

43RD YEAR NO. 17957

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**FWOILER DISLIKES PROBE; SAYS "I WON'T";
REFUSES TO TELL OF THAT \$55,000****Declines to Answer Questions of Insurance Commissioners—Denies Statement
That He Was an Agent and Flatly Contradicts Statement of Mr. Foster.**

Toronto, Oct. 13.—There were pyrotechnics at the section of the royal commission in Toronto yesterday when George Fowler, M. P., the witness long desired, flatly refused to tell where that \$55,000 went.

Mr. Fowler told of the different options he had got from Mr. Ryan—one for \$200,000 and one for \$250,000. The difference he was to have in his profits. Mr. Shepley asked numerous questions, and the witness explained that the property was bought under the conditions that he was to make money out of it, and in good faith because he took one-quarter interest. When the Forsters bought the property they paid \$255,000; it was now worth \$500,000.

"Would you consider it proper to put before your intended partner the statement that you had paid more than you did?" asked Mr. Shepley.

"No," replied witness.

"Did you intend them to believe that you had paid the amount of the \$250,000 option?"

"I won't answer that," was the firm rejoinder.

"Then the option was reduced to \$225,000, which you put forward to your partners as indicating the price you were paying Ryan?" pursued counsel.

"You can put any inference or inference you like on it. I put it forward to indicate what I was paying Ryan."

"Do you suppose they believed that was the correct option?"

"I did not suppose anything. They could believe what they liked. They never asked me and I never told them. If they would have asked me if I was making a profit I would have told them."

"Will you make any further answer?" queried Mr. Shepley.

"No, I won't," was the flat refusal.

"Did Ryan pay you the \$55,000?"

"That is between Ryan and myself. I decline to answer."

Mr. Shepley asked for a ruling, and Judge MacTavish told witness to answer, but he declined again, and Judge MacTavish said, "It is proper question and must be answered."

Mr. Fowler addressed the commission. This might be subject of litigation. He would not answer it.

"You must yield to the ruling of the commission, that is your duty," said Mr. Shepley, indignantly.

Mr. Fowler beat around the bush and kept Mr. Shepley sparring for wind and explaining why the question was a proper one.

"Did Peter Ryan pay you \$55,000?" he asked.

"Not all of it."

"How much does he owe?"

"I don't know."

"Can you find out?"

Mr. Shepley produced certain checks, which witness assented to, showing that he received up to the amount of \$14,000. He would find out what \$2,000 checks he had forgotten.

"Who did you pay the money out to?"

"I don't know whether I will tell or not. Why should I tell?"

Mr. Shepley explained very carefully what the inquiry was for. Mr. Fowler argued that the whereabouts of the money was not relevant. He had sold the property to the Great West Land Company, and whether he got a portion or not made no difference.

Mr. Shepley then read Mr. Foster's evidence, which said that Fowler was the agent of the Union Trust Company.

"What do I care what Foster said? I was not agent," declared Mr. Fowler.

"Must I be bound by what you say?"

"No."

"I won't waste any more time," said Mr. Shepley. "Will you answer the question?"

"No. I was not an agent of the company."

"Will the court rule on this also?" asked Mr. Shepley.

Again Judge MacTavish sparred for wind, and Mr. Fowler explained the whole story again and swore positively that he was not an agent at any time. Judge MacTavish explained the reasons why Mr. Fowler should answer.

"If you can show one little of evidence that I was an agent, I will tell you all. I claim I was not. It is painful to me to put myself in this position."

Warm Words.

Judge MacTavish—We are here to inquire into the affairs of the insurance company, to find out if we can where their money is, where it has gone to, and how it has got there, and we would not be doing our duty under the order-in-council which appointed us unless we followed it to a conclusion, and where, as in this case, there is evidence both ways, witnesses on both sides—put it that way if you like—our duty is not to stop the inquiry, but to go on with it.

Mr. Fowler—Opposing I am not an agent; your honors' public will tell me that if I am not an agent of the Union Trust Company then it was my money. I would regret exceedingly to put myself in opposition to your honors' ruling in this matter. It is painful to me as a barrister, as well as occupying the position I do as a public man, but I say I was not an agent, and not being an agent I have no right to be called upon.

Mr. Shepley—If you had been here in obedience to your subpoena and given us the information you were entitled to furnish your private affairs would not be gone into.

"It's a grandstand play for political purposes. You are acting the part of a sleight-of-hand," said Mr. Fowler.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

The Searchlight on Mr. Fowler

The searchlight of the insurance commission was turned upon Mr. George Fowler, M. P., yesterday with sensational results. He admitted that he had negotiated the sale of the Kamloops Lumber Company property to the Union Trust for \$225,000, but that the actual price was only \$170,000, a fact which he did not make known to the Union Trust. He refused to say what he did with the \$55,000 difference, protesting that it was a private affair into which the commission had no right to inquire. Mr. Fowler declared that he was not acting as the agent of the Union Trust in the transaction. When it was pointed out to him that Mr. Foster testified that he (Fowler) was the agent of the Union Trust, Mr. Fowler declared that he "didn't care what Mr. Foster said."

Mr. Fowler admitted that he asked and secured information as to the route of the Canadian Northern Railway from one of the owners, Mr. Mann and bought 200,000 acres of C. P. R. land along the route at \$3.50 an acre, though the selling price was \$5 per acre. After much urging Mr. Fowler admitted that he and Mr. Pope and some others in the deal had been enabled to make the first payment on notes indorsed by Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, owners of the Canadian Northern.

Mr. Fowler will be asked for further information at later sittings of the commission.

**BIG RIVER BOATS
IN COLLISION****Hudson River Steamers Crash
During Fog—Several of
Crews Lost.**

Kingston, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The night passenger steamer Adirondack, of the People's Line of Albany and Saratoga, of the Citizen's Line of Troy, collided near Glascow, twelve miles north of the city at 1:15 o'clock this morning. Clarence Herman, of Melrose, N. Y., an officer on the Saratoga, was killed, and George Horton, of New York City, clerk on the Adirondack, is missing. The collision occurred in a dense fog which prevented the pilots of the boats from seeing one another. Both, it is thought, missed their bearings. The Saratoga sustained the greater damage. The Adirondack was on her way to Albany, and the Adirondack was en route to New York. The Adirondack tore off the port side of the Saratoga, which listed to port, and her boiler went overboard and sank. Sherman, an officer, was killed instantly by flying timbers. An employee named Horton on the Adirondack became panic-stricken to have been knocked down by the force of the collision, but the crew of both boats assisted in rescuing them, and later they were transferred to the City of Troy, and landed at Tivola and sent to New York by train. The passengers on both boats became panic-stricken, and only by the calmness of the officers and crew of both boats was heavy loss of life prevented. The Adirondack, after the fog had cleared, was able to proceed to Albany. The Saratoga listed to port, and was hauled to Gasco dock, where she is anchored.

A FOOTBALL FATALITY**Young Toronto Student Succumbs to
Injuries Received in Scrimmage.**

Toronto, Oct. 13.—The second football fatality of the season occurred yesterday, when Mr. W. Glynn Ellis, 22 years old, son of Mr. Matthew C. Ellis, vice-president of P. W. Ellis & Co., Limited, wholesale jewelry, died of injuries sustained in a game played on Wednesday afternoon. Both Mr. Ellis, who died yesterday, and C. Paulin, of Arthur, Ont., who succumbed to injuries on over-exertion on Oct. 23, took part in games on the university campus. The latter was a fourth-year School of Science man, and died in the General Hospital several hours after he left the field. Young Mr. Ellis lived about 48 hours.

AUSTRALIA BACKS OUT**Has Abandoned Preference Agreement
With England and New Zealand.**

Ottawa, Oct. 12.—The following cable from D. H. Ross, Canadian trade agent at Melbourne, has been received at the department of trade and commerce: "The British and New Zealand preference has been abandoned by the Australian Government for this session. The policy has been increased on agricultural implements and machinery."

The cable has caused a good deal of surprise, and there is considerable speculation as to what has caused Australia to abandon the preference.

The cable the other day announced that the preference is not accessible to New Zealand, being less than the preference given by that colony.

Mr. Ross, in a recent letter, made the statement that the preference in Great Britain came as a great surprise to the Australians.

These two facts threw some light on the decision of Australia to abandon the measure for the present.

As will be observed, the cable does not indicate whether the increased duty on agricultural implements is more or less than the ten per cent advantage which it was proposed to give to Great Britain and New Zealand.

**GRAND TRUNK CAN
GO AHEAD NOW****Last Obstacle in the Way of
Improvements in South
London Removed.**

The city of London, the Grand Trunk Railway and the London street railway have at last come to terms regarding the improvements to be made by the Grand Trunk from Ridout street west.

This morning Mayor Judd, Water Commissioner Saunders, Mr. Pope, solicitor for the Grand Trunk; Manager King, of the street railway, and Mr. Ivey, the company's solicitor, met in the city hall, and an agreement was reached.

First the street railway and the G. T. R. signed an agreement. This agreement deals over to the street railway a right of way when the tracks are removed south.

Next the mayor and the water commissioners signed the agreement between the commission and the Grand Trunk.

And then the final touches were given to the whole arrangement.

Manager King has been holding back all along for two reasons. One was that the deed secured from the Macbeth estate for the land which now forms a part of Beaconsfield avenue, and which was deeded over to the city some years ago, contained the condition that a street railway must not be run upon it. And, of course, it was the intention to place the tracks for the line to connect with Springbank on this piece of street.

The difficulty in this direction has been overcome. It is now known, it is said, the plans of the Grand Trunk and the street railway have been changed so that the tracks will not encroach over twenty feet on the forbidden lands.

The street railway manager also refused to allow the G. T. R. to touch the Springbank line until such time as the new right of way had been deeded over to the electric line, and though the company has been criticised for its stand on this point, it is now freely admitted that Mr. King only did what any other man in his position would have done.

There is nothing now to prevent the rushing of work by the Grand Trunk, and Mr. Pope says that there will be some talk hustling done right away on the elevation of the lines in South London.

BATTLE IN THE STREETS**Fatal Fight Between Toledo Policemen
and Trio of Thugs.**

Toledo, Oct. 12.—A desperate encounter between policemen and three hold-up men took place early today at Main and Front streets, East Toledo.

One of the policemen, Joseph Schlagheck, was fatally shot and two of the highwaymen were hurt. The third man, known as Blackie, escaped, and almost the entire police force is searching for him.

Chris Peterson, Neil Myers and the man known as Blackie held up F. H. Carnell, an insurance agent, and, after nearly choking him to death, robbed him of \$45. He notified the police and Patrolmen Schlagheck and Peter Deanne ran the hold-up men down.

As soon as the latter saw they were cornered they started shooting. Schlagheck was hit four times. Deanne's first shot broke Myers' wrist. Then Deanne grabbed Peterson and quieted him with his club.

Meanwhile Schlagheck had sunk to the ground, and Blackie, whose bullets had hit him, escaped.

The manufacturers' committee met last night and referred a request from the Mann Brass Manufacturing Company for city water at cost to the commissioners.

MR. RIDDELL SWORN IN**Successor to the Late Judge Sireet
Mounts King's Bench.**

Toronto, Oct. 13.—W. R. Riddell, K.C., who has been appointed to the court of King's Bench in the place of the late Mr. Justice Street, was sworn in today before Chancellor Boyd.

WILL OPPOSE FIELDING**Dr. Weldon Choice of Conservatives in
the Shelburne-Queen's Fight.**

Halifax, Oct. 13.—The largest Conservative convention ever held in Shelburne-Queen's, convened at Shelburne yesterday. A special from Queen's brought delegates to the number of about 100. It was unanimously decided to contest the bye-election, and Dr. R. C. Weldon, K.C., dean of the Dalhousie College School, Halifax, was selected as candidate to oppose Hon. W. S. Fielding. Dr. Weldon was sent for and accepted the nomination.

ROBERT'S \$1 MISTAKE**Thought Car Was a Hotel, and Tied
His Horse to It.**

Robert Blackwell mistook a Southwestern Traction car, at Lambeth, for a hitching post last night, and his mistake cost him \$1 and costs this morning when he was tried before Squire Taylor.

It was alleged that Blackwell got on the outside of a glorious jag and drove his horse and buggy onto the station platform at Lambeth, and thinking that the car was a hotel and hitching-post combined, he tied the horse to the handle of the trolley, and went inside to take a seat. When the conductor explained the mistake, he was not in a barroom, but on a street car. Robert said that that suited him just as well, to go ahead and start the boat, the horse would in all probability follow, as he was positive that the animal was securely tied. Constable Baynard made the arrest.

NO LET-UP TO IT**Grand Trunk Vigorously Pushing Work
West of the City.**

The Grand Trunk continues to make good headway with its work between this city and Hyde Park.

As long as weather conditions are favorable, the half dozen work trains will be kept at the job, but once winter sets in it is hardly likely that the number can be used to good advantage. Two steam shovels are now engaged in lowering the grade in the immediate vicinity of Hyde Park. In the meantime, two tracks have been lowered about twenty feet, and the two shovels are now cutting out another stretch wide enough for two tracks. This will not be accomplished very rapidly, as the shovels are in a bed of solid blue clay, and therefore cannot make very good progress.

The bridge going in along ahead with all possible speed at the Cove, and it is understood that the raising of the structure will be completed by the first of the year. Some uneasiness has been expressed by West Londoners owing to the large number of piles that have been driven in the river at the bridge. They fear that if the obstructions are not removed before the winter sets in and the river is frozen over, the results will be serious to the suburb, but it is understood that the Grand Trunk will have their new bridge in use ere that time.

NO INCREASE IN CRIME**Cases in Police Court in 1906 About
Same as in Previous Year.**

Police Clerk Moule had just finished the annual statistical report of the police court for the year ending Nov. 30, which is to be submitted to the Dominion Government.

The report shows that there has not been an increase of crime in the city during the last year, as the number of convictions is practically the same as during the previous year.

There have been 130 summary trials of cases, embracing all indictable offenses and serious crimes. In all there have been 580 summary convictions, including 200 for drunkenness, 67 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

The longest sentence imposed by the court was three years in Kingston.

THE WEATHER**TOMORROW—FINE AND WARM.**

Toronto, Oct. 12-3 p.m. The weather has been everywhere fine today, except in Alberta, where a few showers have occurred. Warmer conditions are indicated for Ontario and Quebec.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Dawson, 34-40; Victoria, 62-60; Vancouver, 47-54; Edmonton, 44-48; Calgary, 42-62; Qu'Appelle, 38-48; Minnedosa, 38-72; Port Arthur, 38-48; Fanny Sound, 26-46; Toronto, 38-46; Ottawa, 38-44; Montreal, 30-46; Quebec, 22-44; St. John, 42-54; Halifax, 44-58.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Oct. 13-5 a.m. Fresh southerly winds; fine and warmer than on Sunday.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Max.	Weather.
Calgary	30	28	38	Fair
Winnipeg	30	28	38	Fair
Port Arthur	30	28	38	Fair
Parry Sound	30	28	38	Fair
Toronto	42	38	48	Clear
Ottawa	32	28	38	Fair
Montreal	30	28	38	Fair
Quebec	30	28	38	Fair
Father Point	34	34	34	Clear

WEATHER NOTES.

A few local showers have occurred in Alberta and British Columbia. Otherwise the weather in Canada has been everywhere fine. Frosts were fairly general again during the night from Ontario to the Maritime Provinces.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest registration at the London weather bureau yesterday was 49°; lowest 25°.

**ONTARIO BANK FUNDS MISAPPROPRIATED;
MONTREAL BANK CONTROLS; RUN STARTED****Misappropriated \$1,250,000**

Ex-Manager Charles McGill's misappropriation of the bank's funds amounts in round figures to one and a quarter millions of dollars, but some of it is earning big money. This morning \$22,000 was received from stock speculations through Marshall, Spader & Co., and yesterday \$62,000 was received from a similar source.

President Cockburn issued an official statement today, in which he assures bank customers, on the authority of the Bank of Montreal, and says McGill made wrongful and unauthorized use of bank funds.

**CALLS IT BASE INTIMIDATION;
MR. JONES IN THE SWEAT BOX****West Londoner Denounces Tactics of Prosecuting Attorneys—
Threatened With Perjury—London Conservative
Association Behind the Proceedings.**

The tactics of the lawyers for the prosecution in the London election case, as exposed by Mr. F. A. Jones, of this city, at Toronto, yesterday, are being roundly criticised by citizens today.

It appears that Mr. DuVernet had been continuing these tactics with all witnesses since the investigation was begun, but that Mr. Jones was the first man who had the nerve to expose the procedure.

To the Advertiser today Mr. Jones gave a full account of his experiences in the sweat-box in the rear of the potted by Detective Reburn, of Toronto, and that he went to the court there in good faith and prepared to tell the truth. He sat for a time in the courtroom, and then was informed by Detective Reburn that he was wanted in the ante-room of the sweat-box.

There he met Mr. Eric Armour, a gentleman named Raymond, he thought, and who, it was said, was connected with the attorney-general's department.

Mr. Raymond asked Mr. Jones to make a statement, telling him that it would facilitate matters, and that it would be all right and better for himself.

Mr. Jones refused to make any statement, but he volunteered to answer any questions that might be put to him.

The questioning was begun on alleged cues furnished by Jerry Collins and other crown witnesses.

Mr. Jones answered all questions asked as faithfully as he could, but the replies were not in accordance with the questionable information which had been furnished the crown, and there was some disappointment on the part of the inquirers.

"I am told by Collins, and I have half a dozen witnesses to prove it, that you complained to Mr. George M. Reid that Gatecliff had been bought and that he would squeal," Mr. Raymond said.

Mr. Jones replied that there was some mistake there. He had merely stated that Gatecliff was looking for money and that he thought he was simply trying to trap the Liberals.

At this moment Mr. DuVernet entered the room, and he broke into the conversation.

"If you swear to that statement in court I'll bring you for perjury," he said. "You must tell the truth, or you will go to jail. I have witnesses to prove it."

Jeremiah Collins, the man whom a number of witnesses swear had money to burn in the Hyman-Gray election, called on Mayor Judd in the mayor's office today.

He had a long conference, and only left when the big officials of the Grand Trunk and the street railway arrived to sign the agreements with the city re the G. T. R. improvements.

When seen by The Advertiser after the conference, the mayor would not speak as to the nature of Jerry's visit to the city hall.

When closely questioned, the mayor grew somewhat warm.

"I have a right to practice my profession," he said. "I have been retained by the Ontario Government to act on this case, and I am doing my duty."

His worship also hinted that there was a big surprise in store for the Liberals next week, but he would not say anything regarding the character of it. His worship did state, however, that it is the intention to go into old elections, and that the investigation is likely to be indefinitely prolonged.

CARMICHAEL SUCCEEDS**Appointed to Follow Late Archbishop
Bond at Montreal.**

Montreal, Oct. 12.—The Anglican Synod today appointed Coadjutor Bishop Carmichael lord bishop of Montreal, and decided to recommend Bishop Sweatman, of Toronto, to be archbishop of Canada.

Mr. Jones, confident in the truth of his statement, defied Mr. DuVernet to do his worst.

Later Mr. Jones sprung in court the story of what Mr. DuVernet had done in the ante-room, and the result was a profound sensation.

Mr. Jones declared in the box that unless he told a story that fitted in with the questionable statements of Mr. DuVernet's friends, he was threatened with a charge of perjury.

"It's base intimidation," Mr. Jones said. "It's not British justice."

Magistrate Denison stated yesterday that he is prepared to go ahead with the investigation on Monday and Tuesday, if both sides are agreeable.

It looks as though the inquiry will drag out for the better part of two weeks.

Detective Reburn is in London again today, subpoenaing witnesses. He spends much of his time in the offices of Mayor Judd and Mr. R. M. C. Toth, both of the latter being engaged on the case.

It is said that witnesses for the prosecution are examined nightly at the offices of the two lawyers.

Though it has been argued that the prosecution is not actuated by any political motive, it is a most peculiar fact that local Conservatives known as active party workers have a good deal to say in regard to the witnesses.

An example is furnished by the experience of Mr. Percy Ashton, of this city. Mr. Ashton was subpoenaed to appear and give evidence in Toronto.

He went to the secretary of the London Conservative Association and informed him that somebody had been pulling wool over the eyes of the prosecution, and that he had not been bought, and knew of nothing crooked.

The secretary, a well-known barrister, called up a lawyer in Toronto, presumably Mr. DuVernet, and the result was that Mr. Ashton was told it would not be necessary for him to go to Toronto.

Thus it appears the local Conservative workers have it all in their own hands as to who shall be called as witnesses, and who shall not. Some of the officers of the London Conservative Association have publicly denied that they were behind the proceedings, but the local party organization is now shown to be working hand-in-hand with the prosecution.

"If you swear to that statement in court I'll bring you for perjury," he said. "You must tell the truth, or you will go to jail. I have witnesses to prove it."

**JERRY COLLINS
CALLS ON MAYOR****Star Witness in London Election
Case Has a Prolonged
Interview.****B. C. WITHDRAWS
FROM CONFERENCE****McBride Refuses to Accept the
Special Grant as Approved
by Premiers.****[Special to The Advertiser.]**

Ottawa, Oct. 12.—The deadlock over British Columbia's status at the provincial conference was broken this forenoon when Premier McBride returned from the conference. This was when the other provincial premiers offered to recommend \$100,000 for ten years, as a special grant to the province. He refused to accept it and withdrew.

BIG BRANTFORD FIRE

Brantford, Oct. 13.—The Brantford starch works, situated about a mile from the city, were the scene of a big blaze last night. The outbreak, which first occurred at about 9 o'clock, was due to combustion, caused, it is supposed, through a piece of metal passing through the grinders. The night gang extinguished the flames, but they broke out again unexpectedly at about 10 o'clock, and made great headway. The main building, a three-story brick structure, in which is the drying kilns machinery, was entirely destroyed, and at midnight the fire was raging in the vat, a two-story building at the rear of the main building, and was working towards the engine-room. The passage leading to the store-room was also completely destroyed. It is expected, however, that all the stock will be saved. The damage to the main building is estimated at \$25,000, and that in the vat department at about \$16,000, a total of about \$40,000.

**The Big Montreal Institution Assumes All
Liabilities.****Misused Million and a
Quarter of the
Bank's Funds.****Withdrawals at Kingston,
Toronto, Montreal and
Other Branches.**

[Special to The Advertiser.]
Toronto, Oct. 13.—There was a run on the Ontario Bank this morning, and at the various branches promptly at 10 o'clock, and paying tellers were busy handing out cash to eager customers as rapidly as the money could be handed out. The run kept up all morning. There was a constant crowd, but comparatively little excitement.

At the head office placards were hung all over the office in conspicuous places marked: "This is the Bank of Montreal."

A number of well-known business men made deposits the same as usual this morning, but the moral effect was not noticeable.

A RUN AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Oct. 13.—There was a run on the Ontario Bank here, principally on the part of Jews and French-Canadians, who were caught in the Ville Marie Bank failure. The police had to be called in to guard the premises. Two hundred deposits were withdrawn in short time. Elsewhere no serious runs on branches of the bank were made.

Withdrawals at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 13.—There was not much excitement here over the Ontario Bank trouble, largely due to the announcement that the Bank of Montreal is to protect deposits of its customers. A large number of withdrawals of deposits during the earlier banking hours, but Manager Simpson seemed to have abundant money to hand over the counter, and everyone went away happy. There was nothing that could be construed a run on the bank. The largest individual deposit withdrawn was \$45,000.

A Rush At Buckingham.

Buckingham, Que., Oct. 13.—There was a big rush on the Ontario Bank here today. Long before the place opened there was a crowd at the door and scores of depositors drew all the money which they had to their credit.

Collingwood, Ont., Oct. 13.—The doors of the Ontario Bank were opened as usual this morning. Many depositors, thinking to be on the safe side, crowded the bank, and withdrew their money. Soon after 11 o'clock cards were to be seen on the bank windows and doors, reading: "Bank of Montreal."

Anxious at Kingston.

Kingston, Ont., Oct. 13.—The local branch of the Ontario Bank opened as usual this morning,

THE S. C. KNOTT

CHELSEA GREEN.—THE MOST POPULAR SUBURB. REMEMBER, THERE IS A NEW CHURCH, A SCHOOL, A GOOD WATER SUPPLY FROM THE COMPANY'S OWN WATERWORKS SYSTEM. THE BEST OF SPRING WATER. GOOD SEWERS GOOD SIDEWALKS. COUNTY TAXES, AND ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STREET CARS. LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS. CALL AND SEE ME.

QUEEN'S AVENUE.—Two-story and attic brick, good bath, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and mantel, breakfast-room, library, roomy kitchen with storeroom and larder, sink and furnace; 4 bedrooms, and attic finished with 3 bedrooms, gas and cold water, good furnace, gas and fixtures, good veranda; lot 5x125 feet. A chance of a lifetime to get a nice home in a first-class locality. Price \$5,500.

GRAND AVENUE.—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, large kitchen, cellar under all of house, gas, bath, woodshed, herbaceous; lot 5x125 feet; all kinds of fruit. Only \$4,000.

PRINCESS AVENUE.—Two-story and attic brick, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, 4 mantels and grates; all modern conveniences, porch and veranda, brick veneer; lot 8x125 feet. Only \$5,500.

VAN STREET.—New brick veneer story and half, cement block foundation, 3 bedrooms, room for bath, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, large pantry, washroom, and soft water, piped for gas, good cellar. Only \$1,825.

YORK STREET.—Brick story and half, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, 2 pantries, 2 cellars, piped for furnace, lot 5x125 feet.

QUEEN'S AVENUE.—Brick veneer cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, sink and water in house, good cellar, gas and fixtures; lot 5x125 feet.

WORTLEY ROAD.—Two-story and attic brick, 3 bedrooms, sewing-room, parlor, large dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, electric light and fixtures, mantel and gas, piped for new furnace; lot 36.5x150 feet. Only \$2,000.

WILLIAM STREET.—Story and half brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, sink and water in house; lot 5x125 feet. Only \$1,400.

COLBORNE STREET.—Frame cottage, parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, gas, bath; lot 45x110 feet. \$1,400.

SPLENDID BUILDING SUITABLE FOR FACTORY, THREE STORIES AND BASEMENT. WILL SELL ON REASONABLE TERMS.

HELMUTH AVENUE.—New two-story red brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, reception hall, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, all modern conveniences, mantels and grates; a splendid house in a good locality. Call at once if you are interested. Lot 45x110 feet and see particulars.

LANGHAR STREET.—New cement block, story and half, 2 bedrooms up and 1 downstairs, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, large pantry, 4 closets, new furnace, bath, cellar under all of house; lot 30x135 feet. \$1,900.

DUFFERIN AVENUE.—Two-story and attic brick, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, veranda, 2 mantels and grates, all modern conveniences; a splendid place for take roomers; lot 42x100 feet. Only \$3,500.

MAITLAND STREET.—CENTRAL—Two-story semi-detached frame, brick foundation, good cellar, 5 bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and bathroom complete, 2 closets closets, bath; lot 7x150 feet. Only \$1,900.

PRINCESS AVENUE.—CENTRAL—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, all modern conveniences; a splendid place for take roomers; lot 42x100 feet. Only \$3,500.

TO RENT.—Splendid farm of 15 acres, near city limits. Rent, \$250, in advance. Tenant required to give references.

ELIAS STREET.—New brick-veneer cottage, cement block foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, 2 closets closets, bath and soft water and sink in house, 2 cellars; lot 32x150 feet. Only \$1,800.

TALBOT STREET.—CENTRAL—Two-story brick-veneer, stone foundation, slate roof, 4 bedrooms, library, room for bath, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, gas; lot 40x100 feet, and a right of way. This is a well-built house and in first-class locality.

WORTLEY ROAD.—New two-story brick, cement block foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen and summer kitchen, modern conveniences. This property faces Normal School, and is a splendid chance to get a modern home in a good locality.

HOTEL BUSINESS.—A first-class opportunity; car trade averages \$50 per day; first-class building; call for particulars.

CHESTER STREET.—Frame cottage, cement foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, ahenhouse; lot 5x125 feet. Only \$650.

VACANT LOTS.—Colborne street north; splendid lots and cheap, on easy terms.

COLBORNE STREET.—Story and half brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, clothes closets, good cellar, mantel and grate, shutters to all windows; lot 32x150 feet and right of way. Only \$1,550.

HYMAN STREET.—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms and one finished in attic, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, all modern conveniences; lot 30x150 feet. This is a splendid chance to get a home in a central locality. Only \$2,000.

BECHER STREET.—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, small bath, and good cellar. Only \$1,000.

FIFTEEN ACRES.—Good brick cottage, parlor, 3 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, summer kitchen, good cellar, bath and stable, good fruit trees, and sandy loam of first-class quality; only 2 1/2 miles from market; a splendid market garden.

QUEEN'S AVENUE.—Brick two-story and attic, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, large dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, all modern conveniences; lot 5x125 feet. Only \$3,500.

RIDOUT STREET.—Two-story and attic brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, modern conveniences, good bath, a most desirable property and cheap. \$2,500.

TRAFALGAR STREET.—New brick-veneer, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, clothes closets, good cellar, gas, piped for furnace, room for bath, good well, with pump in kitchen; country taxes; lot 32x150 feet. Only \$1,550.

HAMILTON ROAD.—Brick-veneer story and half, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3 closets closets, pantry, good cellar, piped for gas; lot 40x120 feet. \$1,350.

ADRIAN STREET.—Corner of Dufferin Avenue—Brick story and half, 2 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, bathroom complete, gas and fixtures, veranda, good cellar, sink and water in house, all in good repair. Call for particulars.

NEW TWO-STORY SOLID BRICK, with parlor, dining-room, library, fitted up with fireplace and mantel, 4 bedrooms, bathroom complete, hot and cold water, laundry, kitchen and bathroom, furnace, electric light and fixtures, finished in southern plan; eight minutes' walk from market. Will be sold on easy terms.

MAITLAND STREET.—One acre, first-class locality.

HAMILTON ROAD.—Large frame cottage, brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, water and sink in house, pantry, summer kitchen, woodshed; lot 42x150 feet. Only \$1,300.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

DUNDAS STREET EAST.—A large frame cottage, 4 rooms, in good order; good lot. Call at once.

CHEAP LOTS ON CORNER OF ST. GEORGE AND SYDENHAM STREETS.

ENGLISH STREET.—A splendid frame cottage, 4 rooms, nice lot, at a reasonable price.

From the numerous sales we have made this year we are now in need of more property for sale. We have a great demand for cottages and medium-sized houses. List your property with us and we will get you a ready buyer.

RICHMOND STREET NORTH. Adjoining the city limits—A handsome 14-story brick house, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, furnace, electric light, frame barn, chicken coop, with four acres of choice land; electric cars on this street. Inquire at once.

CHEAP LOTS on corner of Dundas and Beccord streets.

OXFORD STREET.—Two new semi-detached two-story brick houses, 9 rooms each, all modern improvements. Price reasonable.

QUEBEC STREET.—A new 14-story brick house, on cement block foundations, 7 rooms, lot 40x175 feet. Price, \$2,200.

ELIAS STREET.—Two-story brick house, 9 rooms, in good order; lot 42x132 feet. Price, \$1,900.

LOTS ON KNOXWOOD PARK at low prices. The Oxford street belt will be sure to pass this property.

ANY STREET.—Two good frame cottages, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms in each and in good order. Price, \$1,600 each.

WEST LONDON.—A splendid frame cottage, almost new; parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms; good lots. Price, \$2,000. Cheap property.

COLBORNE STREET.—A large frame cottage, 8 rooms, sewer connections, frame barn, good lot. Price, \$1,800.

14-STORY BRICK.—Almost new, 8 rooms, modern improvements, frame barn, ten minutes' walk from postoffice. Price, \$1,800.

We are still selling lots at low prices and on easy terms, on Elmwood avenue, near Arthur survey; electric cars on this avenue.

ADRIAN STREET.—Near Elias street, large brick cottage, 8 rooms, in good order; lot 40x125 feet. Price, \$2,200.

BRUCE STREET.—A neat frame cottage, 5 bedrooms, in good order; good lot. Price reasonable.

CHESLEY AVENUE AND DAME STREET.—Four cheap lots.

RICHMOND STREET NORTH.—Twelve cheap lots.

TWO THREE-STORY BRICK BUILDINGS, suitable for manufacturing; very central. Call for price.

PALL MALL STREET.—14-story brick, stone foundations, 10 rooms, modern improvements; full size lot. Price reasonable.

LORENE AVENUE.—A new two-story brick, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 41.5x150 feet. Price, \$3,000. Cheap property.

DUFFERIN AVENUE.—A new 14-story brick house, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, lot 42x132 feet. Price, \$2,300.

WE HAVE ONLY THREE LOTS left in the City Gas Company's survey, Hamilton road.

ST. GEORGE STREET.—South of Oxford street—14-story brick, stone foundations, 10 rooms, in good order; lot 42x132 feet. Price, \$2,500. Also a vacant lot, 23x110 feet. Price, \$1,200.

DUFFERIN AVENUE.—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms, large cellar; lot 32x135 feet. Price, \$1,800.

PICCADILLY STREET.—Two-story brick residence, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, 4 bedrooms, clothes closets, bathroom complete, furnace, electric light and gas, lot 42x132 feet. Call for particulars.

TECHMER AVENUE.—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 33.5x130 feet. Price, \$3,200. Would exchange for a house in the East End.

WILLIAM STREET.—Near Princess avenue—A handsome 14-story brick house, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, library, 4 bedrooms, bathroom complete, furnace, electric light and gas; lot 42x150 feet. At a reasonable price. Inspection invited.

PALL MALL STREET.—14-story brick house, 10 rooms, in good order; lot 24.5x135 feet to a lane. Price, \$3,800.

A VERY DESIRABLE LOT of 50x120 feet, on Richmond street, north of St. James street, next to J. W. Scandrett's place. Call for price.

ALEXANDER STREET.—A new 14-story brick house, cement foundation, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, large cellar, electric light; lot 32x132 feet. Price, \$1,450.

PRINCESS AVENUE.—A splendid frame cottage, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 32x135 feet. Price, \$1,200.

GRAY STREET.—CENTRAL—A large brick residence, 10 rooms, double parlors, dining-room, 2 kitchens, large cellar, large attic; suitable for a boarding house or a factory; good lot. On easy terms.

ADELAIDE STREET.—South of Piccadilly street—A new 14-story frame house, on brick foundation, 4 rooms; good lot. Price, \$1,400. Easy terms. Call and see us.

KING STREET.—A new 14-story frame house, 4 rooms, double parlors, dining-room, large attic, water, laundry, electric light and gas. An up-to-date house for \$3,250.

THE CHEAPEST LOTS in the north end are in the Gordon and Beccord streets. Call for price.

BRISCOE STREET.—A new brick cottage, cement block foundation, 4 rooms, clothes closets; lot 40x135 feet. Price, \$1,500.

SMITH STREET.—Three blocks east of the McClary new works; 14-story frame house on stone foundation, 9 rooms, bathroom complete, frame barn, chicken coop, one acre fruit trees; one block from street. Price, \$2,500. Call at once.

CHEAP LOTS on Grosvenor and Colborne streets.

P. WALSH,
117 Wellington St. London, Ont.
Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.

J. F. SANGSTER'S LIST

\$4,200.—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms and den, closet, bath, water closet, furnace, gas and electric light, William street, near Dundas street.

\$4,500.—Two-story brick, corner residence, 5 bedrooms, bath, water closet, furnace, gas, etc.; central.

\$3,000.—Two-story brick, all modern improvements, first-class office; central; one block from city hall; see this before you buy elsewhere.

\$5,800.—Two-story brick, 5 bedrooms, den, bathroom, gas heater, all in Al or one block from city hall. Call for particulars.

\$2,500.—One and a half story frame on new brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, bath, water closet, gas, one block from city hall. See this before you buy.

\$2,300.—New brick 1 1/2 story, 2 bedrooms, bath and water closet, electric light, fine location, north.

\$1,200.—Brick cottage in good order, with large lot. Half acre near Waterloo.

\$2,900.—Two-story brick, 3 bedrooms, bath, water closet, gas, and doctor's office attached. Investment.

\$2,000.—For the 30 acres near city limits, delayed or suppressed menstruation, prompt relief. "A Faultless Remedy," Free. National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

For investment I have a fine corner store, butcher shop and dwelling. Call.

For rent—Warehouse or store on Dundas street, 22x55; \$30. Also 8-room office on ground floor, including bath; \$12.50.

J. F. SANGSTER
112 Masonic Temple.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOUR ACRES, STORY AND HALF brick house, 10 rooms, large cellar, bath, orchard, also 3/4 acre pasture, sold separately if desired; desirable property, high, healthy locality, twenty minutes' walk from market. Apply A. E. Hodgett, corner River road and Francis street, West London. 57c-4yt

BRICK COTTAGE FOR SALE, CHEAP. Apply 645 Richmond. 55c

FOR SALE—NEW SEVEN-ROOM brick cottage, Mamelon street; lot 32x125; paved with concrete; reasonable terms. Apply 121 Inkerman street.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST farms in Usborne (Huron County); this farm is well fenced and extra well drained; two large barns, with cement floors, water all through the stables, with hogsheads, driving sheds, lots of water, in good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply A. E. Hodgett, Exeter P. O. 52bu 24k

A FRAME COTTAGE, STONE FOUNDATION, two lots, for quick sale, \$1,200. 517 Elias street. 52u

FIFTY ACRES—NEW STORY AND HALF brick house, good barn and stable, five acres of wood, good fences; soil rich and fertile; opportunity for exchange for city property. Apply to Thomas C. Knott, 101 Masonic Temple. 52u

FOR SALE—LARGE FRAME COTTAGE, 51/2-story, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, lot, barn, henhouse, fruit trees, 841 Elias street. 42u-wt

FOR SALE—ENGLISH COTTAGE, cement foundation, walls cement pressed brick; parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, summer kitchen, bath and electric light, furnace, veranda, gas; ner lot; cheap for quick sale. Peterson & Co., 394 Richmond street. 52u-ywt

FOR SALE—NEW HOUSE, 34 GROS- VENDOR street; four bedrooms, double parlors, all modern conveniences. At a bargain. 46bu

FOR SALE—51 WILLIAM STREET; 14- story brick, cement foundation, 3 rooms, bathroom complete; large lot, choice fruits and fancy shrubs. Owner leaving city. 251f

FOR SALE—NEW BRICK HOUSE, modern improvements, central location, walk from market. Apply 17 Beccord street. 71f

TWO-STORY BRICK, WITH ALL MOD- ERN IMPROVEMENTS, central, price very reasonable. Call for full particulars. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

FOR SALE—150 ACRES, LONDON Township; lot No. 10 and west half of it; estate of late John Smith, Esq.; 100 acres under cultivation, balance timber and pasture. Apply 591 Oxford street, city. A. Ardell, executor. 52bu-t

FOR SALE—FIVE ACRES, FRAME house, seven rooms, cement foundation, large veranda, abundance of water, drive barn, large poultry plant, soil fine; lot 100x150 feet. Call for particulars. Box 25, Tambling P. O., London. 51f-t

67 ACRES, CLAY LOAM, GOOD BUILD- ings, abundance water, lots fruit; seven acres under cultivation. For further particulars address W. R. Wadsworth, Lambeth. 49f-t

FOR SALE—FARM OF 105 ACRES IN Delaware Township; house, barns and other buildings; orchard and 25 acres of bush; also 50-acre pasture farm, no buildings. Apply Henry Johnson, Calder P. O., or Fraser & Moore, London. 61f-t

FOR SALE—TWO-STORY BRICK house, just completed, bath, furnace, gas, large veranda; Ridout street, second door south of Beccord street, near street belt. N. T. Kettwell, Tambling P. O. 51f-t

FOR SALE—TWO 14-STORY BRICK houses, Brighton street. Lots on Wortley road, near Elmwood avenue and Beccord street. R. H. Smith, 15 Brighton street. 45f-t

Real Estate for Sale

Frame cottage, 8 rooms, good lot and frame stable; all in good repair; on Clarence street, near Beccord street.

FOR SALE—Frame cottage, 6 rooms; good lot; on Colborne street north. A. E. Hodgett, Exeter P. O.

FOR SALE—Frame cottage, 6 rooms; nearly new; lot 50x145 feet; newly painted; bargain for someone. A good investment.

FOR SALE—Brick cottage, frame stable, two frame herculeans, and 6 acres of land. Would exchange for larger farm in Lebo or Williams Township.

100 ACRES IN LONDON Township, four miles from city of London; frame house, brick house, new frame bank barn 40x60, well situated, with an abundance of spring water. Two frame cottages nearly new, 2-story, on cement foundations; they have been used as building progress, and remodelled the old house and pay off old mortgages. A. A. CAMPBELL, Real Estate, Loans and Investments, No. 425 Richmond Street, London, Ont. Telephone 642. 27f-t

WE HANDLE THE BEST CLASS OF PROPERTIES. IF YOU DESIRE TO GET A PURCHASER FOR SUCH KINDLY CALL.

ELLAS—Frame, barn 6 \$1,200
Princess—Cement block 7 1,250
Elias—Brick 7 1,250
Lorne—Brick 7 2,350

IF YOU HAVE ANY DESIRABLE PROPERTY TO SELL NOW IS THE TIME TO GET IT LISTED.

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SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY.
Fine and a little warmer.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Plain and Striped Flannelettes

32-inch Plain and Striped Flannelettes. English make. Splendid quality. Per yard.....10c and 12 1/2c

36-inch Plain and Striped Flannelettes. English make. Heavy quality. Fast colors.....15c

36-inch Extra Heavy Striped Flannelettes. Especially nice for men's heavy night-shirts. English make. Per yard.....20c

Flannels—East Store.

Flannel and Flannelette Sheeting

Flannel Sheeting, 72 inches wide—union. Per yard.....70c

72-inch Flannel Sheeting—union. Extra quality. Per yard.....80c

72-inch All-Wool Flannel Sheeting. Extra quality. Per yard.....95c

36-inch Flannel Sheeting—union. Per yard.....35c

70-inch Flannelette Sheet—union. Per yard.....45c

Flannels—East Store.

Viyella Flannels

A very high-grade Flannel. Light weight. Will not shrink. Recommend it to those in search of a flannel which will wear long and stand frequent washing. 31 inches wide.

Fine for frocks, knickerbockers, shirts, nightgowns, pajamas, etc. Per yd.....60c

Flannels—East Store.

New Lot of Those Cozey, Comfortable, German Velour Lounging Robes

The soft, beautiful shades and the odd and unique patterns of these German Velour Robes will appeal to the artistic side of your nature.

The warm, cozey materials will appeal to your desire for something comfortable to lounge around in during the cooler weather.

The excellence of the velour and goodness of the workmanship and the reasonable way in which we have priced the robes will win your approbation, if you are a good judge of value.

Soft ground colors of light blue, gray, brown, navy and red—odd patterns in contrasting shades. Good quality Velour. Each.....\$4.00

Pretty Lounging Robes with neat patterns on grounds of red, green and pink. Each.....\$5.00

Very handsome pale blue, red and green Lounging Robes. Silk facings on the large collar, roomy sleeves and down front. Decidedly unique and pleasing designs, \$6

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1906.

AN UNFOUNDED CHARGE.

The Toronto News brings a curious charge against the managers of the political parties in this city. It alleges that both have always connived at corrupt methods, and have had an understanding that protests or reprisals would not follow elections.

This is scarcely logical, in view of the further statement by the News that with many of the citizens of London politics is a species of mania. Party feeling runs high, indeed, in this community, and there is nothing in its electoral history to show that Liberals and Conservatives have given each other quarter. Mr. Hyman's election in 1891, to go no further back, was protested, without much display of tenderness. Neither was the seating of his opponent, as a result of the bye-election of 1892, by any means acquiesced in by the Liberals. Mr. Beattie's election in 1896 was also challenged in the courts. In 1900 Mr. Hyman's majority was so considerable as to preclude any insinuation that he owed his seat to corrupt practices. He was re-elected in 1904, but it was known that the seat would be reopened in a short time by his preference to full cabinet rank, so that a protest would have been futile, even if there had been evidence to justify it. Many Liberals thought there was undue forbearance in the neglect to prosecute a number of Conservative workers on charges of perjury and subornation, as a consequence of the exposures of corruption and debauchery in the contest of 1896, but the long and costly trial under the election act was conclusive proof that there was no understanding between the heads of the parties, such as the Toronto News alleges to have existed. There may be some truth, however, in our contemporary's statement that the people of London take their politics too savagely. The political temper of this city might be softened with advantage to itself and the public interest, and perhaps with some gain to public morals.

MR. FOWLER'S ADMISSIONS.

Mr. George W. Fowler, M. P., was under the probe of the insurance commission yesterday. His squirms and protests indicated that the instrument touched some sore spots. So far, his evidence confirms the belief that a number of Mr. Borden's followers in Parliament have not kept themselves unspotted from the world.

Mr. Fowler admits that he and his enterprising associates asked the owners of the Canadian Northern railway for a "tip" as to the projected route of that line. With this information the political syndicate picked out a block of C. P. R. lands which would be likely to rapidly rise in value, because they were along the Canadian Northern's path. While negotiations were hanging fire the price leaped from \$3 50 to \$5, and the syndicate was quoted the latter figure when it formally applied for the option. Not to be daunted, these practical politicians carried an appeal from the land department of the C. P. R. to the foot of the throne, to the president himself, and got the lands at the earlier price. The raising of money to take over the option presented another difficulty, but again the resourcefulness of Messrs. Pope, Fowler, et al., was equal to the situation. One of the owners of the Canadian Northern indorsed their notes for \$14,000. Mr. Fowler's evidence was carried to the point at the time of adjournment yesterday. He will be under Mr. Shepley's X-rays again a little later on. The story grows more interesting as it unfolds.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND EMBROGLIO.

There appears to be a good deal of party politics in the tempest raised in Newfoundland over the modus vivendi with the United States. The former leader of the Opposition in Newfoundland, Mr. Morine, says that the premier, Sir Robert Bond, is not wholly blameless for the discomfiture of the colony. He was piqued by the rejection of the second reciprocity treaty he had negotiated with the United States, and rushed into reprisals, which, in the opinion of the Washington Government infringed upon the rights of American fishermen, guaranteed by treaty. In any event the temper of the Government of Newfoundland was such that the United States authorities had to appeal over its head to the Imperial Government.

This is one view of the situation. The other is that the Imperial authorities have doubted Newfoundland's rights of self-government. Under the new arrangement the British Government agrees that the Newfoundland author-

ities shall not interfere with the use of Americans of purse seines. Newfoundland has a law forbidding the use of such seines. The new treaty overrides that colonial law. It is also provided that Newfoundland sailors and fishermen may be employed on American fishing vessels in defiance of another retaliatory island law.

The modus vivendi is only for the present season, and next year an attempt will be made to frame a new treaty covering all disputed points. The people of Newfoundland will be well advised if they accept the present temporary arrangement, and moderate their denunciations. They will have an opportunity to lay their representations before the Imperial Government before a permanent treaty is negotiated.

Mr. Fowler, M. P., denounces Mr. Shepley as a sleuth hound. But the hound appears to be on the right scent.

It must be admitted that the big chief of the L. O. F. comes out of it more creditably than some of his braves.

Magistrate Denison says he will go back to 1893 if he wants to. Some opponents of Mr. Hyman in this city hope that some other magistrate will not rake over the ashes of 1896.

Don't get uneasy over the Ontario Bank disclosures. Banking conditions in Canada are sound, and the system is as sound as the proverbial stone wall.

Crown prosecutor DuVernet has been given carte blanche by the Government in the matter, and he is evidently being backed up in the difficult task in hand by the police magistrate of Toronto.—London Free Press.

Just so. This is a very candid confession of the truth.

If the King approves, an old attraction at the royal palace of Holyrood will be replaced by a new. The Earl of Severn and Melville, who died last August, leaving a personal estate of \$5,250,000, bequeathed \$200,000 to put into repair and to restore the chapel at this old residence of Scottish kings and queens, which is now a ruin. The Earl was a member of the Order of the Thistle, and his object, as expressed in his will, is to have the chapel restored for the special use of this order. The Earl was a believer in advertising; he stipulated that if the chapel was restored at his expense a permanent inscription should be fixed in an appropriate place money in an envelope, an old him if recording the fact that he did it.

The London Free Press indulges in a few cheap sneers over the fact that Hon. Walter Scott, Premier of Saskatchewan, did some editorial work in this city during the Hyman-Gray bye-election. No one knows better than the editor of the Free Press that during any election campaign the production of columns of political material every day would be impossible for one pen. In the election it speaks of, the Free Press enlisted the aid of a Toronto journalist for editorial or reportorial work. Mr. Scott, an experienced newspaper man, being in London at the time, was requested by the editor of this paper to contribute articles upon the school question, upon which no Canadian was better informed. We do not see why this is a matter for comment by the Free Press, unless that journal is still smarting under the recollection of its own conduct and policy in that campaign. The advertiser emerged from it creditably. Can the Free Press say the same? We don't care to pursue this subject, and we have a shrewd suspicion that our neighbor will not invite further discussion of it.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

[Margaret E. Sangster.]
His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye.
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift and light.

Does his mother call? No, not kite or ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet, as he hastens to greet
Whoever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school, in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good
And ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and Sis,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As merry as a boy can be.
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

LATCHKEY SOURCE OF TROUBLE.

[London Telegraph.]
Ever since some mechanically-inclined person, with an almost diabolical instinct for making mischief, invented a form of spring lock which can be opened on the inside by a knob and on the outside only by a key, there has been trouble. The latchkey, from the first, has been a domestic storm center; it has divided family circles, and even broken up homes.

THE HEARTLESS EDITOR.

[Somerville Journal.]
Assistant—This poet says that the last two verses of his poem may be omitted, if you think it is desirable.
Editor—'I'll do better than that. I'll omit the whole poem.

HOW IT WAS MANAGED.

[Home Journal.]
Chatting in leisurely fashion with Prince Bismarck in Berlin, Lord Russell asked the chancellor how he managed to rid himself of importunate visitors whom he could not refuse to see, but who stuck like burrs when once admitted.
"Oh," replied Bismarck, "I have my easy escape. My wife knows people of this class very well, and when she is sure there is a bore here, and sees him slay-

ing too long, she manages to call me away on some plausible excuse."
Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Princess Bismarck appeared at the door. "My dear," she said to her husband, "you must come at once and take your medicine; you should have taken it an hour ago."

NOT FRIGID.

[Baltimore American.]
Belle (hopelessly)—Lil told me she had observed a coldness between you and George last night.
Nell (calmly)—Possibly she saw us when we were eating ice cream.

NO DIFFERENCE.

[Exchange.]
He—Fred has more money than brains.
She—But he has lost all his money.
He—That makes no difference.

NATURAL INFERENCE.

[Catholic Standard and Times.]
"Last night when I accepted George," said Miss Roxley, who was as suspicious as she was homely, "he kissed me on the forehead."
"You don't say?" replied Miss Knox.
"Yes, now I wish I hadn't, for he didn't salute my lips. Oh, horror! probably he had been drinking."
"Very likely. You say he proposed last night?"

THOSE RUSSIAN NAMES.

[Chicago Journal.]
Miss de Style—By the way, count, it is very awkward, but I do not know your name.
Russian Count—Would you like to hear it?
"Most certainly."
"Then if you have ten minutes to spare sit down and I will tell it to you."

THE STORY OF URIAH.

[Rudyard Kipling.]
Jack Barrett went to Quetta. Because they told him to. He left his wife at Simla. In the fourth of the month screw. Jack Barrett died at Quetta. Ere the next month's pay he drew.
Jack Barrett went to Quetta. He didn't understand. From the pleasant mountain-land; The season was September. And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta. And there gave the ghost; Attempting two men's duty. In that healthy post. And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him. Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta. Enjoy profound repose. But I shouldn't be a snigger. If now his spirit knows. The reason of his transfer. From the Himalayan snows.

And when the Last Great Bugle Call Adown the Hurrahs is blown. When the last grim joke is entered. In the big black book of jobs. And Quetta graveside he lies again. Their victims to the air. I shouldn't like to be the man Who sent Jack Barrett there.

A BRICK.

[Harper's Bazar.]
Knicker—Which side of the house does the baby resemble?
Booker—The outside. Don't you see how red he is?

A PROBLEM.

[Washington Star.]
While musing on the rights of man And wealth of nations, I think upon my boyhood plan; No decorations. Bade me a doubtful claim assert To legal tender. I needed just my "pants," a shirt And one suspender. Why now do kings bewail the price Of gilded spender. And Croesus win with loaded dice More legal tender? Why lose my envy of them hurt When these citizens do kings bewail? My life content—just "pants," a shirt And one suspender?

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

[Young's Magazine.]
Miss Marie Cahill, who returned to New York early in August to rehearse "Marry Mary," was discussing the following couple, and incidentally told the following good thing about a married couple:
The wife, in the middle of the night, was awakened by the loud snoring of her husband. She endured the horrible racket as long as she could. Then, pinching the man sharply, she said:
"Herbert, you'd make less noise if you kept your mouth shut and your hands off me."
Herbert, sleepy and surly, muttered: "So would you."

A STRIP OF RAIL FENCE.

[Adella Washer, in New York Sun.]
It binds the end of the orchard That slopes away to the east. And stored in its iron borders Is many a luscious feast. A buttered quince on a corner. Wild grapes weave a lanky screen. And flaunting its orange berries The bittersweet creeps between.
Each spring it hides in its shadows A bright-eyed bird on a nest. And curves in alluring fashion A rail that invites to rest. It leans in quiet contentment Against a thorn apple tree. And watches over a meadow Where bobolinks sing in glee.

Dark stained and warped by the weather. And furrowed by rain, it wears old patches of lichen. Put there by the passing years; Yet clothed it is in best dress. That changes from day to day. And leaves on my mind a picture That never shall fade away.

YARDMEN GET INCREASE

Ten Cents a Day More for G. T. R. Men Portland to the Tunnel.

Toronto, Oct. 12.—The yardmen employed on the Grand Trunk system from Portland to Port Huron are rejoicing because of the increase of wages.

Some time ago the company's officials and a committee of the men held some half dozen conferences before they received their pay check.

The increase granted to each man is ten cents a day. That is, men who received \$1.50 will receive \$1.60; foremen who were receiving \$2.25 will get \$2.35. The men are well satisfied and consider the wages paid now will compare with any other line in America.

ENGINE TOPPLED OVER

One Man Killed and Three Injured in Accident Near Guelph.

Goderich, Oct. 12.—A hoisting engine, used in the construction of the bridge over the Maitland River here, toppled over into the river, causing the death of John Madford, and severely injuring Henry Gilman, Dean Lynn and J. Campbell, all of whom were employed on the bridge. The drop was at least 60 feet. Fortunately, but four men went down with the machine. The accident is blamed to a gust of wind. Madford was caught beneath the wreck and terribly crushed. He is said to have been a member of a wealthy English family.

FOWLER AIDED BY RAILWAY MAGNATES

Continued from Page

Nothing in the way of making application for a contract was done then.
"What was the next stage?"
"We thought we would get as near as possible to the location of the Canadian Northern, so we came to Toronto and saw Mr. Mann, Mr. Mackenzie & Mann. We asked as to the route, and Mr. Mann said that as far as it was surveyed we could see the route by going up there. Afterwards we received a map on which the route was marked."
"Was there any suggestion at that first time that they should help you as to the purchase?"

Saw President of C. P. R.
"We went to Montreal and saw the president of the C. P. R. about the lands and told him that we wanted to buy. He said that he would take a hand in changing the price, but that we must make formal application to Mr. Griffin. We felt that as we were buying a tract of 200,000 acres we should be given a figure lower than the one told us in Winnipeg."
"When was the amount fixed at 200,000 acres?"

"Between the time we were at Winnipeg and the time we got to Montreal. I don't think it was before we got to Toronto."

Mr. Fowler stated that a couple of weeks after sending in their application for the C. P. R. lands they were notified that the lands had gone up in price to \$5, and that they couldn't get them for \$3 50.

Mr. Shepley—That was disconcerting.
"Yes, it was a cold touch."

This, however, was gotten over eventually. They went again and interviewed Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R., and told him that at the time of their application the lands were selling at \$3 50, and they didn't see why they should be turned down.

Mr. Shaughnessy said Mr. Griffin, the head of the lands department, would soon be in Montreal, and asked them to call again when he arrived.

At this meeting they, Messrs. Pope and Fowler, met Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Dennis, connected with the lands in Alberta; Mr. Wm. Whyte, the vice-president of the C. P. R., and Mr. Foster, who had to wait quite a while till the president was free to receive them, but as soon as he was ready the matter was quickly disposed of.

"He has a lot of big wall maps in his office," said Mr. Fowler, "and Mr. Shaughnessy went and pulled one down and told me to show him the lands we wanted. I indicated the lands with a pointer. He then asked Mr. Griffin the price of those lands at the time of the application. Mr. Griffin said \$3 50. The president asked Mr. Griffin what he considered a fair price. The reply was \$3 50. 'Gentlemen, are you satisfied?' said Mr. Shaughnessy."

They were satisfied with the price, but tried to get better terms of payment. Lands sold to speculating syndicates had to be paid for in six installments, while those which were to be retained to farmers had ten installments. They asked for the latter terms but were refused.

Mr. Fowler then stated that they had at first some 300,000 acres from which to select the 200,000 in which they were buying the options. Then Mr. Griffin found out the route of the Canadian Northern, and retained part of these lands, but still left them more than the 200,000 acres.

"Was there any correspondence as to the withdrawal?"
"No, it was arranged at an interview."

"You had agreed not to disclose the private information you had got about the C. N. R. route?"
"Yes."

"Did Griffin suspect you had this information at the time, or was that a factor of the withdrawal?"
"No."

Mr. Shepley asked about the block of 17,000 acres rejected during the selection. Witness said there were plenty of lands that were not taken. The 17,000 were not "culls," unless it was that they were not well situated.

Mr. Fowler knew nothing about the agreement with the C. P. R. after the selection of the lands.

Mr. Shepley asked him to make a note of this and also other documents and produce them for the commission.

Mr. Fowler said that there were ten in the syndicate and that all were in by the time the options were acquired. Besides Messrs. Pope, Fowler, Bennett, Lefursey and Peuchen, there was a friend of Mr. Pope's, whose name he could not give, and some friends of his own. There were George Parker, S. A. McLeod, Mr. Parlee and A. B. Pugsley.

Each of the ten put up the preliminary \$200 for expenses.

Land was going fast in the west, and the intention was that the syndicate should never own the lands, but sell their options at a very early date. None of the members were able to pay for the lands.

The first payment was \$20,000 or \$25,000. Bennett and Lefursey each put up their \$25,000, and some one financed Mr. Peuchen's \$20,000, as he was absent.

Mr. Shepley—How about the rest? (Witness addressing the commission.)—This is carrying the investigation too far. This has absolutely nothing to do with the inquiry.

Mr. Shepley—You are sharp enough to know it is necessary for us to get these facts.
Mr. Fowler (warmly)—I am acute enough to know, also, why this information is sought.

He then stated that the other \$14,000 of the \$20,000 the first payment to the C. P. R. was covered by a note of Pope and Fowler's indorsed by Mackenzie & Mann. He said also that he understood that if they had to take the lands these men would help to finance the seven interests that have not paid the \$2,000. They are in that case hold the lands and sell them retail.

"What interest were Mackenzie & Mann to have?"
"A half of the seven-tenths, I understood."
Witness also stated that when he

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Fall and Winter Wearables
Special for Tonight

SPECIAL VALUES IN COATS

That merit immediate attention. If you want a Coat see these tonight. Thoroughly good winter coats, 42 inches long, made of fancy tweed mixtures, velvet and cloth collars, full sleeves and turn back cuffs. Special value.....\$8.50
Fancy Tweed Tourist Coats, double-breasted and fly fronts, trimmed with straps and buttons, 42, 46 and 48 inches long. In this line we show black broadcloths and fawn coverts. Special \$10.50

Men's Underwear

Men's All-Wool Plain Knit Undershirts and Drawers, soft and unshrinkable clean wool, in extra well-made garments that can't be equalled anywhere at 65c a garment. Special here at.....50c

Penman's Wool Fleece

Undershirts and Drawers, well made, high-grade, silk and satin finished, pearl buttons. Genuine 75c quality; on sale here at.....50c

Warm Hosiery

Practical, sensible Hosiery, for present wearing, in heavy fleeced cotton, seamless feet. Very special, per pair.....20c

Children's Stockings

Children's 2x1 1/2 Cashmere Stockings, with double heels and knees, all sizes, selling at, per pair.....25c

Wool Carpet

One roll genuine all-wool guaranteed Carpet, full yard wide, reversible, reduced from 75c, tonight to.....50c

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128 1/2 Dundas St.

Youths' Suits

15 only Youths' Blue and Black Clay Worsteds Suits, in sizes 33, 34 and 35, good quality and workmanship. Formerly \$10.00 and \$12.00, on sale today and tonight.....\$6.95

Glove Samples

Ladies' Wool and Cashmere Gloves, manufacturers' samples, much below regular prices.10c to 50c

Gray Flannel

A big shipment of splendid quality Gray Flannel, plain and twilled, light and dark shades. Extra values.....12 1/2c to 35c

Japanese Wares

Japanese China and Tea Sets. Tonight.....\$1.25 and \$1.50
Japanese Paper Table Covers, for Thanksgiving decoration. Special at.....25c

Ostrich Boas

Genuine Ostrich Feather Boas, 72 inches long. A new lot just put into stock, black and white, gray and white, fawn and white, all black and all white. Special\$10.50 and \$14.00

Ladies' Suits

Someone may want to buy a Tailor-made Suit tonight. We are selling \$18 to \$20 suits at.....\$13.50

Golf Vests

A timely suggestion is to invest in a golf vest. They are warm, snug and close-fitting; all colors.\$1.95

LIFE-TIME FURNITURE

Judge Us By Our Furniture. See the Goods. That will outwear all other kinds. At all prices. Distinct designs. Suitable for parlor, dining-room, bedroom, office, hall and library, as well as hotels and restaurant. Home Is Man's Best Investment Nowadays.

Train your thoughts our way. Get in touch with our close prices. Beware of the parties who offer you from 30 to 40 per cent off goods—40 per cent off means 70 per cent on.

Don't take our word for it, but figure it out for yourself.

We give a liberal discount off for spot cash.

Misrepresentations of any kind are not permitted in this store.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

174 to 180 KING STREET.

EGG-LAYING CONTEST

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The tenth annual laying competition of the Utility Poultry Club will begin on Oct. 22 next, and end on Feb. 10, 1907, on Stocks Farm, Rayne, Braintree.

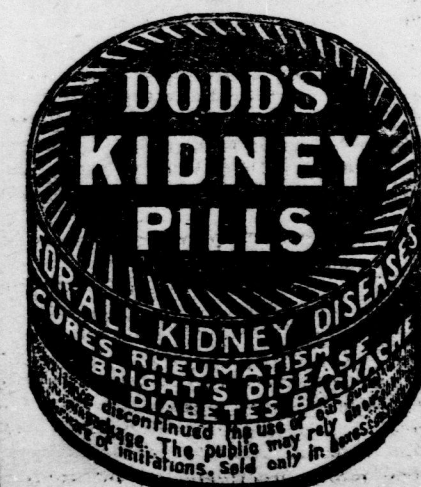
For four months all the best laying breeds of poultry will strive in competition for prizes, the latter including a silver cup, gold and silver medals, and various certificates. E. W. Richardson, the Utility Poultry Club's honorary secretary, will see fair play.

There will be forty pens, each containing four pullets of one bred hatched not earlier than last January. All the competitors are now in strict training, and condition will tell largely in the results, for one of the rules of this egg-laying contest is that no bird shall be given any spice or condiment likely to spur it on to abnormal feats.

The best pen will be determined according to the quantity and quality of the eggs laid. Three points will be given for every egg weighing two ounces or over, two points for every egg of one and three-quarter ounces, and less than two ounces, and one point for every egg weighing less than one and three-quarter ounces.

The first month will be an anxious period for some of the birds' owners, if you can't do a desirable thing, give as good an imitation of doing it as well as you know how.

Loveless couples affect spectators similarly minus the love.
There is nothing particularly distinguishing about being crazy.
Some big insurance companies don't seem to have much use for the honesty brand of policies.
The powder and ball that most girls are fond of are not dangerous.



Plays, Players and Playgoers

THE GRAND.

Saturday Matinee East Lynne
Saturday Night... A Bride of the West
Next Week.

Monday Night Hearts of Gold
Wednesday and Thursday
Musical comedy, "Will-o'-the-Wisp"
BENNETT'S.

Today and All Next Week, Matinee
and Nights—High Class Vaudeville
The Harry Lindley Stock Company.

between the acts. A feature of the performances has been the acting of Miss Lindley in the leading female roles. Miss Lindley although still in her teens, displays exceptional talent.

On Monday the stage of the Grand will be occupied by the White Stock Company in the "Heart of Gold," a stirring play that has created a sensation wherever presented. It will appear splendidly mounted and in the hands of a powerful cast.

The first act is laid in the neighborhood of the 23rd street pier, New York City, showing the life of the wharf rats

parents, and the impostors who have lived in luxury at others' expense are made to pay for their crimes.

The wardrobe of this company is of the best, especially that worn by the ladies.

Six big vaudeville acts are carried, being put on between the acts, making the performances continuous.

After playing two nights at St. Thomas, this company will return to the Grand for another two nights on Friday and Saturday. Popular prices will prevail, with ladies' tickets on Monday night.

On Wednesday and Thursday and Thursday (Thanksgiving) matinee the musical comedy, "Will-o'-the-Wisp" will be put on by Manager Stewart. It is essentially a holiday offering. The name, "Will-o'-the-Wisp" has been known in the musical world for years on account of several musical compositions of a high classical order being of that name, and in selecting a name for his new musical comedy, S. E. Arnold shows it as typical of the musical numbers in the production. Few musical comedies can lay claim to as many catchy choruses, none of which border on ragtime or low comedy. The show is booked for all the big cities in the United States, and plays less than three weeks of one night stands all season. The company is headed by Jeanne Le Poitier, and numbers some sixty people.

Next week will mean for patrons of Bennett's something very much out of the ordinary. Some idea of the strength of this bill can be gained from the list below.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in their world-wide known sketch, entitled "When Two Hearts Beat as One." This act ran for seven consecutive months at the Tivoli Theater, London, England, and was a sensational hit in New York. Mr. Drew, America's famous artist, and has often been mentioned as equally if not a superior actor than his brother. Although younger, he has a brilliant future, and some day will rank among the world's greatest artists.

Doblad's trained sheep, the only act of its kind in the world, will also be seen. This act appeals greatly to ladies and children, and should draw large matinees all next week.

Bean and Hamilton, the world's greatest barrel jumpers, will also hold the boards.

Chalk Saunders, the man "of many faces" will also attract attention.

Another big all star act, Jean Ardelle and her pickaninies, will also be seen. Miss Ardelle carries six picks, and with her brilliant voice will probably be a big success.

A wonderful band and singing act, "The Holdsworths" will also be seen. Marcellus, the famous contortionist, will hold the stage for fifteen minutes. Illustrated songs will be added next week.

A splendid film has been provided for the picture machine.

run clear through the season at the Hudson Theater.

Blanche Ring has "caught on" at the New York Theater in a handsome revival of "Miss Dolly Dollars." Many of the spectators consider Miss Ring superior to Lulu Glaser in the principal part in this piece.

Mrs. Langtry has drawn immense audiences thus far in her stay at the Keith-Proctor Fifth Avenue Theater. Most of the people, moreover, are obviously strangers to vaudeville entertainments, and thus a new clientele is being built up. That's what makes Mrs. Langtry a cheap attraction at \$2,500 a week salary.

Anna Held, with her new show, which is declared to be a roaring success, comes to the Broadway Theater five weeks hence for a run that is likely to last until next spring.

The last night in New York of David Warfield in "The Music Master," put a fitting climax to the phenomenal run of 635 performances which broke the New York record. The theater was packed to suffocation, every available space in the rear being occupied by standers, while several hundred applicants for seats were met with a shake of the head and a regretful shrug of the shoulders by the ticket seller, whose



AL. LAWRENCE,
The Mimic, Who Has Been Delighting Audiences at Bennett's This Week.

rack had been absolutely depleted. After the great second act pandemonium broke loose. The audience rose en masse and called for the star and Mr. Belasco. Time and again Warfield came out to bow; then, as there was no cessation of calls, and the curtain rose again and again, he rushed into the green room, where Mr. Belasco was chatting with members of his staff, and pushed the reluctant author-manager upon the stage. At the sight of Belasco the tumult increased. Warfield responded to the call for a speech and announced that next year he would appear in a new character in a new play, which, he hoped, would run into the third year as "The Music Master" had done, which was greeted with renewed applause, mingled with calls for Belasco. At last, Mr. Belasco, who would rather write two plays a year than make one speech, stepped down to the footlights and responded to the clamor in a few well-chosen words of thanks for the appreciation shown his star, and not until Warfield had again complied with the demand of the enthusiastic audience to show himself, was quiet restored and the play permitted to proceed to the end. And thus did Warfield close his record-making run in New York.

It is probable that Boston will this year obtain the first glimpse of the new Belasco play when it is to succeed Golden West. "The Girl of the Golden West," when she breaks her run at the Belasco Theater, now in its second year, to fulfill contracts for her appearance in other cities.

Miss Cora Tracy, well known to Londoners, is to be the prima donna in Spencer's new opera "Rosalia."

Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West," at the Belasco Theater, New York, seems to exercise a peculiar fascination for fresh, young brides. Not less than fifteen bright couples visited the playhouse last week, according to accurate statistics. Two of the brides were identified by the playgoers.

Henry Arthur Jones' immensely successful play, "The Hypocrites," will

sibly they will make up in the length of their run what they would have gained in immediate receipts with a more roomy auditorium. "The Great Divide" is hailed as one of the very best American plays yet written, and it is acted with the utmost vividness by Miss Anglin, Mr. Miller and their supporting company.

David Warfield is one of the few highly successful stage personages not to fall a victim to the automobile fever. Horses and carriages are quite satisfactory to Warfield as before the naphtha wagon was invented. And by the same token, Mr. Warfield has just ordered from the Brewsters of this city a number of specially fine equipages intended as a present to Mrs. Warfield. These will be delivered in the spring at the Long Branch summer cottage of the Warfields, where they are to enjoy their vacation after the close of "The Music Master."

The success of the American tour of Yvette Guilbert and Mr. Chevalier is far greater than had been anticipated by the most enthusiastic of its promoters. The receipts have been enormous, and the advance sale for the two performances to be given on Saturday of the current week at Carnegie Hall in New York almost passes comprehension. Of course, the expense attendant upon bringing together two stars of such magnitude is very great, but nevertheless the reward of the Messrs. Liebler & Co. will certainly be ample.

Henry W. Savage is certainly a case of quick action. "The Stolen Story," earnestly praised by all the newspapers and received with evident delight by the first night audience at the Garden Theater, showed a disposition to sulk, and the manager ordered it to the discard at the end of the second week. The conduct of theater audiences is a never-ending mystery. "The Stolen Story" was a great success before it was brought to New York, and even after the opening here it looked like a sure thing. Nobody can account for the result.

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller have made so unmistakable a success in "The Great Divide" that it seems a pity they are not in a larger theater than the Princess. They would surely have drawn full houses to the biggest of the New York resorts, but pos-



SIDNEY DREW,
America's Great Actor at Bennett's Next Week.



The most important feature to look for in an overcoat is a **PROGRESS BRAND LABEL**. A **PROGRESS BRAND LABEL** insures every other commendable feature---and at a reasonable price.

For Sale by
J.H. CHAPMAN & CO.

eyed carriage open by the grains of rice which they shed as they alighted from their electric coupes in front of the playhouse.

"My Lady's Maid," at the Casino, has been enlivened by the introduction of several new musical numbers which add greatly to the effectiveness of the performance. Joseph Coyne as Trooper Smith and J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr. as Arthur, who were in the cast during his London run, are exceptionally pleasing in the roles to which they are assigned. Elsa Ryan has several songs in which she appears with charming effect.

On next Sunday or some afternoon of the week following, the inmates of the Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind, Philadelphia, will have a rare treat in the form of a reading of the new play "The Measure of a Man," which was produced at the Garrick Theater there Monday night. The principal actors including Robert Drouin, E. M. Holland, Percy Haswell and Mary Hall have all volunteered this little act of kindness at the request of the managers of the play, Messrs. D. V. Arthur and J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr. And they acted on the initiative of Cora Maynard, the author. It seems that Miss Maynard is devoted to the blind, and to such an extent that she claims that she wrote her play "The Measure of a Man" with only blind people in view. Her theory is extremely against the old French theory that the true test of a play is that the story may be correctly told in pantomime only. Miss Maynard maintains that a better test is that it may be read before blind people, and if they appreciate it and find it a good play and can follow the story without the use of stage business, then the play is good.

It seems that in a discussion with Augustus Thomas, the eminent dramatist, Miss Maynard told him, in answer to a remark from Thomas, that he wondered how she could have written so good a play the first time, that she read it more than fifty times to a group

A Proven Cure For Kidneys

When kidney disease does not arise from exposure to a draft or chilling of the body, it is usually developed gradually as a result of liver and bowel disorders.

It is because of the intimate and dependent relation of the liver, kidneys, and bowels that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure diseases of the kidneys when mere kidney diseases fail.

By quickening the action of the liver and bowels this treatment immediately lessens the work of the kidneys, and at the same time restores their natural vigor. In this way the most serious and complicated diseases of the kidneys are thoroughly cured.

Pains in the back, scanty, highly-colored urine, pain and smarting when passing water, headache and dizziness, loss of flesh, dropsical swelling, and shortness of breath, are some of the symptoms of deranged kidneys.

Bright's Disease is the natural outcome of neglect, and hence the wisdom of curing or preventing kidney derangements by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Thousands have testified to the satisfaction with which this treatment was used. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Barler Ideal Oil Heaters

Brass Burners and Oil Founts. Indicators to show supply of oil.

NO SMOKE, NO ODOR.
Just the thing to take the dampness and chill off a room this time of year. Three sizes.

\$5 to \$12

Westman's Hardware

121 Dundas Street and Market Square

Seven Hair Facts

ONE
Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a microbe.

TWO
Dandruff is a forerunner of itching scalp, falling hair and baldness.

THREE
Chronic baldness is incurable.

FOUR
The cause of dandruff can not be washed out of the scalp with soap and water.

FIVE
The only way to cure dandruff and falling hair is to kill the germ that causes it.

SIX
Each day that dandruff is neglected adds to the permanent injury of the scalp, for dandruff does not cease voluntarily while the hair lasts.

SEVEN
The only safe and satisfactory remedy that will kill the dandruff germ and keep it out of the scalp is Newbro's Herpicide.

Kill the dandruff germ with Newbro's Herpicide and the hair is bound to grow as nature intended. Almost marvelous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide.

AT DRUG STORES.
Send 10c in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich., for a sample.

C. McCallum & Co.
Special Agents.

It is bad policy to let your trusting heart get busy with your bank account.

Quality Beds

Excel in beauty and durability. Color never fades. Corner sockets never break and always clean and wholesome.

You may see **QUALITY BEDS** at THE ONTARIO FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE CANADIAN BARCALO MFG. CO.
WELLAND, ONT. 539wt-1f

APPLES WANTED

At The

CANNINGFACTORY
Corner of Rectory and Simcoe Streets.

LONDON ONTARIO.

It is bad policy to let your trusting heart get busy with your bank account.

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Special Agents.

to Iron Beds, \$3. Stoves, Furniture, C
Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow
T. Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HU
w & SONS. 593 Richmond street. Phone

ut were Walsh, Waddell, Howell, Minard's Liniment Lumberman's,
Harris and Charley Smith. Friend.

Tri-City Railway & Light Co.

6 per cent. Preferred Stock

For Particulars and Price Apply to

Baillie, Wood & Co.

Long Distance Telephones, Main 5200-01-02

TORONTO

Assets Over \$2,200,000

Absolute safety, every banking convenience, and interest on monthly balances, are advantages offered depositors in our savings department. One Dollar will open an account.

DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society,
MASONIC TEMPLE, LONDON.
Nathaniel Mills, Manager.

LOCAL MARKET.

There was a large attendance at the market today. Every available place on the square was occupied by a vehicle loaded with produce.

A prominent farmer from the vicinity of Saginaw, Mich., was present at the market today. He thinks the citizens should feel proud of the market here, where they can obtain everything fresh from the farm. These remarks were made in the hearing of a well-known buyer, who stated the farmers could improve things by delivering the stuff they sell. You don't know when you buy produce on the market whether it will ever be delivered, especially if the seller can obtain a few cents more on the price. Sales were brisk. Eggs, butter, poultry and potatoes. Prices were steady.

There was not as many loads of oats offered as was expected. Prices, however, were unchanged. At \$1.02 to \$1.05 per cwt. Old oats sold at \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel. Wheat went at 70c per bushel.

Hay and Straw—A half dozen or so loads of hay were offered; \$11 and \$11.30 per ton was the price. Hay and straw is wanted by the buyers at \$5.50 and \$6 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—There was a rush for what butter was offered. Prices were firm at 23c to 24c for crocks. Eggs were sought after; all were soon sold at 22c for crates, and 23c for baskets; in small lots 25c was the ruling price. In the dairy hall from 1c to 2c per dozen more was asked than on the open market.

Vegetables and Roots—The supply of potatoes was fairly large; sales were brisk at 8c to 9c per bag, most of the sales being made at 8c. Carrots, onions were in large supply, at 5c per bushel. Cauliflower, at 25c to 30c per dozen. Cabbages, at 15c to 20c per dozen. Turnips, at 10c to 15c per bushel. Bunching, at 10c to 15c per bushel.

Fruits—Apples were very plentiful; sales were rather slow, at 5c to 6c per bushel. Snow apples were also in large supply, at 5c to 6c per bushel. Pears were in evidence, at 10c to 15c per bushel. Grapes, at 20c to 30c per basket. Citrus fruit, at 20c to 30c per basket. Small crop of this season, and these offered today at \$5.50 per bushel.

Poultry—The supply was large and sales brisk; chickens sold at 9c to 10c per pair; ducks, at 10c to 12c per pair; turkeys, at 15c to 20c per pair; geese, at 10c to 12c per pair. There will be a demand on Tuesday.

Dressed Hogs—Sales were brisk, at 9c per cwt.

Live Hogs—The price for Monday will be \$5.25 per cwt, a drop of 2c from last week; small pigs sold at \$5.50 to \$7 per pair.

Butchers' Meats—Sales were quite brisk and prices were steady.

Honey sold at 10c to 12c for strained and 8c to 10c for comb.

STOCK MARKETS.

NEW YORK.
New York, Oct. 12.—Open High Low Close
Amal. Copper, 124 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
American Locomotive, 77 77 77 77
American Sugar, 124 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
American Smelting, 124 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
Anaconda, 28 28 28 28
Atchafalpa, 104 104 104 104
Baltimore & Ohio, 124 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
Brooklyn Transit, 77 77 77 77
Canadian Pacific, 124 1/2 125 1/2 125 1/2
Col. Fuel & Iron, 57 57 57 57
Crescent & Ohio, 57 57 57 57
Chicago & G. W., 62 62 62 62
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St. Paul, 174 174 174 174
Erie, 47 47 47 47

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FINANCIAL STRENGTH

in your Executor should be backed up by a strong, intelligent, experienced management.

The directors of this company have won success in almost every business, and are eminently qualified to advise in all matters placed in our charge.

London and Western Trusts Company Limited

Oct. 12.—Canadian cattle in the British markets are quoted at 10c to 11c per lb. for heavy beef, 8c to 9c per lb. for light beef.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
OLD COUNTRY PRICES.
London, Oct. 12.—Canadian cattle in the British markets are quoted at 10c to 11c per lb. for heavy beef, 8c to 9c per lb. for light beef.

HAY MARKET.
TORONTO.
Toronto, Oct. 12.—Baled Hay—Receipts have increased, but quotations are unchanged, at \$9.50 to \$10 for No. 1 Timothy, 8c to 9c for No. 2.

SUGAR MARKETS.
TORONTO.
Toronto, Oct. 12.—Sugar—Prices were advanced 10c in New York today, but here unchanged, as follows: Granulated, 14 1/2; Yellow, 14 1/2; in barrels, in bags, 14 1/2; Ontario, 14 1/2.

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BALLOONING FAD IN OLD LONDON

EXPLOITS OF AERO CLUB AT-
TRACT ESPECIAL ATTENTION.

thics of a Descent—Fittings of Up-
to-Date Cars—Princess Di Teano
Is Regarded as a Mascot.

The eyes of all London have been lately fixed on the exploits of the plucky little band of lady balloonists, all members of the Aero Club, whose frequent ascents into cloudland formed one of the chief sensations of the season.

The Princess di Teano is one of the fashionable women who have become identified with the sport. Aeronauts, like all those whose lives depend for safety upon the vagaries of the elements, have a firm belief that certain passengers carry good or bad luck in their wake, and the Princess di Teano, the reigning belle of a couple of seasons, is an especially popular fellow voyager. Exceptional good luck has attended every ascent she has yet made.

The ethics of ballooning when making a descent are such as to make the possession of pluck an absolute necessity. No matter what immediate danger the unfortunate feminine aeronaut may see directly ahead of her, she is landed with an unexpected drop, and no matter how easily she could leave the balloon, she must not dream of doing so until the aeronaut in charge gives the word of command. For to lighten the car of one person's weight before the balloon is fully inflated might send it suddenly skyward, whence it might descend again with a drop, killing the occupants.

The fittings of the up-to-date balloon car, even when women passengers are to be taken, are of necessity meagre. In many cases the occupants have only just room to stand up in, though some of the bigger cars are provided with a special luxury with a very narrow wooden seat running across one side for the benefit of feminine voyagers. Most men elect to stand. A dozen or more bags of ballast—filled with finely sifted sand—are placed in the bottom of the car.

Some balloons have among their fittings a small shovel with which the aeronaut ladies out this sand, a small handful at a time, for in a well-balanced balloon the throwing out of a single handful of sand will cause her to rise hundreds of feet in the air, so delicately is she poised.

A small aneroid barometer, a megaphone—for attracting the notice and asking questions of passers-by—a map, a statescope—the newly invented and delicate instrument which registers the rise or fall of the balloon, thus holding the necessity for throwing out pieces of paper in order to find out whether they rise or sink—and an electric torch, together with a trailing cord, and a grappling iron or anchor, complete the aeronaut's outfit, while a danger cord, or rising cord, as it is technically termed, by means of which the balloon is ripped up in a previously prepared place to let the gas out quickly when making a rough descent on a gusty day, thus preventing the car and its occupants from being dragged into the hands of a hard-bitten balloonist through barbed wire or over glass hothouses and cucumber frames, is tied up in the rigging in a bright red rope to prevent its being accidentally touched by meddling onlookers before the start.

There is no side entrance to a balloon car, so a pile of packages is often arranged beside those destined to carry a lady passenger. By this means they mount into their respective cars five minutes before the start, swinging themselves into the basket between the ropes of rigging.

It was chiefly in order that the Princess di Teano and the actress, Miss Granville, might see what experienced aeronauts declare to be one of the most impressive of all sights from a balloon—namely, that of the sun rising from above the mists of an early summer morning—that a mid-night supper party was organized a short time ago. An ascent was made at 2 a.m. into the pitch black night by two balloons. "We shot right up through a big black cloud," said Miss Granville to a representative of the Ladies' Realm, "and for some time it was so dark that we could not even see each other's faces. We had an electric torch, though, with which we were enabled to consult our instruments to learn some idea as to where we were and in what direction we were traveling.

"One of the most curious sights we saw before the sun rose was that of the moon, which appeared to bob from side to side of the heavens, now appearing on the right, now on the left of us, with the weirdest imaginable effect. The explanation was that we were spinning slowly around in the air; but in ballooning one feels absolutely no movement whatever.

INSURANCE COMPANIES LOOK ASKANCE

AT A MAN IF HE CANNOT ANSWER THE QUESTION, "HAVE YOU EVER HAD RHEUMATISM?" WITH A GOOD HONEST "NO!"

So you see how it bars happiness and comfort if you neglect the means to prevent and cure—the great

South American Rheumatic Cure

is the effective means, and while lack of provision for your "loved ones" from such a cause may be counted secondary to a life of suffering to oneself, it is one of the many sides in the study of health that we should take in due earnest. Every disease has its symptoms—every ailment that flesh is heir to has its note of warning, and it's for us to heed or suffer the consequences; and who does not know the signs by experience or observation?—fever, chills, sweating, shooting pains, numbness, aching muscles, stiffened and swelled joints. The great South American Rheumatic Cure gives ease from the first dose and it gently and effectually eradicates the trouble from the system. It gets at the root of the evil and it gets there quickly—most stubborn cases cured in one to three days. Influential physicians prescribe it as the best and surest cure they know of.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.
SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE makes blood that is poor and pale rich and red—and that means good health.
SOLD BY G. McCALLUM AND CALHARD & McALLAN.

THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM

A Cure for Abnormal Swelling of the Head.

The fat, affable-looking man of 40 (and a little more) was addressing a bunch of his cronies.

"If any of you," he said, "ever feels chesty and sort of enlarged about the vicinity of the hat, I know of something that'll take you down and cool you out and get you where you belong. I visited my good old mother out in the country a while back, and on a rainy afternoon she got out the old red plush-covered family album, and I spent some hours looking it over. I felt a certain sense of importance up to that time. I kind of liked myself. I had it figured out that I was a good deal of a duck, all things considered. I regarded myself as quite somebody. But that afternoon with the old album took me down so many pegs that I haven't quite found I belong yet. The likeness of myself in that album did the business for me—likewise a reach back to long swaddling days, and then right along through my various and sundry stages of puppyhood and general imbecility almost—I let myself down lightly, you observe—almost up to the present time.

"If there's anything on earth better calculated to take this conceit out of a man grown to maturity, it's a rainy afternoon with the whole bunch of pictures of himself, and the recollection they're bound to conjure up of his utter lack of hopefulness as a human being at the various periods at which they were taken.

"I didn't have it in much for the baby pictures of me that I had to look at. I looked like a sulky, ugly sort of a lumpy customer in all of them, I am bound to admit. I don't like to know if the man lives, anyhow, who doesn't experience a certain sort of humiliation when he looks up the pictures taken of him when he was a lolly-doll-face of an infant. The only consolation he has in looking at them is that he wasn't responsible at the time, that it wasn't his fault that he'd been mugged at that period of his life, and that most other baby pictures, if not all of them, look just about the same way. It's the later pictures that cause him to really hate himself until he recovers from the seance.

"I didn't even take any violent dislikes to the photographs and tinsypes that were taken of me when I was in my boyhood—before I had reached adolescence, that is. I couldn't help those, either, although I would like to know if there had been a measly-looking lad of a boy. One of them, especially, that I had taken along with my little sister, when I was about 9 years old, and she, I made me very tired, both for myself and for her. In the picture she was standing rigid, with the bottom of the head, showing that's confining me like a garrote around at my feet. My pop of carrotty-looking hair is brushed up in a big waterfall—I think that's what they called 'em—over one of my foreheads, my ears stand out like sails on a windmill, and I look like a catamander and I look sneaky and furtive and sly and treacherous and mean and underhand, all over. But the picture of my little sister in that photograph is a shame. She's standing like an upright bed-sit, too, confined in one of those barbarous head-rests, and sticking out away below the bottom of her little skirt is a lot of pointed embroidery about both of her nether limbs, draped as they are in white stockings. It always makes me very furious to see that photograph, and I don't blame her.

"There are two or three more of those boy pictures, and then begin the bunch of me that I had taken myself and that made me feel, just to look at them, like a nickel's worth of attar of roses in a mineral bottle.

"First one of these was taken when I was about fifteen. I was working then, buying my own clothes, and I thought I was one of the main noises. I think the picture portrays the first suit, at that, that I ever bought out of my own wages, and the cheap conceit of me for that reason stuck out all over me when I posed for the infernal fool photograph. I insisted, I remember, that the picture should be full length, so 't I would show the full suit of clothes, and I'm standing in my chatty-lap, and my own wages, with my hair plastered down in front like a dago barber's, and one of those ornery little round felt hats of the period on the back of my head to show the front-plastered hair.

"Then there was a bust portrait made of me when I was seventeen. You can just see the lackadaisical, swell-headedness of me as I was at that time sticking out in every line and lineament of that picture. I've still got my hair plastered down in that one, and there's a rosebud stuck in my buttonhole, and I've got a sort of snarly, stuck-up expression on my chatty-lap, and, say, as I looked at that picture I couldn't help but reflect upon that a blooming nuisance I must have been around the house at about the time it was taken, and wonder how the older folks with whom I was associated ever managed to tolerate me at all, much less to be pleasant and amiable toward me.

"Then came the nineteen-year-old photograph, taken for the express purpose of showing a waiting and marveling world that I had grown a vague imitation of a mustache. True, only one side of the mustache is there, although I had it taken full face particularly to show that I had it on both sides. But there is such a strong light on one side of the face that the mustache lost out in the shuffle on that side. I can remember how horribly abused I looked when they gave me that finished picture, and I saw how much of the budding mustache had been sacrificed to the lighting scheme. I wouldn't have taken the picture at all. I was so sore about the only one-half of a mustache, but I'd paid for them in advance, and I had to take 'em.

"Next one that caused me to curl up was the picture I had taken for the sole and only purpose of allowing my relations living in distant parts of the country to know that I was a possessor of a 'dress suit,' as we used to call evening clothes. I can remember to this hour how abashedly I swaggered around the photograph gallery when I went down there one day and put on the dress suit at noon to have the picture taken. I sort of patronized the grizzled photographer, I recall and I believe that I was at that time under the impression that I was some kind of a bum actor playing with a society drummer company then in town. I wore by hair pompadour in that miserable photograph, and I looked like a cross between Jim

Corbett and somebody that had escaped from the booby hatch on a read run. I ached and hankered to take that picture out of the album and tear it up, but my good old mother was on to my deadly purpose and stalled me. Just why she should cherish such a thing as that picture I can't for the life of me make out, but she does—cherishes all of 'em, in fact, of all of the children, as if they were worth their weight in radium—and I had no chance to steal it during my visit.

"Then there came one in which I had myself taken in a bicycle suit, standing alongside one of those high wheels. I had the picture taken after having won some kind of a tin medal for doing a century in what was supposed to be rapid time then, or something of that sort—and the disease of the brain known as elephantiasis of the conk shows up plainer in that picture than in any of the others.

"And go on down the line. There's a bunch of tinsypes taken in between times—several of 'em taken at the seashore in bathing suits, in which I've got my chest stuck out like a pouter pigeon and my hands furtively stuck under my bleeps to poke them out and make them look big. If there's anything on earth better calculated to take this conceit out of a man when he comes to the thinking years to look back and reflect upon what a perfectly asinine and hopeless pinhead he must have seemed to everybody who knew him in the brave days when he was twenty-one or so and thought he knew it all!

"Whenever any of you fellows feel that he needs chastening in spirit, all you've got to do is to take a peek at the pictures made of you since you've been traveling the thorny road, and if you don't snort looking tenfold fiercer, feel like piping down and keeping sort of quiet and under cover for a long time, it's because you haven't got any sense of humor."—Washington Star.

VARIOUS VERSIONS OF THE LADY OF NIGER

CAROLYN WELLS TELLS HOW DIFFERENT POETS WOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT.

[Carolyn Wells in Harper's Magazine.]
It has been said by ignorant and un-
derstanding alike that the limerick is not among the classic and best forms of poetry, and, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is not poetry at all.

A brief consideration of its claims to eminence among recognized forms of verse will soon convince any intelligent reader of its superlative worth and beauty.

As a proof of this, let us consider the following limerick, which in the opinion of connoisseurs is the best one ever written:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
When she came back in lullaby,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Now let us compare this exquisite bit of real poetry with what might have been if Chaucer had written the lines:

A mayde ther ben, in Niger born and bredde;
Hir name was Nigelle, and she was a hie dedde.
Upon a boste she laughen on a tiger way,
Anon, as it bifel, bak from the ryde.
Ther came, his sadel hangen with gylde bysode,
The knyght, and he coutheaunce hir whye.
Ther ben behelde a gladnesse and a myle.

Again, if Austin Dobson had chosen to throw off the thing in triplet form:

She went for a ride,
That young lady of Niger;
Her smile was quite wide,
As she went for a ride;
But she came back inside,
And the smile on the tiger!

Rossetti, with his inability to refrain from refrains, might have turned out something like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap)
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
When she came back in lullaby,
(You like this style, I hope!)

On and on they sped and on
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap)
On and on, and on and on
(You see I've not much scope).

E'en ere they loped the second mile
The tiger 'gan his mouth to ope;
Anon his halted for a while,
Then went on with a pleasant smile
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap)

Omar would have looked at the situation philosophically, and would have summed up his views in some such characteristic lines as these:

Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And smiling, on a Tiger blithely ride,
The harm of the "sanded floor"—in the
concrete to our forefathers; the comfort
and cosiness of cheery inn parlors and
kitchens, warm with the ruddy heat of
glowing logs, on snowy nights—may also
be due to vaguely assertive instinct.

The natural and further easy expansion of that far distant man would not have been long in finding out the advantages of a dry cave as a dwelling-place. It would be found most readily in soft, friable rocks.

The natural and further easy expansion of the cave to meet growing demands for house room, by scraping down of roof and sides, would result in a gander floor. Litter of rude cave and housekeeping could be more easily swept out, with the leafy broom or bunch of sedges acting as the original broom, when mixed with sand than without it. The savage family which swept its cave out oftenest and most thoroughly would certainly be the healthiest and strongest.—The Spectator.

ON HOT AUGUST AFTERNOONS.

"This hot weather," said a Cleveland Baptist, "reminds me of an address I once heard John D. Rockefeller make. Mr. Rockefeller was speaking about the value of little things—spare minutes, spare pennies, and so on. He told us how one of the little things in the human line, that he has ever seen—a little new office boy—had caused him, at the beginning of his career, to distrust a bookkeeper who afterward turned out to be an untrustworthy man. This boy had come to work in Mr. Rockefeller's office. He was a bright little fellow, and the chief liked his looks. One hot August afternoon, as Mr. Rockefeller was starting out to collect a bill, he said kindly to the little boy: 'I suppose the bookkeeper has told you what to do this afternoon?'

"Yes, sir," the boy answered, 'I am to wake him up when I see you coming back.'"

SHILOH will cure you, and all druggists back up this statement with a positive guarantee.

The next time you have a Cough or Cold cure it with

SHILOH

Which to discover we ride smiling, too.

We are no other than a moving Row of Magic Niger shapes that come and go Round with the Smile illumined Tiger head.

In Midnight by the Master of the Show. Tennyson would have seen a dramatic opportunity, and would have gloried in his chance, thus:

Half a league, half a league,
On the big tiger,
Riding on a tiger face
The lady of Niger,
Mad rushed the noble steed,
Smiled she and took to heels,
Smiled at the breakneck speed
Of the big tiger.

Bodily they plunged and swayed,
Fearless and unafraid—
Tiger and lovely maid,
Fair and beguiling;
Flash'd she her sunny smiles,
Flash'd o'er the sunlit miles;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the same smiling!

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made,
Riding from Niger!
Honor the ride they made!
Honor the ride they made!
Lady and Tiger.

Kipling, of course would have seized the theme for a fine and stirring Barrock Room Ballad:

"What is the lady smiling for?"
"Said Files-on-Parade."
"What's going for a tiger ride."
"Said Files-on-Parade."
"What makes her smile so gay, so gay?"
"Said Files-on-Parade."
"She likes to go on tiger rides,"
"The Color-Sergeant said."
"For she's riding on the tiger, you can see the steady smile on her face."
When they're returning home again, she'll take a ride inside;
And the lady of Niger will be the smile so bland and wide,
But she's riding on the tiger in the morning.

Browning would have been pleased with the subject, and would have done the best he could with it, doubtless along these lines:

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

(The Tiger speaks.)
Since now at length your fate you know, I said, then, Dearest, since 'tis so, Since nothing all your smile avail, Since all your life seems meant for fairs, Henceforth you ride inside.
Who knows what, who can tell? I loved the lady. Therefore—well—I pondered. Yet it had to be, And so I rode, and so she rode, Ride, ride, forever ride.

Swinnburne would have spread himself thusly:

O marvelous, mystical madden,
With the way of the wind on the wing;
Low laughter thy little lips hath laden,
Thy smile is a Song of the Spring.
O typical, tropical tiger,
With wicked and wheelchance smiles;
O lovely lady of Niger,
Our Lady of Smiles.

Edgar Allan Poe would have put it this way:

See the lady with a smile,
Sunny smile!
Hear her gayness, gleesome giggle as she rides around in style,
How the merry laughter trips
From her lips and away like
As she smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
While she rides along the dusty desert miles.

See the tiger with a smile,
Happy smile!
If such a smile means happiness, he's happy quite a while.
How contentedly he chuckles as he trots along the miles.

Oh, he doesn't groan or groan
As he ambles on alone,
But he smiles, smiles, smiles, smiles,
As he homeward goes along the desert miles.

And Longfellow would have given it this beautiful and clever "Hiawatha" setting:

Oh, the fair and lovely lady;
Oh, the sweet and winsome lady;
From her lips and away like
Like the lovely Laughing Water,
Oh, the day the lovely lady
Went to ride upon a tiger.
Came the tiger back returning,
Hollowed and through the dusky twilight;
Ever slower, and say I say,
Walked the tiger o'er the landscape;
Ever wilder, wilder,
Spread the tiger o'er all his features.

Careful, after numerous examples and careful consideration of this matter, we are led to the conclusion that for certain propositions the limerick is the best and indeed the only proper vehicle of expression.

EVERYBODY LIKES SAND.

The love of sand is universal, felt by all, and at all ages. The child finds in it a ready and a plentiful material for giving something of definiteness to the world of his imagination. In the real world to be less pleasant and not expressible in sand, he nevertheless, as a grown man, tacitly admits the attraction of the old-time medium and spends his holidays upon it. No watering place need trouble as to its prosperity if it has a broad foreground of sand.

Probably so general and ingrained a love is only to be accounted for as the result of a sympathetic and unconscious "harking back" to the feel of the life on the dry sandy soils of the east, upon which man first wandered, and in which he first lived. He can sit or lie with greater comfort and ease—as he originally sat, without a chair, or lay, without a couch—upon sand than upon any other kind of earth, and upon sand he reverts readily, and without fear of convention, to primitive barefootedness. Possibly even the charm of the "sanded floor"—in the concrete to our forefathers; the comfort and cosiness of cheery inn parlors and kitchens, warm with the ruddy heat of glowing logs, on snowy nights—may also be due to vaguely assertive instinct.

That far distant man would not have been long in finding out the advantages of a dry cave as a dwelling-place. It would be found most readily in soft, friable rocks. The natural and further easy expansion of the cave to meet growing demands for house room, by scraping down of roof and sides, would result in a gander floor. Litter of rude cave and housekeeping could be more easily swept out, with the leafy broom or bunch of sedges acting as the original broom, when mixed with sand than without it. The savage family which swept its cave out oftenest and most thoroughly would certainly be the healthiest and strongest.—The Spectator.

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The next time you have a Cough or Cold cure it with

SHILOH

TEN SCHOOLS TRAIN OFFICERS

KAISER HAS THEM TO SUPPLY
HIS BIG ARMY.

Students in Them Receive a Thoroughly Practical Course of Instruction.

Military authorities are quite willing to concede that the officers of the Kaiser's army are among the best trained in the world, and this result is due to the admirable system of instruction laid down in the Kriegsschulen or war school of the empire.

There are ten such schools—nine in Prussia for the Prussian, Saxon, and Wurttemberg armies, and one in Bavaria, for the Bavarian army situated at Potsdam. The students live in barracks and always dine together. They may wear private articles of uniform (of finer cloth and out) when off duty, but on duty must wear their regimental clothing. They are divided into classes of about thirty each, students being grouped according to their abilities. In some the course of instruction lasts ten, in others nine, months. At the end of each quarter, the professors give marks to each candidate, and if the sum total of these marks is assured to the student is sufficient the ensign is allowed to present himself for the officers' examination. If the candidate does not come up to the standard the ensign is sent back to his regiment, but may be admitted to a second course.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

Students must have served at least six months with their regiments before they can be admitted to one of these schools. They must also be thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a private soldier, including the theoretical instruction, and must have a thorough knowledge of the duties of a non-commissioned officer.

The subjects for instruction comprise tactics, artillery, theory or artillery and musketry, small arms, field and permanent fortifications, and attack and defense of fortified positions, military topography—French and Russian—army organization and administration, and military correspondence.

The practical course comprises technical exercises on broken ground, visits to the artillery ranges, to the technical establishments, to the engineer drill grounds and to fortresses, exercises in making up infantry ammunition, gun drill, riding, gymnastics, swimming and musketry.

These Prussian war schools are under an inspector (a major-general), who in his turn is under the inspector-general of military education. Each school is under a field officer as director, who is assisted by a first lieutenant as secretary and librarian. A paymaster and medical officer are also attached. The instructional staff consists of eight captains or lieutenants as instructors in tactics, administration, artillery and military topography, who are seconded in their regiments.

There are two ways by which a suitable corps of officers is assured to the German army—either by the promotion to a commission of persons who join the ranks as candidates for commissions, or by the appointment of cadets from the cadet corps schools. In both cases the candidate for a commission must first pass an educational test and be appointed what is called a "second lieutenant." Exclusive of with a sum of gentle goodness, foreign languages his education in the military subjects is now complete. He has had to pass a rigorous examination, and is only brought on to the establishment after passing through the artillery and engineer schools. He is then appointed a second lieutenant. Officers of artillery and engineers, however, are at first second lieutenants, and are only brought on to the establishment after passing through the artillery and engineer schools. He is then appointed a second lieutenant. Officers of artillery and engineers, however, are at first second lieutenants, and are only brought on to the establishment after passing through the artillery and engineer schools. He is then appointed a second lieutenant.

Before appointment every candidate must be declared "worthy to be received amongst them" by a majority of the officers of his regiment. Every sword-knight who has held that rank for six months, has passed through the war school as described above, and who before the age of 25 years has passed his officers' examinations and received a certificate of military aptitude from his immediate commanding officer and been "chosen" by his future brother officers, may be appointed finally a second lieutenant, or in the foot artillery, and engineers and pioneers, a supernumerary second lieutenant.

From the above cursory description of the training of a German officer it is easy to gather that the course is a thoroughly practical one, and that the officer on joining his regiment as second lieutenant is really qualified to occupy the position he is appointed to hold.

RRR

Was recommended to me by one of TORONTO'S JUDGES as a valuable household remedy. Thus writes a prominent citizen of this place.

Rayway's Ready Relief

For External and Internal Use

CURES

Sore Muscles
Sprains, Strains
Bruises
Rheumatism
Toothache
Headache
Backache
Pain in the Chest
Lameness
Pain in the Kidneys
Sciatica
Neuralgia
Coughs
Grip
Pneumonia
Rheumatism

For over FIFTY YEARS this wonderful Remedy has been used by millions of people for the relief of all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments.

Rayway's Ready Relief is a sure cure for all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments. It is a sure cure for all the above named ailments.

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When the Liver is out of Order

calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pill and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and inv

THE BETRAYAL

BY E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Duke's Message.

It was late, but I felt that I must see Ray. I went to his house, little expecting to find him there. I was shown, however, into the study, where he was hard at work with a pile of correspondence. He wore an ancient shooting jacket, and his feet were encased in slippers. As usual, his pipe was between his teeth, and the tobacco smoke hung about him in little clouds.

"Well," he said gruffly. "What do you want of me? I am busy. Speak to the point."

"I have come to ask your advice," I said. "I am afraid that I must resign my post."

"Why?"

"My father is in London. I have seen and spoken with him."

"With that woman?"

"Yes."

"And you have spoken to him in a public place, perhaps?"

"Yes."

Ray was silent for a moment. Then he looked at me keenly.

"Do you want to give it up?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "But do you suppose Lord Chelsford and the others would be willing for me to continue under the circumstances?"

"Probably not," he admitted. "The duke would not, at any rate."

"Then what am I to do?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered shortly. "It requires consideration. I will see Lord Chelsford. You shall hear from me in the morning."

"That was all the consolation I had from Colonel Mostyn Ray."

At 10 o'clock the next morning the duke came to me in the study, where I was already at work. He was looking even for him, particularly in the morning, and he was a carefully-selected smart, and he wore a carefully-selected pink rosette in his button-hole. His greeting was almost cordial. He gave me a few instructions, and then lit a cigarette.

"What is this about your resignation, Ducaigne?" he asked.

"I do not wish to resign, sir," I answered. "I have explained certain circumstances to Colonel Ray, which it seemed to me might make my resignation necessary. He promised to confer with Lord Chelsford, and let me know the result."

"The urbanity slowly faded from the duke's face."

"I am your employer," he said coldly. "I do not understand why you thought it necessary to go to Colonel Ray."

"It was entirely owing to the fact that I received the appointment, and he has practically made himself responsible for me."

"You are mistaken," the duke answered. "The responsibility is shared by all of us. Your unfortunate family history was known to the whole board."

"Then I am less indebted to Colonel Ray, sir, than I imagined," I answered. "I am very glad, however, that it is known. Perhaps Lord Chelsford may not consider my resignation necessary."

"The circumstances being—"

"I have seen and spoken with my father in London," I answered.

"The duke was silent."

"I presume," he said, after a short pause, "that you must yourself realize the indiscretion of this."

"I went at once to Colonel Ray and offered my resignation," I answered.

"The duke nodded."

"Your father," he said slowly, "is in London?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"I hesitated. Yet perhaps the duke had a right to know the truth."

"He is with the lady who occupied Braster Grange, sir, until last week," I answered. "She passed under the name of Mrs. Smith-Lessing, but I believe that she is in reality my stepmother."

"The duke stood at the window. He held his cigarette between his fingers, and he stood sideways to me. Nothing about his attitude or face was unusual. Yet I felt myself watching him curiously. There was something about his manner which seemed to me to suggest some powerful emotion only kept in check by the exercise of a strong will."

"This is the person, I believe," he said in a slow measured tone, "with whom my son, Lord Blenavon, was said to have been intimate."

"Lord Blenavon was certainly a constant visitor at Braster Grange," I answered.

"You know her address in London?" the duke asked.

"Yes."

He turned and faced me. He was certainly paler than he had been a few minutes ago.

"I should be glad," he said, "if you would arrange for me to have an interview with her."

"An interview with Mrs. Smith-Lessing?" I repeated incredulously.

"The duke inclined his head."

"There are a few questions," he said, "which I wish to ask her."

"I can give you her address," I said. "I wish you to see her and arrange for the interview personally," the duke answered.

"You will see that my visiting her does not prejudice me further with the board, sir?" I ventured to say.

"You can take that for granted," the duke said.

So that afternoon I called at No. 29 Bloomsbury street, and in a shabby back room of a gloomy, smoke-begrimed lodging house I found my father and Mrs. Smith-Lessing. He was lying upon a horsehair sofa, apparently dozing. She was gazing negligently out of the window, and drumming upon the window-pane with her fingers. My arrival seemed to act like an electric shock upon both of them. It struck me that to her it was not altogether welcome, but my father was nervously anxious to impress upon me his satisfaction at my visit.

"Now," he said, drawing his chair up to the table, "we can discuss this little matter in a business-like way. I am delighted to see you, Guy, quite delighted."

"What matter?" I asked quietly.

My father coughed and looked towards my stepmother, as though for guidance. But her face was a blank.

"Guy," he said, "I am sure that you are a young man of common sense. You will prefer that I speak to you plainly. There are some fools at our end—I mean at Paris—who think they will be better off for a glance at the doings of your military board. Up to now we have kept them supplied with a little general information. Lord Blenavon, who is a remarkably sensible young man, lent us his assistance. I tell you this quite frankly. I believe that it is best."

"He was watching me furtively. I did my best to keep my features immovable."

"With Lord Blenavon's assistance," my father continued, "we did at first very well. Since his departure we have not been so fortunate. I will be quite candid. We have not succeeded at all. Our friends pay generously, but they pay by results. As a consequence you people seem to be quite nearly penniless. This fact induces me to make you a special-avertisement."

"My stepmother seemed about to speak. She checked herself however."

"Go on," I said.

My father coughed. There was a bottle upon the table, and he helped himself from it.

"My nerves," he remarked, "are in a shocking state this morning. Can I offer you anything?"

I shook my head. My father poured out nearly a glass full of the very spirit, diluted it with a little, a very little, water, and drank it off.

"Your labors, my dear boy," he continued, "I refer, of course, to the labors of the military council, are, I believe, concentrated upon a general scheme of defense against any possible invasion on the part of France. Quite a lot of people seem to be in the habit of one can wonder at it. These military maneuvers of our friends across the water are just a little obvious even to John Bull, eh? You don't answer. Quite right, quite right! Never consult yourself uselessly. It is very good diplomacy. Let me see, where was I? Ah! The general scheme of defense is, of course, known to you?"

"Naturally," I admitted.

"With a list of the places to be fortified, eh? The positions to be held and the general distribution of troops? No doubt, too, you have gone into the railway and commissariat arrangements?"

"All these details," I assented, "have gone through my hands."

He dabbed his forehead with a corner of his handkerchief. There was a gleam of purple color in his cheeks. He kept his bloodshot eyes fixed upon me.

"I will tell you something, Guy," he said, "which will astonish you. You realize for yourself, of course, that such details as you have spoken of can never be kept altogether secret? There are always leakages, sometimes very considerable leakages. Yes, Guy, he added, "there are people, friends of mine in Paris, who are willing to pay a very large sum of money—such a large sum of money—that it is worth dividing. Guy—for just a bare outline of the whole scheme. Foolish! Of course it is foolish. But with them money is no object. They think they are getting value for it. Absurd! But, Guy, what should you say to five thousand pounds?"

"It is a large sum," I answered.

He plucked me by the sleeve. His eyes were hungering already for the gold.

"We can get it," he whispered hoarsely. "No trouble to you—no risk. I can make all the arrangements. You have only to hand me the documents."

"I must think it over," I said.

He leaned back in his chair.

"Why?" he asked. "What need is there to hesitate? The chance may slip by. There are many others on the look out."

"There is no one outside the military board save myself who could give these particulars," I said slowly.

"But my friends," he said sharply. "There is a foolish offer. They may change their minds. Guy, my boy, I know the world well. Let me give you word of advice. When a good thing turns up, don't play with it. The men who decide quickly are the men who do things."

I thrust my hand into my breast-pocket and drew out a roll of papers.

"Supposing I have already decided," I said.

His eyes gleamed with excitement. He almost snatched at the papers, but I held them out of his reach. Then with a sharp little cry the woman stood suddenly between us. There was a look almost of horror on her pale strained face, as she held out her hand as though to push me away.

"Guy, are you mad?" she cried.

The veins stood out upon my father's forehead. He regarded her with mingled anger and surprise.

"What do you mean, Maud?" he exclaimed. "How dare you interfere? Guy, give me the papers."

"He shall not!" she exclaimed fiercely. "Guy, have you lost your senses? Do you want to ruin your whole life? Do you mean, I asked incredulously, "that you do not wish me to join you?"

"Join us! For heaven's sake, no!" she answered fiercely. "Look at your father, an outcast all his life. Do you want to turn the other way whenever you meet an Englishman, to skulk all your days in hiding, to skulk all the way to the end of the world? I would sooner see you dead than part with those papers."

"You damned fool!" my father muttered. "Take no notice of her, Guy. Five thousand pounds! I will see it paid to you, every penny of it. And not a soul will ever know!"

My father stood over her, and there was a threat in his face. She did not shrink from him for a moment. She laid her white hands upon my shoulders, and she looked earnestly into my eyes.

"Guy," she said, "even now I do not believe that you meant to be so very, very foolish. But I want you to go away at once. You should never have come. It is not good for you to come near either of us."

I rose obediently. I think that if I had not been there my father would have struck her. He was almost speechless with fury. He poured himself out another glass of brandy with shaking fingers.

"Thank you," I said to her, simply. "I do not think that these papers are worth five thousand. Let me tell you what I came here for. I am a messenger from the Duke of Rowchester."

My father dropped his glass. Mrs. Smith-Lessing looked bewildered.

"The duke," I said to her, "desires to see you. Can you come to Cavendish Square this afternoon?"

"The duke?" she murmured.

"He wishes to see you," I repeated. "Shall I tell him that you will call at 4 o'clock this afternoon, or will you go back with me this?" she asked in a low tone. "I do not understand it. I have never seen the duke in my life."

"I understand no more than you do," I assured her. "That is the message."

"I do not promise to come," she said.

"I must think it over," I said.

"I have no more to say, sir," I declared. "It seems that you are not content with ruining your own life and overshadowing mine. You want to drag me, too, down into the slough."

"You don't understand, my dear boy!"

The door opened and Ray entered. My father pushed her roughly away. "Come, there's been enough of this fooling," he declared roughly. "Guy, sit down again, my boy. We must have another talk about this matter."

I turned upon him in a momentary fit of passion.

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Ray laughed bitterly. There was about his manner a cold and singular aloofness. We were all judged and condemned.

"An invitation to dinner, I presume," he remarked.

"The duke sent for me," my stepmother said, quietly.

She did not for a moment quail before the scornful disbelief which Ray took no pains to hide.

"You can see for yourself if you like," she continued, "that in a few minutes I shall leave this house, with you, if you are gallant enough to offer me your escort, and I shall go straight to Cavendish Square. You have no imagination, Colonel Ray, or you would not be so utterly surprised. Think for a moment. Does no reason occur to you why the duke might wish to see me?"

"It obviously did," he frowned heavily. "If this absurd story is true," he said, "and the duke has really sent to ask news of Blenavon from you—well, he is a bigger fool than I took him for. But there remains something else to be explained. What are these papers?"

My father laid his trembling hands upon them.

"They have nothing to do with you," he explained. "Nothing at all! It is a little family matter—between Guy and me. Nothing more. They belong to me. Damn you, Ray, why are you always interfering in my concerns?"

Ray turned to me. There was a look in his eyes which I readily understood. At that moment I think that I hated him.

"What are those papers?" he asked.

"Take them and see," I answered.

"If I told you you would not believe me," he said.

He moved a few steps towards them, and then paused. I saw that my father was leaning forward, and in his shaking hand was a tiny gleaming revolver.

I stood on the landing with him. He closed the door leading into the sitting-room.

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CAVALRYMEN'S HORSES MOURN WHEN MASTERS ARE KILLED

Friendship Between the Soldier and His Steed—One Will Fight for the Other—Horse Known to Have Committed Suicide When Rider Died.

"When at Gen. Joe Wheeler's funeral I saw the riderless horse with the hooded mourning blanket being led along in the parade. I felt to thinking of the long string of military funerals, most of them of men of far more humble rank than Wheeler, in which I took part while I was in the regular army for many years and who is now a departmental messenger."

The horse that acted as the riderless equine mourner in the Wheeler funeral pageant was not actually Wheeler's horse. Therefore the horse took the proceedings with equanimity. But I've seen the actual horses of cavalrymen take it sadly to heart when their riders died. The friendship that exists between the average cavalryman and his horse is akin to that close relationship existing between a small boy and his first dog, and that is saying a good deal. The cavalryman will fight for his horse, and when a need rises the horse will fight for his man. They're chums, partners, friends of the closest intimacy, who understand each other perfectly and who never presume upon the strong bond of mutual regard that binds them together.

HORSE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

"I once saw a cavalry horse commit suicide when his officer rider died. It was as deliberate a suicide as was ever planned by a human being. It happened at an Arizona two troop post. The horse was a beautifully bred Kentucky thoroughbred, bought as a 2-year-old out of the officer's own pocket. He was as speedy as the wind, as hard as steel, and as gentle as a kitten. He had shared the hardships of hundreds of miles of difficult Indian campaigning in the southwest, with his master, a first lieutenant, and he absolutely idolized the officer. He was by far the sweetest mannered horse among the two troops, and the children of the officers frequently rode him with only a halter to guide him.

"The officer died after a short illness from typhoid fever. All during the lieutenant's illness the horse refused to eat and kept up a steady whinnying and pawing the ground. When the dead lieutenant was put away the horse seemed to know it perfectly. He became sullen and tried to mutilate everybody who got near him. Nothing could temper him. He became as thin as a rail inside of ten days. Not a man in the outfit could lay a hand on the horse for fear of his life.

"One day a fearless chap in my troop essayed to bridle the horse for the purpose of giving him a bit of exercise in the corral. As soon as the man slipped the halter off the horse's head the animal bolted out of the stable. He raced around the corral for a while, showing his teeth when any attempt was made to head him off. Then, coming to a dead stop, he looked about the corral for a minute with hopeless, bloodshot eyes. Then he gathered things together for a rush, leaped forward at a dead gallop, and made straight at a stable wall at the lower end of the corral. The lower part of that wall was of stone. The horse never slackened his speed, but ran full tilt and head into the wall, dashing out his brains. It would be mighty hard to convince any man who saw that performance that that horse didn't deliberately kill himself in his despair over his master's death.

RESCUED FROM THE GUTTER.

"It's foolish for anybody to claim that animals don't commit suicide. I saw a dog commit suicide right in the open grave of a soldier who died at Fort Leavenworth. The soldier was a light artilleryman. The dog was the commonest fluff of a yaller mutt you ever clapped eyes on, but, for all that, he was a brainy, loyal and affectionate kyeoodle, and he proved himself faithful right down to the finish.

"The soldier had picked up the dog in a practice march on the road around Fort Leavenworth. The mutt was lying in the middle of the road, an outcast, and dying of starvation, when the light artilleryman, astride his horse, came along. "The soldier noticed the dog lying in the road, too weak to move, and so he swung from his saddle and picked the mutt up in his arms. He carried the dog to quarters, fed him, washed him and got him going right. In two months that yaller dog was one of the smartest, four-footed things you ever saw. In your life. He'd mound guard with his master and respond to all the calls, and yet he had a genius for never getting in the way or making a nuisance of himself. He was evily taught, and could do any trick that I ever saw dogs do on the stage. And the way he worshipped the young soldier who had picked him from the road was something pathetic to see.

BURIED WITH HIS MASTER.

"The soldier fell ill of acute malaria and the dog forced his way into the post hospital and was allowed to lie at his master's bedside till the end came. When the soldier died the dog, lying with his head between his paws,

down for the reception of the young soldier's body. His wife, an amazing beautiful woman, was in such a state of collapse in her grief that the surgeon had to give her his undivided attention. The body was taken to the train with a big escort and that's the last we ever heard of the cortege.

"The train went back to San Francisco, but the San Francisco papers contained absolutely nothing about the matter. It was perfectly plain, of course, that the dead soldier was a man of class, but nobody ever found out any of the details. Why he had enlisted in the army kept his identity a secret even from his wife, was a thing that puzzled us for years afterward. And why the San Francisco papers didn't get hold of the incident and make a 'spread' story of it puzzled us even more."—New York Sun.

THE LOVE-MAKING OF MRS. NICKLEBY

HOUSE WHERE IT WAS CARRIED ON AT BOW STILL STANDS.

Many interesting associations are linked with the Grove Hall estate, at Bow, which is to come under the hammer of the auctioneer. It was here that Charles Dickens laid the scheme of the amusing love making episode between Mrs. Nicholas Nickleby and the "gentleman belonging to the house next door." Here stood the "little cottage at Bow," and the garden in which Mrs. Nickleby and her daughter Kate received the love offerings of vegetable marrow, cucumbers and onions is still in existence.

Until recently the estate was the site of Byas's private lunatic asylum. Just off the Bow road—the high road to Chigwell, with which the novelist was well acquainted—and about three or four hundred yards down Fairfield road the visitor comes to a large high brick wall. Passing through the narrow porter's lodge, he at once steps into an old world garden of quaint and singular beauty.

In front of him stretches a long avenue of plane trees, and away in the distance are vistas of winding paths and leafy lanes. It is a strange spot, situated in the heart of London's East End, a spot which few would expect to find in this busy district. At the end of the avenue and away to the left lies the old-time garden in which the eccentric lady and her still more eccentric lover communed in the days of long ago. The old wall, thickly covered with ivy and creepers, over which the "gentleman from next door" conversed with Mrs. Nickleby, is still there, much worn with age. In the center of the garden is a large patch of evergreen and white roses, and a sweet smelling jasmine perfumes the air with its fragrance. One can easily reconstruct the love scene in this old-fashioned corner and see in imagination the lady demurely rejecting the proposals of the madman "from next door."

The little cottage has long since been demolished, and on its site now stand the remains of a laundry. But the landmarks are still left, and it will be a pity if these old associations are allowed to be obliterated by the march of the bulldozer. The company which owns the property, the Messrs. J. & W. Dickenson, have decided to erect a public recreation ground will be acted upon. The end of the story is that the garden, which was the scene of the love making of the Byas's private lunatic asylum, comprises close upon a dozen acres of beautifully wooded land. Such a spot would make an ideal recreation ground.

The asylum itself was closed early in the present year, and the buildings, with the exception of one or two at the extreme left of the grounds, have been pulled down.—London Daily News.

CURES FOR LONG SPEECHES.

Sir Carme Rasch, who proposes to try to ask the Prime Minister whether he cannot invent a cure for long speeches, would have found in the older parlaments of England a golden time. For they believed in silence then—at certain times. Phrases occur frequently in the reports such as these: "Inter silentium; a long while." "The House sat looking at each other." "A pause for two or three minutes." But even in those days of eloquence silences there were many who could beat Mr. Haldane's performances of Thursday last.

There, for instance, was the member who talked for several hours to empty speeches, turned to a bored friend and whispered, "I am talking to posterity." "If you go on like this," growled the friend, "you will see your audience before you." Then there was Hartley, a gentleman whom none wanted to hear. One day he read a clause of the Riot act read. "You have read it already," said Burke; "the mob is dispersed."

But the story that will commend itself most to Sir Carme Rasch is that of the bishop who, upon proposing to be in the presence of his small cousins, divides the remainder of a very long speech into 12 parts, was suddenly interrupted by the Duke of Wharfedale with a story of a drunken fellow who, after listening to St. Paul's chiming out the strokes of 12 o'clock, looked up at the dial and said, "D— you, why couldn't you give us all that at once?"—London Chronicle.

CONSUMPTION OF PULQUE.

The consumption of pulque in the City of Mexico is rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue on a number of lines of the Mexican railways. On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run into the city daily, and many of the trains carry large numbers of cars containing the popular drink.

During the month of June three railroads—the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Interoceanic—carried into the city 53,881 barrels and 24 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of 60 miles of the city. The National, the Central and the Southern lines brought in an amount probably half as great.

Allowing that the population of the City of Mexico is 400,000 men, women and children, the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply a pint and two thirds to every individual. Do you drink your share? During the month of June 14,832,290 lbs. of pulque were brought into the city, as in one barrel there are 250 lbs. and in one skin 60 lbs. During each day of the month an average of 748,263 lbs. was brought to the city.

The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulque brought to the city in wagons and on muleback from the nearby haciendas.—Mexican Herald.

DINKELSPIEL ON PHONETIC SPELLING

George V. Hobart, in the New York American.

Meln Lieber Looney.—Ve haf received your letter from Milwaukee, vich I helped to make famous for many years, until it began to make me too stout, den I switched to cold tea.

Ve vas glad dot you vas doing so vell on der road mit your drumming pitzness, and I hope dese lines vill find you enchoying many such blessings as hiderto.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggception dot your mother has fallen a victim of der fanatic spelling.

For weeks and weeks she has been reading in der newspapers about dis terrible disease, und day before yesterday she threw up both hands and complained of a pain in her syllables.

Der disease den attacked her adjectivs, und an hour later she vas down und coud mit congestion of der adverbs, vich her syntax seemed to be suffering mit a high fever.

You know, Looney, your mother has a very artistic temperature vich makes her eggstremely perceptible to dese modern diseases.

I see by your letter, Looney, dot you haf not yet been victimized by dis fanatic spelling, eggcept in der case of a big vord ven you meet it suddenly.

But efer since you vas a leedle fellow at school, Looney, I haf always noticed dot you would insult a big vord und treat it like a fanatic.

However, ve vill let bygones be has been and return to der suppekt of fanatic spelling, vich is now der looseset topic of conversation in der newspapers at der present moment, yet.

Andrew Carnegie, der Hoot Mon, is der papa of fanatic spelling.

Und dis is how it came about: Andrew vas sitting at his desk vund day, feeling at peace mit all der vord eggcept a small town in Indiana vich haf refused vund of his libraries.

"Vot could I do to make der vord happier, I vunder?" soliquitized Andrew, ven just den his secretary valked in und set, "Oxocosa me, Andy, but in dot letter you

just dictationed, how should I spell der vord flivver?"

"Der k is silent," eggspained Andrew, lightning his seegar mit eggstreme carelessness.

"Pardon, Andy," der secretary insinuated, "but how could der pronoun flivver contain der vowel k, please?"

"According to der rule of der hypothesis vich sillences any letter beginning mit a diphthong," eggspained Andrew, smiling beardedly.

"Ah!" set der secretary; "quite so; but I vas using der vord flivver in its financial sense. I vish to call your attention to der fact dot two V's vas equal to a ten-spot; so, I ask you, vy should ve be so eggstravagant?"

"Your economy 'rills me," set Andrew; "spell der vord flivver mit vund v, and put der nder v back in her safe. Because I haf many v's is no reason I should be a spendtrift. Der vord flivver mit one v, please!"

Und dus, Looney, vast started der idea of fanatic spelling, und dis same fanatic spelling has now cast its bitter spell ofer your mother.

She wrote a note last veek to Mrs. Bauerschmidt, asking her to come to dinner vund evening ven I vas avay, but dere vas so much fanatic spelling in it dot Mrs. Bauerschmidt came to breakfast on Monday and stayed until last Wednesday evening.

Your mother also wrote a fanatic spelling letter to der plumber to ask him to fix der sink in der kitchen, und ven der plumber read it he 'tought ve vas making fun of him, und he remonished him about his loose education, so he grabbed a hatchet under piece of lead pipe and spoiled sigtry dollars' vorth of our furniture before ve could eggspalination our innocence.

I dink in my heart, Looney, dot fanatic spelling vas a good idea for dose vich haf chillis und fever eferly time dey meet a kove, busy vord.

But to a goot speller like myself nudlings looks so vell as English pure und unadulterated. Yours mit luff,

D. DINKELSPIEL.

Per George V. Hobart.

PHARISEE OF MODERN TIME IS WARNED BY CHRIST

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—Matthew, xvi, 6.

One of the most striking features about the words of Christ is that they so far transcend circumstances and environment that the application of them reacheth to the end of the world and the end of time. Not less pertinent today is that warning which was uttered two thousand years ago. America is not Jerusalem, but the Sadducees and the Pharisees, little changed in all that long period, are still with us, and the caution is as necessary now as then.

The Sadducee was a man who substituted circumstances for principles, who was governed by conditions rather than conviction, whose watchword was "expediency," whose policy was a time-serving truckle to the powers that be, and the determination to fit in with environment at whatever cost.

The Sadducee was made by the things about him, and as a determinative force he amounted to little. It was not until the Saviour interfered with vested right, and attacked material privilege that the Sadducee conspired with the Pharisee, whom he hated, to crucify Him.

The Pharisee was a man who put law in the place of morals, who disregarded the inward and spiritual to acclaim the outward and material, who cared nothing for cause but everything for effect, whose watchword was "legality" and not "righteousness," who substituted right and conscience for expediency and self-interest for the good of the community.

There has been so much said about broad and beautiful liberality, and the requirements for Christian manhood and citizenship and church membership have been so minimized that people have come to think that these are not of much importance, and that a certain vague, general endeavor to do good will answer all purposes.

They have forgotten that the way of salvation is a straight and narrow way. Faith, hope, works, belief before action, right thinking before right doing—these are the great principles, and so the old warning comes with a new force. Are you a Pharisee or a Sadducee? Beware of this heaven if thou wouldst finally have fellowship with Jesus, the greatest figure that has ever exemplified manhood and divinity.

—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

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THE OLD-TIME PARLOR.

The days of the "parlor" are fast going. There was once a time when every family, no matter how poor, had its parlor. And generally the parlor was a most useless place, but it was the pride of the housewife. The Observant Citizen remembers some time ago, when the lady of the house insisted that he should see "her parlor." Her husband smiled good-naturedly and they both led the way to a big front room which was locked. The door was unlocked, and the "parlor" got its first fresh air in months. The little family had expended much money on the "parlor." Everything was new but the stuffed birds under glass cases. The design of the carpet was wonderful, in that it consisted of bright red roses. One felt like stepping into a bed of flames. A horsehair sofa, very erect, was the principle article of furniture, while at the windows were the stiffest lace curtains you ever saw. The room had a musty smell, due to long-confined air. It was "luxury imprisonment" on a small scale, and the first example of the old-time useless "parlor."—Manchester Union.

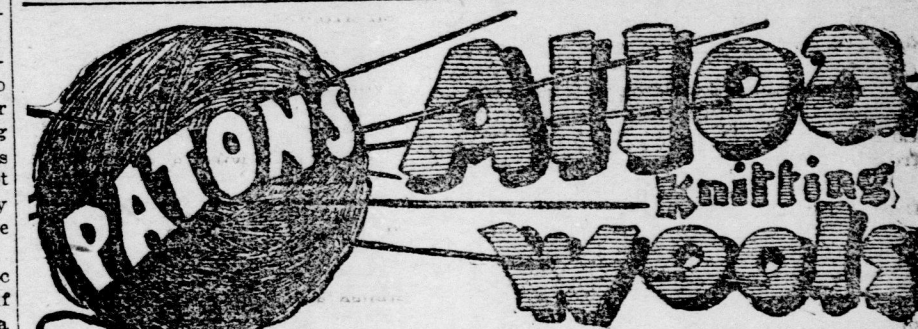
AN ARMLESS POSTMASTER.

New Zealand possesses a postmaster who for all practical purposes is armless. Owing to a physical deformity which renders his hands useless, he is obliged to do, and actually does, all the clerical work of his office with his feet. His name is Ernest C. Moon, and he is in charge of the postoffice at Te Uku, Auckland. He uses an indestructible pencil in his official work, with which he writes clearly and legibly. He is 27 years of age, and has been in charge of the postoffice at Te Uku

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A MISSION FULFILLED

CHAPTER XL
Disowned.

One secret trouble, known to no one save herself, had been laid upon the shoulders of Keith's wife during her husband's illness. It was a letter which had reached her at Naples, on one of the worst days of his fever; a letter addressed to him, but which, recognizing it to be in his father's handwriting, she did not scruple to open, hoping that it might contain words of reconciliation or of sympathy. Its contents were brief; but, as Margherita read them, she pressed her lips together, while a red spot flushed each pale cheek.

Somewhat or other, some rumor of his son's great error, some gossip of a deed, only half suspected by those who set the gossip going, had penetrated to the ears of the studious old man at the Grange; a rumor, a gossip calculated to make him mad with rage and indignation. Colonel Stockton was at all times, whether for good or evil, a man of his word; he had said that Keith's secret should not pass his lips, and he had doubtless kept his word during the short time he had remained in England. Had, then, during the two days that elapsed before the promise was made, any hint of the dis-

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Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is busy measure, you need only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measures. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

her into her own room. There, after a while, she answered it, with trembling fingers, but a pen that, notwithstanding the foreign tongue, traveled quickly over her paper. She could not even read it, much less bear to answer it, in the room where her husband lay tossing feverishly from side to side, careless of anything save the present misery of existence, and wholly unconscious of this new trouble.

She did not pause to reflect if the severity of the writer were in any measure deserved; she was too absorbed by her womanly compassion for the sick man, her womanly indignation at the hard terms applied to him, to be able to weigh the justice of things. So soon as she had written her answer she tore the letter into twenty pieces. Keith should never—even when he recovered, as, please God, he would—read with his own eyes the cruel and humiliating words. She would tell him of them some day, but not with that biting harshness which her arms round him, her tender tone assuring him that she at least could feel respect for those who had fallen for a moment to rise again; that she at least, if no one else, knew of the remorse, the suffering that had followed dishonour, and that her heart yearned toward him the more for that knowledge.

This was her answer: "I have read your letter, for Keith is very ill of fever, too ill to see his letters. And I have torn it up, for I shall never see him again. His father has written him—It is enough that I have done so. But I will tell him, when he is better, what you have said; and I will write now what I know he would wish me to say. He would be too noble to deny his wrong-doing to his father, however harshly you are—too honest. For one moment he was tempted, and did wrong—only for one moment; and the God above knows that he has suffered more himself from the memory of that moment than he can by any punishment you may visit on him. But he is no dishonest man, and those who call him so, speak cruel falsehoods, and they know it. They know nothing for certain against him; but, if they did, they might know also, as I do, that it was the first time, and will be the last that he would ever do wrong in that way. The world is very hard, and you are hardest of all to your own son. Have those who judge him no sins of their own? Perhaps, to the great God above, they are less good than his Keith. Do not fear that we will beg from you; we will keep ourselves by work, and do not want your money. You were very good, very kind to me when I came a stranger to your house. For that I shall always pray God bless you. But if you cast your son off for this, if you do not forgive him, he will not bless you."

MARGHERITA.

The reply was posted the same afternoon; and it was only after several days when Keith was progressing toward recovery, and her own mind less preoccupied, that Margherita had time or inclination to reflect over her somewhat hasty action in the matter, and to ask herself if she had acted wisely.

She never knew the effect of her words; for no further communication came from any member of Keith's family for some time afterward. It was about three weeks later when at length a letter arrived for her from Florence, in answer to one her husband had begged her to write in his name to his favorite and friendly sister, Florence Ronaldson, who was greatly grieved to hear of her brother's illness, of which she had previously known nothing; and wrote most affectionately, begging the two to keep her regularly supplied with news. Her mother, she said, would not write for fear of displeasing Mr. Ronaldson, but sent her love to Keith, and wished to know if he was short of anything necessary to his comfort while still invalided. This was a good deal from Mrs. Ronaldson; particularly as the message was accompanied by the sum of ten pounds, which she had sent to acknowledge to her, but under cover to her daughter, who had evidently no character for dutiful obedience to maintain before her father.

But, in truth, the pinch of poverty had not yet reached the Keiths. The ten-pound note was not unacceptable, looked at in the light of future requirements; but for the present they found themselves in possession of a good sum of ready money, from the proceeds of the sale of the London house and furniture, which, in respect of the invalid, those were not likely to be wanting under Mrs. Spencer's hospitable roof. As regarded any settled income, the matter was a different one; and its amount might not figure 0. This side of the prospect certainly was dark; but it had not as yet been fairly faced in its grim outlines by either Keith or his wife.

Keith had been too languid to think on such things; and when at length, during one of their long mornings on the dusky-scented cliffs, above the malachite and purple sea, she told him of his father's letter and of her reply, and together they discussed their certain future, Keith treated the matter with a serenity that was more amiable than practical. It seemed, in truth, impossible to realize the bitter facts of want and social ostracism lying here among the flowering shrubs and aromatic herbs, with all the soft loveliness of an Italian summer round him—the cloudless blue above, the gentle plashing of the sleepy waves below—a novel in his hand, a shawl spread beneath him, and hospitable friends awaiting his return to lunch.

He listened in silence, although not the silence of indifference, to Margherita's account of the correspondence that had passed in Naples between his father and herself; but he gently checked her in her strictures upon the conduct of the former.

"No, Margherita," he said, quietly, "harsh, perhaps, but not unjust."

He declined on his part to entertain any immediate anxiety on the score of their future. They had enough to keep things going for some time, with

economy; and before another year was over, matters would be sure to right themselves somehow. Either his father would relent, or one of his friends would find him some post or other, or "something would turn up somehow."

"If it comes to the worst, Margherita," he said, putting his arm around her waist, "we can live here for almost nothing; and must work together for our living. I must make my fortune by painting pictures of you for the Academy, and we must keep house for ourselves. I will chop the wood, and you shall cook the dinners."

A few days after this Keith and Margherita moved into their new home—the prettily situated but somewhat dilapidated house which Spencer had found for them. It was but a few minutes' walk from his own abode, and was a cozy-looking little place, the rent of which was almost nominal, owing chiefly to the bad condition of wall-papers and plastering, which the owner was too poor to renovate, and which rendered it unlettable to the majority of tenants. It was called a furnished house, but the furniture, like the rent, was almost nominal, and had to be considerably augmented by articles which Spencer and his mother generously insisted upon transferring as a loan, for any length of time, to the young couple.

The night of September saw them established in their new domicile in fair comfort, and with much satisfaction. Economy was to be the rule of the household, and Keith had fitted himself up a studio wherein to set. They were not, as he had proposed, absolutely without servants; for a bright, strong girl from Anacapri did the household work, and did it effectively, to his equal astonishment and satisfaction.

A fortnight later, Margherita's baby was born, and Keith found himself in the position of a father. Then Lucia came, and for ten days took up her permanent abode in the house. And now once more the barrier between the peasant mother and the educated daughter was broken down, and they found themselves at ease again with each other, as the natural order of things, for the time being, was restored, and once more the mother took the upper place, and the daughter was dependent, in her hours of weakness, on the mother. But toward her English son-in-law the Capriote never abated one jot of her natural reserve, nor ever treated him as aught else but a superior and a signor, with whom she was on friendly, but respectful terms. She was a singularly quiet and retiring woman, full of a reticence which seemed to be more or less shared by the other members of her family, who rarely took advantage of her presence to be found at Keith's door.

To be Continued.

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We cure Varicose, Stricture, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Consultation Free. If unable to call, write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

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BLINDFOLDED
By a Book

MARIE CAHILL.

"Marrying Mary" Likes "Blindfolded."

"I've read 'Blindfolded' twice, says Marie Cahill, the star in 'Marrying Mary,' at Daly's. 'The first time I rushed through it to see how it would end. A woman usually looks at the ending of a story first and reads backward. But I had been warned not to do it, and so used all my will power to keep from peeping at the last pages while I was in the early chapters. I used to close the book and try to guess how it was going to turn out. I always gave it up though. It's the most absorbing thing."

For a narrative of adventure fit to make one sit stark, staring awake till cockcrow, for a tale of tantalizing and labyrinthine mystery, read "Blindfolded," by Earle Ashley Walcott. The puzzle is presented at the jump, and as it unravels it appears to grow constantly more complex. For mastery of mystery it would be hard to surpass this unusual story.

It is a strange mix-up of dual identity. A young man finds himself taken for a cousin, whom he strongly resembles, and whom he has seen murdered without apparent reason. He is compelled by a force of circumstances to impersonate the murdered man and take up his hazardous and subterranean mission without having the slightest idea what that mission is. He essays a triple task—to find out what he is trying to do, to do it, and to escape as quietly as possible. All three prove to be extremely difficult. It is, in reality, a detective story of the very highest order without any detective in it. Seldom has there been written a more generously exciting and more genuinely interesting tale of adventure.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



SAM BERNARD.

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BLANCHE BATES.

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SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Henry Labouchere's revelations on the subject of the use of the House of Commons as a matrimonial agency by certain of the well-connected clerks of the national legislature, has incidentally brought to light that the chief bargain which the agency in question has for disposal is a princess of the house of Bonaparte, with a fortune of \$15,000,000. A titled husband, as for instance, a peer of ancient lineage, or, preferably, Prince Francis of Teck, the only unmarried brother of the Princess of Wales, is being sought by the matrimonial agents for this princess, their terms being a commission of \$200,000, payable to them on the day of the solemnization of the marriage. It is true that the title of the princess in question is somewhat shaky, and is disputed by many of the leading authorities in such matters, although it is recognized by the Almanach de Gotha, a publication, however, by no means infallible. This lady is Marie, daughter of Roland Bonaparte, by his marriage with Marie Blanc, one of the daughters and heiresses of that old Bonaparte who founded the great gambling establishment at Monte Carlo. It is from that source that the great fortune of Roland's daughter is derived. The reason for questioning the princely title of Roland Bonaparte is that the union between his father, Prince Peter Bonaparte, and his mother, a plumber's daughter and former madame, was not ratified by law until many years after his birth. Young Marie Bonaparte, who lost her mother shortly after her birth, is now about 24 years of age, but so far her father has not been able to find for her a husband of rank and name, and she is consequently a large but tainted fortune.

Some of the grandest houses of the British nobility pride themselves on their descent from the unlawful union of their ancestors with their sovereign, and far from being ashamed of the memory of her departure from the path of virtue by using the royal arms, decried by the bar sinister. Among them are those of the Dukes of Argyll, of Richmond, of St. Albans and of Buccleuch, as well as of the Earl of Munster and of Lord Southampton. Greatly to their dismay, students delving in the memoirs and analogous literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have brought to light facts which throw considerable doubt as to the presence of any royal blood whatsoever in the veins of these claimants to an illegitimate descent from the throne.

Thus, the works which have recently been produced by Allan Fox and W. H. Trowbridge in London furnish, by means of documentary evidence, con-

Eduard Parlovitz

The Great Polish Pianist, who is touring Canada with Watkins Mills, appreciates the New Scale Williams Piano.

The following letter from Mr. Eduard Parlovitz at Winnipeg is expressive of the great artist's appreciation of Canada's greatest Piano.

Just a few lines to express my appreciation of the New Scale Williams Upright used for the accompaniment at the Watkins Mills Concert. It is a very fine piano with noble tone and excellent touch, being resonant and equal throughout. I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,

EDUARD PARLOVITZ.

Intending purchasers will do well to see the New Scale Williams Pianos at 132 Dundas street, London, Anderson's Book-store.

vincing proof that the Duke of Buccleuch, who figures in the peerages as descended from King Charles II. and Lucy Walter, is in reality descended from this "brave, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature," as Evelyn describes her, and from the handsome Col. Robert Sidney, with whom she was notoriously infatuated. Certain it is that her son, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, ancestor of the Duke of Buccleuch, bore far more resemblance to Col. Sidney than to Charles II., so much so that the merry monarch hesitated some time before he would consent to acknowledge Lucy's boy as his offspring. The king is generally believed, however, to have wedded Lucy, and it is asserted on excellent authority that the late Duke of Buccleuch found in his family archives documentary evidence of the marriage of Lucy Walter with King Charles. He showed it to the prince consort, and in his presence confirmed it to the flames, preferring the shame of his ancestor rather than to place in the hands of the foes of the dynasty any such arm as would be constituted by the possession of this marriage certificate.

In the same way we are shown that the Duke of Grafton's alleged descent from King Charles II. and from Barbara Villiers, so well known as "my Lady Castlemaine," is untrue, and that the father of Lady Castlemaine's son, Henry Fitzroy, ancestor of the Dukes of Grafton, was Sir Charles Berkeley, one of the boon companions of the merry monarch. Similar stories are related of the Duke of St. Albans' ancestors, Nell Gwynne, and of Louis de Kerouallies, Dukes of Portsmouth, and ancestors of the Dukes of Richmond. It is had enough to have one's nobiliary title based upon dishonesty constituted by an intrigue between one's ancestors and her liege lord, the king, but to have it shown that one's dignities, honors, and arms are the result of a fraud perpetrated on the monarch, and that one's family takes root in the betrayal not only of a husband, but also of the sovereign, must be humiliating.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Alsbury, and whose career since her 20th year has been of a somewhat unusual description, has created something of a sensation in England by arriving here in charge of an entire shipload of horses raised on her great ranch near Calgary, Alta. They are being sold at Dublin at a somewhat remunerative price, which will go far toward increasing the profits of Lady Ernestine's ranching venture. Her marriage was a very romantic one, and was vigorously opposed by her father and her family. Passionately fond of the sea, and a noted yachtswoman, she studied at the nautical school at Liverpool, with the object of securing a master's certificate, so as to be duly qualified to take the command of her yacht. At the school she met a young man of the name of Harry Brady Hunt, who, having spent some years at sea, first as an apprentice and then as mate, was likewise studying for a master's certificate. Their acquaintance ripened into affection, and one day they were quietly married at Liverpool in St. Michael's Church. Soon afterward Hunt was appointed skipper of a sailing vessel, and Lady Ernestine, who is small, with beautiful eyes, a fair complexion, and rather pretty, accompanied him on his first journey, as well as on many subsequent ones, being quite as competent as himself to take command of the ship.

Lady Ernestine, who has graduated as a professional sick nurse from the great Liverpool Infirmary, and who served as such throughout the war in

South Africa, gave up her seafaring life a couple of years ago, since when she has divided her time between a little place which she has in Ireland and her ranch in Canada. She is the first woman who has ever brought live stock across the Atlantic Ocean by herself, and is enthusiastic over the qualities of the cattlemen employed in that work, whom she considers a much maligned class. They, on their side, are equally loud in their praise of her extraordinary influence over even the wildest horses, and declare that she is able to accomplish by mere gentle suasion what ranchmen can only attain by the hardest kind of rough riding. I may add that Lady Ernestine was one of the half-dozen adventurous women who took part in the Jameson raid, in connection with its ambulance department.

Lord Elphinstone's gifted nephew, Robert Cunningham Grahame, is so well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a great traveler, a brilliant writer, as a member of Parliament, and as champion of all kinds of causes, which are sometimes monarchial and more often ultra-socialistic, that the news of the death of his beautiful South American wife at Henday, on the Franco-Spanish frontier, will excite both interest and sympathy. She had just been laid to rest as the last Mrs. Grahame of Gartmore, on the island of the Lake of Menteth, where so many of her husband's ancestors sleep their last sleep.

Cunningham Grahame, who is childless, and the last of his line, and who has recently sold his ancestral home of Gartmore to Sir Charles Gayer, M. P., principal owner of the Glen Line of Steamers, stands in a most peculiar position with regard to the crown. For he is the last of the so-called Menteth and Airth to be acknowledged by the committee of privileges of the House of Lords, it would be equivalent to an admission that he would be the lawful heir to the throne of Great Britain, were it not for the so-called act of settlement, which two centuries ago gave the British crown to the Hanoverian house of Guelph in preference to less remote kinsfolk of the Stuart kings.

Robert II. of Scotland was first married to a girl of the name of Elizabeth Mure, of Rowellan. He had no children by her after his marriage, but there were no less than eight born previous to the ceremony. It is to say the least, out of no time previous to the Reformation would such a marriage, even with a papal dispensation, have been held by the law of Scotland to have legitimized the birth of offspring. It was certainly a most disgraceful illegitimate children of King Robert II. of Scotland and of Elizabeth Mure, of Rowellan, that all the Stuarts who afterwards reigned in Scotland and Great Britain were descended.

King Robert's second marriage, with the widowed Countess of Morye, was in good order, and David, Earl of Strathern and Menteth, was his lawful issue. The grandson of this Earl of Strathern was made Earl of Menteth. Before dying King Robert executed a settlement, entailing the crown of Scotland on the sons of both his wives, according to priority, and their male heirs. Thus, even admitting King Robert's legitimation of his eight children, the fourth Earl of Menteth should, by virtue of this settlement, have succeeded to the throne of Scotland of King James V., instead of that Mary King James V., instead of that Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle. This fourth Earl of Menteth was a prisoner in England at the time of Queen Mary's accession, which may account for his making no claim to the Scotch crown.

The first Lord of Menteth, to put forward his pretensions to the throne, not only of Scotland, but also of England, occupied at the time by King James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots, was the seventh earl, who, according to contemporary history, was the brightest and most illustrious Scotch peer of his day. The great Sir Francis Bacon, in his capacity of lord high chancellor, and keeper of the great seal of the United Kingdom, reported in a judicial document, which is still on record, to King James I. that the Earl of Menteth's claim to the throne was so just in point of law that all that was needed to set him on the throne was a sharp sword. Bacon's successor on the great seal made a similar report to King Charles I., and it was in consequence of these warnings that this monarch persecuted, and finally reduced the seventh Earl of Menteth to ruin, after publicly charging him with high treason for publicly stating that he, the earl, had "the reddest blood in Scotland," and that King Charles was "beholden to him for the crown."

Since then the earldom of Menteth has remained dormant, and, according to the able genealogists of the United Kingdom, and to the English and Scotch royal colleges of heralds, Robert Cunningham Grahame is able to trace a direct and unbroken line, his descent from this seventh Earl of Menteth. He claims to be the first heir of Earl of Menteth, and has submitted his petition to the committee of privileges of the House of Lords. The latter is proverbially slow in deciding such matters, and if it has delayed on various pretexts giving a judgment in the affair, it is not only because there are several other claimants to the earldom of Menteth, but likewise on account of the questions which might subsequently be raised in connection with the crown, both of Scotland and of England.

Among the other claimants of the earldom are a George M. Graham, of Toronto, Canada; also a daughter of the late Bartley Alhadyce, and a Geo. M. Graham, of Littleton, But, where these pretensions are open to question, there is no doubt as to the lineal descent of Robert Cunningham Grahame from the seventh Earl of Men-

teith. He is, in spite of his political eccentricities, very popular, and has on several occasions been a guest of King Edward at Balmoral, and is recognized both abroad and at home as forming part of the most blue-blooded aristocracy of Scotland.

If his pen has been frequently directed against the United States, particularly in the columns of the London Saturday Review, it must be attributed in measure to the influence of his wife, to whom he was passionately devoted, and who belonged to one of the oldest patrician families of Spanish South America. In fact, her relatives suffered severely from the Cuban insurrection, and from the separation of the island from Spain.

King Charles' head has again become an issue of the hour. It played an important role at the time of the revolution and protectorate in the seventeenth century, and every reader of Dickens' works is familiar with the extent to which it intruded itself into the literary efforts of Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield." The question at the present moment is as to whether it should be twisted round, so as to face the memorial statue of Queen Victoria instead of Whitehall. The head is that of the statue of the ill-fated monarch in front of Whitehall, and at the present time it turns its back upon the flag of Queen Victoria at the other end of the Mall, in front of Buckingham Palace. A most angry controversy is in progress on the subject, and people in England seem to be divided into two camps. The one is in favor of twisting King Charles' head to the right-about, and the other equally resolved that it should remain unmoved.

While Sir John Gorst, who is now in America, has his eye on New Zealand, was the most intellectual and brilliant member of the Salisbury administration, yet he is one of the least suave members of the Conservative party, and it is largely owing to his incompatability of temper that he was deprived of his seat in the cabinet as minister of public instruction, being unable to agree either with his colleagues at the council board or with his subordinates in the department of education. He was the cause of continual friction, both at the cabinet and while he was one of the most entertaining speakers in the House of Commons—a sort of parliamentary cracker exploding in every direction and with piquant result—his sparkling cynicism and his caustic sarcasm were mostly at the expense of his party.

Sir John commenced life as a missionary in New Zealand, had been in turn a newspaper editor, a magistrate, and a soldier in New Zealand employed in the suppression of the Maori rebellion, solicitor-general in England, under secretary of state, privy councillor, and heaven only knows what all besides, leaving everywhere enemies instead of friends in his wake.

Among other English statesmen who have been forced out of the administration for almost identical reasons, may be mentioned the Right Hon. Ayrton Smea, who, while working most efficiently as secretary of state, was a very disagreeable man who ever held office in any Liberal cabinet. His personal unpopularity became such that it threatened to shipwreck the entire administration, and so, like John of old, he was pitched overboard, with the result that the storm was appeased and the danger to the Gladstone administration at an end.

Another Jonah of the same kind was the late Sir Austen Henry Layard, the bird-fancier of Niniveh, who, like so many explorers, was exceedingly intolerant of opposition to his views, short tempered, crockety, and difficult to get along with. When, owing to his unbearable behavior, it had come to the point of his being no longer a member of the administration, he was deprived of his post, but was given in exchange the embassy at Madrid, in the expectation that the fact of his mother being a Spaniard might render him more disposed to put up with his general behavior than his own countrymen. Apropos of his parentage, I may mention that he was born in Paris, and to a great extent educated in Italy, a combination of circumstances which at one time seriously prejudiced the British parliamentary constituency of Southwark against him, until finally he won the voters to his side by humorously insisting that he was a Frenchman.

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Gay spirits, good looks and happy heads have returned to many a sick woman through Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Better get a few boxes today; pure, vegetable, free from injurious ingredients, healthful and antiseptic. Dr. Hamilton's Pills will assist you in a thousand ways.

As delay is always dangerous, your plain duty is to follow the example of Mrs. F. Rowe, who sends the following letter from Gravesend, Port-au-Port, Newfoundland: "Four years ago I got kidney and bladder trouble. I thought it was 'female trouble' and treated it accordingly. Even my doctor in St. John said it was so."

"In reading about Dr. Hamilton's Pills I noticed symptoms like mine and bought six boxes. These pills went right to work on my sick condition and helped me from the first. My supposed female trouble, which was bladder disease, was cured. My weight increased eight pounds and never before was I as well as today. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

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"Through all the room
From flowery tea ex-
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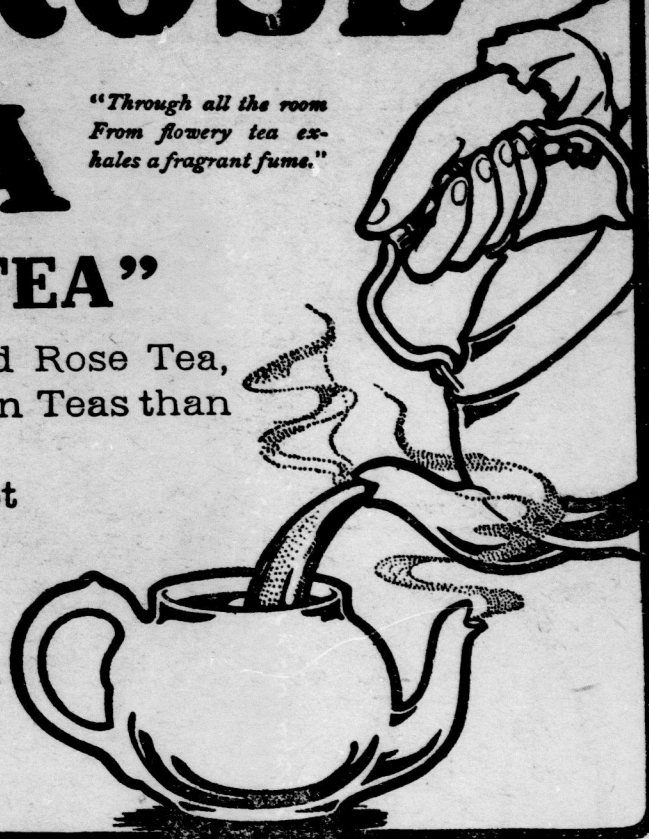
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St. John, N. B., the home of Red Rose Tea, imports more Indian and Ceylon Teas than any other city in Canada. Test Red Rose Tea in the teapot and you will help increase the imports.

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quiring of them whether if a man was born in a stable they would necessarily call him a horse. His widow, Lady Layard, and his niece, make their home in a beautiful palace in Venice, where they dispense much hospitality.

Nor must I omit from this list the name of the first Lord Chelmsford, who was deprived of his seat on the woolsack and of the post of lord high chancellor of the realm by Lord Beaconsfield on account of the unpopularity resulting from his cutting but wonderfully clever sarcasms, one of the most famous of which was made at the expense of Lady Beaconsfield and overheard by her husband.

Sometimes, however, it is a good thing to get a reputation like this for being extraordinarily disagreeable, for the Government is apt to give people who become thorns in their side comfortable appointments in remote parts of the world in order to get them out of the way. It was because he had rendered himself absolutely unbearable in the House of Commons that the late Sir John Bowring was sent out as governor to Hong Kong, where he involved his country in one of her most costly wars with China, and it was for similar reasons that Sir John Pope Hennessy, the most delightfully wrong-headed of all Irishmen, was dispatched to the Mauritius as governor.

So far as I am aware, England is the only country where statesmen have been deprived of office in the cabinet, and either left uncared for, or else dispatched in quasi banishment to distant portions of the world, solely because they happened to be personally disagreeable, offensive in manner, unable to control their wit and sarcasm, and, in one word, who allow what foreigners are fond of describing as their spleen to get the better of them.

King Edward, before leaving for Scotland, took advantage of his stay at Rugard Abbey with Lord and Lady Saville to visit Wollaton Hall, the beautiful country seat of Lord and Lady Middleton, Lady Middleton being the only sister of Sir William Gordon Cumming, Lord Middleton (who must not be confounded with Lord Middleton, the head of the Brodrick family) is one of the great land owners of the United Kingdom, his estates extending considerably over 100,000 acres, and with that claimant which is so disgracing a trait of the old world aristocracy befriended his unfortunate brother-in-law in a courageous and vigorous manner at the time when everybody's hand was turned against him.

He is the head of the ancient house of Willoughby d'Eresby, of which the Earl of Ancaster is the chief of the younger branch. Lord Ancaster's son and heir bears the courtesy title of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and is married to Miss Eloise Bress, of New York. Among the most notable members of this family was Sir Hugh Willoughby, the Arctic explorer, to whom belongs the credit of the discovery of that polar archipelago now known as Nova Zembla. The portrait of Sir Hugh hangs in the billiard room at Wollaton, and came in for a good deal of attention on the part of King Ed-

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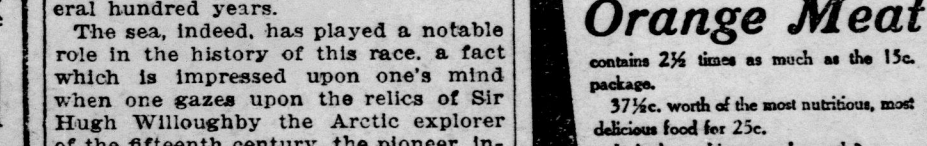
ward when he visited the place the other day.

Wollaton is generally regarded as the masterpiece of the famous architect known as "John of Padua," and certainly it is one of the most picturesque country seats in England, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who stayed there, and who was enthusiastic over its beauties. Sir Francis de Willoughby, who was her host, had in rebuilding it spent half a million dollars, exclusive of the cost of the stone—a sum of money which in those days was perhaps almost ten times in value what it would represent at the present moment. Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV., was so struck by its marvelous beauty that she exclaimed, on seeing the house, that "It ought to be put under a glass case." The facade is marked by many niches. There were intended to hold statues. But the ship bearing them from Italy was wrecked, and its cargo has lain somewhere or other at the bottom of the sea for several hundred years.

The sea, indeed, has played a notable role in the history of this place, a fact which is impressed upon one's mind when one gazes upon the relics of Sir Hugh Willoughby the Arctic explorer of the fifteenth century, the pioneer, indeed, of the polar seas. They include cannon recovered from his frozen ships, and also the canvas coat lined with mail which was found on the corpse of the explorer on the ice.

Lord and Lady Middleton have no children, and at the death of the present peer, who is noted as an agriculturist, and as a master of the house, his brother, Capt. the Hon. Ernest Willoughby, will succeed to the title and estates. He has achieved considerable fame as an amateur actor, particularly in comic roles, and is renowned as the most amusing and clever clown out of the profession.

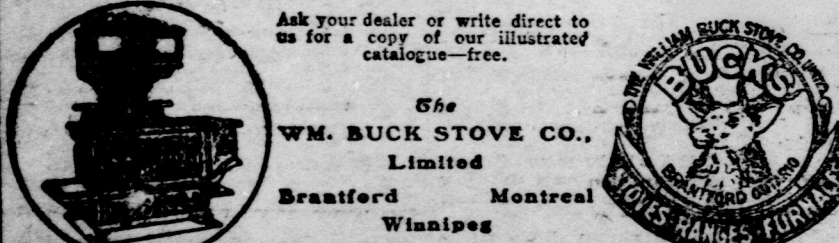
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For the Home Dressmaker



Velvets Reign for Afternoon Wear

IT'S a day of velvets, for the suits and costumes worn to receptions and teas—suits made with skirts that trail softly after you, of velvets plain or in some of the well-nigh indescribable new color mixtures, which are as different from anything we've seen before in the velvet line as day is from night. For velvets have been experimented with—juggled with, you might say—until they have taken on strange new qualities.

Two colors are combined in a way that seems nothing in the world but a copy of the wonderful new tricks in weave that have revolutionized cloth and suitings. As that change of weave is impossible with velvet, the effect is got in some more subtle way, but got it is, no matter how.

Stripes and checks and plaids are all echoed in the novelty velvets—only echoed, though, for they are kept soft and indistinct and sombre in tone. Plenty of black and white effects are seen in them, rendered subtle instead of startling by the soft, deep pile of the stuff.

But, of course, being novelties, they appeal only to a limited class, the plain colors used for nine out of

ten of the handsomest suits. "Velvet" means not only velvet, but velveteen as well, for if you're not too well blessed with this world's goods, velvet suits are an expensive luxury that entail no end of minor expenses, while velveteen has a world of wear in it.

And corduroys are coming to the front, after having been crowded behind so many other materials for so long a while. Some stunning French suits are made of it—the kind with the wide wale—and are trimmed with a lot of little straps of it, fastened down with buttons. One brown suit was particularly pretty, made without a particle of trimming except these little straps and the buttons.

Comparatively few of the velvet suits are trimmed with anything but lace or braid or buttons; nothing else seems to set them off in a way at once effective and perfectly in keeping with the character of the material. Plenty of them have no trimming at all, the rich beauty of the velvet given ample opportunity to display itself in the long, sweeping folds of the trailing skirt.

But velvet, while its present popu-

larity is marked, doesn't hold the field alone at all. Beautiful cloths and suitings have come out that rival velvet for richness; broad cloths embroidered in their own color, the design growing larger and heavier toward the hem, and beautiful, indescribable stuffs, made different by weave or some wonderful trick of color deepened into shadows or lifted into lights in an elusive, fascinating way.

IF YOU are to be in the fashion this winter you must be trimmed, much trimmed, as to gowns, hats and even fur coats. No matter if your tastes are Quakerish and your income on the wrong side of nothing, trimmings you must have. Moreover, when you see those trimmings in all their beauty of coloring, texture and design your quiet proclivities will be no more.

Severe simplicity may have its day again—but it will not be this winter. The tiniest peep in shop windows makes this evident. Braids, passementeries, tinsels, jetted and jeweled laces, hats and broad-cloths and chiffon alike befloored



Debutantes' Gowns Grow Lighter and More Diaphanous

JUST how materials for debutante and evening frocks can grow lighter and more diaphanous is a problem that the great manufacturers must dream out. For, with an ever-increasing tendency toward everything of the sort, and an insistent demand all the while for something new, the ones now existing, many and varied as they are, are sure to be eclipsed by some wonderful new creation, so

filmy that it will seem as much more ethereal than chiffon as chiffon is than silk.

Mousselines—things tinted as delicately as a soap-bubble and printed with shadowy flowers that blur softly into the background—and chiffons, and the whole tribe of mulls, make the prettiest of the receiving gowns worn by debutantes. There's nothing radically new in them, but the way they're made is

as new and as interesting as can be.

Whatever the gown is to be made of—whatever, rather, for it's moderately certain to be of a variant of one of the three—it is lined and interlined, the slip ruffled and founced with chiffon—chiffon used so lavishly that the only question seems to be how to pile more on.

Such a confusion of soft fluff as it all makes! But it gives the cloudiest effect imaginable, with never a

particle of stiffness about it, and is so cleverly balanced that even where it is fullest, there is not the slightest hint of bunchiness—that quality fatal to the loveliest "creation."

If a colored lining is used, chiffon covers it, softening the color into something ethereal. If white is used, chiffon robs it of any chance of seeming bare. And chiffon ruffles—wee ones—insidiously bring out the edges of lace.

Various Notes of the Latest and Prettiest the Fashions Offer

and befructed; hand embroidery everywhere; velvet and cloth, velvet and taffeta, velvet and braids in the most remarkable combinations; nets and chiffon-voile, with soutache-braided taffeta; filmy, glittering sequins, beads, bugles and danglers; ornate buttons as big as a silver dollar; wonderful buckles in dull bronzes, gilt and silver; rhinestones and colored jewel effects—such are a few of the gauds with which lovely woman is to beautify her person and deplete her pocketbook.

This is to be a color season beyond all else. In nothing is this more marked than in the new trimmings. Never have they been gay, yet

never lovelier, so perfect has become the designer's skill in harmonious blending of many tones. In fact, if you really want to grow delirious with admiration and indecision try to decide on some particular applique or galloon among the bewildering assortment from which choice may be made.

Few evening or house gowns are without at least a touch of this colored trimming. For an elaborate white gown nothing could be lovelier than a new applique with lilac-shaped clusters of small pink velvet flowers with gilt centres, shaded leaves of green ribbon ribbed with gold and a heavy gold edging.

A glint of gold is seen in most of the new trimmings, though the metallic effects of certain seasons is not observable. The combination of gay silk embroidery or ribbon work quite overcomes this effect.

A number of raised forget-me-not designs in exquisite pastel colors on net and silk textures are particularly lovely among the new trimmings. Black and white chantilly nets have the pattern marked by these little blossoms in pink, lavender and blue, with green leaves and intricate interweaving of gilt thread. The black-net, in two shades of lavender, green and gilt, gives a charming touch to the all-

black costumes. These embroidered nets come in both edging and insertion.

White taffeta forms an interesting background for much of the new colored embroidery, which, by the way, is more strikingly beautiful than ever before. One trimming in a large and small scalloped figure has its edge of gold dots, from pin to coin in size, with wreaths of colored flowers couched in gold, alternating with raised silk embroidered white roses, with a circle of green leaves. A touch of black and much outlining in gold adds much to the beauty. The same pattern is seen in silver with deep blue flowers.

