

40TH YEAR, NO. 267.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 16638.

RATES FOR WANT ADS

1c per word for one insertion.
1/2c per word each subsequent insertion.
No advertisement less than 10 words.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

DIED.
BARCLAY—At Hyde Park, on Saturday, Aug. 9, 1902, Mary Barclay, widow of the late John Barclay, in the 84th year of her age.
Funeral from the residence of J. P. Fisher, on Monday, Aug. 11, at 4 o'clock p.m.; service at 9:30 a.m. at St. Thomas.

LANGFORD—At the home of the late, on 15, London Township, on Aug. 8, 1902, Thomas A. Langford, in his 72nd year.
Funeral Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2 p.m.; services at 1:30 p.m. and 4 p.m. and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Siloam Cemetery.

SUNDAY IN LONDON

What is Going On in the Leading Churches of the City

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. W. Hartley, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Tomorrow.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. George Jackson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. George Jackson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m. 7 p.m. Bible Class and Sabbath School, 8 p.m.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. K. Birk, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. H. Huser will preach at both services.

CRONIN MEMORIAL CHURCH—Rev. C. C. Owen, B.A., assistant. Rev. W. Woodrow, B.A., Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 8 p.m.

DUNDAS CENTRE METHODIST CHURCH—The pastor will preach both morning and evening. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Harrison, pastor. The pastor will preach morning and evening. Evening subject, "Patriotism." Mr. George Bell will sing.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesdays, 8 p.m. David S. Robb, C.S.B., First Reader.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—CORNER Wellington street and Dufferin avenue. Public services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Donald will preach at both services. Professor A. D. Jordan will give sacred organ recital, 9:30 to 9:50 p.m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Harrison, pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m., conducted by Rev. G. R. Fisher, B.A., St. Paul's Church, Toronto. Sunday School, 8:45 a.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST CHURCH—The pastor, both services, evening, "The Coronation of the King."

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Wilson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

LAITLAND STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. M. Carey, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, B.A., pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m., 8 p.m. Dr. Orangeville, 8 p.m. Rev. McKay, B.A., Sabbath School at 3 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Bayne, Pembroke, will preach at both services. Sabbath School at 3 p.m.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Services conducted by the pastor, Rev. Archdeacon Davis.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—MORNING—Ven. "Benedictus" (Te Deum) (St. Paul's Cathedral, Toronto). Rev. Canon Dunn, B.A., Evening—Ven. "Cantate Domino" (Trimmell), anthem, "Come and Let Us Return" (Jackson). Preacher, Rev. Canon Dunn, B.A.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. A. F. Swales, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. conducted by J. J. Baker, M.A. All seats free and all welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Morning, Rev. Mr. Boyd, evening, a special coronation sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hamilton. Special music, "The Church of the Future," by Mrs. H. E. Warner, of Montreal.

DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL. CUTTING, FITTING AND DESIGNING ladies' costumes, modern method. Experienced teachers. 237 1/2 Dundas street, London, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED. AGENTS WANTED TO SELL PORTLAND CEMENT, four sizes, of the Holburne Portland Cement Co., equal to the best of any brand. Send for sample, write to Geo. A. Cooper, Drawer 34, London.

HELP WANTED. WANTED—LADIES, ALSO MEN, TO copy testimonials at home and return to us; good pay; strictly genuine. Address Excelsior Manufacturing Company, B. Cleveland, O. 86-7.

FILIP STRIPPERS, BINDER STRIPPERS and bookers wanted. Brenner Bros., 120, 122 Horton street. 417

Pocock Bros. Pocock Bros.

Alteration .Sale.

A startling sacrifice of profits to reduce our stock. We offer the best values ever shown in London.

If you wish to make a shoe test try us on Women's Oxford Shoes, and judge the whole shoe store by them.

180 pairs Women's Dongola Oxford Shoes, all new styles, perfect fitting, sizes 2 1/2 to 8, widths A, E. Good value, \$1.75. Our special sale price

\$1.28.

Economize in...

Trunks, Valises and Satchels...

In this line our range is the most complete in the city.

Pocock Bros.

140 Dundas Street.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

SPRING-BANK.

Performance Every Night at 8:30.

THE BIGGEST YET!

Seventh Regiment Band, with permission of Lieut.-Col. J. W. Little and officers. Baseball match, football match, immense programme of sports (see small programme). Tag-of-war, balloon race, polo, driving, etc. Brilliant illumination of the Fairgrounds, dancing, etc. COME EVERYBODY.

E. E. C. FRUTHERS, Chairman of Committee; FRANK A. MCCORMICK, Secretary of Committee. 658-1235

SPRINGBANK AUDITORIUM

(NEXT WEEK)

1.—DION CATO—Electric singing.

2.—ARENO—Contortionist.

3.—LADELL TRIO—Comedy.

4.—E. WILL BENSLEY—Equilibrist.

5.—OZAV & DELMO—Jugglers.

Performances Every Evening at 8:30.

F. B. CLARKE'S (RICHMOND STREET, next Advertiser) office open tonight, 7:30 to 9 p.m. Tickets to the Old Country, Allan Line, Beaver Line, Cunard Line, Anchor Line and other lines.

\$2.30—LONDON TO DETROIT and return, Friday, Aug. 16; Saturday, Aug. 17; Sunday, Aug. 18. Boat, Coronation Day excursion by boat, F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Advertiser. ywt

BIG FIVE—EXCURSION TO CLEVELAND, Saturday, Aug. 23, by Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen of G. F. R. C. P. R. M. C. R. Wabash and L. E. and D. R. R. Steamship Shenango leaves London 6 a.m. Boat leaves London 10 p.m. Dayton's Orchestra on board. Fare, \$1.50; children, 75c. Privilege of staying till Monday night by paying 50c extra. 46n-26, 22, 9, 14, 16, 21

MALCABEE'S EXCURSION TO TORONTO, Saturday, Aug. 16, via Canadian Pacific Railway. Special train at 10 a.m. from London. Fare, \$1.50; good for three days. Picnic and games at Island Park. Public invited. Tickets at F. B. Clarke office and from committee. 66n

PHONOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENTS—I will provide evening's entertainment for schools, houses, parties, etc. Apply George Wilson, Hyde Park, Ont.

SULPHUR SPRINGS BATHS—OPEN 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Plunge bath now open. Hosiery bath, 2c; five tickets, \$1. Cole & Edmonds. 281-4

DANCING—SUMMER SEASON. PALACE Academy. Private lessons any hour. C. S. Academy for pianos, garden or lawn socials, etc. Terms moderate. Dayton & McCormick.

MEETINGS. SOVEREIGNS OF LAUREL CAMP, Woodmen of the World, are requested to meet at Sherwood Hall at 8:30 Sunday, Aug. 10, to attend unveiling of our 716 St. George's Hall monument. Sister camps invited. F. E. Clegg, Consul Commander; F. G. Browne, Clerk. b

HOUSES, ETC., TO LET. TO LET—COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE, newly repaired. No. 135 Central avenue. Apply A. N. Udy, 41 Richmond street.

PART OF HOUSE TO LET—FURNISHED or unfurnished, to quiet, reliable people; very central, also moderate terms. Apply 23 Dundas street. 281-4

THE SHOP NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. McLEOD, corner Dundas and Adelaide streets, will be to rent shortly; has been a grocery store, one of the best stands in London. Apply Lily's. 467

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN—Furniture carefully handled. John Riggs, Cathcart and Bruce, South London, late of London Furniture Company. Phone 214

Pocock Bros. Pocock Bros.

ROSS' SOFT FELT HATS FOR COOL EVENINGS

One of our Soft Felt Hats is just what you want for the cool evenings.

Special line of Light Pearl Hats at

.... \$2.00

196 Dundas Street.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—STRONG BOY TO LEARN fur trade. Apply at once, John McShall & Co. 56c

WANTED—GOOD CARPENTERS, AT once. Apply McCormick building. 56u

DETECTIVES WANTED—RELIABLE parties, all localities (experience unnecessary); self-addressed envelope for particulars. North American Detective Bureau, Chicago, Ill. b

WANTED—SHOEMAKER, TO START business at Dorchester; population, 400. Address for particulars, E. Williamson, Dorchester. 56c-wt

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 281-75

WANTED—MALE TEACHER, SECOND or third class for S. S. Nos. 1 and 1. London and Dorchester. Apply stating salary with testimonials to William Bell, Ealing, Ont. 571

WANTED—LITHOGRAPHIC STEAM press printer and good press feeder. Write today. McLeer Barber College, Chicago, Ill. 56c

YOUNG MAN—STATE AGE, WEIGHT, height, education, last employment (if any); must be energetic. Address Old House, Advertiser. 56c

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL. Section No. 11, West Nissouri. Apply Hugh McDonald, Cobble Hill. 56c

MEN—OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE explains how we teach the barber trade in eight weeks; mailed free. Learn how to prepare yourself for better wages and lighter work. Write today. McLeer Barber College, Chicago, Ill. 56c

WANTED—BLACKSMITH, WITH TWO or three years' experience; steady job. Address K. Home, Lucan, Ont. 56c

WANTED—BOYS, EMPLOYMENT during vacation. Apply Red Star News Company, 92 Dundas street.

STRONG BOY FOR SOAP FACTORY work. Apply London Soap Company.

WANTED—BOYS FROM 16 TO 18 years. McCormick Manufacturing Company. 517

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED—References required. Apply at once, 427 William street. 55c

WANTED A NURSE GIRL. APPLY 427 Waterloo street. 55c

GIRL WANTED TO DO HOUSEWORK. Apply 3 Wharfedale road, South London. b

WANTED AT ONCE—SERVANT GIRL for general housework; experienced and honest; wages, \$8 per month. Address Mrs. Jessie S. Long, Aneta, North Dakota. 56c

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT WANTED at once. Apply Mrs. C. J. Nichols, 632 Wellington street. 57c

GENERAL GIRL IN SMALL FAMILY, no washing. Apply Mrs. W. Masure, 72 Elmwood avenue, South London. 64

GIRL WANTED FOR MECHANICAL work. To begin at 2. W. E. Sanders, 252 Clarence street. 57u

COOK WANTED. APPLY COLLINS House. 517

CREAM DIPPER WANTED. APPLY McCormick Manufacturing Company. 517

GIRLS WANTED FOR FACTORY. Apply D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 507

KITCHEN GIRL WANTED. APPLY Fraser House. 417

WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE—NICELY-FURNISHED sitting room and bedroom, with board. Near street cars, privilege of bath. Address Box 49, Advertiser. 56u

LOST AND FOUND. LOST IN EACRETT'S BAZAR, PAIR of gold spectacles. Reward on return to 75 Richmond street. 56c

LOST—WEDNESDAY, AT PORT STANLEY, between Capt. Ellison's and depot, pair gold eyeglasses. Finder rewarded on leaving at Advertiser office. 57c

LOST—ON MONDAY LAST, SMALL bunch of latch-keys. Finder rewarded on leaving at this office. 57u

LOST—ON WEDNESDAY, LIGHT brown collie dog, with piece of rope or strap about neck; answers to name of "Collie." Reward at 673 York street. 56c

HOTEL CARDS.

HOTEL NORMANDY, 439 AND 441 Richmond street—Choice wines, liquors and cigars. T. F. Lewis, proprietor. b

OFFICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT—Excellent lunch counter, only one in city. W. J. Walsh, proprietor. 56c

ROYAL HOTEL—OPPOSITE G. T. R. depot. Central location. First-class. Every respect. Louis Risk, proprietor.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, MONTREAL—Centrally located and first-class in every respect. H. Hogan, proprietor.

WANTED—CITY LOAN COMPANIES' stocks. John H. H. stock broker, London, Ont. Phone 62.

BOARDING ROOMS, ETC. GENTLEMAN WISHES PLEASANT furnished room, central locality; permanently. Address Box 43, this office. 62g

REAL ESTATE.

There is no reason why your house will not sell or rent.

All it requires is some energetic party to place your property in the right light and in the right hands.

We are building up our reputation by attending to your wants.

Your interest is our interest. If you have not time to come and see us, we have time to go and see you.

DULMAGE & MOORHOUSE, Real Estate and Business Exchange, 6 Albion Block, Richmond Street, First Floor. ywt

THE HANDSOME RESIDENCE AND grounds of W. R. Hobbs, Esq., opposite Victoria Park, are offered for sale; large rooms, high ceilings; billiard room, heated throughout with steam; plumbing most improved and recently put in. For terms apply to R. G. Fisher, Messrs. Meredith & Fisher, Dundas street, city. 56c

FOR SALE—125 CATHART STREET, London South; brick cottage; stable; one acre; good fruit. Apply on premises. 56c

FOR SALE—FRAME HOUSE, SMALL, two acres of land; good fruit; good water; south of school house. Apply to Mrs. Alex Scott, Box 22, Belling P.O., London. 56u

FOR SALE—SIX ACRES MARKET garden, land, Good orchard, brick cottage, 100 ft. front, 100 ft. deep, 100 ft. wide; suitable for market garden; 4 1/2 miles from London market. Apply to J. W. Beattie, Belling P.O., or on premises. 56u-wt

WANTED—25 ACRES GOOD LAND near city, in exchange for city property. R. F. this office. 52n-wt

FARM FOR SALE—100 ACRES, LOT 4, 400 ft. front, 100 ft. deep, 100 ft. wide; never-failing well; school, church and postoffice convenient; good outbuildings. Apply Neil McShan, Bowwood, 806c-1

FOR SALE—HOUSE ON CHEAPSIDE; a bargain to quick purchaser. Casey & Woodrow, 90 Dundas street. 56c

FOR SALE—LOTS ON HELLMUTH avenue, 50 ft. front, 100 ft. deep; also four lots on Maryboro Place, cheap; also two lots near market. J. F. Sangster, 112 Main street, London. 56c

FARM FOR SALE NEAR STRATHROY—75 acres; good buildings and water. G. M. Maltaine, Strathroy. 56c

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET—Three blocks from Victoria Park. Apply Francis Lewis, police court. 517

REAL ESTATE.

The man who owns real estate is always conscious that he commands the respect of his neighbors. He knows that the real estate owner is always in a position to make money. Have you secured your holdings yet? If not, would like you to call on me.

We mention a few here, viz:

BUILDING LOTS. Florence street—Lot 4550, with new frame workshop. Price, \$1,200. 56c

Carl street—Four acres at the east end of the street. Very cheap. Write today. McLeer Barber College, Chicago, Ill. 56c

King street—Choice corner lot. Price, \$2,000. 56c

King street, near Fair Grounds—Lot 50204, to a lane. Price, \$450. 56c

COTTAGES. Simcoe street—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 6 rooms. Price, \$1,000. 56c

John street—Two-story frame, 8 rooms; lot 4343. Price, \$1,200. 56c

Ellis street—One and three-quarters story frame dwelling, 7 rooms; brick foundation, 100 ft. front, 100 ft. deep. Good cellar, well-built dwelling; lot 37414. Price, \$800. 56c

RESIDENCES. Queen's avenue—Two-story and attic brick, modern conveniences; lot 20310. Price, \$3,200. 56c

Stanley street—Large one-story brick dwelling, 10 rooms; modern conveniences; lot 2350. Price, \$2,500. 56c

Byron avenue—Two-story frame, brick, 8 rooms; furnace, bath, electric light, well-built dwelling; lot 37414. Price, \$800. 56c

Dundas street—Two-story and attic brick, stone foundation, slate roof, 12 rooms; modern conveniences; lot 57229. Price, \$7,000. 56c

King street—One and three-quarters story brick, 8 rooms; corner lot. Price, \$2,100. 56c

FARMS. 100 acres, McGillivray Township, in a very high state of cultivation; brick dwelling, splendid farm outbuildings. Price, \$20,000. 56c

175 acres, Westminster Township—Excellent farm; good brick dwelling and frame outbuildings. Price, \$12,500. 56c

225 acres, Lobo Township—Superior farm for either grain or stock and grazing; good brick dwelling, frame barn and outbuildings. Price, \$12,500. 56c

LOANS. Money to loan in sums of \$100 and upwards to complete business, built (money advanced as building progresses), remodel the old house, and pay off old mortgages. 56c

A. A. CAMPBELL, Real Estate and Investments, Molebans Bank Buildings, LONDON, ONT. C. H. ARTHUR, Field Manager. Phone 642.

LONDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY. Shanty Estate, 201 Piccadilly street; 100 ft. front, 100 ft. deep, 100 ft. wide; grounds; cheap to close the estate. 32 Mount Pleasant avenue, London West, good 8-roomed house and barn; English cottage, brick, 7 rooms, \$1,200 for quick sale. 1002 Florence street, nice 6-roomed frame cottage; must be sold. Villa residence, Woodward avenue, West London, nice home, \$1,300. Choice lots in Renwick Estate, \$2 per acre. Leblanc Estate, Grey street, 14-roomed brick residence, at an immense sacrifice. To rent—Modern 3-roomed brick house, 110 Cartwright street, good 6-roomed cottage, 380 Richmond street, 600 Richmond street, nice home. W. D. BUCKLE. 56c

P. Walsh's Bulletin. Grosvenor street—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern conveniences; good lot. Price, \$2,100. 56c

112 St. James street—New two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements; lot 40130. Price, \$3,000. 56c

303 Queen's avenue—New two-story brick house, 9 rooms, modern improvements; good lot. Price, \$3,500. 56c

271 Centre avenue—Two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements; nice lot. Price, \$2,500. 56c

112 Colborne street—Two-story frame house on brick foundation, 8 rooms; nice lot. Price, \$1,500. 56c

Victoria street—Frame cottage, 6 rooms; in good order; frame barn, with one acre. 56c

13 Tecumseh avenue—One and a half story frame, 7 rooms; in good order, with large lot. Price, \$1,500. 56c

211 St. James street—A new frame cottage, 6 rooms; lot 2513. Price, \$1,000. 56c

Two splendid lots on Piccadilly street. Two lots on Egerton street. Lots on the Hamilton road, close to the rolling mills. Lots on Malting and Hill streets. P. WALSH. 56c

Phone 1,061. 110 Dundas St. Phone 96. 62 Richmond Street. ywt

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—PONY, CART AND HARNESS. Address 127 Horton street. 56u

FOR SALE—CHILD'S BUGGY, VERY cheap. Apply after 5 p.m., 185 St. James street. 57c

FOR SALE—TWENTY-FIVE PAIRS of white and black Fantail, Pouter, and Homing pigeons, at 673 York street. 56n

LADIES—USE OUR HARMLESS remedy for delayed or suppressed period. It cannot fail. Trial free. Paris Chemical Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 40n-1

THIS IS THE WEEK TO BUY YOUR raspberry, red and black. We expect a few nice red cherries and black currants this week. Choice new house, in sections, extra full, 2 for 50c. T. A. Faulds, 13 Market House. Phone 151. ywt

WE KEEP THE BEST VARIETY OF smoked meats, hams, 50c per lb.; roll, bacon, 10c per lb.; Bologna and fresh sausage, 10c at Stalls 1 to 5, Market House, 7 Park, old stand. 56c

FULL LINE OF FISHING POLES, line, die making, rods, cartridges, etc. Lowest prices. D. McKenzie & Co., 234 Richmond street. 56c

\$13.00 WILL BUY A \$18.00 BEDROOM dresser, with marble top and mirror, this week at Keene Bros' new store, 125 and 127 King street. 56c

SNAP—GOOD PIANO, ROSEWOOD case, 7 1/2 octaves; in first-class condition and warranted for 5 years. Only \$100 on easy terms of payment. Helzmann & Co., 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence. 56c

SUMMER WOOD-PER LOAD, \$1.50 Cash. Also coal and hard wood. Buchanan's, 623 Colborne. Phone 1,096. 56c

WOOD FOR SALE—WE CAN SUPPLY ENGINE COMPANY, 133 Dundas street, leading east end wood yard. Phone 1,312. 56c

IMPERIAL BICYCLES, STRICTLY high grade, \$25 and upwards. J. H. Cunningham, 664 Dundas street. 56c

BUSINESS CARDS.

IRON TURNING, PLANING, DRILLING, die making, pipe and bolt threading, repairing, polishing, grinding, special machinery, THE CANADIAN FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, Limited, East Simcoe street, London. 56c

OUR CURLY BANGS ARE A GEM FOR hot weather. See them. Comings Brothers, 111 Miller's Hair Store, 222 Dundas street. 56c

WATSON & CO. HOUSE MOVERS. Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. Phone 1,231. 56c

WILLIAM HODGSON, PAINTER, paperhanger, Estimates free. 410 Horton street. 56c

VETERINARY SURGEONS. J. H. TENNANT, VETERINARY SURGEON, 127 King street, near King

CORONATION OF EDWARD AND ALEXANDRA KING AND QUEEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

**His Majesty Went Through the Ceremony Apparently
With Little Effort and Without Interruption.**

**Coronation Ceremony Took
Place at 12:39 P.M.**

ROYAL PARTY RETURN AT 2:55

**Enthusiastic Thousands View the
Procession—His Majesty Strong—
The Queen Brilliant.**

"THE KING."

We are the sons of men who gave
The glory to our name,
And we uphold on land or wave
Our Empire's deathless fame.
The glorious flag beneath which we
live
Is still our pride and boast,
But prouder far we give
With loving hearts this toast—
"The King!"

Our story of a thousand years
A Briton's heart inspires,
And every British son reveres
The memory of his sires;
While tempests rage and breezes
blow
Around our nation's coast,
In every clime which Britons know
Shall be the loyal toast—
"The King!"

Crowned with the jewels of our love,
Which more than priceless are,
Their sacred light to him shall prove
The Briton's guiding star;
At its will shine as it has shone,
Till time in death is lost,
E'en then one voice shall give alone
The ever loyal toast—
"The King!"
—William Allan.

London, Aug. 9.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned in Westminster Abbey shortly after noon today. Though the ceremony was bereft of some of the elaborations and pageantry originally, it lacked little in the way of spectacular perfection. The whole ceremonial was of a magnificently decorative character, and presented a constant changing panorama around the two central figures enthroned in their robes of velvet ermine and cloth of gold, amidst the distinguished assemblage of actors, the fulfillment of whose various roles necessitated constant movement.

Each stage of the ceremony, with its old world usages, furnished its quota of interest, while the interior of the noble church, filled, as it was, with officiating prelates in vari-colored capes, with princes and diplomats, officers in gold-laced uniforms, with heralds, pursuivants and other officers of state in medieval costumes, with peers and peeresses in rich robes, with oriental potentates in many-hued raiment, with men of all types and all shades of complexion, from distant points of the new crowned monarch's empire, with its dazzling display of jewels and wealth of color, presented a picture which in combined brilliancy and distinction has seldom been excelled.

CORONATION BULLETINS.

London, Aug. 9.—12:27 p.m.—The King was crowned at 12:39 p.m.

10:59 a.m.—The King's procession left the palace at 10:57 a.m., amid salves of cheers.

11 a.m.—The head of the procession reached the abbey at 10:50 a.m. The bells were pealed and the bands played "God Save the King."

11:05 a.m.—The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at the abbey at 11:04 a.m.

11:13 a.m.—The King and Queen, who brought up almost the rear of the procession, left the palace gates at 11 a.m. amidst wild cheering, which their majesties acknowledged by repeated bowing. The regalia was reconsecrated in the abbey at 10 o'clock, the choir singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

11:35 a.m.—The royal princesses, gorgeously dressed, entered the royal box of the abbey at 11:10 a.m. Their majesties arrived at the abbey annex at 11:15 a.m.

It was announced at Buckingham Palace at 8:15 this morning that King Edward was in excellent health and spirits.

CAUGHT OUTSIDE THE BARRIERS

London, Aug. 9.—The street barriers were closed at 10 o'clock. Prime Minister Balfour and Lord Rosebery were caught outside. They were obliged to alight from their carriages and walk to the abbey. At 10 o'clock the King's nurses drove up to the abbey in a royal carriage as guests of his majesty. They received an ovation from the crowd. The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales reached the abbey at 10:20 and were wildly cheered.

The Prince and Princess of Wales,

escorted by the Life Guards, left St. James' Palace at 10:46.

11:31 a.m.—The Prince of Wales took his place in the abbey, in a chair directly in front of the peers at 11:12 a.m. The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in white sailor suits, who were the first occupants of the royal box, immediately after they were seated, buried their heads in the huge red programme.

ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

11:40 a.m.—As the King's procession emerged on the Horse Guards Parade the enthusiasm of the crowd almost caused a catastrophe. The people burst through the cordon of troops and threatened to overwhelm the procession. Fortunately they were forced back and order was restored.

11:45 a.m.—When the Prince of Wales was seated he placed his coronet at his feet. His robes were almost identical with those of the peers. The princess was the cynosure of all the women in the abbey.

11:51 a.m.—The King and Queen entered the west door of the abbey at 11:34 a.m., the choir singing "I was glad when they said unto me."

12:16 p.m.—The recognition in the abbey has been completed.

12:39 p.m.—The anointing in the abbey was concluded at 12:27 p.m.

12:52 p.m.—The news of the crowning was announced by an official outside the abbey. It was repeated by signal through London, and was received with cheers, which spread throughout the stands and crowds far up the streets, as the bells pealed joyfully.

CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

1:10 p.m.—The Queen was crowned at 12:56 p.m.

The following changes were made in the programme of the street procession: In the first carriage Princess Alice of Albany took the place of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. In the fifth carriage Princess Victoria Patricia replaced Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In the sixth carriage rode, instead of Princess Victoria Patricia, the Duke of Sparta. Crown Prince Charles of Denmark occupied the place in the seventh carriage which the Duke of Sparta was to have taken. Lady Alexandra Duff rode in the eighth carriage in the place of Crown Prince Charles of Denmark.

In the King's procession in the first carriage, after the King's barge-master, and twelve watermen, Hon. A. V. Spencer and H. E. Festing, pages of honor, replaced Sir Acland Hood and Sidney Robert Greville. In the second carriage Hon. Victor Christian Cavendish, treasurer of his majesty's household, was replaced by Sidney Robert Greville. Field Marshal Lord Wolseley's place in the third carriage was taken by Lord Chelmsford. These carriages were followed by four native Indian officers, acting as aides to the commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts.

London, Aug. 9.—2:12 p.m.—As their majesties were leaving the abbey rain commenced to fall, and they returned and deferred their departure until the rain ceased. They left at 2:06 p.m.

2:57 p.m.—The King and Queen arrived at the palace at 2:55 p.m.

A BRILLIANT SUNRISE

Marked the Morning, But Threatening Clouds Soon Gathered.

London, Aug. 9.—A brilliant sunrise promised perfect weather for Coronation Day, but long before the ceremonies threatening clouds gathered, and the early arrivals on the route of the procession came provided against contingencies. The earlier crowds were in no wise as large as it had been generally anticipated they would be. Many enthusiasts, with camp stools and ample supplies of provender had spent the night on the best coigns of vantage that could be secured and were in the same positions at 6 o'clock this morning. At that hour the troops began to take up their allotted stations, and policemen, three paces apart, lined the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey.

Up to 7 o'clock there were certainly more police than sightseers visible, but after that time there was a rapid increase in the number of spectators, suburban trains and trams emptying thousands of persons every few minutes into the stations adjacent to the procession route. East End London residents also flocked westward in such numbers that the streets east of Temple Bar became oppressively silent and deserted.

Most of the best positions along the route of the procession were thickly crowded by 8 o'clock, and the spectators were furnished with plenty of diversion by the marching and counter-marching of the troops headed by their bands, and quickly-passing state coaches, private carriages, and automobiles. Buckingham Palace, naturally, was one of the principal centers of interest, as it was the starting point of the great pageant. Crowds

assembled there in immense numbers and the FIRST HEARTY CHEER OF THE DAY

went up when the news was circulated that King Edward was in the best of health and spirits and well equipped to undergo the fatigue of the day. By 9:30 the scene in the vicinity of the palace and the Mall was extremely animated. The roof of the palace, and those of all the surrounding buildings, were crowded with spectators, and the constantly arriving members of the royal family, with their suites and the appearance of the cheering participants in the procession, elicited cheers varying in degree of enthusiasm according to the popularity of the personages recognized by the people.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, who rode down the Mall in an automobile, for the purpose of seeing that the military arrangements along the route were complete, was enthusiastically cheered. Almost as animated was the scene in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey, where bands of music stationed about the building relieved the tedium of the early waiting, and soon after the doors were opened state coaches, carriages and automobiles rattled up in a ceaseless line, the rich apparel of their occupants eliciting hearty approval, which, however, was surpassed by the reception accorded to the men of the Naval Brigade as they marched past at a swinging pace to take up a favored position guarding the route, near the abbey.

THE COLONIAL PREMIERS and the privy councillors were warmly welcomed, the Tijiars, in petticoats, the center of much interest, and a red Indian chief, in his native costume, feathers and blanket, decorated with the customary mirrors, caused the most lively amusement.

As the hour appointed for the departure of the royal procession approached the excitement about Buckingham Palace was marked. Punctual to time, the advance guard of the royal cavalcade issued from the archway, the horses of the troopers curvetting nervously as they faced the wall of humanity that parted for their coming. Shortly afterwards came the Prince and Princess of Wales' procession, and finally within a few minutes their majesties' state coach appeared at the gateway.

THE KING AND QUEEN smiled and bowed in response to the mighty roar of cheers that dwarfed all previous welcomes.

The scene in the vicinity was remarkable. On the roof of the palace were perched a number of the most distinguished ladies, members of the household, and their cheers, with the fluttering of their hankerschiefs, as the King and Queen entered the royal coach gave the signal for the deafening plaudits of the populace, which greeted their majesties as they emerged from the gates. The ovation was taken up by the crowds which thronged the Mall, and was repeatedly augmented by the occupants of the state coach.

THE KING LOOKED PALE.

The King looked pale, and rather fine drawn, and was by no means as brown and robust as previous reports had led one to expect, and while he punctiliously bowed and smiled, he did so with a gravity very unusual to him. He seemed to sit rather far back in the carriage, and moved his body very little. His curious crimson robes and cap, the most striking feature of which, simply a band of ermine with a crimson velvet top, doubtless gave him the unusual appearance.

THE QUEEN RADIANT.

The Queen, beside him, was radiant. She never looked better. The cheers which greeted the pair were loud and rollicking, and very different from the perfunctory applause which usually greets the appearance of members of the royal family.

The three processions to the abbey were carried out according to programme, and the only striking features of the first two were the gorgeous state carriages and the beautiful trappings and horses.

The crowd paid but little attention to the occupants of the vehicles. The Prince of Wales sat quietly in his carriage, but the Princess of Wales had a most smiling and happy face, and it was not till the King's procession came that there was any show of enthusiasm. Lord Kitchener, Admiral Seymour and Gen. Gaselee, and they rode together, came in for much attention, but they all seemed to look straight ahead, and pay little attention to the people along the route.

Lord Kitchener, in the resplendent full-dress uniform of a general, also looked unfamiliar, and many persons did not recognize him. The three carriages were undoubtedly the most picturesque feature of the procession, while the state coach of the King, drawn by the four horses, which were the finest of all the late Queen Victoria's possessions, seemed each more fairyland-like than usual.

SLIGHT ACCIDENT.

The progress of the royal cortege was marked by no special incident, with exception of an accident which occurred when Lord Pelham Clinton, one of the grooms in waiting, in a continued triumph and reached its climax on the arrival at the abbey, where the King's carriage of unparalleled enthusiasm, which did not cease until their majesties disappeared in the annex.

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A Brilliant and Most Impressive Spectacle Presented.

AT THE ABBEY

In Westminster Abbey the doors of that edifice were scarcely opened and the gold-sticks and ushers had barely found their stations, before the seats began to fill. Peers and peeresses swept up the nave, their scarlet and blue making vivid contrasts with the deep blue of the carpet. As they arrived before the thrones they separated, the peers going to the right and the peeresses to the left. Even when practically empty, the abbey presented an interesting picturesque effect, the odd seats being practically covered by a large white cloth. The service commenced with the reconsecration of the regalia. The procession of the clergy with the regalia then proceeded from the altar to the annex, all present standing up and the choir singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

center of which was placed a small deep red book of service.

Without the tapestries or light furnishings of the tiers upon tiers of seats, which rose 50 feet high, the combination of white and red programmes by half a dozen rows of chairs in white satin, relieved only by the crimson of the seats. Beyond the structural decorations for the seating of the spectators, there was little attempt at any display, and the old gray arches lent their stately perspective to the scene, untouched by flags or any gleam of color.

The entire scheme had been carried out with the most perfect order, and did not seem out of place. A peculiarly beautiful effect was presented by the King's and Queen's boxes, comprising half a dozen rows of chairs in white satin, relieved only by the crimson of the seats. Beyond the structural decorations for the seating of the spectators, there was little attempt at any display, and the old gray arches lent their stately perspective to the scene, untouched by flags or any gleam of color.

GLITTERING ARRAY OF PLATE.

The various chairs to be used by the King and Queen in the service attracted special attention, but what inevitably caught the eye was the glittering array of a.d. plate, brought from various royal depositories, ranged along the chancel and behind the altar. Amidst these surroundings, the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, resplendent in white knickerbockers and heavily embroidered coat, hurried to and fro, directing the final touches.

By 10 o'clock the interior of the abbey presented a blaze of color. Along the nave, which was lined by Grooms, every chair was taken up by high officers of the army and navy, and others in equally handsome equipment.

On top of the arch separating the nave from the chancel, sat the surpliced orchestra. In stalls within, with the other ambassadors, were the United States ambassador, Joseph H. Choate, and Mrs. Choate, and many officials.

During the long wait, Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist, who was commissioned to paint the coronation scene in the abbey, and who wore court uniform, took careful note of the surroundings for the historic picture ordered by the King. The King answered in firm, strong tones, "I am willing," etc., his replies being easily heard high up in the triforium near the roof. Then the inkstand was brought and the King signed the oath. He did not advance to the altar, but sat in the chair he had occupied since the service began.

While the choir sang "Come, Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire," the King remained seated and the Queen stood up. After the archbishop's anointing prayer a gold canopy was brought over the King's chair, and his majesty divested himself of his outer robe and then walked to the altar, where he knelt, and from a scarlet silken roll on which the prayers were printed in large type and which was held by the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury read the prayers and delivered the sword to the King, who did not go to the altar, the sword being taken to him by the Dean of Westminster, while his majesty remained standing. The armilla and the orb were then delivered to the King, according to the programme.

THE SERVICE.

The service commenced with the reconsecration of the regalia. The procession of the clergy with the regalia then proceeded from the altar to the annex, all present standing up and the choir singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

Proceeding the regalia came the boys of Westminster Abbey, followed by the children of the Chapel Royal and the choir, in royal uniforms.

The Duke of Connaught took his place beside the Prince of Wales in the abbey as the procession entered, bowing as he passed the Prince. The Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in front of the coronation chair, and the Earl of Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor, seated himself by his side. Several minutes elapsed, however, before the King and Queen came in sight of those gathered about the throne. Suddenly "VIVAT ALEXANDRA!"

was shouted by the boys of Westminster.

and the Queen, walking slowly to the left of the throne, gained her chair and knelt at a silken prie dieu, her magnificent train of cloth-of-gold being lifted out of her way by six scarlet-coated pages.

Two or three minutes later came the cry from the Westminster boys of

"VIVAT REX EDWARDUS!"

with blasts from trumpets. Yet there was another wait.

"What has become of the King?" was asked by people who were shut out from sight of the nave. The Queen waited patiently, the organ ceased, and then resumed; there was another fanfare of trumpets, another chorus of "Vivats!" and King Edward appeared and walked to his chair in front of the throne, bowing to the Queen as he passed, and then knelt in prayer. After removing his cap his majesty stood up, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a trembling voice, read the recognition, beginning: "Sirs, I here present to you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm," etc.

GOD SAVE KING EDWARD!

Then there was a hoarse shout, and the blending of the choir and the people, women and men, in the cry "God save King Edward!" Several times this was repeated, and the abbey rang with loud fanfares. Again the King and Queen knelt, and the Archbishop of Canterbury walked to the altar and commenced the communion.

While the gospel was being read the King stood erect, supported on each side by the bishops in their heavily embroidered copes. During the singing of the Creed all the members of the royal family turned eastward. Both King Edward and Queen Alexandra followed the service carefully, frequently looking back at the choir, the service which they held in their hands.

THE OATH.

The administration of the oath followed. Standing before the King's chair, the archbishop asked: "Sirs, is your majesty willing to take the oath?" The King answered in firm, strong tones, "I am willing," etc., his replies being easily heard high up in the triforium near the roof. Then the inkstand was brought and the King signed the oath. He did not advance to the altar, but sat in the chair he had occupied since the service began.

CLOSING CEREMONIES.

After the prayer the King donned the Colubium sindonis, then resumed his seat, and from a scarlet silken roll on which the prayers were printed in large type and which was held by the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury read the prayers and delivered the sword to the King, who did not go to the altar, the sword being taken to him by the Dean of Westminster, while his majesty remained standing. The armilla and the orb were then delivered to the King, according to the programme.

When the King held out his hand for the ring, the Archbishop of Canterbury had difficulty in finding it, but

finally with trembling hands, he placed it on the tip of his majesty's finger, reading the prayer simultaneously. The King himself completed the process of putting on the ring as he withdrew his hand.

PLACING THE CROWN.

Later the archbishop had similar difficulty, owing to short sightedness, in placing the crown on the King's head. In fact, the choir started "God Save the King" while the Archbishop of Canterbury was still striving to place the crown on the ruler's head, and a great shout went up and the electric lights were turned on.

JOYBELLS.

As the acclamations died away the clanging of the joybells, the noise of guns and the shouting of the people outside penetrated into the abbey, where the King still sat, motionless, his dazzling crown on his head and his scepter held firmly in his hand. After singing "Be strong and play the man," and the presentation of the Bible, the King arose and knelt, touching the crown as a sign of fealty. He then walked to the great throne, where he stood on the dais for the first time surrounded by nobles. The Archbishop of Canterbury followed, the King being obliged to stand while awaiting the arrival of the archbishop.

Having placed the King into his new throne the archbishop knelt and paid homage, the aged prelate scarcely being able to rise until the King assisted him, and himself raised the archbishop's hand from the steps of the throne. The archbishop, who seemed to be in a faint, had to practically be carried to the altar.

CARRIED TO THE ALTAR.

The incident created considerable excitement, and several prelates rushed forward to help the prelate.

The next person to pay homage to His Majesty was the Prince of Wales, who knelt until King Edward held out his hand, which he kissed, after touching the crown as a sign of fealty. The Prince of Wales then started to return to his seat, when the King drew him back and put his arms around him and kissed him. After this the King once more gave the prince his hand, this time to shake, and the hearty vigor of King Edward's grasp showed that his hand at any rate had not lost its strength.

The Duke of Norfolk (as earl marshal), accompanied by representatives of each grade of the nobility, read the oath beginning: "I, Duke of Norfolk, being your loyal man of life and limb," etc. The respective representatives next touched the crown and kissed the King's cheek, the Duke of Norfolk being the only peer to read the oath. This portion of the service was considerably shortened.

CROWNING THE QUEEN.

The Queen then rose, and accompanied by her entourage, proceeded to the altar steps, where, under a pall of cloth of gold, she was quickly crowned by the Archbishop of York, supported by the bishops. She was then led to the throne beside that in which the King sat, and her enthronization was accomplished.

The Queen bowed to King Edward, and both walked to the altar and received the communion, after delivery of their crowns to the Lord Great Chamberlain and another officer appointed to hold them. The pages, while their majesties knelt, still held the Queen's magnificent long train, with the rest of the nobles present kneeling. The whole spectacle was most impressive and was made more brilliant owing to the electric light.

KING WAS STRONG.

By a great effort the Archbishop of Canterbury was enabled to conclude the service, and the King and Queen repaired to St. Edward's Chapel. Neither of their majesties returned to their thrones after the communion, but remained at the altar. The service, which was completed with the singing of the Te Deum, was brought to a close without a hitch. The King exhibited no outward traces of fatigue.

WANT BRITISH CO-OPERATION.

London, Aug. 9.—The Times' Brussels correspondent, commenting on the meeting between the Kaiser and the Czar, quotes, the Independent Belge, which says: German politicians deceive themselves grossly if they hope to drag Russia into an anti-British policy merely to allow the Kaiser to realize their own project. If ever there is an understanding made between the dual and triple alliances, it is to be hoped it will not be against England. The interest of Europe in the inevitable economic war with America is to obtain British co-operation, or at least neutrality. The Red Eagle on a number of mistakes to run counter to Britain at the outset, and could not assist in preventing American triumph in the domain of production.

THE KAISER'S TOUR.

The German imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William on board, sailed for Wisby, Sweden, this afternoon. During their stay here the Czar and Emperor were constantly together, and their intercourse was of the most cordial character. Count Von Buelow and Count Lamsdorf also were in prolonged conference. Before his departure the German Emperor conferred the Alexander Nevsky Order on Count Von Alsterberne, the German ambassador to Russia.

ANGLO-CANADIAN STEEL COMBINATION.

The Birmingham correspondent of the London Times confirms the report from Montreal, of the formation of an Anglo-Canadian steel combination. It includes Guest, Keen & Co., Bolckow, Vaughan & Co., Sir Christopher Furness and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. Arrangements are contemplated with the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways and the new British-Canadian steamship service. The new combination represents a capital of \$250,000,000. It is uncertain yet whether a single company or a pooling arrangement will be effected.

CABLE NOTES.

Right Rev. W. C. Pinkham, D.D., bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, is seriously ill in London.

A Vienna correspondent hears that Emperor Menlik of Abyssinia told a friend recently that he would soon make a tour of Europe, but had not decided on the date.

A London cablegram says: It is believed that the British Government will agree to the proposition of the Morgan syndicate to use their ships in the event of necessity. The Elder Dempster-Allen-Furness combination will use every effort to get a favorable consideration of their fast line system.

Saturday Was Opening Day at Knollwood Park,

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20

WILL BE CLOSING DAY



**After Closing Day the Price of Every Lot
Unsold Will Be Advanced 10 Per Cent.**

Half the Lots Already Sold

Remember that our Lots, Prices and Terms

Cannot Be Duplicated About London.

THE FREE CAR RUNS, AND AGENTS WILL BE ON THE LAND EVERY DAY.

Until August 20 the Price of All Lots Will Be
\$17 to \$62 Cash, or \$19 to \$69 on Installments.
\$2 to \$5 Down, 50c to \$1 Weekly.

THESE ARE BED ROCK PRICES THAT CAN'T BE DUPLICATED ABOUT LONDON.

Free Lots Case of Death.
Free Conveyance.
No Interest.

NO FORFEITURE FOR NON-PAYMENT
IN CASE OF SICKNESS, LOSS OF EMPLOYMENT, OR ANY REASONABLE CAUSE.

No Mortgages.
No Notes.
No Taxes.
No Expenses.

LONDON OFFICE, 206 DUNDAS STREET

Head Office, Devonshire Building, Boston, Mass.

Whiskard's Three Busy Stores

228, 230, 232 Dundas St.

Specials in Hosiery.

YOU may buy hosiery here and feel perfectly easy in mind and correspondingly richer in purse. Every pair in the following list is fast color. Rub 'em, scrub 'em, drub 'em, and when you finish the water is clear, so far as dye stuff is concerned. It is wise economy to buy hosiery at the **THREE BUSY STORES.**

LADIES' COTTON HOSE, a saving to be made on each pair, but not at the expense of the material or workmanship, regularly 15c, now 12½c pair.

A special line in **LADIES' COTTON HOSE** at a price that will make the buying more enthusiastic than ever—10c pair.

LADIES' COTTON HOSE, an advantageous offering, 15c pair.

Children's Fine Cotton Hose, 10c, 12c, 15c and 20c.

Boys' Ribbed Cotton Hose, all sizes, 25c pair.

TRIBBED CASHMERE HOSE, 3½, 3, 2½, only 15c pair, although worth more and usually sold for more.

LADIES' DROPSIT HOSE will be sold for the low price of 25c per pair while the stock lasts.

PRINTS AND MUSLINS.

Use these summer stuffs as you will, they'll prove honest in color, making and wear. Hence it's no wonder the bargain interest in this department increases day by day; the goods being splendidly reduced in price as well as reliable in every way.

VICTORIA LAWS, wide width, exceptionally good value, 10c, 12c, 15c and 20c yard.

Linen Laws, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c yard.

WHITE LONGBLE CAMBRIE very desirable and to be had for less money than you think, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c yard.

FANCY APRON MUSLINS, tucked, plenty of solid wear as well as beauty in 'em, 12c, 15c, 20c yard.

Fancy Open-work Apron Muslins, 25c to 30c yard.

A special line of **REGULAR 10c AND 12½c PRINTS,** slightly damaged, will be closed at 5c yard.

MERCERIZED LAWS—The smartest thing the prudent housewife can do is to buy liberally of these 25c goods while they are marked 10c and 12½c yard.

White Piques, plain, 12c; fancy, 10c, 12c and 15c yard.

LADIES' GLOVES.

You'll like these lines of gloves, because they're underpriced. Not a single pair but will fit your hands, please your eyes and in short give general satisfaction.

LADIES' BLACK SILK TAFFETA GLOVES, all sizes, but only one price, and at a low one, 25c.

Ladies' Taffeta Gloves, with white and colored stitching, buttoned, 25c pair.

Ladies' White Lisle Gloves, some fasteners, 30c to 35c pair.

Ladies' Black Silk Gloves, sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, 40c pair.

Special line in Ladies' Black Taffeta Gloves, three dome fasteners, in sizes 6, 7½ only; regularly 35c, for 25c pair.

GREAT CORSET VALUES.

There's no abatement to the enthusiasm knowing buyers have aroused over our Corset offerings. And why should there be? They are too good to be lost track of by those who appreciate genuinely marked-down articles.

Straight Front Summer Corsets, all sizes, 50c pair.

Ladies' Corsets, regular 75c, for 47c, in sizes 13, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25 and 26.

Girdle Summer Corsets, all sizes, 50c pair.

Children's Waists, all sizes, 15c each.

Misses' Corset Waists, all sizes, 50c each.

UNDERSKIRTS.

An opportune purchase brings in a beautiful line of **LADIES' BLACK SATANA UNDERSKIRTS,** regularly sold at \$1.25, now \$1.00 each.

Special lot of Black Satana Underskirts, selling at \$1.59 each.

A few of our Colored Underskirts left over, were \$1.25, now \$1.00 each.

SANFORD AND HIS RESCUERS

Hero of the Well Able to Get Around—Presentation of Medals Aug. 13.

Paris, Ont., Aug. 8.—Mayor Brown has received word from Mr. Adam Brown, president of the Canadian Royal Humane Association, to the effect that the medals awarded to Joshua Sanford's rescuers will be presented at King's Ward Park on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th inst. There will be five medals and a number of parchments distributed.

Messrs John Carmie, Robert Hamilton, George Wentworth, George Blanchard and David Mott will each receive a medal. The list of those entitled to a parchment has not been made public yet.

Mr. Sanford has so far recovered that he is able to be about town, and may go home in a few days. It is likely he will be at the presentation, which will be made by President Adam Brown.

METHODIST STATISTICS

An Increase of 84 Churches Over Last Year.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—Returns to Rev. George H. Cornish, general conference statistician of the Methodist Church, show that there are 3,413 churches, an increase of 84 over last year. The number of parsonages is 1,208, an increase of 76. The value of the churches and furnishings is \$11,339,410, an increase of \$329,009; value of the parsonages and furnishings, \$2,173,644, increase \$148,832; value of burial grounds, \$189,649, increase \$20,061; total value of church property, \$14,190,903, increase \$717,522. The total church and parsonage debts amount to \$2,230,840, which is \$350,171 less than in 1901.

The World Needs Nerve.

Needs it in business, in the study, in the household. Irritability, weakness, lack of strength—these things why they just tell you that you lack nerve. You'll use Ferro-China? My! What an appetite you'll get. How quickly the color will return to your cheeks, how buoyant you will feel. Work of course you'll work, for you will enjoy that. That is, if you will use Ferro-China. It gives nerve strength, muscular endurance, invigorates the brain splendidly. Sold by W. T. Strong & Co.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of Chas. M. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had twins, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.
Children Cry for
CASTORIA.
Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

REUNION WAS BRIEF

David Parent and His Wife Very Soon Drifted Apart Again.

Windsor, Aug. 9.—The bottom has dropped out of that little Windsor romance. David Parent and wife, whose reunion after a separation of twenty years, brought about by the son of whose existence the father had not known, was told in the press, over a whole continent, did not stay together two hours.

Mrs. Parent moved her chattels from Detroit to Windsor, and for a short time all seemed lovely, but she soon changed her mind, an act for which she gave no reason, and demanded her things.

"I don't want your things," was the reply, "and I did not ask you to give them to me. You came of your own accord."

With these words they again drifted apart, probably forever.

DISROBING ON BROADWAY

Curious Crowd Witnesses a Successful Hunt for Tobacco.

New York, Aug. 9.—A man about 35 years old stopped on the west side of Broadway, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, about 8 o'clock last night, says the police, and began to pull out of his coat pockets as if he had lost everything he had. He removed his coat and hunted in the inner pockets. Then he dropped the coat on the sidewalk.

Then he removed his waistcoat and went through the pockets inside and out. The waistcoat joined the coat on the sidewalk, and the crowd of watchers, some of whom were women, increased. Then he began to search his trousers pockets. The trousers were creased and turned up at the bottom. He couldn't find what he was looking for in the pockets, and before the surprised spectators realized what he was about to do, he had slipped off his trousers.

When he got out of his trousers he held them up and turned them inside out. Then he felt them all over carefully, even unrolling the turned-up section. From the roll of the right leg a piece of plug tobacco dropped to the pavement.

"I've found you at last," he said, "I've found you at last."

Then he put the tobacco in his mouth, domed his clothes and walked to Thirty-third street, disappearing toward Fifth avenue. Not till he was out of sight did a policeman appear.

TESTED BY TIME.—In his justly-celebrated Pills, Dr. J. C. Williams has offered to the public in late years the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. It is known to possess alternative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

CHOLERA and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold and death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting relief. Prepared to meet the want of Dr. J. C. Williams' Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to do its work.

TALE OF A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

I'm quite too delighted to see you, dear," exclaimed Violet Grant as she clasped her cousin's hands in warm welcome, "and, of course, you know that it's to be quite the biggest ball of the year—and really, dear, balls are quite too delightfully new and fresh to me. They hold some wonderful fascination for me which it is impossible to explain."

"Yes, of course, I understand," returned Veronica, the blase city cousin, and she let her big, blue, handsome eyes travel leisurely over Violet, "you are young and everything is new to you—glitters, as it were, but really it seems scarcely credible that but a few months ago you were in the land of arithmetic and geography, and now you are 'out'—and quite the rage, I hear."

Violet laughed lightly and her color came and went quickly.

Great indeed were the changes that had taken place in a few months ago, for it came that time Violet had grown into an immensely pretty and graceful girl. There was a sweet, refreshing simplicity, a charming winsomeness of manner, which the world-wise Veronica foresaw would inevitably prove fatal to mankind as a whole.

She frowned and instinctively felt that this innocent young cousin of hers might possibly prove to be a somewhat dangerous rival. Only a year and a half previously Veronica had scoffed at the proposal of a penniless, though exceedingly devoted, cavalier, and haughtily told him to seek his fortune elsewhere. And had finally swept from his presence with the regal air of a queen, demanding that no further attempt should be made to address her on that subject.

But it is the unexpected that inevitably happens, and it certainly occurred in this case, for through the sudden death of a wealthy uncle, a "railway king," Dudley Maitland had succeeded, and Veronica, reading the time events had taken, resolved if possible to recover, by strategy if by no other means, the ground she had lost. Hence her visit to her aunt's country house.

"You won't mind sharing my room, will you, dear?" cries Violet, as the little circle sat and chattered over their afternoon cups of tea, and so the house is literally packed, and—

"O, I shan't mind anything," replied Veronica, deliberately, "that is, provided I have a good time."

"Her beauty," said Veronica to herself, "if I could only mar that, not permanently, but just temporarily, to prevent her from attending this ball. What can—what can I do?"

She walked over to the looking glass. She surveyed the accessories on the dressing table. A little accident happens so easily, she mentally concluded, and she lifted her head and looked at herself with a self-satisfaction characteristic to her nature. And later on, when Violet returned to her room, she was delighted to find her cousin looking so fresh and gay.

"What pretty hair you have, child," remarked Veronica later.

"Do you really think so? Mr. Maitland often declares as he looks at it, 'I have been playing among the current bushes, but I think he likes it just the same,'" replied Violet innocently.

"Now, mine absolutely will not wave," said Veronica, slowly, still regarding her cousin—"of course, I mean not without recourse to pins and tongs, etc. Naturally curly hair is indeed something to be right down thankful for."

"Is it, really?" asked Violet, laughingly.

"It is." And then both cousins lapsed into silence.

Finally the girls arrived for both girls to retire for the purpose of lingering long over their respective toilettes—a matter of the utmost importance. Suddenly there was a loud shriek of dismay, and Violet's loveliness was marred.

She dashed into her mother's room with eyes blinded with scalding tears. "Look! O look!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said, "I shall be able to go to the ball! O, and I'm dying to go! Did you ever see such a fright before? Veronica did it, but it was quite an accident! Do not scold her for it!"

Veronica was terribly concerned, but all the sympathy she suggested remedies were of no avail. Nothing could possibly erase the ugly scar from Violet's cheek; and finally she was declared that she must forego the ball, great though the pain of so doing would be.

"You can write Dudley a little note, my dear," said her mother, when she and Violet were alone, "that will be polite and polite. You must not let him think you rude, and you know you promised him the waiters. Poor child! I'm so sorry!"

The respective vehicles accordingly arrived, and as Veronica kissed her cousin good-night she had never looked so radiantly lovely. Gems of wonderful brilliancy glittered in her hair, on her neck and arms. Her dress was of some rich, soft, clinging material, and she carried herself like a queen as she swept out of the room where her cousin lay upon the bed bemoaning the irony of fate.

Allured by the appealing eyes and coaxing words of his fair partner, Dudley Maitland became the victim of the moment, and it was not long ere he was escorting her away from the throng of merry dancers into comparative solitude.

"This is quite like old times," Veronica said, as they entered the cool conservatory and sat down.

"Not quite," returned Maitland, somewhat absently. "Indeed, times have changed considerably since we last met."

This was a discordant note, and Veronica did not feel quite at her ease. "I'm so glad you came tonight, Dudley," she said, as though involuntarily breathing her thoughts aloud.

Maitland raised his eyebrows slightly, but she failed to notice that danger signal.

"Why?" he asked, somewhat brusquely.

"How strangely you speak," she returned, nervously, "but do you really care to know?"

"Naturally, I am interested," Veronica toyed with the petals of a rosebud, and her eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Because I have wanted to see you, to speak to you, to tell you how bitterly sorry I am for my cruel words! I think I must have been mad!" she said softly.

"I came back to the same room, while her eyes remained still downcast, 'but you had gone, and I have never known a happy moment since.'"

Now, had Veronica's conscience permitted her to look into the eyes of the man at her side, with those wonderful liquid orbs of hers, it is possible that the fascination of her gaze might have blinded him to the false ring of her words, but, as it was, he felt neither pleased nor flattered.

"I am sorry if you have been unhappy," he returned, lightly, "but in these rapid times it does not do to grieve over the dark and empty past."

"Not dark, not empty," she said, with mock tenderness and well affected concern, "but tell me, Dudley, have you forgotten all the past?"

"All?" he repeated, suavely. "I suppose you mean the days when the smiles were for others and the frowns for me. But what?"

"The mad-headed fool I must have been! But you taught me a lesson, Veronica, and it was well laid to heart."

"Do not speak of it," she exclaimed brokenly. "I have told you. Can you still be so unforgetting?"

"There is nothing to forgive," he replied; "you certainly seemed to prefer any society to mine in the old days of which you speak, and I could never hear you notice on that score."

"But, Dudley," she said, so softly that her words were scarcely perceptible, "I have suffered so, truly I have suffered so, of my own free will, for your sake, that you must not forget that, even the most beautiful and accomplished woman has no right to play with a man's heart as if it were a worthless toy to be taken up and cast down at pleasure."

"I have an important engagement to attend to. Allow me." And pale and trembling in every limb Veronica once more entered the ballroom.

Violet had watched the several vehicles drive away with eager and tearful eyes. How she longed to be among the merry throng! Finally she resolved to drown her heartache in the pages of a novel.

But she could not fix her mind, try as she would; so towards midnight she again took up her stand by the window and looked out into the dark and starless night. Presently she turned, for she fancied she heard a footfall.

"Why, Dudley," she almost shrieked, "you here! whatever brings you at this hour? I thought you were out to do duty to the people in general?"

"I wanted you," he replied tenderly, "and you are more to me than all the people in the world!"

"But look at me!" she said, shyly; "do you believe I am disfigured for life? Do you not think so?"

And for an answer she was clasped in a warm embrace, and kisses were showered upon her face. And later when Maitland left, there was a newer and even softer expression in her eyes, a brighter and more winsome expression about her mouth. Her heart was happy at last.

"Have you enjoyed yourself, Veronica?" he asked, as he left, "and a curly head appeared above the bed clothes."

Veronica was silent for a time, her heart beat too fast.

"There was no one in particular that I wished to see," she replied, finally. "Dudley Maitland was there, but he was infinitely disagreeable, and eventually made himself conspicuous by his absence."

Violet's face became dyed with blushes.

"Veronica," she half whispered, "he came here. He asked me to marry him, and—"

"Asked you to marry him?" repeated her cousin, incredulously; "I suppose you said yes."

"I did, dear. He saw this terrible scar on my cheek, and he said, 'I shall be able to go to the ball! O, and I'm dying to go! Did you ever see such a fright before? Veronica did it, but it was quite an accident! Do not scold her for it!'"

"The tongs, dear," replied Violet, still sobbing. "You see, she was doing her hair, and the hot tongs sprang from her fingers and struck my face! It was purely an accident, but I am so sorry!"

"So am I, V!," returned the older woman, "so am I! Veronica was terribly concerned, but all the sympathy she suggested remedies were of no avail. Nothing could possibly erase the ugly scar from Violet's cheek; and finally she was declared that she must forego the ball, great though the pain of so doing would be."

"You can write Dudley a little note, my dear," said her mother, when she and Violet were alone, "that will be polite and polite. You must not let him think you rude, and you know you promised him the waiters. Poor child! I'm so sorry!"

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CONGRESSMAN CROWLEY

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family for Catarrhal and Nervous Affections.



Hon. Joseph B. Crowley, Congressman from Illinois, writes from Robinson, Ill., the following praise for the great catarrhal tonic, Peruna. Congressman Crowley says:

"After giving Peruna a fair trial I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with coughs, colds and la grippe, and all catarrhal complaints."

"Mrs. Crowley has taken a number of bottles of Peruna on account of nervous troubles. It has proven a strong tonic and lasting cure. I can cheerfully recommend it."—J. B. Crowley.

No other remedy invented by man has ever received so much praise from men of high station as Peruna. Over forty members of Congress have tried it and recommended it to suffering humanity. They use it themselves to guard against the effects of the intense heat of public life; to ward off the ill-effects of the changeable climate of Washington. They keep it in their homes for family use. They recommend it to their neighbors, and they do not hesitate in public print to declare their appreciation and endorsement of this greatest of modern remedies.

It is exactly as Congressman Crowley says: "Peruna is a swift and sure remedy for coughs, colds and la grippe and all catarrhal complaints. It is an excellent remedy in all nervous troubles. It never fails to prove itself a

powerful tonic and lasting cure." This is what Congressman Crowley says, and this is what thousands of other people are saying all over the United States.

Congressman Romulus Z. Linnay from Taylorville, N. C., writes: "My secretary had as bad a case of catarrh as I ever saw, and since he has taken one bottle of Peruna he seems like a different man."—Romulus Z. Linnay.

Congressman E. M. Sparks, from Tampa, Fla., writes: "I can endorse Peruna as a first-rate tonic and effective cure for catarrh."—E. M. Sparks.

U. S. Senator W. N. Roach from Larimore, N. D., writes: "I have used Peruna as a tonic. It has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite."—W. N. Roach.

Congressman H. W. Ogden from Benton, La., writes: "I can conscientiously recommend your Peruna."—H. W. Ogden.

Congressman G. W. Smith from Murphysboro, Ill., writes: "I have taken one bottle of Peruna, and my catarrh and I feel very much benefited."—Geo. W. Smith.

Congressman David Meekison from Napoleon, Ohio, writes: "I have taken several bottles of Peruna, and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head."—David Meekison.

Senator Mallory, of Pensacola, Fla., writes: "I have used your excellent remedy, Peruna, and have recommended it both as a tonic and a safe catarrh cure."—Senator Mallory.

Senator M. C. Butler, ex-Governor of South Carolina, writes: "I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach troubles."—Senator M. C. Butler.

Senator W. V. Sullivan from Oxford, Miss., writes: "I take pleasure in recommending your great National Catarrh Cure, Peruna, as the best I have ever tried."—W. V. Sullivan.

Senator J. M. Thurston from Omaha, Neb., writes: "Peruna entirely relieved me of a very irritating cough."—J. M. Thurston.

Congressman H. G. Worthington, from Nevada, writes: "I have taken one bottle of Peruna, and it has benefited me immensely."—H. G. Worthington.

Congressman Case Broderick, of Holton, Kansas, says: "I have taken two bottles of Peruna and find it to be an excellent remedy for colds and throat trouble."—Case Broderick.

Congressman Willis Brewer, from Haynesville, Ala., writes: "I have used one bottle of Peruna for lassitude, and I take pleasure in recommending it."—Willis Brewer.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be glad to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

THE SUBSIDY QUESTION

To Be Discussed by Chamberlain and Canadian Ministers.

Belfast Announcement Was Premature—Statement by Lord Onslow.

London, Aug. 9.—Mr. Chamberlain and the Canadian ministers have arranged to meet the tenderers for the last service at the colonial office next week to discuss the subsidy question. It is authoritatively denied that any tender has yet been accepted.

Surprise is expressed that the Canadian commercial bodies are giving no support to the Canadian and British ministers here as to the urgent necessity for securing a higher grade of service. Well-informed people declare that Canada never will secure the best that is to say, a 22 or 23-knot service, unless she makes a push for it now while the influence of the shipping trust is felt, and the question is before the British cabinet.

LORD ONSLOW'S STATEMENT. The House of Lords adjourned yesterday to Oct. 16. In response to inquiries just prior to the adjournment as to whether the Government was taking steps looking to the establishment of a British Atlantic steamship service, after the absorption of British lines by the American combination, Lord Onslow, under colonial secretary, said the question of a new Canadian service had nothing to do with the Canadian combination. Certain proposals had been submitted to the Canadian Government, but the latter had not informed His Majesty's Government of their purpose or asked assistance. The question of the establishment of a British service, however, was receiving the earnest attention of the Government. If such a line were established it would be necessary to come to Parliament for money, and then complete details would be given out. It would be unwise at present to communicate the negotiations.

PREMATURE. The announcement made in Belfast that an agreement had been reached between the admiralty and the Morgan shipping combine, was premature. Negotiations on details of the agreement are still proceeding. In the House of Commons, Premier A. J. Balfour said the Government had been engaged in negotiations connected with and arising from the circumstances connected with the formation of the shipping combine. "Unfortunately we are not yet in a position to make a statement to the House," said Mr. Balfour, "the admiralty, having caused some delay, but I am confident that when the House meets again we shall be in a position to take it into our confidence."

Twenty Years of Bronchitis. Capt. Dunlop, of Kingston, commander of the steamer "Bohemian," of the R. and O. fleet, suffered unceasingly for twenty years, and although he took treatment all that time, permanent relief was not obtainable until he used "Catarrhons," which cured him quickly and permanently. The captain says: "Catarrhons is the best cure to use, quick to relieve and sure to cure." Catarrhons is a wonderful treatment for all diseases of the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes. Two months' treatment, price \$1, small size 50 cents. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The bands of elk that wintered in Jackson Hole country, Wyoming, four years ago were estimated to number 60,000. They now number less than 10,000, according to the estimate of the ranchers.

Minrad's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A BLAZE AT NEW HAMBURG

Molemen's Flour Mill Burned—Loss \$20,000—Fire at Burk's Falls.

New Hamburg, Ont., Aug. 9.—About 8:30 last evening fire was discovered in the second story of the New Hamburg flour mill. The main, a frame building, with contents, was totally destroyed. Loss estimated at \$20,000; about \$6,000 insurance. The mill was completely destroyed by fire.

Burk's Falls, Aug. 9.—The large summer residence at Ahmic Lake of the late John Macdonald, president of the Leechburg iron works of Pittsburgh, Pa., was burned to the ground. The inmates barely escaped. Nothing was saved. Loss about \$20,000.

Scranton, Pa., Aug. 9.—The Briggs washery of the Ontario and Western Railway Company, in West Scranton, Pa., was completely destroyed by fire yesterday. The washery was working with a force of 30 non-union men. The loss will reach \$25,000.

APPLE TREE CENSUS In the U. S. Commercial Orchard Area There Are 210,000,000 Trees.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 9.—The leading feature of the early session of the second day's convention of National Apple Shippers was a paper prepared and read by Prof. W. A. Taylor, pomologist, in the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington. Its subject was the "Commercial Apple Areas of the United States." Prof. Taylor having resolved census department proof sheets of statistics, gathered by the twelfth census, which brings the matter down to June 1, 1900, and his paper on the subject of the first public dissemination of these statistics.

The total trees of bearing age in the commercial orchard areas of the United States up to June 1, 1900, according to the twelfth census, is 210,000,000, an increase of 75,000,000, or more than 40 per cent of the apple area of 1890.

The statistics show in the great Ben Davis wine-sap section of the country, that there are today nearly twice as many trees as in the famous Baldwin Northern Spy regions. It is now assumed true, says Professor Taylor, as has often been remarked of late, that the great apple bin of the United States has been shifted to the west of the Alleghenies.

Got Lame Back? No need of

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited.) LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Saturday, August 9.

The Coronation.

The coronation has been accomplished, and the King has relieved public anxiety as to his ability to meet the physical requirements of the ceremony. As a spectacle it has been less impressive than it would have been on the day first appointed; but while the colors have been toned down, it has gained in human interest, being enriched by the emotions of sympathy and gratitude, called out by his majesty's illness and his happy recovery. On this occasion the central figure of the ceremony appeals to millions not only as a sovereign, but as a fellow-man, who has passed through a period of suffering with courage and serenity, and who took great hazards in an effort to prevent a keen disappointment to the multitude which had gathered from all parts of the world to pay him tribute. It is the good fortune of King Edward, as it was of his mother, to enjoy the affection of his subjects, but apart from the personal element, the British people feel that in honoring the crown they are honoring themselves. The monarch is regarded as the incorporation of the power and dignity of the Empire, and represents a thousand years of political concepts, so that the ceremony at Westminster Abbey today is not the glorification of an individual, but an expression of race consciousness, and an affirmation of the principles underlying the British constitution. For this reason, all who live under British free institutions, of which the crown is the symbol, will join in congratulations to the King, and in wishing him a long and unclouded reign. To his gracious consort, Queen Alexandra, is also given the homage of the hearts of her people.

Public Safety.

Our attention is drawn to this subject by a report published in the Buffalo Express, made to the Minister of Public Works at Toronto, by Mr. Robert McCallum, the engineer, for the Province of Ontario, with reference to the Fort Erie ferry railway.

According to Mr. McCallum's report the road is in a dangerous condition even after recent repairs are given full credit. He finds the road improperly built in the first place—sharp curves, rails half a dozen different sizes and shapes, weights varying from eighty to forty pounds and the heights from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches, and old when first used on this route. "Some of them are far from being straight, others are worn at the ends, and also in other places to such an extent as to render them, in my opinion, unfit to serve the intended purpose longer with a reasonable degree of safety. I found a piece of rail in the track only 4 1/2 inches long. In many places the ties are too much decayed to hold the spikes. In some instances ties have either never been put in, or if so, have decayed to such an extent as to disappear altogether." These and other similar objections he makes, and concludes by saying: "From the foregoing it will be seen that I do not consider the railway in fit condition for passenger traffic, nor in my opinion will it be until the defects referred to have been done away with."

The road is a short one, about three miles long, running from Fort Erie to Erie Beach, along the shore of the lake. It is patronized by pleasure-seekers, many of whom are from Buffalo.

The points raised have more than local interest; in fact, the whole question of public safety is involved. Railway traveling is much safer today than twenty-five years ago, largely because railway managers have demanded first-class equipment and sober men under them. Still the number of accidents might be lessened. Inspection in the instance we have mentioned by a competent man revealed great danger, and may have prevented disaster. Londoners ought not to be hard to convince that inspection is necessary for public safety, when they recall the Victoria and city hall disasters. We believe the government should appoint a competent man, whose duty it would be to inspect and report on the safety of all railways, steamboats, churches, halls, theaters, bridges, etc. The mere fact that such an official was at work would do much to insure safety. We do not think the necessity for inspection applies to the great railways, but to the small systems and to public halls, theaters, etc. We hope to see something done to prevent the existence of such a state of affairs as that disclosed by the engineer's report on the Fort Erie Railway.

The Steel Combination.

The Birmingham correspondent of the London Times confirms the report that an Anglo-Canadian steel combination has been formed. His information is that it includes Guest, Keen & Co., Bolckow, Vaughan & Co., Sir Christopher Furness and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. The first rumor connected the Nova Scotia Steel Company with the deal, but this has been authoritatively denied. If the Birmingham dispatch is correct, the combination will be a powerful one. Guest, Keen & Co. are one of the largest iron and steel corporations in Great Britain, and operate several plants. Sir Christopher Furness is a great captain of industry, and last year spent several weeks in this country, looking over the field. The Dominion Iron and Steel Company is a young Canadian giant. It is the creation of American capital, but within the past year the controlling interest has passed into Canadian hands. The change was desirable, as there is now less danger of absorption by the United States Steel Trust. The Dominion Company promises to become the most formidable competitor of the American trust, owing to greater natural advantages, such as the proximity of limestone and coal to the smelters, a safe and commodious harbor at Sydney, and the possession of an almost inexhaustible bed of iron ore at a short distance, enabling raw material to be assembled at the lowest cost on the continent. In addition Cape Breton is better situated for the export trade than any steel center in the United States, being 1,232 miles nearer than Pittsburgh to Liverpool. The phenomenal rise of this industry has been a great boon to the Maritime Provinces, and has already made Canada a world factor in iron and steel production. The Nova Scotia Steel Company is another great development, and equally striking is the springing up of Mr. Clegg's iron and steel enterprises at Sault Ste. Marie. It may be there has been no amalgamation of British and Canadian interests, as reported, but there is no doubt that the iron and steel resources of Canada are attracting the attention of British capitalists.

God Save the King!

May many years elapse before another coronation.

The United States Steel Trust may find in this country a foe worthy of its steel.

In the past month, the President of France, the King of Italy and the Emperor of Germany have visited the Czar. A call from Pierpont Morgan would make the Czar's honors complete.

British exports to Germany increased last year by 30 per cent. Germany is Great Britain's keener rival and best customer. The idea that one country can make progress only at the expense of another is a silly delusion.

Speaking of the various styles of writing The London Advertiser says: "A competent writing master would produce good results with either system." Quite true. But will the Advertiser please tell us why every school teacher is not "a competent writing master"?—Hamilton Spectator.

We are not aware that bad penmanship is a fault that can be charged against the average school teacher. To become a specialist in penmanship requires a course of training which the average school teacher could only take to the exclusion of more important studies. Of course, the Spectator is trying to get in a drive at the Ontario school system.

Prosperity's Victim.

[Chicago Tribune.] "You! Complain of being half-starved on account of the high prices? Why, man, you are making a fortune off our truck farm."

"That's just it. I can't afford to eat any of my vegetables when they're worth so much in the market, b-gosh!"

In Vain.

[The Criterion.] Sang the maid to the hour,
To the bee called the flower,
To the brook called the lea,
"Return thou to me!"
But the brook wandered on to the sea,
No flower-sweet brought back the bee,
While the hour passed to eternity.

Held Up the Prince With a Pitchfork.

[From the Philadelphia Times.] When Edward VII. of England was an undergraduate at Oxford University he had an adventure which led to a newspaper of that time to describe the "Prince as a Prisoner." It said that "not very far from Oxford, at a place called Steeple Barton, there was a farmer named Hedges, a man of much independence of character, commonly known as 'Lord Chief Justice Hedges.' On one occasion the prince and his friends were out with the South Oxfordshire hounds, but, meeting with indifferent sport, they resolved on riding home across country. This they did, galloping over the lands of Farmer Hedges, and presently riding into his farmyard. There they were confronted by the farmer himself, armed with a fork. He closed the gates and informed the party bluntly that they had been trespassing on his ground and tramping on his young wheat, and that he would not allow one of them to leave his farm until he had paid a fine of one sovereign for the damage done. They whispered that the prince himself was of the party. 'Prince or no prince,' he replied shortly, 'I'll have my money.' There was little glory to be had by fighting; a resolute farmer armed with a fork. They therefore made up their minds to pay, prince and all. When he had the money in his pocket, and not till then, 'Lord Chief Justice Hedges' opened the gates and let them go."

Don't Get Flustered.

[Brookville Recorder.] Don't get flustered! The man with

..Poems the World Has Read..

"Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear."

This beautiful and familiar line will be found in a song of two stanzas, written about the year 1700, by Ruthven Jermyan, an obscure poet, and published in the Greenwich Magazine for Mariners.

Sweetheart, goodbye! The fluttering sail
Is spread to wait me far from thee;
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound across the sea.
Perchance all desolate shores
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Practical Consideration.

[Washington Star.] When Shakespeare wrote some years ago. No doubt he sometimes said, "I wonder if the critics will applaud me when I'm dead."

But often no doubt he asked The treasurer politely, Who sold the tickets at The Globe, "How's business tonight?"

And when he heard of standing room, Which eager townsmen bought, Perchance he didn't care a rap For what the critics thought.

"Matter," But No "Mind."

[From the London Answers.] Lord Roberts once found himself the center of a circle of new friends in London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity to raise a laugh at the other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship, and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but I have never heard of you." "Everyone was delighted with Lord Roberts' reply, and the wit soon afterwards disappeared.

The Saddest Words This Year.

[W. J. Lampton.] Maud Muller, on a summer day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her straw hat, trimmed with A wealth of freckles could be seen.

Singing she raked, and her merry glee Was like a song-bird's melody.

But when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hill-slope, looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And well-known longing filled her breast.

The Judge came prancing down the lane, And spoke to Maud as he drew his rein;

"I came, Miss Maud, to ask," said he, "If you will play ping-pong with me?"

She looked at the rake, and she looked at the hay, And she wondered the Judge in a hopeless way:

"Of all sad words, the saddest are these, I can't play ping-pong whenever I please."

The Judge regretted, and rode away, And Maud continued raking hay.

Alas for the Judge, alas for the maid, And the ping-pong game that was never played.

Like for Like.

[Baltimore Herald.] The ragged customer passed into the cheap hash emporium with such assurance that his order was promptly forthcoming and even more promptly paid.

"Here, here!" yelled the cashier at his departing form, "this coin you gave me is no good!"

"Neither was your meal," roared back on the breeze as he faded from view.

The Typewriter's Sins.

[Ottawa Free Press.] The question of handwriting is now becoming a subject of controversy and it is contended that it is not being properly taught in the public schools.

An examination of commercial books not many years old reveals the fact that the real cause of the decadence of writing is in the new general use of the typewriter. Few people in offices do not use them, and it has been asserted by an anatomical authority that those who use typewriters cannot write well. The same has been said of pianists, and there may be something in the theory. The routine of writing lessons still continues as usual in the schools.

A Sleeping Premier.

[Black and White.] Lord North was the sleeping parliamentarian of the eighteenth century. He was forever yawning in the faces of members and their speeches. Indignant orators were constantly complaining of his refusal to listen to them, and he was never at a loss in subjecting them to the further humiliation of a sharp retort.

"Even now in these perils the noble lord is asleep!" burst forth an angry member of the Opposition; and Lord North awoke in time to murmur, "I wish I were."

Again he said to another grumbler: "The physician should never quarrel with his own medicine."

To a speaker who impeached him of all sorts of crimes, and called attention to his dozing through the attack, Lord North rejoined:

"It is cruel to deny me the solace enjoyed by other criminals—that of a night's rest before they meet their fate."

The best story of the sleepy premier is that connected with a peer who bored parliament with a history of Christopher Columbus. He yawned and his ark. North began dozing at the mention of the ark, and slept until the speaker reached the Spanish Armada.

"Where are we now?" asked North. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth." "Dear!" exclaimed the prime minister, "why didn't you say so?"

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THE DOMINION'S GROWING TRADE

Marked Increase in Canada's Dealings With Britain.

HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE'S TRIP

Canada's July Revenue Shows Increase—Year's Surplus About \$7,500,000.

Ottawa, Aug. 8.—A statement of Canada's trade by countries has been prepared by the customs department. There is an increase in the trade of the Dominion with all the principal countries with which we deal. A feature of the statement is the steady growth in business with Britain. It will also be noticed that there is a big increase in the trade with Germany, Canada's third best customer, notwithstanding the adverse treatment accorded to us by the German Empire. The total imports for consumption in the fiscal year up to June 30 amounted to \$402,741,585, as against \$387,208,100 for the corresponding period of 1901. Following were some of the principal imports for consumption:

	1902.	1901.
United States.....	\$120,822,565	\$124,885,098
Britain.....	49,215,893	48,048,164
France.....	6,670,778	5,389,021
Germany.....	10,814,029	7,921,498
Italy.....	24,682	327,361
Belgium.....	1,709,807	8,828,450
Newfoundland.....	1,125,128	825,569

The exports of Canadian produce amounted to \$106,019,783 in the last full year, as against \$177,443,439 in 1901. Some of the principal items in this total were as follows:

	1902.	1901.
United States.....	\$71,196,555	\$77,395,728
Britain.....	22,877,529	22,877,529
France.....	1,388,548	1,436,628
Germany.....	2,682,535	1,574,716
Belgium.....	1,244,029	1,244,029
Newfoundland.....	2,381,367	2,142,877
Australia.....	2,574,739	2,267,521
West Indies.....	1,967,029	1,967,029

CANADA'S JULY REVENUE.

The Canada Gazette, which was issued today, as tomorrow is a holiday, gives the financial returns of the Dominion for the month of July. The amount of revenue received for the month was \$4,272,587, compared with \$3,800,367 for the corresponding month of 1901.

There was an increase in all the branches of the service. The expenditure for the month was \$2,936,111, as against \$2,843,738 for July, 1901, an increase of \$92,373. The year's figures will be as good as stated and the surplus will be about \$7,500,000.

HON. MR. TARTE'S TRIP.

Hon. J. Israel Tarte has finished his extensive trip through the Canadian waterways, covering the entire distance from Montreal to Fort William. The trip was made in the Dominion's new harbor, covering the entire distance from Montreal to Fort William. The trip was made in the Dominion's new harbor, covering the entire distance from Montreal to Fort William.

"I never had such an interesting trip in my life," said Mr. Tarte, as he stepped off the Parry Sound train this morning. "I had an idea of, and I have returned with a greater confidence in Canada's future than I ever had before."

"As a result of my trip I have instructed Mr. Coste, who accompanied me, to have surveys made of all the harbors from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific. The surveys must be done in order that I may bring a proper estimate before my colleagues at an early date. I hope to be able to do this by the end of the year."

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We intend to close up shop in the trade business we will have to get to work for ourselves and build up our harbors, our waterways and our industries. Then we can afford to put up just as high a tariff wall against them as they have against us."

AMERICAN EXPENDITURE.

While away Mr. Tarte visited Chicago, Duluth and other points on the American side, and was much impressed with the improvement under way there.

"We are spending \$500,000 on deepening and dredging the St. Mary's River," said Mr. Tarte, "and have more dredges at work than we have on the St. Lawrence route. The boats run all night as well as in the day."

Mr. Tarte concluded by giving an instance of what deepening the harbors would do for Canada. Five years ago, when he was in Colarwood, he was induced to give a deeper harbor. As a result they have increased their population by 3,000, and have doubled their industries.

VOYAGE OF BIG DOCK

Largest Floating Affair of the Kind at St. George's, Bermuda.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Aug. 9.—The new floating dock of the British Government's naval station at Ireland Island, Bermuda, arrived off St. George's at a late hour Thursday afternoon.

The dock referred to is the largest floating drydock in existence. It was built by Messrs. C. S. Swan and Hunter, at Wallsend-on-Tyne, and successfully docked the battleship Sans Pareil as part of its official trial. The dock was towed out from the Thames River by two powerful tugs, and was attended on the trip across by a third vessel.

The dock is 55 feet long, and its side walls are 3 feet high. It is capable of lifting a vessel weighing 17,500 tons, and drawing 32 feet of water.

Not the Montreal Mills. Montreal, Aug. 9.—It is the Canadian Woolen Mills Company, and not the Montreal Woollen Mills Company, which is about to be reorganized.

Didn't Miss a Dance. St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 9.—R. E. Balke was found to have snailpox on Monday. He went to a dance on Saturday, and took particular pride in not missing any of the twenty numbers on the programme and having a different partner each time. His dance programme offered a ready means of hunting up the snailpox, and he was almost in hysterics when informed that they had danced with a man who had snailpox.

WON'T CURE EVERYTHING. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a Specific Remedy for All Stomach Troubles.

It is not claimed for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets that they will cure anything but Stomach Troubles. Of course, where there is any indirect result of stomach derangement it disappears when the stomach is restored.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do cure all diseases of the Stomach and Digestive Organs. They are made for this purpose only. Compounded carefully and scientifically, prepared, they may always be relied upon to instantly relieve, and if used persistently, to permanently cure. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bloating, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Biliousness, Sallow Complexion, Bad Breath, Furred Tongue, and any and all results of a tired or deranged Stomach.

They also cure Constipation, which is a result of bad digestion and poor Liver action. They get right the tardy organs and encourage and assist them to do their duty.

The large white tablets are composed of digestive agents known to modern advanced medical science. These digest the food—all of it—without any assistance from the Stomach itself, and in this way allow it to rest and get better.

The small brown Tablets are for the Liver and Bowels, and act as a gentle laxative when such is needed. They are without doubt the very best Liver medicine, and never fail to do the healing and restoring work for which they are compounded.

Together these two tablets form what is known as the "Dodd's Stomach Cure," to be the very best treatment for all derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

If your Stomach is giving you trouble buy and use a box.

The Rhodes Scholarships. Toronto, Aug. 8.—Mr. Harcourt has called a meeting of degree conferring colleges of Ontario to consider the conditions upon which the Rhodes scholarships for Ontario should be awarded.

Metric System Wanted. Toronto, Aug. 8.—The council of the Ontario College of Pharmacy today decided to ask the Ontario minister of education to introduce the study of the metric system into the public schools, and also to ask the Dominion Government to make it the obligatory standard of weights and measures throughout Canada.

Don't think that eruption of yours can't be cured. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla—its virtue is in its power to cure.

Splendid Cafe and Dining Car Service. Much has been said in praise of the excellent service given patrons of the Grand Trunk by the many cafe and dining cars, which are now run on all principal day trains, serving meals "a la carte" at any hour during the day. The best of everything at reasonable rates. Tickets, parlor car reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, E. De La Hooke, City Passenger and Ticket Agent. 574

SOME PERSONS have periodic attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooling and green fruit is sure to bring on the attack. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's "Cordell's" being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water, the attack is stopped, and no further trouble will be experienced.

It is understood in military circles that Major G. M. Kirkpatrick, son of Dr. J. D. Kellogg, formerly of the 1st Canadian Trench Battalion, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who served until recently in South Africa, has been appointed deputy assistant quartermaster-general at Halifax.

Dr. L. Brunel, a prominent Montreal physician, who has been in camp at Mountain View, N. Y., died suddenly of heart disease Thursday night at his camp.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES EVERY DAY
176-178 Dundas Street, London,
Saturday, Aug. 9, 1902.



HAMMOCKS, MONDAY FOR 49c EACH.

25 only Open-Weave Hammocks, in light colors, striped, strong and durable, good length, medium width, with pillow, regular 75c; Monday, while they last, each.....49c

Woodenware.

5 dozen strong Wooden Pails, Monday only, each.....15c
Washboards, the Globe, Monday, each.....15c
Tubs, all sizes, up from.....50c
Folding Clothes-Horses, regular 50c, Monday, each.....35c
Pastry Boards, Monday, each.....35c
Mopsticks, choice, each.....10c
Axe Handles, Monday, each.....10c

Tinware, Etc.

Covered Tin Pails, all sizes, Monday, up from.....10c
8 dozen fancy Tea and Coffee Cans, hinged cover, painted and decorated, Monday, each.....10c
1-gallon galvanized Oil Cans, Monday, each.....20c
Steel Fry Pans, regular 25c size, Monday, each.....15c

We sell Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Oil Stoves and Screens. All reduced in price to clear Monday.

HOSIERY BARGAINS FOR MONDAY.

AT 15c PAIR—Ladies' and Boys' Heavy Ribbed Black Cotton Hose, Crescent brand, spliced heels and toes; regular price 25c pair; Monday, pair.....15c

Men's Socks, 9c Pair. Men's Black Cotton Socks, fast color, high spliced heels and toes, double feet. Monday, pair.....9c

Babies' Socks, 9c Pair. Babies' Black Cashmere Socks, high spliced heels and toes, double feet. Monday, pair.....9c

White Ascot Ties for Ladies and Gentlemen. Regular 50c each, for Monday only, each.....25c

THE FUTURE OF BASEBALL.

Baseball of today is not the game it was twenty years ago. Twenty years hence it will be quite different, too. Many changes have taken place in that time, changes of rules and changes of conditions, which have a tendency in a direction pointing either for the rise of the game or for its decline.

Today the grounds are no longer open, but are enclosed by brick walls, and adorned with bleaching boards and an ornate grand stand. Instead of playing for "love and expenses," the men play for "love and high salaries," especially the latter. Each league city which enjoys the privilege of having a "team" named after it has a baseball "plant," which is worth at least \$500,000. Baseball has changed indeed from the primitive game it was in our forefathers' time. All this in twenty years. What will the next twenty years bring forth? Only a man who has played the game from its beginning, who has followed it step by step in its latter day development, who has the love of it close to his heart, can answer that question. Such a man is John Hobbs, who has been playing ball since 1871, and who, since his retirement from the diamond, a few years ago, to enter law, has always kept in touch with the game. He played on the New York team for ten years, and in that time helped to bring the national and world championships twice to the metropolis.

Mr. Ward writes as follows: "What will the game of baseball be two decades hence? Frankly, I do not know. But believe me, if it has withstood what it has during the last few years, it will still be here. I believe it is going through the fire now, but it will come out whole in the end. There will be little difference in the rules and the game will be played much as it is now. No other game has the same hold on the public from a spectacular point of view, and that is why I am confident that it will last."

Two decades from now it may be no longer a mere exhibition—for that is all that it is now—an exhibition of the ability of a clever manager, with money and money in his hands, to get the best players in the market—it will be a locally patriotic game of blood.

The time is coming when the players, instead of being bought and sold, will be "called" them, irrespective of where they live and where the team is located, will belong to the locality from which the team has been taken. There is a strong apparent in that direction already.

The Brooklyn management is an instance of one that appreciates the value of a player who has been locally raised. They have retained Keeler, though the offers of other clubs have forced them to pay him a very large salary. But they have their reward in his great popularity with the Brooklyn patrons of the game. He was born here. The people know him, know his history, and they feel that he is always doing his best for his town and their town.

Not only is this state of affairs characteristic of this team, but it is to be seen in one or two other teams in the league. The managers appreciate the money value of a player who has been locally raised, and they want more of the same kind. They can't find them, but that is due to the mistaken system of buying and selling players. The game has killed the local end of the game and stunted the development of the town boy on the town lot. As soon as the new system of buying and selling players comes into vogue there will be a revival of general interest in the game among the "town boys," and players will be made to meet the demand.

This revitalization of the game must come, and come it will in the next 20 years, because baseball as an exhibition has reached its height. It can be developed no further, and something must be done to advance or there will be deterioration.

Of course, if this is done, there will be some work for the rules committee to do. It will be necessary to amend the laws of the game, to apportion the territory fairly among the teams. New York, being the largest city in the United States, by virtue of its size, would have the advantage of a smaller city, like Boston or Baltimore, and to even up matters it would be necessary for the committee to give the smaller towns enough territory to make a suitable proportionate place. The details must be decided by the events of the future. But I believe that something like that is about to come and will be the feature of the game of baseball in the future.

There will be no "contract jumping," which has given the national pastime a setback in the last two years. And much depends upon the basis of the courts. This contract jumping is a two-edged sword. It will come day out back at the American League when its players start to jump.

Every successful game nowadays and in the future must have money invested in it. Look at the progress the game of baseball has made in the last twenty years, and that will give you an idea of what a good record in the future must be. Each team had about \$10,000 invested in it to put it on a working basis. Some did not have even that much. Today, in Philadelphia, there is a team which is valued at about \$250,000. They own a lot in the residence section of the town and the ground is daily growing more valuable for building purposes. In

twenty years it will have tripled in value. There is also a substantial brick wall around it and a valuable iron fence, especially the latter.

Twenty years from now we may expect to find the conditions in Philadelphia existing all over the country, and there will be a hundred million dollars invested in the sport. All this the contract jumping business is made impossible for the future.

Take the business proposition. Would any sane man invest his money in an enterprise which would be ruined at any moment by the failure of any outside party to fulfill his end of the contract? In baseball the ruin may come at any time. If a man can jump in March and jump in May or June, just when his help is needed most—and there is no redress for the man who invests. The courts, for the most part, claim that if there is any damage done the laws are open for redress, and the manager can sue the player for damages. But when the player jumps, he has nothing, and is generally irresponsible. If a coal company contracts to deliver so many tons of coal in a year, and the coal company breaks its contract and fails to deliver the goods, you can get legal redress in an action for damages. But not so with the baseball manager.

If contract jumping is allowed, the future of baseball is a future full of gloom and darkness. But contract jumping will not be heard of twenty years hence. Already one state in the Union has declared it illegal. It is illegal in the State of Pennsylvania. They have good laws down there, and they know what they are talking about. And the crucial test, in the future of baseball, is a future full of big things as yet undreamed of, is now in the hands of the circuit court of the United States. If the circuit court of the United States falls in line with the Pennsylvania decision, there will be no more contract jumping, and the manager, signing his contract with his players, can invest his whole fortune, safe in the belief that he will not risk it subject to loss at the whim of his players or through the wiles of a rival organization.

Then the game will take on a luxury which has not heretofore been possible, and the game of baseball, from now on will see as much improvement as it saw in the last twenty years.

As to the rules under which it will be played, who can say? I feel that they ought not to be changed at all, and I don't believe they will be. Still, if the rules committee is still to make rules, and it naturally feels that it must do something to earn its salt. That was a good change they made in bringing in the "base" rule, catcher up under the bat. That was a good change, also, in taking the pitcher further away from the batter. It gave the pitcher a better chance to fix his attention on hitting the ball, because he does not need to be afraid of an inshoot knock when he takes the ball in hand. He is also taking his life in his hand. I tell you, it was a serious matter in those days to get hit by a ball from the strong arm of one of the fast pitchers, as my own experience can testify.

As it looks now, there seems to be no real reason for altering any of the existing playing rules. They seem to have reached perfection, but it is possible that some altered conditions at some time may be necessary. The change necessary, but the change will be slight.

The morals of the game have not changed, and the "base" rule is still a feature, and bids fair to continue so. Purcell, Latham, Kelly, Tiernan, Van Halten and I used it in the early days. When the game was new, the players were still favoring it, and the gentle art of bunting is taken today as a matter of course.

Old players are still pessimistic about the game. I was talking with one of the old boys in Philadelphia. He is of the old school, you know, and he can't see that the game has progressed one iota. When he heard that I had been out to fifteen players in the outfield, when in the old days four were considered sufficient, he exclaimed: "Oh, it's no use, it's no use. When I played on the Philadelphia team for four years without the men being caught, I was a good player. Now, with fifteen in the outfield, it's no use."

"We didn't need to be nervous every time we made an error, and look to have one or more of a half dozen substitute players in the place. The details must be decided by the events of the future. But I believe that something like that is about to come and will be the feature of the game of baseball in the future."

"We could give these boys who are playing now cards and spades on lots of things, make a good record in the game. We had the hit and run game down fine, and we didn't run as much as they do now. I can't see how much better the game would be. Oh, for the good old time back again when the swatting game was the thing. I believe the public would rather see the boys play the ball and run, than see Roger Connor, Buck Ewing and Jim O'Rourke! What would they think of this bunting business? It makes me sick to think of it."

And there are many of the old style players who feel the same way about it. And yet the bunt is all right. The distance between the pitcher and the batter is a weak spot in the infield. Both the men of the battery are busy and they are not looking to do any fielding, and so it seems to me that the bunting game will result in a different disposition of the players, like an infield third baseman with short to take care of the line.

CLEVER LONDON ATHLETES

JOHN HOBBS.

An athlete who has carried London colors to many a victory, and one whom all lovers of sport regret to see retire, is John Hobbs, better known as "Genial Jack." He is still in his prime, but cannot be induced to take an active part in sports. He is but 27 years of age, stands 5 feet 8½ inches, and weighs 160 pounds. Following are some of the games he has taken part in. In 1884 he captained the C. I. Association football team. In 1885 he played forward on the London Intermediate hockey team, being beaten in their final game. The same year he played quarter-back for the London football team, which was beaten out by the Osbourne Hall team for the intermediate championship. In the meantime Mr. Hobbs had made a national reputation for himself as one of the best quarters in Canada. In 1895 he played quarter for the University of Toronto, that team winning the senior championship of Canada by defeating the Montreal team. He

played forward on the university hockey team and shortstop on the baseball team, making a good record in both positions. In 1897 he again played quarter for the university team, being winning the Ontario championship. He also played center field for the ball team, and was a member of the university champion tennis team. In 1898 he was shown the esteem in which he was held by his comrades, who honored him by making him captain of the athletic team of the University Rugby team. He was made manager of the ball team, and later given the highest honor in "Varsity" sporting circles by being elected president of the C. I. Association. In 1899 and 1900 he kindly devoted his time to coaching the local football team, and assisted by his efforts in placing them in possession of the championship of Canada. Mr. Hobbs is to be congratulated on his success, and it is to be hoped he will accept an office on the Rugby committee this fall, an appointment that would be popular among lovers of the game in London.

THE TURF.

AT HIGHLAND PARK.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9.—Results at Highland Park yesterday: First race, 6 furlongs, for 3-year-olds and upward, selling—Cormac, 104 (Gormley), 6 to 1, won by a length and a half; Jigger, 99 (Louden), 3 to 1; 2, Panny Blazes, 102 (H. Wilson), 16 to 1; 3, Time 1:16 1/4. Dr. Hart, Commens, Lizzie Loy, Chander, Baccio, Amagham and Occasionally finished as named.

Second race, 5 furlongs, for maidens, 2-year-olds—Spring Water, 105 (Minder), 4 to 1, won by a length; Pirate, 104 (Ellis), 3 to 1; 2, Judge Voorhees, 107 (Howell), 10 to 1; 3, Time 1:03 1/4. Ducky Scott, Quator, Duke Dashaway, Will Shields, Sly Boots, Alcona, Lansdown, Friday, Blithe and Stars and Bars 3-year-olds and upward, selling—Scottie, 84 (McDonald), 6 to 1, won by two lengths; Jessie Jarboe, 103 (McGarr), 2 1/2 to 1; 2, Vouch, 105 (Irvin), 10 to 1; 3, Time 1:03 1/4. Orme, Sprung, J. T. T. The Way, Chapin and Blue Ridge finished as named.

Third race, 1 mile, for 3-year-olds and upward, selling—Scottie, 84 (McDonald), 6 to 1, won by two lengths; Jessie Jarboe, 103 (McGarr), 2 1/2 to 1; 2, Vouch, 105 (Irvin), 10 to 1; 3, Time 1:43 1/4. Orme, Sprung, J. T. T. The Way, Chapin and Blue Ridge finished as named.

Fourth race, 7 furlongs, for 4-year-olds and up, selling—Travers, 100 (Louden), 2 1/2 to 1, won by two lengths; Cursey, 103 (Minder), 3 to 1; 2, Lady Luck, 105 (Castro), 3 to 1; 3, Time 1:30 1/4. Hie Away, The Bronze Demon and Babe Hewitt finished as named.

Fifth race, 5 1/2 furlongs, for 2-year-olds, selling—Babe, 102 (Steele), 15 to 1, won by a head; Dumont, 106 (Wainwright), 4 to 1; 2, Hallowell, 94 (Preston), 2 1/2 to 1; 3, Time 1:10 1/4. Hallowell, 94 (Preston), 2 1/2 to 1; 3, Time 1:10 1/4. Hallowell, 94 (Preston), 2 1/2 to 1; 3, Time 1:10 1/4.

Sixth race, 6 furlongs, for 3-year-olds, selling—Aden, 107 (Howell), 10 to 1, won by a head; prospect, 104 (Wright), 12 to 1; 2, Miss Chapman, 93 (D. Gilmore), 4 to 1; 3, Time 1:15 1/4. Axares, Binehelo, Julia Junkin, Worthington and Siphon finished as named.

AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 9.—Avoid, Beana, Eugenia S. and Stuyve were the winning favorites at Delmar yesterday. Weather threatening, track fast. Summary: First race, 5 furlongs, purse—Avoid, 110 (T. Dean), 7 to 1; 2, Goudy, 113 (O'Brien), 10 to 1; 3, Ed. Ball, 110 (Rebo), 3 to 1; 2, Time 1:02 1/4.

Second race, 1 mile, for 3-year-olds, selling—Red Ball, 105 (T. Dean), 4 to 1; 2, The Poncheon, 109 (J. Miller), 7 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. The Poncheon, 109 (J. Miller), 7 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Third race, 7 furlongs, purse—Pickles, 103 (Donagan), 18 to 5; 1, Lazare, 103 (T. Dean), 10 to 1; 2, Time 1:30 1/4. Pickles, 103 (Donagan), 18 to 5; 1, Lazare, 103 (T. Dean), 10 to 1; 2, Time 1:30 1/4.

Fourth race, 1 mile and a sixteenth, purse—Beana, 105 (T. Walsh), 6 to 5; 1, Kitty Clyde, 99 (T. Dean), 13 to 5; 2, Waxy Taper, 115 (Donagan), 3 to 1; 3, Time 1:45 1/4. Kitty Clyde, 99 (T. Dean), 13 to 5; 2, Waxy Taper, 115 (Donagan), 3 to 1; 3, Time 1:45 1/4.

Fifth race, 1 mile and three-sixteenths, selling—Eugenia S., 105 (T. O'Brien), 5 to 1; 2, Russian, 102 (Donagan), 18 to 5; 3, Eighor, 104 (Fauntleroy), 30 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Eugenia S., 105 (T. O'Brien), 5 to 1; 2, Russian, 102 (Donagan), 18 to 5; 3, Eighor, 104 (Fauntleroy), 30 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Sixth race, 7 furlongs, selling—Stuyve, 112 (J. Miller), 9 to 5; 1, Orrie, 96 (C. Bonner), 5 to 1; 2, Claes, 114 (Donagan), 5 to 2; 3, Time 1:28 1/4. Stuyve, 112 (J. Miller), 9 to 5; 1, Orrie, 96 (C. Bonner), 5 to 1; 2, Claes, 114 (Donagan), 5 to 2; 3, Time 1:28 1/4.

AT HARLEM.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—McChesney, badly beaten last time out, more than repaid his backers by a brilliant performance in the second race at Harlem. Off last in a field of ten, he made a brilliant run in the stretch, and won by a head. Summary: First race, 4 furlongs, for 3-year-olds, selling—Tom Keene, 107 (J. Hicks), 7 to 1; 2, Jane Holly, 109 (Ransche), 9 to 2; 3, Time 1:02 1/4. Tom Keene, 107 (J. Hicks), 7 to 1; 2, Jane Holly, 109 (Ransche), 9 to 2; 3, Time 1:02 1/4.

Second race, 5 1/2 furlongs—McChesney, 105 (Buchanan), 4 to 5; 1; Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4. Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4.

Third race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Fourth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Fifth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 9.—W. C. Whitney's fast filly, Gun Fire, was beaten again yesterday afternoon by Hacky Ryan's five-year-old mare Roxanne, in receipt of 30 pounds from the public. Summary: First race, 5 furlongs, for 3-year-olds, selling—Hacky Ryan, 105 (Buchanan), 4 to 5; 1; Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4. Hacky Ryan, 105 (Buchanan), 4 to 5; 1; Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4.

Second race, 5 1/2 furlongs—McChesney, 105 (Buchanan), 4 to 5; 1; Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4. McChesney, 105 (Buchanan), 4 to 5; 1; Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 2; Hargis, 105 (Coburn), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:17 1/4.

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Fifth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Sixth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Seventh race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Eighth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

Ninth race, 1 mile—Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4. Bragg, 99 (Ransche), 4 to 1; 2, Joe Frey, 112 (J. Woods), 5 to 1; 3, Time 1:40 1/4.

THROUGH OTHER SPECTACLES.

BEST WATER POLO.

[Listowel Banner].

Four young men from town, Messrs.

Roy Hacking, E. H. Kidd, R. A. Clime,

and a fourth, who was not named, were

at Reid's Point, near Oliphant, and

caught about 150 fine black bass. A

good many of them were distributed

among the friends of the boys. Mr. B.

F. Brook had some exciting experiences

with bass. He was visiting Rev. Mr.

Hardy at Oliphant. He had captured

a big fellow, and was as the custom

among fishermen there, keeping it

alive in a submerged crib. He was

in the act of showing his catch to his

admiring friends, when it escaped into

the shallow water, and there was a

lively exhibition of water athletics and

a wet suit of Sunday. The boy who

brought the fish was not caught safely

into the pen.

NOT MUCH OF A GAME.

[Wallaceburg News].

Some boys came up from the village

of Tilbury and knocked the stuffing

out of the Wallaceburg boys. It was

much of a game—nothing to afford

pleasure.

ALL OFF WITH THE OTHERS, NOW.

[Listowel Banner].

With gallery ammunition supplied

at the rate of 15 cents per 100

shots, the boys of the village and

the young men should soon become

expert shots; in fact, there is no reason

why some of our members who

have ambition enough to excel should

not in a few years represent us on the

Bisley team in England. This is the

chance for the boys to show the kind

of stuff they are made of. Who will

be the first to go?

EXPLAINED.

[Thamesville Herald].

Missing an issue puts us quite out

of date so far as reporting the Thame-

sylvia and Wallaceburg match is con-

sidered, but we cannot forego the priv-

ilege of offering to the readers of the

Herald an explanation of the defeat.

Of course, it would never do to let

the evidence, which they can see, the

truth of the matter is, our team did

not get enough goals. If they could

have placed the ball in the net three

times, they would have won. The

opponents from doing likewise, they

would have won; but this is just what

they were unable to do.

A DEFENSE OF ANGLERS.

[Toronto Star].

Those people who disbelieve fish

stories are unreasonable and unjust

because almost anything a man can

say about fishing is liable to be true.

The experienced fisherman never tells

a story related by another, but

quite naturally selects from his own

adventures an incident quite as

surprising as the one he has just

related. A mere outsider who says

that they are yarning, when they are

but stating bald facts.

Last evening along Toronto Island a

young man and young woman, were

gliding along in a canoe, when a

pike two feet long jumped from the

water, struck the young man on the

head, and fell into the canoe, where

it was made fast and brought in. The

young people were not fishing, and

presumably, were not thinking about

fish. Other canoes and skiffs were

near by, and there are plenty of wit-

nesses to the incident. On Saturday

last, before the storm, the same place

black bass jumped into a rowboat in

much the same way.

These persons will do well to get

the evidence, which they can pro-

duce in future years, or they will

be suspected of untruth when they

tell about the fish jumping into their

boat. Many of our fisherman's reputa-

tion has unjustly suffered because

something has happened to him out of

the common experience. Why did the

pike jump into the boat? No one

will know why, but others will doubt

the story because they do not know.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

A VICTORY FOR THE COLLIERIES

British Court Gave a Decision in Their Favor.

ANOTHER STRIKE AT HAMILTON

Toronto Musicians Want More Pay—Miners Will Appeal to President Roosevelt.

London, Aug. 8.—The morning papers discuss with great warmth today the decision handed down by Justice Bigham in the King's bench division of the high court of justice yesterday in a case where the Welsh Coal Owners' Association sued the Miners' Federation for \$500,000 damages for ordering stop days without consulting the mine owners. Formerly stop days had been mutually arranged by a sliding scale committee, but in this case the men acted independently. Justice Bigham decided in favor of the defendants on the ground that there was no malice in the action of the men, who believed a reduction in the output would be a benefit.

The liberal labor organizations nail the justice's decision as a victory for labor. The Conservative newspapers urge that the dispute be carried to a higher court in the hope of obtaining a reversal on the ground that Justice Bigham's decision places enormous power in the hands of trades unions.

MICHIGAN COAL STRIKE SETTLED
Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 8.—The coal miners' strike has finally been settled. An agreement was signed Wednesday afternoon at a conference of the state board of arbitration. The miners' committee decided to adopt the scale substantially agreed on July 2, when President Mitchell, of the national organization was here. The contested question of car pushing was held in abeyance until the next annual meeting of the operators. The terms of the agreement are:

The engineers and firemen shall work eight hours, with the understanding that the engineers shall hold and lower the men, exclusive of this time. The outside day scale is: Dumpers \$2.10, trimmers \$2.10, check chasers \$2.25, engineers \$2.50, firemen \$1.80, blacksmiths \$2.50. All outside labor, when permanently employed, \$1.30 a day. Carpenters, when employed by the day, to receive \$2.40. The operators agree not to discriminate against any man who works.

WILL APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT.
Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 8.—President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, in an interview, said with reference to the decision of Judge Goff in the habeas corpus proceedings, against the miners in West Virginia: "The only thing to do now is to make an appeal to President Roosevelt for the pardon of the men in jail, and this will probably be done at once."

MUSICIANS WANT MORE PAY.
Toronto, Aug. 8.—Unless the managers of the five theaters in this city come down with an advance to the orchestral players and inaugurate other reforms, including the conferring of absolute control upon the leaders as to the choice and control of the men, there may be trouble before the opening of the fall season, which begins early as Aug. 18 at the Toronto Opera House. The advance asked is from \$15 to \$17.50 a week at theaters which have a daily matinee, and a proportionate increase where only two matinees a week are given. Another demand, which it is said will be made, is that houses which will seat 1,500 persons, shall have an orchestra of not less than nine players.

STRIKE AT HAMILTON.
Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 7.—A committee of three from the Electrical Workers' Union waited on General Manager Hawkins, of the Carcraft Power Company, today. The union's representative stated that there was no prospect of settling the wage dispute by arbitration, owing to the difficulty in securing a third arbitrator and a was proposed that representatives of the union and the company endeavor to settle the matter among themselves. Mr. Hawkins, however, thought arbitration was the most satisfactory way to settle the difficulty, and nothing resulted from the conference. The climax was reached this evening, when the shift failed to report for duty, which means that a general strike of electrical workers has been ordered. At this afternoon's conference Manager Hawkins told the repre-

sentatives of the union that the company intended to stick to the former agreement to arbitrate, and refused to interfere with the arbitrators, claiming that it was no fault of theirs if the arbitrators selected could not agree upon a third man. The men gave the company until six o'clock to settle the trouble, but no action was taken, and a strike was ordered. Between 40 and 50 men are affected by the trouble.

THE OWNERSHIP OF MARCUS ISLAND

A Question That May Lead to International Trouble.

JAPANESE SEND A WARSHIP

To Head Off a United States Expedition—Instructions to the American Captain.

Honolulu, Aug. 2, via San Francisco, Aug. 8.—According to the Honolulu men who are interested in the Marcus Island guano expedition, against which Japan has sent a war vessel, as reported by the last advices received from the States, the vessel which left here for the island carried a complement of Mauser rifles, and her captain had instructions from the company to plant the American flag on the island and keep it floating until compelled to haul it down.

Captain A. A. Rosehill, the discoverer of the island, who left his claim to it on a coconut tree on Marcus Island in 1889, is in command of the expedition. The company's claim is based on this title, which is on record in the State department in Washington.

Honolulu, Aug. 2, via San Francisco, Aug. 8.—No intimation that the vessel left here with arms on board was given until the news was received that Japan had laid claim to the island and had dispatched a war vessel there. Colonel Thomas Fitch then made public the instructions given to Capt. Rosehill, which, while designed to prevent any conflict, were intended to compel the Japanese to allow the Americans to land or to use force to drive them away.

Capt. Rosehill's instructions from the company are to inform the Japanese on Marcus Island that his expedition is a peaceful one for the purpose of making a scientific investigation of the value of the guano deposit of the island, and attempt to make a peaceful landing. In the event that Japanese still refuse to allow him to land, (Rosehill is to sail away out of sight of the island and return under cover of darkness, land an armed force and raise the American flag, and keep it up until it is torn down by a superior force. At the same time the vessel was told to avoid a conflict in every way possible.

In the event of his encountering a Japanese war vessel, the commander of the expedition is to present his credentials as the discoverer of the island and the agent of the Marcus Island Guano Company, and to state that the object of his expedition is to make a scientific examination of the island for the company. If the island was found to be of value, the matter of ownership is to be referred to the United States and Japanese Governments. If the officers of the war vessel still refused to allow a landing, Capt. Rosehill is instructed to start ashore with an armed force in a boat flying the American flag, and to attempt a landing, and carry out the purposes of the expedition until physically restrained. The schooner commanded by Rosehill is the Julia E. Whalen. She has on board a crew of nine and a taxidermist, W. A. Bryan, of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, and T. F. Sedgwick, of the United States Agricultural Station, who went to make an examination of the guano deposits.

DEATHS ON TROOPSHIP.
A dispatch to the Times from Melbourne states that the army transport ship Dayton Grange has arrived there with two thousand troops on board. The men are said to have been greatly overcrowded, and illness was widespread, the sanitary provision being deficient. Five deaths occurred during the voyage, and ninety men are now in the hospital. The war office will be asked to make a searching inquiry into the matter.

BRITAIN'S BIG BUSINESS WITH CANADA INCREASES

Her Trade With France and Germany Is Also on the Boom.

London, Aug. 9.—The board of trade returns for the seven months ending July show the following increases in British imports from Canada:

Bacon, £20,100; hams, £81,000; butter, £132,000; cheese, £87,000; wheat, £501,000; wheat flour, £138,000; hewn wood, £3,000; horses, £17,000.

The decreases were: Sheep and lambs, £2,000; eggs, £14,000; oats, £188,000; peas, £400,000; maize, £38,000; sawn wood, £148,000; canned salmon, £971,000; canned lobster, £93,000.

Exports to Canada increased as follows: Salt, £2,000; wool, £1,000; cotton piece goods, £110,000; jute goods, £110,000; linen goods, £7,000; silk woolen tissues, £63,000; worsted tissues, £27,000; carpets, £8,000; cutlery, £3,000; hardware, £5,000; pig iron, £40,000; bar

iron, £29,000; railroads, £34,000; sheets and boiler plates, £41,000; galvanized sheets, £40,000; tin plates, £38,000; cast wrought iron, £40,000; unwrought steel, £126,000; unwrought tin, £60,000; haberdashery, £31,000.

Decreases: Spirits, £7,000; cement, £16,000; earthenware, £5,000; wearing apparel and shoes waterproofed, total, £17,000; not waterproofed, £153,000.

The board of trade memorandum issued yesterday shows that Great Britain's imports from France have increased considerably, while the exports show a sensible decline. There has been a decrease in the imports of agricultural products from Germany, but this has been balanced by an increase in the imports of sugar and some slight increase in the imports of manufactured goods. The exports to Germany increased over 30 per cent. The imports from the United States show a very large increase, while the exports to that country exhibit a considerable decline. The House of Commons yesterday, by a majority of 122, adopted clause 7 of the Government's education bill, which gives the predominance in the management of voluntary schools to churchmen. This clause had been formerly opposed by the Opposition, and its adoption will enable Parliament to rise this week.

EVERYTHING READY IN LONDON FOR THE CORONATION TODAY

The Metropolis Is Beautifully Decorated.

SALISBURY'S ABSENCE EXCUSED

The Ex-Premier Will Shortly Leave for the Continent—King Passes a Busy Day—Seats \$10 to \$50.

London, Aug. 8.—Everything is in readiness for the coronation. The short route of the procession is decorated at some points more brilliantly than before. The main thoroughfares, however, miles of which were gay with flags and bunting in June, are now stripped, except for the illumination fixtures which were allowed to remain in place. Westminster is the center of activity. The chief stands in the vicinity of St. Margaret's have been redecorated and Piccadilly has been refurbished with crimson Venetian masts, supporting trophies and flags, joined by streamers of gay bunting. The same general scheme prevails in Pall Mall. Many clubs' stands have disappeared. The private stands, recovered in crimson, are doing a fair business, prices for seats running from \$10 to \$50, with the cheaper class sold out. Westminster Abbey received the precious regalia, which was taken under a strong guard from the tower, and also a wealth of gold and silver plate from Buckingham Palace.

CORONATION EVE.
The eve of the coronation of King Edward VII. was marked by large crowds, which wandered somewhat aimlessly through the semi-illuminated streets, down Whitehall, where the Canadian arch was the center of attraction, around Westminster Abbey and along the Strand, where the sidewalks were blocked with the populace. The people were deterred from any signs of rowdiness by the acute recollection of the recent postponement of the coronation, and those who had seen the unrestrained exhibitions which occurred on the slightest pretext during war times could not fail to notice the different temperament shown tonight.

NO BLATANT HORNS.
With a few exceptions it might well

GRAND TRUNK DIVIDEND AFRICA WANTS LABORERS

Four Per Cent on the Three Half as Many Natives in Mines as Before the War.

Good Showing Made by Semi-Annual Returns—New Style of Engine.

London, Aug. 9.—The Grand Trunk dividends for the half year, announced yesterday, are 4 per cent, guaranteed first and second preference stocks, leaving a balance of \$13,000 carried forward. The market is speculating on the chances of second preference receiving a full dividend at the end of the year, and the prospects of thirds receiving anything at all. Accounts of the Grand Trunk Western for the year ended June 30 show a surplus sufficient to provide interest on first mortgage and leave a balance of about \$14,000 carried forward.

NEW STYLE OF ENGINE.
A Berlin correspondent says that the railways of Baden have recently adopted a new type of express locomotive, somewhat resembling the American model. The driving wheels of the locomotive are 7 feet in diameter. The frame in which the boiler is set is barely 2 feet high. The door of the smokebox is conical shape, so as to reduce the resistance to the air. The locomotive is said to be capable of developing 1,600-horse power, against 1,400 hitherto attained, while the speed limit is 60 miles an hour.

DISAPPROVED.
The action of the Philippine friars in selling their lands to syndicates of laymen is disapproved at the Vatican. The lands are considered to be church property, inalienable without the consent of Rome. An investigation indicates that the syndicates alone sold to their lands. When the sales are definitely ascertained, the friars will be obliged to show the amount received by them, and reimburse the church.

CABLE-CUTTING.
The United States and Haytien Telegraph and Cable Company has appealed from the United States authorities to prevent the cutting of its cable at Cape Haytien. According to information received by the company in New York, the Haytien gunboat Cretia-Perrot, commanded by Admiral Killick, secretary of war and navy, under the command of Revolutionary V. H. Ketchum, intends to sever the cable between Cape Haytien and New York. The company appealed to the authorities here to instruct Commander McCrae, of the gunboat Machias, to protect the cable. Commander McCrae has been directed to prevent the cutting of the cable.

No News of Capt. Gatfield.
Windsor, Aug. 7.—The people of Amherstburg are greatly stirred up over the mysterious disappearance in Cleveland of their townsman, Capt. Edward Gatfield, master of the steamer V. H. Ketchum. It is ten days since the captain dropped out of sight, and not a trace of him has been found. He is 29 years of age, and a son of Capt. W. H. Gatfield, of the firm of Duff & Gatfield, the well known vessel agents and settlers at the Lime Kiln Crossing, Amherstburg.

have been said of the metropolis of the Empire that it was living to the national reputation of taking pleasures somewhat sadly. The absence of blatant horns and annoying features was pleasantly atoned for by the security of the buildings. The brilliancy of the illumination held the country visitors to the city so spellbound that vehicular traffic became more and more difficult as the night wore on. Until a very late hour the stand speculators did a thriving business and around those stands occupying good locations there were lines of people anxious to get seats at the last moment. Many of the thousands who walked through the streets exhibited unmistakable signs of intention to sit up all night in the hope of securing free coin of vantage from which to view the procession.

A CITY OF UNREST.
In an undramatic sort of way London was transformed by the multitude wishing to see any part of the ceremonies into a city of great unrest. The idea of sleep or an adequate allowance of rest was quite given up by the people in the streets and underlying this intensity of expectation there was curious nervousness among the majority lest they should awaken from their shortened slumbers to find the great event once more postponed.

Among the many incidents of the night, one of the most curious occurred at Scotland Yard, where a Scotch magistrate, who had received a sudden telegraphic invitation to be present at Westminster Abbey with the proviso that he appear in court dress, appeared at a late hour to the police to help hire or borrow the clothes necessary for admittance.

SALISBURY EXCUSED.
Acting upon medical advice, Lord Salisbury obtained the King's permission to absent himself from the coronation. The ex-premier will shortly leave for the continent.

One of the most curious incidents of the coronation will be the appearance of the uniform of the Salvation Army in Westminster Abbey. King Edward decreed that a representative of the Salvation Army should be invited to the coronation, and Bramwell Booth was appointed to attend the ceremony. A difficulty arose about the uniform he should wear, and the Earl of Salisbury, who was in London, intimated he was not authorized to recognize the uniform of the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth thereupon wrote to King Edward requesting permission to wear the uniform of his army, and his majesty readily gave consent. Mr. Booth will appear in the uniform of his rank of the Salvation Army.

moned. He advised that the man be brought to this city for treatment in a hospital. While Jankowski was en route here in company with two of his brothers, he was seized with violent spasms and had to be held in the buggy. After one of the attacks the brothers noticed that the sufferer was very quiet and examination showed that he was dead. Jankowski's wife and son were also bitten by the dog.

STORY OF DECEIT RUIN AND DEATH

Sermon on the Fate of Miss Etta Cook.

HER RICH COMPANION SCORED

New Haven Clergyman Paints Recent Society Sensation in Startling But Truthful Colors.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 9.—"My theme is the seventh commandment," said the Rev. W. J. Mutch, pastor of the Howard Avenue Congregational Church and secretary of the Yale Divinity School Alumni Association, and if you don't know what that commandment is look it up when you get home, and also look up the other nine."

Then he opened on the recent suicide of twenty-year-old Etta Cook of this city at the Double Beach House, and pitched into the Yale law senior who was her companion when she killed herself.

He said the saddest fact in this case was that it had passed entirely out of the public mind and was forgotten. He added: "This theme in the pulpit might become viciously sensational, but with seventeen years of conservatism back of me I accept it as a call to speak, though every other public voice be silent, in condemnation of an unstrained and flagrant wrong."

This particular case tells its own story frankly on its face and saves the trouble, notwithstanding the kindly evasiveness of the newspapers. By them it was only the freak of the foolish girl who could not bring herself to go back and work in the shoe shop, having a taste of a life of gayety.

"She died in the arms of her lover, one of the brightest students in Yale and one of the wealthiest. This is a serious and pretty way to tell it, more so than newspapers always take. But every reader is supposed to have sense enough to read between those lines a wholly different story."

It is a story of deception, ruin and death for one who would otherwise have been just entering the glory and beauty of womanhood. It is not merely a midsummer night's dream, not a mere incident designed to give spice and sparkle to the life story of a brilliant young lawyer or Southern statesman.

"It is the deepest tragedy that a human mind is ever called upon to face. Let no man beguile you with enticing words, as Paul said in this same connection, for because of these things the wrath of God cometh upon the sons of disobedience."

"By a charitable consideration that is truly surprising the names of the other members of this party are withheld. So are the names of similar incidents who may have been pursuing their illicit business there at the same or other nights this season or in the many seasons gone by. We do not know the social pirates that are infesting our public and private houses, places of amusement, parks and highways."

"The black sloop of the old pirates has given place to the automobile and the trolley of the new, and the scenes of their lawlessness are transported from the high seas to the highways and resorts of our own community."

"Who could believe that these are persons and daughters of respectable New Haven people? A credible rumor has it that this particular pirate already referred to is not the hero of a solitary adventure."

"No one engaged in his profession whether his victims in New Haven are two or twenty during his brief and brilliant sojourn here, nor how many elsewhere. He stands as a type of his class whose victims are legion. A handful of money may silence the wail of the victim or support a theatrical display of mock gallantry, but it can never mend the violated majesty of social righteousness."

"What are banknotes in the balance over against a blasted life? They might help to turn the dark tale of sin and shame into a cheerful episode of youthful affection, but the bitter are there just the same and too often there is not even the meager tribute to save the victim from utter want."

SIXTY HOUSES BURNED.
A great fire at midnight on Thursday at Port-au-Prince burned down sixty houses, causing damages estimated at \$200,000. The people remained calm during the progress of the fire.

Vessel and Cargo Lost.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 9.—The Nova Scotia schooner Lena went ashore Thursday night at Mispec, five miles from here in a dense fog. Vessel and general cargo will be a loss.

Died of Hydrophobia.

Bay City, Mich., Aug. 8.—Several weeks ago Lawrence Jankowski, a Beaver Township farmer, was bitten by a dog which exhibited all the symptoms of rabies. Last Monday Jankowski developed symptoms of hydrophobia and a physician was summoned.

ALLIGATORS ATTACK CATTLE

Two of Them Killed by the Bull of the Herd.

A FLORIDA PLANTER'S STORY

Furious Fight Between the Saurians and the Bovines—Horns vs. Tails—A Desperate Struggle.

Fort Bassinger, Pa., Aug. 8.—Jim Carew, who lives ten miles above here on the river, has some fine cattle and the best of the lot he pastures in an isolated pen near the river. There were four cows, a bull and two calves in the lot the other morning, when, hearing a terrible din, he trotted out with his gun to see what ailed his pets. Three gators had managed to get into the inclosure from the river side, and while one was stalking a calf that he had managed to get to the water's edge, the other two were fighting the enraged cattle.

"Gator No. 1, the biggest of the lot and an ugly customer, was fighting the bull, while No. 2 was trying to keep out of the way of the frequent and furious rushes of the cows. No. 3 had the calf in charge. It was bleating loudly and this served to infuriate the cattle."

The fight between the bull and his antagonist was a furious and bloody one. The bull charged up to the saurian, when the latter nimbly darted aside and gave the bovine a terrible blow with its tail that staggered him. With a loud bellow of rage the bull turned quickly and with good luck hooked the gator on the side, half turning him over. The saurian raged and bellowed and finally managed to get loose. He then struck the bull again a sounding whack, half knocking him down. Following this, he darted up and caught the bull with his jaws on the nose. The bull bellowed with pain and stamped on the gator's head. For a few minutes they plunged around and then the bull got loose. With more caution he plunged at the gator and managed to gore him badly, partly ripping his side open. The gator had enough now and tried to crawl away, but the bull kept on pushing and goring till the gator was nearly dead. He then jumped on the bloody carcass, furiously stamping on it till it was a shapeless mass.

Meanwhile the cows were having a hard time with No. 2. But they managed things differently, and had affairs more their own way. They ran toward the gator and, watching their chance, jumped on him. This was done repeatedly, and the gator did not get a chance hardly to strike back. One cow ventured too close, and the gator's long tail came around with a thud and struck her fairly on the side, sending her a dozen feet. The others, enraged by this, followed their charges by trying to gore the gator. He kept out of the way by striking at them and trying to seize their noses in his jaws. One cow was caught by this means, and half thrown. As she stood there trembling and moaning with pain, the bull, who had just finished his victim, heard her. He came up with a roar, and with the utmost fury pitched at the gator. The only salient feature of his coming was the turning of his head around, when the bull caught him on his horns, half lifting him from the ground. The gator clawed and bit at its antagonist, and the fight for several minutes was a warm and bloody one. Finally the bull triumphed, and got the gator under his feet, when he trampled him to death.

No. 3 was all this time trying to get the calf into deep water, but the little fellow was fighting as well as he could and was bleating loudly. The gator had gotten him into two feet of water, when Mr. Carew appeared on the scene. He drew his gun and killed No. 3.

Gators seldom venture into a herd, but will take young cattle and calves from the water's side. These gators must have been very hungry. Mr. Carew thinks, to venture a fight as they did with the grown cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arscott, of Ann street, have gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to visit Mrs. Arscott's brother, Mr. James Smithson, whom she has not seen for seventeen years. They will visit Buffalo and the Falls on their way home.

CABINET CHANGES MEET APPROVAL OF THE KING

Queen Presided at Meeting of Society for Helping Families of Soldiers.

London, Aug. 9.—It is officially announced that King Edward has approved the appointments of the Earl of Dudley as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Charles Thomson Ritchie as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Aretas Akers-Douglas as Home Secretary; Austin Chamberlain as Postmaster-General and Sir William Wood Warrond as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, as well as the appointments which follow: President of the Board of Education, the Marquis of Londonderry; First Commissioner of Works, Lord Windsor, in succession to Aretas Akers-Douglas; Financial Secretary to the Treasury, William Hayes Fisher, in succession to Austin Chamberlain (Mr. Fisher has been a junior Lord of the Treasury since 1895); Parliamentary Secretary for the Treasury, Sir Alexander Fuller, and Lord Vice-Commissioner of the Treasury Henry

William Forster, M. P.; Under Secretary for India, Earl Percy; Under Secretary to the Home Office, Thomas Horatio Arthur Ernest Cochrane, M. P.; Under Secretary to the War Office, the Earl of Hardwicke (who was Under Secretary for India in their Parliamentary Secretary of Education, Sir William Reynell Anson, M. P. (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade); Andrew Bonar Law, M. P., the Earl of Dudley, Sir William Hood Walrand and Lord Windsor will not be in the cabinet. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, does become a member.

The Queen, looking particularly well, presided yesterday at a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association in Queen's Hall. Announcement was made that Lucas Tothoe, the Australian who presented \$50,000 to the King for the hospital fund, had given the Queen a similar sum, which her majesty desired to devote to the work of the association, and that the Queen's appeal in January had brought in \$1,500,000, making the total of public subscriptions to the association during and since the war \$6,500,000. Large crowds gathered on the route to and from the palace and warmly cheered the Queen.

"YOU DON'T CARE, EH?"

Well, most folks do, and that is why

PEARLINE

Ceylon GREEN Tea is making Japan Tea take a back seat; the people recognize "pure" tea. Sold in the same form as the celebrated "SALADA" black tea—in lead packets only.

MRS. LATIMER'S LOVE

"Oh! Lord Holyhead," stammered she, gaining confidence from the vicinity of the garden-gate. "I have never been able to thank you for your great kindness last year. I am afraid you must think me very ungrateful; but, indeed, I heard it, and whenever I have seen you, I have always wanted to tell you how much I love you. I have never said it out loud, but I have always wanted to tell you how much I love you. I have never said it out loud, but I have always wanted to tell you how much I love you."

She was close to the gate now, and put up her hand, blushing bright scarlet. Her eyes were full of tears, and she was looking at him with a look of such earnestness, that he felt that he must say something. He took her hand, and kissed it, and then he said, "You are a very good girl, and I am very glad to know that you love me. I will always love you, and I will always be your friend."

It was not long since he had been sitting in a luxurious and beautiful little room, in a house which he had just bought. The room was very comfortable, and the furniture was very nice. He was sitting in a large armchair, and he was looking at a picture on the wall. The picture was of a woman, and it was very beautiful. He was looking at it with a look of such interest, that he did not notice the door opening.

He turned round, and he saw a woman standing in the doorway. She was looking at him with a look of such surprise, that he felt that he must say something. He said, "What is it, my dear?"

She said, "I have just come from the garden. I saw you sitting in the armchair, and I was very glad to see you. I have brought you some flowers, and I hope you will like them."

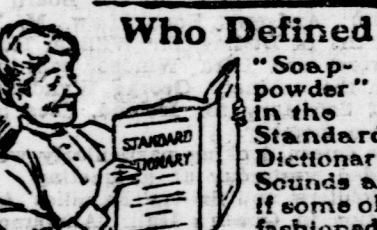
He took the flowers, and he said, "Thank you very much. I love them very much. They are very beautiful. I will always love you, and I will always be your friend."

"Bah!" returns the lady, with an emphasis on the monosyllable that an Englishman could never effect. "I seem to forget the fact that I am married, and that I have a husband. I am very sorry to hear that you are so ungrateful to me. I have always loved you, and I will always be your friend."

But my dear woman, interrupted the nobleman, with more meekness than was his wont, "I wrote to you in Italy, and you wrote me back, saying that you were very ungrateful to me. I am very sorry to hear that you are so ungrateful to me. I have always loved you, and I will always be your friend."

What signifies that? retorted the stern. "I did not know that you were so ungrateful to me. I have always loved you, and I will always be your friend."

Who Defined "Soap" in the Standard Dictionary? Sounds as if some old-fashioned soap-maker had written it. Used in dish-water! Yes, and when it is used in everything soap can be used. PEARLINE is modern, up-to-date soap; a better soap; it has revolutionized the soap trade.



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Ask Your Friend

there could scarcely be found two individuals so different as the Signora Brava, and Miss Isabella Jones, Verbona, Villa Regatta Park. I do not at all mean to say that the two women were dissimilar in their looks, but the resemblance between them as they rode slowly away down the long perspective of the garden was striking.

Bella, who was rather plump and pleased with her morning walk, rather than impatient at the sight of the Signora Brava, who was very thin and looked as if she had been through a great deal of trouble, was the last young woman on earth to be so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was the last young woman on earth to be so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was the last young woman on earth to be so much interested in the Signora Brava.

"Qui vivra verra," answered the lady, with a peculiar expression of brow and lip that he well knew. "I sent for my passport yesterday afternoon."

She had done the same thing on more than one previous occasion, and had only been induced to stay by great personal and pecuniary sacrifices. She had been induced to stay by great personal and pecuniary sacrifices. She had been induced to stay by great personal and pecuniary sacrifices.

Then the storm burst. In French, in English, in Italian, in woman's universal language of gasps and sobs and tears, she poured out her feelings. She was so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was so much interested in the Signora Brava.

He said, "I am very glad to hear that you are so ungrateful to me. I have always loved you, and I will always be your friend."

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He said, "I am very glad to hear that you are so ungrateful to me. I have always loved you, and I will always be your friend."

uttering below his breath: "You will get enough, you will get enough, you will get enough."

CHAPTER XXXIII

For a certain space of time, how long or how short they never afterward distinctly remembered, the two women sat in the garden, looking at each other with a look of such interest, that they did not notice the door opening.

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from the inheritance of every child of clay—the sunshine of the soul that gladdens all alike, rich and poor, grand and humble, that gives access to the bosom of a contrite heart, and kindles a glow upon the peasant's faceless heart? Was he the joint sufferer, he who had loved her as a thousand Latimers could never have done, to whom in her beauty she was the light of his life, the very air he breathed?

"Ada, Ada! you are mine in the sight of Heaven. Will you sacrifice me to him?"

Since our mother Eve was fain to listen to the whispers of the serpent, it seems woman's lot to be tempted. Woman's lot to be in all cases the besieged and the assailed. Woe to her if she be defeated—woe to her if she be surprised by a coup-de-main, or compelled to surrender at discretion! In either case, while the conqueror flings about his banner and trumpets forth his victory with all the honors of war, the vanquished must be enslaved, reviled, and humbled to the very dust. Woe to her who is the victim of less unpolished savages than Brennus, or none at all, who is the victim of a more refined and more subtle enemy, who is the victim of a more refined and more subtle enemy, who is the victim of a more refined and more subtle enemy.

Tempted she was, indeed, and who can tell how sorely she was tempted? She was tempted by the sight of the Signora Brava, who was so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was tempted by the sight of the Signora Brava, who was so much interested in the Signora Brava. She was tempted by the sight of the Signora Brava, who was so much interested in the Signora Brava.

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SUFFERED TEN YEARS

From Kidney Trouble, Pain In the Back and Hips.

An Ingersoll Lady's Remarkable Recovery by the Use of Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Do not let any lady who is suffering the miseries of backache and derangement of the kidneys hesitate one moment in procuring Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. These Tablets are the formula of Dr. Zina Fitcher, the eminent Kidney Specialist, and have cured hundreds of cases of the most obstinate type of Kidney Disease which ordinary remedies could not benefit. They are small in size, chocolate-coated and mild, yet thorough-going in their action—just what is required of a lady's delicate organism.

Mrs. W. Wallace, whose home is Bell street, Ingersoll, Ont., speaks of the benefits she derived from the Tablets, as follows:

"For many years, some ten or twelve, I have had a great deal of trouble with my back and kidneys, the pain getting into my left hip. I have doctored and doctored and tried all sorts of kidney remedies, and finally determined to try Dr. Fitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets. I got a bottle from A. E. Gayler, and I have done a great deal of good. The pain in my back and hip is gone, the kidney irritation is removed, and I sleep well now at night. I am pleased with the Tablets and glad to recommend them."

Dr. Fitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a bottle, or \$1.50 a dozen. Write for a sample to Dr. Zina Fitcher, Ingersoll, Ont.

A Family Characteristic.

A little girl was visiting her grandmother, who lived on a farm. One of the cows which had learned to jump fences, had a little calf. The little girl was attempting to jump over a fence. The child, seeing it, exclaimed: "Oh, grandma, see that little calf jumping the fence! It must have inherited from its mother!"

MARRIAGE LINES.

Married in white. You have seen all right. You will go far away. Married in black. You will go far away. Married in red. You will go far away. Married in blue. You will go far away. Married in green. You will go far away. Married in yellow. You will go far away. Married in pink. You will go far away. Married in brown. You will go far away. Married in grey. You will go far away. Married in white. You will go far away. Married in black. You will go far away. Married in red. You will go far away. Married in blue. You will go far away. Married in green. You will go far away. Married in yellow. You will go far away. Married in pink. You will go far away. Married in brown. You will go far away. Married in grey. You will go far away.

Crossed bugles, a death's head and other marks are stamped on the wings of a pigeon which has just been caught. It writes a correspondent from Llanerfyl, Montgomeryshire, to the London Daily Mail.

Gray ashes or dust sufficient to partially whiten tunic felt from the feet of a few days ago on some constables in the police barracks yard at Kilkenny, writes a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Hotel Normandie, Broadway and 38th St. NEW YORK.

Best Hotel Location in the City. Absolutely Fireproof European Plan.

Located in the Amusement and Shopping district, the most interesting part of the city. Twenty principal places of amusement within five minutes' walk of the hotel. Family and transient hotel.

CHAS. A. ATKINS & CO. 727

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED.

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who require the advisability of having their Patent secured by Experts. From which to secure free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York City, Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Old Lace can be safely dyed in any color or tint with that English brand. Dye of high quality. The lace is absolutely safe. Maypole. No mess, no trouble. Quick, easy, safe. It dyes to any tint!

Maypole Soap. Sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black.

LeeHing Laundry. Telephone 1244 467 Richmond Street. SHIRT COLLARS IRONED STRAIGHT. As not to hurt the delicate collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are in a hurry, washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

COURSES IN MUSIC. The DEPARTMENT of Music in Moulton College is under the able directorship of Prof. A. S. Vogt. COURSES in this DEPARTMENT are supplemented by appropriate literary subjects. Address the Principal, Mrs. Wells, for a calendar. Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, Ont.

HOW ARE YOUR KIDNEYS? THIS SIMPLE TEST WILL TELL.

If any of your family have been troubled with kidney disease, make a test of the urine, and satisfy yourself whether you need a food remedy before the disease has caused serious complications.

For many morning put some urine in a glass bottle, and let it stand for 24 hours. If it shows particles or germs floating about, it is milky or cloudy, or it shows a reddish sediment, then your kidneys are diseased.

Commence at once to take Ferrozone to arrest these unnatural conditions. Ferrozone is especially intended for the immediate relief and cure of kidney and bladder troubles, and its health-giving, strengthening properties will be felt at once in new, pure blood, healthy complexion, good appetite, increased vigor, and general strengthening of the system.

Ferrozone quickly corrects urinal disorders, headache and pain in the back, improves the appetite, digests the food, and makes it nourish the nerves, makes them strong and enduring, and fits one for lots of hard work.

Don't be misled by cheap, so-called kidney cures offered by dealers for the sake of extra profits. There is only one safe and reliable specific for Kidney, Bladder, Liver and Urinary troubles, and its name is Ferrozone.

Refuse point blank to accept a substitute, and insist on your druggist supplying the genuine Ferrozone. It is the best. Price 50 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.25. At all druggists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Philadelphia had just explained how careful his wife was, and that she had a place for everything.

"Why, do you know," he said, "after I had dressed this morning and turned out the gas I found that I had forgotten to turn out the gas. I had forgotten to turn out the gas. I had forgotten to turn out the gas."

He was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked: "Papa, did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "And did He make you a good girl?"

"Yes, Papa," she replied. "And did He make you a good father?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "And did He make you a good son?"

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Y. W. C. A.

SINCE Miss Anna Stever has taken charge of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association of this city it has grown apace, until now it is in a very flourishing condition.

There is a membership of three hundred and fifty, composed almost entirely of city girls, some of whom have their homes here and a great many of whom board.

The work of the Association is divided into five parts, and the five vice-presidents of the department each have charge of one part.

Miss A. R. Yates has charge of the business department, which includes the noon rest, boarding, printing, membership, employment and finance.

Miss M. McMillan has charge of the social department, which has for its chief work the providing of something pleasant and attractive for one evening of each week and the scattering of invitations to meetings and leaflets in the factories.

Mrs. J. W. Jones has charge of the educational department, which includes domestic science, business classes, literary club and physical culture.

Mrs. C. W. Leonard has charge of the junior and extension work for the Dominion, for girls under sixteen and for girls in outside places of business.

Mrs. L. L. Weld, assisted by the devotional committee, has charge of the Sunday afternoon meeting and all systematic Bible work carried on in the association.

The clubs and classes in the association are numerous and to all of these, except the cooking class every girl in the city is welcome, whether she is a member of the association or not.

Twice a month the "Whatsoever" Circle of the King's Daughters, in charge of Miss Jarvis, meets. Their motto is "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; do it with all thy might," and in the fulfillment of this principle, the members of the circle devote themselves to home missionary work in the poorer quarters of London.

The association is desirous of forming clubs in the different factories. They already have two very successful clubs, one in the Helena Costume Company, and one in Perrin's factory and they hope to have more in the fall when club work, which is not followed during July and August, begins again.

These clubs, although under the general direction of the Y. W. C. A., are self-governing, as are all the other clubs of the association.

The president of the Helena Club is Miss Smith, and of the Winnifred Club, which is named for Miss Winnifred MacDonald, former president of the Dominion Association and now Mrs. (Dr.) Barry, missionary to China, Miss Barclay.

The meetings presided over by Miss Stever are held once a week at the noon hour in the factory. Mr. Perrin has kindly given his private office for that purpose and has had it fitted with camp chairs for the girls, while the Helen Costume Company have given their lunch room.

Short devotional exercises are followed by singing lessons and gymnasium classes, several of the leading musicians of the city kindly giving their services for the former.

In the junior work there are two clubs, the Alexandra, president, Belva Chapman, for girls from eight to twelve, and the Victoria, president, Edna Maybank, for girls from twelve to fourteen. These clubs have practically the same work, meeting once a week after school, devoting their time to gymnasium work and instructive games, while the Alexandra Club is studying the life of Christ in Scripture, history, tradition, art and song. There is a kitchen garden class for domestic training and each club has its own song, cheer and colors, chosen by the members themselves.

Every day, during the noon hour, girls in offices and stores bring their lunches to the bright rooms of the association, over the public library, and have their noon rest. Tea and coffee is provided for them at two cents a cup, and the reading room with all the current magazines and the daily papers is open to them to rest and read in.

Tuesday afternoon, the students' Bible class, mostly composed of girls from the collegiate institute, meets after four o'clock. Mrs. W. Weld conducts the meeting and Miss Lucy McMechan is president. They study the Scriptures and read works in connection with their study, as for instance, Sharman's Life of Christ, and Mary L. Babcock's Life of Jesus.

Tuesday night the "I Will Trust" Club meets. Miss Unwin is the president and Miss Trebilcock leader. This class studies the Sunday school lesson for the following Sabbath and Sunday school teachers find it very helpful.

At eight o'clock Thursday night the business class meets to study shorthand, composition, spelling and writing under the tuition of Miss Isabel Magee, Miss Stella Macklin, Miss Trebilcock and Mr. Latta.

Thursday evening, also, there is a physical culture class conducted by Miss Stever.

Friday morning at half-past eight Miss Stever conducts a Bible class, meeting in the Normal school and Friday night a cooking class, in charge of Miss Butchart, principal of the London School of Domestic Science, meets in the rooms.

Saturday night Miss Eliza Yates conducts a literary club, which has for its aim the study of good literature. Last year the members studied the "Idylls of the King," "The Tempest" and Canadian history and poetry.

Saturday night is also the social

evening when it is the duty of the social committee to provide charades, music, games and occasionally refreshments. The committee is much indebted to the Woman's Morning Music Club, which very kindly provided a concert on the first Saturday evening of every month last winter.

Sunday afternoon, informal meetings are held in the rooms when one of the city ministers or someone actively engaged in Christian work, conducts a short service.

Although the work of the association is flourishing, the officers are very much hampered by the lack of funds to provide suitable accommodation. Every day from three to eight or ten girls come asking for board, but the secretary is compelled to send them away.

About \$12,000 of the necessary \$30,000 is already subscribed, but from present appearances, it will be some years before they can hope to build and furnish a residence with an auditorium capable of seating about three hundred, a thoroughly equipped gymnasium with competent instructor and offices all in the same building, and yet what a boon it would be to the numerous girls in London earning their own living and yet deprived of all the advantages of home life.

This Y. W. C. A. boarding house would be self-sustaining with an efficient matron in charge, and would be made as home-like as possible to the girl boarders. Now that the Young Men's Christian Association have such a beautiful building, it is regrettable that some of London's philanthropists do not turn their attention towards the extremely worthy object which the Y. W. C. A. have in view.

They are carrying out their plans on a small scale in "Summerholm," their Port Stanley home for girls. Some slight idea of the necessity for this place is seen when it is shown that there are now twenty-four girls boarding at Summerholm and there are eighteen on the waiting list.

All unmarried members of the association are admitted to Summerholm at a merely nominal rate per week. Some member of the Summerholm Board is always present as hostess and chaperone. A matron is in charge of the cooking and kitchen work and the girls are always free for the boating, bathing, fishing and other joys of Port Stanley.

A board of management of twenty-five ladies assisted by an advisory board composed of leading men of the city is in charge of the general work of the association, while the officers are:

President—Miss Trebilcock.
Treasurer—Miss McGuffin.
Secretary—Miss Jennie Gunn.
Assistant Secretary—Miss May Fowler.

Children's Confidences.

It is a beautiful thing for a mother to have the confidence of her children. But many a woman does not realize this until it is beyond her reach. When her children are grown up she misses it and feels hurt that they do not bring their anxieties, love affairs, plans and ideas to her to be talked over. Such a woman would be indignant if you told her that she herself was to blame for this state of affairs, but it is true none the less. How many times one sees a child, filled with eager delight at a new game, run to his mother, eager to tell her all about it, to be met with, "Run away, dear, don't bother me now." What effect does this have? Does the child wait for a more propitious moment? Not at all; the confidence is never given. The child, if often met with this thoughtless indifference, is forced to live in a world of his own.

No one denies that a child's tiny troubles are bitter to him for the time. It takes very little to make a child happy. Yes, and just as slight a thing to make him miserable. Consider in both states he needs sympathy, just as we bigger children do.

If a woman wants to have her children confide in her, and wishes to be their dearest friend, as well as their mother, she must not discourage the confidence of her little ones. Consider for a moment the immense influence she gains, if her children tell her freely all their little secrets and she knows day by day what those busy brains are thinking.

Feminine Influence.

It is commonly supposed that a man's conduct during the day depends upon whether or not he enjoys his breakfast. It is said that at the breakfast table a cheerful bearing and a joyful demeanor on the part of the feminine part of the family are most effective in putting the man of the house into the right sort of humor for the day. There are other views, however, on this subject, and one of them comes from a woman whose experiences in her married life have been of a kind to encourage any wife.

She disagrees with the accepted view as to the potency of good humor in the morning. Her scheme is very different.

"The most important moment of the day to a man's peace of mind," she says, "is the ten minutes that follow his return from the work of the day. At that time one word may change his whole state of feeling."

"He comes home usually tired. Work or the vexations of business during the day have frequently brought him to a point of fatigue or nervousness at which a very little thing may decide what his mood will be for the rest of the evening. Of course, the particular disposition of every man is going to tell here just as it does everywhere else. But my rule will hold good for the average man."

"The most important thing for the tactful woman to do is to wait until she sees some signs of his temper before she makes any decided move. Don't, above all things, tell him that the plumber has just sent in a terrible bill merely for making that little alteration, or say that stupid Mrs. Jones has been at the house all the afternoon taking about the new house her husband has bought and showing off her

sables, as if she were the only woman in the world that had them. "Don't talk too much in the beginning on any subject. Conversation taken torrentially at the outset is likely to upset anybody who is a little tired after a day's work, and who wants quiet enjoyment of home."

"The woman who follows this advice is going to find her evenings pleasanter than if she jumps at the beginning into the heart of things—especially disagreeable things. A little tact during the first quarter of an hour after the return home is worth all the early morning cheerfulness in the world."

The Quiet Hour.

NOT THE FORM BUT THE SPIRIT.

It is not the form of prayer, but the spirit with which it is offered, that counts with God. If it is dictated by a sense of need and is presented with faith and in harmony with God's will, it is sure to be heard. It may be crude in man's sight, but if sincere and earnest, it is neither rejected nor despised. All can come before God with their burdens and petitions, for He turns no honest suppliant away empty-handed.

LITTLE THINGS.

Account no duty small. Forget not "the anise and cummin," the little matters of courtesy, kindness and consideration for the feelings of others, acknowledgment of favors received, the answering of letters, the manifestation of Christian sympathy, and the like. These lesser matters ought not to be less sign of child's piety, chiefly regard the weightier matters of the law.—Everard.

A PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.
For patience, Lord, in faith I ask,
That I may trials bear,
And count it not an irksome task
A cross with Thee to share;

The patience Thou dost ever show
In every trouble keen,
Abandon each malignant foe
By Thy supernal sheen;

The patience, with an upward look
Into Thy Father's face,
Enabling Thee contempt to brook
With dignity and grace;

The patience that enriched Thy life
Of sorrow and of pain,
And turned for Thee all hate and strife
To everlasting gain.

Abundant measure, Master, mine,
Of this I ask in prayer,
That I, reflecting Thee, may shine
Even in the midst of care.

Forgive me that I ever gave
To myself passion's frown,
O teach me, Lord, how to be brave
And how to keep my crown.

—Rev. William H. Bancroft.

THE BEST GIFT.

Love, true love, is everything to you.
"If I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels, but have not love, I am
become sounding brass or a clanging
cymbal. And if I have all faith, so as
to remove mountains, but have not
love, I am nothing. And if I bestow
all my goods to feed the poor, and
I give my body to be burned, but have

not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love
suffereth long, and is kind; loveth
envieth not, is not puffed up, seeketh
not her own, is not provoked, taketh
not account of evil; rejoiceth not in
unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the
truth; beareth all things, believeth all
things, hopeth all things, endureth all
things."

Without love we see through a glass
darkly; with perfect love we must see
face to face. Without love we can
know only in part; with perfect love
we know fully. We are known, for "God is
love." Before love's light all
prophecies fail. Before its trans-
cendent light shall all things else
vanish—for when that which is perfect
is come—perfect love to God—then that
which is in part shall be done away.
The song of love is a song they sing
beside the crystal sea in the heaven
land, and is not a false note in its
cadence as they sing it there. 'Tis like
the fragrance of a thousand roses to
such as breathe a tainted atmosphere;
like a cooling breeze from some snow-
capped mountain in dry and sultry
midsummer; like the murmur of a
waterfall to the thirsty traveler. Its
music is for all ears.—David C. Cook.

AH, GOLDEN EYES.
Ah, Golden Eyes! To win you yet
I bring mine April coronet.
These lovely blossoms of the spring
For you I weave. I bring
These roses with the lilacs set.
The dewy, dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flowers wet.
Wilt thou disdain mine love offering,
Ah, Golden Eyes?

Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set.
For thou dost love me anything.
Hast but a moment of thy spring;
Thy spring—and then, the long regret—
Ah, Golden Eyes!

SILENT SORROW.
For better the silence of sorrow than
the sound of it, far better the smile
of trust than the tears of doubt. Far
better the calm, serene brow than the
wrinkles of petulance. The child that
believes in his mother laughs at the
foot that overturns his castle of blocks,
and with a shout of glee he builds
again the ruined towers in greater
height. So do those who believe in
God bear His strokes and take up the
broken life and rear it into loftier
spiritual attainment. Those who sulk
and complain behold nothing except
blight and loss. And is there any-
where in the world a sadder sight
than that of a dispirited man or woman?
It is pathetic enough to see the grief of
angels.

Yes, in the silence of sorrow
many a temple of nobler living has
risen grandly to the bending skies of
God's love, like that which Solomon
planned, upon which the noise of
workman's tools was not heard. Out
of a quietness of soul such as this
have reached the hands that have
swung bells celestial into paths of joy.

OLD AND NEW.
A clod of earth, from whose dark mold
A seed full rich, with perfumed power,
And lo! we see a queenly flower.

A heart of earth, with base design,
Is touched by seed from heaven's fields;
There comes to light a purpose fine—
A poor, base life all richness yields.

—Hunter Davidson.

VERY LATEST FASHIONS.

Fancy buttons promise to figure largely in the autumn fashions. White and black canvas Oxford ties, with kid tips, are very comfortable.

Short skirts have the flaring bell shape more pronounced than ever. A good investment is the washable suede gloves that come in all colors.

Covert cloth coats in all lengths are very pretty and serviceable for children. Odd lengths of dress materials and trimmings are to be had for the traditional song.

Coronation stocks are finding much favor, as are also the watch fobs of the same name.

Hand-made handkerchiefs with a fancy initial in the embroidery can be had for 50 cents.

Natty little silk umbrellas which may be carried for sun or shower have covers showing tiny white polka dots.

Score books for golf come bound in bright, colored leather of all shades; they have a leather hook and are worn with the chateleine.

A belt is made of black satin, studded with rhinestones, with a buckle, a slide and an elaborate scroll design, closely set with rhinestones.

Box-plated skirts of light summer materials, such as silk, grenadine, dotted silk, silk veiling and silk batiste, are very pretty and dressy.

The fancy for jackets is coming back.

CONCERNING HER SHIRT WAIST.

Shirt waists aren't becoming to me," said one shopper to another in a department store. "And I am so sorry for I just dote on them."

"That's queer," replied her friend. "I thought most everybody could look well in shirt waists. Aren't these beauties, though?"

"Indeed they are," said the first woman, longingly, fingering the dainty white muslin; "but there's no use for me to tempt myself by looking at them. I might buy one—and I am trying to wear out my old ones now, merely because I have them, though 'Ned' says I look like a fright in one."

"I wear them all the time for street and home use, and my husband likes me best in them—says I look trim and girlish in one," with a deprecating smile.

"And so you do; wish I could wear them," sighed the other.

"Would you mind if I gave you some pointers on putting on a shirt waist?" asked the second woman suddenly. "There's such a lot in that, you know."

"Why, no, I didn't know. I never thought about it."

"Well, there is. To begin, you haven't yours pinned down in the back, have you?"

"No, I never do; I hate pinning things so much."

"Yet, there is the secret of a good back. Fasten it snug and secure on both sides, clear through into your corset, if necessary, and that keeps you from the right sort of round shouldered effect that every other woman wears in a shirt waist has. A well setting

not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; loveth not her own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Without love we see through a glass darkly; with perfect love we must see face to face. Without love we can know only in part; with perfect love we know fully. We are known, for "God is love." Before love's light all prophecies fail. Before its transcendent light shall all things else vanish—for when that which is perfect is come—perfect love to God—then that which is in part shall be done away.

The song of love is a song they sing beside the crystal sea in the heaven land, and is not a false note in its cadence as they sing it there. 'Tis like the fragrance of a thousand roses to such as breathe a tainted atmosphere; like a cooling breeze from some snow-capped mountain in dry and sultry midsummer; like the murmur of a waterfall to the thirsty traveler. Its music is for all ears.—David C. Cook.

AH, GOLDEN EYES.
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These lovely blossoms of the spring For you I weave. I bring These roses with the lilacs set.

The dewy, dark-eyed violet, Narcissus, and the wind-flowers wet. Wilt thou disdain mine love offering, Ah, Golden Eyes?

Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget The pride wherein thy heart is set. For thou dost love me anything.

Hast but a moment of thy spring; Thy spring—and then, the long regret— Ah, Golden Eyes!

SILENT SORROW.
For better the silence of sorrow than the sound of it, far better the smile of trust than the tears of doubt.

Far better the calm, serene brow than the wrinkles of petulance. The child that believes in his mother laughs at the foot that overturns his castle of blocks, and with a shout of glee he builds again the ruined towers in greater height.

So do those who believe in God bear His strokes and take up the broken life and rear it into loftier spiritual attainment. Those who sulk and complain behold nothing except blight and loss.

And is there anywhere in the world a sadder sight than that of a dispirited man or woman? It is pathetic enough to see the grief of angels.

Yes, in the silence of sorrow many a temple of nobler living has risen grandly to the bending skies of God's love, like that which Solomon planned, upon which the noise of workman's tools was not heard.

Out of a quietness of soul such as this have reached the hands that have swung bells celestial into paths of joy.

OLD AND NEW.
A clod of earth, from whose dark mold A seed full rich, with perfumed power, And lo! we see a queenly flower.

A heart of earth, with base design, Is touched by seed from heaven's fields; There comes to light a purpose fine— A poor, base life all richness yields.

—Hunter Davidson.

Fancy buttons promise to figure largely in the autumn fashions. White and black canvas Oxford ties, with kid tips, are very comfortable.

Short skirts have the flaring bell shape more pronounced than ever. A good investment is the washable suede gloves that come in all colors.

Covert cloth coats in all lengths are very pretty and serviceable for children. Odd lengths of dress materials and trimmings are to be had for the traditional song.

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THE HEPWORTH SERMON

The Mystery of Christmas.

"We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."—Matt., ii, 2.

A scientific man will listen respectfully to a new theory, because there are many unsolved problems in the universe. But he holds the theory in abeyance until he sees how it works. If it settles a few vexed questions he will say it is likely to be a true theory; if it settles a large proportion of these questions he will be inclined to adopt it; if it satisfactorily disposes of all the perplexities which he has heretofore encountered he will whistle his old theory down the wind, and accept the new one without hesitation.

His rule is that what produces the best results must be true, and when a new theory has been successfully put to that practical test he has no prejudice against an acknowledgment of its claims.

Let us give an illustration which is furnished by astronomy. Up to the beginning of the seventeenth century the planetary orbits were supposed to be circles—that is to say, the path around the sun in which all the members of our solar system moved, from Mercury to Neptune, was thought to be circular. There were some difficulties, however, which the circle failed to solve, and these increased until astronomers were in despair.

When Kepler came he declared that the orbits were not circles, but ellipses. Perhaps no proposition ever created more astonishment. It was daring to the edge of rashness, and for some time was held at arm's length. Later on, though, it was discovered that Kepler's theory disposed of all the difficulties which had attended the notion of circular orbits. Experiments were made with it by the score, but it never failed to vindicate itself. It worked, it produced results, and from that hour to this it has never been blurred by doubt.

The rule is a good one to apply to society, to civilization, and to religion, as well as to astronomy. When we hear of Christianity as a new moral and spiritual theory its beauty and common sense attract the intellect and move the heart. But we cannot fairly judge either of its worth or its truth until we find out what kind of a community, what kind of men and women, it can make.

More arguments are seldom conclusive, for in a debate the brighter or more strategic mind takes the lead; but when instead of arguments you have facts, and can say to the world, "Christianity has done this or that; it has caused the people to create these or those institutions, political or charitable," then you demonstrate its worth or its worthlessness. If it can do this best work, then it proves itself true; but if it fails to do this we are like the astronomers in the time of Copernicus, who were not satisfied with the planetary circle and waited patiently for some new teacher, Kepler and his ellipse.

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If we contrast Christianity with Mohammedanism or Brahmanism, regarding them all as theories of life, the weight of argument would be in favor of Christianity, for, taken as a whole, Christ's teachings are peculiarly unworldly and uplifting. But when we place modern Europe, by the side of elements of human progress, as expounded of the best that can be done by three conspicuous forms of religion, argument becomes dumb and the matter is decided by results.

In such a competition Christianity has nothing to fear. Whether it be considered as human or divine is just a matter of secondary importance. We look simply at the prerogatives which men enjoy under it; at the kind of ambition which spurs men to action; at the moral code of society at large; at the institutions which are the logical consequence of belief in Christ; at the literature in which the people delight; and at the sympathy for those who are unfortunate which prevails.

Brush your theological creeds aside and look at Christianity as a dynamic force; measure its influence in the career of anyone who has been consecrated by its spirit; note its encouragement of public and private virtue, its insistence on a high standard of honor, its injunction to provide for the helpless and care for the needy, its promise or pledge that when we leave the body we shall take up residence in "a house not made with hands." Then compare these peculiarities with the general teaching of any other religious system on the planet, and you will be compelled to admit that in the production of a noble life, Christianity leads all the rest.

It is not strange, therefore, that this higher thought was ushered in by an overtone in which angels predicted peace on earth and goodwill to men. Nor need we wonder if he who bore the sacred message from heaven healed the sick or raised the dead by word of command. The person who could project himself into the life of eighteenth century and give shape to more than fifty generations would find it an easy task to master the mysteries of disease and death.

We do well, therefore, to set apart one day in the year that we may celebrate with songs of praise and family reunions the advent of one who has brought such glad tidings of great joy.

of his comrades became martyrs. Perhaps with a view to giving them authority as verbatim reports the compiler says:

"But there was a certain scribe of the law court, who was near to the prison, and he listened to the discourse of Callistratus, and wrote it to us; and we set in order, with all accuracy, the record and outline of his thought."

A Hopeless Case.

There was a brilliant reception at the house of Mrs. Amory. Among the guests was a certain Mr. McKenzie, a man of grave and somewhat taciturn demeanor, whom several of the young ladies present had tried to engage in conversation, but without much success. One of them spoke to the hostess about him. He seems to be rather uneasy and out of place at a party like this," she said. "Yes," replied Mrs. Amory, with a bright smile, "he can't talk anything but sense."

Mohammedanism.

A German missionary who has worked for many years among the Mohammedans says: "Honesty compels every candid student to acknowledge that the old view formerly entertained in Christian circles concerning Mohammedanism, according to which the teachings of the great Arabian prophet are nothing but devil's footprints and dogmas, is altogether incorrect. In reality Mohammedanism is nothing but a rationalistic type of Christianity in the form of a most unfortunate state religion. The times are past when scolding about the Moslem creed and the production of the devil will satisfy, and the struggle against Islam on these premises is a failure. Practically all of the Christian literature that in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was written against Mohammedanism is useless."

Chinese "Autographs."

After the siege of Peking, the Lotus Club of New York, which has long been in the habit of entertaining distinguished men, gave a dinner for Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister at Washington. The autograph-seekers kept him busy between courses, and to enhance the value of his signature, they were unanimous in asking Mr. Wu to write in Chinese. Several of them, later in the evening, were comparing his signatures as they appeared on their menu cards. Unfamiliar as they were with the Chinese script, they could see that the characters were not the same. Just then Chow Tsz Chi, the Chinese consul, came up, and was at once asked what he was writing.

Mr. Chow hesitated a moment, and then gravely read these "autographs" as follows:

"What a funny, red-nosed man!" "How short and fat you are!" "An amusing, bald-headed fellow!"

NOTICED THE CHANGE IN TREND OF STORY

Brutal Treatment of Husband Who Tells Funny Stories.

The man who won't take the time to work off any conversation with his wife until after they are in bed, and who then begins to tell her the day's stock of funny stories, after she is too sleepy to stay awake, so that she always goes to sleep on his hands while he is talking to her, had an awfully funny one to relate until her attention had dozed the girl and crawled into bed a few nights ago, says the Washington Post.

"Ha, ha, ha," he gurgled, as he settled back on his pillow—his wife had been in bed for about fifteen minutes then. "Heard a jim dandy of a story about Billy Fantoids this afternoon. It seems that Billy took it into his head to go down to the beach and swim last week, and, being, he hired a leaky skiff over in Georgetown without knowing that the blamed thing was leaky. Well, when he had rowed out to the middle of the bay, the skiff began to leak, and he was in a bad way."

At this stage of the narrative heard an exceedingly gentle feminine snore alongside of him.

"If he hasn't gone to sleep on me again," he said to himself, "aggravated," "Mary," he said aloud, "are you awake?"

There was no reply.

"Huh! wonder she couldn't be civil enough to me while a fellow's telling her a good story, anyhow," he growled to himself, and then he had a sudden idea.

Well, he proceeded in precisely the same tone that he had employed in starting out to tell the funny story, "as I was saying, this swell queen that gave me the goo-goo eye on B street last week, she was built from the ground up, too, I'm a-telling you, and she had the swaggiest bunch of gold-en hemp and the niftiest set of violet eyes I pranced up to her and asked her if I hadn't met her somewhere, and then took her around the corner to a little drink, and a quiet little chat, why, we—"

"John Forchick, how dare you have the hardihood to lie there and confess such outrageous things to me!" his wideawake spouse broke in just at this psychological moment, and then he had to spend a good part of the night explaining to her that he was only fooling in order to see if she would wake up, and it is not altogether a cinch that she isn't suspicious of him yet, at that.

MILLIONAIRE PIERP. MORGAN

Cannot Buy a Better Breakfast Cereal Than Our Brain and Muscle Tonic Are Now Using.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

The Choice of Royalty and the Plain People.

Nature's Health Food for the Young and Old.

The millions of a Morgan or the wealth and influence of royalty cannot procure a more delicious, appetizing or healthful breakfast dish than Malt Breakfast Food, now so much enjoyed by our plain people. Malt Breakfast Food is different from other foods. The pure Malt gives it a flavor that all relish. It has extraordinary virtues for the lowly as well as the noble, and correcting impaired digestions. One package makes a meal for twenty-five people. Your grocer sells it.

BACK PAINS

THEY ARE NATURE'S WARNING CRY.



They are sure indication of sexual weakness or nervous trouble, failing powers or disease of the kidneys and pelvic region. A woman's backache tells of that weakness which makes it a labor and agony to live. Weak back and its numerous causes can positively be cured at home by the patient applying to the aching spot a safe and successful method of electric treatment which gently and soothingly dispels pain and saturates the whole body with renewed vigor, making life worth living. It is known as

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S METHOD OF SELF-APPLIED ELECTRICAL TREATMENT.

My system is the one of giving a mild, continuous current for hours every night as the patient sleeps. The nervous system drinks this in until it has become slowly saturated with the life. It has been taken up so slowly that it remains there, and becomes a part of the natural force. This plan, repeated nightly for twenty or thirty nights, transforms a weak, debilitated system into a mine of energy, where health is evident in every motion.

My appliance is put on when the patient retires; he feels the gentle, glowing current instantly, and regulates it to suit his taste, and then goes to sleep like a babe and awakens in the morning refreshed and full of this grand energy. This is repeated nightly until he is well.

If you are suffering with pains in the back, or that dull ache in the muscles or joints, "come and get it," pains in the shoulders, chest and side, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or any other ailment, I will show you how to cure your case you can make arrangements by giving me security for the price of my Belt, use it at my risk and

PAY WHEN CURED.

Now, dear reader, if I am willing to accept your case on the above terms you cannot afford to lose the opportunity. All I ask is evidence of your honesty and good faith. I have had cases that have been pronounced incurable by the leading physicians and given up by our hospitals; I have restored them to health and strength.

Write for Free Book—If you can't call at my office, write for my beautiful book, which describes my method and gives prices. All letters are given prompt attention. Statements made will be sent to you by mail. I will hold your letters secretly confidential.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have an old belt of any other make which has burned and blistered you, or one that did not possess electricity, bring it in and I will allow you one-half the price of mine for it.

DR. M. E. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Motion Prevailed.

An old town official of the city of Macon, Georgia, says in Short Stories that during the night of the earthquake disturbances of 1886 the city council was in session. When the quake shook the city hall from basement to top the councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. Whereupon the wag who kept the minutes of the meeting concluded his record with the following sentence: "On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned."

New Type of Steamship.

Capt. F. C. Ishoy, a Dane, has invented a new form of steamship, which he thinks will be both speedier and steadier than the existing type. He makes the hull considerably more flat than in the ordinary model, thus decreasing the draught. But his most novel device is placing the screw under the bottom of the vessel instead of at the stern. Not only will such a ship be particularly seaworthy, says the inventor, but it will save the propeller some 20 per cent in consumption of coal.

A Young Hello Girl.

A Philadelphia wool dealer went to the telephone the other day in answer to a call and heard these words: "Hello! This is Dr. Blank. Are you Mr. Smith?" "Yes," the wool man replied, "I am Mr. Smith." "Why," Mr. Smith, said the physician, "I want to announce to you that you are the happy father of a little daughter, and that everything is doing well." "Ho-ho-ho!" I'm very glad," Mr. Smith said in a moved voice. Then the doctor proceeded: "Your daughter wishes to speak to you. Hold your ear there while I lift her up." Mr. Smith held emotion the inarticulate complaining voice of the little daughter whom he had not yet seen.

Nickel-Steel's Peculiarities.

Steel alloyed with 36 per cent of nickel is said to have the smallest coefficient of expansion of any known metal, amounting to only one two-millionth of an inch per degree Fahrenheit. For this reason nickel-steel has been largely adopted for the material of pendulum rods in high-grade clocks. The change of length with rise or fall of temperature is so nearly imperceptible that the counterbalancing change in the brass bolt suffices to compensate for it. Nickel-steel also possesses a remarkable power of resisting rust. If nickel alloy ever be discovered in sufficient quantities greatly to reduce its cost, says a writer in Machinery, it would have an important influence on future steel construction, for nickel-steel would generally be used. It is an interesting fact that nickel combined with iron is frequently found in meteorites.

Railway Electric Lighting.

The state railway administration in Prussia has just settled upon a system of electric lighting for trains which is attracting much attention in Germany. The axle-driven dynamo having been found objectionable because it borrows too much power from the locomotive, and the system of storage batteries being undesirable for other reasons, the plan adopted is to place on the locomotive a steam-driven dynamo, which supplies a current to a small regulating battery in each car. Thus every car in a vestibuled train has a separate lighting system fed from its own accumulator, although the general supply comes from the generator on the locomotive. Each car is provided with ceiling lamps and reading lamps.

A Heavy Airship.

M. Santos-Dumont, writing a description of his own airships, points to a fact which may be new to the general public. Although he employs a balloon filled with hydrogen, yet his machine is so ballasted as to make its total weight heavier by some pounds than the weight of the volume of air it displaces. Consequently, it cannot rise by the unaided effort of the spindle-shaped balloon. The aeronaut is able to shift the center of gravity, and when he wishes to rise he leans the forward end upward and sets the propeller in motion. The airship thus ascends on an inclined atmospheric plane, and if the propeller is stopped it descends gently toward the earth by its own weight. The inventor avers that he has thus combined the principles of the balloon and the aeroplane.

TESTS FOR TRUE LOVERS

Cases in Which Modern Heroes and Leaders Have Won.

One of the most difficult tasks that ever fell to the lot of a lover was completed two years ago by Mr. McQuarry, of San Francisco. His suit was repeatedly rejected by the lady of his choice, until one day, thinking to put an end to his attentions thereby, he told him that if he would go round the world without a cent in his pocket she would marry him. McQuarry courageously took her at her word, and setting out, actually accomplished the feat in a certain period named.

A young Frenchman named Pierre Barnard accomplished the remarkable feat of walking from Paris to Berlin on stilts two summers ago at the behest of a Breton maiden who had spurned his addresses, but wished to test his devotion. He was not allowed to dismount even at night, but compelled to rest against walls or anything that would support his weight; an impartial judge having accompanied him on a bicycle to see that the conditions were properly fulfilled. The feat accomplished, Barnard again renewed his suit, this time with success.

A short while ago a young London solicitor, in order to win the girl of his choice, carried out a task which all but those of unusual courage would have shrunk. The lady rejected his attentions on the grounds that she would only marry the man whose wife had found her husband's grave.

As the runaway had been last heard of in a South American copper mine, the solicitor had no important clues to aid him in his work. Nevertheless, he pocketed a photograph he gave up his business and set out, only to return, some years later, with two years' England in despair when the end was ever and he had come to the end of his resources without success. But just as he was leaving a London terminus, a man passed him in the street who bore a small resemblance to the photograph, and he inquired his name. The stranger replied that he was the husband of the woman who had rejected him, and the family was followed shortly afterwards, by the admittance of the solicitor as a fully qualified member. —Philadelphia Times.

Snow Against Bullets.

The result of experiments recently carried out in Norway, by firing Krag-Jorgensen rifles against heaps of snow, indicates that the schoolboys' traditional winter fortifications might be rendered of great value in practical warfare, carried on in regions where snow abounds. Although the muzzle velocity of a Krag-Jorgensen bullet is 2,360 feet per second, yet it was found that a bank of unwarmed snow arrested such projectiles at a depth of penetration not exceeding 4 feet. This is nearly equal to the resistance of rammed earth, and exceeds that of ordinary wood.

Brain and Intellect.

The exact seat in the brain of the highest intellectual faculties has formed a moot point in science since the functions of the organ of mind began to be investigated with accuracy, says the London Chronicle. The general opinion localizes what we term "mind" in the prefrontal lobes of the brain, but by another school of thinkers the hinder lobes have been credited with performing our highest cerebral duties. The balance of evidence is decidedly in favor of the former view, and recent researches and observations by Dr. Phelps, an American investigator, would appear to assist in strengthening the opinion that the most important portion of the brain is its anterior region. In the course of the investigations in question some 295 cases of brain injury and disease were examined. In all save two it was noted that interference with the prefrontal region resulted in serious disturbance of the mental faculties. Less severe injury produced less marked effects. These facts parallel the researches of other investigators, and they are further substantiated by what is observed in cases of idiocy connected with a want of development of the frontal lobes of the brain.

To Harness the Rhine.

A Swiss engineer, Mr. Gelpke, has worked out a plan for putting Basel in complete water communication with the North Sea by freight steamers on the Rhine. He would regulate the level of the river in its upper part by means of fourteen dams, with locks, and calculates that turbine machinery connected with the dams would furnish from 100,000 to 150,000 horse power to be utilized in factories along the stream.

Rules for Business.

In Mr. Carnegie's "Empire of Business," he sets down the prime conditions of success as they seem to him. "Above all," he says, "a young man should concentrate his energy, thought and capital exclusively on the business which he has adopted. If he has begun in one line, he should fight it out, that line. The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means that they have scattered their brains also. They have estimated in this, or that, or the other, here, there and everywhere. 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket' is all wrong. I tell you, 'Put all your eggs in one basket,' and then watch that basket. Look around you and take notice; men who do that do not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to estimate in this, or that, or the other, here, there and everywhere. 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket' is all wrong. I tell you, 'Put all your eggs in one basket,' and then watch that basket. 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SMALL AMUSEMENTS OF GREAT MEN TWENTY POUNDS OF HUMAN HAIR

How Mark Twain and Other Notables Enjoy Themselves in Idle Hours.

We cannot always be contemplative, diligent or pragmatical abroad, but have need of some delightful intermissions.—Milton.

Great men are not made of castiron or even buckram. They unbend, they yawn or stretch themselves. Napoleon enjoyed a game of cards. Gen. Grant a horse trade, Lincoln a joke.

But it is a fact that eminent men of action have taken their recreation in small doses or in secret, as though afraid or ashamed to enjoy themselves. Of course there is the conspicuous instance of President Roosevelt to the contrary; also there is Mr. Cleveland with his rod and gun.

From various sources, including answers to personal letters of inquiry, a writer for the Sunday World Magazine has gathered the following information concerning the relaxations of persons prominent in the public eye.

No matter where he is, Mark Twain's sublimest conception of "a high old time" is to be arrayed in old easy-fitting clothes, sprawled in a chair that "hugs the spine," with an old friend silent or voluble before him, and a couple of boxes of strong cigars within comfortable reach.

J. Pierpont Morgan has said that business is his favorite recreation. As a matter of fact, he does make a business of his several forms of amusing himself as an art collector. The work is arduous and unprofitable, but it spreads the name and expands the prestige and power of J. Pierpont Morgan. There has been a business method even in Mr. Morgan's yachting interests, and in such banquets as that to the "Captains of Industry" (not chivaliers d'industrie as a French wit called it). For Mr. Morgan is not at all a bon vivant or typical club man. It is doubtful whether he knows the true meaning of the word vacation, of "diesse," or dolce far niente, even

when trying to loaf and leave the art of repose on board of his yacht Corsair.

Sir Henry Irving, of all actors, with the possible exception of Richard Mansfield, pessimist, seems able to squeeze least juice out of the orange of life. If a business talk with Bram Stoker is not to be looked upon in the light of a diversion, then the reading of the personal newspaper clippings and a morning walk in Hyde Park attended by a puny terrier, are the nearest approaches Sir Henry appears to make toward an acquaintance with the jolly side of life.

Mr. Russell Sage takes an occasional inexpensive trip to Central Park. He proposes as a pastime to make a study of the peculiar midsummer madness of Mr. Devery at his pump on Eighth avenue.

Mr. Devery himself is having the vacation of his life, his only regret being that though he spends money like water the pump cannot be made to run beer.

Former Speaker Thomas B. Reed seldom rides his bicycle now. He hasn't the room here to swing himself that he had in Washington. A stout hammock swung low to the ground, with a detective story in hand that can be used to fan away flies or hide the appearance of sleep, is good enough elysium for Mr. Reed.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, as all the world knows, plays golf. That and a mild game of ping-pong indoors keep away the blues.

Of all the Goulds, George and his family get the most out of life. He and his boys play polo for keeps, and from yachting to swimming their recreations are really hardening forms of healthful exercise. Of all the Vanderbilts, it is George again who, with his scholarly tastes, reaps most joy in the quiet of his splendid North Carolina palace, Biltmore.

Rudyard Kipling isn't physically as large a man as Theodore Roosevelt, but his life is quite as strenuous. He makes himself "hard as nails" by long walks, punching the bag, dumbbell exercise, and trips to sea.

Dr. (now Sir) Conan Doyle boats or takes long sprits on the country roads, and now and then a plunge in the nearest creek or pond.

A New York Merchant Tells Strange Stories of Where It Comes From.

It is not pleasant to have a bundle of twenty pounds of human hair thrown down on a counter before you.

There is not only the pervasive odor, but not necessarily offensive, but the attendant suggestion of its origin, the reminder of the squalid, unromantic Southern Russia, where reckless or avaricious peasant girls come to the fairs and voluntarily have their pig-tails cropped for a ruble or a florin an ounce.

Looking at a row of boxes filled with tresses, the air of the wholesale storehouse redolent with the oily, inoffensive human smell, one's thought is naturally of a romance of Old World starvation and women's sacrifice.

"You'd think France would buy most hair, wouldn't you? Well, it doesn't, England does. But France comes next. We're a warm third," a New York hair dealer remarked.

"The best hair comes from Germany and Austria-Hungary, Little Russia and Italy. The cheapest hair comes from China, and it is made up for our colored people. Over there's a lot of it."

There was a lot of it—bushels. "It's almost as stiff, you see, as horsehair, and it's not worth much more than a quince only a few cents."

"What is the most costly hair?" "That," said the merchant, holding up a bunch of beautiful snow-white and silken tresses. "That, 'way beyond anything. It looks like silver, but it's worth its weight in gold."

"That's 'old lady's' finest natural white," and costs you \$25 an ounce. I'll sell you an ounce of Chinese hair for 75 cents. That's the difference."

"Where do you get it?"

"Where do you get anything that brings money? Only from the East."

The peasant women in Europe don't set great store by their hair; they all wear caps and head-dresses, and even the girls think nothing of cutting off their coils or queues for a

dollar which they can spend on trinkets or clothes at the next fair."

"What comes next to the 'old lady's' finest?"

"Why, this," showing hair which was neither so snowy nor glossy as the first and best.

"That's plain 'natural white,' and it is worth about \$15 an ounce. Then comes gray, worth from \$6 to \$7 an ounce. Then the hair runs in a descending scale—drab, black, brown and dark brown, worth from \$18 to \$16 a pound about an average of a dollar an ounce if there's no drab in it. Look here, for instance."

He led the way to the end of the long warehouse, opened a deep box and drew out a heavy bundle of vari-colored or rather tinted hair, most of the strands shading from light brown into dark brown or light black. The odor was overpowering, but not offensive.

"There are twenty pounds in that bunch, and not two ounces of drab in it. The whole thing came with a lot from Russia. It's worth about \$350."

"Was it all cut from the heads of living women?"

"Indeed it was. We don't touch the other kind. It's no good. You can tell it at a glance; it's coarse and brittle and it's dry—well, it gives itself away."

The writer for the Sunday World Magazine mentioned the Angora goat farm which is about to be established in the West.

"Yes," said the merchant, "the Angora hair is good, very good. There is always a demand for it. But it can never compare with the hair of the yak and I suppose we've seen the last of that. Is exportation from Asia has been prohibited."

What English Will Do.

A report in a Missouri paper is quoted by the Chicago Chronicle as an example of what queer tricks the English language will play on one who does not master it. At a recent church entertainment the master of ceremonies announced "Miss Bates will sing, 'Oh! That I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,' accompanied by the minister."



BRITISH MATRONS

who love their homes seek to make them the brightest spots on earth. A snow-white tablecloth laid with shining cups and saucers, and a bright clean home greets the bread-winner as he returns from his daily toil. A smiling welcome from a happy wife is his, and the children make music at his coming.

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER

is disorder allowed to reign supreme. Alas, that every matron knows not that such a home may be hers. Some matrons are slaves of dirt, and their homes are homes of squalor. Some are slaves to worry and their homes are in a perpetual turmoil of cleaning through the use of common soap. Britons never, never, never.

SHALL BE SLAVES

is the music of that home where Sunlight Soap is used. Quietly, quickly, without worry, without confusion, the heaps of soiled clothes are purified with Sunlight Soap. The whole house is with one wash of Sunlight Soap made sweetly clean. There is no discomfort to anyone; there is time for rest; there is time for recreation; there is time to devote to other duties of the home. Slavery to dirt and to disorder, to work and to worry is abolished, and of such freedom and comfort the secret is Sunlight Soap. Sunlight Soap is used in the Royal laundries.

Free! Free!

I Guarantee a Positive Cure of every case of Rheumatism, Varicose, Lumbago, Sexual Weakness, Losses, Nervousness, Weak Back, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach Troubles. I cannot cure every case, but I will undertake to GUARANTEE POSITIVELY TO CURE, OR WILL REFUND MONEY. (Legal guarantee sent in each case.)

FREE! FREE!

I have just completed a powerful new Belt. It is undoubtedly the best and greatest the world has ever seen. It is perfect. It needs no vinegar. It is always ready for use. It will do for eight persons. It is a cure. It cannot fail. Try it. You can have it

FREE!

and pay only when cured. Not a cent in advance. I mean what I say. This new Belt is the most powerful ever yet produced. I know positively it will cure you. You can get it absolutely free on trial. Pay only when cured. I will send you FREE, upon request, my BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL BOOK, which you should read. It is free. Are you weak, ailing or ill? Delay no longer. Write to me today. I will positively cure you.

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Notice—If you have any other belt I will take it in exchange. You should try every means to become well. Write today.

ARE YOU A PRISONER?

THOUSANDS of men are prisoners of disease as securely as though they were confined behind the bars. Many have forged their own chains by the virus of early youth, exposure to contagious disease, or the excesses of manhood. They feel they are not the men they ought to be, and they are not. The vim, vigor, and vitality of manhood are lacking. Are you nervous and despondent? Tired in the morning? Have you ambition and energy? Are you irritable and excitable? Eyes sunken, depressed, and haggard? Indigestion, memory weak, brain fagged? Have you weak back with dragging, and losses at night? Deposit in urine? Weak sexually?—you have

Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness.

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Why Not

IT IS IN THE FLAVOR YOU NOTICE IT—CRISP AND NUTLIKE.

WHEN IT COSTS ONLY A LITTLE EFFORT OF MEMORY, THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR YOU HAVING POOR PORRIDGE.

Have **Tillson's?**

The "Pan-Dried" kind.

THE TILLSON COY., LIMITED.

Sold in London by **T. A. ROWAT & CO.**

234 DUNDAS STREET.

Tried Hard.

At a recent trial at Auburn, Pennsylvania, one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination, says a western paper, the counsel for the government paused, and then, putting a look of severity, exclaimed: "Mr. Wilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are." "Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

Stopped for Once.

A citizen from the frontier, who never had been in Washington before, was visiting a friend in the nation's capital, and was taken one day to the

IS INSANITY INFECTIOUS?

Recent Developments Would Indicate That It Is.

Terrible Fate of Drs. Grissom, Enos, Dewey and Prof. Colgrove, Four Experts.

Why do so many physicians having insane under their care lose their own minds?

Does constant association with the insane destroy normal minds? Is insanity infectious?

Within the past four months there have been at least four men of science, each of whom occupied a commanding position, who have become victims of the malady which they have made a specialty.

Three of them have been at the head of great insane hospitals, and two were sent to the institution over which they had presided. One killed himself. The fourth, a college professor, became mad after devoting two years to the study of insanity.

One of the latest victims, Dr. Eugene Grissom, committed suicide about a week ago. He was one of the most celebrated experts in the world in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases. His fine mind had gathered the accumulated wisdom of the ages on his specialty, and it had been his privilege to add to it. Yet, in the evening of his life, his reason was overthrown and he killed himself.

All his learning, all his skill, could not save him from losing his own mind. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and served in the civil war, although a native of North Carolina. As early as 1868 he had become so well recognized as an expert on insanity that he was made superintendent of the insane asylum at Raleigh, and he presided over that institution for more than twenty years. He was the first vice-president of the American Medical Society, and thrice president over the Association of Superintendents of American Insane Asylums. He lectured before the American Medical Society on "The Borderland of Insanity," and on "True and False Experts," and engaged the late Surgeon-General Hammond in many discussions.

It was after Dr. Grissom had made his home in Colorado in 1890, that his mind began to totter. He fought it for a long time, but steadily grew worse, and one day he attempted to kill himself by swallowing chloroform on the street in Denver. His life was saved and he was sent to the insane asylum in Pueblo, where he remained five years.

The man who had been recognized as one of the first living authorities on the subject of insanity became a patient of a brother alienist. He partly recovered, was discharged, and went to Washington last June to make his home with his son. But the recovery was only temporary. The madness had not been eliminated, and Dr. Grissom ended his wretched life by shooting himself through the head as he stood in the front porch of his son's home. Even more dramatic in its horror

intensity was the end that came to Dr. Emmet Enos, for five years superintendent of the Illinois State Asylum for the Insane at Joliet, who on May 24 last was committed to an institution as a raving maniac.

Dr. Enos was a profound student of mental diseases. He had under his care 2,300 patients, and while he was at the head of the asylum he gave up his whole thought and time to treating them. The constant study and application of the close association with the insane had its effect upon him. Two years ago, long before any of his friends or associates discovered any change in him, Dr. Enos realized that his mind was being overthrown.

He made a careful diagnosis of himself, he studied his symptoms with the cold, impersonal skill and judicial attitude of a scientific man, and his knowledge forced upon him the conclusion that he was going insane. With unerring precision the expert on insanity recognized the symptoms he had often observed in others, an illustration of the strange dualism of which the human mind is capable.

It seems almost incredible that the reason of even a neurologist could deteriorate where was the line of demarcation between the sane and the insane in his own mind, yet there was no doubt that Dr. Enos was able to do that astounding thing.

He called some of his associates into consultation and laid bare the grim and awful thing that possessed him. They found his diagnosis correct.

Two months before his mind broke down entirely Dr. Enos told his friends that he was an insane man, and that it was only by his will power that he held the madness in check, preventing it from exterminating him.

Then he was persuaded to resign, and his collapse swiftly followed. He became a raving maniac.

Providence was merciful to him, for in a few months death followed the loss of his reason. At the age of 28, Dr. Emmet Enos, expert in insanity, died in the gloom of madness.

It is a notable fact to make thoughtful people pause that Dr. Enos' predecessor met the same fate. Dr. Richard S. Dewey won great distinction as an originator in the care of the insane. He was for many years the head of the Kankakee asylum, and he established the cottage system of treatment, under which the insane were separated into different classes in order that they might not affect each other.

After leaving Kankakee Dr. Dewey established a private sanitarium in Wisconsin, but in the course of time he, too, became as those whom he had long cared for. About May 1 last Dr. Dewey became a maniac, and had to be placed under restraint. He has joined the patients whom he treated for so many years.

Not only is constant association with the insane a great menace to those who devote their attention to the study of insanity are likely to meet with a similar fate, as is shown by the case of Prof. Colgrove, who occupied the chair of philosophy in Washington University.

During the year before his collapse, Prof. Colgrove devoted his attention to the phenomena of insanity. He not only studied very hard from the books, but also visited asylums to observe for himself. The sympathetic reaction and suggestion proved too much for him. Like Dr. Enos, Prof. Colgrove realized that his mind was going, and he resigned from the faculty of the university.

The disease made rapid progress, and the suicidal mania possessed him, as it does at one time or another, nearly all those who lose their minds. Prof. Colgrove tried to kill himself on a railroad train last April. He was prevented from carrying out his attempt, but it is doubtful if he will ever regain his reason.

Those who suffer from the infection of insanity are not always physicians. The suicidal mania possessed him, as it does at one time or another, nearly all those who lose their minds. Prof. Colgrove tried to kill himself on a railroad train last April. He was prevented from carrying out his attempt, but it is doubtful if he will ever regain his reason.

There never had been any suggestion that London was of unsound mind. If there had been he would never have been given a place in the insane ward. But the constant association with the maniacs unbalanced London's mind.

It would not be fair to say that the first manifestation of his mental weakness was shown by the fact that he and the young woman ran away from the hospital three days before London was carried back and got married. But there is no doubt that he did get married on Wednesday, and that on Saturday he was returned to the insane ward, shrieking for a chance to kill himself.

RICH KLEPTOMANIACS

Frequently Have More Nerve Than Plain Thieves, as Store Detectives Know.

[From the Washington Post.]

"The most remarkable case of kleptomania that ever came to my notice, and one that came very near being my ruin," said a detective the other day, "occurred several years ago. I was then employed in a large department store in Washington. One day during the winter holiday season a well-dressed woman entered the store carrying a muff and umbrella. As she passed by the leather goods department I saw her skillfully 'swipe' a pocketbook from a number that were on display. She placed the pocketbook in her muff. I followed her to the elevator and on up to the third floor. On the way up she discovered that I was following her and when she left the elevator she managed, without my seeing her, to place the pocketbook that she had stolen between two boxes on the doll counter. This, however, I failed to notice, and when she came downstairs I told the proprietor in my hearing that she had stolen a pocketbook.

"The proprietor looked at me horror-stricken, while the lady, turning about, demanded to know what I had said. I was so certain of my ground that I repeated the accusation, whereupon the proprietor said to me:

"Oh, no, you're mistaken. This lady and her husband are friends of mine, whom I entertain frequently."

"I was feeling awful shaky, but being in the store, I put on a bold front and stuck to my first statement. The lady was terribly indignant and the proprietor had a regular case of nerves. While he was making all sorts of apologies, she was reading the riot act to me. She told me that I 'would pay for this dearly,' gave orders to the floorwalker to telephone for her husband, and insisted on being searched.

"Things were looking pretty squally for me, when a thing happened that changed the complexion of events very materially. The husband, who had shifted the position of her hands in her muff several times, and that she had also placed her umbrella leaning

against the counter, and thinking that she might have slipped the pocketbook into the latter, without saying a word, reached over, picked up the umbrella and turned it upside down. The pocketbook did not drop out as I had expected, but what was better still, eight pairs of kid gloves from which the tags had never been removed, rolled out upon the floor. They were not taken from nor did they belong in our store, but from the tags I recognized them as belonging to any other establishment which dealt in gloves next door.

"I was beginning by this time to catch on, and without losing any time, I went for the proprietor and the store next door. He came in, identified the gloves, and stated that the lady had been in his store, but that she made no purchases. At this time she broke down and began to cry, and desiring to elude matters all around, I made a hurried trip up to third floor, looked over the doll counter, found the pocketbook she had stolen, and brought it back in triumph.

"It turned out that her husband was a wealthy man and could have purchased her most anything she needed. She broke down completely, confessed that she was a kleptomaniac, and that she could not resist the temptation to take things. Her husband, who was coming down to polish me off as an independent business man, the job of paying for the gloves and pocketbook, and of brushing things up with the two storekeepers.

"If I had failed to make good time, I would have preferred to grab the lady, losing my job would have been the lightest of all the woes that would have fairly rained down upon me. There is a great deal more of this kind of thing, and a department store detective frequently has to stand by in silence and see things stolen rather than take the consequences that would certainly follow in the event he undertook to apprehend the so-called 'kleptomaniacs' who do the stealing."

The Peculiar Chinese.

The retiring Chinese minister, Wu Ting-Fang, in a lecture on his countrymen, discussed the question, "Are the Chinese Peculiar?" He quoted from Bret Harte's famous poem, "The Heathen Chinese," and concluded: "From your standpoint we are the heathen, but from our standpoint you are peculiar. Which we are depends on the point of view. In China we have always been in the habit of accepting a man's word in all business transactions. That is peculiar, isn't it? You exact a writing from him, and since foreigners have begun to settle in China, the ancient custom of trusting a man's word is not so popular. Chinese merchants now exact some kind of writing from their foreign customers. We respect age, while you respect muscle and brawn. We respect age because wisdom and experience seem to be its natural companions. Peculiar, isn't it? From your point of view Hercules is your hero.

Too Prudent.

Mr. Davis had been out in an easterly storm without his rubbers, and Mrs. Davis was both anxious and injured. "James," she said, dolorously, "you know that a lack of prudence has caused the death of many people."

"Too much prudence caused the death of Aunt Mary Davis," said her husband, promptly. "My father's aunt, Haven't I ever told you about her?" "Don't be flippancy," said Mrs. Davis, severely, "and do change your shoes at once." "Flippancy! I should say not," and Mr. Davis took his turn at looking injured. "My father's aunt was a person to encourage flippancy even when she was alive. And surely now that she's gone—but I'll say no more, my dear, except that your suggestion surprises me. Aunt Mary's husband was a druggist, and he invented some medicines that were supposed by him to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. But unfortunately the public didn't see it in that light, and when Uncle Mary—for that was his name—was always called—died at the age of 65 he left about ten dozen large bottles of what he had named 'X' 4 which the man who bought most of his stock refused to take. Aunt Mary had never been sick in her life, but she knew X 4 had been considered by her husband a most nourishing medicine, and she couldn't bear to see it wasted. So she began to take it, morning and night, morning and night, till she had emptied three dozen bottles, and then all of a sudden she died. To you see in her case it was prudence that killed her. If she hadn't wanted to save that medicine she might—"

"Will you go and change your shoes?" inquired Mrs. Davis, in her coldest tone.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, by telephone, or by mail. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT MRS. HAYTER SUFFERED.

"I am a sick woman," writes Mrs. Lucy Hayter, of Jacksonville, Jack Co., Texas, "several different doctors tried to cure me, but none did me any good. One doctor said that I never could be cured, that I had Bright's Disease. I suffered nearly death at times; had spells the doctors called spasms. My mother begged me to try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

WHAT DR. PIERCE SAID.

"With but little hope I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he said he would cure me. I began to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and although I had given up to die, I began to improve from the start, and by the time I had taken twenty-two bottles I was entirely cured. I weigh more than ever before in my life and am entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures through the stomach diseases of heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc., which have their origin in disease of the stomach and its associate organs.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, by telephone, or by mail. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Bushel of Flies

Killed with **Wilson's Fly Pads**

an actual fact.

Nothing else will do this.

KATHERINE FORBES' CONFESSION.

St. Martin's was a mission church. It was in a section of the city where the poor gasped for breath above the baked pavements in summer, and barely escaped freezing to death in winter when the coal barons pushed up the price of heat.

John Knight was the rector of St. Martin's. The little mission had been established by contributions from members of the fashionable Church of St. Jude. St. Jude's was rather "low" in point of ritual, and was more than extremely exclusive in point of congregation. "What need is there to rub elbows with people who live in flats and boarding-houses, when we can provide for their needs in a thoroughly Christian way by the establishment of a church where they will feel more at home?" asked the vestry and the wardens of St. Jude's.

Thus it was that St. Martin's was founded, but because of its location, the "flatters" and the "boarders" refused to attend services there, and so it happened that the rich and the poor had the gospel preached to them while the "middlers" went without the Bread of Life.

The Rev. John Knight was 27 years old. He was a big fellow, an athlete and a graduate of Harvard, where the Unitarian atmosphere failed to affect his stalwart churchmanship. St. Martin's was his first charge. Owing to the dependence of the little parish upon the Church of St. Jude the rector of the mission was thrown more or less in contact with the congregation of the greater parish. John Knight was rather "churchly." His altar was a thing of beauty. There were always flowers on it in two great brasses, flanked by two great candelsticks with a cross midway.

When the parishioners of St. Jude heard of the candles they declared that the Rev. John Knight was drifting rapidly to Rome, but John Knight was doing nothing of the kind. He knew his parishioners, and he knew that an appeal to the eye would make the appeal to the heart. Now John Knight was sincere. In the absence of the rector of St. Jude the priest of the little mission filled the pulpit. The St. Jude people had kicked at his candles, but they didn't kick at his sermons. Young women who never before had thought of doing a stroke of missionary work volunteered for work in the slums of St. Martin's. With this aid, John Knight labored to extend his district and to carry the gospel of the Christ that it might sweeten the homes of the city.

There was one woman in St. Jude's parish who held aloof from the work at the mission of St. Martin's. She was the one woman above all others John Knight would have liked to see at Katherine Forbes when she had visited her brother at Harvard. Katherine Forbes was peerless. Everybody said so, and it must be true, for Katherine Forbes was a bit disdainful, but there was something in her face which showed that the disdain was largely affected.

It is better told, John Knight was in love with Katherine Forbes. He was no reclusive. He went into society to the extent that a clergyman may when his parish does not mind him. He said Katherine Forbes flattered and courted. He knew her well and knew that he was not without favor in her eyes. But what woman brought up in luxury and idleness, and with burning social ambitions would ever marry the rector of a missionary church with a pittance of \$1,000 a year in his own right, with an added few hundred from his parishioners, aided by the missionary board?

Then there was George Banks. He was of a family as old as that of John Knight. He was big, good-looking and worth two millions. Knight had the size and the good looks, but the balance went down in Banks' favor as the weight of the millions. Banks was in love with Katherine Forbes. Every body in St. Jude's knew it and talked about it, and said the marriage would be a fine thing, and that the Rev. John Knight ought to read the marriage service, because, even though "he is so awful high," he does read beautifully.

One day Katherine Forbes heard that John Knight, rector, had jumped into the river and saved a little girl from drowning. She heard also from time to time of his constant visits to the sick and the poor and of the work

of uplifting he was doing. This made her think. She went to the rector of the mission and said, "Mr. Knight, I want to pitch in with the rest of the girls and work."

John Knight's face glowed. "I am going to attend your services, too, though you are so dreadfully high," as the woman's auxiliary of St. Jude's says. I can stand the vestments and the candles and the altar cloths easily, but," and Katherine Forbes smiled, "I'll have to draw the line at confession. I don't believe I could confess to you, Mr. Knight," and the girl laughed again. "I am afraid you would give a heavy penance for a confession to you."

"I don't think you'll ever find any confessional boxes in St. Martin's," Miss Forbes said. "Well, time went on, and John Knight felt more and more in love with this matchless woman, who went about among his poor and lowly parishioners in her very pity for their condition. One night he told her, and then came the struggle of the girl's life. She knew that she was dangerously near to the point of loving this man, but then there was poverty ahead and the trials and the "straight lacedness" of the life of a clergyman's wife. And then she thought of George Banks, big and handsome, and with his two millions. But the thought brought no such warmth to her heart as did the presence of this man who was giving his life to "the least of these."

Katherine Forbes evaded an answer. "Don't ask me now," she said, "but I fear it will never be. I don't know my own heart. Believe me, I am sorry."

John Knight knew of the attentions of George Banks to Katherine Forbes, and now he felt intuitively that this woman's heart did not yet know its own choice. Three nights later Katherine Forbes went to a reception. She had thought to meet the rector there, and admitted to herself her disappointment when he did not come. George Banks was there, however, but despite this Katherine Forbes' eyes were almost constantly fixed on the door. It was long after midnight when she reached home. She met her maid at the foot of the front steps. "Where have you been, Mary, at this hour?" exclaimed Katherine. "Oh, miss, it's dreadful. I've been down to Mrs. Johnson's. Jimmie was run over by a carriage that was being driven terribly fast, and he's badly hurt. You know the family goes to St. Martin's, and Mr. Knight heard of the accident, and went right down there. Jimmie supports the whole family, and they're awfully poor. He's got a doctor and pays him well, and buys the medicine and gets a nurse and gives Mrs. Johnson enough money to last a month. He's a saint, that man."

Jimmie knew whose carriage it was that ran over him. The man gets out of the carriage and swears at Jimmie for being in the way, and tells the policeman that it's his fault, and he can't use his carriage to be taken home. Call the 'peritol,' he says, and drives away. I heard Mr. Knight ask Jimmie who the man was, and, miss, Jimmie said, 'I heard him, but no one else.' Then the rector leaned over Jimmie with a queer look in his face and said, 'Jimmie, you must never tell, and then he gets up and he walks up and then he goes into the room and mutters to himself, 'She must never know. I suppose he was talking about Mrs. Johnson, though why he should want her to know who run over Jimmie I can't tell for the life of me.'

A light shot into Katherine Forbes' eyes. "He thought to save my pain," she said to herself, and then her heart went to him.

The Rev. John Knight was in his little study the next morning. St. Martin's. His face was clouded, but his eyes were suddenly when the Swedish sexton announced "Miss Forbes."

He turned and there was the girl in the doorway. She had a deep color in her cheeks, but there was a light of something in her eyes. "Mr. Knight," she said, "I told you once that I was never going to confession to you. Three nights ago, I asked me if I could ever—well, this morning I have come to confession. Don't think me unwomanly, but I couldn't help it."

The study door was open, but as far as is known the Swedish sexton kept his own counsel about the scene that followed. EDWARD B. CLARK.

CAN SEE HALF-MILE UNDER THE WATER

Device Tested in Lake Huron Now in Use at San Francisco.

Despite the many unsuccessful efforts to raise the steamship Rio de Janeiro, John A. Bowyer, of Columbus, Ohio, has brought to San Francisco, Cal., a new device for exploring the depths of the sea, an invention of C. D. Myers, recently tested in Lake Huron. The Rio was sunk two years ago in the mouth of San Francisco Bay. She was a Pacific mail liner, and with her cargo worth several millions. Bowyer says the apparatus he has brought is designed to operate in the deep sea to the depth of 12,000 feet. It is supplied with an electric searchlight, with which the operator in Lake Huron was able to see more than half a mile through the water. The operator has freedom of motion in a space of twenty feet square, plenty of fresh air, is free from pressure and in communication with the surface by telephone. A diver remained under water in Lake Huron two hours and a half without inconvenience. The upper part of the machine is a chamber calculated to withstand 2,500 pounds pressure. It will float, having a displacement of 4,500 pounds, and weighing about 2,000 pounds. The lower part is a detachable base of nearly solid metal, which acts as a sinker, overcoming the buoyancy of the top. A mechanical arm is arranged on the side of the machine, of such delicate mechanism that the operator can pick up with it an object as small as a lead pencil, as well as hitch and lift its weight of 800 pounds. The principal use of this arm is to make attachments of grapples with which to lift heavier bodies. Looking for the Rio de Janeiro will be like carrying a great lantern around the sea bottom, only the man will be inside the lantern.

FILES --- ITCHING, BLIND OR BLEEDING.

Symptoms: Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swaine's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail for 25 cents. For a free sample address Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

PENDULUM TO SWING FROM PANTHEON DOME

French Scientists Will Prove Earth's Rotary Motion.

Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, and Professor Berget of the Sorbonne, are making preparations to reproduce in an important form the experiments made over half a century ago by Dr. Foucault in proof of the rotation of the earth. These experiments will be made at the Pantheon in Paris. The stem of the pendulum is of steel and is seventy-one yards, three inches in length. The plate is three feet, three inches long. In the scientific world of the days of Dr. Foucault these experiments made a tremendous sensation, constituting as they did the most striking proof of the rotation of the earth. As they are now to be made under conditions which the progress of physical science has brought about during the past 50 years the most complete results are expected. M. Flammarion will explain and publish these results, justly claiming that they will make a very good reason in popular astronomy. M. Flammarion says that there is a fitness in having these experiments take place under the dome of the Pantheon, the Valhalla of the great men of France.

Only a Mask.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

Both eyes of a wolf in a menagerie at Lyons have been operated on for cataract. After the operation the animal's eyelids were sewn together to prevent it opening them for several hours.

WOMEN DO WORK OF HORSES AND OXEN

Remarkable Spectacle Witnessed in the Northwest.

An Iowa traveler just back from the Northwestern frontier tells the following story to the Des Moines Leader:

"I saw a colony of Galleians in Saskatchewan," he said, "and they gave me the most extraordinary exhibition of human patience and fortitude I ever beheld. I saw from 12 to 15 women hitched two and two on an 18-inch breaking plow, and they marched right ahead through the tough ground with that plow, tearing up five acres a day on an average. There was a man holding the plow. There was a man over the plow, and he was very cheerful over it, laughing and joking as they snake that great steel blade through the turf. I am told that scores of these girls who draw plows all day have vitality enough to kill a bear. They are broad of shoulder, heavy hip and muscled like wrestlers. They may not be beautiful to look at, but they are healthy looking, and, moreover, they are full of the determination that makes a new country open out."

"These will disappear in a few years, and another generation will know of these hardships only by hearsay or as a tradition. They are only an incident of pioneer life. It is difficult to realize that such hardships and privations are necessary in this day of the world and in this continent; but it will not be denied that this sort of pluck and endurance is a good indication that upon this new and final frontier line there will be built up a rugged society that will prove an important addition to the social elements of the western hemisphere."

COSMOPOLITAN CITY IN NORTHERN CHINA

New Russian Commercial Center Is Freest Port in World.

[From the Boston Transcript.] Never was there such another town as Dalny, Russia's new commercial seaport in North China. It was built to order for one emperor on the territory of another. Nicholas, czar of all the Russians, ordered the creation of the town after his emissaries had persuaded Kwang Hsu, ruler of countless millions of Chinese, that it was a worthy project. In the beginning, not two years ago, Nicholas invoked the blessing of God upon the undertaking, so truly peaceful, and took upon himself the care of building the new city and its port.

Dalny is a city without a country, if such thing is possible. No particular flag has more right to fly above it than another. It is the freest port in the world. They have not even built a custom house, and no import or export duties will be collected on any sort of goods whatever. Even the moderate rates of Chinese customs will not be charged on goods landing or to be exported thence.

If Dalny ever grows to a large city as those acquainted with eastern trade conditions say it will, it will be most cosmopolitan in its tendency in that direction is shown already. There is a population of 50,000 persons, mostly Chinese, but with nearly every other nationality represented. In the architectural style of the houses and the buildings already completed this is shown more distinctly. Combinations of modern and ancient, of occidental and oriental, such as are in the houses of Dalny, can be found nowhere else.

Take one of the most prominent houses in the foreign residence quarter for instance. The first floor is full of French lines, the second half timbered after the old English style, the half story above is Chinese, and on the pagoda-like roof are set Russian chimneys. German traces predominate in the adjoining house, with its stepped coping, but it has English doors and windows and porches like those in Japan and China. In the distance is a group of American dwellings, and near them a colonial house. Around many of the houses are stone fences with fancy tops, after the idea which prevails in Assyria.

Baby's Own Tablets

For Weak, Sickly Children in Hot Weather.

Thousands of children die during the hot weather months, because summer complaints and stomach troubles come suddenly, and mothers do not have the means at hand to promptly check and cure them. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used, these precious little lives can be saved, and no home where there are infants and young children, should be without them.

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and are a great relief to teething children. The Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. Crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to a new born babe.

Mrs. R. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield St., Montreal, says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them the best medicine I have ever given my children. My baby has always been small and delicate and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. Then he was attacked with dysentery, a feverish skin and a cough. As the doctors' medicine did not help him I sent for Baby's Own Tablets and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly. I gladly give my experience for the benefit of other mothers."

If your druggist does not keep these Tablets they will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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CHICAGO PRODUCES A CANINE MANHATER

Y. W. C. A. Dog Will Not Let Men Pass Sacred Portals.

There is at least one dog in Chicago that may be said to thoroughly understand his business. This is Towser, the pride and joy of the inmates of the Young Women's Christian Association home, at 238 Michigan avenue. A "tramp dog," originally, of doubtful family and still more doubtful antecedents, Towser turned up at the doors of the home and not only insisted upon hospitality, but actually demanded adoption. He was gaunt, hungry, wretched, miserable, with ragged coat, unhappy expression, and every sign of dejection and misery. Finding his new quarters pleasant, he absolutely refused to leave them. So the home authorities, finding it practically impossible to get rid of him, capitulated, and Towser was informally adopted. Now, fat and in the pink of condition, Towser proves daily that he not only knows a grateful spirit, but that he has also a fine sense of loyalty, courage and discrimination. More than 300 marriageable young women, most of them pretty and attractive, reside at the association home. Masculine visitors, while heartily welcomed at proper times and within due restrictions, are allowed only in the hall, parlors and reception room of the hostelry, and upon the front steps. Towser was not long in becoming acquainted with the rules and regulations in regard to these matters, and he carries his care and supervision of the 300 fair damsels, to whom he has constituted himself official watchdog in all literalness, to the very door of the hall. Towser shows strong conviction of the most conventional and careful of chaperons would scarcely dream.

No man so much as ascends the front steps without an emphatic protest from Towser, who, by his standing the fact that he is the pet and pride of almost every one of the pretty girls whom he would thus suggest to open his door to a stranger. The plumber, the electric light man, and workmen of similar ilk must be smuggled into the premises the back way if they would penetrate beyond the main hallway of the big building, and it would be a bold caller indeed, who would dare defy Towser's excited challenge, small and insignificant as the devoted dog appears.

Most of his 300 charges Towser knows personally, and by most of them he is held in affectionate regard, despite his extreme attitude in regard to beaux or gallants, and few, if any, of them would admit him to a door of ordinary abilities or qualifications. Toward children of the kindergarten, including Miss Chandler, a kindergarten teacher, who resides at the association home, Towser shows strong conviction, although the pretty girls of the home proper come first in his regard.

That Towser's peculiar conservatism is entirely self-taught, and self-constituted, the residents and authorities of the association home are unanimously agreed. No slightest shade or degree of suggestion or training taught the old fellow to keep men at a distance from the young lady inmates of his chosen home. But the dog evidently realizes that with pretty girls to look after it behooves him to be extraordinarily particularly watchful. To this duty, as he sees it, Towser devotes himself with an admirable faithfulness, devotion and singleness of heart.

Towser is also remarkable because of his religious and social inclinations. He attends the services in the home chapel almost every Sunday, and never an entertainment takes place within the home precincts but Towser insists upon taking at least a silent part in the exercises of the occasion. When, as sometimes occurs, he is ejected from the platform, his grief is extreme and unremitting in its expression, and if allowed to remain his behavior, according to many of his feminine charges, is dignified and exemplary almost beyond belief.

Arming the Enemy.

England is not the only country agitated by the fact that she sells arms to both possible and actual enemies. France is actually engaged in the same work, asks pertinently whether "the international market for Krupp guns is compatible with German interests." Krupp has striven since 1848 to interest the French Government in his guns, and only recently went to Brest at France's request to arrange for a new electrical installation. In the last Chinese campaign Krupp guns were actually used against the Germans. It is naturally repugnant to the national feeling that weapons made in Germany should serve to kill German troops. And Germany has an arbitrary way of settling national questions to the liking of the nation rather than to the individual.

JACK TAR COMPLAINS AS A MATTER OF HABIT

Fancies His Lot Is a Hard One and Is Always Finding Fault.

Jack Tar is noted for a complaining disposition. He fancies his lot is a hard one—and perhaps it is—and never seems weary of finding fault with his surroundings. He has never been known to be satisfied with any possible condition of affairs, no matter what efforts might have been spent in pleasing him. A good example of this is shown in a story told by the skipper of a large American sailing vessel now moored at a Philadelphia wharf. On his last trip from San Francisco to this port he had with him some passengers, so as to prevent friction, he humored the seamen more than he otherwise would have done. On the second day out the crew all came aft and demanded to see the skipper.

"Well, boys, what's the growl now?" he asked. "We want to know, cap'n," began the old salt, "is, are you a-got to feed us on this muck right along?" The spokesman, an old seaman, stepped forward with a tin of beef in his hands.

"Well, answered the captain, 'it isn't swell grub, I'll admit, but what can I do?' "Give us cabin fare," growled a dozen voices. "The captain agreed. The steward was ordered to prepare the tinned stuffs of the officers for the 'fo'c's'le," and also to have the cook make them cabin pastry.

For several days all went well. Then the men came aft again. "Well, not satisfied yet?" asked the captain.

"No," growled the old seaman, "we don't want any more of this stuff. Give us back our old whack."

"What's the matter with this?" exclaimed the skipper, examining the chicken, charlotte russe and ice cream. "Matter?" growled the men, "matter enough. There ain't no chaw to it."

INGENIOUSLY-MADE TOY TORPEDO BOATS

Simple Mechanism Makes It Dive and Rise Again.

The boys who buy boats, and there are plenty of boys who own whole fleets of them, are just now adding to their naval equipment a fascinating little toy torpedo boat, that goes by clockwork and moves about, diving and disappearing and reappearing and diving again, all in a manner highly realistic.

This boat, which is made in two sizes, one a foot in length and the other fifteen inches, is slender and sharp and torpedo-boat-like in appearance, with a little dome and conning-tower rising in the center, and with a part of the upper surface of the boat protected by a railing.

The boat is driven by a screw propeller operated by clockwork, and it is steered with a rudder in the ordinary way. The boat is wound up through an opening in the top of the conning-tower, which is got at by unscrewing the top of the dome. It is, of course, essential that this cap should be put back in its place before the boat is put in the water; otherwise, when the boat dived she'd fill through that opening and sink.

The contrivance that makes this boat dive and reappear and dive again, effective as it is, is extremely simple, consisting of a small weight sliding on a bar running fore and aft inside the boat, this being shifted in the operation of the clockwork that runs the propeller, and at the same time, with this weight shifted forward on the rod the boat is brought down a little by the head and the continued motion drives her under.

Gradually the machinery works the ball aft again, and the boat rises again; repeating this diving and coming up as long as the machinery runs. When that stops it brings the ball on the rod to the middle, and the torpedo boat then floats on the top of the water.

This little automatic torpedo boat sells, according to its size, at \$3 and \$5.

Stubbs' Tip.

The chafing dish supper was over, says the Chicago News, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were wending their way homeward. "But, John," said Mrs. Stubbs, who was feeling perfectly well, and consequently was sure that everybody should make an effort to be above indignation, "how do you know about this Welsh rabbit is going to disagree with you?" "I-I have inside information," Stubbs returned, promptly, but sadly.

EXPENSIVE EQUINES WEAR FALSE TAILS

Imitation Caudal Appendages Cost Considerable Money.

"False tails for horses," said a dealer in horse equipments to a New York Sun reporter, "are provided for animals that have become what is called ratted. It would be in the case of a fine horse only that such a deficiency would be supplied, for false tails are somewhat expensive."

"The least expensive of them would cost \$27.50 and they would run from that up to as high as \$50."

"What? Why, certainly. You could buy a whole horse of some sort for what such a tail would cost, but the cost of these tails is not disproportionate to the value of the horses upon which they are used. These animals are fine, handsome and valuable carriage horses, lacking only in this feature, useless in their work without it. The false tail is attached to the crupper of the harness and is further secured in place by fastenings made fast around the actual tail; it is put on and taken off with the harness. It is worn without the slightest discomfort to the horse. It can't come off, and it is absolutely undistinguishable from a natural tail."

"False tails for horses are made in England, and while in some cases it might be possible to supply demands from tails in stock here, they are commonly made to order, for the individual horses for which they are required. It takes about two months from their receipt to fill orders for false tails."

"The demand for them varies with the fashions in which horses' tails are worn. When horses' tails are worn short there is naturally less demand for false tails than there is when long tails are in fashion."

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL. SESSION 1902-1903.

Courses in Arts, Applied Science (Civil, Mechanical, Electrical and Mining Engineering), Architecture, and Practical Chemistry, Law, Medicine and Veterinary Science.

Matriculation Examinations and Examinations for Exhibitions and Scholarships, will be held on the 10th September, 1902. In all other Faculties Lectures will begin on the 23rd September.

Particulars of examinations and copies of the Calendar containing full information as to entrance, courses of study, scholarships, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to

J. A. NICHOLSON, Registrar.

10a

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RESULTS OF AN ERA OF VERACITY

BY LILLIAN C. PASCHAL.

Consisting of clippings from various newspapers, files of 1948:

From the Butte (Mont.) Daily Digger, Sept. 12, 1948:

Yesterday afternoon a remarkable circumstance occurred on the volcanic eminence west of the city, known as Big Butte. It was an adventure of two miners who had been prospecting for the new mineral silvoro. They had unhooked their patent divining-rod from a ledge of rock where they had located a lead of the precious metal, the natural amalgam of gold and silver, now so much more in demand than the old-fashioned gold and silver.

The electric filaments on the fender of the appliance were observed to be in a state of great agitation. Instead of searching the face of the cliff for silvoro, as the delicate tremors were accustomed to do, they were waving wildly toward the western sky. Upon looking in that direction what was the astonishment of the men to behold what appeared to be a strange bird of gigantic proportions flying swiftly toward them. Transfixed with fear, they watched the terrifying object as it dropped its glowing symbols and settled, noiselessly to earth near the spot where they stood.

On nearer view it seemed to be a sort of airship. Its machinery gleamed with silvoro, which explained the action of the divining-rod. Over its side appeared the head of a most grotesque personage. Steadying his unsteady craft, he leaped out with surprising agility. He was of alarming height, and his head seemed to center toward one terrible eye in the middle of his face.

He approached and spoke to them in a strange kind of English, saying he was well acquainted with the action of the earth at a distance, having studied their ways and listened to their various languages through the astronomical apparatus in one of the public observatories in his home on the planet Mars.

Conversing genially all the way, the miners brought their strange guest into the city. He was not to be seen when the reporter called at a late hour last night. He is said to be remarkable in appearance, nearly twelve feet in height and clad in garments woven of one piece without seams.

His avestruck captors aver that his one eye possesses a basilisk power, but in a peculiar and alarming direction—that of evoking absolute truth from the unfortunate victim of its fascinating glare; that, no matter what is in the speaker's mind to say, the unwashed truth, however unpleasant it may be, comes from his lips with that dreadful eye upon him.

They also ascribe to their celestial visitor among other black arts the power of becoming invisible to all eyes whenever and to whomsoever he chooses. Possibly the latter faculty belongs also to his airship, as no trace of it can be found on Big Butte.

But should the possession of this truth compelling power of eye prove to be a fact it is rather disquieting to speculate upon the direful changes that may be wrought in human affairs by the presence of this unique being in our midst.

Clipped from the Anaconda (Mont.) Copper Sheet, Sept. 16, 1948:

Many accounts have been given of the man from Mars who arrived last week from the desert. He has been seen by few, but it appears that little escapes his eye. That forceful orb wrecks itself upon inanimate things as well as upon man. It has evidently been turned upon the billboards of the city during the past night, so changed are they from yesterday. Such advertisements as these confronted the startled gaze of our citizens.

"Quack-All's Hair Destroyer! Wanted to produce gray hair and baldness in one month!"

"Harvard Gleanings. Most indigestible of breakfast food. The season's tortures!" And the portraits of the beautiful stars of that troupe were distorted into the faces of wrinkled old women.

"Coming next week! Smallest show on earth! No animals worth seeing, jokes all musty with age; two cents' worth for only half a dollar!"

"The campaign notices of our estimable townsmen who are now running for office on various tickets we forbear to publish. It would be too harrowing."

This public terror must be hunted down. Such things must not be in our law abiding city. No one is safe while this monster is abroad. A mass meet-

ing is to be called tonight. The Martian must go!

Locals from the city column of Butte Daily Digger, Sept. 21, 1948:

Since the appearance on our streets at mysterious intervals of the man from Mars, most of the doctors' and lawyers' signs have disappeared. The occupation of the latter is gone when everyone in the courtroom, themselves and witnesses included, tells the exact truth. The Martian is a daily visitor at the courthouse.

Various rumors indicate that the recent revolution against medical men began with one Mike Doolan of the Anaconda mine. It seems that Dr. Dashi, the company physician, while writing a prescription for Mike, was startled by the sudden appearance of the giant form and truth exacting eye of the Martian; hence Doolan's discovery that all the potent symbols on the bit of white paper signified no more than salt water and soda.

"Faith," he was heard to declaim to a gaping crowd of listeners, "an if that's what we are payin' him folve hundred dollars a month for we might as well put it into a few tons of sody crackers an' tak it thot way ivery marnin', begorry!"

The man from Mars was reforming the schools yesterday with his optical searchlight. During his visit to the high school the history lesson was a marvelous disclosure. Heroes were shown to be only very common men. Washington had told several lies and sworn many oaths. Youth was instructed that goodness is Siamese twin brother to loneliness; that many bad people are happy and various other truths that caused the dismissal bells to ring in agitated haste at 2:30. At the general teachers' meeting a like emotion was caused by the same placatory headlight. We refrain from publishing the remarks of the superintendent to his teachers. The Martian must go!

From the Evening Continental, Butte, Mont., dated Sept. 24, 1948; extra edition:

HARROWING HORROR!

The Martian Murderer! Done to Death! Pulled from the Pulpit!

The Rev. Dr. Blank, pastor of the People's Church, lies in a critical condition at the city hospital, the victim of violence at the hands of his own parishioners.

The Sabbath quiet of that church was rudely broken by a scene of riot and bloodshed. No clear account can be obtained, though we append exclusive interviews with prominent members who were present.

But it seems that regular service was in progress when the magnetic presence of the Martian was felt by all, and it is presumed that his evil spell was over the minister, the Rev. Mr. Blank, and caused those astounding utterances which enraged his usually decorous congregation into insurrection against him.

They rose as one man and literally tore him from the pulpit. He escaped, though seriously injured, through a window and the taken to the hospital. Fears for his safety even in case of recovery are entertained, so great is the feeling against him.

The crowd was dispersed by officers. The crowd was dispersed by officers. The crowd was dispersed by officers.

From the New York Earth, Jan. 1, 1948:

THE SCOURGE REMOVED.

This is the day of special thanksgiving appointed by the president to show our gratitude that a national scourge has been lifted from our land. We may once more walk freely forth into the light of day without fear of the immense shadowy form and piercing eye of the Martian who has caused a reign of terror in the United States for the last three months. Some little resume of his career may not be amiss here.

In the town where he first appeared, Butte, Mont., there are yet traces of his ravages. He put an entire stop to the system of social calls among the ladies. Instead of joyful greetings the caller met with such remarks from her hostess as "Old tramp!" "Hateful thing!" and "What did you come here for?"

To which the visitor responded, to her horror as well as to that of her dear friend: "Just to see if you had bought any new furniture to replace that shabby stuff in your parlor."

It grew too dangerous. After the first week of hair-pulling all calling ceased. No woman could call her tongue her own with the baleful Martian influence upon her. For the same reason there have been no dances at the clubs this entire season, and the churches and schools are yet in a chaotic condition.

The town itself is now divided in

half. East Butte being the abode of the larger part of the grown male population, and West Butte occupied by the majority of the ladies. There are but few residences or homes occupied. They are chiefly boarding houses now.

This is the direct result of the busy month when the divorce courts turned out an average daily grist of 233 decrees totalling aggregation of 8,381, for the month of November 1948. On the other hand, many are reunited who had been estranged before.

Several prominent and highly esteemed citizens are residing for the present in the city jail, while as many prisoners are released, their innocence having been proved beyond a doubt since the advent of the Martian.

Everybody has read the famous Truth Issue of the Anaconda Copper Sheet. It has been translated into fourteen languages. As is well known, it was caused by the arduous task of the Martian to the editorial rooms just as the printer's devils began their nightly rush for copy.

We need not describe that memorabilia pocket edition, size 5 by 9 inches, its advertising columns of bargains reduced to facts and four sticks of nonpareil, its society news short of all glories of glowing adjectives by police items divested of their padding, reminding one of a row of brownie skeletons; the page devoted to paying salaries and rich strikes in the Klondike shrunk by the hydraulic pressure of that Martian eye to five lines, the uncomplimentary nature of the remarks about the "greenroom" and the "red room"—all this well known to our readers. This was the last edition destined to be issued from the Copper Sheet fonts. That paper is now no more. The building was burned to the ground by this ill-fated Martian.

The editor was forced to fly for his life, but he afterward made a great fortune by printing souvenir editions of the Truth Issue, which have been sold in all parts of the world. The editor has since retired to private life.

That the Martian monster finally traveled over this great country of ours, seeking whom he might devour, and that wreckage and destruction followed in his path, are matters of current history. We need not repeat them here.

When he created such terrible havoc in our halls of congress, as a result of which we have had to call extra elections to fill the numerous vacant seats in both houses on account of death and bribery scandals; when he tampered with the president's message, which told us how many millions accrued to that noble statesman from the great trust which he had created; when the stock exchange had been made the abode of spiders and silence; when at the last he committed the heinous crime of disclosing the secret of destroying the methods by which a model machine made city government was conducted in our great vice-protecting city of New York.

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NEW YORK TO PARIS BY RAIL

Scheme Is Far From Being As Wild As It Sounds.

Harry De Windt, Intrepid Explorer and Journalist, Illustrating Its Feasibility.

Harry De Windt believes he has demonstrated the feasibility of a railway route from Paris to New York by way of Bering Strait. He has almost covered the distance with an expedition organized in Paris last year, being now en route from Seattle to New York, after experiencing untold hardships.

He has seen the land from Paris to Moscow and thence to Omsk, Irkutsk, Yakutsk, thence to Bering Strait, thence to Dawson City, in the Yukon country, southward to Vancouver, over to Seattle, and now by easy rail stages to New York. He declares the railway can be built and successfully operated, an assertion which means that twentieth century travelers may, if he is right, yet journey in a Pullman the entire distance from gay Paris to somber New York.

Mr. De Windt left Paris Dec. 19, 1901, and arrived at Dawson City July 20, and at Seattle July 28. The first 5,000 miles of his journey were covered in nine months and one day. From Irkutsk on he had one long siege with snow, cold and threatened starvation. Only the appearance of a whaling vessel and Tchukchi saved him and his companions from death. Once in New York City he will have traveled nearly 11,000 miles by land to reach his destination.

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Asia and America by rail. At the time the Atlantic cable was being laid strenuous efforts were made to build a telegraph line over this route, starting in the United States. The work was under way when the completion of the cable was announced.

The Klondike railway now building is destined to reach Dawson City and eventually Cape Nome. It will then be within 2,000 miles of the Siberian railway. Powerful trade reasons may exist generations hence for connecting the two lines or the war lords of Russia may deem it wise to build down to the straits, but just at present it does not seem as if any all-rail route to Asia and Europe could compete for an instant with the fast steamship service. Railroad under any circumstances in Siberia or Alaska is an expensive, dangerous proposition.

It is a great satisfaction, though, to know that De Windt's bravery has made known the feasibility of a route and paved the way for the engineers when capital prepares to act.

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