ILLUSTRATED SECTION.

The Toronto World.

SHRINER HONORED PICTURES AT CAMP

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Senate Reading Room—
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SENATE P O

HARRY A. COLLINS, IMPERIAL POTENTATE OF THE A. A. O. N. M. S.

Harry A. Collins is the best known fraternalist in America. He belongs to many societies, has the smoothest of smooth ways, and "has them all beat" when it comes to "warming up the heart of the order" in an after-dinner speech.

Gossip of the French Capital

PARIS.—Alphonse de Rothschild, who recently died, was one of the eminent financiers of the world. The European financiers differ from those of America, in that no finding of a productive gold of silver mine, no wonderful speculation, suddenly makes them rich. Their talent lies in brain work and the deep study of the world's finances. Alphonse de Rothschild was born in Paris in 1827. His father, Baron James, was the fifth son of the celebrated founder of the bank at Frankfort-on-Main, Mayer Anselme de Rothschild. Alphonse de Rothschild was young when he became secretary of the council of administration of the Northern Railroad Company of France. In 1854 he was called to the important position of regent of the Bank of France, and finally, on the death of his father, he took the direction of the bank in the Rue Lafitte, in Paris, with his two brothers, the Barons Edmond and Gustave, as partners. The bank in the Rue Lafitte was founded in 1812 by the Baron James, who was the chief financier of the following important French loans: Five million dollars in 1830, $24,000,000 in 1831, $30,000,000 in 1832 and $41,000,000 in 1844. After the Franco-Prussian War, Baron James became the head of the syndicate of bankers who went security for the 5,000,000,000 francs imposed by Germany, and he and his brothers subscribed $350,000,000, and it was he who, with Leon Say, the minister of finance, converted the French into German money, in order to save the percentage when the gold was deposited in the German coffers. The business of this bank decreased when Baron Alphonse refused to submit it to the fiscal establishment which controlled the reception of taxes on speculations at the Bourse—that is, the privilege of examining the books of those who deal in the buying and selling of real estate for a third party. However, he continued to control the great financial operations of the country, and the minister of finance, in critical moments, always made it a point to consult him and follow his advice. He was regent of the Bank of France for over 51 years, and recently he made a remarkable speech against the project of the fiscal and social obligations that the state purposes to impose upon the railroad companies. His speeches were remarkable for clearness, terseness and financial accuracy, and he made even statistics interesting because of the clear manner in which they were presented. He was a sportsman, and, with his brothers, owned important horses in Maury, and won the Grand Prix in the Paris Derby of 1899. He was also a great hunter. A few years ago he met with an accident which resulted in the loss of an eye. His generosity and charity were proverbial. At times, when a beggar held out his hand to him, he would put a gold piece into it, and when the beggar was honest enough to say that the donor had made a mistake, the Baron would hand him another gold piece, and say that he was not mistaken, and to keep both gold pieces. Baron Alphonse and his brothers had organized charity bureaus in all the poor quarters of Paris. There was a corps of men employed to examine all calls for aid, and to go to their houses to see if the requests were just, and if so, aid was always given to them. I remember several years ago, a poor dressmaker of my acquaintance, who had fallen ill and was in need, and wrote to the Rothschilds. The next day a man called to find out what she was in need of, and that very day she received two pounds of sugar and the same amount of chocolate and coffee and $4, and that donation was repeated several times. Alphonse de Rothschild was a great collector of antiquities, and had agents and experts all over the world, buying up the few rare, authentic, historical pieces which, from time to time, were offered in the market. I called on the Baroness de Rothschild, some years ago, at her chateau de Ferrieres, and she showed me her marvelous, unique collection of Limoges enamels, Renaissance ivories and authentic Renaissance furniture, which will doubtless go to increase the treasures of the Louvre Museum. The Rothschilds are simple and unpretentious in their habits and dealings with people. I found the Baroness Alphonse surrounded by her grandchildren, in one of the dining-rooms, cutting bread and butter for the boys and girls who had come in from play and who seemed to enjoy their daily bread quite as much as the poor families whom the Rothschilds oftentimes saved from starvation.

Pretty stories are told of the anxious mother of King Alfonso, concerning his visit to France. She was so afraid that he might wander astray, in some inexplicable way, in wicked Paris, that she

Continued on Page 4.

THE SIGNAL CORPS AT NIAGARA CAMP.

AT DINNER WITH THE MEN OF THE 37TH HALDIMAND BATTALION.

The Pictorial Side

CANADIAN Shriners had a great time at the international convention held in Niagara Falls on Tuesday and Wednesday. They tell interesting tales of the warm welcome extended by the great American army of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, a hundred thousand strong, to the Canadian contingent. They speak rapturously of the impression made in the convention by the new Imperial Potentate, Harry A. Collins, of Rameses Temple, Toronto. His brother nobles declare him to be the most popular Mason in all Canada. His election to the highest office in the gift of the international body is a compliment, and his staff consists of Illustrious Chief Rabban James Glanville, Illustrious Assistant Rabban W. P. Ryrie, Illustrious High Priest and Prophet C. W. Postlethwaite, Illustrious Oriental Guide J. W. St. John, Illustrious Treasurer J. H. McKinnon, Illustrious Recorder J. A. Cowan. The representatives from Rameses Temple to the Imperial Council are H. A. Collins, James Glanville, W. P. Ryrie and William Roaf, K. C. The convention at Niagara Falls was the 31st annual gathering of the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Toronto should have had this meeting. It would have meant hundreds of thousands of dollars to local business men. The Shriners are out to enjoy themselves. They spend their money very freely, but they don't want to meet in a city where the authorities are not willing to modify police regulations and give them, practically, the freedom of the place. It is done elsewhere and it will have to be done here if Toronto hopes ever to entertain the jolly prodigals of the red fez and the crescent.

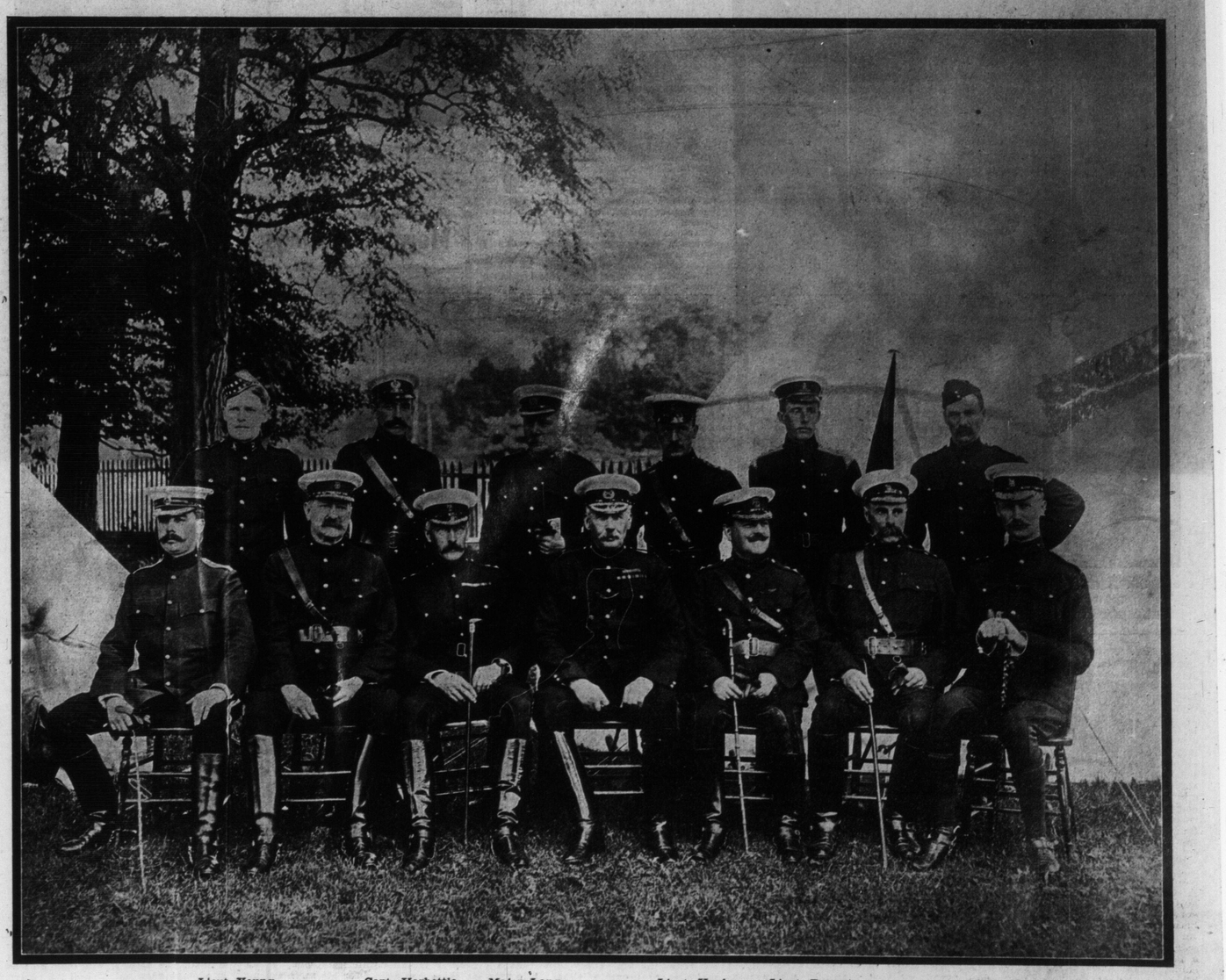
On page 5 of this issue is presented a fine picture of the recent banquet of the Canadian Industrial League and Board of Trade of Berlin. This gathering of business men of the town was for the purpose of arousing a new enthusiasm in commercial circles and discussing methods of improving existing business conditions. The banquet was very largely attended. Those having it in charge provided good speakers, among them the Hon. J. G. Jenkins, agent general to England of South Australia and former premier, F. D. Monk, K. C., M. P., J. D. Allen, president of the Toronto Board of Trade, Watson Griffin, Toronto, and several others. The dinner is to be an annual affair. The World's picture is from an exceptionally successful flashlight photograph and shows the array of more or less distinguished guests standing at "attention," while the photographer took a shot at them.

The Temeraire, Mr. Frederic Nicholls' handsome challenger for the Canada's cup, has been launched and is now being tried out by her skipper in company with the new Zoraya, built by Mr. J. G. Worts, also as a challenger, and other boats of that class, owned here. The illustration on another page gives an excellent impression of her hull lines. She is from a British design.

Niagara Camp, the last, it is said, that will be held there, has been brought to a close. Niagara is evacuated. The white city has disappeared and the village cattle again graze peacefully undisturbed by the rattle

Continued on Page 4.

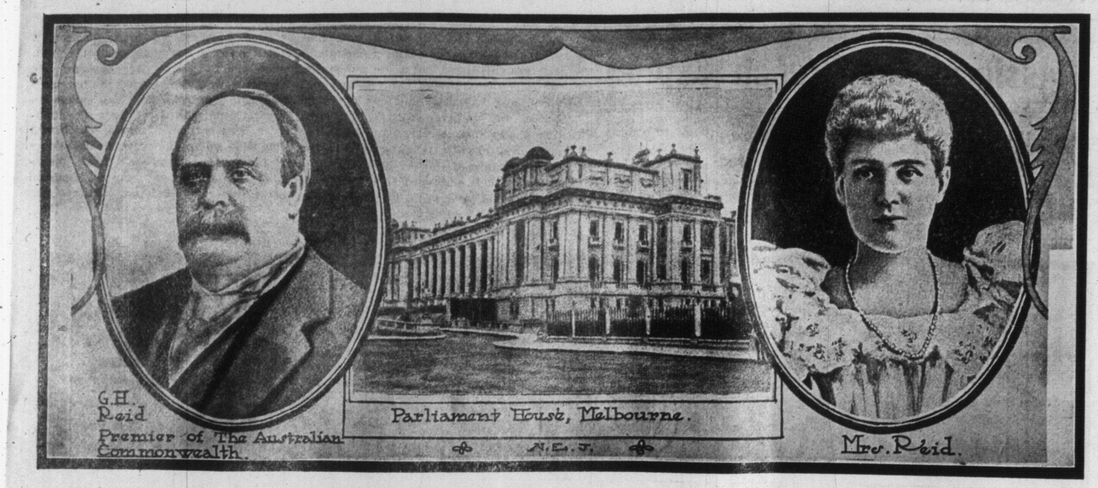
THE CHEFS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD AT NIAGARA CAMP.



Lieut. Young. Capt. Harbottle. Major Lang. Lieut. Hughes. Lieut. Perry. Capt. Shanley.
Lieut.-Col. Fotheringham. Lieut.-Col. Hall. Lieut.-Col. Denison. Brig.-Gen. Otter. Lieut.-Col. Galloway. Lieut.-Col. Greville Harston. Major Langton.

GEN. OTTER AND THE STAFF OF THE LAST BRIGADE CAMP AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Australia: Wherein and How She Leads the Civilized World



THE progress which has been made in Australia in recent years in solving the ills of modern civilization is remarkable. It is not realized to begin with, that Australia is as big as the whole United States and has worked out its political, social and educational problems upon an approximately similar basis, but along widely dissimilar lines. Many of the largest and toughest knots with which statesmen and public officials struggle year after year have been untied by the Australians with an acumen and a breadth of grasp which are interesting, to say the least. They are, of course, very young and their life has been very brief. In many minor respects the splendid systems which they have founded have not had time to be adequately tested and will not have time so to be for many years yet, but who can question the merit and value of the systems in themselves? The test in all national innovations is, "What success has it had?" And Australia has never failed. They have not had an enormous population, and consequntly their social and labor problems have been concentrated, more immediately under governmental control, but their methods of dealing with these very problems are so advanced, so sure and, above all, so manifstly successful, that nations who struggle among the complications of strikes and trusts are amazed by this vision of unity, liberty and absolute government.

It is from New Zealand that Australia has acquired the new and enormously advanced methods which she now is becoming famous for. New Zealand, as was pointed out in a recent article by her former governor, the Earl of Ranfurly, has the most advanced government and most progressive methods of any age. "What we know in Australia is largely built up by what we have been able to learn from New Zealand. But here is where comes in Australia's greatest gift, the gift which will make her great some day. She can take the best of all countries (like the Japanese), and, what is more to the point, she can usually improve upon them. Australia was troubled with strikes. Casting about to see if anyone had as yet found a way of putting an end to them, it was discovered that that little wonder, New Zealand, had solved the difficulty with all the success in life. So Australia set about accomplishing the same thing in the same way. Now, New Zealand has a conciliation and arbitration act which has been in operation five years, and since it was instituted they have not had one serious strike. We are introducing the same act with improvements. It will not fail accomplish as well, but it will be more.

"The Conciliation and Arbitration Act gives to every man, employer and employe, every chance, and permits neither oppression on the one side nor revolt on the other. If the owner of a great mill or colliery or factory or company underpays his men or otherwise gives them a grievance against him, they can and do call him before the court and demand justice. He has an equal right to make his complaint and claim a judicial settlement, if he considers that they have treated him unfairly. The same privilege belongs to both—indeed, it is less a privilege, so far as the law goes, than a compulsory means of adjusting disagreements between workmen and their employers. As no counsel is allowed on either side, every man has a chance to make a personal appeal to the justice of his country. He just stands up and tells his grievance in his own way. The court decides, once for all, on one side or the other, no appeal being possible. Such fairness as the ablest lawyer in the nation can mete out is ensured to each man. Australia is without a trust—if a tobacco syndicate of three large firms be excepted. But the state will soon have control of that, too. Australia doesn't like strikes, and she doesn't like trusts. The railways and the telegraph and telephone companies are owned and run by the state. The government makes itself responsible for them, not only establishing them, but maintaining them, and personal "graft" or aggrandizement is impossible. One of the big advantages in having the railways owned by the state.

This is a true story—the story of a strong man and a big organization and a certain pitched battle that was fought between the two. There is in Victoria, Australia, a former labor organization known as Trades Hall. It is a fine bit of concerted politics in its way—not unlike Tammany Hall. In 1903 the Hon. W. H. Irvine was the premier of Victoria, and a remarkable man he was—the sort of man to lead a nation and break a rebellion. He started as a master in Geelong College, where he was on a very small salary of course. A friend of his got him a position as tutor to the sons of a rich squatter, which enabled him to take a law course. He struck out as a solicitor, got a seat in the legislative assembly for some country district and worked his way up to the post of premier. Now Trades Hall was filled up to the brim with the railway staff of Victoria—not the clerks or head officials, but the fitters and greasers, the brakemen and engine drivers, the guards and the porters. In every election Trades Hall voted as one man, according to directions from their superiors in the labor party. Not only that, but as Australia has woman suffrage their wives voted, too—not as one man—or, rather, as it really amounted to as two. Irvine could see dire ruin approaching with the next election, which happened to be a crucial one.

He issued a manifesto requiring every man employed on the railway of Victoria to instantly resign from the hall or take the alternative of being discharged from the railway. They refused to resign, backed up by their knowledge of the necessity for the use of the railway and by the public's determination that it should run. Then Irvine proceeded to fire every man; he filled up the traffic of the railway and then he sat down to wait for developments. That situation lasted for a week. Things were in a bad way. The produce sent in by the farmers, etc., rotted in the way stations; people were stalled in inaccessible places; the traffic was held up in an outrageous way on all sides. Men came from the colleges to offer their services and to help from the business houses, and from every direction where there were men. In that way some trains were running. But as a whole the railway was pretty effectually blocked. Then the public, being greatly inconvenienced and generally incensed, veered like the wind! They went over to Irvine's side and the Trades Hall men found themselves not only without positions but without the asset of public sympathy. At the end of a week or so they gave in, resigned from the banned organization and went humbly back to their old jobs. "Not at all," said Irvine. "We'll fill the posts with the most capable of the men who offered their services when we needed them; if there is anything left in the way of positions, some of you can have them; the underlings, that is not the men who headed the trouble. And, mark you, not one of you gets your pension!"

"The Australian government used to give pensions after so many years of uninterrupted service (though the custom has been since abolished), and this move of the premier saved the state £180,000."

Discussing these matters recently, a prominent Australian now in this country was asked his opinion of the working of woman's suffrage.

"Well," he replied, "we haven't tried it very long, but I think it is going to work very well. The educated women are getting up organizations all over Australia for enlightening and influencing the other women, and it should mean a real step in the way of progress."

"And that very pension system you were speaking of? How about the old age pension we've heard so much of on this side?"

"In the long run I think it's a fine thing. It definitely provides against the horrors of the workhouse, or, as an alternative, an old age of unrelieved and wretched penury. One sometimes hears in this country and others of some old man or woman who has perhaps filled a public position and served the state honestly and faithfully, but who dies in the most extreme poverty. Now, in Australia that could not happen under the present condition of things. The magic word 'pension' saves the pride of the poor and infirm man or woman who would never stoop to apply to any board of charities. Of course the theory and the practice alike open up unlimited opportunities for fraud and deception, but, so far as that goes, I'd personally rather give money to six beggars who did not need it than refuse a seventh who did.

"Tariff? Our tariff is pretty good on the whole, I think. I myself am a free trader, and so, as a matter of fact, is the present prime minister, Mr. George Reid, but he waived the essentials of his free trade platform when he went into office. The coalition party—that is, the combination formed by the protectionists and free traders alike to defeat the labor party—agreed to sink the tariff issue for the sake of their common interests and the public good, and so the tariff question was left as it was; and you know it's not a bad one, though I am a free trader. We tax luxuries much higher than you do. Whiskey, for instance, is 14s. a gallon, more than its market value. We don't believe in making commerce in spirits too easy, you see.

"Of course you want to know what I think of the general federation of all the states. I think its establishment was a very good thing for the entire commonwealth. That was the time that the plucky little New Zealand held out all by herself. She didn't need Australia nor anything Australia could give her; she could grow all she required, and more, and was absolutely independent from first to last. But there was poor little Tasmania! She simply had to go in. She couldn't afford to stay out. And though it will end, I think, by being a very great thing for her in the long run, all she has got out of it so far is the concession known to history as 'Braddon Blot.' Sir Edward Brandon—the brother, by the by, of the lady who writes so many novels—was at that time the premier of Tasmania, and one of her representatives in Australia when the prospective federation was being discussed. Now, little Tasmania was going to lose more than 38,000 pounds a year in customs when she became part of the federation. Sir Edward Braddon insisted that a certain percentage on these customs be returned to Tasmania and to all other states in the federation at the end of every year by the Australian government. The demand was called unconstitutional, but was finally agreed to, and now the states have their percentage each year. The concession is considered the one blot upon the constitution of Australia—the 'Braddon blot.'"

"Our ballot system? Oh, yes; the Hare Clark system. It is undoubtedly the best and fairest system in the world. You see, it works this way." Mr. X—— produced a pencil and on the back of an envelope illustrated his discourse. "Suppose you have 2,000 electors, four candidates and seven nominees. Now, according to the Hare Clark system, you have to vote for three of the candidates, in the order of choice, one, two, three, so! Now suppose your first choice gets an overwhelming majority; your vote is passed down to the second, and, if it is not needed there, to the third. That is, when a candidate gets his quota, say 500, any surplus 'No. 1's' are divided proportionately. No vote is ever lost or wasted.

"What is that? 'White Australia?' That's a great scheme, if we ever work it out. It will take time, though. Too many people will suffer from it for it to ever be an easy act to pass. But, mark you, it is the only way to deal with the color question. Haven't I lived in America long enough to see the results of the mixing of white and alien blood? Not to mention the complicated problems that arise every day through so-called equality standards. I tell you, to solve the riddle, you must deport your colored inmates and Mongolian immigrants. We don't allow Chinese on our soil if we can help it, you know. That is, we charge them the heaviest possible poll tax. As for the aliens at present in Australia, we hope to get rid of them all some day.

"The trouble is that when we do get rid of them—when we 'bar all aliens,' as the prospective act reads—our big Queensland sugar growers, both of cane and beet, are apt to go to pieces. You can't get white men to work in the canes, and they had to import Kanakas. If the 'White Australia' bill ever goes into effect the Kanakas will all have to be fired, and the sugar trade will smash! Then, too, the 'White Australia' government would refuse to give contracts to the P. and O. and Orient steamships, because they all employ Lascars. But the principle is the right one, and we'll work it out yet, in the face of difficulties, as we have worked out all our other big problems. We believe in ourselves, and we propose to make that rich little commonwealth of ours the best governed, the most progressive and the finest in the world.

"The ruling passion of France is 'Glory;' of Great Britain, 'Power;' of America, 'Business,' and of Australasia, 'the Home.'

"I do not think that I am speaking unadvisedly in stating these divergences of sentiment. This does not imply that these sentiments do not exist in all countries. I speak here of the predominant sentiment. In Australia everything is made subservient to the maintenance of a nation of homes, the rearing of men and women worthy to be the parents of the coming generation. The home life of Australia is avowedly its true life and every law that we make is to promote these interests. When we passed the Shop and Factory act, giving a man an eight-hour day and one half holiday a week, it was that he might have the more time to attend properly to his private home interests. When we insisted that all the shops employing girls should provide chairs for them it was because we saw in every one of these girls one of our future mothers. We consider that women were made for the 'bearing and the rearing of a child,' as Tennyson expresses it. Yet we give our women suffrage. Well, why not? When a woman has half a dozen or 10 children, as she usually has in Australia, who in the name of God would be likely to give more thought and attention to the making of laws that affect those children than herself? We respect our women profoundly and believe in their intelligence as we believe in our own. And, by the bye, we respect them altogether too much to excuse in them on the ground of the greater weakness of their sex crimes which we would condemn ourselves in one another. We never commute a woman's sentence in Australia because she is a woman. We consider that an insult to the brains and strength of character of her entire sex. Do we find that woman suffrage 'unsexes' women, as the phrase goes? Well, I think that if you put a thousand women together, gathered from all sections of the globe, you would find that our women would compare very favorably with the others in the matter of womanliness. But, do you know the points wherein I think we are particularly unique and especially deserving of our own pride of race are the points of our personal and private life—not our fine ballot system, nor yet our progressive development, nor even yet our methods of dealing with the big essential problems of the day, tho all these have my belief and admiration? What makes us what we are is our human standpoint, the sanctity of the home (of which one hears a great deal all over the world, but only finds as a fixture and vital essential in civilization in Australia), the humanitarian principle on which our business organizations are conducted, the peculiar national ethics which make a man's fight with another man his own affair, even if they have come to open blows. The old saying that 'Every man's home should be his castle' is really a fact in Australia.

"Our eight hour law, our rule providing one-half holiday a week in all the shops and seats for all saleswomen in all shops—these are small things in themselves, but they are very significant straws to show the direction of the wind of public sentiment and public principle. From first to last it is the human standpoint which makes us a little nation apart, the standpoint of individual responsibility and individual privilege, and a certain strong elemental ethical basis which, for lack of a more descriptive term, I can only call the right of man to man!"

One odd little fact about their loyalty to the British throne was related. The speaker said that the queen was so adored by the Australasians that it would have been inconceivable for them to have broken with a government representing her during her lifetime. And meanwhile the cementing of the bond has been going on until to-day it is almost a purely nominal one. Just the same, at the time of the Boer war, the young Australasians came forward as quickly as the native Britishers. So fierce was the Australasian sentiment at this time that anyone who expressed disloyalty to the empire was practically ostracized. Yet they do not consider themselves English. They are the "native born." They are a superb race, long of limb and broad of shoulder. There is not one of them but has the strength and dignity of a forest animal. They ride as tho they were part of their horses, they shoot with the certainty of a lightning bolt, they live cleanly, fight fiercely and die gamely. From first to last they are a race of sportsmen.

"You know," he continued musingly, "only one man ever put the whole of Australasia on paper, and he was an outsider, but an outsider who had eyes to see and ears to hear. That was Kipling. You know his poem of the 'Native Born,' of course."

and he quoted:

We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!—
We've drunk to our mother land,
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand!)
We've drunk to the wide creation,
And the cross swings low to the morn.
Last toast and of obligation—
A health to the native born.

The word Australia brings up many strange pictures to one who has talked with her people, studied her achievements and peculiarities and read the songs of her poets. One sees the great mines where metals of all sorts are wrested out of the grudging earth; one sees the light and silence of the bush, where no leaves fall all the year round, where the loosened bark flaps like evil wings against the tree trunks; one smells the wattle and the blue gum and hears the dingoes howling somewhere off among the shadows; one starts at the pattering tread of the natives who are being used to track down some criminal, for they can "track" as tho they were bloodhounds; one watches the flocks with the lonely shepherds, who must look on while their sheep die in heaps during the great droughts, and one breathes glad, refreshened breaths under the downpour of monstrous Australian rains.

The following story is told as being illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp:

Two men were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word. One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast: "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said, "How d'you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of 24 hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

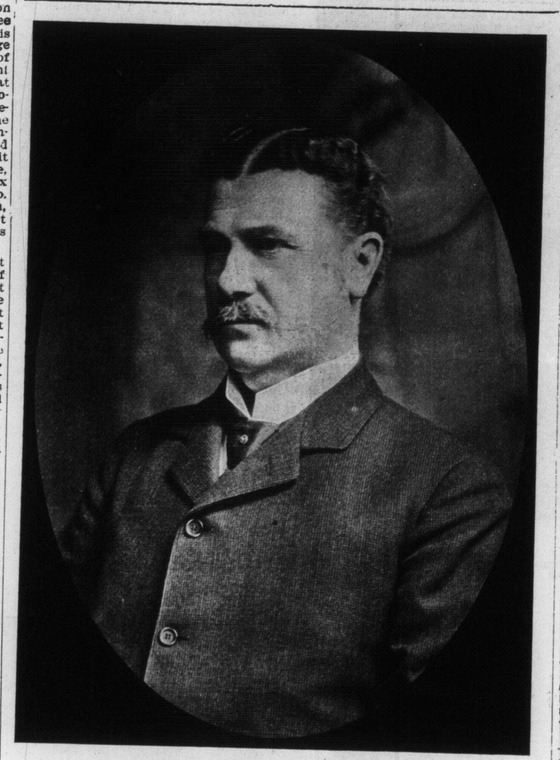
"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp!"

Everything there is tremendous, and just a little terrible; but its strength, its beauty and its strangeness are things to seize on the imagination and grip the heart, even as its political and social systems are things to compel the admiration and envy of the world.



DR. CHARLES O'REILLY, LATE SUPERINTENDENT TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL, WHO SAILS FOR ENGLAND WITH HIS FAMILY IN A FEW DAYS.

Morning Musings

I AM wondering if the knowledge that they must take the consequences of matrimony would not call a halt to the clandestine boy and girl marriages. They are becoming so frightfully common that the annulment law is to be doubted as a remedy worth considering. It is possible that it has something to do with the increase of hasty, youthful marriages, and is open to the same objection as divorce laws.

In days when divorces carried a taint of disgrace, good old days despite the contempt of the present generation, there were youthful marriages in abundance. They were the rule, because large families were the fashion, and it required youth and strength to rear them. But young couples accepted the burdens of matrimony in the only sensible fashion, and if mistakes were made the world was none the wiser.

There is something wrong with the education of the modern girl. At fourteen, fifteen and sixteen she should be a healthy, happy child, interested in her studies and recreations, and on none but friendly terms with boys. It seems foolish to go back almost to the cradle to find the root of the trouble, but perhaps the idea of sweethearts fostered and even suggested by parents may not be the harmless thing it is supposed to be. When babies of five elope we cannot help our doubts of the modern system of education. Why is it not better to eliminate sweethearts from a child's life and teach her to regard boys and girls as friends and playmates? It certainly could do no harm and might be a safeguard later on.

I do not like the prevailing idea among children that fathers and mothers exist solely to make life pleasant for youth, that they are killjoys in placing a curb upon too high spirits, and are to be ignored at will. In all life there will never be found so good and unselfish a companion as a parent, and that is what children need to learn. The girl who makes a confidante of her mother, the boy who is his father's—they are in a fair way to reach noble womanhood and manhood. I like to see a son grieve for his mother long after he has been deprived of her companionship, because it is rare and shows a fineness of nature that is sadly lacking in these days. I know two bachelors, no longer young, who never half cared for other feminine companionship than the dear mothers who have passed to the other world. They would have made good husbands because they were devoted sons, and it is a pity that they are not in the ranks where they are badly needed.

A mother told me one day that the day she dreaded was the one that would put her in the background, and that she remained awake nights scheming to keep her precious son from becoming interested in some young woman. The sentiment is unnatural, and likely to bring sad results, for no young man of spirit will permit his life to be settled in such summary fashion. He would have some excuse for marrying secretly and bringing his mother to terms afterward. Were she a wise woman, she would accustom herself to the thought of a new daughter and do something towards guiding his choice in the right direction. "What a nice wife Ethel will make," I said to a mother, who had been telling me how the girl amazed her during the period the family was left without domestic assistance. "Heavens! Don't suggest such a thought," was the reply. "Ethel will not marry for years yet." And the girl had celebrated her eighteenth birthday, and looked three or four years older. Later I discovered that she was carrying on a secret courtship. So much for maternal blindness.

Barrie the Shy.

Let a pretty girl look steadfastly at J. M. Barrie for five minutes, and if she can catch his eye he will exhibit about the same symptoms of distress as a man who has swallowed a fish bone. Constant activity and contact with the world seem to be powerless to cure him of the shyness which is developed the moment he talks with a good-looking woman. Only the other day a young actress, who had been rehearsing in one of his plays and directly under his eye pleased him so much that he asked her to luncheon. She couldn't go that day, and the refusal embarrassed him, but he plucked up courage and asked her again the next day. Another engagement interfered, but on the third trial the girl accepted and was pleased to think that she was to have an hour of delightful intellectual entertainment. Barrie ordered the luncheon, and as the dishes were brought on he looked up and looked into the girl's eyes. From that moment he was absolutely speechless. He did not utter one word during the meal, and after it was over he was just able to gasp out, "Shall we return to the theatre?" and offer his arm. Then, as a sort of relief, he hunted up the stage manager and talked to him at the rate of 90 words a minute for an hour.

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Psychical Research.

British and French Scientists Discussing Wonderful Cases of Automatic Writing — Remarkable Phenomenon.

AUTOMATIC writing was the subject which Prof. Richet came all the way from Paris to discuss before the Society of Psychical Research, says The London Standard. Prof. Richet is the president of the society, but, as he was reading the paper, the chair was taken by Sir Oliver Lodge. The professor, addressing his audience in French, described in detail a remarkable phenomenon which came under his personal observation. The facts, briefly stated, are these:

Mme. X., a friend of Prof. Richet, knows no Greek, yet on various occasions she has written, while in a trance, Greek sentences with a definite meaning. Once she sent him by mail three pieces of Greek which he was finally able to trace to an exceedingly rare dictionary of French and Greek, of which Mme. X had no knowledge whatsoever. On another occasion, when he went to call upon her towards evening, when the rays of the setting sun were deepening the shadows in the room, she wrote a sentence in Greek which meant, "At sunrise and sunset the shadows lengthen." She wrote in a current hand, but she made mistakes in placing the accents, and occasionally made such slips as could only be made by a person having no knowledge of the language. For example, she would write the Greek letter "s" by mistake for the letter "o," with an accent over it—a very natural mistake for a copyist, who is completely ignorant of the language he is writing, and is simply copying by eye, but one which, as it renders a word quite unpronounceable, could not be made, even thru carelessness, by anyone knowing the language.

These, then, are the facts: Prof. Richet, in clearing the ground for discussion, took it as axiomatic that Mme. X acted thruout in good faith. He could not bring proofs of this, but he could vouch for her good faith as he could for his own. The lady certainly did not know Greek. "You cannot conceal from all your friends and relatives your knowledge of a language like Greek, and, in any case, we have her word for it that she did not know the language. Moreover, she had never seen the book from which she quoted three passages."

How could such a phenomenon be accounted for? It could not be an effort of memory, for Mme. X had never to her knowledge seen the book from which she quoted. Equally, it could hardly be unconscious memory of a book she had seen and forgotten, for that would be to explain a strange phenomenon by another phenomenon equally strange and inexplicable. Prof. Richet suggested comparisons with mathematical and musical prodigies, but found them unconvincing. A wonderful child can remember the whole of a musical score which is contained in a large book, but then he is dealing with a language he knows thoroughly. So it is with the lightning calculator; he is thoroly versed in figures. Here, on the contrary, is a lady who writes pages of Greek, more or less correctly, without any knowledge whatsoever of Greek. Prof. Richet then suggested spiritualistic explanations, but found them unsatisfactory. In the end he had to admit that there was no explanation. In the discussion which followed, Sir Oliver Lodge summed up the position as set before the audience in the president's address, but he could not quite accept without reserve the question of the genuineness of Mme. X. The society had perfect faith in Prof. Richet and Prof. Richet had perfect faith in Mme. X; but the conclusion did not follow that the society must have perfect faith in Mme X. Then the comparison of the infant prodigy could not be altogether rejected. There was the wonderful Spanish child at two years old, who had appeared before the King of Spain and before Prof. Richet himself. The mother of this child once played over an intricate piece of music, and, on going afterwards into the next room, she heard some one repeating the performance. Returning, she saw to her consternation her infant child playing the music quite correctly. Obviously, the child could have no previous knowledge at all. Here, then, was a sort of parallel.

Other speakers produced strange cases of automatic writing, but none were of quite such a definite and extraordinary nature as the case presented by Prof. Ritchet. Mrs. Verrall, for example, a friend of hers produced by table rapping a Greek story which the table erroneously attributed to Pausanias, but afterwards gave the correct chapter and verse in Heliodorus. The story was not quoted word for word, but the substance was correctly given. In this case, however, both the mediums were Greek, and probably had chapters of Heliodorus stored away in the subliminal consciousness. Then came Mr. Harris with a story told by Huxley 30 years ago, of a soldier wounded in a battle who wrote in unknown languages from dictation while in a state of trance; and lastly Prof. Barrett produced an authentic story of a lady who was hypnotized by a clergyman. On one occasion the clergyman asked her to write down the contents of a letter which had just arrived by post and was unopened. She wrote most of the contents correctly.

In the discussion it was generally taken for granted that Mme. X had exhibited only the powers of a copyist, for, as Prof. Richet explained, she had made mistakes in spelling which could only be made by a person completely ignorant of the language. And so Mrs. Verral believed that Mrs. X must have been under some sort of hypnotic control, but was influenced thru her eye only and not thru her intelligence. But there were other instances, overlooked in the discussion, where Mme. X had written sentences with a meaning applicable to the immediate circumstances; for example, when she wrote her sentence about the shadows. In such a case she must have been controlled thru her intelligence. In fact, the discussion did not carry the matter any further than the president brought it in his address.

A lady writes Greek who does not know Greek, and quotes sentences from a Greek book which she has never seen. How can it be explained? As the famous master of Balliol once said, "There are questions which can never be answered, but are still worth the asking," and this appears to be one of them.

Spoiled a Roosevelt Pose.

The government has ordered that hundreds of snapshots of President Roosevelt's party taken on the return from the hunting trip be destroyed. The pictures were taken by residents of Glenwood Springs, and one was a moving picture. A young woman joined the party as it was nearing the Springs, and her presence has resulted in a government order that the negatives in which she appeared be destroyed. The reason for the order was that the garb worn by this daughter of the west was not considered entirely proper. She wore a tan riding habit, the skirt of which lacked many inches of covering a pair of pretty ankles. She wore a cocked hat, had a bandana handkerchief about her neck, and her sleeves were rolled up. Furthermore, she rode astride. Gertrude Dunn, the young woman who caused the furore, lives in Glenwood Springs, Col. When she heard of the plan to photograph the Presidential party she drove out with a newspaper correspondent. When they came up with the President she jumped out of the buggy, and, seeing the horse ridden by Jackson Elliott, another correspondent, standing by without a rider, she leaped into the saddle and rode up behind the President just as the photographer began to get busy. The first shot got the girl while riding behind President Roosevelt and Secretary Loeb. Several other pictures were taken, and in all of them she had a prominent place. She appeared, not as an uninvited visitor, but as if she was an honored guest. Most of the photographs and some of the negatives have been destroyed.

Armor-Protected Camera.

What are said to be the best photographs of the war in the east were secured by an English firm engaged in this line of business. These pictures stood out among the others secured on the field of action because it was evident from even a casual inspection of the prints that the operator had used great care and had given unusual attention to detail in the matter of making the exposure. From the great number of successes obtained it was apparent that the pictures were not the result of hit or miss snapshooting on the field. These pictures attracted great attention and at the present time they are on exhibition in one of the London halls, and are being viewed daily by throngs of people.

The secret of these camera successes was the bullet-proof shield which was devised for the use of the camera man, and from behind the kindly shelter of this he was enabled to make his exposures with mature deliberation and to sieze upon the right moment for the exposure to get the best effects. With this shield, the photographer pushed his way along thru the thickest of the fight, with very little risk to life or limb.

High Insurance Rates on Royalty.

Much have been printed in the newspapers about heavy life insurance carried by well-known women in England and America, and it has not been deemed necessary to make particular reference to the amount of premium paid, because the average is about the same in both countries. In Russia and Servia, however, the premium is of great interest, because it is so high. Of course, it is natural the czar should be what the fire insurance men would call an extra hazardous risk. Only in last December it cost some holders of Russian bonds 15 per cent. of the face of a policy dated to run 10 months. The Grand Duke Sergius, who was a total loss, paid—or his friends paid for him—the enormous premium of 52 per cent per annum, just about what it would cost for an oil refinery. The rate on the women members of the royal families in all continental countries is lower, of course, than that paid for male members, as the women are not so subject to attack by Anarchists; but since the Servian tragedy the rates have gone up, and it costs more to insure the czarina for $50,000 than it would a man of her age in this country for $200,000.

Getting His Proper Reward.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

"You're not going to bar me out, are you?" asked the newly arrived spirit.

"Let me see," replied St. Peter, "you were a street railway magnate, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just hang on to one of those straps over there for a couple of thousand years or so."

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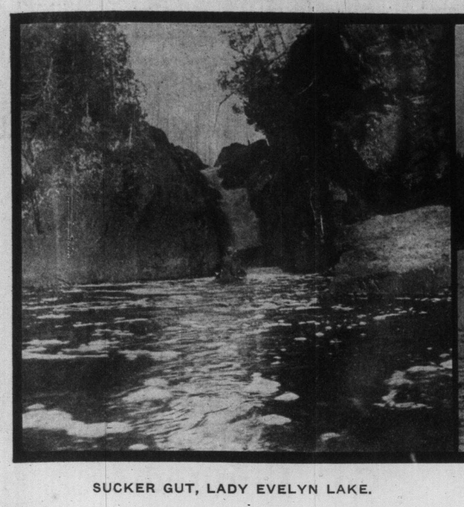
With Canoe and Camera in the Temagami District



SUCKER GUT, LADY EVELYN LAKE.

A NEW ONTARIO PORTAGE.

HELL GATE RAPIDS, MONTREAL RIVER.

DURING the torpid weather of July and August, to the average Canadian youth swelltering in heat-oppressed cities, business does not spell duty when a canoe trip is mooted. In fact no single atom of this community seems to be immuned to the siren cry that wells from the lips of our northland forests. For the canoeist, the Temagami district proves the one daily Switzerland of America, where every prospect pleases. A district that ought to make the breast of every Canadian swell with pride, possessing such an heritage. Indeed its rare beauty tempts one to think the Master Builder broke the die in casting Temagami.

The best time for canoeists to "do" the north country is from Dominion Day until about Labor Day. During this period the weather is generally settled, which counts for almost everything, and the fly season is past. To strike the north country in June, with the flies as irrepressible as tips at the Woodbine, the situation beggars description. I spent June there last year, and can feel those bites yet. If you are wise, you'll take along your own provisions, otherwise you'll find the backwoods pork strong enough to move mountains and wreck thrones.

Parties taking the trip recommended will find it of great advantage taking their own canoes, which ought to be light and perfectly seaworthy. The roads make special arrangements for carrying canoes at a moderate cost.

I have tried the plan of renting canoes in the district, but during the busy season it is not well to rely upon this source, when the success of a trip depends upon the craft you travel in. Often parties are compelled to take water-soaked birches, or do without. This alternative seldom provokes a masterpiece of composition from the "under man" on a rough portage.

Don't take a carload of dunnage. Almost every party, if green, takes three times more stuff than is needed. For food, take plenty of oatmeal, bacon, bread or biscuits, tea and some honey. This, I find after 10 years' experience, is an excellent menu with fish in addition and a beneficial change for the system. Take plenty of blankets and besides a change of clothing, an oil-coat, which saves many a cold and is indispensable in rainy weather. With the dunnage mentioned, you need only make one trip over a portage; otherwise it means waste time and is directly in antithesis to successful portaging.

Now, for the route. If you consult the Temagami folder issued by the G. T. R. you will find Bay Lake Station marked upon it, which lies about 85 miles north of North Bay. Here the trip is started, and if you follow the route we traversed last fall, via the Montreal River, Lady Evelyn Lake, Lake Temagami and the Temagami and Sturgeon Rivers, an ideal pilgrimage that weeds the heart of all weariness, brings you out at Sturgeon Falls, lying 30 miles west of North Bay on Lake Nipissing. It is always wise to break camp by 7 a.m. in order to get a good start upon the day's journey before the 10 o'clock wind springs up. Otherwise you are hampered. The first day, in easy stages to inure those dedicated to the cause, Bay Lake and the Upper Montreal River can easily be negotiated, and a camp struck for the night at Matiwabika Falls. Good camping grounds are handy and the sweet lullaby of running water, that suggests what we would be, not what we are, lulls you into a dreamless sleep.

Awaking next morning, you get an inspiration that a million days in the bush are too few, when landing three or four-pound black bass in the throat of the river below the cataract.

A short portage of 100 yards circumvents the falls, and then commences the day's paddle of 14 miles thru the moose country of Matiwabika and Grassy lakes, and by late afternoon Lady Evelyn Lake, that forever enchains the admiration of the pilgrim, is reached.

The lake, about 10 miles long, is embellished in organized beauty by numbers of small islands splendidly wooded, and above all, Maple Mountain, rising to a tremendous altitude on the west, keeps watch over this inspiring pageant.

The fiishing in Lady Evelyn Lake surpasses anything I know of in the country. We caught huge black bass here that "broke water" four or five times before being landed.

By a very short portage past Lady Evelyn Falls, Diamond Lake is reached and passed with an hour's work at the paddle, and we arrive at the first real portage of any consequence. It measures 400 paces, but a progressive policy, similar in spirit to our new government, soon overcomes the marshalled forces of events, and Lake Temagami, whom poets and birds sing about, bursts upon the portageur's view.

"Old Glory," graced by over a thousand islands, is a veritable garden of Eden during the brief glories of summer, and when the grind and worry of the city is too great, there is always quiet among its cathedral pines.

It is well to camp in Sharp Rock Inlet for the night, as an early start next morning and an easy paddle during the day of 17 miles brings you down, after passing Devil's Mountain, to Bear Island, the "storm centre" of attraction on Lake Temagami.

Be the day bright with sunshine or sad with rain, the folks of the Indian village welcome you with an expression which, filtered thru the golden veins of our language, means that your coming makes even the sunbeams a brighter gold. The people are exceedingly kind, and Mrs. Turner, like other Canadian mothers, is good only for making you grateful and happy by the excellent meals served in her spotless boarding house, should you so desire them. Mrs. Turner also makes the **best bread in Temagami** and your supply may here be augmented. A Hudson's Bay Company's store is conveniently located, too, where goods are sold at moderate cost.

Sir William Mulock, visiting Bear Island last June, made a record catch of bass in the neighborhood, and with copper lines, deep down, salmon trout are easily caught.

One may profitably spend two days about Bear Island studying the Indians and seeing the redmen's cemetery, where are laid the braves who have filled Temagami's history with their deeds and the earth with their renown. Or if it be Sunday, you will hear the sweet-tongued chapel bell calling together its little flock for prayers.

Leaving Bear Island, a paddle of seven miles among islands splendidly clad with evergreens that, during winter's long siege, keep flying the colors of hope for the reinforcements of spring, brings you to the lake's southern outlet, the Temagami River, which to my mind is by far the most enjoyable section of the trip.

Descending this river, with its numerous portages numbering upwards of 20, means a good deal of hard work, but work of this kind will prove a real source of pleasure to the real woodsman at the day's close. Something attempted, something done, earns its own reward—satisfaction.

The river is superbly beautiful, and the joy engendered to a lover of the primeval forest is quite beyond word-expression. The best bass fishing can be secured in any part of the river and if you be lucky, perhaps you'll see a couple of moose or deer. Game abounds everywhere.

About the third day from Bear Island, you come to Six-mile Rapids which, to run, pays one tenfold for all previous vicissitudes and hard work. It takes about three-quarters of an hour to shoot these six miles of swift water without paddling a stroke, if you feel like resting. It is perfectly safe running, as the river has a gravel bottom with no boulders, and if you don't enjoy the excitement, then you'll be unhappy in the next world, too.

The Temagami River flows into the Sturgeon River, which is now reached. This serpentine water route of 40 miles down stream, prettily dotted here and there by thrifty French-Canadian homesteads, brings you to Sturgeon Falls, Ont. Located here is a huge paper mill, where a pulp log going into a machine, without again being touched by hand, issues forth as splendid paper. So much for the Deity's handiwork, which comes to pass thru the agency of man. Here, too, a fleet of fishing tugs is employed in netting sturgeon in Lake Nipissing, and to accompany the flotilla to its fishing grounds proves an endless source of pleasure and profit. We ended our canoe trip at Sturgeon Falls last September by shipping our canoes back to Toronto via North Bay, which, I think, proves the more satisfactory conclusion.

For four of us, with expenses equally divided (rent and freight of canoes included), cost each of us about $37, a sum within the reach of almost anyone old enough to make the trip.

Money well spent never ceases earning interest, and if you try "roughing it" in the Temagami district, you will never tire haranguing your friends about the northland woods.

A Horrible Nightmare.

Hardeman Free Press.

We had a dream last night that we wish had come true. We was emprirng a game of ball, and one of the teams was made up this way: Schiltz, c; Pabst, 1b; Miller, 2b; Schorr, 3b; Gerst, ss; Anheuser, r f; Busch, c f; Cook, l f, and Lemp p. We decided every pint in favor of this nine, and when the game was over they sent up a wagon load of beer and we was about to sample the stuff, when it rained thru the roof on our face and woke us up.

Love and Apples.

A young man asked a Brown County farmer for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number and to the mother one-half of the balance and have one apple over, and to the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over and have one left for yourself, without cutting an apple. Then if she is willing you can have her." He solved the problem, and how many apples did he bring?

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The Company's property consists of 130,000 acres, 203 square miles of virgin land, covered with Mahogany, Spanish Cedar and other valuable woods.

The following are two out of many similar reports on the land and timber:

Mr. Seth Rifford, Mgr. Illinois Coffee & Rubber Co., reports:

"After an exhaustive visit of two months to the different properties in Mexico, I can say without doubt that the Chimalapa tract is the finest body of timber land I saw in the entire Republic. The soil is very deep and rich, with a vegetable loam formation, and the timber is large and thick through all the property. I travelled through this property to our lands and back over the same road, and took particular pains to notice the timber."

Yours very truly,
(Signed) SETH RIFFORD.

Mr. Pedro Ruiz is known as the "Mahogany King" of Mexico. It is claimed that he has shipped more mahogany from this country than all the other shippers combined.

He reports as follows:

"With much pleasure I present to you the expression of my opinion about your land, the Santa Maria Chimalapa. It is the most extensive and abundantly timbered proposition in all Southern Mexico. The immense amount of valuable woods besides mahogany, cedar, etc., make this the most valuable property that I know of. Referring to the question of facilities for getting out and shipping these timbers, will say unequivocally that I know the perfection for sending timber from this property. Any season logs can be floated to the sea-port."

Yours truly,
(Signed) PEDRO RUIZ.

One Hundred Dollars represents 13 acres of this land. The timber is valued at $80.00 per acre. Planted in rubber, in bearing, it is worth $1,000 per acre because it will pay 30 per cent. on this valuation.

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Sources of Revenue.—

Land Sales	Rubber
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We have already contracted for the sale of 5,000 acres of land at $10 per acre without the timber. We get a profit of at least $3.00 per acre on clearing contract, which makes a total of $13.00 per acre—$65,500.00.

The timber on the 5,000-acre tract is valued at $40.00 per acre—$400,000. Under the clearing contract we get paid for cutting this timber. We expect to close contracts for all our lumber with firms in Great Britain and Europe before it is sawn. One of our Directors, who has given a life-time to the lumber business, and has been very successful, takes personal charge of this end of the business. We intend to install at the earliest possible date two mills, one at or near the mouth of the river, where vessels leave daily the other on the lands to supply the several plantations which will be started during the coming year.

We have already contracted for the formation of an English Company to develop 5,000 acres.

Our first mill, with a capacity of only 30,000 feet per day, should pay 18 per cent. yearly on the total cost of the land.

One 5,000 acre tract of rubber in bearing, will pay a sum equal to our entire capitalization yearly.

Please send me book containing information about Mexico.

Name.....

Address.....

Games of Poker.

An Aged Mississippi River Pilot's Yarn—Two Men Who Decided it Was Better to Lose.

"THAT weird story about the man who had four kings and an ace in his hand and then laid them down without making a bet because he knew he was beaten seems to be having quite a run recently," said the old Mississippi River pilot. "I have come across it two or three times in one shape or another in the newspapers within a year, and I have heard several capable liars relate it as an incident that had occurred in their presence.

"Now, I don't suppose that I have seen all the stories that have been printed or heard all the people tell it who are telling it, so I am forced to think that if the yarns are all true there must be a considerable number of poker players in the United States who understand the game better than I do.

"The interesting thing to me about poker is to see a man lay down the winning hand without making a bet on it. That is done very often, of course, under the influence of a good bluff, and may be said to demonstrate a lack of skill or of nerve, tho my own opinion is that it is not always a lack of either. There are cases now and then tho in which a bluff is not the reason, and when you come across one of these you are pretty likely to find a story.

"There was a game on the boat one night just after we had left Memphis, when I sat in for a couple of hours before going on duty. I remember it particularly well, because a young fellow named Murray was in the game, and I had begun to feel sorry for him on account of his persistent bad luck when he suddenly made a break that I thought was going to have serious consequences.

"There were five of us in the game. Two of them were professional gamblers, Clay and Eaton by name, whom I knew well. I don't profess to say that they were any more honorable than any other professianl poker player is, but things made it probable that the party, tho he was no boy. He was a good enough player, but, as I said, the luck ran against him heavily. We were playing table stakes, each buying a hundred to start, and he had been driven to the barnyard three times without making a single bad play, so far as I could see. He took it well enough for a time, and the loss of the money did not seem to distress him in the least. After a time, however, when he had had three flushes in success on beaten by hands that were filled in the draw, he seemed to grow suddenly suspicious.

"As a matter of fact he was a Northerner who had never been down the river before. He knew when he sat in, of course, that he was liable to run up against a professional game, and perhaps it was natural, tho it was not complimentary, that he should be as suspicious of Creighton and me as he was of Eaton and Clay.

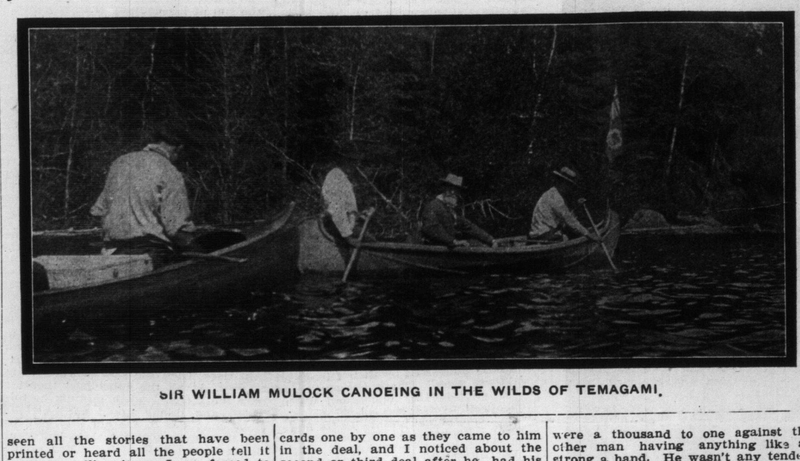
"He had a way of picking up his cards one by one as they came to him in the deal, and I noticed about the second or third deal after he had his third flush beaten, that his eyes gleamed rather brightly as he picked up his fourth card. I decided that he had probably caught the third to a pair of openers.

"He did open it, sitting under the gun. Clay was dealing. Eaton came in, and I sitting next, looked at my hand and found a high four flush, so I decided to take a chance. Creighton dropped and Clay threy his cards down also.

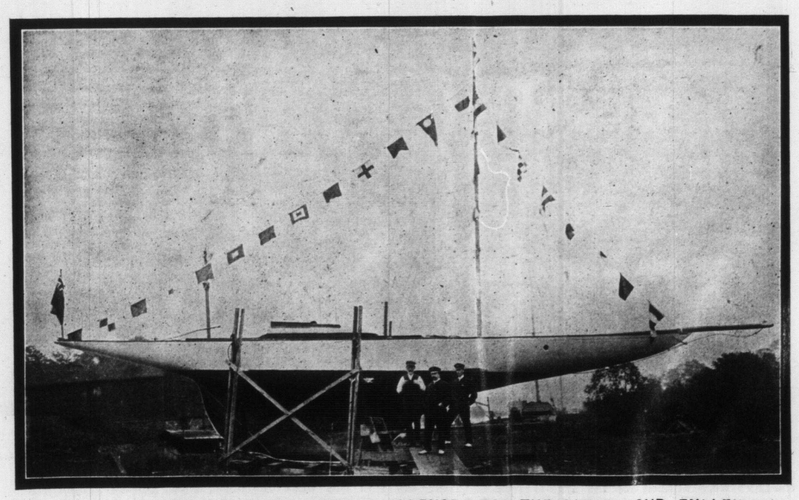
"Murray called for three, and I, of course, for one. I saw that Murray was watching the deal closely, and that he was also watching me. I saw, too, that when he looked at his draw his face lighted up and then clouded over with a hard look of suspicion.

"As I looked back at it afterward I could see that I probably strengthened his suspicion unthinkingly, for I was so sure that he had bettered his three, and that my flush, even if I made it, would be worthles, that I really had little interest in the draw, and only glanced at my card perfunctorily. As it happened, I did not fill.

"Then Murray did the surprising thing. He looked earnestly at me and then at the dealer, and then back at me, before playing, until he had me guessing, and I reckon the others were too. Then he flung his cards down on the table, face up, and said: 'I don't believe I care to play in this game any longer.'



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK CANOEING IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI.



MR. FREDERIC NICHOLLS' "TEMERAIRE," CHALLENGER FOR THE CANADA CUP, EMBLEM OF YACHTING SUPREMACY ON THE GREAT LAKES.

"He had an ace full, having evidently opened on three aces, while the draw had brought him a pair of nines.

"It was plain enough that he believed he was being cheated, but tho his eyes were blazing, he controlled himself perfectly and sat still, saying nothing more, but counting his remaining chips as if intending to cash in as soon as the hand was decided. He had made no charge against anyone, and no one was inclined to deman an explanation which would certainly have meant fight, so we sat for a moment in silence and then Eaton bet a dollar.

"It was up to me then either to bluff or lay down, and as I knew Eaton had no more than a pair to go, and as there was twenty odd dollars in the pot I tried the bluff. I threw in fifty dollars and Eaton laid down.

"Murray cashed in and went off to bed and the rest of us played on a while longer, but nothing was said about him, tho I reckon the others all felt as uncomfortable as I did.

"The next day I was in the pilot house I saw Murray come out on the upper deck and I noticed that he seemed greatly surprized when he recognized me. He knew enough, tho, not to speak to me while I was on duty, but that evening he approached me and asked me to drink.

"While we were standing at the bar, I could see that he wanted to talk about the game of the preceding night, but was evidently at a loss how to begin, so I said bluntly: 'What made you throw down that full house last night?'

"Because I was perfectly certain you had fours,' he said. 'What did you **have?**"

"I told him I hadn't filled my flush, and he laughed and said: 'I guess I was nearer being in trouble than I supposed at the time. Something in your manner made me think that you didn't care what you drew, and of course that meant fours. Then I thought I saw glances between you and the dealer, and I set you down for a professional. I guess I'm not strong enough for the river game.'

"Well, I told him that was a tolerably safe conclusion for any stranger, and he said he thought he'd keep out of it. I don't know whether he did or not, for I never saw him again, but I've always thought that a man who would lay down like that had the makings of a good player in him.

"I saw a professional lay down fours one night when he knew the chances were a thousand to one against the other man having anything like as strong a hand. He wasn't any tenderfoot, and there was no click under the table either. If there had been I reckon Joe Bascom would have had his gun out before the other fellow.

"He had been running a card game in Louisville for some three months when I dropped in there one night with a friend of mine who lived in Louisville. We looked on at the faro game a few minutes and turned to walk towards the poker table where we met Joe. He had been playing with four other men, two of whom were sitters in the room, and two were marked for slaughter. Joe knew me, and stopped for a greeting on his way to the table.

"My friend said casually, 'I see Harry Peyton is playing again.'

"Yes," said Joe. "He hasn't been in here for a month or so, till to-night.'

"'No,' said my friend, 'and it'll be more than a month before he comes again, if he loses to-night.'

"What do you mean," said Joe, looking at him sharply.

"He drew the last thousand dollars from his father's estate this afternoon, and I happen to know that even with that he hasn't enough in the world to pay his debts,' said my friend.

"The man who was speaking was so little likely to gossip about other people's affairs that I looked at him in some surprise. Bascom, however, merely looked thoughtful and resumed his seat at the poker table.

"My friend and I followed him and stood behind the players, loking on. I saw that Bascom looked very intently at Peyton as he waited for the next hand, and I also saw that Peyton appeared to have been drinking, tho he was not by any means intoxicated, according to the Kentucky standard.

"Bascom said nothing, however, and passed out on the next two or three deals, evidently finding nothing in his hand to his satisfaction. The hands were played, however, and Peyton lost thirty or forty dollars in one of them, and won another on what looked to me like a transparent bluff.

"Then came a jackpot that was sweetened two or three times, so that there was something like twenty dollars in it when the deal came to the man on Peyton's right.

"Peyton let the cards lie in front of him untouched, and passed, playing, of course, for the chance of catching a good hand and raising it after somebody else should open.

"Fortune favored him to some extent, at least, for Bascom, who sat next, skinned his cards down carefully and opened for the size of the pot. The two cappers both came in after the second victim had passed out, and then Peyton looked at his cards and raised the bet $50.

"Bascom didn't flicker an eyelash, but I reckon he must have given some sort of a signal to his cappers, for after he had seen the raise they both dropped out.

"Peyton, sitting first, called for three cards. It was poor play, for it gave away the fact that he couldn't have better than a pair of aces, even if he hadn't raised on a pure bluff.

"Bascom took two cards and threw in a white chip, without looking at his draw. Peyton looked at him as steadily as he could for a full minute, but I saw, and the others must have seen, that his liquor was telling on him.

"Then he lifted one of his three cards and chortled aloud. He did it well, too, so that, whether it was true or not, he gave us all the impression that he had caught a third ace.

"If he really had three aces of course he was justified in raising, for Bascom had taken two cards, and it was not surprising to see Peyton throw a hundred dollar bill in the pot.

"Then Bascom studied for a while, looking intently at Peyton, until the latter smiled foolishly. Then Bascom lifted his hand and looked at it carefully. What he saw I didn't know till afterward, but what he said, as he laid his hand on the table again, was: 'The pot's yours, Mr. Peyton, the game is closed. There'll be no more poker in this house to-night.'

"At this Peyton and the other lamb made vigorous protest, but Bascom's word was law. As a sort of palliative, Bascom asked all hands to drink, and there was a general movement towards the buffet.

"My friend and I were both a little curious on the same point, and we lingered a moment, seeing that one of the servants was about to gather up the cards and straighten the room.

Bascom's hand was still lying where he laid it, and as the nigger picked it up we both saw that he had four fours. After we had left the house I asked my friend what he had made of the play.

"'Peyton is a young fellow, well liked in Louisville,' he said, 'especially among the sporting class. He's been a "good thing" ever since he came into his property, but beside that he is a gallant fellow with many good traits. If he should go down and out in Bascom's place it would be a great blow to Bascom, and he is sharp enough to know it.

"'I reckon he knew that if he won that thousand dollars from Peyton, when Peyton was drinking, it would be about the last thousand he'd ever get in Louisville. He has plenty of nerve when it's a matter of going up against a gun, but public sentiment in a place like Louisville is a heap sight more serious than a gun. I call it mighty good poker for Bascom to lay down those fours right there.'

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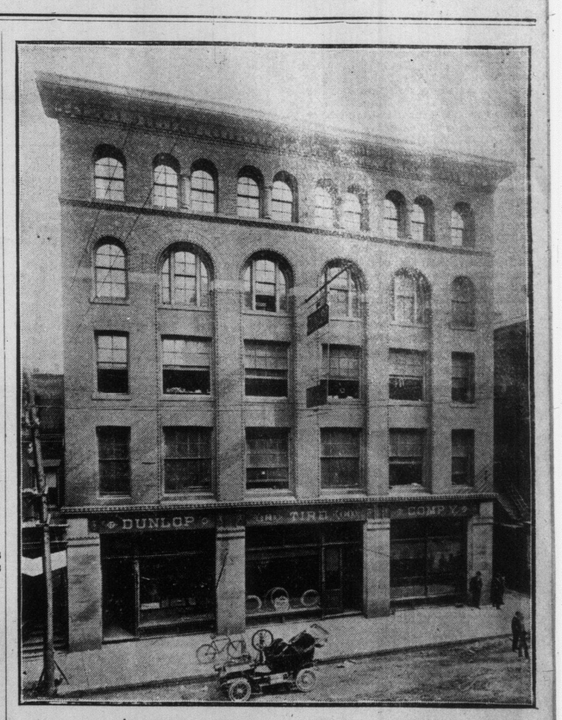


THE DUNLOP TIRE CO. WILL MOVE.

On or about September next The Dunlop Tire Company will move from its present offices, south side of Temperance-street, almost adjoining Eyrie's new premises (that front on Yonge-street). The company has a new site for the manufacture of rubber goods, almost ready for occupancy. The Dunlop Building on Temperance is admirably located and in excellent condition for factory or storehouse purposes.

Blue Rays of Light

Genava Professor Has Invented a New Anesthetic Under the Influence of Which Difficult Operations are Made Painless.

A NEW anesthetic discovered by Professor Redard, of Geneva, Switzerland, promises to displace ether, chloroform, cocaine and other liquids and gases used to produce unconsciousness in cases of surgical operations. No longer will the patient who wishes to have a tooth extracted submit himself to the nauseating fumes of gases, or if he has a weak heart, endanger his life by submitting to ether. Instead, he will spend three minutes suffused in a bath of blue rays of light, while meantime music soothes him, and helps produce the soporific influence. Then he will drop off into a natural slumber, remaining entirely unconscious while the troublesome tooth is pulled from its fastenings, and recovering, will feel no ill effects whatever. The eminence of Professor Redard assures the importance and authenticity of this discovery. He has long been a famous expert on anesthetics, and some of his researches have commanded the attention of the medical world. In 1890 he announced to the International Congress of Medicine and Surgery at Berlin, the discovery of a new anesthetic, chloride of ethyle, which has proved so much more satisfactory than cocaine, encaine, etc., that it is now used by many of the most noted surgeons of Europe. Now his investigations have carried him still further. Originally liquids were used to produce unconsciousness, to give to a patient merciful relief from the suffering of an operation. Then gases were employed for the purpose; now in line with the march of modern medical progress Professor Redard goes still further, till the almost impalpable —light rays—is reached.

The medical value of light rays has now been known for several years. Finsen of Copenhagen, and his imitators have been using it with gratifying results in the cure of cancer. Professor Redard's system is its first application as an anesthetic.

The professor thus describes his principle and its application:

"The action of light on the lower order of life, plants and animals, is too well known and admitted to need demonstration. Plants take their coloring from the sunshine; the animal differs in structure, color and habits, according to the kind of light in which he exists. So man is affected. The negro and Laplander but demonstrate in hue the presence or absence of sunshine rays. The emblems and costumes of various nations typify in their colors the climate. In the southern countries you will find a love for bright red, blue and vivid yellow. In the north, the more somber colors are preferred, black and all the darker shades. Soon temperament is the same idea expressed; vivacity in the south, taciturnity in the north. Evidently light is a factor in man's mental makeup. Then we find that various light rays produce different effects. Red produces agitation, excitement; yellow, melancholy and sadness; blue, peace and rest. Applying this latter thought to dental surgery I soon found it possible to produce a natural and healthful condition of suspended animation.

"The method is simple. First all daylight is carefully excluded from the room. Then the patient is made to gaze fixedly into an electric light bulb, fastened in a reflector. The patient is told to open his eyes wide and is assured that he will experience no pain once he comes under the influence. Then over both patient and the light I throw a blue veil of satinette. In three minutes the patient is asleep, the more quickly if the process be accompanied by the soothing strains of music. The influence does not last long, but it seldom fails. I have known the most timid of patients who came to me, nerves overstrained and ready to faint from fright, to yield so completely and gently as not to believe their teeth had been extracted till the application of a finger to the bleeding mouth showed the result. To what do I attribute this effect? Well, the element of hypnosis enters slightly, but in the main it is the result of an influence exerted on the brain by the optic nerve. It is not hypnotism, as understood, for only the one color will get the result. Yellow, red and all other shades fail, showing it is some power exerted over the optic nerve by the blue rays and transmitted to the brain that accomplishes this purpose of mercy."

Expensive.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"No, I've decided never to accept friendly advice any more."

"Why not? It doesn't cost you anything."

"Well, I've found that it usually costs me my friend."

Unfitted for Good Society.

From the Houston Post.

"They'll never amount to much in society."

"I don't see why."

"Their vulgarity; they actually love one another; the idea of a divorce would horrify them."

The Only Damage.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Citiman: Did you lose much by the fire out at your house?

Subbubs: Two quarts of good old Scotch whisky.

Citiman: Was that all?

Subbubs: Yes; you see, only about half of our volunteer fire company got there.

First Gun.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Jack: I am so glad we are engaged. You know it is love that makes the world go round.

Helen: Yes; but it is not love that makes a man go round at nights after he is married.

A Tribute

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies show;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries hang that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry;
These cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearls a double row,
Which, with her gentle laughter, show,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
—Richard Alison.

Idleness a Cause of Divorce.

From Leslie's Weekly.

In the shocking cases of perfidy and of unfaithfulness to the marriage vow among our wealthier classes, the root of the matter lies, as in so many other sorts of sin, in idleness. The absence of strenuous, compulsory occupation is in itself a temptation to crime. The idle man or woman whose sole interest in life is the pursuit of pleasure inevitably becomes sated with its different forms. All of the ingenuity which can be expended upon inventing new sorts of food, new ways of serving, new entertainments, really avails little. After all is said and done, a banquet is only a banquet, a cotillion is only a cotillion, and even operas and theatres after a few years begin to seem strangely and dully alike. A new emotion, a new sensation—something which money cannot buy—this becomes the only fresh and desirable thing on earth.

In Ancient Bath

Anecdotes of Famous Literary Lights Who Shone in the Historic Pump Room.

On the "Barbican" sea front of Plymouth I interviewed the sailor folk the other day about the Pilgrims who left that very port in 1620 for America. A large flat limestone slab cemented into the wharf as a part of its pavement bears the legend "Mayflower, 1620" cut in letters a foot long. A stevedore lounging near said he didn't know what it meant, but a tattered woman rolling a baby carriage to and fro over it said: "'Tis the name of some ship, I believe." An old man sitting on the coping and vigorously smoking a black pipe volunteered information: "Them's the Puritans—folks that runs away because their hown country hain't good enough for 'em. Some 18 or 20 of 'em went hoff from 'ere honey last week." I asked no more questions.

I write this letter from Bath, a city which for more than two centuries was the centre of the literary and fashionable life of England and the rendezvous of the most eminent English statesmen, and whose abundant mineral waters still flow from a fountain of oolitic rocks piled together and rudely sculptured by the Romans under the eye of the Emperor Claudius. Ever since the great days of Queen Elizabeth, Bath has alternated with London as the home of the most eminent English statesmen, authors and artists, and their houses are standing yet in serried rows up and down her beautiful vistas. Oliver Goldsmith lived in the three-storey limestone, No. 11, of the very block where I am writing, when No. 12 was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and it is still merrily told how Noll tumbled into No. 12 one night by mistake, got into bed with his boots on and discovered his error next morning when called to breakfast.

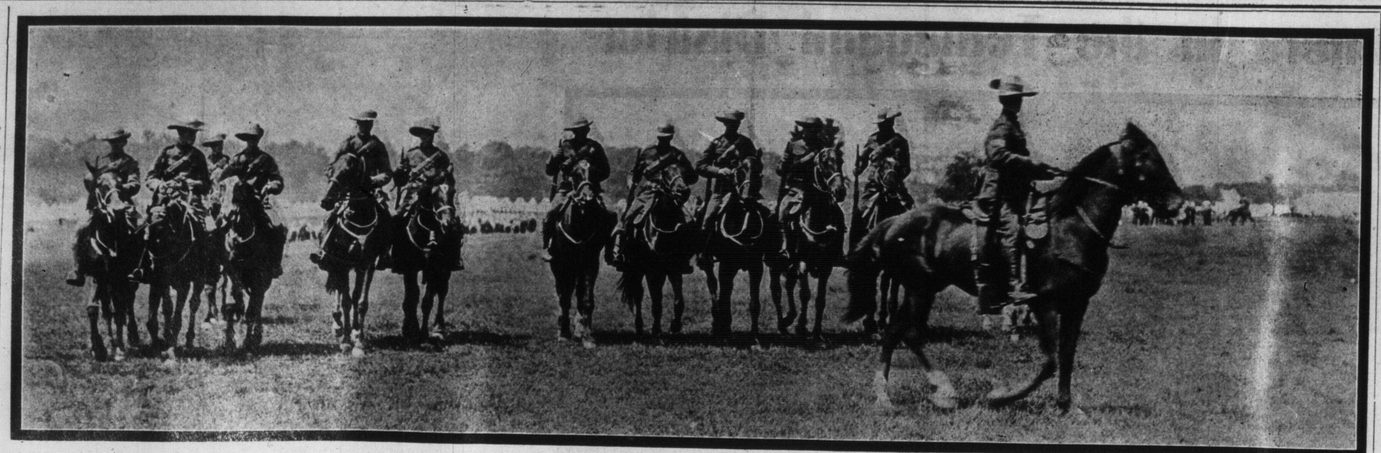
The house where I am writing is known as "The Amelia House," named for the Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II. It was afterward the home of the Burneys. Fanny herself lived here after she had won world-wide fame by writing "Evelina," squandered several valuable years by serving Queen Carolina as a maid of honor and became Madame D'Arblay and "the Female Boswell." In her diary she says of this house: "It is deliciously situated. We have meadows, hills, Prior Park, the soft-flowing Avon, whatever nature has to offer, I think, always in view. My room commands all of these, and more luxury for the eye I cannot form a notion of." I hope your correspondent appreciates his privileges. The whole Burney family are buried in the adjacent churchyard and rank weeds enshroud Fanny Burney's grave. This Amelia House, too, was involved in the romance of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. From my window is seen Vauxhall Gardens, the trysting place of the young Irishman and the beautiful Elizabeth Linley, who afterwards became his wife, and down the stone steps from the front door tripped the lover to the rowboat which nightly bore him across the little Avon to his appointment. She was only 16, but she was marvelously handsome and highly gifted as a singer and an actress. She was addressed by many suitors, and it was in protecting her from the persecutions of a Captain Matthews that Sheridan made her acquaintance. Matthews was angry at the interference, and challenged Sheridan. The duel was bloodless and Matthews apologized. Sheridan and Miss Linley were married clandestinely, and went to the continent. On their return, Matthews renewed his offensiveness, and another duel resulted in the Vauxhall Gardens. Both broke their swords in the contest and both were seriously wounded. Sheridan being borne to White Hart Inn. When his wound was partially healed he sat up in bed and wrote "The Rivals," in which he made the redoubtable Matthews the "Bob Acres."

The poet Shelby lived here in the palmy days of the city's fame, and his residence still stands next to the old Pump House, where he married his childwife, Harriet Westbrook, when their united ages were only 35. Hither, too, in an evil hour, came the Godwins, when Mary was in her most attractive years, and hither came the reckless girl Clare Claremont, and Leigh Hunt and Keats. From this city started that strange party, Shelley and Mary and Byron and Claire, for the "six weeks' tour on the continent," and here later appeared the ill-starred daughter of Byron and Claire, Allegra, when Harriet had flung herself into the Serpentine.

Here in Bath lived the Thrales, and here came the Great Cham—Samuel Johnson—for the growling old bear was lonesome and gouty, and here at his charming the reader after the lapse of a hundred years. James Quin, the famous comedian, stayed for years in Bath, because, as he put it, "I do not know of a better place for an old cock to roost in." He complained to the master of pump room ceremonies, Beau Nash, that the tradespeople plundered him. Nash replied: "I think they treat you in a truly Christian spirit, then."

"Why so?" asked the astonished actor.

"Because," Nash answered, "you came as a stranger and they took you



A FIELD DAY AT NIAGARA CAMP: THE ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS.

A. D. Doble. William Doble. Robert Doble.

GENTLEMEN OF WEIGHT IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD.

us, at the Pump Room and working the superfluous acid out of their systems. In fact, Dickens' first important venture was made here, for the readers of the "Pickwick Papers" will remember the famous excursion to Bath and the erratic cronies of the hero of the sketch. The White Hart Inn at Bath was then kept by Mr. Moses Pickwick, and Sam Weller was the "boots." I must revert to Sheridan, for he was the centre of the literary and dramatic circle of Bath in his day. He not only wrote "The Rivals" here, conferring immortality on the petulant and obscure Captain Matthews, but he presented it here for the first time, to see how it would be received—"trying it on the dog," as Dan Frohman expressed it. Here, too, Oliver Goldsmith wrote "She Stoops to Conquer" in the smiles of the charming Gunning sisters.

I have just been across Pierrepont-street and inspected the old theatre for which these geniuses wrote, and in which Garrick and James Quin and Sarah Siddons played. Since that day it has been successively a Catholic church and a Masonic hall, for whose functions it has been to some extent transformed by the carpenter and the painter. But quite enough of the old temple of Thespis remains for identification. The entrances to pit and galleries are only nailed up, and a serpentine path shows where the aristocracy of Bath sought access to their stalls. I am of stoical fibre, but will not pretend that I was not moved when looking down upon the auditorium where had sat Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, Sheridan and Miss Linley, Oliver Goldsmith and the Gunning girls, Beau Nash, Sam Johnson, the Thrales, Burke, Fox, the Pitts, Shelley, Keats and Byron, applauding the greatest actors that ever stirred the pulse of the human race.

The Pictorial Side

Continued From Page 1.

and rumble and boom of thundering artillery, the terrifying charges of squadrons of cavalry or the "thin red line" of marching regiments.

Printed on this page is a group portrait of three brothers who are familiarly addressed by their friends as the "three aces." These are gentlemen of "weight" in the commercial world. Their total avoirdupois is 627 pounds, and a remarkable feature is its equal division. Each weighs 207 pounds. William Doble is general manager of the E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., Toronto; A. D. Doble is connected with the Royal Baking Powder Company, New York, and Robert Doble is mechanical superintendent of the Canadian General Electric Company, Peterborough.

The annual tournament of the Granite Lawn Bowling Club was concluded on Monday last. Pictures in this number of the World furnish a good idea of the popularity of this fine old British game in Toronto. The game has been played in Canada for more than a hundred years. It was a pastime of the garrison at Annapolis Royal, N. S., away back in 1733-4, but it is less than a quarter of a century old in Ontario. Belleville was the first Ontario city to organize a club. Mr. W. H. Biggar and kindred spirits were leaders in the movement. That was in the early '80s. A few years later the late Col. A. M. Cosby imported bowls from Glasgow, and games were played on the fine lawn at his residence, "Malehyrn," in this city. Belleville and Toronto were enthusiastic rivals for several years before the grounds at

SOME OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE GRANITE LAWN BOWLING CLUB OF TORONTO.

the Queen's Royal hotel at Niagara-on-the-Lake were utilized for the annual tournament. The first bowling tournament in Ontario was held in 1886 at Niagara. Toronto sent four rinks and Belleville and Hamilton each were represented by two rinks. A Belleville rink won. In 1888 an international flavor was given to the tournament by the participation of two rinks from Buffalo. There are now 31 active clubs affiliated with the association, with a total membership of upwards of 1,500. There are 12 clubs in Toronto and other places represented in the association are: Niagara, Hamilton, London, Mitchell, Kingston, Galt, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Windsor, Brampton, Listowell, Guelph, Peterborough, Kincardine, Brantford, New Toronto and Waterloo.

An Impolite Prayer.

The chaplain of the Hawaiian house of representatives, Rev. S. L. Desha, is in trouble because he prayed aloud in the house that God would forgive the members who had voted for the new Sunday bill and passed it over the governor's veto.

"Aye, verily!" retorted Quin, "but they have fleeced me instead of clothing me."

Nash was buried in the abbey in Bath, and Garrick wrote this epitaph:

That tongue that set the table in a roar
And charmed the public ear is heard no more.

Closed are the eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke before the tongue that Shakespeare writ.

To such an assembly of the wealth, nobility and brains of England appeared about 1710 one Beau Nash, a wit, audacious adventurer and chief of the London dandies. He made acquaintance with princes and pushed into the royal circle, and presently was tacitly chosen master of ceremonies and factotum to the springs. He proclaimed rules of etiquet and compelled their observance, and seems to have occupied the half serious and half preposterous role of an official jailer. He was witty, impudent, unscrupulous, imperious, knavish, and, tho he lived by gambling, he was maintained and obeyed as "King of Bath" for 50 years. He posed as a reformer, and really did bring a kind of order out of the old-time chaos. He was a gorgeous loafer. He showed his vanity by traveling in a chariot drawn by six superb grays, with outriders and footmen and trumpeter, like the prince who lived next door, and his costume was covered with the most expensive lace. In old age this curious creature died, and was compensated for his complicated vices by having his sermon preached by the bishop and a memorial erected to his gracious memory in the Bath cathedral with this startling eulogy:

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
And manners pure on decent rule depend,
To his remains consign one grateful tear—
Of youth and guardian and of all the friend.

Nassau House still stands here, nearly 400 years old. It was the residence of that Prince of Orange who married Amelia, daughter of George II., and has been the rendezvous of royalty ever since. Queen Victoria made it her abode when she sought relief from her various ailments in the Bath springs. Gainsborough lived here, and here he painted his wonderful portraits for $20 each. One such has recently changed hands in London at £25,000. Macauley and Dickens used to spend months at a time at Bath, disporting themselves in the Fountain of Claudi-

Gossip of French Capital

Continued From Page 1.

wrote a letter in her own hand to President Loubet, putting her son under his personal care. She said that he was a father and knew better than all the others how to watch over him. She was so afraid that he might hear and see things that might make him too wise in the wicked ways of the world. It was she herself who chose the program and the subjects to be performed before her son on the gala nights given at the opera and Comedie Francaise. Etiquette is strict in Spain, and she wondered if everything would be all right in this independent republic of France. Everything was all right, for the French have a cult for children, and the young king is still regarded as a boy, for whom all French mothers will have a soft spot, and this made him all the more welcome, in that there is no woman, even in the laboring class, who does not know what an admirable mother he has, and how anxious she is to have her "Bubi," as she calls him, return to her as worthy of being called her darling as before. It must be with heartbreaks that a queen like the queen of Spain delivers up her boy to the state, and to feel that he is more the son of his country than her own.

Theatregoing people are agitating for the abolition of the "entr'actes"—the long waits between the acts—and have good arguments, which tend to prove that if there are not more people who frequent the theatre, and go to "society shows," it is because life has become too short to wait idly in a chair for half or three-quarters of an hour from one act to another for the curtain to rise. The fact is that in all Paris theatres the entr'actes are too long. For instance, Sara Bernhardt tells the "regisseur" to rise the curtain when she is ready, and her "being ready" happens to be most irregular. It may be 20 minutes, or half or three-quarters of an hour. At the Nouveau Theatre there is an agreement with the proprietor of the hall and Casino, next door, that the entr'actes must be long enough for the spectators to take refreshments. The shifting of properties is done in the most old-fashioned way in all the theatres, and as one is never in a great hurry in Europe, the curtain rises when the slow workmen are ready. At all the subsidized theatres they think that traditions must be followed, and things would not be right if not managed in the old way. There is not a more patient, long-suffering nation than the French. They might be called "the people of the forty winks," for they are always ready to shut their eyes to abuses and imposition, and to wait until other people deign to get ready. At the cafe concerts and the variety shows there are no more entr'actes, and they are well patronized, to the detriment of "shows that are more elevating and literary," such as dramas and operas, theatres and operas. The subsidized theatres, which must produce a certain number of plays and operas a year, are closing the season with works which will again be taken up after the summer vacations. The Opera Comique has just produced Massenet's "Cherubin," which was given for the first time last winter at Monte Carlo. A soprano sings the part of Cherubin, who is a sort of languishing Don Juan, who falls in love with all the young maidens he sees. First he falls in love with Nina, a countess; then a baroness, then a dancer named Ensolellad, which part was created in Monte Carlo by the beautiful Cavlieri, who is both a dancer and a singer. The mighty Cherubin finally marries the gentle Nina. Critics say that this work of Massenet resembles "Manon" more than any other. It consists of love duets, languishing songs to the moon and melodies declaring that desertion in love is more tragic than desertion from the battlefield. It is said that "Cherubin" will appear in New York next winter.

An interesting and amusing strike took place in Lyons a few days ago. It was amusing because it is all over. It was the policemen who thought they ought to demand that the regulations for the pensions be changed. Who took up the fight and kept the policemen at bay? Of course, other policemen were called out by the prefecture of police. But many of the strikers laughed at the idea of having measures dealt out to them that they dealt out to others. Their cause was such a just one that the authorities, as well as private individuals, sympathized with them; but the Chamber of Deputies, which looked more at the principle of the matter than into the facts, would not give in, and threatened to discharge the policemen if they did not go back to work. It was understood, however, that if they did their case would be looked into, and justice done.

Paul Dubois, who died recently, was one of the most celebrated sculptors of modern times. Having no idea of devoting his life to the fine arts when a young man, he studied law, and was over 24 years when he took up sculpture. It was only in 1858, that he exhibited the bust of a woman in the Salon, and soon after he left for Italy, where he remained four years. He brought back from that country the "Florentine Singer," which is in the Luxembourg Museum, of which the copies and reproductions are so well known in America. In the Salon of 1863, he was awarded the second medal for his "Narcise" (Narcisseus), and was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. One of his most widely known and best works, is that of Joan of Arc, in front of St. Augustin Church. She is on horseback, holding a sword, and dressed in the armor she wore at the siege of Orleans. Altho Paul Dubois never was a student at the School of Fine Arts, he was chosen director of that school in 1878, and resigned on account of bad health a few weeks ago, leaving the place to Bonnat. The school of Paul Dubois, contrary to that of Rodin, was what might be called the "highly finished." It abounds in numerous details, and he would sometimes spend years in their study and execution. Still, his work is broad, has what the French call "la ligne," and the figures which he so ably chiseled out of marble, or had cast into bronze, have the dress and aspect of the time in which they lived. Paul Dubois had received all the awards which can be given to an artist. He was awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, at the inauguration of his Joan of Arc, which was placed in front of the Cathedral of Reims. This sculptor was also a painter, and exhibited some commendable pictures every year at the Salon. He leaves two sons, of whom one married Taine's daughter, and the other the daughter of Cavaignac.

My Lord of Caithness

Lord Caithness, who passed thru Toronto recently, is one of those British peers who are far more at home in the United States than in their native land. For 30 years at least he has spent the major portion of his time at Berriedale, his ranch in North Dakota, which indeed is his legal domicile and so given in the standard works of reference, his house on Inverness Terrace in London being merely a small pied a terre in the metropolis. In olden times the estates of the Earldom of Caithness embraced the entire northern part of Scotland, from sea to sea, and included the Orkney islands, which were then subject to the suzerainty of the Norwegian crown. But to-day there is no longer a single road of land in the northern kingdom connected with the Earldom of Caithness, the 15th earl, who died in 1889, unmarried, having contributed in no small measure to alienate the remaining estates, which were very considerable, from the title. He was imbued with sentiments of bitter hatred toward the present earl and his father, both of them very remote kinsmen, and on dying bequeathed the whole of his property to a college chum, F. G. Heathcote. Suit was brought to upset the will, and the legal proceedings ended in its being invalidated. Unfortunately, the invalidation did not benefit the present earl or his father. It had the effect of rendering the 15th earl practically intestate, the estates in consequence thereof going to his next of kin in the female line. These were Sir James Buchanan, of Craigend, as the lineal descendant of Lady Janet Buchanan, daughter of the 12th Earl of Caithness, while the other turned out to be an Australian squatter, Murray MacGregor by name, who furnished proofs that he was the great-grandson of Lady Charlotte MacGregor, the other daughter of the 12th earl, who died in 1810.

Both the late earl and the present Lord Caithness were obliged on several occasions to defend in the courts of law their rights to the earldom, the most notable of the claimants having been a Presbyterian minister, John Sinclair, of the parish of Kinloch Rannoch in Perthshire, who carried his case to the House of Lords, but without success.

It is doubtful whether there is any peerage that has furnished more subject for litigation than that of Caithness, the ancestry of the Sinclair family being of so complicated and intricate a character that the peerage has rarely passed from one holder to another without legal proceedings.

The Sinclairs are of most ancient origin, tracing back their descent to the year A. D. 875, figuring prominently in the annals of Scotland, especially in the darkest pages of its history. The fourth peer was perhaps the worst of his race. With the assistance of his cousin, Isabel Sinclair, he contrived to poison the Earl and Countess of Sutherland at a supper which he gave in their honor, and then coolly denounced his accomplice, testified against her, and witnessed her execution. He next kidnapped the young Lord Sutherland, who was only 15, and forced him by torture and threats to marry his daughter, Lady Barbera Sinclair, a woman of mature age and more than uncertain reputation. The fourth earl's eldest son, Lord Berriedale, Master of Caithness, is on record as having strangled his younger brother, William. In fact, the history of the house of Sinclair in the middle ages is one long list of tragedies, of plots and counterplots.

Among the other branches of the house of Sinclair, of which Lord Caithness is the chief, are Lord Sinclair, who has transformed the patronymic of his name into "St. Clair;" Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath, and Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, the well-known poet and author, whose landed possessions in Scotland extend over 100 square miles. His grandson, the heir to his title and estates, has American blood in his veins, the mother having been a daughter of Mahlon Sands, of New York. Sir John, who has been on terms of friendship with all sorts of public men, such as Bismarck, Napoleon III., King Louis Philippe, the Comte de Chambord and Prince Gortchakoff, was in his boyhood page of honor to Queen Adelaide, and among his sons-in-law was the late Gen. Owen Williams, M. P., of Temple House, Bucks, the well-known sportsman and one of the creators of the Sandown Park races.

In view of the association of the name of Heathcote with that of Sinclair in the suit to upset the will of the 15th Earl of Caithness, it is a peculiar coincidence that they should once more be connected in the legal proceedings now in progress between the Earl of Mar and his only son, Lord Garioch, on the subject of the appointment of a trustee, the earl being married to a connection of the Sinclairs, while Lord Garioch has as wife a daughter of Robert Heathcote, of Mandon Hall, Oakham. Lord Mar is the premier Earl of Scotland, and his title is the oldest in Europe. Altho he figures in the "peerages" as merely the 26th of his line, the chiefs of the family have been Earls of Mar at initio—that is to say, since the very dawn of Scottish history. One of them married a sister of King Robert Bruce, and their names figure on almost every page of the annals of Scotland.

Some 300 years ago a curse was hurled against the family, according to which the latter was to be overtaken by such ruin that the grand hall of its castle should be used as a stable for horses, its state apartments as a workshop for weavers, while trees should grow upon its battlements, and that "the line should be broken, but not until the honors of the house were doubled." This prophesy has been fulfilled. The house of Mar was ruined by its adhesion to the Jacobite cause. In the beginning of the last century 50 Yeomanry horses were stabled in the grand hall, and 20 years later a weaver was found working in the state bed chamber, while a couple of ash saplings were discovered sprouting on the battlements. King George IV. restored in 1824 the earldom that had been forfeited at the time of the Jacobite rebellion, and in 1875 the honors of the house were doubled by the successful claim of the 13th Earl of Kellie to another earldom of Mar created in 1565 by Mary Queen of Scots.

The consequence is that there are today two Earls of Mar, who are distinguished from one another by the fact that whereas the one is known as the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and who, as Viscount Fentoun, is premier Viscount of Scotland; the other, an elderly clergyman of the Church of England, is known only as the Earl of Mar. Like Lord Caithness, he has not a single foot of land in Scotland, altho the premier earl of that kingdom, and strongly resents the pretensions of Lord Mar and Kellie to the Mar earldom of the Queen Mary creation, denouncing him as a usurper. In fact, at every meeting of the representative peers of Scotland at Holyrood palace, the old Earl of Mar invariably rises to protest in the most solemn manner against the Earl of Kellie voting as the Earl of Mar. His son, Lord Garioch, has acquired considerable fame as a musician.

Largest Civilized Nation

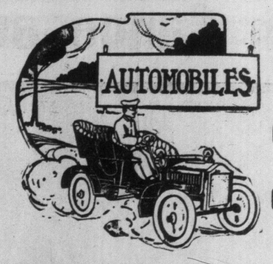
Leslie's Weekly: The United States is by far the largest of all the civilized nations except Russia, which has about 130,000,000 inhabitants. The German empire has 56,000,000, Austria-Hungary 47,000,000, Japan 47,000,000, the United Kingdom 42,000,000, France 38,000,000, Italy 32,000,000, and Spain 18,000,000. China has 350,000,000, but she does not count in a calculation of this sort. Owing to the rapid growth of the United States, the English language is now spoken by more persons than use any other civilized tongue. Charles V. said he spoke German to his horse, French to men, Italian to his lady friends, and Spanish to God. In his days, three and a half centuries ago, Spain was a land on which the sun never set. England was only a small spot on the map, and the English language held only a minor place in the civilized tongues. To-day 130,000,000 of people speak English, 100,000,000 speak Russian (for not all the people of the empire talk the national tongue), 75,000,000 use German, 70,000,000 employ Spanish, including the inhabitants of the Latin-American countries, and 40,000,000 speak French.

Moreover, the lead for English is rapidly lengthening. Nearly two-thirds of all the people who speak the English tongue are in the United States.

Swell "Hat Shop."

A "hat shop" was opened in London by the Countess Fabricotti recently. Liveried footmen handed around tea and cakes.

RAMBLER
WINTON
ROYAL TOURIST



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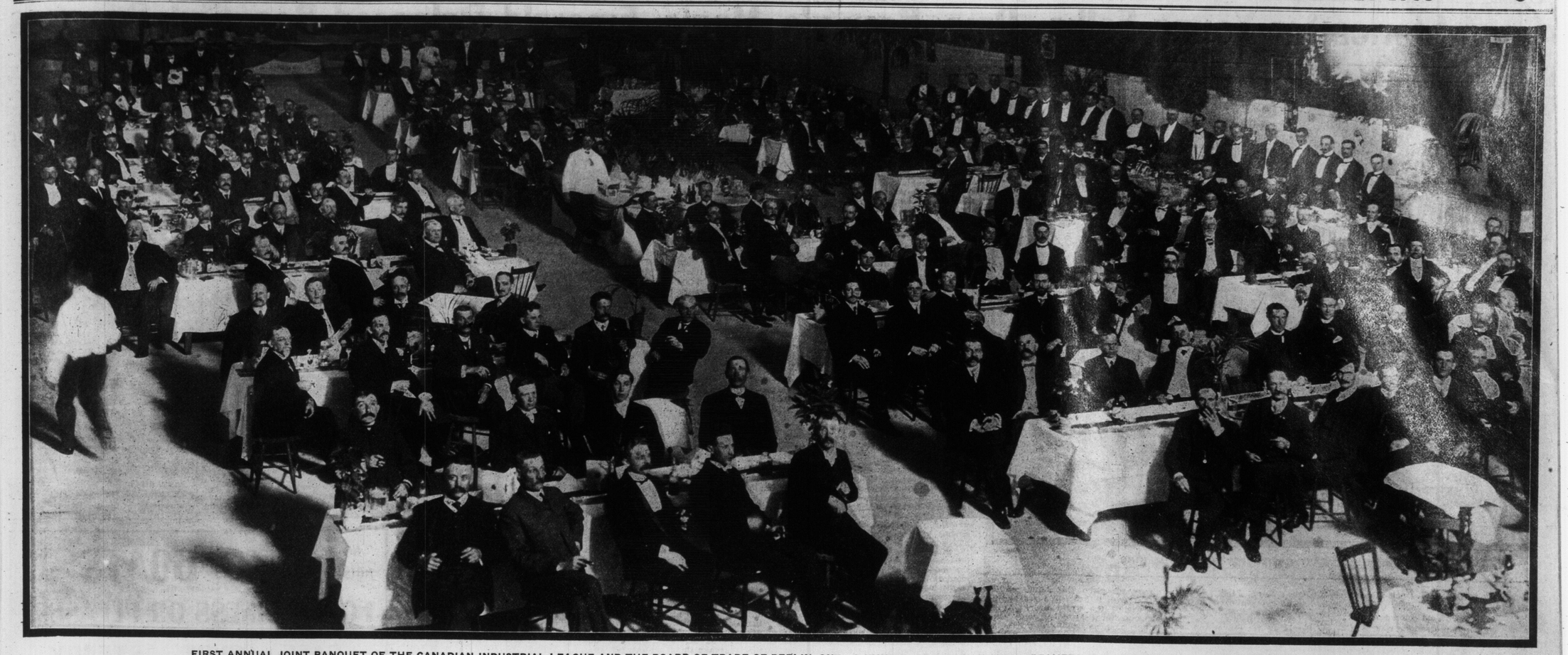

FIRST ANNUAL JOINT BANQUET OF THE CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE AND THE BOARD OF TRADE OF BERLIN, ONT. A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS WERE PRESENT AND DISCUSSED CIVIC PROBLEMS.

Tragedy in Bohemia

SING for us!" commanded Marie Potoffski, looking hard at The Poet, as she called for more chianti.

There had been a reunion of Bohemia, the Garibaldi Club was celebrating and the Pensione di Livorno, on the east side street was aglow with jollity. As a Bohemian of a dozen years ago, I was invited to join a merry throng. Being late to arrive, I had taken the only vacant seat at the long table beside a well-dressed stranger. A glance round the table told me that many clever people were at the board and several former comrades whose mental glow had made the Bohemia of other days a land of brightness. Some of them were in buoyant spirits and chief of them all was Marie Potoffski, known at "Maria's" twelve years ago as "The Countess." Russian disasters on sea and land had not broken her spirit. She was still the clever, vivacious woman of aforetime, altho her bright red hair was streaked with grey and there were lines about her face that I could not remember to have seen before.

While The Poet sang—because, in Bohemia, nobody offers excuse—I looked for other faces that were familiar. Near the foot of the table, I saw The Great American Artist (capital letters are used to distinguish him from the Poor Artist who sat near me). Across the board was The Vampire, as secretive, silent and watchful as ever; we had called him The Vampire because he listened with his eyes as well as his ears and bled us of all our good stories, clever hits of repartee and sold them to his own profit. Not far away, I had a bow from The Incubator, as we had named him in the Twelfth-street epoch, because he hatched out our abortive witticisms and warmed into living form our imperfect metaphors. Beside the fair skinned Russian woman (now risen to be chief of the cloak salesroom at a great department store) was The Tutor, who addressed his companion in French and taught the same language in one of the most fashionable schools. To my surprise I recognized The Pretty Model, now several times a mother, who had a past, but did not brood over it; this fact, interesting in itself and delightful to me, distinguished her from several other young and unknown models at the board who had entered the field much later than she and never had attained to the distinction of having their faces and more or less of their figures portrayed nearly every week in the illustrated magazines by such artists as Charlie Reinhart, Archie Gun, Charles Dana Gibson, Wm. T. Smedley, Louis Loeb or Granville Smith. At several places along the table were representatives of "The Glad-Hand Society," well known in Bohemia and club land. But the sweeter The Poet sang the more I studied The Stranger at my right. He was dressed in broadcloth and looked the part of "leading man" in Kozetbue's world famous play, "Menschenhass und Reue." Obviously well known at the Pensione di Livorno, his face was new to me because he never had belonged to the old Maria da Prata crowd that had comprised Recorder Goff, W. S. Walsh, Joseph Stoddart, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, Nugent Robinson, Valerian Grebayedoff, George Luks and Colonel Gilder—with many brilliant women who supported themselves or their husbands by the product of their pens.

While a dainty little waitress, called Minota by every one around the board, was serving us with soup, my neighbor, The Stranger, transferred to me the conversation he had been lavishing upon Madame Potoffski. Doubtless assuming that I had overheard his talk he said, authoritatively:

"It was one of the misfortunes of history."

"Doubtless," I answered, ignorant of the cause of his regret.

"I am sorry you do not take stronger ground on so important a question," retorted The Stranger, reproachfully.

For the first time I examined my neighbor out the corner of an eye. He was a burly figure, by far the best dressed in the dingy apartment. He looked to be a strong, dogmatic and highly selfish personality.

"How can I?" was my retort.

"Surely, you admire Bonaparte?" he demanded.

"Naturally." I was temporizing in order to learn his game before returning his lead.

"Had Bonaparte made his escape to the United States, this land would have witnessed a restoration of the Roman Republic!"

"Not while 'Old Hickory' was living," I suggested, mildly.

"Hickory? I never heard of him."

"Madison was President, of course, but Andrew Jackson never would have 'stood for' a Napoleon."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely that there wasn't room enough in this country, with the Louisiana purchase added, for Andrew Jackson and Napoleon Bonaparte."

"That's the most remarkable statement I ever heard!" exclaimed The Stranger, with amazement.

He wasn't sure whether he had understood Jackson or overrated Bonaparte.

"Bonaparte would probably have been hanged," said I; "that would have equaled St. Helena."

"Ah! Profanation! Why do you say so?" screamed The Stranger. "Bonaparte would have builded a new Rome here, as—as—what was his name?"

"You probably refer to Aeneas," suggested The Poet.

"Yes, as Aeneas raised a new Greece in Italia."

"But he was a Frenchman," protested the Poor Artist."

"He was not!" retorted my neighbor, with an emphasis that awakened echoes from the remotest corners of the room. "He was a Roman—an Italian Caesar, who reconquered Gaul."

At this point The Stranger drew a card from a side pocket and handed it to me. For a moment I was in doubt whether I was about to be challenged. Upon the card were engraved the words: "G. Lombardi, Funeral Director." I thanked The Stranger, and assured him that I would bear him in mind. He became the visible form of Death—worthy of "Hananella." While an "omnibus" was removing the fish ccurse, The Stranger recurred to the Napoleonic contention:

"Bonaparte"—and he always sounded the final vowel—"was a republican driven to imperialism, just as was the great Caesar. He cared nothing for show. He'd have made a true American. What a pretty child she is!" he exclaimed, as the big bright-eyed little Minota re-entered the room, bearing a monster tray of spaghetti. As she walked, escaping particles of the vermicular paste wriggled over the edges of the dish to the floor. The food was hot as a Christmas pudding, and the tomato sauce made it as pink as India coral. Behind this steaming feast, as in a cloud of vapor, shone the innocent puckered mouth. Minota was the angel of the Pensione di Livorno, and every man among the regular patrons regarded himself as her special protector.

"How she smiles and makes eyes tonight," said my neighbor.

'She's more like a child than a waitress," I volunteered, merely to say something.

"What a sweet little bride she'd make!" commented The Stranger, as he followed Minota with his eyes. Everybody was clamorous to be served.

"To Minota!" shouted the men, lifting their glasses. The Poet stood up. "Sing us your last song!" again commanded "The Countess," who, like the other women, had been silent and thirsty when the toast was drunk.

"That I will," replied The Poet. "It is so new that nobody has heard it. I wrote the verses this afternoon, and we shall sing them to the melody of 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' I have called the song, 'Addio, Minota!'"

The Poet sang, and we helped or hindered him in the refrain.

"Why, 'addio'?" several voices asked.

"Because I am to be married," replied The Poet. Minota was standing near The Poet and had been listening, enraptured, to the singing. She knew "addio" meant "farewell," and the word "married" was one of the few in her English vocabulary. Her pretty face turned pale. As she staggered toward the rear of the room, the Incubator, who hadn't noticed her distress, shouted:

"To Minota, all!" Everybody drank.

"He always writes verses to Minota," whispered The Stranger. "She is a foolish child and believes him when he sings of his love for her. When she hears that youngster's voice her eyes become glorious."

"Minota is in love, then?" I asked.

"Yes, in love," he replied, adding a deep sigh.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed "The Countess" Potroffski. "She's a mere child."

"That she is," commented The Vampire.

"Ought to be in the nursery," sneered the Pretty Model.

"I say she's 16," ventured the Poor Artist.

"What does a girl know of love at 16; or boy, for that matter?" retorted The Countess with a curl of the lip. "When I was——"

"Hear! Hear!"—from one end of the table.

"Listen, all!"—from the other end of the table.

"This is not a confessional, madam," interposed The Stranger, looking hard at the Lady of Quality. His check to Her Ladyship in defence of Minota made him my friend.

"If he is an undertaker," said the Poor Artist, in a stage whisper, "I'll swear he's no mute."

"He's not at my funeral!" The Countess snapped back. The Vampire wrote this in his note-book, for the British market, where "mutes" are as necessary to a funeral as a corpse. After exchanging glances of defiance with Minota's champion, the Countess burst into a laugh as keen as the pitiless winds of the frozen north. Wasn't it strange that none of the women, old or young, who came to the Pension di Roma liked the little waitress? The Poet grew moody and silent; but what was to be expected from a man about to leave Bohemia and settle down? Or, was he composing a sonnet to his bride? The fact was, he and Minota had exchanged glances and he had detected tears in her eyes. There was delay in serving the dinner; the cook brought in the next course. The little serving maid had disappeared. For a while we forgot her. A scream was heard from the upper part of the house that brought every Bohemian to his feet. The shriek increased in volume as the woman uttering it approached. She came bounding into the basement from the stairway. She was the second waitress.

"Minota is—dead!" she gasped.

The shock was appalling. In broken English and hardly less intelligible Italian, the trembling woman explained that on going to the roof for fresh table linen she had found poor Minota writhing in the agonies of death.

"By her side lay this bottle," said the woman as she pointed to the label, "Oxalic Acid." Kitchen maids use it for cleaning copper vessels. Several men ran in search of physicians; most of us climbed the stairway to aid "the Child of Bohemia." Quickly the frail body of the girl, still having the warmth of a life just extinguished, was brought to the dining-room. Altho distorted by the agonies of death, the face was still beautiful. We composed the girlish figure atop an unoccupied table.

"No more eating and drinking for us," we men cried, like children. The Poet stood apart, clutching in his fingers a scrap of paper that had been found in the dead girl's fingers. The rude scrawl read:

"I ver' tired. Gift me luff to—Signor Lombardi."

Two physicians came and told us what we already knew. A coroner was there, also. Then I heard a voice at my side—a voice that echoed like the fall of clods on the box in an open grave:

"She left me her love! I will bury her, poor, friendless little darling!"

How very far away from that stranger's mind was the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Won by a Yard

YES, yes. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are hard-working, honorable and trustworthy; surely I have proved that by taking you so completely into my confidence in business matters. But that is not sufficient; the man who marries my daughter must have shown some striking evidence of business acumen before I give my consent." Mr. Brampton, banker and diamond merchant, wiped his glasses and sat back in the comfortable chair of his private office, dismissing the whole matter with a wave of his hat.

Eric Wilmanton, his confidential secretary, also tried to forget the matter, temporarily, but with less success. "He's such a self-willed old gentleman," he sighed to himself, "that if he weren't Doris' father I should call him a stubborn old fool." This heretical train of thought was broken by the entrance of a clerk with a card. He took it. "Wilfred Norton Harrington to see you," he said. "I don't think he's a client of ours."

"Harrington, Harrington," murmured his employer. "I don't recollect the name. Oh, yes, tho, I fancy he must be the son of that wealthy old Harrington of San Francisco who died a couple of months ago. I heard that the young man was going to settle in New York. Send him in," he added to the clerk. The latter retired and presently admitted a tall, clean-shaven man of about 40, dressed in a top hat and fashionably cut frock coat, which did not seem to fit him.

"Mr. Brampton, I believe. I should like to transact some private business with you, if you can spare the time," said the stranger.

"My secretary is entirely in my confidence," answered Mr. Brampton; "in fact I depend on him a good deal, so you may speak quite freely. Mr. Harrington sat down and placed a red morocco jewel case on the table. I have no doubt you know of my father's death some two months ago, and also that I have purchased No. 8 Fifth-avenue. I have my affairs pretty well settled now, but in looking over the jewelry left by my father I find that there are several things which I don't care to keep. Pearls, for instance, my wife has a superstitious horror of. She refuses to wear them and it would be ridiculous to keep them locked up in the safe." He paused for a moment and took from the case a magnificent rope of graduated pearls. "Here is a string of 175 pearls that I am willing to dispose of."

The other two bent over them with interest; they were indeed a handsome set.

"I think I can remember being notified that your father was collecting these some five years ago. I sent him a few on approval, I fancy," said Mr. Brampton, at last, jotting down a conservative estimate of $45,000 on a writing pad, which he dropped in a drawer where his secretary could see the figures. The latter took it, and wrote $50,000 beneath it and returned it.

"I have as many pearls now as I care to handle," the banker went on, "but if you will put a price on these I will see if we can make a deal."

"My wife insists so strongly on my disposing of them that I have decided to let them go at a price considerably below their value, $35,000."

The other two looked at each other. "It is not a matter to be decided off-hand," said Mr. Brampton, "but if you will give me time for consideration, I think we can come to an agreement."

"If a few hours would be sufficient," suggested Harrington, "I should be very pleased if you would dine with us and we can settle the matter this evening."

"That is excellent," replied the banker, as the visitor arose. "Good day."

"I suppose you would like to telegraph to San Francisco to make sure that everything is all right," said Eric when the door was closed.

"Yes, I'll wire the Pacific Bank as a matter of form, but, of course, his receiving me in his own house will be really sufficient. Everybody knows he's bought $— Fifth-avenue," Mr. Brampton wrote and despatched the message immediately. A satisfactory reply arrived before they left the office. Mr. Harrington had removed a considerable amount of jewelry from that very bank to his New York house about a fortnight before.

"If I can make this purchase satisfactorily, it will mean a considerable turn over," said the banker, as he left the office. "You lack real business instincts, Wilmanton, in being too cautious. I know you don't like this man's appearance, and you would have let the matter go, very like."

"I shall be anxious to hear what kind of an understanding you come to this evening," said Eric.

At 10 o'clock next morning Mr. Brampton arrived at the office in an excellent frame of mind. "I have bought the pearls for $35,000," he said, as he hung up his hat. "Those Harringtons are charming people. Of ccurse. I was the only guest, as they are still in mourning."

"How did you like the lady of the house?" asked Eric.

"She seemed a very fine woman, but just a trifle common. I thought she spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but I may have been mistaken. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the pearls, said they always brought her bad luck or some such foolishness, and so we concluded the bargain. Mr. Harrington promised to bring them around at noon, and I'll give him the cheque. By the way, there was a man in the telephone booth, as I came thru the outer office, is anything the matter?"

"Yes, the building is being rewired, and for to-day they have put us on a party wire."

Mr. Brampton nodded, and they proceeded with the business of the day.

Shortly after noon Mr. Harrington arrived.

"Good morning," he said. "I trust that we can transact our business quickly, as my wife is waiting in a cab outside, and I am rather pressed for time."

"Certainly, the cheque is already drawn out," answered the banker. "Ring up the bank, Wilmanton, if you please, and notify them that Wilfred Norton Harrington is coming round to cash my cheque."

Eric shut himself into the booth in the outer office, and put the receiver to his ear. He was about to call "Hello!" when he heard a voice, which he recognized as that of Walters, a lawyer in an office below, saying:

"Is this Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," answered another voice.

"Thought it was your voice, Wilfred. Just come from 'Frisco?"

"No, my wife and I made a flying trip to Europe on business, and got back a day earlier than we expected."

"Well, you kept everyone pretty well in the dark. Have you opened up your new house yet?"

"No; but my valet and my wife's maid have everything ready. I am going up there as soon as I've seen my things thru the customs."

At this point Eric broke into the conversation and persuaded Mr. Harrington the second that he had better represent himself at the office of Brampton & Brampton within half an hour. If he valued his property. Then he rang up another number, and after a short conversation hung up the reciever and returned to the private office.

The others were a little impatient at his delay. "I think you will be received properly at the bank," Eric said politely. He even went to the extent of fetching the visitor's hat and cane.

Mr. Brampton noticed the alteration in his manner. "I see your opinion of Mr. Harington has altered now," he said, presently.

"I suspend judgment for half an hour," laughed Eric, enigmatically.

Some ten minutes later the door flew open and in rushed Mr. Harrington No. 2, accompanied by Walters, the lawyer, from downstairs. In the scene that ensued the principal actors had the stage to themselves, except when the lawyer was called upon, while Eric sat back and enjoyed the excitement. First the rightful owner of the gems raved at their loss, but was pacified when he found them intact; then the banker realized that he was $35,000 out of pocket and gave way to his feelings accordingly.

"Can't you do something instead of sitting there like a fool?" he shouted. "Telephone to the police to watch every railroad station and dock!"

"I don't think that's necessary," answered Eric quietly. "He and his wife, too, I hope, are already in the cells. Let's get a cab and go there. Perhaps Mr. Harrington can identify them."

In less than an hour Mr. Brampton was once more in his office chair.

"Well, I can see you've pulled this matter off pretty well, my boy," he said, wiping the perspiration off his forehead. "Now tell me how it happened, and what it all means."

"It was simple enough," explained Eric, modestly; "the real Harrington had given the pearls to this man Tomkins, his valet, to put in the bank, just before he started for Europe, and also had given him orders to help this French maid to get the house ready for them on their return. Thus they were enabled to pose as Mr. and Mrs. Harrington. I realized this from the conversation over the telephone and called up the bank to have them arrested when they got there, in order to avoid the fuss of detaining him here until the police arrived."

"Well, you have saved me $35,000," commented Mr. Brampton.

"Would you describe that as 'a striking instance of business acumen'?" questioned Eric, timidly.

The banker remembered the conversation of the day befor.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is—I give in, my boy, you've won her fairly."

"I've won!" murmured the young man triumphantly; "won by a yard—of pearls!"

THE AMAZING MINK

John Burroughs, in Outing.

The ways of life of the weasel, or blood-sucker, are not fully understood, and the killing of these rabbits, in particular, presented most interesting problems. How did the minks manage to catch them? In every case the rabbit was apparently run down in fair, open running. In one case in particular the mink had chased the rabbit across a celery swamp, as smooth and level as a dance-hall floor. Whatever hindrance there was in the foot of snow would have hindered the mink more than the rabbit. The mink is as slow a runner as the rabbit is swift. I have seen minks run several times, and their peculiar, measuring-worm gait takes them along about as fast as a man can run. The rabbit cannot only go with incredible speed, but can course for hours. And yet the mink is able to run down the swift rabbit. The rabbit seems to give up the race; it would look almost as if some unknown law of nature made him the prey of minks, as if he felt that was his destiny and did not try to escape from it. In the cases we observed, the jumps of the rabbit grew shorter and shorter until it became little more than a helpless hop. The marks in the snow indicated that the mink was not being dragged by the rabbit, but that the mink did not overtake his victim until the latter, for no apparent reason, had given up the race. And yet a fox seldom catches a rabbit, and probably never in open running.

Then it would seem as if these bloodsuckers have some power of which we know nothing. As it is, the only one explanation can be offered why so slow-running an animal as a mink, or weasel, can catch as swift an animal as a rabbit.

We know the mink does not tire out the rabbit by following him leisurely, maintaining his slower gait relentlessly, never giving his victim a chance to eat, and so by the slow, sure process of work and worry wearing out poor Bunny.

Hence, it must be that the rabbit has, in common with other small rodents, that, terrible, demoralizing, or panicky fear of all of the weasel family—a fear so great and bewildering that once a mink is on its trail the rabbit becomes paralyzed with it, and instinctively knowing that he cannot escape by running in a hole, gives up.

If this is so, then there is a law in nature that we do not fully understand. A law akin to that which makes a rabbit a coward and a woodchuck brave to his dying gasp. A ferret put into a gray squirrel's hole was at once driven out by the indignant squirrel. A rabbit has as sharp teeth as a squirrel, and surely might defend itself as well as a young woodchuck. Yet the latter will face unflinchingly two dogs and a man. After his back is broken, and he is helpless, he will hold up his head and whistle a fierce defiance. Yet a rabbit will not even try to escape, apparently from an animal it could just as well elude as not. It seems almost as if the rabbit were meant for food for other animals. Nature having given him great reproductive powers and unlimited food, and then saddled him with some strange fatality that makes him play his part, in spite of himself, in the general scheme of wild life.

In Kansas.

From Puck.

"You propose to run this state oil refinery by convict labor?"

"Yes. If we could only put the Standard Oil people in jail and make them help to run it, we'd be perfectly satisfied."

The Dying Chauffeur.

Wheel me gently to the garage, since the car and I must part—
No more for me the record and the run,
That cursed left-hand cylinder the doctors call my heart
Is pinking past redemption—I am done!
They'll never strike a mixture that'll help me pull my load.
My gears are stripped—I cannot see the brakes.
I am entered for the finals down the timeless untimed Road
To the Maker of the makers of all makes!

Once More.

When dogwood blossoms star the lanes
With flawless white,
And thrushes in melodious strains
Discourse delight,

When dandelion torches pale
Their golden fire,
And opes its urns by height and vale
The wilding briar;

When each breeze sounds as tho it hymned
A love song pure,
And every heart is buoyed and brimmed
With wander lure;

When all the ways of this old earth
Seem ways of dream—
A maze of melody and mirth,
Glamor and gleam;

Then, then we know the long duress
Of doubt is o'er;
We are grown one with happiness;
'Tis June once more!

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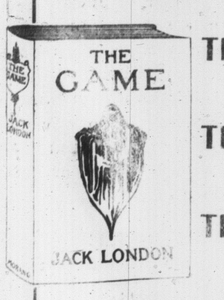

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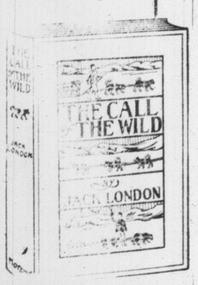

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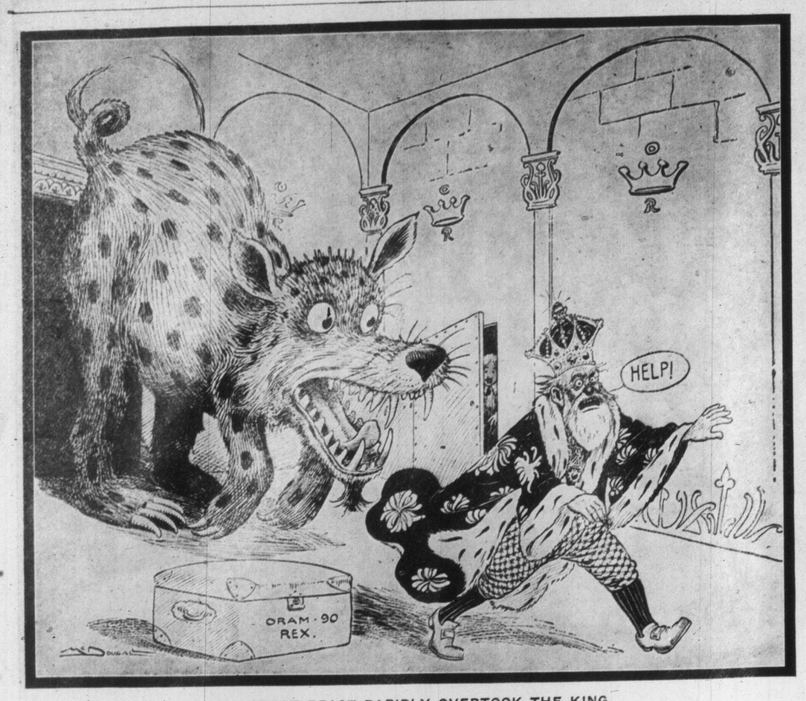

THE GREAT BEAST RAPIDLY OVERTOOK THE KING.

DAVY BROWN and Uncle Mose were great friends. Uncle Mose was an old colored man who by profession was a "kalsomine artist," as he called it, but he was known to all his neighbors as a "whitewasher." He was old, far older than anybody else in town, and very, very wise, of course, as was quite natural in one of his age. That he was fond of a little boy might be considered odd, but it often happens that an aged man becomes attached to a youngster, and these two certainly were great friends. Uncle Mose lived right by the riverside and he owned a boat in which Davy spent many a happy hour. The banks of the river were high and of a sandy, gravelly soil, in which men of science came very often to dig for those objects of stone—hatchets, arrowheads and the like—which are scattered all over our land, but nowhere so plentifully as on the banks of this river. As far back as Davy could recollect he had seen Uncle Mose assisting these scientific visitors with shovel and pick, but he never realized how much Uncle Mose knew about these things until he was quite a big boy and had begun to find arrowheads and such things for himself.

One day he picked up a long straight club-shaped article, very carefully polished, in a spot where the river bank had fallen recently, and he hastened to Uncle Mose to learn what it was, for he had never seen such an instrument, altho now he was quite familiar with many of the objects discovered in the gravel.

"Dat's a pestle fo' sure!" exclaimed Uncle Mose. "Dat's what dem Stone Age men used ter grind der corn in a big hollow rock! I'll bet you could git a half dollar for dat if one of dem purfessors was 'roun' heah."

"But why did they take so much trouble, those Stone Age men?" demanded the boy. "Why didn't they take their corn to the mill and have it ground?"

"How you talk! Don't you know dey didn't have no mill nor nothin' in dem times?" replied Mose. "Dey jist naturally had to do everything by hand."

"How long ago was that time?" asked Davy.

"Long before all dat gravel and sand came to be piled on the earth!" said Uncle Mose. "Praps thirty, mebbe a hundred thousand years ago."

"How do you know that?" asked the boy.

"'Cause we find dem stone things down beneath the gravel and sand. De purfessors say dat long 'bout de Caloric Age, or some sich time, down came, slam, bang, sping! all dat gravel a-whirlin' an' a-twirlin' and buried up everything in sight—trees, men, anamiles an' all! Fust time I hear about it 'twas good while sence, and dey say dat it all happened in what dey call de Ice Age, and den dey say the ice done bring all that sand, clay and gravel here; but lately dem purfessors dey say it's impossible for any ice to make all dat stuff; and, besides dat, where's de ice to git all dat stuff from, anyway?"

"Well, then, where did it come from?" demanded Davy.

"Dey says a comet just hauled off and slapped it all on de face of de earth, and den went spinning away again! Reckon dat's right, 'cause all dat sand and clay am jist mussed up in spots like de wind swept it 'roun and 'roun' like a snowdrift. And down at the bottom, underneath the hardest and de toughest part, lays dem stone knives and axes and so on."

"Well, anyhow, even if the ice brought it, all these things must be mighty old," ventured the boy.

"Betcher life!" exclaimed Uncle Mose. "I reckon dem was de times o' witches and hobgoblins! Why, dey had anamiles 'bout as big as railroad trains wanderin' 'round de earth seeking who dey might devour,' case some of der skelingtons has been found, and in 'em, sticking to deir ribs, am arrows and spears."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Davy, "I wish I'd been alive then!"

"You wouldn't a' been a mouthful to one of dem taxidermusses, or dem alabasterozlums!" replied the old man. "I seen de head of what dey call a squirmusotherium, and it was bigger dan your pa's wagon body!"

Now Uncle Mose, as your father will tell you, did not really name these ancient animals correctly, but it made no difference to Davy, who listened in wonder and awe, after which he searched more eagerly than ever for relics of the past and found many, which he sold to collectors for good sums. Along the sloping banks of the river and up the narrow creeks that flowed into it he roamed daily, with keen eyes that rarely missed the gleam of a white quartz arrowhead, the rough end of a spearhead or some other ancient implement. Every time he spied a freshly fallen mass of gravel he hastened to it, and it was not often that h failed to find a treasure hidden there. In time the professors from the colleges, who fairly haunted that locality, came to look for him and depend upn him for supplies, and in the college museums were many things marked with Davy Brown's name as the original discoverer, which he had presented to the museums. One summer afternoon he struck a new spot, one that he had never explored, where immense trees overhung a dry-banked creek, and among the gnarled roots of a fallen tree he spied something that reflected the sunshine with a strange, greenish gleam. It was but buried in the sand, but his keen, practised eye instantly detected that it was stone and one of the ancient relics. When he had lifted it from its gravelly bed he was delighted to find that he had discovered something entirely new and strange, a stone object the like of which nobody had ever before seen; for, of course, Davy now knew just about what had been found previously, because the professors had given him many books on the subject of Stone Age implements. The thing which he had found was made of a dull green, flinty stone shaped like a heart, with a surface dull but smooth; and when Davy had removed the clinging earth from it he saw that a small round hole had been bored thru it so that it might be suspended, like a locket, about the neck of its wearer. He hastened home with his prize. Dr. Pollard, the eminent oculist, who was always a famous judge of diamonds and other precious stones, instantly pronounced the find to be an emerald, and one of immense value. Mr. Goldgrabber, the town jeweler, offered Davy $15 for it as soon as he saw it! Judge of Davy's surprise when Prof. Rankin of Princeton declared that the emerald heart was worth fully $50,000. Parting with it was far from his mind, but as Goldgrabber said it ought to be polished, Davy began to accomplish the task in a Japanese manner, which consists simply in rubbing a stone between the hands. This is the way they used to give such a perfect polish to the beautiful "cloisonne ware" before they learned how to polish with machinery.

Day after day Davy rubbed his prize, noting with delight that it grew smoother and more shining as the time passed, altho it certainly taxed the boy's patience. Finally it glittered like a green sun, and not a scratch remained to show what hard usage it had passed thru during the thousands of years it had lain in the gravel amid pounding rocks and swirling floods. Now, boy-like, he had often held the stone heart and looked thru its green splendor at the sun, for it was as clear as crystal in spots and flawless; but one day he saw with astonishment that he was looking clear thru the walls of the house and across the fields beyond! This was his first intimation that the stone had magic qualities. He tested it again to find that with its aid it was possible to see thru all sorts of substances, and then he discovered—altho this happened later—that with it one could see anything he wished the world over! At first he experimented only with simple things, such as looking down the well or thru the thickness of an oak tree or into a rock. Then he went farther, and saw by its magic where things were lost and what people were doing afar off. Thus, without leaving his own room, he could see a play in the theatre or witness the performance in a circus, altho, of course, he could hear nothing at all of what was said. As to fires, it was possible to see a half dozen at once if he wished, and prize-fights, football games, boat races and baseball were continual sources of fun. He used to spy into all sorts of things at first, detecting all manner of wonderful happenings; he knew just what everybody carried in his pockets, and he could read anybody's letters in the postoffice if he wished. Thus he knew where Uncle Amos spent his evenings, how much money Mr. Barritt had in the bank, and whose dogs were killing sheep; nobody in the town could keep a secret from him so far as it related to actions, for he could see everything. Later he found that he could detect diseases which had baffled even Dr. Reynolds' skill. His Aunt Amanda Brewer was a lady who imagined she had every disease in the known world, and was continually on the lookout for symptoms of new ones. When she read the advertisement of any patent medicine she instantly imagined that she felt every pain and ache there described, and in the course of one day she would have every symptom of a dozen awful illnesses very plain and distinct. At one moment she would have all the signs of the disease cured by Fortner's Fiery Fever Pills, then the Baldine advertisement would cause a queer feeling in her scalp; next Carmony's Celery Compound had her all twisted with agony unspeakable, after which for a short period she would lament that she felt as if she needed Potter's Peruvian Lung Balsam, Griggs' German Capsules, Irish Moss Tablets, Codd's Emulsion, Liquid Air Inhaler, Radium Plasters and Mixem's Talcum Powders gave her, one after another, spasms of mysterious aches, as she read about them; and anybody who wished to afflict the good woman had but to send her by mail the circular of some new medicine to fill her with woe. All her time was spent in taking her high temperature, watching her symptoms, pouring out doses, counting her pulse and reading the testimonials of the latest inventions in the patent medicine line. Upon her Davy concentrated his magic heart, and after carefully examining her interior he told his troubled relations, who were constantly expecting Aunt Amanda to die suddenly, that she was the healthiest woman in Watertown But Aunt Amanda was very indignant at his taking such a liberty with her department of the interior, and said that when she did die she would leave nothing to Davy!

Everybody in town at last knew that he was able to detect all hidden things, and for a time Davy was well liked and actually made quite a good income by finding lost articles. Thus he discovered a lost deed that had been hidden in a wall for nearly a century and which gave Squire Gelwicks, when it was taken to court, complete possession of a large tract of land all built up with handsome houses and stores; for all this property had once belonged to his great-grandfather, who had lost the deed. Then, again, Davy gained a great reputation for miles around by seeking for and finding a very valuable coal mine on a farm belonging to a poor man, who at once became a millionaire and who gave Davy $5000 for the discovery; but as time passed people began to worry over his power of detecting secrets, for all knew that nothing was hidden from him. The common council at last held a meeting and decided that the magic heart must be taken from him and placed in the city hall safety vault, where the city charter, the civic pride and the freedom of the city were stored, along with the old battle-flags and last year's ballot boxes. This was not to Davy's liking, you may be sure, and as he now had plenty of money he resolved to foil the plotters by running away. So, late at night, he slipped away, and taking a train he was far from his home by morning, and at the shores of another but greater river, where ships lay at the wharves—immense vessels that sailed to foreign lands with cargoes of all sorts. On one of them, The Sleeping Cow, commanded by Captain Spellweather, Davy took passage to Oquimba, which is a country not far from Alibazar and near to Beloochistan. It's not on any map, so you needn't look in your geography, for it's too small to be put there. It was ruled by King Oram, the Ninetieth, who had a daughter so surpassingly lovely that all his income was derived from charging visitors one dollar each just to look at her for a few minutes! Some wealthy young men had become poor gazing at her beautiful face; others had squandered such vast sums that the king was really a millionaire. Still, he was as eager as ever to gather in the money, and he had issued a proclamation that for five dollars one might look at her and make a guess; for twenty-five dollars he might stare at the lovely princess, whose name was Cinabel, for a half hour and have two guesses. There were, however, so few visitors in Oquimba of late that scarcely ten a day came to the palace to see the lovely Cinabel and have a try at the king's guessing match; and, strange to say, some of them were never seen

HAZEL AND ROBBIE—THEY LIVE IN RIVERDALE

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A Russian Amazon

In Male Attire She Forgets She is a Woman—Interesting Details Concerning Her Life.

THE attention of the crowd of people thronging the railway station at Harbin was attracted recently by a Cossack with rosy cheeks and whose beardless face and woman's voice told clearly that the soldier's garb was being worn by a woman, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of The London Globe. The Russian amazon was a Mile. Smolka, and a member of the staff of the "Messager de Harbin" has gathered from her own lips and from some of the inhabitants the following highly interesting details concerning the life of the heroine:

Helene Mikailovna Smolka, the daughter of a Jewish soldier of the days of Nicholas I., was a young girl of 17 years of age, when, during the disorders in China, she resolved to enlist in the ranks of the frontier guards. As she had lived from her childhood at Nikolsk-Ussurisk in the company of Chinese and Coreans, she had a perfect knowledge of both Chinese and Corean, and she hoped that it could be of use during the trouble with China. Having clothed herself as a man, and having taken the name of Michel Nicolaievitch Smolka, this eccentric and brave girl passed with great distinction the examination as interpreter held at the School of Interpreters at Vladivostok. Toward the end of 1900 the girl was serving as interpreter and frontier guard at the station of Ninguta, in Manchuria. She had taken part in all the scouting and skirmishes and had learned how to handle her rifle and sword. In 1901 Smolka was sent at the head of about a hundred frontier guards to reconnoitre at Kaiga. Overcome by a hard day's work, the men went to sleep in the peasant's house. The Chunchuses were not far off, and the traitorous Chinese told them that the Russians were resting for the night. The Chunchuses resolved to profit from the night and their greater numbers, and to attack the house in which the Russians were sleeping. However, they had overlooked Smolka's vigilance. In moving among the Chinese Smolka had got wind of the plot, she aroused the frontier guards in time to see the Chunchuses approach the house, then, as the latter came near, the Russians rushed out and fired upon them and put them to flight. During that little skirmish Smolka received her first wound, which was on the right arm close to the shoulder.

As a reward for all the services rendered by her during the campaign in China, Smolka received a silver medal, and an inscription, "To the interpreter, Smolka, for courage displayed at Kaiga."

Immediately after the outbreak of war with Japan, Smolka sent a request to the commander of the forces to ask him to allow her to be enrolled among the volunteers. Without waiting for a reply, Smolka went to Harbin, with a view of supporting her request at the hands of General Volkoff; but she did not receive the desired permission. Then this brave woman disguised herself as a man, hung her medal around her neck and sought a favorable opportunity for undergoing all the risks and perils involved in serving with the army in Southern Manchuria. At that time railway tickets were given only to such persons as had special authority to travel by rail. Still, Smolka was undaunted, and she resolved to reach Lao Yang at all costs. So she slipped into a cattle truck, and in that way she reached the headquarters of the army, where she met many of her former comrades. Thanks to their aid, she managed to get enrolled in the scouting detachment of the 2nd Cossack Regiment, of Nerchinsk, under Lieutenant Vichniakoff and once more she was able to bestride her charger. She accompanied the detachment when it was sent out to reconnoitre the outskirts of the town of Kuan-G-n-Sian. Again, owing to her knowledge both of the Chinese language and of Chinese customs, she was able to find out in good time the approach of a considerable body of Japanese and to warn her comrades thereof, with the result that the detachment had to defend itself while rejoining the main body. After that expedition a report of the affair was drawn up and handed to Gen. R——, and this led to Smolka being enrolled in the 2nd Regiment of Nerchinsk as a volunteer interpreter under the name of Michel Nicolaivitch Smolka. Thenceforward she took part in many dangerous pieces of scouting, but she was wounded only once slightly in the foot.

During all the time that she has been on active service Smolka has shared the privations and hardships of her comrades in arms. She used to go to sleep without taking off her clothes; wearing the same uniform as her comrades; she rode her horse like a man; she ate her rations with the rest, standing around the Cossacks' huge kettle; she sang their soldiers' songs with them; she wrote letters for those who were unable to write them, and all she asked was that they should treat her as if she were a man. But the young and intrepid Smolka, in spite of all her seriousness, has not been able to prevent certain of her comrades, and even some of her superior officers, from seeing in her a charming woman. However, the majority of the officers treated her with the greatest respect. The Cossacks and the ordinary soldiers were very fond of her, and they used to call her "Makaile Nikolaievitch." In short, she became quite accustomed to her position, and sometimes she forgot even that she was a woman. Smolka has arrived at Harbin to look after some business connected with her regiment, and she has shown a very practical business spirit in dealing with it. She has also to make some important purchases. As she possesses no female attire, she has been the butt of certain ladies at Harbin. However, she pays no attention to their remarks. Quite recently she appeared at the theatre at Harbin. She was wearing her ordinary uniform. During one of the intervals Smolka walked deliberately into the ladies' retiring room, and, of course, the presence of a soldier caused a great deal of bother, for the ladies took the young Amazon to be an officer.

When We Two Walked in Arcady.

When we two walked in Arcady
How sweet the summers were!
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our treed,
And thickets where the sun burned red
Were full of wings astir, my dear.

When we two walked in Arcady
Thru paths young hearts prefer.

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
Stands with drawn sword before the gate
That shuts out all our dreams, my dear;

Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry,
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet,
And yet, altho we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!

Defined.

Johnny: Pa, what is a grass widow?

Pa: One whose husband isn't under it.

The Word "Pec."

The word "pec," found in so many Mexican names, means hill; Ocotenec, pitch-pine hill and so forth. It is an Aztec word, and its use is almost entirely confined to that part of the Mexican Republic that was once ruled by Montezuma.

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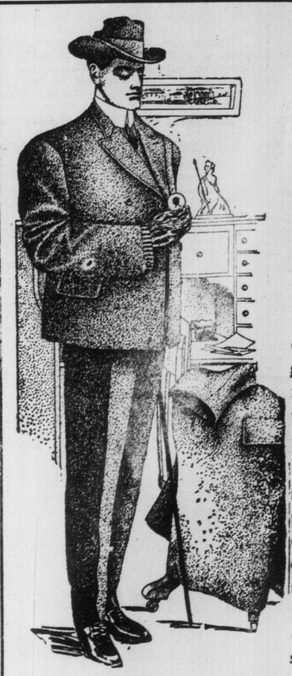

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"You are lucky. When I called he took me to the front door and gave me a turnover."—Chicago News.

So they got a whole barrel of chloroform and forced it into the room where the Thing was concealed; but as it succumbed very slowly to the drug it was decided to take him and confine him in a great steel cage, so that he could be exhibited to the multitude. This was done, and when Davy and his beautiful bride returned from their wedding journey, with her rejoicing parents, the King and Queen of North Polaria, there was the horrid thing in its cage and whole trainloads of people still pouring into town from the country districts, and each paying a quarter to see it roll its dreadful eyes; but I assure you it wasn't getting any more rich young men as fodder, by any means. If it should be your good fortune to ever visit Oquimba, you may see for yourself this strange monster; and perhaps you may have the luck, as I had, to see him yawn, and it will not surprise you then to hear how easily he swallowed the cruel old king. You may see Davy almost any day riding around in a diamond-studded automobile with Cinabel, and if you have a letter of introduction from the member of parliament of your riding he may perhaps show you the wonderful emerald heart and allow you to look thru it, as he does very often, to see how the folks at home are getting on in your absence.

Walt McDougall.

Kerrin, p. Richardson, d Elliott, d. Cameron, c. p. Harris, p. Downey, d. Lowe, h. Hagan, h. Dawson, pres. Timmons, Secy.

O'Gorman, h. Hesse, goal. Forrester, c. Kalls, h. Barnett, h.

THE FAMOUS ATHLETIC LACROSSE TEAM OF ST. CATHARINES, REPRESENTING ONE OF THE GREATEST LACROSSE CLUBS IN CANADA. —SEE "THE PICTORIAL SIDE."

Assassins of Emperors

WITH characteristic Gallic gallantry the officials of the French government are filling the press with the wonderful self-possession of the young King Alfonso when the bomb exploded under the group behind his carriage. So soon as the king understood the meaning of the crash and uproar, he turned to the elderly President Loubet and remarked affably: "You see, Monsieur le President, the penalty of being in bad company." As may be imagined, the old president retorted in kind, and the young king went on: "Had we been killed, the world would have drawn a parallel between our slaughter and one that happened within a stone's throw of the same spot four hundred years ago." President Loubet probably didn't recall at the moment that the Spanish monarch displayed remarkable knowledge of Parisian topography, for it was within a few yards of the spot chosen by the Spanish anarchist for the killing of Alfonso, that Ravaillac leaped to the window of the cab and stabbed the great King Henri IV., as he rode from the palace of the Louvre to have a gossip with his delectable crony, the gruff Duke de Sully. Henri's end brought no such demonstrations as the mere attempt upon the life of the Spanish king. For even the Duke d'Epernon, who was riding by Henri's side, sat for some time, as he alleges, ignorant of the fact that anything had happened. Yet the monk's dagger had gone under the king's left arm, penetrated to the heart, and as Henri uttered a groan the blood covered the cushions of the seat. When the king's extremity was known there was no tumult such as followed the scene of the bomb the other day. The carriage drove on and the victim was allowed to die without any very active attempts to save him.

The monks were surer king killers than the anarchists. A monk killed Henri III., the predecessor of Henri IV.; a monk did the "Dutch Washington," William the Silent, to death in his palace at Delft. In most of the assassination plots of the earlier centuries it was a religious fanatic who took upon himself the deaths of kings. The life when he was first consul and when he was emperor.

He discussed the various attempts with curious dispassionateness and seems to have been peculiarly impressed with the madness of an Austrian youth, who, in 1809, made up his mind to kill the captain of the French hosts. Napoleon had just conquered the most formidable coalition Austria had raised against him at the battle of Wagram. The imperial headquarters had been established at the Austrian Versailles, Schoenbrunn, and Napoleon was as usual moving about as if no one in the world wished him harm. A youth of 19 was remarked gazing intently at the sovereign as he passed to and from the palace, and finally it could be seen that he was feverishly excited. He was "picked up" and questioned. He answered readily that his name was Stab; that his father was a Lutheran clergyman at Naumburg; that he had sworn to rid the fatherland of the war-maker, Napoleon, and had his knife to run into his heart. Napoleon couldn't believe the tale when his aide, Gen. Rapp, reported the colloquy. He sent for the lad and questioned him half in amusement, but turned angrily on his aide when he saw that the boy looked like a mere child. Turning to the boy, Napoleon asked: "Why did you want to kill me?" "Because you are the oppressor of my country." Napoleon, as sometimes happened, was in a discursive humor and answered: "It was not I who began the war." This was so notorious that the mere saying so was supposed enough, for the Austrians had taken advantage of the Napoleonic incursion into Spain to declare war, or rather begin war without a declaration. The boy, Stabs, however, had heard too much of the patriotic outcries of his compatriots to accept this statement and retorted bluntly: "Yes, you did." Monarchs are never contradicted, no matter what they may say, and the aides expected to see the emperor turn in disgust from such an unmannerly cub. But instead he went on, displaying a portrait as he asked: "Whose picture is this?" The boy colored rosily and stammered: "It is the picture of my dearest friend, the adopted daughter of my father!"

Napoleon couldn't comprehend such a child as a resolute assassin and went on: "And you care nothing for grieving those you love and losing them?" The boy retorted stoutly: "No, I wanted to do my duty: I was going to ask you if we were soon to have peace, and if you said no I should have stabbed you." "But," said Napoleon, "you would have been instantly killed yourself." "I knew that," the ferocious stripling answered readily, "I am surprised that I am alive now." "But she whom you love will be heartbroken." "Only because I have failed. She hates you as much as I do." "But if I pardon you?" "It would be a mistake; I should again try to kill you." The emperor had in his time cross-examined many of the malefactors sent from Britain to take his life, but he had never encountered such cold-blooded resolution as this. He sent for his surgeon, Corvisart, telling him that the boy was ill or insane and to have him examined. Stabs was carefully tested in every way and the surgeon reported that his pulse was normal and his intellect clear as a bell. "I told you so," cried the youthful avenger triumphantly. Napoleon explained to the doctor: "This youth has traveled a hundred leagues to kill me." Then, turning to the boy, he said, indulgently: "Say that you are sorry and you shall go free." Stabs, with unchanged intensity, made answer: "I regret only that I have failed." "Then I can't help you," Napoleon replied, turning away. Stabs was taken to the military prison, where renewed attempts were made to reach a more human feeling, but he clung to his declaration that if he got free he would kill the oppressor. He remained four days, refusing food, declaring that it would be easier to die on an empty stomach. The trial was delayed, Napoleon hoping that the boy would realize his folly. But he didn't, and when he was led out to be shot and heard that peace was proclaimed he cried out: "Long live liberty; long live the fatherland!"

There was never an hour from 1800 until 1815 that Napoleon's life was secure. Scores of malefactors had the assurance of what would have been to them a fortune if the terror of the European monarchs could be put out of the way. It is only of late the fact came to light that one of the most treacherous of these attempts was suborned by the unqualifiable Talleyrand during the journey of the ex-emperor from Fontainbleau to the Isle of Elba, to take up his exile after the betrayal by his marshals in 1814. One of Talleyrand's noble proteges in need of money engaged to accompany the convoy conducting the ex-emperor to the sea coast and either shoot him in his carriage or poison him at one of the halting places. But royalist demonstrations had so disconcerted Napoleon that he had disguised himself in the uniform of one of his diplomatic friends, and for days it was impossible to tell which was the ex-emperor, as his carriage was filled with the officials deputed to conduct the semi-prisoner to his new "empire." It was to this crime that George Sand alluded in her scorching epitome of the Talleyrand villainies, which embodied every conceivable form of human and inhuman malefactors.

MASTER JIMMIE GARDINER, TORONTO'S CHAMPION NATIONAL DANCER AND POPULAR CHARACTER VOCALIST.

explanation of the monkly success is, of course, in the fact that the deed was done under religious excitement and the sanguinary killings recorded in the Bible cited as precedents by the murderers. For four centuries assassination was a regular and apparently a recognized instrumentality of state in Italy, where great chieftains gave their enemies warning that they meant them death. Assassination in the modern sense became an actuality about the time of the French revolution. A regular bureau for the gathering of desperadoes and funds was established on British soil, and for twenty years the life of Napoleon was the aim of swarms of desperadoes. Napoleon himself in his talks with Count Las Casas at St. Helena, charged the incitement of these attempts upon the British ministry and the Count de Provence, the younger brother of the executed King Louis XVI., who afterwards became Charles X. and was driven from France in 1830. Napoleon cited a number of names and referred to documents implicating the British ministry in attempts on his

The Lance as a Modern Weapon.

The British War Offices' decision against the abolition of the lance is well warranted by later experience with that arm of the service. Captain Mahan calls torpedo boats "the lance s of the sea," "Here come the lancers!" strikes terror to the enemy. Indeed, the Boers are said never to have taken panic save when charged by Britons bearing the dreaded "long assegai," which for a long time was regarded as an archaic weapon, no longer useful save for pictorial and parade purposes. The seige of Port Arthur frequently led to hand-to-hand combats between defenders and besiegers. Early reports of bayonet fights were treated incredulously, but their use is now known to have been considerable. The long range of the modern rifle and the difficulty of potting one another that soldiers have discovered serve to bring belligerents close enough to fight with arms that were almost obsolete 25 years ago.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

There is always room at the top but no way to get there.

People always have good manners when they tell you how superior you are to others.

The first thing a young girl does is to begin to suspect that the bronze figure of the man in the parlor is trying to flirt with her.

There is so much natural cussedness in some men that they would rather make a 10-cent piece crookedly than a dollar bill fairly.

A woman has an idea that if a man could be made to brush his hair the way she wants him to, he would be much more successful in business.

Politics is making others believe what you don't believe yourself.

There is no use getting mad just because a girl thinks too much of your happiness to marry you.

The way to make a woman think you love her is to get mad about a gown she wears because she thinks other men will admire it.

A girl is awful smart when she goes to church to be able all at the same time to make her mother believe she is reading the service and some man that she is looking at him.

When a man telephones his wife he has to stay downtown late with the president of his company, it is a sign she knows he is going to lose a lot of money with his friends at poker.

Didn't Notice It.

A sudden death in Georgia was referred to by one of Representative Griggs' constituents in this way.

"Judge, I guess he died of heart disease, or something or other like that. He was sittin' on his chair and all at once he died—and he never noticed it, Judge.'"

Claims Big Estate

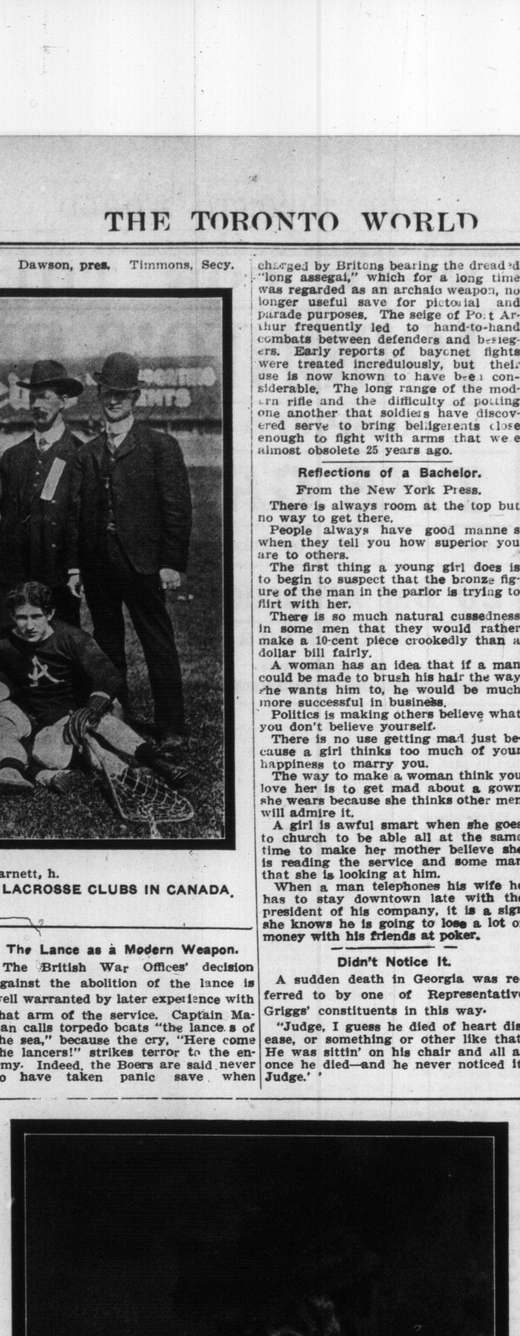
Brooklyn Woman Will Fight in the Courts for $20,000,000 of Real Estate in Quebec.

MRS. Caroline Lambert Campbell of Brooklyn, wife of Wm. A. Campbell, an assistant superintendent of schools in that borough, lays claim to title in about two square blocks in the heart of the City of Quebec, and has engaged counsel to push her claim in the Canadian and English courts. The property is estimated at $20,000,000 in value. The land claimed by Mrs. Campbell was owned by Louis Joseph Lambert, who gave largely of his vast fortune to the French during their wars with the Indians. When the English conquered he was deprived of his estates and those of the wife, who was Mlle. Genevieve de Villeray, who had inherited 103 acres in the City of Quebec from her father. Mrs. Campbell is a direct descendant of this Lambert.

Mrs. Campbell's claim has been made to the British authorities, and recently she received from Right Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, colonial secretary, a reply to a letter which she had addressed to King Edward, which states that Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, is unable to advise His Majesty to take other action than to suggest that Mrs. Campbell take her claim to the courts. This will probably involve the claimant in a prolonged litigation, but her step in engaging counsel indicates that she means to press her claim. Her efforts thus far have resulted only in finding many documents which Montreal and Quebec lawyers told her did not exist or had been lost, and in discovering that the city and province of Quebec are controlled by a few men. This was made plain to her by reference to the Greene-Gaynor litigation and the extraordinary power shown by their attorneys, Messrs. Parent, Taschereau and Fitzpatrick, the latter the Dominion minister of justice. Her success would mean her life interest in the property upon which are the provincial parliament buildings, the Dufferin terrace and many of the best business and residence sites in the city, for which the British government is collecting ground rents.

A BACHELOR'S ORGAN.

Speaking of organs: The other day at Radnor, Pa., where the Radnor Hunt holds forth in the bay of 90 hounds, more or less, the home of Fred Schmidt, son of the millionaire brewer of Philadelphia, was pointed out to me, writes a Brooklyn Eagle correspondent. Nothing like it under the sun, moon or stars. Fred is a bachelor of 35, and passes six months of each year in his retreat, entertaining like a prince. Among all the treasures of the place, that which he most delights in is an organ which he had built at a cost of $40,000. Being an expert organist himself, he planned this instrument and installed it after his own ideas. It is in several parts variously disposed of. The main part is in the drawing-room, but there are branches in the basement, dining-room, library and garret, all played from the same bank of keys. It is a case of echo and re-echo all over the house, and "Old Black Joe," rendered by Fred, is calculated to summon spirits from the vasty deep or the celestial blue. Between the villa and road, in the midst of a flawless lawn, Fred has erected a diminutive stone tower, or belfry, and equipped it with a hollow half sphere of bronze. This is connected with an electric clock in the house, and in unison with the latter sends forth the hours so that all in Radnor may be advised of the time. His landscape gardener, a genius who receives $100 a month for enjoying life, has constructed out of small stones (held together by a stout bonding material) innumerable statues for the adornment of the grounds, which, at a distance, look as if carved out of parian marble. This is one of the show places of Pennsylvania.



MISS ETHEL HENRY.

Miss Henry is an accomplished and very popular society entertainer of London, Eng. She has appeared in Toronto on several occasions.

Laughable Lingual Mistakes

ZITELLA COCKE

SHE should fail of many a pastime and pleasantry if we were lacking the lingual mistakes of foreigners, and, doubtless they avail themselves of the amusement we frequently bestow. A lady who, in conversation, had been floundering thru the intricacies of English, as absolute as Monsieur Florac in clinging to French idiom, remarked of the stove in a railway station that it "was burning like hell." She would have said with immaculate propriety in Paris that the stove "brule comme l'enfer—why could she not say the asme thing in English? On the other hand, an American belle in Paris, desiring a carriage at once, called out to a coachman standing near: "Cochon—cochon—etes vous fiance?" To which the imperturbable coachman, notwithstanding he had been called a pig, replied, Mademoiselle, je suis pere de famille." We know that boarding school French is a language by itself and not to be acquired elsewhere, and since the word "fiance" means engaged, the young American thought it as applicable to a coach as to a man. It was also a very wealthy society woman of the United States, who, wishing to take a drive in the outskirts of Paris, instructed the coachman to take her to the "jupons" of the city, and, alas, mirable dictu, in this age of education in the higher branches and colleges for women in America, it was a lady of New England who entered a hardware store in Paris and asked to see "ongles" of various sorts and sizes, expecting the merchant to produce at once a fine assortment of nails for household purposes, having just hired a cottage in the suburbs. A Frenchman in one of the colleges in the south, prided himself upon his attainments in English literature, and with reason, and one day, when congratulated upon his recovery from a long illness, which had prevented his attendance in class duties, he replied with great unction: "Yes, I am very great foll (grateful) to get well."

Obsolete words in any language entail many a labyrinth of complications. A man who had been educated in old English sent a telegram to his wife announcing that he had gotten tickets to the opera. The wife, familiar with modern preterites, in formed her friends that her husband had purchased ten tickets to the theatre, and the lord of the household returned home to find eight guests in readiness to accompany himself and wife to the opera! Perhaps no country can show such an exhibit of linguistic mosaics as Japan offers among its English-speaking natives. Not more than two years ago The Gazette, an English paper, in Yokohama, thus announced an attempt at burglary: "At a night of two weeks ago, a jinriksha drawer in a street of Yeddo was fired on his loins by a rogue. It is yet uncertain who was the rogue." In the English language copiousness and cumulation have flourished in no uncommon exuberance; and this may be attributed to two causes; the materials of the language, which is composite above that of all other languages, and the genius of English, which strenuously rebels against classic restraint. What a magnificent inheritance is the English language! Between Shakespeare with his gigantic thesaurus of fifteen thousand words and the illiterate man with his scanty store of three hundred, what different social and linguistic layers intervene! It is possible for scholars to sit at table and discuss a subject in perfect English and yet to employ language utterly incomprehensible to the uneducated waiter who serves the dinner. Truly a blessed privilege! The incisive thrust of French which pierces like a Damascene blade, the poetic wealth of German, challenge our admiration, but in breadth and depth and height English is the vehicle of thought and imagination. It is an interesting fact that in the translation of Shakespeare into German the translator stood aghast and bewildered before the words of Lady Macbeth:

"No, this, my hand, will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Here English speaks twice, first in words of Latin origin; again in strong and terse Saxon. German could say it once, and once only!

This transcendent superiority of English was certainly not recognized by Emperor Charles V., who disdained to include it in his sweeping estimate of languages when he declared: "French is the language for love, Italian the language for music, German the language for horses and Spanish the language for the gods!" Whoever has listened day after day to the majesty of Castilian speech will hardly gainsay this verdict of the emperor. Nevertheless the resourceful English carries the fault of its excellence, and literally teems with ambiguity, which the clever mind often uses to advantage. In this art never was there a greater master than Disraeli, as when he instructed his amanuensis: "Write to the author who has just sent this book to me that I will lose no time in perusing it."

Modern languages possess a source of purification unknown to the Greek and Latin in that sacred book which in this age all read and know, and the brotherhood of nations must also acknowledge the brotherhood of languages. Italy has colonized her musical vocabulary—soprano, alto, basso and pianoforte; France her boudoir and salon; the verbal emissaries of Spain—hidalgo, guerilla and eldorado—are here to remain, and the English of to-day is filled with the spoil of modern and ancient ideas where every civilization, every custom, every conquest and every dream of mankind has left a trace.

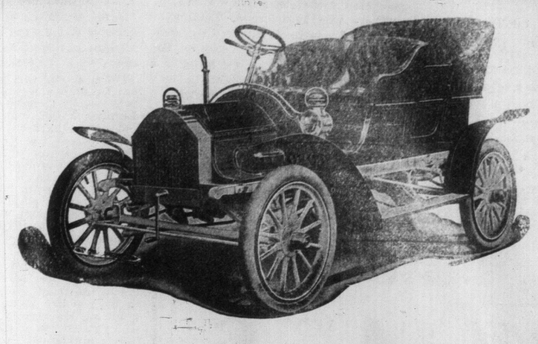
AN UNHAPPY ROTHSCHILD.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris, who died recently, was born Feb. 4, 1827. He was a man of culture and, of course, of great business sagacity. But his long life was clouded with much care and he was the object of unreasonable hostility on account of his great wealth. He was frequently threatened with death and he never appeared in public without a guard to look after his safety. Ten years ago a letter was sent him containing an explosive that went off when the letter was opened. He was away from home when it arrived, so that it was opened by a secretary, who, however, escaped without serious injury. Nevertheless the desperation of this attack, with numerous threatening letters which he was constantly receiving, made a deep impression on him. It is told of him that shortly after one of these letters was received a friend visited him and asked him if he was ill. "I am not ill; I am crazy," was the reply. "I will never believe that you are crazy until I see you throwing your money out of the window," said the visitor. "Ah!" said the baron, exhibiting a threatening letter, "I am crazy because I do not throw my money out of the window."

An indication of his calibre may be found in the fact that he believed the number 13 unlucky. Having purchased a house that bore that number he refused to enter it until it was changed, and he gave the municipality 15,000 francs to alter it. The money was accepted and the house was numbered 11 bis.

Baron de Rothschild took much interest in the turf and in works of art. But he was constantly in dread of having his house sacked, and his art treasures were so arranged that they could be readily transferred to safety vaults. Reports were circulated that he could by twisting a spring instantaneously throw them into steel vaults, but this seems to have been an exaggeration of the real facts.

THE "RUSSELL"



Don't buy an Automobile because it has an attractive array of brass fittings.

The only satisfactory Automobiles are those on which particular attention has been devoted to the machinery.

The **RUSSELL** car received that particular attention. It was built to meet the requirements of the Canadian motorist—built to stand the hard knocks it will probably get on the average Canadian road.

It is speedy—has good power—12 to 15 horse-power—is comfortable to travel in because of the long wheel base. Most attractive in design. Sells with regular equipment at $1500.

Call at "Automobile Corner" and look over the **RUSSELL**. Write for new catalogue.

Canada Cycle & Motor Company

AUTOMOBILE CORNER:

BAY AND TEMPERANCE STREETS, - - - TORONTO.

Chemist's Discovery.

Found an Ancient Secret in a Chemical Compound Which Checks Corrosion and Rust in Metals.

THE Hungarian chemist Brunn, of the university of the same name, has not revealed, but has described in a paper which vouches for the facts as being well known in the highest scientific circles in America and Europe, his alleged discovery of a liquid chemical compound which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of time. He asserts, says The London News, that it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone and renders it waterproof. It imparts to all metals qualities which defy oxygen, and thus they cannot rust. It is also a germicide of hitherto unequaled powers. The professor says that while traveling in Greece some 25 years ago he noticed that the mortar in stones of ruins which were known to be over 2000 years old was as hard, fresh and tenacious as if it had been made only a year. He secured a piece of the mortar and has been working on it ever since until now, when, he says, he has discovered the secret. The compound is a yellow liquid which the professor has christened zorene.

An interview describes the following experiments. A piece of ordinary and easily breakable slag, after immersion in zorene, defied the full blow of a hammer. There was the same effect on ordinary bricks and a block of red jarrah wood. All three were then immersed in water for a long time. When taken out and weighed with delicate scales the presence of a single particle of added moisture could not be detected. Two pieces of steel submitted to an ammonia test equal to five years' exposure to the air emerged from the bath as they entered it. An ordinary table knife which had lain open five months did not show the slightest stain.

Prof. Brunn asserts that he will be able to make dust, germ, waterproof roads, giving a commercial value to hundreds of millions of tons of slag which is now useless in the mining and smelting districts. It will at the very least double the life of metals exposed to the air, such as in bridges, railroads, vessels and tanks.

A committee representing the railways and iron and steel manufacturers will soon make a thoro test of the discovery.

Society.

Edgar Saltus, in Smart Set.

SOCIETY was created by simpletons that satraps might live in it; and to live, to really live, altho at first blush it may seem a very general occupation, it is, on the contrary, curiously rare. Few there are that live. The existence of the bulk of humanity is comparable to that of ants. It is just as synonymous, quite as obscure. To escape from the horrors of that obscurity, to climb, however transiently, into view, to be obvious, to have a name, tho it be a bad one, men have gone to the scaffold, occasionally to the altar, and thence back again to the obscurity from which they came. Yet that, perhaps, is better than nothing. It may be dreadful to have your name in the papers; it is still more dreadful not to. To see it there is really something; but to see yourself caricatured is success. Only celebrities are lampooned.

Conceit is not appreciated at its true value, except by the French, who have such a pretty name for it. They call it amour propre, which, to them, is one of the cardinal virtues, and should be to you. For it admonishes you to think well of yourself. If you omit to, who will do it for you? If you do not look as tho you owned the earth, who can do it in your stead? Assert yourself. That is the way to get on. If one plan fail, try another—try a dozen others. Thru them all assume a superiority, tho you have it not. Insist on being somebody.

Otherwise your name will appear in the papers but once—but once!—and the world will learn of your existence only thru hearing that you are dead. What is worse, it will not care, even then. Think of the martyr who discovered that modesty is its own reward. His name is lost, his identity forgotten. He was too retiring by half, in addition to being nobody. Of all obituaries that is the limit.

Insnst, then, on being somebody. It is not only important, it is easy. You can fool everybody but yourself.

What He Meant.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Lovatt Fursyte: I'd like you to go to church with me some time this month.

Miss Pechis: Very well, I'll be delighted.

Mr. Lovatt Fursyte: Good! But can you have your trousseau made in time?

Mamma's Monopoly.

From the Chicago Daily News.

"Say, paw," queried little Johnny Peck, "why do you wear whiskers? Haven't you any chin?"

"I guess not, my son," replied Peck, sr. "Your mother seems to have it all."

"A Study of Your Face and Figure"

The above is the title of our handsome rhododendron-covered Brochure on Dermatology, which contains many hints on the care of the complexion, hair, hands, etc., and every well-groomed woman will find it a valuable adjunct to her toilet table. Send 10 cents for it and sample of Cream,

Princess Complexion Purifier

rapidly removes from the skin any discolorations, Freckles, Moth, Rashes, Tan, Pimples, etc., and makes the complexion delightfully pure and fine. Price $1.50, express paid. Mail orders promptly filled.

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COFFEE SET—Four pieces: Pot, creamer, sugar bowl and tray—creamer and sugar bowl gold-lined. A very handsome set—quadruple plate and hand-burnished.

Complete, $8.65

Rich Cut Glass

SALAD OR BERRY BOWL—Eight inches, very massive and pure as crystal. This is a marvel of richness.

Price, $4

A large stock of choice goods at equally attractive prices. We are silverware and cut-glass dealers exclusively. Get our prices before buying. Open evenings—8 to 10.

Weatherley & Co.,

248 Yonge Street.

Chatting in a Street Car.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Miss Anteek (in open trolley car): Are you going to stop smoking? You must see how it annoys me.

Mr. Weed: But, madam, these seats are reserved for smokers.

Miss Anteek (scornfully): You're a gentleman, I must say.

Mr. Weed: And you, madam, are not, I regret to say.

Embarrassing Circumstances.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Chicago Maiden: I actually started downtown yesterday without my overskirt. Never noticed the omission until I got in the car. Oh, I was so mortified.

Boston Damsel: I know just how you felt, dear. I once went out and forgot to put on my glasses.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

They sat beside the summer sea
And put dull care to rout:
He wrote a name upon the sand,
The salt waves washed it out.

They sat beside the summer sea
Such times have ever been.
She wrote a name upon her heart.
The salt tears washed it in.
—McLanburg Wilson in New York Sun.

A June Lullaby.

Chicago Chronicle.

The hammock swings in the leafy June,
By, little baby, by;
And the thrushes sing a soothing tune,
By, little baby, by;
And the zephyrs sigh and they softly croon
A lullaby under the slender moon
By, little baby, by;
A lullaby under the slender moon;
By, little baby, by.

The flowers are hid in the dusky night,
By, little baby, by;
And the butterflies, too, have taken flight,
By, little baby, by;
And the world is wrapped in a veil of light
That the moon flings down from the pulsing height,
By, little baby, by;
That the moon flings down from the pulsing height,
By-low-baby, by.

When Four Aces Didn't Beat Kings

Winning Hand Held a Six-shooter and Four Royalties — Sharp Play Among Professionals.

"THERE'S a mighty sensible sayin' in the Good Book," said old man Greenhut, "about the difficulty o' knowin' much about the way of a ship out to sea, or a sarpint on to a rock, or a young feller that's co'tin' a gal. There's a heap o' things doin' up an' down the Mississippi Valley, too, that's shaped up so's to keep a No'thener guessin', but there ain't none of 'em 't comes up to in the way some men'll behave when they have a poker hand o' some considerable force, an' at the same time has reason to misdoubt the general character o' the other fellow's hand.

"There was Theodore J. Thimblefinger, who came to Arkansas City some years ago with an idea o' stayin', but gave it up toi'able soon, an' he gave a good example of the onexpected. This here Theodore J. Thimblefinger were a small man; also red-headed. He come to town travelin' light in the way o' baggage, but' pearin' to have consid'able hoss sense with him, and likewise a wad.

"He ast for me, first off, when he come ashore, an' when they sent him up here, he set 'em up for the house, like a gentleman, an' then says to me what the pleasure 'd be all his'n if him an' me c'd have a small game in the back room. I says to him 't mebbe he mougnt ha' come at a good time, bein' there was a stranger named Lumley 'd been gettin' the best of the local talent f'r nigh a week. Well, he said he'd just like f'r to have one go at this here Lumley, 't had took nigh fifteen hundred of the hard-earned winnin's o' the home talent away f'm 'em an' was yearnin' for more. So we fixed it up there'd be a game made up f'r Lumley that night, an 't Thimblefinger sh'd happen in about half an hour after they'd begun playing. Anyway, they started the usual game, table stakes, an' each buyin' fifty f'r a starter, but somehow the play was monstrous slow f'r a time.

"Then Theodore J. Thimblefinger dropped in sort o' casual, an' says to me in the front here 'd he'd like to set in to a poker game if there was one goin' on. He says it loud enough to be heard in the back room, and I says to him 't maybe if he was to look in there he'd get his chanst. So he butts in an' makes his proposition, an' there ain't no contrary minded, so he gets his seat an' buys his fifty. Well, say; I never heer'd a man talk so much in a poker game, an' I seen right away 't Lumley was kind o' nervous about it. The others was, too, but that didn't count. It was Theodore J. Thimblefinger 't I was countin' on to do Lumley, an' the more nervous Lumley got the better the chanat looked. Bimeby I seen 't all this talkin' was a part of Theodore J. Thimblefinger's game. He kep' on tellin' about his hands, but makin' no direck statements as to what he held, but givin' everybody a tol'able clear notion of about how strong he thought he was, an' the funny thing was 't he didn't let hisself get caught lyin'. Every time he showed down he showed 't he'd been tol'able nigh truthful. It looked like he was fool enough to reckon on everybody believin' him after a while, so 's 't he'd get a chanst o' workin' in a huge bluff some time soon, an' I begin to think he was too doggone simple to sit in with grown men, but all of a sudden it struck me 't mebbe that was just what he wanted Lumley to think, an' I expended judgment f'r a while.

"However 'twas, Lumley sure did get the same notion, an' I c'd see 't he was layin' f'r a hand 't 'd be strong enough to bet against Theodore J. Thimblefinger, him bein' strong enough to be overbold, an' bimeby the chanst come. Thimblefinger sat next to him on the left, an' says, afore the deal is over, 't he'd pass blind so's to get a chanst o' raisin', case anybody else 'd open the pot. So he didn't look at his cards right off. 'Peared like luck was with him, f'r the next man did raise it, sure enough, an' everybody came in. There was six playin', so it made a tol'able big pot before it came to him.

"'I told you all I was goin' to raise it,' he says, 'and here's my six an' ten more,' for there had been $6 in the pot, an' the owner 'd busted it f'r the size of it. Well, there didn't seem to be nobody much skeered, an' they seen the raise, one after another, but nobody raised back till it came to Lumley. Then he says, kind o' quick like:

"'I reckon this here hand is good f'r more 'n that. I make it twenty-five more to draw cards. Then Theodore J. Thimblefinger he hooted some more, an' he says very patronizin' 't he's sorry f'r anybody 't thinks he can beat such cards as he has, an' he makes it fifty more before the draw.

"That looked somepin' like serious work atwixt them two, an' I wa'n't none surpised when Lumley, hesitated a little an' then he said:

"'Bein'as the others is all dropped out, an' there's only us two playin', how'd you like to take off the limit? 'Pears like I'd rather get a play on these cards 'n to let 'em go on no such pikin' business as this. S'posin' I hist it a hundred.'

"'Suits me,' said Theodore J. Thimblefinger, pullin' out his wad. Then he throwed in his hundred an' says, 'I'll go you five hundred more.' An' Lumley pulls out his wad.

"'There's your five, an' here's a thousand more,' he says, very cool. There must ha' been somepin in his voice 't made Theodore J. Thimblefinger mistrust somepin, f'r he looked mighty sharp at Lumley f'r half a minute afore he spoke, an' then he counts out the thousand an' covers the raise. Then he says, just as cool as Lumley:

"'I don't want no cards. You c'n help yourself to what you want, but I might as well say right now 't where I come from no man ain't allowed to deal himself four aces ag'in the hand I hold. If he does it, we know he's a dog, an' we shoot.'

"There was nobody seen him draw, he done it so suddenly, but afore he was thru talkin' he had his six-shooter right under Lumley's nose, an he'd throwed down his cards on the table, face up. They was four kings right enough.

"Well, Lumley was good grit. He never flinched, but he had too much sense to move for his own gun when the other feller had the drop like that. So he says:

"'If you'll put your gun down I'll play you or fight you, just as you like. O' course, I ain't nothin' to say to the muzzle of a gun.'

"'Tain't likely 't I'll put this gun down afore the han' is settled.' An' bein' as how you dealt, an' no honest dealer'll beat four kings in his own hand, I'll take the money.' An' he rakes it in with his left hand an' puts it in his pocket. Then he says to Lumley:

'You an' me is goin' to walk out o' here, you walkin' in front, an' when we get outside the door you walk north. If you turn 'round, I'll shoot. Where I go 'll be none of your business, thouten we meet again some other time.'

"Well, there wa'n't nothin' else f'r Lumley to do, so he walked north till he were out o' sight in the darkness. I will say f'r him, tho, 't he were good grit, an' twa'n't many minutes afore he was back in the room with a gun in each hand, lookin' f'r Theodore J. Thimblenger. But none of us ever seen him again."

THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN TORONTO

Canada's Greatest Band Fresh From Their British Triumphs

THE KILTIES

WM. PEEL, Conductor

Twice Commanded to Appear Before HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Massey Hall | **THREE GRAND HOLIDAY CONCERTS**

Friday Evg., June 30,
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Sale of Seats Begins on Wednesday Morning.

Prices: Evg., 25c, 50c, 75c, $1; Aft., 25c, 50c

This Band Has Created a Furore of Enthusiasm in 300 American and 200 European Cities. . . . .

Forty Musicians, Ten Soloists, Sixteen Vocal Choir, Six Highland Dancers and the Famous CLAN JOHNSTONE TROUPE OF DANCERS AND PIPERS, from the Palace Theatre, London.

VOTE FOR THE QUEEN — $125.00 Diamond Ring Presented to the Lady Receiving Most Votes. Ring on Exhibition at 84 Yonge St.

TORONTO'S BIG CARNIVAL

JUNE 26th to JULY 1st

AUSPICES TORONTO LODGE OF ELKS — Proceeds to Be Given to the Hospital for Sick Children.

THE GREAT MUNDY SHOWS

$1,200,000.00 Actually Invested

Two Special Trains to Transport

20 Big Attractions

HARBOR PARK
Foot Yonge Street.

DIAVOLO LOOPING THE LOOP

ARTHUR HOLDEN Dives 92 Feet in Five Feet of Water, Making a Complete Somersault in Descent.

CHEFAILO - LEAPS THE GAP FIFTY-SIX FEET

The Largest Traveling Amusement Enterprise . . . in the World

We Own Our Own Electric Light Plant, Generating 5,000 16 Candle Power and 30 Arcs.

AN ORGANIZATION WITHOUT A PEER

WITH THE KILTIES' BAND—A SCOTCH REEL.

YOUTHFUL ASTRONOMER.

At 17 Hector Macpherson Has Written Learned Work.

Astronomers, like poets, are born, not made. No man takes to astronomy from mercenary motives, and only zeal and enthusiasm can supply the patience and perseverance necessary to accomplish real and abiding work in the study of the wonders of the starry heavens. If Scotland has produced no Galileo or Herschel, she has James Ferguson, Sir David Brewster and others of whom she need not be ashamed.

Hector Macpherson, jr., a lad of 17, the author of "Astronomers of To-day," may be heard of in future. The son of one of the best known journalists in Scotland, he has had no systematic education and has never been at a public school.

Young Hector's home is at Johnsburn, Balerno, a pretty, tree-sheltered old Midlothian county house, several miles from Edinburgh. Here the youthful astronomer has had ample leisure and opportunity to cultivate his favorite science. He has never been made to "grind at grammar" in his own or other language, tho his father has helped him in different ways, and encouraged him to find out things for himself. The lad has acquired in this way a large amount of general knowledge unknown to the ordinary schoolboy, and has acquired the faculty of giving expression to his ideas in clear, terse, vigorous English.

When twelve or thirteen he began to show a strong interest in astronomy, his father, believing it is good for the youthful mind to occupy itself with great subjects, gave the boy encouragement, and procured for him astronomical primers written in simple and popular style. Instead of wearying, the lad's wonder and interest were aroused. He got a general idea of the whole subject, and worked steadily thru many astronomical books, increasing in difficulty. Bit by bit the young astronomer developed, getting a corner of his home fitted up as an observatory, with telescope, star maps and other paraphernalia as became a private observer.

By and by, at his father's suggestion, he commenced a series of articles in an Edinburgh weekly newspaper on the great astronomers of the past. Next he thought he would like to write on the work accomplished by living astronomers. Having tried in vain to find in any book published in English up-to-date information as to the work of such men as Schiaparelli, Flammarion and others, the boy wrote to the scientists themselves, sent on copies of some of his articles to show what he was doing, and begged for accurate information to show what each man considered his most important contribution to science during his lifework. An interesting and friendly correspondence followed with different astronomers, and the lad not only got compliments on the scope and quality of his articles, but valuable, reliable and up-to-date information from eminent astronomers both on the continent and in America, as well as portraits of the savants sent by themselves. The result was a series of articles, which have now been published in book form under the title "Astronomers of To-day."

At present the youthful astronomer, in addition to pursuing his studies of the stars, is engaged in mathematical and other studies under a private tutor with a view to entering at Edinburgh University.

Gold Mine 3900 Feet Deep.

The deepest gold mine in the world is said to be at Bendigo, Australia. It is called the New Chum Mine, and its main shaft is sunk to a depth of three-quarters of a mile. The most difficult problem of working a mine of such depth is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work. The temperature is usually about 105 degrees, and this is, of course, greatly enervating. To make it possible for the men to work at all a spray of cold water is let down from above and kept continually playing on their bodies. They are naked from the waist up.

Happy.

Never know no sorrow,
Don't keer ef it rains;
Put off till ter morrow,
All ma aches an' pains,
Ain't got time fo' pinin',
Never has de blues;
Sun is allus shinin',
An' am'se shinin' shoes.

Mere Curiosity.

Translated for Tales from Meggendorfer Blatter.

Fair Enthusiast: How did you feel when you were going a mile in 37 seconds?

Automobilist: I wondered how many seconds older I would be when I died.

Whole Skin Left.

From the Chicago Daily News.

The Rocky Mountain bear grinned.

"I certainly do miss Roosevelt," he replied, peering from behind a boulder.

"And why do you?" asked the lean bob-cat.

"Oh, I guess it's because he happened to miss me when he was here."

Detective at a Disadvantage.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Chief: Do you mean to say that you haven't been able to get a single clew as to the perpetrator of this crime?

Detective: Naw. Them newspaper reporters is down on me and they won't tell me anything.

An American Idea.

As a recent instance of the "Americanization" of Germany, a Berlin journal mentions the fact that a local department store has opened rooms in which free advice on legal and other matters is dispensed daily from 4 to 8 o'clock.

Army Dog "Deserted."

A dog trained for war purposes and attached to a German regiment has "deserted." It made its way into France, where it was arrested.

The Last Word.

"Mother is very low. Come at once. She wants a last word with you," telegraphed a young wife to her husband the other day.

"The ruling passion is strong in death," murmured the husband as he reached for a mileage book.

CUBA---THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

CANADA-CUBA LAND AND FRUIT COMPANY, LIMITED

INCORPORATED UNDER "THE ONTARIO COMPANIES ACT."

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

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

Terms cash; or 25 per cent. cash and 25 per cent. each month till paid for.

WINTER RESORT

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

PURPOSE OF THE COMPANY.

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

There is no tax on improved real estate in Cuba.

In Cuba the conditions for intensive agriculture are ideal.

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

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

Ballou, the historian, writing of Cuba, says:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAND IS THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH.

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

SOIL AND PRODUCTS OF CUBA

In no part of the United States or Canada is found a soil so rich, so fertile, so productive as in Cuba.

There is no garden like this favored spot.

It is perfect in soil and climate.

Three crops a year can be grown.

Four hundred years of Spanish misrule prevented the development of more than a small portion of this beautiful Island, and thousands of acres of virgin soil now await the thrifty and energetic Canadian to make it the most productive spot in the world.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF ORANGE TREES

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

ORANGES

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

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

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

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

PROFITS ON ORANGES AND OTHER CITRUS FRUITS

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

CATTLE RAISING

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

COST OF TWENTY-ACRE BANANA PLANTATION.

Including Care of Same for Each Year.

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

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

Estimated Income from a Twenty-Acre Banana Plantation at End of Each Year.

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

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

TRUCK GROWING IN CUBA

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

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

NO DANGER OF OVERDOING

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

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

FISH, GAME AND ANIMALS

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

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

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

TO MERCHANT, MECHANIC OR CLERK

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

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

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

TITLES GUARANTEED

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The Toronto Sunday World.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR | 32 PAGES—SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 25 1905—32 PAGES. | PRICE FIVE CENTS

WAR IN CITY'S STREETS 2000 VICTIMS AT LODZ AFTER ONE AWFUL DAY

131 Persons Killed Outright and 41 Die in Hospital, Which Are Crowded to Overflowing With Injured—Many Wounded Unattended.

Troops Fire Volley After Volley Into Mob, Who Reply With Firearms and Showers of Vitriol—Unparalleled Brutality.

Lodz, Russian Poland, June 24.—Yesterday, "Black Friday" in Lodz, surpassed all the horrors of "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg. While it is not yet possible to ascertain the exact number of victims estimates place the killed and wounded as high as 2000. The trouble here was initiated by the Social Democrats and Jewish Bund, who determined to avenge their comrades killed in the rioting on Wednesday. Thursday, the feast of Corpus Christi, passed off quietly, but during the night workmen attacked the patrols. In this fighting two officers and seven Cossacks were killed. One of the latter was shot by a girl of 13 years.

At dawn Friday commenced a day of terror. The city was given up to bloodshed. Anarchy and fierce street fighting prevailed all day. Barricades were hurriedly constructed in the Jewish quarter at dawn. Men climbed to the roofs of houses, cutting telephone and telegraph wires, to use for entanglements in the streets, while others cut down telegraph poles and used them in strengthening the barricades which already had been constructed and in the building of others. Early in the day, two bombs were thrown from the crowd into the barracks, killing or wounding 20 soldiers. This started the shedding of blood, which continued until after nightfall.

Factory Hands Strike.

At 11 o'clock, all the factory hands struck and flocked into the streets. Cossacks, dragoons and infantry charged the mobs time after time, firing valley after volley into the crowds. The rioters replied with revolvers, while their comrades on roofs and in windows joined in the fusilade. Some dashed vitriol from points of vantage upon the troops in the streets below. The burning fluid drove its victims into a frenzy and led to scenes of a horrible character.

Fighting continued thruout the day, and only diminished in its intensity at nightfall, when the city was plunged into utter darkness, as practically all the street lamps had been destroyed. Even then, occasional volleys and isolated rifle shots were heard in different quarters, the troops having received orders to shoot any person appearing in the streets. The dead were carted off to the cemeteries in military wagons, the troops acting as undertakers, but this morning many dead and wounded were lying in the streets and courtyards. Medical aid is unobtainable, and many wounded are dying for the lack thereof.

Dead Number 170.

The casualties up to noon to-day add 18 killed or wounded to yesterday's appalling total. So far as yet ascertainable 130 persons were killed outright during the fighting of Friday, and 41 more died in the hospitals during the night. Of the wounded 320 sustained only slight injuries, which were attended on the spot by the ambulance surgeons. All the hospitals of the city are filled to overflowing, and, owing to the insufficient number of beds, many of the wounded persons are lying on the floors.

All the shops, stores and factories are closed, and business is at a complete deadlock. The rioters this morning attempted to set fire to the government office, but were scattered by a strong force of troops.

Assassin to Die.

Warswa, June 24.—Stephen Okrjeia, the locksmith, who threw the bomb into the Praga police station March 26, injuring six policemen, has been sentenced to death. The workmen threaten a general strike as a consequence, and further serious disorder is anticipated. The streets are heavily patrolled by Cossacks and infantry. A workman was murdered in the streets during the night, for refusing to strike.

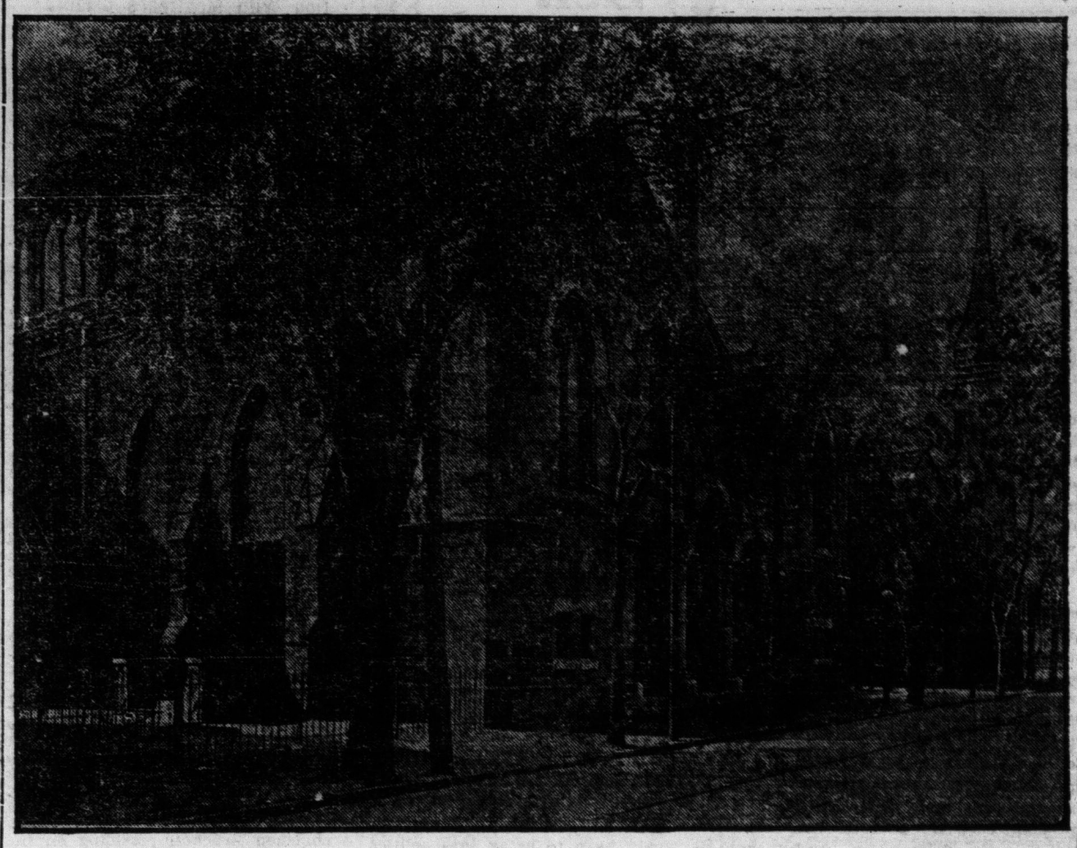
MARRIAGES.

HAWKEY—BAILES—In Toronto, on June 21st, 1905, by the Rev. C. O. Johnson, of Wesley Methodist Church, Ethel May Hawkey, only daughter of Mrs. A. Hawkey, of 754 Bathurst-street, to Frederick John Bailes of the firm of John Bailes & Son, Oshawa.

SUNDAY WEATHER.

After such a beautiful Saturday, the weatherman's promise to-day is rather disappointing. He says: Southeasterly winds; mostly fair and warm; showers before night.

THE LARGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE WORLD



The World-Famous Bethany Church S.S., Philadelphia, Where Hon. John Wanamaker is Superintendent and Teacher, and Which Has a Roll of 4000.

When a stranger goes to Philadelphia who has any interest in religious matters, especially if that stranger be a Presbyterian, the first thing he asks is, "Where is Bethany Sunday School?"

To be sure, there is a church in conjunction with that Sunday school, but it is the Sunday school that has become famous. It is the largest Sunday school in the world, having a membership of more than 4000. It would be much larger were it not for the fact that the building will not accommodate any more.

For many years John Wanamaker has been superintendent of the school and teacher of the Bible-class, which in itself is larger than most congregations filling the auditorium of the church every Sunday afternoon. During the preliminary exercises Mr. Wanamaker has charge of the lower branch of the school, and when he goes into the Bible-class he is greeted with the Chautauqua salute and a mighty chorus of "Good afternoon, Mr. Wanamaker." To which he invariably replies, "Good afternoon, dear members and friends."

The Sunday school has many missions and adjuncts, and once a year it celebrates the anniversary of its foundation with an elaborate festival lasting one week. When Mr. Wanamaker took charge of the school it had only a few members. Altho he is now living out near Jenkintown, and the Sunday school is at Twenty-second and Bainbridge-streets, at the opposite end of the city, he is one of the most regular attendants.

RALLIES FOR S. S. CHILDREN PREMIER IS GLAD TO PRESIDE

At Massey Hall Hon. Mr. Whitney Bears Tribute to the Good Influences of Child Training.

Five rallies were held Saturday afternoon in connection with the International Sunday School Convention. Speakers from every quarter of the globe addressed the teachers and the scholars of the different Sunday schools that attended. Souvenir cards from Palestine were given to those attending, as a memento of the convention. The rallies were held at Massey Hall, Dunn-avenue Presbyterian Church, Walmer-road Baptist Church, Woodgreen Methodist Church and St. Paul's Anglican.

Happyfaced children, their grown elders and enthusiastic Sunday School workers crowded Massey Hall. In the body of the hall the children from the various Sunday Schools were given the seats of vantage. In most of cases their teacher accompanied them. Every youngster that was in the hall felt a keen interest in the happenings of the afternoon—this was the day when their presence was recognized in the meeting of the great international convention. The orchestra of the Bond-street Congregational Church Sunday School opened the services of the afternoon with several selections, afterward the choral services under the directorship of H. M. Fletcher followed. Under his baton the multitude that thronged the hall from the pit to the gallery brought out each song with a volume and ring that bespoke the intensified interest of those present.

The Premier Speaks.

After a short prayer Dr. J. C. Copp, the chairman of the meeting, introduced Premier Whitney, who acted as honorary chairman of the meeting. As the chief executive of the province walked across the platform he was greeted with prolonged applause from those present. Mr. Whitney made a short address, in which he said:

"It has been my privilege to several times speak from this platform for various reasons and on various occasions, but on no occasion has the invitation to speak been as great as the honor of being here to-day. I can but add to the welcome that has been extended by the lieutenant-governor and the mayor of this city toour distinguished visitors and well loved cousins from the other side of the line. Tho we are British subjects, the same blood as theirs flows in our veins. In both in such a meeting as this the same object has actuated—to influence for good.

"As an individual it is also an additional pleasure to witness this testimony that the influence of the Sunday School has on our civilized world. I am not here to make a speech; the pleasure of presiding is enough for me."

Power of the Bible.

He was followed by Mrs. Foster Bryner of Peoria, Ill., a field worker of the International Sunday School. Mrs. Bryner impressed upon the minds of her hearers, with the aid of a blackboard, what a mighty thing the Bible was in the field of learning. She brought forth her points to the children present so that none could doubt of what was her meaning.

She was followed by Rev. John C. Carman of Denver, Col., who spoke at some length upon the stability of the young in being resolute in their endeavors to do the right. He gave several experiences of the work that he had found in his field in Denver, Col., and asked that all boys and girls present should make up their minds to become confirmed in their service of the Lord.

During a short song service presentations were made to the children of the Sunday Schools of pressed flowers from Palestine, attached to souvenir convention cards, which have been presented by W. M. Hartshorn.

Attain Three Habits.

At St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor-street, the various schools east of Huron and north of College were represented by a large number of children and parents. Canon Cody, the rector, conducted the devotional exercises, and Bishop Vincent and Rev. Dr. Carey Boner of London, England, gave addresses to the children. Rev. Dr. Carman presided. Bishop Vincent recommended the attaining of three special habits with which to begin a good life: They were the reading of nothing but the good and uplifting in literature, economical living that the temptations of life may be better avoided, and the cultivation of purity and holiness in the thoughts. His exposition of these three simple themes in a simple and direct manner was closely and attentively listened to by the little ones.

Rev. Mr. Boner's remarks were in the form of an object lesson, and his theme a patriotic one. The British flag was taken in its three points. The St. Patrick cross represented the admonition to be a herald of God's kingdom. St. George's was the champion of rights, and St. Andrew's a finder for the church.

Mayor Presided.

The rally at Walmer-road Baptist Church was attended by several Sabbath schools of the district, including Bloor-street Presbyterian and St. Mary's, Dovercourt, Anglican. Mayor Urquhart, who is superintendent of the school at Walmer-road, presided, and the speakers were F. S. Brown of Brooklyn, N.Y., a well-known business man and Sunday school worker, and

Continued on Page 13.

NEW PRESIDENT OF S. S. ASSOCIATION

Hon. John James Maclaren, Toronto, justice of court of appeal, who on Saturday was elected by acclamation president of the international Sunday school triennial convention, was born at Lachute, Que., 1842; educated at Victoria University (B.A. 1862, LL.D. 1887); in law at McGill University, Montreal (B.C.L. 1868, D.C.L. 1887); practised at Montreal until 1884, when he removed to Toronto. He has been a member of international executive committee since 1893, and a member of every Methodist general conference and of board of missions since the union of 1884; regent Victoria University since 1870; senator Toronto University since 1891; trustee, Y.M.C.A. since 1887; S. S. teacher or superintendent since 1858.

Justice Maclaren is trustee, local preacher and Bible class teacher of the Metropolitan Church, and is president of the Toronto Sunday School Association, and was vice-president world's Sunday school convention in 1893, and has been president of the Ontario Sunday School Associations of Methodist Sunday School Union; of Toronto Y.M.C.A.; chairman of Dominion prohibitory alliance, 1866-1902.

HON. JUSTICE MACLAREN.

HON. JUSTICE MACLAREN BY ACCLAMATION MADE INTL. S. S. PRESIDENT

Torontonian is Honored by Nominating Committee in Choice and by Assembled Delegates in Congratulatory Reception.

Saturday's Conference on the Influence of Home Training on the Child — Some Interesting Statements.

Until the year 1908 a Torontonian in the person of Justice John James Maclaren will guide the ship of the International Sunday School Association of America along on its way toward the powerful position which it is destined to hold in the religious work of the continent. The nominating committee on Saturday morning spent only a brief time upon the work of selecting a president for the next three years, and without going any further in the selection of the officers they came in and announced their choice of a president. Judge Maclaren had been elected by acclamation. The announcement was greeted with prolonged applause by the immense crowd gathered in Massey Hall. President D. B. Tyler conveyed the announcement, and at the insistent demand of the delegates the judge made a brief address.

He thanked them for the honor they had conferred upon him. The honor had come late in life, and he had little dreamed when, as a boy, he used to split and carry in wood in the little Sunday school in Lachute, Que., where he was born, that the would one day be at the head of the S. S. of America. His interest in Sunday school work had been of the keenest kind from that time until this last honor had been done him. He was sensible of the difficulties of his position, and would do his best to carry out the work entrusted to him, and use every effort to extend the international until it reached every school on the continent.

The remainder of the nominations will be announced as soon as possible.

In the afternoon the delegates attended conferences held in various churches.

Home Training the Theme.

That the years of childhood are the years when spiritual awakening is most likely to take place was the argument advanced by Prof. A. B. Van Ormer, Gettysburg College, Norwood, Pa., at the session of the primary and junior departments in Bond-street Congregational Church. Mrs. J. W. Barnes of Newark, N.J., leader of the junior branch of the association, presided, and the ground floor of the auditorium was comfortably filled. The audience was made up almost entirely of lady delegates. The pulpit, from which the paper was read, was enveloped in the silken folds of intertwined flags, the symbol everywhere met with of international amenities.

Prof. Van Ormer thought that the question of at what age was evidence of the spiritual stirring to be expected, expressed the whole problem of soul winning. The world was much given to hasty generalization, and the remarks often made that ministers' sons were worse than those of laymen, and that young men must sow their wild oats, were fraught with great evil. The thought that lodged firmly in the mind and took hold made toward a solution of the problem.

There were two wrong courses in regard to children. Some parents made them assume the garb of religion no matter how ill it fitted. Others thought the church was no place for the child.

Examples by Chart.

A rather novel way of driving home the importance of early training was taken by the speaker, who, by a chart, demonstration, tried to point out the different stages in life of susceptibility to its spiritual message. The chart, which had been prepared from the statements contained in the obituaries of 2276 men and 2542 women, established these as the most important conclusions.

1. That the age of 12 is the most prolific of conversions. The chart showed 8 per cent. male and 16 per cent. female faith professions at this age, while amid good home influences the male proportion was 21 per cent. and the female 37 per cent.

2. After the age of 30, conversions were few, not averaging more than 1 1-2 per cent. among men in the examples given.

3. Women showed susceptibility to spiritual truth at an earlier age than men.

Two Antagonists.

There were two things that were antagonistic to Christian nature; spiritual repression on one hand, and spiritual over-stimulation on the other. Repression meant losing sensibility to influence later on. Over-stimulation had direful results, physical, mental and

Continued on Page 13.

Glimpses of the Political Field

The heat and bitterness that marked early discussion of the autonomy bill at Ottawa have disappeared, and they are not likely to be recalled, unless the motions of Mr. Monck and Mr. Bergeron are taken seriously by the house. Since the by-elections the fight has centred on the character of the distribution of seats in the new provinces. This has proved a resourceful subject for the opposition, and it has not yet been exploited in its fullest sense. There can be no doubt that the distribution was inspired by the supreme object of ensuring the return of Liberal legislatures in Alberta and Saskatchewan. The government has made a weak attempt to show that it asked the opposition to advise as to the most desirable plan of distribution. This plea hardly required the contradiction which was promptly given to it. The government simply cannot afford to have a hostile legislature in either of the provinces, and to ward off this dangerous possibility, it is ignoring every principle of fair play to so arrange the constituencies as to make the Liberal party strong.

The distribution of seats in the west which has called forth such strenuous protests is the most effective reply that has yet been given to the government's contention that its policy is a non-coercive policy. The government has claimed that it was simply giving the west what it had already and what it wanted in the future. It denied that public opinion in the west was hostile to the policy of perpetuating the separate school system, and it was largely by means of this argument that it subdued the wrath of its own followers in London and North Oxford, and in fact all over the English-speaking provinces. But the question that forces itself to the front during all these pleas and excuses and pretexts is that if the west favors federal guarantee of the separate school system, why was the question not submitted to the west before the last general elections? And the question may be asked now, why, if the government's educational policy is so strong in the west, the Dominion government should go to such great pains to gerrymander the constituencies which are to elect the new provincial legislatures? When it becomes necessary to ignore the principle of representation by population, to disregard geographical features and, in fact, to repudiate every well-known principle of legislative representation in order to elect partisan legislatures with Liberal predominance, it is clear that the west is far from pleased with the coercive legislation which is being passed by the Dominion parliament.

The gerrymander in Alberta and Saskatchewan committed under federal auspices has a counterpart in the deliberate elimination of Frederick G. Haultain from the new provincial governments. The government is afraid of the people and it is afraid of Mr. Haultains power with the people. If the west is in favor of the educational policy of the autonomy bill there should be no fear of anything that Mr. Haultain may be able to do in the way of stirring up trouble. Mr. Haultain has staked his future political existence on the championship of provincial rights, and it is along these lines that he must travel if he is to have in the new provinces the power and prestige he possessed in the territorial assembly. The government fears that Mr. Haultain can set the prairie afire with his championship of provincial rights, and it is moving heaven and earth to reduce him by petty trickery to the status of a political has-been.

It remains to be seen if Mr. Haultain can be kept out of the political life of the west by the artificial devices of the Laurier government. He is a shrewd politician, very popular with Conservatives and not unpopular with Liberals. He has had an uninterrupted series of successes in the west, and it is doubtful if the west will be a party to a game which aims at the suppression of Mr. Haultain as a political force without resort to the ballot. The Dominion government, it appears, has chosen leaders for the new provincial government, and Mr. Haultain, is not one of them. At this point the race begins. The race in at least one of the provinces will be between a favorite of the Ottawa government, supported by an unjust gerrymander, with an immense campaign fund, with a solid religious vote, and an army of officeholders appointed by the Ottawa authorities, and a man whose only asset is an honest political record. Mr. Haultain undoubtedly goes up against enormous odds, and if he can win control of one of the legislatures it will be a victory almost unparalleled in the political history of Canada.

Manitoba has for some time been in the throes of an agitation over the manipulation of the voters' lists. It is claimed that the provincial government has arranged to disfranchise several thousand Liberal voters and an appeal has been made to the Dominion authorities to prepare a new set of lists for federal purposes. At this distance there is no means of telling to what extent the charges of the manipulation of the lists are true. On the face of it there is small probability that the Roblin government, with three years of power ahead of it, would affront the people of Manitoba with a franchise outrage which would be of no earthly use to them when they go to the country. It is interesting, however, to note the righteous indignation of The Winnipeg Free Press, which bitterly denounces the disfranchisement of some five or six thousand Liberal voters. We heard nothing from The Free Press when a franchise outrage of much larger proportions was perpetrated on the people of the Northwest. Half a million people in the Northwest Territories who should have been given the right to pronounce on the government's school policy were deliberately denied that right. They were disfranchised quite as unjustly as the people of Manitoba, who according to The Free Press would not have a chance to vote if the elections were held within the next six months. There are more ways of disfranchising people than one and a more infamous disfranchisement was never imposed on the people of Canada than that which withheld from the North west Territories a question which was vital to their educational liberties.

Party conventions make it a rule to conclude proceedings with a vote of confidence in their federal and provincial leader. This practice has become so natural to party organizations in Ontario that they now seem to do it by sheer force of habit and without enquiring into the fitness of things. It was perhaps in this frame of mind that a party convention this week passed a resolution declaring its confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. G. W. Ross. Mr. Ross has practically passed from the active political field and no one would deny him the courtesies which party admirers who knew him in his better days may see fit to bestow upon him. But casting aside these prestiges, the convention in question might have solemnly asked itself what Mr. Ross has done to deserve its confidence. It is not by endorsing a public man who has an unsavory record to explain and who has been crushed to earth by the overwhelming weight of public opinion that parties strengthen themselves and realize their ideals. Party organizations seem to be slow to get it out of their heads that there is any difference between a party and its leader. As a matter of fact, the two are entirely distinct and separate. A party may transcend the virtues of its leaders or a leader may transcend the glories of his party. Mr. Ross assuredly was less worthy than his party, a fact which was clearly demonstrated by the result of the polling last January. Why glorify a leader, when by so glorifying him you must glorify also the things in the late government's career which were committed with the knowledge and under the direction of Mr. Ross? The better way would be to withhold declarations of confidence in Mr. Ross until he has obliterated his record for distinguished service in behalf of the people.

Hon. A. G. Blair, it appears, has not suppressed his political ambitions. The rumor that he has decided to re-enter politics has lately been revived, and Mr. Blair's statement at St. John, where he was interviewed, goes to show that he has hopes, even if he has had no expectations in the political line. The trouble, as Mr. Blair points out, is that there is no constituency which he could contest even if he had the desire, but that he has the desire to return to politics there can be very little doubt. Mr. Blair has not realized the magnificent possibilities which were held out to him when he retired from the chairmanship of the railway commission, and on more than one occasion he has rued the day that marked his departure from official life at Ottawa. Mr. Blair is a wonderfully alert politician, and if he could get back to Ottawa he might be able to recover some of the political prestige he has lost. At present he does not stand high with the Liberal party, and he is even less liked by the Conservatives. He would have to break into politics as a free lance, and there is only one promise which would supply him with a basis for such a movement. New Brunswick is notoriously friendly to Hon. A. G. Blair, and if Hon. John Costigan retired to take a seat in the senate Mr. Blair might be able to capture Victoria. Victoria is essentially a Costigan constituency, and the probability is that if Mr. Costigan could not see his way clear to helping Mr. Blair he would not do anything to oppose him. It is by way of Victoria that Mr. Blair will go back to the Dominion parliament, if he ever goes, which is doubtful.

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WRECK DUE TO NEGLIGENCE.

And Despatcher and Operator Are Under Joint Indictment.

Kenora, June 24.—As a result of the coroner's inquest, held last night to enquire into the cause of the recent wreck at Kalmar, the jury brought in a verdict that the wreck was due to the negligence of George S. Morris, despatcher at Fort William, or Operator W. Bowen of Rennie, or both.

The despatcher claimed his order gave the stock train rights over all trains, except first-class trains, while the operator claimed the order did not contain the words "Except first-class trains."

Both men were arrested on a charge of manslaughter and released on bail.

GO ON THE BENCH.

Ottawa, June 24.—The following appointments are gazetted to-day: The Hon. James Wilberforce Y. Longley of Halifax, attorney-general of Nova Scotia, to be a puisne judge of the supreme court of Nova Scotia, in the room of the Hon. Robert Linton Weatherbee, appointed chief justice; Frederick McBain Young of the City of Manaimo, B.C., barrister-at-law, to be judge of the county court of Atlin; Peter Secord Lapman, of Victoria, B.C., barrister-at-law to be judge of the county court of Victoria.

Brakeman is Killed.

Pembroke, June 24.—Fred Beck of Carleton Place, a brakesman on a special C.P.R. emigrant train going west this morning, fell from the platform of a car here.

He struck the railroad bridge and fell into the river among the logs. When picked up he was dead. Deceased leaves a wife and family at Carleton Place.

Wherein Montreal Leads America.

Montreal, June 23.—City Surveyor Barlow this morning issued an elaborate collection of figures which show that Montreal has by a long way the heaviest average snow fall of any city on the American continent.

Professor's Sudden Death.

Watertown, N.Y., June 24.—Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., aged 66, professor in the theological school of St. Lawrence University, died suddenly yesterday afternoon of heart failure. He was the author of several books on theology.

Frank Maguire and Charlie Haines and Mrs. A. E. Bennett and little daughter, Eddis, spent the week end at Mrs. J. A. Haines' summer cottage, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Misses Alma and Ruby Lewis are spending a few weeks in Michigan, with their aunt, Mrs. William Hodgins.

FRENCH CANADIANS LEARN ENGLISH AS A NECESSITY

Mr. Tarte's Observances in Connection With Montreal's Celebration of St. Jean Baptiste.

Montreal, June 24.—(Special.)—The French-Canadian citizens were almost as early risers as the sun this morning. In every section of the city and suburbs, members of the different societies and associations could be seen hastening to the different meeting points in order to take part in the religious services in St. James' cathedral. The whole organization was divided into three sections, eastern, western and no. the n, each holding a distinct procession and meeting at the church. The sections vied with each other as to which would appear to best advantage, and the result was a series of imposing demonstrations, which, when meeting on the square in front of the cathedral, formed a most brilliant spectacle. Each section was composed of several parishes and societies, with flags, banners and bands, and each also had its own little St. Jean Baptiste, clad in the traditional lambskin, and accompanied by a spotless white lamb. The streets thru which the different processions passed were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and the sidewalks were everywhere thronged. In front of the cathedral the crowd was so large that the police and marshals had much difficulty in keeping an open space for the entrance of the processionists.

In the Cathedral.

The scene inside the church was brilliant—flowers, plants, flags, banners and innumerable lights adding to the splendor of the large temple. Bishop Racicot, surrounded by numerous clergy, officiated in full pontifical mass, the choir rendering a special program under the direction of Prof. Couture, Archbishop Bruchesi presiding on the throne. The sermon was preached by Rev. Abbe H. Filiatrault, P.S.S.

Among the invited guests present in the procession and at the church were His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Sir L. A. Jette, with Capt. Sheppard, A.D.C.; Hon. Lomer Gouin, premier of Quebec; Hon. Mr. Turgeon, Mr. Kleczkowski, consul of France; the presidents of sister societies and the past presidents of the St. Jean Baptiste Society.

Speaking of the day, Hon. Mr. Tarte writes in La Patrie:

Progress That Will Come.

"In the 25 years to come we will make more progress than during the last 25 years. We will not give up our language. We will speak it, altho this will not prevent us from learning a better knowledge of British, which is a commercial, political and social necessity for the French-Canadians. Our race was taken out in all parts of the Confederation, where have we been a cause of embarrassment? Do we not respect the laws and do we not perform our part of the work to be done?

"For me, the discussion of the past few months is a wonderful mystery. I really cannot understand the reasons which have prompted so many people, who are really not deprived of common sense, to stir up the Anglo-Saxon majority against us. We cannot be deported, and we are too numerous to be wiped out; we are a peaceable population and the day is coming when we will be five or ten millions."

DR. REAUME WAS STOPPED BY ONE OF HIS OWN RULES

Windsor, June 24.—Provincial C. E. Secretary Reaume bumped against one of his own rules at the ferry dock yesterday afternoon. He crossed from Detroit with two friends, but was stopped because the machine had no license. After his identity was known and Collector Smith had given the necessary order Dr. Reaume was allowed to proceed. The machine was to have been in the country only a few hours.

EARL GREY'S PROFILE FOR EXHIBITION MEDALS

Dr. Orr, manager of the industrial exhibition, on Saturday received permission to use the profiles of the governor-general and Lady Grey on the medals for the exhibition. His excellency forwarded a medal on which was stamped the profiles of himself and consort.

In Serious Trouble.

A charge of criminal assault on Sarah Hussey will likely be laid against Frank Murphy, John Lynch, John Kelly, Stephen Sheehan, Harry Smith and Wm. Kelly. The alleged offence occurred on garrison commons on Friday afternoon. The men were in court yesterday on a disorderly conduct charge. Bail was refused.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,

75 Yonge-st., Toronto.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:

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Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College.
Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.
Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto.

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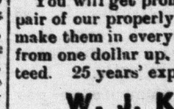

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HOTELS.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, PRESTON Springs, Ont., under new management; renovated throughout; mineral baths open winter and summer. J. W. Hirst & Sons, late of Elliott House, props. edf

ROSSIN HOUSE PENSION—CENTRAL —Select, moderate. 17 Endsleigh street, Tavistock-square, London, Eng. edf

SITUATIONS VACANT.

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

CLAIRVOYANT.

WONDERFUL TRIAL READING—The only dead trance medium; his startling revelations the wonder of all; past, present, future, told correctly; own writing, birth date, dime, stamped envelope. Prof. George Hall, 1316a Olive-street, St. Louis, Mo. ed

SWITCH OPENED INTENTIONALLY.

But Perpetrator of Ohio Outrage May Never Be Known.

Springfield, Ohio, June 24. — W. O. Jackson of this city, chief inspector of railroads an dtelegraphs of Ohio, returned to-day from Mentor, Ohio, where he investigated the Lake Shore wreck.

"That the switch was opened intentionally we know. Whether or not it was locked open we cannot tell, for all reports are meagre," he said. "The perpetrator may never be known, tho both the company and our department are working on the issue.

WRIT TO RESTRAIN.

London Barrister Trying to Prevent Arcanum Increases.

W. H. Bartram, barrister, of London, has issued a writ against the supreme court of the Royal Arcanum, to restrain the latter from enforcing payment after Oct. 1 of assessments provided for in a recent bylaw and to declare that the bylaw is ultra vires and that the defendants are not a mutual life insurance company.

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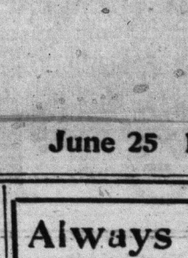

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HOTEL DEL MONTE, PRESTON Springs, Ont., under new management; renovated throughout; mineral baths open winter and summer. J. W. Hirst & Sons, late of Elliott House, props. ed7

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SITUATIONS VACANT.

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

CLAIRVOYANT.

WONDERFUL TRIAL READING—The only dead trance medium; his startling revelations the wonder of all; past, present, future, told correctly; own writing, birth date, dime, stamped envelope. Prof. George Hall, 1316a Olive-street, St. Louis, Mo. ed

SWITCH OPENED INTENTIONALLY.

But Perpetrator of Ohio Outrage May Never Be Known.

Springfield, Ohio, June 24. — W. O. Jackson of this city, chief inspector of railroads an dtelegraphs of Ohio, returned to-day from Mentor, Ohio, where he investigated the Lake Shore wreck.

"That the switch was opened intentionally we know. Whether or not it was locked open we cannot tell, for all reports are meagre," he said. "The perpetrator may never be known, tho both the company and our department are working on the issue.

WRIT TO RESTRAIN.

London Barrister Trying to Prevent Arcanum Increases.

W. H. Bartram, barrister, of London, has issued a writ against the supreme court of the Royal Arcanum, to restrain the latter from enforcing payment after Oct. 1 of assessments provided for in a recent bylaw and to declare that the defendants are not a mutual life insurance company.

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GRAND

Reg. Mat. WEDNESDAY
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EUGENIE
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In the Interesting Dramatization of Ouida's Fascinating Military Story

UNDER TWO FLAGS

EUGENIE BLAIR as "CIGARETTE" AT EVERY PERFORMANCE

HEAVY HAND OF MONOPOLY SMITES MONTREAL AT WILL

People Thought Consolidation Would Bring Reduced Rates For Public Services, But They Have Found Out Their Mistake —Aldermen Stand in With the Corporations.

Montreal, June 24.—(Special.)—The history of the growth of monopolies in this city is not only interesting but instructive. In Montreal more than in any other Canadian city, the path of the monopolist has been made smooth. The merger of the lighting concerns of the city and district, which took place some years ago, was accomplished only after great financial manipulation. When that trick was turned and the lighting companies were made a single whole, under the name of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, the people of Montreal imagined that cheaper gas and electric light would ensue. Their thoughts went out into the fields, the green pastures, of "reductions all round." They forgot that by taking away the competition, and giving an exclusive franchise for a term of years, they were shutting the door after the competitive horse had been stolen. Cheap gas and electric light never came. They have not come yet, in either instance.

Aldermen Hang On.

At this juncture it might be in order to state that the chief trouble with the city council of Montreal is the way in which aldermen, once elected, cling to office. There is little new blood introduced. The sweets of power are so delectable that men elected to the ordinary term manage to continue in office for years. Aldermen, like all other common or garden mortals, fall into a rut. In their desire to cling to their seats in the city council of Montreal they "wink" at many things. Hence they are the prey of the franchise hunter. It is not original civic sin that possesses the average alderman of this city. It is a keen appetite for power that makes the men—be they French or English—treat with such summary disregard of the public rights such important matters as the extension of the gas franchise. The average man who runs in a city ward here has an expense account, when the election outlay is taken up, of about 5000 to $8000. Where does he get his money back? In what way is he recouped. There is the secret of the anxiety to remain a member of the council!

Up to within a few years ago the hand of the monopolist was not felt in Montreal. The merger of the light, heat and power interests put a new phase on the question. It means that the financial crowd, headed by Senator Forget of the Montreal Street Railway, had secured control of the public utilities of the city, and could wield a monopolistic club over the heads of the people. The growth of that feeling, experienced by the Montrealer, that he is completely in the hands of the members of the city council and the big corporations, has increased. The revulsion of feeling was witnessed in regard to the matter of the gas contract.

Monopoly Pull in Council.

The whole truth in a nutshell is this. A MAJORITY OF THE ALDERMEN ARE FAVORABLE TO THE BIG CORPORATIONS. The recent vote on the gas contract—the latest record on the aldermanic thermometer—is a fair criterion of the strength of the pull with the city council. Take the "solid twenty," who voted for the Lapoints resolution. They stand out in serried ranks as men who can be relied upon to cast their vote in favor of the monopoly. Look down the list. True the weight of public opinion was heavy enough to crush out the life of the ill-starred resolution. The glimpse afforded the people of Montreal as to the character of its aldermen was invaluable.

It may be asked what is the remedy for the existing state of affairs? What new broom should be applied to sweep out the cobwebs of the civic places? The question is as obvious as the answer is pertinent. As long as civic politics in this city are on the present plane, so long will there be a disinclination on the part of the rising generation of Montreal to enter civic life. Only by the introduction of new blood can reforms be offered. The certain indefinable atmosphere that surrounds an alderman of this city—the impression that he gives of being in office, not for his ward, but for himself, can never be dispersed until things are improved and a better standard set.

Aided by a Newspaper.

Montreal to-day is in the grasp of the Montreal Street Railway and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. The service of the former is fairly adequate, but there is a great variety of opinion as to whether it is as good as it might be, taking into consideration the admirable privileges it has secured from the city. The half-hearted appeal of The Montreal Star for three-cent fares—like most of the editorials of that sheet—is not taken seriously. Whenever there are mutterings of a renewal of franchise, The Star starts up an excited howl for three-cent fares. In order to distract public attention from the victory it had gained ("it" being the public) over the Gas Company, The Star opened the vials of its editorial energy and poured forth rhapsody over the benefits that would accrue from three-cent fares. In this instance, however, the "herring across the trail" did not hide the scent. Regarding the gas question the public mind is fully made up. Substantial reductions must be made. The Montreal Street Railway must also give more consideration to public demands before any extension of franchise is acquired. Civic elections come on next year. With the Gas Company still angling for a franchise and the Montreal Street Railway performing the pleasant duty of baiting the hook, IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE HOW MANY OF THE SOLID GAS TWENTY ARE DEFEATED AT THE POLLS.

It will be a fight between public spirit and the monopolies.

There are rumors that the gas question is to be reopened in the near future. A copy of the contract between the City of Toronto and the Consumers' Gas Company was received by Alderman Vallieres to-day, and studied. A prominent member of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company was at the city hall to-day and something lively may crop up at Monday's meeting of the council.

No Action by City.

Montreal Gazette, June 23.—According to information given out yesterday at the city hall, the city will not take legal action against The Toronto World for libel, but it is understood that Ald. L. A. Lapointe, Ald Payette and Ald. Couture will take private civic actions against the paper. It seems the city attorneys have advised individual actions as being less open to objections.

The charge made by The World was that the adoption of the gas offer showed that a French-Canadian Tammany was in possession of the city hall. After the publication of this, a resolution was adopted by the council of aldermen, requesting the city law department to take proceedings against the paper, which, according to the present plans, will now be done individually by an least three aldermen.

Both "Jack-Legs."

Down in Mobile there is a darky, a carpenter by traed, who, according to John Sharp Willias, has a local reputation for quickness at repartee. It appears that not many months ago Botts, for that's the darky's name, was subpoenaed as a witness in a case tried in one of the justice courts in Mobile. Altho the attorney who took Botts in hand for cross-examination was needlessly severe in his treatment of the colored carpenter, the latter exhibited admirable patience and self-control. The two got along fairly well till the witness was asked as to his occupation.

"I'se a carptenre, sah," said Botts.

"What kind of a carpenter?' asked the attorney.

"Dey calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"Jack-leg carpenter!" sharply reiterated the lawyer. "What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"Well, sah, a jack-leg carpenter is what we culled folks calls a carpenter who ain't a fust-class carpenter."

"I fail to understand you," said the attorney, more sharply than before. "You'll have to be more exact. What are we to understand by a jack-leg carpenter?"

"Well, sah, mebbe it might be explained better by sayin' dat de difference is jest about de same as between you and a fust-class lawyer, responded Botts, with a broad grin.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Fixed.

"A negro just naturally loves a watermellon," said Representative Johnson of South Carolina, while speaking of the melon and peach crop. "Strange, too, that when a policeman sees a negro with a melon at an unseasonable hour he has it right down that he has stolen the melon. I heard a story about a policeman who met a negro in the early morning hours, and he had a big melon on his shoulder. The officer eyed him and the melon and said:

"'I see you have a melon there.'

"'Yes, sah,' answered the darky. 'I'se got er melon, but I'se fixed fer you, sah,' and, pulling out a paper, he handed it to the officer, who read:

"'The bearer of this is G— A—. He paid me ten cents for the melon, and he is a pillar in the church.' James Elder.'

"'You are fixed,' said the officer.

"'Dat's what I 'lowed,' answered the negro, and he moved." — Washington Star.

Japanese Fun.

Gen. Linevitch—"Any news?"

Staff Officer—"Twenty thousand killed on our side in the great battle."

Gen. Linevitch—"All right. Wire to St. Petersburg that we lost only one man, but want a great deal of reinforcement."

Usoda—"I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face."

Mudaguchi—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors."

Chame—"Pa, may I ask you a question?"

Father—"Certainly, my child."

Chame—"Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"

ROUTINE BUSINESS STARTS SOME CHANGES SUGGESTED

International Delegates Listen to Reports of Secretaries and Discuss Permanent Organization.

General Secretary Lawrence read the triennial report of the executive committee. The triennium just closed had been entered upon just at the time of the death of the pioneer international worker, B. F. Jacobs of Chicago.

The tenth triennial at Denver in 1902 had pledged the sum of $14,469 to the work of the international. On the strength of this more secretaries were appointed to the general staff until there were six secretaries employed in the work. Still the work was unfinished, and there was a need of more men. The cry for help was never so urgent and intelligible as at the present time. States and districts which never had expressed a need were now asking for men and money to carry on the work. If the work in Pennsylvania under John Wanamaker and Mr. Heinz needed $22,000 was it not reasonable that other states would need more money. So long as the organization was so weak that it did not reach every school in the state it was incomplete and the work was unfinished.

The international had a continent wide membership of 14,000,000. The members controlled uncounted wealth. A little more than $15,000,000 per year had been raised to carry on the mighty work.

To Organize Permanently.

The following resolution was submitted:

Resolved—That the executive committee, be requested to consider and report at the next convention upon the following matters:

1. The adoption of such a name as the International Sunday School Association.

2. The adoption of constitution and bylaws.

The committee also recommended the publication of a handbook descriptive of the work of the body.

Lesson Committee Report.

The international lesson committee presented their report. They recommend the adoption of a series of graded lessons and prepare an optional advanced course for older students. If this should be done the international conveition would then stand for a course of three grades. The first for those under six years of age, the second for the next grade and the third an advance course. It left the adoption of the last, however, optional to each Sunday school. The report will be discussed later.

Reporting upon the home department Rev. W. A. Duncan of Syracuse, N.Y., said that the total enrollment of the home department of the Sunday schools was 10,000. An address on "Our work among the negroes" was delivered by Dr. Jas. E. Shepard of North Carolina, and "Our neighbor, Mexico," was discussed by Mrs. Mary Foster Brymer of Peoria, Ill.

In an address on the department of teacher training, W. C. Pearce of Chicago set before the convention the ideal time when there would be a million and a half trained teachers in the United States and Canada.

SKIPPED TILL SHE DIED.

Appleton, Wis., June 24.—Under peculiar circumstances, 9-year-old Maria Derrick met sudden death to-day. She was skipping a rope, and as she reached the hundredth mark she said, 'I have finished." Almost before she had ceased speaking the child dropped dead.

Railway Yardmasters Organize.

Albany, June 24.—The Railway Yardmasters' Association, a fraternal and benevolent organization embracing the whole country, with headquarters in New York City, was incorporated today with the secretary of state. The directors for the first year are: William W. Brewer, James McCarrick and Stephen Mitchell of New York City.

Profitable.

Bosh—"Did you get anything out of that old deal you were telling me about?"

Josh—"Yes, indeed! I got a great deal of light on the subject of speculating that I didn't have before!"

"Flashlights on the Bread Question"

Does it not interest you who is the best baker? All alike claim the title. There is only one best bread. The public, who are competent and impartial judges, prefer "TOMLIN'S." The daily increasing output warrants this assertion. You give the bread a trial—that is the only way to find out. Send a post card to

H. C. Tomlin, 420 to 438 Bathurst St.

and a wagon will call, or 'phone Park 553. Prompt attention given all orders.

S. & H. HARRIS'

SADDLE SOAP.

Sold by all Saddlers and Store-Keepers

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(Our Trade Mark)
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PERFECTION
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Good Pasture for Horses

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4 MILES FROM CITY.

$4 A MONTH

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306 QUEEN STREET EAST
204 WELLESLEY STREET
ESPLANADE EAST
Near Berkeley Street
ESPLANADE EAST
Foot of Church Street
BATHURST STREET
Opposite Front Street
PAPE AVENUE
At G.T.R. CROSSING
YONGE ST., at C.P.R. Crossing
LANSDOWNE AVENUE
Near Dundas Street
Cor. College and Dovercourt Road.
Cor. Dufferin and [illegible] Streets.

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

PEMBER'S ALTERATION SALE

ONE MORE WEEK

10 per cent. off all Hair Goods

Unparalleled values in highest grade European Hair—Ladies' Switches, Pompadours, Wigs, etc., Gentlemen's Toupees and Wigs. When these extensive building operations are completed we shall have the finest premises of the kind in the Dominion.

Dr Blanchard, the famous surgeon chiropodist, now has his office here. He painlessly and permanently cures corns, bunions and all troubles of the feet. Appointments made for any hour. Tel. Main 2275.

PEMBER'S Hair Emporium

127-129 YONGE STREET.

SOCIAL LIFE

Just now when Toronto is looking its loveliest and the long avenues are dreams of beauty, arched by boughs of shaded green, thru which the sunlight flickers on the emerald turf, it seems a pity to see the shutters going up on so many houses, that will not be opened again until the leaves are falling fast next autumn. The old country claims its quota of Canadian visitors yearly. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and their daughters are leaving, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander has gone, Mr. George Beardmore is also an absentee and many more well-known people have left or are soon going. The owners of Muskoka cottages are fast finding their way thither, and beautiful Niagara is fuller even than is usual at this time of year. Happy are those who by custom or circumstance have their destinations settled for them, as the question of where to go is one fraught with difficulty, even when the necessary funds are on hand. But fashion decrees that instead of spending the hot months in cool town houses, containing every comfort, surrounded by beautiful lawns and gardens, and where every delicacy to tempt jaded appetites is obtainable, people should rush away in hot, stuffy trains or crowded steamers to remote places where probably the water is bad, baths a luxury and good fruit and fresh vegetables are things to be dreamed of, but not realized. The exodus notwithstanding, the number in streets and shops is not sensibly diminished, but it is the voice of the American that is heard in the land, and how much they wished they owned it may be judged by a speech made by a very prominent man in Boston the other day, who said: "It is the duty of every thinking citizen of the United States to consider how best they may acquire Canada."

* * *

Mrs. Beardmore's luncheon at the Hunt Club was a pleasing event on Tuesday. Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, who came from England for her brother's wedding, and Mrs. Perry, also from England, were the guests that Mrs. Beardmore invited 18 other ladies to meet. A private car conveyed the party from the King Edward. The table was placed on the verandah, and the decorations were of rose peonies. The grounds are at their best now, and the view of the lake adds such a charm.

* * *

Miss Scott and Miss Merrick had a garden party in the afternoon, and received the guests on the lawn. The maples are in full beauty and there were many comfortable seats placed about, the elder ladies thoroly enjoying the cool shade and watching the pretty picture made by the girls flitting about in their gaily-colored frocks. The house was decorated with peonies and marguerites and there was some good music in the large drawing room. There was no event of note in Toronto during the evening, as interest centred in the ball at the Royal Military College, Kingston. A lot of people from town went down for the dance, which was very well done and thoroly enjoyed. The night was a perfect one, a breeze expressly engaged for the occasion blowing off the water and cooling the heated air. Lieut.-Col. Reade, the commandant, and Mrs. Martin, wife of the professor of mathematics, received the guests, the latter wearing silver grey chiffon with embroideries of steel and silver, and on the bodice shaded orange velvet was mingled with the embroidery and point lace; ornaments of diamonds. Dancing was in the gymnasium, appropriately decorated in the clever way that soldiers know so well how to do, with flags and implements of war. There were many debutantes who will carry away recollections of their first ball to be marked in the calendar with a red letter. Pretty girls were there from all parts of Canada, those present from Toronto numbering among them Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Mary Osler, Miss Katie Hagarty, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Edward Taylor, Miss Marjorie Cochrane and Miss Diana Irving.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Reid, Bowmanville, announce the engagement of their third daughter, Miss Hilda G. Reid, to Mr. John McAustin Gilchrist, Glasgow, Scotland.

* * *

It is greatly to be hoped that the benevolent intentions towards benefitting the public that have been formulated by the manager of the street railway and are now being carried into effect, will have their part in laying up treasure for him in heaven, as they are the cause of very fervent anathemas by the said public on earth. One who travels constantly in the street cars avers that those of the convertible type are certainly an invention of the Prince of Darkness, as he would feel at home in the atmosphere created by the windows at one side being closed, ten people seated opposite to each other with three or four standing between. This is an ordinary occurrence, whilst the front seat remains vacant. Men don't care for it, as they cannot smoke, and the women, to whom it would be a boon, are debarred from its occupancy by the benevolent care of Mr. Fleming.

* * *

Mrs. Leary Cannington (sister of the late J. G. Worts) and her daughter, Mrs. Early, are visiting Mrs. A. G. Watson and Mrs. Score, 50 Carlton-street.

* * *

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's (R.C.) Church on Monday morning, when Rev. Father Hand united in marriage Mr. John B. Wendling of Berlin and Miss Elizabeth (Dot) Holding, daughter of James W. Holding. The bride was gowned in cream silk eolienne, trimmed with lace, with large picture hat to match. She was attended by her sister, Miss Daisy, whose dress was white point d'esprit over blue silk, with hat to match. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. E. Wendling. After the ceremony, breakfast was served at the home of the bride's father, at which only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Wendling left by the afternoon train for Berlin, the home of the groom's parents. The bride's going-away dress was navy blue silk mohair, with traveling hat to match.

* * *

Dr. James Henderson, son of James Henderson (postoffice inspector, Toronto), and bride (nee Clarke) of Ottawa, visited his parents at 24 Brunswick-avenue en route for Sudbury, his future home.

* * *

Mrs. P. J. Bradshaw-Fullard, with her two children, left yesterday for Brandon, Man., where she will spend the summer.

* * *

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at College-street Presbyterian Church Wednesday, June 24, when Miss Alice Pepper was married to Mr. Sydney Rands, C. P. R. agent, Drumbo. The bride, who was given away by Mr. M. Watson, was handsomely gowned in cream chiffon voile over taffeta and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss May Clark, was attired in cream silk crepe de chine and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Frank Rands, Shelburne, Ont. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl crescent, to the bridesmaid a pearl brooch, to the groomsman a pearl crescent tie pin. The bride received many beautiful presents. After the ceremony a reception was held at G. S. McConkey's, where the guests sat down to a dainty dejeuner. The happy couple left for a trip to Ottawa and other eastern points.

* * *

The Queen's Royal at Niagara was very brilliant for what was, in all probability, the last military ball to be given by regiments in camp. Soldiers are always the best of hosts, and the casino is an ideal place for summer dances, the breeze from the lake making a delightful atmosphere and the verandahs are such delightful resting places. There are an immense number of Toronto people staying at the Queen's Royal and in the cottages. The ball was under the auspices of Gen. Otter and the uniforms of the Canadians mingled with those of the American officers stationed just across the river contributed not a little to the gaiety of the scene. Dancing forms an indispensable part of every man's education in the States, so that they are welcome guests where dancing is the order of the day.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Mary Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa, to Mr. William French Wilbour, has been announced in Ottawa. Mr. Wilbour is a member of the New York bar.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie have returned from England.

* * *

Mr. Flavelle and his daughters have returned from a short visit to England.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford and their family have gone to Centre Island.

* * *

Miss Tilley is going to spend the summer at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat have announced the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Margaret, to Mr. Percy Hardisty, formerly of Toronto, Mr. Hardisty has a ranch near Edmonton, Alta.

* * *

Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, president of the Fraulen Verein of the Lutheran Church, held a coffee party in the gardens of her residence in Bloor-street on Thursday afternoon. It was the tenth anniversary of her appointment as president, and the pastor, Herr Mueller, made a speech, conveying the thanks and affectionate gratitude of the society for the great help she had given them and their church during all those years, and at the conclusion presented her with a sheaf of crimson and white roses. Tables beautifully decorated with June blossoms were placed in a large marquee, and the dainty German confections and delicious coffee were fully appreciated. Mrs. Heintzman's daughters, Mrs. Bascom, Mrs. Bertram and the Misses Heintzman, were most attentive hostesses.

* * *

The marriage took place on Monday, June 19, at St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, with Rev. Father Cook officiating, of Miss Minnie Kathleen Murphy of this city, the eldest of the quartet of musicians who have delighted so many audiences thruout the length and breadth of Canada in recent years, to Frederick Dake of Princeton. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family, the wedding took place in the presence of only the immediate members of each family. Miss Kate Halloran, Lindsay, acted as bridesmaid and M. Fitzhenry of Toronto assisted the groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Dake left on the 10.40 C. P. R. train for points west. Later on in the week, they will be joined at Sarnia by Eugene Murphy and daughters, and will then leave for a lake trip to Minnesota, where they will spend a couple of months visiting relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Dake will upon their return take up their residence in Princeton, where Mr. Dake proposes to establish a private banking business. Miss Murphy's gown was of grey voile over silk, with a grey tulle hat with violets. Her traveling dress was grey shepherd plaid silk with lace and velvet trimmings. The bridesmaid's gown was bisque eolienne over cream taffeta with hat to match.

* * *

A wedding of interest to a large circle of friends was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents in Parkdale on Wednesday, when Mae Thayer, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maxwell, was united to Mr. J. M. Prentiss. The wedding was a quiet one, attended only by immediate relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. J. Treleaven, assisted by Rev. J. W. Pedley. The bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely gowned in ivory silk crepe de chine with trimmings of pleated chiffon and ruchings over taffeta. She wore a tulle veil, caught with lilies of the valley and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. Miss Rilda Maxwell of Cleveland, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, and wore cream crepe de chine with all-over lace yoke and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Lou Prentiss of the Bank of Hamilton, brother of the groom, was best man. The wedding march was played by the orchestra, and during the signing of the register Mr. Frederick Stoneburg was soloist. The house was prettily decorated with palms and ferns. After the wedding breakfast, a reception was held from 2 to 4 o'clock, when a large number of friends extended their good wishes to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss left on the evening train for the northern lakes, and on their return will reside in their new home at 128 Delaware-avenue.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. Lorne William Mitchell to Miss Marion Adelaide, youngest daughter of Mr. George Stanway, took place quietly at half-past 2 o'clock on Wednesday, June 21, at St. Simon's Church, in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends only. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. C. Cayley, the church being appropriately decorated for the occasion. The wedding march was played by Mr. Harrison. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dainty gown of white silk crepe de chine, with bertha of rose point lace. Her veil of tulle was caught with orange blossoms that had been worn by her mother, and she carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley. Her sister, Miss Edith Stanway, was maid of honor, and Miss Winnifred Stanway (Montreal) acted as bridesmaid, both wearing gowns of silver blue crepe de soie with Valenciennes trimming and hats of white Valenciennes, with wreaths of pink and blue roses and pink plumes, and carrying large bunches of pink roses. Little Rosamond Ryckman, as flower girl, in white organdie over pale blue, and Master Allan Moore, as page, in white satin, preceded the bride, carrying baskets of pink sweet peas. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. J. W. Mitchell. Mr. W. H. Moore, Mr. H. Logan and Mr. Arthur Stanway acted as ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, Isabella-street. Mrs. Stanway wore black embroidered grenadine over pale blue silk, black hat with pale blue flowers, Miss Stanway biscuit silken mull embroidered gown with white hat, banked with American beauty roses; Mrs. Mitchell (Port Elgin), mother of the groom, black silk with lace and touches of white, black hat with plumes; Miss Gertrude Mitchell, dainty white silk gown, white hat; Mrs. William Stanway (Montreal), London gown of mauve taffeta and hat of same coloring, with periwinkles; Miss Hester Caver gown of painted net with tones of pink and blue and large picture hat of tulle; Mrs. C. H. Wood (Cornwall), grey silk crepe de chine with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left by the 5.20 train for an eastern trip, the bride going away in a neat suit of pale blue homespun, with touches of white and black, and pale blue hat. Many beautiful and costly gifts, including a number of cheques, attested to the popularity of the young couple, a handsome chair and grandfather's clock, presented by the Toronto staff of the Canadian Northern Railway Co. and Mackenzie, Mann & Co., at a complimentary dinner tendered the groom on Monday evening, being particularly admired.

* * *

Miss Hirschfelder has gone to England on the Victorian, and Mrs. Cameron and Miss Birchell sail this week on the C. P. R. line.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Gwendolyn Francis to E. Bertram Gay Andreas has been announced.

* * *

Mrs. C. D. Warren and Miss Patti Warren are going to Yale, New Haven, for two weeks.

The next warm day you happen to be in a barber shop ask the barber to apply

"ADONIS" Hed-Rub

to your scalp. You will find it delightfully cool and refreshing. It eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair falling, and keeps the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. All leading barbers. Only 10c.

If you desire something exquisitely fragrant in perfume let me recommend "Ideal"

JUNE CLOVER

A perfume that by its very excellence has gained the largest sale of any perfume in Canada. See the window of my King-street store for special display during race weeks.

W.H. Lee

KING EDWARD HOTEL DRUGSTORE

Wm Stitt & Co

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

HANDSOME MATERIALS FOR AFTERNOON, DINNER — AND — EVENING GOWNS, SMART SUITS and BLOUSES

MILLINERY

The Latest Creations in New Spring Millinery

LACE SCARFS and STOLES

GLOVES

2-Clasp Gloves in all the new colorings Evening Gloves Motor Gloves

Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves

CORSETS

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

TEL. MAIN 888.

BAKER, LADIES' TAILOR.

Ladies' Afternoon Costumes.

16 Charles Street.

Phone North 1431

Artificial Eyes

We have an excellently assorted stock of Snellen's Reform Eyes, at right prices.

THE CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL COMPANY LIMITED

6 RICHMOND STREET EAST

Confederation Life Building

Phone M. 4556 TORONTO

Wedding Gifts

English Breakfast Dishes, Entree Dishes and General Tableware

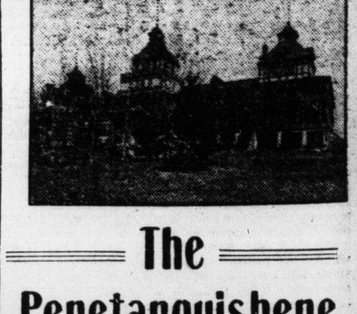
At the Jewelry Parlors.

JAMES D. BAILEY,

75 Yonge (N. E. cor. King)

SUMMER RESORTS.

HOTEL BRANT, BURLINGTON—$4—Saturday afternoon till Monday after breakfast, special rates for June; just the place for banquets, conventions and evening parties. William P. Kenney, Manager.



The Penetanguishene

(ON GEORGIAN BAY)

CANADA'S SUMMER RESORT

Renovated From Top to Bottom

BRAND NEW THIS SUMMER

New Silver, Linen, China and Other Equipments.

Fishing, Boating, Bathing, Bowling, Golf, Tennis, Orchestra

Write for illustrated booklet.

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Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

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EVENING GOWNS, SMART SUITS and BLOUSES
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SOCIAL LIFE

William Scully, J.P., returned from Europe in the early part of the week.

* * *

William Smith, Columbus, Ont., leaves during the week, en route for Scotland.

* * *

E. W. Day returned to town from the Northwest during the week. He proposes to spend the next two months with his family at Jackson's Point.

* * *

Very quiet was the wedding of Miss Ethel May Hawkey, at the house of her cousin, Thomas Vinson, 754 Bathurst-street, to Frederick John Bailes of Oshawa, on Wednesday, June 21, 1905, at 5 p.m. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. O. Johnston of Wesley Methodist Church, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The bride was given away by her uncle John H. Branton of Oshawa, and was gowned in pale grey crepe de Paris, over pink silk, with pleated pink tulle hat, trimmed with pink rosebuds, chrysanthemums and seed pearls, and carried a huge sheaf of bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Mae Vinson, a cousin, looked exceedingly well in a champagne voile, over same shade of silk, with a pale blue pleated tulle hat, and carried pink roses. The groom was supported by Douglas Guy of New York, and Clarence Vinson played the wedding music. Little Dorothy Branton of Whitby, as maid-of-honor, was very sweet in her dress of cream with silk flop hat to match. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was an olive leaf brooch of pearls, and to the best man a crown tie-pin of pearls. The bride's gift to the little maid-of-honor was a bracelet. The numerous gifts received evidenced the popularity of both bride and groom. After the wedding feast, Mr. and Mrs. Bailes left for New York, for a brief stay, after which they will reside at Oshawa. The bride's going-away gown was of brown silk and lace, with a smart polo hat to correspond.

* * *

Mrs. C. S. Boone and Miss Kennedy of Port Dover spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Fischer, at their summer home, Linstock Villa, Lorne Park.

* * *

Miss Alma Cornish of 134 Mutual-street is spending some weeks in Muskoka, as the guest of Mrs. George T. Madden of Orillia.

* * *

A pretty, quiet wedding was celebrated at the Jarvis-street Baptist Church on Wednesday, 21st inst., when Rev. Dr. Perry united in marriage Mr. Henry A. Webster of Hamilton and Miss Jean W. Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rice of Islington. The bride was gowned in cream silk, trimmed with lace, large picture hat to match. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lila. The groom was assisted by F. Garfat of Port Hope. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the house of Mrs. Harry Freeman, 11 Callendar-street, at which only immediate relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Webster left by the 5-o'clock boat for Niagara and other points. The bride's traveling dress was of navy blue figured silk mohair, with hat to match.

* * *

A merry party, consisting of Mrs. G. Jones, Miss B. Caverhill, William McKay, Miss A. Jones and William Kerwin, arrived home last evening, after having spent a very enjoyable trip on the Muskoka Lakes. The party intend going up the lakes again about the middle of July for two weeks.

* * *

Mrs. L. Duncan and family, 44 Brunswick-avenue, left for their cottage, Bala, Muskoka, on Saturday.

* * *

The marriage of Rev. John Robert Naftel, Church of England clergyman at Rothsay, Ont., to Miss Laura Adelaide Ames, daughter of J. H. Ames, was celebrated in Holy Trinity Church at 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon, the Rev. John Pearson officiating. The groomsman was Norman Ames, brother of the bride, and the bridesmaid the groom's cousin, Miss Viva Naftel of Detroit. George Babcock of Peterboro and Henry Naftel acted as ushers. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of cream voile over taffeta, a three-quarter-length tulle veil, wreathed with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The wedding gown was beautiful in its simplicity, the pleated skirt being finished with deep hem and several tucks of escurial lace formed the cape-like yoke and undersleeves of the bodice. Narrow knife pleatings of white satin edged with ruchings of chiffon, finished the puffed upper sleeve. The bridesmaid wore a white gown of dotted Swiss lace, hat to match, and carried pink roses. Mrs. Ames, the bride's mother, wore a costume of grey voile and Venetian lace, with touches of pale blue, and violet hat. Mrs. Sheppard, the bride's grandmother, wore a handsome gown of black silk, with guipure lace stole, and black and white bonnet, with a touch of mauve. Mrs. Whitt of Buffalo, an aunt of the bride, was in a lovely gown of white silk mull, over pale pink taffeta, with white French chip hat, wreathed with roses, in pastel shades, and banked at the back with ribbons of the same shade; Mrs. Mitchell of Port Hope, mauve organdie and lace; Mrs. Guss of Buffalo, heliotrope silk; Mrs. Babcock, Peterboro, black jet gown. Some of the out-of-town people present were: Mrs. Naftel and Dr. Naftel of Goderich, Mr. Lloyd of Cordella, Ga., Mr. B. Mitchell, Miss May Mitchell of Port Hope. After a reception at 62 Charles-street, the home of the bride's parents, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Naftel left on the 5.20 train for a trip to the Eastern States. The going-away gown of the bride was a tailored suit of navy basket cloth, trimmed with Persian braid, the coat opening over lace blouse, and with a white and black hat.

* * *

The ball given by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Grey at the Citadel, Quebec, was a brilliant functions. The ladies of Quebec are justly celebrated for their beauty and wit, and the dresses worn were very handsome The state quadrille, which opened the ball, was danced by his excellency with Lady Jette, Lady Grey and Sir Louis Jette, Chief Justice Routhier with Lady Evelyn Grey, Sir Louis Cassault and Madame Routhier, Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux and Lady Cassault, Hon. Senator Choquette and Madame Lemieux, Hon. S. N. Parent and Miss Jette, Col. Wilson and Madame Parent. The decorations were exceedingly well done, and supper was served at midnight, after which dancing was resumed. The vice-regal party were the most considerate of hosts, whose kindness and hospitality will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be invited.

* * *

A great many people called upon Donald Mackay on Thursday afternoon to offer congratulations on his ninetieth birthday. He is a well-known figure in Toronto and carries his years lightly.

* * *

All the colleges and schools for girls have been enjoying a gay and busy week, closing exercises having been the rule. What a different thing "school" is made nowadays to what it was in our grandmothers' time. Knowledge was then acquired with pain and difficulty, backboards and blackboards were things of terror. Now, beginning with kindergarten for the little ones, the pupils are led on by imperceptible degrees thru the flowery paths of literature, art and music, every step being fraught with interest and pleasure that the days of learning are looked back upon with delight all the rest of their lives. Mrs. Dickson, who reigns with such graceful dignity over St. Margaret's College, invited a great many friends of her own and her pupils on Thursday evening to listen to a well-selected program of instrumental and vocal music given by past and present graduates. The house was profusely decorated with flowers and foliage, and the garden alight with Chinese lanterns, was a delightful place to stroll in.

* * *

On Wednesday, June 7, at the Church of the Advent, Westmount, Miss Muriel Ethelwyn Drake, granddaughter of the late Judge Wilson, Simcoe, was married to Harry Van Norman Duggan, son of the late Frederick Duggan, Toronto. The wedding was very quiet, only the immediate relatives on both sides being present. Rev. Mr. Bruce performed the ceremony, and the church was prettily decorated with flowers and foliage. The bride was attired in white crepe de chine, trimmed with silk embroidered net, the tulle veil fastened by lilies of the valley, and she carried a sheaf of white roses. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Dunham Molson, gave her away. Her sister, Miss Drake, was bridesmaid and wore a costume of pale blue crepe de soie with net applique, and her hat was white chiffon and forget-me-nots. Little Miss Louisa Molson was flower girl in a frock of white silk and wore a poke bonnet. Her basket was filled with peonies. J. Kippen was best man and H. J. Pratt, A. Chapman, W. Duncan and F. E. Barbour were the ushers. Mrs. Molson, the bride's sister, wore pale green over white silk, with medallions of white lace, and white hat with pink roses. Mrs. Duggan, mother of the groom, was in black grenadine over silk with some old lace and noends of burnt orange velvet, and her hat was of ecru tulle and deep yellow roses. Mrs. Dunham Molson held a reception after the ceremony at her house in St. Matthew-street, the house being gay with many-scented blossoms. On returning from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan will spend the summer at Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis, after which they will live in Montreal. The bride received numerous and handsome presents from across the Atlantic and the United States, as well as from friends and relatives in Toronto.

* * *

Mrs. W. R. Brock gave a garden party on Friday afternoon in the grounds of her charming residence in the park, where the many guests enjoyed to the full the freshness of the atmosphere, so delightful after the close heat of the last few days. Seats were placed under the trees, and little tables, from which the guests could partake in comfort of the ices and other cometsibles, conveyed from the long table placed at the end of the garden, all abloom with glowing blossoms. One wonders why more lawn parties are not given in Toronto where most of the residences have such beautiful lawns. England is the home par excellence of garden parties, and the climate there is of a much more uncertain quality than here.

* * *

Sailing on the Virginian, Kensington and Etruria from New York Saturday were: Miss Brown, Miss Jessop, Miss Jones of Toronto; Dr. Reid and wife of Bowmanville, Mrs. W. Leigh Mallory, W. E. Caldecott, Miss Ada Scott, Miss M. Scott, Mrs. J. H. Boulter, J. D. Freeman, A. F. Kempton, Miss Imer, Miss G. McIntosh, Miss M. McIntosh.

* * *

Sebastian H. Burnett, vocal instructor, leaves for the coast on Monday, where he will pass his vacation. He proposes to give recitals in Seattle, Aberdeen and Chehalis, Wash., also one at Portland, Ore.

* * *

Mrs. C. Flanagan of Parkdale and her son, Edward, sailed on June 23, by SS. Virginian, for England, where they will spend the next two months.

* * *

Miss Isabelle Meads of Duluth, Minn., is the guest of Mrs. L. S. Humes, 86 Concord-avenue.

* * *

Miss Clara P. Telfer, after a successful year at the Conservatory of Music, left for her home at Collingwood, where she will spend the summer months. Numerous friends who accompanied her to the station, wished her a most enjoyable vacation and a speedy return to their "milieu."

* * *

Aemilius Jarvis and his two sons left on Saturday afternoon for the Pacific coast, where Mr. Jarvis goes to inspect the fisheries of the B. C. Packers' Association, of which he is the vice-president. The canneries extend from the Fraser River north to Alaska, being situated at the mouths of the rivers.

BEHIND A FOUR-IN-HAND.

The rattle of the swingle-bars,
The clink of metal clear,
The rhythm of the hoof-beats fall
As music on the ear.
And pleasant to the brow the breeze
That comes o'er scented lands,
And grateful to the touch the reins
A shiver in the hands.

I ease their heads at peep o' dawn,
When night, just as a flirt,
Withdraws her sombre robe to show
Her brighter underskirt;
And ere she quite has changed her garb
Of spangled black for blue
We reach the 12-mile break, and with
A whip-crack clatter thru.

And here we gain the old coach road
That hugs the river's sweep,
Where stately red-gums rear their heads
And serious myalls weep.
And thru the grasses, axle-high,
That storm the beaten track
We rip, with humming spoke and tire,
And fling their columns back.

And now the sun, as having slept
Behind the black belar,
Just peeps, as tho to choose his way,
And, peeping, throws afar
A glorious stream of rosy light—
A wondrous ray that mints
On all, from earth to highest branch,
A thousand golden tints.

The cockatoos from lofty heights
Give warning screech and fly;
A camp of ewes and lambs disperse
As we go rattling by;
For just a space, each timid bird
That lines our way along
Withholds its note, but as we pass
Breaks forth afresh in song.

So on we speed by scrub and plain
Where shine and shadows quiver,
Now skirting round the still lagoon,
Now racing with the river.
'Tis 40 miles in four short hours,
With still fast falling hoofs,
And lo! before us spreads the patch
Of sunlit township roofs.

—Louis M.

Prof. Davis in Columbus, Ohio.

Prof. J. F. Davis of 102 Wilton-avenue has just returned from Columbus, O., where he has been attending the annual convention of the American National Association of Masters of Dancing, of which he has been a member since 1888. The professor is brimful of the very latest ideas relative to the art terpsichore. Two new dances for the salon, or social dancing, were exemplified, and accepted by the members of the association, and will be taught to the pupils of the various teachers during the coming winter season. They are the "Promenade Gavotte" and "Euno." The latter dance is by the professor himself, a very pretty combination of the polka order, suitable for either adult or juvenile. At the convention he was scheduled to lecture upon the "Use and Abuse of the Waltz," a very pertinent question nowadays, and one which deserves something more than a passing notice. It is a curious fact that at least two-thirds of the dancers of the present day are dancing what is known in the City of New York as the "mongrel monstrosity," a dance composed of the identical steps of the two-step danced to the time of a waltz, and which is no more to be compared to the delightful glide waltz than chalk is to cheese.

At the convention the members, one and all, decided to use every means in their power to revive the waltz and to place it where it legitimately belongs, namely, at the very top pinnacle of refined, graceful, rhythmical, artistic, polite social dancing.

The Golf Season in Full Swing.

Golf is now the order of the day. After swinging a golf club for a few rounds, nothing is more invigorating than a good bottle of sparkling Radnor water, with your favorite rye or Scotch. Always insist on having Radnor if you wish your brassey to be sure.

And Roosevelt Died Happy.

New York American.

The navy of the United States equalled the combined fleets of all the other powers.

The Monroe Doctrine had been extended until it applied to Asia, Africa, Australia, Mars and Long Island.

Not a bear was left in Colorado.

Every citizen over 25 had a family of six.

Theodore Roosevelt feebly turned toward Jacob Riis. "You can finish my biography, Jake," he faintly murmured, "by saying that I died happy."

Still Another System.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Automobilist (recovering from injury)—Isn't that a pretty stiff bill, doctor?

Surgeon—You don't suppose I'm going to let the repair men do all the getting rich out of this business, do you?

JUNE WEDDINGS!

We Make a Specialty of Wedding Trousseaus.

Our materials, Laces and Robes are **Direct Importations,** confined to us and made specially for our trade. Our models are entirely exclusive and come to us direct from the seat of fashion, which, together with our own designs, enables us to produce garments and millinery which are the essence of style and which cannot be duplicated.

BRAYLEY & CO.,
MILLINERS AND COSTUMIERS,
460 SPADINA AVENUE.
Phone Main 2473.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

During the past week the soldiers have been in control of social affairs at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Afternoon teas and at homes have made the camp very pleasant for the friends and wives of the officers. The most brilliant social event of the camp, however, took place in the Queen's Royal casino on Wednesday evening. The military ball brought many of the society people of the province and a goodly number from Buffalo and other neighboring places to Niagara. To a stranger, over half of the 300 people in attendance appeared to be in fancy dress. The conventional black was lost among the brilliant uniforms. The effect of the scarlet uniforms, leading the ladies in black evening dress, was very striking. The cavalry with their black uniforms elaborately trimmed with white broadcloth and white braid, were favorites, in spite of their spurs. Here and there among the throng could be seen the smart khaki-colored uniforms of the guides, with their dashes of scarlet trimmings. The new uniforms, tartans and kilts, of the 91st Highanders were admired. The officers from Fort Niagara produced enviable comment, some in the white suits of the Philippine service, others in their full dress frocks trimmed in gold and fastened with a gold belt. The ladies appeared in exceptionally beautiful soft fluffy attire.

* * *

Many of those in attendance at the military ball arrived at the Queen's Royal on Tuesday, in time to hear the song recital by Miss Mabel Beatrice Beddo, mezzo contralto, of Toronto, assisted by Miss Grace Merry, reader. Miss Beddoe's superior training appeared in the beautiful simplicity of the selections, as well as the perfect control of her voice. Miss Merry was exceptionally taking in her Scotch and negro dialect readings. Miss Beddoe has already spent several years in Boston, New York and Chicago, in study and church work, and in September she goes to Germany for two years' study.

* * *

In return for the courtesy of the Queen's Royal, in tendering the military ball on Wednesday night, the guests of the hotel were invited to attend the military tattoo at Niagara camp on Wednesday evening. Special arrangements were made for their comfort in the front ranks of spectators.

* * *

An inspection committee from the Canadian Bowling Association visited the Queen's Royal rinks on Thursday, preparatory to the annual championship games, which are to be held here on July 11. The committee consisted of President George R. Hargraft, Secretary M. McCulloch, C. Sivaby, A. Wheeler, J. McCabe, J. B. McKay and T. Hastings. They found the grass exceptionally good, and pronounced the ground to be in better condition for this time of the year than ever before. The grounds will be continually worked and played upon, so that they will be in perfect condition for the tournament on July 11. Already entries are coming to the president, and it is expected that between 200 and 300 bowlers from all over the province will attend. It is hoped that championship teams from Montreal and from London will enter the competition.

* * *

Miss Olive Cowley of St. Thomas is the guest of Mrs. McDermott. Mrs. F. Cowley is also here.

* * *

Mrs. Dr. Morson of Toronto is visiting the Misses Bevan.

* * *

Miss Mabel Squarrie of Toronto is spending some time in town.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rischman of Buffalo were here visiting Miss Cumpson.

* * *

Rev. E. R. James, rector at Alliston, Ont., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chapman, here.

* * *

Miss Jessie Campbell of Toronto came over the lake to visit her mother, Mrs. Oliver Taylor.

* * *

Mrs. E. W. Syer has as her guest Mrs. Syddam of Toronto.

* * *

Miss Hutty of Toronto is a summer visitor to Old Niagara.

* * *

Jack Ryan of St. Thomas is the guest of Mrs. W. J. Logan.

* * *

Miss Anderson of Bridgeburg is visiting Mrs. Dr. H. L. Anderson.

* * *

Mrs. W. E. Ball had as a guest this week James Patterson of Buffalo.

* * *

Miss Lulu McClelland of Toronto was visiting her uncle, Charles Addison, this week.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander Davidson of Newmarket has been visiting Mrs. W. H. Harrison.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas Holohan of Toronto spent part of this week here.

* * *

Mrs. Wm. Lurk and Miss Grace Briggs of Toronto are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Briggs.

* * *

Miss Laura Duncan has returned from Cannington.

* * *

Miss May Secord and the Misses Annie, Lizzie and Marion Long of Toronto, are visiting here this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pafford of Toronto spent a few days with Henry Pafford.

* * *

Miss Roe is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Holcroft at Havelock.

* * *

Miss Mary Bissell of East Aurora, N.Y., was a guest at the rectory.

* * *

A garage for the convenience of visitors with autos has been provided at the Queen's Royal.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lowie Young of Rochester have arrived, and opened their pretty home, Minerva Cottage.

* * *

Miss Sandham of Toronto was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. George Goff.

A STEP UPWARD

By taking one of our savings banks home with you and depositing regularly you are strengthening your financial condition and stimulating the whole family to greater achievements. Just open a savings account for $1 and you can take a bank home with you free of cost.

3 per cent. interest allowed.

THE
Dominion Permanent Loan Co.
12 King Street West, Toronto.

PERSONAL.

WE SEEK SPEEDY MARRIAGE FOR gentleman in Ohio, age 44, fine appearance and good income; confidential dealings assured; state your age and give full particulars. A. J. Miller, Toledo, Ohio.

PRICELESS JEWELS.

Belonging to the Rajahs of India Are the Envy of the World.

Some things there are in this world the potential American dollar cannot buy, and which even the influence of European royalty is powerless to win. Among them are the priceless sets of jewels belonging to the rajahs of India. Many of these princes of the east have sets of jems which represent a value unheard of outside the orient, and beside which the most famous collections of the crowned heads of Europe or of the families of our American millionaires sink into insignificance.

It is not likely that a white man will ever wear these treasures unless they come to him as the spoils of war. It is against the most sacred traditions of the rajahs to part with their family heirlooms. Fabulous prices have been offered them for single jewels or ornaments out of their vast supplies. But gold has no power to tempt them where their jewels are concerned.

The pearls and diamonds belonging to the Rajah of Dholpur rank first among all these costly collections. They form the most valuable set of jewels in existence. One million dollars was offered to the rajah for the single string of large pearls about his neck. The offer was refused. Each of these pearls is said to be absolutely without flaw, of perfect purity and lustre.

Every jewel in the 12 great ropes of pearls hanging down from the neck is worth a small fortune in itself. Those in the four ropes across the left shoulder, tho small in comparison with their companions, are really of good size and great value. Diamonds are interspersed with pearls in the incrustations of the helmet, which is literally covered with gems. It is impossible to even approximate the total value of this wonderful heirloom of the rajahs of Dholpur. It is priceless.

Far less showy, but scarcely inferior in value, is the family inheritance of the Rajah of Gwalior. His is a wealth of emeralds. The three bands of immense stones which, interspersed with numerous smaller ones, form a broad collar over the chest and shoulders, are native cut. Nor will their owner consider the suggestion that they be recut with modern skill and methods. What they might gain in brilliancy by the operation would be more than offset, in his mind, by what they would lose in size. The value of each of the large stones is about $50,000.

The strips of gold embroidery upon the robes of this Indian prince are set with many emeralds of a similar size. The epaulets which hang from the shoulders down over the arms are incrusted with extraordinarily large stones surrounded with pearls.

The collar—or one might almost call it cape—worn by the Rajah of Baroda is a mass of diamonds and various precious stones, combined in rich and wonderful confusion. The color and brilliancy of this ornament can better be imagined than described. The lighter stones are set off by borders of the darker emeralds, those forming a fringe around the lower edge being of immense size and value. Scarcely less beautiful is the tassel of pearls which hangs from the left side or the rajah's turban. Each string in the tassel represents a fortune. In each the pearls have been carefully graded as to size, and each is tipped with a pompon of silk. The cap of jewels which covers the rajah's silk turban is a mass of various gems to match his collar. The edge is formed of diamond pendants.

Five great ropes of pearls, priceless in value, constitute the chief treasure of the Rajah of Nizam. A single pearl from these might well make its owner an object of envy. Among the pearls here and there are strung other gems, the better to display their beauty. After his pearls the rajah prizes most his gold coronet. That in the centre particularly is of great size and beauty.

Particularly odd and effective is the use to which the Rajah of Punnah has put the thousands of pearls gathered by generations of his ancestors. He has used thm to embroider his robes of state. Over the shoulders, down the sleeves and around the edges of the robe the pearls have been woven with silk and gold into beautiful and intricate designs.—Detroit Tribune.

An Ape Wears Spectacles.

An ape of the Breslau Zoological gardens has been successfully operated on for cataract, and is the first of her kind to wear spectacles.

At Canada's Summer Resorts

St. Catharines, June 24.—(Special.)—The yacht Canada, owned by G. Cox of Toronto, visited Port Dalhousie this week.

* * *

Miss Margaret McKane has gone to Toronto for a visit.

* * *

Mrs. (Ald.) J. N. Walker has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Albany, N.Y.

* * *

Dr. Roche, M.P. for Marquette, Man., visited Mr. Lancaster, M.P., this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McCallum of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. J. G. Moore, Church-street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Horrocks of Toronto returned home from a visit to Mrs Horrocks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eckhardt. While here Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks had the misfortune of losing their little baby boy, their only child.

* * *

Miss May Banfield, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. S. Campbell, has started for her home in Vancouver.

* * *

Mrs. H. H. Cloy of Porto Rico is visiting relatives in Thorold.

* * *

Mrs. John O'Donnell of East Toronto, was in Thorold this week.

* * *

Mrs. W. Morgan has returned home to Toronto, after a visit to her parents in Thorold, Mr. and Mrs. George Gray.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Boomer and son have arrived in Port Dalhousie to spend the summer.

* * *

Mrs. N. T. Perry, entertained the St. Catharines Golf Club at tea Wednesday afternoon.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Battle, Thorold, have gone to Ashville, N.C., for a visit.

* * *

Mrs. A. S. Vogt of Toronto has been staying at the Welland this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Northcote of Toronto were guests at the Welland House this week.

* * *

Miss Maud Grenville of Thorold has returned from a pleasant visit to Toronto.

* * *

Mrs. W. J. Macartney and Miss Eynon have returned home to Thorold from Canton, Ohio.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, the noted artist of New York, is spending a week with friends here.

* * *

Among the numerous guests at the Welland during the past week were: Mrs. F. A. Leach, Toronto; Mrs. J. Caldwell and Mrs. C. Bogart, Belleville; Mr. and Mrs. F. U. Ham of Williamstown, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lund, London; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Montreal; Mrs. Graham Drinkwater, Toronto, and J. J. Kearns, Peterboro.

* * *

Miss Frances McIntyre of Sioux City, Iowa, is the guest of Miss Ivy, Southcott.

* * *

Mrs. A. F. Hawke and daughter of Grimsby have gone to Muskoka for the summer.

* * *

Miss May Simpson of Brighton is visiting in Thorold.

* * *

Mrs. Herbert A. Eckhardt has returned from a month's visit to her home in Chatham.

* * *

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Cameron and children of Brush, Col., are here to visit relatives. They are at present the guests of Mrs. Cameron's mother, Mrs. John McCalla.

Niagara Falls, Ont., June 24.—(Special.)—On Wednesday evening Miss Jardine Thompson of Toronto who, with her mother is spending some weeks here, sang several solos at the concert given by the Drummond Hill Presbyterian choir in the Lundy's Lane rifle corps hall.

* * *

Mrs. William Morgan and family of East Ham, Eng., have joined Mr. Morgan here.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. Stuart, River Road, has returned from a visit to relatives in Hamilton.

* * *

A rattlesnake over five feet in length was killed in the Glen a day or two ago. It had 13 rattles.

* * *

Mrs. Ernest Cruikshanks and Miss Graham of Buffalo visited Niagara camp Sunday.

* * *

Miss Blanche Carter has successfully passed her examinations on the violin at the Royal Academy of Music, Montreal.

* * *

Recently a sturgeon measuring seven feet in length and weighing 285 pounds, was captured in Bass Eddy, near the Ontario Power Company's power house, by some of the workmen. The fish had evidently come over the Horseshoe Falls, for it appeared to be stunned and was easily captured.

* * *

Mrs. Howard J. Cummings of Montreal is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. F. Carter.

* * *

John Moffatt of Chicago, who is 80 years of age and perhaps the oldest Shriner attending the conclave across the river, spent a few days with Alfred Burrows of the International Railway Co.

* * *

Mrs. Glasgow has returned home from Alma College, St. Thomas, accompanied by Miss Irene May of Muskoka; Miss Eliza Bailey of Calgary, Misses Alma and Margaret Hughes of Brandon, and Miss Cornell of Pleasant Forks, Alberta, who will spend some time with her.

WANT TO KEEP THE CAMP PETITION TO GOVERNMENT

Soldiers, Citizens and Visitors Do Not Take Kindly to Deserting Old Niagara.

The Town of Niagara is feeling pretty bad about the proposal to transfer the scene of the divisional camp. The men who have been camping at Niagara for years also like the place, and they do not take kindly to the mooted change. It has practically been settled that the next big camp will be held elsewhere, but the following petition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Dominion cabinet has been very largely signed during the past couple of days by citizens of the town, visitors to the camp and the soldiers who have been under canvas for the past two weeks:

"Having heard with feelings of regret that it is the intention of the Dominion government to sell or dispose of the lands known as the military reserve, which have been so long used for military training and camp purposes by the volunteer forces of the Province of Ontario, we most respectfully state, that these grounds have become endeared to us and many of the citizens of Canada, both historically and within the memory of some, and much more so when the great events which occurred here during the past one hundred years are recalled.

"Here the soil has been reddened and made sacred with the life-blood of these brave men who so nobly fought to repel the invader and preserve the unity of the empire, all for Britain's glory. At Navy Hall the naval commanders of the lake fleet had their headquarters as early as 1787. Here was instituted and begun the first government for Upper Canada under that most trusted and worthy public servant of the crown, John Graves Simcoe, as governor. On this very spot the immortal General Brock erected fortifications and rushed forward but a few miles to meet the enemy and a brave soldier's death, and his body lay here for twelve years. Brave Vincent with a small force defended Fort George, and around this military ground a cordon of British soldiers was formed, who successfully shut in and blockaded a large force of the enemy for months, and the bodies of many of these brave men lie buried here. For these and other reasons, we feel that it would be almost a desecration to dispose of or part with these sacred grounds.

"During the past thirty years this spot has been the camping ground for the volunteer youth and militia of our country, where they have learned and acquired the art of war which has enabled many of our brave soldiers of Canada to fight with valor, even unto death, on the veldt of South Africa with pride and distinction for the honor of Canada and the great empire, of which we are so proud to form a part.

"We would therefore most humbly pray that these plans may be retained and maintained as they are, and that the forts and historic grounds be preserved for coming generations, and that the annual camps of training be continued to be held here."

COL. MUNDY'S BIG SHOWS IN TORONTO THIS WEEK

Under Elk Auspices—Six Days of Solid Enjoyment Assured at Harbor Square.

The coming to Toronto for one big week of carnival of the Great Mundy Shows under the auspices of the Elks and for the benefit of Toronto's Sick Children Hospital, is sure to be an event of more than passing moment. The Great Mundy Shows stand alone as purveyors of all that is good, clean and wholesome in entertainment, and should not be confused with any so-called carnival organization. The Mundy aggregation consists of more attractions, of a diversified nature, ever attempted. They are thrice larger than any other carnival company and for that reason do not attempt to give any street fairs. When it is stated that they are to occupy the large exhibition grounds at Harbor Park, it will be readily seen that the Mundy Shows are of magnitude. There are many original and novel attractions to be seen, some that are not to be found, even with the biggest of circuses.

A special feature of the Mundy Jungle Paradise, the largest and most complete of any in the world, is an act seen for the first time in this city, that of the riding lion Duke, which rides the beautiful equestrian horse beauty. It is presented by Herr Popescu, who for many years was the chief animal trainer at the Hippodrome in St. Petersburg. Among the other notable features are such acts as Senorita Anita, who introduces a series of dazzling dances in a cage with four handsome lions; Mlle. Van Gorder, who puts a group of lions, tigers, pumas and panthers thru a number of intricate stunts; Capt. Crawford, the most daring of animal subjugators, who will introduce his famous group of five beautiful lions; Master De Balestrea has one of the most unique and pleasing acts in the introduction of his trained bears, which finish the performance by shooting the chutes.

To enumerate all the good things to be seen would take up too much space, suffice to say that all the shows are clean and moral, not the slightest suggestive act, an entertainment that you can take your mother, wife, sweetheart or sister, and feel assured that they will not see or hear anything that will cause them any embarrassment. This is something that Col. Mundy takes great pride in.

The reign of the carnival of fun frolic and pleasing amusement will be for one week, beginning on Monday evening, June 26, there being two shows daily after the opening performance.

DON'T TIRE EASILY

when you eat

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason."

Taking Off Time.

CANTO I.
Whene'er
You meet,

CANTO II.
Upon
The street,

CANTO III.
A friend
Who blows

CANTO IV.
A ripe
Red nose,

CANTO V.
And shakes
The trees

CANTO VI.
With groan
And sneeze,

CANTO VII.
Don't laugh
Or scoff,

CANTO VIII.
He took
'Em off.
—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Personal.

Senator Proctor of Vermont is fast becoming one of the largest real estate holders in Washington.

The mother of Charles J. Bonaparte, the next secretary of the navy, was a Miss Williams of Roxbury, Mass.

Franklin Thomasson, descendent of John Bright, is soon to start a daily paper to be called The Tribune in London to represent the Liberal party.

Ex-Gov. Longino of Mississippi, one of the most conservative of cotton experts, predicts that the present season will show the greatest cotton famine on history.

Rev. Dr. Lewis Fisher of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N.Y., has been unanimously elected president of Lombard College, at Galesburg, Ill. He has accepted.

Orlando Dalton of Banbury, N.H., has among his library of old books one volume published 266 years ago entitled "The Mirror Which Flatters Not," written by Sieur de la Serre.

"Money talks."
"Especially when spent in drinks."

BURNS OUT BIG GUNS.

Smokeless Powder Raises Steel Bore to a White Heat.

A serious trouble that confronts the modern artillerists is the tendency of the smokeless powders that are now exclusively used to burn out the interior lining of the guns, particularly near the powder chamber. The powder itself is the cause of more or less anxiety because of its chemical instability. The erosion or burning out of the interior tube of the gun, which is in immediate contact with the powder gases, is due to the high pressure and intense heat of the gases.

At the instant a charge is fired a great volume of gas is generated, and, being confined in the powder chamber by the projectile, its pressure rises to an enormous amount, which, in the case of the service charges in the United States guns, is as high as 17 tons to the square inch.

This is accompanied by a proportionate rise in the temperature of the gases. If it were possible to look into the powder chamber at the instant of discharge it would be found to be at a dazzling white heat. As the projectile begins to move down the bore of the gun these white heat gases rush out of the powder chamber, and as they stream from the larger chamber into the smaller bore they literally melt the hardened steel surface of the bore, the process being probably assisted by some chemical reaction not yet thoroly understood.

The gases, under the enormous pressure, quickly find out the very smallest way of escape past the base of the shell, and they stream at an enormous velocity and still at a white heat thru any such slight opening, and melt the hard steel of the guns, just as a stream of steam or hot water could cut its way thru a block of ice.

British artillerists have had great trouble from erosion because of the quality of powder which they use. The powder is known as cordite, and the erosion is the price which the British pay for certain desirable qualities, which are absent from other powders that do not cause so much erosion. Cordite consists of 58 parts of nitro-glycerine, 37 parts of gun cotton and five parts of vaseline, and it is responsible for the serious eroding effects. Bulk for bulk, the English powder is much more powerful than the United States navy powder.—Chicago Chronicle.

She always darned her hose with silk—
The holes were quite extensive—
The price of silk was very high,
Which made them darned expensive.

Vacation Clothes

Vacation time makes even more strenuous demands on a Boy's Clothes than school days. The boy shouldn't be hampered by clothes that he has to take too good care of in order to keep them looking well.

Here are some sturdy, substantial Suits that will give good service for rough-and-tumble wear during the long vacation and keep their looks as well.

See how low they are priced.

$3, $4, $5 or $6.50.

Turn Your Boy Over to Us

We'll put him in splendid shape to enjoy his outing.

Suits, Blouses, Shirts, Shirt Waists, Ties, etc., etc. Everything he will need is here, and all moderately priced.

OAK HALL

—CLOTHIERS—

115 King St. East, "Right opposite the Chimes."
J. COOMBES, Manager.

QUARANTINED FOR SMALLPOX.

Ten Soldiers From Soo Will Do No Drilling.

Ottawa, June 24.—On a wire from Dr. Hodgetts, Toronto provincial health officer, ten men of the 97th Regiment at camp at Rockliffe, were sent to Porter's Island to-day.

It seems two members of the Soo Company were exposed to smallpox contagion before coming to camp, and they and all associated with them had to be isolated.

The men are perfectly healthy and show no signs of the disease.

A Costly Desk.

A desk from the Metternich art collection at Koenigswart (Bohemia) has been sold for £40,000. The desk is of rosewood and gold, and is one of the choicest masterpieces of French artistic craft of the eighteenth century. It was made a present by Napoleon I. to Prince Metternich. It was originally given to the Duc de Choiseul by Louis Quinze. Princess Pauline Metternich declared to an interviewer that £80,000 were offered for the desk during the lifetime of her husband, the late ambassador in Paris. The desk is said to have been bought by a Paris museum.—London Chronicle.

Little Fred to Nurse: You're a ripping kisser.

His Mother (reprovingly): You should not say that to nurse, dear; it is slang.

"But papa does."

"I don't think he will, Freddie, after I have spoken to him about it."

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

"Do you think he is a lunatic?"

"It's possible, or he might be a genius or a magazine poet."

The Mrs.: You can say what you like about the depth of man's mind; one thing you can't deny, that women have far cleaner minds than men.

The Boss: Naturally, dear. They change them so often.

Mrs. Query: How does your husband get on with his jiu-jitsu lessons?

Mrs. Pancake: He thinks they are splendid. He was able to knock out the man who called to collect the money for his lessons for them.

Motherly Countess: Constance, dear, you really should treat Mr. Nuggett better than you do. He is a diamond in the rough.

Lady Constance: That is my excuse for cutting him.

The heiress and the count were sitting out the dance in the conservatory. He had been to the races that day, and was paying her much attention, so much so that it had been remarked by nearly all present.

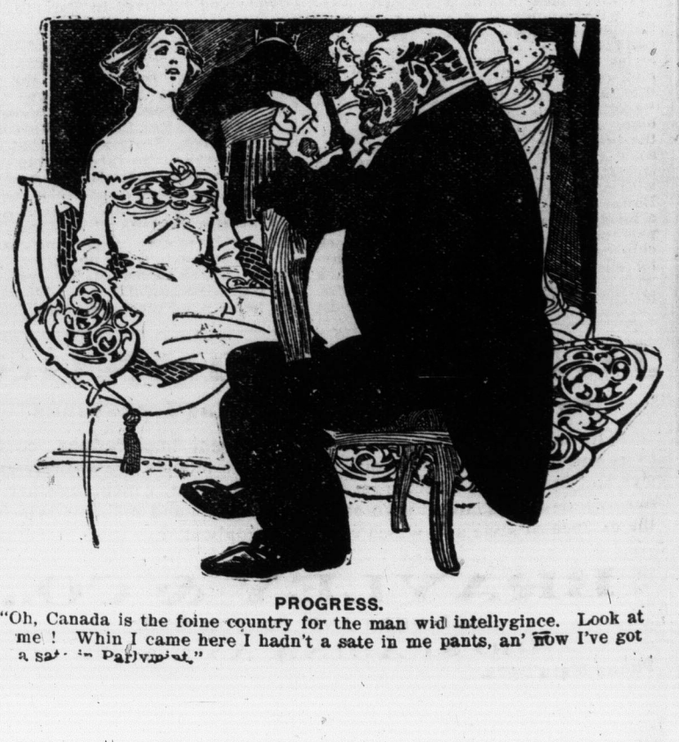
The Heiress (plain, but rich): Tell me, Count, what is your idea of a man of honor?

The Count: Vell, it is von who vill pay his vine bill and debts or honor, even if he has to marry in order to get ze money.

Removing His Doubts.

The Employer (decisively): John, you are drunk!

The Man: Thank you, shir, kindly, for shettin' my mind at resht. I wash 'fraid 't wash shunstroke.



PROGRESS.

"Oh, Canada is the foine country for the man wid intellygince. Look at me! Whin I came here I hadn't a sate in me pants, an' now I've got a sate in Parlymint."

Vacation Clothes

Vacation time makes even more strenuous demands on a Boy's Clothes than school days. The boy shouldn't be hampered by clothes that he has to take too good care of in order to keep them looking well.

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, $4, $5 or $6.50.

ur Boy Over to Us

in splendid shape to enjoy his

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rything he will need is here, and
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K HALL

—CLOTHIERS——

East, "Right opposite the Chimes."
COOMBES, Manager.

ALLPOX.

Will Do No

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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

"Principles and Methods of Industrial Peace," by A. C. Pigou, is a work that may with confidence be recommended to all who are anxious to understand the conomic truths that muct guide any attempt to settle disputes between workmen and employers. The writing is clear and concise, the reasoning sound and intelligible, while the subject is discussed with a comprehensiveness surprising in so small a volume. The author approaches the question from the deductive rather than from the inductive point of view; he takes for granted the general principles of polotical economy and endeavors to show how they may be applied to the sundry disputes which threaten the continuance of industrial peace. Of actual quarrels he says little, but occasionally uses them as illustrations. But while in the main he is concerned with the economic aspect of the subject he very wisely is not blind to the fact that ethical and social considerations umst be given their due weight.

Bargains between combinations are economically indeterminate; there are many possible settlements; it is for the arbitrator to decide which of these will secure a maximum amount of benefit to those concerned. This is the first question discussed. It might seem that arbitrators should seek to "modify the general distribution of wealth, awarding to poor workpeople higher wages than the trend of economic forces would naturally bring about." But such conduct would, in the autho 's opinion, injure the trade, and so, in the long run, the workpeople themselves. The arbitrator should, therefore, in making his award, confine his attention to consideration of the trade and the labor market. He should, indeed, take into account the possibility that higher wages might make for greater efficiency, but thinks that there is little scope for successful action along these lines.

So far as the better organized trades are concerned, where wages are high, the author is probably right in his contention. But he hardly gives sufficient consideration to the case where wages are so low that they do not afford the laborer the means of bare subsistence. Where such conditions rule, it would seem right for the arbitrator to take his stand on the principle of the moral minimum wage and to decline to make any award that will not reach this standard. If he act otherwise he gives the sanction of his approval to "parasitism," a state of affairs where the trade in question receives a bounty either from the poor law, the work of women and children or actually by the resultant physical degeneration feeding upon the living capital of the nation.

An interesting chapter is devoted to a discussion of whether wages should oscillate automatically, in conformity whether a uniform unchanging system is the better plan. The author is in favor of the former and proves that from an economic point of view this course is the most advantageous for both employed and employer. The question is a complex one and turns on the controversy whether it is better for the trade in general that fewer men should be employed at fixed higher wages or more men at varying lower rates.

The last part of the volume passes in review the peace-promoting machinery. Are there to be arbitration courts appointed by statute; are their decisions to have a binding force upon the parties concerned: is it better to leave the matter to the chance appearance of suitable arbitrators welcome to both sides? All these qestions are discussed fully and with considerable acuteness. As the conclusion of the whole matter, Mr. Pigou thinks that the time has come for parliament to take a forward step. He advocates as a practical measure "some scheme for the coercive reference, at the discretion of a minister, of the differences arising in certain specified industries to a court whose awards should depend on the sanction of informed opinion." To give the validity of a legal decision to the findings of this court would be, in his opinion, further than the country is at present prepared to go; but the fact that such a decision had been arrived at would in the majority of cases be enough to secure its acceptance. There are many other interesting questions that find a place in this valuable volume, which merits the careful study of all who care for the cause of industrial peace.

"Vigorous Daunt," by Ambrose Pratt (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.), is a book that will commend itself to all lovers of romance and active incident. If there is any one fault to be found with the story, it is that it is overladen with stirring events. It is really rather a succession of short stories of adventure on the pattern of Sir Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" more than a continuous narrative, altho the same principal figure is in each. Vigorous Daunt, the hero, is a bilionaire with wonde ful faculties of resource and in the last degree daring. The book is tedious in the beginning with its superabundance of the improbable, but the perseve ing reader will close it after all with a sense of enjoyment in many respects of novelty in adventure and achievement. Many books wind up with a series of deaths, but the author of "Vigorous Daunt" is not satisfied with the killing of many, but he must burn up hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property in reckless manner. If the book has an object apart from interesting its readers, it is to illustrate the fact that supreme talent is very nearly allied to idiocy. In the closing scene Mr. Daunt's vanity has so overcome him that he is lost entirely to every sense of the ordinary methods of life and establishes himself in a gorgeous palace after the manner that some financial adventurers in England have endeavored to do; hires a multitude of retainers and hero worshippers and has them hail him as "King of Gold." His downfall is sought by a horde of conspirators who have worshipped at his throne and grown fat in so doing, and ultimately, after neglecting the man whom he had honored with his closest friendship in all his dare-devil adventures, he seeks a quarrel with him; but, being humored patches it up and renews the bond of friendship. The author would lead the reader to understand from his final sentences that he has in view a continuation of the adventures of Mr. Daunt, again after the same pattern as Sir Conan Doyle in that wonderful figment of the brain, "Sherlock Holmes." If Mr. Pratt does propose to continue in this way it is to be hoped that he will continue to endeavor to tone down his yarns with just a little mixture of the probable, in which case he can depend upon it that his book will gain in interest rather than lose. "Vigorous Daunt, however, is attractive in more ways than one and especially in showing the wide scope and resourcefulness of Mr. Pratt's imagination. The last sentences are sufficiently typical of the general character of the book to warrant their republication. Here they are:

> His eyes glared at me thru the twilight, shining like coals of fire, and above his head I saw the glow of de Guria's funeral pile already painting the hilltop with a glow of red. I shuddered in my soul; but his pistol confronted me and I knew that my life depended on my answer.
>
> "Nonsense," I said fervently. You mad? You are the sanest, the wisest man on earth."
>
> He laughed a laugh of maniacal vanity, put up his pistol and seizing my hands wrung them violently. "Bless you, Rupert," he cried, "from this moment we are no longer master and servant but friends—friends. Only death shall part us."
>
> It was a prophecy that time and my evil fate fulfilled.

In "The Orchid," by Robert Grant, the pleasant, intelligent, comfortable little community of the Westfield Hunt Club lead the seemingly healthy lives of those sport lovers who are making fashionable a return to nature—a nature composed of well built roads for motoring, smooth acres of turf for golf, picturesque words and pastures for cross-country riders after the hounds and the anise seed bag. But the problems of life have not been shaken off with the soot and glamor of the city, and Lydia Arnold, the most charming and accomplished of the young women of her set, makes her little splash and disturbance in the pool; then the ripples subside; the riled waters clear; and even the most conservative of the frogs renew their piping to the old leadership. Lydia is a beautiful parasitic plant, whose loveliness depends on the effort and saps the strength of others. Considering as necessities the luxuries to which she is accustomed and with which her own means will not supply her, she marries a rich man who adores her and whom she likes well enough to spend his money.

The child of the union, a little girl, adds to the picture of sweet maternity, a pose which it pleases the mother sometimes to adopt; but the arrival on the scene of a man with whom she really falls in love breaks up the tableau. Lydia would have been content with the French plan of a house, "a trois," but her husband whom she has coolly and honorably (?) informed of her passion for another man remarks: "I am an American husband, and tho they have the reputation of being the most accommodating in the world, they draw the line at such an arrangement as you suggest." So has poor Lydia to choose between giving up her penniless lover or going to him and giving up the ease of life which she loves. No, she is a clever woman, she does neither, she simply sells her little girl to the child's father for two millions, gets a divorce, and, after a short, discreet interval, returns to entertain and dance and hunt and golf among her friends of the Westfield Hunt Club. They in turn have accepted the situation as impossible to correct. As Mrs. Cunningham, the last to capitulate, says: "Why should I be stuffy and bite my own nose off? Which goes far to prove, my dears, that the only unpardonable social sin in this country is to lose one's money. Nothing else really counts."

"The advertisement of ignorance is a form of fun in which, we fear, too many English writers are qualified to indulge." This is the cutting comment which The London Athenaeum makes upon the contribution of George Moore, the novelist, to the special Schiller number of a German periodical. Mr. Moore begins his tribute thus: "I have never read a line of Schiller in my life and I do not think I ever shall; nor have I read anything about him or heard him discussed, but it would be rash if any reader should conclude that I have got no opinion about him."

The new novel "Jorn Uhl," by Gustav Frenssen, a German pastor, has aroused much discussion. It has been variously compared, but literary men have been unable to find an English prototype. The book deals with the deep-seated passions and emotions of those who live next to nature. "Jorn Uhl's" effectiveness is marked and its author has become famous in his country as a new voice in literature and almost as a prophet of the Word. His own nation acclaim him, altho his church has looked at him with no friendly eye. Calvinists and the novelist are not natural allies. But as a work of great power "Jorn Uhl" is a cosmopolitan and it might be defined as one of the stirrings of feeling which have lately found expression in the desire for the simple life.

Sir Walter Scott's autograph manuscript, "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," as originally written, ten verses of eight lines each, has just been sold in London. Apparently it had been slightly altered before publication. The printed edition reads, "Come sadd'e my your horses and all up your men," but the manuscript runs, "Come saddle my horses and call up my men," and thruout are other alterations. The song was introduced in the drama, "Doom of Devorgoil," and was written at Christmas, 1825. The manuscript brought $410.

"Miss Bellard's Inspiration," William Dean Howell's last story, is in his usual delightful vein. His great knowledge of human nature, and particularly woman nature, lends everything he writes a certain significance which is not the less impressive because of its subtle humor and delicate satire. In this book he relates an episode in the life of a charming New England girl, who is given to much introspection and psychological analysis and who finds herself very much in love with a young Englishman of a decidedly more simple and direct mental make up than her own.

For a while Lillias is content to love and be loved and to find happiness in the thought of a future to be spent with so congenial a companion. Unfortunately, however, the lovers stay for awhile in the same house with a married pair of that most unhappy of all types, who really loving each other cannot live together in peace because of their peculiar temperaments. Lillias regards this as a warning sent to her from heaven and after several days spent in comparisons, analyses and arguments, during which her lover is unable to follow her nimble mental processes, she comes to the sad conclusion that they love each other too much to marry and that happiness in marriage must rest upon something less emotional than love.

This conclusion of his love affair naturally makes her lover very miserable. Lillias is very unhappy over it herself and she leaves the uncle and aunt, with whom she has been staying, greatly disappointed at her decision.

After a few weeks, however, the aunt receives a long and rather incoherent letter from Lillias, in which she tries to explain by what mental evolution she has been brought to change her mind and which contains this delightful confession: "I promised him I would think about it, and before morning I had a perfect inspiration. My inspiration was, that where I was so helpless to reason it out for myself, I ought to leave it altogether to him, and that is why we are going to be married in the spring."

Clement Shorter tells the story of a coincidence which is not, to be sure, a new one: "The other day I was accosted at my club by one of the most kindly, benevolent of men, but one who, nevertheless, looked, I fancy, upon my profession as one not quite respectable. This excellent clubman seemed to hold me responsible for the fact that he found his name in a serial story running in one of the London dailies. He was the villain of the piece, and his club—our club, I might say—was actually mentioned in the story. I soothed his feeling as well as I could, and explained that I was sure it was a coincidence, altho a very remarkable one. I wrote to the novelist, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, and gathered from him that he did not know my friend, and had never entered this particular club in the west end of London in his life."

A book of much novelty and rare attraction is "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," by Norman Duncan. The Labrador fisherman is a new figure in literature, but he has been living in his forgotten corner of the land and gathering his harvest from the cruel and terrible sea for obscure and uncounted generations. No man, apparently, has cared for his soul or his body, either. But now suddenly these forgotten fishers have found both a helper and interpreter. Folk who have Dr. Grenfell to work and live among them and Norman Duncan to write about them cannot remain obscure and neglected. The world looks their way and begins to understand their plight and makes haste to help them. Not that they need help as far as their spirit and fortitude are concerned. No man can teach the Labrador fishermen on these points. "They seem not to know," says Norman Duncan, "that fishing is a hard or dangerous employment; for instance, a mild-eyed, crooked old fellow—he was a cheerful Methodist, too, and subject to 'glory-fits'—who had fished from one harbor for 60 years, computed for me that he had put out to sea in his punt at least 20,000 times, that he had been frozen to the seat of his punt many times, that he had been swept to sea with the ice-packs six times, that he had weathered six hundred gales, great and small, and that he had been wrecked more times than he could 'just mind' at the moment; yet he was the only man I ever met who seemed honestly to wish that he might live his life over again!" It is not their courage, but their conditions that need improvement. "'As a permanent abode of civilized man,' it is written in a very learned if somewhat old-fashioned work, 'Labrador is, on the whole, one of the most uninviting spots on the face of the earth.' That is putting it altogether too delicately; there should be no qualification; the place is a brutal desolation. The weather has scoured the coast—a thousand miles of it—as clean as an old bone; it is utterly sterile, save for a tuft or two of hardy grass and wide patches of crisp moss; bare gray rocks, low in the south, towering and craggy in the north, everywhere blasted by frost, lie in billowy hills between the froth and clammy mist of the sea and the starved forest at the edge of the inland wilderness. *** It is an evil fate to be born there. The saving circumstance is the very isolation of the dwelling place—no man knows, no man really knows, that elsewhere the earth is kinder to her children and fairer far than the wind-swept, barren coast to which he is used. They live content, bearing many children, in inclemency, in squalor, and, from time to time, in uttermost poverty—such poverty as clothes a child in a trouser-leg and feeds babies and strong men alike on nothing but flour and water. They were born there; that is where they came from; that is why they live there."

Four thousand of the "liveyeres," whose name explains itself ("Oh, ay, zur, I lives yere!"), dwell along the coast from the Strait of Belle Isle to Cape Chidley. Twenty-five thousands more fisherfolk from Newfoundland sail the Labrador seas in the fishing season, and camp in "tilts" or mud huts in the best localities they can find for these summer settlements. Not only the men and boys come thus, crowded incredibly upon the fishing boats, but the women and children as well, carrying food, furniture, bedding, household utensils and all necessary gear for the season. Some of the men stay by the rude temporary "stations," and these are called "stationers." They go out fishing near the shore, as the "liveyeres" also do. The rest sail out to the fishing banks, farther north, and are the "green-fish catchers." The "liveyeres" are cut off from the world all the year round; the rest leave the world behind when they come up to Labrador. Civilization does nothing for them but to buy their fish, if they happen to get any. If the fish do not run well, famine, bitter and ghastly, must inevitably be their portion. There is no harvest possible, except from the sea.

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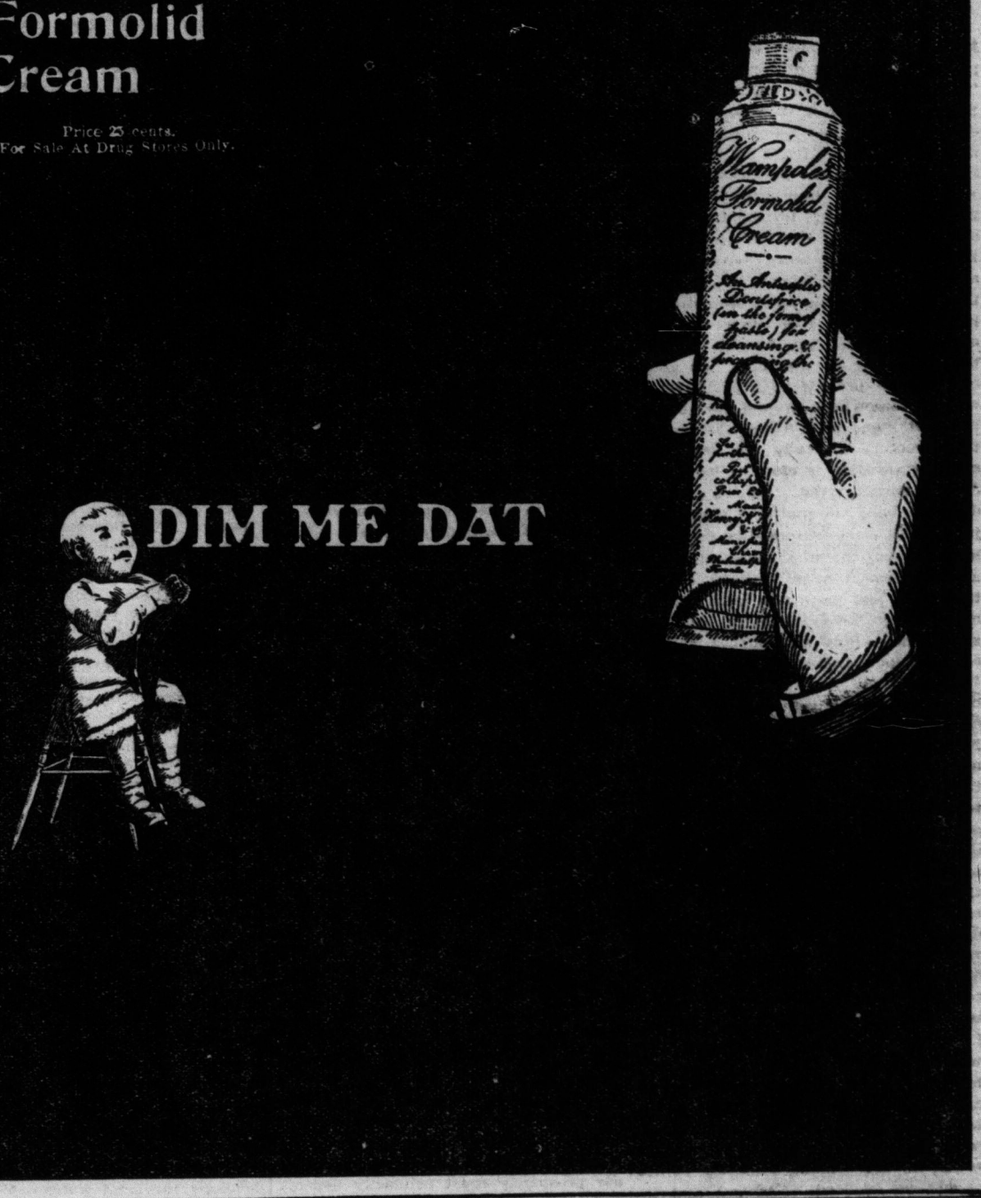

DIM ME DAT

Strange Methods of Swindling.

Swindlers in many parts of Germany are taking advantage of the approaching marriage of the crown prince to make "collections" for the alleged purpose of buying presents for the young couple.

Locomotive's Good Record,

A locomotive owned and operated by the London and Northwestern since 1882 had, up to 1902, made 2,000,000 working miles. The time out of service for repairs averaged 12 per cent. of the working time credited the locomotive.

Turtle's Slow Growth.

In May, 1891, William Kryder found a turtle in the woods, and on the shell he carved his name and the date. Five years ago, in the same woods, he found the same turtle, and Saturday he again ran across it.

Apparently it had not increased in size since first discovered.—South Bend Cor. Indianapolis News.

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

NO. 83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

AGAIN THAT BIG BUILDING.

As to the putting up of that stock-judging arena that the exhibition people and the board of control are still "talking about," it is difficult to avoid the remark that if it were a private enterprise that had been decided upon as a necessity, or if it were something resolved upon in the Northwest, action would easily by this time have supplanted discussion. But up to the present the board of control, upon whom the responsibility rests, have neither adopted plans nor appointed an architect. Several plans have been drafted by architects on their own account, and good plans, too, but up to date that is as far as the thing has gone, and at the present rate of travel it will be somewhere around 1908 before the first stone is laid and 1910 before the structure is ready for use. The summer vacation is close at hand and July 1 once arrived, and it's but six days off, bang the matter will go for a jump of at least two months, to be followed by two months' more talk, then a postponement to let the new council take hold, and more talk until at last, after many weary days, a job that should not ocupy six months will be entered upon and completed, in order that good old "extras" may have a clear chance to get his work in, in something short of three or four years. Now our suggestion is that plans and an architect be agreed to forthwith, that the government be at once asked to hand over sufficient of the parade ground for the purpose, that the work of excavating be entered upon as soon as that permission is granted, which there is reason to believe will be almost on the instant, and that the foundation stone, or corner stone, be laid with appropriate ceremony during the first week of the approaching exhibition, say, for instance, on press day, which is set for Friday, September 1. One other suggestion we would make, namely, that care be taken to put up the structure on an appropriate scale. The playing of hockey is not the only purpose, as some eminently worthy people appear to think, for which such an edifice should be adapted. National and international conventions that sometimes run in numbers in attendance to twenty and thirty thousand are far more remunerative from a city point of view. Affairs that will bring shoals of people to town are most to be desired, and the proposed building to be profitable must be erected on a commensurate scale. A structure that will seat 6500 and accommodate 3500 more when the arena is not needed might do for to-day. But there is a future, and the bigger we build and devise now the bigger we shall be then. What if there were room for two hockey matches to be played in the building at the one time? Would anybody be seriously hurt? If the seats are made portable and in interjecting sections, the structure can hardly be made too large. The greater the accommodation the better the chance of our getting the big things that are going, and it is the large and not the small that will make Toronto one of the cities of the continent and confer lasting benefit upon Canada. But whatever is to be done, let us be quick about it.

TOGO AND WHAT HIS CONQUEST MEANS.

Port Arthur was the stake for which Russia and Japan contended, and the undisputed control of the sea by Japan is decisive of the result in her favor. Russia has lost all save honor, and it would almost seem as if there were nothing left for her to do but to buy peace on the best terms the victor will sell it; but she hesitates. That she will have to pay a large indemnity is certain. It is the fortune of war—the right of the victor to demand; the duty of the vanquished to pay. Russia's fortunes were embarked with Rojestvensky's fleet and Linevitch's army. There would seem to be nothing for her but to submit to the inevitable, however unpleasant that may be. Should she elect to continue the war there is infinitely more danger of disintegration than there is hope for victory.

It will be a long time before the western world ceases to be amazed at the prowess shown by Japan in this tremendous conflict. She is a world power and one of the strongest. We must go back to the men of whom Plutarch wrote to match her heroes. The Spartans were not more patriotic, and the story of all Greece has no parallel to the siege of Port Arthur. Practically Europeanly speaking it was an impregnable fortress taken by assault. There was nothing half so desperate at Thermopylae as that which the Japanese daily performed for a period covering several months.

Ship for ship, gun for gun, man for man, no navy of the world surpasses Togo's fleet, and it is extremely doubtful if any other navy can furnish its equal as a fighting force, numbers, tonnage and weight of metal being equal. As a sailor, Togo ranks with the most skilful in the annals of the sea, and as a hero he has no superior in all history. His crew is what such a commander made it.

It may be remarked that the nation that ventures a war with this new world's power must have enormous capacity to withstand punishment. None other has any business to undertake it. It is possible that there are nations that can overcome Japan in the desperate game of war, but it would be at a frightful loss of blood and treasure, and it will be a reckless government that shall enter upon a conflict with her without a just cause and the completest preparation.

AN EXAMPLE IN AGRICULTURE.

Some interesting and instructive facts relative to intelligent agriculture in Germany, submitted to the authorities by U. S. Consul General Mason, ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed, even in Canada. Mr. Mason shows that the German government has achieved remarkable results in agriculture during the past 30 years, notwithstanding a cloudy, unfavorable climate, and a naturally poor soil, impoverished by centuries of unskilful cultivation. These results are due to the fact that Germany does not have the tenant system, but believes in individual ownership, and that it has made liberal expenditure for agricultural education and other aids to husbandry. In Prussia alone there are nine agricultural schools. "Sustained, directed and encouraged by such influences," Mr. Mason reports, "the farmers of the Fatherland are organized into more than 15,000 co-operative societies, and the hit-or-miss cultivation of 30 or 40 years ago has been largely replaced by scientific, intelligent and productive methods."

It is worth while for Canada to heed the lesson which Germany has already learned. In the development of the mining and manufacturing interests of this country the farmer has been somewhat overlooked, altho upon the farmer our prosperity must primarily depend. Only in Ontario has marked encouragement been accorded to an agricultual college, while it is doubtful if the national legislature has given to the farming interest all that consideration which that interest rightly deserves. The agricultural department has in recent years done some practical work, but it has not reached the limit of its possibilities by any means. The department ought now to undertake the work of developing a national interest in agriculture. There should be the closest co-operation between the federal and provincial authorities, and then arrangements should be made whereby the results attained by the national experts could be communicated to all the farmers. The latter ought to be encouraged, also, to record their experiences and to keep in constant touch with the departments of the provinces and the department of agriculture at Ottawa. The greatest care should also be exercised in the graduation of young men from agricultural colleges in order that there should be the largest possible number of progressive, industrious and intelligent farmers. Indeed, a national college might not be an unwise experiment. When we remember how many millions of dollars are expended in other ways a few thousand spent in producing model farmers would seem to be a profitable investment.

In Ontario there is much to be done along the lines of Germany's successful efforts. The soil, except in a few always fertile spots, has been reduced by continual cultivation. It can, however, take front rank in the value and quantity of its agricultural resources if its farmers will realize that the adoption of scientific and modern ideas will materially aid them. If they will abandon what Mr. Mason rightly calls the hit-or-miss style of cultivation they will find their intelligence and foresight richly rewarded. There is a tremendous future in store for farmers. The rapidly multiplying population increases the demand for food. Improved machinery on the other hand lessens the cost of production on the farm and adds to the farmer's profits. The greatest amount of success, however, can only be achieved by the exercise of intelligence, and just as the farmer recognizes and practises this fact he will find that his importance as a factor in national progress will steadily increase.

EUROPEAN FEAR OF JAPAN.

M. Marcel Dubois, in an article in The Paris Correspondent, thinks he foresees aggressions on the part of Japan which will make her the mistress of the Pacific. All the European and United States possessions in the far east are menaced by the yellow peril, according to this imaginative Frenchman. With plausible handling of known facts, he builds a superstructure of theory as to the plan of Japan for further conquests. This expansion, he believes, will be to the southward. The field of Japanese conquest, says M. Dubois, will be the English Indo-Chinese territory and Borneo; Holland will be driven from Java, Sumatra and her other eastern colonies; France will lose Indo-China, and the United States will contribute the Philippines to the great yellow conqueror.

The only way to prevent the wholesale absorption of these possessions by Japan is to organize and maintain a "co-operative fleet," says M. Dubois. He outlines his scheme thus:

"There are five maritime and colonial powers of Europe and one of North America now threatened by the Japanese ambition. They should consolidate their forces, and sign a convention guaranteeing the inviolability of the colonial territory pertaining to each and every party. The Japanese will not remain quiet before the day when Russia, Germany, France and Great Britain have formed a defensive league with exclusive reference to affairs in the far east. * * * It is to be hoped that the United States of America will waken up to the wonderful temptation which the Philippines offer in the eye of the Japanese. The balance of power on the ocean, thus arrived at, should be maintained by four iron-clads and four cruisers from the fleet of each nation, and this "co-operative fleet" should cruise in as close a neighborhood as possible to the Japanese ports, in order to keep watch over Japan's naval armaments and their movements."

Nothing that has appeared as a result of the war in the far east is more chimerical, not to say nonsensical, than the proposition to combine the fleets of five European powers with that of the United States for the purpose of checking Japan in its inordinate greed for territory in Asia. It has not yet appeared that Japan has any greed for more territory. Her demands upon China were surely moderate enough and nothing has come to light which indicates that she will demand more from Russia than is her right.

It will be time enough when Japan develops the land hunger which this frantic Frenchman ascribes to her for the European powers to attempt to get together in defence of their possessions. They have demonstrated heretofore, however, the possession of a healthy jealousy which has prevented them from forming an international trust for land-holding or land-grabbing purposes. As for Great Britain and the United States, it is safe to predict that they will not enter into any entangling alliances in Asia either against or with Japan. The chief value of M. Dubois' article is its reflection of the panic in European minds caused by the rise of a new power in the east which is not a party to the continual dickering and land-grabbing agreements entered into by European powers with respect to Asia.

NORWAY'S SECESSION AND ITS MORAL.

While the disruption of the dual monarchy of Sweden and Norway is in one aspect a victory for the forces of disintegration, in another it is of more hopeful omen for the future of kindred peoples. For many centuries no other form of union ever crossed the mind of even the wisest statesmen save that arising from subjection and assimilation. Control in some one or other, but always effective, form was the prime desideratum. This dominating idea was ruthlessly carried out, and even when apparently successful almost invariably left behind it a legacy of discontent and hatred. It failed in the case of Scotland thru the stubborn temper of her people, who managed at terrible cost to retain their independence and ultimately to enter into a union on terms which maintained their self-respect and their continuance as a distinct nationality. It failed equally in Ireland, where the physical conquest of the country was indeed achieved, but where racial and religious differences remained and were so driven home to the hearts of the people as to make name and nation not so much an object of loyalty as of worship. The attempt to destroy Hungary, achieved temporarily by Russian bayonets, had to be abandoned. Poland writhes to-day, divided and powerless, yet clinging to the traditions which enable her people still to call themselves a nation.

The same traditional principle of dominance was extended from the subjugation of foreign nations to the government of the colonies from the parent country, whose rise marked the years which followed the discovery of the new world. Insistence upon it cost Britain her New England colonies, and the lesson, at first slowly and imperfectly learned, enabled her to build up the great self-governing states which now with her form the backbone of the British empire. The autonomy of these states is still incomplete, but the process of emancipation is going on constantly, tho almost imperceptibly. It is a curious circumstance that independent consular representation, the immediate rock upon which the union of the crowns of Sweden and Norway has split, is not far from the question of the right to negotiate treaties now simmering in the hinterland of Canadian politics. The uneasiness felt in official circles in Britain over this demand is simply a relic of the old traditional notion that the central government must do everything itself. To people here the request of Norway for its own consular representation, besides being justified by the agreement of union and sanctioned by the action of Sweden, was inherently reasonable. But in the case of the Scandinavian peninsula the position had been rendered more delicate and difficult by the not altogether groundless fear on the part of Norway that Sweden was aiming at a more preponderating influence in joint affairs than was either contemplated or could be permitted.

Not improbably the secession of Norway and the acquiescence of Sweden, which, under the moderating influence of the king, it seems has been secured, will produce an immediate improvement in the relations of the kindred nations and so pave the way for more harmonious co-operation. In fact, every new development within and among states composed of peoples with separate pride of nationhood, but who are so placed by ties of blood or language or locality as to make union necessary or advisable confirms the belief that the greater the autonomy the firmer the bond. Affection, sympathy, loyalty to a common ideal are of course essential, but where these exist, under wise guidance at the hands of statesmen accustomed to the give-and-take inseparable from representative institutions, the problem of directing and adjusting a common policy in matters of joint concern is not insoluble. Notwithstanding such special cases as that of Norway and Sweden, the whole tendency of the age is towards the union of kindred peoples. Aggregations of vast and growing power are being formed and isolation independent and union will not be immember of the general body will be independent and unon will not be imposed nor sustained by any external authority, but by the free acceptance by each of the conditions requisite for common action. So the way will be prepared for even more extensive federations whose formation will make for progress and prosperity and whose aim will be peace.

BEAUTIFUL MUSKOKA.

Muskoka district is once again awakening into scenes of social life and activity, and ere the lapse of another fortnight the solitudes of the rocky realm will give way to the rush of humanity from all points in the United States and Canada, turning, for the next three months, into a veritable hive of tourists what lies in silence for nine months of the year. The prospects are most encouraging for an unusually heavy tourist season in Muskoka. One of the best indications is the fact that many of the large resorts are already overrun with applications for accommodation. An unprecedented influx of American tourists to Muskoka is anticipated by caterers to the trade. Some of the larger resorts now cater principally to United States guests, and it is this patronage from across the line that is building up a highly profitable business in the great tourist centres of Canada.

What particularly impresses an observer in passing thru Lakes Rosseau, Muskoka and St. Joseph is the number of magnificent cottages that grace the islands and mainland shores of these lakes. Charmingly situated amidst verdant beauty and rugged landscape, embracing not only ancient but every form of modern architecture, are these beautiful summer residences of wealthy Canadian and United States people—hundreds in number, beautiful in design and the source of admiration in construction and finish. The wealth in Muskoka in summer cottages is inconceivable to one who has not seen it with his own eyes. In some cases these cottages are unique in design, built in keeping with the rugged surroundings of logs, yet replete with all conveniences tending to a full measure of comfort. These innumerable domiciles of every shade and color, surrounded by all manner of forest growth and towering rocks, and sheltered from the burning rays of old Sol under a canopy of verdure, depict scenes of charming beauty that must be seen to be appreciated. Muskoka is now at her prettiest, and bidding welcome to the thousands of tourists who are about to spend their vacation. The hotels, it is said, were never in better shape to handle guests than they are this season.

Canada, and How to Americanize It.

Washington (D. C.) Post.

Something has been said about "Americanizing" Canada, and it is suggested that the many thousands of our people who have voluntarily expatriated themselves, located on the domain of our northern neighbor and become subjects of the King of England, will do the business. That may be; but is there not some danger that they will be "Canadianized?" That Canada will some day be a part of the great republic is certain. Mutual interests will draw the two peoples together, but not until long after our country practices a different sort of statesmanship from that we now employ in our intercourse with the Dominion.

Instead of inviting Canada, we repel her. We built our wall against her, and she has built her wall against us. A genuine and reasonable trade reciprocity between the two countries would bring political union within a score or so of years. But there are powerful interests in the United States which do not intend that we shall have trade reciprocity with Canada or anybody else. We have free trade in labor, and thousands of Canadians swarm over the line and get jobs in our country whilst rejecting our citizenship; but a saw log is not allowed to cross the border.

Perhaps there has been more abundant quantities of patriotic eloquence derived from discussions of our "fisheries" than from any other single source. We take great pride in them. Every good American feels that it is a patriotic duty to cultivate a taste for mackerel, and thus make a pleasure of the tribute he pays to Gloucester. But it transpires—unless there has been some tall slander thrown about—that our fishing smacks are manned by sailors from Canada, and all this patriotism we have been practicing in the name of "the nursery of the American navy" is bosh. We had been led to believe that on every smack was some two or three youngsters that only required opportunity to be a Preble, a Decatur, a Farragut, or a Dewey. These were the gentry whom we were subsidizing every time we ate a mackerel or a sardine; but it seems that we were maintaining a nursery for the British navy instead of our own.

We have walked the floor o' nights a great deal, agonizing over a trade with the peoples of our hemisphere south of the equator; but one year's genuine reciprocity with Canada would bring more returns than we are likely to get out of South America in a decade. Why not try Mr. Blaine's idea in dealing with our neighbors of the north, who speak our language, observe our laws and are of our blood and bone?

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WHAT CONVENTION DELEGATE IS DOING MORE FOR POSTERITY THAN DR. SMALLWOOD, COLORED?

Born in Slavery and With Unique Personal Romance, is Now Educating His Race to the Highest Degree of Citizenship.

An assemblage of eight thousand persons from points covering the whole Continent of America might be expected to contain many interesting characters. Many of the delegates at the big convention are men of high achievement, but perhaps the most remarkagle is a member of the colored group, one who can tell a story of his early life that might make a plot for a novel. He is Rev. Dr. John J. Smallwood, founder and president of the Temperance, Industrial and Collegiate Institute at Claremont, Va. Born on a slave farm at North Carolina at the beginning of the war he was deprived of his parents in infancy. When he had by a life of endeavor raised himself to a position where his oratorical and other powers brought him into repute he was thru these gifts reunited to his long lost parents in a remarkable manner. He is almost an optimist regarding the future of the black race. In his own country his work has been such along moral and temperance lines that the large majority of an extensive colored population have been won over to the temperance cause.

"We've got a vote in our county," he said, "and we have also the balance of power. The negroes mostly vote 'dry,' and there are enough of them to carry local option. Thru our efforts nearly all the blacks have changed from 'wet' to 'dry,' and the saloonkeeper, who used to fill us up with liquor until our money was all gone and then turn us out, came at last to be turned out himself, and all on account of our votes." This is indicative of the good work being carried on by this worthy colored man and his wife, who is lady president of the college.

Born in Slavery.

Dr. Smallwood is of dark hue, but has a strong, intelligent face and a disposition bright as a happy child. He has won great repute in Virginia and other states as a temperance orator and educator. He is a good talker and has a great memory for figures.

Here is how he tells the remarkable story of the finding of his long-lost parents, sold in slavery: "I was born on Hon. W. W. Smallwood's plantation at Rich Square, N.C., and it is from the 'Smallwood' plantation,' you notice. I get my name. When only six months old my parents were sold and cruelly separated, my father going to Texas and my mother to Mississippi. I was left on the old slave farm under the care of a good old mammy. The slaves having been emancipated in the big war, I had by dint of hard work, many ups and downs and disappointments a chance to get an education, which I did. In 1882 I went to the school at Wilberham, Mass., and in 1889 went to Europe. Four years later I had the satisfaction to return and purchase the old Claremont farm, where my college now is. You may imagine my feelings when I tell you it was the place of my father and mother's birth, and that here in 1622 the first slave was sold on the block, having been brought up from Jamestown near by where they first were brought to America to form the neucleus of the great dark cloud of slavery, which hung over America for 250 years.

Discovers His Mother.

"On one of my temperance crusades in Mississippi one evening after the lecture was over I was having a heart to heart talk with an old colored woman who had lived many years in slavery, and who began to tell me the story of her life. She had come from North Carolina, and from the very farm that I had. Her only child had been left behind on that cruel day of separation. I told her my story and you may imagine our feelings when we did, after a long talk, discover for sure that we were mother and son, brought together in such a providential manner after so long a separation. I took dear old mother back to the old farm at Claremont, where she was born and kept her till the end of her days.

"I had become well known as a temperance lecturer, and almost in the same manner my father heard of me while I was on one of my tours and communicated with me. He was on his way to join me when he was stricken and died without having been blessed with the sight of his wife and son."

An Interesting Institution.

The Collegiate Institute, of which Rev. Mr. Smallwood is president, was founded by him in 1892.

"What do you teach?" was asked.

"Moral purity. Each pupil must sign a pledge to abstain from drink and not support a pastor who drinks whiskey. Every man must learn a trade, and the girls must become good housekeepers."

"How many teachers?"

"Seven—all black. They teach also a good education in English."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, French, German and Latin."

The following extracts from the unique rules of the college may not be found uninteresting:

No student under any circumstances whatsoever is allowed to leave school or the school grounds without permission from the president, and a written statement from parents or guardian.

REV. DR. SMALLWOOD.

Smoking, chewing tobacco, drinking whiskey, talking about people behind their backs, fighting, carrying fire arms, stealing or swearing will not be tolerated under any circustances. The first offence necessitates an expulsion.

Each student must bathe three times each week.

Students will not be allowed to make or to run accounts in any store in the village.

Letter writing between boys and girls will not be tolerated.

Politeness must be cultivated and maintained.

Punctuality must be a part of every duty.

Board per month, $5.

Tuition per month, $1.50.

Elocution and music, extra

Progress of the Negro.

Dr. Smallwood seems to be a prolific source of figures for he dashed off the following without the slightest hesitation:

"In 1861," he said, "the negroes south of the Mason and Dixon line paid taxes on only $1,860,000 worth of property.

To-day there is no less than $393,600,000, worth in their name. Forty years ago there were not professional or commercial negroes, but now in the south there are: 748 lawyers, 26,000 public school teachers, 447 merchants, 22 civil engineers, 49 surveyors, 216 dentists, and 1500 preachers, all the latter being graduates of colleges. In the south there are conducted by negroes 312 newspapers, 18 banks, 4 large hotels (and many small ones), and 82 colleges.

Future of the Black Man.

"These strides have all occurred in forty years," continued Dr. Smallwood. The colored man, dispised and given no encouragement, has risen and I will rise in spite of the terribly demoralizing effects of the 250 years of degradation. We do not ask for social equality with the whites. That cannot naturally be, but we do ask that we be given a chance to forge our own destiny. Only forty years of freedom cannot be expected to erase the effects of 250 years of slavery with all its horrors, in which the black man's intelligence was debased by the evil practices of the masters, his courage, beaten out and his soul defiled. We have many faults now that we are free and allowed a chance to elevate ourselves," concluded the doctor, "I believe the future of the black race is a good one."

Ask Lewis and Clark.

Director of the Mint Roberts is telling a story on an Iowa friend with whom he recently visited the Lewis and Clark exposition grounds at Portland, On. The Iowa man had been accustomed to receiving railroad passes and deadhead tickets at theatres, so when he was confronted with a sign announcing the admission charge of fifty cents to the grounds he was inclined to balk. "Here," he said to his friend Roberts, "I don't like the idea of paying fifty cents to get in there. Wait a minute and I'll hunt up these fellows who are running the show, Lewis and Clark, and see if I can't get a pass."

A Good Excuse.

On the day the news of Togo's victory reached town a popular member of the Japanese colony had a dinner engagement with a New York family, says The New York Sun. Shortly before the appointed hour came his excuses in this dainty note: "I am very sorry that I shall disappoint you. I hope that you will forgive me and renew the invitation for some other time. But to-night it is impossible, for to-night I am drunk."

G.T.R. in Favor of Rate War.

A few days ago a decision was rendered by the railway board of arbitration, which gave to the Michigan Central a differential rate between Chicago and New oYrk. The announcement is made now in local circles that the Grand Trunk will cut the rate regardless of how other roads may feel about it. This, in other words, means a rate war. The Grand Trunk will cut the rate $2 below the Michigan Central.

The Only Way.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.

Nell—I don't see why she should go and marry that old man for his money.

Belle—Why, how else could she get it?

DIVING IN MANY SEAS.

Chat With a Famous English Diver—A Perilous Calling.

How many of our readers know Jim Murphy? asks a writer in The London Tit Bits. Very few it is safe to say. Yet this burly, grizzled son of the Emerald Isle is one of the most famous divers of the day. He laughs to scorn, just as all men do whose contempt for danger grows in proportion to their familiarity with it, the idea that death haunts the footsteps of the diver in his loney walks beneath the sea. He has dived in many seas for close on to thirty years, and yet as he stood before a Tit Bits interviewer, he scratched his head in vain for some time for the recolletcion of anything like an adventure in which his life nad been in dire peril beneath the waves. His splendid brogue alas, cannot be reproduced here, but his words are worth recording.

'Speaking of sharks makes me remember that as a rule they are as much afraid of our electric light as we are of them. And on the whole the divers' life is not nearly so full of danger as landsmen imagine. While I was in Russia some time ago helping in the erection of the Libau harbor works I trained over 100 divers, and not one of them has lost his life or been any the worse for the work. I have trained a lot of men in Gibraltar, too. Certainly," he proceeded, in a casual kind of way, "a couple of them on one occasion died after coming out of the water—pressure of air on the head, I think it was.

"The safe depth to work in? Well, the pressure is too great for any long stay at a depth of nineteen or twenty fathoms. I have been in twenty-five fathoms, but only for a flying visit. The danger of these great depths lies in the fact that you may not feel the pressure until you come to the top, and then every bone and muscle in your body aches with an agony as tho it had been crushed in by an hydraulic press.

"I did some work on the Forth Bridge," continued this interesting man, as his mind began to roam over his past exploits. "That kept me going for four years, and in some places we were busy in nineteen fathoms (114 feet) of water. At that depth our limit of endurance was reached in three-quarters of an hour. If you want to work for five hours at a stretch, don't try it in more than thirteen fathoms of water, is my advice to young divers."

When engaged by the month, the writer was informed, foremen divers receive from 25 to 35 pounds per month. They work, as a rule, from start to finish, for ten hours a day. Under the water the men remain for two hours at a stretch, and then come up for a "blow" and a smoke. The ordinary divers' monthly wage is about 20 pounds. When engaged on short jobs, the diver works in "shifts" of four hours at from 16s to 20s a shift.

James Hooper, by the bye, is the man credited with the world's record with respect to deep-sea diving. He descended to the astonishing depth of 34 fathoms, or 204 feet, to the ship Cape Horn, sunk off Pichidanque, in South America. At that depth Hooper's body was subjected to a pressure of 88 1-2 pounds to the square inch.

Two Liverpool divers, named Ridyard and Penk, did wonderful work in connection with the salvage of £50,000 in specie from the wreck of the Hamilia Mitchell, which was lost on the Lenconna Rock, near Shanghai. The after-part containing the treasure had rolled into deep water, and the divers had a long search for the vessel at depths varying from 120 to 160 feet. Ridyard ultimately obtained access to the treasure room, when he found that the worms had eaten the wooden boxes, but had left the dollars, which lay in heaps on the floor. Ridyard made four trips and during his explorations remained under water for four hours at a stretch, sending up the entire contents of sixty-four boxes of treasure. No diver had ever before worked so long at this great depth, and it is not surprising that the intrepid diver returned to the boat quite exhausted from the enormous pressure to which his body had been exposed.

Tips to Steamship Stewards.

"This is the season of foreign travel, and many will now be going away for the first time," said an old hand. "The novices will worry about their steamer tips, and they will give too much."

The speaker then made the following list of the tips that the average experienced tourist pays at the end of the voyage.

Stateroom steward	$2 50
Dining room steward	2 50
Deck steward (if he has been of service)	1 00
Library steward (if he has been used)	1 00
Smoking room steward (if the smoking room has been used)	1 00
Total	$8 00

"It is possible to get thru on $5 in tips and still be regarded as liberal," said the traveler. "If you don't rent a deck chair—and many don't and if you don't come otherwise into contact with the deck steward, there will be no need to tip him. And the same thing may be said of the smoking room, and of the library steward.

"The $5—half to the bedroom and half to the dining-room steward—is obligatory. Everybody pays it. The other tips are not obligatory.

"American tourists in the novice class make the mistake of tipping too much. The average tourist, the one who travels at the minimum first-cabin rate, is considered by all to have done his full duty if he gives the tips that I have named."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Funeral o Mr. Caswell.

The remains of the late city solicitor, Thomas Caswell, are expected to arrive Sunday morning at 7.30 from Quebec, where they arrived Friday evening on the steamer Canada. Funeral arrangements will be made on the arrival of the remains.

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TRIAL BY JURY.

Editor World: It may not be known to the public but a serious invasion has been made by the late government upon the rights of British subjects in this province, by which one of the most cherished institutions of British government has been taken away.

It is a principle of the English constitution referred to and confirmed as an existing institution by the Magna Charta which provides that no person should be hurt either in his person or property, unless by the judgment of his peers or the laws of the realm.

Under the common law of England, which is older than any written law, it was always considered as an undisputed right of every subject litigating in courts of law, to have all questions of fact in purely common law actions submitted to a jury and decided by them. And this trial has always been held in high esteem by the British people, as being deemed one of the most sacred safeguards of public liberty and private rights under the English government.

The late Reform government passed an act, which, if the trial judge chooses in any purely common law action with the exception of actions for slander, libel, seduction, malicious prosecution or false arrest, he can deprive a British subject in this province of this sacred right, and strike out the jury, and proceed to try the case himself, and no appeal is allowed from the discretion so exercised.

Such a piece of legislation, if passed in England or the United States, would have raised a storm of indignation that would have swept any government from power.

The law as it stands now is:

"That the judge presiding at the trial may in his discretion direct that the issues may be tried and damages assessed without a jury." As to the working out of this precious piece of legislation a rather curious condition of affairs has arisen.

In the Bank of Toronto v. Keystone Fire Insurance Company, 18 P. R. 113, the divisional court of king's bench decided that the trial judge had no power to strike out the jury notice and transfer trial of the action to the non-jury court because "he was not the judge presiding at the trial of the actions for he declared as soon as they were called that he would not try them, and having declared that he would not try them he could no longer be the judge presiding at the trial of them."

Chief Justice Armour makes some very proper remarks as to the rights of litigants in court, and the duty of trial judges. He says, at p. 117.

The duty of a judge presiding at the trial of a cause in which notice for jury has been given, and directing that it be tried without a jury, is to proceed at once with the trial.

The litigants are entitled to have their case tried in its order upon the docket, and they are the only persons whose convenience ought to be consulted, and neither the convenience of the judge holding the sittings, nor of the jury, nor of counsel should be allowed to stand in the way of their right to have their cause tried in its order upon the docket. Another division of the high court of justice has decided the very opposite in Skae v. Moss, referred to at p. 119 of this report, so that the question is still an open one. I have heard of one judge who was trying the last case on the docket in a neighboring town and as he was anxious to get away home he heard all the evidence with a jury, then struck out the jury, heard argument, reserved judgment, and left on the evening train for home, the counsel for one of the litigants protesting without avail.

Some litigants and counsel prefer in questions of fact 12 judges to one. The argumenis in favor of jury trial are so numerous and overwhelming that it would take too much space to enumerate them in full.

The jurors are selected from the body of the people, and are intelligent citizens of the same rank as the general run of litigants, are sworn and usually know nothing of the parties, and are entirely independent. They are under oath, and are excluded from any intercourse or influence while hearing the cause, and their deliberations are secret. They have the guidance and direction of the judge, subject to objections from counsel for both parties. If the judge errs in law it is subject to appeal.

In the United States trial by jury is secured in every state in the union by the state constitutions, and so jealously is this right guarded that even the judge must not express an opinion to the jury.

In the state of Massachusetts by chapter 173, revised statutes, section 80, it is enacted, "The courts shall not charge juries with respect to matters of fact, but may state the testimony and the law."

This truly magnificent piece of legislation is in the very spirit of true British liberty and prohibits judges from bulldozing juries, and preserves the absolute independence of the jury.

In the State of New York by their practice all questions of fact and law are separated in their pleadings before the case comes into court, and an absolute right to have all issues of fact tried by jury is given by the state constitution.

It is up to our Conservative government to conserve the rights of the people of this country in this respect and restore the constitutional right to a jury to the people, and it is to be hoped that steps will be taken right speedily to restore to the people their indubitable rights in this respect.

Fiat Justitia.

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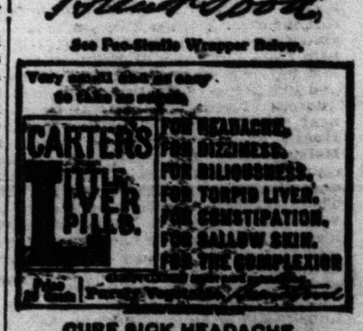

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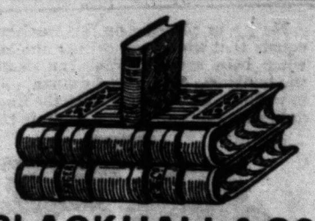

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Topics That Are Discussed In the Capitals of Europe

George Frederick Watts, R.A., who died last July, bequeathed his works to the nation, but some difficulty arose as to the interpretation of his will. Mrs. Watts, with the view of avoiding litigation, and in accordance with what she believed would have been the great artist's wishes, proposed that some of his paintings should be given to the provincial galleries and that the greater part should be retained in the gallery he erected in Limnerslease, Compton, Guildford. His executors, with the approval of the attorney-general, requested Sir E. J. Poynter, president of the Royal Academy; Sir Charles Holroyd, keeper of the National Gallery of British Art; and Lionel Henry Cust, director of the National Portrait Gallery, to act as a committee of selection, and a scheme proposed by them has now received the sanction of the court. Representative works will be given to the art galleries of Edinburgh, Dublin, Nottingham, Manchester and Norwich, while 100 will be placed in the gallery at Limnerslease, which is to be open three days a week free of charge. Mrs. Watts will convey the gallery to trustees for the benefit of the public in perpetuity and endow it with a fund sufficient for its maintenance. A number of portraits of distinguished Britons still in life will be retained until the time shall arrive when, under the rules, they can be presented to the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Watts' study in gesso of "Physical Energy" will be placed at the disposal of the commissioner of works for the purpose of making a bronze statue for London and will thereafer form part of the Limnerslease collection. In fulfilment of a promise made by the deceased artist, his picture "Alice" has been selected for presentation to the National Gallery of Art of New South Wales. It seems a pity the opportunity was not taken to recognize in a similar way the other Britains beyond the seas.

Apropos of Watts, an exceedingly interesting volume of reminiscences has just been issued by Mrs. Russell Barrington. Mr. and Mrs. Barrington first met the artist at Rossetti's studio in the sixties and she received much artistic help from him later at Freshwater. In 1876 he suggested that they should go and live in one of the two houses which Thornycroft, the sculptor, was building next door to the new Little Holland House, which Watts had erected in Melbury-road. The suggestion was accepted and they became the neighbors and advisers of the unworldly painter. These intimate recollections present a very charming portrait of the sensitive idealist. Painting for money was abhorrent to him, and, mixed with his exalted enthusiasm, was an intense humility. Standing beside the first beginnings of "Vital Energy"—the image of "the human will bridling in brute force"—he said:

"I am nothing. Oh! you will find out I am nothing. I have no genius—no facility; anyone could do it better if they sacrificed everything to it as I do! One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it—an aim towards the highest, the best and a burning desire to reach it."

Mr. Watts refused $15,000 for "Love and Death" and gave it to the City of Manchester. A friend expressed astonishment at his generosity, whereupon he replied: "I don't find any difficulty in giving three thousand pounds; I should in giving five shillings." He had a horror of debt, disapproved intensely of extravagance and conducted his life on the severest principles of economy.

Nothing has been more surprising in the history of British art than the extraordinary increase in the prices paid for portraits from the brush of the Scottish painter, Sir Henry Raeburn—the Sir Joshua Reynolds, or as some prefer, the Velasquez of the North. On May 7, 1877, 49 works of Raeburn were sold by Christie in London for $23,500. At the recent sale of Lord Tweedmouth's collection, one of these same Raeburns that 28 years ago brought $5000 was run up to $45,675. It was a serene and stately portrait of Lady Raeburn, the "dear little wife, comely and sweet and wise." This surpasses the previous record by $11,500. The artist's own self-portrait, in the attitude best remembered by Sir Walter Scott, "with his hand under his chin, contemplating—which position always brought me in mind of a figure of Jupiter which I have somewhere seen," fetched over $23,000. At the same sale Alex. Nasmyth's portrait of Robert Burns, which belonged to the Misses Cathcart, was knocked down at $8400.

France has always been generous and appreciative in the support of the fine arts, recognizing the important part they play in social and national life. At the suggestion of M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, the minister of public instruction has announced that a sum of 300,000 francs, about $5800, is to be set aside this year for "d'encouragements speciaux," and rewards varying from 500 to 1000 francs will in this way be given to French artists under the age of 32 who have exhibited at least twice at the Salon, and whose work is judged to merit encouragement. It is not easy to overestimate the benefit that may come from this proposal and the effect which the gaining of an award may have on the future of a young and struggling artist. Coming at perhaps the most critical period of his career, it may ultimately influence not only his own future but the art history of the nation. Encouragment of this kind, when conferred with judgment and discrimination, is more particularly needed in the rising communities of the west, where material considerations are apt to overweigh the aesthetic. There is much that is hopeful in the present state of Canadian art, but Canada will not be able to retain or recall her gifted sons, who find a more congenial home in the old world, until her people realize more fully the value to a nation of the cultivation of the fine arts.

Paris is much interested just now in spelling reform, and its supporters are using in its behalf all the familiar arguments put forward by the corresponding agitators in English-speaking lands. The classic orthography, however, has found an ardent champion in Edmond Rostand, the dramatist and member of the French Academy. In a charming and witty paper contributed to The Figaro, he imagines himself, like Dean Swift, alone in a large library. M. Rostand hears a number of shrill and plaintive cries coming from poor words which are being ruthlessly mutilated by the scissors of the spelling reformers. "We are words, after all," they plead in chorus, "your friends, your weapons, your talismans!" Then various individual words defend themselves, but in vain; they are ruthlessly robbed of their old associations and memories until, to the eye at least, they are scarcely recognizable. "Perhaps I never knew till to-day," concludes this lover of the archaic arrangements of letters, "how I love every single letter of every single French word."

Paris has just passed thru the excitement of attending the Grand Prix, the climax of the season. It is the cab drivers' harvest time, while the chief sufferer in the "great week" is not the fare but the horse. There are few humane drivers in Paris, and those who have any claim to the title are correspondingly valued, especially by English and American visitors. Not long ago readers of a typical Paris newspaper were regaled with an interesting story of a kind-hearted cabman who always fed his horse well, never whipped it and never used language calculated to hurt its feelings. One day he saw a confrere threshing his steed and remonstrated. The confrere retaliated by calling him an old slipper (very contemptuous in French) and aggravated the offence by a further reference to old slipper linings. This was too much and the apostle of humanity lashed out with his whip. The blow was returned, the two horses took fright, dashed off and overturned both cabs. The wicked driver escaped unhurt, the good one broke his leg and was taken to the hospital. This distressing tale so worked upon the feelings of sundry English and American readers of another journal that they sent donations amounting to over $100, to the injured man. Inquiries were made and the hospital was found, but not the patient. The whole story was a figment of the ingenious writer of the tale.

Some of the smaller Paris theatres flatter themselves they are leading the way in dramatic art by presenting plays too outrageous for the larger establishments. A few days ago at the Theatre du Trianon a program of four pieces was offered—a philosophical dialog in verse, a sidesplitting farce, a tale of horror and a malodorous ethical problem. "L' Etau" introduced a truculent husband who discovers that his wife loves another and forthwith commits suicide by swallowing strychnine after arranging matters so that the guilty pair are certain to be convicted of murdering him. The lover, realizing the situation, retires to shoot himself while the husband slowly agonizes o. p., breathing maledictions on his faithless spouse. This cheerful play is admirably suited for a hot weather holiday. In "Le Droit de Tuer" a man and woman are lying at death's door—automobile accident, of course. The family lawyer knows they are not husband and wife. Neither can possibly recover, but while the woman will die in an hour the man may linger for a day. If this happens their children will be left penniless, if the wife survives she will inherit under his will and the estate will go to the innocent offspring. The lawyer proposes that the man's exit from this vale of tears be accelerated, and the doctor, who has some old-fashioned prejudices, objects; the parish priest, who is named arbitrator, decides in favor of the lawyer. The doctor yields and the curtain falls as he emerges from the sick-room after despatching his helpless patient. This delightful play is put forward as a serious contribution to ethics.

In 1900 took place the latest performance of the well-known passion play, given at intervals of ten years by the villagers of Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian Highlands. This year an other religious drama, or mystery play, the "Kreuzesschule," or "School of the Cross," is being performed by the villagers on that huge open-air stage, with mountains for background familiar to many tourists. It commemorates the thirtieth anniversary of another performance given in 1875 on the unveiling of Professor Helbig's ambitious group of the Crucifixion, an open-air "Calvary" in Kehlheim marble, presented to the community by the late King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. On this occasion an entirely new rendering of "The School of the Cross" has been prepared by the Rev. Joseph Hecher, D.D., and court chaplain at Munich. It is written in blank verse and the seven acts turn on episodes in the life of King David. The epilog to each act shows in tableaux how striking episodes in the life of the Redeemer correspond with or fulfil Old Testament predictions. Over 500 performers appear on the stage at once during some of the scenes and rehearsals were begun in November last and went on steadily till the opening. The play will continue till Sunday, Sept. 17.

Evidence of the great change passing over the drinking habits of the British people is afforded by the disappearance of one of the largest and most popular bars in London—The Criterion—in Piccadilly. It had ceased to be frequented by men of good character, who preferred a place where they could eat as well as drink. The management have therefore discontinued it and its place will be taken by the restaurant. This is in line with the arrangements made in the new restaurants, where the bar has been superseded by small tables, at which customers may be served with food as well as drink. Confirmation of the change of habits is afforded by the official report on the consumption of spirits just issued, showing a still further and considerable decrease. In 1899-1900 the amount consumed was 48,025,415 gallons, in 1903-'04 it was 42,-168,021 gallons and in 1904-'05 it was 40,076,652 gallons. Hotel proprietors corroborate the marked shrinkage in the demand for wines and spirits.

Londoners, however, are not changing in other respects—certainly not in their methods of enjoying bank holidays. It may be due to innate absence of mind, but the fact remains that the way of the holiday maker everywhere is strewn with lost property of every conceivable description. A store of considerable size might have been stocked from the gleanings of Hampstead Heath, that favorite resort of the coster. Umbrellas, hats, walking sticks, ties, collars, overcoats, silver and copper money and nine children of various ages contributed part of the spoils. A picnic party at Alexandria Park forgot a complete outfit, including kettle, stove, cups, saucers, knives, plates, teapots and various other luxuries. This park yielded also the usual miscellaneous crop and fifteen babies. Liverpool-street stations produced dozens of bracelets, brooches, pins, studs, bags, umbrellas, traveling rugs, etc., and seven first-class return tickets to Yarmouth, a loss which no doubt produced dire results at the collecting stations. In the street cars feeding bottles were conspicuous and an immaculate silk hat was found at the Tower. Regarding the babies, it is highly probable they were lost on purpose. London parks are equipped with nurseries for the reception of holiday foundlings, where they are carefully tended till claimed by their distracted parents. It is not uncommon for mothers bent on enjoyment and who found their offspring somewhat of an incumbrance to set them adrift on their own account, watching them till they get arrested by a park official. Their future thus assured, the day can be spent pleasantly and in peace. For other mothers who have more of a maternal spirit an enterprising vendor of holiday attractions offered on Hampstead Heath an infallible receipt for preventing the loss of children. It was contained in an envelope which, on being opened, was found to contain the words, "Keep your eye on them." He did a good trade, for those who were sold found compensation in allowing others to fall into the trap.

Some time ago the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England purchased the Westminster Aquarium in London as its central home. Invitations were issued later to a number of architects to submit designs, and 132 responded. The trustees, acting upon the advice of Sir Aston Webb, their professional assessor, have now accepted the plans for the connexional buildings proposed by Lanchester & Richards of Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square, the estimated cost being $700,000. In selecting the Renaissance as the style model the architects were influenced by the fact that it belonged to the period when John Wesley entered upon his life work, while the design has been developed from the large hall, which is the dominating feature, and by the desire that the building should be of a monumental character. Applied ornament and sculpture have been sparingly used, but it is suggested a statue of the founder of the church be placed in a recess in the middle of the Tothill-street frontage. The form of the dome indicates the building is not exclusively ecclesiastical and the structure will be massive and imposing and loftier than the Westminster Hospital and Westminster Palace Hotel. Seating accommodation in the assembly hall is provided for 2500 people and the other accommodations are very extensive.

Victor Cavendish, M.P. for West Derbyshire and financial secretary of the treasury, is also honorary secretary of the Liberal Unionist council of which Joseph Chamberlain is the president. Mr. Cavendish is also nephew and heir presumptive of the Duke of Devonshire, a conscientious if ponderous supporter of orthodox free trade. At the annual meeting of the members of the Matlock Conservative Club one of the vice-presidents warned the members against acting on the advice said to have been given by the duke not to vote for his nephew. The editor of The Matlock Guardian wrote to the duke drawing attention to the remarks as published in a late letter, quoting from the duke's speech at Rawtenstall, in which he declared that after all that has taken place nothing would induce him if he were a voter at the next election to give his vote and support to any candidate who refused definitely to pledge himself to the repudiation of the policy expounded by Mr. Chamberlain. The duke was also told that the deduction taken from this was in effect that he did not recommend any voter to support Mr. Cavendish. The duke replied that he was not aware his nephew had refused to pledge himself to repudiate the policy of the tariff reformers. This places Mr. Cavendish in an awkward position, since two of the clauses of a circular issued by the Liberal Unionist council recommend union with the colonies on the basis of preferential tariffs and a protective tariff against foreign protected goods which compete with British manufactures.

Canadians Manage Tours.

The Canadian impresario is evidently finding Australia a good hunting ground since there are no less than three of them managing successful tours in Australia. Frank Robson, one of Mr. Stewart Houston's representatives, is with Edward Branscombe and his Westminster Abbey Choir party. Mr. Watkin Mills, whose Australian tour is under the direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, will return to England by way of Canada in the spring.

Too Bloo!

There was a fair maid of Chefoo,
Who was kind, sympathetic and troo;
She had such a soft heart,
When she saw a rope part,
It made her sit down and boohoo.

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He searched about for several moments and then departed with a happy smile on his face. Inquisitiveness led others to look also. It was found.

And her name was Maud.

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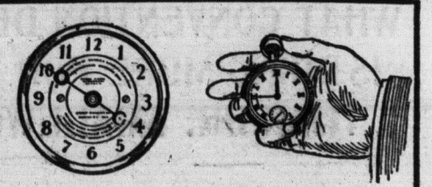
THE best range thermometer ever invented will not produce satisfactory baking from a poor oven. A fluctuating oven heat means guess-work baking.



The Imperial Oxford oven has a steady, even heat. You don't require to touch the fire or move a damper. Baking with an Imperial Oxford is an exact science. Just place the article in the oven and time it—the oven does the rest. It is the Diffusive Flue of the

Imperial Oxford Range

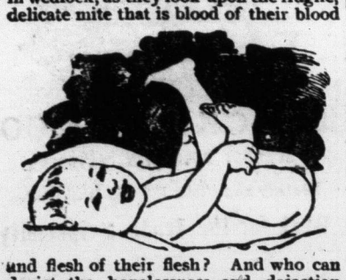
that makes this possible. This flue draws in fresh air from outside the range, it is superheated and discharged through a grating into the oven. This heated fresh air permeats every part of the oven and keeps it at an even high temperature.

Write us for literature explaining more fully the exclusive features of the Imperial Oxford Range and the address of the nearest dealer who can show it to you. 22

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
TORONTO
MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

"Imperial Oxford Range is on Exhibition and Sale at 231-233 Yonge Street, 569 Queen Street West, 287 College Street.

No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the fragile, delicate mite that is blood of their blood



und flesh of their flesh? And who can depict the hopelessness and dejection that hover about the home where the wife is incapable of becoming a mother? Barrenness proceeds from some derangement of the distinctly feminine organs. Many of the common ailments known as "female troubles" cause it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription overcomes barrenness by stamping out diseases of women and by healing and curing ulceration. It tones up the system, stops drains, and restores strength. During gestation it modifies morning sickness, gives elasticity to the overstrained parts concerned, makes the hour of baby's coming short and almost painless, and gives wonderful recuperative power to the patient. By making the mother strong and cheerful, it makes the little one healthy, vigorous and good natured. Insist upon the medicine dealer giving you Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when you ask for it. Substitutes are often dangerous.

Mrs. James W. Blacker, of 629 Catherine St., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' I have much better health, and now I have a fine healthy baby."

For 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*, you can get a free copy of that celebrated doctor book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, illustrated. Cloth-bound, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

EUREKALOL
ITCH-ECZEMA CURED

Not something that will **cure everything**, but a specific prescribed for over thirty years by Doctor Burgess, one of London's most celebrated skin specialists.

The **Eurekalol Eczema Cure** is the famous remedy guaranteed to quickly relieve and permanently cure any disease of the skin or scalp. It is purely antiseptic and germicidal. We have thousands of testimonials to prove the true virtue of its positive cure.

Don't waste your time and money on **"cure-alls."** They absolutely do no good.

Write to us at once for our famous **Eurekalol Eczema Cure**, It will tell the story that is more convincing than pages of argument. Price postpaid, 50 cents and $1.00.

Don't suffer from torturesome **Piles**. One application of the famous **Eurekalol Pile Cure** will give immediate relief. Price postpaid, 50 cents.

THE EUREKALOL REMEDY CO., 1197 BERGEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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, 1197 BERGEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Some Old-Time Naval Victories.

European history begins with a contest of the west against the east; history has been constantly repeating itself; after thousands of years of conflict the west is still contending against the east, and now and then the east is the aggressor. On both land and sea the conflict has gone steadily forward, sometimes with apparent success on the side of the east, but always with its ultimate defeat and retirement. The advances of Asia towards the west have been by spurts; those of the west on the east have been accomplished by slow, steady progress and by tightly holding whatever ground was won. Chalcis and Tours mark the westward limits of the Asiatic advance on land; Salamis, Actium, Lepanto and Navarino indicate the halting points of Asia on the sea. At the first named the stupendous power of Persia was checked. The second, tho nominally a battle for the control of the Roman empire, was really a fight of the east against the west, for altho Antony's army was largely composed of Romans, his fleet and its complement of soldiers and sailors were drawn from Egypt and the east. Lepanto was the turning point in Turkish history, for the Ottoman historians themselves admit that the decline of Moslem power began with that memorable defeat, while Navarino, tho not so important as the others, practically marked the end of the Turkish naval power.

How Salamis Was Won.

What naval battles were fought by Egyptian and Phoenician against Italian and Spaniard, Gaul and Briton ere Xerxes gathered his vast host and stupendous fleet for the conquest of Greece and the west we do not know, but we do know that maritime warfare was waged on the Mediterranean 3000 years before our era, for inscriptions and bas reliefs on the Egyptian monuments show that expeditions of conquest were undertaken, and that galleys were employed of a type identical with those of Persian and Phoenician at Salamis. The story of that momentous conflict has so often been told in prose and verse that to narrate it again is a work of supererogation. The most remarkable feature of the battle is the fact that it was fought at all. When the Greek fleet assembled off the Island of Salamis the Persians were everywhere victorious. The pass of Thermopylae had been forced, Attica had been occupied, Athens burned. The utmost dissension existed among the Greek naval commanders; they could muster, all told, only about 380 galleys, while the Persians, altho they had lost over 400 vessels in the tempest of a few days before, were still able to put in line more than 700 ships of war, most of them superior in size and equipment to those of the Greeks.

The naval historians agree that, in spite of their enormous preponderance of numbers, the battle was lost to the Persians thru causes easily explained. The trick of Themistocles in sending word to Xerxes that the Greek fleet was trying to escape induced a division of the Persian force. 200 ships being sent round the island, to guard the other exit. The fear lest the Greek vessels should endeavor to escape thru the Persian lines caused unusual vigilance. The Persians, instead of anchoring and giving their rowers much-needed rest after their exertions of the day before, kept moving thruout the night; the oarsmen had no sleep. In the Persian fleet rations were short, and the 100 to 300 oarsmen on each ship received no supper the night before, nor any food on the morning the battle began, for there was barely enough for the fighting men. Having been hard at work for twenty-four hours before the battle opened and without food, the oarsmen were completely worn out, and in spite of the lashing of their taskmasters could scarcely make the huge Persian vessels move, even on quiet water, and thus, among the currents and sharp breezes of the strait, the Persian ships fell into confusion and some of them collided with considerable damage ere the Greek advance began.

The Greeks, on the other hand, had lain at anchorage all night, their oarsmen had slept well, were abundantly fed and thus able to do efficient work. This fact accounts for the speed shown by the Greek vessels and the energy with which they executed a manoeuvre much practised in those days of running alongside a hostile ship and breaking off all the oars on one side, those of the colliding vessel being drawn in or unshipped just before the collision.

Land Battles at Sea.

Ancient naval battles were merely battles of armies on the water, instead of the land. All ships were provided with boarding planks and with grappling irons for seizing an enemy's vessel until the boarding could be effected. In the bows and sterns catapults and balistas were placed for hurling arrows and stones at an opponent. The masts were terminated by a large basket or cage in which archers and slingers were stationed at some convenient point on the deck there was a furnace or or rude stove and by a crane-like apparatus a large pot of glowing coals was raised and emptied on the adversary's deck in the hope of setting the ship on fire; pots of boiling oil or grease were also employed to the same offensive use, while arrows whose points were covered with oiled flax, were used as fireballs. The main reliance, however, was in ramming, and thus sinking a enemy's vessel, or in boarding and hand-to-hand fighting, so that in the olden times the sword and spear were on sea as well as on land the chief hope of the commander.

It was rather by acident than by design that the battle for the control of the Roman world was fought on the sea instead of the land. Antony preferred a land battle and sought to bring it about, but the policy of Octavius was one of delay, and in vain did Antony try to force the issue. The arrival of the fleet of Octavius made a naval action almost imperative, but still it might have been avoided had not Cleopatra thrown her influence and persuasion in favor of a sea fight. The two fleets were nearly equal, each having from 250 to 300 ships, but those of Antony were poorly equipped and poorly manned. On the eve of the battle the deficiency of rowers was apparent and parties of soldiers were sent into the country nearby to kidnap men for the benches. As an eye-witness says, they brought in farmers, reapers, ass drivers, boys, anyone they could find, men who knew nothing of the work they were to do and most of them physically unfitted to perform it. Besides this disadvantage, by no means small, Antony discouraged the fighting men of the fleet by keeping, instead of discarding, his sails. Ere a naval battle it was customary to take down the sails and when possible send them ashore.

Antony kept his rigged, and this fact was interpreted as a lack of confidence in the fighting ability of his fleet and a preparation for flight. In addition, Cleopatra was thoroly detested by the Romans with Antony, and the Egyptian naval contingent was viewed with a distrust justified by the result. Still, even with his inefficient rowers and discouraged fighting men, Antony had a chance for victory but for the defection at the critical moment of the Egyptian fleet. Sixty vessels at the command of Cleopatra withdrew from the fleet and fled towards the south. One of the strangest incidents in history is the fact that while the battle was still raging, Antony deserted the fleet and army and followed Cleopatra. For a time, ignorant of his defection, his fleet still fought, then, when the truth was known, the ships that remained were surrendered or run ashore. The army would not believe that it had been deserted by its commander. Seven long, anxious days it waited for his return, then surrendered to Octavius. the Romans were incorporated with his force, the Asiatics were sent home and thus ended the attempt to orienialize the Roman empire.

The miscellaneous fleet assembled by Spain, Venice, Genoa, Malta and the Pope comprised in all over 300 vessels, bearing, according to one account, about 30,000 fighting men and 20,000 galley slaves. To oppose these the Turks put in line over 300 ships, generally larger than those of the Christians and having on board, including the galley slaves, about 120,000 men. A few weeks before the battle the City of Famagosta was taken by the Turks after a vigorous defence, the garrison was sent on board the Turkish fleet and consigned to the terrible life of the galleys; the commander of the fortress, after being subjected to shameful indignities, was flayed alive, his skin was stuffed with straw, paraded around the Turkish camp, then for a time hung at the yardarm of the Turkish admiral and finally sent as a trophy to Constantinople.

The great victory of the armada and the successes of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar were the result of single ship dueling. Each ship picked out its antagonist and made its attack. Of course there was more or less of this sort of fighting in every previous battle, but the style became much more noticeable after the introduction of artillery on board the vessels of war and dependence solely on the wind instead of the oar as a motor power. In connection with the defeat of the armada a peculiar feature was the unprepared condition of the English fleet. The government was hampered by the parsimony of Elizabeth, who, until the armada had actually sailed, could not be persuaded to believe that it would ever come at all. The calls of the admirals for supplies and even for ammunition went unheeded; at one time there was only powder and ball enough on the fleet for a single day's fighting, and once the engagement was actually suspended for twenty-four hours until shot for the artillery could be procured.

One of the admirals, who commanded in this signal victory, afterward saw crippled sailors of his fleet begging in the streets of London. He made bitter complaint of the manner in which the unfortunates were treated, but complaint and appeal were alike in vain. The sailors who had saved the country from the Spanish conquest were allowed to starve. Some naval historian says that the beginning of the history of the United States dates from the defeat of the Spanish armada. Tracing effect to cause, the conclusion is easily credible. The naval power of Spain was broken in Europe, and not long after also in tropical America, and English settlements founded a few years after on the northern coast of the continent grew in strength and prosperity, when otherwise they would have been hampered and might have been blotted out entirely by Spanish aggression had not the power of Spain been limited first by the great naval defeat, and secondly by the aggressiveness of the buccaneers, among whom the English element was always conspicuous.

The Nelson victories were won by the hardest kind of single ship fighting, and a peculiar feature of these famous conflicts was the slaughter accomplished by the Englisn guns discharged at close range. The ships were crowded with men, from 600 to 1200 men on each. At Trafalgar the Temeraire reserved fire until within 100 yards, then at the first broadside the French captain lost nearly 400 men in killed and wounded. Such was naval fighting in the old days. There was more of the spectacular about it than there is nowadays, when vessels fire at a distance of five to eight miles, but the torpedo and mine have kept up the record for destructiveness and, on the whole, there is probably little difference so far as the numbers engaged are concerned, in the proportion of casualties to the total combatants from those days when ships were laid alongside and the fighting men crossed swords on the decks.

KILTIES FROM BELLEVILLE COMING TO MASSEY HALL

After Winning Fame Thruout Great Britain and the United States—A Giant Accompanies Them.

The Kilties come to Canada for three holiday concerts at Massey Hall on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening (Dominion Day) of this week. This is the first appearance in Toronto of the famous band which has Belleville for its headquarters, and which all over the continent of America and in Great Britain and Ireland has made the name of Canada famous for the production of excellent band music. The band, which is 52 strong, has just completed a tour which commenced in Buffalo on May 28, 1904, and extended over 60,000 miles, including the World's Fair at St. Louis, and a tour of 18 months' duration in the British Isles. While across the water the band played twice before their majesties, and in a mammoth concert in the Crystal Palace before a crowd of 175,000 people.

Their first program given at Montreal on Monday, was the same which the Kilties played at Windsor Castle. It opened with Wagner's "Rienzi," and as this number progressed there was evidence of pleased surprise among the listeners. The band handled it excellently, with a finesse and appreciation that merited the long applause. Of the many bands from other countries which played in Montreal last season there was not one which was accorded a more spontaneous and enthusiastic welcome than the Kilties on Monday evening.

Thruout the numbers which followed the pleasure of the audience was increased. Selections from Gounod's operas were rendered and warmly greeted, but the old Scotch melodies were the favorites with the audience. "Annie Laurie" was rendered exquisitely by the full band, and the Kilties' choir gave "Ye Banks and Braes." Mr. J. C. Lockhart, the tenor soloist of the band, sang "The March o' the Cameron Men." From the Scottish melodies the band went to some of the old civil war songs, and in rendering "Dixie," with a spirit and dash worthy of Sousa, caused the audience to stand up and applaud for several minutes.

With the band is the Clan Johnstone troupe of dancers. They are four in number, and they dance as few Scottish dancers can. They give a Scotch reel, an Irish jig and a sailors' hornpipe, and Mr. Tom Johnstone dances a sword dance. There is a little romance connected with the Johnstone troupe. One of the pretty Scotch lassies, who had been "Miss Grant" when the band left Canada, is now "Mrs. Johnstone," wife of the leader of the troupe. They were married in Liverpool just before the Kensington sailed. Miss Grant and Mr. Johnstone both hail from Dundee, Scotland, and will now call Toronto home.

Mr. William Peel, who conducts the Kilties, has a manner which cannot be anything but pleasing. He is distinctly anti-Sousa, if such a term may be permitted. Unassuming to a fault, he is largely responsible for the excellence of the band's efforts.

There is one member of the Kilties who probably attracts more attention than any other. He earns his salary not by the size of his lungs or the sweat of his brow. He doesn't blow. He merely distributes souvenirs during concerts, leads street processions and otherwise looks handsome. He permits himself to be called "Drum Major," and usually impresses small boys with the belief that he owns more than the band. He looks down on almost everyone, and is given to making people feel small. And yet, there is nothing trivial or mean about Roderic Mackenzie. In point of fact, he stands 7 feet 1 1-2 inches without boots and weighs 335 pounds.

The drum major made an impression on King Edward, who, at one of the royal concerts, called him out to show her majesty what manner of men Canada produces. Her majesty looked up at the big sunburned countenance and immense chest, and as the giant bowed, a smile of pleasure spread over the Queen's face. King Edward offered Mackenzie a place by his side as a special retainer, but the drum major decided to decline the honor.

Mackenzie was born in Lucknow, Ont., where his folks still reside. He is perfectly proportioned in every way, and a splendid specimen of manhood. He found some inconvenience in coming across the Atlantic in the fact that his state room was only a few inches over six feet in length as most staterooms are, and he was, therefore, forced to sleep with his feet in the hall.

Giving 'Em What They Want.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Henry James, the novelist, says newspapers are nothing more than black eruptions of type. Mr. James should be careful, if he cares anything for public opinion. The people are buying the newspapers in great quantities. We may be entitled to wonder occasionally why they do, but they keep putting up their money, and "that settles it." There are very few business men who will not produce what the public wants, if it is within the law. The various sorts of newspapers are made by the various sorts of public opinion and demand, rather than by the publishers and editors, and frequently a newspaper tries to cover the whole ground, like a department store.

A NEW MATCH **E. B. Eddy's "SILENT"**

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324 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Main 1409.

UNDER TWO FLAGS A POPULAR PLAY

Will Be Presented by Eugenie Blair and Her Special Company at the Grand Opera House This Week.

Eugenie Blair's engagement at the Grand Opera House this season is one of the features of the theatrical year just closed.

The original booking for the engagement was for four weeks, but so liberal has been the patronage and many the requests for another week that the management have been prevailed upon to extend the engagement one week, shortening the time already arranged for in Quebec and Montreal.

For the farewell week, commencing Monday, Eugenie Blair will be seen in the role of Cigarette in the intensely interesting dramatization of Ouida's fascinating story "Under Two Flags." The military atmosphere of the piece, the quick action, interesting plot and pretty Algerian settings have made the drama one of the most popular of stage offerings.

The production here will be given with a full equipment of scenery and stage accessories and the company has been augmented by a number of New York actors who have but recently appeared in the play, assuring local theatregoers of a first-class production in every respect.

The company has been cast as follows:

Bertie Cecil Royallieu, afterward Louis Victor ..... Edmund Elton
Berkeley Cecil Royallieu, brother to Bertie Cecil ..... Herbert De Guerre
Lord Royallieu, Bertie's father. J. C. Fenton
Lord Rockingham, Bertie's friend.... ..... Lincoln J. Plumer
Col. Cheveauroy, the Black Hawk.. ..... Albert Andrus
Rake Cheveauroy, Bertie's Valet.... ..... John T. Doyle
Capt. Claude de Chauvellon..... ..... W. F. Pendergast
Marshal of France ..... W. H. Gaston
Ezro Baroni ..... Frank L. Davis
Babazum, a Turkish Vendor —F. Lyman
Gen. Beauclere ..... C. Harington
Ben Ali Hoka, an Arab Chief. F. T. Girard
Princess Venetia Corona, the Silver Pheasant ..... Harriet Ross
Lady Beatrice Guinevere..... Mabel Ovette
Lavinia, Maid to Princess ... Grace Farrell

AND

Cigarette, a vivandiere ..... Eugenie Blair

The following is the synopsis of the scenes:

ACT I.—Bertie Cecil's lodgings in London.

ACT II.—Algiers—12 years later—The Barracks of the Chasseurs D'Afrique.

ACT III.—Algiers—The Tent of Silver Pheasant.

ACT IV.—Scene 1, Provena, a room in the fortress. Scene 2, A Rodsy Pass, Algerian Desert in the distance.

ACT V.—The Barracks' Court. "A Daughter of the Army, a Soldier of France."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

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On sale June 26th to June 30th. Good returning until August 25th, 1905.

SINGLE FARE FOR DOMINION DAY
BETWEEN ALL STATIONS.
Good going June 30th, July 1, 2 and 3. Returning until 4th.

For tickets, illustrated literature and full information call at city ticket office, Northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. (Phone Main 4209).

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June 25th to 30th; return limit, August 25th, 1905. Following are some enjoyable points that should not be missed:

Bobcaygeon	$ 2.55	Owen Sound	$ 3.65
Burleigh Falls	3.10	Preston Springs	1.75
Kingston	5.40	Stoney Lake	3.10
Kippewa	9.05	St. Thomas	3.65
Lindsay	2.05	St. John, N.B.	20.85
Montreal	10.00	Halifax	23.65
Ottawa	7.85	Detroit	6.60

FROM TORONTO.

DOMINION DAY
SINGLE FARE
Good going June 30th, July 1, 2, 3, returning until July 4th, 1905.

Call on nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, City Ticket Office, 1 King St. E., Phone M. 1/4 or write to C. B. Foster, D.P.Agt., Toronto.

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MERRY ENGLAND AND LUSTIG ONLY WINNING FAVORITES

Saturday at Kenilworth Park—Sir Ralph at 15 to 1 in Front —Monday's Card.

(From Our Man at the Track.)

Buffalo, June 24.—Favorites fared badly over a fast track in a clear day and before a small crowd at Kenilworth Park Saturday. Only two first choices landed, Lustig and Merry England. Wee Lass, Dr. Spruill and Bonnie Sue were second in public demand, while Sir Ralph was the long shot to score. J. Reddick, Scarrfel, Kilton Young and Blennenville were the beaten favorites. The crowds continue small and short odds prevail. The opinion is that Kenilworth will finish out this meeting regardless of future operations. Summary:

First race, selling, for 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 70 yards :

1	Lustig, 101 (Perrine)	8—5
2	Winchester, 104 (O'Connell)	15—1
3	Meistersinger, 108 (Jones)	30—1
—	Rossmond, 108 (Helgesen)	5—1
—	Barkelmore, 108 (Buchanan)	15—1
—	El Donoso, 106 (E. Walsh)	20—1
—	Von Rosen, 105 (Wainwright)	15—1
—	Alamode, 101 (McIntyre)	9—2
—	Sweet Tone, 96 (Neubert)	20—1
—	Fritzi Scheff, 85 (J. Henderson)	8—1
—	Black Cat, 85 (Howe)	20—1

Time 1.46 1-5. Start bad. Winner S. M. Williams' ch.c., 4, by Balgowan—Defargilla. The winner was best; drew away in the stretch under a mild drive. Next two were driving to the limit.

Second race, for 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs :

1	Wee Lass, 107 (J. Walsh)	3—1
2	James Reddick, 117 (Helgesen)	7—10
3	Rustling Silk, 114 (Buchanan)	7—2
—	Paeon, 105 (Kunz)	50—1
—	Londoner, 105 (Callahan)	50—1

Time 1.01 1-5. Start good. Winner J. James' ch.f., 2, by Albert—Scotch Lassie. Wee Lass led most of the way, winning under a drive by one length. Reddick got away badly; made a lot of ground; would have won with an even break.

Third race, ¾-mile, 3-year-olds and up :

1	Merry England, 105 (J. Walsh)	2—5
2	Lochinvar, 86 (Hodges)	6—1
3	Fireball, 105 (Fisher)	3—1
—	The Cure, 118 (Bell)	6—1
—	M. F. Tarpey, 99 (Perrine)	100—1
—	Hanover Hornpipe, 86 (J. Hennessy)	60—1

Time 1.12 4-5. Start good. Winner J. E. Seagram's ch.h., 5, by St. George—We Know It. Only a gallop for the winner in track record time. Fire Ball tired from racing with Merry England.

Fourth race, the Rapids Handicap, 1 mile and 40 yards :

1	Sir Ralph, 100 (Lee)	15—1
2	Rosetint, 107 (Creamer)	11—5
3	Wire In, 112 (J. Austin)	5—1
—	Reservation, 123 (E. Walsh)	12—1
—	Scarfell, 122 (J. Walsh)	7—5
—	Greencrest, 95 (Romanelli)	15—1

Time 1.43. Start good. Winner T. Clark's b.g., 3, by Breadknife—Marguerite. Sir Ralph was much the best; after racing Scarfell to the ground, drew away in the stretch, a winner by three lengths. Wire In finished strong.

Fifth race, 1 mile, 3-year-olds, selling :

1	Dr. Spruill, 111 (Romanelli)	3—1
2	Zigzag, 111 (Perrine)	10—1
3	Milton Young, 111 (Fisher)	7—10
—	Harum Scarum, 106 (Buchanan)	8—1
—	Russell A., 106 (Doherty)	30—1
—	Theodore, 106 (Johnston)	50—1
—	Second Light, 106 (Powers)	15—1
—	Irene Brady, 101 (O'Connell)	15—1

Time 1.42 1-5. Start fair. Winner W. Jennings' b.c., 3, by Dutch Roller—Mabel D. The winner was best; led all the way, winning in a gallop by three lengths. Place as easy.

Sixth race, for 3-year-olds and up, 1 1-16 miles :

1	Bonnie Sue, 92 (Oregar)	4—1
2	Caronal, 110 (Buchanan)	40—1
3	Yorkshire Lad, 94 (Perrine)	6—1
—	Blennenworth, 112 (McIntyre)	4—5
—	War Paint, 108 (Jones)	20—1
—	Woodshade, 98 (Henderson)	3—1
—	Waddell H., 97 (O'Connell)	20—1

Time 1.47 1-5. Start fair. Winner W. J. Young's ch.f., 3, by Tammany—Agnes. Bonnie Sue led all the way, winning in a gallop; next two driving hard. Blennenworth, away bad, could never get up.

Red Car Won Steeplechase.

Detroit, June 24.—First race, 6 furlongs, selling, purse $300, 3-year-olds and up—Clandestine, 91 (Radtke), 4 to 1, 3 to 2 and 7 to 10, 1, by two lengths; Peggy O'Neal, 84 (Finnegan), 2 to 1, 4 to 5 and 2 to 5, 2; Capitano, 94 (Swain), 15 to 1, 5 to 1 and 5 to 2, 3. Time 1.14. My Gem, Baby M., Miss Gaiety, Ed. Tierney and Mrs. Bob also ran.

Second race, 4½ furlongs, selling, purse $300, 2-year-olds—Tichimingo, 107 (Newman), 4 to 5, 2 to 5 and out, 1, by a neck; Cadichon, 95 (M. Preston), 20 to 1, 8 to 1 and 4 to 1, 2; Stoessel, 114 (J. Sheapy), 5 to 1, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5, 3. Time .56. Little Rose, Happy Lad, Wee Girl, Salvo and Rusticate also ran. Wee Girl finished third, but was disqualified for fouling.

Third race, 1 1-3 miles, purse $500, 3-year-olds and up, handicap—Hans Wagner, 98 (Boland), 4 to 1, 3 to 2 and 4 to 5, 1, by a nose; Leila, 103½ (Larsen), 3 to 2, 3 to 5 and out, 2; Cataline, 96 (Radtke), 7 to 2, even and 1 to 2, 3. Time 1.53¾. Hortensia, Water Tower and Elie also ran.

Fourth race, International Steeplechase, full course, purse $1200, handicap—Red Car, 145 (Gaylor), 3 to 1, even and 2 to 5, 1, by a head; Springwater, 140 (Rice), 7 to 1, 5 to 2 and even, 2; xPicktime, 145 (Dash), 8 to 5, 1 to 2 and 7 to 10, 3. Time 4.25. xTrenet the Mere, Chanley and Gearholm also ran. xCoupled.

Fifth race, 6 furlongs, selling, purse $300, 3-year-olds and up—Fallen Leaf, 88 (M. Preston), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and even, 1, by 1½ lengths; Silent aWter, 109 (Larsen), 7 to 5, 3 to 5 and even, 2; Council, 101 (O. Bert), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 8 to 5, 3. Time 1.14½. Rudabek, Roue, Irish Jewel, Titaska and Hunterdon also ran.

Sixth race, 5 furlongs, purse $300, maiden 2-year-old fillies—Miss Anxious, 104 (M. Preston), 7 to 5, 1 to 2 and out, 1, by three lengths; Lady Travers, 104 (Radtke), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, 2; Calox, 104 (Dale), 5 to 2, 4 to 5 and out, 3. Time 1.02. Easter's Pride, Sonnet, xMay Rhyme, Lady Hamburg and xSevere also ran. xCoupled.

Sanhurst Beat Hylas.

Sheepshead Bay race track, June 24.—First race, full course, steeplechase—Sanhurst, 137 (Finnigan), 6 to 5, 1; Hylas, 147 (Ray), 1 to 2, 2; Gamecock, 137 (Owens), 4 1-2 to 1, 3. Time 5.19. Gold Van also ran.

Second race, ¾ mile—Rosehen 137 (O'Neill), even, 1; Sparkling Star, 112 (Redfern), 2 to 1, 2; Diamond Flush, 105 (Baird), 10 to 1, 3. Time 1.14 4-5. Astarita, Action, Tommy Waddell, D. Arkle and Chieftain also ran.

Third race, Great Trial Stakes, ¾ mile—Security, 122 (Dominick), 10 to 1, 1; Timber, 122 (O'Neill), 5 to 1, 2; Geo. C. Bennett, 122 (Nicol), 9 to 5, 3. Time 1.15. Burgomaster, Queen of Hearts, Ironsides, Bohemian, High Chance, Belmere and McKittredge also ran.

Fourth race, 1 3-8 miles—Agile, 111 (J. Martin), 2 to 1, 1; Beldame, 121 (O'Neill, 1 to 5, 2; Grahiall, 121 (Lyne), 20 to 1, 3. Time 2.20 4-5. only three horses ran.

Fifth race, 5 1-2 furlongs—L. J. Hayman, 104 (Hildebrand, even, 1; Gentian, 97 (Diggins), 3 1-2 to 1, 2; Leiber, 102 (Aubuchon, 5 to 1, 3. Time 1.09 3-5. Deautemper, Burlesque, Abe Meyer, Atkins, Elizabeth F., Gleaner, Bantam, Wittle Ben, Lord of Forest, There Now, Ladscarcen and Catseye also ran.

Sixth race, 1 1-8 miles—Hippocrates, 95 (Diggins), 31 to2, 1; Palmbearer, 102 (T. Burns), 5 to 1, 2; Bank, 105 (Hildebrand), 4 to 1, 3. Time 1.54 3-5. Right Royal, Stamping Ground, Niblick and Sailor Boy also ran.

Highland Park Entries.

Entries for Monday, June 26 :

First race, ¾-mile, 4-year-olds and up, selling—Baby M, 112, Reticent 109, Hindoo Princess 103, xChief Deputy, 101, George Perry 100, xKing's Charm 99, Fly Lady 98, xCouncil 95, xGemini 93, xFade Away 93, xCircular Joe 93.

Second race, 4½ furlongs, maiden 2-year-olds—J. K. F. 114, Panene 101, Rain Devil 110, W. H. Carey 110, Long Bright 107, Proposef 104, La Gloria 104, Goldway 104, Etta M. 101, Lady Travers 101, Vestry Man 101, Ethel Pepper 101.

Third race, 1 3-16 miles, 3-year-olds and up, selling—Alabarch 104, xBrooklyn 103, xSculper 97, xThe Bobby 95, xSarilla 93, xSea Shark 91, Watermelon 91, xMamie Algol 86.

Fourth race, ⅝-mile, 2-year-olds—Col. Bronston 110, Stoessel 110 (Lazader entry); Comilfo 110, Alma Garda 107, Lotta Gladstone 107, Billy Benzing 106, Rubiyat 103.

Fifth race, ⅝-mile, 4-year-olds and up, selling—Double Six 106, Monis 105, Yo San 104, xKing of the Valley 101, Rudabek 100, xMany Thanks 99, xArmorer 96, xRoue 95, xCappamore 93, xLaura Hunter 93.

Sixth race, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and up—Harry New 114, Maraschino 111, El Rey 111, Jim Hale 111, Montpelier 110, xColonist 106, xHopedale 106, xOld Mike 106, xAscot 106, xLittle Boy 106, xPolk Miller 102, xShaitan 100, Highland Fling 95, xJohn H. Kirby 93, xRenaissance 89, xPiller 87.

xApprentice allowance claimed.

Kenilworth Card.

Buffalo, June 24.—First race, 2-year-olds, five furlongs—Streator Cyclone 105, Lady Navarre 102, Miss Lingard 97, Ossinike 102, Tzara 102, Demas 102, Henry Waring 97, Pythia 97, Humpty Dumpty 97, Pater 107, Jack Dolan 103, Grevilla 100, Lacene 102.

Second race, 3-year-olds and up, 1⅛ miles—Blue Buck 109, xBill Curtis 112, xGolden Green 91, xSaladin 97, Water Cure 110, Ruby Hempstead 106, Will King 108, R. F. Williams 111.

Third race, steeplechase, about 2½ miles—St. Jolly 135, Punctual 140, Ontonogan 139, Billy Ray 153, Collegian 153, Arius 153, Nitellus 143.

Fourth race, handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Frontenac 116, Good Cheer 112, Stroller 117, Preen 110, The Cure 114, Loretta M. 108, Fire Ball 108, Mrs. Frank Foster 108, Goldfleur 95, Moonraker 100, Comustion 90.

Fifth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 40 yards—Meistersinger 108, Alamede 106, Gay Lizzette 106, Milton Young 91, Beuckart 105, Dr. Spruill 91, M. F. Tarpey 105, Fritzi Scheff 86, xStephway 103, Royal Blue 96, Eldonoso 111, xRocklands 101.

Sixth race, 3-year-olds, 1 mile—Theodore 104, Fiat 111, Verness 101, Barbarossa 104, Zany 104, My Honey 105, New Year II. 101, Irene Brady 99, Rythm 99, Uncle Henry 111, Peter Knight 101, Edgely 108. xApprentice allowance. Weather clear, track fast.

ALEX SHIELDS BIDS HIGH TO TAKE GO-BETWEEN

New York, June 24.—The biggest bid-up of the present racing season, the sensational selling class horse, Go Between, changed owners as the result of the race for the Thistle Selling Stakes at Sheepshead Bay yesterday. Alexander Shields, the Canadian horseman, took the horse from C. F. Fox for $7000, or $4200 above the price Go Between was entered to sell for. Shields ran St. Valentine in the same race and was said to have bet heavily on him. A disagreement between Shields and Fox is said to have occurred over a selling race of a few days before. The value of the stakes was $3935 to the winner, and Fox thus got $6795 for his horse, rated as worth $10,000.

Scullers for B. C. Fair.

New Westminster, B.C., June 24.—(Special.)—Barry Brothers of England, whom Towns of Australia mentioned as being anxious to meet any two oarsmen in the world for double sculls championship, have been heard from by Manager Keary of the Dominion Fair.

W. H. Barry, who is now in Buda-Pest, Hungary, and who styles himself champion of England, states that he and his brother have for the past two years been challenging any pair of oarsmen in the world, and that if the purse offered by the Dominion Fair is worth considering they will be here with the determination to win it. He also says that he and his brother will each enter single sculling events on Fraser.

Information as to size of purses, $2500 for the single sculls and $100 for double sculls, with reasonable expenses allowed to contestants, has been sent to Barry.

New Record at Lambton.

A. E. Austin, jr., son of the president of the Lambton Golf Club, now holds the championship of the club. Saturday he went over the course and his score was 77. George S. Lyon up till Saturday held this championship with a score of 79. Mr. Austin is but 17 years of age.

Parkdale C. I. Tennis.

The results of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute tennis tournament, which has been going on for the past two weeks, is as follows :

Preliminary round—Carruthers beat Sheppard, 6—3, 6—0; Caven beat Fry, default; Phillips beat Coleman, 6—1, 8—6; Gall beat Crews, 6—3, 3—6, 6—4.

Semi-finals—Carruthers beat Caven, 6—4, 6—3; Phillips beat Gall, 6—3, 6—3.

Final—Carruthers beat Phillips, 6—8, 6—2, 2—6, 8—6, 6—3.

ROYALS BEATEN THIS TIME TORONTOS HAD NO ERRORS

Providence Outplayed Jersey City 2 to 1—Buffalo Outdid Rochester.

Toronto played errorless ball at Montreal on Saturday, and were easy winners. At Providence another close struggle resulted, and this time the home team came out one run to the good. Buffalo are apparently determined to hold fifth place. On Saturday they trimmed Rochester twice. At Baltimore it rained, and the Newark game was called off. Record :

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltimore	30	18	.625
Jersey City	28	19	.596
Providence	27	21	.562
Buffalo	24	23	.514
Toronto	22	24	.478
Newark	22	27	.449
Rochester	19	28	.404

Games on Sunday : Toronto at Montreal, Jersey City at Providence, Baltimore at Newark.

Games on Monday : Buffalo at Montreal, Baltimore at Jersey City, Newark at Providence.

Eastern League Results.

At Providence— R.H.E.
Jersey City .... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 3
Providence .... 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 x—2 4 1
Batteries—Clarkson and McAuley; Cronin and Thomas. Umpire—Egan.

At Buffalo— R.H.E.
Rochester ..... 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 2—5 10 4
Buffalo ..... 0 1 3 0 0 3 0 2 0—9 13 0
Batteries—Fertsch and Steelman; Milligan and McAllister. Umpires—Zimmer and Conway.

At Baltimore—Newark-Baltimore game postponed; rain.

At Montreal— R.H.E.
Toronto ..... 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 1—5 5 0
Montreal ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 5 3
Batteries—Currie and Toft; Le Roy and Gibson. Umpire—Hassett.

American League Scores.

At Boston— R.H.E.
New York ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 6 2
Boston ..... 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 2 1
Batteries—Hogg and Kleinow; Tannehill and Criger. Umpires—McCarthy and Kelly.

At Washington—Philadelphia-Washington game postponed; wet grounds.

At Cleveland— R.H.E.
St. Louis ..... 1 2 0 0 4 1 0 0—8 12 0
Cleveland ..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 8 4
Batteries—Howell and Weaver; Joss and Buelow. Umpire—Sheridan. (Game called to allow players to catch train.)

At Detroit— R.H.E.
Chicago ..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 3 2
Detroit ..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 1
Batteries—White and Sullivan; Killian and Drill. Umpire—Connolly.

PADDLING ON SATURDAY.

Toronto Canoe Club Decided Several Races in Ideal Weather.

The weather Saturday afternoon was fine for the lilies, as far as paddling goes, and the members of the Toronto Canoe Club took advantage of it to the fullest extent. The races, which were run off in the afternoon, furnished some very exciting sport, as the crews were evenly matched, and the result was some very close finishes. The fair sex were very much in evidence, and were delighted with the amusement afforded. This is the last of the series of Saturday afternoon races to be run off by the Canoe Club before their annual regatta on July 8, next Saturday being Dominion Day regatta on the island course. The races resulted as follows :

Intermediate singles—J. Lewis 1, R. Blackburn 2.

Junior tandem—Ridpath and Lewis 1, Riddy and Lalor 2.

Double-blade fours—Riddy, McFarlane, Blackburn, Lalor, 1; Ridpath, Hardy, Oliver, Brent, 2.

Single relay—Brent's team 1, Miller's team 2.

Canadian Tennis Tourney.

The sixteenth annual tournament of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association will be held at the courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara-on-the-Lake, commencing on Tuesday, July 4, 1905, at 2.30 p.m., and continuing on the following days.

1. All-comers' singles—First and second prizes. Winner to hold the new challenge bowl, representing Canadian championship, for the year. Entry fee, $2.

2. Handicap—Open to all-comers. First and second prizes. Entry fee, $2.

3. Men's doubles—First and second prizes. Entry fee, $2 each player.

4. Ladies' singles—All-comers for first and second prizes. Winners to hold Canadian championship cup. Entry fee, $1.

E. S. Glassco (care Spader & Perkins), King Edward Hotel, is hon. secretary.

The Tenth Round.

Ostend, June 24.—The chess experts began playing in the tenth round of the international tournament in this city this morning. When time was called Wolf had beaten Taubenhaus, Janowski had disposed of Leonhardt, while the games between Blackburne and Schlechter and Marco and Marshall were drawn. The other games, left unfinished, will be resumed this afternoon.

Clothier and Larned Won.

London, June 24.—In the final of the gentlemen's doubles for the London tennis championship at the Queen's Club to-day, William J. Clothier and William A. Larned beat Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright, 6—4, 7—5, 6—4, 1—6.

Off to Hamburg Regatta.

New York, June 24.—John F. Mulcahey and William Varley, the champion double-scull oarsmen of America, sailed on the steamer Patricia to-day to compete in the Royal International Regatta at Hamburg.

Woodstock in Exhibition Game.

Woodstock, June 24.—The Woodstock Western Ontario League team had an easy time with Sarnia in an exhibition game here to-day. All of Sarnia's five errors were very costly. Score.

	R.	H.	E.
Woodstock	13	11	2
Sarnia	1	6	5

Batteries: Bussey and Roche; McCutcheson and Agnew.

A wash vest will brighten up an old suit.

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TORONTO 22 WEST KING STREET MANNING ARCADE

SUNLIGHT GAMES CLOSE TWO ONE RUN VICTORIES

Royals and Strathconas Winners—Interassociation and All Saturday Scores.

The games at Sunlight Park on Saturday afternoon resulted in two closely contested and interesting matches, the first going to the Royal Canadians by the score of 3 to 2, and the second game being won by the Strathconas by the score of 5 to 4.

The first contest was a light-hitting affair, but the play was so even that the game was very interesting thruout. McMillan and LeGoode both pitched good ball, and, barring a little wildness, had the batters guessing all the time. The second was a grand game of ball, the Strathconas taking the lead at the start and holding the game well in hand until the eighth, when Hynes weakened, and four hits in a row, together with a base on balls, netted the Irishmen three runs. However, there was nothing doing in the ninth, as Hynes was relieved by Fred Hickey, who allowed no further scoring. The scores:

—First Game—

Marlboros—	R.	H.	E.	Royals—	R.	H.	E.
Hester, rf	2	2	0	Ray, cf	1	0	0
Lea, 3b	0	0	1	Johnson, 1b	0	0	0
Hewes, lf	0	1	0	Bates, c	0	0	1
Brittain, ss	0	0	0	Poulter, 2b	0	0	0
O'Connor, cf	0	0	1	Love, 3b	0	0	0
Mack, 1b	0	0	0	Story, rf	0	1	1
Brydon, c	0	0	0	Thomas, lf	1	2	0
Lackay, 2b	0	0	1	McKenzie, ss	0	0	0
LeGoode, p	0	0	0	McMulkin, p	1	0	0
Total	2	3	3	Total	3	3	2

Royal Canadians ..... 0 2 0 1 0—3
Marlboros ..... 0 0 1 1 0—2

Sacrifice hit—Hewer. Hit by pitcher—Lea, Brittain, Love. Struck out—By LeGoode 5, by McMulkin 11. Bases on balls—By McMulkin 2, by LeGoode 4. Stolen bases—Royals 5, Marlboros 4.

—Second Game—

Strathconas	R.	H.	E.	I.C.B.U.—	R.	H.	E.
W. Benson	0	1	0	Morrison, 2b	0	1	0
Hynes, p	0	0	1	Oster, c	0	0	1
Ross, cf	0	2	0	Trayling, lf	1	2	0
Winchester	1	0	1	Meegan, 1b	1	1	1
Spencer, 2b	0	1	0	F. Smith, p	2	3	0
Hickey, 1b	1	2	1	Meyers, cf	0	1	0
Scott, lf	2	0	0	W. Smith, ss	0	2	1
F. Hickey	1	1	0	Ferris, 3b	0	1	0
T. Benson, c	0	2	1	Koster, rf	0	0	0
Totals	6	9	3	Totals	4	11	3

Strathconas ..... 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 1 0—5
I. C. B. U. ..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—4

Sacrifice hits—Scott, W. Benson, F. Smith. Double plays—Benson to Hickey to Winchester; Winchester to Hickey. Bases on balls—By Smith 2, by Hynes 3. Struck out—By Hynes 7, by Smith 6. Stolen bases—Strathconas 5, I.C.B.U. 2. Umpire—Walsh.

Inter Association Senior League

An increased attendance enjoyed two exciting games on the Victoria College grounds Saturday afternoon. In the first game the Progressives wrought the downfall of the hitherto unbeaten Alerts, winning by the score of 6 to 1. O'Hearn struck out nine men.

The second game was all easy for the Y.M.C.A. team, as they hit Tobin in bunches, and won handily by the score of 9 to 3.

Ed. Barnes handled the indicator to the satisfaction of all.

Alerts ..... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
Progressives ..... 0 1 0 0 4 0 x—6

Baracas ..... 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—3
Y. M. C. A. ..... 0 0 0 4 2 0 3 0 x—9

Attendance—250. Umpire—Ed. Barnes.

Next Saturday's games (Dominion Day)—10 a.m., Alerts v. Y.M.C.A.; 2 p.m., Baracas v. Progressives; 3.30, Sherbournes v. Y.M.C.A.

HOTEL FOR SALE

$6300 — HOTEL PREMISES — near city limits, together with furniture, bar fixtures, license, etc.; good reasons for selling. Box 19, World.

BUNKERS AND THE COLD ROUGH ON GEO. S LYON

Champion Golfer Returns From Abroad and Talks of His Trip and the Game.

George S. Lyon, Olympic golf champion, returned on Saturday from his excursion abroad, that was in vain, as far as further honors went. Still, he played the game all right, showing them that the colonials can do things. Interviewed, Mr. Lyon said :

"I only suffered defeat in two of my single matches. In the championships I didn't land among the winners; neither did Willie Anderson, of whom so much was expected. I haven't any excuses; the golf was of a higher order than we play, yet I must say that the weather conditions were against an American or Canadian. My, it was cold and windy. One's hands were so cold that grasping the club with the usual grip was out of the question.

"The courses? Oh, they were fine, but there again I was handicapped in that there are so many more bunkers than over here. The cold and the bunkers were a combination that was enough to destroy any chance that I had, and Willie Anderson suffered in the same way. But, understand me thoroly" — and the Toronto man emphasized his remarks—"I could not win in that company.

"The playing of Braid was a treat to watch, tho in my opinion Taylor's driving was far the best. But Braid's putting and approaching were superb, and many a time he recovered from a bad play by his grand short game."

Lorne Park Bowling Tournament.

Arrangements are now completed for the Dominion Day bowling tournament at Lorne Park. Entries are in from nearly all the city clubs, as well as from Brantford and St. Catharines, the skips including such well-known players as J. S. Willison, Geo. R. Hargraft, W. G. Finlay, T. Woodyatt and E. T. Lightbourn. Play will commence at 10 a.m., and, as the regular 9 o'clock train does not stop at Lorne Park, the club has arranged with the Grand Trunk for a special train, which will leave the Union Station at 9.10 a.m., calling also at South Parkdale, and arriving at the park at 9.35 a.m. The regular holiday tickets (45c return) will be accepted on this train, and also returning on the 6.14 p.m. regular train, which reaches the city about 6.50 p.m. Handsome prizes will be presented to the victorious rinks, and the bowlers are promised an excellent lawn. As the committee has had to give a guarantee in connection with the special train, they would like it to be well patronized by all who intend spending the holiday at this beautiful summer resort. The committee in charge are C. McD. Hay, A. S. Wigmore and G. H. Wood.

Essex Beat Australians.

London, June 24.—Essex beat the Australian cricketers by 19 runs. Total scores: First innings—Essex 113, Australians 100. Second innings—Essex 203, Australians 201.

Deer Park C.C. defeated St. Georges in a league game on Saturday by 61 to 35. Marks bowled well for the winners. Sefton made top score, 16.

Once More.

Now comes the time when men of wit
Revive in song and story prose
That joke about the little bit
Of ice, which quickly goes,

Ancient, greyheaded, toothless jest,
Come forth once more and strive;
You'll never be allowed to rest
While icemen are alive.
Unless perhaps a change is made,
And ice is sold by size, not weighed.

vest will brighten
an old suit.

shing what a difference
h vest will make in an
the vest has to be right.
linen vests are right in
of style, fit and material.
double-breasted, they are
on the latest lines.
s are in a great variety
lsome designs, ranging
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e to show you these vests. Won't
them.
to $5.00. 608
mi-ready
ailoring
NTO 22 WEST KING STREET
MANNING ARCADE

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Unless perhaps a change is made,
And ice is sold by size, not weighed.

TORONTOS WON BY 6 TO 5 ST. KITTS BEAT TECUMSEHS

League Lacrosse Games Decided on Saturday—All the Scores.

At Rosedale—Toronto 6, Brantford 5.
At St. Catharines—St. Catharines 11, Tecumsers 3.
At Montreal—Nationals 6, Capitals 5.

There was a lot of jiu jitsu in the game between Torontos and Brantford at Rosedale Saturday. The boys in blue won the game by a close margin, and had the score in their favor after the first couple of games, but they were playing against a short handed team. Brantford with three games to the bad wanted to win in a hurry and there was roughing it very early in the game. Referee Miller stood for it for a while, but the players couldn't stand latitude and a long list of penalties was commenced when Davidson was sent to the fence for hitting Powers. Then Hendry got after Francis pretty hard and he had to decorate the railing. In the third game Taylor slugged Marshall pretty hard on the nose in front of the stand, and Miller sent him off for the rest of the game. The score was a tie when the third game commenced, and Miller had evidently decided to put an end to the rough work for the rest of the game when Taylor hit Marshall. Brantford got the third game in 3 1-2 minutes. The fouth brought out some good lacrosse with Brantford playing only 10 men. Marshall shot twice and hit the posts, and Neely made a couple of fine sprints. Henry was sent off for five minutes for hitting Francis on the head, and Carmichael had to go, too, soon after for rough work. Lamb scored on a pass from Marshall after a couple of exciting minutes around the net. After a minutes play the fifth game was scored by Kirkwood. Lamb shot, and the ball hot the post, and on the rebound Kirkwood caught it and

The next was scored by Kirkwood in one minute on a clever pass from Marshall. Hanly was off for tripping and Doyle got a ten-minutes' rest for wrestling. There was considerable mixing up and Miller was becoming rather severe. Layden tripped up Parke, who dropped his stick and went toward Layden threateningly. Layden squared up and mixed it up with Parke pretty stiff until they were separated by the players and both sent to the fence. Several blows were exhanged, and Parke got some of them for being too hasty. Dowling and Hendry did some swell work for Brantford in the ext game, which was a long one, full of rather slow lacrosse. Hendry scored in 19¾ minutes.

The third quarter commenced with Toronto playing 11 and Branftord 10. Henry was sent off for hugging Hutton. The play had livened up a bit and Brantford was the aggressor, but there was poor shooting. After seven minutes Whitehead scored just after HuStton had stopped a fast one with his shins.

St. Cyprians Beat Yorkshires.

St. Cyprian's C. C. on their own grounds Saturday afternoon defeated the oYrkshire Society by 8 wickets and 41 runs. The St. Cyprians made 78 runs for two wickets and the Yorkshires were all out for 37.

Latonia Continues Till July 22.

Cincinnati, June 24.—The management of the Latonia Jockey Club announces that the present race meeting will continue until July 22. The meeting was scheduled to close on July 8.

One Way of Getting It.

"I thought I was next to all the games," said a bartender yesterday, "but those two men going down the street pulled off a new one on me this morning. They have been going a strong pace and were down and out. They had but 15 cents between them and both wanted a drink.

"They walked into this place, after holding a conference on the sidewalk, and one of them called for a special brand of whiskey. He placed the 15 cents on the bar and I served him the drink. He filled the glass up to the brim. I said nothing altho he was buying the whiskey cheaper than we were. Then he swallowed half of it, smacked his lips for a minute and said: 'That is not the whiskey I ordered.' I insisted that it was and he insisted that it wasn't. Finally he turned to his friend who stood behind him and said: 'Taste it. See if I am not right.' The friend swallowed the remaining half of the whiskey, smacked his lips and said: 'I think the bartender is right.' The two linked arms and walked away. It came over me in a minute that I had been worked, but the game was so cleverly done that I called them back and set them up."

Maitlands 4—Young Torontos3.

In a well-contested game of lacrosse in the senior series of the Toronto City League Saturday afternoon, the home team won out by the above score. The game was marked by very close checking, altho at times the combination work was brilliant, the Maitlands excelling in stick handling. The game was refereed by William Hancock, who, altho penalizing many players of both teams, gave entire satisfaction. This is Mr. Hancock's first appearance in lacrosse this season, and both teams expressed the opinion that he was quite an acquisition to the staff of referees.

Harmless.

Bell—"Did that anonymous note worry you?"

Nell—"Oh, no, it was from Jack. He always writes them when we have a falling out!"

From Life.

He—"Miss Passay is wonderfully well informed on ancient history."

She—"Yes, she was always a great observer."

RALLY FOR S. S. CHILDREN

Continued From Page 1.

Rev. Archibald Forder, missionary among the Arabs, Jerusalem, Palestine. The latter had the personal gratification of here witnessing the delight caused the children by his presents of pressed flowers from Palestine.

Mr. Brown told of Brooklyn's big anniversary holiday, which occurred this year, June 8. A monster procession of 125,000 children paraded the streets, and the day was proclaimed a public holiday by the local government.

Mayor Urquhart said it would be a "real good thing" if such a holiday could be declared in Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Forder's remarks were of special interest to the children when he described habits and customs of the holy land and told how the good work was progressing there.

Boys Were Conspicuous.

The Dunn-avenue Presbyterian Church was about three-quarters full on the occasion of the Sunday school rally. The majority of the audience was composed of women and girls. "The boys," as the Rev. Archibald Forder remarked, "were conspicuous by their absence."

Judge Winchester, the popular superintendent of the Sabbath school, was the chairman. The principal speakers were Rev. Mr. Forder, who has been for nearly a score of years, a missionary to Arabia, Jerusalem and Palestine, and Rev. Dr. Clark, who is better known to the Sunday school scholars, by his nom de plume of "Timothy Standby." Both these speakers delivered short and interesting addresses. They have the faculty of talking to children so that they can be understood, consequently their stories were much enjoyed. A number of hymns were sung with enthusiasm. Rev. Mr. Geggie closed the rally with a short prayer.

NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT.

Closes After a Career of 136 Years.

The Grand Vesour, once the most famous restaurant in Paris, closed its doors recently after an unbroken existence of 136 years.

Its superb cooking was the joy of generations of epicures, and it made the fortune of many successive proprietors. Of late years it has been more of a show place, and no Englishman or American thought a visit to Paris complete without going to the restaurant in the Palais Royal, to sit in the seats of emperors and marshals and reflect on the brilliant traditions connected with the place.

It was established in 1769, but did not become a great resort of fashion until the years preceding the revolution. Then Vesour took over the place, and the excellence of its cooking attracted all that was gay and brilliant in the French capital.

Napoleon, before he became emperor, was often seen there. Wellington was a frequent diner at the place when he was in Paris after Waterloo.

Prince Murat, Marshal Ney and many of Napoleon's distinguished officers were also among the customers, and scratched their names on the mirrors which hung round the walls. Another name that can still be deciphered is that of Thackeray.

He Was for Peace.

"War," cried the old gentleman in the Pugsburg Arms smoking room, "is a curse and a disgrace. War!" he continued, thumping the table with his fist, "is an abomination and a blot on civilization! The very name of war," he shouted, sweeping two glasses off the board in his excitement—"the very name of war is enough to make a decent, respectable man go and 'ang 'isself out o' pure disgust!"

Having so delivered himself, he arose and left the room, his fine old face showing signs of strong emotion.

"Gentleman seems to feel rather deeply on the subject," said a commercial traveler, who had been listening to his remarks.

"He do," assented one of the natives. "Has he lost some near relative thru war?" inquired the commercial.

"He 'ave," replied the other oracularly.

"Who was it?" asked the querist.

"'Is wife's first 'usband!'" was the reply.—New York Evening Mail.

Eagle Attacks a Woman.

Bath Correspondence Elmira Advertiser.

Mrs. L. G. Wickham of Odessa had an encounter with an eagle Saturday in which she escaped being vanquished only by the most desperate of fights.

She heard a commotion in the yard of her house and, being alone, she rushed out of doors to see what was the trouble. There she saw an eagle trying to carry off a large turkey, which was fighting its best to escape. Mrs. Wickham seized a rake nearby, with which she attacked the eagele. The bird turned on her, tore her clothes nearly off and inflicted terrible cuts on her face, neck, arms and hands.

She pluckily maintained the fight and finally drove the eagle off. She says it would measure fully six to eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Pigeon Stopped Town Clock.

Logansport Correespondence Indianapolis Star.

A pigeon roosting on the minute hand of the town clock in the Cass County court house tower last evening stopped the clock at precisely 6.20, and caused many people in Logansport to be an hour late.

The electric light was turned on in the tower, and altho the dial was suddenly illuminated, the pigeon was not in the least disturbed and refused to move. A janitor was obliged to climb the dizzy height and "shoo" the bird away. It was at 7.15 o'clock when the mechanism was again in motion.

Dull Season in St. Joe.

Runaway marriages are going out of fashion. But 34 Chicago couples were married in St. Joseph, Mich., last week and the ministers and clerks have already sent up a howl about dull times.

HANLAN'S POINT.
TO-DAY [Sunday] | AFTERNOON and EVENING
BAND
EXTRA FERRY SERVICE FROM YONGE-ST. AND SPADINA-AVE.

FINGER PRINTS IN DETECTION.

Woman Gives New York Police Some Pointers on Art.

How the mystery of the Tiffany diamond robbery might perhaps have been solved by the quick application of modern science was demonstrated by a woman at police headquarters in the presence of some of the shrewdest officers of the country. She was Mrs. M. E. Holland, wife of P. C. Holland of Chicago, the editor of the official organ of the National Association of Police Chiefs, who has made an exhaustive study of the classification and uses of finger prints for the detection of criminals, says The New York American.

Upon apparently unsoiled paper and smooth surfaces of glass and wood Mrs. Holland, by the application of a prepared powder, brought out finger impressions as plainly as if they had been made with ink where before no impressions were discernable.

"Wherever upon a smooth surface, whether on metal, glass, wood, paper or what not, the fingers are touched, the impression of the fingers remains," said she, "and by the use of this powder can be made plainly visible. In the instance of the Tiffany diamond robbery it is certain that the thief's hand touched somewhere, either on the desk, the safe or the paper in which the diamonds were contained. With all these finger impressions known, the process of elimination could be resorted to and the real culprit, it might be, apprehended.

Can Identify Markings.

Mrs. Holland also demonstrated her ability to distinguish between and identity the various finger prints submitted to her.

Among those who witnessed her demonstrations at police headquarters were William P. Sheridan, superintendent of the New York Bureau of Identification, and Captain John McCauley of the detective bureau. They were much impressed.

"There is no question as to the efficiency of the system," said Superintendent Sheridday, who bears an enviable reputation thruout the country as the "criminals' foe." "In my opinion a finger print bureau should be established in New York and every other city, in conjunction with our present methods for identification. The value of the system has already been proven by the Scotland Yard detectives."

Mrs. Holland, during the recent convention of police chiefs in Washington, delivered a series of lectures on modern science as applied to criminal work, and it is certain that many of her ideas will be put into effective use thruout the country. She is now stopping with her husband at the Breslin.

A Man's Life in the Balance.

In New Ulm, Minn., within a few days, Dr. Koch, the first murder suspect to have ever been arrested in America by the finger print system of identification, will be placed on trial on the charge of stabbing to death a rival dentist, Dr. Gerhart. The crime was exceedingly mysterious, altho the prints of bloody hands were found in several parts of the room. Thru comparisons made by Mrs. Holland suspicion was pointed towards Dr. Koch, and sufficient evidence was obtained to secure his indictment.

In Fort Leavenworth penitentiary the finger-print system was employed to discover a "trusty" who was stealing from the institution. The correctness of the method was proven later by the confession of the suspect.

Mrs. Holland in her private bureau has a collection of 8000 finger prints of well-known criminals.

"The system is being taken up very rapidly in American cities and prisons," said Mrs. Holland last night. "Bureaus have been established in all the government prisons, in the New York State prisons and in more than a dozen cities, including Chicago, Kansas City, Baltimore, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, St. Paul and Los Angeles. Everywhere it is proving effective as a means for identification."

"It is an established fact that the delineations of the human finger do not change from babyhood to old age or even after death until mortification has destroyed the flesh. The impressions of fingers of Egyptian mummies 3000 years old, have been successfully classified.

"The day is close at hand when wills can be positively authenticated and when forgeries will be made impossible by the use of finger prints in the affairs of business."

LEEDS AS AN EXAMPLE.

While the talk of municipal ownership and operation of street cars is in the air, a new city is being discovered almost every day where the plan has been tried with great success, and, of these, it has been brought to the attention of Mayor Codd that Leeds, England, a city of about 450,000 population, last year earned $260,000 clear from its own street car service.

In that city the fare is regulated according to the distance traveled, and the figures given by The Municipal Journal are interesting. Of a total number of 64,223,666 passengers carried, 1,781,417 paid one cent fare. Two cent fare was paid by 50,778,052; three cent fare by 1,424,136; four cent fare by 6,150,880, and six cent fare by 1,089,181 passengers. The average receipts of the system were a fraction over 20 cents a mile.

In many respects Leeds is situated similarly to Detroit. It is surrounded by a number of suburban villages, in many of which there are private companies that have an agreement with Leeds, by which they run their cars over the municipal tracks to the centre of the city. Leeds claims that it has one of the best-managed and most profitable street car systems owned and operated by any city in England.

Charged With Theft.

John Balfour, 15 Napier-street, who formerly drove a rig for H. D. Kelly, the grocer, at 90 East King-street, was arrested Saturday on the charge of stealing $45 from Kelly. Balfour joined the Toronto Light Horse, and has been in camp for two weeks at Niagara.

A. J. Stewart's offer of $10,000 for the assets of the A. J. Stewart Company was accepted on Saturday by the creditors. It will give about 50c on the dollar.

MUNRO PARK
--THIS WEEK--
Nightly at 8.15. - - Matinee Daily at 3.15 p.m.
Carter & Bluford and The Dixie Troubadours
In an Entirely New Offering, Entitled
THE COONVILLE CARNIVAL,
Arranged by BARRINGTON CARTER

Charlie Do-You-Up	Barrington Carter
Shiftless Sandy	Jack Smith
Harry Dashaway	Leon Williams
Servem, A Waiter	James Towel
Officer Huntem	Sam King
Daisy	Theresa Bluford
Lilly	Ida Bluford
Violet	Nellie King
Rose	Annie Towel
Pansy	Mattie Hughes

Scene: Outskirts of Opelika, Alabama.
Time: Day before yesterday.
During the action of the comedy the following musical numbers will be introduced:
Opening Chorus; Georgia; My Heart Goes Thumping and Bumping for You; Della from Delaware; It's Allus the Same In Dixie; The Three Mosquitoes; Mandy, You and Me; Honey, I'm Waiting; The Coonville Quartette; Every Little Bit Helps; Kentucky Home.
OLIO
Leon Williams, vocalist; Mr. and Mrs. Sam King, presenting a novel military set; Mattie Hughes, singing and dancing soubrette; Carter & Bluford, comedy sketch; Majestic Sketch, presenting "Chicken Opera"; Grand Finale, introducing the entire company.

HON. JUSTICE MACLAREN

Continued From Page 1.

moral. It was like the hot-house process of education spoken of by Dickens as causing physical break-up and mental stagnation. The kaiser had advised the teachers in his schools upon this theme. The evil arose from impatience for results. The lesson had not been learned to "let alone and trust nature more." To try to make the child simulate the dove was to essay the unnatural and dangerous. It was a great error to treat the child as tho there were no laws of nature.

Mrs. James L. Hughes followed with her familiar and interesting talk on the training of children.

Ministers Must Aid.

The home department was discussed from various standpoints in the Jarvis-street Baptist Church. Mrs. Flora Stibbins, Fitchburg, Mass., conducted the discussion and emphasized the fact that to make the home department a success the co-operation of the ministers must be enlisted. Mrs. Curtis of Painesville, Ohio, said that the advantage of a home department was that it enlivened the interest in the Sunday School. Members were put on the corresponding list when they moved away and interest was continued in them and they kept interested in the work. The first essential to success was consecration to the Master's work. E. C. Knapp of Hartford, Conn., told of three ways to increase membership in the home department. They were: 1. Realizing the need of it. 2. Going at it, and 3. Sticking to it. Ninety per cent. of the success of the home department depended on sticking to it.

Mrs. J. R. Simmons, Hammondsport, N. Y., spoke on auxiliary workers. She thought secretaries and treasurers should not be urged to contribute money. They should feel that it is their personality that is desired, not their money.

Mrs. Stibbins introduced the new department in Sunday School work, "Sunshine Boards," and to further this department in Toronto a meeting will be held on Monday at 2 o'clock in the east end of the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Church.

How to increase membership and interest in home work was discussed by E. C. Knapp, Hartford, Conn., T. C. Gehauer, Henderson, Ky.; C. E. Hauk, Chicago, Ill.; W. G. Landes, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Rev. J. A. Worden, D.D., Philadelphia. Rev E. W. Halfpenny, Indianapolis, spoke on the messenger service in this connection.

Promotion With Honors.

The superintendents' and the pastors' conferences in Metropolitan Church were discussions of ways and means. The pastors met first, under the guidance of Rev. Dewitt, M. Benham of Maryland, Md., and the leadership of A. F. Schauffler, secretary of New York. The chief idea brought out was the necessity for the active work of the pastor in the Sunday schools if the latter were to be in any way successful. The greatest success was achieved in the Sunday school where the pastor came amongst them and knew personally both scholars and teachers.

The superintendents' conference was largely attended. George W. Watts of Durham, N.C., presided, and Marion Lawrence of Toledo was leader. The longest discussion was on the subject of grading in the Sunday schools. Many ideas were suggested as solutions of this the most difficult problem that the superintendent has to face. Grading on the basis of age of scholarship of size of ability in Sunday school work were suggested, but all fell before the suggestion of Prof. Burgess of Chicago. The plan that has proven most successful was a method whereby some students were promoted with honors, and those whom did not merit promotion were passed on to the higher class, but without honors. It prevented the older and duller boys and girls from staying in a class to their own humiliation long after their cleverer chums had passed out. The with and without honors plan was instrumental in making the duller ones work harder to qualify for honors.

Talked on Temperance.

In Cookes' church a temeperance conference was held, presided over by Rev. Dr. oPtts. On the platform were Mrs. Zillalo Foster Stevens, St. Louis, organ-

Facts About Fountain

He was a successful tailor for years, then, with this practical knowledge to start with, originated his weekly valet service. An instant success. This service now embraces hundreds of well-dressed citizens who consign their entire wardrobe to him for constant attention. Just $5 a quarter.

Fountain, "My Valet,"
Cleaner, Presser and Repairer of Clothes,
30 Adelaide West. M. 3074.

ier; Mrs. Wilbur F. Crofts, Washington; Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., Auburndale, Mass.; Chas. G. Trumbull, Philadelphia; and David C. Cooke, Chicago, Ill. Temeprance in the schools, in the home and in the legislature was the keynote of the meeting. In a powerful address the Rev. Dr. Potts urged a more earnest effort looking toward the banishment of the saloon. For more than 50 years he had been associated with the temperance movement. The present age was a progessive one. Teaching in the home, personal elimination of the evil, was the great factor in the work.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts urged the teaching of temperance in all its phases in the public and Sabbath schools. Teach patriotism and temperance together.

Rev. Dr. Peloubet spoke briefly on the manner of teaching the lesson. Facts were the basis on which to found the teaching of the lesson. Rum is a predominating evil and shuts the door of heaven.

David C. Cooke of Chicago and editor of Cookes' publications for more than 30 years, deplored the lack of interest shown in the work of the Sunday school publications. The work of the teacher had been largely supplemented by the literature of the day, and in a measure this was desirable.

Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, Peoria, Ill., enlarged on the importance of early training. Charles Gallanded Trumbull, Philadelphia, Pa., and editor of Sunday School Times, gave a brief outline of the work performed along temperance lines by the Jerusalem crusade of last year.

Letters of regret were read from Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Rev. Charles Blanshard, president Wheaton Collge, in which hearty concurrence was expressed in the wor kof the association.

Speed of a Prairie Chicken.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

That a prairie chicken flies with sufficient speed to propel itself thru heavy plate glass was proved by a recent incident at the little Town of Wolsey, Beadle County.

Prof. Shepard of the village school, in the discharge of his duty, rang the school bell, when a couple of prairie chickens that had taken refuge in the schoolhouse tower from a storm were frightened from their refuge. They flew as straight and swift as an arrow for the plate glass front of a business house The glass was five-eighths of an inch in thickness, but one of the prairie chickens went straight thru it as tho it were paper and dropped dead on the floor inside the building at a distance of about 20 feet from the window. The prairie chicken went thru the plate glass with sufficient force to cut a hole six inches in diameter in the heavy glass.

Baseball Players in Demand.

In a New York paper appears an advertisement for attendants at a state lunatic asylum who can play baseball. Ordinary attendants get $22 a month and board, but those who prove proficient short stops and outfielders may receive $50 a month extra. With athletics playing an important part even in lunatic asylums the educated man of the future may have to be able to dig up a grounder, buck the centre or throw the discus.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

I note that the board of control has instructed the city engineer to prepare a report on overhead signs, in order, according to Mr. Fullerton, that a by-law may be passed providing for the inspection of existing signs and for taking proceedings summarily in regard to such as are found to be a menace to the safety of the public. Surely we have not gone on 71 years since incorporation—which reminds me that 1909 will see the diamond anniversary of the city—without having a regulation of such things. If such be a fact, it is well that the students three or four years ago took it into their heads to assault such signs on Hallowe'en. Mr. Fullerton further says that if such signs are a menace to the public proceedings can be taken by indictment to have them removed. So cumbrous a method should not be necessary. Peremptory orders should be possible, with a heavy fine as a penalty for non-obedience. Even at that it is not overhead signs that so much need attention—nuisance and destructive of beauty as many of them are—as the littering of the sidewalks and boulevards by tradesmen with empty barrels and boxes and refuse from their business and the overflow of planks into the streets from lumber yards. Last week I called Dr. Sheard's attentions to these abominations. Perhaps the city engineer will now kindly "make a report" on these practices, too, with a view to remedial measures being taken in 1909! Instructions to "make a report" seem to be about the speediest way in which our $2500-a-year controllers can proceed. The term stands a chance of taking notorious rank with the late Sir Oliver Mowat's "the matter will be taken into consideration," and to be just about as much productive of result.

Apropos of the foregoing, I desire to direct attention to the fact that in several cities of the United States associations have been formed having for their object the improvement and adornment of the public streets and the encouragement of better public manners among merchants and citizens generally. In some cities the newspapers have adopted a department under the heading "The City Beautiful," to which residents are invited to contribute suggestions. In others, as in San Francisco, experts have been employed to furnish ideas. In others again, on set days, citizens turn out en bloc, or on bee, and proceed to clean up the streets and lawns, to suppress obstructionists and to cause their arrest. In some cities the women take a leading part in the movement. In Nashville, Tenn., "The Women's Department" is doing wonders in urging the citizens to clean up, to cultivate flowers and to pay some respect to the beautification of their front premises and to the laws of hygiene. In Memphis it is "The Housekeepers' Club" that is carrying on the good work and in Florence, Ala., "The Florence Civic Improvement Association," and ere 1909, the diamond anniversary year, and the year that may see various things now contemplated actually performed, perhaps Toronto will have awoke to the occasion. I only say "may" at that, for the occasion is only four years away and there are some long talked of requirements, the big trunk sewer, the Yonge-street bridge and the once proposed bridge to the island, for instance, to say nothing of the extension of the Armories, the evacuation of the garrison commons and the erection of a stock-judging arena by the city for the exhibition, that may see the millennium ere their fulfilment. The Florence City Improvement Association, by the way, calls for:

1. Strict enforcement of all stock laws.
2. Shade trees on all our streets around our homes and public buildings, and in the city of the dead.
3. Destruction of weeds everywhere in the city limits.
4. Beautiful, home-like schools.
5. Clean public buildings.
6. Clean streets and alleys.
7. Improvement of parks and an increased number, loking to the day when they will be necessary.
8. Everything that contributes to a more beautiful Florence, and a stronger spirit of co-operation therefor amongst her citizens and officers.

Cards are hung up in the homes and business places of the members as a constant reminder of the work which each member is pledged to do.

At Denver, Col., the mayor issued a proclamation setting apart a certain day as "clean-up day," and the result was almost a transformation. Among the suggestions contained in the mayor's proclamation were these:

If your store front, residence or fence is dull or dingy, order it painted.

If your awning is old, torn or faded, get a new one.

If your sidewalk, fence or gate needs repairing, fix it.

Destroy the young weeds that are starting on your property and on your neightbor's property.

If your advertising sign is old or faded, take it down and paint it.

Resolve never to throw paper in the streets.

Take all dandelions out of your lawn—they spoil its beauty.

Burn all the rubbish possible—allow no one to throw it on streets, alleys or vacant lots.

Promise not to spit on the sidewalk.

Organize a block improvement society, and allow no weeds to grow on sidewalk, area or vacant property in your block.

Ask your milkmen, grocerymen and expressmen to have their wagons painted.

Irrespective of the size of your house, make your lawn the finest.

Illuminate the front of your store in the business section.

Every effort put forth or dollar spent to improve our city's appearance will be returned two-fold.

Following these suggestions, all business streets and alleys were thoroly cleaned, all poles, fire alarm boxes, etc., were newly painted, drinking fountains have been erected, neatly painted refuse cans were placed at convenient points, buildings were repaired and painted, trees trimmed, lawns mowed, weeds destroyed, sidewalks repaired, flower beds made or enlarged and the city received such a cleaning that its beauty and attractiveness were enhanced a hundred-fold. The citizens—men, women, and even the children, entered into the spirit of the movement with earnest will and enthusiasm, and everybody is pleased with the result. Such work is not only educational, but patriotic, refining and beautiful. A little organized effort could accomplish wonders in Toronto and in actual effect and benefit conferred would distance and put to scorn the board of control's "make a report" method.

What saith Sir Francis Bacon? "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handworks. And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be a garden for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness, yea, tho it be in a morning's dew. That above all which yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet. Next to that is the musk-rose, then the strawberry leaves dying. For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first be not too busy or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff—they be for children. Little low hedges round, like wells, with some pretty pyramids, I like well, and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. For fountains, they are a great beauty and refresment; but pools mar all. Lo, I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it."

There is evidently work for the new fish and game protective association to perform in New Ontario. A correspondent states that existing legal restrictions are utterly inadequate to effect their purpose. He says: "It is a fact well known to every hunter and bushman that in this country moose and caribou are killed in season and out of season, and it would not require very keen detective work to find out what is done with the meat or the heads either. That so-called sportsmen bag more small game than the law permits, and that the partridge and other small game are shot out of season and are even destroyed on the nests. That the weight of trout allowed to a fisherman is being continually exceeded and nets are used in the spring when the fish are going up-stream to spawn. To meet this state of affairs the government have appointed game wardens without sufficient power behind them to enforce the law. These wardens are not paid a salary, or in some cases only a nominal sum, and hence do not take much interest in the question, since to enforce the law they must trust to informants who share in the fines that are put on the offender." This correspondent suggests that associations be formed everywhere to assist the wardens and that the latter be well paid for their trouble.

It is understood that the License Holders' Protective Association have resolved to petition the government to extend the hours of closing. The argument used is that theatregoers are driven to unlicensed places, to the clubs and to the larger hotels, the general run of license holders thus losing the trade that should be theirs. There is a shadow of logic in the argument, but legislation is for the province and not for the few tavern-keepers doing business in the city in the neighborhood of theatres. "After the opera is over," it is about time for the well-advised, law-abiding citizen to tumble into bed. It strikes me that the license holders, if they really have decided to ask for the extension, have decided unwisely. It would be far better for them to aid the authorities in wiping out the unlicensed places, of the existence of which they appear to be aware, and in making one law good for everybody.

A judge of the high court, on returning home the other afternoon, was made acquainted with a flagrant act of his twelve-year-old son, and summoned the lad before him.

"Now, sir, I am going to ask you no questions," he said, with judicial severity. "Undo your braces, for I am going to give you a whipping, one that you will remember."

Having often heard his father converse with many of his brother judges, and having once been allowed to hear him sum up in an important case, the boy replied:

"If it please your lordship, may I ask for a stay of proceedings in this case until I can prepare and file an application for a change of venue to Mother's Court. My application will be based on the belief that the court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which cannot now be shaken by evidence and is, therefore, I submit, not competent to try my case."

Stay was granted, and the promising limb of the law allowed a dollar.

I am told that all is not as plain sailing with the Canadian manufacturers in England as newspaper cablegrams would make it appear. Manchester, as we know, gave them the cold shoulder, and even Birmingham manufacturers, I am informed, refused to allow them to visit their factories. English manufacturers, my informant says, did not need W. K. George to tell them that Canadian manufacturers proposed to retain their own market and favored protection. The preference to the contrary notwithstanding, English manufacturers fully realize that Canadian manufacturers have no more regard for them than they have for those of the States. If it were not for this, Chamberlainism would have a walkover. As it is now, his policy will never carry. English manufacturers know that they have no thing to expect from it.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association, which was founded by Harry Piper, now of Chicago, and of the sports of which body I was the first referee, acting for several years, has done itself honor in electing H. Gerald Wade a life member. Mr. Wade, who now regrettably is of Ottawa, is indefatigable in promoting anything he undertakes, having a rare faculty for organization, combined with excellent executive ability, and it is not difficult to believe that in a dozen official years his services to the association were invaluable.

The present growth of Toronto is phenomenal. Every day the building activity in the city increases and contractors are strongly put to it to carry out the work they have on hand and have to sit up nights figuring on new work offering them. They no longer haunt the architects' offices, as in former years, but are urged by builders and architects to bid on work which they do not see their way to complete with their present forces. There is an urgent demand for every mechanic in the building trades and for every day laborer. Never in its history has Toronto been more busy than now, and she owes a debt of gratitude to the workingmen engaged that they are allowing the season to pass without any strikes, which are always disastrous. And that reminds me to express my sorrow that the movement for the erection of small houses to meet a "long felt want," and a greater felt want than ever, has collapsed, sundry real estate agents having effectively blocked the scheme and caused Mr. McLaughlin, the promoter, a loss of some thousand dollars.

There appears to be considerable feeling among owners of property in North Rosedale over the attitude that the city is taking on the question of annexation. There is, however, little diversity of opinion among citizens as to the correctness of that attitude. If North Rosedale wants to come into the fold it is not because the city will be benefited, but because the people of that particular district expect to derive some advantage. If the Glenroad bridge was a necessity for the opening up of the property years ago, it is equally a necessity to the people living on the other side of it to-day. There is no more reason why we should compensate the builders of that bridge for their expenditure than that we should recoup them the money that has been expended on roads and other necessary general improvements in the neighborhood. At the same time it is of importance to the standing and credit of Toronto that it should embrace within its limits as much of the closely adjoining populated land as possible. While, of course, a city may be large enough to be cumbrous, yet it is nevertheless a fact that cities gain in dignity and importance by their size both in area and population. If Toronto would keep in the van she will always have to have an eye in the direction of increasing her population, which also means an increase in wealth and landed property. Still there is no reason why a comparatively newly settled district should reap the benefits of many years of toil and enterprise and at the same time receive compensation for its own efforts in a similar direction. The long and short of the matter is that North Rosedale, in spite of everything that can be said, much more needs the city than the city needs it.

It is encouraging to notice that the National Lacrosse Union, with its headquarters at Montreal, is disposed to follow in the wake of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, whose headquarters are in Toronto, and adopt professionalism. The aggregation of clubs down east may appropriate the title "amateur" to themselves as much as they have a mind to, but the fact still remains that long before even the formation of the Canadian Lacrosse Association the principles of amateurism, in some of their clubs at least, was more honored in the breach than in the observance. Even the immaculate Montreal Lacrosse Club, which certainly came nearer to the ideal of amateurism than its associate clubs, men of middle age can well remember had at one time a grave and serious scandal in which one or more of its members were charged with selling out in a match. There is quite sufficient to prove that the mercenary spirit was abroad then even as it is now. Great Britain and other countries have long recognized that outdoor games—and indoor games, for that matter—need instructors and masters, and, therefore, without so much palaver, gossip and slander as are indulged in here, they have naturally accepted the inevitable and recognized professionalism as they recognize the amateurs that are known as gentlemen. Whether purely professional teams will pay is a problem that has yet to be solved, but there can be no doubt that it is far better for all concerned that a line should be drawn between the honest and dishonest amateur. By the mere recognition of professionalism the Canadian Lacrosse Association, as well as will the National Lacrosse Union, have enabled men who previously have been sailing under false colors to come out in the open and be themselves. They no longer have to assume a character that does not belong to them.

What the lacrosse organizations are doing, hockey will also have to do in the near future. Strenuous efforts—and more or less successful efforts—are being made to keep Canada's winter game clean and pure, but the introduction, or rather recognition, of professionalism in lacrosse ranks means either that many of the best hockey players will have to be prohibited from taking part in league games or else will have to form teams of their own under the Hockey Association aegis. As a matter of fact, professional hockey has already a recognized existence, a professional hockey league having been formed in Northwest Ontario. It is for the Ontario Hockey Association and the Canadian Hockey Association to say whether they shall control the game in its entirety, the same as the lacrosse bodies do, or whether there shall be divided authority. There is nothing inconsistent in amateur organizations recognizing the existence of professionalism. If they desire to be absolutely amateur and ignore professionalism, the same as the rowing associations and the Rugby football associations do, it is open for them so to do, but at the same time they will have to enforce their laws with a great deal more rigid and stern hand than they have been able to apply up to the present. It was only the other day I was talking to a member of the Ontario Hockey Association, and when I spoke of the purity of its players he laughed me to scorn, saying that while in Toronto there may be decent observance of the principle, outside the city hockey clubs were almost as lax—if not quite as lax—as the lacrosse clubs were anywhere. From this it would appear that sooner or later the hockey associations will have to fall into line and recognize and register professionals.

In one June week there have been 125 deaths from heart disease in New York. This is more than double the number of deaths from the same complaint for the corresponding week last year. One of the health commissioners thinks the enormous increase of heart disease is due to the strenuous business life of the Yankee metropolis. Business men live in a terrific nervous strain, and even their pleasures are pursued at a pace that kills. Perhaps more men are wrecked from the latter cause. Fewer men die from hard work than from dissipation, altho the excitement and worry of modern business life in a city like New York, especially in the field of promotion and speculation, make men old before their time. Hard work and mental excitement and worry during business hours, followed by dissipation in its various forms until late in the night—late suppers or dinners, heavy eating and drinking and smoking, immoral conduct and utter disregard of the laws of health—these bring penalties which must be paid, for the laws of nature are inexorable and cannot be outraged with impunity. Indigestion, dyspepsia, heart disease, nervous breakdown are some of the forms of the penalty. It is the common opinion of observers from the old world that we people on the northern part of the continent do not know how to live. We rush thru life at breakneck speed. We work hard and rapidly, which is not so bad, but we don't know how to rest, how to conserve our strength and energies. Repose is our unlearned art. We rush thru our labor and our pleasures at killing speed to an early grave and oblivion. How few learn the philosophy of life, the rational way to live and think and labor!

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" is a wholesome maxim which the reformed and reforming mayor of Philadelphia did not obey last Christmas time, and the disobedience of which he now regrets. When two eminent "Greeks," known as Durham and McNichol, bore or sent costly Christmas gifts to the man whom they, with the consent of their associate ringsters, had made mayor, he accepted their offerings. The Philadelphia Bulletin says plainly that he should have refused them, "and it was surprising that he should have even entertained the thought that he could properly receive them." The Bulletin adds:

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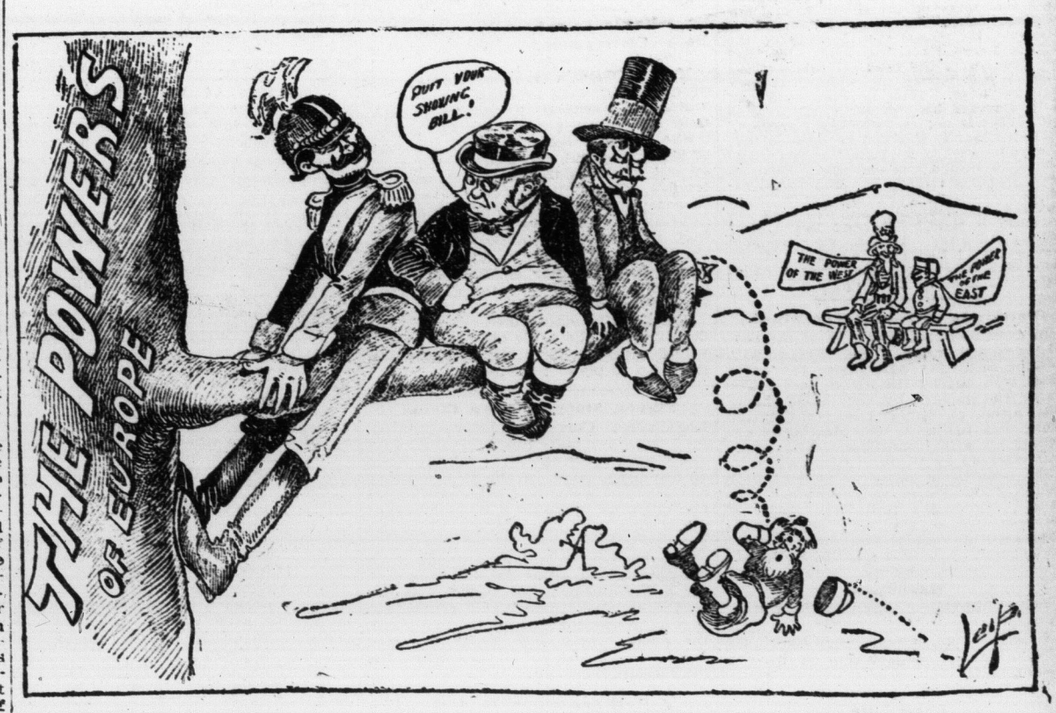
"At the same time it would be well to learn how many other responsible members of the city administration since April, 1903, have been taking 'presents' in the same easy-going fashion that then characterized the conduct of their official head."

The giving and receiving of expensive presents has long been a prominent feature of Philadelphia's rotten municipal government. Under Mayor Weaver's latest predecessor, Mayor Ashbridge, it reached an almost fabulous prominence. On one interesting occasion so many and such cumbrous gifts were sent to the mayor's residence that there was not room in the house for them and another building was



THE ONE ON THE END: "FUNNY, ONE MAN IS GONE AND STILL THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH ROOM."

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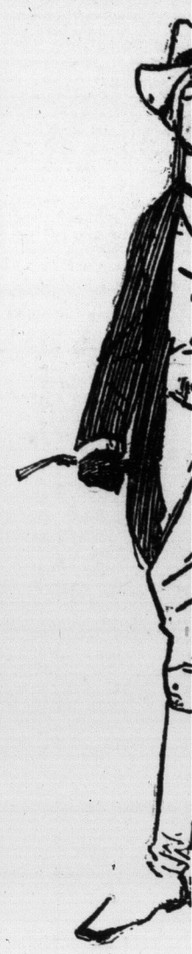

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>
> "At the same time it would be well to learn how many other responsible members of the city administration since April, 1903, have been taking 'presents' in the same easy-going fashion that then characterized the conduct of their official head."

The giving and receiving of expen- sive presents has long been a promi- nent feature of Philadelphia's rotten municipal government. Under Mayor Weaver's latest predecessor, Mayor Ashbridge, it reached an almost fabu- lous prominence. On one interesting oc- casion so many and such cumbrous gifts were sent to the mayor's residence that there was not room in the house for them and another building was rented for their storage. Acceptance of gifts by officials, either in national, state, municipal or corporation service, is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." It matters little whether a gift comes from a superior or a subordinate; its accept- ance is likely to do harm. It has a ten- dency to impair that spirit of independ- ence which is essential to the faithful discharge of duty. One of the extremely regrettable facts of the time is that most lawmakers, many executive and some judicial officials, and even premiers, ac- cept valuable and highly appreciated gifts and favors. Sometime those of- ficials, one and all, will quit this gift- taking, because wholesome public senti- ment will brand it as an impropriety too glaring for further toleration.

E AND STILL THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ."

It was inevitable that the victories won by Japan should lead to a consid- eration of the Chinese exclusion acts. There appears to be a tendency in the United States nowadays to ignore the possibility of a yellow peril and to con- sider that not alone the Japanese but the Chinese are not so bad after all. If they do work a little cheaper than the natives of this continent, their trade is at least worth having. That is the view our neighbors now seem disposed to take, and consequently are engaged in considering how best to propitiate Ja- pan with a view not only to getting part of the trade of that country, but also of the neighboring one of China. How the workingman will take this change of attitude it is not at present possible to say, but it is certain that from this out it will be a very difficult thing for any country to exclude the Japanese, while in many cases it will take something more than an ordinary expert to distinguish one little yellow man from another.

Nothing very encouraging has been shown by the Toronto Baseball Club in their games with the tail end Montre- al Club. Toronto won the first two games and then lost the next three; the last two being played in Montreal. The club seems to be a rank in and out ag- gregation, playing good ball one day and bad the next. Yet individually the team looks strong enough. Just where the weakness lies remains to be seen. The pitching staff is not the strongest in the league by a good many points. Applegate's defection has not helped any. He was a little faint-hearted, but nevertheless had the ability and was good to win many games. Of the others Falkenburg is undoubtedly the pick. He is an unlucky pitcher, but a good one. Neither Crystal, Magee nor Currie is reliable. The former is shy on control, while the other two are only good under certain conditions. The team seems to be weak in pinch hitters. Jack White is the only one of the regulars who can be counted upon in a pinch. Soffel gets in many long drives, but does not seem to be there with men on bases. O'Brien has fallen off greatly in his hitting, and also in ground covering ability. As a fielder the ex-Philadelphia player does not begin to compare with Carr. It is evident that the Torontos need strengthening in two or three places. Another catcher with some batting ability and a couple of first-class pitch- ers are needed and needed badly to make the team a first division one. A long home series is imminent, and it behooves the management to make the desired additions at once.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE

He Meant Well.

Impressionist Dauber: I can't un- derstand why some of these institutions won't buy our pictures.

Sympathetic Critic: Yaas—institu- tions for the blind.

FATAL.

Small Boy: "Look out, Mister, yer trousers 'll cut your throat!"

WEATHER PROPHET TELLS WHY MISTAKES OCCUR

Can Only Deal in Generalities and Must Allow a Broad Margin for Error.

A correspondent wishes to know why weather prophecy cannot be made ma- thematically exact. He thinks that if an astronomer can predict an eclipse a century ahead within a second or two of the exact time, a meteorologist should be able at least to foretell a storm a day in advance, within an hour of the moment of its occur- rence, writes Garrett P. Serviss of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

But the trouble with weather pro- phecy is that it does not deal, like astronomy, with solid bodies moving in ascertained orbits, at known rates of speed and under the control of simple laws. It is fundamentally as easy to foretell an eclipse as to say where an express train, traveling at unvarying speed, will be at any particular hour of its schedule. In fact, the astronomer has a great advantage in this respect, for the bodies whose motions he deals with meet with no accidents, get no hot boxes and have no delayed con- nections to make.

The weather prophet, on the other hand, deals with an ocean of air, en- closing the solid globe of the earth and subject to a hundred varying forces and influences, to foresee all of whose effects would need practical omnisci- ence. The sun heats the air over that part of the earth where it happens at the moment to be shining, and the heat- ed air expands and rises, and the com- motion extends in one way or another to the air over other parts of the globe. Since half of the entire mass of the atmosphere is compressed by gravita- tion below the level of the highest mountain peaks, and since the earth's surface, except where the seas lie, is broken by many lofty ranges of moun- tains and many elevated plateaus, the air currents which flow over the earth in consequence of the disturbances cre- ated by the sun's rays are diverted by the irregularities of the surface be- neath. Then moisture arises from the seas under the influence of the sun and charges the air with clouds, and the moisture and the clouds in turn inter- fere with the distribution of the heat and consequently with the direction and strength of the aerial currents.

All this while the earth is swiftly ro- tating on its axis, so that the parts of its surface exposed to the sun's rays are continually changing and air cur- rents traveling north or south are shift- ed east or west, relatively to the sur- face over which they pass, and thus additional complexities are introduced in the atmospheric circulation. More- over, as a result of the inclination of the earth's plane of rotation on its axis to the plane in which it revolves about the sun, the position of the lat- ter in the sky is never exactly the same two days in succession. From the 22nd of December until the 21st of June the sun rises higher above the southern horizon every day, and from the 21st of June to the 22nd of Decem- ber it gradually sinks again toward the south, and thus the whole system of the solar influences upon the atmo- sphere shifts slowly north and south across the equator as the median line.

Yet again, the earth's orbit is an elipse, and in midwinter we are carried three million miles nearer the sun than we were in midsummer, and this change of distance causes an alternate increase and decrease in the total amount of solar heat received per day by the earth.

Add to all this the fact that evidence is accumulating that the sun itself is not perfectly regular in its outgiving of radiant energy, and we have enough, without seeking any further causes of variability, to show that weather pro- phecy must always remain a very un- certain branch of intellectual exercise. Usually it can only deal with gener- alities. Even the prediction of the ar- rival at any particular point of a great storm known to be crossing the coun- try is frequently falsified thru some unforeseen influence acting upon the atmosphere. The more genuinely sci- entific the basis on which a weather prophet rests his calculations the more ready he will be to admit that there is a broad margin of error to be allow- ed for, and the less certain he will feel, on finding one of his predictions fully verified that he has discovered the great secret of the weather.

Hopeless.

The apostle of progression, modern methods and civic improvement, who had just passed thru the turnstiles of the pearly portals, accosted a brass- buttoned seraph and enquired for the location of a certain public mansion of the blessed wherein he proposed to obtain accommodation for a million years, or maybe indefinitely if it came up to advertisements. "Your objective point," replied the celestial function- ary, "may be reached by boarding a car of the Zion street line and request- ing the conductor to put you off at the corner of Genesis and Exodus ave- nues."

"What!" exclaimed the flabbergasted newcomer, "do you mean to inform me that this burg is so far behind in mod- ern progression as to cling to such an antiquated, prehistoric and obsolete method of street designation? Perish the thought! What chance has a stranger in your out-of-date, over- grown and defunct municipality to find his way about amidst a confusion of names that to them fail to signify dis- tances, location or direction?"

"Well-intended, advanced and phil- anthropic cherub," responded the angelic official, "the authorities of this ancient settlement have conceived and cherished for many eons the foolish and selfish notion that their interests, preferences and sentiments were some- how more entitled to respect than the casual convenience of stragglers, strang- ers, sightseers and comelatelies, and while we are not averse but are pleas- ed and complimented with their pre- sence in our midst as far as their de- sire to see the principal points of in- terest without asking a few questions goes, we have an idea that if they don't like the situation they can go further south."

Whereupon there appeared in the people's column of Zion's Herald the next morning an impassioned disser- tation on the pleasing fate of having to reside world without end in a third- rate, backwoods community, signed "Pro Bono Publico."

TO FOLLOW THE DOUKS.

St. Petersburg, June 24.—A letter from the Caucasus says the Molokans have prepared to follow the example of the Doukhobors and are beginning to emigrate to America in order to escape official oppression. Count Tol- stoi has been largely instrumental in inducing the Doukhobors to go to Can- ada.

'Twas Ever Thus.

"'Old World, you're as bad as you can be,"
Said the sheepskin graduate;
"I'll make you better if you'll heed me,"
Said the sheepskin graduate;
"Don't think so much of position and pelf
And give less heed to the cause of self,"
Said the sheepskin graduate.

But the world was deaf and blind and dumb
To the sheepskin graduate.
And he couldn't be heard for the whirl and the hum,
Could the sheepskin graduate—
The whirl and hum of the bristling mart—
And the callous world almost broke the heart
Of the sheepskin graduate.

But he'll still continue to have his dream,
Will the sheepskin graduate,
And he'll cut up paper ream by ream,
Will the sheepskin graduate
In speaking his mind and in having his say,
But the foolish old world will continue its way
And smile at the sheepskin graduate.

FOG STAYED CLOSE IN SHORE.

But Harbor-Tied Mariners Didn't Know It in Time.

Capt. Booth of the steamer Kingston is having a laugh up his sleeve during these days of dense fog of the early summer. In leaving the dock at King- ston the other day the fog was so thick that it could almost be cut with a knife.

At first the captain was dubious as to whether it was wise to leave the port or not. But his boat was due to run on schedule time and run she would, if possible to do so with safety. Capt. Booth took a chance with the alterna- tive of running back to port if he found the fog had no intention of lifting. Imag- ine his surprise when he got about seven miles from port to run into as clear weather as the sun ever rose to.

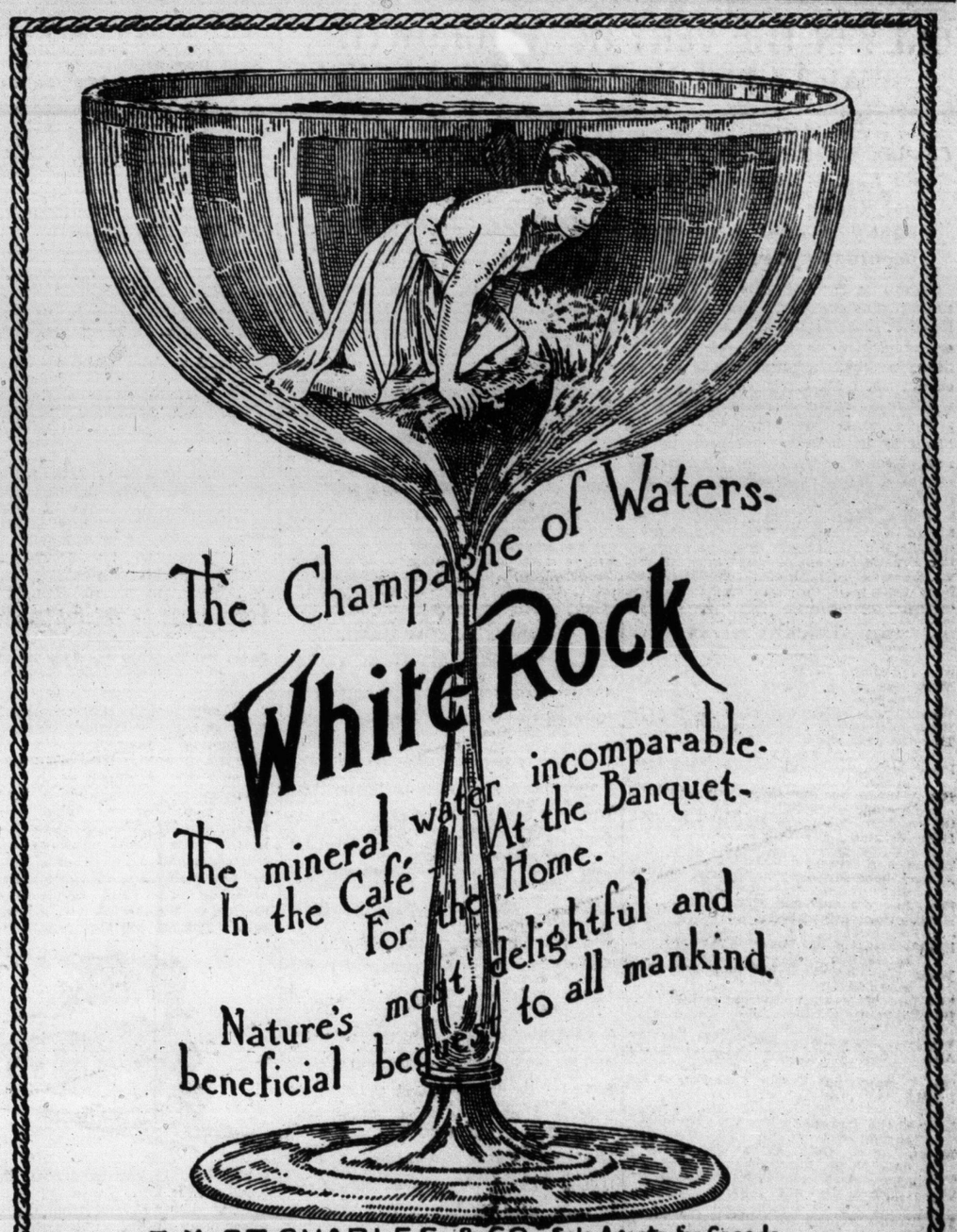
His companion mariners waited in Kingston about ten hours for the fog to lift and as the time passed by their cuss words got longer and more furious and ended with a wild howl when a boat arrived from the open water and told them of the clear weather outside.

Triolets.

Why should you bleed to death, fond heart,
When some day She is sure to smile?
Since in the end she'll ease your smart,
Why should you bleed to death, fond heart?
Neglect her subtly for a start.
Sip any sweets you can, meanwhile...
Why should you bleed to death, dear heart,
When some day She is sure to smile?

'Tis only fools who sigh and moan
And suffer when a girl refuses.
Are there no lips but Her's alone?...
'Tis only fools who sigh and moan
Seek solace. Art will melt a stone.
Her coldness your supreme excuse is ...
'Tis only fools whos igh and moan
Aud suffer when a girl refuses!

Do not, I pray you, prose and prate ...
Love's royal path is paved with kisses,
Be warm and winning, up-to-date:
Do not, I pray you, prose and prate!
If you are solemn and sedate
You'll waste your wind with modern misses,
Do not (I pray you!) prose and prate—
Love's royal path is paved with kisses!
—Frank Morton.



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ONLY IN THE VERY HEAVY GROWTH WEST FEARS DANGER TO WHEAT

Continued Wet Weather in South and East Manitoba Awakens Rust Rumors, But Rest of the Country Atones With Most Encouraging Conditions.

Winnipeg, June 24.—(Special.)—Alternating rain and heat have awakened fears of rust in Southern and Eastern Manitoba, where, in some districts, heavy precipitation has already drowned out low-lying crops. Continued wet weather in these districts gives some serious cause for alarm, but this is offset by the buoyant prospects in the rest of the country, where the rain has not been more than sufficient for actual requirements, and crops show strong growth and are at least a week ahead of the average year. These conditions prevail generally from Portage la Prairie west to the limit of the wheat area, and, tho cold weather has been reported from more northerly and high districts, there has been no appreciable setback by frost, and ever prospect at present is for record crops in all cereals.

Growth Too Heavy.

The principal danger lies in the extraordinarily heavy growth, which must militate against early ripening. Wheat generally shows better than ever before in the history of this country, and is well stooled out, but the process of ripening is likely to be slower than usual on account of the exceptionally heavy straw. So, tho everything looks well at present, what is wanted is heat and lots of it, for a continuance of the present showery weather would be playing into the hands of the early frosts, that almost invariably follow a wet season.

Mustn't Count on Too Much.

Altogether, while there is no cause for anxiety, it would be unwise to count on a phenomenal crop until the next few weeks have been successfully negotiated. Under the present conditions, western farmers are practically assured of excellent hay and root crops with good prospects for their cereals. Money, consequently, is somewhat easier in the country districts.

THE STRICKEN TITAN.

Sydney, N. S. W., Bulletin.

With one hand holding back a hungry horde
Whose cry is "Liberty, like other Lands!"
While in the other flames a guardian sword,
The stricken Titan stands.

From blade and bomb he reels and reels again;
His wounds are mouths, like Caesar's wounds, they tell
Of Freedom striking for her right, as when
Duke Sergius redly fell.

The eyes of free men watching from afar,
At each home-stroke their "Bravos" fill the air;
For Liberty a universal star
Must beacon everywhere.

His foes are of his house; his sword and shield—
What time he slept—his own near servants stole;
Tho lord of many a crimson battlefield,
He may not fight his soul.

Yet love, not enmity, decrees his fate;
And as they strike they pause awhile to tell
'Tis Tyranny, not Russia, that they hate:
Russia they love full well.

Last of the Powers to kneel at Freedom's shrine!
Kneel, kneel thou shalt tho czar and duke should die:
The doom of dark despotic States is thine—
Thine hour of Dawn is nigh.

The Titan's wounds gush blood; the Titan deems
His days are done, his glory passed from earth;
Yet death is not for him, and this that seems
Dark death is but new birth.

He shall take Freedom's hand and journey far,
His feet unclogged by his own children's blood;
His star shall shine a golden zenith star—
He shall be strong for good.

A twofold fight he fights: nor last nor least
Of champions is that Titan tired and torn:
For Russia's sun from out a bloody East,
Smoke-hidden, glares at morn.

A lonely outpost between race and race—
The locusts and the corn—the Titan holds.
He meets the might of Asia face to face,
He feels her serpent folds.

Behind him nations tremble at the knees;
The East is up, is marching—horse and man;
And Europe, gazing thru the centuries,
Remembers Genghis Khan.

If he should fail—as fail he may—what then?
Whose hand shall hold the towering East at bay?
What power on earth, of ships and guns and men
The marching Mongolstay?

Fight on, thou Titan! Fight the fight of God!
Fight Europe's fight, lest ill befall with years;
Tho thou art wounded, sore and undertrod,
Fight on thru blood and tears.

Strike off thy chains, and lo, thy foemen, hurled
Back to their dens, shall strive with thee in vain!
Give way to freedom and protect the world,
Conquer thyself and reign.

—Nomen.

Not What He Used to Be.

In a Kansas City department store is a 17-year-old boy who is "smitten on" a girl about his age. The girl has another beau, of whom the department store youth is very jealous. While the jealous young man and the girl were walking down Main-street a day or two ago they saw the "other fellow" approaching.

"Oh, there's George," said the girl. The young man with her was not led.

"What of it?" he asked. "George ain't much. He used to be a bellboy in a cheap hotel."

The girl said she didn't believe him, and the jealous youth said he'd show her. George was looking in a window when they reached him.

"Front!" called the department store youth sharply. George straightened up with a start. Then he recovered himself and took off his hat politely.

"Well," said the girl, when the test had been explained to her, "I don't care if he was a bellboy in a cheap hotel once. He ain't now. He's got a good job as a soda water artist!"—Kansas City Times.

Natural Deduction.

From The Chicago Daily News.

Gruff Patient—Are you quite sure you understand your business, sir?

Physician—Well, I've been practising medicine for 15 years, and not one of my patients has ever complained.

Gruff Patient—Huh! Probably not. Dead men tell no tales.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to six, with just an innings left to play;
So, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast;
For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was the pudding, and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheer, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling thru the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity, great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate;
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

—Ernest L. Thayer.

Matter of Sex.

From The Chicago Daily News.

His Wife—They say every man has an ideal woman that he never mentions to his wife.

Her Husband—Yes, I suppose so; just as every woman has an ideal man that she is everlastingly throwing at her husband's head.

Knew What He Wanted.

From The Chicago Daily News.

Wedderly—If there is a woman in this town who is a better cook than my wife I'd like to meet her.

Singleton—Your wife is an expert, eh?

Wedderly—Expert nothing! Didn't I just tell you I was anxious to meet a better cook?

LAKE OF THE WOODS DIVIDEND.

David Russell Flotation to Declare 6 Per Cent. on Common Stock.

A special to hTe World yesterday states that the directors of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. will meet on Monday and declare a dividend of 6 per cent. on the common stock. This company as at present constituted is one of the flotations of David Russell of Montreal. The stock was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange last week. The authorized capital of the company is $2,500,000 common stock, preferred $1,500,000 and bonds $1,000,000. The dividend paid on the common stock last year was at the rate of 5 per cent.

Land in Eastern Cuba.

The Cuban Realty Co., Limited, Duncan O. Bull, manager, are offering land for sale in East-in Cuba, which is said to be a new, rich field, a land of beautiful climate and of fair, fertile soil. Mr. J. J. Milliken of the company, who has been over the property, tells in an interview, which appears on another pages, what the advantages of Eastern Cuba are, its products, etc. His remarks are well worth perusal.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM.

Cheap Mail Facilities One of the Chief Factors in Our Prosperity and Progress.

"Common is the commonplace." The most valuable of civil benefits is such a commonplace matter, that we scarcely give it a thought. It would take a winter on a whaler nipped in an ice floe to make us truly appreciable of the worth of the postal service. What a wonderful thing it is! Wonderful in its organization, with its vast machinery for the collection and distribution of letters, its railway mail cars, its route riders, the unfailing order and precision of its methods. Wonderful it is too in its results. It knits together families widely

separated. It carries across the sea some tender lover's message or perhaps a little flower picked from the daisied grave of an English churchyard. Every hour of every day the mail bag is packed with words which waken love and laughter, and words which deepen the furrow in the cheek and dim the failing sight with bitter tears.

But with all this there is going on through the mail service a dissemination of human knowledge, a reaching out of human help which is one of the crowning blessings of our century. The correspondence schools led by Chautauqua, are sending to every village and hamlet the broader knowledge which is so eagerly craved by many who are shut in to the homely duties of a humble life. Without the mail system this plan of education would be impracticable.

Every mail, too, carries from the great centers, the advice of great physicians, which it would be impossible for the distant public to obtain were it not for the mails. Few people realize how many thousand people depend on the mail service for medical treatment. Not long ago when some postal affairs were being discussed in connection with the erection of the new postoffice building in Buffalo, N. Y., some light was thrown on this subject by the statement that the mail by Dr. R. V. Pierce amounted daily to something over 1,500 pieces. Of course this is not a common case, because Dr. Pierce's relation as chief consulting physician to Buffalo's famous institution, The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, makes his advice and that of his staff of nearly a score of skilled and experienced specialists much sought after, especially by women, to the treatment and cure of whose special diseases Dr. Pierce has devoted over thirty years of almost constant labor. But though this example is out of the ordinary, it may serve as an evidence of the amazing benefits reaped by the public from the mail service. It puts every outlying hamlet in touch with the most advanced medical specialism of the day. It gives at a cost of a two-cent stamp, the skill and experience that it has taken years to acquire. Literally at the cost of a two-cent stamp, since Dr. Pierce invites sick women to consult him by letter without charge. And this would seem to be one of the most remarkable services rendered by the postal system, perhaps the supreme service of all. For while it is a splendid thing to be able to shop in New York while living in Kansas, and a grand thing to be able to command the learning of great professors while working in the Michigan woods, it is a still grander thing that by means of this cheaply supplied service, men like Dr. Pierce, who have the disposition to be helpful, are enabled to place their skill and knowledge at the disposal of those who are being dragged down by disease, without the possibility of help from those about them. When one contemplates the vast and far reaching benefits of the mail service, so briefly touched upon in this article, it makes the familiar gray uniform of the postman the most glorious of all uniforms, for it is worn by the soldiers of the army of peace. It makes one feel like taking his hat off to the on-rushing mail train, and cheering the work and wisdom of Uncle Sam.

A TIME TEST "SALADA" A Three Minute Infusion of

Ceylon Tea will give a practical demonstration of cup-drawing superiority that will convince the most fastidious.

Black, Mixed or Green. Sold only in lead packets, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. By Grocers.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

Colonial Denison wouldn't believe this story if told in the witness box under oath. Colonel Grasett, the chief of police, would dub it in the military manner he hasn't forgotten "a confounded lie." Mr. Fibbs, the head clerk of the King Edward Hotel, would smile the choicest smile of his assortment and suavely talk around the question of veracity in the abstract with a point reference to the story in question as a case in point. He would then steer the conversation in the direction of the breeding of canary birds, which is his relaxation from guiding the wondering footsteps of a considerable portion of the traveling public of the northern half of the North American Continent.

As these three gentlemen have jurisdiction over much of the ground over which this story travels, it is just as well to let their probable scepticism be known before submitting it to the public. And this is the story:

Robert Macpherson Meikle, which is merely a hint of the kind of name Robert derived from a respectable line of Scotch-Canadian farmers and U.E. Loyalist ancestors, was a native of an Eastern Ontario country town. The distinctive note that marked this town's moribund existence was a medley of babies, women and "what will the Smiths and Robinsons think," resulting in a condition called respectability. There was a feeling abroad that the adult male population was merely tolerated as necessary to the town's continued existence.

The superfluous man occasionally drank himself to death in protest against the orderliness of his surroundings. Sometimes he sought refuge in the crowded cities of the land or took Horace Greeley's advice and went where the women cease from troubling and peccadilloes are given a rest.

The town allotted out the residue and married them, and if the wedding bells weren't particularly merry they wagged decorously and the husbands learned the art of side-stepping thru the mazes of the two principal hotels to a quiet room in the rear in a manner that would allow the explanation that they were consulting the hotel register to hold good, parted their hair at the back and rivalled each other in the loudness of their responses in church every Sunday morning.

The man who sat into a quiet little game of that kind and played according to the rules generally played in good luck, for two or three generations of Scotch-Canadian thrift had provided comfortable dots for the wives that the community had allotted them as he stakes for not attempting to make a full house when the bartender in the back sitting room had already dealt them two pairs. They generally sat pat and never drew for a flush.

About the only thing that disorganized the game in the decorous little town was a fire. The excitement, the disturbance of the even current of its ways by the burning of a barber shop or an outhouse would cause the town to temporarily forget the rules. The male population would then throw off its respectable cloak and fight the fire with maddening energy for an hour or two and the products of the distillery for a week. The male inhabitants, you see, always caught cold and became wet at even the burning of a woodshed, and their wives industriously complained about the malignant east wind always affected their husbands' lungs and confined them to the house for several days after putting out a fire.

With memories of a recent week's confinement burning in his mind Robert Macpherson Meikle, after a more than ordinary hot fire, which had turned a lumber yard into ashes, strove to escape the dreary drains, doses and domestic discussion that threatened him by boarding a Toronto-bound express with fifty dollars that he borrowed from the stationmaster. A small valise, a quart bottle whose contents were of local manufacture, and a joyous feeling that had taken two nights and a day of strict attention to details to successfully acquire.

His new found liberty and an obsequious Pullman porter caused the feeling domestically crushed but long lying dormant in his being that he was "It," to spring into aggressive being and when with nervous fingers he scrawled his signature and his address as Ottawa on the hotel register and was immediately called "Major," and asked in that combination of friendly interest and deference that only the hotel clerk at his best can assume, "Your old room I suppose, Major," he could only reply thru the daze of his scattered thoughts, "Of course, of course," and lean in haughty negligence against the counter of the hotel office, while he surveyed with seeming indifference the life of the rotunda and endeavored to untangle the reason of his being called "Major." A casual enquiry at his elbow by a man who had been inspecting the list of arrivals, solved the puzzle.

"Major Maude? Why, I thought he'd gone back to the old country with Lord Minto?

"Sh! Sh! Sh!" whispered the hotel clerk. "He's right here. That's him leaning over there. Never saw him before, as I've only been in the office a month, but that's the name all right and Major Maude always stops here, I know. My, but hasn't he got a beaut?"

The pseudo major had, but not to such an extent that he was unable to recognize after another glimpse at the register the ease with which his erratic signature had been mistaken for the historic name of "Maude." His chest expanded and he was dignifiedly condescending when the ready reader of signatures consented to adjourn to the apartment where casual acquaintanceship is cemented to the accompaniment of popping corks.

The cunning of the man in his cups came to Mr. Meikle and his sparkling sallies about Rideau Hall and the government house set would have made the late governor-general of Canada sit up. His criticism of the personnel of the government of Canada was rank treason on the part of a governor-general's private secretary and his proposal to wrestle catch-as-catch-can the bearer of drinks for money, chalk or marbles, was looked upon as at least eccentric on the part of a gentleman of his social and official position.

The cabman who directed the midnight drive about the city says that that 'ere governor's secretary was the gayest spark of a sport ever lit intil the town. He made things burn." The various policemen who endeavored to restrain the vociferous rendering of "A Starry Night for a Ramble" and the songs of the Ottawa Valley diverten, which the companion of the supposed major believed had been acquired by the adaptable private secretary of the Earl of Minto, while he was sojourning on the banks of the Ottawa, were quieted by the companion aforesaid in whispered assurances that it was Lord Minto's private secretary out for a time.

Robert Macpherson Meikle had a good constitution and his companion of the night in confidential communications to his friends refers ever since to Major Maude as being a stayer from Stayersville."

When the eventful night had passed and the wavering footsteps of the man from the eastern country town were guided by sympathetic friends and the cabman to the rear platform of the Pullman of the early morning east-bound train, the long-suffering cabman muttered as he watched the willowy form of his long-drawn-out fare holding to the railing of the platform as the warning bell of the locomotive clanged and the wheels began to revolve.

"His name 'ull be mud when he gets east."

"Maybe, maybe," said Robert Macpherson Meikle with a vicious smile, "but Maude in dear, old dead-easy Toronto, I'll try and get back after the next fire."

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE FARMER.

The resentment which has been previously referred to in these columns on the part of those interested in horses towards the automobile has taken in some instances, particularly among farmers, the form of active opposition to the machine. Many of them, not realizing the utility to which it may be put, and the ultimate benefit to themselves which will result from its invention and its more general use, have, in the beginning, ridiculed it and later done all in their power to harass and annoy those who desire to use it. We do not believe the highways of any section should be thrown open to the automobile to the detriment and injury of those who use these highways for driving or other means of transportation. We believe further that our farmers are entitled to the first consideration in any laws passed governing the use of roads. But we think, too, the man with the automobile deserves to have his rights protected and that such obstacles should not be placed in his way as to discourage the use of the machine.

If the farmer on his part is unjust or narrow in his views concerning the automobile he should be shown the error of his way and the advantages derived from the machine should be pointed out to him. This paper desires, first and foremost, to be the friend of the farmer, the advocate of every interest that will tend to his advancement and assistance and the opponent of any act that does him injustice or wrong. But, in all kindness, we cannot but feel that the farmer frequently fails to show to others the consideration which he demands for himself. We believe that 20 years hence he will be the most earnest and ardent advocate of the automobile and the one most grateful for its invention and introduction. We believe that instead of mowers and reapers and plows drawn by horses as they are to-day there will be automowers and auto-reapers and auto-plows in general use. The invention of these has already been perfected. It is only a question of time until in the sections of country where they are feasible they will replace the old methods, enabling greater efficiency, more rapid work and larger accomplishments.

Whenever it is possible let us look ahead, not behind; let us hail every labor-saving invention the genius of man may perfect as a help; let us do all in our power to promote its use. Do not let us stand in the way of progress. We are living in to-day, not yesterday, and just ahead of us is a to-morrow of broader fields and more wonderful possibilities than we have ever dreamed. The man who would succeed is he who is most willing and ready to embrace the opportunities of that to-morrow.

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AKEN IDENTITY

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

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LAWRENCE HOLT OF TORONTO

Yes, as I have said, with the rajah's diamonds in my possession, I worked my way thru devious paths back toward the city, where the avid Gratz was awaiting me; but I didn't arrive there—at least, not for a while.

I had gone west, in order to return east the more safely, and now, in light marching order, without luggage, was covering the last twenty-four hour stage on the Special Limited. Our sleeping car was crowded with nice people—just my sort, I fondly imagined; and so must have been the train, for when I went in to dinner I secured a seat with difficulty.

Opposite to me at the table sat a round and rosy old gentleman, with the white whiskers of opulence, and by his side his pretty, bright-eyed daughter. I recognized them as occupying sections just ahead of me, and so ventured to exchange a few commonplaces with the father, the girl listening demurely with downcast gaze as she nibbled on a bit of stickbread the while.

She was pretty, for a fact, with something of the alert prettiness of a canary—quick of movement, quick of intelligence. I liked the way she carried herself; her trim and trig traveling suit of blue, the silver embossed belt so taut about her waist and the stout little bag of alligator skin fastened securely to it.

Did she feel any of the intuitive interest in me that I did in her? I was young, presentable—why not, why not, indeed?

I remember my last conscious thoughts that night were of the girl—regretful thoughts that fate and I had been so mutually unkind that it would be hazardous for me, Maecenas Badger, once a reputable if obscure practitioner of the law, to seek her acquaintance, her favor. My first thought was of her when, amid the roar and burst of disaster, I woke to find myself lying on an embankment, scratched and tattered, but sound of limb—the air rent by screams of agony, the rattle and hiss of escaping steam and reddened by the flames from an appalling confusion of wreck.

No, not my first thought; for I felt for the rajah's diamonds, rejoicing to know them safe; but my second was of her—and, lo, as I wondered if she, too, was unscathed, my hand touched something cold, and there by my side was the embossed silver belt and the stout little bag.

I staggered to my feet, horrified lest what had once been the girl might now, disfigured, mangled, be also lying near; and I never felt a more honest joy than when, as I pressed my way blindly, unheeding thru the ruck, I came upon her, standing apart with her father on a little knoll.

I made my best possible bow under such disheveling conditions.

"I think this belongs to you," I said.

"Oh, papa," cried the girl, "was there ever anything so fortunate? Just as I was in despair over mamma's diamonds this gentleman brings them to me. We are so deeply grateful, sir——"

"What else was there for me to do?" I asked simply, tho cold with regret of what I had not done.

"Of course, of course," returned the old gentleman, hastily, "but that does not lessen our sense of obligation. The fact is, my wife possesses a remarkably fine string of diamonds, an heirloom in her family, quite unique, so the experts say, and Nannie and I took them to town to be reset——"

At this instant a railway official came along with lantern and note book, taking the names of passengers and generally making the best of a bad job.

"Stephen Dallas of the Laplands and Miss Nancy Dallas," the old gentleman reported, with the air at once of an important man and a man of importance.

"At all events, sir, you are not far from home," said the official deferentially.

"The next station. We were dressed and ready when the accident occurred. I guess we will manage to find some kind of a rig to drive us over presently."

"Lawrence Holt of Toronto," I ventured in my turn, giving the first name that came into my head.

"There used to be Holts in our neighborhood," reflected Mr. Dallas, "connected with our family by ties of amity and affinity. I have often heard my grandfather speak of the sacrifices they made when—er—they moved away at the end of the revolutionary war."

"We were Tories," I smilingly admitted, "when we left our country for our country's good."

"Then, my dear sir, your feet are undoubtedly on your native heath this very moment. You must come and stay with us, positively I can't take a refusal of any time less than a week. we'll look up the records and make new ties the pleasanter by finding old ones. Nannie——"

"I do hope, father, that Mr. Holt will give us the opportunity of knowing him better."

I pleaded the loss of my luggage, the necessity of replenishing my wardrobe; but finally we parted with a half promise on my part that after I had put myself in shape in the next town and they had had a day of rest, I would come and spend Sunday with them.

Why shouldn't I do so? I was filled with intense craving for the joys of high social life I had already tasted; the sparkle of wine, the rhythm of music, the admiration, the love of women. To the devil with Gratz—let him wait my good pleasure.

Besides, if I must hunt for diamonds under his infernal constraint, why not follow the likeliest lead that offered? Was it not an omen of good luck to have access to rare gems fairly forced upon me? Was not half the charm of my adventures an increasing, alluring charm, far more potent than Gratz's persuasion, or threats—the mysterious guidance, the unexpected aid, that events themselves seemed to give?

So of course I decided to go. I raised a considerable sum on the last of the rajah's diamonds; and after lavish purchases, spick and span, I drove out that Saturday to the Laplands.

II.

It was bliss to be so well equipped, so flush with money, so free from the clogs of the past. I breathed a new air, electric, intoxicating. I inhabited a new world, bright, serene, cloudless—save for one lurking perplexity.

Yes, there was a shadow, caused by the insistent, reiterative problem of the origin of the name I had assumed on the spur of the moment—the name of Lawrence Holt. It was not manufactured under pressure; it had lurked in my memory, on the end of my tongue, fully formed, to be uttered involuntarily—to be regretted the instant it had been uttered. Whence had it come?

I could not tell. But the intuition that I had needlessly burdened myself with the limitations and dangers of a personality, unknown but actual, remained with me like the apprehension of a physical fault not yet diagnosed.

Mr. Dallas greeted me cordially on the porch of his fine old mansion, presenting me to his wife, who, wan and wasted, smiled a welcome from an invalid's chair. Then Nannie came with eyes the brighter and color the higher for my arrival, suggesting every possible comfort as she bustled about on hospitable cares intent. I muttered something about my luggage.

"Your trunks are here already, my boy," said Mr. Dallas, "up in your room, safe and sound."

My trunks?

"Of course. I brought only one small box," I replied, "and the van can hardly be here by this hour——"

"They are here, all right, tho battered and scorched. You didn't know how well off you were, did you?" And the old man grew apoplectic from laughter. "You see that railroad fellow must have heard you agree to stop over with me; and so, when they came upon them, under a great pile of rubbish, why, they shipped them here——"

"And you must surely let our man James have your things to air, Mr. Holt," Mrs. Dallas advised. "They must be just filled with smoke."

I went to my room. I sat gazing stupefiedly on two substantial trunks of sole leather, marked "Lawrence Holt, Toronto."

At length I knew, at length I remembered where I had got that name. On the evening before the accident, while smoking in the buffert car, I had picked up a Canadian magazine with that very address written on the front page.

Fool that I was! I had personated a fellow traveler about to revisit the home of his ancestors, sure to make himself known, sure to excite general comment by his presence in the neighborhood. At any moment he might arrive, denouncing me as an impostor, accusing me of obtaining his goods by false pretences.

I stepped to the window, wondering if I might leap out and escape.

Then I thought of the diamonds; then I reassured myself with the reflection that I was in the heart of a rural district, where quiet homes, amid large, remote estates, prevailed, on the eve of Sunday, when even the sparse methods of communication were interrupted. How cowardly, then, to be driven from a promising prospect by fear of a mischance not likely to happen!

I descended to dinner at three, determined to make every moment count; and once more opporunity seemed to offer itself to me.

"If mamma hadn't retired," said Nannie, referring to the incident of our meeting. "I would get her to show you those providential diamonds, Mr. Holt. But to-morrow morning will do just as well. She is sure to have them on the porch. She loves to handle them, to watch their changing glow. Poor mamma, she has so few pleasures——" And the girl's eyes filled with tears.

They were a simple, kindly folk, with much by themselves, cheerful, yet subdued by Mrs. Dallas' somewhat mysterious illness.

Nannie and I talked long and confidentialy of many things that evening on the porch in the shadow of the great trees and the glimmer of the stars, while the old gentleman dozed in the library, looking up the genealogies of the Dallases and the Holts between naps. And before we separated, the things had become more personal and I knew that the girl was heart free unless I, even I, might claim heart as a captive.

Ah, well, after dreams comes work. As I sipped my coffee the next morning my wits were pondering away almost automatically on ways and means of filching the diamonds and decamping, when a sudden exclamation from Mr. Dallas, reading the morning paper, opposite, concentrated them on the supreme duty of self-defence.

"Hello, Holt," he exclaimed, "what's all this? Here's something about you, by the Lord Harry, that must be looked into, rectified at once. Don't be startled; but it's a confounded shame that such a blunder could be made," and he read as follows:

"Postscriptum, 1 a.m. The one remaining body in the morgue, that of an unknown man, has just been identified positively as that of Lawrence Holt, a prominent citizen of Toronto, Canada."

This newspaper was published in the neighboring town, whither I, in common with the other passengers, had gone after the accident, and where the inquest had been held.

"I lost my card case on the train," I said slowly. "Possibly this unknown man may have picked it up."

"Of course, that is just how it happened—any sort of intelligent inquiry would have ascertained the truth. And they knew you were over here, too. I swear I have no patience with such stupidity. But don't let this interfere with the plans I have laid out for you, Holt. I'll go over there this morning and call down the railway officials and straighten out the reporters——"

"But, papa," interposed Nannie, her hands filled with the flowers she had been arranging, "is it any wonder Mr. Holt should be so pale and troubled? Think, this false intelligence has been sent broadcast by this time to his family, his friends. He must telegraph them at once——"

"Ah, no," I said sadly. "I have no family—I am alone in the world. That is why I came here, searching for the old home of my race. Let those who disseminated the lie contradict it—it makes no difference to me," and as I turned away I saw that pity which is akin to love suffuse the girl's eyes and glorify her face.

"You see, Nannie, I was right," cried Mr. Dallas triumphantly. "I'm off on my mission directly, and at 10 o'clock James will bring around my cart, and you must drive our friend over to the old Holt manor."

III.

Under the pretext of an after breakfast cigar I strolled slowly thru the grounds until I reached a wooded knoll, shielded from observation, yet assuring a view of the house thru the trees; and there I paused in dire perplexity.

What should I do; what, indeed, could I do except save myself by instant flight? I nourished no merciful illusions. A positive identification meant that someone well acquainted with Mr. Holt in life had recognized him in death. As Mr. Dallas had said, the railway people knew I was here; at any moment, then, a posse might arrive to apprehend the impostor who had obtained valuable effects under false pretences.

I felt instinctively to assure myself that the rajah's diamonds were still securely pinned in the inside pocket of my vest; I turned to the various points of the horizon to get my bearings; I looked toward the house for the last time.

There, on the porch, Mrs. Dalas was sitting in her invalid's chair, with something sparkling—her string of diamonds, undoubtedly, a fortune in themselves—in her hands. No one was near, and at the rail nearby the pony cart was hitched, the stout little beast nibbling contentedly at the lawn.

The lust of thievery filled me. I hurried back, sprung up the steps; I stopped abruptly. The poor old lady's eyes were closed, her mouth twisted and set, her face ghastly pale—only convulsive twitching of the distended nostrils showed me that she was not dead, only unconsious, overwhelmed by some phase of her strange malady.

Nobody was around. In the upper room, with the pretty chintz curtains, I could hear Nannie singing blithely, as she prepared for our drive.

The diamonds lay on the old lady's open palm, an undulating, coruscating constellation of marvelous beauty. I stretched out my hand to take them—in an instant I was caught and held by hers, as in a vise, with a grip unnatural, terrible, in its strength.

A spasm had shot thru the poor woman, straining her muscles into tense wires, while still she remained in that cataleptic trance, her eyelids now spread wide apart and the sightless orbs rolled back.

With one violent jerk, with one cruel blow, I might free myself from this hideous life in death hindrance, might snatch the diamonds and dash away in the pony cart, away, away into the wilds, with a promising lead, an intelligent chance for safety; but, oh, God, as I looked on that stricken, helpless form I could not do it.

And so I stood, burning, fuming, half mad from self-imposed inaction, the very picture of detected guilt, until I saw the flutter of chintz curtains above, until I caught a glimpse of a horrified face, and in a whirl of indignation Nannie swept down the stairs and out upon the porch.

"You thief, you cowardly, unspeakable wretch!" she raged. "Try to steal from the afflicted; caught like some foul beast in a trap—what a sight for God, for man, for me, poor fool, who believed in you——"

The grip on my hand loosened—I drew it away involuntarily—I was free. I looked at Mrs. Dallas—the strain had softened, there was a glow on her cheeks, her lids were closed, her lips parted. She sighed gently, then opened her eyes, gazing about bewilderedly.

"Why, Nannie; why, Mr. Holt," she cried. "I do believe I dozed for a bit. See, my good friend, here are the diamonds you rescued. Nannie wanted me to show them to you. Take them out on the path, where the light is stronger, and see how beautiful they are. Is it any wonder I bless you for restoring them to me?"

Again I had my chance—one spring into the pony cart, and then away, away. I looked at Nannie. Her hands were twitching, she was biting her lip; but she moved not, she spoke not.

In her fervid gaze I read a comprehension of the situation, a determination that no action on her part should so alarm her mother as to cause a recurrence of that dreadful obsession. Was there not also an appeal to me, an entreaty? Again brute force failed me. I examined the diamonds carefully, I handed them back with words of praise.

Presently Mrs. Dallas staggered to her feet. Tho we both sprang to her, she declined any aid.

"I must finish my nap," the poor creature said, with a smile as unearthly as the way she faded rather than glided into the house.

I turned to Nannie, about to say I know not what, when the girl raised her head with sudden intentness and hurried to the side of the porch.

"They are coming," she whispered, hurrying back and grasping my arm. "Sheriffs, constables, full fifty of them, spread out in line, beating thru the park in the rear. There is only one hope for you; only one chance of escape."

She tripped down the steps; she unloosed the hitching strap; with one sharp clip she sent out the stout little pony down the front roadway, at a rate and with a fury that promised a long chase.

"Now," she commanded, "creep upstairs into my room—you will be safe there."

"No," I replied.

"You must. Have no fear for me—I have no fear of you," and I obeyed.

From behind the pretty chintz curtains I heard the girl's clever statement of how, suddenly alarmed, I had dashed away in the pony cart a few moments since. I heard the railway officials explain how the dead man had been identified by his own brother. I heard accusations of pillage, of complicity in the wreck, of murder even, laid against me.

I heard old Dallas' wrathful expletives as he vowed I should be lynched. I watched the sweep of the posse as it beat thru the plantation in vain pursuit.

Then I waited the livelong day and far into the night in that pretty room, shamed by the pervasive influences of a pure and lovely being.

At length Nannie came, beckoning me to follow her. We tiptoed thru the shadowy halls and down the dusky stairs. At an open side window she paused.

"Is it so bad that you can never return?" she asked.

"It is so bad," I replied.

"I thought that perhaps you did it for me—you seemed so brave, so gallant——"

"No, I am a diamond thief."

"Then God forgive you."

"And God bless you."

I kissed her hand that for the first trembled in mine, and then again I started to work my way, thru devicus paths, back to the city where the avid Gratz was awaiting me.

Making a Strong Bluff.

This is an American story as told by London Tit-Bits:

A congregation in Connecticut had lost their pastor, and were desirous of filling his place. But their last minister had been self-taught, and the aristocracy—to wit, the deacons, etc.—stipulated that the new minister should have a classical education.

In order to be sure of their man, the deacons agreed to let applicants preach a sermon on trial. The living was good, consequently trial sermons were the order of the day. But as the deacons said, they knew an educated man from a duffer, so the living remained vacant. At last a Welshman heard of the vacancy, but he was less learned than the one who had left; still, he determined to try.

The day was arranged, the appointed minute arrived, and the candidate mounted into the pulpit. He got well on in his sermon, when he suddenly recollected that he was expected to show his learning.

"My friends," he said, "I will now quote you a passage in Greek."

With a solemn look he repeated a verse in his native tongue. The effect was mervelous, approving nods and smiles were exchanged among the deacons.

Thus encouraged, he followed up his advantage by saying:

"Perhaps you would also like to hear it in Latin?"

He then repeated another passage in Welsh; this was even more successful than before The preacher cast his eye over his flock, and saw that he was regarded with looks of increasing respect.

Unfortunately, there was a Welshman in the congregation; he was sitting at the back, almost choked in his efforts to stifle his laughter. The minister's eye fell on him, and took in the whole situation at a glance. Preserving his countenance, he continued:

"I will also repeat it in Hebrew."

He then sang out, in his broadest Welsh: "My dear fellow, stop laughing, or they will find it out."

The other understood, stifled his laughter, and afterward dined with his successful countryman.

The Kiss.

Last night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day thru
She wouldn't kiss me good night, too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor
A thing I never did before—
And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squash
All 'round the room; and then I took
Her picture and my fairybook
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucile
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your usual good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire. It's been a horrid day.
And then, of course, I didn't say
My prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead.

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been half sleeping, 'cause
I was so 'pletely tired out—
When I heard something move about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came thru
And put her arms about me so,
And said, a-whispering very low,
"My poor, dear child," and was so sad,
And kissed me twice—My! I was glad.
—Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine

Viking Courage.

Whether on the high fjeld or below the roaring foss, or in the wild fishing life which is common to the Norwegians along 2000 miles of rock-bound coast, you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coolness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril, his marvelous indifference to exposure, toil and physical pain. He is the strong man. Born of a hardy race, bred in air so keen and pure, he is physicaly powerful both by inheritance and habit; what the chance visitor might mistake for solidity experience shows is unruffled patience and an unquenchable perseverance. A liberal education in the heroic legends of his forefathers from before the memory of man has endowed him with a soul to endeavor, and deep down in his soul, quite ineradicable, you will find a whole love for his country and a whole faith in her future.

THE ONLY THING LEFT.

Jockey: "Very sorry, sir, but I can't draw the weight. I couldn't take off another ounce."

Owner (after a pause): "Why, dammit, couldn't you take something off your conscience?"

GEMS OF LITERATURE

RURAL RIDES

(By William Cobbett.)

William Cobbett (1762-1835), one of the most effective writers of strong, racy English was born at Farnham in Surrey, and brought up as a plowman. In 1783 he went to London and enlisted; he entered on his literary career in Philadelphia as a political pamphleteer under the name of Peter Porcupine, and, returning to England in 1800, continued to write as a decided Loyalist and High Churchman. But having, it is supposed, received some slight from Pitt, he attacked the ministry with extraordinary bitterness. A great lover of the country, Cobbett settled at Botley, in Hampshire; a true soldier's friend, he got two years in Newgate for his strictures on the flogging of militiamen by German mercenaries. In 1832 he was returned for Oldham to the first Reformed Parliament. His "Rural Rides" were a reprint from "The Register." He died at Normanby Farm, near Guildford, in 1835.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster hall, and the Abbey church, and the bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus; the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for 16 years, the trees, the hedges and even the parks and woods seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a "creek!" But when in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my postchaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, 10 times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill, where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing? But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smockfrock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone thru! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud.

* * * * * * * *

The landlady sent her son to get me some cream, and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way, his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course, not faded. The sight of this smockfrock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me. This boy will, I daresay, perform his part at Billinghurst, or at some place not far from it. If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace at night, and have fearlessly swaggered about by day! When I look at this little chap, at his smockfrock, his nailed shoes, and his clean, plain, and coarse shirt, I ask myself, Will anything, I wonder, ever send this chap across the ocean to tackle the base, corrupt, perjured republican judges of Pennsylvania? Will this little lively, but, at the same time, simple boy, ever become the terror of villains and hypocrites across the Atlantic?

* * * * * * * *

At Bower I got instructions to go to Hawkley, but accompanied with most earnest advice not to go that way, for that is was impossible to get along. The roads were represented as so bad, the floods so much out, the hills and bogs so dangerous, that, really, I began to doubt; and, if I had not been brought up among the clays of the Holt Forest and the bogs of the neighboring heaths, I should certainly have turned off to my right, to go over Hindhead, great as was my objection to going that way. "Well, then," said my friend, at Bower, "if you would go that way, you must go down Hawkley Hanger;" of which he then gave me such a description! But even this I found to fall short of the reality. I inquired simply whether people were in the habit of going down it; and the answer being in the affirmative, on I went thru green lanes and bridle-ways till I came to the turnpike-road from Petersfield to Winchester, which I crossed, going into a narrow and almost untrodden green lane, on the side of which I found a cottage. Upon my asking the way to Hawkley, the woman at the cottage said: "Right up the lane, sir: you'll come to a hanger presently; you must take care, sir: you cant' ride down; will your horses go alone?"

On we trotted up this pretty green lane, and, indeed, we had been coming gently and generally up hill for a good while. The lane was between highish banks, and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end, so that out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger. And never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted. I pulled up my horse and sat and looked; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant, to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him; his surprise was as great as mine, tho he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route, had said not a word about the beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood hang, in some sort, to the ground, instead of standing on it. Hence the places are called hangers.

From the southeast, round, southward, to the northwest, the main valley has cross valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and in many parts covered with wood. The hills that form these cross valleys run out into the main valleys like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories of great height are on the fest side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The end of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air, that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehenson. The leaves are all off, the hop-poles are in stack, the fields have little verdure; but, while the spot is beautiful beyond description even now, I must leave to imagination to suppose what it is when the trees, and hangers, and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright and the hops upon the poles.

A RUSSIAN AMAZON.

In Male Attire She Forgets She is a Woman.

The attention of the crowd of people thronging the railway station at Harbin was attracted recently by a Cossack with rosy cheeks and whose beardless face and woman's voice told clearly that the soldier's garb was being worn by a woman, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of The London Globe. The Russian amazon was a Mlle. Smolka, and a member of the staff of the "Messager de Harbin" has gathered from her own lips and from some of the inhabitants the following highly interesting details concerning the life of the heroine.

Helene Mikhailovna Smolka, the daughter of a Jewish soldier of the days of Nicholas I., was a young girl of 17 years of age, when, during the disorders in China, she resolved to enlist in the ranks of the frontier guards. As she had lived from her childhood at Nikolsk-Ussuriisk in the company of Chinese and Coreans, she had a perfect knowledge both of Chinese and of Corean, and she hoped that she could be of use during the trouble with China. Having clothed herself as a man, and having taken the name of Michel Nicolaievitch Smolka, this eccentric and brave girl passed with great distinction the examination as interpreter held at the School of Interpreters at Vladivostok. Towards the end of 1900 the girl was serving as interpreter and frontier guard at the station of Ninguta, in Manchuria. She had taken part in all the scouting and skirmishes and had learned how to handle her rifle and sword. In 1901 Smolka was sent at the head of about a hundred frontier guards to reconnoitre at Kaiga. Overcome by a hard day's work, the men went to sleep in the peasant's house. The Chunchuses were not far off, and the traitorous Chinese told them that the Russians were resting for the night. The Chunchuses resolved to profit from the night and their greater numbers, and to attack the house in which the Russians were sleeping. However, they had overlooked Smolka's vigilance. In moving among the Chinese, Smolka had got wind of the plot, she aroused the frontier guards in time to let the Chunchuses approach the house, then, as the latter came near, the Russians rushed out and fired upon them and put them to flight. During that little skirmish Smolka received her first wound, which was on the right arm close to the shoulder.

As a reward for all the services rendered by her during the campaign in China, Smolka received a silver medal, and a sword with a silver hilt and bearing the inscription, "To the interpreter, Smolka, for courage displayed at Kaiga."

Immediately after the outbreak of war with Japan Smolka sent a request to the commander of the forces to ask him to allow her to be enrolled among the volunteers. Without waiting for a reply, Smolka went to Harbin, with a view of supporting her request at the hands of General Volkoff; but she did not received the desired permission. Then this brave woman disguised herself as a man, hung her medal around her neck and sought a favorable opportunity for undergoing all the risks and perils involved in serving with the army in Southern Manchuria.

At that time railway tickets were given only to such persons as had special authority to travel by rail. Still, Smolka was undaunted, and she resolved to reach Liaoyang at all costs. So she slipped into a cattle truck, and in that way she reached the headquarters of the army, where she met many of her former comrades. Thanks to their aid, she managed to get enrolled in the scouting detachment of the 2nd Cossack Regiment of Nerchinsk, under Lieut. Vichniakoff, and once more she was able to bestride her charger. She accompanied the detachment when it was sent out to reconnoitre the outskirts of the town of Kuangensian. Again, owing to her knowledge both of the Chinese language and of Chinese customs, she was able to find out in good time the approach of a considerable body of Japanese and to warn her comrades thereof, with the result that the detachment had to defend itself while rejoining the main body. After that expedition a report of the affair was drawn up and handed to General R——, and this led to Smolka being enrolled in the 2nd Regiment of Nerchinsk as a volunteer interpreter, under the name of Michel Nicolaievitch Smolka. Thenceforward she took part in many dangerous pieces of scouting, but she was wounded only once, slightly in the foot.

During all the time that she has been on active service Smolka has shared the privations and hardships of her comrades in arms. She used to go to sleep without taking off her clothes; wearing the same uniform as her comrades, she rode her horse like a man; she ate her rations with the rest, standing around the Cossacks' huge kettle; she sang the soldiers' songs with them; she wrote letters for those who were unable to write them, and all she asked was that they should treat her as if she were a man. But the young and intrepid Smolka, in spite of all her seriousness, has not been able to prevent certain of her comrades, and even some of her superior officers, from seeing in her a charming woman. However, the majority of the officers treated her with the greatest respect. The Cossacks and the ordinary soldiers were very fond of her, and they used to call her "Makalle Nikolaievitch." In short, she became quite accustomed to her position, and sometimes she forgot even that she was a woman. Smolka has arrived at Harbin to look after some business connected with her regiment, and she has shown a very practical business spirit in dealing with it. She has also to make some important purchases. As she possesses no female attire, she has been the butt of certain ladies at Harbin. However, she pays no attention to their remarks. Quite recently she appeared at the theatre at Harbin. She was wearing her ordinary uniform. During one of the intervals Smolka walked deliberately into the ladies' retiring room, and, of course, the presence of a soldier caused a great deal of bother, for the ladies took the young Amazon to be an officer.

MAKING MAPLE SYRUP.

The Supply Gradually Growing Smaller—How to Treat Crop.

The demand for a genuine No. 1 article of maple syrup is growing greater each year, and it will continue to grow in the future because the supply will grow smaller each year, caused by the decline of maple forests. The man who has a nice thrifty maple grove has something that will be the source of as much revenue for the time and money expended as anything upon the farm, provided the right methods are adopted and carried into execution, says The Ohio Farmer. The time is for ever past when slipshod methods will go in making maple syrup. The man that will succeed in this line of farming must adopt up-to-date methods, and above all else be strictly honest always and under all circumstances furnishing exactly what he represents his goods to be.

The successful sugar maker will in the future have his own private customers and sell direct to them, and as maple sugar is a luxury instead of a necessity, skill must be used in making and putting it up, because just the moment we make a filthy, dark colored article and put it up in an unattractive manner, it ceases to be a luxury, and we are compelled to take the "down" price for it. Neatness, cleanliness and quickness of despatch are rules that must be observed, and to carry them into execution we must have a good sugar house, a good supply of dry wood, a modern evaporator, vessels either of metal or wood; if wood, kept well painted inside and out; if metal, painted on the outside, and at all times the vessels, and in fact everything connected with the work, must be kept scrupulously clean by the frequent use of hot water.

People used to think that maple syrup to be pure must be dark in color and have a strong taste, but I am glad to say that this is far from true. I use every means possible to make it as light in color and mild in taste as it can be made, and it is within our power to control these things. When sugar making comes we have our work arranged so that we can devote our entire time to it, and whenever the sap begins to run we are ready to care for it; every hour we leave it exposed to the weather and elements we are adding to its color, and strongness to its flavor. We make it a rule to begin hauling and evaporating whenever the vessels contain from a quart to a half-gallon. We also aid in making it light in color by evaporating it as quickly as possible, and this part of the work I look after myself, setting the automatic feed so that it will keep the water in the evaporator just as shallow as is possible to keep it without burning.

By this method we are enabled to evaporate much more than if the water was kept deep in the pans, because the steam bubbles form at the bottom of the water, and if it is too deep they burst before coming to the surface and the work is to do over again, while, on the other hand, if it is shallow they come to the surface before bursting, the steam escapes and the evaporating goes on very rapidly. We use a saccharometer to test our syrup, and take it directly from the evaporator, weighing eleven pounds to the gallon, and filter it thru felt or flannel to remove the silicia; put it up in attractive packages and sell direct to the consumer. The only trouble is, we have not been able in the past to make enough to supply all our orders.

THE REMEDY FOR RELIGIOUS DOUBT.

Editor N. Y. Sun: You say that you receive communications speaking bitterly of these letters. Their writer does not fail to receive outpourings of feeling, now from the side of orthodoxy, which denounces him as an atheist, now from the side of ultra materialism, which taxes him with cowardly adherence to theistic superstition. He is but one of many who in these days of perplexity and doubt are trying to find some secure foundation for belief in the moral government of the universe, in the authority of conscience and in the more hopeful view of the change which is to take place at death. For the aged perhaps the last question has more pressing interest than for the young.

You have told us that there is an increase of formal membership in the orthodox, a decrease in the more rationalistic churches. Granting this to be the case, does it denote a decrease of rationalism and an increase of orthodox belief? Would a seceder from an orthodox church be likely at once to register himself elsewhere? Is formal membership proof of unshaken conviction? Judging from my observation in England, I should say that it was not. Does not this increased resort to esthetic attractions betray a feeling of mistrust? Do we not hear from one church after another, now from the Presbyterian, now from the Anglican, an appeal of conscientious and enlightened clergymen for a removal or relaxation of tests? Has not unrest been disclosed by a series of trials for heresy? Have not leading clergymen of the Church of England petitioned for liberty to deal freely and critically with the New Testament? Has not Presbyterianism produced the writings of Robertson Smith? Is not the "Encyclopaedia Biblica," in which the resurrection of Christ is treated as a vision, edited by a canon of the Anglican Church and professor of theology at Oxford? We surely have come to a crisis in the history of religion and all that rests upon it.

There might be less disposition to cling to traditional formularies of belief and greater willingness to set the clergy, our natural guides, free from their present shackles if we had present to our minds the extent to which denominational creeds had been fixed, not by spiritual authority of any kind, but by secular power, and largely for political ends. In the case of the Anglican Church it may, I think, be clearly shown that from the commencement of the religious revolution under Henry VIII. to its close under Elizabeth the representation of the clergy never had an effective voice. Convocation, had it been allowed, would have perpetuated the Catholic settlement of Mary; and of the episcopate, in the eyes of Anglicans a special channel of true belief, all the members but one—or, if Sodor and Man is to be counted, two—resigned. In the Scotch Reformation also influence distinctly political was very strong.

One is surprised to find that a champion of Catholicism in your columns can point to the 300,000,000 nominal Catholics as testifying by their unshaken belief to the stability of his church. In the papal city itself, while Ignatius Loyola still rests in his shrine of lapis lazuli and gold, not far off rises the statue of Giordano Bruno, erected by "the age which he foresaw" on the spot where he was burned. But where would even nominal Catholicism now be if political power had not in Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Bavaria, the Spanish Netherlands, forcibly crushed freedom of inquiry? The principle on which, after the Thirty Years' War, the States of Germany were practically settled, was that the political sovereignty should determine the state religion. With political liberty has come freedom of thought, and with freedom of thought questionings about traditional belief and about the mysteries of our being to which only reasonable satisfaction can put an end.

Let those who shrink with horror from the spread of free inquiry draw encouragement and charity at the same time from a grand example. Gladstone, as Morley's life of him shows, was to the end of his days a high churchman, intensely religious, a believer in special providence, in the inspiration of Scripture, in the efficacy of prayer. Yet he could not only associate and act heartily with free thinkers, but look with satisfaction on the activity of general conscience and say that while there had never been an age so much perplexed with doubt, there had never been one so full of the earnest pursuit of truth.

Goldwin Smith.

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Chivalry.

Thomas W. Lawson was discussing bitterly an attack that had been made on him by a broker.

"It was a chivalrous attack," he said. "It had in it the same spirit of chivalry that used to animate the words and deeds of old John Henry.

"I was born in Charlestown, and John Henry had a farm in the neighborhood. He was tall and lean and round shouldered. His manner was sullen and forbidding. He worked very hard. People said that he was rich.

"His wife was a little, thin, wiry woman. She, too, was round shouldered. She, too, worked hard. This couple were each about 60 years old. They had no children.

"And now about John Henry's chivalry.

"He came to Charlestown one day to buy a cow. He found finally the cow he wanted, and the price, to his amazement, suited him. It was a good, low price, and yet the cow had not a blemish.

"'There be no blemish about this cow?' said John Henry.

"'Nary a blemish, John,' the salesman said.

"'How comes it, ye're sellin' her so reasonable?'

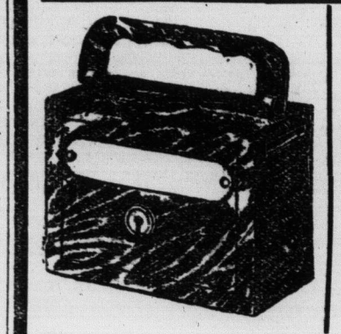
"'Well, I'll tell you, fair and square,' said the salesman. 'She don't milk good. She sometimes kicks, and kicks hard, when bein' milked.'

"'Oh, that's no consequence,' said John Henry. 'The wife does the milkin'."—Buffalo Enquirer.

An Alternative.

Ramon Rivero, a Mexican, eloped with four sisters in turn and deserted all of them. His mother-in-law has now had him put in jail. The supply of daughters probably gave out, says an exchange, but it is also probable that he preferred jail to eloping with the mother-in-law.

A STEP UPWARD



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RELIGIOUS

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LOCAL FOREIGN

AUTOMOBILING

INTERNATIONAL GENERAL

WESTERN ONTARIO JAUNT IN A BIG RED AUTOMOBILE

Some Tribulations That Happened to "The Matador" in the Way of Bulls, Pigs, Locomotive, &c.

Claude Sanagan, in National Monthly.

Touring by auto has not yet reached the stage in Canada that it has in many parts of the United States. This fact may account for a few experiences that seem strange to one going thru a populous district of Ontario, the experiences—to be particular—being those gained in a trip from Windsor to London. The writer was one of a party of three who, with a certain amount of luggage, necessary and unnecessary, filled the two-seated "Matador," as the touring car was called.

An Accident.

A railroad map of Ontario gives a different impression of the direction of London from Windsor. True, there is a road from the latter city that is comparatively straight, but gasoline engines are particular about roads, and the automobilist who knows what he is doing will start out of Windsor for London by going southeast. The road along the north shore of Lake Erie, known as the Ridge-road was followed, and as one passes the oil wells and orchards of Essex into Elgin's and Middlesex's model farm lands, he sees of what Ontario really consists. The man who says the night before that he will arise at 6 o'clock in Windsor and eat his breakfast at 8 in Leamington may find himself mistaken. When we suggested the possibility of such an event, we suggested it "d.v." In the end it proved the auto wasn't "v," for about four miles out of Windsor it showed that it was unwilling to go on peaceably. There was a knocking. We stopped at the cross-road, where the people were up by this time, and a tavern-keeper let us have a pail of water, for the engine was hot. Some screws had been lost, and the owner improvised something with a stick of wood and a hammer borrowed from a negress. Our party breakfasted at Windsor after all, not leaving the city until nearly noon, and Leamington being reached in time for a late dinner. Some of the road to that place was good, but much was bad. What a farmer called "gravel" had been placed on the middle of the road, but stones seemed to be rarities in this stretch of sand, which was evidently put there by some township seer who thought it would "wear down."

Red Car and Red Bull.

Before Blenheim was reached an incident occurred from which the hitherto unchristened automobile came out with a name. Coming to a small bridge, we noticed a couple of farmers in charge of a buggy, behind which was a big red and white bull, held only by a rope. Seeing the machine coming, they crossed the bridge and attempted to turn along a side road. But as the bull turned he caught sight of the machine. Planting his feet, he eyed the intruder. Pulling did not seem to avail, while the driver was having trouble with his horse. One of the men got out and attempted to make the bull move, but the animal was raging at the sight of the red auto. We decided to seek safety by backing up. The road was too narrow to turn, and the predicament was scarcely inviting to either side. The man holding it was just about ready to give out when his companion, who had by this time tied his horse to a fence, came to the rescue. The two of them managed to pull the bull to one side, where it reared on its hind feet and then put its head down for an attack. There was only one thing to do—risk passing the beast. As we did so, the bull made one more attempt to strike, but he was too late, for the machine was past, with the high speed gear working. It was a narrow escape. Out of that incident was born the idea of calling the car "The Matador."

Salvation Army and a Pig.

The Matador brought us puffing into Blenheim shortly after 6 o'clock. It was dark, and before we knew it we ran into an engineer's boards across a closed street. Before leaving the place we stopped in front of the town laundry to get a supply of gasoline. The usual crowd gathered about and it was well shown here that it takes a Salvation Army soldier to recognize opportunities. On the opposite corner the Salvation band was holding forth before a crowd half as big as that around the machine. Then before they could disperse an Army lassie stepped across the road and passed the plate—and went away satisfied.

The road from Blenheim to Ridgetown is a good one, and the distance is only ten miles. The ride on this evening was particularly promising, as the moon was in its full glory. We passed more rigs about this time than during the whole afternoon, but fortunately the horses seemed less afraid than in the daytime. Not far out of Blenheim we met one of those drivers who seem to get more afraid than their horses. In this instance we were going up a slightly-graded but long hill. We had scarcely started up when we disturbed a black pig in the middle of the road. People who think a pig never runs should chase one in an automobile. This pig, like many another we met, could run well, but it was afraid to get off the road. Its course was a perfect scallop, and as it ran in the zig-zag way in the moonlight it was almost weird.

When half way up the hill we noticed a horse and rig stopped. Three women and a man jumped out and the women started to cross the road. They got no farther than the middle of the road when one of them screamed. She had seen the scalloping pig, but could not distinguish what it was. The man evidently did and reassured them, for they got across and up by the fence and the pig made at once for the ladies. They were human, at least, and his pursuer wasn't. By the time the Matador got nearly to the top, the man had so far forgotten himself that he had unhitched the horse and was leading it by. He called to us that he had left the buggy and to look out for it.

It seems to be the fault of so many drivers—they get afraid themselves. The suggestion of fear passes to the horses, causing all the mischief. This man was not the only one who unhitched his horse. The next morning we met a man with a team drawing a hayrack loaded with household goods, and the flustered owner took out his horses and turned them up a lane. Invariably the man who appeared nervous came out the worse, while the man or woman who did not fear anything and held a commanding rein passed by safely.

AUTO MEMBERS HAD A TOUR 'WAY DOWN EAST

Gurney-Chatterson Party Did Eastern States in Mr. Gurney's Packard—Down the Old Hudson.

The Gurney-Chatterson party returned a week ago yesterday from a healthy tour of the Eastern States. Mr. Gurney's large red Packard is once more with us. This car now knows a few things about roads.

The tour taken by these enterprising knights of the Canadian automobile extended thru New York State, New Jersey and Massachusetts. It comprehended most of the big towns and cities and a good share of the country hotels. Mr. Gurney, with his two sons, has been away most of a month. Mr. Chatterson joined them in New York. He did not, as announced in these columns, take his new red Winton across the border. This amiable machine was placidly all the while stored on Temperance-street. Mr. Chatterson promised to lend it to us, but omitted to leave us any gasoline. This was an oversight which, we trust, will not occur again.

Sunshine and Rain.

The reader may judge for himself what sort of impression these gentlemen made on the New Englanders. Speaking from a rather cursory knowledge of the two seniors of the party, we should say that most every town they visited would be glad to see them shake the dust from off their feet and depart—for, according to all accounts, the weather was even moister down there than it has been here. They report rain on schedule time and rain overtime; roads the worst on record. Yet they had a howling good time. Some people don't seem to be able to adjust their faces long enough to jibe with bad weather.

The Hudson River valley quite took their fancy—also some of their money. For scenery this appears to have headed the list. The roads near the towns and cities were good. The country roads were bad. In this respect Ontario just about goes contrary. Our urban approaches are worse and our country roads better than those of the Eastern States. Altogether none of these gentlemen saw anything to make them want to go back on Canada. And without a doubt a few hundred Yankees have a shade better opinion of Canucks in general from having noticed these encouraging samples.

Automobile Primer.

What is an automobile?
It is an infernal machine used by the classes for dealing death to the masses.
Whence is its name derived?
From auto and mob. Hence an automobilist ought to be mobbed.
What is the difference between an automobile and a bunch of violets?
The smell.
What is an auto race?
A race of men who drive automobiles.
What do they look like?
Like the Wild Man of Borneo disguised as an Eskimo.
What are they called?
Chauffeurs.
Why?
Because they show furs in all sorts of weather and climate.
What is the difference between an automobile and Beau Brummel?
Beau Brummel was a lady-killer, but an automobile will kill anybody.
What follows the automobile?
The autopsy.

Fooling the Poor Girl.

The rich young man was making his first call.

"What induced you to call on me in preference to the other girls?" asked the beautiful maid.

"Alcohol brought me to this," replied the young man.

It seemed that she increased an inch in height.

"Sir, do you mean to say you had to be intoxicated before you came here?"

"Of course not. My automobile runs by alcohol."

GEO. GOODERHAM ALWAYS HANDLES STEERING WHEEL

Prominent Autoist Finds Original, Undecipherable Joy in a Large Car.

One man that's got a large grip of this motoring pastime in Toronto is George Gooderham. As a motorist, Mr. Gooderham is right among the seniors.

Some men are interested in motoring all right, but they don't care to drive themselves. "George," as his fellow motorists call him, always handles his own steering wheel. This is where he gets the practical joy out of the thing. He has driven horses—lots of them. He's now selling his horses.

The Clumsy Horse.

"I really have no use for a horse any more," he said, speaking in his offhand, unpremeditated style about motoring. "There isn' anything that I used to do with a horse that I can't do a heap better with a motor, except jump a fence. Then a horse is an awkward being compared to a motor. You can't back him up into any sort of a place that isn't half as wide again as the rig he's attached to without tearing off a hub. You can put your machine just where you want her by a hair's breadth half an inch at a time.

Joy All Original.

"Pleasure! Well I should say so. I've tried the tiller on a yacht often enough. I'm a yachtsman still and as fond of the water as ever; just as crazy in a spanking nor'wester as I was ten years ago and just as happy breaking over the foam lines. But there's a new insde joy in running a much use trying to explain it either—theres' a new inside joy in running a good car that never did and never can belong to either a pair of lines or a tiller."

Hand on the Wheel.

Mr. Gooderham's sincerity required no proof. One has only to watch him manoeuvring with his big car round the garage to feel certain that he has the fever right in his blood cells. There's a big offhandedness about this particular motorist that always makes him easy to talk to about the automobile. When he was member of the board of education he was the only one of that influential body that owned an auto. If he had become mayor of Toronto he would have been the first automobilist mayor the city ever had.

Some day we quite expect a motorist will climb into the chief magistracy of this town. The influential progressives are gravitating into the game at a good rate these days. A few years more and it will almost be necessary to put an automobilist into almost every large position requiring grip and gumption with a dynamo of good health got from imbibing scenery and ozone.

Mr. Gooderham by his campaign last January set the pace for all aspiring motorists in civic life. He is young yet. A few more years of motoring and he may get into that more serious "game" where to have one's hand on the steering wheel means more than driving a car.

CITY ARCHITECT IS JUST GETTING HOLD OF GAME

Mr. C. W. Lennox Has all the Joys and a Few of the Sorrows of Motoring—Trip to Aurora.

C. W. Lennox is now getting broken to the joys and sorrows of motoring. He has a Royal Tourist. On Saturday he went up to Aurora, which is 26 miles, in ? minutes—well, it wasn't exactly an hour, maybe more and maybe not. It is just discovering how it feels to be in the first book while a lot of the old heads like—well, the town's full of them—are in the senior grade.

"I'm getting a turn table built for my mahicne," said the city architect, producing from his pocket one of those blue prints with white marks on them that are so common at the city hall. Trust a city architect to have the latest wrinkle in the way of building.

Where the — Is the Trouble?

"Yes," he said, in a sort of consolation tone the other day, "I like the sensation of motoring all right. It's the real thing and there isn't anything else in the catalog like it. But a tyro has his own troubles. There's always a few inside kinks to his machine he doesn't know much about. Out on a trip his engine starts to pound. He can feel it as plain as the measles and he knows very well there's something out of kilter. Well, he gets down to tackle the job. Expects it's something mighty mysterious; wonders where the —— phew! isn't it hot—the trouble is. Finds out after half an hour of flubadub and blackstrap that it's only a few dirty plugs. Never you mind, boys, this game's got 'em all beat, if it is mysterious. I'll stay with it."

Trying to Get Out of It.

London Telegraph.

A quaint story of Lord Leighton was told by G. Storey, A.R.A. Two ladies were looking at his picture of Helen of Troy. "It is a horrid picture," one remarked to the painter. "I'm sorry but it's mine," said Sir Frederick, as he then was. "Oh!" said the lady, "you don't mean to say you've bought it?" "No, I painted it," was the reply. "Oh!" declared the ladies, "you must not mind what we say. We are only saying what everybody else says."

Amen.

Atchison Globe.

We like asparagus, but do not like to be told when eating it that it is good for the kidneys. Moreover: To be told that spinach is good for the stomach, or that greens are good for the liver, makes us think of those things inside of us, and spoils the meal.

STRAY TOOTS FROM OUR JOURNALISTIC TOOTER

Kaiser Bill Should Go Motoring—Clouds Beat Automobiles—Rainy Sprint From Hamilton.

Kaiser Bill looks imposing on a horse, William, don't you know there's only one real man on a horse in this world? His name is Teddy. And if you only knew it, William, up beside Teddy on a horse, you'd look like little Ikey on his toy rocking horse at Christmas.

My dear strenuous William, prithee come down from the horse and buy an automobile. Get the habit, William. Once get the motoring microbe and you'll be at peace with the whole world.. Get on a motor two hours a day and you'll never again have to say, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." You'll quit having insomnia and start to sleep like a top. When you wake up you'll feel like a fighting cock, but you won't fight. You'll just benevolently and quietly get hitched up to some good useful job like the rest of us, trying to make the world you've got hold of already just a little better and brighter because you've lived in it; trying to see how much beauty and joy there is in a landscape and a humble cottage on a hill, instead of trying to see how many fool ways you can be an historical second fiddle to Napoleon. Buy a motor, William—buy a motor!

Swift Clouds These Days.

"Billy Hyslop: Well, we've got some cars that hit a good old clip all right, but say, for pure joyful speed these June clouds have got 'em all beat. Did you ever see clouds move so much like greased ones? While you're filling your tank the sky's as blue as a robin's egg. By the time you get your oil in and your goggles hunted up—down she comes out of an inky sky like the Falls of Niagara.

"Well, we're all looking for a fair-up soon. Take you out for a whirl just as soon as the first dust arrives."

Wm. Blackstock ran over from Hamilton a week ago yesterday. Anybody that wanted to find out what kind of a time he had might have taken a squint at his car on Monday. It was just a trifle dusty—the kind that won't come off with a broom. From a casual glance you might have thought he had been doing stunts after Chas. J. Glidden. But he wouldn't come in out of the rain, for he had to get out of Hamilton at any cost. If that had been a horse now, he'd put in an hour each night with a currycomb for a week. Seeing that its' a motor, he leaves it at the garage for somebody else to slick up.

SALVATION ARMY ADOPT MOTOR FOR STREET WORK

Mr. Goddard's Freight Truck Used as Gospel Band Wagon—Sample of Modern Enterprise.

There is now a gospel automobile in Toronto. It belongs to Mr. J. A. Goddard, who is a member of the Salvation Army. Originally a freight truck, designed by Mr. Goddard and equipped with a gasoline engine from the Western Machine Co., this enterprising motor has a record probably not equalled in Canada. It was designed for carrying freight. It is now dispensing salvation.

A few weeks ago, in these columns, it was noted that the pioneer in motor truck business was a Packard, brought in by the Polson Bros. This proves to be slightly incorrect. Mr. Goddard's 12-horse power auto, designed by himself, was the first motor truck in Canada. It has 3-ton capacity and is capable of eight miles an hour.

Toured West End.

The first two trips of this gospel chariot without horses were made to the west end. The Lisgar-street brass band, 24 strong, made the contingent, with Mr. Goddard as driver and solo cornetist. This is a large load for a touring car. All the brass instruments were on board. The first stop was made at the Ocean House in Parkdale. The next evening the Salvation auto visited the Keeley Institute. Some say that one of the pieces played at the former was an adaptation of "Down Where the Wurtzberger Flows." This is not confirmed. The gospel wagon is now on the side-track when the gasoline salvation wagon goes by. "Horseless" has invaded even the church. Tramping with the army may be necessary, but it is quite too slow. Horses the army has never employed. They have always regarded themselves as infantry. Now, what will Gen. Booth say?

Salvation on Devil-Wagon.

Once upon a time the army used to sing "We'll Roll the Old Chariot Along." The most convincing verse in this lyric was "If the devil's in the road we will roll it over him." Now what can the army do? Will they run over the devil with the devil-wagon?

Joking on the shelf, it must be conceded that the army has made a forward move in hitching up the motor as a gospel wagon. They believe in being up-to-date. They adopted the devil's own tunes to salvation hymns. Now they have got the devil-wagon. Next?

Cured.

Hardeman Free Press.

We don't play in no more fat men's games fer charity. The empire hit us over the head with his mask fer calling him a wart, and when we was to the bat the last time we hit at the ball so hard that we dislocated our collarbone, and the ketcher, who weighs 300, set down on our dinner.

FOUR MOTORS TAKE PART IN CIVIC PROCESSION

Controllers and Party Visit Junction, Giving Toronto Free Advertisement as Motoring Town.

The board of control toured the Junction last Monday in automobiles. The entire party, consisting of the civic cabinet and a number of other functionaries, occupied four Russells, got from the Canada Cycle & Motor Co.'s factory at the Junction. The mayor rode in the front seat of the front rig. So far as is known, none of the controllers did any driving—tho one would say that a controller ought to make a good driver.

Dignity on a Jaunt.

This was the most dignified crowd ever seen on automobiles in these parts. To some of these civic representatives this was the first ride in a motor. Their sensations are worth recording. What hotels they stopped at is not known. Controller Spence is said to have worn a watery smile as he went thru that dry town. The mayor, being a Baptist deacon, is supposed to have inherited a desire for horse racing. No races are reported on this trip. Given two cars of the same make and capacity, with the mayor and Controller Hubbard as chauffeurs, we should bet on Mr. Hubbard. Father Shaw probably admired the scenery. Mr. Ward may have been hilarious—scarcely.

No Circus Parade This Year.

But no matter how successful and imposing this trip may have been, there was a grave oversight in confining it to Toronto Junction and West Queen-street. It would have been far more spectacular to have had the four autos take a preliminary tour up Yonge-st., along College and down Spadina. The spectacle of the four controllers and the mayor in automobiles would have suggested to the common voter's mind that it is really getting to be worth while to go on the board.

Come to figure it out, and the difference between the old salary of $1000 a year for a controller and the new one of $2500 is just enough to buy a nice little 10 horse power car. If these gentlemen will buy motors the ratepayers who put up the cost of the same will be visibly compensated for the extra expense by the spectacle of their civic cabinet ministers being right up in the procession of modern progress. After that trip to the Junction it is only reasonable to expect the controllers and the mayor to join the ranks of the motorists. Come along, gentlemen!

Professional Victims.

Public prejudice has now largely turned toward the automobile and it seems that at least some of the professional street accident victims have modified the nature of their calling accordingly, to judge from a recent report from Paris. A clerk in that city, who had already been involved in one automobile accident which had netted him 60,000 francs and who had consequently found the business quite lucrative, resolved to continue this method of gaining a livelihood and providing for an old age free from care. He therefore planted himself right in front of an approaching automobile on one of the main avenues of the city and succeeded splendidly in bringing about the contemplated "accident," his injury consisting in a broken arm. The driver of the car, threatened by the populace, drove off, but later was apprehended by the police and proved to be a chauffeur recently discharged from his position and who had broken into the automobile house and stolen his former employer's car, which he had just attempted to sell. The voluntary victim thus found that he would not receive any solace for his broken arm, and it was mainly his wrath over the financial irresponsibility of the automobile driver which led him to make a confession when cross-examined.

It will thus be seen that, like others, the profession of automobile accident victim has its disappointments.—Horseless Age.

Sparks From Exchanges.

It has been claimed by local enthusiasts that Buffalo, N. Y., has more automobiles in proportion to its population than any other city in the word, but we have never seen any actual figures. It would seem, however, that some of the wealthy residential towns in the vicinity of large cities, such as the Oranges, Montclair and Ardsley, near New York, and Oak Park and Evanston, near Chicago, must have more automobiles in proportion to population than any of the big cities. We would like to hear from readers who believe their town or city holds the records in this respect in the United States.

Fate.

From The Kind Words Chronicle.
Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Is a sentiment somewhat trite,
But when you are broke
You can't see the joke,
For the laugh's on you all right.

Smile and the world smiles with you,
That is if you pay for the grin—
For it's certainly true
When the smile's on you
The world is as thirsty as sin.

TheEnglishman.

He really doesn't see the point,
He dresses very badly;
He takes his soda with his booze
And his pleasures very sadly.

TOPICS OF THE TURF

President Noel Marshall and his associates on the directorate of the Open-Air Horse Show and Parade Association are to be congratulated upon the splendid success their prize-list has achieved and on the excellent prospects of a grand success on the morning of Saturday next (Dominion Day) that confronts them. They have secured upwards of 400 entries, which means that about 600 horses will be on parade. The sight will be a beautiful one, if Jupiter Pluvius is but kind, and, after the way his Jupitership has worked overtime lately, he ought to be, and thousands of poor people will have an opportunity on their national holiday to see gratuitously what the fashion of the city pay many dollars to view earlier in the year. This open-air horse parade and show possesses the transcendent merit of being the only scheme that has been devised for successfully celebrating in a public way Dominion Day in Toronto. Grand rallies of various sorts have oftentimes been attempted, but the inevitable speeches and the evident ambition of the promoters for their own particular glory have had a dampening and killing effect. At the open-air parade and show there are no speeches. All is action and the promoters perform their duties with no heed to personal aspirations, whether of honor or of dollars. From first to last they are unselfish, seeking no other object than the fulfilment of that of the association, namely, to improve the condition and treatment of commercial horses, to induce owners and drivers to take more pride in their appearance and the public more interest in their welfare, to afford visitors to the city an opportunity to see what we can do in the way of horseflesh and to give stay-at-homes a chance to celebrate their country's natal day in a worthy and enjoyable manner and at no cost whatever to themselves, or their wives, or their daughters, or their sons, or their sweethearts. There will be bands, banners, prancing steeds and flowers galore. Four trumpeters will lead the procession, followed, it is expected, by the huntsman and the hounds of the Toronto Hunt. Then will come the long line of horses and vehicles, which will stretch for a couple of miles at least. Each driver in the commercial classes will receive a dollar and in every class gold, silver and bronze medals and four handsome rosets will be awarded. So great is the number of entries that two classes have had to be divided, sets of medals and ribbons being given to each, while in a third instead of four awards, seven awards will be made, namely, one gold medal, two silver medals, two bronze medals and two reserve ribbons. Not only is this state of things gratifying to the directorate, but it proves how thoroly well their efforts are appreciated. It proves, too, the patriotism and civic pride of our citizens. The muster will take place in the Queen's Park at 8.30. At 9.30 the judging will commence, a judge having been appointed to every class, and at 10.30 the procession will be on the move. The parade will probably take another hour. At 11.30 the presentation of prizes and money will take place, and at 12 o'clock the band of the 48th Highlanders, who will be stationed in front of the Parliament Buildings in full uniform, will play "God Save the King," and the happy citizens and the proud horses will depart to their homes. As a frequent judge at horse shows said last year: "After all, this is the real thing."

That there is work and room for the Open-Air Horse Show and Parade Association is proven by the remark of a colored delegate to the Sunday school convention now in progress in this city. He is from old "Virginny" and on being asked what he thought of our horses he said: "You have some beautiful creatures, altho I have not seen many, but you have also some animals toiling who should forthwith be put out of business. Of these I have seen a large number. At my home they would not be allowed to work, to drudge and toil as you allowed them." There is also evidently work for the Humane Society and for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As a matter of fact I have often referred to the poor crippled animals that are allowed to haunt our streets. If cows are subject to inspection, so should horses be. The latter are the victims of far more cruelty.

There is reason to believe that a steeplechase meeting similar to the ones held at Warwick and other places in the English hunting counties will be tried next October at Morris Park. It is the purpose of those interested in the project to hold a three-days' meet under the auspices of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and to run only races thru the field. The meeting will conflict with that of the Metropolitan Jockey Club at Jamaica, but Mr. Edwards, secretary of that organization, has sent word to the promoters of the Morris Park meet that his club will offer no opposition, and, in fact, is in sympathy with the scheme. The meet will be an amateur affair, and the races, as far as possible, will be run over a natural country, with banks, rail fences and hedges, "to you and from you," as the obstacles.

Jockey Jimmy Winkfield, the colored American rider, has been very successful thus far in Russia this season. He won the Warsaw Derby and the Emperor's prize at Moscow, with the unbeaten 3-year-old Galtee Boy, by Mr. Gubbins' Derby winner, Galtee More. The last named stake is the richest in Russia. Winkfield wrote of his good fortune to his cousin, Jim Dancer, of Lexington, who looks after the former's interests in the United States Galtee Boy has thus far won seven races, five of them as a 2-year-old. Winkfield won the Warsaw Derby last year.

Many strange things come under my pen from time to time—as a sample, I saw two sparrows on Friday fighting on the sidewalk on Yonge-street below Wilton-avenue, all unmindful of the passing throngs—but I never until the other day heard the plea set up that a poolroom was a benefit to the community. At Hyattville near Washington, D. C., however, the poolroom people claim that they should be allowed to exist because they have obtained for the people better car service than they had previously, and because they contemplate improving the roads in the neighborhood. Morality, it would seem in the opinion of these people, must give way before material welfare.

Colts by imported Mazagan sold at the sales at Sheepshead Bay last week for two and three thousand dollars, but at the Hendrie sale on Tuesday in Toronto, Goggles' 2-year-old, by Mazagan, out of a granddaughter of imp. Glenelg and a great-great-granddaughter of Stockwell, sold for $90. And yet as prices in these parts go they did not sell so very badly. The broodmares in particular sold well compared with prices fetched at previous sales, altho farmers once more missed a rare opportunity to secure mares out of which the type of horses most in demand in all the large cities of the world are to be got. Good showy carriage and saddle horses will never be a drug on the market, and they, to be worth anything, must possess thorobred blood. Hence the supremacy of Kentucky in America and of Yorkshire in England. Once that supremacy was ours on this continent, but that was in the military days, when officers imported tho obreds and halfbreds, but they have passed and the trotter and pacer are kings. Even at the Canadian National Exhibition, where, of all places, the thorobred should have the best show, the thorobred (the English horse) receives in premiums a beggarly $550, while the trotter and pacer (the Yankee horse) gets upwards of $3200. And yet we talk of supplying the British army with horses! We must change our methods of breeding before we can do that. But the Hendrie horses brought an average of $103 per head. It is a paltry return for the outlay, but Mr. Hendrie does not breed thorobreds for gain. It was almost painful to see poor old Derwentwater ramble around the ring at the sale formed by the spectators, neighing and looking at them, as if to command admiration for his strength and vigor and pride of descent, but he could not command the necessary $100, at which he would have been allowed to go, altho his sire sold to the richest duke in England for the highest price ever given for a stallion in his day, namely, 14,000 guineas, or one hundred and forty times the amount asked for Derwentwater, who shares a common ancestry with Bend Or, Ormonde, Orme, Goldfinch and Flying Fox, a $187,500 purchase. Gold Car, aged 9, winner of the Woodstock Plate and Liverpool Cup, son of imp. Goldfinch, sire of Tradition and son of Ormonde, was withdrawn at $250, but was subsequently sold to the Riverdale stables of this city, who will keep him at the stud. I have often thought, and I still think, if thorobreds in Canada were mixed up with a lot of what are called general purpose horses, delivery and driving horses, they would bring a great deal more at auction here than they do. Until this state of things is changed we can despair of breeding carriage, saddle or cavalry horses that will command any attention abroad or meet the demand of the aristocrat or the parvenu.

Says a Chicago contemporary: "Thus far it has been a remarkably active and satisfactory season to the trade. The arrivals have increased around 12 per cent. over the previous year, while values for most commercial classes have ruled higher. Notwithstanding local consumption has been contracted for two months by the teamsters' strike, general consumption has increased upward of 4000 horses. This is corroborative evidence of the extended use of commercial horses and of increased industrial activity. The horseless age has not yet dawned on commercial, the motor vehicles being used principally for pleasure purposes."

Having to pay some attention to the Hendrie horses, I started in to ascertain how old some horses were at certain interesting stages of their career. I found Gallinule was 18 when he got Pretty Polly, that Gallopin was 23 when he last headed the list of winning stallions in England, that Himyar was 27 when he got Charlie Eastman, a winner at the Woodbine, that Ellen Horne was 21 when she dropped Rouge Rose, the dam of Doncaster, that Musket was 18 when Carbine was born, that Gallopin was only 9 when he got St. Simon, that Sterling was 27 when he got Endurance, that Hampton was 19 when he got Ladas, that Macaroni was 20 when he got MacHeath, sire of Halfling, that See Saw was 18 when he got Ocean Wave, sire of Foam, that Gunboat was 22 when he got Torpedo, one of the most successful stallions in Ireland, that Albert Victor was the same age when he got Victor Wild, that Longfellow got Halma when he was 24 and that Muley got the Derby winner Little Wonder when he was 26.

At the sale of J. B. Haggin's yearlings from the Rancho del Paso stud which was held on the 16 h and 17th inst. in the Fasig-Tipton Co.'s sale paddocks at Sheepshead Bay, 116 of the 132 colts and fillies cataloged were sold for an aggregate of $128,150, a grand average of $1104.70. On the first day 39 head brought $32.450; on the second 41 head were sold for $37,750 and on the last day 36 of the youngsters brought $57,950. The highest price paid for any youngster was $10,000 by Newton Bennington for the black colt by Watercress—Queen Bess, by Marden. This fellow is a half-brother to Old England, Kenilworth, Queen Elizabeth, Tryan and Prince Tyrant. He is jet black and has no white about him save a star in the forehead. It is said that he is a smoothly turned colt. He is engaged in the Futurity, National Stallion and Produce Stakes for 1906 and the Realization and Belmont Stakes for 1907. The lowest price was $100. Several sold at this figure. Among them was the chestnut filly by Bassetlaw—Bianca, by Wildidle, therefore a half sister to The Manxman and Finesse. Harry Stover got this one. The fact that she is branded No. 13 and that she was number thirteen in the catalog may have had something to do with the price. Stover, however, prides himself on his lack of superstition; believes that a snake is a valuable reptile; declares that no ill-luck attends the fighting of chickens, except when the other fellow has a better one and says that cross-eyed men, black cats and ladders have absolutely no terrors for him. Necessarily close relatives to noted racers were among the youngsters sold. Besides the half-brother to Old England, Newton Bennington bought a full brother to Nasturtium for $7700, a half-brother to Moon Daisy, a half-sister to Hurstbourne, a half-brother to Daisy Green and two by Gerolstein, sire of his good two-year-old Guiding Star. A. C. McCafferty was a prominent purchaser, whether for himself or in behalf of some other owner has not been made known. In all he bought eight high priced ones for $19,250, an average of slightly over $2400. One is a full brother to Leader and another a half-brother to the dam of Ram's Horn. Another for which he gave $3200 has for a dam a half-sister to Graziallo. For a half-brother to Ed Tierney he gave $2100. For $2600 H. Stover bought a half-brother to St. Bellane, the youngster being of the first crop of Sombrero yearlings. A half sister to Fitzbrillar and Sir Brillar fell to J. A. Bennett's bid. What may prove a prize was a half-brother to the good horses Sir Excess and Connoisseur, which went to the Delaware Stable for the moderate sum of $350.

All kinds of unpleasant rumors regarding racing in Toronto have reached me during the past week. One was that the Woodbine was to be cut up into building lots and another that the government had in contemplation a law forbidding betting anywhere, whether on incorporated race tracks or not. I am happy to say that the first story is entirely untrue and that the second is of the same character. It is not likely that the proposed amendment will be put thru, but a test case will probably be carried to the privy council regarding the meaning of the obsolescent clause in the criminal code.

The money given in premiums to horses at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, between Aug. 29 and Sept. 9, will be as follows:

Thorobreds	$561
Roadsters	421
Standard-breds	391
Carriage and coach horses	396
Hackneys	421
Clydesdales	531
Shires	501
Draught horses	433
Progeny prizes	60
General purpose horses	102
Ponies	200
Harness horses	410
Standard breds	170
Carriage horses	260
Special classes	725
Delivery and express	65
General purpose	65
Heavy draught	140
High steppers	139
Hunters and saddle horses	310
Hunters and jumpers	655
Ponies in harness	205
Polo competition	50
Boy riders	67
Children's turnouts	40
Pacers and trotters, (speed department	2300
Total	$10,109

A score of silver medals, two gold medals and a number of cups are also given.

On account of the Dufferin Driving Club holding their big annual meeting at Dufferin Park on July 5 and 6, the Toronto Gentlemen's Driving Club have resolved to hold their next matinee, originally set for the 5th prox., on Wednesday next, the 28th inst. A good card is promised by the Torontos on Wednesday and two days' good sport by the Dufferins on the Wednesday and Thursday following. Dan. McLachrie will tell you all about the Toronto's event and President T. B. Bertram, 509 1-2 Yonge-street, will post inquirers about the big Dufferin Park meet.

The Madden yearlings sold by the Fasig Tipton Co. on June 22 at Sheepshead Bay brought good prices. Harry Payne Whitney paid $5100 for a colt by Yankee of Partridge. Oscar Lewishon paid $5000 for a colt by Yankee, out of Royal Gun. H. B. Duryea paid $4700 for a colt by Mirthful, out of Marite, and $3300 for a colt by imp. Sandringham, out of Dorothy Hampton. The Kirkfield Stable of this city paid $2000 for a brown colt by Mirthful, out of the famous black mare Imp. Thirty head brought a total of $39,800, being an average of $1327 per head.

Francis Trevelyan, steward of Latonia, has been doing some extensive warning off. On Thursday he took up the badges of McKeown, Peters, McAuliff and Hunt. He also suspended Dupee, Perkins and Kelly for fighting. Starter William Murray, who officiated at the Woodbine, and at Hamilton, will start at Providence, R. I.

Altho naturally neither the demand nor the prices paid for horses is as good as at the height of the spring season, yet both are keeping up extraordinarily well. At the Repository a number of purchasees have been made on railroad contractors' account at fair prices, but the purchasers are mostly local and in small lots, altho several mixed car loads have been taken for the upper lakes. At the Canadian Horse Exchange, Jarvis-street, the situation continues encouraging, all horses offering finding buyers. "Abattoir" Harris having been among the latter, as well as parties from Montreal and Brantford. The usual sales will be held at each place during the week, at The Repository on Tuesday and Friday and at the Exchange on Monday and Thursday.

Messrs. Burns & Sheppard, having been entrusted with orders by the Imperial Remount Commissioners to purchase horses for the British army, state that they have already received a number of assurances that horses fulfilling the requirements will be forthcoming and that they, therefore, look forward to the purchasing inspection on Monday at The Repository from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. with every confidence of making a good selection. The horses required are for officers, troopers and artillery, and must generally be from 15 to 15.3 1-2 in height, four years old and upward, and of good bone and muscle and sound in eye, wind and limb. The officers' horses must be undocked, but for the others it does not much matter. Of course the artillery horses need to be a little chunkier and heavier than the others.

It is not surprising to find that the two thorobred stallions which so far stand at the head of the list in England are the sires of the Derby and Oaks winners. The former of these is Cyllene, who is represented not only by Cicero, who has won ten races worth £8000, but by two-year-olds of great promise in Sweet Mary and Cythera, while he has himself been recently sold for 30,000 guineas. Cyllene has 13 winners of over £11,000, while the second stallion in the list is Isinglass, whose eight winners of £9450 include Cherry Lass, who has the 1000 Guineas and the Oaks, the value of these two races being £8600. The third stallion on the winning list is Florizel II., the eldest of the three brothers which have done the King such signal service, and Florizel II. has five winners of nearly £8000, his best representative being Vedas, winner of the 2000 Guineas, who but for a mishap might very possibly have won the Derby as well. As it was Vedas contributed over £5000 to his sire's total. Another notable stallion in the list is Gallinule, who has 14 winners, or one more than Cyllene, the total of their winnings being £5759. The principal winner was the famous mare Pretty Polly, who came out at Epsom in her best form and made very short work of Zinfandel, himself one of the best horses in training, and of Caius, the latter the pick of the French horses in training; so that it may be said that she is as good a mare as ever was foaled. It is a curious coincidence that Pretty Polly and Cherry Lass should have been foaled on adjoining stud farms in Ireland and that each should have won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks. But so far Pretty Polly stands out by far the best of the two, for the career of Cherry Lass as a two-year-old was not unbroken by defeat. But she comes of a family that improve with age and it remains to be seen how she will fare with Cicero when they meet, as it is possible for them to do in the St. Leger at Doncaster.

The foundation of all Irish horse-breeding, says Mr. Dale in his new book, Polo, Past and Present, "was the pony blood of Connemara and Galway. Horse-breeding depends upon the existence in any country of the need for a working horse. The Irish farmer had, and has, a use for wiry, active, clean-legged mares of strong constitutions and even temper. They

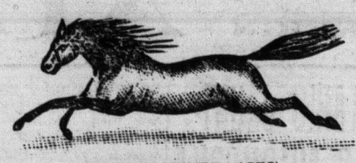
Canadian Horse Exchange
60-62-64 Jarvis St.
North of King St.

Auction
Every Monday
And Thursday
At 11 a.m.
Private Sales
Every Day.

Phone Main 2116. Registered.

40 Horses
AT AUCTION
Monday, June 26, 1905, at 11 a.m
In our Sales Stables at the above address. A choice lot of DRAUGHT, DELIVERY, DRIVING and GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.
THOS. INGRAM, Auctioneer. H. E. R. STOCK, Manager.

THE REPOSITORY
Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Streets Toronto



BURNS & SHEPPARD Proprietors
(ESTABLISHED 1856)
British Army Horses
We are authorized by the IMPERIAL REMOUNT COMMISSIONERS to announce that we will hold an inspection for the purchase of horses for the BRITISH GOVERNMENT at The Repository on
MONDAY, JUNE 26TH, COMMENCING AT 9 A.M.
According to the following specifications:
CHARGERS (for officers), 15.1 to 15.3 hands.
RIDING HORSES (troopers), 15 to 15.3 hands
DRAUGHT HORSES (gun and wagon), 15.2 to 15.3½ hands.
AGE from 4 years and upwards.
COLOR, bays, browns, blacks and chestnuts are preferred. A number of BLACK CHARGERS are particularly desired.
No horses accepted without passing a veterinary examination and soundness in wind, eyes and limb is insisted upon. Entire or unmanageable horses not accepted. Only horses suitable for their several classes as to conformation, etc., will be accepted.
The regular commission will be charged for all horses accepted by the commissioner.
No charge will be made for offering any horses they may reject.

THE REPOSITORY
Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Streets Toronto

BURNS & SHEPPARD Proprietors
(ESTABLISHED 1856)
CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS FOR EVERY STABLE REQUISITE
AUCTION SALE
TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 27TH
AT 11 O'CLOCK
120 HORSES
ALL CLASSES, CONSISTING OF
HEAVY MATCHED PAIRS HEAVY DELIVERY HORSES
GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES CARRIAGE & SADDLE HORSES
DRIVERS & WORKERS.
Consigned by the following well-known shippers:
Bert. Weese, W. B. Williamson, Thos. Williamson, Geo. Watson, Sr., H. Jifkins, W. Gallagher and several others.
BURNS & SHEPPARD,
Auctioneers and Proprietors.

EPOSITORY

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The vote for the French ministry of agriculture for 1905 amounts to between eight and nine million dollars. This total includes $400,000 for agricultural education and breeding establishments, not including the Haras, or national studs, for which the further sum of close upon $1,500,000 is allotted. Veterinary schools, hospitals and the control of animal diseases absorb a further sum of $280,000. A separate item for the encouragement of the horse industry is $300,000. Subscriptions to various agricultural institutions, including live stock show associations, amount to $360,000, and compensation for animals and meat condemned on account of tuberculosis, $150,000. I should dearly like the Dominion and provincial governments to well consider these figures and think what they mean. It will be observed that $1,800,000 (£360,000 sterling) is spent upon the encouragement of horse-breeding alone, to say nothing of the $350,000 given to agricultural shows, part of which undoubtedly goes to horses. How we are to compete against this sort of thing possibly Messrs. Sydney Fisher and Nelson Monteith may be able to say, but I am sure I cannot. Even little Denmark, with its area of less than 15,000 square miles, against our 3,315,647 square miles, and its ppopulation of 2,200,000, against our 6,000,000, spends many times more than we do on the encouragement of the horse.

Entries for the annual parade of London cart horses in Regent's Park on Whit Monday numbered nearly 1100. The horses mustered in the park from 8 a.m., and after passing the veterinary inspectors they paraded before the judges, who examined for grooming and cleanliness, whilst other highly qualified experts awarded premiums for the best type of cart horse. Further prizes were given to all drivers who had been over 20 years in the employ of the same firm. The parade was attended by many thousands of interested spectators. The London Live Stock Journal says that this parade is the largest in the world, but the editor of that paper has evidently not been in Toronto at the time of the Canadian National Exhibition. Last year there were over 1200 horses all told on the grounds here, and this year there promises to be equally as many. At the parade in the park next Saturday there will be six or seven hundred.

Eighty years ago a visitor to the United States stated that there were evidently four distinct breeds of horses: "The first the German horse of Pennsylvania, a gigantic animal sometimes 18 hands high. I have seen a team of them all above 17 hands in height, with a full crest and Roman nose. In proportion to the rest of his figure he is light in the flank and high on the leg. He was originally bred by the Germans in the great valley of the Middle States, and is called there the 'Conestoga' horse, from the Conestoga River. He is generally a blood bay, and a similar horse probably formed in England the basis of the Cleveland bay." * * * "The second is the Canadian, which is a carthorse of 14 hands. He is generally black or grey, if of French descent, and in trotting describes a circuitous line in the air with each of his fore feet. Horses with some of this blood trotted a mile in 2-35." The third was the "wild Louisianian horse," of Spanish descent, and the fourth the English thorobred, which was commonest in Virginia, the Virginians always having been much addicted to racing."

POP.

Up to the Men Themselves.

Chicago, June 24.—At a meeting of the teamsters' joint council it has been decided to submit to the men on strike the latest peace terms received from the employers. The three principal clauses in the proposition which the strikers will vote on are as follows:

The elimination of the express drivers from the strike settlement.

The maintaining of police and armed guards on the wagons after the strike is called off.

The right to wear a union button concealed.

Adhere to Type in Horse Breeding

IT IS A PRESENT INJURY AND A FUTURE CALAMITY TO DEPART FROM THIS RULE—BREEDING IS NO THING OF CHANCE.

Probably one of the strongest factors acting against profitable horse-breeding is the failure of farmers to stick to type, the indiscriminate selection of sires, patronizing a sire because he is owned by a friend whom the breeder wishes to help, the failure to study the laws that govern breeding and of an attempt to produce an ideal.

Breeding is not a thing of chance. It is governed by certain natural laws, which it is not our purpose here to discuss, but with which every breeder should be conversant. These laws are, unfortunately, not absolute, theee are many deviations, some of which are hard to account for, at the same time they act with reasonable certainty, and the breeder who studies them carefully and exercises reasonable intelligence in mating his mares, while he may be disappointed occasionally, will, on the whole be favored with a fair measure of success. On the other hand, the breeder who does not give the matter due consideration, does not study, or neglects the laws mentioned, but breeds indiscriminately, without regard to the type or individuality of his mares, will be disappointed in a large percentage of his attempts. The object of every breeder should be to produce something better than the dam. This can be done only by the selection of a sire of the same class, but of better individuality. The use of the word "class" here may lead to confusion, and we cannot use the word "breed" because few of our mares are pure-bred. Hence, when we say "a sire of the same class," we mean a pure-bred sire of the class the mare belongs to or favors in size, action or general characteristics. For instance, if the mare be a large one, with some draught blood, say, Clydesdale or Shire, yet not typical of either, we would select a pure-bred Clydesdale or Shire. We take it for granted that the intelligent breeder will not patronize an impure or unregistered sire of any breed or class. If we mate mares of composite breed with sires of like breeding, even tho they are typical, and exactly what we wish to produce, we will, in the majority of cases, meet with disappointment. In such cases, neither parent has the necessary prepotency to reproduce type with reasonable certainty. Prepotency (the power to transmit to the progeny the characteristics of the parent) can only be acquired by breeding in certain lines for many generations. Hence, the parent of composite or mixed blood cannot possess the necessary prepotency, and if each parent lacks this essential, what can we expect the progeny to be? All unprejudiced students of the breeding problem will admit that the thorobred possesses greater prepotency than any other horse, probably greater than any other domesticated animal. Why? Because he has been bred for so many generations without the infusion of foreign blood. Hence, in our endeavor to produce a foal that will be a better animal than the dam, we must select a sire that is not merely a better individual, but one that is pure-bred and, of course, the longer his pedigree the better. Again, we should not select a sire simply because he is of the breed we want and has a good pedigree. We must have individuality as well as pedigree, but if we are forced to sacrifice either for the other, I would sacrifice individuality for pedigree, but this only to a limited extent. Get both if possible. Again I would say, "stick to type." If the prospective dam have some Clydesdale or Shire blood, select a Clydesdale or Shire stallion, the very best that can be had, regardless of a few dollars in stud fee. As regards strict type, we may deviate to some extent; in fact, it is often wise to do so. If the mare does not satisfy us in this respect, we can improve type in the progeny by the careful selection of a sir. For instance, if she be to high, lacks substance, has too long a back, beefy bone, coarse feathering, etc., select a sire of the blocky type, one with plenty of substance, one with a short, strong back, bone and feathering of good quality, etc. In other words, select a sire that is very good in the points in which the dam is deficient. We would deviate from type in this respect. Of course, it is not always possible to get the service sof a sire that, in all respects, is exactly what we would like, to suit the individuality of the mare, but we should always bear her indivduality in mind and make the best selection we can. If we have a mare of the class mentioned, and bred as above, we will in all probability produce a foal better than the dam, and if this be a filly, by exercising the same judgment in breeding her, we will still improve the progeny, and so on. But if we keep changing the breed of the sires, even if we keep to the draught class, we degenrate instead of advance. This more or less constant change of sires accounts for the fact that first-class horses of any breed or class are comparatively scarce, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs will continue just as long as breeders do not give the necessary study and intelligent consideration to the breeding problem.

The same general rules apply to breeding horses of the light classes. Violent crosses seldom give good results, as breeding heavy mares to light sires, or vice versa. There have been instances in which such violent crosses have produced valuable animals, and such may be regarded as a calamity, rather than as a favorable result, from the fact that one successfull attempt is calculated to encourage further efforts on similar lines, not only by the lucky breeder, but by his neighbors, and it will be noticed that where such irrational proceedings prove successful in one instance, it will prove disastrous in scores. To successfully breed light horses, the same care as regards type and individuality must be observed as in the production of the heavier breeds or classes. Where pure-bred dams are owned, there should, in the majority of cases, be no question as to the breed of sire to be selected, as in such cases we should "stick not only to type, but to breed." At the same time, even with pure-breds, there may be cases in which we may be justified in selecting a sire of another breed. For instance, if we have a thorobred mare, and wish to produce a harness horse, we may be justified in mating her with a hackney. The hackney will probably give better results when crossed with a thorobred, or one with considerable thorobredblood, than with any other class, expect a pure-bred of his own breed. In this case, the prepotency of the dam transmits ambition and staying powers, and the sire transmits the action necessary in the heavy harness horse. In some sections, breeders for years bred their mares to standard-bred sires, with the hopes of producing fast trotters and pacers. They had the idea that a fast stallion of this breed would produce a fast colt out of mostly any kind of a mare. Of course, the usual result was disappointment. To such an extent has this line of breeding been carried on in certain sections that there are many mares with a strong infusion of standard blood that practically belong to no class. They are not fast enough for racing, have not size enough for carriage, and are simply useful for drawing a light rig over a good road at a fair road pace. The question is often asked: "How shall I breed these mares with reasonable probability of producing a useful animal, and one that will have a fair demand at good prices?" This is a hard question to answer. If crossed with a thorobred, the progeny will probably be too small, except for a lightweight saddle horse. If crossed with a sire of her own breed, it is probable the foal will be too small for valuable service, and not fast enough to make him valuable. If crossed with a heavy harness horse, as a hackney or coach horse, the same trouble as regards size, with lack of quality (unless the mare has very good quality), will probably be noticed. And, of course, it would be unwise to cross her with a draught horse. What, then, can be done? If the mare be too small and too slow to be of any value for work or driving purposes, my advice is not to breed her. If she have size, but lack speed and quality, breed her to a good big thorobred, with the idea of producing a saddle horse, or, at all events, an all-round or combination horse. If she have both size and quality, but lack speed, breed her to a hackney, and expect to produce a heavy harness horse, but if she have neither size nor speed, even tho she has quality, do not breed her at all, but, if we must breed her, select a hackney, with the hopes of producing a high-acting cob, or a blocky thorobred, with the prospects of producing a polo pony, but, in my experience, either of these lines of breeding is very liable to be disappointing.

Whip.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A remarkable tale of the unexpected recovery of lost property is being told by a Bonningham lady. On Whit Monday of last year a friend of hers, on her way to the Isle of Man, lost her watch, while crossing the Menai Straits, but was in a measure compensated by finding a valuable gold curb bracelet. Not being able to trace the owner of the latter, she naturally kept it. Last Christmas the lady who lost the watch paid a visit to some friends at Cheltenham, and during her stay with them wore the bracelet. One evening another visitor identified the ornament as having belonged to her, and produced a watch which she had picked up while crossing to the Isle of Man. Curiously enough, this proved to be the identical watch lost by the lady who found the bracelet. Thus, after the lapse of six months, the articles were restored by strangers who met accidentally at the house of a mutual friend.

The close of Sir Henry Irving's brief season at Drury-lane Theatre was marked by a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm. "Waterloo" and "Becket" formed the program, and the veteran actor showed no failure in resource and power. Numerous recalls followed every act, and when the curtain fell on "Becket" Sir Henry made one of his customary graceful acknowledgments. Referring to his future movements, he said that after fulfilling engagements in many cities of England and Scotland, he would enter, probably in January, on his three-months' American tour, and would meet his London friends again next year. Even then, many of the audience remained, and the curtain being again raised disclosed the company assembled to witness the presentation to Sir Henry of a silver loving cup by the aNtional Association of Theatrical employes, which begun in private was finished in public. The demonstration was a striking and sincere tribute to the leading figure on the English stage, who enjoys an unrivaled popularity not only with his audiences but among his own profession. As his Drury-lane friends would not accept "good-by," he smilingly added, "Well, then, good night."

The last London story: A young policeman, fresh from Scotland, was on duty, and had instructions to stop the traffic, as royalty was expected. A lady, who was unceremoniously "held up" on the way to the opera, put her head out of the window and called to the constable to let her carriage pass. "I canna do it, ma'am," the policeman said. "But I'm the wife of a cabinet minister." "I canna help that, ma'am. I could not let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

EQUITABLE CASH ASTRAY MORTON WILL GET IT BACK

Reported to Be Contemplating Action Against Number of Rich Men Who Have "Profited."

New York, June 24.—Definite statements are made by The Herald to-day that, in addition to the proceedings which are expected to be inaugurated by Attorney-General Mayer and District Attorney Jerome, Paul Morton, chairman of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, with the full knowledge and approval of the new owner, Thomas F. Ryan, will by his own investigation of affairs delve deeper than either the Frick committee or State Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks.

Charges against certain very rich men are hinted at in connection with this development. They have not heretofore figured prominently. One of them is, says The Herald, currently reported to have accumulated $8,000,000 in a few years, while another, an appraiser, amassed more than $1,000,000 in two years. While some of these matters were only indirectly connected with the society's affairs, it is intimated that various documents are being certified, while accounts and occurrences will be used as a basis for affidavits in court proceedings.

Wherever money is found to have been obtained by individuals, on syndicate operations, on bonuses to secure loans and the like, it is asserted that actions will be begun to collect the amounts to which the society was lawfully entitled had nothing been diverted from its treasury.

BOY WAS TO BLAME.

Refused to Take Punishment—Goes Back to School.

At the office of Public School Inspector Hughes on Saturday morning, an inquiry was held to determine whether Principal Wallis of Hamilton-street School had exceeded his authority in striking a 13-year-old boy named Brown about the legs. Mr. Wallis stated that he asked the boy to hold out his hand and he refused, saying that his mother had said to him he was not to be punished. The boy admitted that he did say he was not to be punished, and the regulations of the school are that when a boy refuses to put out his hand the teacher is instructed to hit him across the body. In doing what he did the teacher was carrying out the regulations of the board. Mr. Wallis stated that the boy's record is not a bad one, and he has no desire to appear vindictive. The boy will go back to school again.

LOOMIS A PEACE ENVOY?

Gives it to Be Inferred Secret Mission is Along That Line.

New York, June 24.—On a secret mission for the state department, for which he was commissioned by President Roosevelt, Francis B. Loomis, the assistant secretary of state, sailed for Southampton to-day on the steamer Philadelphia.

Concerning the mission, Mr. Loomis would only say: "I am not only going as special ambassador to receive Paul Jones' body, but also have been commissioned by the president to perform a secret mission for the state department while abroad. I must decline positively to state what my mission is."

"Has it anything to do with peace?" was asked.

"I can say nothing," was his reply.

Calm Waves by Bombardment.

Success Magazine.

Shells filled with oil, intended to calm a stormy sea when fired into it, have been invented in France. The effect of a film of oil in reducing the size of waves is well known, but in the case of a moving vessel it is difficult to reach those in front, among which the ship's progress will soon bring it. At first ordinary explosive shells containing oil were tried, but these, besides being dangerous, did not distribute the oil evenly. At present wooden shells are used, which break when they strike the water, allowing the oil to run evenly over the surface. For night use the shells have an illuminating attachment. The results are said to be satisfactory.

No Irish Suicides.

Exchange.

"The Irish," said a statistician, "never commit suicide. Practically never, I mean. That is to say, where you will hear of 90 suicides of Germans, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen and Americans, you won't hear of more than one Irish suicide, and maybe you won't hear even of that.

"The Irish are a hopeful and brave people. In the most heartrending distress they keep up their spirits, laughing, joking, declaring that better times will come soon. In Ireland suicide is an unknown evil.

"In the indomitable pluck, gaiety and optimism of the Irish there is a lesson for us all to learn."

Feminine Needs.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

To love.
To be loved.
To be told so sometimes.
To have something to do.
To be dealt with sincerely.
To be sympathetically understood.
To be praised once in a while.
To have her judgment respected.
To inspire both passion and reverence in the same man.
To have a great, big-hearted boss who will let her have her own way until she is in danger of making a fool of herself, and then curb her gently.

Patti and Bernhardt Rivals.

A protest is being made against the nomination of Mme. Patti to the Legion of Honor on the ground that Mme. Bernhardt has a prior claim.

SAVING BAD BOYS AND GIRLS ERE HABITS ARE CONFIRMED

Encouraging Report Presented at Annual Meeting of Industrial Schools Association.

The annual meeting of the board of management of the Industrial Schools Association was held on Saturday afternoon.

The reports presented showed an unusually busy time during the last 12 months. A number of changes have taken place and many improvements have been made in the working of the schools.

"Among other things," said the report of Secretary Kendry, "we have entered upon our changed conditions in reference to the relationship of the government towards the support of the schools. The government has assumed the payment of the greater portion of the support of the boys and girls, contributing $1.25 per week for each inmate of the schools, as against $1.25 contributed by the municipalities. This has enabled the government to close the Penetanguishene Reformatory. The Victoria Industrial School now receives the class of boys that, under the old conditions, would be sent to the reformatory at Penetanguishene.

"In order to make accommodation for those boys, we commenced the building of a new cottage, but were interrupted by the action of the Grand Trunk Railway, under their expropriation powers, as they required about 15 acres of school lands. Owing to the proximity of the expropriated lands to the new cottage, building operations have been discontinued. We now find it necessary to build at a greater distance from the G.T.R., and have chosen a site north of cottages Nos. 1 and 3. The work will be pushed on at once.

Save the Boys.

"We gladly express our pleasure at the great sympathy we have always received from the government in relation to our work. It also recognizes the fact that a boy saved is better than a boy turned into a criminal by neglect, at the turning point, it may be, of his life, and thus the country instead of having to support a criminal rejoices in the labor and advantage of a useful citizen.

"The distinct policy of the board of management is to so use the schools that at an early period the boy or girl may be placed in homes where they will learn to be useful and make a happy future for him or herself. We also recognize J. J. Kelso's co-operation in this feature of the work.

"The board of management is much pleased to know that with the hearty sympathy of the Hon. Mr. Hanna, provincial secretary, our Alexandra School has taken a decided step forward, and it is now in contemplation to seek a union between the junior Mercer Refuge and the Alexandra School for Girls, whereby girls of tender age will have the great advantage of being brought under the care of the ladies of the association, who, from their great experience in the needs of young girls, will seek to throw around them the protection and education of the school's industrial methods, and thus enable the girls to successfully overcome the evils that have beset them, and fit them to earn an honorable living for themselves."

Some Statistics.

At present 194 boys are in the Victoria Industrial School and 30 girls in the Alexandra School. During the year 71 boys left the school to enter the various fields of labor for which they have been qualified, and several girls passed out of their school and are now making their own living in respectable families.

Victoria Industrial School neds a proper water service, and it was hoped that the government would aid in the effort to meet this great want.

There was a large attendance of friends of the association from the city. Refreshments were served.

Given Fair Warning.

From The Philadelphia Press.

Jimmy—What's the matter with you, you don't never go in for any fun at all nowadays?

Tommy—No, I'm bein' good because I'm goin' to have a birthday purty soon, an' I want to get a present.

Jimmy—Better be careful an' not be too good, or mebbe they won't give you nothin' but a Bible.

As Modified.

From The Chicago Daily News.

Mistress (to upstairs girl)—Jane, the cook is sick this morning. You know how to cook, do you not?

Jane—No, ma'am; I don't know anything about cookin', ma'am.

Mistress—But when I engaged you I understood you to say that you had been a cook for three years.

Jane—Yes, ma'am, but it was in a railroad restaurant, ma'am.

Doing Better Than the Author.

From The Philadelphia Ledger.

Nell—Yes, the play is quite successful. My friend, Miss Padden, made considerable money out of it.

Belle—Did she write it?

Nell—Goodness! No. She's a dressmaker, and she made all the gowns for the leading lady.

"You journalists are rare paradoxes," said the Funny Man.

"Why?" queried the Chief.

"Because you're the authors of your own pars."

The office ruler just missed him as he closed the door.

Short-Lived Dwarfs.

The Congo dwarfs, six specimens of which have been brought to London by Colonel Harrison, never reach a greater age than 40 years.

WHY IT IS SAFE

The CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION is one of the largest and strongest in Canada or the United States.

It has a Capital, fully paid up, and Rest, amounting to EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS. Its assets exceed TWENTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS.

It is under the management of an experienced and conservative Board of Directors and Staff of Officers, and in every transaction safety is placed above every other consideration. It is purely an Investment Company, not a speculative institution.

On Deposit Accounts Interest is Allowed at
THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.
per annum, compounded half-yearly

HEAD OFFICE——TORONTO STREET——TORONTO

MANIPULATION EFFACES REAL MARKET FACTORS

International Disturbances Have no Terrors for Wall St.—The Position of Local Stocks.

World Office,
Saturday Evening, June 24.

The tone of the Wall-street market has been strong thruout the week; the market factors conducive to such buoyancy being undisclosed, if such are present, and obvious reasons against advances for the time being ignored. Stocks, good, bad and indifferent, have shared in the patronage of the supporting interests, and few chances have been afforded the shorts to operate the market for profits. That a bull movement should eventuate at a season when large stock operators in the ordinary course of events would prefer to holiday and forget, if possible, the turmoil of the market, is, perhaps, the best indication of the exigencies of the present situation. In 1902, when troubles were looming up, a midsummer bull campaign preceded a record liquidating movement. The two situations are scarcely analagous, but there is sufficient similarity to draw conclusions.

* * *

It has puzzled even the paid emissaries of the market to produce gossip sufficiently new and gullible to attract attention. The enormous steel trade has been worked bare; the crops have rebelled against the misuse of their philanthropy, and resort has had to be made to increased dividends. Were it possible to disassociate the directors altogether from the market, some confidence might be placed in dividend enlargements. That such are occurring at a time when every other means of disposing of stocks has been tried without avail, is a matter that will bear the strictest investigation. When men of supposed reputation in Wall-street financial circles are found guilty of the crimes disclosed by the Equitable investigation, surely it cannot be expected that the smaller fry will not resort to tactics equally as bad or even worse.

* * *

The dividends in Wall-street stocks, except in a few instances, have yet to receive the stamp of genuineness. Computations as to the interest-bearing capacity of tshe large majority of issues, is so much waste effort. A stock is seldom put upon the dividend list until the necessities of the market demand it, and occasions like the present call for just such operations. With all the hard-time financing that the various railroads and other companies had to pass thru less than two years ago, it does appear to be the height of prudence to be disposing of surplus earnings so lavishly within so short a period, yet this is the case, and it would be difficult to reason out any other cause than that of stock market rigging.

* * *

The one thing that the market could possibly have afforded to discount from a normal level of values this year would have been successful crops. The discounting is being proceeded with, but without the necessary premises. Either the commodity markets or the stock markets are assuming a false position. Grain and cotton prices have made a large appreciation during the last few weeks, apparently justified by the season's results thus far. The stock market appropriates the enhanced quotations as so much benefit to its coffers, neglectful of the experience last year of the heavy loss in wheat exports by reason of the high price and short supplies. The government estimate of the winter wheat crop is already undergoing a scaling down that means millions of dollars' loss; both markets cannot be actuated by common-sense motives, and it must become necessary to charge one with practising fraud.

* * *

The foreign exchanges, where less manipulation is practised, have been compelled to take cognizance of the new strain in international relations; not so New York. It is scarcely to believed that the German Emperor would carry his ambitions sufficiently far to cause a rupture in diplomatic circles. There is, however, no accounting for the actions of individuals and nations on occasions, and the appearance of such a possibility is enough to dampen bull ardor, if not to cause a reverse feeling. The weekly New York bank statement is better this week, but the creeping strength in sterling exchange is again apparent. Throwing aside entirely all reasoning, and adopting a method for guesisng the motives of insiders, is the only means of ascertaining the possible movements of the markets at the present time. On these grounds, and as distinctly opposed to any other important market factors, the trend of prices for the immediate future seems to promise a further rally in prices.

* * *

Prices of Canadian securities have shown steadiness since a week ago, and in instances improvement in quotations. The local market still exhibits considerable apathy on the part of traders, and the dealings in consequence are small. The net changes since last Saturday are not large, and advances were confined chiefly to the speculative shares, of which Dominion Coal, Dominion Steel, C. P. R. and Twin City were the leaders. Market influences were not altogether of a one-sided character. Crop news continues good. The World's gleanings of the Ontario crops, published on Wednesday, forecast a splendid general yield, failing any unforeseen happenings. The estimate of the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association gives an increase of 17½ per cent. in wheat, 18 per cent. in oats and 10½ per cent. in barley this year over last, and states that the growing crop is in first-class condition.

* * *

This is the favorable side of the recent news, and stocks should be credited to this extent. The debits are the continued lack of public interest in listed securities, the inducements held out for speculation in other ways, and a renewal of the European turmoil. The manufacture of one steel rail by the Dominion Steel Company had a marvelously bullish effect on these shares. The temporary increase in the value of the common shares from the announcement was about $800,000, while in the bonds and the preferred and common stock one rail produced had the immense value of $1,250,000. This, however, is purely a sidelight of the whole situation, and cannot be utilized as a broad basis for attaching value to other shares.

* * *

Manipulative purchases of Dominion Coal gave this stock a quick advance over 80 in the early part of the week. Failing a sample shipment of the product to some new market, gossip was satisfied that the advance was made at the expense of a short interest. The latter theory does not work out with the street idea of this stock. The holdings are by no means scattered, and the professional trader is not given to playing short of an issue that a fair proportion of the public is not already long of. That these shares are firm and can even advance at times is no criterion of their intrinsic value. Until this company gives evidence of paying a dividend on the common stock without impairing the equity of the property, it must continue a speculative proposition of the highest order.

* * *

The temper of the large holders is, of course, bullish, and opportunities of advancing the price of speculative shares will be availed of. New York will afford an excellent cause for marking quotations higher in local stocks. The bigger exchanges will thus provide a fair inference of what may be looked for here.

* * *

The output for the collieries of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company for the week ending June 23 was 11,972 tons: Coal Creek, 6681 tons; Michel, 3732 tons; Carbonado, 1559 tons; total for week, 11,972 tons; daily average, 2394 tons. All mines idle one day, monthly holiday.

New York Bank Statement.

New York, June 24.—The statement of the averages of the clearing house banks of this city for the week shows: Loans decreased $2,048,200; deposits increased $6,508,100; circulation increased $701,700; legal tenders increased $1,000,000; specie increased $8,512,200; reserve increased $9,512,200; reserve required increased $1,627,025; surplus increased $7,885,175; ex-U.S. deposits increased $7,896,425.

Ritchie & Co.'s Weekly Review.

New York, June 23.—The stock market awoke from its lethargy and gave an exhibition of strength which is encouraging alike to the investing public and to professional operators for the rise. The sharp upturn in prices on a steadily rising scale of daily transactions clearly indicates improvement in banking sentiment. Developments indicating that the Equitable house-cleaning is going to be as thoro as anybody could wish for, were doubtless instrumental in promoting a better feeling in financial circles. Superintendent Hendricks' report vindicated the Frick committee and was generally interpreted as signifying a further step in the direction of a proper conduct of fiduciary institutions.

The more friendly attitude of large banking interests toward operations for the rise suggests that the sailing ahead is clear, and encourages expectations of a better market during the summer.

The increase of the Reading dividend to the rate of 4 per cent. has a most important bearing upon the market, because it calls attention to the probability of similar increases by other corporations in the near future.

London, so far, has taken no very great interest in our market's improvement, owing to uncertainty as to whether Russia really resides peace, and uneasiness in regard to the negotiations between France and Germany concerning Morocco.

The Iron Age reports a somewhat better condition of affairs in the iron and steel trade. It goes on to say: "New business has been rather light in nearly all branches, but sentiment is rather improved. In pig-iron there come reports that inquiries are a little more numerous."

It is said in usually well-informed quarters that the earnings of the U. S. Steel Corporation for the second quarter are likely to be a surprise to the stock market.

The distinct improvement that has taken place in the market position of the Steel shares is a matter of general consequence, owing to the fact that a large body of outside sentiment is reached thru those securities.

As to monetary conditions, the present situation is an almost necessary result of the increase in gold production under recent conditions. While the money market should be watched, there does not seem to be any menace in it to values.

Traffic reports are uniformly favorable. An officer of the Missouri Pacific Railway says: "If the country realizes within 15 per cent. of its present promise for crops, railroads of the west will have the heaviest business they ever experienced. Great preparations are being made everywhere for such an event, and the transportation lines may find themselves in need of more equipment before many weeks roll around. Merchandise shipments are already gaining with the confidence prevailing."

General business conditions are satisfactory, as is evidenced by recent statements of railway earnings and by the substantial volume of bank exchanges and clearances.

During the extreme dulness of the stock market there was no sign of disturbing liquidation, which gives an indication that securities are strongly held. There is an enormous sleeping short interest in the market, and the harvests promise new high records for bumper crops, consequently stocks should be bought courageously and held for substantial returns.

Head's Weekly Market Letter.

New York, June 24.—There was a decided and general improvement on the stock exchange during the past week, both in regard to the volume of transactions and the extent of the gains recorded. It had been evident for some time past that the liquidation during the May decline had been exceedingly thoro and that the market had reached a stage where it would respond readily to bullish operations and that any encouragement from the larger interests would stimulate speculative activity. The course of the market during the week has proven the soundness of this theory, and sentiment regarding the market outlook has become decidedly optimistic because of the demonstration of a strong underlying buying power afforded by the week's operations, which evidently needed nothing more than the spectacle of advancing prices to arouse it into activity. The character of the buying in various leading issues suggested also that important financial interests had assumed an aggressive position on the bull side, induced in all probability by the near approach of the July 1 dividend, and interest period, when exceedingly heavy disbursements will be made, a large part of which are expected to be re-invested in stock exchange securities that are apt to be more favorably regarded by the average investor, with an upward movement in progress. The declaration of railroad dividends at increased rates, particularly in the case of Reading, has tended to strengthen the conviction that further advances in corporation disbursements are entirely probable during the present year, provided of course that the general business situation remains favorable and no decided impairment developes in the crop outlook, both of which at present, however, furnish substantial ground for hopefulness. In addition the aggressive strength in the United States Steel issues, the course of which has exercised always a potent influence on speculative sentiment, and with good reason, in view of the fact that the conditions in the steel and iron trade have long been regarded in the light of a barometer as to the state of general business, is taken to indicate that a turn for the better in the industry is in sight, if indeed it has not already taken place. At any rate advices in this connection are more optimistic and it has been stated that the outlook for a tremendous fall business is exceedingly bright. With such prospects in view there would seem to be a sound basis for the belief entertained in many quarters that higher prices will be witnessed in the stock market before any setback of importance is experienced. There is at present nothing in sight to check the improving tendency. The bulk of stocks are strongly held and it is believed the short interest, tho somewhat reduced during the recent recovery, is still ample enough to attract the attention of the larger bull operators. With the publication of the Hendrick's report the Equitable Life matter is virtually closed so far as the stock market is concerned, inasmuch as the financial strength of the concern is not questioned, and recent events indicate that the new management intends to be thoro in its reforms. There is, of course, the possibility that the present friction between France and Germany may develop into an open rupture, but with the peace of the world at stake it seems improbable that the questions at issue will not be settled thru diplomatic channels. With strong technical conditions underlying the speculative structure we believe prices will work towards still higher levels, and while conservatism is advisable until the crop outcome is assured, think the outlook is sufficiently promising to warrant purchases on reactions.

New York Stocks.

The following table shows values to-day on the New York Stock Exchange, as compared with those of a week previous:

	June 17.	June 24.
American Sugar	134	137
American Locomotive	47	47½
Amalgamated Copper	79	81
Atchison common	81⅜	82⅜
do. preferred	...	103½
American Car Foundry	33¾	34¼
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	63⅞	67¾
Baltimore & Ohio	108⅝	111
Chesapeake & Ohio	...	51
Twin City	110	111½
Colorado Southern	...	27¼
Chicago Gt. Western	18⅞	19¼
Chicago M. & St. Paul	173⅜	176⅛
Colorado Fuel & Iron	41½	43½
Erie common	40¼	41½
do. 1st preferred	...	79¾
do. 2nd preferred	68⅜	67
C. P. R.	150¼	150⅜
U. S. Steel common	27⅜	30
do. preferred	94⅛	97½
General Electric	...	...
Illinois Central	160½	165½
Louisville & Nashvile	145¼	147¼
Missouri Pacific	98⅝	100½
Manhattan	...	...
Metropolitan	122¾	124¼
M. S. M. common	...	...
M., K. & T.	27¾	28
Pennsylvania Railroad	135¼	139
Norfolk	79½	82⅜
Ontario & Western	...	51
New York Central	...	143¼
Rock Island	27⅜	29¾
People's Gas	101¼	101½
Reading	95¾	97¾
Southern Ry. common	31⅜	31½
do., preferred	...	97
Southern Pacific	61⅜	63¾
Tennessee Coal & Iron	76⅞	81
Union Pacific	122¼	125¾
Texas Pacific	...	33⅜
Wabash preferred	...	40
Western Union	94⅝	...
Stoss	...	80¼

WARNING TO BOYS WHO SEND IN FALSE ALARMS

A fine of $40 and costs or three months in the Central Prison was the punishment meted Daniel Clark for turning in false alarms. In 1902 he was convicted of the same offence, and fined $30 and costs or six months in the Central. He was unable to pay the fine and served out his sentence. Besides this there were two shorter sentences against him.

He is blamed for sending in about 10 false calls since June 1, but boys are also falling into the habit, and this should prove a warning. A day or two ago a citizen saw a boy break the glass to pull an alarm and asked where the fire was, whereupon the youngster ran for his life. There is a reward of $10 for anyone giving information leading to the conviction of persons sending in false alarms.

On the Farm.

New Arrival—"What a gentle, peaceful creature that cow is! Just look into her eyes!"

Old Guest—"I did that when I first arrived. But I discovered that in order to get a correct line on a cow's character you mustn't judge her by her eyes; you must judge her by her hind legs!"

A City Hall Novelty.

The only blue print machine in Canada is being installed in the city hall. It will be run by an electric motor and the printing will be done by electric light instead of sunlight as formerly.

Fort William and Port Arthur

Lots for Sale

$40 Each Fort William
$75 Each Port Arthur

Grand opportunity for large or small investors.

Lots will be worth double present value in short time.

For full particulars, apply

Parker & Co.
(Established 1889)
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YANKEES OUTNUMBER BRITISHERS.

In the Commercial Centres of the Far East.

Col. Ramsay, military commander of Rhodesia, is at the Queen's. He is a native of Deer Park, and has been in Africa 12 years. He saw the ill-fated fleets of Rojestvensky steaming past between Hong Kong and Singapore, prior to its defeat by Togo.

"A splendid sight it made," he remarked, "and the men had no thought of losing."

According to Col. Ramsay, Britain's prestige in the east is strong. Americans, however, have a strong hold in China on account of the extent of the trade they have with that country.

"There are a hundred Americans in eastern ports to every single Britisher," he added.

Touching for a moment on the country in which his command lies, he described it as having a great future before it in regard to cattle, mining and fruit.

Flashes of Fun.

Bataro—"How old are you, madame?" Hajiko—"I have seen nineteen summers, sir." Botario—"Eh—um! How long have you been blind?"—Tokio Puck.

"What time does this train arrive at Swamp Centre?" asked the traveling man. "My friend," was the answer, "I'm only a conductor. I'm not a fortune teller."—Washington Star.

"But," asked the reader, "when you quote from the Bible why don't you give proper credit?" "Why should I?" replied the editor of The Wayback Clarion, "the Bible never quotes The Clarion."—Philadelphia Press.

Tom—"Miss Summers must be quite ill. She has no appetite at all." Dick—"A girl isn't always ill when she has no appetite." Tom—"But she has no appetite even for ice cream and candy."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Senator, do you think the new member of the committee is honest?" "Honest," exclaimed Senator Badger. "I should think he is. He would no more accept money from a person he didn't know than anything in the world."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Torpedoeing a Battleship.

"The torpedoing of a battleship is a magnificent thing for art, and newspaper artists are not the only offenders," said a naval officer recently in from a cruise. "First, you draw your sea with your big fighting ship on top, then you imagine the Whitehead underneath. Then you touch her off and picture the ship with her bow pointed at least to the altitude of the polestar. It reasons out beautifully from what the artist thinks he knows about the effect of high explosives, but—. At the torpedo schools abroad I have seen some score of vessels torpedoed, old vessels of all sorts of sizes and structures, but I never have seen one hoisted in the way upon which the artists seem to have united. In fact, the appearance immediately after the shock is that of a sharp downward sagging of the ship. But this is only apparent; the water swirls up against the side of the ship and reduces her visible freeboard. The vessel does not have time to lift to the shock of the explosive; her bottom is ripped out; she fills with water and goes down without any of that preliminary skyward flight upon which art has agreed."—New York Sun.

He Forgot the Deaths.

William R. Merriam was talking in New York about the last census.

"All sorts of odd and interesting things happen," he said.

"One of the collectors told me how he had visited a village, and how, on the completion of his work, a crowd of villagers had gathered around him, anxious to know how much their population had increased in the last 10 years.

"'It has increased,' said the father of a large family, 'about a hundred, I suppose?'

"'No,' said the collector. 'It has increased only six.'

"'Oh, dear! There must be some mistake,' sai dthe father, slowly; 'I have increased it mer'n that myself.'"—Pittsburg Gazette.

Trustworthy.

Junior Member of Firm—"How did you happen to lend that young man money without security?"

Senior Member—"Because I've lent him books from my private library time and again, and he never failed to return them!"

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STOCK BROKERS,
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26 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

Notice is hereby given that a Quarterly Dividend for the three (3) months ending June 30, 1905, at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum, has been declared upon the Capital Stock of this institution, and the same will be payable at the Offices of the Company in this city on and after July 1st, 1905.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th June, 1905, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.
E. R. WOOD, Man. Dir.

STOCKS FOR SALE
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Scott Street, Toronto

To the Land of Eastern Cuba Go Wise Canadian Dollars

Canadian Investors Discover a New, Rich Field. Eastern Cuba, the Land of Beautiful Climate and a Fair, Fertile Soil; the Land of Forests, Farms and Factories.

FAMILIAR with Cuba, the great island of bountiful soil, marvelous climate, splendid forests and exuberant growth, Mr. J. J. Milliken, of the Cuban Realty Co., gave to a World reporter his impressions of that wonderful land in the zone of long days. Mr. Milliken was one of the pioneers of progressive civilization in Cuba. He has been over almost every acre of the most enchanting and productive island in the middle Atlantic. He carries under his hat a mental picture of its forests and its fruits; its fat soil and its delicious long days; its waterways and its possibilities as an industrial and agricultural country now being threaded by the railways of the Anglo-Saxon world.

THE PRECIOUS FORESTS OF CUBA.

"WHAT are the forests of Cuba like?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I can give you a practical illustration of what they really are," he replied, as he produced from a cabinet a collection of polished woods.

"Now," he said, with the confidence of one who knows that a Cuban reality is not a mere pipe-dream over a Havana cigar, "these woods came from Cuba. Judge for yourself.

It was not necessary to preach. Woods with such marvelous graining, such diamond-like polish, such superb lustres and magnificent tone-tints, told their own story.

"Well, what are these woods supposed to be good for, Mr. Milliken?"

"Floors—the finest; furniture veneers—simply unrivalled; interior finishings for houses—the most ultra-fastidious crank on natural hardwood effects couldn't want anything better. These are not mere curiosities. They are commercial woods, and a factor in industrialism. They mean dollars."

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY—THE MILL.

"BUT are there mills down there?"..

"The Cuban Realty Company have just built one," he replied. "With unshakeable confidence in Cuban realties, they have installed one of the most modern plants for the manufacture of hardwood flooring and decorative interiors for houses. Offers have already been received by Canadian capital to establish a plant for the manufacture of veneers. The offer has been accepted. Within ten days a modern veneer plant will be shipped to Cuba to manufacture the finest of veneers for European and American markets."

"Is there a big demand for this product?"

"The demand is simply enormous. Veneers never had such a vogue in the manufacturing world as they have to-day. The supply in Cuba is practically unlimited. The eastern part of the island, where the Cuban Realty Company has its lands, is a vast treasure-house of just such woods as you see before you."

LAND OF FAT FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

"AS to the soil, is it productive? That is, suppose an investor should buy lands and clear off the timber, would he have a perpetual asset in the land?"

"Well, you may judge that from our own country. Where are the most fertile lands in Ontario? Are they not where huge forests once stood? Didn't the Canadian pioneer cut down the woods to get fields of grain? Well, it's just so in Cuba. The difference is that, with a climate so prodigal in growth, vegetation is more luxurious and the soil is still more fertile."

"What does the land produce, Mr. Milliken?"

"Pineapples, bananas, oranges and many other fruits, which as you know simply can't be raised in a northern zone. Such fruits reach their maximum in a sea-girt country. They simply get fat on the moisture of sea-air. Growth down there is almost without effort. It's natural to the country—quick, spontaneous growth that turns time into money. No waiting for a lazy soil to do its work. Fruits and vegetables simply rush into tremendous life. In Cuba they come to a size, texture and flavor impossible to find in an inland country. As to the markets," he continued, "well, look at the vast annual consumption in Canada, alone, increasing year by year, even faster than population."

"What else is produced naturally in Cuba?"

"Sugar," replied Mr. Milliken. "I need scarcely mention that. You know to what extent all northern countries import sugar. Cuba is the land of fruit and of sugar; the land which puts a high percentage of sugar into its own fruit and raises a huge surplus of saccharine to sweeten the sour, acid fruits of the North. This is another instance of the country's marvelous prodigality. Of its tobacco I need not speak. You've heard of Havana cigars."

IT'S THE LAND FOR THE FARMERS.

"CANADIAN farmers, would they feel at home in Cuba?"

This question Mr. Milliken found almost easier than any of the others. He pointed out that Mr. Duncan O. Bull, general manager of the Cuban Realty Co., has made practical farming a huge, scientific success. Mr. Duncan O. Bull's eminence as a Canadian agriculturist is well known. His Brampton foreman is now establishing a farm at Bartle, Cuba.

"Mr. Bull has no fault to find with Canada as a farming country," said Mr. Milliken. "He has made farming go here if anybody has. But he simply saw a chance to farm easier and to better advantage on the eastern side of Cuba. That's another instance of a progressive Canadian's faith in that country."

TRANSPORTATION IS EASY.

"IS Bartle and the country round it anywhere near a railway, though? Transportation is an important matter."

"Fifty miles from Bartle," said Mr. Milliken, "is the headquarters of the Cuban Railway, and the capital of the Province. But," he added, "you must remember that railways are not the whole question of transportation in Cuba. Water haulage, the cheapest in the world, is more important. In water haulage and in sea-coast, the Cuban Realty Company have an enormous advantage. Why? Because the Cuban Realty Company has located its immense holdings of land in the eastern part of the island."

"How is that an advantage?"

"In being some hundreds of miles nearer to both European and American markets than any other part of the island."

"But railways are in full operation in Cuba, are they not?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why, that's the way the Cuban Realty Company has of showing its lands. Every day regularly Pullman trains, with observation cars, run right through the Cuban Realty lands. A jaunt through these lands is a real pleasure, as well as a positive guarantee based on personal inspection that the lands of the Cuban Realty Company are every inch as represented."

AND CIVILIZATION IS RIGHT THERE.

ONLY one other point remained to be settled before the reporter stopped bombarding Mr. Milliken on this question of Cuban realty and investment. It was the matter of settlers' conveniences.

"The best possible," he replied. "A large store is now being built at Bartle. This is a general store, and will contain practically everything a settler needs at moderate prices. No, there's no danger of a settler becoming a barbarian. He can carry his civilization right along with him, and find lots more of it waiting for him when he gets there."

"So you see," he concluded, "that for a field of investment in agriculture, in timber, in manufacturing and in the industrial arts of civilization, Cuba—and especially the eastern part of it—is a proposition that ought to attract Canadian capital and enterprise as naturally as a magnet attracts steel."

The whole force of Mr. Milliken's evidence went to show that Cuba to the Canadian investor's mind is not a foreign proposition, but a prospect that comes as close home to the Canadian judgment and business sagacity as buying a cool drink on a hot day.

For particulars, surveys, products, prospects and plans of selling call at office of Cuban Realty Co. or address 108 Yonge St.

Cuban Realty Co., Limited — *108 YONGE STREET, TORONTO; ROYAL HOTEL BLOCK, HAMILTON; 141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK*

DUNCAN O. BULL, General Manager.

HOW ST. PIERRE IS RECOVERING FROM AWFUL DELUGE OF LAVA

Tropical Trees and Grasses Now Hide Away Grim Reminders of One of the World's Tragedies.

WHILE grim old Mt. Pelee of Martinique, with its fury lessened, but still unspent, looks on and growls, with now and then a spiteful roar, remorseful nature is doing her best to hide, under a mantle of green, the remaining evidence of the volcano's burst of anger which destroyed 20,000 people in a twinkling. And so luxurious is the growth of vegetation in this beautiful "Isle of the Returners" that she is rapidly succeeding. The buried clay is no longer swept by the clouds of explosive and poisonous gases, deadly alive to animal and vegetable life, shot off by the volcano, which now are discharged to the northward; and the better side of nature is asserting itself. Fetrilized, perhaps, by the uncounted dead beneath it, the rich volcanic ash has produced tropical trees and tall grasses in such profusion that little can now be seen from the sea of the crumbling fragments of walls that mark the graves of Pelee's victims. On the surrounding hills the sugar cane has sprung up from the old roots, proving that while the blast which wiped out St. Pierre was so incalculably hot that it instantly consumed great trees it passed so quickly that it did not extend below the surface of the ground.

With the passing of the horrible picture left by the eruption—the sickening waste of gray, with its blackened ruins—which the growth of green is now obliterating, the greatest tragedy of nature in history apparently is being forgotten. The natives have recovered from their fear and returned to the old life. They do not talk of the volcano, and a stranger arriving at Fort de France in ignorant of the disaster of three years ago might be there a long while before he learned of it. But if the eruption is not talked about the dead are not forgotten, and St. Pierre is as much shunned as it was a week after it was destroyed. No one is at work there but a few legalized grave robbers, who with the permission of the government, are digging in the buried homes of their relatives for money and jewels. St. Pierre was a rich city, with much gold in its homes, in coin and ornaments, and there have been many valuable finds in the little family vaults or close to glistening skeletons. The vast sepulchre has been well picked over and it soon will be deserted even by the ghouls of surviving relatives. Their excavations, which resemble prospect holes, cover the site of the city and give it at close range the appearance of a deserted mining camp. Except for the grave robbers and a few patroling gendarmes, to protect the unhallowed graves from unlicensed looters, there is not a sign of life in St. Pierre. Rue Victor Hugo, the principal street in the city, which was buried under from two to five feet of volcanic ash, was cleaned out by the government for nearly a mile, and the stones from the fallen buildings piled up on each side. A cross street was opened up in the same way to give a plantation back of the town an outlet to the sea, but the work of restoration stopped there. The government would like to see a new city rise from the ashes of St. Pierre, and Victor Hugo street was opened up in the hope that the people would go on and rebuild the city. But the natives would have none of it. To them the great graveyard is an accursed place, and none but the treasure hunters and the police are brave enough to invade its solitude. Some day, perhaps, if Mt. Pelee again goes to sleep, St. Pierre may be rebuilt, but not by the present generation of its children. They are firm in the belief that it was because God was angry with St. Pierre that the town was destroyed and that if there was any attempt to build it up again His anger would be visited on the third and fourth generations. But Pelee stubbornly refuses to show any marked signs of approaching slumber. It smokes constantly and there are frequent mild eruptions of red hot mud and boulders. Occasionally there is a heavy eruption, accompanied by the discharge of an enormous cloud of black smoke filled with explosive gases, like that which swept down over St. Pierre, and the whole north end of the island is shaken in the manner of three years ago. The successive eruptions have effected a marked change in the contour of the top of the mountain, around the crater. The great cone which was built up in the crater to a height of 1300 feet in 1903 and stood like a sentinel guarding the volcano, has fallen in.

The summit of the mountain, which formerly was gracefully rounding, has disappeared with the giant cone and the top of the volcano now forms the main crater, which is shaped like a bowl with serrated sides. One of the points, near the place where the cone was raised, is 100 feet high, but the others are much smaller and of about uniform size. Inside of the bowl, but so far down that it cannot benn so far down that it cannot be plainly seen thru the sulphurous smoke, is a molten mass of boiling mud. The V shaped cleft from which came the blast that wiped out St. Pierre and thru which the red hot mud is poured when the volcano boils over, has shared in the changed contour of the summit. Formerly all of the discharges, whether gases or solids, were thrown in a southwesterly direction and directly over St. Pierre. Now they are discharged to the northwest and the ruined city entirely escapes, as is proved by the returning vegetation. The line of fire, or zone of complete destruction, is as clearly defined as it was in the eruption which destroyed St. Pierre and those eruptions immediately following it. The River Seche, running almost due west from the volcano, is the dividing line. South of the narrow ravine thru which the Seche ran before it was dried up by Pelee and on down thru St. Pierre the grass is four feet high and so thickly interwoven with vines that walking thru it is a task. The plateau between the Rivers Seche and Blanche, which leads directly to the crater, and the country north of it round to a line drawn straight north from the crater, within which region the volcano now exerts all of its activity, shows not a single blade of grass nor a solitary tree. On the ridge between the two dried up rivers the red hot mud thrown out by Pelee in the smaller eruption, which lack the force to scatter it broadcast, has worn a path to the sea which looks like a wagon road to the crater. Government observations, where the volcano is watched and its activity recorded, have been established at Assier, six miles east of the crater, and at Morne Fume, seven miles south. Their records show that hardly a day passes without some volcanic disturbances. Frequently there are several small eruptions on the same day.

Long neglected Fort de France is profiting most by the exodus to the south and is rapidly becoming a second St. Pierre. Its population has increased from 20,000 to 30,000 and it is showing some gayety, and much of the same blasphemy and wild immorality that distinguished the city which, according to the native belief, was destroyed for its wickedness. In the old days, when it was only the capital of the island and not the commercial centre, Fort de France made some claim to respectability, but it now does not make even a pretense in that direction. The spirit of immorality and blasphemy which dominated St. Pierre has corrupted what little good there was in Fort de France.

Behanzin, the exiled King of Dahomey, and his two wives contribute to the gayety and variety of life in Fort de France. The former director general of human sacrifices galore is having an easy time of it, but one that is not at all to his liking. He is paid $10 a day in addition to all of his household expenses and supplied with a handsome home, but he prefers to live in a hut back among the palms, where he can better preserve the fiction that he is still a king. He gladly dons his royal robes to receive visitors, but he stubbornly refuses to learn French, so his son, who has been educated in Fort de France, acts as his interpreter. He shakes hands with every one, but not so his wives; they can touch no one but Behanzin. They accompany him everywhere, one to hold the royal umbrella over his silk-capped head and the other to carry the royal cuspidor. Behanzin has a benevolent face that belies his cruel nature. Almost his last act as ruler of Dahomey, when he was surrounded by the French troops and making his last stand against them, was to murder his mother. He suavely explains that he killed her so that her spirit might ascend to heaven and tell God he needed help. When he was exiled to Martinique he brought ten of his wives with him. He considered that a very small number, but the government thought it was much too many and allowed only three of them to land. One of these died recently and Behanzin begged to be allowed to summon another Dahomey belle to take her place, but his appeal was vetoed. Ex-President Sam, of Hayti, is a new addition to Martinique's foreign population. After being driven out of Hayti he took refuge in St. Thomas, but the Danish government recently invited him to again change his abode.

In St. Vincent, as in Martinique, the natives are recovering from the panic which long held them and the cultivation of sugar cane is being resumed at the plantations at the northern end of the island, surrounding the volcano. At the Fancy estate, where 42 people were killed by La Soufriere, and at the Owia plantation, as many men are at work as before the eruption.

COHEN, NOT BORN IN CANADA IS UNIONISTS' CANDIDATE

Latest Evidence of Imperial Sentiment as Flaunted in By-Election —Lesson to C.M.A.

(Canadian Associated Press Cable)

London, June 24.—The latest exemplification of "thinking imperially," says The Westminster Gazette is that the Unionists of East Finsbury beg for support for "Cohen, born in Finsbury, not born in Canada." Baker, the Liberal candidate, has lived in London for 30 years, but had the impertinence to be "born in Canada." We commend the incident to our friends, the Canadian manufacturers. The odd thing, too, is that the same Tory bill says: "They need you Baker at the London County Council"; that is to say, being "born in Canada" disqualifies him for the imperial parliament, but not for the administration of London.

Entertaining The Delegates.

The visiting Canadian manufacturers' favorite expression to show their appreciation of the attention paid them is "being killed with kindness." At the luncheon at the West India court in the Crystal Palace, Sir Neville Lubbock, presiding, held out strong hopes that the West Indies in the near future would be in a position to enter into closer reciprocal arrangements with Canada.

A large number of the Canadian Manufacturers' Associaiton attended the fete at the Botanical Gardens last night, given by the Imperial Industries Club. To-day a number of the party are being entertained at Battle Abbey by T. H. Brassey.

Haven't Grasped It Yet.

The Outlook says: The Montreal Star, in an article which is a fair sample of Canadian comments on the recent discussion in parliament, says that next year's colonial conference should be given a free tongue, tho not a free hand. Let the delegates, all participating in governments, throw all the light they can on the subject of preferential trade; let them, if possible draft out a rough-hewn scheme, then let the voters of the motherland and colonies be invited to consider something definite.

The Outlook says it will be seen that Canadians have not yet grasped the fact that the Cobdenites are not anxious for more light on this or any other subject of imperial importance.

Books About Colonies.

The Saturday Review, commenting on Alfred Lyttelton's recent speech at the Corona Club, on "Books on Colonial Themes," says it is remarkable that the best books about the colonies are not written by colonials, and Canadians at any rate feel that the Canadian writers and speakers accepted in England as authentic are the least qualified in many respects to express Canadian character. It is a pity Dr. Drummond is so little known in England. Yet nobody has so touched to life that interesting group of colonists, the French-Canadian habitants.

No More Emigration.

The Chorlton Board of Guardians, after hearing the report of a special committee recently appointed to consider the practicability of emigrating the unemployed to Canada, decided to take no further steps. W. E. Skivington said the working class are strongly opposed to emigration and cheap labor.

SWEDEN RIKSDAG DIVIDED.

Still an Uncompromising Section as Regards Norway.

Stockholm, June 24.—The uncompromising element in the riksdag is actively prosecuting a campaign in favor of presenting to Norway demands representing Sweden's irreducible minimum and obtaining a guarantee from Norway before conferring upon the government power to negotiate terms for the formal separation of Norway and Sweden.

This faction considers that the government ought to be authorized to contract an emergency loan of $25,000,000 and mobilize troops to support Sweden's demands.

The government, however, has still the strong united backing of the moderate party, which is prepared to entrust the king and the ministry with the powers demanded for untrammeled negotiations in regard to the necessary guarantees to be given before agreeing to a dissolution of the union.

UNKNOWN BOY KILLED BY TRAIN.

Evidently "Beating His Way" and Had Fallen off Freight.

Kingston, June 24.—Early this morning the dead body of a boy, 14 or 15 years of age, was found alongside the C.P.R. tracks near Sharbot Lake. The left arm and left leg had been cut off. No one could identify the remains, which were placed in charge of the coroner.

The boy had a small bundle containing a change of clothing and a piece of soap. It is supposed he was beating his way west on a freight train in search of work.

New License Inspectors.

The following new license appointments were announced Saturday: Wm. Vincer, Mindermoya, Manitoulin; John Stokes, Tweed, East Hastings; Robert M. Jack, Deseronto, to be provincial officer; J. C. Enright and A. Coleman, Ottawa; Chas. Kelly, Uxbridge, North Ontario; John Nicholson, North Wentworth; John Gordon, Rothsay, West Wellington; H. O. Foster, Tiverton, North Bruce.

CAMP STRUCK AT NIAGARA TROOPS LEAVE FOR HOME

Much Activity on Getting Away Day —Col. Otter May Remain in Camp a Day or Two.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, June 24.—(Special.)—Getting away day at the camp was a very busy day, but the regiments got out in pretty good order. Most of the men are feeling in splendid condition after their two weeks' outing, and the camp is looked upon by officers and men alike as a great success. Considerable sickness, mainly attributable to heat, somewhat marred the camp. The diphtheria outbreak was the most serious. With two or three exceptions the camp was free from serious accidents.

One regiment, the 23rd, and a portion of the G.G.B.G. got away last night. The camp was astir very early this morning, and right after breakfast packing up was begun. As early as 6 o'clock the second section of Body Guards was on its way to the station, and half an hour later the 20th Lorne Rifles and part of the 36th Peel Regiment were in shape to embark on the train. "C." Squadron of the 2nd Dragoons with seven cars of horses got away at about 7 o'clock, followed shortly afterwards by the 31st and the balance of the 36th Regiments. The first section of the Toronto Light Horse, with six cars of horses, left soon after 8 o'clock, and the second section about an hour later. The next train took the 37th Haldimand Rifles, the Indians and "B" Squadron 2nd Dragoons at about 9 o'clock.

The Toronto Field Battery got away from paradise grove at about 10 o'clock, and the 39th left about the same time. Two companies of the 44th and the whole of the 77th Regiment left for the Falls at 11 o'clock, followed by Hamilton Field Battery, with four cars of horses. The balance of the 44th got away at noon, and the 7th Bearer Co. of Hamilton before 10 o'clock.

The 35th Regiment went to Toronto by early boat to entrain for the north. The 12th also took the boat, and the 34th went by water to Whitby. The Toronto Bearer and Medical Corps left by boat.

The composite city regiment left for the Falls at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

The diphtheria patients have been left under special guard in camp.

It is likely that General Otter, owing to the injury to his foot, will stay in camp with some of his staff until Monday.

CZAR WAS THE "ASSASSIN."

Almost Plunged Infant Son Into Boiling Water Thru Error.

What purports to be the truth about the alleged outrage on the czarevitch shows the incident in quite a different light from that recently reported, says The London Post.

The imperial infant was, indeed, in danger, but, it would seem, at the hands of the czar himself. Here is an extraordinary story, sent by a Russian correspondent to Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper:

"A few days ago I said to a well-known Russian revolutionary agent that it was widely circulated on the continent and in England that a sensational incident had occurred at Tsarskoe Selo, and it was alleged that a nurse was going to plunge the czarevitch into a basin of boiling water, when czarina, warned in time, managed to save the heir to the throne. 'Now,' I asked, 'has this story any foundation; if so, was this plan devised by the revolutionary party?'

"'I must tell you at once,' said the agent, 'the revolutionary party has never schemed against an innocent child. To those in the least acquainted with what is going on in the imperial palace it is well known that the functions of nurse to the baby heir are carried out by his august parents, and nothing is entrusted to the nurses or outsiders. The czar long since took the office of bathing his child. It is common knowledge that when, on Red Sunday, a messenger went to inform the czar of what was taking place he found him in his son's nursery, bathing the child with his own hands.

"'As in every story,' continued the revolutionist, 'however inaccurate, there is some truth. The alleged story of the attempt to assassinate the czarevitch was based on another story, which also now forms the topic of conversation in high society.

"'This story goes: That the czar one day, while fulfilling his duties of bathing his child, was, mentally, much perturbed by thoughts of whether Rojestvensky would beat Togo or Togo Rojestvensky, and while the basin was full of water out of tap H he forgot to open tap C, and was going to plunge his own son with his own hands into the boiling water, when the czarina suddenly appeared on the scene and snatched the child from the hold of his would-be—tho involuntarily—assassin. Since that day the office of bathing the imperial child was transferred to the czarina.'"

C. P. R. Earnings.

For traffic week ending June 21: earnings $1,022,000; same week last year, $983,000; increase $39,000.

John Massey, associate manager of the Canada Permanent, has sailed by the Allan turbine Virginian for England on a six weeks' business trip.

COLLISION AT THE STATION EXCURSIONISTS IN DANGER

Passenger Train Going Thru Depot Collides With a Shunting Engine.

A rather serious collision occurred at the Union Station about 8.45 Saturday morning, when an excursion train on the C.P.R., bringing in members of the I.O.F. from Bolton and adjacent points, on a picnic excursion to the Falls, collided with a G.T.R. shunting engine.

The clash took place at the eastern entrance to the train shed. The excursion train was made up of seven coaches and had nearly 700 passengers and the train was going at a rather lively rate thru the train shed, to stop at Yonge-street Wharf.

As a result of the collision, both engines were rather badly broken up; the baggage car has its side ripped up and the interlocking system of the tracks is damaged. It was fortunate that the shunting engine struck the baggage car instead of a passenger coach.

Who is responsible for the accident will not be known until the matter is investigated by the officials of the Union Station Company. There are three men particularly interested, and they are the engineer of the passenger train, the engineer of the shunting engine and the signalman in the cab. The cab man maintains the semaphore was up. Then the blame would rest with one or other of the engineers.

"There is one thing certain," said one of the officials, "whoever is responsible will be unished to the fullest extent of the railroad laws. There are some engineers who pull into the station at too fast a speed, which will be stopped."

GERMAN VIEW OF POLITENESS MOST CONFUSING TO FRANCE

Why Rouvier's Suggestions for Some Arrangement Prior to Conference Are Not Favorably Regarded.

Berlin, June 24.—The foreign office officials are busy studying the French note on Morocco, the unusual length of which will necessarily delay answering it. Emperor William's absence at Kiel, the foreign office says, will cause no delay in the negotiations, inasmuch as he is daily informed on all points, and his decisions are promptly given.

As the study of Premier Rouvier's answer progresses, the fact becomes evident that he has left many points open for discussion, and from which further negotiations can continue. The greatest difference now seems to be in agreeing on whether Germany and France shall seek to reach a separate agreement before the meeting of the conference, thus eliminating many matters from international action. Germany apparently holds the view that it would be an act of discourtesy to the powers which have already agreed to attend the conference if she arranged any matters beforehand with France.

Keeping Cool.

Official circles here continue to follow the affairs with keen interest, but without anything like excitement, much less bellicose inclinations.

They watch closely the movements of public opinion in France, and, while it is recognized that the French people at large have grown much less Chauvinistic toward Germany in the past few years, corresponding with the waning influence of the nationalist-clerical-military combination in French politics, some anxiety still prevails in Berlin lest the leaders of the opposition to the French Government again succeed in inflaming the passions of the people and arouse a storm which the Republican leaders would be unable to withstand.

Buelow Gains a Point.

A fact which attracts attention is that many of Emperor William's telegrams have been latterly countersigned by Chancellor Von Buelow. This apparently occurs in all cases where his majesty's telegrams have a political or public interest. According to the newspapers, Von Buelow since his elevation to princely rank, has impressed the emperor with the difficult position he (Von Buelow) was placed in before the reichstag by the imperial telegrams for which he, as chancellor, must be responsible, but which he has never seen till published in the newspapers. It is reported that the emperor agreed to consult the chancellor regarding telegrams of political character before sending them, and to ask him to countersign them.

How Owls Catch Chickens.

From Forest and Stream.

When I was a chunk of a boy I shot a horned owl, the spread of whose wings was four and one-half feet, and to the surprise of the boy who had carried it for several miles the weight was only four pounds. They were rather numerous at that time in that section of the country and were troublesome about carrying off chickens, which mostly roosted in apple trees about the farm buildings.

The belief that they could carry away full grown hens was a common one. It was also commonly believed that an owl never picked a chicken off the roost, but alighting on the limb crowded the chicken off and as it flew toward the ground caught it on the wing.

S. Frank Wilson will erect a six storey building, to cost $50,000, at 60-62 West Front-street.

Miss Pearson of Berlin is a guest of Mrs. F. M. Piper, Tranby-avenue.

PETERSBURG DON'T BELIEVE LINEVITCH IS SURROUNDED

In Fact, Spirit is One of Optimism Over Russian Prospects in Manchuria.

St. Petersburg, June 24.—Information from the front is still scanty. While the preliminaries are in progress, a general engagement has not yet begun. Gen. Linevitch's latest report is dated June 20, but despatches from Godsyiadanf records a reconnaissance in force against the Japanese right June 21. The Japanese were found to have strongly fortified in this region three lines of defence probably as usual strengthened in the centre by entrenchments in order to liberate forces to work on the flanks. Sinister rumors continue to circulate that Linevitch is surrounded, but apparently they have no other base than The London Daily Telegraph's despatch from Tokio. An optimistic feeling prevails at the offices of the general staff.

The negotiations for a meeting of peace plenipotentiaries are proceeding slowly. There were no developments to-day. Foreign Minister Lamsdorff is still ill. It is improbable that an armistice will be arranged until the plenipotentiaries are named and the time of the meeting is fixed. The foreign office says it is now awaiting Japan's propositions on these points.

Peace at Tokio.

Tokio, June 24.—Delegates of the two great political parties, the constitutionalists and the progressives, will meet here next Wednesday to discuss peace and will then memorialize the government on the subject.

The Japanese commander at Port Arthur reports that the Russian armored cruiser Bayan has been successfully floated.

Suffer From Heat.

General Oku's Headquarters in the Field, June 22.—(10 a.m.)—(Delayed in transmission.)—Nothing important has recently occurred except daily skirmishes between the outposts of both armies. Hot weather has arrived and General Oku's entire army has been newly clothed in khaki.

BAND CONCERTS TO-DAY.

Many Special Attractions for the Holiday Week at Hanlan's.

This (Sunday) afternoon and evening the Toronto Light Horse Band will give concerts at Hanlan's Point a special program of music having been prepared.

Next week, in the free vaudeville theatre a number of new features will be presented. The Boston City Quartet, who have just concluded a New York engagement, will sing the newest ballads. Bingham and Gable's musical act will be a novelty. They play on all kinds of instruments. La Petite Azelle, known as America's youngest and wonderful contortionist; the Chatham sisters, a dashing singing and dancing team, and the Seymours, daring and graceful aerial artists. All the big features will be running, the figure eight, the old mill and all the rest of them.

COMMITS LEACH FOR TRIAL FOR TINKERING WITH LISTS

Has Been Dodging Around the Territories, But Ran Into Detective's Arms.

Winnipeg, June 24.—(Special.)—Magistrate McMicken this morning committed R. E. A. Leach, late Liberal organizer for Manitoba, and now holding office under the interior department, for trial on new complaints charging him with having erased names from the voters' lists of Provencher, MacDonald and Selkirk, prior to the Dominion election. Leach was subsequently released on bail.

Many difficulties have interfered in bringing again before court the famous author of the thin-red-line device, by which many Conservative voters were disfranchised. Since the grand jury, so unaccountably or perhaps so accountably, refused to find a true bill against Leach, the provincial authorities have instituted proceedings on fresh counts against that gentleman, but proceedings were stopped by his disappearance.

It has been known that he has been dodging about the territories, doubtless preparing for coming elections in the new provinces, but officials of the court could not lay their hands on him until the other day, when, it is said, he ran into the arms of a detective in the Winnipeg station.

The case against Returning Officer Ayotte H. Jickling were postponed.

Yonge Street Arcade Restaurant and Lunch Counter now open. Regular Dinner in Dining Room 35 cents, other meals a la carte. 71

Built Nest on a Drawbar.

Peru correspondence Indianapolis News

Wabash car inspectors of this city found a robin's nest containing four eggs on a drawbar of a passenger coach of a fast train Saturday.

The nest was made at Buffalo and was carried all the way from that city to Peru without being damaged. The nest and eggs are on exhibition at the office of the trainmaster.

Dr. Sheard may grant the city carters an increase in wages. They ask an advance of 4c an hour.

BIG NEW FLOUR MILL CO. GETS AN ONTARIO CHARTER

"Western Canada" Has Capitalization of $1,500,000—Big Batch of New Companies.

The Ontario Gazette announces the incorporation of the Western Canada Flour Mills Company of Toronto. The capital is given at $1,500,000, but the promoters conceal their identity behind the following provisional incorporators:

William Bain, bookkeeper; R. Gowans, E. W. McNeill, W. F. Ralph, solicitors' clerks; R. C. Hamilton and W. Gow, solicitors, all of this city. The Chimalpa Land Company is also incorporated, with a capital of $1,500,000, with its head office in Toronto. The provisional directors are: G. S. Ewart, W. A. Raymo and T. F. Finan, insurance clerks; J. P. Macgregor, student-at-law, and Ida Ruth Humphries, bookkeeper, all of Toronto.

Other companies incorporated are: A. Rosentahl & Co., Ottawa, jewelers, $100,000; the James Warnock Co., manufacturers, Galt, capital $200,000; the Gladstone Development Co., mining and milling, Sault Ste. Marie, capital $150,000; Blackstone Hunt Club, Collingwood, capital $12,000; the Dunnville Mutual Natural Gas Co., capital $15,000; Britneil Adjustable Rolier Bearing Co., Toronto, capital $100,000; White & Co., wholesale fish and fruit dealers, Toronto, capital $100,000; Lindsay Furniture and Mantel Co., Toronto, capital $100,000; Glenora Power Co., Picton, capital $100,000; Standard Wire Fence Co., Woodstock, capital $100,000; Canadian Commercial Binder Company, Toronto, capital $200,000; North Toronto Land Co., capital $40,000; Union Steamboat Co., Hamilton, capital $100,000; Rudolph & Begg Brewing Co., St. Thomas, capital $100,000; Tuck Bone Oil Co., Smith's Falls, capital $30,000; Canada's Century Publishing Co., Toronto, capital $12,000; York Brick and Cementware Co., Lambton Mills, capital $40,000; Banner Oil Co., Petrolea, capital $100,000; Manvers Trout Preserve Co., Toronto, capital $100,000; Stratford Fuel, Ice, Cartage and Construction Co., capital $100,000; Petrolea Torpedoes, Petrolea, capital $50,000; Canada Central Publishing Co., Toronto, capital $12,000, to carry on general advertising business an dthe business of teaching journalism together with a general printing and publishing business.

EXAMINE RATS FOR BUBONIC.

Fatal Case at Panama—Authorities Are Lax.

Panama, June 24.—A fatal case of bubonic plague is reported to have occurred at Laboca yesterday. The constant arrival of steamers from infected South American ports, which are received at Laboca without any extra precaution being taken, must be a source of contagion.

The dead man had been working on board the British steamer Chili, which the authorities of Guayaquil would not allow to enter that port. The companions of the deceased laborer have been isolated.

Rats taken from the steamer Chili are now being examined at Ancon.

Big Owl Killed by Woman.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Albert Heisel of Wells Tannery, Fulton County, is a feminine marksman with a right to boast. Recently she discovered a large bird devouring a sitting hen turkey with a nest some distance from the house.

Grasping a rifle which hung from the wall, she didn't wait for the man of the house to return to do the shooting, but did it herself. After shooting at the marauding fowl Mrs. Heisel walked to the turkey's nest and picked up a dead owl which measured 50 inches from tip to tip.

They're Waking Up.

The White Star Steamboat Company have sent a request to Manager Orr for Toronto Exhibition posters for display purposes in their offices. It is the first time a request has come from the old country.

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