

42ND YEAR. NO. 17573

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905—TWENTY PAGES

PRICE TWO CENTS.

**A POWER LINE TO THIS CITY
TO BE COMPLETED NEXT YEAR****Electrical Development Company
Decides to Extend as Far
West as London.**

The Electrical Development Company of Ontario, whose construction of a transmission line between Niagara and Toronto is nearing completion, have decided to extend their line westward to this city as quickly as possible, touching at Brantford, Paris, Ingersoll, Woodstock and intermediate points. Next week the proposed route will be surveyed, and while it is difficult to estimate the time of completion, the company intend to have their line ready to deliver power to the western peninsula before next autumn. It is, more-

over, the intention of the company to quote rates for electric service until branch lines to reach Galt, Preston, Heepeler, Guelph, Berlin, Waterloo and other towns throughout the western peninsula.

The company have the authorization to develop 125,000 horse-power and are proceeding to take full advantage of their rights. The rail-race, tunnel, reel pit, headworks, power house and everything for the full development of 125,000 horse-power, with the exception of the water wheels and generators, will be completed next summer, while wheels and generators sufficient for the development of 60,000 horse-power will be installed at once.

While the company are not able to quote rates for electric service until the completion of the works, the manager naturally expects to offer power at prices sufficiently attractive to create a demand therefor.

**WIDOW RUN DOWN BY DRUNKEN MAN
ENGLISHMAN WINS THE KING'S PRIZE**

Mrs. Rollins, Thames Street, Severely Injured on Wellington Street.

Sergeant of Surrey Regiment Takes the Bisley Blue Ribbon.

What might have been a serious accident happened this morning about 10 o'clock at the corner of York and Wellington streets. A young man named Joe Maginnis, who attends to the horses of a local doctor, got drunk this morning, and while the doctor's knowledge hitched up and proceeded to have a high old time. Mrs. Rollins, a widow, residing at 270 Thames street, was crossing the corner at Wellington and York streets, when Maginnis came down Wellington at a lively clip, and ran into her, knocking her down, and severely injuring her. A little girl who was with Mrs. Rollins had a very narrow escape, also.

Several people who witnessed the accident hurried to the lady's assistance. She was taken to Victoria Hospital. Dr. D. H. Arnott was called, and he dressed her injuries. Mrs. Rollins has one rib broken, one wrist is very badly sprained, and in addition she sustained many severe and painful bruises. She is lying as well as can be expected at present.

P. C. Paisley was soon on the scene and took Maginnis to the station. Maginnis was very drunk when brought in. He was remanded for a week to await the result of Mrs. Rollins' injuries.

**ANOTHER SCIENCE CASE
Parents Said to Have Refused Medicine to Child in Agony.**

Shelburne, Ont., July 22.—A Christian Scientist case is now being investigated by Dr. A. T. Stole, of Shelburne, corner of Dufferin. A 2-year-old daughter of H. S. Kache, of Shelburne, a few miles from here, a member of the sect known as Evening Lights, was taken seriously ill about a week ago with what was apparently pneumonia or diphtheria. The child gradually grew worse, and all day Thursday was in great agony. A neighbor summoned Dr. Martin, of Dundas, who asked the parents if they would give the child medicine, but they refused even to apply mustard to the chest. The child died on Friday. A jury will be empaneled today to investigate.

**MOROCCO CRISIS ENDS
French Minister and German Ambassador in Accord.**

Paris, July 21.—The Premier, M. Rouvier, and Prince von Radolin, the German ambassador, conferred again on the details, time and place of the Moroccan conference.

Indications point to the meeting taking place at Tangier, although San Sebastian, Spain, is urged by those wishing to free the conference from Moroccan influence.

The Echo de Paris asserts that Mr. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, may represent the United States at the meeting taking place outside of Tangier.

In the course of the conference between M. Rouvier and Prince von Radolin, the latter made known the general lines of the international conference according to the French view-point, particularly as relating to Morocco, and in maintaining order and security in the country by a police system under French supervision.

Changes are gradually bringing the parties together upon the essential features of the conference.

Russia has given notice of her acceptance of the Moroccan conference on the same conditions as Great Britain, namely, that the programme to be discussed by the conference be communicated beforehand.

Wanted to Marry "Ella."

Traverse City, Mich., July 22.—John Gill, of Wiley, showed up at the county clerk's office today, and wanted a license to marry "Ella." As he didn't know his bride-to-be's other name, and also lacked the necessary fee, the request was refused.

"Ella" in question is an inmate of the county infirmary.

In his application for the license Gill said she was 22 years old and he was 25. Inquiry developed, however, he is 41 and Ella is 65.

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At a moment when the warship, lying at anchor, and with her officers and crew quietly attending to their duties on board, as the object of interest to hundreds of observing people on piers, pleasure boats and passing ferryboats, a cloud of steam suddenly burst from a point just forward of the smokestack.

Out of this the spectators were horrified to see bodies and human fragments hurled high in the air and scattered over the surrounding water. The outburst was accompanied by a roar as of thunder, and a shock that rocked vessels near by. In an instant the air was filled with shrieks of pain from the wounded, which could be heard ashore, and with flying fragments of human beings and pieces of ship's superstructure.

The next moment bleeding sailors were fighting, crippled men the water against death, a less sudden form than that from which they had escaped, while rowboats, sailboats, launches and tugs were being driven to the rescue as fast as arms, wind and steam could carry them.

A ferocious wave was passing near by turned and hastened to render assistance, her own deck crowded with frightened men and women, who saw the havoc that had been wrought in a twinkling.

A most horrible sight met those who approached. In the water men with blackened faces were struggling, handless, and others on deck were covered with blood and grime, some dead, some wounded frightfully, others waiting to be rescued.

Some of those whose bodies were hurled into the water were taken ashore as fast as a few had been taken aboard the small craft.

At the wharves preparations were being made for taking care of the injured in what by this time was seen to be a disaster of awful proportions. Ambulances were telephoned for, every express wagon and driver who could be reached by telephone was summoned; physicians were called for and hospitals notified.

Within half an hour from the time of the explosion carriages, buggies, automobiles and street cars were bearing scores of victims toward the hospitals.

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Ottawa, July 21.—It is charged against his excellency that yesterday he unwittingly did an unconstitutional act. But it was without malice aforethought or criminal intent, and it was not his fault. He arrived at the entrance archway of the House of Commons just three minutes ahead of the time laid down in orders for the day. It happened this way. Embedded somewhere in the glacial deposit of British regulations is one which says that an escort, that is, the advance part of it, must keep a certain distance ahead of the carriage. The officer of the dragoons understood this, and tried to do his part. But evidently the coachman did not, it being his duty to keep the carriage in front of the escort. The result was a pretty race, in which the escort was endeavoring to get away from the carriage and the carriage to keep up with the escort.

The result naturally was a mutual acceleration, and the pace was a fairly swift one. The day was fairly hot, and when the closing ceremonies were taking place, and the horses were drawing off for a rest and a readjustment of the saddle, Lieut. Burritt and his officers took the proper steps to revive the escort.

His excellency also in reading the speech from the throne inaugurated a new departure by standing to read the document. His predecessors always retained their seat on the throne.

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**RUSHED BEFORE TRAIN
Little Chatham Colored Girl Meets
With Sudden Death.**

Chatham, July 21.—A fatal accident occurred at the G. T. R. station here last evening. The victim, a little colored girl named Tilly Butler, 9 years of age, had been with her parents on a union Sunday school excursion to Sarnia. The train had just stopped at the junction of the G. T. R. and P. M. tracks, and those living in the neighborhood made haste to get off. Tilly had been sleeping, and, awaking with a start to find her parents not there, she rushed out and jumped off the train. The Wabash train was approaching from the west along the same track, and the child slipped and fell, meeting instant death, some say under the G. T. R. train, some under the Wabash. Coroner J. L. Bray empaneled a jury that adjourned to meet on Monday evening.

Excursions Galore.

Toronto, Ont., July 22.—There was a very heavy excursion movement today in and out of Toronto. Three thousand employees of the Grand Trunk cars, who are on London cars on four special trains to spend the day, the Belleville Old Boys, about 700 strong, left for Belleville in two trains, about 400 Old Boys went to Chosen Friends went to Berlin, and the Queen City Athletic Club ran an excursion to the races at Fort Erie.

FORGOT TO HANG HIM!

Chicago, July 22.—A writ of habeas corpus in behalf of John Gates, a prisoner in the state penitentiary at Joliet, is under consideration, and in passing on its merits the court will be compelled to decide as to whether the prisoner, in a legal sense, is dead or alive. On Nov. 23, 1881, Gates, in a quarrel, killed a neighbor John W. Hessel. Gates was sentenced to hang on March 24, 1882. He was taken to the penitentiary on a death warrant, but when the day set for execution came around, everybody seemed to forget Gates, and he was not executed. He had remained ever since in the penitentiary, and for 23 years has been a model prisoner. For all these years Gates has been afraid to say a word for fear the sheriff would remember him and carry the sentence into effect.

His sister, who lives in Chicago, has, however, started a movement in his behalf, which raised the application for habeas corpus. It is the opinion in the office of the state's attorney that Gates will eventually be given his freedom, for the reason that he should have been hanged in that term of court in which the sentence was imposed, and that not having been done, jurisdiction over him ceases.

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**SCORES OF TARS
BLOWN TO BITS
By Explosion on United States
Warship Bennington.**

MANY ARE FATALLY INJURED
Dreadful Catastrophe to Gunboat in
the harbor of San Diego,
California.

San Diego, Cal., July 21.—One of the most frightful disasters in the peace history of the American navy, excepting the sinking of the Maine in Havana harbor, occurred in San Diego Bay shortly after 10:30 a.m. today on board the United States gunboat Bennington.

At a moment when the warship, lying at anchor, and with her officers and crew quietly attending to their duties on board, as the object of interest to hundreds of observing people on piers, pleasure boats and passing ferryboats, a cloud of steam suddenly burst from a point just forward of the smokestack.

Out of this the spectators were horrified to see bodies and human fragments hurled high in the air and scattered over the surrounding water.

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FARMERS

In the future we will receive live hogs, off wagons, at the factory, LONDON JUNCTION, every Monday and Thursday morning. Prices for Monday, 23rd, and Thursday, 27th July:

Hogs, 140 to 160 pounds, 65c
Hogs, 160 to 200 pounds, 65c
Hogs, 140 to 160 pounds not wanted.

THE CANADIAN PACKING CO.
LONDON.

TODAY'S MARKETS

Other quotations on page 6.

LOCAL MARKET.

LONDON, Saturday, July 22.

The farmers are taking advantage of the fine weather to harvest their hay and wheat, and consequently the attendance was not as large as the average for Sunday. Quite a number of farmers have cut their fall wheat, and they all agree that it is of fine quality. In ordinary years some fields are not up to much, but this year it is hard to find a poor field of wheat. Barley and oats are so far in splendid shape, and unless something unforeseen happens this will not result in a good crop. Prices at the market today were firm, and sales as a rule brisk. Grain-oats were the only grain offered; there was a good demand and prices ruled at 45 to 48 per cwt.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was firm and higher in price; crocks sold at 15c to 16c. Eggs were also in good demand; prices ruled at 20c to 21c per dozen. In ordinary years some fields are not up to much, but this year it is hard to find a poor field of wheat. Barley and oats are so far in splendid shape, and unless something unforeseen happens this will not result in a good crop. Prices at the market today were firm, and sales as a rule brisk. Grain-oats were the only grain offered; there was a good demand and prices ruled at 45 to 48 per cwt.

Vegetables and Roots—The display in this line was very large; considering that so many different crops are being harvested in London, there was a good demand; nearly every class of vegetables were sold by 12 o'clock; new potatoes were easier, at 80c to 90c per bushel; tomatoes were lower in price; most of the sales were made at 10c to 12c per bushel; celery, 40c per dozen; cabbage, 40c per dozen; cucumbers, 20c to 30c per dozen; other vegetables plentiful, at the prices quoted.

Fruits—Raspberries sold well, at 10c to 12c per bushel; the quantity offered was below expectation; hardy apples were offered, and sales were brisk at 12c per bushel; black currants sold well at 12c per box, and red currants at 10c per box.

Live Hogs—Most of the small pigs were from 6 to 8 weeks old, and sold at 35c to 40c per pair; sales were slow; the price of live hogs for Monday's shipment will be 35c to 40c per pair.

Butcher's Meats—Not much offered; sales were brisk at prices quoted. Dressing Hogs—A number of carcasses were offered; sales were made at 25c to 30c per cwt.

Honey—Strained sold at 5c to 6c per lb, and for honey in the comb 12c to 15c per dozen was asked.

GRAIN, PER CENTAL.

Wheat, new, 1.35 1.38
Oats, new, 1.00 1.00
Barley, new, 1.00 1.00
Rye, new, 1.00 1.00
Buckwheat, new, 1.00 1.00
Peas, new, 1.00 1.00

GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.

Wheat, new, 1.00 1.00
Oats, new, 1.00 1.00
Barley, new, 1.00 1.00
Rye, new, 1.00 1.00
Buckwheat, new, 1.00 1.00
Peas, new, 1.00 1.00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, per ton, 7.00 7.00
Straw, per ton, 5.00 5.00
Straw, per load, 3.00 3.00

POULTRY, ALIVE.

Spring chickens, alive, 40 50
Ducks, per lb., 10 10
Turkeys, per lb., 10 10
Chickens, per lb., 10 10
Fens, per lb., 10 10
Ducks, per lb., 10 10

POULTRY, DRESSED.

Old hens, per 70 80
Spring chickens, 70 80
Ducks, per lb., 10 10
Turkeys, per lb., 10 10
Geese, each, 10 10
Hens, per lb., 10 10
Ducks, per lb., 10 10
Geese, per lb., 10 10

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs, select, 65 65
Pigs, per pair, 9.00 9.00
Stags, per cwt., 4.00 4.00
Stags, per cwt., 4.00 4.00
Grass cattle, cwt., 4.50 4.50
Export cattle, cwt., 4.50 4.50

BUTHER'S MEATS.

Dressed, 50 50
Beef, per cwt., 7.00 7.00
Lamb, yearlings, cwt., 11.00 11.00
Lamb, each, 1.00 1.00
Veal, cwt., 6.00 6.00

FRUITS.

Cherries, per box, 10 12
Red currants, per box, 10 12
Black currants, per box, 10 12
Red raspberries, per box, 10 12
Gooseberries, per quart, 5 6

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, per bag, 80 80

Winding Up Estates

The charges made by the London and Western Trusts Company, Limited, for this work are less than the fees allowed to individual trustees.

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Electric Lighting, Bells, Annunciators, Private Phones any kind of Electric Work given the closest attention, and promptly done. 248 Dundas street.
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Take a course in
SHORTHAND
Our rooms are cool and comfortable. Individual instruction. Pupils may join at any time.
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The best Whites or Just \$8 00
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Mills' Air Ship
Will fly 200 feet in the air. Buy one for your child.

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232 Dundas Street (Higgins Block).
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DR. JARVIS, Dentist,
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Best Flour
to use is DAISY FLOUR. The Gas Appliance Company consider it the best to use in making their demonstrations in their model kitchen, Duffield block.

Outing Watches.
Odd Things Not Found Elsewhere

THOS. GILLEAN,
402 Richmond St.

Housekeepers
Are Delighted :
with Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread, because it more than takes the place of any bread that might be baked at home during this hot weather. The best materials, the most skillful making and baking; at grocers or delivered.

PHONE 818. JOHNSTON BROS.
LONDON AND DISTRICT
—Hon. Thomas Greenway, ex-premier of Manitoba, was in the city last evening, where he had been on a visit to relatives.

—The Bell Telephone Company of Canada has opened a toll office at Corbin, near Tillsonburg, and the neighboring town of Springfield, which was formerly a sub-office of Norwich, has now been given direct connection with Tillsonburg.

—Rev. A. J. Vining will occupy the pulpit of the Talbot Street Baptist Church tomorrow and the following Sunday. Mr. Vining is well known around London, and his reputation as a vigorous and fluent speaker is not confined to this city. Recently he has been telling the people of Great Britain of the heritage for those who will make Canada the land of their adoption. Mr. Vining is sure of having large congregations to hear him in Talbot street.

COLPORTAGE EXTENSION IN THE EAST.
In addition to the colporteur in India already at work, and a colporteur in China, whose whole stipend for a year in advance has just been remitted to the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, England, to be forwarded by them to its destination, Rev. Dr. Beaman has received two contributions, voluntarily offered by friends, toward the support of a colporteur in Japan. The contributions of friends in the great British and Foreign Bible Society, east, are forwarded through the great British and Foreign Bible Society without any deductions or charges, and go direct to the colporteurs employed, and to the specific object for which they are given.

Taste well, smell well, sell well, smoke well. Try them. Bruce Carruthers, &c., ywt

CHOOSING A NEW RECTOR
Vestry of St. Matthew's Appoints Committee to Wait on Bishop.

The vestry of St. Matthew's Church, East London, met last evening to consider the question of a successor to Rev. George M. Cox, who recently resigned from the rectorship. A number of possible candidates were considered, but the vestry did not place itself in record in favor of any one of them. On the contrary it appointed a committee composed of Messrs. Bremner, Moulton and Isaacs, to wait on Bishop Williams and discuss the appointment of a rector. Bishop Williams, it is said, has suggested the names of two clergymen for the position, but that neither is acceptable to the vestry.

A BIG MARKET
Large Attendance and Abundant Offerings on the Square.

There was a splendid market this morning, considering the fact that the farmers are all busy. It was women's

We will not do your work for nothing. But we will give you our very best attention and care, and our fees are always reasonable.

Western Dental Office,
Southwest Corner Richmond and Dundas Streets. Telephone 1A.

Come Here For Your Piano

Reasons:
Because nowhere else in London can you get the **GERHARD-HEINTZMAN PIANO.** Because nowhere else can you get as good pianos for the money—not as good making, as fine tone, as beautiful case designs.

Because nowhere else will you find prices so low, service so liberal, terms of payment so easy.

W. McPHILLIPS,
189 Dundas street, London.
We also carry a full line of all small instruments and music.

Twelve deliveries with a full supply of Parnell's Bread cover London's streets daily. 'Phone 929.

IT'S NO SECRET
that there's quality and taste about HAMILTON'S ALE AND PORTER that inspire confidence in its purity and pleasure in its consuming.

Kent Brewery

Rings Worth Wearing.
A Ring from our select stock is a guarantee of exclusiveness. Great variety to choose from.

WARD, THE JEWELER,
374 Richmond St.

Can't Afford To Take Holidays
No, nor you never will be able to do so until you open a savings account with
The CANADIAN Savings and Loan Co.
START NOW
and you will have money for a trip next summer.
229, 42 Richmond St.
M. H. ROWLAND, Manager.

day, nearly all the goods being in charge of the gentler sex. In vegetables the offerings were abundant and the quality excellent. New potatoes were unlimited in quantity and of splendid quality. The farmers all declare that the season is especially favorable to all root crops. Raspberries were plentiful at from 10 to 10 1/2 cents a box. All other small fruits were represented, and there was a good demand for them. Plenty of poultry were offered. Ducks ruled from 75 cents to \$1 a pair. Spring chickens were in demand at the same figures. Old chickens were worth 75 cents a pair.

Butter was firm at prevailing prices. There was not very much offered. Eggs were also plentiful. All other lines ruled firm. "Scrambled" eggs were plentiful. A crate falling from Mr. Backus' rig and smashing on the pavement. Only a few eggs were saved from the wreck.

Letters to the Editor.

Respect for the Dead.
To the Editor of The Advertiser:

The other day as a funeral was passing down the streets of our city a man who was driving a cart stopped till the funeral had passed, and as the hearse went by reverently lifted his hat. One felt a feeling of respect for that man, and wished it was a common custom in London. But it is not; that is, it's not universal. Apparently the boys are not taught to do it, and the men do not take the trouble. In some towns in Canada you will see every man lift his hat as a funeral passes. It doesn't matter who it is; he doesn't know it. He only knows it is some brother mortal who has gone to his long home, and out of an instinctive pity and respect for the departed he honors him self by honoring the dead. Would not a word from our ministers and Sunday school superintendents and parents help our boys and young men to begin a custom which at the very lowest estimate is a beautiful tribute to our common humanity?
DYSON HAGUE.

Equaled by few, excelled by none. Rojak cigar, 10c. ywt

26TH BAND CONCERT
Large Crowds Attend and Contribute \$70 at the Gates.

A large crowd made its way to Victoria Park last evening to take in the band concert given by the Twenty-sixth Band. The programme, including both classical and popular pieces, was a most enjoyable one. The selections from "Babes in Toyland" being especially appreciated by the crowd. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the concert was a quartet composed of Messrs. St. George, Walker, Weekes and Wilkinson. About \$70 was collected at the concert by voluntary subscription, for the benefit of the band, indicating both the large size and liberality of the crowd.

Took No Chances.
New York, July 21.—The excursion steamer Sirius was deliberately run aground off North Brother Island today to avoid a panic among her 1,000 passengers, and a possible repetition of the Slocum disaster. The Sirius, carrying a Sunday school picnic, stove in on a rock at the very spot where the Slocum was burned last year. Although the captain did not believe his ship would sink, he ran her aground with all possible dispatch and emptied the crowded decks with the aid of small boats. Another boat took the excursionists to their picnic

FOR THE MILITARY MAN.

At the Niagara camp this year one of the most popular centers of interest was the row of twelve sub-target gun machines, which for the first time formed a part of the tuition which the members of the camp received. Prior to going to the butts, the different companies were daily marched up to the sub-target guns and each soldier was given personal instruction. Five shots on the guns were allowed to each man.

The officers all commended the guns, and were of the opinion that the general average of marksmanship was considerably improved by their use. Sub-target guns have already been distributed by the manufacturers, the Sub-Target Gun Company, to the various militia headquarters as follows: Montreal 30, Quebec 20, Toronto 35, London 20, Kingston 20, Ottawa 15, St. John 15, Halifax 15, Winnipeg 10, Victoria 15, Charlottetown 5.

A number of militia general orders of interest have been promulgated. The order governing returning of salutes by officers, and directing all officers

The formation of a cavalry regiment of the non-commissioned force as follows:

"As regards warrant and non-commissioned officers above the rank of sergeant will be permitted to marry, if they so desire, and if no quarters in the 12 per cent provided are available they will be permitted to draw allowance in lieu until vacancies occur."

The formation of a cavalry regiment of the non-commissioned force as follows:

Drill will commence for the Toronto infantry brigade, on Wednesday, Sept. 12, and will be continued without interruption until the end of October, or possibly even a little later. The regimental inspections will be held during October by Brigadier-General, O. D. C., assisted by Lieut.-Col. Galloway, D. S. A.

have had to the same place in as many days. On Wednesday a fire was discovered at the Cooney home, but it was in a different corner to where the blaze of last night was burning. On that occasion a strong odor of kerosene was detected, giving rise to the suspicion that an incendiary had been at work.

Last night, however, kerosene could not be detected, but the fact that the two fires should follow each other so closely, and at about the same time in the evening, causes the firemen to think that it also was the work of a firebug.

HIS SHOULDER BROKEN
F. Danglois Badly Injured While Stopping Runaway Horse.

A Frenchman named F. Danglois, who boards at the Clarence House, met with a very bad accident last evening while trying to stop a runaway horse on Richmond street, near Central avenue. His right shoulder was very badly fractured and the collarbone bruised. The sufferer was immediately taken to the general hospital in the ambulance and his injuries attended to. He is doing as well as could be expected.

The accident took place about 10 o'clock. Danglois saw a runaway horse drawing a light rig rushing up Richmond street. Without dropping a parcel he was carrying, Danglois ran out and tried to grab the bridle. He missed, and the shaft of the rig struck him a violent blow on the shoulder as the horse passed.

A number of bystanders, noticing the accident, ran to the man's assistance, and carried him temporarily into a near by drug store.

A thing that costs you nothing usually is worth about what it cost. It takes an unmarried woman to tell you how a husband should be disciplined. Some people tell lies to help themselves, and others tell them because

A SECOND FIRE AT COONEY HOME
Believed to Have Been the Work of an Incendiary—Small Damage.

At ten minutes to 11 o'clock last evening, after the majority of the firemen had retired, a young man rushed into the Central station and notified the firemen that another blaze was in progress at the residence of William Cooney, in rear of 235 Queen's avenue. The department responded and found that the southeast corner of the house was in flames. The fire had started at the junction of a lean-to and the main part of the house, and had finally worked its way between the roof and the ceiling. The blaze was extinguished after damage to the extent of \$25 or \$30 had been done.

This is the second run the firemen

It's Easy to quit COFFEE when well made POSTUM is served.
Note the change in health.

MARA'S

134 Dundas Street and Carling St. - Phone 1684.
Opposite Market Lane. Former Soreaton Premises

EVERYTHING NEW.

Record Breakers Monday and Tuesday.

17 pieces Fancy Muslins, open work shape, in green, pinks, blue and tans, 32 inches wide. Regular 12c; for, yard 5c
Misses' and Girls' 85c Fancy Linen Hats, in white and fancy shades, stitched rims (scarce goods). Regular 85c for 50c
\$3.75 Ladies' Fancy Silks and Linen Kimonos, silk trimmed, with belt, in old rose, blue, red and mauve and pink, all sizes. Regular \$1.99 \$3.75 for
600 Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests, all sizes, new shapes. Regular 8c and 10c Vests for, each 5c
25c Green and Blue Lustres for Bathing Suits 38 inches wide. Regular 25c, for, yard.... 19c
\$4.50 Men's Skeleton Coats and Pants, in blue and gray hair-line pattern, A-1 goods, perfect fitting, all sizes. Reg. \$4.50 for... \$2.50
Reversible Rugs with Fringe, all colors and combinations—54 ins. x 22 ins., 50c; 60x27, 75c; 30x66, 95c.

The Saving Habit - - -

Is the keynote to prosperity. Have you adopted this method? If not, we will be glad to start you in the right way by opening up a SAVINGS BANK account, no matter how small the amount may be.

Sympathy is very good in its ways, but for practical purposes a SAVINGS BANK account in times of sickness, trouble or misfortune, is of far more value.

\$1.00 Opens an Account in Our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest Compounded Four Times a Year.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA
LONDON BRANCH—OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
F. E. KARN, MANAGER.

PERSONAL MENTION

Master D. H. Elliot is holidaying at Grand Bend.
Mrs. Charles E. Stevens, of Quebec, and her little daughter Viola, are in the city.

Mrs. Hugh McPherson and family, of Wharncliffe street, West London, are enjoying the cool breezes off Lake Erie at Port Stanley for a few days.

Miss Victoria MacLean, of Springfield, bank, left yesterday for Finch, St. Mary's, Ontario, where she will spend the summer with friends and relatives.

Mrs. George Montgomery, of Fenella, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mitchell, of Montreal, are guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Elliot, 363 King street.

Miss Nellie Kearney, of Blackfriars street, has returned home after a pleasant visit to St. Catharines. She was accompanied on her return by her cousin, Miss Marjorie Farrell.

FINDS WIDOW'S MITE

Berlin Farm Hand Makes an Important Discovery.

Berlin, Wis., July 20.—The find of a strange coin by a farm hand has caused considerable interest, and scientists have at last determined that it is a "widow's mite" of Bible fame.

Anton Disterhoff, employed by E. M. Fitzmaurice, on the Allard farm, while plowing corn, unearthed a metal box, pried it open with a chisel, and found it filled with a substance like cement, and in the center of the cement was the small coin which he brought to Berlin. Mr. Fitzmaurice sent to Madison University for examination. Word came back that the coin was a "lepton" or "widow's mite." The coin is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter made of copper, and on one side is a crocheted emblem, described as "two cornucopias, with a poppy in the center." On the other side is a Greek inscription: "Jonaon the high priest and the senate of the Jews." It was the smallest coin made by the Jews in those days and supposed to be worth one-half mill of the United States money.

This is a rare find and has a double historic value. First, the coin itself is rare, there being only a few in existence; one report says only three before this was found. Secondly, the manner in which the coin came where it was discovered is interesting and historical. The best explanation is that Father Marquette or some other of the Catholic missionaries who passed up and down the Fox River about 1640, lost it or gave it to the Mascouten Indians. Why it should have been put up in the box of cement is explained by the supposition that the coin being so small it was thus put up so that it and its receptacle would

49 Branches in Canada.

STILL FULL OF FIGHT

Exiled French Royalists Will Renew Contest for a Monarchy.

Paris, July 21.—The speedy return of Paul Desroches, Andre Buffet, Count De La Saluces, and Eugene Guerini is assured by the passage in the chamber and senate of the law which but the pardoned exiles receive official clemency with not too much graciousness, declaring they mean to reconquer the government, but aims at the destruction of the parliamentary system, proposing instead rather a vague plebiscite arrangement, telegraphs from Spain that he intends to take up the work where he left it.

On their arrival in Paris the four armistice rebels against the present regime in France will be entertained at an enormous mass meeting. Many persons express the belief that before long the government will have once more to suppress these fiery enemies of the present political order.

It has been calculated that the amount of tips distributed in France reaches the sum of \$30,000,000 a year. In Paris alone it is calculated that waiters, coachmen, valets, concierges, and other employees of the city receive a day, while in the provinces, where the average tip is calculated half a cent per inhabitant each day, brings a total of \$75,000,000 a year.

The mayor of a nearby village has brought a criminal action for personal insults to his official dignity and to that of the municipal councilors of the same village against one of the aldermen who interrupted the mayor's address by his powerful snoring during a session of the council. The matter will be discussed before the tribunal of Versailles, and it is said that the defense will make the point that the mayor's address was of unjustifiable length and conducive to sleep.

Comfortable, commodious carriages for picnic parties. R. Hueston & Son. If a man has but one shirt, he never

1

added to
the fact that

Ceylon Tea is sold only in sealed lead packets, thus preserving all its native goodness, makes it the best tea in the world to use.

A Shining Mark

ERROWIN
TRADE MARK

onic Wine, pleasant to take
strength
akes new blood
ilds up the system
rows off all weakness
to those recovering from wasting
and long illness.

by all medicine dealers.
Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

and is NOT WHITE, as is
the case in horse wounds.
M. F. DOUCET.

strongest for tyranny can often be the strongest man to her whims. She pays a heavy price for the ceases to love her, because he is a gentleman and regards such matrimonial scenes. But his heart soon becomes his husband legally, but his love is gone. For "love the window when tyranny the door."

On arrival in Toronto, conveyance will be made to all principal lake ports. The Express leaves Wharf 8:15 a.m. for the lake points, and at Toronto connects with Pullman sleeper for London, 3:44 a.m.

LAND LINE.
 STAR LINE.
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 Mediterranean Services).
 ing lists, rate sheets, etc., on appli-
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Off Lake Erie,
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EVERY DAY 30 CENTS RETURN
Six trains every day.
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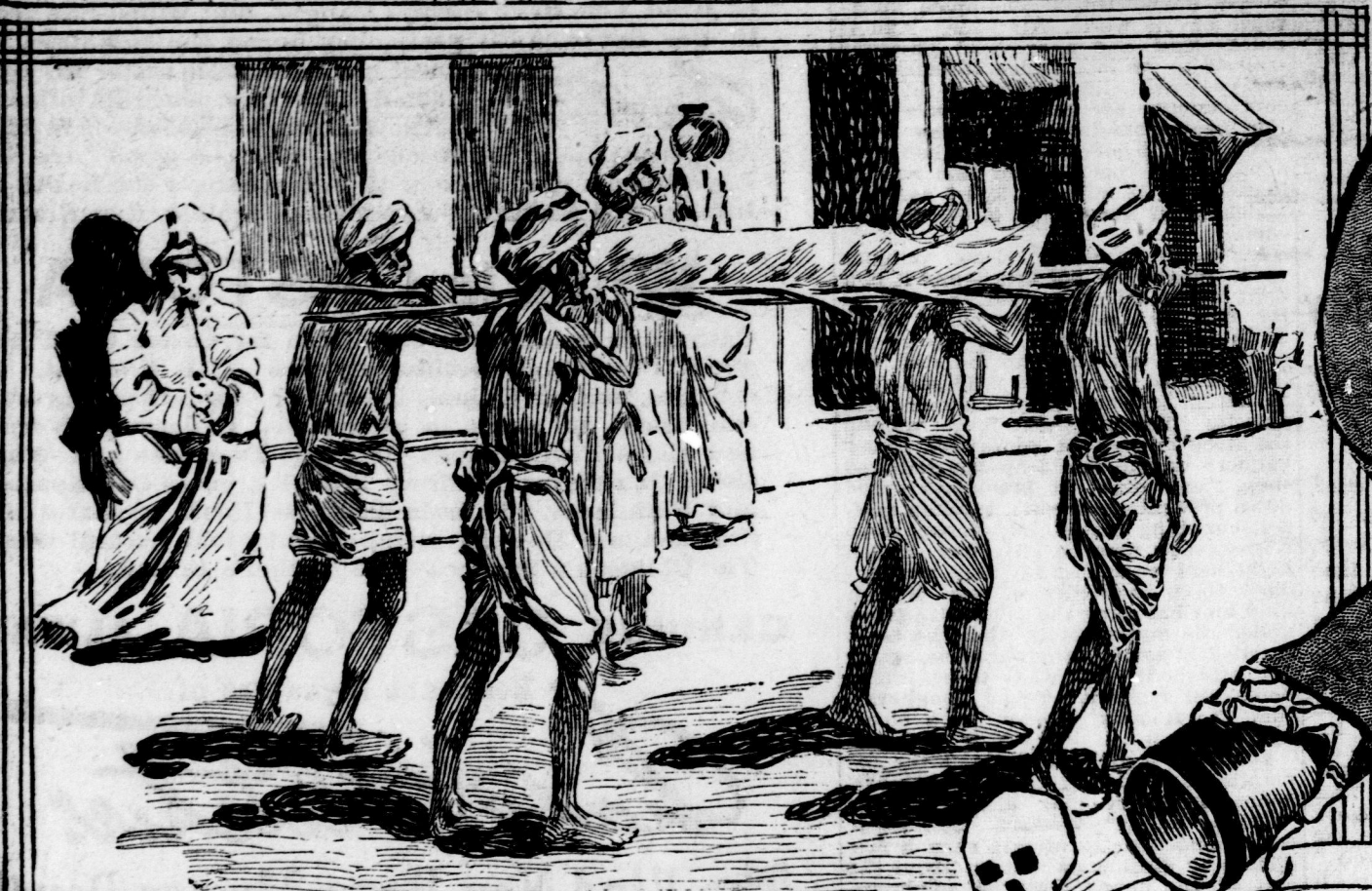
[To be Continued.]

her husband legally, but his love is gone. For "love the window when tyranny the door."

ing lists, rate sheets, etc., on appli-
to
E LA HOOKE, Agent, London.

53,000 A WEEK DYING OF PLAGUE IN INDIA - England

Makes Frantic Efforts to Stay the Disease



Carrying Victims
Through the Streets

AROUSED at last by the terrible and unprecedented ravages of the plague in India, the English Government has taken steps to investigate and stamp out the fatal disease.

If permitted to continue, the malady not only threatens to depopulate India, but presents a serious menace to the world at large.

Already this year three-quarters of a million of people have perished of the plague.

Moreover, the mortality is leaping upward at a rate of thousands per week. Conditions in the stricken land beggar description.

So serious has the situation become that a few weeks ago the *Lancet*, probably the most influential medical journal in the United Kingdom, gave warning that, unless radical steps to stay the progress of the plague were taken without delay, the government would probably have a rebellion on its hands.

Taking heed, a joint commission from the Royal Medical Society, the Lister Institute and the Indian Office was named and is to begin work immediately.

EVERYWHERE in India funerals, pyres incinerating victims of the plague—they do not bury them—are burning day and night. Through the streets of cities and villages alike bearers may be seen carrying the bodies to grim figures, who, clad in breech cloth and turban alone, await to thrust them upon the flaming heaps.

Unfortunates caught by the plague away from home die on the sidewalks. In passing along the highways one notices houses marked at the doorways by rings and crosses, each ring or cross representing a single victim who succumbed within. Sometimes no fewer than ten or twenty such marks are seen upon one house.

A stole is the native of India. A relative or friend may die beside him, but he does not vacate the dwelling. He does not even burn the body, such as it may be, or scrub the floor. Funerary he does not understand. He simply remains right there, and if the disease grips him, like his loved one, he, too, probably succumbs.

In the densely packed and ignorant population of Bombay or Calcutta it is difficult to combat such a disease as the plague. So far very few really successful treatments for the disease have been found. One is a serum with which the patients are inoculated. The serum, however, is apparently more a palliative than a cure.

The proportion of persons inoculated with it who die when stricken is two and a half times smaller than the proportion who die among the victims not inoculated.

AN ALARMING DEATH ROLL

The present outbreak of the black death, or plague, dates from Hong Kong, China, in 1894. Two years later it reached Bombay, India, and from there spread to Madagascar, East Africa, Mecca, Turkistan and Manchuria.

In 1898, in Bombay alone, its virulence was claiming 20 victims a day, and it was reaching out its death tentacles into all surrounding territory.

For several years this startling mortality wrought its devastating work without attracting more than passing attention from the outside world, except that quarantine regulations became more stringent and the watchfulness of medical officials at the outposts of nations increased.

Instead of abating, however, the dread disease has gone from bad to worse, until to-day its ravages are more startling than ever. A few figures will make this assertion plain.

During the week ending December 31 last there were 2,645 deaths in India from the plague. The preceding week had witnessed 19,665 deaths, so that seven days had brought an increase of 280.

January's death roll reached the alarming total of 10,000, and February's was about the same.

Still fatalities were increasing. The two weeks of March ending with the 25th rolled up 34,000 and 35,000, respectively. Toward the middle of April these figures had taken a terrific upward bound.

For the week ending April 15 last there were 53,895 deaths, an increase of 11.50 over the preceding week.

Perhaps even a better idea of the plague's ravages may be gathered from figures dealing with certain districts.

Since 1901, in the Poona district, near Bombay, with a population of 150,320, no fewer than 15,877 people have died of the plague, or something over 10 per cent. Last November the death rate in Poona had reached the proportion of 204 per 1000 inhabitants a year.

Since the plague began its devastations in 1896, 40,000 people of Poona have died from it, most of them toward the latter end of the nine-year period.

In its issue of March 11 last the *Lancet*, a medical journal of worldwide celebrity, stated that the number of deaths in the United Provinces—Punjab and Bengal—for the week previous had reached 15,337, as compared with 11,777 three weeks before.

Punjab alone had 9172 deaths, as compared with 5567 three weeks before, and Bengal had 5199, as against 3113 three weeks previously. In the district of Bombay deaths in that period had increased from 2885 to 3111.

Volting the enlightened medical sentiment in England—and throughout the world, for that matter—the *Lancet* a number of weeks ago began to demand that the government should investigate the conditions in India, looking toward adequate and prompt remedial measures.

The charge was emphatically and persistently made that the government had not allowed itself to be concerned by this alarming increase in the death rate; that it was taking no energetic steps toward abatement of a menace that was threatening not only India, but the entire world.

Such neglect of its East Indian wards in time of scourge, the *Lancet* argued, was liable to bring about a popular revolt as quickly and as surely as might political wrongs.

Stung to action by such a presentation of facts, the

British Government has just appointed a commission to make a careful study of the bacteriological features of the plague, and to recommend the best methods for stamping it out.

This commission includes the following members: Sir Michael Foster and Dr. J. R. Bradford, named by the Royal Medical Society of England; Colonel David Bruce and Dr. C. J. Martin, of the Lister Institute, and Surgeon General A. M. Braithwaite, representing the Indian Office.

So far as is known, the plague assumes four forms: first, the bubonic, in which the victim takes the infection through the lymphatic system; second, the septicemic form, where the disease is received directly through the blood stream; third, the pneumonic type, taken through the lungs, and producing a distinct form of lobular pneumonia; and, fourth, the form induced by direct absorption of the poison through the gastro-intestinal canal.

Adults are more liable to the disease than children, and stout persons fall victims more easily than thin persons, although individuals of poor physique succumb quickly, as a rule, when attacked.

Recovering from an attack of plague of the pulmonary type, the patient often is reduced seemingly to a second childhood and loses his memory of words. He may continue a year, or even eighteen months, in this condition.

While persons in India are not attacked nearly so readily as natives and frequently consider themselves immune. Whenever the plague has got a foothold in European cities, however, its ravages have been terrific.

Medical authorities do not doubt that it would sweep like wildfire through the slums of European cities, once it got a foothold there.

Even monkeys fall easy victims to the plague and die

in great numbers. In most parts of India they are not harmed by the natives, and infect the country in droves.

These animals, as well as others, assist in spreading the disease by contaminating the supply of water used by human beings. Rats frequently carry the infection, and in some parts of India it is known as the "rat's disease."

A popular idea prevails in India that the plague is taken up by natives through their feet. Nearly all the natives go about barefoot, and frequently wound their feet on stones and other obstructions in the highways.

Among those acknowledging faith in this theory is Dr. Shikare, of Bombay, who asserts that in many, if not most, cases of bubonic plague that have come under his observation the poison entered the system through small wounds or abrasions. Infected persons, infected rats and infected air, he is quoted as stating, are the most active agencies in distributing the disease.

And yet a startling problem as to the spread of the plague was raised when, in 1898, it jumped from India to the village of Angren, in Turkistan.

"This town is 14,000 feet above sea level, in the mountains, where the climate is cold and dry—as diametrically the opposite of the steaming climates of Hong Kong, Calcutta and Bombay as it is possible for meteorological conditions to be," asserts one authority.

"The only means of reaching it, except by birds or goats, is described as paths over ledges on the mountain sides, so dangerous as to deter the ordinary traveler."

Nevertheless, the plague jumped to that town. It had then 600 inhabitants, but before intelligent aid came to help fight the disease 325 of them died.

The Calcutta Statesman quotes a health official as declaring that the plague is spread by means of bales of cotton, and the *Pioneer*, another Indian paper, believes that it could be proved that the disease was spread by infected natives of India.

Natives of India cannot understand why the simple washing of their clothing in cold water will rid it of the germs of the plague. Neither do they understand that to boil their clothing will kill the germs.

In many infected localities, the visitor will see holes cut in the roofs of dwellings for ventilation, or to "let out the disease."

So stupid, or so thoughtless, however, is the average

native, especially of the lower classes, that not even ordinary precautions are taken.

As an illustration, it is stated that some years ago health officials broke into a room and found half a dozen persons squatting about the floor playing cards.

The trained eye of one of the visitors noticed that the attitude of one of the "players" was constrained, and upon closer examination it was found that he was dead—a victim of the plague. And yet his fellows were continuing the game unmindful of the dread presence, and would, in course of time, have quietly dispersed to their homes and families, carrying the infection with them.

In many districts of India famine is frequently the most active ally of the plague. Through it the power of resistance is reduced to a minimum, and hordes of unhealthy, poorly fed natives fall easy victims.

Not only that, but plague germs thrive and multiply amid the filth and unsanitary conditions that prevail.

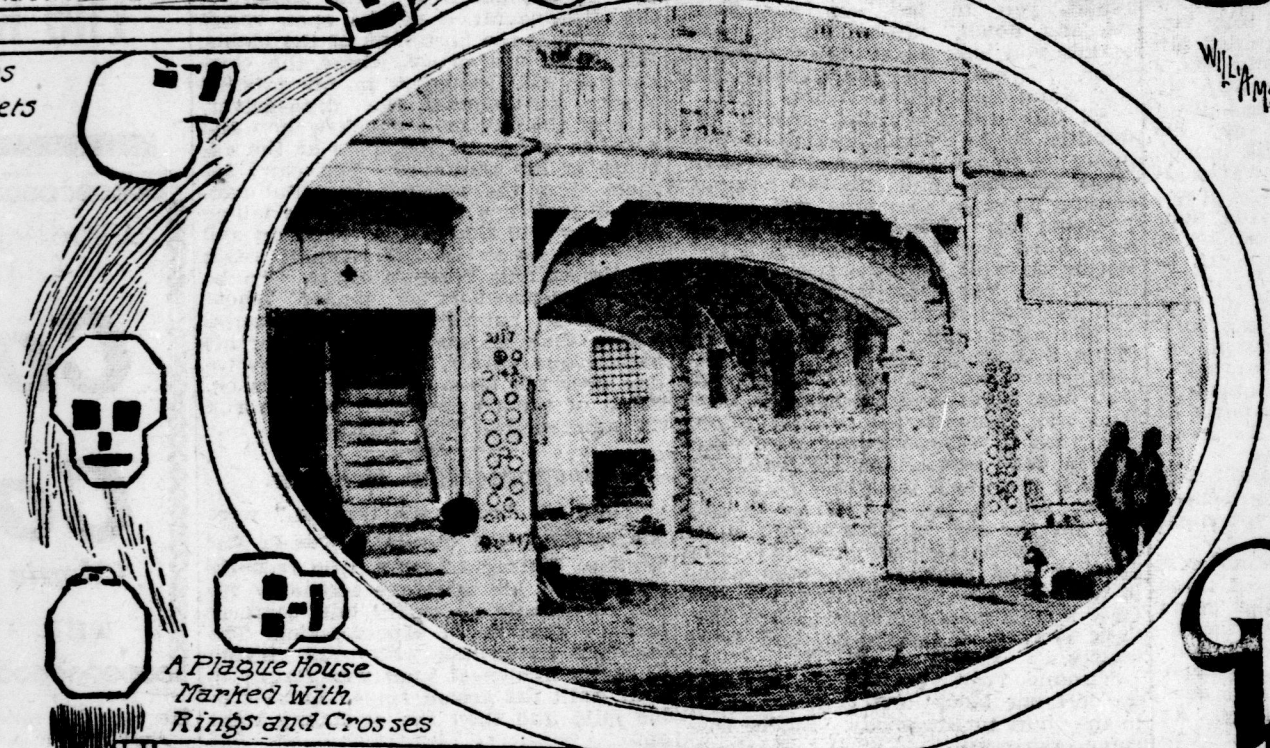
Dead cats, rats and other animals are permitted to lie undisturbed in streets and dwellings for a time that is incomprehensible to persons of cleanly instincts.

Often, too, when a native becomes ill, he is permitted to remain in his squalid quarters instead of being hurried away to a hospital.

When death sweeps its relentless scythe through a family, the deserted dwelling frequently is not fumigated as it should be.

As an illustration of this fact, the following instance is mentioned. Health inspectors discovered a house where every window and door was securely fastened. Upon breaking in, they found the place empty—the plague had been there—but the floor of earth was strewn with the carcasses of rats.

Such instances are common in India. Just what the newly appointed medical commission will do remains to be seen. Undoubtedly stringent methods of quarantine will be urged, but just how far such methods can be followed, owing to the ignorance of the natives, is a question no person seems able at present to say. The fact that their fellows are dying like flies in the autumn—at the rate of something like a thousand a week—does not appear to make them wiser. But should they become moved, as the *Lancet* fears, the agitation would probably take the form of a revolt against the government.



A Plague House
Marked With
Rings and Crosses



Inoculating a Plague Victim
With Serum



Burning the Bodies of Plague
Victims in Bombay

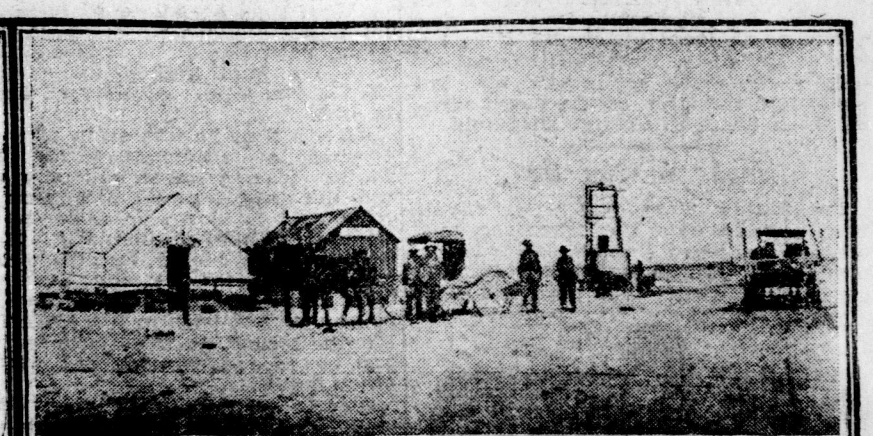
GOLDFIELD, THE CENTRE OF A NEW TREASURE-HUNTING FRENZY AND MANY HARDSHIPS



The Town of Goldfield



Loading at the Sandstorm a Load of Ore That Netted \$100,000



A Well in the Desert Between Goldfield and Tonopah

THE latest example of gold-mining frenzy centres about Goldfield, in southeastern Nevada. "Rainbow chasers" from all parts of the West are hastening thither, and while some have made rich strikes, thousands of others are meeting disappointment.

Goldfield is a camp in the desert of some 60 permanent and the floating population, and all the old stories

True enough, fortunes have been made quickly in Goldfield, but only for a favored few. One wagon load of ore hauled to Tonopah from there netted \$100,000, and this set the far West wild.

Other rich veins of ore have been discovered, some yielding as high as \$100 to the ton. A number of men who were earliest upon the scene have become wealthy.

Nicholas D'Arcy, son of a cric in the Federal Court in Denver, set out early for the new field, found the ground around Goldfield located, but a new district opening at Bullfrog, 40 miles away. So he hastened there as a prospector, found open ground, located a claim, which he named, after his home city, the Denver, and soon opened

the others already enrolled in the "millionaire club" of the new district.

Within a year after the first discoveries were made Goldfield claims produced \$3,000,000 more than the Cripple Creek mines yielded in their first three years. But the richest pockets, it seems, were the earliest reached.

That bucketsful of gold can no longer be picked up on the surface is shown by the fact that working of low-grade ore has begun. Over 200,000 tons of ore, running from \$20 to \$25 a ton, have been lying on the dumps and not

his expenses will be heavy. Wood is at an unheard-of price—\$30 a cord; coal sells at from \$50 to \$55 a ton. The tenements are mostly tents or mud hovels. The nearest railroad is 25 miles away, and its terminus, Tonopah, is itself a new and raw mining camp, only recently connected with the outside world.


Building supplies of all kinds, food—everything the people require—must be drawn by wagon twenty-eight miles after hundreds of miles of railroad haul at the highest

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

The story was "Black Rock," that virile, crisp series of pictures of life in the mining camps, that made their author famous. Then came "The Sky Pilot," "The Man From Glengarry," "Beyond the Marshes" and "The Prospector," all tingling with vitality—stories tender, humorous, picturesque, pathetic, strenuous in action and simple in thought.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR M. P.

Governor of Kharkoff, August, 1902;
 I. Bessonoff, chief of police at Khar-
 off, same time; Prince Gallitzin, gov-
 ernor-general of the Caucasus, Octo-


 Cure her husband.
 Also for sale by W. T. Strong & Co.

City. Address—The
 Samaritan Remedy Co.,
 25 Jordan St., Toronto,
 Canada.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

The Duke of Montrose, who has been
sailing in the West Indies, and who
has arrived in the United States on a
visit of some duration is expected to

ghland regiments. His wife, although a mother of grown-up children, is nevertheless still one of the most beautiful women of the day, and, along

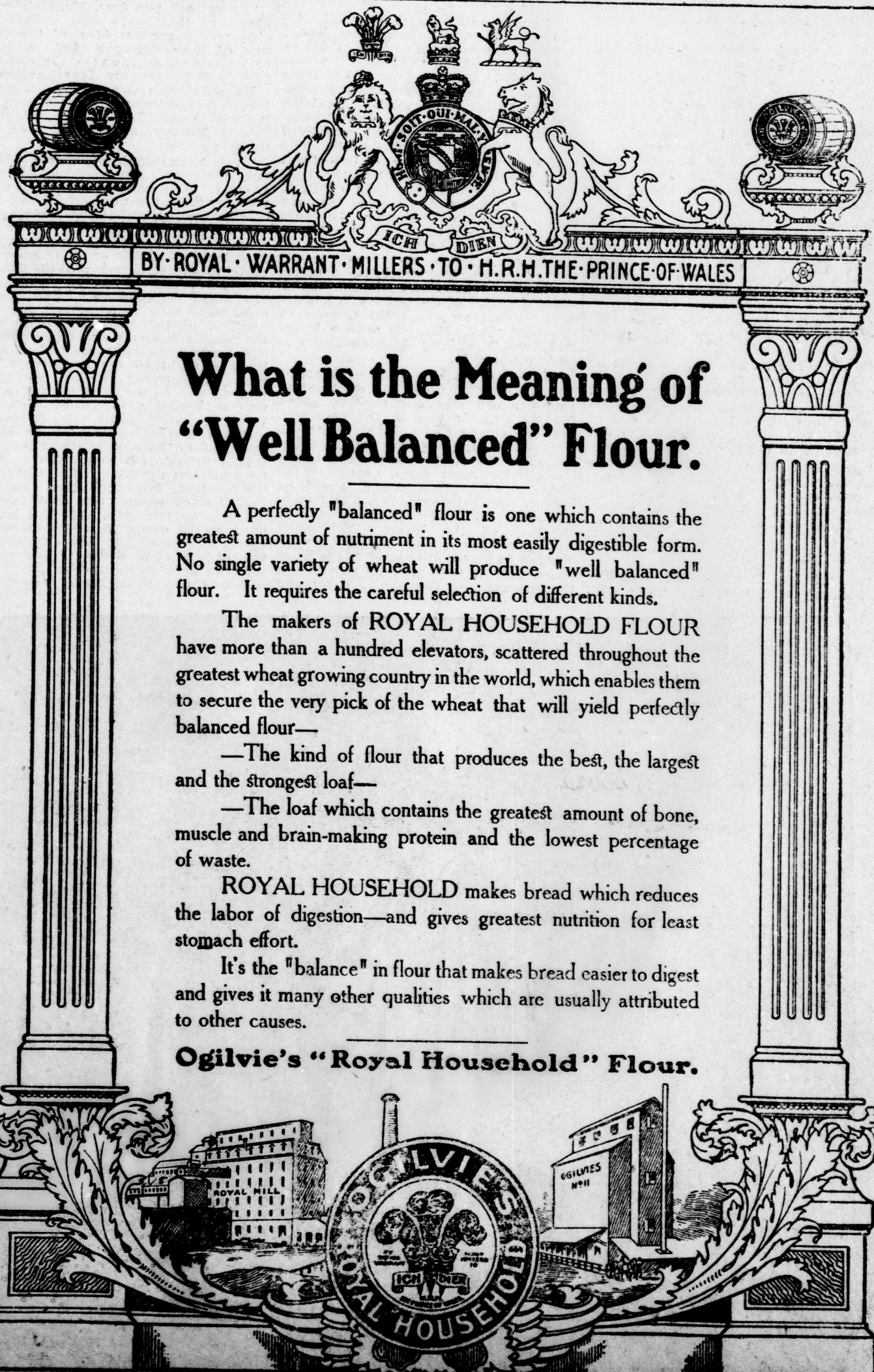
What woman does not crave a good complexion? And what woman, whose

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

An effort to form an actors' union is being made in England. H. B. Irving and Seymour Hicks are at the head of the movement.

Samaria Remedy Co.
23 Jordan St., Toronto
Canada.
T. Strong & Co.

The Duke of Montrose, who has been yatching in the West Indies, and who has arrived in the United States on a visit of some duration is announced



dark to us. To a poor bookworm and invalid like myself such a blow is paralyzing. I seem to have lost the faculty of thought. But you are a man of action—you are a man of affairs. It is part of the everyday routine of your life. You can preserve your balance in every emergency. We are fortunate, indeed, in having you at our side.

Holmes was pacing up and down the side of the room whilst the old Professor was talking. I observed that he was smoking with extraordinary rapidity. It was evident that he shared his host's liking for the fresh Alexandrian cigarettes.

"Yes, sir, it is a crushing blow," said the old man. "That is my magnanimous pile of papers on the study table yonder. It is my analysis of the documents found in the Coptic monasteries of Syria and Egypt, a work which will cut deep at the very foundations of the revealed religion. With my enfeebled health I do not know whether I shall ever be able to complete it, now that my assistant has been taken from me. Dear me! Mr. Holmes, why, you are even a quicker smoker than I am myself."

Holmes smiled. "I am a connoisseur," said he, taking another cigarette from the box—his fourth—and lighting it from the stub of that which he had just finished. "I will not trouble you with any lengthy cross-examination, Professor Coram. I gather that you were in bed at the time of the crime and could not know about it. I would only ask this: What do you imagine that this poor fellow meant by his last words: 'The Professor—it was she'?"

"The Professor shook his head. 'Susan is a country girl,' said he, 'and you know the incredible stupidity of that class. I fancy that the poor fellow murmured some incoherent, delirious words, and that she twisted them into this meaningless message.'"

"I see," said Holmes, "an explanation yourself of the tragedy?"

"Possibly an accident, possibly—I only breathe it among ourselves—a suicide. Young men have their hidden troubles—some affair of the heart, perhaps, which we have never known. It is a more probable supposition than murder."

"But the eye-glasses?"

"Ah! I am only a student—a man of dreams. I cannot explain the practical things of life. But still, we are aware, my friend, that love-gazes may take strange shapes. By all means take another cigarette. It is a pleasure to see anyone appreciate them so. A fan, a glove, glasses—who knows what article may be carried as a token or treasured? This gentleman speaks of the footstep in the grass, but, after all, it is easy to be mistaken on such a point. As to the knife, it might well be thrown far from the unfortunate man as he fled. It is possible that I speak as a child, but it seems that Willoughby Smith has not his fate by his own hand."

Holmes seemed to follow the theory thus put forward and for some time, lost in thought and consuming cigarette after cigarette.

"Tell me, Professor Coram," he said at last, "what is in that cupboard in the bureau?"

"Nothing that would help a thief. Family papers, letters from my poor wife, diplomas of universities which have done me honor. Here is the key. You can look for yourself."

Holmes picked up the key and looked at it for an instant, then he handed it back.

"No, I hardly think that it would help me," said he. "I should prefer to go quietly down to your garden, and turn the whole matter over in my head. There is something to be said for the theory of suicide which you have put forward. We must apologize for having intruded upon you, Professor Coram, and I promise that we will not disturb you until after lunch. At two o'clock we will come again, and report to you anything which may have happened in the interval."

Holmes was curiously distrustful, and we walked up and down the garden path for some time in silence.

"It depends upon the question," said he, "that I smoked. 'It is possible that I am utterly mistaken. The cigarettes will tell me.'"

"My dear Holmes," I exclaimed, "how on earth—"

"Well, well, you may see for yourself. If not, there is no harm done. Of course, we always wear the oxygen tank to fall back upon, but I take short cut when I can get it. Ah, here is the good Mrs. Marker! Let us enjoy five minutes of instructive conversation with her."

I may have remarked before that Holmes had when he liked, a peculiarly ingratiating way with him, and that he very readily established terms of confidence with them. In half the time which he had named, he had captured the housekeeper, a stout, middle-aged woman, and was chatting with her as if he had known her for years.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, it is as you say. Sir, he does smoke something terrible. All day and sometimes all night, I've seen that room of a morning—well, sir, you'd have thought it was a London fog. Poor young Mr. Smith, he was a smoker also, but not as bad as the Professor. His health—well, I don't know that it's better nor worse for the smoking."

"Ah!" said Holmes, "but it kills the appetite."

"Well, I don't know about that, sir. I suppose the Professor eats hardly anything."

"Well, he is variable. I'll say that for him."

"I'll wager he took no breakfast this morning, and won't take any lunch after all the cigarettes I saw him consume."

"Well, you're out there, sir, as it happens, for he ate a remarkable breakfast this morning. I don't know when I've known him to make a better one. He's ordered a good dish of cutlets for his lunch. I'm surprised myself, for since I came into that room yesterday and saw young Mr. Smith lying there on the floor, I couldn't bear to look at food. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, and the Professor hasn't let it take his appetite away."

We loitered the morning away in the garden. Stanley Hopkins had gone down to the village to look into the rumors of a strange woman who had been seen by some children on the Chatham Road the previous morning. As to my friend, all his genial energy seemed to have deserted him. I had never known him handle a case in such a half-hearted fashion. Even the news brought back by Hopkins that he had found the children, and that they had undoubtedly seen a woman exactly corresponding with Holmes' description, and wearing either spectacles or eyeglasses, failed to rouse any sign of

keen interest. He was more attentive when Susan, who waited upon us at lunch, volunteered the information that she believed Mr. Smith had been out for a walk yesterday morning, and that he had only returned half an hour before the tragedy occurred. I could not myself see the bearing of this incident, but I clearly perceived that Holmes was weaving it into the general scheme which he had formed in his brain. Suddenly he sprang from his chair and glanced at his watch. "Two o'clock, gentlemen," said he. "We must up and have it out with our friend the Professor."

The old man had just finished his lunch, and certainly his empty dish bore evidence to the good appetite with which his housekeeper had credited him. He was, indeed, a well-fed figure, as he turned his white mane and his glowing eyes towards us. The eternal cigarette smoldered in his mouth. He had been dressed, and was seated in an armchair by the fire.

"Wait, Mr. Holmes, have you solved this mystery yet?" He moved the large table beside him towards my companion. Holmes stretched out his hand and they tipped the box over the edge. For a minute or two we were all on our knees, gazing at the cigarettes. It was impossible, I observed, Holmes' eyes were shining and his cheeks tinged with color. Only at a crisis have I seen those battle signals flying.

"Yes," said he, "I have solved it."

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I saw the old man throw up his arms, a terrific convulsion passed over his grim face, and he fell back in his chair. At the same instant the bookcase at which Holmes pointed swung round upon a hinge, and a woman rushed out into the room. "You are right!" she cried, in a strange, foreign voice. "You are right! I am here."

She was brown with the dust and draped with the cobwebs, which had come from the walls of her hiding place. Her face, too, was streaked with grime, and at the best she could not have been handsome, for she had the exact physical characteristics that a long and obstinate chin. What, with her natural blindness, and what with the change from dark to light, she looked as one dazed, blinking about her to see where and who she was. And yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, there was a certain nobility in the woman's bearing—a gallantry in the defiant chin and in the upraised head which compelled something of respect and admiration.

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"Yes, sir, I am your prisoner," she said. "From where I stood, I could hear everything, and I know that you have learned the truth. I confess it all. It was I who killed the young

man, but you are right—you who say it was an accident. I did not know that it was a knife that I held in my hand, for in my despair I snatched anything from the table and struck at him to make him let go. It is the truth that I tell."

"Madame," said Holmes, "I am sure that it is the truth. I fear that you are far from well, and he told me that in the forenoon the study was always empty, as the secretary was employed here. So at last I took my courage in both hands, and I came down to get the papers myself. I succeeded; but at what a cost!"

"I had just taken the papers and was locking the cupboard when the papers and man seized me. I had seen him already that morning. He had met me, told me where Professor Coram lived, not knowing that he was in his employ."

"Exactly," said Holmes. "The secretary came back and told me that the woman he had met, then in his last breath, he tried to send a message that it was she who had taken the papers."

"You must let me speak," said the old man, in an imperative voice, and he rushed forward. "When he had fallen I rushed into the room, chose the wrong door, and I spoke of giving the papers to him. He spoke of giving the papers to me. I was not that I wished to live for my own sake, but it was that I desired to accomplish my purpose. He knew that I would do what I said—that his own fate was involved in mine. And that reason, and for no other, he seized me. He thrust me into that dark hiding-place—a relic of his days, known only to himself. He took his meals in his own room and so was able to give me part of his food. It was agreed that when the police came the house I should slip away by night and come back no more. But in some way you saw my plans. She tore from the bosom of her dress a small packet. 'These are my last words,' said she; 'here is the packet which will save Alexis. I confide it to your honor and to your love of justice. Take it! You will deliver it at the Russian Embassy. Now, I have done my duty, and—'

"Stop her!" cried Holmes. He had bounded across the room and had wrenched a small phial from her hand. "Red! That is red!" he said, sinking back on the bed. "I took the poison before I left my hiding-place. My head swims! I am going! I charge you, sir, to remember the old man's words."

"A simple case, and yet, in some ways, an instructive one," Holmes remarked, as he traveled back to town. "It hinged from the outset upon the pince-nez. But for the fortunate escape of the dying man having seized the packet, I am not sure that I could ever have reached our solution. It was clear to me, from the strength of the glasses, that the woman must have been very blind and helpless when she was taken. When you asked me to believe that she walked along a narrow strip of grass without once making a false step, I remarked, as you may remember, that it was a noteworthy performance, save in the unlikely case that she had been a pair of glasses. I was forced, therefore, to seriously consider the hypothesis that she had remained within the house. On perceiving the similarity of the two corridors, it became clear that she might very easily have made such a mistake, and in that case, it was evident that she must

have entered the professor's room. I was keenly on the alert, therefore, for whatever would bear out this position, and examined the room narrowly for anything in the shape of a hiding-place. The carpet seemed continuous and firmly nailed, so I missed the idea of a trap door. There might well be a recess behind the books. As you are aware, such devices are common in old libraries. I observed that books were piled on the floor at all other points, but that one bookcase was left clear. This, then, might be the door. I could see no marks to guide me, but the carpet was of a dun color, which lends itself very well to examination. I therefore smoked a gray number of those excellent cigarettes, and I dropped the ash all over the space in front of the suspected bookcase. It was a simple trick, but exceedingly effective. I then went downstairs, and I ascertained, in your presence, Watson, without your perceiving the drift of my remarks, that Professor Coram's consumption of food had increased—as one would expect when he is supplying a second person. We then ascended to the room again, when, by upsetting the cigarette box, I obtained a very excellent view of the floor, and was able to see quite clearly, from the traces upon the cigarette ash, that the prisoner had in our absence come out from her retreat. Well, Hopkins, here we are at Charing Cross, and I congratulate you on having brought your case to a successful conclusion. You are going to headquarters, no doubt, and I think, Watson, and I will drive together to the Russian embassy."

"My dear," said Dolly, drawing her lace skirts up out of the dust, "she's a most unexampled woman. Why, she's been seven years married and is still in love with her own husband."

"And therefore unhappy?" I questioned.

"Only unhappy in so far that she is trying to make the best of a hopelessly bad job. It became a question, I imagine, five years ago for Maisie, whether she should be herself—her delightful, original personality alone—whether she should sink her own individuality in her husband's, and become merely an echo of his prosy opinions. She decided on the latter, and you see the result."

"The result looked, to outward eyes, at least, rather delightful still. It took the shape of a little woman who was coming down when it was too late, and she was rather nice. She was rather extravagantly dressed and had a sweet but sad face, with tired-looking eyes. Yet I brightened up, however, as she sat down beside me, repining at my diary, for when I was in Siberia, I had a letter from him once, reproaching me, and quoting some passages from his pages. Yet I was sure that, with his revengeful nature, he would never give it to me of his own free-will. I must get it for myself. With this object, I

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"Stop her!" cried Holmes. He had bounded across the room and had wrenched a small phial from her hand. "Red! That is red!" he said, sinking back on the bed. "I took the poison before I left my hiding-place. My head swims! I am going! I charge you, sir, to remember the old man's words."

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have entered the professor's room. I was keenly on the alert, therefore, for whatever would bear out this position, and examined the room narrowly for anything in the shape of a hiding-place. The carpet seemed continuous and firmly nailed, so I missed the idea of a trap door. There might well be a recess behind the books. As you are aware, such devices are common in old libraries. I observed that books were piled on the floor at all other points, but that one bookcase was left clear. This, then, might be the door. I could see no marks to guide me, but the carpet was of a dun color, which lends itself very well to examination. I therefore smoked a gray number of those excellent cigarettes, and I dropped the ash all over the space in front of the suspected bookcase. It was a simple trick, but exceedingly effective. I then went downstairs, and I ascertained, in your presence, Watson, without your perceiving the drift of my remarks, that Professor Coram's consumption of food had increased—as one would expect when he is supplying a second person. We then ascended to the room again, when, by upsetting the cigarette box, I obtained a very excellent view of the floor, and was able to see quite clearly, from the traces upon the cigarette ash, that the prisoner had in our absence come out from her retreat. Well, Hopkins, here we are at Charing Cross, and I congratulate you on having brought your case to a successful conclusion. You are going to headquarters, no doubt, and I think, Watson, and I will drive together to the Russian embassy."

"My dear," said Dolly, drawing her lace skirts up out of the dust, "she's a most unexampled woman. Why, she's been seven years married and is still in love with her own husband."

"And therefore unhappy?" I questioned.

"Only unhappy in so far that she is trying to make the best of a hopelessly bad job. It became a question, I imagine, five years ago for Maisie, whether she should be herself—her delightful, original personality alone—whether she should sink her own individuality in her husband's, and become merely an echo of his prosy opinions. She decided on the latter, and you see the result."

"The result looked, to outward eyes, at least, rather delightful still. It took the shape of a little woman who was coming down when it was too late, and she was rather nice. She was rather extravagantly dressed and had a sweet but sad face, with tired-looking eyes. Yet I brightened up, however, as she sat down beside me, repining at my diary, for when I was in Siberia, I had a letter from him once, reproaching me, and quoting some passages from his pages. Yet I was sure that, with his revengeful nature, he would never give it to me of his own free-will. I must get it for myself. With this object, I

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I saw the old man throw up his arms, a terrific convulsion passed over his grim face, and he fell back in his chair. At the same instant the bookcase at which Holmes pointed swung round upon a hinge, and a woman rushed out into the room. "You are right!" she cried, in a strange, foreign voice. "You are right! I am here."

She was brown with the dust and draped with the cobwebs, which had come from the walls of her hiding place. Her face, too, was streaked with grime, and at the best she could not have been handsome, for she had the exact physical characteristics that a long and obstinate chin. What, with her natural blindness, and what with the change from dark to light, she looked as one dazed, blinking about her to see where and who she was. And yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, there was a certain nobility in the woman's bearing—a gallantry in the defiant chin and in the upraised head which compelled something of respect and admiration.

Stanley Hopkins had laid his hand upon her arm and claimed her as the prisoner, but she waved him aside gently, and yet with an overmastering dignity which compelled obedience. The old man lay back in his chair with a twitching face, and stared at her with brooding eyes.

"Yes, sir, I am your prisoner," she said. "From where I stood, I could hear everything, and I know that you have learned the truth. I confess it all. It was I who killed the young

man, but you are right—you who say it was an accident. I did not know that it was a knife that I held in my hand, for in my despair I snatched anything from the table and struck at him to make him let go. It is the truth that I tell."

"Madame," said Holmes, "I am sure that it is the truth. I fear that you are far from well, and he told me that in the forenoon the study was always empty, as the secretary was employed here. So at last I took my courage in both hands, and I came down to get the papers myself. I succeeded; but at what a cost!"

"I had just taken the papers and was locking the cupboard when the papers and man seized me. I had seen him already that morning. He had met me, told me where

"If the first of July it be
rainy weather,
will rain more or less
for four weeks together."

Our Boys and Girls

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

"When spring has passed away
and warm July has come to stay,
Then my milk white cherry tree
returns as red as red can be."

True Story of a Game Crow

JIM is a game crow, and for years has been a pet in the family of Mr. and Mrs. B. in a quiet old town in Pennsylvania.

Jim was taken from his mother's nest in a tall chestnut tree in the woods when very young by a cruel boy who shot in the nest, killing his little brother and capturing him.

The mother bird's grief must have been very great when she flew home with food for her young ones to find the nest empty, for no doubt, she thought her baby crows the loveliest and blackest ones in the world, and soon they would have been old enough to fly with her far away over the fields and woods, sounding their wild notes, "caw, caw," as they flew, and feasting with her on the corn and grain in the fields.

But, alas! for the disappointments and



tragedies in bird life—just as in human lives. Poor little Jim never experienced these pleasures, but instead was carried by his captor to town, and in due course of time his wings were clipped to prevent his flying away.

A box in the yard was provided for his home, and he leads a most lonely and monotonous life. True, they are all kind to him and give him plenty of food to eat, and they have taught him to say "hello," which is quite an accomplishment, but a crow was never intended to live alone and in captivity.

Jim has his likes and dislikes in regard to people, and shows his bad temper by picking at persons whom he does not fancy. He is very fond of the children's playthings, and every chance he gets carries them off and hides them.

Anything bright appeals very strongly to Jim. One day he saw a silver thimble standing on the window sill, and he slyly carried it off in his bill and buried it in the yard. He heard them talking about the thimble and saw them looking for it, and he seemed to understand, so thought he would dig it up and hide it in another place. Mrs. B. watched him from behind a bush while he was thus engaged, and so recovered the lost thimble.

On another day he stole the scissors and hid them. On wash day the clothespins afforded him no end of amusement—much to the annoyance of the washwoman, however, who, when she needs the pins, finds Jim has carried them away.

Josh Billings, in writing about a tame crow, once said, "What he can't steal must be tied down," and this is certainly true in Jim's case. He even hides bits of food which he cannot eat by covering them with leaves and grass—just as a dog buries his bone.

Dogs are Jim's pet aversion. If one ventures into the yard, he hellos loud and long, till he scares Mr. Dog into taking his departure. But he and the cats are great friends, and will eat out of the same dish.

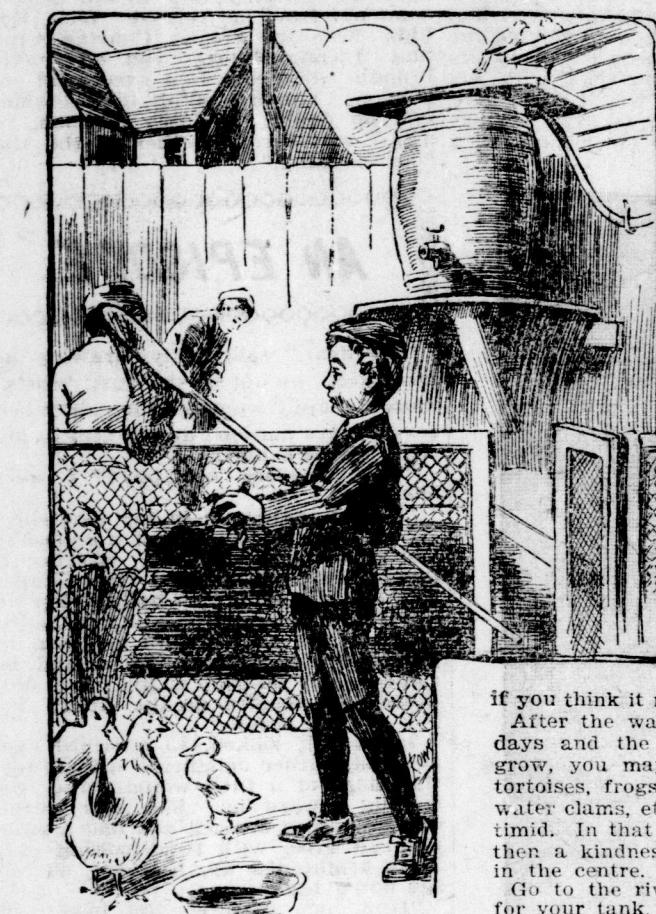
When he hears the children shouting at play in the school yard, nearby, he tries hard to talk, and it seems as though he wanted to join them in their sport; but much as he tries to say something, he never has succeeded in saying more than "hello," and this is his greeting to every one.

Poor Jim, the most forlorn-looking crow at present, for lately he lost his tail feathers, so now he is wingless and tailless; but, fortunately, he cannot see himself as others see him, so his comical appearance does not interfere with his enjoying his tame existence apparently as much as he ever did.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

Backyard Fish Commission

WHILE the honorable Fish Commission busies itself looking after the natural bodies of water and stocking them with fish, suppose



you boys and girls turn yourselves just for fun into Backyard Fish Commissioners, make yourselves artificial ponds and stock them with fish.

First of all, you need a watertight tank. Make it in the form of a box, wide and flat-bottomed. Better be modest and make a small one, say a foot long, 1 foot wide and a couple of feet deep.

Make all the boards meet closely. After the carpenter work is finished, melt tar over a fire and smear it over every crack and joint.

In the shallowest corner of the tank, dig a hole for the tank. When the tank is in place, cover the bottom of it with a layer of gravel.

Put in some water plants, which you can get from any nursery.

After the water has stood for a few days and the plants have started to grow, you may stock your tank with minnows, frogs, crickets, snails, fresh water clams, etc. Some of them may be timid. In that case you will have done them a kindness by building a rocky in the centre.

Go to the river to catch all the fish for your tank, if you can. If you cannot, then you can buy them from any

aquarium store in town.

Don't put anything of a seawater nature in your pond, or all the fresh water things will suffer.

The caddis worms and fresh water plants, which are found among water plants, will make good food for the fish.

Never change the water in the tank.



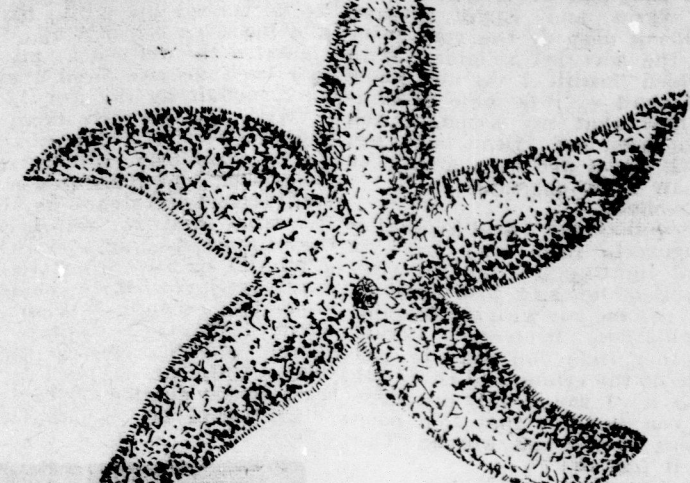
but as it evaporates add to it from the barrel of water which you should rig up above the pond.



Was it Black Dust?

One day my little sister (4 years old) was sitting gazing intently into the face of our old colored woman, when, turning to mamma, she said: "Mamma, did God have black dust in heaven when he made Martha?"

THE STAR-FISH



I AM the star of Rockville, not the kind that twinkles of an evening in the dark sky and dances on the wavelets, but still shining in my own society, and brilliantly, too.

Oysters are my favorite food, and I always take them in the shell. My mouth, as you know, is very small, so when I find a nice, plump bivalve, I clasp my five arms around him, turn my stomach right out over him and then

I suck, suck, suck till there is not much left but the empty shell. I drop this back into the water, tuck my stomach away and crawl off in search of another shell fish. Like Puss, I want to keep my coat looking nice, so when I am not hunting or eating, I spend my time picking off bits of dirt or seaweed with my nippers, of which I have hundreds of pairs, of which I have hundreds of pairs of which I have hundreds of pairs.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

Nine Men's Morris--A Game

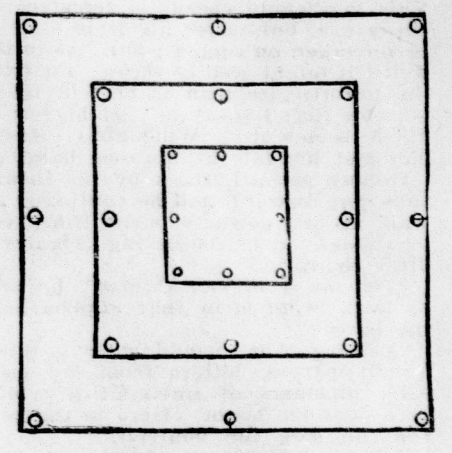
THIS game was played by William Shakespeare when he was a boy.

At any rate, he spoke of it in one of his dramas, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It can be played in the house by preparing a board with holes, as in the diagram here pictured, but is more fun played out on the turf, just as mumbletypeg and so many other games are played.

Two persons play the game. If they are inside the house, using a board, the game is played on a board of pegs, apiece, differently colored or shaped. If out of doors, marbles or pebbles may be used.

The players lay down their pieces, whatever they are, in the holes, one at a time, alternately, and it is each player's business to prevent the other from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three without any of the opponent's pieces between them.

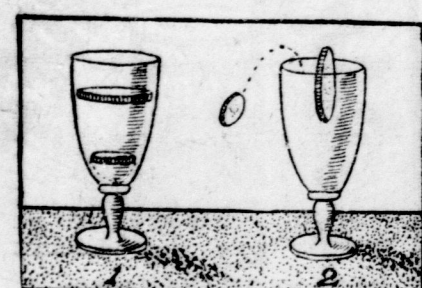
Whenever either one succeeds in forming a row, he may then take up and remove any one of the other player's pieces he pleases, except from a complete row already formed. When all the pieces are laid down, they are played backward and forward in whatever direction each line runs, but a piece can be moved only from one spot to another at a time.



A Good Trick With a Wineglass

POLLY EVANS will not vouch for the success of this trick; but you boys and girls may try it for yourselves, and see if you can make it work.

Take a wineglass, place a penny or



rest in the lower part of it (it should rest snugly a little above the bottom) and a half-dollar piece in the upper part of it.

Tell your friends you can get the dime out of the glass without touching it or even putting your finger inside the glass.

How is it done?

This way: One trickster says, Give

the side of the glass such a vigorous tap as to upset the balance of the half dollar and cause it to take an up and down instead of a flat position. He says the air thus suddenly forced down by one half of the coin will jostle the dime out of its position and cause it to fly out of the glass.

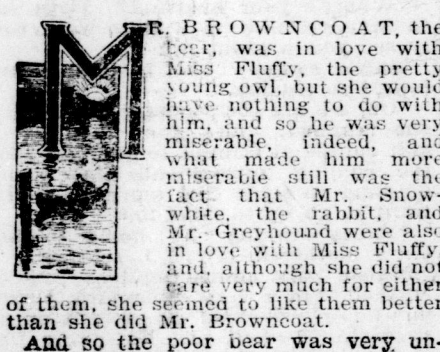
If any one succeeds with this trick, please inform Polly Evans.

Game of Chestnut Burr

BEGIN and count from 1 to 100. When you come to a number in which seven is contained, or that has a seven in it you say, "Burr" instead of that number. When you get to 20, you say, "Burr (20)." "Burr (21)." "Burr (22)." "Burr (23)." "Burr (24)." "Burr (25)." "Burr (26)." "Burr (27)." "Burr (28)." "Burr (29)." Then continue with 30, this will be very interesting to play at the clubs.

Removing the Scaffolding.

Louise was cutting out pictures. She was trimming off the edges when I asked, "What are you doing?" She looked up at me and said, "Oh! I'm just taking off the railings."



Now, it so happened that the pixies got to hear of what Mr. Browncoat was going to do, and being a very mischievous lot of little men, they ran and told Mr. Snowwhite and Mr. Greyhound, and they both made up their minds that they would go as well and sing to Miss Fluffy.

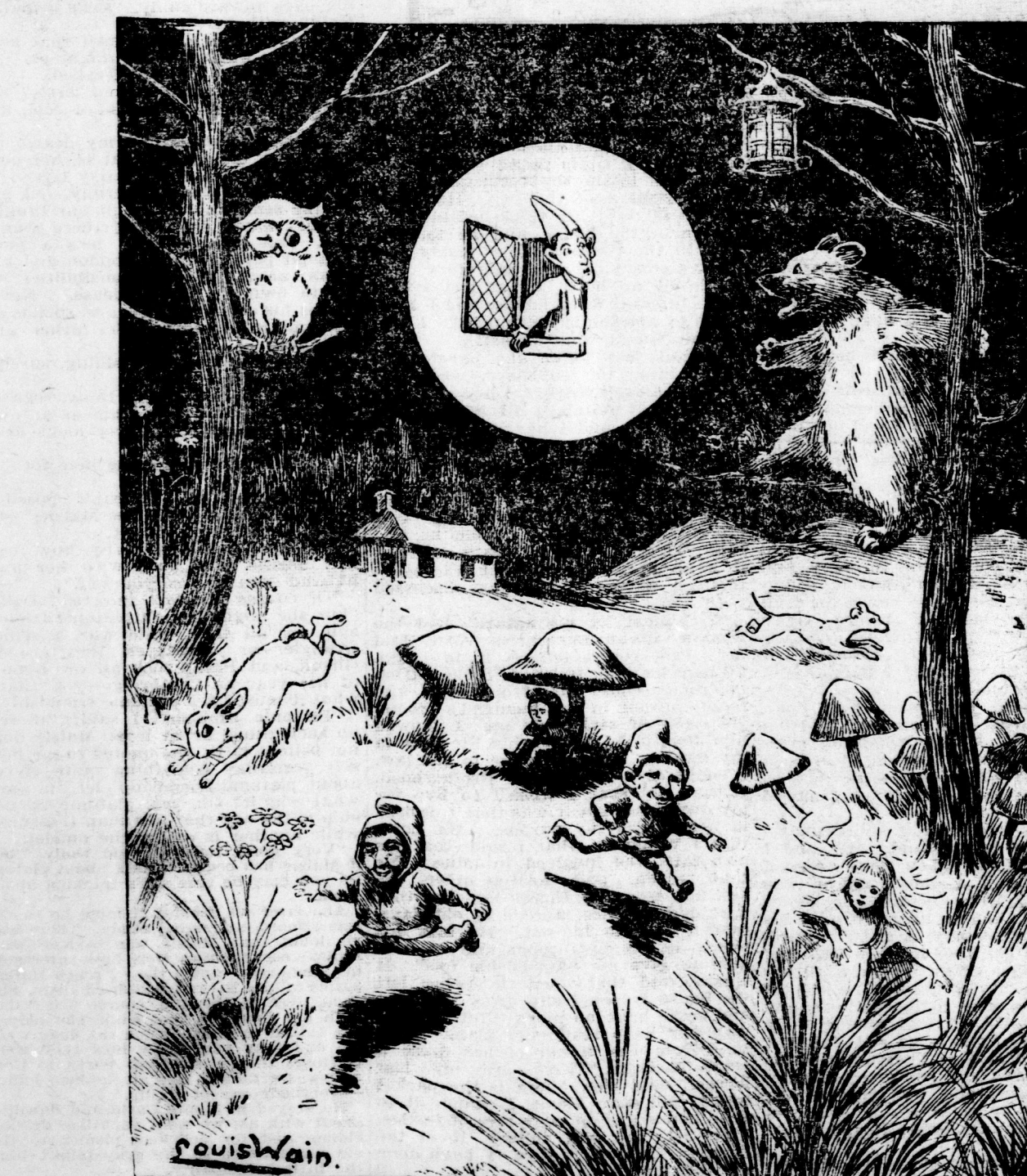
When night came, Mr. Browncoat took a lantern and climbed into a tree opposite to the one where Miss Fluffy lived, and commenced to sing as loudly as he could.

In a few minutes Mr. Snowwhite and Mr. Greyhound came running up, and then they both began to sing as loudly as they could, and altogether you can imagine it did not sound very musical.

happened. A window in the moon opened, and out popped the head of the man who lives there, to see what all the noise was about, and why he could not go to sleep.

Now, up to that time, none of them knew there was a man in the moon, and they were all very surprised and frightened. Away scampered Mr. Snowwhite and Mr. Greyhound, and away ran the pixies and the fairy, and poor Mr. Browncoat, who had nearly fallen off the tree, climbed down and ran off as fast as he could, and there was only one little pixie left, who had fallen asleep underneath a toadstool.

When they had all gone the man in the moon shut his window, but Miss



Puzzles and Problems

Hidden Boys' Names.

1. The one and the painter must be men of genius.
2. I know by are a pretty mistake.
3. I know by are a pretty mistake.
4. Ignorance or negligence has caused it to be made.
5. My dear is like a lion.
6. A large part of the army were d-w-e.
7. John and Bill's father chided them for their conduct.
8. The missing letters when put together correctly will give seven boys' names.

JOSEPH BAZZ.

Parts of Body.

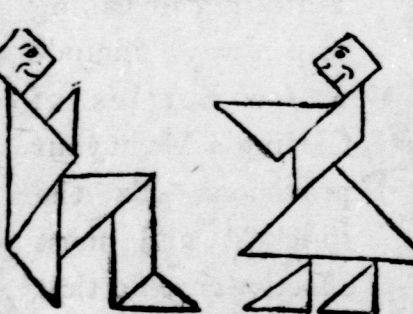
- Head, Eye, Nose, Mouth, Ear, Neck, Shoulder, Arm, Hand, Foot, Leg, Toe.

Enigma.

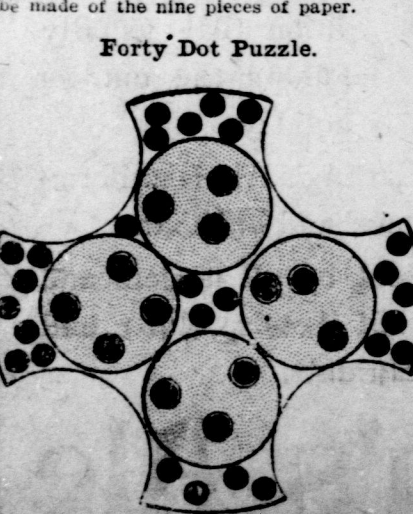
Twice four is eight; no less, no more; And yet the half of five is four. You seem to doubt it. I can show You in a trice that this is so.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Geometrical Portraits.



Forty-Dot Puzzle.



Bunch of Keys.

1. Tur-key.
2. Don-key.
3. Man-key.
4. Joe-key.

Words Spelled Differently.

1. Hair, air, 2. Read, red, 3. Mace, maid.

Square Word.

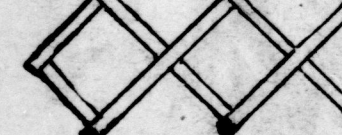
OVER

Hidden Boys' Names.

Markus, Joe, Linus, Henry, William.

Match Trick.

Put the matches together as shown in this diagram to form three equal-sized diamonds.



Editor Squares.

C L A S S I C A L P O L Y T E C H N I C A L

Transposition Puzzle.

Perla, Algeria, Cuba, Turkey, Hindostan, Egypt, Russia. The initial letters spell PANTHER.

happy, and tried to think of a way in which he might outdo his rivals and gain the affections of Miss Fluffy.

Now, he had always been very proud of what he called his fine, deep voice, and so he made up his mind that he would go that night and sing love songs to Miss Fluffy, and perhaps she might be charmed by his beautiful voice. Really, his voice was not at all beautiful, but still it was loud, and he could make a lot of noise.

The pixies and their friend the fairy came out to see the fun, and whose singing Miss Fluffy would like best; but it seemed as if she did not care for any of it, for she only sat up in her tree and winked her eye, as much as to say, "You can all go on making that noise all night, but I do not intend to marry any of you."

Well, the three of them went on making as much noise as they could, when all of a sudden something very strange

Fluffy had caught sight of him, and, strange to say, she had fallen in love with him, as the others had fallen in love with her, and so she commenced to sing to him, but he would not open his window again, and has never done so since.

Miss Fluffy still sings to him sometimes, and if ever you hear an owl hooting of a night you will know that it is Miss Fluffy asking the man in the moon to open his window.

HERBERT F. INMAN.

Some Cunning Sayings by Little Children

A little girl asked her mamma, one day: "Mamma, do people ever have bread?"

Mamma—No, child; what a silly thing to ask.

Child—Well, we do, don't we?

Mamma—No, whatever makes you think such funny stuff?

Child—Why, mamma, I heard the cook say she'd have to buy a bread raiser only this morning.

This was said by a friend of mine, about 4 years old. I was at her house

the day the storm began and she was eating her breakfast of bread and milk, when she happened to utter a little on the tablecloth, for which her mother reproved her and told her that good little girls did not upset their milk. A few moments after that she was out on the porch, when it began to snow, and Mary, without any hesitation, went in to her mamma and said, "Mother, you told me good little girls did not upset their milk. Well, the angels upset theirs, and it was just coming down on me, too." And with that she showed her

mamma some snowflakes which had fallen on her coat.

Beatrice's papa had gone to the country on business. Each night when she said her prayers her mamma taught her to say, "God bless papa and send him home safe." Beatrice misunderstood her mamma, and instead of saying that she would say, "God bless papa, and send him home in a safe." One day as the bottom fell out of an old safe down in the cellar, Beatrice came to her mamma and said, "Mamma, I wonder what God will send papa home in now."

Had Seen Hard Wear.

The minister had received a ham as a donation. When it was about gone, little Edith, seeing her mother cutting a small slice for breakfast, said: "I have a tale."

"Mamma, the ham's about worn out, isn't it?"

When a Part Was Equal to the Whole

Four-year-old Daisy came running in from the garden, crying breathlessly, "Papa, I saw a snake!" "Did you?" asked her father. "I have a tale!" "No," Daisy replied, "he was a tail."



a red disk, face down, on the ground, and the other tries to strike it so hard with his differently colored disk that it will turn over, and, therefore, fall into his possession as victor.