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London Advertiser

SIXTEEN PAGES

40TH YEAR. NO. 297. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16688.

Have You Property

For Rent or For Sale? The easiest, simplest and cheapest way to bring it before the public is to put a small advertisement in the "For Rent" or "For Sale" columns of The Advertiser. It will catch the eye of nearly everyone interested in this country. If you'll only try it the result will surprise you. Rates in daily, one cent per word for the first insertion, and one half cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

SUNDAY IN LONDON

What Is Going On in the Leading Churches of the City

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. T. S. Johnson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. G. W. Howson, pastor. Subjects: 11 a.m., "Is Archery Shooting a Lost Art?" 7 p.m., "How We May Know the Unknowable." Strangers always welcome.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. A. K. Birks, B. A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m. Bible Class and Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. L. W. Wickett, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CRONYN MEMORIAL CHURCH, CORNER Queen's avenue and William street—Rev. C. C. Owen, B.A., rector; Rev. R. W. Woodroofe, B.A., assistant. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 3 p.m.; Bible Class at 3:15 p.m.; celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Rev. A. H. Ranton will preach at both services. Special sermon in the evening.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. T. E. Harrison, pastor. Rev. W. C. Beer will preach morning and evening.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, CORNER Wellington street and Dufferin avenue—Public services, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. The pastor, Rev. George J. Bishop, will preach morning and evening. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of the morning service.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Clark, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., both conducted by the pastor. Sunday School and Society for Bible Study at 3 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Rev. S. J. Allin, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—Pastor, Rev. Thomas Wilson. Reopening services will be conducted by Rev. J. W. Rae, of Aylmer. Strangers welcome.

MAITLAND STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. C. M. Carew, pastor. Tomorrow will be Flower Day in Sunday School. 11 a.m., service for the children; short address by the pastor; 7 p.m., the pastor will preach.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., pastor. The pastor will preach at both services. 11 a.m., "On Going to Law"; 7 p.m., "Commerce in Vanity Fair"; 3 p.m., Sabbath School. Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock, prayer meeting.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Rev. C. C. Owen will preach in the morning.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—MORNING—"Venite" (Lee) "Te Deum" (Woodward). "Benedictus" (Woodward). Preacher, Rev. H. H. Tancock. Evening—"Cantate" (Bridgwater), "Deum" (Bridgwater); anthem, "O Give Thanks" (Farebrother). Preacher, Rev. H. H. Tancock. Collection for mission fund.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph.D., LL.D., pastor. 11 a.m., "The Great Recipe for Eternal Life"; 7 p.m., "Breakfast on the Beach." All seats free and all welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Harvest Home services. The pastor, Rev. R. D. Hamilton, both services. Special music. Choir assisted by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Warner, of Montreal. Morning—Duet, "Children Pray This Love" (Spohr). Evening—"Song of Thanksgiving" (Allitsen). Choir concert on Tuesday.

EDUCATIONAL.

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS WILL PAY for full course scholarship (time unlimited) in London Business University, which entitles holder to complete instruction in all branches, comprising comprehensive business and shorthand and typewriting course. W. N. Yerex, C.B., principal. 88n-tyw

WANTED.

WANTED—GOOD HORSES FOR LIVERY purposes. Apply 687 Queen's avenue, or Lilley's Livery. 87c

WANTED—MODERN BRICK RESIDENCE, with stable; will pay cash. Address Box 87, Advertiser. 87c-vtt

WANTED TO BUY—BRICK COTTAGE or small house, north of Dundas street; give particulars and price. Address B. B., this office. 87u

DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society.

HIGHEST RATES

Paid on Deposits and Debentures

OFFICES — Masonic Temple Building, corner King and Richmond Streets.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager

SCHOOL SHOES.

We make the prices you cannot resist. Keep all grades in fine black leather.

$1.00 Buys a Boy's Reliable Shoe.

$1.00 Buys a Girl's Stylish, Reliable Shoe, in button or laced.

We carry every grade of Children's Shoes made. Thousands of pairs to select from. Would like to give more prices, as they are just as startling all through our store.

Pocock Bros.

All kinds Trunks and Valises Cheap.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

MARRIED.

TILLMANN—BROWN—In this city, on Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1902, at St. Peter's Cathedral, by the rector, Rev. Father Aylward, Evelyn Mary, youngest daughter of Samuel R. Brown, Esq., to Anthony Tillmann.

DIED.

FITZGERALD—In the Township of London, on Friday, Sept. 12, 1902, Fenton Fitzgerald, in his 66th year.

Funeral will leave his late residence, lot 3, con. 5, London Township, on Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3 p.m.; service at 2:30. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.

PARKER—At his late residence, No. 2 Thornton avenue, John Parker, the beloved husband of Esther Parker, in his 84th year.

Funeral notice later.

BEATTIE—On Sept. 13, 1902, Margaret, beloved wife of Andrew Beattie, aged 34 years.

Funeral will leave the family residence, lot 15, con. 2, Township of Westminster, on Monday, 15th inst., at 2:30 p.m. Services at 2 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances kindly accept this intimation.

TUTT—In this city, on Sept. 12, 1902, at the residence of William Fox, 143 Maitland street, Clifford Tutt, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tutt, aged 2 months.

Funeral private.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

Coronation Pictures at Western Fair.

Special Notice.—Children on entering grounds will receive coupon, which, with 5 cents additional, will entitle them to admission to Coronation Pictures, Monday only. b

SPRING-BANK. Performance Every Night at 8:30.

"LONDON" Fair Week

Rowland & Young's

Bijou Comedy Co.,

Supporting Miss Margie Adams. Monday, Ladies' Night: "Dad's Girl." Prices, 10c, 20c, 30c. Seats now on sale. 86a

GRAND LAST TIME TONIGHT

SHORE ACRES

Jas. A. Herne's Beautiful Comedy Drama.

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.

ALL NEXT WEEK

Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR THE FAIR.

Hanlon Bros., PANTOMIMIC SPECTACLE,

LE VOYAGE EN SUISSE.

EVENINGS, Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, $1. BARGAIN MATS., 25c. Few rows, 50c.

Western Fair.

Grand Opening, Monday, Sept. 15th

CITIZENS' AND CHILDREN'S DAY. Schools will close. Everything will be in order. Entire list of high-class attractions, including first appearance of London's new corps, "ST. ANDREW'S HIGHLAND CADETS." The best races. Admission—Adults, 25c; children, 10c; grand stands free to all in the afternoon. Brilliant Fireworks Displays in the evening. South African Battles, giving

$2 65—LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, every Saturday and Sunday. Cheap rates to Detroit every day. Boats twice daily. F. B. Clarke, next Advertiser. ywt

SULPHUR SPRINGS BATHS—OPEN 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Plunge bath now open. Single bath, 25c; five tickets, $1. Cole & Edmonds. zxvt

CAN YOU DANCE? IF NOT, LEARN this season. Beginners' classes open at Palace Academy Sept. 29. Call at Academy any evening. Dayton & McCormick.

F. B. CLARKE, RICHMOND STREET, next Advertiser, broker—Drafts and checks cashed and issued on all parts of the world. Money orders issued. New York correspondent, long distance 'phone. ywt

VOICE CULTURE—MISS EVA N. Roblyn, soprano soloist, Dundas Center Methodist Church; directress Vocal Department, Alma College, St. Thomas, and the Krause Conservatory of Music, Chatham. Studio, 328 Dundas street. 'Phone 1,270. xt

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—BOOK AGENT TO SELL A quantity of new books. Box 83, Advertiser office. 87tf

AGENTS EVERYWHERE—SEE OUR goods first; universal necessities; the greatest money-maker for buyer and seller; goods guaranteed; free samples prepaid. Cooper, 332-6 Clarence street, London.

ROSS'

Just About Time

That you got rid of that summer Hat and appeared in one of our New Fall Hats. Large assortment of both soft and stiff hats to select from.

A Good Hat for $2

J. & D. ROSS, 196 Dundas St.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—MEN AND TEAMS TO work on the bituminous macadam pavement on Talbot street, for the Warren Brothers Company. Apply to foreman, on the street. 88u

WANTED — SEAM-PRESSER ON clothing. Apply C. E. Tolton Company, 429 Talbot street. 87c

WANTED—BOY FOR THE DRYGOODS. Apply Whiskard's, Dundas street. 88k

GOOD HORSE-SHOER WANTED. APPLY at once, D. Fraser, 311 Dundas street, city. 88c

WANTED — BOYS FROM 15 TO 18 years of age. Apply McCormick Manufacturing Company. 87tf

TEAMSTER WANTED FOR CITY work. Green & Co., coal and wood, corner Maitland street and G. T. R. 88c

TRUSTWORTHY PERSON IN EACH county to manage business of old-established house of solid financial standing; straight bona fide weekly salary of $18 paid by check each Wednesday, with all expenses, direct from headquarters; money advanced for expenses. Manager, 312 Caxton building, Chicago. 76h-tz

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 33tf-wty

BOY—FOR OFFICE WORK—BRIGHT active boy, 16 to 18 years of age, must write good hand and come well recommended. Address Box 88, Advertiser. b

GOOD HORSE-SHOER WANTED. APPLY at once, D. Fraser, 311 Dundas street, city. 84c-ywt

PORTER AND BELLBOY WANTED. Apply City Hotel. 87k

YOUNG MAN WANTED TO DRIVE grocery wagon. T. A. Rowat & Co. 87u

WANTED — MOLDERS; TWO OR three floor molders; good wages, steady work to reliable men. David Maxwell & Sons, St. Marys, Ont. 87c

MAN WANTED TO WORK IN MILL—Sticker hand preferred. Apply William Gerry, planing mills, York street. 86c

STENOGRAPHER WANTED — ONE with knowledge of bookkeeping preferred. Apply, stating education, experience and salary expected, to Manufacturer, care of Advertiser office. 86c

MAN WITH SINGLE TEAM TO DELIVER and collect; no canvassing; $21 per week and expenses; $150 cash deposit required. Permanent. Manufacturer (X49), Box 856, Philadelphia, Pa. 85n

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS TINSMITH; state age, experience, reference and salary. Apply at once in person or by letter to Vantuyl & Fairbank, Petrolia, Ont. 85k

BOYS WANTED—TO WORK IN THE afternoons. Apply Advertiser office. 83tf

YOUNG MEN AND BOYS WANTED for shipping room and for factory. D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 74tf

HELP WANTED.

$12 WEEKLY COPYING LETTERS AT home; either sex. Send stamp for particulars. King Manufacturing Company, 243 Warren avenue, Chicago. b

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN, EVERY town, to copy letters for us at home; $10 per 1,000 advanced every week. Send addressed envelope for copy and instructions. Standard Pen Company, 220 Fulton street, New York. b

$12 WEEKLY DOING WRITING AT home; either sex; two stamps for full particulars. Cable Company, Real Estate Board building, Chicago. 88u-t

WANTED—LADIES, ALSO MEN, TO copy letters at home and return to us; good pay; strictly genuine. Address Excelsior Manufacturing Company, B, Cleveland, O. 88a-ty

HELP WANTED—EITHER SEX; NEW article of merit; sample, 10c. Address Box 74, Advertiser.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—TWO FIRST-CLASS TAILORESSES and one tailor for alteration department; steady employment. Grafton & Co. 88c

WANTED—CAPABLE GENERAL SERVANT, with references. Apply Mrs. J. H. McMechan, 368 King street. 88c-tyw

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GENERAL servant; must be good cook. Apply Mrs. R. C. Macfie, Ridout street south. 88c

WANTED—YOUNG GIRL; ONE FROM the country preferred; for light housework. Apply 45 Bruce street. 87c

GIRLS WANTED IMMEDIATELY FOR biscuit and baking deparement and caramels. Apply McCormick Manufacturing Company. 87tf

GIRLS WANTED. REASON'S BOX Works, 80 Dundas street. 84m

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CAP MACHINE operators and finishers; also girls to learn the trade; highest wages paid; steady employment guaranteed. Apply John Marshall & Co. 81tf

WANTED—GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply Mrs. Frank Love, 562 Wellington street. 80tf

GIRLS WANTED FOR FACTORY. Apply D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 50tf

BISCUIT PACKERS AND GIRLS FOR icing department wanted immediately; good wages. D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 50tf

BROKERS.

WANTED—CITY LOAN COMPANIES' stocks. John Wright, stock broker, London, Ont. 'Phone 692.

MEETINGS.

REGIMENTAL ORDER — By Lieut.-Col. Little, commanding 7th Regiment.—Commencing on the 26th inst. there will be recruits' drill at the drill shed every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

It is very important that all the recruits attend this drill. By order

W. GREGORY, Lieut., Adjutant 7th Regt.

80tf-t

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

SEED WHEAT — SALZER'S RED Cross, new variety, $1 bushel. John Cleary, lot 27, con. 2, Westminster, Glendale P. O. b

FOR SALE—VERY PROMISING HEIFER; good size, just calved; giving about 15 quarts per day. Lot 6, con. 4, London, south of river. 'Phone 718. b

FOR SALE—SERVICEABLE GENERAL purpose horse; quiet and a good driver. Apply 19 Blackfriars street.

FOR SALE—HAZELDEN HERD, PEDIGREE Jerseys; good milkers and young stock. James Goodall, Hazelden Farm, lot 25, con. 1, London Township (opposite Springbank), Byron P. O. 84c-ywt

LADIES—USE OUR HARMLESS REMEDY for delayed or suppressed period; it cannot fail. Trial free. Paris Chemical Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 76n-t

PEACHES AND PLUMS ARE COMING in plentifully now. Do not wait for your plums until the best are gone, as plums are a short crop this season. T. A. Faulds, 13 Market House. 'Phone 151. ywt

WE HAVE SWEET PICKLED HOCKS at 6c per lb; tenderloins, wholesale and retail; hams and backs, special for the Fair. Call and get them. Stalls 1 to 5 Market House. 'Phone 506. ywt

FOR SALE — ECLIPSE IMPROVED gasoline engines, manufactured by D. McKenzie & Co., 290 Richmond street.

SUMMER WOOD—PER LOAD, $1 35 Cash. Also coal and hard wood. Buchanan's, 633 Colborne. 'Phone 1,696.

KEENE BROS. ARE HAVING A SPECIAL sale of springs and mattresses. It will pay you to get one or more now.

WOOD FOR SALE—WE CAN SUPPLY summer wood at $1 25 a load. D. H. Gillies & Co., 673 Bathurst street, leading east end wood yard. 'Phone 1,312.

STOVES, BASEBURNERS AND Ranges of all kinds for wood and coal; second-hand furniture; cheap; at F. Keene's, 141 King street.

$10—GENTLEMEN'S GOOD SECOND-HAND wheels, with new tires; clearing sale of livery wheels; easy terms. J. H. Cunningham, 664 Dundas street.

SNAP — GOOD PIANO, ROSEWOOD case, 7 1-3 octaves; in first-class condition, and guaranteed for 5 years. Only $100, on easy terms of payment. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence.

FOR SALE—SET SINGLE HARNESS (new and hand-made). Apply at London Box Factory. 84l

BIG REDUCTION IN SUGAR-CURED hams, breakfast bacon, lard and choice butter for the Fair, at G. Park's, corner Market Lane. 86n

FOR SALE — SEVERAL NEWLY-CALVED cows. Apply Thomas Howay, lot 7, con. 1, West Nissouri. 86c

GREEN & CO. HAVE REMOVED their coal and wood yard to Maitland street and Grand Trunk Railway (Heaman's old yard). A good supply of all kinds of hard and soft wood on hand at the lowest cash price. 'Phone 1391. Green & Co.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST THIS MORNING—DRIVER'S route book, on Wellington or King street. Reward. Fawkes, 660 Dundas. 87u

EDUCATIONAL.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE — MISS BUTCHART, 356 King street, will commence new classes in cookery Monday, Sept. 29, 1902. Special: Housekeeper's course, three months, $20. 88c-t

THE MISSES WESTCOTT'S SCHOOL, 441 Ridout street, London, reopens Sept. 8. Board and tuition, music and French, per annum, $186.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

MARRIAGE LICENSES — SHUFF'S Drug Store, 540 Dundas street, corner William. No witnesses. ywt

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street.

OFFICIAL ISSUER OF MARRIAGE licenses, C. D. Johnston, 198 Dundas street. Residence, 391 Dundas street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY John J. Jepson, druggist, 249 Wellington street. Residence, 241 Pall Mall. 'Phone 879.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED—OFFICE Adkins' Jewelry Store, East London. No witnesses required.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED AT Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street. Residence, 289 Dufferin avenue.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOMAS GILLEAN, jeweler, 402 Richmond street.

LEGAL CARDS.

BUCHNER, CAMPBELL & GUNN, barristers, etc., 83 Dundas street, London. Telephone 99. Money to loan at lowest rates.

W. H. BARTRAM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office, 99 Dundas street.

STUART & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC. Office, 112 Masonic Temple. Alex. Stuart, K.C.; George C. Gunn.

T. W. SCANDRETT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 98 Dundas street, London.

GREENLEES & BECHER, BARRISTERS, etc., Canadian Loan Company building, Richmond street, London. Private funds to loan. A. Greenlees, B. A.; H. C. Becher.

MAGEE, McKILLOP & MURPHY, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc. Office, corner Richmond and Dundas, London. James Magee, K.C.; J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

PURDOM & PURDOM, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Office, Masonic Temple building, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Thomas H. Purdom, K.C.; Alexander Purdom.

TOOTHE & FAIRLDS, BARRISTERS, etc., Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 169 Dundas street, near Richmond. Money at lowest rates.

GIBBONS & HARPER, BARRISTERS, etc., London. Office, corner Richmond and Carling streets. George C. Gibbons, K.C.; Fred F. Harper.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE, Barristers, etc., Over Bank of Commerce.

JARVIS & VINING, BARRISTERS, etc., 101 Dundas street. C. G. Jarvis; Jared Vining, B.A.

McEVOY & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors, Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS EXCHANGE.

We have received instructions from Sir John Carling to offer for sale the following properties at a very low figure:

24 lots, Central avenue, between Elizabeth and Ontario streets, 60x158.

8 lots, Adelaide street, between Piccadilly and Oxford streets, 60x150.

8 lots, Elizabeth street, between Piccadilly and Oxford streets, 52x150.

6 lots, Oxford street, between Adelaide and Elizabeth streets, 55x197.

6 lots, Piccadilly street, between Adelaide and Elizabeth streets, 55x197.

2½ acres, corner Grosvenor and Adelaide streets. This is a very desirable property, being highest point in city. An excellent site for market gardening.

72 acres, Dundas street, west of and adjoining Asylum property.

Plans of above may be seen at our office and Carling's Brewery.

We have a number of bargains in residential property, from $700 to $18,000.

DULMAGE & MOORHOUSE,
Real Estate and Business Transfer Agency, 6 Albion Block, London, Ont.
First Floor. Telephone 1,525. ywt

FOR SALE OR RENT—423 DUFFERIN avenue. Apply R. K. Cowan. 87m

FOR SALE—125 CATHCART STREET, London South; brick cottage, stable, one acre, good fruit. Apply on premises. 80n-wty

$300 CASH, BALANCE ON TIME, TO suit purchaser, will buy a new brick dwelling, 7 rooms and bathroom; northern part of city. Great opportunity to secure comfortable home on easy terms of payment. Apply 420 Richmond street. 76tf-tyw

FOR SALE—TWO-STORY BRICK RESIDENCE and barn; half-acre land; 83 Elmwood avenue. Apply James Hartfield, Fanshawe P. O., or for inspection to A. S. Leys, next door. 88n

FOR SALE OR TO LET—STORE, 350 Richmond street. Apply Buchner & Gunn, 83 Dundas street. 88g

FOR SALE—GOOD TWO-STORY BRICK residence; gas fixtures, furnace, nice lot; all in good shape; only $1,900; $50 down, balance monthly, with privilege to pay off any time. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

100 ACRE FARM, TWO MILES FROM Lambeth, lot No. 76; spring creek; fine new brick house; good outbuildings and orchard. Wm. Baker, Lambeth. 79h-xt

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

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO LET—Three blocks from Victoria Park. Apply Francis Love, police court. 80tf

REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE.

The man who owns real estate is always conscious that he commands the respect of his fellow-citizens. Apart from that, the real estate owner is always in a position to make money on the increased realty values. Have you secured your holdings yet? If not, would like you to call and see what we have for sale.

We mention a few here, viz.:

BUILDING LOTS.

Florence street—Lot 40x150, with new frame workshop. Price, $250.

Carfrae street—Four acres at the east end of the street. Very cheap.

Dundas street east—Choice building lot, St. Paul's survey. Price, $900.

English street—Choice corner lot. Price, $10 per foot.

King street, near Fair Grounds—Lot 50x204, to a lane. Price, $450.

COTTAGES.

Simcoe street—Good frame cottage, brick foundation, 6 rooms. Price $1,000.

John street—Two-story frame, 8 rooms; lot 45x135. Price, $1,500.

Elias street—One and three-quarters story frame dwelling, 7 rooms, brick foundation; lot 45x120. Price, $1,000.

English street—Frame cottage, 7 rooms, good cellar, well-built dwelling; lot 37x146. Price, $850.

RESIDENCES.

Queen's avenue—Two-story and attic brick, 10 rooms, all modern conveniences; lot 30x110. Price, $3,200.

Stanley street—Large one-story brick dwelling, 10 rooms, good cellar, furnace; workshop, 33x50; also frame barn and drive-shed; lot 66x150. Price, $2,500.

King street—Pair of two-story semi-detached bricks, stone foundation, each containing 10 rooms; lot 66x196. Price, $5,200.

Rectory street—Two-story brick, 8 rooms, bath, furnace. Price, $1,650.

English street—One and a half story brick, 8 rooms, furnace, bath, electric light. Price, $2,300.

Byron avenue—Two-story frame, brick cellar, 8 rooms, frame stable. Price, $1,900.

Dundas street—Two-story and attic brick, stone foundation, slate roof, 12 rooms; large brick stable; lot 67x220. Price, $7,000.

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

FARMS.

100 acres, McGillivray Township, in a very high state of cultivation; brick dwelling, splendid frame outbuildings. Price, $5,200.

175 acres, Westminster Township—Excellent farm; good brick dwellig and frame outbuildings. Price, $10,000.

225 acres, Lobo Township — Superior farm for either grain or grain and grazing; excellent brick dwelling, frame bank barn and outbuildings. Price, $12,500.

LOANS.

Money to loan in sums of $100 and upwards to complete purchase price, build money advanced as building progresses) remodel the old house, and pay off old mortgages.

A. A. CAMPBELL,
Real Estate, Loans and Investments,
Molsons Bank Buildings,
London, Ont.
C. H. ARMITAGE, Field Manager.
Telephone 642. 34tf-t

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

Queen's avenue—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. Price, $3,500.

Waterloo street—A two-story brick residence, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 53x144 feet. Price, $3,500.

Dufferin avenue—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; nice lot. Price, $3,300.

474 Colborne street—Two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 38x110 feet. Price, $2,700.

371 Central avenue—Two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements; lot 30x170 to a lane. Price, $2,200.

716 Colborne street—Two-story frame house, on brick foundation, 8 rooms, in good order; nice lot; shade trees. Price, $1,650.

29 Byron avenue—Two-story brick house, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; frame barn; large lot. Price, $2,300.

Beaconsfield avenue—A new 1½-story brick house, 7 rooms, modern improvements; good lot. At a bargain.

154 Tecumseh avenue—A large frame cottage, 7 rooms, in good repair; lot 92x300 feet. Price, $1,500.

535 St. James street—A neat 1½-story frame house, 6 rooms, in good repair; large lot. Price, $700.

Frances street—A new 1½-story brick house, 7 rooms; lot 70x150 feet. Price, $950.

Speculators who are anxiously considering which part of the city to invest their money in vacant lots, to get a quick and profitable return—We will direct you to those several blocks south of the Hamilton road, north and east of those new industries now under course of construction. If you invest in this locality you can make no mistake, as the population will increase tenfold in one year.

P. WALSH,
'Phone 1,621. 110 Dundas St.

HOUSES, ETC., TO LET.

ROOMS TO LET OVER STORES ON Dundas and on Richmond streets; also two flats over stores on corner of King and Richmond streets. Apply to Samuel Glass, Room 7, Hiscox building. 88c-tyw

TO LET—THREE BRICK HOUSES, 6 rooms, hall and cellar; between William and Maitland, on Bathurst. Inquire 508 Horton street. b

299 PALL MALL—ALL CONVENIENCES; also several cottages. Scarrow's Wallpaper Store. b

SEVERAL MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, bedsteads; second-hand; good; cheap. 434 Richmond. b

555 WILLIAM STREET—ONE AND A half story frame. Apply 24½ Palace street. b

TO LET—COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE, newly repaired, No. 185 Central avenue. Apply A. N. Udy, 421 Richmond street. 28tf-t

TO LET—NO. 476 PARK AVENUE; ALL modern conveniences; splendid situation. Apply A. G. Chisholm, 59 Dundas street, city. 82n-tyw

TO RENT—100-ACRE FARM—DWELLING house and barns; plenty of water; well fenced; immediate possession. Inquire T. Tambling, 200 Ridout street, South London. 60tf-ywt

TO LET—DWELLING HOUSE AND store attached, No. 774 Waterloo street, city. This store is well located. Meredith & Fisher, 74 Dundas street. 87n

TO LET—IN PRIVATE FAMILY, pleasant room; central. Apply Box 86, Advertiser. 86c

TO LET—HOUSE, BARN, STABLE, good lot. Rent low. Apply 100 High street. 86c

TO LET—WELL-FURNISHED COTTAGE, on Princess avenue. Rent moderate. Apply this office. 85tf

BRISTOL & STERLING, HOUSE MOVERS, 344½ Richmond. Brick buildings a specialty. All orders promptly attended to.

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN—Furniture carefully handled. John Biggs, Cathcart and Bruce, South London, late of London Furniture Company. 'Phone 316.

TO LET OR FOR SALE—COTTAGE, NO. 755 Hill street; immediate possession; rent by the year, $6 50 per month, including water rate. For particulars call up 262 South street. 79tf

STORE, DWELLING AND STABLE—Good location; suitable for any business. Apply 625 Wellington street. 76tf

THE SHOP NOW OCCUPIED BY MR. McLeod, corner Dundas and Adelaide streets, will be to rent shortly; has been a grocery for over 30 years; one of the best stands in London. Apply Lilley's Livery. 46tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

WELFORD BROS., MANUFACTURERS of brooms, twines and cordage. Union label on all brooms. Factory, 381-387 Glebe street. t

OUR CURLY BANGS ARE A GEM FOR hot weather. See them. Combings wanted. Miller's Hair Store, 222 Dundas street.

WATSON & CO., HOUSE MOVERS—Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. Phone 1,221.

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

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

MONEY TO LOAN.

$100 AND UPWARDS TO LOAN ON real estate at 4½ to 5½ per cent. Apply J. W. G. Winnett, barrister, 420 Talbot street. ywt

MONEY TO LOAN—$500,000 PRIVATE and trust funds, on first mortgage, at 5 per cent; also on notes and other security. Tennent & Coleridge, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc., 78 Dundas street. ywt

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN—LOWEST rates. Buchner, Campbell & Gunn, 83 Dundas street.

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO loan at 4¾ and 5½ per cent on real estate security, in sums to suit. No commission charged. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 98 Dundas street, London.

MONEY TO LOAN—LARGE OR SMALL amounts. Casey & Morwood, barristers, 90 Dundas street.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MISS ELIZABETH WALKER TEACHES vocal, piano (harmony and counterpoint, class, private or correspondence), prepares for all examinations, 316 King street. 70tf-ywt

MR. THOMAS MARTIN, TEACHER OF piano. Studio, 283 Dufferin avenue. Lessons resumed Sept. 15. 74tf-wty

ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH—PUPILS received for piano, harmony, sight singing, history. Residence, 781 Richmond, or homes of pupils.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST and choirmaster, St. Andrew's Church. Teaching resumed. Piano, pipe organ, harmony, singing. 640 Wellington street.

ALBERT D. JORDAN, ORGANIST, First Methodist Church—Teacher of piano and organ. Apply between 1 and 2, No. 245 Queen's avenue. Telephone 1,495.

WILL BE SOLD

by public auction, by J. W. Jones, at his auction rooms, 242 Dundas street, London, on Tuesday, the 16th day of September, 1902, at the hour of 2:30 p.m., the stock of M. S. Simpkins, of Bothwell, as follows:

Drygoods	$2,920 18
Hats and caps	106 51
Made clothing	295 96
Millinery	568 86
Groceries	781 82
Crockery	60 42
Wallpaper	233 17
Boots and shoes	836 33
Shop furniture	445 30
	$6,288 49

Terms: One-quarter down, balance 2, 4, 6 and 8 months, approved indorsed paper, interest 7 per cent per annum.

The stock can be seen at any time, and the premises, which are the best in town, can be had. This is an exceptionally good opening. There has been a very large business done.

Immediately afterwards will be offered the store, subject to a reasonable lease to the purchaser of the stock.

Also, at the same time and place, a stock of drygoods, clothing, shoes and books, in the store of the late A. P. Sussex, of Bothwell, amounting to $1,500. Terms, cash.

Stock lists on the premises and with GIBBONS & HARPER, vendor's solicitors, London, Ont. C. B. ARMSTRONG, assignee, London, Ont. 82c-txt

PERSONAL.

INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY LADY, with charming personality, sweet disposition and lover of home, will devote life to kind husband. Sincere, 813 Holland building, St. Louis, Mo. b

Save Money

—AND—

be free from constant worry and annoyance, by buying from us your Trusses, Atomizers, Silk Elastic Stockings, Hot-Water Bags and Rubber Gloves. We guarantee every article we sell. No sale with us is complete until customer is perfectly satisfied.

CAIRNCROSS & LAWRENCE,
Chemists and Druggists,
216 Dundas St., cor. Park Ave.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. BECHER—OFFICE, 348 DUNDAS street. 'Phone 1,484; house, 148. Hours, 10 to 1, 2 to 4, 7 at 9.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M.D., 389 Dundas street. Hours, 12 to 4, 6 to 8. 'Phone 522.

DR. OVENS, M.D., 225 QUEEN'S AVENUE. Eye, ear, nose and throat.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (England). Office, 267 King street. Telephone 839.

DR. BALFOUR, QUEEN'S AVENUE, opposite St. Andrew's Church. Diseases of women and children. 'Phone 22.

DR. ANGUS GRAHAM—OFFICE AND residence, 469 King street. 'Phone 605.

DR. BAYLY HAS REMOVED HIS office to 211 Queen's avenue.

DR. N. R. HENDERSON, 238 QUEEN'S avenue. Eye, ear, throat and nose only.

H. A. KINGSMILL, M.D., M.R.C.S. (England), has resumed practice. Office, 443 Park avenue. 'Phone 200.

DR. MEEK, QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON. Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.C.S. (England). Specialist, surgical diseases only. 439 Park avenue. 'Phone 324.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 360 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office hours, 12:30 to 6 p.m.

DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL.

CUTTING, FITTING AND DESIGNING ladies' costumes. Modern method. Experienced teachers. 223½ Dundas street, London, Ont.

ALICE CALDER STOCK — SOLOIST First Methodist Church. Voice culture, 254 Queen's avenue. Concert engagements accepted. 22tf

ARCHITECTS.

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

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

J. H. TENNANT, VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, 137 King street. Residence and infirmary, corner King and Wellington. Treatment of dogs a specialty. 'Phones 278 and 588.

DENTAL CARDS.

DR. G. H. KENNEDY, DENTIST—Successor to the late Dr. Davis. Specialty, preservation of natural teeth. 178 Dundas street. 'Phone 975.

DR. WESTLAND, DENTIST—CHICAGO post-graduate in Crown, Bridge and Porcelain work. Removed to first floor, Masonic Temple, Richmond street.

WOOLVERTON & BENTLEY, DENTISTS, 216 Dundas street, next Edy Bros., over Cairncross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 228.

McDONALD & CUNNINGHAM, DENTISTS, 183½ Dundas street. 'Phone 702.

BOARDING, ROOMS, ETC.

LARGE FRONT ROOM, WITH BOARD, in private family; conveniences; gentlemen preferred. 584 Talbot street. 86k-wtz

CHEERFUL TONE IN TRADE CENTERS

The Large Crops Stimulate Business.

BIG DEMAND FOR FALL FABRICS

Movement for Next Two Month Likely To Be Larger Than in Previous Years.

New York, Sept. 13.—Bradstreet's review says of Canadian trade:

Business at London continues of fair volume. The jobbers are busy with orders from the country trade and the outlook promises a better movement the next couple of months than experienced in other years at that period. The bountiful crops are stimulating the demand for general goods. Values are firm. Payments are expected to improve soon.

At Hamilton there has been a better inquiry in a good many departments of trade. The outlook for the fall business is very encouraging. The large crops in the west are stimulating the demand for staple goods, and the movement the next couple of months is expected to show an increase over previous years. Values of staple goods are generally firmly held.

At Toronto this week there has been increased activity in many departments as a result of the large number of country merchants in the market. House sales have been very heavy. The conditions of trade are healthy, and increased activity in general trade circles is expected the next two months. Values of staple goods are firmly held and there is little or no price cutting to induce sales. Country remittances are fair for this season.

At Ottawa there has been a good demand for fall goods, and the prospects indicate a continued expansion in the demand till the close of the year.

Wholesale trade at Montreal has been a little more active in some departments. The fact that large crops of grain are now assured is inspiring the retailers throughout the country with much more confidence in the outlook for the fall and winter business, and they are placing liberal-sized and well distributed orders for the fall and winter trade. Navigation is showing more activity, as is usual in the last month or two of the season. The manufacturers are busy. Some spring business has been booked by the mills in cotton goods.

At Quebec the business outlook is reassuring both in wholesale and retail circles. Activity is noticed among the shoe manufacturers and jobbers are beginning to place orders. Payments as a rule are reported fair.

At Pacific coast points there has been a fair movement in wholesale trade. The Klondike trade has been quite active, and the demand from inland towns and mining camps has been active.

At Winnipeg, while unfavorable weather has delayed the harvesting in some sections and had the effect of checking the expansion in trade, there has been a very good demand for staple goods for the fall trade. The jobbers have been busy filling country orders. Labor is wel lemployed. The railways are busy. Payments, which have been a trifle slow as usual at this season, will improve in the near future.

IN THE STATES.

Dun's review: Industrial activity is greater than at any recent date. Many new factories and mills have been added to the producive capacity, facilities are being increased at all plants and idle shops resumed through the settlement of labor controversies. A coke blockade still exists, the railways being unable to handle the output, which is above all records and in urgent request. Crops are being harvested, and the greater abundance of foodstuffs caused a decline in prices of commodities during August of 3.5 per cent. Retail trade is large, with a bright outlook for the future in jobbing and wholesale business. There are few of the cancellations so numerous at this time last year, while collections are improving.

New England producers of boots and shoes are insisting on full prices. Activity for some months is assured at the larger shops, jobbers urging quicker deliveries, and the pressure for early shipment testifies to the low supplies in the hands of dealers. The local jobbing trade is quiet.

Textile mills are well occupied, with prices sustained in all cases, and moderate advances in some cotton goods. With the completion of early orders there has come a quiet market for woolens and worsteds, but mills have large contracts on hand.

Low stocks of wheat and poor grading of receipts, together with fears of frost in corn sections, sustained quotations when a decline would have been imminent if full confidence were placed in official returns of condition. The latest Government statistics point to the largest yields of corn and oats ever harvested, and a wheat crop but twice exceeded. Failures for the week numbered 205 in the United States, against 193 last year, and 22 in Canada, against eighteen a year ago.

British Educationalists Pleased.

Montreal, Sept. 12.—The party of British educationalists which came to this country for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its resources and capabilities, have returned here, after their tour, and intend to sail for England tomorrow by the Parisian. They express themselves pleased with what they have seen of the country. Dr. Erg, of Berkhampstead, Eng., states that the proposed establishment of a training school in the Northwest will be carried out, starting on a small scale, but becoming larger as it demonstrates its usefulness. The pupils of the firm who will come from England will spend two summers on the farm and a winter at the Guelph Agricultural School.

The Gold Exports.

London, Sept. 12.—Regarding the reports of probable gold shipments to the United States, the head of one of the largest arbitrage houses in London said to a press representative today: "There is a considerable American inquiry and a fair amount available for export. I do not think the situation in America is pressing enough to warrant any great export movement. The nominal price in the open market is now about a cent above the bank price, but in the event of American competition for the amount available the price is sure to advance. America's indebtedness to Europe is considerable. The only object of sending gold to New York is to get advantage of the higher interest there. But, personally, I do not think the stringency will continue very long."

THE RUBENS VEST



PATENTED.

The Rubens Vest is the **BEST** undershirt ever devised for infants. No **BUTTONS, PINS, or STRINGS** required. No pulling over the head to worry small children. Its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians for its efficient protection of lungs and abdomen. **For sale by all leading Dry Goods stores.**

THE DEAL NOT YET CLOSED

By Which the G. T. R. Secure the D. and T. Shore Line.

Loss to Shore Line People Will Be About $100,000.

Detroit, Sept. 12.—The deal for turning the Detroit and Toledo Shore Line over to the Grand Trunk Railway now being engineered by W. B. Strang, has not yet been concluded, but it is believed it will undoubtedly go through, says the News. The price fixed in the option is said to be the actual cost of construction plus interest.

The Grand Trunk does not desire to acquire the overhead construction, poles and wires, put up when it was decided to make it an electric line; and made its offer for the road without that portion of its equipment. The cost and interest figured up about $1,625,000. The Grand Trunk offer was $1,400,000.

It appears that H. A. Everett is indorser upon all the securities of the road and liable for the full amount of them. He does not care to stand the entire loss of $225,000 between the option price and the Grand Trunk bid. Neither does W. B. Strang, who holds the option, care to stand the loss.

However, it is said that the Toledo and Monroe line, owned by the Black-Mulkey syndicate, is willing to take the overhead equipment of the Detroit and Toledo Shore line, and a price has been agreed upon between the two lines which will materially reduce the loss to the owners of the latter road, leaving it in round numbers close to $100,000. At present H. A. Everett and Messrs. Walker & Coles, of the Shore line, are in New York trying to conclude the deal. There has been a little delay because W. B. Strang was called suddenly to Kansas City this week by the accidental death of his brother. His option expires tomorrow, it is said, but a brief extension of time will undoubtedly be granted him.

THE POWER OF SONG

May Be Means of Uniting Family in a Michigan Town.

Clare, Mich., Sept. 13.—Mrs. George Hershy, a wealthy farmer's wife, living three miles from this place, has commenced divorce proceedings against her husband, and in the meantime, she is working for him, in his home, at $3 per week, until the matter shall be settled.

A decorator named Comstock, of this city, is doing some paperhanging and painting at the home, and a few days ago he thought that he might be able to get the would-be separatists to call the quarrel off and begin life over again, so he began singing the old familiar song, "Forgive and Forget," and it soon had a good effect, as both parties began to converse in a very friendly manner, and it looks as if they would soon be happily living together again.

WOMAN BURIED ALIVE

Thrilling Experience of Mrs. Sloan, of Kingston, Mich.

Cass City, Mich., Sept. 13.—Mrs. A. H. Sloan, of Kingston, had an experience yesterday that she will never forget. She was one of a committee from the Lady Maccabees appointed to prepare the grave for a departed sister.

Mrs. Sloan descended into the grave to adjust the lining. The lid of the box was being held up by another sister by means of a rope, when one side of the grave caved in, forcing Mrs. Sloan down into the box, the lid closing over her and making her a prisoner. It was a quarter of an hour before she was rescued from the grave, but beyond a few bruises she was unhurt.

Smallpox in Detroit.

Detroit, Sept. 13.—Three new cases of smallpox have been discovered in the home of the Bannish family, 633 Farnsworth street: The family has been removed to the hospital for contagious diseases.

Swallowed His Teeth.

Winsted, Conn., Sept. 13.—Unable to eat food for 25 days, Frederick M. Darrow, a telegrapher, of Norfolk, who swallowed two false teeth on Aug. 15, is wasting away. His condition has become so serious that it pains him to take liquid nourishment of any kind, and unless the obstruction is removed soon he will die.

School of Anarchy.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The announcement is made that a school of anarchy is to be established in Chicago. The plan is styled an "educational propaganda," and includes several unique phases, a Sunday gathering for lectures, weekly business meetings, distribution of literature, Russian tea parties and social gatherings. In this way adherents are expected to be won over. Abraham Isaak, editor of Frei Society, will be "the head professor."

Margaret McKinley's Luck.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 13.—The Telegraph says: Margaret McKinley, a niece of President McKinley and the daughter of Abner McKinley, is a clerk in the State National Bank at Oklahoma City. She is 27 or 28 years old. She has been in the present position for several years, but as a "side line" has dabbled sucessfully in real estate. She began by buying lots in Oklahoma City, paying about $125 apiece. The real estate she bought was in what afterward became a prominent business section, and it is said the young woman made a profit of about $40,000 on these deals.

AFTERNOON SESSION OF THE ROYAL TOBACCO COMMISSION

More Testimony as to Effects of Exclusive Contracts.

Wholesale Grocers Satisfied With Present Conditions.

The sitting of the royal commission, to inquire into the condition of the Canadian tobacco trade, was continued at the county council chamber yesterday afternoon. The commissioner, Judge MacTavish, makes an ideal presiding officer, being pleasant-mannered, courteous and patient. His secretary, Mr. Thos. P. Owens, is a member of the Hansard reporting staff at Ottawa.

HAD BEEN DISSATISFACTION.

Mr. T. B. Escott, of T. B. Escott & Co., was the first witness called. He had, he said, about two years ago signed contracts with the American Tobacco Company and the Empire Company. Since signing the contract Mr. Escott's firm had not handled any Canadian tobacco save that of the Empire Tobacco Company. Prior to the signing of the contract in question there had been much dissatisfaction with the conditions prevailing. Before the signing of the contract, the wholesales were getting as good a profit from the independent concerns as from the Empire Company.

WHOLESALERS MADE PROPOSITION.

To Mr. Campbell, Mr. Escott said that the dissatisfaction referred to was partly because the retailers were getting as good rates from the factories as the wholesalers were. Another reason was the multiplication of factories, necessitating the carrying larger stocks and other lines. The wholesalers had made a proposition, looking to a betterment of affairs, to the Empire Company and the Leamington Company, but only the former company had taken the matter into consideration.

SATISFIED AT PRESENT.

At present, said Mr. Escott, there was general satisfaction among the trade as to the conditions existing. A number of retailers had also told Mr. Escott that they were quite satisfied with things as they are. The increase of factories would not necessary mean increased business for the wholesalers. With an increased output of inferior goods, the demand would decrease.

COMPANIES SELL DIRECT.

The closing of wholesale groceries to the independent companies did not necessarily mean the shutting off of channels of distribution. A number of the smaller jobbing houses are now handling the outside companies' product.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

Mr. John Garvey submitted a statement showing that in the four months prior to the signing of the agreement with the Empire Company his firm had purchased from that company $827 62 worth of tobacco. In the same period the purchases from the other companies were: Leamington Company, $930 68; Erie Company, $127 92; Joliet Company, $134 30; McAlpine Company, $112. Since the signing of the agreement the value of tobacco purchased from the Empire Company totals $9,771 46.

EMPIRE CO. SOLD TO RETAILERS.

Mr. Samuel Screaton, of the Edward Adams Company, was the next witness. He submitted a statement simllar to those already put in, showing the following purchases of tobacco for the five months prior to the signing of the contract: Empire Company, $3,337 69; Wagner-Fenton Company, $2,358 57; McAlpine Company, $154; Dominion Company, $74 50; Joliet Company, $62 59. In the 23 months since the signing of the agreement Adams & Co. purchased from the Empire Company, $18,982 26 worth of tobacco.

Answering a question from Mr. Campbell, Mr. Screaton said there had been dissatisfaction among the trade before the signing of the agreement, partly because of the heavy stocks they had to carry and partly because the factories were selling direct to the retailers. The wholesalers accordingly made a suggestion to the Empire Company along the lines of the contract submitted later by that company.

The Empire Company had been selling direct to the retail trade before the signing of the contract. Mr. Screaton said he knew of only one retailer to whom the company sells now.

DISCOUNT HELD BACK.

Mr. W. J. Portwood, a retail dealer and jobber, was next called to testify. He said he was a consignee of the American Tobacco Company, and had signed a contract with the company. Prior to signing the contract, Mr. Portwood had been handling cigarettes from Houde, Tuckett and the American Tobacco Company. He had signed the contract to get the discount of 10 per cent. If he bought through the wholesaler or jobber he would have to pay the net price. In buying from the American Tobacco Company, the discount is given quarterly. Mr. Portwood understood that the discount was held back to insure the retailer's keeping of his contract. Mr. Portwood said there was a demand for Houde's and Tuckett's goods, but he did not handle them.

To Mr. Campbell, Mr. Portwood said the American Company's goods were most in demand, as 7 out of 10 customers asked for their cigarettes.

WOULD LIKE OPEN MARKET.

Mr. J. F. Nolan, a tobacconist and cigar manufacturer, next took the stand. He handled only the American Tobacco Company's cigarettes in Canadian-made lines. He signed the contract three or four years ago. Prior to the establishment of the Houde and Tuckett companies, Mr. Nolan said he had heard of no contracts. The American Company had told Mr. Nolan that if he did not sign the contract he would have to buy from jobbers, and so would not get the discount.

Asked if he would rather have an open or a closed market, Mr. Nolan replied:

"I suppose I would sooner have an open market. If I could get the same discount and sell the same number of cigarettes."

WANTED THE DISCOUNT.

Mr. Nolan said to Mr. Compbell that he had no contract with the Empire Tobacco Company, because he had never had the chance to sign it.

"Would you like to sign it?" asked Mr. Campbell smilingly.

"Well, I'd want to read it over first," replied Mr. Nolan.

Mr. Nolan said he had signed the contract with the American Tobacco Company because he had considerable jobbing and wanted the big discount.

"Your signing the contract has killed your market for other cigarettes, hasn't it?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"Well, I suppose it has," was Mr. Nolan's reply.

HE HAS NO CONTRACT.

The next witness was Thos. Jenkins, tobacconist. He had not signed the American Tobacco Company's contract, he said, and handled Houde's and Tuckett's goods. He had not been asked to sign the contract with the American Company, but had been asked to consider it. He had a nice trade worked up, he said.

To Mr. Campbell, Mr. Jenkins said that if he thought he could better himself by so doing he would probably sign the American Company's contract.

DOES NOT GIVE A MONOPOLY.

Mr. C. H. Elliott, of Elliott, Marr & Co., presented a statement, showing that for the five months previous to the signing of the agreement with the Empire Company his firm had bought $5,366 24 worth of tobacco from the Empire Company. The purchases from other companies during the same period were: Wagner-Fenton Company, $2,960 48; Erie Company, $193 88; McAlpine Company, $245 60; Dominion Company, $101 80; Joliet Company, $79 78. Since the making of the contract the Empire Company has sold the firm $29,134 76 worth of tobacco.

Mr. Elliott was of opinion that the wholesalers are of opinion that the present condition of the trade is satisfactory, which was not the case before the signing of the agreement.

To Mr. Fleming, Mr. Elliott said he did not think the wholesalers' contracts with the American and Empire companies tended to give these companies a monopoly of the manufacture of Canadian leaf. The other companies go all over the country and sell to the retailers and to jobbers. Mr. Elliott mentioned one instance where a small country storekeeper buys tobacco from an independent company at the same price at which Mr. Elliott's firm formerly bought it.

STOCKED UP HEAVILY.

Mr. E. Masuret, of M. Masuret & Co., wholesale grocers, was the last witness called. His statement showed that from March 1 to Sept. 1, 1900, the firm's purchases of tobacco were as follows: Empire Company, $4,890 07; Wagner-Fenton Company, $2,224 66; Dominion Company, $84 70; McAlpine Company, $411; Joliet Company, $105 65; Erie Company, $329 46. From Sept. 1, 1900, to Sept. 1, 1902, the Empire Company supplied the firm with $24,052 99 worth of tobacco.

Mr. Masuret explained that his firm, and he thought other houses too, had bought large lots of the Wagner-Fenton tobacco just before the signing of the contract. The reason for this was that the independent company gave special inducements for buying in large quantities.

To Mr. Fleming he said that the firm was possibly desirous of having a large stock of the Wagner-Fenton Company's tobacco to be able to fill the orders of the retailers who had been buying the independent companies' tobacco.

Several witnesses had already stated that they still had in stock a portion of the tobacco thus bought before the agreement was signed.

To Mr. Fleming they admitted that possibly they had not been able to dispose of it because the independent companies have been themselves selling direct to the retailers.

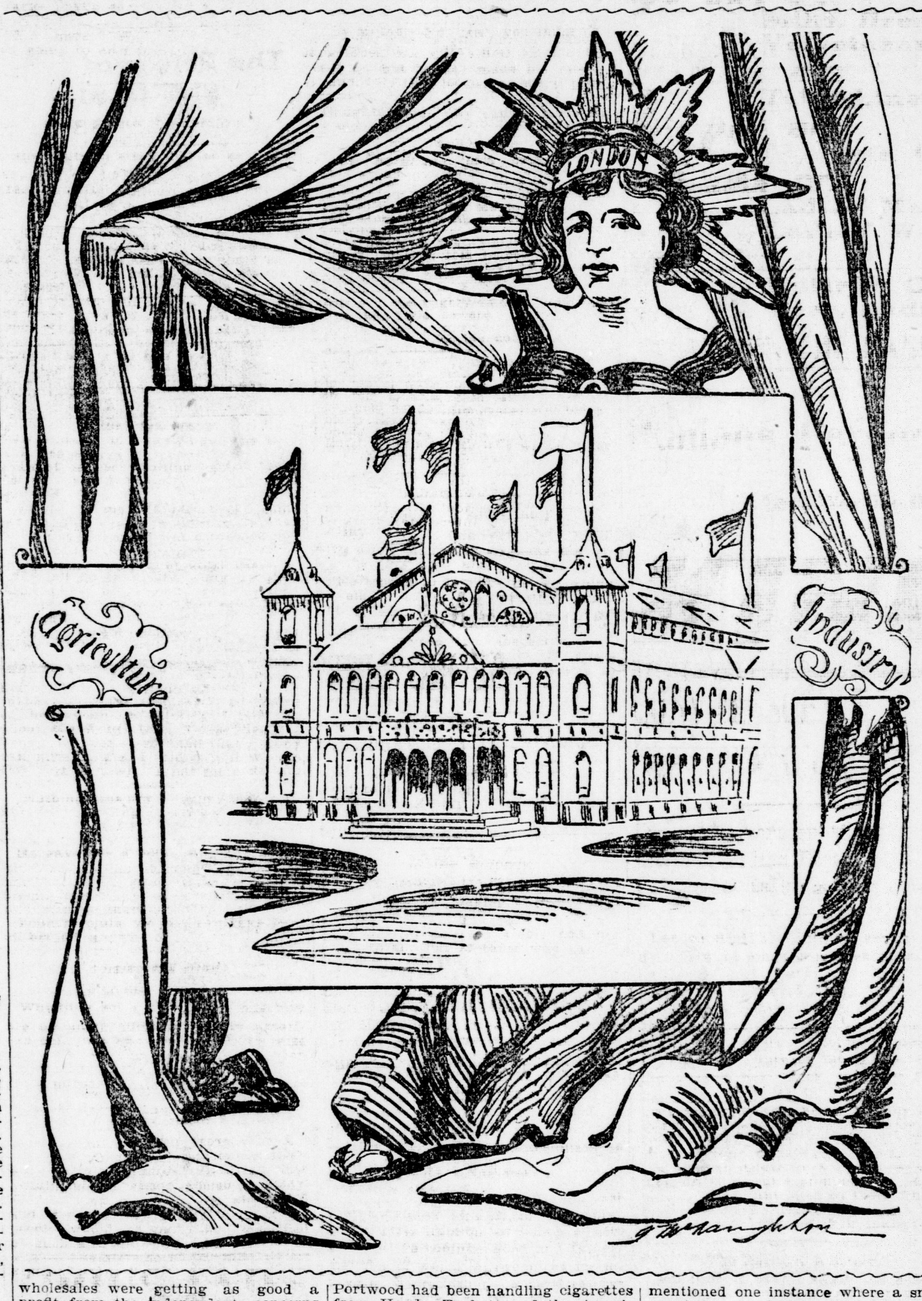
At 5 p.m. the commission was adjourned to meet again at 9:30 a.m. Saturday.

THE SITTING CONCLUDED.

The local sitting of the royal commission was concluded this morning. The only business was the submission by Mr. T. B. Escott of the following statement of purchases of tobacco: From March 1, 1900, to Sept. 1, 1900, Empire Tobacco Company, $3,161 26; Wagner-Fenton Company, $2,511 14; Erie Company, $192 64; Dominion Company, $151 56; McAlpine Company, $105 60. From Sept. 1, 1900, to Sept. 1, 1902—Empire Company, $20,254 04.

WILL MEET IN HAMILTON.

The commissioner, Judge MacTavish, will sit in Hamilton, on Thursday next at 11 a.m. Mr. O. E. Fleming, of Windsor, will represent the independent dealers. He will be assisted by Mr. H. B. Whitton, of the Tuckett Company. Mr. C. S. Campbell, K.C., of Montreal, and Mr. M. B. Davis, president of the American and Empire Companies, will represent those two concerns.



ONE MAN'S CARELESSNESS

Caused the Disastrous Oil Blaze in Beaumont, Tex.

The Fire Still Burning—Damage Over $100,000.

New Orleans, Sept. 12.—A special to the State from Beaumont, Texas, says: The fire in the oil fields is still raging. Higgins' 37,000 barrel tank is burning; Woods' gusher, a shooting volume flame 50 feet high; gas escaping from other wells is burning. The fire has been confined to the Keith-Ward tract, on which all the tanks have been burned. The damage thus far is estimated to be $100,000.

Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 12.—It was discovered today that the fire in the Beaumont old field, which is still burning, was caused by carelessness. A white man, whose name has not been learned, went into the settling tank of the Keith-Ward tract, on Spindle Tow, with a lighted lantern, and an explosion followed. The man escaped with serious burns, but a moment later the tank burst, and blazing oil spread over the Keith-Ward tract, which comprises ten acres. Numerous small wood settling tanks, scattered over the tract, were burned. A blazing ember floated 200 feet into Higgins' Oil and Fuel Company's steel tank, No. 2, holding 3,750 barrels of oil. The oil was ignited and is still burning. The Woods' gusher is ablaze, the well spouting a column of burning oil and gas more than 100 feet in the air. Preparations are now being made to smother out the gusher with steam, as was done in the Jennings field.

ANXIETY AT PEKIN

Resulting From Russia's Delay in Evacuating Manchuria.

Pekin, Sept. 13.—The Chinese Government is disturbed at the determination of Russia to delay the restoration of Manchuria. It claims that Russia promised to evacuate New-Chwang and return the Manchurian section of the Pekin-New-Chwang Railroad when the Chi-Li section of the line was returned by Great Britain. Members of the Imperial Government are frequently in conference with Paul Lessar, Russian minister to China, and are urging upon him the fulfillment of Russia's promises. The refusal of Russia to co-operate in restoring the British section of the Pekin-New-Chwang Railroad is delaying the return of the British section of the line.

Chu-Hung-Cho, the member of the foreign board, who was responsible for the alleged error, as a result of which the likin was declared to have been abolished, has resigned his post because he has been accused of ignorance. The Empress Dowager has refused to accept his resignation.

An Abundance of Blood

Paine's Celery Compound

Cleanses the Vital Fluid, Increases Its Supply, Banishes the Seeds of Localized Diseases and Nourishes Every Important Organ.

The use of Paine's Celery Compound means an abundance of pure, vitalizing blood, a perfect regulating of circulation and the banishment of localized diseases such as insomnia, neuralgia, rheumatism, eczema, salt rheum, blood diseases, running sores and eruptions.

If your sleep is not restful and refreshing, if your spirits are low, if you are morose, melancholic and oppressed with morbid fears, be assured your blood demands instant attention.

Paine's Celery Compound is the one great and never-failing agent for making pure, fresh blood, for nourishing the dominant organs of the body, for recruiting the strength of young and old. Often, very often, a delay of one day proves fatal. Foul and poisoned blood carries death at every beat of the heart. Mr. D. McMahon, Peterborough, Ont., writes thus:

"I have great plesaure in testifying to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound has caused a remarkable change in my condition. I was troubled with a very bad type of eczema on my face and in patches over my body for four years. I was under treatment of three doctors, and tried many remedies, but all proved useless. At last I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and put in Iodide of Potassium as recommended on the label. The one bottle did me so much good that I bought five bottles more, and now am happy to say I am perfectly cured and completely free from the troublesome disease."

Insanity Caused by Tapeworm.

New York, Sept. 13.—After performing an autopsy on the body of Rudolph Haller, a laborer, a coroner's physician had decided that insanity from which Haller suffered and died was caused by a tapeworm 60 feet long. Haller's case puzzled the insanity experts at Bellevue. At times he would fall in what appeared to be an epileptic fit. At other times he would apparently be normal. The autopsy showed that the tapeworm had distended the organs and caused such pressure on the tendons and ligaments connected with the spinal column and spinal cord that the brain was affected.

SEVEN PERSONS WERE POISONED

By Inhaling the Paris Green From Cotton Plants.

A MOTHER'S FATAL MISTAKE

Gave Babe Laudanum Instead of Pepsin — London Township Farmer Killed.

Sydney, C. B., Sept. 13. — Councilor Angus Cameron, of Sydney River, was killed by a train Thursday night. He was walking across the track when the train struck him.

BROKE HIS NECK.

Thorndale, Ont., Sept. 13. — Mr. Fenton Fitzgerald, a highly respected and prominent farmer of London Township, was instantly killed at his home yesterday by falling off a milk stand. It appears he went up on top of the milk stand to empty a can of milk, and when coming down, slipped and fell, breaking his neck.

Judge W. W. Fitzgerald, of Welland, formerly of London, is a brother. A wife, three sons and five daughters survive.

SEVEN POISONED.

Paris, Texas, Sept. 13. — Seven persons are reported dead in the Kiamtia, Indian Territory, from inhaling paris green, which had been applied to worm-infested cotton plants. Owing to dry weather, it is supposed the poison in the form of dust was absorbed by the victims—four men and three women—who were at work in the field.

MOTHER'S TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 13. — Mrs. Ephraim Vilneff, of Tweed, gave her three weeks' old baby laudanum in mistake for pepsin. The mistake was not discovered till the morning. Then the child was dead.

GIRL SOPHS. FOUGHT

Took Active Part in Annual Class Battle at Wittenberg College.

Springfield, O., Sept. 13.—The annual class fight between the freshmen and sophomore classes of Wittenberg College took place here Thursday night. The contest was short but exceedingly hot.

The feminine portions of the class also took an active part. The sophomore girls locked a freshman girl in her room and tied her to a chair. She unfastened the rope, tied it to a window sill and slid down to the ground, badly lacerating her hands. Charles Bowers and Arthur Ruthrauff were carried fom the field in an unconscious condition, but recovered later. It is feared Frank Serviss has received internal injuries from a kick.

FACTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Usually a merchant capable of making a good plan for advertising is also capable of carrying out that plan. But few merchants realize the necessity of any decided plan to give the real success not only in the ordinary running of the business, but in the development of features pertaining to the business which would help the establishment to grow and prosper. There are two ways to run a business. One is to make the best of things as they are, and the other to keep fighting for fore business until greater things develop. It is necessary to adopt the plan which will permit the business to develop.

There is a reason for the price which makes an article especially attractive. There is a reason why the merchant is offering this or that below the figure at which it has been sold in the past. If the reason is reasonable the stating of it will be of interest to the one who reads, and the sale will be surer in consequence.

The man who knows the wants of the people, and has the goods which will appeal to those wants, will have no difficulty in getting people with those wants into his store.

There are more ways of getting customers than by pulling them in by main force. The day of the "roper" is over. The time when values must appeal to the common sense of the individual is influenced by arguments by arguments and reasons rather than by loud talk and fancy phrases. Talk business if you would sell gods.

Last year's advertising won't sell this year's goods, and last year's ideas may not be of value in presenting the new things to those who are seeking or those who would be interested in the stock you have to sell.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Notice—Large stock of goose feathers sold by the pound, iron bedsteads, mattresses, springbeds, children's iron cots, pillow and down cushions, furniture and stoves at the Feather Bed and Mattress Cleaning Factory, 593 Richmond street north. Telephone, 997. J. F. Hunt & Sons.

Buy your Trunks and Bags at Tackaberry's, and get your old ones repaired. All work called for and delivered. Phone 866. 364 Richmond street.

HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Massachusetts courts declare that Capt. Andrews is dead. He sailed, with his bride, for Europe in a fifteen-foot boat on Oct. 6 last from Atlantic City.

ache, sideache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys. t

William Myers was fined $10 in the Woodstock police court for leaving a horse with a broken back on the road all night.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

WHISKARD'S Three Busy Stores
228, 230, 232 Dundas Street

QUALITY IN DRYGOODS

IF everyone were a judge of what is good and what is not good in merchandise, a great many drygoods stores would be out of business. Don't always trust the price; it is very often misleading. If you are a judge of merchandise, look at the goods first, then the price. We are willing that you should try the "Three Busy Stores" that way.

Silk Velvet Department.

We are offering 5 pieces of Black Silk Velvet. We won't say what it's worth. What will interest you will be the price. Note, 25 cents yard.

Gents' and Boys' Underwear

Swings into line this week. These chilly nights and mornings remind you that it is time to change from the lighter weights to the warm, comfortable sorts.

We are ready to help you make the change at prices we are sure will please you.

65 dozen of GENTS' and BOYS' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, wool fleeced lined, regular 50c garment, or $1 the suit; our price will be 30c for each garment, or 60c the suit.

ALL SIZES IN BOYS', FROM SMALL TO LARGE, 60c the suit. SEE THEM IN OUR EAST WINDOW.

Fur Department.

If you want to buy furs right, buy them at the "Three Busy Stores." Cut prices on all lines:

Gray Fur Boas, worth $3 00, for $1 80.
Gray Fur Collarette, worth $3 00, for $1 97.
Black Thibet Ruff, worth $5 00, for $3 29.
Electric Seal Caperine, worth $8 00, for $5 59 each.
Gray Opossum Caperine, worth $6 50, for $3 58 each.

Special Prices For FALL MILLINERY.

Leave your orders. Our work room in full working order.

BATH TOWELS.

20 dozen, regular 12½ cents, for 10 cents each.

Black Moire Skirting, 40 inches wide; you pay 50 cents for this; our price 25 cents yard.

A PERFECT STORE SERVICE.

IMPROVED

Electric Belt

Only $3.



The finest Electric Belt in the world is what I offer you. My improved Belt is superior to any other made. It is not charged in vinegar. It gives a stronger current of electricity than is possible for any "vinegar belt." It is guaranteed for three years. One does for eight persons. It cures Rheumatism, Weak Back, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Losses, Debility and Varicocele. I am practically giving this spendid Belt away on trial, as the price has been put at the lowest possible figure, so that it is within the easy reach of everybody. Our prices are from $3, and there is NOTHING AT ALL TO PAY TILL YOU ARE CURED.

We send absolutely free, to every person writing us, our beautiful illustrated Medical Book, and the best Electric Belt on trial. We offer a better article at a lower price than any other, and all writing us receive immediate and skillful treatment.

What we offer you is this: Our Medical Treatise Free, together with our Best Belt, on fair trial. Remember that our Belt is positively guaranteed to be the strongest made, and it will cure you. Write today. It costs you nothing to try it.

DR. R. A. McDONALD ELECTRIC CO., 2362 St. Catharine St., Montreal, Que.



WONDERFUL!

Never has any other Scotch Whisky introduced into this market been given such a hearty reception as has been accorded

KING EDWARD VII

Extra Special Scotch Whisky.

It has taken like "wild fire."

The sale of other Scotches, in their day considered extraordinary, sink into insignificance compared with the WONDERFUL sale of KING EDWARD VII.

Distilled by Greenlees Brothers, Argylishire, Scotland.

For Sale by J. W. SCANDRETT, London.

Wireless Telegraphy Successful.

New York, Sept. 13.—The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, of America, has received the following message from Marconi: "Perfect message received inside Gibraltar harbor and throughout entire course of Mediterranean tour direct from Poldhu across France, Spain and Alps. All telegrams for king and minister received correctly on tape off Spezia."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

The wall in front of Glasgow Cathedral is built almost entirely of tombstones. It runs from Infirmary Square down to the Bridge of Sighs.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache, and have you dizziness? If so, the stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

CLOSE OF STRIKE CONFERENCE AT GOV. STONE'S RESIDENCE

Mr. Mitchell and Other Mine Officials Present.

NO STATEMENT FOR THE PUBLIC

Differences Were "Discussed With the Best Feeling"—Striking Miners Evicted.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept.13.—At 4:30 this morning the conference at the Executive Mansion between Gov. Stone, President Mitchell and other mine workers' officials came to an end. The following statement was handed to the newspaper correspondents:

"Messrs. Mitchell, Nicholls, Fahey, Duffy, Senator Flin, Col. Richardson and Gov. Stone have been in conference. All the differences have been discussed

WITH THE BEST FEELING."

Gov. Stone and Senator Flinn would not be seen after the conference ending and went immediately to bed. Mr. McMullan, President Mitchell and the three district presidents refused to talk. Each said that all he had to say was contained in the statement. Mr. Mitchell would not even say whether the conference was satisfactory to him.

The national president and Presidents Duffy and Fahey left for Wilkesbarre on the mail train at 4:40 a.m. President Nicholls remained here.

MINERS EVICTED.

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 13. — At Crescent Mines, just above Montgomery, on the Kanawaha River, the constable of that district, by order of the court, has turned the striking miners out of the company houses. A cold rain is falling and finds many families without shelter and with all household effects exposed to the weather.

WHAT OPERATORS SAY.

Tamaqua, Pa., Sept. 13. — Officials of the coal companies state that on Monday two more breakers in this section will be converted into washeries, one in the Panther Creek Valley and another on the outskirts of this place. It is expected that the two plants will ship over one hundred tons of coal a day.

Nearly all the "locals" of the United Mine Workers in this city have held meetings at which the strikers reaffirmed their allegiance to President Mitchell, and pledged themselves to stay out until the coal companies grant concessions, no matter how long it may be.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 12.—A number of local branches of the United Mine Workers in this district, at their regular weekly meetings, have adopted resolutions expressing their intention to remain on strike until ordered back to work by National President Mitchell, or by a convention of mine workers.

STATEMENT BY MITCHELL.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 12. — A committee representing the State Legislative Board of Railroad Employes was closeted with President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, for three hours today. At the conclusion of the conference the committee departed for Philadelphia to consult their attorneys. The following statement was issued by Mr. Mitchell: "Messrs. Milton T. Robinson, William J. Zerby and George W. Coyle, representing the State Legislative Board of Railroad Employes, called upon me and we discussed the advisability of forming a joint legislative board, to be composed of representatives of the railroad men and bituminous and anthracite miners. We also discussed the anthracite coal strike, and the representatives of the railroad men assured us of their co-operation in every manner possible in bringing about an amicable adjustment or in prosecuting the strike to a successful issue."

Indianapolis, Sept. 12. — In response to a message sent by a local paper, John Mitchell, president of the miners' organization, today replied as follows from Wilkesbarre: "There is nothing to indicate an early settlement of the anthracite strike."

IN OHIO.

Murray, Ohio, Sept. 12. — One thousand miners are on strike at Job's mines, in Athens County, over the question of the check-off system. The company have heretofore stood good for the check-off of miners who were behind in their store bills, but they refused to continue to do so longer and the miners went out.

FUND FOR STRIKING COAL MINERS.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Sept. 12. — Not a pound of anthracite coal can be bought in this city at any price. The 19 unions in the city are sending $5 each every week to assist the striking miners. Public sympathy is so strong here that the people prefer to suffer the use of soft coal rather than see the operators win.

STRIKE NOTES.

The strike of the 1,500 employes of the breweries of Boston and vicinity, which occurred last spring, was settled on Thursday. The various agreements between the companies and the men were ratified.

The grain handlers who struck on Wednesday at South Chicago, thereby tying up the work of ten elevators, went back to work Thursday. The demand for recognition of the union was withdrawn.

The police magistrate of Kingston, Ont., has deferred decision to the cases of three striking machinists accused of interfering with the employes of the locomotive works company. The magistrate is desirous of having the strike settled. The strikers were warned shortly after the strike began that picketing was illegal, but they did not desist.

The strike of structural ironworkers employed by the American Bridge Company, in New Haven, and other cities of Connecticut, has been declared off, and interrupted work resumed. The demand of the men for a nine-hour day and a wage-scale of 40 cents an hour has been granted.

IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

MILES OF FOREST RANGES ON FIRE

From British Columbia to the California Line.

SEVERAL PERSONS PERISHED

Mills, Dwellings, Live Stock and a Vast Amount of Property a Prey to Flames.

Everett, Wash., Sept. 13. — Forest fires are raging along the Great Northern road between Skihomish and Wellington. Telegraphic communication between here and Seattle has been cut off. Freight and passenger traffic from the east is at a standstill owing to the burning of a bridge at Alvin, near the Cascade tunnel. The Great Northern is patrolling the line with engines fitted with fire-fighting pumps.

MANY HOMELESS.

Oregon City, Ore., Sept. 13.—Late reports from Springwater state that 60 people are homeless as a result of the forest fire. All of the country known as the Rocky Point section is burning.

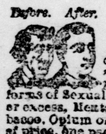
At Springwater the fire has destroyed a church, schoolhouse, Maccabee hall, Orange hall, postoffice, store and many dwellings. The people were forced to flee for their lives. Many horses, cattle and hogs were burned.

The most valuable timber belt in Clackamas County is practically burned out.

Reports from Salmon River state that the McIntyre place has been destroyed and the store, postoffice, a house and barn and 55 tons of hay have been consumed by the flames. Large numbers of live stock were burned to death.

WIDE RANGE OF FIRE.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 12. — Forest fires are burning over the Cascade and cost ranges from British Columbia to the California line, destroying millions of feet of timber, many farm houses, barns and much live stock. Two persons are known to have lost their lives, others are missing and scores are hurrying to places of safety.



Before. After. **Wood's Phosphodine,**

The Great English Remedy.

Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. *Six packages guaranteed* to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in London by C. McCallum & Co., and Andersen & Nelles. ywt

AN ALLIANCE OF BIG LINES

Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt Interests Combine.

COVERING THE EASTERN FIELD

Aim Is to Dominate Traffic From St Louis to Seaboard—Interested Roads

Cleveland, O,. Sept. 13.—The Leader this morning says: A financial alliance has been formed by the two great factors in the eastern railroad field, the Vanderbilt interests and those of the Pennsylvania systems. The working agreement has been close in the past, but it has never come to an allotment of territory and division of property between two big houses such as the new arrangement entails.

The combination grew out of a competitive movement of several months ago. The two big interests were mutually interested in the bituminous coal fields, and in the hard coal fields as well. The Pennsylvania system predominated in the former and the Vanderbilts in the latter. By an understanding the Vanderbilts yielded the soft coal fields to the Pennsylvania system in return for a similar concession on the hard coal from the Pennsylvania.

TO HEAD OFF G. T. R.

The eastern field was threatened by an invasion first by the Goulds and later by the Grand Trunk Railroad. These big financial interests wanted to preserve the territory for themselves and the ties that had been formed by the coal deal were strengthened in the endeavor to protect the eastern field. The interests of the two big houses were growing gradually together, and soon resulted in an understanding such as has been now reached.

A short time ago, just before W. K. Vanderbilt went abroad, Mr. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went to New York to call upon him. This is the meeting of which so much was conjectured at the time, but so little known definitely.

At that time it was agreed to form an offensive and defensive alliance in the east to completely control the situation and exclude all others from that field except the favored members of the alliance.

The organization promises to be the

MOST DOMINEERING

that has ever been formed. The aim of it is to absolutely control the transportation facilities in the territory between Chicago and St. Louis, the great lakes and the Ohio River, and the Canadian boundary, and the Potomac River, through to the Atlantic coast. In that territory they will be subject only to the interference of the interstate commerce commission, and it is their aim to block the progress of every road which tries to invade that territory.

IN THE RING.

The roads included in the combination are the New York Central, Pennsylva, B. and O., Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, Philadelphia and Reading, Lake Shore, Big Four Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, Boston and Albany, Baltimore and Ohio, Southwestern, Pere Marquette, Hocking Valley and Lake Erie and Western.

SEMI-READY Fall - - 1902

"Clothes to be seen in"
"Fit for a King!"
Style and "go" in them.

Canada and the United States have crowned Semi-ready with success.

The best dressed man this Fall will be custom-tailored or "Semi-ready" tailored. You won't be able to tell. The clothes look alike. The prices (Semi-ready) are about half. $12 to $25.

The Semi-ready label is your guide. Small thing to look for; means a whole lot. Samples sent anywhere.

Semi-ready Clothes

Canada and the United States. 16 wardrobes in the Dominion.

LONDON AGENCY—146 DUNDAS STREET.

LOTS OF LOTS FOR HOUSES FOR HOMES

The Great Land Sale of building lots in the new survey . . .

HOME-HURST

begins Saturday, Sept. 13, and ends Saturday, Sept. 27. Positively two weeks only.

The Prices of All Lots for the First Seven Days Only Will Be $112 to $187 on Installment, $4 to $7 Down, Balance $3 to $6 Per Month Without Interest.



A real estate sign is usually a finger-board to wealth. It points out the way clearer than anything else can. The man who misses this opportunity to secure a lot in "HOME-HURST" at first cost and easy terms, fails to read "The Signs of the Times," which indicate a sharp advance in real estate values; and in this locality lots must double in value in two years. Why? Look at all the factories in the immediate vacinity, and more building. Get on the grounds. Look and study the surroundings. It's the greatest chance you ever had to make money without any risk. The only sure investment is in real estate.

Title Perfect--Free Copy Registrar's Abstract--Free Deeds--No Taxes for 1902--No Notes--No Mortgages--No Interest.

City water on each street, ready for immediate use; electric cars; Public and Separate Schools, etc.

Agents on the Grounds Every Day of the Great Land Sale from Noon Until Dark to Locate Lots.

Remember there are only 68 lots, and $4 down secures one. Hence, if you want to be sure of getting one, you had better act at once.

A. A. CAMPBELL, The Realty Dealer.

OFFICES—The Peoples Building' No. 428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

OPEN EVERY EVENING OF THE GREAT LAND SALE FROM 7:30 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Arrival of 228 Canadian Troops Via Steamer Lake Erie.

Quebec, Sept. 13.—The steamship Lake Erie arrived here about 11 o'clock last night. She had on board among her passengers eight officers and 220 troops arriving home from South Africa. There was a few men of the R. C. A. among the returning soldiers. The steamer moored at the breakwater and the troops disembarked and those of them whose homes are in the west proceeded thither.

A SERIOUS MATTER

It Is the Duty of Everyone to Look After the Health and Well-Being of the Body.

A very great deal is being said and written just now about Consumption and the fearful number of fatal cases which occur in Canada during a year. It is very gratifying to note that so many prominent citizens of our country are actively organized to meet and if possible to defeat this monster.

But there is another demon at work in the land whose evil influences are much more far-reaching and whose fatal consequences are more numerous if the statistics could be shown, than even those of Consumption.

Dyspepsia has ruined more lives than any other disease that has ever attacked the race.

There are very few indeed who have entirely escaped from its painful influences.

Infants suffer excruciating tortures through Indigestion, and the days of many an aged man and woman have been rendered miserable by these blighting and destroying influences.

But if the records were investigated it would be found that a comparatively small number of the deaths occurring in our land are charged to Dyspepsia.

This is accounted for by the fact that Dyspepsia, if allowed to go uncorrected, almost invariably brings on some other disease which would never have made its appearance but for the opportunity afforded by the ravages of Dyspepsia.

If the deaths indirectly resulting from Dyspepsia could be shown the number would be appalling.

But no one need suffer with Stomach Trouble. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure it. They have never failed when used according to directions.

Here's Another Opportunity Offered By the Great Northern Railway.

Daily during September and October one way second class tickets will be on sale from all stations in Ontario at greatly reduced rates, to all points on the line of the Great Northern Railway, in Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia.

Full particulars as to above can be obtained by calling on or writing Charles W. Graves, district passenger agent, Great Northern Railway, 6 King street west (Room 12), Toronto, Ont. 13-tues-wtf

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.

Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation.

DR. BARNARDO says:— "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 29th, 1901.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto & Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1897 —— FIVE YEARS' RECORD —— 1902

	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.	1991.
1—Assurance in Force	$1,185,725	$4,169,125	$7,142,625	$8,226,350	$11,236,709
2—Annual Premium Income	32,309	117,877	215,827	315,724	395,170
3—Annual Interest Income	10,987	12,464	27,406	36,272	53,502
4—Total Annual Income	43,387	130,352	243,233	351,996	448,672
5—Total Assets	340,479	677,061	930,443	1,102,092	1,339,804
6—Reserves for Policies and Annuities	38,426	180,761	441,112	597,488	798,785

First and Paramount—Absolute Security to Policy-Holders.

GEO. R. HAMILTON,

Manager Western Ontario, - - - London, Ont.

88g

VISITORS TO EUROPE.

The Corporation of Colonial and General Agencies, Limited.

Agents for the Gordon Hotels, St. Ermin's Hotel (close to Westminster Abbey), and other selected hotels, hydros and boarding establishments in Great Britain.

List of family and commercial hotels to meet the requirements of all travelers.

The agencies offer a free bureau of information as to rates, situation and other particulars.

Accommodation secured and hotels notified of intending arrivals.

All arrangements completed free of charge.

The Corporation of Colonial and General Agencies, Limited.

106 McKinnon Building, Toronto.
6 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.
HEAD OFFICE: 75a Queen Victoria street, London, E. C., England, where visitors are invited to call.

The overflow of the Nile begins in June every year, and lasts until August. During that time the river is a turbulent stream twelve miles wide.

MUCH DISTRESS and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Hotel Normandie,

Broadway and 38th St. NEW YORK

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

Located in the Amusement and Shopping district, the most interesting part of the city.

Twenty principal places of amusement within five minutes' walk of the hotel. Family and Transient Hotel.

CHAS. A. ATKINS & CO

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our inventors' Help, 128 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg., Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

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

London Saturday, Sept., 13.

Discussing a Coalition.

The opposition press is trying to promote the impression that the Government of Ontario is weakening, and is disposed to make overtures for a coalition. This is a very strained interpretation of an editorial in Thursday's Globe. The Globe stated a hypothetical case, suggesting that if the electors of Ontario would not give a working majority to either party, the Legislature would be in duty bound to consider some plan of carrying on the administration of public business, and the question of a coalition should be seriously discussed. This is far from saying that a coalition is inevitable or that the matter has become one of practical politics. We believe it is the intention of the Government, as it is the desire and spirit of the Liberal party, to challenge the Opposition at every point and make an aggressive campaign in the ensuing bye-elections. As a result of these, the strong probability is that the Government will meet the House with a comfortable majority at its back. If neither side should have a sufficient margin to work on, it will rest entirely with the sense of the Legislature as to what will be the best course to pursue, not for the advantage of either party or both, but for the public interests. Meanwhile no Liberal is advising a coalition or thinking of surrender.

Scarcity of Male Teachers.

There are many complaints that male teachers for the public schools are difficult to get, and the comparatively small number qualifying at the Normal Schools does not promise any relief. The explanation is very simple. The average salary of male teachers in the public schools is less than $400 per year. Only a very limited number can hope to reach $1,000 a year, which is perhaps the average salary of the principals in the cities, and some of the larger towns. The result is that the ambitious young man usually makes public school teaching a mere stepping-stone to some more remunerative occupation, and has no incentive to put all his energy and talent into work which he does not regard as a finality. The niggardly scale of salaries for both men and women teachers in many of the rural districts is putting a stigma on one of the noblest of the professions. The education of the young is the most important function of the state, and in this case it would seem to be the duty of the state to interfere, as it has done in other departments of human activity, to modify the law of supply and demand when its unrestrained working is injurious to society. It is a disgrace that some school boards have actually gone to the length of inviting competition among applicants for a position, knocking it down, like a Dutch auction, to the lowest bidder.

The department of education requires certain qualifications from teachers, but if starvation wages are allowed to prevail, it must tend to lower the standard of efficiency, because ambitious and capable young men and women will avoid the profession. Mr. John Millar, deputy minister of education, suggests as a remedy that the Government grants to public schools should be partly proportioned to the teachers' remuneration, as a financial encouragement to pay good salaries. The theory is good, but in practice it might discriminate in favor of the richer schools. No doubt the Government would be glad to co-operate with the municipalities in devising some plan to redress the evil.

"A White Australia."

"A White Australia," is the watchword of a general labor movement in the Commonwealth, the object being not only to exclude Asiatics, but all persons, white or black, who are willing to work for less than the Australian standard of wages. The Immigration Restriction Act became law at the end of 1901, and provided that no person shall be allowed to land in Australia who "when asked to do so by an officer (the world officer being defined as meaning an officer specially appointed or any customs officer) fails to write out at dictation, and sign in the presence of the officer, a passage of 50 words in length in an European language directed by the officer." An Australian correspondent of the London Times points out that if this means anything it means that any customs officer can confront any person on board any ship and ask him to write out 50 words in any European language which the officer chooses to direct; if the stranger is obviously a Frenchman, he can be asked to write his dictation in Turkish. The only exemptions are Australians who have been away and are returning to their native shore, ambassadors, soldiers and men of the royal navy, and crews of trading vessels during their stay in port. Any other persons found at large in Australia contrary to the provisions of the act can be sentenced to six months' imprisonment, or fined £50. Regulations have been issued under the act whereby residents of Australia leaving home are advised to be photographed in four different positions before leaving, so that they may be identified when they wish to return.

This act is now being enforced against Hindus and Japanese; and if any large numbers of cheap European, or even English, laborers began to make their appearance there would be an outcry to have it enforced against them. A labor member of the Queensland Parliament when interviewed on the views of his party in regard to the act, stated: "We don't object to any white people. Germans and Frenchmen make good colonists, and the orders to the customs officers are not to enforce the act against any but Asiatics; but if we chose we could trip up a Cambridge B. A. on that act." The Times correspondent says a question may arise how far the legislation excluding Hindus and other British subjects is valid, but the vast numbers of Asiatics and their nearness to Australia makes an Asiatic invasion quite a possibility. Australians have not forgotten how, in the days of the Palmer goldfields, Chinese came down in thousands, 20,000 of them landing in a few months. The Government of Queensland sought to put a poll tax of £10 per head on them, to be returned when they left the colony, but this scheme was vetoed by Lord Carnarvon. The problem was solved by quarantining all vessels from China, and the premier of the day, the Hon. John Douglass, had 4,000 Chinese at one time in quarantine on an island outside Cooktown. That stopped the influx, and the lesson has not been forgotton. At the present time the town of Cairns in Northern Queensland is dominated by Chinese, who live in hundreds in little galvanized houses like rabbits in a warren. Lotteries and gambles are carried on openly all day. Chinese, Kanaka and half-bred children play about the streets. This town, which is the center of a very rich district, and which might be the business and social center for a lot of farmers, is commercially stagnant. The Japanese sends his money out of the country, the Kanaka spends his with Chinese boardinghouse keepers and shopkeepers, and they send it away. White storekeepers can do no business, and white workingmen can get little to do. The Times' correspondent adds:

"If the labor party's socialistic theories break down, as seems quite possible, there will be reaction. But such is the fear and dislike of the Asiatic in Australia that the reaction will never go to the extent of repealing the laws against colored aliens. The white Australia cry is not a labor party cry exclusively. It will in emergency be found a national cry. The exclusion of white people is another matter altogether. While work is scarce in Australia there will always be a tendency to look askance on possible competitors for employment; but with a population of one person to the square mile it is hardly sane policy for Australia to talk of closing her doors to the rest of the world.

If the Boers do not get all they want, it will not be for want of asking.

The average Ontario man is more concerned about coal than coalitions.

It was hard on Toronto, but it was just as well to get this rain over before the Western Fair.

The combination of the great meat packing interests of the United States will take place this month, and will be next to the steel trust in magnitude. It will be able to squeeze the cattle raisers at one end and the meat eaters at the other.

By and by there may be something more than conjecture about the fast Atlantic service. One day it is a passenger, next day a freight service, then a combination. The speed has varied from 18 knots to 25. Halifax, St. John, Sydney, Quebec and Montreal—each has been the Canadian port in turn.

The Manitoba Government has caused the Canadian Northern Railway to restore its old tariff on goods distributed by wholesalers from Winnipeg, the rates on which were raised early in August. The Government had promised a reduction of rates, as a result of its railway legislation, and the increase caused such a protest that it could not afford to ignore public opinion. "The result," says the Winnipeg Free Press, "is a rather striking illustration of the value of publicity as an agency in controlling governments and corporations."

The Ontario Municipal Association took up the assessment question and left it pretty much where it found it. The association favored the retention of the personalty tax, but suggested no means of levying it on the vast amount of intangible property which always will escape under the present system. It was recommended that the merchants should be taxed on their net income, the amount of which they should be required to swear to, and which could be ascertained by examination of their books. The merchant can be made to pay up, but the man with stocks, or bonds, or money in the bank is not so easily caught. It is these inequalities that make the personalty tax a farce and put a premium on evasion and downright dishonesty. The resolution of the association against municipal bonuses showed the right spirit.

The work of reconstruction is proceeding smoothly in the Orange River Colony, according to a London Times correspondent. He writes from Bloemfontein as follows:

"It is amazing, on returning here after a stay in the Transvaal, to note the progress made and the utter absence of any race bitterness. Everybody is apparently determined to settle quietly down and obliterate as far as possible all bitterness arising from the war. On every side one sees evidences of progress, but it is nowhere more noticeable than in the work of the land settlement which is ably conducted by Major Apthorpe. The method adopted is to encourage in every way men with capital anxious to become owners, as well as farmers, without any farm advertising. There are 3,962 settlers available, whose capital for the purchase and stocking of farms amounts to £1,371,000. Among the applicants are military officers, yeomen, Australians, farmers with Argentine experience, colonials and Dutch who fought on our side. They are all waiting for the exact terms of land settlement which have now been approved and are being published.

..Poems the World Has Read..

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

[Sir Walter Scott.]

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges,
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Had Solved the Problem.

[Washington Times.]

George—Women are still pushing their way into all industries.

Jack—That's so. I've just been discharged to make way for a woman."

"You have? Well, well, what are you going to do now?"

"I am trying to marry the woman."

A Resolute Woman.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Conductor," said the elderly woman in the youthful straw hat as she paid her fare, "I want to get off at the street Mrs. Rebecca Isinglass lives on. I've forgotten the name of it, but there's a drug store on the corner, kept by a man named Johnson."

"I don't know any such woman, ma'am," replied the conductor, "and we pass 40 corners where there are drug stores."

"But it's in this part of town, and she lives in a two-story brick house about six doors from the corner. She's a woman with a double chin, and she always travels on this line."

"I don't doubt that, ma'am, but I don't know where she lives or anything about her."

"I think that's mighty strange. She's got a sister that teaches in the Kershaw school, and I've told you the kind of house she——"

"Don't know a thing about her, ma'am. You'll have to tell me the name of the street or——"

"Seems to me the street car company ought to employ conductors that know something. If you can't tell me where to get off give me my money back and I'll take some other car."

"I can't do that. I've rung up your fare."

"Going to cheat me out of my nickel, are you?"

"Certainly not, ma'am. You ought to have told me where you wanted to stop."

"I did tell you, sir. If you didn't know where to let me off you ought to have said so. I told you the name of the woman I'm hunting, I told you about the drug store, I described the house she lives in so plain that nobody can miss it, and I told you it was in this part of town. What more do you want?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said the conductor, weakening. "Here's your nickel. I'll pay it out of my own pocket. You're too many for me."

He gave her a coin, rang the signal to stop, and his passenger got off at the next crossing, where she stationed herself to wait for a car with a more intelligent conductor.

Your resolute woman can take care of herself anywhere.

Raising the Wind.

[Hamilton Herald.]

Whistling solos during the offertory are becoming quite popular in American churches. Sailors whistle to raise the wind. No doubt whistling has been introduced in the churches for the same purpose.

A Hint for Theaters.

[Kingston Whig.]

How would it do if Greece's idea were finally adopted, and public entertainments were labeled "good," "bad," "very bad," "fit for anybody," and "for men only?" The tastes of the people would be curiously classified by such a law.

THOUSANDS CURED



Hay Fever,
Hay Asthma,
Bronchitis,
Consumption

CATARRHOZONE.

Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Claremont, says:

"For two months of every year I have been for ten years a sufferer from Hay Fever, and after a long experience with different remedies, I am convinced that Catarhozone is the only absolute cure. It cured me, and I know of many other chronic sufferers in this locality that were similarly benefited. I can conscientiously recommend Catarrhozone as an absolute specific."

Catarrhozone is a powerful, penetrating germicide that instantly destroys the Hay Fever germ. It is pleasant and perfectly safe to use. We guarantee permanent cures, and will refund the money if it fails. Complete two months' treatment costs $1, or trial size 25 cents. Sold by druggists and N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Its Joys.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"There are just two things I like about a vacation," remarked Uncle Jerry Peebles; "the goin' away and the gittin' back."

Good Old Ontario.

[Ottawa Journal.]

"Don't overlook the fact that good old Ontario refuses to take second place even to Manitoba as an agricultural province."—Hamilton Herald.

Well, rather not. The Ontario field and dairy product this year will be worth about two hundred million dollars more than that of Manitoba.

Work Done Quickly.

[Town Topics.]

The Mother—No, dear, you must not consider him. He may be very wealthy, but he has made his money so suddenly that he has no social position.

Daughter—But why can't I wait for six months?

The Grand Old Doctrine.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Come, stand up for the doctrine
Put forth by great Monroe;
Let's flaunt it to the nations,
Defying every foe!
Shout, shout, with all your might
From every mountain height,
The doctrine that is given to our care;
From all the marts and mills,
And all the vales and hills,
Send forth a mighty chorus bidding all
the world beware.

Come, rally 'round the doctrine,
And let defiance fly
To all the greedy countries
That o'er the ocean lie;
Hip, hip, now let 'er go;
"Monroe, Monroe, Monroe!"
We hold his doctrine sacred still today;
Nobody says we shan't,
Nobody says we can't—
But it's harmless, so let's whoop it for
the doctrine anyway!

"Admitted Free."

[Baltimore American.]

"Have you any articles of value with you?"asked the customs inspector.

"Nothing," answered the returning traveler, "except a wealthy grass widow, whom I expect to marry as soon as I land."

"Well," mused the inspector, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "I guess you can take her through. Seems to me she will come under the classification of baled hay, and that is free."

She Got the Latest.

[Tit Bits.]

Mrs. Style—I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style.

Shopman—Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes. The fashion is just changing.

In the Minority.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"Is this the managing editor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you'd kindly add my name to the list of those who cannot settle the coal strike."

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

Success of Scheme in the Case of Glasgow.

Cleared Over Half a Million Dollars on Street Railway.

London, Sept. 13.—Glasgow had last year a balance of £117,388 from horse and electric traction, of which £12,500 went to the common good and the remainder of which was required for interests, depreciation, general reserve and sinking fund. Liverpool had a balance of £147,056, of which £16,045 was available for the relief of taxpayers. Leeds had a gross profit of £61,797, and a surplus of £31,058, after payment of sinking fund and interest £21,058 being applied for the relief of rates. Sheffield had a working balance of £48,657, and £10,000 was transferred from the surplus account in relief of rates. The gross profits of other towns are: Bradford £6,989, Aberdeen £8,769, Blackburn £12,423, Dover £2,948, Blackburn £12,423, Dover £2,948, Halifax £9,076, Southampton £11,940, and Hull £23,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's" Soothing Syrup.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

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

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

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.
Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

Pay Your Money and Take Your Choice

YOU HOLD THE OPTION! Do you prefer buying goods purchased on the basis of One Hundred Cents on the Dollar, or goods of Equal Quality bought at Fifty-five Cents on the Dollar?

55 Cents This is the price at which the Stock of the Departmental Store of

Runians, Carson, McKee Co., AMOUNTING TO

Sixty-Seven Thousand Four Hundred and Sixty Dollars

WAS BOUGHT BY

$67,460 KINGSMILL.

YOU CAN GET Glassware, China, Crockery.
YOU CAN GET Groceries of all kinds.
YOU CAN GET Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Lace Curtains, Tapestry Curtains, Window Shades.
YOU CAN GET Boys' and Mens' Clothing, Underwear, Shirts, Collars and Ties.
YOU CAN GET Silks, Dress Goods, Mourning Goods, Velvets, Velveteens, etc.
YOU CAN GET Table Linens, Sheetings, Napkins, Towelings, Towels.
YOU CAN GET Blankets, Comforters, Quilts.
YOU CAN GET Ladies' Made-up Costumes, Ladies' Mantles, Ladies' Waterproofs, Ladies' Capes.
YOU CAN GET Hoisery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, Children's Underwear, Ladies' Underwear.

ALL ON THE BASIS OF FIFTY-FIVE CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

THE PLACE.
Runians, Carson, McKee Stand, 208-210 Dundas St.
THE TIME.
Each Working Day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturdays Until 10 p.m.
QUICK SERVICE.

KINGSMILL'S

CONVALESCENCE NOW COMPLETE

Official Report on the King's Health—Has Been Deer-Stalking.

London, Sept. 13.—With the arrival of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Balmoral, his majesty's convalescence is officially declared to be complete. The fact that the King had already indulged in deer-stalking, and is now busy with grouse driving, coupled with the departure of the Queen for Copenhagen next week, indicates the confidence of those in attendance on his majesty that his health is fully restored. Indeed, the King is enjoying better health than for years. The yachting tour of their majesties around the English and Scotch coasts was a lazy, drifting cruise, stopping at many spots hitherto unvisited by them. Their reception everywaere demonstrated the personal popularity of their majesties.

The Renewal a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is the time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

ton and Sarnia Township Union Show will be held on Friday, Oct. 3, not Oct. 5, as the press of the province have quite generally published.

Idle Money Let Loose.

Washington, Sept. 13. — Secretary Shaw has made arrangements to release about $4,000,000 of the treasury holdings. He has had a list prepared of those national banks throughout the country which held free or unplaced bonds at the date of their last report and has made inquiry for others. After making allowances for changed conditions since last report he expects this will release at least $4,000,000. He will also anticipate the October interest, amounting to about $4,200,000.

The Evils of Constipation.

This dangerous condition causes sick headache, abdominal piles, and in severe cases insanity and apoplexy. The most agreeable and satisfactory remedy is Ferrozone, which makes the bowels so well ordered that natural and unassisted action is established. It is mild and certain in action, and never causes distress or inconvenience, and may be taken as long as required. Pains in the stomach and intestines, piles, biliousness and headache disappear at once when Ferrozone is used. Recommended and sold by druggists, price 50c. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

No Pills Like Dr. Hamilton's

The fall assizes open at Sandwich next Monday, Chief Justice Falconbridge presiding. There are no criminal cases on the docket, and the judge will be presented by the sheriff with a pair of white kid gloves, in accordance with an old custom of English law.

SPECIALIST
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.
Albert Wesley Kahle, M.D.,
190 DELAWARE AVE.,
OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
SUNDAYS: 2 to 4 p.m.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Astf

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

Excursions to
BRITISH COLUMBIA
CALIFORNIA,
MONTANA,
WASHINGTON,
UTAH,
—VIA—
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."

during September and October at very low rates.

Particulars at the city ticket office, 395 Richmond street, or depot, corner Clarence and Bathurst streets. Telephone 205.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. and T. A.
JOHN PAUL, City Pass. Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Western Excursions

Sept. 25th, 26th, 27th, 1902.

From London to Port Huron, Mich.	$1 95
Detroit, Mich.	2 50
Saginaw, Mich.	4 20
Bay City, Mich.	4 30
Grand Rapids, Mich.	6 15
Cleveland, Ohio	5 00
Columbus, Ohio	7 50
Cincinnati, Ohio	10 00
Chicago, Ill.	9 25
St. Paul, Minneapolis, Minn.	35 40

Valid to return until Oct. 13, 1902.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

Round trip tickets to points in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan,

$28.00 to $40.00.

Going Sept. 16, returning good until Nov. 16, 1902. Further particulars from agents. E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A.; C. E. HORNING, ticket agent, station.

Low Rates Via
Missouri Pacific Railway

to California, Oregon and Washington, daily during September and October. Free reclining chair cars. Cafe dining cars. Personally conducted tourist sleeping car parties, three times per week.

For information, etc., address BISSELL WILSON, D. P. A., 111 Adams street, Chicago, Ill. H. D. ARMSTRONG, T. P. A., 32 Campus Martius, Detroit, Mich.

71bh

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL, via Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE: First cabin, $55 and upwards; second cabin, from $35; third class, $25 and $26.

NEW YORK to GLASGOW and Londonderry: First Cabin, $45 and upwards; second cabin, $32 50; third class, $25.

London Agents: E. De La Hooke. W. Fulton. F. B. Clarke.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Will be run on SEPT. 16th, returning until Nov. 16, 1902.

RETURN FARES TO

Winnipeg, Waskada, Estevan, Elgin, Arcola, Moosomin, Wawanesa, Miniota, Binscarth, Grand View, Swan River — $28

Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton — $30

Prince Albert, Macleod, Calgary — $35

Red Deer, Strathcona — $40

From all points in Canada, Azilda, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and east.

Tickets not good on "Imperial Limited."

For pamphlet giving further particulars apply to the nearest Canadian Pacific agent, W. FULTON, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, London, Ont., A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

THE ROUTE OF

Canada's Famous Train..... The "Maritime Express.

Leaves Montreal 12 noon, daily, except Saturday, for Quebec, St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys.

Moose Season
Opens Sept. 15,
in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Toronto Office,
10 King Street West.

WHITE STAR LINE.
United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
New York, Queenstown and Liverpool

TEUTONIC SAILS SEPT. 17.
CYMRIC SAILS SEPT. 19.
OCEANIC SAILS SEPT. 24.
MAJESTIC SAILS OCT. 1.
CELTIC SAILS OCT. 2.
GERMANIC SAILS OCT. 8.

Saloon rates from $75 up. Second saloon from $45 up, according to steamer and accommodation. Third class rates to Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Derry, $28 and $29 50.

Accommodations for all classes of passengers unexcelled.

E. DE LA HOOKE, CLOCK CORNER, Sole Agent for London.

THE MARKETS

THE LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Sept. 13.

Wheat, old, per bu			72c to 75c
Wheat, new, per bu			64½c to 66c
Oats, new, per bu			30½c to 31½c
Oats, old, per bu			45½c to 45½c
Corn, per bu			44c to 45 9-10c
Peas, per bu			75c to 80c
Barley, per bu			52c to 80c
Beans, per bu			70c to 80c
Wheat, old, per cwt	$1 20	@	$1 25
Wheat, new, per cwt	1 08	@	1 10

The market was late getting down to business today, and the attendance of farmers was not as numerous as was expected, as there will be no market here on Wednesday or Thursday of next week, owing to the fair. Today's market was expected to be an unusually large one, and grocers and others were intending to lay in a supply to last till next Saturday, but they were unable to secure sufficient for that purpose. Tuesday's market, therefore, should be a satisfactory one for the farmers.

Grain—New oats were in large supply, at 88c for a few loads of inferior grade, and 90c to 92c per cwt for good. New wheat sold at $1 08 to $1 10 per cwt for good, and $1 05 for sprouted. Old oats sold at $1 05 to $1 10 per cwt.

Hay and Straw—Seventeen loads of hay sold at $8 to $8 50, and in one instance $9 50 per ton was paid; the demand was good; sales were made as soon as the hay had been weighed on the city scales. Straw is in fair demand, at $5 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was slightly stiffer in price, at 14c to 15c per lb for crocks, and 16c to 17c for pound rolls. Eggs in good demand, at 14c for basket lots.

Vegetables—Potatoes were particularly scarce, at 80c per bag, and not sufficient offered to meet the demand. Tomatoes scarce at 30c to 35c per 20-lb basket. Turnips, 25c to 30c per bu. No change in prices of other vegetables.

Fruits sold at the following prices: Apples, 25c to 40c per bu; pears, 50c, 60c and 70c per bu; plums, 40c to 60c per 12-quart basket; peaches, for the same-sized baskets, were held at 40c to 60c for yellow and 25c to 70c for Crawfords; grapes sold at 20c to 50c per basket.

Poultry was exceedingly scarce; by noon all of the offerings had been sold at prices quoted.

Dressed Hogs—There were quite a few on sale, selling mostly at $9 per cwt.

Live Hogs—The price for Monday next will be $6 75 per cwt for choice hogs of 160 to 200 lbs; the market is weak, and prices may go lower; small hogs sold at $5 50 to $7 50 per pair.

Oats, new, per cwt	90	@	92
Oats, old, per 100 lbs	1 05	@	1 10
Peas, per 100 lbs	1 10	@	1 40
Peas, per 100 lbs	1 20	@	1 20
Barley, per 100 lbs	1 10	@	1 25
Beans, per bu	70	@	80

LIVE HOGS AND CATTLE.

Hogs, selects, per cwt	6 75	@	6 75
Hogs, small, per pair	5 00	@	7 50
Stags and sows, per cwt	2 00	@	4 50
Fat cattle, per cwt	5 50	@	6 00

FRUITS.

Plums, per 8-quart basket	30	@	40
Plums, 12-quart basket	40	@	60
Pears, per bu	50	@	75
Peaches, per 12 quarts	40	@	65
Currants, black, per box	10	@	10
Thimbleberries, per box	8	@	8
Peaches, per 12 quarts	30	@	40
Apples, per bu	25	@	40

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, new, per bu	40	@	50
Tomatoes, per lb	1½	@	1½
Beets, per doz bunches	20	@	20
Celery, per doz	40	@	40
Cauliflowers, per doz	40	@	70
Carrots, per doz	20	@	20
Green onions, per doz	15	@	20
Lettuce, per doz	15	@	20
Radishes, per doz	15	@	15
Sage and savory	20	@	25
Parsley, per doz	15	@	20
Green peas, shelled	10	@	15
Green beans	3	@	3
Cucumbers, per doz	10	@	15
Cabbage, per doz	25	@	40
Green corn, per doz	8	@	10

DRESSED POULTRY.

Ducks, per pair	60	@	80
Turkeys, per lb	11	@	11
Spring chickens, per pair	50	@	80

HIDES AND SKINS.

Hides, No. 1, per lb	7	@	7
Hides, No. 2, per lb	6	@	6
Hides, No. 3, per lb	5	@	5
Wool, unwashed, per lb	6	@	7
Wool, washed, per lb	13	@	13½
Tallow, rough, per lb	3	@	3½
Tallow, rendered, per lb	5	@	5½
Sheepskins, each	20	@	20
Lambskins, each	25	@	25
Calfskins, No. 1, per lb	8	@	8

HAY AND SEEDS

Hay, per ton	8 00	@	9 00
Straw, per ton	5 50	@	6 00
Clover seed, red, per bu	4 50	@	5 00
Clover seed, alsike, bu	9 00	@	9 50
Timothy seed, per bu	2 50	@	3 50
Hungarian seed, per bu	65	@	70
Millet seed, per bu	60	@	70

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, per roll, baskets	16	@	17
Butter, crock, per lb	15	@	16
Eggs, doz, basket lots	14	@	15
Eggs, per doz, new-laid	15	@	15
Honey, strained, per lb	10	@	10
Honey, in comb, per lb	13	@	13

MEATS.

Dressed hogs, per cwt	8 75	@	9 00
Beef, by the carcase	5 00	@	6 00
Beef, by the quarter	6 00	@	8 00
Old hens, per pair	65	@	85
Spring chickens, per pair	50	@	75

UNDRESSED POULTRY.

Spring chickens, per pair	40	@	50
Old hens, per pair	50	@	60
Ducks, per pair	50	@	60
Turkeys, per lb	8	@	9
Veal, quarter, per lb	5	@	7
Mutton, carcase, per lb	6	@	8
Spring lamb, per lb	10	@	11

SALT Liverpool, Windsor, Goderich.
Sacks, Barrels, Bags.
Dairy, Packers', Ice Cream, Ordinary
A. M. HAMILTON & SON,
Wholesale and Retail.

DAIRY MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 12.—Butter—Steady; receipts, 4,007 pkgs; creamery extras, per lb, 22c; do, firsts, 20½c to 21½c; do, seconds, 18½c to 20c; do, thirds, 16c to 17½c; state dairy tubs, fancy, 20½c to 21c; do, firsts, 19c to 20c; do, seconds, 17c to 18c; do, thirds, 15½c to 16c; western imitation creamery, finest, 17½c; do, fair to good, 16c to 17c; do, lower grades, 15c to 15½c; renovated, fancy, 17c to 17½c; do, common to prime, 15c to 16½c; western factory, June make, 18c to 19½c; do, current make, firsts, 16c; do, seconds, 15c; do, to, 15c. Cheese—Receipts, 2,283 boxes; thirds, 14c to 14½c; packing stock, 13½c steady; state full cream, small colored and white, fancy, 10½c; do, choice, 10¼c to 10¾c; do, fair to good, 9½c to 10c; do, common, 8½c to 9c; do, large colored, fancy, 10c to 10¼c; do, white, fancy, 10c; do, choice, 9¾c to 9¾c; do, good to prime, 9¼c to 9½c; do, common to fair, 8½c to 9c; light skims, small choice, 8½c to 8¾c; do, large choice, 8¼c to 8½c; part skims, prime, 7½c to 7¾c; do, fair to good, 6c to 7c; do, common, 4c to 5c; full skims, 2½c to 3c. Eggs—Steady; receipts, 3,340 cases; Jersey, state and Pennsylvania, fancy selected white, 23c; do, average best, 22c; do, good to prime, 20c to 21c; do, uncandled, northerly sections, 17c to 20c; do, southerly sections, 16c to 19c; Kentucky and southern, 15c to 15c; dirties, 18c to 17c; checks, 12½c to 14c; refrigerators, spring packed, choice, 20c to 20½c; do, summer packed, 18c to 19½c.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 12.—Sugar—Raw steady; fair refining, 3c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3½c; molasses sugar, 2¾c; refined steady. Molasses—Firm.

LONDON.

London, Sept. 12.—Raw sugar—Muscovado, 7s; centrifugal, 7s 6d; beet sugar, Sept., 6s.

AMERICAN MARKETS

TOLEDO.

Toledo, O., Sept. 12.—Wheat—Active but easier; cash, 74c; Sept., 74c; Dec., 72¾c; May, 73¾c. Corn—Active and firm; cash, 62c; Sept., 62c; Dec., 42¾c; May, 40¾c. Oats—Dull and easier; Sept., 31¼c; Dec., 31¼c. Cloverseed—Active and strong; Oct., $5 62½; Jan., $5 45. No. 2 timothy, $1 80. Rye, 52½c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—A killing frost in the half corn belt routed the grain pits today. While corn shorts were largely prepared for this sort of news, there was a good upturn in the coarser grain early, and a good and active business was done. Principally in sympathy with corn advance, wheat made fair early gains. The outside situation, however, was weak. Warmer weather was predicted, and while some of the corn was reported damaged, 50 per cent longs in general took profits. Most of the corn gain was lost, and wheat under pressure closed weak. In the end September and December wheat both lost ⅝c. September and December corn gained ¼c, and December oats lost ⅛c. Provisions closed 5c to 7½c and 20c to 22½c higher. Local receipts of wheat were 255 cars, 7 of contract grade; Minneapolis and Duluth reported 631 cars, making a total of 887 cars, against 559 last week and 1,144 a yfear ago. Oats had only a small share of the interest today; there was no prominent feature, and the small advances early were purely sympathetic. There was a small demand for cash stuff. Prices closed easy. Receipts were 218 cars, 8 of contract grade. Provisions ruled strong under the influence of the advancing hog market. On the rise there was considerable selling, which caused some reactions. The trade was good at times, though principally local. Estimated receipts for tomorrow: Wheat, 175 cars; corn, 215 cars; oats, 195 cars; hogs, 10,000 head.

The leading futures closed: Wheat—Sept., 73¼c; Dec., 69c to 69⅛c; May, 70¼c. Corn—Sept., 60c; Oct., 54⅛c; Dec., 43⅞c to 44c; May, 41¼c. Oats—Sept., 34⅜c; old, 26¼c; Dec., 31½c; old, 26⅜c to 26½c; May, 31¾c. Pork—Sept., $16 75; Oct., $16 87½; Jan., $10 90; Oct., $9 80; Dec., $9; Jan., $8 22½. Ribs—Sept., $10 67½; Oct., $10 10; Jan., $7 97½. Rye—Sept., 49⅜c; Dec., 49c to 49¼c. Barley—Cash, 33c to 63c. Timothy—Sept., $4 45. Clover—Oct., $8 90.

Cash quotations: Flour firm. No. 2 spring wheat, 72c to 74c; No. 3, 70 to 71c; No. 2 red, 73⅛c to 74½c. No. 2 corn, 60¼c to 62¼c; No. 2 yellow, 62c to 62½c. No. 3 oats, white, 31c to 35½c. No. 2 rye, 51c to 51½c. Fair to choice malting barley, 45c to 62c. No. 1 flaxseed, $1 28; No. 1 northwestern, $1 38. Timothyseed, $4 55. Pork, $16 75 to $16 80; lard, $10 77½ to $10 80; short ribs sides, $10 55 to $10 65; dry salted shoulders, 8¾c to 9c; short clear sides, 10¾c to 11¼c. Eggs firm; fresh, 18c to 19c. Clover, $8 90 to $9.

Receipts—Flour, 10,000 bbls; wheat, 181,000 bu; corn, 168,000 bu; oats, 309,000 bu; rye, 23,000 bu; barley, 68,000 bu.

Shipments—Flour, 13,000 bbls; wheat, 110,000 bu; corn, 161,000 bu; oats, 277,000 bu; rye, 17,000 bu; barley, 3,000 bu.

OIL MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 12.—Oil closed at $1 22.

LONDON.

London, Sept. 12.—Petroleum, American refined, 5 13-16d; spirits, 7½d.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, Sept. 12.—Petroleum, 18 francs.

BREMEN.

Bremen, Sept. 12.—Petroleum, 6 marks 35 pfennings.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Press Dispatch.

Toronto, Sept. 12.—There was a rather light delivery at the cattle market today, though for the whole week the total delivery has been heavy. Trade was active, and prices, on the whole, firmer. The quality was not high, export cattle being very scarce. The demand for stockers and feeding bulls was good, and for good cattle of every class the demand was better than the supply. Export cattle fetched $5 75, and would have fetched more had the right sort been available. Picked butcher cattle brought is high as $5 10; good mixed loads of butchers' cattle were worth from $3 75 to $4 75. Everything was sold out in the sheep and lamb market, and prospects were steady. Export ewes, $3 40 to $3 60; lambs, $4 to $4 25; bucks not wanted. Hogs were steady at $7 12½ for the best. Thick, fat hogs are most in demand. The total receipts were 49 loads, with 630 head of cattle, 1,378 sheep and lambs, 838 hogs and 32 calves.

Sales: William Levack bought 350 head of cattle, export, $4 85 to $5 75; butchers, good mixed loads, $3 75 to $4 75; picked butchers, $4 60 to $5 10. Crawford & Co. bought about four loads of mixed butchers and shippers, on load at $4 90; a load of butchers' cows and heifers at $3 85; a load of mixed exporters, $5; sold a load of steers, 900 pounds, at $4 25. Corbett & Henderson sold five loads of butchers and shippers from $3 90 to $4 90; bought half a dozen export bulls at $3 57 to $4 50. Jesse Dunn bought a couple of loads of feeding bulls at $2 50 to $3 50. Wesley Dunn bought 400 lambs at $4 20; 170 sheep at $3 60; 12 calves at $7 each. Alex Levack bought a load of mixed butchers, $3 50 to $4 50. C. Zeigman bought a load of bulls, 700 to 850 pounds, at $2 to $2 50; sold a load of steers, 850 pounds, at $4. Conn Wood bought half a load of butchers, 900 pounds, at $3 50 to $4. C. McCurty bought a load of heifers and steers, 750 pounds, at $3 10; ten bulls, 900 pounds, at $2 25. Lunness & Halligan bought feeding bulls, $50 to 900 pounds, at $2 50 to $2 75; 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, at $3 25 to $3 50.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Cattle: Receipts, 2,000, including 500 Texans; steady; good to prime steers, nominal, $7 50 to $8 50; poor to medium, $4 25 to $7; stockers and feeders, $2 50 to $5 30; cows, $1 50 to $5; heifers, $2 50 to $5 75; canners, $1 50 to $2 50; bulls, $2 25 to $5; calves, $2 75 to $7; Texas fed steers, $3 to $4 50; western steers, $3 75 to $5 75.

Hogs: Receipts, 12,000; 10c to 20c higher; mixed and butchers, $7 40 to $7 90; good to choice, heavy, $7 70 to $8; rough, heavy, $7 25 to $7 60; light, $7 35 to $7 85; bulk of sales at $7 45 to $7 70.

Sheep: Receipts, 5,000; sheep and lambs strong to 10c higher; good to choice wethers, $3 40 to $3 90; fair to choice, mixed, $2 50 to $3 40; native lambs, $3 50 to $5 80.

SEED TRADE.

Sept. 1, 1902.—Messrs. John Shaw & Sons, seed merchants, London, report more business now doing. Chilian cloverseed continues to attract attention at full rates, the prospects for the English red crop being regarded as unfavorable. Alsike, white and trefoil, also keep firm. There is no alteration in rye grasses. Mustard and rapeseed are in moderate request at last week's figures. There is an active inquiry for winter tares and seed rye. Canary seed shows strength. New blue peas are now obtainable. For haricot beans the market is steady.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, Sept. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; demand light; unchanged. Veals—Receipts, 350 head; strong; tops, $7 75 to $8 25; fair to good, $6 75 to $7 50; common to light, $5 50 to $6 50.

Hogs—Receipts, 9,700 head; slow; heavy steady; pigs and Yorkers, 10c to 15c lower; heavy, $8 10 to $8 20; mixed, $7 90 to $8; Yorkers, $7 75 to $7 85; light do, $7 60 to $7 70; pigs, $7 50 to $7 70; roughs, $6 75 to $7 25; stags, $5 50 to $6; grassers and dairies, $7 50 to $8; closing steady.

Sheep and Lambs — Receipts, 6,300 head; sheep 25c higher; lambs, 10c to 15c higher; top lambs, $5 85 to $6; few, $6 10; fair to good, $5 50 to $5 75; culls to common, $4 to $5 25; yearlings, $4 to $4 50; wethers, $4 to $4 25; ewes, $3 75 to $4 25; wethers, $4 to $4 25; ewes, $3 75 to $4 25; sheep, top mixed, $3 75 to $4; fair to good, $3 25 to $3 50; culls to common, $1 75 to $3.

NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 12.—Beeves—Receipts, 3,116; steers, 10c to 15c lower; bulls and cows, dull but steady; all sold; steers, $4 50 to $7; oxen, $4 25 to $4 60; bulls, $2 70 to $4; cows, $1 20 to $4 25; cables steady; exports today, none; tomorrow 616 cattle, 18 sheep and 3,093 quarters of beef.

Calves—Receipts, 225; rather easier; veals, $5 to $8 25; little calves, $4; grassers and buttermilks, $3 50 to $3 75; no westerns.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5,027; sheep about steady; lambs slow but generally steady; about all sold; sheep, $2 50 to $3 75; extra, $4; lambs, $5 35 to $5 37½; culls, $4; Canadian lambs, $5 70 to $5 75.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,026; weak; state hogs, $7 75.

BANK CLEARINGS.

New York, Sept. 12.—The following are some of the weekly clearings, as compiled by Bradstreet's, for the week ending Sept. 11, with percentages of increase and decrease, as compared with the corresponding week last year: New York, $1,676,777,638; increase, 23.6. Chicago, $152,978,999; decrease, 1.5. Boston, $124,721,096; decrease, 2. Philadelphia, $122,703,973; increase, 37.7. St. Louis, $49,790,581; increase, 9.7. Pittsburg, $43,679,892; increase, 32.8. Baltimore, $25,982,510; increase, 52.1. Montreal, $27,534,669; increase, 31.9. Toronto, $18,013,554; increase, 15.5. Winnipeg, $3,461,020; increase, 51.4. Halifax, $1,624,928; increase, 9.5. Vancouver, $1,329,790; increase, 10.3. Hamilton, $796,693; decrease, 2.3. St. John, N.B., $923,795; increase, 8. Victoria, $591,621; decrease, 13. Quebec, $1,717,489; increase, 17.4. Ottawa, $2,238,188. London, Ont., $758,753.

THE HAYTIENS WORKED UP

Over Loss of Their Gunboat and Death of Killick.

Bitter Against Germany—Violently-Worded Proclamation.

Port au Prince, Sept. 13.—Gen. Firmin has issued a violently-worded proclamation to his partisans concerning the death on board the Crete-a-Pierrot of Admiral Killick. He urges his followers to fight until the end against the provisional government of M. Boisrond Canal, which he accuses of having excited Germany against him to the point of effecting the destruction of the Crete-a-Pierrot by the Panther.

The population of Gonaives and St. Marc, both in the possession of the revolutionists, are greatly excited. Bills expressing hatred of the Germans are being posted there, and cries of hostility to that nation are heard on the streets.

The advance guard of the Government army has started against Gonaives and the greater part of the army will leave for that objective point. Port au Prince is quiet.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

Possesses Many New and Interesting Features.

No Other Food Is Made in Such a Scientific Way.

Its Use Guarantees Health and Bodily Vigor.

Malt Breakfast Food possesses new and important features that the ordinary foods cannot boast of. It is a scientific combination; it is nature's true health food. Malt Breakfast Food is the only breakfast food free from insoluble starch and other agents that tax digestion. It has a matchless deliciousness possessed by no other preparation of cereals. It is the builder par excellence of flesh, bone and muscle. It is the only food that is perfectly tolerated by the weak stomach of the infant or adult. Go to your grocer today and procure a package of this king of foods.

SAVES $250 REWARD

Fugitive and Alleged Forger Surrenders to the Sheriff.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 13.—A special from Muskegon, Mich., says Luther W. Shear, the district agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, a prominent church man and society leader, who disappeared on June 11, leaving behind him alleged forgeries and debts to the extent of $50,000, quietly walked into the presence of Sheriff Payne at the county jail yesterday morning and gave himself up. "I came by myself to save you the $250 reward," he remarked. "I am tired of wandering about the land a fugitive from justice."

The most of his time was spent in New York City. Shear was arraigned before Judge Sullivan in the police court. He waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $10,000. Shear says he will plead guilty. The jail is being besieged with victims of his alleged forgeries and the entire city is greatly excited over the sensation.

Don't Forget About Your Corns.

Cure them in one night by an application of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It is sure, safe, painless and guaranteed to cure or your money back. Refuse a substitute.

Hot water and soda will remove stains from the hands.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has won success far beyond the effect of advertising only.

The secret of its wonderful popularity is explained by its unapproachable *Merit.*

Based upon a prescription which cured people considered incurable,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Unites the best-known vegetable remedies, by such a combination, proportion and process as to have curative power peculiar to itself.

Its cures of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and every kind of humor, as well as catarrh and rheumatism — prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the best blood purifier ever produced.

Its cures of dyspepsia, loss of appetite and that tired feeling make it the greatest stomach tonic and strength-restorer the world has ever known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a thoroughly good medicine. Begin to take it TODAY. Get HOOD'S.

A PRIMITIVE RECEPTION

Paul Du Chaillu Preparing for Travel in Russia.

Bewildering Hospitality Sometimes Shown to a Stranger.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 13. — Paul du Chaillu, the famous explorer and writer, is preparing himself for the life which he will have to lead in traveling through Russia to gain necessary materials for a book on this country. Furnished with a very specially worded passport, provided by the Emperor, he starts out, and no sooner arrives in his chosen village than he finds himself the center of interest and sympathetic demonstrations.

"An American!" say the moujiks, and the wives and children. "That is good." Then, when they are told by his passport he is recommended to their goodwill by the Emperor, they say: "An American is good, and an American recommended by the Emperor is better!"

And with that they offer him bewildering hospitality—be it understood, of a strictly primitive kind. He says the Russian peasants are reputed unclean. He says that he finds no signs of uncleanliness, but owns that the excess of meals they give him in their jealousy to have him break bread with them all is hard on the digestion.

It seems that he is having a good time of it. Listen to this: "They were dancing," says he, "and I joined the circle. In a moment a pretty young girl came up and without more ado kissed me. That was the invitation to the dance. And then all the girls kissed me and I danced with them all!"

COMING THIS WAY

Big Sawmill at Prescott, Mich., To Be Moved Into Canada.

Prescott, Mich., Sept. 13.—The big Hettinger sawmill, which cuts 300,000 feet of pine in one day, is to the removed to the Canadian side, in the Georgian Bay country, as the timber in this locality is nearly exhausted.

Dying by Slow Degrees.

Although not always aware of it, yet thousands die by slow degrees of catarrh. It first attacks the nose or throat, then the lungs, and finally spreads all through the system. Catarrhozone is the only remedy that will immediately prevent the spread of this awful disease. Every breath from the Inhaler kills thousands of germs, clears the throat and nose, aids expectoration and relieves the pain across the eyes. Catarrhozone eradicates every vestige of catarrh from the system, and is highly recommended also for bronchitis, asthma, deafness and lung trouble. Price, $1; trial size, 25 cents, all druggists. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., successors to Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation. Asia contains more than half of the people of the world.

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes
ARE MADE FROM
BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE
Unequaled for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor
Choice Recipe Book sent free, will tell you how to make Fudge and a great variety of dainty dishes from our Cocoa and Chocolate.

ADDRESS OUR BRANCH HOUSE
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
12 and 14 St. John St.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, and indorsed "Tenders for Construction," will be received by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission until noon, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1902, for the construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway (Ontario Government Railway), including clearing of right of way, bridging, grading, ballasting and track-laying, complete and ready for operation, in accordance with plans and specifications, from the Town of North Bay, or Nipissing Junction, to a point on Lake Temiskaming, being a distance of 110 more, more or less. Plans and specifications of the work may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the Chief Engineer at North Bay.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Commission, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering. An accepted check on a chartered bank for $25,000, payable to the order of the Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, must accompany each tender. The check will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted checks thus sent in will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Commission reserves the right to reject the lowest or every tender.

P. E. RYAN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Aug. 29, 1902.

80n-4,5,6,9,11,13

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

GRAY & PARKER. GRAY & PARKER.

Blankets

For $2.48 Per Pair.

White All-Wool Blankets, size 60x80, heavy twill, scoured and shrunk, great value, only, per pair.....$2 48
Flannelette Blankets, in white and gray, soft and fluffy, large size, only, per pair..... 59c
Honeycomb Quilts, white, all sizes, at, each.....
.....75c, 89c, $1 00, $1 25 and $1 35

Lace Curtains.

New Goods, Bought Away Below Value--4 Specials.

No. 1 lot—3½ yards long, good strong net, only, per pair..... 75c
No. 2 lot—3½ yards long, fine and lacey, only, per pair.....$1 00
No. 3 lot—3½ yards long; worth much more, only, per pair.....$2 00
No. 4 lot—3½ yards long, very rich, only, per pair.....$2 50

Table Covers.

New goods, in tapestry and chenille, at, each.....
.....$1 00, $1 50, $1 75 and up to $4 00

GRAY & PARKER

Phone 1182. 150 Dundas St.

THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE,
78½ Dundas Street, London.
Telephone 696.

Now is the time to get our lists of farms for sale or exchange in Western Ontario. When visiting the Fair, be sure and call at our office and get our list. We have some splendid farms for sale at very reasonable prices. If you want to buy city property, send for our printed list. If you want to sell farm or city property, it will pay you to place it in our hands for sale.

b JAMES BURROWS, Manager.

Queen Insurance Co.

Funds available for security of Queen policy holders, $64,000,000.
J. A. NELLES, Agent,
622 Richmond Street.
'Phone 343. ywt

THE EXECUTORS OF THE ESTATE of Mrs. Barbara Rossconnell will sell by auction at the rooms of J. W. Jones, 242 Dundas street, London, on Friday, Sept. 26, 1902, at 2:30 p.m., part of lot 27, north side of East Hill street, City of London, on which are the brick dwellings Nos. 570 and 572 Hill street. These houses are within a short distance of the new buildings of the McClary Manufacturing Company. Terms: Ten per cent cash and balance in 30 days. MAGEE, McKILLOP & MURPHY, solicitors for vendors.
861-11,13,16,20,25

TENDERS WANTED—SEALED TENDERS for supplies for Aged People's Home, Home for Incurables, Infants' Home, will be received up to 20th September, 1902, for one year from Oct. 1, 1902. Groceries, provisions, drugs, ice, coal, etc. Lowest tender not necessarily accepted. M. M. Pattullo, 579 Talbot street. 85c-xty

FACTS THAT TALK!

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN DIVIDENDS ON THEIR INVESTMENT WILL BE PAID OUT THIS WEEK IN CHECKS TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

THE Eastern Consolidated Oil Company continues the best paying investment with a sound financial status on the market today. The company is not an experiment. It is established on a solid dividend paying basis. It has distributed over $100,000 in dividends to its stockholders at the rate of 2 per cent monthly on their investments.

This company has over 100 producing oil wells on its holdings in Ohio, and is selling many thousands of barrels of high grade illuminating oil monthly to the Standard Oil Company for Cash.

This company has vast holdings in Santa Barbara, Cal., 19,000 acres along the Pacific coast. Drilling for oil has already commenced, and rich indications give prophecy of immediate production.

This vast tract of oil land will be the new oil Eldorado of the far West. Two large ocean wharfs on the company's holdings are already built for loading tank steamers, by means of which transportation will be much cheaper than by land. The superintendent of drilling on the Santa Barbara tract expects to strike the second "pay streak" of oil sand at any time now. When this actually occurs, the value of the holdings will be doubled, and the price of stock will undoubtedly speedily advance.

EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO.

Stockholders are Jubilant, and are Doubling Their Holdings in Anticipation of the Rise.

Those Who Buy the Stock Now at 50c a Share Will Have an Opportunity to Realize on the Advance to $1.00 by Jan. 1.

Another Fact. Development work is being pushed on the company's Kern River property. Five wells are being drilled with all possible speed and five more will be begun as soon as oil is struck in these. These ten wells alone will give 50,000 barrels of oil a month in addition to the product in Ohio from 100 wells.

The Standard Oil Company is building a Giant Oil Refinery in Kern River tract, which alone will require thousands of barrels of oil a day.

Such are a few of the FACTS that make the stockholders happy and the Eastern Consolidated the safest and most profitable investment on the market. Send for prospectus.

A solid, substantial business enterprise that appeals to conservative investors who require absolute security as well as profits.

C. B. HEYDON & CO., Rooms 401 and 402 Manning Chambers Building.
72 Queen Street West, Cor. Queen and Teraulay Streets, Court House Square. TORONTO, ONT.

F. H. BUTLER,
STOCK BROKER.

Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions bought and sold for cash or on margin. Send for vest pocket manual. Long distance 'phone 1,278. OFFICES—Masonic Temple, London.

TODAY'S MARKETS

OTHER MARKETS ON PAGE 5.

STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Sept. 13.

	Ask.	Off.
Montreal		
Ontario	136	134½
Toronto		
Merchants	163½	157
Commerce	165	163¾
Imperial	240	239
Dominion	242	241
Standard		244
Hamilton		234
Nova Scotia		259
Ottawa		218
Traders		126
British America		95
Western Assurance		93
Imperial Life		149
National Trust		140
Toronto General Trusts		
Consumers Gas	214	210
Ontario and Qu'Appelle Land		85
Canada Northwest Land com		96
Can. Pacific Railway Stock	140	139¾
Can. Pacific New		
Toronto Electric Light	163	162
General Electric	211	209
London Electric Light, new	146	140
Commercial Cable		171
Cable Coup. Bonds		
Cable Reg. Bonds		
Dominion Telegraph		119¼
Bell Telephone		
Richelieu and Ontario Nav. Co.	109	
Niagara Navigation		133
Northern Navigation	153	151
Hamilton Steamboat		
Toronto Railway	122	121¼
London Street Railway		
Halifax Electric Tram		
Twin City Railway	129¼	126¾
Sao Paulo Tramway	106¾	106
Luxfer Prism., pref		
Cycle and Motor		
Carter Crume		106
Dunlop Tire, pref	108	107
War Eagle		20
Republic		
Payne Mining		
Cariboo (McKinney)		
Virtue		
Crows Nest Coal	500	480
North Star		29
British Canadian L. and I		65
Canada Landed and Nat. Inv		108¾
Canada Permanent		128
Canadian Savings and Loan		121
Central Canada Loan		137
Dominion Savings and Invest		70
Hamilton Provident		121
Huron and Erie L. and S		182
Imperial L. and Invest	80	120
Landed Banking and Loan		
Lon. and Can. L. and A	100	122
London Loan		
London and Ontario		70
Manitoba Loan		
Ontario Loan and Deb		
People's Loan		106
W. A. Rogers, pref		72
Dominion Steel, com	74	101½
Dominion Steel, pref	103	91½
Dominion Steel Bonds	92	141
Dominion Coal, com	114	113¾
Nova Scotia Steel, com		
Nova Scotia Steel Bonds		

SALES: Ontario, 58 at 134½; Imperial, 63 at 239¾; Dominion, 40 at 241½; Ottawa, 1 at 218; Gas, 20 at 212; Toronto Electric, 25 at 162¼, 25 at 162; Dominion Telegraph, 5 at 120; St. Lawrence, 10 at 165; Northern Navigation, 15 at 152; Twin City, 175 at 126¼, 150 at 126 3-8, 25 at 126½, 25 at 128 3-8, 25 at 126½; Canada Salt, 10 at 110¾; C. P. R., 500 at 140, 20 at 140¾, 25 at 140 1-8, 125 at 140; Canada General Electric, 3 at 210; Toronto Railway, 10 at 122; Sao Paulo, 25 at 106 3-8, 75 at 106½, 75 at 106, 15 at 105½; Superior, 25 at 24½, 26 at 24; Dominion Coal, 100 at 141 1-8, 125 at 141; Dominion Steel, 50 at 72½, 25 at 72¾; N. S. Steel, 25 at 114¾, 75 at 114 1-8, 25 at 114; Dominion Steel Bonds, 1,000 at 92; Canada Permanent, 10 at 120; Dominion Savings, 20 at 70; Toronto Mortgages, 13 at 82.

NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 13.

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

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Anaconda				
Amal. Copper	68¾	68¾	68½	68¾
American Sugar Co	129	129⅝	129	129
American Locomotive	33	33¾	33	33½
American Foundry	35⅝			
Atcheson Com	94	94¾	93⅞	94⅜
Atcheson Pfd	103¾	104	103½	104
B. & O	115¾	116⅛	115⅝	115⅝
Brooklyn Tran	68⅜	68½	68	68⅜
C. P. R	140	140½	139¾	140⅜
Cheaspeake & Ohio	55⅛	55½	55⅛	55⅜
Chicago Gt. Western	32¾	33¾	32½	33⅜
C. F. I				
Erie	41	41¾	41	41¾
Erie Pfd	70¾			
Illinois Central	170	171	170	171
Jersey Central				
K. & T. Com	33¾	33⅞	33½	33¾
K. & T. Pfd	67½	67¾	67¼	67¾
L. & N	154	154½	153¾	154½
Manhattan	134¾	134¾	134½	134½
Metropolitan Trac	147			
Mexican Central				
Mo. P	121	122	120½	121⅞
N. Y. Central	163½	164⅛	163¾	164¼
Norfolk and W	74½	75	74¾	75
Ont. and West				
Pacific Mail S. S. Co	44½			
Pennsylvania	166	167	166	166¾
People's Gas	106¼	106⅝	106⅛	106⅝
Reading	74⅛	74¾	73¾	74⅜
Republic I. and S	22¾	22⅞	22⅛	22⅞
Rock Island	199	199	198½	199
Southern Ry	39¾	39⅞	39½	39¾
Southern Ry. Pfd				
Southern Pacific	78¾	79	78⅝	78⅞
St. Paul	188¾	189⅛	188¼	189⅛
Texas	52	52¾	52	52⅛
Twin City				
T. C. I	69	69¼	68½	69⅜
U. Pacific	109⅛	109⅞	109¼	109⅞
U. Pacific Pfd	82⅝			
U. S. Leather	13¾	13¾	13¾	13¾
U. S. Leather Pfd				
U. S. Steel, com	40⅝	40½	40¾	40½
U. S. Steel, pref	90⅜	90½	90⅜	90½
Wabash Com	36¼	36½	36⅛	36⅜
Wabash Pfd	51¼	52⅜	51⅜	52⅜
W. Union Tel	95¾	95⅞	95½	95⅞
Wisconsin Central	28½			

ENGLISH MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, Sept. 13.—Wheat—Spot. No. 1 northern spring firm, 6s 4½d; No. 2 red western winter dull, 5s 10½d; No. 1 California steady, 6s 4½d. Futures inactive; Sept., 5s 11¼d; Dec., 5s 10½d.

Corn—Spot quiet; American mixed, 5s 11d. Futures inactive; Oct. 5s 4d; Nov. nominal; Jan., 5s 1½d.

Peas—Canadian quiet, 6s 8d.

Flour—St. Louis fancy winter quiet, 6s 3d.

Hops (at London)—Pacific coast, old crop firm, £6 10s to £7; 1902 crop firm, £7 10s.

Beef—Strong; extra India mess, 107s 6d.

Pork—Strong; prime mess western, 86s 3d.

Hams—Short cut, 14 to 16 lbs, firm, 56s.

Bacon—Cumberland cut, 26 to 30 lbs, firm, 61s 6d; short ribs, 16 to 24 lbs, firm, 62s; long clear middles, light, 28 to 34 lbs, firm, 60s; long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs, firm, 59s 6d; short clear backs, 16 to 20 lbs, firm, 58s 6d; clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs, firm, 64s 6d; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs, firm, 52s 6d.

Lard—Firm; prime western, in tierces, 58s; American, refined, in pails, 54s.

Butter—Nominal.

Cheese—Steady; American finest white, 48s; do, colored, 49s.

Tallow—Prime city steady, 27s 6d; Australian (in London) steady, 31s 6d.

Turpentine spirits—Quiet, 23s 9d.

IT'S MIRACULOUS.

Catarrh, Colds, and Headache Can Be Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonder Worker.

"I had catarrh for one year." "I had catarrh for two years." "I had catarrh for five years." "I had catarrh for twenty years." "I had catarrh for fifty years," and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me. These are sentences from the volumes and volumes of testimony for this great catarrh cure, not mythical patients but words from men and women all over the continent who have been cured. It relieves colds and headache, due to catarrh, in ten minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures all skin eruptions. 35c.

Sold by C. McCallum & Co. 17

Rosin—Common steady, 4s 3d.
Petroleum—Refined quiet, 6½d.
Linseed oil—Dull, 31s 6d.

HAY MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Sept. 12.—Baled Hay—The market is quiet, with offerings moderate; new hay is quoted at $9 to $9 25 a ton.

Baled Straw—The market is quiet; car lots on track are quoted at $5 50.

OIL MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 13.—Oil opened at $1 22.

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

CHICAGO.

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

Chicago, Sept. 13.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—Dec	68¾	69⅝	68⅜	68¾
May	69⅝	70	69⅛	69½
Corn—Dec	43⅞	44	43⅝	43½
May	41¾	41¾	40¾	40¾
Oats—Dec	26¼	26¾	26¼	26¾
May	31½	31¾	31¾	31¾
Pork—Jan	15 22	15 25	15 12	15 12
May	14 35	14 37	14 30	14 32
Lard—Jan	8 62	8 62	8 60	8 60
May	8 20			
Ribs—Jan	8 00	8 00	7 95	7 95
May				

LIVERPOOL.

The following table shows the quotations per cental yesterday for American products at Liverpool, as well as for the three previous market days. In each case highest prices are given:

	Sept. 9.	Sept. 10.	Sept 11.	Sept. 12.
WHEAT—				
Red Winter	6 0	5 11½	5 11½	5 10½
No 1 Nor. Spring	6 4½	6 4½	6 5	6 4
Walla	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
No. 1 Cal	6 5	6 5	6 5	6 4½
July	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
September	5 11¾	5 11¾	6 0½	5 11¾
Dec	5 10	5 10½	5 11	5 10¾
CORN—				
Mixed	5 11	5 11	5 11	5 10½
Old	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
February	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
March	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
May	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
July	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
September	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
October	5 3½	5 3½	5 3¾	5 4
January	4 0½	4 0½	4 1¼	4 1¼
Flour	21 6	21 6	21 6	21 6
Peas	6 8	6 8	6 8	6 8
Pork, prime mess	83 6	83 6	83 6	83 6
Lard	53 3	53 3	53 3	53 9
Tallow	27 6	27 6	27 6	27 6
Bacon, light	59 6	60 0	59 0	60 0
Cheese, white	48 0	48 0	48 0	48 0
Cheese, colored	49 0	49 0	49 0	49 0

Cottonseed oil—Hull refined, spot dull, 25s 3d.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

London, Sept. 12.—Cattle are steady today, at from 12½c to 14c per lb, dressed weight; refrigerator beef is 11½c to 12c per lb.

DETROIT BEAN MARKET.

Detroit, Sept. 13.—Beans are off about 2c, and the market is not active. Quotations: Cash, 1 car at $1 66; Oct., $1 70 bid; Nov., $1 65; prime spot, $1 56.

HOME-COMING WAS SAD ONE

Returned From Montreal to Find His Wife Dead.

Sudden Demise of Mrs. Andrew Beattie, of Westminster.

A terrible shock awaited Mr. Andrew Beattie on his arrival in this city on the noon train from the east today after a trip to Montreal and Toronto. When he left his home in Westminster township his wife, Margaret, was in her usual good health, which continued until last night, but at 2 o'clock this morning she died suddenly, death being caused by the bursting of a blood vessel in her head. Mrs. Beattie was in her 35th year, and her death under such peculiarly sad circumstances will cause great sorrow among many friends.

GAMBLERS LASHED

Mediaeval Punishment in Province of Manchuria.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 13.—The Manchurian love of gambling is in process of being quelled by the governor of that section of the Chinese Empire. The most drastic laws have been issued and are in force to abolish games of chance.

Some of the punishments meted out to persons caught in the act are mediaeval in their cruelty. Card players are punished with 100 lashes on the bare back and are forced to wear metal rings about their necks.

Gambling is entirely forbidden in public and private. Those who play cards at home are publicly whipped and driven from the city where they live. Other prohibitive measures are carried out with as much severity.

Two bullocks got on the C.P.R. track at Montreal and a freight train backed into them. Two cars were smashed and the bullocks were cut to pieces.

The Lord's Day Alliance in Windsor is dead. Members of the organization say it has died through starvation. President Sheerer, of Toronto, has several times visited the city in the endeavor to instill fresh life into the struggling society.

Don't fail to see coronation pictures at Western Fair.

Is Your Back Lame?

Does it hurt to stoop or bend down? Have you a heavy, dull pain at the base of the spine? If so, the best remedy is Nerviline. It will invigorate the tired, sore muscles, make them supple and strong. Nerviline will drive out the pain and make you well in no time. Nothing so good as Nerviline for lumbago, stiff neck, rheumatism neuralgia and sciatica. Buy a 25c bottle of Polson's Nerviline Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation. today and try it.

IT LAYS A STILLING HAND ON PAIN.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

Premier Roblin Very Ill.

Winnipeg, Sept. 12.—It is given out today that Premier Roblin is confined to his bed, suffering from nervous prostration, brought on by overwork and a severe cold. This is the truth, but not all the truth. The Premier is in dread of appendicitis.

Fred E. Bouchere, of Lawrence, Mass., went to a hardware store there today (Saturday), and after purchasing a revolver killed himself in the presence of the salesman. The police report that Bouchere's wife and child are missing from their home and fear that another tragedy has occurred.

The American Line steamer Philadelphia, which arrived today (Saturday) from Southampton and Cherbourg had her cabins filled with returning tourists. A number of passengers who had to return on this steamer were obliged to come in the steerage, there being no accommodation elsewhere.

Selected Sponges...

A large consignment just received. All prices and sizes, ranging from

5c to $4.00.

W. T. Strong & Co.

Chemists, 184 Dundas St.

Marriage Licenses issued at above address.

WEATHER BULLETIN

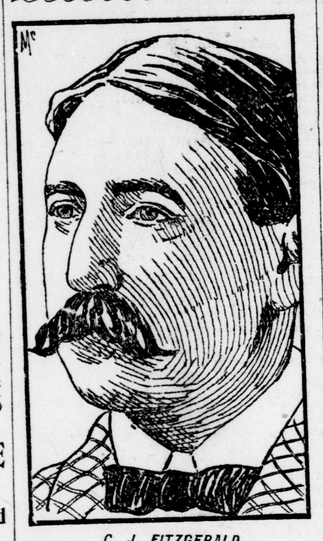
Saturday, Sept. 13.

Sun rises..5:54 a.m. | Moon rises..4:08 a.m.
Sun sets...6:34 p.m. | Moon sets...1:39 p.m.

Probs.—Sunday: Fine, Warmer.

FORECASTS.

Today—Northwest to west winds, strong until evening; generally fair and cool.
Sunday—Fine, with stationary or slightly higher temperature.



C. J. FITZGERALD.

The relatives of Mr. Chris J. Fitzgerald last night received a message from New York stating that though his condition was still critical he was somewhat improved since the previous night.

TALES OF LONDON TOWN

—The Westminster Agricultural Society's fall show will be held at Lambeth on Wednesday, Oct. 22.

—Dr. C. C. Elliott, of London, has commenced practice in Wardsville at the office of the late Dr. McKillop.

—The public school inspectors of Middlesex have issued their orders for the continuation classes' grants, half of which are donated by the Government and half by the county.

—A sitting of the weekly high court was held this morning before Chief Justice Sir William R. Meredith. The case of Dempster against Shields, motion for judgment, was the only one heard. The action was dismissed without costs. R. G. Fisher, for motion.

—Capt. Thomas Robson, of London Township, won six prizes in the Shorthorn exhibit at Toronto Fair this week. He took first and fourth in the yearling heifer class, first and fourth in the heifer calves' class first in the bull calf class and first in the young herd, under 2 years, class.

—A piano recital in connection with the harvest home concert will be held in Emmanuel Church, London Township, on Monday, Sept. 22. The recital will be given by Mr. Thomas G. Mitchelltree, assisted by Mr. Reginald Hudson; Mr. Charles Goulding, of Birr; Mr. Arthur Carlisle, of London; Mr. Victor Stanley, of Granton, and Miss Miller, of London, and others.

PAYING SCHOOL GRANTS.

County Treasurer McEvoy today made the first payments of the continuation class grants to treasurers of rural school sections. The grants total $820, one-half being contributed by the county and half by the Provincial Government.

ANKLE BONE BROKEN.

Mr. W. McLeod, a G. T. R. yardman, is at his home suffering from a painful accident which befel him while working in the yards. He was riding on a car and in some way his foot was caught in another and was crushed very badly, some of the smaller bones of the ankle being broken.

YOU ARE SKEPTICAL

in regard to what you read about soap, and you have a right to be

You are perfectly justified in entertaining a reasonable doubt until the worth of the soap has been demonstrated clearly and to your complete satisfaction.

On this ground we are glad to meet you. We invite you to investigate carefully the merits of

Hudson's Dry Soap.

We want you to know what it will do. Sixty years ago nobody knew. Now there are MILLIONS using it in the Motherland, and there is a CANADIAN MILLION well under way.

Used for any purpose whatever in the household, particular purposes particularly. Silver, cut-glass and jewelry, for instance. You can get it anywhere.

EASY TO SMOKE;

That's what the Don Pablo is. It gives you the same satisfaction as a high-grade Havana, because it is made from the same choice tobacco.

All dealers sell them, at

5c Each.

H. SIMON, Manufacturer, LONDON.

FROST IN WEST HELPS THRESHING

Grain Separates More Readily —Gain in Wheat Makes Up Other Losses.

Winnipeg, Sept. 13. — The C. P. R. weather report shows that all points in Manitoba Thursday night and the west were visited by frost. Minnedosa had the heaviest visitation, the thermometer going eight degrees below freezing point, while at Napinka four degrees were registered. Broadview, Deloraine, Gretna and Saltcoats also report temperatures touching the freezing point.

The following is the report: The Canadian Northern report indicates heavy frost all over the province, with clear weather. Though vegetables may have suffered from the cold, the loss is more than counterbalanced by the gain to the threshers. After a heavy frost the wheat separates much more readily from the chaff and the straw is easier handled. As a result, not only is the work faster, but the quantity of the grain carried over in the straw and chaff is greatly reduced.

MAYOR MUST LEAVE AGAIN

Is Expected to Attend Convention at Montreal.

He and City Clerk Kingston Are Expected to Go.

Mayor Beck was at the city hall today extending the glad palm to the officials. It is expected that tomorrow night he and City Clerk Kingston will leave for Montreal to attend the annual meeting of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, which meets in that city on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. In the meantime Ald. Winnett will remain acting mayor. The delegates to the convention at Montreal have a lengthy programme to consider. They will discuss the questions of provincial rights in municipal affairs, municipal home rule, the new telephone bill as it concerns municipalities, public ownership in Canada, compulsory arbitration for corporations and employes operating public services, power to expropriate property outside limits, level crossings, sinking fund investments, and other matters affecting municipalities.

ALL BUSY AT QUEEN'S PARK

Workmen Are Putting Finishing Touches on Displays.

Everything Promises Well for a Highly Successful Exhibition.

Owing to yesterday's rain the exhibitors at the Western Fair were somewhat hampered in their efforts to get their exhibits in place. The consequence was that this morning found the main building full of busy workers, hurrying about, getting in cases, unpacking, draping and getting everything in shape for Monday.

The glimpses one get of the finished and unfinished exhibits show that the big fair will be bigger than ever. Every inch of space in the different buildings is occupied. The main building will be more attractive than it has been in any previous year. A very fine display of ladies' work and fine arts is looked for. A special prize of $100 is being given in the latter department to encourage home artists, but at present only a few of the paintings are hung. Both the ground floor and the departments upstairs are still in an unfinished condition, but it is easily to be seen that the exhibits this year, in every line, will be of the most attractive kind and will be all ready for Monday.

The horticultural building is already giving evidence of the bower of beauty it will shortly become, and is even now most refreshing to look upon, with its green background and banks of brilliant geraniums. The dairy hall is also fairly well filled and the new part, where the butter-making competition is to be held, has its full complement of the newest churning appliances, for the use of the competitors.

The poultry building, cattle sheds, horse stables and swine buildings have not as yet one-quarter of their occupants, but fresh shipments are arriving constantly.

The machinery and transportation buildings are very well filled, but as yet most of the carriages and implements are shrouded in the wrappings in which they were shipped.

All, however, is bustle and work at the exhibition grounds, and by Monday everything will be in full swing, and patrons of the exhibition may confidently expect to see a bigger and better fair than ever.

—Two engines ran into each other this morning in the Grand Trunk yards, having come too close together near a switch. A number of cars were derailed.

WOULD NOT ELECT.

James Connell and Frank Mitchell, committed for trial on a charge of stealing cattle, were brought before Judge Edward Elliott this morning. They were not prepared to elect, and were remanded till Monday.

TERRIBLY RUN DOWN

The Helpless Condition of a Young Lady and How She Was Cured.

Blind River, Ont., Sept. 8.—Miss Emily Liddell, of this place, suffered for a long time with Female Weakness and Backache. She is better now and writes the following statement:

"I would most heartily and conscientiously advise all young women troubled with Female Weakness in any form to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they cured me after everything else had failed.

"For months at a time I was so low and weak that I found it impossible to attend to my household duties and my back used to ache something dreadful.

"Now I feel strong and better than I ever did and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all."

NO BITTERNESS AGAINST BOERS

Botha's Statement Regarding Natal Disputed—His Reason for Leaving.

Durban, Sept. 13.—The reasons given by Gen. Botha, who is now in Europe, for leaving Natal, are said here to be absolutely unfounded. There is no trace of British bitterness against the Boers; on the contrary, the reverse is true. It is probable that Gen. Botha's true reason was his fear of the resentment of the natives.

An Afrikander Bond is being formed at Lorenzo Marquez, the capital of Portuguese East Africa, and it is stated that many Portuguese are joining it. The movement is so strong that a journal to advance the interests of the Bond is projected.

A curious sequel has followed the recent fire at Lorenzo Marquez, which destroyed much property on the wharves and in their vicinity. The Portuguese customs officials are demanding that the consignees pay the duties on the goods that were destroyed before they had passed through the customs house and reached the hands of the consignees.

GOT SUMMARY JUSTICE

Novel Punishment Administered to Erring Youth.

Soundly Spanked by Father in Police Station Cellar.

For the first time in local police court history, an erring youth received swift justice at the hands of his father in the cellar of the station this morning.

The lad had been playing truant and generally misbehaving himself. So bad has his conduct been that, while he is barely in his teens, he has established an unenviable record with the police.

Truancy was the particular charge billed up against the boy today, and when it had been proved that he had been playing "hookey," the magistrate said that, in the first place, he would have to agree to go back to school.

"Furthermore," he said to the father, "I want you to give that boy a good walloping and I want it done right in the cellar of this station."

Papa was a "willing worker" at this game and with a band smile towards the Police Magistrate, proceeded with his wayward son to the cellar, from whence screams soon emanated.

He is a good boy now, and like Tommy who was counseled by the crows, will go back to school and work.

LONDON ACTOR'S SUCCESS

Flattering Notice of Work of Mr. J. Leonard Clark.

The Toledo Bee of Monday last contains a flattering reference to the work of Mr. J. L. Clark in the most important role of the late James A. Herne's play, "Hearts of Oak." Mr. Clark is well-known in this city, where he has a cosy home on St. James street. The Toledo critic says: "There is one character in the play whose smooth, delightful acting is the joy of all beholders. He is Owen Garroway, 'who never speaks without his I. O. U.,' and upon whose kind-hearted blunder the plot of the play is hinged. J. Leonard Clark handles the character, lending to it a breezy, salt-sea effect that carries one out of the theater to the deck of some fishing smack, with its vile smells and its piles of fish. Garroway is by far the best actor in the play and his genial presence is sought time and again to relieve the more trying scenes."

LONDON MEN INTERESTED

Wealth Is in Sight in an Arizona Gold Mine.

The Wickenburg (Arizona) News-Herald of Sept. 6 has a half column article on the mine of the Black Rock Mining Company, of which Mr. Frank McLean, of London East, is manager, and in which a number of London people are interested. The following extracts are taken from the News-Herald's article:

"The company is working a force of twelve or fifteen men on the group, under the able supervision of H. H. Keays, who has charge of the work during the absence of F. McLean, the manager. The mineralized zone is an immense one, being somewhat similar to the Oro Grande. The mineralized zone has been proven to be over eight hundred feet in width and several thousand feet long, the richest portion being a body in the center about two hundred feet wide and 1,000 long. In the center of this body is a well-defined pay streak about four feet wide, assays on which give an average of over $12 in free-milling gold. Assays taken all over the ore body for a distance of about one hundred feet on each side of this streak give an average of a little over $5 in gold. If the ore body and the values hold out with depth, the Black Rock Mining Company, Ltd., will have one of the largest low-grade properties in this section.

See your King and Queen crowned; coronation pictures, Western Fair.

Comfort Soap Exhibit.

On entering the palace at the fair grounds, one's ear is assailed by a concord of sweet sounds. "Where are those pretty birds?" one asks, and the reply is, "Oh, those are not birds, those are the whistles at the Comfort Soap exhibit for the little patrons of the fair on children's day. The little people, as well as their parents, will also have a chance to guess on the big bar of Comfort Soap. The twenty prizes for the nearest correct guess are: Two gold-filled hunting-case watches, two silver and 2 gunmetal watches, two sets silver tea knives, two pairs opera glasses and twelve handsome medallion pictures. No charge for guessing. Don't forget to bring your Comfort Soap wrappers and get them exchanged for handsome premiums.

The best educational feature at the fair will be the coronation pictures.

300 Doz. Locks, Knobs, Bolts, Etc.,

Bought before the advance, to be sold at old prices.

Antique Copper and Ornamental Bronze Goods,

In great variety of style and price.

Special Sale of Razors and Pocket Knives all Next Week.

Razor Strop given with every Razor over $1.

Meat Choppers, capacity 1 lb per minute, $1.25; Wringers, $2.50; Sweepers, $2.00; Raisin Seeders, 60c.

Make Your Headquarters Here During Fair Week.

Cowan's Hardware, **127 Dundas St.**

One-Third of Your Life Is Spent in Bed.

When you retire for the night, you want a restful Spring or Mattress.

See our No. 1 Hershell Cuban Weave at.....$2.50
Our Two-O-Special Weave at..... 3 00
Or our Three-O-Hartford Weave at..... 3.50

Springs that will not warp, and that we can recommend as being dependable.

THE ONLY KIND WE HANDLE.

Curled Hair Mattresses. Vegetable Moss Mattresses.
Cotton Top Mattresses. Sea Weed, Mixed, Mattresses

All bound in English Tickings.
We give the biggest value in the City.
Not how cheap but how good we can make them
HAS BEEN OUR MOTTO.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,
174 to 180 King Street, - LONDON, ONT.

Western Fair Opening,

Citizen's and Children's Day, Monday, Sept. 15th, 1902.

Schools will be closed. All faces will be turned towards Queen's Park Fair Grounds. No charge at the stands in the afternoon. Pay at gates only. Adults, 25 cents; children 10 cents.

ALL THE ATTRACTIONS and ALL EXHIBITS will be complete. EVERYTHING WILL BE IN FULL SWING. See programmes for best list of attractions ever offered, including crack speed events. First appearance of St. Andrew's Highland Cadets.

A MIDWAY of the best shows ever on the grounds, specially selected; nothing objectionable.

GRAND FIREWORKS on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. "South African Battle" showing armored train in action.

LIEUT.-COL. W. M. GARTSHORE, PRESIDENT. J. A. NELLES, SECRETARY.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Ald. Dreaney was in Woodstock on Friday.

Mr. J. A. Tune, of London, is in Woodstock.

Dr. Grant, of Thedford, was in London this week.

Miss Minnie Jones, of Mitchell, is visiting friends in London.

Miss Pearl Elliott, of Bosanquet, is visiting friends in London.

Mrs. Maker, of London, is spending a few days in Port Stanley.

Miss Kathleen McEwen, of Melbourne, is visiting in London.

Miss Williams, of London, has left to resume her duties in Otterville.

F. Aldridge and A. Diller, of Thedford, spent a few days in London this week.

Misses Anna Shipley and Laura Parker, of Denfield, were in London this week.

Miss Grace Claypole, of London, is the guest of Miss Lena Matthews, Denfield.

Miss McGugan, of London, has gone to Lucan, where she has obtained a position.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Younge, of London, were guests of Mr. Alfred Rice, of Curries, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of London, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Glaves, Bright.

Mrs. Thomas Trebilcock, of Richmond street, left yesterday on a visit to her children in New York.

The families of Mr. E. Windsor, Mr. Fred Matthews and Mr. Pennington have returned to London after summering at Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fowler are spending a portion of their honeymoon at the residence of Mr. Fowler's mother, 243 Queen's avenue. Mr. Fowler is a prominent barrister of Sudbury.

It Isn't Talking That Counts.

It is our earnest desire to make you a regular and pleased customer. We do not believe in long and tiresome arguments. Our large stock of pure dugs, proprietary medicines, perfumes and toilet specialties and our close prices, will impress you more favorably than long newspaper talks.

HAVE YOU USED IT?

Have you used Paine's Celery Compound? If not, we strongly recommend its use if you are nervous, weak, rundown, or suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia or blood diseases Paine's Celery Compound is the most reliable and efficacious medicine now before the public for rebuilding lost strength. Our stock is always fresh and pure.

J. Callard, Druggist, London, Ont.

Fine Coronation Views.

Citizens and visitors may look for a rare treat at the fair in the beautiful coronation views, which will be on exhibition in a specially-erected building east of the King street gate. These views have positively never been seen before in Canada, having been brought over only this week by Trooper Lindon, South African veteran. The scenes have been taken with special reference to Canada's part in the great ceremony, and several fine views of the Canadian arch are included. The fair directorate are to be congratulated on securing such an excellent attraction at the last moment.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Sept. 12.	Reported at	From
Lake Erie	Matane	Liverpool
Pomeranian	Father Point	Glasgow
Manchester Shipper	Father Point	Swansea
Rosarian	Fame Point	Montreal
La Lorraine	New York	Havre
Philadelphia	New York	Southampton
Blucher	Hamburg	New York
Saxonia	Liverpool	Boston
Sept. 13.		
Umbria	New York	Liverpool
Rhyndam	New York	Rotterdam

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Auction Sale of Farms, Farm Stock, Etc

D. D. Campbell, lot 3, con. 5, Lobo; Monday, Sept. 22. Farm stock etc. Sale at 1:30 p.m. A. M. Hunt, auctioneer.

London City Tax Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to section 4 of the Assessment Act, 1898, that the list of lands for sale in the Municipality of the City of London for taxes has been prepared, and copies thereof may be had in my office, and that the advertisement embracing such list is being published in the Ontario Gazette on the Saturdays of Aug. 16, 23 and 30 and Sept. 6, 1902; and that in default of payment of the taxes, as shown in the said list, on or before the date fixed for sale, will be sold for taxes at such date.

Dated at the City of London, Ontario, this 8th day of August, A.D. 1902.

JOHN POPE,
City Treasurer.

70bc-t

MEAL TICKETS

Given for Noon-Day Dinners.

FRIEND'S
Confectionery.

SUMMER WOOD

Good dry slabs make an ideal summer fuel; cut any length desired.

Phone 348. **DALY,** 19 York Street.

Branch Office—393 Richmond St.

A Chance

to get your lace curtains nicely cleaned. Need cleaning now.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners,

400 Richmond street, near corner of Dundas, London, Ont.

LACROSSE HAS TAKEN ROOT IN THIS PART OF ONTARIO

The National Game Has Sprouted and Will Soon Be a Plant of Vigorous Growth.



C. R. McKeown, President C. L. A.

BY defeating Woodstock, winners in No. 2 district, the Brantford lacrosse club have become senior champions of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, an organization which boasts of the largest membership of any similar one in the world. The former club by consistent, intelligent effort won first place in the second district, only to fall easy victims to the stalwart twelve from the hello town. It was the case of a new team, earnest and enthusiastic, against a seasoned team playing the game at all times with clock-like precision. There is a lesson in the incident for London, and for any community with aspirations for championships. Lacrosse is a plant that requires time for growth. The national game, so far as senior lacrosse is concerned, is really still in its infancy in Western Ontario, yet its development has been rapid. Hot heads who lost heart at the poor showing made by the teams of No. 2 district against those of No. 1 district, should bear in mind that the game is only sprouting here. Up to a comparatively recent date senior lacrosse was unknown in London, but it is safe to say that, despite the unfortunate experience of the past season, the Forest City will again be in the arena. A year or two ago the majority of the youths of London had never held a lacrosse stick in their hands; now every vacant lot of a Saturday afternoon is the scene of a spirited battle, and the local dealers have made small fortunes out of the sale of sticks.

This development is being wisely fostered by the C. L. A., that live body which owns its existence to a breck in the ranks of the N. A. L. U. in 1887.

"The Canadian Lacrosse Association," to quote an article by John K. Munro in the September number of the Canadian Magazine, has not contributed much to history. It is only fifteen years old and it has devoted those fifteen years to scattering lacrosse seed over the territory under its charge; to fostering the younger clubs rather than helping the older ones write their names on the scroll of fame; to laying the solid foundation for what it knew was destined to be a splendid structure. Today that structure is far from being complete, but already the C. L. A. can boast that it is numerically the largest lacrosse association in the world. * * * In 1901 the association was made up of 73 clubs, 1,197 certificates to members to play in championship matches were issued, while the total membership of the various clubs is estimated to have been not less than 4,000. This year the clubs scheduled to play in the different series number 98, an increase of 20 for the year. As the time for issuing players' certificates does not expire till August the number that will be taken out can only be estimated, but they will number at least fifteen hundred, while the association must have a total membership not far short of 6,000 souls. * * * And the C. L. A. promises to keep on prospering. Its members are loyal to the core, and justly proud of the great organization they have built up. They claim that the seeds of lacrosse once planted in a community will never die. The plant may droop for a season only to blossom more fully the next. So they go on acquiring new territory, confident that the game can look after itself in the old. This year Sudbury, Copperclif and other clubs away up in New Ontario have come into the fold, and the game is following the march of civilization well up into the wilds of Muskoka and Parry Sound. The lacrosse flags are flying wherever the Canadian flag is planted, and the mystic letters C. L. A. are something to conjure with over the most populous and prosperous portion of the banner province of the Dominion."

BRADFORDS JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

Bradford, Ont., Spt. 13. — The semi-final match of the junior series, C. L. A., between Dundalk and Bradford, was played yesterday, during a steady downpour of rain, Bradford winning by 9 to 0.

THE TURF.

GRAND CIRCUIT AT SYRACUSE.

Syracuse, Sept. 13.—Fully 15,000 people saw the closing events in the Grand Circuit races at the State fair yesterday. The weather was good and the track fast. Summary:

2:15 trot, Lakeside stakes, purse $2,000, best three in five—

Alice Russel, b. m., by Gambetta Wilkes (Hudson)	2	1	1	1
Re-Elected, g. s. (Macey)	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:14, 2:11½, 2:12, 2:12¼.

2:11 class, pacing, purse $1,000, best two in three—

Dan Riley, b. g., by Caveland Wilkes (Hudson)	1	1
Onato, b. m. (McDonald)	2	2
Olive Wood, br. g. (Heyden)	3	3

Time, 2:08½, 2:07¾.

2:10 class, trotting, purse $1,000, best two in three—

Wabun, gr. g., by Pilot Medium (Saunders)	1	1
Louise Mac, ch. m. (Howell)	2	2
Aggie Medium, b. m. (McCarthy)	3	3
Wilque, b. g. (A. McDonald)	4	5
Kell Monk, b. g. (Dickerson)	6	4
Prince Selma, b. h. (Hudson)	5	6
Wentworth, blk. g. (McHenry)	ds	

Time, 2:09½, 2:09¾.

2:15 pace, Onondaga stake, purse $2,000, best three in five—

Carl Wilkes, ch. g., by Wilkes Nutwood (A. McDonald)	1	1	1
Knox's Gelatine Boy, blk. s. (Brosch)	2	3	2
Seley Pointer, b. s. (Nuckols)	3	2	3
Mary Anna, b. m. (Walker)	ds		

Time, 2:07¼, 2:06, 2:07¼.

2:22 trotting, purse $1,000, best three in five—

Anna Held, b. m., by Patron (Nuckols)	1	1	1
Rustic, br. g. (McDonald)	2	2	3
Bugle, b. g. (McCoy)	3	4	2
Guy Fortune, ch. s. (Noble)	4	3	4

Time, 2:13, 2:14¼, 2:15¾.

Special event for trotters to wagon—

The Alderman, ch. g. (Horace White)	1	1	
Nellie S., blk. m. (Mathews)	4	2	
Sir George, b. g. (Alvard)	2	5	
Loch Boy, br. g. (Will)	3	4	
Silver Spring, gr. g. (Tuller)	5	3	
J. O., b. g. (E. I. White)	6	6	

Time, 2:21¼, 2:20¼.

Trial to beat 2:44—Kittie A., ch. m., by Laikspear (Cornell). Time, 2:09¾.

Trial to beat 2:08 to pole—Darial and Connor (McDonald). Time, 2:10.

CLOSE AT PIMLICO.

Baltimore, Sept. 13. — The Grand Circuit light harness racing at Pimlico closed yesterday. Results:

2:19 trot, purse $1,000—Sphinx S., won third, fifth and sixth heats and the race; Lottie Smart won second and fourth heats and second money; Riley B. won first heat and third money. Best time, 2:06¾. Daphne, Dalas, Dandy Chimes and Dumont W. also started.

2:33 pace, purse, $3,000—Direct Hal won in straight heats, Pan Michael 2, Free Advice 3. Best time, 2:10. Gold Brick also started.

2:15 trot, purse $1,000—Monte Carlo won in straight heats; Mary D., 2, Invader 3. Best time, 2:11½. Hall Fry also started.

SCEPTER DEFEATED.

London, Sept. 13.—At the Doncaster September meeting today, for the Park Hill stakes, Danny Maher landed Elba a winner by half a length from the famous Scepter. Elba started at 10 to 1 against. Maher, on Rondeau, later won the Prince of Wales Nursery plate handicap of 1,000 sovereigns for 2-year-olds, scoring against 25 runners.

AT HARLEM.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Four riding on the part of Coburn, who rode MacGile to victory in the third race, caused his mount to be disqualified and the race went to Scotch Plaid, the heavily-played favorite. This race was replete with bumping and foul riding throughout. Capt. Gaines backed, from 4 to 1 down to 14 to 5, was chopped off at every turn, forced to pull up and finally finished last. Lime Light and Rasselas, the two longest shots in the race, set all the early pace, but both quit. After the disqualification Rasselas was given the third place. The track was at its best, but the weather was cold, cloudy and very disagreeable. The defeat of the favorites was a feature of the day. Summary:

First race, 5 furlongs—Lyman Hay, 106 (Mathews), 3 to 1, 1; Mallory, 106 (Coburn), 3 to 2, 2; Lord Touchwood, 103 (Birkenruth), 9 to 1, 3. Time, 1:00 4-5.

Second race, 6½ furlongs—Rag Tag, 109 (Mathews), 14 to 5, 1; Rubus, 98 (Hoar), 5 to 2, 2; George T., 104 (Birkenruth), 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:20 3-5.

Third race, 1 mile and 70 yards—Scotch Plaid, 103 (Buchanan), 11 to 5, 1; Silurian, 101 (J. Walsh), 18 to 5, 2; Rasselas, 105 (Elgeson), 25 to 1, 3. Time, 1:44 4-5.

Fourth race, 1 mile and 100 yards—Dr. Stephens, 110 (Coburn), 15 to 2, 1; Major Dixon, 105 (Mathews), 4 to 5, 2; Searcher, 107 (Buchanan), 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1:45 3-5.

Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—Philo, 102 (Robbins), 5 to 1, 1; Florestan, 95 (Sheehan), 10 to 1, 2; Tangent, 105 (Mathews), 20 to 1, 3. Time, 1:07 2-5.

Sixth race, 1 mile and 70 yards—Leonwell, 99 (Baker), 4 to 1, 1; Red Apple, 104 (Birkenruth), 5 to 1, 2; Fridolin, 99 (Winsett), 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1:45 3-5.

THE DUTTON RACES.

Dutton, Sept. 13.—A meeting of the Race Track Association was held on Wednesday evening in the town hall here for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following were appointed: President, J. H. McIntyre; treasurer, T. Hockin; secretary, Dr. J. O. Henry. A committee was also appointed to act in conjunction with the above orders in deciding when the races are to be held. The track has already been put in excellent condition.

AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

New York, Sept. -3.—Sergeant, Belle of Troy and Stamping Ground were the winning favorites at Sheepshead Bay yesterday, the other events going to outsiders. Sergeant won the Golden Rod stakes easily by one and a half lengths from Lady Josephine, and also broke the track record for 6½ furlongs on the turf by running the distance in 1:20 4-5. The Rival upset the form players by capturing the Russell handicap in a driving finish by a neck from the favorite, His Eminence. In the second race, two horses fell, but their riders escaped injury. Summaries:

First race, for maiden fillies, 2-year-olds, last 5 furlongs of Futurity course—Fleeing Venus, 110 (Redfern), 15 to 1 and 6 to 1, 1; Sweet Nell, 110 (Mulholland), 100 to 1 and 40 to 1, 2; Meddling Mary, 110 (H. Michaels), 20 to 1 and 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1:01 1-5.

Second race, for 3-year-olds and upwards, selling, 1 mile—Rocky, 96 (J. Martin), 15 to 1 and 6 to 1, 1; Grail, 99 (Murray), 50 to 1 and 20 to 1, 2; Potente, 103 (Shea), 16 to 5 and 6 to 5, 3. Time, 1:40 4-5.

Third race, the Golden Rod, for 2-year-olds, 6½ furlongs on turf—Sergeant, 112 (O'Connor), 9 to 5 and 4 to 5, 1; Lady Josephine, 107 (Odom), 6 to 1 and 2 to 1, 2; Incubator, 105 (Lyne), 13 to 5 and even, 3. Time, 1:20 4-5.

Fourth race, for 3-year-olds and up, handicap, 1 1-8 miles—Belle of Troy, 102 (Redfern), 3 to 1 and even, 1; Ethics, 108 (Lyne), 7 to 1 and 5 to 2, 2; Douro, 117 (Odom), 7 to 1 and 5 to 2, 3. Time, 1:52 4-5.

Fifth race, for all ages, selling, 7 furlongs, Futurity course — Stamping Ground, 97 (Redfern), 8 to 5 and 7 to 10, 1; Flora Pomona, 117 (N. Turner), 20 to 1 and 7 to 1, 2; The Referee, 110 (Brennan), 50 to 1 and 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1:26 4-5.

Sixth race, the Russell handicap, for 3-year-olds and upwards, 1½ miles on turf—The Rival, 105 (H. Michaels), 4 to 1 and 4 to 5, 1; His Eminence, 108 (Odom), 6 to 5 and 2 to 5, 2; Articulate, 126 (Lyne), 7 to 5 and 2 to 5, 3. Time, 2.23 4-5.

AT BUFFALO.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13. — The track at Kenilworth Park dried up remarkably fast yesterday and some good time was made over the course. Summary:

First race, 3-year-olds and over, allowances, 1 1-16 miles—Piederich, 113 (Robertson), 7 to 10, 1; Illowaho, 102 (L. Jackson), 5 to 1, 2; Orontas, 111 (Blake), 8 to 5, 3. Time, 1:49 4-5.

Second race, 2-year-olds, selling, ⅝ mile—Baikal, 103 (Minder), 5 to 1, 1; Onyx, 99 (Adams), 20 to 1, 2; Rheta, 104 (L. Jackson), 3 to 5, 3. Time, 1:02.

Third race, all ages, allowances, ¾ mile—Maud Gonne, 110 (McInerney), 2 to 1, 1; Snark, 110 (Minder), 12 to 1, 2; Severi, 110 (Robertson), 10 to 2, 3. Time, 1:14 4-5.

Fourth race, 3-year-olds and over, selling, 1 mile—McWilliams, 112 (Robertson), 3 to 1, 1; Lone Fisherman, 112 (Minder), 3 to 1, 2; Irish Jewel, 112 (T. Knight), 4 to 1, 3. Time, 1:42 4-5.

Fifth race, 2-year-olds, allowances, ¾ mile — Americano, 115 (Alexander), 1 to 5, 1; Pathos, 110 (Adams), 15 to 1, 2; All Souls, 107 (Minder), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1:16 2-5.

Sixth race, 3-year-olds and over, selling, 1 mile—Great Star, 101 (Dart), 8 to 1, 1; Loone, 101 (L. Jackson), 6 to 5, 2; Baronet, 104 (Adams), 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1:43.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor Race Track, Ont., Sept. 13.—Weather wet; track heavy. On account of the heavy track the Russell House plate race was postponed and will be run off the first fine day. There were only five races yesterday. Results:

First race, maiden, 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs—Begone, 110 (Irvin), 5 to 1, 1; Eddie T., 110 (Gormley), even, 2; Hindo Prince, 102 (McFadden), 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:05.

Second race, 5½ furlongs, all ages — Our Jessie, 95 (Preston), 12 to 1, 1; Imp. Albula, 108 (Irvin), 7 to 5, 2; Almanzo, 95 (C. Kelly), 2 to 1, 3. Time, 1:11.

Third race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 7 furlongs—Nat Goodwin, 105 (Castro), 4 to 1, 1; Sir Kingston, 105 (Gormley, 2½ to 1, 2; The Bronze Demon, 109 (Steele), 5 to 2, 3. Time, 1:34.

Fourth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Orrie Goan, 107 (Gormley), 4 to 1, 1; Jigger, 96 (C. Kelly), 10 to 1, 2; Flaneur, 107 (W. McFadden), 15 to 1, 3. Time, 1:19¾.

Fifth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile—Firing Line, 103 (Irvin), 6 to 1, 1, by a head; Easy Street, 102 (A. Weber), 8 to 5, 2; Lemuel, 102 (Preston), 2 to 1, 3. Time, 1:48.

BOXING.

ATELL BEAT ABEL.

St. Louis, Sept. 12.—Abe Atell, of San Francisco, was given the decision over Kid Abel, of Chicago, here last night at the end of 20 rounds. Kid Farmer, of Chicago, earned the decision over Tommy Sullivan, of St. Louis, in an 8-round preliminary. Harry Sharpe was referee.

THE McGOVERN-CORBETT FIGHT.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Despite the threat made to stop the McGovern-Corbett contest at Louisville on Sept. 22, arrangements for the big mill are progressing nicely, and it goes without saying that the bout will be the greatest pugilistic event pulled off in the West in many years.

Corbett and McGovern are both putting in hard licks at their respective training quarters in this city, and their friends and admirers appear to be satisfied that they will both enter the ring in good condition.

McGovern did his first boxing last Tuesday and his appearance in ring attire showed him to be in perfect condition physically. His skin is brown as a berry and his muscles hard as iron. He is faster than ever on his feet, and above all more careful to guard himself in mixups. He spars every other day with Art Simms and Eddie Cain and the bouts are witnessed by large crowds from the city. Everybody has something good to say about Terry after seeing him work. He says he is in better shape right now than ever before.

At Corbett's training camp on Price Hill everything is now moving along smoothly. There was a flare up last Friday week in camp caused by a wordy war between the boxer and his manager, which resulted in Johnny to paddle his own canoe. Johnny Corbett leaving his erstwhile protege bett has gone to Denver and may take under his wing the clever Abe Attell, while Young Corbett says in the future he will not bother with a manager.

Young Corbett is fast getting down to weight. He works hard nearly every day in his gymnasium with his sparring partners, Willie Mack and Willie Fitzgerald, while Harry Tuthill looks on to see that the thing is properly gone through with. Corbett works in private, excepting on certain afternoons, when the general public is admitted to see him spar.

Interest in the contest is increasing daily. At this early date half of the house is sold out and the sports are scrambling wildly for choice seats. Ring-side seats will be at a premium on the night of the contest. If you are going to see the game get your seats at once, for they will be in great demand on the eve of the battle.

Several trains over different roads will be run from this city to Louisville on the night of the contest. Jake Hagner, Mike Gillespie, Jake Pittner and many others have made arrangements to take down parties on special trains, and it is estimated that at least 1,000 sports will be at the ringside from Cincinnati and vicinity. Dayton, Indianapolis and other towns will also send large delegations.

The contest will be held in the same arena in which McGovern and Dave Sullivan fought last February. The management of the Southern Athletic Club has abandoned the idea of holding the bout in the open, and the ring will be pitched in the center of the Auditorium stage.

Public sentiment is in favor of the contest at Louisville, and Mayor Grainger will occupy a box near the ring side. He has invited Mayor Julius Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, and several other prominent city officials from Ohio and Kentucky to come and see the contest as his guests. The mayor certainly has a boost coming from the sporting element for his manly stand in allowing the contest to come off, as long as there is no violation of the law.

Young Corbett is still receiving letters from fight cranks telling him how to whip Terry McGovern. Here is one from a prominent business man of this city showing that the boxing fever has a hold on the busy merchant as well as those who have nothing else to do but give advice.

"Dear Sir: As I have seen a number of boxing contests, the McGovern and Sullivan go included, will say if you will train with the intention of a short contest I believe you will win—at least hope so. If you will go to McGovern when he leads go inside of his guard, you will finish him in a few rounds. Sullivan went to him and would have finished him in the fifth round, but lacked the punch. You are the only boxer I ever wrote, but I believe in your ability to win, providing you go to him every lead he makes. Personally I have no choice between you and McGovern, but it is the East against the West. I stand for the West. I used to be in business in Denver, prospected all over Colorado. I live in Cincinnati. Am summering at Sandusky.

"When you enter the ring remember when he leads GO TO HIM."

CRICKET.

CANADIANS' POOR RECORD.

Philadelphia, Sept. 13. — The wicket was true and the weather delightful when the Canadian-Philadelphia cricket match opened yesterday. The Canadians won the toss and went to bat first. Up to the time play was stopped for lunch they had scored only 27 runs for the loss of 6 wickets. A record in international cricket was established, when one-half of the Canadian wickets went down for only 7 runs.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

FIRST-CLASS SPEEDWAY WOULD BE AN ADVANTAGE

This Is the Opinion of Well-Known Horseman Who Also Wants Spring Meeting.



"TWO things are lacking in this city," said a well-known horseman yesterday, "the introduction of which would bring a heap of joy to the heart of every horseman in the city who either has steppers or is interested in their doings. One is the absence of a speedway and the other the absence of a spring race meeting.

"It is a question of grave doubt whether public sentiment would ever consent to the former; the question of the public safety would doubtless be brought up. But the assignment of a couple of good blocks of street for horse-racing pure and simple would be really a guard against accidents to children and the public at large. Some would, of course, laugh at the idea, but it is nevertheless true. Horses will be raced in spite of police restriction, especially in the winter afternoons, when everybody who has one is out with his speeder. As conditions are now they race on any street, where the qualities of their steppers may be challenged, and if a policeman does catch them the majority of them are ready and willing to pay the fine for the pleasure of the race. It is here that public safety is endangered, whereas if a street allotment on which racing could be practiced was made, there would be less fear of accident and the populace would be safer. Almost every city in the country of London's size has a speedway, and a course of this kind would prove itself as interesting in its way as the world-known speedway of New York.

"Very little needs to be said regarding the second question. That a number of enterprising business men could run a race meeting in London is merely a statement of fact. Races here in the past have always been well-attended and contested by good horses. London is the center of Western Ontario and the people in this district have to go to Hamilton, Toronto or some more distant place to see a first-class speeding exhibition. If the attraction is provided, it is all but inevitable that they should come here, together with their horses."

BASEBALL.

THE CALIFORNIA LEAGUE.

A San Francisco correspondent of the Sporting News, writing under date of August 29, says of the pennant race in the California League:

The Friscos a week ago surprised themselves as well as the local baseball fraternity by defeating the Oaklands six times straight in one week's series.

I stated in my last report they deserved no credit whatever for their unexpected victories, as the Oaklands were in an exceedingly crippled condition, being minus the services of four of their best players, viz., McCreedie, Dunleavy, Schmidt and Streib. I therefore predicted a decided change of aspect during the second week's series between these two teams and have now to report that my anticipation has proven true.

With the addition of their regular men, "the Oaklands played rings around our Uncle Henry's Ponies and turned the tables on them by taking all six games last week. Very seldom do we read about such results as have followed the games between these two teams during the last two weeks. It was a complete change of form on the Oaklands' part and demonstrated clearly that the Frisco team, as it is now composed, can not win the pennant, providing the Oaklands or Angels do not meet with any serious mishaps between now and the end of the season.

Los Angeles must be considered in the race, for they are truly playing wonderful ball and not a few are of the opinion that they will win out.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	R.	H.	E.
At Philadelphia—			
Pittsburg	2	10	2
Philadelphia	0	7	3

Batteries—Leever and Phelps; Duggleby and Shea.

At Brooklyn—			
Cincinnati	4	7	1
Brooklyn	5	7	5

Batteries — Thielman and Bergen; Hughes and Ritter.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Boston—	R.	H.	E.
Boston	5	14	3
Philadelphia	4	9	2

Batteries—Young and Criger; Waddell and Schreckengost.

At Baltimore—			
Baltimore	1	2	4
Washington	15	23	0

Batteries—Katoll and Dolphin; Lee and Drill.

Rain at Cleveland.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

At Montreal—	R.	H.	E.
Newark	2	9	4
Montreal	8	11	1

Batteries—Parkin and Wiley; Souders and Urquhart. Umpire, Rinn.

At Rochester—			
Rochester	2	8	6
Worcester	14	15	2

Batteries—Mattern and Coogan; Gokey and Steelman.

At Buffalo (first game)—			
Buffalo	7	11	2
Providence	5	13	3

Batteries—Hooker and Shaw; Corridon and Dolan.

At Buffalo (second game)—			
Buffalo	4	10	0
Providence	3	8	3

Game called on account of darkness. Batteries—Laroy and Shaw; Brown and Kelly and Dolan. Umpire, Egan.

LONDONS VS. McCLARYS.

Representatives of the Londons, champions of the City Baseball League, and the McClarys, champions of the Wholesale League, met last evening at the Tecumseh House and arrived at an amicable agreement in regard to a series of games for the city championship. The series will consist of three matches, to be played at Tecumseh Park on Sept. 27, Oct. 4, and Oct. 11. These date all fall on a Saturday and the management of the rival teams look for a great attendance.

GREATEST PLAY EVER MADE ON A BASEBALL DIAMOND

It Is Described by Tim Murnane, Who Took Part in the Memorable Contest.

Writing from Boston to his paper, the Cincinnati Inquirer, T. H. Murnane digs up some ancient history which every old fan will read with intrest. He writes:

The Savannah Press has published a diagram showing how O'Hagan made his triple play not long ago at Jersey City, and winds up a story saying that O'Hagan alone should have the credit for making a triple play, and gives as a reason Charley Sweasy's claim that he took part in the play made by Paul Hines in Providence back in 1878.

As a fact the play made by O'Hagan is not worth considering as a genuine triple any more than any set-up job might be to make a fancy play. Let us see how the last triple play was made. With Shock, a slow runner, at second base, Mack at first and no outs, the batter bunting for a sacrifice, hits a weak fly that O'Hagan runs in 15 feet for and takes on the fly, dashes back, touches his man before he can return to first and then down the base line and touches second before Shock can return, with the play before Shock's eyes all the time. To say the least it must have been very dopey work by Mr. Shock, who could not have reached third base before the ball was caught unless he started the night before, and, therefore, O'Hagan will get very little credit for making the play.

As a comparison let us see what Paul Hines did do, and to back up Hines fully we have the statements of John Manning, John Burdock, George Wright, John Morrill, Andrew Leonard, Thomas York, Dick Higham, Bill Hague, Tom Carey, Charley Snyder, the writer and others who took part in the game. George Wright was on the coaching lines. Burdick hit the ball that Hines caught. Manning was on the base and the writer was stationed at first base, with a perfect view of the play. Hines' catch was one of the finest ever witnessed on a ball field and taken six inches from the ground at full speed. As Boston was anxious to score both runs to win the game the men at second and third were off with the crack of the bat. George Wright sending them home. Hines kept at full speed after catching the ball a few yards to the left of second base, the infield playing in close for the man at the plate. Hague stood on third, expecting the ball from Hines, who was ready to throw if the base runner started back. The base runners were bewildered and both were close to the home plate. Manning started back, while Hines stood on third base with the ball. Sweasy, the Providence second baseman, stood on second base calling for the ball, being in doubt as to how many were out, and observing John Manning on his way back Hines walked off to third and tossed the ball to Sweasy, and no doubt gave Sweasy the impression that he was entitled to some credit for a triple play. When Hines touched third three men were out, one on a fly ball and the other two for having run on a fly ball, as Sutton was forced to come back to third and Manning to second.

Sweasy had no hand in the play and Hines alone accomplished a triple play of the most brilliant description and won the game for Providence by a score of 1 to 0.

No one questioned Hines' claim to this triple until Sweasy, years later, made the claim that he was a party to the play, not knowing that when Hines touched third base that the inning was over with three men out.

O'Hagan's play was a counterfeit compared to the greatest play ever made in baseball, the accuracy of which cannot for a moment be doubted by any one familar with the reputations of the players mentioned above, who took part in the game, and talk over the play about every time they meet to laugh at Sweasy's claim that he had a hand in the performance.

Sweasy, like Dug Allison, never could quite understand how it was that two men could be put out at one base for falling to return on a fly ball caught, and to their lack of reasoning out baseball rules can Hines blame any doubt as to his claim for making a triple play.

At the time the play was made we talked it over without any doubt of Hines' claim, as we all saw it, and why some of our baseball writers doubt for an instant the play was made is a mystery.

FOOTBALL.

LONDON TO ENTER INTERMEDIATE SERIES.

At a meeting held last evening at the Tecumseh House, the executive of the London Rugby Football Club decided to enter the race for intermediate honors in the O. R. F. U. The London intermediate rugby team last year won the championship from Peterboro, but was ultimately robbed of the victory. Another meeting is to be held on Monday when representatives will be chosen to attend the meeting of the union at Toronto. Practice will be commenced Monday at Tecumsh Park, the hour fixed being that between 5 and 6 o'clock.

If you are losing appetite, lying awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it's just the tonic you need. f

The finest pipe made

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Perfect Shapes.

Best Finish.

Guaranteed Not to Burn.

In Solid Vulcanite, Horn or Amber

—BY—

W. J. Clark. J. F. Nolan

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A Rousing Sale of Neckties at 15c Each.

The best value we ever sold. The latest Ties for ladies and for gentlemen, sold always at 25c, 35c and 50c each, at this store during the Exhibition only, each 15c

In several styles; one, the up-to-date Aberdeen Tie, with very secure fasteners; they come in all colors, in checks, stripes and all the newest effects; another style is the Midget bow tie, in all colors and the most stylish patterns, with the Little Giant fastener. Your choice of this greatest lot of Ties ever shown in this city, at 25c, 35c and 50c, for, each 15c

See Them in Our Window.

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Best White Porcelain Cups and Saucers, per set of six, Monday 29c

150 dozen White Breakfast Plates, each 5c

Dinner Plates, Monday, each, 6c

Meat Platters, 8 and 9 inches, Monday only, each 10c

Meat Platters, 12-inch size, regular 35c, for, each 25c

Gravy Bowls, each 5c

Individual Vegetable Dishes, Monday, each 5c

Fancy China Cups and Saucers, each, 10c and 15c

Fancy China Bread and Butter Plates, handsome designs, Monday, 3 for 25c

8 dozen only Tea Pot Stands, floral decorations, each 5c

200 dozen Fruit Saucers, floral and gilt design, only, each ..5c

Fruit Sets in pink, blue, green and ruby, with gilt and floral decorations, set up from 65c

Water Glasses, Monday, 2 for 5c

Coal Hods, at each, 25c, 35c and 50c

Housefurnishings.

5 dozen only 3-String Brooms, extra value, for, each 15c

2 dozen Wool Dusters, regular 20c and 25c, for, each 10c

A splendid line of Axe Handles, each ..... 10c and 15c

1-Gallon Oil Cans, flat top, each 15c

Cold Blast Lanterns, Monday, each 65c

Brown Stone Tea Pots, regular 25c, for, each 15c

We Are Always Pleased to See Visitors.

WOODS' FAIR

HOW STARTER FITZGERALD ONCE LOST HIS NERVE

Natural Cussedness of Horses and Jockeys Nearly Proved Too Much for Him.

[New York World.]

Christopher Fitzgerald, the official starter of the jockey club, is desperately ill at his home, No. 467 McDonough street, Brooklyn, of typhoid fever, and early this morning his death was momentarily expected.

Mr. Fitzgerald contracted the disease three weeks ago at Saratoga, and was sent home from there in W. C. Whitney's private car. He passed the crisis of the disease safely, but three days ago he had a relapse and has not rallied.

As a starter of racehorses Fitzgerald will rank in turf history with the late James F. Caldwell, popularly known as the "Prince of Starters."

He began his career with the flag at New Orleans in 1896, but it was not until 1898 that he took up his work with the jockey club tracks in the East. On the opening day at Aqueduct, April 25, 1898, he began his Eastern career.

By nature and training he is eminently fitted for the position, and although at one time he became so discouraged and disgusted with his own performances as well as those of disobedient jockeys and unruly horses, that he resigned, his work throughout his term of service has been in the opinion of the stewards of the jockey club of a high order.

FITZGERALD A CANADIAN.

Fitzgerald was born in Toronto, Ont., 38 years ago. He came to New York as a telegraph operator. Later he became racing editor of a daily newspaper, and while in that position the jockey club appointed him clerk of the scales.

In the winter of 1896 he started horses in New Orleans, working on the Eastern tracks in the racing season as clerk of the scales or patrol judge.

When, in 1898, he took up the work that ended with his illness at Saratoga he was peculiarly fitted in his knowledge of men in general and of jockeys in particular for the undertaking.

His intimate acquaintance with those peculiar and erratic specimens of mankind with whom he had to deal, obtained by being thrown with them in the jockey room and at the scales, was of inestimable help to him in the performance of his duties. He knew every trick of the jockey trade, and tempered justice with mercy in dealing with them. They were afraid of him, and yet he won their esteem, and none among his turf acquaintances would more sincerely mourn his loss than the jockeys whom he ruled as with a rod of iron.

WHEN FITZGERALD LOST HEART

Fitzgerald resigned his position Sept. 14, 1898. It was the opening day of the Gravesend fall meeting, and the fields of horses were of a kind to try a starter's soul.

Fourteen 2-year-olds kicked up their heels in the Junior Champion Stakes that day for an hour and a quarter, and then they were sent away to a bad start. Armament won the race, Jean Beraud was beaten, and Fitzgerald, hooted and hissed by the crowd, resigned. The stewards asked him to reconsider, and he did upon condition that he be allowed to use a starting device. He rigged up a barrier and ever since he has been a great success.

Fitzgerald never lost his nerve, but no man could live very long under such a strain and do good work. Caldwell lasted longest. His was the kind of nerve that did not weaken easily, but it was broken at last, so was that of Sheridan and of "Blue Grass Jim" Ferguson. They are all dead now, and it may be that the strain that helped to kill these men had much to do with the desperate condition of Fitzgerald.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Shore Acres" Given a Good Presentation.

Considering that it is eight years or more since James A. Herne, the lovable old actor-dramatist, whose death was a distinct loss to the theatrical world, first gave to the public his best play, "Shore Acres," the company which presented it at the Grand last night was a surprisingly capable one. It is the fate of too many good plays to be handed over to third and fourth rate companies after they have survived their exploitation for a season or two by the original producers. Credit must be given Mrs. James A. Herne for the efforts she has put forth to keep her late husband's plays from getting into incompetent hands and so falling below the standard of production which Mr. Herne established. "Shore Acres" is the first of the downeast barnyard dramas, and it is also the best. Its simplicity, naturalness and truthfulness have all gained it a place in the heart of the public from which it has not been, and will not be, ousted by later plays of the same class. James T. Galloway, while failing to give to his characterization of old Uncle Nat the delicate touches of nature in which Mr. Herne was an adept, does justice to the role of the kindly, tender-hearted old bachelor, who is a truer parent to the Maine household than the father himself. Adkins Lawrence is satisfactory as Martin Berry, but he rather overdoes his emotional scenes. Miss Mabel Wright, who played the leading role in Andrew Robson's production of "The Royal Box," two years ago, was seen as Helen Berry. She fails to be as convincing and natural in the role as was Miss Grace Filkins, the creator of the part, or Miss Marion Cullen, who played it so acceptably last year. With these exceptions, the work of the company, is commendable, those worthy of mention being Charles E. Fisher, as Joel Gates, the widower; William H. Burton, as Josiah Blake, the boom promoter; Bert Flansberg, as Dr. Sam Warren; Vivien Bryen, as Mandy Gates, and Sadie Cullen as Perly. The scenery, which is all new this year, is excellent, while in the stage setting the same air of realism and fidelity is attained as in former productions of the play. Matinee and night performances are given today, and the play deserves larger audiences than that of last night.

PLAY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Le Voyage en Suisse," made the Hanlons famous the world over, and the innumerable tricks, pantomimic paraphernalia, grotesque action and characteristic costuming are their own. The breaking up of the coach bringing the wedding party to the church, the comical smashup of the continental express, and the startling avalanche comprises the three great mechanical effects of the play. "Le Voyage en Suisse" will be presented at the Grand Opera House all next week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

A RISING ACTRESS.

Last season Miss Marjorie Adams was especially engaged by L. Rufus Hill for the part of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." In this character she made a great hit. This season Messrs. Rowland and Young secured Miss Adams as leading lady for their Bijou Comedy Company. They have also purchased the rights to the play "Under Two Flags," in which she will be seen during the company's engagement at the London Opera House next week. "Dad's Girl" is the bill for Monday night, a strong four-act society drama.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Hudson's Bay Company report the Indians are slaughtering wood buffalo north of Edmonton.

The busiest time of the day in the British Museum reading-room is 4 p.m., when an average of 854 persons are present. The

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cannot begin to supply the demand for competent office help.

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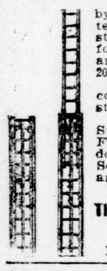


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Waterproof Hunting Coats, only	$2 50
Cartridge Vests, holding 48 cartridges	1 25
Leather Coats, black, lined with corduroy	7 00
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In the appearance of your home. You may not think the improvement of painting your house or papering your rooms is a needful outlay, but appearances go a long way.

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Gunpowder.

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Merchant Tailor,
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NEW GOODS FOR FALL WEAR NOW IN STOCK.

Visitors to Western Fair

will do well by calling at Gillean's Jewelry Store and getting one of their Watches.

Boys' Nickel Watch	85c
Boys' Nickled Watch, stem-winder	$1 50
Boys' Sterling Silver, stem-winder	$4 50
Gents' Sterling Silver, American movement	$7 00
Ladies' Sterling Silver	$3 00 to $6 00
Ladies' Gold-Filled, 25 years' wear, good Waltham or Elgin movement	$11 75
Ladies' Solid Gold	$15 00

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Nothing Like Hamilton's Porter.

Every convalescent person should strengthen up their system with its daily use. Made to give satisfaction.

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COMING TO THE FAIR?

From east, west, north and south visitors will be coming to the city to take in the Western Fair and other sights. One of the "others" is our Jewelry Store. If you want to keep up with the nicest and newest ideas in jewelry, come and see our splendid stock. Lowest prices always.

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OUR OVEN MEN



are the best that money can procure.

They pay the strictest attention to the baking of the bread, so as to get it as perfect as possible.

THE PARNELL-DEAN STEAM BAKING CO., Limited.
Factory—75 and 77 Bruce Street.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Francis Mitchell, the confessed Caradoc cattle-thief, was committed for trial by Squire J. B. Smyth yesterday afternoon.

—Rev. J. W. Rae, of Aylmer, will preach at King Street Presbyterian Church tomorrow on the occasion of its reopening.

—King Street Presbyterian Church will be reopened tomorrow. The interior of the church has been much improved by decorators.

—The Canadian Order of Foresters will attend divine service at St. James' Presbyterian Church tomorrow. Rev. A. J. MacGillivray will preach.

—At the School of Domestic Science, 356 King street, new classes in cooking will commence Monday, Sept. 29. Miss Butchart, the principal, has arranged for a housekeepers' special three months' course.

—Amherstburg Echo: James Gillean and wife, of London, are taking a month or six weeks' rest with their son at the Lake View House. The old gentleman is enjoying pretty good health for his age, being in his 80th year. He is smarter than any of his sons. He thinks there is no place like Essex County with its balmy air."

—The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Arva Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society: President, Mrs. D. Anderson; first vice-president, Mrs. R. Shobbrook; second vice-president, Miss Webb; treasurer, Miss Fish; recording secretary, Mrs. W. R. Westlake; corresponding secretary, Minnie W. Hawkins, superintendent of systematic giving, Mrs. D. Anderson; delegate to branch meeting to be held in Clinton next month, Mrs. T. Miller; alternate, Mrs. W. Smith.

—Rev. C. C. Owen, of this city, will preach on Friday evening next at Thamesford, at the regular meeting of Oxford deanery.

MINISTERIAN ALLIANCE.

The first regular meeting of the Ministerial Alliance for the winter season, 1902-3, will be held on Monday, Sept. 15, at 10 a.m., at the Y. M. C. A. Election of officers and other important business.

TRAMPS ARRESTED.

Three tramps, who are wanted at Milton for stealing, were arrested yesterday afternoon by P. C. Noonan. They were sheltering themselves from the storm in a C. P. R. freight car when found. They gave their names and nationality as follows: Otto Wisner, German, Gabel Jakob, Hungarian, and Adel Fenz, Austrian. They will be taken back to Milton today by Chief Bradley, of that place.

L. E. AND D. R. R. WARNED.

The city solicitor of Chatham has written to the superintendent of the Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway to commence the erection of repair shops in Chatham at once or pay to the city $10,000. This was the agreement arranged when the L. E. and D. R. R. absorbed the Erie and Huron Railway in consideration of the $30,000 bonus which Chatham gave to the latter road.

BURIED AT COURTRIGHT.

Brigden Public Opinion: On Saturday last there was buried in Sutherland's cemetery, Courtright, Mrs. Thomasann Abbot, relict of the late Richard Abbott, formerly of her majesty's customs, London, Ont. In her death the last of the original Sutherland family has been removed. She was a daughter of the late Thomas Sutherland and came to Canada with her father 70 years ago. She was then 19 years of age, and so had reached the great age of 89. She was the mother of ten children, who are widely scattered. Her latter years were spent with her son in Muskegon, Mich., where she died on Thursday, Sept. 4. Her remains were laid to rest on the spot where old Trinity Church formerly stood, a fitting resting-place for one whose early associations had been with that little tabernacle in the wilderness of forest over 60 years ago—a place where rest the ashes of her father and other members of the family.

OFFICERS WERE ELECTED.

The annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Mission Circle of the Dundas Center Methodist Church was held on Thursday evening in the Epworth League room. Very encouraging reports were received showing an increase in both membership and income. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Ashplant; first vice-president, Miss Magee; second vice-president, Miss Tanton; recording secretary, Miss Dempsey; corresponding secretary, Miss Beal; treasurer, Miss Kathleen Magee; superintendent of systematic giving, Mrs. C. E. Cowley; superintendent of missionary reading club, Miss Barter; delegate to convention at Clinton, Miss Dempsey; alternate, Miss Tanton.

WEDDED ON WEDNESDAY.

A quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. John Leitch, 100 Wellington street, on Wednesday ast, when his eldest daughter, Alice, and Mr. Duncan H. Campbell, a prosperous and popular young farmer of Westminster township, were united in marriage. Rev. Walter Moffatt, of Chalmers Church, performed the ceremony in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the young couple. The bride was attended by Miss Margaret Bailey, while the groom was supported by Mr. Wallace Leitch. Neither rice nor good wishes were spared the happy pair as they departed on the eastern flyer for Toronto and other points.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

Mr. James Burrows, manager of the Western Real Estate Exchange, Limited, reports the sale of the following property this week: Mr. James Bodman's farm, being part of lot No. 25, con. 1, township of London, was sold by Mr. William Needham, of Ilderton, to Mr. William Miller, of this city, for $2,200. Mr. John H. Manning's 40-acre farm at Lambeth, being the southwest quarter of the north half of lot 69, E. T. R., township of Westminster, was sold by Mr. William Needham to Mr. J. W. Reed, of Port Elgin, in the county of Bruce, for $3,215. Mr. Henry Hendra has sold his farm, being the west half of lot 13, con. 8, in the township of Enniskillen, county of Lambton, for $4,800, and has purchased a house and five acres of land, lately owned by Mr. Alfred Keene, of Westminster.

WILL GERALD SIFTON BE SOON RELEASED ON BAIL

So Rumor Says, and Rumor Is Occasionally Correct.

Crown States That Other Two Murder Trials Will Go On.

As the days for the opening of the assizes approaches great interest is being taken in the disposal of the Sifton murder case. While it is certain that the case will not be heard before Mr. Justice Lount, nothing definite has been announced as to what will be done with the case. It must be remembered that the prisoner has now been in jail over 25 months. During that time there have been half a dozen courts which have had competent jurisdiction in the case, yet he has had only one trial. The case has been postponed from assize to assize, in one instance only at the request of the defense. One of the foundational principles of British law is that a prisoner must not be kept in prison without a trial, yet the case of Gerald Sifton looks to the unprejudiced observer very like an exception to this rule.

The present position of affairs, so far as is known to the general public, is provocative of speculation. It is certain that the case will not be tried before Mr. Justice Lount, as he was crown prosecutor at the fall assizes of 1900, at which Sifton was to have been tried, and at which Herbert pleaded guilty to the charge of murdering Joseph Sifton. He also appeared at the famous will trial, on behalf of the attorney-general's department, to enter an objection to the case being heard before the disposal of the criminal trial. No judge has yet been appointed to hear the Sifton trial, nor have any witnesses been summoned. The crown say that they do not need to subpoena the witnesses, as they are already bound over to appear. The crown has apparently not yet located James and Martin Morden, the two witnesses whose testimony forms such an important link in the crown's case. It is unlikely that Edgar Morden will be put into the box after his having been utterly discredited by a civil jury's action in pronouncing the famous butter-paper will a forgery. R. C. Clute, K.C., has been appointed crown prosecutor for the coming assizes, but W. R. Riddell, K.C., will conduct the Sifton case when it comes to trial.

One of the rumors heard in connection with the case, and which comes from a quasi-official source, is to the effect that not only will the case be postponed to a future assize, but that Gerald Sifton will be released on bail. While ordinarily little attention is to be paid to such stories, it will be recalled that last spring The Advertiser published two such rumors which afterwards proved to have been founded on fact—one being that the case was to be postponed, and the other being that the Mordens had disappeared and could not be located, in spite of the efforts of the crown officers.

The crown officials state that unless some unforeseen developments arise, the McArthur and the Graham-Kilburn murder trials will be proceeded with next week.

Church Members' Breach of Promise Suit.

Philadelphia, Sept. 13.—Miss Cora Keime, of Somerset county, who brought an action of breach of promise against Prof. I. Harvey Brumbaugh, acting president of the Juniata College, was awarded a verdict of $9,250 yesterday. Miss Keime laid her damages at $25,000. The case is unique as being the only instance wherein legal action has been had between members of the Dunkard Church.

HARDING HALL REOPENING

Teaching Staff Strengthened and Attendance Increased.

At the opening of Harding Hall on Wednesday morning last, former students noted with pleasure the many improvements that had been made during the summer, both in the building and in the school appliances. All the rooms have been practically refitted, adding much to their appearance and comfort. The faculty was never so strong as at present, and all the new teachers are taking hold of their work with enthusiasm. This year the school has the advantage of having Miss A. C. Hartley, B. E., as resident teacher in expression. It is possible, therefore, as intimated in the calendar, to give more attention to this department. Miss Hartley took a course in Bucknell University, and in addition to being a full graduate of the National School of Expression in Philadelphia, has taken a special course in fencing. This year she declined the assistant physical directorship of one of the state normal schools, having over eleven hundred students. With her attainments and some years of successful teaching, she brings great strength to the department in Harding Hall. It is expected that classes in fencing will be organized shortly. The young ladies have already organized tennis and basketball clubs, and will have the benefit of expert direction in their games. Twice as many students from outside points have been enrolled as in any previous year. President Baker expresses himself as greatly encouraged with the outlook, and says he will spare no effort to make London girls' school a leader in its class.

TOWN TREASURER

Quebec Municipal Officer Gives Important Evidence.

Without Fear, Favor, or Affection, He Speaks Plainly His Honest Sentiments, Adding Some Words of Advice.

Wolfestown, Quebec, Sept. 12.—Mr. R. Boulanger, secretary and treasurer of this town, is numbered among the most prominent and highly resepected citizens of the country.

Time and again he has been honored by appointment to offices of public trust and there is no man in our community who commands the universal respect and esteem of all classes of citizens more than Mr. Boulanger.

Those who know him well are aware that for some time he was very ill and they also know that he was restored to good health, but many of them may not be aware of the means used by Mr. Boulanger in accomplishing the wonderful recovery which he has been fortunate enough to bring about.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he has made this fact public in a grateful letter which reads as follows:

"I desire to say that I was completely cured of Kidney Disease and Urinary Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was so bad that I was obliged to urinate often, with much pain. They have relieved me of the pain and the results in every way are satisfactory.

"I think it is prudent for every family to keep them and use them."

When a man of Mr. Boulanger's standing puts himself on record so frankly and positively, there can be no doubt but that he has experienced all and more than he states in his letter.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have now permanently established themselves as an infallible remedy for all urinary trouble and the closing words of Mr. Boulanger's letter are an advice which every household should observe.

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, is seriously ill.

For cuts, wounds, rheumatism, stiff joints, burns, scalds, bites of insects, croup, coughs, colds, Hagyard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. t

Forty molders in Crowe's Iron Works at Guelph are out on strike.

COAL PRICES IN CHICAGO

Some Dealers Ask $25 for Hard—Soft Goes Up to $9.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The price of soft coal in Chicago has risen to $9 a ton, as compared with $3 75 on Sept. 1. Anthracite is practically unobtainable, and it is quoted by some dealers as high as $25 a ton. The sudden advance in prices is attributed to the demand caused by the cold weather, which, while not severe in itself, has aroused householders to a realization that their bins are empty.

A SIMPLE CHANGE

Made a World of Difference.

The Health Resort does not always bring back health, but the Health Resort and proper food make a pretty sure combination.

Mrs. E. Kennett, Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was pronounced a consumptive and sent to Asheville, N. C., for my health. I just could not eat without a cup of coffee, and my stomach was in such a condition that I could not drink it. I was almost in despair when the landlady of my boarding house said that if I would drink Postum Food Coffee, I would find it would take the place of coffee and agree with me. She made it so delicious that I enjoyed every meal I ate, and gained in flesh and strength so rapidly that I was able to come back home and live.

I give Postum more credit for my return to health than climate or anything else. I am sending you this letter for the benefit of those who are having a hard time living, and I am lives will be prolonged."

lives will be proonged."

MARSHALL BROS & CO.
IMPORTERS
TEAS, COFFEES and SPECIALTIES
at Retail Prices. 67 DUNDAS ST.

Alma Ladies' College
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

One of the largest and best equipped in Canada.

Preparatory studies. Graduating courses: M. L. A., M. E. L., Piano, Organ, Singing, Violin, Fine Arts, Elocution and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Commercial.

Healthiest location. Moderate charges. Twenty-second year. Write for catalogue to

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London Conservatory of Music, Limited,
W. CAVEN BARRON, Principal.
Incorporated 1899.

1,879 students have attended in the last ten years. Certificates and diplomas granted. Course of studies best in Canada. Send for calendar. Pupils may prepare for the University of Toronto examinations if so desired.

Harding Hall Girls' School
(LIMITED.)

A HOME AND DAY SCHOOL.

A full four years' Academic Course.

Courses in Art, Music, Physical Training and Elocution.

Next session begins September 10th.

Send for Calendar.

J. J. PAKER, M.A.

John T. Stephenson

Importer of the new Eureka Couch Casket; also all kinds of wood and metallic cases. The only rubber-tired Funeral Car in Western Ontario. Residence on premises.

104 Dundas St., London,
Phone 459.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Suffered For Months With Indigestion--- Pe-ru-na Completely Cured Her.



MISS LEONA MATHIS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MISS LEONA MATHIS writes from 1913 15th avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I cannot say enough in praise of Peruna as a splendid tonic. I suffered for four months with indigestion and catarrh of the stomach. **My food would not digest properly; I lost flesh and became very nervous. Nothing helped me until I tried Peruna. This brought health back to me.**

"Since that time (nearly a year ago), I have taken a few doses off and on when I felt badly and it helped me at once. Peruna seems to relieve the system from all the ill effects generally produced by illness and seems to fill a long felt want."—Leona Mathis.

Was Never in Such Splendid Condition.

Mrs. S. Reina, Gairy, Fla., writes:

"I am one of the healthiest women in the state of Florida. My appetite is great. I was never in such splendid condition in my life before. Before I began taking Peruna and Manalin, I would eat about four times a week—now I eat about seven times a day. I was the most nervous person you ever saw—would cry and worry myself and everyone else. I couldn't sleep at all and now I sleep splendidly.

"I have a friend here that has been in bed for four years. She took your medicine and is now doing her own work."—Mrs. S. Reina.

Miss Mattie L. Cook, Takoma Park, D. C., writes:

"Peruna has done for me what other medicines failed to do. It has given me perfect health and strength. When I wrote you first I had systemic catarrh, my nose had been sore for three years in the right side, I had been bothered with a choking for a year, had pains in my side, and palpitation of the heart. My feet were nearly always cold and I had a dreadful cough.

"Whenever I feel the least ailment I shall return to my friend Peruna. There is nothing that I can say that would be too good. When I began taking Peruna I was at home in Virginia sick, but now I am well, thanks to Dr. Hartman's Peruna."—Mattie L. Cook.

The Praise of a U. S. Senator's Wife.

Mrs. F. E. Warren, wife of the late Governor and now United States Senator F. E. Warren, of Wyoming, writes the following voluntary testimonial to the value of Peruna. She says:

"I am never without Peruna either in my home or in my travels. It is truly a great triumph of scientific medicine. I am constantly troubled with coughs, colds, etc., but thanks to your good medicine, Peruna, I always find a prompt cure. I believe no medicine ever brought before the public has effected so many permanent cures as Peruna."—Mrs. F. E. Warren, 1848 Wyoming street, Washington, D. C.

The diseases most common in summer are those of the stomach, bowels and other pelvic organs. A remedy that cures all the catarrhal derangements of these organs should certainly be considered a household necessity during warm weather. Peruna is such a remedy. A book of testimonials, containing hundreds of cures, sent free to any address.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O., will treat all catarrhal weaknesses peculiar to women free during the summer months. All letters for advice given prompt and careful attention.

When Attending ..THE.. Western Fair Next Week

There Are Two Points of Interest You Should Not Miss....

1st—Our handsome exhibit in the Palace, where you may see the very newest and most stylish things in Men's, Young Men's and Children's wearables, all displayed in our elaborate case, which caused so much favorable comment at the World's Fair, Chicago.

2nd—Our large retail store, Oak Hall, 154 Dundas Street.—Here you will as usual get a hearty welcome, and will be made to feel right at home while you pass around and examine the new styles of Men's and Boy's Clothing for Fall and Winter, 1902.

Don't fail to see the new goods. They are nearly all in, and never were as nice, and that's saying a lot.

Drop in, shake hands and have a chat. We like chats about clothing.

WE ARE CLOTHIERS.



OAK HALL.

CORRECT STYLES IN FALL HATS

Gentlemen, see the Hats we can show you

FOR $2.00, $2.50 AND $3.00.

Best values in Canada.

GRAHAM BROS

Heroine Becomes a Nurse.

La Crosse, Wis., Sept. 13.—Miss Kate Shelley, the heroine of many poems and writings in prose, who, when a child, saved a trainload of people from death by creeping over a frozen bridge near Moingona, Ia., in a raging storm and warning the engineer of the danger, has been engaged by the State Insane Asylum Hospital at Cherokee, It., as a nurse. Miss Shelley is quite old.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

PRICE ONE CENT

London Advertiser

PAGES 9 TO 16

40TH YEAR. NO. 297. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16688

KILLING FROSTS IN CORN BELT OF WESTERN STATES

Mercury Gets Down as Low as 24—Favorable Weather in Manitoba.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 12.—Dispatches from a score or more points tell of killing frosts in the Northwest last night. The mercury fell to 24 degrees in many places. Late corn in the northern part of South Dakota is badly damaged. All uncut crops in North Dakota suffered. Minnesota points report damage to all vegetation not matured. Much of the corn in the Northwest was out of the way. Late stuff will now be cut and fed as fodder.

Omaha, Sept. 12.—Twenty-six degrees was the mark registered by the thermometer at the weather bureau this morning, where frost was reported throughout the State. It is believed that the corn crop generally is beyond the danger point, although in the valleys there still remains part of the crop, which will be somewhat damaged. Forecaster Welsh says the conditions are favorable for continued low temperature.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 12.—The C. P. R. discussed freight rates yesterday with the board of trade representatives, and it is now expected it will make some compromise on the grain traffic.

H. H. Morris, inspector of the Bank of Commerce, estimates the output of gold in the Yukon this year will amount to $12,000,000.

The weather keeps cool but bright and calm. There was a heavy hoar frost last night.

ANGLICAN SYNOD CLOSED

The Bishops' Pastoral to the Church in Canada.

President Roosevelt Congratulated on His Escape From Death.

Montreal, Sept. 12.—The general synod brought its labors to a close this afternoon, when the third session was prorogued by Archbishop Bond. The prorogation proceedings were marked by the reading of a pastoral letter from the house of bishops to the church in Canada, and this constituted the most important business of the closing session.

The bishop's pastoral, which was an exhaustive document, expressed deep gratitude to God for the harmony evidenced throughout the synod, and that at last the church in Canada is really one.

The formation of the missionary society was referred to, and each parish in every diocese was urged to become an auxiliary to the society, and each clergyman an earnest leader in mission work.

The pastoral also referred to the observance of the Lord's Day, and called upon the members of the church to take a stand against everything that brings dishonor on the Lord, through the dishonor done his day.

The church was exhorted to adhere to the word of the living God, and advised not to follow hurriedly strange lights, brilliant for the hour, and that, fading out perhaps as quickly as they rose, may leave the souls in utter darkness.

One of the most interesting incidents of the closing day's work of the Anglican Synod was the adoption of a resolution congratulating President Roosevelt on his narrow escape from death at Pittsfield.

MONKEY'S HIDING-PLACE

"Tony" Found Stowed Away in Old Trousers Pocket.

His Numerous Depredations Led to His Discovery.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—"Tony," the dwarf monkey of the Zoo and the special pet of its keeper, Murray, was found yesterday morning in the pocket of an old pair of trousers, where it had been hiding for two weeks.

When Tony disappeared a search was made high and low, and everything in the mammal house was turned upside down, but all to no good. It was then accepted that Tony had escaped, and Murray's only consolation was the hope that he would get homesick and return voluntarily.

While the keeper was under a strain of anxiety for his pet, everything in the mammal house seemed to go wrong. Bananas were stolen, tidbits disappeared, and bottles fell over at night and were found broken in the morning. Tony's ghost seemed to haunt the place at nightly hours.

At daybreak yesterday morning Keeper Murray started on an investigation of the nightly thefts. Every nook and corner was searched, and at last Murray thrust his hand into his clothes locker to satisfy himself that nobody was hiding therein. One by one every garment was taken out and shaken. In handling an old pair of trousers Murray saw something bulky in the pocket. Putting his hand in the keeper felt something soft and warm. It was Tony, sound asleep after his night's adventure.

AD" RESTORED SISTER

Brother Found Her After Being Ten Years a Wanderer.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 13. Through an advertisement in a Brooklyn newspaper D. F. Facey, of Jamaica, West Indies, has found his sister.

When only 16 years of age Facey ran away from his West Indian home and came to the United States. He roamed about the country and finally settled in Brooklyn a few years ago. Learning that his sister was a student in a college in this country, he made an effort to find her through the newspapers.

A copy of the newspaper containing the advertisement fell into the hands of Miss Eva M. Wolf, principal of Chaffee's Business College in this city. Miss Ysolda Facey was a student at the college last year, but had obtained a position in New York, and resides there.

Miss Facey was placed in communication with her brother and today they will meet for the first time in ten years.

CREATION OF DIAMONDS

Their Manufacture by Scientific Means Predicted.

Diamond Dust Discovered in Modern Electrical Furnaces.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The prospect of the manufacture of diamonds by scientific means is considered so likely as to be predicted in a Government report. T. G. Martin, an expert special agent of the census office, has written a long and very interesting report on the electrical industries of the United States, in which he incidentally refers to the attempts that have been made to produce diamonds artificially. He recalls the fact that Moissan, the Frenchman, pushed the employment of the electric arc so far as to produce minute fragmentary diamonds in his furnaces. Moissan also noted the production of graphite from a diamond heated in the arc and from the similar treatment of sugar charcoal purified by chlorine and of purified wood charcoal. "In fact," says Mr. Martin, "it was due to his investigation in this field that he was led to his celebrated observations on the formation of diamonds by the sudden cooling in mercury or lead of molten iron saturated with carbon. Out of all such work it was but natural that fanciful speculations should rise as to the possibility of establishing factories for the regular manufacture of genuine diamonds at Niagara Falls, where the cheap current and essentials would be available, but nothing has resulted within the period under consideration from these plausible and sanguine theories. The fact remains, however, that in our modern electrical furnaces diamond dust has been produced, and the steps leading to the manufacture of larger crystals will be but sequential."

OSCAR W.'S TRAGIC DEATH

Last Appearance of a Famous Trained Bird.

Said To Be the Only Racing Ostrich in the World.

Williamsport, Penn., Sept. 12.—Great excitement was caused by the appearance of Oscar W., the trained racing ostrich, who was to race against its record of 1:04 for half a mile. Through some accident to the bridle it became entangled in the harness, and despite the efforts of its driver and trainer to cut it loose it choked itself, dying on the track before the eyes of the thousands of spectators.

The catastrophe happened as the bird was being brought on the track to make its trial against time. Just as it came in front of the grand stand it began to struggle to get away from his keeper in a most frantic manner. With its powerful feet it rained a shower of blows upon the sulky behind. Its driver was unable to hold the bird, and seeing that something was wrong, at imminent risk of his life, ran in and tried to cut loose the harness.

The crowd in the grand stand was at the highest pitch of excitement, thinking that the huge bird was only a bit refractory. When it finally fell over, however, and they saw it gasping for breath while efforts were being made to free it from the twisted bridle, a feeling of pity took possession of the people. A sigh went up from the great crowd as they saw that the men's efforts had failed and that the great bird was dead. It is said that Oscar W. was the only racing ostrich in the world.

ASLEEP IN WRONG HOUSE

Pelting With Crockery Failed to Arouse the Intruder.

New York, Sept. 13.—Thinking he was in his own home, Stanton Ricker, 40 years old, who says he is a stock broker living in this city, went to sleep the other night in Otto Hundermark's house at Hamilton avenue and Bridge street, Paterson, N. J. He partly undressed and lay down on a bed.

When Hundermark arrived home early in the morning he found Ricker sound asleep. He took him for a bruglar and, not having any weapon at hand, hurled a lot of crockery at the sleeping man.

Ricker slept on peacefully, and Hundermark finally summoned the police, who arrested the man. He was sentenced to ten days in jail, but was subsequently released on bail.

Local Improvements in Toronto

Toronto, Sept. 13.—The Toronto city engineer's report shows that the total expenditure under the board of works during the year was $1,082,000, of which $450,000 was local improvements. The board laid down 15½ miles of pavements and 17½ miles of concrete sidewalks. In the last four years 86 miles of pavement have been laid, or 34 per cent. of the total mileage of the city. The cedar block mileage has decreased in the year from 70 to 61 per cent. A few years ago it was over 100.

Toronto Short of Coal.

Toronto, Sept. 13.—Toronto coal dealers have advanced the price of coal $1 per ton, making the price to consumers $8 per ton for nut, stove and egg sizes, (with pea coal $6 50 to $7. Some of the dealers have no coal to sell, holding their present supplies to fill contracts. The stocks of sizes most in use for domestic purposes have become very low.

A Church Lawsuit

Toronto, Sept. 13.—The case of Rev. L. H. Kirkly, of Aurora, former rector of All Saints' Church, Collingwood, vs. the Churchwardens of All Saints', came up before Chief Justice Meredith at Osgoode Hall yesterday. Mr. Kirkly seeks $1,400 stipend and $2,000 for repairs to the church. The case was submitted to arbitration, and Mr. Elmes Henderson, of Toronto, was the sole arbitrator. The churchwardens ask Mr. Henderson to make a stated case as to the law applying to churchwardens making a contract. Mr. Henderson refused, so the wardens are now seeking to compel him to do so. The chief justice in his decision referred them back to Mr. Henderson, with the privilege of again applying for an order.

Won Bride and Box of Cigars.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Eighty days ago Karl A. Winters wagered a box of cigars with a friend that he would be married within 90 days. Time passed, and there was no wedding. Now news has been received in Chicago that Winters has won both a bride and the cigars, with ten days to spare. But it took an elopement to do it. The bride was Miss Maude Hadley, who for some time has made her home with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Beaver, 3622 Ellis avenue. She is from Kincardine, Ont. Winters travels for the R. G. Gunning Company, and is said to be the son of a wealthy Louisville citizen. The couple eloped on Sunday night, and were married in Toledo, Ohio, on Monday. They had known each other for a year, but the marriage was a surprise to their friends.

THE KING'S HEALTH MUCH IMPROVED

Actually Better Than For Some Years Past.

DIET IS STRICTLY REGULATED

Canadians Returning Home—Eighteen-Knot Vessels for the Proposed New Line.

London, Sept. 12.—There has been a marked improvement in the King's health since the coronation; his diet is strictly regulated in quantity and character by his physicians, and their judgment has been vindicated by results. Those who have seen and talked with the King in Scotland assert that he is in better health than for many years, and that his vivacity and cheerfulness are noticeable. His June illness is now regarded by many as a blessing in disguise, which may help to prolong his life many years.

CANADIANS RETURNING.

Sir Frederick Borden and Hon. Messrs. Paterson and Blair sailed yesterday on the Tunisian for Quebec, with Lady Borden, Mrs. Paterson, Miss Paterson and Mr. Fielding's daughters. Mr. Fielding, minister of finance, went to Liverpool to see them off, but will return to London, and probably await Sir Wilfred Laurier's arrival from the continent.

SIR WILFRID'S CONTENTION.

The Dominion ministers have not taken notice of the reports that there were serious differences of opinion between Mr. Chamberlain and themselves on the question of colonial expenditures for Imperial defense. While these reports are exaggerated, it is an open secret that Sir Wilfrid Laurier offered strenuous resistance to any resolution or policy committing Canada to responsibility for the maintenance of military and naval armament. He was supported by his colleagues, who considered it most impolitic to introduce the principle that self-governing confederations like Canada and Australia were liable to a proportionate share of the liabilities for Imperial armaments based upon European standing armies and preparations for war. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's phrase "the maelstrom of European militarism," indicated the point of view of the Dominion ministers. There was, however, no sharp divergence of views at any stage of the Imperial conference, and the ministers were indefatigable in working for the practical interests of Canada.

EIGHTEEN KNOT SERVICE.

The statement that the Canadian Government will agree to subsidize an eighteen-knot line of steamers between Liverpool and Canada is credited in shipping circles here. It will probably be found that the service will be run by a syndicate, which will include the Elder-Dempster and Allan lines. Representatives of these British shipping companies, in interviews with the Canadian ministers in London recently, suggested that it would be better to start with an eighteen-knot service and increase the speed later on if it were found necessary. According to the details submitted by the shipping representatives, the company would require a subsidy of nearly three hundred thousand pounds to run the service originally planned, whereas with the modification they proposed a much smaller sum would suffice.

Alberta is Overdue.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 12.—Fort William advice say the steamer Alberta is over twelve hours overdue. The vessel left the Soo with the Huronic one hour late. A strong gale has prevailed for the last couple of days and it is supposed both steamers are sheltering at Whitefish Point. There was a report that the Alberta was on the rocks there, but it cannot be confirmed owing to lack of telegraphic communication.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S EVIDENT DESTINY

Absorption by the Dominion of Canada.

COAL COMBINE IS EXTENDING

Purchase of Scottish Mines Contemplated—Russia Backs Down—Prince Is Ill.

London, Sept. 13.—The Evening News, of this city, says a syndicate with a capital of $50,000,000 is being organized by the "coal combine," which proposes to purchase the Fife and Clyde Companies' mines.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S DESTINY.

The Daily Chronicle, commenting this morning on the errand of Sir Robert Bond, premier of Newfoundland, in Washington, says there is no reason to doubt that he will succeed in arranging reciprocity between Newfoundland and the United States.

"Sir Robert evidently believes that such a treaty would be preferable to absorption by Canada," says the paper. "We doubt whether he is right, and we believe that union with Canada is Newfoundland's ultimate destiny. The experiment which Sir Robert is making, at any rate, is one that will be watched with equal interest and alarm."

RUSSIA BACKS DOWN.

A Constantinople correspondent says Russia has withdrawn the demand for the passage through Dardanelles of three unarmed torpedo boats.

The royal decree, says an Athens correspondent, prohibits the exportation of arms from Greece. This step has apparently been taken in consequence of the activity of Bulgarian agents who are smuggling arms into Macedonia. Bulgarians, disguised as Greek priests, have collected considerable sums under the pretext of founding Greek schools in Asia Minor.

PRINCE WILLIAM ILL.

A Paris correspondent says the report that Prince William of Luxemburg has met with an accident, or, according to one account, that he has suffered a stroke of paralysis, has created uneasiness, as he is the only son of the Grand Duke and has no male issue. Temps suggests that a problem menacing to the peace of Europe may arise.

A DUBLIN PROTEST.

At a meeting of the corporation yesterday, called to deal with the action of the Government in proclaiming Dublin under the crimes act, a resolution was adopted entering an emphatic protest against "the outrage and insult offered the citizens of Dublin in proclaiming the city, in which, in proportion to the size of its population, there was less crime than in any other cities of the world."

THE PRINCE ACQUITTED.

London, Sept. 12.—At the Old Bailey the jury announced that it found no evidence against Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza (a lieutenant in the Seventh Austrian Hussars, and who was a member of the Austro-Hungarian mission to the coronation of King Edward), charged with "misconduct under the criminal law amendment." The Prince was thereupon discharged from custody.

The Prince of Braganza's three companions were sentenced to terms ranging from 10 to 2? months' imprisonment, for conspiracy.

THE BOERS AT AMSTERDAM

Their Reception Was on a Very Quiet Character.

Gen. Merriman Makes a Hot Speech in Cape Colony Assembly.

London, Sept. 12.—A Brussels dispatch says that though a large crowd awaited the arrival of Botha, Dewet and Delarey at Amsterdam, their reception by the public was distinctly quiet in character. Even at a prearranged ceremony at the railway station little enthusiasm was manifest.

A HOT SPEECH.

A Cape Town correspondent says the speech by ex-Treasurer-General Merriman, in the assembly, supporting a motion introduced by him, condemning the agitation for the suspension of the Cape Colony constitution, was unusually violent. It bristled with minatory references to events which led to American independence. Merriman declared the suspensionists' council would have been a kindergarten of young Balloil men. He said Lord Milner had outraged Cape Colony by his threats of martial law, and charged him with conspiring to destroy the liberties of the colony.

INTRIGUING.

A Vienna correspondent draws attention to alleged Pan-Germany intrigues to prevent the reconciliation of the Boers with British rule. He says the Pan-Germans, one of whose chief objects is the destruction of British naval and commercial supremacy, think that the continuance of Boer resentment will be an excellent means of embarrassing Great Britain. It is believed, adds the correspondent, that if an eventual Boer revolt were successful the revived Boer states would find they had drifted into informal dependence on Germany, which would be very profitable to the latter.

A Belleville Blaze.

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 12.—Two serious fires occurred yesterday afternoon at Hillier, Prince Edward County. Fire broke out in John Anderson's barn, which contained the whole of this season's grain crop, just threshed. The barn and contents were reduced to ashes, as was also the drive house to which the fire spread. Droppings from the fire were carried to J. Ralston's barn a short distance away, which also contained his season's crops, and which also was destroyed. The loss in both cases is heavy, and the insurance will not nearly cover the loss.

Arbitration Goes On.

St. Johns, Nfld., Sept. 12.—The difficulty with Alfred Lyttleton, member of the British Parliament and Government member of the arbitration tribunal to consider the claims of Mr. Reid, the railroad contractor, against the colony, has been arranged, and he will continue to act in the case. The difficulty, which resulted Sept. 9 in Mr. Lyttleton's resignation, arose through a decision which placed the arbitrators in the position of mere assessors. Mr. Lyttleton declined to accept the large fee to be paid him for his work, which did not require a legal man, and which could have been done at a less outlay of money. He said his self-respect would not allow him to take generous remuneration for the work of an assessor.

Panama Threatened.

Washington, Sept. 13.—Secretary of the Navy Moody has received the following cablegram from Commander Potter, of the Ranger:

"Panama; received cipher message this morning saying revolutionists near railroad line. Satuation serious. Transit across isthmus still open. (Signed), Potter."

The cablegram was not dated. The navy department also received a dispatch from Commander McLean, of the Cincinnati, announcing his departure from Cape Haytien for Colon.

Toronto's Building Boom.

Toronto, Sept. 13.—The building of houses has been gone into pretty extensively in Toronto this year, despite the high prices for material and labor. Up to Aug. 31 the number of permits issued by the city commissioner for new dwellings was 652, and of those 394 were for houses costing $2,000 or less. This month already permits have been issued for 55 houses, and 45 of them will cost $2,000 or less. Thus the total number of permits for dwellings this year to date is 707. During all of last year the permits for houses numbered only 606.

BIG BIRDS KILLED SKIPPER OF BARK

Old Captain Paul Beyer Fell Overboard

WHILE INSTRUCTING A NOVICE

But Never Stopped Smoking His Pipe—Hungry Albatrosses Fell Upon Him.

New York, Sept.13.—"It was a drama of the sea," said Mate Paul Hildebrand of the German bark Germannia, referring to the death of the former master of the sturdy metal vessel which has arrived at pier 11, East River, at the foot of Old slip.

"It was, indeed, a drama, a tragedy of the most harrowing kind, and the most awful story of the deep that ever fell to my experience," repeated the present commander of the craft, Capt. Theodore Hulke.

While the master himself refused to talk about the death of Capt. Paul Beyer, of Vegesack, near Bremen, where a widow and three children survive him, an able seaman named Carl Cowl, who had all the facts recorded, gave the details.

The Germannia was bound from Newcastle for Antofogasta, and when six days off the Australian coast and six hundred miles away, Capt. Beyer jumped into the weather rigging to teach an apprentice boy how to knot the main sheet to the backstay.

FELL INTO THE SEA.

"The captain leaned far out, forgetting that he held a piece of rotten seizing," said the sailor; "the bit of gasket broke, and the old man fell backward into the waves. Curiously, while the captain fell overboard in clear weather, fog settled down in a few minutes.

"He was an excellent swimmer, capable, as he boasted, of keeping himself afloat for three hours. He was seen treading water, the upper half of his body above the surface, and he was still smoking his pipe.

"Then a noisy cloud of about 200 albatrosses, ravenous with hunger, that had been hanging around, swooped down upon Capt. Beyer, and, it is supposed, killed him with their long hooked beaks.

"The immense birds made a dismal noise, a note of triumph, as they flapped their wings and fell upon their prey.

A TERRIBLE FATE.

"Just then the fog closed in and the captain was seen no more. The mate, Mr. Hulke, who on the day previous had saved the vessel, when her cargo of coals shifted in to make starboard, by braving the full force of the seas and chopping away unaided by the cowardly crew the braces along the submerged bulwark, became captain, and the second mate, Mr. Hildebrand, became mate."

Potatoes and Butter.

Toronto, Sept. 12.—Mrs. Elizabeth Reid, of Scott Township, is on trial at the sessions, the charge being that a potato was concealed in the center of each of ten pound rolls of butter, which she gave to Ross Bros., of Mount Albert in exchange for goods.

Big Waterspout on Lake Huron.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 12.—As the steamer City of the Straits was plowing through a violent squall on Lake Huron about five miles off Kincardine there suddenly appeared on the heels of the departing storm cloud a waterspout rising several hundred feet in the air, and so near that it was necessary to crane one's neck to see the whole of it. The spout was wide at the top and curved towards the departing storm, resembling a large fish horn inverted. When complete the spout was fully a thousand feet high, and water was carried up at a great rate of speed.

HIGH PRAISE FOR CANADA'S GEOGRAPHICAL MAP-MAKING

England Left Behind in the Higher Art—Navigation of of St. Lawrence.

London, Sept. 12.—Sir Thomas Holdick, president of the geological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, addressing the association at Belfast yesterday, said that they had to turn to Canada for instruction in the higher art of geographical map-making. It must be admitted that England has been left far behind in the development of that special branch of the science which dealt with the illustration of the main features of geographical configuration in relation to their geological construction. The Canadian geological survey was their first recognition of the fact that geographical surveying was a separate, distinct and most important branch of the general art, and should form the basis from which all other surveys should spring. If the Canadian system of geological survey had been applied (ab initio) to South Africa who could possibly say what the result might not have been by this time.

An underwriter at Lloyds, in a letter to the Times today, says that Sir Alfred Jones' communication to the minister of marine at Ottawa would have been more interesting had it contained, in addition to the number of voyages completed without accident, a list side by side of those perils at the sea end of the St. Lawrence route which have obtruded their importunities upon the heartless underwriter.

An inquiry by wire to Glencoe this morning elicited the reply that Lord Strathcona is enjoying his usual good health.

CAPTAIN ANDREWS LOST

On His Wedding Trip Across the Atlantic.

He and His Bride Sailed From This Side in a Small Boat.

New York, Sept. 13.—A special from Boston to the World says that Capt. W. A. Andrews, who has twice crossed the Atlantic in a 15-foot cockleshell, is drowned at last. Letters of administration upon his estate have been granted to his son Horace, of New York. The Massachusetts courts thus pronounce legally dead the famous mariner who sailed Oct. 6 last from Atlantic City for Palos, Spain, with his new bride, to whom he had been married by Mayor Stoy in the presence of 3,000 people. The family say that Capt. Andrews had been sighted but once since he sailed, and that one week after he left Atlantic City.

In 1878 Capt. Andrews made his first voyage with his brother in a dingy from Boston to Havre. He crossed the ocean only once after that in a collapsible boat, racing with Capt. Lawyer, who was never heard from again. Capt. Andrews reached Palos, Spain, and was feted by the Spanish Government and dined by Canovas. Once he was capsized in midocean and clung to the bottom of the boat half an hour, when a kindly wave righted her. Once he was picked up delirious from starvation, all his food having spoiled. Always his voyage reduced him to a skeleton, for he had to go without sleep, but his constitution was remarkable. He was born in 1843.

C. P. R. Grain Rates.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 12.—The C. P. R. discussed freight rates yesterday with the board of trade representatives, and it is now expected it will make some compromise on the grain traffic. H. H. Morris, inspector of the Bank of Commerce, estimates the output of gold in the Yukon this year will amount to $12,000,000.

Rebel General Executed.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, Sept. 13. — General Chicoye, of the Firmist forces, who was defeated at Petit Goave Aug. 8, and set fire to that town before evacuating it, and who was subsequently arrested near Jacmel, was executed at Jacmel Wednesday, Sept. 10, after having been tried by a military tribunal.

MANUAL TRAINING

Arrangements Made for the Work in Toronto's Normal School.

Toronto, Sept. 13.—Deputy Minister of Education Millar stated this morning that the department had made arrangements through Prof. Robertson, of Ottawa, by which manual training will be carried on for the benefit of the male students of the Normal School, and the boys of the higher classes of the Model School. The expense of the work of the school will be met by the liberality of Sir William Macdonald, who has already done much for education in various parts of Canada. It is intended to have an addition made to the present Normal School building next year, so as to secure necessary accommodation for manual training and domestic science. Until the new building is erected manual training classes will be held in the "bird" room of the Educational Department Museum. The classes will be taught by Mr. Wilkinson, who gave instruction in manual training to the students who attended the summer school this season.

MILITIA CHANGES

Resignations and Promotions in Western Regiments.

Ottawa, Sept. 12.—The following changes in the militia are announced:

Twenty-first Regiment, Essex Fusiliers—To be captain, Lieut. M. Moore, vice R. B. Bowden, retired; Lieut.-Col. J. C. Guillot, upon completion of his period of tenure of command, is transferred to the reserve of officers. To be lieutenant-colonel and to command the regiment, Major N. A. Bartlett, vice J. C. Guillot.

Twenty-fourth Kent Regiment—Lieut. A. T. Macdonald, Second Lieut. A. Willoughby, Provisional Second Lieut. H. D. Harper, having left limits, their names are removed from the list of officers of the active militia. Capt. and Adjutant D. W. B. Spry, Second Lieut. G. S. Heywood, resign their commissions.

Twenty-sixth Regiment, Middlesex Light Infantry—To be second lieutenant, supernumerary, J. C. Elliott.

Twenty-seventh Lambton Regiment—Provisional Second Lieut. R. A. Ingersoll retires.

Thirty-first Grey Regiment—To be captain, Second Lieut. C. A. Finlay, vice H. R. Cleland, promoted. To be lieutenant, Second Lieut. A. W. Rixon, vice W. N. Chisholm, promoted

WELSH COAL COMING OVER

May Have a Depressing Effect on Domestic Market.

Possible and Practical Source of Permanent Supply.

New York, Sept. 12.—The large quantity of Welsh anthracite coal which is being shipped to this country may have a depressing effect on the coal market and send the price of domestic sizes down. The report that the steamships Glenroe and Devonshire are each loading 4,000 tons at Swansea was received this morning by retail dealers in this city. They declared that although 8,000 tons in itself was not sufficient to affect the market much, the fact that it probably would be but a forerunner of other and larger importations unless the strike situation quickly changed its aspect was likely to result in a drop in prices. It indicated, they said, a possible and practical source of supply other than the fields of Pennsylvania.

The coal which is being sent here is thought to be for the Manhattan Elevated Railway. Welsh anthracite was tried some time ago on the locomotives of the elevated road with success. It is said that the fact that 8,000 tons more have been ordered shows a disposition on the part of some of the dealers to look to Great Britain for relief in the present acute situation.

The committee of five of the Retail Coal Dealers' Association, which periodically fixes the price of coal, has not issued any new schedule for nearly a month. As far as can be learned, it has no intention of so doing. The price of domestic sizes is now $10 a ton, and is generally adhered to by the retailers. The dealers say, however, that any definite development in the strike, one way or another, will be quickly reflected in the selling prices.

A man who has been to the coal fields investigating the state of affairs said today that the coal miners were willing to hold out just as long as President Mitchell was able to raise money for their support. He said that many of the men, especially the foreigners, were not in a bad shape at all, but quite the contrary, and did not need assistance. Others, he said, were in great want, and even with the aid they were receiving were in a pretty bad way.

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL

The Big Show Closed in the Rain—Hon. G. W. Ross' Visit.

Toronto, Sept. 12.—Yesterday was Americans' Day, and there was a large attendance of visitors from south of the boundary line. In honor of the visitors the President of the United States was toasted at the directors' luncheon. Hon. Geo. W. Ross visited the grounds during the day and examined the exhibits carefully. It was commented upon by everyone who saw him how well the premier was looking. Hon. Mr. Ross attended the directors' luncheon, and in a well-delivered address urged the necessity for cheaper transportation, and advocated a subsidized steamship line, controlled solely by Canadians. The premier also alluded to the great market which is opening in the West, and which should be handled from Ontario. Hon. Mr. Ross' presence at the luncheon created great enthusiasm.

On Wednesday there were 82,457 people on the grounds. This is one of the largest attendances upon record, and excels the official record for Li Hung Chang's day, which is regarded as a landmark in the history of the association.

This was the last day, as far as visitors are concerned. Review Day turned out cool and rainy, and the crowd was small in consequence.

WINSOME HELLO GIRL

Weds Rich Banker—Won Him by Her Promptness and Accuracy.

Muscatine, Ia., Sept. 13.—Because a sweet and winsome telephone girl answered his calls promptly and always looked to it that he was given the right number a wealthy banker and prominent man in this city fell in love with the girl and they were married yesterday afternoon.

Her name was Miss Ida Shafnit, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shafnit, of this city, and she is scarcely 19 years old.

The bridegroom is James L. Giesler, president of the German-American Savings Bank, and is said to be worth $1,000,000.

Big Woollen Mill Burned.

Bridgeton, N. J., Sept. 12.—The large factory of the East Lake Woolen Mills Company, of which J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware, is the head, was destroyed by fire today, entailing a loss of $100,000. Two hundred men and women are rendered idle

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.

To the intending student of Shakspeare and, indeed to any student of the mother tongue, no other work is at once so instructive and so entertaining as the "Tales from Shakspeare," written by Mary Lamb in hours of physical anguish. In the year 1806 Charles and Mary Lamb were residing in Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple. For more than ten years the former had devoted himself to the care of this sister, content to forego for her sake all thought of other ties, and living beneath the shadow which never lifted of a great family sorrow. Happily for both they were united by strong common tastes and sympathies as well as by the tenderest affections, and prominent among such tastes, as all readers of the essays of Elia well know, was the love of Shakspeare and the other great Elizabethans. In a letter to his friend Manning, Charles Lamb wrote: "Mary is doing for Goodwin's bookseller, twenty of Shakspeare's plays to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her to wit 'The Tempest,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Midsummer Night,' 'Much Ado,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and 'Cymbeline'; and 'The Merchant of Venice' is in forwardness. I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in 60 guineas. Mary has done them capitally; I think you'd think."

The Tales, which, as will be seen, were originally designed only for children, and with no thought of fame, have become one of the classics of the language. They are twenty in number and the general principle upon which they were chosen is sufficiently clear. The whole series of English histories is left unattempted as well as the Roman plays and of the few that remain "Love's Labors Lost" is the only one the reason for whose omission is not quite obvious.

The Tales were, to quote the author's preface, "meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakspeare, for which purpose his words are whenever it seemed possible to bring them in, and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote; therefore words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided."

I.—THE TEMPEST.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero, Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire, and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See, the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls; they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her.

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero, "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then 3 years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero, "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered: "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O, my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero, "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved, and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors, and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful, "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandereing about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince, and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir, I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy, and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand, and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborous work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned, and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples: "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero, "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little sprit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful sprit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the sprit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

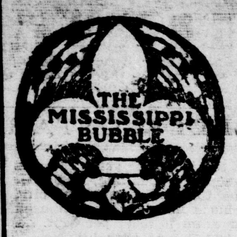
Permanent Muscular Strength

There is this to be borne in mind in these days, when so many young men are giving so much attention to physical development in gymnastic and athletic exercises, that there cannot be permanent muscular strength where there is not blood strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives blood strength, promotes digestion and assimilation, and builds up the whole system.

Antwerp town council has opened a labor exchange to assist workmen and servants of both sexes to obtain employment.

IF ATTACKED with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.



The 2 Most Popular Books in America



An interesting compilation of reports from the prominent book stores of the six best selling books of the month was printed in the Bookman Magazine for last month. "The Mississippi Bubble" led all others as the best selling novel in the United States.

"'The Mississippi Bubble' is one of the truly great romances. It is truth and art combined.—*The Boston Journal.*

"Hearts Courageous," the love story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is a most delightful and convincing romance. We meet Patrick Henry, Baron Fairfax, Jefferson, Franklin and La Fayette. Every portrait is instinct with life and vigor. As a story of the times, we do not know where in literature to find its superior."—*Baltimore Sun.*



Miss Rives' Novel, Hearts Courageous, is growing in favor every day.



The BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers.

Health and Luxury COMBINED

"SALADA"

Ceylon GREEN Tea, is so pure it can be drunk with impunity by confirmed dyspeptics and to their benefit. It will displace Japan Tea just as "SALADA" Black is displacing all other Black Teas. Lead packets only. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

Her Recompense.

Audrey Waldemar, at thirty-two, was a surpassingly lovely woman, while her years sat so lightly upon her that one would scarcely believe they had numbered so many by half a dozen.

She won all hearts wherever she went. In manner she was peculiarly winning and gracious, and her smile was resistless.

Adrian Noble had been drawn toward her from the moment of their introduction, and, as day after day he was thrown into her society, and he came to realize that she was as lovely in character as in person, his lonely heart began to yearn for the paramount right to such sweet companionship.

"What a blessing she is to that nephew of hers!" he often remarked to himself. "What a mother she would be to my little mischievous elf, who sadly needs such a gentle, restraining hand, and to be edged about with the refining influences of a nature like hers."

So, with something of a purpose like this taking root in his heart, he sought her more and more.

He planned long drives for the beautiful mornings, always shrewdly including Mrs. Allen in the invitations, for it was plain to be seen that the good woman admired him exceedingly; while, if the truth were known, she had already begun to weave a little romance all by herself, in which Mr. Noble and Audrey formed the central figures.

One day Mrs. Allen was indisposed and obliged to keep her own room, and Mr. Noble and Audrey were the only occupants of the north piazza. The two children were playing croquet on the lawn a dozen rods away, and apparently absorbed in their game and in each other.

"Quite a chivalrous young knight and devoted lady," observed Mr. Noble, with his rare smile, as Rich, after knocking his antagonist's ball far beyond the boundary of the ground, started upon the full run to bring it within the proper limits again.

"Yes," Audrey replied; "I believe they have formed a friendship which will last throughout their lives."

They watched the youthful players in silence for several moments; but if Audrey had been observant of her companion, she would have seen that he had lost something of his usual color, while the lines about his mouth had settled into a resolute expression. At length he looked up at her, and remarked, with deep earnestness:

"I hope the same may be true regarding you and me, Miss Waldemar."

"Indeed, Mr. Noble, I think it is," Audrey promptly returned. "It has been a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance this summer."

"May I not designate it by a stronger word than that of friendship?" he pleaded, in a low, eager tone, adding: "Miss Waldemar, I cannot longer defer telling you how dear you have become to me during the weeks we have spent together. The fire and passion of youth, perhaps, are past for me, but there has come into my heart an enduring affection for you which can only cease when I cease to live. If this is a surprise to you—if I seem presumptuous in this declaration upon so short an acquaintance, do not answer me now; take time and consider it, and when you are assured of the response of your own heart, let me come to you and win you for my wife. This may seem like a very prosaic, matter-of-fact wooing; but, Miss Waldemar—Audrey, if you will let me call you so—there is a strength and a depth to my love for you that cannot be measured or expressed by words. Will you give me just one word of hope?"

He leaned toward her, gazing earnestly into her face, and as she glanced at him she saw that his whole heart was in what he had just said to her, and the intensity of his words and looks thrilled her, in spite of the knowledge that she could not then or ever give him the hope which he craved.

She was very pale now; it recalled so vividly that other wooing, when her heart had gone forth in such glad, fond response to her eager lover—when Arthur Halstead had asked her to be his wife, and she had so trustfully laid her hand in his and given herself to him.

She knew that she still belonged to him, even though he was the husband of another. She had never met him during all those long years, yet she loved him just as truly today as then, and she felt that she never could become the wife of another with his image so sacredly enshrined within her soul.

"Mr. Noble," she said, after a short silence, "when you said that you hoped for an enduring friendship between us, my heart responded promptly to the wish, for I felt that I should be glad to recognize in you a true friend during the coming years of my life. But when you ask for a nearer relationship I must say no. I think," she went on, the rich color for a moment suffusing all her face, "it is due you that I should be very frank and tell you why, and then you will see how impossible it would be. When I was a young girl I loved another with the one love of my life. Circumstances beyond our control—at least, we thought at that time that they were beyond our control—served to separate us, and he married someone else. But my heart is just as much his today as it was when we parted. I have never seen him since, nor do I ever hope or expect to see him again; but I cannot feel that it would be right to take upon myself the duties and obligations of a wife, still cherishing, as I do, this other love. My life during the last fifteen years has been a very sad, lonely one; though since Rich has been with me the shadows have lightened somewhat, and I believe I have eased my own heart-burdens in a measure by striving to alleviate the sorrows of others."

Audrey had spoken very gently, but the white hands folded on her lap trembled; there was an expression of pain and longing in the eyes that were looking off upon the mountains beyond them; her face was pale, her lips quivered now and then, all betraying how deeply moved she was in thus turning back this page of her history for him to read.

A look of reverence for her took possession of Mr. Noble as he listened and realized how like refined gold she had come forth from the furnace in which she had been tried. To him she seemed the most beautiful and perfect woman he had ever met.

Bending nearer to her when she concluded, he said, in a low, yet almost passionate tone:

"Your story is a very sad one, Miss Waldemar, and I thank you for the confidence that you have reposed in me by relating it. But you say that your heart-burdens have already been lightened by ministering to the sorrows of others—why not continue the good work? I am a lonely, sorrowful man, and need the presence of a sweet, good woman in my home; my motherless girl, too, needs just such gentle and refining influences as you could throw around her, and I would give you such tender care as should make the remainder of your life peaceful, if I cannot, as I would, make it supremely happy, while Rich should be to me as a dear son."

Audrey shook her head and smiled sadly.

"Much as I would be glad to make your life less lonely and sorrowful, and care for this little girl, whom I have learned to love so well this summer, and much as I would like Rich to have the guardianship of one so well fitted to help him shape his career, yet I know it would not be right. I should feel like an imposter in your home, Mr. Noble, while outwardly performing my duties as your wife, yet all the while secretly cherishing that love for another which has become a part of my very nature. Please," she added, with an appealing accent, "let us discontinue a subject so painful to us both—forget it, if it is possible, and retain only pleasant memories of the friendship which we have formed this summer."

Two or three days later, much to Annie's grief and the regret of the whole household, Mr. Noble left that mountain farmhouse for a trip to Niagara, after which he was to return to his own home in Brooklyn.

CHAPTER XII.

They were all very lonely after the departure of Mr. Noble and Annie. Mrs. Allen noticed Audrey's abstraction, and surmising something of the truth, proposed that they spend a couple of weeks traveling and sight-seeing.

But Audrey languidly objected, saying she preferred the quiet and solitude of their mountain retreat.

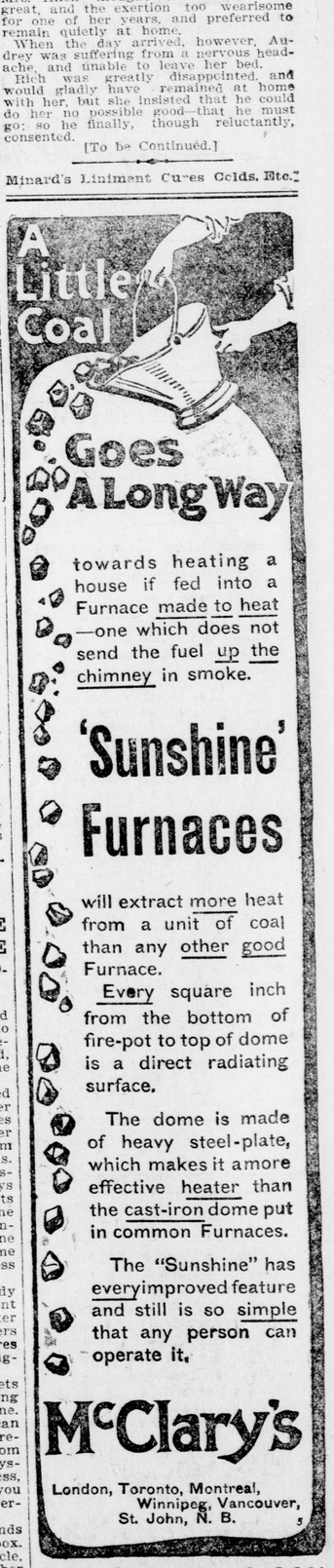
But something happened to change this decision. A number of the neighbors planned an excursion to a neighboring mountain, where they went every year to gather raspberries for their winter preserves, and, thinking it might be an enjoyable novelty to our city friends, they extended an invitation to them to accompany the party. Audrey and Rich were quite sure they would enjoy it; but Mrs. Allen thought the distance too great, and the exertion too wearisome for one of her years, and preferred to remain quietly at home.

When the day arrived, however, Audrey was suffering from a nervous headache, and unable to leave her bed.

Rich was greatly disappointed, and would gladly have remained at home with her, but she insisted that he could do her no possible good—that he must go; so he finally, though reluctantly, consented.

[To be Continued.]

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.



towards heating a house if fed into a Furnace made to heat—one which does not send the fuel up the chimney in smoke.

'Sunshine' Furnaces

will extract more heat from a unit of coal than any other good Furnace.

Every square inch from the bottom of fire-pot to top of dome is a direct radiating surface.

The dome is made of heavy steel-plate, which makes it a more effective heater than the cast-iron dome put in common Furnaces.

The "Sunshine" has every improved feature and still is so simple that any person can operate it.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

WM. STEVELY & SON,
AGENTS, London.

Splitting Headaches

CAN BE STOPPED AND THE CONDITIONS WHICH CAUSE THEM CURED BY FERROZONE.

Poisons accumulate in the blood and spread with it every moment to all parts of the body. The brain becomes congested, the nerves irritated, and the result is that awful headache so well known to the female sex.

Most of these poisons are absorbed into the blood from the waste matter that has accumulated in the intestines resulting from indigestion. Matter which should be promptly passed from the system through natural channels.

Ferrozone cleanses the entire intestinal tract, and the liver and kidneys as well. It cures constipation, and its many attendant evils. It makes the body strong and the blood pure, induces natural sleep, and enables one to eat and drink anything at any time without risk or headache, nervousness or skin eruptions.

Ferrozone is nature's own remedy for headaches. It is a lasting potent tonic and the greatest health maker the world has ever seen. It masters all female derangements, and restores weak, sickly women to a healthy, vigorous condition of mind and body.

No other remedy so effectually meets the requirements of a health-giving tonic and regulator as Ferrozone. Every woman and growing girl can derive marvelous benefit from its regular use, and if you suffer from Chlorosis, Anaemia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, Nervousness, or Female Disorders of any kind, you can make no mistake in selecting Ferrozone for a cure.

Every reliable druggists recommends and sells Ferrozone for 50 cents a box. Be sure you get the genuine article, and refuse a substitute. Remember the name and insist on only Ferrozone. Sent to your address if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE AUTUMN GIRL.

You may sing of your summer girl
And her conquests by the score;
You may sing of her winsome wiles
At the mountains and the shore;
You may praise all her wondrous ways,
Till no more you can recall—
Here's a song to the autumn girl,
For she is the best of all.

She can golf on the hills for hours,
And win every hole you play;
She can two-step and waltz till dawn,
Yet be fresh as a morn in May.
She may ride to the hounds at morn,
But at eve she'll cling to your arm;
So here's health to the autumn girl,
With her wealth of youthful charm.
—M. W. S.

A BACHELOR'S LETTER.

An article in the supplement of The Advertiser about two weeks ago entitled "How One May Get a Husband," appears to have roused such a storm of indignation in the breast of a London bachelor that he has written a letter of protest.

The paragraphs which appear to have been chiefly instrumental in arousing his wrath are as follows:

"Man is the most skittish animal known. He is like a runaway horse. You don't want to let him know you are catching him until the bit is in his mouth. Never let a man know by word or look that you want him until he asks you, and sometimes not even then."

"Each step a girl advances so far will a man retreat. Let her retreat and he will advance. Let her go seeking him and she will find him not. Let her sit still at home and some day he will come, take her by the hand and lead her to the altar. If she acts as if she were leading him he will change his mind and leave her on the way, to go with some other man or never to go at all. Is she holds back he will drag her there by force. This is not literal, but it is true, figuratively speaking."

"Another way to catch the man you want—the best way and decidedly the most uncommon—is not to go for him at all, but to let him catch you. If you are going to get him at all, this is the only way to do it, and if you don't get him you can wait for another. For the secret of the science of catching a man—the man you want—is that no man can be caught unless he wants to be, and the only way is to sit down at home and wait for him to catch you."

The bachelor most decidedly disagrees with this. He says it is all a great big mistake, and that the person who wrote it is an utter idiot to make such assertions. He thinks that article may have an influence on girls reading it, and an influence which will be decidedly prejudicial to a girl's matrimonial prospects. He adds:

"It's all wrong, I tell you, this business of a girl's sitting down at home and waiting for a man. I don't mean that she should get him on the street, far from it; but I do say that a girl is far more likely to get a husband by showing some signs of affection for a man than by an affectation of shyness and coldness. The colder a girl is, the less lovable she appears to a man. He wants an affectionate wife, and not one who makes him cold just to look at her.

"I know a very fine girl right in this city who will never on this earth get married just because somebody has filled her head with that sort of nonsense about coyness and coldness, and all that sort of thing. If a man should dare to take her hand, she would wither him with one glance, would exclaim 'Sir!' in the most indignant tone, and that would be the last of that young man.

"I'm no advocate of the girl who is 'soft' and 'easy,' who allows herself to be caressed promiscuously by anyone who cares to try it, but there is a happy medium which the sensible girl should try to reach.

"She needn't let every man 'maul' her, as one girl expresses it, but if some respectable young man, with an income big enough for two, begins to devote himself, don't let her imagine this is the time she should begin to practice all these sensible things she has read about; hang back, be out two or three times when he calls, snub him occasionally and all that sort of thing. Not much! This is the time when she should smile sweetly on him; invite him for tea and let him know she made the cake herself; be delighted to see him when he calls and flattered when he asks her to go anywhere, and if he should seize a favorable opportunity to hold her hand, don't let her drag it away with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, but let it stay right there, and I'll guarantee that nine times out of ten these tactics are twice as productive of good results as the coy, cold, snubbing process."

Thus, the bachelor. One wonders if he has been subjected to the snubbing process himself that he seems to feel so warmly about it, but, at any rate, he seems to speak with the authority of "one who knows," and—he may be right. How is a mere woman to know?

FASHION'S FAD AND FANCIES

AUTUMN GOWNS.

There are many women who at this time of year have worn out all their summer clothes and are continually in rags. They have to get something new, and yet do not feel like buying a gown that in three or four weeks will have to be put away until next season and that may be out of date then. Many of these go in either for something rather dressy that can be used for house wear in the evenings during winter, or else can be worn in the street in the early fall. And really there is quite a little economy in this—the economy game again—as it really gives the woman a full season's continuous wear.

For this former wear—a gown that can be worn in the afternoon, and would at the same time show up to advantage during the winter season in the evening—there is nothing more appropriate than thin white material, such as swiss, organdie or some other form of a similar nature.

Gowns of this order are always suitable and can be worn at any time. They are very pretty and do not easily go out of style. In half an hour any dressmaker can take a gown of this order that may be a few months behind time and fix it up so that it will be fully up to date.

Tucked effects are very prominent for this class of wear. It is not the case of a few tucks here and there, but the whole dress is composed of these put on horizontally.

White vests are made of pique in fancy weaves and cut double-breasted.

PETTICOATS.

Few petticoats are seen with the yokes once considered essential for a trim fit. The tops of all the new ones are gored sharply into the figure, the front and sides fitting without a wrinkle; the back breadths are drawn in with ribbons run through shirrings. This may not seem important information, but upon such trifles hang all the laws of the prophets of fashion. When you get the petticoat on you see the value of this small seed by the wayside, which I trust may not fall on stony ground. The petticoats gored to the waist hang properly, and those suspended from the yokes do not.

FRENCH BODICES.

"Notice," says one gifted artist of the needle, "how the French woman's bodice is worn, and dilate on the advantages of a studied carelessness. The true Parisian always looks as if her costume were impromptu, but she displays the art of the great painter in choosing her combinations; and especially does she know that easy, unconfining bodices make her slimmer and daintier."

WHITE FLANNEL WAISTS.

It is inevitable that the girl who is enjoying her summer vacation must have some hours of each day that she is desirous of putting to some good use. If she be expert with the needle these may with profit be employed making herself white flannel shirt waists for cool summer evenings and early fall. In fact, they may be worn any time in the year except when the thermometer is flirting around the 90 degree mark.

The prettiest are embroidered in silk, the designs being stamped on the flannel. Herringoone stitching is also a favorite adornment, though not so handsome as the embroidery if the latter be well done. Floral figures are prettiest, tiny daisies and wild roses being particularly effective. Usually the embroidery is in white, although the new China blue is tasteful and extremely stylish, as well.

A VELVET SEASON.

Velvet, velvet, everywhere! Gowns, cloaks, coats, trimmings, hats of velvet! Unquestionably it is to be a velvet season.

To choose from the embarrassment of velvet riches for purposes of illustration is a difficult thing, but we will suggest the season's possibilities. Loose short velvet coats will take the place filled so long and so valiantly by the coats of taffeta, and will possibly be the most popular and dressy youthful wrap of the winter. The exquisite texture and softness of the new velvets admit of the pleating and fullness found in most of the taffeta coats, and the velvet coats fall straight or full from the shoulders, sometimes forming merely a bolero, sometimes reaching to the hip, sometimes attaining three-quarter length. The bolero, or hip length coats, are the jauntiest for a slender figure, and complete satisfactorily any afternoon or visiting toilette. In black, they are of all-around service; but, when meant for wear with one costume, the coat may of course be of any shade needed to harmonize with that costume. In the longer coats the Louis lines are much favored; and luxurious wraps, with ample folds, deep shawl collars and loose, full sleeves are popular, though not particularly youthful. Then there are the long cloaks, extravagantly full and flowing, and fashioned upon Empire or Japan lines.

A FETCHING RED GOWN.

Red is going to be a popular color for the coming season, and certainly there is nothing more stunning than its rich tone. The new red, however, shows a grayish tinge on the surface of the fabric, which softens the most flaming tint. In a pliable material showing this new gray-coated red Armand presents an extremely simple, yet graceful, interpretation of the popular plaited skirt. The tiny box plaits are caught down almost to the knees, giving the effect of an exaggerated yoke. Instead of embroidered knots or crosses, the old-fashioned arrowheads are used to fasten the plaits, and about the bottom of the skirt are three rows of silk and mohair braid in deep red. The blouse is laid in tucks, cut out to display a gillet of silk, ornamented with a band of embroidered lace. There is a deep collar of tucked peau de soie, shaped in a point each side of the bust. This is trimmed around with an applique of squares and circles made of braid and embroidery. The sleeves show rather a curious arrangement, for instead of the upper part falling in a puff at the wrist this is cut off square across and finished with three rows of braid. From under this there falls a puff of peau de soie drawn into the wristband of guipure. The hat is of dark blue and mohair braid, trimmed with clusters of autumn flowers.

A FUNNY ADVERTISEMENT.

Advertisers are not always blessed with a sense of humor any more than clergymen, it seems. In a large store not very far from here I saw the other day a funny illustration of this fact. In black type, hung, in a place where the eye of every beholder must instantly light on it, was a placard reading as follows:

"¼ Off All Bathing Suits."

It was my good luck to overhear the following remark from the lips of a young man who had evidently just discovered it and was hugely enjoying it:

"By Jove! that is a pretty risky statement, a quarter off some bathing suits that I've seen wouldn't leave as much as the law demands."

When you come to think of it, the inconsistencies of the modern woman on the subject of dress are very amazing and almost equally amusing.

She will walk up and down in the brilliant sunshine on a public bathing beach garbed in a scant and abreviated apology for a bathing suit—bare-armed, bare-necked and sometimes bare-footed. She will do all this with an equanimity and aplomb equaled only by that of a stump speaker of long standing. Moreover, fully nine-tenths of the eightseers on the beach are of the male persuasion, and most of them total and absolute strangers to her.

She will dance all evening in a crowded ballroom in a gown for the wearing of which she is compelled to remodel her undergarments.

But that same young woman would probably faint, should she be discovered in a negligee, such as is worn, for instance, in the third act of "Madame Sans Gene" by Catherine, and yet such a garment is a very modest affair when compared with her beach and ballroom costumes.

Truly it is "Alas for the rarity of human consistency!" It is, after all, only another demonstration of our sweet unreason for which we are loved.

The gambling instinct is so strong in the superior that they never like us half so well as when they are in a state of the utmost bewilderment as to our movements and our motives, though as far as the latter are concerned we very seldom have any worth mentioning. "Cause and Effect" are empty words to us.

NOVEL IDEAS FOR ENTERTAINING

NOVEL IDEAS ..6 ..6 ..6 ..6 66666666

The successful hostess of today must provide for her guests something more than the conventional dinner, reception, luncheon card party or dance of the days of our grandmothers. It is the indoor functions which tax milady's ingenuity and originality; the summer diversions, consisting of garden fetes, launching excursions, picnics and porch parties, are not difficult to arrange. Winter and autumn are the strenuous seasons for the ambitious hostess.

THE COTILLON.

The cotillon, or old-fashioned german, is always a delightful form of entertaining a large number of people, and always may be made clever and original by the selection of favors. Each season and holiday brings its new figures for use in the cotillon. For a Christmas, Valentine's Day or Thanksgiving celebration nothing is so appropriate or so easily arranged as a cotillon. This form of entertainment is more or less expensive, but it need not be elaborate to be successful, and often two or more people entertain together, sharing the expense.

A GOSSIP PARTY.

An amusing evening may be spent at a gossip party. For this an even number of girls and men must be present, each receiving a card with a numbered list of subjects for conversation written upon it—a lively piece of social news of the day, the announcement of a certain engagement, a striking or conspicuous costume in which "Mrs. So and So" appeared lately, or anything which might be discussed for a few minutes. There must be as many subjects as couples. About the various rooms the hostess has arranged tete-a-tetes, each with a number above it. Each guest is asked to draw a number from a receptacle of some description, there being duplicates of each number, one for the man and one for the woman. These numbers are matched with those above the tete-a-tetes until each guest has a seat and a partner with whom to gossip. When everyone is seated the hostess taps a bell and announces the first topic on the card, and for five minutes that particular bit of news is discussed. Again the mistress of ceremonies rings her bell and reads the second subject aloud. Each man then says au revoir to the girl with whom he has been talking and moves on to the next number to gossip about the second topic. This continues until the subjects are exhausted, and at the same time each man has talked with every girl in the party. Pencils and slips of paper are distributed at the conclusion, and the girls write the name of the man who has gossiped with them most entertainingly. The men do likewise, and prizes are given to those voted most proficient in the art of gossiping. This form of entertainment may be made pretty and picturesque by giving a garden or out-of-door effect to the rooms. Palms, flowers, hammocks, porch-chairs and other outside accessories scattered about over a green canvas floor covering or imitation grass rugs lend a pretty lawn party effect. In case the latter idea is employed the invitations may read, "A Garden Gossip Party," a more or less startling invitation in the midst of winter. Summer gowns add to the warm weather effect of this sort of entertainment.

PROPOSAL PARTIES.

Proposal parties are new and clever when properly introduced. The hostess, when her guests have arrived, informs the men that they must propose to every girl in the room within a stated period of time. She also tells them that they must do it in proper style, and take her off to one of the cosy corners or secluded nooks she has arranged about the rooms. She then takes her women guests aside and gives them each half as many little red hearts of paper, flannel, silk or any convenient material, as there are men in the party. She also gives each girl an equal number of tiny white mittens. At the signal of the hostess every man selects a girl and asks her to marry him, pressing his suit until he is forced to leave her by the jingle of the hostess' bell. He then proposes to another girl, and so on until he has laid his heart at the feet of everyone in the party. The girls distribute the hearts and mittens, a heart for a well-told confession of love, a mitten for the less impressive tale. At the end of the stated hour the men's collections hearts and mittens are counted and prizes are given them. The man with the largest pile of mittens is consoled with a pair of white woolen mittens. The men fare best at a proposal party as the prizes go to them.

A SPINSTER'S AT HOME.

For an afternoon entertainment, a "Spinster's At Home" is a good idea. Each guest arrives attired in the garments of her grandmother, and with an abundance of hair hanging about in corkscrew curls or equally ancient style. She may wear hoops and walk with the tiny, mincing steps, or she may have a powdered wig, patches, and a much beflowered and beruffled gown. In any case, she must represent the spinster of whom we have read, and if she likes may bring with her a parrot or a cat. After she has "put by" her bonnet, straightened out her flounces, and adjusted her spectacles, each guest gets out her "knitting" and over it each spinster must tell how it happened that she never married. Afternoon tea and prizes for the best romance conclude on entertainment of this kind.

FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Young girls enjoy a "baby party," when they all appear in short frocks, carrying their dolls, and spend the afternoon talking over their mud-pie days.

ANNOUNCEMENT LUNCHEONS.

If one must adhere strictly to the fixed rules of etiquette a girl's mother must announce her engagement, but often pretty little parties are given by the girls themselves to make their approaching marriage known. It is a trifle unconventional to announce one's own engagement, and still more so to allow a girl friend to do so. However, this is an unconventional age.

An announcement luncheon may be carried out in the following manner: The table must be dressed in sentimental designs, such as hearts, Cupids and bows and arrows, and as a place card a little heart-shaped booklet is used. When the guests are seated each opens her tiny book, and the girl holding page No. 1 reads the first installment of a little love story. This ends abruptly at the bottom of the page and is continued on page No. 2, held by another girl. The last installment is the announcement of the engagement of the hostess, and may be read by herself or anyone to whom she desires to intrust the news.

Reflections of a Woman.

The woman who marries a man to reform his life usually deforms hers.

The world is full of men and women who use their family tree as a crutch upon which to hobble just within the pale of respectability.

The man who spends his time telling every good woman he meets that she lifts his soul to heights celestial is probably asking the others to help it down again.

Summer resorts are thronged with men and women who seem to think that all the higher standards of honor and truth belong to the furs of winter, and should be as carefully put away during the vacation period.

Whenever you see people making an over-display of their worldly goods you cry, "Nouveau riche." On the same plan you may be sure that the man or woman who boasts of religion has only recently come into its possession.

Gossips are superintendents in the trouble factories.

If a woman looks good she is not necessarily good-looking.

A man's idea of harmony is to have everything his own way.

Few fingers are burned in heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head.

Women who marry for a home always get the short end of the bargain.

A bachelor knows about three times as much as a spinster thinks he does.

A pink tea is one of the things that makes a married man paint things red.

If the world doesn't suit you, it's peanuts to fudge you don't suit the world.

A man may be a hopeless idiot, but if he admires a woman you can't convince her that he is crazy.

The world is hard on woman. It is not sufficient for her to be estimable, she must be esteemed; it is not enough for her to be beautiful, she must be amiable. Her happiness and chances in life will depend more on her reputation than on her conduct.

Which Has the Harder Lot?

Girls sometimes wish that they were men, but the troubles of this world are about equally divided.

A girl has to pin her hat to her head, but a man often has to chase his into the middle of a muddy street.

A girl can always find a seat in a street car, while a poor man has to stand up and hang on to the end of the strap.

A girl gets the first chance at the booking office window, while a man must stand back and await his turn.

A girl can put on all the colors of the rainbow, and look like a bird of paradise. A man must wear plain colors and look very ordinary.

A girl can put on a five-dollar hat and it is called taste. A man may wear a two-dollar one, but it will be called extravagance.

A girl can be ill all the year round, and she gets the sympathy of all who know her, but a man similarly placed gets the sympathy of the doctor only.

A girl can break off an engagement and be free at once, but a man can be sued for breach of promise and beggared.

A girl may go nearly distracted when she feels that the band of her dress has become unfastened; but think of the misery of a man when the buttonhole in the neckband of his shirt rips open and lets his collar and necktie slide up to his ears.

A girl has to fold her hands and wait for a man to ask her to go to the theater with him, but when she does go she has the comfort of making the man spend a lot of money. That consoles her to a certain extent.

A girl has to entertain stupid callers whether she wants to or not, because society demands it. A man has to dance with girls who can't even walk gracefully, because if he did not his hostess would consider him rude.

A girl carries her life in her hands when she tries to get within a yard of a bargain counter, but she can walk along the street in peace. Half a dozen bootblacks don't yell "Shine, sir?" at her.

A girl has heaps of trouble with her complexion and her hair, but she doesn't have a razor that goes traveling over her face every day.

There should be schools of the prophets for a betrothed girl or a bride. She should be taught to pray: "I find myself deficient in the first trait of character necessary to womanhood. Lord, give me scorn."—["Confessions of a Wife."]

SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently;
Acts Pleasantly;
Acts Beneficially;
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

DECIDED CONTRAST.

Dorothy Dene is tall and slender,
Her curling hair is of golden hue;
Her cheeks have the bloom of a rosebud tender,
And her staring eyes are of porcelain blue.

Margery Mop is short and dumpy,
And ugly enough to frighten the crows;
Her figure can only be classed as dumpy,
And gone is the tip of her wooden nose.

Dorothy Dene has a silken sash on,
Around her neck is a string of pearls;
Her frock is made in the latest fashion,
And a picturesque hat adorns her curls.

Margery Mop has a calico bonnet,
Tied down over her tumbled hair;
Her faded frock has no frills upon it,
And shows sad traces of wear and tear.

Dorothy Dene is just perfection,
From her feathered hat to her silken socks;
But she's far too fine to win affection,
So she spends her days in a cardboard box.

Kittie's Day in Bed.

Why, where is Kitty?" asked Grandma Gray, as she entered her daughter's kitchen and looked around inquiringly.

"Kitty is in bed," answered Mrs. Arde, who was busy hulling strawberries for preserving.

"It doesn't seem possible," said grandma. "Why, it is after 9! I heard the town clock striking as I came down the street. The lazy little thing!"

"No, she isn't lazy," said Mrs. Arde. "She begged hard to be allowed to get up. But I thought it safer for her to stay in bed today. I'm afraid she is going to have the measles."

"Poor little thing!" said grandma, who had a very tender place in her heart for blue-eyed Kitty. "May I go up and see her?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I can't stay with her myself, for these berries will spoil if they're not preserved today. I was hoping you would come over."

"You've sent for the doctor, of course," said grandma.

"Yes, Mr. Arde said he would leave a message for him as he went down town."

Kitty was lying on her little bed in her mother's room, her golden hair in a tangle and the traces of tears on her chubby cheeks.

"Oh, dranma," she said, as the old lady came in; "I've got the measles and mamma made me stay in bed."

"Poor little soul!" said grandma, tenderly. "It is too bad!"

"Do you want to see my measles?" asked Kitty.

And, without waiting for a reply, she turned down her little night dress and exhibited half a dozen red specks so small that grandma had to put on her glasses before she could see them.

"Poor little soul!" she said again. "Would you like me to cut you out some paper dolls?"

Kitty's eyes sparkled.

"I just love paper dolls," she said; "and you always cut such 'pendid ones, dranma."

So grandma pushed a table up close to the bed, hunted up some foolscap paper, a pencil and a pair of scissors, and went to work.

Her experience in making paper dolls was great, for she had learned to cut them 30 years before, when Jane, Ellen and Anna, her three daughters, were little girls like Kitty.

The small bed was soon covered with dolls of every size and kind. There were ten boys in a row, with joined hands; nurses, with babies in their arms; little ladies, with long trains and high-heeled boots, and tall gentlemen in knickerbockers and slippers. The dresses of the ladies were all scalloped, pinked and dotted, and all the gentlemen had curly hair.

Then the bright scissors turned out bedsteads, rocking chairs, tables and animals by the dozen.

"There! I really must go, dear," said grandma, as the old clock on the stairs struck 11. "I've been here two hours, and we're going to have company to tea tomorrow night, and there is ever so much to do to get ready for them."

Kitty didn't ask her to stay, nor did she fuss or cry. She was a good little girl, and never made any trouble. Perhaps that was why everybody loved her so much.

As grandma went up the front steps of her own house, she met her daughter Ellen coming down. Of course, she stopped to tell Ellen about Kitty.

"The precious lamb!" said Ellen, who looked upon Kitty as the perfection of beauty and sweetness. "I am obliged to go down town now, but I'll stop in and see her on my way home."

"Be sure to do so," said grandma. "The dear child ought to have some one with her all the time."

Anna was busy in the kitchen baking cakes.

"Why didn't you bring Kitty over with you, mother?" she asked, as the old lady entered. "I felt sure you would, and I brought down my thimble, so she could cut out little biscuit."

Then the story of Kitty's illness had to be told over again.

"The darling child!" said Anna. "She must be so lonesome! I'll make her some cake figures, and run over with them just the first chance I have."

And she rolled a piece of cake-dough very thin, and with a sharp knife, began to cut out clowns, hearts, soldiers, birds, horses and pigs.

"I suppose those are for Kitty?" said Sam, the youngest of the family, coming into the kitchen as she was arranging the tail of a fat monkey in one corner of a bake pan.

"Yes; Kitty has the measles," said Anna. "I'm going over to see her as soon as I get through baking. Why can't you run over for awhile, Sam? She would be so glad to see you."

"Well," said Sam, slowly, "I suppose I can go. I can make my kite over there as well as here."

So he put some red and yellow tissue-paper, a ball of twine, his jackknife, a bottle of mucilage and some pieces of shingle in a basket and started off.

He found the front door of Mrs. Arde's house unlocked, so he entered without ringing the bell, and went straight up stairs.

Kitty was delighted at seeing him, and lost no time in showing him the red specks on her pretty neck. When he had contemplated them, and expressed his sympthy, the kite-making began, and Kitty was soon absorbed in it, and chattered away like a small mag-pie.

She was helping to paste together some long strips, which were to serve as a tail, when in came Aunt Ellen with a big package, which she put gently into Kitty's arms.

"I've brought you something, Kitty," she said. "See how you like it."

Kitty, wild with excitement, tore the bundle open with trembling fingers, and discovered a beautiful wax doll, with golden hair, pink cheeks and eyes that would open and shut—just such a doll as Kitty had seen and admired in a store window last time she had gone "down town" with Aunt Ellen.

At 2 o'clock Aunt Ellen came in with her work basket and a large roll of silk and muslin pieces. The dressmaking began, at once, and Kitty was allowed the privilege of selecting the material of every garment.

Miss Dolly was being measured for a white muslin overdress, which Kitty was begging should be trimmed with lace, when Anna entered, bringing the cake animals she had made.

Kitty laughed until she nearly cried when she saw them. She arranged them in a long row on her pillow, and gave each a name. Then she tasted each one in turn, taking off a piece of the monkey's tail, an elephant's trunk, a dog's ear and a cat's head.

"They're all dood just alike, Aunt Anna," she said, when she had tasted the last one in the row.

"Suppose I tell you a story about each one," said Aunt Anna, and at once began to tell a tale of a mischievous monkey Sam had once owned.

She had told stories about a pig, a duck and an elephant, when the door opened and Mrs. Arde came in with the doctor.

"Well, well, well," said the doctor, cheerily. "This doesn't look much like a sick room."

And he glanced with an amused smile, at the row of animals on the pillow.

"I dess you want to look at my measles," said Kitty, uncovering her neck.

The doctor looked, then put on his glasses, and looked again.

Then he took a hand-glass from the bureau and handed it to Kitty.

"Will you please put your finger on those—those measles?" he said to Kitty.

Kitty looked in the glass, and gave a little cry.

"Why, mamma," she said, "there's only one little measles left."

It was true. The red specks were gone, and they never came back again. But it was long before Kitty forgot the delightful experience of that day she had spent in bed.

Two New Games.

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

At a children's party at which the company was made up of small people of the most difficult age to please, from twelve to fifteen years, much enjoyment was got from the "trip round the world" game. To each young guest was given a small blank book with a pencil attached. The numbers of the blanks in the book corresponded to those of various articles scattered about the room intended to suggest places to visit. A tiny jar of salve meant Greece; a miniature pot of baked beans stood for Boston; a bottle of perfume, Cologne; a cigar, Havana; and so on, according to one's ingenuity. The contest, of course, is to decipher as many of the places as possible. The prizes were germane to the travel plan, a book of travels, a silver traveling cup, etc. Afterwards the company was marshaled for supper by the duplicated postcards now issued everywhere. A girl having a view of Niagara Falls on her card was claimed by the lad to whom a similar one had been allotted. Tiny suit-cases, filled with bonbons, were supper-favors, and in other ways travel was suggested in decoration and menu.

A SURPRISE GAME.

For noisy young people who want to express their feelings electric shocks is a good game. The person to be "shocked" is sent out while the room is prepared.

A table is cleared of its cloth and various articles put on here and there—ink pots, ash trays, paper knives and vases, anything that is handy. The victim is then brought in and told that one of these articles on the table will give him the electric shock if he touches it.

He goes to the table, round three sides of which the other players stand with fingers lightly joined. Gingerly he touches the ink pot and vase, with no result till he puts his hand out for the eighth time.

As his fingers come in contact with the article on the table all the other players give a terrific yell or war-whoop, which will startle him quite as much as an electric shock.

NEATNESS IN GIRL.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable—not because a boy, to start with, is better-looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people do not expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl, says Woman's Life. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one cares to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek and her finger ends are black with ink and her shoes are not laced or buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it will always take care of itself.

A MATTER OF SELECTION

Said a vulgar little girl, who was sneering at another,
In accents that were very far from mild,
"You ain't got no father, you ain't got no mother—
You ain't nothin' but a horrid 'dopted child!"

"I'm quite as good as you," came the answer from the other;
"I was carefully selected from a lot;
But only look at you—your father and your mother
Had to keep you if they wanted to or not!"
—George Birdseye.

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LAZARRE

The Romance of an American King.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

I remember poising naked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a diminishing vista; the extreme point of coherent recollection. My body and muscular limbs reflected in the water filled me with savage pride.

I knew, as the beast knows its herd, that my mother Marianne was hanging the pot over the fire pit in the center of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunting down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedonk, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was stripping more slowly on the rock behind me. We were heated with wood ranging. Aboriginal life, primeval and vigor-giving, lay behind me when I plunged expecting to strike out under the delicious forest shadow.

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on the shore, and the shore with them. My mother Marianne might still be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodges of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was bandaged, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary they were grander than the inside of St. Regis Church where I took my first communion, though that was built of stone. These walls were paneled, as I learned afterward to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures, and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for one shaded wax light burned near me. The ceiling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself into panels also, reflecting the light with a dark rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's white garments fluttered at the windows.

I had dived early in the afternoon, and it was night. Instead of finding myself still stripped for swimming, I had a loose robe around me, and a coverlet drawn up to my armpits. The couch under me was by no means of hemlock twigs and skins, like our bunks at home; but soft and rich. I wondered if I had died and gone to heaven; and just then the Virgin moved past my head and stood looking down at me. I started to jump out of a window, but felt so little power to move that I only twitched, and pretended to be asleep, and watched her as we sighted game, with eyes nearly shut. She had a poppet of a child on one arm that sat up instead of leaning against her shoulder, and looked at me, too. The poppet had a cap on its head, and was dressed in lace, and she wore a white dress that let her neck and arms out, but covered her to the ground. This was remarkable, as the Indian women covered their necks and arms, and wore their petticoats short. I could see this image breathe, which was a marvel, and the color moving under her white skin. Her eyes seemed to go through you and search all the veins, sending a shiver of pleasure down your back.

Now I knew after the first start that she was a living girl holding a living baby, and when my father, Thomas Williams, appeared at the door of the room, it was certain I could not be in heaven. It came over me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the bandages my head was as clear as if all its faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only sensed as a dumb brute. A fish thawed out after being frozen, and reanimated through every sparkling scale and tremulous fin, could not have felt its resurrection more keenly. My broken head gave me no trouble at all.

The girl and baby disappeared as soon as I saw my father; which was not surprising, for he could not be called a prepossessing half-breed. His lower lip protruded and hung sullenly. He had heavy brows and a shaggy thatch of hair. Our St. Regis Iroquois kept to the buckskins, though they often had hunting shirts of fulled flannel; and my father's buckskins were very dirty.

A little man, that I did not know was in the room, scuffled across the floor to keep my father from entering. Around the base of his head he had a thin curtain of hair scarcely reaching his shoulders. His nose pointed upward. Its tip was the shape of a candle extinguisher. He wore horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waistcoat and coat of black like the ink which fades to brown in a drying inkhorn. He put his hands together and took them apart uncertainly, and shot out his lip and frowned, as if he had an universal grudge and dared not vent it.

He said something in a language I did not understand, and my father made no answer. Then he began a kind of Anglo-French, worse than the patois we used at St. Regis when we did not speak Iroquois. I made out the talk between the two, understanding each without hesitation.

"Sir, who are you?"

"The chief, Thomas Williams," answered my father.

"Pardon me, sir; but you are unmistakably an Indian."

"Iroquois chief," said my father. "Mohawk."

"That being the case, what authority have you for calling yourself Thomas Williams?" challenged the little man.

"Thomas Williams is my name."

"Impossible, sir! Skenedonk, the Oneida, does not assume so much. He lays no claim to William Jones or John Smith, or some other honest British name."

The chief maintained silent dignity.

"Come, sir, let me have your Indian name! I can hear it if I cannot repeat it."

Silently contemptuous, my father turned toward me.

"Stop, sir!" the man in the horn spectacles cried. "What do you want?"

"I want my boy."

"Your boy? This lad is white."

"My grandmother was white," condescended the chief. "A white prisoner from Deerfield. Eunice Williams."

"I see, sir. You get your Williams from the Yankees. And is this lad's mother white, too?"

"No. Mohawk."

"Why, man, his body is like milk! He is no son of yours."

The chief marched toward me.

"Let him alone! If you try to drag him out of the manor I will appeal to the authority of Le Ray de Chaumont."

My father spoke to me with sharp authority—

"Lazarre!"

"What do you call him?" the little man inquired, ambling beside the chief.

"Eleazer Williams is his name. But in the lodges, at St. Regis, everywhere, it is Lazarre."

"How old is he?"

"About 18 years."

"Well, Thomas Williams," said my fretful guardian, his antagonism melting to patronage, "I will tell you who I am, and then you can feel no anxiety. I am Dr. Chantry, physician to the Count de Chaumont. The lad cut his head open on a rock, diving in the lake and has remained unconscious ever since. This is partly due to an opiate I have administered to insure complete quiet; and he will not awake for several hours yet. He received the best surgery as soon as he was brought here and placed in my hands by the educated Oneida, Skenedonk."

"I was not near the lodge," said my father. "I was down the lake, fishing."

"I have bled him once, and shall bleed him again; though the rock did that pretty effectually. But these strapping young creatures need frequent blood-letting."

The chief gave him no thanks, and I myself resolved to knock the little doctor down, if he came near me with a knife.

"In the absence of Count de Chaumont, Thomas," he proceeded, "I may direct you to go and knock on the cook's door, and ask for something to eat before you go home."

"I stay here," responded my father.

"There is not the slightest need of anybody's watching beside the lad tonight. I was about to retire when you were permitted to enter. He is sleeping like an infant."

"He belongs to me," the chief said.

Dr. Chantry jumped at the chief in rage.

"For God's sake, shut up and go about your business!"

It was like one of the little dogs in our camp snapping at the patriarch of them all, and recoiling from a growl! My father's hand was on his hunting knife; but he grunted and said nothing. Dr. Chantry himself withdrew from the room and left the Indian in possession. Weak as I was I felt my insides quake with laughter. My very first observation of the whimsical being tickled me with a kind of foreknowledge of all his weak fretfulness.

My father sat down on the floor at the foot of my couch, where the wax light threw his shadow, exaggerating its unmoving profile. I noticed one of the chairs he disdained as useless; though when eating or drinking with white men he sat at table with them. The chair I saw was one that I faintly recognized, slim legged, gracefully curved, and brocaded. Brocaded was the word. I studied it until I fell asleep.

The sun, shining through the protected windows instead of glaring into our lodge door, showed my father sitting in the same position when I woke, and Skenedonk at my side. I liked the educated Iroquois. He was about 10 years my senior. He had been taken to France when a stripling, and was much bound to the whites, though living with his own tribe. Skenedonk had the mildest brown eyes I ever saw outside a deer's head. He was a bald Indian with one small scalp lock. But the just and perfect dome to which his close lying ears were attached needed no hair to adorn it. You felt glad that nothing shaded the benevolence of his all-over forehead. By contrast he emphasized the sullenness of my father; yet when occasion had pressed there never was a readier hand than Skenedonk's to kill.

I tossed the cover back to spring out of bed with a whoop. But a woman in a high cap with ribbons hanging down to her heels, and a dress short enough to show her shoes, stepped into the room and made a courtesy. Her face fell easily into creases when she talked, and gave you the feeling that it was too soft of flesh. Indeed, her eyes were cushioned all around. She spoke and Skenedonk answered her in French. The meaning of every word broke through my mind as fire breaks through paper.

"Madame de Ferrier sent me to inquire how the young gentleman is."

Skenedonk lessened the rims around his eyes. My father grunted.

"Did Madame de Ferrier say 'the young gentleman?'" Skenedonk inquired.

"I was told to inquire. I am her servant Ernestine," said the woman, her face creased with the anxiety of responding to questions.

"Tell Madame de Ferrier that the young gentleman is much better, and will go home to the lodges today."

"She said I was to wait upon him, and give him his breakfast under the doctor's direction."

"Say with thanks to Madame de Ferrier that I wait upon him."

Ernestine again courtesied, and made way for Dr. Chantry. He came in quite good natured, and greeted all of us, his inferiors, with a humility I then thought touching, but learned afterwards to distrust. My head already felt the healing blood, and I was ravenous for food. He bound it with fresh bandages, and opened a box full of glittering knives, taking out a small sheath. From this he made a point of steel spring like lightning.

"We will bring the wholesome lancet again into play, my lad," said Dr. Chantry. I waited in uncertainty with my feet on the floor and my hands on the side of the couch, while he carefully removed coat and waistcoat and turned up his sleeves.

"Ernestine, bring the basin," he commanded.

My father may have thought the doctor was about to inflict a vicarious puncture on himself. Skenedonk, with respect for civilized surgery, waited. I did not wait. The operator bared me to the elbow and showed a piece of plaster already sticking on my arm. The conviction of being outraged in my person came upon me mightily, and snatching the wholesome lancet I turned its spring upon the doctor. He yelled. I leaped through the door like a deer, and ran barefooted, the loose robe curdling above my knees. I had the fleetest foot among the Indian racers, and was going to throw the garment away for the pure joy of feeling the air slide past my naked body, when I saw the girl and poppet baby who had looked at me during my first consciousness. They were sitting on a blanket under the trees of De Chaumont's park, which deepened into wilderness.

The baby put up a lip, and the girl surrounded it with her arm, dividing her sympathy with me. I must have been a charming object. Though ravenous for food and broken-headed, I forgot my state, and turned off the road of escape to stare at her like a tame deer.

She lowered her eyes wisely, and I got near enough without taking fright to see a book spread open on the blanket, showing two illuminated pages. Something parted in me. I saw my mother, as I had seen her in some past life—not Marianne the Mohawk, wife of Thomas Williams, but a fair oval-faced mother with arched brows. I saw even her pointed waist and puffed skirts, and the lace around her open neck. She held the book in her hands and read to me from it.

I dropped on my knees and stretched my arms above my head, crying aloud as women cry with gasps and chokings in sudden bereavement. Nebulous memories twisted all around me and I could grasp nothing. I raged for what had been mine—for some high estate out of which I had fallen into degradation. I clawed the ground in what must have seemed convulsions to the girl. Her poppet cried and she hushed it.

"Give me my mother's book!" I strangled out of the depths of my throat; and repeated, as if torn by a devil—"Give me my mother's book?"

She blanched so white that her lips looked seared, and instead of disputing my claim, or inquiring about my mother, or telling me to begone, she was up on her feet. Taking her dress in her finger tips and settling back almost to the ground in the most beautiful obeisance I ever saw, she said:

"Sire?"

Neither in Iroquois nor in Iroquois-French had such a name been given to me before. I had a long title signifying Tree-Cutter, which belonged to every chief of our family. But that word—"Sire!"—and her deep reverence seemed to atone in some way for what I had lost. I sat up, quieting myself, still moved as water heaves. She put the missal on the lap of my single garment, and drew back a step, formally standing. My scarred ankles, at which the Indian children used to point, were exposed to her gaze, for I never would sit on them after the manner of the tribe. There was no restraining the tears that ran down my face. She might have mocked me, but she remained white and quiet; while I sat as dumb as a dog, and as full of unuttered speech. Looking back now I can see what passionate necessity shook me with throbs to be the equal of her who had received me as a superior.

De Chaumont's manor house, facing a winding avenue, could be seen from where we were. It was of stone, built to inclose a court on three sides, in the form that I afterwards recognized as that of French palaces. There were a great many flowers in the court, and vines covered the ends of the wings. All those misty half remembered hunting seasons that I had spent on Lake George were not without some knowledge. The chimneys and roofs of Le Lay de Chaumont's manor often looked at me through trees as I steered my boat among the islands. He was a great land owner, having more than three hundred thousand acres of wilderness. And he was friendly with both Indians and Americans. His figure did not mean much to me when I saw it, being merely a type of wealth, and wealth extends little power into the wilderness.

The poppet of a child climbed up and held to the girl's dress. She stooped over and kissed it, saying, "Sit down, Paul." The toy human being seemed full of intelligence, and after the first protest examined me fearlessly, with enchanting smiles about the mouth and eyes, I noticed even then an upward curling of the mouth corners and a kind of magic in the liquid blue gaze, of which Paul might never be conscious, but which would work on every beholder.

That a child should be the appendage of such a very young creature as the girl, surprised me no more than if it had been a fawn or a dog. In the vivid moments of my first rousing to life I had seen her with Paul in her arms; and he remained part of her.

We heard a rush of horses up the avenue, and out of the woods came Le Ray de Chaumont and his groom, the wealthy landowner equipped in gentleman's riding dress from his spurs to his hat. He made a fine show, whip hand on his hip and back erect as a pine tree. He was a man in middle life, but he reined up and dismounted with the swift agility of a youth, and sent his horse away with the groom, as soon as he saw the girl run across the grass to meet him. Taking her hand he bowed over it and kissed it with pleasing ceremony, of which I approved. An Iroquois chief in full council had not better manners than Le Ray de Chaumont.

Paul and I waited to see what was going to happen, for the two came toward us, the girl talking rapidly to the man. I saw my father and Skenedonk and the doctor also coming from the house, and they readily spied me sitting tame as a rabbit near the baby.

You never can perceive yourself what figure you are making in the world; for when you think you are the admired of all eyes you may be displaying a fool; and when life seems prostrated in you it may be that you show as a monument on the heights. But I could not be mistaken in De Chaumont's opinion of me. He pointed his whip handle at me, exclaiming:

"What!—that scarecrow, madame?"

CHAPTER II.

"But look at him," she urged.

"I recognize first," said De Chaumont as he sauntered, "an old robe of my own."

"His mother was reduced to coarse serge, I have been told."

"You speak of an august lady, my dear Eagle. But this is Chief Williams' boy. He has been at the hunting lodges every summer since I came into the wilderness. There you see his father, the half-breed Mohawk."

"I saw the dauphin in London, count. I was a little child, but his scarred ankles and wrists and forehead are not easily forgotten."

"The dauphin died in the Temple, Eagle."

"My father and Philippe never believed that."

"Your father and Philippe were very mad royalists."

"And you have gone over to Bonaparte. They said that boy had all the traits of the Bourbons, even to the shaping of his ear."

"A Bourbon ear hears nothing but Bonaparte in these days," said De Chaumont. "How do you know this is the same boy you saw in London?"

"Last night while he was lying unconscious, after Dr. Chantry had bandaged his head and bled him, I went in to see if I might be of use. He was like some one I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. I saw his scars. He claimed the book as his mother's—and you know, count, it was his mother's!"

"My dear child, whenever an Indian wants a present he dreams that you give it to him, or he claims it. Chief Williams' boy wanted your valuable illuminated book. I only wonder he had the taste. The rings on your hands are more to an Indian's liking."

"But he is not an Indian, count. He is as white as we are."

"That signifies nothing. Plenty of white children have been brought up among the tribes. Chief Williams' grandmother, I have heard, was a Yankee woman."

Not one word of their rapid talk escaped an ear trained to faintest noises in the woods. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering me.

My father stopped when he saw Madame de Ferrier, and called to me in Iroquois. It was plain that he and Dr. Chantry disagreed. Skenedonk, put out of countenance by my behavior, and the stubborness of the chief, looked ready to lay his hand upon his mouth in sign of being confounded before white men; for his learning had altered none of his inherited instincts.

But as for me, I was as De Chaumont had said, Chief Williams' boy, faint from blood letting and 24 hours' fasting; and the father's command reminded me of the mother's dinner pot. I stood up erect and drew the flowered silk robe around me. It would have been easier to walk on burning coals, but I felt obliged to return the book to Madame de Ferrier. She would not take it. I closed her grasp upon it, and stooping, saluted her hand with courtesy as De Chaumont had done. If he had roared I must have done this devoir. But all he did was to widen his eyes and strike his leg with his riding whip.

My father and I seldom talked. An Indian boy who lives in water and forest all summer and on snowshoes all winter, finds talk enough in the natural world without falling back upon his family. Dignified manners were not lacking among my elders, but speech had seemed of little account to me before this day.

The chief paddled and I sat naked in our canoe—for we left the flowered robe with a horse boy at the stables—the sun warm upon my skin, the lake's blue glamor affecting me like enchantment.

Neither love nor aversion was associated with my father. I took my head between my hands and tried to remember a face that was associated with aversion.

"Father," I inquired, "was anybody ever very cruel to me?"

He looked startled, but spoke harshly.

"What have you got in your head? These white people have been making a fool of you."

"I remember better today than I ever remembered before. I am different. I was a child; but today manhood has come. Father, what is a dauphin?"

The chief made no answer.

"What is a temple? Is it a church, like ours at St. Regis?"

"Ask the priest."

"Do you know what Bourbon is, father—particularly a Bourbon ear?"

"Nothing that concerns you."

"But how could I have a Bourbon ear if it didn't concern me?"

"Who said you had such an ear?"

"Madame de Ferrier."

The chief grunted.

"At least she told De Chaumont," I repeated exactly, "I was the boy she saw in London, that her father said had all the traits of the Bourbons. Where is London?"

The chief paddled without replying. Finding him so ignorant on all points of the conversation, or so determined to put me down, I gazed awhile at our shadow gliding in the water, and then began again.

"Father, do you happen to know who Bonaparte is?"

This time he answered.

"Bonaparte is a great soldier."

"Is he a white man or an Indian?"

"He is a Frenchman."

I meditated on the Frenchmen I dimly remembered about St. Regis. They were undersized fellows, very apt to weep when their emotions were stirred. I could whip them all.

"Did he ever come to St. Regis?"

The chief again grunted.

"Does France come to St. Regis?" he retorted with an impatient question.

"What is France, father?"

"A country."

"Shall we ever go the other side of the sunrise to hunt? France is the other side of the sunrise. Talk to the squaws."

Though rebuked, I determined to do it if any information could be got out of them. The desire to know things was consuming. I had the belated feeling of one who waked to consciousness late in life and found the world had run away from him. The camp seemed strange, as if I had been gone many years, but every object was so wonderfully distinct.

My mother Marianne fed me, and when I lay down dizzy in the bunk, covered me. The family must have thought it was natural sleep. But it was a fainting collapse, which took me more than once afterwards as suddenly as a blow on the head, when my faculties were most needed. Whether this was caused by the plunge upon the rock or the dim life from which I had emerged, I do not know. One moment I saw the children, and mothers from the neighboring lodges, more interested than my own mother; our smoky rafters, and the fire pit in the center of unfloored ground; my clothes hanging over the bunk, and even a dog with his nose in the kettle. And then, as it had been the night before, I waked after many hours.

By that time the family breathing sawed the air within the walls, and a fine starlight showed through the open door, for we had no window. Outside the oak trees were pattering their leaves like rain, reminding me of our cool spring in the woods. My bandaged head was very hot, in that dark lair of animals where the log bunks stretched and deepened shadow.

If Skenedonk had been there I would have asked him to bring me water, with confidence in his natural service. The chief's family was a large one, but not one of my brothers and sisters seemed as near to me as Skenedonk. The apathy of fraternal attachment never caused me any pain. The whole tribe was held dear.

I stripped off Dr. Chantry's unendurable bandages, and put on my clothes, for there were brambles along the path. The lodges and the dogs were still, and I crept like a hunter after game, to avoid waking them. Our village was an irregular camp, each house standing where its owner had pleased to build it on the lake shore. Behind it the blackness of wooded wilderness seemed to stretch to the end of the world.

The spring made a distinct tinkle in the rush of low sound through the forest. A rank night sweetness of mints and other lush plants mixed its spirit with the body of leaf earth. I felt happy in being a part of all this, and the woods were to me as safe as the bedchamber of a mother. It was fine to wallow, damming the span of escaping water with my fevered head. Physical relief and delicious shuddering coolness ran through me.

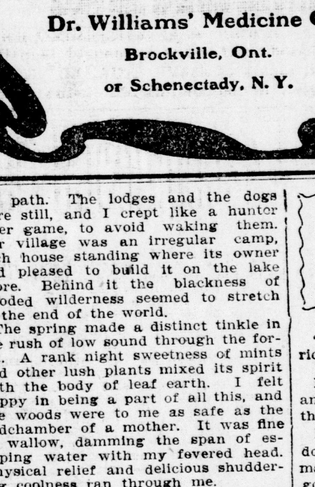
From that wet pillow I looked up and thought again of what had happened that day, and particularly of the girl whom De Chaumont had called Madame de Ferrier and Eagle. Every word that she had spoken passed again before my mind. Possibilities that I had never imagined rayed out from my recumbent body as from the hub of a vast wheel. I was white. I was not an Indian. I had a Bourbon ear. She believed I was a dauphin. What was a dauphin, that she should make such a deep obeisance to it? My father the chief, recommending me to the squaws, had appeared to know nothing about it.

All that she believed De Chaumont denied. The rich book which stirred such torment in me—"you know it was his mother's!" she said—De Chaumont thought I merely coveted. I can see now that the crude half-savage boy wallowing in the spring stream, set that woman as high as the highest star above his head, and made her the hope and symbol of his possible best.

A woman's long cry, like the appeal of that one on whom he meditated, echoed through the woods and startled him out of his wallow.

(To be continued.)

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THE HEPWORTH SERMON

A Wasted Life.

"And there wasted his substance in riotous living."—Luke, xv., 13.

It is appalling to think of the vast amount of unused and missing energy there is in the world.

If all men could be persuaded to do their best, and do it with might and main, we should soon have a race of gods on the earth.

There is no more painful contrast in human life than that between what we are capable of doing and what we really accomplish.

Perhaps there is not a single instance in history of a man who worked up to his utmost mental or spiritual capacity.

The noblest man that lives can do no more than furnish a suggestion of the soul's aspiring possibilities before he is called hence by the tolling of funeral bells. He leaves his task only half-done, his song only half-sung, when the reverend clergy pronounce the solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

In this we are notably different from other created things. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the trees of the forest, accomplish their perfect work, and could do no more if they had added centuries in which to develop. The thrush would still sing his plaintive notes, the eagle would soar to no higher altitude, the maple and birch would have no brighter colors after the autumnal frost.

Man alone is endowed with the tremendous prerogatives of imperfection. He alone can say at death, "My horizon line is as far away as ever."

And beneath this consciousness of neglected duties which brings the red blood to his cheeks is the curious conviction that even if he had worked with entire faithfulness, and lost neither time nor opportunity, his years are still too few and his limitations too many to allow him to achieve the best of which he is capable.

He can do more if another life and a better environment are furnished. He has a right to think it strange, therefore, that the Being who made him to become great should call him away from his task before he can possibly achieve greatness; that he who filled him with magnificent abilities should close his eyes in an eternal sleep just as he begins to appreciate them. Immortality is an absolute necessity, unless we are willing to admit that the creation of man is an unaccountable blunder. As soon make a violin and then destroy it when only a few of the simpler airs have been played.

But apart from all this is the fact that there are men who run riot with themselves, and at death have nothing to carry to heaven except an armful of regrets. Their lives are like a prairie fire, which consumes everything as it goes and leaves nothing behind but blackened ashes. In the resurrection they will stand before the bar of judgment as spiritual ruins, and must needs unlearn nearly all they ever learned in this life before they can make any progress. They have found their happiness in physical indulgence, and will feel curiously out of place when they step out of their bodies and can have no more pleasures of the grosser sort.

The disadvantage with which they will begin the other life is too great for even the imagination to contemplate. Happiness will certainly be out of the question until by slow degrees and painful experience they effect a radical change in themselves. The hell of theology has no pangs which will compare with the remorse they must suffer when they see things in their right light and come to full consciousness that they have deliberately unfitted themselves for their environment. The fiery lake would be almost a relief, for God had decreed no punishment so great as that which encompasses a soul that has lived for the body only and does not know how to live without it.

For instance, what will happen to the poor creature who has lived a besotted life, or the man whose years have been a continuous fraud on himself? What profounder depths of personal wretchedness can one conceive of than he is driven into when he looks back on what he has been, and then gets a glimpse of what he might have been? Put such a man into a position in which all his faculties will be thoroughly awakened, in which he will see himself as he is, and be forced to view the falling tears of a heart-broken wife, the fateful and ruinous tendencies he transmitted to his children, which have forced them into lives equally shameful as his own. What must be his condition of mind? The flaming tempests of the bottomless pit seem, by way of contrast, like an asylum built by pity. He must undo the wrongs he has committed, and endure agony until those wrongs have been righted.

It is a serious thing to carry a wasted life with all its consequences into the other world.

What precious emphasis is given by these facts to the divine mission and the encouraging doctrines of the New Testament! How gently and with what solemn persuasiveness Jesus dealt with the fallen. He saw in the outcast a brother or a sister, and though he scornfully bade those who were without sin to cast the first stone, there must have been a melting sorrow in his tone when he whispered to the offender, "Go, and sin no more."

He never condoned crime, but was always sorry for the criminal. The poor creature had already lost so much in the way of character and happiness that it was unnecessary to add to his burden the so-called anger of God. No one knows better than the remorseful sinner himself that God's grief is far more painful to contemplate than his avenging wrath, and if the church would tell us less about the unsheathed sword and more about the relentless regrets which every disembodied soul must needs endure in consequence of its earthly shortcomings and misdeeds, it would have a larger, a more potential, and a more wholesale influence on the world.

If any one truth taught by the Master has conspicuous prominence, it is the truth of God's love for us all, and his sympathetic pity for the sinner who has gone astray. The text is from a parable which represents the joy of the angels when the misguided boy sees the folly of wasting his substance with riotous living, and returns to the father's house in the sad consciousness that he is no longer worthy to be called a son; and there is a deeper warning in that pathetic story, more that appeals to the nobler elements of human nature than can be found in all the imprecatory theology that was ever formulated.



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WHERE GRUNSWOLD FAILED

"Yes," said Jim Seton, then paused to pull thoughtfully at his pipe. "Holforth has been kicked all the way along. Whenever he sat down someone kicked him up; and look where he is now! And look at us. We'll own up to it frankly that not one person in a thousand relishes sustained effort—that we have to be kicked and kicked hard if we are to do great things."

"Be kicked yourself!"grunted Grimswold; "I don't mean to be."

"Now, there was that tortoise fellow," went on Seton. "Of course, one never knows the real inside of things; but probably his wife went, too, and taunted him all the way with the hare's speed, and his own steady power of drudgery did the rest. That's where most men fail—that they won't drudge it out. Bless you, the world's a mine of untapped genius, because their owners won't stick to it."

"I hate muggers," struck in Grimswold. "I don't deny that the beggar will have done his day's charing when he dies; but I don't see anything in him to get an Elizabeth Morrison."

"Can't you But she can. The man has developed up all the way. Where other men have grown fat, or died, undelivered of their message, or delivered it too soon, because they hadn't drudged out its meaning."

"What are we to do?" said Grimswold, testily.

"The worst turn fate can do a man is to let him alone," went on Seton, ignoring the question. "Now, she bestowed her closest, unkindest attention on Holforth from childhood; then one day stopped to look at him—looked and admired, but went on kicking, for the man was too precious to be allowed to sit down. She has just dumped you and me down in arm chairs — when we're not killing something."

"I didn't know this world was meant to be a penitentiary or a school," said Grimswold.

"Nor yet a rose garden," said Seton. "Personally, I prefer a dahlia-bed, it represents the autumn of a life of effort, and the colors are glorious and last longer; and Holforth will get the dahlias, my boy, while we get rose-stalks."

"And I prefer the velvet feel and perfume of a rose to all the chilly, gaity-stricken dahlias on earth," said Grimswold. "And I find failure much easier than success, except"—he paused, and his weather-beaten cheek flushed angrily.

"With Elizabeth—just so, you see—you haven't earned her."

"Been kicked into an heroic position that appealed to her, you mean," grunted the other man.

"Possibly, but remember that some men are kicked down—the repeated kicks stun them — or some Samaritan drags them out of the highway into shameful harbor; upon such carcases cruel fate casts a contemptuous glance, and goes her way, searching for better sport."

"It's just his cursed obstinacy," said Grimswold. "Look at his jaw!"

"His father had it before him probably—the grit's his own—you see, he never knew when he was beaten. It isn't till every prop has been kicked away from under a man that he finds himself—is his own backbone; just as no woman's virtue is proven till she has fought temperament, opportunity, the man himself—and all alone, off her own bat, beaten the three."

Grimswold sat with an unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth, and looked ahead with gloomy eyes. He was beginning to realize that you can't have your cake and eat it, that "What will you have? Pay for it and take it," says God works out with relentless accuracy in every relation of life, that you can't work and play, too, that play gives you ephemeral joys—effort, the things that last, the things that really matter.

"To strive," said Seton cheerfully, "that's the verb we're to conjugate here below—to put our backs unto things; if we don't we're but dead branches on the tree of life; and bless you, the women have found it out—and keep their homage for fighters like Luke Holforth, and their tolerance and pity for lazy, self-indulgent brutes, like you and me. And I'd rather see a woman's eye blaze for price in me than for love, any day. I believe there's a special corner of hell reserved for those who have died leaving no record—save of digging a hole in which to bury their talents—having wasted their every opportunity."

But Grimswold had flung out of the room, and, left alone, Seton's face saddened.

"And it's Betty with me, too," he said half-aloud as he, too, passed out.

Elizabeth Morrison represented a type to which the heart of man goes out with eternal freshness. For most of all he loathes a critic at hearth, and bed and board; while the womanly woman, who is dimpled and soft and kind, creating for him an atmosphere of home and rest—who cannot argue about it, but who "loves him still and knows not why," will ever be the deeply loved, the fondly cherished, alike by the Holforths, the Grimswolds and the Setons of this life.

Some women's hearts stay at home, swept and garnished, but if the right man does not knock, they remain forever untenanted,but without Luke Holforth ever calling to her (for he was a stern man, with stern ideas of honor), she had turned away from her other lovers to watch this strong swimmer breasting the currents of life, so handicapped from the first that to sink was almost a foregone conclusion, and her heart had gone out to him and stayed. Often simple women will do royally generous things that aggressive clever women shrink from, and Elizabeth had royally planked down everything—youth and love, all things dear to the feminine mind, because she loved the man, and with reason.

We hear of ships that pass in the night, but what of those that pass in the day, near enough for us to see the tears of our best beloved as they are carried by life's strong current, each moment farther and farther from us? We may not even have dared to lift a hand in greeting, yet our eyes have spoken, our message as sped, the password of "Courage!" has been exchanged, and some day in some signal instances, the gods intervene, setting a momentary gangway between the two passing vessels, by which one soul steps across to another. * * * Thus had it been with Luke anl Elizabeth, and now, while those other men talked of them, these two leaned their heads together and were in port at last.

Elizabeth was not young; there were no roses in her cheeks, only dimples, but she was lovely yet. And as they sat down, sharers of the intensest bliss of which human beings are capable, that none ever know the lack of until they have found their true life mate, he said (and it was an instinctive offering to the gods to avoid disaster?):

"Has Grimswold been here lately?"

She laughed, and answered nothing, knowing the ways of men; and, indeed, if Grimswold had stayed away, this moment would not have been quite so sweet to Holforth.

"Brains, good looks, great wealth—what might not Grimswold have done, with the world to kick and Betty to reward him?" he said.

Betty looked doubtful. Not the least of her charms was the dwarfing of all other men's claims to greatness by measurement with Luke's; while she was equally incapable of seeing both sides of his character, it was only the side towards her,his fighting and staying qualities, that mattered. So, by way of answer, she did one of those little feminine things, despised of cleverer women, but infinitely dear to a man's heart. She lifted his lean brown hand to her soft cheek, the hand that had striven and fought, while into her own had come the little hollow made by years of fasting for love—the hollow you will find in the hands of the women who desire love most, who have starved for it, and whose youth has passed while waiting for it; but she had not waited in vain.

When presently they came back to rational conversation, she said: "I like people who do things."

"I don't know," he hesitated. "After all, the man who goes on hitting nail after nail on the head, driving every one of them home, is a bit of a carpenter, and may get as bored at last as the one who hits his own fingers every time instead of the nail. I often think how hateful the quiet, subjective order of people must find the active human besoms who go up and down, perpetually sweeping the world; what torture they must suffer from those harsh noises intruding on their peaceful enjoyments."

Elizabeth made a movement of dissent, but he went on.

"I can imagine them watching with pity the marionettes jumping about in the crowd—the sages all abhorred energy, preached—peace——"

"And I have always felt so sorry for their lovers and their wives," cried Elizabeth, with spirit. "Listen. 'The night cometh when no man can work,' that's death—and a long, long night it is. 'Work while ye have the light,' that's day—and a short one at best—not one moment may be wasted out of the bit left over to us when we have slept and eaten, and submitted to the importunities of our best friends who thieve our time as if it were dirt, instead of gold!"

"As I mean to thieve yours," he said. "He who has thriven may lie till 7," she said slyly. "It's the early rising in your youth that enables you to take ease when you are old. Not that you are that," she added proudly, "it is only women who grow old."

He sprang up, throwing back his shoulders with a gesture as if he loosed a pack from them; and all the lean years of the past flashed before him; but in that moment he saw life as from a mountain top, as the Greeks and Romans saw it, clear and whole, birth and death as vestibule, and door of exit, inevitable accidents, events, convulsions, between, none alarming to a courageous soul, that snatches its pleasures between lulls of the storm, and with the one thing it loves beside it, looks forward with a fine serenity, even curiosity, to the tremendous moment of death, that divides life from nothing, of life from new forms and splendor of life.

Suddenly Holforth snatched her to him * * * with that 'past behind him, that future before, the man who had been kicked all the way along in that moment came at last gloriously into his kingdom, yet he only said:

"Poor Grimswold!" being but a man and human.—Chicago Tribune.

A STUDY OF MARY MACLANE

By OPIE REID.

To a mind well sobered Mary MacLane might seem an insanity half governed. To arrive at an estimate of her requires more than a day. I thought that in her nature there was not a laugh. There is—but it is a laugh at a human weakness and not at a humorous foible. Humor as men know it does not appeal to her.

For the most part she is cold. I don't think that she would like a cat; as a child I warrant you she never carried a kitten in he arms. At one moment she holds out the impression that she has been a little girl, and then she impresses one that she has always been an old woman.

"I am more than 2,000 years old," she said. "I lived in Greece."

"Perhaps you were Sapho."

Her mind wandered off into the darkest dells.

"Yes," she said when her faculties had returned, "I think I was Sapho—I must have been she."

Returning to ancient Greece, to Athens, to Mars Hill, she coasted a while and then went back to the Bad Lands.

"I wrote that book when I was nineteen. If it had been published then my head would have been turned," and, sighing, she added: "Everything comes too late."

She is now 21. Having reached that age of estimative maturity, nothing can turn her head. And if she is looking for compliments she is the most disguised woman that ever lived. She exhibits but few of the weaknesses of her sex; she cares nothing for "personal admiration." She may be a plant in bloom, gasping for a stronger plant, but she has not found it. In many respects she may be raw to the world, but she has a contempt for the world. When the Empress of Germany summoned Johanna Ambrosia, the potato field poetess, to come to court she came shinkingly. Out of the West this girl MacLane comes, at a summons of the world, and she does not shrink—she does not stare—everything is as she had pictured it.

I saw her look contemptuously at a woman who passed with a baby in her arms. I don't believe she has a sense of motherhood. I believe that as a child she hated a doll. She rakes up her mind out of the past; I do not believe that she can project it into the future.

There are critics who laugh at her pretenses. Some of the Eastern writers have tickled themselves by making fun of her, as the dramatic critics made fun of the Cherry Sisters. But this girl is not a Cherry Sister of literature. For what has been written she does not give a snap. Her belief in herself in supreme. She says that pessimism is a false philosophy and with the goggle eye of optimism she looks at the world—but she does this as a compliment to the world. She came from Greece, and yet she hates the world because it is old. She believes in the many-colored fires of youth.

"Yes, I know that Hugo did his best work when he was old," she said, "but even then it showed the evidences of age. Have I read what? Oh, no, I have not read anything—I don't want to read anything. Happy? I don't want to be happy. Who that thinks has time to be happy?"

Out of obscurity there have come many new things, but this MacLane girl is one of the newest. She is right and everything else is wrong. She is going to evolve another book, different from the first, and then she may sink out of sight. She has portrayed herself. To portray other human beings is a different matter. Genius is shy and secretive—it is afraid of itself. It sings a song, low amid the evening leaves; it shouts a challenge and shrinks back into its obscurity; it is afraid of itself. But may not a new order of genius be more than anxious to face the world? We can't tell. The fact is, we don't know anything.

But no country is represented by the genius of a woman. From the time of the first tune she has studied music and yet has never written a great opera. She bears the burden of mankind and yet has never written a great history. Her eye has been filled with beauty and she has never modeled a great statue. Of her own emotions she has written and has given to the world a great novel.

Is Mary MacLane going to revolutionize her sex? She knows, as we all of us doubtless know, that woman has more of honesty but not so much of a peculiar honor as man. A man may run away with money that belongs to some one else and still have honor. He explains to man and is forgiven. That belongs to his genius. But the genius of a woman is wholly different. When she loses one virtue she loses all—that is, in the opinion of the world.

As for myself, I believe that women are as a rule better than men. They may not have more conscience, but they are more tortured by what they have. Sentiment! I do not think that Mary MacLane is burdened with it. She is looking for truth and she is most pleased when she finds it within herself.

People who meet her will be surprised at this girl from the gulches. They cannot flatter her. And in her case is there not some strange atavism? If she had not written a line still would she be a study.

SWELL FRONT BUT NO FOUNDATION

Harry St. Vrain, the artist, was sitting in the sunny corner of his studio mending his socks. Upon the ledge of the narrow attic window, his only outlook, lay a row of cigarette butts.

"Let me read you something," said Horace Tower, the pupil—the only one—who paid Harry for guidance into the mysterious realms of art.

"Go ahead," murmured the artist, selecting the longest of his unfinished cigarette ends and lighting it.

Mr. Tower, who read as badly as he painted, commenced to utter aloud the written lucubrations of Max O'Rell to the effect that a sure method for the struggling artist, craftsman or merchant to succeed is to "put on a good front," assume a prosperity which he has not, and make believe that he is rolling in luxury.

"Cut it out!" sneered the painter, flicking the stale cigarette at a tom-cat passing along the adjacent roof, "cut it out and give be a cigarette, and I'll tell you a story of my past."

"When I got back to New York after my four years in Paris," said the sock-mending artist, "I had O'Rell's theory all through my system. I also had $2. all in large bills, so I called a cab, went to the Waldorf-Astoria and telegraphed to my brother (collect) for $100. As he had coached me in the 'swell front' notion, he responded gamely and even wrote me a letter commending the 'nerve' which, he said, I had displayed by holding up my head with the top-notchers when I hadn't enough money to buy a caviar sandwich at Delmonico's.

"I got to Chicago all right and went to his office in another cab, in order to give him a chance to save me from the police, for I had only 65 cents and a bunch of Broadway drink checks. He said that 'I'd do, all right,' and told all his rich friends what 'a smooth kid' his brother was. Then he had my name proposed at two or three swell clubs and brought me in contact with some influential newspaper men, so that in a week or two I had seen my picture in two or three papers as 'the rising young artist,' etc., and invitations to society events were beginning to pour in on me.

"My brother told me that there was nothing to it now but to go ahead, throw on lots of style, grab off all the big commissions, charge tip-top prices and ride to the perihelion of the golden wheel of fortune. I was admitted to all the clubs where I was 'offered,' and my stories about the Latin quarter and the students' balls kept me in the front row of popular entertainers for a long time. Nobody would let me pay for drinks, and, under such favoring circumstances, I acquired a desire and a capacity for stimulants that would have made Miss Willard wilt. I hired a suite of rooms in the Maison de Palette, bought a carload of 'art furniture' on the time payments, hung up my tapestries, rugs, armor, bric-a-brac and sketches, put in a concert grand piano, got a necktie as big as a baby's, well—sash—and started right in to put up the swellest front ever reared by a Chicago artist.

"Then I issued 'cards' for an afternoon tea. Did they come? No, they simply swooped at my hospitality. Carriages? Why, the street in front of my studio looked like a funeral or a wedding every Wednesday afternoon. The best people in town flocked into my hole, walloped my concert grand, drank my tea, told me what a great artist I was and 'reveled' in my pictures and sketches. I got so many society invitations that I had no time to paint. The debutantes lionized me, and even the married women (you have no idea what an 'advantage' it is to have the reputation of being 'a little wild') made a pet of me and commenced to send me silk scarfs, crochetted slippers and 'bachelor's friends.'

"About the same time that I got notice from my landlord, my brother began to intimate that it was about time to put a roof over my 'swell front.' He admitted that his spending money was about all in, and that I had fully achieved his prediction that I should 'make a good impression.' Now was the time, he said, when I should begin 'to cash.' As my landlord and other creditors seemed to be of the same opinion, I began to look around for a practical opportunity to sell a picture. Among my most devoted admirers was a young matron of great wealth, much taste and a decided partiality for my work. She was everlastingly 'dropping in' at my studio, and, after the 'cashing in' talk with my brother, I took occasion on her next call to sound her ladyship as to the possibility of disposing of one of my most 'soulful' creations. That day, for the hundredth time, she said she 'never got tired looking at it.' So I took advantage of this opening to ask, 'Why don't you take it home with you?'

"'Oh, Harry!' she exclaimed, laying her aristocratic hand on my trembling arm, 'how kind of you! I'll send James around for it this very evening.'

"And she did," continued the artist. "She got the picture all right and then sent me a most cordial letter, in which her husband joined her, in thanking me for 'that splendid souvenir.' If that was all I got out of it I'd have been all right, but that infernal woman told every man, woman and child who visited her that I had made her a present of the picture. Of course it was up to me to do as well by all my other admirers or lose out on the whole investment of time-payment furniture, piano rent, studio rent, tea and cake and the hundred other things involved in 'putting up a swell front.' Instead of the Attic columns I intended to rear I saw that my front was all lath and staff, with a tin cornice and no roof at all. For the landlord sued me out the very next month, my name was posted in all the clubs, and when I wanted to go to the city hall fountain for a drink I went through the alleys to avoid meeting my creditors.

"See this row of cigarette butts?" said the painter to his staring pupil. "Well, I'm afaid to throw one of them away because I don't know where my next smoke is coming from. These are the small but sure foundation of my new system. When you pay me for this lesson I'm going to get a pipe and smoke them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Strong Point.



Chapp—"Miss Milyuns ain't much of a looker, is she?"
Snapp—"I like her figure."

Making It Simple.

The scholarly looking man with the big eyeglasses had been invited to address the Sunday school, and was making a few remarks concerning the lesson.

"I see the word 'line' occurs here," he said. "Will somebody give me a definition of 'line'?"

Nobody answered.

"It is very easy," he proceeded encouragingly, "though you may find it a little perplexing to convey the idea in simple terms. Try again. Well, the ordinary signification of the word is longitudinal extension, but here it denotes a predetermined boundary, I am sure, my young friends, you can remember that."—Chicago Tribune.

A Feast of Reason.

"I was at luncheon the other day," said a North Side woman, "where the hostess was a graduate of Smith College, three of the guests were graduates of Wellesley, two went through Vassar, two had been Bryn Mawr girls, and the other ladies present were graduates of Northwestern, the University at Chicago and Wells, respectively."

"Well," one of her hearers said, "it must have been very interesting. How I wish I could have been there. What did you talk about?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes. About how hard it is to keep help."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anti-Microbe Shaving.

[From the London Express.]

In Jermyn street is what is said to be the only antiseptic, microbe-proof barber's shop in London.

The first impression is rather grimly suggestive of a private operating surgery. The walls are tiled. There is no upholstery anywhere. The chairs are of metal, with head subjected to frequent disinfecting. The basins are made with pedal taps to avoid the contaminating touch of human fingers. Everything your eyes rest on seems to say: "There are no germs on me."

The barber is clad in sterilized overalls. He explains that that is to prevent any of his own personal and private stock of microbes from migrating to you. Before beginning to operate on you he dips his hands in some germ-destroying solution, and he assures you that the razor is sterilized afresh for each customer.

From a capsule he empties into a sterilized vessel just enough soap powder to supply the lather needed for one shaving job. It seems that danger may lurk in soap that has been used to shave some other fellow.

The price charged for the operation is sixpence.

His Preference.



Miss N. Thusiasm—"Isn't baseball perfectly grand, Mr. Lush? Can you think of anything you like better?"
Lush (promptly)—"Yes; highball."

ASKED GUESTS TO KILL A KID

Vegetarian's Startling Argument in Favor of His Hobby.

People Were Willing to Eat Dead Meat, But Unwilling to Rob Animal of Life.

The period of high meat prices has been a haymaking time for vegetarian enthusiasts. With tireless energy they have talked their fad, and with not a little success, according to the retail butchers. One man who thinks most human ills come from the eating of flesh last week adopted a startling method to make converts. If it did not succeed it was not because of lack of boldness in design or vigor in execution, says the Chicago Tribune.

The man in question is a tailor. He is a member of a Seventh Day Adventist congregation, and in such spare moments as he is not warning his friends and acquaintances of the end of the world five years hence he is expatiating on the general diablerie of a meat diet.

This tailor recently joined a South Brooklyn debating club, which meets at the homes of its members and discusses all sorts of questions, from exercise to the relative merits of ping-pong and lawn tennis. In due time the turn of the tailor came to be host, select the question for the evening, and lead the discussion. The club dissuaded him from choosing the end of the world as the theme, and submitted to vegetarianism.

Before relating what happened at the meeting it will make the situation clearer to explain that the tailor keeps a large menagerie in and around his suburban home. He takes special pride and delight in a constantly increasing herd of goats, since they are not carnivorous. He has sworn never to sell or give away any of them for fear one of his pets may be slaughtered. So the "billies" and "nannies" are increasing rapidly. The man of goose and shears does not worry, because he thinks he can furnish all the accommodation that will be needed in the five years remaining to the world, but his neighbors have visions of a time when he will have to buy a western ranch on which his goats may multiply and die from old age.

On the night of the vegetarian discussion the members and their wives sat in the tailor's parlor waiting for the meeting to open. Their exchanges of courtesies were occasionally interrupted by the bleating of a kid, which appeared to be in an adjoining room; but this caused no comment.

After considerable delay, when the members had settled into a state of patient passivity, the double doors from the dining-room were suddenly burst open and the tailor rushed in. He held a struggling and bleating kid under one arm and a big carving knife in the other hand.

"I have a few friends here to dinner," said the tailor, "and I thought it desirable to give them some meat—a roast or a fry. Who'll cut the throat of this little goat for me?"

He looked around, his black eyes burning with excitement. No one moved. The men looked on with amused wonder, while some of the women seemed a little nervous.

Brandishing his knife, the excited vegetarian then passed from person to person, thrusting the handle of the knife at each of them, and shouting:

"Will you kill it? Will you kill it?"

Each in turn declined, one man growling, "I draw the line at goat meat." Just as the man with the knife reached a stout woman, who at times is inclined to be hysterical, his wife rushed in with a sheet and shouted:

"Here, this is to catch the blood!"

This was too much for the hysterical woman, and, in fact, several others began to look alarmed.

"What, you will eat animals, but not kill them! Why, you haven't the courage of your convictions," exclaimed the tailor scornfully. "Here is this gentle animal with its trusting eyes (they were not specially trustful at that moment). You will not kill it yourself, but you are perfectly willing to have a butcher rob it of its life."

By this time the entire club was in pretty mellow condition to receive vegetarian arguments, but the enthusiastic host, instead of following up his peroration, introduced the pastor of his church, Elder Blank, as his substitute in speechmaking. The advocates of mixed diet took courage when they heard the elder's line of argument. In brief, it was as follows:

According to the original plan there was to be no eating, and all life was to be eternal. Mastication and digestion meant death. All life would have been everlasting if Adam and Eve had not eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Fortunately, the break from everlasting life giving non-eating was only to vegetarianism. The result was that the span of human life was 800 or 900 years.

But vegetarianism, while it meant long life, did not apparently insure goodness. The people grew so wicked that Jehovah bethought him how he might hurry the offenders more rapidly to the roasting pans of Satan; he could not wait 900 years to send a man to his punishment. A meat diet occurred to him as a sure toboggan to perdition, and at the time of the flood he permitted men to learn to eat flesh. Human life rapidly shrank to an average of 40 years.

This thoroughly scientific explanation of the vegetarian doctrine gave the meat defenders such courage that they not only told the elder to defy the near approach of the end of the world by refraining altogether from eating, but they even attacked the picturesque argument of the kid and the knife.

Motives of Misers.

Is there no charm or glamor in gold itself which attracts and in a sense overpowers the miser, though it does not often induce him to steal? There may be in some cases. Doctors say that kleptomania, though so often pleaded as a lying defense, really exists, especially among children, and that it is in some way mysteriously limited and defined, the full strength of the passion being excitable only by certain objects, usually shining. The pursuit of gold for 5,000 years may have bred in the mind a hereditary tendency toward acquisition, as a concrete and visible article, which is, we may remark, as often manifested by the rich as by the poor. Asiatics often hoard coin and jewels to their own hurt, knowing that their possession involves extreme danger, and we could ourselves relate two authentic stories of great accumulations of gold coin made by Englishmen who seemed to derive pleasure from its actual sight and touch. These are, however, we fancy, rather illustrations of the collector mania, so often described and analyzed in the case of books and china, than instances of true miserliness, which is based, we are convinced, rather on fear and an abnormal kind of mean pride than on the passion for hoarding. That is often divorced from avarice. It was not for their value that George IV. kept every coat he had ever worn, or that Mr. Black bought wardrobe after wardrobe in which to preserve every morsel of clothing that had ever been in his possession.—London Spectator.

In the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum in Washington one of the interesting relics is the Bible which was used by Abraham Lincoln's mother daily. This volume came from the press in 1799.

Entirely Freed of Pile Torture

A Case of Twenty Years Standing Immediately Relieved and Ultimately Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no disputing the fact that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and positive cure for piles that has ever been offered for public sale. Day after day there appear statements in the newspapers from persons who have been cured. Ask your friends and neighbors about this great ointment.

Mr. P. S. McLaren, farmer and contractor, Tiverton, Ont., states: "I was troubled for 20 years with itching piles, and during that time suffered a great deal. They bothered me most when I would get warm in bed. I would wake up in the night and lay for hours suffering the greatest agony. I cannot imagine any greater distress than the torture of piles.

"Dr. Chase's Ointment gave me relief from the first application, and now I am entirely freed of this horrible disease. For a time I would occasionally feel a slight return of the itching, but applied the ointment freely each time, until the cure was thorough."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To Whom It May Concern:

WE are very anxious to make this year's exhibition of ours the best we ever had, and the most successful in every respect. With this view before us, we have secured one of the finest assortments of the old Genuine Heintzman & Co. Pianos, in special styles and designs of fancy French Burl Walnuts, Circassian Walnuts, Beautiful Spanish Mahogany, and other woods, for display at our Exhibition Stand in Main Building at Western Fair, and in our London Warerooms, 217 Dundas Street, corner Clarence.

We have marked each Piano down to "ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES" and within the reach of all requiring a first-class Piano, and on Easy Terms of Payment, and will esteem it a kindness if you will call and examine The Genuine Heintzman & Co. Pianos before purchasing any other, and we are persuaded to believe after you have done so, you will make up your mind to buy from us, as the best is always the cheapest in the end—and then you will never have cause to regret your bargain.

Second-hand Organs and Pianos taken as part payment and full value allowed for them. Pianos from $250 and upwards, payable $5 to $8 per month. Organs from $20 and upwards, payable $2 to $4 per month.

Hoping you will kindly call and see us, or write,

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TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

The South Berwick (Maine) Congregational Society, which has lately celebrated its 200th anniversary, has had but twelve pastors since its organization.

IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL

By DEREK VANE.

Regina Seymour was having breakfast in her flat in Grosvenor Mansions, and, her chaperon and companion being in bed with a headache, she was reading the Morning Post for company, when a paragraph among the fashionable announcements suddenly caught her attention, and held it.

"A marriage will shortly take place between Douglas Scott, barrister-at-law, and Clover, daughter of the late Henry Messey, Esq."

That was all; but it was enough to drive the color from Regina's handsome, classical face, and to make her blind and deaf to all the beauty and music of the spring morning. The scent of the daffodils in her flower-boxes came faintly in at the open window, the birds were singing with reckless gaiety not far off in the park; but she was only conscious that her heart lay, heavy and cold, like a stone in her breast, and that all the sweetness had been blotted out of her life.

"Douglas Scott to Clover Massey," she was saying to herself mechanically over and over again, as though trying to impress it on her memory. Suddenly she threw the paper from her and started up.

"Oh, God! it can't be—it shall not be!" she cried wildly. "He is mine—he is mine. Have we not been friends for years? Did he ever look at another woman until this baby-faced girl came his way? Am I to be put on one side for her? Have I not all and more than she can lay claim to, except a little less youth? She is alone in the world, without influence or position, and he needs someone to help him in his career. I could. My money would give him the leisure he wants for his talents to have fair play. His future is ruined if he marries her; he will have enough to do to provide common necessaries without thinking of fame."

She had thrown herself down again in a chair by the window, forgetful of time and everything else, when a maid came in.

"Mr. Scott is in the drawing-room, if you please, ma'am, and would like to see you if convenient."

"Very well. I will be there directly." It took her a minute to find her voice, and then it sounded a little strange in her own ears. She got up as the maid left the room, and went over to the looking glass.

"I don't look quite the thing," she thought, as she passed her hands over her face. "But my appearance is scarcely likely to concern him at the present moment; his thoughts will be too busy elsewhere. If it does, I can plead a headache; what a useful thing that is to a woman!"

As she opened the drawing-room door a man who was moving restlessly about came eagerly to meet her.

"Will you forgive such an early visit?" he said. "I had to come. I forgot that a certain announcement would be in the Post this morning, and I did not want you to see it until I had told you the news myself."

"I have seen it," she said quietly.

He made a gesture of annoyance. "It is too bad!" he cried. "What must you think of me? You ought to have heard all about it from me, not read it in a newspaper like the general public. It seems so unfriendly."

"Friendship doesn't stand much chance under such circumstances, does it?" she said, with a touch of sadness. "I own I was a little hurt."

"Of course you were. It must have seemed so ungrateful after all your kindness. But everything has been in a whirl the last week. I wanted to come and tell directly it—it happened," with a little embarrassed, happy laugh, "but I don't seem to have had a minute to spare."

"Never mind, I understand. It was all a little sudden, was it not? You have taken your friends by surprise, and I can hardly find the proper words of congratulation. You must imagine them. You know I should wish you to have the best of everything."

"You did not think I was a marrying man," he added, after a word of thanks, laughing again—he who of old had laughed so seldom. "Neither did I, but Clover must be my excuse." Regina winced at the look in his eyes. What a selfish thing happiness was! "I hope you will like each other; even though I am taking a wife I can't afford to lose my best friend," and he smiled down on her very kindly.

"Tell me about her," she said. "You know we have only met once. Tell me what she is like."

"She is not easy to describe," he answered, the tender light deepening in his eyes. "And a lover's rhapsodies are not very interesting to other people, are they? Perhaps her name describes her as well as anything. She is as sweet and pretty and fresh as the clover bloom; she reminds me of the spring and of all young, happy things." And this was the man she had thought indifferent to commonplace joys, whom she had credited with ambition, to whom work had seemed the great reason of existence!

"And when is the marriage to take place?" she asked presently.

"Almost immediately; there is nothing to wait for. It will be very quiet, and we think of taking a trip to Germany afterwards. Clover has never been out of England, and is very keen on seeing something of foreign parts. You and I, who have crossed the channel so often, can't imagine such youthful enthusiasm, can we?"

When he had gone, Regina felt as though she had lived a lifetime in those few minutes. Everything was changed, and she with it. The blow had been unexpected not to have fallen with crushing force. But fate did not give her the help for which she hoped and prayed. For once the course of true love ran smoothly on to the wedding.

"We will go abroad for a few weeks; I want a little change," Regina said, when it was all over, to the elderly lady whose neutral personality she endured to satisfy the proprieties. They moved restlessly from place to place, traveling through Holland to Germany.

They were staying at a little resort among the mountains when Regina rode out alone one afternoon through the pine woods, taking her kodak with her, for she was an enthusiastic photographer. Her chaperon did not consider it came within her legitimate duties to accompany her charge on such expeditions, she being quite ignorant of the ways of a horse.

Regina rode slowly along the narrow mountain path until she came to a little bridge over a gorge. Beyond this, she had been told, there was a superb view from a little chalet on the top of the mountain. The wooden bridge was moss-grown and picturesque, though looking none too safe as the only means of crossing a rather formidable chasm; but Regina gave no thought to any possible danger. She was not of a nervous temperament, and tonight she was little in the humor to be turned back by anything or anybody. It would have afforded her a certain amount of excitement and interest had she known she was risking her life.

The mountain pony, cautious and sure-footed, was evidently less at his ease than his rider. He felt the rotten planks tremble under him, and as the reins hung slack on his neck—for Regina's thoughts were busy with other things—he was left to his own devices, which was just as well. Picking his way slowly and carefully, he had reached the middle of the bridge, when something fell splash into the silent pool below; and, quivering in every limb, he recovered his footing with difficulty, and stood rooted to the spot. Regina was roused to wonder what was the matter.

As she looked down she saw a large gap on one side of the bridge just in front of her, where the rotten wood had given way. A step farther and she would have followed those broken pieces into the chasm below.

"A narrow escape," she said, "a very narrow escape." Then she laughed, and the nervous, sensitive creature who had saved her shivered at the sound. Regina was always kind to animals, and she caressed the trembling pony, comforting it with word and touch, until she could lead it quietly away from that gaping rent. She let him rest a few minutes while she took a snapshot of the pretty rustic bridge which had provided her with such a curious experience.

When she got back to the hotel she said nothing of her adventure, which, indeed, had had very little effect on her, but, taking a book, went to sit on the verandah, which commanded a view of the path she had just traversed. She had not sat there very long when she heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and as she looked up she recognized the riders.

They were Douglas Scott and his wife. Douglas was accustomed to riding, and looked his best on horseback, but Clover was evidently a novice in the art, and did not show to advantage, as Regina observed. Exclamations of surprise and pleasure were exchanged.

"Who would have thought of meeting you in this little out-of-the-way place?" Douglas said. "Our holiday is nearly over, worse luck; but I wanted Clover to see these woods in all their spring beauty, though I am afraid her pony takes up too much of her attention for her to do justice to the scenery."

He laughed as he looked at his wife, but his glance was a caress, and Regina saw it. The girl laughed back at him happily, with a half-shy look at her husband's handsome friend, of whom she stood a little in awe. They were quite absurdly in love, and almost ostentatiously happy.

"Well, we mustn't stop now, as it is getting dark, and we want to sleep tonight at the chalet on top," Douglas said. "Have you been there?"

"No," Regina answered.

"Come, Clover, or we shall lose our way. Good-night, Regina, not good-bye, for we shall be down here again tomorrow, when we shall be able to see more of you and talk over all the news." And calling out another farewell they rode away up the bridle path.

Regina watched them until when they were out of sight, watched them as one under a spell.

"It will be quite dark when they reach the bridge," she was thinking, "for the trees hang over it. I wonder why I did not speak! And yet why should I? Am I my sister's keeper? Besides, it is quite possible that nothing will happen. It depends on which side they ride. I have left it to fate to decide. They must take their chance as I did. She is not alone; he takes it with her."

She slept little that night, and when she did it was to dream of Douglas in some terrible danger, to hear his wild cry for help, to see his white, upturned face full of horror and reproach. She was up early, and out on the bridle-path before anyone else was astir, but this time she went on foot. She was half way to the bridge when she saw a man coming down the mountain.

"Don't go any farther," he cried, in agitated tones. "There's been a terrible accident up there. I've said for a long time that the bridge wasn't safe, but it seemed nobody's business to look after it, and last night part of it gave way when a lady and gentleman were riding over. The rotten planks wouldn't stand the double weight, I suppose." For a moment Regina's lips moved without a word coming from them. Then she said:

"Who was hurt?"

"The poor young lady was killed. Her husband was at her side when he saw her pony suddenly slip and fall. Before he could stretch out a hand to help her she had disappeared, and the next moment he heard her body strike the water below. Poor fellow! he looked half-mad when he rushed into the chalet for help. We got her out, but there was nothing to be done. She must have been killed instantaneously. I am going now to give information to the authorities."

With a white face and set lips Regina continued her journey, though she had to make a considerable detour now to avoid the bridge. She took possession of the bereaved, half-frantic husband, much to the relief of the simple people by whom he was surrounded, and thought and acted for him with a devotion that knew no weariness. She saved him all the terrible formalities she could, standing between him and the outside world, so that he came to lean on her and look to her for everything. And then, when it was all over, she brought him back to England.

For months he seemed stunned by the shock—he took no interest in anything—but Regina's tact and judgment saved him from an utter breakdown. Gradually she succeeded in interesting him again in his work; he came to spend his evenings with her as he had done in the old days, only more frequently. He had always thought a great deal of her opinion, been attracted by her intellect and brilliant conversational powers, and now he came to her to be talked into a temporary forgetfulness of the terrible past. Slowly, but surely, the forgetfulness came, or at least a softened remembrance: he could bear to look back, he could even bear to think of the future.

His work caught hold of him again with a greater force than ever before; ambition began to take the place of love and regret. And there was no one who understood him so well as Regina, who could soothe or help or encourage him as he needed, so that it was natural she should enter more and more into his life. He had always liked and admired her, now he could not do without her; she had made herself indispensable. His wedded bliss had been of so brief a nature that it was to be expected that after a time it should assume the proportions of a dream. And Regina only did herself justice when she thought she had made a finer, stronger man of Douglas Scott than his girl-wife could ever have done.

But it was a much older and graver man whom Regina married two years later than Clover Massey's lover had been. Her devotion made her wise as well as tender in all her dealings with him. They spent their wedding trip in Paris, surrounded by life at its brightest and gayest—there must be no getting away from the world this time, however much Regina might have preferred it. This honeymoon must not recall the other in any way.

And when she considered her husband, as they journeyed back to London to take up their life again together in the familiar surroundings, and saw the look of peace and contentment on his face, she was well satisfied.

"You are happy, my dearest?" she asked a little wistfully.

"Quite," he answered with his grave smile, taking her hand in his. "And you?"

"Need you ask? Don't you know," with sudden passion, "that I have loved you all my life—that you are the beginning and end of everything with me?"

A night or two later they were seated in the library of their new home after dinner, unpacking a variety of odds and ends, which had been sent on from Regina's flat, and which had to be sorted and arranged. Among other things Douglas found a packet of photographs, which had evidently not been undone since they came from the photographer's.

"You seem more enthusiastic over using your kodak than in examing the results," he remarked with a laugh. "This packet hasn't even been opened!"

Regina was looking over some papers, and made an absent reply. He cut the string and about a dozen prints fell out on the table. Douglas glanced at them at first with careless curiosity, then with greater interest. They were the photographs Regina had taken in Germany more than two years ago, and which she had sent as usual to be developed, and then put away and forgotten.

Presently the sudden stillness struck Regina, and she looked up. "How quiet you are!" she said. "What have you got there?"

He handed her a photograph without a word. It was the one she had taken of the bridge, and it showed the gap in the middle plainly. She was conscious of a deadly coldness, and her senses seemed to be leaving her.

"I thought you told me you had never been there," she heard a quiet voice saying. "When was this taken? Before or after that night?"

She knew her happiness was at stake, but something seemed to drag the truth from her. "Before," she murmured with white lips.

"So you knew when we met you on our way up the night it happened?"

"Yes," she said.

He rose slowly and heavily, but Regina sat as motionless as a statue and watched him leave the room. She listened breathlessly, and she heard the hall door shut. Then all was silence.

THE BURGLAR AND THE INVENTOR

"Yes," said the gentlemanly burglar, "there is one class of men that I occasionally stumble upon in my midnight work which I prefer to avoid. An inventor is always an unknown quantity, and it is unpleasant business ransacking his house. He might be as harmless as a child, or he might prove more diabolically cruel and cranky than an escaped lunatic. Only twice in my experience have I met such characters in their own homes. One was in a suburban house, where everything seemed so easy that I took my time about entering the open windows; but after I had stepped inside I knew that there was something wrong. I found the floor strewn with all sorts of strings and pipes and coils of wire, which, when I stepped upon them, jangled and made all sorts of noises.

"I tried to get out of the window as soon as possible, but I was so tied up in the wires and strings that I stumbled twice. Then the owner of the house appeared, aroused by the jangling noises made by his infernal things. There was a scene which nearly cost me my life. I escaped, however, by tearing around among the pipes and wires until the man went down on his knees and begged me to desist.

"The other instance where I paid an unexpected visit to an inventor's home was in New York. The fellow was somewhat of a crank, I imagine, and he invented things for the pleasure of it. I knew nothing about his occupation until I aroused him in the middle of the night by stumbling over his shoes in the middle of the floor. He was the most composed man I ever met under similar conditions.

"'Why do you frighten a man in that way?' he asked crossly. 'Is it not bad enough to rob the house without waking me up by such noises?'

"'Any man who throws his shoes in the middle of the floor deserves to be rudely awakened,' I answered, turning up the gas to study my man the better. 'I owe you an apology.'

"'You are wrong,' he answered. 'You do owe me an apology. If you had shut the door of my room behind you, I might have accepted the situation. But any man who will leave such a draught blowing on a sleeping man deserves to be——'

"'I accept the correction,' I replied, bowing and stepping toward the door. 'I will apologize and at the same time close the door.'

"The perfect composure of the man had aroused my suspicions and I discreetly kept my face toward him while I backed toward the door and closed it. There was a click of the lock and the door banged sharply against the jam.

"'You have closed it with a very bad grace, and with little thought of the consequences,' the man added. 'If you had given me time to explain you might have saved yourself a good deal of inconvenience. As it is now I think you have made the situation unpleasant for both of us.'

"'I don't understand,' I muttered, more nonplussed than ever by the man's words and attitude.

"'I suppose not, but your ignorance does not alter the fact. I shall, however, seek to enlighten you. To do so I must go back somewhat in my story. I'm an inventor by profession'—these words made me shudder—'and I am just now at work upon a very great thing. In fact, it will prove a revolution in some lines of trade. I mean to invent a time lock which will prove superior to any on the market today. This lock will be of value in an infinite variety of ways, but chiefly for use on safes and bank vaults. All that you have to do is to set it for a certain length of time, and no earthly power can unlock it. You may blow up the safe or vault, but the steel bolts will not move from their position. It will remain locked until the time expires, and then the steel spring will open it automatically.'

"'I have met such locks in my work before,' I said, impatiently, 'but what has that to do with the present case?'

"'Very much indeed. If you were of a discerning nature you would have noticed the connection before now. I have put the time lock on that door to test it. Every night I retire and lock the door, and no power can open it until 7 in the morning.'

"'A mighty good protection from your wife,' I suggested, with a grin. 'But why was the door open when I entered?'

"'That also will I explain. The night was so hot that I thought I would leave the door open. Besides, my wife is away, visiting her mother.'

"'Now I understand. Then I am to believe that I am locked in here with you until 7 in the morning.'

"'Exactly, and that is the time the private watchman raps on the outside door to see if all is well.'

"'I see,' I replied, smiling less pleasantly. 'But you would not dare signal to the watchman that you had a burglar in your room. I would shoot you the instant you did so.'

"'I'm afraid you are too hasty, and do not understand the life work of an inventor. I would not have to signal. There is an automatic device on the outer door which would warn him. That cannot be disconnected so long as the door is closed.'

"For the first time I began to feel a little creepy, but I answered with what suavity I could command: 'But what if I break down the door? It is only made of wood.'

"'That would be impossible. It is four inches thick and made of stout oak, and is braced with steel ribs. Nothing short of dynamite could blow it open.'

"'But the windows?' I continued. I have slid down the side of houses before now with nothing but bed quilts to support me.'

"The man sighed—there was no mistaking that. He looked almost pathetically at me and then said:

"'I'm sorry to shatter another delusion of yours, but that avenue of escape is totally closed. It would mean instant death to you. If you will notice the iron grating at the windows you may gather my meaning. Those small steel bars are charged with electricity enough to kill a dozen men. If you attempted to cut them or to pry them apart you would never live to tell the tale. Nor even I, with all my skill at mechanics and invention could escape through the windows, or touch one of the steel bars of the grating. Your only hope is to reach the basement of the house and turn off the switch, but that seems impossible until after 7 in the morning.'

"I felt now the perspiration breaking out on my forehead, for I was undoubtedly in a trap, locked up in a room with the owner of the house, with no possible means of escape until daylight. For some time I lost my nerve and stared helplessly at the inventor before me. He looked so pathetically sorry for me that I almost laughed in his face.

"'Do not make light of it,' he broke out reproachfully, 'for no man should look death or prison in the face without sorrow and remorse. I should think that your past deeds would—'

"'See here, old man,' I interrupted, 'I may be shut up in a room with you all night, but I'm not going to be lectured. I'd rather do the talking if there's any to be done.'

"'But, sir, I'm thinking only of your welfare—of your soul's safety in the hereafter. I should like to reform you and turn you away from your path of crime. We have six hours together before us, and if in that time I could convince you——'

"'You cannot,' I interrupted rudely. 'I wish to rest and sleep. It will do me more good than if—'

"'You must be very far gone, indeed, if you can sleep at such a time as this. In all my experience with criminals I have never yet found one who would not—'

"'I yawned and stretched myself on the sofa opposite him and closed my eyes. 'If you do not wish me to kill you, pray be quiet. I have no need for your sermon.'

"'Ah, you will speak differently some—but be careful how you stretch yourself on that sofa. It has a patent spring invented by me which will make it close up with a click and suffocate you in a moment if you should accidentally touch the knob.'

"'What an infernal hole this room is!' I exclaimed, jumping from the sofa and standing in the middle of the room. 'Is there anything else of your invention in this room?'

"'Nothing of importance; that is, nothing except the chairs, which have collapsable backs and legs. If you should happen to seat yourself on one and tip over to the right it might—'

"I moved away from the nearest chair and took a seat on the foot of the bed, near my midnight acquaintance. 'The bed at least is all right, I suppose?' said I.

"'Not if two get on it. It will stand just 150 pounds, and no more.'

"'What will happen then?' I demanded, fiercely, standing up once more.

"'It will spring—'

"The man could not finish his sentence. His face suddenly blanched and I felt my nerves shaking.

"Then there was a turn of the door and a vision of white nightclothes stood before us. A voice asked, sharply: 'John, what are you doing at this time of the night with the gas turned up so high? Are you up to your old—'

"Then there was a shriek, and the woman dropped in a heap on the floor, swooning before my eyes as she caught sight of me. I turned an inquiring eye toward the man in bed, but he avoided returning the gaze.

"'Mandy, why did you come here and spoil it all?' he said. I—'

"The truth was dawning upon my mind, and in a few minutes I recovered sufficiently to say, You deserve a horsewhipping, old man, but I'll let you off easy. Now that the door is open, I think. I shall bid you good night."

"I hurried somewhat nervously down the stairs, for, after all, I was not certain that the man was faking, but I believe to this day that he was no inventor at all. If he wasn't he had a pretty fertile imagination."

Big Doings—In Hash.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

The Inquisitive Person was sure he had struck a hot trail. The Railroad Magnate and the Steel Trust Handle had conversed on the veranda of the hotel for five minutes and the I. P. had overheard them.

"Something is doing in the world of commerce," he confided to the Steady Thinker. "I heard the Magnate remark to the Handle that the community of interests was a necessary feature 'in the composition of the whole,' and that he hoped he'd be successful in forming the combination properly."

"Yes," remarked the Steady Thinker, "but you didn't hear it all. He said, furthermore, that he always used a little thickened milk for a merger, and——"

"Thickened milk!" exclaimed the Inquisitive Person. "Why, what was he talking about, then, I wonder?"

"Didn't you know?" said the Steady Thinker. "The Magnate was giving the Handle his recipe for corn beef hash. That's all!"

Casts of the heads of some of the notorious criminals executed in Newgate have been added to the collection of criminal records at New Scotland Yard.

CHICAGO SHOULD HAVE HAD VENICE'S WONDER

One of Her Sons Knew the Campanile Would Fall and Planned to Annex It.

"I was in Venice three days before the fall of the Campanile," said a returned traveler who insists upon being kept in the background. "My fellow tourist, a Chicago Board of Trade operator, had been with me for two months, in which time we had taken in the usual lot of ruins.

"He is a good fellow, barring his inclination to regard everything through a commercial lens. The last night we were in Venice we stood in the shadow of the Campanile. As we stood there he said to me:

"'These people over here don't appreciate what they have. Look at that Campanile. I'll bet a cooky (that was his limit) it hasn't been inspected in a quarter of a century. Some of these days it will take a tumble and when it does they'll never rebuild it. You folks in New York got the Obelisk, and I think Chicago ought to buy the Campanile. It would look bully on the lake front, and lots of our people who will never have enough money to come to Venice would come to Chicago to see it. I'm going to agitate it when I get home.'

"The day we got to Rome my Chicago friend came to me and said:

"'What did I tell you The Campanile in Venice has fallen. It came sooner than I thought. That's my luck. I had the whole thing planned in my mind to get it.'

"That evening we went out to the Coliseum. I said to him:

"'I suppose you'll be planning a dicker to get this for your town.'

"After we had wandered about the ruin for awhile he said:

"'I think this is too big an undertaking for me. We couldn't remove it if we raised the money to buy it, but I've been thinking since we have been here that we might lease it. If Barnum were only alive! I remember talking with the old showman once and he told me that the ambition of his life was to get the Coliseum for a few weeks and give performances in it. The old man was in earnest, and had he lived I think he would have tried to get an option.'

"I remembered that my Chicago friend and I had visited the tomb of Juliet some weeks before, and as we took in the premises of the Capulets, as he called the place, he said to me, in the most matter-of-fact way:

"'It's a blank shame the way these people neglect this tomb. It is sadly out of repair. If we had it in Chicago we would paint it, put up a proper inscription and have Johnny Hand give a concert at the gate every Sunday afternoon.'

"When we were in Egypt we paid our respects to the Sphinx. I was in a sort of dreamy stupor and went on to tell the Chicagoan as much of the ancient history of the Sphinx as I could recall. Turning to me he said:

"'I like Egypt better than any country I've seen. There isn't anything here that's less than a thousand years old.

"'I bought a pin from a chap last night who told me it belonged to one of the first Rameses family. Before I bought it he had told me it was about 2,500 years behind the times. I told him a few years made no difference with me; that I would buy it just as quick if he knocked off fifteen hundred years.

"'Making his most profound obeisance he said: "It is just 1,000 years old. It belonged to one of the great-great-great grandchildren of Rameses." And then I bought it. Anything that's a thousand years old is old enough for me.'

"I parted with my Chicago friend yesterday, and I really miss him."

Slate Cut by Wire.

Connected with the Welsh mining industry a notable revolution is being effected, owing to the introduction of the wire saw, which was recently tested in the Pyrenees and proved a great success.

At Labassere the saw was first used for the purpose of cutting across the inclined beds of slate, and it severed great blocks without blasting. Prof. Le Neve Foster then suggested to the British Government that the saw be tested in North Wales, and the experiments which followed showed that slate might be quarried by this new method with conspicuous advantages, the cost of working, of explosives and of removing rubbish, less blasting, less waste of good rock, and no need of quarrying worthless rock in underground workings.

A similar wire saw has been used for some time in Belgium and Italy, for the purpose of quarrying marble. It is an endless cord composed of three hard wires twisted together, which is made to travel along by machinery and is fed continuously with sand and water, the sharp particles of sand gradually cutting a groove. As the groove is deepened the cord must rock. This is effected by guiding pulleys mounted in pits sunk at the ends of the proposed cut.

The wire saw was applied at Carrara for subdividing blocks of marble, but it did not do good work until Mr. A. Monticolo invented an ingenious device which he termed a penetrating pulley, and by which it is possible to replace the somewhat costly pit by a borehole three inches in diameter. Since its introduction at Carrara cuts have been made 50 feet long and 16 feet deep, and in every other respect also the substitution of boreholes for pits has proved a success.

Chinaman's "Home Paper."

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

The Chinese Weekly Herald is one of the curious institutions of New York. It is not popular among Americans, for, being printed "backwards," a white man must stand on his head to read it. Outside of a similar publication in 'Frisco's Chinatown this is the sole printed medium for news from "home" for the thousands of New York's almond-eyed half-citizens. It is to be found just as regularly in Chinese laundries as the comic weeklies in an American barber shop. When the laundryman goes out of business his successor carries on the subscription. The out-of-town circulation is greater than that in New York. Scores of its subscribers cannot read it. The Herald is a four-page paper, about half the size of an ordinary news sheet, and always disconcerts Americans because it opens at the left side instead of the right. The columns run crosswise instead of up and down, and a flash-view of the sheet gives the impression of a scrambled egg. Such things, however, are purely matters of national taste.

Went Him One Better.

[From the Illinois State Register.]

A well-known Glasgow divine related the following anecdote, showing that the ready wit of a countryman was more than a match for him:

He was going to the country for his holidays and was in a railway train when a young man entered. In a short time the two commenced a conversation, in the course of which the clergyman asked the youth what he worked at.

"I am a coupler, sir," was the reply.

"A coupler! So am I," replied the clergyman with a laugh.

The youth looked at him for a minute or so, then burst into a fit of laughter and said: "Oh, I see; ye'r a meenister. Ye marry folks. But I gang farther than ye dae. I baith couple and uncouple."

The clergyman laughed heartily and acknowledged that the youth had the better of the sally.

Adolph Reinarch, of Vienna, was caught robbing his safe while asleep, concealing the money under a carpet.

The National Bread Company furnishes 4,000 loaves of bread a day under the bread contract to feed the immigrants at Ellis Island, N. Y.

The Chinese drink their finest teas with feeling akin to reverence. This may seem strange to anyone who has not tasted Blue Ribbon.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

Reid's Hardware

118 DUNDAS STREET.

Carpet Sweepers. Wringers.
Curtain Stretchers. Mangles.
Stepladders. Meat Cutters.

BICYCLE LAMPS and SUNDRIES.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

OUR BRANDS

King Edward, 1000s.
Headlight, 500s.
Eagle, 100s and 200s.
Victoria.
Little Comet.

E. B. D. D. Y. C. O. PARLOR MATCHES

HULL, CANADA.

Don't be induced to experiment with other and inferior brands. USE EDDY'S.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 436 Richmond Street, London.

Grandfather's Story.

A baby's life is more precious to a mother than much gold. Her thoughts are wrapped up in it. Already is she planning it's future and building big her hopes and aspirations for the success of her little boy or girl. Sometimes, alas! her plans are rudely shattered. Sickness—that dreaded trouble, Summer Disorderer, or Cholera Infantum, may sieze her precious darling and death result.



Grandfather John Morgan, of Halifax, tells of the way his daughter saved her little baby's life when he, a three months' old boy baby, was affected with diarrhea. His is an interesting story.

"I feel it my duty to send you a few lines as to what Ozone has done for my little grandson, aged five months.

"About three months after he was born he became very sick and began to waste away (though very healthy when born) until he became a mere shadow, and was given up to die by our family doctor, and his brother, a doctor. In fact, we had all quite given up hope of saving the little chap's life, as nothing he ate would stay on his stomach, he threw everything up. We tried all the medicines and things people would tell us of, after the doctors could do no good, but to no good at all. At last the little fellow became so weak and thin he would scarcely take his bottle at all; but one day my daughter saw in one of your pamphlets, left at the house, of a lady in Toronto curing her child of the same ailment by using Liquozone, so my daughter got a bottle, not having much faith it would do her baby any good. She began by giving him one teaspoonful of Ozone to three teaspoonfuls of water, sweetened, four times a day, after feeding, and there was soon a marked change for the better, much to the joy of his mother and father, and grandparents. In a week the vomiting was stopped, and in a month he became quite well and fat.

"We advise all mothers having children so suffering, to try Ozone, what it has done for one it will do for another. Anyone writing us, we will gladly answer to the truth of this statement."

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN MORGAN, 31 Lockman St., Halifax, N. S.

The way to administer Ozone for children's ailments, particularly for intestinal troubles, such as diarrhea, cholera infantum, etc., is exactly in the manner described in the above letter—a teaspoonful of Ozone in sweetened water four times a day. This treatment enables the stimulating and healing action of the Ozone to act on the intestines, and restore their normal functions.

Ask your druggist about Ozone; in all likelihood he has had several cases come under his personal notice, and can tell you the facts as to its power to cure summer ailments in children.

50c. and $1.00 a Bottle, at all Druggists.

THE OZONE CO., of Toronto, Limited, Toronto and Chicago.

THE EVENTFUL CAREER OF GEN. STEYN, THE BOER LEADER

Ex-President's Early Environment Was Beset With Many Difficulties.

The arrival in Europe of ex-President Steyn has been made the occasion of the publication of many sketches and anecdotes about the man. That which is given much prominence in the Daily Express will be read with much interest in the United States, the land of self-made men.

A remarkable, and in many respects, a distinguished man, says the Express writer, is Martinus Theunis Steyn, ex-president of the late Orange Free State, who arrived at Southampton this morning. Mr. Steyn has come over to Europe chiefly for the sake of his health. He has been extremely ill, suffering from an affection of the eyes, and so much has his constitution been damaged by the anxieties of the war, and the political disasters which have overwhelmed the state that when he came on board he could scarcely use either hands or feet. But so beneficial have been the sea breezes that he appears to be on the road to recovery. And, in any case, he has expressed a determination to live as long as he can for the sake of his wife and family, to whom he is tenderly attached.

STEYN'S EARLY YEARS.

Mr. Steyn was born in 1857 at Winburg. His father was a farmer who had sat in the Volksraad; his mother was one of the family of Wessels, whose name figures largely in the history of the Orange Free State. Young Steyn was educated at the Grey College in Bloemfontein, where a broad-minded policy has always prevailed, and where English and Dutch were taught side by side. On leaving school Martinus Steyn worked for some time upon his father's farm; he learned to ride and very soon became an expert with the rifle.

And thus from 15 to 19 years of age the future president of the Orange Free State occupied himself. At the age of 19 he came to England and the continent for the purpose of completing his education, and six years later he returned to South Africa, where he practiced successfully as a barrister for six years in Bloemfontein. Six years later he was appointed first puisne judge, and yet another six years—and he was elected president by universal suffrage.

OPPOSED TO ENGLAND.

Shortly after the Jameson raid came the presidential election in the Orange Free State, for which there were two candidates, J. G. Fraser, the chairman of the Volksraad, and Judge Steyn. Mr. Fraser was, generally speaking, a popular man, but he had a Scotch name, and came of Scottish parents.

Now Judge Steyn was Dutch to the backbone, and his ancestors had done much to consolidate the state. Therefore it was that he gained the victory by six to one, and the Orange Free State entered upon its last stage as a republic. Within a few months of his installation at Bloemfontein, President Steyn began his endeavor to draw tighter the bonds connecting the two Boer republics. At the same time he professed the greatest friendship towards the British Government.

But not ex-President Kruger himself was at heart more bitterly opposed to all things English than was the whilom Cambridge student, Martinus Steyn. The two presidents very soon found common ground in their hatred of England; and from 1897 to 1900 they vigorously plotted to bring about the war which was to end so disastrously for each of them.

BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE.

And so in the latter years Steyn was overjoyed to see Sir Alfred Milner and the crafty old president of the Transvaal together in the capital of his own state; and though apparently he deprecated the very thought of war, he all the time vigorously fanned the flame which was soon to burst forth in all its fury.

More than anyone else, President Steyn was responsible for the great war. There is no doubt that his object was to become the uncrowned king of the United States of South Africa. He regarded Kruger as an old man who must soon pass away. He himself was comparatively young. His name, therefore, he was determined, should go down to posterity as that of the greatest man who had ever been born in South Africa.

Mr. Steyn has his good points, however, and he was wonderfully popular with almost everyone, Boer or Briton, who met him. He was a brilliant conversationalist, a capital linguist, naturally enough, after his long residence in Europe, and handsome, very tall, with a kindly, frank expression, and a full long beard, which of late years has become prematurely gray.

A THOROUGH GENTLEMAN.

In the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Steyn is a thorough gentleman, with singularly pleasant manners and a great sense of humor, often spiced with sarcasm. As, for instance, when he once remarked, "Your mounted infantry are useful at a walk, but when they gallop their only thought is to kepe their hats on."

ONE WHALE WAS WORTH FORTUNE

Remarkable Find of Capt. James Earle of the Splendid.

It Yielded 1,100 Barrels of Sperm Oil and 780 Pounds of Ambergris Which Sold for $100,000.

More than $100,000 is what Capt. James Earle, a New Bedford whaler, now visiting in Honolulu, realized in 1883 from one sperm whale. In fact, the whale was one of the most valuable ever caught in any ocean. It was not the ninety barrels of oil which gave the leviathan its extraordinary value, for that was sold for something like $4,000, but within the whale's vast interior there was found a solid piece of ambergris weighing 780 pounds. This was the largest single piece of ambergris ever found according to the records, and that it came from one lone whale made the rich discovery the more interesting to the scientific world.

This 780-pound piece of ambergris was sold in chunks in all markets of the world for about £25,000 sterling, and it laid the foundation of wealth for almost every man interesting in the whaling expedition, which originated in New Zealand.

Capt. Earle came here in 1869 on the whaling ship Europe as a cabin boy, his father then being first mate. He later went to New Zealand to join the whaler Splendid, which he fitted out, obtaining thereby a bounty of $10,000 offered by the New Zealand Government for the first whaler fitted out for service. He went as second mate and rose by promotion until he became master and part owner. It was in October, 1882, that the Splendid while cruising about the Chatham Islands, east of New Zealand, came upon the sperm which was the biggest bonanza of the sea on record. Ninety barrels of oil were taken from it and while delving into the carcass the huge piece of ambergris was found.

Ambergris is a concretion formed only in the intestines of the sperm whale and is sometimes found floating on the surface of the sea like pumice stone, near where this animal cruises. In it are often found imbedded the horny beaks of the squids on which the whale feeds. It was formerly used in medicine, but is now dissolved in alcohol and used as a base in perfumes, rendering them more lasting. If affords about 85 per cent of a peculiar fatty and crystalline substance called ambrein.

The voyage of the Splendid in that reason was a fortunate one in every respect, for she came into Littleton port, New Zealand, with the big piece of ambergris worth its weight in gold and 1,100 barrels of sperm oil.

"When we arrived in port," said Capt. Earle, "I telegraphed to the agent of the Otago Whaling Company to come up. He came, the ambergris was taken ashore, loaded into a car, which was locked and the key stowed away in the agent's pocket, and he stood guard there, too, until the stuff was safely placed. The first year that I had brought any ambergris into port we got £25 a pound for 21 pounds, but when this big piece came in the news so astonished everybody that cablegrams were sent all over the world, and the result was that the price dropped. Some went to London, but as for my share, I took it in bulk and carried it home with me. I wasn't in a hurry to sell it, but thought by waiting the market for it would rise. I got $18 an ounce for the gray and $8 for the black, while in London it had only brought $12 and $4. The last of my share was sold in 1891. I remained with this company until 1886, when I went home. I have taken more than a thousand sperm whales since then and have never found in any of them a piece of ambergris."—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

PLAY WRITING IS NOT SO HARD

If You Have a Certain Ability Nothing Is Easier.

Notwithstanding Which Many More People Try It Than Have the Necessary Knack.

Gentlemen who write for the stage are in the habit of taking themselves with notable seriousness. But, it seems, if you have a certain knack, nothing is easier. The writer of "The Truth About an Author," now running in the Academy, concerning his own launching on the career of a successful dramatist, says:

I had a young friend with an extraordinary turn for brilliant epigram and an equally extraordinary gift for the devising of massive themes. He showed me one day the manuscript of a play. My faith in my instinct for form, whether in drama or fiction, was complete, and I saw instantly that what this piece lacked was form, which means intelligibility. It had everything except intelligibility. "Look here," I said to him, "we will write a play together, you and I. We can do something that will knock spots off——" etc. We determined upon a grand drawing room melodrama which should unite style with those qualities that make for financial success on the British stage. In a few days my friend produced a list of about a dozen "ideas" for the piece. I chose the two largest and amalgamated them. In the confection of the plot, and also throughout the entire process of manufacture, my experience as a dramatic critic proved valuable. I believe my friend had only seen two plays in his life. We accomplished our first act in a month or so, and when this was done and the scenario of the other three written out, we informed each other that the stuff was exceedingly good.

Part of my share in the play was to sell it. I knew but one man of any importance in the threatrical world; he gave be an introduction to the manager of a west end threater, second to none in prestige and wealth. The introduction had a weight; the manager intimated by letter that his sole object in life was to serve me, and in the meantime he suggested an appointment. I called one night with our first act and scenario, and amid the luxuriousness of the managerial room, the aroma of coffee, the odor of Turkish cigarettes, I explained to that manager the true greatness of our play. I have never been treated with a more distinguished politeness; I might have been Victorien Sardou or Ibsen . . . (no, not Ibsen). In quite a few days the manager telephoned to my office and asked me to call the same evening. He had read the manuscript; he thought highly of it—very highly. "But——" Woe! Desolation! Dissipation of airy castles! It was preposterous on our part to expect that our first play should be commissioned by a leading theater. But, indeed, we had expected this miracle. The fatal "but" arose from a difficulty of casting the principal part, so the manager told me. He was again remarkably courteous, and he assuaged the rigor of his refusal by informing me that he was really in need of a curtain raiser with a part for a certain actress of his company; he fancied that we could supply him with the desired bibelot; but he wanted it at once—within a week. Within a week my partner and I had written a one-act play, and in less than a fortnight I received a third invitation to discuss coffee, Turkish cigarettes and plays. The manager began to talk about the play which was under my own signature.

"Now, what is your idea of terms?" he said, walking to and fro.

"Can it be true," I thought, "that I have actually sold a play to this famous manager?" In a moment my simple old ambition burst like a Roman candle into innumerable bright stars. I had been content hitherto with the prospect of some fame, a thousand a year, and a few modest luxuries. But I knew what the earnings of successful dramatists were. My thousand increased tenfold; my mind dwelt on all the complex sybaritism of European capitals, and I saw how I could make use of the unequaled advertisement of theatrical renown to find a ready market for the most artistic fiction that I was capable of writing. This new scheme of things sprang into my brain instantaneously, full grown.

I left the theater an accepted dramatist.

But here is the sting of it:

I have not spoken of the artistic side of this play concoction, our author goes on, because it scarcely has any. My aim in writing plays, whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial. I wanted money in heaps, and I wanted advertisement for my books. Here and there, in the comedies and farces in which I have been concerned, a little genuine dramatic art, has, I fancy, been introduced; but surreptitiously, and quite unknown to the managers. I have never boasted of it in managerial apartments. That I have amused myself while construction these arabesques, of intrigue and epigram is indubitable, whether to my credit or discredit as a serious person.

I laugh constantly in writing a farce. I have found it far easier to compose a commercial play than an artistic novel. How our princes of the dramatic kingdom can contrive to spend two years over a single piece, as they say they do, I cannot imagine. The average play contains from 18,000 to 20,000 words; the average novel contains 80,000; after all, writing is a question of words. At the rate of 1,000 words a day, one could write a play three times over in a couple of months; prefix a month—thirty solid days of old time—for the perfecting of the plot, and you will be able to calculate the number of plays producible by an expect craftsman in a year. And unsuccessful plays are decidedly more remunerative than many successful novels. I am quite certain that the vast majority of failures produced in the west end mean to their authors a minimum remuneration of £10 per 1,000 words. In the fiction mart £10 per 1,000 is gilded opulence. I am neither Sardou, Sudermann, nor George R. Sims, but I know what I am talking about, and I say that dramatic composition for the market is child's play compared to the writing of decent average fiction—provided one has an instinct for stage effect.—Chicago Tribune.

To Forget and Forgive.

Discussing the recent visit to England of the Boer generals, the London Daily Chronicle says: Some of the continental papers apparently find it hard to understand either that the Boer generals should care to visit England or that we should be so palpably and sincerely delighted to receive them. But to any one who is really acquainted with the temper of the English people there is nothing strange and nothing forced in the warmth of our greetings to the ablest of our late foes. We are the worst haters under the sun, and as a nation find it almost impossible to cherish a grudge. The Boer generals who are now our guests fought us not only with consummate skill, but with manly fairness. One of them, Dewet, was not far short of being a national hero long before the war was over. Mr. Seddon has recently criticised what he thinks our excessive readiness to forget and forgive. We believe it to be both a good trait in the national disposition and sound policy. The thunderous cries of "Vive Soult!" that greeted the old marshal when he rode in Queen Victoria's coronation procession did as much as anything else to wipe out the bitter memories of Waterloo. So, too, it may not be without its reconciling influence in South Africa when the Boers find that their generals are honored and acclaimed by us with unaffected heartiness.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Grateful Tribute

From a Man Who Looked Upon His Case as Hopeless.

Doctors Diagnosed His Case as Catarrh of the Stomach. But Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

[From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N.S.]

We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such cases here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. The case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable. For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davison & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried, but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach, food became distasteful, life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years; then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial. Mr. Veinot using about a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business, when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is grateful to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles, and the functional ailments which makes the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Costly Ten Dollars.

[From the Commercial Advertiser.]

The refusal of Mrs. Hannah Sutherland of Malden, Mass., to rectify an error of a street railroad conductor in giving her wrong change has cost her dear. The conductor gave her $10 too much change, and she refused to return the money. The matter was taken into court, and Mrs. Sutherland was found guilty of grand larceny and sentenced to one year in the house of correction.

CATCHING COLOR WITH A CAMERA

New Discovery Made by a New York Photographer.

Method by Which Barron Fredricks Has Achieved Surprising and Beautiful Results.

His new invention for photographing colors in every shade, from oil paintings to landscapes, from bouquets to sunsets, reproducing the beauty of flowers and skies and all the lovely flesh tints of the human form—this is what Mr. Barron Fredricks, a Fifth avenue protographer, expects soon to patent.

According to all accounts, it is a marvelous invention, chiefly because of its simplicity and capacity for reproducing in a cheap and practical way, every color known to science and nature.

How is it done—this making the rose and pansy blossom on paper instantaneously, permanently? The process is now a secret, but soon to be made public when certain patents are granted in Washington.

Photographing in colors is no new claim. The process was announced several years ago, but is yet to appear in everyday, practical use. Perhaps the simplest form of photography is the fading of a bit of paper in the sun. Place lace or embroidery on white paper in the July rays and a print of the pattern will soon appear.

In ordinary photography the image reflected through a lens is fixed on a glass plate spread with an emulsion, and from it a print is made on chemically prepared paper. By the kodak process the picture is caught on a sensitive film and from it the sun print made. But all such photographs are in black and white, with no hint of the lovely colors of nature as seen in the camera. Magic lantern pictures thrown on a screen are caused by light shining through paintings on glass slides, reproducing the tints made by the artist.

THE DREAM OF SCIENCE.

But to catch and fix the colors of nature—transfer the life and loveliness of a woman's face to paper—has been the dream of art and science.

Colored marine photographs have been made with color screens, giving a green that instead of the ordinary black to the shading.

Next came the process of covering a glass plate with fine parallel lines, each acting as a little prism, accurately ruled, hundreds or thousands to an inch, and by this plate reproducing nature's tints by means of well known natural laws, controlling color and light.

Another process is to use three plates or screens, each profecting its image through a colored glass plate bearing one of the three primary colors out of which all colors are made. One plate takes the red, the second the yellow, the third the violet blue, and each color is reproduced exactly in the same proportion and in the same place on the picture as it appears in nature—all accomplished by the use of chemicals with plates and sensitive paper, and in skillfully manipulating the photographic apparatus, etc.

But long practice and expense as well as too great a length of time are required to make the process practical, except in cases for experimental and scientific purposes.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY A FAD.

Mr. Fredericks, who claims the latest and most practical process, says it is a success in every way and that he reproduces all colors, tints and shades from rainbows to sunsets. He not only uses the three plates which catch the three primary colors, but he has invented a sensitive paper that reproduces all the combinations, making the exact colors seen in the camera when the photograph is taken.

It should be explained that using the three plates means three exposures for each sitting, but the three follow one another so closely that to the sitter it seems like a single continuous exposure. Yet there is an interval of a second or two between each operation—that is between the taking of each of the three colors, which later in printing are redistributed and proportioned just as they appear in nature and thus the marvelous beauty of nature is counterfeited.

To accomplish this, the tints on the three plates must be printed on the sensitive paper referred to. Here the colors are distributed and fixed and the picture now appears complete, in beauty and coloring.

Of course one of the secrets is in this process of printing from the three plates and fixing the colors on the paper. It may be done in the sun or by the artificial light of the studio. It is said that the whole marvelous process is continuously visible to the eye during its operation, so that the artist can observe the printing to the exact point of perfection, which is impossible in ordinary photography.

IS ITS SECRET THE X-RAY?

This astonishing fact caused me to ask Mr. Fredricks if he used the X-ray. He declined dwelling upon this point or making further explanation, in view of pending patents.

He said, however, that the methods now used in colored photography, while reasonably sucessful, require much manipulation and are too expensive, while the colors are an exaggeration. The great drawback is in the "halation" encroaching from a predominating color upon a weaker color, which the screen process shows in spite of all efforts to remedy it.

"I claim," said Mr. Fredricks, "that in my process the colors are soft and natural. The point where one color ends and the other begins is sharp and clear. I am confident that I shall be able to photograph the most delicate tints in fabrics; in fact, reproduce the appearance of the fabric itself, doing away with flat effects, and lose no detail in showing the pattern of a satin or a silk dress with a lace overbody."

Mr. Fredricks said he had been making these experiments for years, and has now but to perfect a few details of his process. One tint is a little light, but he expects to deepen it, and then he will be ready for critics and criticism.

It may be interesting to state that Mr. Fredricks' passion for photography is inherited. His father, Charles D. Fredricks, opened his studio in New York in 1851, and was the first to learn the daguerrotype process of the inventor in Paris and introduce it in America, making the first large portrait (14x17) ever made in the United States. He also introduced the art in South American countries.

Following this comes the claim from New Haven that A. W. Verrill, son of Professor Verrill, of Yale, has also discovered a process for making colored photographs. The young man calls it an autochromatic process. He says the secret is, first, in highly sensitized paper; second, in the emulsion on the paper, which is his own invention, and, third, in the sharpness of the lenses which he has invented. The paper is said to be five times as sensitive to red and yellow as ordinary photographic papers. It is claimed that his pictures show brilliant coloring, and those taken from life have strong contrasts between the gray of rocks and the greens and blues of foliage and sky. Among his specimens are photographs, in colors, of fish, taken under water; tropical birds, caterpillars and all the colors of nature are vividly and successfully reproduced.

His First Shave.



Barber—"Bay rum, sir?"

Boy—"N-no, thank you. I'll take an ice cream soda, please."

More Good News.



Mr. Eazee—"Why, only yesterday I gave you a quarter on this very spot!"

Grafting Gus—"Yessir, an' I so much admired de graceful way you handed it ter me dat I've decided ter become er reg'lar customer o' yourn, sir."

The Whirligig of Time.

"Dewet at the Naval Review" was another headline, in which a prophetic contemporary indulged too rashly before the event. Imagine for a moment the feelings of an Englishman who, having gone to sleep in August, 1901, should wake up to find this announcement placarded of the walls a year later. The wily general, who had been in—and out of—so many traps, who had been hemmed in, and rounded up, and closed in upon so many times, and had, moreover, gone out of his mind on reliable authority, is announced as attending the naval review. The sleeper awakened would certainly have imagined himself still dreaming. He would have been quite sure he was dreaming when he read that Mr. Chamberlain, who had proclaimed that the Boer leaders continuing the struggle would be banished, was now "shaking them heartily by the hand." And he would have been more puzzled still to find the men, whose methods of warfare he had been taught to call "ruffianism" and "brigandage," welcomed by everyone without exception as military leaders of distinction and gallantry. Times have changed with a vengeance, and anyone who repeated today things that were freely said about the Boers a twelve-month since would be treated, not as a consistent patriot, but as a raving lunatic.—London Daily News.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:

Gentlemen,—In June, '98, I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days, and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and 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,

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That Paine's Celery Compound has no equal for building up the weak and rundown. It is specially recommended to sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Paine's Celery Compound stands far above all other medicines as a disease banisher.

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Without a Debut.

Chicago society is much distressed over the prospect that a young woman of that city will marry a young man of Cleveland before she makes her debut.

This debut business is a great thing, and those who can afford it should never forego it on account of such trifles as marriage, death and other incidentals. Only strong imaginations can picture anything so incomplete as a woman's debutless life, yet women have been known to marry, raise large families and go down to the grave with this void aching in their hearts to the end.

It is not known who invented the idea that a girl cannot, when she gets big enough and marriageable enough, slide, naturally, into her place in society, instead of being rigged up and formally put through a sort of ante mortem examination at the hands of all the young swells who own or can rent dress suits, but it was a great thought. It advertises that the girl is on the regular menu and gives her male parent a chance to pay out money to worthy dressmakers, gentlemanly colored waiters, ice cream makers, special police and others who have to make an honest living at keeping society well dressed, well fed and law-abiding.—Grand Rapids Press.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, reports that Sunlight Soap contains "no adulteration whatever,"—that means pure ingredients.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar 137

APPRECIATION OF BROWNING

Tale of a Man of Forty Who Was at an Afternoon Tea.

Fate Assigned Him to a "Bud" Whose Intellect Equaled Her Beauty.

The man of 40 had somehow been drawn into the afternoon tea—that is, not literally, you know, but his sister had enticed him within the gathering of the how superior sex because, really, he was forgetting how to talk to women, and positively he was losing his polish. Why, before he realized it he wouldn't know how to come into a room or leave one or how to sit down or what to do with his hands and feet.

So the man fell a prey to the fearful prophecy, and, after his sister had told him the color of the cravat he must wear and how dreadful it would be if he wore laced shoes instead of buttoned ones, and what girls he must make himself agreeable to—why, then he set about renewing his youth with some approach to fortitude. There was one thing that the man prided himself on, and that was his adaptability.

So, once within the feminine precincts, he plucked up his courage and prepared to make talk on everything, from the latest novel, which he had not read, to the newest conception of Nirvana, as to which he was a trifle hazy.

Fate assigned him temporarily to a "bud." With a mighty effort he was trying to recall the sisterly Ollendorf for this occasion, but was much relieved to find that he was merely expected to look pleasant and answer questions. His sister had forgotten to tell him what she was afterward careful to impress upon him, that only one man in a hundred in society has anything to say for himself, and that he needn't mind appearing stupid.

Perhaps it was his expanse of forehead—due as much to premature baldness, he would have told you, as to the outcropping of a luminous intellect. At any rate, the young person remarked: "I suppose you have been enjoying the Griggs lectures at Sherry's?"

The man confessed that imperative previous engagements of the strenuous sort had made his attendance impossible.

"But you know your Browning, of course," said the young person, earnestly. She was evidently fresh from Smith or Bryn Mawr, and she was certainly very pretty. Can you blame him

"Oh, no mere man of action," he said, lying with an ease which astonished him, "can afford to ignore the poets—Browning least of all. 'What a good thing is life—the mere living!'"

He declaimed this impressively, having but recently read it on the title page of Roosevelt's "Ranch Life." Then he tried to say something about basketball.

But the young person was too alert. "How perfectly splendid!" she said. "And so apt. You would so enjoy what Prof. Griggs says about the perfected relations of Pompilia to Caponsacchi. Don't you just dote on 'The Ring and the Book?'"

"There are poems of Browning's with which I am more familiar," admitted the man, with some hesitation, "and I particularly rejoice in anything which expresses action. By the way, have you noticed that ping-pong has been taken up in Paris?"

This seemed to him a clever side step, but the young person only said, "What particular poems by Browning do you like best? Are you not interested in his fundamental conception of human life as an endless process of growth? Are you musician enough to trace the harmony of the imagery and the metrical structure of 'Abt Vogler' with the message of the poet?"

"Music?" said the man, rising mightily to the occasion. "Yes, I think I like the musical poems best." Memory seemed to rush in to save him. After a quarter of a century the school reader rose before him. "Yes, I can never forget the haunting music of 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin.'"

And then he could almost have sworn that the gifted young person said "Rats!" under her breath. Yet, being in polite society, he only became vaguely aware that his sister was right, and that he had forgotten what to do with his hands. Or was it his feet?

W. T. L.

Paris and London have the Panama hat craze very badly. Henri Rochefort wears a hat that cost $1,000, and the Duc de Morny's required three years in its making.

Torturing Piles

First symptoms—Moisture; intense itching, stinging; desire to scratch, most at night. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often protrude, ulcerate and bleed. Instant relief; no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use

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Harmless; healing. Half a century's test proves that it never fails. At druggists, 50 Cents. To try before you buy, address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, who will gladly mail, in a plain wrapper, A SAMPLE BOX FREE.

Held in Reserve.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story told of a drygoods dealer. The merchant in question possessed a very excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a lady customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," unable to countenance such an admission he turned to the lady, fixed his eyes on his assistant, and said: "We have plenty in reserve, madam—plenty upstairs." The lady looked thunderstruck, and then the assistant informed his master that his reply was to her remark: "We have not had any rain lately."

Fireflies are sold nightly by peddlers in the crowded quarters of Tokio and other Japanese cities. The insects sell for three rin apiece, a rin being equal in value to the twentieth part of a cent.

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THE CHANGE IN JUDGE CHANDLER

Judge Chandler was the most admired, the most feared, and the most disliked man on the supreme bench. His veneration of the law was the dominant passion of his life, and so above all else, and so all-diffusing that in the whole round of human emctions there existed not one that could jostle it. His record testified that he had never tolerated a testing of the law's elastic properties for the relief of offending humanity. "Chandler Dissenting" was the inevitable subscription to the opinion in which his colleagues had tilted the scales—just the smallest pardonable bit—to the softer side.

To women he was courteous—and unbending. He made the state house his home, living in one of the large chambers behind the Supreme Court rooms. He almost unfailingly spent his evenings in the big, austere place, working out some problem of the law. They said it was where he belonged—that he would not fit in well around the family hearthstone.

It was a soft night in April, and the judge was, as usual, at work in his rooms at the state house. He was writing the opinion that would affirm the decision of the district court in the celebrated case of State vs. Margaret Matthews. The members of the court had gone over it at unusual length among themselves that afternoon, for in the first place three of the judges had leaned to a new trial. Their reasons were a little shaky, but Margaret Matthews was a beautiful woman, and her husband had well enough deserved killing at her hands. In the end, however, Judge Chandler had disposed of their contentions with the brutality of the logician, and so tonight he was writing the opinion that would mean the beautiful and long-suffering young creature must spend her life in the dreary confines of the state penitentiary.

He had almost finished his work when there came a knock at the door. He looked up impatiently, for he thought staying over there should signify a desire to be let alone. The knock was repeated, sharply, and in uncompromising voice he called, "Well?—come in."

When the boy stood before him he supposed it was merely a telegram and resumed his work. But when the young visitor said, "Are you Judge Chandler?" it was not in messenger boy voice, and upon second look he laid his pen aside and said quietly, "Yes, I am. What is it?"

"I killed my father a couple of hours ago," said the boy. "I thought I'd come and tell you about it."

Judge Chandler measured him with his eye and was betrayed into a fleeting look of surprise. Then, with his much-feared directness, he asked:

"Aren't you taking your case to the Supreme Court a little early?"

"I guess you don't know who I am," said the boy. "Fred Ewing is my name. My mother used to be Miss Edith Welling when you knew her. She's dead—you know."

There came a gasp of pain from somewhere, but all the state would have denied Judge Chandler having any part in it. Yet the whole state to the contrary, it is sure that he got up and took the boy by the shoulders, and that his lips grew lifelessly white, and he was mumbling some intelligible thing between them.

"I did not know where to go," the boy went on, "and so I just walked round. When I saw I was up by the state house I remembered she had told me once if I ever was in any trouble and didn't know where to go to come to you. She said if I told you my mother's name used to be Miss Edith Welling you'd look after me. She didn't have time to say any more about it because he came in just then."

Judge Chandler's face had grown a queer cast—something a great deal more colorless than white. "Sit down," he mumbled, pointing weakly to one of the high-backed chairs, "and tell me."

The boy threw back his coat. "Here's the blood," he said, rubbing his hands lingeringly across the red streaks on his chest. "Now you can tell for sure I did it."

The judge looked from the ugly red streaks up to the calf-skinned volumes that lined the room, and then his eye came back to the table and rested a minute on the opinion he had been writing. "But why," he whispered in dry shut-up voice, "for God's sake, boy, why?"

"Because he said things about my mother," said the boy hotly, "and because he took my picture of her and threw it in the fire and stood there laughing at it while it burned up. That's why I killed him. Wouldn't you have killed him, too?"

"Yes," replied Judge Chandler of the Supreme Court in cold, decisive voice, "I would. God—God——" he went on with growing violence, "how I should love to have killed him," and his head fell to the opinion that was to send the beautiful woman to the penitentiary, and there came sobs that seemed to THE CHANGE in Judge Chand—TWO make those leather bound custodians of the law tremble in their places.

The boy went over and stood beside him. "I'm glad you think it was right to kill him," he said.

The judge shook his head. He seemed trying to say something, but failed.

"She didn't want to come here at all. He told her one night it was because the legal gentleman would learn of her downfall. Are you the legal gentleman?"

"Maybe," he whispered, "maybe I am."

"I guess the downfall was losing the money. You know we used to have lots of money. He did something with it, I don't know what. Anyway, it was all gone, and when my mother got sick there wasn't any to get the doctor."

There was no mistaking the location of the cry this time, and as he uttered it the legal gentleman turned in his chair and wiped away something that had gathered on his forehead.

The boy looked over at him in surprise. "I wish I'd known about you before. Maybe if I'd come here you'd have got the doctor for her. Would you?"

"Yes," he whispered, and all the tragedy of a life-time seemed to go into the words, "I would."

"She got awful white at last," the boy continued, his voice quivering a little for the first time. "I guess she knew she was going to die. If she hadn't she wouldn't have told me about coming to you. I'm glad now she did. I don't know what I'd have done if she hadn't. He didn't pay any attention to her at all except to say things to make her cry. She cried all the time the week she died. And he didn't care at all about her being dead. Right after the funeral he went away and staid three days and then he came back and brought some men and women with him. They made an awful noise."

The judge half closed his eyes and his fists shut tight together. Two bright red spots came into his colorless face. "Are you sure he is quite dead?" he asked in a quiet, awful voice.

The boy only nodded an assent, for there were footsteps in the hall, and they had halted before the door. A strange, unlovely smile played around Judge Chandler's trembling mouth, and his head went back defiantly. He turned and pointed to a door at the rear of the room. "They won't come in," he whispered, assuringly.

As he walked to the door in answer to the knock every one of those several thousand leather volumes seemed crying out at the incongruity of it. Outside the door stood a man in citizens' clothes, whom he knew, and a man in blue.

"Beg pardon, for troubling you, judge," said the ununiformed officer, "but we are on the track of Fred Ewing, a boy suspected of killing his father. He came to somewhere in the vicinity of the state house, and one of the guards said a boy about his size came into the building a while ago on pretense of wanting to see you. We thought——"

"The boy who came to see me had a message," broke in the judge in his cold way. "He is a boy I know. I have seen no one else."

"That's all," said the officer, turning away. "Thank you."

But the boy was moving restlessly in the next room. He was frightened now, and that made the look of the mother more plain than it had been before. It was so easy to think the years had rolled backward and that it was she who stood before him. The beating of his heart made him feel what a fool he had been to suppose he could ever live it down and forget. The law had been a paltry, empty substitute after all, for the old days were as vivid now as they had been twenty years before. She had never gone out of his heart—she never would.

"Sit down there by the window," he said in a voice he had not used for twenty years. "It will be all right, only I shall have to think it out." At last he took a bunch of keys from his pocket and started to leave the room. "I am going over to the clerk's office," he told the boy, "to look for some things that may help us."

When he came back he lay a large bundle on the table. "A strange use to make of exhibits," he said, more to himself than his companion, "but it seems the only way."

Half an hour later the boy was an inconspicuous looking girl. A cloak and hat submitted in one case, and a wig in another, had worked the transformation. "I think we can manage," said the judge as he looked him over, "and I can get them back in time."

He turned to make his own preparations, and then when he was ready to leave stood there looking dully about the room. He knew it would never be the same to him again.

A week later came the stupefying news that Judge Chandler, after returning from a visit to Montreal, had handed the governor his resignation from the bench. In explanation he made only the incomprehensible statement that his duties had grown distasteful to him. To the newspaper correspondents who hovered about him, and even to his colleagues, he refused to enlarge upon the explanation. He said his resignation had conveyed all he deemed necessary, and they knew him too well to press the question. But among themselves they could talk of nothing else. They said it was the most senseless thing a man had done. His chances of becoming chief justice the next year amounted to a certainty.

When the truth did come it was a greater blow than the resignation had been. Judge Chandler had left the bench to become a criminal lawyer. The attorneys of the state refused to believe it until they saw him actually entering upon his duties in that capacity. In their first gasp of astonishment they said it would be entirely impossible for him to succeed, that it was incompatible, not only with years of training, but with the primal elements of his being. But results showed they knew not whereof they spoke. He won his first case, and he kept on winning. Soon it was said to be impossible for the law to hold her own where Chandler—her once unbending exponent—was acting for the defendant.

They frankly said they could not understand. "He is a strange mixture," said an old lawyer to a friend one day. "I have concluded he is a man whose tendencies are not consistent with themselves."

He was never to know that a devotion to consistency was the very thing that had brought it all about.

PING-PONG IN BILLIARD ROOMS

Threatens to Become Serious Rival of the Older Game.

Ping-pong has invaded pool and billiard saloons and threatens to become a serious rival to those games. The innovation was started by a pool and billiard room proprietor in Broadway three weeks ago, and according to his story, has proved a success.

"We have only one table as yet," the proprietor said, "but the results thus far attained have convinced us that there is money in it—more money, in fact, than in either pool or billiards. We charge 50 cents an hour, which is 10 cents more than the schedule charge for the use of a billiard table, and the table is never idle. Indeed, last Saturday the demand for ping-pong was so pressing that we were compelled to convert one of our billiard tables into a ping-pong table. This is easily done. All we had to do was to put up the net in the middle of the table, and, presto! there you had the ping-pong table.

"It is a curious fact," the speaker continued, "that by far the greater majority of our ping-pong customers are billiard players. The pool fanatics care very little for it. Of course, it is all a fad, and I think we are the only people in the pool and billiard business who have ventured to add ping-pong to our list of attractions. But the result has been gratifying in that it has greatly increased the number of our patrons.

"There is an elderly man who comes in here regularly every night, and who affords considerable amusement to the sophisticated by the airs he puts on. He says he is the 'confidential clerk' of a prominent Broadway drygoods merchant. The stern, unbending facts, however, are that he is a subordinate clerk, and the social connections of which he speaks do not exist outside of his exuberant imagination.

"But he is an omnivorous reader of society news, and in this manner received information about the ping-pong craze. So he came to me one day, advancing the proposition that we add a ping-pong table to our list, adding, with apparent pride:

"'You needn't worry because none of your customers know the game. I do, and will teach 'em if you make it worth my while.'

"I thought the idea feasible, and in order to show my appreciation allowed him to pose as our ping-pong expert. Since then he has become a fixture here, and his stock has gone up, so to speak. Young clerks who heretofore have looked down on him are now very meek and submissive and humbly ask him if he will condescend to play a practice game with them."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dolls for Tsar's House.

It is doubtful if there are anywhere two dolls quite as beautiful as those that are to be presented to the daughters of the Tsar.

It is not, however, for their personal beauty that they are distinguished so much as for the fact that their costumes have been pronounced perfect by all connoisseurs who have seen them. One of the little ladies is attired in colored silk, which is beautifully ornamented with embroidery and garlands of flowers, and the other, in her white lace robe, white silk stockings and white leather shoes, is verily a faultless symphony in white.

The headdress of each doll cost about $50, and it is estimated that the entire cost of fashioning and draping one of these fahionable little ladies is between $600 and $700.

Naturally, these costumes will be regarded at least for a season as the correct style in the world of dolls, and it is very doubtful if dolls who do not dress in this manner will be kindly regarded by fashionable society.

Viking's Drinking Cup.

Near Haroldswick, on one of the Shetland Islands, an ancient drinking cup which belonged to some eminent Viking was recently found. It is fashioned out of the vertebra of a whale, but is still in good condition.

The place where it was discovered is supposed to have been the grave of some sea king. Near the cup lay the bones of a tall warrior, as well as the skeletons of his dogs and horses.

Antiquarians are of the opinion that these curious relics date back to the era of Harold Harafger, who flourished more than a thousand years ago.

THE REAL MARIE ANTOINETTE

A View of Her Character as Presented by Her Brother.

Letters From Emperor Joseph II. Which Show Her in Strange Contrast to Burke's Eulogy.

A most remarkable document, illustrating the real character of Marie Antoinette, is now made public by the Revue Politique et Parliamentaire. It describes a visit paid to the Queen by her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., in the year 1777, when he traveled to Paris under the assumed name of Count von Falkenstein.

In the course of the story two of the Emperor's letters are given which, while showing how well he knew and how severely he criticised his light-headed sister, also indicate the remarkable intelligence and high moral view of Joseph himself. He was the son of Maria Theresa.

The letters, which are perfectly authenticated, might have been addressed to many of the women of today who, though not on thrones, lack any serious side to their character and are absorbed by a passion for pleasure.

From his youth Joseph had been attached to Marie Antoinette, who invited him to visit her in Paris shortly after her marriage to Louis XVI. Joseph was in no hurry to accept the invitation. He had already heard of the gay, easy life she was leading and for a time contented himself with writing her letters of advice. In one of these he says:

"How can you ask me to visit you or set my fool in your court? I hear you interfere with many things with which you are not concerned, that you do not understand, that are apt to destroy the happiness of your life. They will inevitably bring trouble and impair the King's friendship and esteem for you. Then you will also lose the confidence of the public, which, curiously enough, you have until now preserved. Why, my dear sister, do you concern yourself with the removal of one minister or the dismissal of another to his estates? Why endeavor to give this place to one and that to another; to let this one win his lawsuit, to procure for another a department; to talk so much about affairs and to use expressions not at all proper for one in your position? Have you ever considered by what right you meddle with the affairs of state and government of France? What have you studied? What knowledge have you acquired that you dare imagine your opinion of any value, especially in matters that require experience and learning? You, a charming young woman who thinks of nothing all day but dissoluteness, dress and pleasure, who reads nothing, who in a month does not hear fifteen minutes' solid reasoning, who neither thinks nor reflects, and never, I am sure, considers the consequences of acts and words? Only enemies, seeking to undermine your influence, can have brought you to this.

"Believe me and listen to the voice of a man who you know loves you. Listen to his voice amid the clamor of those who praise you to the skies, and remember that nobody can or will tell you the truth as I do. Leave such things alone. Do not meddle with affairs. Strive only to win the friendship and trust of the King. That is your first public duty, and that, too, is the only interest you can or ought to take. Then read, occupy yourself, cultivate your mind that you may some day find resources within yourself against old age and the loss of that public admiration which at present is your only desire."

From a loving brother this was plain speaking, but it availed nothing. And finally Joseph resolved to go to Paris in person—not, as his sister desired, as Emperor, but simply as Count von Falkenstein, in which capacity he could better observe and collect information. There, at least, he could convince himself that his counsels and exhortations had been unavailing, and that Marie Antoinette was still as gay and light-headed as before. He avoided personal reproaches. At the most he dropped slight hints.

Entering her dressing room, he once found the Queen wearing a great headdress of plumes and flowers, and was asked immediately if it was not beautiful.

"Yes," observed Joseph, dryly.

Not content with this, the Queen asked if it did not fit her particularly well.

"If your wish me to tell you my opinion freely, madam," was the answer, "I must confess that I consider the headdress too light to bear a crown."

On leaving Paris the Emperor sent to the Queen a long letter, the result of his observations, in the introduction to which he wrote:

"You are a wife; that is a position with the holiest and selectest duties. You are a Queen; that is a dignity which requires the performing of certain duties. On those two points you should know exactly what you have do to."

He then laid down a specific programme. It had not escaped his notice, he said, that the relations between the King and Queen were only formal, and that the King, without plainly betraying it, was offended by her conduct. Joseph, therefore, urged her to do her best to bring about a closer attachment.

After advice came reproof. He particularly reproached her with going masked to the opera masked balls.

"Think for a moment," he wrote, "of the unpleasantness you have already had at the opera balls and of the adventures you yourself have told me. I cannot conceal from you the fact that for you this pleasure is the least fitting of all. That monsieur (the King's brother) accompanied you is of no consequence. How can you remain unknown? How can you represent another person? Don't you know you are recognized in spite of all, and that words are addressed to you that ought never to be heard? Even when you are not recognized at once people will learn the next day that you were present, for you tell your ball adventures with great zest. The place is in the worst repute; what business have you there? Honest diversion? It is impossible; the mask prevents it. Neither can you dance. Why, then, do you mix with this crowd of loose pleasure seekers, cocottes, strangers? To hear their jests and perhaps to answer them. How indecent!

"It is by such conduct that those who are fond of you are most scandalized. The King is alone at Versailles at night while you loaf about with the whole canaille of Paris."

This is the Marie Antoinette whom Edmund Burke in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" thus pictured:

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

Submarine Camera.

One of the most interesting of new inventions is a camera for taking photographs in the depths of the sea. It consists, more correctly speaking, of two cameras, which are so arranged as to be focussed upon a common point. Each is enclosed in a large steel bulb to protect it against the pressure of the water.

In the middle of the apparatus is a glass fronted chamber, which contains a powerful electric. When the light is turned on it shines through the glass and illuminates the water for a considerable distance.

Thus the object to be photographed is brightly lighted up, and it only remains to expose the plates, which is accomplished by the help of electric wires that run up through rubber tubes to the surface of the water above.

Progress of Cremation.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living. At Woking 2,097 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901 with 273. In 1891 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematoria, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1901, 666 at San Francisco (Oddfellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1899 to 1901, 2,299 private cremations took place.

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CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

A LITTLE GIRL ALMOST DEAD.

Morrisburg, Ont., Feb. 13th, 1901.

Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—My little girl was almost dead with summer complaint. I tried numerous remedies for her, but they did no good. A friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I procured a bottle, and by the time she had taken three doses it began to help her, and two bottles effected a complete cure. I owe her life to your excellent remedy.

MRS. EMERSON BARKLEY.

CURES CHOLERA, CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CANKER OF THE MOUTH AND STOMACH, ETC.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE SAVED.

Seagrave, Ont., Jan. 2nd, 1901.

Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—My little boy was very bad with diarrhœa. He passed nothing but blood. I tried everything, but could get nothing to do him any good until I got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. A few doses made a complete cure, and I have more faith in your remedy for diarrhœa than any other preparation on earth and always keep it in the house.

MRS. THOMAS LAMB.

HOW KINGS PAY THEIR DOCTORS

Baronetcy Not the Only Reward Sir Frederick Treves Gets.

Magnificent Fees Given by Empress Catherine II.—Best Surgeons At the Royal Command.

The coronation baronetcy conferred on Sir Frederick Treves will not be the great surgeon's only reward for his successful conveyance of the King "out of danger." For his four weeks' attendance at Sandringham and recovery of the King from typhoid fever in 1871 Sir William Gull received £10,000 as well as the dignity of baronet. Twice the amount was paid to Sir Morrell Mackenzie for his treatment of the late Emperor Frederick, and in addition was presented with the Order of the Red Eagle.

The doctors who attended Queen Victoria in her last illness received 2,000 guineas each. But the record in medical fees is held by the ancestor of the present lord mayor of London, Dr. Dimsdale, who received for his journey to St. Petersburg and vaccination of the Empress Catherine II. £10,000 as his fee, £5,000 for traveling expenses and also the title of the baron and a life pension of £500 a year.

Sir Frederick Treves has certainly earned a generous reward for his skill. At little more than a moment's notice he placed his whole time at the King's service, and for at least seven days and nights he never went to bed, snatching sleep at Buckingham Palace at odd moments. His daughter's wedding occurred during those critical days, and it was only when she herself drove to the palace and put the case before her father that he took a hurried half hour to attend the quiet ceremony.

The medical men who attended the King are all attached to his Majesty's household, some in honorary capacities and others under nominal pay. For instance, Sir Thomas Barlow, as physician to the household, is in receipt of a small salary, while Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Thomas Smith, as "honorary sergeant surgeons," are not in receipt of pay. Nor can they, by reason of court usage, send in a bill for services rendered. The King may, and he usually does, send the "honoraries" a recompense of some sort, which compares more than favorably with honorariums received from private persons.

The surgeons and physicians to the household, such as Sir Francis Laking, Sir Thomas Barlow, Dr. Hewitt, Mr. Allingham and Mr. Fripp, are in receipt of from £200 to £300 per year, for which they are expected to attend upon all the members of the royal household without further charge. For instance, if a royal scullery maid so far rises above her station as to acquire "housemaid's knee" she has the attention of the most skillful medical men in the country. A call from a private patient, worth perhaps £200, is neglected for this summons from the royal scullery. If the wife of the master of the household or the subdean of the chapel royal, or the master of music, or the captain of the yeomen of the guard, wish it, they may have the advice of any of these gentlemen without paying for it.—From the London Chronicle.

Has Another Flame.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

A man who had lost his much-loved wife consulted a stone-mason in regard to the erection of a tombstone with a suitable epitaph. After having a number of lines suggested, he finally selected the following:

"The light of my life has gone out."

A short time afterward the widower fell in love with a very charming girl to whom he became engaged. He intended to leave town, returning on the day of the wedding, and before he went off instructed the mason to alter the epitaph so that the feeling of his prospective wife would not be hurt. This the mason promised to do, and when the widower returned he visited the grave at once, finding that the mason had been true to his word, the epitaph now appearing: "The light of my life has gone out, but I have found another match."

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BLOOD DISEASED MEN

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains, itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over 20 years. No names used without written consent.



Mr. E. A. C. writes: "Your remedies have done me more good than Hot Springs and all the doctors and medicines I had previously tried. I have not felt any of those pains or seen any ulcers or blotches for over seven years and the outward symptoms of the loathesome disease have entirely disappeared. My hair has grown in fully again and I am married and happy."

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THE NEWEST KIND OF TYPEWRITERS

They May Be Carried and Operated in One's Pocket.

The pocket typewriter is the very latest device to lessen the task of newspaper men, detectives and any and all persons who need to take notes on any subject when the use of pencil and paper would be an inconvenience. The invention makes it possible for one to take down a conversation, a speech or any remarks that he may choose to record without even removing his hands from his pockets.

The inventor of this little typewriter is Eugene McClean Long, son of the late Confederate Gen. Long, of Charlottsville, Va., and a United States steel inspector, with offices in the St. Paul Building, this city. He is organizing a company capitalized at $100,000, which will put his invention on the market in the course of a few months. It is his purpose to sell the pocket typewriters at $10 each. The invention is fully protected by patents in the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany, and the rights for the manufacture of the article have already been sold abroad.

The feature of this unique little word recorder is its simplicity. Its casing is of hard rubber, its interior of aluminium. The dimensions of the casing are 4x3.

In the casing are two little spools that hold rolls of tape quite similar to the white paper in the ordinary ticker. By merely pressing four keys on one side of the casing and by the manipulation of a space key and a number indicator anything that the human tongue can utter can be put down in symbols.

Mr. Long asserts that anyone can master the manipulation of the machine within two hours' time, and can within a week become an expert in taking down anything, from speeches to market reports.

In designing the pocket typewriter the following requirements were constantly kept in mind:

1. An instrument to make a separate and distinct sign for each letter of the alphabet and of such a mechanism that these signs be produced with great rapidity, greater than the corresponding words can be written with pencil on paper.

Separate and distinct signs for each sound shown in the standard works on phonography, signs representing all combination signs shown in these works and a long list of word signs.—New York Herald.

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