

43RD YEAR NO. 17903

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, AUGUST SATURDAY, 11, 1906.—EIGHTEEN PAGES.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

GRAND TRUNK AND THE CITY MAY GET TOGETHER AGAIN

Former's Need of a Strip of Land Should Pave Way to Fresh Negotiations.

From information received by The Advertiser, it seems very likely that the Grand Trunk Railway will shortly ask for a meeting with the city of London in regard to the improvements west of the city.

The company finds it necessary to shift the Springfield line further south in order to provide for the slope of the huge embankment which is being constructed to carry the rails of the new grade just west of the Wharncliffe bridge.

This is where the city comes in. For the water commissioners control the land south of the right of way of the London Street Railway Company. But the commissioners can do nothing without the consent of the city council, so that it will be with this latter body that the negotiations will be carried on.

As to Elevated Lines.

At the city hall today it was said that this meeting between the city and the company does not mean the reopening of negotiations re the elevated lines.

All the Grand Trunk now wants is a strip of land along the south side of its tracks to provide for the slope of its new embankment.

However, there are men in the coun-

cil who think that the occasion might be taken advantage of by the city to arrange for another meeting to talk over the elevated lines matters so suddenly dropped recently.

It does not seem reasonable to suppose that the Grand Trunk Railway purchased \$250,000 worth of land along Barchart street from the river to Adelaide street merely to allow it to remain idle and grow weeds.

"The company and the city will yet get together," an alderman said to The Advertiser today, "and the sooner both sides get down to business the better."

A New Depot.

This alderman also stated the present depot of the Grand Trunk in London does the city incalculable harm.

Travelers pass through the city and after a look at the depot conclude that London is what is termed on the road, a "tank" town.

It is understood that the company had decided to build in London a depot on the plan of that erected in Battle Creek, Michigan. This depot is one of the finest of its size in America.

"Had London a depot of this class," the alderman quoted continued, "it would mean hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city annually."

LADY IS VERY SORE ON PHONOGRAPHS

Wanted Engineer Graydon to Stop the Machine Forthwith.

Some people in London imagine that if City Engineer Graydon was to go down to Port Stanley and command the waves to cease playing tag with the beach, the lake would instantly be quieted. These people have the idea that the engineer can do anything.

True enough, he is a heap big man. In addition to being an Irishman, he is an Injun chief. Because at one time in Brantford a certain chief took a liking to him, and while the tribe powwowed over a dog which had been stolen from a neighboring village, Mr. Graydon was made a chief with the title of "Rising Sun." To this incident Mr. Graydon attributes the fact that he is an early riser.

But, leaving all those matters out of the running, Mr. Graydon has heaps of troubles.

Today he was seated in his office making wrinkles in smoke from a ten-cent straight, when the phone rang.

"A lady was on the other end," "Is that Mr. Graydon?" she asked.

"Mr. Graydon is speaking," replied the engineer, who is a gallant gentleman, and would like to throw his cloak of mud at any time for any lady who took upon herself to call upon him.

"I wish to make a complaint," she said. "It is in regard to one of my sons, who has a phonograph."

"Don't think I can help you," the engineer said.

"Can't help me? Well, what do you think of that? What do you get for, anyway? I want to tell you this phonograph is all the plagues that are in one. It sings all the ribald songs written by misguided persons in a Crimean war. And the store when it is loaded would deaf and dumb asylum. I tell you I've had it."

"Get your husband after it," suggested the engineer.

"My husband is in better business stopping up talking machines," he replied.

"The safety of your sex depends upon your husband keeping to his present business," Mr. Graydon replied.

The conversation went on for some time, the lady finally declaring that she intends to carry the matter to the council.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Hamilton, Aug. 10. — Hon. Wm. Gibson, member of the Senate of Canada, and Mrs. Gibson of "Inverurie," Beaconsfield, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Florence Mary, to John Morrison Eastwood, alderman of the city of Hamilton, and vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the Times Printing Company, of that city.

Our Enormous Foreign Trade

Ottawa, Aug. 11.—The grand aggregate of Canada's foreign trade for the last fiscal year will reach the enormous sum of \$550,854,246, a gain of \$311,828,886 as compared with 1896, and of \$80,703,967, as compared with the previous year, or 130 per cent and 17 per cent, respectively.

Taking the trade by countries, the total imports from Great Britain amounted to \$292,987,751, as against \$60,538,511 for the year ending June 30, 1905. Of this amount the dutiable goods amounted to \$52,748,623, a gain of \$7,334,814 over the preceding year. The imports free of duty totaled \$16,550,128, an improvement of \$1,435,126, as compared with 1904-5. The exports to Great Britain of Canadian merchandise were \$327,466,471, while for the preceding year they amounted to \$271,144,967. The striking feature of the trade returns is the very substantial improvement in commercial dealing between Great Britain and Canada.

OLD BOYS FROM DETROIT

Vanguard of Excursion Arrive from City of the Straits.

Quite a number of London Old Boys and Old Girls from Detroit arrived in this city this morning. Tonight an excursion train will arrive via the C. P. R. at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Harry Merritt, sergeant-at-arms of the council, received a card from the Detroit association this morning. It was addressed to him as "Owner and Proprietor of the City Hall, London."

BAD GANG BROKEN UP

Three Young Thieves Will Come Up for Sentence on Tuesday.

William Lake and George Ward appeared before Judge Elliott yesterday, charged with stealing \$10 and some change out of the pockets of a man named Kenny, of Pond Mills. The case was proven against them and they were committed for trial. The pair appeared before Judge Elliott this morning for election. Lake desired to be tried by a judge, and to plead guilty to the charge. Ward also elected trial by the judge, but pleaded not guilty. His trial was set for Tuesday.

Lake, McDonald and Langley will be sentenced on Tuesday. There are three charged proven against each of the prisoners, and there are several more that could be laid. With the sentence of these boys, one of the worst gangs of thieves that has ever infested this part of the country has been broken up. They are all young boys, but are thoroughly incorrigible. Lake is one who escaped from the train when Inspector Sanders was taking him to Mimico.

A TIE FOR FIRST PLACE

Keen Contest for the Bank of Toronto Bowling Trophy.

The Thistle Bowling Club gave the London Bowling Club a bad beating in the Bank of Toronto trophy series yesterday, winning by a margin of 33 shots. Both Thistles broke up good margins on their opponents. The defeat of the Bowling Club pulls them from the lead, and makes the race a tie for first place, all three clubs having won and lost the same number of games.

The scores:
Rowing Club, 13; Thistles, 46.
F. Love, 1; James Grey, 1.
W. F. Boughner, 1; P. M. Milne, 1.
R. Barry, 1; Charles Abbott, 1.
Jared Vining, skip, 8; W. Fulton, skip, 27.
O. H. Hibot, 1; A. J. Smith, 1.
W. Collins, 1; A. J. McGinnis, 1.
W. R. Vining, 10; W. Govenlock, 24.
Robert Black, 13; Total, 51.
Thistles, 33 up; Total, 51.

NEW ISLAND A VOLCANO

Capt. Hamlet Reports He Cannot Go Close to It.

Washington, Aug. 11.—The treasury department today received a telegram from Capt. Hamlet, of the revenue cutter Thetis, regarding the new island that has been formed in the Bogoslof group, about 150 miles northwest of Alaska.

Capt. Hamlet reports that he visited the vicinity of the island on July 20, and is of the opinion that it was thrown up about July 10. He states that he could not get very close to it on account of the lava that was issuing apparently from fissures in the island.

BOWLERS AT HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Aug. 11.—The train on which the British bowlers arrived this morning was late. The visitors were met by the reception committee and other citizens, and conveyed to the Royal Hotel. The programme for today consists of automobile rides around the city, games in the afternoon and dinner at the club at night. There is no programme for Sunday.

IN CONTEMPT.

San Francisco, Aug. 11.—Steadfast refusal to bow to the authority of the grand jury has resulted in the filing of charges of contempt of court against Henry Quinby, attorney for the Eagle Insurance Company, of New York, and Charles Hegdrix, adjuster for the London and Lancashire. Denying the authority of the grand jury to compel him to submit for examination documents upon which his company's insured settlements, Quinby exhausted the patience of Presiding Judge Graham and was ordered to appear on Monday to show cause why a fine or a term of imprisonment should not be imposed upon him.

METHODIST SUMMER SCHOOL.

Kingsville, Aug. 11.—The sessions of the summer school of the Methodists of the Windsor and Chatham districts will be held on the Mettawas grounds here, beginning Aug. 14, and continuing five days. An elaborate programme has been prepared. Rev. W. E. Millson, of Wheatley, is president, and Rev. H. J. Uren, of Harrow, secretary of the school.

ROBBED OF \$47,500.

Verkhoyansk, Siberia, Aug. 10. — A roving band of Cossacks rode into the railroad station here yesterday and robbed the cashier of \$47,500.

JUST IN TIME.

Stratford, Aug. 10. — J. A. McDonald, Albert street, aged 22, was found guilty in the police court today on a charge of attempting suicide, and remanded for sentence.

He and his wife had been living with their mother-in-law, and it is claimed that he attempted to end his existence by hanging.

Relatives arrived on the scene in time to save him.

A COURT-MARTIAL FOR TWO THOUSAND

Sveaborg and Cronstadt Mutinies To Be Investigated.

THE OFFICERS MOST TO BLAME

Police Locate a Secret Revolutionary Printing Establishment Near Moscow.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11.—After the preliminary investigations, the military and naval prosecutors have decided to try by court-martial no less than two thousand soldiers and others, who participated in the Cronstadt and Sveaborg mutinies.

The prospects of these, however, have been brightened by the decision of the Emperor to appoint two extraordinary commissions to investigate the causes of these outbreaks, and to determine the responsibility for the demoralization. War Minister Rudiger and Minister of Marine Biliel are said to be arriving at the same conclusion as Admiral Skrydlov, the commander of the Black Sea fleet, that the officers are more to blame than the men. The commissions will inquire into the general conditions prevailing in the navy and army, and into the causes of the mutinies, including the wholesale cashiering and retirement of commissioned officers. A proposition to furlough indefinitely the superfluous sailors on the Baltic station is being seriously considered. It is pointed out that there are no ships nor occupation for them, and that they are merely a source of demoralization.

Moscow, Aug. 11.—The police have discovered in a neighboring village a secret printing establishment of the revolutionary league, where the Viborg and Terjoki manifestos to the army and navy have been printed. It is learned that among the members of the revolutionary committee recently arrested in Moscow was Mme. Efremoff, who is said to have been the chief of the center of the organization of the Social Revolutionists and Peasants' League of the Moscow district.

Fifty workmen agitators were expelled yesterday from Moscow.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11.—Another indication of the determination of the administration to participate vigorously in the electoral campaign is furnished by an order of the Minister of Interior to the police throughout the empire to make reports as speedily as possible on all political parties in the districts, their strength, organization, membership, activity and press organs.

OLD, POOR; NO ONE WANTS HER; AGED WOMAN ON CITY'S HANDS

Wealthy Farmer Who Had Kept Her Refuses to Do So Longer.

"I have prayed to the Lord to guide me what to do in this matter, and I have brought the old woman here," so said William Cook, of the Grove postoffice, to Inspector McCallum today, as he walked into the latter's office. He carried a basket in which were the belongings of an old woman who followed him.

She was past seventy. Her face was wrinkled and worn, and she was slight and looked to be anything but strong. Her thin, gray hair fell in carefully combed locks over her forehead. Her face betokened more than ordinary intelligence.

The old lady stood dejectedly by the wall while the farmer told his story. Mr. Cook is by the way, a well-to-do farmer and has no children. This is the information gleaned by the inspector while investigating the case.

Inspector Objects.

Mr. McCallum objected to the woman, whose name is Mrs. Hannah O'Day, being thus thrown upon the city. He learned from Mr. Cook that she has no near relatives living and that no one wants to keep her. For eight years she lived with a woman in London township, but a month ago she left this lady's house. Then she went to live with Mr. Cook and his wife.

"I've put up with her as long as I can," he told the inspector. "Let the

FOUND MOLYBDENUM

Rich Mineral Discovery Made in the Ontario Northland.

Montreal, Aug. 11.—Another great mineral discovery has been made in the great north lands, where so many precious metals abound. It is a product consisting of molybdenum and gold. The discovery has been made in the Net Lake district, near Temagami, about 20 miles south of Cobalt, but, as it lies within the Huronian range, whose geological formation, heavily mineral laden is practically of a uniform type all the way through to the Labrador coast, it is considered in the highest degree probable that it will be found all through New Ontario and Northern Quebec. Mr. L. O. Armstrong, colonization agent of the C. P. R., who returned today from the new mineral region, states that from eight to ten claims are being developed, and he predicts an enormous activity when the nature of the discovery is generally known and its significance realized.

SUPREMACY OF STATE

Spain to Make Religious Orders Amenable to the Law.

Madrid, Aug. 11.—The Government continues to maintain a firm attitude on the church and state question. A minister today declared that while the Government was desirous of avoiding a breach with the Vatican, it had determined to defend the supremacy of the state. At the first sitting of Parliament the Government will introduce a bill making the religious orders amenable to the law controlling industrial corporations, and will also introduce a bill providing that members of orders recently expelled from France will be required to become naturalized or leave Spain. The minister added that the Cabinet was determined to carry these measures and did not fear Papal excommunication.

RESCUED FROM SUICIDE

Wife Finds Husband Hanging and Coolly Cuts Him Down.

New York, Aug. 11.—A dispatch to the World from Mount Holly, N. J., says: Mrs. Joseph Sharp yesterday made a heroine of herself by rescuing her husband from a suicide's death. Entering the barn Mrs. Sharp found her husband hanging from a rafter. She did not faint nor even scream, but raised the unconscious man in her arms to take the strain of the rope from the neck. Finding that she was unable to release the head from the noose, she gently lowered the body and ran to the house, where she got a butcher knife. Returning to the barn, she cut the rope and after laying her husband on the floor ran for a doctor who lives nearby. The doctor restored Sharp to consciousness.

STEAMER CARRIES AWAY BRIDGE; DULUTH HARBOR BADLY BLOCKED

Steel Boat Troy Hits 500 Span and Throws It from Base.

Duluth, Aug. 11.—At 1 o'clock this morning the steamer Troy, a 6,000-ton steel package boat owned by the Western Transit Company, ran into the span of the Inter-state bridge, and threw it from the pier on which it revolved. Navigation to and from the upper harbor, the most active portion of the head of the lakes, is blocked. It is impossible for even a tug to pass. Street railway and team traffic between Duluth and Superior is also cut off. Edward Williams, the engineer in charge of the bridge, declares that the Troy was about 500 or 600 feet away when she blew her whistle.

The bridge is owned by the Great Northern Railroad. The draw—span was 500 feet in length, one of the long-

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS JUST MISSES ASSASSINATION

Head of the Czar's Army Greeted by Shower of Bullets While Reviewing Imperial Guards.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11.—Noon.—Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevitch, president of the council of national defense, narrowly escaped assassination yesterday afternoon at the hands of the Imperial Guards in the guard camp at Krasnoye-Selo.

Thus far the Associated Press has been able to obtain only meager details of the affair, from which it appears that the troops through which the grand duke was reviewing, and putting the troops through blank-firing practice, when he suddenly was startled by the hiss of bullets about his head. Fortunately, neither himself nor his horse was touched. The command to cease firing was immediately given, and the soldiers of the regiment from which the bullets came were marched back to their quarters and an investigation was begun in the hope of ascertaining from the barrels of the rifles which of the soldiers fired ball cartridges. Several arrests are understood to have been made.

One of the grand duke's aides-de-camp, who, however, was not personally present, advanced to the Associated Press the theory that probably the bullets were fired by accident, but he considered that beyond a doubt there was a deliberate plot on the part of a number of disloyal guardsmen, who deliberately planned to take the grand duke's life under cover of the general blank cartridge firing. The aide-de-camp added: "It was no more an accident than was the firing of the famous charge of grape from the saluting battery at the Winter Palace on the occasion of the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva by the Emperor, a year and a half ago."

The bold attempt on the grand duke's life caused an immediate change in the plans of the Emperor, who had arranged to go to Krasnoye-Selo today and spend a week with the soldiers of his imperial guards.

BLAME PLACED ON MARQUETTE

Held Responsible for the Fatal Wreck at St. Thomas Last Saturday.

St. Thomas, Aug. 11.—The coroner's jury last night handed down its verdict on the fatal wreck here last Saturday morning. The jury was out but a short time and returned the following verdict:

"That the said George H. Hempshall and William Goodhue came to their death on the 4th day of August, 1906, on the Pere Marquette Railway, north of the Wabash station, through a collision between train No. 40, of the Pere Marquette Railroad, and train No. 131, of the Michigan Central Railroad."

"We also find that the laxity of the Pere Marquette Railway Company in enforcing the rules, especially in displaying the telegraph signal, which we consider from the evidence to be necessary to avoid accidents, was the prime cause of the accident."

"We also find that the conductor failed to examine the register sufficiently close to ascertain positively whether train No. 131 had arrived, but if the signal had been displayed the accident would not have occurred."

"We also find that the M. C. R. train crew of No. 131 were not to blame in any particular for the accident."

Crown Attorney McClintock will consult with the Attorney-General before any further action be taken in the matter.

CASHIER SUICIDES

Official of Milwaukee Avenue Bank Could Not Stand Criticism.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Frank Kowalski, for five years paying teller of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank in Chicago, which failed last Monday, shot and killed himself last night in his home, 340 North Carpenter street.

Criticism by neighbors and friends, who accused him of a share in the downfall of the bank, is believed to have driven Kowalski to suicide.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Aug. 10.	Reported at.	From.
America	Plymouth	New York
Princess Alice	Plymouth	New York
Arabic	Liverpool	Boston
Carpathia	Gibraltar	New York
Lucia	Queenstown	New York
Patricia	Hamburg	New York
Citta di Torino	Genoa	New York
Hudson	Havre	New York
Roma	Naples	New York
Dominion	Father Point	Liverpool
Englishman	Father Point	Bristol
Victorian	Quebec	Liverpool
Campania	New York	Liverpool

LONDONERS NEED ATHLETIC PARK

Executive of Local Canadian Club Taking Steps in the Matter.

The executive of the Canadian Club met last evening, when the subject of an athletic park was discussed. It was decided to visit all the available sites in the city with a view of making a prospective choice of a location for the park. The scheme is meeting with the approval of nearly every citizen, and a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the matter.

The committee chosen to have this in hand are Ald. Thomas Gillen, Frank Lawson, Dr. John D. Wilson, Ald. R. F. Matthews and Mr. H. E. Barry. The committee will hold a meeting on Monday next.

Mr. Frank Lawson will communicate with the Canadian clubs in Toronto, Montreal and other places with the view of affiliating all the Canadian clubs. An endeavor will be made also to arrange a circuit of distinguished visitors and speakers that may be available from time to time.

The following membership committee was elected: James D. Tytler (chairman), J. A. Cottam, Jared Vining, Fred Yealand, B. C. McCann, John Crevelly, W. C. Coe, Albert Somerville, James D. Costello, Donald Ferguson, E. W. M. Flock, Geo. C. Gunn, Fred Darch, James McCormick, A. A. Campbell, Alf. Talbot, John A. Carling, John Bame, John McLean.

STRIKERS ISSUE STATEMENT

Committee Say the Unions Will Take the Matter Up.

The joint street railway strike committee has issued the following statement:

"For the information of the public the strike committee may state that at a special meeting of the London Trades and Labor Council held on August 9, the situation of the strike was considered and it was determined that when local unions did not hold an early meeting to have one specially called. The committee formerly appointed was instructed to make the necessary arrangements for a demonstration and mass meeting, being assured the amalgamated association was ready to supply all the literature necessary to cover the city."

In accordance with the resolution the clergymen held a very large meeting on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, which was visited by Mr. Sinclair and the committee of Division No. 97. On the same evening the Painters' Union and the Polishers and Buffers' Union were also addressed. The committee received a very cordial reception and were assured of the support of the organizations in their battle. Many of the members of these unions had patronized the cars under a misapprehension of the situation, but all gave pledges that henceforth they would do all in their power to support Division No. 97. Special meetings of other unions have been arranged, when they will also be addressed and their active support solicited. Literature for distribution is now in the hands of the printers and a systematic scheme to cover the city with it has been outlined. The evidence taken before the railway commission will be printed as early as a moment as possible and placed before the public. The proposition now is that the street railway company reinstate all men out on strike, when the strike would be called off, otherwise it will be fought in an energetic manner. There are now forty men standing firm who came out and have not returned to the service of the company."

LYNCHER GETS 15 YEARS.

Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 11.—George Hall was convicted of conspiracy in connection with the lynching at Salisbury of the three negro murderers of the Lyverly family, and was sentenced to fifteen years in the state prison.

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.Business Office 107
Editorial Department 134
Job Department 175The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, London,
Ont.

THE COMING SESSION.

The Canadian Parliament will assemble on November 22. The session will be the first regular one to begin in the autumn. Members may now hope to finish their work in the spring, or in June at the latest. The experience of midsummer sessions has not been satisfactory, and the termination of the fiscal year on March 31 instead of June 30, which will be one feature of the new arrangement will be a convenience in the national accounting.

Parliament will be chiefly occupied during the coming session with the revision of the tariff. The mishap to Mr. Fielding prevented the work being undertaken at the recent session, but it cannot be seriously contended that any important interest has suffered by the delay.

The Fielding schedules have stood unaltered, except in a few particulars, for nine years, and this long period of tariff stability has been undoubtedly a great factor in the phenomenal prosperity of the country. The mere fact that the tariff has been almost untouched for nearly a decade is not a valid argument for another sweeping revision, nor is there anything in the condition of Canadian industry to warrant it. Some two or three years ago there was a pronounced agitation in favor of this course by an influential coterie of manufacturers, but the tariff commission found little evidence to support it. When a witness would apparently make out a good case for the increase of the tariff others would demolish it.

Any scheme of customs taxation, if the principle of protection is admitted, is a question of the distribution of burdens. There is no clear dividing line between raw materials and finished products, so-called, and a duty designed to protect a particular industry may bear heavily on other productive enterprises. The tariff commissioners were confronted with this difficulty at every sitting. Their investigations brought to the surface a mass of latent opposition to the propaganda for higher protection, and the Government will have misjudged public opinion if its measure of tariff revision takes a wide range in an upward direction. Especially unpopular would be a general increase in the duties upon British imports. The British preference brought substantial relief to consumers, and the idea of proffering commercial favors to our best customers appeals to the judgment of the Canadian people and their sense of fair play. This feature of the Canadian fiscal system has not been seriously assailed and will not be abandoned by the present Government.

In fact the framers of the Fielding tariff did their work so well in 1897 that their task today is comparatively easy. The present tariff will be the groundwork of the new one. Here and there duties may be raised, and here and there they may be reduced. But there is nothing in the state of the country calling for drastic and disturbing tariff changes.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

The history of the Temiskaming right-of-way mining deal is unfolding like a serial story, and becomes more interesting with each succeeding chapter.

The latest installment is furnished by Mr. John P. Dickson, a member of the Ottawa syndicate, whose tender was first accepted by the railway commission, and then canceled at the instance of the Government. Mr. Dickson says that the syndicate, when informed that its terms had been accepted, went to considerable expense in preparing to develop the mining property covered by the lease, and when the Government revoked the agreement his company naturally looked for reimbursement for moneys expended in good faith. Members of the syndicate waited upon the ministers, and, according to Mr. Dickson, were assured that when new tenders were received his company would be given the lease if its tender was within \$10,000 of the highest. To quote from Mr. Dickson's statement:

"Mr. Beament, on behalf of the syndicate, then asked the Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Mines, the following question: 'Do you mean to say that if anybody tendered \$10,000 better for this concession than we have, it would still be allotted to us?' and the Minister's reply was that it would. This statement was indorsed by the Hon. Provincial Secretary, Mr. Hanna, and no member of the Government present in the room offered any objection to the proposed arrangement. Mr. Beament and myself, on behalf of the syndicate, refused to entertain any such proposition, stating that the syndicate would stand by the tender that was made to and accepted by the Railway Commission. After further discussion

the interview closed, and up to the present date, August 8, the syndicate has not received any official notification whatever that the Government has refused to ratify the lease and agreement entered into, although new tenders have been called for by the commission."

Mr. Foy, the attorney-general, was questioned as to the truth of Mr. Dickson's statement. He said:

"It was said by somebody—that if in the new tenders there was only a small increase, only a few dollars, or something like that, it ought to be considered a nominal increase, that the syndicate had gone to a considerable expense, and that they would be considered favorably. But no reference was made to \$10,000 or any other amount."

Mr. Matheson, provincial treasurer, said there was some question as to compensating the syndicate, but the Government never agreed to accept its tender in preference to a higher one.

Undoubtedly the syndicate has a good case for compensation because the cancellation of its agreement with the commission, while in the public interest, was a breach of faith, and perhaps a breach of contract in a strictly legal sense. But compensation should not take the form which Mr. Dickson says the Government proposed. It would be a rank injustice to other bidders for the lease.

Mr. Foy has not wholly denied Mr. Dickson's statement. He admits that one of the ministers said that a "nominal" higher bid than that of the Ottawa syndicate—"only a few dollars or something like that"—should not deprive the latter of the lease. Whether it was only a few dollars or \$10,000 the principle would be the same.

This mining transaction from the beginning has invited suspicion. The Government took the right course in cancelling the lease, though it is by no means certain that the ministers, or some of them, were not fully informed of the deal before it went through. If Mr. Dickson can establish the truth of his statement, the Government will appear in a bad light.

THE SCORCHER SCORCHED.

An important judgment was given by the Lord Chancellor, in the British court of appeal, last week, with regard to the responsibility of motorists for accidents. In this case, which will no doubt be cited as a precedent in Canadian courts, a motorist ran down and killed a bicyclist, and was ordered by a lower court jury to pay \$7,500 damages to the widow of the deceased. An appeal was taken, on the alleged ground that there had been no negligence. But the court of appeal dismissed the appeal, and the Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment, said he desired to say that when people were driving motor cars or other vehicles on a public highway they had a duty to remember that deaf persons, and blind persons, and nervous persons, and children, and decrepit old persons, were just as much entitled to use the public highway as they were. And if anybody thought proper so to drive that there was a chance of serious consequences from a mistake of judgment or a miscalculation on the part of the driver, and those consequences were not averted, he would have to pay for it in damages. He thought that the verdict of the jury was perfectly right, and that the appeal should be dismissed.

This is not very comforting doctrine for the automobile scorching, who takes great chances of running amuck, and smashing things, but it is good common sense, and wayfaring men and women will be much comforted if it is made of application in Canada as well as the motherland.

The Sultan of Turkey has undergone a surgical operation, his favorite mode of dealing with his Christian subjects.

The Stratford Beacon and Stratford Herald did themselves credit by their old boys' special editions. The Classic City is well served by its local papers.

A North Carolina lyncher has been sent to prison. This is the first time in the United States that the offence has been punished.

The Ontario Government pulled itself out of a hole by canceling the Temiskaming mining concession. But it appears to have fallen into a deeper one in the effort.

Kingston Liberals are, according to the Whig, much displeased over the action of the Federal Government in appointing Major L. W. Shannon, a prominent Conservative and the owner of the Conservative newspaper in that city, as paymaster of the Eastern Ontario Canadian militia, at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Contrast this appointment with the application of the spoils system in Ontario!

The city of Glasgow has sold its telephone system, which proved a losing venture. If any municipality could have succeeded in this it would be Glasgow, which operates its street railway system and other public services at a profit. Yet some public ownership enthusiasts in this country are confident of the ability of Canadian municipalities to succeed where Glasgow failed.

NOTICEABLE REFORM.

[Carrollton (Mo.) Republican-Herald.]
Louis Struck's children are improving.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR
[Carrollton (Mo.) Republican-Herald.]
Riley Frazier is working the road this week.

HER CHOICE.

[Bohemian.]
Oh, yes, I was the most in love with Jack, I know, my dear, and never even looked at Jim. What handsome Jack was; but each proposed at once and brought the diamond ring with him. And Jim's was much the biggest stone. So I said yes to Jim.

SOCIETY NOTE.

[Bedford (Pa.) Hawk-eye.]
On Monday Mrs. Ellen Fisher left for the White Sulphur Springs. She intends to wash a couple of days a week for Colvin Brothers.

DOVES TRAINED FOR FUNERALS.
[Springfield Republican.]

Having experienced more or less trouble in securing a white dove to be lost at the grave in the funeral ceremonies of the Red Men, Ousamequin tribe some time ago appointed a committee to buy a pair of carrier doves and to train the young birds. The committee have had the rare fortune to raise some fine clear white doves that are being trained to fly back to the dove cote. The birds are taken out to a greater distance in each trial two or three times a week. The last flight from Oak Grove Cemetery was very successful, the birds rising in increasingly larger circles and then suddenly darting straight for home.

THE EDITOR'S MAD, B'GOSH!
[Colfax (La.) People's Demands.]

There are a few scoundrels in Pollock who do not subscribe for this paper, who do all they can to injure us, but the devils are always borrowing it. If it were not like shooting mice with canister we would turn the muzzle of our gun on them exposing the critters, but they are too small, too small.

WHAT MORE, INDEED!
[Valley Falls (Kan.) New Era.]

Give the Jersey cream bread just one trial and bring it back if not satisfied. What more can we offer? City Bakery.

LIGHT CURE FOR GRAY HAIRS.
[Fall Mail Gazette.]

Professor Bouchard, at a meeting of the Academy of Science the other day, announced that Roentgen rays annihilated white hairs. There is little doubt about it. Some doctors employed in giving X-rays to patients suffering from lupus and other complaints found their own hair reverting to its natural color and that of the sufferer as well. It was first noticed in the case of a patient whose mustache had turned white. The part brought directly under the influence of the rays resumed its original golden hue. The question was whether his sensational discovery had a real practical application. Professor Bouchard says: "Yes; undoubtedly; only the rays must be given by experienced practitioners."

A RUDE AWAKENING.
[Toronto News.]

The man who imagines that short sleeves will reduce the price of his wife's costume is likely to get a rude awakening. Long gloves are expensive.

A PENSIONER OF CHARLES X.
[London Globe.]

Although France has witnessed 30 years of republic, preceded by 22 years of empire and by some 18 years of limited monarchy, there has lingered on until the past week the last item on the civil list of the last King of France, Charles X. In 1830 Charles granted a pension of 1,300 francs a year to one of his men servants. And year in and year out ever since, whatever the system might be up or down, the good fellow has religiously presented himself on pension day to draw his 1,300 francs, and just as religiously every succeeding finance minister has had it ready for him. The old worthy has just died, a centenarian.

CONGRATULATIONS, BILL!
[Topeka (Kan.) Journal.]

Bill Doolittle thinks his luck is turning. He hasn't sat down in the fly paper for a week.

FOLLOWING IT UP.
[Moundsville (W. Va.) Herald.]

Mrs. Mary Smith is going about after a short illness.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
[Chicago News.]

He who thinks no evil can do no evil.

A businessman should neither doze nor bulldoze.

A woman's vanity begins with her hat and ends with her shoes.

A woman's idea of a true believer is one who believes as she does.

Many a husband would lose his job if his wife was a mind-reader.

It is so easy to find fault with the good things possessed by others.

The stubs in the check book cover a multitude of disappointments.

Woe men never borrow trouble as long as they can buy money.

Poverty would soon die out if babies were permitted to select their parents.

If a woman can't break some man's heart she gets reckless and breaks her own.

Good-looking girls are born, but most good-looking women are self-made.

Maud Muller met her fate and took her punishment in the hay-day of her youth.

A man's seldom as old as he feels, or a woman as young as she says she is.

The faster a man lives the quicker he will occupy ground-floor space in a cemetery.

OR ACUSTOMED TO THEM.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Russia is trembling on the brink of another crisis. One might almost be justified in supposing that Russia must be almost out of brinks by this time.

EATEN BY TAXES.
[Toronto Star.]

And oh, dear friends, the irony of those economic writers who go on alluding to us, the consumed, as the consumer!

CONVENTION WILL BE A REAL HUMMER

Master Bakers Will Meet in London First of Next Week.

The Canadian Association of Master Bakers will hold its fifth annual convention in the city hall, London, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 14 and 15.

Programmes and invitations have been issued and it is evident that the master bakers are determined to combine business and pleasure in a most commendable manner.

The association, which was organized in 1902, has made rapid strides, until now it stands in the foremost rank of Canadian business circles.

Each delegate to this city will wear a convention cap and badge, which will be obtainable when the delegate registers.

On the attractive programmes the city is given the following advertisement:

"London is widely known as one of the brightest and most progressive of our growing Canadian centers—the center of the most populous and most productive district in Ontario."

The Programme.

Neither time nor expense has been spared to render the convention a credit to the bakers, as the following list shows. It is expected that the address of welcome at the city hall will be made by Ald. Matthews, who will be acting mayor on Tuesday next.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.

9:00 a.m.—President's address, secretary's report, treasurer's report, executive report.

9:30 a.m.—Business.

10:00 a.m.—Lecture, "The Nutritive Value of Bread as Compared with Breakfast and Other Foods," by Prof. Harcourt, of Ontario Agricultural College, Discussion.

10:30 a.m.—Paper, "The Good and Welfare of the Association," by J. Gwalchmai, London.

10:45 a.m.—Paper, "Competition in the Baking Business, and its Amelioration," by C. F. Misner, Simcoe, Ont.

11:15 a.m.—Address, "The Baking, Baking, and Decorating of Home Made Cakes," with practical demonstrations, by R. Harrison, Woodstock, Ont.

11:45 a.m.—Paper, "Simple Methods of Bakery Bookkeeping," by Mr. Bredin, Toronto.

ENTERTAINMENT.

2:15 p.m.—Party will visit the plant and premises of the Parnell-Dean Steam Baking Company in London South.

2:30 p.m.—Street car ride around city, excursion to Springbank by trolley line.

6:00 p.m.—Complimentary supper at Springbank. Music and speeches.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.

9:00 a.m.—Business.

9:30 a.m.—Paper, "Sponge vs. Straight Doughs in the Manufacture of Baker's Bread," by James Dempster, Toronto.

10:00 a.m.—"Machinery Equipment and Methods for the Country Baker," T. Hunter, Galt, Ont.

10:30 a.m.—"Question Drawer," Questions submitted answered by chairman question committee.

11:00 a.m.—Bread competition discussion.

11:30 a.m.—Business. Election of officers.

ENTERTAINMENT.

1:20 p.m.—Excursion to Port Stanley, leaving G. T. R. depot at 1:20 p.m., arriving Port Stanley 2:15. Excursion on Lake Erie, per steamer Bertha L. Cockell, at 2:30 and 4 p.m. Ride on incline railway. Boating, bathing and sightseeing.

5:45 p.m.—Supper at Fraser House, Music, etc. Trains leave for London 6:55, 9:05, and 11:45 p.m.

THE "PEEK-A-BOO" BUG

The Ill-Mannered Insect Feeds on Pink Oases of Shirtwaist.

Ansonia, Conn., Aug. 10.—The "peek-a-boo bug" has made its appearance in this city and neighborhood. This does not mean that the fashion of wearing peek-a-boo waists has just reached here; that came the first time the mercury climbed high the thermometrical ladder.

The "peek-a-boo bug" is an insect, not a bee. The young women of Ansonia have given the bug its name because it delights to feed on the many oases of pink flesh that dot the deserts of peek-a-boo waists and open-work stockings.

The bug is as voracious as ill-mannered. It has already interrupted three proposals of marriage. Just when the lovely young woman was about to murmur "Yes," she shrieked "Ouch!" and tried to grab her shoulder blade or her ankle bone.

Physicians have treated many young women whom the peek-a-boo bug has bitten. All the doctors can do is to prescribe soothing lotions, and oftentimes they have prescribed in the dark, so to speak. The doctors have not been able to classify the "peek-a-boo bug." Yet they give it a scientific name.

LIGHTNING WAS POLITE

Played Pranks, But Said Adieu on Bell Before Leaving House.

Derby, Conn., Aug. 11.—Hurting half a dozen uncorked bottles containing ink and other fluids down a long stairway without spilling any of their contents, was among the pranks played by lightning at the home of Wm. M. Davis, in Cottage street, last night. None of the bottles was even cracked.

The electric bolt entered a window, circled a brass bed in which Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth E. Straun were sleeping, only slightly shocking them, and then leaped to a shelf on which were the bottles and a lamp. The lamp was untouched, and the bottles were swept out of the room twenty feet to the hall on the floor below.

The lightning left the house by the electric doorbell wire, ringing the bell as it went out and slinging the hair of Mr. Straun's pet dog on the veranda. The same bolt, it is thought, opened the skylight on James McNamara's house next door.

FOUND A LA MARAT

Baron in His Tub Served for a Six Dollar Sur.

Syracuse, Aug. 11.—Baron Oscar von Hilbig, the French noble who married the wealthy Miss Avis Hey, of this city, was in his bath this morning. A rap sounded on the bathroom door.

"Entrée!" said the baron.

A process server entered, thrust a paper in the astonished baron's hand and vanished, saying:

"In Mrs. Alice Brown's suit."

"Like Marat!" The assassin of my honor finds me in my tub," gasped the baron. And he added, modestly: "Thank heaven, it was not a Charlotte Corday."

Mrs. Alice Brown is Baron von Hilbig's laundress. She says he owes her \$6. He retorts that in the wash she tore some of his silk underwear and a thousand thunders—he will not pay.

The baron surprised Syracuse a few weeks ago by appearing as the husband of pretty Miss Hey, daughter of Geo. W. Hey, a well known patent attorney. Mrs. Hey and Miss Hey had lived in Paris for late years. Mrs. Hey was recently. Her will cut off her son, George W. Hey, because he had married her French maid. The baron and baroness came to this country and prevented a contest of the will by giving young Hey his full share of the estate.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

COME SHOPPING TONIGHT

Come at our invitation. There are bargains that make it worth your while—every counter is giving unusual values specially for tonight.

A Few of Tonight's Bargain Taps

They can be heard through the length and breadth of store—we've only room to mention a few.

LADIES' WRAPPERS, choice of all colors, fine washing percale, flounce on skirt, waist lined. At only42c

CHILDREN'S HATS, 4 dozen white straw Sailor Hats, broad brim, with blue bands. Regular 25c, on sale tonight.....12½c

BUSTER BROWN SUITS, made of duck and galates in white and stripes, trimmed with white duck. Were \$1.25, tonight at.....69c

LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS for summer wear, made of blue checked percale; easily laundered. A snap, only.....39c

MEN'S COTTONADE TROUSERS, heavy cottonade, in dark stripes, good fit. Our regular price is \$1.00 a pair. The price for today and tonight.....79c

MEN'S TWEED TROUSERS, a line of good tweeds for working wear, all sizes. Were \$1.75 and \$2.00, on sale tonight.....\$1.25

WHITE CAMBRIC PETTICOATS to wear under thin dresses, full flounce, with fine tucks and lace edge under dust frill. Usual \$1.50, tonight.....98c

BLEACHED HUCK TOWELS, linen, hemmed ready for use, size 22x40. Special tonight, per pair.....35c

Think of a Complete Dress For Only \$1.95

The making alone is worth more. Regular prices were \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Choose from a variety of styles, pleated shirtwaist, sailor blouse and some with lawn chemisettes. Colors in blue, navy, white with colored figures, natural rose or green. Formerly sold at \$2.50 and \$3.00, some worth as high as \$4.00, on sale at.....\$1.95

HOSE BARGAINS, Ladies' extra fine Gauze Lisle Embroidered Hose, just a few left. 75c kinds, tonight.....59c

Also regular 60c Embroidered Gauze Lisle Hose, tonight.....52c

GAUZE LISLE HOSE in champagne, gray, navy and pink, pretty hose. Tonight.....50c

CHILDREN'S WHITE HOSE, lace lisle, at25c to 40c

And plain white in sizes 1 to 13 years, at15c to 25c

NEW SUITINGS 54-inch Imported Chev-lots in blue, new blue, brown, red and black, early arrival. Special per yard.....\$1.00

A Second Lot of Wash Dresses \$3.95

Regularly sold at \$6.50 and \$7.50. A fine lot for tonight's buyers.

About 25 in all, made in fancy shirtwaist style, skirts trimmed to match. Linen Batiste, White Lawns, White Ducks with black spots, mercerized and flaked Linens. Every one is a snap, because they're handsome enough for best wear.

LONG GLOVES, 22-inch Silk Gloves, fine quality, black and cream. Special, tonight.....\$1

2-BUTTON GLOVES, black, white and mode lisle, 2 domes, all sizes. Were 40c pair, on sale tonight.....35c

ELSIE JANIS LACE BELTS, black leather, with two hooks. Special, tonight.....25c

BEAUTY PINS with Sterling Silver tops. Special tonight, per pair.....25c

MEN'S HALF HOSE, fast color cotton Half Hose tan and black, seamless feet. August cut price 10c pair, or 3 for 25c.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

Woods' Fair

Children's White Skirts, 25c. Comic Postcards, 3 for 5c.

Men's Night Shirts, in plain or twilled cotton; twilled, trimmed in navy and cardinal finished braid, rolling collar, pocket and cuffs, pearl buttons, double stitched seams, yoke back, sizes from 14 to 18 50c

Wrappers, cardinal, navy, black and white and gray, trimmed yoke, full skirt with deep flounce, fitted waist lining, full sleeves, sizes from 34 to 44 75c

Clearing sale of Children's Colored and White Dresses. Saturday only, at 75c and 50c

Black Saten Underskirts, with full, gored skirt and flounce, trimmed with three narrow frills, attached bands, allover stitched seams and tape band. Saturday 75c

Valenciennes Lace, 4 yards for 1.00

Lithograph Cushion Tops, regular 25c, for 10c

Laundry Bags, in blue and white linen, for 10c

Leather Postcards, each 10c

Large Cans Baking Powder for 10c

Pure Linen Writing Paper, 20 envelopes and 20 sheets, for 10c

Tea Spoons, nickel silver, carved handle, special for Saturday, 15c, 25c

Fancy Sponge Bags, rubber lined, each 15c, 25c

Talcum Powder, perfumed, large packages. Saturday 25c

Laundry Soap, Saturday, 10 for 25c

Large Family Bar 15c

Ladies' Vests in cream, sleeveless and half sleeve, regular 15c 10c

Ladies' Pure White, Long Sleeves, regular 25c, Saturday 15c

Ladies' Hose, halbrigan and natural wool, shaped ankle, spliced heel and toe, regular 35c, for 23c

Hot Weather Comfort

Can be obtained by drinking ICED

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Nothing to Equal It.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

The House of a Thousand Candles

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. (Copyright, 1906, by Bobba-Merrill Co.)

"My lad, don't deceive yourself. Everybody round here will know it before night. You ran off, left your window open invitingly, and two gentlemen who meditated breaking in found that they needn't take the trouble. One came in through your own room, noting, of course, your absence, let in his friend below, and tore up the place regrettably."

"Yes, but how did you get here, if you don't mind telling?"

"It's a short story. That little chap from Scotland Yard, who annoyed me so much in New York and drove me to Mexico—for which may be well given up in fiery torment—has never given up. I shook him off, though, at Indianapolis, three days ago. I bought a ticket for Pittsburgh with him at my elbow. I suppose he thought the chase was growing tame, and that the farther east he could arrest me the nearer I should be to a British consul and tide-water. I went ahead of him into the station and out to the Pittsburgh sleeper. I dropped my bag into my section—if that's what they call it in your atrocious American language—looked out and saw him coming along the platform. Just then the car began to move—they were shunting it about to attach a sleeper that had been brought from Louisville, and my carriage, or whatever you call it, went skimming out of the sheds into a yard where everything seemed to be most noisy and complex. I dropped off in the dark

Just before they began to haul the carriage back. A long train of empty goods wagons was just pulling out and I threw my bag into a wagon and climbed after it. We kept going for an hour or so until I was thoroughly lost, then I took advantage of a stop at a place that seemed to be the end of terrestrial things, got out and started across country. I expressed my bag to you the other day from a town that rejoiced in the cheering name of Komoko, just to get rid of it. I walked into Ammandale about midnight, found this meddlesome marvel through the kindness of the station-master, and was re-complimented with my usual caution, when I saw a gentleman romantically entering through an open window."

Larry paused to light a fresh cigarette.

"You always did have a way of arriving opportunely. Go on."

"It pleased my fancy to follow him; and by the time I had studied your diggings here a trifle, things began to happen below. It sounded like a St. Patrick's Day celebration in an Irish village, and I went down at a gallop to see if there was any chance of breaking in. Have you seen the room?"

"Well," he gave several turns to his right wrist, as though to test it, "we all had a jolly time there by the fireplace. Another chap had got in somewhere, so there were two of them. Your man I suppose it's your man—was defending himself gallantly with a large thing of brass that looked like the pipes of a grand organ—and I sailed in with a chair. My presence seemed to surprise the attacking party, who evidently thought I was you—flattering I must say, to me."

"You undoubtedly saved Bates' life, and prevented the rifling of the house. And after you had poured water on Bates—he's the servant—you came up here."

"That's the way of it."

"You're a brick, Larry. Donovan. There's only one of you; and now—"

"And now, John Glenarm, we've got to get down to business—or you must. As for me, after a few hours of your civilizing society—"

"You don't go any step until we go together—no, by the beard of the prophet! I've a fight on here, and I'm going to win it. I die in the struggle, and you've got to stay with me to the end."

"But under the will you dare not take a boarder."

"Of course, I dare! That will's as though it had never been as far as I am concerned. My grandfather never expected me to sit here along and be murdered. John Marshall Glenarm was not a fool exactly."

"No, but a trifle queer, I should say. I don't have to tell you, old man, that this situation appeals to me. It's my kind of a job. If it weren't that the hounds are at my heels I'd like to stay with you, but you have enough trouble on your hands without opening the house to an attack by my enemies."

"Step talking about it. I don't propose to be deserted by the only friend I have in the world when I'm up to my eyes in trouble. Let's go down and get some coffee."

We found Bates trying to remove the evidence of the night's struggle. He had fastened a cold pack about his head and looked slightly otherwise he was the same—silent and inexplicable. Daylight had not improved the appearance of the room. Several hundred books lay scattered over the floor, and the shelves which held them were hacked and broken.

"Bates, if you can give us some coffee? Let the room go for the present."

"Yes, sir."

"And Bates—"

He paused and Larry's keen eyes were bent sharply upon him.

"Mr. Donovan is a friend who will be with me for some time. We'll fix up his room later in the day."

He limped out, Larry's eyes following him.

"What do you think of that fellow?"

"What do you call him?—Bates? He's a puzzle."

Larry picked up from the hearth the big candelabrum with which Bates had defended himself. It was badly bent and twisted, and Larry grinned.

"The fellow who went out through the front door probably isn't feeling very well today. Your man was swinging this thing like a windmill."

"I can't understand it," I muttered.

"I can't, for the life of me, see why he should have given battle to the enemy. They all belong to Pickering, and Bates is the biggest rascal of the bunch."

"Humph! we'll consider that later. And would you mind telling me what kind of a fellow this is? I never saw so many candlesticks in my life. I seem to taste tallow. I had no letters from you, and I suppose you were loafing quietly in a grim farm-house, dying of ennui, and here you are in an establishment that ought to be the imperial residence of an Eskimo chief. Possibly you have crude petroleum for soup and whipped salad-ol for dessert. I declare, a man living here ought to attain a high candle-power before he dies. It's perfectly immense."

He started and laughed. "And hidden treasure, and night attacks, and young virgins in the middle distance—yes, I'd really like to stay a while."

As we ate breakfast I filled in gaps in his left in my hurried narrative, with relief that I cannot describe filling my

heart as I leaned again upon the sympathy of an old and trusted friend. As Bates came and went I marked Larry's scrutiny of the man. I dismissed him as soon as possible that we might talk freely.

"Take it up and down and all around what do you think of all this?" I asked.

Larry was silent for a moment; he was not given to careless speech in personal matters.

"There's more to it than frightening you off or getting your grandfather's money. It's my guess that there's something in the house that somebody is picking supposedly—is very anxious to find."

"Yes, I begin to think so. He could come in here legally if it were merely a matter of searching for lost assets."

"Yes; and whatever it is it must be well hidden. As I remember, your grandfather died in June. You got a letter calling you home in October."

"It was sent out blindly, with not one chance in a hundred that it would ever reach me."

To be sure, you were a wanderer on the face of the earth, and there was nobody in America to look after your interests. You may be sure that the place was thoroughly ransacked while you were sailing home. I'll wager you the best dinner you ever ate that there is more at stake than your grandfather's money. The situation is inspiring. I grow interested. I'm almost persuaded to linger."

CHAPTER XX.

A Triple Alliance.

Larry refused to share my quarters, and chose a room for himself, which Bates fitted up out of the house stores. He did not know what Bates might surmise about Larry, but he accepted my friend in good part, as a guest who would remain indefinitely. He seemed to interest Larry, whose eyes followed the man inquiringly. When we went into Bates' room on our tour of the house, Larry scanned the books on a little shelf with something more than a casual eye. There were exactly four volumes—"Shakespeare's Comedies," "The Faerie Queen," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire."

"A queer customer, Larry. Nobody but my grandfather could ever have discovered him—he found him up in Vermont."

"I suppose his being a blooming Yankee naturally accounts for this," remarked Larry, taking room under the pillow of the narrow bed a copy of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

"It is a little odd," I said. "But if you found a Yiddish newspaper or an Egyptian papyrus under his pillow I should not be surprised."

"Nor I," said Larry. "I'll wager that not another shelf in this part of the world contains exactly that collection of books, and nothing else. You will notice that there was once a book plate in each of these volumes and that the been scratched with care."

"On a small table were pen and ink and a curious much-worn portfolio. 'He always gets the mail first, doesn't he?' asked Larry.

"Yes, I believe he does."

"I thought so; and I'll swear he never got a letter from Vermont in his life."

When he went down Bates was limping about the library, endeavoring to restore order.

"Bates," I said to him, "you see a very curious person. I have had a thousand and one opinions about you since I came here, and I still don't make you out."

He turned from the shelves, a de-faced volume in his hands.

"Yes, sir. It was a good deal that way with your lamented grandfather. He always said I puzzled him."

Larry, safe behind the fellow's back, made no attempt to conceal a smile.

"I want to thank you for your heroic efforts to protect the house last night. You acted nobly, and I must confess, Bates, that I didn't think it was in you. You've got the right stuff in you. I'm only sorry that there are black pages on your record that I can't reconcile with your manly conduct of last night. But we've got to come to an understanding."

"Yes, sir."

"The most outrageous attacks have been made on me since I came here. You know what I mean well enough. Mr. Glenarm never intended that I should sit down in his house and be killed or robbed. He was the gentlest being that ever lived, and I'm going to fight for his memory and to protect his property from the scoundrels who have plotted against me. I hope you follow me."

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm. He was regarding me attentively. His lips quivered, perhaps from weakness, for he certainly looked ill."

"Now I offer you your choice—either to stand loyally by me and my grandfather's house, or to join these scoundrels Arthur Pickering and his hired drive me out. I'm not going to bribe you—I don't offer you a cent for standing by me, but I won't have a traitor in the house, and if you don't like me or my terms I want you to go, and go now."

He straightened quickly—his eyes lighted and the color crept into his face. I had never before seen him appear so like a human being.

"Mr. Glenarm, you have been hard on me; there have been times when you have been very unjust."

"Unjust—my God, what do you expect me to take from you! Haven't I known that you were in league with Pickering? I'm not as dull as I look, and after your interview with Pickering—the fellow who went out through the front door—chapel porch you can't convince me that you were faithful to my interests at that time."

He started and gazed at me wonderingly. I had had no intention of using the chapel porch interview at this time, but it leaped out of me uncontrollably.

"I suppose, sir," he began brokenly, "that I can hardly persuade you that I meant no wrong on that occasion."

"You certainly cannot—and it's safer for you not to try. But I'm willing to let all that go as a reward for your work last night. Make your choice now. Stay here and stop your spying, or clear out of Ammandale within an hour."

He took a step toward me; the table was between us and he drew quite near but stood clear of it, erect until there was something almost soldierly and commanding in his figure.

"By God, I will stand by you, John Glenarm!" he said, and he struck the table smartly with his clenched hand.

He flushed instantly, and I felt the blood mounting into my own face as we gazed at each other—Bates, the

servant, and I, his master! He had always addressed me so punctiliously with the "sir" of respect that his declaration of fealty, spoken with so sincere and vigorous an air of independence, and with the bold emphasis of the oath, held me spellbound, staring at him. The silence was broken by Larry, who lunged forward and grasped Bates' hand.

"I, too, Bates," I said, feeling my heart leap with liking, even with admiration, for the real manhood that seemed to transfigure this hireling, this fellow whom I had charged with most infamous treachery, this servant who had cared for my needs in so humble a spirit of subjection.

The knocker on the front door sounded peremptorily, and Bates turned away without another word, and admitted Stoddard, who came in hurriedly.

"Merry Christmas!" in his big hearty tones was hardly consonant with the troubled look on his face. I introduced him to Larry and asked him to sit down.

"Pray excuse our disorder—we didn't do it for fun; it was one of Santa Claus' tricks."

He stared about wonderingly.

"So you caught it, too, did you?"

"To be sure. You don't mean to say that they raided the chapel?"

"That's exactly what I mean to say. When I went into the church for my early service I found that someone had ripped the wainscoting off in half a dozen places and even pried up the altar. It's the most outrageous thing I have ever heard of in this part of the country. The church mouse—what do you suppose anybody could want to raid a simple little church chapel for? And, more curious yet, the church plate was untouched, though the closet where it kept its upst, as though the mice might have been looking for something they didn't find."

Stoddard was greatly disturbed, and gazed about the topsy-turvy library, with growing indignation.

We drew together for a council of war. Here was an opportunity to enlist a new recruit on my side. I already felt stronger by reason of Larry's accession; as to Bates, my mind was still numb and bewildered.

"Larry, there's no reason why we shouldn't join forces with Mr. Stoddard. He's a hinderer to the theory of this struggle. We owe it to him and the school to put him on guard, particularly since we know that Ferguson's with the enemy."

To be Continued.

REAL ESTATE CHANGES

The Western Real Estate Exchange reports the sale of their list of the following property during the past two weeks:

No. 3231—Alex. M. Campbell's 100 acre farm, in the township of Aldborough, county of Elgin.

No. 3138—T. J. Nelson's 91 acre farm, in the township of Vespra, county of Simcoe; sold.

No. 2753—George Burley's 50 acre farm, in the township of Dawn, county of Lambton; sold.

No. 2692—Jas. Maxwell's house and lot, in the city of London; sold.

No. 3698—Robt. Harrison's 65 acre farm, in the township of Sonbara, county of Lambton; sold.

No. 2994—Benj. L. Robair's 50 acre farm, in the township of Moore, county of Lambton; sold.

No. 3232—Sara A. Coughlin's 100 acre farm, in the township of Westminster, county of Middlesex; sold.

No. 1055—Harry Buckingham's house and lot, in the town of Exeter, county of Huron; sold.

No. 3980—Geo. Budden's 53½ acre farm, in the township of North Dorchester, county of Middlesex; sold.

No. 3935—C. C. Thompson's 42 acres, in the township of Middleton, county of Norfolk; sold.

No. 428—Mrs. M. R. Martin's house and lot on Radan street, city of London; sold.

No. 410—Herbert Thompson's house and lot on Napier street, city of London; sold.

No. 3935—Mrs. Annie Kinsley's 20 acre farm, in the township of Sarnia, county of Lambton; sold.

No. 4327—Jos. Denby's 100 acre farm, in the township of Burford, county of Brant; sold.

MURDERED BY SMUGGLERS.

Santo Domingo, Aug. 10.—John Milbourn, a Porto Rican, was killed, and Charles P. Thurston, an American, wounded by smugglers in the vicinity of Las Matas, at 6 o'clock, on August 5, and Thurston died of his wounds on August 8.

Las Matas is about 12 miles east of the Haitian frontier. Santo Domingo, Thurston had been employed as a deputy receiver of customs at the Haytian frontier, and Milbourn was an inspector in the same territory. Commendator is the nearest customs house to the place where the conflict occurred and was established to prevent smuggling over the Haytian border.

THE BRITISH BOWLERS.

St. Catharines, Aug. 10.—The British bowlers arrived here from Niagara Falls early this morning, and got a warm reception from the local clubs. During the morning they were taken to the Henry course, where they were met by other points of interest. At 1 o'clock luncheon was served at the Wexford.

LACHLAN CAMPBELL DEAD.

St. Thomas, Aug. 10.—Lachlan Campbell, for 40 years high constable of Elgin County, and well known all over Western Ontario, died suddenly of apoplexy early this morning. He leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters. Mr. Campbell was 77 years old.

Minard's Liniment Company, Limited: Gentlemen: In June, '98, I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse, and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever. Yours truly,

A. E. ROY,

St. Antoine, P. Q.

UNCLE SAM HAS PRISON PROBLEM

Convict Labor Is Seriously Affecting Trade.

BUT MEN MUST DO SOMETHING

Solution of Difficulty May Lie in Using the Prisoners Solely for Roadmaking.

Washington, Aug. 10.—How to keep convicts employed without reducing free labor to the plane of convict slavery is question which is commanding the serious thought of the department of commerce and labor. Recent investigations show that a number of legitimate and useful industries are being hurt or destroyed by convict competition. This is notably true of the furniture, boot and shoe and the broom-making industry.

The United States Government has no authority to interfere in the problems of convict labor and is not presuming to do more than to gather facts and lay them before the people in a thorough and unprejudiced way. This has been done by Labor Commissioner Neill, who, with Mr. Reynolds, made a report on the Chicago packing houses. The report is expected to lead to a movement in the various states to have the laws changed so that the convicts may be put to work building good roads. Nobody wants to build roads, and convict labor would not come into competition with free labor. Moreover, there is nothing which the United States now needs more than good roads.

The income from convict labor in many states materially reduces the taxes. The introduction of improved machinery has made the prison competition the more severe.

Some states use their convicts to make hinder twine according to the theory that the product is made cheaper for the farmer and no one is hurt but the cordage trade.

Commissioner Neill says: "Reviewing the general question of convict labor, it may be said that manufacturers consider such competition unfair, ruinous, demoralizing to markets and business stability, compelling the reduction of prices below the cost of production. Wages are forced to the lowest limit in a vain effort to lower the cost of production to that of the prison contractor. In some cases a deterioration of quality results and in others an entire abandonment to the prison shops of certain grades of goods."

"In the boot and shoe industry the testimony of manufacturers is that the low cost of production of prison made goods drives the employer of free labor out of the market, forces on him a reduction of goods."

Firms making wood-bound cooperage, tubs, lard pails, etc., for the great packing houses have had to abandon this line to the prisons. Also monopolized by the convict are the making of saddle trees, black snake whips, whip lashes and quirts.

Commissioner Neill is convinced that the convict does not work as hard as the free laborer. The work done last year by 51,172 convicts could have been done as well as 32,801 free laborers, he estimates.

It is admitted by all who have studied this subject that convicts must have employment of some kind. In one or two states where union labor influence abolished convict labor, idleness in the prisons caused the death rate to mount at once, while the number of insane was very greatly increased and the mental condition of the convicts became intolerable. The experimental legislation had to be repealed immediately. The question is, how to employ the convicts so that their labor may be productive and yet not destructive to legitimate free industries. The use of the convicts in making roads seems to be one good solution of the difficulty.

Missouri shows the largest production of prison goods. Last year its output was \$2,451,939. Illinois comes second, Georgia third and Texas fourth. All are above the \$2,000,000 mark. Between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 are Alabama, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia and Wisconsin.

In 1898 six prisons were equipped with machinery for making furniture, while in 1904 sixteen prisons were so equipped. Many prisons are now making a high grade of furniture at a remarkably low price. Some manufacturers have been compelled to reduce their prices to compete. The same thing is true of the shoe industry.

HE DIDN'T LAUNCH IT

Endless Chain of Prayer Not Started by Bishop Lawrence.

Boston, Aug. 10.—So much annoyance has been caused to Right Rev. William Lawrence, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, by the flood of letters which has been pouring in for several months regarding the so-called "Endless chain of prayer," which was started by a letter from him, that the bishop has found it necessary to issue the following denial that he is connected with the matter: "The endless chain of prayer, said to have been written by Bishop Lawrence, is a hoax. Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, never wrote it, and knows nothing about it. It is the work of some demented or mischievous person."

The "Endless chain" movement evidently was started last May, when several in different parts of the country received the communication.

A denial that such a scheme had been started by any church official or dignitary was prominently published.

Despite this, however, there is scarcely a day when Bishop Lawrence does not receive letters containing inquiries concerning it. Such queries have come recently from Florida, Texas, northern and western states and points in Canada, while only this week a query regarding it was received by Bishop Lawrence from Paris, France. The affair has become such a nuisance that the bishop concluded it could only be stopped by giving the widest possible publicity to his official denial.

Blue Ribbon Tea

A little cup or two in the middle of the afternoon will soothe the nerves and freshen the energies.

BLACK, GREEN, MIXED—25c to \$1.00 a lb.—ALL GROCERS.

Summer Strength Comes from a Summer Food.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Is the ideal summer food because it supplies the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax upon the stomach and bowels.

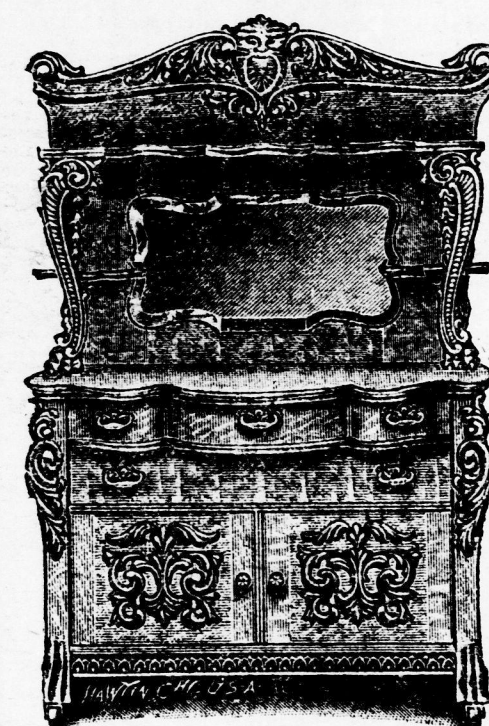
MADE IN CANADA OF CANADIAN WHEAT.

Send for the "Vital Question Cook Book," postpaid.

CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office, 32 Church Street.

WE FURNISH HOMES



Where shall I buy my furniture? you ask yourself. Before deciding see our stock. The display—the prices—it's the trustworthy kind all the way through. Never such a place as here to suit your requirements.

Sideboards and Extension Tables

Best values in the city.

We have some eye-openers in Bedroom Suites, with brass or iron beds.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

174-180 King Street

A DOUBLE LIFE

Burglar by Night and Respectable Clerk During Day Time.

London, Aug. 11.—The double life of a man who was an accountant by day and a burglar by night was described yesterday at the Clerkenwell sessions, Henry Lewis, who described himself as a clerk, pleaded guilty to having committed three burglaries, and was sentenced to two years' hard labor.

Detective Sergeant Burrell said that up to two years ago Lewis was an accountant in constant and good employment; but at night he did a flourishing business as a burglar. He had received a college education, and his father, who was a man of good position, had no knowledge of his double life. He lived entirely alone and conducted his burglaries without assistance.

Two years ago, however, he was caught and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. After his release he gave up his business as an accountant, and devoted himself to the more lucrative profession of burglary. He made a specialty of valuable plate and jewels, which he pawned.

The detectives said that he had given information to the police which led to the recovery of a large quantity of stolen property.

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of innumerable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farmyard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

Some people apologize just as if they were used to it.

Women are partly responsible for all that is done in this world and entirely responsible for most of what is said.

FASHION'S NEW FAD

Declares That Gowns Must Match the Jewels of the Bride

London, Aug. 11.—Dressmakers, who, until lately, have been the leading authorities on correct color schemes in gowns, have been compelled to bow to the latest fashion in jewelry.

The bride-to-be will no longer allow her dressmaker to dictate the shade of her going-away frock. The one thing necessary is that it should match her most elaborate set of jewelry.

"This is not our only grievance," a court dressmaker said yesterday. "We are willing for our customers to please themselves with regard to colors, though it is wiser to trust to a specialist's judgment on this most important matter."

"Our greatest difficulty is the present fashion of giving the bride a set of jewelry for a wedding present, which arrives after all her dresses have been planned and all made."

"A young society bride arranged to have a going-away dress of pink linen de sole last month. This was made to her order, but four days before her wedding she came to me in a state of great excitement. An influential personage had sent her a magnificent set of amethysts—necklace, brooch, bracelet and earrings."

"She was determined to wear them when starting off on her honeymoon, and the consequence was that we had to set to work to make a mauve outfit to match her jewels."

ABDUL IS ILL.

Constantinople Aug. 10.—The recent reports that the Sultan Abdul-Hamid II. is ill are confirmed by private advices.

Kissing goes by sheer nerve.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES are made from the best hand-selected corn, and is put through a process that makes it crisp and tasty without losing any of its nourishing qualities.

This cereal is the same to the bottom of the box as it is on the top, and every box is the same.

SWEET MARIE AN EASY WINNER

COVERPOINT.

	O. M. R. W.	The grocer who offers you somet
Harmer	7 1 17 2	"Just as good" has no regard for judgment or your health. It's deli

WHO GOT CHARLES' TEN-DOLLAR BILL?

Indian's Indulgence in Fire-Water Costs Him Dear—"Peepers" Gets Off.

Thomas Charles and James Farmer, two Indians, came to town the other day with a big roll of bills, and proceeded to have a quiet little time. Charles got mixed in with several kinds of drink, and finally became slightly drunk, and in the midst of a little orgie in a back room of a local hotel, he passed out a \$10 bill to some unknown man, who was to have bought him some liquor; but Charles has not seen anything of his money, the liquor, or the man since. He happened to be in the same room with Harry Donahue, at the time, and feeling that it would be hardly right to take his money too easily, he laid a charge of theft against Donahue.

When the latter came up in the police court this morning Charles could not prove his claims, and Donahue was honorably acquitted.

According to Charles' way of telling it he had become quite chummy with Donahue, and they were going the rounds at a lively pace. Charles had the money, but being an Indian, could not buy the booze. He said that the Indians had been turned down all along the row that day. Donahue could buy all right, but did not have the price. Charles sat in a wine room in a local hotel and Donahue brought him the drinks. First Charles dished out \$1, and Donahue returned with the bottle. Again Charles contributed to the extent of \$1, and Donahue returned all correct.

Having had sufficient for the time being the two parted, and it was not until later in the afternoon that they met again. This time they retired to the seclusion of the same wine room, and Charles suggested that Donahue who went to get a flask. Donahue returned and gave Charles the 10-spot, saying that the bartender had refused to give him any more liquor. A friend of Donahue's here appeared on the scene and was introduced to Charles. Donahue suggested that the \$10 should be given to his friend, as he could purchase the required firewater. Charles was reluctant to part with his money, especially into the hands of a stranger, but upon Donahue promising to stand good for the money, should the friend keep it, he passed out the \$10. For many long minutes they waited, but neither man, booze or money returned and Charles became alarmed. A search was then started, but neither man or money could be found.

When the two witnesses had been called and their statements heard, different light was thrown on the story. Donahue denied ever having taken the Indian's money or having chummed round with him, although he said that he saw Charles pass out some kind of a bill to some man whom he did not know.

The Peepers Gets Off.

Harry Smale, the young man who was caught looking in at the window of a house the other evening in London West, appeared for sentence and was allowed to go on suspended sentence. Inquiries made by the police showed Smale to be a young man of previous good character, a steady worker and a faithful supporter of his mother and large family of brothers and sisters.

Once more Samuel Crockett appeared in the dock. It was the same old charge—drunk—that was all. But Sam has been up so often he has completely worn out his welcome. Poor Sam! he really did appear to feel bad when they told him where he was at. When he was told that he had been given his last chance, he almost broke down. "I have always had bad luck in this town. It seems that I cannot even take one beer here without getting into trouble, and if you give me half an hour I'll leave town," he declared. The court was merciful and gave Sam one week to remove himself from the city and warned him that it would be all up with him if he did not go.

Louisa Walsh returned to the dock after spending a week at Carter's Castle. In order to recover from the effects of too much booze, Mary was informed that it would not be a bad thing for the community if she would wander away. Mary was in a repentant mood and tired of the frivolous life. She promised to go to far-away Chicago within three weeks' time if they would only give her a chance. Louisa was discharged on the condition that she keep her promise, but was warned that her next appearance would mean a term in the Central, where no drink is to be had.

Festive Redmen.

Daniel Nicholas, a big brave from Onondaga, and his squaw were both in the dock. They had both been drinking. Daniel had received a heap big bunch of money the other day and was celebrating the occasion with much firewater. Daniel does not appear very often so he was allowed to escort his squaw back to the reserve.

Another of the famous Doxtor brand of Indians registered for his first time on the big book where the names of drunkards are kept.

Two first-time drunks were allowed to depart in peace.

Miss Annie H. Turner and Miss Maude Turner, of South London, are holidaying at Erie Bank, Port Stanley.

Catarrh

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

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

PAINTER WANTED. APPLY 188 LAN. GARTH street.

IT'S PRIZE NIGHT AT SPRINGBANK

A Kitchen Cabinet for Some Lucky Person—Two Fine Plays for Next Week—Matinees.

Tonight will be the last opportunity to see "A Man of Mystery," which holds the boards at the Springbank Theatre. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week "A Deserted Bride" will be the offering. "The Hopkins," the ever-popular, being staged Thursday, Friday and Saturday. This week's prize, that of a kitchen cabinet, will be given to the lucky coupon-holder at this evening's performance. Next week's prize will be a silver berry dish. There will be special matinees Wednesday and Saturday. High-class and refined vaudeville and moving pictures will continue to be features of the Springbank Theatre. Remember that patrons of the theatre are now fully protected from all kinds of bad weather, and can sit in comfort and security under any conditions.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—The Sherlock-Manning Company employees are picnicking at the Port today.

—The Wolsley Barracks cricket team are to play a game in Chatham on Tuesday, Aug. 14.

—The Ontario House, King street, has been sold to Messrs. Westbrook & Bartlett, of this city.

—In the absence of Ald. Forristal at Halifax, Ald. Gillean will be acting chairman of No. 1 committee of the city council.

—The word "Kincardine" is omitted from an item on the tenth page of this issue, referring to Rev. Robert Johnston preaching in Knox Church tomorrow.

—Lauchlin Campbell, who died yesterday in St. Thomas, had been high constable of Elgin ever since the formation of the county on its separation from Middlesex.

—While putting some rowdies off a Pere Marquette train at Port Stanley, William Marshall, brakeman, had two bones of his left hand broken. Dr. Lawrence reduced the fracture.

—Berlin Telegraph: Drum-Major Cockburn, of London, who made a decided hit during the three days in Berlin, has attended all of the big reunions in Ontario during the last ten years, and says Berlin beats them all.

BAND CONCERTS.

Chairman Forristal, of No. 1 committee, announces that there will be two more band concerts this year, and that both will be rendered by the Seventh Regiment Band. So far the Twenty-sixth Band has had four concerts and the Seventh only two.

THE NEW STREET CARS.

The London Street Railway Company placed a couple of its new cars on the city lines today. The trolleys are beautiful, resembling some of the new cars now being run in Toronto. The company has five of these cars, all of which will be in commission shortly.

FINED FIFTY DOLLARS.

John P. Cook, hotelkeeper at St. John's, was yesterday fined \$50 and costs for selling liquor after hours. The information was laid by Inspector Duffin, of East Middlesex, and the magistrate found Mr. Cook guilty.

BUILDING PERMITS.

City Engineer Graydon issued the following building permits today: Wm. Pegler, for a story and a half dwelling on West William street, between Central and Princess avenues; J. W. Cairnes, for a two-story brick residence on the corner of the Wharf and road and Victor street.

THE G. T. R. EXCURSION.

It is understood that the excursion of the Grand Trunk employees, which was postponed because of the scarcity of coaches, will be held to Detroit two weeks from today. Tickets to employees will cost 70 cents and will be good for one day only.

WANTED IN ST. MARYS.

William Ormsby was arrested here this morning by Detective Lucas, at the request of the chief of police of St. Marys. It is alleged that Ormsby stole a suit of clothes while in St. Marys. He will be taken to St. Marys in the afternoon. Ormsby resides here, and it is alleged that he has been in trouble before.

BARNABOY BOY MISSING.

Mr. F. W. McAndrew, of Iderton, would like information regarding whereabouts of Henry T. Woolner, a Barnaboy boy, who left his home on Monday afternoon, Aug. 6. He is 17 years old, and very small, and has sandy hair. He wore a gray coat and vest and either blue or gray overalls and black soft felt hat. It is possible that he might give the name of "Cassino." Any person detaining him after this notice will be prosecuted.

PRESENTATION TO J. A. WALLACE.

Mr. James A. Wallace, of 566 William street, who for nearly thirteen years has been an employee of the McClary Manufacturing Company, intends to leave for the Canadian Northwest shortly. Yesterday his fellow-employees of No. 11 shop surprised him by presenting him with a handsome suitcase as a mark of the respect in which he is held by all Mr. Wallace made a short reply, in which he thanked all for their many kindnesses of the past, and for the splendid gift.

CAUGHT THE PUBLIC EAR.

Under the caption "A Man of the Day," the Toronto Globe has this to say of a former Londoner: "Arthur J. Stringer, the Canadian poet and author, has caught the public ear in his fascinating story, 'The Wire-tappers,' which is being published in Great Britain, the United States, Australia and Canada. The book is also being dramatized by Owen Davis, and will be produced during the season now opening. Mr. Stringer is a native of London, Ont., where he was born Feb. 26, 1874. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at Oxford, England. Among his books are 'Watchers of Twilight,' 'Pauline and Other Poems,' 'Epigrams,' 'The Loom of Destiny,' and 'Lonely O'Malley.'"

AVOIDS DROWNING; DIES IN HOSPITAL

Fred Bullis Was Stricken With Hemorrhage, and Couldn't Weather the Storm.

Frederick Bullis, the man who was almost drowned at Port Stanley, died in Victoria Hospital at 1 o'clock this afternoon. Death occurred from cerebral hemorrhage.

When pulled out of the water, life was almost extinct, but Drs. Becher, and Wilson, of London, and Dr. Guest, of St. Thomas, succeeded in restoring respiration.

He was brought to the hospital here yesterday, and every effort was made to save his life, but he gradually sank until the end came.

Dr. Becher says that the man was stricken with the hemorrhage while swimming in the lake, and this fact gave rise to a story that he was suffering from sunstroke.

Bullis has a wife and one brother in this city.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. E. Lodge is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Miss Annie Munro, Toronto, is visiting Miss Olive Tune, 636 Wellington street.

Mrs. A. D. Jordan, of this city is the guest of Mrs. W. S. Brewster, Brantford.

Mrs. A. G. Manley, of London, is visiting friends and relatives in Sarnia.

Miss Bishop, this city, is spending a few days with her parents in Ingersoll.

Miss Verna Barber is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Silt, of Doon.

Mrs. L. Oulmette, 905 Dufferin avenue, has gone on a month's vacation to Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, at Courtright.

Miss Reba Dingle, of Oshawa, is visiting her brother, on Oxford street, this city.

Miss Elmore Butler, of Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Masurel, 585 Colborne street.

Misses Ida and Irene Cox are visiting for two weeks with friends in Detroit and Windsor.

Miss Florence Wheeler, of 572 Talbot street, is visiting her friend, Miss Mac Johnson, of Rodney.

Miss Muriel Finlay, of Toronto Junction, is visiting Miss Winnie Upthegrove, 707 Waterloo street.

Miss J. Whitton, of Johnstone & Johnstone, has left on a business trip to Chicago and New York.

Mrs. L. J. Burt, of this city, is visiting at the home of Mrs. A. J. Bailey, Downie street, Stratford.

Miss Kit Fortner and Miss McKone, of this city, have returned from a two weeks' visit at Grand Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman W. Dingle, Oxford street, have returned from a visit to Oshawa and Toronto.

Miss M. Mackenzie has returned to Chicago after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Wm. Orchard, South London.

Miss Agnes Bryden, milliner at Smallman & Ingram's, London, is home for holidays.—Leamington News.

Miss Doris Liddicoat, Wellington street, returned yesterday from spending vacation in Oshawa and Toronto.

Ex-Ald. William Skinner, of York street, has returned from a pleasant fortnight's visit to Detroit and Windsor.

Miss Libbie and Mr. Fred J. Hiscoc have just returned from a vacation spent in the Catskill Mountains, New York.

Miss Lillian Graham was visiting at the home of H. H. Walton, Argyle street, Stratford, during the reunion.

Miss A. Bella Campbell, Central avenue, is spending two weeks with her friend, Miss Olive Crawford, in Duncannon.

Mrs. John Stevenson, of Elmwood avenue, and Mrs. Robert Kidner, of Burwell street, are at Windermere House, Muskoka.

Miss Edith G. Liddicoat, St. James street, has returned home after a very pleasant visit with Miss Lela Gould, at Exeter and Grand Bend.

Mr. Frank Metcalf, of 850 Elias street, and Mr. James Duckworth, of 2844 Dundas street, of this city, are spending a few days at the Soo.

George E. Coleman and daughter, of this city, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chouen, at Stratford, during the reunion, came home on Friday.

Miss Margaret Mullin, of Peoria, Ill., who has been visiting her old home in this city, returned to Peoria today. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Clara Mullin.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. D. Silver, of Sutton West, spent a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Arch J. McLean, on their return from Western Canada and North Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Campbell, Central avenue, are spending a few days with friends at Rodney and Clachan.

Miss Ethel Holcombe, of Woodstock, is visiting in the city.

Mr. George A. Henry has returned to this city after spending a few days in Chicago. Mr. Henry returned via Niagara, where he attended the photographers' convention being held there.

Mrs. G. B. Cooper, of Empress avenue, is spending a few weeks visiting with her brothers and other relatives in the American Soo, and with Mrs. Harry Brownlee, her niece, in the Canadian Soo.

Three automobile parties were at the Erie House Sunday. Mr. J. McCarty, the great stove man from London, and party stopped there Saturday on their way to Amherstburg.—Leamington News.

The Excelsior Life Insurance Company, of Toronto, have found it necessary, owing to increase of business, to open an office at London. Mr. W. A. Eastwood has been appointed district manager.

SULTAN IN PAIN CUTS OUT PRAYERS

Famous German Surgeon Summoned to Attend Turkish Monarch.

Constantinople, Aug. 11.—The Sultan, who has been ill for three weeks, was unable to attend the selamluk yesterday morning. This circumstance is unprecedented, the Sultan never having failed to perform the Friday prayers during the 30 years of his reign. Up to the last moment he hoped that his condition would allow him to proceed to the mosque, and the guard was on its way to the place, when it was ordered to return to its barracks. It is believed that the inability of the Sultan to attend the selamluk was due to the extreme painfulness of the trouble from which he is suffering, and not to the fact that his condition is grave.

Dr. Bergmann, the famous German surgeon, has been summoned to attend his majesty, and it is presumed that a slight operation is necessary.

SASKATCHEWAN HAS ENORMOUS CROPS

The Total Yield Is Estimated by Experts at 56,227,200 Bushels.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 10.—A bulletin has been issued by the Saskatchewan Government, giving a full report of the acreage and conditions of the crops of the province, which shows that 1,955,673 acres of land are under cultivation this year, while the total crop is estimated at 56,227,200 bushels. There are wheat 1,335,868 acres, while the estimated crop is 31,220,000 bushels. An increase of 5,000,000 bushels over last year. The oat acreage is 45,243, while the crop is placed at 23,419,500, an increase over last year of 4,000,000 bushels. The acreage under barley is 41,473, an expected yield of 1,069,000 bushels. The estimated crop of 20,582, with the yield placed at 447,500. There are 1,506 acres under speltz, and the yield is expected to be 41,700 bushels. The actual area and yield of wheat from 1898 to 1905 was as follows:

	Acreage	Bushels
1905	1,335,868	31,220,000
1904	1,130,081	26,107,200
1903	910,359	15,944,700
1902	777,822	15,121,015
1901	680,860	13,110,330
1900	469,953	11,956,069
1899	382,540	3,443,671
1898	328,453	6,583,508
1897	278,253	4,780,440

H. V. Jones and John English, two of the best known crop experts of the States, were visitors in Winnipeg today. Both gentlemen have been spending the past few weeks sizing up the crop conditions in the Northwest, and are looking into the situation in Western Canada.

Mr. Jones stated that the United States would raise a remarkably fine crop of wheat and other cereals this year, in fact the wheat yield of North America would be the largest on record. This is the third year that he has been north to inquire into local conditions.

About 200 harvesters, bound for the wheat fields, arrived in the city this morning from the Maritime Provinces. They left this afternoon for their different western destinations. Nearly 4,000 more will be starting on their way, and trains starting at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning will bear them away. A special harvesters' ticket office has been erected.

STOLE COIN FROM WINDOW

Daring Robbery of a Broker's Office on Richmond Street.

Thursday night about 12 o'clock a window in the office of a broker was broken, and a very valuable coin, the most valuable in the window, was stolen. At first it was thought that a stone had been thrown through the glass, but upon investigation it was found that a knife had been stuck into the crack of the window, and the coin, of the glass, with the evident intention of prying the glass out, but the knife had not been sufficiently strong, and had broken, leaving parts of the blade in the crack. Mr. Clarke is of opinion that someone broke through the window with the intention of stealing the coin in the window, but that they were disturbed before they accomplished their purpose.

COURT CRACKS BOTTLE

Evidence in "Blind Pig" Case Is Thoroughly Examined.

Mitchell, S. D., Aug. 10.—The session of the adjourned term of circuit court on the Sioux reservation has proved a highly interesting term, with Judge Frank E. Smith, of this city, on the bench. The docket was principally of saloon cases and cattle cases, both of which usually occupy a goodly portion of the terms of court in that country, although the cattle cases have taken up less time of the court since the leaders in cattle rustling have been disposed of.

The jury of Lyon County citizens on the liquor cases was inclined to be lenient with the violators of the law. L. H. Cole was charged with having sold intoxicating liquors without a license in the new town of Murdo. The judge's demonstration of what was in the bottle which was alleged to have been taken from the saloon operated by Cole. The witnesses were unable to testify whether it was beer in the bottles or whether it was intoxicating.

Judge Smith called for one of the bottles and started to drink it, making an order admitting the bottle and its contents as evidence. His honor pulled the cork, which was followed by foam resembling the "collar" on beer. The court poured out some of

TEETHING TIME

Is a critical time in baby's life, but it can be passed over with much greater safety if a little special attention is given to his diet. If there are any symptoms of digestive disorder you can quickly correct it with STRONG'S CARMINATIVE. Promptly relieves colic, prevents white mucus, regulates the bowels and is absolutely safe and harmless. Indorsed by the medical profession. Price, 25 cents.

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Strong's Baking Powder—used once, used always. Try it.

the liquid and tasted of it. The state's attorney also filled up a glass and passed it to the jurymen.

After the jury retired it staid out all night to debate the question. It informed the court that it could not agree on the guilt or innocence of the defendant. The demonstration given by Judge Smith was something out of the order of usual things, but he proposed to give the jury every possible opportunity to reach a fair decision.

Woman When Dying Declared Husband Forced Her to Take the Pills.

Toronto, Aug. 10.—Evidence of the most startling character will be brought out at the trial of Edmund Brabant and Mrs. Lillian Miller for murder next Monday. The new testimony will make it go much harder with the male prisoner than had been thought likely.

A letter from the deceased, Agnes Brabant, and also her dying statement made to her mother, Mrs. Villard, on the night before her death, are highly important pieces of new evidence now available.

On the last night that the murdered woman spent in this world she had a long talk with her mother, Mrs. Villard, who had just come down that evening from Kingston.

Mrs. Villard made an affidavit, which will be presented at the trial, in which the mother tells what her daughter told her regarding the reason which led her to take the drugs.

A letter written by Mrs. Brabant a few days before her death to her mother in Kingston is also in the possession of the authorities. The letter begins by complaining of the treatment she was receiving at the hands of her husband, and goes on, saying:

"He seems to wish to make me suffer and be unhappy. Life isn't worth living here, and if things don't change soon I don't think I'll be responsible for what I do. But I won't tell you all the cruel things he's done to me, for I know I'd only make you more unhappy."

"Oh, mother, how I wish I'd tell little May with you. I wish she was safe. If you want to write anything special to me, write it on another piece of paper, so that Edmund won't see it."

The letter is simply signed "A" for Agnes.

It reads like a heart-broken wall of a distracted and desperate woman, ready, if much more misery is heaped on her, to commit suicide.

"How did you come to take the drugs?" asked the mother.

"He made me," answered the daughter. "He fought with me like he would with another man, and hit me with his fists, knocking me down against the little bed there. He knocked me unconscious, and when I came to, he forced me on the larger bed there and abused me. Then he made me take the pills to do away with the child. He also abused me and forced me to put my little May in the orphan's home here."

"But why did you take them?" repeated the mother again.

"I couldn't help it. He made me and forced me to."

The mother swears in the affidavit that this conversation took place on the night before the girl died between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock.

"It was just after the priest had administered to her the last rites and the girl knew she was dying," said the mother.

WEDS A POOR GIRL

A Wealthy Lawyer in New York City Marries His Secretary.

New York, Aug. 10.—Not long freed from a life in a dilapidated second-story room over a rag picker's establishment where her sister, the wife of a waiter in a West street restaurant, still makes her home—Miss Hermione Bronleben yesterday started on her honeymoon trip as the wife of Rufus Hamilton Townner, member of an old aristocratic Connecticut family and the well-paid chief attorney in the official department of the American Surety Company, 100 Broadway. The bridegroom until a week ago occupied a luxurious flat with his mother and sister in an apartment house, 20 West One Hundred and Fourth street, while Miss Bronleben, who was his private stenographer in the Broadway office, lived from the time two years ago, when she left her modest home in West Broadway, in a pretentious quarters in a boarding house, 78 West One Hundred and Fifth street.

Jethou Island is by far the smallest of the channel islands and boasts the distinction of being the smallest inhabited island in Europe, having, indeed, only one dwelling house upon it. It has a population of seven souls. It has no road or pathway or post. At the last census more than half the population of the island was absent, having gone into Guernsey market with the butter and cream from the Jethou cows. The weather being bad, the visitors had to stay at Guernsey during the census time.

NEED NOT DEPOSIT

House of Lords Reports on Inquiry Into Foreign Insurance Companies.

London, Aug. 11.—"In view of the evidence they have heard, the committee do not consider that in the interest of British policyholders it is desirable to compel foreign companies to deposit funds in this country." This is the decision of the select committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into and report on what steps should be taken, by the deposit of funds or otherwise, to provide adequate security to the British policyholders in life insurance companies, which have their chief offices outside of the United Kingdom, but which carry on business in this country.

THE FALL EXHIBITIONS

Dates of "Western" and Other Noted Fairs.

THE WESTERN Sept. 7-15.
Stratford Horse Show Aug. 8-9
Canadian National (Toronto) Aug. 27-Sept. 10
East Elgin (Aylmer) Sept. 3-7
Central (Ottawa) Sept. 7-15
Central (Guelph) Sept. 11-13
Stephen & Osborne (Exeter) Sept. 17-19
Stratford Sept. 17-19
Stouffville Sept. 19-21
Woodstock Sept. 19-21
Petrolia Sept. 20-22
West Lambton (Sarnia) Sept. 24-26
Glencoe Sept. 25-26
Drumbo Sept. 25-26
Norfolk Union (Simcoe) Sept. 25-27
Paris Sept. 27-29
Watford Sept. 27-29
Wingham Sept. 27-29
Thorndale Oct. 2
Brigden Oct. 2
Alvinston Oct. 2-3
Delaware Oct. 3
Thedford Oct. 3
Dorchester Oct. 3
Caradoc (Mount Brydges) Oct. 5
Forest Oct. 5-6
Yamilton Oct. 5-6
Windsor Oct. 5-6
Westminster (Lambeth) Oct

The Best Is Always The Cheapest

Cheap tuition means cheap teaching, which must produce inferior results. The

F.C.B.C.

employs none but the best teachers. Its reputation has been merited. College re-opens Sept. 4. Catalogue free.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

Special Value in Trousers

Our west window is filled with regular \$6.00, \$5.00, and \$6.75 imported trousers. Your choice for \$6.00.

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

Artistic Picture Framing
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Colerick Bros.
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EDUCATIONAL.

SUMMER SCHOOL—INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION in shorthand, typewriting and bookkeeping. Pupils may join classes any time. Situations secured for graduates. Western Business College, 76 Dundas street, W. C. Coo, principal.

THE MISSISS WESTCOTT'S SCHOOL, 41 Ridout street. Terms on application.

J. A. YOUNG PREPARES PUPILS for matriculation, etc. Class in civil service commencing, 249 Princess.

Shorthand Writers Wanted
We have had a great many calls for shorthand writers during the past two weeks that we have not been able to fill. Our senior class are all in situations. Now is the time to take a course, when you can earn big money.

Western Business College
74 and 76 DUNDAS ST.
Wm. C. Coo, C.S.R., Principal.

ALMA COLLEGE.

Rev. R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., Principal
Mrs. Jean Wylie Grey, Lady Principal
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London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution, Limited.

Reopens Tuesday, September 4. Ask for curriculum.

W. Caven Barron
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Whitby, Ont. Con-
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fluences, and the best
facilities for the study of
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the most complete modern
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14 Teachers in the Academic Department
Of these 4 are Eminent Trained Teachers of
Modern Languages. Class-rooms specially built;
15 sound-proof music rooms and a large Assem-
bly Hall. Large lawns for recreation.
RECORD—1906-1907: 20 passed
the examinations in Music, Toronto University,
winning 1st class and 5 first places.
Autumn term commences Sept. 12.
Write for Illustrated Booklet.
G. DICKSON, M.A., Director,
(Late Principal, Upper Canada College)
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal

4 1/2 Per Cent

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434 Richmond street, London.

HURON & ERIE LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

—AND—
Canadian Savings & Loan Company Amalgamated.

From July 1, 1906
Interest Will Be
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Times a Year.

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OFFICES—440-442 Richmond Street.
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has been known for years as the favorite beverage. It has acquired a popularity unequalled by any other porter. Order a case from your dealer.

HAMILTON'S BREWERY.

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor

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As eyesight specialists we ask you to consult us when believing eye strain is present.

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Treat Yourself to a Fountain Pen

If you are going on a vacation you will find a Fountain Pen handy. See the Thos. Gillean "Special" Fountain Pen, with solid gold pen, guaranteed. Price \$1.00.

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402 RICHMOND STREET.

Johnston Bros. XXX Bread BEST BREAD

Contains just those nourishing qualities one seeks in food; sold everywhere. Ask for it at summer resorts in Western Ontario.

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LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Rev. F. J. Scott, of Peterboro, preaches in Adelaide Street Church tomorrow.

—Customers Officer Edward McArthur, of the Sarnia Tunnel section, is on duty here for a few days.

—Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, late of this city, will conduct the services in Knox Church tomorrow evening.

—Mr. Richard Grigg, missionary to Canada from the London, Eng., Board of Trade, will arrive in this city on Monday morning at 7:30. The local board of trade will show Mr. Grigg around, and introduce him to the different manufacturers.

—The Imperial Male Quartet returned to the city today after filling concert engagements at Exeter, Newbury and Sarnia. Miss Gwendolyn Antheist assisted the quartet at the Greenlaw course concert at Sarnia last night. The quartet were greeted with an enthusiastic and large audience each evening.

CIGARMAKERS WILL ASSIST.

A special meeting of the Cigarmakers' Union, No. 275, of this city, was held last night with a large attendance of members. The difficulty between the London Street Railway and their employees was gone over and it was unanimously resolved that the members of that union will not ride on the cars until the present difficulties with the company's employees are settled. It was decided also to assist the men morally and financially.

HALLIDAY—WAGNER.

On Wednesday evening a pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wagner, 166 Wellington street, St. Thomas, when their only daughter, Miss Ida, was united in marriage to H. Halliday, of this city. Rev. Dr. Gundy officiating. The bride was charmingly dressed in a gown of cream silk, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. Miss B. Foraker, who was dressed in white Swiss muslin, and carried pink roses, acted as bridesmaid, while J. Long, of this city, supported the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

It's what is inside of the Gerhard-Heintzman that has made its reputation. Every detail of its construction receives thorough attention from expert workmen. Every material used in its construction is the best absolutely. That means a piano of permanent excellence in every particular in which a piano should excel.

Write or call for particulars.
W. McPHILLIPS,
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Genuine Cross Creek Lehigh Coal

Formerly sold in London as Walla Walla.

YOUR ORDER WILL HAVE OUR BEST ATTENTION.
John Mann & Sons,
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Phone 470

Choice China

Have you seen the new arrivals of the exquisite designs in Pickard's Hand-painted China, most famous made? If not, do so this week at

C. H. WARD & CO.
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EVERY PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPER INSISTS ON HAVING

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BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS SOLD AS OUR BREAD.

A Gift For Our Customers.



In Every Package of Colgate's Dental Powder We Give a Present of a cake of

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

FREE. (Guest Room Size) ~ FREE

A Wonderful Bargain.
CAIRNCROSS & LAWRENCE,
Chemists and Druggists,
216 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

groom. The many useful presents showed the high esteem in which the young couple are held. The bride's going-away gown was pale pink with hat to match. After partaking of a dainty wedding repast, the happy couple left on the 8:18 p.m. train for points west, followed by the best wishes of their friends.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD!

Graham & Martell Offer Prize for Name of New Billiard Parlors.

Graham & Martell have now under construction and will open about Sept. 1, one of the finest billiard and pool parlors and bowling alleys in the Dominion. The building is located on King street, next to the Fraser House, and when completed will contain seven bowling alleys and twenty-one billiard and pool tables, which includes one English billiard table and a 10x5 feet balk-line table, on which the championship games are played.

The proprietors are anxious to have an appropriate name for the new parlors, and are offering \$5 to the person suggesting it. The competition will be open to everyone from Monday, Aug. 13, to Monday, Aug. 20. All replies should be addressed to 376 Richmond street.

Tea Is Beneficial.

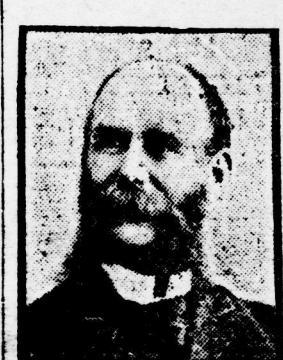
The notion that tea is injurious to persons of weak nerves is a false idea, as has been proven by the eminent scientist Jonathan Hutchinson. Tea is really a nerve nutrient and is extremely beneficial to weak nerves, especially when you use pure tea direct from the gardens packed in sealed lead packages, such as "Salada" Tea, which received the highest award and gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

These are delightful evenings for a drive in Hueston's carriages.

Lots of people give up before they begin, then how because results don't come their way.

Ald. Wyatt Left the Room; Citizen Was Too Talkative

Disgusted the Representative—
Local Improvements Causing
Board of Works Trouble.



The decision of the city council to keep down the amount of local improvements about \$70,000, which includes \$34,000 held over from last year from the bitulithic pavement on Richmond street.

It is the city's intention to not allow this account to run over \$75,000 for this year, or \$100,000 including the bitulithic account.

To Widen Street.

The petition of the ratepayers of Elmwood avenue for the widening of the street was sent to the city engineer to report.

The aldermen reaffirmed their former recommendation to the council that a sewer be initiated on Wellington street north.

Petitions for cement walks, as follows were found to be sufficiently signed: West Edward street, Tecumseh to Duchess avenue; west Richmond street, Hill to Ann; west Wellington street, Hill to South.

The petition against a cement curb and gutter on Elmwood avenue, was reported as insufficiently signed, and the work will be proceeded with.

A petition for a sewer was found to be sufficiently signed.

Claim Was Filed.

The board filed the claim of G. M. Gunn & Sons for damages occasioned through the breaking of a plate glass window in the Ontario Loan and Debiture building. It transpires that it was not a city employee who broke the window.

City Engineer Graydon recommended that a tile sewer be initiated on Dufferin avenue from Elizabeth street to a point 120 feet from Adelaide street. The recommendation was adopted.

The board decided to initiate at once a sewer with an English street, between Princess avenue and lot 22.

Mr. Graydon will also report on the petition of Maitland street ratepayers between Hill and South streets, regarding the sewer rates on the block.

sidewalk was petitioned for and that the petition was found to be sufficient. He demanded that the city put down the walk at once.

As dozens of other people in more thickly populated sections are clamoring for walks the board did not take any action on the request.

A statement handed out by the city engineer shows that up to date the city has spent this year on local improvements about \$70,000, which includes \$34,000 held over from last year from the bitulithic pavement on Richmond street.

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INTEREST 4 TIMES PAID A YEAR

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LONDON BRANCH, Opposite City Hall, P. E. KARN, Manager.
LONDON EAST BRANCH, 635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager.

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Capital (Paid Up) - \$3,950,000.00
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CORNER RICHMOND AND KING STREETS

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Deposits of One Dollar and upward received and interest allowed at highest current rate from date of opening of the account and compounded half yearly.

THE BETRAYAL

BY E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

We crossed the park together. All the while she talked to me easily and naturally of the country around, the great antiquity of its landmarks, the survival of many ancient customs and almost obsolete forms of speech. At last we came to a small plantation, through which we emerged on to the cliffs. Here, to my surprise, we came upon a quaintly shaped gray stone cottage almost hidden by the trees. I had passed on the sands below many times without seeing it.

"Rather a strange situation for a house, is it not?" Lady Angela remarked. "My grandfather built it for an old pensioner, but I do not think that it has been occupied for some time."

"It is marvelously hidden," I said. "I never had the least idea that there was a house here at all."

"There is a little path there, you see, leading to the sands," she said. "It saves you quite half the distance to your cottage if you do not mind a scramble. You must take care just at first. So many of the stones are loose."

I understood that I was dismissed, and I thanked her and turned away. But she almost immediately called me back.

"Mr. Ducaigne!"

"Lady Angela."

Her dark eyes were fixed curiously upon my face. She seemed to be weighing something in her mind. I had a fancy that when she spoke again it would be without that deliberation—almost restraint—which seemed to accord a little strangely with the girl's leanness of her appearance and actual years. She stood on the extreme edge of the cliff, her slim, straight figure—dressed to angularity against the sky—seemed so long without speech that I had time to note all these things. The sunshine, breaking through the thin-topped pine trees, lay everywhere about us; a little brown feathered bird, scarcely a dozen yards away, came to us so lustily that the soft feathers around his throat stood out like a ruff. Down below the sea came rushing on to the shingles.

"Mr. Ducaigne," she said at last, "did my father make you any offer of employment this afternoon?"

It was a direct, almost a blunt question. I was taken by surprise, but I answered her without hesitation.

"He made me no definite offer," I said. "At the same time he asked me a great many questions, for which he must have had some reason, and he gave me the idea that, subject to the approval of some others, he was thinking of me in connection with some post."

"Colonel Ray was telling me," she said, "how unfortunate you have been with your pupils. I wonder—don't you think, perhaps, that you might get me one?"

"I have tried," I answered. "So far I have not been lucky. At present, too, I scarcely see how I could expect to get any, for I have nowhere to put them. I had to give up the lease of the Grange, and there is no house round here which I could afford to take."

"You are very kind," I said again, "but I am afraid that I could not take advantage of such an offer."

"Why not?"

"I have no claim upon you or your father," I answered. "We are almost strangers, are we not? I might accept and be grateful for employment, but this is charity."

"A very convenient reply, Mr. Ducaigne," she remarked, with faint sarcasm. "I gave you credit for a larger view of things."

I found her still inexplicable. She was evidently annoyed, and yet she did not seem to wish me to be. There was a cloud upon her face and a nervousness in her manner which I wholly failed to understand.

"If I were to tell you," she said, raising her eyes suddenly to mine, "that your acceptance of my offer would be a favor—would put me under a real obligation to you?"

"I should still have to remind you," I declared, "that as yet I have no pupils, and it takes time to get them. Further, I have arrived at that position when immediate employment, if it is only as a breaker of stones upon the road, is a necessity to me."

She sighed.

"My father will offer you a post," she said slowly.

"Now you are a real Samaritan, Lady Angela," I declared. "I only hope that it may be so."

Her face reflected none of my enthusiasm.

"You jump at conclusions," she said, coldly. "How do you know that the post will be one which you will be able to fill?"

"If your father offers it to me," I answered confidently, "he must take the risk of that."

I was surprised at her speech—perhaps a little nervous. I was an "Honors" man, an exceptional linguist, and twenty-five. It did not seem likely to me that there was any post which the Duke might offer which, on the score of ability, at any rate, I should not be competent to fill.

"Stop," I interrupted. "You must explain this, Lady Angela."

She shook her head.

"Explain is just what I cannot," she said, sadly. "That is what I can never do."

I was completely bewildered now. She was looking seaward, her face steadily averted from mine. As to her attitude towards me, I could make nothing of it. I could not even decide whether it was friendly or implacable. Did she want this post for someone else? If so, surely her influence with her father would be strong enough to secure it. She had spoken to me kindly enough. The faint air or reserve that she seemed to carry with her everywhere, which, coupled with a certain quietness of deportment, appeared to most of the people around her, to indicate pride, had for these few minutes, at any rate, been lifted. She had come down from the clouds, and spoken to me as any other woman to any other man. And now she had wound up by throwing me into a state of hopeless bewilderment.

"Lady Angela," I said. "I think that you owe me some explanation. If you can assure me that it is in any way against your wishes, if it will give me the shadow of a reason why I should refuse what has not yet been offered to me—well, I will do it. I will do it even if I must starve."

A little forced smile parted her lips. She looked at me kindly.

"I have said a great deal more than I meant to, Mr. Ducaigne. I think that it would have been better if I had left most of it unsaid. You must go your own way. I only wanted to guard you against disappointment."

"Disappointment?" You think, after all, then—

"No, that is not what I meant," she interrupted. "I am sure that you will be offered the post, and I am sure that you will not hesitate to accept it. But, nevertheless, I think that it will bring with it great disappointments. I will tell you this. Already three young men whom I knew very well have held this post, and each in turn has been dismissed. They have lost the confidence of their employers, and though each, I believe, was ambitious and meant to make a career, they have now a black mark against their name."

"You are very mysterious, Lady Angela," I said, doubtfully.

"It is of necessity," she answered. "Perhaps I take rather a morbid view of things, but one of them was the brother of a great friend of mine, and they fear that he has lost his reason. There are peculiar and painful difficulties in connection with this post, Mr. Ducaigne, and I think it only fair to give you this warning."

"You are very kind," I said. "I only wish that the whole thing was clearer to me."

She smiled a little sadly.

"At least," she said, "let me give you one word of advice. You will be brought into contact with many people whose integrity will seem to you a positive and certain thing. Nevertheless, treat everyone alike. Trust no one. Absolutely no one, Mr. Ducaigne. It is your only chance. Now go."

Her gesture of dismissal was almost imperative. I scrambled down the path and gained the sands. When I looked up, she was still standing there. The wind blew her skirts around her slim young limbs, and her hair was streaming behind her. Her face seemed like a piece of delicate oval statuary, her steady eyes seemed fixed upon some point where the clouds and sea meet. She took no heed of me, did not even see my gesture of farewell. I left her there inscrutable, a child with the face of a Sphinx. She had set me a riddle which I could not solve.

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Ray's Ring.

The ring lay on the table between us. Colonel Ray had not yet taken it up. In grim silence he listened to my story. When I finished, he smiled upon me as one might upon a child that needed humoring.

"So," he said, slipping the ring upon his finger, "you have saved me from the hangman. What remains?"

My reward, eh?

"I may seem to you," I answered hotly, "a fitting subject for jokes. I am sorry that my sense of humor is not in touch with yours. You are a great traveler, and you have shaken death by the hand before. For me it is a new thing. The man's face haunts me! I cannot sleep or rest for the thought of it—as I have seen it dead, and saw it alive pressed against my window—that night. Who was he?"

"How do you know?" Ray asked, "that he wanted anything from you?"

"He looked in at my window," I said. "He might have seen me enter."

Then I told him what I had meant to keep secret.

"He asked for me in the village," he said. "He was directed to my cottage."

Ray had been filling his pipe. His fingers paused in their task. He looked at me steadily.

"How do you know that?" he asked. "The person whom he spoke in the village told me so."

"Then why did that person not appear at the inquest?"

"Because I asked her not to," I told him. "If she had given evidence the verdict must have been a different one."

"It seems to me," he said quietly, "that you have acted foolishly. If that young woman, whoever she may be, choose to tell the truth later on, you will be in an awkward position."

"If she had told the truth yesterday," I answered, "the position would have been quite awkward enough. Let that go! I want to know who that man was, what he wanted with me?"

Colonel Ray shrugged his shoulders.

"I saw it on your finger when you were giving me wine."

"Then you believe," he said, "that I killed him?"

"It is no concern of mine," I cried hoarsely. "I do not want to know. I do not want to hear. But I tell you that the man's face haunts me. He asked for me in the village. I feel that he came to Rowchester to see me. And he is dead. Whatever came to say or to tell me will be buried with him. Who was he? Tell me that?"

Ray smoked on for a few moments reflectively.

"Sit down, sit down!" he said gruffly, "and do abandon that 'ragical' aspect. The creature was not worth all this agitation. He lived like a dog, and he died like one."

"It is true, then?" I murmured.

"If you insist upon knowing," Ray said coolly, "I killed him! There are

men who kill for a living, and I am not a sentimentalist. If the man

had killed men more than once, I have watched them galloping up with waving swords, and their fine faces ablaze with the joy of battle, and all the time one's revolver went spitting, and the saddles were empty. Yet never once have I sent a brave man to his last account without regret, enemy and fanatic though he was. I am not a bloodthirsty man. When I kill, it is because necessity demands it. As for that creature whom you found in the marshes, well, if there were a dozen such in this room now, I would do my best to rid the earth of them. Take my advice. Dismiss the whole subject from your mind. Go back to Braster and wait. Something may happen within the next twenty-four hours which will be very much to your benefit. Go back to Braster and wait."

"You will tell me nothing, then?" I asked.

"It is treating me like a child. I am not a sentimentalist. If the man

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Blanche to have thought of it. A week ago I shouldn't have hesitated. But within the last few days I have had a sort of offer—I don't know whether it will come to anything, but it may. Might I leave it open for the present?"

I thought that Mr. Moyat was a little disappointed. He flicked the cob with the whip, and looked straight ahead into the driving mist.

"Just as you say," he declared. "I ain't particular in want of anyone, but I'm getting to find my own book-keeping a bit hard, especially now that my eyes ain't what they were. Of course, it would only be a thirty bob a week job, but I suppose you'd live on that all right, unless you were

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EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRENCH, CLOSING HER DAYS IN SORROW

Now Eighty-One Years of Age, She Little Recalls the Beautiful Empress of France's Exciting Mid-Century Times—Stormy Stages in Her Career.

The visit of Eugenie, former empress of the French, to the court of the Austrian Emperor, recalls the story of a brilliant career, the tragedy of a dynasty, the fall of an empire and a long-drawn-out Gethsemane, such as few women—for few women share the throne of an Emperor—have suffered. Josephine, Marie Louise, Eugenie, these three form a trio of names which appeal to the imagination because of the part that each of the women has played in the great drama enacted by the Bonapartes on the stage of France. Empresses of France, each participated in the glories and luxuries of the most splendid court of all Europe. Each tasted the sweets of adulation and flattery. Each held the scepter of fashion and beauty as well as the scepter of the empire, and each knew the bitterness of position and power lost, never to be regained. Splendidly pathetic figures, each has been the theme of poet and playwright and each has aroused the sympathy of the world. Of them all, Eugenie, the widowed mother mourning for her only child, dragging out the hopeless years of a prolonged old age in a strange land, is the saddest and most forlorn. Her own cry of agony when told of the death of her son, the prince imperial, "I can not die. My life will be prolonged a hundred years," was a piteous prophecy of the long ordeal which has been her meed.

LITTLE OF FORMER SELF REMAINS.

In the woman of 81 years, broken and bowed by illness and sorrow, there is little to recall the brilliant, beautiful empress, whose grace, and vivacity and intellectual charm attracted homage from the most distinguished and noted of her time. The beauty and grace which won the heart of an emperor were an heritage from her mother, Manuela, daughter of a Scotchman, Kirkpatrick, who, claiming descent from the Stuarts, left his native land when they lost the throne, and after wandering in the United States, was sent as American consul to Malaga, Spain. Here he carried on a small traffic in colonial wares and incidentally his wife and daughter served wine to his customers. Manuela's beauty made her ambitious, and she gladly consented to marry Don Cipriano Count de Teba, a Spanish grandee, who, upon the death of his brother became the Count de Montijo. The count was a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, in which he had lost an eye and early inspired his children with an almost idolatrous admiration for the first Napoleon.

Eugenie was the second of three children. She was born at Granada, on May 5, 1825, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation. In the home of the countess she was from the very first accustomed to the society of brilliant people. Among her mother's friends were Washington Irving, George Ticknor and Prosper Merimee, who made great pets of the two pretty daughters. The mother's society leading to frequent quarrels with her husband, finally resulted in separation, after which she led a wandering life at the various fashionable watering places and in London and Paris. Part of the time the daughters were left in a convent school in Paris, but their school days were short, and after the death of their father they returned to Madrid, where the countess was appointed first lady of honor to Queen Isabella. At the Spanish court Eugenie's beauty, daring horsemanship, striking costume and unconventional manner attracted attention everywhere. She was courted by men of rank and fortune. Her sister had in the meanwhile married the Duke of Alva, and Eugenie, wearying of frivolity, fancied for a time that she had a vocation for a religious life. The superstitious quality of her nature led her to relinquish the idea when a nun exclaimed, "My daughter, do not seek for rest within our walls. You were called to adorn a throne." The same superstitious quality led her sister to lend herself a ready prey to the designs of charlatans, who, through a series of table movements, spirit rappings and mesmeristic seances, tried to influence state policies.

MARRIAGE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The famous coup d'etat of 1851, made Louis Napoleon, the prince-president, emperor. Several years before this, the nephew of the great Napoleon had met the beautiful Mlle. de Montijo and admired her, but at this time he was ambitious to form an alliance which might strengthen his position in Europe. It was not until he received repeated reports from several royal houses that he decided to ignore questions of policy and of state, and proposed to Eugenie. Despite the opposition of his friends and adherents, on the 29th of January, 1853, the civil marriage was performed

in the Hall of the Marshals in the Tuilleries, followed by the religious ceremony at Notre Dame on Jan. 30. Eugenie's most ambitious dream was realized. But the marriage pleased only herself, her mother and the emperor. One diplomat said that it contributed to the material and moral ruin of France and that Louis Napoleon expected the ruin of his dynasty and that of France. Her eagerness to win the love of the people was manifested in many ways, however. When the municipal council of Paris offered her a magnificent diamond necklace as a wedding gift she asked that the money be used for the erection of a home for orphan children. This was done and throughout her reign she maintained the home, even insuring her life so that after her death an income might be provided.

When the cholera was epidemic in Paris she personally visited the sick in the hospitals, even entering the smallpox isolation stations. When reproved for her temerity by one of the imperial generals she answered, "O, sir, we are neither of us afraid to stand fire." "She has intellect for two and courage for three," said Napoleon of her, and she gave him full proof of her courage and devotion when Orsini, the Italian, threw a bomb in front of the imperial carriage while it was on the way to the opera. At the first report Eugenie bravely cast herself in front of her husband to protect him from further danger, although a fragment of glass had cut her temple. Her white silk gown was spotted with blood, but after she had been taken into the theater lobby she cried, "Come, Louis, let us go out again and show them we are not cowards like them." In her own sunny Spain another Ena and her favorite among the English princesses has recently faced a similar ordeal with like courage.

RULED OVER A BRILLIANT COURT.

No court was ever more splendid than that ruled over by Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, though the old nobility of France held aloof and reigning sovereigns were slow to recognize the new emperor. But the Crimean war, in which England and the Austrians joined the new dynasty against Europe, a few months after this visit the queen, accompanied by the prince consort and their oldest children, spent eight days at the French court, cementing the friendship thus formed. On March 16, 1855, the prince imperial was born. His birth was received with every manifestation of joy and loyalty. It was not until after his birth that Eugenie began to play the part in state affairs which ultimately led to her downfall. Cavour, having secured Napoleon's promise to help Italy drive out the Austrians, Louis Napoleon went in person to Italy to conduct the campaign. During his absence Eugenie served as regent, and upon his return continued to participate in the cabinet meetings and to advise him in matters of state. When he opposed her impulsive, passionate and egotistical policy, she resorted to stormy scenes. To avoid these he would often yield, even though he was in the right. The people opposed to her, angered by her influence, ridiculed both her and the emperor, and one wit created the epigram, "Le parti d'Eugenie n'est pas le parti du bon sens." The party of Eugenie is not the party of good sense.

HER DOWNFALL DEFERRED BY WAR.

The success of the Italian campaign, however, deferred the downfall, and the years immediately following were the most brilliant of the second empire. Napoleon devoted himself to his favorite project, the making of Paris the city beautiful. His court had become the Mecca of the sovereigns of Europe, and in picturesque pageantry its entertainments have never been surpassed. Eugenie, empress, beauty, mother of the prince imperial, advisor of the emperor, leader of fashion, surrounded by wit, musicians, scientists, writers, artists, ruled, confident that her husband's dynasty was safe and that their son would reign after them. The disastrous termination of Maximilian's expedition to Mexico may, perhaps, be regarded as the beginning of the darker period. The emperor, though he had promised his aid, recalled his troops and abandoned the archduke to his fate. His unhappy wife, Carlotta, having appealed in vain for his promised aid, left him, exclaiming in bitterness, "The granddaughter of Louis Philippe ought never to have

HOW TO RESCUE THE DROWNING

VARIOUS METHODS THAT HAVE BEEN TRIED WITH SUCCESS.

Some Are Attended with More or Less Danger—The Human Chain.

That everyone should know how to swim is, of course, a platitude. It is equally important that everyone should know how to assist others in distress when accidents occur. It is not necessary, as is commonly supposed, that one should be an expert swimmer to be able to rescue anyone in distress. There are a few simple rules which if borne in mind in such a crisis would make it possible for anyone in a distress ashore without great danger. There is a surprising amount of ignorance even among good swimmers as to the best plan for effecting a rescue. Throughout the summer months the number of drownings which might have been prevented by a little presence of mind is appalling.

EUGENIE HEADED WAR PARTY.

During her absence the emperor had determined to carry out his plan to make France a constitutional empire, a plan of which Eugenie did not approve. In the meantime the relations between France and Prussia had become strained. Eugenie headed the war party, and the emperor, unable to resist the pressure, at last yielded to her arguments, whereupon she cried out that it was her war, a remark which reacted upon her in the dark days which followed. The prince imperial accompanied his father to the front, and once again Eugenie served as regent. The terrible defeat suffered by the French, who were not prepared for the capture of the emperor and 80,000 soldiers, followed by the position of Napoleon as the appointee of a provisional government, are matters of history known to all. Eugenie, aged by anxiety, deserted by her servants, derided by the mob, was forced to flee from the palace. The story of her escape through the assistance of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, and her kind reception in England has been often told. Here, after several months of imprisonment, the emperor joined her, living quietly at Chislehurst until he died on Jan. 9, 1872.

Though bowed with grief at his death, Eugenie still had her son, who entered the military school at Woolwich. In 1879, with his classmates, he prepared to leave for the Zulu war, and soon after met his death at the hands of savages in Africa. With him ended her hopes, and the years which have passed since have been to her years consecrated to sorrow and a waiting time for the end, which she now appears to foresee, for her letter to Francis Joseph prior to her present visit stated that she wished to thank him for his kindness to her, and asked that he receive her without delay, as her days are numbered.—Henry Barrett Chamberlain.

HOW HE CAUGHT A BIG SWORDFISH

CAPTAIN OF A SAILBOAT GOT PRIZE AFTER HARD WORK.

The biggest swordfish that has been caught this season off Seaconnet was brought to the shore on Wednesday afternoon in the big sailboat T. A. B. by Captain Thomas A. Buell. To Peter Blockinger belongs the honor of first sighting the big fish and of sending the harpoon into it with such good aim and force that an hour's struggle by the fish failed to wrench the barb from its side. The swordfish weighed nearly 225 pounds and was more than ten feet long from its tail to the tip of its long and handsome sword.

With Captain Buell at the wheel and Pete standing in the pulpit, with eyes on the sea and harpoon in readiness for quick work, the T. A. B. was propelled by gasoline engine and sail, and cruised, while all hands kept sharp watch to see a black fin and tail protruding above water. Suddenly Pete sang out "There's one," and pointed to where, not 30 feet away and just to the right, a big swordfish was swimming at the top of the water, fin and tail out, basking in the sun. Captain Buell steered carefully and the boat crawled up toward the fish, while Pete stood with barbed harpoon ten feet long poised ready for a strike.

When the pulpit was almost over the fish, Pete swung his harpoon and commenced to sink slowly. Then with all the force of both strong arms Pete sent the heavy harpoon solidly into the fish. His aim was true. The double spearhead barb went in directly back of the fin, the pole was shaken loose, the keel at the end was tossed forward and then there was a grand sight. The big fish dove down and the keel churned the water as the swordfish, stung by the barb, sought to get away. Time and again the keel went under after the rod was unwound. Then the fish started to swim away and for more than a mile it was kept within sight of T. A. B. keeping near. Finally when the keel showed that the swordfish had become tired Pete set out in the rowboat to pick up the keel and haul in the captive. He tossed the keel into the small boat and began gradually to haul in the line, and the slack had been taken in and the fish felt the pull on the line it started again. Pete paid out the rope a few fathoms and then, with feet braced, stood up in the boat and was towed along for nearly a mile, the boat being stern foremost.

He carefully pulled in and was again towed. At length the fish was hauled alongside the rowboat. It darted away and was played for a while. This was repeated several times, and after a while Pete pulled the fish alongside and slipped a noose of the rope over its tail, thus ending the struggle. The fish was towed to the wharf and lashed securely on one side. The struggle with the big fish lasted more than an hour. It was struck at 2:15. The T. A. B. cruised around an hour or so more, but could find no more swordfish.—Providence Journal.

New York City has the largest diamond cross in the world, though it is not recognized as such. Its main line runs along Maiden lane, with its foot resting on Broadway and its arms extending north and south along Nassau street. Here there are 30 men in the diamond business, and there are more of the gems there than in the same space in any other city.

Many of the younger children in Jerusalem saw snow and ice for the first time in their lives last February. One child came in with a piece of ice and said: "I have found a piece of glass, but it is very cold."

For one thing an effort should be made to carry out a life preserver, either a cork jacket, or, if one is not at hand, a rope, or both. The few moments which may be lost in securing such a thing as a life preserver, or in rushing to shore to lend what assistance they can is time well invested in so perilous an enterprise. If these precautions be neglected, as they usually are, the rescuer greatly increases his own danger in the undertaking. As a rule, there is a board or a rope somewhere near the shore, and it is the presence of mind to look for it, if far easier, it should be borne in mind, to support a person in distress in the water even for many minutes while such relief is being brought than to attempt to swim ashore with him. If no such thing is at hand, a small piece of wood is infinitely better than nothing and might help support the person in distress when time is so precious.

THE BEST PLAN. It has been found by those most experienced in such matters that the best plan as a rule is to approach the drowning from the rear, taking them by surprise as far as possible. This permits one to secure just the hold he desires without any resistance from the one to be rescued. Another way to do this is to dive under water as one approaches the person in distress and come to the surface beside him so quickly that you can get the hold you desire before he has time to clutch. This, of course, calls for considerable skill in swimming. If, on the other hand, the person in distress be reasonably able to swim, it may be possible to tread water, or even float near long enough to arrange just what is to be done and caution the weaker one against making a fatal clutch. There have been cases when the swimmer on reaching the distressed person has actually frightened him into proper submission by threats of violence. At such a time a sharp argument of this kind is certainly justifiable. There are cases on record of the swimmer actually knocking the distressed one on the head and rendering him unconscious, so that he might tow him ashore without interference. Such violent measures are obviously very dangerous. It will be seen, and should not be resorted to except in an obvious case of life and death.

TOW THE BODY BACKWARD.

There are several ways of towing a body ashore, and opinions differ as to the best. As a general proposition, however, the body should be towed backward. It is obvious that, no matter how excited the drowning one may be, for him to secure any hold on his rescuer. There are several ways of holding the body in this operation. The main thing is to grasp it so that the man's arms can reach both arms, good plan is to firmly grasp both shoulders and draw the body tightly toward you. In this way the arms are prevented from reaching you, and at the same time the head is held well above the water. Even should he strike out convulsively with his arms and legs the rescuer is safe from such attacks.

Another plan is to take the person in distress on one's back and thus gain the use of one hand in swimming ashore. The position is a dangerous one, however, unless the one being rescued can be depended upon to trust the rescuer and make no efforts which will trouble the rescuer. When it comes to rescuing those who are not far spent or have still retained some presence of mind the problem is much simpler. Such persons can, as a rule, be trusted with life preservers, whether of cork or pieces of wood, and once supported even partially may be towed ashore with comparative ease. Another plan is to take such swimmers, if they be unable to help themselves, on one's back. In this position their heads will be held above the water and their position is comparatively easy and easy to maintain. More than one person is to be rescued and they can be trusted to keep their presence of mind. It is possible for a strong swimmer to reach the shore with two or even three persons on his back. In such a case the swimmer is obviously very great on the swimmer's strength and the danger of his giving out and dragging the others down with him.

THE HUMAN CHAIN.

If the person in distress is an experienced swimmer and can keep his wits about him, no matter how exhausted he may be, the problem is greatly simplified. A plan which has

worked well in practice when dealing with such persons is to have them face you, put their hands on your shoulders and place a leg on each side of the body and hold tight. The advantage of this position is obvious, since it enables the rescuer to use both arms and both legs with comparative freedom. The weight of the body being supported is not a serious hindrance to a good swimmer. While this is the quickest method in all probability, it is exceedingly dangerous unless you can be perfectly sure of your man, for should he clutch too tightly with his arms or legs both would infallibly go down together.

The plan of forming a human chain is a good one when more than one man goes out to anyone in distress. Each man in this case swims with his hands on the shoulders of the man before him, while the one to be rescued rests on the shoulders of the last man. In this way it will be seen the pull in drawing the man through the water is more or less equally distributed among the various members of the chain. In this way it is often possible to swim for a considerable distance with a practically helpless man with very little danger. When a number of rescuers are working together there is an added danger of too great haste. A striking example of this occurred recently in an attempted rescue on the New Jersey coast when a man succeeded in reaching the drowning man with a life preserver fastened to a rope. The rescuer prepared to be simple and the danger practically over. No sooner were the man in distress and his would-be rescuer ready to be towed in than the crowd on shore pulled the rope so violently that both men were dragged under the water, and in their exhausted condition were drowned. The work of resuscitating them once he has been brought ashore is almost equally important, and everyone should be familiar with the principles involved.

OMNIVOROUS COLONEL
IS THIS LONDON MAN

HAS SAMPLED SNAKES, PUPPIES, HORSEFLESH, LIVE FISH AND ALSO BEAR.

A man, who, according to What To Eat, professes to have eaten more different kinds of foods in more different climes than any other living day, or than any other man that ever lived in any other time, is Col. Nevill Davis, of London.

"I was dining once with a Japanese family in Tokio," says the colonel, "when a queer covered dish was brought to the table. The servant removed the cover, disclosing a live fish wriggling and flopping inside the dish. 'They then proceeded to kill it before my eyes and offer me a portion to eat. I did so, too. It was of a peculiar taste, but not unpleasant. 'Next to Japan, China offers the greatest array of marvelous dishes. Eggs 40 to 50 years old, which have been buried for those periods in a clay, are held to be the greatest delicacies in the empire. The longer the egg is interred the finer it is supposed to be. The Chinese egg that is sent to the table is almost black, and its flavor reminds one of an overripe egg that has been hard-boiled and then served. 'I have eaten many disagreeable things in China—merely for the experience, of course. Among these were sea slugs, a sort of oyster, and fattened puppy. The most disagreeable, however, was a bit of cold pig's liver wrapped around a prune. There was no escape for me from eating this, though I tried to avoid it. My neighbor at the table picked up the liver and the prune with his chopsticks and held them before my eyes. I could do nothing but open my mouth and allow the combination to be inserted, because it is considered a signal honor in the Celestial Kingdom to have a fellow-guest offer you a delicacy munched in the awkward manner. 'The fattened puppy tasted something like a baked sucking pig. The puppy is fed on rice and milk for several months before it is killed to be eaten, and the fish is tender and quite palatable. 'In Africa—the Transvaal—I have lived on trek cattle, hedgehogs and other things. They tasted peculiar. 'I have often eaten the live serpent in Africa. This did not appeal to me, however. It tasted something like an eel of an Indian variety. 'Rumania is the only country where I have tried bear. The meat of the animal from which I had a steak was much like the stringy flesh of an ox of questionable age. I believe the best bear meat is that from a small species which inhabits the Caucasus and which feeds mostly on wild fruit. 'English restaurants were more acceptable than a person would be led to believe. One of their most noted dishes is a joint of lamb boiled to shreds and the small pieces served with the fingers. 'Horseflesh I have eaten in South Africa, to return to that country again. It was at Ladysmith this was served, because there was nothing else. The flesh of the horse is unsatisfactory, as it is sweet and tough. Our men at Ladysmith became tired of it. 'There is one wild beast I have not partaken of, and that is lion's flesh. I have never heard of this being eaten, but I should imagine from the nature of the beast it would be dry and stringy, coupled with a rank taste. The lion is lacking in fat. I shot several in India, but their bodies were nothing but hard muscle. It is the same with the buck you kill in India and Africa. The animals are destitute of fat. 'I think Monte Carlo is the most expensive place in the world to dine. One can get, at a kind of a respectable meat there, for less than \$15 or \$20. For every glass of old brandy there you will be asked to pay \$2.50. In Paris there is some comic bottled before the battle of Waterloo which commands \$5 a thimbleful."

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During the entire summer the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will have in effect very low round trip tourist rates to Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia points. Choice of routes going and returning with favorable stopovers and time limits. Very low excursion rates to the Pacific coast from June 25 to July 7. For further particulars, illustrated folders, etc., write or call on E. H. Barnett, general agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont. 564-13a.

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is sold by all grocers at 10c and 25c a package. 25c package contains 2 1/2 times as much as smaller size. Every 10c package contains a coupon, good for premiums. Write "Orange Meat, Kingston" for new premium catalogue.

MATERIAL FOR A PLOT.

Story writers and dramatists who lament the scarcity of plots and situations that are not worn threadbare, would do well to imitate the late Charles Reade and find material in the real life that flows about them. Here, for instance, is the story of William John Roberts, an Englishman, whose singular experience is related in the London Journals. His career is certainly of enough interest to prove the foundation for either play or novel. William John Roberts was a man of wealth, and his life was one of enjoyment until failing health drove him to the doctors. The medical men, after careful examination and consultations, declared that their patient had but a short time to live. Rendered reckless by this unpleasant information, the doomed man determined to get what enjoyment he could out of life before the final hour came. He squandered his wealth and presently found himself reduced to poverty. And poverty proved a blessing. Hardened, perhaps, by his new manner of living, deprived of envying luxuries, the man who had been doomed by the doctors recovered his health. But, alas, he was ill fitted for the struggle against the wolf at the door. Accustomed to wealth and without either trade or profession, he turned to criminal methods to obtain a living. He was arrested on the charge of forgery, and a few days ago was committed to prison. His only extenuating plea was that poverty drove him to crime. There is material in this for a four-act drama of an absorbing character, one that would require for its proper presentation a leading actor of more than usual ability. Perhaps the only possible drawback to its success would be that the critic could be expected to claim that the plot was unnatural and the incidents untrue to life.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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TO EUROPE ON A CATTLE BOAT A DORCHESTER MAN'S TRIP

Morley Swart Describes His Experiences—Saw Many Points of Interest in Great Britain and the Continent.

For the benefit of those who may have desired to visit England and other countries on the continent of Europe, but who, because of the supposed cost and the time it would require, have failed to take the trip, the experience of a journey to the lands beyond the Atlantic might not be without interest to readers of your paper.

Leaving Belmont on May 17 in charge of three carloads of cattle, I arrived in Montreal at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, and spent several hours before my citizens had stirred from their slumbers in viewing the sights of the city.

As the C. P. R. steamboat, The Month, on which I was to cross the Atlantic was not due to leave until the 24th, I had ample time to visit all the principal points of interest in the city, and I must say as a Canadian I feel proud of the great city that I call home.

On the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, I have seen Paris in the shape of the Eiffel Tower and have looked over much of London, but in my opinion there is no grander view to be obtained than that of Montreal from Mount Royal. Standing on an elevation 700 feet above the St. Lawrence, the whole city lies stretched out beneath you, and the view is certainly an entrancing one.

Among the places one should not fail to see in visiting Montreal are Notre Dame, the largest Roman Catholic Cathedral in Canada, and which contains the largest bell in America; St. James' R. C. Cathedral, St. James' Methodist Church, the C. P. R. general offices, Dominion Square, the Windsor Hotel and the Place Des Armes.

Leaving Montreal on May 24, Quebec was reached at midnight, and after a brief stop to take on some stores, we found ourselves well out in the gulf the following morning. The voyage to Avonmouth, the port of Bristol, occupied thirteen days, and passed uneventfully. As there were only fifteen cattle on board, the crew was not busy and we were kept busy and had a little time for promenading or for sight-seeing on the way over. On the 3rd of June we first sighted land on the south coast of Ireland, and on the 5th docked at Avonmouth, where the ordinary cattleman would find off at the rate of the shillings apiece, and where I secured a return ticket by the Montezuma from London.

From Avonmouth I proceeded by rail to Bristol, passing under the famous Clifton suspension bridge on the way. The old city of Bristol, where I spent a few hours, is built on hills, scarcely any of it being on level ground. It possesses a splendid museum, a grand old cathedral and a fine monument to the memory of John and Sebastian Cabot.

From Bristol I journeyed to London by the Great Western Railway, stopping once at the pretty town of Bath and passing within sight of Windsor Castle. The distance between Bristol and London, 120 miles, was covered in a little over two hours, or at an average speed of 60 miles an hour.

I will not attempt to describe all that I saw in London during the ten days that I spent there. The sights of that marvelous city have been described by pens far more gifted and graceful than mine. But as I traveled from Paddington to the Bank of England, and saw the endless procession of vehicles and the surging streams of humanity I realized more fully the meaning of Tennyson's lines,

"Here in streaming London's central road,"

Among the places that I visited during my ten days' stay in the British metropolis were St. Paul's Cathedral, the scene of so many notable gatherings, with its mighty dome and whispering gallery; Westminster Abbey, where lie the ashes of many of England's noblest and greatest; the Tower of London, the Jewel Room, ablaze with golden crowns and scepters set with stones of priceless value; Madame Tussaud's, with its wonderfully lifelike figures of famous people; the National Gallery, the most beautiful of botanical gardens in Great Britain; Hampton Court, once a royal residence, with its great hall and picture gallery; Greenwich, a suburb of London, with its observatory and seamen's hospital, founded over 200 years ago, where are found interesting relics of Lord Nelson and Sir John Franklin; the British Museum, where one could probably spend a week seeing the many interesting exhibits; City Road Chapel, founded by John Wesley, and behind which the founder of Methodism is buried; the National Gallery, with its numerous rooms devoted to the work of English, French, German, Dutch, Flemish and Venetian painters; the Zoological Gardens, with their great variety of animal life, and last of all, Buckingham Palace.

There seems to be an opinion generally held by Canadians that it is a difficult matter to gain admittance to the British House of Commons, especially when the House is sitting. I did not find it so. On the day after arriving in the city I went to Lord Strathcona's office on Victoria street, and without difficulty secured a ticket signed by the Speaker, good for a seat in the Strangers' Gallery on the following Tuesday. I was fortunate enough to be present during an interesting debate on the education bill. There were a large number of members in attendance, and among those who took part in the debate were Churchill, Chamberlain, Balfour, Dillon and Redmond, the Irish leader. The latter impressed me as being one of the best debaters in the House any visitor to

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are some strange sights to be witnessed in the Belgian city that I visited, among which are the milk carts drawn by dogs, the small boys with hard felt hats and long pants, and the wooden shoes of both men and women.

I spent one afternoon in Brussels, the capital. Its streets are broad, clean and are almost entirely paved with asphalt. It has some beautiful parks, with many fine statues and monuments, and possesses one of the grandest art galleries in Europe.

On the return journey a stop of six hours was made at Quebec, which gave me the opportunity of seeing some of the interesting places in this old historic city. Tourists to Quebec are as a rule more interested in the things which belong to the past history of the city, but there are some modern structures there as worthy of admiration as any of the more ancient ones.

Among these are the fine new Provincial Parliament Buildings and the Hotel Frontenac. The splendid monument erected to the memory of the officers and soldiers who fell in the South African war and the Champlain monument of Dufferin Terrace, are fine examples of the Canadian sculptors' art and are a credit to the city. The Plains of Abraham, where was fought the battle that decided the fate of Canada, is in a neglected state, and it seems to me it reflects little credit upon the Dominion Government that such should be the case. A plain little stone some eight or nine feet high marks the place where Wolfe fell, while an old fence that looks as though it was built not many years after the famous battle took place, and which is sadly in need of repair, protects the northern entrance to the grounds, where little but dead maples, rank grass and weeds could be seen. At some time the place has been out as a park, but apparently nothing has been done since to keep up its appearance.

In conclusion allow me to say that I have seen a good deal and traveled a goodly distance at a cost of very little money, and if there are any who wish to visit the lands beyond the Atlantic and who for the sake of such a journey would not be afraid to "rough it" a little or put up with some inconvenience, let such a one do a par of overalls, pack one change of underwear in a handkerchief, and travel to the River Cheltz, which forms the boundary between Belgium and Holland.

Three days were spent in Antwerp, the largest city in Belgium. It is a great commercial port, and alongside its docks and wharves are found vessels from every part of the globe. It possesses a splendid cathedral, the sprit of which is one of the highest in Europe. It has the unsavory reputation, however, of being one of the most immoral cities in Europe, and in many parts of the city there is little to be seen but saloons and dance halls. There

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SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

In referring to the elevation of George Shaw Lefevre to the House of Lords on the occasion of King Edward's birthday, I omitted to mention that his maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered in connection with the escape of the Alabama from the Murky. He was vigorous in denouncing the gross carelessness of the officials entrusted with the duty of detaining the confederate cruiser, and predicted that, sooner or later, Great Britain would have to pay a terrible heavy price for the neglect.

A curious circumstance attended his second oratorical effort in the House of Commons. He happened to be the first of a series of speakers on the subject of England's relations with the United States, and the late Cyrus Field, who was in the gallery, had arranged that the entire debate should be held in the extension to New York, a never until that time attempted. Through some unforeseen accident the cable all telegraphic communication between the new and the old world was suddenly interrupted at the moment when Shaw Lefevre's speech had passed in toto safely over the wires, and thus it was that on the following day his utterances figured quite alone in the American press concerning the subject before Parliament—namely: the relations between the two great English-speaking countries—and he acquired thereby a reputation for statesmanship and a prestige on the other side of the water in no sense of the word warranted by his standing here in England.

Eric Gordon's reappearance in the English divorce court—this time in the role of a co-respondent—serves to recall his sensational suit against his former wife, now Lady Granville Gordon and future Marchioness of Huntly. She is an American by birth, married "en premieres nocces" a man of the name of William Close, then married Eric Gordon, whose father has been for years the possessor of the only household of Prince and Princess Christian. In course of time Eric was compelled by his relatives to obtain a divorce, naming his cousin, Lord Granville Gordon as co-respondent. Then Lord Granville married her, and afterwards there followed a most disgraceful suit for the possession of the only child, a little girl, the custody of whom had been accorded to Eric Gordon, but whom Lady Granville refused to surrender. Lady Granville, in court, based her refusal on the fact that the child, although born during her marriage to Eric Gordon, was the offspring of Lord Granville Gordon. So extraordinary was the evidence that in the following issue of the Official Gazette public announcement was made that, by order of the King, Lady Granville Gordon's presentation at court had been cancelled, while the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and other London clubs to which Lord Granville belonged dropped him in consequence of his condemnation by the presiding judge as guilty of conduct "improper and dishonorable to an extraordinary degree."

Lady Granville subsequently kidnapped her child and fled with it to the continent, where she has remained, to all intents and purposes an outlaw, liable to arrest at the moment that she sets foot on English territory.

King Edward's remarkable achievements in the role of the grand conciliator and peacemaker of English society have been recalled to mind by the divorce which has just been decreed against the beautiful Mrs. Atherton, a divorce which involved the efforts of her husband, Col. Thomas James Atherton, a welcome opportunity of clearing himself, by sworn testimony in the witness-box, of the imputation of having accepted a large sum of money to stay

Why Girls Are Pale Faced.

Because through constipation their blood is deprived of proper nutrition. All changed, health renewed, color revived by Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Man-Drake and Butternut. Best medicine on earth, 25 cents, at all dealers.

KILLS CATARRHAL GERMS

Breathe Hyomei a Few Times Daily and Be Cured—Goes Right to the Spot.

In treating catarrhal troubles, the first thing necessary is to kill the catarrhal germs that may be present in the nose, throat and lungs, thus freeing the system from the poison that they produce.

Stomach dosing cannot kill these germs. A direct local treatment is absolutely necessary, and for this purpose nothing else equals Hyomei. Its base is the famous eucalyptus oil. This is combined with other healing, aromatic gums and balsams, making a germ-killing, health-giving treatment for catarrh, entirely unlike anything else known. When using Hyomei, the air you breathe is like that on the mountains, high above sea level, where the pine forests fill the air with fragrant and healing balsams that give health and strength to those suffering from diseases of the respiratory organs.

Breathed through the next pocket-fanalyzer that comes with every outfit, Hyomei reaches every tissue of nose, throat, and lungs, giving immediate relief, and effecting a permanent cure in the worst cases of catarrh.

The complete outfit, consisting of an inhaler, medicine dropper, and one bottle of Hyomei, costs only \$1. Extra bottles can be obtained for 50 cents.

If you cannot obtain Hyomei of your dealer, it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank, that will entitle you to services of our medical department, without charge. The R. T. Booth Company, Hyomei Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

divorce proceedings which he had instituted in 1901 against his wife on the score of her intimacy with a young peer of colossal wealth.

Col. Atherton, who was in command of the Twelfth Lancers, one of the crack regiments of English cavalry, admitted under cross-examination this other day that he had commenced a divorce suit against his wife five years ago. He likewise admitted the existence of widely circulated stories to the effect that he had been bribed to concede his wife's offense, but swore that there was no foundation for any such assertion. He declared that if he had abandoned the proceedings against his wife and the nobleman in question in 1901, it was because friends had interfered and had persuaded him to accept his wife's explanation of her conduct. He might have added that the intervention was entirely the work of the King, then, as now, desirous to avert domestic scandal, to avoid every thing calculated to impair the reputation of English society, and to prevent honored names from being dragged in the muddy gutter.

The co-respondent in that instance was a young duke, by some ten years the junior of Mrs. Atherton, and who when the papers were served upon him as co-respondent in the case, had long since terminated his acquaintance with her and was on the eve of marriage with the lovely girl who is now his wife and the mother of his children. King Edward, who was much interested in the welfare of the young peer, and in that of his bride, both of whom he had known from childhood, and who, indeed, had contributed in no small measure to bringing about their marriage, was, of course, eager to avert any such contretemps as would have been involved by the appearance of the duke as co-respondent in a sensational divorce suit, either on the eve of his marriage or during his honeymoon. Consequently, he endeavored to reason with Col. Atherton and to induce him to put the best possible construction upon Mrs. Atherton's indiscretions, which it cannot be denied were a matter of common gossip during her stay in Africa, she being at the Cape, where the duke was likewise stationed, while her husband was at the front.

Adverse criticism regarding the colonel's reconciliation with his wife and his abandonment of the proceedings was in the part of his fellow officers of the Twelfth Lancers of his course in the matter. Had they not been satisfied he could not have remained at the head of the regiment, the honor of which was more or less at stake and he bore himself with so much gallantry during the war that he was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and with the Cross of the Bath. Mrs. Atherton was even received at court and went about a great deal in London society until she sailed with her husband for India on his regiment being sent thither.

Indian garrisons, especially in the case of the smaller stations, where European society is almost entirely restricted to the military element, with perhaps a small sprinkling of civilians there, are terrible places for titillation and for the part of his fellow officers of the Twelfth Lancers of his course in the matter. Had they not been satisfied he could not have remained at the head of the regiment, the honor of which was more or less at stake and he bore himself with so much gallantry during the war that he was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and with the Cross of the Bath. Mrs. Atherton was even received at court and went about a great deal in London society until she sailed with her husband for India on his regiment being sent thither.

It is quite on the cards that Capt. Yard-Buller will marry Mrs. Atherton as soon as the decree is made absolute, six months hence, in which event she would eventually become a peeress of the realm as Lady Churston. She is still a beautiful and fascinating woman and is quite well off, possessing an independent income of about \$25,000. She is a daughter of the late Sir Edward Dean Paul, and a sister of Sir Anthony Paul.

It was Sir John Dean Paul, the second baronet of this old Gloucestershire family, who, in October, 1885, was sentenced, together with his two partners in the Bank of Strahan, Paul & Bates, to terms of fourteen years' hard labor in the penal settlements of Australia for gross frauds in connection with their failure for nearly \$5,000,000. Sir John, who up to that time had been one of the most popular and respected members of London society, a county magistrate and a deputy lieutenant, underwent all the horrors of what was known as "transportation," that is to say, shipment to Australia and Tasmania in slow, sailing vessels, cooped up in iron cages between decks, like wild beasts rather than human beings. He might easily have escaped. For, after his capture, at the country seat at Reigate, during the middle of the night and his conveyance to the railroad station in the morning, he managed to give his captors the slip there. There has always been a question as to whether he succeeded in bribing the police to allow him to escape or whether they had merely been guilty of carelessness. At any rate, they lost all track of him for the space of 48 hours, and he might easily have sought refuge abroad. But on the following evening he, of his own accord, walked into the Bow street police station in London and surrendered himself to the police.

Should the future Lord Churston fall to marry Mrs. Atherton the title of Lady Churston, with all the prerogatives and immunities of a peeress of the realm, would pass to an American woman, who has been the subject of no end of litigation on both sides of the Atlantic. For falling Capt. John Yard-Buller, who is now A. D. C. to the Duke of Connaught, Inspector-general of the army, the next heir to Lord Churston's barony will be his brother, the Hon. Walter Yard-Buller, who married in 1888 Lillah, daughter of Gen. B. W. Kirkham, of California, and widow of D. B. Blair, of San Francisco. It is perfectly true that the Hon. Walter and his American wife have been parted by a judicial separation for the last ten years. But this does not prevent her sharing his status in the peerage if he succeeds in his efforts to avoid every thing calculated to impair the reputation of English society, and to prevent honored names from being dragged in the muddy gutter.

Just what has become of Mrs. Yard-Buller I am unable to state. Her litigation with her present husband in the English courts was of the most sensational character, her charges against him being denounced by him as the fantasies of a lunatic. These assertions have received a certain amount of confirmation by the fact that since her return to this country efforts have been made by her relatives and friends in California to place her under restraint. Figuring under the title of "Lady" Yard-Buller, to which she has no right, she has furnished so much material for the stories of a more or less dramatic character that her name and her troubles are known from one end to the other of the United States. I have seen her death reported on two or three occasions. But no mention is made thereof in the standard "peerages" of the present year, and I am quite certain that if her demise has really taken place her husband would only be too delighted to place the fact on record.

Lady Henry Somerset takes exception to the statement contained in my letter of May 28 that at the time of her separation from her husband the latter was retained by Queen Victoria as controller of her household, that his wife's name was entered upon her majesty's black books, and that she was never again received at court during the Victorian reign. Lady Henry states that a special exception was made in favor of the duke excluding from court women separated from their husbands, whether through their own fault or not, and that she was frequently present at drawing-rooms. Lady Henry is anxious that I should make this known, and I hereby comply with her wishes.

Lady Grace Barry is well known in America, though under the name of Lady Grace Murray, as having made many stays there with her mother, the Countess of Dunmore, in connection with that Countess's household, that both have long been so completely identified. There are plenty of people, therefore, who may be interested to learn that the advertisement published in the London Times on Thursday, July 5, among the birth notices, to the effect that Lady Grace had given birth on June 21, to a son, at her residence in Kensington Garden Terrace, London, is incorrect. For five days later the London Times came out with another advertisement to the effect that Lady Grace had given birth on July 3 to a daughter, it being stated that the previous announcement had been incorrect.

Now, both advertisements were inserted in the Times by the family, and as a correction of this kind is without precedent in the annals of the newspaper, it is not surprising that in the wildest sort of speculation as to the cause of the queer mistake made in the sex of the child, and in the date of its birth, wondering, too, whether Christian Science has not something to do with the matter. Lady Grace's husband is the son of Sir Francis Barry, and her father, Lord Dunmore, has achieved fame as an explorer of the wilds of Central Asia. Several members of that branch of the house of which he is the chief have married American women, and, indeed, make their home in the United States.

King Edward has spent a week at Alnwick Castle, and among the curiosities which his host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, undoubtedly called to his attention was the velocipede preserved as the first of its kind, and the forerunner of the modern bicycle, invented by the second Duke of Northumberland of the present creation during the time which he spent in England between his service under Frederick the Great in the seven years' war in the American war of independence. This duke, by the bye, had an illegitimate brother, James Smithson, by name, who made his home in America and founded the Smithsonian institution of Washington, to which he left his entire fortune at his death in 1829.

While King Edward has always been on friendly terms with the present duke, he cannot be said to have got along well with the latter's father. The late duke, during his lifetime, enjoyed the well deserved reputation of being the most ill-tempered and cranky nobleman in the United Kingdom. He was a Puritan of the most rigid type, and actually went to the length of reproaching Queen Victoria with the conduct of her eldest son. Moreover, he used to deem it to be his particular mission to go about in society warning people against the prince, who is now King Edward, whom he denounced as a son of perdition, a lost soul, and as an absolutely undesirable companion for the young. When the prince complained to his mother Queen Victoria of his anger by pointing out that she herself had been a sufferer through the old peer, since he had assailed her with reproaches in connection with the excessive grief which she manifested at the loss of her husband, the duke regarded this as wicked in the extreme and did not hesitate to tell her majesty.

There is no truth whatsoever in the story according to which the house of Percy was founded by the knight who managed to raise the siege of the Castle of Alnwick by killing King Malcolm of Scotland, who had invested it. It seems that after the garrison, reduced to its last mouthful, had given up all hope, this knight rode forth to the Scottish camp with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear. King Malcolm approached to receive what he thought was the surrender of the fortress. But the knight, lowering his spear, suddenly thrust it into King Malcolm's eye, penetrating his brain and killing him on the spot, escaping over the adjoining river. That brought the siege to an end. But the knight's name was Hammond and the place where he escaped over the river is known to this day as Hammond's ford, and it was not until 500 years later that the castle Alnwick came into the possession of the house of Percy, which was founded by the Norman knight who commanded the fleet of William the Conqueror and who was with him at the battle of Hastings. He derived his name from the village of Percé, near Villeneuve, in Normandy. His great granddaughter and heiress married the Count of Brabant, brother of King Henry's consort, and a descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne.

The house of Percy has repeatedly become extinct in the male line, but has always been continued in the female line, the husband of the heiress of the family's honors and estate invariably assuming his wife's patronymic and armorial bearings. The last occasion of this being done was when Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire banker, married Lady Elizabeth Percy in the latter of the eighteenth century, and became through her the owner of the title of Percy, which was created by King George III. Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland.

Not one but several volumes of romance and history could be written in description of the fortunes of the house of Percy, which has an American branch—the third Earl of Northumberland had a brother of the name of George, who emigrated to America and settled in Virginia. In the "peerages" he is recorded as having died without issue in 1832. It seems, however, that he left legitimate sons. In the early part of the last century the direct descendants in the male line of this George Percy were still living in Virginia, their ancestry being a matter of common knowledge. I understand that there are still Percys in Virginia today. If they could prove their descent the senior of them would be entitled to the earldom, though not to the dukedom of Northumberland nor to the estates.

**MULES PULLED
ELEPHANT'S TOOTH**

HITCHED TO THE MOLAR AS A LAST RESORT.

"Wow-oo-o-oo-oo!" Which being translated into human language means just plain "ouch!" Had you been in the same box with Brazil, a most intelligent elephant, you would have said something more than "ouch!" Doubtless it would have been something that is expressed in newspapers intended only for family reading with a plenitude of dashes.

Brazil had had her tooth pulled. When you realize that her aching molar was 18 inches long and 3 inches across, you may be able to figure up what she suffered, provided you are up in logarithms. Brazil is the prize pachyderm of the Jack Robinson circus. She stands 10, so many feet high, if you believe the barkers in front of the tent. But really, she would have made a fine mate for Jumbo had she been in the circus business during the days of that elephantine wonder. But then she was wandering Africa's coral strands—that is, if elephants wander strands at all.

The circus reached Lexington, Ky., last week. Brazil's car looked as if it had been in a railway wreck. She had thrashed around until she had shattered its sides. The train had to come to a standstill before it arrived at its proper siding.

The elephant man was summoned. He knew right away what the trouble was. Brazil had the toothache. Her favorite keeper was called. She threw up her trunk and showed him her big pink mouth. Sure enough, there in one of her mighty molars was a cavity large enough to hold a big apple.

A veterinarian was summoned. "Get out to be pulled," was his decision. So Brazil was roped and thrown on her side. A dentist came with his instruments. He meant as well have tried to cut off a leg with a penknife.

"Twenty-three for you!" said the ring-master, and the dentist departed for more circumscribed fields.

Then they got a pair of icebergs. These heaved fast to the tooth, but the two canvasmen who seized hold of the handles at the risk of their lives couldn't budge the tooth. Brazil trumpeted dismally some more elephantine oaths.

"Poor critter!" remarked a farmer who was looking on. "I've got a pair of hefty mules that kin skin them lobsters 'bout winks!"

"Fetch 'em along!" said the veterinarian. The mules were unhitched from the farm wagon, a likely-looking pair of long-eared bays. Forthwith began work for the great operation. Stakes were driven into the ground. Brazil's head was tied fast to them. She couldn't budge an inch. Block and tackle were attached to the icebergs. Suddenly the mules stumbled and fell forward. Out came the tooth with a gush of blood. Brazil's face took on a look of subdued content; she ambled back to her car to eat a peck of carrots and a bale of hay with great fortitude. Her aching molar is gone forever.

PASSED ON.

On one of the recent stormy nights a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the distance and remarked to himself:

"I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night and so save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

"Sir, do you know what time it is?"

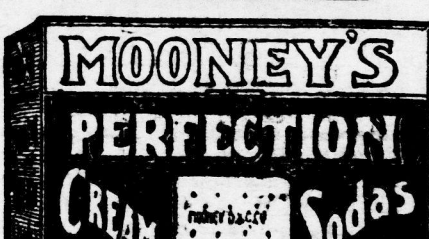
The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his under coat and finally pulled out his watch, while the cool wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine on it he scrutinized it an instant and said:

"Yes."

Then he passed on without another word.—Tit-Bits.

From the press of the celebrated Wyndken de Worde the first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495.



Soda Biscuits—That are Different

—crisp and fresh—with the taste that satisfies—fairly melt in one's mouth—they are

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Full of wheat strength—baked perfectly, by a new and thoroughly hygienic process.

Your grocer has them.

Ask him for Mooney's to-day.

We have 20 medals and diplomas from the exhibitions at Toronto, Ottawa, London, Halifax, Kingston, etc., attesting the merits of our goods.

Cowan's MapleLeaf Label Perfection Cocoa

is the standard of purity and excellence all over the Dominion.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.



Pandora Range

OVEN THERMOMETER. NO "BAD LUCK" BAKING DAYS. Twenty degrees difference in the temperature of an oven is sufficient to make "Good Luck" or "Bad Luck" in baking many kinds of food. The heat in the oven of a range not fitted with a thermometer, or worse, fitted with a poor instrument, will easily vary twenty degrees—result is unpalatable, burned or half-baked food, a cross cook and a disappointed family at meal time. Thermometer fitted in oven door of "Pandora" range has been a proven success for fifteen years, and every instrument is carefully adjusted, and tested by heat, before sending out—the first, best and only thermometer which is of any real value to those who do baking.

"Pandora" range is handsome, economical on fuel and a perfect baker. Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

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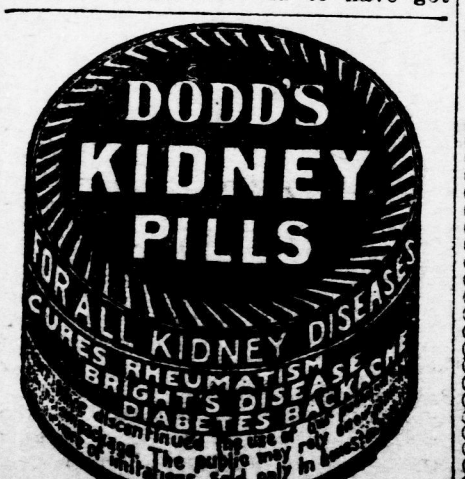
TRADE MARK

The New Drink

Thirst and fatigue fly with the use of Tona-Cola. A harmless "bracer," a valuable nerve tonic and a refreshing beverage.

Soda Fountains and Hotels
5 CENTS

BOTTLED BY JAMES TUNE & SON.



**SOUTH BEND
CHILLED PLOWS**
WITH WOOD BEAM

Also new style, long handle, steel beam, reversible share and point.

All Kinds of Plow Repairs.

**WESTMAN'S
HARDWARE**

121 Dundas and Market Sts.

Second Letter
written especially
for the Advertiser.

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The Twentieth Century Canada

New Glimpses of the West Through Eastern Eyes.

BY FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

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Edmonton is "feeling its oats," like all the thriving centers of the thriving West. Ever since the first Canadian Northern engine tooted its train a year ago into the town-on-the-heights, and Mackenzie & Mann gave their celebrated free lunch to four thousand hungry appetites; ever since, too, it was made the capital of Alberta, Edmonton has strutted just a little and with some reason.

Let an Old Timer tell the tale. The Western Old Timer may be only a 2-year-old resident, as against the New Timer who arrived yesterday. But a genuine Edmontonian will lead you up on facts quicker than a gopher will find its hole.

"We're the real center of the West," he will assert. "We're in the same latitude as Liverpool. We're the gateway to the thousand mile of Canada due north of us; we're the Mecca toward which all the big railways are hurrying as fast as rails can be laid; we grow winter wheat and spring wheat, cattle and corn, horses and hogs, sheep and children. We are the center of the Northwestern fur trade. We are built on a coal bed; we are on the banks of a great river soon to be spanned by a two-million dollar high level bridge; we have eleven banks, schools and churches many; and we had two hundred race horses at our Fair!"

Miles before reaching the wonderful town I espied a lonely bicyclist astray on the prairie, with all creation in which to ride. This note of modernity in the great out-of-doors was a surprise, but no less so than the same evil odor as in the East, and to learn that they could be hired by the day or hour. Then I chanced on a man who told me his agricultural implement firm would soon place on the market an auto suitable for the prairie farmer and rancher. The picturesque horseman may be disappointed in the same trials, and in his place, a gasoline launch-on-wheels will frighten the cayuses and scare the gophers to death.

LIVE IN STYLE FIT FOR KINGS

ELEGANCE OF LONDON HOME OF
AMBASSADOR REID AND
FAMILY.

\$40,000 a Year Rent Paid for Beautiful
Dorchester House, and \$10,000
for Summer Home.

Whitelaw Reid, the United States ambassador to Great Britain, pays \$40,000 a year rent for Dorchester House in London. This is a fraction less than \$800 a week. Ambassador Reid's salary is only \$17,500 a year, so he is actually spending more than double his salary as rent for his London residence alone.

In the last two or three weeks Ambassador Reid has entertained the King of England and many other distinguished guests at Dorchester House. Among the "many others" may be mentioned Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, in whose honor a series of elaborate receptions, dinners and presentations have been provided by the American ambassador.

And as a really smart diplomatic dinner or reception in London, one for instance, such as King Edward would be expected to attend, generally costs the host about \$10,000, it is easily seen how Ambassador Reid's household expenses for one evening entertainment could be greater than his salary for half a year.

SUMMER HOME AT \$10,000 YEAR.

In addition to his town house, Ambassador Reid has a country place, West Park, the lovely Bedfordshire home of the late Lord Cowper. The Reids have taken West Park for term of years at an annual rental of \$10,000. To maintain both of these expensive establishments a staff of more than 60 servants is necessary. Dorchester House alone has twenty footmen in livery and thirty house servants. At a very low estimate, and making all due allowance for the fact that a liveried footman in England is not nearly so expensive a luxury as a liveried footman in America, it must cost the American ambassador \$6,000 a year to feed twenty footmen, pay them their wages and provide them with livery.

NOBODY NEED HAVE INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM!

THAT'S FACT THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN PROVE TO YOU EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR—CARELESSNESS COURTS IT—PRECAUTION PREVENTS—IT'S NOT A CONTAGION THAT STEALS IN UNAWARES!

South American Rheumatic Cure

Is the fortress behind which you may be perfectly secure; and why take chances if, through exposure to heat and wet, you feel those unwelcome chills, then the fever, then the pains in the joints. Do not put off securing the greatest of rheumatic and neuralgia cures. Experience shows that the duration of inflammatory rheumatism, under ordinary treatment, will cover a period of six to eight weeks; and what a wracking it gives to the sufferer, and it seems almost incredible that the great South American Rheumatic Cure has, in thousands of instances, controlled and conquered most stubborn and next to baffling cases in from one to three days.

Lumbago is one of rheumatism's full brothers. It comes and prostrates at times with the suddenness of a thunderclap, and yet, as in the most acute inflammatory cases, the great South American Rheumatic Cure comes as a ministering angel, holds out its healing hand, and bids the bent and bedridden take on the suppleness of youth. Lots of testimony for the asking.

Healthy kidneys are kept so by South American Kidney Cure, and unhealthy kidneys are cured by the same great remedy sold by C. McCallum and Callard & McLaughlin.

With winter wheat grown two hundred miles north of Edmonton, with the grainings by the Western Grain Association of a distinctive standard growth of Alberta red winter wheat, with landseekers already compelled to go thirty miles from the capital for homesteads, with three transcontinental railways tapping the town, and with no rival nearer than Calgary two hundred miles south, no wonder Edmonton struts a trifle and the Old Timer loudly sings its song of progress.

Then there are the people of the plains, and the towns. See them by the thousands at the Edmonton Exhibition. No country on earth can show a finer gathering of well set up, bright eyed, healthy, honest, hopeful folks, and this country applies to the West generally. True, one hears some virile Western language not suited for drawing-room consumption. Some drink too much—"Till you can smell the devil on them," some swear too much, but these are happily in the minority. The degree in which the church and school rise with the home and store and shop tells the higher and highest things. But I wonder if Edmonton is the place where a sign reads: "S. P. Q. R." which is alleged to stand for: "Settlers' Pockets Allegedly Relieved."

Edmonton is as spick and span as a new coat. The sound of the hammer is heard in the land, and streets of houses are springing up like mushrooms. What used to be an outpost of empire is now an in-post of Canada. The new trail to Dawson City, recently completed by the Mounted Police, may be the forerunner of a line of railway thereto, and Edmonton may then be an important station on the all-rail around-the-world line via Bering Straits.

If you want to experience crowded railway cars, go West. The railways can hardly carry the throngs of travelers. Travel, for example, between Edmonton and Calgary, and on the long trains you will see represented a world

of about \$7,500 a year must be required for the wages and feeding of thirty house servants, exclusive of gardeners, lodge keepers, stablemen, coachmen, groomers and hall boys. A staff of these proportionate to the extent of the United States embassy and the degree of magnificence maintained there will call for a further outlay of probably \$5,000 a year. Then there are the ordinary living expenses of the Whitelaw Reids and their large retinue, the horses, the gas bill, the coal bill, the plumber, the butcher, the baker, the fashionable tailor and dressmaker and milliner, and so on and so on until the total probably represents an outlay of \$300,000 a year.

A COMMANDING SITE.

No other private residence in London occupies such a commanding site as Dorchester House, or is better adapted for entertaining on a scale of lavish splendor. It stands nearly half way up to Park Lane in the apex of a triangle formed by Park Lane, Dean street and South street, and the main entrance is nearly opposite to Stanhope gate, by which many of the fashionable people of the West End enter Hyde Park.

For stateliness there is nothing in Buckingham Palace equal to the \$150,000 marble staircase in the American ambassador's home. Dorchester House contains six magnificent reception rooms, arranged that they can be readily converted into one immense ballroom in which 1,000 couples can dance without being in the least crowded. There are twelve sitting-rooms, 24 bedrooms for the accommodation of guests, dining-rooms, a grand banquet hall, smoking, music and billiard-rooms, two large libraries, immense kitchens and larders and ample accommodations for entertaining from 25 to 50 house guests at one time.

FINEST RESIDENCE TO LET IN LONDON.

Mr. Reid rented Dorchester House for the reason that it was the finest available residence in all London. And he rented it furnished for two other reasons. One was that the mansion was luxuriously fitted up and quite ready to step into when he took it. The other reason was that it would have required

an outlay of millions of dollars to provide furniture, paintings, tapestries and other appointments equally magnificent and valuable as those already in Dorchester House.

WONDERFUL ART TREASURES.

Major Halford accumulated a rare and beautiful collection of works of art. His Dutch pictures are not so numerous as those at Bridgewater House, but are equally fine in quality. His son, Major Halford, the present owner, might have revived his fortune by selling them, but he makes it a point of family pride to keep his collection intact, in the hope that before many years he may be able himself to re-enter into the full enjoyment of it at Dorchester House.

Then there are pictures of the finest kind of the English, French and Spanish schools, in addition to wonderful china, marbles, French decorative furniture and rare cuisine. There is everything, in fact, that taste and money could accumulate in the way of works of art at a period exceptionally favorable for the sagacious collector.

BOILED DOWN.

An amusing story is told of the editor of a go-ahead newspaper, who, in the eternal rushing to press to get ahead of the opposition, was constantly impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing all news. A terrific boiler explosion had taken place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth.

"Get down there as hard as you can," he said to one of his men. "If you catch the 11:40 from London bridge you'll be there soon after 2, and can just wire up something for the fifth edition, but boil it down."

And the reporter went.

Soon after 2 o'clock that afternoon they got a wire from him:

"Terrible explosion. Melpomene. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral tomorrow. No flowers."—London Times.

of races. I sat beside a veteran Catholic bishop who a few years ago had fifteen priests under his jurisdiction, but who now has fifty, and with him was an expatriated priest from France on a "lollapaloozer," though what that means is a mystery to the uninitiated. In front sat a business alderman; another is a smooth guy; a third is a Skidoo, poor chap; and a local bank magnate is "a hustler from h—l." The opinions regarding the editor on the part of his readers thus characterized do not come within the scope of my chronicles.

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The extensive nature of the irrigation works of the C. P. R. form yet another surprise to the man from the East country. A tract of land is being irrigated almost as great in area as all the irrigated lands of Colorado or California. No less than six millions of acres are involved in the scheme now being worked out, which will make available three million acres—one-half for wheat growing; one-half for ranching. It is the greatest irrigation work of the first big canal—sixty feet wide in the feet deep—gives one a slight idea of the magnitude of the enterprise and its possible far-reaching effects. It is also asserted that the Alberta Mormons were the first to prove the feasibility of irrigation in this part of the country, and if so, all Canada is under obligation to them.

It may be added that Medicine Hat bids fair to be the center of another large irrigation scheme. An English company—the Robbins Irrigation Company—has undertaken the irrigation of 300,000 acres at a cost of a million and a half on the Bow and Belly Rivers lying between the C. P. main line and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, west and south of Medicine Hat.

The story of the natural resources of that a thought wave travels a mile of nerve in a minute, while Herach learned that a touch was recognized by the brain and responded to in one-seventh of a second.

Prof. Donders, perhaps the greatest authority and experimenter, has learned that the brain action in responding to one of the senses is 75-1000 of a second. Of this 40-1000 of a second is consumed by the act of recognition and 35-1000 to responding.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT BRAINS

All great brains have their peculiarities and their weaknesses, resulting from unconscious brain action. Dr. Johnson, the great philosopher, was terribly afraid of death, and with all his philosophy could not overcome the horror, and would not permit death to be mentioned in his presence. Also he was superstitious. He would not enter a room with his left foot foremost, and, if by accident, he took the first step with his left foot, he stepped backward in sudden terror and entered with his right foot.

Julius Caesar, to whom the music of great battles was sweet, trembled at the sound of thunder and built cellars under his house where he might hide to escape the wind. Queen Elizabeth, one of the most fearless of women, trembled like a leaf at the sound of the word "death," and Talleyrand shivered and changed color at the same word. Marshal Saxe, a hero in many battles, screamed and fled at the sight of a cat, while Peter the Great would not cross a bridge unless it was absolutely necessary, and then crossed in terrible alarm, being weak and sick afterward from the terror.

FREAKS OF MEMORY COMMON.

One of the commonest freaks of the brain is that the memory will be extremely retentive in some things and entirely defective in others. One great American physician, recovering from a severe illness, found that he had entirely lost the power to speak or write proper names or any substantive, but his memory supplied him with adjectives readily. He overcame his difficulty by designating any one of whom he wished to speak by calling him by his size, the color of his hair or eyes or by his physical peculiarities.

TOURIST GIRLS USE LIGHT SLEEPING BAGS

WHILE CAMPING IN THE CALIFORNIA SIERRAS.

To get ready for a camping campaign in the Sierras of California you need comparatively few things. Take dress for instance, dark flannel bloomers, and it is apt to be cold at times, and knee shirts; shirtwaist made like a man's negligee shirt with the collar fastened on; a gay Windsor tie of some kind; a soft felt hat of becoming shape and large enough for protection from the sun, and strong shoes with hob nails, is the most convenient and comfortable costume, and many like its picturesqueness. You will want a warm sweater, and don't forget the all-important handkerchiefs, which, tied to your belt, serves the various offices of napkin, night cap, towel, an apron to cover the grease spots on your skirt, and last, but not least, as a most important utensil to carry your lunch in, both in facing a stream, for they are waterproof, and in any unexpected encounter with a rattlesnake. This last statement sounds much more dreadful than it really is; for though we went through a part of the country where there are many rattlers, I never saw a live one on the whole trip.

The time to go camping in the Sierra is in July or August, for then it never rains. You need no tent, only a sleeping-bag. The easiest, warmest and lightest weight bag is an elder-

Be a Strong Man.

Increase Your vitality. Restore your nerve energy and feel as you ought, brisk, hearty and ever ready for work. You need Ferrozone. It is just the remedy for you. It creates a keen appetite, gives prodigious digestion, pours richness and vitality into the blood.

It takes power to rebuild a worn-out man, but Ferrozone has that power. Mr. Walter Wood, of Beaupre, N. B., supplies the proof.

Ferrozone has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered terribly from nervous weakness. I was scarcely able to drag myself out of bed. My appetite was gone, I had lost all ambition, and I felt used up. The first box of Ferrozone started me back to health. I took a lot of Ferrozone, but it was worth while, as my health was completely restored."

The ablest restorative known to man is Ferrozone. Get it today, 50 cents per box, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn.

It is in fact already great, for it is the city of the Eye-Opener—paper that manufactures language and says things. It describes one citizen as a "lollapaloozer," though what that means is a mystery to the uninitiated. A civil representative is "a lumpy jaw alderman"; another is a smooth guy; a third is a Skidoo, poor chap; and a local bank magnate is "a hustler from h—l." The opinions regarding the editor on the part of his readers thus characterized do not come within the scope of my chronicles.

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BRAIN ODDEST OF MACHINERY

IT SLIPS COGS IN VERY QUEER
WAYS AT TIMES.

Acts in the Slightest Fraction of a
Second—Peculiarities of Great
Brains.

Human brains are the strangest, weirdest pieces of mechanism. No two are alike, no rule governs all, and every man thinks at a different speed. The speed of the human brain depends entirely upon the person and the condition of that person at certain times. Responses to thought vary in speed from a mile a minute to 20 feet in a second, under normal conditions, yet at times the telegraphic service from the brain to the organs of the body is interrupted and communication is established only after rest or sleep.

HOW TO HAVE IDEAS AT WILL.

Dr. Laurence Brunton has discovered how to have ideas at will. If you want to remember something that has slipped your mind or to force a wearied brain to work either lie down or hang your head low. Better still, in extreme cases, stand on the head.

Dr. Brunton, after a particularly hard day's work, was compelled to finish an important medical treatise. He sat down with pen and paper ready—when his brain quit work. Not an idea would come nor could he write a word.

"My brain is the same as yesterday," he thought. "It worked well then. Why not now? It must be because my circulation is bad because of weariness."

He studied the problem for some time, and came to the conclusion that, if the cerebral circulation was so poor that there was no mental activity, he must create the circulation. If the blood would not flow to the brain he would force it there. So he put his head down on the table, and the ideas began to flow at once. After ten minutes he thought he had enough ideas to start the article, so he raised his head again—but the ideas flowed away. He finished the treatise by refilling his head flat on the table and writing.

BRAIN ACTS IN 75-1000 OF SECOND

While it requires some time for any organ to respond to the order of the brain—the speed of thought itself is much faster. Helmholtz discovered

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There are forests enough north of Edmonton alone to keep scores of mills going for scores of years. There are mountains and rivers of coal, north and south, awaiting the miner. If the waterfalls be regarded as a natural resource, then the West is rich beyond compare therein, and as for our natural real estate area of 171 million acres, who will dare prophesy its ultimate resourcefulness when all the cultivatable soil will have been "tickled back with the plow and will have laughed at its harvests?"

Then compute if you can the hidden storehouses of metals in the granite ribs of the Rockies; consider the gold deposits yet unmined; add up, if there are figures sufficient, the fishery riches of our rivers and ocean shores; and who is equal to the task of striking a total?

And all these latent riches of the West are in Canada and belong to us Canadians.

The Westerner lives on Facts. Everything in active life is reduced to a Fact. Leave Theory to the effete East. Facts are hurled at one on every hand; even your bus driver or your barber will take part in the general assault. I have purposely thus far resisted the temptation to make my readers suffer, but the "thus far" is ended and you must needs share in the suffering.

Think of Winnipeg's bank clearings. This is a highly practical way of re- for the first six months of 1905 totaling Western banks cleared \$1,000,000,000 of last year by 39 per cent.

Think of saucy little Saskatoon's building operations thus far this year, equaling its total assessment of last year.

Think of a 66 foot lot selling in Prince Albert for \$10,000 and a 50 foot lot in Edmonton for \$40,000.

Think of nineteen new papers started in nine weeks.

The C. P. R. is building 4,000 miles of additional telegraph wires. The same company has 2,500 men at work on seven new branches of railway (involving a thousand miles of track), besides laying new rails on Crow's Nest Pass, practically rebuilding the main line across the plains; and double tracking the stretch between Fort William and Winnipeg.

The Canadian Northern is adding four millions worth of equipment to its western lines, including 2,100 new cars, and 60 locomotives. It is also spending or has already spent more millions on a score of branch lines covering hundreds of miles of new territory.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing construction work at Fort William and Portage la Prairie. At Fort William I saw the first train bearing the words: "Grand Trunk Pacific Railway."

Five thousand miles of additional railway in all is planned for early building in the Canadian West alone at a cost of a hundred millions!

One hundred and eighty-five million immigrants arrived during the year 1905-6 in the great Canada-trend; 10,000 naturalizations were recorded in 1905.

In addition to all these suggestive facts, and amid all the glowing crop reports appearing in the press day by day, one of the most satisfactory items is that recently recorded in a Cardston, Alberta, paper: "The spring crop of wheat in this locality is the best it has ever been."

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Dotted Foular for House Gowns

A LREADY the prettiest of little foulard dresses are being made up, to serve a double purpose—that of finishing out the outdoor season, when it is possible to wander around minus a wrap of any description, and an even more important one of being used for a house dress.

Paris has openly declared her belief in foulards—but they are always the new foulards, which have come under the chiffon influence and find themselves as soft and supple, and almost as rich, in a way, as are Liberty satins.

Only the simpler sort of house gowns can be made of them, but they are stunning. Red foulards, sprinkled all over with tiny white dots, are made up in fascinating ways that show skirts shirred on cords, unique pleatings, and tucks and plain shirrings without number. Of course, there is trimming, and it is usually of a lingerie type—a sheer white yoke, perhaps with undersleeves to match, or at least with some sort of a frill or of an elbow cuff to match.

Like crepe de chine, a foulard doesn't require a silk lining, which makes it appeal even more strongly to the majority of women.

The combination of dotted foulard with a plain foulard of the same shade is most effective of all when it is carried out in a new blue, lighter than the usual shades, as soft, in its way, as is old blue, yet much stronger a shade and one that utterly lacks the peculiar milky tone that characterizes old blue.

Quite elaborate combinations are made in this fashion, a skirt of the plain, trimmed with an elaborate flounce of the dotted silk; the waist as likely made of the dotted and trimmed with the plain.

As to figure, "Whenever foulards are worn," says one of those wise mortals, gifted with the habit of observing "dots are inevitable; and whenever dots are about, it's impossible to point to any one size—it's a mere matter of individual taste." For the most part, however, for house gowns, dots of rather a small size are chosen.



Cutaway Lines Mark Many Costumes

THE cutaway lines which marked the occasional suit last winter are noticeable in many of the new costumes, whether they are suits or dresses, only the cutaway line which marks the newest thing is echoed and repeated throughout the entire costume.

Perhaps the effect is got by a deep circular flounce, by circular ruffles or by folds. An odd little peplum follows the same lines, and the waist itself is cut in curving parts that lap. Even the sleeves repeat the lines, although with both the waist itself and the sleeves the material is more often cut and stitched flat than allowed to flare loose.

When the cutaway effect, instead of being

rounded, is got by straight lines, the peplum and waist repeat it in the same way.

Cutaway effects are usually attempted only with cloth—suitings and broadcloths and cloths of firm texture chosen for the style. Broadcloth, by the way, makes the prettiest of them all.

When lighter materials are used (for nothing seems too daring a use to put chiffon and its peers to these days, since Paris invented and wore chiffon suits), the cutaway lines are got by odd draping, or by skirts which are nothing in the world but modifications of old-fashioned overskirt styles, the trimming of the waist disposed so as to repeat the cutaway lines.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS

MESSALINE promises to be one of the favorite silks for evening wear—messaline softer and more lovely than ever, and yards and yards of it crammed into an apparently simple little gown.

When it is of messaline, or of some one of the many members of the messaline family, the gown's pretty apt to be of a plain tint. But the strange tints that are brought out are more wonderful than ever before, some of them with a strange pearly quality about them.

Paris is insisting upon pompadour silks, and has sent over exquisite petticoats of flowered silk, trimmed in elaborate yet delicate ways with lace. Indeed, little pointed bodices, cut low and without sleeves, are made to go with them and complete the slip. For slips they are, and slips that bid fair to be among the loveliest of all the many that a season of sheer evening stuffs—mulls and mousselines and chiffons and the like—are bound to bring out.

Just how much more material is to be coaxed into gowns is one of the many questions that is agitating the world of dress at present—those of us, at least, who have to consider such details. How

skirts are to be made fuller at the hem is another of those problems, as fascinating to solve as a Chinese puzzle, and as intricate.

It's to be a season of rather more sombre tones, so the outlook is at present.

And brown, they say, stubbornly refuses to yield first place, although it has really enjoyed more than its fair share of popularity these past two—three years.

But the golden browns are not so good as they were. The duller leaf browns, and chestnut—just the loveliest dark tone with a hint of red in its warm depths, and the deep, rich browns are coming into pronounced favor.

Rajahs and pongees are being used to make some stunning house gowns of.

And plaids are back, mostly the richer tartans, the gayer French ones used, as a rule, only for trimming.

Only in taffeta do they come in much variety—there's nothing in the silk world like taffeta for showing them off at their best.

Suppleness still is the ruling characteristic of materials of every description.



