All of them are virtually exiles.

Lord Lamington has been compelled by his wife's health to resign the lucrative office of governor of Bombay, and is returning to England after a long term of office abroad, his governorship of Bombay having been preceded by that of Queensland, where he endeared himself to the Australians and appealed to the sporting instincts of the colony by acquiring the difficult art of breaking buck jumpers.

He is a useful member of the peerage, will be remembered in America as having officiated as best man to Lord Curzon on the occasion of the latter's marriage to Miss Mary Lettice at Washington, and has acquired fame as an Asiatic traveler and explorer.

He was the first white man to enter and to explore the Shan state—and that alone—and on one occasion disappeared for so long a period into the wilds of Asia that he was given up for lost, subsequently returning, however, to civilization with a wonderful amount of information.

His title is of relatively modern creation, though his family is an ancient one. His father, Mr. Cochrane-Baillie, was a school fellow of Disraeli, who immortalized him in his novel "Coningsby," under the name of "Ruckhurst."

The story goes that when the two lads were at school, young Disraeli who already indulged in dreams of future greatness, said to young Cochrane: "When I am prime minister of England, Cockie, I will make you a peer." This proved to be a prophetic utterance, as Cochrane-Baillie was in due course nominated to the House of Lords by Lord Beaconsfield in recognition of services rendered to the Conservative party.

His son, the present Lord Lamington, is known among his friends by the name of Wallace, and, while proud of his Cochrane ancestry—he represents a junior branch of that ancient and historic Scottish house of which the Earl of Dundonald is chief—prizes still more highly his descent from Scotland's most famous hero, Sir William Wallace.

According to the popular legend current throughout Scotland, and there universally believed, the patriot Wallace contracted a marriage with the fair Marion de Braodute, daughter of Hugh de Braodute, owner of Lamington Castle.

She was killed by the English about two years after her marriage, but not before giving birth to a daughter, who married one of the Baillies, who inherited Lamington. Nineteenth in descent from this union is the present Lord Lamington, Lamington, once the home of William Wallace, having passed into the possession of Lord Lamington's Cochrane ancestors through the marriage of his grandfather, Adam, with Sir Thomas Cochrane, to Mathilda Ross Baillie, heiress of the Baillies of Lamington.

Of the old Lamington Castle little save the tower of Lamington, a picturesque fragment of the fortress, remains. But the present mansion, a handsome stone house with projecting eaves, was, with characteristically Scotch thrift, built for the greater part with stone taken from the old castle, where Mary Queen of Scots tarried a while on her road to Dundrennan, and where the Jacobite pretender found refuge after his disastrous retreat from Derby.

Lord and Lady Lamington are particular favorites of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and although Lady Lamington, a fair-haired, pleasant, sunny tempered, and pretty woman of medium height, has been away from England for so many years and never has been able to take her turn of duty in attendance on the Princess of Wales, yet the latter always has insisted upon retaining the name of Lady Lamington on the list of the members of her household as one of her ladies-in-waiting.

Lord Norreys has followed the Earl of Clancarty and Sir Humphrey de Trafford into the court of bankruptcy, attention to the fact being called by his application in person that the execution of judgment obtained against him for a washing bill might be suspended, owing to the fact of his affairs being in the hands of the bankruptcy court. This goes to show that members of the aristocracy rarely make good business men. For Lord Norreys, who is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Abingdon, has been in all kinds of commercial ventures, including cycle companies, automobile concerns, and, above all, hotel keeping enterprises. He was, indeed, the managing director for a time of

that great syndicate which owns a whole string of hotels extending from London to Paris, the Riviera, and even as far east as Egypt.

Lady Norreys, his wife, is one of the smartest and most popular women in London society, a sister of Lord Wolverton and a daughter of that universal favorite, the late Admiral Olyn. The admiral was, even when well advanced in years, an object of such romantic attachments on the part of that lovely actress, Adelaide Neilson, that when she died with such tragic suddenness in the Bois du Boulogne in Paris it was found that she had bequeathed her entire fortune, amounting to near \$200,000, to him. One of the sisters of Lord Norreys is the wife of Lord Edmund Talbot, the present heir presumptive to the dukedom of Northumberland and the premier peerage of the United Kingdom.

Lord Norreys' difficulties must be considered as merely temporary. For on the death of his father, Lord Abingdon, now a man of 72, he will inherit, jointly with his two sisters, the large fortune of his dead mother, heiress of the late Col. Charles Townley, of which the old earl has a life enjoyment. There seems to be a species of ill-luck which dogs the steps of the Lords Norreys—that is to say, the eldest sons of the Earls of Abingdon—and this is recalled in connection with the death of the present Lord Norreys. Thus one of them, the eldest son and heir of the third earl, was burned to death in his bed, while many of them died in infancy.

Although Lord Abingdon and Lord Norreys give Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the court of France, as the founder of their family, yet they are only Norreys, "par les femmes." Their patronymic is Berte, and they owe their connection with the Norreys to the marriage of Bridget Wray, granddaughter of the second and last Lord Norris of Royston to Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey, as his second wife. Their boy, who bore the name of James Bertie, and who succeeded the Norreys in property, his mother, was created Lord Norreys and Earl of Abingdon. He played an important role in bringing over William of Orange to take the place of King James II. on the throne of England, contributing, indeed, \$150,000 to the venture, and it was this that won for him his earldom.

Lord Abingdon has sold, with the consent of his son, much of the old Norris property, including both Ryecote and Cumnor Hall. The sale of the latter to a Mr. Scott Hall led to some extraordinary and unusual proceedings. In fact, it is the only instance on record of the purchaser of an ancient mansion going to law against the vendor and seeking to break his contract because the ghost of the place did not materialize.

The ghost which was the cause of the suit was that of Amy Robsart, the ill-fated consort of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester. It will be remembered by all the readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," that Amy Robsart was murdered by some of her husband's followers in order to render him free to wed the virgin queen. The crime took place at Cumnor Hall, situated about four miles from Oxford, perpetrated by Sir Richard Varney and a squire of the name of Forster, who first stifled her in her bed and then flung her downstairs, breaking her neck. She lies buried in St. Mary's Church at Oxford.

Cumnor Hall passed into the possession of the Lord Norris of the Elizabethan era, and remained in the family until its sale by the present Lord Abingdon, who disposed of it through a well-known London firm of real estate agents. The purchaser, Mr. Scott Hall, subsequently declared in court that he had been prompted to become the owner of the place by the representation that it was haunted by the ghost of Amy Robsart, and that, while she "walked" the entire mansion at times, there was one room particularly affected to her nocturnal visitations. Amy Robsart did not show up, and at the end of two or three years Mr. Scott Hall, feeling that he had been "done," instituted legal proceedings against Lord Abingdon, demanding the annulment of the sale on the ground that the spook had not materialized, and that he had, therefore, been defrauded.

Lord Abingdon indignantly repudiated any intention of enhancing the value of his property by ascribing to it any such spectral attractions, and the court, declining to commit itself to a judgment to the effect that these supernatural visitations were obligatory, and that they were required to be visible to the eyes of Mr. Scott Hall and of his household, decided the case against him. I believe he has Cumnor Hall still in his possession to this day.

Lord Abingdon's two marriages, first to the heiress of Col. Charles Townley, and then to the sister of the present Lord Dormer, has led to a curious condition of affairs among his children. For his eldest son, Lord Norreys, now 47, has a sister in the person of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, who is 35 years his junior and who is 8 years younger than his (Lord Norreys) eldest boy.

Lord Abingdon is, through his descent from James Bertie, younger son of the second Earl of Lindsey, next heir to the earldom of Lindsey, created in 1626, the present Lord Lindsey having no son.

W. W. Astor's Fall Mail Gazette and other English papers devote some space to the discovery in a state of absolute destitution of the only son of Michael William Balfie, the composer of "The Bohemian Girl," and of other well-known operas—composer

whose centennial will be celebrated by the musical world next year. It seems that the man to well advanced in years, is laboring through chronic sickness, and is in dire want. He is a brother of the late Duchess of Frias, who died in 1871 after a most romantic career, and the present Duke of Frias, probably the best polo player in Spain, if not on the continent of Europe, is a grandson of the Composer Balfie, and a nephew therefore of the man for whom charity is now being looked. The duke, however, is far from well off, has been more than once in financial difficulties himself, notably when secretary of the Spanish embassy at Vienna, and is not in a position to give any serious assistance to his destitute kinsman.

It is not the first time that the latter has been hard up. Thus, some fifteen years ago I remember his appealing for help to the late Sir John Blundell Maple, Sir Augustus Harris, and others, who, determined that the son of so great a celebrity as the Composer Balfie should not be permitted to starve, opened a subscription in behalf of the man. It did not prove, however, a success, as a paragraph appeared in one of the society papers in London stating that the man was an impostor. He, however, was able to furnish proof that he was really the legitimate offspring of the composer, and secured a verdict of \$1,000 damages from the writer of the paragraph in favor of Mrs. Fielding Kane. He has during the course of a stormy career been compelled to earn his bread as a private in the army, as a gasfitter, and even as an organ grinder, and for a time was an inmate of the Field Lane Mission for the Destitute in London.

It was his sister, Victoria Balfie, who, while winning laurels on the operatic stage by her beauty and her voice at St. Petersburg, also won the heart of old Sir John Crampton, the English envoy there, who will be chiefly remembered in the United States in connection with his having been withdrawn from Washington at the request of President Buchanan for having permitted his name as British minister to be used during the Crimean war in connection with some trouble about the enlistment in the United States of recruits for service under the English flag. Sir John offered Victoria Balfie his hand in marriage, and the wedding took place at St. Petersburg. The shock created by this sudden transition from the stage to the highest rank of society proved more or less painful to the notions of etiquette of certain exalted personages in the Russian capital, and Sir John was at his own request some months later transferred to Madrid. Queen Isabella's notions of propriety were less strict than those of the late Czarina, and Lady Crampton became one of the acknowledged belles of the gay Spanish capital.

In the winter of 1863-1864 the Duke of Frias, one of the greatest nobles in Spain and a lineal descendant of the grand constable of Castile under King John II, returned to his native land after a long absence abroad. Meeting Lady Crampton at a court ball he fell desperately in love with the fair ambassador, and as the comparison between the brilliant young duke and her elderly husband could only be to the disadvantage of the latter, poor Sir John became aware that he no longer possessed his wife's affection, or even her gratitude.

The "grand passion" existing between the ambassador and the duke soon became a matter of talk, nothing, however, occurring to create a real scandal. Sir John, with the same chivalry that characterized John Ruskin in his domestic relations, realizing that his wife could only be happy with the man to whom she had given her heart, notified her that as he desired above everything else her welfare, he would offer no defense if she brought a suit in London, not for divorce, but for the annulment of the marriage under circumstances which would permit her to resume her maiden name. Like John Ruskin in the case of his wife, who afterwards became Lady Mallais, Sir John offered no defense, and allowed judgment to be pronounced against him. His chivalry in the matter was appreciated nowhere more than in Spain, and it is doubtful whether any foreign ambassador has ever enjoyed a similar amount of popularity among the countrymen of Cervantes. He remained at Madrid until his retirement from the diplomatic service in 1869.

On the annulment of her marriage the ex-Lady Crampton lost no time in marrying the Duke de Frias, and with an incomprehensible lack of delicacy the newly-wedded couple proceeded directly from Paris to Madrid, where naturally they found every door closed against them. Even easy-going Queen Isabella was outraged by the heartlessness and the lack of gratitude shown by the new-fledged duchess, and refused to receive her. In a rage the duke sent back to the sovereign his grand cross of the Order of Charles III, resigned his post of chamberlain, and withdrew from Spain. During the following fifteen years he resided abroad, mostly at Biarritz, where the Villa Frias used to be well known to visitors, and where his Irish wife died in 1871. He subsequently married there, Princess Carmen Pignatelli, with whom he returned to Spain, where he died as civil governor of Madrid. His son by Victoria Balfie is the present Duke of Frias, who was educated in England, is married to an English woman, daughter of Sir Charles McKewen, Bart., the widow of Henry Arthur Tempest.

Col. Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, whose death has just taken place in London, at the age of 79, was a brother of the late Duke of Newcastle, an uncle of the present duke, and for many years a member of Queen Victoria's household—its master, indeed, during the last decade of her reign.

He was a good soldier, who had served with distinction both in the Crimean war and in the Indian mutiny, and had shown himself a faithful and devoted retainer of the royal family, but was not at all successful as a financier. He allowed Whittaker Wright to entangle him in his meshes and to associate his name in his enterprises, and when the crash came and Whittaker

Wright, after escaping to America, was arrested on an extradition warrant and taken back to England, Lord Edward was confronted in court with the alternative of either admitting that he was aware of the fraudulent character of the prospectuses and balance sheets of the Whittaker Wright concerns or else of confessing that he had given his name blindly to ratters of which he was totally ignorant. Lord Edward selected the latter alternative and confessed in court that "I was a fool," that he "understood nothing whatsoever about financial matters," and that he permitted Wright to use his name so freely for the directorates of his numerous enterprises that he did not actually know the names of all the companies in which he was a director.

Lord Edward was a religious man, used, in fact, to take a leading part in the prayer meetings of old Mrs. Thistlewaite, and when she died in the odor of sanctity and as mistress of one of the most exclusive and Puritanical salons in London, it was found that she had bequeathed to Lord Edward the greater part of the fortune which she had acquired in her unregenerate days when as Laura Bell she was one of the queens of the London half world prior to her sensational marriage to Squire Thistlewaite.

One of Lord Edward's brothers, Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, died in New York under an assumed name after having survived for many years his alleged death and burial in England in 1870, when both were announced in order to admit of his escape from the consequences of a frightful and sensational scandal in which he had become involved in London.

NO YELLOW PERIL.

Major-General Sir Henry Colville, in his new book, "The Allies," gives a number of reasons why Japan will not, dare not, and cannot reorganize the Chinese Empire with a view to the domination of the Far East by the yellow races, a contingency which is much feared by those who talk about the yellow peril.

In the first place, the Chinese differ essentially from the Japanese in being without national aggressiveness. They have no reason to covet external territory. Their country is one of the richest in the world. They only want to be let alone. They are essentially a peaceful people, and have more respect for the merchant than for the soldier. Indeed, they have no respect for the latter. In the second place, what we call loyalty, or patriotism, is hardly known in China, the absence of a common spoken language making the inhabitants of the various provinces almost strangers to each other.

"The people of Canton and Peking can no more talk together than those of Rome and Madrid, while they take even less interest in each other's affairs. The Cantonese said, when told of the Japanese victories, 'That belongs to Peking side; no my pidgin.'"

Years after the close of the war between Japan and China there were places in the Middle Kingdom the inhabitants of which were in complete ignorance of the fact that there had been a fight.

In the third place, the organization of China by Japan would have to be preceded by a complete change in sentiment of the two empires, which have always hated each other cordially. A Japanese Emperor once headed the members of a Chinese mission, while only a short time ago Prince Fushimi, the first Japanese prince to pay an official visit to China, was snubbed by the Court of Peking.

A Japanese statesman is quoted by Sir Henry Colville as saying that China is the Turkey of the East, and will owe her safety from injury at the hands of her enemies to the fact that those enemies distrust each other as profoundly as did the foes of the Sultan in Europe. So as English hatred of Russia kept the Czar out of Constantinople Russian hatred of Japan will keep the Mikado from having too much influence at Peking—New York Evening Sun.

CENTURIES OF TENANCY.

A Dorsetshire farmer writes as follows to the London Standard: "A recent legal complication led me to look up the records of my family, and I think the result will interest your readers."

"I am a tenant farmer in this country, many centuries, and I knew that our connection with our present holding had existed for many generations. Through hunting up records for the case I referred to, however, I became sufficiently interested to undertake a more serious search than I had at first intended."

"I found that my ancestors have held practically the same tract of land since the year 1674. Beyond that I could find nothing, but very possibly if records existed I think they would show that we were connected with the place even before that date."

Why Are You Sick? Join the Ferrozone Health Club.

These clubs are springing up all over the country. They embrace careful diet, fresh air, water-drinking and the use of Ferrozone.

Thousands have been cured—raised to health from a condition of nervousness and semi-invalidism.

First of all Ferrozone is a body-builder—those taking it, immediately increase in weight, which proves how highly it improves digestion and assimilation.

Then Ferrozone is a blood former. This colorless blood, even in a few days, shows a great increase in red cells and coloring matter. This is why Ferrozone makes thin, colorless people glow with sturdy health. When the nerves are taken into account Ferrozone shows its marvelous power. Morbid thoughts, depression and sleeplessness disappear as mist before the sun. The nerves are made strong, given energy and withstand the wear and tear of hard toil or worry.

Altogether there is no remedy to equal Ferrozone—it builds up surely and effectively. For the weak, the sickly, those affected with nervous insomnia or languor, Ferrozone is a boon. Try just one box and see the enormous good it will do. Sold by all dealers in 50-cent boxes.

Albert Sells Ltd. Mfrs. Montreal.

Naming it "spring water"

doesn't make it safe to drink.

Spring water, as a rule, is good pure water, and fit to drink—at the spring. But it may not be so when you get it.

Many things can happen—do happen—to much spring water, long before you pour it into a glass.

Some of them are things you wouldn't like to know about.

Some bottlers of spring water bring it long distances in tanks. This simply invites bacteria to come and multiply in the water.

Some spring waters are stored in containers a long while before they are bottled. Then the water gets flat and insipid.

Things happen in the bottling house, too, that don't do the water any kind of good.

The safe way for you, and the only way for a bottler who cares about purity, cleanliness, quality, is to do the bottling where the spring flows, as we do with

York Springs Water

Wholesome — Limpid — Refreshing

We take more trouble than seems worth while to have everything just as clean as daintiness demands—we are perhaps "finicky,"—even the bottles we use are cleansed with York Springs water.

Bottling at the Springs for surety of purity, and bottling under scrupulously hygienic conditions, we KNOW York Springs Water gets to you pure.

If you realized half the dangers that come from drinking water that isn't surrounded with just such precautions—you would drink no water except York Springs Water.

Ideally Pure York Springs Water is the basis of these beverages: York Springs Water (natural), York Sparks (York Springs Water charged with purified carbonic gas), York

Ginger Ale, York Sarsaparilla, York Soda, York Potash

Water, York Aperitifs (the perfect laxative)

The Mineral Springs Limited Toronto

For sale by SCANDRETT BROS., E. B. SMITH

T. A. ROWAT & CO., GEO. H. O'NEILL.

YOU can depend on the rich, pure quality of Stewart's Chocolates.

They never vary in the peculiar deliciousness—the fine flavour—which have made them so popular with particular people.

Stewart's are the Chocolates you can take pride in giving your friends.

Insist on having

Stewart's

CHOCOLATES

THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)

CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.

Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.

This is the only bank having its head office in Canada that submits its books and statements to Independent Audit.

London Branch: Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

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Albert Sells Ltd. Mfrs. Montreal.

Solder and Babbit Metals

The Canada Metal Co., Limited, William St., Toronto, Ont

Just two kinds of

soap—the genuine made from the very finest vegetable oils and flower perfumes—and the imitations made from chemical perfumes and chemically bleached animal fats, to resemble, as much as possible in appearance, the genuine

"Baby's Own" Soap

Absolutely no expense is spared to make "Baby's Own" as good a soap as can be made, yet it costs you no more than the inferior imitation.

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ALMA COLLEGE

Rev. R. I. Warner, D. D., Principal. Mrs. Jean Residendi Ladies. 27th year opens Sept. 10th.

Student Life at Alma

The life of the student is made as much as possible like life in a well-regulated family; a few simple rules govern. During the year, lectures and talks on current events and the best contemporary literature are given, and musical, literary and social entertainments held at the college.

The school is opened every morning by appropriate religious exercises; attendance at church on Sundays is required of all students; the selection of the church being left to the parents.

Collegiate and Preparatory Studies, Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Business, Domestic Science, Moral and Aesthetic advantages.

Write for Catalogue to Principal Warner, St. Thomas, Ont.

Taft at His Canadian Summer Home Character Told

THE BIG UNITED STATES SECRETARY ENJOYS OUTDOOR LIFE AT MURRAY BAY, QUE.—PLAYS A GOOD GAME OF GOLF—A HALL-CYON EXISTENCE.

United States Secretary Taft, probably the next president of the United States, spends his summer at Murray Bay, Quebec, where he has built a cottage. A New York correspondent thus describes him:

The impression you first get of the big secretary of war when you see him at golf is that he is not so fat as he is puffed up to be. He handles his 300 pounds as easily as if he were a center rush in good football trim. He walks with a quick, powerful stride as he makes his way across the Murray Bay golf links, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and he laughs and chats as he goes along. Maybe he does this simply to show the crowd that he is not out of breath, but at any rate he is the life and the good humor of the place.

"You came pretty near hitting your brother with that ball the last time you drove," I remarked to him one day.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't," he replied. "Not because he is my brother, but because I need all the supporters I have and it wouldn't do to kill one of them off." Then, with his big, jovial, clear-toned chuckle, he moved on up the hill.

The first thing you think of when you see Secretary of War Taft is youth. Though getting on well toward the fiftieth year (he's 48) and the father of three children, he is just as big a boy as any of them when it comes play time. When he works he works hard. When he plays he plays easily and naturally. Taft has, too, the simple faculty of taking you right into his home life with him, of getting you immediately at your ease. He does not give you the feeling of angling for your good opinion or repelling you by diplomatic reasons, which most politicians manage to convey to the plain ordinary citizen in their vicinity. Perhaps this is because William H. Taft is not an ordinary politician. He seems not to be. If anything he is a good-humored, broadminded, wholesome man of the world—and willing to let it go at that.

VACATION IN QUEBEC.

Just now he is spending the hot weeks at his summer house on Murray Bay, in the Province of Quebec, before starting upon another one of those inevitable Taft trips to the Philippines, and he may return via the Siberian Railroad. Here he keeps in daily touch with affairs at Washington, dictating letters and telegrams as regular and steadily as if Congress were in session and keeping in touch with the movements of the outside world by means of the New York and Washington newspapers. As for the rest of his time—golf. Mr. Taft is one of the most assiduous and determined, though pleasant-faced, golf fiends who ever dug a divot or "fozzled" into a hazard. And every day Mr. Taft gets a letter from President Roosevelt, besides innumerable dispatches and documents from his department in Washington.

Mile after mile, morning after morning, with the regularity of a clock's ticking, the secretary plods over the green uplands of the eighteen-hole course at Murray Bay. The air is clear and clean, blowing in off the St. Lawrence and down from the hills and mountains to the back of the scenery is as green and broad and pleasant as any in the "pleasant land of France." Health and happiness seem to hang over the lazy little French-Canadian village in the valley, and health and happiness seem to exude from the giant frame of our most peaceful of warriors. Among his golf companions are his brothers, Henry and Charles F., Justices Harlan and Cullen, of the supreme court; his son Robert and a score of local golfers.

PLAYS A GOOD GAME.

"I tell you," he says, "there is a fine system back of this universe somewhere. Look here, and see if I'm not right." He checked the items off on his fingers. "First the air is so invigorating that it makes you go out and take exercise. You simply can't loaf. You've got to get out and bat this little white ball around. What happens then? Why, you take much exercise that you have to sleep sound at night, and the air makes you sleep sound. There you are, air, exercise, sound sleep; all in inevitable rotation. I think I'll write a book on air; it's a great thing." He added with a humorous eye: "Even in a speech-making campaign."

Curiously enough, just about the time this conversation occurred Senator Platt was celebrating a birthday and attributing his longevity to deep breathing.

Taft's good nature is the good nature of a physically sound man. He used to pitch the hammer about a bit when he was at Yale, and either this fact or else a certain athletic tendency has given him his composure. Certain it is not a family characteristic. Neither of the two brothers who recently visited him bear any resemblance.

Taft plays a good game of golf, too. A short time ago Murray Bay clubmen held a handicap tournament in which the big secretary halved honors with the crack player. On several occasions he has done the eighteen holes in 95. There is an old golf saying that a man is a "duffer" until he can do the eighteen holes under 100 strokes, then he is a golfer.

Secretary Taft frequently makes holes in the "bogey" score, that is the score that Col. Bogey, an imaginary perfect golfer, would require for the same hole.

At tennis, however, Mr. Taft is not so good as his not-distant little godfather at Washington. One afternoon, when nobody was about, his smallest boy Charlie came crying to him because his sister wouldn't play a game

DO CORNS LEAD TO CANCER?

As yet this has not been proved, but interested parties will find nothing better for corns than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts painlessly—cures in 24 hours. Use only Putnam's.

of tennis which she had promised. The big man looked down and smiled.

"I'll play with you, Charlie. Don't cry," he said, comfortingly.

Charlie looked up with a child's grin on his face. "If you play with me, I'll probably laugh," was the retort. "Doesn't your father play a good game of tennis?" was asked.

HIS OUTDOOR LIFE.

In between the hours of his summer work he manages to slice a few of the open-air joys of living. He does all his correspondence from a little summer house overlooking the big, blue, twelve-mile wide river, sitting on a plain pine bench and discussing with his secretary at fresco. In Washington he is confined to hard days and official nights, and here he means to make the most of the soft Canadian air, he spends most of his time out of doors.

If anybody comes to see him upon official business—and he does not bless the thought of such intrusion—he makes him join him in his daily round and his usual regimen. Thus he drags reluctant officials from foreign nations over the course with him while he thumps the golf ball and trudges through the hills, and all the while discusses the pros and cons of certain legislation with them.

In the evenings he sits on his back porch and talks to the neighboring Americans and Britishers who call to see him. As a conversationalist in his native patois, French-Canadian, he distinctly does not shine. He can tell a caeleste driver to "Marche donc," and he can tell his caddy to "regardez." That is about all. Whenever he has to dicker with an itinerant peddler selling potatoes or tin pans—and he frequently discards his official business for such domestic interludes—he has to call in the services of Mrs. Taft, who converses glibly with the villagers. To peddlers, to boatmen, to the whole village he is known as "M'sieu Taft," and every one of them touches his cap when the big man passes by.

On Sunday he goes to church. The church, as Charles P. Taft, the Cincinnati editor, humorously remarked, is distinctly a "union" church—all the denominations in the village and all

Mrs. Fiske's Great Western Tour

THE FIRST GREAT ACTRESS TO VISIT THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA.

The most remarkable tour ever made by an American theatrical company was closed at Winnipeg recently, by Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company. When that organization reached New York on July 21 it had traveled approximately 18,000 miles since its departure from that city in January. On this journey an unequalled stretch of territory was covered, the circle described in the tour touching the Mexican border on the south, the Pacific coast and extending 500 miles above the Canadian line on the north. The extent of the tour may be better comprehended by the statement that it reached from Boston to San Francisco, and from El Paso, Tex., to Edmonton, the capital of the new Canadian Province of Alberta, and the northernmost town with railroad connection on the American continent.

As she returned from the Pacific coast and during the final week of her season, Mrs. Fiske made a brief tour of the principal cities of Western Canada, the picturesque "last West" region, which is growing at an amazing rate and soon must be reckoned with territories of great theatrical as well as of other possibilities. In none of these cities and in the theatrical company approaching the first class ever appeared, and Mrs. Fiske and her associates were greeted with unbounded enthusiasm and remarkable audiences. The tour included Calgary, Regina, Brandon, and Edmonton, in each of which one performance was given, except that the demand was so great in Calgary that "The New York Idea" was given there a second time on the return from Edmonton.

In several places Mrs. Fiske appeared in rinks, in some of which stages were especially constructed for her accommodation. This was true not only of West Canada towns, as a rule, but of some larger cities, like Vancouver, where there was no independent theater available. In Seattle, also, a theater was used. In San Francisco Mrs. Fiske played in a theater which had exhibited moving pictures prior to her engagement, and in spite of the street car strike in that city with other troubles that made transportation almost impossible, from the viewpoint of ordinary affairs, the engagement, originally for a week, was extended to a second to accommodate the public.

Although Mrs. Fiske during her earlier season played practically all the principal cities of the East and Middle West, as well as many of the smaller cities, covering the usual territory of a conventional theatrical tour, she was a pioneer in such cities as Raton, Las Vegas, Albuquerque, N.M., Tucson, and Globe, Ariz., and those cities in the far Northwest just mentioned. In fact, she may be said to have blazed the way to places heretofore unconsidered in the making of theatrical maps and tours, and shown the possibilities of new territory. Strangely enough, "The New York Idea," a play of the type usually exploited only in the larger cities and in centers of social life in touch with metropolitan places, was fully appreciated at every

point at which it was presented. Such a tour, particularly to its stranger places, naturally developed remarkable experiences and incidents. Raton, N.M., was the first unusual point visited by Mrs. Fiske. Here "The New York Idea" was played in a vast rink, to practically the whole population and neighboring visitors. The audience could be seen all types from the woman in modish attire to the man who shot Sandy McGee. Raton is near Raton Pass and is the highest point on the Santa Fe. The "local manager" is typical of the place. He presided in person at an improvised box office with a heavy-caliber "shooting iron" on the window sill at his elbow. Looking over the large receipts, a pile of money that showed great variety in material and value, he asked Mr. Griffith, Mrs. Fiske's business manager, what ought to be done with it before the company left. "There are men in this town," he remarked, "who would not be above walking in here for a hold-up." The money, however, was safely bestowed.

The train arrived at Globe very late, and, besides Mrs. Fiske and her company, carried some 200 persons picked up along the way that were bound to see "The New York Idea." Other hundreds had come into Globe by various stage routes, on horseback, and by other means from long distances. The curtain was not rung up until 10 p.m., and the performance concluded at 2 a.m. But everybody was patient and all were delighted.

After the San Francisco engagement the Northwestern tour was undertaken. At Vancouver "The New York Idea" was seen in Dominion Hall, in which a stage had been hurriedly and especially erected. At Calgary a fine theater was found. Thence Mrs. Fiske went 200 miles directly north to Edmonton, the remotest city with railroad connection on the northwest, where daylight lasts some twenty hours. Here a rink with another improvised stage, was used. There were no dressing-rooms, and the Manhattan company, shielded by improvised screens, dressed and made up on a lawn back of the rink, the open space facing several fine cottage homes of residents, who gracefully entered into the spirit of the affair, and between acts furnished hot coffee and other refreshments to the players. The curtain rose here at 10:10 p.m.—it was still daylight—and it was dawn—2:30 a.m.—when the play was over. These were some of the experiences of the most unusual tour in the history of the American theater.—Chicago Tribune.

The house itself is a box of a place, with unpainted and unpapered walls, made of yellow pine; everywhere there are Phillips' remembrance-mattings on the floor, silk hangings against the walls, flags and bridges and saddles, weapons and odd Filipino art work. When the secretary walks across the floor the whole house creaks in protest.

"It's only a strawberry box of a place," he sighs, "but I'm content here, so what difference does it make?"

But for the moderate means woman such wholesale shifting of the burden is impossible. She cannot order at will, but has to get on with what she has, and a small dress allowance, making one pound cover the needs of two. And here it is that the most fatal mistake of false economy is made.

Four glaring instances in which economy always spells misery spring to my mind. The first two, as every one will guess, are gloves and boots and shoes. It is hard to say whether a cheap glove or a cheap shoe is the most hateful, and mark you in the long run the most extravagant. But ill-cut, ill-fitting gloves cannot hurt and harm a hand as a shoe can a foot. Happy, comfortable feet have a lot to say to health, and they are quite attainable without having resort to broad toes and no heels. Another false economy is cheap corsets. Let some experienced corsetiers study your figure and carefully fit you—don't pin your faith on what fits other people.

And the fourth false economy is your tailor-made gowns. Don't, don't get the little dressmaker who made your chiffon blouse so prettily to contrive you a tailor-made golfing suit out of that length of tweed you picked up at a sale. If you can't go to a good man then buy your coat and skirt ready-made. Buy some reliable needs where you will be sure of a good cut and good material and where the necessary alterations will be carried out by one of their own tailors.

These are four of the most glaring false economies. Now for the reverse and less pleasant side of the shield—where to cut down.

First of all, start with a clear idea and realization of what you have to do. Spend only once a year. Apportion it quarterly, and as each quarter comes around decide what you will need and what you must do without during the next three months.

An important economy is not to get too many clothes. Get what you want and wear it out at once, especially if these days when fashion is so fickle. Again, on the other hand, don't expect one garment to cover many needs. A cheaply made dress is supposed to cover sins. Sometimes one's dress can fulfil two purposes—supply two needs. But not very often. If it meets one crying want really adequately it's all you can expect of it. How often women say, "Yes, I seem to have heaps of clothes, but nothing that is really right." This purgatorial state of existence is the material of not knowing what you really want and will really have need of, and of trying to make one frock fill two functions, with the result that it is not really right for either.

An important economy, and not such a small one either, is not to buy too expensive materials. I do not for a moment counsel patronizing shoddy stuffs, but we don't wear out our gowns as our grandmothers did. The polite salesman's plea that it will "last forever" does not apply to our needs as it did to theirs. We don't want things to last forever. In fact, it is rather a drawback. The knowledge that the material of an out of date garment is "as good as new" is apt to tempt one down the downward path of pitching and patching.

On the other hand, all sorts of economies can be made and time saved by buying things in quantity instead of singly. Always buy in the cheap market when you can, and people know that at sale times extraordinary economies can be effected by judicious and restrained marketing. Sometimes a shop starts by being cheap and raises its prices gradually as custom in-

creases. But many women go on blindly buying there because "their things are so wonderfully cheap, you know." Open your eyes, my dear lady, and you will see your remark ought to be in the past tense.

One most fruitful economy that most women waste is the fact that, guaranteed regularity of custom and payment, most tradesmen will work for you much more cheaply than if you go to them by fits and starts. Your clever little modiste and couturiere can afford to quote you special terms if she can rely on your regular and faithful support. Another thing is look ahead a little in ordering your clothes. Hurry is always extravagant. Don't wait till the season is on you and then cry wildly that you have nothing to wear.

But whatever you economize in, don't spare time or trouble or money on the well-being and well-keeping of your hair. Slowly Englishwomen are learning what no Frenchwoman has ever needed to learn—that an untidy coiffure crowns any confection with failure. Neatness and daintiness, the twin children of old Mother Method, are two other important points in a woman's appearance. The girl who tumbles her gloves and veils indiscriminately together, who leaves her shoes untended, her skirt unbrushed, is the girl who loses every woman's birthright, freshness and daintiness.

Character in clothes! Take heart of grace—and these few hints. Start afresh and determine that your clothes shall give you a—good character.

In One's Clothes

IMPORTANCE TO A WOMAN OF TASTE IN DRESS.

Where Economy Means Misery—How to Spend and Where to Buy—Things That Last Too Long—Expensive Materials—Daintiness and Neatness and Method.

It is a well established fact that a man's or a woman's career is largely a matter of character. The determined, face set to the front individual will succeed under circumstances and conditions where the invertebrate, not quite sure of himself or anything else person will go to the wall.

Now it is quite remarkable how character shows in clothes, writes Mr. Stanley Clark in the London Chronicle, and this applies most particularly to the weaker sex. A man, provided he employs a good tailor and possesses a trousers press, can hardly fail to be well turned out. There are certain well defined lines from which nothing will permit him to stray. But the multiplicity and manifold of feminine attire affords a much larger field for a woman to make mistakes. Do-it-all nowadays rides dominant and writes dowdy or chic across a woman with all the fatal decision and destiny of the moving finger.

We all know it—we all meet daily instances of it. Two sisters, perhaps, who with identically the same money and opportunities are one well, the other poorly turned out. A woman is always judged by appearances, so the badly and unsuitably dressed girl starts heavily handicapped in the race of life. No matter what stake she is entering for, there are long odds against her passing the winning post before her smarter sister.

This being so, and who will deny it—it seems a pity the ill-dressed woman should not realize her plight, put her pride in her pocket and determine to mend her ways. It isn't difficult nowadays to be well dressed—indeed, the amount of ingenuity some people display in securing the opposite result is a matter for surprise. It is almost impossible to buy an ugly, inartistic article in good shops, and milliners and dressmakers alike are full of taste, and study face and figure far more than they used to. For the rich woman who is conscious of always choosing the wrong thing I say, put yourself in the hands of some clever "madame," wear what she tells you on the occasions prescribed by her, and you will have cause to rejoice.

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An important economy, and not such a small one either, is not to buy too expensive materials. I do not for a moment counsel patronizing shoddy stuffs, but we don't wear out our gowns as our grandmothers did. The polite salesman's plea that it will "last forever" does not apply to our needs as it did to theirs. We don't want things to last forever. In fact, it is rather a drawback. The knowledge that the material of an out of date garment is "as good as new" is apt to tempt one down the downward path of pitching and patching.

On the other hand, all sorts of economies can be made and time saved by buying things in quantity instead of singly. Always buy in the cheap market when you can, and people know that at sale times extraordinary economies can be effected by judicious and restrained marketing. Sometimes a shop starts by being cheap and raises its prices gradually as custom in-

creases. But many women go on blindly buying there because "their things are so wonderfully cheap, you know." Open your eyes, my dear lady, and you will see your remark ought to be in the past tense.

One most fruitful economy that most women waste is the fact that, guaranteed regularity of custom and payment, most tradesmen will work for you much more cheaply than if you go to them by fits and starts. Your clever little modiste and couturiere can afford to quote you special terms if she can rely on your regular and faithful support. Another thing is look ahead a little in ordering your clothes. Hurry is always extravagant. Don't wait till the season is on you and then cry wildly that you have nothing to wear.

But whatever you economize in, don't spare time or trouble or money on the well-being and well-keeping of your hair. Slowly Englishwomen are learning what no Frenchwoman has ever needed to learn—that an untidy coiffure crowns any confection with failure. Neatness and daintiness, the twin children of old Mother Method, are two other important points in a woman's appearance. The girl who tumbles her gloves and veils indiscriminately together, who leaves her shoes untended, her skirt unbrushed, is the girl who loses every woman's birthright, freshness and daintiness.

Character in clothes! Take heart of grace—and these few hints. Start afresh and determine that your clothes shall give you a—good character.



Corticelli Wash Silks

Wash Silk
is Fast Color, Highest Lustre
Artistic Shades

Why waste your labor using inferior silks—buy Corticelli—and see the difference in results!



Gourlay Pianos

If Your Boy or Girl Plays Any Instrument, is there any more delightful way of adding to the pleasure of life in the home than by accompanying your child on a piano that assists the performer in producing the sweetest melodies and the most ravishing harmonies? But to get the best you must have the best piano in the world.

Gourlay Pianos

are unexcelled in responsiveness to the touch and possess a tone of the utmost melodiousness, pure, rich, and capable of expressing every shade of feeling. A "Gourlay" is indispensable in every home that pretends to musical culture.

High Priced, But Worth the Price.

means something when applied to Gourlay pianos, because they are the chief exponent in Canada of fine art in piano building. No more serviceable and dependable pianos are made anywhere in the world. Tell us your needs by mail and we'll do the rest to your fullest satisfaction. We ship the "Gourlay" anywhere in Canada on approval. Write us for illustrated literature.

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Perrin's Biscuits

Duchess—

If you like a wonderfully crisp, very tasty, hard sweet biscuit, you'll give a hearty welcome to our Duchess—one of the most popular table biscuits bearing our name. Ask for it by name:—"Perrin's Duchess." Your grocer will fill your order.

Just a little better than the rest

BLACK DIAMONDS.

Just 100 years ago the first shipment of anthracite coal ever made went from Plymouth, Luzerne County, to Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., and a number of citizens of Plymouth are now arousing enthusiasm for a celebration of this heroic event. Abijah Smith shipped the first cargo of the black diamonds in an ark, floating down the Susquehanna River. The discovery by Jesse Fell, of Wilkes-Barre, about six months after this shipment, that the new fuel would burn in his grate with intense heat without an air blast caused many orders to come into Plymouth for fuel, and the chief business of that town ever since has been the mining and shipping of coal.

The popular reference to coal as "black diamonds" is nearer to the truth than would seem possible on the surface. Between the two there is, so to speak, a blood relation, diamond being, in fact, crystallized carbon. According to the latest experiments, acetylene would seem to be viewed as the connecting link between the two.

From acetylene there has been obtained by M. Huban, an engineer, a fine color of the tint known as smoke black, while two chemists, MM. Caro and Frank, pursuing research into the essential properties of acetylene still further by subjecting it to a temperature of 1,600 degrees, obtained hard graphite, which is "coal" of a highly superior order, and is thought to stand midway between ordinary coal and the diamond crystals, which, they think, can be obtained by further pressure.—Dundee Advertiser.

One of the smallest inhabited houses in the world is at Llandyssul, South Wales. It has a frontage of five and a half feet, is six feet from front to back, six feet from ground to eaves, and about four feet to the ridges.

Ireland, which was once a great fruit producing country, is now a buyer of fruit. It is the same with butter, which in former years was produced in great purity and consid-



WILSON'S FLY PADS

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

erable quantity in the Emerald Isle. It now comes from Denmark and Norway.

THOUSANDS OF THEM NOW CLOSED IN PERSUANCE OF IMPERIAL
EDICT—A GREAT WAVE OF MORAL REFORM SWEEPING OVER
THE KINGDOM—IMPORTATIONS TO BE STOPPED—TEN YEARS OF
GRACE ALLOWED BEFORE THE USE OF THE DRUG MUST CEASE
ALTOGETHER, BUT A DRASTIC BEGINNING HAS BEEN MADE.

Shanghai, China, June 22—Today all opium smoking dens in the native city are to be closed in compliance with orders issued by the Shanghai Taotai the first of the month. It is not improbable that there may be some trouble when the Chinese authorities carry the order into effect, as the proprietors of opium dens are not at all disposed to become the new order of things. The command to close the dens is apparently issued in good faith and it is evident that the Chinese authorities intend to enforce the law. Every precaution has been taken to prevent disturbances, and police and military forces are in readiness for any demonstration. It is not expected or intended, that the smoking of opium will be stopped immediately, but all public opium smoking places will be closed. Confirmed smokers will be treated—as in other sections of China, where the anti-opium edict has already gone into effect—and will be allowed to continue to use the drug under certain restrictions.

The anti-opium crusade, which is rolling like a great sea wave over the whole of China, seems to be a serious, earnest movement. When the opium regulations were issued from the throne at Peking last autumn, they were greeted everywhere with considerable skepticism, particularly by the foreigners, and the popular opinion at that time seems to have been that China was "bluffing," and that she really had no intention of enforcing the drastic measures. Even the most reluctant of the foreigners, of the class who refuse to believe that China is really endeavoring to uplift herself, are now forced to recognize the increasing feeling throughout the great empire against the use of opium. The movement is steadfast and spreading rapidly, and the number of anti-opium societies, particularly in the south, is increasing from day to day. The most prominent officials have joined in the crusade with energy, and, generally speaking, the movement has assumed proportions which may be said to be of a nationally patriotic nature. The anti-opium societies, of which there are hundreds, are composed largely of young men, students and the like, and usually are headed by foreign-educated Chinese. In co-operation with the officials, these societies have done quite as much toward the suppression of the vice as the officials themselves.

It is not expected that the smoking of opium will be stopped at once, in fact, the decree allows nine years more of grace, and so vast is the empire that there will be many districts and even provinces where the law will not be enforced for years. Opium denkeepers of Shanghai—there are about 5,000—held a meeting last week and petitioned for a postponement of the closing date, but their request was refused. Thousands of opium addicts were thrown out of jail and the authorities have arranged to apprentice many of these to learn trades. A fund has been started, headed by a contribution of a thousand taels from Taotai Jui, to purchase all smoking apparatus at a nominal price, and return it to the owners of many dens in Shanghai who closed their places before today.

of course, the new law was enforced first in Peking, Tientsin, Paoing and other places near the capital. Many wealthy officials, bankers, and Government employes stopped the vicious habit and prepared an organized movement for the suppression of the vice. The lamps and pipes formerly seen in every shop soon disappeared. With the exception of the French, Austrian and Russian concessions, all opium dens were closed in Tientsin last month, and those in the settlements named will be closed with the end of June. The regulations throughout the empire are enforced by the local magistrates who are under orders from the viceroy and viceroys, and with the opium dens are included morphia injection houses. The Peking Government has proposed to instruct all viceroys and governors of the provinces to severely impeach magistrates who fail to put forth every effort to suppress the vice, and department heads have ordered the dismissal of employes who use the drug. If one may judge from the tone of the orders issued, there is no questioning the fact that China—for the present at least—is sincerely determined in this gigantic undertaking.

At the request of the Chinese Government, the representatives of the powers at Peking, have agreed to prohibit the importation by foreigners of morphine into treaty ports excepting for medical purposes. According to a local Chinese newspaper, Sir John Jordan, the British minister, signed an agreement with the Peking Government to reduce the importation of opium gradually until the traffic ceases at the end of ten years. But this proviso is added that if China fails to prohibit entirely the opium habit within this period, she shall be fined an amount equal to three times the opium revenue she collected annually for ten years before the reduction of the opium importations. In order to carry out the arrangements entered into with the British minister, the Peking Government as long ago as March 1 sent telegraphic orders to all viceroys and governors. All opium smokers under 50 years of age, whether officials, gentry, merchants, or the common people, must abandon the habit within the next three years. Viceroys, governors and Tartar generals are exhorted

In order to show the world in general and the British Government in particular the determined attitude of China in this opium matter, the minister for the interior has issued a notification to the police department in Peking. According to a local Chinese newspaper, this notification states "that a communication has been received from the Waiwupu to the effect that they had handed to the British minister in Peking a memorandum of six articles regarding the prohibition of opium smoking, and at the same time forwarded a copy of same to the Chinese minister in London for transmission to the British Government.

"Minister Wang has now replied to the Walwpu intimating that the British Government had expressed willingness to give its hearty support to the matter, but the Indian Government desired the prohibition to begin taking effect in 1903. Since the British Government has promised to render assistance, it is expected that the matter can be arranged with ease. But in the discussions on the subject which had recently taken place in the British parliament, a general misgiving was manifest that China was seeking to extend the consumption of native opium in place of the foreign drug. If, continued Minister Wang, faithful measures be adopted to restrict

duce the planting of Chinese poppy in the matter could be satisfactorily settled. He therefore requested the War and Navy to issue circular instructions to the different provinces to take steps to suppress poppy cultivation. The War and Navy department states that the prohibition of opium, being an international affair, could be arranged according to the wishes of the British minister in Peking, and that themselves, but the reduction of poppy cultivation lies within the executive administration of the places concerned.

"It occurred in the opinion expressed by Minister Wang that despite the general sympathy of the foreign powers, and the support of the Government, the Chinese Government could not proceed unless China's opium demand was reduced.

produced, unless China take effective steps to reduce native poppy cultivation, justice could not be done to international relations and the general position would be prejudiced.

"It was necessary, therefore, to strictly instruct the local authorities in the different provinces to abide by the new anti-opium regulations issued by the department of state affairs by ascertaining the acreage under poppy plantation and the quantity of the product in their jurisdiction, compiling returns for transmission to the ministry for purposes of reference.

once upon a time, which is to cease entirely in nine years. Proclamations in matter shall be posted in all city markets, villages, and farmsteads for general information, so that the form might be carried out, and pretext given to foreign countries to place obstacles in the way. To dedicate the poison and reinvigorate people depends entirely on this step. The Waiwupu had communicated with the viceroys and governors of all provinces, and requested them to sue orders to their subordinates to carry out the reform."

WESTERN DICTIONARY-MAKING.
The following communication received in the early mail yesterday in this newspaper:

To the Editor—I see by your columns that one of your reporters makes use of the term "haswas" in a way which is so kind as to inform me what a "haswasser" is? and gives me the obligation. A correspondent of the "New York Herald" is to attempt to give the definition, which is now being prepared by an eminent lexicographer for the new edition of a universal, abridged and standard dictionary. The definition is:

1. Haswasser (sometimes incor-

spelled "has waser"), n^t "from" and "was," or, rather, the compound has-was, meaning "used to be" isn't any more.

One who is not, but thinks he is.
A person who can easily recall time when he thought he was, but is unable to remember the time that has certainly ceased to be.
One who is "down and out" and does not believe it, even when told by others.

One who has been practically for some time, but does not really. One who never really was, but thought he was.

He's a haswasser—I'll stake
upon it;
He soon will tell us that 'twas his
done it.

—Wordsworth

What! the haswasser? See him
day
Watching his chance to get
his "Say—"

—Kipling

It would be impossible, of course, to give the coming definition in its full form, but we take pleasure in glancing at the lexicographer conceives of the present time. — Chicago Ocean.

ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND.—I and happiness we need no friend when pain and prostration come for friendly aid from sympathetic. These hands can serve us no better in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Ointment when the Oil is in the pain, it has brought relief to thousands where it would be indeed friendless.

The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular.

Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot.

Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!



The roof garden season is now in its zenith, and every night finds tens of thousands of New Yorkers on the tops of the big houses of the city. The season's big draws are affected by the open-air spirit, and every night tenants and guests spend their evenings in the beautiful gardens which reach from the garden above the din and uproar of the great city. Two of the most popular roof gardens in town are illuminated with over 20,000 lights, and the cost of the lighting it cost over \$40,000 to decorate them. They are equipped with the telautograph, connected with the kitchens and wine room, so that the hostess can see the guests as they are seated. The waiter writes in order, an electric pen duplicates it in instantly many stories below, and an electric pen duplicates it in the kitchen. The order is filled. On a hot night on certain hotel roofs may be seen the same class of people that on a winter night are seen in the parlors of the "Four Hundred" who have fled conservative pleasure to the roof gardens of the "Four Hundred" of mountain and Newport life for a more

bizarre evening in town may be seen in numbers. Then, seated about the tables listening to the sweet strains of the orchestra, may be seen actors of the opera, the great chorus. The city and the settlement workers have done wonderful things along roof garden lines for the East St. On many of the modern school buildings the roofs are floored and paved and the roofs are used for vacation school teachers regular attendants are in charge of these roofs, bands are provided, dancing among the children is permitted, and games are distributed. On the roof of the Educational Institute by the Y. M. C. A. amusements are offered in charge of what are known as social workers. There at games galore, the young people can bring their own instruments, mandolin, guitar, etc., and dancing to the music is allowed. The chief attractions is the penny-a-glass soda fountain. The municipal authorities have long struggled with the public park question. Central Park with all its broad acres, is not accessible to residents of many sections in the city. The city has the tired wage-earner to make. Long since tall buildings have crowded closer and closer to the small parks or squares, shutting out comfortable breezes and flinging down a shower of water from the fire escapes. At least at its water front, is packed to suffocation hot nights.

By _____

In the great cellars under the circuses and buildings at Constantinople at the beginning of the sixth century dwelt a queer assortment of people and animals. Gladiators, buffoons, animal tammers, acrobats, actors, lions, elephants, tigers, bears, all jumbled together in the black, ill-smelling, underground labyrinths. A motley, miserable crowd they were, living and dying for the amusement of the bloodthirsty populace. Among them—of the humblest members of the society—was a poor community—was Acaedon, feeder and trainer of the fierce bear. He had one child, a slender, fairylike precocious little girl, whose impetuous ways and ready wit made her the pet of the place. Her name was Thelora.

As she grew older, Aæclus used to influence with the circus magnates secure for her a chance on the stage in some of the coarse farces that are the property of the public games. She could not sing. Her dancing was awkward. Her speaking voice was not strong and sweet. There seemed small hope of her earning a living. Yet she went wild over her. For she was an actress to her finger tips. Her cleverness, her mimicry, her audacity, and her wit, won her the admiration of the audience by storm. Soon the favour of the bear-feeder's daughter spread throughout Constantinople. And last it came to the ears of the emperor's nephew of the aged Emperor Justin. Justin had started in life as a Deacon peasant. He became a soldier and a brute force. He became a trickery and a villain. When the former emperor

high. When the former emperor died one of the candidates for the vacant throne had intrusted Justin with large sums of money to win the army over to his cause. Instead, Justin had used the cash to buy his election as emperor, and now, with his wife, Euphemia, ruled the middle eastern empire. He was childless, his nephew, Justinian (a shrewd, well-educated man of lowly ancestry), was his heir.

Rome's early power had been rivaled by Constantine and had more swayed nearly the whole world. But not long after Constantine's death it had broken down by weight of its own unwieldy wealth and had split into two empires—the eastern (embracing the Orient), and the western (including Italy and most of Europe). In 476 the western

Since the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius the volcano has been extremely profitable to the beggars that infest Naples and its vicinity. They are fleeing the visitors to Boscatrecase and Ottajano, the two places laid waste by the lava flow last year.

Huddled in groups which might have been poed by a skillful stage manager, the population of Bosatrecase await the arrival of the strangers. Men, women and children, shrieking and howling, begin to depict the terrors of the cataclysm of 1906.

Emotional women are moved and immediately contribute. Those who do not give freely are so beset by the weeping and complaining natives that they are finally convinced that it would be heartless not to help those who have suffered so deeply. Every day the beggars make a highly profitable haul, in spite of the fact that not one of them ever lived was at Bos

at Ottajano the same appeal is made to the sympathies of the visitors and often by the same impostors. Here the beggars have made a sort of gypsy camp, where they cook beans in the hot lava and lead sentimental visitors to talk with an old man.

Seated on a block of lava, with the wind blowing through his long white locks and beard, he stares in front of him.

"This old man was very rich," says the chief of the beggars. "His house, his fields, his fortune are under this lava. Worst of all his sufferings was to see his wife swept alive under the flowing lava."

At these words all the beggars begin to howl and weep. Many of the visitors contribute liberally to the fund that supports the cotteries in the old man's open park. Some return to Naples profusely touched by the sight.

They would be consoled by the fact, did they know it, that not a person was killed by the explosion.

Some of the beggars in the park in Bonocera's house in Ottajano. The beggars are nevertheless earning a fortune out of sympathetic travelers, who journey there to see the lava fields.

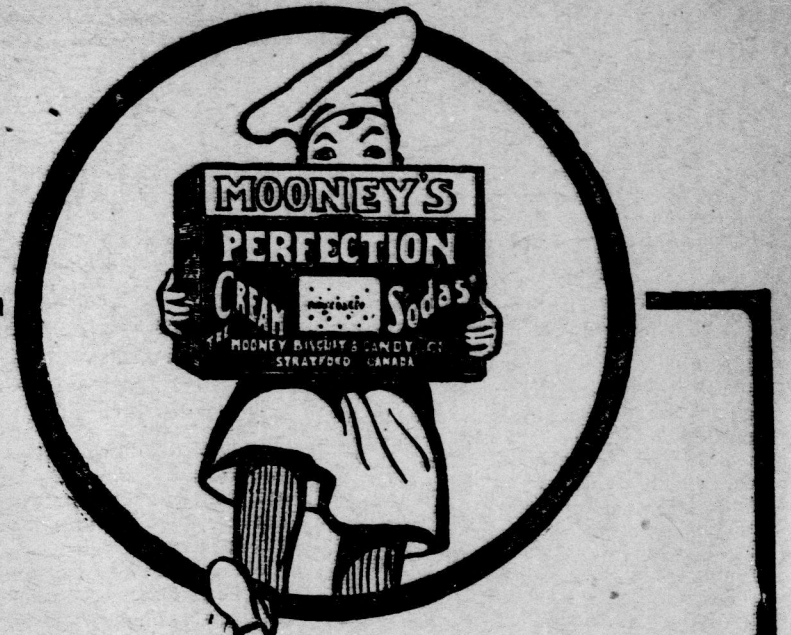
STORY; STORY OF MARC, THE MARTYR MAID

...e, in the New York World.

Justinian met Theodora and fell in love with her. He wanted to marry her his wife. But his aunt, the Empress Euphemia, would not hear of so unsuitable a match. Euphemia died in a short time and Justinian's influence over his old uncle was boundless. He was able to compel her to consent to his marriage with Theodora, and to repeal the law which forbade a man of senatorial rank to marry an actress. Now, left to himself, Justinian would probably have done nothing of the sort. But Theodora had already made his will-power as wax in her hands. She had not long been a wife when the emperor died and Justinian came to the throne. Theodora was not content to be a color-glass-consort, but made Justinian raise her at once to the rank of empress, with power equal to his own. Then she began her career of martyrdom.

The ex-circus girl forced the best nobles in the land to prostitute themselves before her as to a goddess. She put to death any of Justinian's friends who did not favor her. She ordered Justinian to make oaths according to her caprice. She started an informal matching bureau, in which, for her whim, she forced people to marry or not, whether they wished to or not. She also formed a special personality in precedent for wives who were to be feared for their own persons. Cruel, fickle, alternately violent and just, she swayed the empire to suit her own unrestricted fancy. Were this all she accomplished her name would never have

down through the centuries to But she made history as well, not in helping to direct Justinian's wars with Persia, and in driving the savage tribes which were to invade and destroy the eastern empire as they had the western, saving the throne for Justinian for the royal race. Chief among claims to greatness is the large she took in suggesting, framing, enforcing a new and wise set of known as the Justinian Code.



—the air-tight box of biscuit goodness. Baked by the Mooney chefs for folk who want something better than cream sodas have ever been before.

Do you know MOONEY'S?—the always fresh — always crisp—always tasty biscuits.

Mooney means perfection.

Make sure that your grocer gives you MOONEY'S.

Make sure that your green gives you more than it takes.



endured unchanged for many generations and helped to shape the civic destinies of the world.

In 532 a violent revolution broke out in Constantinople. The rebels swept the city and attacked the palace. Justinian was about to flee, abdicating, leaving his country to the victorious rabble. But as he was seeking to leave the palace by a rear gate Theodora threw herself in his way, clad in her robes of state, and cried to the scared emperor and his panic-stricken fol-

On "Easy Street"

The saving habit is better than the legacy of a Fortune.

It increases the desire to practice economy and thrift in man, woman or child — thus enabling the persistent saver in the autumn of life, "when energy walks on crutches," to live on "Easy Sweet."

Money—Respect—Honor—Influence—Independence! What a family of splendid words! How every human heart hungers for those priceless blessings!

Cultivate the *saving* habit. There is nothing to be gained by waiting—start to-day!

No matter how small your deposit, we will give it the same careful attention as is given to the largest amount.

Our booklet I sent free on request, gives full information on Banking by Mail at 4 per cent. interest. Write for it to-day.

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Company Limited
TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO
Capital and Reserve, \$2,900,000

Pickwick Exhibition in Old London

THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED EXHIBITS RELATING TO THE MOST POPULAR BOOK IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — EVERY KNOWN EDITION THERE.

The Pickwick Exhibition, organized by the Dickens Fellowship in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the completion of "The Pickwick Papers," was formally opened at the New Dudley Gallery, 169 Piccadilly, W., on Monday, July 22, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. The interest that has been shown in the exhibition, and offers of exhibits have come not only from all parts of England, but from America and South Africa, too. It may or may not be that "Pickwick" is the most popular book in our language, but of this there can be no question—there is not another book round which some three or four hundred exhibits could be gathered, with any hope of attracting the general public. Such a fact is eloquent testimony to the hold that this production of a lad of 25 has upon the English and English-speaking people, and the objects of the exhibition, at this exhibition, are, first, of course, to demonstrate how widely the book is read, and secondly to show how "Pickwick" has entered into all phases of life.

EVERY KNOWN EDITION. An attempt has been made to gather together a specimen of every known edition of the book. Of course, complete success was practically impossible, but of English editions alone the number on exhibition is very nearly one hundred. Beginning with a complete set of the original parts, now worth about twenty times their original cost, there is a steady sequence, down to the "Charles Dickens" edition, which was the last that the author revised. Then there are the famous "Household" edition, the edition de luxe, and so on, to the "National" edition just issued by the original publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, which contains every illustration for "Pickwick" that was approved by Dickens. A glance at this collection will show how the book has appeared to all classes, for the prices range from 1d. 3/4d. to 6d. up to several guineas.

IN MANY TONGUES. Then there is an extensive collection of American editions, including the first edition published in the States. Next will be found evidence of the fact that "Pickwick" appeals to people of other nationalities as well as to the Englishman, though one wonders how some of Sam Weller's remarks read in a Russian translation! There are French, German, Russian, Danish, Dutch, Bohemian translations, and many of them are very curious. One German edition, for instance, is illustrated, and in every picture the characters appear dressed in German costumes. Further, there is an edition in Braille type, and another in Pitman's shorthand, and not the least interesting is an edition published in Van Diemen's Land, copies of which are very scarce indeed.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND CARTOONS. Our grandfathers tell us that we of the present generation can have no conception of the tremendous popularity of "Pickwick" when it first appeared; but I fancy visitors to this exhibition will be able to gain some conception of it. Very interesting, too, is a collection of the plagiarisms, many of which have been referred to in these pages. Of pictures there will be a very large collection. Most interesting is Phil's original drawing to illustrate the famous Trial Scene. There are complete sets of illustrations to "Pickwick" by Phil, Seymour, Buss, Onwhyn, Crowquill, Nast, etc., and several original drawings by well-known artists. Further, a complete set of old engravings, photographs, drawings, etc., has been gathered, illustrating the topography of the book. An interesting picture is an autographed portrait of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who died in 1839, who just the prototype of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who laid down the immortal dictum that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." There is a large collection of political cartoons (including at least one original "Punch" drawing), showing how "Pickwick" has been drawn upon to illustrate this or that political situation.

PICKWICK POSTERS. Another section which is of more than academic interest is that showing how "Pickwick" has entered into the commercial life of England. Here is seen a large collection of posters, newspaper advertisements, etc., in which Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, or some other character from the book, is made to extol the virtues of cocoa, biscuits, jam, pickles, cocoa, lemonade, biscuits, linoleum, etc. Examples of Pickwick cigars and Pickwick cigarettes are seen, as well as Sam Weller blacking, Pickwick biscuits, Pickwick stationery, Pickwick Christmas cards, Pickwick pens, Pickwick Christmas cards, Pickwick playing cards, and so on. Crockeryware, decorated with Pickwick pictures, is on exhibition, also including a valuable Pickwick toy jug.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE. Thackeray said that the future historian would turn to "Pickwick" as a guide to the manners and customs of the period. It is probably not fully realized how true this is, and the exhibition will go a little way towards proving it. In chapter 23 it will be remembered that "Mr. Weller the elder delivers some critical sentiments respecting literary composition," and he expresses his opinion that "Poetry is unnatural; no man never talked poetry, 'cept a beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows." Well, here at the exhibition is documentary evidence that a "beadle on Boxin' Day" and Warren's blacking did talk poetry, and contemporary examples may be seen. Again, on the same occasion, Mr. Sam Weller reads from his "valentine" as follows: "The first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a like-

When they get sick with cramps, indigestion and bowel trouble, give them Doan's Kidney Pills. Cure is immediate. Sold everywhere in 25-cent bottles.

MARIE CORELLI SCORES THE MEN

SAYS THEY ARE CHILDREN AND WOMEN SHOULD TREAT THEM AS SUCH.

From time to time Miss Marie Corelli has suffered much at the hands of the reviewers and pressmen, who, because of the independent attitude she has taken, have seen fit to accuse her of every literary sin under the sun.

Among other allegations that have been made against her as an authoress is the one of attacking men on all possible occasions. It has been said of her that she is a man-hater, and never fails to place the worst possible construction on anything a man does. That such a charge is unjust is the purpose of this article to show. Of course, in the nature of things, Miss Corelli has had to write of bad men, just as she has had to write of bad women; but she has taken care to give pictures of men who are in accord with the very highest ideals.

For instance, here are a few examples culled at random from some of her most popular works: "There is something in the soul of a true man," she makes a character say in "The Power," "that does not change with the elements—and that is loyalty to a sworn faith."

"There is nothing more faithful on earth than a faithful dog, respect a faithful servant," says Angus in "The Treasure of Heaven."

"If there were more men like you, what a difference it would make to us women! We should be proud to have such a friend of life with those on whose absolute strength and integrity we could rely, but in these days we do not rely so much as we should; we cannot love so much as we should; we cannot be so true as we should," says the beautiful and popular Duchess de la Santoise, speaking to Alwyn, in "Arcturion."

Most admirers of Miss Corelli's works will remember in the same book the description of the duchess's garden, in which the authoress pays to an ideal man: "Alwyn hastened to open the door for her, and she passed out, followed by a man of women in rich and rustling garments, all of whom, as they swept past, the king figure that with slightly bent head and courteous mien thus paid silent homage to their sex, were conscious of very unusual emotions and feelings." How would it be, some of them thought, if they were more frequently brought into contact with such royal and gracious manhood? Was it not possible for men to be the words of the world, rather than the devil, they so often are?"

Though Miss Corelli knows how to picture appreciatively a good man, she also knows how to pour the vials of righteous wrath on a bad one. It is perhaps Miss Corelli's hatred of all that is mean and wrong that has led unjudicious folk to make absurd statements about her attitude toward men.

Her most scathing indictment of the bad man, as well as her highest praise of a good one, appears in "Free Opinions Freely Expressed," under the title of "Coward Adam." Admitting that Adam is a brute, she writes, "who owns and admits the brute achievements of woman with pride and tenderness," she declares that Adam-Coward-and-Sneak is much more frequently to be met with than the noblest of men. The most powerful exposition of woman's view of the Garden of Eden story ever written.

"Adam," she says, "is the same Adam still, and the same Adam still, and the same Adam still, and when things are getting rather 'mixed' in his career, and the forbidden fruit he has so readily devoured turns out to be rather more sour and tasteless than he had anticipated, he is to be pitied, for he is being searched through for the causes of the folly and disobedience which have devastated his original fairness, the same old Adam, he must be said of him, 'Mister Adam, he clings up trees.'"

"He says: 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat.' Coward Adam! Observe how once transfixed by the fact of his own lack of will and purpose to the weakness more credulous, more loving and trusting partner; how he leaves her defenseless to brave the wrath which he himself dreads, and how he never for a moment dreams of admitting himself to be the least in the wrong! . . . The woman whom thou gavest to be with me! Alas, poor woman! She has heard him saying this over and over again, and she has heard him share her food with him, gave him the forbidden apple. No doubt she offered him his rosiest and ripest side! She always does—at first. Not afterward! As soon as he turns traitor and turns up his nose, she takes to pelting him—metaphorically speaking—with coconuts. This is quite natural on her part! She had thought him a man; and when he suddenly changes into a monkey, she does not care whether this cause may possibly be attributed some of the ructions which occasionally jar the harmonious estate of matrimony."

"Temporal Power," which is by many folk thought to be the finest of Miss Corelli's novels, contains some very pointed thrusts at men, particularly in relations to their attitude toward the other sex. Here are a few of the most poignant: "Now you look at that snake and call it a bear, pitiless as a snake! God! What men can become when they are balked of their desires!"

"And so she had fulfilled the common lot of women, which is taken in the aggregate, to be wronged and slain (morally when not physically) by the very men they have most unselfishly sought to serve."

"It is the unselfishness of men—to kill the women who love them, the women who show you how to love, and care, and then to be sorry forever afterward."

"When women lie down and ask you to walk over them you do it; if you are a man, you do it; on the contrary, women show you that they do not care whether you are royal or the reverse, and despise you, you run after them for all you are worth."

"Of a truth these are paltry days—and paltry days breed paltry men. Afraid of sickness, afraid of death, afraid to think, afraid to speak. Men, in the present era of his boasted progress, resembles nothing so much as a whipped child—cowering under the outstretched arm of heaven, and waiting in whimpering terror for the next fall of the scourge."

"Men are children, and should be treated always as such. If taken in the aggregate, men are alike in my estimation: all the same barbaric, foolish babes and children, all to be loved and petted alike."

It takes a woman, and a warm-hearted, sympathetic woman, to write as Miss Corelli does in "Arcturion."

"Oh, the loving hearts of women! How much men have to answer for when they deliberately break these clear mirrors of affection wherein they, all unworried, have been, for a time, reflected unguilefully, all the warmth and color of an innocently adoring passion shining about them like the prismatic rays in a vase of polished crystal!"

CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarr'd from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

How Does the Sun Keep Hot?

ONE OF THE RIDDLES OF THE UNIVERSE UNTIL EXPLAINED BY RADIUM—EARTH NOT ONLY COOLS OFF, BUT ALSO HEATS ITSELF.

How does the sun keep hot? It is one of the riddles of the universe, and the new astronomers and physicists have got the answer. They have got it just today, this minute, this century that is but being born. They are inspired by some genius of the new era and can speak where the elder men had to hold their peace or talk in vain. The names of the new scientists are legion: J. J. Thomson, Becquerel, the "Curies," Rutherford, Ramsay, S. D. Crookes, and others, and high hosts of others like Robert Dunn, Kennedy, who interprets their wise words and works into the common tongue of the laymen who only can look on with eyes and mouth aghape.

It has been one of the prime problems of the thinkers—how the sun maintains its heat. At first they naively supposed that the sun's fires were sustained by common combustion, that the sun was a burning mass which would go out as soon as the coal or other fuel was exhausted, and that then there would be an end to heat, light, and life. But the wisest of the scientists cannot see the means of supplying the sun's present waste for over 5,000 years. It is obvious that the heat of the sun cannot be supplied possibly by any chemical process of which we have the slightest conception. This question is unanswerable unless there be chemical agencies at work in the sun of a far more powerful order than anything we meet with on the earth's surface. So the sun would have had to burn itself up thousands of years ago, and as it still runs fiercely across the sky every day and keeps the whole earth alive, the thinkers had to think something else.

WOULD BURN OUT IN FEW YEARS.

Take (in mass equal to the sun's mass) the most energetic chemicals known to us and the proper proportion for giving the greatest amount of heat by actual chemical combination and so far as we yet know their properties we cannot see the means of supplying the sun's present waste for over 5,000 years. It is obvious that the heat of the sun cannot be supplied possibly by any chemical process of which we have the slightest conception. This question is unanswerable unless there be chemical agencies at work in the sun of a far more powerful order than anything we meet with on the earth's surface. So the sun would have had to burn itself up thousands of years ago, and as it still runs fiercely across the sky every day and keeps the whole earth alive, the thinkers had to think something else.

Some suggested that the meteorites falling into the sun also could generate enough heat to maintain its energy.

But this source seemed folly. And then came Helmholtz. His idea proposed that the heat of the sun might be maintained by its own contraction from a nebular condition. Helmholtz won all his good brothers of the world's laboratories to his way of thinking and the Helmholtz theory that the sun gave out heat because it was shrinking has held its own until these latest of latter days, despite the tangle it made of geology and biology. It did not give them time enough.

SHRINKAGE DOES NOT EXPLAIN IT.

Professor Young began to doubt. He said that no conclusion of geometry is more certain than this, "that the contraction of the sun to its present size from a diameter even many times greater than Neptune's orbit cannot be the cause of anything as its present rate for more than 18,000,000 years, if its heat really has been generated in this manner."

Lord Kelvin followed up with a most melancholy conclusion. He calculated the energy lost in the shrinkage of the sun from its long ago nebular condition of "infinite dispersion" and decided that on the whole it was probable that the sun would have cooled to the earth for 100,000,000 years, and almost certain that he had not done so for 600,000,000 years.

"As for the future, we may say with equal certainty that inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life for many million years longer unless sources now unknown to us are prepped in the great storehouses of creation."

In these latest of latter days the clever folk have discovered these unknown sources of energy and supplanted the melancholy Helmholtz theory with a more cheerful prospect for the weary world. The new energy, the new-found energy, is in radio activity.

RADIUM EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.

We know that there exists in radium enormous quantities of the element helium. We know also that helium is a neutral substance, and, finally, we know that radio-active substances generate enormous quantities of heat. The people who have experimented with radio-activity have taught us all this, and pointed to the possibility and the probability that there exists in the sun's mass large quantities of radio-active matter. And on this supposition it is easily possible to increase enormously the duration of the sun's age and heat in the past and to prophesy its duration for untold millions of years to come.

The clever chemists have shown that the presence of 3.6 grains of radium in each cubic meter of the sun's mass is enough to account for the present minimum heat, or, calculated in another way, that 2.5 parts by weight of radio-active matter in a million would keep the sun going. Rutherford decides that if the energy in other atoms of the chemical elements is used by the sun it may continue to radiate at its present rate as much as 500 times longer than the maximum limit allowed by Lord Kelvin.

So the doleful conclusion of yesterday's science that the earth would come to an end and in its past short of all proportion to its past duration was needless sorrow. The world still lives and only has begun to be.

NOT PERCEIVED ON THE EARTH.

Perhaps we at the foot of the class may wonder why radio-activity is not perceived on earth if the sun has this radio-activity. But the erudite fellows at the head of the class tell us

it cannot be perceived. For even the most penetrating of the radio-active rays, the gamma rays, would be practically stopped and absorbed by the earth's atmosphere, which is equivalent to 30 inches of mercury in density and power to absorb the corpuscles composing the radio-active rays of light.

Another riddle of the universe that has teased the erudite bigwigs is the age of old mother earth. Could any old-fashioned woman of uncertain and none too tender years have more astutely eluded the questions of the elder scientists? During the last 50 years there has been a bitter debate. The physicists were on one side. The biologists and geologists were on the other side. The physicists would not grant the time demanded by the geologists and biologists for the changes that these men have noted in rock and plant and animal. The physicists would not go beyond ten million years. The geologists would take nothing less than a thousand million.

Lord Kelvin was a physicist. He calculated the age of the earth by considering the heat of the earth in the interior, and the rise of temperature as one descends below the surface. This rise in temperature amounts to about one degree, centigrade, for every one hundred feet of descent. Taking into account the average heat conductivity of the earth, we get Lord Kelvin's conclusion that ten millions of years ago the surface of the earth still was molten. And this conclusion the natural scientists would not allow. This earth was teeming with living things by that time.

THE MISTAKE OF THE PHYSICISTS WAS THIS: They assumed that the earth was a self-cooling body and never surmised that it might be and was a self-heating body as well. The new science proves this.

It proves this victoriously. One grain of radium yields about 100 calories of heat every hour, or 864,000 grain calories a year. Instead of calories we can say units. They are the pounds or yards or quarts for measuring heat. So that an exceedingly small amount of radium present would compensate for the heat which the earth loses by conduction. The physicists express it in this wise: 2.6x10-13 of radium per unit volume or 4.6x10-14 per unit mass. But if you and I do not understand that we get the general idea of a most minute proportion anyhow and that is more important than figures.

Or take Uranium. Uranium probably does not evolve more than a millionth of the heat of radium. Yet those who know can show that the presence of a microscopic fraction of this element scattered through the earth would suffice not only to keep the earth's temperature constant, but actually to raise it from a cooler temperature to a hotter.

RADIO-ACTIVITY FOUND EVERYWHERE.

And do they actually find in the ordinary earth enough radio-activity to furnish the heat needed to balance the earth's loss by conduction? They do indeed. They find radio-activity everywhere in all matter, in the soil, the water, the air, everything. The air of cellars and caves is markedly radio-active. So it is the air sucked up from the soil, particularly clay. The air of the free atmosphere, normal air, is slightly radio-active.

A wire strongly electrified and suspended in the air for a few hours acquires a strong ray emitting power which may be rubbed off and transferred to leather moistened with ammonia. Everywhere over the earth there seems to arise an emission of penetrating rays. All matter seems to be radio-active in some measure.

More than this, Rutherford has shown convincingly that his radio-activity of ordinary substances is in the right order of magnitude to balance the loss of the earth's heat into space. So the old physicists after all were right only as far as they went, and they did not go far enough to discover that the earth not only cools off, but heats itself. The geologists and biologists also were right, and they may have their thousand million years for their rocks to form, their grass to grow, and their animals and men to evolve. They may have it and more. For the debate is over; the riddle looks solved, and the new physicists with their new knowledge have solved it—Ada Krecker, in Chicago Tribune.

"LADY GUIDES.

And now comes a young woman with the statement that she intends to become the "lady guide" because she loves nature and a life in the woods—and, how, why should not young women become guides? Although she is woefully ignorant in asserting that she intends to become the pioneer "lady guide," she evidently recognizes the value of publicity, for instead of advertising her intentions on the usual manner usually followed by mere men guides, she launches her career through the medium of a long interview in the metropolitan press, thereby hoping, it is to be assumed, that scores of persons will write to engage her services. As a matter of fact, there have been women guides ever since there have been men and women visitors to the woods that surround hotels and camps; but while these estimable persons are nearly always competent to point out well-defined trails, select the best fishing waters, and lead their women patrons to points where deer may be seen, they are "guides" by courtesy only, for they cannot carry heavy packs or canoe over the back-breaking trails, row boats all day, perform the heavy drudgery incident to backwoods camp life, wield an axe—or, in short, "help" can they, with entire respect for the conventions, take parties of men into the woods. The guide who is entitled to be so called is merely a man-of-all-work in the camp and on the portage, and we pity any young woman who, wishing to emulate the example of the "lady guide" in question, wastes her time and savings in any such pointless wild-goose chase. If the young woman in question wishes to pursue her new fad, let her, for it is said she has an abundance of this world's goods, but she cannot earn her keep in guiding in the true sense of the term, nor can any other woman who is womanly and not an amazon—Forest and Stream.

Since the war with Russia, which terminated with the return to Japan of the southern part of Saghalien, a 60-mile railway has been built on the island and all parts of it connected by telegraphs. Hungarian railway traveling is the cheapest in Europe. On some lines one can travel third-class six miles for 2 cents.

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A Great Battle Seen From the Inside

A GERMAN OFFICER DISCLOSES THE FACT THAT THE GERMAN ARMY WAS NOT PERFECTION IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF HIS FIRST BATTLE IN FRANCE—T. P. O'CONNOR'S COMMENTS.

I have always wondered what it feels like to be in a battle. It is a subject on which I always question a great soldier whenever I come across one. It is a subject which entrances me when I find a good account of it in any book. One of the last persons with whom I had an opportunity of discussing that question was no less a personage than General Botha. I wonder if many people remarked that curious and haunting expression which I found in the eyes of the famous Boer leader? This expression was very well caught in the cartoon which, which represented an imaginary interview between the Boer general and our Secretary for War, Mr. Haldane. To me it seemed that the eyes of General Botha had always a curious expression of surprise, of watchfulness, and of nervous strain. I happened to mention this to a friend of mine who played a gallant part in the South African war, and was, as a result of his engagements of one kind or another, and he said that the expression was quite familiar to all men who had gone through that war; they had invented a phrase in South Africa for the condition of body and nerve of which it was the symbol; they called it *Mauseritis*—the malady which was generated by the deadly Mauser. He himself had it when he first came back from the war—his eyes always seemed to be looking round and about; it was the look that came from the constant sense of standing in the midst of the rainstorm of bullets, any one of which might bring death. General Botha said that there were certain things in the battlefield that one never got used to; and my friend goes further, and says that every battle, instead of adding to, subtracts from the courage even of brave men. You start—this is how he puts it—with a certain stock of courage; the first battle takes a certain percentage off; the second battle takes another slice; and so you go on until you are finally broken, unless you happen to be one of those exceptional men—who are only one in a hundred thousand—who have no nerves, and can never be, therefore, exhausted.

From these and other authorities I derive the general impression that there is no man, however brave, who doesn't feel very nervous in battle, and who doesn't shake when the end is announced, and he is once more free from its terrors and perils. Extraordinary bravery, extraordinary self-sacrifice—these virtues are brought out by the battlefield without doubt; but, on the whole, the impression remains strong with me that in respect even to the cultivation of bravery and the associated virtues war has a very distinctly seamy side when it comes to be seen from the inside, and not from its exciting, dramatic, and inspiring exterior.

I find curious confirmation of this view in a volume I am reading at the moment. It is by a well-known officer, Colonel Maude, and it deals with the many vexed questions of military science. There is one chapter—it is the fourteenth, and it deals with the "Voluntary Versus Compulsory Service"—which even the most ignorant of military matters can read with interest. I have read it several times over; it is as absorbing as a novel; it is as enlightening as a lucid exposition of philosophy, by a lucid French writer.

I dwell on this chapter because it is the first time I ever got a glimpse into the Franco-German war of 1870 from the inside. I remember still the shock of surprise with which the whole world learnt of the extraordinary powers of the German army; and how universal was the impression that the German army was the best led, the best fighting, and the bravest army in the world's history. From almost the first moment to the last it did not seem that France had ever been given a chance; and yet, if the Germans had never made a mistake, to the outside world the machine seemed the most perfect thing of its kind ever created—shining, bright, smoothly working in all its parts, something, in short, inhumanly complete, easy, and symmetrical. And now I take up this chapter, and find in it extracts from German writers which give the other side, and show that this outward seeming perfection did not at all represent the inner reality; and that the German army had its great moments of panic, of woful and disastrous confusion, of narrow escape from tremendous and well-deserved defeat; and that, in short, the chief difference between it and the French army was that its nervous, gigantic mistakes were more than counterbalanced by the more numerous and the more gigantic mistakes of the French leaders and the French soldiers.

It was not till the war was over and done with that German officers who had taken part in the war began to flash little gleams of light into the ghastly interior. One of these officers who took the public into their confidence was Major-General Meckel, who did the great work of reorganizing the Japanese army. I give in full—though it is a little long—an extract from a pamphlet of his, called by the fanciful title "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is an extraordinary revelation of what this so-called perfect German army could now and again do:

"I recalled my first battle in France. We did not arrive on the field until late in the day, and crossed it where the fight had been the fiercest. I was already used to the sight of dead and wounded, but not prepared for what I saw. The field was a ghastly scene, strewn with men who had left the ranks and were doing nothing! Whole battalions could have been formed from them. From our position we could count hundreds; some were lying by their rifles pointing to the front as if they were still in the fight-

ing line, and were expecting the enemy to attack at any moment. Others men had evidently remained behind, lying down when the more courageous had advanced. Others had squatted like hares in the furrows. Wherever a bush or ditch gave shelter there were men to be seen who in some cases had made themselves very comfortable. All these men gazed at us without showing the least interest. The fact that we belonged to another army corps seemed to be sufficient excuse for treating us with blank indifference. I heard them say: 'These fellows, like the others, are going to let themselves be shot.' The men nearest to me bore on their shoulder-straps the number of a famous regiment. I turned to look at my own men. They began to twitch. Some were pale. I myself was conscious of the depressing effect produced on me by what I saw. If the fire of the breech-loaders were now to face for the first time, while its continuous roar sounded in our ears had so disorganized this regiment, what would happen to us? I presently met with an officer of the reserve. I invited him to join my company. He followed without uttering a word. To my annoyance my company had to make a short halt to allow the remainder of the battalion to close up. We therefore rallied the stragglers about us and formed a strong party under the command of this officer. Two men and a lance-corporal and a private came of their own accord and asked permission to join us; all the others were very half-hearted, and had to be brought in; those who could do so sneaked away. The only effect of collecting these stragglers was to produce a bad impression on my own men, for as soon as we came under the enemy's fire in some vineyards, and extended the reserve officer and his men disappeared for good and all. I reproached myself afterwards for not having asked his name. Only the two men who had volunteered to join us remained, and behaved gallantly to the end. During our advance, and before we came to any serious fire, while only the whistle of an occasional stray bullet could be heard, we saw six men covering behind a tree; afterwards I saw this sight so frequently that I became used to it—who did not? But at this time it was new to me. Near the tree were little irregularities of ground that would have given good cover for all six; and this, I said to myself, as I now thought over the matter, is the result of three years' careful education in the independent use of covers."

Anybody who has read Zola's greatest story, "La Débâcle," will remember the strange episodes he gives in which you see the French army going quite consciously to its destruction; to the Shambles—to the Shambles—as the mutinous, but not less and not less spurring soldiers cried out as they passed their comrades in the trains during the sweltering heat of that awful summer of 1870. This passage, among others, created, I know, great scandal in the French army; and I heard a distinguished French officer declare that, though he had gone through the war from its beginning to its end, he had never seen any such scene of indiscipline. But is there in even the ultra-frank pages of Zola any scene of panic, of individual cowardice, of the entire breakdown of discipline, which is worse than this scene in the German army—described by the pen of one of Germany's most distinguished officers?

When one passes from this description of a particular scene to the criticism which are to be found of the conduct of the entire battle of Gravelotte one is again struck by the extraordinary revelations that have been made to the world of gigantic error. I cannot quote in full, nor can I stay to enter into the technical details; but I will quote just a passage or two to show how it was that thousands of lives were imperiled and many of them sacrificed by some of the confused and stupid orders which came to the German troops from the German generals. A position named St. Hubert had been captured by the Germans for only a few days, and it was only then that the order for its capture was given. The order was given by the German writer: "First: The eastern exit of Gravelotte had been obstructed by wires, only partially removed by infantry. Second: St. Hubert had just been captured, and hundreds of wounded stragglers, etc., were dragging themselves back along the road. Third: To meet them comes an infantry regiment (the Twenty-ninth); one squeezes by as best one can. Fourth: But this infantry did not know cavalry and artillery were following. Fifth: The latter also were ignorant that they would find infantry in front of them. Sixth: None of the three expected the crowds of stragglers. Seventh: All three were full of zeal for action. Presently all of them were a check-a-block. What a picture and what a leading! There was only one road, and into it were thrown troops from different commands without any mutual understanding, any order of march, left to themselves to get through as best they could, then some to pursue, some to reinforce, etc."

The result of this blunder was that "thirty-two squadrons were jammed up on the narrow dyke or between walls of rock." Our author then goes into details as to the disasters which followed each of the bodies that made up this sweltering mass jammed by a frightful series of errors into this small space. One battery was almost annihilated; a body of 15,000 infantry "densely crowded together . . . in such appalling confusion that all efforts to rally them proved hopeless; as the bullets and the occasional shell plunged into them their pluck died out, and they began to dribble away into the ravine by hundreds." And things were made worse by an interview between the German Emperor and General Steinmetz, the gen-

eral responsible mainly for this confusion. The general had begun the fight in a bad temper; but when he had finished with the Emperor, "if he had been difficult to begin with before, he became ten times worse afterwards, and refused to do more than merely transmit the orders received without sonal element, which, somehow or which it was his province to supply." Here enters another human and pathetic, one outside armies and battles thinks almost inadmissible and incredible, and that is the temper, and the other lower passions, are brought to such lurid prominence on the battlefield that thousands of human lives are frequently sacrificed to these base passions and weaknesses.

Anyhow, on this particular day there followed a second panic. There was a third panic also. Among the troops brought up as reinforcements were some Hussars who had just arrived from Germany. Both the men and the horses were but half-trained; they soon got demoralized, they received contradictory orders to advance and to retire, with the result that a portion of them entirely lost their heads, and "they broke clean away and dashed back in wildest confusion up the road."

"The led horses and teams in the streets of Gravelotte took fright. Panic seized most of the men, and the next moment a horde of men, horses, teams, etc., streamed out of the village and made for the sitting sun. Officers of every rank rode at their own risk and peril, and with their swords and used them, but were swept also, and not 200 yards off the King and staff were spectators of the disaster."

Then there comes a scene in which even higher personages display weakness of temper and of judgment: "A full noon took place for a while; but the King's blood was up, as, indeed, was everyone else's excepting Moltke's. The King now ordered Steinmetz to attack with everything he could lay hands on. Moltke endeavored to dissuade him; but in vain. Having said all he could, Moltke fled away a couple of yards or so and found some other business to attend to. This is historical, and deserves to be remembered, for Moltke in his present history of the war has deliberately taken the blame on his own shoulders to save the King's prestige; but there were many witnesses to the scene, and his own words, and they can corroborate his statements."

Then there were other scenes of confusion; Germans firing on each other under the impression that they were attacking the enemy. I need not pursue the narrative further. I think I have written enough to show something of the seamy side of that dirty thin, war, even when it is supposed to be triumphant, scientific, and glorious—T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

APPRECIATIONS OF EDWARD BLAKE

Continued From Page Eleven.

leagues, whom he recognized to be as patriotic as himself. It is a cruel mischance that Mr. Blake should have been struck down and robbed of his strength at the present moment in Irish affairs. When so many 'practise practitioners are engaged upon hacking the national policy to pieces the calm temper and the cool counsel of a statesman of Mr. Blake's unrivaled experience and unchallengeable single-mindedness would be invaluable."

MEMOIRS OF '98.

We may, and most of us do, actively disagree with almost every one of the canons of Mr. Blake's Irish creed; but none of us will withhold a tribute of honor to the man who could make the sacrifices Mr. Blake made for the Irish cause as he conceived it. It is not a failure to admire the single-hearted devotion which led him to keep himself ever in the background in the interminable Irish conflicts for place and fame. No Irishman has loved Ireland with a deeper devotion than this Irish-Canadian. That devotion came to him from his earliest childhood. His father was the Hon. Wm. Hume, a well-known in Canadian statesmanship, but his mother was a granddaughter of Wm. Hume, M. P. for Wicklow in the British House of Commons, who lost his life in an engagement fighting, on the loyalist side, with the insurgents in one of the passes of the Wicklow mountains. His maternal grandfather sacrificed his life for the King, his paternal grandfather fell on the other side. The memories of the stormiest days of Ireland's modern history have never been long out of Mr. Blake's mind from boyhood. In 1888, at the time of the Centenary of the insurrection, he joined in commemorating the victory of the Irish forces at Carrigat, and dwelt upon his own family's part in the tragedies of recent Irish history. It was, however, after the Wicklow seat of the loyalist, William Hume, that his Toronto residence was named Hume Wood.

The time has not come to speak frankly of the reasons which brought about Mr. Blake's retirement from Canadian public life, but with these Irish memories it was inevitable that when the severance came his steps should turn to Ireland. It is no concern of ours to attempt to assess his services to the Nationalist cause since 1892, but it is certain that he has done more than any man in our generation to give distinction to the Irish parliamentary body. He never quite achieved the difficult art of catching the ear of the House of Commons, but there are abundant Nationalist tributes to the invaluable services he rendered by his ripe counsel, cool judgment, and generous sympathy. The Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.

KEEP MR. BLAKE'S NAME IN THE HOUSE.

"QUIDA" AND HER ROMANCE

Continued From Page Eleven.

their sustained vitality. Every page is a riot of unpolished epigrams and unmetrical poetry, with a hundred discussions and redundancies.

If you are borne away by her it is almost against your will. You struggle, you feel you ought to laugh, and suddenly you find—tears trickling down your cheeks. It is in paths that she is bold, and curiously enough it is in her virginal "Wooden Shoes," and in those remarkable short stories, "A Lily of Provence," "The Dog of Flanders," and "A Leaf in the Storm." To the youth of the early seventies, Quida was forbidden fruit. A generation was rejoiced in "Pink Dominoes" saved its conscience by voting "Puck" and its sympathy by protesting with the result that her books were devoured in secluded corners by expectant youth and rendered noxious by the secrecy. To them followed a generation whose youth knew no prohibition sought the stronger meat of the naturalists, and so left Quida to the few who were weary of Zola and his followers. Among those few were the critics of the Saturday Review.

"The discovery of strange stars and moons in the literary firmament," said Quida's enemy, now (in 1895) turned her greatest friend, "more than one great reputation to vanish into the dusk of a fading sky. In the roll of those who may be described as the most living among the dead we find the name of Quida. Time was when the semi-popular novel by that publication of a new novel in private life as Louise de la Ramee, marked an epoch in literary affairs. It is improbable, however, that the appearance of 'Toxin' will be regarded as anything but an inconsiderable step in the contemporary publishing season."

The Saturday Review was right. "Toxin" fell stillborn from the press. Not so, however, her next book, "The Massacres," published in 1897. It won its chief success, however, with its glowing tribute to the great Boer hero, which also appeared in the Saturday Review. After noting that Quida, once pilloried by all the world for "naughtiness," had turned crusader against the naughtiness of all the world around that unique, "Though she has become a mental giant, Quida, still, in some of her most brilliant work, the miracles of modern literature. After all these years she is still young and swift and strong, towering head and shoulders over all the other women (and all but very few of the men) who write English novels. That the reviewers' English novels, unperturbed by her, is amusing, but no cause for gratulation. I have watched them closely in their notices of 'The Massacres.' They have the idiot's cunning and seek to explain their behavior by saying that Quida has entirely changed. Save in the style, which she has noted Quida has not changed at all. She is still Quida. That is the highest compliment I would pay her."

And who is Quida—or the lady who writes under this pseudonym? One can only reply that she is one of the most mysterious personalities in literature. The name under which she writes in private life, Louise de la Ramee, or Ramee (it has been spelled by herself in both ways), is more than half-suspected to be another alias. One has even heard that she says no one has ever dared, to penetrate into the facts in which she chooses to shroud her origin and early life. According to these she is the daughter of a French refugee who settled in London. Here at an early age she began writing, and she passed the time in the pseudonym of Quida. Her first novel, was a pet name, that resulted from her little brother's inability in the nursery to pronounce the name of Louise.

It is certain that she first sprang into the world with a novel called originally "Held in Bondage," which appeared in 1863 in the New Monthly Magazine. It was to a great American publisher, the late J. P. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, that she directly owed her rescue from oblivion. I who write this have often suspected that the tale. Happening to read the story in the magazine (he was then in London), he was struck by its dash and brilliancy. He found a London publisher who was willing to assume the risk of introducing it to the English public. He himself brought it out in the United States.

"In England," Mr. Lippincott continued, "the book made an immediate hit. The author was lifted from obscurity to fame, from poverty to financial comfort. In America, however, the sales lagged. Those were the days when a reaction was setting in against 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and all its imitators. 'Held in Bondage' suggested an anti-slavery theme. When 'Strathmore' followed in England, I republished it in this country, still preserving my faith in the future of Quida, although I did not then know whether the heroine was man or woman. 'Strathmore' more than repeated in America the success it achieved in England. On the strength of this success I brought out a new edition of her first novel, under the name of 'Granville de Vigne,' or 'Held in Bondage,' retaining the original title in a secondary position to avoid deceiving people who had already bought the first issue. It made a great hit. Quida's reputation was now fully established. She says she is indebted to me for her success and has ever expressed lively gratitude."

Novels are, all in a sense, confessions, as Goethe said, of one's own books. From the autobiographical light thrown upon Quida's personality by "Granville de Vigne," and its successors, it would certainly seem that her early life had been unconventional at least, and, possibly, very strenuously Bohemian. How else could she have obtained an insight into that part of a man's life which is supposed to be beyond the ken of a young lady who has been "properly" brought up? How else could she have learned what goes on in the guard room, the new room, the club, and even in those places which are called questionable because nobody questions what they are?

question to her, "Where did you get all this information, she said blantly returned, "None of your business."

Quida was right. It is none of the public's business, either. Mr. Lippincott had made the acquaintance of his protegee in a lovely villa two miles out from Florence, which long remained her chosen residence. He described her as dashing-looking rather than pretty. "Her manners are fascinating," he said, "her conversation lively, her eyes bright and expressive. She is saucy and audacious in conversation and sometimes indulges in ladylike slang, but in spite of this she is a great favorite among the English and American residents at Florence, and they are glad to accept invitations to her villa, for she entertains magnificently."

This state of things did not last long. Quida cared little for general society, and she seldom even at any of the festivities of the Italian capital. But in her own house she still gave a more or less cordial welcome to the notabilities who were attracted, either by curiosity or real interest and admiration. The cordiality was mainly for the scale of things, though at a considerable distance beneath. Women and Americans she generally detested. Mrs. Edmund Russell, who added to the enormity of being an American, was some years ago presented to her at a dinner party in London. Anticipating the words of introduction Mrs. Russell said graciously:

"One scarcely needs an introduction to Mme. Quida, whom everybody knows."

"A triumph!" was the retort. "I pity Mme. Quida if she has to know everybody!" And then Mme. Quida—of it had grown to be a bad of hers to be known by that name in private as well as in public—settled back behind the big black fan she loved to carry.

In her own home Quida was equally rude to her visitors if she took the fancy to be so. Yet, like Carlyle, she might be conquered by people who turned her own weapons against her. When at her own threshold she told Mrs. John Bigelow that she hated Americans, and that they should die, she said: "I don't see why you should dislike Americans, they are the only people who read your nasty books." Quida was delighted, drew her visitor toward her, and cried: "Why, you must be an interesting woman. You may come in."

And she took Mrs. Bigelow over the villa, she passed the time in the village, according to all current account. Mme. Quida surrounded herself with gorgeous furniture, with Oriental rugs, with artistic bric-a-brac, with fresh cut lilies and hyacinths. Her study in the old days was covered with a great Persian rug, and before the hearthstone, where she loved to lie for hours and dream, and sometimes scream a little as a safety valve for her emotions.

An American artist who was living in Venice in 1890 describes very vividly the impression that Quida made upon him. He was dining down the Grand Canal, he says, when he saw in the distance an elegant private gondola coming swiftly toward him. A large rose-colored and lace-covered parasol, contrasting picturesquely with the black silks of the boat and the blue of the sky, was the first thing to attract his eye. Next he became conscious of the gorgeous figure of a huge footman in livery lounging at one end of the boat. At the other end was what seemed a radiant creature, fairly smothered in muslin and lace.

"She passed by me," he continued, "I caught a glimpse of a pair of very dainty feet clad in openwork silk slippers, which were perched up on the seat opposite to their owner. From them fell away a heap of silken and lace skirts, which had about them all the suggestive and high-heeled tan-colored of the coquettish air one sees in French pictures. The dress was all of white muslin and lace over silk and looked what women call very stylish. There was a little white bonnet too, and the hand that held the huge rose-colored parasol was small and clad in soft pinkish blue kid. But the face under the sunshade! Well, I stared when my glance traveled up from the neat little slipper to the countenance atop all this dainty fro-frou toilet. It was the face of a woman of 50. There was a mass of blonde hair about it, but there was sufficient hair about it to give it an ashen tinge. The features were large and bold, almost masculine, and the skin, in spite of the rosy light falling upon it through the sunshade, was pallid and showed the crow's feet and wrinkles very plainly. I was struck by the contrast of the big, brightly gray eyes at me as I passed and I marvelled greatly who this remarkable looking woman could be."

Later in the day, describing the incident to a lady of her acquaintance, she promptly exclaimed: "Why, that was Quida, of course. I saw her myself this morning and she said she was out doing early calls. Well, of course, the costume was rather youthful, but you have to wear something light and cool in June in Venice."

That night the artist saw Quida once more on the piazza eating ices. By gaslight she looked much more attractive.

"Her head was bare, and at night the hair did not show. One only saw the mass of blonde coils and braids. She was dressed from head to foot in black lace, which swept down about her in long, graceful draperies. There was the dainty little foot again in evidence, perched this time on the rug of a neighboring chair, and clad all in black, with a French buckle adorning the Moliere shoe."

In those days Quida lavished large sums of money on her clothes, as on all her other belongings. She had magnificent sets of sable and unique collections of old lace, purchased at times when opportunity was not unfrequent in a land of impoverishment.

Conscious that her feet and hands and her hair were her chief beauties, she always took great care of them. Shoes in abundance and in every variety of style were made for her with nice artistic care, and the proper display of ankle and instep. Gloves, too, exquisitely fitting, were made to order. Her hair was tenderly cared for by a maid, who used scent that was said to be worth \$30 per ounce.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of varieties of corns. Hollows' Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

LITTLEST, POOREST SADDEST CREATURE

Continued From Page Eleven.

keep you blind that you have not a notion it exists. To yourself, your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought; you have never looked over this hedge around you, there you cannot even see how tall there be anything the other side? The ache beneath your corsets in the spring is all you are ever to know of what there is beyond. And no one is to blame for all this—your least of all.

You settled, long before the well-fed dulleard's kiss from which you sprang. Forces have worked in dim, inexorable process, from the remotest time, till they have bred you, little blind creature, to be the masterpiece of their creation. With the wondrous paternity of Fate's selection, they have painted and paired you, and most narrowly approaches to the meat all that by nature shirks the risks of living, all that by essence clings to custom, till they have secured a state of things which has assured your coming in your perfection of nonentity. They have wanted you as a most unpenetrable mold, and still they are at work—these gardeners never idle—pruning and tying night and day, to see that you run not wild and reach the grass. The Forces are proud of their waxen, scentless flower!

The sun stands down, and the carriage does not move, and this delay is getting on your nerves. You can't imagine what is blocking up your way! Do you ever imagine anything? If all those goodly coverings that contain you could be taken off, what would you see? You would see the most shabby—a little I am sure—of its power of speculation. A soul that was born in you a bird, and has become a creeping thing; wings gone, groping, and clawing with its tentacles what is given it.

You stand, speaking to your footman! And you are charming, standing there, to us who, like your footman, cannot see the label "Blind." The cut of your gown is perfect, the trimming of your hair is latest; your trick of speech is shrewdly thing; you droop your eyelids to the life; you have not too much powder; it is a lesson in grace to see you hold your parasol. The doll of Nature! So, since you were born; so, until you die! And with his turned, clean-shaven face, your footman comes to say: "Madam, how you have come to it at this my province to inquire. You are! I am most dependent on you!" You are the heroine of the farce; but we must not smile at you, for you are tragic, standing there, the saddest figure in the world. No fault of yours that ears and eyes and that voice are atrophied, so that you have no longer spirit of your own!

Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's breadth differently, you would lose and judge. You are Fashion, Fashion herself, blind, fear-fall Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; you think what you think because others think it; you feel what you feel because others feel it. You are the Figure without eyes!

And no one can reach you, no one can alter you, poor little bundle of others' thoughts; for there is nothing left to reach.

And so, in your seven hundred carriages, you pass; the road is bright with you. Above that road, below it, and on either side, with all million things and beings that you cannot see, all that is organic in the world, all that is living and creating; all that is striving to be free. They watch you pass, glittering on your little round, the slightest captive of your own triumph; and they cry, like the eyes of this hollow-chested world girl beside me on the pavement, fix on you a thousand eager looks, for you are strange to them. And many of their hearts are sore with envy, for they do not know that you are as dead as snow around a creature they cannot tell for what you are—the littlest, poorest, saddest creature in the world—Fashion! You Figure without eyes!

The warrant for a town meeting at Claremont, N. H., is over five feet long and contains 41 articles.

A Trip to the Seaside in Comfort.

The Grand Trunk Railway System have arranged to place on sale on Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15, round trip tickets valid for return from destination on or before Aug. 30.

The fares from London are exceedingly low, viz: Old Orchard, Me., \$19.10; Portland, Me., \$18.85; St. John, N. B., \$24.95; Murray Bay, Que., \$20.95; Sydney, N. S., \$31.45; proportionately reduced rates to other points.

For full particulars of these excursions call on Mr. E. De La Hooke, or Mr. E. Ruse, representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway System in London.

14-n

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM SEASIDE EXCURSIONS

Special Low Rates Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15. From LONDON to

Old Orchard, Me., \$19.10; Charlotte-town P. E. I., \$27.95; St. John, N. B., \$24.95; Portland Me., \$18.85; Halifax N. S., \$26.95; North Sydney, N. S., \$31.45.

Proportionately reduced rates to Blc, Cap. A. L. Little, Little, Murray Bay, St. John's, Rimouski, Quebec, P. E. I., and Montreal. N. B.: Mulgrave, Shediac, N. S.; Summerside, P. E. I.; Sydney, Parraboo N. S.; Riviere du Loup, Que. Return limit, Aug. 30, 1907.

Tickets and further information may be obtained from E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent, E. RUSE, depot agent, or write J. D. McDONALD, D.E.A., Toronto.

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The Wabash will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates, on and daily (via all direct routes) until Sept. 15, 1907, to return until Oct. 31 with stop-over privileges west of Chicago and St. Louis.

Ask your nearest Wabash agent for full particulars, or address J. A. RICHARDSON, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15

LONDON TO

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Proportionately low rates to other eastern points. Return limit Aug. 30.

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