

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

MARRIED.

MILLMAN-McPHERSON—At the residence of the bride's father, 172 Centre-avenue, on Wednesday, June 11, 1902, by the Rev. J. H. Fair, of Lucas, Ida Lily, youngest daughter of Mr. A. McPher-son.

SUMMERS-ELLIOTT—On June 11, 1902, at the residence of the bride's parents, Riverside Park Farm, Sainsbury, by the Rev. J. H. Fair, of Lucas, Ida Lily, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Elliott, to Herbert Alton Summers, of London.

ARCHBOLD-SMITH—In this city, at the First Methodist Church, by the Rev. G. J. Bishop, on June 14, 1902, Mabel, daughter of Mr. J. C. Smith, editor of the Farmers' Advocate, to Herbert C. Archbold, all of this city.

DIED.

WEBBER—In London township, on June 12, 1902, Thomas Henry Webber, aged 63 years 11 months, late of 415 Hamilton road.

Funeral from his late residence, corner Gore road and Clark's siding, London township, on Sunday, June 15, at 2:30, service at 4 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

BARKER—In this city, on June 13, 1902, Fanny Barker, relict of the late George Barker, of the township of Lobo, aged 68 years.

Funeral from her late residence, No. 62 William street, on Sunday, June 15, at 2:30, service at 2 p.m. Funeral private. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

JOHNSON—On June 14, 1902, at the family residence, 233 Piccadilly street, Joseph Johnson, in his 73rd year.

Funeral on Monday at 1:30 (service at 1 o'clock), to 1000 Dundas street, Niagara. Friends kindly accept this intimation.

SUNDAY IN LONDON

What is Going On in the Leading Churches of the City

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

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 10 a.m.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

COLDORNE STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

EMPEROR AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesday, 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 a.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

MALINDA STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Services conducted by the rector, Rev. Archibald Davis.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—Morning service, 10 a.m. (St. Paul's). Evening service, 7 p.m. (St. Paul's).

VOICE CULTURE—Eva N. Roblyn, soprano soloist, Dundas Center Methodist Church. Director, Walter Moffat.

EAST MIDDLESEX FARMERS' INSTITUTE—Excursion to the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, June 17, via Grand Trunk Railway. Everybody welcome. R. H. Harding, secretary.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. A. T. Sowerby, D.D., LL.D., pastor. 11 a.m. "Told by Klasses." 7 p.m. "The Fugitive Arrested." Baptism during evening service free.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Fair, pastor. 11 a.m. "God's Guidance." 7 p.m. "Revelation." Morning-Anthem. "He Made Peace." Evening—"Thus Speaks the Lord." (Stainer). Evening—"Station Wagon" (Stainer). Evening—"Missionary." Choir concert Tuesday evening, Gounod's "Messe Solenne."

PERSONAL.

KNOW YOUR DESTINY—ILLUSTRATED by the Palmistry and full information for 10 cents. Professional readings given by mail by my new method. Palmistry taught. Lessee, President National Institute of Palmistry, Houseman, 101-102 Grand Rapids, Mich.

YOUNG WOMAN, AGED 25 JUST COME into possession of \$2,000. Wishes to correspond with honest, intelligent man who would appreciate good wife. Box 17, Renfrew, Huron county, Ont. 80-1

DRESSMAKING.

DRESS-CUTTING SCHOOL—GARMENT cutting lessons daily. Pupils instructed until satisfied. Call or write for terms. 234 Dundas street, London.

Pocock Bros. Pocock Bros.

Alteration Sale.

Commencing

Saturday, June 14, 1902,

And continuing until

Alterations Begin July 7, '02

All Our Footwear is assorted in lots and marked in plain figures on the yellow ticket which will be long remembered by purchasers.

Selling at Cost Price

Trunks, Valises and Satchels

Our assortment and range of styles is by far the largest in the west. We have advantages over small dealers. We buy large and better for spot cash.

Pocock Bros.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

SPRINGBANK

Performance Every

Night at 8:30.

100 ft

Springbank Attractions

- 1.-LEVINO TRIO, Musical Comedy.
- 2.-COIN'S TRAINED DOGS.
- 3.-FORBER, Slack Wire Artist.
- 4.-MABEL MORAY, Soprano.
- 5.-LAWRENCE AND HARRINGTON, Sketch.
- 6.-BIOGRAPHET.

PERFORMANCES EVERY NIGHT

AT 8:30.

Coronation Day

In London, June 28, 1902. A good programme of sports has been arranged for the day, in Queen's Park.

LAST SHIP FOR CORONATION—ST. Paul, sailing New York to Southampton, Wednesday, June 13, due Southampton, 26th inst. F. B. Clarke, direct agent American Line, 100 Dundas street.

BUSY BEES—WESLEY LAM—TUESDAY, June 11, by kind permission of trustees, the children of the Protestant Orphan's Home will, at 10 a.m., give a programme. Admission, 10 cents.

MISS BNA BURKE RECITES at the Wellington Street Church, Tuesday, 8 p.m.

MRS. STOCK SINGS at the CONCERT at Wellington Street Church, Tuesday, 8 p.m.

DANCING—SUMMER SEASON—PALACE Academy. Private lessons any hour. Special orchestra for picnics, garden or lawn socials, etc. Terms moderate. Bayton & McCormick.

ADMISSION FREE—WHERE?—To the lawn social and sale of work and refreshments on beautiful lawn kindly donated by Mr. C. Brown, 433 Oxford street, June 17, under management of Ladies' Aid Society, Colborne Street Methodist Church. Seventh Ward will furnish music.

SULPHUR SPRING BATHS—OPEN 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Plunge bath open. Dangle bath, 25c; five tickets, 11c. 11c & 12c.

GARDEN PARTIES, CONCERTS—PART of entire programme furnished. Elite Mandolin Orchestra. C. B. Chapman, secretary, 100 Dundas street.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Services conducted by the rector, Rev. Archibald Davis.

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ROSS' SOFT SHIRTS

FOR HOT WEATHER.

These Soft Front Shirts are made by the best makers and from the best materials. They are made to fit properly, and each shirt has one pair of Detached Collars.

Guaranteed fast colors. They are worth more, but our price is

\$1.00.

J. & D. ROSS,

196 Dundas Street.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GENERAL SERVANT; small family; good wages. Apply 220 Dundas street.

WANTED—GOOD GENERAL SERVANT; no cooking; 50c King street. 10c

GOOD COOK WANTED AT ONCE—Four in family; no laundry work; \$12 per month. Apply to Mrs. Furness, 632 Talbot street.

GENERAL SERVANT—NO WASHING—Apply at No. 10 Elmwood avenue. 10c

MAN WITH SINGLE TEAM TO DELIVER and collect; no canvassing; \$21 per week and expenses; \$150 cash deposit required; permanent. Manufacturer and accountant. Name present and former employers for references. Box 1, Advertiser office. 10c

WANTED—QUALIFIED, EXPERIENCED lady (35 to 40 years of age), to act as cashier, bookkeeper and correspondence for small local manufacturing concern; must be first-class penman, rapid and accurate. Name present and former employers for references. Box 1, Advertiser office. 10c

WANTED—EXPERIENCED OPERATORS and finishers on cloth caps. Gillespie, Ansell & Co., Toronto. 5c

WANTED AT ONCE—MACHINE operators and fitters. Apply to John Marshall & Co. 5c

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO GO errands. Apply to Miss McNaughton, Runlana, Carson, McKee Company. 5c

WANTED AT ONCE—EXPERIENCED DRESSMAKING; good wages. City Hotel. 5c

WANTED AT ONCE—GENERAL SERVANT; young girl; to do light housework. Mrs. Wm. D. Mills, 571 Adelaide avenue. 5c

WANTED FOR ICEING ROOM AND OTHER GIRLS WANTED. APPLY McCORMICK Manufacturing Company. 40c

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—BOYS, ABOUT 15 OR 16, FOR general work in factory. Hurd & Co., furniture factory, Quebec street, city. 10c

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—AN ENERGETIC and intelligent young man of good address as city traveler. Advertiser, Box 12, Advertiser. 10c

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 5c-10c

WANTED—GOOD, STRONG, HANDY man, to work in boiler and machine shop. Apply E. Leonard & Sons. 10c-15c

PORTER WANTED. CITY HOTEL. 10c

WANTED—MAN IN EVERY CITY where a circular has been sent. M. G. Galt, 100 Dundas street, London, Ontario. 10c

YOUNG MAN WANTED TO DRIVE broad wagon; one used to work preferred. Fawkes, 600 Dundas street. 5c

YOUNG MAN, HUSBAND, FOR OFFICE work; take charge collections; \$2 weekly salary; change promotion right paid; references; \$50 deposit required; give details. Colonial, Rochester. 5c

BOY WANTED, LAWSON & JONES, Clarence street. 5c

BOY WITH SOME EXPERIENCE AS butcher. Arscott & Bricklin, 749 Richmond street. 5c

BOY WANTED, GEORGE JACKSON, 8 Wellington street. 5c

BOY FOR OFFICE WORK. ADDRESS W.M.J. this office. 5c

WANTED—BOYS FOR FACTORY. D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 5c

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED OR green hand, to work at cheese-making. Apply George B. Brodie, Gladstone, Ont. 10c

BOYS WANTED, McCORMICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY. 5c

WANTED—BOYS FOR FACTORY; also one or two active men. McCORMICK Manufacturing Company. 5c

BUSINESS CARDS.

WATSON & CO. HOUSE MOVERS—Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 140 Hamilton road. Phone 1231.

COME AND SEE OUR NATURAL Pumpkins. They are perfect. Containings wanted. Miller's Hair Store, 223 Dundas street.

WILLIAM HODGSON, PAINTER, paperhanger. Estimates free. 401 Horton street. Orders promptly done.

PARCEL DELIVERY.

CITY PARCEL EXPRESS—Office removed to 154 Campbell street. Parcels called for and delivered to any part of city. Telephone 1234. C. H. Anderson.

LIVELY STABLES.

LILLEY'S LIVERY—NO. 63 DUNDAS street, East London, Ont. Telephone 664.

BROKERS.

FOR SALE—BRITISH COLUMBIA Coal Company's unsaleable treasury stock; \$1 share, 25 cents. John Wright, stock broker, London.

MEETINGS.

NOTICE—THE MEMBERS OF COURT Welcome, No. 12, O. P. will meet at their hall on Sunday, the 15th, at 2 p.m. to attend the funeral of our late Bro. Webster. Sister Courts are invited to attend. H. L. Loring, Chief Ranger.

RECRUITS WANTED for St. Andrew's Society. Boys 15 years of age. Suits estimated to cost \$10 each. Suits which St. Andrew's Society will furnish about one-third of the cost. Preference will be given to sons of members of St. Andrew's Society. Apply personally to J. Pringle, president, at the Bank of Toronto.

MEMBERS OF MYRTLE AND PROSPECT Lodges are requested to attend at the latter's rooms on Monday, June 16, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving Grand Chancellor Barnard. Music and refreshments. James Dean, D.G.C. b

ALL MEMBERS OF WOMAN'S MIS- SIONARY Society are cordially invited to be present at a meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Monday, 16th, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of a union conference of missionary workers. b

NOTICE—THE GENERAL ANNUAL meeting of the shareholders of the London and Southern Railway Company will be held at the Board of Trade rooms, Richmond street, in the city of London, on 4 o'clock p.m. J. W. Little, secretary and treasurer. London, May 28, 1902. 80c-t

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

TENTS TO RENT OR FOR SALE. APPLY evenings at 320 Thames street.

CHEAP WOOD—FROM NOW TO JULY will sell large lot of good sawmill wood, \$1.20 per cord. Good mixed wood, \$2.25 for half cord. Green & Co., William street. Phone 1334.

FOREST CITY POULTRY YARDS. 23 Briscoe street, London—Eggs from thoroughbred White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes, Barred Rocks, Game, Cuckoo, rose and single-comb Brown Leghorns. Golden Wyandotte cockerels for sale.

FIRE ENGINES—HAND, CHEMICAL, steam, ladder trucks, hose ladders, reels, repairs, fire department supplies and all equipment. CANADIAN FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, Limited, London, Canada. t

GAS AND GASOLINE STATIONARY and marine engines, all sizes; gasoline and kerosene engines, all sizes. The Gasoline Engine Co., Limited, Toronto, Junction. 60c-t

CHOICE CROCK BUTTER. 15c lb.; best rolls, 17c; choice creamery, 18c lb. New cheese, 12c lb. 2 lbs. 25c. Old cheddar, 10c lb. 1 lb. 15c. 1 lb. 10c. Market House. Phone 151. ywt

HAVE YOU TRIED MIRACLE WASH- ING COMPOUND? It has no equal. Write sample at G. Marshall & Co. ywt

71-3 UPRIGHT PIANO, WALNUT finish—Splendid instrument; only in London. Price, \$250 cash. 245 Dundas street. 8c-ywt

FOR SALE—DRILLING RIG, COM- PLETE, with derrick and tools. Apply to William Needham, 212-ywt

CHEAP SHINGLES. 2 1/2c. PINE and hemlock lumber, \$12 per thousand; 1/2c. Post, doors and sashes. 10c. 1/2c. Yard and yard. Fall Mill street, opposite C. P. R. freight sheds. City. t

FOR SALE—PONY, CART AND HAR- NESS, at a bargain. Apply to M. Curry, 1411 Dundas street. 5c-ywt

A JUNE BARGAIN—100 DIFFERENT foreign shirts, 10c each; 10c for 10c and 2c for postage. Toronto Junction Stamp and Coin House. 10c-ywt

WROUGHT IRON TROUGH, 12 FEET long and 4 feet wide, suitable for windmill tank for watering stock. The Iron Soap Company, 197-205 South Street. 10c-ywt

FOR SALE—SHELVING, COUNTER fixtures, glazed sash and stained glass. City Gas Company, 215 Dundas street. 5c-ywt

WHISLARD'S

THREE BUSY STORES,
228, 230, 232 Dundas Street, London.

A Store of Ideas and Uncommon Resources

This store is a money-saving store. Since the inauguration of this business, it has been our ceaseless effort to lower the cost of all grades of reliable merchandise. The people have appreciated these efforts, hence our great success. This season we are unquestionably giving the people the grandest money-saving chances in the history of this store.

Big Values in Summer Ribbons.

There is no mistaking the fact that this is a ribbon summer, and we have made preparation for it in the purchase of

12,000 Yards

of Fancy Ribbons, Double-Faced Satin Ribbons, Black and Colored Taffeta Ribbons, Corded Silk Ribbons, and wide white Pure Silk Ribbons.

See Our West Window.

FINE BLACK TAFFETA SILK RIBBONS, 3 and 2 1/2 inches wide, worth 25c and 35c, for 12 1/2c and 15c yard.

WIDE WHITE DOUBLE-FACED SATIN RIBBONS, regular 20c, selling at half-price, 10c yard.

4 1/2 INCHES WIDE BLACK DOUBLE-FACED SATIN RIBBONS, cheap at 25c, our price 15c yard.

Wide white BLACK SILK MOIRE RIBBONS, 20c and 25c yd. DOUBLE-FACED SATIN RIBBONS, in pink, blue, navy, maize, white, cream, and all the best shades, 1c and 2 1/2 inches wide, worth 10c and 12 1/2c, for 5c yard.

BEAUTIFUL FINE SILK CORDED RIBBON, in all the best and fine colors, 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 inches wide, worth 10c and 15c, our price 5c yard.

Quilt Department.

45 ONLY. BEAUTIFUL WHITE ENGLISH SATTEEN FINISH QUILTS, regular \$2.00, large size, 11-4, our price \$1.25. Come and see them.

45 Dozen Damask Towels.

RED BORDER, only 5c each.

Special Line of Black Cotton Hose

For ladies, CASHMERE FEET, sold everywhere for 25c, our price 15c pair.

Fine Black Moire Skirting.

38 inches wide, regular 87 1/2c, our price 25c yard.

Millinery Department

We are showing some special lines in Ladies' Trimmed Hats, worth from \$3.50 to \$5.00; we are clearing them at \$2.00 each.

COME TO THE MONEY-SAVING STORE.

THE HEPWORTH SERMON. The Foundation of Faith.

A great many honest minds have been disturbed and driven to the verge of doubt by their inability to form any conception of God.

He is the uncreated Creator, but the world convey no message whatever to our minds. If you look through the Lick telescope at Arcturus you see very little more than with the naked eye, and if the profoundest philosopher looks at the Almighty he sees very little more than the unlettered peasant. Still Arcturus is in the sky, whether you can peer into his secret or not, and God is in your life, though you may search through the thinking folk in vain. The very words omnipotent and omnipresent have an unthinkable significance, and when the man of science tells us that space is absolutely limitless, that it consists of horizons which are simply endless in number, we accept the fact, but have no more conception of it than the microbes which watch has has the thinking folk in vain. The very words omnipotent and omnipresent have an unthinkable significance, and when the man of science tells us that space is absolutely limitless, that it consists of horizons which are simply endless in number, we accept the fact, but have no more conception of it than the microbes which watch has has the thinking folk in vain.

What, then, you ask, is the basis of a religion which demands such self-control and self-sacrifice? If these problems will always remain insoluble, and if you can know so little of the Being who demands your soul's allegiance, why may not reason itself be a mistake? Many a heart has been engendered by these thoughts and many a mind befogged by them.

The church, I fear, has done us an injury by putting a creed in its place, and making that creed a standard of excellence. If the creed were offered to hungry minds as merely a theological hypothesis, to be accepted or rejected by the thinking folk in the religious community, valuable in so far as it is spiritually helpful and satisfactory to the individual, then we could see its importance. But you are told that it is the absolute truth on the subject, and that assent is the condition of receiving the Christian sympathy of your fellow pilgrims through the darkness, you are balked in your efforts to lead a holy life, and perhaps fall from the high level of your natural faith to the fateful lowlands of doubt as to whether the whole scheme of salvation is not mythical.

True religion is independent of any purely intellectual theory of the universe, and is founded on facts proven true by the universal experience of mankind. This statement is easily illustrated by childhood. The little one does not understand its mother, has no comprehension whatever of a mother's love or of the significance of a mother's discipline. If the baby were gifted with speech and could describe its relations to that mother it would make as many misstatements as we do in describing our relations to God. The mother's providence is wholly misunderstood; even her watchful care looks like interference with the child's rights, and the child might say, as Calvin did of the Almighty, that "of her own good pleasure" she puts at one moment and punishes at another. The knowledge that punishment and love are entirely consistent with each other, or that mother is still mother, even when the child's prayer is sternly denied, is beyond the reach of that narrow intellect, and will be for many a year to come. Mothers and children sometimes set at odds for this reason, and in like manner we get at odds with the Almighty.

But when we come to be men our minds are large enough to settle certain matters of principle. We have experience tells us truths which cannot be gained. The microbes in the watch has learned his lesson and knows that his own journey are dangerous, while others are safe, and from that moment he has a plan of life. He constructs a deacon for himself, and the "Thou shalt not" is the voice of imperious law, not forbidding him through caprice, but because an infraction of the law is followed by loss and remorse. Every man knows that there is a right and a wrong; has been taught life by every tears and failures; that love brings sunshine, and hatred the tempest; that filial relations with the Infinite result in serenity of soul, a resignation to harsh events which change them from a curse to a blessing by some necromancy whose secret he cannot fathom, while hostile relations end in loneliness and desperation; that integrity of character is worth all it costs to acquire and defend it. Add to all this the prophetic longing for another life, a longing that, like the spring on the mountain side, will have its way, and a curious conviction, which seems to be a component part of his nature, that in ways unexplained the dear ones in heaven can find a path to earth, drawn by a love which was sacred and strong before the funeral bells tolled, and is equally strong and sacred now, and you have an array of facts, corroborated by every human life in every clime and every age. That is the basis of the kind of religion which Christ taught. He gave us no explanation of mysterious problems, but simple truth instead—truth most needful and altogether practical. Build your faith on that foundation and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Earth will become the primary school for God's university, and God himself the teacher, whose love is no more loving than his discipline.—The late George H. Hepworth.

Why Catarrhosone Cures Catarrh
It goes to every affected part and kills the germs that keep up the diseased condition. Catarrhosone never irritates, but stimulates the mucous lining of the throat and lungs to a normal action, and keeps the nasal passages free from offensive discharges. Catarrhosone contains no dangerous drugs or opiates, and is delightfully pleasant and simple to use. Catarrhosone is an absolutely certain cure for any form of Catarrh, and sell for one dollar at druggists; small size, 50c. By mail from Folsen & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Ripon, Yorkshire, England, keeps up a custom a thousand years old. Every night a "wakenman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."
THE SUPERIORITY OF Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.
In hot haste Consul Tourgee at Bordeaux writes the state department, making denial of the allegation that goose livers have been replaced by beef and pork in the making of pate de foie gras.

FEARFUL SCENES IN PHILIPPINES

U. S. Major Wallers' Very
Emphatic Views.

FAVORS SEVEREST MEASURES

His Regiment Killed 400 or 500
Natives—Indorses Gen. Smith's
"Kill-and-Burn" Policy.

San Francisco, June 13.—Major L. W. T. Waller, United States marine corps, by far the most interesting personage to reach here on the transport Warren, which brought the battle-scarred remnant of the fighting Ninth Infantry into port, expressed emphatic views in the matter of the war in the Philippines.

"SEVEREST MEASURES" ADVOCATED.

"You can't stop the revolution in the Philippines unless you take the severest measures," said Major Waller, in an interview. "You would hate to see your wounded and dead mutilated. I cannot describe the fearful condition in which we found some of the bodies of men under my command, who were murdered by insurgents. I received both verbal and written orders from General Jacob Smith to kill all insurgents who were caught armed or who refused to surrender."

"It was the only thing that could be done, and I never questioned General Smith's orders with one exception. This exception I refuse to state."

KILLED 400 OR 500 NATIVES.
"A fair estimate of the number of natives killed by the men of my command would be four to five hundred. These were all killed in battle with the exception of eleven carrier insurgents who were tried by court martial and shot. There was only one woman shot and she was only slightly wounded. She happened to be in the breastworks of a fort my men were storming."

"A HOWLING WILDERNESS."

His dark eyes snapped and his nostrils twitched at the mention of the island that General Jacob H. Smith had ordered him to convert into a howling wilderness. "I left Samar a howling wilderness," they tried to make it that for us, but we made it a howling wilderness for them."

"Want any more of it?"
"Oh, I'm getting to be an old man now."

His face relaxed. "I'm in my fifties. Besides, they've surrendered, and it's all over. I've always all over when they surrender in the Philippines," and a sarcastic smile curved under his military moustache.

MURDEROUS FIGHT ABOUT A KETTLE

Chicago Cook Stabs His Fellow
Employee to Death.

Chicago, June 13.—Niles Brewster is dead and Ed. Kuhn, occupies a cell at the central police station, as the outcome of a fight in the kitchen of a well-known downtown restaurant.

Both men were employed as assistant cooks, and quarreled over the possession of a kettle, a war of words ending in Kuhn seizing a big butcher knife and plunging it into the side of his opponent, after he had been hurled against a steel range and had his head cut. Brewster died while being taken to the county hospital.

BY BRIBING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough, but the inflammation goes on, and the cure is a long one. Allen's Lung Balm, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat and lungs.
Business amounting to over a million dollars a day is the enormous volume standing to the credit of the United States Steel Corporation.

Summer heat without

POWLEY'S LIQUIFIED OZONE

MAY PROVE FATAL TO THE BABY.

Hot weather has become a species of trying-out time with babies. Imperfectly cleansed bottles, badly prepared and germ infected food, have well nigh made it impossible for the babe to pull through to cooler and more pleasant temperatures. Mothers will find Ozone a valuable ally to fight Cholera Infantum. Other germ caused disorders will be prevented because Ozone will destroy disease germs wherever they are located. A weak solution of Powley's Liquified Ozone and water will sterilize the feeding bottle; a drop or so in baby's food will make it pure. Mothers write us that they owe their little one's life to taking these simple precautions. Not so much to do when there's so much to be gained.

50c and \$1.00 a bottle at all druggists. The Ozone Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto and Chicago.

A SAD AND SUDDEN DEATH AT OTTAWA

Businessman Drank Disinfectants
in Mistake for Water.

[Special to Advertiser.]
Ottawa, Ont., June 14.—Wm. Pen-nock, of the insurance firm of Pen-nock & Mason, Elgin street, met a sudden and sad death early this morning. He rose about 4 o'clock in the morning to take a drink of water, and used a glass in which there were disinfectants. As soon as he discovered his mistake he gave the alarm and Dr. Freeland and Dr. O'Brien were soon on hand, but were unable to be of any avail. Deceased was 76 years of age, an old resident of the city, and had many relatives here.

GONE TO THE CORONATION.

[Special to Advertiser.]
Wm. Calvert, M.P., chief Liberal whip, left yesterday afternoon with Hon. Messrs. Fielding and Paterson for the coronation. Mr. Mulock joins them at Montreal. Several members of parliament and senators go along with the party on the Transatlantic.

KITCHENER'S RECORD AND HIS REWARD

The Hero of South Africa Has Earned
His Emoluments.

[Detroit News.]

It is no wonder that British soldiers fight well and bear hardships patiently. Their government rewards its successful generals royally. Horatio Herbert Kitchener graduated from the Royal Military Academy in 1871 with the same rank that a graduate of West Point begins his career. For eight years he was employed in civil service, and then he enlisted under Sir Evelyn Wood for service in the Egyptian army. In the capacity of quartermaster-general his career did not promise greatness. After the Gordon relief expedition was recalled he went to Zanzibar to assist in the delimitation and the establishing of the protectorate. Then he became a lieutenant-colonel. After two years more of hard service he attained the rank of colonel, and in 1892 he was made a brigadier and appointed sirdar or commander of the Egyptian troops whom he had formerly trained.

His expedition to Dongola and the recovery of the territory which the Mahdists had taken away from Egypt and devastated 12 years before was the most brilliant military achievements of modern times. It was not so much in the fighting, for in that respect he was no more than a soldier, that Kitchener's greatness lay, but in his splendid discipline. The chief glory was gained by taking an army across a burning desert without much loss or suffering, subsisting it on transported provisions, and bringing it back again in good health and spirits, after a killing march of more than 1,500 miles. For this he was made a baron, a K. C. B., and a major-general and given the grand order of Osmanliyah.

When the situation in Africa was at its darkest, Kitchener was sent to the front. Generals have come and gone, but Kitchener kept doggedly at it. No word of complaint has come from him. When he was whipped or out-manoeuvred he confessed it frankly. He had been criticised and abused because he could not work miracles, but his government does him honor for his most important achievement, the settlement of the Boer war. It is rumored that he is to be an earl and receive a fortune in addition to the title.

John Churchill and Arthur Wellesley won dukedoms. Many of the present titles were won on the battlefield, and no more than Kitchener deserves, considering the rewards of others. American heroes have to make the most of the glory they achieve, for there are no titles and very little money for them.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM.

Chatham, Ont., June 14.—Dr. Lorenzo Backus was found dead in bed yesterday morning by his wife, who called him as usual to do up his room. He had evidently been dead for ten or twelve hours. He had been ailing for some weeks, but was able to be about until a day or so ago.

COMMODORE NICHOLSON, OF U.S. NAVY

Recommends Pe-ru-na---Other Prominent Men
Testify.



Commodore Somerville Nicholson, of the United States Navy in a letter from 1,837 R. street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., says:

"Your Peruna has been and is now used by so many of my friends and acquaintances as a sure cure for catarrh that I am convinced of its curative qualities and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all persons suffering from that complaint."

S. NICHOLSON.

Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter, U. S. Minister from Guatemala, ex-member of Congress from Kentucky, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes: "I am fully satisfied that your Peruna is an efficacious remedy for catarrh, as I and many of my friends have been benefited by its use."

W. G. HUNTER, M.D.

Hon. G. R. Brown, Martinville, Va., ex-member of Congress Fifth District, 50th Congress, writes: "I cheerfully give my indorsement to your Peruna as a cure for catarrh. Its beneficial results have been so fully demonstrated that its use is essential to all persons suffering from that disease."

HON. G. R. BROWN.

Frank W. Colbath, 15 School street, Auburn, Maine, writes: "Having read so much about Peruna in the papers I decided to try it for catarrh in the head which I have had for twenty years or more. I have taken two bottles and am entirely cured."

FRANK W. COLBATH.

Mr. J. C. Hoffman, Rea, Mo., writes: "About a year ago I was suffering with catarrh and I wrote to Dr. Hartman, of my symptoms and he promptly gave me advice. I used Peruna faithfully and I feel better than I have for five years, and all praise is due Peruna. I have a good appetite and all the symptoms of catarrh are gone. I believe that I am cured and Peruna cured me. I think Peruna is all that is claimed for it."

J. C. HOFFMAN.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true today of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low stations, that no one hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The highest men in our nation have given Peruna a strong indorsement. Men representing all classes and stations are equally represented. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

JOTTINGS FROM NEAR-BY PLACES

KOMOKA.

Komoka, June 13.—There will be a League in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, June 22.

The social held at Mr. Waugh's on Wednesday evening, June 4, was a decided success. A large number of the members of the Young People's Society were present, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Birdie McKellar, of London, visited here recently.

A number from here attended the picnic at Poplar Hill.

Mr. Will McKellar visited at his home recently.

Mr. Charles Frank is on the sick list.

Mr. Bishop is having his house rebuilt.

Mrs. Mathewson visited in Delaware on Sunday.

Mrs. Inch has been visiting in Stratford.

Miss Maggie Stewart is spending her vacation at her home here.

Miss Maggie and Bynia Stewart are visiting friends in Detroit.

BYRON.

Byron, June 14.—Masters Roy and Percy Corbin, of London, are spending a few days in Byron.

Miss E. McNicol, who has been sick, is recovering.

Mr. W. Elson spent a few days in St. Thomas last week.

Mrs. Para of Guelph, niece of Mrs. McConnell, has returned home after visiting friends in Byron, Killworth and London.

VANNECK.

Vanneck, June 13.—The general statement issued by MacLeod's creamery shows the following business for May, 1902: Total pounds of milk received for month, 93,847; total pounds of cream, 15,209, containing 4,559 pounds of butter fat; total pounds of butter manufactured, 7,827; from 100 pounds of butter fat was made 120 pounds butter; average price per pound butter sold for 15 1/2 cents, which leaves for patrons, after deducting making price, 15 cents per pound for butter, or 18 cents per pound for butter. June's receipts of milk will exceed this by several thousand pounds.

STEAMER SEIZED.

Amherstburg, Ont., June 14.—When the steamer Charles Street passed down Thursday night with the barge Godfrey in tow, she was boarded by the sheriff's mid-steam, and the captain served with papers in a libel suit brought by the Collins Bay Lumber Company. In a collision between the steamer and the barge Muskoka in St. Clair River last summer, the barge was damaged to the amount of \$2,500.

Of prime importance in the suppression of contagion in all its forms is an efficient system of medical inspection in schools.

HAMMOCKS! LAWN HOSE

Palmer's Celebrated Fast Color Hammock. All Colors and Styles. \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Sprinklers, Nozzels, Hose Menders, Hose Bands, Lawn Rakes, Lawn Rollers, Garden Shears, Grass Edgers, at

REID'S HARDWARE, 118 Dundas Street, (North Side)

For the portion of the old Upper Canada College grounds that has been sold, the title has been received by Toronto University.

Bessie Bonehill, the actress, is dying from cancer at a hotel in London, according to advices received by members of her family.

The Clergue steel rail works at Sault Ste. Marie have plenty of orders, and will increase the capacity to 600 tons a day on Monday.

A girl named Murdoch, from Eardley township, Quebec, came to Ottawa on Monday suffering with smallpox. She was sent to Porter's Island.

John W. Smith, of Fordland, Mo., who was killed in a fall, was one of the men who helped to capture John Brown at Harper's Ferry in October, 1859.

Rev. Mr. Beamish, of Brockville, has consented to accept the rectorship of St. Thomas Church, Belleville, in succession to Rev. Canon Burke, resigned.

The annual meeting of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company took place in Montreal, when the lease of the Coal Company's plant to the Steel Company was ratified.

Mexican rurales slaughtered fourteen more Yaquis near Lacanania Tuesday. The latter were miners in the employ of the Green Consolidated Mining Co., and were in camp two miles outside the mining town, where they were lined up and shot.

Plans have been perfected for memorial services in honor of the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, Sunday afternoon, June 22, under the auspices of Typographical Union, No. 6, of which Mr. Cummings was a member for 40 years.

A Sick Stomach is always relieved, and its unpleasant consequences averted, by taking thirty drops of Polson's Scalding in a little sweetened water. It instantly relieves the nausea, and by its soothing and relaxing powers calms the stomach, and enables it to complete the process of digestion. Nervilene has been proved more than a million times the best remedy for stomach and bowel troubles. Nervilene will cure you. 25c.

Are exchanged for returned wrappers every working day except Saturday afternoons during the summer months.

Drink Grano Cereal Coffee

THE LONDON SOAP CO

SWEET HOME SOAP PREMIUMS

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited).

LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Saturday June 14.

A Significant Move.

The economic revolution in Great Britain fifty years ago received its main impulse from Manchester, as the center of the cotton industry. Another movement, which may have far-reaching results, was set on foot in that city this week, when the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire formed an association with the object of extending the cultivation of cotton in British colonies and protectorates. The statement is made that Lancashire does not relish being dependent upon the United States for its supply.

It was the cotton manufacturers, Cobden at the head, who were the leaders in the free trade movement. Their great argument half a century ago was to this effect: "Great Britain will always be dependent on other countries for her food and raw material, and therefore she must be a manufacturing nation if she is to retain her material greatness. A duty on raw material is a direct burden on industry, and a duty on food increases the cost of living. These fetters should be removed so as to make Great Britain the workshop of the world, able to pay other countries for her food and supplies by sending them British manufactures." This theory had a special application to the cotton industry, as nearly every ounce of raw cotton at that time had to be imported from the United States to supply the cotton manufacturers of Great Britain, which led the world. During the American civil war this dependence was pitifully illustrated, as the supply from the Southern States being cut off, the British cotton industry came to a standstill and thousands of operatives were reduced to misery. The hope of the Manchester school that a free exchange of services would be established between Great Britain and foreign countries, the latter taking British manufactures in payment for raw material, has been to a great extent disappointed. Great Britain still buys its raw material, duty free, from the United States, but the latter seeks to shut out, by a high tariff, British manufactures which constitute the natural payment for American supplies.

There is one theory of the free traders, however, which has been verified, and of which the latest move of the Lancashire cotton interests gives proof, namely, that commerce is an exchange of goods for goods, not of goods for cash, that it moves along the line of least resistance, and that a nation cannot forever sell if it does not buy. The United States, as a result of this Lancashire project, may discover the truth of this in the near future. The British textile manufacturers are tired of buying from a nation which prefers to buy nothing in return. It is well known that the cotton production of Egypt is rapidly growing. Great Britain is taking an increasing proportion of the Egyptian product, and if the Lancashire manufacturers turn their attention to that field for their supplies, the Southern States will find in Egypt a serious rival.

It's Uncle Sam's Move.

A resolution in favor of closer relations with Canada was defeated recently in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature. The Boston Herald explains that the friends of Canadian reciprocity, representing several great commercial organizations, carried their point in committee, but an active lobby, carried on by the Home Market Club, defeated the measure in the house, the pretext being that it would be disrespectful to the American members of the Joint High Commission. The Herald says this is a ridiculous instance of false pleading, as the Anglo-American commission has adjourned never to reconvene. Hitherto such propositions as have materialized into definite official action have come from the Canadian Government, and some time ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier made the official statement that, as all the initiative on these lines had been the work of Canada, and as no forward progress had been made, he did not propose to again make the first step in this direction. Commenting on this statement, the Herald says:

"This was nothing more than was to be expected. We cannot continue to shut the door of friendly negotiation in the face of people of our own blood without in time provoking from them action of retaliation similar to that which we should resort to if our national wishes were somewhat contemptuously considered by foreigners. It takes two to make a trade as well as to make a quarrel."

The Herald hits the nail on the head. The Canadian Government has done all it can do and all it proposes to do toward improving trade arrangements with the United States. The next move must come from our neighbors, and unless all signs fall they will make it before long. The rush of Americans to the Canadian Northwest opened their eyes, and Congress soon began to be knocking at our door, trying to drive a bargain. Canada can well afford to wait for that day.

Canada's Great Record.

The Canadian trade returns continue to reflect the prosperity of the country, and the marvelous commercial activity. The exports and imports for the eleven months of the present fiscal year show an increase of \$25,000,000 over the corresponding period last year. The aggregate to date is \$386,942,595, so that if the rate of increase is maintained during the present month, Canada's foreign trade will reach the magnificent total of \$400,000,000 for the year. The growth of Canadian commerce since 1896 has been unparalleled, and there is no other country that can show an increase proportionately as great. The figures are almost beyond belief:

1896	\$239,025,260
1897	257,168,862
1898	304,475,736
1899	321,661,213
1900	351,817,236
1901	386,902,157
1902 (estimated)	400,000,000

There is every assurance that this expansion has only begun. The influx into the Northwest means an immense increase of production even during the present summer, and the volume of exports from the west alone will continually grow.

Improving the Streets.

In Winnipeg they have park commissioners who attend to the cutting of the grass on the boulevards. London's streets are very attractive at the present time and the trees beautiful, but it cannot be said the grass is kept in order on all the boulevards, some of the schools being among the worst sinners in that respect.

A great deal can yet be done to improve London in the matter of parks and play grounds, and Winnipeg, much younger than London, can teach us. They are securing small parks at different points in the city, and wisely so, as Winnipeg is destined to be one of the great cities of the world.

Both these suggestions from Winnipeg might be taken up in London with much advantage. There are several good available points in London for parks and playgrounds, and they should be secured without delay. Something has already been accomplished, but not sufficient.

The new French Government pledges itself to economy. That is the one revolution France can stand.

It is expected the Pacific cable, joining Canada and Australia, will be completed this year. This is one kind of wire-pulling we all favor.

The Opposition talks a great deal about majority rule, but it is quite willing to see East Middlesex represented by a minority candidate.

The Stratford Herald scolds the Methodist conference for not repudiating the referendum. What! Are the conferences part of the Grit machine, too?

The Toronto World has gone stark mad over Whitney's defeat, and says that elections cannot be held hereafter without shotguns. What's the matter with the knife? The Mail says that's the World's favorite weapon.

King Edward's reference to the Boers yesterday was a generous tribute to defeated valor, and the utterance of a statesman as well. It is the spirit which should and doubtless will animate the British in their future conduct in South Africa.

Another British expedition is after the Mad Mullah. The Mad Mullah goes regularly on a rampage once a year. He is one of the annual events of the British Empire, like the Derby, or the Oxford-Cambridge boat race. Why don't they catch the India-rubber idiot and put him in a straight-jacket once for all?

Not one passenger was killed in train accidents in Great Britain last year. Eleven trainmen were killed and 737 persons injured in that period, while in the last three months of 1901 on American railroads 274 people were killed and 1,383 injured. Commenting on these figures the New York World says: "We surpass the Britons in every form of railway equipment—and simply overwhelm them in the work of smashing, killing and maiming on the rail."

There is no warrant for the charge that ballots in North Grey were tampered with by election officials. Four ballots plainly marked for Boyd contained crosses in McKay's compartment so faintly pencilled that the judge failed to discern them in the recount. The ballots had been previously counted for Boyd by the deputy returning officer, who must have also overlooked the irregular crosses. Perhaps Mr. Boyd and his agents will explain why they predicted before the recount that that spoiled ballots would be found in that particular subdivision. That may throw some light on the matter. At any rate Mr. McKay has a majority independent of these.

No Match for Denison.

[Toronto Star.]

We notice Colonel Denison trimming John Morley for a finish. Gladstone, the only man really worthy of the colonel's steel, is, unfortunately, dead.

Encouraging.

"My heart," he said, "is in this work." "Good," he replied. "Now, if somebody would put some brains in it we might look for results."

Joseph the Great.

[Toronto Telegram.]

Foreign hatred cannot crush a man who is upheld by the faith of his own people.

Joseph Chamberlain has been de-

nounced in every foreign country for fulfilling the duties which every foreign country requires from its own statesmen.

Through all the trials of this long war Joseph Chamberlain has borne himself bravely. Peace on the terms for which he struggled adds to the true glory of the great politician, who is trusted and admired throughout the length and breadth of the empire which he had done so much to unite.

Lost Ambition.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Farmer Whiffle—Is yer hoss used tew automobiles?
Farmer Gardner—Yep; when a automobile tries to pass him on the road now he lets it.

Gave All He Had.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It was Johnny's first trip on the lake and the day was windy.
"There!" he exclaimed, straightening up and shaking his fist at the waves after he had been leaning over the rails for ten or fifteen minutes. "I hope you're satisfied now!"

'Twas Always So.

[Toronto Star.]

Kitchener gets \$250,000, but a lot of men would have offered to have done the job for half the money.

Now the Lawn Mower.

There's music in the air these days. All nature seems transported. The birds now pipe their tuneful lays. As we last week reported, the organ grinder in our street (A music crank is he)
Sets dancing all the children's feet With wondrous melody.

Above his wagonload of fruit Some village Campanari, Far more inglorious than mute, Yodels in jargon jary.
The schoolboy rosters shout their songs, And brass bands bravely blare.
We hear the scissor sharpener's gong— There's music everywhere.

My ear's not musical, I guess, I lack appreciation; These sounds are sweet, but I confess That in my estimation No other music can surpass The sound, at dusk or dawn, When "Johnny" runs the cutter-grass Across the blooming lawn.

No virtuoso would I be, I'm quite content to listen, And drop of perspiration On "Johnny's" forehead glisten. I would not undertake to jam The mower "long the fence, I'd rather stay right where I am, And be the audience.

Modest Little Tad.

[Punch.]

Butcher—Well, my little dear, an' what do you want?

Little Dear—Taint wot he wants. He wants a dimmed dog collar, an' a broom, an' a perminit parse to the music 'll, an' a seat at the conkashut. But it aint wot he wants, it's wot mudder wants, an' she wants 'arf a pound off

the scraggy end at a neck o' mutton, on the nod till Monday!

Whirling Cloud on the Title.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I think you were telling of a tornado that struck your Kansas farm. Did it do much damage?"
"Well, it lifted everything off the place except the mortgage, mister."

An Exceptional Accomplishment.

[Washington Star.]

She didn't know much Latin; She had never studied Greek; Yet she met with admiration Which she didn't have to seek.
For in getting off a street car She created no delay; She didn't travel backward, But stepped out the proper way.

Woman's Reason.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

He—Shall I invite her to the whist party?
She—By all means. She is a brilliant conversationalist.

Women in Church Courts.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

At most of our churches the gentler sex prevails on Sundays. Will it be the same in the church courts if Methodism calls the women up higher?—Toronto Globe.

Undoubtedly. And not only that; but give the active women a chance and they will very soon organize churches of their own, untrammelled by the presence of mere men. But, notwithstanding that, it seems to be unjust to exclude women from the courts of the churches of which their sex is the main support.

Pity the Rich.

[S. E. Kiser.]

Oh, pity the man who is rich! His lot is a hard one indeed. If he doesn't throw dollars around men call him a monster of greed; If he doesn't give to the poor, he is called a miser. He is called a miser, and he is called a miser, and he is called a miser.

Oh, pity the man who is rich! If he has a heart of gold, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of stone, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of iron, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of lead, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of brass, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of tin, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of copper, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of silver, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of gold, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of stone, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of iron, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of lead, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of brass, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of tin, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of copper, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of silver, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of gold, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of stone, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of iron, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of lead, he is called a miser; If he has a heart of brass, he is called a miser; 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Made exclusively to our order. Three pieces and extra tip. Made of Calcutta Bamboo. Full nickel-plated mounting, solid metal reel plate, silk-wound upright spiral guides, and silk-wound upright spiral guides, cork grip, finely varnished, below hand. Put up in grooved wood form and cloth bag. This rod is made 1 1/2 feet long, 1/2 inch diameter. Sent by express on receipt of price.

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Calls promptly attended to day or night. Residence on the premises.

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The Locking Undertaker,

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From circular issued recently by UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

"The amount of money expended annually on the musical education of the young is enormous, and though much good has been accomplished, much of the effort has in the past been misdirected. The university will endeavor, by means of its local examinations, to remedy defects in the training of pupils, to guarantee to parents more satisfactory results for the expense incurred," etc.

Young ladies wishing to prepare for the University Examinations in Music will find very best facilities at ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT. Catalogue free.

Men's Summer Underwear

See our Fine Double-Thread Balbriggan, for, Suit..... 75c

See our Fine French Balbriggan, long or short sleeves, for, suit..... \$1.00

See our Fine Summer Natural Wool, long or short sleeves, for, suit \$1.25 and..... \$1.50

All Sizes in the Above Lines—32 inches to 50 inches.

GRAHAM BROS.,

Bass Fishing

Commences June 16.

How is your outfit? It will pay you to buy your tackle here. Jointed Bamboo Rods, 15c up. Split Bamboo Rods, \$1.25 up. Best Curly Gut Hooks, 5c dozen. Double Curly Gut Hooks, 8c dozen. Gimp Hooks, 20c to 50c dozen. Gut Leaders, 5c, 10c and 15c each. Bass Trolling Baits, 15c up. Bass Piles, 30c dozen up. Minnow Piles, 75c up. Willow Fish Baskets, \$1. Good Braided Lines, 10c, 20c and 30c. Finest Silk Lines, 50c to \$1.50. Strong Brass Reels, 15c up. Minnow Nets, complete, 25c.

GURD'S

185 Dundas St.

Tailoring That Wins.

Style in tailoring is what "wins" favor with some men; quality and fine workmanship with others. Try us.

Southcott's, 361 Richmond Street.

LAUGH

And the world laughs with you. If Your Teeth are Pretty, Everyone may have white, pearly teeth if they will use "DENTOL TOOTH POWDER" regularly each day.

It gives a delightfully refreshing sensation to the mouth, strengthens and seals the gums and imparting an agreeable fragrance to the breath.

Remember the name, "DENTOL," 25 cents a bottle (with sprinkler top).

THE LONDON PHARMACY,
Formerly K. J. Harvey's Pharmacy,
208 Dundas Street, - London, Ont.

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Merchant Tailor,

213 Dundas St. Phone 596.

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STOCK COMPLETE.

MANTEL CLOCKS

We have a very complete assortment of Mantel Clocks in Onyx, Marble, Fine Bronze and Enamelled Wood.

Most reliable timekeepers.

When you wish to select a nice gift remember our store.

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Jersey Cream Bread

is the only Bread for Sandwiches for Picnic and Holiday Lunches. Use our Sandwich Bread, and your Sandwiches will take the cake.

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London Advertiser.

UNION LABEL

A LOCAL BUDGET.

—The final inspection of horses for service in South Africa will take place at Queen's Park next Tuesday.

—The Busy Bees of the First Methodist Church will give one of their entertaining socials at Wesley Hall on Tuesday evening next.

—Mr. Charles Percy, of South London, organist and choirmaster of the Centennial Methodist Church, has been appointed to a similar position in Christ Church.

—Grand Chancellor Barnsdale, of Stratford, will pay a visit to Prospect Lodge, Knights of Pythias, here on Tuesday evening, when a supper and concert will be held.

—A committee of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Port Huron will visit London on the 19th inst. to look over the city as a place for holding their annual outing.

—Mr. W. J. Webber, a well-known traveler, of Woodstock, who has been seriously ill for some days past at the International Hotel, Windsor, is improving, and is expected to be home again shortly.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Marshall, of Bathurst street, left yesterday for England, where they will spend a few months. They will be accompanied by Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Warden, of Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall intend visiting Scotland and Ireland before returning.

—Mr. John Little, a fourth year student of the medical department of the Western University, has gone to Rat Portage to take the position just vacated by Dr. Rogers, at the Mikado mines. Mr. Little was recently appointed to the staff of the insane

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WARD, THE JEWELER, 374 Richmond Street.

\$1.00 Any amount received on deposit and interest paid thereon half-yearly.

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\$50,000.00

\$100,000.00

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asylum, which he resigned to accept the position at the mines.

—Mr. Sinclair Hamby left this afternoon to spend a few days at his home in Belmont.

—Rev. Thomas Wilson will begin a new course of Sabbath evening sermons in King Street Church tomorrow evening.

—Mrs. Minnie Abbott and Mrs. R. C. Moore, of Chicago, returned home today after a short visit among their relatives and numerous friends in this city.

—Miss Eva Cunningham, of this city, returned from Toronto today, after having had conferred upon her the degree of B. A. by the University of Toronto.

—Mr. W. R. Miller, district manager of the North American Life, has removed his family from Toronto to London, and has taken up his residence at 385 Princess avenue.

—Rev. Dr. McCrae went to Melrose yesterday afternoon to attend the eleventh annual convention of the Lobo Township Sunday School Association. Dr. McCrae was the principal speaker at a great gathering last evening.

—It was impossible for Prof. Doherty to give the proposed public demonstration of his method of destroying wild mustard by spraying with chemical solution. On Thursday, however, he sprayed four acres for F. E. Lawson, Niles town, and in four hours, it was quite apparent that the mustard was doomed. Mr. Lawson, at the request of Prof. Doherty, is spraying twelve acres, and farmers interested in the eradication of this weed should visit Mr. Lawson's field and see the results. Many farmers are profiting by this discovery, and are rapidly cleaning their farms.

—The annual meeting of the Summer-holm department of the Y.W.C.A. was held yesterday afternoon at the rooms, 10 Dundas street. Miss Fridis was re-elected president, and Miss Marion Waugh, secretary-treasurer. The reports of the past year gave evidence that Summer-holm was still a popular resort for young ladies, 75 or 80 having spent their summer holidays there. The building, which is situated at New Orchard Beach, Port Stanley, will open on June 24 this year—a week earlier than usual.

AN OMISSION.

The name of Mr. W. E. Hendrie, of this city, was omitted from the honor list of successful third year students at the recent Toronto University examinations.

FAIR—MOFFAT

The marriage of Miss Maude Moffat, of South London, to Mr. H. E. Fair, of Whitechurch, took place on Wednesday last at the residence of her parents. Before coming to London, Miss Moffat was one of Varna's popular young ladies.

SECURED HONORS.

Mr. R. W. Woodroffe, assistant to Rev. C. C. Owen, at the Memorial Church, won honors in fourth year political science, and Mr. E. A. McIntyre, formerly of that church, won honors in second year philosophy in the recent examinations at Wyndcliffe College.

MEER—WHYTE.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 11, at 3 o'clock, Knox Church, Winnipeg, was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings of the season, when Miss Edith Whyte, daughter of Mr. Wm. Whyte, formerly of this city, assistant to the president of the C. P. R., was united in marriage to Mr. C. Samuel Meek, of Toronto.

NETTLESHIP—NEVILLE.

Mr. Arthur Nettleship, of this city, and Miss E. Neville, of New Glasgow, Que., were married on Tuesday at the parsonage of St. Bartholomew's Church, Montreal. Rev. W. Hubeley officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Nettleship are spending their honeymoon at Toronto, Niagara Falls and Thousand Islands.

COURT OF REVISION.

A meeting of the court of revision was held yesterday afternoon, and the measurements of frontages for 100 cement walks to be laid this summer were confirmed. Five assessments were held over for correction. Mr. John Forrester presided in the absence of the chairman, Mr. A. T. McMahon. Sheriff Cameron, Assessment Commissioner Grant and City Clerk Kingston were also present.

FOX—CAVANAGH.

A very pretty and fashionable wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cavanagh, of the town of Thorndon, on June 11, at 6 p.m., when their second daughter, Lila E., was united in marriage to Mr. T. J. Fox, merchant, of Attwood, Ont. The bride, who was unattended, looked most charming. She was attired in white Swiss muslin, trimmed with lace insertion and satin ribbon, and wore a beautiful wreath of roses. She was given

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away by her brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Pring, of Thorndon, performed the ceremony. A wedding luncheon was served subsequently. The presents were numerous and very handsome. They will visit London and other points before returning to their home in Attwood.

WILL MEET HERE.

The Union Prohibitionist Association (the rival of the Dominion Alliance) has decided to hold a provincial convention to determine the attitude to be assumed toward the referendum. It will be held at London on June 30 and July 1.

HARDWAREMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of several retail hardware merchants of the city, held in the board of trade rooms, it was decided to form a Western Ontario Retail Hardwaremen's Association. The constitution of the society and the bylaws were submitted at the meeting. It was decided to have all retail hardware merchants in Western Ontario called upon, and to get them to join the association. Another meeting will be held shortly.

VISITED KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The provincial prior of the London district Knights Templar visited Richard Coeur de Lion Preceptory, No. 4, last night, and after witnessing the routine work, and the conferring of the Malta degree upon three Knights of the Temple, spent an exceedingly pleasant social time with the members of the preceptory, who were most cordially complimented upon the excellence of their work.

THE SEASON OPENED.

The Cleveland Leader says: It is expected that the steamer Urania, which runs between this port and Port Stanley and Rondeau during the summer, will begin her regular season on Monday. Plans have been made to that effect, and the Urania is expected over here on Sunday. The regular season will be the same as that of last season.

SUTTON-MCCOLL.

The marriage of Miss Barbara McColl, daughter of Mr. John McColl, of Lobo, and Mr. Wm. Sutton, of St. Thomas, was solemnized at the home of the bride on Wednesday. A few near relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. H. P. Sharpe. The bride was becomingly attired in white organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and carried white roses. After the ceremony, the happy couple left for St. Thomas.

PLEASED WITH LOCAL OFFICE.

J. A. Boswell, superintendent of the Dominion Express Company, who is on a tour of inspection, was in the city yesterday on a visit to the local office. He expressed himself as highly satisfied with the amount of business being done, the handsome and convenient arrangement of the office, the efficiency of the staff and generally with the able manner in which the local branch is being conducted under the direction of Mr. H. P. Sharpe, the popular agent.

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

The programme provided for next week's entertainment at the Springbank Auditorium is a promising one. The top-liner is the Levine Trio, whose musical and art turn has long been a welcome feature in high-class vaudeville houses. The other numbers embrace Cochrane's troupe of trained dogs, Forbes, slack-wire artist; Mabel Moray, soprano, and the biographist, with change of pictures. The performance starts each evening at 8:30. The attendance is constantly increasing.

ENTRANCE EXAMS.

The High School entrance examinations for London will be held on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, June 25, 27 and 28. It was originally intended to have them on June 25, 26 and 27, but as June 26 (Thursday) is Coronation Day and a public holiday throughout the country, a change had to be made. A circular was sent out by the

GONE FIVE YEARS

When Coffee Left the Troubles Disappeared.

It is hard to make people understand that coffee really will do business for them if they stick to it long enough. It is almost a certainty that some little symptom of disease, stomach trouble, or kidney or heart trouble, caused by coffee drinking will ultimately develop into some fixed organic disease unless the cause of the disturbance is removed. An illustration may not be amiss.

A lady in Kearney, Neb., says, "I used coffee a great many years. Gradually my health broke down. I had dyspepsia and was extremely nervous. I passed many sleepless nights, but, like many others, did not know what was the cause of my invalidism. Finally the trouble centered into a fatty tumor just over the stomach and in the region of the heart, causing acute pain in the stomach and a spasmodic action of the heart. A surgical operation was deemed necessary, but after all the preparations were made a good, old, honest doctor suggested that I take treatment a little longer and leave off coffee and take Postum and some Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

I began on Postum and had it made properly by long boiling and found it delicious and drank two cups the first morning. After two weeks I discovered a marked change for the better, and knew my supposed tumor had disappeared, my headaches were gone and digestion wholly restored. My heart no longer gave me trouble a few times. That was five years ago. I have been a steady user of Postum ever since and am a new creature today. Am in strong and vigorous health, and know exactly how to account for it. The ignorance of people on the subject of coffee is a constant wonder to me, although, at one time, of course, I was just as much in the dark as any one could be, going along year after year putting into my body the poison that was killing me and never knowing it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

BET HE COULD OPEN LOCK

Berlin Man Victim to an Old Sharper's Trick.

Dr. Deyolheasala, Indian Showman, Was Also Bitten.

High Constable Kilpert, of Berlin, passed through the city yesterday. He had in his custody one John (alias "Kid") McLeod, whom he was taking from Chatham to Berlin. The charge against McLeod is that of stealing \$56 from one David Robinson, the means employed being the old familiar one of getting the victim to bet on his ability to open a trick lock. It is said that Dr. Deyolheasala, the Indian showman, whose circus came to grief a day or two after exhibiting in this city, also had an experience with McLeod. The doctor had McLeod arrested in Buffalo, but could not procure his extradition.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE BARKER.

The death of Mrs. Barker, widow of the late Geo. Barker, of Lobo, occurred last night at the residence of her son, Mrs. Charles Barker, 643 William street. Mrs. Barker had been in poor health for a considerable time. She was born in Yorkshire, England, and came to this country with her husband in 1861, settling first in London township. Later they took up land in Lobo township, and it was there that Mr. Barker died several years ago. Since then Mrs. Barker has been living in this city with her son, Arthur Barker, of Wilketport, Ont., the only other son. The funeral, which will be private, will take place on Sunday afternoon at Mount Pleasant.

NEW C. P. R. TIMETABLE.

The new timetable which goes into effect tomorrow will affect the local service in but one particular. No. 3 express for the west will arrive at 11:25 p.m. instead of 12:20 p.m. It leaves Toronto at 7:50 p.m. instead of 7:30 p.m. An improved service will go into effect on the Guelph branch. In addition to the present service, an additional train will leave the junction at 7:50 p.m., arriving at Guelph at 8:20 p.m., affording close connection from Detroit, Chatham, London and Galt. There will also be an additional train leave Guelph at 8:40 p.m., connecting at Guelph Junction with through train from the west for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal and points east.

POWELL VS. GARVEY.

Judge Chisholm heard the case of Powell vs. Garvey at Berlin on Wednesday. This was an interpleader issue to decide the question of ownership of certain goods seized by the sheriff in Galt, under an execution issued by John Garvey, London, against Margaret J. Powell, who kept a grocery store in Galt. The plaintiff in Galt, was Miss E. C. Fowler, who based her claim upon the goods under a chattel mortgage given by her sister, the execution debtor, to secure certain moneys lent by her. The defendant claimed the chattel mortgage was void against his execution, on the ground that the execution debtor was insolvent, and that the mortgage was an unjust preference and contrary to statute. His honor gave his decision in favor of the defendant, the plaintiff in his opinion failing to prove his affirmation.

CAR WENT UNUSUALLY FAST

Inquest on Walter Campbell's Death Continued.

Employees and a Passenger Give Their Evidence.

The coroner's inquest on the death of Walter Campbell, killed on May 24 by falling under a Springbank car, was resumed for a couple of hours last night, Coroner McLaren presiding. The evidence of three witnesses was taken and the inquest was then adjourned for a week.

The first witness called was Conductor Charles Martin, who was in charge of the motor car at the time of the accident. His first intimation that anything was wrong was a scream from young Campbell. The witness did not interpret the "stop" sign at Dundas and Talbot streets to mean that the car should come to a stop. The motorman merely slowed up so as to have the car under complete control. On the occasion of the accident, witness did not signal the motorman to go ahead, as the latter started to increase his speed without a signal. The witness did not think this an infraction of the rules, as the car had not stopped.

Supt. John Break was the next witness. It was, he said, his duty to enforce the carrying out of the company's rules. The employees were to carry out the rules "to the best of their judgment." If the car stops the conductor must give the motorman two rings to a stop, but on his own responsibility. The last witness called was Miss Lillian Berry, who was a passenger on the trailer at the time of the accident. She saw the boy getting out of the rear step of the motor. He took hold of the rod with both hands, and got one foot on the step for a few seconds, then seemed to lose his balance and fall. The car was going unusually fast.

The inquest was adjourned to meet at 8 p.m. on Friday, June 30.

DOUBLE-TRACKING

THE GRAND TRUNK

Expeditions Work Being Done—Mr. Clergue and the Canada Atlantic.

F. H. Clergue has returned to the Soo from Ottawa, after a protracted meeting of the directors of the Consolidated Company. It is said that negotiations were in progress for the purchase by the syndicate of the Canada Atlantic. Dr. Webb was in the Soo a few days ago, and had a conference with Clergue. Webb's option on the Canada Atlantic expired June 1. The purchase of the road is part of a plan to combine the Canada Atlantic, Canada Northern and North Shore and Algoma central, and complete a great trans-continental system to compete with the C. P. R.

Some rapid work is reported on the new spur line from Berlin, Ont. In fifteen days one mile of track from that town to the new best sugar factory was graded and the track laid, the work necessitating the removal of 16,000 yards of earth and the building of an overpass bridge. On the evening of the fifteenth day ten carloads of machinery were placed at the factory ready for unloading. The grading of the extension for a mile further will be completed tonight (Saturday). The stonework of the bridge in the Jordan Niagara Falls has been completed, and the iron structure is being placed in position. The work of double-tracking the line is proceeding rapidly. Dr. Horsey is having a two-mile spur line built from the Grand Trunk Railway at Shallow Lake to his mari beds.

BET HE COULD OPEN LOCK

Berlin Man Victim to an Old Sharper's Trick.

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THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

STRIKES BENEFIT THE OPERATORS

Coal Is Boosted Beyond the Raise in Wages.

MEN ARE GIVEN 10 PER CENT

While the Barons Soak the Consumer to the Extent of 31 Per Cent.

New York, June 13.—The Journal says: Records and figures, taken from official reports, show that previous increases in wages to the coal miners have been far more profitable to the operators than to the workmen; that a strike is in reality a source of great profit to the owners of mines, though the coal-consuming public suffers and pays the cost.

It has been found that the clauses in the federal laws, notably the interstate commerce act, give authority and point the way by which the president can intervene to settle the strike. A Pennsylvania statute has been unearthed also which provides a method of compulsory arbitration. Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright is fully informed on both these laws.

A special from Wilkesbarre, Pa., to the Journal says: After the late strike the miners received an aggregate increase in wages of about \$4,000,000, while the operators received profits in excess of what they would otherwise have received amounting to more than \$10,000,000.

Afforded an excellent excuse by the strike of 1900 the operators raised their prices 50 cents a ton. In 1901 they mined 10,000,000 tons more than during the previous year, or an increase in tonnage of 17½ per cent. The increase in profits amounted to 31 per cent.

This clearly demonstrates that while the operators have complained bitterly of the hardships they have endured through labor agitations in this region, they really benefit to an extent never anticipated by them. The strike not only cost them nothing, but really resulted in an increased profit of \$6,000,000.

The 10 per cent increase grudgingly given to the men as the result of the last strike has been paid back to the operators by the coal-consuming public a thousandfold.

The Journal prints an interview with Carroll D. Wright, who is quoted as saying: "I could get \$50,000 or any amount I might ask in Wall street for the information I have gathered. Everything I have learned first goes to the president."

Commissioner Wright impressed all who saw and talked with him that he has no hope of an amicable settlement of the strike, but that he has something up his sleeve which will astonish many people when it is made public.

Everything seemed to indicate that Wright had mapped out in his own mind a plan of settlement which, though only surmised by the coal men, had caused them much uneasiness.

MYSTERIOUS POISONING!

Young Man Nearly Knocked Out by Chocolates.

They Were Passed Around by a Talkative Man at a Theater.

London, June 14.—The police are investigating a peculiar poisoning case. While a young couple were seated in the stalls of a variety theater, a fussy, talkative, elderly person alongside of the young man produced a box of chocolates, and the young man, good naturedly accepted and ate some of them. The young woman with him declined.

Shortly afterward the elderly man left the theater. The young man became drowsy and then unconscious. A physician was summoned and found that the youth was suffering from the effects of a poison. The victim remained unconscious for two days.

MARCONI'S LATEST. In the course of a lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, William Marconi announced that he had invented a highly sensitive magnetic detector of electric waves, by which it was possible to read about 30 words per minute in wireless telegraphy.

CRATER OF KILAUEA IS ACTIVE. The volcano Kilauea, on Hawaii, is active again, according to a report just received by steamer. Flames and smoke are arising above the crater. The outbreak occurred June 2, and up to the time of the last reports from Hawaii, dated yesterday, it was continuing. The outbreak has been foreshadowed for many days by an increase of the normal volume of smoke coming from the crater. There also have been slight earthquakes. No eruptions of lava or ashes have taken place.

WOULD LIMIT SIZE OF LADIES' HATS

Members of Parliament Want to See the Coronation.

SLUMP IN PRICES OF SEATS

Some Peers Will Be Absent for Pecuniary Reasons—Watson's Coronation Ode is Out.

London, June 13.—In the House of Commons Mr. W. R. Cremer, member of parliament for the Haggerstone division of Shoreditch, sought the help of the Right Hon. A. S. Douglas, first commissioner of works, with a view of procuring a limitation in the size of hats to be worn by women occupying stands in Old and New Palace yards on the occasion of the passing of the coronation processions.

The stands in question, which are adjacent to the parliament buildings, are allotted to the use of members of parliament and their friends, and Mr. Cremer's plea was that legislators should have an uninterrupted view of the display. He expressed the hope that ladies' millinery would be subjected to rational conditions, and made small enough to allow others than the wearers to see what was going on.

Mr. A. S. Douglas replied that he was unable to prescribe any such conditions as were desired by Mr. Cremer.

SMALL DEMAND FOR SEATS. Coronation Day is now only a fortnight away and the vast stands, with scores of tiers of seats, are nearly completed. Lofly red poles, crowned with artificial floral designs, are rising along the entire route of both days' processions. The builders and the public authorities are nonplussed by the absence of a market for the seats. People who were asking five guineas a week ago for seats are now offering good positions for two guineas, and there are few buyers even at the reduced rate. Even the seats in the first row of many of the stands have not yet been disposed of.

It is understood that the King has intimated that he will be gravely displeased if the route of the procession on Coronation Day is lined by rows of empty seats, and speculators and builders will practically be compelled, if their seats are not sold at big prices, to let them go on Coronation Day at a few shillings apiece.

The reason for the public backwardness seems to be partly the memory of the ease with which the crowd in the streets saw the Diamond Jubilee procession in 1897 without any particular crush, and also the persistence of miserable weather. The temperature for several days has been under 60 degrees and frequent rains have fallen.

The Daily Mail estimates that only one seat in thirty has been taken for Coronation Day in the public stands. At the King's departure is said to be particularly aimed at a number of lords who refused to take the trouble of attending the coronation. Truth mentions a very large number of peers who have intimated to the coronation marshal that they will not be present for the reason that they are not prepared to meet the manifold expenses involved. Therefore there will be so much space in the transepts of Westminster Abbey set apart for peers and peeresses that will not be occupied by them personally, that their eldest sons and eldest daughters, if unmarried, will be included in the congregation.

FIRST CORONATION POEM. The first coronation poem has appeared. It is William Watson's "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII." It defends the splendor of the decoration and the pageantry. It says:

"Let London nestle with rich appareling. And all the ways with festal laces, Casements with the coign and fluttering balcony Wave welcome to the King."

Indian Princes Among the Guests at Buckingham Palace.

FINAL COURT OF SEASON

Brilliant Gathering in Spite of Cold and Wretched Weather.

London, June 14.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra held the fifth and final court of the season at Buckingham Palace last evening. It was raining hard, and a cold wind was blowing, and the weather was worse, if possible, than that which marked the four inclement nights of the previous court.

The scene inside Buckingham Palace was particularly brilliant, however, as the Japanese and Korean embassies to the coronation of the King, who have just arrived in England, and who attended court, were quite as splendidly attired as were the Indian princes present. The latter were the feature of this, as they have been of previous courts.

The royal party included the Princess Victoria and the Prince of Wales. All the members of the special mission from the United States to the coronation of King Edward were present, and the officers were all in their full dress uniforms.

CHOATE ENTERTAINS AGAIN. Joseph H. Choate, the United States ambassador to Great Britain, entertained Whitehall Reid, the special envoy of the United States to the coronation of King Edward, at a dinner at his residence last night. The distinguished party present included Mrs. and Miss Reid, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Japanese minister

to Great Britain, Baron Hayashita-dasu; the French ambassador to Great Britain, M. Paul Cambon; Jos. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, and Mrs. Chamberlain (who was Miss Mary Endicott, of Washington); Mr. Brodick, the war secretary; Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary for Ireland; Lord and Lady Leven and Melville, Earl and Countess Grey; Lord and Lady Burghole, Lady Northcote, Col. Fleetwood-Edwards, Razid Sadi Bey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Eustis, Miss Choate and Mrs. Bentinck. The dinner was followed by a musicale.

YOUNG MEN OF 18 MAY VOTE. Victoria, B. C., June 14.—The legislature has extended the provincial franchise to young men of 18 years. The proposal to enfranchise women was defeated, 15 to 12.

200,000,000 INVOLVED. Newark, N. J., June 14.—Argument in the injunction suit brought by Miriam Berger, of Sullivan county, N. Y., to restrain the United States Steel Corporation from retiring \$200,000,000 of preferred stock and issuing bonds instead, was begun here yesterday before Vice-Chancellor Emery.

CALLED PLAIN "MR. JONES." Montreal, June 14.—Sir Ernest Mason Satow, K. C. M. G., successor to Sir Claude Maxwell MacDonald, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary in China, who is en route for the coronation ceremonies, passed through the

city yesterday to New York, whence he will sail for England. Sir Ernest is traveling as W. H. Jones, and is regarded by many of his fellow-passengers as an ordinary English merchant.

TOWN BURNED OUT. Montgomery, Ala., June 14.—The town of Alexander City, 1,100 inhabitants, was almost completely destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. An appeal for succor for the destitute has been made.

NORMAL SCHOOL TERM. Toronto, June 14.—The minister of education has decided to increase the normal school term from five months to nine, beginning with the academic year of 1903. The term is now regarded as too short.

ACCUSED OF STEALING \$17,000. New York, June 14.—Chas. S. Shriver, who was secretary and treasurer of the American District Telegraph Company in this city for many years, was arrested at the direction of District Attorney Jerome. He was accused by the company of peculations for half a dozen years amounting to between \$15,000 and \$17,000. The case was referred to the grand jury.

Edward W. Kappeler, insurance man, was found guilty of grand larceny, first degree, at Lockport, N. Y., in obtaining a mortgage of \$3,000 from Geo. F. Green by false representations.

A SECRET MARRIAGE. The Tilburys were wealthy. Mrs. Tilbury was a widow and an aristocrat. She had a son who fell in love with the comely lass who worked for them and the pair were secretly married. One day the mother became aware that her son was wedded to a servant and a stormy scene ensued. The girl, then but 16 years of age, was driven from the place and the marriage was annulled by the boy's mother, who was under age.

GAVE THE BABE AWAY. The boy, true to his mother's wishes, abandoned the woman he had wooed and the homeless girl was again left a widow. She went to her home but kind friends and there her child, a son, was born. Her father, learning of her sad plight, sent for her and she went to the home from which she had been driven, where she lay ill for a long time. Her father was at that time living in Whitehouse, O., and the stepmother, believing that the baby would be a burden on her, took it to Toledo, where she arranged for its adoption by a man named Jenkins, living in Wood county. The affair was completed and the boy, who had been old was given to Jenkins, the peculiar conditions being that no one should ever know its real name, his parents or his birthplace.

DECEASED HER BOY DEAD. The mother recovered and longed for her child. The stepmother would not make known his whereabouts and would say no more than that he had good home. The heart-broken mother made several trips to Toledo with the vain hope that she would find some trace of the boy, but all her efforts availed nothing. As years passed she began to believe that he was dead. She married again and lived happily with her family here. The boy, when he became 10 years of age, in some way became aware that he was not the child of the people with whom he lived and began a search for his mother.

FOUND HIS MOTHER. As he grew older he acquired a fair education and at length returned to his first home, near where he taught school. He now is superintendent of the schools at Sugar Ridge, a thriving village near here. He still sought for his mother, and, learning that she at one time resided at Whitehouse, O., wrote to the postmaster there, who looked the matter up for him, with the result that a few days ago he became positive that his mother lived here. He at once came to see her, and after producing letters and things, notable among which was a picture which went with him when he was a babe, proved to Mrs. Harbaugh that he was her long lost son.

ADONIS OF 94 YEARS FORBIDDEN TO MARRY. Interesting Race for the License Bureau—Old Man Too Slow.

Omaha, Neb., June 14.—Frederick Renard, of Oakland, Neb., although 84 years old, is anxious to marry, and the girl of his choice is aged about 22 years. Renard's estate is valued at \$200,000. The family of the aged suitor sees ulterior motives in Miss Craig's readiness to wed, and they are making every effort to check the affair before she gets a hand in the old man's strong box. To do this application was made in Knox county for the appointment of a guardian for him, but the process requires fifteen days' notice, and the old man, learning of this, started for the license bureau. His relatives beat him to the court house and got out papers enjoining the clerk from issuing the license until after the matter of guardianship had been settled. Since then the old man and the younger Renards have been racing about the country, the one seeking a license and, so far, the others beating him to the court houses and procuring injunction papers. So far eight injunctions have been issued against the aged suitor.

O. Y. B. GRAND LODGE CHOOSES OFFICERS. Their Ritual Revised—Next Meeting To Be in Hamilton.

Russell, June 14.—Following are the results of the election of Orange Young Britons' officers at the meeting here on Thursday: Alex. M. Hall, grand master, Toronto; Samuel Crook, deputy G. M., Ottawa; A. W. A. Carcaden, jun., deputy G. M., Russell; John M. Thompson, re-elected grand chaplain, Fergus; W. H. Reilly, re-elected grand lecturer, Ottawa; W. J. Kissick, grand treasurer, Ottawa; John Montgomery, grand W. of C., Gorrie; Alex. L. Mackie, grand lecturer, Toronto; A. W. Sheppard, deputy grand secretary, Ottawa; W. H. Goodfellow, deputy grand treasurer, Carleton Place; Jos. Fierth and A. Belot, deputy grand lecturers, Billings Bridge.

Twenty-five dollars was voted to the Loyal True Blue orphanage and \$25 to the Hull memorial funds. The session just closed was one of the most successful in the history of the order, some 70 delegates being in attendance. The revision of the ritual received considerable attention and will be exemplified at next year's meeting. The next meeting will be held at Hamilton.

FAMINE-STRICKEN PEOPLE FLOCKING TO ST. PETERSBURG. Great Suffering All Through Siberia—Crops Poor—Cattle Plague Prevails.

St. Petersburg, June 13.—The famine in Siberia is spreading with increasing intensity. Reports from Irkutsk show that an enormous number of famine-stricken people are flocking to that city. They are camped in the open, without shelter of any kind, are clad in rags and are dependent entirely on

private charity, which is quite inadequate to cope with the distress. The latest crop reports from Western, Northern and Central Russia show the conditions in those parts of the empire to be flourishing. Reports from Orel, Kieff, Kazan and the provinces in the northwest are satisfactory. On the other hand, the conditions are very bad in the Transpian territories owing to drought and locusts, which will necessitate government relief and resowing to the amount of 500,000 roubles (\$250,000).

Cattle plague also prevails in the stricken districts.

MOTHER'S SEARCH AT LAST REWARDED

Her Stolen Baby Comes Back a Grown-Up Man.

CLIMAX OF REAL LIFE DRAMA

Romantic Reunion of an Ohio Lady With Her Long Lost Son.

Bowling Green, O., June 14.—A drama of real life has just come to its climax here. After 27 years, Mrs. Greeley Harbaugh was reunited to a son, given away at his birth by heartless relatives and for whom she has sought ever since. During most of this time the boy has been residing in this vicinity, and has even passed his mother on the street without knowing her.

In Fort Wayne, Ind., when she was 14 years of age, Mrs. Harbaugh's mother died. The father married again soon, and the stepmother was not kind to the little ones left by the first wife. The 14-year-old girl went to the home of a wealthy woman named Tibury to work. A brother given away at that time, whose age then was 8 months, has never been seen or heard of since.

A SECRET MARRIAGE. The Tilburys were wealthy. Mrs. Tilbury was a widow and an aristocrat. She had a son who fell in love with the comely lass who worked for them and the pair were secretly married. One day the mother became aware that her son was wedded to a servant and a stormy scene ensued. The girl, then but 16 years of age, was driven from the place and the marriage was annulled by the boy's mother, who was under age.

GAVE THE BABE AWAY. The boy, true to his mother's wishes, abandoned the woman he had wooed and the homeless girl was again left a widow. She went to her home but kind friends and there her child, a son, was born. Her father, learning of her sad plight, sent for her and she went to the home from which she had been driven, where she lay ill for a long time. Her father was at that time living in Whitehouse, O., and the stepmother, believing that the baby would be a burden on her, took it to Toledo, where she arranged for its adoption by a man named Jenkins, living in Wood county. The affair was completed and the boy, who had been old was given to Jenkins, the peculiar conditions being that no one should ever know its real name, his parents or his birthplace.

DECEASED HER BOY DEAD. The mother recovered and longed for her child. The stepmother would not make known his whereabouts and would say no more than that he had good home. The heart-broken mother made several trips to Toledo with the vain hope that she would find some trace of the boy, but all her efforts availed nothing. As years passed she began to believe that he was dead. She married again and lived happily with her family here. The boy, when he became 10 years of age, in some way became aware that he was not the child of the people with whom he lived and began a search for his mother.

FOUND HIS MOTHER. As he grew older he acquired a fair education and at length returned to his first home, near where he taught school. He now is superintendent of the schools at Sugar Ridge, a thriving village near here. He still sought for his mother, and, learning that she at one time resided at Whitehouse, O., wrote to the postmaster there, who looked the matter up for him, with the result that a few days ago he became positive that his mother lived here. He at once came to see her, and after producing letters and things, notable among which was a picture which went with him when he was a babe, proved to Mrs. Harbaugh that he was her long lost son.

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ELEVEN MONTHS' FOREIGN TRADE

Shows an Increase of Nearly \$35,000,000

COMPARED WITH A YEAR AGO

This Is on the Basis of Imports and Exports of Domestic Merchandise Only.

Ottawa, June 14.—For eleven months of the present fiscal year Canada's foreign trade on the basis of imports for consumption and exports of domestic merchandise only exhibits an increase of nearly \$35,000,000, as compared with the same period of the previous fiscal year. The imports and exports for the former period totalled \$347,705,085, and for the latter period \$382,833,314.

With coin and bullion and exports of foreign merchandise included, the increase in aggregate trade falls a little short of \$35,000,000, the total amounting to \$386,942,595 for the eleven months just ended, as against \$333,472,908 for the eleven months of 1901.

The imports for the month of May show a gain of \$359,129, and for the eleven months a gain of \$18,561,298. The exports for the month exceeded those of May last year by \$4,079,060. For the eleven months the betterment was \$17,482,516.

The exports of agricultural and dairy products and cattle for the month make a splendid showing, the chief items being: Peas, \$104,118, increase, \$37,837; wheat, \$2,859,505, increase, \$2,503,515; flour, \$312,548, increase, \$32,105; hay, \$360,248, increase, \$166,956; potatoes, \$122,505, increase, \$95,046; cattle over one year, \$1,169,955, increase, \$850,318; butter, \$126,417, increase, \$87,234; cheese, \$542,041, increase, \$136,655; bacon, \$1,131,083, increase, \$96,489.

The following are the imports and exports in detail:

Month of May.	1901.	1902.
Dutiable goods.....	\$ 8,754,355	\$10,855,320
Free goods.....	7,048,287	7,644,491
Total.....	\$15,802,642	\$17,999,811
Coin and bullion.....	59,543	255,863
Grand total.....	\$15,862,185	\$18,255,674
Duty collected.....	2,350,476	2,709,005
Even months.....	25,029,119	26,841,215
Dutiable goods.....	\$5,102,484	\$106,727,749
Free goods.....	63,582,578	70,601,391
Total.....	\$15,745,062	\$17,770,149
Coin and bullion.....	3,477,472	4,894,692
Grand total.....	\$192,202,534	\$180,785,832
Duty collected.....	28,174,771	28,954,796
EXPORTS—DOMESTIC ONLY.....	1901.	1902.
The mine.....	\$ 32,415,902	\$ 29,617,478
The fisheries.....	9,906,682	12,825,414
The forest.....	25,029,119	26,841,215
Animals and produce.....	59,879,439	53,887,109
Agriculture.....	22,829,560	32,209,478
Manufactures.....	14,282,248	16,492,051
Miscellaneous.....	44,202	20,100
Total merchandise.....	\$156,113,252	\$172,925,945
Coin and bullion.....	345,177	
Grand totals.....	\$156,458,429	\$172,925,945

A WIDEAWAKE CLERGYMAN. Toronto, June 14.—Henry McCormin, under arrest on a charge of having burglars' tools in his possession, said his hands out of the handcuffs while entering police court yesterday morning and bolted, with several policemen in hot haste. A clergyman attending the Anglican Synod was crossing the street, and taking in the situation, tripped up the prisoner as he flew past, and the police at once pounced on him.

FORGOT HER BABY IN A CAR. Chicago, June 13.—The absent-mindedness of Mrs. Rose Rice, 81 Ninety-first street, was the cause of considerable excitement on a Buffalo avenue street car. The woman had been returning to her home with her 2-year-old daughter when she changed cars she forgot her baby and left it sleeping in a corner of the car. After the car had gone on she raised a cry of alarm. Policemen Kennedy mounted a bicycle, followed the car and brought back the baby.

VICTIM OF HIS INVENTION. Moritz Killed by a Coney Island Aerial Toboggan.

Just as the Dream of His Life Was About to Be Realized.

EIGHT GIRLS PERISHED!

Fire and Panic in a Big Philadelphia Establishment.

Some Jumped From Windows, Others Trampled to Death.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 13.—Fire broke out this afternoon in the mill of H. M.

THE BUILDERS OF THE EMPIRE

The Romantic History of the Chartered Companies.

Prince Rupert, Patron of Britain's Commerce Beyond the Seas—Cecil Rhodes.

Yesterday and today have an odd trick of merging in the London mists; and in certain moods and to certain minds, the imperious event of the moment is no more real and near than the shadow cast across two centuries—or ten, it may be, writes a correspondent of the New York Post. So I found it when I sat above the choir stalls in St. Paul's, and looked down on the ranked faces in the nave, a wall of men, forming a significant transitory monument to the memory of Cecil Rhodes. The stately memorial service must have spoken in different voices to those who witnessed it. Some possibly were able to feel its full religious import and not troubled by any sense of an ironic prick in the solemn thanksgiving to God "that it had pleased thee to deliver thy servant Cecil John Rhodes out of the miseries of this sinful world"—Rhodes, who was so fain of this sinful world and his work in it! Many, doubtless, felt that the ceremonial, which, for all its ecclesiastical forms, had a splendidly secular air, was a fitting civic commemoration of the empire-builder. A lover of the human interest in the great drama would have watched for Chamberlain's eyes, and felt a stir of satisfaction at the sight of Lord Roberts, alert and vital even in repose, and Mr. Baillou-Latour, as if in delightful imitation of his own delightful caricatures. Finally, an artist would have gloried in the cross lights and receding vistas of shadow, the electric brilliance making a dazzle of the white robes in the choir, flashing out the scarlet pomp of mayor and sheriffs against a background of dark woodwork; the cold outer daylight on the huddled faces in the nave, and, high above all, the jewel-glints where Richmond's great angels flung wide their wings in the mosaic. And then for a heartbeat, I think, all the conflicting moods were merged, while the band crashed out in the "Dead March," a tramp as of all England's dead across the veil, a desolation as of all her slain.

FANCIES CALLED UP BY THE CHARTERED COMPANIES.

And all the while, one spectator of the impressive pageant (who had gained a place as a journalist, and, therefore, presumably interested in the doings of today) was wandering far paths enough in fancy. In these troubled days the name of the "Chartered Company" sets the thoughts of most people towards African troubles, Rhodesian gold mines, and the fatal raid of Dr. Jim. A few historically-minded students might turn instead to a survey of England's great companies since the day when Elizabeth granted her charter to that one which was to make her successor Empress of India. Out of the complication of modern interests and old-world memories, I followed a thread of my own. It led me away from the gold-workings of Rhodesia, where ancient, unnamed peoples sought the treasure which later-day prospectors seek, away from the mystic ruins, temples of forgotten worship thick grown with fig and vine and baobab tree, which stood already when Solon's ships voyaged for the gold of Ophir. My imagination did not turn that way, as it should in all reason have done, nor linger on the Royal African Company of the days of Charles II., nor take hold of the tense strife of peasant Africa.

WHERE THE COMPANIES ARE QUARTERED TODAY.

Not so far from St. Paul's gather the offices of many companies, much as they did when Charles Lamb wrote, and furnished much in the fashion which he depicts in his account of the South Sea House. "The oaken wainscot hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps, dim as dreams." One of these offices I visited not long since, and though the building is new, found there, mysteriously enough, the unchanged atmosphere. The original abode of the company was the "Excise Office" in Broad street, which later was the very South Sea House, of which Elia tells and which perished by fire. In the present Hudson Bay House in Lime street, painted moose and Indian looked down from the walls as I climbed the stair, and when I entered the dim, quiet boardroom, it seemed as though I had broken on a shadowy meeting of the first council of "The Honorable Company of Merchants Adventurers Trading in Hudson's Bay."

The name spells romance, blending in strange, incongruous harmony thoughts of the snows and forests where floated the gallant red flag of the "H. B. C." and of that England of the restoration which sent it forth. Standing before the beautiful melancholy portrait of the first governor, I looked back to the picturesque beginnings of the great company; the meetings of the French pioneers, Radisson and Groselliers, with their patron, Prince Rupert, in those rooms in the great Keep of Windsor, where the soldier-prince dwelt, secluded among his inventions and his memories; the setting forth of the first ship, the Nonsuch, from the Thames, where the King's pleasure barges were moored, towards unknown currents and drifting ice. Radisson, that unscrupulous adventurer, servant of King Louis and King Charles, made a strange figure in the palace and playhouse of the Restoration London.

Girls.

Girls who haven't the money to spend for new clothes, ribbons, feathers, boxes, etc., had better go right round to the druggist or grocer to-day and for to-cs. buy any color in these fast, brilliant, fadeless home dyes, Maypole Soap. It washes and dyes at the same time.

Maypole Soap

Gold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 25c. for Black.

Baby's Things

I prefer PEARLINE to other soap powders. For cleaning baby bottles, nipples and silverware it has no equal. I will try it alone for washing.

Mrs. Rev. J. F. R.

One of the Millions.

With his modish laced coat, contrasting with his leather breeches and tangled hair. He shows more to advantage when haranguing the Indians on those far shores, where he fought and intrigued, both under England's cross and France's lilies. The Hudson Bay house is proud of its old traditions, and the courteous secretary who made me welcome was ready to talk of our governors—James of York and Marlborough were among the earliest, an ironic linking of names and "our servants," and to tell of the company's achievements, as of the new substitution of improved breech-loading rifles for the older fashion he himself remembered. History enough, political, adventurous, commercial, if one had time to trace it. I found myself thinking of the Chartered Company, of which all men are talking now and wondering at the space crossed by a walk from St. Paul's to Lime street—the distance between the African veil, trodden by the ancient strife and need of today, and the trails across Canadian snows, trodden and effaced two centuries ago. Cecil Rhodes—England is full of the large rumor of his name, yet I thought of it only in passing as I looked up at his portrait. Lines of comparison and contrast link together, fantastically, those so alien characters and destinies. The man who looks down, in a weary and tolerant disdain, from the heavens where an unknown master hand has set him, had his wide-reaching dreams of England's conquest, and her sovereign's rule. He, too, knew the far places of the world, trod African soil, wore the native's dress, and he, in the brief intervals of action, turned for rest to invention and art; lover of beauty, though he wrought with the harsh facts of life. The whimsical parallel is arbitrary enough, drawn because I chanced to look at a sealed charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to stand before Prince Rupert's portrait while London muttered of the death of Cecil Rhodes.

TRADITIONS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

And yet, though the connecting threads be of fancy's own slightness, it links what history binds. For England's empire has risen from the beginnings in stanch fellowship with England's commerce; her "venturers" in the grand old Elizabethan sense have often been "adventurers" in the meaning which the Hudson's Bay Company gave to the word. And so, in the present, the futile ardors of his cavalry charges being spent and his naval battles drawing to their close, gave his name and patronage to more than one company which was to fling the English flag to the winds of the world and bear the booty of the world back to England.

His highness lives in the traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company as an indifferent man of business, curious, vague as to the all-important point of his own profits. But he won the charter from his cousin, Charles II.—we may see the parchment today, with its crabbled letters and leaden seal and a portrait of his most sacred majesty smiling sardonically atop. And though he left some practical details to his incongruous colleagues, Lord Ashley—Earl of Shaftesbury to be—Rupert gave himself eagerly enough to the great work which was to be done. He was a pioneer, went to drink good fortune to the first outbound ship, and studied with curious care the lists of Indian tribes with which the company was to form alliance. Rupert had ideas as to his sailing, the natives he proved more than once in his own voyaging. To the soldier and venturer, the check to King Louis' ambition, the sailing of the far seas, and the tracking of far places meant more, than the beaver skins sold at Garroway's. That shore at which, for all his wanderings, he never touched, bears his name deeply stamped in Rupert's River and Rupert's Land; and the proud record of the "Great Company" hand down his memory. It is less often recalled that the prince was interested in African enterprises. In his voyages—those heroic, piratical voyages—he touched at the African shore. Later, in the Restoration days of mocking peace and royal fulfillment, he belonged to the Royal African Company, and in 1664 there was a plan that he should command a fleet to the Guinea coast, there to open English interests and stop Dutch encroachments; the combination sounds as modern as the posters which today placard English advances and Dutch reverses. Concerning this more, I have written elsewhere. I doubt that he was pleased with his going, he being accounted an unhappy (unlucky) man.

PRINCE RUPERT'S SHORT-LIVED GLORY.

Unhappy: the word accents the difference in the two lives; the contrast between the man who wrested success from the world and the wilderness, and the man whose dreaming and daring were alike sealed with the Stuart fate of failure. Save for a link with the prosperous Company of Merchant Adventurers, and for the victorious issue of some of his sea-fights with the Dutch, Rupert's life was a series of achievement passed with the dust of his charges, with the cleavage of his keel. All passed with him—and into futurity—except the valor which made his brief triumphs, the unquesting loyalty which, perhaps, made his long defeat. A different life story, indeed, from that which has so lately ended with the cry of "so much to do." Another type of man from the one who sleeps among his soldiers near Balaclava of the silver shield. And yet England needs her knights errant, obeying the stir and sting of unconquerable dreams, men not born to possession or to the unbounded triumphs of accomplishment; impracticable spirits, who walking straight through the complications of life, walk straight to unconsciousness. A few of us, even in these imperial days, give our "vivats" to those who have failed, since they, too, have handed down their heritages in the trumpet note of a name, in the standard not stooped to any wind of fate. But far apart rest these founders of England's great companies, so far that only a dreamer's whim and the chance of an hour could link them.

A Day at 'Amptstead' Eath

"You going to get up today or tomorrow?" asked a voice outside the door.

"What's time?" he inquired, sleepily.

"Past nine," snapped his mother. "And if your poor father was alive it would make him turn in his grave to think of it."

It was not until he saw on the painted deal dressing-table a new collar of amazing height and stiffness that he recognized the fact that this was not a working day, but one to be devoted to pleasure.

"That accounts," he said acutely, "for me sleeping on."

An egg stood upright in a cup at the side of his plate, and the baby was struggling against the bondage of her chair in the desire to obtain the top of this delicacy so soon as the shell had been broken. It was the first holiday that the boy had encountered since beginning to work; the egg was acknowledged the fact that he was now a wage-earner.

Further recognition came during breakfast, when his mother, in a confidential undertone (that the baby sister might not hear), told him of the going-on of the people downstairs. For two pins she would put on her black straw and go down and tell them of it. The boy, with his new grown-up manner, counseled reticence, and, giving the baby the yolk-covered spoon, drew the curtains and looked at the young hussy; the baby laughed very much at this, and made up her face with yellow.

"What you going to do with yourself?" asked his mother in her complaining voice. "When your poor father was alive he—"

"Don't talk so much," said the boy. "You'll wear your face out."

He walked through Seymour street disengaging the compliments of other lads in regard to his new collar, and at Euston station, where the unoccupied porters eyed him narrowly, he counted his money as one contemplating a trip to Scotland, and they relaxed their suspicions. Eightpence in all; he wished he had been a shilling. He closed two carriage doors furtively, and nearly told one passenger to hurry up; he had some daring idea of whistling to start the train; but the guard came up, with a green flag, and he was obliged to get on his way rather hurriedly changed his mind.

Out in Euston road red and green and yellow tramcars were filling up madly inside and out before the horses could manage to get away. The boy made way for a young lady in bright blue and with new boots that seemed to hit the note of perfect good taste, and then, fighting manfully, struggled up after her.

"Don't object to my smoking, I trust," he said, as the car jerked across to the down line.

"Not if you know how to," replied the young lady in blue.

"I'm rather 'what you may call a slave to it,'" said the boy, lighting his cigarette. "Plenty of people about, ain't there?"

"Oh, of course!" remarked the young woman, with an enlightened air. "It's Bank Holiday, isn't it?"

"Makes a kind of a break for the lower classes. What I mean is—"

"I suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "you don't get many opportunities."

As the car went up Malden road she began to feel that it was a good one, so that a white, cold fear presently came over the boy, and he wondered how far sixpence would go were he honored with the duty of squiring her about the Heath through the afternoon.

"Now, you mustn't be seen speaking to me," she said, to his great relief, at Fleet road. "My young gentleman's waiting here, and the least thing he'll say is 'I'm a jealous fellow.'"

This was the first time he had been to the Heath in the character of a moneyed person. He stopped outside a booth where six half-dressed, ferocious-looking men invited amateurs to box with the champion. The champion was one eye short, begged him to come in and make mincemeat of the whole lot, but the boy shook his head and went on.

What a fine, crowded, busy, laughing, bustling, noisy, and cheerful scene! Sixpence had to go far, else he would certainly have dared to see the fattest lady ever known; he envied the sportsmen who were taking shots with accurate rifles at ducks; he found himself irresistibly compelled to spend one penny on a gay phonograph stand and join the group with bent shoulders to listen to "I Don't Know Why I Love You, But I Do."

"How dapper 'ave cockernut!" he said to a smaller boy. "You've pinched that, you know."

"What if I 'ave?" argued the smaller boy, hugging the pieces to his chest.

"Must I call a copper?" he asked in a whisper.

The cocoanut was very good; filling, too; it arrested the hunger that was beginning to annoy. He went over to a crowd on the grass that surrounded young couples dancing a minuet, and he saw a young man who had been invited to a lady in a feathered hat if she would honor him with her hand; the lady, in reply, threatened to push his face in for him, which answer the boy took to be a polite refusal.

He never be able to play the character of a rollicking blade until he had decorated his bowler hat with a circle of colored paper, and, indeed, when he had done this, girls ran from him with cries of startled fear. One of these he caught.

"Say, now," requested a tweed-patterned lady with a hand camera, "would you mind if I koddak your picture?"

"What's the charge?" he asked, apprehensively.

"I will pay whatever is usual in this country."

"Six do," said the boy promptly.

He watched the skipping after this, and called out "Pepper!" at unexpected moments, so that the men made the rope go furiously, to the great distress of those taking physical exercise. He went up towards Jack Straw's Castle, and ordered off some boys who were throwing stones into the pond, threatening, unless they consented to cut off home directly that minute to tell their parents.

Two short girls in muslin said to each other in audible tones that they were simply dying for an ice, and being new something of a millionaire he lifted his hat and begged permission to offer this refreshment. They were shocked to find that their casual remark had been overheard; they, however, permitted him to conduct them down the hill to a stand kept by an Italian merchant. He had intended to keep back the muslin girls from the fond of ices, and they were so bright and talkative until they found he had expended his last coin, that it was not easy to suggest earlier a gallant farewell.

He was tired when he reached home,

and as he knelt down after supper by the chair in his bedroom he nearly dozed on the cane seat. Pulling himself together, he decided to omit the usual details. "Bless everybody," he said in a gruff undertone, "and make me better to-morrow!"

He rose and went to the small looking-glass where, after inspecting very critically a pimple that had made an uncalculated appearance at the side of his face, he commenced to wrestle with the stiff new collar.

"I ain't done myself so badly," remarked the boy to his reflection in the glass. "Kissed three gels, at any rate!"

—W. Pett Ridge, in London Daily Mail.

Strawberries.

While strawberries are abundant, though this best of berries in its fresh, natural condition is superlatively good, and therefore not to be improved upon, we like to offer it in a variety of forms. It combines attractively with various cereal preparations, and serves to lighten the beauty and the keen relish of numerous dessert dishes. By these dainty variations, which display the resources of the cook, the familiar berry becomes a series of surprises and never "an old story," and the season cannot be long enough to exhaust its possibilities or its acceptability.

With the home supply to choose from, the finest and most perfectly ripened berries should be served in their natural perfection. The pretty English custom of leaving on the hull and stem and eating from the fingers, dipping a little piece of powdered sugar placed for each guest, is particularly pretty and agreeable for a luncheon party. A few leaves of the strawberry should be laid under each individual offering, and beautiful shapely berries arranged in a little pyramid.

Cream with strawberries is to some fastidious persons as objectionable as painting the lily. With shortcake it is indispensable, but of course not to be offered with berries eaten from the stem. In other cases it is a matter of choice.

Strawberry Shortcake.—A very light, rich biscuit dough, made with cream, is the basis of an excellent shortcake. It must be of a feathery lightness and melt in the mouth. The berries, being soda biscuit will tell you that this is largely a matter of quick, light handling. Cut in rounds as large as a small saucer and less than an inch in thickness. Brush over half of them with melted butter and lay a second round upon each. Bake in a quick oven. Have the strawberries ready, and pull apart as soon as baked. After slight cooling, butter liberally and put a generous filling between each pair, and heap the top with the fruit. Serve on individual plates. The berries, slightly crushed and well covered with sugar, should lie for an hour or two to soften before the cake is made. They are sometimes heated for this object, but this impairs the flavor. An extra quart of berries, crushed and well sweetened, then strained through a fine sieve, will make a delicious syrup to accompany the cream.

A slightly sweetened pastry, mixed with one egg to a quart of flour, makes quite a different shortcake. Use shortening as usual. Patty shells of puff paste, filled with fresh strawberries, topped off with whipped cream, makes another variation. Even eclairs are filled with strawberries and covered with whipped cream.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—The varieties of strawberry ice cream are as numerous as those of strawberry shortcake. Strawberries may be added to the cream, either whole, crushed, or put through a coarse sieve, or merely the strained juice. The rich syrup drained from sweetened and crushed berries makes a fine flavoring, and some fine whole berries, candied and dipping in fondant, make a fine addition.

CONSTIPATION

This Very Painful Disease Now Easily Curable.

The Old Methods of Treatment Abandoned—Unbounded Success Has Followed the New Rational Treatment.

No one has ever denied that Constipation is the result of bad digestion.

The root of the trouble is in the Stomach and Liver.

The old methods of treatment were for the bowels only—and were never curative—but simply strong purgatives.

They forced the movements and so temporarily relieved the system, but they did not cure the cause.

The result of this forcing was to weaken the natural organs and bring on Chronic Diseases.

Everyone knows that after what is commonly called "a physic" there follows a period of indigestion, and the continued use of violent purgatives make their repeated use a necessity.

But the modern method uses no force.

You cannot force Nature without injury to some part.

Common sense says "Don't Force—Encourage."

Help the tardy organs by removing the cause of their failure, and then gently coax them back to their natural vigor.

This is just what Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do.

The large white tablets, if taken immediately after each meal, will digest the food, all of it, perfectly and completely.

This perfect digestion, prevents the dumping into the bowels of a mass of sour and rotten undigested food.

The smaller brown tablets stimulate—but gently and mildly—the action of the Liver and Bowels.

The work of these organs is made easy, and they are gradually encouraged to maintain it.

In the simple and natural way the lost vigor is restored to these failing organs, and soon they are strong enough to independently do their work as Nature intended.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets permanently cure Constipation.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

After a hard day's work,
there's nothing so refreshing
as a cup of good hot
Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

WILD ANIMALS EASILY TAMED

Birds Are Wonderfully Quick Judges of Intentions.

Treaties With Man on the Basis of Reciprocal Good Intentions—Striking Examples of the Rule.

The class of animal benefactors, protected and encouraged for their usefulness, and often really liked for their personal qualities, offers the most interesting and satisfactory example of the mutual good relations which may exist. The list is not a long one, but the creatures included in it have often re-established completely the lost confidence between man and beast. The secretary bird probably stands at the head of the list. It is now protected and a privileged character over nearly the whole area in which the South African war has been carried on. It is a wild bird, though the young are often brought up at farmhouses, and is found northwards as far as Khar-tum and Abyssinia. Its boldness and familiar ways are the subject of stories too familiar to need quoting, though whether newly-swallowed kittens have really been heard mewling inside its stomach may be doubted. The heavy and rapid blows delivered by its feet at any animal it wishes to eat usually stun it at once.

The mongoose, the adjutant and the white stork have all made a treaty with man on the basis of reciprocal good offices, but the case of the stork has circumstances which add to the interest of the compact. The storks go away in winter to regions so remote that it may well be that the compact is not observed there, by African black and half-breed Nile Arabs. They then return some thousand or more miles and take up their friendship with man, often in or around crowded towns. The old saying that there was "no peace south of the line" finds its converse. With the storks it is always peace north of the Mediterranean.

There are also a small plover found on the camp of Argentina which has become almost domesticated round the farms. It is an excellent watch, and from being steadily protected is found in numbers around the lonely homesteads, to which these noisy and night-feeding birds are a source of security.

The terms of equality on which these animal benefactors live with man have never induced others to presume on the favor shown to them and to do likewise. They are perfectly aware when and where the protection is limited. Sir Samuel Baker notes the plover, especially golden plover, are usually incurably wild, wherever they are found. Yet the Middlesex County Council and private owners have protected them, peewits have become so tame on some of the market gardens at Chiswick that they will feed within 30 yards of the footpath or railway, and during the frost in February they come to be fed by the river bank, within ten yards of the high road. Jackdaws, being mischievous but not dangerous, are preserved in parks, and on estates where they are shot. In Oxford an old resident in Holywell street used to provide breakfast for the jackdaws regularly, cutting up a pound of sliced bread into cubes and throwing it out to the grass below the window. The jackdaws came to be fed as regularly as ducks, though the birds by no means on these terms with the undergraduates of New College over the way.

Probably the two most striking examples of this distinguishing power possessed by birds, which are wonderfully quick judges of intentions, are the great lake sanctuary of Holkham, where thousands of fowl, which, when they disappear later, are as wild as the wildest, sit on the lake or its banks as tamely as ducks in a farmyard and the stable pond at Monymusk, where the wild ducks used to come regularly at twilight to be fed by the inmates of the house.

There are also instances of the tameness of mammals even more striking. Certain bears in the Yellowstone Park come to the hotel rubbish-heaps and are fed with kitchen waste, and allow ladies to photograph them; and the squirrels of the New York Central Park are as familiar as our London sparrows. These creatures belong to the new era of what Mrs. Brightman has aptly called "wild nature won by kindness," or by absence of unkindness. It offers a peculiarly pleasing prospect for our future town life and urban or half-urban parks, and may be absolutely counted upon if the creatures are not shot or molested. Some correspondents of the Spectator have pointed this out recently as happening in the case of the Phoenix Park in Dublin, where the deer feed undisturbed between lines of soldiers firing blank cartridges and the crowd gazing at them, and can hardly be driven off by the mounted men sent to make them "move on."

It is noticed that this tameness actually increases as the number of persons frequenting a park increases—always providing that cover and food, both of which are scanty in the central London parks, but which abound at Richmond, are left to them.

The wood-pigeons in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are far tamer than those at Richmond, where they do not habitually live in a crowd. In the same way, the Richmond deer are not so tame as those of Bushey or of small parks like that of Magdalen College. There is not the slightest reason to fear that the admission of volunteers to maneuver in Richmond Park would scare away the wild creatures. The sight of still more people who do not hurt them seems only to tend to increase their confidence. Hence we have happy not to make any disagreeable choice between training our volunteers and destroying the wild life

in Richmond Park, and depriving our volunteers of their much-needed field-days and keeping up the wild life in Richmond Park. We can perfectly well do our duty by our volunteers and yet allow Richmond Park to remain the home of the deer and the wild birds. The wild birds and the deer will not take three months to find out that the volunteers mean no sort of harm.—London Spectator.

PEERAGES ARE COSTLY LUXURIES

Various Robes of Rank Cost Their Owners a Pretty Penny.

William Pitt once recommended to George III. that any man with an income of \$100,000 a year should be made a peer if he so desired.

It would be possible, according to an English paper, to support a peerage on an income much less than that. Indeed, many a peer of recent creation, as well as of ancient date, is able to maintain his dignity with great success on \$50,000 a year or even less. But the unavoidable initial expenses which a peer is called upon to defray total up at the very least close on \$4,000.

First of all, there are big fees to be paid. There are five grades of nobility—baron, viscount, earl, marquis and duke. The fee of a baron is \$750, of a viscount \$1,000, of an earl \$1,250, of a marquis \$1,500 and of a duke the highest rank in the peerage—\$1,750. Part of these fees goes to the national exchequer and part to support the College of Arms in Queen Victoria street, by which all questions of arms and heraldry are decided. It is a singular fact that when Wellington took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time, on June 28, 1814, he was a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis and a duke all rolled into one. These dignities had been conferred upon him from time to time in their order by distinct grants for his services during the long war with France, and it was only when, on the overthrow of Napoleon, the last and highest patent of nobility was bestowed that he was able to take his seat in the House of Lords. The combined fees which Wellington had to pay for the five patents of nobility amounted to \$6,250.

ROBES OF RANK. A peer must wear the robes of his rank in the peerage on his introduction to the House of Lords. These robes are made of scarlet cloth slashed with ermine, the wearer's rank in the peerage being denoted by the number of bars of white fur which traverse the robe back and front. A duke displays four bars of ermine, a marquis three and a half, an earl three, a viscount two, and a baron one. Each robe costs between \$200 and \$250.

Then there is the coronet. The occasions are rare upon which peers are called upon to wear their crowns. They will, however, be displayed by the nobles assembled at the coronation of the King in Westminster Abbey. The coronet of each rank of the peerage consists of a cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine and surmounted by a golden torse. It is the design of the coronet's outer circle of gold and silver that the various orders of nobility are distinguished. A baron's coronet has a plain circle of gold surmounted by six silver balls. The circle of gold in a viscount's coronet is jeweled, and there are twelve silver balls. From the jeweled circle of gold in an earl's coronet rise eight points, also of gold, upon each of which there is a silver ball, and between each point, close to the circle, is a gold strawberry leaf. The coronet of a marquis has a row of silver balls, placed on points but on the circle of gold, and between each is a gold strawberry leaf, and a duke's coronet has a wreath of gold strawberry leaves over the jeweled circle of gold. The goldsmith's charge for making a coronet ranges from 450 guineas.

Among other expenses of a peer are a fee of \$50 to the College of Arms for a grant of arms, a tax of two guineas a year for displaying these armorial bearings on his carriage, and a further tax of about \$5 a year for engraving them on his private note paper.

Mark the Difference!

One Pound of Beefsteak Costing From 18 to 20 Cents Makes a Meal for Two People.

ONE PACKAGE OF Malt Breakfast Food

Costing 15 Cents, With Twenty Times More Nourishment, Makes a Meal for Twenty-Five People.

Two people can breakfast on Malt Breakfast Food at a cost of one and one-fifth cents and receive more true bodily nourishment and strength from it than can be obtained from one pound of the best beefsteak. Malt Breakfast Food is easily and quickly digested, and increases physical energy. It is the ideal summer breakfast food for young and old. Your grocer sells it.

A MAGIC PILL—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearance vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument, in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Farma-lea's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

SOUTH AFRICA'S BRIGHT FUTURE

The Great Country Is One of Vast Resources.

Many Millions of People Will Some Day Live There in Comfort and Opulence.

Some writer has spoken recently of South Africa as a great thirst land, largely diminished in value by the prevailing dryness. This statement is mainly true but it needs qualification or an erroneous impression of the country is conveyed.

More than half of South Africa is deficient in rainfall including the entire western half of it; but a large part of this region, which is not adapted for farming except where irrigation is possible, is covered with nutritious grasses that are particularly well adapted to sheep. Before the war, 13,000,000 sheep were grazing on the Great Karroo and other dry plains of Cape Colony, and 4,000,000 were herding on the dry, cool plain of the Little Orange Free State.

Thus the dry region of South Africa slightly referred to by the writer just mentioned, as yet supply the largest and best of the world in sheep. The foreign sales of wool are more than double those of any other commodities with the exception mentioned.

The dry regions are always destined to be one of South Africa's largest sources of wealth; for wool growing on them may be vastly increased, although South Africa is a dry country, already one of the great wool-producing countries. No one knows what mineral riches they may yet develop, but we do know that most of the diamond fields thus far discovered are in the dry plains, and that the Germans are developing gold mining in their part of the western desert. In some of the valleys, also, there is every prospect that considerable agriculture will be developed with the aid of irrigation.

On the whole, it may be said that the entire western part of South Africa can never be the home of a dense population; but, nevertheless, with its great grazing, and considerable mining resources, the dry area will contribute very largely to the aggregate wealth of the country.

What is the reason that the western part of South Africa is semi-arid? It is because the prevailing winds are from the east. Most of the region south of the Zambesi depends for rain upon winds from the Indian Ocean. The eastern coast lands and highlands receive the larger part of this precipitation, as the winds move westward. The winds are wrung by the time they reach the heart of the country. They pass over the Atlantic as the southeast trades, and the country scarcely ever gets a drop of rain from the Atlantic; thus the eastern half of South Africa is wet and the western half dry.

Stretching across the south end of Africa is a strip of fine farming lands where all the crops of the temperate regions are raised. Some of the best wheat in the world is grown as far inland as the southern border of the Orange River Colony. The supply of home breadstuffs may be largely increased; but South Africa now has to import much wheat and flour, and as population grows it is likely that wheat will continue to be a home market for all the cereals.

If, however, the country is ever able to export maize and other cereals, one fact to the benefit of South Africa should be remembered. Here cereals are harvested and marketed in the winter and spring of the north temperate zone when prices are likely to be largest. The grape crop of Cape Colony has benefited largely by this fact. The region east and northeast of Cape Town has scarcely been thought of as a great wine-growing country. The fact is, however, that millions of gallons of wine are made there every year, though the quality of much of it will be much improved when more intelligent methods are employed. In February and March last the grapes reached their highest perfection and enormous quantities of clusters were, as usual, carefully packed, placed in ice, and sent by steamers and sent to the London market, together with peaches, nectarines and plums, the delicious fresh fruits being placed on British dining-tables almost before the English fruit trees were out of blossom. Australian cereals and fruits also share this advantage of being able to supply British markets at one of the best times when our sources are falling; but Australia and New Zealand are thousands of miles further away than Cape Colony from the markets of the mother country; so Cape Colony grapes, for example, beat Australia as in fruits in the race to the consumers.

Now that peace has been restored, the Witwatersrand will soon present one of the busiest scenes in the world. All this year the residents of Johannesburg have been flocking back to Johannesburg and new-comers have been arriving constantly. The prospects two years ago were that peace would be dropping in the region around Johannesburg by the end of this year. If this is done the probability is that by the end of 1902 the Witwatersrand will be producing again the precious metal at the rate of \$8,000,000 a year, as in 1898, just before the war. No one has yet thought that South Africa will again force to the front as the greatest of gold producers, and she may head the procession for years to come.

Ninety-eight per cent of all the diamonds of commerce come from the Kimberley mines; they have so overshadowed the other diamond fields of South Africa that we never hear of them, though in the western part of the Orange River Colony there are two centers of production that have been proved to be rich in gems; and the diamonds found along parts of the Limpopo and Vaal Rivers show the wide distribution in South Africa and assure a long and great future to this industry.

It is not so very long since all the coal used in South Africa, or kept there to sell to steamers, was brought from Europe and was held necessarily at a high figure. Coal is now known to exist in vast quantities along the southern mountains and on the middle Zambesi, though as yet it has been worked, to an important extent only in Natal. The fact that large beds of iron ore are found near the Natal coal is favorable for the future development of manufactures.

What is the reason that manufacturing industries can as yet scarcely be said to exist in South Africa except in relation to the products of the vineyards, farms and pastures?

The reason is because the white population of the country is still too small to do much more than reap the

natural products; they must leave to others the task of improving the products by the processes of manufacture. It should be remembered that the entire development of South Africa in all the larger enterprises has been the work of the past 30 years. The great and full development, including not only the production of commodities, but also the enhancement of the value of many of them by manufacturing processes is to come in the future.

There is no doubt that a new era is about to open for South Africa; that good government, schools and liberal and helpful laws will bring in the immigration that is so much needed. The prospects are bright that South Africa fitted by climate and abundant resources to become the home of many millions of people, will become the most prosperous part of Africa and will some day compare favorably with many older countries as a flourishing and inviting part of the world.—New York Post.

OLD CONTROVERSY AS TO LONDON'S BEAUTY

Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Walter Besant and J. M. Whistler Admired It.

[Montreal Witness.]

It is an old controversy whether London is beautiful or not. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Walter Besant were among the many who thought it so, and Whistler's nocturnes of yellow fog and silver mist, adding to the mysteries of dark bridges and rushing waters and the high tide of life in crooked streets, proves that he is enrolled among the city's admirers. Beauty depends, of course, altogether on the point of view, as we see among certain savages who distort one especial feature for the admiration of their kind. There can certainly be no doubt that London is picturesque. Her climate insures that. Its grimy and its slime see to it that nothing shall look new—that everything shall have the quaintness of time upon it. There is the grotesque to be found in London, and downright squalid ugliness too in places, but there are fine things to be seen in old buildings, bridges, churches, parks, gardens, and all the kaleidoscopic color and movement of the streets. There are, indeed, some of the finest "effects" of light and atmosphere and genre to be seen and no man who knows and loves his London will acknowledge that she is not beautiful. Beautiful or ugly, however, no one ever denies that London is interesting, and those millions who visit it during the King's coronation ceremonies will find it more than usually so. The crowds will be larger and gayer and more diverse than ever, and a London crowd is worth seeing. Already we are reading descriptions of Indian and other foreign princes with Oriental costumes in the royal carriages as a daily sight, and such centers as the Strand must now be teeming with all sorts of nationalities. Still there will be places where quietness can be obtained, old churches in the heart of the city where few ever go, and squares and gardens hidden away from the surging tide of life. But while we are reading about the way in which London is filling up, and wishing perchance that we were there, it would seem that the peace-seekers having trouble with their headgear and are wondering how in the world they are going to keep their coronets on. So that crowns make the head uneasy today, even as they did when Shakespeare wrote a Londoner, and wrote of crowns and coronets and great occasions.

BACKACHE

What It Means and How to Cure It Permanently.

A Most Common Complaint and One Which Is Often Misnamed—It Has But One Cause and There Is But One Cure.

Matane, Que., June 13.—For a long time Mr. O. Dionne, of this place, suffered the most excruciating pains in the back and loins. Nothing that he could get seemed to do him any good, until he was led to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This remedy has completely restored Mr. Dionne to good health, and he has no longer the slightest symptom of pain in the back, or any other trouble. It is the most remarkable cure and one which has done much to confirm the already splendid reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood.

Backache is Kidney-ache. Pain in the Back is simply the Kidneys crying for help.

Pain in the Back should not be neglected, for if this cry for help from the Kidneys is not heeded, and something done to correct the trouble, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy or Rheumatism is almost sure to follow.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Backache.

They are a specific, made expressly for the cure of Kidney Trouble.

Lame Back is but a symptom of Kidney Trouble, and therefore Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

Lame Back has often grown into Bright's Disease, the most serious form in which Kidney Trouble manifests itself.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured Bright's Disease after the most eminent physicians have given up.

They have cured, and are curing thousands of the most aggravated cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes and Dropsy.

But do not wait for any of these more serious forms. If your Back aches, your Kidneys are diseased.

If your Kidneys are diseased, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

Use them at once, and your Backache will quickly disappear.

Only Bored.

"Your shell-like ears, have they been pierced?"

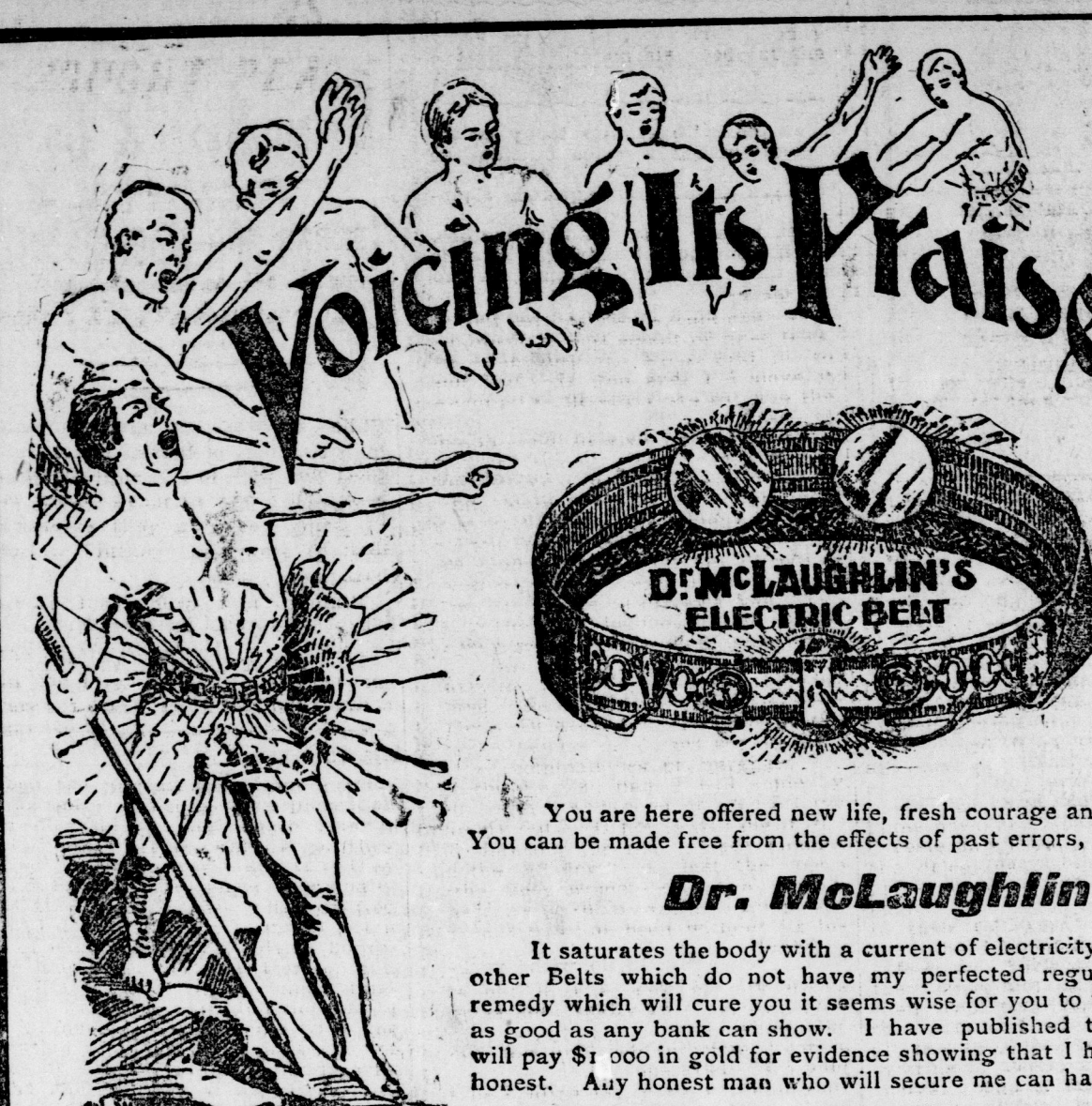
I asked with kind intent. "No, only bored," the maid replied. I wonder what she meant.

HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Simply apply Swayne's Ointment. No matter what the skin disease, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.



Crushed by a Timber—Now He Is Cured.

Dr. M. E. McLaughlin—Dear Sir,—Before getting your Belt I was not able to do anything on account of my back. It bothered me all the time. I told you before I would not take twice what I paid for it, and I praise you to everyone who asks me about it. The winter before last when I saved shingles there were times when I could hardly move with my back, and this winter I worked at it and never flinched. It was not for your Belt I would not be the way I am. You may print my testimonial in any paper you wish, and use my name as you wish. I will do all I can for you. If you knew the way I was hurt and the timber that fell on me, I am sure you would have said there was no cure for me. I am happy, contented, healthy and strong again, and I both thank and praise you and your Belt, and many others get the relief that I have received. I hear some people who got other Belts say they are no good and run them down, but I am sure I feel that I am shut up for they know how badly I was hurt. I am, your friend, THOS. GRAHAM, Box 522, Inglewood, Ont., March 31, 1902.

You are here offered new life, fresh courage and the nerves and vigor which belong to strong men. You can be made free from the effects of past errors, excesses and mistakes by

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

It saturates the body with a current of electricity which can be felt yet does not blister, nor burn, as do other Belts which do not have my perfected regulator and special cushion electrodes. If you want a remedy which will cure you it seems wise for you to take the one that has cured others. That's a record as good as any bank can show. I have published thousands of testimonials from cured patients, and I will pay \$100 in gold for evidence showing that I have ever used a testimonial which was not true and honest. Any honest man who will secure me can have my Belt and

PAY WHEN CURED.

Men, why will you be weak? Why do you not listen to the echo of the thousands of grateful voices raised in thanks to DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT? Why do you go on from day to day realizing that you are losing your nerve force when you see a cure within your grasp? Reach for it, take it to your heart and feel the life-blood flowing, jumping, dancing through your veins; feel the exhilarating spark of manhood warm your frame, the bright flash come to your eye and the firm grip to your hand—the grip which clasps your fellow-man and tells him that you have found your Mecca—you have regained your manhood.

CAUTION. Beware of old style, burning electrode Belts, which are using an imitation of my cushion electrodes. My office contains hundreds of these old Belts, discarded as useless and dangerous by persons whose bodies have been seared and scarred by the bare metal electrodes. I will make special terms to anyone having one of these old back-burners.

FREE BOOK. My new illustrated book tells about my Belt and how it cures the weakness of men and women. It is worth reading. I will send it closely sealed, free, upon request. Call, if possible, and I will explain my Belt and what it will do. I will give a free trial treatment to every seeker of proof of what my Belt does. Call or write to-day.

FREE TEST

DR. M. E. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

BEAUTIFUL AND TREACHEROUS

Fascinating Natural Qualities of Isle of Dominica.

Its Wonderful Boiling Lake Existed for 400 Years, But Was Discovered Only 20 Years Ago.

There is little doubt that the tragedy at the famous, but seldom visited Boiling Lake of Dominica last December was the first serious manifestation of the awakening volcanic fires.

From that point of view the first victim of the eruption was Wilfred M. Clive, a descendant of the Clive who laid the foundation of England's Indian empire. He met his death while exploring in an idle moment the strange, wild, Caribbean Island of Dominica.

A fascinating, beautiful, treacherous island is this Dominica. The molten lava, sea that underlies the island seethes beneath so thin a covering that, warmed by its fires a vegetation has sprung up with an incomparable luxuriance that makes it the most wonderful of worlds. So the island is a wonderland of boiling water break through, milky white, poisoning the orchid-scented air with deadly vapors, while high up on the mountain lies the Boiling Lake, one of nature's marvels.

ITS RECENT DISCOVERY.

It may seem incredible that on an island only 29 miles long by 16 broad a wonder like the Boiling Lake could exist for 400 years, during which time Caribs, Spaniards, French and English had apparently fought over every square inch of it, without being seen or its existence even suspected. Yet it was only about twenty years ago that Dr. Nichols found the mysterious little sheet of water.

Any one who has visited Dominica can understand, perhaps, how this happened, for so wrinkled is the island with high mountain ranges and deep, sunless valleys, and so impenetrable are the closely woven forests and green tangle of tropic underbrush covering everything there that the journey across the island consumes two full days' time.

Hearing of this strange lake, lying 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, on the flank of Mount Diablotin, the highest peak in the West Indies, Mr. Clive determined to visit it straightway.

So, on Dec. 20, accompanied by Gerald McDonald and a guide, Clive set out from the town of Roseau for Laudat, which was reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving McDonald behind, Clive began the climb under the guidance of Jean Jules and Manton Rollins, or, as many visitors to Dominica will better remember them, Wylie and Dugrossin.

The scenery grew wilder and more unnatural at every step. A mighty wave of living green swept down upon them from the hills above, fighting for every inch of the narrow path along the precipice.

The air became heavy with the scent of orchids growing on outspreading limbs, a sheer undecaying rustling, as thousands of creeping things moved through the underbrush, was drowned at intervals by the hoarse cry of the Devil's bird—strange of shape, with long black beak and "feet like

ducks' feet, but armed with terrible long claws," black as Erebus, well named the native Carib name the native Caribs bestowed upon it.

Other strange sounds, not so easily accounted for, were heard. In short, the path stretched through an enchanted forest, filled with hidden dangers for the unwary traveler.

At last the Petit Soufriere was reached, a deep basin, some two hundred feet across, surrounded by hills, green to their summits. It was only a hundred feet down, but a half hour of hardest work was needed to accomplish that short descent.

Then they moved on toward the lake. More weary cutting of giant creepers, often five inches thick. More stumbling over jagged rocks and toiling up almost perpendicular slopes, and then they stood, upon the cliffs above the Boiling Lake itself.

AN ANCIENT CRATER.

It was apparently, the ancient crater of a long-forgotten volcano, seemingly breathing its last awful, expiring breath as they looked. It is this lake whose sudden disappearance, when Pelee thundered, drew all Dominica into wild terror.

About 300 feet wide, the encircling walls rose 100 feet from the water. Generally the lake was covered over with clouds of steam—its temperature was over 120 degrees, but on this December morning, says the one survivor of the little expedition, the air was clear, although the bubbling of its surface, if anything, was more violent than usual.

Wylie, who was an old, experienced guide, was so alarmed at this that he begged Mr. Clive not to go down to the water, but Clive, not to be deterred by any fancied danger, had already started. At first all went well, though the atmosphere was almost unbearable.

Mr. Clive attempted some photographs without success, after which he turned his back to the lake and then lunch was spread. A sudden burst of sunshine induced Clive to return with the guides to the edge of the lake and try to take another photograph, when they again returned to the waterfall.

When lunch was over Clive went down to the shore once more, and scarcely had he left when everything began to look black before Rollins' eyes. Feeling, as he afterward described it, as if he were dying, he started to run but fell down unconscious.

Those few staggering steps probably saved his life, for when he revived he found Wylie lying overcome where he first felt the effects of the gas. Petrified with terror Rollins could not move, but called to Clive, who, running up, lifted Wylie's head from the ground and started to rub his limbs in an effort to bring him to.

"I told Mr. Clive," said Rollins at the inquest, "that I felt as if I was dying, and that Wylie was dead, and not to remain any longer, but to return."

Clive's reply was brief, but unmistakable.

"No, Wylie is not dead; go down to Laudat and get the doctor."

With what alacrity Rollins obeyed this command can be imagined. As he climbed the crater wall he saw the Englishman, unheeding the deadly peril only too plainly visible now, hunting quickly, but without excitement, through the traveling case for the brandy bottle.

That was the last time this gallant gentleman, who would not try to save himself while even a poor negro guide was in danger, was seen alive. From Laudat a party with hammocks and torches started for the lake, while a boy on horseback galloped to town for a doctor. But no doctor could be of use to those who were left in that death trap.

The first relief party could scarcely stand on the edge of the cliff and look down on the bodies below, so strong

had the gases become, and both Clive and the negro were dead beyond a doubt.

Clive lay about fifteen feet away, the half-emptied brandy flask showing he had not ceased in his efforts to save Wylie until the last. Escape was even easily possible, for, strange to say, the first outburst of gas had not affected Clive at all.

For two days the watchers on the cliff were driven from the bodies by the fumes. At last the old volcano consented to give up its prey.

On the island at least this burst of gas is now believed to have foreshadowed the eruption.

Rural Telephones.

The Farm Journal, an American publication, describes how rural telephones, which have become such a factor in farm life, in some parts of the United States, are organized. The article is in part as follows:

Let six, eight or ten farmers each have one-half mile line and connect their houses by telephone. These ten, by some persuasion, can induce ten others to extend the line on this same plan. After forty or fifty are thus connected things will become interesting, and the lines can easily be extended in all directions over your country, and will soon work their own way out into adjacent counties.

The county being made up of a number of local companies, each section or neighborhood erects and controls its own line and 'phones, collects its own tolls, and keeps the line and 'phones in repair.

The lines from the different sections are run to various central points, and there connected by switchboards. Tolls collected from outside parties are usually sufficient to defray the necessary repair expenses, with a surplus left to pay a good interest on investment. However, a small fee is annually collected from each 'phone owner to maintain the switchboards.

This plan is popular, since each section controls its own 'affairs.' If one local company desires to make improvements or changes, they consult among themselves only, and are not compelled to get permission from other sections, or from executive officers living probably at a distance, which would be the case if the whole system was controlled by one general company. However, it has been found necessary, after several local companies are organized, to form a general organization, to meet annually, or oftener, with power to adopt such rules and regulations as they may deem expedient for the good of the service as a whole.

Rockingham county, Va., has the largest rural telephone service in the United States. Three thousand farmers there have 'phone connection, each at a cost of the purchaser of one telephone, building of one-half mile line, total investment of about \$30.

The towns are not organized and wired on this co-operative plan. All within the corporate limits are required to pay an annual rental of \$15. Everybody but Old Peter Tumbledown having 'phones in all the country round, draws the business houses in line, and those who may desire a share of the country custom must take 'phones and pay the prices asked. The income from this source and tolls has been sufficient to collect only from each farmer 'phone owner \$2 per year, giving him free use of all the extended services, branching out into adjoining counties.

The farmer usually is made to carry the principal burden, but in this telephone plan they have the power to make things come their way, and would advise that it be kept a purely farmers' system, owned, operated and controlled by farmers, having no entangling alliances with any party or company whose interest or intentions you may think do not coincide with yours, as they may cause you to depart from the path you have mapped out.

The object of the usual toll-line company is, of course, to make money, to get every penny possible for the service rendered.

The object of this farmers' plan is diametrically opposite, as they aim to make sufficient only to pay expenses, and have conditions so liberal that the greatest number can afford to install 'phones.

It has been demonstrated that farmers can erect and maintain their own lines and 'phones at very much less cost than the usual toll-line companies can furnish them the service.

Farmers usually can furnish poles from their own timber, and haul and erect same, and also aid in the stringing of the wire, necessitating a cash outlay only for wire, brackets and insulators, total cost of same about \$3 per mile.

As farmers living along the whole route are shareholders, various ones in different sections are appointed to keep a lookout and make any necessary repairs, and in this way things are kept in shape at a minimum cost. Toll-line companies are often placed at an expense of several dollars to travel quite a distance to repair a five-minute job.

Cedar or chestnut makes the most durable pole, but many farmers having oak, to make cost the least possible, cut the poles from their own timber. Twenty-six 24-foot poles per mile make a fairly good line. For one mile it takes 165 pounds No. 12 galvanized wire. The B. B., made specially for electrical purposes will prove the most durable, as it is better galvanized than the ordinary fence wire, and also the conductivity is somewhat better; however, many use the latter and get good service for awhile, at least.

YOU WILL BE HAPPY IF YOU ARE WELL.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Restores That Health and Vigor That Makes Living a Pleasure.

If you are sick and out of sorts in June, it is in your power to make yourself healthy, strong and happy.

There is not the slightest reason why you should go through the hot summer weather feeling sickly, miserable, languid and melancholic. To be well and strong, means happiness and true joy, and this is the season when you should be bright, hearty and glad-some.

If you are sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic, or have the shadows of disease hovering over you; if you are not as bright, energetic and strong as you were some weeks ago, the use of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up and fortify your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct digestion, sharpen the appetite, and conduce to restful sleep. Thousands once in a half-dead condition owe their present good health to the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtland, Ont., says:

"With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for 30 years has almost disappeared. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."

From "How England Saved Europe."

My First Kiss.

By Maxim Gorki.

Once in the late fall my situation grew decidedly unpleasant. I arrived in Moscow, where I had neither home nor friends, without a copeck.

After selling all parts of my wardrobe that could possibly be spared without police interference, I went to the shipyards, which in summer time, are always full of life and people, men and women who work for their living and others. At this time, the beginning of November, the neighborhood was deserted—not a soul to be seen, not a dog or cat, even. I tramped about in all directions looking for remnants of food. Indeed, in spots I dug up the wet ground with my feet, hoping against hope to find perhaps some canned goods or a little barrel of salt fish. Suddenly as I bent over a box to make sure that nothing eatable escaped me, I saw a female figure, much the worse for rain and mud. The woman who turned her back upon me was digging with her bare hands at the side of the goods case.

"What are you doing there?" I asked, squatting down near her. There was an exclamation of surprise, of fear and indignation to her feet. When she stood up, regarding me with big, gray, anxious eyes. I saw a comely lass of my own age, with a face full of sweetness and poetry, but disfigured by three big black marks, one under each eye, another in the center of the forehead. "Only an artist could do it so symmetrically," I said to myself with the brutal humor of the tramp used to suffer by his own kind and others.

II.

As the girl studied my face and ragged appearance, the look of alarm gradually faded from her eyes. Next she wiped the dirt from her hands, adjusted her calico headcloth, and said:

"So you are hungry, too? Well, go on digging. I believe that box there is full of good things. Some dayman must have dropped it. Hurry up, boy, may be there is sausage in it."

"Sausage?" I dug and dug and still I dug. After resting a bit, my new acquaintance crouched beside me and helped. We worked in silence. Whether I was thinking of the criminal code at the time, of good morals and the sacred rights of property—things we ought always to have in mind, according to wise and good men's notions of the properties—I can't tell now. But I do know that I was determined to get at the bottom and expected to find it full of sausage, bread, sweetmeats and macaroni; the latter I used to chew raw in those days.

Dusk found us still at work with the cold, damp, the flood of heaven's tears increasing. A sudden shower louder the rain-drops drummed on the boards of the goods cases. Somewhere in the distance a watchman's rattle was going.

"Has this box a bottom, or not?" asked my partner.

I gave it up. Few women have good ideas, but this one had.

"Let's break off the lock—we might as well go to jail for one thing as for the other," she said.

I broke the lock with a stone, and my friend crawled in.

She began stock-taking. "A basket of soda water bottles, an empty valise, a sun umbrella, a piece of carpet—"

"Nothing to eat?" I felt my hopes dashed to the ground. Suddenly she cried: "Hi, here it is!"

"What, the sausage?"

The bread rolled to the ground, and after it my comrade.

Seeing that I was lurching before she had a show, herself, she cried impatiently: "Let me have a bit, too, greedy." And then: "We can't stay here and live. What shall we do?" She looked inquiringly in all directions.

"I saw a turned-up boat on shore. I think I can find it again. Shall we try that?"

Instead of answer, my companion took me by the arm. I had hold of the bread, breaking off chunks as our mouths got empty.

The rain was increasing, the river howled, the wind alternately groaned and sobbed. Then a loud, ear-splitting whistle, the whistle of a full belly, surely, who didn't care a farthing for the sufferings of the starving. It hurt me, but didn't affect my appetite or the girl's.

"What's your name?" I asked at last, ashamed at working my jaws without interruption.

"Natascha," replied the girl, with a mouth full of bread.

III.

The rain beat incessantly upon the boat that sheltered us.

We sat silent and shivering; my eyes were heavy with sleep. Natascha leaned back against the side of the boat, making herself as small as possible in an effort to keep at least some warmth in her body. Her chin rested on her knees, round which her arms were drawn, while her wide-open eyes stared into space. She was stirred and her mute immobility had in it the shadow of awe. Half frightened, I thought of speaking to her, but didn't know what. She began herself.

"What a wretched existence the like of us lead!" It was not said in a spirit of complaint—there was far too much indifference in her tone for that! As I agreed with Natascha, I saw no reason for reply. "If one could only make an end of it all," she continued slowly and thoughtfully, again without a shade of regret. Evidently the girl, young as she was, had come to the conclusion that, to escape the hardships of life, it was best to give up life itself.

"Who beat you?" I asked after a while.

"Who else but Pascha, my lover—we are to be married next spring."

"Was it the first time he beat you?"

"No, no," she replied, making haste to correct so foolish an impression. "He thrashed me every time he gets full of vodka." And she moved up closer. She was a servant out of work, he a baker, had a red moustache and played delightedly on the hurdy-gurdy. Clean he was; his Sunday clothes cost fifteen rubles, his boots had red tops; in short, he was a "prize." Natascha loved him and gave him all she earned. He accepted, got drunk and beat her. The beating she didn't mind, but that he flitted with other girls—that was unbearable.

"This afternoon I found him with that husky, Dunka, and upbraided him. He knocked me down. He trampled upon me, dragged me around the sidewalk by my hair. But that wasn't the worst. He tore my best suit of clothes—the only one left, for I had to sell the rest to live. Tore it to tatters, dress and jacket and headcloth. What am I to do?" she cried suddenly, out into the night. "I don't want to go to the police will arrest me. Now, what can I do?"

The wind blew faster and faster, colder and colder. As in the afternoon, when my stomach was absolutely empty, my teeth chattered. Natascha bent lower under the frost.

"Man is a beast, all men are beasts," she observed after an interval, in a matter of fact way, and her quietude, the absence of violent anger, or hatred, impressed me more than words can tell. There was the difference between witnessing death's agony and reading about it. I groaned and ground my teeth.

"At that moment I felt two small cold hands, one upon my neck, the other patting my face. And an anxious, sweet, gently caressing voice queried: 'What ails you?' Before I could say a word Natascha continued: 'Are you cold? May the Holy Mother of Ksan protect you from freezing. It's a horrible death, they say.' Then, somewhat peremptorily: 'Answer, Maxim; don't sit there like an owl.' And again caressingly: 'Now confess, what's your trouble? Why did you lose your place? Was it for drunkenness, or did you steal something? A few coppers, perhaps, or a lump of sugar? You didn't do it? Of course not, Maxim, my boy; of course not.' And so she went on, consoling, encouraging me, saving my moral and physical life.

What irony, a philosopher of my imaginary magnitude soled and comforted by an ignorant servant maid, for let it be known, that period of my life I was extremely busy reconstructing society and changing the political and ethical aspects of the world being, at that same time firmly convinced that the future belonged to me and that I was preparing for a great historical role.

For awhile it seemed like a dream, but the rain drops gliding down my neck told another story. The wind, too, howled and roared, the boat and kicking it with invisible great boots, and we both trembled with the cold.

But she continued speaking—spoke only as a woman can! Under the influence of her native and consoling words, I felt something burst within me—the icy crust of egotism that held my heart in bondage. Then I could cry and my tears washed away much stored up anger, a great amount of stupidity, sorrow and vain-gloriousness.

Natascha spoke again: "Stop crying, dearest—believe me, better days are coming, the Holy Mother loves youth and I will pray for her on your behalf, yes, I will. You will get another job, you will want a suit costing fifteen, yes, twenty rubles, and high boots. You will be happy."

And then she kissed me—the first kiss from girlish lips I ever received. And as I was dozing away I heard her say: "All will be well—will be well, for God and the Holy Mother are with you—Maxim."

In the morning the sun rose bright and cheering. Natascha was at that season of the year, and Natascha and I said good-bye; never to meet again.

Flower Growing in June.

In the greenhouse carnations come in for attention. By the first of June plants should be placed in beds. Early June is not too late to take cuttings of chrysanthemums for growing single flowers to single stalks. Early made cuttings should be ready to go on to the benches by the first week in June, says Country Life in America. Gloxinias started in February should come in bloom this month and will fill in the interval until the showy chrysanthemums are in flower. Cuttings of hydrangeas can also be made in June, and are then best grown in a cool-house. A growing appreciation of calceolarias as spring-blooming pot-plants is leading to a much more generous growing of them. For March bloom seed should be sown in shallow pans and placed in a cool-house or well-ventilated and shaded frame by the middle of June. Practically the same thing applies to cinerarias. Asparagus should be dried off from June to August. In the out-of-door beds an earnest warfare against the weeds must be waged. Watch the beds carefully that they get sufficient water. Watch for the bug, and spray with powder the bushes thoroughly.

A steam engine constructed in 1899, the oldest in the business, has been working continuously since that time at the Farm Colony, Rutherglen, near Glasgow. It is a Newcomen winding engine.

Many of the persons arrested in connection with the Moscow riots are having in so unruly a fashion in jail, it is said, that they are to be distributed among the prisons of different towns.

Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York, declares that 3,000 people throughout the world die daily from tuberculosis.

DO YOU SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH?

Some Blunders Made by Well-Educated Men.

A Story of Dwight L. Moody and His Early Struggles With His Native Tongue.

When 19 years old, Dwight L. Moody hid a pew in Plymouth Church, Chicago, and undertook to fill it every Sunday. It is said that he would hail young men of the street corners, visit them at their boarding houses, or even call them out of saloons to share his pew. Either on account of the novelty of his invitations, or because his remarkable earnestness and cordiality induced them to attend, many did so, and soon he was renting four pews, which he filled every Sunday with his strangely assorted guests.

"Your faith has works enough to keep it alive ten times over," said an old deacon, after he had listened to Moody's first testimony in a Plymouth Church prayer meeting; "but in my opinion you would serve God best by keeping still!"

"You certainly have zeal enough, and to spare," said another, "but you should realize the limitations of your vocation and not try to speak in public. You make too many mistakes in grammar."

"I know that I make mistakes," replied young Moody, "and I am doing a great many other things, but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got." Then, looking at his critic searchingly, he added earnestly:

"Look here, my friend; you've got grammar enough—but what are you doing with it for the Master?"

The point was well taken, for efficiency, after all, is the crowning excellence of language. The young evangelist did not always make his verbs agree with their subjects in person and number, or take care that his pronouns should correspond accurately with the nouns for which they stood, in the manner prescribed by Lindley Murray; but he was spirit-driven with a message which struggled for utterance, and he delivered it with all the force and fire of absolute consecration—with a soul-compelling, sympathetic earnestness which carried his rough but vigorous words home to the heart of every hearer. He tried with all his might to improve for he felt that his work could not be done too well, and by close study and observation he was at length enabled, in a large degree, to combine the grace of good diction with the rugged strength of native eloquence. Although, even in his later years, he would sometimes, in an impassioned plea, use "done" for "did," "come" for "came," "Israel" for "Israel," etc., his logic was so coherent, his words so simple, well chosen, and predominatingly Anglo-Saxon, and his sentences so short, clear and epigrammatic that neither children nor mature scholars could mistake his meaning or thought of criticising his use of the English language.

In such men abundant excellence in other elements of oratory goes far to compensate for grammatical errors, here and there, but only by being correct in their use of words and sentences can simple and average ability hope to escape criticism.

Strange as it may seem, most of the young men and women of today who aspire to become influential orators or writers, even those who are graduates of high schools and colleges, find that, like Moody, they have not mastered grammar. For nearly twenty years, educators, almost without exception, have been trying, with but indifferent success, to make various sugar-coated language courses do the work formerly accomplished by old-fashioned grammars in giving students an accurate working knowledge of their mother tongue. One natural consequence of these attempts is that the number is comparatively much smaller than it once was of so-called well educated young people who can tell with certainty whether or not they speak and write just what they wish to express.

Thorough drill in formal grammar should be made a prominent feature in every school whose pupils are not less than ten years old or more than twenty-five. But inasmuch as this subject, as usually presented, is found to be very difficult and uninteresting for pupils under ten years of age, it may well be preceded by an elementary course in language lessons, which will kindle interest and prepare the mind for the solid work in words and construction which should follow.

The New York World of Monday, Feb. 10, 1902, says that a New Jersey board of health issued this notice:

"All persons who have dogs or cats running at large are hereby notified that they will be killed within 24 hours after the date of this notice."

This blunder was made by supposedly well educated men, as were also those given below, selected from a popular work on "Etiquettes of English." Observe that their authors are not boys and girls, but a physician's wife, an alienist, a teacher, a clergyman, an editor and reporters:

"I know he will die because my husband is his physician."

"It was plain that the man was demented, as he would not eat himself or allow anyone else to."

"Students will not be allowed to throw stones at cows or other animals on a farm school."

"I protest against this quarrel in the interest of peace."

"My brethren, we will sing songs of joy ourselves this morning, because the choir is absent."

"The captain was dancing with a handsome lady in full uniform."

"He looked at the laborer as he shoveled the sand with a compassionate expression."

"On last Wednesday evening, as Stephen Jones was driving a young mule accompanied by his father-in-law, he suddenly commenced kicking, and the buggy being soon overturned, both were thrown heavily to the ground. He then endeavored to subdue the vicious brute, and he kicked him so severely that he was injured internally. He was at once driven home and everything possible was done to save his life, but all in vain, and he died about an hour after the accident. His loss is regretted by all. His father-in-law was not seriously hurt."

"Mr. Jones grabbed his typewriter and rushed for the street almost as soon as the fire-bell began to ring."

For cuts, wounds, rheumatism, stiff joints, burns, scalds, bites of insects, croup, coughs, colds, Hayward's Yell-Off will be found an excellent remedy.

Authority for the formation of volunteer corps was given by the British war office 43 years ago.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Baby's Own Tablets

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion, or any stomach trouble. If they are troubled at any time with constipation, diarrhoea, or any other of the minor ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets.

This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the high road to recovery at once. It is doing this to-day for thousands of little ones in all parts of the country.

The Tablets are good for children of all ages and are taken as readily as candy. If crushed to a powder they can be taken with perfect safety and gratifying results to the youngest infant.

A Mother's Praise.

Mrs. James Spencely, Pembroke, Ont., says:—"Any mother with a cross and restless child should get Baby's Own Tablets at once. When my baby was teething he was cross, feverish and so sleepless that I had to be up with him most of the night. The Tablets were recommended to me and after giving them to baby his fever was reduced, he became quiet, got refreshing sleep, and I was able to get sleep myself. I have since given him the Tablets both for constipation and diarrhoea and find them a cure for both these troubles. I do not know what I would do without the Tablets at times and I always keep them in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists, or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing

The
Dr. Williams Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.
or Schenectady, N. Y.



A Guarantee.

"I hereby certify that I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain no opiate or narcotic, that they are given with perfect safety to the youngest infant, that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

M. L. HERSEY, M. A. Sc. (MONTREAL),
Public Analyst
for Province of Quebec.

THE CANADIAN WEST

Will Be Able, In Five Years, to Supply the British Empire With All the Wheat It Needs.

Mr. Robert Meighen Upon the Condition and Prospects of the Northwest.

[From the Montreal Daily Witness.]

Mr. Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, is not indifferent to scenic or poetic effects, but it behooves him, chiefly, to have a clear, unclouded prospect, as head of a great milling corporation whose prosperity is bound up with the material development of the country.

Mr. Meighen has just returned from a trip to the Northwest and the Pacific coast, with faith stimulated in the future of this great country. He says, setting out from all parts of the world, he noted numbers from the other side of the line who had sold their lands, and who had determined to become settlers in the great Northwest, and who were ready to do opportunities for acquiring an independence; he saw towns extending and improving; he witnessed the beginning of new settlements which would rapidly become towns; and he made the calculation that if the influx of population continued at the rate which marked it at the present, the Northwest in five years from the present date would be able to supply the British Empire with all the wheat it needed.

In regard to the influx of American settlers, Mr. Meighen is of the opinion that in many instances these people were really Canadians who had lived for years in the Western States, and who, finding that they could sell their land at a high price, had come to Canada, and occupying admirable lands, they would, with money in their pockets, from the sale of their former possessions, be in a position to become valuable settlers. The first year they would raise coarse grains, as he had seen, but the second year they would raise wheat, and thus the great wheat belt would go on extending.

Some had said that the influx of Americans into the Northwest may have the effect, sooner or later, of producing an annexation sentiment?

"I have enough faith in the justice and liberality of our country to believe that we will be able to win the support of the British flag," said Mr. Meighen, a little proudly, "to be well persuaded that the Americans who come to us will be quite content to remain British subjects, under conditions which give them perfect freedom and the opportunity to achieve an independence."

Mr. Meighen said he was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and he would not make predictions in regard to the next wheat crop in the Northwest, but all the signs were favorable. Next year, however, if the influx of population continued—and of course population was the great need of the country—there would be a very considerable extension of the wheat-growing lands, and in five years, as he said—and here he was bold to make prediction—the Northwest would grow enough wheat to supply the British Empire.

British Columbia was prosperous, all the signs were favorable. He did not go into the mining centers, in which, however, there was activity. He was proud to see the steamers at Vancouver which plied between this country and the Orient; proud to see the ships which connected the Dominion with the great island continent of Australia; and it was a consideration to him that it was a consideration which struck him with a sense of satisfaction that this connection with the Orient, this expanding trade with Australia had been the result of the work of the C. P. R., which asked no government subvention, and which has commenced and carried on this business of its own bat, so to speak.

"And as for the C. P. R. transcontinental system itself," said Mr. Meighen, "let me say, with all the al-

leged sins of omission and commission which have been charged to its account, it has been the great factor of making the Dominion what it is to-day.

"This is undoubted. You may criticize, but this fact remains—but for the C. P. R. this country could never have reached the measure of development which it at present enjoys and which is only a foretaste of the prosperity and expansion which will yet be witnessed."

"Are our people aware of what this country is doing? Have they thought what this trade with the Orient, this commerce with Australia, means? Are they aware that the C. P. R. takes the product of the Northwest from the prairies, brings it through the Rocky Mountains lands at the coast, and then ships it to Australia at the rate of 50 cents per hundredweight? That is something to think about and ponder over. No, the bulk of our people do not know what the C. P. R. is doing in this regard. But just consider the possibilities involved, when you can get your product taken from Winnipeg to Australia at the rate I have quoted?"

Mr. Meighen noted the signs of progress in Winnipeg, which is one of the most aggressive cities in the Dominion; observed the contented who were being filled up at a wonderful rate both from Europe and the United States; he utters this strong word: "Let Canada do all in her power to provide adequate transport for the increased yield of grain in the Northwest, a trade which the Americans are desirous of capturing—a trade, however, which we must bend every energy to control ourselves keeping pace with our facilities, with the influx of the people, who are always ready the second year to produce a wheat crop."

Life.

The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel that bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to rise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire to overcome by them—to feel life boundless in the future. A medicine that made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor to glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns. d&w

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, dilute at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better. Until, after three weeks, all the sores have healed, and best of all the mare is growing well, and is NOT WHITE, as is most always the case in horse wounds.

Weymouth.

M. DOUCET.

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE.

Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice.

Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

The Doe and the Jackdaw.

In Savernake Forest I once witnessed a very pretty little scene. I noticed a doe lying down by herself in a grassy hollow, and as I passed her at a distance of about 50 yards it struck me as singular that she kept her head so low down that I could only see the top of it on a level with her back. Walking round to get a better sight, I saw a jackdaw standing on the turf before her, very busily pecking at her face. With my glass I was able to watch her movements very closely; he pecked round her eyes, then her nostrils, her throat, and in fact every part of her face; and, just as a man when being shaved turns his face this way and that under the gentle guiding touch of the barber's fingers, and lifts up his chin to allow the razor to pass beneath it, so did the doe raise and lower and turn her face about to enable the bird to examine and reach every part with his bill, says a writer in Birds and Man. Finally, the doe left the face, and, moving round, jumped on the deer's shoulders, and began a minute search in that part; having finished this, he jumped on to the head and pecked at the forehead and round the bases of the ears. The pecking done, he remained for some seconds sitting perfectly still, looking very pretty with the graceful red head for a stand, the doe's long ears thrust out on either side of him.

When you feel weak, run-down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Thirty-six asteroids were discovered in 1901, all but one of them in Heidelberg by photography.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. Gambling is now prohibited in cafes and other public places in Zurich, which is becoming the most moral town in Switzerland.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure back-ache, side-ache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Ready Reference Guide of London—Banks, Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers.

Auction Mart, Storage and Moving PORTER & CO., phone 1162.

Banks. DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY. CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN.

Brushes. THOMAS BRYAN, 21 Dundas street.

Robinson, Little & Co., 243 Rich.

Hardware. HOBBS HARDWARE CO., 253 Rich.

Iron, Brass and Wire Works. DENNIS WIRE & IRON CO., King.

Insurance. NORTHERN LIFE, Masonic Temple.

Lumber Boxes. LONDON BOX MFG. & LUMBER CO (Limited).

Wholesale Grocers. A. M. SMITH & CO., 176 York street.

ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., 233 Rich.

MOTHERHOOD

Is a natural instinct which shows itself in the girl as soon as she is big enough to play the mother to her doll. Unfortunately the womanly health does not always keep pace with the motherly instinct, and when real motherhood comes it often comes to mothers who suffer intolerably during maternity and are unable to nurse the weakling child which frets and moans in their arms.

Motherhood is prepared for and provided for by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures nausea, tranquilizes the nerves, gives a healthy appetite and promotes restful sleep. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives the mother abundant strength to nurse her child.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for weak and sickly women.

"Two years ago I was very sick and began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' writes Mrs. Ed. Hackett, of Chardon, Georgia, Ohio. 'When my baby boy came he weighed twelve pounds and a half. Have had good health ever since, until about three weeks ago, when wearing my baby, I contracted a heavy cold. Am taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am thankful that poor sufferers have such a grand chance to regain their health by using Dr. Pierce's medicines. It would take pages to tell the good it has done in our family, and in a great many more families under my observation."

"Thank you for your kind medical advice."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Is a natural instinct which shows itself in the girl as soon as she is big enough to play the mother to her doll. Unfortunately the womanly health does not always keep pace with the motherly instinct, and when real motherhood comes it often comes to mothers who suffer intolerably during maternity and are unable to nurse the weakling child which frets and moans in their arms.

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Motherhood is prepared for and provided

By James Vernon.

of Files

est enlisted man in the United States army, having served from Nov. 7, 1861, to May 7, 1885, when he went on the retired list. He served in France, Mexico and the Civil War.

Great excitement was caused recently in a Colorado mountain camp by the offering of a sirloin steak as a prize at an entertainment.

birds' nests,
Minard's Liniment Cures Cows.

men's polyphonic line. The only man who never an-
ever will be converted to the country
the fellow who was raised on the
farm and kept close to nature from
sunup to sunset, with an hour at noon
for soggy pie and oatmeal water. He

In China grand banquets last twelve
hours or even longer, and the menu
includes such delicacies as pickled
birds' nests.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargetin
Cows.

by all drugists.
A FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL to eve
THE PUL-MO CO., TORON

Crows have 27 different o
referable to a different actio

Massos, Sweden, has a woman's fire
department, 150 strong.

In China grand banquets last twelve
hours or even longer, and the menu
includes such delicacies as pickled
birds' nests.

Minard's Lintment Cures Garget in
Cows.

Crows have 27 different cries, each
referable to a different action.

throat and lung troubles. Thousands have used it successfully. Price, \$1.00 per large bottle, 15 cents for small bottle. For sale by all druggists.

A FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL to every sufferer

THE PUL-MO CO., TORONTO, ONT

The only man who never can and never will be converted to the country is the fellow who was raised on the farm and kept close to nature from sunup to sunset, with an hour at noon for soggy pie and oatmeal water. He

Slips of the Irish Tongue.

A writer in the London Spectator has gathered a number of Hibernianisms, which he set down for the entertainment of appreciative readers:

My first story is one of the late Queen's says he. On her return from her last visit to Northern Italy, the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor were dining with her, when she remarked to the former: "You remember that before I started for Italy you urged me not to fail to visit the conventual church of Asolo. I bore this in mind, and was greatly impressed with all I saw there. I had one droll experience, too. For as I was being conducted through a very chilly corridor by one of the monks, I said to him: 'Don't you often feel the draughts very trying, wearing the tunic as you do?' I received my answer not in Italian, but in these words: 'No, madame, I can't say that I suffer in that way at all. As you must be aware, we Irish are rather a hot-headed race.'"

Another story of Dublin Castle: "Mr. A. C. Lord Carlisle's wittiest aide-de-camp, was ill and in bed one day, and seemed to have lost his temper with one of the servants. A meeting in aid of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers was going on in a neighboring building, and he presently heard the following dialogue: 'A little way down the passage. And who were you bringing the brequost to, Biddy?'

"Only to that sick and indignant roomkeeper, Mr. C. who possessed a very pronounced snub nose, used to tell this story against himself: 'When I was dispensary doctor down in the country—he spoke as a Dublin physician in good practice, was once mounting his horse when an old beggar woman began pestering me for money. I was in a hurry to be off, and perhaps showed my impatience of her importunity in too marked a manner. She suddenly stopped begging and delivered herself very deliberately, before the group of hotel hangers-on, who were standing to see me off: 'Well, the Lord preserve yer eyesight, for the devil a nose ye have to mount the spout upon! The spout is the little of the above retort of course constitutes its strength. It was, in fact, a curse in the disguise of a blessing. VACCINATED, BUT NOT BAPTIZED.

It was a good old priest, who, observing that regular attendance at a Lent mission had done nothing to reform one of his parishioners, told him so, and asked him the reason of it. 'Ah, father,' he replied, 'I can manage the faith right enough, but the morris bates me.'"

On another occasion this priest was called upon to marry a man of whom he knew nothing to a girl of the same persuasion. On investigation he found the would-be bridegroom's knowledge of the Catholic faith very limited. 'Have you ever been baptized,' he asked.

'Well, father, I can't trust me memory to that.' 'Are your parents living?' 'The mother is.' 'Let's have her address.'

This was given, and a telegram dispatched to the old lady on the spot, reply paid. The answer came in due course: 'Vaccinated, but not baptized.'

KNOW WHERE TO HIT. The late Lord Morris was full of legal stories, but the following did not belong to his budget: A case of assault came before a Kerry court. In the course of it, the counsel for the defense who was a witness for the prosecution said: 'And you say the man who assaulted you is blind, or is as good as blind?'

'Yes, sir.' 'Then how came he to get into the scullery?'

'Well, counselor, it was this way: Wherever he heard the blows goin' he slipped in, feelin' for a vacancy, and when he found it he lay like a good wan, a he.'"

'But you said just now that there was a storm of thunder and lightning going on at the time.' 'There was so, yer honor.' 'Then I suppose it got darker and darker?'

'Thru for you, counselor.' 'And you say this man was nearly blind; surely the darkness would have made him quite so.'

'Not at all. Contrariwise, every time a flash of lightning come, he shrank out and hit me in the eye.' 'It was raining, too, I suppose?'

'It was so, sir.' 'Perhaps, then, as you are so exact, you'll tell me the size of the jury the size of the drops of rain.'

'I will, thin; to the best of me'

BRAIN POWER

How It May Be Strengthened and Increased.

The brain is a great nerve battery that presides over all the powers and impulses of the human body. Very frequently the power of poor blood it becomes enfeebled, and a general weakness of the entire system follows.

No remedy possesses the marvelous brain strengthening power that Ferrozone has demonstrated in thousands of cases. It contains an abundance of phosphorus and iron which are essential in the formation of red vitalizing blood, and in this way supplies the brain with extra power to perform its numerous and important duties.

Ferrozone is the best preparation for brain workers, and those inclined to a sedentary life. It improves the appetite, insures good digestion, regulates the bowels, and helps the stomach to do its work. Lawyers, ministers, and those whose occupation entails much thinking and brain labor, will find Ferrozone of immense value, because of its power to stimulate mental activity. Students who take Ferrozone regularly, find it not only clears the brain, and makes it more receptive, but makes them strong in body as well as mind.

A medical student of Toronto University, who has proved the good qualities of Ferrozone, says: "On my study table there is always a place for Ferrozone. I find by keeping my digestion in perfect order, and maintaining a splendid appetite, it enables me to accomplish a great deal of hard work. I consider Ferrozone as the best food for the brain, the blood and the nerves, and can highly recommend it." Very few are so strong and healthy that a course of Ferrozone would not benefit. It is good for the young and old alike, and is prepared in convenient tablet form, price per box, 50 cents; sold by all druggists and N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

rec'lection they varied in size from a shillin' to eighteenpence." This hazy view of the size of drops of rain is somewhat suggestive of a drop too much of another sort. As I am on the drink question, let me wind up my string of Irish stories by saying that while there are several well-known humorous receipts for mixing a good glass of punch, no apology is needed for adding the following to the number: "Mix the materials in equal portions—half whisky and the other half whisky and water."

CATTLE-DUFFER CLASS IS FAST DWINDLING

In Past Days He Drove His Gay Trade With a Fine Dash and Recklessness.

The cattle duffer belongs to a new fast-dwindling class. Happily so! In bygone days, when settlement was scanty, the country for the most part wild and untenanted, and with big squatters and a few pioneers of the vast interior pastoral regions, he flourished exceedingly, and drove his gay but nefarious trade with a fine dash and recklessness and a contemptuous disregard of the police. His number was then to be reckoned by the hundred.

His methods were as follows: He built himself a hut in the heart of some great forest, situated within a measurable distance of two or more big cattle stations. Near the hut he constructed an enclosure—a paddock surrounded with a dog-leg fence (a dog-leg fence is made by heaping the trunks of sapling trees about forked stakes driven into the ground). These paddocks always embraced a stream of running water, and were often many acres in extent.

Having so provided himself, he descended on horseback at night upon the squating runs, armed with a stock whip and revolver, and what cattle he could find he drove off to his fastness. When his stolen herd had accumulated to sufficiently brave proportions, assisted by his servants and fellow-robers, he proceeded to the paddock, brandy and throwing the cattle one by one, first the old brand was obliterated by applying a red-hot, broad, flat searing-iron to the spot, and then, after allowing a time for the wounds to heal, his own brand was imprinted on the scar. So treated, the proper owners of the animals could never identify them. The cattle duffer thereupon drove his prey to the nearest market, and sold them at auction, often to the very men whom he had robbed.

Sometimes he was caught red-handed by his enemies the squatters, and was convicted and imprisoned; sometimes he was shot and perished miserably in the bush, the story of his crime known only to the men who slew him, who wisely kept the secret to himself, but more often he escaped scot free, made much money, retired from his lawless calling, and developed into a squatter on his own account. Many great colonial fortunes have been so founded.

It is an open secret that the late millionaire, James Tyson, Australia's richest pastoralist, commenced life as a cattle duffer. I knew him once intimately myself, who died recently worth several hundred thousand pounds. He was clerk of petty sessions in a town of the New England Plains, a respectable government servant, but only in the daytime. After dark he was a prince of cattle duffers, employing over twenty rascals, at whose head he led many a wild midnight raid in that rich squating district.

For almost twenty years he carried on this double life, his villainy unsuspected by the many, known only to a few, whose silence he purchased with his tainted gold. He was appointed a justice of the peace, and died in all the odors of sanctity. It may interest Englishmen to learn that he was a Scot, a Highlander, whose ancestors were famous covenanting chiefs, who gave much trouble to Lowland farmers in their day. I have seen in his study a rustic old broadsword which he declared had, in the hand of an ancient grandsire, cut off a lock of Claverhouse's wig. "A braw swiwe," the old scoundrel used to say, "but hardly handy. Another inch to left or right, and Drumclog would never have been fought."—Australian Correspondence London Mail.

Close Planting of Orchards.

Persons inspecting young fruit orchards are apt to be struck by the fact that there seems to be a good deal of waste of land, and the question he naturally asks is, why don't they plant the trees closer? There has been some recent discussion on this point, and it is declared that the whole ground would not be cast in the shade when the trees reached full maturity, and at the same time he had been told not to attempt to raise crops between the rows of trees unless he turned them under to enrich the soil. But I think the practical horticulturists are reaching the conclusion that there is too much waste space in an orchard, and that some method can be devised to reclaim this waste.

Close planting naturally frightens many away, and they shake their heads prophetically. Nevertheless there have been some excellent results obtained in close planting which must at least convey some valuable lesson to us. There have been harvested some large crops of apples where the trees were only half the distance apart in the rows which has always been recommended. These rows themselves were the regulation distance away, but between them were raised nursery stock, young trees, vines and plants of all kinds, and the trees were trained where when old enough. The results were all satisfactory, but they were achieved only through a systematic cultivation and manuring of the land. Where trees partly shade young nursery stock from the hot sun they are less liable to be injured from sunscald. The chief question that concerns growers, experimenting with close planting is that of enriching the soil so that it can nourish the double crops. This is made possible only by adding to the soil all that is taken from it by the trees. Market gardeners find that the more they cultivate the soil the more they will produce. It is equally true of our orchards. If we crowd them more little harm can be done if we put on sufficient crop food. More experiments and tests in close planting are desirable to enlighten us on this point.

FILES - ITCHING, BLIND OR BLEEDING.

Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and become very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and restores the skin to its normal state. At druggists or by mail, for 50 cents. For a free sample address Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal Wholesale Agents.

MEN WHO LIVE OVER DYNAMITE

Nonchalance of Sailors Employed on Powder Boats.

The Life, Oddly Enough, Presents a Very Fascinating Phase to Those Aboard.

Sleeping, eating, cooking, living day and night over enough stick dynamite to blow a good-sized building to flinders may not seem a very attractive mode of life, yet it is enjoyed, apparently, by the crews of the powder boats that are anchored off the Jersey flats, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Among watermen, in fact, employment on one of the powder boats is regarded as a "soft job." The work is not hard and a man has comparatively easy hours. And as for nerves—well, the powder crews don't have nerves. They are careful.

The powder fleet comprise half a dozen boats of various descriptions, an old revenue cutter, a sloop and several barges. Some of the boats are built of iron, others of wood, and they were seaworthy vessels once on a time. Now they are anchored in shallow water, and at low tide they rest on the mud. When there is a heavy sea on the boats roll and pitch somewhat, but the idea that the dynamite may be shaken up does not trouble the crews.

The dynamite stored in the powder fleet is simply the reserve for use in this city. Much dynamite is exported from New York, but it is taken directly to the steamships. Only freighters with magazines carry cargoes of dynamite and high explosives. It is forbidden by international law for passenger vessels to carry such cargoes. After a vessel has been loaded at her dock with her non-explosive cargo she is anchored off Gravesend Bay, where her load of dynamite is taken from a tug and stored away in her magazine.

Most of the dynamite used hereabouts is made at factories in the Ramapo Mountains, and just enough to supply the immediate demand is stored in the powder fleet. The powder boats are anchored about two miles from shore, and their stores are removed from tugs that run alongside of them. The sticks are packed in sawdust in wooden boxes, and the process of loading a powder boat consists simply in passing the boxes from one man to another from the tug down into the hold of the powder boat.

"Suppose one of the men should drop a box" was asked of a man whose business has always been the handling of high explosives.

"Nothing would happen," he replied. "You could drop a box of the stuff out of a six-story window and it wouldn't go off."

The holds of the powder boats are fitted up with shelves, where the boxes are placed securely, according to grades.

THE CREW OF A POWDER BOAT. Every powder boat has a crew of three men. These men alternately remain a month on board and do a month's shore duty. The cabin of each vessel is fitted with bunks, a table and a 'dynamite stove.' The last-named article is completely surrounded by a steel protector, which makes it impossible for sparks or live coals to get where they could do any damage. Needless to say, the stove is screwed down to the flooring so that it is completely immovable.

When on board the men wear felt shoes or in summer go barefooted. Smoking is rigorously prohibited, but that is not a hardship for the men, who have the sailor's preference for chewing.

No intoxicating liquors are allowed on board, and if the officers of the powder companies learn that one of the crew has got drunk, even ashore and off duty, they have no more use for him, and his talents unsolicited and permanent leave.

There is always one member of the crew of a powder vessel on lookout duty. Except when the boats are being loaded or unloaded that is about all they have to do. They sit for hours watching the big boats that sail down the bay, and never trouble themselves with the tremendous possibilities beneath the deck.

The fleet is regularly inspected every day by "the captain," who on the day by a naphtha launch. When not on duty on the powder boats the men work on the launch or on the tug which makes deliveries. This work enables them to get home to their families at a regular hour every evening, and the fact that it is the attractive feature of the work to the watermen.

A FASCINATING EMPLOYMENT. "The men like the work," said a representative of one of the companies that owns the boats. "We have had some men in our employ for twenty years or more, and are constantly having applications for jobs. There is a certain element of danger in the work, but that makes it attractive to the men, I believe. They are a very cool lot. They never get rattled or frightened, but they are always very careful. They have slept on powder boats many times, and never thought anything of it. You get used to handling the stuff, and treat it like any other kind of goods—potatoes or dry goods. You always remember that it is liable to explode, and take action if you aren't careful. The only time I ever felt shaky on a dynamite boat was once on the Hudson River, when a big thunderstorm broke over us, and one in the Sound, when we were anchored in a fog and a big Sound steamboat nearly grazed us. The big boat had disappeared in the fog in a moment. I don't like to think what might have happened if she had run us down."

Sensitiveness and Success.

Many people are kept back, in their efforts to get along in the world, by over-sensitiveness. We know able young men and women who are well educated and well-fitted for their careers, but so extremely sensitive to criticism or suggestion, that they never rise to the places to which their abilities entitle them. Their feelings are constantly being wounded by fancied slights in the office, the shop, the store, the mill, the factory, or wherever else they may happen to be. They carry about with them, most of the time, a sense of injury which not only makes them unhappy, but leads to a great extent to their inefficiency. Over-sensitive people are usually very finely-grained, highly organized, and intelligent, and, if they could overcome this weakness, would become capable, conscientious workers. This fail-

ing—for it is a failing, and a very serious one, too—is an exaggerated form of self-consciousness, which, while entirely different from egotism or conceit, causes self to loom up in such large proportions on the mental retina as to overshadow everything else. The victim of it feels that, wherever he goes, whatever he does, he is the center of observation, and that all eyes, all thoughts are focused upon him.

The supersensitiveness, so destructive to happiness and success, and, incidentally, to health—for whatever destroys harmony destroys health—betrays, in a sense, a lack of self-respect of which no man should voluntarily be guilty. To be a complete man, one must be conscious of his own worth and dignity. He must feel himself superior to envious criticism or ridicule. When someone told Diogenes that he was derided, he replied: "But I am not derided." He pointed only those ridiculous who feel the ridicule and are discomposed by it.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability and intelligence, at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self, you will either appear either as a blunderer or do the best of which you are capable. It requires will power and an unbending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years, have, by their own efforts, outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

To Weak, Nervous and Easily Tired Women.

Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

[From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.]

It is a good many years since the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased the reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many in this town have frequently spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to these I am glad to add the personal of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun, who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said: "Several years ago I became very much run down, I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery, and I was in what the physicians called an anemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything, and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me, and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable, and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned, and with it good blood and good nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run-down women, I say by all means give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, nervous palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the shield of a genuine physician, and the genuine pills are sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Photographing in the Country. June is a month beloved by the photographer, says Country Life in America. The camera is now so universal that the one is almost surprised to meet with those who know nothing of its use, but there are comparatively few who make a study of the art for the pleasure that there is in it. It is the photographer who gets the most enjoyment and has the most real worth to show for his art. To such June offers rare days afield. At no other time is the foliage so full and the scene so beautiful. There are opportunities for wonderful bits of landscape, to say nothing of the charm of photographing animals, birds and flowers, which can be done at this time easier and more successfully than in any month.

"Foot Elm" Eases Aching Feet.

Mrs. John Meyers, Afton, N. S., writes: "I was troubled with tired aching feet, and could get no relief until a friend told me about FOOT ELM. I tried it and found great relief, and now would not be without it. The experience of Mrs. Meyers is the experience of everyone who uses 'FOOT ELM.' It has no equal for relieving and curing tired, sore, aching, burning, blistered, sweaty feet. Do not be imposed upon by worthless substitutes. Insist on getting 'FOOT ELM.' Price, one box of 18 powders at all druggists, or by mail, A. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

"If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrow that thou wouldst forget, If thou wouldst read a lesson that would keep them from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills! No tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

From Highlandtown comes the palpitating news that an up-to-date hostess there painted the ping-pong balls used in a recent party a delightfully pastel shade of pink to harmonize with the wall paper.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE... 25c. Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the passages, stops droppings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Your Skirt Edge is Seen Every Day.

Why not have one that is stylish, elegant and yet durable, rather than one that is ragged and untidy? You can make your skirt edge an object of admiration if your skirt is bound with S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet, cut on a perfect bias that fits the skirt without pucker or wrinkle.



Ask for S. H. & M. Redfern Bias Corded Velvet, and be sure the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of every yard.

BLOOD DISEASED MEN

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching of the scalp, eruptions on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppress the symptoms for a time only to break out again in a more violent form. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over 20 years. No names used without written consent.

Mr. R. A. C. writes: "Your remedies have done me more good than Hot Springs and all the doctors and medicines I had previously tried. I have not felt any of those pains or seen any ulcers or blotches for over seven years and the outward symptoms of the loathsome disease have entirely disappeared. My hair has grown in fully again and I am married and happy."

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. WRITE FOR QUESTION BLANK.

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DRS. Kennedy & Kergan,

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HIS FLEET IS EMPEROR'S CARE

"What Is Its Fighting Value?" May Well Be Asked

He Inspires the Service and Closely Watches Its Development in Every Department.

The German fleet is the object of the emperor's especial care. "What is its fighting value?" it may well be asked. The morale of officers and men can be understood only if it is remembered that the Kaiser is the father of the fleet. All visitors to the ships confirm the statement that William II. is regarded by those who wear his uniform with an almost religious devotion. In this country we refer to the imperial German navy, but the word imperial does not convey the right meaning of the German term Kaiserlich, which is the adjective employed. It is really the navy of the German Emperor. All orders, regulations, and promotions are signed by him. His majesty carefully selects, in particular, all officers for high command, and has introduced a system of retirement under which he obtains officers in the prime of life for the navy. He inspires the service, and closely watches its development in every department, studies the training of the crews, and in the ships portraits of his majesty are hung and prized. Everything impresses a visitor with the devotion to emperor and country that animates every boy and man, and the care that is taken to foster a national spirit. No one can walk on board one of these ships without being struck by the monthly list of national anniversaries hung up where the crew can see it. Much is expected of the men, even to the study of the skeleton model of a ship, and to which they are attached, which is most ingeniously constructed in metal, and to a knowledge of the world's men-of-war, gained from diagrams that meet the eye everywhere, depicting the ships of the world, and the ships which are able to recognize craft which are met at sea by the number of their funnels and masts and other details.

MUCH EXPECTED OF MEN.

But if much is expected of the men, they enjoy many advantages in return. Their food is excellent in quality, ample in quantity, and admirably varied in character. Every day in each ship the diet is changed. The food is well cooked and looks appetizing, and, in short, the men, if anything, appear too sleek and well cared for in contrast to the British bluejacket, whose fare has been compared to that of a certain class of convict—but that is an old story. The dietary in the British fleet is to be improved, but even then bread will not be baked on board ship, as it is in the Kaiser's vessels. In other particulars, the German sailors are to be envied. The lower decks are admirably ventilated by mechanical fans, and in winter are kept comfortable by hot pipes that go everywhere. Hand-basins, with water laid on, are numerous, and my impression is that the men are generally more comfortable than in the British fleet. Whether they are thereby better fitted for their work it is impossible to say—certainly they do not look it, though they are well-built and intelligent.

But there can be no doubt that in the absence of the duty of polishing brass-work, of which there is none, and holystoning wooden, well-caulked decks, as in the British navy, they have more time for other and more essential duties. We have on our ships decks of steel, covered with wood, which requires great labor to keep clean and smooth, and would splinter in action. How do the Germans manage? On the quarterdeck of the Kaiser class, where the surface is exposed to the weather, a special preparation of cement, with a slightly rough reddish surface, is laid over the steel, and elsewhere, all over the ship, the men walk on linoleum, which gives a good tread, is silent, and is kept clean easily. In fact, wherever a non-combustible material can be utilized in these new battle-ships, it is employed, and in a day every particle of wood, such as the divisions between cabins, can be ripped out, and the vessel ren-

dered fit to go into action. Another striking feature of these armor-clads is the reduction of all lights not absolutely essential, and these economies are utilized in many effective ways, as may be understood from the number of guns and quantity of coal carried. Efficiency seems to be the watchword of the fleet—and, a devotion to the emperor, whose apartments on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. I was shown.

GOOD SHOOTING.

The British admiralty, it is curious to note, have recently pleaded that evil results would be caused by competition for a cup among the men behind the guns of the fleet. How do the Germans promote good shooting? No patry money prizes, a few shillings to each man only, are awarded, as with us, but the Kaiser gives a cup, which goes every year to the crew making the best record, and the successful gunners are the envy of the fleet as they walk about wearing a distinctive mark. There is, therefore, a conflict between the Kaiser, the student of efficiency in war ashore and afloat, and the admiralty. One or the other is unwise. Certainly the vessels as they lie off the Irish coast, grim and business-like, impress one, and the feeling that the fleet is efficient, besides looking so, is not dispelled by a visit on board. As was said of the British soldiers in Natal, the British bluejackets are splendid. We should so far to find the equal of their officers in courage, resourcefulness and power to command. Our later ships are magnificent. The British navy is not effete but it may be that from the young, virile force, which is largely the creation and is the pride of the German Emperor, there are lessons to be learned.—London Telegraph.

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