

Whiskard's

Three Busy Stores.

228, 230 and 232 DUNDAS STREET.

A Wireless Telegraphy of Prices.

It is a current saying that on the day that General Gordon was killed at Khartoum, the people in the streets and bazaars of Cairo knew of it, though the distance in a direct line is a thousand miles, and no telegraph to connect the lines.

In our own city is wireless telegraphy working. This store's phenomenal midsummer prices are often spoken of. Their influence is felt and talked about far beyond the city.

Our offerings just now are particularly electrical—a transmission of wireless telegraphy. Every alert buyer will detect and utilize the electric waves of midsummer prices. Our advertisement is but a click of the instrument. The whole store is charged with the force of low prices.

PRINTS.

Nearly 2,000 yards of Fine Striped Waist Prints, in various patterns, 36 inches wide, regular 10c Prints. Our price for the lot 6½c a yard. Come.

SEE THEM IN OUR LARGE EAST WINDOW.

WRAPPERETTES.

800 yards of special line of Double Faced Wrapperettes, in red grounds, checks and floral designs. Sold everywhere for 10c. Our price is 8c a yard. Come.

HOSIERY

38 dozen of Children's and Boys' Black Fine Ribbed Cotton Hose, double knees, seamless feet, in sizes from 5 to 9½. Prices 12½c, 15c, 19c. Big chance for you in Hosiery. These are fine goods. See them.

JOTTINGS FROM NEARBY PLACES

KOMOKA

Komoka, Aug. 15.—Komoka Council, R. T. of T. No. 199, will hold a grand lawn social on the Baptist Church grounds on Wednesday evening, Aug. 20. The programme will consist of speeches, elocution, and vocal and instrumental music. It will include solos by Miss Pauline Mowat, contralto soloist, First Presbyterian Church, London, and Miss Getty, of Delaware; recitations by Miss Edith McPherson, of London, and speeches by Rev. John Hosie and local clergymen. Mr. Knowles, of Delaware, will be there, with his new Edison phonograph, which is an entertainment in itself. Ice cream, soda water, figs and dates will be served on the grounds. Refreshments served at 7:30; chair taken at 8:30 p.m.

HOWLETT

Howlett, Aug. 15.—The Coronation Ice Cream Society will hold their semi-monthly lawn social on Aug. 20, at the residence of Mr. T. Adams, con. 2, Delaware. A good programme has been provided. Refreshments and ice cream in abundance will be served as usual.

Miss Katie Armstrong, of London, is the guest of Miss Clara Pearn. Miss Helen Harvey is visiting with relatives here.

Miss Alice Long, of London, is the guest of Mrs. Boyes.

Miss Annie Legate is spending her vacation at Mr. T. Adams.

Miss Lillian Anderson is visiting friends in this vicinity.

The farmers here are taking advantage of the fine days and the harvest dinner will soon be ready.

WYTON

Wyton, Aug. 15.—About 20 of the members of Wyton Epworth League picnicked at Springbank on Saturday. After dinner was partaken of a very enjoyable time was spent in boating and other amusements. All returned home in the evening well pleased with the day's outing.

Miss Emily Scatterd is spending a few days with friends in London.

Miss Alice Culham spent Sunday with friends in London.

Miss Minnie Logan entertained a few friends Wednesday evening.

Miss Minnie Hookway, of London, is holidaying here.

Miss Jessie Colburn is visiting with her sister, Mrs. White, London.

The members and friends of Wyton Sunday school, picnicked at Elm Ridge on Thursday. A very pleasant time was spent in games and races.

Miss Lena Martin, city, is spending her holidays at her home here.

Miss Jennie Blight is home for a month's vacation.

MELBOURNE

Melbourne, Aug. 15.—Miss Aggie Cushman, of Detroit, is spending a few weeks in Melbourne, the guest of her brother, Mr. Andrew Cushman.

Mr. J. S. Golden and Dr. J. A. McEwen, returned home on Tuesday after spending a few days at Walpole Island.

Quite a number of Melbourne young

people are camping out at the lake this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper have gone on a trip to Muskoka. On their return they will spend a few weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Smith, of Caledon.

Miss Mary Fletcher is spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Duncan Campbell, of Riverside.

Miss Katie Coulter spent a few days with Miss Mamie Stevenson, of Ekfrid, this week.

Mrs. Hazen has returned to Melbourne after a six days visit with her son, Rev. G. N. Hazen, of Sarnia.

Miss Julia Griffith, of Caledon, and Mrs. Roach, of Strathroy, were here with Mrs. George Richards, this week.

Messrs. Allan and John McLaughlin took in the excursion to the Falls last week.

Mrs. J. D. Campbell returned home yesterday after spending a week with her son Andrew, of Ingersoll.

BRINSLEY

Brinsley, Aug. 15.—On Wednesday evening a large number of friends met at the residence of Mrs. Rose Watson, Brinsley, to honor Mr. George Dale, who has resigned his position as principal of the public school there, to assume similar duties at Dorchester Station.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Dale was presented with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. The presentation was made by Mr. Wm. S. Corbett, on behalf of the donors. Miss May Pierce read a gracefully-worded and appreciative address, alluding to the good work accomplished by Mr. Dale as principal of the school, and testifying to the unfeigned regret entertained at his departure. At the close of the address Mr. Dale, in well-chosen words, expressed his thanks for the appreciation of his friends, and spoke touchingly of his feelings at departing, and of his interest in the future welfare of the school. Of his work he said that he had simply tried to do his duty. At the close of his remarks all joined in singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Altogether a very sociable and enjoyable evening was spent, though, and the feelings of those present were deeply tinged with regret.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will cure you by Hall's Catarrh Cure, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. For any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) we can cure you by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Last of the Season \$10 Excursion Suspension Bridge to Seashore Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Aug. 20. Tickets good for fifteen days, sold at Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N. J. Trains leave Suspension Bridge 7:30 a.m. and 7:55 p.m.

London daily averages 475,000 telegrams. In Paris the daily average is 120,000.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION A GREAT SOCIAL EVENT

Will Not Exclude Married Women From Membership.

New Law Regarding Lockouts and Strikes—The Eight-Hour Day.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 15.—The fight between the American Federation of Labor and the American Union was brought before the convention of the International Typographical Union in a letter to President Lynch from H. L. Sholdice, of the Laundry Workers' Union, of Denver. Mr. Sholdice wanted the printers to restrict their membership strictly to printers and exclude printers who are also members of the Machinists' Union or other unions. The proposition was voted down, as was also a proposition to exclude married women from membership in typographical unions.

IN RE STRIKES.

A proposition was made a law, providing that a strike or lock-out may be declared off by a majority vote of the union involved, while a three-fourths vote shall be necessary to declare a strike or lock-out.

FOR EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The convention adopted a proposition for an aggressive campaign next year for a universal eight-hour law. President Lynch and Vice-President Hawkins were directed to act with all local unions, where the working day exceeds eight hours and secure observance of the eight-hour day.

Following addresses by Vice-President Jas. Wood and Michael Rafael, of National Cigar-makers' Union, a resolution was adopted boycotting certain brands of cigars.

The report of the committee on laws makes many verbal and technical changes in the laws.

In accordance with President Lynch's report, a conference committee was appointed to secure better sanitary conditions in composing rooms.

Petitions for the reappointment of John E. McLaughlin, New York, as organizer, were presented.

Resolutions of respect were adopted in memory of many departed members, among them, Amos J. Cummings, whose birthday is to be celebrated.

The committee on laws recommended an amendment to the general laws, relating to the printing of the No. 142, and it was unanimously adopted.

Just as the delegates were leaving Pike's Opera House for the noon recess, the building was awaked by a fire. Everybody succeeded in getting out without trouble. The fire started in a sub-cellar of a grocery, where a boy was smoking cigarettes. The flames spread rapidly but were under control within an hour, causing a total loss of \$75,000.

BAT MAKES TROUBLE

Rings Burglar Alarm and Calls Out the Police.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 15.—A bat which became entangled in the wires at the house of L. L. Rogers early last night set off the burglar alarm. The house was recently entered and Mr. Rogers put in a burglar alarm guaranteed to give satisfaction. The alarm worked finely. It made more noise than a fire department gong and registered perfectly at police headquarters.

The bat was taken away. Instantly, Mr. Rogers determined to let the burglar know he wasn't afraid. He opened the window and fired three shots at random. A patrolman arrived out of breath, and he was followed by more policemen who had been hustled from police headquarters on the double quick. There were no traces of burglars, but one of the policemen discovered the bat which was released.

COBBOURG'S SENSATION

Granddaughter of Gen. Grant to Wed a Nephew of President Roosevelt.

Cobourg, Ont., Aug. 16.—At a brilliant reception given here by Mrs. Nellie G. Sartoris, at the residence of Mrs. U. S. Grant, the announcement of the marriage of Miss Vivien Sartoris, daughter, Miss Vivien Sartoris, was made.

At the reception were many American citizens from every state in the Union, who extended their congratulations.

Miss Sartoris, who is a daughter of the late Algernon Charles Frederick and Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, Warshaw, Hampshire, England, and grand-daughter of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, is to be married to Mr. Frederick Roosevelt, son of Chevalier and Madame Edward Scovel, formerly of Detroit, now of New York, and a nephew of Mr. Frederick Roosevelt, of New York, and a nephew of Mr. Richard D. Albert, of Cobourg, Ont. A great number of American citizens have been invited to the wedding, which takes place in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, on Saturday, Aug. 23.

LABOR NOTES

Church Holiday in Coal Regions—Not a Good Picnic Time.

Shenandoah, Pa., Aug. 16.—The Feast of the Assumption is a church holiday in the coal regions. All the Catholic churches hold exercises. The mine workers generally and their families either go visiting or hold large picnics. The day was not as well observed as in former years. The largest picnic grounds in this vicinity are now occupied by the troops.

So, in Wales Mines' Federation has adopted a recommendation that the federation districts contribute \$50,000 to assist the striking miners in the United States.

A BENEFACTION TO ALL.—The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks, and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

Two Hundred Guests at Banquet of Manufacturers.

Ministers Tarte and Borden Get Grand Reception—Windup of Business.

Halifax, Aug. 15.—The banquet was the great social event of the manufacturers' convention. The dining-room held 200 guests, including the best-known business men of the Dominion. Even the corridors of the hotel leading to the dining-room were crowded with people who were anxious to hear the addresses. The new president of the association, Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, of Hamilton, presided.

Letters of regret from Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. George W. Ross, and the other Canadian ministers in England, as well as similar expressions from many business men throughout the country, were read.

Hon. Mr. Tarte's reception was almost overwhelming. When his name was mentioned by the chairman in connection with the toast of "Canada and the Empire," the entire gathering arose and cheered for several minutes, and this scene was repeated several times during his address. The minister's address is summarized in another column.

Mr. R. L. Borden, M. P., was received with great cheering. He said that the members of the Manufacturers' Association were discharging a great public duty in themselves becoming personally acquainted with all parts of their own country, and inducing others to do the same. Every man who, like the minister of public works, was trying to implant in his fellow-citizens a new sense of duty, was doing a great public service, whether he be Liberal or Conservative.

Major-Gen. Sir Charles Parsons, ex-President Robert Munro, and several other men timely speech.

At the business session, upon the matter of a fast steamship service, the committee recommended the Maritime Commission to the Dominion Government to retain the right to fix freight and passenger charges, they proposed to the Maritime Commission to compete with lines from Boston and New York, and the service to be equally accessible to all transportation companies at present established in Canada.

The paragraph relating to the fast Atlantic steamship service aroused the delegates were a unit in support of a recommendation for the best possible service that could be secured, and the original resolutions were altered to this effect.

Other resolutions approved of the Afro-Canadian steamship service, the West Indies, a service between India and Japan, and further harbor improvements.

MASTER WAS DROWNED

Dog Watched Over the Fisherman's Belongings on the Dock.

Menominee, Mich., Aug. 15.—Yesterday afternoon a party searching with grappling irons, recovered the body of Kuno Moosbrugger, of the firm of Moosbrugger Brothers, publishers and proprietors of the Pioneer and Volksfreund, a local German publication, who disappeared from home Monday. He was last seen in the afternoon when he was out for a walk. Members of his family deny the theory of self-destruction as he had no business troubles whatever and no other reason for doing so. He was a widower, and leaves five children.

The pathetic feature of the tragedy is that this afternoon when a small boy, playing on the dock, was behind a pile of stone, he was prevented from taking it by the growl of Moosbrugger's dog. The dog had been watching since his master's death.

INTERESTING DECISIONS

Regarding Rights of Posthumous Heirs—Insurance Agents' Liabilities.

Toronto, Aug. 16.—Justice Lount yesterday rendered a judgment which dealt with the question of the rights of the child unborn at the death of the father to share in the parent's estate. The Trust and Guarantee Company, as guarantors of the estate of four children of the late William H. Leithbridge, of Southwold Township, Elgin County, applied for advice as to whether one of the children, which had been born after the death of the father, was entitled to share in the insurance money. Judge Lount decided that the child should have a share in the money.

Judge Lount also gave a judgment touching on the liabilities of insurance agents. Banger and Galloway, millers, Burlington, some time ago appointed Seneca Jones, of Hamilton, their agent to place their insurance. He put on an additional \$500 insurance, but which had been born after the death of the father, was entitled to share in the insurance money. Judge Lount decided that the child should have a share in the money.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

Loss About \$250,000 at Hamilton, Ohio—Outside Help Asked.

Hamilton, Ohio, Aug. 16.—A most destructive fire began here about midnight, and was not under control until yesterday morning. The large dry-goods store of T. V. Howell & Son, where the fire originated, was completely wrecked. Second National Bank building, adjoining the Howell block, was damaged, but the bank itself escaped with slight damage. While the fire was raging another fire broke out in Western street, in a small store, and Cincinnati was called upon for help. Two engines were sent in response, but by the time they arrived the fire was under control. The losses are estimated at a quarter of a million, mainly in the Howells and the Second National Bank.

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



Miss Annie Hoban, Post Pochontas of Yemassee Council of Red Men (Women's Branch), writes from 872 Eighth Avenue, New York.

"Three months ago I was troubled with backache and a troublesome heaviness about the stomach. Sleep brought me no rest, for it was a restless sleep. The doctor said my nervous system was out of order, but his prescriptions didn't seem to relieve me. I was told that Peruna was good for building up the nervous system. After using it for two months I know now that it is. I want to say that it made a new woman of me. The torturing symptoms have all disappeared and I feel myself again. Peruna did me more good than all the other medicines I have taken."

MISS ANNIE HOBAN.

Secretary Woman's State Federation.

Mrs. Julia M. Brown, Secretary of the Woman's State Federation of California, writes from 1815 Fifty street, Los Angeles, Cal., as follows:

"I have never known of any patent medicine which did what I professed to do except Peruna. The remedy had been experimented with and with good results. I use it myself when I feel nervous and worn out, and I have always found that the results were most satisfactory."

PLOT TO KILL 44 PEOPLE

Scheme to Destroy an Infirmary and Blow Up the Inmates.

Decatur, Ind., Aug. 16.—A plot to destroy the Adams County Infirmary and to kill the 44 inmates, was unearthed yesterday.

A. W. Butler, secretary of the state board of charities, was making an inspection of the buildings and in the room of Charles Echeman he found a pile of rubbish, which he ordered removed. Buried beneath the rubbish 40 pounds of dynamite, two 2-pound dynamite bombs and 115 feet of fuse were found. Echeman has been an inmate of the infirmary for more than twelve years and recently was reprimanded. Since that time he has been sulky.

When the discovery of the dynamite was made Echeman disappeared and no trace of him can be found. It is known that he has a dynamite bomb with him.

BELLE AND BURGLAR

Girl of 19 Charged With Stealing Money to Buy Finery.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 16.—Lizzie Ferguson, 19 years old, and one of the belles of Pullman, is locked up in Kensington police station as a confessed burglar.

She entered the rooms of John Donohue, at 2400 One Hundred and Fifteenth street, and stole \$50 from his trousers while he slept. The girl broke down and confessed the theft to Lieut. Healy, and when he demanded the money she handed over \$86. The other \$4, she said, she had spent before the police found her.

In her possession the police found several skeleton keys, and they believe she had used these to commit other burglaries in that section of the city. Her motive is said to be a desire for finery.

Before Justice Quinn the girl pleaded guilty. The judge fined her \$20, and ordered her sent to an institution for girls.

Miss Ferguson is the daughter of one of the superintendents at the Pullman car shops, and had more suitors than any other girl in the village.

SWALLOWED THE DIAMONDS

Mrs. Mills' Bulldog Worth \$1,000 More Than He Was.

Greenwich, Conn., Aug. 16.—The value of the English bulldog, Sport, owned by Mrs. McMaster Mills, wife of the president of the Plaza Bank of New York, is not known, although it is conceded that he is worth at least \$1,000 more today than he was a little while ago. That is owing to the fact that the dog is supposed, and with good cause, to have secreted some-

where in his interior three diamond rings which have adorned the hands of his mistress, but which the dog took a fancy to and swallowed.

Mrs. Mills went in bathing and before doing so took off the three diamond rings and laid them on the dresser in her room. She locked the dog in the room that he might take his afternoon siesta and went to the bathing grounds. When she returned an hour after she missed the rings. Sport was curled up on the bed and appeared to be breathing hard. Mrs. Mills saw dog footprints on the dresser and suspected Sport, for she had seen him nibble at watch chains and other sparkling objects, and she knew that with the bulldog in the room no thief would have dared to enter. Today the dog appeared to be in his usual health, but he has been kept under close surveillance, and with a chain attached to his collar, while an attendant has walked up and down the roadway with him for exercise, and to see that no one steals him.

HER GREAT FORTUNE.

A Woman Saved From Life-Long Misery and Made Happy and Useful.

A woman confined to the house for several years with a chronic female derangement had finally given up hope of being cured.

She had tried physician after physician, and remedy after remedy, without any permanent improvement.

Her treatment had cost her husband who was a poor man, hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians.

Yet in spite of all economy there was a small mortgage on their property because of the expenses her illness had brought upon them.

The doctor had become weak, nervous and wretched, and scarcely able to keep out of her bed. Her children were growing up neglected and ragged, because of the want of a mother's care. Her husband was becoming discouraged and broken down with overwork.

Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms.

She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do, and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principle remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks she was able to get up, again, able to do her own work.

This offer of free home treatment to women is still open to all who may need the services of this eminent physician. All letters applying for treatment will be promptly answered, and be held strictly confidential.

Miss J. Newlove, 25 Rowley street, Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered with systemic catarrh, had such a tired feeling, faint spells, pain in the bowels of my head and over my eyes, got so I could hardly see. I was getting very nervous so that my hands trembled. I was chilly nearly all the time. During the months I doctored I lost 40 pounds so I thought I would have to try something else. Peruna was recommended to me by a friend, and I gave it a trial. Now I feel better than I did for months. I do not think I could feel any better."

MISS J. NEWLOVE.

Miss Estella Richardson, of Straight street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

"I have been troubled, as most women are, with irregularities and pains at my menstrual period, and a friend advised me to try Peruna, and so I did. This seemed to relieve the pain and I kept on taking it until now I am well and strong, have no pain whatever and feel like a new woman, and am gaining in flesh and strength."

MISS ESTELLA RICHARDSON.

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, O.

THE NEW WOMAN

will not use antiquated Starches. She insists upon being supplied with

BEE STARCH

It is ready to use—prevents the iron from sticking, the linen from cracking. Gives a fine finish with very little ironing.

10 CENTS PER PACKAGE. SAVE THE COUPON.

Snowden, Forbes & Co., Agents, 449 St. Paul St., Montreal.

WESTERN FAIR,

London, Sept. 12 to 20, 1902.

ENTRIES POSITIVELY CLOSE SEPT. 11.

VERY ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK. SPACE FILLING RAPIDLY.

Engagement Extraordinary—THE STREATOR ZOUAVES and TOM ECK'S MOTOR CYCLE WHIRL added to list of attractions. Two highly sensational acts.

GRAND FIREWORKS five evenings, concluding each evening with a thrilling spectacular representation of operations of our forces in the South African War.

SPECIAL AND LATE TRAINS OVER ALL ROADS.

Prize Lists, Maps and Programmes on application to

Lt.-Col. W. M. Gartshore, President. J. A. Nelles, Secretary

Upset By a Rooster.

Bloomfield, N. J., Aug. 16.—Lee Ackerman, the youngest son of Edgar D. Ackerman of this town, who is spending the summer at Newton, Sussex County, met with a serious accident at the place. He had a letter to mail and mounted his bicycle and rode swiftly toward the postoffice.

Just as he reached the office a big Shanghai rooster ran into him directly in his path and before he could turn aside or dismount, the front wheel of the bicycle struck the rooster and the boy was hurled head foremost a distance of about fifteen feet. His collarbone was broken. The rooster escaped unhurt and crows.

If you are looking for a little living awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it's just the tonic you need.

The increase of population between the ten-year censuses is 12.2 per cent in England, 21 per cent in the United States and 21 per cent in Australia.

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited).

LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Saturday, August 16

The Tourist Invasion.

The announcement that the late President Grant's granddaughter will be married to President Roosevelt's cousin at Cobourg, Ont., next month calls attention to an American invasion different from that in progress in the Northwest, but equally acceptable. A regular colony of Americans has been established at Cobourg. The widow of the late President Grant and other noted people have bought residences there, and make it their permanent summer home. Many hundreds of our neighbors are also domiciled at other points along the north shore of Lake Ontario during the summer. The influx of tourists from the United States into all parts of Canada has reached large proportions, and is growing rapidly. In the Maritime Provinces this year it has been unexampled. The Bluesoes can thank the late Mr. Longfellow for a goodly share of this. He has spread an atmosphere of romance over the land of Evangeline, and has given it a powerful attraction for New Englanders. This tourist traffic has become a considerable asset for Nova Scotia in particular, and efforts are being made by the transportation companies to cultivate it to the utmost. In Ontario the great magnet is Muskoka, which allures thousands from across the line to revel in the witchery of lake and rock and forest, surpassing even the Highlands. This tourist invasion of Canada is a development of the past years, and should be encouraged by Canadian enterprise and capital. It has a large commercial value, but more than that, hosts of Americans see this country to the best advantage in its summer garb, and return with correct impressions of it, in most cases very different from their preconceived notions. Travel is a capital educator, and the more our neighbors travel this way the better it will be for both peoples.

The Powers in the East.

While apparently all is smooth on the surface of events in China, European diplomacy is now focussed on that country and the game grows in interest. Russia is busy with the work of completing her Siberian railway branches to New Chung and Port Arthur, and until these lines are finished and she is thereby in a position to supply her garrisons by these interior railways with reinforcements and military stores, she does not dare to provoke a crisis in the Far East, and thereby render her ports liable to capture by a blockading fleet of British and Japanese ships, cutting off supplies from seaward and starving the garrisons into capitulation. The completion of these railways, is therefore, of vital necessity, and in order to keep attention from being drawn to them, she has instigated the French into taking steps calculated to attract and rivet the attention of the foreign powers while she rushes the railway work night and day with her immense army, aided by thousands of Chinese coolies. France is actively at work. She has gradually extended her boundaries in Tonkin until she has not only annexed the neutral zone, which the agreement of ten years ago defined to separate Tonkin and China, but has advanced into the Chinese province of Kwang-Si and asserted her territorial claims to the extent of arresting natives for refusing to pay taxes. Last spring she secured from China by secret treaty the right to build a naval hospital upon a point of land on the coast south of Macao, and the terms of the grant amount practically to a cession of the territory. Nothing would be thought of this were it not that the promontory ceded commands the western entrance to the harbor of Hong Kong, England's chief naval station in the Far East, and by its height is easily capable of being strongly fortified and, therefore, a menace to traffic entering or clearing from Hong Kong, Canton and Macao.

At present there are in Chefoo harbor and vicinity almost the entire naval force in Asiatic waters of France, Great Britain and Germany, with a good sprinkling of Chinese and Japanese ships. A correspondent of the New York Post in Chefoo says that the Anglo-Japanese alliance can put in the field of operations in Chinese waters within a week's time eleven first-class battleships, 28 armored cruisers, and about ninety-five destroyers and torpedo vessels, while the Franco-Russians could meet them with only seven battleships, nineteen armored cruisers, and about twenty gunboats and torpedo vessels, thus giving the former a very great superiority in numbers of all classes of vessels. In addition, all the battleships and most of the armored cruisers of the English and Japanese are modern in all respects, and carry the most improved armor protection and guns; while the majority of the French and Russian ships are of much older design, and consequently less efficient in guns and

armor. Furthermore, the English and Japanese possess the inestimable advantage for a war fleet of having numerous naval stations in Japan, Hong Kong, and Singapore, where their vessels can repair any damage received, and fill up with supplies and recruits. In this respect the French have really no harbors of refuge, that of Saigon being of too small depth to be of any general use, and the Russians are confined to Port Arthur and Vladivostok, both of which are blockaded at the very outset of hostilities by the overpowering Anglo-Japanese fleets; and, if necessary to do so, these ports might be forced by the overwhelming Anglo-Japanese battleships, and totally destroyed.

A fight between these four nations over Chinese interests would mean a fight to a finish, and for years to come the question of supremacy in the affairs of the Far East would be settled. The destruction of the Russian fleet would not, however, stop Russia's advance in China, for the long land frontier of 2,000 miles would always offer a means of encroaching which could not be met by either China or any opposing European force. It is Russia's manifest destiny to control, in time, the interior of China, and there is no power so situated as to be able to check her in this direction, but in the matter of obtaining an outlet on the Pacific Ocean for her vast interior produce, she finds herself forced by the allied fleets of England and Japan, determined to preserve, at least, the integrity of China's coast line; and it will be years before Russia or her ally is strong enough in the naval line to offer resistance with any chance of success.

The Germans, meanwhile, from their stronghold at Kiauchow, are closely following matters, and their war vessels are constantly appearing at and disappearing from the points at which the fleets of the other powers may gather, ready at any moment to secure whatever advantages they may be able to obtain from the results of a clash between the others.

The Attack on Sir Wilfrid.

La Patrie, of Paris, makes a savage onslaught on Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It calls him a renegade to his race, "more English than Pitt, more Imperialistic than Chamberlain." He is "incubated with the virus of pan-Britannicism, and has desecrated the memories of Quebec and Montreal with anti-patriotic doctrines." What a versatile man Laurier must be. Seen through the spectacles of the Toronto Mail and Empire, the Hamilton Spectator and the Montreal Star, he is rabidly anti-British; his heart is in France; he is always emphasizing his French ancestry and French traditions; his Government is one of French domination; he has no sympathy with imperial aspirations; he stands in the way of federation, and refuses even a British preference in trade. Viewed by the Journal, of Montreal, Sir Wilfrid is a traitor to his race; he is a puppet of Chamberlain; he is sweeping Canada into the vortex of European militarism, and dragging her at the wheels of the chariot of empire. According to Mr. Monk, the Conservative leader in Quebec, Sir Wilfrid is too anxious to conciliate the English-speaking provinces, and has refused to give the French-Canadians their dues. "Laurier is too British for me," declared Sir Charles Tupper on the eve of the last election. Now we have a Parisian paper calling him more English than Pitt and more Imperialistic than Chamberlain. One can imagine the glee with which the Journal will reprint this Parisian diatribe, but the readers of the Montreal Star, the Hamilton Spectator and the Toronto Mail will look in vain for it. These attacks on Sir Wilfrid by the extremists on both sides are the surest proof that his position is on safe middle ground.

Tariff revision sentiment is growing in the United States, and may be undertaken by the next Congress. This is a poor time to urge a tariff war against the United States. It will only serve to postpone better trade relations.

We imagined the local school board in adopting domestic science at this late day, was breaking the record for procrastination. It is a relief to local pride to hear London being praised by Hamilton papers for setting an example for the Ambitious City in this respect.

Thirty election protests have been filed in Ontario, and the list is now complete. Seventeen of them are against Conservatives and thirteen against Liberals, as follows: Against Conservatives: Addington, Algonquin, Bruce Center, Frontenac, Glengarry, Hamilton West, Huron South, Lennox, Lincoln, Manitoulin, Norfolk North, Ontario North, Oxford South, Perth North, Saint Ste. Marie, Waterloo North. Against Liberals: Bruce South, Port William, Grey North, Kingston, Middlesex East, Norfolk South, Bruce Center, Stormont, Wellington East, Wentworth North, Wentworth South.

The New York Post says that if the revision of the tariff asked for by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is granted, "Canada will be in the position among the British colonies of a man who adds three feet to his

Poems the World Has Read.

The Fisher Boy.

[H. D. Thoreau.]

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was one of the New England writers to which belonged Emerson, Alcott, and others, who were identified with the transcendental school, so-called, and the Brook Farm colony. Thoreau was a recluse, and was one of the first "nature" writers of America. He lived in a hut built at Walden Pond, and out of this life and his tramps in the Maine and other woods, came his books, remarkable for their introspective qualities.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes
o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous
care,
To place my gain beyond the reach of
tide,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell
more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand con-
fides.

well, and as a concession, still allows
his neighbor to climb it, claiming the
credit the while for omitting the crest
of broken bottles."

The Free Press raises a hullabaloo over a story to the effect that a Conservative M. P. P.-elect had been approached by an emissary of the Government and offered the Speakership if he would desert his party. The member referred to is Mr. Carscallen, of Hamilton, and he says the whole story is a fake. The political situation has got badly on the nerves of the Opposition.

Referring to the appointment of Dr. Parkin as organizer of the Cecil Rhodes' educational fund, The London Advertiser says: "He will be much better occupied in his new work than in lecturing Canadians on how they should run their own country." Dr. Parkin is a native Canadian, and we know of no other Canadian who has a better right than he, and few who are so well qualified, to lecture Canadians on public questions.—Hamilton Herald.

It was in Hamilton only a few months ago that Dr. Parkin told a Canadian audience that Canada showed a contemptible and niggardly spirit in her relations with the mother country, and that both the political parties of this country were blameworthy. This is untrue and insulting to Canadian self-respect. It is safe to say Dr. Parkin's opinion is not shared in the mother country.

Misled.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
Love in her eyes—oh, ecstasy!
Fairy heart leaps with a hope divine,
Love in her eyes—but not for me.
She sees an ice cream soda sign.

Essentially Feminine.

[Philadelphia Record.]
Nell—They have been engaged for five years, and it looks as though at last they have grown tired of each other.
Belle—Then why in the world don't they get married?

A Good Manager.

[Baltimore News.]
Simpson—Young's wife is certainly a good manager.
Sampson—Of household affairs?
Simpson—No; of Young.

Where We Get Even.

[From the Baltimore News.]
Ere long the haughty iceman who
Has sukked us through the summer
Will bend the knee and kowtow to
The mandates of the plumber

Their Fate.

[Life.]
Mrs. Crow—James, have you ever stopped to think what will become of us when we are old?
Mr. Crow—Oh! I suppose we'll wind up as a quail on toast at some table d'hote restaurant.

Dining Out.

[Life.]
Mr. Rabbit—No, thanks; I never eat meat, as it makes one grow coarse.
Mr. Lion—Well, I have eaten a good deal, and it never does me no harm.

Gratitude.

[Life.]
Shipwrecked Briton—Where is your ship bound for, my good man?
"London."
"But, I say, ye know! Hang it all! I just came from there."

Satisfied.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
I've never had a coronation,
I have no royal robes to wear;
But the sweetest girl in all creation
Says I'm her king, so I don't care.

She Was Nervous.

[New York Sun.]
Miss Mary—Have you got a policeman in the kitchen?
Servant—Yes, mum. Ever since that last thunderstorm I've been so nervous that I can't bear to be in the house without a policeman.

Alfred Austin's Rot.

[Ottawa Citizen.]
A section of the Canadian press might well have spared the harrowed feelings of their readers a republication of the poet laureate's thirteen stanzas of mystifying rot on the coronation. It received wide circulation chiefly as an example of how far short an official bard can fall in an attempt to embellish a great event in deathless verse.

The Laureate's Delusion.

[Toronto Telegram.]
"Alfred Austin thinks he can write poetry, but it must be remembered that George IV. had a lingering suspicion that he took part in the battle of Waterloo."

Apparatus Defective.

Toronto, Aug. 16.—The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the death of Archibald Fulton, a laborer, who was killed while at work on a building at Front and Peter streets, was due to the defective conditions of a portion of the hoisting apparatus from which the girder fell.

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists decided to buy property on Cedar street, Lansing, as a home for superannuated mediums.

AFRO-CANADIAN SERVICE

The Line to Get a Subsidy of \$225,000 a Year.

Sir Wilfrid and Lord Strathcona Aided the Scheme.

London, Aug. 15.—In its issue of this morning the Daily Express asserts that Canada will subsidize to the extent of \$150,000 and Great Britain to the extent of \$75,000 a year the new line of steamships to be established between Canada and South Africa, which is the first portion of the great plan elaborated by Colonial Secretary Chamberlain to make the British Empire independent of American and foreign supplies of food, etc. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canadian High Commissioner in London, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, assisted, according to the Daily Express, in arranging Mr. Chamberlain's plan, which has the sympathy of King Edward and the Prince of Wales. The Canadian Pacific railway has thrown in its lot with the shipping lines concerned in the amalgamation, the paper concludes, and the some combination service between Canada and Great Britain.

IN CONFERENCE.

Montreal, Aug. 15.—The representatives of the Atlantic Electric and Telephone Company, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National railways, met in conference this morning regarding the new South African service. It was decided that the first sailing would be the Atlantic Line, on Oct. 13, and another ship in November, both from Montreal. The Canadian Pacific railway has thrown in its lot with the shipping lines concerned in the amalgamation, the paper concludes, and the some combination service between Canada and Great Britain.

HALIFAX AS WINTER PORT.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 15.—The special train with the Manufacturers' Association arrived at Sydney this afternoon. All the members of the party interviewed favor Halifax as the winter port of the fast Atlantic service. The party in company with the mayor, Mr. Allan, the mayor, inspected the plant of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. They visited every section of the works and were greatly impressed with what they saw.

What Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets Cure:
Dr. Pitcher does not claim that his Backache Kidney Tablets will cure everything. They are designed for diseases and disorders of the kidneys, bladder, and urinary organs, and symptoms traceable to derangement of these organs, such as: Backache, Lameness or Weak Back, Pain in the Back or between the Shoulders, Swelling of the Feet and Legs, Bloating, Fullness, Great Thirst, Excessive and Pasty Appearance of the Face, Dropsy, Bright's Disease and Diabetes (except in the last stages), Gravel, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Dropsy, Stasis in the Urine, Frequent Colds during the Day or Night, Inflammation of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Bladder, Milky Color of the Urine, High Colored or Foul Smelling Urine, Sudden Stoppage of the flow of the Urine, scanty flow of the Urine, Dribbling, Rheumatism, Pain in the Joints or Hips, Uric Acid in the Blood, Heavy Feeling or Pain in the Head, Impure Blood, Drowsiness, Rapid Loss of Fat, Great Thirst, Excessive Quantity of Urine, Specks Floating Before the Eyes, Bad Taste in the Mouth (especially in the mornings), Constipation, Torpid Liver, Dragging Pain in the Loins, Sense of Weight or Pressure in the Region of the Bladder, Kidney Troubles of Old People, Bedwetting of Children, Kidney Troubles of Women, and all symptomatic indication of Kidney Derangement.

Price 50c a bottle or 3 for \$1.25 at all druggists, or by mail The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Halt Prohibitionists.

Milton, Aug. 15.—Halt Prohibition Association have a convention at Milton on Aug. 21 for the purpose of organizing "to roll up the largest possible vote in favor of prohibition" on Dec. 4 next.

Dangerously Ill.

Ottawa, Aug. 15.—The casualty department at Cape Town cabled yesterday that Fred Clark, of Montreal, Fourth C. M. R., and Thomas Yarnmouth, N. S., Sixth C. M. R., were dangerously ill with consumption.

Breach of Promise.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 15.—George W. Brown, Athens, has been served with a writ for \$3,000 damages for breach of promise and the seduction of Miss Stone, of Pictou. Brown is a widower, about 30 years of age, while Miss Stone is but a young girl.

Even the pawnshop has its redeeming features.

PASSING OF THE CAT

Mysterious Epidemic Killing the Tabbies in Buffalo.

Buffalo, Aug. 15.—The attention of the health department has been called to a strange epidemic among the cats of this city. They are falling dead by the wayside in large numbers, and Dr. Greene, the health commissioner, has ordered the city scavenger to bring in victims for post-mortem examination. Augustus Schneider, chief clerk in the health department, has lost one of his cats. He deposes and says: "My cat appeared dopy and moved listlessly about the house. I asked him whether he had suffered from droppings in the throat and hot and cold flashes, and he admitted both, and added that he had 'that all gone feeling.' He got so he would not jump on my back when I came home to supper, and I knew that it was all off with him. He lost flesh, the gloss of his coat left him and the lamur of his great green eyes was gone. We found him dead in the yard. I think he had a sort of typhoid fever, and other mourning cat-owners have observed the same symptoms in their late pets."

Buffalo, Aug. 15.—A case was tried in the district court at Paterson yesterday, in which the sum of three cents was three cents. The plaintiff was J. Edward Hunter, a Pompton photographer, and the defendant was the Erie Railroad Company. The case had been tried before and non-suited on a technicality.

Hunter boarded the train at Pompton yesterday, and while the sum of three cents was three cents, the conductor demanded 35 cents fare from Pompton to Little Falls. Mr. Hunter counter the miles between the points, and the conductor refused to refund the fare. The conductor demanded 35 cents under penalty of having Hunter put off the train. Hunter paid, and yesterday, the Erie Railroad was adjudged guilty of breaking an old state law of overcharging, and a judgment of \$100 was given against the railroad company. One half of this goes to Hunter and the other half to the state.

\$100 FOR THREE CENTS

Erie Railroad Found Guilty of Overcharging Passenger.

New York, Aug. 16.—A case was tried in the district court at Paterson yesterday, in which the sum of three cents was three cents. The plaintiff was J. Edward Hunter, a Pompton photographer, and the defendant was the Erie Railroad Company. The case had been tried before and non-suited on a technicality.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Buy your Trunks and Bags at Tackaberry's, and get your old ones repaired. All work called for and delivered. Phone 865. 364 Richmond street.

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

Last of the Season Pennsylvania Railroad Seashore Excursion
August 20, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City, N. J.; \$10, round trip from Suspension Bridge. Trains leave Suspension Bridge at 7:30 a.m. and 7:25 p.m. Tickets good for fifteen days.

ONE TRIAL of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

SOME PERSONS have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green food is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery, Cholera and Diarrhea Pills. These pills are the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water with the meals, the digestive system will be kept in good order, and no further trouble will be experienced.

Sweden's last census records the lowest death rate yet attained by a civilized nation. During the last ten years it only averaged 16.49 per thousand.

GOOD DIGESTION SHOULD WAIT ON APPETITE. To have the stomach strong is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become deranged no better regulator is procurable than Kellogg's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconveniences and will derive all the benefits of his food.

Only a Few Left.

"THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA."
Illustrated With Nearly 500 Half-Tone Photographs.

A large volume, 12½ by 9 inches, containing 400 pages. This is the finest work ever published on the Boer War, and is a most thrilling book.

In order to close out the stock, we offer them at \$1.25 each at our office, or \$1.50 sent by mail to any postoffice in Ontario. Secure a copy before they are all gone.

ADDRESS ORDERS TO:
THE LONDON ADVERTISER,
London, Ont.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED
We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our inventors' help, 100 pages, sent upon request. Mark & Marion, New York Life Bldg., Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Hotel Normandie, Broadway and 38th St. NEW YORK
Best Hotel Location in the City.
Absolutely Fireproof European Plan.

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

Twenty principal places of amusement within five minutes' walk of the hotel. Family and Transient Hotel.
CHAS. A. ATKINS & CO.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.
ALBERT WESLEY KAHLE, M.D.,
100 DELAWARE AVE.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

OFFICE HOURS:
9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
SUNDAYS:
9 to 11 a.m.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES EVERY DAY

176-178 Dundas Street, London, Saturday, Aug. 16, 1902.

WOODS' FAIR
Ladies' Wrappers 75c Each.
Made of fine percale, in black and white, cardinal, light blue and mauve, with full skirt, with deep flounce on bottom, fitted waist lining, shirt waist back, full front, strap around waist, and rolling collar; regular \$1.25 and \$1.50; Monday, choice, each 75c

Summer Corsets, 25c.
Fine white double net Summer Corsets, lace trimmed, all perfect fitting, sizes 18 to 26, Monday, per pair 25c

Hammocks, all prices, from 48c up

Pillow Sham Holders, 15c Pair.
FOR THE HOUSEKEEPERS.
Willow Clothes Baskets, from 25c up.
2 dozen Pastry Boards, regular 45c, Monday, each 35c
25 only, Folding Clothes Hoses, Monday, each 39c
Window Screens, each, 15c and 20c
A few Ice Cream Freezers to clear at reduced prices.

China, Etc.
15 dozen only, Bread and Butter Plates, semi-porcelain, in pink, blue and white, Monday, 2 for 5c
4 dozen, Folding China, 5c
Plates, and Salad Bowls, regular 50c and 50c, Monday only, each 25c
Fine Free Models, Toronto 1897, Chicago 1898.

Glass.
5 dozen Glass Custard Cups, plain and decorated, each 5c
Glass Stand Lamps, complete, each 25c
Pretty Glass Pickle Trays, each 5c

Visit Our Wall Paper Department.

WOODS' FAIR.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS
SEND YOUR ADDRESS for our New Illustrated Catalogue, Foreign Edition Post paid. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued.

Import your own Goods DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS, and save three Profits. LACE CURTAINS, MADRAS MUSLINS, CAPES, LADIES' & GENTS' REAL SWISS, BOLLEE BLOUSES, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, GUINPEE DART, COLLAR STITCHES, LACE TRIMMINGS, POPULAR PARCEL \$5.10

Lot No. 313 contains:—1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-Room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide. 2 pairs silk, Handsome Dining-Room Curtains, choice old lace design, 8½ yds. long, 1 pair rich Floral Pattern Bed-Room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 60 in. wide, 1 pair new fashionable Bath Curtains, 1 table centre, renaissance design, 1 set of Duchess Toilet Covers, one 45 in. long, and five smaller. Etc. if desired. On receipt of Post Office Order for \$6.50, the lot sent per Parcel Post, direct to your address in Canada well packed in cloth. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the reliable work, Marvellous Value, and Durability. Fine Free Models, Toronto 1897, Chicago 1898.

S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham, England, Established 1867.

Abbreviated Price Lists May Be Obtained at the Office of This Paper

Railways and Navigation
Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway.
SEMI-WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO PORT STANLEY.
Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season.
Fare—30c Round Trip.
Trains leave London 9:45 a.m., 2:30, 5:25 and 7:25 p.m.

Steamer Urania
leaves Port Stanley for Cleveland on Tuesday and Thursday of each week at 11 p.m. and Saturday at 11 a.m. Special excursion rate on Saturday at single fare.
Information and tickets call at L. E. and D. R. ticket office, No. 6A Masonic Block, Richmond street, and G. T. R. station.

Write for INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY TOURS To Summer Haunts.
DESCRIBING THE SUMMER LANDS OF Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island (The Garden of the Gulf), Nova Scotia.

TORONTO AGENCY
Wm. Robinson,
10 King Street West.

WHITE STAR LINE.
United States and Royal Mail Steamers.

New York, Queenstown and Liverpool
TEUTONIC SAILS AUG. 20.
CYPRUS SAILS AUG. 22.
OCEANIC SAILS AUG. 27.
MAJESTIC SAILS SEPT. 3.
CELTIC SAILS SEPT. 5.
GERMANIC SAILS SEPT. 10.

Saloon rates from \$10 up. Second saloon from \$5 up, according to steamer and accommodation. Third class rates to Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Deary, 12s and 12s 6d.
Accommodations for all classes of passengers unexcelled.
E. DE LA HOOKE, CLOCK CORNER, Sole Agent for London.

Quebec Steamship Co., Limited
River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.
Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes.

The twin-screw iron steamship Campana, 1,700 tons, with all the latest bells and all modern comforts, leaves Montreal on Mondays, at 3 p.m. 11th and 25th August, and 31st and 22nd September, for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Percé, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort. For full particulars apply to EDWARD DE LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, London, or ARTHUR ALLEN, Secretary, Quebec.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL, via Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE: First cabin, 35s and upwards; second cabin, from 25s, third class, 12s and 15s. NEW YORK TO GLASGOW and London. First Cabin, 35s and upwards; second cabin, 25s; third class, 12s. London Agents: E. De La Hooke, W. Fulton, F. & Co., Ltd.

20,000 Harvesters Wanted
In Manitoba and Canadian Northwest
FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS

Will Be Run From stations in Ontario west of Toronto, south of Main Line to Sarnia.

One-way tickets to Winnipeg will be sold, but each person purchasing will be furnished with a coupon on which, after such person has been hired at Winnipeg to work as a farm laborer, but not later than Aug. 31, 1902, free transportation will be given to holder from Winnipeg to any Canadian Pacific station in Manitoba or Assiniboia, west or south-west or northwest of Winnipeg, but not beyond Moose Jaw, Estevan or Yorkton.

On completing with conditions of certificate which will be given purchasers of one-way 10 tickets passengers will be returned to their starting point by same route on or before Nov. 30, 1902, on payment of 80c.

TICKETS ARE SECOND CLASS, and are not good on "Imperial Limited," and will not entitle holder to purchase accommodation on Tourist Cars.

Apply for pamphlet giving full particulars to your nearest agent, W. FULTON, corner Dundas and Richmond streets, or to A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

Winnipeg, AUGUST 22nd

SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE LONDON AT 11:30 A.M.

One-way tickets to Winnipeg will be sold, but each person purchasing will be furnished with a coupon on which, after such person has been hired at Winnipeg to work as a farm laborer, but not later than Aug. 31, 1902, free transportation will be given to holder from Winnipeg to any Canadian Pacific station in Manitoba or Assiniboia, west or south-west or northwest of Winnipeg, but not beyond Moose Jaw, Estevan or Yorkton.

On completing with conditions of certificate which will be given purchasers of one-way 10 tickets passengers will be returned to their starting point by same route on or before Nov. 30, 1902, on payment of 80c.

TAKE TIME BY THE
FORELOCK BY
ATTENDING THE**F.C.B.C.**COLLEGE REOPENS SEPT. 2
YOUNG GENTLEMEN STENOGRAPHERS
WERE NEVER IN SUCH
DEMAND.
PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.
J. W. WESTERVELT,
Principal.DISTINCTIVE
TAILORINGThe particular man has definite ideas
that he likes to have carried out in the
garments he wears.
We are most successful when tailoring
for such a man. We take pride in per-
fecting his ideas.
It is in this way that we have developed
our snappy styles—our high-class work-
manship.
O. Labelle, 372 Richmond St.Can't Keep
It Sharp . .Is the trouble with many
a good razor. The fault is
generally found in the strop.
We make a specialty of hand-
ling Good Razor Strops, and
can sell you one that by using
you can keep your razor sharp.
All prices, 15c to \$1.25.**GURD'S,**
185 Dundas Street.

ORDER THE SUMMER SUIT AT ONCE.

No time to waste now. Your summer
suit should be under way without fur-
ther delay.

SOUTHCOTT'S 361 Richmond St.

\$5.00
Eyes an Honest
John Truss.
Comfortable to wear and sure to
give satisfaction.
SOLD ONLY AT
London Pharmacy,
Kenya & Co.,
238 DUNDAS STREET.**Thos. Wilson**
Merchant Tailor,
213 Dundas St. Phone 596.Light Weight Materials for
summer wear made up on short
notice.WE are displaying hundreds
of pretty andUseful Gifts in
Sterling Silver.that none need be ashamed to
give and that all will be glad to
receive — though the cost be
slight.**THOS. GILLEAN**
402 Richmond Street.
Official issuer of marriage licenses.All Work Guaranteed.
DR. JARVIS, Dentist,
OFFICE—Corner Dundas and
Clarence. Phone 1435.**London Advertiser.****Johnston Bros.**
XXX Bread.
It is genuinely good. Phone, 218.

Notice to Readers.

Subscribers who intend spending
their vacation out of the city can have
their paper mailed to any address
without extra charge.**LONDON AND DISTRICT**The West Williams and Parkhill
fall fair will be held in Parkhill on
Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 6 and 7.
—Col. W. M. Garsshore, of this city,
has been elected a member of the ex-
ecutive committee of the Dominion
Manufacturers' Association.—Lansed Herald: Grover's store is
closed this week for stocktaking, owing
to the failure of the Lunnans, Car-
son, McKee Company, of London, with
which Mr. Grover had financial deal-
ings. We understand that the store
will be reopened shortly.SOLD A STALLION.
H. Halsdon has disposed of his stand-
ard-bred stallion Prazler to W.
O'Dwyer and D. Meredith, of Strath-
roy, for a nice round sum.Rev. W. G. Howson, the pastor of
Askin Street Methodist Church, has
returned from his holidays at Muskoka,
and will occupy his pulpit on Sun-
day next.ADVANCE IN CORDWOOD.
The local coal and wood dealers have
raised the price of wood 50 cents per
cord. They say they are themselvesA SUMMER
BEVERAGEJust the drink for hot weather. Will
keep up your strength. Nothing like
Hamilton's
London Porter
The only Porter with a reputation.**KENT BREWERY, Jno. Hamilton,**
Proprietor.**S. W. A. K.**You've often seen these myrtle letters
on the back of envelopes. They are short
for "Sealed with a Kiss." Sealing an en-
gagement with a kiss is not all. A dia-
mond is pressed on the ring finger and
remains as a reminder to the fair pos-
sessor that you love her. Buy a diamond
and buy it here.**WARD, The Jeweler,**
374 Richmond Street.**SMALL SUMS**One Dollar and upwards
may be de-
posited and
interest will be paid thereon, half-
yearly, at**The Canadian**One Hun-
dred Dollars and upwards
may be in-
vested in Canadian Debentures. Absolute
security. Trustees and Executors are
authorized by law to invest in these
Debentures.420 AND 422 M. H. ROWLAND,
Richmond St. Manager.paying \$1 per cord more than last
year.

THREE RIBS FRACTURED.

On Thursday night, as the youngest
daughter of Mr. James McDonald, of
the Queen's Hotel, Carling street, was
in the bath, she fell and was trampled
upon by Mr. McDonald's driving horse
Sunlight. The animal stepped upon her
chest, breaking three ribs. Though her
injuries are very painful, no serious
results are anticipated.

MEASUREMENTS CONFIRMED.

At a meeting of the court of revision
held yesterday afternoon the
measurements of three local improve-
ments were confirmed. These
were the sewer on Hyman
street, from Wellington to Wa-
terloo streets; the bituminous macad-
am pavement on King street, Matland
to William; and a cement walk on
William street, east side, Oxford to
St. James streets.

NOTABLE DAIRY ARTICLES.

Mr. J. W. Hart, superintendent of the
Kingston Dairy School, and Mr.
F. J. Sleightholm, formerly director of
the Ontario Travelling Dairy, and su-
perintendent of the Western Dairy
School, contributed two articles on but-
ter-making competitions in the Aug. 15
issue of the Farmer's Advocate, which
will be read with intense interest in
view of the approaching contest at the
Western Fair. Mr. Hart, it may be
mentioned, has officiated as judge at
previous butter-making trials.The boys belonging to the Cronyn
Memorial Church Company of the
Boys' Brigade returned yesterday
afternoon from the most successful
camp yet held at Port Stanley. Over
two weeks were spent in the resort,
during which time the boys have all
obtained a very healthy coat of tan,
and have thoroughly enjoyed the out-
ing. Boating and swimming consti-
tuted the boys' amusement. On sev-
eral occasions the peaceful slumbers
of the camp were broken into by
marauders, who were thought to have
come from other camps, who made a
brave attempt to put down the Mem-
orial boys' tents. They succeeded in
letting down five, when the call to
arms came. It was then that George
Foster's drill instruction came into
service. The boys quickly rallied and
put the invaders to flight. The morn-
ings were spent in drill. The meal
given by Hon. George W. Ross for the
best all-round boy in the camp was
won by Roy Mickle. The fatigue
prizes went to F. Linfoot, D. Johnson
and R. Lashbrook.As a conclusion to the camp, the
following programme of sports was
held on Thursday afternoon. The re-
sults: Swimming race—1, H. Tre-
leven; 2, F. Brown; Long jump—1,
Treleven; 2, R. Nickle. 100 yards dash
(under 15)—1, F. Smith; 2, M. Grills.
100 yards dash (15 and over)—1, F. Lin-
foot; 2, H. Childs; 3, P. McRoberts.
Running hop, step and jump—1,
McRoberts; 2, H. Treleven. Running
broad jump—1, F. Smith; 2, M. Grills.
Jockey race—1, F. Smith; 2, R. Fitz-
gerald. Three-legged race—R. Cham-
berlain and F. Linfoot. Wheelbarrow
race—F. Linfoot and C. Chamberlain.
Shooting prize—1, A. Carpenter; 2, F.
Linfoot.**BOYS BACK FROM CAMP**Memorial Church Brigade Enjoyed
Outing at Port.**FITZGERALD'S HARD LUCK**Popular Starter Doing Well, But Two
More Children Are Sick.The New York Sun of yesterday
gives the following news of the con-
dition of Mr. Chris Fitzgerald and his
family:
Christopher J. Fitzgerald, the Jockey
Club's starter, who is ill with typhoid
fever at his home, 157 Macdonough
street, Brooklyn, was reported to be
doing well last night. Two more of
Mr. Fitzgerald's children were taken
ill yesterday. It is feared they have
typhoid. The children, Frederick, 12
years old, and Geraldine, aged 8, were
suffering with nervous prostration
several weeks ago. Three other chil-
dren and Mr. Fitzgerald's mother
have been taken with the disease with-
in the last two months.**SUSPICION**

Leads to the Real Cause.

The question of coffee disease or
Postum becomes of the greatest
importance when we are thrown on
our own resources. Many a woman
when suddenly left without means of
support can make a comfortable liv-
ing if health remains.A brave little woman out in Barnes,
Kansas, says: "I feel that I owe you
a letter for the good that Postum has
done me. For years I was a great
sufferer with nervousness without ever
suspecting the cause. Two years ago
I came down with nervous prostration
and I could not even see or read.
My sleep was broken and unrefresh-
ing. I suffered intensely and it seemed
a matter of time till I must lose my
reason."My mental distress was as great as
my physical, when one day a friend
brought me a trial of Postum Coffee
and urged me to use it instead of
coffee for a few days, saying that
Postum had cured her of liver trouble
and sick headaches. I replied that I
thought I could not give up coffee. I
had always used it as a stimulant,
however the Postum Food Coffee proved
to be pleasing to the taste and I
used it and was surprised to see that
I was resting and getting better.My husband bought several packages
and insisted on my using it altogether.
Gradually, but not the less surely, I
fully recovered. I never used coffee
afterward and when I was left a
widow a year later I was able to open
my eyes and support myself and my
little girls." Name given by
Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.It has been proposed that Britons
call themselves "Welsh," the word
formerly being the initial letters of
Wales, England, Scotland, Ireland,
Canada and Australia.Tired Mothers.
It's hard work to take care of children
and cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend
besides.
It makes a shop of the home—a shop,
too, where sixteen hours make a day and
yet there is much working overtime.
Mead's Sarsaparilla helps tired mothers
in many ways—it refreshes the blood, im-
proves the appetite and assures restful
sleep.**CHILD OFFENDERS TRIED**Lads of Tender Years Arraigned on
Two Charges.Yesterday afternoon Squire J. B.
Smyth heard the evidence in the cases
against Richard McCullough and
Charles Stinchcombe, the two lads of
tender years who are charged with
pocketpicking and the use of profane
language. Squire Smyth adjourned the
case until this morning, when he will
give his decision. The lads were found
by P. C. Johnston going through the
pockets of a Dorchester farmer who
was sleeping off the effects of copious
potations. The case is a sad one, as
one boy is only 8 years old and the
other 9. It seems regrettable that
such children should be brought so
early under the hand of the law. Little
"Dick" McCullough is a bright lad,
thoroughly likable, and possessed of
good impulses, but he has fallen a
victim to the depravity of older boys
and men, who have not hesitated to
teach him swearing, the use of to-
bacco and other bad habits.During the fiscal year ended with
June 1, 1907 vessels of 473,381 gross tons
were launched in the United States,
compared with 1,709 vessels of 489,616
tons in 1901. The decrease in sailing
vessels, canal boats, barges, etc.,

ASK FOR . . .

PARNELL-DEAN'S
EUREKA BREADSold Everywhere.
LONDON'S SANITARY BAKERY
75 AND 77 BRUCE STREET.
PHONE 690.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Mrs. Wanless, of Courtwright, is
visiting in London.J. Pocock, Woodstock, is registered at
the Oxford, Woodstock.Mrs. A. E. Stinchcombe is visiting
her son in Middlemarch.Miss Vera McCue, of Ingersoll, is
visiting friends in London.Master Earl Doldge is visiting Mrs.
B. Partridge, West Lorne.Miss Mabel Demare, of St. Thomas,
is visiting Miss Cecil Johnson.Mr. Russell Magee is home from To-
ronto for a week's holidays.Misses Eva Robins and Ella Oke, of
Sparta, are visiting in London.Mr. and Miss Murray, of London,
spent a few days in Embro this week.Mrs. Petrie, of Simcoe, is visiting her
daughter, Mrs. Badenach, of this
city.Miss Gertrude Wigle, of Kingsville,
has returned from a visit to London
friends.Rev. C. C. Owen and Mr. Vivian
Reeve were in Woodstock on business
yesterday.Misses Jessie and Maggie Oliver, of
this city, are visiting friends in Wash-
ington, Ont.Miss Martin, of London, is visiting
at the residence of James N. Fletcher,
Middlemarch.Mr. and Mrs. Urias Loop and family,
of Kingsville, have returned from a
visit to London.Mrs. Knott and two daughters, of
Ridout street, are at Coronation Cot-
tage, Port Stanley.Miss May Pollen, of St. Marys, is vi-
siting her cousin, Mrs. Smith Spence, at
216 Richmond street.Rev. Samuel Salton, of West Lorne,
will be in front of a two weeks' visit
to Port Stanley.Miss Winnie Element is spending her
vacation with Miss Marion Defoe, of
Niagara Falls, N. Y.William Jeffrey, contractor, of Lon-
don, has leased a cottage on New Or-
chard Beach, Port Stanley.Mrs. Switzer and son Charles, of
Stanley street, have left for their sum-
mer vacation in Denver, Col.Rev. J. Askins, of London, will
preach at the German Lutheran serv-
ice in Woodstock on Aug. 24.Miss Amy Parsons, of Detroit, is
visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Jenkins,
of 161 Ridout street, South London.Miss Lillian McConnell, Pall Mall
street, accompanied by her cousin,
Miss Annie McConnell, is visiting re-
latives in Lucknow.Miss Annie Niles, of 295 Dundas
street, has returned from a very pleas-
ant visit at her home in St. Marys,
and other points east.Mr. J. J. Baker, principal of Harding
Hall, made a flying visit to Sparta yester-
day. Miss Alice Baker is the guest
of Mrs. A. Clark there.Miss Marion Defoe, of Niagara Falls,
N. Y., has returned home after spend-
ing her vacation with Miss Guillem-
ont, of Wellington street.Mrs. Harry Spence and children, of
New York, and Miss Selena Spence,
of Komoka, are visiting their sister-
in-law, Mrs. Smith Spence, at 216 Rich-
mond street.

TOO MANY BAND CONCERTS

Chairman Ald. Pritchard Blames
Bandmaster Hiscott.Ordered No Concerts in Queen's Park
But "The Band Played On."Chairman Pritchard, of the finance
committee of the city council, was
exceedingly indignant at yesterday's
meeting, when questioned by Acting
Mayor Winnett as to why there had
been two band concerts held at differ-
ent parks on Tuesday evening last."Bandmaster Hiscott, of the Seventh
Regiment, asked me if he should play
at Queen's Park that night, and I told
him positively, 'No,'" began Mr. Prit-
chard. "I want to tell to the press
that I don't want the blame for this
matter. What can you do if a man
holds a concert right in the face of an
order not to do? I could do nothing
more.""Well, if that is the case, and there
is such monkeying going on, the Sev-
enth should not get any pay for that
concert," said Ald. Greenlees."Oh, I signed the pay sheet, but if I
had not considered that the bandman
individually was entitled to the money
I certainly wouldn't have paid them,"
explained the chairman.Though no motion was made in the
matter, the committee was unanimous
in its decision that the concerts would
have to be given at more infrequent
intervals.The meeting was a minority one,
neither Ald. Stevely nor Douglass be-
lieving present. Most of the matters
touched upon were laid over.The salary of Mr. R. C. Turner, as-
sistant tax collector Hayes, was
fixed at \$500 per annum. Bonds for
\$300 will have to be furnished.The treasurer was instructed to call
for tenders for the city printing and
advertising.The members of the committee pres-
ent were Ald. Mayor Winnett, Chair-
man Pritchard, Ald. Greenlees and
Treasurer Pope.

WILL REBUILD THE PLANT

More Modern Cheese Factory for
Pond Mills.Loss on Burned Portion Was \$1,600,
Covered by Insurance.The Pond Mills cheese factory, which
was partially destroyed by fire early on
Wednesday morning last, will be re-
built as soon as the material and men
can be obtained. Mr. T. B. Millar, man-
ager of the company, who was out of
the city at the time the fire occurred,
stated this morning that operations
would be commenced immediately. The
factory, which is a very fine plant, is
modern in construction, and will be re-
built with all the latest
cheese-making appliances.Mr. Millar states that the loss by the
fire would be about \$1,600. "Very little
of the cheese in stock was damaged
by the fire, which originated in the
making room, and confined itself to
that portion. Consequently only one
day's cheese was damaged. The loss
was fully covered by insurance."**SIR WILFRID TOO ENGLISH**To Please the Patrie Newspaper
of Paris.More Imperialistic Than Chamberlain;
More English Than Pitt.London, Aug. 15.—Sir Wilfrid
Laurier's visit to the Island of Jersey
was marked by an enthusiastic wel-
come from the people and the munici-
pality and by a violent attack upon
the premier by a Paris newspaper. Be-
fore the welcome was read to Sir Wil-
frid he was asked what language he
desired to be addressed in. He re-
plied that he wished to be welcomed
in French, and the address was read
in French accordingly. A more en-
thusiastic reception could not have
been tendered the distinguished vis-
itor.The Patrie, of Paris, referring to Sir
Wilfrid's visit to Jersey, indulges in
some scathing comments. Sir Wil-
frid is described as a renegade."He is more English than Pitt," con-
tinues the Patrie, "more imperi-
alist than Chamberlain. He owes his
success to the clever way in which he
hanges to British vanity, by vaunting
his French origin while loudly pro-
claiming himself a Britisher and an
Imperialist."Furthermore, the Patrie charges that
Sir Wilfrid has inoculated the virus of
Pan-Britannism in old heroic Can-
ada, and has desecrated the memories
of Quebec and Montreal with anti-
patriotic doctrines.**Hanged in a Tannery.**Hastings, Ont., Aug. 16.—Simon
Burshaw, an employee of Welsh & Co.'s
tannery, while engaged in starting a
large wheel, was accidentally caught
in the belt of the same and thrown
with such force that his spinal column
was severed. He may possibly live a
day or two, but cannot recover.**Drowning Near Port Carling.**Port Carling, Aug. 16.—A sad drown-
ing occurred yesterday afternoon at
Stewart Lake, in the township of
Medora, about 12 miles from here. The
victim was a young man, Mr. George
Craig, the student in charge of the
Baptist Mission at Foot's Bay, and
whose home is near Dresden, Ont.Some canoe races were being run, and
in some way Stewart fell out of his
canoe and sank before assistance could
reach him. The body, which was in
about 20 feet of water, was recovered
in about an hour, and two physicians
did all possible to restore conscious-
ness, but without avail. The body was
taken to Gravenhurst today, accom-
panied by Prof. N. S. McKennie, of
Woodstock, who will take it to the
father's home, near Dresden.It's not the liberal judge who gives
the biggest sentences.September
Number of
THE MARTINET
A MAGAZINE
OF
CLEVERNESS.
Out Today.GINSENG BEING GROWN NEAR
LONDON AS AN EXPERIMENTLocal Men May Realize Hand-
somerly on Investment.Five Years to Determine Suc-
cess of Trial.Some Facts About Valuable and Little
Known Root Esteemed by
the Chinese.It may not be generally known that
an experiment of much interest to
Londoners, and one which may be of
great value, is being tried on a small
farm just outside of the city where
two London men are interesting them-
selves in the cultivation of ginseng."As yet," says the London man to
whom The Advertiser is indebted for
the material for this article, "it is
only an experiment. It is like buying
shares in a gold mine. The money we
have spent is charged to profit and loss.
If there is any return we shall be de-
lighted, but we regard that money as
spent; we are not too hopeful about it,
and if we never realize a profit, on it
we shall not be disappointed. It is
merely an experiment.""What are the uses of ginseng?"
Well, the only use we have for it is
to sell it to the heathen Chinese, and
a very good use it is, for the celestials
pay big prices for it. At one time
they would pay American money for
it, but with an increased supply the
prices have fallen."Within the last few years a good
deal of attention has been aroused in
the plant or plants which produce the
Chinese medicinal root known as gin-
seng. So much has been said and
written about it and many Ameri-
cans and Canadians have begun to
grow it that it is advisable to know
just what ginseng is, where and how
it is grown and what virtues, if any,
it possesses.""Ginseng is collected both in America
and Asia as well as in the Asiatic Is-
lands, Japan and Korea. There are
two kinds of roots, the panax ginseng,
which is native to China, and panax
quinquefolium, grown in America, but
the two species are so closely related
that the Chinese seem to consider their
medicinal properties identical.""To the rest of the world these medi-
cinal properties are purely imaginary.
One prominent American manufac-
turer of clarified ginseng says that in
his opinion ginseng has no more medi-
cinal virtues than an ordinary carrot,
but the Chinese think it is a cure for
every ill to which human flesh is heir.""The root grows taper form like a
carrot, but usually branches more or
less, and when it branches approxi-
mately in the form of a man it ac-
quires exceeding great value in the
eyes of the Chinese, the branches rep-
resenting the arms, being, in their
opinion, an absolute cure for all dis-
eases of the arms, and so on, every
part of the root being a cure for any
disease that may assail the corre-
sponding part of the body.""In general the value of the root
depends on the care with which it is
prepared for the market, while in
North America it is considered of first
class quality if it is clean, bright and
hard, in China they use some special
method, which even the American
root is sometimes subjected when sent
to China.""The cultivation of the root has been
attracting attention in North America
for fifteen or twenty years ago, and
ginseng is widely advertised by deal-
ers in seeds and roots, who issue cat-
alogues which would put in the shade
the prospectus of many a mining com-
pany. For instance, one catalogue
says: 'Investment No. 2—consisting
of 75 plants and seeds, delivered to
any address, for \$10—if properly cared
for, should be worth over \$10,000 in
eight or ten years' time.' But in con-
tradistinction to these glowing prom-
ises, one of the oldest and most promi-
nent growers of ginseng in America
told a London man two years ago that
numerous failures were heard of. One
particular case he cited was that of
a neighboring farmer who had bought
\$10 worth of roots from him, and after
cultivating and caring for it for two
years his enthusiasm evaporated, and
he sold his stock to the original grower
for \$9.""The seed is usually sown in a
forest, and needs most careful treat-
ment, taking at least two years to
germinate, and from three to eight
years to make the roots of a market-
able size.""Recently a Canadian discovered a
ginseng mine while deer-hunting in
Muskoka. He brought samples of the
root to a druggist, who was sure they
were valuable, so the lucky finder
went back at the proper time, gather-
ed all he could, and realized \$2,000
on the sale. The next year he went
back with larger expectation and got
nothing. He did not understand that
the growth of the plant was so slow
that it would take at least five years
for that ground to furnish a new crop
under natural conditions.""This, indeed, is nature's usual
method. Some of our rare native
orchids will produce from a single seed
not 100,000 seeds, and yet the plant re-
mains rare because seeds require very
favorable conditions to germinate.
With the larger plants this is even
more noticeable. Go to a chestnut
woods where there was a good crop
last year, and see how many young
trees you can find, probably none, and
the same thing may be found with
almost every class of plants. Nature
produces everything with prodigal
abundance for the use of her crea-
tures, but care is needed to foster her
gifts.""That there is business value in
ginseng no one who has read the
market reports of late years can
doubt. The report of an American
council of 1901 stated the value of Am-erican ginseng received at Hong Kong
as \$800,000. Most of this root was wild,
collected from woods in Kentucky,
Tennessee, Ontario, Quebec, and a few
of the Northern States. The cultivated
root does not seem to have become a
serious factor in the market, and those
who are experimenting in the cultiva-
tion of ginseng feel that this is an
ominous sign for them.""Moreover, it was recently stated
that the high prices paid during the
last few years have caused a marked
falling off in the demand. The prices
are now from \$2 to \$3 a pound, accord-
ing to quality, the northern root being
more valuable than the southern, but
the fluctuations of the market cause
much uncertainty as to what will
happen to the price when an actual
endeavor is made to send the last crop
to China.""Meanwhile we are growing ginseng
as an experiment, and if it is success-
ful we shall be more than repaid for
all the trouble of cultivation."are so quick in their action that the cold
hand of death is upon the victims before
they are aware that danger is near. If
attacked, do not delay in getting the
proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J.
D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you
will get immediate relief. It acts with
wonderful rapidity, and never fails to
effect a cure."Jealous because she was getting
more peanuts than he caused an elk
in the Philadelphia Zoo to chase and
beat his companion.I bought a horse with a supposedly in-
curably ringbone for \$30, cured him with
\$1 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and
sold him in four months for \$85. Profit on
Liniment, \$54.**MOISE DEROCHE,**
Hotelkeeper,
St. Phillips, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.**Dominion**
Bank London Branch,
Corner of Dundas and Talbot streets,
Capital, - - - \$2,500,000.
Reserve and
Undivided Profits, \$2,705,000.A general banking business
transacted.
Wm. M. E. HOLDEN,

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

LOVE'S REASON.

In the end, sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on cheeks and sunny smiles
When sorrowful winds wail through the
mists,
And all things whisper of loss and
grief;
When close and closer Frost approaches
To snatch the jewels from Nature's
breast;
When Night on the hours of Day en-
croaches,
Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when Winter, that tyrant mas-
ter,
Has buried Autumn in walls of snow,
And, bowed and fettered where bold Frost
cast her,
The outraged Nature in fields of snow;
When all earth's pleasures in four walls
center,
And side by side in the snug home nest
We hear the tempest that cannot enter,
Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later still, when the siren season
Betrays the trust of the sunny king,
And glad Earth laughs at the act of
treason,
And Winter dies in the arms of Spring;
When buds and all push and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
When the joy of the world no tongue can
utter,
Oh, then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly Sum-
mer
Reigns over the earth and the skies
above,
When Nature kneels to the Royal Comer,
And the heart of the sun flames full of
love,
When Pleasure basks in the luscious
weather,
And Care lies out on the sword to rest,
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DAY after day we hear the
stranger within our gates say:
"London is such a pretty little
city," and the Londoner to
whom the remark is addressed smiles
deprecatingly and says: "Yes, if we
were only on the river, London would
leave nothing to be desired."

Of course it would be "just lovely,"
as the enthusiastic schoolgirl would
say, to have a lake at our door as it
were, and there is no doubt that it
would add much to London's business
as well as pleasure. But, since we
have not a lake, nor any of the many
joys which a lake affords, has it ever
occurred to any of us that we do not
half appreciate our river?

Over and over again we hear London-
ers say, with a shrug of the
shoulders, when asked about our river,
"Oh, the Thames; a little mud-hole,
absolutely no good for boating, scarcely
deep enough for rowboats," and the
stranger listens to this marvelous in-
formation and goes on his way to give
this as his view of the case to the
next person who asks him about the
river.

Now, all this is really a base libel
on that extremely respectable little
stream, the Thames. It might be
broader; it might be wider; it might
be cleaner—but it couldn't be prettier.
From the Cove bridge to the turn just
above Woodland Cemetery is one of
the prettiest stretches that anyone
could desire, with a view all the way
of a very beautiful and symmetrical tree
which stands up right by the water's
edge. So symmetrical it is, indeed, that
one would almost imagine it had been
fashioned by art rather than nature.

From Woodland to Wonderland the
river winds and twists in a sinuous
fashion that has a charm of its own
for the artistic eye, and from there to
Springbank there is a clear stretch of
about a mile that is very beautiful.

Below the dam at Springbank it is
just as attractive, and about half a
mile from the dam there is a pretty
little island, all shrubbery and grasses,
right in the center of the river.

Beautiful as it all is, one wonders
if the London people have absolutely
no appreciation of scenery or if they
belong to the large class who see no
beauty in a thing because it lies at
their doors.

Save for the members of the Rowing
Club and a few of the younger set,
the river is absolutely deserted. On a
pleasant evening you may, indeed, see
men and maidens winding their way
down the river in rowboat or canoe,
but not nearly as many as you should
see. There is not a steam launch on
the river. Four young men have built
a steam launch, but it is not yet
equipped for the river, and at the be-
ginning of next season it will be taken
to Port Stanley and left there for lake
trips.

One wonders more and more every
time one goes down the river why
some of London's wealthy people do
not build steam launches and house
boats for use on the Thames. They
surely have no idea of the pleasure
they are missing in not doing so.

The weather this year has not been
ideal for boating, but in the usual course
of our summer what could be more de-
lightful than idle dreaming in a
steamer chair on the deck of a house
boat with one's eyes fixed on the al-
ways changing panorama of nature
before him? What more delightful
than a jolly party of friends on a little
steam launch, with gaily striped
cushions and awnings, puffing down to
Springbank and back again?

One London lady did give a deli-
cious water party one evening recently
and she was so pleased with the ex-
periment that she intends to have
more if the sun will ever consent to
shine sufficiently to give a warm even-
ing. Perhaps her example will inspire
others.

Boats and canoes were used for this
party and of course one can give a
water party just as well with them as
with a launch, notwithstanding the
 vexed question of who shall row who,
but there can never be quite the
jollity that there is on a launch—the
water singing that rings out over the
land and sounds so much more beau-
tiful than in a stuffy room, nor all the
fun and frolic that characterizes a
congenial company of young people.

It is a beautiful ground, and a large
membership have not thought of hav-
ing a launch before this, or that some
of those who have country residences
at Springbank, have not taken some
united action in the matter. Evident-

ly the trolley is such a convenient and
swift method of getting to London and
back to Springbank that perhaps they
hardly think it worth while. Perhaps
not, for convenience sake, but how
about the pleasure of it?

To those who are fond of the water,
the very thought of having a launch
of one's own, and of being able to go
out whenever one liked, would com-
pensate for everything, if compensation
were necessary.

But, truly, we Londoners do need to
wake up to the fact that our river is a
vastly pretty and pleasant oasis in
the general slowness of summer life
and the "booming" of its desirability
for boating purposes could be made
profitable as well as pleasant, to Lon-
don.

It is the women who ought to say,
right now, "Why don't we own a canoe
or a rowboat, or something to go down
the river in?" Besides the pleasure they
will get out of it, rowing is the best
exercise to fill out that flat chest,
make the cheeks rosy and the eyes
bright, while paddling develops the
arms and makes one graceful.

Can further argument be needed to
persuade the girls that exercise on the
river is one thing to be greatly de-
sired?

When Visiting Friends.

Do not stay too long. It is much
to break into the life of any family,
even for a few days. Pay no atten-
tion to urgings to stay longer, however
sincere they seem. Set a time to go
when you will stick to it.

Conform absolutely to the household
arrangements, especially as to times of
rising, going to meals and retiring.
Be ready in ample time for all drives
or other excursions.

Carry with you all needed toilet sup-
plies, that you may not be obliged to
molest your host by pointing out pos-
sible deficiencies in the guest room,
such as a clothes brush—the article most
commonly lacking.

Enter heartily into all their plans
for entertaining you, but make it plain
that you do not care to be entertained
all the time, or to have every minute
filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for
pleasure when you see your host at a
loss to entertain you. Try how well
you can entertain him, for a change.
Turn about is fair play in visiting, as
well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things. If you
ever were bristly and sprightly, be
so now.

Your high spirits and evident enjoy-
ment are the only thanks your host
needs.

Take some work with you, so that
when your host has to work you may
keep him in countenance by working also.
More good times are to be had
over work than over play.

Do not argue or discuss debatable
matters. Few things leave a worse
taste in the mouth.

For to pay the little incidental ex-
penses of the visit, or if they are
paid by the host, it will cause you to
then by your visit; but merely offer-
do not insist upon it, which would be
very rude.

The Woman Beautiful.

The very commonest form of face
eruption is acne or blackheads. They
appear more frequently on the nose,
chin and cheeks. The pores of the skin,
in order to be healthy, must be kept
open, so that daily the skin is free
of the secretions constantly accumu-
lating. These secretions are called
sebum, and consist of an oily, fatty
substance, and a small amount of
water. The secretions of the skin are
invariable the case when one takes
in solid food, and frequently where
the digestion is imperfect, or the sub-
ject leads so inactive a life that there
is no help given by muscular exercise.
The skin dries, and the pores close,
the skin dries, and the pores close,
the skin dries, and the pores close.

Before employing more heroic
methods try softening the blackheads
and distending the clogged duct by ap-
plying cloths dipped in hot water for
half an hour, and then lightly smear-
ing the affected parts with tincture of
soap. This soap is called green soap.
It is not green in color, but of a gray-
ish tinge.

It contains much free alkali, and
should be left on the skin only a few
moments, and washed away with warm
water. The hot water cloths and green
soap will usually disintegrate the
grease and dirt that form the black-
head, and it will come away with the
friction of a Turkish towel or wash-
cloth, and the pores will be closed.

Repeat the operations several nights in
succession, if necessary.

If the face is sore after the treat-
ment apply an emollient. Any one of
the healing creams will do.

An ointment for obstinate black-
heads is composed as follows:
Ointment for Blackheads.
Ichthyol, 30 grains.
Ether, 2½ fluid drams.
Alcohol, 4 fluid drams.
Dab over the spots several times a
day.

When the blackheads have reached
the pustular stage, and have mat-
terated, try the following ointment for
pustular blackheads:
Substitute of blamuth, 30 grains.

Ammoniated mercury, 30 grains.
Ichthyol, 30 grains.
Smear over the pimples every night
before retiring. Wash away the fol-
lowing morning with a bland soap and
warm water.

Blackheads are the result of dis-
ordered stomachs, indigestion and con-
stipation, and the victim should pay
strict attention to the laws of hygiene.
Full daily baths, avoiding all greasy
and stimulating food and a re-
laxing diet will greatly aid in correct-
ing the conditions that produce these
disgusting blemishes.

Anger, irritability, nervousness, pe-
tulance, sneers—these are all items
that are only too quickly registered
upon the notebook of the human face.
Avoid them. They are not desirable
for many reasons. The only lines that
are sweet to look upon are the little,
laughing wrinkles that some young
people have. They are the result of
smiles as a delightful July morning.
They don't make her look older—nor
do they for they are caused by hap-
piness and cheerfulness, and not by
acidity of temperament or curvature
of the mind.

No skin food made by earthly powers
will erase lines that are being made
indelible every time something goes
wrong. There's no use wasting your
time in the hope of smoothing out the
furrows in your brow if you're a fret-
ter and keep your visage screwed into
tangles sufficient to laugh a sailor's
knot to scorn. But if you have your
heart strings stretching over an in-
jury—imaginary or otherwise—just re-
member those delightful lines by
Shakespeare. Katherine spoke them—
"after she had been tamed"—and the
first words are:

A woman moved is like a fountain
troubled—
Muddering, seeming, thick, beret of
beauty.

We don't want to be that way—you
or I or the woman next door.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

In summer, when the days are long,
The roses and the lilies talk;
They hear a murmur like a song,
As health the stress young lovers walk.

They wonder what the words may be
That makes the girl's cheeks like a
rose.
And she says that gallant he
To stir her heart from its repose.

Ah, roses, you have not the spell,
And lilies white, you must forego
The language in which lovers tell
The secret of their love.

To be a flower were joy enough,
If summer lasted for ever,
But autumn comes and winds are rough—
Roses and lilies disappear.

"Thy lovers who outlive the year,
And triumph o'er the snow,
If love be true, they need not fear,
Though moping seasons come and go."
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

STYLES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Children's clothes are blossoming
forth with new suggestiveness each
week. Children, like grown people, are
much more natural and appear to bet-
ter advantage when they are comfort-
ably and happily garbed. The wis-
dom of having a mother who will not
color or a style of frock that is ob-
jectionable to her. Many children,
without being over-fond of dress have
very correct ideas of its appropriateness,
especially when the subject is
considered personally.

There is not the tendency to over-
dress children that there used to be.

The excellent ready-made frocks found
in all the leading dry-goods houses have
simplified the costume of children
and busy mothers can now provide
their little ones with comfortable, at-
tractive and inexpensive frocks, with
every under-garment that is re-
quired. The most sensible style of dress
for boys and girls in summer is the
washable sailor frock for warm days,
and the serge or flannel suit for cold
ones.

The best style of sailor model
has a full blouse, with a wide collar,
the lines of the one worn by misshapen
It is loose and hangs well over the belt.
The sailor collar is broad and the neck
is filled in with white muslin. The
suits can be found all in white or red
with a light blue, dark blue or red
collar. With them is worn a soft
black necktie, which is tied in a sailor
knot.

Striped linens are perhaps more
fashionable than the polka-dotted vari-
eties for children. The striped linens
are the most attractive. Plain chambrays,
Japanese linens in all colors, are more
fashionable than the striped linens.
From 6 to 10 years old are made with
full skirt gathered into a waist band,
a full waist, which is cut low and worn
over a white chemise. Flannel dresses
and muslins are also made in the same
manner and finished about the low-cut
neck with ruffles of the same material.

Edged with lace, or with a wide
brocade. For cool days the striped
galateas in white and blue or red and
black, on sailor lines, will be
found useful. Dotted muslins and
batiste, make charming afternoon
frocks for little maids, and they should
be built on simple lines. It is better
to select a fine material, and make it
simply than to buy an embroidered
muslin in a coarse quality and make it
elaborate with lace.

The Russian blouse is much affect-
ed by small girls from 3 to 6, and a
more becoming, suitable and attractive
garment it is difficult to pro-
pose. This little garment is made of
pique or linen. It is cut exactly like
the boy's Russian blouse, the collar
being a wide band of white muslin, and
slightly double-breasted, finished
with a narrow band of embroidery or
bead or a contrasting material con-
verted into a stitched band. The little
sleeves are made full and gathered into
a wristband. When this garment is
worn by boys it is accompanied by a
pair of trousers which are worn over
the tops of the knees, and they should
never be allowed to hang below the
knees. Wee little men must also wear
the middie trousers and blouse in white
duck, but they are not as universally
becoming as the Russian blouse suit.

Tan coats, especially covert coats,
are becoming to small girls, and the
ever useful blue reefer with brass buttons
is an essential feature of every
child's wardrobe. Red coats are a trifle
out of date, and the blue and green
season advances the black silk coat
is less and less popular. Duck and
chambray coats and jackets, with col-
lars of contrasting material, are the
most successful of her present fash-
ions. She also excels as a sculpt-
ress, and the bust of her little son, the
Lord Baden, is a real work of art. Lady
Wenlock paints prettily, and a seascape by her
is now being exhibited in London.
The Duke of Rutland, counts as one of
other high-born artists, and her small
picture in oils of the garden at Hat-
field, on view at the New Gallery.

Viewed from a human standpoint—
just now a popular one from which
to contemplate royalty—Queen Alex-
andra is the peer of any lady in Eng-
land in housewifery. For her pro-
ficiency she has to thank her excellent
mother, the late Queen Louise of Den-

mark, and the exigencies of her child-
hood life, which was the reverse of
luxurious.

There were not many servants at the
palace, says the author of a recent
"Life of Queen Alexandra," and the
young Danish princesses were re-
quired to dust their own rooms, and
make themselves generally useful
about the house and at meal times. A
gentleman who one day was invited to
partake of the informal family lunch-
eon at the palace recalls that the fam-
ily butter dish chanced to need re-
freshing, and the Queen Louise,
instead of summoning a servant, turned
to her elder daughter, and said:

"Alexandra, will you fetch some
more butter?"
And the future Queen of England
departed willingly and gracefully on
the homely errand to the larder.

When Kingsley wrote his wonderful
song of "The Three Fishers" he seemed
to think there was no other thing as
sad as tears.
"Men must work and women must
weep," he said. But women know that
while "weeping may endure for a night,
joy cometh in the morning." And
if he had wished to express a grief
more anguished than tears he should
have said, Women must wait.

I am always glad for the woman who
can cry. She is not to be
frowned down by her dry-eyed sisters.
For the pain that is washed away by
salt tears does not scar a face or burn
a heart or leave a blight upon a spirit.

An April lady who divides her days
between smiles and tears is sure to be
capricious, but she will not be un-
happy or make others so. There is no
bitterness in her nature, and her tem-
per is over before they can do any
harm. She has tears for every sor-
row, and sometimes I have seen her
weep for joy. But who would not
wish her soul in so pure a stream and
fresh refreshed and strong because of it?

I know the fashion of tears has gone
out. And I do not want you to be-
lieve that I am trying to revive it, ex-
cept as it was intended by the Divine
Master of life who made for every
hurt a balm, for every grief a remedy.
But I think we make a mistake
when we keep back the fountains of
our eyes and send them down to stagnate
in our hearts. Still there must be
a time for weeping, and I hope that
all the sad and scheduled and do not
mix the old and the new. And there is a
place for weeping—and that is a far
and solitary corner in the mourner's own
room.

A long time ago one who knew life
wrote:
"A woman's strongest weapons are
her tears."

I used to think that a great mistake
was to be sure now that it is true.
Although, like every other weapon, it
depends upon the quality of steel that
it is used upon. For instance, a poor
selfish man will see nothing in it
trying it but a real nose and a deal of
unpleasant bluster. But the big,
noble-hearted and splendid fellow will
feel his heart melt within his bosom
at the sight of a huddling, sobbing wo-
man-child, and seek to comfort her with
such cost to himself as may be. And
so, when it comes to tears as a bit of
feminine equipment for matrimony, it
is well to be sure that the man they are
used upon with a vast amount of
discretion.

Nature's Sweet Restorer.

A warm bath is an excellent nerve
quieter, and can be taken in this way:
Fill the tub with hot water and drop
into it three tablespoons of orange
flower water and a tablespoonful of
almond meal. This will give a soft,
lovely-looking water that is very sooth-
ing.

Ovid wrote a great deal in those old
classics of his about love. But he also
wrote about perfumes. If wakeful-
ness is the result of a good toilet water
upon your pillow. Massage your chest
with it, rub it into the skin, let there
be a gentle aroma of perfume about
you. You know what will find that sleep
comes on more easily.

Keeping the feet warm will bring
on sleep, while cold feet drive it away.
In cool weather a flannel night robe
and light wool socks are the best
sleep inducers you can find. In hot
weather, however, these are out of the
question. But you can get rest by
physical exhaustion and by feeding
and humoring the stomach.

From experience you know that if
you go to bed with a "crick" in your
neck you will wake with one. You
know that if you sleep with your head
twisted your shoulders will be lame.
You know that a ridge in the bed will
leave an ugly feeling in your side, and
so through all the bodily possibilities.
Unless you are allowed to sleep cor-
rectly, you will not rise refreshed and
resting very slightly. To secure this
let the castors on the head of the bed
be very little higher than those at the
foot. If necessary put a block of
wood under the legs at the head of the
bed, or saw off the lower ones. The
difference need not be more than half
an inch, but it will have the effect of
raising the body at the head.

Now, in sleeping, do not lie flat. Let
your pillow lift the head until it rests
even with the shoulders. It may be
that there are people who can sleep
without a pillow, but the ordinary
mortal will sleep with a headache, and
often will suffer with nose-bleed-
ing. The blood rushes to the head and
makes you ill.

In sleeping do not forget your
ventrality possibilities.

A potion which is said to be very
sleep inducing consists of hot beef tea
one cup, and one beaten egg, stirred
very gradually into the beef tea while
it is broiling hot. This will not be
thick, but of a creamy consistence,
and can be taken through a straw if
desired.

Let the nightly drink be warm, and
let it be taken just as late as possible,
even after you are in bed, if practic-
able.

For the woman who is troubled with
insomnia, a victim of the sleepless
sleep for years, except at snatched
intervals, there is no remedy as cer-
tain as the hot bath, the vigorous
exercise, and, then, a bath in lavender
water. Make the latter yourself. To
a pint of deodorized alcohol add a half-
pint of lavender water. Use this for a
massage lotion. It brings on sleep,
for the fumes are strong and sweet,
and they act with a quieting influence.
The woman who sleeps in a wrong
position will wake each morning a
little more wrinkled than when she
went to bed. Her condition will grow
worse and she will become old, not
through the day's worries, but
through her wrong habits of sleep.

The pillow which buries the head
and is the worst possible
thing, for it sweats the scalp, causes
rush of blood to the head, heats the
brain, and, worst of all, from a beauty
standpoint, it makes wrinkles.

HAS A TASTE FOR ART.

Besides being an accomplished and
versatile actress, Annie Russell finds
time to indulge a taste for art in other
forms than the histrionics. She has a
very fine oil panel by Hokusai, which
by great good luck she was able to
secure at a sale in California. The
panel is soft in tone with age as well
as with the delicacy of the fine work
of the Japanese artist, and only here
and there is it brightened by a tiny
bit of vivid red introduced with a skill
which is peculiarly Japanese.

"That is what I want my art to be
like. That is what I am striving for,"
Miss Russell says, as she looks at the
fine panel with an expression of some-
thing like rapture on her face. "I
want it to have delicacy and accuracy
—with just that bit of vivid coloring
in the right place to give it life." Miss
Russell is accumulating different things
Japanese to furnish her own peculiar
den or study. She has a number of
Japanese prints, some of them very
old, by different artists, with some
splendid brocade, which is gradually
banishing photographs and pictures
from her own private rooms. It is the
restfulness of the Japanese art, she
says, which appeals to her.

NEEDS OF WOMAN CAMPA.

A writer on camping outfit recom-
mends to the woman camper the con-
sideration of these articles as part of
her personal outfit:

A box of quinine pills to guard
against colds.
A hot-water bag against the day of
possible chill.

A good remedy recommended by
physicians for stomach and
Smoked glasses to prevent "sun"
headaches.

A jar of cold cream for night and
morning use.
A little vaseline for possible burns.
A little ammonia for possible poison-
ous bites.

For rubbing down after a
drenching.

Whisky for medical purposes.
Benzoin to soften the water.

When our girls through our camp
A waterproof bag for extra clothes
and a set of waterproof pockets to
hang in the tent, capacious enough to
hold high canvas leggings, double
bottomed shoes and waterproof coat.

Medicines, needles, thread and litera-
ture.

The wardrobe itself should comprise
undergarments, gauze under-
wear, corset covers of quilted and
divided undershirt of pongee; a short
skirt of denim or corduroy, according
to the season; a long skirt of similar
material for riding and climbing;
thin flannel shirt waists, a sweat-
er, soft silk kerchiefs to knot about the
head, high canvas leggings, double
bottomed shoes and waterproof coat.

Last, but not least, she is advised
to leave all a woman's tears and moods
and whims at home.

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her tears."

I used to think that a great mistake
was to be sure now that it is true.
Although, like every other weapon, it
depends upon the quality of steel that
it is used upon. For instance, a poor
selfish man will see nothing in it
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MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMID

BY KATE MASTERSON.

When a wealthy relative of Prof. Abelard Burrell died and left him an inheritance, including the Pyramid apartment house in New York, he was a comparatively happy man. The Pyramid was only a part of a very generous legacy, but as the rest of it was in stocks and bonds, the house was by far the most interesting portion of his inheritance.

The professor was just then deep in the study of Chinese, the only language in the list with which he was not familiar. Languages were his hobby, his one delight, and he spent all his days and many of his nights poring over volumes that would be absolutely unintelligible to the erudite. He was an authority on the subject, and his knowledge was the envy of all his contemporaries and historians, and writers, universities at home and abroad, sent to him for information which would solve the vexed question which occasionally came up in regard to translations, the answers to which problems could be found in no cyclopedias.

He had, of course, vague ideas of what he would have done as a tenement living. But he was in no way cognizant of the popularity of the modern apartment house mode of life. He lived in a fine house in Washington Square, where the few flat-houses that had arisen were looked upon as imperfections by the old families living in the square.

When the lawyer came regarding the Pyramid, which he then considered a white elephant with which he was unable to cope, he told the attorney that he had no use for the apartment house entirely in his care.

"All Greek to you, I suppose?" said the lawyer, jocularly.

The professor looked at somewhat offended surprise over the tops of his gold-rimmed glasses. "Greek," he remarked, slowly, "I understand perfectly."

"Oh, to be sure; to be sure," spluttered the lawyer hastily, realizing his blunder. "I shall continue the same agents, then, at the rate of a monthly accounting of the rents."

"Rents?" questioned the professor. "It is occupied, then?"

"Occupied? Well, I should say so," said the lawyer. "I have a valuable piece of property there, Prof. Burrell! Sixteen stories—four apartments on each floor."

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated the professor, raising his hands in horror. "All paying rent monthly, you understand, on monthly leases. Seventy-five for the smaller flats, a hundred for the big ones! Restaurant on the ground floor! Why, the advertisements read like a dream of Paradise!"

He took a newspaper clipping from his pocketbook and handed it to the professor. It was headed in great black letters:

"THE PYRAMID.
"Look at these magnificent apartments, the finest in the city. Every known convenience and improvement. Elevators, mail chutes, electric fans, ice, automobile storage. Madison Square, New York."

"Bless my soul!" said the professor. "That is a beautiful thing," explained the lawyer; "you can send your letters from your desk to the postoffice. It's a great age we live in!"

"Wonderful," admitted the professor, although he had been known to express misgivings in some of his public utterances. He bowed the lawyer out and went back to his beloved folios.

It was only a very few days after this that he received in his morning mail a violet-scented letter on cream paper, with a heavy wax seal. He opened it curiously, and read, in graceful, angular handwriting:

My Dear Sir: Having learned that you have recently become the owner of the Pyramid, of which house I am a tenant, I write to ask that you be good enough to call in some afternoon to my earliest convenience, as I wish to see you in regard to a matter that is causing me the most intense suffering. Very faithfully yours,

HORTENSE FOLLETTE.

The professor read this through with wonderment several times. It appeared to him strange, and he was unfamiliar with the fashionable feminine hand, seemed to him interesting as an Egyptian hieroglyph. Then, the working of the letter was odd. "A matter that is causing me the most intense suffering!" He was actually interested for the moment, to the exclusion of his studies.

The Pyramid looked to the professor like an overgrown pagoda when he approached it. He was standing on the street, entering a strange country. He could not understand the fire escapes. They looked like an overgrown Japanese effect to him. His comparative always reached to some other country and another tongue. He entered the Gothic doorway and inquired of the maitre-d'hotel who led him to the location of Mme. Follette's apartment.

She was on the seventh floor, and he was carried up in the elevator. A neat little maid answered the bell and ushered him into a hallway dim with draperies and fitted with something which the professor clasped as incense. An aeolian harp clanged with gentle music as the door closed behind him, and he groped his way through a head porter in some confusion. The professor was used to old-fashioned furnishings, and was not up to the flat idea of decorative art.

A small Japanese poodle came over the burgled floor suspiciously and sniffed at the professor's legs, as though trying to decide if he would do. The maid took the card, and a piano to him, and he was left alone. There behind a curtain, he ceased, and there was a feminine flutter and a little gasp. In another moment the professor was bowing gravely before a young woman, gorgeously robed in gown of lace and silk and many ribbons. Her reddish-brown hair was caught in a knot at the back of her neck, and her fingers were all aglitter with rings.

"Pardon my costume, I beg of you," she said, in a rich, rather overcultivated voice; "I was just practicing. I practice every day for three hours! I have to, you see, in order to keep my voice in condition."

She smiled most bewitchingly, showing white, gold-flecked teeth. The professor was trying to decide which Oriental type she favored most. At times she seemed more Persian than Turkish.

"The matter of which you wrote me," he began, politely, seating himself on the cushion of a divan beside which a narghili stood on a low tabouret. She shuddered and clasped her hands.

"tragically over her bosom. 'Ah,' she cried, 'how horrible, how cruel life is sometimes!'"

"He was greatly distressed," went on the professor. "I should like to know if there is anything that I can do to alleviate the conditions—er—er."

He floundered hopelessly. English was his language. Great tears welled from the eyes of Mme. Follette. "It is too horrible," she cried, "and I cannot stand it! No! No! It will kill me! I go to the theater and I cannot go through my parts—no! impossible! Before me I see—ever the poor dog!"

"The dog!" exclaimed the professor, looking at the poodle, who had entered himself beside her on the divan.

"N—n—n—no! Not my dear Armande! N—no! It is another!" She shivered and patted the poodle's head. "Another dog?" queried the professor.

"Ah, yes! A poor dog that lives below! In your house, do you understand? They are torturing it! It is dying by inches! It is almost dead now! I cannot bear to think of it!"

"Dreadful! Monstrous!" cried the professor.

"Each day," she went on, excitedly, "they take the dog out in the courtyard far below, and a fiend—a boy—a wretch—a devil—he beats and stamps upon it!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes as though to shut out the memory of the vision. "Come!" she said, commanding. "I will show it to you! It is in the courtyard below!"

She rose and beckoned the professor through the dim hall into the dining room. She led him to the window and pointed far below to the paved courtyard.

"There," she almost sobbed, "it takes place! I have watched this going on now for seven days, at least seven days! It has been a torture! Ah—I have the artist's soul cannot breathe—I cannot sing and see this awful thing! I send my maid Marie below to learn why it is they do such horrors. But she does not understand—and from behind it comes sounds—ah, it is so sad!"

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WHAT THE MERMAID SAW IN THE CANADIAN LAKES.

A Message to Canadian Women.

Being a Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes, I only know Canadian women as they can be seen from my watery bed in the vast depths. I often wonder if up there in the sunlight you have pretty sandy waves, such as we have in dear old water-land. I don't know about your mountains and your dells, but I do know you must have waves; for every day, and particularly on the day of the week, you send down to us more waste than you know of.

When your soap suds flow into our pure water, we have the power of sight to divide in the water the true from the false; and we find that in your soap suds there is a mixture that you can not see, a mixture of silicates, ground glass, and adulterations that never dissolve in water, and, consequently must be useless for washing purposes. You must waste money in buying such concoctions, you waste time in using them. Alas! your clothes in rubbing them in. Alas! there is a lot of waste up there in the sunlight; but there is no waste in Sunlight Soap. Where Sunlight Soap is used by any of you, I find no loading refuse, no adulteration coming down to me in my watery bed. Sunlight Soap reduces expense in the wear of clothes, and you don't waste money on loading mixtures, such as I have seen in common soap suds.

Please, dear Canadian women, don't send down any soap suds but those of Sunlight Soap. Have respect for your dear Canadian waters, and your purses, is the message of the Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes. 611

with cotton—an unusually large specimen of its kind. It was badly battered.

"It is dead!" groaned Mme. Follette, just as a number of the tenants, with two policemen, crowded into the courtyard. The professor and the janitor looked themselves up and stared at the boy.

"That's where you get fooled," said the boy.

"What—what—why—are you insane? Why do you act in this manner?" demanded the professor, sternly unconscious that his collar had loosened from its moorings and his side had been crushed into an undignified pulp against his brow.

"I don't know if it's any business of yours if I am!" exclaimed the boy, picking up his slung dog and looking at it. "I'd like to know what you come around here making trouble for! If it'll do you any good to know, I don't mind telling you. I'm on a scrub team for the summer. I've practised the strenuous life! That's all, Whiskers!"—New York Times.

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ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

Not Exactly the Same as Punch's Famous "Don't."

Sensible Young Folks Feel Distaste for Frills and Fal-lals of a Fashionable Marriage.

A young man and a young woman described as "well-known members of New York's exclusive social set," were married at the Little Church Around the Corner the other day, says the New York Sun. None of their relatives or friends were present and the sexton of the church was made to serve as a witness; and no doubt he played the part with dignity and even majesty. The relatives and friends were surprised by the suddenness and simplicity of the proceedings, but entirely satisfied with the match. The bride and groom had been supposed to be engaged in the matter of cultivation and social attainment there was equality between them; and the chief regret at the abruptness and baldness of the ceremony must have been felt by the young women who might have expected a more elaborate affair.

It is nobody's business to consider too curiously the motives of these fortunate young folks. To do so when nobody else does is to be a little too supercilious, but it is hard to find stern parents in these days and the passion for romance endures. Still, it is permitted to imagine that on the eve of the wedding the bride and groom had been discussing the matter of a fashionable marriage.

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solved to put the matter to test, and said to Major Buchanan, civil surgeon at Nagpur:

"Give me fever and I'll believe."

"What kind would you like?" asked the major.

"Benign tertian," was the reply.

So Jooney Lal allowed himself to be bitten on Jan. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 by mosquitoes in the proper condition, and he was told that he would probably develop the symptoms within twenty days after.

And so it proved. On Feb. 13 he began to feel uncomfortable, and a parasite was found in a drop of his blood. On the fifteenth day his temperature rose to 104, and four parasites were found in ten minutes. He saw these himself, and his incredulity melted.

He desired, however, to watch the progress of his own case, and so not only refused to take quinine, but even asked to be infected with "malignant tertian." Doctor Buchanan reports, nevertheless, that a few days' experience of the untreated benign form had been sufficient for him, and that his request for the malignant tertian was withdrawn.

There is no single incident in the history of the human race which sends the blood in such rushing torrents through our veins as this one does. If it had not occurred, Christianity would long ago have been numbered among the many reforms which have lived their little day and then died. The Master would have taken his place in the group of great souls who, like flashes of lightning, have illuminated our human life for an instant and then left us to grope in the old uncertain way.

That incident has changed our entire outlook; taught us that the horizon line is not the limit of our journey, and that there are other horizons when this one has been reached. It has given such buoyancy to our thoughts that they are no longer satisfied with earth, but take an eagle's flight towards heaven. It has furnished us with a series of impelling motives which make it almost easy to bear the ills which lie in ambush, since we are making ready, in anticipation, for "Good-night," and then fall into sleep, knowing that "Good-morning" when another dawn shall glid the hills tops beyond the cemetery.

If the Roman soldiers had leaped upon the tomb of a famous man and opened it that the angels could not have been gathered by admiring the scholarship and published as a new philosophy, but they would never have taken the shape of a new religion. The Preacher in homely words who was followed by "Good-morning" when another dawn shall glid the hills tops beyond the cemetery.

Others have been bravely defiant of circumstances and wrung a hard-earned victory from fate, but to the last enemy they have surrounded by their conditions, death too strong a foe for successful attack. But Christ disdained the lesser conflict, and assured his disciples that he would conquer death by that act of conquest. While these words were still ringing in the ears of the faithful, he was surrounded by a mob of excited youths who battered down his door in his apartment, and in a few moments the door was down. The man was absent; but the contents of the rooms aroused the amused astonishment of the raiders.

The place was a store of bric-a-brac, fine furniture, trinkets, clothing, and wine. No doubt a large part of the accumulation, possibly all, represented gifts from former students who, on leaving the university, had no further need of the belongings of their college. But the manner in which the things had been collected was not taken into account by the noisy crowd of experts.

The wine was first pounced upon—not to be drunk, although the brands were unquestionable. It would be a dig to drink the wine of a gatekeeper. But the store furnished an idea.

Skittles! shouted a student. "And skittles was a native game of the familiar English equivalent of the game of bowling."

A stone staircase led down from a landing at the foot of the door. Two or three of the marauders seized as many bottles as they could carry and raced down the flight of steps to plant them in the middle of the street. They were gathered up and the fun began. Using the remaining bottles as missiles, the students took long shots at the bottles, and the result was a series of loud explosions. A bottle of champagne alighted on another from a height of some 30 feet, producing a shock which needs to be both heard and seen before it can be fully appreciated.

The "pines" were rapidly demolished and the rioting of the destroyers, and the stairs and landing floor with foaming wine, as the gatekeeper's present hope of laying down a wine cellar was abandoned. Then there were no more bottles, the rioters seized from the store whatever was movable. For minutes afterwards it rained Clippens, hals, and other rackets, boxes, tobacco jars, decanters, glasses, books, flutes, brushes, and a miscellaneous assortment of the indescribably numerous articles which men accumulate in college rooms.

ALTRUISM IN WALL STREET

Wall street is full of altruists. The altruists have always been there. Altruism is a people afflicted with a disease that has some relation to kleptomania. It is just like kleptomania, except that it is the exact reverse of it, the patient desiring not to take things away from others, but rather to give things to others. The disease, of course, is called altruism.

The symptom of it that is first noticed is a tendency to take a man apart as soon as one meets him and whisper secrets in his ear. The man that does that may be safely looked upon as an altruist, though the disease may be in only the first stage.

A man goes into a broker's office on Broad street to look at the tape. Pretty soon it is dollars to doughnuts that an altruist will come to him. The two are standing at the ticker watching the market.

"Pretty strong this morning," says the altruist. "And why?" "Well, I just want to look at the tape for St. Paul; it will cross 200 some of these days."

"Right," says the altruist. "Well, I just want to tell you," says the altruist, "because I know it to be the case. There are people buying it right along because they want it."

"I am very much obliged," says the altruist, and straightaway proceeds to put in an order for 100 shares of St. Paul. Like as not the altruist will sell them to him. He thinks if the man wants St. Paul it is his bounden duty as an altruist to sell him. That is the way of the altruist.

The feverish desire to impart some knowledge to someone is the first pronounced symptom of the altruist. He gives them what he knows. He tells them who do nothing else in the street except this one thing, making a fair living out of the tips the innocents give them when it happens that the altruist guesses right. To such as these it is matter of great pride that they have been able to assist their fellow-men to the winning of certain moneys, and they are never tired of telling people how they singled out Mop as a winner one day, thereby bringing to a certain gentleman much store of golden wealth; or how they "tipped off" the rise of 20 points in Canadian Pacific to the tremendous enrichment of certain other gentlemen. The pride they take in the good offices they have performed is quite touching, and often sympathetic people have been induced by it to follow the advice of the altruist.

When the altruist guesses wrong and the innocent loses very much money there is no one to scold. The altruist is the innocent rich at once and now he has only one thing to recommend. That is that the innocent buy Rock Island. If he does he will be sure to make good his loss and a great deal more. The intense suffering of the altruist over the losses of the innocent are said to have no relation to the fact that the

innocent is not at all likely to give him anything for his trouble if the tip goes wrong and is not immediately relieved. It is said to be just the pure goodness of his nature that prompts him to do everything in his power to put the innocent "next" to a real good thing.

There are other symptoms that must be taken to indicate that the man displaying them is afflicted with this disease. For instance, there is the official of a railroad company who is anxious that his callers shall know just what has happened on the road within the last week. This tendency is most noticeable when the weather has been excellent, traffic receipts higher than ever before, conditions superlatively economical, and in fact when prosperity has beamed upon the road and its affairs. The altruist thinks that the visitor should know these things because they certainly will make him happy, and it is the aim of all altruists to make other men happy. "Happy is that man," says Plato—or somebody else—"who has no unnecessary riches." The altruist recognizes this great truth, and does his best to relieve the dear public of the burden that carnally will tend to prevent their perfect happiness.

Twenty times a day one meets the altruist. Let a man go stand in the shadow of the Broad Exchange at 10:30 any weekday morning, and it is dollars to doughnuts that he will meet half a dozen altruists in half an hour. A man he has seen a few times will come up to him, smiling and happy.

"Want to make some money," he will ask.

"Sure I do."

"Well, say, buy Manhattan below 10. It's sure as bank notes. You will make 5 points in three days."

About five minutes later a broker standing right in front of the victim offers Manhattan at 8. He keeps on offering it. Presently the victim of the altruist says, "I'll take it." The broker then takes away some good elegant cash and takes away the Manhattan. About a week later he sells it again at 5. Of course, it would be unkind to say that the arrival of the broker had anything to do with the words of the altruist, or that the prophecy of the altruist had anything to do with the offer of the broker; but stranger things than that have happened in Wall street. At any rate, the desire of the altruist to put his friends in stocks is very touching—it touches the tenderest spot in the anatomy of a man.

The last stages of the disease are reached when a man gets a desire to form a company or float a corporation. At such times everyone is invited to get in the band wagon, close his eyes and trust to the guiding instinct of the altruist, and is assured that the sweetest thing in the world to the heart of the altruist aforesaid will be to take him to the bank and get him a share in a land of plenty, where they may be forever happy and supplied with shekels numerous and sufficient for all their needs. The altruist is incurable, and the safest thing to do is to leave him in splendid isolation and go down to Brighton Beach to play the races—New York Times.

CANOEING IN CANADA'S WILDS

Thrilling Journeys Taken By Zealous Anglers.

Leave Civilization and Push Into the Trackless Wilderness of the Far North.

It is becoming more and more the fad with American anglers who spend the summer months in Canada to get away from the summer hotels at the popular fishing resorts, and even from the club houses of the fish and game preserves, and to push beyond the abode of civilization into the trackless wilds inhabited only by the Indians, the furry denizens of the woods which they hunt and the officials of the Hudson Bay Company, who buy the skins secured by both white and colored trappers, says a dispatch from Quebec to the New York Sun.

In the absence of other means of communication with the interior of the wild northland of Canada, as smooth a highway as ever Rome built for her harpies is furnished for the birchbark canoes of the Canadian Indians by the scores of thousands of inland lakes, with the intervening streams. Some of the rivers in the far north, like the Hamilton, the Canapish, the Mosow, the Natashquan, the Manicouagan, the Bersimil, the Peribonka, the Mistassin, and the Ashunapimouan, are hundreds of miles in length.

So closely do the head waters and principal tributaries of the great rivers approach each other that one may paddle for miles through the far north country with only short portages over the immediate tablelands or around occasional waterfalls and dangerous rapids.

Provisions, camping outfit, etc., must be taken from civilization. The camping outfit must include blankets, for despite the heat of the days in Northern Canada, the nights are often cold, and there is not a month in the year in which frosts do not occasionally occur.

Usually a tent is also taken, though some camping parties are content to sleep under a quickly constructed lean-to, in front of which a log fire is maintained throughout the night. All the cooking is done in the open air, and those who have never tasted them can scarcely conceive of the delicacy of the dishes of fish and game thus prepared by the Indian guides.

The territory toward which most American camping and canoeing parties are directing themselves this season is situated between Lake St. John and Hudson Bay. However, a large number of country men thousands of square miles in extent, all of which is practically a trackless wilderness, though the Indians have long known the way, and act as guides and canoeists for visiting sportsmen in the summer season.

The strength and endurance of these guides are marvelous. Some of them have been known to carry more than 200 pounds of baggage on their backs. Only, perhaps, in the management of their canoes in heavy rapids are they more wonderful than in their portaging and canoeing. The Indians are running of such rapids in birchbark canoes is an experience that none who can take it should miss.

The small craft glides down a steep incline of smooth water or dips into the hollow of a great sea or drilling in the extreme. Now it seems that the boat is about to break to pieces about the side of the canoe; the next instant the birchbark slides sideways out of the hollow. Then again the boat is apparently up to the point of being submerged, when the canoeist in front cuts off the head of the breaker with his paddle.

Some of the wildest scenery in this wild north country may be seen by ascending the Peribonka River for two or three days from Lake St. John and Hudson Bay. The great falls of the Saguenay, the appropriate name of the name is unquestionable. Amid such gloomy scenes as meet the eye, the canoeist approaches the series of terrific gorges and chasms down which are buried the various channels of the stream, one feels indeed that the heavens are being torn apart and come forth toward us. And in recalling the black shadows of the frowning cliffs that fringe the shore the visitor can but exclaim, "The Devil's Falls, believe that I Lucifer should see."

The gloomy mountain walls and restless waters of the Devil's Falls are a study for a Dore. Immense rocks of almost Titanic proportions are strewn in the utmost confusion, sometimes in great masses here and there in the bed of the stream, in summer dividing it into various channels and during the spring floods contributing to the wild, broken character of the falls. The trail and sometimes again pell pell against the otherwise precipitous banks as if in very sport.

These avalanches of rock, together with the falls of the river, would appear at first effectually to bar the further ascent of the stream, and in the time of the spring floods they certainly do so in the immediate vicinity of the Devil's Falls. The Portage to Diabie is then at least two or three miles in length, and lies over the mountains some distance back from the river.

At all seasons of the year the Chute au Diabie is a heavy, steep, resistless cataract, though in the summer, as seen from such advantage as during the spring floods, for a long distance below the falls the rapids are of extreme violence. The water is so turbulent that it must be ascended and another path crossed in order to gain the foot of the summer portage.

All the way in the interior of this wild country afford the best of fishing to the angler. Magnificent omaniche can be found at the very foot of the Devil's Falls, and, for the matter of

CANOEING IN CANADA'S WILDS

Thrilling Journeys Taken By Zealous Anglers.

Leave Civilization and Push Into the Trackless Wilderness of the Far North.

It is becoming more and more the fad with American anglers who spend the summer months in Canada to get away from the summer hotels at the popular fishing resorts, and even from the club houses of the fish and game preserves, and to push beyond the abode of civilization into the trackless wilds inhabited only by the Indians, the furry denizens of the woods which they hunt and the officials of the Hudson Bay Company, who buy the skins secured by both white and colored trappers, says a dispatch from Quebec to the New York Sun.

In the absence of other means of communication with the interior of the wild northland of Canada, as smooth a highway as ever Rome built for her harpies is furnished for the birchbark canoes of the Canadian Indians by the scores of thousands of inland lakes, with the intervening streams. Some of the rivers in the far north, like the Hamilton, the Canapish, the Mosow, the Natashquan, the Manicouagan, the Bersimil, the Peribonka, the Mistassin, and the Ashunapimouan, are hundreds of miles in length.

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Baby's Own Tablets

Are Nature's Cure for Children.

Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children—little or big. When you use baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children, from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles while teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the tablets to a powder.

Mrs. P. J. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says:—"My baby took very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive, and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhoea for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine but nothing helped him until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets, as I think they saved my baby's life."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

KITCHENER HAS EYES OF STEEL

A More Glance Shakes the Nerves of the Most Plausible Trifler.

Kitchener's eyes are at once the secret and the advertisement of the man. Pale blue, without depth, steel hard and sea bright, they give magic power to the harsh, brick red face. They defy the camera, appearing "through that untruthful medium in a droop of sulkiness that long ago captivated the servants' hall. Really the man is unlike the photographs, and the unlikeliness is all in the eyes. The first time they rested upon me I flinched, although I was doing nothing wrong; I was, in fact, attending to my business, the one thing that Kitchener approves of. I was conferring with one of his minions upon some affair, when the great man stepped out of his tent and sent his gaze traveling round the semi-circle of his view. I believe that every one in the track of that baleful searchlight felt uncomfortable. The subaltern stopped talking, to me as though he had been caught in a theft. I felt like a schoolboy surprised in the act of some impertinent transgression; a soldier, who was driving in tent pegs, dropped his tools and began to fumble with his buttons, upon all sides there was an instant of extreme discomfort until the great man went in again. A more glance of his eyes will shake the complacency of the most plausible trifler; a moment of his gaze will take every atom of starch out of the most formal of the military cook; and therefore he is hated exceedingly by all these. Nor is it that his eyes rest approvingly upon work duly performed; his gaze is always the same, a mere inquiry of steel and stone and fire, but, as a sweating orderly once remarked under his breath, "like the blinding day of judgment."—London Mail.

The largest library in the world is the National Library of Paris, which contains 40 million shelves, holding 1,000,000 books. There are also 15,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals.

IRON-OX

TABLETS

and so buy them again. They think Fifty Tablets, so beautifully put up and containing iron, good value for their money, especially as they also serve so nicely as a regulator of stomach and bowels."—S. E. HICK, Druggist, Goderich, Ont.

Price 25 Cents

STRIKER WENT ON A FARM AND LIKED IT

Found That His Employer Was Too Easy-Going and Careless.

The red-faced man just in from the country who was peddling cherries in a little old wagon, was a striker. "Great change," said he, measuring out the tempting fruit to men, women and children at the curb. His quart measure never contained one cherry more than a quart. "From the hot mill to the hot farm is a great change, but I like it."

"You don't give heaping full measure like other farmers," said an elderly woman who had bought two quarts.

"No, ma'am," said the striker. "I give you just a quart each measure. Farmers, as a general thing, give away their heads. They sell cherries at 10 cents a quart and try to heap on a half pint extra with each quart. They sell potatoes at so much a bushel and put a quarter of a peck extra measure on top. That's what they're doing to the farmers today. They're too liberal."

"I've been on the farm three weeks now, ever since the mill went on strike, and I don't enjoy it. I can't convince me that farmers are too good for their own good. They get the little end of it every time."

"No, not two quarts for 18 cents. The price is 10 cents a quart."

When the woman departed with her purchase the striker drawing another full went on:

"As I was saying, since I'm out on the farm I see that farmers give away too much. Why, these cherries I'm selling at 10 cents a quart gives you an object lesson."

I picked a tub full. A huckster came along and offered 4 cents a quart. The farmer looked at the cherries and then at me. He was about to let the lot go when I said I could hitch up Billy in the old wagon and drive to town and get 10 cents a quart.

"The huckster gave me the hal' ha! and drove off. I came to town and here I am. These cherries are going like hot cakes."

"Of course, I like farming. I don't think I'll ever go into the mill again. The more I see of country life the more I like it. I am looking out that nobody does the man I'm working for. The other day there was a butcher came to the farm and offered \$2 for a nice young calf. I told the farmer that calf was worth more. He said that all the butchers paid last year and the year before. I had a newspaper in my old coat of the day before. I got it out, looked at the market quotations, and bet your sweet life that butcher paid \$7.50. You see, I'm making money for that farmer."

"If I can bring nice fresh eggs to town and get 20 cents a dozen for 'em, what's the use of selling them to a huckster for 11 cents a dozen. You see, my fancy for the game is catching on to the market prices. There's where I come in."

"I'm up every morning at 5 o'clock doing something. I boss around the hour before breakfast. Last year my farmer only had a dozen scarecrows. This year we have 21. I put them up. I argued if three scarecrows say so much corn, 21 will save seven times as much. I set the old clothes up in the garret, so I broke out the rags and cleared up the place to prevent moths."

"Farm life agrees with me. I enjoy breakfast. Good fresh vegetables out of the ground, a bit of bacon, coffee and cream, good bread and butter, and there you are."

Here the striker sold his last quart

CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST

How the Clever Organ Salesman Secured One Customer.

In one of the local music stores the other day several salesmen were relating experiences connected with the craft, when one of the party, who had been a dealer in organs in a small way in a western state, where he had acted as agent for a big concern in supplying the local trade, grew reminiscent.

"I remember an incident connected with the sale of those cottage organs that has somewhat the flavor of the David Harum boss trade," said he.

His rival in the organ business in the western town was one of the slickest salesmen that ever cajoled the elusive currency from a folded fist. That fellow—his name was Bishop—used to nearly every family in three counties. We got our instruments for about \$25 net, and the regular selling price was \$50.

"Bishop had a light wagon constructed especially for carrying a cottage organ, and he would load in one of the instruments and, together with his assistant, who was a fine musician, would start for the country."

"One day he drove to a farm owned and managed by a wealthy old Irish lady, who could not read or write, but from a baseball tally sheet. As Bishop and his assistant drove up to the house with the organ in the wagon, the old lady came and stood in the doorway with her arms akimbo struck a Delsartean pose suggestive of haughty decision, and said:

"Take that organ out of my yard! Move on with ye. I won't have no music boxes around me. Don't ye dare to take it out of my wagon, or I'll break it open and have the pieces of it scattered all over the place."

"Oh, I didn't intend to take the organ out," Mrs. Murphy, said Bishop. "I only wanted to water the horses."

"It was a fine day, and, after watering the animals, the two began conversing pleasantly with Mrs. Murphy until her aggressiveness relaxed. Bishop declared that he would like to take the organ to the road for awhile and that they would have to rest. He presently induced the old lady to let them put the organ under shade and to take it to the road for awhile and that they would have to rest. He presently induced the old lady to let them put the organ under shade and to take it to the road for awhile and that they would have to rest.

"We usually get \$75 for that organ," he replied indifferently, and went on sauntering about the yard. The music continued, and after a few minutes Mrs. Murphy asked: "Would ye sell it any cheaper for cash?"

"No," said Bishop, "that's the lowest cash price."

Mrs. Murphy walked back to the house, and then she came back with the organ with a snap and backed up the wagon preparatory to reloading. Mrs. Murphy came out with unmistakable interest visible in her countenance. She looked the organ over a moment and then said:

"Now, Mr. Bishop, couldn't ye throw off \$5 if I'd give ye cash money?"

"No," said he, "this organ is the one I am using for a sample and it's one of the best. I don't care to sell it any way, but I have some down at the store, and he went on reloading."

"The old lady's Irish blood was up. She couldn't let an instrument that she had expressed such interest in, and she said: 'I don't want any other one. Just be asy now and wait a minute.' And she dodged into the house where the family bank, consisting of an old stocking, was opened and she counted out \$75 for the lucky salesman."

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A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

Written for The London Advertiser by Hubert McBean
Johnston of New York.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. The rain had been falling all day, and the asphalt sidewalks and roadways reflected the blue glare of the electric lights in long, straggling lines that would have gleamed pathways down to one's very feet were they not broken by the multitude of belated, home-scurrying pedestrians.

Up in her office beside a desk littered with papers and manuscripts, the disorderedly appearance of which was intensified by the bright incandescent light swinging above it, sat Mrs. Beatrice Hubbard Wheeler, the editor of the Monthly Argus. The issue had just gone to press an hour before, and she was dead tired. Tomorrow it would begin all over again starting work on a new number, and already she was preparing for the next month's labors by sorting over the papers in the various pigeonholes, putting those that were of value where they belonged and culling out the dead matter.

Picking up a manuscript from the little pile representing the work of writers who had by some carelessness neglected to sign their names, and were unidentified, she carefully spread it flat and commenced to read thoughtfully. Once before the same story had survived a similar house-cleaning, and now again she was questioning whether or not it would go into the waste basket. In fact, last time she had thrown it in, and then picked it out again. She did not know exactly why. It had an unpleasant ending, and she knew perfectly well that she could not use it. It was the tale of an ill-mated marriage, and wound up in a divorce court. The man was a very bad man, either, the girl was a very good one, and she was seeking separation only at her parents' suggestion. Then beyond that, for it was the supposed autobiography of the man in the case, the story went on to deal with his life afterward. In graphic language it told how as long as his money lasted he went hunting for women, and how he was later when it was exhausted he sunk lower and lower, until nothing but charity separated him from the grave. His utter helplessness, his misery, his despair were all depicted with at least a taste on the part of the author of what he was describing. The last paragraph left him sitting brokenhearted in his garret, longing for release. The little story was full of pathos, and Mrs. Wheeler felt herself deeply moved by it, yet clearly enough it was not available for her publication, and she wondered at it before she had not having destroyed it before she was unclaimed. Yet did she wonder, she questioned? Did she not know? Had it not appealed to her because of its similarity to the story of her own life? Was it not because there was somehow a familiar ring about it? Of course her story had been different in many ways. In her case the man really had been a brute. Then to cap it all, after court had declared them no longer man and wife, he had had the audacity to write her a letter asking a chance to make explanation. As though that was possible! Bah! It was beyond reason. It made her face sting even now to think of it. With a sudden gesture of disgust she threw the story into the waste basket. Then after half an instant's reflection she stooped and, picking it up, restored it to its place in the pigeonhole.

There was a tap at the door. "Gentlemen," said the man, "said the office boy, sticking a dazzling red head into the room. Plainly Mrs. Wheeler was annoyed. "Didn't I tell you that if anyone called I was busy?" she demanded. "Now you go right back and tell him that."

"Yes," answered the boy, apologetically. "I did that, and he just kept on coming back, and he said, 'I think he will, ma'am,' he added."

"Oh, well," she replied, impatiently, "and get rid of him yourself, and don't bring him back unless you can't help it. It's a wonder that people can't call during office hours." She continued to herself as the boy disappeared. "That's the worst of it, it's found at this hour of the night. It's simply preposterous."

As the stranger was ushered into

the room she made a pretense of being very busy, and appeared to be delving deep into her desk for something. The boy went out and left him standing there. When she made no sign that she even knew of his existence until he had made his presence known by a number of little shuffles and coughs.

"Well," she said at last, crossly, without turning round, "what is it you want?"

"I came to see about a story I sent you some time ago," answered the stranger nervously. "I—I—that is—I didn't hear from you, you know, and I thought I might call and find out about it."

"You can leave me its name," Mrs. Wheeler said, shortly, "and I'll have the manuscript clerk look it up and let you know about it."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied. "It's called 'The Path of Destiny.' I had hoped perhaps you might be able to let me know now. You have had it so long, you know."

That was the name of the story she had been the point of throwing out a few minutes ago. Mrs. Wheeler stopped playing with the pen-wiper, and, swinging round in the chair, she looked at the man. His hair was grey, but as yet undeveloped womanhood. Now she was a woman grown, and not without her share of gray hairs. That she might be other than an interloper to him never crossed his mind, and seeing it, she was glad of it.

She controlled her voice with an effort. "Remember your story," she replied after a moment's pretended thought. "A story of matrimonial troubles, was it not? Something about the life of a man who had been divorced from his wife?"

"That's it," he assented eagerly. "That's it. And you accept it? You can use it?"

She was on the point of giving him a negative answer when suddenly she changed her mind. "The plot possesses a newness of handling, and there is a certain ring about it," she said.

"Then you do accept it?" he questioned. "I'm afraid not," she said hesitatingly, half to herself. "You see, she thought that she had not a very pleasant ending and people don't like a story that doesn't end satisfactorily. Perhaps," she added, nothing his look of surprise, "you would mind if I took it back and so alter it that we might find it available."

The man shook his head gloomily. "It must be used just as it is. I was hoping you would use it, but I guess I'll have to try it somewhere else. I should use it," she asked, unable to restrain her curiosity.

"Merely a question of finances," he responded with the half cynical smile she remembered so well and hated so thoroughly. "I'm pretty hard up. When I go out, it's up to me to get it to get it."

"Collect it? How do you mean?" "In the corner of my hat," she answered. "And if I collect it?" "I might not have to," he replied, wearily.

"Then, why not rewrite it?" she queried. "I am sure it could be made suitable."

The man looked at her searchingly. "The man who knew she might accept it," he would tell her.

"Listen," he said slowly, "and I'll explain why. As that tale now stands, it's history. It's the story of the wasted existence of its author—my own autobiography. Caprice inclines me to publish it just as it all hangs round me. Not always was I what I now am; not always a beggar. Once I was as good as the best in the land. There was nothing too good for me. Every thing that wealth and position could give were mine, and I had the best woman in the land for a wife. Then trouble came between us. I was not to blame. There's a God in heaven. I was not, but my wife believed I was and her people who had always been against me fostered the belief. It all ended as the story tells—in the divorce court. I wrote her a letter asking for a chance to explain once afterward. She never answered it. Then I just drifted for a few years until one day I was in a new period of existence, and since then each day has been like the last, simply a struggle for meat and drink and a wait for death. Ah, if you could only conceive what that little story is to me. What pleasant memories and what anguish the writing of it has brought back to me, how it has relieved the monotony of the never-ending days."

He grasped the arm of the chair in a vice-like grip and leaned forward as he talked. Every word he uttered bore the stamp of truth and deep feeling. With a sudden rush, the doubts of years were swept away and all at once she understood and believed. In an instant she realized how one who had been blind for years, must feel on sight being suddenly restored. Her explanations were unnecessary; she felt convinced of his sincerity. But more—more, she must learn more.

"And your wife?" she asked, controlling her voice as best she was able. "What of her? Have you never seen her since?"

His intensity was gone. Once more he was the pitiful, little old man and again by the burst of candor, he seemed to shrink more into his clothes than ever.

"When where she was until about the time I lost my money," he responded, dejectedly. "I drifted away then and since, though I have tried, I have been able to locate her. I don't suppose I'll ever see her again."

"Then you are anxious to find her?" "You possess perception, madam."

"Perhaps," she said slowly, "I might assist you."

He stared at her in undisguised astonishment. What could she mean? Did she know his wife? Or could it be that and then all at once a light burst upon his bearded faculties and in a flash he saw and understood it all. His lips parted and words were denied him.

"Beatrice," he gulped at last, recovering his voice. "Beatrice?"

"The story," she replied with a curious little laugh. "O, it is rejected. But contrary to the usual rule, I think the editor will retain possession of it just the same."

THOUGHT HIS CALLER WAS A BOOK AGENT

She Was Just as Bad, But She Didn't Let Him Know It.

The trim, stylishly-clad, middle-aged woman tripped into the Liberty street real estate office, smiling pleasantly as she approached the desk of the man whose name was on the door, shifted the small package she carried from one arm to the other, and began:

"I have called, Mr. Ballistics, to—"

"Nope," cut in the real estate man, glancing suspiciously at the package carried by his visitor. "I haven't got any time to look at it today. I know that no home is complete without 'Photographs from the Old Flemish Masters,' in 130 numbers, at 60 cents per number, delivered weekly, but my wife has already contracted for ten or fifteen continuous performance publications of that sort, and the Flemish masters, young or old, don't enthrall me a little bit, anyhow, and I don't see—"

"But," ventured the middle-aged woman, continuing to smile pleasantly, "I fear you misapprehend."

"Well, I really don't feel that I need the three volumes of 'Famous Women in History' today, either. I interrupted the head of the real estate firm of Ballistics & Co., "seeing that my wife has been purchasing that highly ornamental work every two or three years ever since we've been married, so that now we've got a whole attic full of 'em. Nor do I see my way clear to purchase a handsome illustrated volume of 'The War in Cuba,' or 'The War in the Philippines,' or the war in anywhere else, for that matter, peace, first and foremost, and so long as war doesn't rear her frightful head right here in little old New York, this tending to depreciate values, I don't care—"

"I really think," put in the stylishly-clad, middle-aged woman, the smile beginning to fade a trifle from her face, "that you should be put right as to the nature of my—"

"Oh, it's not a war book, then, eh?" inquired the man, looking at the package. "It's a new book containing 18,754 salad recipes, together with hints as to how to gild milk, milk stools for the parlor. I'm afraid I shall have to resist from purchasing it today. We've been having all of our meals sent in by a caterer for a year or so now, and the arrangements are entirely satisfactory, thanks, and as for the suggestions in the book bearing upon the best means of converting an ordinary garden into a folding bed or roll-top desk, we're so stocked up with furniture now that I'm seriously thinking of having a lot of furniture auctioned off. We're getting out."

"I see," interrupted the stylishly-clad, middle-aged woman, "that you are disposed to jest, and, to the surprise of me, at all, not at all, my dear woman," broke in the real estate man, "but, even supposing I did feel in a jestful mood, I couldn't be made to jest by any jestier by a perusal of your 'Spare Weeks with the Minor Poets,' for I find that as I grow older poets, of the minor sort, has an ineffably sad, depressing effect upon me."

"Just a moment, if you please, sir," again interrupted the comely middle-aged woman, "until I endeavor to show you that I have no book whatever."

"Oh, it's not a book, then?" put in the real estate man, again, and he pointed at the small parcel carried by his visitor. "Well, I've got so many different kinds of fountain pens now that I can't write with it, and it would be simply a waste of time for you to show me your stock. If it's a new kind of button fastener I beg of you to excuse me, for I am an inventor of ten different kinds of button fasteners myself, on none of which, however, have I yet found time to take out a patent, so that you'll see—"

At this point the neat-looking middle-aged woman brought her parasol down on the real estate man's desk with a bang.

"Just be good enough to punish your tongue by remaining quiet for a sufficient length of time to enable me to explain to you why I have said what I said, sharp tone. 'You will understand that I can derive no pleasure or profit whatever by talking to or with a suspicious and suspicious man, and I suspected that that was what you would prove to be I shouldn't have come down here to your office at all. Now that you are resting your confidence for half a minute or so, however, I will state to you that, while down at the seashore, I met your wife, who is a charming and delightful woman, and a great deal too good for you, that I determined to put all of my Harlem property, consisting of two rows of houses on cross town streets off Lenox avenue, into your hands as my agent upon my return here, and it was upon this errand that I called. However, you've exhibited yourself as such a garrulous nonentity—"

And she swept grandly out of the office, despite the efforts of the apologetic real estate man to block her.

"Well, I'll bet that bluff threw a scare into him, anyhow, murmured the stylishly-dressed, middle-aged woman to herself as she reached the street, and then she went into an office building further down the block and succeeded in selling four boxes of patent shoe polish to four typewriter girls.

Bright and happy babies. Bright, happy and healthy babies are brought up on pure, health-giving Lactated Food. It soothes the weak, irritated stomach, corrects imperfect digestion, wards off the terrors of teething, and gives sweet and natural sleep in the hottest weather. No sick, frail and puny babies when Lactated Food is used. Try it, mothers, during the present month, and note its wonderful effects. 60-u-yt

A LIVING TOY FOR CHILDREN

A Vivarium Is Both Instructive and Amusing.

It is Easily Made by Any Handy Boy and an Interesting Collection Can Be Made.

One of the most delightful things for boys or girls to own is a vivarium. Viewed purely as a toy, it is satisfying. But, unlike ordinary toys or games, the owner never grows tired of it. For behind the glass front of the vivarium the mystery of life unfolds itself constantly in new phases.

The vivarium is simply a cage with glass to take the place of bars. A large aquarium of the ordinary square kind will answer nicely if it is covered with wire netting. But a more satisfactory way is to make a vivarium to suit one's self.

The interior should be arranged to resemble a small forest. The ground should be covered with a two-inch brick or crockery about the size of a pigeon's egg; old corks will answer the purpose of the job to get proper drainage. Whatever is used should be covered with sphagnum moss, to be had from any florist for a few cents.

Three glass pillars, and at right angles to each other, should be fastened down among the broken pieces. Cover this sphagnum with two or three inches of well rotted leaf mold, or a thin layer of peat. A small tree can be used in the center or placed artistically at one side, or a limb can be cut and placed to resemble a dead tree for the animals to climb.

Stones covered with moss can be found in the woods, and a lake should be arranged with a pebble bottom, to be made by sinking into the soil a china or enameled ware dish, the edge carefully concealed with moss.

A convenient size for a vivarium is 3 1/2 feet long, about 20 inches wide and two feet high. Four wooden pillars will be required for the corners, into which the glass sides and ends are inserted. The pillars are cut to the purpose very well.

Cut the pillars into the desired lengths, and cut two grooves the whole length of each pillar, one on each side, and cut two grooves the whole length of each pillar, one on each side, and cut two grooves the whole length of each pillar, one on each side.

The pillars may be made of pieces of one board in L shape, and nailed to the top and bottom of the frames. If the pillars are used, four narrow pieces of wood, one for each corner, should be cut to fit between the pillars, and fastened at both ends to the frame, will hold the glass in place, and the outside edges may be covered in the same way, so that no grooves will be required.

The case must be provided with an easily movable lid. Make a light frame of four pieces of wood to fit exactly into the top of the case, and over this frame fit a piece of zinc, neatly perforated, for ventilation. The zinc should be cut about a quarter of an inch all around larger than the frame, to prevent the lid from falling into the case and the animals, or the food, from being lost.

In the center cut a round hole, four or five inches in diameter, and to the sides of this hole, cut two narrow strips, completely covering the hole. A piece of zinc somewhat larger than this opening hole should be riveted to the sides of the frame, and a hole can be partly or entirely closed in order to regulate the heat and moisture. The cover frame can be fastened to the case with a screw lock at each end of the case.

The bottom should be made of two or three matched boards. Be very sure to use a well-seasoned wood, free from knots.

In a well-heated house, a case of this kind needs no artificial heat, but in a cold climate, where the room is not well heated a tin boiler made from any good-sized can may be fastened to the bottom of the case and heated by a lamp, or by a small electric apparatus in an incubator.

Lizards should have access to the rays of the sun, and also must have covering under which they can retire. Frogs and toads and newts must have plenty of clean water, shade and some sun.

Be careful not to place in the same case animals who live in fear of each other. Frogs and toads should not be confined with certain snakes, nor lizards with large bullfrogs. Frogs and toads, as a rule, must be particularly well drained and ventilated. When watering, sprinkle gently so there will be no surplus to drain off on the bottom. If it is desired to sprinkle freely, a hole or two should be bored in the bottom of the case, and, after watering, pan or pail placed under the siphonings.

Small ferns and plants can be obtained in the woods to fill the case, and the nearest florist will supply both ferns and plants for those who choose to get them in this way. The soil can be completely covered with moss between the plants, adding greatly to the appearance of the case. The green-spotted garter snake lives well in confinement, where it will occasionally breed, the young being produced alive. There are many varieties of this snake, and when full grown they are about three feet long. Their food is frogs, lizards and small toads. The blacksnake, a beautiful and com-

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

HAS BEEN IN USE FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

CURES

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA

MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA

SICKNESS, ETC.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

A LITTLE GIRL ALMOST DEAD.

Morrisburg, Ont., Feb. 13th, 1901.

Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—My little girl was almost dead with summer complaint. I tried numerous remedies for her, but they did no good. A friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I procured a bottle, and by the time she had taken three doses it began to help her, and two bottles effected a complete cure. I owe her life to your excellent remedy.

MRS. EMERSON BARKLEY.

Seagrave, Ont., Jan. 2nd, 1901.

Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—My little boy was very bad with diarrhoea. He passed nothing but blood. I tried everything, but could get nothing to do him any good until I got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. A few doses made a complete cure, and I have more faith in your remedy for diarrhoea than any other preparation on earth and always keep it in the house.

MRS. THOMAS LAMB.

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