

THIRTY-FIVE PERSONS KILLED IN WRECK ON PERE MARQUETTE

Employees Excursion Train Collides With a Freight Near Salem, Michigan.

TRAINS MEET ON PERFECTLY LEVEL BIT OF TRACK

Scores of Women and Children, Bent on Holiday at Detroit, Crushed to Death or Fatally Maimed—Superintendent Says Employees Disobeyed Orders.

Salem, Mich., July 20.—A Pere Marquette excursion train, bound from Ionia to Detroit, was wrecked about 10 o'clock this morning two miles east of here. It is reported that between thirty and forty persons were killed.

Detroit, July 20.—A telephone report from the scene of the wreck at 11 o'clock, states that from fifteen to twenty people are dead, and a great many injured. There were eleven coaches in the train, which collided head-on with a freight.

A special train of doctors and nurses has just left for the scene of the wreck.

Detroit, July 20.—General Counsel Stevens of the Pere Marquette, said at 11 o'clock:

"All that we know about the wreck at Salem is that a local freight train collided there at about 10 o'clock with an excursion train from Ionia, bearing employees from the shops to Detroit for their annual excursion. We hear it is a very bad wreck, and that is absolutely all we know about it."

Salem, Mich., July 20.—At noon there had been twenty bodies taken from the wreck, and there were probably fifteen more.

Five cars of the eleven, of which the train was made up escaped destruction. There are scores of injured.

There were about 800 people on the train.

Salem, Mich., July 20.—From 30 to 40 persons were killed and about 100 more injured today, when a Pere Marquette express, of eleven coaches from Ionia, carrying the families of the company's shop workmen there on their annual excursion to Detroit, collided with a westbound freight train two miles east of this village at Washburn crossing. At 12 o'clock, 22 bodies had been taken from the wreckage, and there were many more known to be still in the ruins.

General Superintendent Truman of the Pere Marquette says that the responsibility for the wreck rests with some employ who failed to obey orders. There were 800 passengers crowded in the eleven coaches of the train, many of them women and children, all bound for a holiday in Detroit. They left their homes in Ionia at 6 o'clock this morning. The wreck occurred on a perfectly straight, level piece of track. The heavy freight and passenger trains came together with great force, and six of the eleven passenger cars were entirely wrecked.

When the uninjured passengers recovered from the shock and crawled from the wreckage, they at once began extricating the dead and injured. Messengers were rushed to this village and to Plymouth and all the doctors from this place and neighboring villages were hurried to the scene. Farmers who heard the crash came to the rescue also.

BOWSER TOOK HAND IN MIX-UP

Or Rather a Mouth, and Sunk His Teeth in the Leg of P. C. Smith.

When P. C. Smith was called to the corner of Dundas and English streets last night to arrest a drunken man, he did not count on the intoxicated citizen having a stand-in with the dogs of that neighborhood, and was not a little surprised when a large St. Bernard dog attacked him, leaving the marks of its teeth deep in one leg. When the officer took hold of the man the latter resisted and a struggle ensued. As is usually the case a crowd gathered, and among those who flocked to the scene was a lady who had been out walking with a big St. Bernard. Now "Bowser" was a dog with a good reputation, and the only chewing record he had ever been known to make was at meal times or when engaged in deadly strife with his own kind. However he lost control of himself and when he saw the two men fighting he forgot that it was not the every day dog fight, and just butted in, despite the frantic pleadings of his mistress. Bowser was not biased. He grabbed at any old projecting leg or arm until at last he got a big mouthful of P. C. Smith's leg. By this time the hurry-up wagon had arrived, and Bowser was soon vanquished. The last seen of him he was following his mistress down the street, not quite certain as to whether he had played the part of a hero or not.

RUNAWAY THROWS DRIVER

Mr. Henry Piggott, of Nilestown, Badly Shaken Up.

Mr. Henry Piggott, of Nilestown, was the victim of a runaway accident this morning. In which he got a bad shaking up, but was not seriously hurt. Mr. Piggott was driving his old gray mare into town and had reached King street, just east of Richmond street, when the animal became frightened and bolted. After running at a rapid rate for a short distance the rig struck a water hydrant in front of the market house, throwing out Mr. Piggott and breaking one of the shafts of the rig.

Fortunately Mr. Piggott was not seriously hurt and but little damage was done to the horse or the rig.

SAYS ORCHARD WILL BE HANGED

Former Idaho Attorney-General Says His Fate Is Sure.

New York, July 20.—"There is just one thing absolutely certain about the Haywood case," said John A. Bagley, attorney-general of Idaho, in 1902-04, and for twenty years an intimate friend of Governor Steunenberg, yesterday, "and that is, no matter what may happen to Haywood and his associates in the miners' association, Harry Orchard, the self-confessed assassin of Governor Steunenberg, will be hanged."

"Orchard has not been promised immunity in Idaho, and even if he were extended executive clemency, he has confessed to thirteen murders outside the state of which he could be convicted and from punishment for which Idaho could not absolve him."

"How the Haywood trial will end no one knows. All the people want—and in this they are a unit—is that exact justice be done. There is no desire and no attempt to railroad Haywood or his associates."

"The whole case hangs on a single question. Has the state corroborated Orchard's confession? If it has, in the opinion of the jury, then Haywood must be convicted. If it has not he must go free, for under the statute law of Idaho the confession of a confederate or accomplice must be corroborated. That, of course, is a question of fact for the jury to decide."

C. P. R.'S NEW BRANCH

Guelph and Goderich Line May Not Be Opened for Some Time.

It has been stated that the C. P. R. will open its new branch from Guelph to Goderich on Tuesday next, but the local superintendent's office informed the advertiser today that the office has not as yet been advised of the opening, and that it will not likely take place for some time yet.

CHARGED PRIEST WITH LIBEL

Ottawa, July 20.—Dr. Ludovic Geller and Amande Geller, of this city, have taken out a writ against Rev. Father Routhier, for alleged libel. It is said that Rev. Father Routhier refused to marry the couple, who were later married by a Protestant clergyman. Since then the priest has written relatives, it is claimed, reflecting on the morality of Mr. and Mrs. Geller, and claiming that the wedding is null and void.

A Premonition of Danger

Very strange indeed is the story told by Miss Lena Hance, of 400 St. James street, who was employed as stenographer at Reid's Crystal Hall, and who was caught in the wreck, but escaped serious injury.

"There was a cloud hanging over me all Tuesday morning," said Miss Hance today.

"At noon when I was walking home to lunch, I was depressed, and when I started for the office again, I was saddened over something I knew not what."

"As I came through the park on my way downtown, I was so impressed that something terrible was going to happen that I prayed for strength to bear it. I know, I know, I did not see my danger. But my escape proves that my prayers were heard."

BLOCKED SIDEWALK HITS STORES HARD

Reid Building Wreckage Causes Considerable Loss to Retail Shops.

Ever since the taking down of the dangerous part of the Reid building yesterday afternoon, a gang of men has been busy taking away the debris and remains of the wrecked buildings. The task is not an easy one on account of the difficulty experienced in getting the mass of wreckage apart. It will be several days before the ruins will be completely cleared away.

Although the street railway cars are now running along Dundas street past the scene of disaster traffic and trade along that side of the street is being greatly damaged for many of the storekeepers, who are losing hundreds of dollars. The sidewalk is still covered with a great mass of wreckage. Any teams are at work hauling the debris away, and within a few hours the sidewalk will be entirely cleared, but even then traffic along that side will have to remain suspended as the clearing out of the remainder of the wreckage will take several days.

Many are visiting the scene of the wreck, and a policeman, detailed for that special duty, is having considerable trouble in keeping the sightseers from blocking the opposite side of the street.

Souvenir fiends are exceptionally scarce, although an odd person comes along and carries off a piece of wood, a brick or some other article.

Repair operations on the building to the east of the ruin which suffered when the crash took place have been commenced. On the other side of the wreck The Advertiser building, which is a particularly staunch one, has escaped injury.

The workmen who are clearing away the ruin are continually finding articles belonging to the victims of the crash and also to those who worked in the building. Several coats belonging to the latter have been taken to the police station, along with hats and many other articles. Articles of jewelry have also been found and taken to the police station, where their owners can get them.

AN OUTRAGE AND WASTE OF MONEY

Petition Against Spoiling Natural Walk on West Side of Victoria Park.

Many citizens are indignant over the action of the board of works in ordering a cement walk to be laid alongside Victoria Park and Clarence street. A petition to stop the move is being circulated and extensively signed.

"The thing is an outrage," said a Dundas street merchant today. "If there's one spot where cement walk is not needed it is on the west side of the park. Thousands in summer welcome that cool turf beneath their feet, but as they walk from one end of the park to the other, on the west side, under the row of shade trees. Here is the city stunted for money for necessary improvements and throwing it away upon something which nobody wants and which everybody would rather be without. There is not a particle of excuse for this extravagance."

Some leading citizens have taken hold of the matter and will spare no effort to stop the work.

THE PALMILLA LEASED.

El Paso, July 20.—The famous Palmilla mine, near Paresal, Mexico, from which Pedro Alvarado, the multi-millionaire mine owner, who begged to be allowed to pay the national debt of Mexico, has taken \$150,000,000 worth of ore, and for which he was offered five million pounds sterling, has been leased for fifteen years to Eugene Davis, of Washington, D. C., and his associates, composing a syndicate of French capitalists, who took possession Monday. The lessees state that they refused an offer of \$12,500,000 for their lease.

Plans for Alterations Safe, Says Architect

No Truth in the Wild Stories Which Have Been Circulated.

There is no truth in the statement which has been made to the effect that the plans in accordance with which the alterations to the Reid building were being made have been lost.

Mr. William Murray, the architect who drew the plans in question, was interviewed by The Advertiser today regarding the matter, and positively asserted that he had in his possession the original plans and specifications, which he will produce when required to do so.

The plans held by the contractor, which were only copies, may have

been lost, but the originals are safe.

Mr. Murray said:

"No; there is no truth in the statement that the original plans have been lost, for I have the original plans in my possession, and can produce them when they are required."

"I did hear that the plans which were given to the builder were lost, but I do not know how true that is. They were only copies anyway, and do not amount to anything."

Mr. Murray was further questioned regarding the cause of the accident, but replied that he was not able to conceive of how it had happened or the cause of it.

"I have not got the slightest idea of how it happened or who was to blame," he said.

"The terrible part of it all is the loss of life, and that is what grieves me. The wrecking of the building was nothing compared with the deaths it caused."

Dr. McGillicuddy Thinks Every Patient in Hospital Will Recover

Mr. John Loney's Chances Are Now Very Bright—Cards of Thanks.

"I think every patient in the hospital will recover. Unless something unforeseen occurs, they will all be better and out of the institution shortly."

This was the cheery news given The Advertiser today by Dr. McGillicuddy, chief house surgeon at Victoria Hospital, when he was asked the condition of the Reid wreck patients.

"Mr. Loney is, of course, the worst injured of any of those in the hospital," Dr. McGillicuddy said, "but I think it is safe to say that he will recover with the others."

The statement of the hospital physician will be read with great satisfaction by Londoners, who feel that the death list is sufficiently appalling as it is.

All patients spent a good night last night.

Cards of Thanks.—The Advertiser has received the following letters from grateful parents whose children were in the wreck of Brewster's store on Tuesday:

The Editor of The Advertiser: Dear Sir,—Please convey through the medium of your paper the sincere and heartfelt thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Hardingham to those brave men who so nobly risked their lives to save our dear daughter from an awful death.

God bless everyone of them. Words cannot express our feelings of gratitude. That God may amply reward them is the humble prayer of a grateful father and mother. Yours sincerely, H. G. HARDINGHAM, 358 Ottawa avenue.

A FALLING OFF IN REAL ESTATE SALES

For Past Six Months as Compared With Same Period of 1906.

There were 121 real estate transfers during the month of June, as compared with 118 in the same month of 1906.

The total value of the real estate which changed hands in June of this year was only \$146,532, as compared with \$255,572 in June of last year.

The assessed value of the property this year was \$92,060, against \$199,865 for June of 1906.

The following are the figures for the six months ending June 30, 1907. They show a slight falling off as compared with last year, when the G. T. R. boasted sales in London by having large tracts of land in the center of the city for the proposed elevated tracks.

Year. Sales. Assessed for. Sold for.

1906. 166. \$247,136. \$1,159,526.

1907. 121. 699,268. 1,056,463.

THE WEATHER.

TOMORROW—FINE AND WARM.

FORECASTS.

Today—Moderate; Northwesterly winds; fine.

Sunday—Light winds; fine and warm.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.

Calgary. 54. 50. Cloudy.

Winnipeg. 64. 56. Clear.

Port Arthur. 66. 58. Cloudy.

Pasadena. 74. 68. Fair.

Toronto. 76. 64. Fair.

Ottawa. 70. 64. Fair.

Montreal. 74. 68. Fair.

Quebec. 70. 62. Cloudy.

Father Point. 54. 52. Rain.

The first column records the temperature at 8 o'clock this morning, and the second column records the minimum temperatures during the 24 hours previous.

WEATHER NOTES.

The shallow depression which was west of Lake Superior yesterday has moved quickly eastward to the St. Lawrence Valley, and moderate northwesterly winds now prevail on the great lakes. No important disturbances are indicated, and the weather is likely to continue fine and warm throughout the Dominion. A temperature of 50° were recorded yesterday in parts of British Columbia, Ontario and New Brunswick.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY

Woodstock July 19.

Mayor Judd, London: On behalf of the citizens of the city of Woodstock, accept our deepest sympathy in the terrible calamity that has befallen so many of your people, and our congratulations for the heroism displayed by your citizens.

JOHN BUTLER, Mayor, Toronto, July 19.

Mayor Judd, London: Toronto extends her sincere sympathy to London in the calamity which befell her Tuesday.

E. COATSWORTH, Mayor, Berlin, Ont., July 17, 1907.

Mayor Judd, London: On behalf of citizens of Berlin offer sincere condolences in your hour of trouble. May God bless the work of the rescuers.

A. BRICKER, Mayor, Ottawa, Ont., July 16, 1907.

Mayor J. C. Judd, London: Please extend to the bereaved families my deepest sympathy in their affliction from the terrible calamity.

ADAM BECK, Mayor Judd, London: On behalf of city of St. Thomas accept our deepest sympathy in your dire affliction.

MAYOR LAWRENCE, Edmonton, Alta., July 17.

Mayor J. C. Judd, London: On behalf of city accept sympathy Edmonton London Old Boys.

H. F. WHITTAKER, EDGAR A. BROW, Secretary.

Ottawa, Ont., July 18.

Mayor Judd, London: Kindly wire me about how many killed, how many injured and how many missing in collapse of building yesterday; also please telegraph names of dead. Information wanted for anxious inquirers in England.

J. C. POPE, Under Secretary of State.

LONDON MAN BADLY INJURED IN A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT

Mr. George Evison, of Waterloo Street, the Victim—Mr. Dennis Flannagan Also Suffers Severe Injury

Mr. George Evison, of the Grove postoffice, formerly of 70 Waterloo street, city, and Mr. Dennis Flannagan, a well-known butcher, of Thorncliffe, were seriously injured in a runaway, which took place at the Grove, on the town line, between the townships of London and West Nisour, yesterday.

Mr. Evison was driving a spirited team of horses on the road when they became unmanageable.

They dashed along the highway at a furious rate, and finally Mr. Flannagan appeared in the distance, driving a high-spirited team, out of his own gate.

Mr. Flannagan did his best to avoid a collision, but the two teams crashed into one another with tremendous force.

The four horses fell in a heap on the roadway, and Mr. and Mrs. Evison were thrown out, as was also Mr. Flannagan.

Teams Collided.

The force of the fall was so great that all were stunned for a time, and they had difficulty in getting out from under the smashed vehicles and the struggling horses.

A number of neighbors ran to the rescue, however, and then Dr. Ford, of Thorncliffe, was called.

He found that Mr. Evison had suffered severe injuries, and that he was badly cut about the lower part of the body. He was taken to the home of Mr. George Walters, where he was cared for.

Evison's Condition Dangerous.

Dr. Ford said this morning that Evison's case is very serious, as peritonitis has set in.

Mrs. Evison escaped unhurt.

Mr. Flannagan was not so fortunate, however, for he had three ribs broken and also one hand.

He is doing nicely today, although he is 75 years of age. Messrs. John and Thomas Flannagan, of this city, are sons of the victim.

Mr. Evison has two brothers in London, both of whom work for the McCormick Manufacturing Company. They are Messrs. George and Oliver Evison, of 465 Colborne street.

Mr. Evison is very well known in London, and was married only a week ago. He was going to work for Mr. Hogg, and was taking some goods to the latter's farm when the accident occurred.

The horses were terribly cut up in the collision, and a couple of them may have to be destroyed. One of those which was being driven by Mr. Evison was worth \$450.

The team was owned by Mr. Hogg.

Another Theater Added to Steady Growing Vaudville String.

The Bennett Theatrical Enterprises Company has added another theater to its chain of Canadian houses, and this fall will open up with vaudeville in the city of Quebec.

The company now has theaters in the following cities:

London, Hamilton, Ottawa, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, and several other places in Canada, and it is the intention to extend these theaters, large and small, from coast to coast.

The progress being made by the Bennett syndicate is a matter of much satisfaction to Londoners for the head offices of the company are here, and all the men associated with the enterprise, with the exception of Mr. Arthur Dymont, son of the late millionaire horseman and lumberman, are Londoners.

Called to FLESHERTON.

Flesherton, July 20.—Rev. Mr. Little, Bothwell, has been called to the Presbyterian Church here, to succeed Rev. L. W. Thom.

Continued on Page Eight.

One Minute as a Lifetime

Under Huge Piles of Debris

Mr. Edward Peters, Now in Victoria Hospital, Gives Graphic Account of Accident.

Mr. Edward Peters, of St. Johns, who, along with his wife and child, was a victim of the Reid wreck, but who, fortunately, suffered no more serious injury than a badly broken leg, and a few scratches, was seen by an Advertiser reporter last evening in Victoria Hospital, and he gave an account of his experiences in the terrible accident.

"I had gone to Hamilton, Long & Co.'s store to buy some clothing, and knowing Mr. Hamilton, had asked him to wait upon me," he said. "My wife and little girl were with me, and as Mr. Hamilton was busy, we all three stood and waited. While we were there an old lady came into the store, and walking over to where Mr. Hamilton was, gave him a little boy's suit of clothes."

"After Mr. Hamilton had looked at the suit and they had engaged in a short conversation, which I did not hear, the lady turned to leave the store, and evidently upon second thought, asked Mr. Hamilton when he would have it ready. Mr. Hamilton answered: 'I will have them tomorrow, sure, lady.'"

The First of the Wreck.

"Mr. Long, the other partner, who had been up at the front of the store, then walked to the rear somewhere, and Mr. Hamilton continued to wait upon an old lady and gentleman who had been in the store when we came in."

"Presently a hole burst through the ceiling just behind me, and several bricks fell through onto the floor. Then came a shower of bricks, and realizing

that something was wrong I started for the door.

"I thought I had gone a long way, but I had scarcely moved, when down came the whole ceiling with a crash. It all occurred so quickly that I could hardly realize what had happened, and I found myself pinned down under the big timbers of the floor, which a few minutes before had been high above me."

"Although I was fastened in tightly by the surrounding timbers, I did not know that I was hurt so badly, but soon I was suffering great pain."

"There was a foot right up against my face, and from the position in which I was lying I took it to be that of another man who had been less fortunate than I, and had been killed outright."

"For about two minutes the dust was very thick, and nearly choked me, but it did not last long, for there were plenty of openings all around me, and the floor was broken through below me in places, so that I could get plenty of air and a little daylight."

"When I looked around I saw my wife and little child not far away. She told me that she was caught by the leg, but that she was all right, and that our little daughter Hazel was also all right."

"There were many noises coming down to us from above, and, most spoke to us and asked us who we were and several other things about our condition and surroundings."

"My wife answered them. I was suffering great pain, but I knew that my wife and child were all right, and that made it easier for me to stand the pain."

"I think that I must have become unconscious, for it only seemed a few minutes until my rescuers reached me."

The Rescue.

"When they caught hold of me to (Continued on page eight.)"

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

No Advertisement Less Than Fifteen Words.

Meetings—When no admission is charged, one cent per work each insertion.

Articles for Sale, To Let, Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Board and Lodging, Lost and Found, Rooms to Let, and all similar condensed advertisements—First insertion, one cent a word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisement less than fifteen words.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

DEATHS.

GRAHAM—At his late residence, Graham's Hotel, Hamilton road, on July 18, 1937, George A. Graham, beloved husband of Mary Graham, aged 54 years.

Funeral from his late residence on Monday, July 22, at 2:30 p.m.; service at 3 o'clock; will be under the auspices of the Niagara Falls, N.Y., A. F. and A. M. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

COWAN—At his late residence, 603 1/2 St. George, on July 18, 1937, Alfred Cowan, beloved husband of Kate Cowan, aged 46 years.

Funeral from the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. L. Stilson, Heaman's Terrace, York street, on Saturday, July 20, at 3 o'clock; service at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

JENKINS—In this city, on July 18, 1937, Harry Jenkins, beloved husband of Minnie Jenkins, aged 42 years, 1 month and 18 days.

Funeral from his late residence, 744 Nelson street, on Sunday, July 21, at 3 p.m.; service at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

SPRINGBANK THEATRE

TONIGHT

The Paloro Bros.

In Their Original Abundant.

—OTHER BIG ACTS—

Prices: 5c, 10c, 15c; reserved seats, 25c. At Guilford's drug store.

Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday.

London Retail Grocers' Association

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL OUTING.

Wednesday, July 24

Excursion London to

NIAGARA FALLS

VIA M. C. R.

Special train, first-class coaches, leaving London at 7 a.m.

Tickets good for two days. \$2.65.

55k-wtzy

EXCURSION NIAGARA FALLS

Via Grand Trunk Railway.

Wednesday, July 24

Special train leaves London 7 a.m.

Tickets, \$2.65, good for two days. Direct route, double track, fast time and comfort. Ten hours, all Falls. See G. T. R. agents and posters.

Woodstock Young Liberal Club Annual Holiday. 55m-x1y3z

Salt Water

Is the ideal tonic. Call and get quotations for salt-water trips from F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

OCEAN TICKETS

at lowest rates via C. P. R. line, Allan, C. P. R., Dominion, Cunard, Anchor, American, Atlantic, Transatlantic, and other ships to all parts of the world.

LONDON MINERAL

BATHS AND SWIMMING POND

Open 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. wvt

SCOTCH PICNIC

AND CALEDONIAN GAMES

Harpers in the Dance Hall Afternoon and Evening.

THURSDAY NEXT, PORT STANLEY.

A. O. F.—PICNIC OF COURT PRIDE

of Dominion, members and families, will be held at Springbank, Saturday afternoon, July 27. All come.

JUBILEE RINK—ROLLER SKATING TO-NIGHT.

Band in attendance.

TONY CORTESE'S ORCHESTRA WILL BE

at Lake Huron Park, Sarnia, for summer outdoor engagements accepted.

DON'T MISS IT—BEST OF THE SEASON.

Forester's excursion to Detroit, Aug. 3, \$1.60, good to return Civic Holiday.

MONTREAL EXCURSIONS—TWO-BERTH

rooms on the Hamilton and Montreal line. P. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

Ideal Bowling Alleys

and Billiard Parlors

Largest and coolest amusement house in the city. Electric fans in every room.

GRAHAM & MARTELL, Props. 15c King.

\$2.65—LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, via boat, every Saturday and Sunday. Remember the rate by the St. Clair River is low every day. P. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

MUSIC FURNISHED FOR PARTIES.

balls, banquets. Phone 1265. Tony Vita's.

VALANCE DANCING ACADEMY, 422 RICH-

mond street. Private lessons during summer. Orchestra arrangements made for Springbank parties. Phone 1774. Dayton & McCormick.

MEETINGS.

THE MEMBERS OF LODGE BRITISH OAK, No. 2, S. O. E., are requested to attend the funeral of our late Bro. H. Jenkins, at his late residence, 744 Nelson street, at 2:30 p.m., Sunday, July 25. S. O. E. indices cordially invited. A. Lepper, secretary.

T. O. O. F.—HARMONY—ADELPHIAN

Evening, 8 o'clock, Oddfellows' Hall. All Patriarchs invited. S. W. Priestley, Chief Patriarch.

Well paying positions are found in The Advertiser Wants today

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER—CATHOLIC woman, middle-aged, to keep house for widower, with no small children. Apply Box 61.

WANTED—ORGANIST AND CHORAL LEADER—for Wellington Street Methodist Church; state experience and salary expected. Apply in writing to William H. Broadway, 401 Clarence street. 971-122

WANTED—THREE WAITERS OR WAIT-KESSERS for Wednesday and Thursday, July 23 and 24. Apply 344c Lane, Port Stanley.

WANTED—GOOD ALL-ROUND COOK, at once, for small hotel. Address Central Hotel, Leuca, 96c

EXPERIENCED GENERAL MAID WANTED—No washing. Apply Mrs. H. P. Allen, 501 Queen's avenue. 971

WANTED—KITCHEN WOMAN, APPLY Palace Cafe, 388 Richmond street. 96a

KITCHEN HELP WANTED, APPLY to Superintendent, 210 Wellington street, between 7 and 8 in evening. 96c

GIRL WANTED, APPLY FOREST CITY Laundry. b

WANTED—RELIABLE WOMAN FOR washing, not later than Tuesday of each week. Apply 31 Cartwright street. 96a

WANTED—DRESSMAKER, TO SEW IN house. Apply 719 Richmond street. 95c-wt

GOOD PLAIN COOK AND DINING-ROOM GIRL, Apply Housekeeper, Victoria Hospital. 941

WANTED AT ONCE—GIRL THOROUGHLY capable of taking full charge of set of double entry books for manufacturing company. Must also be familiar with shorthand and typewriting. Apply, stating references, to Box 35, Advertiser. 961

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED—Female of two. Apply 275 Talbot street. 95c

WANTED—SMART GIRL, ABOUT 17, immediately, to learn cutting; position at a fair salary guaranteed. Apply Mrs. Franks, Cutting School, 245 Dundas street. 961

WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT preferred, to keep home for small family, four miles from Bothwell or Newbury. Apply Angus A. MacGaughey, Box 181, Cairo P. O. 941

WANTED—HOUSEMAID AND KITCHEN help, highest wages paid. Apply Duke of York Hotel. 95a

OPERATORS AND HAND SEWERS—Experienced and learners. Apply English Woollen Mills Company, 380 Clarence street. 911

WANTED—CHAMBERMAID, APPLY at Belding House. 96c

KITCHEN HELP AND UPTAIRS GIRLS wanted. City Hotel. 961

FIFTY GIRLS WANTED IMMEDIATELY for biscuit and confectionery departments, also a few girls for paper box department; wages for good smart girls, \$4.50 per week to commence with. Apply D. S. Perrin & Co., Limited. 941

LEGAL CARDS.

SCANDRETT & PROUDFOOT, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Money to loan. 58 Dundas street. W. A. Proudfoot, B.A.

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

MACHPERSON & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors. Money to loan. Robinson Hall Chambers.

J. M. McVOY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Robinson Hall Chambers. Money to loan.

EDMUND WELD—Barrister, 425 Richmond Street.

TENNENT & CAMPBELL, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc. Money to loan, lowest rates. 78 Dundas.

A. GREENLEES, BARRISTER, ETC., CARLING block, Richmond street. Private fees to loan.

BUCHNER & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 85 Dundas. Phone 99. Money to loan. U. A. Buchner, J. M. Gunn, B.A.

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

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

J. F. PAULIS, BARRISTER, ETC., ROBINSON, at Springbank, Saturday afternoon, July 27. All come.

JARVIS & VINING, BARRISTERS, ETC., 101 Dundas. C. G. Jarvis; Vining Jarvis, B.A.

CROWN & BETTS & COLERIDGE, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries public, etc. Huron and Erie building.

PURDUM & PURDUM, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Masonic Temple, building, corner Richmond and King. Thomas H. Purdum, K.C.; Alexander Purdum.

McKILLIP & MURPHY, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc. corner Richmond and Dundas. J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

FITZGERALD & FITZGERALD, BARRISTERS, Money to loan. Masonic Temple, London.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, MONDAY, JULY 15—WATCH FOR with pearl-handled pencil attached. Kindly return to 115 Bathurst street. 97c

LOST, FRIDAY NIGHT, ON WELLINGTON street car—Small purse containing change, two buttons and a corner dated 1937, with a hole in it. Reward for return to Mrs. Wilson, care John McCarty, McClary avenue. 97c

LOST AT PORT STANLEY, ON WEDNESDAY—Pin, with a ring of gold leaves set with onyx. Finder rewarded on applying to Box H. Advertiser office. 97c

LOST, TUESDAY—TWO \$5 BILLS, near corner of York and Richmond streets. Reward at Advertiser office. 96c

LOST—BLACK, WHITE AND TAN SETTER dog; prosecution for detention; reward for return to 372 Dundas street. Phone 223.

LOST AT SPRINGBANK—BLACK POCKET BOOK, containing cards, etc. Return to L. G. Proctor, at Advertiser office. 95c

LOST—A BOSTON BULL TERRIER (female), black, with white markings. Party detaining will be prosecuted. Return to Lind, Kerrigan & Co. 96c

MALE HELP WANTED.

CARPENTERS WANTED, APPLY TO John Purdon, King and Burwell streets, or Waterloo north school. 97c

RELIABLE MAN FOR DELIVERY—GOOD pay to right man. Apply to George Peters, 519 Richmond street, or 210 Dundas street. 97c

TEAMSTER WANTED, APPLY WEBSTER & Kerohan. 97c

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CONFECTION-ERY man for hard and cream so. Ad. Apply Box 54, Advertiser. 95c

JUNIOR CLERK WANTED, APPLY AT Grand Trunk freight office. 95c

ORGANIST AND CHORAL LEADER WANTED for New St. James Presbyterian Church, London, after August. Write, stating salary, to James Gray, 150 Dundas street. 94a

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CLERK FOR general store; state wages. Apply J. H. Morrison, Inwood. 96c

MACHINIST WANTED FOR GENERAL repair shop; steady job to suitable man. Apply to Robert A. Holme, Oil Springs. 97c

GOOD PAY—MEN WANTED EVERYWHERE to tick signs, distribute circulars, and sell. No canvassing. National Distributing Bureau, Chicago, Ill. 97c

WANTED—I HAVE A NEWLY-PATENTED device, having big sales through agents; no canvassing; will pay salary and expenses weekly. F. J. Watson, Box P. Brantford, Ont. 76d-w

AT THE DOMINION SCHOOL OF TELE-GRAPHY, 4 Adelaide street east, Toronto. Telegraphy is taught quickly and thoroughly. All students are placed in good positions immediately upon graduation. 771-1

MACHINISTS WANTED—GAS ENGINE and steam pump works; modern shop in every respect; good wages. Fairbanks-Morse Manufacturing Company, 1379 Bloor west, Toronto, Ont. 95a

MEN WANTED ON CONSTRUCTION WORK between St. Thomas and Port Stanley. Apply at works of W. Evans, Southwestern Traction, Horton street depot. 95a

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE PAINTING AND general repairing at J. W. Smith's. 95a

APPRENTICES WANTED IN LITHO-GRAPHY and printing departments. Apply Knowles & Co. 961

PRESS ASSISTANT WANTED, APPLY Advertiser Job. 971

WANTED.

WANTED—BUTCHER'S COUNTER SCALE; must be in good condition and cheap. Apply Box 59, Advertiser. b

WANTED TO RENT—1/2 OR TWO-STORY house, north of Central avenue, preferred. Address Box 37, Advertiser office. b

WANTED—PARTY TO TAKE HALF A car with person going to Vancouver week. Address Box 151, Glencoe. 95c

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—SMALL GOOD-PAYING RESTAURANT, in city. Apply Box 50, Advertiser. 97c

GROCERY STORE AND DWELLING FOR sale, or leaving London. Box 53, Advertiser. 95c

OSTEOPATHY.

H. V. CATON, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—Chronic diseases. 554 Richmond street.

SLATE ROOFING.

SLATE ROOFING, ASPHALT, CEMENT paint for iron roofs. Walter Scott, 504 York street, London.

DERMATOLOGY.

MISS BEATTIE, GRADUATE GRAHAM dermatological school, Chicago—Superficial hair, moles, warts, permanent removal. Chlorophyll and manicuring. Room 224, Masonic Temple. 122

BUTLER'S, 235 DUNDAS—HAIR GOODS, hairdressing, face and scalp treatment. Superb hair removal. 97c

EDUCATIONAL.

STUDENTS MAY ENTER DAY OR EVEN-ing classes at the Western Business College at any time. Regular commercial course; complete shorthand course; stenographic course. W. C. Co., C.S.R. student, cent.

J. A. YOUNG PREPARES PUPILS FOR matriculation, etc. Glass in civil service commencing. 679 Princess. 97c

HOUSES, ROOMS, TO LET.

HOUSE TO LEASE—NORTH END CITY 30 per month. For further particulars and to see, apply Box 63, this office. 92a

TO LET—SHOP AND DWELLING, 525 Richmond street. Apply to G. W. Francis, 421 Waterloo. 97c

TO RENT FOR BALANCE OF SEASON—Furnished cottage, at Interwash Beach. Address Box 58, this office. 92c

TO RENT—NO. 15 MARYBOURNE PLACE, South London; large nine-room brick house, modern improvements. Apply No. 1 Marybourn Place. b

TO LET—FURNISHED FRONT BEDROOM for one or two respectable young men. Apply Box 58, this office. 92c

TO LET—SEVERAL HOUSES, CALL AT 92 King, or phone 2416. 961-wt

NICE NEW COTTAGE IN SOUTH LONDON—Cheap rent to good tenant. Apply 17 Askin street. 95k

SPLENDID SUITE OF OFFICES, WITH separate entrances from main hall, in Fitzgerald block, 167 Ingham street, with or without use of vault. Apply W. L. Fitzgerald, 235 King street, or phone 401. 96a

TO LET—COTTAGE, SIX ROOMS AND clothes closet; 167 Ingham street. Apply 146 Central avenue. 97c

TO LET—YOU KNOW THAT JOHN J. Sigs, the furniture mover, is still in business, phone 310—as usual. 781

TO LET—SUMMER COTTAGES, COM-pletely furnished, electric light, etc.; also apartments in the White House, newly overhauled, ready to occupy. For particulars apply to Robert Linke, manager, Hill Crest, Port Stanley. 97b

NEWLY FURNISHED FRONT AND BACK rooms, all conveniences; good central location. 544 Waterloo. 911

PEOPLE'S MOVING VANS—LARGEST in city. A. Henderson, corner Colborne and Cheapside, Phone 1724. 97c

TO LET—846 COLBORNE, MODERN; \$18 per month. Apply Thomas C. Knott, Room 101, Masonic Temple. 741

TO LET—2-STORY BRICK, TWO STOREY fronts; 6 bedrooms in each; baked oven in one; suitable for restaurant, boarding laundry or plumbing; Wellington street. Offered to suit tenants. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple. 97c

FOREST CITY IMPROVED MOVING VANS—W. Broughton, 455 Piccadilly street. Phone 1444. 97c

GARMENT CUTTING.

DRESSMAKERS CAN ACQUIRE THE science cutting fitted garments of every description at Mrs. Frank's permanent school, 343 Dundas street, London. Tuition fee moderate. 961

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

PIANO PLAYER—AN "ANGELUS," WITH over 50 music rolls, for \$175; regular value, \$350. Apply Box 62, Advertiser. 97c

SMALL SAFE FOR SALE, APPLY 644 Dundas street, or Reid Feat herbone Manufacturing Company, Clarence street. 97c

GOOD PAYING BREAD ROUTE FOR SALE. Apply this office. 95a

FOR SALE—BABY'S GO-CART AND JEWEL gas range. Apply 344 Lyle street. 95c

\$350 WILL BUY A 12-HORSEPOWER GASO-LINE engine, never been used. D. McKenzie & Co., 258 Richmond street. 97c

FOR SALE—PAIR OF TAYLOR'S SCOTCH bowls, brand new. Box 49, this office. 92a

DON'T FORGET THIS SPECIAL OFFER—Little front hams and our choice. Best Phone 500, at Anderson's Market House. 931

SHALLOW WATER TANK FOR CATTLE watering; suitable for use with windmill. The London Loan Company. 97c

LIVE PIGEONS—HOMING PIGEONS FOR sale. 10 Market Lane. 95c

FOR SALE—15 ACRES HARDWOOD TIM-BER. Address A. G. Adamson, Derham Center, Ont. 97b

GOOD HALF-PHAEON BUGGY FOR sale. Apply Connor Bros., 751 Richmond street. 96c

TWO-CYLINDER FORD AUTOMOBILE up-to-date model, for sale at Horton's. London. 97c

IMPORT YOUR BULBS AND PLANTS direct from Holland and save 10 to 40%. Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Dahlias, Snowdrops, etc. J. E. Rogers, Peables, Pilot, Lakeside, Rudbeckia, Spirea, Tritoma, Poppy, Clematis, etc. Get import list. Order must be in at once. A. J. MORRIS, 112 Dundas street. 97c

FOR SALE—LOAN COMPANIES' SHARES paying 6% dividends. John Wright, stock broker, 437 Richmond street, London. Phone 663.

NEEDLES, OIL AND PARTS FOR ANY sewing machine; second-hand machines from \$2 up. 247 Dundas street. 95a

CLEARING SALE—WALL PAPERS, AT Shutt's, corner Dundas and William streets. 97c

IF YOU WANT HELP SITUATIONS—Want to buy or sell real estate, etc., insert an advertisement in "The Hamilton Herald," the recognized want medium of this city. Rate, 2c a word, one line cash with order. Subscription: Daily, 25c a month; 2c a week. Our special rate, 50c yearly. Sample copy sent on application.

WANTED—TEAMSTERS OR ANY PERSON may have lake sand free; suitable for filling low building lots. Hobbs Manufacturing Company, Ridout and G. R. 641

BIG BARGAINS IN SECOND-HAND bicycles and tires. Sidewalk roller skates 50 cents a pair. J. H. Cunningham, East London. 97c

WEDDING STATIONERY IN ALL THE latest styles and at low prices. The Advertiser Job Department. 97c

WE SELL GOOD DRY HARDWOOD AT \$2 and slabs at \$1.50 per cord. Prompt delivery. The Forest City Best Goods Company, 353 Bathurst. Phone 700. 371

LIBRARIES

Let us make a specialty of binding books for public or Sunday school libraries. Lists, of Michigan, prepared by our staff, is very strong, durable and neat. Call in or write us.

THAS. CHAPMAN CO., 91 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

J. C. HALLIDAY

has removed to 264 Dundas Street

BIG REOPENING SALE

FOR 30 DAYS 1/4 OFF

Let us figure with you on your bill of Lumber, Doors, Frames, Sash and

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.Business Office 107
Job Department 178
Editorial Department 134
The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, Lon-
don, Ont.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Readers of The Advertiser are re-
quested to favor the management by
reporting any irregularities in deliv-
ery. Communicate with the Circula-
tion Department or Phone 191.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20,

WELCOME TO SIR WILFRID.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has touched
Canadian soil again, and his fellow-
countrymen of all parties share the
sentiment of welcome which found
such fervid expression yesterday in
the Ancient Capital.Foremost of Canadians, and great-
est of the statesmen of Greater Bri-
tain, he returns from the imperial
conference with new laurels. There
is scarcely a whisper of dissent from
his course in the old land. He has
not only satisfied contemporary opin-
ion in his own country, but history
will emphasize the importance of his
services, and of his wise counsel.
There was some danger of the con-
ference ending in a family quarrel,
through the rashness of two or three
colonial premiers. Premier Deakin,
in particular, gave serious offense to
the home Government by his hector-
ing attitude on the question of the
preference. His resolutions, if adopt-
ed, would have made the conference
the pawn of the Unionist party and
wrecked its usefulness. Sir Wilfrid
Laurier saved the situation. He was
a buffer between the Imperial Govern-
ment and the headstrong premiers; he
devised a way out of every difficulty
and he carried his point in every in-
stance.Sir Wilfrid had too much tact and
sense of the fitness of things to be
dragged into matters of party con-
troversy in Great Britain. Upon the
trade question his position was im-
pregnable. He pointed to Canada's
voluntary grant of the British prefer-
ence and her willingness to go further
if the mother country returned the
favor; but he refused to dictate to the
British people. He addressed great
meetings of both parties in England,
and at both he made the same state-
ment. There was not a discordant
note in his public utterances. His
reputation and popularity in the
mother country, already great, were
distinctly enhanced. He stood out as
the most impressive figure at the con-
ference, and on the continent he was
accorded the honors due the head of
a nation. Everywhere his eloquence
and personality raised the prestige of
the Dominion. Well may Canadians
welcome home their first citizen, and
her most distinguished son!

BY TRAIN TO CUBA.

Uncle Sam may not exactly have in
contemplation the holding of the stars
and stripes over Cuba, but he is de-
termined to have and to hold the lion's
share of the trade of that island, if
the shortening of the time distance be-
tween the two countries can do it. A
great railroad project is mooted, which,
when carried out, will make it possi-
ble for a person to board a train in
New York or Chicago, be hurried to
Key West, Fla., by rail, and then, after
a ferry ride of four or five hours, step
out of the car on Cuban soil, in the
City of Havana itself. The scheme is
a gigantic one, the cost will be enor-
mous, and there are natural difficulties
to overcome which seem insurmount-
able; but the men at the back of the
Florida East Coast Railway, as the
road will be known, believe that not
only is it feasible, but that it will
prove remunerative to the promoters.
For seventy miles the railway to Key
West will be over concrete arches or
embankments where now are sheets of
water, and for fifty miles the road will
run through swamps or small islands.
With Cuba a few hours distant, the
promoters look for a tightening of the
bond between the island and the rep-
ublic. It is in hours rather than in
miles that the distance between Key
West and Havana is to be reckoned,
and this distance will be still further
reduced by the adoption of turbine
steamships. In general, transportation
by water costs less than by rail, but
time is money, and so large has United
States' trade with Cuba become that
the hours saved will more than com-
pensate for the higher rate charged,
if, indeed, it is higher. An important
saving will be effected, if the ferry
scheme proves successful, through the
avoidance of charges for unloading and
reloading. It is well known that in
trade between America and Europe, on
certain classes of freight the bulk of
the cost is incurred in getting the
goods from the car to the boat, and
this is probably true of trade between
the United States and Cuba. The en-
terprise is a stupendous one, but in
this age there seems to be no limit
to what money and engineering skill
can accomplish.

MR. JUDD'S ROLE.

Mayor Judd, of London, has been
termed by that Conservative paper the
Toronto Telegram, the "lord high ex-
ecutioner." Perhaps it would be more
correct to say that Mr. Judd is mere-
ly the official who keeps the axe
sharpened for the executioner, pre-
pares the victims for the guillotine,
and makes the ante-mortem arrange-
ments for the funeral. The execu-
tioner is none other than Premier
Whitney himself.Mr. Judd has been kept pretty busy
since his party got into office at To-
ronto. Three officials, each doomed
by the Government before trial, have
passed through his hands. He has
not been guilty of a single blunder.
First there was Mr. Bastedo. That
gentleman held a position in the Gov-
ernment buildings at Toronto too
good for a Liberal, and Mr. Judd was
instructed to prepare him for execu-
tion. He was promptly prepared. Mr.
Vanzant stood in the way of a cer-
tain reverend gentleman getting the
governorship of the Toronto jail. The
axe sharpening process was resumed
and off went Vanzant's head, and into
the jail went the reverend gentleman.
So well had Mr. Judd performed what
was required of him in these two cases
that when it was decided to get rid
of Thomas Macdonald as registrar of
Dundas County, no one but Mr. Judd
was thought of for the role of
preparation. Now, Dundas has a new
registrar.It would be unfair, however, to
place the responsibility upon Mr.
Judd. The spoilsman of the party de-
manded the heads of these officials,
and the Government passed the sen-
tence. Mr. Judd was chosen to give
semblance of formality to the Gov-
ernment's decrees. He had no hand
in shaping these. The spoilsman were
the accusers; the administration was
the judge, jury and executioner. Mr.
Judd merely attended to the prelimi-
naries of the scaffold, but his work,
such as it was, he performed with en-
tire satisfaction to his employers. He
has naturally the right to the feeling
of pride which glows in every man
who contemplates a neat job of his
own, but it is the Whitney Govern-
ment that should get the most of the credit.Mr. R. L. Borden will tour Canada
in the autumn. It is a good idea for
party leaders to meet the public, and
probably much better than any idea
which Mr. Borden will convey on pub-
lic questions.The residents of West London have
a right to complain of the appearance
of the breakwater. It could be made
slightly at little expense, but the coun-
cil is not strong on the esthetic side
of civic progress.The British Postmaster-General
comments on the increase of mail
since the postal rates to Canada were
reduced. Sir Wm. Mulock suspected
this some years ago when he cut the
domestic rate and inaugurated imperi-
al penny postage.The chairman of the water commis-
sioners has been flagrantly misrep-
resented on the water question, by a
contemporary. He can appreciate the
feeling of the promoters of the inde-
pendent system over the commissioners'
mail-order ballot."Heroism as fine as the best of the
battlefield brand was shown by scores
of 'men on the street' on the occa-
sion of the London disaster of last
Tuesday," says the Hamilton Herald.
It was a finer brand of courage, since
men risked their lives to succor others,
not destroy them.London is notorious for its calamities,
but for many years it has
escaped a great fire. This is more
by good luck than good management,
and the failure to take advantage of
the present unique opportunity to in-
stall a high-pressure service might be
soon bitterly regretted.It is a rule that committees of Parlia-
ment shall be composed of repre-
sentatives of all parties. The Ontario
Government has appointed a prison
labor committee composed exclusively
of Conservatives. The man who has
made a special study of this subject
Mr. Preston, of South Brant, is omit-
ted, because he is a Liberal. A petty
exhibition of partisanship, indeed!

A FIELD FOR GALLANTRY.

[Chicago News.]
The impetuous nobleman twisted his
raven mustache. "I come to see great land
to be one gallant," he confided.
"That so," responded his American
acquaintance.
"Yes, I will kneel before the beautiful
women of sea land."
"Indeed! Well, I think I can help you,
count.""You think that you can help me,
monseigneur? How?"
"Why, I happen to remember the street
where I saw the sign 'Shee clerk wanted.'"

ON THEIR WEDDING TRIP.

[Filigenda Blatter.]
"Oh, Edgar, if now there should suddenly
be a collision, how delightful it would be
to die together! (After a pause) It
is true that your life is insured is it not?"

REFUSES TO BE SUPPRESSED.

[London Standard.]

Since its reappearance in Belgrave ten
days ago the journal Otashina has beenconfiscated four times. Its editor, Captain
Novokavitch, has been sentenced to a
month's imprisonment; the printers have
been locked up on various charges, and
the office boy expelled to Zemin. In spite
of these little difficulties the paper
continues to appear daily.

A WOMANLY TRAIT.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"I suppose," said the inquisitive young
man, "there is nothing that pleases
woman more than the devoted attention
of the man of her choice."
"No," replied the wise girl, "except, per-
haps, the devoted attentions of the man
of some other girl's choice."

AT SCHOOL.

[Ill Motopier Rider.]
Master—If your friend borrows one
thousand francs a month, how much will
he owe at the end of the year?
Pupil—A thousand francs?
"You do not know the elements of arith-
metical!"
"That may be, but I know my friend."

A CASE OF EMERGENCY.

[Cleveland Leader.]
While on the march in India the pioneer
corporal of a famous Irish regiment went
to the quartermaster for the loan of a
camel to carry a spare tent, but the quar-
termaster refused, saying:
"I have only the cart and this spare
camel I am keeping for a case of emer-
gency."
The corporal said: "Can't you put the
case of emergency on the cart, sir, and
let me have the camel?"

LOVE'S LACK.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"Love knows no creed."
"No, and it doesn't seem to know any-
thing else when it gets under full steam."

SEAT OF HIS TROUBLE.

[Chicago News.]
Sapleigh—I saw a want to ask you a
question, Miss Cutting. Faint heart never
ah—won't fair lady, don't know."
Miss Cutting—Yes, I know, but the
trouble isn't in your heart—it's in your
head.

AT THE MARRIAGE BROKER'S.

[Filigenda Blatter.]
"Well, madame, I can offer you two
suitors. To be sure, one of them has
already been divorced from two wives,
but he owns an automobile."
"Might I at least first see the automo-
bile?"

BADLY FOOLED.

[Baltimore American.]
"That Professor Blink fooled me bad."
"How?"
"He told me that ethnology was the
science of the races and when I went to
the library and asked for a book on eth-
nology, there wasn't a word from cover to
cover on how to pick the winners."

CURE FOR KICKING.

[Philadelphia Press.]
"Young man," said the merchant, "I
hear you have been kicking because you're
not so much to do."
"Well, yes, sir," replied the clerk, "I do
think that."
"Hm! I'll have to give you more time
to do hereafter that you won't have
time to kick."

ARGUMENT.

[Filigenda Blatter.]
"Mama, am I to have a new doll?"
"Your old doll is still quite good, my
child."
"But I, too, am quite good, and yet you
have a new baby!"

"NO TRUST."

[Philadelphia Press.]
Groucher—I tell you what, men are get-
ting so deceitful these days that you can't
trust your best friend—
Borroughs—And what's worse, you can't
get your best friend to trust you.

AERIAL DREADNOUGHTS.

[Ottawa Morning Post, Hongkong.]
Little imagination is needed to picture
the revolution in naval methods that the
nation which first commands the air may
very possibly command the earth and sea.
War will grow so terrible in its latest
stages that mankind will revolt at the
devilish nature of its own ingenuity.

THE THREE JOHNS.

[Kansas City Star.]
Years ago there was a negro preacher
in Mount Zion, the Rev. Pompey Johnson,
who called himself "the Lord's warhorse."
One Sunday he preached from a text from
the Gospel of John, and he began by say-
ing:
"Let me explain, brethren and sisters,
day am three Johns named in the Bible—
John de Baptis, John de Evangelist, and
John de Bunyan. Dis one am John de
Evangelist."

PROOF OF GOOD BLOOD.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"Mamma, why don't you want me to play
with that Kugler boy?"
"Because, dear, I know the family. He
hasn't good blood in him."
"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated
twice, and it wouldn't take either time."

"FINAL AND UNALTERABLE"

Words Appear in Schedule to Bill
Passed by the Lords.London, July 19.—The British North
America bill has passed the House of
Lords. It has been amended by the
addition of a schedule which includes
all the resolutions of the Ottawa con-
ference. The words "final and unal-
terable" find a place in this schedule,
but not in the act itself. The new act
will be law as from July 1.
The Chronicle (Liberal) has a special
article on the all-red route, show-
ing the pledges of the British minis-
ters, and advantages of the scheme
compared with the preference propo-
sals of the tariff reformers, its
soundness from a free trade point of
view and the danger of defection in
carrying out the Government's policy.
The Chronicle concludes: "We
can imagine nothing more damaging
to the good faith and good name of
the Liberal Government, and few
things more unfortunate for the
maintenance of inter-imperial rela-
tions on a good footing than the re-
pudiation of pledges seriously given
and seriously taken."At Wellington, a little town of 7,000
inhabitants in the west of England,
over 5,000 troops had to be accom-
modated last year.The Irish linen industry is boom-
ing as it has not flourished in years,
largely on the expanding exports to
the United States.The
Future
is
InsecureNo man is sure that
the days to come will
be as comfortable or
as prosperous as the
present. Take ad-
vantage of present
prosperity, and by
saving—in life assur-
ance—a part of your
earnings, transform
the vagueness of the
future into the cer-
tainty of content-
ment and comfort.Our new Reserve
Dividend Policies
have six definite ad-
vantages. Every one
of them is worth
knowing about. Write
for our booklet—"An
Endowment at Life
Rate."LONDON
LIFE

Insurance Company

GEORGE McBROOM, Inspector, J.
F. MAINE, superintendent Industrial
Branch.TO WAR ON WEEDS
AND INSECT PESTSThe Eastern Entomologists Give
Western Farmers Help
in Campaign.Winnipeg, Man., July 19.—The fight
against weeds and harmful insects in
the west, waged by farmers, will be
renewed by entomologists of the State
of Pennsylvania, with T. N. Willing,
the entomologist and botanist of the
Saskatchewan Government, will pro-
ceed west to Saskatchewan, where
they will address farmers' institutes
during the last two weeks of the
month of July.At the conclusion of these meetings
the scientists will proceed to Alberta,
where they will confer with the offi-
cials of that province, and they will
then go to British Columbia. The rea-
son for the trip to the Sunset Prov-
inces arises from the fact that com-
plaints have been made by the fruit
growers that the Indians of the coun-
try have allowed their orchards to
become breeding places for "harmful
insects." The fruit growers have re-
quested the Dominion Government to
see that this state of affairs is reme-
died. This work is now being carried
forward under the direction of Chief
Indian Agent Vowell, of British Col-
umbia, and Dr. Fletcher will visit the
districts to see that the work had been
fully and satisfactorily done.Dr. Skinner, of Philadelphia, is the
curator of the Academy of Natural
Sciences in that city, and one of the
best known entomologists in the
world. He has been invited to come to
the west by the Saskatchewan Gov-
ernment for the purpose of delivering
addresses especially on the subject of
the transmission of disease by insects.
This will include the question of the
transmission of typhoid fever by house
flies, and the scientist will endeavor
to supply information needed for
fighting epidemics of fever of all
kinds.A report has been received from the
department of agriculture in India
showing the extent of the war carried
on against the Bombay locust. In all
about 1,500,000,000 individual eggs,
adult locusts and "hoppers" were ac-
counted for. Of this number 60,000-
000 were adults that would have pro-
duced another 8,000,000,000 "hoppers"
had they lived. This slaughter cost
about \$65,000 in awards and saved
probably millions in the value of
crops. Nature also helped. The re-
port adds that just birds arrived on
the scene in large flocks and devoured
the locusts greedily, so that the preser-
vation of the crops was due possibly
"as much to these birds as to the ef-
fects of human agency."A prominent French writer de-
plore the vanishing stock of the
world's platinum, says the London
Globe. All the known deposits are
becoming exhausted, and the price is
going up to a prohibitive extent. It
is the metal could be bought for
\$100 the kilogram. Four years later
it had doubled; in 1901 it had quad-
rupled, and today the price is \$1,200
per kilogram, or twice the price of
gold. Even that is for crude platinum.
The worked metal is twice as dear
again. Considering how many in-
dustries are now absolutely dependent
on platinum, the question of replac-
ing it by some really efficient alloy or
combination is acquiring vital im-
portance.

"A POPULAR STORE FOR EVERYBODY."

Mid-Summer Sale Specials for
Saturday Night at Chapman's

STORE OPEN TONIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK

Specials in hot weather needs for tonight that cannot fail to interest you
if price is any object. Why pay more than our Mid-Summer Clearing Prices?

Tonight's Wrapper Special

Five dozen Ladies' Percale Wrappers, in blue
and white, pink and white and gray and
white, waist lined with cambric, flounce on
skirt, all sizes up to 42, an excellent 79c
wrapper for tonight, only 50c

Cream Panama Skirts

only, Cream Panama Skirts, nine gore panel,
full pleated at the bottom. Regular \$3
Your chance tonight, only for one of them
at \$6 00

A Skirt Special

20 only high-grade Checked Worsteds Skirts,
light weight for summer skirts, pleat-
ed, very full, original designs in foot-
ing pleats, choice of all shades in popular
grays. Our regular selling price \$7, tonight
only \$5 00

Black Silk Coats

only, 12 gorgeous black Silk Coats, suitable
for elderly ladies wear, lined through and
richly trimmed, worth as high as \$18, to-
night only \$12 50Here's An Extra Special in
Silk Waists of Undoubted
InterestLadies' Taftets and Jap Silk Waists, in long
sleeves, open up front, nicely designed, up-
to-date in every way. Colors in gray, navy,
green, pale blue, rose, pink, rosea and
brown; were \$5 and higher, positively to-
night only \$3 69

Ladies' Lawn Waists

You cannot do better than choose an extra waist
or two from this lot. You need them these sultry
days.
Our nicest styles in \$3 00 to \$4 00 waists reduced
to \$2 57

Gents' Furnishings Dept.

Men's Summer Pyjamas, made of white cot-
ton mesh, real cool, just the thing for this weather.
Reduced from \$1 50, to clear \$1 00
Men's Negligee Shirts, made of fine washing fab-
rics, attached and detached cuffs, all sizes, to 16 1/2,
usual \$1 00 and \$1 75 makes, tonight 75c
Men's Black Cashmere Socks, all-wool, also cot-
ton socks, with- balbriggan feet, very easy on the
feet, usual 25c value 19c
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. TRY US.

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

MAD RACE FOR
SOCIAL SUPREMACYMany Women in Pittsburg Drive
Their Husbands Into
Bankruptcy.Pittsburg, July 19.—"So mad has
the race for social supremacy become
that many owners of houses worth
from \$5,000 to \$10,000, which they have
acquired after years of toil and sav-
ing, are mortgaging them to buy
automobiles. So fearful are they of
being outshone by their neighbors
that they are resorting to the most
reckless extravagance and trying to
present the appearance of wealth on
an income not exceeding \$150 a
month."This is a portion of the report of a
committee of the New Era Women's
Club, of Pittsburg, which has been in-
vestigating social conditions.
"Something must be done and done
quickly," the report says, "to pre-
vent the women of Pittsburg from
resorting to the means they do to
acquire social prestige in their set.
Existing conditions are such that ac-
tive measures must be taken. Mothers
are neglecting children, and young
wives are driving their husbands to
the wall for the sake of the appear-
ance of wealth."
The club women charge that women
and girls who have married men re-
ceiving salaries from \$100 to \$150 a
month are gradually driving their
husbands bankrupt, in many instances,
for the sake of possessing some
means of distinguishing themselves.Rider Haggard, the author of "She,"
is telling a good story apropos of that
novel. Not long ago he heard that a
ballet, based on his romance, was to
be produced at Budapest, and he wrote
asking for programmes and photo-
graphs. He received a letter in reply
from the manager, saying that he had
believed that the illustrious author
was dead, as obituaries had appeared
in the Hungarian newspapers. Mr.
Haggard wrote again and asked that
the report of his death be contra-
dicted, as they believed it to be a
mere dodge to advertise the ballet.
A pearl necklace, once worth \$1,
250,000, belonging to the Thiers fam-
ily, is in the museum of Louvre. The
pearls are dying and will soon be
worthless.At a recent musical exposition in
Berlin an invention for increasing the
resonance of the voice was exhibited.
It consists of a film, which is ap-
plied to the roof of the mouth, and
acts as sounding board. It is intend-
ed for the use of orators, officers and
anyone wishing to increase the reach
of the voice, as well as musicians.ASKS U. S. TO
SAVE KOREAHomer Hurlburt Says Japs
Debauch Morals of Hermit
Kingdom.New York, July 19.—Declaring that
the Japanese control over Korea was
debauching the Koreans and fast
tending to the complete eradication
of Korea as a state, Homer B. Hurl-
burt, for many years engaged in
educational work in Korea, is here to-
day on a mission to bring to the at-
tention of the United States Govern-
ment and the people of this country
the conditions which now exist in
Korea under the Japanese protector-
ate.Mr. Hurlburt arrived today on the
steamship Deutschland. He declares
that the Japanese are despoiling the
Koreans of their lands and industries,
with the seeming design of drying
them from the territory that they
may occupy it for themselves. Mr.
Hurlburt said the abdication of the
Emperor of Korea was the direct re-
sult of the sending of the Korean dele-
gation to The Hague, which Japan
made a pretext to effect the removal
of the Emperor and thereby gain fur-
ther control over Korea. The Koreans
are in a state of despair, Mr. Hurl-
burt said, and the Emperor himself
feels the hopelessness of the situa-
tion."Korea is thoroughly outraged over
the injustices which the Japanese are
heaping upon her," said Mr. Hurlburt,
"and the Koreans are angered beyond
words. Still they feel the dread hope-
lessness of their extremity. The Ko-
reans looked upon the Japanese as
savages. The Japanese have seized
their salt works driven away the
Korean fishermen from their fishing
grounds and taken every form of
profitable industry in their country
for themselves.""Japan wants Korea for herself,
and while the Government at Tokio is
openly declaring that Korea is open
for the trade of the world she is
seeking by every possible secret ac-
tion to aid her merchants by creating con-
ditions which will drive every foreign
business merchant out of the coun-
try. Japan is debauching the morals
of the Koreans by selling them mor-
phine in great quantities. Especially is
this true in Northern Korea."
Mr. Hurlburt said that the ascend-
ancy of the crown prince to the throne
would mean no change for the better
in the intolerable condition. He said
the Emperor made his last most de-
spairing attempt to help his coun-
try and himself by sending a dele-
gation to The Hague to protest to the
nations of the world drive every foreign
business merchant out of the coun-
try. Japan is debauching the morals
of the Koreans by selling them mor-
phine in great quantities. Especially is
this true in Northern Korea."

LONDONER IS REGISTRAR

Mr. J. W. Westervelt Elected to Posi-
tion by the Accountants.Windsor, July 19.—The Chartered
Accountants of Ontario held their
annual convention here today. F. H.
MacPherson, the retiring president, an-
nounced a membership at present of
118, and a balance of \$1,400. Reference
was made in the report to the part
played by the institute in the revision
of the Ontario companies act. Hon.
W. J. Hanna was made an honorary
member for courtesies shown to the in-
stitute.The following officers were elected:
President—David Hoskins, Toronto.
First Vice-President—J. W. Johnson
Belleville.
Second Vice-President—G. U. Stiff
Toronto.
Secretary-Treasurer—Arnold Mor-
phy, Toronto.
Registrar—J. W. Westervelt, Lon-
don.

FACTS FROM FOREST

Just One Diphtheria Case—Results of
Entrance Exams.Forest, July 19.—Miss Mary K.
Daly, aged 13, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. J. Daly, Forest, died last night,
after a short illness, diphtheria being
the cause. So far there have been no
other cases in town, and none are an-
ticipated.Mrs. E. Pierce was at Hensall yester-
day attending the funeral of the late
James Sutherland, an old resident of
that town, and formerly of Forest.
The Forest ball team visited Lucan
and Parkhill yesterday, losing at Lu-
can and winning at Parkhill. The scores
were as follows: Afternoon game, Lu-
can 2, Forest 1. Evening game, Forest
7, Parkhill 3. The Parkhill team will
play here on Wednesday.The Forest cricket team will go to
Brantford on Thursday next for a
friendly game with the club there.
Forty-seven ratepayers in Forest
have signed a petition to J. B. Lalng,
provincial auditor, asking that a spe-
cial audit of the municipality of For-
est be made at once.Following are the figures in connec-
tion with the public school entrance
examinations, 24 pupils passing out of
26 candidates:Honors—Verda Kingston 556, Laurel
Hawkins 540, Wesley Stonehouse 527,
Willie Seaton 522, Grace Rattray 521,
Josie Medd 520, Ernest Rumford 518,
Clayde Ross 517, Ivan McDorrie 513,
Laurie Steele 511, Isabel Simpson 502,
Mary E. Byrns 490.
Pass List—Elsie Rumford 471,
Ellsworth Michaels 465, Glennie Raw-
lings 466, Milton Evans 454, Orville
Ross 445, Ruth Parson 438, Maud Ja-
nison 427, Nina Love 426, Alice M.
Barron 425, John Kay 413, Emma Man-
ning 402, Marie E. Proctor 392.

SILENT LIPS

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

There was something strange about Ted Sealey, something wrong. He had altered for the worse of late, had taken to queer hours and was neglecting his work.

Geoffrey did not find him at his lodgings either that night or next day when he called and Mrs. Sealey, sank her voice and leaned forward and whispered mysteriously in his ear.

"They're working overtime at the mill, but I reckon you won't find him there," she said. "He ain't the lad he was. He's going wrong, is Ted Sealey, an' all through that brazen lass o' Merrill's. He weren't here last night, nor the night after that."

Geoffrey turned away, disappointed and vaguely uneasy. It all sounded so unlike Ted that he couldn't believe it. But somehow he could not find him. He inquired at the mill early in the morning, only to find that he had not arrived, and the timekeeper at the door shook his head.

"There's no tellin' with him of late," he said, "and if you're a friend of his you'd better give him a warnin'. He's a good workman, but the master won't stand too much of it, and he's bin givin' it lately."

The old man's words echoed in his ears all day, and sent him back to the mill again late that afternoon. But this time he did not go round the great gateway to the employees' entrance, but to the office door, where an impudent clerk lifted up a frosted glass window and said, "Hello."

Geoffrey handed in his card, and the youth's manner underwent a sudden change.

"Sir Geoffrey Waring?" he said in an awed voice. "Mr. Thomson will no doubt see you on air, sir, if you will step in."

Geoffrey did so, and soon afterward the man he remembered so well—the man who once upon a time, long years ago, had known him only as a poor lad in a corduroy suit, hustled in. He

had grown stout and prosperous. His mill had done well, and the master was no longer a man who worked with his employees, but who drove them.

He looked into Geoffrey's face without recognition, looked into the face of the lad he had employed, and did not know him!

"Sir Geoffrey Waring?" he said, in an oily voice, "I am extremely honored. No doubt you have heard of the steps I am taking for turning my mill into a company?"

Geoffrey nodded. "Then it is fortunate you are here at this moment for Jackson's clerk—the lawyer you know—is here, too, and will give you any information you wish. It will be satisfactory, indeed, Sir Geoffrey, if we can persuade you to become one of the directors."

Geoffrey let himself drift, and a few minutes later he found himself following Thomson over the mill, through the workshops he had known so well long years ago when he had worked there.

He looked about him curiously. There were men that he remembered still, women whose faces scarcely seemed to have changed. Some of them looked up as he passed, and once or twice he saw the men he had known in his youth, but he never caught, and in the faces he fancied he saw instead of the old eager, happy air, a sullen look, as if they resented his appearance.

It had not seemed like that in the old days. It had been all work and bustle and good spirits. Even the wheels had sung as they spun, and the whir of the traps and the hum of the dancing bobbins had been almost like music in the old days.

Now, surely, there seemed to hang about the workshops a sullen air, an air of restraint and sadness.

He started about him, and then at last followed Mr. Thomson through a narrow gangway into another part.

"We have added this, this last year," Thomson said proudly, "and I feel I shall be justified in adding yet another building twice the size to meet the demands of my business. This is why I wish to form a company."

His chest swelled out, and at the entrance to the new rooms he stood, his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat and his hard face smiling and complacent.

But in this room the faces of the workers, thin faces most of them, and all looking worn and many ill and hungry, were still more sullen. They were older hands—most of them men, and as Geoffrey and Mr. Thomson entered the hard look seemed to settle still more sharply upon the faces.

Geoffrey and Thomson stood for a moment looking round. The movement and noise and bustle went on. Then suddenly everything seemed to come to a standstill, and before either realized it there was a movement among the workers. They had collected in a group before them, and one of them stood out, looking Geoffrey straight in the face.

"You, bein' a stranger, had better quit," he said roughly, "but we're goin' to deal with Mr. Thomson here and now. It's all arranged, and you can quit if you want to. We'll see you out."

Geoffrey stared uncomprehendingly, but apparently Mr. Thomson understood only too well. His face had changed and grown a sudden ghastly gray. He puffed out his lips uncertainly, and his eyes wandered helplessly over the rapidly increasing group about him. He looked round, and he was surrounded. There was no way of retreat. He was helpless among the enemy—among the workers people he had been sweating for years the people—friends once—whom he had alienated.

"You'd better quit," the workmen repeated. "We're goin' to have things."

SUMMER AILMENTS

CAN BEST BE BANISHED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

In summer your blood gets thin and watery. You feel simply wretched—tired, worn out, dull, your nerves are irritable, your whole system is out of gear. There is just one medicine can banish this summer feeling. Just one medicine that will give you strength and vim to endure the fag of even the hottest days—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have helped thousands. Perhaps your neighbors have already told you they have helped them. They're the medicine that makes that pure, rich, red blood that everyone needs for good health—they never fail to do that. Mrs. L. A. Carriere, the popular stewardess of the Jacques Cartier Club, Montreal, Que., says: "For two years I was a constant sufferer from general debility. The least work fatigued me and sometimes I could not work at all. I could not raise my hand above my head without feeling pains in all my muscles. I was very weak and sometimes became so dizzy that I would fall unless I could lean against something for support. While in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and by the time I had taken ten boxes I was in perfect health and am now able to look after all my duties without the least fatigue. When I began taking the pills I was a great sufferer—today I feel as if I never was ill—thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike right at the root of anaemia, debility, rheumatism, indigestion, the secret lives of women and growing girls, etc., when they make new blood—they do just that one thing, but they do it well—good blood always brings good health. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

settled tonight. Shall we wait for you?"

Geoffrey shook his head. "No, I'll stay," he said. "I've got a friend here myself."

"A friend?"

"Ted Sealey," Geoffrey replied and there was a shout.

"A friend of his, and you're welcome," the man cried. "But stand away."

Geoffrey fell back and the spokesmen came forward and confronted the owner of the mill.

"We've heard all about the company you're forming," he cried, "but you've got to deal with us first, before you do anything to that, and we're set on it. We're goin' to have our rights. Twice in these last two years you've promised us a rise of wages that we've never had. Twice—once when Burton's give their men a rise, and once when Friddle's men went out on strike you promised us more wages if we'd keep in. And we stuck to you, every man of us. We were loyal to you. But we never got our rises. We were never a blessed farthing the better off for bein' faithful to you, and so now we're determined to once what you owe us, the rise in wages you promised us two years back. We want all you owe us—the two years' extra money that we haven't got. An' we're goin' to have it out of you one way or the other, Mr. Thomson. Are you goin' to give it to us fair an' square, or 'ave we got to get it for ourselves?"

For a moment Thomson was taken aback. For a moment fear overcame him, and blanched his face and hurried him. But before the man had finished his speech he had steadied himself. He drew himself up.

"I am not to be terrorized," he said, boldly. "This is not the way to get any rise or anything else, and I shall certainly not listen to any demand made in this way. Let me pass."

None moved. All the mill seemed to be curiously still. Only the spokesmen threw up his arm, and instantly at the edge of the crowd there was a queer responding movement.

"Are you decided upon that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Thomson.

"Are you sure?" We'll give you two minutes to make up your mind," the man went on. "We've took you by surprise, maybe. The day was when you weren't a hard master, and there's some of us as can't credit as you'll be hard now though we've had years' experience to prove as you are."

"What you used to be. But we'll give you a chance. Two minutes—"

"Bah!" The master's rage broke loose. "Every man who has had a hand in this will be instantly dismissed," he shouted. "To your work, you can't pass at once. Do you hear?"

Apparently no one heard or cared. The spokesmen waited a moment, looking into Thomson's convulsed face and then suddenly blew a whistle.

It was answered instantly by another in another part of the building. After that the men waited, curiously silent, as if listening.

Somehow Thomson and Geoffrey waited, too—somehow Thomson did not know what to do, and before he had made up his mind a shout behind him made him turn.

"They're all out," said a voice, and a moment later a sudden vivid glare, a tongue of flame, its reflection red against the white wall of the room in which they stood, caught his eye.

"Good heavens! the mill's on fire!" he cried, hoarsely.

The man who had acted as spokesman laughed harshly.

"Yes, yes, it's afire," he said, "and all the women are out, and we're going to keep you here until the flames catch the gangway. Then you can run if you like."

Thomson gave a sharp cry, but before he could speak someone rushed up.

"Ted's caught and shut off," he cried hoarsely. "He went back for summit at the last minute, and he's there in the midst of the fire, in the very heart of it, mates."

Everyone instantly forgot all about Thomson. A hundred voices clamored at once.

"What did he go for? What brought him back? What's to be done?"

A score of men had disappeared for help. A dozen others began making attempts to get back into the other part of the mill.

But already, swift as it was, the gangway was filling with smoke, and now, amidst the clamor of voices, there began to be heard a dull, sinister sound, the roar of fire!

They looked at each other with blank, white faces. For a moment they seemed helpless and stupefied, and then there began a move toward the other side of the new building, and the way out into the great yard.

Geoffrey went with them, drifting helplessly among them. They forgot all about him, they even forgot Thomson and the effect their revenge was having upon him in their dismay; but when they got round into the street in front they stood in horror.

The road was full of crowd that was rapidly increasing stared up at the burning building. The workmen had evidently prepared their plans carefully, and taken care that they should not fail. There was a strange smell of paraffin in the air, and the flames were leaping in the windows in a way that no ordinary flames would leap. Their plans had been well laid.

No firemen had arrived, but a ladder had been raised against the wall, and beneath it were huddled a group of people with strained, anxious faces. They were looking up breathlessly in strange silence.

"They're watching for Ted Sealey," someone said huskily in Geoffrey's ear. "It's the sixth time he's gone, and he's hurt and fit to drop as it is. They tried to prevent him going the last time, but it was no good. They say now there's a woman shut up in the mill still."

"Ted Sealey?" Geoffrey repeated.

"Yes, there's been some mistake, and some woman got left behind and cut off. Ted got them out, and now they say that Barker, the lawyer's clerk, got left there too and Ted's gone after him. It looks as if it would be a miracle if he ever got out again."

He stepped suddenly, for a shadow appeared amidst the leaping flames at

one of the windows, and an instant later a hoarse cheer went up from the crowd. It was Ted, and Ted with a burden in his arms!

The cheer was repeated. Then a man ran up the ladder and took from him a loose heap that looked more like a charred bundle of clothing than a man.

It was Ted Barker. Ted raised himself to the sill, the fire roaring behind him, and sat for a moment, his feet on the ladder. A shout went up from the crowd.

"How are you, lad? Are you all right, lad?"

He waved one hand. The other hung oddly at his side.

"I'm all right," he cried in a queer dead voice. "Yes, lads, I'm all right."

He swung himself slowly on to the ladder and began to descend. They had laid Barker down on blankets, and now turned to help Ted. A whisper ran through the crowd, Barker was dead or dying, but suddenly the whisper ceased and changed to a quick sharp cry.

Geoffrey gave a start and ran forward.

The ladder, bending already under Ted's weight, had snapped suddenly. There was a crash, and a sharper cry, and then sudden, horrified silence.

To Be Continued.

FANCHER INSURANCE BILL

Governor Hughes, of New York State, Approves the Measure.

Albany, N. Y., July 19.—Governor Hughes today approved the two bills introduced by Senator Fancher, aimed to perfect the insurance legislation of last year. One amends the law generally, extending the time for filing with the superintendent of insurance lists of policyholders before the election; requiring that such lists shall be subject to inspection under the regulations of the superintendent of insurance; prohibiting agents during business hours from soliciting votes for directors, and providing for a serially numbered official ballot in a form to be approved by the superintendent of insurance.

It was understood that this bill did not meet with the views of the governor, but that he believes there are so many important features in the measure that he was justified in approving it as a whole. It is not expected that he will seek to have amendments made at the present session of the legislature.

The other bill amends the law relative to biennial elections and provides that in case of the death or resignation of any director elected in 1906 his successor shall be chosen by the board of directors, to hold office only until the next election of directors.

At the annual election of 1908 the directors shall be elected for a term of one year in place of those whose terms of office then expire. At the annual election to be held in 1909, and biennially thereafter, an entire new board of directors shall be elected for a term of two years.

A SOCIALIST WIN

Long-Time Liberal Riding Captured by the New Party.

London, July 19.—The Socialists gained a notable political victory in the by-election at Colnevalley Division, Yorkshire, W. R., to fill the seat made vacant by the raising of James Kitson to the peerage.

Victor Grayson, the Socialist candidate, was returned at the head of the poll, Colnevalley has been Liberal for many years. The votes of all the candidates this time were very close. The Liberal aspirant was only 153 behind the winner, while the Unionist candidate was a good third.

Mr. Grayson, who is a Manchester journalist and lecturer at Owens College, Manchester, was largely supported by the Laborites.

Artificial Digestion

Quite Useless

THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF DIGESTIVE TABLETS IS FUTILE.

My experience and study indicate that 90 per cent of dyspeptics have slow liver, weak kidneys and constipated bowels.

These important organs get out of gear, throw an extra burden on the stomach which it can't handle and the result is indigestion.

My remedy Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, and can recommend it, because I have proved it does cure chronic stomach trouble.

When you look at the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Pills you will see that they contain vegetable extracts and every physician admits are splendid tonics for the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Everyone knows the virtue of Mandrake, Butternut, Dandelion and Hyoscamus. These health-giving juices and extracts are carefully combined with other principles so as to produce a pill of wonderful efficiency that even children can safely use.

If you feel heavy and dull after meals, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. If your tongue is furred, or you have bad taste and offensive breath, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

If you have a full, choking feeling in the throat and chest, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are badly needed.

If your head aches, you feel dizzy, no appetite and a desire to rest, your liver is at fault and needs the stimulation given by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Think it over. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a system-cleaner and health-bringer of unusual merit; and they are safe for young and old.

My guarantee stands behind each box, proving my great confidence in the remedy I recommend. 25 cents per box or 5 boxes for \$1.00 at all dealers, and be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

KOREA'S EMPEROR

FORCED TO YIELD

Unable to Resist Pressure of His Cabinet—A Dramatic Scene Enacted.

Seoul, July 19.—It is reported that a most dramatic scene occurred at the palace last night when the ministers, headed by Premier Yi Wang Wong, appeared before his majesty, and made the cabinet's final representation in urging the emperor's abdication.

His majesty was in a high state of excitement, but firm tone prevailed at length upon the want of precaution and prudence of the emperor's policies hitherto, especially in diplomatic affairs, whereby he was endangering the safety of the nation. The premier enumerated the facts of his majesty's duplicities which culminated in the dispatch of a deposition to The Hague Peace Conference, and forcibly reasoned the uselessness of the Emperor's disavowal of his relations with the Hague affair.

Unable to successfully combat the logic of the premier's representations, the Emperor sought a last refuge in the council of elder statesmen, doubtless anticipating their sympathy. The council immediately convened. Four elders quickly responded, and appeared before his majesty at 1 o'clock this (Friday) morning.

The emperor's disappointment and surprise was boundless when they unanimously agreed with the advice of the ministers. His majesty's mind, however, was finally made up, and he consented to the draft for an imperial rescript, announcing his abdication, which was placed before him for his signature.

The emperor's condition was indescribable. Greatly agitated and perturbed, he signed the document, and the seal was affixed and impressive silence. A suppressed sob from the emperor was the only sound which broke the deathlike stillness, which reigned throughout the memorable scene.

Briefly the emperor, in the imperial rescript of abdication, expresses his regret that during the 44 years of his reign, national calamities have followed in rapid succession, and the people's distress has become so aggravated that he deemed it now time to transfer the crown to the heir-apparent in conformity with ancestral usages.

Excitement at Korean Capital.

Tokio, July 19.—It is felt here that the connection among the populace at Seoul is not actuated by the spirit of true loyalty to the retired emperor, but out of fear of the adoption of drastic measures by the Japanese Government toward Korea as a nation. The ceremony of abdication, it is expected, will assume the form of a rescript transferring the throne to the late emperor's successor.

While much sympathy is expressed with the Korean emperor, the public is breathing easier for the sake of both countries, now that the arch-intriguer has been completely disarmed. It is confidently expected that thereafter the relations between Japan and Korea will be smooth.

Evening.—Enraged crowds are assembled at various points throughout the city, and inflammatory documents against the Japanese are being freely distributed, giving rise to a forlorn hope that some active opposition is about to begin.

BACK TO HIS FIRST LOVE

Prince de Broglie Says He Will Remarry His Divorced Wife.

Paris, July 19.—Prince Robert de Broglie, whose marriage a year ago in Chicago with Miss Estelle Alexander, an American, was yesterday declared void by the French courts, will, within a few days, formally notify his father, at whose instance the marriage was annulled, of his intention to remarry Miss Alexander, under the French law. This notice will be served through a notary.

Under the law passed during the last session of the Chamber of Deputies, modifying marriage procedure in France, Robert is free to marry at the end of thirty days, unless his father interposes an objection. If this step is taken, however, Robert must personally appear in court and request permission to marry, and this the court must grant him.

SOCIALIST VICTORIOUS

London, July 19.—The Socialists gained a notable political victory in the by-election at Colnevalley division, Yorkshire, W. R., to fill the seat made vacant by the raising of James Kitson to the peerage.

Victor Grayson, the Socialist candidate, was returned at the head of the poll. Colne Valley has been Liberal for many years. The votes of all the candidates this time were very close. The Liberal aspirant was only 153 behind the winner, while the Unionist candidate was a good third.

Mr. Grayson, who is a Manchester journalist and lecturer at Owens College, Manchester, was largely supported by the Laborites.

THE COUNTERFEITERS

Important Conference.

Toronto, July 19.—Further important developments are hourly expected in the Lindsay counterfeiting case.

Today at the Parliament buildings a lengthy conference was held in the attorney-general's department. There were present Mr. J. R. Cartwright, K. C., deputy attorney-general, representing the attorney-general; Mr. Bailey, solicitor to the attorney-general's department, who has been given the conduct of the case for the crown; Provincial Inspector Jos. E. Rogers, who returned last night from his investigations at Lindsay; and Col. Percy Sherwood, head of the Dominion police, who inaugurated the case and asked the Provincial officers to take it over.

When interviewed the officers declined to discuss the subject matter of the conference, but intimated that it prefaced further important action in the immediate future.

KEEP MINARD'S LINEN ENT IN THE HOUSE.

WOODS' FAIR

Umbrellas and Parasols

THE RIGHT QUALITY AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

We have everything, good in low and medium priced umbrellas, and a splendid showing of the more expensive goods. Everything in this line you need at prices that are a net saving to you.

Ladies' or Gentleman's Umbrellas, Special, 98c

Assorted handles, some in natural wood and fancy bone, Australian cloth covering, steel rod, trim runner. Special price 98c

Ladies' Colored Hose, 25c

Ladies' Lace Hose, in gray, pink, heliotrope, tan, light brown, black and white polka dot. Price, a pair 25c

Ladies' Parasols, Special \$1.50

Pearl handles, mounted in gold, silk and wool coverings, 8 ribs, paragon look frame, steel rod and close rolled. Special price \$1.50

Ladies' Underwear Special

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, in pure white, taped neck. Special price 15c

J. M. THOMSON.

SELLING OUT

Compare These Prices With Any Jeweler In Existence:

Ladies' Chatelaine Silver Watch, Was \$4 00. Now \$2 50
Boys' Nickel Watch (extra value), Was \$2 00 \$1 00
Ladies' Hunting Waltham Watch, in a 25-year case, Was \$15 00 \$8 50
8-Day Clock, half-hour strike, 22 inches high, Was \$5 00 \$2 25
Alarm Clock; good timekeeper, Was \$1 50. Now 65c
Plated Cuff Links and Scarf Pins, Were 50c. Now 25c
Solid Gold Birthday Ring, Was \$2 00. Now \$1 25
European and American Backcombs from 35c up
Masonic, Oddfellows', and all society pins at Half Price
1847 Rogers Bros.' Goods greatly reduced in price.

1847 Rogers Bros.' Knives and Forks, per dozen \$4 00
Gents' Waltham Watch, 20-year, gold filled case \$7 00
Repeating Alarm Clock \$1 10
Cut Glass Berry Bowl \$3 25
Ladies' Chatelaine Gun Metal Watch \$2 00
Rogers' Berry Spoon 1 00
Pearl Handled Butter Knives 50c
Fancy Gift Clocks \$1 50
Brass Kettles and Chafing Dishes Half Price

P. BIRTWISTLE, 116 Dundas Street

SUNFIELD TELLS

STARTLING STORY

Hamilton Pole Accused of Murder

Says Dead Man's Wife Shot.

Hamilton, Ont., July 19.—Jacob Sunfield, who is being held on a charge of murdering Andrew Rodzyk, a coroner's jury having last night returned a verdict connecting him with the shooting, made a rather startling statement to Constable Brennan when he was being taken back to the jail after the inquest. He accused Mrs. Rodzyk of having done the shooting. His story was that on the afternoon of the shooting Mrs. Rodzyk doped her husband and himself, and then shot Rodzyk in order to make it appear that someone else did the shooting. She then shot herself through the right breast, but held the gun in such a position that there was no danger of her being fatally wounded. Sunfield says that he was in such a dazed condition that he cannot remember clearly all that happened, but he thinks that the woman put the gun to his pocket, and then ran out of the house and called for assistance. He does not deny that the gun belonged to him, but says that when he last saw it, it was empty. He left it in his room, and he did not have any cartridges.

Sunfield strengthened his story by supplying a motive. He says that Rodzyk was insured, and that Mrs. Rodzyk frequently threatened to get rid of him so that she could collect the insurance. This part of his story is borne out by witnesses, who were examined at the inquest. Several of them testified that Mrs. Rodzyk appeared to care more for Sunfield than she did for her husband; and one foreigner, a man named Budu, said that Mrs. Rodzyk had asked him how she could get rid of her husband without getting into trouble. He advised her to feed him lots of whisky and that he would not last long.

The police are not inclined to take much stock in Sunfield's story, but they are investigating it. In the meantime, Mrs. Rodzyk is a prisoner in the jail. There is no charge against her, but she is being held as a material witness.

THE COUNTERFEITERS

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KEEP MINARD'S LINEN ENT IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON WEATHER REPORT

Washington, July 19.—Forecast: Eastern States and Northern New York—Partly cloudy, unsettled weather, showers tonight or Saturday, variable winds. Western New York—Showers tonight or Saturday. Lakes Erie and Ontario—Light to fresh winds, mostly southwest, partly cloudy weather, with showers tonight and Saturday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Provincial Board Says Close Half Waterloo St.

Is Not Necessary to Buy Much Property for New Isolation Hospital.

The provincial board of health has sent official notice to the local board of health and the hospital trust of its approval of the site and plans for the proposed isolation hospital, which is to be built in connection with Victoria Hospital. The board met here on Tuesday and informally gave its approval, but it was not until yesterday that the documents arrived in London.

An important suggestion is made, namely, that the city close up one-half of Waterloo street, from Ottawa avenue to the river, and thereby avoid the necessity of purchasing the land on the west side of the street.

The following are copies of the letters referred to:

Site Is All Right.

Toronto, July 17, 1937.
Dear Sir,—On motion of Dr. Robinson, seconded by Dr. Beaman, and carried unanimously, I was instructed to write as follows:

In reference to your communication, the members of the provincial board of health visited the proposed hospital site shown in plan submitted, as suitable upon which to erect an isolation hospital, as provided for in section 53, chapter 23, of Edward VII.

We are of the opinion the site is suitable, provided that a portion of Waterloo street, extending 66 feet west of the limit of the lot shown in the said plan submitted, and being the eastern half of Waterloo street, from Ottawa avenue to the river bank, be included in said grounds for the use of said hospital, and constituting part of said site, and provided that said site is in-

closed by a suitable fence, as will prevent access thereto on the part of the general public, and communication between inmates and employees of the general hospital and isolation hospital buildings, and that the enclosure shall extend to the river bank immediately south of the hospital site, and the said isolation hospital be not placed nearer than 30 feet from the line of adjacent street on the westerly limit.

We are further of the opinion that same will afford ample space required to protect the public against possible danger of infection from the same when properly inclosed and operated.

This site includes a part of the hospital block, being 244x197½ feet, more or less, in area.

On behalf of the board I have the honor to be, sir, your sincerely,

CHARLES A. HODGETTS,
Secretary.

Plans Approved.

The following copy of a resolution was also received by Dr. J. S. Niven, chairman of the local board of health: Toronto, July 18, 1937.
Dear Doctor,—After going over the plans of the proposed isolation hospital when in your city last Tuesday, July 16, the provincial board of health, on motion of Dr. McCullough, seconded by Dr. Hall, unanimously resolved, as follows:

The provincial board of health desires to communicate to the local board of health of the city of London its gratification at the progress it is making in providing for contagious diseases.

We have examined the plans of the proposed isolation hospital, which meet with our hearty indorsement and approval, and we feel sure they will afford accommodation for some time to come. I have the honor to be, sir, yours sincerely,

CHARLES A. HODGETTS,
Secretary.

AVERAGE WAGE HAS GONE UP

From 1904 to 1905 It Advanced
to \$90.74 Per Employee in
Canada.

OTTAWA, July 19.—A bulletin was issued today by the census department dealing with the number of wage earners and salaries paid to all classes of employees in manufacturing establishments in Canada in the years 1900 and 1905. The number of wage-earners in 1900 was 344,033, and in 1905 they were 391,487, an increase of 47,452. The number of employees includes officers, clerks, workers and all who are paid salaries or wages for services. The salaries paid in 1900 were \$113,249,350 and in 1905 \$164,894,490, an increase of \$51,645,140. There was an increase in the average wage, per employee, of \$90.74. The employees increased in the five years by 12 per cent. The value of product per employee in the year 1900 was \$1,298 and in 1905 it was \$1,822, being an increase of \$534 or 41 per cent. For 1900 the average wage per employee was less than in 1905 by \$13.68 and the average product less by \$477.

BRANCHING OUT

A Complete Business and Railroad
Training School.

Mr. W. N. Yorex, our most widely-known and popular business educator and penman, has entered into partnership with Mr. F. E. Osborn, manager of London College of Telegraphy and Railway Instruction. In future this college will be known as the London College of Commerce and Telegraphy and will comprise full commercial, shorthand and up-to-date business training schools, and has thus had an experience as a business educator that is unsurpassed by few.

Mr. Yorex will have full charge of the commercial shorthand and penmanship departments.

Mr. Osborn will continue as general manager, and will pay special attention to the telegraph and railroad instruction department.

Notwithstanding the wonderful success which this college has achieved already, placing it in the front ranks of schools of telegraphy, Mr. Osborn is determined still further to add to its reputation and usefulness, by employing none but first-class assistants on the professional staff, and give to his patrons perfect satisfaction, full value for their money, and above all an education which will insure a first-class position and a good salary from the start.

This college is conducted the year round and is open now or at any time during the year for enrollment.

Glass brushes are used by artists who decorate china. They are made of glass fibres as thin as spun silk. Twenty minutes of rain in a year sometimes all that Southern Egypt gets, and there is no dew in that country.

Digby, N. S.

Ward's Lintiment Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and swollen, and though I tried many kinds of medicine there had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use WARD'S LINTIMENT, and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the horse is now in excellent condition. The Lintiment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN E. HOLDEN.

Witness: Perry Baker.

DASH COLD WATER ON LOVER'S ARDOR

Syrian, Who Would Marry Heiress, Finds Snag in Path.

Chicago, July 19.—Without denying the bald fact that some sort of an engagement exists, relatives of Miss Elsie Ellwood, daughter of W. S. Ellwood, of De Kalb, yesterday determined that she should not become the bride of Said Kallit Haick, the Syrian dragoman who wooed her in the desert, followed her to New York, and now claims her for his bride.

While Miss Ellwood's relatives, headed by Col. Isaac Ellwood, her grandfather, whose millions will back their fight, are organizing to crush the hopes of Said Kallit, the heiress and young Syrian is in New York busy himself with preparations for the wedding, which he still is positive will take place according to schedule next Wednesday.

All the wealth of Col. Isaac Ellwood, capitalist, Wall street factor, and one of the organizers of the steel trust, is ready for use in this great family emergency. The ambition of Said Kallit, who, Miss Ellwood's relatives declare, is nothing but a stable hand, will be thwarted if it is found necessary to shanghai him and ship him back to his wild desert home.

This much was gathered yesterday from talks with such members of the family as would allow themselves to be seen or interviewed. As to the truth of the love affair between Miss Ellwood and Said Kallit, there was nothing said. Not even a denial was forthcoming. The Ellwood mansion on the hilltop remained silent all day except for the constant ring of the telephone bell. Friends of Miss Ellwood who sent frantic appeals to the house were told that Mrs. Ellwood and her daughter desired seclusion.

Those who caught sight of the girl told of a changed, white face, sad and tear stained. Mrs. Ellwood was interviewed after repeated attempts. The situation bordered on the tragic.

"Tears streamed down the older woman's face as she said: "We are not in a position to say a word now, one way or the other. We will have to hear from New York, where my husband and Col. Ellwood are. We will have to put ourselves at the mercy of the public. Let them think what they will. We cannot say a word."

Syrian Threatened, Uncle Says.
Perry E. Ellwood, president of the First National Bank of De Kalb, and uncle of the girl, who was much upset over the situation, said:

"I don't know what to think of it. I can't say anything about Miss Ellwood's feelings, but I know that this Syrian, who followed her from the desert, who knew that he intended going to the newspapers with his story. Steps will be taken to stop him from making any more trouble."

Mr. Ellwood's voice trembled and his hand shook as he said this. "Do you consider this action in the light of a blackmail? Has he brought about this situation in order to get money?" Mr. Ellwood was asked.

"I can't say anything more now," he said. "We will know in a few days."

There was little else talked of in the city today. Friends of the young woman—and they are legion—were not slow in saying that if the Syrian came to De Kalb next Wednesday and tried to carry out his intention of marrying the girl, there would be trouble.

Every effort was made by the Ellwood family to stop the rumors concerning the romance. The effort succeeded in most quarters, for the family is credited with controlling \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000, and there were not many places where this influence did not reach.

THE EISTEDDOD.

A Winnipeg Man Selected as Judge
For the Great Welsh Festival.

Wales clings with fervor to the Eisteddod, the great musical and patriotic celebration. The choral work at these festivals is generally of the highest order, and therefore it is not surprising that the men chosen as judges in the choir competition were among the best-known and most-competent of musicians. This year, Dr. Chowan, Dr. Davies, Dr. Protheroe and Mr. Hays Thomas will pass on the merits of the singers. The first three are Englishmen of eminence.

The fourth is a resident of Winnipeg, whose work on behalf of music in the western city has had splendid results. Mr. Thomas may be regarded as an authority on music and musical topics. His taste is undeniable, his experience varied and his knowledge almost encyclopaedic. Because of this, it is a matter of considerable pride to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming that since he has been in Winnipeg Mr. Thomas has been a firm friend to the Gourlay piano. A letter from him to the firm is as follows: "When I wanted a piano some time ago for my studio, I examined a number of instruments by various manufacturers and finally selected a Gourlay, solely on its merits. Its tone is remarkably rich, the touch very responsive and the mechanism perfect. After using it for several months, I am more than ever convinced that it is the finest piano made in Canada."

Many other musicians of eminence in this country will indorse the opinion of Mr. Thomas.

Granobis, France, probably manufactures more ladies' kid gloves than any other place in the world. Paris, Chaumont and Millau are also largely engaged in this industry.

NEARLY ALL INFANTS are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not without a bottle of Dr. J. C. Kellogg's Baby's Own Food.

This medicine is a specific for such complaints, and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Remarkable Furniture Bargains

Savings of One-Quarter to One-Third

These values offered for next week will bear the most careful investigation. Compare the goods, prices, quality and the styles and see if it's not time for buying Furniture. There are only a few items mentioned, but there are many others equally good all ready for your inspection.



ROCKERS

Solid golden oak,
leather seats, heavily
carved. Value \$4.00.
Now.....\$2.75

DINING CHAIRS

Solid quarter sawed
oak, pantosote seats,
neatly carved backs.
Value \$2.50, for \$1.95

PARLOR SUITES

5 pieces heavy carved mahogany-
finished frames, highly polished, best
steel springs, covered in good quality
silk. Value, \$48.00 for.....\$35.00

PARLOR SUITES

3 pieces, mahogany-finished frames,
upholstered with silk. Value \$25.00,
for.....\$18.75

IRON BEDS

Over 100 styles, greatly reduced in
price. It will pay you to see these be-
fore buying elsewhere.

MATTRESSES

Felt and fiber in layers, covered with
art saten tick. Value \$6, for.....\$4.75

COUCHES

Large size, oak frames, claw feet, tuft-
ed head and seat. Reg. \$12, for \$9.50

DESKS

Oak or mahogany,
hand carved. Regular
\$10, for.....\$7.50

PARLOR TABLES

Solid oak, round or
square. Worth \$2.50,
for.....\$1.50

DINING TABLES

(Like Cut.) Opens
eight feet, nicely pol-
ished. Regular \$8.50,
for.....\$5.50

BRASS BEDS

2-inch posts, English lacquered
brass. Worth \$37, for.....\$28.50

REED ROCKERS

Selected German Reed Rockers; large
and comfortable. Worth \$6.00,
for.....\$3.75

DRESSERS

Surface oak, polished, neatly carved;
has long bevel plate mirror. Worth
\$10.00, for.....\$7.50

LACE CURTAINS

4 different lines that regularly sell
for \$2.00. Now.....\$1.45

The Ontario Furniture Co.

228-230 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON'S LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSE

KING OSCAR ASKS SWEDES TO RETURN

Sends Appeal to Former Subjects
in America—Says Nation
Needs Them.

Chicago, July 19.—King Oscar is anxious to secure the return to Sweden of the hundreds of thousands of Swedes who have emigrated to America, and has begun an investigation to determine what were the conditions which prompted his people to leave the fatherland and what would be necessary for Sweden to do to induce them to return.

This investigation is a part of the industrial awakening which is now in Sweden, and the recent change in the post of the Swedish minister to the United States was made with a view to furthering the return of Swedish Americans to their fatherland.

Mr. Lagercrantz, the new minister, was charged to open a bureau in the United States through which a Swedish American desiring to return might secure information as to the conditions in his trade in Sweden and the probabilities of his prospering there. Consul Ekman, who died recently in Sweden, left 400,000 crowns (\$116,000) to the bureau which Mr. Lagercrantz is to establish.

Swedes Here Asked to Assist.

The editors of Swedish newspapers and Swedish ministers in Chicago yesterday received from the "emigration investigation committee of Stockholm" a circular calling on them to ascertain from each of as many as possible of their Swedish-American readers and parishioners.

The chief causes of his emigration from Sweden.

Whether he is employed in agricultural, mechanical, or other pursuits, or as an unskilled laborer.

When and how often he has visited Sweden, his family connections in Sweden and in the United States, and in what trades he has been employed in this country.

Editors of Swedish newspapers are asked by the royal Swedish statistical department to publish this request for information at intervals, and to send all data to the royal Swedish consulate, 17 State street, New York City, before Oct. 1.

GODERICH EXAMS.

Goderich, July 19.—The results of the entrance examinations in West Huron, just announced, show that the highest total mark in the inspectorate was made by Ethel Gaiser, of Crediton, whose total was 529. The highest marks obtained in each subject were as follows:

Reading—Elsie Goebel, 45.
Writing—Corra Washington and Magie Disner, 42.

Spelling—Many had perfect papers. Arithmetic—Anna Allison, Aggie Gemmell, Mary Nixon, Garnet Wanless, Edna McEwen, Elsie Gaiser, Herbert Mitchell, Milton Haugh, Edith Treleaven, Tony Buckingham, Jennie McNair, Harry Treibner, Myrtle Stinson, Willie Sillery, Cora Nicholson, Murry Fisher, Matilda Oestreicher, 100.

Grammar—Oral Stoddard.
Composition—May Redmond, 84.
Geography—Sybella Morlock, 95.

TO PREVENT IT BETTER THAN TO REPAIR IT—A He's medicine in the shape of the medicinal tablets which are known as Parnell's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of indigestion and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective, and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

"MONTERRAT" PUNCH The Hot Weather Thirst Quencher

Ever tried it? Well, you have missed a rare treat. There's something so satisfying—so refreshing—about "Montserrat" Punch, that it is pretty sure to be everybody's favorite summer drink.

Just Try This Recipe

3 Pints Water
Cracked Ice
4 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Pint "Montserrat"

Serve in tall glasses with slices
of fresh Lime or Orange.

Much cheaper than Lemonade.

It's made in a minute—no trouble or muss—and is as delicious as it is cooling and healthful.

Cut out the recipe—order a bottle of "Montserrat" at your grocer's—and make up a bowl of this delightful punch tonight. You'll enjoy it.

"Montserrat" mixes with everything but coffee.

"Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice

CANADIAN AGENTS: NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, OF CANADA, LIMITED

VESSEL PASSAGES

Detroit, July 19.—Up: Wells, 11:15

Thursday morning; Hutchinson, 11:40;

Brant, noon; Mariposa, 1:40 p.m.;

DelaWare, Mullen, 4:40; Sawyer and

barges, 6:20; Mauch Chunk, 7; Grat-

wick, 7:30; McWilliams, 8; Centurion,

Miller, 8:40; Sultana, 9:40; Williams,

Pabst, 10:30; Angelina, 11:30; Rust,

barge, Dalton, 1, Friday morning; Mor-

rell, Ishpeming, 2:30; Seneca, 2:40;

Monroe Smith, 3; Lumberman, 3:30;

Rend, Hiawatha, 4; new Fitzgerald, 5;

Wilkinson, 5:15; Susquehanna, 6; Cle-

ment, Hubbard, Pontiac, 8:15; Marico-

pe, Lambert, 8:30; Sacramento, Chief-

ten, Paisley, Midland King, 9; Rey-

nolds, 9:40; H. B. Smith, 10; Mat-

thews, Armour, 10:20.

Down: Emerald, M. Boyce, Cort,

Robling, 12:30 Thursday p.m.; W. A.

Rogers, Tampa, 1:30; Leonard, 3; Hill,

the North is resident of Chicago, 4; Presque

Isle, 4:40; Choctaw, 5; Langell and

barges, 6:40; Cranage, 7; Cherokee and

barge, Russell, Rockefeller, Marshall,

7:30; Chicago, 8; Perkins, small Stev-

enson, 11; Walker, 11:15; Goulder, Ida

E. 1 Friday a.m.; Chill, 2:30; Simens,

2:40; Ball Bros, Christopher, 3:30;

Minneapolis, 3:40; Duluth, 4; Sanilac,

barge, 4:15; Nimick, 9:20; Fairbank,

whaleback, Garretson, 9:30.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 19.—

Up: Magnolia, 12:30 p.m. Thursday;

Marigold, Bartow, 3; Peter White, 4;

Ottawa, 4:30; Bassmer, Majestic, 5:30;

Packer, Spalding, Brower, 7; Kalkas-

ka, Fryer, 7:40; Scottish Hero, 8:40.

Down: Superior City, 11:30 Thursday

a.m.; Simla, Harma, Donnacona, Eddy,

Pennington, noon; Black, Winnipeg, 1

p.m.; Hoyt, 2; Arizona, Scotia, Ply-

mouth, 2:30; Sheade, Joliet, 3:30; Mor-

gan, 4:40; Doris, 5; Barth, Marvin,

6:30; North Wind, Kennedy, 7:40;

Weeks, Tyrone, 8.

Port Huron, July 19.—Down: Cher-

okee, Chippewa, 11:50 Thursday a.m.;

Rockefeller, Marsala, 12:10; Choctaw,

12:30; Cranage, 1:10; Russell, 1:40;

Sam Stephenson, 4; Perkins, 4:50; Wal-

ker, 5:30; Ida E., 6:30; Goulder, 7:10;

Tompson, No. 2, 8; Sanilac and con-

sort, 8:40; Simens, 9.

IT REACHES THE SPOT—There are few

remedies before the public today as effica-

cious in removing pain and in allaying

and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr.

Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrat-

ed its powers in thousands of instances,

and a large number of testimonials as to

its great value as a medicine could be got

were there occasion for it. It is for sale

everywhere.

STIRS U LOUISVILLE

Democratic Municipal Victory Declared
Illegal by the Courts.

Louisville, Ky., July 19.—With the

appointment by Governor Beckham of

complete new boards of councilmen

and aldermen, in a day or two Louis-

Londoners and the Hot Spell

"This is the hottest yet!" Remarks of this order were to be heard on all sides yesterday, as the speaker would pull a damp handkerchief from his pocket and wipe the perspiration from his moist brow. It certainly was a hot one, and must have made the sale of cool drinks, straw hats, etc., pretty brisk, but apparently it was not "the hottest yet."

Yesterday's maximum temperature was only 84, while on Wednesday it went up to 87. On Tuesday also the mercury reached a higher point than yesterday, registering 85 degrees. The barometer reading, however, shows yesterday's atmosphere to have been very humid, which, no doubt, caused

AU REVOIR MR. B. AND COME AGAIN

(Continued from page 1.)

or disapproval of the plays made suggested. The conversation was of a pleasant nature, and the criticisms offered were of a friendly kind. All of the contestants had played to win, and all—winners and losers—were deserving of praise for their painstaking work.

Over on the greens themselves could be seen the aged caretaker, Dick Sparrowhawk, working away like a Trojan to get things back to their normal shape. The huntings and other adornments were all taken down, and the shelter tents made a thing of the past. The scoring inclosure, particularly looked deserted. The ropes, score cards, and other necessary paraphernalia had been removed, and laid away for next year's tournament.

As was to be expected, the greens present a rather damaged appearance and the grass in many spots appears dead.

Sprinklers are working all over the place, however, and it won't be long before the effects of the constant tramping to and fro over the greens will have become obsolete.

Secretary Tytler was located in his office. Despite the strenuous work of the week, "Jimmy" looked in fairly good trim, and he smiled in several directions, when it was mentioned that he was being praised on all sides for his excellent work previous to and during the tournament.

"I have tried to do what was right with the boys," he replied modestly, "and will as long as I am in office."

"The London clubs did fairly well," was suggested.

"Yes," was the reply, "and it is really too bad that such was the case. I am loyal to the local bowlers, but I think, for the sake of the sport, that it were better had some of the out-of-town rinks taken a few more prizes."

Of course, "Jim" McDougall was certainly deserving of a victory, as he had participated in two previous victories in the trophy event, but some of the others were not so deserving. I was surprised to find that the Toronto rinks did not show up better. They took but third and fourth in the Scotch doubles, and did not show in the other events at all.

"Hastings and McKenzie took fourth, and Taylor and Grant took fourth," said Smith put up a great fight, but fell down at the last moment."

In all, the London rinks took down four prizes in the tournament, and have a good show for the first, second, or both first and second, in the finals of the Scotch doubles, which will be finished on Monday.

MR. ED. EFNER WILL MANAGE THEATRIUM

Popular Vaudeville Treasure Returns to London—Bennett Changes

Mr. Ed Efner, who last year was the popular treasurer of Bennett's Vaudeville Theater, and who has been for some months in St. John, N. B., where he managed a moving-picture theater for the Bennett people, is back in London, and will manage the local moving-picture theater, which is being fitted up by Bennett in the Odell's block and which opens for business on Monday.

Mr. Efner is one of the brightest and best-liked men in the Bennett empire and has made good all along the line. Mr. George F. Driscoll, Bennett's general manager of the moving-picture theaters, is also in London today on business.

It is understood that Mr. J. H. Alox, who was manager of Bennett's Vaudeville Theater here last season, will be appointed manager of the theater in Quebec, which has been purchased by the Bennett people.

A manager for the local theater has not yet been named.

END OF VAUDEVILLE

Stock Company Will Finish the Season at Springbank.

Manager King, of the street railway, has decided to discontinue vaudeville at the Springbank theater, after next week, and the Stoddard Stock Company, which played here two years ago, will finish out the season.

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alternative and tonic Hood's Sarsaparilla. Which has cured thousands.

THOSE TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

It is quite impossible under the circumstances to secure the names of all persons who worked heroically to rescue the victims of the Crystal Hall tragedy, but the following list, it is hoped, will be found to cover the majority of those who lent assistance:

L. H. Graves.
E. O. Graves.
R. G. Wilson.
Herb Pickell.
Charles Lancaster.
William Dyer.
A. Hook.
E. Snelling.
Daniel Walks.
Joseph Fitzpatrick.
W. C. Allen.
John Evans.
Thomas Aitkin.
Assistant Fire Chief Aitkin.
Fireman Weir.
R. DeCoursey.
Fireman Haylock.
W. J. McLeod.
J. R. Hewer.
R. McBride.
W. Jeffrey.
J. Jeffries.
Ed Johnston.
W. Johnston.
D. McDonald.
Albert Moore.
F. Lewis.
P. Lewis.
J. Bray.
Jack Middleton.
Clarence Hammett.
R. Benenati.
F. Benenati.
J. Fox.
A. Taylor.
A. Bryce.
W. Wilson.
D. Whitten.
M. Charlton.
J. Dwyer.
Harry Gates.
Charles Colerick.
W. H. Abbott.
John Cass.
Herb Fountain.
W. O. Ruse.
Fred Mitchell.
Campbell Becher.
J. A. Cottam.
J. H. King.
J. Hagerman.
Charles Maker.
Frank Lewis.
D. Mason.
William Mason.
J. Mason.
Thomas Daly.
A. Taylor.
R. G. Fitzgerald.
J. Walters.
Robert Locker.
Charles Perrin.
W. G. McKenna.
W. Riley.
J. C. Parkes.
W. Wetmore.
A. Bottom.
A. Croden.
A. McNamara.
Rev. H. McKenzie.
Thomas Reycraft.
J. E. Roberts.
John Aitkins.
Ed Ings.
Ex-Conductor J. Thompson.

George A. Sadler.
Gordon P. Bailey.
Herbert Pickell.
Joseph Fitzpatrick.
Christopher Charlton.
W. H. Baker.
Robert Baker.
John Baker.
G. D. Robert, Thorndale.
Harold Richardson.
E. Ingles.
Fred Mitchell, Jun.
Thomas Bailey.
Tony Mariani.
Walter Ellis.
Walter Toll.
D. Cavanaugh.
J. Reynolds.
W. Leudeman.
D. Barmann.
Fred Clarke, Jun.
I. Levi.
William Johnson.
Joseph Rodgers.
Mark Armstrong.
Ernie Robinson.
William Ridler.
John Strongman.
John Miller.
John Johnson.
Joseph Brown.
Peter Thompson.
Mack Beech.
Peter Brown.
George McKenzie.
George Eckert.
George McDonald.
J. Carling.
A. McLean.
James Calhoun.
W. Boss.
W. Riley.
W. Westmore.
N. Parsons.
P. Houston.
Edward Snelling.
David Marks.
Herbert Porter.
W. H. Baker.
Robert A. Baker.
David Morris.
Charles Lancaster.
Robert Hague.
Fred Tulett.
Arthur Markham.
Julius Heincke.
Richard Culbert.
W. Downsworth.
T. Hatton.
John L. McLean.
Thomas Cook.
J. H. O'Dell.
J. H. King.
George Leslie.
Fred Pugsley.
Joseph Mullins.
Lorne Maynard.
C. W. Jones.
J. C. Hammett, Jun.
Harry Lockey.
Engineer Graydon.
Fire Chief Clark.
John Middleton.
William Donaldson.
J. B. Keene.
Arthur Keene.

Nearly all the physicians of the city, the members of the Victoria Hospital staff, of the police force and fire brigade, and very many others, are entitled to hearty thanks for the parts they played in the work of assisting the afflicted, searching the ruins, etc.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—Miss Clara German returned today from a visit to friends in Stratford.

—Mrs. John Brennan, of Chesley, is spending some time with Mrs. M. Brennan, Wellington street.

—Mr. Kerrigan, of this city, is spending a few days with his family at Woodbine Beach, near Sarnia.

—Among those recently granted Canadian patents for inventions, is T. Parker, of this city, for car-heating systems.

—Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., of Montreal, will arrive in the city today, and will preach in St. Andrew's Church tomorrow evening.

—Mrs. Philip McGinnes, of this city, and Miss Kate Leonard, Parkhill, are spending a few days with Mr. J. W. Simpson, Victoria street, Sarnia.

—Miss Katie Brennan, of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, is spending her vacation with her parents at their home, 777 Wellington street north.

—At Dundas Center Methodist Church tomorrow night, the Rev. E. B. Lancelley will speak on "Tuesday's Tragedy, a Rainbow in the Sky."

—Mrs. Wm. Harrison, mother of Mr. Westley Harrison, undertaker, of the east end, passed away this morning at her late residence, Hagersville, Ont.

—Thomas Tavender, who was recently arrested at Caradoc on a charge of having criminally assaulted a 9-year-old girl, will be taken to Delaware for trial today.

—The names of F. and W. Lucas and Wm. Baldwin were omitted from the list of those who worked so hard to rescue those caught in the Reid disaster. Fire Chief Clark and foreman John Case, say they were some of the best men they had, working steadily until the release of those for whom they were laboring was effected.

—Mr. Peter Smirle, the lessee of the Reid building, who was expected from Grand Rapids last night, has not yet put in an appearance. Mr. M. Foley, his local manager, when seen this morning by an advertiser reporter, stated that he would probably arrive some time Sunday evening.

—Mr. F. G. Westlake writes on behalf of McCallum & Westlake: "Please deny the statements attributed to me in Thursday's paper. I was questioned upon a number of points, but was perfectly non-committal, and wished nothing published. Your reporter has misunderstood or misrepresented me."

—Rev. R. McIntyre, of Tempo, will preach on "The Collapse," both morning and evening, tomorrow at the King Street Presbyterian Church. In the morning the reverend gentleman will take for his text, Amos, iv, 12: "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel." In the evening the speaker will use for his text, Exodus, xxxiii, 4.

—The union committee of the A. O. F. have completed arrangements with the Michigan Central Railway for what promises to be one of the best excursions of the season to Detroit. The fare is only \$1.60 and the tickets are

good for three days—Saturday, Aug. 3, to Monday, Aug. 5. A special train of elegant coaches will leave the M. C. R. depot at 7 a. m. on Saturday. It has been arranged that patrons may return either Saturday, Sunday or Monday.

First Presbyterian Call.
The call from First Presbyterian Church will be submitted to an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of London, to be held in Knox Church, St. Thomas, on Tuesday next, at half-past 10 o'clock. Other calls are expected to be considered at the same meeting.

The English Newspapermen.
The party of English journalists, who will visit Canada shortly will arrive in London at 6:25 on the evening of July 31, via the G. T. R., and they will leave at 11:25 a. m. on Aug. 1, for Windsor.

Death of Mrs. Harris.
Mrs. Eliza Ann Harris, who died on Wednesday in Guelph, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George Morrison, had lived for many years in London, where the death of Mr. Harris took place about fifteen years ago. For some time after her husband's death, Mrs. Harris continued to live here, with her daughter, Mrs. Smith, the only surviving child. A few years ago she went to Guelph, making her home with Mrs. Northmore. She was a native of Plymouth, England, and came to Canada in her middle life. She was highly respected by all who had the privilege of making her acquaintance, and much sympathy is felt for the bereaved relatives, including a large number of grand-children and great-grand-children.

A PLEASANT PICNIC
New St. James' Presbyterian Sunday School Outing at Springbank.

New St. James' Sunday School picnic at Springbank yesterday afternoon was an exceedingly pleasant affair, not alone for the young folks of the school, but also for very many of the older people of the church, who showed their interest by being present. After a series of speed tests and other sports was disposed of and many splendid prizes awarded the picnic, where long tables had been spread and bountifully laden with staples and dainties that always satisfy and please. The general tables, like all the functions of New St. James' people, created a very hearty social feeling, and all enjoyed themselves to the full.

The following were the winners in the various contests:
Boys' Race, infant class—Tom Mason, Willie Irvine, Robbie Stevenson, Geo. Loveless.
Girls' Race, infant class—Ruth Tanner, Kathleen England, Muriel Liddicoat, Helen Thompson.

Boys' Race, infant class and visitors—Willard Beemer, Tom Coughlin, Willie Mac, James Cowan.
Girls' Race, infant class—Lenora Wedderburn, Jean Stevenson, Margaret Thompson, Sarah Maxwell.
Boys' Race, age 7 to 9 years—

To the Housewives of London:

Order "Takoma" Loaf from your grocer on Monday or ask our drivers for it. This is something entirely new in the bread line. It is made by a special process, and has taken a considerable length of time to bring it to its present perfection. We have at last succeeded, and we now offer it to the public. Every loaf of "Takoma" Bread is attractively wrapped to insure perfect cleanliness.

"TAKOMA" LOAF

The Bread That Is To Be.

We want every home in London to sample this bread, and are sure that consumers will readily recognize its superiority to anything yet offered as bread to citizens of this city. "Takoma" loaf will be for sale for the first time on Monday, so do not fail to order this bread. Insist that you shall be served with Parnell's "Takoma" Bread. Look for the label.

Parnell's Modern Bakery

PHONE 929

Sure-Seal Fruit Jar Rubbers

Are obtained here. They are the old-fashioned variety and as good as their name.

Fresh selected Spices, Fruit Jar Corks, Paraffine, etc., always in stock.

W. T. Strong
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST
184 DUNDAS STREET.

Ernie Patterson, Fred. Gammage, Geo. Mace.

Girls' Race, age 7 to 9 years—Sarah McPherson, Ruth Loveless, Velma Wiley, Doris Tanner.

Boys' Race, age 9 to 11 years—T. Simpson, G. Gammage, Andrew Maxwell.

Girls' Race, age 9 to 11—Maude Taylor, Isabel Malloch, Violet Crosssett, Irene Parkinson.

Boys' Race, age 11 to 13—Simpson Parkinson, Ian McDonald, Gordon Simpson.

Girls' Race, age 11 to 13—Laura Stevenson, Gretta McLean, Lizzie McIlvenna.

Boys' Race, age 13 to 15—Charles Simpson, Allan McLean, Ronald Gray.

Girls' Race, age 13 to 15—Rena Here, Irene Brown, Lillian Gray.

Boys' Race, age 15—Neil McCrimmon, Stuart Brown, D. J. Omond.

Girls' Race, age 15—Winnie Brown, Maggie McNaughton, Lizzie Gillis.

Boys' three-legged race—Charles Simpson and D. Logan, Allan McLean and Ian McDonald.

Girls' chum race—Laura Stevenson and Gretta McLean, Ruth Loveless, and Irene Parkinson.

Boys' bean race—Bruce McLeod, Orville Waide, Gordon Simpson.

Girls' bean race—Amy McLeod, Lillian Watson, Lorina Bere.

Hop, step and jump, boys over 15—J. McLeod, M. Omond, Neil McCrimmon.

Ball throwing contest, girls only—Miss M. Laidlaw, Miss Mowat, Miss E. Burr.

Hopping race, ladies—Miss Lillian Gray, Miss L. Gillis, Miss Burr.

Lady teachers' race—Miss Irene Gray, Miss McKenzie, Miss Stewart.

Bible class race, for ladies—Miss M. Summers, Miss M. Dyer, Miss Waide, Miss Gillis.

Officers' race—Neil McCrimmon, J. Anderson, M. Omond, Roy Gray, D. Omond.

Naïl driving contest, for ladies—Miss Ella Dickie, Miss M. Laidlaw, Miss L. Dickie.

Three Up-to-Date Banks

Your savings account, or your active business or personal account, will be well placed if placed with one of these banks.

The time to save is while you are earning.
Open a savings account with this bank now and deposit part of your salary each pay day.
Your savings will accumulate steadily and earn interest annually at the rate of 3 per cent paid 4 times a year.

An active account with this bank will prove an advantage and a convenience to any man or woman.
A splendidly equipped bank—a bank that offers the best and most satisfactory service.
Depositors are free to command every banking courtesy.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

OFFICES IN LONDON:

Corner King and Richmond Streets, Corner Dundas and Adelaide Streets, Corner John and Richmond Streets.

Charlton Robson, Harry Irvine, Geo. Bere.

Consolation race, girls, under 9—Margaret McCrimmon, Magdalen Webster, Elsie Stephen.

Consolation race, girls under 7—Polly Maxwell, Willa Gammage, Agnes England, Marion Waide, L. Coughlin.

Girls under 9, visitors—Gertrude Gunn, Olive Lindsay, Elsie Foxworthy, Jean Galbraith.

Miss Gray's class, boys' boot and shoe race—Wesley Garner, Simpson Parkinson.

RAIN, RAIN STAY AWAY
For our Friend, Mr. Farmer, Would Get in His Way.

The possibility of rain within the next day or so is not being regarded with any great favor by the farmers. These last few days have been almost ideal for hay-making, and much will be injured if the rain comes. All the fruits and wheat would be benefited by a shower, but the farmers are hoping that it will not come for a few days so that they may get their hay safely down first.

COWAN'S Hardware
127 DUNDAS STREET.

HOT WEATHER FUEL

Hemlock Slabs cut and split to order. Kindling in bundles.

The Dominion Savings and Investment Society
Resources Over \$2,000,000.00

Courtesy and consideration to all depositors, large or small, is the inflexible rule of this Society. Its officers will be happy to give inquirers all information on any branch of the loaning business.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager
No. 1 Masonic Temple, London.

JOHN. M. DALY
KOALMAN, 19 York Street
Phone 348.

Don't Wait For Rainy Day.
When You Can Get Your Shoes Repaired While You Wait at the MODERN SHOE REPAIR 472-472 1/2 Talbot street.

The Graduates of Westervelt's

F.C.B.C.

London, Ont., are employed in nearly every business concern in the city as bookkeepers and stenographers. From Halifax to Vancouver, as well as many American cities its graduates may be found. Catalogue free. College reopens September 3.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

NOBBY SUITS

The correct styles are here in all the up-to-date goods. You want a new suit and we want to make it.

O. Labelle

Merchant Tailor.
220 DUNDAS STREET.

TENNIS RACKETS

NETS, \$1.25 to \$3.00.
TENNIS BALLS, 40c EACH.
MARKERS, \$3.50 EACH.

When in need of any of the following goods, give us a call:

BASEBALLS,
BASEBALL BATS,
MASKS, GLOVES,
MITTS,
FISHING TACKLE OF ALL KINDS,
BICYCLES, ETC., ETC.

185 DUNDAS ST.

GURD'S GOOD GUNS

Kindling Wood

Delivered, \$1 Per Load

LONDON BOX CO., 309 BATHURST

Men's Fine Shoes, \$1.98

On sale this week only.

M. PAXMAN, 290 Dundas, opp. McCormick's

R. K. COWAN

BANKRUPT SOLICITOR, ETC.
County Bldg., Dist. Court House, London.

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution, Limited

Subjects Taught:

PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN, SINGING, HARMONY, ELOCUTION, and all band instruments.

W. CAVEN BARRON, Principal

174 Dundas Street. Phone 1101

Clark's

20th Century Business College

Opens September 3

In the elegant Higgins Block, the choicest location in London. Absolutely thorough in every department. Unrivalled in scholarship and in teaching force.

C. H. CLARK, President.

FERGUSON & SONS

Funeral Directors

174 TO 180 KING STREET

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

Phone 243 and 545.

SMITH, SON & OLARKE

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Lady assistant. Night calls personally attended.

Robber-tired funeral cars.

118 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 686

629 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 678

Residence on Premises.

D. A. STEWART

(Successor to John T. Stephenson.)

FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER

Reasonable charges. Best equipment.

Open day and night. Residence on premises.

104 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 469.

GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Manager.

ELLIOTT & OLSTED

Removed to 226 Dundas.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS & EMBALMERS

Open day and night. Residence on premises. Phone 1778.

WALL PAPER

No better time than at present for papering your rooms.

New Goods recently arrived.

COLERICK BROS.

212 DUNDAS STREET.

A railway tunnel will soon undermine the great wall of China.

The late Collis P. Huntington operated one of the longest railroads in the world at the age of 80.

GREAT CHANCE for small investors, only \$10.00 to secure a share; 6 per cent on subsequent payments.

London Loan & Savings Company

434 Richmond Street, London.

Huron & Erie Loan and Savings Co

440-442 Richmond St., London, Ont.

ISSUES DEBENTURES RECEIVES DEPOSITS

A Responsible Directorate of Prominent Business Men

DIRECTORS.

John W. Little, President.

T. G. Meredith, K.C., Vice-Presidents.

Robert Fox,

John Christie,

F. R. Eccles, M. D.,

F. E. Leonard,

John Labatt,

A. T. McMahon,

Wm. Saunders, C. M. G.

HUME CRONIN, Manager.

Order Hamilton's

Hamilton's Porter is fully aged. It is the best. Ask for Hamilton's when you are buying.

Order Hamilton's

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor

212 Dundas Street

Higgins Block. Telephone 596

Midsummer Weddings

Elegant collection of rich Cut Glass on exhibition. Some new shapes and patterns have just been received.

THOS. GILLEAN

402 Richmond Street.

Johnston Bros. XXX Bread

"The Bread of Quality."

It is popular because it deserves to be. Taste it and you'll like it. Specify it at your grocer's.

Johnston Bros. Phone 818

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Miss Needham, 65 Bruce street, is visiting her brother, Mr. J. T. Needham, New York.

—Miss Katherine Stevenson, of Detroit, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thos. Branton, of this city.

—Miss Reid, of Dundas Center choir, is spending her holidays with friends in Montreal and Quebec.

—Mr. Albert M. Eby, is supplying at the First Methodist Church during Mr. A. D. Jordan's vacation.

—Miss Katherine Stevenson, of Detroit, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Thos. Branton, of the Gore.

—Mrs. W. McColl Symington and sister, Miss Wheatley, of Sarnia, are visiting Mrs. Joseph Harkness, 125 Albert street.

—The Misses Mabel and Beatrice Scarlett, of Princess avenue, left yesterday to spend a month's vacation with friends in Seaford.

—Superintendent Heard, of Victoria Hospital, left yesterday on his vacation. Mr. Heard will visit Detroit and Amherstburg before his return.

—Lessons from the Crystal Hall Disaster will be Rev. T. T. Shields' subject Sunday evening at Adelaide Street Church. Baptism at night.

—Mrs. Little and Miss Annie Little, 477 Maitland street, have returned from Chatham, where they were the guests of Mrs. Little's daughter, Mrs. S. C. Walker.

—Rev. Dyson Hague, rector of the Memorial Church, will preach a sermon on the recent catastrophe on Sunday, postponing for a week the next in order of his course.

—Miss Eva Johnston (soprano), of Brantford, will sing at the morning service in the Hamilton Road Methodist Church tomorrow. Mr. Howard Moyer, of the choir, will render a solo in the evening.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Somerset Hall on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The plans and specifications of the proposed new building will be on exhibition, and it is urgently requested that the building committee and collectors be present.

—The west side churches are uniting in an open air meeting in Tecumseh Park tomorrow evening at 7.30.

In Silverware

We lead the trade; that is in quality and price; and as for variety, we can satisfy the most particular. Call at our store and note the difference in our goods from those ordinary lines you have seen.

SUMNER

The People's Jeweler.

380 RICHMOND STREET.



You will find the system in use in the optical department of either store of Diamond Hall for fitting the eye to be wonderfully effective in difficult cases. You are invited to investigate.

W. G. YOUNG

Eye Specialist.

214 DUNDAS. 674 DUNDAS.

DON'T BUY CEMENT

Until you get our prices, wholesale and retail

JOHN MANN & SONS

401 CLARENCE ST. 425 YORK STREET

High-Grade WATCHES

The official railroad standard Webb C. Ball Watch has the reputation of being the best watch sold, and the fact that it is the one railroadmen use goes to prove its accuracy.

We put them up in various cases. Nickel, gold-filled or solid gold; from \$30 to \$100. If you are interested in keeping perfect time, you should see these Webb C. Ball Watches at

C. H. WARD & CO.

374 Richmond Street

Ladies Soon Get Well and Strong

On C. & L. Beef, Wine and Iron. So strengthening and invigorating. So bracing and exhilarating. Splendid for the nerves. Makes the blood pure and rich. Stimulates the appetite. Drives away "that tired feeling." Puts on flesh. Builds up the whole system. Pleasant to take.

Large Bottle, 50c

Cairncross & Lawrence

Chemists and Druggists.

216 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

8-15. All Christian workers are invited to attend and everybody is welcome.

—The late Henry Jenkins was a brother of James Jenkins, of Brantford, who is yardmaster at the Grand Trunk depot there, and who resides on Main street there.

—On Sunday next at Hamilton Road Methodist Church, Miss Eva Johnston, of Brantford, will be the soloist at the morning service, while Mr. Howard Moyer, baritone soloist of the choir, will sing in the evening.

—Mrs. C. P. Brown, of Rochester, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with Mr. Samuel Yelland, 80 Forward avenue. His daughter, Mrs. Samuel Parker, and her daughter Florence, of Chicago, have been here for some time longer.

—The Vonda (Sask.) Advance says: "J. H. Hegler, of Ingersoll, Ont., who at present is in Lethbridge, is expected to arrive in town soon to open a law office. Mr. Hegler is said to be a barrister of good ability and is coming to Saskatchewan to take advantage of the greater scope that the west has to offer to men of more than mediocre ability."

—Union services of all the west side churches will be held in Tecumseh Park at 8:15 Sunday evening. All citizens and Christian workers are invited.

MR. MORKIN'S CONDITION.

The condition of Mr. Thomas Morkin, son of Mr. Thomas Morkin, of the Morkin House, who was injured the other day in an accident at the Windsor race track, is reported very low today. Dr. Drake was sent by Mr. Morkin to Windsor yesterday to look after the injured man, and although he found him in a very low condition and unconscious, he entertains hopes of his recovery.

MR. GEO. GRAHAM DEAD

Well-Known Hamilton Road Hotel-keeper Dead After Long Illness.

Mr. George Graham, who for many years was proprietor of the Hamilton Road Hotel, died last night, after a long illness. He was widely-known throughout the county, and was in his 54th year.

Mr. Graham was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and the funeral rites of that order will be conducted at the funeral, which will probably take place next Monday.

Cool and Refreshing. — An evening drive in one of Fueston's Victorias.

There will be a hop at Hill Crest, Port Stanley, every Wednesday and Saturday nights, with Linke's orchestra.

MESSAGE FROM NEW ZEALAND

The Widespread Fame of the Great Canadian Shoe House.

From Napier, New Zealand, the shoes, has recommended them to me, owing letter, which was about a month on the road from the Southern Pacific.

"A friend of mine who has used your shoes, has recommended them to me, so I take the liberty of asking you to be so good as to post me a copy of your shoe catalogue.

"Thanking you in anticipation, I am yours truly,

W. E. SIMS."

AT GRAND BEND

A Large Contingent of London People Rusticating at This Retreat.

Mr. Blowes and family and Mr. Wm. Stoneman and family, of Mitchell, are occupying "Rest Home."

Mr. and Mrs. Kilger and family, of London, have been camping at Rutland since early summer.

C. B. Edwards and family, of London, are in camp at "This-is-it Cottage."

Norval Jones and Stewart McDonald, of London, are rusticating here.

Mr. and Miss Kerr, of Petrolia, spent Thursday at Grand Bend at the Imperial.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and family, of Cloness, are staying at the Brenner House.

Mr. J. E. Armstrong, M. P. P., and wife, came up from Port Frank on Thursday last to the Imperial.

Mr. Henry J. Jones and family, of London, are occupying "Oakliffe."

Mr. Allen and wife, of Toronto, are registered at Brenner's.

Mrs. Tait and Mr. and Miss Heaman, of London, are in camp at "The Pines."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Southcott, of California, and the Misses Freda and Gertrude Spackman, of Blenheim, are at "Peace Home."

W. H. Koerber and Mr. T. Eckert and family, of Sebringville, are staying here for some time.

James G. Gryden, of Dresden, is at the Brenner House.

Miss McMechan, of London, who has been the guest of Mrs. Tait at "The Pines," left for her home on Thursday.

Mrs. Morrison and family, of London, are encamped at "Glimmersmere."

Messrs. Vivien Howard and Murray Robertson, of Glencoe, are tenting on the Parkhill side.

Mr. Herbert Kuntz, of Waterloo, is here for the summer.

Mr. Will Perkins, of Theford, spent Wednesday at Grand Bend.

NEWS OF PORT STANLEY

New Cottages—Fifteen Houses Built by Mr. Marlett This Season.

Port Stanley, July 19.—Mr. F. H. Robinson has taken possession of his new cottage in Marlett Place.

Two more cottages were started this week for J. A. Jones and Mr. Keen.

This makes fifteen new houses built by Mr. B. Marlett this season.

Mr. A. C. Kerr, of London, has had drains constructed round his summer cottage on Fraser Heights, which will drain all surface water of his property.

Mr. Kerr has also had the interior of his cottage ceiled, and the exterior freshly painted.

Miss Jessie Simpson has arrived for the summer at her summer cottage, "The Nook," Erie Rest.

Mr. Alfred Furer and Miss Edna Pulver, of New Orleans Beach, are spending a few days with friends in London.

Mrs. Wm. Turnbull, of London, who is summering on Fraser Heights, gave a dancing party at The Fraser this evening.

The young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and greatly appreciated the hostess' kindness in giving them such a pleasant evening.

Guests at The Fraser are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clarke, Montreal.

THE GLOBE'S COMMENT

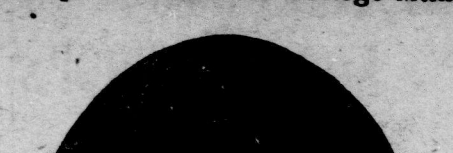
No City is Free from the Danger Shown by the Reid Accident.

The Toronto Globe comments on the London disaster, and says that the building regulations framed after the great fire in Toronto have worked a marked improvement, the new buildings being immensely superior to the structures which preceded them. The Globe says:

"The recent catastrophe in London, the immediate cause of which may never be disclosed, goes to show that no city is free from such a danger as an occurrence. While the erection of new buildings within the burned area, and also in other parts of Toronto, since the building regulations were revised, has lessened the risk of such a disaster, there is no possibility of guaranteeing the durability of old structures without making a thorough inspection of them in detail, which would in many cases be practically impossible. What is perfectly feasible, however, in the way of safeguarding is to require absolute compliance with the new conditions in all cases of reconstruction of old buildings. It is quite possible to strengthen a building by this process, but it is unfortunately also possible to weaken it. One of the lessons of the London tragedy is that all structural changes made in existing large buildings should be watched as closely as the erection of entirely new ones.

"While the people of other cities are taking to themselves from the recent calamity warnings against negligence in matters of such great importance, the people of London may rest assured they have the sympathy of the entire community in their great affliction. No more tragic incident ever happened in this country, and never was any similar catastrophe more admirably met. The work of the rescuing party had to be carried on in the face of constant danger, and under the stress of conditions adverse almost to the limit of human endurance. The heroic patience of the crushed and plumed victims equalled the heroic efforts of their rescuers, and the twofold example thus set will long live in the memories of the present generation of Canadians."

A Popular Business College Man



He graduated from the F. C. B. C., and after about one year in the office of John Green & Co., wholesale millinery, of this city, he was placed on the staff of the college. While teaching he wrote off his intermediate examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Upon the federation of the Canada Business College of Hamilton, the British-American Business College of Toronto, the Hamilton Business College of Hamilton, together with colleges in Brantford, Berlin, St. Catharines, Sarnia, Galt, with the Forest City Business College of this city, he was chosen to the principalship of the British-American College of Toronto, which he conducted successfully for two years.

He was successful in passing the final examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants receiving the degree of C. A. Two years ago he formed a partnership with D. Hoskins, P. C. A., of Toronto, to conduct an auditing business.

The practical experience gained during the past two years, together with his ten years' previous school experience, stamps him as one of the strongest, if not the strongest, school man in Canada.

His return to college work will be hailed with delight not only by the young people who received their business training at his hands, but by scores of young men who have the institute examinations in view.

The faculty of the Forest City Business and Shorthand College, always considered strong, will receive added strength by his return to college work.

Many changes looking to the practical are in contemplation, and the businessmen may rely upon the college more than retaining its reputation for high grade work in both business and shorthand.

MAKES 600-MILE HORSEBACK TRIP

Government Engineer Completes Strenuous Work in the West.

Winnipeg, Man., July 19.—Collingwood Schreiber, consulting engineer of the Canadian Government railways, has returned to Ottawa after completing the work which brought him to the west. During his recent visit to the Yellowstone Pass, Mr. Schreiber says he rode horseback a distance of 600 miles. The weather had been very bad for travel and the trails were in a terrible condition.

The line of the Grand Trunk Pacific has been located right through from Edmonton to the pass, and for 100 miles on the other side. From the Pacific the line has been located for 200 miles from the coast.

Speaking of the country between Edmonton and Yellowstone Pass, Mr. Schreiber says that all of this land will be used for various farming purposes in future years, but that there is a proportion of it that will only be taken up after the better land farther east has all been utilized. The land for 100 miles west of Edmonton is of excellent quality. Farther west the soil is inferior and there is more forest. Twenty miles out from Edmonton the rolling country begins and extends until McLeod River is crossed.

As an illustration of the rapidity with which the mountain streams rise under the influence of rain, the engineer says that on one occasion when he had been riding in advance of the party, he forded a stream in which the water was not above the horse's knees, but when his party arrived at the stream an hour and a half later the horses had to swim to cross.

Settlers were found in all parts of the country until the pass was reached. Why they had gone so far into the wilderness is not apparent. Some are engaged to some extent in trade with the Indians. One of the settlers in the more remote portion of the country stated that he had not seen the face of a white man for seven months.

The absence of springs on ice skaters has been more or less of a mystery. That they are needed is an undisputed fact, as the skater has no means of lessening the jarring naturally incident to the uneven surface of the ice. A New York inventor, noticing the total absence of springs on ice skates, experimented with them and found them desirable in every way. The springs are placed between the steel runner and the plates for the reception of the toe and heel of the shoe. The addition of the springs also tends to ease the feet while skating, besides greatly adding to the enjoyment of the sport.

Shepherd girls in French Switzerland wear meek clothes.

It is estimated that there are 46,000 foreigners in China.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Head Office:—Toronto

The Story of Agrippina The Author of Nero's Crimes

By Albert P. Terhune, in the New York World.

A thirteen-year-old girl (daughter of a royal Roman family and of the blood of Augustus) was married in 23 A. D. to a dissolute nobleman named Domitius Ahenobarbus. The girl-bride was sixteen, one of the cleverest and wickedest women of history. Her mother, Calpurnia, was Emperor of Rome. She conspired against him while she was still at a age when most girls are in school. Her conspiracy was not aimed to place herself on the throne, but was for the sake of her infant son, Domitius. It fact, this child—later known and hated by the title of Nero—was the incarnation of all his mother's countless crimes, just as her teachings and example later incited him to the series of atrocities that have cast eternal horror over his memory.

Calpurnia discovered the conspiracy and exiled Agrippina to a lonely island. Meantime her husband died and she married one Pausanias, of whom she so quickly tired that she poisoned him within a year or so.

In 41 A. D. Calpurnia died and Agrippina's uncle, Emperor Claudius, became Emperor. He was a weak, foolish old man, easily led, and was wholly under the influence of his wicked wife, Messalina. He was fond of Agrippina, and allowed her to return to Rome. Then began a duel of wits between Agrippina and Messalina, over the custody of Claudius's feeble intellect. For seven years it raged. Then of the two bad women, the worse triumphed. Agrippina brought about Messalina's disgrace and execution, and henceforth managed the silly old Emperor as she chose. She made him marry her and raise her to the rank of Empress. Then she set about planning to put her son, Nero, on the throne. All through her life Agrippina seems to have cared little for personal ambition. All her hopes, her love, her ill-power were centered on her son. She secured for him the wisest tutors and the most celebrated advisers and in every way sought to improve him.

Claudius and Messalina had had one son, Britannicus, a handsome, manly young fellow, and rightful heir to the crown. But Agrippina persuaded Claudius to disinherit him in favor of Nero and to proclaim the latter as his successor. Many powerful nobles espoused Britannicus's cause. But by making Claudius execute or banish some of these and by gradually clearing away all opposition, moreover, she had Claudius scatter vast sums of money to the army and the populace in Nero's name to win popularity for the lad. By 54 A. D. her plans were ripe. She no longer needed Claudius. So she poisoned him, and by keeping his death secret until the army could be rallied to her son's protection managed to proclaim Nero Emperor without giving Britannicus a chance to interfere.

The young ruler, thanks to his careful training, gave promise of becoming an ideal sovereign. The first five years of his reign formed a golden age for

Rome. Prosperity, justice and progress all flourished as they had not for generations. Agrippina was the power behind the throne and Nero obeyed her stern decrees with filial meekness. But a sin-bought heritage cannot long prosper, and at last the tide broke. Agrippina's advisers, wanting for themselves the influence Agrippina held over the young Emperor, began to set him against his mother. They praised his own greatness, pointed out how wrong and ridiculous it was that so narrow a man should consent to be guided by a mere woman and condescended with him on Agrippina's imperial temper and iron will.

In time all this had its effect. Nero rebelled against his mother's orders. She was amazed and tried to subdue him as of old, but, backed by his advisers, he refused to obey her. Then she saw her mistake and attempted to flatter him into obedience. He still opposed her. In rage she told him it was due to her that he was an emperor instead of a penniless dependent, and she hinted that unless he showed respect to his mother, she would put Britannicus on the throne. Nero retorted by poisoning Britannicus, dismissing Agrippina's personal bodyguard and placing her in semi-imprisonment. The woman who had carried him to greatness through sea and land now began to taste the bitterness of retribution in her son's ingratitude. But worse punishment was to follow.

Nero fell in love with Poppaea Sabina, a beautiful, unscrupulous patrician. Poppaea wanted to become Empress. She knew Agrippina hated her and she feared lest the older woman might still have enough influence over Nero to prevent the marriage. So she set out to destroy her. Now began another such duel as Agrippina and Messalina had once waged. Poppaea worked on Nero's love and fear and jealousy to such a point as to make him believe Agrippina was plotting his death. She prevailed on him at last to send Anicetus, prefect of the fleet, to conduct Agrippina from a festival in a ship so constructed that it would split in half at a given signal. The plan worked well. Agrippina was thrown into the sea when the ship split, but she managed to swim ashore. Nero pretended great joy at her safety, but consented to Poppaea's plea that a party of soldiers be despatched to Agrippina's villa to murder her. This was done, and the mother who had sacrificed everything for her son was sacrificed to death by his guards. She met death fearlessly, as became a daughter of the Caesars.

Unchecked now by Agrippina's prudence, Nero cast decrees to the winds and profited openly by her example. He tortured thousands of Christians to death, burned Rome for his own amusement, slew his old advisers and was at length dethroned and driven to suicide by his outraged subjects. His luck and sanity had departed from the moment he assassinated the mother whose genius and sin had raised him to imperial power.

The Love Story of the Poet Pope

HIS SCORNFUL REJECTION BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE AND HIS PRINTED REVENGE—THE STRANGE LIFE OF THE GREAT WIT AND BEAUTY, AND HER SAD END.

[By T. P. O'Connor in T. P.'s Weekly.]

Just beyond Richmond, at one of the spots near London where the Thames is most beautiful, you might have seen on any Sunday in the summer for many years, gazing out on the passing crowd, a man with very brilliant dark eyes, a strong mouth, a dark complexion, and a strangely quizzical look. In the background was a house, which was what I may describe as a rocco in appearance, half bandbox, half castle, half English country house, half Swiss chalet. This was the strange picturesque, and enigmatic being known to this generation as Labby, and probably destined to survive in the memory of many generations to come more vividly than many high and mighty personages who have their big official hour; and the strange house in the background is Pope's Villa, in Twickenham. How far this present-day house is a survival or a successor of the original dwelling built by Pope, I do not know; but here it stands, in its way an eloquent monument of the strange, perverse, brilliant, distorted and deformed little creature that once on this spot built himself his idea of a lordly pleasure house out of the earnings of his immortal pen. The grounds attached to the villa are divided by a road, and between the beautiful and spreading lawns on either side of the road, Pope built himself a quaint grotto. The grotto is, like the house and like the poet, artificial, pretty, half like real life, half like gaudy pasteboard glitter of pantomime.

It was in this grotto that there is said to have occurred the scene which produced the great quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary Montagu which has enriched the memoirs of the eighteenth century and given to English literature some of its most brilliantly vitriolic pages. Genius, even when it is deformed, is apt to consider itself privileged, and the story goes that Pope, who was one of the battalions of men who had been caught in the intoxicating and deadly charms of Lady Mary Montagu, one afternoon fell on his knees in this grotto and avowed his passion. Fancy the gigantic blindness of the vanity of the love that could induce a little dwarf, almost a cripple, bearing in his person visible marks of what he himself pathetically called "that long disease, my

life," to embark on such an adventure before the glittering eyes of that bundle of mischief and wit and malignity, which Lady Mary Montagu was! She was never a considerate person of other people's feelings, and with her the sense of the ridiculous and grotesque was always the keenest of her intellectual powers; and she might, therefore, be forgiven if she forgot all her manners and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the sight of this grotesque figure on its knees before her—this poor little pigmy raising his eyes to a goddess.

Pope never forgave her, and took his revenge in a series of lampoons, the bitterness of which still remains in all its original freshness, now more than a century after the poems were penned.

The origin of the quarrel was a letter of the poet Gay, he who would have been forgotten perhaps by this generation if the voice of Sims Reeves had not given a new lease of life to "The Beggar's Opera," of advising a pathetic incident in the lives of some of the peasantry around him. Pope saw the letter, borrowed his chief details, and then, sitting down, proceeded to transform it into a letter, half intended as "copy," half perhaps as an appeal to the sensibility of the great beauty he was addressing—perchance there was in his mind the thought that the fair dame who received such a letter would be able to read between the lines that man who wrote it had a heart which her charms had brought to the melting mood. At all events, Pope wrote and sent the letter.

I have read this correspondence many times over, it is correspondence you can read with equal delight a thousandth time. But I am unable to transfer it all to the limited space at my disposal, and I must content myself with a few extracts, especially when I am dealing with the letter of Pope. "I have passed part of this summer," begins the poet, "at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me," and then he goes on:

session of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy.

While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose that drove the laborers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank down on a haycock, and John, who never separated from her, sat on the side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder.

"The laborers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. The first saw a little smoke, and, after this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrows were a little singed, and a small spot appeared between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

They Want to Meet Royalty

RICH AMERICANS WHO PESTER THE U. S. AMBASSADOR FOR INTRODUCTIONS—NOT SO EASY A MATTER AS THEY SUPPOSE.

Washington Star: "London correspondents of the American newspapers are commencing with their usual exuberant jocoseness upon the lamentations of the border of rich but not otherwise distinguished Americans—particularly American women—who are filling the English air with their outcries because the American ambassador at the Court of St. James hasn't found it within the bounds of possibility to present them all to King Edward and Queen Alexandra," observed a gentleman of the Department of State. "It's the same old story over there every year. The vast majority of England-touring Americans possessed of large bank rolls and presentable womenfolk imagine that they are entitled to go through at least a little ceremony at court if for no other reason than that this country maintains an ambassador, whose sole business it is—ought to be, according to their view—to attend to their things."

"It is, as a matter of the simplest course, wholly without the bounds of reason for our ambassadors and ministers over seas to present to the various European kings, princes and presidents of Europe all of the several hundreds of thousands of Americans who take ship for the other side every year. Even if all of the thousands of Americans were distinguished and witty persons, such a thing would be physically impossible, if not altogether out of the question, for some thought among these thousands of other excellent reasons, the chief one, of course, is that the European rulers really do not want to meet and converse with some of the thousands of Americans. It is a nice point as to just what sort of Americans are eligible for presentation at European courts, the preference being allowed that the more distinguished and generally well defined, if peculiar and finical, notions as to this matter. Our ambassadors and ministers, it may be as well to say at once, are thoroughly familiar with the presentation code, rarely or never lean to snobbishness in this respect, and all things considered, make marvellously few mistakes in handling this difficult part of their tasks."

"But among many Americans traveling abroad the idea appears to prevail that it is only necessary that they be rich or famous, and that they be of the right nationality, and that they be of the right age," as her photographs indicate, a decidedly stout lady, something may be allowed for the proverbial gush of the English journalist. But she undoubtedly possesses the white hair mentioned and has rather more than the degree of stateliness inevitable in all large-bodied women.

Though of French origin, Lady Laurier speaks English almost as well as her husband does. Educated at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Montreal, she remains a strict Roman Catholic, but without bigotry or narrowness.

She is proud of her French descent, although she has always had the tact to aim at breaking down any approach to a barrier between the two races in Canada.

When the Dominion Parliament is sitting Lady Laurier lives at her Ottawa residence in Laurier avenue, a large, square house typical of the Victorian architecture which prevailed in Upper Canada half a century ago.

During the session Lady Laurier calls daily at the House of Commons to drive Sir Wilfrid home. The Canadian Prime Minister and his wife are fond of city life and society, and their happiest times are spent at their country home, Athabascaville.

where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like, neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better. I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion."

Then he gives the two epitaphs which he had suggested, winding up with this passage:

"The noble and honorable people of this low degree could have been to be remembered on a little monument, unless you will give them another—that of being honored by a tear from the finest eyes of the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, the finest natures, dissolve the easiest."

Again one has to pause to remark on the sublime fatuity of love or vanity which could imagine that such language addressed to a woman of the temperament of Lady Mary Montague would excite in her anything but laughter and perhaps a little disgust.

At all events, that was the effect for here the five girls being apple-cheeked and to give in full:

"I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers

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The Tragedy of Woman's Beauty

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE COUNTESS CASTIGLIONE.

Her Sway Over Napoleon III., and Her Melancholy Fate When the Third Empire Was Wrecked.

A. St. John Adcock reviews a new volume, "Women of the Second Empire," by Frederick Lollie, as follows: I suppose Troy would never have fallen if there had been no Helen; yet we go on complacently repeating that history is nothing but the biographies of great men. Would it not be as near the truth to say that it is little more than the biographies of clever or beautiful women? Whenever you see a man striking heroic attitudes in the limelight, missing none of his cues, saying his sentences perfectly, you may be pretty sure that the unseen prompter is a woman, and I am wondering whether we ought to be so much astonished that, being as naturally vain as man himself, she has in these days grown tired of keeping out of sight behind the scenes and pulling the strings and putting the words into the actor's mouth, and wants to do her share of the performance out on the stage, where the audience can see what she is doing, and give her the admiration and applause that of right belong to her.

And the influence of woman mars nearly as many men as it makes. If the great Napoleon owed something of his career to Josephine, Napoleon the Little was, according to most accounts, led into the fatal war with Prussia by the headstrong and insistent counsels of his proud and beautiful empress. However this may be, it is clear from the pages of M. Frederic Lollie's "Chronique of the Court of Napoleon III.," that the emperor was, as Mr. Richard Whiting comments in his admirable preface, "ruled from his puppets by a woman, with others pulling the strings," and these others were not infrequently women.

Every court has had its galaxy of brilliant or fascinating women, and more or less affected the destinies of their countries, for good or evil; and surely, in this regard, no court outdazzles that of Napoleon III. Turn to the numerous portraits in M. Lollie's book, and you realize at a glance the charm and loveliness of the notable women who were the graceful favorites, except when they were her rivals, or, though to modern eyes their taste in dress may seem ugly or grotesque, beauty itself never goes out of fashion. The great-grandmother, very ably assisted by her daughter, the Countess de Montebello, and the Countess de Montebello, are as profoundly interesting as they are historically valuable. M. Lollie has been at infinite pains in collecting his materials, and if the survivors of the second empire have been so much interested in themselves, they have atoned for it by telling him all in the way of anecdotes, information, and excellent scandal that they could remember about others.

As a result he is able to give us, to say nothing of a brilliant sketch, the life-histories of some dozen of famous women; the emperor's cousin, Princess Mathilde, is perhaps the greatest and most intellectual of them, but I confess that I find no story more attractive, none more gloriously, nor, in its closing scenes, more strangely pathetic, than that of the amazing "Imperial Pompadour," the Countess de Castiglione.

Virginie, daughter of the Florentine Marquis Oldoini, was born no longer ago than 1840. She grew up spoiled, petted, wilful, and accustomed to finding that her beauty and charm of manner could win their own way with everybody. "At 12 she was as lovely and tall as at 20. Not many months after her 12th birthday she was to be seen in her box at the Pergola, where her brilliant eyes, the fair promise of her youth, and her rich brown hair adorned with purple blossoms, the whole rendered even more striking by the confidence of the child's bearing, made her the cynosure of all eyes in the crowded house."

In her beginnings her marriage was romantic enough, but the romance of it was soon over. The Duchess of Inverness gave a reception in 1854, and the Count de Castiglione, one of her guests, chiding with the French ambassador over the dances, owned that the real object of his visit to London was to find a wife. "If that is really the case, my dear Castiglione," said the ambassador, "you made a mistake in leaving beautiful Italy. Take my advice and go back to Florence. Get an introduction to the Marchioness Oldoini, and if you can win her daughter's favor, marry her. You will then be the husband of the loveliest woman in Europe."

The count accepted that advice; returned, saw and was conquered. Virginie had no love for him, and told him so, frankly; but since he was not to be dissuaded, she married him. You have an indication of the remarkable personality of the young countess in an anecdote told of the early days of her marriage. It is customary for the bride in Italy to visit her husband's mother immediately after the ceremony, and to be taken there. Not a word did she say until the carriage was crossing the river. Then, drawing off her shoes, she flung them, in the twinkling of an eye, into the water below, saying, "I suppose you will hardly compel me to walk into her house barefoot!"

Before long she was separated from her husband, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont, who was presently her widower, but Cavour, the king's minister, saw that she had intellect as well as beauty, and that, "with her alert intelligence, supple, yet dominating, she possessed in an eminent degree that distinctive feminine quality by which a clever woman can attract the masculine element; can obtain and

preserve an abiding influence over those on whom she may choose to cast her spell." By his counsel she was sent to the French court, "with the definite object of taking advantage of Napoleon's weakness for women to obtain a personal ascendancy over him which she could turn to the advantage of Italian diplomacy."

Her arrival in Paris created an astonishing sensation. Rumors of her beauty had reached there long ahead of her, and before her actual arrival men were waiting impatiently to write their impressions of her visitors' list.

"A grand ball at the Tuilleries occurred just in time to furnish a suitable setting for her first appearance at court. She arrived rather late in the evening. A ripple of curiosity heralded her approach. As she entered, the sensation she caused was so marked that the dancing actually stopped. Even the music ceased. Like an electric current there ran round the room a magnetic thrill of admiration. The empress advanced a step to meet her. The emperor walked to the place where she was seated, and, bidding Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg offer his hand to the empress, he himself led out the new-comer."

When she went to the great exhibition in London, she opened at the opera, so wonderful was the fame of her beauty that the audience actually climbed on the benches to gaze at her. She was acutely and happily conscious of the fact. "Her mind and her greater part of her consciousness seemed at all times to center round this one thought: 'I am beautiful!' She studied and criticised the noble dames who gathered in the royal drawing-rooms, and delicately and imperiously decided that, in her own words, 'I am their equal in birth, their superior in beauty, their judge in intellect.'"

There is no lack of witnesses to justify these arrogant claims. "She was perfect in every respect," wrote the Duke of Orleans, "and she was the end of her hair to the soles of her delicate little feet. . . . With all these charms she possessed another—individuality. She borrowed from none and imitated none. Even the most delicate of the fashion of her clothes she created a style of her own."

Continued on Page Sixteen.

WOMEN WEAR COOLER DRESS

SUMMER FASHIONS EXCELLENT FOR WOMEN, BUT TORTURE THE MEN.

New York World: Summer fashions this year are unusually attractive, with the exception of the high heels and the pointed toes on women's shoes, the present styles are comfortable and hygienic as well as becoming. Hoop skirts, padding, floppy sleeves and pinched waists belong to the styles of past years.

The half-bare arms which go with the summer shirtwaists are to be approved on several grounds. To women with shapely arms the half-sleeve style is becoming. To women who have not shapely arms the half-sleeve induces them to lean back themselves, and the arms can be made shapely. This is not a difficult attainment. Washing the arms in cold water, followed by rubbing with a coarse towel, improves the texture of the skin. Exercise with the arms makes them rounded and firm. Sweeping dusting, washing and scrubbing are all excellent exercises for the development of the lower arm. The regular practice of them will make becoming the half-sleeve on any young woman's arms.

Long gloves had better be dispensed with. If a girl thinks it necessary to prove that she can carry expensive elbow gloves, she can carry a pair or tuck them through her belt, in which case one pair will readily last several seasons. If she is bound to wear such gloves she should get the kind with detachable hands.

Mushroom hats will continue popular. The inverted saucer is perhaps the most fashionable. It requires an expert to tell the difference in cost, which ranges from ninety-seven cents to as many dollars. Skirts will be simple and with not too much fullness, but still sufficiently free to allow walking with ease and any amount of reasonable exercise, which neither the tight skirts of several years ago nor the balloon skirts with wire framework would permit.

The important point about this summer's fashions is that the attractiveness of a girl in them depends on her inherent taste and not the amount of money she spends.

Excessive expenditure is more likely to destroy the best effect by overloading with trimmings and furbelows instead of giving the natural simplicity full scope. The more expensive shirtwaists of silk and lace are now reserved for evening wear. The peck-a-bow shirtwaist has gone out of style entirely.

These summer fashions for women should suggest greater comfort in man's attire. Men wear almost as many clothes in the summer time as in the winter. An overcoat is the only garment dispensed with. Between the open air and the man's skin are a coat, a waistcoat and two shirts, one of them usually starched and non-porous. Where a woman has her lower arms bare and only loose sleeves above the elbows, a man has two shirt sleeves, one of them full length, and with cuffs buttoned around his wrists. Where a woman's throat and shoulders and upper chest are covered only sufficiently to protect them from the sun, a man wears several thicknesses of coat shoulders, a double thickness of coat collar, a thick shirt collar and a necktie, all of which tends to check evaporation from the skin and to increase the temperature of the body. Women's skirts are cooler than men's trousers, and as between men's shoes and the light pumps which women wear this summer, there is no comparison. Not a word did she say until the carriage was crossing the river. Then, drawing off her shoes, she flung them, in the twinkling of an eye, into the water below, saying, "I suppose you will hardly compel me to walk into her house barefoot!"

Before long she was separated from her husband, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont, who was presently her widower, but Cavour, the king's minister, saw that she had intellect as well as beauty, and that, "with her alert intelligence, supple, yet dominating, she possessed in an eminent degree that distinctive feminine quality by which a clever woman can attract the masculine element; can obtain and

King Edward On the Ocean

LIFE ON THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

The English Ruler a Good Sailor, and His Vessel One of the Finest in the World—Not an Armed Ship, Like the Kaiser's.

Just now the monarchs of Europe are thinking of their summer vacations. The Russian Czar is getting ready the magnificent cruiser yacht Standart, while his imperial brother, the Kaiser, is planning new cruises among the Norwegian fjords in the big Hohenzollern.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, however, usually map out less strenuous programmes and are content with a run around the British Islands and perhaps a visit to some continental resort like Biarritz. Although King Edward never took to the sea in the professional way of his late brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, he is nevertheless a keen amateur sailor.

Everyone will remember the triumphs of his yacht Britannia; and there was a time still further back when he sailed his own boat, Belle Isle, and the German Emperor's Hohenzollern, which is practically a second-class cruiser carrying a formidable armament of 4.7-inch guns. The Victoria and Albert is a marvel of elegance and luxury, being in the most literal sense a steel floating palace of some 5,000 tons, propelled by twin screws. She is a little smaller than the Czar's Standart, but far more shapely, being of the clipper type, with fine schooner bows and an elliptical stern.

Her engines develop 12,000-horsepower, and are capable of propelling the yacht at 21 knots. The graceful bows carry a "head" consisting of a gilt crown surmounting a shield that bears the royal coat of arms and supported on either side by a foliated ornament in which the rose, thistle and shamrock are introduced.

From her ornate masts to the stately hull of royal blue and gold the Victoria and Albert is a real home on the sea, with spacious drawing-rooms, boudoirs and business offices that would do credit to Buckingham Palace itself.

King Edward's day at sea commences at 8 o'clock, when his majesty rises to a light breakfast of coffee, rolls and an underdone chop. After breakfast the King's morning is devoted to state affairs and the mails are attended to by secretaries under the King's own supervision. He rarely appears upon deck much before noon, but at this hour he will select a sheltered nook upon the promenade deck for his morning cigar.

Luncheon is served at 2, and the afternoon is devoted by the King to a novel or game of cards. One of the interesting notes that his majesty has a keen appreciation of Thomas Hardy's works and those of Marie Corelli. As a rule dinner takes place at 8 o'clock unless it is a formal function at which guests of high rank are present. In this case the meal is served one hour later.

Afterward King Edward joins the gentlemen of his suite in the smoking-room, and as a rule retires about midnight. Both the King's and Queen's favorite nooks on the yacht are found above the upper deck, where there is a spacious promenade fitted with shelters from the wind. As to the navigation of the craft, this is done by picked officers and men of the royal navy, commanded by a commander and a rear-admiral.

To be drawn into the royal yacht is a good many of the most distinguished officers and men. There used to be among the lower decks a seaman named Hall, who was a guitar performer of no mean ability, and very often the King while strolling around the decks after dinner would say to him, "Come along, Hall! Bring your guitar aft and let us have a tune!" The seaman boasted with perfect truth that he had had the honor of playing before the King and Queen more frequently than any great musician alive.

Between the officers and men of the Victoria and Albert number 300, quite apart from the personal servants of their majesties. And in going ashore the King invariably uses a boat rowed by bluejackets, with himself handling the tiller ropes in the stern sheets.

From first to last the present Victoria and Albert—which is a contrast indeed with her predecessor, Queen Victoria's own yacht—has cost nearly £60,000. Her coal supply is large enough for a radius of more than 2,500 miles at a cruising speed of 14 knots. Thus the boarding palace will easily go from Portsmouth to the French Riviera without refilling her bunkers.

The entire scheme of internal decoration was carried out under the direct supervision of Queen Alexandra, and no attempt has been made at the gorgeous or elaborate. Even on the upper deck, which is exposed to very severe weather and the action of the salt spray, solid silver is used for the deck fittings.

The various suites are after the eighteenth century English style, done in white enamel. The navy warmth and color is obtained in the furniture, carpets and draperies. Thus in the King's private stateroom the carpet is a royal blue, which harmonizes perfectly with the blue murex of the chairs. The King's bedroom is a handsome room with its swinging bedstead, silver plate without draperies, satin wood furniture and ingeniously contrived clock and sword stands, as well as brackets and shelves and conveniences for the display of photographs and personal souvenirs.

The Queen's bedroom is much

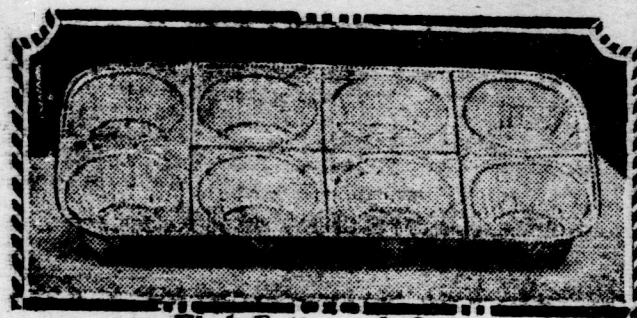
(Continued on Page Seventeen.)

School for Housewives

Learning to Cook and Proper Utensils



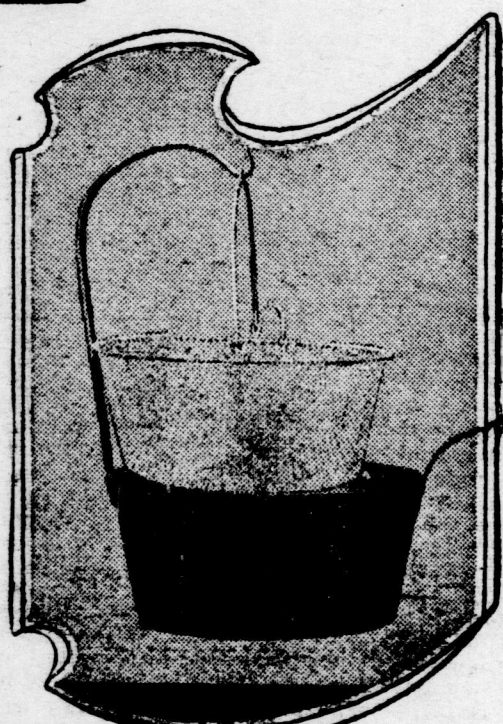
Have Everything Ready Before Beginning to Cook.



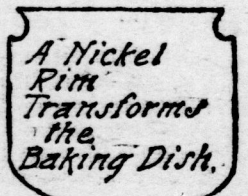
Flat Bottomed Gem Pan Rarely Stick.



Cheap but Attractive Kitchen Bowl.



Use a Basket for Deep Frying.



A Nickel Rim Transforms the Baking Dish.



A KNOWLEDGE of cookery does not come by nature, although many persons seem to think it does, if one may judge from the little trouble they take to prepare themselves for the work. Neither is it a "knack" that can be picked up at will and requires no preliminary instruction. Any one who wishes skill in the practice of cooking has to work for it as for any other profession. The great advantage of it over many other kinds of work is that even a little attention and labor will produce good results, and that such results appear at an early stage of the study.

Cookery has been called an exact science, and in a way this is true. But it is not like chemistry in its exactness—rather like agriculture, which, after the best efforts have been made, must in a great degree depend for success upon the weather. So in cookery perfect work in preparation may sometimes be spoiled by the eccentricities of the oven or the fluctuations of the fire.

Barring such accidents as these, however, one may be fairly sure of good effects, if one goes about the task in the right way. A few things even the "born cook" must know to start with, or there will be a failure.

Of course, the ideal method of learning cookery is by the practical direction of a skillful teacher—not by attendance at a cooking school, but by work in a kitchen, where, in the good old style inculcated by the immortal Mr. Squeers, we "spell it first and then go and do it."

In other words, if one have a good cook book, and a competent cook at one's elbow to give a few needed directions and corrections, one can learn more quickly by experience than in any other way.

DETAILS ARE IMPORTANT

If this cannot be attained, and if there is no motherly soul at hand to give counsel, the cooking school may be resorted to. I have known persons who declared they had derived great good from cooking lessons, but my observation inclines me to think that the gain was made when the pupils had had some preliminary instruction.

If one understands the rudiments, the "fills" can be acquired at a cooking lesson; but unless one enters a class for beginners at a regular cooking school, it is hard to attain familiarity with the first things of the kitchen.

The tyro in cookery who must make her own way with little or no aid except that which she can derive from a cook book should resolve from the first not to despise the day of small things.

There should be no high-flying attempts at elaborate dishes; and I may add that this advice is worth heeding even by those who know a little something of the outlines of cookery. When a familiarity with simple dishes is once gained the more involved processes will follow more or less as a matter of course, but they should be avoided for a good while.

A man once said that if a woman knew how to sweep a floor, to brew a keefsteak, and to make a loaf of bread, she would have no difficulty in getting a husband. He might have added, "or in keeping one."

Even with this high aim in view, however, it is not well for the beginner to start too rashly upon a career as a bread maker. The broil-

ing of the steak, a knowledge of how to cook plain vegetables, to roast a piece of meat, to make toast, tea and coffee, even to boil eggs, will all serve as beginning better than any process where judgment has to be used, as is essential in making bread, biscuit or cake or anything else in which the thickening qualities of the flour or other uncertain quantities have to be considered.

I have often wondered why it is that the young girl learns to make cake before she attempts anything else. Perhaps it is on the same principle as that which moves her to acquire a knowledge of embroidery before she can darn stockings and to play the piano before she can make her bed or sweep her room!

When I had daughters of my own who had to learn to cook, I gave them instruction in cookery and kitchen economy as I would have done in a language or a science.

THE RUDIMENTS

They were taught how to broil steak and chops, how to mix bread and biscuit. They were enlightened as to the difference between the consistency of dough for bread, for cake, or batter for griddle cakes and waffles.

They were taught that there were two kinds of frying—one, the process conducted in shallow fat, which is described by the French as to "saute" (pronounced so-tay), and is employed in frying sausage, pan fish, cutlets and the like; the other, the frying in deep fat, in which the object is immersed, and which is suitable for doughnuts, crullers, croquettes, fritters, potatoes and so forth. They learned that the heat in the latter case must be such that a bit of bread dropped into the fat would brown in a minute, and that food cooked in this mode was a different thing from articles left to soak in lukewarm grease.

Also they learned that bread to rise to the correct degree must increase to double its bulk; that if eggs and milk were cooked together more than just the right length of time they would curdle; that to make a white sauce—the model of nearly all sauces—a tablespoonful each of butter and flour must be allowed to half a pint of milk; that the oven for roasting meat must be kept at a high temperature for ten or fifteen minutes after the roast goes in, so that the outside may be seared and the juices retained; that soups must always cook slowly; that the toughest meat can be made tender by long, deliberate cookery, and a score of other things which, while they were not sufficient to produce experienced cooks, yet were a foundation upon which a good superstructure could be reared. I would advise every woman with daughters at home to go and do likewise.

"GO SLOW"

But there are housekeepers who have already homes of their own, or who are entering upon them, and are unequipped with the rudiments. If they have to learn these for themselves, I can only repeat the advice I gave a few minutes back—"Go slow!" Provide yourself with a good cook book, and begin with simple dishes.

Believe the words of a veteran housekeeper when I say that your John would rather have for his dinner a well-baked potato, a perfectly broiled steak and a satisfactory cup of coffee than all the fancy

and made dishes that you can perpetrate—unless these are done with the skill that bespeaks practice as well as enterprise.

Often I am asked concerning the utensils required for the cook, and I never hear the query without recollecting the dishes I have eaten that were prepared with the simplest utensils, and were yet good because the cook knew how to handle them.

One might as well expect French to be won by the purchase of a dictionary and a phrase book as cookery to be gained by an outfit of utensils. Certain articles are, of course, indispensable. A gridiron, a frying pan, baking tin, a covered roaster, mixing bowls and spoons, a grater and a vegetable press, a skimmer and a strainer, measuring cups and flour sifters, egg beaters and paring knives—but the list of these you will find in your cook book or can obtain from any house-

keeper or from a salesman in a house-furnishing shop.

Having secured your utensils let me give you one bit of advice about them. Never begin to cook until you have gathered to you every-thing you are going to use in the preparation of the dish you have undertaken.

DELAYS ARE PERILOUS

The inexperienced cook wastes time and imperils the product of her hands by having to stop at critical moments to run to the pantry for this or that essential.

If you are making a batch of biscuit, have ready your mixing bowl and flour sifter, your spoon, measuring cup and rolling pin, your biscuit board and tin. Bring together all the materials, too: your flour and shortening and salt and milk and baking powder.

Having these and your recipe, recall to mind all you have heard

about cookery being exact.

Remember that the famous French cooks are careful to weigh even the vegetables they use in their soup and leave nothing to chance. Presence of mind and happy guessing may be admirable in some emergencies, but they are out of place in the category of the inexperienced cook.

Be sure of your recipe, then go ahead! Follow directions and take no liberties. Nice customs may courtesy to great kings and queens, but a woman must be pretty sure of her dominion in her kitchen before she departs from the customs dictated by her superiors in knowledge and experience.

One of these days you, too, shall arrive, but, until then, "follow the man from Cook's!"

Marion Harland

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY BREAKFAST.

Blackberries, cereal, eggs in tomato sauce, English muffins, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Jellied tongue, Saratoga chips, quick biscuit, blanc mange and cake, tea.

DINNER.

Okra soup and roast beef with horseradish sauce, creamed spinach, potato croquettes, prune whip, cake, coffee.

MONDAY BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, bacon and green peppers, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Beef sliced, broiled tomatoes, coffee loaf, lettuce salad and crackers and cheese, tea.

DINNER.

Beef soup with macaroni, chops on casseroles, baked hominy, asparagus on toast, raspberries and cream, cake, coffee.

TUESDAY BREAKFAST.

Berries, cereal and cream, shirred eggs

LUNCHEON.

Baked hash, deviled tomatoes, bread and butter, stewed rhubarb and wafers, tea.

DINNER.

Bolled chicken with egg sauce, bolled rice, green peas, raspberry butter pudding, hard sauce, coffee.

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, creamed chipped beef, bread toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Meringued eggs and bacon, oatmeal muffins, chocolate blanc mange, whipped cream, tea.

DINNER.

Mock turtle soup, cannelloni of veal, macaroni with tomato sauce, onions stewed in cream, berry shortcake, coffee.

THURSDAY BREAKFAST.

Fruit, oatmeal with cream, bacon, bolled eggs, popovers, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Mixed chicken with rice border, onion

souffle, berries and cream, cake, tea.

DINNER. Brown potato soup, beefsteak, stuffed potatoes, young beets, cottage pudding, coffee.

FRIDAY BREAKFAST.

Fruit, cereal, fish balls, white and brown toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Mixed beef with pleasant sauce, baked potatoes, French pancakes with jelly, tea.

DINNER.

Tomato soup, bluefish stuffed and baked, mashed potatoes, stuffed cucumbers, onion souffle, coffee.

SATURDAY BREAKFAST.

Fruit, hominy and milk, bacon, Graham biscuit, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Baked tomatoes stuffed with pickled up, stewed potatoes, bread and butter, stewed rhubarb, cake, tea.

DINNER.

Asparagus soup, braised liver, new potatoes, cauliflower, cherry dumplings, coffee.

Housemothers' Exchange

PLACE aux hommes! The sentiment and the practice are but fair in a corner conducted by women. Our masculine member shall have the stage, with the limelight of respectful attention turned full upon him.

For he steps boldly, yet not audaciously, upon ground granted to women by the consent and custom of the ages. He draws arms from the store apportioned to wives and housemothers. Meet it is that he should be suffered to speak freely and without interruption.

A Man's View on Cheap Living.

I should like to be awarded a little space in which to express my views on the subject of cheap living, if you can spare the room.

I am "on the road" continually, yet get home every week to spend Sunday with my family, consisting of my wife and three children. They must live while I am away, also on Sunday. I know that nothing goes to waste. Two years ago I was so situated that I could be at home from eighteen to twenty hours out of twenty-four. I saw everything that was in and that went out of the house, and I know it cost us at least eight dollars a week for table expenses.

Certainly provisions are no cheaper now than they were then. The idea of living on four dollars a week is monstrous! It tends to disturb the mind of a man who is disposed to be naturally quiet, and it makes unnecessary trouble between man and wife.

I'd be willing to wager that the woman who starves husband and children on that sum will buy more expensive clothes for herself than her station demands or justifies. Just to be popular, and that she calls on her friends to show them off, and incidentally to get a cup of tea and a biscuit to quiet her nerves—a necessary act on account of a starved stomach.

If these cheap livers tell their experience for the good of the community at large, let them send in correct menus and the addresses of the merchants they deal with, so that others may profit by their economy.

But if it should be that they want to make trouble by boasting of how little it costs to keep a family from starvation, the story would better be left untold.

There is no doubt that the expense of living might be cut down considerably by buying the very cheapest meat, butter and vegetables, but such articles are not fit to feed to human beings. It tends to hold a naturally bright child (not to speak of grown people) at a standstill in development.

There are few things more helpful and even elevating to a child than to school, or a man going to work, than a well-filled stomach. Therefore, eat to live, and let yourself nor to his work when half-fed.

L. M. C. (Buffalo, N. Y.)

Verily, this John speaks for the purpose, and utters forth the words of truth, and soberness. Without pretending for sumptuous living every day (by the way, I heard an old negro call it—and I thought with reason—"farin" presumptuously every day"), I maintain that to keep a sane mind in a sane body, the latter must be nourished with food suitable and sufficient for it. That is, being interpreted, nourishment which is a gratification when taken into the mouth and a staying comfort to the stomach when once it is there. We smile, yet we sigh, in the case of Nicholas Nickleby, the ill-paid usher in Foulsham School, "distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason that induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat." The smile may get the better of the sigh on learning that the porridge was "a brown composition that resembled diluted pin cushions without the covers."

We sigh from heavy hearts at the picture of the "silent and sad boys" who had breakfasted daily for months upon the "composition." "There was none of the noise and clamor of a schoolroom; none of its boisterous play and hearty mirth. The children sat crouching and shivering together, and seemed to lack the spirit to move about."

Where was the spirit to come from? The human machine is like other bits of mechanism. It must be fed, and the skillful engineer adapts the fuel to the capacity and needs and makes of his furnace. In a single phrase, he feeds it with food convenient for it. Oh, clever Agur, the son of Jake!

Since writing down as much of his pedigree as is known to Bible readers, I have looked up the marginal translation of the phrase I have quoted, and I find it "food of my allowance." In other words, the man whose sayings are said to be "a prophecy" prayed for his due allowance of nourishing food—in fact, his rations. That government is short-sighted that degrades its fighting men by winking at a parsimonious commissariat.

Some Things Which Have Helped Me.

1. If in cooking oatmeal, rice, jam, etc., it should begin to stick on the bottom of the kettle, remove from the fire for a moment, keeping it covered, and the steam from itself will loosen the underlayer. I find it so that they may be loosened and cooking resumed without burning.

2. If mothers whose little ones call upon them to help them on with their stockings (and just when the mother is busy getting breakfast) would send hands of soft tape on the bottom of the underdrawers, they will hinder the drawers from slipping up when the stockings go over them.

I tried it, and my five-year-old boy still wants the tapes on his drawers.

Often when a hard-core fire gets so low that it seems to be almost out it may be revived by the use of common salt sprinkled on occasionally. So long as it snaps and crackles when salt is added to it, it has hopes of bringing it up. This has saved me

the trouble of clearing out a stove and laying a new fire many a time.

Now, can anybody send me the shop poem beginning:

"Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always find in the book of life, Some lesson I have to learn." I shall be happy to return the kindness in any way I can. H. S. O. (Chicago).

You have paid in advance for the trifling favor you ask us. But I thought that salt was a fire-extinguisher. I know that sugar makes it flare up furiously for a moment. Salt in large quantities is certainly recommended as an extinguisher. How is that?

A Recipe From Holland.

From far-off but ever-friendly Holland we have a reply to my doubt about mushroom soup. Our exchange is growing into an international institution, what with our regular English contributor, and occasional communications from other lands beyond the sea.

I am sending the mushroom recipe reach you a month later. This will show you a month later. I should not have thought of answering the query had you not said: "I find a recipe for mushroom soups in any cook book to which I have access." I have culled the factious from four different manuals of cookery. I hope they will be of use to some one.

C. S. K. (The Hague, Holland).

1. **Pibgenius (A German Recipe).** Select one pound of large "day" mushrooms, such as grow in the meadows in our autumn; cut each into four pieces, after scraping off the skin and the hard part of the stalk. Heat a cupful of vinegar and let them stand in a handful of salt; pour this hot over the mushrooms and let them stand for an hour. Then drain and wash them well in cold water, getting it run from the faucet on them to cleanse the mushrooms of the vinegar.

Now put them over the fire in a pan, with a generous lump of butter, and a generous lump of pepper at discretion and a generous lump of water. Cook from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. When they are thoroughly done, thicken with browned flour, browned onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Instead of water you may use broth or stock in part or altogether.

2. Mushroom Soup (An American Recipe).

Peel three-quarters of a pound of mushrooms; wash them thoroughly and cut into dice. Stew them in half a pint of water or chicken broth for an hour. Add a quart of good, well-seasoned stock; thicken with one tablespoonful of flour rubbed into one of butter. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

3. Mushroom Soup (American Recipe).

Wash six ounces of white haricot beans and soak them overnight. Next day put into an enameled kettle four pieces of butter and a pint of cold water; one Spanish onion peeled and cut into dice, a bunch of celery, half a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of cooking soda. Boil gently for two hours and a half, adding more water if the beans absorb too much moisture. Cut four ounces of mushrooms into dice and place (having first prepared them as in recipe No. 1) about them to the soup and cook slowly one hour longer. Then press through a sieve, return to the soup, add a tablespoonful of red currant jelly; boil up, season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve with it fried croutons on a separate dish.

4. Mushroom Soup ("Minestra Con Funghi" Italian Recipe).

Cook two pounds of mushrooms in salted water until tender. Drain off half of the water, add fried mushrooms and a generous lump of butter and grated Parmesan cheese. Pour over all a cup of tomato sauce, and if you have added a quarter clove of garlic and half a teaspoonful of onion, add a pinch of pepper. Give to the whole a good final stir. This is a nice, substantial soup.

We accept your assurance to that effect, odd as the compound seems to the native cook. The recipes are full of novelty, and consequently of interest to us. If I do not yet see cogent reasons for altering the opinion I expressed when the recipe for mushroom soup was called for, "Enough," I am caused for I do not think it can be very good, set it down to ignorance of the possibilities of beans, mushrooms and onions, and the finishing touches of red currant jelly and fried croutons—cooked together in a broth.

It does not appeal to the American appetite, but it may be delicious for all that. We thank you for caring enough for us to send the batch of formulas.

Homely Household Hints.

1. An old physician says that catnip tea with a large hop steeped in it is good for a colicky, fretful baby.

2. Instead of using yeast for buckwheat cakes, try one teaspoonful of baking powder to each cupful of buckwheat. Stir twice together.

3. Bismarck apple fried in mutton tallow makes a good sauce for cutlets and turnips. FRIEND (Philadelphia).

A Hint to the Buyer of Tinned Goods.

IN SELECTING tinned goods take particular notice whether the tin bulges anywhere at the sides. If so, air may have got in and caused fermentation. Always use canned meat as soon as the tin is opened. The neglect of this rule causes many a newspaper heading, "Another Victim of Tinned Goods!"

Getting Rid of That Onion Smell

IF A knife that has been used to peel onions is put at once into cold water, and allowed to soak a while, later being thoroughly washed in hot water and soap, a housekeeper runs no risk of being mortified by having some one complain at the next meal, "I smell onions!" This rule also holds good for utensils that have been used for fish.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Devonshire's duke is lying seriously ill at his house—or, I should say, his palace—on Piccadilly. He is not expected to recover, and may have breathed his last ere this letter appears in print. Doubtless full descriptions will be published of his career as soon as the cable messages are received announcing his demise, and the following notes of a more personal nature are intended to supplement the information contained in his obituary.

The duke is described in the standard "Peerages" as the eighth Duke of Devonshire. But there are many who insist that he is in reality the seventh. And thereby hangs a romance. The fifth duke, a daughter of Lord Spencer, had as her most intimate friend a cousin of hers, a daughter of Lord Bristol, known as Lady Elizabeth Foster, and after the death of her husband, Col. Foster, Lady Elizabeth took up her residence with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Morals were looser in those days than now, and when the Duchess of Devonshire gave birth to a child to her friend and cousin, the widowed Lady Elizabeth Foster, likewise gave birth to an infant.

The two little children came into the world on the same day and under the same roof, and, according to contemporary gossip and memoirs, the fifth Duke of Devonshire was the father of both. One of the children was a boy and the other a girl; but to this day no one save those directly concerned knows for a certainty whether it was the duchess or Lady Elizabeth who gave birth to the boy. It still is claimed by many that the duchess and Lady Elizabeth changed children and that the alleged son of the duchess, who subsequently succeeded to the title and to the immense estates of the sixth duke, was in reality the illegitimate child of Lady Elizabeth Foster. When the duchess died, a few years afterwards, Lady Elizabeth stepped into her shoes as the second wife of the fifth duke and was always treated by the sixth duke more as his own mother than as a stepmother.

On the death of the fifth duke a consultation took place between his son and his cousin, the Earl of Burlington, who in the event of his death is to say, the sixth duke's illegitimate son, would have succeeded to the dukedom and estates. The Cavendishes do not love scandal; they have a keen sense of family honor and family pride. So an agreement took place, according to the terms of which the sixth duke was left in undisturbed possession of the family dignities and estates on the understanding that he would remain a bachelor, so that at his death the dukedom and the property would pass to Lord Burlington. In this way the mystery in connection with the birth of the sixth duke and the peculiar domestic relations of the fifth duke were never brought into a court of law. The sixth duke, who lived to enjoy the family honors and estates in a state of single blessedness for 40 years, was always known as "the bachelor duke."

Everybody knows how famous the present duke has been for his tactfulness. But few are aware that it is a quality which he has inherited from a long line of ancestors. The Cavendishes, of which noble house he is the chief, have always been noted for their silence. Henry Cavendish, the famous chemist, is on record as having uttered fewer words during the course of his long life of fourscore years than any man, not excepting the monks of La Trappe. The duke runs him closely, and it is doubtful if there is any man in either of the Houses of Parliament who has chatted less with his fellow legislators than the duke. If he speaks little, he laughs less, and when he does laugh it is with a sort of gasp, and conveys the impression of restraining himself suddenly.

There is a certain amount of analogy between himself and the late Charles Stewart Parnell, both in their manners and in their reserve of speech, as well as in their inborn instinct for the government of their fellow creatures. With all his odd manners, the duke has exceeded an immense influence over his countrymen. This is due to his ingrained disinterestedness, which has led him on two occasions to decline the premiership, one from motives of chivalrous loyalty to Mr. Gladstone. It is also due to his dogged veracity, to his sound common sense, his courage, his devotion to duty, and, above all, to the universal knowledge that his word is as good as his bond. It was said by the great Dr. Johnson of the first duke of Devonshire that "if, for instance, he had promised you an acre and none had grown in that year in his woods or in England he would not have been contented with that excuse, but would have sent a special messenger to Norway for it." The same thing may be said of the present duke, and it is one of his chief titles to the esteem of all Englishmen.

He has a pretty warm heart beneath his impassive exterior. I never recall

SMITH GOT WISE.

A sore corn was bad enough, but to have it stepped on was the limit. He invested in a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Corn is gone. Enough said. Try Putnam's.

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—safest regulator for baby. Prevents colic and vomiting—gives healthful rest—cures diarrhoea without the harmful effects of medicines containing opium or other injurious drugs.

Cures Diarrhoea

ized this until a little time after the murder of his brother, the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the invincibles. He had given no sign of grief at the funeral, nor even when Sir William Vernon Harcourt communicated the tragedy to him as they were driving away together from Whitehall in Sir William's carriage. Two or three months later I was present when he delivered a speech to his constituents at a place called Baccup. It was the first time that he had spoken in public since his brother's death. "I have lost," he remarked, "a relative, loved, I believe, by all who knew him." Here emotion compelled him to stop for a few minutes, and he turned aside to conceal from the public the tears that rolled down either cheek. Then, too, there was a marriage. Some years ago he was engaged to a young lady, a relative, loved, I believe, by all who knew him. "Happy is the man happily married," and to all who knew him it was obvious that he alluded to himself.

His union to the duchess was preceded by a romantic attachment that subsisted throughout the 30 years of her first marriage to the Duke of Manchester. She had wedded the latter in a moment of pique, after quarrelling with Lord Hartington, the title by which her present husband was then known. He remained her devoted and constant admirer and close friend until she recovered her freedom through widowhood, everyone, even the late Queen Victoria, smiling kindly upon their romance, and rarely inviting the one to Windsor or to Osborne without the other. A little more than a year after the death of the grandfather of the present Duke of Manchester she gave her hand to the Duke of Devonshire, and it is difficult to find a more happily united couple. They are seldom far away from one another, and while he is engaged in fishing, a sport to which he is devoted—he never shoots—he invariably accompanies him, sitting beside him on the bank. Indeed, there are few more devoted couples than the Duke of Devonshire and his German-born consort, who is by birth a Countess von Alten of Hanover.

The duke, like the duchess, is exceedingly fond of animals. A favorite collie dog, which invariably accompanied him down to the Houses of Parliament, was a central figure in the daily life of the national legislature, and he used to be the only visitor who was not only permitted, but also asked by the late Queen Victoria to bring his dog with him to Windsor, Balmoral, or Osborne when "commanded" to dine or to sleep.

It is said to be a sense of duty, and not from any taste for politics, that the duke has devoted the greater portion of his life to the service of his country. Like other great nobles and territorial magnates of the old world, he has been impressed with the idea that his possessions and his dignities carried with them heavy obligations to his country and to his fellow citizens; although he had nothing to gain either in the way of emoluments or honors by remaining in public life. Several times, when disgusted with political intrigues and with the squabbles among the leaders of the party to which he belonged, he was on the point of withdrawing from public life, but was induced to reconsider his decision by the strong remonstrances of old John Bright and other friends of the same caliber, who urged upon him that he had a duty to his country to fulfill. Parliamentary life always bored him, and he never concealed the fact. Frequently in making a speech he used to stop in the middle of a sentence to yawn, and his favorite and familiar position on the front benches of the House of Lords, as formerly in the House of Commons, was with a hat jammed down on his nose, his eyes shut, his hands plunged into his trousers pockets, his legs stretched out in front of him as far as they would go, and a gentle snore issuing from his parted lips.

King Peter has issued an official denial of the widely-circulated story to the effect that he contemplated remarriage, and he is determined that as long as he lives and his daughter, Princess Helen, remains unmarried she shall fill the role of the first lady in the land and act as queen of Serbia.

She has lately returned from a prolonged stay with her aunt and godmother, Queen Helen of Italy, and has fully fledged woman of the world, thoroughly qualified to fill her difficult role at the head of her father's court. It is no easy task that she has assumed. For it is to her that falls the duty of endorsing not only the court, but likewise society at Belgrade with a tone of refinement and a dignity which have until now been singularly lacking.

One of the first functions at which the princess presided after her return from Italy was the state banquet given in honor of the special embassy of the King, and at which her father, King Peter, was present, and every one present was agreeably surprised by the ease, assurance, and graciousness with which she did the honors, directing everything, and apparently knowing just the right word to say to each of her guests.

She has as her principal lady-in-waiting a remarkably accomplished and charming Russian woman, Mile. Botovskov, a member of the great world at St. Petersburg and a titular wife of honor of the two czars, and who was indeed selected by them for the post which she now holds at court of Belgrade.

Another constant companion of the princess is the Marquise Guiccioli, wife of the Italian envoy, and a Rus-

sian Countess Benckendorff by birth. The Marquis Guiccioli is known as former governor of Turin and of Florence. One of his aunts was the famous tragedienne, Ristori, while his grandaunt's name will always be associated with that of the poet, Lord Byron.

Princess Helen and other women of refinement and of position, such as the Marquise Guiccioli and Mile. Botovskov, are exercising a healthy influence on the crown prince, who is becoming, according to all accounts, much better behaved and less addicted to "hoofing tricks," and while the court of Belgrade is unfortunately still contaminated by the presence of certain of those officers who took a part in the disgusting butchery of King Alexander and Queen Draga, and in the barbarous mutilation of their remains, yet the atmosphere is entirely different from that of the previous reign, when on the days following state balls at the palace the Official Gazette would publish a list of articles found at the close of the entertainment, which included such strange items as corsets, etc.

Prince Amadeus de Broglie, brother of the late duke of Broglie, and father of that Prince Robert de Broglie who has been appearing in vaudeville and café chantant performances on both sides of the Atlantic with the American who claims to be his wife, wishes it to be known far and wide that his son is in receipt of a regular allowance from his parents of \$2,000 a year, which he draws punctually on the dates due, through the family lawyers. It is only fair that this should be published, as Prince Robert excuses the exploitation of his female companion and of his own name and title on the plea that he has been left entirely destitute by his rich relatives, and that he is obliged to earn his living in what he keeps himself, the woman, and her child from starving.

Of course, an annual allowance of \$2,000 is not large, but the prince is in the eyes of his parents and of French law a single man, the union, which he contracted in Chicago with the woman now bearing his name being invalid, while in the eyes of English law and of the church it is a bigamous alliance, the prince never having gone through the formality of having his former ecclesiastical marriage in England with Baroness Madeline Deslandes, ex-Countess Fleury, annulled by the church or dissolved by the courts.

Prince Amadeus de Broglie points out that the object of his son in producing on the stage the woman who lives with him and who makes use of his name is to provoke some scandal as to force his parents and other relatives to pay him a large sum of money in order to prevent the historic and illustrious name of De Broglie being any further disgraced in this fashion. Prince and Princess Amadeus de Broglie were formerly the princess having been one of the daughters of the multimillionaire French sugar refiner, Say. But last year she, her sister, the Vicomtesse de Trederin, and her American sister-in-law, the widowed Mme. Henri Say, lost most of their fortune through dishonesty, ruin, and suicide of the sugar king, Cronin, who had charge of most of their interests. The allowance of \$2,000 to Prince Robert, who is only one of a family of several children, is, therefore, quite as large as they can afford to give.

Royal personages, especially sovereigns, are often in a quandary as to what name to give to their morganatic or illegitimate progeny. In England the difficulty has sometimes been solved by the prefix of "Fitz" to either the name or the title of the royal family. Thus, the three sons of the late royal Duke George of Cambridge, so long the commander-in-chief of the British army, are known as "Fitz-George," which is their patronymic. The family name of the descendants of King William IV, by Mrs. Jordan, the actress—her stage name was Dolly Bland—is FitzClarence, the King having borne the title of Duke of Clarence at the time of the birth of his sons, prior to his accession to the throne. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Southampton, both descended from King Charles II, and Barbara Villiers, have as their family name FitzRoy. Then there is the French Duke of Fitz-James, whose family name of Fitz-James arises from the fact that he is descended from King James II, and Arabella Churchill, wife of Col. Godfrey, and sister of the first Duke of Marlborough.

Perhaps the most euphonistic of all these names of the illegitimate progeny of royalty is that borne by the Austrian Counts Vetter von der Lilie. Although for the past few hundred years they have formed part of the highest Austrian aristocracy, they are descended from King Francis I, of France, by one of his fair favorites. His son, King Henry II, a most chivalrous monarch, declined, of course, to allow his illegitimate half-brothers to bear their father's illustrious patronymic of Valois, but at the same time was willing to accord to them a name indicating that they had royal blood in their veins and that they were connected by ties of relationship with the reigning house, so he invested them with the name "Cousins du Lys," which may be translated into English as "Cousins of the Lily," the lily being the floral emblem and the heraldic device of the house of France.

After Henry II's accidental death, through a wound received in a tournament from the lance of a Scotch nobleman of the house of Montgomery, his half-brothers, the Cousins du Lys, made their way across the Rhine, entered the service of the Emperor of

Germany, and were in course of time raised to the dignity of counts of the Holy Roman Empire, their French name being translated into German as Vetter von der Lilie.

Their standing in Germany may best be seen by the fact that there have been several matrimonial alliances with the house of Hohenzollern. The present chief of the family is Count Moritz Vetter von der Lilie, who after several years of widowhood has just married, in his 51st year, Baroness Marie Theresa Gudenus, niece of that Baron Leopold Gudenus who is grand master of the hunt and grand chamberlain of Emperor Francis Joseph, and whose family has for the last 250 years been always closely associated with the reigning house of Austria.

A curious controversy has arisen with regard to the so-called "luck," or magic bedchamber, of the Brou family, known as the Colstoun pear. The Colstoun property, which for centuries belonged to the Brou family, is now owned by J. C. A. Baird, of the Jockey Club, and when Colstoun House was burned, three weeks ago, graphic descriptions were given of the fact that Mrs. Baird, before attempting to save her jewels, devoted all her energy and attention to rescuing the magic pear in its silver casket.

It is now declared, however, that the "luck" in question has never been in the possession of the Bairds, but that it is in the custody of young Lord Dalhousie, having come into his family through the marriage of the ninth earl to Miss Christian Broun, the only child and sole heiress of Charles Broun, of Colstoun House, Haddingtonshire, with whom Colstoun House passed over to the Brou family. The present head of the latter is Sir William Broun, who is a native of New South Wales, where his brothers and children are likewise settled. Sir Walter Broun, in his diary, writes of having seen the tall stem of Dalhousie Castle in 1829, and describes it as follows:

"It is certainly a pear, either petrified or turned into wood, with a bit out of one side of it, said to have been preserved many hundred years."

And a few years afterwards the town of Haddington presented the Lord Dalhousie of his day with a silver casket for this precious heirloom. Others again insist that the pear passed, at the death of the tenth Earl of Dalhousie, to his famous government general of India, not to his cousin and successor, but to his eldest daughter, Lady Susan, who, after divorcing Lord Connamara, married an army surgeon of the name of William Broun, to whom she bequeathed all her property on his death in 1829, and who, although not related to the Brouns of Colstoun, is nevertheless believed to have the pear. Finally, it is believed by many that the pear has reverted to the Marquis of Tweeddale, and is once more at Yester. The pear originally came from them. For when, in the fourteenth century, Joan Hay, daughter of the third Lord Hay, married George Broun, of Colstoun, it is said that her godfather, Sir Hugh Gifford, of necromantic celebrity, plucked a pear from the orchard at Yester and gave it to the young couple, with the assurance that as long as it were kept intact their descendants would prosper. Sir Hugh Gifford is the dreaded Warlock of Gifford, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his "Marmion," and

dwelt on the Yester estate. In Charles I's reign one of the women of Colstoun bit into the pear, with the result that her family got into terrible litigation and had to sell the best farms on the estate to pay the law expenses. The pear is now entirely fossilized, but, as mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, shows the teeth marks of the lady.

The question remains, however, as to who really has the original pear. Mrs. Baird evidently believes that she has it. So, too, does Col. Broun, the widower of Lady Susan Broun. Lord Dalhousie is likewise convinced that he has the Colstoun pear, and Lord and Lady Tweeddale are equally positive about the matter.

Yester House, which I have referred to above, and which is only about 150 years old, must not be confounded with Yester Castle, which, though situated on the Yester estate, is about a mile distant therefrom, and partly ruined. The feature of the latter is the famous Goblin Hall, which, according to legend, was created by the Sir Hugh Gifford of Colstoun, near celebrity with one stroke of his magic wand. Tradition has likewise invested this Goblin hall with a spell placed upon it by its creator, to the effect that any man who dared to interfere with its symmetry in any way should come to a violent end.

No one ever dared to tamper with it until the eldest brother of the present Marquis of Tweeddale ventured to do so. In the lifetime of his father, and while still known as the Earl of Gifford, he, expressing his ridicule for the superstition, cleared a number of its steps away which led down to the water. Within twelve months afterwards he met with his death in endeavoring to save the life of a laboring man who was about to be crushed by a tree which was falling in the vicinity of the castle. The man escaped, but the tree killed Lord Gifford.

All the principal tribes of gypsies in Great Britain make their headquarters at the Yester estate, is about a mile distant from them. It has often been described as the King of the Gypsies, and who has never had any occasion to regret his kindness to these nomads. The Marquis (whose name must be pronounced as "Tweedle") spent a number of years in India in the civil service there, and while in that country undertook, in conjunction with two of his brothers, a most interesting voyage of exploration into Tibet. He is a many-sided man, and was until a short time ago president of nearly 50 corporations, including the Anglo-American Telegraph, the Eastern Telegraph, the Australian and China Cable Company, and the Submarine Cable Trust—that is to say, at the head of the combination which controls the greater part of the telegraph service of the world.

The marchioness is an Italian by birth, though her mother was a Scotchwoman. She was a Miss Candlish, and when she was a Miss Candlish, in Barolucci, and many years her husband's junior, and is still a handsome woman of the Juno type of beauty, tall, well-developed, and richly colored, with a wealth of black hair, a magnificent complexion, and a stately manner and bearing. She is one of the few women who have tried their skill as an engine driver, and accomplished the feat of driving the first locomotive across the great Forth bridge.

Boadicea, the British Queen, Who Defied the Roman Empire

By Albert H. Terhune, in the New York World.

One woman dared defy the world powers of Rome. A woman of her race, and so dramatic was her career that her name and deeds have come down through nearly 2,000 years of history, while that of women more famous in their day have been forgotten. She was the British queen, Boadicea.

The island known to the ancients as Britain was invaded by Julius Caesar while he was conquering the world. He found it inhabited by barbaric hordes who fought desperately against his legions. But in time he and his successors subdued the country that is now known as England. Finding they could make no headway against the Scots in the north, a wall was built between England and Scotland to keep the unbroken savages in their own territory. Britain's old-time kings were in some cases allowed to keep up the semblance of rulership, although Roman governors and Roman legions held the real power.

One of these petty monarchs was Prasutagus. He was king of the Iceni, a people scattered along the eastern coast of England. He was very rich and had too much sense to oppose Rome's strength. Yet he feared for his wife's and children's future. So, when dying, in 60 A. D., he divided his great wealth and lands equally between his family and the Roman Emperor Nero, thinking thus to please the emperor and to gain his protection from Prasutagus' widow, Boadicea, and their two daughters.

But he had a decidedly wrong estimate of Roman character. No sooner was Prasutagus dead than Nero seized all his property, leaving the former king's family destitute and powerless. Boadicea, a gigantic, handsome woman of wonderful ability and intellect, thought Nero could be persuaded to revoke this unjust act if she should appeal to him in person. So she is said to have gone to Rome with her daughters, throwing herself on the emperor's mercy. The barbarian women, with their uncouth ways caused great mirth among the fastidious Romans and Boadicea's case was laughed out of court.

The idea of Nero's giving up any possessions for the sake of mere justice seemed too absurd to be considered seriously. But Boadicea was not prudent enough to take her misfortune calmly. She flew into a rage, and by threats and curses turned Nero's laughter to wrath. He ordered her daughters slain, and she herself was publicly whipped at the hands of the official executioner.

ed her subjects to rise and tear off Nero's yoke. The red standard of war was reared in every town and village, the barbarians rallying eagerly to their queen's support. With a host of 12,000 strong she swooped down upon London, slaughtered the garrison and every Roman citizen in the place, and then attacked Colchester, St. Albans and all other garrison towns within reach. Everywhere she was victorious.

At news of her revolt, thousands of other Britons joined the rebellion. Her army at last numbered 250,000. In a great war chariot at the head of her skin-clad horde, this ferocious giantess was in the forefront of every battle, urging on her men with shrieks and with her own hand dealing out death to the hated masters of her country. So successful was she that 70,000 Romans were killed, and she all swept the enemy's armies into the ocean and cleared Britain of the last of Nero's followers.

But Suetonius Paulinus, a noted Roman general, happened to be in the island of Man. He heard of Boadicea's revolution, and with 10,000 soldiers hurried to attack her. The two armies met near St. Albans. Paulinus drew up his 10,000 on a hill at the edge of a wood, whose trees protected the flank and rear. There he waited the onset of the Britons. At first glance the contest between 10,000 and 250,000 seemed ridiculously unequal. But the former were trained, armored warriors, drilled into a perfect fighting machine. The Britons were a wild, undisciplined, ill-armed rabble of savages. Boadicea's force charged up the hill. But their arrows, rocks and other rude weapons clattered harmlessly off the huge, three-cornered shields and armor of the solid rank of Romans.

When the cry of the charge had spent itself Paulinus' men advanced upon the weary, discouraged Britons, cutting through their loose, ramshackle formation, like a modern battleship through a fleet of sailboats. Then the slaughter began. Every man, woman and child—even the cattle and dogs—of the Britons that came within reach of that mighty fighting engine was slain. Eighty thousand Britons fell, while Paulinus lost but 800.

Boadicea, finding all was lost, killed herself. THE WAY FROM HONOLULU

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The marchioness is an Italian by birth, though her mother was a Scotchwoman. She was a Miss Candlish, and when she was a Miss Candlish, in Barolucci, and many years her husband's junior, and is still a handsome woman of the Juno type of beauty, tall, well-developed, and richly colored, with a wealth of black hair, a magnificent complexion, and a stately manner and bearing. She is one of the few women who have tried their skill as an engine driver, and accomplished the feat of driving the first locomotive across the great Forth bridge.



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herself to avoid falling into the hands of the conquerors, thus adding one more to Nero's endless line of victims and robbing her country of its last immediate hope of liberty.

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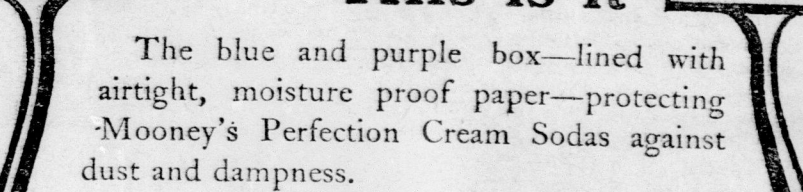
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Figure 1 is a line graph with the x-axis labeled 'Concentration of the solution, g/l' and the y-axis labeled 'Rate of diffusion, cm²/sec'. The x-axis has major ticks at 0, 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50. The y-axis has major ticks at 0, 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50. The curve starts at (0,0), rises steeply to approximately (10, 45), and then continues to rise more gradually, reaching about 55 at 50 g/l.

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When Royalty Is Entertained

STILL SOMETIMES A TICKLISH THING IN ENGLAND.

The Shah a Troublesome Guest—King Edward at an Uncongenial Weekend.

To entertain royalty is the dream of some people, the bugbear of others. In olden times the entertaining of royalty taxed to their uttermost the resources of the richest noblemen, who seemed like monarchs themselves in their power and prodigality. Queen Elizabeth's progress ruined her hosts, though they vied with each other in offering her the gorgeous masques, the fantastic pageants and the splendid feasts in which her soul delighted. But in this democratic age, writes Lady Violet Greville in the London Chronicle, royalty shows itself less exacting, and entertaining is conducted on far simpler lines.

The late Queen Victoria paid brief visits to the castles of the great peers, and has left on record in her diary the unaffected pleasure she derived from her stay in Highland homes like Taymouth and Balmoral. At the same time, the life and the splendid scenery of mountain and loch appealed to her unsophisticated taste. These sojourns, indeed, decided her to purchase the Balmoral estates, where the happiest hours of her active life were spent.

English royalty loves to dispense as much as possible with unnecessary etiquette and to join in field sports and country pastimes. Even the foreigners who land on our hospitable shores enter keenly into our games and vividly remember the intense delight evinced by the Comte de Paris on the occasion of his landing his first salmon on the banks of a wild Highland river. His pride and joy were those of a schoolboy, and the fish, carefully wrapped in heather, was promptly dispatched as a welcome gift to the Comtesse de Paris.

Notwithstanding this laudable desire for simplicity, the entertaining of royalty still remains a ticklish thing. Kings and princes are often as exacting and capricious as spoiled beauties—the Shah when he was served refused to budge or to fulfill the engagements he had contracted—and if things do not go quite smoothly they are apt to visit the annoyance on the unoffending host. It is said that Louis XVIII, after he was restored to the throne by the allied forces, was offended by the czar Alexander by allowing his family to annex all the state rooms in the chateau where he was entertaining; and compelling the czar to content himself with more humble apartments.

The King also suffered himself to be served first at dinner, an undignified breach of etiquette. The czar, in high dudgeon, ordered his carriage and left next day, feeling from that day onward more drawn toward the Bonapartists, who had shown him courtesy and regard. It is on such lapses from etiquette and good breeding that hosts are apt to make shipwreck.

When English royalty visits a country house it is usual to submit beforehand a list of the visitors that are to be received, which the great personage approves, deletes or adds to as he prefers. On the occasion of a King's visit his apartments are redecorated and refurnished in the style he is supposed to prefer, the daily menu is passed by him, and his principal attendant points out the dishes preferred and the hour at which he wishes the meals served. Usually the monarch breakfasts in his own apartments, Queen Victoria made her midday meal the principal one of the day, and her dinner, taken late, served the purpose of supper. No mutton was ever eaten at her table, but chicken always figured there.

The present King's gastronomic influence has been exerted in favor of smaller and lighter dinners, and he prefers French cookery, though he also likes such thoroughly English dishes as beans and bacon. The late Duke of Cambridge showed great partiality for ham, which, cold or hot, always appeared at dinner.

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preluded, and according to the old custom rewarded and even decorated. The present King has given the Victorian Order to two ducal cooks who have afforded him satisfaction. Notwithstanding the extra trouble caused by the household the servants are delighted and flattered by the advent of the King, for they are handsomely remunerated, while the host and hostess themselves generally receive some charming present—a pin or brooch or cigarette case with the royal initials in diamonds—as a souvenir.

The King is exceedingly careful to select gifts appropriate to the friend on whom he confers them, and chooses and bestows them himself, knowing the importance of tact and the personal touch in all such matters.

Two kinds of royal visits take place, state visits when everything is ceremonious and a certain amount of etiquette is exacted, and the informal week-end visits to friends in which the King delights. On these occasions he brings only a small retinue with him, two motors and five chauffeurs, including a mechanic, and he treats everything with the charming gaiety and bonhomie which have done so much to increase our popularity abroad.

It is generally expected that everyone should be ready and assembled before the King appears for dinner, and at formal receptions ladies must always wear gloves, even in the house. There is usually some sport or event for which the King visits his host, such as races, shooting, or the opening of a public building, but when he is quietly staying with intimate friends golf, bridge or a motor drive amply suffice for his amusement.

The King is very fond of his beautiful gardens at Frogmore, where more than a hundred gardeners are employed, and of the grapes and peaches, which take prizes at the principal shows, but even these magnificent gardens with their long vistas of glass houses do not suffice for the royal needs, and many thousands of pounds are expended annually in fruits and vegetables. Hostesses must provide fruit of the very best and most delectable quality, "primers" of all kinds and the finest asparagus, green peas, or whatever delicacy is in season.

The arrangement of the royal apartments, the color of the hangings, the choice of flowers, books and bric-a-brac, demand forethought and knowledge on the part of the hostess. Queen Alexandra likes pale and pretty colors, and she expects fresh sheets, edged with lace, laid on her bed each night. Queen Victoria disliked highly-scented flowers, a prejudice shared by all the ladies of that period, who considered them unwholesome. The late Duke of Albany, on the contrary, loved them in great variety, and preferred his table strewn with books of poetry and the walls covered with good prints. Pets, dogs and parakeets are frequently carried about by royalty. The King himself never stirs without his favorite dog, Caesar, and the Queen likes her Japanese dogs and her singing birds around her, and even takes them on her foreign trips.

Foreign royalties rise uncomfortably early to our ideas, and others go to bed very late, but as a rule they retire at a reasonable hour. Entertaining royalty is a more difficult affair. The Shah's suite carried on culinary operations in their bedrooms, threw the chicken bones on the floor and left a terrible mess of litter behind them. Carpets are ruined and curtains destroyed. Russian visitors in the last century refused to sleep in beds, and lay on the floor. Prince Fushimi, who spoke no English, liked European fashions and preferred to dine late. His suite were remarkably pleasant, stately and courteous in their manners.

Often, however, it is the dependents and servants who give the most trouble; their rooms do not please them or the food is not to their liking or they are quick to resent imaginary slights or forgetfulness. Queen Victoria's Indian attendants expected the finest of household fruits to be provided for them. Catholic kings and their servants require all kinds of delicate maigre dishes to be served on fast days and Fridays, while Hindus eat nothing a Christian has touched.

Thus many little stumbling blocks must be avoided by the prudent hostess. Many anxious cares and worries—fear lest the dinner should not be punctual, hot and well cooked and the arrangements go without a hitch—assail her. Royalty sometimes expresses a wish to change the plans or go on some expedition which has not been suggested before, and it is then that the ingenuity of the hostess is put to the proof. With lightning-like celerity she must decide, issue orders and see that they are obeyed. In fact the woman who is a good entertainer of royalty is a born diplomat and fit to take the place of prime minister. It is every one's ambition to reach the dizzy heights, but for one who succeeds many fall ignominiously and retire forever abashed and disappointed from the contest.

THE CASE OF MR. SMITH.

A lesson to be pondered concerning municipal finance is afforded by Birmingham, England. Mr. Smith is town clerk of Birmingham. He is not of that town; he was not "advanced" to his present post because his fellow townsmen longed to honor him, or because his party followers thought of him as a possible distributor of patronage to their profit. Birmingham is his client, and he is running his business as he would the affairs of any client. Mr. Smith was a London solicitor, earning at his profession £5,000 a year, and those who possessed authority in Birmingham became enamored with his intelligence, his energy, his ability in the management of corporate affairs, and they asked him if they could hire him for a town clerk. He said that they could if they would give him enough, and so they paid him the equivalent of what he had been earning at his profession. He then became, nominally, the town clerk, and really the tyrant of Birmingham. He was the boss; not the boss of a hall or a party, not the organization, but the boss of the town. He carried on the business of Birmingham, and while the mayor and common council supervised him, they generally did what Mr. Smith advised. He has been known to buy a city from Wales, spending millions of pounds, unthought by the politicians and unneeded by the citizens. One of the aldermen of the town, who sold Chicago beef in his butcher shop, remarked: "What we want for a government of a borough, such as this, is a 'high-priced' hold of the reins.' 'Anyhow,' was the imperial answer, 'don't trouble me,

T. P. and His Anecdote, Curiosities of China and Japan

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

It is surprising to find from General Sir Henry Colville's "The Allies" (Hutchinson & Co.) that the Japanese prince, whom our King delighted to honor, was severely snubbed by his celestial majesty, the Emperor of China. "Prince Fushimi, the first Japanese prince to visit Peking, was received by the Emperor of China, but was not entertained at lunch, as would a Chinese prince of similar rank visiting the Emperor of Japan in Tokyo." As a matter of fact, when the Chinese Duke Tsai-tse was in Japan, the Mikado in person entertained him at lunch; but when the Japanese minister, in arranging for the return visit of Prince Fushimi, contended that the corresponding concession should be made in his honor, the Chinese ministry would not hear of it!

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA SNUBBED.

We read in an ancient chronicle that when a letter not altogether courteous was sent to the Emperor of Japan by the Emperor of China, the emperor of the latter where the sun rises addresses himself to the emperor of the land where the sun sets. On another occasion, when the Chinese emperor had the audacity to demand the submission of Japan, that spirited country chopped off the heads of the luckless ambassadors!

SACRED CIGARETTES.

There's little love lost between the Chinese students—who are flocking in crowds to Tokyo to learn western civilization at second hand—and their Japanese fellows. "These Chinese students," says Sir Henry, "live their own life apart from the Japanese, with whom they mix as little as they can. This Chinese mode of life is wholly repugnant to Japanese feeling, and does not even include the daily bath, the outward expression of Japanese cleanliness of mind. As a small instance of the difference of ideas between the two races, it may be mentioned that the Chinese students refuse to smoke Japanese cigarettes, which have, of course, the names stamped on the paper in Chinese characters, since they look upon it as a profanation to burn their sacred letters."

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

Apocryphal of the Japanese daily bath, it is startling to learn from the greatest living authority upon the Japanese, Professor Chamberlain, that "from hints dropped by several of the educated, and from the still more interesting, because frankly naive, remarks made by Japanese servants whom I have taken with me to Europe at different times, I found that the traveled Japanese consider our three most prominent characteristics to be dirt, laziness and superstition."

CHINESE INDUSTRY.

That we should see merely lazy to the Japanese and Chinese is intelligible, when we consider their dogged and indomitable industry. I remember being greatly struck by the following instance of Chinese industry given in Sir George Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's expedition as ambassador to China, compiled from his lordship's papers. Lord Macartney in passing through one part of the Chinese empire noticed a man suspended by a rope hanging half-way down a precipice. Thinking that he was collecting birds' eggs, he asked the man who was suspended from the cliffs of Moho in "Clare, Lord Macartney stopped to watch and to find that he was cultivating a little plateau of a few yards of land. He grew vegetables upon a number of these jutting out coigns of vantage, but all of them together did not amount in extent to half an acre. At the bottom of the precipice he lived with a wife and a large family, whom he supported by his industry—hanging daily half-way down the dizzy cliff, like one "that gathers samphire, dread-fall trade!"

A MYSTERIOUS ROYAL GIFT.

Apocryphal of the embassy of Lord Macartney to China, I cannot resist quoting De Quincey's humorous account of the present sent with the ambassador by George III. to the Emperor of China. "Amongst the presents carried out by our first ambassador, Lord Macartney, to China was a state coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Peking. Lord Macartney, indeed, had made some imperfect explanation upon this point but, as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand question. 'Where was the emperor to sit?' The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous, and partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne, and for the second time who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch."

HIS ENGLISH THRONE.

"The horses, therefore, being harnessed," De Quincey proceeds, "solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand and the chief justice on his left. Peking gloried in the spectacle; and in the western kingdom people congratulated the present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, 'Where am I to sit?' But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. 'I say,' he cried out in an extempore petition addressed to the emperor through the window, 'I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?' 'Anyhow,' was the imperial answer, 'don't trouble me,

man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the keyhole—anyhow. Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check strings into a sort of jury-reins communicating with the horses, and with these he drove as steadily as Peking had any right to expect. The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits. He descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it, and he dedicated the state coach thenceforward as a votive offering to the god, Fo Fo—whom the learned more accurately call 'F'-P'!"

INCOHERENT CHINA.

Those who dread China as the yellow peril of the future should read Sir Henry Colville's "The Allies." In the first place, China is the most peace-loving country in the world, so peace-loving that she has as deep a scorn of the military profession as Japan has of the mercantile profession. In the second place, China is less a country than a continent. "China, indeed, is so vast, so heterogeneous, that in some respects it can be compared more to a continent than a country. She has not even a permanent name for herself, being known to her inhabitants only by the names of her provinces. Nor has she one spoken language. It is true that those who speak the Mandarin dialect can understand each other, as Europeans who speak Latin can communicate; but the people of Canton and Peking can no more talk together than those of Rome and Madrid, and take even less interest in each other's affairs. 'That belongs to Peking side,' no man's pidgeon. The Cantonese said, when told of the Japanese victories in 1894."

JAPANESE PATRIOTISM.

The Japanese, on the other hand, are most compact and patriotic of peoples, to whom their country is more sacred than father, mother, sister, brother, wife, or child. To it they feel they owe all, and to it they are proud to pay all they owe. "As an instance," writes Sir Henry Colville, "of the spirit of loyalty of the Japanese, I must repeat a story which I heard on the best authority. Within the last few months a Japanese officer perfected a warlike invention of which an American expert on the temporary employ of the Japanese Government happened to hear. It so impressed him that he offered the Japanese inventor \$100,000 for it. This offer the Japanese officer indignantly refused, saying, 'I was educated by my Government, and to them I owe everything. Anything that my brain can produce is theirs.'"

DEATH AND ITS SISTER, SLEEP

NEITHER PAIN NOR CONSCIOUSNESS AT THE INSTANT OF EITHER.

The phenomenon called sleep may be summed up in the following propositions, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan:

First—Sleep is temporary death of the functions of the sensitive system, due to exhaustion by fatigue.

Secondly—This death is temporary because the vital system continues to perform its functions during sleep and restores the sensitive organs to their normal condition.

For our purpose death may be considered under the three heads, natural death, sudden death and death from disease. Natural death is death from old age. It differs from natural sleep only in degree.

The gradual loss of sensibility by the sensitive organs which precede sleep now takes place in the vital system, and all the organs pass into permanent sleep together. There can be no pain preceding or at the moment of such death, any more than there is pain preceding and at the moment of passing into temporary sleep.

Sudden death may be defined as death due to a sudden injury from without or within the body sufficient to destroy at once all irritability of both the sensitive and vital systems. It requires no argument to prove that a person who is suddenly stricken dead can suffer no pain. The element of death is not pain, but the element of death is pain, and in the sudden death of a person the element of time is absent.

We come now to consider the third and by far the most frequent form of death, namely, death from disease.

As soon as disease is established dying begins. The natural process of death is the natural ceasing of all sensibilities, accompanied with more or less suffering, according to the cause which produces it. This dying and suffering, called disease, must terminate either in so-called death, which is insensibility to it, or in recovery, which is removal of the cause of it. But in any event the suffering has been endured, no matter whether the final termination is death or recovery.

No one is conscious of or can recall the moment he passes from waking into natural or temporary sleep. Nor shall we be by a "supreme agony" or in any other way, be conscious of passing into permanent sleep.

Being born and dying are the two most important physiological events in the life history of our bodies, and we shall know no more about the latter event at the time it occurs than we did about the former.

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GORDON COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM

SUDAN BENEFITS BY MEMORIAL TO THE MAN IT MURDERED.

The tragedy of Gordon's death at Khartoum made his name one never to be forgotten there. But it is good to know that the name now suggests something besides tragedy to every visitor or dweller in the Sudan.

Many who have heard Gordon College spoken of continue to regard it as only a vague aspiration—a scheme that floated for a time on Gordon's name, but which neither had nor was ever intended to take actual shape and become a living reality. But it has become a fact; one which is described by a writer in the Cornhill Magazine as the seed plot of the future prosperity of the Sudan. The building itself is an imposing mass of dark red brick flanked by square towers. It is entered by a broad staircase leading into a spacious hall.

There are primary classes, classes for training teachers, classes for training Government employees, classes for native magistrates, classes which are to serve as a Sandhurst for native officers of Sudanese regiments. There are also workshops of engineering and a school of biological research which has done wonders for the health and sanitation of Khartoum and which has confident hopes of conquering the scourges that gave to the Sudan that guise of a destructive

monster against whose terrors the white worker fought in vain.

We pass through the cool and spacious corridors and view the busy classrooms and workshops, we see the students at work and at play, with all the orderly fashioned methods of an English college; we watch their pride in their institution and visit the well-arranged dining halls and dormitories and it becomes well nigh impossible to realize what was the regime on this very site not ten years ago.

Generous donors have not been wanting, and their generosity has been tempted to be elastic by the palpable results achieved by their opportune help. The Wellcome Laboratory alone—the gift of a generous American—has earned the lasting gratitude of Khartoum.

MAN OF QUICK ACTION.

The quickest action ever noted by a Cincinnati newspaper writer was illustrated when he reported a murder case in which one of the witnesses was a negro porter in the hotel that was the scene of the killing.

The negro was asked how many shots he heard. "Two shots, suh," he replied. "How far apart were they?" "Bout like this way," explained the negro, clapping his hands twice, with an interval of about a second between. "Where were you when the first shot was fired?" "Shinin' a gentleman's shoes in duh basement of duh hotel." "Where were you when the second shot was fired?" "Ah, was a-passin' duh Big Fo' depot." Philadelphia Record.

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KING EDWARD AS AN ARTIST

OTHER MEMBERS OF EUROPEAN
ROYAL FAMILIES WHO HAVE
TALENT FOR PAINTING.

King Edward can not only boast that he has had a picture exhibited at Burlington House at an earlier age than the most precocious of our present Royal Academicians, says London Tit-Bits, but that his picture was purchased for a substantial sum before the public even set eyes on it.

This remarkable and little-known episode in his majesty's life occurred more than half a century ago, when Queen Victoria's children contributed sketches to an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of a fund for the soldiers wounded in the Crimean War. The record price in the exhibition was realized by a sketch entitled "The Battle of Waterloo," the Princess Royal, which found a purchaser for the sum of 250 guineas. The Prince of Wales' sketch (he was only 13 at the time) was bought for 15 guineas; and drawings by the still younger Princes and Princesses fetched 30 guineas.

There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely one of Queen Victoria's descendants who has not inherited in some degree her love of art. The late Empress Frederick was throughout her life passionately fond of painting and exhibited her most skillful work in the Academy of Arts enrolled her among its members in recognition of her "talent" as a composer and a draughtswoman.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is little less skillful with the brush, as is proved by the three beautiful landscapes which for so many years hang in Queen Victoria's sitting room at Osborne, and by many other pictures which have honored places in almost every royal palace in Great Britain.

Princess Christian's talent takes the form of exquisite designs for the tapestry produced under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the most skillful amateur painters of flowers in England.

But undoubtedly the best artist in our royal family is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who can produce with equal skill a beautiful picture or a life-size statue which will compare not unfavorably with most professional work.

Nor is proficiency in art by any means confined to English royalties. It is not long since a sumptuous volume was published for a charitable cause, the illustrations of which were largely supplied by royal artists. The German Emperor is shown in a striking picture of a large ship riding at anchor on a placid sea, surrounded by smaller boats and with a background of distant snow-capped mountains. Queen Amelie of Portugal was represented by a study of a donkey's head, ornamented with gayly colored trappings; and Queen of Spain by an exquisite study of flowers.

The Empress Frederick by a powerful sketch of a boy's head, and Princess Clara of Bavaria by an ambitious and successful etching.

The German Emperor, as is well known, is an artist of much more than average skill. One of his pictures, "Fight Between Battleships," is a remarkably powerful piece of work, exhibiting rare skill and technical knowledge; while his design for the tower of the Church of Our Savior at Jerusalem proves that he is no mean architect and draughtsman.

King Carlos of Portugal, however, is by universal consent the ablest artist among European sovereigns. Year after year his canvases attract crowds of admirers at the exhibitions of the Lisbon Salon, while at the Paris exhibition a pastel entitled "Tunny Fish on the Portuguese Coast" won for him the honor of a silver medal.

The Shah of Persia has cultivated his talent for drawing with considerable enthusiasm. His hobby takes a very curious form, for we are told that in his palace at Teheran he has a studio the walls of which are covered with white paper on which he does his sketching. When the four walls are covered with drawings he has them repasted and starts again.

But, perhaps, the most interesting of the royal artists of Europe is Prince Eugene, fourth son of the King of Sweden, who follows are not as hobby but as a profession. For four years he studied in Paris, leading the life of the ordinary art student and known to his brothers of the brush as "Monsieur Eugene." During those strenuous years he worked at his easel early and late, refusing to go into society, and his reward came when his first picture appeared on the walls of the Salon and found a prompt purchaser, who was quite ignorant of the identity of its distinguished painter.

BIRDS' QUEER NESTING PLACES.

The vast building constituting an extension of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, is rapidly approaching completion. The imposing facade in Cromwell road and Exhibition road are decorated with niches, filled with life-size statues of men eminent in art, architecture, literature and practical science, and on the flank of the main entrance are the statues of the King and Queen in full state robes.

One niche is dedicated to George Heriot, goldsmith to James I., and founder of Heriot's magnificent hospital at Edinburgh. A pair of sparrows have built a nest inside the kneehole of the right leg, and they appear very busy in their domestic arrangements.

Not far away, at the juncture of

Brompton road and Knightsbridge High street, a couple of sparrows have made their nest in the plumed hat of the equestrian statue of Field Marshal Sir Hugh Rose, Lord Strathairn, and are now sitting.—Fall Mail Gazette.

MEXICO'S ANTHEM.

In Mexico the national anthem is held in such high esteem that permission must be secured from the authorities to play it at places not included in the list provided by law. It was played recently in a church at Tierra Blanca in honor of Archbishop Guillou, who was visiting the place, but no permit having been secured the church dignitary was arrested, imprisoned and fined for the offense, and a fine was also imposed on every member of the orchestra which had been secured to play the anthem. The law for keeping sacred the

True Love of Christ Means Love of Fellow Man

By Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady.

If you love me, keep my commandments.—St. John xiv. 15.

Now, when we truly love a being for the possession of qualities we ourselves would fain enjoy and exhibit, that love, if it be worthy the name, is transforming. We would be like the beloved object by which our affections are aroused. Granted that Christ is the most lovable being who ever has existed, it logically follows that men should love him and that the love we bear him should make us strive to be like him.

How can this likeness be brought about in us—made real by us? Christ Himself in this thrice-repeated injunction has pointed out the method—by keeping his commandments.

But what are His commandments? is at once asked. Certainly they have come down to us in many forms and in various ways, and our duty is to keep them all, and for all men, yet it is equally true that in this famous direction He referred definitely to certain injunctions.

We look back into the preceding chapter and find what they were. In this same final interview before His betrayal He told His disciples specifically to do two things as different as first sight as day and night, but nevertheless inseparably bound together. The first was that they should wash one another's feet; the second that they should love one another.

I would not limit the meaning of Christ's words by confining them merely to a pitifully literal interpretation. The first commandment is broader than a mere ceremonial. It is a commandment of service by man to man and the second commandment is its complement, for it refers to the spirit in which the service should be rendered. Christ's whole life was devoted to the service of men, and

national anthem was passed to prevent its use at bull fights and theaters.—New York Tribune.

THE VALUABLE THUMB.

"Solomon says thumbs up," because the thumb is said to be worth fully one-third the entire value of the hand. The different fingers are far from having all the same value before the eyes of the law.

Much the most important among them is the thumb, for without it the hand no longer is a plucker, but merely a claw. The French court allows in damages 15 to 25 per cent value for the right, and 10 to 15 per cent for the left thumb. The Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent for the left to 35 per cent for the right. In Germany 20 to 32 per cent, and even as high as 33 per cent has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total value of the hand, industrially speaking, before the accident.—Chicago Tribune.

every incident and episode in it, every word spoken throughout it, flowed from a spirit of love toward men so completely and convincingly evidenced that we can think of no better name for God, since Christ's time, than that He is Love.

There is plenty of service to men in this world, but mighty little love. God be thanked even for the service which springs from a stern sense of duty or from whatever compulsion it may. It is certainly better than disservice or indifference.

But we shall never reach the high ideal and we shall never have peace among men until the service of one to another arises from the love of one to another. The growing class antagonisms—I hate the word class—the growing race antagonisms, the present strife and bitterness will never be done away with by any service whatsoever unless love—and not so much love toward God as love toward men, be remembered—be its inspiration.

We are all children of a common Father. The rich have no exclusive privilege of relationship to Him or righteousness in Him; the poor have no exclusive privilege of relationship to Him or righteousness in Him. Neither has the one or the other a monopoly of evil and folly, for that matter. The man who works with his hands—the capitalist and the toiler, the employer and the employee, the master and the man—all stand on a common level before an Infinite God. The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord, He is the Maker of them all. And no man, however noble his achievement or however great his desire, can say he loves Christ unless all he does for man is done as much for the love of man as for the love of God. For this it is to keep His commandments, which are kept in no other way.

If we could only in some way get the principle of love for men actively into the service to men heaven would be found here and today.—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The Love Story of the Poet Pope

Continued from Page Eleven.

(vulgarily called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes (sic) and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbors. That a well-set man of 25 should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of 18, is nothing marvellous, and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavor to shield her from the storm was natural action, and what he would have done for his horse if it had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the ordinary. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill on an epitaph, I think the following lines more just than not so poetical as yours:

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said,
Of this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married.

But see how odd things are carried. On Thursday last it rained and lightning;

Sheltered beneath the creaking hay,
In hopes to pass the storm away,
But the bold thunder found them out,
(Commissioned for that end, no doubt),
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beauteous wife and cuckold swain,
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their tomb,
For P. has wrote upon their tomb.

"I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours, but I hope you will forgive them in favor of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honor you have done them, though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid living humble servant than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe."

I do not know how this correspondence affects my readers, but with me the effect is to range all my sympathies on the side of the lady. Pope's letter appears to me a sham sentiment and sham literature. Lady Mary's letter is at least real literature. It will remain as one of the great little masterpieces of humor.

Many of her letters have been preserved, and there are few of them

that are not lit up by some brilliant bit of satiric humor. Like many witty women, she had no great love for her own sex. Her attitude towards her sex is delightfully summed up in the sentence: "It goes far for me to be to a woman when I reflect that I am in no danger of every marrying one." Here is a summary of her outlook on life: "I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of enjoyment."

This reigning beauty, this splendid wit, who must have been among the most sought after guests of the dinner tables of London, suddenly made a big transformation and migration; she left it all behind, went over to the continent, and for 22 years there remained. There are many guesses as to the real cause; she herself said that she went alone because she had got tired of waiting for her husband, and had always preferred the continent to England. The real truth is that the incompatible pair—each with that strong and not very pleasant or tolerant personality—found life together impossible, and agreed to this informal and tranquil form of separation. They wrote to each other now and then, and outwardly they remained on good terms. Each going their own way, the end may well be conjectured. Horace Walpole, who hated them both, has given little etchings of them in their decadence in which the colors are laid on pretty thickly. Montague, after many years in political life, retired to his country seat, and one fine day Horace Walpole gives, in his budget of news, this paragraph, announcing his end:

"Old Wortley Montague lives in the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was

thus giving rise to friction and rivalry between herself and the empress, who had then become the undisputed arbiter of fashions in dress and coiffure.

By-and-bye, the empress had other and graver reasons to be jealous of her, for she captured the fickle affections of the emperor, and greatly influenced him in the steps he took towards accomplishing the union of Italy. Mingling in all the gaieties of the gay capital, glorying in fancy-dress balls, during costumes of her own devising, her ambition to be a political force kept her from neglecting the secret mission she was there to carry through, and she could be seen daily from one minister to another with notes and documents. After the end she worked for had been gained, she boasted proudly, "I have created Italy, and saved the papacy!" She regretted that she had come to Paris said to a friend, "I have brought me to Paris a little earlier, instead of marrying me to Castiglione, you would have seen an Italian instead of a Spaniard reigning at the Tuilleries"; and to another old friend she wrote, in her closing years: "It was Montagu who made Napoleon emperor; but I would have made him a conqueror, as, in fact, I had already begun to do, in word and in deed, in private and in public, thereby drawing down upon myself endless animosity and obloquy, notwithstanding the obvious distastefulness of my actions. . . . I, the Italian woman, would never have created a Mexico, nor, like the Spanish woman, brought about the defeat of Sedan, the fall of the empire, and the dismemberment of France."

The fall of the empire scattered these court beauties for a while into a kind of social outer darkness. The empress went into exile, and the woman who had wielded a covert political power and counted the emperor among her slaves and lovers, sank into forgetfulness; worse still, her beauty was on the wane.

"Old age came sooner than she expected, placing its pitiless brand on what had been her glory, her power, and her triumph. She had hoped, like Napoleon, to triumph even in this, and to resist time's ravages by little her abundant hair, her pearly teeth, the perfect contour of her face. . . . The wane of her beauty was rapid and obvious. It came relentless and irre-

better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel—lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harshly stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards wealth and money, his only two objects."

Horace Walpole's description of Lady Mary was written in 1740, when she was some 64 years of age, and it is hard to think that the once proud beauty had then become the hag he describes her; but this, anyhow, is what he says; he is writing from Florence.

"Lady Mary Wortley is here. . . . an object of ridicule to the town. She wears a foul mob (cap) that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang down, never combed or curled, an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face violently swelled—partly covered with plaster, partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

Lady Mary returned to London after the death of her husband; she was then an old woman, 71, and the next year she died. Her old age was bound to be lonely, her probable malignant temper, had made a solitude around her. Her daughters seemed to have loved and admired her, but she had a son who was a scamp, and who gave her many an hour of grief and disappointment. And finally a painful malady came to darken the evening of her life. She was attacked by cancer, and cancer is a cruel disease, not yet learned the great science of anaesthetics, was even a more terrible disease than it is today. She died heroically.

Thus ended that ardent romance between the young man and the brilliant beautiful girl, the first transports of which we are allowed after so many a year still to watch, with some amusement, with some sadness.

NEGROES HAVE STRONG HEADS

EXTRAORDINARY CARRYING CAPACITY TESTED BY A SHIP.

"Ever take notice how much strength a negro has in his head?" said a man who is always looking out for unusual things. "Well, I had ample opportunity to test a certain negro's head carrying capacity while I was in charge of a large printing establishment in Texas."

"We had received a large shipment of paper of extra heavy weight, and none of the men employed by the firm seemed able to handle the bundles. Of course we should have had a freight elevator, but we had none. Well, about the time I had given up hopes of getting the paper up, the third floor negro came shuffling down the street playing a harmonica. He inquired if I wanted anyone to do a day's work, and said he was a hodcarrier, but was willing to do anything for a dollar. I thought of the paper and the third floor proposition and engaged him.

"Well, sir, he took to it like children to candy. Maybe he didn't share the rest of the negroes around the plant! In less than no time he had the paper stored away, and the work didn't seem to affect him in the least. The result was he got a steady place and was dubbed the heavyweight negro on his head.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Tragedy of Woman's Beauty

Continued from Page Eleven.

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SUNSHINE FURNACE

THE IMPORTANCE OF
THE WATER-PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is often not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY

Sunshine—just above the fuel door. Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

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The Beer of Quality

The ingredients of this successful and delicate beer contain the best known tonic qualities, namely, the extracts of the finest Barley-Malt, Bohemian Hops and Pure Water. When we put this beer on the market we offer you the very purest bottled lager that an up-to-date plant and science can produce.

Kept by All Dealers

CARLING - LONDON

We hail from Hull and want Grocers and all other users to see that they are fully stocked with

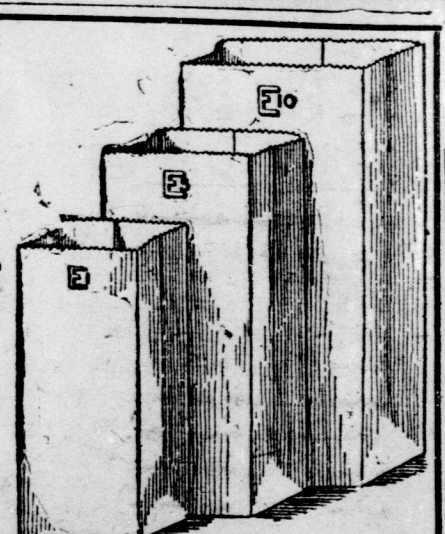
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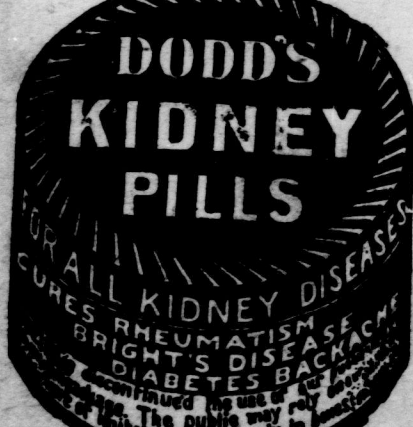
the strongest and most perfect on the market.

Always everywhere in Canada ask for Eddy's Matches.
DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, London



A Berlin periodical has printed the opinions of over 100 authors on the effect of alcoholic drinks on brain work. A large majority of them pronounce it injurious.

The latest chair for the victim of sea-sickness has a movable seat vibrated by an electric motor. This is said to give surprising relief to the sufferer.



Old Oxford's Great Pageant

OPEN AIR REVIEW OF THE FAMOUS TOWN'S HISTORY.

Began With the Legend of St. Frideswide in the Eighth Century—Town and Gown Joined To Make It a Success—More Than 2,000 Persons Take Part.

No more suitable spot could be imagined than that which was selected for the pageant at Oxford last month. The ground chosen is a beautiful meadow the shape of a full moon that is just beginning to wane, around which the River Cherwell winds its way, dividing it from the rich green fields that stretch away into the blue distance beyond. On the left is a bank of trees and a stately tree stands in the center of the middle distance from which starts a line of wall built to represent the ancient convent of St. Frideswide, long since destroyed. A bridge has been built across the Cherwell, facing the spectator, to connect the distant fields with the pageant ground. Much use was made of the river, and the most charming scenes are those of which it played a part—those which set forth the legend of St. Frideswide and the tale of Fair Rosamund, the one depicting the happy days of that ill-fated monarch, Charles I., and the eighth century, and the other, as it is known as Farmer George, and his family—the prototype of St. Giles Fair, held every September.

The opening scene of all was the dramatic episode of the legend of St. Frideswide in the beginning of the eighth century. Frideswide, a young girl arrives on the scene in a strangely fashioned boat, flying in terror from the unwelcome attentions of Algar, Earl of Leicester, to seek refuge in a neighboring convent. Some fishermen, who are mending their nets by their hut try to conceal her, but in vain, for Algar, following close behind, drags her from her shelter. Frideswide, strong in her faith, of heavenly protection, makes a sign of the cross and Algar is smitten with blindness. His followers shrink away from him in horror, but she advances and prays that his sight may be restored. Her prayer is granted, and accompanied by the fervid gratitude of Algar and the blessings of the crowd, Frideswide is invested with the symbols of authority by a procession of nuns, who led her to the convent, where she reigns as Abbess. The next episode was spectacular, dealing with the coronation of Harold, surnamed Harfleur, in 1066, the first King to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Next came the scene which shows the advent of Theobald, St. Stephen's, who may be said to have founded the university. He was a priest who had emigrated from France and is the first notable scholar of whom there is any record to settle in the town of Oxford.

Then followed the story of Fair Rosamund and her royal lover, King Henry II. To escape the clutches of a court life he comes to his box, where he amuses himself with his favorite sport of fishing, but when they are discovered and pursued by his jealous wife, Rosamund retires to the convent now named after Frideswide, where she is canonized as a saint. Then follow two amusing episodes; one where Friar Bacon, not to be confounded with Francis of that name, who lived some 150 years later, displays some of his marvelous inventions, and the other, the famous fight between "Town and Gown" on St. Scholastica's Day. After the interlude, the Masque of the Medieval Curriculum, already described in the press, came scenes of less remote history.

A splendid and brilliant spectacle was that in which Cardinal Wolsey receives Henry VIII, and obtains permission from him to suppress some of the smaller monasteries and appropriate their revenues to the founding and endowment of a college to be named after himself. Then followed the funeral procession of the Countess of Leicester, better known as Amy Robsart, who was buried in Oxford; the state entry of Queen Elizabeth, for the love of whom the Earl of Leicester is credited with the murder of his wife. The next royal personage to appear on the scene was James I, in whose person the thrones of England and Scotland were first united. After the three spectacular scenes in the reign of Charles I. came the Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen by James II, and the final episode, the eighteenth century fair.

Naturally an entertainment on so large a scale—there were at least 2,000 performers—took a long time to arrange; preparations were in progress for many months and for the last few weeks Oxford has been pageant mad.

Every day rehearsals were held on the ground, and the most interesting of the pageant, and the most picturesque, and everywhere excited groups collected to discuss the chances of fine weather. It was altogether an amiable madness that seized the town. Dons and professors became quite friendly with one another and were equally civil to the dignitaries, who in their turn were amiable to all. Town and gown feuds were for the moment forgotten.

The success of the pageant was due to the efforts of the indefatigable workers, Frank Lascelles, master of the pageant, and Dion Boucicault, throp, master of the robes. Mr. Calthrop is already known in America. He is partly of American descent, being the grandson of Dion Boucicault, the actor. He has lived part of his

life in New York and the beginning of his career was spent on the American stage. But he soon developed a taste for a different form of art and became a painter. He is an excellent draughtsman and has a fine sense of color. Last year his book on English historical costumes was published in London and New York.

Mr. Lascelles is also connected with the stage, having been for a long time with Beerbohm Tree, whose understudy he was. Naturally, therefore, Tree, as well as many other actors, has taken a great interest in the preparations and has been to Oxford to tender his valuable advice.

WHY CAMEOS ARE SCARCE

NONE ARE BEING MADE—STONES USED BY CUTTERS.

There is a great scarcity of cameos in Europe and America now, owing to the gradual dying off of the old cameo cutters. No cameos are being made, and the old stock is diminishing rapidly because of the present craze for old-fashioned jewelry, and jewelers say the only way they can replenish their stock is by buying old cameos from private owners.

Of a dozen jewelry establishments in St. Louis visited recently by a purchaser in search of cameos, says the Globe-Democrat, only one had unset cameos in stock, and only three had more than eight specimens of the set gems. This scarcity of cameos makes them very expensive, and those jewelers that are so fortunate as to have them in stock can get almost any price they choose to ask for them.

The true nature of a cameo is very much misunderstood by the public generally. Most people think it is the stone itself, when in reality the method of cutting is what produces the cameo. The real meaning of the word is unknown, its derivation having never been discovered, but correctly speaking cameos are small sculptures executed by relief on some substance precious either for its beauty, rarity or hardness.

There are emerald cameos, turquoise, indeed, any substance that lends itself to carving in such minute details can be used for cameos. Turquoise, and nearly all precious stones except diamonds, have been used for cameos. Emeralds have been used for intaglios but never for cameos. Emerald is the most common precious stone from which cameos have been made, and there are some work because of its hardness.

King Edward On the Ocean

Continued from Page Eleven.

larger than the King's. The furniture is of satinwood, with silver fittings, and there is a stately canopy bed that has silken draperies suspended from the ceiling. The color scheme throughout is a soft green. The dressing-room is surprisingly large and has an immense bath of snow-white Carrara marble, with dressing tables of inlaid satinwood, fitted with front and side mirrors.

Just opposite the royal sleeping apartments is a magnificent Louis XV. drawing-room done in blue silk. Adjacent are several other state bedrooms for the reception of Imperial and exalted guests. The magnificent dining-room runs one-third of the Victoria and Albert's whole length. It is lighted by 20 large windows. A novel feature is the great screens of brocade, by means of which greater seclusion can be obtained if desired. Close by is a smoking-room, where King Edward and his imperial nephew, the Emperor William, have many times smoked. Electric royalties and other invalids, while down below is a perfectly fitted hospital and dispensary.

The business office occupied by the King's secretary has a big American roll-top desk. The floor is covered with the usual blue carpet and the walls are painted with white enamel. Then follow the apartments of the gentlemen of the King's suite, including his equerries. There is a special dining-room for the lords-in-waiting. Here the woodwork and furniture throughout is of dark English oak. The floor is covered with a red plush carpet and the chairs and settees are in scarlet morocco.

There is even a children's nursery fitted with toy gymnastic appliances and a library of fairy tales. On this magnificent yacht the rulers of the British Empire go cruising in the summer, from sea to sea, calling at various ports and paying and receiving visits. It is well known that their majesties greatly look forward to this season of peace and quiet when they are free to live their own lives untrammelled by cares of state.

TOMBSTONE IN BALE OF HAY.

Thomas Newton, owner of many well-known horses, among them the famous Timbuctoo, is the possessor of a tombstone which arrived in a bale of hay purchased of Timothy Loughlin. It is of white marble and is inscribed with the initials "R. M. Loughlin" and the date "1840." Mr. Loughlin was informed of the owner's discovery in the hay and straightway set to work to remove it from the matter. The tombstone was shipped from the house of the late Timothy Loughlin, a well-known horse breeder, to the birthplace of John D. Rockefeller's cousin. He traced the hay as having come from the place of a certain well-to-do farmer back in the country, and thus the tombstone was placed in the hay as a joke by one of the hired men. (Coco) Correspondent New York World.

PEDIGREE OF BRITISH PEERS

NOBILITY FOR THE MOST PART BRAND NEW.

When the peers were opposing the last reform bill one noble lord declared the house to which he belonged to be the highest embodiment of human wisdom. Equal pretensions are put forward concerning the pedigree of its members. They are "our old nobility!" But the pedigrees of most peers are as disputable as their wisdom, writes Michael Savage in the London Chronicle, and our nobility for the most part is not old, but modern, and to no inconsiderable extent brand new.

There is no peerage in existence which is representative of any baron who sat in the Grand Council of William the Conqueror or his successors. "There must be an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene," said Lord Chief Justice Crewe nearly three centuries since. "And why not of De Vere? For what is Bohun? Where's Mowbray? Where's Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet?" With the forgotten and unrepresented dead.

E. A. Freeman, an industrious and careful student of such matters, was wont to contend that no pedigree could be trusted if it went back further than the eleventh century. There is no peerage which goes back so far. The oldest is that of Lord Ros, who is the premier baron of England. It dates from 1241, and is said, from the reign of Henry III. But the present bearer of the title is not a De Ros, though that has been assumed as the family name. The barony was in abeyance from 1687 to 1906. The present holder is the Earl of Geraldine. He is descended from Lord Henry Fitzgerald, the brother of the unfortunate Lord Edward, and is therefore related in different degrees to the Duke of Leinster and Mr. George Wyndham.

Almost the longest pedigree in Burke is that of the Duke of Northumberland. It carries the family back on one side to Mainfred, a Danish chieftain, one of the companions of Rollo, and on the other to a certain Magnus. A hardly anything could be Northumberland dates from the reign of a Percy in Northumberland, and the actual family name of the present Duke is Smith. The Duke of Devon and Cornwall, and the Duke of Gloucester, are also descended from the Percy family.

There were previous earls of Northumberland famous in history, but they were not of the Percy or Smith stock, though they say they are, according to Burke. At the time of the agitation for the first reform bill it was said with perfect truth that "the antiquity of the families of the existing peerage is a farce." The only building in the alienation office are the managers of this noble melodrama. When a line becomes extinct by some trick of marriage or by some interpretation of a patent, a trap door is struck and out comes a representative of the Marches or the Mowbrays.

"To such an extent is this carried that the same family name is changed almost every year in the peerage, and some peers do not know their own names. For instance, Lord Oriel wished to vote against the reform bill. His real name is Foster. He signed his proxy Ferrard. He ought to have written Skeffington. There was one less against the people."

There is one, one existing peerage as old as the reign of Henry II. There are four dating back to that of Edward I. The only peerage of the reign of Edward III. is that of Baron Courtenay, now represented by the Earl of Devon. The only peerage of the reign of Henry VII. is that of Willoughby de Broke; and two from the reign of Edward VI., that of Baron Paget, now Marquis of Anglesey, and that of Baron Herbert, now Earl of Pembroke. Among the peerages of the reign of Elizabeth I. are only that of the Earl of Gainsborough, formerly Baron North, now survives. There are more survivals from the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. and II. It was James I. who was the origin of our kings to put the peerage up for sale. He had the happy thought of inventing the baronetage for the same financial reasons.

How modern an institution the House of Lords is in its present constitution will be clearly seen from what follows. When Elizabeth ascended the throne there were, exclusive of the bishops, rather more than thirty peers. Of the members of the House of Lords in the reign of Charles I. the Earl of Clarendon says, despite the vivid for sea-side royalties and other invalids, while down below is a perfectly fitted hospital and dispensary.

Charles I. created 30 and Charles II. 87. At the death of William III. there were 122 peers. Under Anne the number rose to 209, under George I. to 216, and under George II. to 223. And then came the deluge. The House of Lords, themselves anticipated it in the Hanoverian succession. They then resolved that their numbers should be limited, and that the crown should be deprived of its prerogative to make new creations. But this resolution was passed over without serious notice, if not without remark. Probably George I. would not have understood it even if it had been translated to him, and under George II. a peerage was Walpole's highest bribe.

It is to George III., however, that we owe a most disproportionate share of our existing peerage. Simon de Montfort summoned 23 temporal peers to his memorable parliament. George III. created 40. When Queen Victoria came to the throne there had been twelve years on the throne there were 448 peers. In a little over twenty years the number had passed the 500th milestone, and now—those who talk of a conference between the two houses may like to know—the number is 500 and the Tory preponderance is

so heavy that a conference would place Mr. Balfour in a majority, even with a House of Commons like the present. The hereditary peerage is like the cabinet. It has grown up outside the law. There is nothing in the constitution conferring on the holder of a peerage the right to sit in Parliament and take part in legislation. It is one of those "rights" which have been snapped up, like commoners and roadside spaces. There were no lords by letters patent of creation under the Norman kings.

The occupant of the throne summoned such men as he wanted, and they sat while the great council, or parliament, lasted. It did not follow that they were summoned for the next similar assembly. Many of them, indeed, had lost their heads or their estates in the interval. But even the letters patent did not confer the hereditary right to take part in the making of laws. Before they took it into their own hands the peers used to complain because they had not received writs of summons.

"The House of Peers," it was long ago said, "has maintained its existence by usurping an influence over the representation of the people which it has turned to its sole advantage."

ONE SERVICE IN A YEAR

STORY OF A CURIOUS LITTLE CHURCH ON AN ENGLISH HILLTOP.

There stands upon a hill in the village of Uphill, in the county of Somerset, a small and very old church, which is surrounded by caves in which the bones of all kinds of animals have been discovered. This historic place of worship, which looks down upon Uphill Castle and the village itself, was at one time the only place of worship for miles around.

For several years no Sunday services have been held within its walls, and the only time that the public is allowed to worship there is one night in the year—on Christmas eve—when the vicar of Uphill or some other clergyman officiates. There is a footpath leading up the hill to the church, but as the church is a very steep one and the distance great very few people visit the church. It is by order of the ecclesiastical commissioners that it is opened to the public once a year.

Curious stories are told regarding this interesting edifice, one of which is to the effect that the church was purposely built on the top of the hill so that the preacher could feel convinced of the sincerity of the faith of those who accomplished the task of climbing to it. The church has been visited by people from all parts of the world, and the only building in England—probably in the world—in which divine service is conducted only once a year.—London Tit-Bits.

FORTUNES OF THE FUTURE.

Electric News: Those who will first discover and apply the hidden powers of the air, the water and the sunshine will open the way to the colossal fortunes of the next few centuries. Land, timber, metals and jewels have given their millions of dollars, but the energies of the sun, the water and the water, awaiting the inventive geniuses of the future, promise greater financial possibilities than all of these.

There is no question but that electricity is the greatest power in the world, and the ideal of a well-engineered problem of today is how to develop this electrical current in the easiest and most economical manner. It is estimated that throughout the world about 2,000,000 electrical horsepower is being generated from waterfalls and streams. One-quarter of this great horsepower is generated in the United States, with Canada second and Switzerland third.

To generate 2,000,000 horsepower continually by the ordinary steam engine would require some 25,000,000 tons of coal and allowing \$5 a ton for the cost of the coal this would represent a saving of \$125,000,000.

Situated in this country there are thousands of streams capable of producing from 100 to 50,000 or more horsepower. Others, like Niagara and Victoria Falls, in South Africa, and the Colorado and the Missouri, have water powers that seem unlimited. If every part of the mighty torrent of Niagara was harnessed it would easily generate sufficient electrical power to do all the work of this country. A stream of power purposes depends upon the amount of water flowing and also upon its head; that is, the height of the fall, whether in a sudden drop or rushing down a slope. The smaller mountain stream which tumbles noisily down rocks is often worth more than the broad, sluggish river flowing through a low country. One cubic foot of water a second may equal in power the total stored energy of many tons of coal.

What is even more wonderful, the power may be used twice: first, for generating electrical power; second, to irrigate farm lands in dry countries. With the electrical pump the stream itself can be pumped to levels where ordinary ditches could not carry it. Electricity can be made to light and heat the homes in the country as well as in the city and to run feed cutters, threshers and cream separators on the farm, as well as the wheels of the cars and factories.

SPIDERS WEAVE SILK.

Most of us have read of the fairy princess who wore a spider-web gown, but we never expected to see that fabric in reality. Now Signor Gallani, governor of the island of Madagascar, off the coast of Africa, sends word to America that he has opened a factory where the workers are weaving the webs of certain spiders of the island into silken fabrics which are shipped to Paris and made up into ladies' gowns. Thousands of the spiders work day and night in the cages in the big room in the factory. Even over to them, and they industriously spin millions of yards of their strong silk threads, which are carefully wound and taken to the weaving rooms.—Circle Magazine.

GLADDER RAIMENT FOR MANKIND

MUST REFORM HIS DRESS TO COMPETE WITH WOMAN.

Now does the young man's fancy turn to the fashionable haberdasher's windows. There he sees displayed wonderful shirts and shirtings, silks for neckties, dressing gowns and pajamas which seem made for some fairy princeling, so beautiful and unreal are they, so unfitted for wear in a rude and practical world.

There are fabrics fine enough to be passed through a ring in true fairy tale style, and, as for colors, you see pinks, greens, yellows, violets, the hue of ice cream and bon-bons. Just common folks are often heard to wonder if these confections are artful dodges of the shopkeepers to hold the public before their windows. It seems doubtful that they find purchasers, because no shame 'pon your word man has ever been seen wearing them in public.

Persons with a shrewd sympathy for the natural weakness of mankind can conceive of the ravishing bathos and pajamas being worn in the strict seclusion of the bedchamber. Why not? The beauty-loving soul who is obliged to spend his dreary days in the shamefacedness and sobriety of the regulation male attire must have some outlet, and a man is no hero to his valet, anyway.

Have a little courage, wear a gay shirt or a gay waistcoat occasionally, and be not such a slave to tyrant fashion! Think of King Edward of England, who not only wore a rose-colored shirt to the races, but carried a tall walking stick, and is thought to be making a determined effort to introduce some life and color into the sad-colored commonplaces of men's dress.

This is a wise king, able in diplomatic arrangements of public and private difficulties, and it may be that he recognizes and is trying to cope with a critical situation. It is time there was a call to arms. Shall man allow himself to sink quietly into oblivion, while woman competes with him in every occupation not quite beyond her physical strength, and yet does not sacrifice one iota of the pretty impeding frivolities of the toilet?

Men have been pleased to regard this phenomenon with amused contempt as a display of female weakness. This is a mistake. It is no sign of inferiority, but of sagacity or amazing cunning. Woman realizes the distinct advantage of a charming appearance in the struggle for life, and she knows how to retain it while gathering up everything else in sight.

The French revolution, that leveler of social distinctions, seems to have been largely responsible for the blotting out of all beauty and picturesqueness from men's dress. An authority says that though the Emperor Napoleon III. was partly to blame for the old court usages, and partly in imitation of certain classes of persons in England whose costume the French mistook for that of the nation generally.

This new dress was introduced by the sans-culottes, and consisted of a round hat, short coat, light waistcoat and trousers. A loose neckerchief showing the shirt collar above, hair cut short a la Titus, and shoes tied with string. This simple costume in turn soon became much admired in England. The Englishman, who in 1840 wore introduced by the Hessians. In 1844 loose trousers became the mode, though they had already been worn for some time in the army and by little boys.

The Cossacks were responsible for trousers with which Wellington boots were worn. The loose frock coat or surcoat was added to the list of garments by some time there have been few differences, only variations in men's dress.

The ideal was at first "an honest man close buttoned to the chin. Broadcloth without and a warm heart within." But there was some latitude as to the color of the broadcloth in the first fifty years. Dress coats were of Prussian blue, with gilt buttons, and for half dress the coat might be of dark purple or brown, cherry color or olive green, with waistcoats of salmon color, scarlet and emerald.

Nowadays all such mild indulgences are sternly repressed, and the ideal of a well-dressed man is neither more nor less—it could scarcely be less than that "his clothes never seem too new, but are never too old, while his perfectly-kept linen always gives him an air of freshness."

When women first began to force the entering wedge into business and professional life, those came into being a threatening cult of the masculine appearing woman; but it is significant that this creature is now almost extinct, though the vanguard of the business woman has become a mighty host. The pastor's wife who occupied her husband's pulpit officiated in a picture hat with huge white feathers, and even the merry Suffragettes, though few things dismayed them, refused to storm the House of Commons in trousers, while the ordinary woman leading a thoroughly business life in close association with men in each of such pleasant fripperies as lingerie blouses, bracelets and curls.

Men should wake up and strive ere it is too late to adjust matters to a more even balance. Women should be taught that they cannot eat their cake and have it too. Men, being as yet in the majority as employers, should lay down strict rules for the women employed by them. Foolish turbanes should be rigidly fined, and plain, serviceable dress, as like a man's as possible, should be enforced. Then people might see something like equality of the sexes.

But, alas! a day! summary laws were ever futile and women notoriously slippery on their feet. Men have for ages been striving to keep women in order in this respect. They have tried ridicule, shame, sorrow and fierce denunciation to no purpose. But in olden days if woman "dressed too fine," man had one redress now denied him. He could go and do likewise, and could usually go her one better. The great privilege was his of making himself the most noticeable and magnificent object in creation. But pride goes before a fall. He became so besotted with his ego that he felt himself able deliberately to cast aside all illusion-provoking adornments, all the romance of flowing curls and the mysterious grace of stately flowing garments—and now look at the foolish creature. One is almost tempted to think that he deserves to be tottering as unsteadily on his pedestal as we now find him.

But there is a gleam of hope. Because he has clothed himself for a hundred years in sad sobriety, is no reason why he should always. Let him try the potent medicine of long ago, and see if this aggressive tide of femininity cannot be stemmed. Of course he will feel very foolish and theatrical at first, but when he has once observed the thrilling effect produced by a swaggering velvet coat and a feathered hat upon the feminine half of the population, he will think the game is worth the candle. Sirs, outdress them. It is the only way to keep them in their place.

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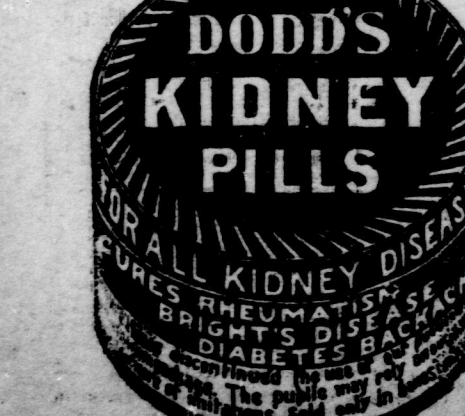
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