4 P. M. EDITION

London Advertiser

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42ND YEAR. NO. 17597 THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.—EIGHTEEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

A NEW ERA DAWNS FOR THE RUSSIANS; CZAR GRANTS A NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

Imperial Manifesto Issued on Friday Places the Making of the Nation's Laws in the Hands of the People.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 19. — Emperor Nicholas today announced the grant to the people of Russia of a national consultative assembly to be formed by elected representatives from the whole of Russia.

The imperial manifesto, which is published simultaneously here and at Moscow, and which will be read in all the churches of the empire, is dated at Peterhof today and is as follows:

"The Empire of Russia is formed and strengthened by the indestructible solidarity of the Emperor with the people, and of the people with the Emperor.

"This concord of Emperor and people is the great moral force which has created Russia in the course of centuries by protecting her from all misfortunes and all attacks, and has constituted up to the present time a pledge of unity, independence, integrity, material well-being and intellectual development.

"In our manifesto of Feb. 24, 1903, we called to a close understanding all the faithful sons of the fatherland in order to protect the organization of the state by establishing on a firm basis the domestic life of the empire.

"Then we devoted ourselves to the task of co-ordinating elective public institutions with governmental authorities, and of removing the disagreements existing between them which had reacted so disastrously on the normal course of our national life.

"The autocratic emperors, our ancestors, constantly had that object in view, and the time has come to follow out their good intentions and to summon elected representatives from the whole of Russia to take constant and active part in the elaboration of laws, thereby attaching to the higher state institutions a special consultative body intrusted with the preliminary elaboration and discussion of measures, and with the examination of the state budget.

To Assemble in January.

"It is for this reason that, while preserving the fundamental law regarding the autocratic power, we have deemed it well to form a Gosudarstvennaia Douma (Lower House of the Assembly), and to approve the regulations for elections to this Douma, extending the validity of these laws to the whole territory of the empire, with such exceptions only as may be considered necessary in the case of some regions in which special conditions obtain.

"As regards the participation in the labors of the Gosudarstvennaia Douma of delegates from the Grand Duchy of Finland on questions concerning the empire in general, and the Grand Duchy particularly, we will take special measures.

"At the same time, we have ordered the Minister of the Interior to submit immediately for our approbation regulations for the elections to the Douma, so that deputies from fifty governments and from the military province of the Don may be able to assemble not later than the middle of January, 1906.

"We reserve to ourselves entirely the care of perfecting the organization of the Gosudarstvennaia Douma, and, when the course of events shall have shown the necessity for changes corresponding completely to the needs of the times and the welfare of the empire, we shall not fail to give at the proper moment the necessary directions.

"We are convinced that those who shall have been elected by the confidence of the whole people, and who will thus be called upon to participate in the legislative work of the government will show themselves in the eyes of all Russia to be worthy of the imperial trust in the virtue of which they have been invited to co-operate in this great work, and, that in perfect harmony with other institutions and authorities of the State established by us, they will contribute profitably and zealously to our labors for the well being of our common mother, Russia, and for the strengthening of the unity, the security and the greatness of the empire, as well as for the tranquility and prosperity of the people.

"In invoking the blessing of the Lord on the labors of the institution established by us and with unshakable confidence in the grace of God and in the infallibility of the great historical destines desired by Divine Providence for our beloved fatherland, we firmly hope that, with the help of God Almighty and with the combined efforts of all her sons, Russia will emerge triumphant from the trying ordeals through which she is now passing and will be born again in the strength, the greatness and the glory of her history, extending through years.

"Given at Peterhof, this nineteenth day of August, in the year of grace, 1905, and the eleventh year of our reign. (Signed) NICHOLAS."

Many of the main features governing the elections to and the proceedings and powers of the National Assembly which the Emperor has now ordered to be constituted already have been cabled in these dispatches.

What the Douma Is.

The paragraph of the first section sets out the purpose of the new legislative body as follows:

'The Douma is established for the preliminary study and discussion of legislative propositions, which, according to the fundamental laws go up threugh the council of the empire to the supreme autocratic authority."

Paragraphs 2 and 8 explain the composition and organization of the Douma, which is to be formed of members "elected by the population of the Russian Empire in accordance with the election regulations."

The term of the Douma is to be five years, but it can be dissolved by the Emperor.

There is to be a general session, but the Douma also will meet by sections the length of the sessions being determined by the Emperor.

The president and other officers are to be elected by the members.

Ministers Not Members.

Paragraph 14 of section 3 provides that "members of the Douma shall enjoy freedom in expressing their opinions on matters within the competence of the body, and are not to be responsible to the electors."

Several sections are devoted to the exemptions to be enjoyed by the members and the reasons for this and on the occasion of which they can be deprived of their membership.

Ministers and chiefs of departments may not be members of the Douma, but they may attend its sessions and make explanations or delegate that right to others.

The Douma may demand explanations from the ministers. Section 5 deals with the competence of the Douma, which is as follows:

A—All questions relating to new laws or to the modification, amplification or temporary suspension or repeal of existing laws, and also relating to appointments made on the staff of ministers and the expenditure thereby involved.

B—Departmental, ministerial and national budgets; also other expenditures not provided therein.

C—The financial right of the comptroller of the empire.

D—The expropriation of any portion of the revenues or property of the state.

E—The construction of railways by the state.

F—Questions regarding the organiza-

Continued on page 4.

LIMITED CRASHED INTO YARD ENGINE

The International Wrecked While Entering Windsor.

LOCOMOTIVE CREW INJURED

The Passengers Thrown About, But Nobody Seriously Hurt—Baggage Car Badly Smashed.

The G. T. R. fast train, the International Limited, which passes through here at 7:50 o'clock in the evening, crashed, head on, into a yard engine pulling a string of coal cars at Windsor last night. Both engines were badly damaged and the baggage car of the International was converted into rubbish. The passenger cars were untouched.

The crew of the flyer were bruised, but not badly hurt. A few passengers, none of them from this city, were slightly injured by the effects of the sudden jolt.

The west-bound train was going at less than half-speed at the time, while the yard engine was barely moving.

When the International Limited pulled out of this last night she was about 25 minutes behind schedule time. According to the rule, she started to make up time between here and Windsor, and was not a couple of minutes late when she reached the latter place.

When the International was at Chatham, however, she was reported as 15 minutes late to Yardmaster Flaght, of Windsor. He therefore allowed yard engine No. 30, which was shunting a string of a half-dozen coal cars, to pass out of a siding onto the main line.

Scarcely had they made this move when the crew of the yard engine saw the headlights of the flyer coming down the yards. She had made up almost all of her lost time after leaving Chatham. The engineer reversed his lever and jumped from the cab, accompanied by his fireman.

The next moment the engines were together with a crash. The International was at the moment running 24 miles an hour.

Both engines were derailed. The yard engine suffered the most, of course, the heavier engine plowing right over it. If the crew of No. 30 had not jumped there would have been fatalities.

The baggage car of the International was forced over the tender of the engine and was pretty well splintered. The passenger cars behind were not even derailed. The engine crew, consisting of Engineer Harry Crouch, and Fireman Oliver Peters, of this city, had a narrow escape, but all came off well. They had not time to jump when they saw the yard engine on the main line, and both stuck to the cab. They were pinned under the wreckage of the combination car, but were protected by the roof of the cab from being seriously hurt.

The coal cars, which were attached to the yard engine, were demolished to a large extent. The contents of the baggage car were, of course, a dead loss.

Most of the passengers on the train were Americans. About a dozen were hurt by being thrown from their seats, but not seriously. Canadians who were injured slightly were O. E. Fleming and Dr. Sanderson and wife, of Windsor; Capt. Parker, of Sandwich.

Relief crews were at once set at work. An engine was hitched to the rear end of the International and the passenger coaches were drawn back from the debris in front of them and switched into the depot. At an early hour this morning the main line was clear. No. 550 was sent to the shops for repairs. The yard engine is not good for much now, having been squashed under the weight of the other

(Contiued on Page 5.)

Grand Changes Hands; New Lessee Has the Lease

Dates for Five Years From August 1 Next—Changes All Around.

The Grand Opera House in this city has passed out of the hands of Mr. A. J. Small, of Toronto, and when Mr. Small's lease expires in August next, the theater will come under the control of Mr. John B. Fitzpatrick, of New York, who is associated with Klaw & Erlanger, the big theatrical managers.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is well known as a newspaper writer—one of the cleverest in America. As a theatrical manager and promoter he is also well known, and his reputation is of the highest.

He has control of half a dozen theaters in the United States, and it is understood that by next season he will control not less than five in Canada. Hsi financial backing is said to be unlimited.

It is said that Mr. Small is now to have competition all along the line in Canada. For many years he has practically controlled the Canadian field, booking for a large number of houses which he did not control, charging a percentage of the gross receipts.

It is understod that Mr. Fitzpatrick will have a booking agency in New York, where he will book attractions for his own theaters and also for other houses on a percentage basis.

It is understood that when Mr. Small's season closes, an entire change in the house staff will take place. From the front to the back of the house the employes and attaches will be dismissed, and Mr. Fitzpatrick will take his choice of all local talent for the next season. It is understood, too, that next year the house will be thoroughly renovated. It is said the new lessees are paying $1,000 a year more for the lease than Mr. Small paid, but the Grand is known all over America as a money-maker, and it can stand the increase easily.

The new lessee has the house for five years dating from August 1 next.

PRES. ROOSEVELT TO THE RESCU

Will Attempt to Prevent Re pulse at Portsmouth.

THE ENVOYS ARE PESSIMISTI

Witte Intimates That When Confe ence Reassembles on Tuesday Negotiations Will Cease.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., AUG. 19.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HA STEPPED INTO THE BREACH AND IS MAKING A LAST DESPER ATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE PEACE CONFERENCE FROM SHIP WRECK. THAT IN A SENTENCE IS BELIEVED TO BE THE SITUA TION THIS MORNING. JUST WHAT THE PRESIDENT IS DOING, HAS NOT TRANSPIRED, BUT IT IS RE GARDED AS CERTAIN THAT HE HAS APPLIED BOTH TO TOKIO AND ST. PETERSBURG TO INDUCE THE WARRING COUNTRIES TO SHOW A SPIRIT OF CONCESSION AND NOT ALLOW THE CONFER ENCE TO GO ON THE ROCKS NEXT TUESDAY.

Oyster Bay, Aug. 19. — A representative of the Russian peace envoys at Portsmouth will arrive here late today to confer with President Roosevelt. The identity of the representative is not disclosed here.

His mission will be to consult with the President with a view to bringing about an agreement between the Russian and Japanese envoys that will prevent a final rupture between the plenipotentiaries.

The representative will come to Oyster Bay by direct invitation by the President. That invitation was transmitted to Mr. Witte last night after the President had had a conference with Baron Kanenko, who came here late yesterday afternoon, as a representative of the Japanese Government. Neither the President nor Baron Kanenko would disclose any of the details of their conference, but after the baron had left, an important message was sent to Assistant Secretary of State Peirce, at Portsmouth. Mr. Peirce communicated with the Russian envoys. Later, an exchange of messages took place between Oyster Bay and Portsmouth, Secretary Peirce acting as intermediary between the Japanese and the Russian plenipotentiaries. While details of these communications are lacking, it is known that they represented an earnest effort on the part of the President to bring the envoys into an agreement that would be satisactory to both belligerent governments. Whether the President urged that the concession be made by either side, or suggested any other means by which an agreement might be reached, is not known. At any rate, the communication from the President contained an invitation for a representative of the Russians to visit him at Sagamore Hill, as soon as convenient, in order that the subject might be considered fully.

While messages are being exchanged today between Oyster Bay and Portsmouth on the subject, time of the arrival of the envoy is not known.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 18. — This authoritative statement tonight was given to the Associated Press by a member of the Japanese mission:

"I FEAR THE MEETING TUESDAY WILL BE THE FAREWELL SESSION OF THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE. JAPAN HAS DONE HER UTMOST FOR PEACE.

"RUSSIA NOW KNOWS JAPAN'S IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM."

M. WITTE HIMSELF TONIGHT SAID:

"WE MEET TUESDAY ONLY TO SIGN THE PROTOCOL," WITH THE ACCENT ON THE WORD "ONLY."

Black pessimism reigns here tonight. The prevailing view is that the fate of the peace conference is already sealed, that it has ended in failure, and that all that now remains is for the plenipotentiaries to meet Tuesday, to which day they adjourned this afternoon, upon completing the seriatim consideration of the Japanese terms, sign the final protocol, go through the conventions and bid each other farewell.

In other words, that the meeting Tuesday will be what diplomacy calls the "Seance d'Adieu."

But there is still room for hope of a compromise.

Neither President Roosevelt nor the powers will see the chance of peace shipwrecked without a final effort and that pressure is being exerted, especially at Tokio, to induce Japan to moderate her terms is beyond question.

Just what is being done, or is to be done, has not transpired, but, in these days with modern means of communication, much can be accomplished.

King Edward is understood to be lending a helping hand, and the financiers of the world are known to be exerting all their influence.

At Tokio and St. Petersburg, the final issue will be decided.

The Japanese have been implacable throughout the conference. They have listened and explained, but have yielded not an iota of the substance of their original demands.

M. Witte accepted outright seven of the twelve Japanese conditions. One in principle, and four, including the main issues, indemnity and Sakhalin he rejected.

The other two, limitations of naval power and the surrender of interned warships, might have been arranged

Asked City Treasurer for Cool Sum of $800,000

London Woman Imagines She Has Gigantic Claim Against Corporation.

"The city of London and the Queen's Own owe me $800,000, and I would very much like to have the money at once."

This is what a neatly dressed woman of about 40 years, told City Treasurer Pope when the city offices opened at 10 o'clock this morning.

The treasurer, gentleman of the old school, and not easily excited, rubbed his spectacles for a moment, and asked the lady to repeat her claim. She did so, politely but firmly, while a reporter stood a few feet away.

"It's quite a large sum," Mr. Pope remarked. "Eight hundred thousand dollars. What is the nature of your claim against the city?"

As soon as the applicant for the more than three-quarters of a million began her explanation, it was apparent that her mind was unbalanced.

"My name is Mary Agnes Ward," she said. "I have lived in London for more than thirty years. I have been abused and sorely tried by the city and the queen's government. My health has been impaired—my nerves are shattered. I laid my claim before the authorities and they decided to settle with me. My original claim was for $1,600,000, but I compromised, and I have decided to accept $800,000 rather than go to law. It's quite a sum, but then, it's nothing when you consider how I suffered.

"I have been ill for a long time, and I do not propose to be stood off any longer. I have been told that I must look up the city directory if I can find him.

After thus alluding to the city directory as a personal pronoun, Mrs. Ward turned to Secretary Ellwood, of the water commission, and asked him if he were the directory. Mr. Ellwood denied the allegation.

"I do all my own legal work with the aid of the city directory," she said. "I am sure to get the money, because I intend to have Crown Attorney McKillop interest himself in my case."

Mrs. Ward lives with her three children on Richmond street. She has three other children, but they are in Detroit. Her husband was formerly a county constable, and he is also out of the city. As to the nature of her claim against the city, she says she was interfered with by the police while living peaceably in her home in West London about a year ago.

8-Hour Day Affects 30 Typos

The action of the International Typographical Union of America in unanimously declaring in favor of a universal eight-hour day means that thirty men in London will be affected. Of these fifteen are union and the others are non-union men. They are all book and job printers.

At present the news printers, machine operators, "ad" men and "make-ups," work eight hours a day. They receive the union scale of $14 per week for machine operators, and $12 a week for "ad" men, "makeups," etc. The night scale is a dollar a week more and seven hours for a night's work.

The book and job printers work nine hours a day and receive $10 per week. In addition to shorter hours they will demand an increase of wages such as may be deemed fair in each place affected.

An employer stated today that but very few book or job men are working for the union scale of $10 a week. They are nearly all paid more than this.

"A man gets what he is worth," the employer concluded.

The employers will be notified at once by local Typographical Union No. 133, of the demand for an eight-hour day, to go into effect on January 1, 1906.

Repairs Cost the City $1,100

The repairs to the asphalt pavement have been practically completed by the Warren Paving Company.

All the patches were measured before made by the city engineer's department, and this year the bill will be about $1,100, against something over $1,600 last year. Of course, all the holes have not been filled this year, and besides last year the Warren Company had to make the repairs to the pavement caused by the putting down of the extra hydrants demanded by the Underwriters' Association.

This year there are about 500 yards of repairs at the contract rate of $1 81 a yard. The Street Railway Company will also be compelled to pay about $1,000 for repairs to its portion of the street.

Why the board of works did not have the pavement repaired months ago is a puzzler to many citizens. All summer in a short time it has been put in shape.

Work on the Richmond street pavement was begun this morning when the city engineer's department gave the levels to the Warren Company, which has the contract for the work.

The pavement will be proceeded with at once, and, it is hoped to have it finished in five or six weeks. Every effort will be put forth by the firm to have the pavement on the down-town sections completed for fair week, so that the thousands of visitors to the city may not be inconvenieuced.

Saskatoon Wants G. T. P.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 19. — A deputation from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, composed of J. A. Lamont, M. P., Ald. Copeland, and Mr. Oliver, representing the board of trade, has arrived in Ottawa to appeal to the Government to have the Grand Trunk Pacific run through Saskatoon. It is provisionally

ALL LOOK ALIKE TO G. T. P.

National Construction Company to Tender Same as Others.

Montreal, Que., Aug. 19. — The management of the Grand Trunk Pacific state that tenders for construction work for the road from Rat Portage west will be opened on Aug. 22 and for the Lake Superior division on Sept. 5. It is also stated that there is nothing in the report that the contracts have been awarded to the National Construction Company, and that all tenders are to be given out by that concern. The National concern is tendering like many other companies and will be treated on its merits.

WANTS SATISFACTION

Morocco Must Answer to France for Arrest of Algerian Merchant.

Paris, Aug. 19.—The arrest of an Algerian merchant by the Moroccan authorities occasions newspaper comment accompanied by reports that France is about to organize a naval demonstration at Tangier. The foreign office today denies any such determination, but it is the firm intention of the government to demand satisfaction from Morocco. This firm attitude meets with the unanimous approval of the public.

It is pointed out that unless the Sultan recognizes Algerians as French citizens, French commerce with Morocco will be paralyzed and commercial transactions here will be almost entirely carried on through the intermediary of Algerian Mussiemen, whom the Sultan claims become subject to his authority when they enter his dominions.

RUNNING OF THE I. C. R.

Minister Emmerson Says Government Does Not Favor Commission.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 18.—Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways, who was here today on a tour of inspection with Deputy Minister Butler and several I. C. R. officials, was asked about the suggestion for a commission to manage the Intercolonial. The minister said there was no move within the Government in that direction. The Government wished to operate the road and do so in the interests of the people, but with the minimum of expenditure; the idea being to keep the equilibrium as nearly as possible between the receipts and expenditures, and the officials' present tour was to see where expenses might be reduced.

He said that in making up the next running schedules in this section the cutting off of some trains might be considered, as there have been no doubt too many trains in proportion to the traffic.

Mulock at New York.

New York, Aug. 19. — Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, was a passenger on the Campania, which arrived today from Liverpool and Queenstown.

A Speedway for Toronto.

Toronto, Aug. 19. — The board of railway commissioners has given a decision in favor of the city of Toronto, and against the Canadian Pacific Railway, in respect to laying tracks in the east side of the Don. Permission to the railway company to expropriate the land and lay tracks is refused. This

THE WEATHER.

Tomorrow—Mostly Fine and Warm.

London, Saturday, Aug. 19.
Sun rises..5:26 a.m. Moon rises..9:37 p.m.
Sun sets...7:17 p.m. Moon sets...9:45 a.m.
Toronto, Aug. 18—8 p.m.

Very fine weather has been general in most parts of Canada, but a few light scattered showers are again reported from the Territories and Manitoba, and rain has also fallen in the eastern portion of the Lake Superior district. Temperatures have been moderate nearly everywhere.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 56—64; Kamloops, 58—86; Calgary, 42—74; Edmonton, 50—72; Qu'Appelle, 46—70; Wininpeg, 52—74; Port Arthur, 60—76; Parry Sound, 48—82; Toronto, 52—76; Ottawa, 50—74½; Montreal, 52—74; Quebec, 46—76; St. John, 52—66; Halifax, 44—72.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Aug. 19—8 a.m.

Today—Fresh southeasterly to southwesterly winds; showers and thunderstorms this evening and tonight.

Sunday—Moderate to fresh southwest to west winds; mostly fine and warm.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Weather.
Calgary	58	44	Fair
Winnipeg	56	50	Clear
Parry Sound	68	60	Fair
Toronto	66	58	Cloudy
Ottawa	64	58	Fair
Montreal	66	62	Clear
Quebec	60	50	Fair
Father Point	56	48	Fair

WEATHER NOTES.

A few scattered showers have occurred from British Columbia to Manitoba, and many heavy thunderstorms have been experienced in the upper lake region. The weather remains unusually fine from the lower lakes to the Atlantic.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

TROLLEYS CRASH; EVERYONE BUMPED

Street Car Collision This Afternoon—Passengers Bruised —None Seriously Hurt.

A street car accident happened about 1 o'clock today at the corner of Wellington and Horton streets, in which half a dozen persons were slightly injured. Car No. 80, on the Wellington street line, in charge of Motorman George Skinner, and Conductor Hollis, had turned the curve south on Wellington street, when the motorman noticed a South street belt car approaching. He reversed and was backing up to make the "Y" on Horton street, when the Hamilton road car, in charge of Motorman Pannell, crashed into the car. They struck at an angle, and both cars were knocked off the track. The passengers were thrown from their seats, but no one was seriously injured. Conductor Hollis received a black eye in the accident. Several have bruises as mementoes of the occasion. The cars were considerably damaged. Traffic was tied up over an hour. The responsibility for the smash-up has not yet been placed.

DRAWN INTO THRESHER

Young Man Meets Horrible Death on Farm Near Mitchell.

Mitchell, Ont., Aug. 19.—About 9:30 last night, while threshing was going on at the farm of George Lawrence, on the Longan road, just north of the town, Louis Miller, about 20 years of age, and a mason by trade, was drawn into the machine and instantly killed. He was feeding peas when the accident happened. He was a son of Ludwig Miller, living just north of the town. The young man was not engaged at threshing, but had just been riding past on his bicycle.

NO BREAKWATER UNTIL NEXT YEAR

City Will Be Able Only to Repair the Existing Wall at Present.

It has long been prophesied that work on the West London breakwater would not be begun this year. Now it is practically admitted at the City Hall.

"The best we can do," said one of the engineers today, "will be to build up the existing wall in the low places, and where it is weak, so as to protect the people as far as possible from the evils of a flood next spring."

The deeds for all the different properties have not as yet been secured. All but two or three are on the road to the city's hands. What will be done with the two or three people who are standing for more money than the city cares to pay nobody around the city hall appears to know. The matter will probably be taken up by the council shortly.

BANS AUTO RACING

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 19. — Webb Jay, of Cleveland, the automobile racing man injured at Kenilworth Park, remained in an unconscious condition all night at the German Hospital. Surgeons have been in constant attendance, but up to a late hour Jay had shown no signs of returning consciousness. Many of the leading officials in automobile racing, including manufacturers, are a unit in declaring that the accident to Jay, following so closely on others, has sounded the death-kneil to automobile racing on circular tracks. Wm. H. Hotchkiss, former president of the Buffalo Automobile Club, said:

"There will never be another automobile race in Buffalo or vicinity if I can enlist the power of the supreme court of New York to prevent it. The time has gone by for the holding of events rivaling Spanish feats of cruelty. I shall hereafter oppose the holding of any such events, both as a lawyer and as an enthusiastic automobilist. Where men are sent out to take their lives in their hands in such fashion as these men have been doing, there is no sport."

LONDON MUST BE REPRESENTED; IMPORTANT SESSION OF O. M. A.

Matters of Great Interest to City Will Come Up for Consideration.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Municipal Association will be held in the City Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 30 and 31. It is probable that the city council at its meeting on Monday night will appoint delegates to represent the city of London, as matters of the utmost importance are to come up and London can scarcely afford to be absent.

The Municipal World this month gives a history of the organization and prints excellent photos of Mayor Campbell and Assessment Commissioner Grant, of this city.

The first day's programme is of especial interest to London and includes consideration of the following questions upon which legislation was not secured last session:

1. That the councils of municipalities be given power to regulate the salaries of police magistrates, unless the body that appoints the magistrate pays the salary.

2. That section 481 sub-section 1, be amended so as to provide for the annual appointment by the municipal council, at their first meeting, of two persons (resident ratepayers) on the board of commissioners of police in addition to the mayor, the judge of the county court and the police magistrate.

3. That the proviso to sub-section 1 of section 596 of the municiapl act, respecting the operation of street railways by municipalities, should be repealed and the following substituted therefor: "Provided that the powers conferred by this sub-section shall only be exercised by a municipality when the exercise of such powers would not be a violation of the provisions of any agreement or contract between the municipality and any existing street railway company.

conduits and to erect poles and compel all electrical companies to use such conduits or poles and pay a reasonable rental therefor.

5. That all expenses of registration and elections for the Ontario Legislature be borne by the Province, and that this association present a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council in accordance therewith.

6. That the Ontario Legislature be petitioned to provide that when an indigent person is committed to a county house of refuge, who has not resided continuously for 1 year in the municipality from which he is committed, and who has been residing in the county previous to his commitment, or whose place of previous residence is unknown, the cost of maintaining such indigent person be provided entirely by the county, and not be charged to the municipality committing.

8. That power be given to municipalities to buy, or if necessary, expropriate on equitable terms, any existing gas lighting or water plant.

All of the above are matters in which London is vitally interested, and it is the opinion of many that such men as City Clerk Baker and Assessment Commissioner Grant should be sent to Toronto to represent the city, as well as the local officers of the association.

May Ask Amendments.

Mayor Campbell, who is a member of the executive, will attend the convention and he will ask the assistance of the members in a demand for and amendment to the local improvement act which will permit municipalities, by a two-thirds vote, of the council, to lay a permanent pavement on any street which it is deemed advisable to so improve. At least, many of the aldermen are urging him to make this demand so as to get ahead of the paving agents by taking the pavements out of the hands of citizens, who, it has been proven time and again, have been imposed upon, and do not know their own minds two days in succession where pavement matters are concerned

The mayor is also thinking of asking the association to put its shoulder to the wheel and have the license laws so amended as to allow

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. **REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.**

CHELSEA GREEN.—THESE LOTS ARE SELLING FAST. IF YOU WANT A CHEAP BUILDING LOT YOU SHOULD CALL OR WRITE ME AT ONCE. REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE SEWERS, A WATERWORKS SYSTEM AND SIDEWALKS ARE ABOUT TO BE LAID. THE TAXES ARE VERY LOW, AS THE SURVEY IS OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS. IT IS MUCH NEARER THE CENTER OF THE CITY THAN ANY OTHER SURVEY THAT IS OUTSIDE THE CITY, AND IT IS NEAR THE INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY. LOTS ARE SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

ALEXANDRA HEIGHTS—THE POPULAR EAST END SURVEY. LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS.

ASKIN STREET—Semi-detached two-story brick, 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, modern conveniences. Sell on easy terms.

WORTLEY ROAD—Two-story brick-veneer, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, furnace, barn; lot, half an acre. I can sell this property cheap.

WAREHOUSE, CENTRAL—Call for particulars.

BRISCOE STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, barn and sheds, fruit trees; lot 120x189 feet. Only $1,250.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, slate roof, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, conservatory, mantel and gas grate; first floor finished in hardwood; heated with hot water; cellar under all of house; all modern conveniences; shed or workshop; over half an acre of land; choice fruit and ornamental trees, flowers, etc. This is first-class property, and will sell cheap.

LOVETT STREET—Brick cottage, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; lot 60x120 feet.

RICHMOND STREET — Three-story store, centrally located. Good investment.

MARYBORO PLACE — Brick-veneer story and half, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, cement block foundation, modern conveniences; lot 40x100 feet.

DREANEY AVENUE — Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, sink and water in house. $1,400.

OXFORD STREET — Semi-detached brick two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen, summer kitchen, hard and soft water, all modern conveniences; lot 59x140 feet to a lane. Call for particulars.

VACANT LOTS — GROSVENOR STREET, BETWEEN COLBORNE AND MAITLAND STREETS. ONLY $5 PER FOOT.

HELLMUTH AVENUE—Story and half brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, mantel, all modern conveniences; lot 36x148 feet to a lane.

RIDGEWAY—Two-story and half brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, library, kitchen, smoking-room, veranda, clothes closet, back and front stairs, all modern conveniences; lot 50x115 feet and right of way.

REGINA STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar, fruit of all kinds; lot 40x169 feet. Only $850.

GEORGE STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, woodshed; lot 74x85 feet. Only $1,500.

BRUCE STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, gas, good cellar; lot 40x160 feet. $800.

ADELAIDE STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, sink, hard and soft water in house; lot 25x150 feet. Only $1,100.

NELSON STREET — Frame cottage, brick foundation, parlor, 3 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and summer kitchen, good cellar, fruit trees; a splendid corner lot, 50x190 feet.

YORK STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar, 2 sheds; a splendid place for a factory; lot 66x376 feet.

ALBERT STREET—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation; parlor, 4 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, large pantry, front and back stairs, all modern conveniences. This house is nearly new.

VACANT LOTS—I HAVE SOME NICE LOTS IN NORTH END THAT I CAN SELL FOR $100, ON EASY PAYMENTS. LOTS, 50x150. CALL IF YOU WANT A BARGAIN.

PALACE STREET—New brick-veneer story and half, 3 bedrooms, room for bath, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, furnace, gas and fixtures, cistern, cellar under all of house; lot 34x148 feet. Only $2,400.

GREY STREET—Brick-veneer story and half, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, pantry, room for bath, good cellar with cement floor, gas in kitchen, cement walks, fruit; lot 68x150 feet. Only $2,600.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, coal shed. Will sell cheap, as owner is leaving city.

COLBORNE STREET, CENTRAL—Brick story and half, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, all modern conveniences; lot 38x160 feet. $3,500.

ONTARIO STREET—New story and half brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, stone cellar under all of house, mantel, grate, all modern conveniences.

DUNDAS STREET—Frame story and half, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, cellar, house double-sided; lot 33x196 feet. Only $1,100.

EUCLID AVENUE—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; lot 60x120 feet. Price, $1,100.

PALL MALL STREET—Semi-detached story and half frame, brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; Lot 100x120 feet.

PHILIP STREET—Frame cottage, on brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, hall, kitchen, summer kitchen, pantry; lot 35x115 feet.

PEGLER STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 50x104. Call.

FACTORY SITES—I have a number of factory sites. Call for particulars.

WORTLEY ROAD, near Askin street—Two-story brick, 6 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, electric light, veranda, fruit and ornamental trees. Call for particulars.

TALBOT STREET—SPLENDID VACANT LOTS, 36x700 feet. Only $500 each.

PICCADILLY STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, bathroom (with bath), double parlors, library, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar; lot 51x110 feet. Only $1,750.

SIMCOE STREET—Semi-detached one-story and basement; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, gas, veranda, all in good repair; splendid carpenter shop; lot 58x198 feet. A good investment.

LORNE AVENUE—Brick-veneer, story and half, 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room and kitchen, modern conveniences, cement walks; lot 30x100 feet. Only $2,350.

BURWELL STREET—1¾-story brick, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, veranda, modern conveniences; lot 38x110 feet. Call for particulars.

ELMWOOD AVENUE — SPLENDID VACANT LOTS, CHEAP.

KITCHENER AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer; 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry; lot 35x117 feet.

YORK STREET, adjoining G. T. R.—Two brick houses, with lot 51x160 feet. A splendid place for a factory.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Brick two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, reception hall, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, bath and washbasin, gas and electric light and fixtures, cellar under all of house; chicken coop, fruit trees; lot 40x256 feet.

DUCHESS AVENUE—Story and quarter brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen; lot 35x96 feet. Price, $1,050.

COLBORNE STREET — Two-story frame, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, sewing-room, good cellar, electric light and fixtures, sink, hard and soft water in house, bathroom complete, cement cistern, in first-class repair; lot 30x148 feet.

COLBORNE STREET, CENTRAL—VACANT LOTS, CHEAP.

WOLFE STREET—The only vacant lot on the street. Call at once if you want it.

LORNE AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer, on cement block foundation; 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry. Will sell cheap. Call for particulars.

STANLEY STREET—Two-story and attic brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen; all modern conveniences; lot 33x150 feet.

PRINCESS AVENUE—New story and quarter brick-veneer, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, cement cistern; lot 33x136 feet. Only $1,550.

WATERLOO STREET—New story and three-quarters brick-veneer, cement block foundation, 3 bedrooms and dressing-room, dining-room, library, kitchen, veranda, cement walks, all modern conveniences.

HILL STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 30x175 feet. $1,100.

MARMORA STREET—NEW BRICK-VENEER STORY AND HALF; THREE BEDROOMS, BATH, PARLOR, DINING-ROOM, KITCHEN, PANTRY, SUMMER KITCHEN, CELLAR, CEMENT SOFT WATER CISTERN. EASY TERMS. ONLY $1,800.

LOUISA STREET—Some fine building lots, which I can sell cheap. Call and get price.

GRAND AVENUE—VACANT LOT, 140x350 FEET. THIS IS A SPLENDID LOT, AND RUNS THROUGH TO FERGUSON AVENUE. LOTS CAN BE LAID OUT ON BOTH STREETS. WILL BE SOLD CHEAP. CALL AND SEE ME.

MUIR STREET—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, hall, pantry, shed; lot 50x150 feet. Price, $950.

DREANEY AVENUE—New frame cottage, on cement block foundation; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, sink, porch; lot 33x132 feet.

VAN STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen and woodshed; lot 40x122.6. Price, $1,400.

MAITLAND STREET—Frame cottage, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, coal and wood shed, small barn, 12x14; lot 36x123 feet. Price, $1,250.

For further list of properties see Free Press.

EDWARD STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, storeroom, kitchen, 4 clothes closets, bath; furnace, electric light and fixtures, front and back stairs, double cellar. Only $2,200.

OAK STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, 2 clothes closets and pantry, sink in house, cement cistern; lot 32x220 feet. Must be sold at once; only $1,250.

COLBORNE STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry, clothes closets, good cellar, gas, sewer connection, good barn; lot 43x125 feet. Price, $1,400.

PRINCESS AVENUE, CENTRAL—The best vacant lot on the street, 55x150 feet. Call at once for particulars.

NEAR C. P. R. ROUNDHOUSE—Fine lots, $200 to $400 each. Will build you a house to suit you when the lot is paid for. Call at once if you want one of these lots.

COAL OR LUMBER YARD—The best site in the city; adjoins railroads.

PICCADILLY STREET—Frame cottage, on brick foundation; 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 75x66 feet. $800.

WANTED—PROPERTIES FOR SALE. NO CHARGE IF NOT SOLD BY OR THROUGH ME, AND THEN ONLY THE REGULAR REAL ESTATE AGENT'S COMMISSION. LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH ME, AND YOU WILL BE SURE OF HAVING IT WELL ADVERTISED.

VACANT LOTS on Sackville, Grafton, Dame, Hackett and Egerton streets. Large lots at a low price.

SACKVILLE STREET—Brick cottage; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, lot 41x127 feet.

LOTS ON CORNER OF PINE AND EGERTON STREETS—$150 PER LOT.

MONEY TO LOAN.

SEVEN ACRES, NEAR CITY LIMITS—Brick two-story house, 3 bedrooms, bathroom complete, storeroom, double parlors, 2 mantels and grates, dining-room, kitchen, good barn and driveshed. Call for particulars.

THREE ACRES, near Lambeth—Frame house, on brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, dining-room and kitchen, barn, good well; all kinds of fruit. Only $700.

ONE ACRE, near city limits; new brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, good cellar, good barn.

FIVE ACRES, NEAR CITY LIMITS—brick, two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, good cellar, 2 mantels, streets on all sides; can be cut up into building lots. Will sell cheap.

FIVE ACRES, just outside city limits; brick two-story barn, hogpen, chicken house; soil clay and sandy loam; good spring; a large number of fruit and ornamental trees. $3,500.

TWENTY ACRES, near Lambeth—Frame cottage, on stone and cement foundation; cellar under all of house; parlor, dining-room, 3 bedrooms and kitchen; 1 barn, about 160 fruit trees and a large quantity of small fruits; hogpen; soil rich clay loam. Call for particulars.

WANTED—FARMS OF FROM 2 TO 25 ACRES.

TWENTY ACRES—Only a short distance from city limits; this is one of the best suburban properties; first-class buildings. Call for particulars.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

IF YOU WANT TO BUILD A HOUSE IN SOUTH LONDON, INSPECT OUR SUPERIOR LOTS ON HIGHLAND PARK, CLOSE TO THE BELT LINE CARS AND VICTORIA SCHOOL. SECURE A CHEAP LOT AT ONCE, ON EASY TERMS.

KING STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, furnace, laundries and vegetable cellars, electric light and gas. A perfect home for $2,850. Call on us at once.

DUNDAS STREET, East End—Two-story brick house, almost new, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 40x220 feet to a lane. Price, $3,450.

BRISCOE STREET—A large frame cottage, on brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, frame barn, chicken coop; with three large lots; must be sold, owner now living in Winnipeg. Call at once.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A splendid brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, in perfect order; frame barn; lot 66x130 feet. Price, $1,400. Cheap property.

BATHURST STREET—1½-story brick house, on brick foundation, 10 rooms, bathroom, all in perfect order; frame barn; lot 50x196.4 feet. Price, $1,400.

DUNDAS STREET, East End—Two-story brick store and dwelling; frame barn and sheds; lot 32.6x150 feet. Price, $2,000. Cheap property.

REGINA STREET—A neat frame cottage, 6 rooms, in good order; lot 39.8x169 feet. Price, $850.

WATERLOO STREET, near Simcoe street—A new 1½-story brick house, 7 rooms, modern improvements. Price, $1,900.

MAITLAND STREET—A new, up-to-date brick house, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. At a reasonable price.

FOUR SPLENDID BUILDING LOTS on Richmond street, north of Oxford street; desirable location. Inspect at once.

QUEBEC STREET, near Dundas street—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 33x100 feet. Price, $1,200.

OXFORD STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. Price, $2,500.

COLBORNE STREET, north of Pall Mall—1½-story solid brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, veranda, side entrance. Price, $1,850.

VICTOR STREET—A splendid frame house, 8 rooms, with one acre, which can be subdivided into lots. At a reasonable price.

EGERTON STREET, one block from the new roundhouse—Two new 1½-story brick houses, 7 rooms each; lots 30x100 feet. Price, $1,300 each. Inspect at once.

WORTLEY ROAD—A splendid two-story brick residence, 12 rooms, in perfect order, all modern improvements; large grounds, fruit and shade trees. Price on application.

WATERLOO STREET, near Oxford street—Brick store and dwelling; frame barn; lot 60x160 feet. Price, $1,400.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

ONTARIO STREET—1½-story frame house, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 49x200 feet. Price, $1,300.

WATERLOO STREET—Frame cottage, on stone foundation, 6 rooms, with 1¼ acres. Price, $1,000.

ST. JAMES STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, two cellars; lot 46.8x100 feet. A handsome home for $2,100.

CENTRAL AVENUE, near Colborne street—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements. A splendid home for $3,800.

ADELAIDE STREET, near Central avenue—1½-story frame house, almost new, brick foundation, large cellar; 7 rooms; in perfect order; lot 33x150 feet. Price, $1,500.

HILL STREET—A splendid frame cottage, on brick foundation; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar, sewer connections; lot 40x165 feet. Price, $1,700. Inspection invited.

ST. PATRICK STREET, West London—A new 1½-story brick house, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms; lot 60x160 feet. Price, $1,400; cheap property.

DUNDAS STREET EAST—Two-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, double parlors, dining-room and kitchen; frame barn and sheds; lot 37.6x160 feet. Price, $3,400.

We have three splendid farms on the 7th concession of London Township, at reasonable prices. Inspection invited.

CLARENCE STREET—A splendid brick cottage, 6 rooms, in good order; nice lot. At a reasonable figure.

WATERLOO STREET, south of Horton street—A nice grocery store, with a splendid dwelling, for $2,000. Satisfactory reasons for selling.

RICHMOND STREET, near the G. T. R. station—A large 1½-story frame house, on a brick foundation, 11 rooms; in good order; suitable for a boarding house. Price, $2,400.

CHEAPSIDE STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 6 rooms; lot 44x150 feet. Price, $1,100. Cheap.

ONTARIO AND ELIAS STREETS—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; nice lot. Price, $2,600.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, large cellar; lot 33x137 feet. Price, $1,850. Inspect at once.

SPLENDID LOTS, corner of Colborne and Grosvenor streets, $10 per foot.

TWO IMPROVED LOTS, with fruit and shade trees, on Duchess avenue. At a reasonable figure.

LOTS on Redan and Mamelon streets, south of the Hamilton road, at $4 50 per foot. If you want a cheap lot, inspect at once. Desirable lots on the Becher block, north of Mount Hope. Waterloo and Grosvenor streets, two lots, cheap.

PICCADILLY STREET—A new two-story brick residence, stone foundation, 10 rooms, finished in Georgia pine; all the latest modern improvements; furnace, laundry and vegetable cellars; large veranda; lot 45x167 feet. This property is worthy of your immediate attention.

P. WALSH,
Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.



PROPERTY bought, sold, exchanged, leased and estates managed, taxes paid for non-residents, superintend improvements and betterments.

Will be pleased to talk with you on real estate matters any time you call.

A. A. CAMPBELL,
THE REALTY DEALER,
428 Richmond St., London, Ont.
61tf-t

Are You Looking for a Bargain in Real Estate?

Read carefully the following list, and see if it contains what you are looking for. If not, call on us at our office, or drop us a postcard, and obtain a full list of our properties on hand for sale or exchange. We can assist you in finding a suitable property.

No. 2474—156 acres in the Township of MOORE; 85 acres cleared, 10 acres timber, mostly hardwood; tile drained, soil clay loam, watered by creek and rock well, orchard, one-story frame house (two parts) 18x24, frame kitchen 12x16, 7 rooms, brick outside cellar, barn 40x54, stone basement under, 22-foot posts, driving shed 20x20, good outbuildings; situated one mile to gravel road, school and church, three miles to Brigden market and railroad station, one mile to Wauburno P. O. Price, $6,000; terms to suit.

No. 2828—100 acres in the Township of MOORE; 90 acres cleared, level, good drainage, soil clay loam, watered by wells and tank, 3 acres orchard, 1½-story brick house 14x20, 14x21 and 16x22, 9 rooms in house, closets and hall, cellar in 4 apartments, furnace, double veranda on front, single veranda on back, frame barn 40x86, very good outbuildings; this is a beautiful property, with nice lawn in front, one of the finest places in the county; situated on gravel road, 1¼ miles to schol, 100 yards to church, five miles to Sarnia market and railroad station, 1½ miles to Lucasville P. O. Price, $5,500.

No. 2669—100 acres in the Township of PLYMPTON; 90 acres cleared, 90 acres drained, 50 acres tilled, good drains, soil black clay loam, watered by wells and rock well, with new steel windmill, 2 acres orchard, 1½-story frame house 22x30, frame kitchen 10x20, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen, frame barn 32x42, sheds (medium repair), good fences, house in good repair, barn in fair repair, and timber enough on farm to enlarge it, and gravel convenient; this is a first-class stock farm and grain farm, very productive, and first-class state of cultivation and clean; situated on gravel road, one mile to school, 1½ miles to church, two miles to Camlachie market, railroad station and postoffice. Price, $4,100; terms, part cash

No. 2351—50 acres in the Township of EKFRID; 35 acres cleared, soil clay loam, level, 50 acres drained, watered by open spring, one-story log house, 16x20, 2 rooms, frame barn 30x50, on stone foundation, in good repair; soil is good for any purpose, but particularly good for hay and pasture; lots of spring water, without pumping; 30 rods to gravel road, two miles to school, three miles to church, 4½ miles to Glencoe market, two miles to C. P. R. station, three miles to Appin P. O. Price, $2,000.

No. 609—Store and dwelling in the Village of LAWRENCE; 9 rooms in house, two-story brick house 24x56, with addition 12x24, frame storehouse; watered by well; lot, one-fifth acre; frame stable 18x26; buildings in good repair. Price, $1,500.

No. 611—Meat shop and lot in the Village of BRIGDEN; one-story frame, 2 rooms, one room 18x18, and one business room 10x18; watered by well; icehouse 22x22, new frame horse stable 22x22, in good repair, smokehouse 5x5, frame shed 22x15, in good repair, vat for tallow, new buggy house 10x20, pigpens 8x8, also tool and slaughter house 22x20; located on east side of Main street and in best part of village. Price, $950.

No. 22—15 acres of land in the Township of LONDON, situated on Richmond street north, near Mount St. Joseph; electric street railway passes property; 2½ miles to London market, 1½ miles to C. P. R., 2 miles to London P. O. Price, $5,000; will exchange for desirable city property.

No. 30—Fruit farm, 32 acres, in the Township of WESTMINSTER; one-story frame house 24x28, kitchen 12x16, 2 bedrooms upstairs, 2 bedrooms downstairs, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar 10x12, summer house 10x10, stable 14x20, underground stable; all in good repair; one mile to school, 1½ miles to church, 1½ miles to high school, 50 rods to electric railway, two miles to London market, one mile to railroad station, half mile to postoffice. Price, $1,800.

No. 39—Two-story brick house and lot, situated on LAURA STREET, east of city; house contains double parlors, mantel, bay-window, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, one bedroom downstairs, china closet, hall, 4 bedrooms with closets, bathroom complete, attic over all of house, cellar 19x27, double windows on all the house; lot 62x350; fronts on Laura and Florence streets, and contains 4 lots, frame shop, new and in good repair. Price, $3,000.

We have farms, hotels, mills and business properties of all kinds for sale or exchange. Call or write for our list.

THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

78 Dundas St., London, Ont. Telephone Six-Nine-Six.
b

J. F. SANGSTER'S LIST.

$2,300—20 acres, with good brick house and orchard, near Lambeth. Easy terms.
$2,500—Brick cottage on Peter street; stable.
$2,400—New 1½-story brick, St. James street; modern.
$1,500—New 1½-story frame, Maitland street.
$4,200—New two-story brick; stable; Wellington street.
$8 00 per foot—100x300, fronting on Huron street; township tax.
$6,500—Two-story brick, corner Dufferin avenue and William street.
$3,000—Two-story brick, Wellington street.
$1,800—Two-story brick, King street.
$2,200—1½-story brick, King street.
$2,100—Brick cottage, Cartwright street, near Dufferin avenue.
$1,500—Two-story frame; lot 76x85; St. George street.
$350—Fine lot near Richmond street, south of Cheapside street.
$10 00 per foot for corner lot, High street and Maryboro Place.
TO LET—Two-story brick, York street, near Richmond street.

ALBERTA FARM LANDS

Southeast of Edmonton. Finest land and climate in the Northwest. Close to railway. Easy terms. For price, maps, etc., call or write
J. F. SANGSTER,

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

ELIGIBLE BUILDING LOT, KING street—Beautiful corner. Price, $950. If you want it, move quick. A. A. Campbell the Realty Dealer, No. 428 Richmond street, London, Ont.

1½-STORY FRAME DWELLING, EXCELLENT location—Contains 8 rooms, city and soft water, electric light. Price, $1,850. A. A. Campbell, the Realty Dealer, No. 428 Richmond street, London, Ont.

KING STREET, VERY CENTRAL—Two-story brick, all modern improvements, hot water heating. Price for immediate customer, $3,750. A. A. Campbell, the Realty Dealer, No. 428 Richmond street, London, Ont.

LOANS.

Money to loan in sums of $100 and upwards to complete purchase price, build (money advanced as building progresses), remodel the old house, and pay off old mortgages.
A. A. CAMPBELL,
Real Estate, Loans and Investments,
No. 428 Richmond Street,
London, Ont.
C. H. Armitage, Field Manager.
Telephone 642. 67tf-t

FARM FOR SALE—50 ACRES, LOT 23, con. 3, Westminster, 5 miles from London, 1½ miles from Lambeth, east; good buildings, plenty of fruit of all kinds, [illegible] particulars.



THE WEATHER TODAY—Fair and warm, with showers.

Handsome Dress Goods for Autumn.

Select as early as possible—the earlier the better. You have a large range to pick from. Our showing this fall is the best and most pleasing we've ever presented.

Special August Sale Bedding Materials..

BIG BARGAINS AT THE TIME YOU WANT THEM.

This sale should bring hundreds of customers to this Department—hundreds who only occasionally visit us. Regular customers should therefore be on the alert to secure the best of these special offerings, put on at a time so that you can have the full fall and winter service from them. The special opportunities this sale affords come from our securing each of the following lots at unusually special prices. We could just as well ask regular prices for these, but that's not our method—when we get a bargain we give a bargain.

$4.00 and $4.50 All-Wool Blankets for $2.95 Pair.

18 pairs only Fine All-Wool Blankets, in assorted sizes, but some are very slightly soiled; regular $4, $4.25 and $4.50 pair. At our August Sale, price, pair $2.95

Best Flannelette Blankets, 80c, $1.00 and $1.20 Pair.

A new lot purchased before the advance in cotton, and at these prices cannot be duplicated here or elsewhere after this lot is sold. August Sale Price; 10-4 size; pair 80c

11-4 size, $1.00 pair; 12-4 size, $1.20 pair. Secure these at once.

Special White Quilts at 78c.

25 only English Quilts, size 66x90, good quality; just received; 90c value. At our August Sale, price only 78c

Our Special All-Wool Blankets for $3.48

We have just opened 50 pairs of these Special All-Wool Blankets, made expressly for us, in perfect condition, in blue or pink borders; size 60x78. Your choice at our August Sale for, pair $3.48

$1 and $1.25 White Quilts at 89c Each.

65 only New English and American Quilts, worth $1.00 and $1.25 each; for ¾ and full size beds; some are hemmed, others fringed. Secure these at our August Sale for, each 89c

The best $2.00 Marseilles Quilts in the market, good size. We have only a few left of these to sell.

$4.50 New Eiderdown Comforters for $3.75 Each.

12 only of these Fine Eiderdown Comforters, 60x72, in paneled designs; a comforter we have always sold at $4 50. At our August Sale for, each $3.75

Other August Bargains in New Eiderdown Comforters.

Fine Eiderdown Comforters, in three framed panel style, fine English Sateen Cover; a regular $6.50 value. At August Sale, price, each $5.00
6 only Satin Covered Eiderdown Comforters, in three framed panel style, in beautiful colors; a regular $8 50 value. At August Sale, price $6.75
8 only Fine French Satin Comforters, in three framed style, in the most beautiful colors; a regular $10.50 value. At August Sale, price $8.00
Other special lines at, each ..... $10, $12, $15.50, $18 50 and $22.50

See window for some of these values and judge for yourself.

A full line of New Blankets, low in price, but high in quality. These were purchased before the strong advance in wools. You are invited to see our assortment.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street.

WESTERN FAIR.

The Exhibition that made Fall Fairs Popular. . . . . .

The large number of new exhibitors who are applying for space this year indicates a banner year for exhibits.

To be sure of a suitable location for your exhibit no time should be lost in making your entry.

Entries close Sept. 7. Prize List and Programmes are now ready and can be had on application to

W. J. REID, President. **JOHN A. NELLES,** Secretary.

London, Sept. 8 to 16, 1905

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

130-ACRE FARM FOR SALE—PART lot 60, W. T. R., Township Westminster, 9 miles from London, on gravel road; good buildings; soil clay loam; price right. Apply on premises or to A. M. Hunt, 21 Edward street. 97k-tyw

938 LORNE AVENUE — NEW TWO-STORY solid brick residence, modern improvements, front and side verandas; price reasonable. Apply at above address. b

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

Shirtwaist suits, $2 75; coat suits, $3 75; one week's time
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO.
Over Knox's.

ART BEVELED GLASS AND RESILVERING A SPECIALTY.
The Western Glass Decorative Works
All Descriptions.
H. E. ST. GEORGE, Proprietor.
74 Fullarton St., London, Ont.
'PHONE 1,466.
Memorial Windows and Glass of

Use **"Maple Leaf"** CANNED SALMON The Best Packed

Excursion to New York—Grand Central Station.

Grand Central Station, corner Fourth avenue and Forty-second street, is the terminal of the New York Central Railroad, and it is into this station passengers using excursion on Aug. 24 will be taken. Write L. Drago, Canadian passenger agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for all particulars. 93a

This Excursion Will Take You Into New York City.

On Aug. 24 the New York Central will run a grand 15-days' excursion to New York City for $10 25 round trip from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, giving privilege of trip on Hudson River steamers without extra charge. 93a

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattressee, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds at the Feather Bed Pillow and

TYPOS DISCUSS EIGHT-HOUR FIGHT

Pressmen's Association Promises Moral and Financial Support --Women's Auxiliary Elects.

Toronto, Aug. 18. — The only matter of general interest dealt with by the International Typographical Union convention this morning was the passing of the report of the committee on the eight-hour day, which recommended that this step be taken.

This report has been in the hands of delegates for some time, and it was unanimously carried with very little discussion.

The remainder of the session was spent in hearing representatives of allied societies, who promised support in the coming fight, and in the consideration of numerous reports of a somewhat technical character.

The eight-hour day was the subject for discussion at this morning's session.

It came up upon the consideration of the report presented last night, and was introduced this morning by a speech from Delegate Max Hayes, the chairman.

He denied that the effect of the introduction of the eight-hour day would be to drive printing to England.

In England printers enjoyed the nine-hour day, and many local unions had the eight-hour day.

Instead of working ruin, as President Ellis, of the Typothetae, said, it would bring the whole printing industry out of its present chaotic conditions.

Printers produced more today than when they worked ten and twelve hours a day. Labor-saving devices had increased the output from 15 to 1,000 per cent, yet the employers talked of restricted production.

Production would, on the contrary, be stimulated, and, having more comforts and some of the luxuries of life, the men would do better work.

This was warmly received, and a number of brief speeches were made by representatives, all indorsing the plan of introducing the eight-hour day, Jan. 1, 1906.

On motion of Delegate Cahill, of St. Paul, the report was adopted, and the secretary-treasurer authorized to issue it in pamphlet form. The vote was

tional Pressmen's Union, was accorded the floor to express the greetings of that organization.

He said all the pressmen who were not bound by agreements extending beyond Jan. 1, would assist the I. T. U. in their effort for the eight-hour day.

President Robert Glockling, of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, assured the convention that wherever there was an opportunity, the bookbinders would assist in the struggle.

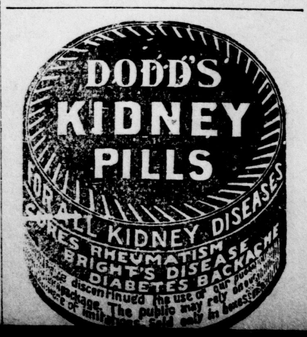
Whenever labor asked for shorter hours the same arguments were used as in the beginning of last century, when labor legislation first began to be introduced into the British House of Commons.

The employers appealed to the patriotism of the workers not to drive trade away to other countries, but later there never was an occasion when some member of the House did not rise to say that he had been converted to the shorter work-day principle, and to show that it had produced prosperity, and not poverty.

If the workmen became happier and more prosperous it was axiomatic that they must become greater purchasers of goods and thus afford a better market for the employers. Both addresses were warmly received.

The International Ladies' Auxiliary of the Typographical Union elected officers and presented gifts to the officers today.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Ed. D. Donnell, Cincinnati; first vice, Mrs. Daniel McDougall, Toronto; second vice, Mrs. H. W. Smith, Lincoln, Neb.; third vice, Mrs. J. D. Kane, Louisville, Ky.; fourth vice, Mrs. John M. Mul, Nashville, Ky.; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Chas. E. McKee, Indianapolis, Ind.; chaplain, Mrs. A. W. Bowen, Washington, D. C.; guide, Mrs. Stanton, Syracuse.



THOS. C. KNOTT,

'PHONE 650.

ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE.

LIVERIES AND HACKS.

ALFORD'S LIVERY — RUBBER-TIRE outfits, Bikes, Stanhope, Hack, etc. 256½ Dundas. 'Phone 600.

KING EDWARD LIVERY, WELLINGTON street—Rubber-tired hacks, coupes, etc. 'Phone 503. Branch, corner Bathurst and Richmond. 'Phone 634. A. G. Slaven.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, 619 Richmond street. Branches — Bodybuilding, corrective work, fencing, boxing, etc. For terms apply R. C. Barklie, at school, or residence, 575 Colborne street.

STENCILS AND STAMPS.

TRANSIENT CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS — NO ADVERTISEMENT LESS THAN TEN CENTS.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.—Two cents per word each insertion.

MEETINGS.—When no admission is charged, one cent per word each insertion.

ARTICLES FOR SALE, TO LET, HELP WANTED, SITUATIONS WANTED, BOARD AND LODGINGS, LOST AND FOUND, ROOMS TO LET, REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, ETC.—First insertion, one cent per word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisements less than ten words.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

BIRTHS.

SOMERVILLE—On Aug. 3, 1905, at 228 Hyman street, to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Somerville, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

TAMBLING—BUTLER—In this city, on Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1905, at the residence of the bride's parents, 370 Queen's avenue, George R. Tambling to Una Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr. Butler.

SCANDRETT—CLEMENS—On Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1905, at Berlin, at the residence of the bride's parents, Fred R. Scandreti, of Montreal, to Eva Carlotta, daughter of Mr. and Mr. B. U. Clemens, of Berlin.

DEATHS.

LANGLEY—At his late residence, 53 Egerton street, on Aug. 18, 1905, Seth Langley, aged 76 years and 11 months. Funeral private, from above residence, on Sunday, at 3 o'clock; service at 2:30 p.m.

Wingham papers please copy.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—All services held in Jubilee Rink. The pastor, Rev. T. T. Shields, will preach morning and evening.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Alfred Brown, pastor. Services tomorrow as usual.

BISHOP CRONYN MEMORIAL Church—Services, 11, 7. Holy Communion every Sunday, 8, or 11 a.m. or 7 p.m. Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., rector; Rev. Arthur Carlisle, B.A., assistant. Seats free.

CATHEDRAL ST. PAUL'S — HOLY Communion at 8:30 a.m.; morning prayer at 10:35 o'clock; Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evening prayer, 7 o'clock. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, M.A.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—11 a.m., Rev. Alfred Warcut, Exmouth, Devonshire Primitive Methodist Conference; 7 p.m., song service.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS, KING STREET—Pastor Mackenzie. Morning, "Hearers"; evening, evangelistic. Tent meeting, corner Dreaney and Layard, afternoon and evening.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Pastor's Bible Class and Sunday School, 10 a.m.

CHRIST CHURCH—REV. R. S. W. Howard, M.A., rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. Dr. Daniel, pastor. Services as usual.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Service at 11 a.m., Rev. A. J. Thomas; 7 p.m., the pastor, Rev. E. B. Lanceley; subject, "A Royal Cradle; A Tarnished Crown." Strangers welcome.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. I. B. Wallwin, B.A., pastor. Morning, "A Church Election"; evening, "A Great Choice." A cordial welcome to all.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Everybody welcome.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV. T. R. McNair will preach morning and evening. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 2:45 p.m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—2:30 p.m., Sabbath School; 11 a.m., Rev. T. R. Shearer, B.A., Melbourne; 7 p.m., Rev. T. R. Shearer, B.A.

GOSPEL HALL — GOSPEL MEETING every Lord's Day, at 7 p.m. 97tf-t

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Rev. D. E. Martin, pastor. 11, Mr. W. Gibson, city; 7, Mr. H. W. Sussex, of Harrisburg, the Railroad Preacher.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—Morning, Rev. Hector Mackay; evening, Rev. Dr. McCrae. Strangers welcome.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—REV. JAS. Ross, D.D., pastor. Rev. J. L. Johnston, North Bay, will preach at both services, and will also have charge of prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Dean Davis, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, West London—Services as usual.

SALVATION ARMY—SUNDAY SERVICES: 10:45 a.m., Citadel; open air, Victoria Park, 2 p.m.; Citadel, 3 and 7:30. b

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—The Rev. G. Harmon Jones will preach, 11 a.m., "The Birthplace of Manhood"; 7 p.m., "Up from Slavery." Communion at the close of the evening service. Seats free, all welcome.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, CHANNING Hall, 276 Dundas street—Services will resume (after vacation) Sept. 3.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. James Livingstone, pastor, both services. Morning—Anthem, "Seek Ye the Lord" (Roberts); quartet, "Rock of Ages" (Buck). Evening—Anthem, "O Come, Let Us Worship" (Himmel); solo, "Fear Not Ye O Israel" (Buck). Soloist, Mr. Russell Collins, of Toronto, at both services.

ARCHITECTS.

WILLIAM G. MURRAY, ARCHITECT—114, second floor, Masonic Temple. 'Phone 1,557.

HERBERT MATTHEWS, ARCHITECT. W. Fletcher Shepherd (late of Toronto), architect, Duffield block. 'Phone.

H. C. McBRIDE, ARCHITECT—SIXTH floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers.

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

REMOVAL — GEORGE CRADDOCK, architect, 461 Talbot.

OSTEOPATHY.

H. V. CATON, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—Chronic diseases. 554 Richmond street. 'Phone 1,573.

HOTEL CARDS.

OFFICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT—Choice wines, liquors. Meals, all hours. 378 Richmond St. W. J. Wright, prop.

ORIENTAL HOTEL, 400 CLARENCE—Wines and liquors unsurpassed. Courteous treatment. T. M. O'Hagan, proprietor.

DOMINION HOUSE, ADJOINING Grand Trunk Railway station, London. J. J. Cox, proprietor.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

Grand MONDAY, AUG. 21

Auspicious Opening

OF THE SEASON OF 1905-1906.

The Huge Farcical Comedy, with Music.

THE GIRL FROM KAY'S

The Greatest Musical Comedy Success ever known

Gorgeous Stage Gowns, Magnificent Scenery.

50—IN CAST AND CHORUS—50.

A triumph in London and New York.

Prices: $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats on sale.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25.

GEO. PRIMROSE MINSTRELS

Management Jas. H. Decker. Largest, best and only real minstrel show in the world. Five rows, $1.50; balance lower floor, $1. Balcony, 50c, 75c, $1; gallery, 25c. Seats on sale Wednesday.

SATURDAY, MATINEE & NIGHT.

Geo. P. Stetson's

BIG DOUBLE SPECTACULAR

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY

A $35,000 PRODUCTION.

THE BARNUM OF THEM ALL!

Matinee, 15c and 25c. Evening, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Seats on sale Thursday.

5 Days,

Twenty-two hours — Virginian's fast record. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand, agent Allan Line.

$45—NEW YORK TO CUBA AND RETURN. Mexico City excursions. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 3

GRUBER & DAWE'S WEEKLY HOP—Every Saturday night, Springbank Pavilion. For invitations 'phone 1,050.

CAN YOU DANCE? BEGINNERS' classes open, Palace Academy, Sept. 25. Competent teachers, liberal terms. Dayton & McCormick. 'Phone 1,774.

$2 65—LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, via boat, every Saturday and Sunday. Low rate every day. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 1

MONTREAL EXCURSIONS, VIA ST. Lawrence—Lower rates than other lines. British warships at Quebec in August. Boats sail from Sarnia, Windsor and Toronto. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 2

PORT STANLEY TO CLEVELAND—Three times weekly by the steamer City of Grand Rapids. Tickets for sale at F. B. Clarke's, Richmond street, old stand. 5

LONDON MINERAL BATHS — NEW baths now open. Everything new.

DANCING, SPRINGBANK PAVILION—Arrangements made for hall, music and cars. 'Phone 1,050. Gruber & Dawe.

DANCING—PALACE ACADEMY, BEGINNERS' classes. Season opens Monday, Sept. 25. 'Phone 1,774. Dayton & McCormick.

CHOICEST MUSIC FURNISHED FOR private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 1,265. Tony Vita's Italian Harpers, 122 Queen's avenue.

625 PUPILS ATTENDED LONDON CONSERVATORY Music last year. Mr. Barron hears all pupils play, and gives reports.

TONY CORTESE — THE ORIGINAL London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 161 Maple street. Telephone 1,570.

MEETINGS.

W. C. T. U.—SOMERSET HALL, TUESDAY, Aug. 22, 3 p.m.; Fair work arranged for, also mothers' meeting. All members urged to be present. 97u

I. O. O. F.—EUREKA LODGE, NO. 30, meets every Tuesday night. Business of importance next meeting. Every member should be present. D. J. Watson, N. G.; S. W. Priestly, R. S. 91c-t

LOST AND FOUND.

STRAYED FROM THE PREMISES OF the undersigned—Bay broncho mare pony; stripe on forehead, white spot on nose, branded on side; $5 reward for information to recovery. John C. Congdon, Appin. 82tf

WANTED.

BEDROOM AND SITTING - ROOM, with board, required by two lady teachers, by Aug. 30. P. O. Box 372. 93c-ywt

WANTED—HOUSE IN GOOD LOCALITY; modern conveniences. Address Box 25, Advertiser. 96c

WANTED TO RENT—SMALL HOUSE or unfurnished rooms, in northeast part of city; two in family. Apply Box 20, this office. 93i

WANTED — AGRICULTURAL AND Canadian Loan Stock. John Wright, stock broker, London, Ont. 'Phone 693.

WANTED TO RENT—HOUSE, CENTRALLY located; modern conveniences. Address Box 2, Advertiser. 85tf

WANTED TO RENT—THREE OR four rooms, adapted to light housekeeping; best of references given. Address Box 3, Advertiser. 85tf

WANTED — VETERANS' GRANTS—Thomas C. Knott, Room 101, Masonic Temple. 35tf

BOARDING, ROOMS, ETC.

COSY PARLOR FOR TWO, WITH board; modern conveniences; terms moderate. 415 Dundas street. 97c-tyx

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE MAPLES," PRIVATE HOSPITAL, —126 Grey streets. Mrs. A. M. Toohey, graduate Victoria Hospital. Telephone 1,795. Nurse's Directory. ywt

ADVERTISING WORLD, COLUMBUS, O.—A monthly journal of information, plans, suggestions and ideas for advertising. Send today for free sample, or 10c for four months' trial. t

MILLER'S HAIR STORE—CHOICEST assortment of back combs in city; also plain gold bands. See them. 233 Dundas.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATFOLD & BAWDEN, CONTRACTING Plasterers. Agents for Paristone hard wall plaster. 'Phone 1,460. Henry Stratfold, 427 Waterloo. ywt

JOHN TOM—LAUNDRY, 312½ DUNDAS. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cheapest rates. Goods called for and delivered. Silk handkerchiefs for sale. 'Phone 1,809.

T. EDWARDS — FURNITURE, ETC., packed, removed or stored. Furniture repaired, refinished. 85 Bruce street.

J. HARRIS & CO.—REMOVED TO 728 Simcoe, opposite London and Petrolea Barrel Works.

HOUSE MOVING.

W. WATSON, HOUSE-MOVER. 'PHONE 1,231. 194 Hamilton road.

DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL.

LEARN CUTTING, GRADING AND DESIGNING ladies' costumes. Modistes and home dressmakers require skill and rapidity. We supply the latest methods. Have years of practical experience. Correspondence solicited. Cutting School, 243½ Dundas street, London, Ont.

VIAVI.

VIAVI COMPANY—82 TORONTO BANK building. 9 to 12 a.m., 1:30 to 6 p.m.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED BY PROMINENT CITY bank—Bright young man as junior clerk; aged 17 or 18, of well-to-do family. Apply in own handwriting; correspondence confidential. Box 27, Advertiser. 97c

TINSMITH — FIRST - CLASS; GOOD wages. Apply 663 Dundas street. 97n

COMPETENT YOUNG MAN WANTED as salesman for hardware store and housefurnishing trade; good prospects for right party; state experience, references and salary expected. Box 30, Advertiser office. 97c

MAN WANTED. APPLY 133 LANGARTH street. 97c

TINSMITHS WANTED; ALSO HELPERS, who have had some experience. Apply to W. Stevely & Son. 97tf

A TEAMSTER WANTED—STEADY work, good wages. Green & Co., 495 York street. 96c

SALESMAN WANTED—MUST BE FAMILIAR with stock and farming, with references. Address Lock Box No. 461, Brockville, Ont. 95c

A BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND training is offered a young man of fair education in return for services in the college. Apply at college, Y. M. C. A. J. W. Westervelt, principal. 96c-vty

SMART YOUNG MAN WANTED AS shipper and storekeeper, and to make himself generally useful; must write a good hand; Scotchman preferred; good wages for the right man. Apply by letter to The Nasmith Company, Limited, Stratford. 94k

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO PLACE our graduates upon graduation in positions paying from forty to sixty dollars per month. The railway companies recognize the superiority of this school over all others, and naturally seek our graduates. Over fifty placed in good positions during the last few months. We can do equally as well for you. Write for particulars. B. W. Somers, principal, Dominion School of Telegraphy, Toronto. 97tf-t

WANTED — A GOOD MACHINERY blacksmith; one accustomed to steam hammer. Apply E. Leonard & Sons. 94n

CANVASSERS WANTED. APPLY 355-357 Clarence street, London.

STOVE PLATE MOLDERS WANTED—Steady work, at good wages. Apply to McClary Manufacturing Company, Nelson street, city. 92tf

APPRENTICES TO THE TRADE OF molding, under competent instructors; good pay from the start; splendid chance for steady young single or married men to learn a trade. Apply to McClary Manufacturing Company, Nelson street, city. 92tf

GENERAL AGENT WANTED FOR nursery stock. Write for particulars and terms. Cavers Bros., Galt, Ont. 88tf

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY earn a good income corresponding for newspapers; no canvassing; experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. Northern Press Syndicate, Lockport, N. Y.

MOST MEN WEAR OUR TROUSERS—Why not you? Prices, 3¾, 4½. English Woolen Mills Company, Trouser Kings, Carling street.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT WANTED —No washing. Apply Mrs. Depper, 225 Hamilton road. 97n

WANTED—WOMAN TO DO WASHING and cleaning. Apply Miss McPherson, 172 Central avenue. 97c

WANTED—GIRL OR WOMAN FOR small family. 365 Princess avenue. 97c

WANTED — GOOD GENERAL SERVANT; no washing. Apply at 334 Princess avenue. 92tf-xt

WANTED—COMPETENT PERSON FOR general housekeeping, for elderly couple; no washing or heavy work. Address Box 26, Advertiser. 96tf

GOOD GIRL WANTED—GOOD WAGES. Apply Mrs. Ed Hunter, 160 Maple street. 95tf

GIRLS WANTED FOR DIFFERENT departments. Apply C. R. Somerville. 93tf

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CARAMEL wrappers, and girls for candy and biscuit departments. Apply the McCormick Manufacturing Company. 93tf

WANTED—CAP OPERATORS; LEARNERS wanted. F. C. Fraser & Co., 96 Carling street. 93n

WANTED—A GENERAL SERVANT; good wages. Apply 380 Queen's avenue. 92tf

WANTED AT ONCE—CHAMBERMAID. Apply Hodgins House. 92tf

GOOD PLAIN COOK. APPLY MRS. Williams, Bishopstowe. 91tf

LAUNDRESSES, KITCHEN GIRLS AND dining-room girls. Apply Victoria Hospital. 90tf

GIRLS WANTED. APPLY FOREST City Laundry. 81tf

GIRLS WANTED IMMEDIATELY, TO work in factory. D. S. Perrin & Co. 28tf

HELP WANTED.

ENERGETIC WORKERS EVERYWHERE to distribute circulars, samples and advertising matter; good pay; no canvassing. Co-operative Advertising Company, New York. b

WANTED—GENTLEMEN OR LADIES: $800 per year and expenses; permanent position; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'Keefe, 157 Bay street, Toronto. tx

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED, BY MIDDLE-AGED PERSON —Light housework in quiet home. Address Box 21, Advertiser office. 93c-ywt

BOOKKEEPER—SIX YEARS' EXPERIENCE; capable taking charge of office; first-class references. Box 23, Advertiser. 95c

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, BEING NORTH half lot 10, con. 5, London Township; soil sandy loam; good state of cultivation, mostly grass. Apply Ralph Bros., lot 11, con. 7, or by letter to Ballymote, Ont. ywt

FOR SALE OR TO LET—HOUSE AND seven acres. Apply 914 Maitland street. 95n

SUBURBAN LOTS—FIVE ACRES OF young bearing orchard, finest fruit; will divide into parcels of 100x300 feet; north side of Huron street; township tax. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

DERMATOLOGY.

MISS BEATTIE, GRADUATE GRAHAM Dermatological School, Chicago—Superfluous hair, moles, warts, permanently removed. Chiropody and manicuring. Room 35, Bank of Toronto. tzx

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, facial blemishes, removed by electrolysis. Manicuring, shampooing, scalp treatment. Butler's Dermatological Parlors, 235½ Dundas.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

W. R. KINCAID, VETERINARY SURGEON—Twenty years' experience. Office, 117 King; residence, 365 Ridout. Telephone 455.

C. S. TAMLIN, VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, 351 Talbot; 'phone 965. Residence, 354 Oxford; 'phone 768.

TENNENT & BARNES, VETERINARY surgeons—Office, 127 King; residence and infirmary, corner King and Wellington. 'Phones: Office, 693; house, 273. Treatment of dogs a specialty.

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

FOURTEEN THOUSAND BRICKS FOR sale. Apply P. Walsh, 110 Dundas. 97tf

GOOD JERSEY COW, IN CALF; PERFECTLY quiet. Apply 72 Cavendish street. 97u

FOR SALE — SHELVING, COUNTER, letter-press, two stoves; a bargain. Apply 236½ Dundas street. 97u-tw

PRIVATE SALE—HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE; 512 Maitland street. Call, mornings. b

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS BROOD mare. Apply to D. Ferguson, lot 25, con. 2, Westminster. 97c

TWO SECOND-HAND FURNACES and pipes, in good condition. Bennett's Vaudeville Theater. b

CATTLE FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS herd of nineteen head; only three miles south of city; if interested, inquire of John Lambourn, 262 South street, or telephone No. 944. 91k-tywt

FOR SALE—CHEAP STOVE WOOD, soft elm slabs, sawn stove lengths, until Sept. 1, $3.50 per cord, delivered. Adam Beck, 176 Albert street. 96n

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY MARCONI Wireless stock on easy payment terms. Call or write Dominion Investment Company, Bank of Toronto Chambers, city; 'phone 2,000. Open evenings. 96u

FOR SALE—HOT-AIR FURNACE, NOW at Children's Shelter, Wharncliffe road. For price see Joseph Sanders, City Hall. 96c

SIXTY TONS OF PURE SPRING WATER ice. Apply D. Waide, Adelade and Grosvenor. 'Phone 269. 95tf

ALL SIZES GASOLINE ENGINES AT lowest prices. Manufactured by D. McKenzie & Co., 298 Richmond. 'Phone 1,141.

FOR SALE—HORSE, BUGGY, HARNESS, cutter and cart. Apply 99 Wellington road. 92tf

SEVERAL NEW MILCH COWS AND springers for sale; reasonable. Apply Caleb Millson White Oak. 92n

SPRINGS, MATTRESSES AND IRON beds. Special low prices this week at Keene Bros., 125 and 127 King street.

SOUTHCOTT & KETTLE—THE NEW coal and wood yard, corner Maitland and G. T. R. 'Phone 299. ywt

DISCOUNT SALE — FIFTEEN OFF regular prices for twenty days. I want money. Patton, upholsterer, 247 Dundas.

FRESH FISH NOW ON SALE—SEE what we have. F. S. Onn, Fish Market, 'Phone 1,296.

Account Books

Travelers' Order Books, Order Sheets, Letter Books, etc., made to order at lowest rates.

The Chas. Chapman Co., 'PHONE 370. 91 DUNDAS ST.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES!—British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles are advancing in price. Celebrated XXXX Ontario Cedar Shingles, strictly clear, well manufactured and wide. Our price to the farmers is $2.85 per thousand. BELTON'S MAMMOTH LUMBER YARDS, corner Clarence and Bathurst streets, London.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER — LARGE colored pictures of the Premier, in tubes ready for mailing, only 5c. For sale at the business office of The Advertiser.

RUBBER STAMPS AND STEEL DIES made to order. W. F. Horton, 179 Dundas, London.

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER—Awnings on your residence. Raymond Bros., 172 King. 'Phone 1,748.

D. H. GILLIES & CO., COAL AND wood dealers. Wood our specialty. Try load $2 wood. Corner Adelaide and Bathurst. 'Phone 1,312.

FIRST-CLASS SECOND-HAND WAGONS and buggies for sale, cheap. J. W. Smith, corner Maple and Richmond streets.

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT? HAVE you dandruff? Try bottle Sunglee. Jas. T. Gleason, 205 Dundas.

GOOD SECOND-HAND AND NEW bicycles, on very easy terms. Large stock of tires, cheap. J. H. Cunningham, East London.

TENTS, REFRIGERATORS—F. KEENE, stove and furniture store, 141 King. Ranges and second-hand cook stoves.

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Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to R. S. O., 1897, Chapter 129, Section 38, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of William James Plant, late of the Township of Lobo, in the County of Middlesex, laborer, deceased, who died on or about the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1905, are required on or before the 15th day of September, A. D. 1905, to send by post, prepaid, to John McPherson, Coldstream, Ont., administrator of the said estate, or to Messrs. Elliott & McDonald, solicitors for the administrator, London, Ont., their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them. And further take notice, that after such last-mentioned date the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and the said administrator will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution. Dated at London, Aug. 11, A. D. 1905. ELLIOTT & McDONALD, solicitors for administrator, London, Ont. 91c-t

Hospital Supplies.

Sealed tenders will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, on Aug. 21, at the Victoria Hospital office, for the supply of Bread, Milk, Meat, Groceries, Drugs, Ice, Liquors, Butter, Eggs.

Apply to the superintendent for tender forms. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 19.

The Profits of Modern Religions.

The truth or falsity of the many peculiar religions which flourish in these days has been a frequent subject of discussion. They are attacked and defended with equal vigor, the main feature of debate being the spiritual or esoteric doctrines they are supposed to teach. But a late writer in Public Opinion considers them solely from a financial standpoint. Without inquiry as to whether they are true or not, and without expressing any direct opinion about them, he proceeds to show that they are successful as collecting agencies, and that the money usually accumulates in the hands of the leaders.

The Mormon Church, for instance, he shows, originated by a poor man, has become an exceedingly wealthy corporation Ten per cent of every man's income goes into the church treasury, and there is no audit thereafter. The money might be spent in missionary enterprises or in political lobbying, or for whatever purpose the custodians please. The temptation for them to use it for their own purposes is great, and it is safe to assume that is where much of it goes.

The Christian Science Church is the offspring of Mrs. Eddy, of Massachusetts, whose views on physical and moral evil seem to be acceptable to large numbers of people. Her profits during the past ten years are said to amount to $1,000,000.

John Alexander Dowie, calling himself Elijah III., founder of Zion City, has manipulated men and women to such personal advantage that he can travel in princely style, and indulge in lavish expenditures. Whether he will be a successful financier remains to be seen.

There are a number of minor sects which seem to possess the same characteristics of money-getting. The Economite Society is worth about $5,000,000, all of it practically controlled by one man—John Dun. Katherine Tingley is a theosophist who has established a colony in California, extracting some $300,000 from a few of her followers for the purpose of embellishing the grounds of her academy; and so a number of others might be catalogued.

There is, however, nothing peculiar about this money-getting and money-keeping. Assuming that a person really believes in the doctrines of a certain religious sect, he may be depended on to hand over his money to its leaders, if he is required to do so. The reason why so many professing Christians are niggardly in their subscriptions to the church is that they are not sincere believers. They profess to believe, but they do not. If they did, they would be as ready to spend, and be spent in the cause of the church, as were the early apostles. And the converse is true. If the religions that orthodoxy calls false prosper and become wealthy, it is simply because their adherents believe what they profess. The sincere believer is never niggardly in his benefactions to his church. Indeed, his church and himself are so closely allied that there is a community of ownership.

The measure of a man's religious faith may safely be said to be in his pocket. When his church calls for money, if he stops to consider how much he can spare from his business, or from his domestic expenditures, or from his amusements, it is evident that his church is not the first object in his affection—if he believes in it at all. But if his answer to the call is spontaneous, free, liberal—in forgetfulness of self and the concerns of self and family—then he has given evidence of faith that ought to be considered satisfactory. The faith may be very badly founded—he may believe in false gods—but the belief is sincere.

Race Deterioration.

We have recently had race suicide brought prominently into notice. Race deterioration is receiving attention in England and America.

Examinations which have been made are startling in their revelations. It has been stated that the best capital a boy can start life with is a good constitution and a good education, but the percentage who have no chance of such a start is very great.

Dr. Hermann Biggs, one of the physicians of the health department of New York, reports that he examined 14,600 children, and that more than 6,000 of them were defective in health. Out of the 14,000 examined 6,294 required medical attention. The conclusion is that three out of seven, or almost a half, were below a proper standard — below par in health and strength and fitness for the duties of life.

A test made of Edinburgh school children two years ago disclosed the fact that 70 per cent of them were actually diseased. It is no wonder that Sir John Gorst, in Parliament, described this result as "shocking"—as "perfectly appalling."

At the same time tests in the London (England) schools showed results as bad. The officer reported: "There are so many feeble-minded children that special classes have been opened for them in 61 centers."

At Manchester, Mr. Arnold White reported, with reference to those young men, who applied as volunteers to go to the Boer war in South Africa, that 8,000 out of 11,000 "were physically unfit to carry a rifle, or to undergo the fatigue of discipline; and even of the 3,000 accepted, only 1,200 had the muscular power and chest measurement required by the military authorities."

conditions are more likely to be found in crowded centers than in other parts. We believe it is a public duty to do everything possible to maintain the health and strength of all at as high a standing as possible. We have frequently advocated parks and playgrounds. We have advocated the abolition of such schools as the Colborne street school, which has not proper sanitary arrangements. We have advocated securing sufficient water, and we believe that in communities like our own, where there ought to be no trouble in securing the best conditions for the health of all, that it is money well spent that obtains parks, playgrounds, healthy schoolhouses, swimming baths, etc., and that by every means encourages right living and sound health.

Race suicide is one side of the question, and race deterioration is another. Race deterioration may become a very important question, even in Canada, if we encourage all classes of emigrants. If we continue as we are, with about an even division of English, Irish, Scotch, French and Germans, with the healthy climate we have here, we will compare favorably, man for man, with any other country.

Unfortunately, it is not true that "all men are born free and equal." The fact is the very reverse. A great many are heavily handicapped in the struggle for life, through no fault of their own. The results of the examinations in large cities, as given above, prove conclusively that it will pay any municipality to provide and maintain every possible aid to good health; to make the conditions of life as favorable as possible.

Laughter in Church.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, a prominent divine, says a clergyman has no right to make his congregation laugh—that it is irreverent to do so. There are quite a number of sermons preached, with not much humor in them. The humor is in the man sometimes, as in the case of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He did not think it a sin to make his congregation laugh, nor did either he or his congregation lose any dignity by so doing. Those clergymen who present religion to their congregations so as to make it appear to be a sin to laugh do more harm than good. Henry Ward Beecher was credited with saying that "if the Lord had not intended a horse to go, he would not have put the go in him." In the same way, if it is natural for some clergymen to be possessed of a strong appreciation of humor, it is likely to be noticed in their sermons.

We have heard humor in the pulpit from a clergyman in this city that was not irreverent. It appeared to be the natural way in which the question presented itself to him, and the humor was quite in point. The clergyman who has humor is possessed of a quality that will increase his influence, and whether any of it is used in church or not by him its possession will make him a better man, less likely to make those who come in contact with him think it is necessary to have a long face to attend church. It is not necessary for a minister to be irreverent in order to strip religion of long-faced hypocrisy. We believe the mamajority of the clergymen of the present day enjoy a good laugh, and believe that humor and Christianity go hand in hand.

Russia's Honor and Dignity.

Scarce a day passes that M. Witte or some other of the Czar's spokesmen at Portsmouth does not declare that the honor and dignity of his country is an insuperable obstacle to the payment of an indemnity or the cession of Sakhalin to Japan. The Russian plenipotentiary has repeatedly stated that under no circumstances will his Government part with a single foot of Russian territory, while the payment of an indemnity is something Russia has never been driven to, sufficient reason, according to M. Witte, why it should not be considered in the present instance.

This brings up the question as to just how much national dignity, honor and prestige remains to the Czar and his people. The ridiculous ease with which Togo sent the Russian fleets to the bottom effectually wiped out such naval prestige as the Czar possessed, while Liao Yang, Port Arthur and Mukden punctuated her military pretensions beyond hope of repair for many a decade. Neither at home does the situation make for dignity or honor. The crews of the Black Sea fleet rebel, and the mutineers lead the royal navy a wild goose chase, while the world looks on and laughs at the farce. The masses hate the bureaucracy, recruits refuse to go to the front, strikers murder the police wholesale. In fact, the whole tendency is towards anarchy, and away from that justice, contentment and sobriety, on which a people's honor and dignity are based.

But if the Czar persists in balking at the cession of territory, how is he going to recover Sakhalin? Already the major portion of the Russian force on the island has surrendered. As well, a powerful Japanese fleet of warships and transports is preparing to pounce upon Kamchatka. The mouth of the Amur River, which threads its way for a thousand miles through Siberia and Manchuria, is held by the Japanese. Oyama, with an army of well over half a million men, is ready to strike, and there is small reason to suppose that Linevitch can do any better than did Kuropatkin. In Northern Korea is gathered a Japanese force 40,000 strong, ready to move upon Vladivostock the moment the weather conditions are favorable. In fact it looks now as if Russia would lose Eastern Siberia as well as Sakhalin.

There is little doubt but Russia can borrow more money with which to carry on the campaign, providing she is ter of interests. It would not be surprising if Wall street were to come to Russia's aid. M. Witte's actions indicate that he will attempt to raise funds in America. Besides this, Russia will launch a new domestic loan of 100,000,000 rubles, and these additions to the war chest may persuade the Czar to risk more war.

With such advantages as they now hold, to the average observer it would appear as if the Japanese are wise in insisting upon their demands being paid in full. Everything points to the further and continued success of their arms in the Far East, while fresh disasters to his forces will only increase the wrath of his people and inevitable humiliation to the Czar.

Noisy Street Cars.

The noise made by the trolley cars of the London street railway exceeds that of any similar railway in any city in America. The city engineer appears to be quite willing to do his duty, but still the noise goes on. If there is no power to compel the company to use some kind of grease on the wheels to lessen the noise, perhaps the company might permit the city to furnish the necessary lubricant, and, strictly under the direction and supervision of a street railway official, have it applied. Anything for peace and quietness.

The Pilgrim Mothers.

[Harper's Weekly.]

The following anecdote is told of a prominent Baptist minister, celebrated for his caustic wit: He was speaking once at a dinner given to commemorate an important event in the history of New England, his text being "The Pilgrim Fathers." "I have always," he said, "felt the deepest sympathy for the Pilgrim fathers, who suffered such extraordinary hardships in establishing a foothold in this country. But, sorry as I have felt for the Pilgrim fathers I have felt still sorrier for the Pilgrim mothers; for not only were they obliged to endure the same hardships but they also endured the Pilgrim fathers."

Such a Foolish Question.

[Chicago News.]

Mrs. Neurich—My husband bought a lovely ocean landscape yesterday.

Mrs. Neighbors—Indeed! Is it an oil or water color?

Mrs. Neurich—Water, of course. Didn't I just say it was an ocean landscape?

What Did He Mean?

[Punch.]

Rich Old Aunt (recovering from accident)—"I'm afraid I shall feel the effects of this fall for many years to come!"

Nephew (with expectations)—"I sincerely hope not, auntie!"

Chance to Lose Her.

[Chicago News.]

They were about to go for a sail on the lake.

"Shall we—er take your chaperon with us?" queried the young man.

"Will there be any danger" she asked.

"Well the boat might capsize," replied the youth.

"Then let us take her along by all means," said the fair damsel.

Standing Idle.

[New York Sun.]

What's the good of standing idle
When the world is full of men
Who are striving with the ledger,
With the hammer and the pen;
Who are doing deeds of valor
In the limitless expanse
Of endeavor, with a purpose
That must nullify all chance?

What's the good of standing idle
When so many may be found
Ever active in the efforts
That will bring success around;
Who, with heads and hands united,
In a common purpose, sweep
All the best results of labor
In a glittering glory heap?

What's the good of standing idle
When we know so many who
Are so everlasting anxious
For the stunts that they can do;
Who are ready and impatient
For a chance to do their best?
What's the good of standing idle?
Let's sit down and take a rest
While they do it. See?

Pull.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Your friend, McWhilligan, walks with a slight limp. One of his legs is shorter than the other, isn't it?"

"No; I wouldn't put it that way. One leg is longer than the other. He's the father of five or six marriageable daughters and has a boy in college."

Encouraging.

[Judge.]

Patient: "What do you think about my eye, doctor"

Doctor (replacing the bandage): "Oh, your eye will come out all right in a week or two."

Sweet Solitude.

[Somerville Journal.]

She: "Do you really love me for myself alone?"

He: "Sure. That's why I don't want your mother to live with us after we are married."

Sentence Sermons.

[Henry F. Cope, in Chicago Tribune.]

Duty is a door to delight.

Hidden sins cannot be healed.

Worship is but the voice of love.

Disinterested men get the nearest interest.

Nothing proves culture better than kindness.

You never find a beautiful life with boastful lips.

This world needs new impulses more than new ideas.

Some men would be most miserable without their miseries.

He who would do divine work must not be afraid of dirt.

You cannot advertise men into affection for the Almighty.

The Lord have mercy on the boy with a faultless father.

A good deal of piggishness goes under the name of principle.

He who loves men needs not to pray for power to love God.

It takes more than milk and water to make the meekness of a Moses.

Warm friendships are not likely to be fused in heated arguments.

business furnishes a fitting for the ministry.

Life is but our name for that which the great Master may call the first lesson.

No man is fitted to oversee any great work who cannot overlook some small things.

The world always will choke on a religion made out of philosophies first petrified and then pulverized.

The judgment is more likely to ask: "How many shoes did you wear out in works of love" than "How many prayers did you offer?"

MANIFESTO PLEASED WITTE

Says It Is Identical With Original Draft as Approved by Him.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 19. — All the members of the Russian delegation read with the keenest interest and the greatest satisfaction the text of the Emperor's manifesto communicated to them last night by the Associated Press. M. Witte read it attentively, but would only express his pleasure on finding that it was identical with the original draft shown to him for his opinion and suggestions before he left St. Petersburg. He declined last night to express any opinion on the manifesto itself or the effect which it will have in Russia and abroad, its effect upon the internal situation in Russia, or its influence upon the war with Japan.

Some of the other members of the Russian mission, however, were not so reticent. They frankly said that the redemption of the Emperor's promise by the manner of the manifesto cannot but produce the best impression at home, and that it will unite the nation and strengthen the position of the Emperor.

SOUGHT FINANCIER'S LIFE

Banker Who Called on Witte Receives an Infernal Machine.

New York, Aug. 18. — An explosive package, capable of causing death, was sent to Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, today at the office of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of which he is a member. Mr. Schiff was at Barharbor today, and when the machine, closed in a wooden box about six inches long, was received at his office, it was immediately sent to the police.

Investigation by an expert revealed the presence of 31 grains of a highly-explosive power and two 32-caliber loaded cartridge arranged so as to fire when opened.

Mr. Schiff was one of the financial men who recently visited M. Witte, the Russian envoy at Portsmouth, in the interest of the Jews in Russia.

A second infernal machine, resembling that sent to Jacob H. Schiff, was received at the office of M. Guggenshiem & Sons, 71 Broadway.

The contents were nearly the same as those of the Schiff bomb. A clerk was suspicious and he placed the package in water. After standing there a short time, there was a slight explosion due, it is thought, to gases generating in the box.

BOY CHARGED WITH MURDER

Said to Have Shot Little Girl When Refused Ride on Wagon.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 19. — John Godson, an 11-year-old schoolboy, is under arrest, charged with the murder of Hannah McQuade, aged 7 years, in Greenfiel dtownship, just outside the west city limits of Detroit, last night. The little McQuade girl, the daughter of Peter McQuade, a gardener, was driving towards the McQuade home, in company with two sisters, aged 10 and 12 years. Young Goodson and three companions, boys about the same age, who had been shooting sparrows along the road, appeared and attempted to climb up the rear of the wagon. The girls ordered them off, and whipped up the horse. Goodson, it is charged, became enraged, and shot at the girls with the 22-caliber Flobert rifle he was carrying. The bullet struck the little girl in the temple, killing her almost instantly.

Goodson's companions, who are also in custody, declare that the bullet which struck the girl was aimed at a sparrow on a nearby telegraph wire.

BURIED WRONG MAN

The Masons of Brockville Misled by Friend's Identification.

Brockville, Ont., Aug. 19.—Last June a floater was found in the river below Prescott. It was the body of a tattooed man. After a week's search to identify the corpse, J. B. Stiarth, of Owen Sound, turned up and claimed to recognize the remains as those of John Woodward, who had been bar clerk for him in the Patterson House of that town. Woodward was on a holiday, and was supposed to have met with foul play. Stiarth was positive in his identification of the tattoo marks, and as Woodward was a Mason the Prescott local members of the craft interested themselves in the interment.

As Woodward had no relatives in this country the matter was speedily forgotten. But the occurrence is brought to attention again by a card received this week from Stiarth, stating that Woodward is in Scotland at his home there. Thus the mystery of the drowned man is reopened and his identification at this date will probably never be made.

MAN AND CASH MISSING

Kerwood Cheese Men Looking for Elijah Leavens.

Glencoe, Aug. 18. — Some patrons of the Kerwood cheese factory are in town today tracing their milk-drawer, Elijah Leavans, who, they fear, has absconded with some $160, the proceeds of milk checks which they intrusted to Leavans for cashing. Instead of returning, Leavans left the team of his employer, Mr. Edwards, in a blacksmith shop, and secured a drive with Mr. George Becton to Glencoe. Here he purchased a suit, grip and hat, and is supposed to have taken a train for Detroit. Leavans is described as a stout, dark man, about five feet six inches in height, 35 years of age, and wearing a black mustache. He wore his new suit of dark tweed with small white stripe, and a light fawn hat.

Henry Elliott, Esq., of Sherbrooke, N. S., inspector and superintendent of bridge construction for Nova Scotia, says:

"A bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me of a very severe sprain of my leg, caused by a fall while building a bridge at Doherty Creek, Cumberland County."

Nov. 17, 1898.

A NEW ERA DAWNS FOR THE RUSSIANS

Continued from page 1.

tion of stock companies involving exceptions from existing legislation.

G—Matters submitted by imperial decree.

Public Barred from Sessions.

The Douma has jurisdiction in the matter of taxation in the provinces where there are no Zemstvos; also in the raising of the rate above that fixed by the Zemstvos and city councils.

The Douma will have initiative in the matter of appeal or modification of old and the adoption of new laws, but the fundamental laws of administration are not to be touched by it.

The ministers and chief of departments and the secretary of the empire will submit questions to the Douma for discussion.

Many sections are devoted to the method of procedure. The public will not be admitted to the sessions.

Representatives of the newspapers will be admitted by the president to open sessions, but not to be closed sessions, the latter being ordered by the general session or by the president, or at the request of a minister when he has a question to submit involving a national secret.

Reports of the meetings may be published by the president. After passing the Douma bills will go to the council of the empire, and then to the Emperor.

Who May Elect.

Should the Douma and the council of the empire disagree, the question at issue will be submitted to a joint commission. Should this bring no decision, the question will again be submitted to the council of the empire.

Should the Emperor call attention to delays in the consideration of any specific question, the council of the empire shall appoint a date on which the Douma must reach a conclusion, failing which the council of the empire will act alone.

Legislative bills may be introduced when indorsed by 30 members. Should a minister differ with the Douma respecting a bill and the Douma in general session pass the bill by a two-thirds majority, the question will be referred to the Emperor.

Relating to the electoral system, the project states that elecions are holdable:

Firstly, in the provinces and territories.

Secondly, in the principal towns which are named.

In Poland, Siberia, the Causcasus, Turkestan and some provinces special regulations will govern the elections.

The total membership will be 412, of which 28 will be returned by the towns.

The elections in the provinces and territories will be effected by a provincial electoral college chosen:

Firstly, by the land-owners.

Secondly, by urban electors, and

Thirdly, by delegates of the peasantry.

Women, men, under 25 years, students, sailors, soldiers, bankrupts and persons convicted of crimes or desertion shall not have the right to vote.

Governors and the police cannot vote when they are exercising their functions. Land-owners, mine-owners and owners of industrial establishments of a minimum value of $7,500 and clergy owning lands are qualified to vote in the electoral assemblies.

In the urban electoral assemblies, owners of land of a minimum value of $750, and owners of industrial properties of the first category are qualified.

The peasantry electoral assembly shall consist of two delegates from each canton, chosen by the peasants belonging to the cantonal and agricultural corporations.

In cities which are named, owners of real estate to the value of $1,500 and the owners of the first category and persons paying taxes on rent of the tenth category are qualified to participate in the electoral assemblies.

The urban and provincial assemblies will vote for deputies to the Douma by secret ballot which also applies to the subsidiary elections.

WATFORD MATRICS

The Usual Splendid Showing Made by All the Scholars.

Watford, Aug. 18.—The results of the departmental examinations as just published, place our high school among the foremost of the high schools and collegiates of this Province, and what is still more gratifying this has been the invariable result during the last decade. Every candidate but three obtained either non-professional certificates or matriculation standing.

The following are the names of the successful students:

Junior leaving or second-class non-professional—Martha E. Barrett, Arthur B. Brown, Gertrude E. Fuller, Bertha M. Getty, Alma Holbrook, Will J. McKenzie, Laura J. McPhedron, Ida McRorie, Arthur E. Muma, George Squire (honors), William Squire.

Senior leaving, Part I.—Eva M. Crummer, Florence M. Gibson.

Senior leaving, Part II.—Bert Anderson, Ethel Anderson, Gertrude Campbell, Duncan A. Grant, E. Winnie Morris, Alice M. Tanner, George M. Willoughby, Charles S. Wynne, Arthur Zavitz. This entire class was successful.

Completed matriculation—Archie D. Hone, Loftus A. Trueman.

Required to write off one or more subjects to obtain full matriculation standing—Kate F. Barrett, Garnet H. Cutler, Will Ferguson, Florence A. Hume, Vina Johnston, Harry K. Laird, Mathilda J. Lehrbass, John Mugan, Lizzie McChesney, Alma McRorie, Wm. MacLean Thomas.

Standing in honors will be obtained in the near future.

HEAVY HEADACHE FOR FOUR YEARS

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured It—They Are Known by Their Works All Over Canada.

"By their works ye shall know them," and if you know Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets by their works you must admit they are the greatest comfort-producers of the present age. Here is some of their work. Mrs. A. Waddell, of 34 Simcoe street, Hamilton, says:

"I was troubled with heavy headache for four years caused by Dyspepsia. I doctored with the best doctors, but they failed to help me. I got one box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and after taking part of them I found I was cured. I can now eat in the morning; before I could not eat a bite."

Thousands of other Canadians relate similar experiences. In fact, everybody who has used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets tells the same story — Indigestion and Dyspepsia cannot live in the same body with them.

KAISER LEADS CZAR TO DROP PEACE?

The Rejection of Main Terms Traced to Rulers.

DUE TO ANGLO-NIPPON PLAN

Walter Wellman Says England Is Behind Big Plot to Grab Far East Lands.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 18.—In the highest circles of political information there is a fear that some mighty and mysterious force is holding Russia back from peace. And there is little doubt as to where suspicion leads. It leads straight to Berlin. The German Emperor is suspected of bringing influence to bear on the Czar in favor of the rejection of Japan's principal demands and in favor of continuing the war for at least another campaign.

Not in the sensationalism or yet with speculation and inference, but on positive knowledge as to what is said and thought in these higher circles, I shall sketch out the main points of the great international game that is now being played with Portsmouth as the center and crisis of the chess board. The sketch may not be based upon facts, but the truth of it is believed in by men who ought to know and who see in it an explanation of conditions here which otherwise are inexplicable.

When Mr. Witte left St. Petersburg for this country the world of diplomacy understood—Paris, London, Washington, Berlin—that he left the Russian capital authorized to pay a reasonable indemnity. It was known the Japanese would demand indemnity. No one of good information anywhere doubted it. They could not have doubted it in St. Petersburg. To the certain knowledge of the writer it was known in this country, and as it was known so it must have been known in every important foreign office—in St. Petersburg and other capitals.

About the time Mr. Witte reached Paris a meeting occurred between two royal yachts in the Baltic Sea. The emperors of Russia and Germany were closeted together for several hours. There is evidence that this meeting was arranged suddenly, and that it was sought by the German Emperor.

What took place between the sovereigns of course the world of politicians know only by inference at hint. But they are very quick at hints and inferences.

Six weeks ago knowledge spread gradually through the world of diplomacy that Japan aspired to an empire on the mainland; to control of the Sea of Japan, which was to be made the heart and center of the defenses of the country; that Japan sought political and commercial control of Korea, and first commercial and in the end political control of lower Manchuria; in short, that a new and formidable empire was rising in the far east, one which all other nations would have to deal with in the near future.

But this was not all. It was known also six weeks ago, or about the time the Russian and German emperors met in the Baltic for their famous interview, that Japan and England had a thorough understanding. Japan was to plant herself on the mainland of Asia in the treaty of peace with Russia. The Czar was to be crowded away from the Sea of Japan and the borders of China. Japan was to set up the equivalent of the American Monroe doctrine, and warn all western powers away from the zone of her special and paramount influence, to wit: the vicinity of the Sea of Japan and the Chinese frontier.

Nor is this all. When these achievements were wrought in the treaty of Washington or of Portsmouth, when Japan had intrenched herself on the mainland at Russia's expense, the mask was to be thrown off. The true inwardness of this mighty play for empire was to be disclosed. England and Japan were then to renew and complete their alliance. The new alliance was to be much closer—for defense and offense—than the present one. The military and naval strength of both of the allies was to be placed solidly behind the new status quo in northeast Asia. England and Japan together would say to all the remainder of the world:

"Any attempt to upset this status quo shall be regarded as a casus belli. If you interfere you do so at your peril."

And the status quo of that moment would be one in which all worth having in the disputed area would be in the hands of the English and the Japanese. The English would have their preponderance in the Yangtse Valley, the richest prize in all China. Leave England that and she asks nothing more. That is a status quo which she would not have disturbed—that, together with the "open door" in Manchuria for the free entrance of British trade. Japan would have a virtual protectorate over Korea and such predominance in Manchuria as would give her immediate commercial supremacy and ultimate political control—for no one is misled by the fiction of evacuation which has been introduced here.

In short, the far eastern question was to be settled. And it was to be settled with England and Japan intrenched beyond fear of disturbance. China would be secure against further aggrandizement, because the ancient wall was to be supplanted by a barrier of Anglo-Japanese troops and navies. England would be free to pursue commerce seeking and in efforts to push back the enterprising German traders. Japan would be free to secure the real purpose of this war—the extension of Japanese commerce on the mainland and control of the Pacific (warm water) outlets of the Trans-Siberian Railway system, that Japanese merchant marine interests might not be at the mercy of the freight rates made in St. Petersburg or Moscow. And Japan would also be free to extend her influence over China—an influence which is spreading hourly like a simoon and settling down to a fixity as if it were following the law of gravity.

Other powers know of this ambitious programme to settle the far eastern question once for all, with England and Japan as the chief beneficiaries—Asia for the Asiatics, with John Bull trailing as silent but participating partner.

France knew of it, but France has been held in check by the new Anglo-French entente, designed on both sides to curb the enterprise of the German Emperor. The United States knew of it, but it is not for the United States to play in that game, and the United States was lulled into complacency by a promise of the "open door."

Six weeks ago Japan's and England's game for a far eastern empire, shutting out all rivals and isolating Germany—shutting Germany in a vise at Kiaochou and closing all the roads to spoils round about—was known and discussed in America. The writer knew it in principle and in detail. Others knew it. Great secrets are not easily kept.

Of course the German Emperor knew of it also. He is not asleep and never is kept in ignorance. And straightway, as the vast significance of the Anglo-Japanese programme dawned upon him, came the meeting of the two emperors in the Baltic.

What the Kaiser said to the Czar the observers of the game cang only guess. The Kaiser had been friendly to peace up to this point. He was glad to see Russia weakened, for reasons of his own. But he did not want the Japanese to grow stronger. He had co-operated with President Roosevelt in bringing about this conference at Portsmouth. The President and the Kaiser had carried on an extensive and intimate personal correspondence by cable. The Kaiser had brought pressure to bear upon the Czar to induce the acceptance of the invitation to this peace meeting.

But what the Kaiser's opinions were after he had realized the master hand England was playing, when he realized that the door was being shut in his face in the Far East, that a great game was going on and he isolated completely, can be inferred, not only from the circumstances, but from a remark which the Emperor made to an ambassador in Berlin about that time.

"If I were the Czar," said the Kaiser, "before I would make peace on the terms which the Japanese propose I would fight on to my last man and my last mark."

Immediately after the memorable meeting in the Baltic Sea—and after the departure of M. Witte for these shores—the Czar issued an official manifesto. In it he declared Russia would never pay an indemnity, Russia would never cede territory, Russia would "never make a shameful peace."

M. Witte sailed for America expecting to pay an indemnity. Now he iterates and reiterates "not a kopeck, not a kopeck."

This is what the world observers are saying. This is their sketch of the game as it is being played here, in London, in Tokio, in St. Petersburg, and in Berlin. Their diagnosis is that the Kaiser, at first eager for peace, is now determined to prevent the farming out of eastern Asia under the flags of Briton and Nippon, and that his influence with the Czar has proved all sufficient. The peace negotiations having been entered upon must, of course, continue. But there is a vast difference between talking about peace and actually signing a treaty. Russia may play for advantage, for world sympathy, for American friendship, for points, but not for a settlement that will benefit only Japan and England.

Ever since M. Witte came to Portsmouth, there have been mysterious hints from his entourage that "this is nothing but a British side show," "the English are laughing in their sleeves," "the face is that of a little brown monkey, but the body is that of the big lion, only the body is as yet out of sight."

The meaning of these mysterious hints, these bitter asides, is now clear. And if this theory is correct it explains why the Czar refuses to pay indemnity—if he actually does refuse—and why M. Witte stands out heroically against the cession to Japan of an island which is already Japan's by right of conquest. If this theory is correct it explains much that otherwise remains inexplicable, and it indicates that the labors of this conference are to end in failure, that the war is to go on, and that ere it is finished the full fruits of the Kaiser's talk with the Czar may become known to all the world in momentous fashion.

I do not say that this theory is correct. I do not know. I give it as it comes to me. It is worth thinking about, it is worth while to watch events as they come along with it borne in mind.

Nordheimer Pianos

have been favorably known for over sixty-five years as *Standard High-Grade* Pianos. Highest standard in every respect. Sold to every purchaser at one price. Easy terms of payment if desired.

NORDHEIMER'S
LIMITED,
188 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

A MODERN MEDICINE

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Disease Through the Blood.

Medicines of the old-fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, thought they can never touch the disease itself — they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation, biliousness and headache; purgatives leave the patient feverish and weakened. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, on the other hand, do direct good to the body, blood and nerves. They fill the veins with new, rich, red blood; they brace the nerves; they drive out disease by going right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They always do good — they cannot posibly do harm. Mrs. George Henley, Boxgrove, Ont., says: "It is with thanks that I tell you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me after my doctor had said I could not be cured. I suffered from an almost constant fluttering of the heart, and sometimes severe pains. The least exertion would leave me breathless and tired out. My appetite was poor, and my head ached nearly all the time. I lost all ambition to do any work and felt very hopeless. I had taken a great deal of medicine without any benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have made a remarkable change in my condition, and I am feeling better than I have done for years. I gladly give my experience in the hope that it will benefit others."

Now, Dr. Williams Pink Pills build up strength as they did in Mrs. Henley's case in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the boweis, they don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

An upholstered pew in a fashionable church is said to be an excellent remedy for insomnia.

By a recent census the population of Rome, former mistress of the world, is 506,840.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Makes Clean Bread

With Royal Baking Powder there is no mixing with the hands, no sweat of the brow. Perfect cleanliness, greatest facility, sweet, clean, healthful food.

Full instructions in the "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook" book for making all kinds of bread, biscuit and cake with Royal Baking Powder. Gratis to any address.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MARKET PRICES

Other quotations on page 6.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Aug. 18.—Today's receipts at the Western Cattle Market were 4 cars, consisting of 27 cattle, 272 sheep, 100 hogs and 4 calves. Total receipts for the week were 163 cars, consisting of 1,890 cattle, 3,090 sheep, 2,050 hogs and 374 calves.

Receipts of live stock at the Union Stock Yards at Toronto Junction the past week totaled 91 cars, including 1,579 cattle, 48 sheep, 990 hogs, 22 calves and 17 horses.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

London, Aug. 18.—Cattle are quoted at 10½c to 11¾c per lb; refrigerator beef, 8½c to 8¾c per lb.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Aug. 18.—Sugar—Raw unsettled; fair refining, 3 7-16c to 3½c; centrifugal, 96° test, 4 1-16c to 4⅝c; molasses sugar, 3 3-16c to 3¼c; refined steady. Molasses—Firm.

LONDON.

London, Aug. 18.—Raw sugar—Centrifugal, 11s 3d. nominal; Muscovado, 10s; beet sugar, August, 9s 7½d.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Aug. 18.—Sugar—The market here continues steady and quotations are unchanged; granulated, $5 10; domestic, $4 98; yellow, $4 58; bags are quoted 5c less.

FLAXSEED.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—Flaxseed—Northwest, $1 16; southwest, $1 06.

OIL MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 18.—Oil opened and closed at 21 27.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., Aug. 18.—Credit balances, $1 27; shipments, 68,554 barrels.

LONDON.

London, Aug. 18.—Petroleum, American refined, 5⅝d; spirits, 8¼d.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, Aug. 18.—Petroleum, 17 francs 50 centimes.

DAIRY MARKETS.

IROQUOIS.

Iroquois, Ont., Aug. 18.—At the cheese board today 1,060 colored cheese were offered; sales on board, 520 boxes at 11c; balance sold on street after the close at the same price.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, Ont., Aug. 18.—At the cheese of which 1,615 were white and 100 colored; the bidding was active on the board at 11c and 11 1-16c; the salesmen named 11¾c, but had no takers; on the street afterwards 11⅝c was the top price, and a good part of the offerings were closed out at that figure.

KEMPTVILLE.

Kemptville, Ont., Aug. 18.—Cheese brought 11½c here today, practically all offerings going at that figure; there were 445 white and 935 colored offered.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—Butter firm; creameries, 17c to 20c; dairies, 16c to 18c. Cheese easy, 11c to 11½c.

NEW YORK.

New York, Aug. 18.—Butter firm and unchanged; receipts, 7,395 packages. Cheese quiet and unchanged; receipts, 3,348 boxes.

PERTH.

Perth, Ont., Aug. 18.—There were 2,100 boxes of white and 250 boxes colored cheese boarded here today; all sold; prices subject to Brockville cheese board prices tomorrow; the usual buyers were present.

NAPANEE.

Napanee, Ont., Aug. 18.—At the cheese board today 1,120 boxes white and 830 colored boarded; sales, 200 at 11¼c and 910 at 11 1-16c.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 18.—There were 1,307 boxes white and 457 colored cheese boarded today; the sales were 111 white at 11c, 270 white at 11¼c, and 85 colored at 11¼c; curb sales were made at 11¼c.

HAY MARKET.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Aug. 18.—Baled Hay—The demand is quiet, with plenty of hay offering; car lots of No. 1 timothy, old and new, are quoted at $7 to $7 50 per ton on track here, with $6 for No. 2.

Baled Straw—Dull and unchanged, at $5 50 to $6 per ton for car lots on track here.

BEAN MARKET.

DETROIT.

Detroit, Aug. 18.—Beans—August, $1 52 asked; October, $1 64 asked.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Aug. 19.—Wheat—Ontario is easier; No. 2 red and white, new, 75c to 76c; old, 77c to 78c; Manitoba quiet; No. 1 northern is nominal, at $1 07; No. 2 firm, at $1 01½ to $1 03; No. 3, 87c to 87½c, at lake ports, and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—Ontario 90 per cent patents are unchanged for export, at $3 20 to $3 25, in buyers' sacks, west; Manitoba, first patents, $5 30 to $5 40; second patents, $5 to $5 10, and bakers at $4 90 to $5.

Millfeed—Ontario bran is quiet, at $11 50 to $12, while shorts are firm, at $17 to $19, according to quality, at outside points.

Oats—New, 27c to 28c; old, 36c to 37c, for No. 2, outside points.

Barley, 38c to 43c, at outside points, according to quality, new or old.

Rye—Dull, at 57c to 58c, at outside points.

Corn—Canadian nominal, at 53c to 54c, Chatham freights; American at 62c to 62½c, lake and rail freights, for delivery at country points, or on track at Toronto.

Peas—New, 65c to 67c, at outside points.

Rolled Oats—Cars of barrels at $5 and bags at $4 75, on the track here; 25c more for broken lots here and 40c more outside.

Butter—Firm and prices higher; creamery prints, 22c to 23c; do. solids, 20c to 21c; dairy pound rolls, good to choice, 19c to 20c; do, medium, 17c to 19c; do. tubs, good to choice, 17c to 18c; do, inferior, 15c to 16c.

Eggs—Firm; receipts of choice are light; 17½c to 18½c.

Hogs—Firm: live, $7 10 to $7 35; dressed, $9 to $9 75.

Cheese—Easy, at 11¼c to 11½c.

MR. HYMAN AT SARNIA

Minister of Public Works Pays Brief Visit to Tunnel Town.

Sarnia Observer: The Dominion Government steamship Speedy arrived here from Windsor last evening about 6 o'clock, on her way up the lakes. The trim little steamer tied up at the Grand Trunk wharf and remained there during the night. On board the Speedy was Hon. Charles S. Hyman, Minister of Public Works, who is making a tour of inspection of proposed governmental work in Georgian Bay districts. Accompanying Hon. Mr. Hyman was Mr. Duncan Coulson, general manager of the Bank of Toronto; Frank Coulson, of London; Mr. Hunt, private secretary to the Minister of Public Works; and three ladies, relatives of Mr. Coulson. During the evening Hon. Mr. Hyman, Mr. Coulson and the lady members of the party paid a brief visit to Port Huron and enjoyed an automobile ride around the city.

Hon. Mr. Hyman's presence in the Tunnel Town was not officially known to the civic or other representatives bodies, and consequently he was not waited upon by any of our representative citizens. During the evening Mr. W. S. Calvert, M. P., who happened to be in town, paid Hon. Mr. Hyman a short visit. The Speedy left this morning for up the lakes.

HONEY IS VERY SCARCE

Season Came With a Rush and Bees Were Not Ready for Business.

Honey is a very scarce article these days, and there was only one lot on sale at the market this morning. Most of the honey is being shipped out of the city. Mr. D. Anguish, of Plattsville, shipped a ton or more to Winnipeg this week, and is getting between four and five tons ready for shipment to Toronto. On Monday he will ship it, and the biggest load of honey ever sent out of Middlesex will come in on one of the big moving vans. It is nearly all comb honey, and of first quality. In conversation with an Advertiser man this morning, Mr. Anguish said that the honey season had been only fair, not a great deal better than last year. The cause was due to the fact that the bees went into winer quarters in rather bad condition, owing to the bad season of last year. This spring the honey season came on with a rush, and the swarms had not time to strengthen up for the run. The season was abundant while it lasted. Mr. Anguish had swarms that made as high as 19 pounds of honey a day, while many others ran from 12 to 18 pounds. The season was rather short, however. The swarms are in good condition at present, and will go into winter quarters this fall in prime condition. So honey-lovers are somewhat alarmed lest they should not be able to get their wonted supply. The prices show a tendency to stiffen.

A VEGETABLE DAY

All Kinds Very Numerous on the Local Market.

It was ladies' day at the market this morning, a noticeably large number of women being in charge of the offerings. The farmers are very busy housing the big oat crop. It is half harvested already. This year the farmers are not going to be caught as they were two years ago with no fall plowing, but are starting early this year. Hundreds of acres have been turned over this summer already.

It was a vegetable market today. Green goods were to be had in abundance. Green corn, cucumbers, tomatoes, all the small vegetables were exceedingly plentiful, and the demand was good. For dressed meats there was little demand, and the supply was limited. Fruits are beginning to come in well. Plums were plentiful, and ranged from 40 cents a basket up. Peaches were also abundant, but they looked green. They ruled from 50 cents a basket to 75 cents.

Dairy products were not so plentiful, and very little butter was offered, and what was offered was quickly picked up. Eggs also were in good demand. The prices ruled firm. Plenty of dressed fowl were displayed. Ducks were numerous, and the quality good. Seventy-five cents a brace was the prevailing price. Chickens sold for from 50 cents to 60 cents a pair.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

STRIKE MAY STOP B. C. COAL MINES

Crows Nest Company's Employees May Start Big Tie Up.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Nelson, B. C., Aug. 19.—A special dispatch to the Daily News from Fernie last night states that the following notice has just been posted at different points in Coal Creek:

The Employes of Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Brothers—The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. officials having broken all the promises, covenants and contracts entered into between them and the United Mine Workers of America, so that now no contract exists. I therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the international constitution, and also by the executive board of District No. 18, United Mine Workers, of America, call upon the workmen employed by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. at Coal Creek mines and Fernie coke oven to cease to work and attend a mass meeting at the Opera House, Fernie, on Saturday, August 19, at 10 a. m., to decide upon action.

NED. H. F. SHERMAN,
President District No. 18, N.M. U. of A.

The action of the United Mine Workers is causing much uneasiness among business men and the outcome of today's meeting is awaited with anxiety. The company's side of the dispute has not yet been given.

Queries Answered.

HULLETT.—A and B own farms on opposite sides of road. A large under drain runs from B's farm through A's. Where the drain is is an 8-inch box, which needs renewing. Can A be compelled to maintain the drain its present size for B's benefit at his own expense? A box or tile about half the size would carry all the water on A's farm. Can the council be compelled to pay part as considerable water comes off the road? Can A demand help? If so, what steps should he take to secure it? Ans.—Proceed under the ditches and watercourses act and get an award from the township engineer. Upon the facts stated both B and the township should pay for part of the larger drain through A's farm.

ADELAIDE STREET.—I have been tenant of a house and half-acre of land for over a year. I have paid rent monthly. Can landlord advance my rent while my crop is growing? If he can, has he to give me notice of such advance? Ans.—You are a monthly tenant and the landlord can give you a month's notice to leave, which you must do, unless you agree to pay a higher rent. The fact that you have a growing crop does not affect his right to determine the tenancy and arrange for a new one at a higher rent.

BEAR HUNT IN WOODSTOCK

Half-Grown Bruin Probably Strayed From Gypsies.

Woodstock, Ont., Aug. 18.—A bear hunt in Woodstock is something which few beyond the very "oldest inhabitants" have had any experience with. Yet for the past week a half-grown black bear has been roaming around the city, and last night met his fate in the shape of a gunshot from a resident of the Gore. It is not known where the bear came from, but it is thought that it must have escaped from some traveling gypsies and wandered this way. He was first seen about a week ago, south of the city. Then he seemingly disappeared for a time, but yesterday morning it reappeared in the city limits this time, up in the Gore. Perhaps it had not found feeding ground around Woodstock, but at any rate it decided to make a meal of an unfortunate canine which happened to stray into a berry patch where Bruin was secreted. The little dog was promptly seized and hugged to death, and the bear had settled down to his meal of dog meat, when the exasperated owner of the dog, who had heard his cries, appeared on the scene, armed with a gun. One well-aimed shot was sufficient, to put an end to the career of Bruin, and the dog was revenged.

ANTHRAX KILLS A MAN

Slight Outbreak of Dread Disease Near Collingwood.

Toronto, Aug. 18. — An outbreak of anthrax near Collingwood, Ont., has caused the death of six cattle and one man, and the community is becoming alarmed.

Yesterday Dr. Hodgetts, secretary of the provincial board of health, received a sample of the serum from Dr. McFaul, of Collingwood, and a microscopic examination completed today confirmed the suspicion that the disease is anthrax.

Another man is reported to be ill, but the disease is not regarded as contagious among human beings, and while precautions are being taken by the board of health, no difficulty is expected in checking its ravages in that line.

It is a long time since a man has contracted the disease in this country. The man who died in Collingwood caught it in skinning some of the dead animals.

The provincial department of agriculture also was notified of the outbreak today, and at once referred the matter to the Ottawa department, which has jurisdiction, as well as power to compensate owners of cattle for any that have to be destroyed to prevent the spread of the disease.

Dr. Hodgetts, in speaking of the disease today, said it was indigenous to South America, and when it is introduced into this country it is generally by means of hides.

The disease germs are said to be capable of living for a long time.

In active form in the animal the disease takes the form of ulcers.

MANY WOLVES DESTROYED

So Far This Year, About 240 of Them Have Been Killed.

Toronto, Aug. 18. — The Provincial Treasurer's department for the first seven months of this year, ending July 31, has paid out in bounties for the destruction of wolves, about $2,590. There is a bounty of $15 allowed for each animal destroyed, so that so far this year about 240 of them have been killed. For the whole of 1904 only $3,839 was paid out for this purpose. Before the present year is ended it is expected that a far greater number will be killed than for many years past.

PRES. ROOSEVELT TO THE RESCUE

Continued from page 1.

In the oral discussion, M. Witte yielded upon two articles, but, substantially the result of the thirteen sittings of the plenipotentiaries has been only to emphasize the position taken by M. Witte in the written reply he presented last Saturday to the Japanese terms, and now both sides turn to home for the last word before the events of next Tuesday.

The impasse reached today by the plenipotentiaries is recognized to be only a diplomatic fiction.

If, in the interim, fresh instructions are received by either side, compromise is yet possible; but the chances are recognized to be slim.

So far as the Russian plenipotentiaries are concerned, there never was a chance of their yielding both indemnity and Sakhalin.

The cession of Sakhalin without indemnity, according to the best inside information, was the extreme limit to which M. Witte would ever consent to go, and the Emperor has not yet given the word even to concede that.

Tonight, suddenly, a new factor has been introduced which, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, lessens materially the chances that he might do so, namely, the issuance of his manifesto, granting a popular representative body to his subjects.

The bearing of this historic document, as M. Witte described it, upon the issue are easily comprehensible.

It is bound to ameliorate the internal situation in Russia. It is the entering wedge for the realization of the century-old dream of the Russian people.

"It will create enthusiasm at home," said a prominent member of the Russian mission, "because all thinking men realize it means eventually a great change in the composition of the Russian state."

The manifesto is Emperor Nicholas' answer to the Japanese demand for the payment of a war tribute.

The grant of this broad reform is regarded as virtually an appeal to the Russian people for support to resist it.

At Tokio it is impossible to tell what view will be taken, peace probably can be secured even now by the sacrifice of the indemnity.

Vague intimations tonight come from the Japanese side—the "demand for the cost of the war" might be moderate, but M. Witte's reply is that he will pay liberally for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners in Japan, but "not a kopec for tribute."

What Has Been Done.

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 18. — The substance and present status of the Japanese terms are as follows:

1. Russia's recognition of Japan's "preponderance" in Korea with her right to preserve order in the civil administration, give military and financial advice to the Emperor of Korea. Japan binding herself to preserve territorial integrity of the hermit kingdom, and the policy of the "open door." Accepted.

2. Mutual obligation to evacuate Manchuria. Accepted.

3. Japanese obligations to restore in Manchuria Chinese sovereignty, and civil administration. Accepted.

4. Mutual obligation in respecting in future "the territorial integrity and administrative entity of China in Manchuria, and maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the industry and commerce of all nations (open door). Accepted.

5. The cession of the Island of Sakhalin to Japan. Refused and final consideration deferred.

6. The surrender to Japan of the Russian leases of the Liao Tung Peninsula, including Port Arthur, Dalny, and the Blonde Elliott Islands. Accepted.

7. The surrender to China by arrangement with Japan of the branch of the Chinese Eastern Railroad running south from Harbin to Port Arthur and New Chwang, together with the recession of all the privileges obtained under the concession of 1898. Accepted in principle; final agreement deferred.

8. The limitation of the Chinese concession obtained by Mr. Rothstein and Prince Uhktomsky, in 1896, under which the "cut-off" through Northern Manchuria was built, to connect the trans-Siberian and the Usurri railroads so as to provide for the retention of the ownership and operation of the line by the Eastern, but with provision for the eventual substitution of Chinese imperial police for Russian "railroad guards." Accepted.

9. Remuneration for the cost of the war (Frais de guerre). Refused and action deferred.

10. The surrender of the Russian warships interned in neutral far east- deferred.

11. Limitation of Russia's naval power on Pacific waters. Under discussion.

12. The grant to the citizens of Japan of the right to fish in waters of the Russian littoral from Vladivostock north to the Bering Sea. To be considered.

THE RIDGETOWN EXAMS

Results of the Departmental and Matriculation Examinations.

Ridgetown, Aug. 18.—The following is the result of the departmental examinations at the Collegiate Institute of this town:

Senior Teachers', Part I.—David A. Campbell, Mabel Gesner, J. Atwood McDonald, Harold McFarlane, and Kyle Simpson.

Senior Teachers', Part II. — David Campbell, and Mabel Gesner.

Duncan Samson passed the honor matriculation examination in chemistry.

Junior Teachers', — Douglas Campbell, George Campbell, Florence Marshal, Cassie McLarty, Whitney Scherer, Edith Stenton, Irene Tape, Walter Walker, Clara Warner, Gertrude Wesley and Eleanor Wickwire.

Junior Matriculation — Geo. Campbell, Bryce, Kendrick, Beulah Mitton, Clarence Norton, Harold Sterling.

Partial Matriculation—Archie Campbell, Bella Anderson, Phyllis Bowyer, Nellie Coles, Leva Handy, Mabel McKerracher, Victoria McDougall.

Irish Favor Embargo.

London, Aug. 19. — A meeting of the Irish Cattle Traders' and Stock-owners' Association appointed Mr. W. P. Delany as their representative to the National Federation of Meat Traders to be held at Glasgow on Aug. 31. He will oppose the reopening of the ports and the admission of Canadian store cattle.

One room at Tsarkoe, the Czar's palace near St. Petersburg, has walls of lapis lazuli and a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another has walls of carved amber, and the walls of a third are laid thick with beaten gold.

No man can help feeling sorry for a pretty girl who marries some other fellow while he is still in the bachelor class.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fail of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membrane when kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrofulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

LIMITED CRASHED INTO YARD ENGINE

Continued from page 1.

engine and partly forced into the ground.

"Who is to blame for the accident?" was asked a local railway man.

"The yardmaster should not have allowed the yard engine out onto the main track," was the reply.

Baggageman Caufield, of London, was alone in the baggage and mail car, and had a miraculous escape from death, the shower of heavy debris falling about him, but he did not received as much as a pin-scratch.

Engineer Crouch says: "I cannot account for the accident in any other way than that it was a mistaken idea as to when we would make Windsor. We were twenty-five minutes late leaving London, and I understand the yard crew knew of this fact. This accounts for their being on the track. But we made up that time coming over, so that we were just about on time entering Windsor. When we came through Walkerville the semaphore was down, telling us that all was clear."

Crouch has a nasty scalp wound and his face is bruised. His fireman, Oliver, has a bad cut at the base of his nose, his face is bruised and he complains of a pain in the back. The crew of the yard engine are Windsor men. Crouch and Oliver expect to return to London today.

BUILT OVER HIS MINES

Cobalt Prospector Warns Householders Against Being Undermined.

Cobalt, Aug. 18.—W. G. Trethaway, owner of the New Ontario mine, today warned all those who have buildings or foundations on his property that they will be subject to his mining rights, and that, in consequence, they will be subject at any time to such damages as may result from the prosecution of his work in prospecting and mining.

Nearly all the buildings in town are on his claims.

As soon as the auction sale starts Mr. Trethaway proposes to issue a general warning to prospective purchasers, pointing out the risk they run in buying lots.

His action has caused somewhat of a panic among the people, and developments at the sale are awaited with considerable interest.

A conference may be held between Mr. Trethaway and the commissioners and the matter arranged.

SCORES THE "NICE BOY"

Declares the "Rough House" Lad Will Make Best Citizen.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—"Little Lord Fauntleroy is a misconcelt. He is not the ideal boy."

Judge W. H. McEwen of the Juvenile Court made this statement last night in a speech at a banquet of the Columbia Yacht Club at the Palmer House, in which he scored the "nice little boy" as the future degenerate and a dangerous criminal.

"The 'rough-house' boy—the boy who is occasionally before the court for a deed of violence—under proper restraint will make in the future a good citizen," he said. "It is generally the desire of parents to have their children what is commonly known as 'nice boys.' It has been my experience that these nice boys do not amount to much.

"The boy with the feminine instincts is a coward, generally, and in his development along these lines lies one of the most dangerous elements to the country. The rough, rugged boy, the boy who will fight, if he is kept under restraint, will become the citizen upon whom the country can depend. He will become the manly citizen.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy has been held up as an example to the boys of the country, and he exemplifies some modern ideas in regard to the rearing of children. He is not the kind of an example that should be held up to a boy. Outdoor sports should be encouraged. They tend to make boys rugged, manly and healthful. These are the boys that are the hope of the country. There is altogether too little opportunity for boys in a big city to participate in these outdoor sports, and they should be encouraged."

Judge McEwen took the healthfulness that comes from yachting as the basis of his talk.

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR WOMEN

Dame Bradette Cured of All Her Pains by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Years Before She Found Quick Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Rose du Degele, Temiscouata Co., Que., Aug. 18. — Suffering women all over Canada will read with feelings of interest and relief the experience of Dame Amedee Bradette, of this place.

"It gives me pleasure to be able to tell," says Dame Bradette, "that I am cured of all the ills I suffered for a number of years. I found in Dodd's Kidney Pills quick relief from all my pains. I had only to take one box to bring back my health, and in five months I have had no return of my trouble."

Those troubles known only to women always spring from disordered Kidneys. The female organs are entirely dependent on the Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the Kidneys. That is why they always bring health, strength and cheerfulness to weak, run-down, suffering women.

Ladies' White Nightgowns, 45 cents. **WOODS' FAIR** See our line of Cushion Tops.

A splendid showing of Chinese Lanterns for parties, etc., 50c per dozen. Also a big range of Flags at special prices.

Special Prices in Suit Cases.

25 only, Suit Cases, made of fine fiber material, with leather handle, and three straps, value $2 50; sale price $1 50
Also our $1 00 Telescope Case for 45c

Express Wagons, with iron axle, and bicycle wheels, sale price, $1 45, $1 65, $2 00 and $2 35
Iron Box Wagons, with bicycle wheels and iron axle. Sale price, $2 00 and $2 50
Children's Rocking Chairs, sale price 35c
Children's Rattan Rockers, at special prices.
Child's High Chairs, with rattan bottom, nicely finished, with platform front, sale price $1 75
A complete line of Baby Carriages from $9 50 to $22 00

Ladies' Summer Vests, 3 for 25c. **WOODS' FAIR** Visit our Candy Department.



$10.50.

A Pretty Sideboard

Will add greatly to the appearance of a dining-room. It will make a rather plain room attractive.

For this week only we will sell this regular $14.00 Sideboard for $10.50. If you haven't seen our stock it will pay you to look at it.

The Ontario Furiture Co., 228-230 Dundas St.

TELEPHONE TALKS.

TO TELEPHONE USERS AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC,—

Those who formulated the basis of the investigation by the Parliamentary Special Committee assumed as an indisputable fact that the enormous development of telephone service in the United States during the past ten years was due to the efforts of the Independent Telephone organizations. The statistics employed were from the most populous States in the Union compiled four years ago by people who were interested in competing Companies and prepared especially for the promotion of that movement.

The figures given do not represent present conditions. Many of the Companies referred to have since failed, others have been absorbed by the American Bell Telephone Company systems and the great majority of those which still survive have been endeavoring to increase their rates in order to maintain an existence. It is admitted that most of these Companies have been living upon capital and the inevitable result is now being realized. Scarcely a day passes but the press chronicles the disappearance of one or more Independent Telephone Companies in the United States. Millions of dollars have been lost through such failures and as was admitted in the statement presented to the Committee, hundreds of these Companies are now being driven into amalgamation and re-organization for self preservation.

The comparison of telephone development in the populous States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, with sparsely settled Canadian Provinces was manifestly unfair.

But if the comparison had been fairly made it would not have been disparaging to Canada and the enterprise of Canadian Companies.

The official reports of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada show that the number of Exchange subscribers has doubled in the past five years, while the mileage of the Long Distance Lines has also been very nearly doubled in the same time. It cannot be said that this record development was under the stimulus of competition.

The Company has this season thirty-six gangs of men employed in construction outside the Cities and Towns. Thirteen of these gangs are building Rural Lines. Nearly five hundred subscribers are being added weekly to the service. The Company's factories are just now being doubled in capacity and every provision is being made to keep pace with the demands of our growing country. This policy will energetically maintained until every person in the territory in which we operate, who requires a Telephone, will be supplied with good service at a reasonable charge.

We assert with some national pride and satisfaction that no Telephone Company on this continent is increasing its service more rapidly in proportion to its available field than we are doing in Canada.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA.



NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The ORIGINAL remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ."

The Rabbit and the Guinea-Pig

Prof. Unna, the world's greatest dermatologist (ask your doctor about him), was the first to discover the microbic and contagious nature of true dandruff. His discovery was verified by Dr. Sabourand, of Paris, who denuded a rabbit with human dandruff flakes. Also by Lassar and Bishop, who took dandruff scales from a student who was losing his hair, and having made a pomade of them with vaseline, rubbed the same upon a guinea pig, and the pig became bald. Newbro's Herpicide is the original dandruff germ destroyer. It kills the microbic growth and permits the hair to grow as nature intended. A wonderful hair-saver. A delightful dressing. Stops itching instantly.

Drug Stores, $1. Send 10c. stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich., for a sample

C. McCALLUM & CO., Special Agents. Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.

Moral suasion is all right in its way, but there are times when it should be

It is a great economy to smoke cigars and feel the habit is so expensive you

Be Regular

In your habits. Save a definite sum every week. Place it with the

DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society,

which pays 3 per cent interest compounded semi-annually on savings accounts. A dollar deposited today will open an account.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager.

1 Masonic Temple, London.

Of Interest to Farmers

The price for live hogs, delivered at the factory, in London Junction, on Monday and Tuesday mornings next:

Singers, 160 to 210 lbs, per cwt.....$6 75
Heavy and light, per cwt..... 6 50

THE CANADIAN PACKING CO.
LONDON JUNCTION.

TODAY'S MARKETS

Other quotations on page 5.

LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Aug. 19.

There was a large attendance at the market today. The smaller lines were well represented. There seemed to be a good demand for all of the offerings excepting for a few classes of vegetables. There was not much change in prices.

Grain—About 15 loads of oats were offered. Among that number there were four loads of new oats, which sold at 98c to $1 per cwt. The old oats sold at $1 22 to $1 25 per cwt. Barley sold at 95c per cwt and wheat at 75c per bu.

Hay and Straw—A few loads of hay which had been bargained for on the previous day sold at $7 50 and $8 per ton. Straw is lower in price and may now be had at $5 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was just a trifle firmer. This may be attributed to several causes. The high prices of cheese and the brisk demand in English markets are the principal reasons why butter is firm in price on this market. Nearly all of the crocks offered today sold at 20c per lb wholesale; for pound rolls 21c and occasionally 22c was paid by the basket lot. In the dairy hall 24c and 25c was asked for pound rolls. Eggs seemed to be plentiful, most of the sales being made at 16c per dozen wholesale.

Poultry — There was a fair supply offered. The following prices were most frequently paid: Spring chickens, live, 45c to 60c per pair, according to size; and 50c to 80c per pair dressed. Ducks (dressed) were sold at 75c to $1 per pair or 65c to 80c per pair alive.

Vegetables and Roots—Potatoes were in large supply. Sales were on the slow side and prices were lower at 50c to 60c per bushel. Tomatoes were in good demand at 35c to 45c per 20-pound basket. Celery was plentiful at 35c to 40c per dozen. Peas, 12c per quart. Pickling Onions, 8c per quart, large onions sold at 80c to 90c per bushel. Cucumbers were a drug at 5c to 15c per dozen for large ones, and 20 cents per 100 for small.

Fruits—Apples sold well at $1 and $1 25 per bushel. Plums were in fair demand at 50c to 60c per 12-qt. basket. Peaches were a trifle easier at 40c to 65c per 12-quart basket, the latter price was paid for freestone peaches. Black currants and blueberries sold at $1 25 per 12-quart basket. Thimbleberries at 9c to 10c per box.

Dressed Hogs—Only a few were offered, and they brought $9 per cwt.

Live Hogs—The prices for Monday have been reduced from $7 per cwt. to $6 75 per cwt., for selects. Prices are expected to go lower. Small pigs sold mostly at $5 50 and $6 per pair, for pigs 6 to 8 weeks old; larger ones went at $9 and $10 per pair.

Honey—The demand is on the increase, as large shipments have been made from here to Winnipeg and Toronto; sales were made on the local market today at 8½c to 9c per pound, for strained, and $1 30 per dozen, for honey in the comb.

Butchers' Meat—Beef sold today at $5 to $6 50 per cwt. Veal was in demand at $6 50 to $8 per cwt. Lamb sold mostly at 12½c per pound by the carcass. Sales for meat was on the slow side.

GRAIN, PER CENTAL.

Wheat	$1 25	@	$1 25
Oats, old	1 23	@	1 25
Oats, new	98	@	1 00
Corn	99	@	1 00
Barley	92	@	95
Rye	90	@	1 00
Buckwheat	1 00	@	1 00
Peas	1 00	@	1 50

GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.

Wheat	75	@	75
Oats, old	41½	@	42 2-10
Oats, new	33	@	34
Corn	51	@	56
Barley	43½	@	44
Rye	54	@	55
Buckwheat	52	@	53
Peas	89	@	90

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, per ton	7 50	@	8 00
Straw, per ton	5 75	@	6 00
Straw, per load	3 00	@	3 50

POULTRY, ALIVE.

Spring chickens	40	@	50
Old hens, pair	70	@	90
Ducks, per pair	80	@	1 00
Turkeys, per lb	10	@	10
Chickens, per lb	9	@	10
Heas, per lb	10	@	10
Ducks, per lb	8	@	8

POULTRY, DRESSED.

Old hens, pair	70	@	90
Spring chickens, pair	50	@	80
Ducks, per pair	80	@	1 00
Turkeys, per lb	12	@	12
Geese, each	80	@	1 25
Hens, per lb	7	@	8
Chickens, per lb	10½	@	11
Ducks, per lb	10	@	12
Geese, per lb	10	@	11

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs, selects, cwt	6 75	@	6 75
Pigs, per pair	6 00	@	9 00
Sows, per cwt	3 50	@	4 00
Stags, per cwt	1 50	@	2 00
Grass cattle, cwt	4 50	@	4 90
Export cattle, cwt	4 50	@	4 70

BUTCHERS' MEATS.

Dressed hogs, cwt	9 00	@	9 00
Beef, per cwt	5 00	@	6 50
Lambs, yearlings, cwt	11 00	@	11 00
Lambs, each	5 00	@	6 00
Veal, cwt	7 00	@	8 00

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, per bu	50	@	60
Beans, per quart	3	@	3
Tomatoes, 20-lb basket	35	@	45
Cauliflowers, per doz	75	@	90
Green onions, per doz	20	@	25
Lettuce, per doz	30	@	30
Radishes, per doz	20	@	25
Asparagus, per doz	40	@	40
Sage, per doz	25	@	25
Savory, per doz	25	@	25
Beets, per doz	20	@	20
Carrots, per doz	20	@	25
New cabbages, per doz	25	@	40
Cucumbers, per doz	10	@	15
Onions, per bu	80	@	1 00
Turnips, per bu	30	@	35
Corn, per doz	7	@	8
Red peppers, doz	8	@	10
Squash, per doz	50	@	80
Parsnips, per bu	30	@	35

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter store lots, lb	19	@	19
Butter, crocks	20	@	21
Butter, rolls	21	@	22
Butter, creamery	24	@	24
Eggs, doz., wholesale	16	@	16½
Eggs, doz., retail	17	@	18
Honey, strained, lb	8	@	9
Honey, comb	12	@	13

FRUITS.

Black currants, per box	12	@	12
Red raspberries, per box	10	@	12
Gooseberries, per quart	7	@	8
Thimbleberries, per box	8	@	10
Apples, per bu	1 00	@	1 00
Apples, per peck	25	@	35
Plums, 12-quart basket	40	@	60
Peaches, 12-quart basket	35	@	50
Pears, per peck	25	@	40

WOOL, HIDES, TALLOW.

Wool, washed, lb	24	@	26
Wool, unwashed, lb	16	@	17
Hides, No. 1, per lb	8½	@	8½
Hides, No. 2 per lb	7½	@	7½
Hides, No. 3, per lb	6½	@	6½
Tallow, rendered, lb	4	@	4½
Tallow, rough, lb	2½	@	3
Sheepskins, each	60	@	65

FLAVELLES, LIMITED.
WHOLESALE PRODUCE.
Specialties: Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry.
564 BATHURST STREET.—'PHONES 982 AND 1318.

STOCK MARKETS.

H. C. Becher, stock broker, next Free Press building, received the following by private wire from Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington today:

New York, Aug. 19—Close.—After the publication of the bank statement the stock market enjoyed a material and substantial rally, as the figures of that document made a less unfavorable exhibit than had been expected. It must be remembered, however, that the currency shipments to the interior do not figure in full in the bank statement, as the banks really lost more than $6,000,000 in actual cash, while the bank statement showed a loss of only $3,000,000. The discrepancy is likely to be corrected in next week's statement. Now that the crop movement shipments have begun, it is hard to see how more active money market conditions can be escaped, as surplus reserves are now down to only $9,355,000. In the early part of the day the market was extremely dull ,and generally speaking this morning peace news was rather disturbing, although a favorable construction was placed upon Baron Rosen's visit to the President at Oyster Bay. In fact, the advance was in part discounting of some favorable announcement when the peace commissioners meet again next week. Monday's market will be apt to be strongly influenced by the developments in this connection, and also by what takes place in the money market on that day. Broadly speaking, the majority of opinion favors a resumption of the advance in prices next week.

NEW YORK.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, for The Advertiser.

New York, Aug. 19.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Amal. Copper	85	85⅞	85	85⅜
American Sugar	144½	144½	144¼	144¼
Amer. Locomotive	53¾	54⅜	53⅜	54⅜
Amer. Foundry	37⅜	37⅜	37⅜	37⅜
American Refining	128	128¾	128	128¼
Atchison, com	89⅝	90	89⅜	90
Baltimore & Ohio	112¼	113¼	113	113½
Brooklyn Transit	69⅜	69¾	69¼	69⅝
C. P. R.	159	160	158¾	160
Ches. & Ohio	56½	57	56¼	56⅜
Chicago G. Western	22	22¼	21¾	22
Col. Fuel & Iron	46¾	47	46½	47
Delaware & Hudson	210¾	212	210¾	212
Erie	48¼	48⅜	48	48¼
Erie, pfd.	84	84¼	84	84¼
Illinois Central	176⅝	177¼	176¼	177
Kan. & Tex., com	22¼	22¼	22⅛	22⅛
Kan. & Tex., pfd	70¼	70¼	70	70
Louisville & Nash	149¾	149¾	149¼	149¾
Metropolitan St. Ry.	126	126¼	125¾	126¼
Met. Securities	89⅝	89⅝	89⅜	89⅜
Mexican Central	24	24	23⅞	23⅞
Missouri Pacific	106¾	107¼	106	107¼
N. Y. Central	154¼	155	154⅜	155
Norfolk & Western	85¼	85⅝	85¼	85⅝
Ontario & Western	54⅜	55¼	54¼	55¼
Pacific Mail S. S.	44½	44¼	44	44
Pennsylvania	145	145¼	144⅝	145¼
People's Gas	104¾	105	104⅝	104⅝
Reading	119	119⅝	118¾	119⅜
Republic I. & S.	21¼	21¾	21⅜	21⅝
Rock Island	23½	24	23½	24
Southern Railway	24⅞	25⅝	24⅞	25⅝
Southern Pacific	67¼	67⅜	66⅞	67
St. Paul	184½	185¼	184¼	185¼
Texas	26	26¼	26¼	26¼
Tenn. Coal & Iron	60¼	60⅜	60¼	60¼
Union Pacific	135½	136	135⅛	136
U. S. Rubber	52	..	..	..
U. S. Steel	26⅜	26⅝	26¼	26⅝
U. S. Steel, pfd	102⅞	104¼	102⅞	104¼
Wabash, com	21	21½	21	21½
Western Union Tel	89⅜	..	..	..
Wisconsin Central	30⅜	31⅝	29¾	31⅜
Wis. Central, pfd	60	..	..	..

Marconi Wireless Stock

Now is the time to buy on easy payment plan. We will be pleased to explain it to you. Call or write. Dominion Investment Company, Bank Toronto Chambers, London, Ont. 'Phone Two Thousand. Open evenings. b

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, for The Advertiser.

Chicago, Aug. 19.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
September	$ 81⅝	81⅝	80¾	80¾
December	83	83½	82⅛	82⅛
Corn—				
September	53½	53½	53¼	53½
December	44¾	44⅝	44⅛	44⅛
Oats—				
September	26	26	25¾	25¾
December	26⅞	27	26¾	26¾
Pork—				
September	14 10	14 20	14 05	14 05
October	14 20	14 25	14 12	14 15
Lard—				
September	7 67	7 72	7 67	7 70
October	7 80	....	....	....
Short Ribs—				
September	8 70	8 72	8 70	8 70
October	8 77	8 80	8 77	8 77

N. S. WILLIAMS, Broker
113 MASONIC TEMPLE.
Correspondent W. F. DEVER & CO. (established 1890). Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Cotton bought and sold for cash or on margin. 'Phone 1,113.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, Aug. 19.—Wheat—Spot nominal. Futures quiet; September, 6s 8¼d; December, 6s 7⅛d.

Corn—Spot steady; American mixed, 4s 11d. Futures dull; September, 4s 9⅝d; December, 4s 8⅝d; January, 4s 3½d.

Peas—Canadian steady, 6s 4d.

Flour—St. Louis fancy winter steady, 5s 6d.

Hops (in London)—Pacific coast easy, £4 10s to £5 5s.

Beef—Quiet; extra India mess, 80s.

Bacon—Cumberland cut, 26 to 30 lbs, steady, 47s 9d; short ribs, 16 to 24 lbs, firm, 51s; long clear middles, light, 28 to 34 lbs, firm, 48s; long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs, firm, 47s 6d; short clear backs, 16 to 20 lbs, steady, 45s; clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs, strong, 48s 6d; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs, firm, 34s 6d.

Pork—Steady; prime mess western, 66s 3d.

Hams—Short cut, 14 to 16 lbs, steady, 47s.

Lard—Prime western, in tierces, firm, 39s; American refined, in pails, steady, 40s.

Butter—Nominal; good United States, 85s.

Cheese—Steady; American finest white, 52s; do. colored, 53s.

Tallow—Prime city quiet, 22s 6d; Australian (in London) strong, 27s 3d.

Turpentine Spirits—44s 9d.

Rosin—Common steady, 9s 6d.

Petroleum—Refined quiet, 6d.

Linseed Oil—Quiet, 19s 9d.

Cottonseed Oil (Hull refined)—Spot firm, 17s 9d.

WHEAT AND STOCK.

Quotations from Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington, members New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade, etc.

H. C. BECHER.
Bond and Stock Broker. Free Press Bldg.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, Aug. 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 150 head; good steady, common slow; prime steers, $5 25 to $5 60; shipping steers, $4 50 to $5 25; butchers, $4 to $4 85; heifers, $3 25 to $4 65; cows, $2 75 to $4 25; bulls, $2 50 to $3 75; stockers and feeders $2 50 to $4; stock heifers, $2 50 to $3. Veals—Receipts, 175 head; active, 25c lower, $5 50 to $8.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,400 head; slow, shade lower; heavy, $6 45 to $6 55; mixed and Yorkers, $6 50 to $6 60; pigs, $6 40 to $6 50; roughs, $5 30 to $5 60; stags, $3 50 to $4 25; dairies and grassers, $6 to $6 40.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 600 head; active; lambs 25c higher others steady; lambs, $5 75 to $8; yearlings $5 75 to $6; wethers, $5 to $5 50; ewes, $4 25 to $4 50; sheep, mixed, $2 50 to $4 75.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 600 head; steady; good to prime steers, $5 50 to $6 10; poor to medium, $4 to $5 25; stockers and feeders, $2 25 to $4 25; cows, $2 25 to $4 50; heifers, $2 20 to $4 75; canners, $1 25 to $3 10; bulls, $2 to $3 85; calves, $3 to $7; Texast-fed steers, $3 50 to $4 75; western steers, $3 50 to $4 80.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; steady to 5c lower; mixed and butchers, $5 80 to $6 35; good to choice heavy, $6 10 to $6 30; rough heavy, $5 75 to $6; light, $5 90 to $6 35; bulk of sales at $6 to $6 25.

Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; market was steady; good to choice wethers, $5 to $5 50; fair to choice mixed, $4 50 to $4 85; native lambs, $5 50 to $8.

HARVEY DEAL AGAIN BEFORE COUNCIL

Bylaw for Sale of City Street May Meet Its Waterloo on This Occasion.

From all standpoints Monday night's meeting of the city council should prove one of great interest.

The naming of delegates to attend the Ontario Municipal Convention in Toronto, the settling up of some matters with the London Street Railway Company in regard to the extensions on the Hamilton road and the Wortley road, which must be completed this fall, and the usual discussions over minor matters, will serve to keep the aldermen busy.

It is understood that the deal for the strip of Talbot street, between Oxford and Sydenham, which Mr. Alex. Harvey proposes to buy, will also come up for discussion again, and a strong fight to have the bylaw knocked out will be put up.

For years Mr. Harvey has sought to buy this piece of land, which fronts his property. At last the city put a price of $1 a foot for the 622 feet involved, and Mr. Harvey accepted. But the bylaw has never passed the council, and it is said now that the chances are 10 to 1 against it.

Since the council decided to sell, Huron College, as well as a number of prominent citizens, who reside in the locality, have raised objections, and several of the aldermen have pledged themselves to do all in their power to block the sale. Some of these aldermen have fought the deal all along on the ground that the city should not sell a street or a portion of a street to anyone.

Monday night, when the bylaw comes up, the matter will be decided.

Contractor Ben Hole, in speaking of the gravel which is being removed from Talbot street, and which Ald. Wyatt maintains should be used in the concrete for the new pavement, said today that the old gravel would never do. Four years ago he had a contract in Chatham, and the city compelled him to use the old gravel. He found by experience then that the cement would not adhere to the old gravel, the stones of which were covered with dirt, and the result was that much of the foundation of the pavement was spoiled.

He says that in order to use the Talbot street gravel for concrete it would have to be cleaned, and this would cost more than the gravel would be worth to the city.

One of the aldermen who signed the petition to have Ald. Saunders attend the convention of the fire chiefs of America at Duluth, stated today that the reason he had signed for Ald. Saunders was, that as the aldermen is a carriagemaker, and an all-round, practical man, he was just the man to send to Duluth with Chief Clark, as all sorts of equipment for fire departments will be exhibited there, and Ald. Saunders' practical knowledge will be invaluable in looking them over with a view to securing the best possible for London when this city is in the purchasing market.

The row that is being raised by some of the aldermen appears somewhat small, when it is considered that at least some of those who were doing the shouting have spent the city's money on deputations this year.

It's surprising what a number of practical things are impracticable when you try them.

To Wearers of Trusses.

When a truss is needed we believe we can be of actual service to you. Our stock is large, and it embraces just the styles that experience has shown to be best. We know how to fit them, and we take time enough to do it rightly. Then, too, we are in position to make you the best possible prices.

STRONG'S DRUG STORE
124 DUNDAS STREET.

Must Build Extension on the Wortley Road South

London Street Railway Company Has No Alternative in the Matter.

Residents of the Wortley road, South London, as well as all the people of the extreme south end of the ward, have been considerably worked up the past few weeks, because they had heard that as the Southwestern Traction Company had decided to not come in over the Wortley road to meet the lines of the London Street Railway Company, the latter had decided to refuse to build the Wortley road extension.

The people interested at once consulted a solicitor, and they breathed easier when they found that the company is bound hand and foot, and must build the line, no matter whether the Traction Company decided to use it or to leave it alone. In fact the company must not only build the Wortley road line and have it in operation by Oct. 20 next, but it must also build a line to meet the Traction Company anywhere the latter decides to come into the city, if the traction people make the demand.

Of course, this demand is not likely to be made, as some time ago Manager Welch stated that his company had decided to come in over private property, for the very good reasons that the London Street Railway Company cannot carry freight on its lines in the city, and again that the traction cars could not be operated on the lines of the city company, the equipment being different in every particular.

It is said that at Monday night's meeting of the city council a deputation will wait on that body and will ask that the city make no compromise in this matter, and that the London Street Railway Company be compelled to build its line without delay, and have it in operation by the time stated in its agreement with the city.

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS SCARCE IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY NOWADAYS

Several Places in the Eastern Section Will Be Unfilled on Reopening Day.

"Teachers are rather scarce in the county these days, are they not?" was asked Mr. P. J. Thompson, school inspector for East Middlesex this morning.

"Decidedly so," was the reply. "There has been a scarcity of teachers for the past two years, but it is worse now than ever. The public schools of East Middlesex open on Monday for the fall term, and by all appearances several school sections will be without teachers. The trustees of two sections wrote to me during the past week, asking if I could not possibly secure teachers for their schools. I was unable to do so. Other sections have been advertising all along without success."

"How do you account for this condition of affairs?" was the next question. Mr. Thompson, who has an office in the county buildings on Ridout street, is in a position to be thoroughly conversant with public school conditions all over the county, as well as in his own district.

"Well, for one thing, the new rule whereby there is only one term a year in place of two at the local Normal School lessens the number of teachers who graduate here. Formerly, we used to have two grists of teachers a year from London to supply our schools—at Christmas and at midsummer. Now we only get one grist, namely, that at midsummer."

The inspector further explained that many teachers are going into other avocations, and the Northwest is attracting many away from Ontario.

Teachers who intend to resign from the public schools in the county do not signify to the trustees their intention of so doing until near the close of the summer holidays. Then there is a rush for new teachers, and the midsummer graduates from the local Normal School have nearly all, by that time, secured positions. If the county teachers who intend to leave would let the trustees know at the close of the spring term, the authorities would have an opportunity of bidding for Normalites as soon as these had got through their examinations."

"How about salaries?" the reporter asked. "Is it not true that they are rather too low in the county to attract teachers?"

"Well, the salaries have been going up steadily during the past couple of years, and they are bound to keep on going up."

David and Goliath in a County Magistrates Court

A Peculiar Case in Which Cousins Are at Loggerheads.

Two weeks ago George Forsythe, of Muncey, was fined $1 and costs for assaulting his cousin, David, by Squire Lacey. George was yesterday summoney to appear before Squire Edwards today on the same charge, the complainant being the same, and to stand trial once more.

It has been remarked that queer things happen in the county magistrates' courts sometimes. The above case is a record-breaker for strangeness.

The way it all came about is this: David Forsythe, who keeps a store in Caradoc, and who is a small man with sandy whiskers, came into town one fine morning with his visage rather disfigured, and told Squire Lacey that Cousin George had done it. It was a case of David and Goliath—for George is a large man with dark whiskers—only this time Goliath came out best. David said he got into a row with the other fellow, and Goliath punched him hard.

The complainant explained that he held no malice against the larger man, but that he would not feel safe until he could feel reasonably sure that the unpleasant occurrence would not happen again. He therefore swore out an information against George for common assault, and told the squire that he would like George to be bound over to keep the peace, or something that would have the same quieting effect.

On the appointed day Goliath appeared, but no David. The squire at first adjourned the case, assessing the costs of the court against David. The agreement was reached, however, that the accused man should plead guilty, pay costs of court, be fined $1, with payment suspended, and depart in peace. This was done.

It was not many days afterwards, however, that David came into the city and told the authorities that he had not been treated right. He told Crown Attorney McKillop that the reason he had not appeared on the day set for the trial was that he had not been notified.

The complainant then went to Squire Edwards and swore out a duplicate of the first information. George was then summoned to appear, and did not take to the idea kindly. His lawyer, Mr. John McEvoy, said that the action was a farce. The affair was to have been aired in the court today, and George Forsythe came into town yesterday, so as to be right on the spot.

But the case was postponed until next Friday.

MORE ASSESSORS; THE WORK BEHIND

Workings of the New Assessment Act Creates Much Extra Labor.

"The work of the offices is becoming so heavy that I think it will be absolutely necessary to appoint more assessors next year."

Mayor Campbell made this statement in the city hall today. His worship also remarked that he thought the assessing of London had now reached such proportions that Mr. Grant, the commissioner, should not be called upon to do any assessing himself.

"He should merely attend to the superintending of the work, and I think under the new law this would keep him busy," said the mayor. "He should be given more help, and the fact of the matter is he will have to have it."

It is understood that the work of the assessment office will be a month late this year owing to the increased labors thrown on the department by the workings of the new assessment act. But the best the city can do for Mr. Grant will be to get him additional clerks. Next year he will in all probability be given a couple of new assistants, and the districts which each man will have to cover will be greatly reduced.

It is said that even though Mr. Grant had more help at once he would find it impossible to secure a man at once who could take his place in the assessing of the business section, which he has assessed for years.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH PICNIC

Young People Will Spend a Happy Day on August 25th.

St. George's Church, London Township, will hold its annual picnic on Friday, Aug. 25, in Mr. William Noy's grove. Mr. Ed Flock, of this city, will act as chairman, and a good programme of sports and music will be provided.

The Twenty-sixth Regiment's orchestra is engaged for the day. Miss Estell Livingstone will give vocal numbers recitations, and Capt. Robson will sing. The day is being held under the auspices of the young people of the church.

THE FOREST CITY IS LAW-ABIDING

Its Police Force Is Efficient—The Criminal Element a Small One.

The inexorable process of law was never better illustrated than by the events of the past week. Successful crookwork was never so scarce as at the present time, and the number of men who are reaping the results of their foolhardiness is legion. The police departments neither slumber nor sleep, and it is a long road that has no policeman at the end of it. The brutal murder of the Detroit pawnbroker was soon traced home, and the criminal and the two unknown men, of whom but a vague description was given, were soon arrested and confessed the terrible deed. The police have a thousand eyes, and they are turned into the haunts of vice and crime with good results.

Our own city has reason to congratulate itself on the comparative absense of crime within our gates. With the reunion reaching the tremendous proportions that it did, it is a matter of much congratulation that no serious crime was committed. Not one successful "job" was perpetrated, though one man was relieved of a good roll of bills in a neighboring port. Three suspects were gathered in, and the detectives have succeeded in making out strong cases against the trio.

It is marvelous when you think that a man thousands of miles from his home could have his record to its most minute details spread before the gaze of the magistrate. Such is the actual case with one of the men implicated. "Texas" may break jail and wander far afield, but his capture was as certain as anything can be certain in this world. Russell could spend but a day or two in the city, pull off a few good jobs, and then pass out, but his day was coming to an end. His capture was a certainty. The way of the crook ends in the cage. There is no shadow of turning when the police and detective force get on his trail.

The attempts at highway robbery in the city were very crude, and betokened the veriest amateur. The perpetrators had neither brains nor the nerve to pull off a god job. Theirs was a bungling piece of work that must end inevitably in their speedy capture. These crimes are the only ones recorded here latterly bordering on serious criminality.

Drunkenness is, however, lamentably on the increase, and it seems as though the cigarette evil, in conjunction with the liquor evil, is causing most of the trouble. Added to this, however, is the undisputed fact of the wholesale adulteration of liquor. The stuff handed over the bar nowadays is generally veritable "lye," that has nothing to recommend it but its strength.

Other offenses do not seem to be so prevalent. There are several cases of wife-beating, and there are several convictions against a few men who practice that gentle art, so that if you deduct such convictions there will be but few new cases reported.

On the whole, London is a very law-abiding city, its police force is efficient and well-managed, and the criminal element is small.

NO OVERDRAFT FOR COUNCIL OF 1905

The Committees Are All Well Within Their Appropriations.

Up to date City Tax Collector Hays has collected about $370,000 in taxes, leaving a balance of about $150,000 to collect.

A statement prepared shows that all the committees are well within their appropriations.

No. 2 has spent $23,667 55 out of its appropriation of $41,890, while No. 3 has only got away with $26,952 out of its total of $79,020.

Of course a very large number of accounts have to be paid, but a glance ahead shows that all the committees, allowing for what is owing and also sums equal to those spent last year on various items, up to the end of the year, are much to the good.

Thus it appears that there will be no overdraft this year. If this should prove the case, it will mean the establishing of a record by Mayor Campbell, as there was a large overdraft last year.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—Everybody was good yesterday, and P. M. Love had nothing to do this morning in the Carling street court.

—A building permit has been taken out by Mr. Hendershott for a two-story brick veneer addition to his residence on Fullarton street.

—Those who wish to attend the London Model School should forward their application, before the 25th inst., to the inspector of public schools for the city of London.

—The Empire Accident and Insurance Company, the head offices of which are in this city, has organized a branch in British Columbia. Ex-Mayor Wilson and Rev. Mr. Leitch, of this city, effected the organization.

SCANDRETT—CLEMENS.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at Berlin on Tuesday last, when Fred R. Scandrett, of Montreal, formerly of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Eva Carlotta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Clemens, of Berlin.

A CATHOLIC FEAST.

Sunday the solemnity of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin will be observed in the Catholic churches of the diocese. Today being the eve of the feast, is a fast day. Bishop McEvay is in Windsor, whither he went after attending the funeral of the late Father Villeneuve, of Tecumseh. He will not arrive in London until some time next week.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

According to a special dispatch from Ottawa, an agitation has been started to have Thanksgiving Day fixed for the last Monday in October. It is claimed that this would allow persons to have three days with their families who would not be able to get home at all for Thanksgiving Day if it were held on Thursday, as has been customary. Representations have been made to the Government on the subject and they will receive due consideration.

SUMMERHOLM CONCERT

Successful Entertainment in Fraser Hall, Port Stanley Heights.

The Summerholm concert held in the Fraser Hall on Port Stanley Heights last evening was enjoyable and successful in the extreme. The attendance was large, and those in charge cleared about $40 for the benefit of the home.

Miss Annie Mattinson, contralto, of this city, who has been studying in Montreal, delighted all with her rendition of several songs. Miss Lester, who had been studying the violin in Belgium, also took part in the programme, and showed that she has gained a mastery of the difficult but sweet instrument. Miss Estelle Livingstone was the elocutionist of the evening, and no one could have been found to fill her part of the programme better. Mr. John McIntosh sang with his usual pleasing vigor.

A distinct novelty was introduced in the shape of a drama entitled "Spotless Town," based upon the well known advertisement. A number of young ladies and gentlemen took part and deserve credit for their efforts. All the well known characters of Spotless Town, (from the mayor to the policeman), were introduced by the "prologue," Mr. McIntosh. The play was unique and mirth-provoking.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss May Deacon, of South London, is visiting friends in Mitchell.

Miss Della Legarie, of Hamliton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Legarie, 177 Kent street.

Miss Derina Deacon, of South London, is spending her holidays in Alvinston and Watford.

Mrs. Wm. Whitehill and daughter Ethyle, of 376 Maitland street, have left on a visit to Toronto and other eastern points.

The Misses Annie, Hattie and Nellie Moule, of York street, are spending a few weeks' vacation with their brother, Mr. W. J. Moule, of Montreal.

Mrs. F. G. Sanderson, of Montreal, who has been visiting in London, is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Atkinson, Wells street, Toronto.

Mrs. J. E. Turton, wife of J. E. Turton, manager of the Grand Opera House here, and two sons, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. McCruden, Woodbine avenue, Toronto.

Mrs. Dorothy Taylor-Beals, contralto soloist, of New York, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Ridout street, South London, has left for the Beals country home at Richfield Springs, N. Y. Mrs. Beals has accepted several important engagements in New York, Newark and Baltimore for the early fall season.

A GOOD COMPLEXION.

What the Famous "Beauty Doctors" Say To Do.

What woman does not crave a good complexion? And what woman, whose clear, soft, delicately hued skin is the envy of all her friends, does not regard it as her dearest possession? It is very easy to have faultless skin—but it takes time and some patience. Out-door exercise, regular bathing, washing only in tepid water, regular hours for sleep and meals, will assist materially. Blood poisoning from constipation is the great cause of a bad complexion. There is only one thing which will effectually cure constipation, and that is fruit. Ripe fruit purifies the blood by acting on the skin, kidneys and liver. It causes the bowels to move, cures constipation and beautifies the complexion. An Ottawa physician has discovered a method of combining and concentrating the juices of oranges, apples, prunes and figs, and forcing in an additional atom of bitter from the orange peels—which thus makes a stronger fruit. It makes a new fruit with the fruit action intensified. The laxative fruit extract is combined with tonics and then condensed into tablets and sold under the name of "Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets." These little tablets are pleasant to take, have the mild fruit action, and will cure Constipation, Headaches, Liver and Kidney Diseases and all blood impurities. Get the genuine "Fruit-a-tives." Nothing else is "just as good," because "Fruit-a-tives" are the only tablets made of pure, fruit juices. For sale at all Druggists, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50 or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SLABS.

MIXED HARD AND SOFT WOOD

½ cord cut (16 inches) $3 00
¼ cord cut (16 inches) $1 50
Good for this weather—try it.

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'Phone 348. 19 York St.

Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted.

To suit any condition of eye.
To relieve eyestrain completely.
To straighten cross eyes.
To save wasting vitality.
Five years established here. Hundreds of cases in the city for reference.

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212 DUNDAS ST. (UPSTAIRS).

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Exclusive Materials
Best Workmanship
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Moderate Prices

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IMPORTING TAILOR.
393 RICHMOND STREET.

FOR $1.10

We have about 2 dozen express wagons with square box

Regular $1.50

Which we will close out

At $1.10

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DIRECTORS

John McClary, London	John McLean, St.

How McGraw Makes New York Giants Win Games

A Day With the Little Corporal of Baseball on the Bench.

The New York American gives the following account of a ball game, which shows how "Mugsy" McGraw, "the Little Corporal of Baseball," makes his team win:

"Get a strangle hold on this game, boys, right at the jump. Dig your toes in and go."

John J. McGraw, known everywhere as "Mugsy," and in many places as the "Little Corporal," world-famous manager of the New York Giants, was giving to his men his "pre-battle" talk.

He sat on the bench with them just before they jumped into the second game with the Chicago Cubs. As he talked he made the forefinger of his right hand jump up and down like the baton of a band leader.

In this small man is wound up enough nerve to wire throughout almost a dozen of the ordinary individuals one meets on the street in the course of a day's walk.

All that part of him that isn't brawn is nerve. True, there is not enough brawn to make a very fearsome aspect, but they say that when it lights upon one spot there is enough of it to be felt.

To watch McGraw directing the work of his great baseball club is enough to make it certain in the brain of the baseball expert and the layman as well that McGraw is the one who wins baseball games for the Giants.

He is the most talked about baseball manager in the country today. And he is probably the most terribly censured baseball manager in the country also.

McGRAW A "BRUISER."

In baseball McGraw may be called rightfully a "bruiser." He is the "bruiser" of the National League and he has about all of the other managers in the entire organization backing up from the bluffs he has thrown which they have failed to call.

At home a "bruiser" is the goods. He has all sorts of honors showered upon him by the fellows who admire that kind of work and by a whole lot who do but who tell you they don't. If the "bruiser" keeps his "bruisers" off the home people and just uses them to wallop the strangers he's always sure of three squares and a bunch of heart handshakes.

This epitomizes the existence of McGraw pretty well. At home he's the hero of Greater New York and practically all of the State. A slur cast upon the manager of the New York Giants is sufficient to secure for yourself a pair of very black shanties—one over each eye.

But away from New York McGraw is the most intensely hated manager that steps upon a foreign diamond.

Why is he hated? Because he's a fighter—a "bruiser," and because he goes away from New York to bruise other fellows.

Managing a baseball team is a mighty strenuous occupation. Managing a team as McGraw manages one is a positive revelation to one who desn't know the inside workings of such an important position.

"Foxy — wise — crafty — cunning" — all these things come up in one's thoughts as he watches the maneuvers of McGraw on the ball field when a game is close and when it must be won.

As the big bell which brought the team together in actual conflict clanged McGraw was just finishing his "pre-battle" talk. That's what he calls it.

"You've got a mut up against you today, boys," he said, pointing his finger at Pitcher Weimer, who was making his way to the pitcher's box.

"Browne, you're it first. You know what to do. Get into 'em. Get into 'em. Let's go home with this and all of the rest."

McGraw's nervous energy shot from his finger tips. It bubbled up out of him and was scattered to every player.

By this time all of the Chicago players had scattered to their positions and it was time for the game to be on. Browne was at the plate.

McGraw still sat on the bench watching every motion of the batter. A grounder shot to Tinker and Browne was thrown out at first.

Suddenly Donlin, the second batter, lifted the ball far up for a two-bagger.

Like a flash McGraw was on his feet. He didn't hear the crowd. He didn't see anything but Donlin.

"A hit from you, McGann," he yelled as he hurried to the coacher's box near third base.

HE CAN COACH.

McGann walked to the plate. McGraw kept up a constant flow of talk directed at Donlin.

"Away off—lead away off, Mike," he shouted. "Down, down this way. Come on. Now back—get back. Come on again—now tear for home. Go on. Go on. I'm lookin'. It's a single. Get to the plate. Don't stop. Go on!"

McGann had singled after Donlin had reached third on a wild pitch and the fore-going were the shouts which broke from the little manager.

As he knelt near the third box every motion of his was a signal. What a wonderful code this New York team must work in every game! McGraw touched the visor of his cap; he pulled it slightly to one side; he knelt down on the right knee and then on the left; then he knelt on both knees; he snapped his fingers; he picked his teeth with a grass blade; he arose and put his hands upon his knees; he took one hand off and then he took the other off. Each was a signal for something.

His signals were more numerous than those of an American admiral.

New York's run in and it was Chicago's turn to bat. "Dummy" Taylor was pitching. Slagle hit the ball safely. Maloney struck out. The expression in the manager's face was a dot softer. Suddenly Taylor let loose of the ball and a wild pitch let Slagle reach third.

Signals flashed from McGraw to Taylor faster than the aerograms to the City of Traverse. Taylor looked and his face grew serious. He was absorbing a lecture while he was working.

Chance cracked the ball far over Donlin's head. It was a three-bagger. Slagle had scored. In a twinkling McGraw saw taht Chance was eager to turn his hit into a home run.

Raising his voice he shouted: "Come on! Come on! Come on!" when he saw the hit was too short for a home run.

That shout was heard above everything else. Maybe Chance thought it was the call of his own coacher. Anyway he tried to make home base—and failed.

A devilish laugh leaped up from McGraw. Perhaps he had helped put the opposing manager out.

Tinker got around to third and reached home on a tight play. Bresnahan did not put the ball on the sliding runner.

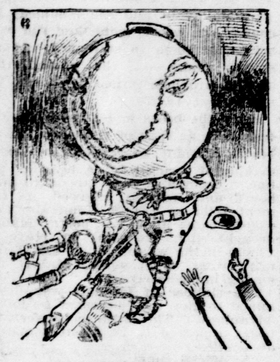
"Stab lower, Roger, stab lower the next time!" was the fierce shout from McGraw.

BRESNAHAN MADE GOOD.

A moment later Bresnahan had another try. "Get this one, now, get this one

THE
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LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Sceli's mill at Brinsley, on the fourth concession of McGillivray, was destroyed by fire the other morning. Loss $6,000.

—Miss Beatrice Hunt, of this city, will sing a solo at the union service in the Presbyterian Church in Tillsonburg Sunday morning.

—The Misses Bessie and Flossie Goodwin of this city will leave for the west this evening to visit relatives in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

—At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the firemen were called to a grass fire on Nelson street, along the line of the Pere Marquette. There was no damage.

—The wedding took place in this city on Wednesday of Miss Marian Traxler, of London, to Mr. William McMillan, of Wallaceburg. Rev. W. J. Clark performed the ceremony.

—Mr. John Williams, of this city, and Miss May Lang, of St. Thomas, were united in marriage on Wednesday at the residence of the officiating minister, James Egbert, pastor of the Church of Christ, St. Thomas.

—On Sunday, Aug. 27, Rev. Cecil Orme, formerly pastor of the Memorial Church, but now of Vancouver, will conduct the services in the Memorial. He will stop over in London while on his way to the synod meeting in Montreal.

—Mr. Thomas R. Parker, who recently spent some time in Cuba, will arrive in London in a few days, when he will be pleased to meet any persons interested in the island whose resources are being so rapidly developed. Since arriving in Canada Mr. Parker spent some time in Toronto. Before coming to London he is to pay a visit to Montreal.

GIRL BREAKS ARM.

Hazel Worrall, the five-eyear-old daughter of Mr. J. H. Worrall, of Victoria street, fell off the front porch of her home yesterday and fractured a couple of bones in her arm. A physician dressed the injury, and the little girl will be about again in a couple of weeks.

WOODTURNERS FOR PARADE.

Mr. H. Drayton is anxious that the woodturners should take part in the Labor Day parade, and he invites them to correspond with him with a view of organizing for the procession. A postcard in care of Walter Stokes, Richmond street south, will find him. Let the turners get together and make the parade a hummer.

A NEW SKYLIGHT.

The interior of the public library is not very inviting these days on account of the alterations which are being made. In order to have more light thrown upon the circulating desk, a new skylight is being put in just above it. It will be a great improvement.

Librarian Blackwell is back at his duties again after an illness of a couple of weeks.

LAMBETH RESIDENT DEAD.

Richard Robinson, one of the oldest residents of Lambeth, died at his home there yesterday morning. He was born in Ireland 75 years ago, but had lived in Canada for 73 years. He is survived by a wife and four children: Edward and William, of Lambeth; Mrs. J. C. Stoneman, of Hensall; and Mrs. Jas. Lacey, of New York. The funeral takes place this afternoon from his late residence. Rev. Mr. Harris, of Lambeth Methodist Church, will officiate.

WOUND UP BUSINESS.

The London Old Boys of Woodstock met on Thursday night and straightened up all matters in connection with the reunion. The report of the secretary-treasurer, A. C. Stewart, showed the finances to be in a most satisfactory condition, a balance in the bank being to the credit of the association after all expenses were paid. The president, W. H. Elsie, expressed his appreciation of the existing state of affairs. The committees had all worked well, and everyone had done his part. Especially did W. A. Manson deserve praise for his untiring efforts in behalf of the association. The idea of holding an annual banquet was discussed, but no definite action was taken, though the matter will take shape later on.

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age does not affect it. It will be as good in ten years from now as the day you bought it. We have an agreeable way of doing business here, and if you buy a piano, make terms as easy as you wish.
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Worth Remembering.
THE CANADIAN has a reserve fund equal to 42% of its capital.
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THE CANADIAN gives absolute security to depositors.
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daughter of Mr. Frank Cooper, the well-known photographer of this city. Miss Cooper is at present fulfilling an engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Poland Springs. "One of the most delightful surprises, was that experienced Thursday evening, when Miss Gertrude Ysolde Coper sang the waltz song from Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, in the Music Hall. Miss Cooper, who is at this time a guest of the Poland Spring House, is a candidate for grand opera in the very near future. Her rendering of this charming and difficult selection was delightful, her voice being full, rich and confident, and more qualified for a large auditorium than the confines of a hall of this type. The applause that followed her singing was most enthusiastic and genuine, when Miss Cooper responded with "The Year's at the Spring" by Mrs. Beach, also delightfully given. Miss Cooper may congratulate herself upon her unquestionable and perfect success."

Smart, up-to-date rubber tire traps. Hueston's Liveries, Phone 441 or 423.

FIRE FOLLOWED EXPLOSION

Fred Tolton Injured and His Shop Slightly Damaged.

The exploding of a vulcanizer with which he was working set fire to the shop of Fred Tolton, bicycle repairer, at 529 Richmond street, yesterday afternoon about five o'clock. The firemen arrived on the scene promptly and the blaze was overcome with a few pails of water. Tolton was slightly burned and the shop was damaged somewhat.

Equaled by few, excelled by none. Rajah cigar, 10c. ywt

COLDHAM—PRING

Quiet Home Wedding Performed by Rev. W. G. H. McAlister.

A quiet home wedding was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Pring, 890 Dufferin avenue, when her daughter, Miss Isabel, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank H. Coldham, by Rev. W. G. H. McAlister. The bride wore a beautiful gown of cream crepe de chine, with chiffon and applique trimmings. Her only ornament was a pearl and garnet pin, the gift of the groom. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lilian, who wore blue Sicilian. Mr. Joseph Pring, brother of the bride, was groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Coldham will reside in their new home on Askin street.

THOUGHT HIM DEAD

But Brother Walked in and Surprised His Sister After Long Absence.

Mr. Thomas J. Head, an old Seaforth boy, is here on a visit to his sister, Miss Jennie Head, of South London. Mr. Head left home many years ago to seek his fortune in the far west, and like many others, was a poor correspondent, and his sister had not heard from him for some five years. He walked in on her the other evening without any warning and her surprise and joy at seeing the brother that she had long thought dead, can be better imagined than described. Mr. Head has been in Alaska and its gold mines for the last eight years, and fortune has been more

COOPER WANTS Y. W. C. A. TAXED

Does Not Like the Remission Bill—No. 1 Favors the Traction Co.

Whether the Y. W. C. A. is or is not a charitable institution was debated by Ald. Cooper and Greenlees at a meeting of No. 1 committee yesterday, afternoon, the former taking the negative and the latter the affirmative end of the argument. The reason for the discussion was the private bill which has been passed by the Legislature exempting the Y. M. C. A. from taxes except on its local improvements. Application was therefore made by the Y. W. C. A. for this remission.

No. 1 decided that it was within its power not to grant the remission until next year, since the act might reasonably be taken as not applying this year. Ald. Cooper advised that no action be taken until next year. He said that the bill would not have passed if the council had sent someone to the Legislature to oppose the arguments of Mr. Fraser, who represented the Y. W. C. A.

"It is a money-making concern," continued the alderman, "not a charitable institution at all. It is a boarding house and a private school, too."

Ald. Greenlees said that if the Y. W. C. A. did make any money it was all applied for charitable purposes. He therefore moved that the taxes be remitted, as directed in the act. Ald. Carson voted with him and the motion carried.

The amount of taxes remitted will be $409 66. The local improvement rates must still be paid.

The letter from Manager Carr, of the street railway, to the council, asking that the Southwestern Traction Company be restrained from building their lines along city streets, was referred to a committee of Ald. Greenlees and the city solicitor.

Ald. Stevely remarked that the new company's charter gives them the right to cross streets, and he understood that otherwise they were building over private property.

Ald. Greenlees remarked that the London street railway would do all in their power to hinder the new line, and that he was disposed therefore to favor it.

Ald. Greenlees and the solicitor will report to the council at its first meeting.

An invitation was received from the Ontario Municipal Association, asking that a deputation from the council attend the annual convention in Toronto during the Industrial Exhibition.

Ald. Carson remarked that it would cost about $15 for each member who attended, and $25 for each of the school board. It was finally decided that No. 1 committee and the assessment commissioner would be the delegation.

A petition from the London Machine Tool Company, asking for a remission of taxes on that part of their works, which was burned down early in the year, was referred to the assessment commissioner.

Two petitions were received for remission of taxes. One was granted, and the other refused.

Open day and night. Hueston's Liveries.

AT PORT STANLEY

Among the Londoners recently at the Loney House, Port Stanley, were: A. G. Smythe, Miss Smith, Miss Eva Smythe, Mrs. E. Bainon, Miss E. Baker, T. H. Weldon, George Morgan, H. H. Rodgers, J. R. McLeod, J. W. Tucker, F. A. Carter, A. J. Kerr, W. Childs, W. Dunn, J. A. Riddell, Robert Pearse, J. T. McLean, F. V. McNiff, Mrs. and Miss Findlater, N. A. McCready, Mrs. H. O. McBride, G E. Baxter, M. Grant, F. Grant and wife. Other guests included Mrs. O. McIntyre, Mr. William MacIntyre, Miss O. Saywell, Miss E. Saywell, J. W. Ruth, W. J. Sanders, W. E. Lumley, E. Teetzel, E. A. Smith, H. Bennett, P. O. Duncan, B. E. Pink, H. Fulton, E. Armstrong, eGorge Tembell, E. Meehan, F. Robinson, Mrs. and Mrs. J. R. O'Dell, Richard Fry, Miss Fitzgerald and Mrs. Davis, Grand Rapids; C. S. Boon, Toronto; A. J. Madill, Tillsonburg; C. Melbourne, Mrs. J. McMillan and Annie Harwood, Cleveland; R. H. Lilly and J. H. Lilly, Elkhart, Ind.; S. McDonell, Chicago; J. Ballantyne, Stratford; E. Baker, Sparta; J. L. Adams, Milwaukee, Wis.; R. McMurray and J. S. Clark, Ingersoll; R. J. Anderson, Petrolea; M. E. Bailey and A. P. Cook, New York; J. Mills, Union; M. Hutchinor, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Smythe and Miss E. L. Smythe, St. Louis; Miss J. Caesar, Toronto; Mr. E. A. L. Mason, Windsor; D. McMockon, J. Wise and J. Henderson, Highgate; Mr. and Mrs. H. Brolby, Miss B. Burwell, Miss M. Thibandeau and Mr. H. Burwell, Shedden; Miss K. MacPherson, Toronto; Miss F. MacPherson, St. Thomas; J. D. McKinlay, Winnipeg; F. R. Le Ray and wife, Detroit; John and William Murray, Highgate; W. F. W. Findlater and wife, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. E. Abell and H. E. Morphy, Toronto; Miss Sara H. Lees and Miss F. J. Shagon, Cleveland.

HEART RIGHT.

When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble. The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitious for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes:

"I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings.

"I continued to drink Coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till, on applying for life insurance, I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum Food Coffee I began its use.

"The change in my condition was remarkable, and it was not long till I was completely cured. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the life insurnace company. Quitting Coffee and using Postum worked the cure." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason, and it is explained

Food that Builds
Some folk never think of Mooney's Crackers as food. They class them as delicacies, because they are so dainty and delicious. Wrong!
Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas
are made of Canada's finest wheat, rich in strength and muscle-building properties. Then, too, they're so light that even frail digestions readily assimilate them.
Certainly more of a food than bread, because made more carefully of finer wheat.

THE FAIR'S GROWTH

Railways Add to Their Special Service to Accommodate the Crowds.

The growing importance of the Western Fair and the added interest the people of Western Ontario are taking in it is evidenced by the number of additional special trains that are being added each year.

This year the Pere Marquette are putting on two new special trains from Leamington and Ridgetown, these being arranged for a week or ten days ago.

The Grand Trunk Railway, which already had a very complete special service for the Western Fair, are adding additional specials this year, or rather extending the territory covered. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday special trains will be run, starting from Listowel, instead of Stratford, and on the same days specials from Petrolea will connect at Wyoming with the Sarnia specials.

SOCIETY SAYS THANKS

Horticultural Society Grateful to Those Who Helped Flower Show.

The directors of the London Horticultural Society desire to express their grateful thanks to the members and other friends who so kindly contributed of their choicest blooms to make the August flower show the decided success that it proved to be. They also especially wish to thank the Woodstock Horticultural Society for the fraternal interest so tangibly shown by their contribution of a handsome display of fine gladioli, sent through Mr. R. W. Woodroofe. The following are the names of the London contributors: Mr. J. A. Balkwill, Mrs. H. Becher (F. Everitt, gardener), Mr. C. P. Butler, Mr. Richard Butler, Mr. W. Calver, Miss Alice Cooper, Messrs. Darch & Hunter, Mr. E. A. Deadman, Mr. O. Ellwood, Mr. Christie Englehart, Mr. C. J. Fox, Messrs. J. Gammage & Sons, Mr. C. Gilbert, Mr. P. H. Good, Mr. H. J. Gramlich, Mr. Charles Harris, Mr. T. Hawthorne, Miss Maud Hill, Masters Rowland and Clarence Hill, Mrs. C. B. Hunt, Mr. Walter Hunt, Mrs. A. O. Jeffery, Miss C. Jeffrey, Mr. A. H. Kippen, Mr. E. J. Liddicoatt, Mr. James Lutman, Mr. Wm. Moore, Mrs. A. J. Morgan, Mrs. E. Nightingale, Mr. John S. Pearce, Mr. C. Petfield, Mr. R. W. Rennie, Mr. Wm. Rose, Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. J. D. Sharman, Mr. F. W. Smyth, Mrs. John Stevenson, Victoria Park, Mrs. Webb, Mr. Wm. Wheatcroft and Mr. T. Yerex.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. Milton Pearen is at Clinton holidaying.

Miss Dora Neff, Ingersoll, is the guest of friends in London.

Miss Nellie Brake, Petrolea, is with relatives in London.

Mrs. C. H. Firth, of this city, is holidaying this week in Goderich.

Miss Alma Borland, Petrolea, is visiting Mrs. L. Smith, in this city.

Mr. Complin is the guest of Mr. W. C. Loscombe, Kincardine.

Miss Alberta Washburn has returned to Kincardine from a visit to London.

Mr. Will Galliford, of this city, is visiting at his old home, Ingersoll.

Mrs. Ashby, of this city, is visiting Mrs. James Beckett, of Brantford.

Dr. John D. Wilson has returned from his trip to the coast.

Mr. J. McConnell, Park River, North Dakota, is the guest of Mr. Evans, 151 Ridout street.

—Miss Annie Harrison, 75 Anderson avenue, is dangerously illa t her home with appendicitis.

Miss Winnifred Douglas, Walkerville, is visiting her cousin, Miss Beulah Newans, South London.

Mrs. Harry Burkholder has returned to her home at Toronto, after a fortnight's visit with friends in the city.

Mrs. Baugh and daughter, Ollie, of Hensall, are spending a couple of weeks in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Beer, Kincardine, are visiting Rev. Mr. Beer, St. James street, this city.

Mr. J. G. McNee, of St. James street, is holidaying at Port Bruce and vicinity.

Miss Stella Wickett, Port Hope, is at the home of the Misses Hambly, Pall Mall street.

Miss A. Bearss, of Ingersoll, is spending her holidays with friends in this city.

Miss Anna McMahon, of Sarnia, will visit for two weeks with friends in this city.

Mrs. George Clark, Tillsonburg, is visiting in London and other points west.

Miss Given Abrey is spending a part of her vacation with friends at Mitchell.

Miss Lou Flood, of this city, is visiting in Lucknow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McGarry.

Miss Florence Malcolm, of Tillsonburg, is spending her vacation with relatives here.

Miss Maude Falls is visiting Miss Mabel Sanders at Sarnia for a few days.

Mrs. E. F. Hopperton, of Cleveland,

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Scotch Plaids in different clans, wide width. Special, yard 22½c

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Fine French Serge, all pure-wool, 46 inches wide, in black, red, garnet, blues—all shades, brown, gray and green. Regular 45c, for, yard 37½c

All-Wool Venetians and Box Cloths, Two Specials.
Green, brown, fawns, blues and cardinals, 48 inches. Special, yard..... 50c
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All leading shades, 50 inches wide, unspotable and shrunk. Special, yard 95c

***Fancy Tweed Effects and Plaids*—**
Two-tone effects, all new colorings and combinations, finest of wool, 54 inches wide, at yard, 50c, 75c and..... 95c

***Priestley's Cravenettes*—**
Cravenettes, 60 inches wide, in light and dark colors light and heavy weights at yard 85c, $1.00 and..... $1.50

***Kid Gloves*—**
Kid Gloves, dome fasteners, in black, gray, tan, white. Special, pair..... 59c

***Silk Gloves*—**
Silk Gloves, elbow length, in white and black, Special, pair..... 50c

Those natty up-to-date soft front shirts, pleated style, sizes 14 to 17. Regular 65c for each..... 39c

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Interest Compounded Four Times a Year.
THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA
LONDON BRANCH—OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
F. E. KARN, MANAGER.

M. Kershaw, this city, has returned home after spending an enjoyable holiday here.

Mr. Harry Randall, Grand Rapids, Mich., is visiting his grandmother, 69 Becher street, South London.

Miss Minnie Fox, South London, is the guest of Miss Winnifred Miles, "The Rectory," Kincardine.

Mr. George McGeary, of Aberdeen, Washington, is visiting his mother, Mrs. McGeary, 69 Becher street.

Mrs. W. A. Mace and children will remove to this city from Guelph and live with Mrs. Mace's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edgecombe.

Miss Lottie Haggart, Toronto, and Miss Patterson, of this city, are the guests of Mrs. E. V. Dyer at Port Hope.

Mr. Geoffery Gilmour has returned home, after holidaying for a couple of weeks in Montreal and other eastern points.

Miss Minnie Pedlow, Delhi, and Miss Beatrice Hunt, of London, are the guests of Miss Beatrice Hogarth at Tillsonburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Petefield, of Retford, England, are the guest of Mrs. Charles Nettleship, Cathcart street, South London.

Mrs. James Livermore, of Clinton, accompanied by Miss Maudie Cook, have been holidaying for a couple of weeks with relatives here.

Mrs. McMillen, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nettie, left this morning to visit Rev. W. V. McMillen, Olds, Alberta.

Mr. A. M. Towe, of Darch & Hunter, is spending a pleasant two weeks' vacation at Montreal and other points east.

Mrs. Penhale, Blyth, has arrived in this city, after spending three months with her daughter, Mrs. D. D. Crittenden, of that place.

Mr. W. C. Forsythe's three daughters, Misses Ethel, Edith and Rachel, of Belmont, are visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Mrs. Wm. Lister and children, of 185 Waterloo street, are having a pleasant visit with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett at the parsonage, Woodham, Ont.

Mrs. E. H. Hayne, of this city; Miss Lizzie Hayne and Miss Ella Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are the guests of Dr. and Mrs A. W. Smith at Simcoe

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheere and family, of Pittsburg, have returned home after spending a pleasant holiday at Mr. Sheere's old home on Bathurst street.

Mrs. A. Croden, of this city; Mrs. A. Savage, Mrs. G. Laing, and Mrs. R. Gammage, of Ridgetown, and their families are at Rondeau Park holidaying.

Add years to the lives of your Carpets or Rugs by cleaning with
SAP-O-REN-O
"It Evaporates"
It works a miracle in a few moments for a few cents. Restores colors like new, entirely removes dust and stains, absolutely kills germs. Is odorless and non-inflammable. Your child can use it and your grocer keeps it. Guaranteed or money back. The Huffman & Teeter Co., Sole Mfrs., Toronto.

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Buy From The Maker
Suit Cases, Club Bags, Gladstone Bags, Telescopes, Telescope Suit Cases, Carryalls, Ladies' Hat Boxes, Ladies' Skirt Trunks, Gentlemen's Trunks, Dresser Trunks and Steamer Trunks, or anything you desire in the traveling goods line, made to order on short notice, at a reasonable price. Call and see our new stock.
Goods Called for and Delivered.
All Kinds of Baggage Repaired.
No Extra Charge for Lettering.
COMMERCIAL SAMPLE TRUNK AND CASE CO.,
289 DUNDAS STREET.
Opposite McCormick's Manufactory.
'Phone 1,856.

duty, had been smuggled into the port and stowed amid a shipment of flour. By some mischance some of the packages were broken open and the drug thus became mixed with the flour. When the flour was landed instead of being destroyed it was sold to customers, the result being that most of the persons who used it were poisoned.

According to a recent issue of a Chinese newspaper upward of 46 deaths have taken place lately in the vicinity

There's no hope for the man who boasts of his mean acts.

Taste well, smell well, sell well, smoke

Star Attractions Booked For the Local Theaters

The Grand's Season Opens on Monday Night—Bennett's on September 4th.

Both Manager Bennett, of the Vaudeville Theater, and Manager Turton, of the Grand, have given out a partial list of the attractions booked for the approaching season. At the Grand the season of 1905-6 opens on Monday night, when the attraction will be "The Girl from Kay's." The Vaudeville season opens at Bennett's on September 4.

The following is the Grand's list:

Sir Charles Wyndham, E. S. Willard, "The County Chairman," "Buster Brown," "Sherlock Holmes," Harry Beresford, "The Wayward Son," Charles Hawtrey, "The Holy City," "The Virginian," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Chicago Stock Company, "Girls Will Be Girls," Porter J. White in "Faust," "San Toy," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Florodora," "Human Hearts," "The Isle of Spice," "On the Bridge at Midnight," Joseph Murphy, Blanch Walsh in "The Woman in the Case," Rose Coghlan in "The Duke of Killicrankie," Robert B. Mantell, Maxine Elliott, "Running for Office," Joe Welch, Al. H. Wilson, Black Patti, Joe Hart and Carrie DeMar, "The Girl from Kay's," Geo. Primrose Minstrels, Roselle Knott in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Mason and Mason, "Little Johnny Jones," "Way Down East," "Eben Holden," "The Isle of Bing Bong," Geo. Sidney, "The School Girl," "Down by the Sea," "Deserted at the Altar," Elsie Janis in "The Little Duchess," David Higgins in "His Last Dollar."

Some of the star acts that will be presented next season at Bennett's Vaudeville are as follows:

Miles McCarthy & Co. in "The Race Tout's Dream."

J. K. Hutchinson & Co. in "The Idol Smasher."

Royal Japanese Troup, featuring the famous Jiu Jitsu wrestling. (A percentage of their salary will be given to the Japanese army Red Cross work.)

Dian Edson and Arthur Forbes in "The Two Rubins."

Estella Wordeth & Co. in novel comedy offering.

Monta Myra Troup, European Eccentric Pantomimist.

Anna Abbott, "The Georgia Magnet or Woman Mystery." She will be remembered by all the vaudeville theatergoers as making such a favorable impression at this theater last season, and her playing a return date will be welcome news.

Emerson and Omega, Laugh Provokers, in "Don't Notice It."

Gorman, Proctor and Gorman, known the world over as the "Kiltie Musical Trio."

The Three Zoellers, European Aerial Gymnasts.

Albani and La Brant, novelty "Second Sight Act," or Mind Readers.

Jane Corthope & Co., Sketch Artists, who only play the big metropolitan vaudeville houses.

Wills and Barron, in a comedy sketch "Hooligan, the Agent."

Cameron and Toledo, Pantomimic Extravaganza.

Torcat and D'Aliza, a French novelty act that at present is creating a sensation in the Eastern houses.

The Famous Sully Family, in "An Interrupted Honeymoon."

Marion, Dean & Co., in "The chauffeur and the Lady."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne & Co. (return date), in their own comedy creation (old, but always new), "The Hot Town Flat."

Hall and Colburn, Comedy Sketch, formerly with "Ole Olson Co."

Bryant and Saviale, the black-face comedy musical team that made such a hit at Bennett's last season.

Harry W. Springhold & Co., in "Winning a Widow."

The Great Cumming, the jail breaker. This is a sensational act. He claims no jail or prison or handcuffs can hold him.

Mme. Devoix LaVier's Troup of performing bears.

Ora Acial's group of trained leopards.

Mme. Schell's lions.

Schipp's dog and pony show, and many other acts that will please the patrons of this theater.

There are more things combined in the production of a big musical comedy like "The Girl From Kay's," which is to be seen at the Grand on Monday evening next, than in any other kind of stage entertainment. Outside of its own merits a drama or straight comedy depends upon acting for its success. Handsome and pictorial settings are a help, but are not always absolutely essential. In a piece like "The Girl From Kay's" good acting is as necessary as in a Shakespearian drama. Beautiful scenery is expected and the costumes must be absolutely of the latest design and of handsome materials. It is musical comedies like "The Girl From Kay's" that show the onward strides made in staging. The public appreciate good musical comedies and managers only produce them to fulfill a demand. They are awful risks, however, when staged in such a lavish way. The cost of production is heavy, the cost of maintaining them is heavy and at the best the margin of profit is as nothing compared with that which may be earned by a successful play with a small company.

The original Stetson production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given at the Grand on Saturday next, afternoon and evening. The wonderful popularity of Harriet Beecher Stowe's masterpiece all over the United States for the past 40 years has led to its production by all kinds of managers with all kinds of actors, good, bad and indifferent. A corps of colored singers, cake-walkers, dancers and field-hands from the cotton belt lend realism to the plantation scenes.

The attraction at the Grand on Friday evening next will be George Primrose Big Minstrel Company. Primrose has been the power beind the throne, the man of ideas and business, the one person who fought for a higher, a better, more up-to-date and more colossal form of minstrelsy, never resorting to vulgar jokes, songs or insulting remarks to create laughter, but at all times presenting a morally clean and up-to-date humorous and musical performance, with "nothing but minstrelsy" — no acrobats, club swingers, musical acts, bicycle riders, or slapstick comedians—just minstrelsy, pure and simple.



GEORGE PRIMROSE.

London Man Who is the Acknowledged King of Minstrelsy.

STRICT SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE

THOSE WHO HANDLE UNCLE SAM'S MONEY ARE WELL LOOKED AFTER--THEIR WORK ALTOGETHER MECHANICAL.

Usual Bond for Treasury Employes $15,000 --Methodical Way of Making Up Parcels of Bills and Bullion.

There is a corps of men in Chicago who work as hard as the lumber shovers on the water front, but instead of handling timber shipped to Chicago from Northern Michigan and Wisconsin, they handle Uncle Sam's money. These men are employed in the subtreasury. A few weeks ago they moved the modest sum of $55,000,000 through Chicago streets and landed it safely in the vaults of the new Government building. For eight years it has been in the Rand-McNally building, at LaSalle and Adams streets, but Uncle Sam got tired of strong boxes there and as soon as he could he moved his money to coffers under his own roof.

Were you to close a deal where the exchange of interests was a quarter of a million dollars the man who bought you out could hardly give you cash. Yet at the subtreasury, if you have the duly certified papers entitling you to that amount, you may state in what denominations you want your treasury notes, gold or silver, and inside of five minutes the clerks will push the fortune out to you to be hauled away in an express wagon.

To them the handling of money is mechanical. They never think of what the vast sums can buy. Even if they were disposed to have "glue on the fingers," as one of the clerks expresses it, it would be harder for them to get away with $5,000 than if they held up an express train.

EVERYONE BONDED.

Every employe who is trusted within the bolts and bars is bonded. The usual bond is $15,000. Uncle Sam knows full well that none of his men, even if crooked, could get away with one-third that sum. It is impossible to get the money out of the vaults without checking it through four or five men. In order to get it beyond the locks and bars this many or even more would have to be in a conspiracy. There is a strict system of espionage in the Treasury Department. The man working alongside one employe may be a member of the secret service. His every move is watched for a year or more, and before any plan he may invent can be carried into effect he is either out of the service or where he will do Uncle Sam no harm.

William Proctor Williams, one of the ten assistant treasurers of the United States, is in charge of the Chicago subtreasury. Mr. Williams, of course, is under bond, but what the fabulous figure is that represents his security few people know. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Williams seldom handles the Government's money. He has to direct the affairs of the Chicago vaults, but actual cash finds its way into his office only occasionally. His trusty aids look after the gold, silver and bank notes, and Mr. Williams handles vouchers, negotiable papers and the like.

THE WATCHDOG.

His assistant is F. C. Russell, and the actual handling of the cash is more in his line. Mr. Russell checks in and out the money. He is the connecting link between Mr. Williams and the massive steel vaults that hold the money. The other employes of the office are directly under Mr. Russell. He sees to it that every lock is secure and that every bolt is thrown before the clerks leave after the day's work is done. He is virtually the watchdog of Uncle Sam's coffers, and his eye is quick to detect any irregularity that may occur in the office.

Uncle Sam is methodical in the way his treasures are handled. His bank notes are carried in bundles of 4,000 each. Four thousand notes in one bundle may represent $4,000, $40,000, or $400,000. As the face value of the notes increases so does the total value of the bundle. His gold is carried in lots of $5,000. There are bags made to hold $5,000 in gold. Four of these bags are always in company with each other. They are placed in a larger bag and stored in the vaults.

Five thousand dollars in gold weighs aproximately 18½ pounds. The bag is small enough to fit easily into the outside pocket of a man's coat. To avoid one of them falling into such a receptacle, Uncle Sam directs that four of them, weighing 74 pounds, shall be assembled and placed in one bag. A man can run with an eighteen-pound weight, but few can even walk with 74 pounds in their arms.

The handling of funds for more than a century had made Uncle Sam careful and wise. He does not take any chance of a technicality clearing any of the companies of paying a defaulter's bond. The assuring company always finds that his contracts are iron-bound, indisputable, and that there is no room for argument with the party of the first part.

MOVING $51,000,000.

An example of the way his business is done is demonstrated when the subtreasury was recently moved to the new building. After an exhaustive discussion the express company that undertook the work understood in detail what was expected of it, and what was the risk to be run. Uncle Sam did not trust any of his money beyond his own steel bars. He delivered the money within the bars to the money clerks of the express company.

When the interesting experience of moving 138 tons of gold was begun, all the sub-treasury officials were on hand. Assistant Treasurer Williams, with a crew of men, took charge of the new vaults. Mr. Russell and his assistant, Arthur Boal, remained in the Rand-McNally building. With them was a corps of money clerks from the express company. Mr. Russell assumed a position facing the chief money clerk. Boal so placed himself that he could see behind Mr. Russell.

At Mr. Russell's back were the sub-treasury employes. Behind Mr. Boal were the expressmen. The sub-treasury men lifted a bag of gold. The bag contained $20,000. As it passed it to an expressman Mr. Russell checked it out. From the time his subordinate let go of that bag the express company was responsible. Guarded by two men, it went to the window. There it was dropped in a chute. It slid down to the waiting wagon. Two checkers there checked it in. The count was aloud. Sixty-nine bags slid down the chute. Every bag was under the eyes of Chicago detectives, secret service men and special agents of the express company. When the last of the 69 bags was stacked in the wagon, the express company's checker called it "a load." Before the wagon moved he called his count to the checker in the window. It was right.

With its guard of 40 armed men the wagon drove to the runway leading to the basement in the Government building. When, with its $1,380,000 cargo it slid down the runway. Here Mr. Williams checked it in. When his clerks "O. K.'d" the count and handed the memoranda to the express clerk, the Government had its own. The liability of the express company ceased.

The total amount of money moved was $51,436,601 75. It was distributed as follows:

Gold	$45,300,000 00
Silver dollars	3,300,000 00
Fractional silver	500,000 00
Minor coin (dimes, nickles and pennies	38,601 75
Bank notes and negotiable paper	2,298,000 00

The work of moving this money consumed two days. When the last penny of the fund was accounted for in the new Government building the vaults were locked. The clerks went home to sleep. The janitors and watchmen took charge. The next morning the day janitor came on duty. He was more engrossed admiring his new quarters than he was in inspecting the wealth that was scattered around him. In the former he was much interested. In the latter—oh! well, it was nothing. A paltry few millions at his feet was nothing new.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Story of an Invention.

In a recently published autobiography of Sir Henry Bessemer is told how, in 1833, when he was a youth of 20, he learned that the British Government was losing about $500,000 a year through the use of forged stamps. He set about finding a remedy. In nine months he discovered how to forge government stamps with the greatest ease. This was a risky bit of knowledge for a struggling young man who wanted money wherewith to get married to the girl of his choice. But young Bessemer, having invented forthwith the perforated stamp that is now known everywhere, went gayly to the government officials with the forgeries in his pocket to ask if they were genuine. When Sir Charles Presley passed them as genuine, Bessemer remarked that he knew they were forgeries—"simply because I forged them myself." Then he suggested a remedy. It was accepted. Bessemer was offered the post of superintendent of stamps—for plant and staff must be reorganized—at $3,000 to $4,000 a year.

Young Bessemer went away happily to tell his good luck to the girl of his choice. He explained to her the situation, how old stamps had been picked off documents and used again and how he had invented an elaborate plan to remedy this. "But surely," said the young lady, "if all the stamps had a date put on them they could not at a future time be used without detection." This rather startled young Bessemer. But he devised a simple method of marking the date. The British Government was delighted. The device was accepted. And as no change of machinery or staff was needed, Bessemer was informed that no superintendent of stamps would be appointed. Thus he had deprived himself of a job.

Forty-five years later, after he had invented the "Bessemer process" of preparing iron and had made a great fortune, Bessemer wrote to Lord Beaconsfield, then prime minister, pointing out that he had saved the country millions without the reward of a penny. He no longer wanted money, but the government acknowledged the debt and paid it with a knighthood.—Chicago News.

Hay's Weary Life.

I have sometimes wondered whether Mr. Hay was not to be pitied rather than envied when he attained this lofty position (as Secretary of State). I know that he himself often pitied himself. He was not a man who could take his work lightly; he stuck to his desk for days, and he had not very strong health. He said to a friend of mine once one of the most pathetic and saddening things I have ever heard; one of those sayings which reveal what misery there often is behind what the world thinks mighty positions, and successful and glittering careers. This friend was asking Mr. Hay to do something which entailed some trouble. Courteously expressing his readiness to oblige—he was always courteous to all comers—he added, with a look that haunted. "Don't you know that I am the most tired man in all the world?" And the wistful look of his eyes, the drawn face, the enfeebled walk, above ness in the face gave but too much emphasis to this sad cry from the all, expression of overwhelming weariheart.

THE HEROISM OF MARTHY.

"Marthy, come here!"

An awkward, overgrown negro girl of about 15 years of age presented herself before her mistress in answer to the call.

"Marthy, I am going to town and will be gone two or three hours, and you must look after Beatrice while I'm gone. Don't let her get into any mischief"——

"Please, ma'am, what am mischief?"

"Oh, well, don't let her do anything she oughtn't to while I'm away."

"Please ma'am, what oughtn't she to do while you'se gone?"

"Well, she oughtn't to do anything to hurt herself; and you must stay right with her—mind that, now, Marthy—you must stay right with her all the time. Don't let her be away from you, not even for a minute."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Marthy dutifully.

Half an hour later she was alone with Beatrice, while Mrs. Hagen was speeding away over the Kansas prairie to the nearest town.

"Come heah, Honey Lamb," she called to Beatrice. "I'se gwine to take awful good cah of you while youh ma's gone. I ain't to let you out ob my sight foh a minute—you mind dat—not eben foh a minute."

"What'll we do, Marthy, while mamma's gone? You tell me stories, Marthy."

So Marthy told some of the wonderful stories that had come down to her from a former generation of dusky darkies, and Beatrice listened till her curly, golden head began to nod, and she slipped away from Storyland to Dreamland.

"Now, I don't see no hahm," soliloquized Marthy, "in me takin' a little nap, too. I'll stay right beside dis Honey Lamb like as Missus Hagen said, and I ain't gwine to sleep real sound—jes' take a little cat nap, kase it's so wahm and sleepy like." The black, woolly head was soon in slumber beside the golden one.

"Oh, Marthy, Marthy, wake up! There's a terrible storm coming."

Marthy rubbed her eyes and jumped upon hearing this call from Beatrice. "Come to the window, Marthy. Isn't that awful?"

Marthy's dark eyes bulged out in terror.

"It's a slycoon comin', Honey Lamb, and what in de worl' is we gwine to do?"

"What is a sly coon, Marthy?"

"Oh, you blessed Honey Lamb, don't you know? A sly coon's a terrible big, powehful win' dat takes up houses and trees and blows dem clean to nowah, and it'll jes' take you an' me and blow ebery bit of hath clean off of ouh heads."

"Oh, Marthy, will it blow mamma away? Oh, I wish mamma was here!" and Beatrice began to cry.

"So do I, Honey Lamb, but don't you cry. I promised youh ma dot I'd stay right beside you, and dar won't no sly coon get you away from me." She caught Beatrice up in her arms just as the first force of the cyclone struck the house.

"Don't you cry, Honey Lamb, don't you cry," she admonished, but Beatrice heard not a word of what was said, for the horrible noises of the cyclone swallowed up all other sounds.

A huge mass of living and inanimate things was rolling and churning about the house. Horses neighed, cattle bellowed, dogs howled and snarled, wild creatures, torn from their haunts and borne with their enemy, man, to the same destruction, screeched and scremed and wailed and growled and whined; women sobbed and moaned, and men cried out in agony. Stately trees that had grown through long years to a hoary age of dignity suddenly grew young and frisky, and dancing and gambolling through all their boughs and leaves, careened away skyward. The Prince of the Power of the Air was taking his subjects on a lightning excursion from nobody knew whence, to nobody knew whither, and they had no choice but to bend to his iron will.

Through all the tearing and the swaying and the grinding of boards and posts and trees, a kinky, woolly head kept close beside a golden one. They rose; they fell; they rolled; they tumbled, according to the caprice of the Storm King, but nothing could tear the faithful negro girl away from her duty.

Suddenly they felt a still coldness rising about them. The tempest had grown tired of part of its burden, and had cast these two down with boards and tree branches and all sorts of debris about them into the middle of a little stream; not small now, but angry and swollen with the heavy rain that had been falling all the time.

"Oh, Marthy, Marthy, where are we now?" piped the childish voice.

"We's all right, and ain't killed yet, Honey Lamb, and don't you think you'se gwine to be drownded, Honey Lamb, kase I'se a prayin' powehful agin it."

"Marthy, where do you s'pose mamma is?"

"De good Lawd only knows, Honey Lamb. She ain't at home, kase we's brought most ob de house with us. She must be somewhah, but de good Lawd only knows whah."

"Oh, Marthy! we're getting deeper in the water! Why, Marthy, it's clear up to your waist. Can't you get out, Marthy?"

"No, Honey Lamb, my knee is ketched fa' in somethin', and I kain't move."

"Oh, Marthy, Marthy! the water's getting deeper and deeper all the time. Why, it's up to my waist now, Marthy!"

"Don't you be gettin' scared, Honey Lamb, kase I'se a-prayin' all de time powehful hahd you won't get drownded. Dere's a lot ob stuff piled up down dar and de water's backin' up, but you jes' climb up on dat board out ob de water, and I'll hold you dar, so you kain't get drownded. Dat's de way! Now you'se clean out ob de water."

"Oh, Marthy, Marthy! The water's clear up to your neck now—oh—oh—oh!"

"Don't you be scared, Honey Lamb, kase I'se prayin' powehful hahd—"

From the bank of the stream a woman's voice cried out: "Oh, there they are! There they are!" A mother's quick eye took in the whole situation. "Hold on a little bit longer, Marthy, and the men will be there."

"Oh, Missus Hagen! Oh, Mister Travers, I'se so glad you'se come, kase I kain't hold on much longer. De water's clean up to my mouf now."

The men waded into the stream, but before they could reach the two, the arm that held Beatrice in place above the water had fallen senseless and the kinky head sunk beneath the gurgling yellow waters, but Beatrice was rescued unhurt, and the faithful negro girl's prayer was answered.

"Can't you save Marthy, too?" screamed Mrs. Hagen from the bank. The men were trying. They got her head above water and released the mangled foot; then bore her out of the stream, where they worked with her until the big eyes opened once again. She saw her mistress bending over her.

"Oh, Mrs. Hagen, won't you forgive me" she sobbed.

"Forgive you? What in the world have I to forgive you for, Marthy?"

"Kase I went to sleep and let de sly coon come and take Beatrice away. O, I'se so sorry, Mrs. Hagen, dat I went to sleep and let de sly coon come!"

"Why, you blessed child, you couldn't have stopped the cyclone if you had been awake."

"Den you ain't mad at me, Missus Hagen?"

"Mad at you, child? Well, I should think not, after you saved my little girl's life!"

"Oh, I'se so glad you ain't mad"; and Marthy lay back and closed her eyes with a great sigh of relief.—Lizzie C. Farmer, in Massachusetts Plowman.

THE FAMILY ALE

The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for ale and stout was won by JOHN LABATT. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Molsons Bank Building.

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Bermuda—$35 and upwards, by the new twin-screw S. S. Bermudian, 5,500 tons, sailing from New York, 30th August, 13th and 27th September, and fortnightly thereafter. Temperature cooled by sea breezes, seldom rises above 80°. Princess Hotel open the year round.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

For tickets and staterooms apply to ED. De LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, ticket agents, London, Ontario. ywt

OVER THE Wabash System

To the Great Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, Portland, Oregon, June 1st to October 15th, 1905.

Round trip tickets are now on sale until Sept. 30, good for 90 days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges going and returning, via all direct lines. Rates from London, $66 75; going and returning through California, $77 75. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given the public to visit the Pacific coast at a very low rate. The Great Wabash is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest route to all Pacific coast points. Berths reserved and all other information cheerfully furnished from any Wabash agent, or J. A. RICHARDSON, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Farm Laborers' Excursion!

Manitoba and Assiniboia.

$12.00 Going. $18.00 Returning.

GOING DATES:

Aug. 29, 1905—Stations south of, but not including main line, Toronto to Sarnia (including Toronto).

Sept. 2, 1905—Main line, Toronto to Sarnia and stations north (except north of Caldwell Junction and Toronto, on North Bay section).

Sept. 4, 1905—From all points, Toronto and east to and including Sharbot Lake and Kingston, and north of Toronto and Caldwell Junction, on North Bay and Midland divisions).

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BIG MEN IN MURDER PLOT?

Several Charged With Fraud Also to Get Mining Property.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 18. — According to Frank G. Curtis, an automobile seller of this city, his wife, and his mother-in-law, who is Mrs. Ruby Woodman, are victims of a conspiracy involving several millionaires and men of national reputation. The object of the conspiracy is to defraud the women of valuable property in Nevada.

Mr. Curtis claims that Mrs. Woodman's first husband, John Murphy, to whom she bore two daughters, possessed rich mining property in Nevada and that he was murdered in that state, and papers showing his ownership of the mines were stolen from his person.

Six years ago one of the four bodyguards whom Murphy had employed before his death died at Truckee, Nev. In his possession were found many of Murphy's papers which claimed to prove him to be a millionaire.

One of the properties had been occupied by a wealthy real estate man named Purdy, who claims that the property was legally transferred to him, but since the investigation has disappeared. The various mining properties in Nevada were transferred, it is claimed, in the same way, by a man and woman who impersonated Murphy and his wife.

Among Murphy's papers was found a will leaving all his property to his two daughters. He carried large deposits with the Wells, Fargo Express Company, as they admit, but they do not say what the balance was at the time of his disappearance.

No effort has been made to get this money or several thousand dollars which he is said to have had in New York banks.

In regard to Murphy's death it is said that it occurred during one of his excursions to his properties in Nevada. At the time he was killed, it is said, he was about 50 miles from Carson City. Some weeks after the murder some of the bodyguards who accompanied him stated that he had been shot from ambush while some distance away from camp. They found the body and interred it. Some of these are now men of national reputation. Two of them are dead.

Murphy's papers were found in the strong box in possession of one of the former bodyguards. It is said that strenuous efforts have been made on the part of people who are interested in the property for many years to keep the disclosures from coming to the public.

Several years after the death of Murphy his wife married a Mr. Woodman.

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Reform that will cover itself with muck to attain growth does not odorously commend itself to lovers of nice things.

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A SHINING MARK

CHAPTER XVII.

He made his way to the cloak-room and asked a servant for his coat, let him help him on with it, and passed through the hall and into the night like a man walking in is sleep.

As he did so, something shot up into the air and burst into a fiery shower of many-colored balls; it was a rocket. The fireworks had commenced. He stopped and stared absently and then went on. In another moment he found himself on the fringe of a great crowd of men and women. The light from the colored lamps fell upon their upturned faces. They were the "common" people pressing round the fireworks.

Clifford was edging round the crowd, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and Mr. Wood's voice rang in his ears.

"What, Mr. Raven! Be ye only just come? Well, it be a fine sight, bean't it?"

"Yes, yes," said Clifford; then he saw a pretty face beside the old man, suddenly lit up by a rocket. It was Nellie's.

He nodded to her and forced a smile, and she nodded back and blushed. He had buttoned his coat over his white shirt front, and turned up the collar; but her quick eyes noticed the difference in the dress from that he usually wore.

"Well, I'm glad you've come in time," said the old man. "Here was Nellie a fretting her heart out lest you should be too late. I thought you'd come to the dinner—but you didn't."

"No," said Clifford, with an effort. "Was it a good dinner?"

"First-rate! His lordship's a liberal-minded gentleman, any way," said Mr. Wood. "Lor', there was enough to eat, and more than enough to drink," and he jerked his thumb towards the crowd.

Clifford looked round; it was a noisy, restless crowd, and many of the faces were flushed with drink.

"'Taint a very good place to see from," said Mr. Wood. "If you'll look after Nellie for a minute or so I'll see whether it's any better on the other side."

"Certainly," said Clifford.

The old man unhooked Nellie's arm and held it out towards Clifford with simple naturalness, and Clifford took it and drew it within his own, unconscious of the little thrill that ran through the girl at his touch and the slight movement she made to withhold her arm.

He was longing, madly, to get away to be somewhere by himself and think of all that had happened to him; but just as he had fed the famished woman and children when he was hungry himself, so now he put aside his grief and trouble and perplexity, and bent down and spoke gently and as lightly as he could to the girl.

"Are you fond of fireworks, Nellie? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes," she murmured, falsely, for she had spent every minute of her time ever since she had arrived in the forenoon until now looking for him, and was very nearly on the point of tears when he arrived. "Yes, they are beautiful, aren't they? But there; you have seen so many better, I daresay!"

"No, no: they are very good, Nellie," he said, "I wish there was not so great a crowd, or that it was a little more orderly. I am afraid we sha'n't be able to stop here—"

Even as he spoke there was a rush from behind them, and he had to put his arm round the girl to keep her on her feet.

"Let us go farther back," he said, and he almost carried her out of the melee.

"That's better, isn't it? You are not hurt, are you?" he asked, seeing that her face had gone pale and that she was trembling.

"N—o, I am not hurt," she replied in a low voice. It was the presence of his arm encircling her waist that had made her heart throb and sent the color from her cheeks.

"I am afraid you are," he said, earnestly. "Lean upon my arm more heavily. Shall I try and get you some water—"

"No, no!" she breathed, her hand closing on his arm with terror at the thought of his leaving her.

"I didn't mean to leave you," he said, reassuringly; "I thought we could go together. But we had better not, perhaps, or Mr. Wood will not be able to find us. I expect he will have some trouble now."

Someone slipped up between them and spoke her name, and Clifford, thinking it was her father, turned round quickly.

It was not Mr. Wood, but Frenchy Vyse.

"Nellie," he said again; "Miss Nellie!"

Nellie shrank with such a palpable start that Clifford answered for her:

"What is it, Vyse?" he said, pleasantly.

Vyse scowled at him.

"I spoke to Miss Nellie," he growled, thickly.

Clifford looked round at him, and saw that he had been drinking; his face was flushed, and his black eyes glittering.

"I know you did," he said. "What do you want?"

Vyse glared at him sideways, then looked hard, half-entreatingly, half-threateningly, at Nellie.

"Ain't you coming with me, Miss Nellie, to see the set-piece? You said you would, you know."

Nellie shrank still closer to Clifford, so close that he could feel her cheek upon his arm.

"Miss Nellie can't come now, Vyse," he said, quietly, "she is waiting for Mr. Wood."

"Ain't she got a tongue? Can't she speak for herself?" demanded Vyse, insolently. "Who asked you to speak for her? Who are you, as should take upon yourself to answer for her?"

Clifford could have no feeling of anger against the man, but that he might get rid of him he said:

"Miss Nellie cannot come! Go and see the set-piece, Vyse, or you'll be too late!"

Vyse glared at him malevolently, and, for a moment, seemed too savage to command his voice.

"I ask you again—I don't take any in a fierce, husky whisper, and bending towards her.

Nellie put her other hand on Clifford's arm and turned to him, so that she was almost on his breast.

"Tell him 'no,'" said Clifford in an under-tone, "I am afraid he has been drinking, Nellie, and could not take proper care of you."

"And if he hadn't been I would not go," she said in a frightened whisper. "No, Vyse, I will not go."

"Because he tells you," he said, bitterly. "Who's he that he should step in between you and me? You and me was friends before he came interlopin' and interferin'! Don't listen to him, Nellie; for all his smooth tongue, he don't care about you. Why, he's just come from philandering with his betters! If he says he ain't he lies, for I see him myself."

Clifford stood perfectly still, regarding the flushed face and threatening eyes calmly.

"Come, Vyse," he said. "Leave my affairs alone, and take your answer. Even if Miss Nellie consented to go with you, I shouldn't consign her to your charge. Go away, there's a good fellow."

"Go away and leave you to make a fool of her? Is it likely? What do you take me for? I don't fear you. We're not in the quarry now; we're ekals to-night. Go back to the lady on the terrace—"

Clifford, fretted and galled by the persistent sting of the drunken tongue, and his reference to Kate, swung round; but Nellie caught his arm.

"No, no," she murmured, brokenly. "He's not worth it! No, Mr. Raven!" Then she turned upon Vyse, her blue eyes flashing. "What Mr. Raven says is true! I do not want to go with you, and I will not. I did not promise, and it is false to say I did! Go back to the drink again."

Vyse stood for a moment as if overwhelmned by the girl's scorn, then, with an oath, he shook his fist at Clifford, and dashing his hat over his brows, disappeared.

Nellie hung her head, and, woman-like, burst into tears.

"Come, come! Don't cry, Nellie," he said, soothing her. "He has gone for good now—and no wonder!" and he smiled. "You were like a pythoness! But he deserved it! Yet you mustn't be too hard on poor Vyse; he has been drinking, and is scarcely conscious of what he is doing—"

"You—you plead for him!" she said, looking up at him in half-indignant wonder.

"Well, yes," he said, thinking of his own state of mind. "When the wine's in the wit's out, and poor Vyse—" he paused, and looked down at her with a smile a brother might have worn. "Well I think your own bright eyes and pretty face have something to do with Vyse's condition and anger, Nellie."

She drew her arm from his, and, raising her face, looked at him with a deep reproach in her eyes, in which the tears still glistened.

"You—you have no right to say that; it—it is unkind, cruel!" she panted. "Oh, it is cruel!"

"Nellie, Nellie!" he said, drawing her arm within his again; "I did not mean to wound you—Heaven forbid!—but there, we won't say any more about this foolish Vyse; why, I declare if we are not spoiling your evening between us, and we can't see the fireworks from here. Suppose we go a little nearer the lawn? Your father is just as likely to find us there as here; I don't think he will be anxious."

"No, he knows I am with you," she said, innocently.

Clifford was touched, even in the midst of his own misery, by her simple trustfulness, and talking as he went, he led her towards the lawn, and all unconsciously they approached the path running in front of the terrace. It was dark now, and Clifford did not see that the terrace was lined with people who had come out from the ball-room to see the fireworks.

In the center of the group stood Kate, her face pale, her eyes fixed on the ground. Lord Carr-Lyon was close beside her, his face as flushed as Vyse's, his voice whispering thickly in her ear, as she stood with her hands clasped tightly, her lips set hard, lest the words, "Too late, too late!" should break from them.

"This is better," said Clifford. "Look, Nellie, that is a fine rocket! Why," he said, smiling, "you cannot see for the tears. Where is your handkerchief?"

"I—I don't know?" she said, with a little, chocked sob, "someone must have stolen it."

"Take this," he said, and he gave her his.

At that moment, as she took the handkerchief, and turned her pretty, tear-stained face up to his with shy gratitude, a great blaze of fireworks went up, and lit up every one of the faces in the crowd; and Kate, looking down, saw the man who had poured out his heart in passionate pleading for her love, and the girl leaning on his arm, take his handkerchief and wipe her eyes!

For a second she stood as if she could not believe her eyes, then a shudder ran through her, and she grasped Lord Carr-Lyon's arm.

"What's—what's the matter, Kate?" he exclaimed. "What—cold—faint—what—"

She turned from him and looked round helplessly, then laid her hand on Lady Warner's shoulder.

"Take—take me away!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "I—I am ill!"

Lady Warner put her arm round her, and quietly led her to the back.

"What is it, Kate? What is it—are you faint?" she said, anxiously. "Why, child, you are as white as a ghost. Do you feel tired? You have overdone it tonight, I expect."

"Yes," said Kate, looking straight before her into vacancy, still seeing his face, and the upturned, lovelit eyes of the girl upon his arm. "Yes, that is it, I am overtired. Will you find papa, and let me go home?" and she dropped her fan from her hand.

Nellie's tears were dried and she was happy now. She had thrust the handkerchief into her bosom, and held her hand over it, pressing it against her heart as if it was something imbued with life and warmth, and now and again she glanced shyly up in his face so grave and stern, with all its lines deepened by the effort it cost him to remain in the midst of the shouting crowd.

It's sadness struck her at last, for she said, timidly:

"Are you cold, Mr. Raven?"

He started; he had forgotten her.

"Cold? No, Nellie, are you? Will you

THREE STRANGE THINGS IN MY EXPERIENCE

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Three of these "strange things" I set down here. They occurred in my own experience, and have never before appeared in print. For obvious reasons I am vague as to names and dates, some of the actors being still living. But "confirmation strong" can be supplied if necessary. I do not attempt to explain my phenomena, yet most assuredly they are true.

"Some years ago a young lady was traveling southward, and in the course of her journey had to change at Darlington. She was seen on the platform there and recognized. But she never reached her destination, and all inquiries failed to trace her. She had disappeared as though by magic. Three weeks later a miserable, draggled-looking creature presented herself at the door of a farmhouse in Lincolnshire, asking for food. She could give no account of herself, but something in her speech and manner struck the farmer's wife, who took her in, ministered to her wants, and nursed her during the illness that followed. It was evident from her appearance that she must have slept for many nights out of doors, but she could give no account of where she had rested or how she had been fed. In the end recollection returned, and she was restored to her friends. It was the only lapse in an otherwise quite ordinary middle class life. The time of her absence remained forever blotted from her memory. After alighting from the train at Darlington she remembered nothing until she recovered from her illness at the farmhouse. And curiously enough, no one seemed to have remarked her during her wanderings.

We talk glibly enough now about thought transference, and clairvoyance, and submerged personalities, and so forth. But it was in the early days, when the professors of these things were known as mesmerists, and regarded as charlatans, if not something worse, that my second strange thing happened. In a small Yorkshire town one of these professors was giving a seance, and after performing many wonderful feats, an onlooker asked if he could produce the same results when he was not present and without personal intervention—in short, as we should say now, by suggestion. The professor declared he could, and a trial of his powers was forthwith arranged. In this town everybody knew everybody else; therefore it was entirely satisfactory when a certain doctor of divinity—a kindly, simple-minded man, without a shadow of guile, and beloved by all his neighbors, was chosen for the experiment.

"Can you," demanded the scoffers, "suggest to your subject that he should call at Dr. ——'s house at noon to-morrow and sing the first verse of the Old Hundredth Psalm to him in his study?"

The proposal was accepted and made to the subject while under mesmeric influence. But the matter was regarded at that date as so much more occult than it would be now that a deputation of townsmen of undoubted probity, my own father being one was selected also to wait on the doctor and see fair play.

The medium himself kept to his compact by leaving the town early next morning. Towards noon the conspirators dropped in one by one to the doctor's study. They were all intimate friends associated with him in church work, and all that surprised the worthy man about their coming was that they came so near together. As 12 began to strike on the town hall clock, there was a loud ring at the bell, hurried steps along the passage, and a man burst unannounced into the room. He was known as a fellow-townsman to those present, but, strange to say, he seemed to recognize none of them.

"I have come to sing you the Old Hundredth Psalm," he cried, and forthwith burst into the familiar tune.

When the verse was finished he turned and fled. Questioned afterwards about his sensations, he said he had no remembrance whatever of what had happened. He came to himself at the parson's door, wondering why he found himself there, and hoping he had not been ridiculous.

A grewsome element of tragedy enters into my third "strange thing." Another of these wandering mesmeric professors was touring the country and reached at last a manufacturing village. Among his audience was a young girl who worked in a mill, a girl of refined mind and appearance, and a great favorite with a lady living close by, of whose Bible class she was a member. When the professor asked for subjects Mary presented herself, with others, youths and maidens of her own age, and she proved such an apt disciple that the professor speedily began to avail himself of his power over her and summon her, by some occult exertion of his will, to attend him wherever he might be giving a seance and illustrate his lecture. Mary obeyed these summonses without cavil. Some irresistible influence seemed to draw her wherever her tormentor willed, though she struggled and fought against her thraldom when she realized it with all her might. Her efforts, however, were without avail. So overmastering grew the sinister influence that time and place were at last communicated to her without the use of any material means of communication.

The girl presently began to show by her appearance the unhealthy life she was leading; to the great sorrow of Mrs. B——, her friend, to whom, in her lucid intervals, she deplored her obsession, without being able to deliver herself from it. By and bye, however, Mrs. B—— thought she saw a possible way out of the difficulty. She sent for the girl.

"Are you happy in your present way of life?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no! I would give anything to be free once more."

"Then I will try to help you. When do you expect your next summons?"

"I have it already, ma'am, for to-morrow, at Newcastle."

"What hour must you leave here?"

"The only train which will take me in time leaves here at noon."

"Then you can come to me at 11. I have something to say to you."

Mary promised. There would be ample time after the visit to reach the station. Meanwhile Mrs. B—— made her arrangements. The interview was to take place in an upper room, once a nursery, whose window was protected by iron bars. A confidential maid was intrusted to show Mary up, and then quietly to turn the key in the lock and take it away with her. On no account was she to return to open the door until half an hour after noon. To any ringing of the bell she was to give no heed.

All this settled, Mrs. B—— awaited her visitor. Mary arrived punctually. They talked on various matters until the girl began to show signs of agitation and fidget on her chair. There was no clock in the room, but Mary grew more and more restless, and at length after much hesitation said she must go.

"You cannot," replied Mrs. B——.

"Cannot!" Mary jumped up, flew to the window, threw it open, and shook the bars with the energy of despair. They resisted all her efforts. Then she ran to the bell, pulling it until the wire broke in her hand. Finally, when there was no answer she tried the door, and beat and battered against it with a fury it seemed as though nothing could withstand. Mrs. B—— said afterwards that the girl, usually so mild and gentle, appeared almost as if possessed with an evil spirit. For herself, Mrs. B—— continued, she thought those were the most awful moments she ever spent, for she expected every instant the girl would turn and rend her. Had exit been possible, Mary would assuredly have fled.

But though she stormed and raged like a mad woman, she offered no violence to her benefactress. Little by little, as the time of departure receded further away, she calmed down, and when, punctual to the moment, Mrs. B—— heard the welcome sound of the key in the door, she was sitting at her feet, clothed and in her right mind.

END OF A RAINBOW.

The sudden summer shower was over and two children stood on the hotel veranda gazing wistfully at the glorious bow that spanned the sky.

"I wish we could touch it," the girl said longingly; "it is the most beautiful thing in all the world."

"Well," the boy returned practically, "I don't care much about touching it, but I'd be mighty glad to find the end of that rainbow."

"Why?"

"Don't you know, goosie? There's a great pot of gold at the end, and it will belong to the person who can find it. Jiminey, but I wish I had it here this minute."

"Let's us go and get it."

The boy stared at his tiny companion in surprise. The feminine mind was much more daring than his own, it appeared. Did the girl really mean that they should go off alone in that limitless forest when they were never even trusted near it unless accompanied by some older person? Still he took another look at the brilliant bow. This was certainly the chance of a lifetime, and ,of course, he would not refuse to go any place that a girl was willing to go.

"Besides, it was her suggestion, anyway, not his, and if there were future reprimands and scoldings in store he could just say that it was she who proposed going.

"Come on," he said, briefly, holding out his hand, and off the two trudged toward the alluring, treacherous bow, giving no heed to the awful terror which their absence would surely inspire.

It was nearly four hours later were found. The boy's father, heading that they were found. The boy's father, heading one of the many searching parties that were scouring the woods, stumbled over them, and his pale lips sent forth a triumphant shout—for the children were safe, and, in view of that fact, all minor matters sank into insignificance.

Death had hovered too near to leave room for any feeling save that of deepest thankfulness. There were no scoldings in store for the culprits, though both were questioned closely regarding the escapade.

The girl always remembered with fervent gratitude that the boy never told any one that it was she who had proposed seeking the pot of gold.

The boy rather wondered at his own reticence, but after all it seemed rather a mean sort of trick to palm the responsibilities of his misdeeds on a girl! He kept a discreet silence on that point, and by doing so exhibited considerable more manliness than a certain ancestor of us all once displayed.

Two weeks later the hotel closed for the season, and the girl and the boy went their several ways. Off in her Eastern home the girl did not quite forget the boy who had done his best to comfort her by his silence when they were found.

Off in the West the boy remembered with a feeling of pride that the girl had never cried during that awful experience, and that she had never reproached him for allowing her to go into such peril. Of course, he should have known better, for was not he a boy, and the elder, too?

The girl had been a casual summer acquaintance and the two were effectually separated when the brief summer season ended. For several years the boy begged his mother each June to go back to that place, but she had a shuddering horror of the valley and the mountains, and nothing would induce her to return.

So at last the boy gave up asking, and the experience was crowded into the background by a hundred new interests and aims.

Long years after, when he was a man, playing a man's part in the world, the old desire suddenly seized him to return to that place. The hotel was still there, very modern in every way; but somehow he felt bored and missed an intangible something which he imagined he would find. He stood it for a week, then the quiet became intolerable. He resolved to leave the place. That day she came.

He knew it was fate from the very first. He was not ordinarily inclined to be shy, but he felt like a raw schoolboy in her presence.

She had many friends at the hotel, but he managed by sheer persistence to monopolize a good share of her time.

He could not tell whether he was making any headway or not. She was friendly but very elusive, and the time had come when he must go back to his work, for there were obligations which he could not ignore.

He lured her out that morning for a row, with the promise of a lovely spot which she had never seen. He was unusually silent and she leaned back in her corner of the boat watching him with speculative eyes. Apparently he was searching for some particular nook. At length his quest appeared ended, for he drew the boat carefully to the shore and held out his hand to her. Then they wandered over a wooded knoll nearby "This is the place, I am sure," he said at last, "I have seen it often in my dreams, and here is just where the end rested."

She stared at him in mild wonder.

"No, I am not out of my mind," he

Sudden Attack of Dysentery Cured

A prominent lady of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to inquire where she can obtain Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. She says: "While stopping at a ranch in South Dakota, I was taken ill of what seemed to be cholera. They gave me some of this medicine and it cured me. I brought a bottle home and have just used the last of it today. Mother was taken suddenly ill of dysentery and it helped her immediately." For sale by all

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"I was watching a cloud," said he. "I quite forgot where I was."

"It might easily have been worse," she said, severely. "Suppose the boom had stunned you so you couldn't have kept afloat."

"I should probably have saved you the trouble of rescuing me. I really don't know how to express my gratitude."

"Just don't try, then," she laughed. "It will be easier for us both. Are you feeling badly used up?"

"Not very," said he. "Why?"

"Because, if you feel able," she said, "we'll go after your boat. Her tiller has cleared the sheet, and she has come into the wind."

The professor turned his eyes seaward. Some two miles away the catboat bobbed up and down, her sail slatting indolently.

"I'd be extremely grateful if you'd set me aboard her," said he.

He was looking at the girl thoughtfully. There was something very familiar in her eyes and the poise of her head. Then it came to him. This was the young woman he had met at Mrs. Ransom's dinner last week. What was her name? What the deuce was it? He had not noticed her particularly then. He marveled now at his own stupidity. She was a wonderfully attractive girl, he told himself, as he leaned back on the cushions of the cockpit. And he couldn't even remember her name!

The girl regarded his puzzled frown with a smile of mischievous amusement.

"My name is Dole," she said, as if in answer to his perplexity. "I scarcely dared hope you'd remember me."

"How could I help remembering you?" he lied, gallantly. "That is," he added, veraciously, "all but the name."

The girl laughed gaily, and the professor joined her. It established them on a friendly footing. He moved nearer to her as she stood beside the wheel, and the remainder of the sail to his deserted craft was one he long remembered. It had taken him thirty years to find that he possessed a heart; but once the discovery was made he wasted no time.

When they were nearly out to the catboat the girl turned to him with a smiling warning.

"I shall put you aboard on one condition," she said; "you mustn't watch any more clouds when you're sailing."

"I promise," said he. He looked for a time across the sparkling water. "Why should I watch the heavens," he asked, "when there is so much of greater interest close at hand?"

He said it awkwardly; he fancied it sounded flat and idiotic. The girl laughed uneasily.

"You say your pretty speeches very glibly," she mocked.

"I am at least sincere," he said, gravely.

She gave a little disparaging shrug of her shoulders as she brought the knockabout alongside the catboat. The professor scrambled aboard.

"Look here," he said, suddenly; "I'm one of those fellows who shouldn't be knocking about alone."

"Sailing?" she asked, innocently.

"Anywhere," he said, flatly.

The knockabout was abruptly headed shoreward. The professor trimmed his sheet and followed. At the spar buoy he caught up with the knockabout. The girl's eyes were on the peak of her sail. She was apparently oblivious of his existence.

"Say!" he shouted, making a speaking trumpet of his hands.

She turned slowly.

"May I come over this evening and tell you why I shouldn't be alone?" he asked.

"If you like," she said, with an indifference which the color in her cheeks belied.

FOOLS LUCK

By Caspar Johnson.

Prof. Theodore DeWitt Peabody stood with one foot on the rail of the catboat and the other foot on the cushioned seat that ran about the cockpit, gazing intently at a fleecy, cumulus cloud floating lazily across the summer sky.

Prof. Peabody had but recently advanced a theory on the formation and dissolution of the cumulus cloud, and as he watched this specimen in the heavens fulfilling even the most minute details of his theory, he chuckled gleefully.

There are many foolish things a person may do in a catboat and yet live to tell the tale; however, in this, as in all things, there are limitations. To drop the tiller without lowering the sail; to stand on the rail gazing at the heavens when the wind is inclined to flaws, are not things to be practiced with impunity.

This did not occur to the engrossed man of science until several moments later when the wind, veering suddenly, whipped the boom sharply about and sent him overboard, gasping and half-stunned.

With the tiller free, the boat would in time have come into the wind; but with the main sheet had fouled the tiller, and the catboat went heeling away smartly on a port tack that bid fair to end somewhere on the European coast.

The professor shook the water from his eyes and struck out with long, swinging strokes. His head ached dully from the blow of the boom, and his whole body felt numb and lifeless. It was a good three miles to shore. He was a strong swimmer, and under ordinary conditions he might have hoped to make it; but with his head ringing, and spots of fire flashing before his eyes, and the numbness of his muscles momentarily increasing, he knew the chances were against him. He lifted his voice in a despairing bellow for help, and then swam blindly, doggedly, determined to keep up while there was an ounce of strength left in him.

It seemed to him that he had been swimming thus for hours when he heard a shout of encouragement close at hand. A small knockabout was shot trimly into the wind; a boathook was caught in his collar, and a moment later, dazed and dripping, he scrambled over the rail, to find himself face to face with a young woman.

"Did you hear my shout?" he asked, after an awkward silence.

"I saw it all," she replied, quietly.

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Farm Laborers' Excursions 1905.

Latest advices from Winnipeg state that the wheat crop of Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest will exceed all previous seasons; a great number of eastern laborers will be required to assist at harvesting. A Farm Laborers' Excursion will be run from points:

GOING DATES.

AUGUST 29, 1905—Stations south of, but not including, main line Toronto to Sarnia.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1905—Main line Toronto to Sarnia and stations north (except north of Cardwell Junction and Toronto on North Bay Section).

SEPTEMBER 4, 1905—From all points Toronto and east to and including Sharbot Lake, and Kingston, and north of Toronto and Cardwell Junction on North Bay and Midland Divisions.

Tickets will be sold to female as well as to male laborers. Tickets will not be sold at half rate to children.

With each ticket the purchaser will be given a Farm Laborers' Verification Certificate, and an extension coupon. At Winnipeg the special trains will be met by farmers, and by representatives of the Manitoba Government. Laborers may engage with them at Winnipeg, and on presentation of extension coupon, signed by a farmer stating that the holder has engaged to work as a farm laborer, ticket agent will issue free ticket from Winnipeg to C. P. R. station nearest the point where he has engaged to work, and on arrival at such station he must deposit the Farm Laborers' Verification Certificate with the C. P. R. agent. If anyone has made prior arrangement to work with friends, or with some farmer with whom they worked previously, they will be issued free ticket as above, and may check their baggage through from starting point to C. P. R. station nearest the point of work, provided such point is not beyond Moosejaw, Sheho, Lipton, Prince Albert or Estevan, as free tickets will not be issued, nor baggage checked to points beyond these stations.

After a laborer has worked for at least thirty days, and has certificate signed by the farmer with whom he has worked, such certificate will be honored prior to Nov. 30th for a ticket to return to starting point by same route as on going journey on payment of $18.00.

150 pounds of baggage, wearing apparel only, will be allowed on each ticket, and each piece of baggage checked should bear the name of the owner, and show their home address. It will be readily understood that some difficulty may be experienced in handling some thousands of pieces of baggage at one station. Therefore, when possible, baggage should be carried in hand grips, and these passengers should take in the cars with them. It is expected that special passenger trains (particulars to be announced later) for the accommodation of laborers will be run on the main lines, and tickets will not be accepted on regular trains. Further information will be supplied on application to C. B. Foster, D. P. A., C. P. Railway, 71 Yonge street, Toronto. Intending excursionists should notify nearest ticket agent at once.

W. Fulton, C. P. and T. A., 161 Dundas street, London. 92-n-z-x-t.



PLAIN SILK.

Cloud Cities.

Have you been watching the clouds for the last few nights? There have been such exquisite cloud effects that everyone in the world should be watching them.

There was an electric storm on Lake Erie the other night that was attended with the most wonderful clouds I ever saw. It was awe-inspiring in the extreme to watch the storm come, blighting the brightness mile by mile, then the black masses of clouds, the dark green of the lake and the deep, purply line of the horizon. Through it all vivid flashes of jagged chain lightning and misty clouds of rain.

Then the sky gradually brightened again, and the beautiful rainbow arched over our heads, the rainbow at the end of which there lies the mystic pot of gold we all wish to find.

The next night the clouds must have been going to a party. They were simply racing over the sky, one after another, big clouds and little clouds, and the most beautiful, oddly-colored ones, while behind them all, the moon shone down in calm superiority, as if to say, "Such folly! You do not see me indulging in wild scrambles across the sky."

And last night, apparently, the moon had succeeded in banishing all the frivolous clouds from the court, for never was there such a cloudless sky, with such a big, bright, undimmed moon.

One wonders if there will not be big disturbances in the heavens this month, with the eclipse of the moon the other night, which the weather, unfortunately, did not allow us to observe, and the coming eclipse of the sun on Aug. 30, which is attracting scientists from all over the world, to Labrador, which will be the best point of observation for an eclipse which is expected to be the best the world has ever seen.

There is an intresting article in this month's Review of Reviews on the eclipse, which is accompanied by a diagram, showing the extent of country which will be most influenced by it. Ontario lies within that belt, and it behooves us all to watch with great interest.

The Canadian Government has organized an expedition to Labrador and has fitted it up with the best and most expensive instruments for accurate observation, also giving some of the best scientists in Canada an opportunity to join the party.

It is noteworthy that this is the first scientific phenomena that the Canadian Government has officially recognized, as it were, and since Canada is the best place to observe the eclipse, all Canadians should be particularly interested in it, for, quite apart from its scientific interest, it is to be very beautiful.

The Hotel Stenographer's Cranky Patrons.

The hotel stenographer was rattling off a letter to my dictation and, as I finished, she said: "Oh, I've written the ending all on one line. I didn't know you were finishing up. Shall I do it over again?"

"Oh, no," I said, "don't bother! It really makes no difference."

"Makes no difference," she gasped, as I began to read it over. "Well, that's something new. Most women are twice as cranky about their letters as men. Why one woman today made me rewrite a letter three times; just as if I didn't know how to write a letter * * * *

"Would you kindly put a 't' instead of 'c' in the word 'influential'?" I interrupted.

"Oh, of course! Now, how did I ever come to make such a mistake! and I know how to spell that word just as well! As I was saying, she made me rewrite that letter three times, and it was just a short, business letter, too—not very imporant. She just wanted to be fussy. Guess she thought she wouldn't get her 15 cents' worth if she didn't make me do it often. Some women want the earth. * * *

"Would you please insert a comma after 'immediately'?" I interjected again.

"'Immediately.' Oh, I see. You mean funny, I meant to put a comma after 'immediately,' but I thought there might be too much punctuation in it. You know, that's my great fault, too much punctuation. Lots of people say to me, 'Now, don't punctuate at all unless I tell you to. I can do all that and then they don't put in a thing but periods.

"That's a fact. It's awful funny, the different kinds of people you meet here—all sorts! You certainly do."

"Thank you! Now, let me see. Does fifteen cents from a dollar leave eighty-five cents? I don't want to cheat you, but I don't want to cheat myself either.

"There, that's right! Now, I hope you'll come to me whenever you want any type-writing done. It will be a pleasure to do it for you. You can always find me there during the day, but I don't like to be round these public buildings at night. People talk about you, so when you do that sort of thing in New York. That's right! Goodbye," and the lady of the type-writer passed out.

Tom

DESIRABLE HUSBAND AS COVETED PRIZE

STRANGE CONTESTS IN WHICH WOMEN TOOK PART.

The joint birthday of King Carlos of Portugal and his consort was celebrated at a village near Braga in a novel way. A handsome young farmer named Coelhe, for whom several local beauties had long sighed in vain, determined to sacrifice his freedom by offering himself as a prize to her who should be successful in a bullock race.

Seven handsome peasant girls appeared at the starting post, riding barebacked on bullocks with decorated horns and tails. A capital start was effected, but ere half the distance had been traversed the favorite was thrown and displayed her chargin by seizing the tail of the second bullock in an endeavor to impede a rival's progress. This resulted in an unpopular competitor coming in first, whereat the onlookers were so disgusted that they ducked the judge in a pond.

New Brunswick was the scene, four years since, of a bicycle race, over a course of two miles, between a couple of girls who were rivals for the affections of an eligible swain. The prize himself, with a parson by his side, took his stand at the winning post, and no sooner had the winner, Miss Nellie Donnelly, passed the goal than the ceremony was performed, and the newly-married couple left the ground amid the acclamations of the large concourse that had witnessed the contest.

To run to a point some hundred yards distant, there to change dresses for others laid in readiness on the ground, and to return to the starting point was the trial undertaken last year at Brussels by some half dozen women to decide which should wed a man who had offered himself as a prize to the winner. On the word being given, one at once dropped to the rear and jogged on quite unconcernedly, for she was aware that sleeves of the dresses laid out for her rivals had been sewed up. The confusion consequent on this enabled her to win the race and the prize, who, it is more than likely, was well aware of the ruse.

The keeper of a Havre restaurant some eight years back offered himself as a prize to be run for in an obstacle race by young women. Here, too, suspicion pointed to the result having been previously arranged, for the last difficulty to be overcome consisted of wriggling between two bars so closely together that none but the slimmest could pass. Six out of seven competitors were thus put out of the race, which was won by a wisp of a girl, who, negotiating the narrow space with little trouble, carried off Boniface, in accordance, probably, with that wily man's intention.

The first prize in a cookery competition held at Vienna in the early '80s was a young man, the owner of a pork butcher's establishment, in whose declared opinion good household management was an indispensable necessity in married life. Some score or more spinsters and widows displayed their culinary skill, that of a professional cook being accounted worthiest of the prize. The young man, however, stultified the decision of the judges by eloping with the prettiest of the competitors.

Equally perfidious was the conduct of a young Liverpudlian who some years back offered his hand and fortune as first prize for a sack race, over 50 yards, to be competed for by girls under 25 years of age. At the goal he stood ready to surrender himself to the winner, but when he recognized in the leader a gaunt woman of notorious temper his courage failed him and he fled. The balked woman threatened both law proceedings and personal chastisement, but was at length mollified by sufficient money to set her up in

Misses' Styles Show No Marked Changes

FALL COATS FOLLOW VERY CLOSELY THE LINES DISPLAYED IN SPRING GARMENTS.

Buttons for Trimming Coats To Be Striking in Color and Design—Straw Hats Worn Late Into Fall.

[By Mary Dean.]

Misses' garments are always slower to change than those for women, therefore the first autumn styles show but slight departures. Spring and late summer effects are in a great measure repeated, with such modifications and materials as the new season calls for, and with some small new touch for novelty. September is far too early to be sure of the moods and caprices of fashion, so mamas are more ensnared by the recognized model than by the utterly novel thing. Such modes as appear to them as "reasonable" are also preferred to more dashing effects for the school wardrobe, which involves the primary autumn sewing done for young girls.

Naturally the first fall articles to be considered for any wardrobe are coats and hats, for the minute winds begin to blow light wraps and seasonable looking headgear are necessary. These also permit many summer frocks being carried far into the autumn, especially gowns of silk, veiling, etc., for there is now neither a season for light tints nor thin fabrics. Provided a frock is not of wash material, suitably shrouded it may go all winter long at the right moment and place.

The coats and ready-to-wear hats now being shown for misses by many shops admirably suit the unsettled moment between the heat of summer and the chills of late autumn. Numbers of the loose box and Norfolk coat styles in covert, French cloth, etc., vary little from spring ones, a slightly increasing smallness in the gigot sleeve being the principal change. The autumn touch is made with a velvet collar and slight trimming of the same on the sleeves, while some of the half-fitting coats are made distinctive by the number of their patch pockets. A little French model in general covert, shown for a girl of 16, had a tiny watch pocket at the left breast, a larger one beneath it for the handkerchief and two hip pockets.

The thigh and hip lengths seem to be the ones which will be preferred, with a fly buttoning of the front, in preference to the double breast. Still, despite this tendency to hide the buttons of coats, there is a likelihood that a very flamboyant taste in coat fastenings is about to be encouraged.

Advices from Paris on this subject state that the large makers are considering a coat button which will exactly imitate the larger of the copper coins used in Japan. A coat already designed for a lady of fashion exploited buttons made of genuine Japanese coins, the square orifices being bored for the sewing on. The coins were polished to a dazzling brightness and mounted in thin rims of silver, and the effect of this upon a coat of brown lace and taffeta was said to be very splendid. Adherents of the Russian cause, we are also told, may look forward to seeing the silver and copper pieces of the "Little Father" upon their coats. Some perfectly new coat cuts later on are liable to deal largely with short waisted Empire effects, and in coloring the soft sweet-gum brown, which combines so prettily with black skirts and hats will be more exploited than the usual browns and sage tans.

The influence of the automobile is decidedly felt in misses' rainy-day coats. Rainproof wool in checks, diagonals and herringbone weaves form quite a number of these coats, these materials admitting other use than wet day wear, which is always a point in favor of a raincoat. With some of these, especially if the model is an imported one, there is sometimes a species of Tam o' Shanter hat, becomingly shaped and stitched and banded in a way to make it seem quite handsome. Every portion of this hat is of the rainproof cloth, and the long, loose ulster belting at the back follows the prevailing fad for the number of pockets. The fronts of the longer ones are made exactly alike, for either left or right buttoning.

The first autumn headgear is the easiest of all to manage, as this season lends itself especially to the stiff effects of ready-to-wear millinery. Straw is worn much later now than it used to be, so few felt hats are yet seen, and unless those are in white or the palest tints, they have little of the glamor of first millinery. The straw shapes are in the main darkly colored, browns, blues, reds and grays standing out with prominence, velvet and wing trimmings mingling as usual with the hat structure. With the plainer shapes or the big sailor order, there are big puffy crowns rushed up at the left by some species of trimming, for a side lift, or if the hat tilts slightly forward the trimming of velvet or straw is massed underneath. Quite a number of the summer's little Watteau shapes have been carried over, with a slight increase of brim or with some modification in the extravagance of the tilt. But instead of the flowers of the summer, velvet and straw rosettes and quill trimming are used with scarfs of richly tinted silk on the felt rough riders. These picturesque and useful hats form a large portion of the man hatter's first autumn display, to which showy stylish maids generally go for their plain headgear. Such riders and some large sailors, trimmed prettily with the same striped silk scarfs, and with the added touch of a knot or quills at the left, are the chief things as yet offered in felt.

In frocks, the prettiest and most useful features of the summer are being carried over, and especially the summer's preference for black. Quite young girls and even children are to wear black this winter, with little smartenings of white and color upon the coat or bodice. Panama cloth is an admirable material for first autumn wear, the model in the form of a circular skirt fitted at the hips with tucks, and the sleeves of the Eton made wide and short to show the full ees of a brilliantly colored shirtwaist. Touches of of scarlet and white upon the jacket and a scarlet silk shirtwaist form a pretty combination. But apropos of black for schoolgirl wear, a black going-out dress is now exacted at many boarding schools, as in France, where, in consequence of the plain costume required, dress jealousies are unknown.

Some striking plaid effects are seen among the new wool materials, those of special effectiveness being on the old checkerboard order. Black and white appears in these, the made-up gown showing an elaborate ornamentation of red and white braid. The same braid, which was of wool, seemed to offer in black and white a pretty and inexpensive decoration for a number of the wool materials, such stuffs as serge or wool velling in any color.

Narrow black soutache braids will likewise be smart autumn trimmings, while moire ribbons (all of them in black) will trim house frocks in this texture.

Black velvet ribbon, that most charming of all decorations, is likely to be enormously used in old and new ways. Shower rosettes, rosettes of loops enormously long, falling like a fringe from a stiff center, is one new arrangement for hats and bodices. Upon the wide, unpressed skirts of little girls the ribbon velvet will be put on in the old even rows, or in rows of graduating widths.

The passion for embroidery, and especially the expensive hand sort, is on the increase, if anything. It is likely to be much used upon the smartest bodices of schoolgirls, upon deep silk and linen and batiste collars and cuffs, and upon the girdles and shoulder straps of suspender frocks. This last style is quite too convenient to be done away with, but the harnessing of the new suspender frocks the plain, straight bands are often very striking, making a girl seem more shapely than she is.

Touching upon the figure, it appears that there is a rebellion against putting very young girls in corsets. Many authorities claim that the straight jacket stiffens young bodies too soon, so a number of the dressmakers use a heavy boning in the dress bodice, to take the place of the corset. If a girl is stout, she likewise wears a boned underbodice, to which her petticoat is sown to obviate additional bands, or her corset is a slight affair of wide, soft tape.

The boned underbodices, which are in soft finished batiste, are cut as carefully as the outside waist, and cordings are sometimes used instead of whalebone.

The ready-made boned and corded waists are heavier and clumsier, but all such bodices are to be preferred for young girls to the regular corset, as they do not admit of lacing.

Early styles shown in shirtwaists display both mannishly plain and trimmed effects. One novel notion was exploited upon a green flannel waist, whose stiff cuffs and collar were of white linen, made to button on. The four-in-hand tie was of the shirt material.

Ribbon Remnants in Fetching Frills

POMPADOUR SILKS WITH ROSE SHAPED MEDALLIOUS USED IN STOCKS WITH PLAIN SHIRTWAIST.

Ribbon-Covered Buttons Used for Trimming Whole Costumes—Satchet Heart of Ribbon Instead of Broad Bow.

The porch girl is never more fascinating than when she is surrounded by a mass of fluttering ribbons. And this is the time of year when her fancy work consists principally of remnants from the ribbon counter. Remnants of expensive sash ribbons, short ends from bolts of gay pompadour ribbons and odd lengths of shaded ribbons, by this time have all found their way from the bargain box to this industrious girl's work basket and she is puzzling her ingenuity as to the best method of working them up.

For the girl who wishes to replenish the small accessories of her wardrobe, a good-sized remnant of pompadour ribbon may be utilized in making a pretty stock. Four or five rose-shaped medallions form the foundation of the collar itself. These are joined by narrow bands of the ribbon and a puckering of the ribbon peeps from the heart of the rose. From the medallions on either side of the rose which forms the center of the collar, extend long ends of the ribbon which cross in front and are fastened by a medium-sized button mold covered with the flower pattern of the ribbon. The lengths of ribbon are joined again two inches below in a butterfly bow with short bobbing ends, and a similar silk-covered button adorns the knot of the bow.

These ribbon buttons will be used extensively on all fall dress accessories. One very wide girdle of shaded ribbon in the new blues, shows a row of six buttons on either side of the narrow shirrings at the middle of the back. The pink flower pattern of a daintily colored pompadour ribbon covers the wooden button molds and gives a very Frenchy touch to the girdle.

Bolts of baby ribbon are a feature of ribbon counter bargains just now. Charming rosetes built from many folds of the ribbon trim girdles and stocks exactly as do silk covered buttons. They give the effect of tiny blossoms, and on fancy girdles any number of them dangle from many ends of the same width ribbon.

Hair ornaments are another possibility of the ribbon remnant. A most becoming bow knot for the front of the coiffure is very easily evolved from inch-wide satin ribbon. Round hat wire of the larger size is tightly wound with the ribbon and then formed into a full, rounding bow knot with two loops on either side. Lying on the hair, and standing out like butterfly antennae from the center of the knot are sweet peas. These are built from a double fold of the ribbon an inch in length, which is rolled over the end of a finger and fastened in a tight knot at its lower edge. Each sweet pea is attached to a fine hat wire wound with the satin ribbon.

Still another method of using up ribbon ends is in the form of a pad to be worn under the all-popular lingerie waist, to make the fullness stand out. The pad covers the bust and is held on by ribbons tied at the back, or by tiny safety pins, fastening the ends of the pad to the undervest. Ribbon three inches in width is required to make a pad of four puffs, two on either side. If wider ribbon is employed, only two puffs are necessary, and the pad is tapered off at either end to look like a bat's wing. A single thickness of sheet cotton wadding fills each of the puffs, which are joined at the center in a small knot of ribbon. The pad should be long enough to reach quite to the under-arm pit. Sachet is sometimes sprinkled on the sheet of cotton.

A fad of one summer girl has been to wear a sachet heart of lawn in the front of her lingerie waists. Many of her sisters are copying this in ribbon to lay under their bodices for fall wear. Satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch in width is laced together to form a square. From this is cut two hearts six inches in length. These are lined with thin muslin, and a thickness of cotton wadding thickly overlaid with a girl's favorite sachet is tacked inside the two ribbon hearts. Around the edges of the heart, a frill of Valenciennes lace is applied, and girls who can paint decorate the ribbon with bunches of forget-me-nots or violets.

Duration of Digestion.

The times of digestion of different foods are about as follows on an average: Milk, rice, about an hour or less; whipped eggs, barley soup, salmon, trout, about 1½ hours; peas and flesh about 2 hours or more; sago, 1¾ hours; barley, boiled milk, raw eggs, cabbage with vinegar, soup with fat and bread, about 2 hours; raw milk (Richet), baked eggs, ox liver, 2¼ hours; lamb, beans, potatoes, cabbage, hash, 2½ hours; boiled eggs, beefsteak, white bread, ham, beef, flesh, mutton, 3 hours; pork, poultry, veal, brown bread, 4 hours; salt pork, hard-boiled eggs, 5 hours.—Russell's "Strength and Diet."

TRIAL PROVES ITS EXCELLENCE.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign Remedy it is reported to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

A British officer, in his expense list on Government service, put down, "Porter, 2 pence." The war office, in a verbose letter, pointed out that refreshments, while in the execution of public duty, were not chargeable to the nation. The officer replied that the item did not represent refreshments, but a fee to a carrier. The officer replied: "You should have said 'porterage.'" The officer treasured the hint. Next time he had occasion to take a hackney coach he put down in his accounts, "Cabbage, 2 shillings."

DO NOT DELAY in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let

Summer Journeys in Health Land

THE CARE OF HANDS, HAIR AND FEET—WEEKLY SHAMPOO SHOULD NEVER BE MISSED.

Up-to-Date Girl is Judged Largely From the Appearance of Her Coiffure—She May Be Her Own Manicure.

[By Sally Chamberlain.]

Ask the beauty specialist what are the most telling points in a woman's appearance, and his answer will be, "Her hair, her hands and her feet." The same question put to the general run of men will elicit some criticism of a woman's coiffure, her hands or her prettily-shaped feet. These seemingly small details are what the looker-on first takes note of in passing judgment on feminine beauty. So it behooves the up-to-date girl who would be attractive to count as her foremost duty the care of these three important factors in her good looks.

The crowning glory of this modern girl is her hair, and it is from the summer sun and wind that it gains its greatest beauty. Wise girls have already taken advantage of the past warm months to get their scalps into a healthy condition. But the girl who has been too engrossed in business or having a jolly vacation has yet time to give her hair the benefit of balmy breezes and life-instilling sunlight.

Where the hair is very oily and perspiration causes it to cling together in ungainly masses, a girl should not fail to give it a weekly bath as long as the warm weather lasts, choosing a day when the sun is out clear and bright.

One of the best washes to remove excessive accumulation of oil is made as follows: Shave half of a five-cent cake of castile soap into a basin of hot, not boiling, water. Dissolve the soap thoroughly and add two tablespoonfuls of washing soda, one teaspoonful of ammonia, and one tablespoonful of borax. After these ingredients are quite dissolved, dip the head into the basin and rub the wash well into every part of the scalp. Rinse thoroughly with a rubber spray or shower. If the hair is exceptionally oily rinse the last time before drying in a basin of lukewarm water in which two teaspoonfuls of borax have been dissolved.

When drying allow the locks to get the full force of the sun's rays in the open air. If a girl has no porch or lawn she should go to the roof of the house or apartment where she is stopping. Keep a palm leaf fan constantly in motion so that the air may circulate over the scalp and each strand receive its own share of sunlight. Should it be necessary to hasten the process of drying use an ordinary towel. Never wipe the head with a Turkish towel. It is sure to leave a great deal of lint, and it is so harsh that is is apt to pull out the hair.

Do not omit the weekly shampoo and subsequent bath in the sun because the hair is dry. The following tonic, rubbed into the scalp just before washing, will counteract any injurious effects from the frequent use of water: Twelve drams of castor oil, one-sixth of a dram of resorcin, five ounces of spirits of wine and eight grains of balsam of Peru. This must be kept in a cold place. If it becomes the least bit rancid it is apt to cause some disease of the scalp. After using this tonic rub the scalp with a jelly made from one quart of boiling water and a five-cent cake of castile soap. Rinse five or six times in lukewarm water.

When a girl has much dandruff she should apply this tonic to her scalp two consecutive nights before shampooing: Five ounces of bay rum, one ounce of tincture of cantharides and one ounce of olive oil.

The girl with light hair, who watches each day to see whether it has grown any darker, has no better friend than the summer sun. It is the best bleach she can find, and will leave the glint of gold which no other bleach can. For this girl an excellent tonic that keeps the hair from changing color is:

One dram tincture nux vomica, one ounce tincture cantharides, ten grains sulphate quinine, five ounces rose water, six ounces spirits of rum and five grains oil of nevoli.

Before retiring at night let the hair down at least half an hour before going to sleep, and sit by the open window with the hair streaming over the back of a chair. Shake the locks well in the breeze and dust with powdered orris root, or, in the case of light hair, with scented talcum powder. This dries out the perspiration of the day and cools the head for sleeping.

Fasten the hair in two braids, each well over toward the ear, so that the air can get to the back of the scalp. One girl who takes pride in looking as well when she retires as she does during the day, ties her hair with a bow of the most supple satin ribbon in her favorite color. This does not break the hair, and keeps it from getting unbraided and snarled while she is asleep. In tying the ends of the braids, do not turn them up. This causes the hair to split.

Each time the hair is shampooed, brushes, comb, side combs and hairpins should have their bath as well. These can be cleaned quickly with a nail brush in tepid water holding a tablespoonful of ammonia. Wipe the combs thoroughly between the teeth and allow the brush to dry in the sun, bristles downward. When the bristles are up the water soaks in and loosens the back of the brush.

The secret of keeping the hair fluffy and loose is to change the manner in which it is done up from day to day, or at least every other week. That is, if a girl wears her hair low in the neck during the morning, it will lie much more lightly and becomingly if she does it in a high coiffure for the evening. Or if she braids it about her head one week, she should fasten it in a figure 8 the next.

To keep short locks in place, especially after the shampoo, a girl should have a small bottle of scented oil, such as oil of lavender, on her dressing table.

After the hair, a girl's next thought must be for her hands. Whether she is in business downtown or merely busy getting the greatest possible enjoyment out of the warm months, the summer is the time when her hands undergo the roughest usage and also when they yield most easily to care and attention.

If a girl works around a typewriter during the day or handles dusty goods, the hands are thoroughly begrimed by night, the dirt soaking in as the perspiration opens the pores. If there is no running water at her office, she should leave them uncovered until she reaches home. Putting on gloves soils the latter for any further use, and dries the hands.

Wash the hands in tepid water holding a teaspoonful of ammonia. Scrub well with castile soap and a stiff brush. Borax soap dries the skin too much after excessive perspiration. Always keep half a lemon on the washstand, with which to rub the hands and nails after the first dirt has been removed. The hands should be scrubbed again well before retiring or while bathing in the morning. This is the only means of getting the grime and discoloration out of the flesh each day. A sulphur match dipped in water and rubbed on the spot will remove ink stains.

If it is porch work that engrosses the young woman's attention, perspiring hands are her greatest annoyance. Before taking up fancy work, Englishwomen always wash their hands with toilet vinegar. This checks the flow of perspiration. A lotion prepared from the following formula is also good: Four ounces Cologne water, half ounce tincture belladonna. Rub the palms with gauze wet with this solution.

Where hands are discolored with freckles as a result of the summer sun, the most effectual bleach is lemon juice. If this is too strong, it should be mixed



FUSCHIA-RED CREPE DE CHIN

cold cream each night. When the hands are washed in the morning, the flesh should be pushed back with the towel. Before the hand is thoroughly dry, use an orange wood stick to loosen the cuticle. No other manicuring implement is required except a pair of scissors such as surgeons use for operating on eyes and a thin file. Girls who keep their scissors sharp employ only the wide part of the snippers in cutting the nails. The points must not be used for anything but the cuticle.

Not a few girls have learned the art of expressing themselves with their hands. The feet, however, have no less a power of expression, and often indicate a girl's character. Daily bathing and carefully-fitted shoes are important factors in allowing the foot to play its part in a girl's beauty and gracefulness. This means that the muscles and joints must be unhampered and allowed to move as they will. The toes should have as much freedom as the fingers.

This is the hardest season of the year to keep the feet comfortable and free from corns. The latter may be removed by a preparation of salicylic acid and collodion, the proportions of which are known to every druggist. At least twice a week every bit of callousness must be shaved off with a sharp knife or pair of scissors. Talcum powder rubbed well into the feet and toes, both night and morning, by absorbing perspiration, will prevent growths.

Care must be taken that the toes are thoroughly dried. Moisture left between them causes the skin to break. Swelling of the feet is usually an indication that the liver or kidneys are not performing their functions properly. This is a signal that the system needs a good cleansing with gentle cathartics or an effervescent laxative. If the feet swell after a long, hot day, immerse them in a bath of warm water, in which has been dissolved one ounce of alum, two ounces of rock salt and two ounces of borax.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO HIM.

It was a difficult situation. To be sure, Marcella had not actually flirted with Ackley Henderson—she refused to include the verb in her well-bred vocabulary—but then—

Men are so queer—so apt to think that one means things when really one is actuated only by ordinary courtesy and the gayety of the moment and cheerfulness toward the world in general. When a man calls regularly is that any reason why a girl should consider him in love with her? It would be abominable conceit, Marcella assured herself indignantly, as she twisted up her hair. Why, dozens of men had called on her in the last five years, and only three or four had asked her to marry them. Each of these men had seemed surprised when she refused. Therefore, why should she worry for fear Ackley Henderson would take it badly and think himself ill-treated when he learned she was engaged to an Eastern man? The wedding was set for June, and Marcella felt that she must break the news. She told herself that she would do it that very evening, and was surprised to find herself turning to ice at the thought.

She stared at her own face sternly in the glass. It was not that she had a lingering fear lest she cared for Ackley—not a bit of it! The man down East had all her heart, but she did like Ackley immensely in a friendly fashion and dreaded his displeasure. Just why should she think he cared for her? She demanded a reply as she fiercely searched for another shell hairpin. He had never said anything; but then, words were not always necessary. Only a week ago, when she had been playing at the piano, on turning suddenly she had caught his gaze fixed on her with such open tenderness that the blood had rushed to her face. He had carried it off well by asking in the next breath some irrelevant question, but it had started her to thinking.

Really, it was too bad of Ackley. He was such a reserved, odd person that one never could tell what he was going to do next. He never confided in his friends, though apparently he was free and open.

She searched her memory sharply. Had she ever given him the slightest right to fancy she was especially attracted by him? Of course, she had been interested in his yachts and his theories on the proper way to drive a horse, and his favorite books, but that was only what ordinary politeness called for. If one did not talk to a man about the things in which he was interested what on earth would become of conversation?

Marsella jabbed in the last pin and straightened her side combs and just then the bell rang. Heaving a long sigh, she went down to greet Ackley Henderson. He was so particularly happy and cheerful tonight that it made her task doubly hard. How should she begin? She could not plunge into the subject abruptly—she wanted to glide into it gracefully and by degrees—but somehow she could not manage the conversation. And all the while Ackley sat beaming joyously at her.

Marcella shivered. She wished she could remember a few times when she had been rude to him—the memory would brace her up—but there was nothing but unremitting and gracious kindness on her part in the hateful past. She wondered if he would tell her what he thought of her when she told him of her engagement, or whether he would take it quietly and brood over it. She didn't know which would be worse.

She chattered fluently on everything under the sun, but at last talk ran slow. Silence fell. Marcella felt it was now or never. She leaned forward and fingered the paper cutter lying at her hand and spoke in a low voice. She did not look at him.

"I'm going to tell you something, Ackley," she said. She could feel that he was all attention instantly. "I—perhaps I should have told you—told people some time ago, but I—well, I didn't. I—you've met Bob Van Puyster, of New York? I'm going to marry him in June." She ended with a rush.

After an instant she raised her eyes. Ackley Henderson was smiling surprisingly, delightfully.

"Why, I am greatly pleased," he cried heartily. "De Puyster is a fine chap. I'm glad to hear it. And I might as well tell you there's a girl down in St. Louis that is going to be Mrs. Henderson next fall—and your profile and hers are identical. Every time I look at you I'm reminded of her, though, of course, you're not alike."

Marcella was speechless. For one mortal hour she had to sit and listen to the praises of another girl sung into her astonished and reluctant ears and smile as though she liked it. Her own engagement he apparently dismissed from his mind. He was about the farthest from a heart-broken man one would care to see.

Yet when Marcella took down her hair that night she broke three of the shell pins because she was thinking so hard, and indignantly.

Girls, there is no doubt, are queer.—Chicago News.

Finishing a Story.

My friend Philkins had invited me to take a ride with him in his automobile and while waiting for it to come round he began to tell me a story about a coon hunt. The machine came before he was ready, and he stopped his story and said:

"Get right in. I will tell you the rest of it as we go along. Now we are off. You see, we had got the coons up a big oak tree——"

Here he ran over a dog and was interrupted for a moment.

"We had got 'em up a big oak tree, and the dogs were barking all around it, and Jim——"

Here he took the wheel off a buggy hitched in front of a store, and was switched off again.

"And Jim, who had the rifle, was trying to get a shot. We were all excited, and knowing Jim as I do, I knew that he might bring about an accident. I had just opened my mouth to——"

Here he ran the machine up on the sidewalk and chased a woman into a bakery, but got off without any damage and went on:

"Just opened my mouth to yell at him, when he tripped over a root and came down with a crash, and the gun went off. Well, sir, for a minute my heart——"

Here he caught an old man going across the street and knocked him 30 feet, and then had to dodge a street car. It was a full minute before he could go on:

"For a minute my heart ceased to beat. Then I called out to know if any one had been hit, and the relief at finding all had escaped was like being drawn back from the grave. When I could get the lump out of my throat——"

Here we ran down a peanut man and smashed his machine to pieces, and had to put on speed for the next half mile to escape a policeman. When it was safe to slow up Philkins continued:

"The lump out of my throat, I grabbed Jim and gave him a shaking he will remember for years to come. He has been mad at me ever since, but——"

Here we picked up a stray dog, sent a grocer's boy flying over the fence and climbed a stone wall and rested in a field, and while Philkins was consulting his State map to see where we were, and getting ready to end his story, I slipped down and ran for life and left him alone. It wasn't a polite thing to do, but a young lady was sitting on a veranda not far away, and I knew that his next move would be to lift his hat and run her into the house and upon the roof to escape him.—Joe Kerr, in Washington Star.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

MORE men are ruined by prosperity than by adversity.

WHY GO LIMPING and whining about your corns when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

The i[illegible] of a married man is anywhere [illegible]

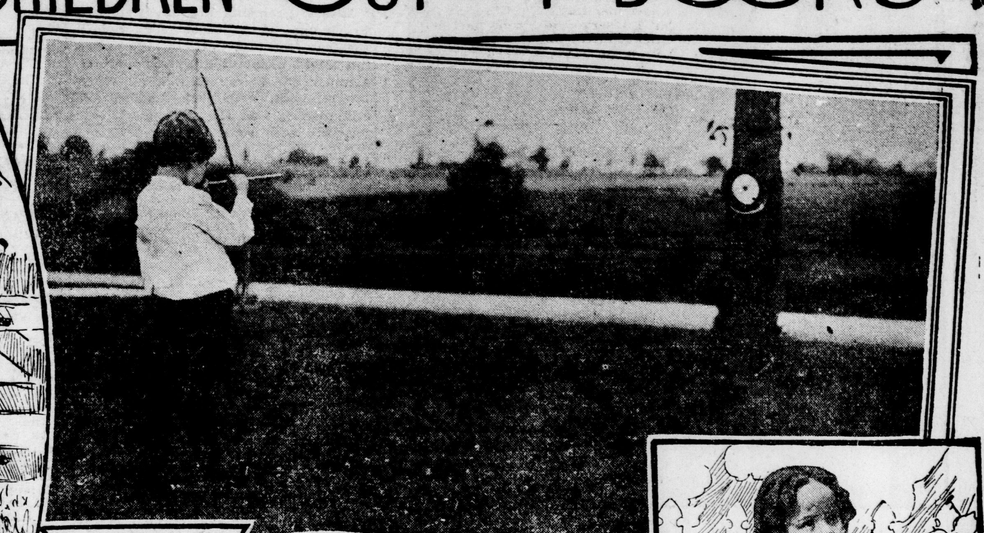
How to be Healthy and Beautiful
by Mrs. Henry Symes

THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING CHILDREN OUT OF DOORS



New Game of Bean Bag





A wholesome out door interest.



Ready for work in the garden.



Digging always appeals to children



The best kind of a resting place.

MINICK.

During childhood the foundation of future health and character is laid, and care should be taken during these first years of a child's life to keep things as sunshiny as possible. It is as natural for a child to be cheerful and good-natured as it is for a kitten to play or a bird to sing, and when signs of fretfulness and bad temper arise, it behooves the mother to look for the cause. She will usually find it in some slight physical ill, which, nine times out of ten, has been brought about by lack of proper exercise and fresh air.

Keep your children healthy, and you are apt to find them a merry lot and easy to manage. One of the most frequent sources of neglect is in not keeping children out of doors more.

You must not expect them to stay out of doors unless they have something to interest them, and for this reason every mother should try to invent games and pastimes that will keep them out in the pure, fresh air. One or two hours out of twenty-four in fresh air is not enough for children if they are to have the best chance of growing up strong and vigorous.

Remember how important is the inhalation of pure air if you would have pure blood; and remember, too, what is often forgotten—that children need a plentiful supply of oxygen even more urgently than grown people, and oxygen in a sufficient amount we can only find in the air out of doors.

In summer it is particularly easy to manage so that many hours may be spent in the open air. There is no doubt that this is more difficult in town than in the country; nevertheless, it can be accomplished if there is even a small garden at the back of the house.

Of course the air in these back yards is not so good as the air in the country or at the shore, but it is infinitely better than the air indoors.

A swing can always be fixed up at little expense, and it affords outdoor occupation, amusement and exercise of a wholesome kind. At a surprisingly early age children can be encouraged to take an interest in a flower bed, the digging always appeals to them, and frequently it develops an idea of beautifying rather than destroying public or other property.

There are innumerable garden games, and new ones coming along all the time. Quoits, ninepins, battledore and shuttlecock, archery, beanbag, are all games that will keep children amused out of doors, which should be the aim of every mother.

It is a good thing to keep a time table of just how many hours your children spend in the open air. Do not punish the little ones for fretting until you find out why they fret; consult your time table—the reason may be there.

MRS. SYMES' RECIPES

Excessive Perspiration

I am a reader of your column, and like the advice you give. Will you please tell me what to do for excessive perspiration under the arms? I find my hair is growing darker all the time. Can I use anything in washing it to keep it from growing dark? It is dark red. And oblige.
M. O.

Try washing night and morning with hot water, in which there are a few drops of ammonia, and common brown soap. This treatment has proved successful in many cases. I am giving you formula for a shampoo to keep the hair from turning dark.

Shampoo.

White castile soap, in shavings, 1 ounce; water, 24 ounces; potassium carbonate, 30 grains; borax, 120 grains; cologne water, 2 ounces; bay rum, 2 ounces.

Dissolve the soap in the water and add the other ingredients. Rub well into the scalp.

Annoying Pimples

You have been so sweet and kind as to help so many of your readers, and so perhaps you may be able to help me.

The last year or so I have been greatly troubled by a breaking out on my face—pimples, one after the other, very sore and of the kind that are necessary to open; therefore they never entirely disappear, but leave a sort of scar, which remains for months. They are only on my forehead and around my nose, mouth and chin—never on my cheeks. And, indeed, until now I have had a very good complexion. I also have blackheads. I am afraid I have used too much water on my face, because I am always washing my face and hands, always take a bath several times a week, though not a daily bath. I am 25 years old, height, 5 feet 5 inches, and I weigh 134 pounds. I am rather light in complexion, with light brown hair, and my face is rather plump. My general health has always been good, with a headache now and then; but lately I have been troubled with indigestion. I am under the doctor's care, and he is attending to that part of it; but he is of the old-fashioned kind, and does not want me to bother with my face—thanks. I am too proud, etc. Do you think it is? You know I am engaged to be married, and I never had these things before, and I do not want them now, unless I have to. We all like to look our best before those we love, so won't you please help me? Do you think steaming my face would rid me of those blackheads? I am also on a sort of a diet. Haven't eaten candy or sweets for several months; but I am not any better than when I started.
GRACIE R. P.

I feel sure that the pimples on your face are the result of some inward disturbance, either of your blood or of digestion. However, you need not feel discouraged, for if you persevere in leading a hygienic life there is no reason why they should not disappear. Eat only simple, wholesome foods, with plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables; drink great quantities of water between meals; get all the fresh air and exercise you can.

Every night before retiring wash your face with warm water and a good, pure soap, rinse thoroughly and then apply the cream for which I am giving you formula. The blackheads will most likely disappear under this treatment, but if not, I should wait until you have got rid of the pimples before you take more heroic measures to remove them. I think sarsaparilla or some good blood purifier might also be very beneficial.

Fossati Cream for Pimples.

Lanolin, 5 ounces; almond oil, 5 ounces; sulphur precipitate, 2 ounces; oxide of zinc, 2½ ounces; violet extract, 10 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple. Wait until the pimples are cured before using face brush, as it might irritate.

Found Remedy Successful

As I have tried the cure (Monin's) you recommended for acne, and received in it a cure indeed, I hope that you will advise me what to do with my hair. I have been to a hairdresser, who said that I had a little eczema, and I took a course of treatment, but my hair still falls out a great deal. The lotion that he massaged my scalp with has made my hair grow very dark, and I would like it to remain light.

I am also very liable to chills, after which I am very black under the eyes and yellow in color for a few days. Hardly a week passes that I do not have one. Is there anything I can do to prevent them? I walk to school and back every [illegible] a distance, in all, of four miles [illegible] am little. I

the remedy for the removal of whiteheads so successful. I fear I cannot give you the helpful advice you now ask for. The conditions you describe indicate that you are very much run down, indeed, and need special treatment, and I advise you to consult a good physician and follow his advice.

Care of the Hands

Last winter when my hands were in very bad condition I came to you for help. The preparations you told me about were fine, and I never had such nice looking hands in cold weather before. Now I have lost the recipes and come to you, hoping you will not think it too much trouble to give them to me again. There were three, one for cosmetic gloves to wear at night, a cream to whiten the hands and something to cure sunburn. I remember that it had petrolatum in it.
LUCY R.

I repeat the formulas with pleasure and trust they are the ones you want. I am giving you three for cosmetic glove, as I do not know which one I gave you before. They are all good.

To Whiten the Hands.

Lanolin, 100 grams; paraffin (liquid), 25 grams; extract of vanilla, 10 drops; oil of rose, 1 drop.

Mix and apply when necessary.

To Make Cosmetic Gloves.

Use soft, large leather gloves, three or four sizes too large. Rip them open and spread the inside with one of the following preparations, then sew the ripped seam up. The simplest, and therefore the least troublesome, easy to make is this:

Cosmetic Glove Paste.

Ground barley, the white of an egg, a teaspoonful of glycerin and one ounce of honey.

Comestic Glove Paste—No. 2.

Home-made soft soap, ½ pound; olive oil, 1 gill; mutton tallow, 1 ounce.

After boiling these together remove them from the fire before adding: Spirits of wine, 1 gill; ambergris or some other perfume to an amount to suit the taste, always being on your guard not to scent things too highly.

Cosmetic Glove Paste—No. 3.

Refined pine tar, 1 teaspoonful; olive oil, 1 pint.

Melt in a water bath, scenting with rosewater or some other perfume. This is a preparation which does not spoil.

The following preparation for use with cosmetic gloves is slightly more elaborate:

Myrrh, 1 ounce; honey, 4 ounces; yellow wax, 2 ounces; rosewater, 6 ounces.

Melt the wax in a water bath and add the myrrh to it while it is hot. After beating them together add the honey and rosewater. Beat all up and add glycerin by the teaspoonful until you secure a paste which will spread nicely.

For Sunburn.

White petrolatum, 3½ ounces; paraffin wax, ¼ ounce; lanolin, 1 ounce; water, 1½ ounces; oil of rose, 3 drops; alcohol, ½ dram.

Melt the paraffin wax, add the petrolatum and lanolin. Stir constantly, beating the water in during the process. Add the oil and alcohol when nearly cold.

Wants Lighter Eyelashes

Would you be kind enough to tell me what will turn the eyelashes one shade lighter? A lady friend told me that the lashes and brows should be of the same shade as the hair, and as my hair is chestnut brown and lashes and brows darker, I trust you will tell me of something harmless to lighten them.

I do not know of a harmless, satisfactory bleach for the eyebrows and lashes. I do not agree with your friend, but think the effect is much prettier when the brows and lashes are slightly darker than the hair.

Worried About Circles Under Eyes

As I never asked a favor before, I wish you would grant one to me in your next week's paper. I have dark circles under my eyes that are very worrisome to me always. As I am a subscriber of your paper, I wish you would please tell me some cure and oblige one that is worried.

Dark Circles Under the Eyes.

There is always, in my opinion, some internal cause for the black circles under the eyes. The tendency is sometimes hereditary, but dark lines are usually due to some congestion of the veins of the part, and are rarely, if ever, found excepting

being drained as it would be in prolonged study, lack of sleep or dissipation of any description. The external treatment is sometimes effective temporarily, but cannot be permanent while the cause exists.

Local Treatment.

Bathe frequently with cold water and use friction. A little turpentine liniment or weak ammonia, one part of diluted ammonia to four of water, may be rubbed into the skin daily (once), but great care must be taken that it does not reach the eyes.

LAURA B.—I am giving you the formulas as requested.

Old-Fashioned Skin Lotion.

Spermaceti, 12 grains; white soap, in powder, ¾ dram; white wax (pulverized), ¾ dram; almond oil (sweet), ¾ dram; Jordan almonds, 3 ounces; pure alcohol, 2 ounces; distilled water, 8 ounces; attar of roses, 3 drops; oil of neroli, 5 drops; essence of jasmine, ½ dram; essence of white rose, ½ dram.

Blanch the almonds and beat them into a smooth paste, adding some water gradually to form a thin cream. Melt the wax, spermaceti and almond oil together, and to this add the soap, previously rubbed down, with one-half ounce of water. To this add, in small quantities, the remainder of the water, assiduously stirring. Then add the strained almond cream and finally the alcohol and the perfume.

A little of this milk may be rubbed into the skin several times during the day. The effect is permanently beneficial.

Honey and Almond Cream.

Honey, 1 ounce; white soap in powder, ½ ounce; oil of sweet almonds, 2 ounces; oil of bitter almonds, ½ dram; oil of bergamot, ¼ dram; oil of cloves, 7 drops; balsam of Peru, ½ dram; liquid potassa, ½ dram.

Mix the oils with the balsam, then mix the honey with the soap in a mortar, adding enough of the potassa to produce a nice cream. Add this to the first mixture and continue to beat until you have a thoroughly incorporated emollient.

Callous Spots on Hands

Will you please send formula that will remove hard places on the hands, caused by sweeping? I find your page very valuable.
GERTRUDE.

I have no regular formula for the removal of callous places on the hands, but there are many simple remedies that will help you. Rubbing pure olive oil on the hard spot several times a day and at night before retiring. The following simple mixture has proved very successful in such cases:

Suet, 1 ounce; camphor, 20 grains; glycerin, ½ ounce.

Badly Shaped Nose

Having noted in your health and beauty columns of all the advices you offer to readers, I would also like to ask a few questions.

My nose is very large and wide, and I would be pleased to know if I can in any way give it a thinner shape. My hands are very large and irregular shaped, due to the fact that I carried heavy grips and valises when my hands were yet growing. If you can inform me how to give them a normal shape, I would feel very grateful to you.
F. H.

Much can be done toward training the nose into a desired shape, but it requires great patience, as the improvement is very slow. Very frequently press the side of your nose together between the thumb and forefinger. Begin at the bridge and press downward. The hands are not so easily trained, as the muscles have no doubt become enlarged. However, if you keep them white and well cared for, it will improve their appearance greatly.

Formulas Repeated

Please publish again your recipe for Sultana cream and talcum powder. I liked them both so much, but have mislaid them since last summer.

I repeat the formula with pleasure. Am giving you two for talcum powder, as I do not know which one you wish.

Sultana Cream Make-Up.

Sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; white wax, melted, 320 grains; spermaceti, 320 grains; benzoin (finely powdered), 100 grains; tincture of ambergris, 60 grains; rice powder, 320 grains; pure carmine, 15 grains.

Blend the fats in the inside receptacle of a custard boiler; add benzoin while they are heating, the rice powder and carmine while cooling, and tincture last of all. Spread it on the face and throat, gently and carefully, rubbing it into the skin, and avoid its getting into the eyebrows or close to the eyes. Powder with any flesh-colored powder or veloutine, applying freely with a puff, and after a little while wipe off with a bit of chamois. This masks as effectually as a plaster of pastes and will cover all slight imperfections of the skin without having the repulsively artificial look which they give. By artificial light it is imperceptible.

Talcum Powder.

Rice flour, 10 ounces; talcum, 10 ounces; oxide of zinc, 10 ounces.

Mix thoroughly and sift twice through fine bolting silk. Perfume to taste.

Hygienic Talcum Powder.

Farina starch, 50 grams; powdered talcum, 20 grams; powdered lycopodium, 20 grams; salol or boric acid, 10 grams; essence of violet, 20 grams.

To Cure Nervousness

Can you give me a simple cure for nervousness? I do not want to take any medicine, as I do not feel ill—just nervous.
RESTLESS.

Drink plenty of hot water between meals. It is good for nervousness. Be out of doors every minute that you possibly can; there is nothing like blue skies, brisk winds and sunshine to do away with an attack of "nerves." Go to bed early, take a quick bath every morning, don't read crazy, exciting novels and rest all you can. Eat an abundance of simple, nutritious food. Brace up and say you won't be nervous; that is really half the fight.

Reduced Her Hips

Will you please give me your formula for Kentucky cold cream? I have reduced my hips and abdomen by using the exercises you gave me. I was exceedingly stout, but now, thanks to your beauty column, I am slender again.
Mrs. Y.

Kentucky Cold Cream.

Rosewater, 4 ounces; almond oil, 4 ounces; spermaceti, 1 ounce; white wax, 1 ounce.

Orange-flower, lilac, violet or elder-flower water can be substituted for the rosewater at pleasure, and the addition of one dram of tincture of benzoin or a half dram of salicylic acid will insure the cream from becoming rancid.

Always wash the face with hot water before the massage treatment.

Found Formula Very Satisfactory

Have used several of your prescriptions and found them very satisfactory. I have lost the paper containing them. Would you kindly publish them again? Orange flower cream, cream for softening the nails, cream for chapped hands and corn cure. The prescription for corn cure contains collodion; the other ingredient I cannot remember.

How often should the physician's prescription for restoring the natural color of the hair be used?

Thanking you in advance. Yours truly
L. H. R.

Orange-Flower Cream.

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanolin, 2 ounces; cocoanut oil, 2 ounces; orange-flower water, 2 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and lastly orange-flower water.

Cream for Chapped Hands.

White petrolatum, 3½ ounces; paraffin wax, ¼ ounce; lanolin, 1 ounce; water, 1½ ounces; oil of rose, 3 drops; alcohol, ½ dram.

Melt the paraffin wax, add the petrolatum and lanolin. Stir constantly, beating the water in during the process. Add the oil and alcohol when nearly cold.

Paste for Delicate, Brittle Finger Nails.

Take equal parts of refined pitch and myrrh, or of turpentine and myrrh melted. Mix together and spread upon the nails at night. Remove in the morning with a little olive oil.

Sometimes the paste will nourish the nails and make them stronger.

Corn Cure.

Salicylic acid, 1 dram; collodion, ½ ounce. Paint over the corn or bunion once a day, and scrape away the superficial growth at the end of three or four days.

Muddy Complexion

I am a reader of your column and know how helpful your remedies are, so I should like to ask you about my face. I should like to have a nice, clear complexion. I used to have a nice skin, but now it is getting muddy, and does not look nice. I have tried a great many creams and lotions, but they do no good. I am in good health, and do not know what the cause is. I would be very grateful to you if you would kindly tell me what to do. Also, what will take away little red blotches left from pimples?

A muddy complexion is frequently the result of a torpid liver. Are you sure this is not the trouble in your case? Take all the exercise you can and drink quantities of water between meals.

Wash your face every night before retiring with warm water and a good, pure soap; rinse thoroughly, and apply the cream for which I am giving you formula—it will nourish the skin and whiten it, and also be very good for removing the blotches you speak of.

Orange-Flower Cream.

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanolin, 2 ounces; cocoanut oil, 2 ounces; orange-flower water, 2 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold,

Outdoor Sports That Make You Healthy

By Dr. Emma E. Walker

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If a number of girls in your set are athletic in their tastes they will find a good deal of fun in a Hare and Hounds Club, when the weather grows cool.

Have five or six on a side and choose a leader for the "hares." Practice daily and you will soon be able to cover long stretches of country in your run.

Hockey.

Hockey is called the offspring of "Our Lady of the Snows." But this game is no longer confined to Canada. It is now played by many in the United States. At first, after you have played this for a short time, you will be quite stiff and sore—a proof that every muscle has received its due exercise. Hockey is essentially a rapid game. It calls into play many and varied motions of the body as now you skate forward, then backward, then sidewise. The lungs are expanded; the leg and back muscles are developed, and the trunk is turned and twisted so that the muscles of the neck, the sides, and other muscles of the torso are brought into play.

Its mental effect, too, is unexcelled. Hockey is an exciting and infatuating game, and girls should be careful not to go beyond their strength in playing it.

Fencing.

Those of you who have the opportu-

a girl should have a perfectly sound body to begin with, and be very sure that none of her organs are weak. Foils, masks and a plastron are used, and an instructor is absolutely essential. Learn to fence with both hands, so that the forearm, calf and thigh are developed symmetrically on both sides The results are wonderful. Three months of fencing practice will give you a lighter step, grace of movement and a more agile form. It trains the eye, the hand and the mind. Indeed, I know of no better mental gymnastics than a bout with the foils. The exercise is vigorous and causes profuse perspiration, and if you are a little heavier in weight than you would like to be, swathe the hips and abdomen in flannel before your practice hour, and note how quickly they are reduced. Begin with a thirty-minute lesson only, and gradually lengthen the time as your strength increases. Lie down for thirty minutes after each practice hour. Fencing is a fine art as well as an exercise, and one of the most fascinating of sports.

Handball.

Handball is a fine game for all-round physical development. Every muscle of the body is exercised. It cultivates quickness and precision of the eye. The running and struggling which it involves are of great benefit to breathing. It is a most healthful and exhilarating exercise.

One of its advantages is that it can be played alone. It is the national pastime of Ireland.

the game of basket ball, it seems to me that it ranks with football rather than with girls' sports. In playing this game one is apt to become so excited that she forgets all care for herself or for others. I do not feel that the dangers of the game are compensated by any advantage that may come from it.

Any girl who has a weak heart should carefully avoid all vigorous games unless she has the permission of her physician to indulge in them.

Gardening.

So many girls are desirous of getting rid of superfluous flesh that I wonder more of them do not try gardening. The same motions are involved in this pastime that come into many household duties, especialy bed making. The girl who loves her garden is continually stooping and rising again, motions most advantageous for the one who desires to lose weight.

Coming close to Mother Earth is a blessing in itself. She loves her children, and the closer they come to her the more freely she offers them beauty and health.

Gardening is a fascinating pursuit, as you will find if you once take it up. Begin in a small way at first, but do it well, and it will not be long before your boundaries will spread out. The joy of seeing the first bud and flower on your own plant that you have nourished is an exquisite pleasure. Not only does a beneficent physical effect come from this close contact with nature, but I do not know of anything that will give you

LITTLE AIDS TO HEALTH

When a person has accidentally swallowed glass, it is a mistake to administer a purgative. Instead, allow plenty of crackers to be eaten or thick oatmeal gruel, or anything similar, so as to protect the intestines.

Perspiring Hands.—Perspiring hands are a source of great annoyance. Tincture of belladonna applied to the palms will lessen the perspiration. This is poisonous, so it cannot be freely used. Eau de cologne, with 5 per cent. of dilute acetic acid, is quite harmless. A convenient way of using this liquid is to carry a wide-necked scent bottle containing a small sponge which has been soaked with the preparation.

A splinter can be extracted without pain in this way: Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the splinter will come out.

Nervous Breakdown.—Nervous breakdown is oftener due to overworking the digestive organs than to mental strain as such. Abstemious habits in eating, combined with some attention to exercise, make it possible for one to do an immense amount of hard brain work without injury; but to attempt anything out of the ordinary in the way of work while subsisting on the ordinary stimulating diet is to invite disaster.

Small warts on children's hands, when they appear in numbers, can be got rid of certainly and painlessly by keeping them constantly moist with a lotion made by adding two drams of dilute nitric acid to one pint of water.

In the Spanish beauty parlors they will advise you to live upon a vegetable diet while you are taking the beauty treatment. They will tell you that new onions are very good, and so are asparagus, spinach and all the spring vegetables. And they will whisper that the woman who eats garlic and plenty of it will have a very smooth, very clear and pretty skin.

Bad cuts and burns sometimes happen in the kitchen, so it is well to know of handy remedies. To stop the bleeding of a bad cut, apply finely powdered rice or flour to the wound. If soft soap is to be had, it will ease the pain of a burn at once.

Those who suffer from stoutness should take plenty of exercise; never eat potatoes or bread, no suet or fat, and never eat and drink at the same time. Thin biscuits or toast may be taken, and never touch milk or beer. If this is persevered with, a satisfactory result will follow.

If one's face is too red, be careful of the diet. Take no hot drinks, but cooling ones. Don't wash the face with cold water, nor when you feel flushed. Lukewarm water is better. When going out in the sun, wear a thin veil. Hot foot baths are also said to help in a case of this kind.

Place baby on his back on a rug, and he will soon show you his own ideas about suitable exercise. If his clothing is not too tight, he will wave his little legs and arms in the air, and kick and sprawl in great delight. This is excellent for the muscles, and baby will show his appreciation of it by his evident pleasure in the little gymnastics he performs.

Authorities differ on the subject of removing blackheads, but all agree that the diet should be simple, and great care be taken of the digestive system. An application of a good coal tar soap and hot water every day to the face will often remove the blackheads, which can then be squeezed out by a hairpin and a few drops of eau de cologne used on the spots. Steaming the skin once a fortnight to soften the blackheads is another remedy advised, and the spots are then squeezed out by the fingers. A little dusting over the spots with boracic acid powder is advisable, and the face [illegible] be washed every day in this pow-

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

To the Duchess of Northumberland belongs the credit of proceeding to the extremity of calling in the police to arrest an unbidden guest at one of her recent entertainments at Syon house, near Brentford. This practice of attending social functions uninvited is not altogether unknown in America, especially at Washington. It is doubtful, however, whether the abuse has ever been carried there to the lengths that it exists in England, where hostesses sometimes do not know by sight one-half of the guests present at their parties. Some people bring their friends whom they do not even take the trouble to introduce to the hostess, while in other instances strangers just drop in of their own accord.

This is what happened the other day at one of the Duchess of Northumberland's entertainments. The duchess observed a beautifully dressed woman, of obvious refinement, wandering about, and could not recall ever having seen her before. As the stranger was unable to give any satisfactory account of herself, the duchess not only requested her tho retire, but likewise instructed the groom of the chambers to cause her arrest by the detective who was at the entrance. She felt that she owed this to her other guests in view of the possibility of the latter discovering later on that they had been robbed of valuable jewels.

Not until the fair stranger had spent 36 hours under arrest was her identity revealed as a Miss Chaplin, a young woman of birth, fortune, and highly-connected, who could easily by reason of her social position have obtained an invitation from the duchess from mutual friends had she gone the right way about it, but who exposed herself to the disgrace of expulsion and arrest as a suspicious character owing to her resort to the prevailing practice of attending entertainments uninvited.

The Duchess of Northumberland, who is a sister of the Duke of Argyll, and a sister-in-law, therefore, of Princess Louise of England, is the most exclusive of English hostesses—even more so than the Duchess of Buccleuch She is a clever woman, and keenly conscious of her birth, her rank and of the prerogatives of the ducal house of Northumberland. These privileges include that of being buried within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Formerly many great families possessed this right, but they have either become extinct or have allowed the right to lapse. It is a right to which the American members of the house of Percy are entitled, although they are possibly ignorant of the fact. For there are Percys in America. The third Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had a brother of the name of George, who emigrated to Virginia at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and who is recorded in the pages of Burke's "Peerage" as having died there in 1632 S. P. It would seem, however, from the researches of leading English and American genealogists that these two letters were erroneous, and that on the contrary Lord George Percy left legitimate sons. In the early part of the nineteenth century his lineal descendants in the male line were still living in Virginia, their ancestry being a matter of common knowledge, and I am informed that their descendants in turn are in existence today. In that event, one of them undoubtedly is entitled to the earldom of Northumberland, though not to the dukedom, and he also has a right to the chieftainship of the historic house of Louvain-Percy, along with the Percy armorial bearings.

Of course, there would be no means of recovering the estates, which are enormously valuable. These must be said to have passed out of the hands of the Percy family. For there is but little Percy blood in the veins of the present Duke of Northumberland. In the early part of the eighteenth century the last of the real Percy dukes of Northumberland died, leaving his estates, comprising Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland, and Syon house, at Brentford, to his only child, a daughter, married to the Duke of Somerset of the day. This Duke of Somerset in his turn left only one daughter, and while his dukedom of Somerset passed on his demise to a distant cousin, Alnwick Castle and all the Percy estates went to his daughter, the wife of Hugh Smithson, the banker, who, by reason of the immense territorial and political influence which he was able to command as master of the vast Percy estates, was created Duke of Northumberland, and permitted by the crown to assume the name and the armorial bearings of the Percys.

It was the son of this first of the Smithson dukes of Northumberland. James, by name, and born out of wedlock, who founded the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. As to who James Smithson's mother was, that is a question for which the reply must be sought in the words of the deed of gift by which he legalized his bequest of the Smithsonian institution to the American nation. He writes as follows: "The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland. On my mother's side I am related to kings" (which obviously he would be as descended through her from the Percy dukes of Northumberland, and the Seymour dukes of Somerset). "But that avails not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and Percys are forgotten."

If I remember aright it was in fact the appearance of James Smithson in the world at a most inopportune moment that led to the marriage between Hugh Smithson, the country town banker and squireen, and the heiress of the Percys and of the Seymours, and had it not been the object of legalizing a questionable situation and putting an end to a more or less public scandal, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset of the day would never have permitted their only child to contract what was from a social point of view so terrible a mesalliance.

The Smithsons are descended from a London apothecary of that name. The latter is by no means the only member of his class whose descendants have blossomed forth into dukes and peers of the realm. Thus the present Duke of Leeds traces back his descent to an apprentice boy who saved from drowning the daughter of his employer, a silk mercer, and married her. The earldom of Cornwallis was founded by a Cheapside pie seller, while the forbear of the Earl of Essex, married to Miss Beach Grant, of New York, was a draper.

Syon house, which was the scene of the social execution perpetrated by the Duchess of Northumberland, is a grand old place, one of the most quaint and delightful of the fast vanishing suburban places which once formed so charming a girdle around London. In olden times it was famous as a Benedictine convent, and was turned over by King Henry VIII. at the time of the Reformation to the Duke of Somerset, who rebuilt the greater part of the present mansion. Queen Catherine Howard lived there for several weeks prior to her execution. After the Duke of Somerset's execution in 1552 Syon house passed into the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. It was as Syon house that Lady Jane Grey was living when the crown of England was offered to her by her father-in-law, the then Duke of Northumberland, and it was from thence that she went in state by the River to the Tower of London, where she, the Duke of Northumberland, and her husband, Lord John Dudley, were put to death on the scaffold. In the reign of Mary it was again a nunnery of the so-called Daughters of Syon, and then in 1604 King James granted it to a Percy earl of Northumberland who was mixed up in the gunpowder plot. It was at Syon house that several of the last interviews of the ill-fated King Charles I. with his children took place, and Queen Anne lived there for a considerable time prior to her accession to the throne, the place having been lent to her by the then Duke of Northumberland. The gardens owe their excellence and interest chiefly to the Duke of Northumberland who figured so conspicuously in the American war.

I may add that the Benedictine nuns of the Brigittine convent, near Ghent, still retain among their treasured possessions, the large antique key of the main door of Syon house. When the nuns were expelled, between three and four centuries ago, it seems that the mother abbess of the day, with characteristic femininity, locked the front door and pocketed the key as a sort of woman's protest against the disestablishment of the ancient faith.

Every tourist who has visited Edinburgh will recall the famous old bridge known as "Grammond Brig," spanning the River Almond, and which is one of the most ancient and interesting relics of Scottish history. The news, therefore, that it is now undergoing a restoration with a view to its careful preservation, will doubtless be received with satisfaction by many of my readers. In the old stormy days of Scotland the bridge formed part of the highway, which ran from Edinburgh to the Queen's ferry. For hundreds and hundreds of years all sorts and conditions crossed the bridge on their way to or from the Scotch capital.

It was on the bridge that the poet King James I. on that winter's day of 1436, was accosted by an old woman, who, in a loud voice, entreated him to abandon his trip to Perth, where he proposed to spend Christmas, predicting, "My lord kyng, and ye passe this water ye shall never turne ayane on lyfe." The king turned a deaf ear to her prayer and went to his doom as she had prophesied. It was while crossing this bridge, too, that Mary, Queen of Scots, was seized by Bothwell and carried off to Dunbar, Sir Walter Scott giving a graphic description of the episode in those of his works devoted to the story of this ill-fated queen.

But the incident most closely associated in the popular mind with the old bridge is the rescue of King James V. by Jock Howison. It is not precisely certain whether the monarch on that occasion was engaged in some romantic adventure, whether he was acting the more creditable part of a sixteenth century Scotch Haroun El Raschid seeking to learn the needs of his humbler subjects, or whether it was a case of the "red fox," as he was nicknamed, endeavoring to ascertain the plots of his nobles.

However, the fact remains that he was attacked by several assailants on the bridge, and would undoubtedly have lost his life had it not been for the timely help of Jock Howison, who come to his rescue, ignorant of his identity. It was only subsequently that the worthy Jock discovered that the "Guidman of Ballangleich" was his sovereign, who rewarded him by the grant of the valuable lands of Braehead, in the immediate neighborhood of the bridge, which to this day are held by Jock's descendants, from the crown, by one of those quaint old tenures, which one finds almost at every step and in Great Britain, to remind one of the antiquity of its institution. Thus the tenure requires that on each occasion when the sovereign crosses old "Cramond Pond," the master of Braehead should be in attendance with a basin of water and a napkin in memory of the basin which the original Jock Howison handed to King Jomes V. to wash the blood and dirt from his face after rescuing him from his assailants and concealing him in his cottage. When King George IV. crossed the bridge in 1822, William Howison, a lineal descendant of Jock Howison, offered the monarch water from a silver pitcher in which to wash his hands, and when King Edward was last at Edinburgh, to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and had occasion to cross the bridge, he was the recipient of a similar attention on the part of Capt. William Howison Craufurd, the present master and owner of Braehead.

DIAMOND DYES

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Users of package dyes will please bear in mind that vile and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes are sold by some dealers. Every time you purchase dyes be sure you ask for "DIAMOND." Refuse all other makes if you would avoid truble and loss of money. Write to Wells & Richardson Company, Limited, Montreal, P. Q., for

good deal of attention by the number of the remarkable newspaper interviews which he has been giving concerning the alleged intentions and views of the Emperor with regard to France. The prince has a mania for interfering in things that do not concern him, and almost drove President Faure into a fit of despondency by remonstrating with him on the action of the French Government in the Dreyfus case. The prince is the most unfortunate of husbands, since two wives in succession have been compelled to leave him, the first, Lady Mary Hamilton, now the wife of Count Tassilo Festetics, of Hungary, and the other, born at New Orleans—Alice Heine—who still retains her name and title of Princess of Monaco, in spite of the judicial character of her separation.

Somehow or other the predecessors of this sovereign gambling house keeper on the throne of Monaco have nearly all been unfortunate in their matrimonial relations, a fact which the so-called Prince Rouge-et-Noir must recall every time he looks out of the windows of his palace at Monte Carlo, at the ancient tree known as the "Tree of Knowledge." It received its name during the reign of Prince Honorius I. of Monaco, who was married to Mlle de Gramont, the fairest beauty of the court of Versailles, in the days of Louis XIV. of France. The lady who rejoiced in the blondest of hair and the most flashing of coal-black eyes, did not like Monaco, nor her husband. So she left him and returned to the court of Versailles, declining to call herself Princess of Monaco, but using one of his minor titles and styling herself Duchess of Valentinois She was greatly surrounded and courted, and every now and then stories would reach Monaco of her conquests. This exasperated her husband, who, however, was helpless to keep her within bound. But he had his revenge in another way. Whenever his spies from Paris and from Versailles brought reports of some new affaide de coeur on the part of the duchess, and a description of her new favorite, a full-size dummy, destined to portray the latter, was manufactured, and hung by the neck to the branch of a big tree occupying the center of the palace square. The prince then summoned all his loyal subjects, and it was their duty to pelt this dummy counterpart of the successful rival of their monarch in the affections of his wife, with mud and offal. In course of time the dummies on the tree became so numerous that special gallows had to be erected around it, until the matter was finally brought to the attention of Louis XIV. of France, by his pious but immoral Egeria, Mme. de Maintenon, whose religious prejudices it offended. Accordingly a special mission was dispatched from Versailles to Monte Carlo, which resulted in the disappearance of the gallows, and also of the dummies from the tree, which latter, however, remains and is known to this day as the "Tree of Knowledge."

HELEN JEROME'S TALK WITH ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

The Titular Head of the Roman Catholic Church in England Says the People Are More and More Realizing That a Definite Belief Is Necessary.

The following interview with the young and aggressive Archbishop of Westminster was written by Miss Helen Jerome, the interesting Australian woman who is making a trip around the world for the Melbourne Age, and who interviewed President Roosevelt and Cardinal Gibbons for the New York World.

The Most Reverend Francis Bourne was enthroned a year and a half ago in the new million dollar Westminster Cathedral in London. It is said that he will be a cardinal soon. This remarkable man was a barefoot boy, the son of poor and obscure parents. He knows the whole range of English life, from hovel to palace. He was born in Clapham, London, and got his early education in the Catholic College of St. Cuthborn, Ushaw; St. Edmund's, Ware, and St. Sulpice, Paris. He also studied in the University of Louvain. In 1884 he was ordained. Beginning his priesthood at the age of 23 he served in several petty parishes, among them Grinstead, Surrey. In 1889 he became rector of the Diocesan Seminary, near Guilford. Within a short time he built a new college and a splendid chapel. In 1895 Leo XIII. made him a domestic prelate, and afterward Coadjutor Bishop of Southwark, with the right of succession. Then he became Bishop of Southwark. Two years ago he was translated to the archbishopric of Westminster as the successor of the late Cardinal Vaughan. His is the authoritative voice of the Catholic hierarchy in England.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

It is all like a dream. Can this really be a country on the same planet, or, in my voyage from electrical thunderous, strenuous New York, have I stepped by accident into some far-off world where life goes placidly and men think in rhythmic, stately, aristocratic measures? It is in talking with some of England's great men I begin to understand the historic significance of the English temperament. The blood of men flows more slowly here, which is, perhaps, better for the solid evolution of human progress.

The Archbishop of Westminster is a typical Englishman. Do you rushing business folk over in America realize the full significance of that? He is a man who in his calm, dignified personality, his handsome ascetic face, his "air"—that most uncompromising thing called "air," which none others in this mixed-up old world possess save Englishmen—typifies the strange, inexplicable inevitability of that extraordinary thing called lineage—birth, race—they are all one. Democratic as an Australian, the product of a young, intellectual country, must be, it is yet such men as this who forcibly impress me with the stateliness, the solemnity of a country which has an affirmative history behind it. How different the very environment of this great man to that even of the President of the United States. One feels, at sight of the stately pile called "Archbishop's House" in old Westminster, that England, more than any other country, is imbued with the seriousness of the duty of impressiveness. Flights of stately steps lead onward to the shrine which houses Westminster's archbishop—closed doors and softly carpeted halls give the mansion an air of cloistered calm, which impresses one with the grave importance of this gentleman's position. A vast, stately salon is the ante-room to the audience chamber. One can hear a pin drop in the strange stillness of this great house.

Life here is a quiet, calm, marble-hearted, ascetic thing. There are no green trees in the streets outside to comfort the human side of an ordinary poor sinner, as at Baltimore. Nature has chosen gray as the national color for London, and Archbishop's House in Westminster rears its exalted head proudly and coldly, with nothing to lighten its solemnity, not even the roar of traffic outside, for it stands in an aloof street, where the glorious hum of life does not penetrate. How quiet, how terribly serious it all is! I thought as I sat in lonely splendor in the audience chamber of His Grace of Westminster. A door opens with slow deliberateness, and with the perfect punctuality common to royalties and gentlemen, the Archbishop of Westminster entered the room. But what a surprise to me! I expected, of course I did, an old, white-haired gentleman—for some occult reason we all demand this in archbishops and cardinals. We insist upon them being old and venerable, a curious contradiction too to the accepted notions of Christ, who was young enough even for America, where only youth is wanted. Perhaps we imagine with pathetic humility that poor humanity can only attain to the required sanctity of an archbishop at a very mature age, when life has ceased to be the glad, pulsing, tempestuous, wicked thing we all love it to be.

A YOUNG DIGNITARY.

Yet here, to my astonishment, a young man confronts me—a young man of aristocratic bearing, tall and thin, with the slight build and the stately carriage of the well-born Englishman. I almost felt amused at the realization of such an exalted position for such an extraordinarily youthful-looking man. "Surely the youngest archbishop in the world!" I could not help saying in gentle remonstrance at the sudden upsetting of all my preconceived ideas concerning archbishops.

The archbishop smiled amusedly. "No," he said, "there is one other who is younger than I. He is Archbishop Glennon, who is only 42, while I am 44." (He looks 30.) Archbishop Glennon holds a — in America, where it is not so strange to be young and powerful. But here in England, where Gladstone was a gay young fellow of 60, and where statesmen only commence to put off their swaddling clothes at 50, this young and younger-looking archbishop is something of a new departure.

Just think what a remarkable boy he must have been, as the boy is so truly the father of the man!

The Archbishop of Westminster is not partial to the newspaper interviewer, so that for the interest which attaches to his remarks for American readers Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, is to be thanked. But for the possession of a written request from the great Australian cardinal I should certainly never have gained access to the house in Westminster.

With perfect courtesy the archbishop prepared to answer me, after first inquiring as to the health of the Australian and American cardinals, of both of whom he is an honest admirer.

"I only regret," he began, "that I do not personally know Cardinal Moran, whom I just missed meeting in Rome after the last Papal election, and who was concerned in my nomination."

"Your lordship is, of course, an Englishman?"

"I am," said the archbishop, and though, with typical English reserve, he did not display any emotion, I knew quite well how proud and glad he was that the answer could be yes. "My father was English and my mother Irish, and I was born here in England." With a passing and no doubt ridiculous wonder that archbishops had mothers and fathers, like the rest of us, I passed on to the business in hand.

"What is the attitude of the English Catholics toward the Irish Catholics?" I inquired, anxious to get reliable information from such a source on this very doubtful question. A thoughful look came into the quiet blue eyes of the young archbishop, as he said, slowly:

TWO DISTINCT RACES.

"The English and Irish races are entirely different, wtih a difference which nothing has or ever will overcome. There is no doubt a great union of sympathy on essential questions, such as education — but the two countries will never understand each other fully. I can speak impartially on this subject from the very fact that my blood is a mixture of both countries. I sympathize intensely with Ireland, but my heart is also with England, and as far as I can see, home rule is still quite in the far future.

"I think that if the university question had been settled as well as the land question in Ireland, there would have been a much greater unity of spirit and opinion in Ireland itself; for even politically it is terribly divided. Since Parnell instituted that party pledge, it has been almost impossible for men of the upper classes to go into Parliament at all.

"With regard to the home rule question the Catholic Church has had no direct influence. The Catholics in England are all divided into different political parties, some through inheritance" (what do you Americans think of that? Imagine an American inheriting an opinion, or inheriting anything but dollars), "and," continued the archbishop, "many through conviction. As a matter of fact, for political purposes there is no Catholic party at all. For instance, the Catholic Education Council has for president the Duke of Norfolk, who is a Conservative, while a most prominent member, the Marquis of Ripon, is a Liberal. Yet where Catholic interests are at stake these differences don't disunite. Then again, in the question of free trade Catholics are divided; in fact, only in a very few questions are they united, such as the

Life Impossible Without Sleep

The Vitality Consumed During Waking Hours Must Be Restored by Sleep—Otherwise Collapse.

Men have lived for weeks without food, whereas a few days without sleep and man becomes a raving maniac—a mental and physical wreck.

Nights of sleeplessness tell of a feeble and depleted nervous system, of approaching nervous prostration or paralysis.

The use of opiates merely gives temporary relief, and actually hastens the collapse of the nervous system.

The regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will form new, rich blood, create new nerve force and thoroughly cure sleeplessness and nervous exhaustion.

By keeping a record of your increase in weight while using this great food cure you can be certain that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the organ.

"that at his coronation every English sovereign should be forced to denounce the Catholic faith. To swear that he will have none of it. This is a very significant feature in England, when one couples it with the fact that the Catholic population here only numbers two millions."

CATHOLICS TREATED FAIRLY.

"Does England treat the Catholic Church with fairness?" I next asked. "Indeed, yes," answered the archbishop quietly.

"We get absolute freedom and fair play—for the British race stands for freedom. In fact, in some degrees, we are better off than the United States of America."

"In what way?" I inquired in surprise.

"Well," said the archbishop, "here in England the state subsidizes our Catholic schools as well as the non-Catholic or Protestant ones. We are expected to build our own schools at our own expense, just as other denominations must do, but after that the schools are maintained at the public expense. Here, too, we are better off than you are in Australia, where all Catholic institutions must support themselves. It is only and solely the undenominational schools which are built by the public."

"Is it true, your lordship, that England, in common with America and Australia, is bent under a modern wave of agnosticism at present?" The archbishop looked troubled.

LESS AGNOSTICISM NOW.

"No," he said, at last, "there is less agnosticism now than there was five years ago. People are more and more coming to realize that a definite belief is necessary. Agnosticism is unsatisfactory as a guide to life. "But," said he, his troubled look deepening, "I observe more indifference here than definite agnosticism. It is the indifference which is hardest to fight against. If a cause, or a creed or a faith has genuine abusive enemies to fight against, conversions are more hopeful. But unfortunately, here in England, is a large class of people who simply can't be got at, because there is nothing definite to get at. They don't care—they don't take the question of religion seriously. It is simply incidental to their lives. It is a leaf that the breeze just stirs gently and subsides again. "Cui bono?" they will say kindly and shrug their shoulders wearily. These are the people, often enough, good, honest, worthy people, whom it is impossible to touch, for they possess nothing that is touchable. This is much more hopeless, and for the Catholic Church in England more disastrous agnosticism. For the rest, there is little real hostility against us here in England. Just at present there is a good deal of bigotry among the ultra Protestants. In one or two recent elections it has shown itself. But the bigotry cycle is evanescent, it comes and goes at regular intervals and need not seriously worry us."

"How does the Catholic Church in England compare with that in the United States?"

"The Catholic Church is making slow but steady progress here," answered the archbishop, "although in England and Scotland there are only two millions of Catholics. I think that in the large cities of England no religious organization is keeping pace with the growth of population in the same ratio as we are; but no religious organization is really keeping pace with the growth of population. Cities are growing so enormously fast, and many people have only a vague belief in God, attaching no importance to any definite belief or form of worship. We have not, of course, to fight against the hostility which exists in France—as I said before, indifference is our enemy. Like Cardinal Gibbons, whose interesting opinions I read in the New York World lately, I am very hopeful concerning the outlook for the Catholic Church in America, even more than in England. I regard the Catholic Church in America with the greatest admiration. It has certainly the foremost place in the world for progress. And as for America itself, so greatly do I admire that country that I find nothing in it to even criticise. I would not presume to criticise such a country, feeling that we, in England, have so much to learn from those wonderful people across the Atlantic. I knew and admired many of my American fellow-students in France, even before I began to study the nation which produced them."

Who Can Tell Why?

Can you understand—

Why a man who has to pay his wife's dressmaking and cleaning bills will sit in a street car with one foot across his knee so that every woman who passes him must brush her frock against the dirty sole of his shoe?

Why any woman who has ever watched a newsboy or an Italian peanut vendor make change will slip a dime or a nickel into her mouth while she is using both her hands to investigate her purse or bag?

Why a man who, in bearing and dress, is to all intents a gentleman, can sit in a crowded street car with a half cold or smoldering cigar in his hand, until the odor from that stub will sicken all the women and most of the men in his vicinity?

Why a pretty girl who talks in a loud voice in public places imagines that all the men who are watching her furtively or openly are lost in admiration?

Why a man in a crowded street car would rather open and shut the front door for twenty women than move down two feet and hang on a strap?

Why a woman will walk seven blocks to save two cents a yard on a piece of silk, and then fail to observe that the butcher is holding out the bones and trimmings of her Sunday roast, and the ice man is occasionally adding an extra five cents to his bill?

Why a man will dodge trolleys, drays and policemen in a mad rush to reach his office, and then line up with messenger boys, tourists and other men, presumably as busy as himself, to watch a fire company turn a stream of water on a two-penny blaze?

Why a woman will rush recklessly in front of a moving trolley car to greet a friend and then threaten to sue the motor company because its man almost ran her down?

Why the clerk of whom you earnestly desire to buy goods would rather hear about "Mame's new mohair skirt" than display her employer's stock?—Washington Star.

There are four towns in the Philippines, with a population exceeding 10,000 each and 35 with a population exceeding 5,000. Manila is the only incorporated city in the islands, and its inhabitants number 219,928.

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"No one knows what I suffered from stomach trouble and dyspepsia," writes Mr. A. B. Agnew, of Bridgewater. "For the last five years I have been unable to digest and assimilate food. I had no color, my strength ran down and I felt miserable and nervous all the time. I always had a heavy feeling after meals and was much troubled with dizziness and specks before my eyes. Dr. Hamilton's Pills were just what I needed. They have cured every symptom of my old trouble. My health is now all that can be desired." By all means use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25 cents per box, at all dealers.

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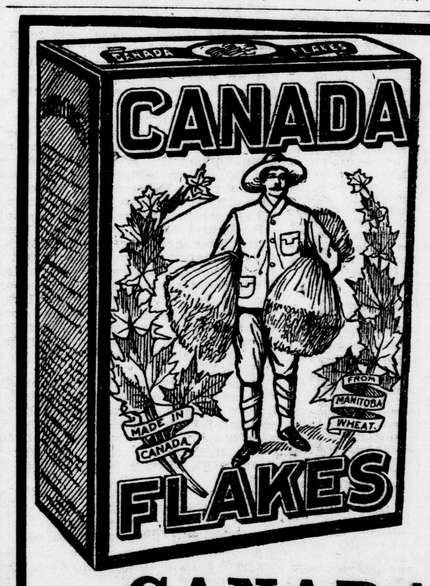
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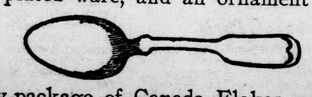
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CANADA FLAKES

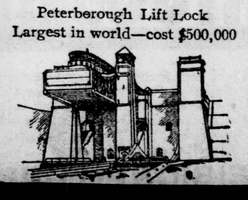
the food of QUALITY and QUANTITY.

In every 15c package of Canada Flakes there is a handsome premium. Until further notice this will be a fine serviceable white metal teaspoon, far superior to the ordinary silver-plated ware, and an ornament to any table.



Every package of Canada Flakes contains one of these spoons. Eat Canada Flakes and get these fine spoons as premiums. AT YOUR GROCER'S.

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THE BLACK SIDE SHOWN OF GREAT WORLD'S WARS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

Kuropatkin's narrow escape from capture recalls a similar, but much more extraordinary escape of Washington. Two days before the battle of Brandywine, Major Ferguson, in command of a rifle corps, twice, with a magnanimity singular in those days, spared the life of Washington, without knowing the value of the life he spared.

Here is his own account of the incident as given in a letter to a friend: "We had not lain so long in the wood when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but, the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit; but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling he stopped; but, after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him, but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself coolly of his duty. So I let him alone. The day after, when I was telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, a surgeon who had been dressing the wounds of the rebel officers told us that they had been informing him that Gen. Washington was all the morning with the light troops, attended only by a French officer in hussar dress, he himself in dark green and blue with an unusually high cocked hat, and mounted on a bay horse. I am not sorry," added the gallant major, "that I did not know at the time who it was."

At Waterloo, Wellington exposed himself with such seeming recklessness that aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp fell killed or wounded, and only his old friend, the Spanish Gen. Alva, was untouched by his side. At one moment, indeed, the duke was in such imminent and deadly danger that one of his surviving aids-de-camp ventured to remonstrate. "Sir, you are in the greatest possible danger here." "I know I am," replied the duke, "but I must die or see what they are doing."

The horrors of exposure and starvation endured by the wretched Russian soldiers in their retreat recall the following extract from a private letter written from Mons a fortnight after the battle of Waterloo: "It is only four days since the burying of the dead bodies with which the field of the battle of Mont St. Jean was strewed. Several thousand carts had been put in requisition for this operation in the department of Jemappe. After the lapse of ten, twelve and even fifteen days, there were found among the dead carcasses great numbers of wounded, who, impelled by madness or hunger, had eaten the bodies of the men or horses that surrounded them. I say, madness, because there were some of them who even cried in their dying agonies, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

Sergt. Weir, of the Scots Greys, as paymaster of his troop, was exempt from active service at the battle of Waterloo, in which he nevertheless fought and fell. When the field was searched for the dead and wounded. Corp. Scott, of the same regiment, found the body of Sergt. Weir with his name written in blood with his dying hand upon his forehead. This, explained the corporal, was obviously done in order that the sergeant's body might be found and identified, and that thereby all suspicion of his having absconded with the money of his troop might be averted.

After the battle of Sedan, when the dead were being buried, a trace of blood led the searchers to a shady spot, where they found a French sergeant lying dead, with his hand tightly clenched in death pressed to his lips. In his hand was a scrap of paper, which they forced from it and read. It was a letter from his little girl of 5, which, when mortally wounded, he had crawled here to read with the last light of his burning eyes, and it ran thus: "Dear father: I miss you so much. I miss you most morning and evening when I used to kiss you. I try to be good, as you told me, and kind to mamma. Your loving little girl, Marguerite."

As I should like to imbue my readers with my own horror of the horrors of war, and of the hardening effect upon al lengaged in this devil's work. I shall make no apology for returning to the subject by recalling the draconic discipline of Frederick the Great. In his first Silesian war the king ordered that after a certain hour neither fire nor candle should be alight in the tents under pain of death. To make sure that his orders were obeyed, Frederick went round the camp, and at last he caught sight of a light in a tent, which he entered. Within he found Capt. Zietern writing a loving letter to his wife, whom he worshiped.

"What are you doing there? Do you not know the orders?" "It was to my wife, your majesty. I thought I might write. It may be my last letter. I implore your majesty to pardon me," stammered Zietern, falling at the feet of the king. "Rise," cried Frederick. "It will be your last letter. Add to it these words: 'Tomorrow I shall perish on the scaffold.'" The postcript was added and next day Zietern was hanged.

A humorous spy, when he was caught and brought before Marshal Bassompiere, the marshal addressed him with the formula he always used when sentencing a man to death. "Brother, you or I must certainly be hanged." Next day, as the spy was being dragged to the gallows, he adjured his jailers to allow him a last interview with the marshal, as he had something of supreme importance to say to him. The jailers were so impressed by his intense earnestness that they begged the marshal to give him audience. "Bring the dog in!" cried Bassompiere. "What's your business?" he asked the spy impatiently when he was dragged in. "Only this, my lord. At our last interview you said either you or I must be hanged. Did you really mean that? It's of supreme importance to you or me; because, if you won't be hanged, I must, that's all." The marshal was so tickled with the man's humor that he ordered his immediate release.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE JAPS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

One of the first things which strikes every visitor to Japan is the truly democratic spirit which runs right through the whole life of the country. This important and, as I think, admirable feature of Japanese life is seen nowhere more plainly than in the relations between domestic servants and their masters and mistresses. "Even the house servant," writes Miss Lorimer, "in this land of great peace have to go through a severe course of training in etiquette in their youth, a training quite apart from their profession." And then comes this curious description of a scene in which our travelers themselves played a part:

"There is no hard and fast line drawn between the duties of mistress and maid in a native household, owing to the occupations of their daily life. But the maid's exquisite taste—a sixth sense—prevents her ever presuming to overstep the limits of familiarity prescribed. I remember once being much at sea when I was taken to pay a call on a Japanese lady of the well-to-do class. Not being able to speak a word of the language, I was unable to follow the conversation which took place between the charming little woman who greeted us at the inner shutters and my friend. She was dressed in the soft gray kimono and obi of a middle-aged woman, and her quiet manner and gentleness made me feel as heavy as my boots—which I hadn't been allowed to take off—sounded on the delicate floor matting, compared to her soft, white foot gloves. My friend addressed her as San, and seemed to her just as a guest would be to her hostess. We had tea on the floor, and my friend chatted pleasantly for some time with her little gray figure, when suddenly the sound of the riksha wheels on the gravel outside caught my ear, and the next moment there was a scuffling of many 'tabi'd' feet along the polished wooden passage which led to the front door, and the eager cry of 'O kaeri. O kaeri' (honorable return). Our hostess pro tem rose from her knees, smiled and begged us to excuse her honorable rudeness. When she had hurried off to join in the welcome cry my friend said, 'O, I am glad she has come!' 'Who has come?' I asked. 'The lady we came to see,' she said. 'Then who was the charming lady who poured out the tea?' I asked. My friend smiled. 'O, it was only the housemaid!'"

One of the outward signs of this universal sense of equality is in the universal politeness one finds in Japan. You find this reflected, perhaps a little comically, for instance, even in the manners of servants to each other. Here for instance is a description of how two servants belonging to neighbors meet:

"They will smile correctly at a correct distance from each other; on drawing nearer they smile again, according to the etiquette prescribed; and then, after bows of the finest and most minute significance, the gardener of one house will address the betto (groom) of another with some such phrase as 'It is long since I have hung upon your honorable eyelids' And to that he will answer, 'Please excuse my rudeness at last time we met.'"

Though this may seem a little ridiculous in your eyes, I have little doubt that this spirit of universal politenes has had something to do with the chivalrous manner in which the Japanese have acted towards their enemies, even amid all the horrors and cruelties of war. And then comes that curious little comment on that strange riddle to all foreigners—the Japanese smile:

"This etiquette in smiles is misleading at first. I often used to think that Take, my riksha boy, meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling while I was angry with him, but when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter, I knew that this was only one of the tidbits of etiquette in this topsy-turvy land."

Among the points in this book which have struck me the most, and which I would like my readers also to realize, is the admirable character of the Japanese workingman. It is the more necessary to do this because, as Miss Lorimer justly remarks: "We hear so much of the geisha and the teahouses in Japan that the average person thinks of Japan as a land of pleasure and of toy women and pigmy men." As a matter of fact, no picture of Japan could be more misleading; it is more like the opposite of reality than any approach to it. "If I shut my eyes," writes Miss Lorimer, "and let my thoughts go back to my life in Japan, what I see is not a land of teahouses and gayly-dressed geisha girls, but a quiet, gentle land, with grave, hard-working people, a land where little laughter is heard, but where there is always a smile from a servant for his master."

How to Kill a Cold.

No easier or more pleasant way than to inhale "Catarrhozone"—it stops the cold instantly, cleans the nostrils and cuts out the phlegm. Try Catarrhozone yourself.

FITS CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

Surgery for Pet Dogs.

As you enter a veterinary hospital, you will see against the wall a case of shining instruments, in no perceptible way different from those used in all forms of operations on human beings, and certainly in no way superior. Are they for show. Back in the operating room a small group of earnest men bend over the table. There on his back lies a little fuzzy dog, kept quiet in unconsciousness by ether administered through a cone of towel and paper, exactly like the one used when your little girl's arm was straightened. This dog's left hind leg had sustained an injury that stiffened the tendons over the knee and in the femur, drawing the foot up like the curve in the figure 6, and turning it inward. The member was useless. A rapid incision lays bare the tendons, carefully, lest one of them be ruined; both are slit lengthwise and the four halves cut laterally, but not at opposite points.

"More ther, Doc; he's feeling this."

Skillfully the two long ends in each tendon are fastened together, thus lengthening it; there is a quick snap at the stiffened joint. "Wait, doctor, his pulse is a little shy; there, now, he's all right." The leg is straightened at full length, the skin closed over and sewed, the member bound in antiseptic dressings, the cone removed, a weak little cur barks, "Where am I?" and presently some steels are returned to that case, shining from their disinfecting bath.—Outing.

The Cabs of Paris.

By day and night 15,000 cabs ply in the streets of Paris. A few hundred of them, blue, drawn by young, mercurial horses, driven by liveried coachmen, bearing neither numbers no plaques, make snobbish pretense of being private carriages. Of the others the greater part belong to the three great companies—the Compagnie Generale, with its blue-bellied cabs; the Urbaine, with cabs decorated with [illegible] and the Seine, with cabs painted a dull green. In addition there are scores of small stables, whence three or four cabs are sent out. Many cabmen, too, own their own rigs. On the whole, however, the "Three Companies" are masters of the trade.

Is it a trade? Upon my word, I think it is a profession, and one of the ancient and honorable. The casual rogue has no chance of making himself free of the guild. He must, in the first place, be a "college graduate," duly provided with a diploma. The most notable Coachman's College is in the Rue Marcadet, yonder on the flank of Montmartre.

Officially the college is known as the "Ecole d'apprentissage des cochers de fiacre de la ville de Paris." The director is Pernette, a capable, horsey man, a famous whip. A half-dozen professors aid him—vets, hostlers, grooms.—Outing.

How Swallows Drink.

Of course, we know that swallows drink as they skim over the surface of water. We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro. One day I sat down beside a small pond where every evening many barn swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketch book and pencil in hand I closely watched the birds, and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me. You see, the swallow takes up the water in its lower bill, just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water; if the upper half were also to touch, the water would be forced out on either side instead of being scooped up into the bill—St. Nicholas.

Reckless Daredevilry.

"I once knew a drummer down in Maine who was one of the most reckless, daredevil characters I ever came in contact with," said C. T. Thomas, a commercial traveler, at the Raleigh. "There was never any trouble between him and his house about the amount of his sales, but his expense account was a constant bone of contention.

"One day his boss called him on the carpet and made the following statement to him just before his departure:

"'Mr. Blank, I have no fault to find with your sales, for you bring in enough business, but I do take exception to the size of your expense account for your last trip. I'll just say this to you. This is final, and I want it thoroughly understood.'

"The C. T. signified his acceptance of the conditions and started out.

"He was gone one week, and at the end of that time he figured up and found his expenses beat $8 a day by a large majority.

"He took the train and went to a small manufacturing town nearby, and went to the foreman of the leading industrial plant and asked for a job. The foreman said he hadn't anything for him to do just then, but he might have later.

"'All right,' said the C. T. 'I'm in no hurry about it, only I want to get board at your factory boarding house over an order from you.'

"'I can fix that for you,' said the foreman, and handed him a printed order.

"The fellow went to that hashhouse and hung around and had the biggest kind of a time with the female operatives of the factory who stayed at the house, made friends with everybody and enjoyed a regular vacation. At the end of the week he paid his bill and left, and the next morning went around to the house.

"'Where were you last week?' was the first question the old man asked him.

"'Why, I was up at (mentioning the town) boarding. You said if my expenses exceeded $5 a day I would lose my job, and I had to make them average up.'

"'Well, young man,' said the old gentleman, trying to suppress a smile, 'if you hadn't had a pretty big week's business the first week I would finish with you right here.'

"'I know it,' said our friend, artlessly, and bowed himself out to overhaul his samples for the next week."—Washington Star.

THE LUCKY ONE.

Crisper's bosom swelled until the top buttons of his waistcoat were seriously imperiled. He threw up his chin and stepped lightly out on his way home, his heels hardly touching the ground. Laura had promised to marry him! His feelings gurgled in his throat and he could have crowed with ecstasy. He had been the chosen one! He of all of them! Oh, those other fellows! How sorry he was for them!

There was Winship. He had an air of elegance, had Winship; his dress was simply faultless; he could tie a cravat in a fashion that had been Crisper's despair. Yet Winship had failed to find favor in her eyes. Winship had got left. Ha, ha! Winship, old boy!

Gawtrey was another who had caused Crisper grinding torment. Gawtrey had a low, mellow voice, and dark, expressive eyes, which had expressed to Laura a great deal more than Crisper liked. Yet he had not been smart enough to get her. Crisper's eyes were not dark, nor were they particularly expressive; his voice was a good plain voice, with strong lungs behind the vocal cords, but it was not what people would call a musical voice. Its pleading accent had moved Laura's heart, though, and that was good enough for Crisper. Poor devil of a Gawtrey!

Then there was Horslow—son of old W. P. Horslow, and worth no end of money. He had brought Laura books and candy and flowers and was unquestionably hard hit. Crisper had always feared Horslow, because he knew how mercenary parents often were and that he could not compare with his rival from a purely worldly point of view. But Laura had preferred him, Crisper, with his modest little salary, Crisper felt almost mean to take advantage of such nobility.

And Buckhurst. Buckhurst, the ready-witted, the apt at repartee, whose lively encounters with Laura had filled his bosom with such pangs of anguish!

Camsell. It was a wonder she had not taken Camsell. He was such a good-looking beast and with such a magnificent physique. Rather bulky, perhaps, but most girls seemed to like bulk. The times that Crisper had envied him his strength! But the battle is not always to the strong. And there were Botley and Clough and Harrabee and Skivens. Poor fellows! He could afford to pity them all now. What would they say when they learned of his triumph?

What they did say was a surprise to Crisper.

Winship actually smiled. "Good for you, old man!" he said to Crisper. "You're in luck. She's a mighty nice girl, all right. But honest, I had an idea that Gawtrey was going to beat you out."

Gawtrey not only smiled. He laughed. "I suppose you think you're telling me news," he said, with his hand on Crisper's shoulder. "I could have told you that a month ago. Say, I think you ought to do something about this. She's a sweet little girl, you bet!"

Nor did Horslow gnash his teeth or turn pale, as Crisper half expected he would. He seemed surprised, for he was not an observing youth, but, so far from muttering curses or turning on his heel, he took Crisper's arm and told him he was awfully glad to hear it. "Because, don't you know, I've got a case of Millie Brownlow. You may have noticed it. Well, don't you see, the two of 'em being such close chums, it may make Millie a little easier, this engagement of Miss Laura's. Anyway, I'll chance it, I believe, and propose."

Buckhurst said: "I have known Laura ever since she was knee high to a grasshopper, old man, and I feel as fond of her as if she was my own sister. Well, I don't know a chap I'd sooner see get her. I tell you what, I don't want to butt in, but if you need somebody to back you through the ceremony and you haven't got anybody else picked out, I think I'd like to aid and abet."

Camsell almost crushed his hand in the heartiness of his congratulations. Botley, Clough, Harrabee and Skivens concealed their emotions of rage, disappointment and envy so well that really it became almost a matter of doubt with Crisper whether they felt any.

Somehow Crisper felt distinctly aggrieved.—Chicago News.

The Old Theory Exploded.

A mistaken idea to think corns and warts incurable. Why, Putnam's Corn Extractor does the trick in a few days. No pain, no after soreness, a clean, safe, sure cure. Use only Putnam's.

The fishermen in Southern Kansas are far from happy over the discovery of the oil fields. The oil has leaked into the streams and driven the fish all out, so that there is no good fishing to be had for love or money.

IF ATTACKED with cholera or summer complaint of any kind, send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

The River Jordan has long been considered the most winding river in the world, but it is not in the same class as the White River in Arkansas. This river flows 1,000 miles in going 40 miles [illegible]

DICK'S DECISION.

Throwing a fresh stick on the fire, Dick Vance gazed approvingly about him. The room which the dancing flames lighted up had a cosy, homelike air, delightfully in contrast with his cheerless lodgings in Paris. At last he had one little spot within four walls that he could call his own.

As he stretched his legs comfortably to the blaze, he was still tingling with the thrill of amazement he had felt when informed by the village lawyer, during their brief interview that afternoon, that he was Robert Chilton's heir.

"The estate consists of this old house, which has been in the Chilton family for 100 years, and $50,000 in stocks and bonds," Mr. Blackstone had said.

"And it's mine, really mine, to do what I please with?" Dick asked, eagerly.

"Nobody can dispute your legal right to it," was the stiff response. "Chilton took care to make a will that would hold. The justice of the bequest is quite another thing."

Although three hours had gone by since then, Dick still almost doubted his great fortune. How often he had gone with empty pockets and nothing to eat!

One blissful thought made his heart leap. He could marry Alice Dale. They had waited two years because of their poverty; there was now no occasion for delay.

The wind whistled around the house, driving great gusts of snow against the windows. Dick laughed at its futile rage, and stirred the fire afresh. In fancy, he saw Alice sitting on the other side of the hearth, one pretty pink cheek in her palm. How graciously she would rule over the house! He would hasten to her the first thing on the morrow with the wonderful news.

The door bell rang. Mr. Robbins, the gray-haired minister who had officiated at Robert Chilton's funeral that day, was ushered in. Shaking the snow from his great coat, he sat down heavily before the fire, his face wearing a stern expression.

"Mr. Vance, how long had you known the deceased?" he abruptly inquired.

"About six months, sir."

"You met abroad?"

"Yes, sir—in Paris. Mr. Chilton fell seriously ill at one of the hotels. He was alone and I took care of him. He was pleased to think that my nursing saved his life."

"You traveled with him afterward"

"I did. I was a poor medical student. I had just taken my degree. I could act as courier and also keep careful watch over his bodily health."

Dick smiled pleasantly, but the clergyman's face grew harder than before.

"Did he ever speak to you of his family?"

"Only once—just before he died. He said they had betrayed, forsaken him—that he was worse than alone in the world. He made me promise to bury him from his old home, never intimating that I was to be his heir. That came as a complete surprise. Oh, sir," Dick added, with kindling eyes, "this legacy means everything to me—success, happiness, a prosperous career."

Looking at the young man over his spectacles Mr. Robbins said gravely:

"Then you are not aware that Mr. Chilton left a daughter and a grandchild?"

Dick turned pale, and all at once there was a curious pounding in his ears.

"No, it simply can't be! He would have told me——"

"It seems that he did not. His daughter married against his wishes and he never forgave her. She is now a widow, a confirmed invalid, and very poor. Her child, a girl of 20, is working beyond her strength for the bare necessities of life. I sent word to them, but it appears they did not receive it in time to come."

There was a silence which neither of the two seemed disposed to break. Dick's forehead glistened with perspiration. He swept a shaking hand across it.

"Of course, I understand why you tell me this," he cried huskily. "You think I have no right to the property and should give it up!"

The old minister frowned and was silent. Dick glanced lingeringly around the room.

"I won't do it!" he cried, with half angry vehemence. "If Mr. Chilton had wanted his daughter to have it he would have left it to her. It's mine—mine! I intend to keep it!"

Mr. Robins rose and picked up his hat from the table.

"I regret exceedingly your decision," he said coldly. "Frankly, I'm disappointed in you. Good night, sir." And he walked out of the room.

Dick sat for a long time gazing into the fire. His cheeks were flushed. The discarded daughter was nothing to him. He would be a fool to abdicate in her favor. No doubt she deserved all that had befallen her, and even worse.

Presently his thoughts turned to Alice. She had forbidden him to write to her. He would be free, she had said, since they would be unable to marry for years, if ever. Not a line had passed between them for months. But he felt no misgivings. She loved him—she would remain true.

"How I wish it were morning that I might go to her," he said aloud.

He smiled, and yet a heaviness lay on his heart. The sad face of the woman whose birthright he had stolen seemed to stare at him reproachfully from the corners of the room. It even framed itself to the smouldering logs as they blazed up fitfully and fell apart.

The doorbell rang again. After a

Mrs. Burke, the old housekeeper. She was pale with suppressed emotion.

"Another visitor?" he exclaimed with annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Chilton's granddaughter, sir," was the startling response.

Dick sprang to his feet.

"The poor child did not learn of her grandfather's death until today, sir. The storm delayed the mails. She came at once—and alone, because her mother is ill."

"What does she want?" His voice had a strangely harsh, unnatural sound.

"She hoped to be in time for the funeral, but her train was stalled. She is going right away again. I thought, sir," hesitatingly, "you might like to see her first."

See her! Dick felt a sick shrinking through all his being. Of course it was a game to wheedle some concession from him. But it would be churlish to refuse.

"Where is she?"

"In the kitchen. She would come no farther."

As Dick started in that direction Mrs. Burke laid her hand upon his arm.

"One moment, sir. I'd like to tell you something. The girl loves a worthy man as poor as herself. They can never marry now. I'm sorry for them both."

She turned half fiercely; but before he could speak his anger was swallowed up in pity. The case appealed to him strongly, Was the structure of his happiness to be built upon the ruin of two lives? If he robbed this girl of her inheritance what was left to her?

With these thoughts whirling in his brain he started on again with heavy, shuffling steps. The girl sat before the kitchen fire, her face in her hands. Dick saw the drooping figure as through a red mist. He began speaking rapidly, in a tense voice, as if half afraid to trust himself.

"I'm a selfish brute. At first I didn't realize the injustice of accepting a legacy that means everything to you—"

At his first word a tremor had shaken the bowed figure. She lifted her head suddenly with a startled exclamation.

"Dick! Dick!"

He stood staring. All at once the mist seemed shot through with a dazzling light. He leaned nearer, like one half blinded, and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Alice! It is Alice?" he said incredulously.

She, the quicker to grasp the situation, looked up at him with a happy laugh.

"Dick! Oh, Dick! Nobody told me the name of the man who had robbed me of my birthright. I never dreamed it was you. I thought it was some adventurer. That is why I meant—to go away—without seeing you—"

The words died in an inarticulate murmur. Her blushing face was pressed against his heart.

Hopkinson Smith on "Tipping."

"Two hundred dollars," declares Mr. Hopkinson Smith, "is not too much to put aside on a European trip just to give away in tips, and," he adds, "I have the worth of it many times over in the comforts I enjoy and the satisfaction I get." But his tips are not the kind that are given from a sense of compulsion or shamefacedly, as if the giver was afraid someone would catch him bribing an official, but openly, with a good grace, because "tips are one of the ways—in some cases the only way—of showing your good will towards the humble people who do their best to make life pleasant to you. There are some things that you can't approach on a commercial trip, and tipping is one of them. You don't and can't pay the hotel and the transportations company for half of the little favors you gladly receive. They came to you through the kindness the porter, the waiter and the rest show you."

It is this same quality of general kindliness that pervades the stories in his latest book, "At Close Range," and that has brought out the living, human qualities in "Joseph the Courier," "Luigi the Gondolier," in "The Hotel Clerk," and the others Mr. Smith so delightfully sketches. —Scribner.

The Title of Esquire.

It may be just as well, says "Marquise de Fontenoy," writing in the New York Tribune, to explain the full meaning of this word "esquire." Strictly speaking, it is a nobiliary title, a fact which will doubtless astonish many people in this country, who, while professing a truly republican contempt for such distinctions, make a constant and daily use of the

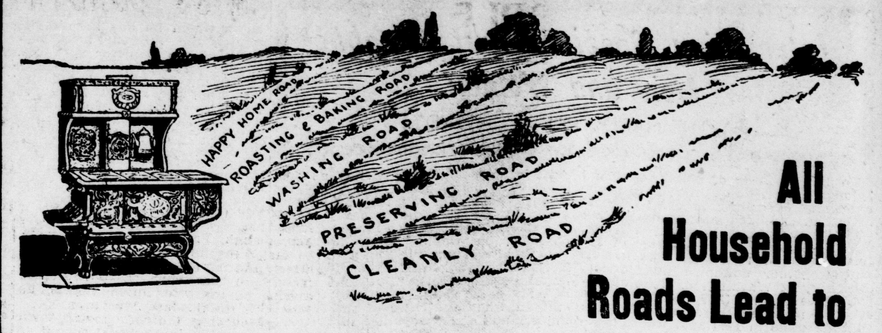
of the French "gentlihomme," with the particle "de"; of the Spanish "hidalgo," and of the Portuguese "fidalgo."

In reality, only a limited number of people have a legal right thereto. They may be divided into two classes—those who are "esquires" by virtue of inheritance and those who are "esquires" ex-officio. The latter comprise duly ordained divines of the Church of England, judges, deputy lieutenants of counties, commissioned officers of the navy, members of the bar, and, until now, all commissioned officers of the army, those including, of course, the subaltern of the militia, the yeomanry and the volunteers, three bodies of which form part and parcel of the British army. Of course, those who are "esquires" ex-officio cannot transmit the dignity to their children, who have therefore no legal right to the title. The other "esquires" whose rank as such is hereditary, are either persons who have received from the crown a grant of armorial bearings—not a mere concession from the College of Heralds—or who are the lineal male descendants "legally begotten of the original grantee of the coat-of-arms, such as, for instance, Mr. George Scrope, of Danby, whose lineal ancestor in 1339 was able to prove in an English court of law that his nobility was far superior to that of the Grosvenors, although he himself remains any "George Scrope, Esq.," while the present chief of the Grosvenors bears the title of Duke of Westminster.

The late Sir Bernard Burke, who was perhaps the greatest heraldic authority of the nineteenth century, was wont to declare that "peers, baronets and the esquires entitled by inheritance to armorial bearings, constitute the nobility of Great Britain and Ireland." Physicians, professors, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, etc., are none of them entitled to the addition of the word "esquire" to their names, but are usually accorded this designation in ordinary social intercourse, though not in any official or legal communications.

CHEAPEST OF ALL MEDICINES.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small, and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but its increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

It often happens that the man who marries for money never seems to have



All Household Roads Lead to Kitchen Work

NINE-TENTHS of kitchen labor and worry is caused by ill-working cook stoves and ranges; by ranges that draw poorly; that have such complicated drafts that only a skilled mechanic can manage them; whose grates are so constructed that it is a strong man's work to shake them down; ranges which work well when the wind is in a certain direction, but act like a fiend at other times; ranges whose work is so unreliable that the housekeeper is in a constant nerve-racking worry lest the meals be late or the baking spoiled.

The Pandora range is built to make work easy, a child can shake it down; its drafts are so simple that one learns them in a minute; its heat is kept in the range so effectively that you can do a big baking and hardly know there is a fire in it two feet away; it keeps the kitchen cool; it saves you worry; it saves you time and money; it saves you backaches and headaches, because it is so easy to manage and so reliable.

The Pandora makes kitchen work easy.

McClary's Pandora Range

Warehouses and Factories:
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton

Wm. Stevely & Son, 362 Richmond St. } SOLE AGENTS. { J. C. Park, 663 Dundas St. East.

BY ROYAL WARRANT, MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

What Flour Granulation Means in Bread-Making

Flour is composed of myriads of tiny granules.

To make good bread these granules must be uniform in size.

In poorly milled flour some granules are large, some small.

The small ones absorb yeast, "rise" and "ripen" before the large ones—the result is bread of coarse, poor texture.

The large granules are not developed into "sponge," they bake into heavy hard particles, spoil the texture of the bread and make it harder to digest.

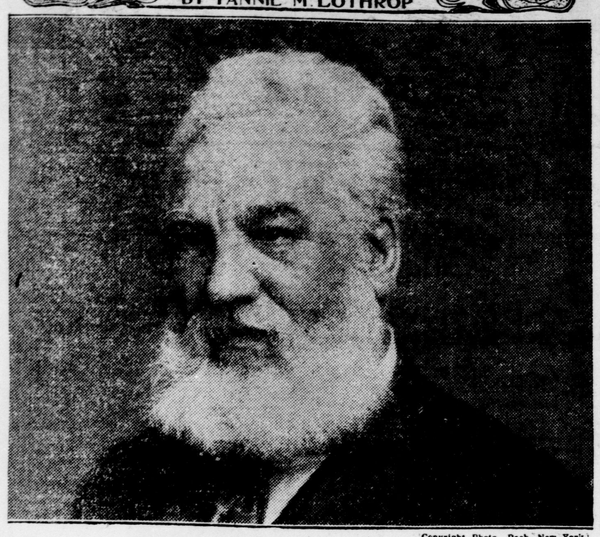
ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is perfectly milled—all the flour granules are uniform in size—the sponge rises uniformly—the bread is even in texture — perfect in flavor — good-looking, appetising bread — easily digested.

Ogilvies back it with their reputation by branding it

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Copyright Photo., Pach, New York.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

The Inventor of the Telephone

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, comes from a family that has made a special study of sound and speech for three generations. His grandfather, Alexander Bell, invented a method for removing impediments of speech; his father, Alexander Melville Bell, was the inventor of "visible speech," a system to teach deaf-mutes to speak; and the third of the Alexanders, really "Alexander the Great" of his family, taught a piece of wire to carry the human voice many miles and deliver the message without a change.

He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, and after receiving his education at the High School and the University of his native town, went to London at the age of twenty to attend the University, but left on account of ill health, and in 1870 came to Canada with his father. Two years later he went to Boston, where he introduced his father's system of teaching the deaf, and supported himself by private classes. But the broader field of science attracted him most; in England and Canada he had carried on experiments in multiplex telegraphy which grew more fascinating as he proceeded, and in Boston he interested two wealthy men who supplied funds for his experiments; but he had to teach by day for his own support.

In 1874 came the first faint elusive germ of the telephone; it seemed such a will-o'-the-wisp to his partners that they would not listen to it; they were practical men with no time for such dreams. In 1875, after completing his multiplex telegraphy, he went to Washington and found his application for a patent had been contested by Elisha Gray, the great scientist. He was in despair, but while talking to Professor Henry, he mentioned his theory of sending sound by telegraph, and the few kindly words of encouragement he received, breathed into him new life and purpose.

He returned to Boston with a giant's energy but an almost empty purse. To complicate the situation he had fallen in love with Miss Hubbard, daughter of his friend and benefactor, and had a feeling of delicacy about asking the father of his fiancée for a loan. So in desperation he renewed the struggle, and in June, 1875, almost by accident, stumbled on a clew that solved the problem. On February 14th, 1876, he filed his application for a patent; one hour later Elisha Gray filed a caveat on precisely the same plan, and on March 7th, 1876, Mr. Bell received his patent; it was number 174,465, one of the most important ever allowed in the history of America.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL-RINGER

YARN SPUN AT STORY-TELLING CLUB.

Bentley Townsend, a saleman for a large lumber firm, whose duties carry him all over the Southern States, proved a capital yarn spinner during a session of the Story-Telling Club, at the Mechanics, Dealers and Lumbermen's Exchange, one afternoon last week, and entertained the group with a romance that had a few thrills in it.

"The most unusual incident that it was ever my fate to play a part in transpired about ten years ago at a little town in the State of Maine, not far from the city of Bangor, and I guess I won't soon forget the strenuous business," Mr. Townsend began.

"The town was a small affair, but boasted of a brick courthouse of respectable proportions, and all the citizens were proud of the building, and seemed to take a patriotic delight in showing it to every visitor and stranger.

"The courthouse was a two-story affair, with a sort of tower topping the roof, and that same tower was admired and praised by the whole countryside. The tower was an attraction and a great one, but the deep-toned bell that swung in it was the joy of the community, and the people would just wait possessed by the keenest expectancy, when the heavy hammer would clang against the bell's brazen sides.

"At first the select men of the village decided that the bell should be rung only for fires, riots and to announce court session, but the people wouldn't stand for this, for the reason that fires were few and far between, riots were never heard of in that locality, and the court was only held two or three times a year, and they insisted on the passage of an ordinance which would hequire the soundin- of the bell at midday and at dusk.

The people had theier way, and for months they listened with pleasure to the pealing of the bell; but finally the novelty wore off somewhat, and the town crier—you'd call hom town janitor here—got careless in his duties, and at times overlooked the extra work of pulling the rope dangling from the tower.

"I was working for the Penobscot Lumber Mill at that time, and when I visited the rustic community I've been telling you about, to contract for the purchase of some timber, I found the people in a state of great excitement, and all about the bell in the tower.

"The bell had actually taken on the queer habit of clanging out quick,successive peals during the still watches of the night, calling the startled villagers from their beds, and putting into their heads fearful thoughts of fire or other disaster, and as no one could be found in the tower when the half-clad men would rush out to investigate the responsibility for the nocturnal disturbances was soon put down to a supernatural agency.

"The thing happened four nights in succession, and on the fifth night, the night of my arrival in the place, a plan was set on foot to solve the mystery. About four of the braver population hied themselves to the tower about dusk, and made themselves comfortable for a long vigil, and the bell cord was pulled up from the lower floor to prevent any one taking hold of it, outside the range of the watchers' observation, and thrown over a handy rafter. The burghers kept wide awake until 10 o'clock, but then, being farmers, and generally in bed with the chickens and up with the sun, they fell to nodding, and soon dropped off to sleep.

"Promptly at midnight they all sat bolt upright, sleep driven from their eyes, and the chilling sense of some uncanny presence near them. The deep-throated bell was tolling over their heads, clanging out melancholy, brassy throbs, and, although they could see the rope dangling from the rafters where they had placed it, they could see no one taking hold of it.

"The town was aroused, as usual, and the white-faced watchers tumbled down out of that tower in a hurry. They all swore it was a ghostly disturbance sure enough, and you couldn't have paid one of them to spend another night in the courthouse. I have forgotten to state that the town crier, the man who first rung the bell, had died a fortnight before the mystery, and everybody said that it was his spirit pulling at the rope.

"The night after the experience of the sleepy watchers in the tower a drummer for a Boston shoehouse, who was stopping at the tavern, volunteered to keep a second vigil if someone would go with him. I volunteered, and nightfall found us perched on a bench with the bell hanging motionless over our heads and a lantern by our sides. The hours dragged slowly, and I was almost wishing that I was at the hotel in bed, when my companion suddenly dug me in the ribs and asked in sotto voice if I heard anything. I listened closely, and in a few moments there came a scraping, scratching sound, as though someone was crawling along the roof just above us. The sound became distinct and unmistakable someone was really on the roof, and ghost or human being we made up our minds to trap him if possible. The roof was sloping, and there was one of the tower windows which opened right at a height with it, and we kept our eyes trained on that window, through which, fortunately streamed a broad path of moonlight. We stood silent for a moment, the scraping sound continuing and, drawing nearer to the window, and then at the sill appeared the face of a man. The moonlight was behind him, and we could not make out his features, but we could see that the mass of hair which fringed his head was white and dishevelled. The unknown gazed down into the black depths of the tower—we had extinguished our lantern at the first unusual sound—and then reaching out a long arm he seized the bell cord above the rafters and jerked it with energy. The bell rang, of course, and the few people down in the streets and those aroused from their sleep gave a frightened cry, maybe thinking the ghost had murdered us. We had readily seen that the bell-ringer was not a gauzy visitant from the spirit world, but flesh and blood, like ourselves, and our courage was far from leaving us. Before I knew what he was about, my companion leaped on to the bench, reached up, seized the white-haired unknown by the wrist and jerked him through the window, displaying a strength and agility that I had not thought him capable of.

"When the stranger landed on the floor between us he gave vent to a snarl that sounded like the growl of some savage beast, and, tearing at us with fingernails, kicking us with his bare feet and snapping gaunt jaws in a mad endeavor to bite us, he struggled to free himself.

"We overpowered him, though not without a fierce fight, in which our clothes were nearly torn to shreds, and when we got him down into the street he proved to be an insane man who had escaped from a neighboring sanatorium and concealed himself in the forest, where he had lived for several weeks.

"What ever put the idea of ringing the bell into his head nobody could say, but it was easily seen that he

A Fast Trotting Horse

Deveras, 2:11¼, owned by Mr. Antoine Wendling, of the Clifton House, Brockville, is one of the fastest mares in Eastern Ontario. After every race she is rubbed down with Nerviline, which prominent horsemen consider the best liniment made. Mr. Wending says: "For sprains, strains, swelling and internal pains, Nerviline is unequaled; it has strength, penetrating power and works promptly. Every horse and stock

MISS DOROTHEA'S BURGLAR.

"What's it all about, anyhow?" demanded the other men in chorus. "What have you been up to? There are sixteen different rumors, with a dozen variations of each rumor, and we'd like to know about it. This combination of police officers, burglars and young women with six-shooters sounds interesting."

The young man in the gray coat chuckled. "Any of you know a Miss Stewart—Dorothea Stewart? Well, I know her. I didn't know her 24 hours ago, though. You see, my people moved last week into a house on the next street, and it required mental effort for me not to turn down the old familiar avenue on my way home nights, as I've done for the last five years.

"Last evening I dined down town and it was 10 o'clock when I got off at my station. I was thinking hard over a law case and as I fumbled for my key I noticed that the door was on the latch, and so I walked right in, turned on the electric light in the library and then stood still in a perfect daze, for it was an utterly strange room—not a piece of furniture I'd ever laid eyes on. Just at this point there was a voice behind me—a determined voice.

"'Don't you move an inch,' it said, 'or I'll shoot!'

"Naturally, this didn't incline me toward any violent gymnastics, so I gave the best indication I know how of a wooden Indian. Some one made a large circle about me, and there in front of me a safe rod away stood as pretty a girl as I care to see, and maybe her eyes didn't look dangerous! To my horror she was pointing an ugly revolver in my direction, and her hand didn't tremble, either. I stared like an idiot as I tried to figure out what it all meant, and then it dawned on me and I found my tongue.

"But she didn't give me a chance to explain. 'I suppose,' she remarked icily, 'you are what they call a gentleman burglar. Hold up your arms, by the way—not that I'm afraid of you, but that's the proper thing to say when you point a gun at one, isn't it? I've always wondered what I'd do if a burglar got in the house when I was alone, and I might as well tell you I am not one particle scared.' It wasn't bravado—she was simply surprised at her own nerve. 'You are doing very well,' I said politely. 'But if you'll let me explain—'

"She laughed outright at that. 'Don't you dare lower your hand,' she remarked sternly—I had forgotten my orders—'and you needn't bother to waste breath, for I'm not silly enough to believe you. When a man is found promenading through another person's house there isn't much to be said, I believe. I suppose that you are walking in your sleep and aren't responsible, or else you have a starving wife and eleven sick children, haven't you?'

"'Dear me, no!' I protested, indignantly. 'I'm not a burglar, really. You see, I—'

"'Your right hand a trifle higher,' she interrupted. 'Really, I should think a man who looks as intelligent and apparently honest as you do might find something else to do besides turning criminal. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?' 'Not a bit,' I answered, more indignanatly. 'If you keep quiet a minute I'll try to explain.'

She tossed her head higher and gave me a crushing stare. 'Really she said, 'I am not used to being lectured by so gentlemanly a housebreaker. You turn around and march to that telephone and ring up the police station. If you make a move toward your pocket, remember, I will shoot.' 'I've no revolver,' I said angrily. 'Oh, no,' she said with cutting sarcasm. 'Ring up, please.'

"There was nothing to do but obey orders, so I telephoned, repeating her words under pain of being instantly blown full of holes, and summoned the blue wagon.

"I was so disgusted at being in this ridiculous situation and so provoked at her for refusing to let me tell her how it happened that I glared quite as fiercely as she did. And there we stood till the police force overwhelmed us. My arms were ready to fall off, but that girl refused to let me drop them. I wanted to box her ears, and the only reason I did not was that her hand on the revolver never shook.

"'This man broke into my house,' she told the first policeman who rushed in, and then she collapsed into a chair and had hysterics.

"'I did not!' I insisted, and the fates were with me, for it was Mulvaney, who has known me ever since we moved into the neighborhood. 'Tell her, Mulvaney,' I said, with all the condescension and biting sarcasm I could find, 'that up to a week ago I lived here and force of habit led me to march into the old place tonight, instead of where I really live, but that I'll forgive her.'

"'He's right, ma'am,' said Mulvaney. "Well, say, do you know there's something infernally pleasant in having a young woman who has walked on you and theoretically mopped up the floor with you suddenly plunged into such depths of apology that she's ready to weep on your neck to prove her penitence? Of course, Miss Stewart didn't really do that—but I've got an awfully long start.

"Yes, I asked if I could call, and I'm going up there tonight."—Chicago News.

SCIENTISTS DISCOVER THE "BURGLAR FISH"

ONE THAT MAKES HIS OWN DARK LANTERN.

"Did you ever see a burglar fish?" queried the humorous scientist at the fish commission yesterday afternoon. The Star reporter was compelled to admit that while he had read of "Raffles, the amateur cracksman," and had perused one or two dime novels, that a "burglar fish" was decidedly new.

"Well," continued the scientist with a proclivity for the ludicrous, "we have been making some researches lately, and one of the things we have discovered is the burglar fish. Of course, that is not the scientific and dignified name of this piscatorial species, but his attributes and equipment are such that he would have no trouble in becoming a deep-sea robber. Most deep-sea fishes possess luminous organs, and this particular class to which I refer have pliable muscles in connection with the luminous organs which enable the fish to turn the organs inward at will, and thus extinguish the light. So, you see, they can prowl around in the darkness at the bottom of the sea, suddenly display their natural dark lantern, secure their pelf, and hie themselves to the tall sea grass in the distance. We have no way of proving that this ever has been done, because there is no record that any fishes ever have been indicted and convicted for this offense, but I merely mention it as a possibility. It has been suggested, however, by one of my fellow-scientists at the fish commission that these finny marauders are gathering all the ingots of gold which have sunk with the historic treasure ships, and have stored the wealth in a safe place, awaiting that transmigration of the soul which will make of them men, instead of fish. Then they will haul their ill-gotten gains from the bottom of the sea, and live in happiness and luxury ever after. Of course, you understand this, too, is only a theory."

The reporter admitted that it loked very much like a theory.

"Seriously speaking," continued the scientist, "the fish commission has made some commendable discoveries. One thing we know is that deep sea fishes are not black, as has been asserted for many years, but are brilliantly colored, the black skin serving merely as an effective background to the varied tints produced by their luminous organs. These organs though they vary remarkably in details in the different species, yet show a general resemblance to each other, and to the similar organs of cuttlefishes. These luminous organs consist essentially of gland cells, which are entirely filled with secreting nuclei, and may be regarded as the source of light. Under these cells lies usually a thin layer of narrow and closely packed cells, which act as a reflector. Between the luminous cells and the skin are interposed cells of strong refractive power, which may be regarded as forming a lens, and the whole organ is enveloped, except on the side nearest the skin, in a mantle of dark pigment cells.

"The luminous organs are found in various parts of the body and occur both singly and in groups. Their great diversity in structure is supposed to indicate a corresponding diversity in the color of the light emitted by them. The exact purpose of these organs can only be conjectured. The structure of the eyes of deep sea fishes is modified for adaptation to the phosphorescent light emitted by the luminous organs.

"As these organs are distributed over the body in an arrangement peculiar to the species, and shine with light of various hues, it is inferred that they serve, like the pigment cells of daylight animals, to form a characteristic specific pattern. So far from being black, then, these fishes must present weirdly gorgeous spectacles, illuminated as they are amid the dark surrounding water.

"In some cases the luminous organs of deep sea fishes shine not outward, but inward. Such illuminating organs are found most frequently in the eye cavity, and the probable interpretation of them is that they originally shone outward, but becoming covered with skin folds, their purpose has become modified into supplying the eyes of the fishes with increased sensitiveness to difference of color between species."—Washington Star.

RHEUMATISM



Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails to relieve pains in legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints in a few hours. Positively cures in a few days. It does not put the disease to sleep, but drives it

A REMARKABLE SHOT WITH A TURKISH BOW

ARROW COVERED A DISTANCE OF 360 YARDS.

"An arrow from a Turkish bow" has long been a poetical illustration of great speed. The recent announcement of Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey's remarkable shot with his ancient Turkish bow may be taken to confirm the poet's opinion. Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey's arrow has gone farther than any known o have been shot by an Englishman, n recent times. Shooting at the new French golf links of Le Touquet, he covered a distance of 367 yards with his best arrow. There was once a match played—or shot—between a golfer and n archer, which we believe to have been won by the former in consequence f the bowman's difficulty in holing ut; but on this occasion Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey seems to have had the links all to himself. There are very ew golfers who could have held their own with him in point of distance; indeed, no one ever drove a ball so far which was all carry, as the shot must have been, for an arrow has practically no run, though it occasionally makes a little. It is rather to be hoped hat this example will not bring out he Scottish archers or the woodmen of Arden on our British links in an emulative spirit. It is bad enough to be driven into at a crossing hole, but even elling language would hardly be equal o expressing one's emotions on being kewered with an arrow at a critical green.

There seems to be some doubt whether Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey's shot can be claimed as a "record." Athletic records, indeed, are as carefully subdivided as croquet championships; you may be champion of Derbyshire, and yet cut a second-rate figure at Roehampton, as you may hold a record easily enough in archery if you carefully limit the conditions. Three hundred and sixty-seven yards may very probably be the record for an Englishman shooting with a Turkish bow, but it is likely that it has been beaten with the old national weapon of Yew. A certain obscurity enfolds the actual achievements of the archers who drew a good bow at Crecy and Agincourt, or clapped in the clout at twelve-score yards, or, by'r Lady, fourteen.

Robin Hood's celebrated shot of "two North-country miles and an inch" has probably been exaggerated by the chronicler; indeed, it is hinted that the phrase of "drawing the long bow" derived its esoteric meaning from the manner in which archers used to describe their feats. We do not know whether Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in The White Company has authority for the skill with which Hordle John used to cover a mile in three arrow-flights by sitting down and drawing the bow with his feet, converting himself, in fact, into a kind of human cross-bow. Locksley's feat of cleaving the wand at 200 yards was certainly as incredible as Hubert held it, though the distance alone was well within the powers of a practiced archer. Ascham, with all its entertaining lore, omits to mention the distance to which an arrow could be sent; but Neade, a famous archer under Charles I., states that the ordinary range of the bow was from 320 to 400 yards, though at this distance only volley-firing is likely to have been effective. The longest shot authentically recorded in this country is that of a secretary of the Turkish embassy, who in 1794 shot an arrow 463 yards with the wind and 415 against it in the presence of members of the Royal Toxophilite Society, who measured the distance and preserved the arrow. Modern archery is mostly carried on at ranges not exceeding 100 yards, though the Royal Company of Archers still shoot occasionally at twice that distance. Thus, Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey may, at any rate, be congratulated on having established a record for long shooting, since the bow ceased to be used in war, two and a half centuries ago.—Manchester, Eng., Guardian.

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form, and do their work when

DEBT OF HONOR.

Scene: Mrs. Stockson's flat. Mrs. Wilkins, who has just called, was out shopping with Mrs. Stockson a month previously, and paid a small bill for her amounting to eight-and-nine pence. Mrs. Wilkins, having waited some time to give Mrs. Stockson the chance of settling up of her own accord, has now decided to drop a gentle hint by way of refreshing Mrs. Stockson's memory.

Mrs. Stockson (greeting her visitor effusively)—Oh, it is so good of you to call, dear. You haven't been near me for quite a long time. I began to be afraid I had offended you.

Mrs. Wilkins—What an absurd idea! We have known each other too long for that, I should hope, dear. I was only thinking yesterday what a pleasant time we had shopping together a little while ago.

Mrs. Stocnson—Wasn't it lovely? We must really go and have another round together. Witty & Watt have got a sale on, and I hear the bargains are wonderful. And I want some cretonnes and some short curtains——

Mrs. Wilkins (seizing her opportunity)—Why, you bought some short curtains at Brown & Thompson's last month, with me. I remember that distinctly because——

Mrs. Stockson — Oh, those things. They've worn shockingly. They went threadbare the first time they were washed. I forget what I paid for them, but——

Mrs. Wilkins—It was eight-and-nine pence. I'm sure of that, because, if you remember——

Mrs. Stockson—Did I give as much as that for them? Well, I shan't go to Brown & Thompson's again in a hurry. But I had so many things to buy that day that I was ready to take almost anything they gave me at the finish. It's a great mistake, and I shan't——

Mrs. Wilkins—Yes; I remember your saying you had spent nearly all your money, but the curtains looked so cheap——

Mrs. Stockson—Oh, yes that was very kind of you, dear. I remember, I had so many packages to carry I couldn't get to my purse.

Mrs. Wilkins (affecting to be doubtful on the point)—Let me see, you did pay me again when we came out of the shop?

Mrs. Stockson—Of course, I must have done so, surely; I could never overlook a matter of that kind.

Mrs. Wilkins—But you remember you had your arms full of parcels, so that you couldn't get to your purse, and when we got into the 'bus you said to me——

Mrs. Stockson—Yes, you paid the fares, didn't you? But then I paid them going down, so that makes it quits, doesn't it?

Mrs. Wilkins — Oh, I know we're quits about the fares. But I couldn't remember your paying me the eight-and-nine pence and——

Mrs. Stockson—But, my dear, I'm always so careful about money matters. I wouldn't owe anybody anything for worlds.

Mrs. Wilkins (a little desperate at the prospect of losing her money) — Well, it's a funny thing that when I got home I should have found I was just eight-and-nine pence short, isn't it, dear?

Mrs. Stockson — My dear, do you mean to say you think I owe you eight-and-nine pence? Of course, if you really think so, I'll pay it to you again, rather than——

Mrs. Wilkins—My dear, it isn't paying it again, I think you'll find you course, if you don't think you owe it to me——

Mrs. Stockson—Oh, if you say I do, my dear, I shall pay it. I couldn't have anybody think I owe them anything that I wanted to get out of paying. (Opens her purse.)

Mrs. Wilkins—Oh, but I don't want to take the money unless you're quite satisfied about it. I'm perfectly sure in my own mind——"

Mrs. Stockson—Well, if you're sure, dear, that's enough. I can only say that I have no recollection about it at all. And I'm most particular in these matters, because I know—let me see, eight-and-ninepence, you say? Here's nine shillings. Have you got change? (Handing her the money.)

Mrs. Wilkins—Oh, yes; I've got three coppers. (Taking the money and giving the change.) I hope you're satisfied about it, dear, as I'd much rather not take it if you've any doubt about its being owing.

Mrs. Stockson (a little stiffly)—Oh, I'd rather pay it, thank you, dear. I daresay it's all right. Only it does seem a little strange that I should have forgotten all about it, doesn't it?

Mrs. Wilkins—Oh, you've had so many other things to think of, and——

(A servant announces Mrs. Tattleton.)

Mrs. Stockson (greeting the new arrival)—So pleased to see you, dear. You know Mrs. Wilkins, I think. No? Oh, I beg your pardon. (Introduces them.)

Mrs. Wilkins (to Mrs. Stockson)—Well, dear, I must be going. I've already stayed too long. (Takes leave and goes.)

Mrs. Stockson (to Mrs. Tattleton--I thought you knew Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Tattleton—No: that is, only by sight. I don't think she is quite my style. Still, if she's a friend of yours——

Mrs. Stockson—Well, now you mention it, dear, there is something about her I don't quite like. Of course, you'll never let it go any further, will you? But I must tell you—quite in confidence between ourselves, you know—that I don't think she's very strict about money matters. She came in just now and said I owed her eight shillings or so for a bill she paid for me.

Mrs. Tattleton—And didn't you?

Mrs. Stockson—Well, I don't like to say I didn't, but it's very strange I don't remember anything about it. Of course I paid her the money, as I should never dream of owing anybody anything, especially an old friend——

Mrs. Tattleton—I never did like the look of the woman.

Mrs. Stockson—Wouldn't you remember if you owed anybody eight shillings like that?

Mrs. Tattleton (who knows nothing whatever of the circumstances)—I don't believe you owed it to her at all. I should be very careful in dealing with people of that sort if I were you.

(Left discussing Mrs. Wilkins.)—Black and White.

Automobiles on Ranches.

"I have just returned from a tour of the great ranching region of Western Texas," said the salesman, "and as it is my custom to make that belt at least twice every year, it comes easy for me to note progress.

"No man who has not visited it in recent months can even surmise the great changes worked by the automobile. Why, the latter has now brought points more than a hundred miles distant from the railway into the closest touch with civilization. What used to be days of travel between distant ranches and railway stations is now merely a matter of a very few hours.

Nearly all the ranchmen own their automobiles, and you can see them skimming the broad prairie in every direction, at times frightening the jack-rabbits and the coyotes, and striking consternation to the hearts of hoot owls and rattlesnakes.

"With the passing of the cowboy has almost come the passing of the cow pony, too, for on several big ranches I actually saw men rounding up the herds in automobiles. For the most part, the country in the great ranching region of Texas is level, or slightly rolling, making the finest place in the world for the automobile. All along the Southern Pacific to the west, and the Texas and Pacific and Fort Worth and Denver railroads, dozens of automobiles are to be seen from car windows standing at stations, where the buggy and the ranch wagons used to be."—Houston Post.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUM-

Are you now convinced that Red Rose Tea "Is Good Tea?"

I have made an honest effort to convince you that Red Rose Tea is good tea.

I have shown you in these talks that Red Rose Tea combines the good qualities of rich, strong Northern Indian tea with the delicate fragrance of Ceylon tea.

That by this combination of two good teas, Red Rose Tea is better than either—with a "rich fruity flavor" exclusively its own.

I have told you why it is always uniform in flavor and strength, of its selection at the gardens, how it is tested and blended—I have tried to tell you all about Red Rose Tea and why it is good tea.

I want you to try Red Rose Tea because I want you for a permanent customer. I know if you once try it, you will use only Red Rose Tea.

The price of half a pound of Red Rose Tea is small—that small investment may show you how much tea value, tea quality and flavor you have missed. Is it not worth trying?

FREE SAMPLE—We will send a large sample of Red Rose Tea, by post, free, if you will write and tell us the priced tea you are now using, and whether black or green.

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks

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It purifies the Blood and cures

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OUR "EXTRA OAK"

The J. C. McLaren Belting Co.

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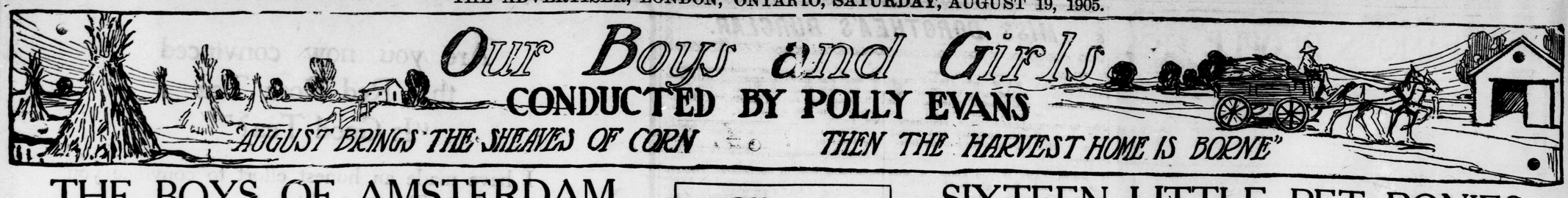
Dye With Maypole Soap

Dye With Ease at Home

Dye With Sure Results

Made in England but sold everywhere. 10c. for colors, 15c. for black.

The little village of Llanymynech, on the borders of Wales, boasts of an inn which is partly in England and partly in Wales. Thus one-half of the building is subject to the Welsh Sunday closing act, while the other half is



THE BOYS OF AMSTERDAM



The Orphan Boy Overhears a Conspiracy

THINK of the Bourse as a playground! No boys would think of using it for that purpose.

Neither would any American boy think of making a playground of the Beurs or Exchange in Amsterdam, where from the first day of the year to the last business men come together to discuss important matters of trade and money, and where fortunes are made or lost in a day!

But one day in each year, during the last week in August, the Beurs changes its character. Instead of hard-headed, keen-eyed men of business, the place is crowded with noisy, light-hearted boys, who do not care a snap of their fingers who makes money so long as they have enough to spend.

It is the boys' privilege to use the Beurs on that one day in the year as their playground. And you may be sure they embrace the opportunity.

Perhaps, lounging about outside, they have listened to the roar of strong men's voices during business hours, and have decided that when their turn came they would make still more noise—noise, too, of a still more cheerful nature.

At any rate, the boys invariably provide themselves for their one great day with instruments of ear torture—drums, trumpets, shrill whistles, etc.—and manage, all together or individually, to make such a hideous din that no sane men or women dare venture close to them. So the boys have the place all to themselves, and revel in the privilege which was won for them two and a half centuries ago.

This is the story: Some time about the middle of the seventeenth century an orphan boy was playing all by himself near the Exchange. Two men were standing on the other side of a wall, close by, and the boy overheard their conversation.

In those days, even the children of Holland had learned caution and dread of their enemies, the terrible Spaniards. Now it chanced that a word spoken by one of these two men arrested the boy's attention. In a moment, he sank down as motionless as the stone wall against which he lay.

He pretended to be asleep, but his ears were very wide awake, and by and by, when all was still, he crept out from his hiding place and ran off to find the burgomaster, to whom he related all he had heard.

A quantity of gunpowder, he said, had been stored underneath the Beurs. On a certain day, a number of Spaniards, disguised as peasants, were to enter the town. At a given signal the mine was to be exploded. The men crowding the Exchange would all be killed, and in the terror and confusion of this awful disaster, the Spaniards planned to assault and take the city.

How thankful the burgomaster and all the watchmen were to the boy who had thus warned them! And so, as a mark of their gratitude, they decreed that the boys of Amsterdam should from that time on forever be given the freedom of the Beurs on each anniversary of the warning given by the brave orphan boy.

As you know, the Dutch are a solemn, busy, trading people, and very likely the bankers and brokers would be glad if their forefathers had only shown their gratitude in some different way. But they are loyal folk, and also they remember the time when they were boys enthusiastically celebrating the anniversary themselves, so they endure the regular August anniversary nuisance as cheerfully as they can.

Little good it would do them, anyhow, if they should try to keep the boys out, for the boys know that they have a legal right to occupy the Beurs on the anniversary day.

Mary's Sick Pussy

"MARY," said mother, "your pussy is so ill that I cannot have it in the house any longer."

"Oh, mother," replied Mary, "only wait a little and Spot may get well again."

"No, dear," said mother; "every day she is sick, and even the neighbors complain. You must take her to the Cats' Home to-day."

So Mary took her pussy in her arms to carry her to the Cats' Home.

"Oh! my dear pussy," she said, "whatever shall I do without you?"

And her tears fell fast.

Dinner time came, but no Mary!

"What can have become of the child?" said mother.

Tea time came, but no Mary! Anxious mother put on her outdoor things to go and look for her. Just as she opened the door there was Mary with her pussy still in her arms.

"Where have you been?" said Mother. "I was afraid you were lost; and why have you brought back pussy?"

"I don't think you will scold me, Mother," said Mary, "when I tell you what I have done."

"You must be very hungry, so tea first," said Mother, "and tell me afterward all about it."

So after tea Mary said, "When I went away with my pussy, I cried ever so much, for I could not bear the thought of losing her. I walked up and down trying to think of some way to keep her. I thought if I could only find a pussy doctor, he might be able to cure her. But where was I to find one? I walked ever so far, and pussy and I began to be very tired. At last I saw 'Veterinary Surgeon' put over the door, and I knew that he was the doctor for my pussy, because he was an animal doctor.

"I knocked at the door, and went in with Spot in my arms. I saw the doctor and told him how I was to take pussy to the Cats' Home because she was so sick. I am afraid I cried as I told him that I loved my dear pussy so that I could not bear to lose her. The doctor was very kind; he took pussy in his arms and examined her. Then he said:

"'There is nothing the matter with this cat but that she has eaten too much flesh; that is what makes her sick.'

"Then he rubbed ointment on Spot's mouth, and gave me more of it to take home.

"'Rub it on pussy's mouth,' he said, 'and she won't want to eat any more fish.'

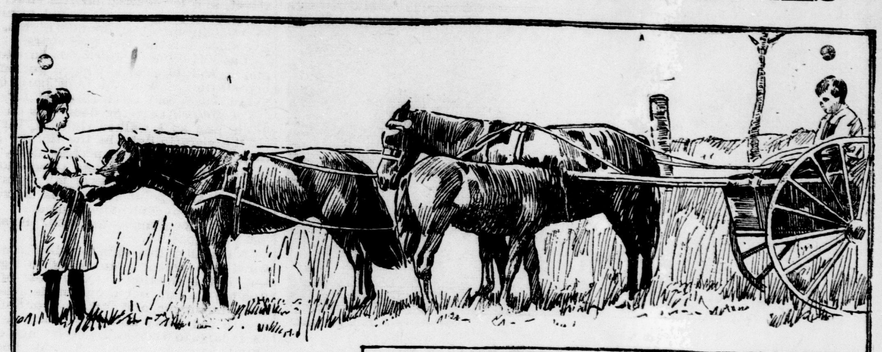
"'I have only six pence, sir,' I said; 'is that enough to pay for the medicine?'

"But he said, 'You are quite welcome without money; your pussy will soon be well, so cry no more.'

"I think Spot must have known all about it, for she said 'Meouw!' and we both laughed. So I thanked him, too, and came away with my dear, dear pussy."

It turned out as the kind doctor had said. From that time Spot began to get better, and now Mary and her pussy are happy as the day is long.—Little Folks.

SIXTEEN LITTLE PET PONIES





A Tandem Team of Ponies—Pony Taking a Nap With His Friends Under an Umbrella

ON a lovely farm in Chester county, Pennsylvania, lives a happy family of sixteen ponies.

These little ponies are quite celebrated throughout the country for their beauty and clever tricks. They are owned by Mr. and Mrs. B——, who keep them for their children to ride and drive, and never were ponies so petted and beloved.

This happy family started with Tiny and Fancy, who were loved almost the same as children for three years, when their lives came to a sudden and untimely end by poison, it was thought, and Mr. and Mrs. B—— and the boys, Joe and Teddy, have never ceased to mourn their loss. They had been such dear pets and companions. Joe and Teddy rode and drove them every day, played circus with them, and, like Mary's little lamb, they followed the boys everywhere—outdoors and indoors—from kitchen to parlor, so is it any wonder they are so sadly missed, even though others have taken their places?

Dan, Fancy's baby pony, used to stop his mother when she was coming home from a ride or drive with the boys, by catching her bridle in his mouth and then he would help himself to his dinner. Dan is now three feet high and can jump five feet—a big jump for such a little fellow!

Phylis, Dan and Gage all come to the kitchen door every day for some sugar, of which they are very fond. Gage even walks up the steps into the kitchen, where he helps himself to a lump of sugar from the table on which it has been placed for him. Then if he feels disposed he follows the children to the parlor, where he perhaps enjoys some music.

Gage was so tiny when he was born that they carried him around just like a wee baby. Mrs. B. tied bows of blue ribbon on his mane and tail—much to the delight of the children, who thought he was too cute for anything.

Phylis, the mother of Gage, is very bright, but she has such a weakness for corn, that Mrs. B. has difficulty in feeding the chickens. This greedy little pony, if she happens to be near, will run when she hears the chickens called, and eat the corn just as fast as it falls on the ground.

One of Dot's clever tricks is walking along with his front feet on Mr. B.'s shoulder, and taking off his hat with his teeth. When Dot was quite young he was very ill, and Mrs. B. held him on her lap just like a baby, giving him medicine every fifteen minutes, till he recovered. Gage sometimes take a nap in the field on a hot day beside the children, shaded by an umbrella.

These little ponies have a good time grazing in the fields and meadows all summer long, and living in the barn in winter.

They seem to enjoy the attention they receive, and they and the children, far and wide, are great friends. They have not as yet learned to drink beer like a pony at Coney Island, who, when he sees a crowd of men around the bar in a saloon, will walk in, and, sticking his nose in between them, pick up a glass with his teeth and swallow the contents, apparently relishing it greatly.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

THE CREVASSE



A Colored Baby Floated Toward Them

THE grand old Mississippi had once more overflowed its banks, and the tide rushed in on every side with a loud and angry sound. On, on the rushing waters flowed over plantation and forest, destroying field after field of sugar and cotton, and carrying on its strong current pigs, sheep, chickens and other small animals.

Little Rick and his sister Marie lived with their aunt in a small cottage near the bank of the river, so they feared their home would be swept away. It was a common thing for a crevasse to loosen a light cottage from its foundation and carry it gently down stream without any further damage being done. This was the fate that Mrs. Neville had prayed would befall her cottage, and this was the fate that Rick and Marie were certain would befall it, and they clapped their hands and shouted at the idea of taking a sail down the Mississippi in their own little home. Hour by hour the water slowly rose. Rick and Marie had got all the "menagerie," as they called it, into the kitchen and locked the door to prevent it from taking possession of the house. The "menagerie" consisted of a cow, a horse, two pigs, ten chickens, three geese, Rick's guinea pig, Marie's little pug dog Nixey, and, of course, the family cat.

"See, auntie, see!" Rick exclaimed. "The river has reached our porch. Suppose'n the house don't break loose after all; me and the guinea pig will get drowned dead, won't we?"

"How about Marie and I?" his aunt asked. "Do you think we can swim through it?" "Well, auntie, you see, me and the guinea pig are so little that we'd get covered up right away; but you and sister are so big you can hold your noses up longer out of the water." Although they were in such danger they could not help laughing at Rick's argument.

Suddenly the little house shook and gave a tremendous roll, so that they all fell down in a heap together, and then, as Rick expressed it, the house broke loose and went floating down the stream at a great rate. "Great jiminy!" Rick exclaimed, picking himself up and going to the window, where he was soon joined by his aunt and sister. It was quite amusing to stand at the window and watch the things that they slowly left behind them. In a few moments the cottage came to rather a sudden standstill, and the whole family sat down so suddenly that their heads swam for an hour after. They soon found the cause of the stoppage—the house had struck against a large oak tree, which held it fast in its strong branches. Nothing remarkable happened that night. The cottage did not stir from its safe resting place, and the small family and "menagerie" rested peacefully till morning.

Little Rick was awakened that morning by a very peculiar noise. He hastened to the front door, and there, lying on the porch, was a poor, shivering dog, whining most pitifully, that had, no doubt, drifted down during the night. Rick carried him into the warm dining room and, laying him on the sofa, fed swam statelily up the stream to the doorstep, two opossums and a hail-drowned chicken. Later in the afternoon Rick exclaimed: "Come quick, auntie, and see this funny little dog swimming up the stream." However, it was not a "little dog," as Rick thought, but a little "nigger" baby.

Mrs. Neville and Marie ran in every direction hunting in vain for something with which to save the baby. At last Marie ran to the rescue with an umbrella, and Mrs. Neville with a clothespole. They fell back in horror as they opened the door, for there, approaching the little one, was a huge alligator, with widely opened jaws. There was a tremendous "snap" and—the little pickaninny was not swallowed, as you suppose, for a log was swept before the alligator at the moment it opened its mouth to devour the baby, and Mrs. Neville came to the rescue with the clothespole. The little one was soon made comfortable beside the stove, and when the water had passed off and the little cottage stood once more on dry land he was returned to his mother, who had long since believed him drowned. With the exception of a few leaks no damage was done to the little house by the crevasse, and when the family and "menagerie" stood once more upon the earth they were all in excellent health and enjoying life.

N. L. B.

KITTENS AND "KIDDIES"

A Greater Loss.

A little girl, while crossing a muddy street, slipped. As she did so, she dropped an apple.

"Why Margaret, did you lose your balance?" asked her aunt.

"No," replied Margaret. "I lost my apple."

With Modern Improvements.

A little boy and his mother, evidently strangers in the place, were passing along one of the streets of Worcester, Mass. A street sprinkler came by and the word "sprinkler" in large letters caught the boy's eye.

"Look," he cried, pointing at the sprinkler, "that's a Springfield car."

Like a Good Husbandman.

Johnny's father was busy planting potatoes. Johnny was interested in the work, but seemed to be absorbed in thought. On being asked what he was thinking, he replied:

"I was wondering where would be a good place to plant the gravy."

And Her Opinion Carries the Most Weight.

My little brother did not know the meaning of "majority." On being told that it meant the greater number, he

A Duet

A little yellow bird above,
A little yellow flower below;
The little bird can sing the love
That bird and blossom know;
The blossom has no song nor wing,
But breathes the love he cannot sing.

J. B. TABB.

The Time Brood.

I wonder how the mother hour
Can feed each hungry minute,
And see that every one of them
Gets sixty seconds in it;
And whether when she goes abroad
She knows which ones attend her;
For all of them are just alike
In age and size and gender.

J. B. TABB.

The Tax Gatherer.

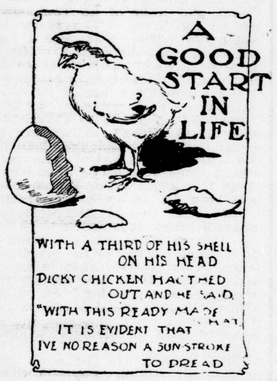
"And, pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax:
Have you nothing for me?"

The Kind That Mother Makes.

Mother had made pancakes for breakfast. They were not very good, she said. Helmer, aged 5, who always defends his mother's cooking, answered:

"They are good; they've got rubber tires."



The Woodpecker

The wizard of the woods is he,
For in his daily round,
Where'er he finds a rotten tree
He makes the timber sound.

Butterfly.

Butterfly, butterfly, sipping the sand,
Have you forgotten the flowers of the land?
Or are you sated with honey and dew,
That sand-filtered water tastes better to you?

A Giant Firecracker.

"What is a volcano?" asked a mother of her little boy.

"Why, it's a big, high mountain with powder inside it."

A Way of Escape.

"Everything I say to you, Harold, goes in one ear and out the other," said grandma.

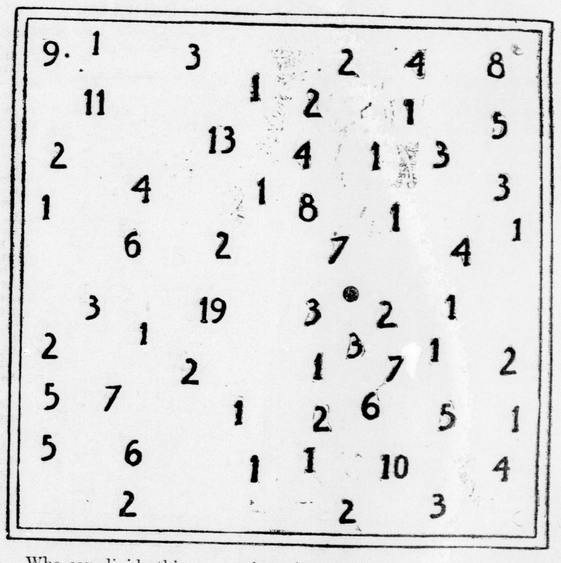
"Is that what little boys have two ears for?" asked Harold.—Little Chronicle.

An Animated Compass.

A teacher in giving a lesson on a chicken asked: "How many toes has a chicken and which way do they point?"

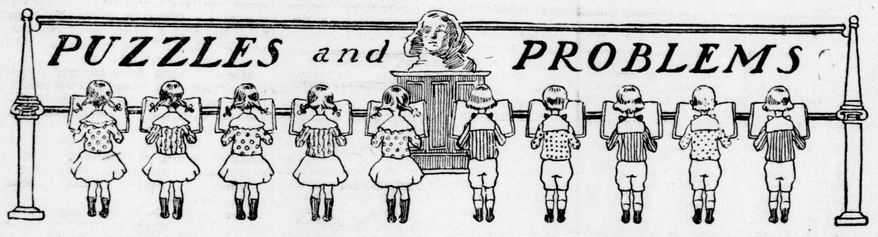
One little girl answered: "Four; three point North and one points South."

TWENTY-SEVEN PUZZLE



Who can divide this square into eight equal-sized and similarly shaped parts, so that the figures in each and every part will add up 27?

PUZZLES and PROBLEMS



Jumbled Names.

Can you tell Polly Evans what famous battles are named in the following jumbled puzzles:

Rawocott. Aaarrftgl. Yrsese. Nshaistg. Nutocigra. Okhnamrubac. Lneeocg.

What City?



Riddle-Me-Ree.

My first is in son, but not in daughter.
My second is in longer, but not in shorter.
My third is in fine, but not in tax.
My fourth is in anvil, but not in axe.
My fifth is in eddy, but not in swirl.
My whole you will find is the name of a girl.

Hidden Boys' Names.

See if in each of the following sentences you can find a boy's name hidden:

Who is beginning to grow ill? I am.

He forced war during the tenth century on the Saxons.

The people, on ardent terms with each other, lived happily.

That man drew him very well.

That was a steep hill I pushed her up.

I heard of an Arab as ill as that one is.

You may speak to George, or George may speak to you.

You should see how arduously he worked to find her.

Hidden Proverb.

Have you had any money given to you to-day?

Is that your sister in the garden, by the rose bush?

I think that is a very nice dog of yours.

Is that a good little girl by you?

Have you still got your old servant?

I was going out, but my cold is worse.

Don't you think "Little Women" is a very nice book?

That is a very bad boy.

My master is very kind to me.

Jumbled Geography.

Did you make good grades in geography last term? Yes? Then prove it to Polly Evans by sending her the answers to the following jumbled puzzles (all towns):

Oohpmewtlavrn, a town in England.
Wfeerrn, a town in Scotland.
Bsyikeemr, a town in South Africa.
Trieds, a town in Austria.
Waatto, a town in Canada.
Aehog, a town in Italy.
Elifl, a town in France.
Hhaagsin, a town in China.
Heild, a town in India.
Clavanie, a town in Spain.
Graddcho, a town in Ireland.
Nrhgeaale, a town in Russia.

Rhymed Endings.

The words ending the following lines ALL RHYME. Can you supply them to make proper sense?

Birds skim the air or flutter ——,
And sing and twitter as they ——,
Or perch up in a treetop ——
And warble to the summer ——;
Or sit on branch or twig near ——,
And watch me with a restless ——,
Then flit if I but closer ——.
I'm sorry, but I don't know ——,
Not to be boisterous I ——,
I don't disturb their nests, not ——,
They pick the crumbs alert and ——,
And I confess it makes me ——
That all the while they seem so ——.

Riddles.

1. What crosses the water without making a shadow?
2. Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon?
3. What part of a clock reminds one of Christmas time?
4. What is most like a cat looking out of a third-story window?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Answer to "Fifteen" Puzzle.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

Answer to Wheel Puzzle.

Springs, axle, box, tail-board, brake, wheels.

Hidden Proverb.

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Answer to Transposed Letters.

Nelson.
Norah, Empty, Leslie, Sword, Olive, Nutmeg.

Answer to Missing Letter Proverb.

"Happy those who live by labour."

Answers to Quarter Puzzle.

1. Mouth. 2. Hare (hair). 3. Profile. 4. The date. 5. Tulips (two lips). 6. Brow. 7. Eye (I). 8. Stars. 9. Cheek. 10. Knows (nose). 11. United States of America. 12. Quarter dollar. 13. Eagle. 14. Clause (claws). 15. Wings. 16. E pluribus unum. 17. Liberty. 18. Ear. 19. Arrows.

Bobby came home from school one day in a great rage.

"Teacher isn't a bit fair!"

"Why? What has she been doing?"

"I wish to take my sister to Fairy Land," said Mabel. "Oh! What has happened? Has the house grown bigger or have I grown smaller?"

"Come to Fairy Land with me," said the Fairy.

They traveled for a long while in a golden chariot drawn by two milk-white horses, and they at last came to a gate.

"Here we are," said the Fairy. "Where would you like to go first?"

"I do not know what the places are," said Mabel.

They went to Caramel Land, where all the houses and people were made of caramel candy. Next they visited Bagville, where they saw Mrs. Beetle rocking her baby in half a walnut shell.

Then somebody took hold of her, and she saw it had all been a dream.

FLORENCE KERIGAN.

CLEVER STORIES BY CHILDREN

How Vacation Spoiled a Little Girl.

(A book prize has been awarded the following story.)

DORTHEA BARNETT was the very happiest little girl in Lakewood. She had been in the seventh advanced grade, and had been promoted to the eighth advanced. You will notice, too, that she skipped one grade. Because she skipped this one grade she could have a lovely vacation, and this spoiled her.

On her way home, she met a ragged little girl named Ruth Dering. She was in Dorathea's grade, and had not been promoted. You could see that she had been crying, and her eyes were very red. "Hello, Dorathea!" she said. "I am awfully glad you were promoted." But Dorathea did not even look at her. Vacation spoiled her. When she got home she greeted her mother, and told her of her good news. Her mother was quite pleased, and asked her if Ruth had been promoted. Dorathea said: "No." (She did not dare say any more.) You can see now how vacation spoiled her. Dorathea could not enjoy her visit to Spruce Beach because she had not spoken to Ruth. Her pride spoiled her vacation.

ELLA FIEGE.

My Summer.

Every summer I go to Anglesea to spend my vacation. It is a very pretty place. We have a grand ocean view, also woods nearby. Every day yachts and steamers take excursionists out to the fishing grounds.

On Sundays very large excursions come down and there is a rush for the boats so as to get a good position for fishing.

There are all sorts of people—fat and thin men, some with big baskets and some with satchels or pasteboard boxes with their lunches in.

Some come back with full baskets and other have none, as they have been seasick.

There is fine bathing and crabbing, and a very fine new pier has been built close by us, where they have all sorts of amusements.

Anglesea is a fine place for an outing, and I wish all of your readers could spend their vacation there.

EDNA J. DOANE.

A Trip to Fairy Land.

Mother had left little Mabel with Edith, her youngest sister, while she went to do some shopping.

Mother and father were talking about

Game of Genteel Lady.

GENTEEL LADY, always gen-

"A genteel lady, always genteel, come from the genteel lady, always genteel, beg leave to inform you that my ship has just come in from China laden with apricots."

some object beginning with b, such as biscuit; the next player one beginning with c, and so down the alphabet. If any one hesitates or makes a mistake, a "lamp-l-ghter" is stuck in her hair, and she is the "one-horned," instead of the "genteel" lady; and for two mistakes the "two-horned" lady, and so on.

Jack Fagots.

This is a jolly picnic game.

Have the players take an armful of fagots and drop them in a pile on the ground.

Then all the players are given a certain number of minutes to hook out, with a long crooked stick, as many fagots as possible, without disturbing the remainder.

The least movement of a fagot other than the one being hooked counts one against the player.

The number of fagots successfully hooked out counts in favor of the player. The one with the highest score, of course, wins.

Little Harold's mother looked very severe as she said:

"I shall have to tell your father what a naughty boy you've been to-day."

"Oh, mother," said Harold, "can't you keep a secret better than that?"



The Return of Sherlock Holmes

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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ON GLANCING over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which I have during the last eight years studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes I find many tragic, some comic, a large number of merely strange, but none commonplace; for, working as he did, rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend toward the unusual and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors in Baker street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumors as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been waked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it, then—a fire?"

"No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour of the morning and knock sleepy people out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset, I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unraveled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes cheerily "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha! I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What, then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and gray, with restless, frightened eyes like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of 30, but her hair was shot with premature gray, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No; but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dogcart along heavy roads before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left-hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," she said. "I started from home before 6, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and come in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me, too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk and, unlocking it, drew out a small casebook, which he consulted.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah, yes! I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter."

"Alas!" replied our visitors, "the very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom, of all others, I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart. You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my step-father, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground and the two-hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my step-father, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went over to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term if imprisonment and afterward returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's remarriage. She had a considerable sum of money—not less than £1,000 a year—and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely while we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England, my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness."

"But a terrible change came over my step-father about this time. Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbors, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house and seldom came out, save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my step-father's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

"Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gypsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds, and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but 30 at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already began to whiten, even as mine has."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak. You can understand that living the life which I have described we were little likely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother's maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady's house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met there a half-pay major of marines, to whom she became engaged. My step-father learned of the engagement when my sister returned, and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half-opened his lids now and glanced at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," he said.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every event of that dreadful time is seared into my memory. The manor house is, as I have already said, very old, and only one wing is now inhabited. The bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms being in the central block of the building. Of these bedrooms the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open out upon the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though we knew he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of strong Indian cigars which it was his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At 11 o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door and looked back.

"'Tell me, Helen,' said she, 'have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of night?'

"'Never,' said I.

"'I suppose that you could not possibly whistle, yourself, in your sleep?'

"'Certainly not. But why?'

"'Because during the last few nights I have always, about 3 in the morning, heard a low, clear whistle. I am a light sleeper, and it has awakened me, I cannot tell where it came from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I thought that I would just ask you whether you had heard it.'

"'No, I have not. It must be those wretched gypsies in the plantation.'

"'Very likely. And yet if it were on the lawn I wonder that you did not hear it also.'

"'Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you.'

"'Well, it is of no great consequence at any rate.' She smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed!" said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always."

"And why?"

"I think that I have mentioned to you that the doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed with your statement."

"I could not sleep that night. A vague feeling of impending misfortune impressed me. My sister and I, you will recollect, were twins, and you know how subtle are the links which bind two souls which are so closely allied. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside and the rain was beating and splashing against the windows. Suddenly, amid all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl around me and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage my sister's door was unlocked and revolved slowly upon its hinges. I



"MY SISTER APPEARED AT THE OPENING, HER FACE WAS BLANCHED WITH TERROR."

stared at it horror-stricken, not knowing what was about to issue from it. By the light of the corridor lamp I saw my sister appear at the opening, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro like that of a drunkard. I ran to her and threw my arms around her, but at that moment her knees seemed to give away and she fell to the ground. She writhed as one who is in terrible pain, and her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. At first I thought that she had not recognized me, but as I bent over her she suddenly shrieked out in a voice which I shall never forget, 'Oh, my God, Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my step-father, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side, she was unconscious, and, though he poured brandy down her throat and sent for medical aid, from the village, all efforts were in vain, for she slowly sank and died without having recovered her consciousness. Such was the dreadful end of my beloved sister."

"One moment," said Holmes. "You are sure about the whistle and metallic sound? Could you swear to it?"

"That was what the county coroner asked me at the inquiry. It is my strong impression that I heard it, and yet, among the crash of the gale, and the creaking of an old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No. She was in her nightdress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match and in her left hand a match box."

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were blocked by old-fashioned shutters, with broad iron bars, which were secured every night. The walls were carefully sounded and were shown to be quite solid all around, and the flooring was also thoroughly examined, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but it is barred up by four large staples. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of violence upon her."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what it was that frightened her I cannot imagine."

"Were there gypsies in the plantation at the time?"

"Yes, there are nearly always some there."

"Ah, and what did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely the wild talk of delirium, sometimes that it may have referred to some band of people, perhaps to these very gypsies in the plantation. I do not know whether the spotted handkerchiefs which so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head, like a man who is far from being satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he. "Pray go on with your narrative."

"Two years have passed since then, and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend, whom I have known for many years, has done me the honor to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Percy Armitage—second son of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading. My step-father has offered no opposition to the match, and we are to be married in the course of the spring. Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the building, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and to sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my thrill of terror when, last night, as I lay awake, thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard in the silence of the night the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so I dressed, and as soon as it was daylight I slipped down, got a dogcart at the Crown Inn, which is opposite, and drove to Leatherhead, whence I have come on this morning with the one object of seeing you and asking your advice."

"You have done wisely," said my friend, "but have you told me all?"

"Yes, all."

"Miss Roylott, you have not. You are screening your step-father."

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Holmes pushed back the frill of black lace which fringed the hand that lay upon our visitor's knee. Five little livid spots, the marks of four fingers and a thumb, were printed upon the white wrist.

"You have been cruelly used," said Holmes.

The lady colored deeply and covered over her injured wrist. "He is a hard man," she said, "and perhaps he hardly knows his own strength."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said at last. "There are a thousand details which I should desire to know before I decide upon our course of action. Yet we have not a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran today would it be possible for us to see over these rooms without the knowledge of your step-father?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town today upon some important business. It is probable that he will be away all day, and that there would be nothing to disturb you. We have a housekeeper, but she is old and foolish and we could easily get her out of the way."

"Excellent! You are not averse to this trip, Watson?"

"By no means."

"Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things which I would wish to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the 12 o'clock train, so as to be there in time for your coming."

"And you may expect us early in the afternoon. I myself have some small business matters to attend to. Will you not wait and breakfast?"

"No, I must go. My heart is lightened already since I have confided my troubles to you. I shall look forward to seeing you again this afternoon." She dropped her thick black veil over her face and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson, asked Sherlock Holmes, leaning back in his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough and sinister enough."

"Yet if the lady is correct in saying that the flooring and walls are sound, and that the door, window and chimney are impassable, then her sister must have been undoubtedly alone when she met her mysterious end."

"What becomes, then, of these nocturnal whistles, and what of the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

"I cannot think."

"When you combine the idea of whistles at night, the presence of a band of gypsies who are on intimate terms with this old doctor, the fact that we have every reason to believe that the doctor has an interest in preventing his step-daughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and, finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been caused by one of those metal bars which secured the shutters falling into their place, I think that there is good ground to think that the mystery may be cleared up along these lines."

"But what, then, did the gypsies do?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I see many objections to any such theory."

"And so do I. It is for precisely that reason that we are going to Stoke Moran this day. I want to see whether the objections are fatal, or if they may be explained away. But what in the name of the devil!"

The ejaculation had been drawn from my companion by the fact that our door had been suddenly dashed open, and that a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top-hat, a long frock-coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross-bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deepset, bile-shot eyes, and his high, thin, fleshless nose gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey.

"Which of you is Holmes?" asked this apparition.

"My name sir; but you have the advantage of me," said my companion quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimsby Roylott, of Stoke Moran."

"Indeed, doctor," said Holmes, blandly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. My step-daughter has been here. I have traced her. What has she been saying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of the year," said Holmes.

"What has she been saying to you?" screamed the old man furiously.

"But I have heard that the crocuses promise well," continued my companion imperturbably.

"Ha! You put me off, do you?" said our new visitor, taking a step forward and shaking his hunting-crop. "I know you, you scoundrel! I have heard of you before. You are Holmes, the meddler."

My friend smiled.

"Holmes, the busybody!"

His smile broadened.

"Holmes, the Scotland Yard Jack-in-office!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your conversation is most entertaining," said he. "When you go out, close the door, for there is a decided draft."

"I will go when I have had my say. Don't you dare to meddle with my affairs. I know that Miss Stoner has been here. I traced her. I am a dangerous man to fall foul of. See here!" He stepped swiftly forward, seized the poker, and bent it into a curve with his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out of my grip," he snarled, and hurling the twisted poker into the fireplace, he strode out of the room.

"He seems a very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained, I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." As he spoke he picked up the steel poker, and with a sudden effort straightened it out again.

"Fancy his having the insolence to confound me with the official detective force! This incident gives zest to our investigation, however, and I only trust that our little friend will not suffer from her impudence in allowing this brute to trace her. And now, Watson, we shall order breakfast, and afterwards I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in the matter."

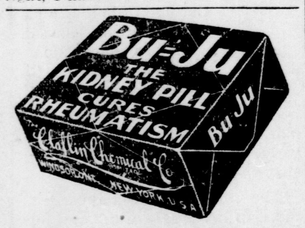
It was nearly 1 o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion. He held in his hand a sheet of blue paper, scrawled over with notes and figures.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "To determine its exact meaning I have been obliged to work out the present prices of the investments with which it is concerned. The total income, which at the time of the wife's death was little short of £1,100, is now, through the fall in agricultural prices not more than £750. Each daughter can claim an income of £250, in case of marrying. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married, this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. My morning's work has not been wasted, since it has proved that he has the very strongest motives for standing in the way of anything of the sort. And, now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling, especially as the old man is aware that we are interesting ourselves in his affairs; so if you are ready we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. An Ely's No. 2 is an excellent argument with gentlemen who can twist steel pokers into knots. That and a toothbrush are, I think, all that we need."

At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of the moist earth. To me at least there was a strange contrast between the sweet promise of the spring and this sinister quest upon which we were engaged. My companion sat in the front of the trap, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his chin sunk upon his breast, buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly, however, he started, tapped me on the shoulder and pointed over the meadows.

"Look there," said he.

"A heavily timbered park stretched



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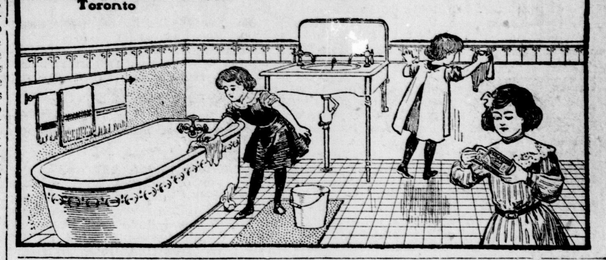
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up a gentle slope, thickening into a grove, at the highest point. From amid the branches there jutted out the gray gables and high roof-tree of a very old mansion.

"Stoke Moran?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"There is some building going on there," said Holmes. "That is where we are going."

"There's the village," said the driver, pointing to a cluster of roofs some distance to the left, "but if you want to get to the house, you'll find it shorter to get over this stile, and so by the footpath over the fields. There it is, where the lady is walking."

"And the lady, I fancy, is Miss Stoner," observed Holmes, shading his eyes. "Yes, I think we had better do as you suggest."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.

"I thought it as well," said Holmes, as we climbed the stile, "that this fellow should think we had come here as architects, or on some definite business. It may stop his gossip. Good afternoon, Miss Stoner. You see that we have been as good as our word."

Our client of the morning had hurried forward to meet us with a face which spoke her joy. "I have been waiting so eagerly for you," she cried, shaking hands with us warmly. "All has turned out splendidly. Dr. Roylott has gone to town, and it is unlikely that he will be back before evening."

"We have had the pleasure of making the doctor's acquaintance," said Holmes, and in a few words he sketched out what had occurred. Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "He has followed me, then?"

"So it appears."

"He is so cunning that I never know when I am safe from him. What will he say when he returns?"

"He must guard himself, for he may find that there is someone more cunning upon his track. You must lock yourself up from him tonight. If he is violent we shall take you away to your aunt's at Harrow. Now we must make the best use of our time, so kindly take us at once to the rooms which we are to examine."

The building was of gray, lichen-blotched stone, with a high central portion, and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, thrown out on each side. In one of these wings the windows were broken, and blocked with wooden boards, while the roof was partly caved in, a picture of ruin. The central portion was in little better repair, but the right-hand block was comparatively modern, and the blinds in the windows, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimneys, showed that this was where the family resided. Some scaffolding had been erected against the end wall, and the stonework had been broken into, but there were no signs of any workmen at the moment of our visit. Holmes walked slowly up and down the ill-trimmed lawn and examined with deep attention the outsides of the windows.

"This, I take it, belong to the room in which you used to sleep, the center one to your sister's, and the one next to the main building to Dr. Roylott's chamber."

"Exactly so. But I am now sleeping in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I understand. By the way, there does not seem to be any very pressing need for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe it was an excuse to move me from my room."

"Ah, that is suggestive. Now, on the other side of this narrow wing runs the corridor from which these three rooms open. There are windows in it, of course?"

"Yes, but very small ones. Too narrow for anyone to pass through."

"As you both locked your doors at night, your rooms were unapproachable from that side. Now, would you have the kindness to go into your room and bar your shutters?"

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, after a careful examination through the open window, endeavored in every way to force the shutter open, but without success. There was no slit through which a knife could be passed to raise the bar. Then, with his lens he tested the hinges, but they were of solid iron, built firmly into the massive masonry. "Hum!" said, he, scratching his chin in some perplexity, "my theory certainly presents some difficulties. No one could pass these shutters if they were bolted. Well, we shall see if the inside throws any light upon the matter.

A small side door led into the white-washed corridor from which the three bedrooms opened. Holmes refused to examine the third chamber, so we passed at once to the second, that in which her sister had met her fate. It was a homely little room, with a low ceiling and gaping fireplace, after the fashion of old country houses. A brown chest of drawers stood in one corner, a narrow white-counterpaned bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left-hand side of the window. These articles, with two small wicker-work chairs, made up all the furniture in the room, save for a square of Wilton carpet in the center. The boards round and the paneling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, so old and discolored that it may have dated from the original building of the house. Holmes drew one of the chairs into a corner, and sat silent, while his eyes traveled round and round and up and down, taking in every detail of the apartment.

"Where does that bell communicate with?" he asked at last, pointing to a thick bell-rope which hung down beside the bed, the tassel actually lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things."

"Yes, it was only put there a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it. We always used to get whatever we wanted for ourselves."

"Indeed, it seemed unnecessary to put so nice a bell-pull there. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor." He threw himself down upon his face with his lens in his hand, and crawled swiftly backward and forward, examining minutely the cracks between the boards. Then he did the same with the woodwork with which the chamber was paneled. Finally he walked over to the bed, and spent some time in staring at it, and in running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he took the bell-rope in his hand and gave it a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he.

"Won't it ring?"

"No, it is not even attached to a wire. This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above where the little opening for the ventilator is."

"How very absurd. I never noticed that before."

"Very strange," muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are one or two very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air."

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope?" remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger than that of his step-daughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an arm-chair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe, were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My step-father's business papers."

"Oh, you have seen 'nside, then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea"

"Well, look at this." He held up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No, we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk does not go very far in satisfying its wants. I dare say. There is one point, which I should wish to determine." He squatted down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his lens in his pocket. "Hello!" here is something interesting!"

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog-lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of whip-cord.

"What do you make of that, Watsen?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and with your permission we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I have never seen my friend's face so grim or his brow so dark as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to break in upon his thoughts before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon your compliance."

"I assure you that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the Crown."

"Very good. Your windows would be visible from there?"

"Certainly."

"You must confine yourself to your room, on pretense of a headache, when your stepfather comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night you must open the shutters of your window, undo the hasp, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly with everything which you are likely to want into the room which you used to occupy. I have no doubt that, in spite of the repairs, you could manage there for one night."

"Oh, yes, easily."

"The rest you will leave in our hands."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room, and we shall investigate the cause of this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner, laying her hand upon my companion's sleeve.

"Perhaps I have."

"Then for pity's sake tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott returned and saw us our journey would be in vain. Good-bye and be brave, for if you will do what I have told you you may rest assured that we shall soon drive away the dangers that threaten you."

Sherlock Holmes and I had no difficulty in engaging a bedroom and sitting-room at the "Crown Inn." They were on the upper floor, and from the window we could command a view of the avenue gate and of the inhabited wing of Stoke Moran Manor House. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice and saw the fury with which he shook his clinched fists at him. The trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting-rooms.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you tonight. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in those rooms that was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell-rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh, yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you?"

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope—for so we may call it, since it was clearly never meant for a bell-pull."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper, but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

About 9 o'clock the light among the trees was extinguished and all was dark in the direction of the Manor House. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of 11, a single bright light shone out right in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a late visit to an acquaintance, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our sombre errand.

There was little difficulty in entering the grounds, for unrepaired breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were about to enter through the window, when out from a clump of laurel bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered, "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vise upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

I had forgotten the strange pets which the doctor affected. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes's example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp on to the table and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the daytime. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered into my ear again so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words.

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator."

I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it; I will sit on the side of the bed and you in that chair."

I took out my revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night-bird, and once at our very window a long drawn cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve struck, and one and two and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Some one in the next room had lit a dark lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull.

"You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare dashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. They say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that cry raised the sleepers from their beds. It struck cold to our hearts, and I stood gazing at Holmes, and he at me, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence from which it rose.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we will enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered. I at his heels, with the cocked pistol in my hand.

It was a singular sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark-lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Besides this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long gray dressing-gown his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heeless Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upward and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! the speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes; "the deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den, and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dog-whip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and carrying it at arm's length, threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the sad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her by the morning train to the care of her good aunt, at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we traveled back next day.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gypsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her match, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell-rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had an Eastern training. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-eyed coroner, indeed, who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"I had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which of course would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whip-cord were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her step-father hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home and roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

Age and Artificial Teeth.

I see that the Sheikh Mohammed Ali Omar Or, aged 90 years, has been presented by the sirdar with a full set of artificial teeth.

Nature never intended old people to have teeth with which to masticate hard food; soft food, which is easily digested, is what they want if they wish to retain their health.

If this old sheikh uses his teeth on hard food, I will guarantee that he will not be alive this time next year. The proper place for these new teeth is under a glass case, not in the owner's mouth.

Young people who have lost their teeth need new ones, but the sooner the old folks understand that they are old the better it will be for their health.

The importance of the question of no artificial teeth for the old is not sufficiently understood.—London Mail.

Joy Indescribable in Whitby.

A gentleman in Whitby writes saying he had suffered untold misery for years and has been compelled to bathe his feet two or three times a day to prevent sweating and relieve tenderness. He now uses Foot Elm, and has no further trouble. Foot Elm prevents excessive sweating and makes the feet healthy. 18 powders 25 cents.

Every Japanese barracks has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a 14-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

Prof. Stadelman, principal physician of a great hospital in Berlin, estimates that between one-quarter and one-third of the diseases afflicting workingmen in the great and crowded disaricts in the Prussian capital are caused by the improper use of alcohol.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 38

With a tombstone epitaph the trouble is that it comes too late in the game to enable a man to borrow money on the strength of it.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.



THE DRINK QUESTION; STATE DISPENSARIES

HOW ALABAMA IN ENDEAVORING TO CONTROL TRAFFIC.

William E. Curtis, in writing to the Washington Evening Star from Montgomery, Ala., says: Alabama is quite a temperate state. Of the 67 counties, twenty have prohibition laws, nine have dispensaries for the sale of liquor in quantity by the municipal authorities, and the remainder have high licenses. On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, passing through two and one-half states, there is not a single saloon between Mobile and Jackson, Tenn. There is not a barroom or any place where liquor can be bought in any of the counties of Alabama, Mississipi or Tennessee on the line of that road; and neither beer, wine nor liquor can be sold in its dining cars.

Excepting the city of Selma, there is not a saloon or barroom on the line of the Southern Railroad between Mobile and Birmingham, and on the east and west road, excepting Selma and Demopolis, there is no saloon between Montgomery and Vicksburg.

There is no general liquor law in Alabama. Each county is the subject of special legislation, according to the demands of its citizens. If any county wants to put the legislature with an application from the people, indorsed at the polls, for prohibition, dispensary or high license, it is almost sure to obtain the legislation at once, and the tendency is toward prohibition. In more than half the counties no action whatever has been taken, but several of them come to the legislature every session for regulating acts.

EXIT THE COUNTRY SALOON.

While the appetite of the white people for liquor has not been suppressed or satiated, and they drink perhaps quite as much as they ever did in their homes and clubs, saloon drinking has practically been stopped throughout the rural districts, because experience has demonstrated that a country saloon is the hotbed of mischief, local disturbances and lynchings, and most of the shooting in the state for many years has been done under the influence of crossroads grocery whisky. It has also been demonstrated that a great part of the trouble with the negroes—their idleness, worthlessness and shiftlessness—is due to liquor drinking, and public sentiment demands stringent regulations, which have been enacted in 29 counties. In other counties the cost of a license has been placed so high as to make it unprofitable for a crossroads grocer to sell liquor. The patronage of the country saloon will not justify the payment of the license fee and the internal revenue tax. So the saloons at which the poorest whisky was sold and the greatest amount of mischief was hatched have been closed up, and the consequences are such as to encourage similar action in other parts of the state and in neighboring states. Whisky drinking has been the greatest curse of the negro.

Occasionally a "blind tiger" is set up; illicit distilling is common, and whisky is often peddled about the country among the negroes, on holidays and circus days especially; and it is usually difficult to convict the culprits. But when they are convicted they are always severely punished, being sent to the penitentiary for a term of years and compelled to pay a fine of $500 for the first offense and $1,000 for the second, while the costs ruin a man financially.

Every violation of the liquor law is punished twice; first in the federal courts on a charge of selling without a license, and second in the state courts for violating the state law. Usually cases are first tried in the federal courts, because they sit in the large cities, and are not subject to local influences. It is very difficult to get a jury in a local court to bring in a verdict against a neighbor. Although its members may realize that the man they are called upon to try is deserving of punishment, they feel that it will be very embarrassing to meet him after he comes home from a term in the penitentiary. But a city jury in the federal court is pretty apt to convict, and the state courts are now accepting certified copies of the records of the federal courts as final in such cases.

SOME RIGID RULES.

In some of the prohibition counties it is a misdemeanor for a man to offer wine or whisky to his guests; the penalty for selling or giving away is the same. But in hospitable plantation houses it is not a crime for a servant or the host to place a decanter and a bottle on the table. If the guest is familiar with the customs of the country nothing further is necessary. People buy their supplies of liquor from wholesale establishments in New Orleans, Mobile or Montgomery, and have it shipped to them by express.

The dispensaries are run very much as they are in South Carolina. Shops are opened at convenient parts of the county, in charge of sworn agents, who sell bottled liquor in the original packages for cash—the smallest quantity is a pint, the largest is a demijohn containing two gallons. All packages are sealed, and it is unlawful to open them on the premises. Some people think this encourages drinking at home. They say that a man who would take one drink, perhaps, if he could buy it, drinks the whole pint because he cannot get away less. But those who manage the dispensaries and others who are observing their operations, insist that this is not true, and that they promote sobriety, especially among the negroes. The keeper of the dispensary is authorized to refuse any or all applicants, according to his judgment. There is no way to compel him to sell, and as he is paid a salary by the country and has no profit from the business, there is no inducement for him to do so. He is forbidden by law to sell to habitual drunkards or to men who have already been drinking, and may refuse to furnish liquor whenever his judgment is against it.

There is always profit in a dispensary, because it is a monopoly, it does a cash business, the expense of management is very small, and prices are regulated so as to produce a revenue. The proceeds are devoted to school purposes. At Tuscaloosa, for example, the dispensary pays a profit of $30,000 a year, of which $12,000 goes to the county and $18,000 to the city schools.

Robin's Nest on Car Truck.

Various instances have been related of the odd places which birds choose in which to build their nests, but, according to the men on a train which runs between this city and Blackstone, a robin that has made its home on a train carried off the palm.

The train in question pulls into Blackstone at 1:40 p.m. one day, and pulls out on the following day. Recently it was discovered by one of the train hands that a robin had started to build its nest on one of the trucks. Naturally they supposed that when the train started out the next day the building operations would come to an end, and the matter was temporarily forgotten.

Their surprise was great when a day or two later they noticed that the bird had finished the nest, and from that time the spot was watched with interest. On Friday, when the train pulled into the yard at Blackstone, a small blue egg was discovered in the nest, and yesterday morning another egg was found there. The trainmen are greatly interested in their unusual passenger, and watch carefully lest any prowling tabby should snatch the bird during the several hours lay-off.—Providence Journal.

An enormous addition will be made to the entomological collections in the British Museum by the bequest of the late Mr. A. Fry to the museum of his collection of coleopterous insects, undoubtedly the largest collection of the kind in the United Kingdom.

THE EMPIRE ACCIDENT AND SURETY COMPANY

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HEAD OFFICE—25 Masonic Temple, London, Canada.

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE.

No other disease is so prevalent among men as Varicocele. As it interferes with the nutrition of the sexual organs it produces weakness, loss of semen through the urine, decay of the organs, pains in the loins, aching in the back, nervousness, despondency, bashfulness, palpitation of the heart, constipation, and a combination of these results in complete LOSS OF MANHOOD. Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with STRICTURE. If you have reason to believe you are afflicted with it, don't neglect it. It will ruin you. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing it. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT dissolves the stricture tissue, hence it disappears and can never return. We cure Varicocele and Stricture without operation or loss of time. The treatment may be taken at home privately. Send for our Free Illustrated Book on VARICOCELE and STRICTURE. WE GUARANTEE TO CURE OR NO PAY.

Kidneys & Bladder

All sexual complaints affect these organs, hence the kidneys are a great source of disease. Have you aching or weakness over the small of the back, tendency to urinate frequently, deposit in urine, coldness of hands or feet, a drowsy feeling in the morning. Don't neglect your kidneys. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure any disease of these organs or no pay.

No Names Used Without Written Consent.



O. W. Rowe, of Jackson, Mich., says: I had varicocele in the secondary stage and two strictures of 8 years' standing. I was operated on twice, undergoing great suffering, but only got temporary relief. I was finally advised to try the NEW METHOD TREATMENT of Drs. K. & K. The enlarged veins disappeared in six weeks, the stricture tissue was removed in eight weeks and my sexual energy and vitality returned so I was a man in every respect. I recommend you doctors with my whole heart."



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