

KI WEEKLY NEWS RECORD

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 1st, 1911.

EARL GREY DELIVERS ELOQUENT ADDRESS AT UNVEILING YESTERDAY

Interesting Ceremony was Performed without a Hitch, After which the Distinguished Party were shown the Principal Points of Interest about Town.

The unveiling of the Queen Victoria monument was performed by Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, on Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock amid great enthusiasm on the part of the 8,000 citizens who had gathered to witness the interesting and memorable event.

The vice-regal party and the guests at the luncheon, drove directly to the Park from the Country Club. As early as 1:30 o'clock the crowd began to arrive and when the party arrived at 2:45 o'clock the space around the monument was occupied by a densely packed throng, which extended hundreds of yards on all sides.

A large stand, prettily decorated, and handsomely furnished had been erected at the north of the stand, and here the members of the Daughters of the Empire, civil officials and other invited guests were seated.

As the party took their seats on the platform 500 school children, dressed in the grand and sang "Rule Britannia". The accompaniment was played by the 25th Regt. Band, and the effect was magnificent beyond description, the sweet young voices blending beautifully and producing a wonderful volume of harmonious and inspiring music. During the afternoon the children sang "O God Our Help in Ages Past," "God Save the King," and "O Canada". The music by the children was one of the features of the afternoon's proceedings.

In opening the program Mayor Schmalz asked Mrs. W. M. Davis, Regent of Princess of Wales Chapter of Daughters of the Empire, to read an address to his Excellency. This address which was beautifully illuminated by the Mayor, was as follows:

To His Excellency, The Right Honourable, The Earl Grey, P. C., G. C. M. G., G. C. C., V. O., Governor-General of Canada.

May it please Your Excellency: We, the Officers and Members of the Princess of Wales Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, earnestly desire to express our united and grateful appreciation of the honor which has been so graciously conferred upon us by the presence of Your Excellency here to-day, accompanied by your highly esteemed Countess and the ladies Sibyl and Evelyn Grey, on the memorable occasion of the unveiling of the statue of our late Beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. We beg to assure your Excellency of our undying loyalty and devotion to the Crown and to offer you our highest expression of Good-will. The visit which will be a lasting and cherished remembrance will kindle afresh the loyalty in our hearts to our King and Country. We pray that the ties of love which bind his Majesty's magnificent Empire together may be strengthened year by year, and we also pray that your Excellency will accept the heartfelt good wishes which we most earnestly desire to express.

Signed on behalf of the Members of Princess of Wales Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, of Berlin, Canada.

Mr. W. M. Davis, Regent.

At the conclusion of the reading, little Miss Catharine Davis presented magnificent bouquets of white roses and lilies of the valley to Lady Sibyl and Lady Evelyn Grey, who graciously acknowledged the presentation.

The Governor-General then performed the ceremony of unveiling. A large Union Jack had been draped over the monument and so arranged that the pull of a rope would release it. His Excellency gracefully performed the necessary duty, the flag dropped slowly to the ground and the handsome monument stood unveiled in all its glory. The vast multitude cheered enthusiastically while those in the stand applauded heartily.

Dr. Lackner's Address.

Dr. H. G. Lackner, M. P., then addressed the gathering, speaking in an interesting and appropriate manner of the occasion. He spoke of the pleasure it gave him to take part in the celebration of such an important event as the unveiling of a monument to Queen Victoria. The citizens of Berlin were delighted to have Earl Grey and Ladies Sibyl and Evelyn with them, while at the same time they deeply regretted the absence of Countess Grey, whose expected visit was the cause of much pleasurable anticipation. The Daughters of the Empire were to be congratulated upon making possible such a memorable event, and the citizens of Berlin were proud of the opportunity to do honor to the greatest woman of the past century, a woman who reigned not only as Queen of her Country, but also as Queen in the hearts of her subjects. When Victoria came to the throne in 1837 the population of the Empire was 186 millions. When her majesty was called

WELLESLEY TP. LOST \$2,368.03 IN FARMERS BANK DISASTER

Tax Collector McFadden Placed this Amount in Bank—Township takes Action in High Court to Recover Amount—Judgment was Reversed.

An echo of the Farmers' Bank disaster was heard at the sittings of the High Court at the Court House on Monday, in an action by the corporation of the township of Wellesley, against Johnston McFadden, its tax collector, a farmer residing one and a half miles from Millbank, and Robert Foster, postmaster of Millbank, McFadden's surety, to recover the sum of \$2,368.03, for taxes collected, which amount was deposited by McFadden in the Farmers' Bank. This bank having subsequently failed, the corporation is seeking to recover the amount from its tax collector and his surety.

According to the terms of the bond, McFadden was to collect taxes for the township of Wellesley, and was to be made by Dec. 14th, 1910, or sooner if the obligations of the township required. According to the collector's rolls, the taxes amounted to \$7,030.54, all of which, with the exception of \$2.11, was collected by McFadden.

The collector made returns by cheque and cash as the amounts were collected. The sum of \$2,368.03 had been deposited in the Farmers' Bank at Millbank to McFadden's credit and a cheque for this amount was drawn by himself on this bank and handed over to Peter Schummer, treasurer of the township.

The June session of the County Council will be held on Thursday and Friday, commencing at ten o'clock on the first day. One of the items on the docket is a visit to the House of Refuge.

GREEN SOX TAKE A CLOSE GAME FROM KNOTTY LEE'S KOLTS

First Appearance of the Hamilton Team Signalized by a Decisive Defeat before a Crowd of 2,500 Enthusiastic Fans

Twenty-five hundred enthusiastic fans saw Rubie Deneau's Green Sox administer a decisive defeat to Knotty Lee's Hamilton Kolts at the athletic park yesterday afternoon. The score was close, 3 to 1, but the Green Sox had it on their opponents all ways, and all times.

The game was an excellent exhibition of the game, probably the fastest and classiest seen in Berlin this season. Hamilton is making a strong bid for the premier honor in the race, and their defeat of yesterday brought joy to the hearts of the fans, for whom the game furnished exciting incidents throughout.

Tracey was on the elevation for Berlin and he pitched consistent ball, proving particularly effective with men on bases, on one occasion striking out two men with the bases full. Rose for Hamilton was in trouble on several occasions, but he too steadied down in the pinches and pulled himself out of dangerous situations.

It was Cambria's day yesterday. The little centre fielder not only fielded four chances perfectly, but he also had three hits for three times at bat. The Sox had nine hits while six was the best the Kolts could get off Tracey.

The regular umpire did not turn up, and Marsh Cochrane officiated quite satisfactorily.

It was the first opportunity the citizens of Berlin have had an opportunity of turning out en masse to witness a game in the new league, and to listen to their remarks yesterday was to convince even the most skeptical that professional baseball has come to stay in Berlin. It was a very special adornment to this park that left the grounds after the game. They were delighted with the class of ball shown by both teams, but more particularly with the showing made by the Berlin team. "It's almost as good as the big league stuff," said one fan, and this just about expressed the opinion of the crowd.

Berlin got one run in the second inning and after that there was nothing doing until the seventh when the locals added two more. Hamilton got its lone run in the eighth.

The score:—

	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Hamilton	1	0	1	0	2
Murphy, 2b	4	0	1	0	2
Lee, cf	3	1	0	2	1
Grievess, ss	4	0	0	2	1
Barton, c	4	0	1	7	2
Rose, p	3	0	1	1	2
Killilea, 3b	4	0	0	2	1
Kolseth, lf	4	0	1	0	0
Kenny, 1b	4	0	0	8	0
Carey, cf	4	0	2	2	0
Totals	34	1	6	24	8

	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Berlin	3	1	0	3	1
Cameron, ss	3	1	0	3	1
Meyers, 3b	4	0	0	1	4
Deneau, 1b	4	1	2	7	1
Templin, lf	3	1	2	4	0
J. Miller, 2b	2	0	0	2	0
Cambria, cf	3	0	3	4	2
L. Miller, rf	2	0	1	0	0
Dunn, c	4	0	1	8	1
Tracey, p	4	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	3	9	27	11

Errors—Rose, Killilea, Meyers 2, J. Miller, Dunn.

Hamilton 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 6 2

Berlin 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0—3 9 4

Summaries: Two-base hits—Dunn. First on balls—Off Tracey 2; off Rose 3. Struck out—By Tracey 4; by Rose 6. Left on bases—Berlin 8, Hamilton 7. Double plays—Cambria to J. Miller; Grievess to Murphy. First base on errors—Hamilton 3, Berlin 1. Hit by pitcher—Grievess. Stolen bases—Deneau 2. Sacrifice hits—J. Miller, L. Miller 2, Dunn, Templin—Time 1:40. Umpire, M. Cochrane. Attendance 2,500.

Respectfully Submitted

The excitement attending the Governor-General's visit being over, the general public can now take the time to consider the prospects for a good strawberry crop.

Yes, Clorinda, we understand that several promising Lobinski murder clues are being held over until after the baseball season. The officials evidently believe that too much excitement at one time isn't good for the populace.

Do you want to learn to be a waiter? You can get excellent training at the general delivery wickets at the post office.

Queen street might have been treated to an application of water, previous to the procession yesterday.

All teams look alike to the Green Sox.

The tobacco trust has been declared illegal, but a little thing like this won't cause it to go up in smoke.

A Chatham court has decided that a man may eject his mother-in-law from his house, providing he does so gently. Now watch the rapid increase in the marriages in Berlin.

A pressdespatch says that Bruce farman are eager for help. Here's a chance for the officials who were working on the Lobinski murder.

FITTING CLOSE TO BIG DAY

Band Gave a Concert At The Park Last Night and 1400 People Enjoyed It—Prize Drawing.

Between 1400 and 1500 people turned out last evening to hear the 29 Regt. Band's first concert at the season at the park. The concert was a fitting close to the successful events of the day. Despite the band's hard day's work, the program was as usual, replete with good numbers, very admirably rendered, which were generally enjoyed.

The band was assisted by the Arcola Quartette, whose several numbers won the applause of the large crowd.

The result of the prize drawing for the handsome mahogany clock and the 100 lbs. of sugar was as follows: No. 2813, clock, Mr. Oscar Wile; No. 2973, sugar, is unclaimed. The holder of the latter ticket number is requested to call at Randall & Roos and receive the prize.

Two Were Fined.

A local man will have to contribute \$2 to the police court, officers for being drunk and using profane language. A dog owner was assessed \$4 this morning for allowing his pet to stray about.

A NEW STORY.

The News Record to-day commences the publication of a new serial story, entitled "For Her Only," by Charles Garvieve. Those who have read any of this author's books know how interesting they are, and this new story will likely be followed with interest by the readers of the Record.

OVER THE TEA CUPS

Mrs. George Story and children of Milton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bolton, 23 Foundry St. S.

Mr. Geo. Steinfelmer of Culman, Alta., is spending a few weeks with friends and relatives in town.

Miss Emma Soeder of Preston is visiting Miss Maud Zinger for a few days.

Mrs. Chas. E. Gress and family of Preston are visiting under the parental roof at the Grand Union.

Mr. Sidney Teurk of Toronto spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Phillips, Albrecht St.

Dr. T. W. Wallace is attending the annual meeting of the Ontario Medical Association in Niagara Falls.

to be made on the property was accepted. Mr. will be asked for the paper hanging. Mr. under of \$853.65 for supplies was accepted. He will deal with the Mrs. Contracts.

Butler who was authorized a form which after ed was accepted. The ely provides for an between the board and r one term. Mr. Breit- a clause inserted, giv- d the power to dispose s services in the event being satisfactory. The ll be forwarded to the June 1st, and they will to be signed by July.

voted to the Athletic i the Collegiate. High ts amounting to \$3, ublic school accounts a \$3,137.60 were passed

raction For Berlin.

Card Column:— increases the trials of the residents keep pace. n blazes forth in all its tar boils out and starts drain. To cross this rag-quires the agility of an on walking down this ue you happen to meet re are only white children k continues the cobblers nt out of business as each e the soles of his shoes well there is no chance of them "Perhaps if the cobblers anufacturing stills, they 'to make a fortune. alk has been made about w attractions for the park. alk down our avenue and florded the sport of a life-ean wave is tame compar-

Suffragettes.

Elmira, May 16th, 1911 dunn. The Probs. for May 23rd, 12.

Elmira. after on the dates men- In Hicks in his latest fore- following— storm period falls from the 25th, being central on this period will culminate temperature, drop of the id forceful storms of rain, and next to Tuesday ashes of heavy rain will at all this time, with pro- tornado coming upon in-scattering localities. rain, wind and thunder repeat themselves in at- examining for several days, or until the barometer ed by westerly winds and

SOME PICTURES.

played in the window C. H. Mills & Co. are two magnificent s, one of King George ne of Queen Mary. ictures which stand four high. The pictures of the Closomoe lass Company, one of s growing industries, e constructed entire- art glass. The like- are perfect and every is brought out dis- A great deal of or- labor was necessary aplete these wonder- eks and they should y by every resident of. Naturally the s. Bullas are quite of the work from atory. The pictures lued at \$50.00 each.

Again Defeated Rangers

Fillagers Playes a Hard Won Out by One to Nil.

dee footballers scored- over the Berlin Rangers o saw the game: are high in for the aggressive game put siting team. As usual the said division was weak- e appear on the line up in and consequently there is nity to develop team work. defence, the only criticism egarding Mitchell's inclin- y the man instead of the is a matter of fact is what pl's game. rs missed a couple of cham- scores but New Dundee in Berlin territory over half n they really deserved the ey appear to have pretty s for group honors. f Galt refereed.

Cream.

ult of a collision between ager and a farmer's galsons of ice cream were ing Street this morning in e Grand Theatre. The ripped off one side the on.

HAS SURPLUS OF DEER

s more deer at Riverside here is room for and convert them into fresh use the law will not. However, there should be ty in disposing of the k to some municipality. "There are doubtless that would be glad to vercrowding at Riverside opportunity.



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

To whom frequent reference was made by the speakers yesterday.

people's will; the centre and focus of the passionate loyalty not only of the people of the United Kingdom, but of those overseas Britains which had grown to manhood under her eye.

A Splendid Heritage.

"Her reign made possible the unique position which Edward VII. won for himself among the monarchs of Europe, not only as a diplomat among Kings, but as a King among diplomats. The work of Victoria the Good and of Edward the Peacemaker have prepared the splendid heritage of power and majesty into which George V. as our Sailor and Empire King, will formally enter next month, amid the loyal acclamations of the Empire and the congratulations of the world."

Mr. King's Address.

Mr. King said in part: This is a memorable and historic occasion, memorable in every way for the town of Berlin and the County of Waterloo, but historic also as respects the Dominion and of international significance in the larger affairs of the British Empire.

It is memorable to Berlin and the county in that it affords to the citizens the opportunity of welcoming to this

community the representative of our gracious sovereign His Majesty King George V., and of expressing to him their loyal attachment to the British Crown.

It is especially gratifying to the citizens of this community to have an opportunity of welcoming Your Excellency to Berlin. It knows that while your interests are many, the great concern of your thought is the peace and happiness of the people who compose the nation.

The occasion is memorable also, because of what has been accomplished by the Daughters of the Empire. To the Regent, Mrs. Mahlon Davis, and the ladies associated with her in the Princess of Wales Chapter, the citizens of Berlin and indeed the citizens of the whole Dominion shall ever be indebted for having had added to the few historic monuments of Canada, this splendid statue of the deeply beloved and ever-revered Queen Victoria. The statue is a very special adornment to this park which bears the Queen's name, and to the town of Berlin, but is also because of the conception and the artistic quality of its execution, in every sense a national possession.

There is something peculiarly fitting in this hour of our country's existence to the loyal devotion of a group of women, and in the circumstance that they were associated together as the members of the Daughters of the Empire. It was the reign of Victoria Continued on page 4.

Go to Detroit with Boot & Shoeworkers, on June 10, and have the time of your life.

A Singing Chorus.

Perry & Edwards are holding down the Boards at the Star this week, and the company of eight, six of whom are young ladies, provide an entertainment somewhat out of the usual. They present a sketch, entitled "The Isle of Gazoock Gazeo," which gives an opportunity for some really humorous stunts, while the chorus sings several songs in a pleasing manner. The show on the whole is one calculated to amuse and entertain and is well worthy a visit from Berlin theatre-goers.

You and Your Old Friends Are Invited to Attend The Waterloo County Old Settlers' Re-

Union and Saengerfest

Week Commencing Monday, August 14, '11 Berlin and Waterloo, Ont.

Honorary Presidents—E. W. B. Snider, Ex-M. P. P.; Jos. F. Seagram, Ex-M. P. P.; Hon. James Young, James Livingston, Ex-M. P. P. President for the County, L. J. Brethaupt, Ex-M. P. P.; Chairman for Berlin, Dr. F. H. Kalbfleisch; Waterloo, C. W. Schiedel, Esq.; Secretary Treasurer and Promoter, Allen Huber, Berlin, Ont.

A Historical and Musical Event, Old Relic Exhibition

Grand Cavalcade and Pageant, Old Time Costumes, Pow-wow around Campfire, Hog Festival with Potato Pancakes, Waffles, Flap Jack, Haggis, Pretzel, Etc. United Chorus of County with Band Accompaniment, Patriotic Addresses.

LADIES' DAY—Quilting and Spinning Rec. Bands and Singing Societies of County.

Prize for the "BEST GIRL" Horse and Buggy, decorated with ribbons and natural flowers.

Bring your Lunch Basket, Cups, Saucers, Tea and Coffee Pots. GOD SA VE THE KING.

A SMOKER AT THE BERLIN CLUB

Members Enjoyed a Splendid Musical Program Last Evening.

Another of those informal "Smokers" for which the Berlin Club has an enviable reputation, was given at the Club rooms on Monday evening, when the members spent several hours in a most enjoyable manner.

The musical program was supplied by members of the Club and included tenor solos by Mr. George Hathaway, piano and vocal solos by Mr. Fred Krug, cello solos by Mr. Roy McKellar, recitations by Mr. Oscar Rumpel and recitations by Mr. A. B. McBride, Waterloo.

The entertainment provided by the local talent was excellent, and the different numbers were heartily applauded.

Several hours were spent in an informal entertainment which was thoroughly enjoyed by the clubmen.

IN DEFENCE OF MCNAMARA

Local Trades Unions Will Contribute Funds—Live Local Issues Discussed at T. & L. Meeting.

It is the intention of a number of the local unions of the Trades and Labor Council to contribute to the defence of McNamara, who was arrested in connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building. Voluntary contributions from the members of different unions will be forwarded for his defence.

The council held a meeting last evening at which a grist of routine business was transacted.

There was a lively discussion on some of the live local issues of the day, chief among which were the tuberculosis sanatorium situation and the hospital by-law, which is to be voted on tomorrow. No action, however, resulted from the discussion, although it pointed favorably towards Rev. Oberlander's plans for a sanatorium.

The delegates to the Ontario Labor Educational convention at Guelph submitted reports, as did the committee having charge of the label entertainment.

Have you a "silent" musical instrument in your home? Unless it's anchored there by sentiment, let a "for sale" ad in The Record find a buyer for it.

Complete change of program at the Grand to-night. Four new reels and Chiquita, the Doll Lady. Do not fail to see it.

MITCHELL TAKES LACROSSE GAME

Locals Lost Opening Game Here By a 6-4 Score—The Led In Second Quarter By 2-1.

The Berlin and Mitchell Intermediate O. L. A. teams ushered in the lacrosse season in Berlin on Monday afternoon, when the visitors took an exhibition game from the locals by a 6-4 score. The game made a good impression with the 400 fans, who are looking forward to a good season of Canada's national game.

President Blaney McGuire of the O. L. A., of Orangeville faced off the ball shortly after 1:30 o'clock.

In the first quarter both teams found the net's once. The locals took the lead in the second when J. Brisbow scored, and it looked as if they might pull away to the good. The third quarter was, however, a disastrous one for the boys in green and white. The visitors came strong, notching three in a row. Berlin got their third early in the last quarter; Mitchell followed with their fifth and another one for the locals ended the scoring.

Andy Machan's boys have developed into classy stick handlers and with persistent practice should hold their own. The visitors had the advantage of several years of team work and staying power.

A shift was made necessary in the local line-up through the illness of George Dellion and the absence of Harford. Ralph Cossey the veteran, jumped into the game and was with it all the time.

Bert Booth of Guelph made a capable official. He was impartial and rebuked a piece of rough tactics with five minute penalties.

The teams lined up like this: Berlin—Goal Solly Reinhardt; point, Ralph Cossey; cover point, A. S. Machan, mgr; 1st defence, Fred Karn, 2nd Jack Woods, 3rd, Solon Albrecht; center, Jas. Brisbow; 3rd home, E. Wallace, 2nd, R. Jackson; 1st, Leo Brisbow; outside home, Alfred Wolfe; inside home, L. Claton.

Mitchell—goal, Hicks; point, Stuart; cover, Jones; 1st home, McDermott; 2nd home, Machan; 3rd home, McKay; centre, Morison, inside home, McDonnell; outside home Matheson; 1st defence, Martin; 2nd Eisemann.

Referee, Bert Booth, Guelph. Timekeeper—Leo. Hergott, Berlin.

HO! FOR DETROIT

On June 10th., the Boot and Shoeworkers union will run a monster all-rail excursion to Detroit. This will be one of the most enjoyable excursions of the year. Leaving on Saturday, those who wish to do so, may remain over until Tuesday. There will be something doing every minute of the trip. Better go with the boys and have a good time.

Berlin Turf Tables.

Guelph, May 27.—Berlin turned the tables on the Maple Leafs here this afternoon before the largest crowd of the season. It took 11 innings to do the trick. Berlin winning by 7 to 5. The great finish up by the home team in yesterday's game was responsible for the big attendance, and they certainly received the worth of their money.

The score at the beginning of the last half of the ninth inning was 5 to 2 in favor of Berlin, and the first two Guelph batters were easily retired. Davis the third man up, and the crowd started for home, but with two strikes on him he drove a clean single to centre. Johnston followed with another one to left, and catcher McWhirter came along with a big wallop that cleaned up the bases and tied the score. It was a beautiful home run drive away over the left fielder's head and the rocking of the crowd knew no bounds when he made the hit.

There was nothing doing by either team in the tenth. But Berlin scored the game up in the 11th, after a chance had been given to retire the side. They scored two runs on errors by Lane and Johnston, coupled with a hit by Ort. The Leafs made a game fight in their half and succeeded in getting two on the bases, but failed to score.

Ort started to do the pitching for the local team, but was taken out after four runs had been made off him in three innings, and Muir finished the game in good style. Chaput was on the slab for Deneau's team, and pitched a steady game throughout. He also had a great day with the stick, having four clean hits in five times to bat, to his credit, one of them a two-bagger. St. Thomas comes on Monday for two games. Score:

Berlin.		B. R. H. O. A.				
Cameron, ss.	5	1	0	0	5	
Myers, 3 b.	3	0	1	3	1	
Deneau, 1b.	6	0	1	12	0	
Templin, lf.	5	1	2	4	0	
J. Miller, 2 f.	5	0	0	0	0	
Cambria, cf.	4	1	3	0	0	
L. Miller, rf. b.	3	1	0	4	2	
Dunn, c.	5	2	2	6	1	
Chaput, p.	4	1	1	4	1	
Totals	40	7	11	33	13	

Guelph.		B. R. H. O. A.				
Jeffries, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	
L. more, ss.	5	0	0	0	2	
Hackbush, 3b.	5	0	1	3	4	
Lane, 1b.	5	0	1	3	0	
Dunn, lf.	5	0	0	3	0	
Lavis, cf.	5	1	1	0	0	
Johnston, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	
Liable, c.	1	0	0	1	0	
McWhirter, c.	3	1	1	3	1	
Orth, p.	1	0	0	0	3	
Muir, p.	3	0	1	3	4	
Totals	39	5	7	12	15	

*Myers out; not batting in right order.
Errors—Deneau, Hackbush 2, Johnston, Templin, Cambria, L. Miller.

Guelph 10 0 1 0 0 0 3 0 0—5 7 5
Berlin 13 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—7 11 3
Summaries: Earned runs—Guelph 4, Berlin 3. Two-base hits—Chaput 2, Lane, McWhirter, Sacrifice hits—Dunn, Guelph: Cameron, Myers, Cambria, L. Miller 2, Berlin: Stolen bases—Myers Deneau. First on base—Ort. Muir, Chaput, Myers; of Chaput, Johnston, Jeffries, Dunn. Struck out—by Ort, J. Miller 1; by Muir, Templin, Deneau 2 1/2; by Chaput, Jeffries, Davis Muir 2 1/2; Left on bases—Berlin, Guelph 5. Double plays—Chaput to L. Miller; Hackbush to Lane; L. Miller to Myers to Deneau; Muir to Lane. Wild pitch—Ort. Passed ball—Dunn. Hit by pitcher—McWhirter. First on errors—Guelph 3, Berlin 5. Umpire, Smith, St. Thomas. Attendance, 1,600.

BRANTFORD FALLS ON PITCHER HIGHT.

Brantford, Ont., May 27.—Brantford hammered the ball to all corners of the lot in Saturday's game against St. Thomas, score reading 24 to 5. Kane's men fell on Hight in the sixth, after two men were out, for ten runs, and Saints meanwhile fielding poorly. Chaucer Elliott has secured new pitchers from Terra Haute and Auburn. Out-fielder Hamson and Catcher Lamonde, from Brockton, Mass., reported to Manager Kane, of the locals, to-day. The score.

St. Thomas.		B. R. H. O. A.				
Graney, cf.		4	0	0	3	0
Dunn, p. ss.		3	0	1	1	4
Lane, 3b.		3	1	1	3	1
Fleisch, 2b.		3	0	0	1	2
Elliott, 1b.		3	0	0	9	0
Kopp, lf. ss.		3	1	1	3	0
Howick, rf.		4	1	1	1	1
Spear c.		4	1	2	4	1
Hight, p.		3	1	3	0	1
Laird, c.		1	0	0	1	1
Totals		31	5	9	24	13

Brantford.		B. R. H. O. A.				
Orcutt, 3b.		6	1	3	0	1
Shea, rf.		5	4	1	0	0
Kane, lf.		6	2	2	0	4
Barry, 1b.		6	3	3	14	0
Burke, ss.		6	2	2	1	0
Burill, cf.		5	3	4	1	3
Hamond, 2b.		6	3	1	3	3
Minnes, c.		6	3	3	8	2
Hadley, p.		5	3	3	0	3
Dryer, p.		1	0	0	0	0
Totals		51	24	22	16	22

Brantford 43 0 0 4 10 0 3 x—24 22 2
St. Thomas 0 0 0 1 1 3 0 0—5 9 8
Errors—Graney, Dunn 2, Lane 2, Fleisch, Kopp 2, Minnes 2.

Summaries: Two-base hits—Kane, 2, Burke, Burill, Hadley, Minnes 2, Kopp, Spear. Hits—Off Bradley, 7 in 6 innings; of Dryer 2 in 2 innings. Stolen bases—Orcutt, Shea, Burill, Hadley, Hight 2, Lane 2. Sacrifice hits—Orcutt. Struck out—by Hadley 6, Dunn, Kopp, Howick, Graney, Fleisch, Lane; by Hight 5, Orcutt 3, Hadley, Dryer. Bases on balls—Off Hight 3, (Shea 2, Burill); of Hadley 4 (Lane, Elliott, Graney, Kopp). Hit by pitcher—Minnes, Lane, Dunn. Time

of game, 2 hours. Attendance 1,200. Umpire, Buchler.

London in 14 Innings.

After 14 hard fought innings, London defeated Hamilton in Tecumseh Park on Saturday by a score of 7 to 6. The game was a brilliant one, the brand of baseball the best. There was a good turnout of fans and they showed their appreciation of the game by jumping, screaming and yelling during practically the whole session.

It was the best grade that has been played since the opening of the Canadian League. It was a nerve racking one for both the players and the spectators, especially after the ninth inning.

In the fifth innings both teams scored four runs each. Prior to that each had scored two, so that the score at the end of the fifth stood 6 all. At this stage both teams changed pitchers. Keating, for Hamilton, was replaced by Kolseth, and Rankin, for London, was replaced by Hynes.

This was the signal for the close work to start. Not till one man was out in the last half of the fourth innings did a man succeed in crossing the plate and breaking the tie. Nichols scored the run from second base for London on Brant's single after reaching first on four balls and taking second on a pass ball.

McDonald, the next man up, struck out, and Brant followed with a single to right field. Knotty Lee, playing right for the visitors, but unable to get the ball quickly, but he made an excellent throw to the plate to cut off Nichols. The latter slid and touched the plate just a half a second before Brant tabbed him with the ball.

Runs by innings:
Hamilton 100 140 000 000 00—6 15 1
London 001 140 000 000 01—7 15 3
Hits by innings:
Hamilton 300 231 110 120 10—15
London 003 161 100 100 11—15
Errors—Murphy, Cross 2, Rankin 2.
Summary: Two-base hits—Barton 2; Kusel, Lee, Killilea, Cross, Nichols, Peacock, Stolen bases—Pankratz, Brant 2, Peacock, Grieves 2, Barton, Murphy, Killilea. Sacrifice hits—Brant, Killilea, Kenny. Sacrifice fly—Kenny. Base on balls—Off Rankin 1 (Keating); off Hynes 1 (Lee); off Keating 2 (Pankratz, Nichols). Struck out—By Rankin 4 (Lee, Rose, Killilea, Kenny); by Hynes 9 (Lee, Barton, Rose, Killilea, Kenny 3, Carey 2); by Keating 2 (Nichols, Rankin); by Kolseth 1 (Cross, Pankratz 3, Nichols, McDonald, Hynes, Kusel 2, Reske 2). Left on bases—Hamilton 13, London 1. Double plays—Brant to Nichols; Hynes, Nichols and McDonald. Hit by pitcher—By Hynes, Grieves 2, Carey by Keating, Cross; by Kolseth, Peacock. Hits—Off Keating 9 in 4 1/2 innings; off Kolseth 6 in 5 innings; off Rankin 8 in 5 innings; off Hynes 7 in 9 innings. Passed ball—Barton 2. Time, 3:17. Umpire, Eggert.

Tecumseh 9: Nationals 4.

Montreal, May 27.—Tecumseh sprang a surprise on Nationals at Madison today, more than doubling the score of the N. L. U. champions and winning out easily by a score of 9 to 4. Over 4,000 tourists turned out to see the visitors from Toronto go down to defeat for the third time. The local roots were disappointed, however, for with Quarrie on the field to lead them, Tecumseh showed fifty per cent. better form. On today's play the Indians are a better team from goal to inside home; but it was very evident an off day for the Frenchman.

Evers in Uniform.

Chicago, May 27.—Johnny Evers, second baseman of the Chicago National League Club, who has been ill for the last three weeks, appeared in a uniform for the first time in three weeks. He practiced with the Chicago Americans and plans to join his team on its return next week.

Guelph Releases Three.

Guelph, May 28.—Heider, centre fielder; Smith, the heavy hitting and sure-fielding left fielder, and Fryer, the new southpaw pitcher, have been released by the Guelph baseball club. Lines are out for another port sider, and also for another fielder. "Dutch" Heider was let out owing to his eyes having gone bad.

Native of Scotland and Resident of Berlin Died Thursday Afternoon.

The death occurred on Thursday afternoon of Mr. George Mackay Gordon, at his residence, Water Street South. Mr. Gordon had been ill for some weeks and his death was not unexpected. He was born in Scotland in 1857, and for the past twelve years had been a resident of Berlin, having come here from Clinton. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and the A. O. U. W. He is survived by a widow and grown up family.

The funeral will be held from the residence to the G. T. R. Station on Saturday morning, and interment will be in the family plot in Clinton, upon the arrival of the train leaving Berlin at 9:08.

If a man is handsome and wears swell clothes he can generally find some nice girl who will take these as an outward and visible sign of an inward nobility.

WATERLOO MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Established in 1863.
HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.
Assets, \$500,000.00.
Over 30,000 Policies in force to Western Ontario.
GEO. RANDALL, WM. SNIDER, President, Vice-President.
FRANK HAIGHT, Manager.
T. L. ARMSTRONG, R. T. ORR, Inspectors.
C. A. BOEHM, District Agent, Telephone 243.

Empire Day Program at The Park This Morning—1500 Children Took Part.

1500 school-children marched to Victoria Park this morning, where a program of Empire Day nature was held and 1500 little hearts were gladdened, for the occasion was much for the school boy and girl. The assemblage of children presented a pretty spectacle and the hundreds of people who gathered to witness the event were more than pleased with the performance of the little ones.

It was a patriotic program. The flag was to be seen everywhere; the good songs of Empire and Country filled the air, which together with the fact that vice-regality was to be present in town on the same day, made the morning for the school children one of patriotism. The Boy Scouts also added to the appearance of the gathering.

The girls carried off the honors. They were dressed in white, and under the direction of Miss Eva Petzner, the able physical instructor in the schools, acquitted themselves admirably, bespeaking much for the effort exercised by their teacher in carrying out the program. The drills were conducted with marked attention and regularity, and the hearty applause of parent and teacher. The boys were in charge of Sgt. Major Osborne.

Under the direction of Prof. Zoellner, the children rendered a number of songs, as only school children can. The program proved a very successful one, due principally to the interest taken by teacher and pupil.

Whether you spend all of a dollar or only part of it for the next purchase you make, may depend upon how closely you read the ads in to-day's Record.

Mr. Fred Bier, who for the past nine years has been a valued employee of the Kaufman Planning Mill, has resigned his position and will shortly move on to a farm near New Hamburg. On Saturday evening, his fellow employees, gathered at his home and presented him with an arm chair and an address. The presentation was made by Mr. Geo. Heer of Waterloo and Mr. Wm. Kingsley read the address. After the presentation a pleasant evening was spent and dainty refreshments were served. The address was as follows:

Dear Friend:
We the employees of Kaufman Planning Mill have gathered together to spend the evening with you and bid you farewell before you leave us for your new location. We all hope and trust that you may be as successful in this as when you and were with us, and that in your new neighborhood you and your family may have many friends as you have always had in Berlin, as the gathering here tonight shows. We trust that in your new surrounding your health will be strengthened which we understand is the reason for your leaving us. And now before bidding you farewell we would like you accept this armchair as a slight token of our remembrance and we sincerely hope that while you are resting it it may have many happy memories of the days you worked with us.

Signed by
The Employees of Kaufman's Planning Mill.

Murder at Toronto

Toronto, May 29.—Laboring, it is believed under the same delusion, Joseph Jessamine, elevator man at the Toronto General Post Office this morning lay in wait for James Longbeard at the corner of Hatter St. and Laplane Ave. and fired four bullets into his body. Longbeard died three hours later at the hospital.

Fatal Train Wreck at Denver

Denver, Colo., May 29.—In a head on collision between two passenger trains of the Burlington railroad, near McCook, Nebraska, and twenty were injured this morning. The engineers of both trains and firemen, brakemen and express messengers of the west bound train are among the dead.

Denver.—All the passengers killed are Nebraskans.

BORN.

Emmerich.—In Berlin, on May 2nd, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Emmerich, 70 Wilhelm street, a son.

Schaefer.—In Berlin, on Tuesday, May 23rd, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Schaefer, a daughter.

Tucker.—In Berlin, on Monday, May 22nd, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Tucker, 104 Water street, a daughter.

Casson.—In Berlin, on May 15th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Casson, 11 Mansion Ave., a daughter.

Taylor.—In Berlin, on Wednesday, May 24th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Taylor, 88 Lancaster street, a son.

Heidrich.—In Berlin, on Friday, May 26th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heidrich, 24 Young street, a son.

Wilhelm.—In Berlin, on May 9th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilhelm, 19 Wilhelm street, a daughter.

A London man may lose the sight of an eye which was punctured by a hat pin in the hat of a girl with whom he was walking. It's quite safe to say that Berlin girls will discard hats altogether, rather than frighten those of the opposite sex.

QUEBEC HAS BIG FIRE

Ancient Capital Suffers Loss of a Quarter Million.

Confagration Begins in a Roller Rink and Lasts From Noon Saturday Until Sunday Morning. On One Occasion Threatening Business Centre of City With Destruction—Factories Burned.

Quebec, May 28.—It was nine o'clock Sunday morning when the "All out" was sounded for a fire which broke out in St. Roch shortly after noon Saturday, and which for a time threatened a large section of that portion of the city and looked possible to develop into a general conflagration. About a quarter of a million of damage was wrought by the fire, among the buildings destroyed being a couple of large and a number of smaller factories.

The fire was one of the fiercest which the local fire-fighters have been called upon to face for a long time. It broke out in a roller rink on Ste. Dame des Agnes street, the blaze worked itself into the Carlebe carriage factory on Dorchester street, just around the corner. Here the full force of the fire raged, a flame being fierce and the whole building speedily becoming a mass of flames.

The firemen of No. 3 and 5 stations almost opposite the roller rink, had just returned from a run to a chimney fire in their section, and were clearing up their wagons, when the new fire was discovered. Captain Louis Talbot at once sounded a double alarm and the firemen were quickly on the spot. There was, however, some trouble with the water pressure, and for a time the firemen could not get sufficient force to cope with the flames.

A general alarm was then sent in and the whole brigade assembled. The proposition which confronted them was a serious one. The fire had gained such headway and was raging so furiously that it looked as if another disastrous conflagration was in sight. The firemen did everything possible to confine the flames to the building in which the blaze had declared itself, but this was impossible, and the fire spread to the adjacent buildings. The Dominion Corset Co., through which the fire swept with a force that could not be stopped.

At this juncture, it looked as if the whole section of the city was fated to burn. A desperate attempt was made to save the great corset and box factory of the Dominion Company, but it was too late and the flames swept through the upper stories and wrecked the whole interior of the building. The firemen, however, managed to check the fire here and prevented the flames from spreading further.

Eight families were hurried out, in addition to the two factories and the roller rink. Among the houses burned was one occupied by the chief of the fire brigade, Fitzback, who is now seriously ill, and whose house was totally destroyed. He had to be carried out of his house on a stretcher.

There were many exciting scenes during the progress of the fire, there being a hurried shift among the residents in the immediate vicinity, and whose houses seemed at one time doomed to destruction.

CONEY ISLAND BURNED.

Dreamland Park Is Wiped Out—Lion Got Loose.

New York, May 29.—Coney Island, the playground of New York, suffered the worst fire disaster of its history early yesterday. Dreamland, the largest of the amusement parks, was wiped out, and four blocks adjoining, covered with booths, restaurants, hotels, moving picture theatres and resorts of various types, were destroyed.

The fire broke out at 10 o'clock in the morning and was not under control until three hours and a half later. The loss will amount to between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

Close to the spot where the fire started, was the Bostock animal show and nearer yet the infant incubator, a charity nursery, in which were six wee infants and their attendants. The children were taken out in their little glass houses and rushed out of danger by the police. Then came the work of taking out the animals, a costly collection, including several dangerous man-eaters. The trainers lost no time. While policemen with drawn revolvers stood at the entrance, to guard the crowd in the streets against any beasts that might escape, the attendants drove the charges from the cages, down the runways into the emergency vans, which are always ready.

All went well until the transfer was nearly completed. Then, the biggest of the lions, in a panic, broke from his bonds, smashed his way through the barriers and leaped into the street, already packed by a throng of spectators. He dived straight into the middle of the throng. Consternation seized the multitude and the crowd pushed pell-mell in all directions, in panic.

A mounted policeman came at the crowding beast in the centre of the wide avenue with drawn revolver. Twice he shot and twice missed, the lion backing away from the glare and noise of the explosions. Then six more mounted policemen lined up in front of the crowd and opened a fusillade.

As soon as the crowd was assured that the lion was no more, they rushed in and literally tore the carcass to bits for souvenirs. The first man on the scene took the lion's head, the next three divided the long mane, and 50 men fought among themselves for the honor of possessing one of his teeth.

Vice-Royalty Loyal Received By Berlin Citizens

He referred to the words of welcome expressed in the address and also to the beautiful manner in which it was illuminated, paying a high tribute to the handwork of Mayor Schmalz.

His Excellency also expressed his regret that he was not accompanied by Lady Grey, who he said, had been looking forward with a great deal of pleasure and anticipation to the visit to Berlin. The reputation of Berlin was well known and the speaker had long wished to visit it. He referred to the fact that he had made all arrangements last year when the visit had been postponed owing to the death of King Edward.

Berlin, he said, was essentially a German town, and it was well known fact that those of German descent made the best class of citizens. He was particularly glad to come to this town where the majority of citizens claimed German descent.

Earl Grey expressed his pleasure at being escorted by a squadron of Grey's Horse, a regiment which had been called out in his honor. He referred to the fine appearance of the squadron and expressed his regret that Col. Davis, the founder of the regiment was unable to be present, asking Mrs. Davis to convey to him the speaker's pleasure at the fine appearance of the troop.

His excellency also expressed his deep pleasure at having the Boy Scouts as a guard of honor, referring briefly to the object of the movement and the good results being accomplished. The Scouts would in time make it unnecessary to have policemen to preserve law and order.

The Governor-General thanked the officials for his loyal reception. "I will have a great story to tell Lady Grey and also His Majesty the King, whom I have the honor to represent," he concluded.

Mayor Schmalz led in three cheers for the Governor-General which were given with a will by the immense crowd of spectators.

The final reception having been concluded, the notable visitors and invited guests entered carriages and drove to the Club house of the Country Club where an elaborate luncheon was served by Caterer J. Coles, of Toronto.

The guests invited to the luncheon were His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Schmalz, Mrs. W. M. Davis, Hon. W. L. M. King, Dr. Lackner, M. P., and Mrs. Lackner, Dr. Bowly and Mrs. Bowly, Judge Chisholm and Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Robert Wood, Mr. Richard Reid, Miss Bertha Knell, Mr. H. Knell, Mrs. C. H. Mills, Mr. Wm. Roos, and Mrs. Roos, Hon. James Young and Mrs. Young of Galt, Mrs. Neville, Rev. J. W. J. Andrew, Father Zinger, Rev. Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, representing the National Chapter Daughters of the Empire.

There were but two toasts at the luncheon, to the King and to the Governor-General by Mayor Schmalz, the Governor-General replying briefly.

On the conclusion of the luncheon program, the party returned to the Town Hall, where the procession to the Park was formed. The event was the most spectacular of the day's program and was of an imposing and inspiring nature. The Band of the 29th Regiment headed the procession playing a military march only as the 29th can play it. Following came the detachment of Grey's Horse, the splendid horses, neatly uniformed soldiers and glittering accoutrements presenting a pleasing spectacle. The Cavalry was followed by the Boy Scouts Guard of honor, in command of Scout Master Rev. Andrew. Spick and span and marching in perfect order, the Scouts created a very favorable impression and were heartily applauded, as were also the Band and Cavalry. There were fifteen carriages in the procession the first eight arranged in the following order:

1.—Earl Grey, His Worship Mayor Schmalz, Mrs. Schmalz.
—Lady Sybil Grey, Mr. Sladen, Gov. Gen's Secy, Mrs. W. M. Davis, Hon. W. L. M. King.
—Lady Evelyn Grey, A. D. C., Dr. Lackner, Mrs. Lackner.
—Mrs. Dr. Bowly, Mr. A. D. C., Judge Chisholm, Mrs. Chisholm.
—Dr. Bowly, Mrs. Robert Wood, Mr. R. Reid, Miss Bertha Knell.
—Mr. H. Knell, Mrs. C. H. Mills, Mr. Wm. Roos, Mrs. Wm. Roos.
—Hon. Jas. Young, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Neville, Rev. Mr. Andrew.
—Father Zinger, Rev. Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, representing the National Chapter Daughters of the Empire.

Following these came the carriages containing the aldermen and municipal officials.

The route of the procession was lined with thousands of patriotic and enthusiastic citizens, the applause was continuous as the carriage containing the vice-regal party passed by. His Excellency graciously acknowledged the salutes of the loyal citizens by frequently bowing to the right and left.

On the arrival at the Park the unveiling ceremonies were immediately commenced.

Boot and Shoeworkers, round trip to Detroit, June 10, only \$2.60.

BORN — In Preston, on May 23rd, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ruppel, a son.

One of the greatest comedy shows ever seen in Berlin will be at the Star tonight.

Not one out of five of the possible tenants of your property would fail to read your repeated ad in The Record.

Mr. H. E. Lederman from Detroit is visiting at the home of his mother Mrs. C. Lederman, Irvin St., for a few days.

HISTORY OF PRINCESS OF WALES CHAPTER DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

In view of the important event being celebrated to-day by the Daughters of the Empire, a brief history of this successful and influential organization cannot but be appropriate.

A meeting of the ladies of Berlin and Waterloo was held at the residence of Mrs. C. Everett Hoffman on Wednesday afternoon, March 5th, 1903, to organize a Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet of Toronto, General Secretary, presided and gave an interesting and instructive address on the origin of the Order, and the patriotic work being done by the Chapters and members. Those present were: Mesdames, D. S. Bowly, W. H. Bowly, William Roos, Barton Taylor, Alexander Miller, Duncan Chisholm, J. E. Seagram, F. Colquhoun, H. G. Lackner, Jacob Hespeler, J. H. Landreth, W. A. Bradley, J. W. J. Andrew, Mahlon Davis, J. Suddaby, J. P. Fennell, E. P. Clement, J. H. Sims, G. Herbert Bowly, W. H. Brethaupt, J. C. C. Falls, C. H. Mills, E. F. Seagram, C. E. Hoffman, and the Misses Blanche Clement, May Lackner, Margaret Roos, Johnstone, Annie Dunn, Alice Chisholm and Muriel Suddaby.

It was decided to call the Chapter "The Princess of Wales," and to have as a motto, "For King and Country." The election of Officers then took place.

It resulted as follows—
Moved by Mrs. Suddaby,
Seconded by Mrs. J. C. Falls,
That Mrs. D. S. Bowly be Regent of the Chapter. Carried.

It was unanimously carried that Mrs. J. E. Seagram be first Vice-Regent and Mrs. Barton Taylor, second Vice-Regent. Carried by a standing vote.

Moved by Mrs. J. P. Fennell,
Seconded by Mrs. Barton Taylor,
That Mrs. C. E. Hoffman be elected Secretary. Carried.

It was
Moved by Mrs. Taylor,
Seconded by Mrs. G. Herbert Bowly,
That Mrs. Suddaby be Treasurer. Carried.

OUR BOYS

AND GIRLS

THE MAGIC WHISTLE

A Tale from Hungary Retold by Louise Sourvan

HERE once was an old King, one of whose eyes always wept while the other always smiled. He had three sons. These three sons got talking together one spring morning, and they wished to know why their father's one eye always wept and why the other always smiled, so they decided to go and ask him the reason at once. The father was at luncheon. The eldest son knocked and, after greeting his father, asked why the one eye always wept and the other always smiled. The father looked very angrily at his son and motioned him to go. The boy became very frightened at seeing his father grow angry so suddenly and ran away. The terrified lad brought the disappointing news to his brothers. "Then I'll go and ask him if no one else will," said the middle one. The King still sat at lunch, and the second son, like his elder brother, also asked his father why one eye always wept while the other always smiled. The father then threw his knife and fork after him, and the fork struck fast in the heel of the lad's shoe. The lad was very frightened, too, and told his brothers what happened. "It is of no use your going," said the second eldest to the youngest.

But still the young boy went in, and in a trembling voice asked his father why one eye wept while the other always smiled. The King no sooner heard the boy's question than he threw his knives and forks at him, and the blade of one knife lodged in the boy's thigh, so that the blood spurted out, but the boy, not the least frightened, drew the knife out from his thigh and, having wiped it, took it back to his father and repeated his question. The father lovingly



He Blew His Whistle, Leaving the Second Hole Open



The King of Gnats Appeared!

stroked the little fellow's hair and told him the secret, saying: "One eye laughs because you three boys are very handsome children, and when I die you will make three brave kings for any three countries. My other eye always weeps, because once upon a time I had a faithful friend who was carried away from my kingdom by an

old witch, and try as I would I have never been able to get him back. The young boy kissed his father's hand and hurried off to his brothers, who received him with a mocking smile, but soon felt ashamed of themselves when the youngest brother, with his wounded thigh, brought the desired reply to their question. "We will try to console our father and bring back his friend," said the three brothers all together. "We will endeavor to find his friend if he be yet alive, whether he be on land or sea." Then they got ready for the journey at once.

When they came to the end of the village an old beggar met them and asked them for a coin or a bit of bread. The two elder lads took no notice of him, but the youngest lad arrived half an hour later and shared half his cake with the beggar. "As you have helped me, Prince," said the beggar, "I will help you. I know where you are going and what you are seeking. You would need the life of three men if you

went on foot or on the back of an ordinary horse—but for a good deed you may expect a good one in return. Five miles from this bridge where we stand lives an old witch who has two horses. If you serve her for a year—the year has three days only—she will give you as much money as you ask for; but if you won't serve your whole year she will chop off your head. Her horses are her two daughters, and as soon as the groom fills asleep they either disappear into the clouds or the sea or slip underground. Take this whistle; it has three holes. If you open the first hole the King of the Gnats will appear; if the second, the King of the Fishes; if the third, the King of the Mice. When you have done your year don't ask for money, cattle, clothes, lands or suchlike things, for the old witch will offer you all these, but ask for the poor foal in the barnyard. There is a hencoop and on top of it a saddle and a bridle. Put these on the foal. It will be too weak to walk,

so carry it to the end of the village. There you will find a bridge. Place it under the bridge in the water for an hour, and then wash it. I won't tell you any more."

The same evening, just after the cows had been driven home, the lad was to be seen sitting on the threshold of the witch's door. "Good evening, dear old mother," said the lad. "Good fortune has brought you, my dear son," com-



"We Wait Your Orders," Said a Rat with a Big Mustache

menced the witch. "What's your errand, my dear son?" "I'm looking for a situation, my dear old mother." "You have struck just the right place; the year lasts three days with me, and during that time you will have to take care of my two horses. Your wages will be whatever you ask. But if you won't take good care of these two horses, you must die!" The prince went into the witch's house, and after supper the witch poured a sleeping draught into the new groom's drinking cup. Suppose, were the prince went into the stables and stroked the horses and drove them to the silken meadow. As soon as the prince arrived with the horses a heavy sleep seized him and he slept soundly all night. The sun was high in the heavens when he woke and he began to call for his horses, which were nowhere. He was in great despair until, fumbling in his pockets, he found the little whistle, which he immediately blew, leaving the first hole open. The King of the Gnats appeared! "We wait your orders," said the house rat, "and we will do as you wish, no matter what it is." So he told them the whole story, and that the horses had to be found. The gnats flew forth in all

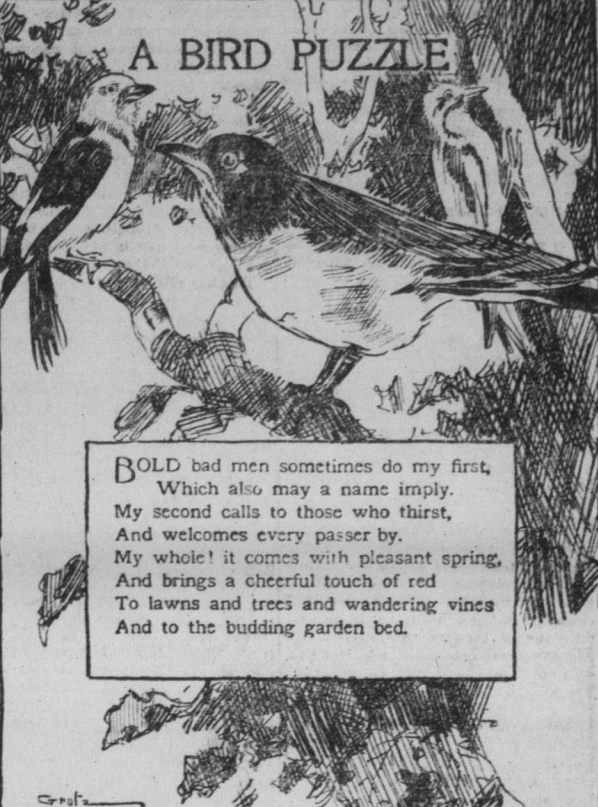
directions at their King's demand, and in less than half an hour two griffins alighted in front of the lad. He struck them on their heads with the halter which the beggar had given him and they became horses, and then the little groom led them home in great joy.

"So you have brought them home safely, my son; your breakfast is ready; eat it and then go to sleep. By and by your dinner will be ready. You have nothing else to do today." So saying, the old witch gave her horses a sound thrashing with a peck, and then, giving them some burning cinders to eat, went back to the house and, sitting in a corner, threaded beads until noon.

In the evening the witch again mixed some sleeping draught in the groom's drink, making it stronger than before. He took out the horses, and when he had gone a little way on the road he fell off the saddle and slept till noon the next day. When he awoke his horses were gone, and so he blew his whistle, leaving the second hole open, and the King of the Fishes appeared. "We wait your orders," said a mighty whale; "speak and tell us. If it is to be found in or above the ocean we will find it." Again the prince told the whole story, and told the king that if the horses were not found he must die. Fishes swam forth in every river and sea at the command of their king, and in an hour they drove a big pike to the shore, which had two little gold fish in its inside. The whale ordered a swordfish to rip open the pike's belly. Then the lad struck the gold fishes on the head with his halter and they became horses again. Late in the afternoon the groom arrived in the courtyard with the horses.

"Go inside, my son, have something to eat, you have nothing more to do until the evening," said the witch; then she thrashed the horses with a huge poker and, having given them some burning cinders to eat, hobbled back into the house and began to count her gold coins. In the evening she gave the little groom his drugged drink again and also three pillows which were stuffed with owl's feathers, which would make him sleep all the sounder. And he did go to sleep until the midday sun awoke him next day in the silken meadow. But the little whistle again came to his aid; he opened the lowest hole and blew it as hard as he could, when all of a sudden the King of all the Mice stood before him. "We wait your orders," said a rat with a big mustache. "Wherever is to be found on earth or under its crust we will bring to you, if you order us to go and do so."

The mice came forth from every wall and every hole in the ground at the squeak of their king. After an hour and



A BIRD PUZZLE

BOLD bad men sometimes do my first,
Which also may a name imply.
My second calls to those who thirst,
And welcomes every passer by.
My whole! it comes with pleasant spring,
And brings a cheerful touch of red
To lawns and trees and wandering vines
And to the budding garden bed.

a half they drove two rats from a granary to the lad, who struck them on the all manner of excuses, but finally she head with his halter and changed them the prince took the foal and put on it the back into horses. On his arrival at home the witch said old saddle and put the foal on his back to the lad, "so you have guarded them and carried it to the bridge, because it was well, my son. Your year of service is too weak to walk, and sealed it in the over. Ask what you like. Here are water for an hour, and at the end of that three keys, one of which opens a cellar time what was the astonishment of the where there are vats full of gold and lad to see the foal change in a very mag- silver; take as much as you like. The nificent looking man, who broke into tears second key opens a wardrobe, from which of joy when he saw the prince and told you may choose either royal dresses or him that he had been bewitched for many years, so that he could not get home to the kingdom where his dear friends lived. Then the prince and his uncle, the older prince—for he found out that the long lost man was really his father's brother-in-law—journeyed back to the castle as swiftly as they could, and they were received with great rejoicing, and after that both of the king's eyes smiled and neither of them wept.

A DOLL HOUSE WHICH A GIRL CAN MAKE

BY BERTHA HERSHBERG, AGED TEN YEARS

ONE rainy day this winter, having to remain indoors, I looked around for something to keep me busy. My eyes wandered to an old hat box. And having permission from my mother to use this hat box, I decided to build a doll's house for my little dolls.

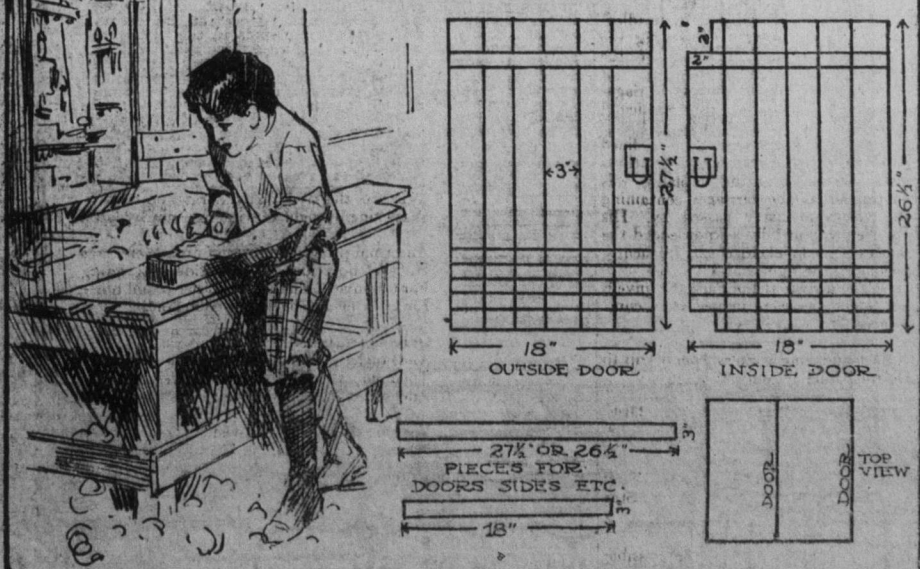
The box was eighteen inches square, so I decided to divide it into five parts with cardboard. I cut a door four and one-half inches high and windows about three inches. Then I bought five pieces of tissue paper. The colors were light pink, light blue, white, red and green. They cost two cents a sheet. Then I took the light blue and pasted it on the wall of the box. This was the bedroom. The pink I took for the play room; the white for the kitchen; the red for the parlor, and the green for the dining room. I furnished the kitchen with a chair, a table and a shelf made of cardboard, and fastened a cord to hang the towels on. I had little souvenirs, consisting of pots, vases, chickens, trays, and everything that you can think of. The furniture of the kitchen was plain wood and I painted it white. I had some red and white checked paper which looked just like linoleum, and this I pasted on the floor. The play room had one chair, a sewing machine and some toys. The parlor had an artificial plant, three chairs of red metal and a bird in a cage. The bedroom had a bed, a chair or so, a wardrobe and a washstand of light brown wood. The dining room had four chairs, a buffet, a carving table and a dining



table. I cut some pictures from a magazine four or five globes for nineteen cents. You can hang these globes to the cover of the yellow, black and brown. I put ladies box. Now, as your house is complete your little dolls will have a neat little house, and they will not drag around and get broken, but will live in a quiet and dignified way.

HOW I MADE A TOOL CABINET

BY REGINALD WOODWARD



In making a tool cabinet I first secured twelve boards 6 feet by 3 inches by 1/2 inch. From these I cut twenty-three pieces 27 1/2 inches long. Taking six pieces, I fastened them together by laying a piece of wood 18 inches by 2 inches across the ends and screwing them to it. This made one door. I then did the same to make the other door, except that I cut out a piece 1/2 inch by 1/2 inch. Two more. For

the top I had three pieces 18 inches by 3 inches and for the bottom the same. The inches by 2 by 1/2 for a stop. To the right hand side, as you stand back of the cabinet, I made of three pieces 27 1/2 inches by 3 inches. Two more. For the doors. The back was made of six the outside over a quarter. I also fastened pieces 27 1/2 inches by 3 inches and the inside side I made of a board 27 1/2 inches by 4 1/2 inches. These I then fastened together, then taking one of the doors I fastened it with hinges to the short side

FRAGRANCE IN THE GARDEN

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH



IN her garden Polly labors
Through the pleasant summer hours.
She has birds and bees for neighbors,
And for friends she has her flowers.

Polly says, "With eyes blindfolded
I could walk around, and tell
Just what blossoms had unfolded
By the pleasant garden smell."

"I could find my way by smelling
Just like going into rooms.
There's a spicy odor telling
Where the fragrant clove-pink blooms

"Marjoram and sage in plenty
Lead us to the kitchen door.
I should think there might be twenty
Perfumes. No, there must be more!"

What new smell now greets our noses?
"It's the rose bed. Don't you see
Sweetbriars, ramblers and tea-roses?
Come indoors. It's time for tea!"

NEWS-RECORD

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THE FARMERS' SIDE

A Chicago Editor Says Canadian Farmers Would be Routed in a Contest with America

Writing on the prospects of free trade between Canada and the United States, the commercial editor of the Chicago Tribune writes out as follows, the relative advantages to be gained by the farmers of each side of the border.

"The farmer in Canada grows in both the grain and stock raising countries. His country, though it is smaller, area of cultivated land is much larger, number of farms with a view to the larger producer is less. It is a question of the farmer of one country capturing the markets and driving out of business the farmer of the other, those of Canada would be the victors in the present contest. The American farmer does not realize the extent to which his duties have been closed, the Canadian farmer, on the other hand, has not. As it is, the sale of his products, wheat, oats, corn, to the Canadian, they are, indeed, sold on more liberal terms than in America. With the duties removed, they would buy more. Consider the farmer as a fruit grower. The reciprocity agreement sweeps away the Canadian duties on the apples of New York, the peaches of Delaware, the apricots of California, and the melons of Georgia, and the strawberries of Louisiana and Illinois. The market gardeners of this country from Florida to Vermont would be greatly benefited. They are raising products of the soil, and the farmer of Europe or South America. He could find no market in Canada were it not for the Canadian duties."

CONDITIONS.

Business conditions in the United States are in an unsettled condition, owing to the fear existing among business men of that country over possible changes in the tariff. The Democrats are in control of the house of representatives and have a "free-list" bill before congress which threatens the industries. The feeling of pessimism spreads rapidly over there is likelihood of undesirable change. First one and then another reef sail. Soon enterprise is crippled and over-caution is at the helm. At the present day, the American press is laboring to inspire business confidence in the conditions, while not a few lines of business are sending their travelers to Canada to try and pick up enough orders to keep their factories running. A Berlin merchant relates an instance of a New York white-wear concern, which never recognized this country before, now having a man in the field.

In every branch of business they appear to be anxious to get into the Canadian market at once. This is true, too, of farm goods. The Record published a news item a month or more ago in which it was related that several carloads of spring lambs had been shipped from Buffalo to Toronto, despite the duty. A well-informed cattle-breeder in this country states that there were carloads of cattle sent from Michigan to the Toronto market last week, paying the duty and yet selling at the market quotation.

The output of American industries exceeds the demands of its ninety millions of people, even when trade is good. New markets are being sought everywhere by them and particularly in Canada, which next to Britain and Germany, now buys more goods from them than any other nation. Then, too, Canada's wealth in natural resources is a temptation to them. Behind their sudden conversion to friendliness toward Canada, lies a deep-laid scheme on the part of their manufacturers to capture this market; to get its raw materials and to sell its manufactured goods. The American trusts are bending all their energies to secure the support of American farmers to the pact, of the ground that Canada offers a splendid field for the enterprise of both.

Were the reciprocity deal to be ratified by the Canadian parliament, they would take the best parts of this country's business and squeeze them dry. Fortunately, the Canadian people are not fools. The more they study the pact the more the opposition to it grows amongst the electorate. The Dominion government, first to pause, then to hesitate and now it seems certain to go to the people for a mandate.

There are indications that a general election will be held late in August or early in September, without waiting for the census returns or a redistribution of parliamentary seats. North Waterloo must prepare itself. It will be the most important election in its history. The workingman, the farmer and the manufacturer should march abreast in the coming contest, fighting for the principles of Canada for Canadians and the protection of all trades, callings and industries against outsiders.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Guelph carried its by-law to loan \$20,000 to the Independent Fire Co. It was necessary for them to register 1200 votes in the affirmative to carry the measure. By a whole-hearted effort in which every enterprising citizen assisted in bringing out the vote, there were 1257 votes polled in favor and but 95 against it. No congratulatory Guelph on its success in this matter. The political wireworm has not entered Guelph's body corporate and put enterprise to sleep, as it has done in centres we could name.

In Cleveland schools, the first five minutes of the school day are set aside for the children to clean their teeth. The trustees of that city being both commended and adversely criticized. A little thought will convince anyone that it is a good move. It will teach cleanliness and order. It will save many a child days of suffering by directing attention to decaying teeth in time to fill them. It will increase the health and vitality of children. And boys and girls raised on crowded city streets need the expenditure of a deal of forethought and precaution if they are to develop healthy bodies and carry the handicap of urban life. Modern knowledge is teaching how to obviate troubles by preventing their occurrence.

Ladies will doubtless view as a heavy blow to the welfare of Canada, the burning of that corset factory in Quebec.

Reeve Euler and Messrs. Hagen and Boehmer Have Returned to Berlin.

With just a touch of that enthusiasm which marks the average westerner have Reeve Euler, Herman Boehmer and H. A. Hagen returned from the west. They arrived on Thursday afternoon from a three weeks' visit to the big lands and growing cities, and today they are regaling their friends by recounting incidents of the trip and giving their impressions of the country. The party when it left Berlin included Ald. I. S. K. Weber, who fell by the wayside as it were. The attractions of the west proved too much for him and he has decided to remain in Winnipeg, having purchased a partnership in the Walch Land Company, of which he is Vice-President. Mr. Weber will return to Berlin in about two months for the purpose of removing his family to the West.

Speaking to The Record this morning, Reeve Euler stated that the crop prospects in the West were never brighter. A recent three days' rain has had a very beneficial effect on the crops and the grain growers are confident that the crop this year will be much above the average. The land in Saskatchewan province looks to be the best, according to Mr. Euler. The conditions throughout the entire west were very favorable, however, and a general feeling of optimism prevails.

Edmonton and Winnipeg are the choice of Reeve Euler, as the finest cities in the West. Calgary is a bustling city and its residents are all boosters, but its appearance is not so neat or finished as that of the other two cities. "Edmonton and Strathcona, which are located just across the river, are unending," said Mr. Euler, "and this will make a city of 35,000 population. There are those in Calgary who believe that Edmonton will yet become the premier city of the West."

Mr. Euler had an interview with the Mayor of Edmonton and during the conversation he learned that the city had had an experience similar to that of Berlin's in connection with its Water Commission, that body's plying all its profits on capital account. This the City Council stopped and the profits are now being turned over to the city.

There is no income tax or building tax in Edmonton. There is a land tax and a business tax, but it is the intention to do away with the business tax and within the next few years Edmonton will have nothing but a land tax.

The party visited land, owned by different members, in the West, and the real estate was found to be in excellent condition. "There are a number of fine towns in the West with splendid opportunities," said Mr. Euler, "but I saw none better than Berlin."

The party went via Chicago and visited several American cities, and all being ardent baseball fans they made opportunity to see games in both the American and National Leagues. "I must say that Berlin seems to have some baseball team," continued the Reeve. We heard about our team losing its first game when we got to Edmonton. We heard no more until we got a paper at Detroit on the return trip. Where we opened the paper one of the party offered to bet that Berlin would be at the bottom. You can imagine our surprise when we found the good old town right on top of heap."

Many Berlin old boys were encountered during the trip, including Jack Simpson, the old football player, who is becoming wealthy in Calgary; Alex. Richards, former manager for the Bell Telephone Company, now Superintendent of government telephones in Alberta; W. Sugarman, who has a large dry goods store; Messrs. Wildfang, a former Berlin contractor, and Messrs. Oelschlaeger and Collard, all of whom are doing well.

NEW HAMBURG.

Mr. Ed. Merner was a business visitor in Detroit this week. Mr. J. E. Bingham, of Haysville, has rented the premises in the American Block, formerly used by the electric light people, and intends to start a meat market. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bier, of Berlin, visit friends in town last Sunday. Miss Henrietta Peine, of Moulton College, Toronto, is visiting at her home here. Dr. W. Krupp and Mr. Millman, of Woodstock, were visitors in town over Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Motz, of Berlin, was a business visitor in town on Thursday last. Mrs. Ralph C. Merton and daughter have returned to Toronto, after a two weeks' visit with relatives here. Mrs. Philip Bruder visited friends in Woodstock over last Sunday. Dr. J. Brodrecht, of Spokane, Wash., is visiting his parents here. Mrs. R. T. Winn is the guest of friends in Bothwell and Alvinston this week.

Mrs. George Ford, of Shakespeare, spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Werner Brodrecht. Miss Belle Clemens left last week for the West, where she will remain for the summer.

Mr. Fred Sterling, of Vancouver, B. C., is visiting his mother and friends here.

Rev. J. Herbert, of Preston, conducted the services in St. George's Church here on Sunday.

Mr. A. Fraser was a business visitor in Toronto on Tuesday last.

There will be no celebration here on Victoria Day, and instead the old grand stand at the park, which has become dilapidated, will be torn down and a new one will be erected in the course of the summer.

Mrs. Sutherland, Miss M. Alchin, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ernst, and Mr. C. Fox from here, and Messrs. C. D. Brown, T. G. Walker, Henry Walker, Clinton Walker, Miss Brown, Miss Walker, Miss Lucy Tye, and Miss Bessie Bye, of Haysville, attended the Waterloo Deamery Convention, held at Preston last week.

The new electric pump at the Hydro-Electric power house, has been placed by Mr. David Meyer, and the tank for street sprinkling purposes, will hereafter contain a full supply of water.

Mr. I. M. Clemens, who resided here for the past fifteen years, is moving to Westminister, B. C. His household effects were shipped last week, and he and his family left on Tuesday. Their many friends will wish them every success in their western home.

Mr. Sam Sterling and Mr. Ted Sterling, of Toronto, spent Sunday with their mother here.

The marriage took place on April 19th, at the West Adams Presbyterian Church, at Hynes, California, of Miss Minnie Nibel, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Nibel, of this town, to Mr. Luther L. Cronk, a prominent contractor of Hynes, California. Mr. and Mrs. Cronk will make their home in Los Angeles, Cal., and have the best wishes of the bride's New Hamburg friends, for a happy wedded life.

The land on Union St., belonging to the late John Weber estate, and consisting of four acres, has recently been surveyed into building lots. A street, to be called Weber St., will be opened up through the land from Wilnot St. to the river, and on each side of this new street there are some fine building lots. Mr. Jacob Weber, who bought the old Lutheran Church, is having the same moved across the street onto a lot near the old cemetery, and will transform it into a dwelling house. He may also build another house there. Mr. A. Berlett is also erecting a fine new brick residence on the lot just opposite the old church. At this time this should make one of the finest residential parts of the town.

Rev. Thomas Weaving, B. A. B. Th., of this year's graduating class at McMaster University, Toronto, was ordained as pastor of Zion Baptist Church, at Eglinton, on Tuesday last. Rev. Mr. Weaving is well known here, having preached in the local Baptist Church on several occasions.

ST. JACOBS.

Mrs. Joe Feiland, Mrs. Eva Scheidel leave today (Monday) on a month's visit to Kansas.

Mr. Geo. B. Oberholzer was a visitor to the Twin City over Saturday.

Mr. Chas. Melike, of Berlin, spent Sunday at his home here.

Mrs. Alf. Snyder and Mrs. W. W. Snider were visitors to the Twin City on Saturday.

The Women's Institute will hold their next meeting at Togo Terrace, the home of the President, Mrs. Elliot Richmond, on Thursday afternoon, May 25th. A good attendance requested.

Mrs. H. Peterson spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. S. Winn, (Elmira) who is ill.

ST. JACOBS.

Mrs. John Henrich and family, of Waterloo, spent the 24th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Henrich.

Mrs. Beilstein and daughter Mabel spent a few weeks at the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gies.

Miss Ada George spent Victoria Day at Fergus.

The Choir of the Evangelical Church here took part in the Anniversary Services held in Emmanuel Church, Waterloo, on Sunday evening.

Miss Bertha Miller spent Tuesday with friends in the Royal City.

Miss Brooks is spending a few weeks the guest of Miss S. Hollinger.

Mr. F. E. Welker and son Wilfred spent the 24th with friends at Wallace.

Mr. Eph. Heulmeyer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is home for his summer vacation, and spent Victoria Day in Toronto.

(Born at Victoria B. C., May 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Koon; formerly of this place) a son. Congratulations.

The many friends of Rev. W. O. Hehn are pleased to see him about again after the throat trouble he had.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co. Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has upheld the judgment of an Ontario Court, which awarded damages to a man who was injured while riding without authority on a railway train.

The Privy Council held that while a railway by its sale of a ticket, contracted to safely carry the holder, it had no contract with a man who had no ticket, and was in fact a trespasser, who might have been prosecuted for his act.

The case in point, happened on a train which was backing from one station to London, Ontario to another in a different part of the city and on which a trespasser jumped on the rear platform to steal a ride between the two stations. There was a collision and the man was seriously injured, resulting in a suit against one of the railways. The Trial Judge and a Jury acquitted the railway. The Higher Court reversed this judgment, and the railway appealed. The Court of Appeals in Ontario sustained the Higher Court, after which it was taken to the Privy Council, and the Lords of the Judicial Committee reversed all the judgments, but the Trial Judge. The defendant had to pay the costs in all the appeals.

Occasionally it pays a railway to fight a damage claim. It may get the case before a Court which gets at the sense of the situation.

WAGE WAR ON THE WORMS; CRUSH THE CATERPILLARS.

The Plague is Increasing and Unless Prompt Measures Are Taken the Results will Be Serious Indeed.

Should Act At Once.

Neither the people, perhaps, nor the city authorities, realize to what an extent the caterpillar plague is upon us. Richard III, if he were in Berlin now, would have plenty of subjects to justify his wall. "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. We have the worms by millions."

Two gentlemen coming down town today at one o'clock saw fifty caterpillars, with from one to three large clusters of caterpillars bunched together. These worms are evidently taking their sassa after a dinner on leaves. These clumps were seen on at least fifty trees, and the clusters of worms have millions contained thousands of caterpillars.

Another way is to crush the worms. One can take a broom or fork three or four planks over the clumps and have some one hold it and crush the worms underneath the paper, the leaves, and necked way.

Some persons have been known to load breech-loader shells with gunpowder only, and holding the muzzle of the gun close to the worms, blow them out of existence. Morning and evening the worms cluster on some part of a tree all together, and this is a good time to destroy them.

Whatever way is found best, relentless war must be waged upon the worms. They are about us everywhere on nearly every tree, and will be found if we look at the right time. Whatever way is found best, the worms must be destroyed, both for the comfort of the citizens and looking ahead to next year.

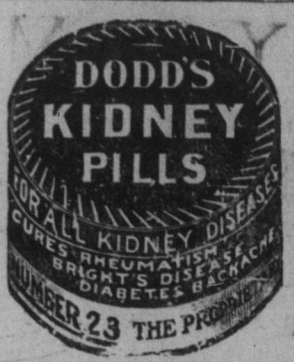
If we leave a million alive in Berlin this spring, that means at least 500 million next year. Let everybody recall the devastating pest of caterpillars a few years ago, and if most strenuous efforts at destruction are not made, next year or the year after will be as bad.

Smash or spray with Paris green solution or do anything that will destroy the life of caterpillar. Be so doing you kill 500 next year for each one you kill 500 next year. Be so doing the streets trees seem to be particularly infested this year, and it therefore becomes the duty of the city to declare war at once on the caterpillar pest, and every citizen should co-operate.

Earl Grey Delivers Eloquent Address

which saw the British Empire come into being as we know it to-day, and it is to the inspiration of that reign that the Daughters of the Empire as an organization owes its existence. But above all Queen Victoria will be ever remembered in world history, not less as a queen among women than as the greatest of queens among the rulers of modern times. She has given to the world an imperishable record of all that is quietly in those graces and duties which sanctify the home and family life possible and happiest of social relationships. It is well for the world to learn to reverence woman, it is well for the people of the British Empire that the model of their veneration has been found in a British Queen.

At the conclusion of the address the distinguished visitors were driven about town, his Excellency expressing himself as delighted with the evidences of progress and prosperity on every hand. During the drive he referred to the pleasure it had given him to visit Berlin, and



Afterthoughts. The monument was decorated with two beautiful wreaths, one from the National Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, and one from Mrs. Nordheimer of Toronto, president of the Imperial Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

The bouquet, prepared by the Daughters of the Empire for Countess Grey was forwarded by express. It consisted of lilies of the valley and orchids. The Boy Scouts made a favorable impression and came in for much praise. Dr. Lackner, referring particularly to this feature.

Grey's Horse came in for particular mention of the part of Earl Grey, who expressed his pleasure at being escorted by a detachment of the regiment. The accommodation for the press at the different gatherings was entirely inadequate. In fact the press seemed to have been pretty well overlooked in the arrangements.

Yesterday's defeat puts Hamilton quite a distance behind.

Better arrangements regarding the umpiring staff are required.

It is rumored that accommodation for the press will be arranged by the grand stand.

Cambridge was the favorite with the crowd yesterday.

An error in Berlin's outfield almost as uncommon as triple plays.

Hamilton is here again today. St. Thomas makes its first appearance here on Friday and Saturday next.

The squeeze play went wrong once yesterday. It was successful on another occasion.

The Green Sox are becoming adept at stealing bases.

The Kolts have a coacher who makes a hit with the crowd. It is worth the price of admission to see him in action.

The Canadian League is here to stay, at least so far as Berlin is concerned.

London and Guelph each got one yesterday.

The attendance was 2,500 which accounts for Pop Williams, smiling countenance.

How should take another game from Hamilton today we can afford to sit back and lose a couple.

The skinned diamond made it look more like real baseball.

The canvas covering on the grand stand is not exactly satisfactory, but it will do.

Knotty Lee is right there with the big K.

McColl, catcher and Claus, pitcher have been released by the local manager. Lines are out for another pitcher.

Deneau had two hits yesterday. It was a bad day for Meyers, he having a couple costly errors.

ROUTINE BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

The regular monthly meeting of the Waterloo Board of Trade was held last evening when business of a routine nature was the order of the evening. When the President, Mr. Chas. J. Mueller, called the meeting to order at 8.15 p. m., among others present, we noticed the following gentlemen: Mayor Graybill, W. G. Weichel, S. B. Bricker, G. W. Harrison, W. Dawson, F. S. Kumpf, C. W. Schiedel, A. E. Devitt, H. Jeveron, Dr. W. L. Hilliard, J. H. Roos, W. S. Naylor, J. H. Smith and others.

After the minutes of the previous meeting, and their adoption the Secretary read communications from the following: viz. Preston Board of Trade to County Board, Board of Trade of the City of Toronto re Good Roads, and from the Bell Telephone Co. re Central Station, all of which came up for discussion except the latter, which was in answer to a communication from the Secretary.

The Bell Telephone Co. explained that the delay in putting in the Switch Board in Waterloo was occasioned by an over rush at the factory, but they assured the Board that the change would be made as soon as possible. The Preston Board of Trade wrote asking the co-operation of the Waterloo Board of Trade for the formation of a County Board of Trade. This matter had been up some years ago and in fact an organization meeting had been held but that seemed to be the last of it. However, the Waterloo Board favored the idea and the Secretary was instructed to write the Secretary of the Preston Board to that effect.

In respect to the letter from Toronto, re good roads in Ontario, the Secretary was instructed to draft a resolution similar to that of Toronto to be presented to the Ontario Government.

President Mueller explained an interview Mr. J. B. Hughes had had with Mr. J. B. Strickland, agent of the G. T. R., re better freight service. It was quite true the first freight which reaches Waterloo is in the afternoon, and several cases were cited by some present of a delay of from one to one and a half days was ready to be unloaded in Waterloo.

The Board were of the opinion that the manufacturers should have better service, and a resolution was drafted, and will be sent to Supt. Gillen.

Mr. W. S. Naylor gave a verbal report re Bathing at the Park. The Committee appointed by the Board had looked over the ground with the Park Board and a suitable place had been found about 50 yards South of the House. It would require several loads of gravel and a suitable house to dress and undress in.

Mr. J. H. Roos, Chairman of the Park Board, said the first thing to do would be to get the consent of Mr. Snider before anything could be done and when that had been done then the Council would have to do the rest. Mayor Graybill and Treasurer Kumpf were of the opinion that no money would be granted this year as the Council had spent all the money available on grants this year. However, it would not be a bad idea to make all arrangements this year and when the estimates are struck next year, a sum could be laid aside for bathing purposes.

The Sewage question on the Hospital Hill was brought up by Mayor Graybill. He had met Mayor Schmaltz, and in talking the matter over, Mayor Schmaltz was given to understand that they could not hope to connect with the Waterloo Sewer and so the matter was dropped.

A deputation from Shelburne will like visit Waterloo to inspect our sewage system and Messrs. Mueller, Mayor Graybill, J. H. Roos, W. G. Weichel and S. B. Bricker were appointed a Committee to entertain the visitors.

President Mueller gave a verbal report on what had been done in connection with the Lutheran Seminary. Their committee had visited Waterloo and looked over the sites available and

THE LOVE OF OATS.

Why Normal Active Men Always Crave Oatmeal. Oats contain more body-building food than any other grain that grows. They contain more energy-giving food. You know their effect on horses. Oats contain more organic phosphorus than any other grain, and phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. They contain more lecithin, and lecithin is the chief component of the entire nervous system. That's why growing children crave it. It's simply the call of nature for what bodies, brains and nerves require. But some oatmeal fails to meet these requirements. Only the richest, plumpest oatmeal supply a food worth while. The hot oatmeal are sited 82 times to get the oatmeal from Quaker Oats. Only ten pounds are secured from a bushel. But these Quaker Oats supply the utmost in oatmeal. Oatmeal is the most important food you serve. And the best cost only one-half cent per dish. Don't supply your table with inferior oats. Made in Canada.

CENTRAL Business College. STRATFORD, ONT. A LARGE SCHOOL, A GOOD SCHOOL, THE BEST.

This school has a continental reputation for high grade work and for the success of its students. We have three departments, Commercial, Shortland, and Telegraphy. Young men, young men, young men should send at once for our large free catalogue. Write for it at once and see what our graduates are doing. This is a good time of the year for you to enter our classes. Students are entering each week. Announce your course at once.

D. A. McLAUGHLIN, Principal.

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were more than pleased with what the town had to offer. The matter, however, was left in the hands of a special committee, who will report to the Synod in two months.

M. J. H. Ross brought up the question of continuing certain subjects in town. He was of the opinion that if Moore Ave. was run through to Frederick street with a branch off to connect with Young street, and a street opened west of the public street to run from Church street to Ezra Ave. many excellent lots would be available for building purposes. The Board were of the opinion that the idea was a good one and the matter was left in the hands of Mayor Graybill, who will report at next meeting.

Board then adjourned.

\$3,800 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

ARE you going to build that new horseblock, sidewalk or dairy house of cement? Then insist on your dealer supplying you with the "CANADA" Cement. Not only will this ensure your getting a pure, uniform and strictly high-grade cement, that will guarantee the lifelong permanency of the thing you build, but it will also entitle you to enter our Prize Contest. And in this contest you stand a good chance of winning a prize that will perhaps more than pay you for the cost of the work. Every farmer in Canada who uses "CANADA" Cement is eligible to compete. Four prizes will be awarded in each Province and these prizes will be divided as follows:

PRIZE "A"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of barrels of "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "B"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement on his farm in 1911 for the greatest number of purposes.

PRIZE "C"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with the photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "D"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work shown by photograph was done.

Notice how we have purposely planned and imposed certain necessary conditions in order to give large and small users of cement an equal opportunity. As an illustration of this: In prizes "C" and "D" the quantity of cement used has no bearing whatever on the result. The farmer who sends us the best photograph of as small a thing as a watering trough or a gate post, has as much chance for prize "C" as a man who sends a photograph of a house—and the same applies to prize "D."

Don't hold back from entering because you think you don't know anything about concrete work. It's very simple. Besides, we have a 160-page book that we will send you free on request, which tells you all about concrete and how to make and use it. In this book, you'll find complete instructions for the making of almost everything you can think of in the way of farm buildings, floors, vats, troughs, stairs, posts, etc.

This free book—entitled "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"—will not only inform you—it will also greatly interest you. So send for it anyway, whether you intend to try for one of the prizes or not.

The Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal, Que.

Fill out and mail to: The Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal, Que. Name, Address, and Post Office.



AT LAST! The following month, Mr. from his first Harvard University to study law college and has School when the proprieties for His parents me nothing to bid passing of the Hubbard lost his tied down to a present being in Holyoke. He d ocean, he says, I wake the old ten

BY CAPTAIN

CAST AWAY AMID ISLAND SAVAGES

A VETERAN of the Deep Sea recounts the Wreck of the *Prudence*, the Battles of Her Suffering Crew with Hostile Tribesmen and the Dramatic Rescue of the Survivors

CAPTAIN GEORGE HUBBARD, who tells the following story, was born in Falmouth, Mass., in 1833. After returning from his first voyage he prepared for Harvard University, where it was his intention to study law. He was graduated from the college and had passed a year in the Law School when the call of the sea overcame his propensities for study and he shipped again. His parents meanwhile had died and he had nothing to bind him to his home. With the passing of the old time sailing vessel Captain Hubbard lost his interest in the sea and settled down to a bachelor's life ashore. He is at present living in Riverside, Mass., a suburb of Holyoke. He does not care to live near the ocean, he says, for the sight and the smell of it wake the old longings in his heart.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE HUBBARD.

BEING the son, grandson and great-grandson of sea captains, it is by no means strange that from early boyhood I was swayed by a longing which amounted to a passion for the sea. Among my earliest recollections is a trip with my father from our home in Falmouth to the old Nobska Light, whence we could see over the rim of the world, as it seemed to me, and watch the tall spindle masts slide down the other side, that other side the lighting to see which made me restless from that time until at last I sailed by the old tower myself, until I watched its beacon grow dimmer and dimmer until just before it dropped out of sight behind the earth's edge it became as one of the stars.

I was just past seventeen when I shipped as cabin boy aboard the *Prudence* out of New Bedford, under Captain Harrison, a great friend of my father, who was home at the time and promised to remain with my mother until my return.

Long previously it had been arranged that I should make my first voyage under the command of one not of our family, for my father wished me to learn the ways of the sea under some other who would not be likely to indulge favorites nor yet to go to the other extreme in efforts to be fair.

Calcutta was our destination. There we were to pick up a cargo of silks and later, at Bombay, take on a consignment of dye stuffs. Weeks of monotonous, uneventful sea life failed to dampen my ardor for the life of a sailor, and the newness of things had not worn off by the time we had tacked through the straits and were well on our way across the Pacific.

I have said that it was my first voyage, and it was likely to have been my last, for of all adventures which have ever befallen me there was never another so perilous as the wreck we endured in the Low Archipelago on that first voyage.

For several days the night was a quiet one until about six bells when the sun was about to go down. Instead of sinking below the horizon it dropped behind a bank of clouds which had almost the appearance of land in the distance and which hid the bright ball of the sun as completely as though it were night. In fact, it became dark so early that we could scarce tell when the day did slip into the night. For long there was not overmuch wind, though puffs blew viciously at the sails and rattled the yards. A low, dull roar, as of breakers only not so vibrant, dinned in our ears. The puffs came first from the northeast and then due east. The ship veered around under them, and even before we suffered any violent breeze the helmsman felt the strength of the gale which was approaching.

We had time and to spare to reef and to make all our preparations. The captain calculated that we were at about 20 degrees south latitude and at 135 degrees 20 minutes west longitude. The Low Archipelago was not many miles off our bow and the captain, fearing the shore, headed a few points into the teeth of the gale, which soon began to toss us about merrily. It was my first big storm, and I think the most terrific I have experienced.

In the next week, just one hour after the first intimation of the storm, we were plunging about wildly in a monster sea. With the greatest difficulty we had furl'd all but the jibs, and any attempt to keep into the wind had been abandoned. We could just hold a few points against it.

Then it went for a time. Then in a sudden vicious gust the ship was blown away and we scudded helplessly before the storm. The pumps were muffled and every hand aboard was kept busy in an effort to preserve the ship. Such another night I have never known.

Here we were tossed and battered about by the angry water, flying like some great wounded bird, before the wind, not a shred of canvas set. It seemed as though each wave mounted higher and as though the ship must be torn from stem to stern, so terrible was the strain on rope and timber. Yet when a dull, unhealthy light began to spread about us—it must have been the dawn, though no sun could we see—we were still about. What with the excitement of it all I was not in the least way tired, but the captain, noticing my haggard eyes and white cheeks, bundled me off below for a rest.

I climbed into my berth, but there was to be no sleep. For a long time I did not dare to so much as close my eyes, for it seemed that should we for a moment relax our vigilance the bulk must go down. At last from sheer exhaustion, physical and mental, my lids dropped and I was sinking into oblivion when with a crash which tumbled me from my hammock the ship came to a dead stop, careened to starboard and groined like a monster in pain. Feet scurried across the deck, there were yells and cries and the third of mountains of sea thundering straight down on us.

You may believe that I sprang for the companion way and lost no time in getting to the deck. Most of the lifeboats were in splinters, but the sad plight of the crew made more than two of the dinghies unnecessary. Many had been carried aboard, and two, Selwyn and Carruthers, had been dashed headforemost into the scuppers, where they were wish-washing back and forth, some dead.

The Shipwreck.

Whether there was land off our bows or whether we had struck a reef a considerable distance at sea we could not tell, for the wind drove the rain into our faces enough to blind us and it was still murky dark. It seemed like hours, but I suppose it was a matter of seconds before we had the dinghies launched.

Once in the boats there was nothing for us to do but to run before the storm, using all our efforts to bail and to keep the craft right side up. There had been little time to provision the dinghies, and prac-

tically all that we had with us was a few punchbais of water and enough biscuit for about a meal once around. We very shortly lost sight of the other boat, and I have never learned what was the fate of its occupants. I suppose that they were drowned, as it was a wonder we were not.



He Accomplished His Purpose, for in a Few Moments There Was a Rattle of Shots.

Good fortune was favoring us, so we thought, when we heard a horrid scream from the wood which lined the beach. It seemed to be distant and yet pierced our ears like a knife. Others followed the first starting cry, and we made up our minds that the men who were scouting had been attacked. The captain led the way into the wood, which was thick and tore our hands and legs. The direction from which the cry had come was almost straight into the sun and we held to that course.

We must have fought our way through the jungle for a quarter of a mile when the leaders stumbled over the bodies of two of our comrades. They were dead, with a dozen cuts, lacerations and jagged, and one had an arrow piercing his left breast. There was sign of a struggle, and both men had their knives gripped in their hands. A little further, in the direction evidently taken by a body of men, we found a black savage, well nigh naked, lying across the path. There were signs that others had sustained wounds.

So we followed in a fever of excitement, knowing that our comrades must be in dire need. There were six of us and four of them, and we did not know how many savages, but I do not think it occurred to any man to turn back or to leave our comrades in peril. We had scarce gone another eighth of a mile when we heard our enemy crashing along the kind of trail we had been following. They must have heard us at about the same instant, for as we have in sight they turned and rushed us. Queer spirits they had, with stone heads, and some of them bore knives with crooked blades, probably supplied them by traders, who should have had their own throats cut there with. At first it seemed that an entire army was charging upon us, but when the light was over we learned as nearly as we could judge that there had been nine of them.

The first native to throw himself upon Captain Harrison fell with his throat cut so that his head seemed almost to be falling from his body. Sam Clews, the coxswain, dropped the next with a back handed stroke of his knife, which left but seven of them to our five and a boy.

I had been handed a knife by the captain as we ran, and though I had never used one in human form there was no time to scruple. A big black fellow made at me with his creese and I tried to parry. It would have been useless but for a big samurai, Bill Cook, who grappled with the fellow and the two fell to the ground. As they rolled over I caught my chance, and when Bill was underneath I ran upon his enemy's back, slashing and stabbing with my knife. Even then it gave me much feeling of remorse, but ended the savage's fight and Bill springing to his feet in time to grapple with another who was almost in the act of cutting me down.

whether the inhabitants were friendly or otherwise. A roaring fire was built on the beach and our clothes were dried. Those sent to forage soon returned with fruits of all kinds and reported that they had seen many birds which looked like game fowl, but there was no means of killing them, what few pistols were among us being soaked. This brought to mind the possible need for powder and lead, and most of our arms being of the old fashion, we dried our powder on a flat stone in the sun.

Just how the fight went after that I do not know. There was a terrible clashing of blades, thuds of blows and occasional shrieks. The scoring was not all on our side either, for Mr. Kendall, the mate, was killed outright, most of our men were more or less wounded, and one of our crew, who was bound a captive, was stabbed by a native, who committed the dastardly act as he fled from us.

The odds were becoming too great against them, especially as under protection of two of my mates I had

find it more friendly. We might even sight a ship, which was our greatest hope.

Six men were detailed to gather fruit. They went boldly into the wood, but a few seconds later rushed snarling fellows close upon them. Two seemed to run with great difficulty, and before they had gone many paces Bill Cook was cut down. One of the men—Sanders was his name—dropped from wounds or because he tripped, but before the savages had reached him he lifted his pistol and fired it into his own brain.

The suddenness of the scrimmage left us all but stupefied, which was perhaps our blessing, for we could never have held out against the thirty or more savages who ran from the woods, and by the time we had recovered our wits our men were upon us helping with the boat. Captain Harrison ordered the men with pistols to ward off the natives until we could launch, and they used the few shots at their disposal to excellent advantage. Some spears were thrown and Captain Harrison was wounded in the thigh, but we were soon afloat.

Wary, almost fagged, we began to row, keeping far enough from shore to be out of range of the spears in case the natives should follow us. Once, after rowing for about an hour and seeing no sign of human life, we attempted to land in search of water, but no sooner had we set foot on the white sandy beach than a band of natives issued from the wood. One of our men, I have forgotten his name, was left on the beach with an arrow through his heart when we regained the boat.

It seemed as though it would be best to land and fight it out. Death might at least come suddenly that way, and not from thirst and hunger, the more tantalizing since we knew water and food were so easily reached. Finally, after what seemed days of tedious rowing, we had completely skirted the island. Not a sign of other land had we seen and no sail had we sighted. Opposite the point where we had first gone ashore we lay on our oars while some of the men slept. I think even worse than the thirst we endured, certainly worse than the hunger, was the loss of sleep. About noon the torment of it all became maddening. Captain Harrison asked the men if they were willing to attempt a landing. Any peril, however grave, seemed better in anticipation than the awful scorching heat of the sun and the pangs of thirst. Not a savage had shown his body for an hour, and we thought perhaps they had given up the chase disgusted. But again we were disappointed. We dealt with the same repulse as at the previous landing, though this time we were fortunate enough to escape without loss of life.

Captain Harrison was unable to resist the temptation to fire into the mass of running black bodies, and one plunged head foremost into the sand. That left us three charges of powder, and it was imperative to preserve them. The captain stopped one of the men in the very act of cocking his pistol and then took the little pouch of powder in his own charge. He seemed cast down by his failure to save the other charges which he had used, but promised to be more careful; it was lucky that he was.

Adrift in the Cove.

How long we drifted back and forth off that little cove I do not know. It seemed days and nights, but it could not have been more than an hour. One of the men slept with an unhealthy, stupor-like kind of sleep. Another rolled and moaned in the bottom of the boat. The rest of us sat gloomily brooding. I stood close to Captain Harrison, finding my solace and comfort in his companionship. Some way the seemed also to value my company.

It must have been about eight bells when suddenly Waite, who was constantly scanning the horizon, exclaimed:—

"Ahoy! There he is, ship. Blast me, but she's bearin' down on us!"

All of us but those too weak to notice jumped to our feet and followed the direction of his trembling forefinger. Sure enough, just rounded the point of the island, a four-master under full sail was bearing toward us. If she held to her course she would pass within a mile and a half. At the time she was about five miles distant.

The captain was all action on the instant. "Come on, boys!" he cried. "Man her again. A few more pulls, lads, and we'll have duff an' grog aplenty."

The men responded as best they could, though they lay helpless in the boat. We had scarce tugged an eighth of a mile when the schooner brought about and tacked off from us. It was the crisis of suspense. Three times the captain fired into the air. It used his last grain of powder, and we all strained over the sides of the dingy to see what effect it would have on the ship. For a few seconds, which told us all what eternally must be, she held on her course. Then she luffed. Captain Harrison, who throughout had held to his spyglass, told us that a man was running up the shrouds. A few seconds later a gun boomed from the vessel's deck and we knew that we were saved. She put about again and came toward us.

At first we tried to row to meet her, but the effort was too great, and we lay there in the tide waiting for our rescuers. Some of us cried. A few prayed, and others, standing, waved their caps above their heads and cheered, then sank back exhausted with the effort. All eyes were strained on the approaching schooner. No one of us thought of the shore. Actuated by a mysterious feeling of curiosity to see once more the place where my bones might well have bleached in the sun, I turned and glanced toward the beach astern of us.

A cry of horror broke from me. From a little cove where a fair sized stream emptied into the sea a number of long, swift canoes manned by six or eight men apiece were skimming toward us. My cry attracted the others and all attention was again centred on the savages. We sprang to the oars. With every ounce of muscle and nerve we pushed the boat through the quiet water, but the light canoes ever gained on us. The stakes were life, but we entered the race cruelly handicapped.

There was not a charge for one of the pistols. The only weapons we carried were knives, which were useless, for the savages could kill us all before they were close enough to use cutlasses. At the oars the men moaned and murmured incoherent sentences and crazy phrases. It seemed as though something was dragging astern of us. My head felt like to burst and my hands had scarce the power to hold my oar. The men on the schooner had evidently seen our distress, for we could see them scurrying about the deck. A man in the bows was sounding. This reminded us of another element of danger.

The vessel might not be able to run in close enough to help us. From time to time I snatched a glance over my shoulder at the ship bearing ever closer to us. At last she hove to, I think a mile away, and the black natives were almost close enough to hurl their spears. No sooner had the vessel luffed than a boat put up and the crew rowed frantically in our direction.

The savages began to hurl their weapons, which fell some distance astern of us, but flew always nearer to the mark.

Suddenly Captain Harrison hit upon a scheme. "Lay on, port," he cried. "Pull her around port," and at the same time he threw the rudder hard against the starboard post.

The canoes of the enemy were a little to the starboard of us, and the captain's idea was to change our course enough to give the men in the ship's boat a chance to use their firearms. He accomplished his purpose for in a few moments there was a rattle of shots. Dark bodies plunged from the pursuing canoes and one or two sank. As the rescuers drew closer the fire became more rapid, and soon the water was dotted with the panic stricken natives swimming for shore or overboard. The canoes, which had not been sunk or overturned, were headed for the beach.

Of how we reached the ship I do not remember. Some of our men were taken into the other boat and some of them came into ours to row us to the ship, which was slightly astern.

One of the men—Bozer—died, as much from exposure, I think, as from his wounds.

The Dutch ship, which had been in Ceylon and later stopped at some ports in the China Sea, was bound for Dutch Guiana. We were carried to Paramaribo, and thence shipped to Boston.

Captain Harrison never went to sea again. The other men shipped on various vessels, and it was never my fortune to meet with them after that disastrous voyage.

managed to liberate two of the captives, who joined in the fight with zest.

Rescuing the Wounded.

As soon as we had the field to ourselves we rigged up a sort of hammock of bows and carried Drake and Clews, who had been wounded so that they could not walk, back toward the beach. After a short consultation we decided that it would be suicidal to attempt to bury the two who had been killed. We had not the slightest idea how soon the enemy might reappear or in what numbers, and the safety of the survivors was not to be sacrificed. It was a forlorn party and a battered one which made its way back to the beach. There, the while we made ready the boat for a cruise in case of necessity, we feasted on the fruits which had been brought from the forest. Then we gathered as many more as we could conveniently take in the boat with us and filled every available utensil with water from the spring.

We had little thought of repelling the next attack and planned our hopes for safety on flight. Our powder was dried, but it meant only some score of shots at the most, and few of those would find their mark.

We half expected that the natives might wait for night before they attacked us, but we had scarcely prepared for emergency when a band came whooping from the woods. It would have been useless to resist on shore. The boat might have been destroyed and our one hope with it. We took to the water, shoving the dinghy through the subsiding breakers with little difficulty. The natives seemed at first afraid to come down far on the beach, experience probably having taught them that while men carried firearms. They lurked near the edge of the woods and seemed content with preventing us from landing. This we had no desire to do. We had provisions enough for a day or two and we were safe so long as the sea ran smooth, unless they also should take to the water.

When we were all refreshed a little we started to travel round the island. It was not large, and, compelling from the direction shown by the compass and by the fact that a great, scarred peak in the centre was always in our sight, we judged that we had gone half the distance when night fell. No signs of the savages had been seen and we decided to sleep ashore. We were the more determined to do this since the sea was running high again and the wind tossed us about more than was comfortable.

The utter exhaustion of all of us and our nervous condition was probably responsible for the clumsy landing we made, and, much to our disgust, in a twinkling little breaker we capsized the boat. This did not at the time seem serious, for we soon collected food enough for dinner, though we felt the need of something more hearty than the juicy fruit, which was great part water.

Leaving three men on guard, the rest lay down to sleep, which gave them but little difficulty. It must have been about six bells, or eleven o'clock, when we awoke. It was a signal and took to the water or whether to wait for sunrise in the hope that if it was a signal the natives were not ready to act on the instant. Considering the sea, the discomforts of the boat and the loss of our provisions when we had capsized, he decided to let the men rest the night.

With the first peaking of the east we were all roused and after making ready the boat and eating a small breakfast, Captain Harrison explained that we would take more food and water on board to enable us to continue round the island. It was possible that on some side we might sight other land and

GUEST OF THE AMAZON CANNIBALS

IN Which the Last White Man Tells of a Jungle Solomon, a Poisoned Stream, a Primitive "Wireless" and Other Wonders of the Aborigines.

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HOW I came to be living in a maloca, or tribal hut of the Mangeromas Indians, in the heart of the Amazon jungle, has been told in my previous stories. Briefly, after Jerome, the last of my companions, had perished with the fever, I had dragged myself on all fours through the all-but impenetrable underbrush, until, when I verily believe I could not have advanced a dozen feet further, I had been picked up and carried I knew not whither and cared for during five days of delirium and fever.

When consciousness finally returned to me I did not fully realize where I was. When waking I would lie for hours in a sort of bewilderment, wondering whether the dim recollections of the awful experiences I had been through were realities or merely fever dreams.

Then one morning I awoke with a clear mind and a full realization of my plight. There must have been some trace of the fever left, for my first impulse was a strange, unmanageable curiosity as to how many persons were in the great, semicircular hut in which I found myself. I immediately began to count them and reached 223, though I may have counted some of them twice.

The maloca is an institution much resembling the Long House of the famous Five Nations of New York Colonial days. Many families inhabited it, each family retaining a small space for its own use. This I gathered from the way in which groups of men and women were huddled about a dozen or more fires, the women cooking and the men lying in hammocks and eating.

I did not know in what manner I would be treated by the savages, so for a time I lay there with my eyes half closed, trying to get my bearings. Just behind me I heard what seemed to be a discussion. Two men, I judged, were conversing in low, guttural syllables, and in some way I felt that I was the subject of their talk. Suddenly, with no sound of motion, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned over startled and saw the face of Jabe, the Indian with the blow gun whom I had seen in the forest before misfortune had overtaken us.

My heart beat wildly and I scarcely dared breathe. I was in the hands of the Mangeromas. Their reputation was, to say the least, not savory, and it was a question in my mind why they had saved my life. Although they live by themselves and seldom invade another's territory, they are more dreaded by the peoples of the Amazon than is the fatal cobra. I sickened at the thought that they were cannibals.

Behind Jabe stood a sleek, well-fed man whom, from his bearing and from the gaudy, splendid feathers which were inserted in the cartilage of his nose, I took to be the chief. He regarded me coldly, with a stolid, unblinking expression which I could not read. I suppose this tableau lasted for about twenty seconds, but to me it seemed that it had no end. I wanted to spring at his throat, then to run, then to lapse again into the fever where at least the horrors were not real. Then, quietly, without the flicker of a change in his expression, the chief made a conventional sign with his left hand which means "Welcome."

In the ecstasy of relief which seized me I sprang from the hammock to greet him, but my limbs were weakened by the fever and I tottered into Jabe's arms. I think without an effort he picked me up and placed me in the hammock. Then the chief, with a look which approached a smile as nearly as anything I ever saw on the face of a Mangeroma, pointed to the hammock in which I lay, to the walls of the maloca, and to the food which the women were preparing, at the same time uttering a sound which resembled "Heh-heh-heh." By this I took it that I was welcome to stay as long as I desired.

The hospitality of my friends proved unbounded. The chief appointed two women to care for me, and though they were not startling in any point of beauty, they were as kind as any one could have been to me, watching me when I tried to walk and supporting me when I became too weak. There was a certain soup they cooked, which was served in a half bread-fruit gourd and was delicious. Many of the other dishes they prepared were delicious, but there were others which were nauseating and which I had to force myself to eat. I soon learned that it was impolitic to refuse any dish, no matter how repugnant. One day the chief, who had by means of signs and words I could speak fluently with him, had prepared a very special delicacy of which he invited me to partake. None of the others was permitted to eat it. At the first mouthful I nearly choked. Not only did the meat which was one of the ingredients taste and smell as though it had been kept for weeks, but the herbs which were used were so bitter and gave out such a pungent odor that my mouth puckered and the muscles of my throat refused to swallow. The chief was enraged.

Forcing His Guest to Eat.

"Do you not like my dish?" he asked in the dialect. "I am afraid it sickens me," I replied as politely as I might.

"It is the dish of my fathers, and their fathers, and their grandfathers," he said. "You shall eat it, or I will turn you into the forest for the plaything of the bel-bel and the Evil One."

I had no desire in my weakened condition to be turned again into the forest, but to do what the chief demanded seemed physically impossible. Jabe, who was behind the chief, motioned me that I had better eat it or the chief would certainly turn me out, if, indeed, I did not suffer some harm at his hands. Such is the vindictive, unreasoning nature of these forest men. Easily insulted, they are, when angered well nigh implacable. I ate the concoction which was set before me, and, strange to say, before I had done with it I really began to like it. This incident shows upon what a slender thread my safety hung. The friends of one moment might become the vindictive foes of the next.

The word of the chief was law and none dared appeal from his decisions. In fact, there would have been nothing to appeal to, for the natives believe him to be vested in some mysterious power which makes him the ruler of men. I once had occasion to see him sit in judgment, and although the matter in dispute might be called trivial, it showed the absoluteness of the leader's power.

I had accompanied two of the Indians on a hunting party in search of wild hogs. They carried bows and

arrows and I my automatic revolver, although I had no great intention of using it. What little ammunition was left I desired to keep for emergency and, besides, I reasoned that I might at some future time be able to use the power and noise of the weapon to good advantage if I kept the Indians ignorant of it for the present.

We had scarcely gone a mile from the maloca when

more brilliant than I had ever seen him wear and wearing a colored girdle or waist cloth, which was his court robe, sat cross-legged near the fire in the centre of the maloca. In the reddish light of the fire, dimmed by the smoke, very little of which ever escaped through the hole which served as a chimney, the scene was weirdly fantastic. On the opposite side of the fire from where the chief sat lay the body of the hog, and each side of it stood the two hunters, straight as saplings, and gazing stolidly ahead. In a semicircle, facing the chief and surrounding the hunters, sat the tribe, squatted on the ground. The chief motioned to me to take a place beside him. The men told their stories, each begging the chief in picturesque language to remember that he had been faithful to the tribe, and assuring him that the

I hesitated a second in pleasant anticipation, my lips pursed to welcome the life-giving draught. At that second I was, literally speaking, two inches from a terrible death. Before the first drop had touched my lips there was a cry behind me. I turned slightly and then a rough hand gripped my shoulder and I was flung backward full length on the ground.

Angered, I sprang to my feet and drew the pistol which I always carried. There stood one of my friends with a grin on his face which must have met the back of his head.

"Ungh," he grunted. "Tolson?"

"Are you crazy?" I demanded. "Isn't that the stream we drank of up above?"

Then he explained to me and as he talked my knees wobbled and I turned faint. I had barely missed one

Now I had no desire to part company with the instrument, as it had been too good a friend before, and if I were again thrown on my own resources I might need it sadly, so thinking to defer him from asking for it I explained that it was inhabited by a sort of spirit who would obey none but me.

Fear of the Evil Spirit.

The chief shot me an angry glance and demanded why I brought evil spirits to hurt his people. Explain as I would, I could not make him understand that the spirit was harmless and could not act without my command. At last, in desperation to appease him, I offered to give him the glass, but he grunted in terror and told me that if I should use it again he would have me strangled. It was two days before I was established again in the good graces of the chief.

It was no easy position I occupied in the family of this despot. Kind as he was, the least thing insulted him, and my life was not worth a snap when he was angered. Besides this, I was entirely well of the fever and anxious to return to my home and to civilization. One night I explained as tactfully as I could to the chief that I was strong enough to march and that I was desirous of going home to my own chief in order to tell him how kind had been my treatment at the hands of the Mangeromas. A little to my surprise, the chief took my suggestion in good part and seemed rather pleased than otherwise. He never, I think, quite forgave me for the episode of the magnifying glass.

He was very kindly, however, and told me that if I would wait until the next full moon he would take me to a friendly tribe further up the river, who, in turn, would see me well on my way. This meant a delay of several weeks, but in addition to not wanting to lose my benefactor, I was more than glad of the help he promised. I had no desire to repeat my former experiences in the forests.

At last the moon was full and the expedition was organized. I was not absolutely sure of how I would be treated by the neighboring Indians, and am almost ashamed to say that despite the faithful, unswerving friendship which the Mangeromas had shown me I had in my mind that they might attempt to do me some harm, so black was the name which popular conception had given them.

I had until this time never used my gun, but before we started on our journey I decided to give them an example of its power, hoping to awe them. Inviting the chief and all the tribe to an exhibition, I explained that with the little weapon I could make great thunder and could bore holes in a tree. The chief examined the pistol gingerly. He had heard of such weapons, he said, but supposed them to be much larger and heavier. This one, he thought, must be a baby and he was inclined to doubt its power.

Selecting an assai palm of about nine inches diameter across the brook, I took steady aim and fired three times. Two of the bullets went through the same hole and the other pierced the trunk of the palm about two inches higher. The chief himself hurried across the stream and examined the holes. He and some of his men discussed them for about an hour. The empty shells which had been ejected were picked up by two young girls, who fastened them in their ears with coarse wicker fibres, whereupon a dozen other women crowded about me, beseeching me to give them more shells. I discharged more than a dozen of my precious cartridges to please these children of the forest, who were as completely slaves of fashion as are their sisters of more civilized lands.

Early the next morning we started up the river. In one canoe the chief and I sat on jaguar skins, while two savages paddled. In another were four men armed with bows and arrows and blow guns, and a fifth who acted as a "wireless operator." The system of signalling which he employed was by far the most ingenious device I saw while among the savages, and considering their resources and the state of their civilization it was really remarkable.

Before the canoes were launched one of the men fastened two upright forked sticks at each side of the canoe about the middle. About three and a half feet astern of these a crosspiece was laid on the bottom of the craft. To this were fastened two short sticks, forked. Between each pair of upright forked sticks was placed a crosspiece, thus forming two horizontal bars, parallel to each other, one a few inches from the bottom of the boat and the other about a foot and a half above the gunwales.

Next four slabs of hard wood, of different thicknesses, about three feet long and eight inches wide, are suspended from these horizontal bars, so as to hang edgewise of the canoe and inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. Each pair of slabs, though supported by a longitudinal slit, are joined by end pieces which are finely carved and painted.

The operator or the signal man strikes these slabs with a heavy wooden mallet or hammer, the head of which is wrapped with a inch layer of cat-o'-thief skin and then with tapir skin. Each section of the wooden slabs gives forth a different tone when struck, and as I remember them they were the first four notes in the scale. By means of all the combinations of these four notes, and by what corresponds to a dot and dash system, the operator is able to send any message to any person who understands his code.

We had not proceeded far up the river when the canoes came to a stop and our operator began to beat upon his instrument. He repeated his message several times, but, receiving no answer, we proceeded for another mile. Then we stopped and signalled again. Very faintly came a reply. I learned afterward that we were at least five miles from the answering station. Our man was asking if we were welcome. The chief told me. It was a moment of suspense for me. Perhaps we would be repulsed, in which case I would be in a worse plight than before. Quivering on the air came the answer.

Dot, dash, dot, dash.

Welcomed by "Wireless."

"We are welcome," said the chief, and my heart pounded with joyousness as the canoes responded to the slugsy backs of the paddlers.

Another mile up the river and we stopped again. The man in our other canoe was asking how many of our friends were waiting for us.

"Two hundred," was the answer.

"Are any strangers with you?" asked the man up the river, and the chief read me the question.

We replied that there was a white man in our party.

"Is he welcome?" asked our chief.

"Again I was in a perspiration of suspense, and the answer was slow in coming.

"He is welcome if you will touch for him," was the decision.

The chief replied that I was a great and powerful friend of his, that I had lost my people and that I was seeking help in finding them. After that there were no delays, though the operators kept signalling incessantly.

"Are you armed?" we were asked.

"Does the cobra travel without his fangs?" was the reply of our chief.

"You must come no further unless you will leave your arms in the canoes," came to us.

"We will do so if you will leave yours in the maloca," replied our man.

This was agreed upon, and although I was scared about parting from my pistol, the chief insisted that I should not break faith with his friends, and I was obliged to acquiesce, not without some misgivings.

Long before we reached a turn in the creek and came suddenly in sight of two malocas and a crowd of men, women, children and dogs, the clear, xylophone tones of the answering signals seemed to come from the water directly beneath us.

After the two chiefs had welcomed each other, I was presented to my new friend.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Mister," I said, knowing that he could not pronounce my real name. He was very much pleased with this and repeated it again and again.

"Have you no people?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "but they are far away and I cannot reach them."

The chief expressed sympathy for me and promised to help me. This he did handsomely, sending six of his men to start me on my journey. They escorted me to within six hours' walk of a rubber camp. It took me but a few weeks more to reach the coast by way of the Branco River, where I took a steamer from Iquitos, Peru, to New York.

As I have related in another story, my three comrades who had gone by the other trail came through alive, and it is one of the most sincere wishes of my life that I may one day meet them again.



"We Had Not Proceeded Far Up the River When the Canoes Came to a Stop and Our Operator Began to Beat Upon His Instrument."

we discovered on the opposite side of a creek, some hundred yards distant, a wild hog rooting for food. We were on a slight elevation ourselves and under cover of the brush, the hog being exposed to view on the next knoll. Almost simultaneously my two companions fitted arrows to their bowstrings. Instead of shooting in the usual manner they placed the great and second toes of the left foot on the cord, and with their left arms gave the proper inclination to the bows, which were at the least seven feet long. With a whirr the poisoned arrows left the weapons, and while the cords still twanged saluted gracefully about, describing a hyperbola, dropped with a speed which made them almost invisible, and plunged into the animal at each side of his neck a little distance back of the base of the skull.

The hog dropped in his tracks, and I doubt if he could have lived even though the arrows had not been poisoned. Tying his feet together with vegetable fibers, we slung the body over a heavy branch and carried it to the maloca. All the way the Indians disputed as to who was the owner of the carcass. From time to time they put their burden on the ground to gesticulate and argue. I thought they would come to blows, and when they appealed to me I declared that the arrows had descended so rapidly that I had been unable to follow them with my eye and could not tell which had found the mark first. A few yards from the hut my two friends fell to arguing again, and a crowd collected about them, cheering first one, then the other. My suggestion that the game be divided was scoffed at. Such a thing would have been considered in a way mythical. Finally the dispute grew to such proportions, the relatives of each hunter joining in the debate, that the chief sent a messenger to learn what was the trouble.

Immediately the crowd dispersed and the combatants quieted. The messenger returned from the chief, saying that he would judge the case. With difficulty the hog was dragged through the door, if such the four foot high opening to the hut could be called, and the inhabitants crawled in afterward. The chief, decked out in a new set of nose feathers, larger and

Good One would reward him if he gave a decision favorable to the speaker.

When they had finished the chief turned to me.

"What would you do, white man?" he asked.

"I would give half to each," I replied.

"Ungh," grunted the chief, and there was no doubt that he held poor opinion of my logic.

The Chief's Decision.

In a very dignified manner he arose, examined the game very minutely, then scrutinized each of the disputants.

"The hog is mine," he said. "Go."

The matter was ended. There seemed to be no disposition to grumble or to appeal again to the chief's sagacity. The tribe applauded by grunting. At any rate the chief had shown no partisanship.

My life among the Mangeromas was for the greater part free from adventure, and yet I was more than once within an ace of meeting my end. In fact, I think I looked more squarely into the eyes of death in that peaceful little community than ever I did in the wilds of the jungles or in my most perilous adventures.

The little creek which ran near the maloca supplied the Indians with water for all purposes. What washing was done—and that was very little—was done at a distance down the stream, so as not to unfit the water for drinking, and whenever I was thirsty I was in the habit of stooping to the stream or scooping the fluid up in my curved hands. One morning I had been cramping through the jungle with a party of natives who were in search of foodstuffs. We were tired and hot, and my throat was parched almost beyond endurance when we came upon a stream which I took to be the same which ran by the maloca. My friends were at a little distance from me, beating through the brush. As I reached the water's edge I stooped to quench my thirst. Just before my lips touched the water the hunkchief which was about my neck became loosened and the end dangled in the brook directly in front of my mouth. I straightened partly and stuffed the wet end back into the neckband of my shirt. Then I stooped again. The cool water looked to me like the very elixir of life.

of the most terrible deaths a man can die. It seems that the Mangeromas often poison the streams below their drinking places in order to get rid of their enemies. In the present case it had been rumored at the maloca that a party of Peruvians might be coming up the river and this is always a signal for alarm among the Indians. Although you cannot induce a native of Brazil to go into the Indian country the Peruvians are more than willing to go there because of the girls. A band of Peruvians, or even two or three alone, will sneak close to the maloca, as a rule, force the door, which is always bolted against the force of shots into the hut. The Indians sleep, with their blow guns and bows suspended from the rafters and before they have collected their sleepy senses and procured their weapons the Peruvians in the confusion have carried away three or four of their girls. On this account the Mangeromas hate the Peruvians and will go to any extreme to compass their death.

The poisoning of the rivers is the favorite method, but this often results in injury to the innocent and even to their own people, though so delicate is their sense of smell that they can usually detect the odor of the poison if it is strong enough to kill.

Two mouthfuls of the water which I had attempted to drink, I was told, would have resulted in a death of agony before I could have risen from the stream.

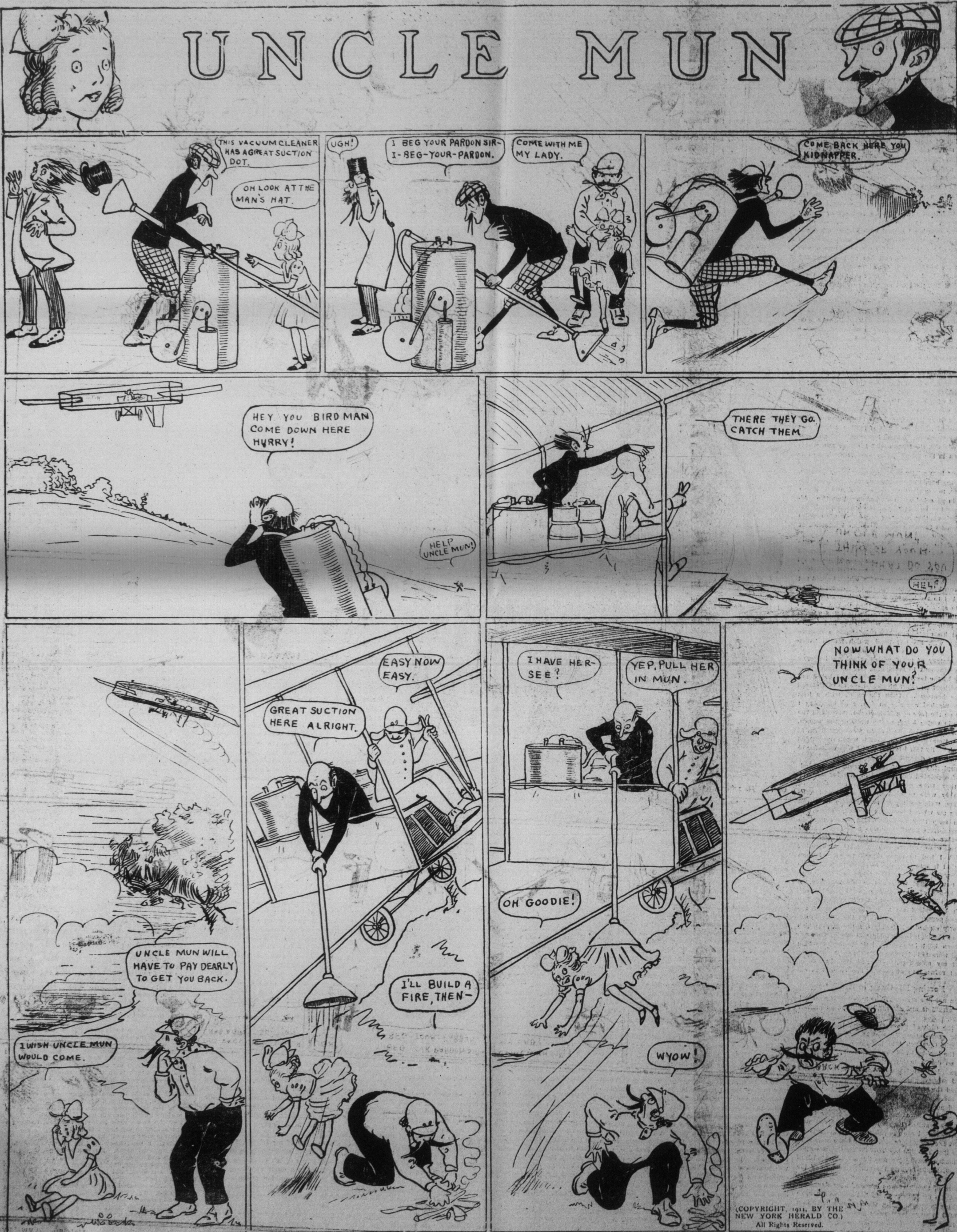
It seems strange to me that during all my stay among the Mangeromas, who were heathens and cannibals, I saw no signs of idolatry. They believed implicitly in a good and an evil spirit. The good spirit seemed merely to exist and was not very active. He took no especial interest in protecting man or in trying to guide him to a good life. He was purely passive.

The Evil One, on the other hand, was extremely energetic, and could be heard at nighttime shrieking and howling in his pursuit of those wandering alone in the forest. So thoroughly afraid is the Mangeroma of the Evil One that at night he bolts the only door to the maloca so closely that a mosquito could not crawl in. This keeps the evil spirit out, but it very nearly stifles one who is not accustomed to sleeping in such quarters. The men all sleep in hammocks, while the women have to content themselves with the bare ground. It is this fear that makes the Indians so easy a prey to the Peruvians, for not one of them remains outside the hut after dark, and they have thus no sentries.

Thinking to amuse some of my friends, I one day kindled a flame by means of my magnifying glass and a few dry twigs. A group of ten or twelve Indians had gathered, squatting in a circle about me, to see the wonder I was to show them, but at the first sign of the tiny flames they ran howling to the maloca. I stood nonplussed, the glass in my hand, until the chief emerged from the hut.

He asked me to show him what I had done. Two or three of his people crawled part way out of the maloca, but he ordered them back and watched my proceedings with the greatest intenceness. At last the little flames broke out in a pile of twigs. The chief was delighted and asked me to make him a present of the glass.

UNCLE MUN



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THIRTY-FOURTH

TO SUPPO
HOSPITAL

From the pulpit
churches on Sunday
and Roman Catholic
made to the proposed
B. & W. Hospital and
supporting the by-law
next Wednesday.

Rev. W. E. Beese,
occupied the pulpit
Evangelical Association
both morning and evening
following reference to
gregation, re the pulpit
of the Berlin-Waterloo
Hospital.

"If this By-law were
of any political interest
nothing to say about it.
But we cannot
of such an institution
from the idea of charity
therefore, quite natural
immediately interested
like the extension of
erloo Hospital should
ors of the various char-
able references to it
goes far toward distin-
tion from a health
Christianity goes hos-
tablished. The church
stands for the allevia-
the ministering to the
their healing mission.
In view of the apper-
the ratepayers on Wed-
week for the modest
to extend and improve
Waterloo Hospital."



MRS. W. M.
Regent, Princess of
Daughters of the Empire

that the By-law to raise
will be supported by
regardless of creed or
ernment Inspector. I
said that the operating
lacking in equipment
pairs and more room
necessary. What was
Waterloo be, in the o-
munities, without a
should not Berlin an-
one of the most up-
in the country, as
loving sympathy of
to those of our city
at any time need the
which such an institu-
sick? We believe it
a necessity, and that
and extension of the
is a pressing necessity
that the object of
may be accomplished
necessity that the pe-
vide the necessary fun-

King St. Bapt.
The Rev. Jos. Jan-
plea for the support
By-law yesterday at
vice. Mr. James spoke
the work which is b-
Hospital and urged
their influence and
the By-law, which was
the much needed ex-
tent plant. No wor-
or more Christian th-
the sick, and in view o-
and cities are doing
too must not lag behi-
not work.

Two great ree's
Theatrum tonight.



MRS. (DR.) G.
Acting Secretary P.
Chapter Daughters
Empire