

## ARMISTICE TO ALL INTENTS NOW IN FORCE PLENIPOTENTIARIES TO MEET IN WASHINGTON

TOKIO, June 10.—(6 p. m.)—Japan has agreed to President Roosevelt's suggestion to appoint plenipotentiaries to meet Russian plenipotentiaries.

### RUSSIA IS WAITING.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 10.—It was stated at the foreign office this afternoon that Russia is ready to appoint representatives to hear the Japanese proposals, on being informed that Japan is nominating representatives for this purpose.

Practically, altho not formally, an armistice can now be said to exist. Russia awaits Japan's notification of the name of her plenipotentiary and the place of meeting, as upon the place will depend the appointment of Russia's representative. With the naming of the plenipotentiaries a limited suspension of hostilities will be formally declared.

### TO MEET IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—(Bulletin)—From an authoritative official source it is learned to-day that it has been practically determined that the plenipotentiaries of Japan and Russia for the determination of peace terms will hold their sessions in Washington.

## Tongorder Runs Second to Oxford in Buffalo Derby Beaten by Half a Length by Odom's Great Riding

Both Horses All in at the Finish and 2000 Canadians Cheered the Dymont Champion—Seagram Wanted to Scratch Inferno and Oxford Owner Had Similar Desire—Now He Wants to Meet Keene's Sysonby.

Kenilworth Park, Buffalo, June 10.—(Special.)—The crack three-year-old of the year, Oxford, won the Buffalo Derby to-day in the rain and mud after a duel with the Canadian colt, Tongorder, which left both horses out to the last ounce. For a full half mile, from the head of the stretch to the judges stand, it was as fierce a contest as man could wish to see, and when Oxford finally triumphed by half a length, it was more on account of Odom's masterful handling of the son of Faraday, than of the latter's superiority over Dymont's horse. The two thousand Canadians present were loyal to Tongorder, and they cheered him every foot of the route in a hearty manner not common on American tracks, nor did they forsake him in defeat, for the applause was long and loud after he came back to the scales. "That Tongorder is a great colt," said McLaughlin, Oxford's owner, after the race. "I think my colt is the very best one of his age racing, and all I want now is a chance to meet J. R. Keene's Sysonby at a mile and an eighth or a mile and a quarter."

The weather conditions were about as unfavorable as could be had. It commenced raining at 10 a.m., and continued all day. For the first race the track was fairly good, but three contests over it left a heavy and lumpy track. The race before the Derby was run in 1:42 4-5, which shows the condition of the track. Seven horses started in the big race, the only absentee being Gamara, who was not brought up from New York at all.

Mr. Seagram wanted to scratch Inferno when he saw the condition of the course. His colt is not a mud runner, and his bad hoof had made it necessary for him to be rigged up with a barplate, but the Waterloo turfmen's friends prevailed upon him to start the colt.

Want to Scratch.  
Strange to say McLaughlin wanted to scratch Oxford for his only previous performance in the mud had been mediocre, but J. G. Lang, of Buffalo, who owns a half interest in the colt wanted to see him go, and McLaughlin consented.

A ton of Canadian money made Tongorder favorite at 9 to 5, and as they hammered away, the books cut his price to 3 to 2, while Oxford went from 1 1-2 to 1 up to 3 to 1 in betting. The Torontonians outbet the speculators of New York and this in spite of the fact that Tongorder had never raced over a muddy track in his life. Inferno ruled at 3 to 1, Right Royal 9 to 1, Kehallan the winner was much the best, winning easily.

As in all his races at Woodbine Tongorder started out to make the pace and it is matter of doubt if Walsh displayed good judgment in allowing him to do so to-day, with a stretch runner like Oxford being nursed by Odom one of the most thorough horsemen in the world.

First race, for 3-year-olds and up, 5 1/2 furlongs—Spring, 99 (Creamer), 8 to 1; 1; Disabille, 102 (Rommell), 3 to 1; 2; James V., 104 (E. Walsh), 9 to 2; 3; Cascade, 100 (Connelly), 5 to 1; Fire Ball, 100 (Fisher), 10 to 1; Collector Jessup, 103 1/2 (J. Jones), 3 to 1; Brust Up, 90 (Berrier), 20 to 1. Start fair. Time 1:08 3-5. Winner, Gough-ree's Stable's b.c., 4, by Atheling—Gala-Spring led all the way, winning under a drive by one length. Disabille made up

a lot of ground after getting away last. Second race, for 2-year-olds, 4 1/2 furlongs—Lady Navarre, 104 (Helgeson), 8 to 5; 1; Pater, 104 (E. Walsh), 3 to 1; 2; Ossineke, 104 (J. Walsh), 15 to 1; 3; Gold Coin, 107 (J. Martin), 8 to 1; Wee Lass, 104 (Barker), 3 to 1; Loyal Front, 102 (Fisher), 15 to 1; Sun Fire, 102 (Taylor), 30 to 1; Donna, 94 (Creamer), 15 to 1. Start fair. Time 56. Winner, C. E. Ellison's ch.f., 2, by Pirate of Penance—Catherine of Navarre, Pater led by a good margin to the stretch, Lady Navarre just got up in time to win by a head on the post.

Third race, for 4-year-olds and up, 1 mile—The Lady Rhodessa, 101 (E. Walsh), 5 to 1; 1; Bienneworth, 108 (Olliphant), 6 to 5; 2; Judge Himes, 108 (Helgeson), 3 to 1; 3; Arrah-go-wan, 105 (Barrett), 8 to 1. Start good. Time 1:43 4-5. Winner, James Cur's b.f., 4, by Inosby—The Governor. The first three were driving to the limit. The Lady Rhodessa winning by half a length, a head between the next two. Judge Himes finished strong.

Fourth race, the Buffalo Derby, 1 1/4 miles—Oxford, 126 (Odom), 5 to 1; 1; Tongorder, 122 (E. Walsh), 8 to 1; 2; Kehallan, 122 (Miller), 8 to 1; 3; King of Troy, 100 (Rommell), 15 to 1; 4; Right Royal, 120 (J. Martin), 30 to 1; Silver Skin, 115 (Helgeson), 8 to 1; Inferno, 126 (J. Walsh), 8 to 1. Start good. Time 2:13 1-5. Winner, James McLaughlin's g.c., 3, by Faraday—Aune Belle. The field got away to a good start, with Tongorder in the lead, which he kept to within 20 yards from the finish, where Oxford, with a mighty effort, got up in time to win by a head.

Fifth race, for 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 70 yards—The Bugaboo, 114 (Booker), 5 to 2; 1; Yorkshire Lad, 102 (Perrin), 3 to 1; 2; Winchester, 102 (Hosmer), 3 to 1; 3; Sweet Tune, 107 (E. Walsh), 9 to 2; Nine Spt, 102 (Barrett), 8 to 1; Step Away, 102 (Klenck), 20 to 1; Water Cure, 106 (Rimlin), 8 to 1. Time 1:59 1-5. Start fair for all but Water Cure. Winner, H. Booker's b.c., 4, by Creighton—Irre E. Sixth race, for 3-year-olds and up, 5 1/2 furlongs—Ida Davis, 106 (Buchanan), 10 to 1; 1; Miss Gunn, 92 (Perrin), 5 to 1; 2; 106 (E. Walsh), 3 to 1; 3; Lustig, 111 (Fisher), 5 to 1; Salvage, 102 (Rommell), 3 to 1; Cheripe, 101 (Barrett), 15 to 1; Start good. Time 1:10. Winner, G. S. Ward's b.f., 4, by G. W. Johnston—Pretect. Miss Gunn led to the stretch, where the winner, coming strong, got up to wire by a head.

Kenilworth Entries.  
First race, maidens, 2-year-olds, 4 1-2 furlongs—Desoto, 112, George Atwell 112, Sunflow 109, Venus 109, Lady Georgia 109, Racine II, 109, Valencia 109, Oriene 109, Billy Cowan 109, Spring Ban 109.

Second race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Loricat 115, El Donoso 115, Waterton 112, Derry 107, Milton Young 102, Fair Galypso 101, X. Oas-caino 110, xLady Ellison 96.

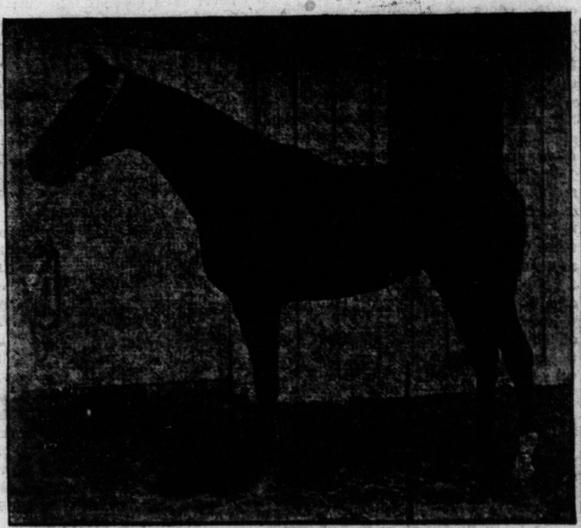
Third race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, mile and 40 yards—Potrero Grand 111, The Bugaboo 111, Alabarch 110, Bonnie Sue 91, xErbe 106, xWidow-smitte 103, xGirl From Dixie 86, xFritz Sheff 86.

Fourth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Kleinwood 115, Alibert 112, Depends 101, Billy Hamilton 99, xPlantaganet 114, xYorkshire Lad 105, xFiat 97.

Fifth race, 3-year-olds and up, one mile—The Curo 106, James V. 108, Rythm, 86, Blue Buck 103, Yorkshire Lad 91, Neva Welch 86, Fireball 91.

Sixth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, one mile—Blue Buck 103, xSaladin 94, xDurbar 96, xWoodshade 100, xGirl From Dixie 85, xGambler 91, xNine-spot 98.

Country's Last Hope.  
Capt. Hugh Riley of Company M, First Maryland Regiment, and the tall, thin man in the Maryland National Guard, tells a capital story on himself. It was just after the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, and the Maryland militia had volunteered to serve against the Dons. The captain says he was walking down the street in Annapolis, wearing his uniform and feeling very proud of it, when he passed two street archers, one of whom remarked: "Hully gee, Chimmy, dere goes de country's last hope."—Baltimore Sun.



TONGORDER

## HAMILTON RACES END IN RAIN BAD DAY FOR THE FAVORITES

Failed in All But Two Races—Eight Books Had Best of Deal—Toronto Crowd a Large One

Hamilton race track, June 10.—(Special.)—The Hamilton races closed to-day in a rain shower that started during the first race. There was a good attendance, including the largest crowd of the week on the Toronto excursion. Favorites failed in all but two races, Lady Huron and Sir Ralph both at odds on romping in Scarecrow, third odds, won the opening event. The choice, won the opening event. The winner alone stayed up in the jumping event. Lynch remounted Gear Holm and took second, while Ohnet was disqualified and there was no show horse. The Bradley pair ran 1 and 3 in the fifth blue course, getting between them. The winner was best. Both were played strongly. The last race of the meeting went to Love Note, the strongly played second choice that took such an early lead that young Henry could not quite get up. Eight books had the better of the day. The announcement here of Oxford's victory at Buffalo created no surprise, as Tongorder was hardly expected to do so in the mud.

First race, purse \$300, 6 furlongs—Sandy Scarecrow, 96 (Henderson), 3 to 1; 1; Sandy Andy, 106 (J. Austin), 4 to 5; 2; The Elba, 109 (Armstrong), 4 to 1; 3; Little Tom Tucker, 115 (Finch), 15 to 1; Miss Morgan, 87 (Mallin), 8 to 5; Alopath, 100 (Shea), 10 to 1; My Honey, 94 (A. Walsh), 10 to 1; Harry New, 106 (Miles), 15 to 1. Time 1:18. Winner, T. Gallagher's b.c., 3, by Plaudit—Sposense. Sandy Andy held a commanding lead right to the wire, when Scarecrow nipped him. The Elba right up to them, third. Miss Morgan got away badly, but finished close up.

Second race, purse \$300, 2-year-olds, 4 1/2 furlongs—Lady Huron, 104 (Henderson), 7 to 1; Away, 95 (Price), 11 to 10; 2; Goggles, 104 (Finch), 10 to 1; 3; Sleeping Partner, 95 (Mallin), 20 to 1. Time 57 1/2. Winner, Kirkfield Stables' ch.f., 2, by Huron—Endurance. Lady Huron won all round, away challenging her around the lower turn.

Third race, Hamilton Brewers' Stakes, 1 1/4 miles—Sir Ralph, 100 (Henderson), 4 to 1; 1; First Born, 95 (Henderson), 4 to 1; Ben Crockett, 105 (Murray), 5 to 1; 3; Time 2:17 1/2. Winner, T. Clark's b.c., 3, by Bread Knife—Marguerite. It was only a romp for Sir Ralph. Ben Crockett kept up for 6 furlongs, tired and First Born showed easily.

Fourth race, handicap steeplechase, \$500 added, about 2 3/4 miles—Lord Radnor, 114 (Corley), 3 to 1; 1; Gearholm, 148 (Lynch), 2 to 1; 2; Ohnet, 139 (Gallagher), 3 to 1; 3; Dramatist, 159 (H. S. Wilson), 8 to 5; Nesto, 130 (Ray), 3 to 1; xDisqualified, Time 6:05 1/4. Winner, R. J. Laughlin's ch. s., 6, by Clifford—Queen Nabe. Lord Radnor only horse to stay up. Gearholm fell at last jump, when racing with winner, as did Ohnet at stonewall second time around, when he fouled the other two. Nesto had early mishap.

Fifth race, purse \$300, 6 furlongs—Waddell II, 97 (Price), 6 to 5; 1; Blue Grouse, 95 (Henderson), 4 to 5; 2; Blue Miracle, 105 (Christian), 6 to 5; 3; Paranaissa, 100 (Crogan), 6 to 1; Flying Schwab, 100 (Shea), 25 to 1. Time 1:18 1/2. Winner, Mrs. R. Bradley's b.f., 3, by Aloha—Virgie. Waddell passed Blue Grouse coming up the stretch, where Paranaissa dropped his lead that he held from flag fall and Blue Miracle ran up for the show. The favorite was second all round. Henderson raised claim of foul and after Price took the stand it was disallowed.

Sixth race, purse \$300, 5 1/2 furlongs—Love Note, 100 (Myles), 2 to 1; 1; Young Henry, 114 (Austin), 4 to 5; 2; George Perry, 102 (Shea), 6 to 1; 3; Maxey Moore, 94 (Mallin), 40 to 1; Sampan, 87 (Henderson), 5 to 1; The World, 105 (A. Walsh), 10 to 1; Grand Swoop, 105 (Price), 20 to 1; Ed Bradley, 104 (Finch), 30 to 1. Time 1:12 1/2. Winner, G. E. Dudley's ch.m., 4, by Kantaka—Lady Pepper. Love Note shot ahead at flag-fall, and rounding the turn had six lengths lead, and then just managed to stall off the favorite's rush.

Radical Press Turns.  
The official with whom the correspondent of the Associated Press talked was by means sanguine that Japan could offer an acceptable basis for negotiations.

Japan is Willing.  
Tokio, June 10.—After acknowledging the receipt of President Roosevelt's letter, minister of Foreign Affairs Komura, in a note to Mr. Griscoli, the American minister, says that imperial government has given the suggestion.

Continued on Page 12.

## ST. PETERSBURG AND TOKIO TAKE ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE

Czar Will Hardly Make Formal Reply to Letter, But Has Accepted Its Suggestions.

St. Petersburg, June 10.—From the

conversation of an official of the foreign office the Associated Press is not certain whether Russia will send a formal reply to President Roosevelt's appeal, the emperor's assurance to Ambassador Meyer of his willingness to negotiate being deemed sufficiently official.

"We cannot select our plenipotentiary," the official said, "until Japan has indicated the place for the negotiations. In order to avoid delay if Washington is selected Count Cassini, or possibly Baron Rosen, if he could arrive in time, may act for Russia. If Manchuria is selected General Linevitch may be the representative of Russia, but it does not necessarily follow that either of them would conduct the negotiations to the end, as the first question to be determined is whether a basis is possible on the Japanese terms. If they are considered to afford a basis for the conclusion of peace a regular set of plenipotentiaries may be appointed, and the negotiations may proceed in the customary way."

The official with whom the correspondent of the Associated Press talked was by means sanguine that Japan could offer an acceptable basis for negotiations.

Radical Press Turns.  
The official press, which hounds the government no matter which way it turns, is promptly seeking to take advantage of the new situation created by the possibility of peace. Altho for months it has been preaching peace and the abandonment of the whole of the Manchurian adventure at any cost it has already yeped around and pretends to be horrified at the fact that Russia can contemplate the possibility of surrendering her position on the Pacific and purchasing peace at the price of an indemnity after the sacrifice of millions of the peoples' money and thousand of peoples' lives, and declares that only the people shall decide whether the country shall submit to this humiliation.

Will Have Bad Effect.  
These tactics will produce all the more effect since so far at the indemnity goes the radical papers undoubtedly reflect the views of the masses of the Russian people as well as those prevalent in official circles.

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Continued on Page 12.

## NEWFOUNDLAND TO LEVY BIG TAX ON BANKS AND MARCONI WIRELESS

Total of \$20,000 a Year Wanted From Former and \$4000 From Each of Three Stations From Latter Enterprise.

St. John's, N.F., June 10—Premier Bond in the legislature this afternoon announced plans for raising increased revenues. He said the Canadian Marconi Company had established three wireless stations in Newfoundland without authority, and that colonial government believed they were now doing commercial business with the Marconi stations at Cape Cod, Cape Breton and passing steamers. There-

fore the government proposed to tax these stations \$4,000 each if satisfied that such business was being done. The premier also stated that it was not the intention of the government to not the Anglo-American Cable Co. for more than five Atlantic cables at \$4,000 each as the extensions to the Canadian continent were regarded as a part of the same cables. It was proposed, however, to levy a tax aggregating \$20,000 annually upon banks doing business in the colony.

EUGENE BLAIR TELLS WHY SHE DISCOURAGES AMATEUR

Reply She Gave to One Toronto Girl, Who is Ambitious to Go Upon the Stage.

It was "breaking in" on a very busy woman's time for a reporter to get a few minutes' talk with Eugene Blair when she was seen at the King Edward Hotel yesterday afternoon.

"You see that young person that just left me," the actress said, "Well that is one of the various phases of character that we people of the stage have constantly to come in contact with."

"Yes," was the answer of the man with the pencil and the pad that stood waiting. It might be said that he had noticed the young woman then waiting for the elevator and that he had taken notice that she was highly pretty and that she denoted that her spirits had fallen greatly by the tapping of an enamel shoe on the floor of the approach to the elevator.

"She waited for me for two solid hours while I was out and when she finally found an opportunity to speak with me, she asked if I thought that I could help her in my company. Now you know, at least I suppose you should, that there is little or no chance for an amateur in the business-like professional company of the world to-day.

"That girl just told me that she belongs to one of the most prominent families, socially, that there is in this city. There is no need of mentioning names. No, in fact I do not and will not say who she is. She told me in a very few words that she thought that the theatrical profession must be an ideal life. Poor thing, how little could she realize what a terrible downfall her dream would be if she only could have been given a few days of actual insight.

"She told me that she had a beautiful home out in one of the suburbs, yes, even invited me to come out and spend an afternoon with her people. She talked of her little social duties and looked upon them as trifles. How would she have fared in a troublesome week of one-night stands? Poor girl, she did not realize what she was to forsake and for what—if her wish had been granted.

"No Royal Road. "Do you know what I did, I quoted to her a few lines from Zola, that scene, you know, where one of the lesser characters asks the great actress how she achieved her great success and she answers, "By much suffering, much grief and much pain and a little art." It appeared to this girl. She had a pretty figure, a pretty face and withal, as I could judge, a good delivery. The impressions that she wished to convey, but could she submit to the criticism of those who sit out in front? I think not.

"And there she is. An actress who is to be being besieged by young women who want to become stars overnight or who think that the life of an actress is made up of a bed of roses, with champagne, suppers and swell dinner parties indefinitely distributed, but how little do they realize the life that they wish to throw themselves upon. In many cases a few weeks' and months' experience, with constant failures, have proved of value, but see those that have followed upon the course that they determined and who can count the failures and tell of the hundreds that have started to their homes crestfallen and most willing to abide under the parental roof, or those who have persisted and become what any person can hope to be, of the mediocre class in the profession.

"No, it is not what it seems, and to be successful as an actress one must expect to submit to work both night and day. That is one reason why I am my own little manager. Amelia Bingham, Mrs. Fiske and myself hold that position alone on the American continent—as actresses and stage managers. Why? you ask me, because I think that in staging a play that the whole should be converted to effect and success. That is the reason that I think that the pivot about which the play revolves should have its supervision. Another thing a woman's hand can arrange things on a stage where the ordinary stage manager does not look for the detail that such things require.

"An Actress' Duties. "But that is not the least of my duties. Think of the hours that I have to spend in study, in visiting the dressmaker, in designing costumes for the play, and where, where is there any time to be spent socially. It is the greatest mistake that a young girl can make to suppose that she can look upon the stage with favor and become a success and at the same time spend her leisure hours in the whirl of society. If she attains any degree of success at all she will find that the struggle is just as great to keep her grasp on the situation as it was to climb there.

"In fact, I might say that meteoric careers are few and far between and that success in the dramatic profession is only obtained in slow movements. There are many and many times when, after years of toiling, one finds that they have been shoved aside. It is then that the crucial point arrives. Many give up the fight and sink down and out of sight. Others grit their teeth and make another effort and sometimes climb another rung on the ladder of success or, fail, only to make another attempt.

"Tell Her to Forget. "Candidly, I tell you that it takes a great deal to win a franking from one of the profession calling upon a manager to enter upon its hardships. A woman naturally appeals to a woman. The applicant for advice may be pretty, she may be even handsome. She may have talent, she may be superbly endowed and have unlimited means at her command, but unless she has personality and such personality that will command attention wherever she may be placed, I will do as I did with the young person whom you saw leaving me a few moments ago, advise her to forget her dreams and settle down to the responsibilities of some good fellow's wife.

Glimpses of the Political Field

For the first time in its nine years of office the Laurier government is face to face with a critical by-election. Some of the numerous by-elections held since 1896 were interesting, a few of them, notably St. John, East Bruce, St. Hyacinthe and Sherbrooke as likely to foreshadow the result of the late general elections were attended with some anxiety. But these latter contests did not hold or appear to hold the immediate fate of parties. Nor were they directly related to the solution of a great public question. London and North Oxford on the other hand may make or unmake the liberty of the west, one of them continues or cuts short the career of a strong cabinet minister, in their joint effect they govern the fate of the coercion clauses of the autonomy bill and relieve or accentuate a crisis in the Laurier government.

The significance of the two by-elections can hardly be over-estimated. The defeat of the two government candidates would mean the withdrawal of the educational clauses. Of this there is not the slightest doubt. The defeat of the government candidate in London and a material reduction of the Liberal majority in North Oxford would probably have the same effect. No government can carry on business at Ottawa with a solid Ontario arrayed against it, and the defeat of Hon. Chas. Hyman in London and Mr. Geo. Smith in North Oxford could have no other meaning. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues would be quick to grasp the situation, and they would hasten to abandon a policy which called for a solid Ontario to meet the influence of a solid Quebec. They would trust to time to heal the wounded feelings of the Ontario electorate, and to throw themselves a chastened penitent on the people at the next general elections.

The return of Mr. Hyman and Mr. Smith, no matter how small the majorities may be, would seal the fate of the Northwest. Such a result could not be accepted as other than a vindication of the government's policy of coercion, and the autonomy legislation would in all likelihood be rushed thru its final stages with little or no show of resistance. The election of Mr. Hyman and the defeat of Mr. Smith or a greatly diminished majority for the latter would also guarantee the speedy passage of the autonomy bill. If the government can carry Mr. Hyman in London it can carry the autonomy bill at Ottawa. London holds the key to the present political situation. In the long run the result in North Oxford may prove to be the truest guide to public opinion, and to the political destiny of the authors of coercion.

The defeat of Mr. Hyman would precipitate a crisis such as never came to a Dominion government thru the downfall of a minister of the crown. London supplies fighting ground well suited to a Liberal candidate under ordinary circumstances, and ideal when the Liberal candidate happens to be a newly appointed minister of the crown returning to his constituency for reelection. But for the autonomy bill Hon. Chas. Hyman would have been elected by acclamation, and if anyone had tried to organize a fight he would have had difficulty in getting enough signatures for his nomination papers. If, under such circumstances, Mr. Hyman cannot win in London he cannot win in any constituency in Ontario unless it should be a riding with a large French-Canadian population like Russell or South Essex. It is doubtful if the government could afford to run Mr. Hyman in such a constituency. It might as well run him in Gaspe or L'Angele. It is doubtful also if Mr. Hyman's pride would permit him to seek a haven in a French-Canadian constituency. He might be appointed to the senate, but he would have to relinquish his portfolio. A minister of public works with a seat in the upper house would be a joke. What then would the Laurier government do? It could not elect A. B. Aylesworth in an Ontario constituency if it decided to give him a portfolio, it could not elect Archie Campbell in South York, and would even hesitate to risk a fight in West Middlesex by bringing W. E. Calvert into the ministry. The government would either have to exclude Ontario from her fair share of cabinet representation, which would be in the

nature of an open declaration of war against this province, or withdraw the coercion clauses and endeavor to complete the cabinet on a modified autonomy bill.

Whatever the verdict in London may be it will not be as safe a guide to the feeling of the province on the autonomy bill as the result in North Oxford. In London the odds are unequal. Mr. Hyman has behind him the prestige of a minister of the crown, he has unlimited campaign funds and he is contesting a constituency where the independent element is small. Elections in London have been fought with such ferocity, the party organizations have been conducted on such scientific lines that there are really only two camps in the constituency, Liberals and Conservatives. An ordinary issue would start an exodus from one camp to the other, but the autonomy bill is not an ordinary issue and hundreds of Liberal electors do not regard it as such. There have been many outspoken declarations against the bill by Liberals whose party loyalty has never been brought into question, and it is well known that Mr. Hyman's canvass has been depressingly discouraging.

Operating in Mr. Gray's favor is the initial strength of identification with a good cause. He is a strong candidate, much more popular with the workingmen and the masses generally than Mr. Hyman. He talks very well from the platform, knows how to meet the electors and has the happy faculty of inspiring them and getting them to work. Mr. Gray has a genius for organization. As a canvasser he has few peers. His great popularity among the working classes, his steady friendship for organized labor and his industry and ability as a canvasser were the means of giving Mr. Hyman the fight of his life last November. What money may do to weaken Mr. Gray is doubtful. Where two wealthy candidates are fighting against each other, other things being equal, the larger spender will win. Experience has shown that when the rich man is contesting a constituency against a poor man the vote does not follow the money. A large percentage of the purchasable vote will take in the rich man's money and vote for the poor man. So it may be in London, where between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars is being spent in the interests of Hon. Charles Hyman, and if it works out in this way there can be but one result. Eliminating the money power of Mr. Hyman, he would not have a look-in. Every other condition is favorable to Mr. Gray with this possible exception, a contest following so soon after a general election does not encourage a vigorous expression of public opinion. In a general election following so soon after the introduction of the autonomy bill, Hon. Charles Hyman would hardly get a hearing in London. The people in the latter case would give full scope to their indignation. A great many Liberals in London would rather defeat the Laurier government than Hon. Charles Hyman and a number of them are not disposed to defeat Mr. Hyman while doing nothing to punish the chief authors of coercion. This feeling may help Mr. Hyman to some extent, but it will not remove the elemental causes of Mr. Hyman's weakness. Mr. Hyman passively submitted to the shaping of the yoke for the Northwest and he is now asking London to give the government final warrant for putting the yoke on. That is the point on which the better element of London Liberals will not yield and it is thru the aid of this class of Liberals that William Gray seems likely to carry London by a substantial majority.

That there will be a marked change in the vote in North Oxford as compared with previous elections Liberals freely admit. Already the government supporters are preparing their minds to account for a serious defection from their ranks and this is a certain indication that the canvass and the character of the meetings held by both sides have not been wholly satisfactory to them. The whole energy of the Liberal campaigners has been directed to win back the large section of dissatisfied voters, who from the first have expressed the most unqualified disapproval of the government's education policy. Some of these dissatisfied ones have been redeemed. But how many it seems to be impossible to say. Four out of five Liberals in North

Oxford are believed to have been against the government on this issue a month ago. They took The Globe's view that the government deserved censure, but the organ's change of heart has had some effect in bringing certain zealous Liberals into line. It is the quiet vote that will count in this campaign. It was the quiet hard thinking vote that defeated Ross and reduced the normal Liberal majority in North Oxford from fifteen hundred to about five hundred. Woodstock gave a Conservative majority of two hundred on January 25th last, and the vote thruout the riding was heavy a great many Liberals stayed at home rather than condone the record of the government and assist in the election of Colonel Munro. Mr. Smith is expected to carry Woodstock by five hundred. Some place the figures beyond this, while the Liberals say five hundred will be the outside figures and may not be more than three hundred and fifty. Taking five hundred as the mean between the two and allowing for the same Conservative gains in the rural divisions Wallace ought to come pretty close to victory. The best calculations are, however, sometimes upset, and it would be the policy of prudence for neither side to count on a win. The Liberals will point to the popularity of the late Mr. Sutherland as evidence that the Liberal vote in North Oxford is not nearly so heavy as the election returns of November last would seem to show. It is anybody's fight to-day.

NOT AN ENTANGLING ALLIANCE.

London Outlook's Comment on Colonial Contributions. (Canadian Associated Press Cable.) London, June 10.—The Outlook, commenting on R. J. Seddon's proposal to increase New Zealand's naval contribution, says: "It is proof that the alliance between the British and the Japanese empire will not tend to repress the growing desire of the self-governing colonies to assume their just share of the burden of imperial defence. Except among the habitants of Quebec, where Mr. Bourassa's passive imperialism has a certain vogue, it is nowhere regarded as an entangling alliance, and Mr. Bourassa himself, as befits Papinua's grandson, would be the first to scorn the suggestion that the might of Japan should be a kind of security, even collateral security, for the liberty enjoyed by French-Canadians under British institutions."

Yates & Ritchie's Weekly Letter. New York, June 9.—The stock market continued to vibrate between narrow limits. The feeble response to the remarkable naval engagement in the Sea of Japan was short lived because of the determination of the cabinet to continue the war, and prices settled down in what appeared to be a state nearly approaching equilibrium. There were bad features galore, but none bearing upon securities in a way to produce any considerable liquidation. If, as reported, the powers are preparing to unite and all support President Roosevelt in his efforts to end the war, the market will be concerned in peace problems, and the credit of Russia, which some hold are more discouraging from a stock market point of view than the war itself. The prolongation of the war would mean a continuation of the stimulus to general business given by the expenditure of money in the world's markets that both combatants are now making. Much to be heard nowadays about the rise in all values caused by the increase in the production of gold and particularly the increase of the circulating medium. No one familiar with Wall Street can doubt the influence of the recent disclosures made in the report of the Frick committee on public sentiment. The whole wretched issue was in a fair way to be eliminated as a disturbing factor by correcting the known abuses as recommended in the report, and the hasty shelving of the recommendation has spread a vague uneasiness over the financial district. Undoubtedly the spectacle of men in high places in the financial world abusing a corporate position of peculiar delicacy to serve personal ends is not calculated to inspire public confidence in the shares of corporations in general. Meanwhile, depressing as are the developments in the Equitable affair, stocks are very strongly held and the evidences of a large short interest adds strength to the speculative situation. Foreign markets were heavy among these present were: Lady Lauder, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. T. C. Sate, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Daly, Miss Haskell, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Palford, Mrs. Traudwell, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Mianes.

One St. Patrick Missed.

From Boston came prurish Miss Carter. Who once saw a snake called the "garter." When asked of its kind, she blushed so refined. And murmured: "I think you might—er—call the snake er—a hose supporter."

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HOTELS.

HAY MARKET HOTEL—\$1.00 PER DAY house, 94 Front-street East, Toronto. James Farrell, proprietor. Geo. Barton, Manager.

HOTEL DEL MONTE PRESTON Springs, Ont., under new management; renovated throughout; mineral baths open winter and summer. J. W. Hirst & Sons, late of Elliott House, prop. off Queen-street.

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SITUATIONS VACANT.

A YOUNG MEN—FOR FIREMEN and brakemen, Canadian and other railroads; experience unnecessary; wages \$75, become engineers and earn \$300; brakemen \$20, become conductors and earn \$140; name position preferred; stamp for particulars. Railway Association, room 145, 227 Monroe-street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HUNTLEYS EVERYWHERE TO DISTRICTS—Circulars, samples and tags signs. American Distributing Agency, Milwaukee, Wis.

CANVASSERS WANTED FOR OUR permanent traveling force, who are capable of presenting the best medical journals; no heavy samples; agreeable work among a refined and educated class; salary and commission. Wm. Wood & Company, New York City.

SITUATION WANTED.

A MANUFACTURER WITH EASTERN experience on ladies' waists, wants to take charge of such business in Toronto. Box 3, World.

TO RENT.

A FRONT ROOM TO RENT, PRIVATE family; for gentleman. 76 Wilce-street.

DETECTIVES.

EFFECTIVES—YOUNG MEN DESIRING to become detectives write "Manager" International Secret Service Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL.

Mrs. C. Mackintosh and the Misses Mackintosh have left town for the coast, they will be joined by the Hon. C. Mackintosh. Miss Isabel Mackintosh is staying with her sister, Mrs. T. H. Fleming.

Miss Jean Taschereau, who has been visiting Mrs. Vidal, has left for Montreal.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris has left for Toronto.

Mrs. D. Cartwright entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday.

Miss Laura Toller, who has been in Toronto for a little visit, returns to Ottawa, on Saturday.

Mrs. Toller, Miss Toller and Mrs. Bacon leave on Saturday to spend a few days with Mr. R. Rosamond at Almonte.

Miss Marie Muller of New York is in town and intends spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. McConnell.

Mrs. Fred Southam is the guest of the Misses Sparks.

Miss Marion Scarth is leaving on Tuesday and sails on the Ionian on Wednesday for England.

A very pleasant tea was given by Mrs. F. H. Chrysler yesterday afternoon. Miss Chrysler, Miss McBride, Miss M. Ryley and Miss Lynn waited on the guests, among whom were the following: Mrs. Herridge, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Gemmill, Mrs. Lumbie, Mrs. Clemons, Mrs. Douglas Cameron, Mrs. R. Hill, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Potter (New Hampshire), Mrs. H. F. Hill, Miss Hill, Mrs. A. W. Flech, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. John MacPherson.

Mrs. Warren Y. Soper gave a small tea yesterday afternoon. The guests included Mrs. Lyons Bigger, Mrs. F. W. Powell, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. William Scott, Misses Elsie and Bonnie Keefe, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mrs. Ralph Jones, Miss Niece.

Mrs. W. Y. Soper gave another very enjoyable tea on Friday afternoon. The guests were looking their best and every one was in raptures over the view across the Ottawa River. Miss Luce, Miss Bessie Keefe, Miss Lyons looked after the ladies. Among those present were: Lady Lauder, Mrs. Heward, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. T. C. Sate, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Daly, Miss Haskell, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Palford, Mrs. Traudwell, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Mianes.

His Gift to Pope.

Pope Pius X. recently gave audience to a poor man living at Tivoli, near Rome, who personally presented the pope with a bunch of asparagus of

ONLY THE NOW O

THIRD B

MISS BLAIR

NEXT WEEK

WOMEN'S GREY MATT

Intellectually Does Not Depend Upon Its We

It is the general testimony of those who have weighed brains that the brain is lighter in the average than in the average man. T

remembered, is an average. T refers in the nature of the ca to the outcasts and failures of both sexes who die in hospitals, etc. On this point the distinguished German physiologist, says: "Amongst the man that have been put forward the legal and social oppression of the female, the aggression by his fellow man, the aggression the relative smallness of the brain to the male brain plays an important part. If we observe, so opponents of women, that as rule women have always taken an ordinate position, we shall see cause is her lower moral and gnt powers, the explanation lies in the simple fact that the brain is smaller in the woman than in the man." But Professor Bucher points out that "that the brain is a very receptive of that by us, as is the case the muscles, it gains in capacity increases even in bulk, which entails the loss of development continues: "A circumstance pointed out that is of the importance in considering the question, namely, that the difference between the weight of male and female brains of a race is observable in all races, yet or in culture the race, the more the difference; so that European surpasses the African in more in weight of brain negro the giper, and so on." infers that "this circumstance that in civilization and not must be the causes for this in development. In the division, which accompanies the civilization, the intellect work has fallen more and more lot of the man, while the e brain is calculated, the human employment of the brain

A Question of Proport

But Buchner then points out brain has to govern all the tions, and that, therefore, in the intelligence of an s the bulk of its brain, it is necessary to take into account the weight of the whole body instead of the whole brain. As a matter of fact, when noted, we should have to con the whale and the elephant tally superior to man. The whale seventy-five feet long, seventy ounces; that of the averages eight to ten pounds whole body of these animals immensely more than that of the man, while the e this relationship between the of the organ and of the ent into account. So it is that men are more slightly made heavy than men, the absolute of the female brain averages three ounces less than the male; the relative weight of the brain is calculated, the human are found to be far above all mals; and, curiously, here we the advantage over men. In and female together), the b the body in weight as 1 to 1.5 other mammalia. It is 1 to 1.8 1 to 2.12; in reptiles, 1 to 1.3 fishes, 1 to 5668. But, says

HOW FRAUDS ARE WO

In common with all other tions, the turf has its parasites of various d criminality. No one not "in would credit the amount of cunning exercised by some gentlemen in their endeavor some feathers from the el bird. The latest device em the merchants of industry extraordinary that it deserves publicity. Its originality li

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ONLY THEATRE NOW OPEN GRAND MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

THIRD BIG WEEK OF POPULAR EUGENE O'NEILL'S EXACTLY AS PRESENTED IN NEW YORK BY THE SAME EXCELLENT CAST MISS BLAIR at Every Performance in the dual role of "LADY ISABEL" and "MADAME VINE."

WOMEN'S GREY MATTER

Intellectually Does Not Altogether Depend Upon Its Weight.

It is the general testimony of those who have weighed brains that the brain is lighter in the average woman than in the average man. This, be it remembered, is an average, and it refers to the nature of the case largely to the outcasts and failures of society of both sexes who die in prisons, hospitals, etc. On this point, the very distinguished German physiologist, Buchner, says: "Amongst the many reasons that have been put forward to justify the legal and social oppression of man by his fellow man, the agreement of the relative smallness of the female brain to the male brain plays a permanent part. If we observe, so say the opponents of women, that as a general rule women have always taken a subordinate position, we shall see that the cause is her lower moral and intellectual powers, the explanation of which lies in the simple fact that the brain is smaller in the woman than in the man." But Professor Buchner proceeds to point out that the human brain is a very receptive organ, and that by use, as is the case also with the muscles, it gains in capacity, and increases even in bulk, whilst disuse entails the loss of development. He continues: "A circumstance must be pointed out that is of the highest importance in considering the whole question, namely, that the difference between the weight of the male and female brains of a race is distinctly observable in all races, yet the higher in culture the race, the more perceptible is the difference; so that the male European surpasses the female European more in weight of brain than the negro the gipsy, and so on." Buchner infers that "this circumstance proves that in civilization and not in nature must lie the causes for this difference in development. In the division of labor, which accompanies the march of civilization, the intellectual brain-work has fallen more and more to the lot of the man, while the exercise of the domestic duties calls for a less active employment of the brain."

A Question of Proportion

But Buchner then points out that the brain has to govern all the bodily actions, and that, therefore, in estimating the intelligence of an animal by the bulk of its brain, it is obviously necessary to take into account the size and weight of the whole body. If actual instead of relative weight were noted, we should have to conclude that the whale and the elephant were mentally superior to man. The brain of a whale seventy-five feet long weighs seventy ounces; that of the elephant averages eight to ten pounds. But the whole body of these animals weighs immensely more than that of a man does; and it is essential that we take this relationship between the weight of the organ and of the entire frame into account. So it is that since women are more slightly made and less heavy than men, the absolute weight of the female brain averages about three ounces less than that of the male. When the relative weight of the body and brain is calculated, the human family are found to be far above all other animals; and, curiously, here women have the advantage over men. In man (male and female together), the brain is to the body in weight as 1 to 36; in the other mammalia, it is 1 to 186; in birds, 1 to 212; in reptiles, 1 to 1,321; and in fishes, 1 to 5,688. But, says Buchner, "As a matter of fact, when the relative weight of the female brain to the body is considered, we find, according to several investigators, that it is not less, but even slightly greater, than that of man. In other words, woman, taking into consideration her smaller bodily size, possesses probably even more brain than the male." Buchner then refers to the relative development of the different parts of the brain in men and women, and concludes that "we cannot deduce the conclusion that nature has for all time ordained the intellectual inferiority of women, but rather must we agree that nature has not here spoken at all." Buchner adds that there was no way in which the male brain could be anatomically distinguished from the female brain.

HOW FRAUDS ARE WORKED.

In common with all other institutions, the turf has its shady side, and its parasites of various degrees of criminality. No one not "in the know" would credit the amount of shrewd cunning exercised by some of these gentlemen in their endeavors to pluck some feathers from the elusive coo bird. The latest device employed by these merchants of industry is so extraordinary that it deserves the fullest publicity. Its originality lies in the

such a one, of course the plan submitted has every attraction, but one would think that the trick would soon have become common property in the sheepfolds. Verily the ways of lambs are past finding out!

The Umpire.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling). A fool there was and he unpurged hair, (Even as you and I), Not a rag or a bone or a hank of hair: The fans were sore and they didn't care, Not a bit of him was left anywhere Not even his collar or tie!

Oh, the coin we waste and the time we waste

As we sit in the big grandstand Are caused by his 'umps who doesn't know how (And now we know that he never could know) And did not understand.

A fool there was and his voice he leant

(Even as you and I) To the national game, on sport intent (And he didn't say just what he meant) But a fool must follow his natural bent (Even as you and I)

Oh, the games we lost and the money we lost

And the number of times we fanned Were due to the umpire who didn't know how (And now we know he never could know) And could not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide

(Even as you and I) The fans could have stopped them but no one tried (He went away a wreck when they cast him aside) So some of him lived, but most of him died (Even as you and I)

Oh, it isn't the shame of the loss of the game

That stings like a white-hot brandy It's coming to know that the fool never knew (Seeing at last that he never could know) And never could understand. -Aron Reagon Journal.

The Destroyers.

On shoals with scarce a foot below, Where rock and islet throng, Hidden and lured we watch them throw Their anxious lights along. Not here, not here your danger lies - (Stare hard, O hooded eyes) Save where the dazed rapt pigeons rise The lit cliffs give no sign

Therefore - to break the rest ye seek

The Narrow Seas to clear - Hark to the grey's whistling shriek - The driven death is here! Look to you swan a league away - What midnight terror stays? The bulk that checks against the spray - Her crackling tops abaze!

Hit, and hard hit! the blow went home,

The muffled, kicking stroke - The steam that overturns the foam - The foam that this to smoke - The smoke that chokes the deep aboll - The deep that chokes her throes - Till, streaked with ash and streaked with oil, The lukewarm whirlpools close.

A shadow down the sickened wave

Long since her slayer fled; But hear their chattering quick-fires rave - Astern, ahead! Panic that shells the drifting spar - Loud waste with note to check - Mad fear that rakes a scornful star - Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their sly smoke hangs thick,

Now ere their wits they find, Lay in and lance them to the quick - Our galled whales are bowed - Good luck to those that see the end, Good-by to those that drown - For each his chance as chance shall send - And God for all! - shut down!

The strength of twice three thousand horse

That serve the one command; The hand that heaves the heading force, The hand that backs the hand; The doombolt in the darkness freed, The mine that splits the main, The white-hot wake, the wildering speed, The choosers of the slain. -Kipling.

The Making of Men.

Courage or lack of it, Work, and the knack of it; Grit or the need of it, Haste and the speed of it; Purpose or none of it, Life, what is done of it, Work or the fun of it, Make a man.

Luck and the trust of it,

Wealth and the lust of it, Hate and the sting of it, Youth and the fling of it, Chance and the hap of it, Vice and the sap of it, Break a man.

Dress and a care of it,

Cheer or a share of it, Speech or abuse of it, Tact and the use of it, Worth and the wear of it, Do and the dare of it, Mark a man.

Do, nor the brag of it,

Up with the flag of it; Lay not the fear of it, Taste the good-cher of it; Time or the waste of it; Will, try the taste of it; Work, that is graded of it, Make a man.

EXTENSION OF MILLING COMPANIES

Ogilvie and Lake of Woods Concern Have Big Projects.

Montreal, June 10—(Special).—The next few weeks will see plans completed by the two largest Canadian milling companies, the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, and the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., for many large and extensive additions to their respective plants.

JUST ABOUT BRAINS.

Some Clever Men Have Not Been Overburdened in Quantity.

The average weight of the brain in males is forty-eight ounces; but in men of great mental ability this quantity has been far exceeded. The brain of Cuvier, the great anatomist, was found to weigh sixty-four ounces. That of the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie was sixty-three ounces; and that of Baron Dupuytren, the eminent surgeon, was sixty-two and a half. The hats of ten gentlemen were tried upon the skull of the poet Burns, and the only one of the ten which could cover it was that of Thomas Carlyle. Sir James Young Simpson, who began his career as a baker's boy carrying a bread basket, and was disappointed in love because he was too poor a suitor for a working carpenter's daughter, but who lived to discover chloroform, and to write priceless medical treatises, and who died a baronet, a professor in Edinburgh University, and a physician to the Queen, and who was followed to the grave with mourning by half the population of the Scotch metropolis, had a brain of fifty-six ounces. Lord Campbell's brain weighed fifty-three ounces. We have no such records as to the weight of the brain in the case of any of our eminent women.

A REFUGEE IN DISTRESS.

A fellow's father knows a lot Of office work and such, But when it comes to things like what A boy wants he ain't much; For when it comes to cokes and warts, Or some bruiser on your toes, A fellow's father don't know, but A fellow's mother knows.

A fellow's father, he looks nice,

And says "A-hem! A-hem!" But when it comes to cokes and pies, What does he know of them? He knows the price of wheat and rye And corn and oats, it's true, But if you get the leg ache, why He don't know what to do.

And if you burned your back the time

That you went in to swim, And want some stuff to heal it, why, You never go to him; Because he doesn't know a thing About such things as those; But if you just get the leg ache, why A fellow's mother knows.

And if your nose is sunburned till

It's all peevish, and you Go to him for some healing stuff, He don't know what to do. He's just as helpless as can be; But when a fellow goes And asks his mother, why, you see, A fellow's mother knows.

And if a fellow's lost his top,

Or anything he's got, A fellow's father never knows If he's seen it or not, And so a fellow never asks His father, but he goes And asks his mother, and you bet A fellow's mother knows.

A fellow's father knows a

But it ain't any use; So if a fellow's really got The leg ache or a bruise, Or if there's anything he wants, He gets right up and goes And asks his mother, for you see, A fellow's mother knows. -Philadelphia Public Ledger.

DELATED TRAFFIC.

The sewer is being enlarged on West King-street, opposite the Gurney Foundry, and there is a big hole under the devil strip between the car tracks. The hole is covered with planks. On Saturday morning a heavy load of grain came along and in getting off the car track tried to cross the hole. The wheels went thru the planking and the wagon was stuck there for half an hour. The load had to be lifted before the wagon could be extricated. Street car traffic was delayed for half an hour.

Strangers Yet.

We've heard a lot of talk about This money that is tainted; But where the Dickens is it? We Would like to get acquainted.

A Conservative Estimate

OF THE OUTPUT OF - - -

"Tomlin's Toronto Bakery"

would surprise most people who have not given "Tomlin's bread" a trial. Your surprise would quickly fade and give place to beams of gladness that you had at last found the bread that suits from the people's popular baker

H. G. TOMLIN

Factory-420 to 438 Bathurst St

Phone Park 658.

Phone Park 658.



### Newest Coiffures At Pember's

Many delightful ways of arranging the hair are shown here this season. Some of the prettiest and most becoming are the latest English style—(one is illustrated herewith). The very highest grade European hair only is to be found here, and we are offering

**10 Per Cent. off All Hair Goods During Present Building Alterations**

Dr. Julius Blanchard, the world-renowned chiropodist, has been permanently engaged by Mr. Pember, and now has his office here. He guarantees to cure Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing and Club Nails, etc. Appointments made any time. Telephone Main 2275.

**PEMBER'S HAIR EMPORIUM**  
127-129 YONGE STREET.

### SOCIAL LIFE

The marriage of pretty Miss Edith Coady to Mr. "Jim" Douglas took place in St. Stephen's Church on Monday afternoon, the officiating clergy being the Rev. A. J. Brughall, D.D., assisted by the Rev. James Broughall. The bridal pair looked radiantly happy in spite of the thunder and the downpour of rain which accompanied it. The church was very charmingly decorated with palms, white lilies and pale pink carnations. Large bouquets of the lovely white plumes fastened at the ends of the seats with wide sashes of white satin ribbon, made an aisle of fragrance, along which paced the bride with her father, who gave her away. Her gown was of rich satin which glistened with silvery sheen thru the gauzy folds of mousseline de soie which veiled it; the fine lace on the bodice was caught by an ornament of diamonds and pearls—the gift of the groom—the tulle veil was confined by a diadem of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bride's only sister, Miss Lena Coady, was maid of honor and wore a frock of pink organdie, skirt and bodice being made with alternate rows of shirred tucks and puffs, transparent yoke of lace, which also trimmed the fluted elbow sleeves, a picturesque hat of fancy mohair plait lined with pink and wreathed with roses having crimson buds crowned her dark hair, and she carried roses of the deeper shade. Miss Amy Douglas, sister of the groom, and Miss Alice Jones (Bustin) as bridesmaids were pretty frocks of white organdie and lace and white ostrich feathers in their hats, a sheaf of pink roses which they carried gave a pretty touch of color. The groom had seated them with art nouveau brooches of gold and pearls, the bride giving the best man, Mr. No. Wood Lash, and the ushers, Messrs. Howard Douglas, W. Harold Mara, Harris Hees and Stewart Playfair, golden cuff links, the monogram of the bride and groom on one end and that of the owner on the other. After the ceremony Mrs. Coady held a reception at 216 Huron street, many flowers, chiefly roses and lilies of the valley, and stately palms transformed the rooms into a bower of beauty and music from an orchestra in the hall lent its aid to the general gaiety. Mrs. Coady was gowned in a semi-transparent French material, the color of a ripe dove's breast, with a lacy line of silk crepe de chine, with handsome lace and ornaments of diamonds and sapphires on the bodice, her toque being of black tulle with spray at the side. Mrs. Gibbons, grandmother of the bride, had a gown of black lace, with white on the bodice, heliotrope bonnet, and carried a bouquet of white roses; Mrs. William Mara had black crepe de chine,

white hat with black violets and carried a bunch of lily of the valley; Mrs. George Gibbons, London, wore heliotrope voile with hat to match and carried sweet peas; Miss Marjorie Gibbons was in pink with pink hat; Mrs. William Douglas, so lately married herself, wore white silk louisiane trimmed with lace and in her lace hat was a lovely ostrich plume shaded from white to coral color; Miss Edna Kent (London), worn white and Charlotte Corday hat with rosebuds. The guests numbered about one hundred and fifty. Among those from out of town were: Mrs. No. Wood Lash (Montreal); Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Gordon (St. Catharines), Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kierlan (St. Catharines), Judge Bu. Galt; Miss Burbridge (Ottawa), Miss P. once Mishic (Buffalo), Mr. and Mrs. Beddoe (Chicago), Miss Kemp (London), Miss Mildred Jones (Kingston) and Miss Hazel Conventon (Montreal). The presents were most magnificent in value and quantity, the staff of The Mail and Empire presenting the groom with a very handsome gold watch with mechanism and a cut glass bowl and spoon, and a mahogany and bent glass cabinet with three shelves bore on a silver plate the following inscription: "Presented Miss Edith Coady by the staff of the city treasurer of Toronto on the occasion of her marriage, 3rd June, 1905." The cabinet contained a service of Royal Worcester china. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Douglas' gift was a case of silver, and her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons also gave a case of silver. A marquee on the lawn made an impromptu tea room, the table having for centre ornament an immense wedding cake, bride roses and foliage, making a harmony in white and green. After receiving many congratulations and good wishes Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Douglas left on an extended wedding trip to the west.

Mrs. John Meredith (nee Hellmuth) received for the first time since her marriage at the residence of Mr. William and Lady Meredith on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Mrs. Meredith was assisted in receiving her many visitors by her mother, Mrs. Hellmuth, the former wearing a lovely frock of filmy white silky stuff, and carried an armful of crimson roses. Mrs. Hellmuth was dressed in gown of a soft green shade. In the tea room Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Rex Gammie and Ramsay over the tea cups and Miss Gladys Burton, Miss Darning and two young daughters of Mrs. Ramsay waited prettily. Large white magnolias with their lovely golden hearts were reflected in the surface of the mahogany table. Mr. and Mrs. John Meredith are going to live at the Alexandra.

An international marriage took place at St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday afternoon, the ceremony uniting Miss Cornelia Cheesboro Lash, only daughter of Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., and Mrs. Lash, to Mr. Kerr Duncan McMillan of Princeton University, N.J., being performed by the Rev. Armstrong Black, D.D., assisted by the Rev. J. McMillan, Winnipeg, a brother of the groom, who was attended by Dr. John McCae, Montreal. The church was lavishly decorated with white and green, and the service was fully choral. The bride's gown of rich satin was made with sein distinction, the bodice having a berthe and sleeve trimming of duchesse lace, she also wore ornaments of diamonds and pearls, the groom's gift. The tulle veil was confined by a small wreath of orange blossom and her bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley, with delicate fern sprays. Miss Elsie Lash, Winnipeg, was maid of honor, and wore, as did Miss May Cassels, Montreal, who was first bridesmaid, a frock of creamy silk, adorned with lace, and with high girlish pompadour silk. Miss Beatrice Macdonald and Miss Winnie Rose, who followed, had frocks of emerald nil, white hats with lace and pink roses, and they carried white lilies, the two little flower girls, Dorothy Lash, a niece, and Adelaide Millar, a cousin of the bride, had frocks of muslin and lace, granny bonnets and carried baskets of magnolias. The ushers were Mr. Z. Lash, Mr. J. S. Lash, Mr. W. Hart, Guelph, Mr. George Macdonald and Dr. Thomas McCrae, Baltimore. At the reception held afterwards by the bride's mother there were several hundred guests, the lawn making a very pretty scene with the white cuts glancing against the green foliage and gay tints of the dresses making splashes of color. Mrs. Lash received in the drawing room and wore a very handsome gown of black lace over grey satin; Miss McMillan, only sister of the

groom, wore pale mauve; Mrs. Miller Lash had a cream colored gown of net and satin, a black picture hat and carried American beauties, a very effective combination; Mrs. J. B. Lash, Winnipeg, wore a black and white costume with black hat, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr McMillan left on a honeymoon trip, the bride looking very well in a grey costume and hat in suit. Her future home will be in Princeton, N.J.

Dr. and Mrs. James L. Biggar were in town for the wedding of Miss Waldie and Mr. Cassels, and returned to Tilsenburgh on Friday.

Westminster Church, Bloor street, was beautifully decorated on June 7th for the marriage of Miss Jessie Waldie, third daughter of Mr. John Waldie, to Mr. Godfrey Sprague, only son of Dr. Sprague, and grandson of the late Justice Sprague. Great bouquets of lilac and palms were arranged at each side of the centre aisle up which walked the bridal procession to the strains of "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," sung by the choir. The bride's gown of rich cream satin was made with simple elegance, the folds falling open in front to display a panel of embroidered chiffon, the sides connected by a satin sash tied in soft loops and ends. The bodice was beautiful, almost entirely composed of Duchesse lace, with inlet, millions of filmy Brussels point, the veil of tulle was held by a small coronal of orange blossom and lucky white heather, and her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and fern. Miss Mollie Waldie was bridesmaid, and the bridesmaids, Miss Beatrice Sprague, Miss Sophie Haggarty and Miss Gladys Nordheimer were dressed alike in pale rose crepe de chine, quaint fichus of cream lace on the bodice and hats of lace and pink and white, with 1880 bouquets of the same flowers. Mrs. Chantrel Temple's small daughter was flower girl, and made a sweet little picture in white muslin and lace over rose silk, a basket of roses in her hand and soft rose colored bow in the large white hat. Mr. Dudley Haggarty was best man and the ushers were Messrs. T. and P. Waldie, H. Morris, R. Cassels, H. Wylie and H. Ridout. Mrs. Waldie held a reception after the ceremony at Glenhurst, the damp and gloomy afternoon prohibited the use of the beautiful grounds, but the large rooms, staircase and walls were so filled with flowers, emitting so much color and fragrance that the garden was not missed. The bride and bridegroom received the good wishes and congratulations of the guests standing in front of a curtain formed of wreaths and garlands of beautiful roses mingled with delicate ferns. Mr. Waldie wore a painted chiffon gown, and Paris toque of pale pink tulle with ostrich tips. Miss Waldie, biscuit colored veil, lace hat, Miss Lilly Waldie wore grey, blue hat, Mrs. Sprague, the groom's mother, reseda silk and lace, with toque to match, Mrs. George Harman, black lace over white silk, black and white hat, Mrs. Charles Temple, rose colored Mouseline de Soie and lace hat. The presents were displayed in the billiard room, comprising in their number and variety a trip in the Eastern States, on returning from which, they will reside in Ottawa.

St. James Cathedral was the scene of a very beautiful wedding on June 7th, when Miss Marie Louise Reynolds, only daughter of Mrs. William Reynolds, was married to Mr. William Edmond Moore, son of the late Mr. William Moore, and Mrs. Moore, and grandson of Mrs. R. Williams. The Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., and the Rev. Canon Welch were the officiating clergy. The decorations of mauve and white lilies, and palms and ferns, were distinctly novel in their arrangement, an arch spanning the centre aisle and floral garbs which were swung open at the approach of the bride, who with her escort, Mr. Edward Bidwell and her maid of honor, was there met by and ushers, who advanced from the bridesmaids, flower girls, pages, and usherettes, who advanced from the is very young and extremely pretty, had a gown of thick white satin made on Princess, the seams and hem sewn with seed pearls, and a quantity of white Brussels lace on the bodice. She wore for sole ornaments, a necklace, a diamond and pearl pendant, a gift from the groom. Her veil was held by a light arrangement of orange blossom, and her bouquet of roses, lilies and ferns fell in a fairylike shower to the ground. The bride carried the same flowers. The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Isabel Watt, and Miss Lucille Graham, wore a replica of the maid's attire, but in green and white. The little flower girls were in white muslin and lace, with bows of pale green, Kate Greenaway bouquets, and they scattered the lilies from their baskets in the path of the bride. The little boys Eric McMichael and Gordon McCutcheon, wore pages' suits of white dress, with white bows, carried white cocked hats under their arms, and bore the bride's train. Mrs. Reynolds gave away her daughter, Mr. Henry Williams (Oshawa) was best man, and Mr. S. Trees, Mr. Norman Tovells, Dr. Davies and Dr. Watt, the ushers. The groom presented the bridesmaids with pearl brooches, the flower girls bracelets the ushers pearl scarf pins and the pages signet rings. After the ceremony Mrs. Reynolds held a reception at her house on Elm Avenue, Roseville, which was decorated with many flowers and foliage plants. There was an orchestra in the hall. The bride and groom received the guests in front of a bank of blossoms, and above their heads hung a large horseshoe of white lilies. The refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn, and the table was very artistically arranged, roses and lilies of the valley wreathing the wedding cake at the base, and adorning its summit, silver vases of white roses, and golden baskets filled with lilac and green ribbon and containing branches of the flowers completed

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A charming tout ensemble. Mrs. Reynolds, the bride's mother, wore pale blue crepe de chine with lace, and a white hat with pink and crimson roses. Mrs. Moore, the groom's mother, wore blue and white shot silk, with Irish point, French hat of lace and roses, and bouquet of white roses. Mrs. R. S. Williams, the groom's grandmother, was in mauve silk and Brussels point, a toque of tulle and flowers to match the dress. Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Williams united in giving the bride a house in Rosedale, and in addition her mother gave her an automobile, and Mrs. Moore's gift was ten thousand dollars in stocks. The newly married pair left for a wedding trip thru the Western States, Mrs. Moore traveling in a cloth costume and hat to suit.

Many well-known Toronto people are interested in a wedding in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on the 7th of June, when Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, daughter of Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, was married to Mr. Lissant Beardmore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore. The decorations of the cathedral were white and green, the chancel having an arch of roses, lilies and spiraea. The bride's gown was of thick white satin, ruffles of tulle on skirt and bodice, which had as well some rare old point lace. Her brother, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, gave her away, the maid of honor, Miss Sally Stephen (niece of Lord Mount Stephen), and the bridesmaids were dressed alike in white dotted chiffon, with tucks and lace trimmed bodices, sashes of blue silk and white hats with pink roses, which matched their bouquets, tied with tulle. Three little maidens, in white muslin and lace, with blue sashes carried baskets of sweet peas—these flowers were also used in the bride's bouquet, falling in long sprays from the white roses composing it. A reception was held after the ceremony in Sherbrooke at the residence of Mrs. Mackenzie, the decorations being carried out in red and white roses, lilies and foliage. Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore standing under a wedding bell of roses, from which depended ropes of the same flowers. The gifts were magnificent in value and number. The bride went away in a traveling costume of blue voile, with broadcloth, cape of the same color, trimmed with silver and hat to match. They will sail from New York on Tuesday next for an extended tour abroad.

The Ladies' A. S. Society of the St. Clares-avenue Methodist Church were at home on Tuesday evening, June 6, about ninety guests being present in the school room of the church. The choir gave an excellent program of music, under the leadership of Miss Tilly McConnell, who is both organist and choir leader. Miss Cahoun, contralto soloist of one of the west end city churches, also sang during the evening. Miss Florence Wharton gave two humorous readings. Short addresses were also given by Mrs. Atkinson, past president of the society, and Mrs. J. Hogg, president, and Mr. T. Cain gave a short address and showed the plans for the interior of the new church. The choir was taken by the Rev. Dr. Booth, pastor of the church. After the program was finished the ladies of the society served ice cream and cake.

Miss Olive Wallis has returned from a visit up north, greatly improved in health.

Mr. William Gates, Kew Beach, leaves for New York Monday, and sails on the Majestic Wednesday for England.

A quiet wedding took place on May 25 at the residence of Samuel Parkhill, uncle of the groom, Victoria, B.C., when William McCormick of Seattle, Wash., formerly of Kingston, was married by Rev. Dr. Campbell to Miss Lela D. Aolt, formerly of Cornwall, daughter of Wm. Aolt (Wales). After congratulations the happy couple left by the steamer Victoria for Seattle, Wash., their future home. Both bride and groom are well-known in Cornwall.

A Hint to Fishermen.  
When you start bass, fishing on the 16th, get them at the hotel or farm house to give you an old sack. You will find this very useful to put a block of ice and a few bottles of radnor in.

Your boatman can keep the fish under the sack, and when you catch an extra large one you can celebrate with a little drink of Rye and radnor.

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**New York's Next Hotel.**  
New York, June 10.—Where the Plaza Hotel now stands, at 59th-street and 5th-avenue, overlooking the southern end of Central Park, it has been planned to erect within the next year a hotel 15 stories high and having nearly 100 rooms. It will be built at a cost of about \$15,000,000. The old Plaza will be closed to-night and many families who have resided there a score of years will be compelled to seek new quarters.

**C. A. Lazenby Passes.**  
The name of C. A. Lazenby was omitted from the list of successful students in second year arts at the University of Toronto. He passed his examination.

If you desire something exquisitely fragrant in perfume let me recommend "Ideal"  
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**SOCIAL L**  
Mr. and Mrs. Wolley of announce the marriage of ter, Miss Nellie, to W. W. Toronto, to take place at

Frank Flanagan left on Winnipeg, Man., where he transferred to manage the department of the R. G. D. was presented with a suit token of the esteem in which by the Toronto branch.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Kensington-avenue, was a pretty wedding on Wednesday, June 7, when Edna Florence daughter of Mrs. James East Gerard-street, was William A. Wight Dalgleish, only son of William Galt. The ceremony was Rev. J. P. Lewis, rector of The bride wore a gown of de chine and chiffon over feta and hat trimmed with and tulle and carried a shou of white roses. The bride Beatrice Booth, wore si chene, and hat of cream lilies. She carried pink roses. The best man was Ernest A. left for their future home, Balmly Beach, where a re held.

Among those registered Monte, Preston Springs, E. Booth and wife, Charles F. T. Orgill, A. M. Bain at Price, R. C. Mississ, George F. A. Brophy, Miss A. W. Kahn and wife, Mrs. John Blanche A. Hopkins, Miss G. kins, Miss E. Oakley, T. Hastings Webbling, Bra Rodgers, Hamilton; A. A. ton; J. G. Clarke, Buffalo; rick and wife, Chicago; Mr. guson, Niagara Falls, Ont. et, Montreal; P. Davis, H. Davis Gananouque; Jas. Brantford; A. B. Ritchie, McCarty, Stratford; G. Winnipeg; James Patton; W. Mountaine, Cleveland; cholson, Hamilton; S. Neill

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Contentment Depends upon Circumstances  
**Why Are People Restless At Home?**  
Psychologists say that restlessness is an indication of irksome surroundings. How many people who are restless at home know why?  
The explanation is found in the home surroundings. Homes may be richly furnished, but richness does not bring peace and restfulness to the senses. Harmony—that is the secret. To have home a place where surroundings do not jar and tire one—unconsciously, perhaps—the wall coverings, draperies and furnishings must harmonize in color-pattern and period. The actual meaning of all these terms in practice is an art all by itself, and only an experienced craftsman can originate and correctly assemble the component parts of an artistic interior.  
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**SOCIAL LIFE**  
Mr. and Mrs. Wolley of Hamilton announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Nellie, to W. Walker Balfour of Toronto, to take place early in August.  
Frank Flanagan left on Tuesday for Winnipeg, Man., where he has been transferred to manage the collection department of the R. G. Dun Co. He was presented with a suit case as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the Toronto branch.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Moyses, 66 Kensington-avenue, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon. June 7, when Malvina, their youngest daughter, was united in marriage to William Percy Rowan of Toronto, formerly of Lindsay, by Rev. James Pedley, under a bell of white lilies and smilax. The bride wore a gown of white oriental silk and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her sister, Annie, was bridesmaid wearing grey voile over blue tulle and carrying a spray of pink roses. Fred Routley, cousin of the groom, acted as best man. The couple left for a short trip to western points, and on their return will remain in the city for six or eight weeks before leaving for Winnipeg, where they will reside.

A pretty wedding was solemnized in Grace Church Wednesday evening, June 7, when Edna Florence Cash, only daughter of Mrs. James H. Cash, 89 East Gerrard-street, was married to William A. Wight Dalgleish of this city, only son of William Dalgleish of Galt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. P. Lewis, rector of the church. The bride wore a gown of cream, Paris chene and chiffon over cream tulle and had trimmed with cream lace and tulle and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Beatrice Booth, wore silk crepe de chene, and had of cream lace and pink roses. She carried pink carnations. The best man was Ernest Clendenning. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for their future home, Birch-avenue, Balmly Beach, where a reception was held.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: A. E. Booth and wife, Charles A. Dunning, F. T. Orgill, A. M. Bain and wife, Joseph Price, R. C. Misse, George H. Elliott, F. A. Brophy, Miss A. Whitson, F. L. Kahn and wife, Mrs. John Payne, Miss Blanche A. Hopkins, Miss Cora B. Hopkins, Miss E. Oakley, Toronto; W. Hastings Webbing, Brantford; Alf Rodgers, Hamilton; A. A. White, Acton; J. G. Clarke, Buffalo; H. S. Dedrick and wife, Chicago; Mrs. John Ferguson, Niagara Falls, Ont.; F. C. Jewett, Montreal; P. Davis, Windsor; G. H. Davis Gananogue; Jas. K. Woodruff, Brantford; A. B. Ritchie, Halifax; H. McCarty, Stratford; G. R. Burpee, Winnipeg; James Patton, Montreal; W. W. Mountain, Cleveland; Rev. E. Nicholson, Hamilton; S. Neill, Guelph; C.

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Interest in the novelty of the scene. Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James were beautifully turned out, the one in pale blue, the other in pink. Where there was such a shifting of kaleidoscopic colors it was almost impossible to distinguish individuals.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, in St. Mark's Church, South Parkdale, when Miss Bessie E. Brown, daughter of Mrs. L. Brown, of Sarnia, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Clarkson Tinline, of Toronto. The Rev. C. F. Ingles performed the ceremony. Mr. Kennedy played Lohengrin's wedding march. The bride was very becomingly gowned in bisque cord de Paris, over cream tulle, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Miss Edna Dingman made a charming bridesmaid and was attired in cream crepe with picture hat of pink roses. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The best man was Mr. John D. McCaul and Mr. George H. Jones acted as usher. The bride was escorted by Mr. Van Vleet, a friend of the bride's family, and was given away by her mother. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Arlington Hotel where the bridal party received congratulations from their numerous friends. The groom's gift to the bride was an amethyst and pearl brooch, to the bridesmaid a signet ring, the best man a pair of gold cuff links, and to the other bridesmaids a pair of Mr. and Mrs. Tinline left on the evening train for Winnipeg and western points.

A home wedding was celebrated on Tuesday evening at Woodbridge, at the residence of the bride's father, when Miss Mary Burkholder, only child of M. S. Burkholder, was married to Mr. Geo. Scott, of Weston. Rev. G. G. Ferguson officiated. Miss Jean McNaughton played the wedding march, and Miss Elsie Burkholder sang "O Perfect Love." The bride wore white lace over white silk, the long tulle veil caught with orange blossoms, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. Miss Edith Scott, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and wore cream cologne, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Jean Munsey, niece of the bride, was flower girl. Mr. Whurton, of Toronto, was groomsmen. Mrs. Chas. McKenna, of Toronto, gowned in a Paris frock of gray tulle, was matron of honor. The drawing-room was decorated with palms, argurites and smilax. There were many remembrances to the popular bride. The gift of the groom was a sunburst of pearls. The bride traveled in a gray silk with tulle hat to match. After a short trip the happy couple will reside on Ossington Avenue.

Amongst the June weddings was that of Miss Helen Hardy Stanners, second youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stanners, 22 Wynona-avenue, to Mr. Francis Inrig, of Cleveland, Ohio. The event took place at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at Cowan-avenue, Presbyterian Church, Rev. P. M. Macdonald officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of cream silk cologne, trimmed with white Duchesse lace and cream satin over tulle, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Stanners, as bridesmaid, attired in white Swiss melin, trimmed with lace insertion and applique, and carrying pink roses, and by a niece, Miss Alexandra Stanners, who wore a pretty gown of Valenciennes lace over white silk, and carried a basket of pink roses and lily of the valley. The groom was attended by Mr. John Henry, of Toronto. Prof. Kennedy presided at the organ, and Donald Inrig, brother of the groom, and Mr. Jarvis Kennedy were ushers. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which the bridal party visited Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other points en route to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. and Mrs. Inrig will reside. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Inrig, parents of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Inrig, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Inrig (brother), Mr. Alec Inrig (uncle), the Messrs. Alec, Frank, William and James Inrig (cousins), the Messrs. Lizzie, Maggie and Kate Inrig (cousins), Mr. and Mrs. John Stanners and Mr. and Mrs. S. Jackson (brothers of bride), Mr. R. Stanners, Winnipeg, Mr. Joseph Stanners, Milton, Mrs. J. A. Hammond, Winnipeg, Miss Maggie Stanners, Vancouver, Miss Annie Stanners (sisters of bride), Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gowatlock, 2255 St. Lawrence-st., Toronto, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. J. M. Brown, Miss Clara Brown, Miss Edith Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Harry Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rae, Woodstock, the Messrs. Jennie, Jessie Rae, Woodstock, Mr. Sluder, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Winnipeg, Miss Stella Collett, the Messrs. Maggie and Alice Guest, Miss Emma Thompson, Miss Lillie Graham and Miss George Graham.

The garden party given by the chancellor, vice-chancellor and senate and the president and council of the university in the quadrangle on Friday last was fortunate in that the weather had decided to withhold its daily shower bath until lately. The number of people welcomed by Mr. Loudon and the vice-chancellor and Mrs. Moss were so immense that anything like formality was out of the question. Sir William and Lady Meredith were missed from the gay scene, which was enlivened by the music of the band of the 48th Highlanders. A large marquee had been erected, where strawberries and cream, ices and other delectable confections were served. There were many beautiful frocks to be seen and the black gowns of the girl graduates gave an unusual interest to the assembly. Miss Falconbridge was welcomed by many friends after her illness. Mrs. Loudon wore dark blue, with embroidery and lace. Mrs. Moss was in black lace. Lady Kirkpatrick had on a most picturesque and becoming hat, with strings. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston wore a distinctly novel frock of stripes of modern needle point, connected by shaped strips of pale tan linen. Mrs. John Falconbridge has a very pretty frock of pompadour silk, with pale green ribbons and expressed much in-

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over taffet, with yoke of cream shirred chiffon. The groom's mother wore a champagne silk cologne over tulle, with all-over lace yoke and trimmed with pink silk and cream lace. Miss Irene Jull, the bride's sister, played the wedding march from Lohengrin. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. J. Treleaven, of Parkdale Methodist Church. The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a beautiful mercury wings brooch, set in whole pearls, the groom's gift to the bride, a purse of gold from the father and mother of the bride, and the deed of a home, 42 Leopold-street, from the father and mother of the groom. The wedding breakfast was a sumptuous affair, and was partaken of by nearly one hundred guests, all near relatives of the families, was served in a large marquee on the lawn of the residence. The marquee was beautifully festooned in pink, and the table decorations, which were also carried out in pink. The many appropriate toasts and happy responses, aided to the unrestrained geniality of the guests, rendered the occasion one of the most happy and memorable in the lives of those present. The happy couple left for a lengthened trip, when they will, upon their return, take up their residence at their new home, 42 Leopold street, Parkdale.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Michael's Cathedral Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock between Miss Maud Seager, daughter of Richard Seager, and Mr. Edward Jos. Koester, son of John Koester, Rev. Father Rhoder officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in white silk with the customary white and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Gertrude Seager, and Mr. M. J. Koester acted as best man. The wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, 351 George-street, only the immediate relatives being present. Mrs. Koester's going away gown was of navy blue chiffon, voile with deep cream hat of braid and chiffon. She was the recipient of many pretty and costly presents, among which was a statue presented by the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of which the bride was a member.

An interesting ceremony took place on Tuesday at the Church of the Good Shepherd, East Cornwall, when Mr. Korah Markell of Dickinson's Landing, and Miss Eva Campbell, daughter of W. Campbell, Montreal, formerly of Wales, were married by Rev. S. Gower Poole. The young couple went west by G.T.R. to Brockville, and thence by steamer to Niagara Falls.

**LONDON SOCIETY.**  
London, June 9.—Sir Wm. Mulock and Mr. Walter Scott, M.P. (Regina), were guests of Hon. C. S. Hyman and Mrs. Hyman, "Idlewild," during their stay in the city this week.

Miss Madeleine Pavey, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hauser of Montreal, returned home on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Smallman and Miss Elinor Smallman are in Schwabach, Germany, where they will be for a month or six weeks.

Mrs. Niven gave an enjoyable little bridge party on Tuesday night.

Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton was the guest on Monday of his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Smith, "Luellyn."

Miss Shaw-Wood gave a luncheon at the Kennels on Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Dickie (Berlin, Germany). The table decorations were lilacs, and the guests were Mrs. Dickie, Mrs. Fritz Beck, Mrs. Niven, Mrs. N. J. Reid, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. John Wilson, Miss Masteth, Mrs. Talbot, Macbeth, Mrs. Gerrard, Mrs. W. Hyman, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Beddome and Mrs. Wismer (Toronto).

ed home, having stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Love for the past two weeks.  
Miss Madeleine Reid, Chicago, is visiting Miss James Reid in Central-avenue.  
Friday afternoon was a festive occasion at St. Margaret's College. Over two hundred ladies assembled at the college to see the closing exercises of the physical culture, fencing and dancing classes. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson received their guests upon the lawn, which was looking its best. The college colors were festooned as a background at the back of the square where the classes assembled. The guests were all comfortably seated on the terrace or in the pavilion. The young ladies in their trim suits of blue with white shoes and white ribbons binding their hair made a picture of a very pleasing note as they filed into place and with precision and grace obeyed the commands of the teacher. To Miss Maude Smith for the physical culture and to Miss Glendinning for the fencing congratulations must be given for their excellent teaching. At the close of the fencing tea was served on the lawn, the senior girls proving themselves adepts in kind attentions. The guests adjourned to the assembly hall, where the dancing class, under the able direction of Miss Sternberg, gave some special work of great merit. The work as a whole in all classes was especially good, so that special mention of any one is almost impossible. It might be mentioned, however, the graceful work of Annie Waters, Eno Ham, Helen Gilhooly, Isabel Carmichael, Ruby Carters, Ruby Riddy, Minnie Appleyard, Bernice Walker, Nellie Campbell, Clara Pinch and the physical culture of Vernie Brown, Bessie Mason, Winifred West, Nettie Munro, Alice Humphries, Edna Beal, Florence Weager, Bessie Sadler. As adieu were said for the afternoon many were the expressions of praise heard. In the evening a program of music was given in which Helen Gillies, Clara Telfer, Olive Anderson, Olive Mitchell, Agnes Hardie, Edna Beal, Jessie Morton, Ianthe Hardie and Annie Hendry took part.

The pupils of Miss E. C. Bowerman, assisted by Mrs. A. H. Garrett and Miss Ethelwynn Harris, will give a piano recital in the parlors of the Northern Congregational Church tomorrow at 8 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Burgess have removed to their summer home, "The Moorings," 618 Eglinton Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Holden of Albany-avenue left on June 7 for Montreal, Boston and New York, to be away about three weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Dr. Breyney O'Reilly and Dr. Gerald O'Reilly, Guelph, sail for Ireland on Saturday, July 1, via C.P.R. S.S. from Quebec.

**Order of the Black Cat.**  
Several gentlemen wearing a button with a black cat on it have been at the King Edward for the past few days. They are members of the Conclaudated Order of Hoo Hoo, which is composed exclusively of persons connected with the lumber interests. The membership extends all over Canada and the United States and runs into thousands. Arrangements are being made for the annual banquet and assembly, which will take place at Honey Harbor, near Peterborough, on June 30. The indications are that it will be a great gathering.

**Revenue is Increasing.**  
Ottawa, June 10.—The finance minister will undoubtedly have another revenue increase to report in his budget speech for the current year. The first ten months show revenue amounting to \$63,324,000, an increase of \$606,000 over the same period last year.

For this period the consolidated fund expenditure was \$46,857,000, an increase of \$523,000, and the capital expenditure \$10,169,000, an increase of \$1,744,000.

**G.T.R. Changes.**  
The following changes have been made in the offices of Grand Trunk: Supt. Brownlee's private secretary, P. Thring, has been appointed chief clerk to Resident Engineer Schiervelle; Fred Miller of Mr. Moore's office has been appointed private secretary to Supt. Brownlee, and he will be succeeded in Mr. Moore's office by W. Dorian.

Col. Macdougall and Capt. Walter Smith were hosts at the tennis tea, given at the barracks on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Carpenter presided over the tea table in the mess room, and among those who took part in the games were: Mr. and Mrs. Raikes, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Miss Allie Hyman, Miss Edna Kent, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Tabby Moore, Mr. Campbell Becker, Mr. Hyla Betta.

Mrs. Symington (Sarnia) has returned



# The Boys' Clothes

A regular Boy easy on his clothes! Hardly! Boys are not built that way. A because his clothes won't stand boyish pranks. He'll be a boy only a life before him in which to "be

such as we handle, that are strong and made so well that seams can't

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# HALL

Right opposite the Chimes. J. J. OMBES, Manager.

working overtime on the vessel, and it is expected she will be ready for launching early in June.

When completed, the brig will be towed up the Thames by a naval launch, and re-rigged at her moorings on Virginia Water, where Prince Eddy will hoist his flag. Deckyard experts are of opinion that Prince Eddy will find his seamanship thoroughly tested when he takes up his command, for they say that, although very novel and pretty, the brig will require a good deal of handling on a narrow stretch of water. There are two double sets of braces to manipulate every time the yards have to be trimmed or the vessel goes about.

### A Test of Endurance.

Chicago, June 10.—Peace negotiations between the teamsters and State-street merchants, either individually or collectively, are at an end, and hereafter all meetings for the purposes of bringing the strike to a close must be arranged thru John Y. Farwell, Jr., chairman of the action committee of the Chicago Employers' Association. The strike hereafter, it is believed, will consist mainly of a test of endurance.



GAGGART ALLEN who visits the financial district.

pleasure lawst. the time what's pawst yer yet to faawst be 'appy men.

—Shakespeare in a fit.

## GEMS OF LITERATURE

### JULIUS CAESAR.

From Plutarch's Lives. (Plutarch, a Greek prose writer, was born at Chaeronea, in Boeotia, and a contemporary of Tacitus and the Plinys. The precise date of his birth is unknown, but it is certain that the years of 50 to 100 A.D. included the best years of his life. His popularity is founded on his forty-six "Parallel Lives." His design appears to have been the publication in successive books of authentic biographies in pairs, a Greek and a Roman being selected as the subject of each. The voluminous and varied writings of Plutarch, exclusive of the lives, consist of essays, which reveal a mind of vast historical and philosophical resources.)

Whosoever would compare the house of the Fabians, of the Scipios, of the Metellians, yea, those also of his own time, or long before him—as Sulla, Marius, the two Lucullians and Pompey's self,

Whose fame ascendeth up onto the heavens, it will appear that Caesar's prowess and deeds of arms did excel them all together. The one, in the hard countries where he made wars; another, in enlarging the realms and countries of Rome; another, in the multitude and power of his enemies whom he overcame; another, in the rudeness and austere nature of the men with whom he had to do, whose manners afterwards he softened and made civil; another, in the courtesy and clemency which he used unto them whom he had conquered; another, in great bounty and liberality bestowed on them that served under him in those wars; and, in fine, he excelled them all in the number of battles he had fought, and in the multitude of his enemies he had slain in battle. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took by force and assault above eight hundred towns, he conquered three hundred several nations, and having before him in battle thirty hundred thousand soldiers, and slaying times he slew ten hundred thousand of them, and took as many more prisoners.

Furthermore, he was so entirely beloved of his soldiers that to do him service (where otherwise they were no more than other men in any private quarrel), if Caesar's honor were touched, they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves, and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them. And this appeareth plainly by the example of Acllius, who, in a battle by sea before the City of Marseilles, boarding one of his enemies' ships, one cut off his right hand with a sword; but yet he forsook not his target which he had in his left hand, but thrust it into his enemies' faces and made them fly, so that he won their ship from them. And Cassius Scaeva also, in a conflict before the City of Dyrrachium, having one of his eyes put out with an arrow, his shoulder stricken thru with a dart, and his thigh with another, and having received thirty arrows upon his shield, he called to his enemies, and made as though he would yield unto them. But when two of them came running to him, he clave one of their shoulders from his body with his sword, and hurt the other in the face, so that he made him turn his back, and at length saved himself by means of his companions that came to help him.

And in Britain also, when the captains of the bands were driven into a bog, and that the enemies did fiercely assault them there, Caesar then standing to view the battle, he saw a private soldier of his thrust in among the captains, and fought so valiantly in their defence that at length he drove the barbarous people to fly, and by his means saved the captains, which otherwise were in great danger to have been cast away. Then this soldier being the hindmost man of all the captains, marching with great pain thru the mire, half swimming and half afoot, in the end got to the other side, but left his shield behind him. Caesar wondering at his noble courage, ran to him with joy to embrace him. But the poor soldier hanging down his head, the water standing in his eyes, fell down at Caesar's feet, and besought him to pardon him for that he had left target behind him.

And in Africa also, Scipio having taken one of Caesar's ships, and Granivus Petronius aboard her amongst others, not long before chosen treasurer, he put all the rest to the sword but him, and said he would give him his life. But Petronius answered him again: That Caesar's soldiers did not use to have their lives given them, but to give others their lives, and with those words he drew his sword, and thrust himself thru.

Now Caesar's self did breed this noble courage and life in them. First, that he gave them bountyfully, and did honor them also, showing thereby that he did not heap up riches in the wars to maintain his life afterwards in wantonness and pleasure, but that he did keep it in store honorably to reward their valiant service; and that by so much he thought himself rich, by how much he was liberal in rewarding them that had deserved it. Furthermore, they did not wonder so much at his valiantness in putting himself at every instant in such man-

fest danger, and in taking so extreme pains as he did, knowing that it was his greedy desire of honor that set him afire and pricked him forward to do it; but that he always continued all labor and hardness, more than his body could bear, that filled them all with admiration.

For concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white and soft-skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain); but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly and commonly lying abroad in the field. For the most nights he slept in his coach or litter, and thereby bestowed his rest to make him always able to do something; and in the daytime he would travel up and down the country to see towns, castles and strong places.

He had always a secretary with him in his coach, who did still write as he went by the way, and a soldier behind him that carried his sword. He made such speed the first time he came from Rome, when he had his office, that in eight days he came to the River of Rhone. He was so excellent a rider of horse from his youth that, holding his hands behind him, he would gallop his horse upon the spur. In his wars in Gaul he did further exercise himself to indite letters as he rode by the way, and did occupy two secretaries at once with as much as they could write; and as Oppius writeth, more than two at a time. And it is reported that Caesar was the first that devised ciphers in letters, when he had no leisure to speak with them for his urgent business, and for the great distance, besides, from Rome.

How little account Caesar made of his diet this example doth prove it. Caesar supping one night in Milan with his friend Valerius Leo, there was served sperage to his board, and oil of perfume put into it instead of salad oil. He simply ate it and found no fault, blaming his friends that were offended, and told them that it had been enough for them to have abstained to eat of that they disliked, and not to shame their friend, and show that he lacked good manner that found fault with his friend. Another time, as he traveled thru the country, he was driven by foul weather on the sudden to take a poor man's cottage that had but one little cabin in it, and that was so narrow that one man could but scarce lie in it. Then he said to his friends that were about him: Greatest rooms are meetest for greatest men, and the most necessary rooms for the sickest persons. And thereupon he caused Oppius, that was sick, to lie there all night, and himself, with the rest of his friends, lay without doors, under the eaving of the house.

Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away: Oh that the earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw! —Shakespeare.

## A MOTHER'S CROWN

(Translated by Joseph E. Ray from the Spanish of Severo Catalina.)

Do you remember the years of your childhood?

Do you remember those peaceful hours when the soul was unfettered by cares, when the heart was free from disquietude, and you reclined upon the breast of a woman?

Do you remember the tenderness with which that woman caressed you, how she pressed your baby hands, and with her lips touched your snow-white forehead with a kiss?

Can you recall how many times she lovingly wiped away your tears, and rocked you to sleep with a lullaby of love?

Oh, yes, it is still lingering in your memory!

They who have the privilege of still seeing that woman upon the earth recall those kindnesses every hour. Her name is written on the heart. It is sweeter than any other word in the dictionary.

The name of mother represents to us that woman at whose breast we drank the sweet nectar of life; on whose bosom we peacefully laid our heads; that woman who caressed us, that pressed our hands in hers, that kissed our forehead, that wiped away our tears, and finally, rocked us to sleep in her arms to the sweet tones of a lullaby.

A thousand times blessed are they who are yet able to behold her in reality!

You too who have lost your mother can see her if you have heart and imagination. You can see her in your happiest fancies. When the stars of the night fling their splendor across the earth, imagine that they are the sweet

and tender eyes of your mother looking on you from heaven.

When you see in the heavens a snow-white cloud like a slender gauze sus-tained by two angels, imagine it is the soul of your mother beholding you from heaven with a smile of love.

When in the calm of evening you hear an echo die in the distance, and the air is undisturbed by the song of the bird, and the murmur of the wind, kneel down and imagine it is the flutter of prayer that your mother breathes for you from heaven.

If on a summer's night your brow is fanned by a gentle breeze that thrills you with pleasure, which is not the breeze from the hills, nor the balsamic breath of the flowers, imagine it is the breath of purity and feodness that your mother breathes on you from heaven. The death may rob you of your mother she will ever exist if you have heart and imagination.

Ye people who underestimate the dignity of woman and consider her an unworthy being, come! Reason calls you to judgment.

When your heroes and philosophers, when the Alexanders and Homers, the Caesars and Virgils, passed the perilous days of infancy, a woman nourished them with the milk from her breast, a woman rocked them to the stores of sleep. When their lips began to articulate sounds, a woman taught them to pronounce names for veneration, and taught them their creeds, and told them there was a country for them to serve, a country they would soon inspire by their mighty conquests and brilliancy of their talent.

Slanderers of what you call the weaker sex, remember that you have had a mother, or that you still have one. You who say there is no virtue in woman, think of your mother!

Ye whose hearts do not beat with rapture at the name and memory of mother, be gone, flee away! But go not to the fields, for there in their nests the weak little birds are caressed by their mothers; there the gentle lamb leaps with joy at the side of the ewe. Go not to the woods, for there you will see the panther: folkling with her cubs, and the lioness fondling her young. And it is not well that the lioness and panther of the woods, the ewe, and the birds in the meadows should teach man the immutable laws of nature, man, who is king of nature, and lord of creation.

Flee where the radiant light of the sun never falls, where space has never been warmed by living breath; for where the rays of the sun fall, and where exists a rational being, there will the idea of maternity reign.

It was once suggested to a painter that he should paint a picture representing love and purity. And the artist, holding in her arms her own offspring, that artist was a wise man. The arms of our mother are the throne of love and purity; where in the dawn of life glistens the majesty of the king of creation.

In these first years of our life a mother is to us a source of providence. In days of infancy, a mother is our first master; she teaches us daily to clasp our hands in prayer and bless the Giver of all good. In our early years she teaches us the paths of virtue, warns us of life's dangers, and perhaps wipes away the first bitter tear, which creeps in our eyes a new and glorious love.

And but motherly love not only dries the bitter tears, it also produces the gentle tear that refreshes the soul, like the dew, the grass, and the breeze, the flowers.

As we grew up she soothed our sorrows, pardoned our wrongs and she is the friend that never deceived us; the unchangeable and faithful lover, whose love has no limit, and is unsullied by self-interest.

She is the one woman who, without blushing herself, or causing us to blush, can kiss our lips and press us to her bosom.

It is she who shares with us our misfortunes; who watches over us whilst we sleep; to whom the hours of our suffering seem seconds; the one who softly presses down our eyelids in the last long sleep.

In a word, the one being who measures not her own sweet love, because she plunges herself into the boundless sea of self-forgetfulness.

If then our parents are such earthly divinities, we may conclude that atheism is absurd, and inconceivable.

There cannot exist a rational being who denies his mother; should he exist he must be considered an exception, and the exceptions are worthy of no other name than monsters. Fortunately they are but few.

Let us consult the history of the human race, we shall find thousands of pages between the first Nero and the second. For each monster, that is, for each man in whose breast there lives no love for his mother, there are innumerable generations who render homage to the Holy Law inscribed by the finger of God in the hearts of mortals, and on the immortal Commandments of Sinai.

On this double law is indelibly written—maternal love. Of all our loves, maternal love is the most pure and sublime.

### NEW GOLF RULES ARE OUT.

The Code With American Interpretations Out To-Day.

A booklet of the revised rules of golf is to be mailed in sets of ten to each club in the United States Golf Association to fill the immediate demand. An entirely new addendum has been made to rule 4 for stroke competitions by the U. S. G. A. committee, the need of which has been made apparent by an appeal from a club as to the penalty when a player has returned a medal score lower than actually made. There has never been any doubt as to the need of punishment that should be inflicted for an intentional violation of the sort, but the club in question asked for information in a case where the

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1312 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Park 711.  
274 COLLEGE STREET—Telephone North 1179.  
324 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Main 1408.

false return had been made by mistake. The ruling is:

A player is only disqualified if any of the strokes marked as taken to individual holes are returned below those actually played.

The other changes in the book from the edition of 1903 are the adoption of the modifications in the rules of golf, numbers 14 and 15, made at the September meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, with the interpretations added by the American committee. The rules now read:

Rule 14 (a). If a ball lie or be lost in water or in casual water in a hazard, a ball may be dropped in or as far behind the hazard as the player may please, under penalty of one stroke; but if it be impossible from want of space in which to play, or from any other cause, to drop the ball behind the hazard, the player may drop a ball at the side of the hazard as near as possible to where the ball lay, but not nearer to the hole, under penalty of one stroke.

(b). If a ball lie or be lost in casual water thru the green, or if casual water thru the green interferes with the player's stance the player may drop a ball, without penalty, within two club lengths from the margin directly behind the place where the ball lay, or from the margin nearest to the place where the ball lay, but not nearer to the hole. If the ball when dropped roll into the water, or rest so that the water interferes with the player's stance, it may be redropped, without penalty, as near to the margin as the nature of the ground permits, but not nearer to the hole.

(c). In dropping a ball behind the spot from which the ball was lifted, the player shall keep that spot, or in the case of water, the spot at which the ball entered in a line between himself and the hole.

Wherever it is impossible to drop a ball prescribed in sections (a) and (b), it shall be dropped as near as possible to the places where it lay, but not nearer to the hole.

(d). If a ball lie in casual water on a putting green, a ball may be placed by hand behind the water without penalty. The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be the loss of the hole.

Rule 15. A ball shall be dropped in the following manner: The player himself shall drop it. He shall face the hole, stand erect and drop the ball behind him from his hand.

If the ball when dropped touch the player he shall incur no penalty, and if it roll into a hazard it may be redropped without penalty.

The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be the loss of the hole.

Penalties to Rule 14 fixed by the U. S. G. A. are loss of the hole at match play and two strokes at medal play. The remainder of the interpretation defines a water hazard and is copied from the 1903 book. The interpretation to Rule 15 is as before—in match play, for improperly dropping the ball, loss of the hole; at medal play a penalty of two strokes, the ball to be redropped properly. The new edition is in vest-pocket form and bound in a durable cover bearing the seal of the U. S. G. A.

### Photographing on the Great Lakes.

"Look out there! The ice isn't too safe any more. Keep on that narrower track and away from the breakwater." Such were the words I heard shouted from a fisherman's shanty on the shores of Lake Erie.

My errand was to illustrate a story, "Winter on the Great Lakes." I was just starting out on a great gray, steely sheet of ice, apparently endless in extent; a dull, even, solidified sea, to all appearances, lonely and desolate to a degree. A tramp of what seemed to be fishermen, brought me to the window, who had been quite invisible from the shore.

On the ice, the cold was severe enough for Arctic regions; a cruel wind swept relentlessly over the great open. One shuddered helplessly; my courage was sorely tried, yet the pictures had to be made—better not think about it, just do something, is the only maxim to follow on such occasions. Even the springs of the camera's shutter were frozen out of all semblance of proper working tension. If it hadn't been that a turn of the head brought the smoky sky line of the distant city into view,

I should have felt hopelessly lost. As it was, I battled with the deadly cold, made the pictures, and returned, having a frozen foot and all but frozen my hands. These latter a fisherman saved by plunging them into the waters of the lake, thru the hole cut in the ice in which he was fishing. The fishermen themselves keep warm, or rather keep from freezing by many curious methods. They always rig a sail around them on poles stuck into the ice, which arrangement they call a "wind break." I asked one stolid German how he kept warm, suggesting the frequent use of hot coffee. "No," he said, "I drink cold water and warm it up from the outside," and at the same time he proceeded to show me how he was actually sitting on a lighted stove, which he always brought along with him on his dog sleigh.—Arthur Hewitt, in Public Opinion.

### ABDUCTED BY A MOOR.

Manchester Girl Terrorized Into Marriage.

A charge of abducting a Manchester girl, brought by Mr. Mitchell, the acting British consul at Tangier, against Ben Cassem, a traveling Moorish acrobat, has had a sensational result, says The London Mail.

Mr. Mitchell summoned Ben Cassem to the consulate and accused him of Clara Casey who was under age, while unlawfully marrying at Manchester he had a wife living.

He ordered the Moor to restore her to her parents in England, paying the fare back, or else be brought before the governor for summary judgment.

The Moor burst into a torrent of abuse, and, after refusing to obey, whipped out a revolver and pointed it at the consul's head.

A clerk attempted to grapple with the Moor, but he was too quick, before the clerk slipped out by another door and closed with him in the passage. The Moor thereupon struck him in the face with the butt-end of the revolver and escaped.

He was chased by a crowd as he fled down the street, flourishing the revolver. He was eventually arrested and lodged in prison.

The girl whom the Moor is accused of unlawfully marrying is only 17 years old. It is said that she was terrorized into going thru the ceremony, which was performed according to Mahometan rites.

### STREET CAR PLOTTERS FLEE WITH STOLEN THOUSANDS.

New York—Abandoning eight days' pay, many conductors and other employees of the public service corporation of New Jersey have fled rather than face the consequences sure to follow the unearthing of a widely ramified conspiracy, whereby the company has been robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars by the manipulation of the transfer system.

General Superintendent Albert H. Stanley of the public service corporation of New Jersey announced yesterday in Jersey City that many men were gone. He said:

"I received this report to-day from District Superintendent Newton W. Bowen and Superintendent of Employment Albert Eastman. I do not know as yet how many men have disappeared, but the number is large. The men took to their heels as soon as they realized that their thievery had been unearthed.

"We regret that the affair became public before all our plans were matured. Had it not been for the unexpected publicity we would have made probably 100 arrests by this time.

"This morning we received the confessions of several more of our employees and from two outsiders who admit being implicated in the frauds. So far the investigation shows that the company has lost over \$200,000, and it is likely that the total stealings will foot up to \$300,000."

### Naughty!

"Nice plump calves are coming in daily from the surrounding ranches," says a Kansas editor, who has probably been watching them climb the fences.—Washington Star.

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

NO. 83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE ISSUE IN LONDON.

Not alone in love and war, but seemingly in politics, everything is fair. At any rate the party in power is doing everything it can to becloud the real issue involved at London and in South Oxford; and it looks as if its tactics were meeting with some measure of success. At the Capital of the flourishing County of Middlesex the trades and labor council have passed a resolution condemnatory of Mr. Gray for something that he did 6 years ago outside the constituency. Why was not the matter brought up last November, when Mr. Hyman came unexpectedly within a score of being beaten? The answer is simple. Because the party did not consider it was engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Now the situation is altogether different. An attempt is being made to pass an unjust measure. Mr. Hyman and his friends know that they have not the populace with them. They are consequently not asking for a straight verdict; but they are making every effort to bulldoze the jury—to chloroform it. That an impartial body, such as a trades and labor council, should bow to their will, should lend itself to their machinations under the circumstances, is astounding, and their course cannot but prove a boomerang. We once had a trades and labor council in Toronto, at the head of which were men who were politicians first and labor reformers afterwards, and they received their reward. In their most earnest movements, however, they never lent themselves to the limit that these London men have done to direct and unblushing party purposes. The motive of Joseph T. Marks—there is a singularity in the fact that the name should be the same as that of the member for Thanet in the British parliament—must have been obvious to the whole 31 members of the council, the same as it was to the twelve, or he would never have chosen such a time for the ventilation of the matter. His desire and intent were palpably identical with the desire and intent of the government in prosecuting the Pere Marquette officials in St. Thomas at such a period, when there are dozens of similar cases being ignored in Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Ottawa and other places through the length and breadth of the land. It is idle to say such tactics are dishonest, as they undoubtedly are, for the country has all too frequently before had evidence of the lengths to which the machine men at Ottawa will go in order to retain power. They are exactly in the same class and of the same stripe as the members of their party who were peremptorily sent to the right about by the people of Ontario on the 25th day of January, 1905. They are pursuing identically the same tactics. Their end may not be yet. By unprincipled methods they may on the present occasion succeed in hoodwinking the electorate, in drawing red herrings across the track, in even deceiving workmen, but their time will come as surely as did that of Messrs. Ross, Gibson, Davies, Stratton et al. The present pity of it is that a body that above all things should be impartial, should lend itself at such a juncture to their machinations. It is provincial freedom, liberty and independence that is at stake, and not Mr. Gray's course six years ago. Had Mr. Marks been guided solely by the best interests of labor, he would have asked for the verdict of his fellows last fall or during the winter, and not on the eve of an election in which a great national principle is involved, and not the opinions or acts of any one man or set of men, unless, indeed, they be members of a government who are seeking to thrust this thing upon the country, who are seeking to perpetuate an unpopular system and who are endeavoring to fetter two provinces that are part of a huge section of the Dominion, that in time may outnumber the remainder in population and out-influence it in the national councils. When that day arrives they may demand what, thru their representatives, they now ask, and then may come strife and bloodshed and disintegration. Indeed, the horrors that our neighbors experienced in 1860-64 may overrun Canada; and all because, on the one hand, of the short-sighted, unscrupulous and dishonest methods of the men of to-day, and, on the other, of the too-yielding, too plastic, too apathetic nature of the jury to whom they were forced to appeal and whom they succeeded in working.

RECENT HORSE SHOWS.

Toronto has rivals in her horse shows, as she has in the majority of her other undertakings. Montreal, Brantford, Galt and Guelph have followed in her wake, and it is not to be doubted that London and Hamilton and Ottawa, altho the capital deliberately ignored the horse-at its last spring show, and other cities will follow suit, and that horse shows will be held in many centres. Here it would appear is the provincial government's opportunity to fulfil its pre-election promise to do something towards aiding the horse-breeding industry. The Hon. Nelson Monteith does not hesitate to express his opinion that in the past the industry has been somewhat neglected. He is broad-minded enough to admit that an example set by every other civilized government in the world is worthy of some attention, if not of distinctly and definitely following. When the new National Live Stock Association was formed at Ottawa hopes were entertained of something being accomplished; but on the very first occasion after the thing had become an fait accompli the horse was thrown out of count. But he will prevail nevertheless, even the Sydney Fisher has omitted to fulfil the promise made some years ago that the horse should receive some sort of systematic encouragement, if only for military purposes, in which, on one occasion at least, the honorable gentleman manifested a very warm interest. But that is wide of the question. As we have said, the ever-increasing popularity of the horse show affords Mr. Monteith the very chance he professes to be seeking. Two thousand dollars is not too much to be given annually for the encouragement of the horse interests at the capital of the province; nor would \$25,000 be too much to spend in a similar manner at other provincial centres. Other branches of live stock have had hundreds of thousands of dollars of provincial and national money spent upon them with immense benefit. The horse similarly treated will prove of equal and perhaps even greater value. The problem appears to be how to go about the work. Promiscuous grants may or may not achieve their end. Again, there is no good reason why the aid that is to be granted should be confined to the most populous centres. Rather, indeed, should breeding be more generally encouraged in the rural districts. It is upon the farmer that we rely for the supply; it is upon the dwellers in cities that we mainly rely for the demand, whether it be for personal gratification, for the prosecution of business, for contract work or for redistribution. Their interests, therefore, are common; but as the root is fed so will the tree bear fruit. In other words, as the farmer breeds to excellence in type, so will citizens pay their money. To get the best results, independently of any one place or any one set of persons, must, and undoubtedly will, be the object of the minister. In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom and it might be advisable ere another session comes around, aye, some time before, and not at the time of the annual meetings, which are not usually held until the first week in February, to summon representatives of every horse society and every agricultural association to a convention and have the matter thoroughly threshed out. The same object might be accomplished by nominating a commission or appointing an agent or agents to attend the meetings of the Farmers' Institutes. This would be to await another winter and lose another year. Under such circumstances, the majority of people, we are of opinion, will favor the convention idea, such convention to be held, say, in the City of Toronto during the first week of the Canadian National Exhibition, when even Lord Roberts himself and other experts might be induced to give us their views on remounts. There surely could not be any more fitting time or any more fitting occasion for such a gathering for such a purpose.

BEER AND BRAIN WORK.

Once in a while we have a striking statement from some foreign university professor on travel, calling for more qualification than press despatches have room for. A German professor in the States has given it as his opinion that German students are materially assisted in their brain work by a moderate use of beer. This representative of Germany also added his belief in the student duels; but as we too have our strenuous sports, hockey, football and lacrosse, for instance, we can leave that point of the argument for future consideration if occasion arises. If the professor's remarks about beer and brains have any effect at all it will be

more injurious than helpful. While we may hold our private opinions about the use of mild stimulants like beer and ale, we recognize that any apparent academic sanction of beer as a steady diet—books in the evening, as it were, "with a stein on the table"—is liable to open far too wide the door to what easily can become an unwarranted indulgence. The conditions in Germany are far different from our own. Beer is there practically a national beverage, and from the days of childhood the majority of Germans learn to use it, if freely, nevertheless with moderation as to quantity and place. Particularly important is the fact that the German beer is light in comparison to our own brews, and that the restaurant life abroad makes it not only possible, but necessary that beer shall be purchased and consumed on premises that have little if anything of the nature of the gilded or vicious saloon. Out of association with the more ardent stimulants beer is far less apt to lead to an injurious and dangerous addiction to liquors of high potency. Under these circumstances beer cannot be used by Canadian college or other students in the manner accepted abroad.

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Knowledge of elementary science is now regarded as essential to progress. Everywhere in the western world the school doors have been flung wide open, especially for the laboring classes. Take the year 1840, the year in which the modern movements may be said to have been fully underway, and compare it with the year 1902, the year for which one can find statistics for most European states, and we find that the percentage of those who could write in those years was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Country, 1840, 1902. Rows include Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Switzerland.

The following figures go well toward convincing one of the direct connection between ignorance and crime in Great Britain: Children at school to every 1000 population. 1841-50, 11; 1851-60, 26; 1861-70, 47; 1871-80, 82; 1881, 125; 1891, 125; 1901, 125.

WORKMEN'S TRAINS.

While the time has not yet arrived when workmen's trains are a necessity, we still have the problem before us of cheap and rapid transit for men of labor from their homes and back again. In England legislation on this subject has been one of watchful care for 74 years. It was in 1831 that an act was passed levying duty of 1-2d. per mile on every four passengers. Ten years later this was repealed, and a general duty of 5 per cent. upon all passengers was substituted. In 1844 came the first Cheap Trains Act, which established the "parliamentary train," and ensured to the poorer classes the means of traveling by railway at moderate fares and in carriages protected from the weather. It also enacted that on every line, with the exception of those already authorized, which were not many at that date, at least one train, stopping at every station, should be run each way on every work day, except Christmas Day and Good Friday. The fare was not to exceed 1d. per mile for each third-class passenger,

and no tax was to be paid on such trains.

For 22 years, from 1844 to 1867, the railway companies, the board of trade and the inland revenue department were in ignorance as to the precise meaning of the act. It was found unnecessary to stop the trains at every station, and the provision was disregarded by the authorities. They continued, however, to exempt from duty all trains carrying third-class passengers at under 1d. per mile. But in 1867 the board of trade was legally advised that it was acting ultra vires. Five years later a test case was brought by the attorney-general against the North London Railway Co. It was carried to the house of lords, and the board of trade won. Consequently the total amount of duty paid in 1875 was more than £100,000 in excess of that paid in the preceding year. Several companies at once raised their fares, and others threatened to follow suit. A select committee was then appointed to inquire into the matter. Various recommendations were made in the report, the most important being that when possible the tax should be repealed. These suggestions were embodied in the second Cheap Trains Act of 1883, which is still in force. By this the duty was taken off all fares of 1d. per mile, and on urban railways a 2-per cent. duty was placed on fares exceeding 1d. per mile, as a compensation in view of the special competition from trams, omnibuses, and other means of transport. Eight o'clock workmen's trains were to be run. By a curious oversight, no definite statement was made as to whether this meant the hour of arrival or departure, but it has always been assumed to mean the former. The administration of the act was put into the hands of the board of trade, and Mr. Chamberlain, as the president, initiated the policy to be pursued. He decided that it was best to rely on the voluntary action of the companies, which might be stimulated from time to time by judicious pressure. On the whole, this policy has worked well. In the case of tube railways, the duty is paid upon 15 per cent. of the receipts, after those from workmen's tickets have been deducted.

The real difficulty—which is overcome here by general application—with which the British companies have to deal is the impossibility of defining a "workman." The term is admitted to include women and girls, altho, in the opinion of Sir Thomas Hopwood, permanent secretary to the board of trade, "corduroy" men were probably the sole class of persons for whom legislation was contemplated at the time of the passing of the act in 1883. Anyone may apply for better facilities, but the majority of applications are made by societies representing workmen's interests. The hearing of such requests, if acceded to, comes before either the board of trade or the railway and canal commissioners. Since 1890 the London City Council has given close attention to the subject, its most noteworthy effort being the arrangement of a conference with the companies in 1894, when several important concessions were obtained. A select committee of the house of commons was appointed to inquire into the matter last year. It is in accordance with its recommendation that the present select committee has been appointed.

BRITISH PARTIES AND THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

If the future of the empire were not of supreme importance to all its citizens, it would be difficult to avoid being amused at the transparent manoeuvres of both British political parties over the next colonial conference. It is scarcely conceivable—the charges to that effect are freely handed about—that any responsible leader of either side in Britain would set purpose use the conference merely as a pawn to win the political game. But it cannot be denied that the men of imperial light and leading are by no means oblivious to the bearing which the action of the conference might have on their own fortunes. The situation as it has developed is a striking proof, not only of the inexpediency, but of the danger of openly anticipating what the decision of a conference will be, more especially when the prophecy is recognized to have a substantial basis in fact. This Mr. Chamberlain has done, with the inevitable result that his opponents, conscious of the support which would thus be given to his inter-imperial trade proposals, are doing their best to compel a postponement of the conference till after the general election. As matter of fact the conference of 1902 passed a series of resolutions

which, among other things, and in the first place, recognized

"that the principle of preferential trade between the United Kingdom and H. M. Dominions beyond the seas would stimulate and facilitate mutual commercial intercourse and would by promoting the development of the resources and industries of the several parts, strengthen the empire." The fourth of the series bore that "the prime ministers of the colonies respectively urge on H. M. government, the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the colonies, either by exemption from or reduction of duties now or hereafter imposed."

There is no reason to doubt that the result of the 1902 conference was the determining influence in Mr. Chamberlain's resolve to advocate a readjustment of the imperial relations on a preferential trade basis. Looking to the clear resolutions unanimously passed by that conference he was quite entitled to presume that his proposals would command the support of the Britains beyond the seas and that they would be approved by any subsequent conference. This is the crux of the British political situation as it now presents itself. Mr. Chamberlain wants that approval before the British general election. On the other hand the free trade party is straining every nerve to prevent the assembly of the conference till after the general election or at the very least to prevent preferential trade from being discussed by it. Premier Balfour rightly enough has intimated that the British government will make no definite proposal of that kind, and he has no mandate to do so.

But there is no reason whatever why the next conference, which, as recommended by the conference of 1902, ought to meet next year, should not confirm the resolutions of that year. If the colonial governments remain of the same mind and say so in ordinary and regular course, they are in no way interfering with the course of British politics, and surely the electors of the United Kingdom in pronouncing upon an imperial question should know distinctly what the view of the other empire states really is. It is the fear that they will reaffirm the resolutions of 1902, which underlies the strenuous efforts of the British opposition to postpone the 1906 conference, and it is the opposition that seeks to make the conference a pawn in the game of party politics, not Mr. Chamberlain, whose preferential trade policy simply embodies the united recommendations of the prime ministers of the colonies expressed three years ago.

Municipally-Owned Telephones.

Fort William Times-Journal. The steady growth of our telephone system is most gratifying to those who stood sponsor for the system and who took the active steps that brought the project to the successful installation. In the early winter of 1902 The Times-Journal began the publication of a series of articles on municipal telephones, and a fight against the service of the private company that then had a monopoly in the town. This was followed by a joint resolution of the councils of the two towns to take steps for an installation of a municipal telephone system. The people rallied to the cause, as it was expected they would, and on May 14 of that year the vote on the bylaw was taken. The result is well remembered. There were seven votes cast against it. The original vote was for £12,500 and the committee of the council, C. H. Jackson, G. W. Brown and Mayor Dyke, installed the system within the appropriation. Since then it has been a series of successes. The people have not particularly fought the private company; they simply stood by their own. To-day we have 500 telephones on the local exchange and 355 on the Port Arthur exchange, making over a thousand telephones that can be reached at the nominal price of 12 1/2¢ per year for residences. What citizen of Fort William does not feel proud of this record? The system is highly successful, the service being good and the connections quickly given. The principal argument that was advanced against the installation of the system was that those who did not use the system would be taxed to maintain it equally with those who did. How quickly that argument has been dispelled! In the face of a disastrous fire that put it out of business for nearly six months and necessitated extra expenditure the people have not been called on to make up a single cent of deficit. The cost of expenditure, interest and sinking fund have all been paid out of the earnings and the year 1904 showed a balance on the right side of the ledger. The system has now cost \$2,500 and all expenses are being met by the earnings. There has never been a taxing of the many for the benefit of the few as was argued by the enemies of the municipal system.

MODERN EVILS

A French Writer's Epitaph on the Grave—Bliss

Evidence on the state of the grave is what all the world has to have. It is one of the questions of the strength of religion that it refuses to question of evidence, based on acceptance solely on faith.

A distinguished French Gabriel Delanne, has produced a book which aims at something in the form of a life beyond the grave. The spirit survives in some form that the worms or the flies do not destroy. It is a human person and a person most recent of these books translated into English by "Evil Future Life." It covers a portion of the field of phenomena and boldly there is indisputable evidence shadowy realms to justify immortality of man.

It is curious how in the demand for evidence has been brought out by reference to a book under review. At this it must be confessed that as a Frenchman, has no critical spirit, and instead of a fact as a support of the matter which asks for reason, he blind acceptance of dogma of the ancients as a proof told man that he was an infidel.

Looking into the Unknown. What are the facts? From the dawn of days and reflection has always mind forward to the moment passes from the body, which lies inanimate. He has beyond that supreme moment of life as we know it, which we can follow it with brute man, little better than the brutes of the field, fact of death as he took life, with unquesting a spear in hand, content with the animal died, and there of it; man expired, and he rrrn. Religion to the bruter in his skins or his only the means of avoiding ills in the course of present.

When thought gripped intelligence expanded his to dwell on the fulfillment beyond the bourne of life known future became the consideration, as, indeed, majority of cases, it is to course was shaped by the death. Different nations charted the future of their own ideas.

The fiercer the people, the questioning was their faith in life. The wild swart followed Mohamet, or the nations of the prophet, were fling themselves upon the perish in the assurance of sensual delights of a love would be their portion. The question the fact, but rushing spear in hand, content with the Vedha heaven, they never philosophy to any other power that heaven was to. To require demonstration heaven existed for them to suggest itself to their.

They never got beyond hymn-prayer, written 3500 "Unfold Thy Splendor, O Give the New Body to the Which He Shall Be transported Pleasure."

So with the Greeks. The low Homer when he broussed of Patroclus to visit Achilles; but they did not ask whether Patroclus had a suffer it could manifest its sulking champion of the not.

In fact, the only evidence or of peoples as to a future round the facts of the nation. On that basis the believers in a future life is but then there was no evidence, of evidence. Since then intelligence is apt to assume has been none. Prove the false assumption, and the heresies of the 20th century cism and Atheism—fall to.

These points are suggested perusal of the book upon. What has it to say on the subject, which gives it. What modern evidence do it covers the whole field of ism in a perfectly serious, scientific manner.

Three Vital Conclusions. It insists on these phenomena considered in a perfectly serene, and not regarded in

MODERN EVIDENCES OF THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN

A French Writer's Effort to Prove That There Is Life Beyond the Grave—Blind Faith of Generations Not a Myth.

Evidence on the state beyond the grave is what all the world would like to have. It is one of the manifestations of the strength of dogmatic religion that it refuses to consider the question of evidence, basing its claim to acceptance solely on the merits of faith.

A distinguished French writer, M. Gabriel Delanne, has produced a series of books which aim at supplying something in the form of evidence that there is a life beyond the grave, and that the spirits survive in some form, and that the worms or the flames do not end everything that is shrouded in the human person and personality.

The most recent of these books has been translated into English by H. A. Dallas, under the title, "Evidences for a Future Life." It covers the greater portion of the field of spiritualistic phenomena and boldly claims that there is indisputable evidence in these shadowy realms to justify faith in the immortality of man.

It is curious how in past ages the demand for evidence has been ignored. This is brought out by reference in the book under review. At the same time, it must be confessed that the author, as a Frenchman, has not the really critical spirit, and instead of citing this fact as a support of the modern spirit which asks for reason, he relies on the blind acceptance of dogma on the part of the ancients as a proof that instinct told man that he was an immortal being.

Looking Into the Unknown.

What are the facts? Rational man from the dawning of days of thought and reflection has always cast his mind forward to the moment when life passes from the body, when the clay lies inanimate. He has always sent his mind forward to the unknown beyond that supreme moment—the climax of life as we know it, the limit to which we can follow it with certainty.

Brute man, little better or no better than the brutes of the field, took the fact of death as he took the fact of life, with unquestioning acquiescence. The tree fell and when it fell it lay. The animal died, and there was an end of it; man expired, and his race was run. Religion to the brute man, cowering in his skins or his skin, was only the means of avoiding possible ills in the course of present life.

When thought gripped him, and his intelligence expanded his mind began to dwell on the unillumined darkness beyond the bourne of life. The unknown future became the supreme consideration, as, indeed, in the vast majority of cases, it is to-day. Life's course was shaped by the rudder of death. Different national temperaments charted the future according to their own ideas.

The fiercer the people, the more unquestioning was their faith in the future life. The wild swordsmen who followed Mahomet, or the later incarnations of the prophet, were content to fling themselves upon their foes and perish in the assurance that all the sensual delights of a lovely after-life would be their portion. They did not question the fact, but rushed, sword in hand, content to die in faith.

Fierce tribes of the north manifested an equal complacency and confidence. The Norsemen asked nothing better than to fall in worthy conflict, resigning their souls to the Valkyries who rode above the ranks of battle, selecting the fallen heroes for the valiant guard of the gods in Valhalla. That there was a Valhalla they never paused to doubt.

The Victims of Juggernaut.

Even more pensive people took everything that really mattered for granted. The millions who gave their miserable bones and bodies to the wheels of Juggernaut did so without requiring any facts or any vestige of proof to justify their sacrifice. Even when they thoughtfully meditated upon the edic heaven they never bent their philosophy to any other problem than how that heaven was to be attained. To require demonstration that the heaven existed for them to attain did not suggest itself to their minds.

They never got beyond the fine hymn-prayer, written 3500 years ago: "Unfold Thy Splendor, O God, and Give the New Body to the Dead, in Which He Shall Be transported to Thy Pleasure."

So with the Greeks. They could follow Homer when he brought the soul of Patroclus to visit Achilles in his tent; but they did not raise the point whether Patroclus had a soul, or whether it could manifest itself to the sulking champion of the Achaeans or not.

In fact, the only evidence of history or of peoples as to a future life centres round the facts of the resurrection. On that basis the belief of Christians in a future life is built. Before then there was no evidence, no pretence of evidence. Since then the natural intelligence is apt to assume that there has been none. Prove that this is a false assumption, and then the twin heresies of the 20th century—Agnosticism and Atheism—fall to the ground.

These points are suggested by a perusal of the book under review. What has it to say on the more delicate subject, which gives it its title? What modern evidence does it adduce? It covers the whole field of spiritualism in a perfectly serious, rational and scientific manner.

Three Vital Conclusions.

It insists on these phenomena being considered in a perfectly serious manner, and not regarded in the light of

operations on the part of charlatans or imbeciles. Summarized, the conclusions, for which evidence is offered, come to the following:

- 1. That there is absolute evidence that the spirit has an existence which is not dependent upon the existence of the body.
2. That either the spirit or the body is dominant, and that the inactivity or cessation of the one brings into dominance the other.
3. That the spirit can adopt materialized personality, with power to make itself manifest.

M. Delanne quotes in full the remarkable psychic experience which turned Goethe toward the Christian faith. He was walking one day at Weimar, and he noticed in the street a friend of his whom he believed to be in Frankfurt. He saw him with his dressing gown, his nightcap and Goethe's slippers, standing before him. He addressed him, but received no reply, and at length he was with him, imagined that Goethe was experiencing hallucination.

When the poet reached his own house, he found that his friend was actually there. He had arrived a short time previously, and, having been wet thru, had changed into the very costume in which Goethe saw him in the street. He had not left Goethe's house, but had fallen asleep and dreamed that he had gone out to meet Goethe, who had greeted him with the words, "You here! At Weimar? What! With your dressing gown, your nightcap and my slippers here on the public road!" From that time Goethe believed in a life beyond the grave.

Survival of the Spirit.

Another story of the manifestation of the individuality and survival of the spirit after death is given as it was related by Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveler whose book on Korea has been quoted very much of late.

An Indian named "Mountain Jim," who was one of her guides in the Rocky Mountains, became very devoted to her, and promised that when he died he would come to her and acquaint her of the fact. Some years afterward, when Mrs. Bishop was writing at Interlaken, she saw the form of "Mountain Jim" standing before her.

His eyes were fixed on Mrs. Bishop, and when she looked at him he said in a low voice, but very distinctly, "I am come, as I promised." Then he signalled with his hand and added, "Farewell." The time was carefully noted, witnesses being present, and it was found that "Mountain Jim's" death, taking into account the difference of longitude, coincided with that of the apparition.

The irresistible conclusion forced upon the impartial student of these phenomena is that the blind faith of generations is not based on a myth that science can dispel. It must be remembered that a scientist of the standing of Sir William Crookes has before the British Association, the most scientific body in the kingdom, defended the vital necessity for psychic research and maintained that in psychic phenomena there might be hidden a profound science both of man and nature and of "worlds not realized" than our planet yet has known.

A ONE-SIDED LAW.

Editor World: We have heard that the Northwest Act of 1875 provided for separate minority schools because it was not then known whether the Roman Catholic or Protestant population would preponderate, and so, whatever the outcome, the school privileges of the minority would be protected.

It is also claimed that it would be unjust now to deprive the Catholics of their separate school privileges just because the trend of population has been to make the Roman Catholic population a minority instead of a majority. I desire to call your attention to the fact that the act of 1875 does not support the supposition upon which the above plea is based. The following is its language: "When and so soon as any system of taxation shall be adopted in any district or portion of the Northwest Territories, the lieutenant-governor, by and with the consent of the council or assembly as the case may be, shall pass all necessary ordinances in respect to education; but it shall therein be always provided that a majority of the ratepayers of any district or portion of the Northwest Territories, or any lesser portion or sub-division thereof, by whatever name the same may be known, may establish such schools therein as they may think fit, and make the necessary assessment and collection of rates therefor; and further, that the minority of the ratepayers therein, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, may establish separate schools therein, and that, in such latter case, the Roman Catholic separate schools shall be liable only to assessments of such rates as they may impose upon themselves in respect thereof."

Now, mark the unfairness and discrimination of the section. The lines quoted exempt Roman Catholics from payment of public school assessments where they establish their separate schools, but do not exempt Protestants from school assessments for majority schools where Protestant separate schools are set up. According to the section the majority of the ratepayers whether Roman Catholic or Protestant can establish "such schools as they may think fit." A Roman Catholic majority can establish a Roman Catholic public school under the complete control of the church and the Protestant minority is obliged to pay assessments for the support of that school. On the other hand, when a Roman Catholic separate school is established its supporters are exempt from the public school tax. This is a pretty one-sided piece of legislation, is it not? It is a piece with this subservency to the hierarchy of our "Protestant" politicians for years past.

I deduce two points from the section. First, the section presupposes that when the act was passed it was believed, as it has since turned out, that the Territories would become Protestant, and consequently that the section was enacted not to protect Protestant but Roman Catholic schools. They never thought of the poor Protestant

Good Bread Graduates From a Good Shop

Some Shop Talk by Lawrence, the Baker, Suggested by the Bakers' Strike.

"It's an old story, how the Boss Bakers' Combine tried to kill me; how they tried to boycott me from getting Flour and Yeast, and tried to get the Bakers' Union to take their men out of my shop.

A baker who bakes such good bread as I do, and sells it cheaper than anybody else, is not popular with his competitors.

If the Boss Bakers could only get George Lawrence out of the way, you would see the price of bread jump to 12 or 14 cents per loaf. I have championed the cause of "low price for bread" and shall continue to do so.

I have never had any trouble with the Union. I treat my men well. The bakers in my shop make more money than any bakers, probably in the Dominion of Canada. I want good work. I get good work and I pay for it. My bakery is a place where men are cheerful and satisfied; where the desire of the employer is the desire of the whole body, and when I want hustle and high grade results I get them. That's why Lawrence's Bread is such a big sight better than most other bakers' bread.

The success of my business is built upon the satisfaction of the public, upon the staunch support of my union employes, and my ability to buy my materials at the lowest price in any market in Canada or the United States.

I have just completed the finest bread baking plant in Canada. If any of my customers or any other baker's customers want to see what George Lawrence has been able to do by selling bread from a cent to two cents a loaf cheaper than other bakers, and by paying first-class union wages, let them come and see my handsome big building on Denison Avenue and Carr Street.

I will say this in connection with the subject of wages, that I do not feel in sympathy with any employer who starts cutting down wages while rents, meat and the cost of living generally are getting higher. I stand for these principles:

- The best wages I can afford
The best bakery money can build
The best bread skill can bake
The lowest price that good bread can be sold for

I still offer the bread which has made my bakery famous,

Lawrence's Home-Made Bread

20 Tickets for One Dollar

GEORGE LAWRENCE, Baker

38, 40, 42, 44 Denison Avenue and 21, 23, 25, 27, 29 Carr Street

at all. It was the church and its privileges that they had in mind. It follows that our Protestant people are under no moral obligation to respect a privilege which was not enacted for their benefit at all.

Second, the section is unfair to the Protestants of the Dominion. It is an unjust section. Its undoubted effect is to oblige a Protestant minority in any district to pay school rates to a Roman Catholic or Mormon school, so long as it masquerades as a "public school." For the section says that the majority "may establish such schools therein as they may think fit and make the necessary assessment and collection of rates therefor."

And this is the law which Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Smith of North Oxford, Charles Hyman of London and Sir William Mulock want

to perpetuate for all time in the new provinces. Hamilton, June 8, 1905.

Gerónimo Seeks Freedom.

There are indications that ere long Gerónimo, the noted Apache chief, will be allowed to leave Fort Sit, O.T., where he has been held in semi-captivity for nearly seventeen years. He is now 33 years old and pines for restoration to his old stamping ground in the mountains of Arizona. Many times he has pleaded vainly for presidential clemency, and it is now believed that President Roosevelt will soon give favorable answer to the old warrior's prayer.

For the Policyholders.

New York, June 10.—Paul Morton, the newly-elected chairman of the board of directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, said to-day that in his plans for the reorganization of the society he intends to consider first of all the interests of the policyholders.

Women's Union Label League.

Chicago, June 10.—The Women's International Union Label League has adjourned after the election of officers. Miss Anna Fitzgerald of Chicago was elected president, and Mrs. Mary H. Baltz of Elmira, N. Y., was made secretary-treasurer. The next convention will be held at Millville, N. J., in June, 1907.

# THE DISASTROUS ADVENTURES OF A NOVICE ON THE TURF

### An Englishman Tells of His Experiences at the First Race Meeting He Ever Attended, of Course in His Own Country.

They called me a Jay. What it implied I did not know; but from the attention which they paid me, I, at the time, attached some importance to it.

I was bent on having a holiday—a sporting holiday, and as I was neither an athlete nor a waterman, I resolved on starting for the races. But what races? I had never attended any, but had an idea. Who hasn't an idea? With an air of sport, I bought one of the racing papers, and with an extra slung carelessly over my shoulder I took a ticket for the races to be held at Rampton Park. Arrived at the railway station, I bought a race-card, which I began to study; but the further I went the more involved I became. The colors I understood, but the rest was a regular riddle. A paper on the station was shouting out "Ruff's Guide to the Turf." Exactly what I wanted, I said to myself. I bought one, but I could not make head or tail of it. Excuse my racy reference. "Ruff's Guide?" It was the roughest guide I had ever seen. It may be a guide to those who know the way, but to the uninitiated it is a Chinese puzzle, the life of the case, Irish politics, and the Yankee share market rolled into one.

The train was crowded, and I gave my seat up to a reverend-looking gentleman, who immediately took great interest in me. We chatted, and during the conversation he inquired if I had not been at college with him. I told him I had never been to either of the universities, when he replied that he could have sworn that he knew me at Oxford, and he persisted in this until I really began to think that I might really have been there. He was so affable, in due course he told me he was an owner of several racehorses, knew all the jockeys and trainers, and would do all in his power to advise me. He was most obliging and entertaining. He most obliging and entertaining. He cautioned me that the turf was an uncertain quantity, and, from my one certain experience, I must admit I think he was right. Arrived at Rampton Park, my newly made friend (who had made himself so agreeable that I already looked upon him in the light of a ready friend) and I walked across to what he termed the "ring." This was a peculiar sporting term, quite new to me, and I have never been able to discover why a square is called, in racing parlance, a "ring." It is the same in the prize "ring," and so on, the word "square" never appears to be applied. Just before we gained the entrance to Tattersall's, he told me in confidence he had nothing but a £100 note upon him, so I readily paid for us both, to save the inconvenience of carrying so large a note would entail, changing so large a note would entail, once in the ring he seemed to know everybody, and we were soon joined by another gentleman, whom he addressed as his commission agent. The first race was soon to start, and, pointing to a board, he said, "These are the starters. I looked up, expecting to see a lot of racehorses with jockeys and colors, as I had often seen in pictures, but instead of that I saw a heap of numbers in a frame with jockeys' names beside them. Then a gentleman, who gave me the impression of a man of some importance, and who, my sporting acquaintance confided in me, was a prominent owner, came up and whispered a mysterious secret to him. Then the commission agent arrived, and asked if I wanted anything on. I did not exactly understand, so I did not like to refuse. The captain, as the prominent owner was styled, noticing my hesitancy, most encouragingly advised me to have £10 on No. 4. I handed over the note to the commission agent, and in an instant there was a roar of "They're off!" So was the commission agent. After the race, which was most unlucky, the betting agent explained that he had only just time to get the money on. The only incident I remarked in the race was that there were four runners, I backed No. 4, and he remained No. 4 throughout. I felt despondent, but my hopes were raised by the captain's assurances, while my friend, who resembled a cleric (I never heard his name), assured me he had a certainty for the next race, and quite naturally, as it were, we made for the bar. After a good deal of pushing, during which time I found myself continually apologizing, we gained the refreshment counter. They appeared to be real good fellows, and insisted upon having a bottle of champagne. Now I had only drunk champagne so early in the afternoon twice before, and on each occasion it had got up my nose, giving me the appearance of suffering from hay fever, but I felt too much of a sport to refuse. The champagne was ordered, none of my newly made friends offered to pay for the wine, and nothing could have been more absent-minded on their part. After a time, doubtless recognizing this, one of them, I forget which, suggested tossing for it. I felt this an extremely reckless procedure, but I was out for sport. At other times I should have proposed that each paid for his own share. The captain dashed his coin at the counter, shouting "Odd man pays." It was an odd remark. Its oddness was fully demonstrated to me. I became the odd man. The first time we were all heads, which they termed "man." Why the Queen's head should be called a "man" I was unable to understand. It was explained to me it had always been called a "man" from the day the first king's head had been placed on the coin, hence the head had, from time immemorial, been termed "man" and the tail "woman." This does not sound quite complimentary to the fair sex.

My clerical friend impressed upon me that "Flatiron" could not possibly be beaten for the Rampton Park Selling Plate, then the captain came rushing up instructing him to put £100 on for him, and turning to me said I could have a pony with him if I liked. I felt

so confident that I said all right, though I had no idea what a pony meant financially. I found out how much it was after the race. Again they "off" I was stuck in the crowd; I could not move one way or the other. In my excitement I jumped up now and again to get a glimpse of the colors as they sped quickly by. Suddenly I felt another person's hand in my pocket. The gentleman at once apologized, explaining that the crowd was so thick that he thought it was his own pocket. It struck me as an extraordinary coincidence. The crowd with one hoarse shout cried, "Here they come." Standing on my toes, race-glasses in hand, I caught sight of Flatiron quite a length in front of the others. I never felt such a sensation before in my life. Flatiron! If he could only win. They were now coming up the straight like a charge of cavalry. I felt my heart throbbing, my breath coming in puffs, the hot breeze ran down my back, my knees trembled, my hands shook, yet I could distinctly hear above everything, "Flatiron wins!" "Go on Flatiron!" "Flatiron wins for a pony!" A pony. That is what I had on. I can see it all now. The scene comes back to me. I can see Flatiron once more, the way he came. I was frightened to look, the horses were right in front of us, flashing past; a chill of fear, mingled with the excitement of success, came over me. The sensation was fascinating, it held me in its spell. One more look; I jump in the air above the heads of the crowd. Horror! What do I see, something in yellow, something in black, something in something creeps up stride by stride, a terrible shout goes up, and "Done Brown" has won by a head. The perspiration ran from my forehead like water out of a garden hose laid on to the kitchen boiler. There was a lull, and "Done Brown's" number was hoisted in the slot, and the clerical gentleman and the captain, each taking me by the arm, almost hoisted me into the bar. They explained how Flatiron ought to have won, how the jockey had thrown the race away—and my pony. One said, "He ought to have rolled in," whatever that meant. The commissioner asserted that he should have "won by the length of the street," which appeared to somewhat exaggerate the distance; while the captain said if Flatiron had not come so quick but had waited a little longer he would have won hands down by a length. All this was an enigma to me. How could a horse, if he had waited longer and not come so quick, win? How a horse could set further in front by waiting behind, I could not imagine. I would not show my ignorance by inquiring. Another toss for a bottle of champagne, and I began to think that I was the "oddest" of men. In the last race there were two starters, and I backed "Here's Luck" for all I had with me. I scanned him over in the paddock in company with the captain, and I then felt I had never seen a better horse, and as he left the paddock and cantered down the course, I stood looking after him, murmuring, "Here's Luck." "They're off!" and the crowd hustles and bustles. I am pushed backwards and forwards, sideways, both ways, all from the crowd. "The favorite leads," I learned from the crowd. "Here's Luck is at the head." "The favorite's the favorite." "No, Here's Luck will catch him." "Here's Luck, Here's Luck, Here's Luck." Suddenly a rough hand fell on my hat, and crushed it over my face, and I was groping about in the crowd like a man playing "Blind man's buff" at Christmas time. Above all I could hear the cry "Here's Luck, Here's Luck, Here's Luck." By slow degrees I managed to squeeze my face out of my hat. It was a patient effort. My nose was all scarred, and little drops of purple blood fell on the asphalt. The ring was deserted. I was alone. Even "Here's Luck" had departed for his training quarters.

I thought I would look at my watch and see the time, but it was not in my pocket. I felt I must have dropped it in the crowd, and started to look for it, but it was not to be found. A sudden, wild, horrid idea struck me that I had had my pocket picked. Where were my friends who were to pay me over "Here's Luck"? Where? And the larger, a sickly morbid feeling overtook me. I walked to the bar; it was deserted. I was the odd man there. I looked vainly around for the captain, the commissioner, the clerical gentleman. All had vanished into thin air. The races were done; so was I. The sportsmen had gone; so had my money. The champagne had left a corky taste in my mouth. Everything appeared stale. Disconsolately I made my way to the station. On the platform I again searched for my new acquaintances in vain. Describing them, I inquired of some strangers if they had noticed them. They kindly helped me to look for them, and by this means I formed fresh friends. We entered a railway carriage, and started on our way to town. The conversation was of nothing but horses, jockeys, winnings and losses. I sympathized with the latter. Then a genial old man suddenly produced a pack of cards from his newspaper over his knees, began to shuffle them, then taking only three cards, began to show us all the one with a picture on, challenging us to pick it out. I tried. He was right. As I left the train, my watch gone, my money lost, my winnings unpaid, I halted a hansom, and handed myself, I found my cuffs dangling about my wrists. Yes, they had even taken my links! Many a time since I have recalled my first race meeting when the toast has been, "Old chap, here's luck!"

## SOME ANCIENT DRINKS

### The Love of Our Forefathers for Punch and Similar Concoctions.

Punch, the now almost forgotten beverage, was a favorite drink of the well-to-do classes of this country during the period from the last quarter of the seventeenth century to the early part of the nineteenth. The earliest notice of this modern nectar is in "Fryer's Travels," published in 1672, from which we learn that the word punch is derived from the Hindustani word *painsh*, signifying that it was compounded of five ingredients. It appears to have been at first drunk chiefly by sailors, by whom it was brought to England, where it soon became a popular beverage. Henry Teonge, a naval chaplain, records in his diary, under 1675, that he partook of three bowls with some friends, and afterwards had considerable difficulty in finding his way to his bed. Naval officers took kindly to the new drink. Captain Ratcliff, in a doggerel poem entitled "Bauchanalla Coelestia," 1680, tells how Jove, when he first heard of the liquor, desired to taste it, and how his wish was gratified.

June for lemons sent into her closet,  
Which, when she was sick, she infused into posset.

These lemons, were called the Hesperian fruit,  
When vigilant dragon was sent to look to it,  
Three dozen of these were squeezed into the rest of the ingredients in order came after.

Venus, admirer of things that are sweet,  
Without her infusion there had been no treat.  
Commanded two sugar loaves, white as her doves,  
Supported to the table by a pair of young loves.

Bacchus gave notice, by dangling a bunch,  
That without his assistance there could be no punch.  
What was meant by his sign was very well known,  
For they threw in a gallon of trusty Languon.

Mars, a blunt god, the chief of the brisakers,  
Who stood at table still twirling his whiskers,  
Quoth he, "Fellow gods and celestial gallants,  
I'd not give a fig for your punch without Nauts;  
Therefore, boy Ganymede, I do command ye,  
To put in at least two gallons of brandy."  
Saturn of all the gods was the oldest,  
And we may imagine his stomach was  
Did out of his pouch three nutmegs produce,  
Which, when they were grated, were put to the juice.

Neptune, we are told, added "a hard sea biscuit well baked in the sun," and a toasted biscuit formed, at that early period of punch brewing and drinking, a favorite ingredient in punch and other old English beverages. Lord Rochester, in his poetical instructions for the command of a big drink, says, "Make it so large that, filled with sack up to the swelling brim, vast toasts on the delicious lake, like ships at sea may sink."

The man of poet anticipates in this stanza the wish expressed by Mynheer Van Dunk in an old song, "that a Dutchman's draught might be as wide and as deep as the Zuyder Zee." In 1694, when Admiral Russell, commanding the Mediterranean fleet, gave a grand entertainment at Alicante, the tables were laid in the shade of orange trees, four double rows of which met at a fountain, the marble basin which was converted for the occasion into an enormous punch bowl. From it six thousand persons partook of punch, in the brewing which there were used a pipe of Malaga wine, four hogsheds of brandy, twenty gallons of lime juice, 2,500 lemons, a bag of sugar, three hundred toasted biscuits, and eight hogsheds of water.

Punch, through the eighteenth century regarded as the king of drinks, was the favorite potato of Fox and Sheridan, and all the statesmen of the Whig party. As its popularity increased a punch bowl was found in every house not of the poorest. It was a common wedding present, and was also regarded as a suitable one from a merchant or banker to a deserving clerk. Bowls were made with suitable ornaments and inscriptions for presentation as testimonials. Thus the first successful whaling voyage from Liverpool was commemorated by the presentation of a punch bowl to the captain. This bowl, on which a ship in full sail was painted, was some years ago in the possession of Mr. Joseph Mayer, the eminent collector of china.

Punch bowls sometimes figured as tavern signs in the eighteenth century. Addison, in one of his papers in the Spectator, mentions one at a tavern near Charing Cross, on which two angels were represented hovering over a punch bowl and squeezing lemons into it. A punch bowl appears also in the sign of a tavern in Clare Market, the history of which is rather curious. The house was originally known as "The Bull and Butcher," but on coming under the management of an ex-warden of a debtors' prison, who was a great admirer of Spiller, a popular actor of the period, the sign was changed to the Spiller's Head, bearing a half-length portrait of the actor, with a punch bowl before him, surrounded by a border of grapes and other fruits.

Spiller began life as a landscape painter, but forsook the studio for the stage, and became a popular actor. He was the original Mat of the Mint, in the "Beggars' Opera," and Akerby, his biographer who was also an actor, says that in this part he "outdid his usual outdoings to such a degree that when ever he sung he executed his part with so truly sweet and harmonious a tone, and in so judicious and ravishing a



In the Imperial Oxford we have not only given to the women of Canada the most perfect baking and roasting range but we have also produced the most economical.

The oven of the ordinary range is raised to a baking temperature by the direct heat of the fire on the side of the oven. To keep that oven at a sufficiently high temperature to bake or roast by, you must be continually poking the fire and adding fuel to it.

As the oven of the Imperial Oxford Range is heated by our patented Diffusive Flue, the temperature of the oven remains steady until the baking is done, without the necessity of touching or adding fuel to the fire.

## Imperial Oxford Range

This fact is easily demonstrated. If, when an Imperial Oxford is going, you were to stop the inlet of this flue in the bottom of the range you would find by the thermometer that the oven was getting colder, and that to keep it at a baking temperature you would have to keep poking the fire and adding more coal just as with an ordinary range.

If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford, write to us for catalogue and information as to where you can see it.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited  
MONTREAL WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER



Imperial Oxford Range is on Exhibition and Sale at 231-233 Yonge Street, 569 Queen Street West, 287 College Street.

manner, that the audience could not avoid putting his modesty to the test by his repeated clamors of "excuse," Spiller, when in prison for debt, so charmed the warden who has been mentioned by his wit and vocalism that on becoming the host of the Clare Market Tavern, in accordance, as Akerby relates, "with the concurrent desire of an elegant company, who were assembled there over a bowl of arrack punch one evening, and by the generous offer of Mr. Laguerre, who was one of the company, and as excellent a master in the science of painting as in music, the sign was changed to the Spiller's Head, and painted by the said Mr. Laguerre, and in a manner and with a pencil that equals the proudest performance of those who have acquired the greatest wealth and reputation." Spiller died, however, before the new sign was hung above the door of the tavern.

Arrack, mentioned by Akerby in the passage quoted, was a spirit produced by distillation from the juice of the cocoa-nut palm, drawn from the tree by incision, in the same manner as the juice of the sugar-maple. During the long war with France, when many homeward vessels were captured by French privateers, the supplies of the usual components of punch were so much diminished that both rum and arrack came to be substituted for brandy. In the latter case the compound was often called toddy.

The popularity of punch began to decline during the early years of the nineteenth century. When its reputation was at its height, doctors recommended it, the acids being supposed to qualify the effects of the alcoholic ingredients; but a change of medical opinion was brought about by the cholera visitation in 1831, its use being declared injurious, which caused it to lose much of the favor it had so long enjoyed.

### HAD YOUR SHARE OF SUGAR?

Annual Consumption in the United States 100 Pounds Per Capita.

From The Des Moines Register and Leader.

"It seems strange, but statistics prove that the average amount of sugar consumed per capita is more than 100 pounds," said M. H. Miller of Michigan. Mr. Miller is in the city in the interests of the beet sugar industry, and is well up on sugar facts. "Yes, sir, I mean that you and I and declared every one of us consumes over 100 pounds of sugar every year. Statistics prove it. Some people, of course, eat as much as 200 pounds, and a few less than 100, so that the average is brought up to that mark.

"Why, there is sugar in everything except people's tempers. But, more seriously, there is sugar in the curing of meats, there is a certain amount of sugar in your bread, there is sugar in all of the canned goods, practically, and much of the bottled goods. A very large per cent. of the food we eat has sugar in it.

"The grocer man will tell you that he sells sixteen pounds of sugar where he sells one pound of any other article almost. This country pays out annually \$200,000,000 to other countries for sugar. Just think what it would mean if we paid out this amount to our own people, just as we might as well do if we would wake up to the fact that some of the finest sugar in the world had the nerve to undertake it. Tests have shown that Iowa can raise sugar beets, and they make the best sugar there is.

"While other countries consume as much sugar as America in proportion to the volume of their business, yet American people have an exceptionally sweet tooth."

### Big Wine Export.

Holland, without a single vineyard, exported 700,000 gallons of wine last year, which is equal to all of Kentucky's corn-crop being shipped in bottles.—Washington Times.

## REVIVAL OF A FAMOUS PLAY

Eugenie Blair to Appear in East Lynne at the Grand Opera House This Week.

One of the notable features of the theatrical season was the revival of old-time plays that were successes. The theatre-goer of to-day does not appear to want the plays recently written, and producers have fallen back on the old favorites and their revival has met with public approval. No matter how sumptuously staged the new plays were, nor how artistic the production by capable artists, there was nothing in them to attract audiences sufficiently large to warrant a continuance of the play.

The people wanted the "real heart story" and the success which attended the revival of favorite dramas of years gone by proved conclusively that these were the plays that should be offered.

For the third week of Eugenie Blair's engagement at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday evening, a revival of Mrs. Henry Wood's famous emotional play will be given. Numerous letters have been received from Toronto theatre-goers for certain plays to be presented during Miss Blair's engagement, and the majority of the requests were for "East Lynne," in which drama Miss Blair has achieved a continental reputation for her faithful interpretation of the dual role of "Lady Isabel" and "Madame Vine."

"East Lynne" tells a story of the heart, which fully illustrates a woman's love, faith, hope, temptation and remorse. It is effective in its arrangements and delightfully interspersed with humor.

The cast of characters is as follows: Sir Francis Levison . . . Edmund Elton Archibald Carlyle . . . Albert Andrews Lord Mount Severn . . . J. C. Fenon Justice Hare . . . C. Harrington Richard Hare . . . W. H. Fendergast Officer . . . Frank Lyman Little Willie . . . Baby Simpson Barbara Hare . . . Harriet Ross Miss Carlyle . . . Hattie Arnold Joyce . . . Naomi Arnold Wilson . . . Grace Farwell Susanna . . . Gertrude Robinson Lady Isabel . . . Eugenie Blair Madame Vine . . . Eugenie Blair

The production will be given with that careful attention to stage detail which was so prominent in the two plays already offered Toronto theatre-goers. New scenery and effects have been provided and with above cast that has but recently presented the play in New York and Philadelphia to enormous business Toronto theatre-goers are assured of one of the best presentations of this play ever given in the city. During the week the usual matinee will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

### Theory Versus Practice.

"Equal suffrages," remarked Simon Ford during the course of a recent public dinner, "is pretty tolerable in theory, but in practice it reminds me of a friend who once came to me with a long face and a very despairing attitude. Of course it was my duty to offer him my sympathy and, incidentally, to enquire what was the matter.

"He confided—confessed that he and his wife had agreed to tell each other their faults—to be perfectly frank with each other in everything, as the deal marriage state demands.

"Well, I asked him, 'your wife being a fair-minded woman, you know, did the plan succeed or fall?'

"'Would you believe,' he replied, 'that she hasn't spoken to me for nearly a month?'"—New York Times.

BETTER PAY THE  
ERE THE LAW

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But There Are  
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Imperial Oxford we have not only given to men of Canada the most perfect baking range but we have also produced the finest of the ordinary range is raised to a temperature by the direct heat of the fire on the oven. To keep that oven at a sufficient temperature to bake or roast by, you must be poking the fire and adding fuel to it. The oven of the Imperial Oxford Range is our patented Diffusive Flue, the temperature remains steady until the baking is done, the necessity of touching or adding fuel to it.

### Oxford Range



On Exhibition and Sale at 569 Queen Street, College Street.

### REVIVAL OF A FAMOUS PLAY

Eugenie Blair to Appear in East Lynne at the Grand Opera House This Week.

One of the notable features of the theatrical season was the revival of old-time plays that were successes. The theatre-goer of to-day does not appear to want the plays recently written, and producers have fallen back on the old favorites and their revival has met with public approval. No matter how sumptuously staged the new plays were, nor how artistic the production by capable artists, there was nothing in them to attract audiences sufficiently large to warrant a continuance of the play.

The people wanted the "real heart story" and the success which attended the revival of favorite dramas of years gone by proved conclusively that these were the plays that should be offered. For the third week of Eugenie Blair's engagement at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday evening, a revival of Mrs. Henry Wood's famous emotional play will be given. Numerous letters have been received from Toronto theatre-goers for certain plays to be presented during Miss Blair's engagement, and the majority of the requests were for "East Lynne," in which drama Miss Blair has achieved a continental reputation for her faithful interpretation of the dual role of "Lady Isabel" and "Madame Vine."

"East Lynne" tells a story of the heart, which fully illustrates a woman's love, faith, hope, temptation and remorse. It is effective in its arrangements and delightfully interspersed with humor.

The cast of characters is as follows: Sir Francis Levison... Edmund Elton Archibald Carlyle... Albert Andrews Lord Mount Severn... J. C. Fenton Justice Hare... C. Harrington Richard Hare... W. H. Pendergast Officer... Frank Lyman Little Willie... Baby Simpson Barbara Hare... Harriet Ross Miss Carlyle... Hattie Arnold Joyce... Naomi Arnold Wilson... Grace Farwell Susaroe... Gertrude Robinson Lady Isabel... Eugenie Blair Madame Vine... Eugenie Blair The production will be given with that careful attention to stage detail which was so prominent in the two plays already offered Toronto theatre-goers. New scenery and effects have been provided and with above cast that has but recently presented the play in New York and Philadelphia to enormous business Toronto theatre-goers are assured of one of the best presentations of this play ever given in the city. During the week the usual matinee will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

**Theory Versus Practice.** "Equal suffrages," remarked Simon Ford during the course of a recent public dinner, "is pretty tolerable in theory, but in practice it reminds me of a friend who once came to me with a long face and a very despairing attitude. Of course it was my duty to offer him my sympathy and, incidentally, to enquire what was the matter. "He confessed—confessed that he and his wife had agreed to tell each other their faults—to be perfectly frank with each other in everything, as the deal marriage state demands. "Well," I asked him, "your wife being a fair-minded woman, you know, did the plan succeed or fail?" "Would you believe," he replied, "that she hasn't spoken to me for nearly a month?"—New York Times.

### BETTER PAY THE DOG-TAX BEFORE THE LAW BREAKS OUT

Many Canines Have Been Licensed, But There Are Many More Otherwise.

If you haven't got a tag for your dog better get one. It will make the dog feel easier and may save you trouble, for there is going to be something doing right away to people who are evading the dog tax. This applies to the owners, possessors or harborers. That is what the law calls them. There are probably only about 10,000 dogs in this city, but they often seem more. Nearly half this number have been licensed this year, and now an effort is to be made to collect the other taxes or the dogs.

They are cute and quiet in the dog license department at the city hall. Inspector Davenport and Assistant Stratton are busy with licenses, and thinking out the way to get the taxes in. It's a shame to give it away, but one jolly little scheme they have is to go into a doggy neighborhood and summon two or three citizens for having unlicensed pups. Perhaps they are let off with a warning, but the neighborhood hears of it and other delinquents hustle to the hall to cough up the necessary for a certificate and a tag. This ruse never fails, and it's liable to visit your neighborhood any time now. The happy little band of men with the net and the caged-in wagon will be out soon to make fun for the populace and catch stray canines who are not on to them. Some of the old timers have evaded them for years, and if the catchers can't get them an effort will be made to locate the owners, possessors and harborers. With some dogs this implicates a lot of people. There are fewer dogs than usual on down town streets lately. Perhaps they know what is doing.

Since May 1 tags have been purchased for 4333 dogs. Last year over 7000 canines were entitled to the freedom of the city. A dog tag costs \$1 no matter how good a dog or how bad a dog he is so long as he is a dog. To decorate a lady dog with a tag comes higher, the tag being \$5, and the tag doesn't look worth any more money than the other one. Baby dogs do not require tags. Until they are 6 months old they are entitled to roam at large, pick big bones, tear up flower beds, spread mange, fight and get run over if they want to without anyone having to pay a license for them. At 6 months old they are entitled to the owner can lie about the mfor a six months more. Then he must buy a tag.

Aristocratic lady dogs do not have to pay as big a license as common ordinary. If they belong to the Kennel Club and have a whole lot of ancestors it only costs them \$2 to defy the dog catchers. The owner of a kennel of pure bred dogs can license the whole business as a job lot for \$10. According to the strict interpretation of the bylaw every dog should have a nurse or a chaperon if at large in any of the public parks, squares, drives, streets, lanes, alleys or any other public places in the city, and the attendant must be a "competent person." It would be a picnic to find a person competent to look after some of the small dogs running at large, but that is not dealt with in the bylaw.

Any dog meandering around at any time without a tag on is liable to be arrested. The law provides that the dog shall wear around its neck a collar with a metallic plate attached to show that it has got the degree of C.L.P. This is stamped on the tag. It means city license paid, and the dog can carry around as many fleas as he likes. If he hasn't got it he is liable to bump up against section seven of the bylaw and be captured, killed or otherwise disposed of by somebody the city pays to bestow these little attentions upon careless canines. It means a lot to a dog to get entangled in the meshes of the law as skillfully wielded by the dog catcher. If the doggies only knew what happens after being scooped into the dog-catchers' net they would mourn for lost comrades. Street Commissioner Jones is the high executioner. It used to be the city commissioner. Mr. Jones is the man who will send out the catchers and he has a nice place to save up the prisoners opposite the Mercer Reformatory. It is called a dog pound when it is working, and it is manned by a couple of pounders. If a dog in the lock up knows where his folks live they are sent for, but most dogs forget these things when they get so far away from home. They would know better if they were loose. It costs \$2 to take a dog away from the pound, no matter whose he is. For a lady dog the fee is \$5. In addition to this a license has to be procured. Dogs not redeemed by the owner may be sold at the price of redemption, and sometimes it's a chance to pick up a corking good dog cheap, but if the commissioner can get a higher price the bylaw lets him. It isn't only the good dogs that are redeemed.

The dogs who are not redeemed have to go up against the experience of the man who blows out the gas. There is a place for them, and it looks all right. It's called the lethal chamber. They are coaxed into it and then become victims of misplaced confidence. It is closed up tight and the gas is turned on. In a few minutes the dogs have no further need to worry over a license. What they need is a burial permit. If your dog gets caught after the license has been paid you can get him

### THE EXQUISITE TONE OF THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co.)

is a marvel of the many world-famed musicians, who have visited Canada in recent years.

—The comment of artists like Friedheim, Burmeister, Jonas, Hyelested, Nordica, Albani, Ganz of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and others, all of whom are a unit in their praises of this great instrument, has, perhaps, never been provoked by any other piano.

Piano Salon : 115-117 King St. W. Toronto.

back again for nothing. The bylaw says you mustn't permit your dog to attack anybody, but it doesn't tell you how to stop it. Should your dog get into trouble you can be ordered to take him to the police station, where they have special accommodation with gas for such dogs. If you want to keep a dog and won't do what the bylaw tells you to do you are liable to have the pleasure of seeing the police magistrate at work. He doesn't sentence anybody to be hanged for juggling with the dog law, but he jags feelings with those little \$1 and costs fines. This means \$4.25, and if you can't pay it the law entitles the bailiff to come in and seize the piano and the baby carriage.

**A TRIBUTE.** With undying gratitude to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Burns, who departed this life May 22, 1905.

Brethren, we're assembled to decorate today the grave of a gallant patriot who sleeps in a distant land. He is dead but still we'll love him while on earth we shall remain. And our descendants yet unborn will renew our love again.

His life made manifest to us how a patriot brave will stand For the sake of his native country, tho in a distant land. His great brain always ready and his hand to guide the pen When bigots assailed his country, he asked them to act like men.

His eagle eye was ne'er asleep to the enemies of our race; Their lies even from Anstrailia his words would soon efface. Always faithful to the cause he had so dear at heart. No chance on earth escaped, in Heaven he'll take our part.

In company with Robert Emmett, and that hero brave Wolfe Tone, And also with the great O'Connell he'll be feeling not alone. Those patriots stand recorded 'mongst the bravest in our land. Where their notes of freedom sounded ever foremost in the band.

They won regard and highest esteem, which they'll get forever more, From Irishmen in every land who love their native shore. Grant, O God we'll be beside them when from this world we go. Where Ireland's cause we will espouse as they did on earth below.

Grant that we bring this message from that island in the sea, That her people love them dearly and are happy now and free. That would be glorious news from that land they dearly love, Farwell, dear Doctor Burns, till we meet in heaven above. —John Mohan.

**Humble Pl.** We notice by The Harriston Tribune that "Mr. T. M. Humble, of Toronto, has purchased The Southampton Beacon." In our humble opinion Mr. Humble has humbly entered into the humble calling of a humble local journalist. If he has hitherto been praying to the Lord to keep him poor and humble, he may now drop out that portion of his daily petition, for I'll soon learn that local journalism is a thorn specific for the production of poverty and humility. We tender our humble sympathies to Mr. Humble in his humble venture.—Durham Chronicle.

### RACE SUICIDE. Discussion Has Given Rise to Needless Alarm.

The diminishing birthrate is a topic of unending interest in current literature. It is a phenomenon as old as the human race, but because it has just been widely noticed it has given rise to needless alarm. Even physicians have failed to note that all such natural laws are wholly beyond man's control, and many writers seem to think that by our voluntary efforts we can change a process which has been going on ever since the time when every woman was annually fruitful. It is an invariable law that the lower the civilization the greater the birthrate. In no other way could the savage races survive under their tremendous death-rates. Those families which were too small have simply perished, and the families which carried on the race have been those large enough to have some survivors to marry. Among lower organisms where the deathrate is prodigious, survival could only result from an equally prodigious birthrate, as with certain fishes. It is the same law of natural selection as with primitive man, who was so markedly different from modern man.

Reproduction is such a drain upon the organism that, by the law of economy, the surviving lines are those which produce the minimum possible. Hence when deathrate diminishes, the fittest for survival are those with the lesser number and not those which have wasted their substance by useless reproduction. Man has survived thru the action of this law and his birthrate has invariably diminished with the diminishing deathrate of an increasing civilization. If too many are born in one family they may not be as strong nor as well started in life as the offspring of the smaller families and extinction follows in time. If too few are born, the ordinary accidents of life will end the line. In the case of man as well as every other species, natural forces are more concerned with the welfare of the species and not of the individual.

The proper size of family for ultimate survival cannot possibly be determined because the future environment will probably be so different from the present. The population of some centuries hence will be descended from the present families of the fittest size and it is no more possible for man to change the matter than it is for him to change his complexion or height, adjusted to his environment or period. So we need not worry over it in the least—for nature will mind her own business, as she always does. The lay press has had its sensation over the matter, and its readers have been duly thrilled at the idea of a manless earth, but they can now sleep peacefully, knowing that the future race will be amply provided for by the diminished birthrate, which is the best for nature's purposes. In the meantime they can console themselves with the thought that as a rule, the men who have made the world's history have not left descendants, and the few who have left a posterity have probably regretted it ever since. The ancestors of the future great men are now in the great normal healthy class of average men with the proper-sized families. They will keep every part of the world filled with as many men as can find subsistence, just as they always have done. The upper classes tend to disappear, and their small birthrate is of no special significance.—American Medicine.

### Col. R. E.'s Popularity. Remorse is a good deal more popular than self-denial among most people.—New York Times.

### WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write Dr. Pierce and receive the advice of a physician of over forty years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter has the most careful consideration and is regarded as confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without an examination. Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment cures in the privacy of your home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands of bad cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—take his advice and be well.

Mr. E. Monfort of Lebanon, Warren Co., O., writes: "I have received the Medical Adviser. It could not tempt me to part with it." On receipt of 31 cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing only, we will send you any dress a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's great 1000-page book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser." Or, for \$3 stamps in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS,** first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equalled. Little pill, little dose, but gives great relief in curative way in all derangements of Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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### WHAT MEN WILL WEAR

A Few Remarks About Straw Hats and Other Things.

So far as can be gathered there will be nothing strikingly new in straw hats this year. The ordinary sailor is, as usual, being made too heavy and too unbending. The imitation Panama is still a very obvious imitation. The straw "top" hat and bowler will largely remain oddities. All the ingenuity in the straw hat trade seems to be devoted to hats for ladies, and just now for making wonderful straw imitations of trimmings.

In straw sailor hats at the present moment the brims are being made narrow. The probable reason is that this leaves the market open for broader-brimmed hats when the sun becomes fiercer. Some few, and they are sold at tolerably high prices, are very light and pliable. But as a rule the straw sailor is heavier than an ordinary felt, and "gives" so little that it feels more like a wooden headpiece than a summer hat. The only advantage there can be, if any, in wearing a hat of that character is the little extra shade it provides for the eyes and the back of the neck.

Some think that a straw hat must needs be fairly heavy, or every little puff of wind will blow it off. This trouble in the wind, however, is much more largely due to the lack of pliability, which prevents the straw hat from fitting properly to the shape of the head all round. With a nice, soft straw, fitting well, there is much less of this nuisance, no matter how light the hat is in weight. It is none the less a curious circumstance to me that so few of the manufacturers make any reasonable provision to enable a straw hat to battle with the wind. Most of the arrangements provided for hat cords tend to tear the hat or destroy its shape if the wind is at all rough, and the hat will not keep on. An eyelet at the side, or the back, close to the inner edge of the brim, with a little straw loop exactly opposite, so that the hat-cord could be held safely round the hat, and then pass thru the eyelet in the straight line of the pull without tearing the brim, would be found very useful, and need not be unsightly.

One of the most comfortable of straw hats is that shaped something like a clerical felt. It is very light and very soft. It will fit the head without wearing the skin off the forehead, and will keep on. Its wide brim gives good protection from the sun. This pattern also keeps its shape very well, and does not possess that innate rakishness which is the drawback of the Panama, except on the most sweltering hot days, when it does not seem noticeable. Nor has it the singularity of appearance which belongs to the straw Alpine hat.

One of the principal advantages of a straw hat in hot weather is that it cannot but be well ventilated. Those who cling to felts should see that they have plenty of ventilation holes. Perspiration in hot weather quickly destroys a black felt, and will show still sooner thru a light grey felt. The best way to prevent this is to have the leather lining replaced pretty frequently. A new dealer every two or three months makes a bowler last in good condition very much longer than it otherwise would. Half the price of the hat spent in keeping it in order in this way will make it last nearly as long as two hats.

A lady writes me as follows: "May I tell you our solution of the stout man's tennis trousers difficulty? My husband has found this arrangement answer perfectly. First, don't tennis shirt, with braces underneath, then fasten trouser band and pouch shirt slightly all round. Now cut small slits to allow ends of braces to come thru and meet buttons inside trouser band. My husband wears a belt just for the look of the thing, but, of course, that is a matter of taste. The small slits should be button-holed or bound. The trouble with this plan is that the braces tend to cut the shoulders when only a thin vest is worn. But if soft web braces were used that difficulty would be removed.

Among the new ideas are gloves without buttons. They just slip on over the hands, and the wrist band is left loose, without any elastic to tighten it, as was the case with a former attempt of this sort. The old-fashioned double collar, the one which has the button-hole close to the top instead of at the bottom, as in the current style, is also being revived for summer wear. It leaves the neck free, and consequently is cooler than the ordinary double. But it is not very suitable for men with long necks. Nor in most cases will it be found suitable with coats that were made to be worn with high collars.

### PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

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#### CANADA'S SUMMER RESORT

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the hands, and the wrist band is left loose, without any elastic to tighten it, as was the case with a former attempt of this sort.

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Blunoz is our exclusively con- serge. ad an idea that Canadians near a Canadian-made serge, made good enough. We want to appeal to their loyalty a serge that would appeal d their common sense. Blunoz" serge. unoz" up to a Canadian manu- nstly trying to make good him-our ideas of what a s making "Blunoz" serge l the output of his factory es "Blunoz" wear well and

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natives of New York those who, while residents there, were not actually in the city at the time of the census, or, if in the city, were not accessible to the enumerators. The number of these is not far from 40,000, and the conclusion is clear, therefore, that no more than one in ten of the resident population of the city comes correctly under the designation of "native-born" New Yorkers of native parentage.

YORK COUNTY COUNCIL WILL BE AUTO LAW UNTO ITSELF

Proposes to Reward Prosecutors of Chauffeurs Whose Devil Wagons Exceed Speed Limit.

Unable to secure the desired legislation at the last session of the legislature and deeply impressed with the necessity for heroic measures, the York County Council on Saturday took decided steps toward remedying the auto speeding evil.

On motion of Councillor Lundy, Newmarket, seconded by Councillor McCallum of King, it was unanimously decided to offer a reward of \$25 for the prosecution and conviction of each one found violating the act governing automobiles. High Constable Ramsden will issue instructions to the county constables to this effect.

The report of the finance committee was presented and adopted, as was that of the standing committee on education. On motion of Councillors Lundy and Johnston, the action of the legislative committee in urging the legislature at its recent session to pass an act looking to the entrance of the Toronto and York Radial Railway lines into the City of Toronto on reasonable terms, was unanimously endorsed.

On motion of Messrs. Rogers and Powell the clerk was instructed to forward a copy of clause 9 of the county property committee to the select committee on telephones at Ottawa.

A bylaw to negotiate a loan for the sum of \$20,000 for current expenses was given its third reading and received the signature of the warden.

On motion of Councillors Woodcock and Lundy the thanks of the council were tendered Warden Baird and Mrs. Baird for the trip to Niagara Falls and the unfailing courtesy exercised by the warden in relation to council matters. Council adjourned to meet on Nov. 12.

A Musical. The annual revival given by the pupils of Mrs. L. Yates, assisted by Ruthven Macdonald and Arthur B. Fikley, was a great success. The pupils taking part were: Misses Hazel Farley, Violet Martin, Gertrude Rainie, Mary Brown, Kathleen Turnbull, Gladys Sharpe and Minnie McKernigan, and especial mention might be given to Master A. Cooper, whose brilliant interpretation of Valse (Dorand) Air de Ballet, (Cherardi), Scherzo (Schubert) gave evidence of very careful training.

Too Realistic. Customer: "You said this suit would wear like iron." Clothier: "Well, didn't it?" Customer: "Too much so. It's getting rusty already."

Between the Acts. Theatrical manager: "The play is going splendidly. Your acting has just captured the gallery boys." Actress (fervently): "The gods be praised!"

THE SNUBBING OF CUPID.

Detroit Journal: This June appears to be a busy month for those whose more or less worthy task it is to promote royal matches. It is a moot question just how much spontaneous affection there is involved, but the splendor of pageantry is supposed to make up for that which is lacking of romance. Frederick William, the crown prince of Germany, and Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin yesterday took each other, titles and all, for day better or worse and linked their divinely-inherited destinies. Everybody whose opinion is worth quoting, which doesn't include the bridal couple, seems to think the match quite ideal. Sooner or later the prince and the duchess will doubtless endorse the state's judgment.

This month also Prince Oscar Gustav Adolph of Sweden-Norway is to be united to Margaret, princess of Connaught and niece of King Edward himself. No one, of course, has made bold to assert that there is any love element involved. But prime ministers who have superseded the little girl are said to be "very happy."

King Alfonso of Spain is not in London to play cricket or hunt bargains in ready-made tweeds. His state counsellors are believed to have aroused his patriotism and thereby induced him to negotiate for the hand of Victoria Patricia, also princess of Connaught and sister of Margaret. Alfonso is in England to learn how complete is to be the demolition of his ideals. Little Princess Victoria is given an opportunity to appreciate the picturesque mendacity of her duty-loving advisers. They are face to face, these helpless little toys of destiny, and they can set about it to enter the dreams of their youth and make a gruesome mockery of that primal impulse which poets, laureate and unlaureate, tell us is the one perfect thing in life.

Poor little prince! Unhappy little princess! It is wretched bad business, isn't it?—this being denied that which is permitted the lowliest swain and maid in your realms, the one thing we humans know and yet do not comprehend, the one thing that softens the air and scents the flowers, brightens the summer stars and in a word makes the glorious month of June worth while. We who have no state burdens upon our youthful shoulders but have latch-keys in our pockets, the great boon of freedom in our hearts and the joy of spooning June in our heads salute you, princes and princesses, who who are about—to wed.

PERSONALS.

Altho he is only 19 the paintings of Bernard Karfol, a Brooklyn boy, are attracting the attention of the leading artists and critics of France.

Major Charles Banzhal, one of the veterans of the pension office, is an ex-Indian fighter and takes great delight in recounting his warlike adventures.

Uncle Sam's oldest civilian employe in point of service is Thomas Harrison, accountant and correspondence clerk of the Naval Observatory. For fifty-seven years he has worked in the observatory and is an authority on naval observatory history.

Princess Clotilde of Savoy, who married Prince Napoleon, nephew of the great Bonaparte, is living in retirement near Turin, one of the most picturesque figures in modern history. Her eldest son, Prince Victor, dreams of some day becoming emperor of France.

The Duke of Sutherland is one of the greatest land owners in the world. He owns about 1,250,000 acres in Scotland and many thousands acres in England. His landed property is exceeded only by that of the czar and the Esterhazy family. Despite his vast wealth the duke is unassuming and democratic.

Arrest the Tuba Player. Louis A. Jullien was the first conductor who played a large orchestra in New York. One of his pieces was "Fireman's Quadrille," during the performance of which an alarm of fire was regularly sounded and a brigade of firemen appeared in the hall. Theodora Thomas was one of Jullien's violinists for a time and this may help to explain why he himself, in 1867, when he gave his Terrace garden concerts in New York, once created a sensation by making the piccolo players climb up into the trees before the piece began.

On another occasion in the same place the tuba player had been sent behind the audience, into the shrubbery. When he began to play the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music and tried to arrest him. "I shall never forget the comical scene," Thomas writes in his "Autobiography," "as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the late policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there as he ran."—Chicago News.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Running an automobile is a little cheaper than a family. Scandal is about other people; when it is about you it is slander.

You've got to have very little human nature in you to be able to love a girl that is seasick. There is a lot of excitement when you hear somebody coming down stairs to be able to kiss a girl and have her begin singing at the piano before they come in the room.—New York Press.

Can't Escape.

She—"Why do they talk so much about the kitchen troubles of brides? Most of them don't ever attempt to cook!"

He—"Oh, yes they do, in one way or another. They all have to do a good deal of roasting and stewing!"

He Got It.

Bosh—"I knew a man once who had never met with a disappointment in his life."

Josh—"How was that?" Bosh—"He was never looking for anything but trouble."

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

Worship of wells was everywhere common in England and Ireland before the days of Christianity. Even yet, in spite of the canons of St. Anselm, issued in 1102 against well-worship, relics of it are found in some English and Irish neighborhoods. The third Sunday in May is known as Sugar-and-Water Sunday, it having been the custom for many centuries in the north of England to meet on that day at the wells in the neighborhood to drink sugar and water, a ceremony at which the village girls were supposed to be the hostesses of the young men. When this had been done the party generally went to the nearest inn, where the young men returned the hospitality they had received with cakes, ale and punch.

There is nothing new in the fashion of going barcheaded, which has become common in England and America during the last few summers. In ancient days hats were unknown, men having hoods fastened to their outer garments which they wore or discarded at pleasure. Stow, the old historian, says that nobody wore anything else except the loach mayor of London, who sometimes donned a hat on state occasions. In the reign of King Henry VII, he says, the citizens began to wear "flat caps, knit of woolen stuff, black, or soft light that they called 'bills,' to tie them under their chins, for else the wind would be master over them."

In England when hidden treasure is found the law requires the owner to hold an inquest over it. Formerly it was a coroner's duty to hold an inquest in case of a burglary. A statute of Edward I decrees that "when coroners are commanded by the King to bailiff of by the honest men of the county they shall go to the places where any be slain or suddenly dead or wounded where houses are broken or where treasure is said to be found, and shall forthwith command four of the next towns, or five, or six, to appear before him in such a place."

Plucked From the Burning. Reductions, so he always said, in every dry goods store were never really genuine—"Just fakes, and nothing more." But one spring day a maiden, as she handed him his bill, translated his heart with one shy glance, "Was warranted to kill."

She told him she was twenty-three, and they were married soon. But by the time the happy pair had spent their honeymoon he knew he'd found a bargain at that great dry goods store. He'd got a bride of "twenty-three reduced from thirty-four."

Mrs. Trumper: "My dear, don't tell everybody in the office that we've got a baby; we'll keep it quiet."

Trumper (who has walked the floor all night): "I wish I could."

"Is your husband very confidential with you?"

"Very. He tells me everything he suspects I've found out about him."

Dust: "That last fever I had cost me a lot."

Quack: "What was it—malarial, spotted, or speculative?"

"Well," remarked Hercules, cheerfully, as he gazed up at Ajax, "you seem to be bearing up pretty well, even if the whole world is down on you."

Whatever is right is equitable, but what is equitable is not always right.

"Twouldnae hae been sae bad had Nancy married a chauffeur, but a coachman is sae oot o' date."

Shoo, Fly! A fly and a flea in a flea were imprisoned. Now what could they do? Said the fly: "Let us flee!" "Let us fly," said the flea—"So they flew thru a flea in the flea."

ETIQUET.

The gossip told a story of a Sparrow and a Cat. The Feline lean and hungry, and the Fowl exceedingly fat, With eager furnished energy, and claws of gripping steel, Puss pounced upon a Sparrow and prepared to make a meal.

The Sparrow never struggled when he found that he was caught, (If somewhat slow in action he was mighty quick of thought.) But chirped in simple dignity that seemed to fit the case, "No great man would ever eat before he'd washed his face!"

This censure of his manners wounded Puss like a knife. For cats are great observers of the niceties of life—He panted a breath and licked his paws, the proper thing to do. When chattering derisively away the Sparrow flew!

In helpless, hopeless hunger, at that Mock-er on the bench Poor Pussy glowered longingly, then vowed a solemn vow: "Henceforth I'll eat my dinner first, then wash myself!" And this was the universal etiquet for educated cats.

Reiterated Regard.

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a second-hand book shop, still having this inscription on the flyleaf: "To his friend, J—G—, with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899."

Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath: "This book, bought in a second-hand bookshop, is re-presented to J—G— with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

They're Engaged Now.

A wise girl, Miss Anna McNish, Once went with a young man to fish; No fish caught Miss Ann, But, there was the man— She caught him—what more could she wish? Kansas City Times.

THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES.

S. W. Gillian, in Success. I've tolled with the men who failed, I've tolled with the men who strove with success.

And I've tolled with the men who failed, And this is the tale my soul would tell, As it drifts o'er the harbor bar; The sound of a sigh don't carry well, But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side, O, they heard not a word he said; The sound of a song rang far and wide, And they hearkened to that instead, Its tones were sweeter as the tales they tell Of the rise of the Christmas star— The sounds of a sigh don't carry well, But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

Keeping Informed. Pray, what is this great news I see, What "holier" reads the air? The newsboy hies beneath his arm, "In letters one foot square, "TOGO KILLED!" and, as he runs And howls "Togo is killed!" I sigh and say unto myself It is as Heaven willed.

Forthwith I give him half a dime And hence the paper o'er, His thrice-given "TOGO KILLED" Five thousand men or more, "THE CZAR IS DEAD!" the black line says.

It covers half a sheet, "The Czar is dead!" the newsboys cry, This thrice-given "TOGO KILLED" Five thousand men or more, And find the truth at last:

John Smith THE CZAR IS DEAD I is said, As often, in the past, "Oh, Whuxtra! Whuxtra! Ten o'clock!" (It lacks two hours of noon) I marvel that the headline man Could do his work so soon, I give the boy a cent this time, Or would he bought an "extra" Dated ten o'clock-to-night.

And, as I glance its pages thru, No Togo and no Czar I find, but, blazoned in red paint, "NAN PATTERSON A STAR!" —New York Sun.

A Mink's Way of Fishing.

C. H. Eastman relates an interesting mink story, says The Boston Advertiser. A few days ago while going up the stream he met Arthur Dodge, who told him of the actions of a mink that day.

He said that an old mink with a young one in her mouth had been following him for some time. She seemed to lose all fear, and would come up within a dozen feet and there wait until he moved up the stream. Then she would move as far as he did.

She did this for some time without being thinking that she was coaxing him to divide his catch with her. On hearing this a bystander told one that occurred at Sourdunahuk. There were a lot of drivers at the dam and one of them sat down on the dam and began to fish. As he landed his trout, he placed them down behind him.

He was rather surprised, however, to find that the fish always disappeared before he could place another beside it. After this had happened several times, he began to accuse the men of stealing them. They replied that if he would watch he would see what was happening. He did so, and soon saw a mink's head appear in close proximity to his last fish, and the mystery was solved.

Odd Anagrams.

In each of the following questions there is a word which has its anagram in the accompanying answer:

What is the most unlikely quadruped required by Jack ashore? A horse. Is love pity? Positively. What do we do with a stipend? Spend it. Where can we escape disease? At the seaside.

Why does the nuptial knot unite so firmly? Because it is under the thumb. Who makes the best hotel manager? Some say a German.

What does an anachronistic error leave behind in history? A chronic stain. Where are inundations common? Among the Indian nations.

Why should fat sailors go to starboard rather than larboard? Because they are bronch tarts. He: Why has her figure such an air of abandon? She: Because she hasn't got a band on.

What invention has been a great help to the telegraph. When do the rails suffer the greatest strain? When they support the trains.

A Morning Thought.

There are a few sentences which should be read by every young woman. They were written by John Ruskin, who appreciates all the graces. The thoughts are as follows:

"Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves."

"A Picnic for Two."

This is one of the songs Nan Patterson sang on her disastrous stage tour just ended in failure in Altoona, Pa.:

The moon looked gaily down and didn't bear a frown; A happy pair is spooning there, They sat upon the sands And held each other's hands For nothing else they seemed to care. He said: "I love you true. I don't know what you do Or how to tell I love her well." Soon the boy was asking, "Sweetheart, can you give what would bring me happiness?" CHORUS:

Take a cunning little cottage, You will find there's lots of room; Take a little garden Where the sweet flowers bloom; Take a dainty little girlie, One who says she's fond of you, Then you settle down to love her— That's a picnic for two.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"How soon will the new postoffice be finished?" "I don't know, but if you've got an important letter to mail I'd send it thru the old one rather than wait."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Gay—"But, John, you surely don't consider yourself a financier?" Mr. Gay—"Certainly, I do. How do you suppose I've kept from paying your milliners' bills for so long if I'm not a financier?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Pink—"My dear, I think it's perfectly disgraceful the way young people hug one another while dancing. Just look at them! There is only one couple waltzing decently. Mr. Pink—"Yes, that's a married couple."—Cleveland Leader.

Burgess—"So you think there is nothing but happiness in heaven?" Baxter—"Certainly don't you?" Burgess—"I don't see how one can be happy where one has to mingle with persons one has always looked down upon in this world."—Boston Transcript.

Two neighbors were conversing the other day, when one said to the other: "By the way, how is Mrs. Hogg, the invalid, going on?" "Oh," replied the other, "they do not call her Mrs. Hogg now." "Why, what do they call her?" "Oh, they call her Mrs. Bacon now; she's cured."—Chicago Journal.

The Hornet Fleet.

The battleship's a thunderer that makes the thunder run (Depending on the actions of the man behind the gun), The cruiser is a hurricane that sweeps across the waves, And strews the shore with wreckage and But it's the war the wee destroyer and its venomous crew

In the swarming, swarming, swarming of the little hornet fleet. Of the little hornet fleet, As it fluffs across the blue, With its flaming eyes and steady And its business end all ready To annihilate a crew You can smash 'em, you can smash 'em, But they'll keep on a-comin', With the hummin', hummin', hummin', Of the little hornet fleet.

A stately line of battleships, prepared and cleared for fight, Can keep away a navy, if their gunnery is right; But there's somethin' discommodin' and significant of fate When you see a million insect-boats a-comin' at you straight With their stingers full of powder, most discouraging to meet Is the swarmin', swarmin', swarmin', of the little hornet fleet.

Of the little hornet fleet, As it whizzes thru the brine, An it whizzes thru the brine, With its poison-pouches level To disjoint a battle line, You can drown 'em, you can drown 'em, You can keep right on a-comin', With the hummin', hummin', hummin', Of the little hornet fleet.

These sawed-off, boiled-down murderships are like the Japs' bit— They're quiet and diminutive but, gee, how hard they hit! They go directly at the point with all their might, Until they've either nailed the mark or filled themselves with holes, And it's safe to say the Russians owe in-terest to the Japs' bit— To the little hornet nation and the little hornet fleet.

To the little hornet fleet, As it whizzes thru the deep, Playing capers grimly antic 'Round its enemy gigantic, Winning battles while you sleep, You can smash 'em, you can smash 'em, But they'll keep right on a-comin', With the hummin', hummin', hummin', Of the little hornet fleet. —Wallace Irwin, in New York Globe.

A Royal Bride.

"We're married now," the crown prince said, Princess Cecille bowed her head: "Your wishes, lord, I would obey, Cozy inside I'll be just as you say. I hold it is a woman's duty To bring her husband more than beauty."

Prince Frederick William kindly smiled, With tender words he thus beguiled: "My custom is to rise at eight, Please see that breakfast isn't late. Array yourself in loose attire, At 6 a.m., you light the fire."

No answer did the princess make, But drank in every word he spoke. "I'll carry the fire for you, can't you? And come back home for lunch at two. Put cream and sugar in my tea, And have lamb chops well done for me."

"And once a week, I would suggest, You take the medals from my breast And polish them a little, just To keep them free from stain and rust. Even a prince, I think you'll find, Must have attentions of this kind."

"My wardrobe give your watchful care, With forty pairs of trousers there, It's liable to keep you guessing. To give them all the needed pressing. And when you have a minute's rest, Please see some buttons on my vest."

Princess Cecille, royal bride, Heard his commands and sadly sighed, "My duties you have made quit clear, But you've overlooked one thing, I fear, In all that list of princely wishes, You've not told me to wash the dishes."

Work Time.

Never any rest? Keep a-wo-kin' all ma might, Givin' 'em na bes', Hooin', shovelin' an' a-rakin', To keep the ma bank wuz breakin', Down below de river's runnin', Hyar her swishin' by; Mister Fish y'ose mighty cunnin', 'Coteh yo' of ah try, 'Coteh yo' know 'r'ose safe an' soun', Coz ah'se got ter hoe dis ground."

Alth' no use in me a-poutin', 'The ma be feelin' bad, Some day soon ah'll be a-shoutin', Good times ter be had, Soon I'll throw dis hoe away, Gwine to whar de fishes play.

From Steak to Steak.

"The horse must go." Full soon he'll be A figment and a fable. The auto on the road we see, The equine on the table.

81 Days \$5.00

Three months of neat, stylish appearance is yours for \$5.00 if your entire wardrobe is put in charge of my

Valet Service Fountain

Cleaner, Presser and Repairer of clothes. 30 Adelaide W. Phone M. 3074

He Knew His Eggs.

A vegetarian had an amusing experience the other morning while at breakfast. His family was out of town, and he went to a restaurant and took a seat next to a stranger.

The vegetarian took occasion to advertise his creed by telling the stranger that all meat was injurious and that the human diet should be strictly vegetarian.

"But," replied the stranger, "I seldom eat meat."

"You just ordered eggs," said the vegetarian. "An egg is practically meat, because it eventually becomes a bird."

"The kind of eggs I eat never become birds," answered the stranger quietly.

"Good heavens!" cried the vegetarian, "what kind of eggs do you eat?"

"Principally boiled eggs," said the stranger.—New Haven Register.

Love in Business.

An elderly spinster on the west side of the city and the bachelor mail carrier, who has been delivering mail over the same route for several years, are the principals in the following bit of repartee. The elderly spinster has been looking for the letter which, up to date, has failed to appear in an appearance. Each morning she meets the bachelor postman and enquires for her letter. The other morning, in a bantering way, he remarked to her: "I'll bring you a letter to-morrow, even if I have to write it myself."

"Do," she replied. "I'd be glad to receive it."

"What shall I write?" asked the bachelor, "a business or love letter?"

"Well, if you mean business," solemnly answered the spinster, "write a love letter."

Aphorisms.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Johnson.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.

Whatever enlarges hope will also exalt courage.—Johnson.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—Montaigne.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.—South.

Nothing is less in our power than the heart, and far from commanding we are forced to obey it.—Rousseau.

It is the inevitable end of guilt that it places its own punishment on a chance which is sure to occur.—I. E. London.

It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone that can make anyone happy or miserable.—L'Estrange.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.—Barrow.

Evolution of a Name.

CHAPTER I. "What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II. "What is your name?" the school master inquired.

"John Dennison Lemon," replied the big boy.

Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III. "Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student.

Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV. "May I ask your name?" queried the society notes contributor to The Daily Bread.

Jean D'Emille Le Mon," replied the fashionable personage in the opera box. And it was thus jotted down.

The Modern Veterinarian Surgeon.

The absent-minded man who had telephoned to the veterinarian to come with all possible haste greeted the latter apologetically when he appeared breathless before him.

"I am very sorry to have called you out, sir," he said with real repentance; "but I was so flustered at the time of the accident that I forgot for the moment that my automobile, and not my horse, was injured."

"Oh, that is all right!" exclaimed the veterinarian in the exuberance of youth. "I am able to handle the case. After I was graduated from the medical college I took a post-graduate course in automobile repairing."

# ECHOES OF THE WEEK

The correspondence regarding the proposed big building has already had one good result. It has caused the exhibition people and the board of control to contemplate a hustle towards getting the much-talked-of stock-judging arena erected on the exhibition grounds. Whether the said "hustle" will ever get beyond the stage of contemplation I am not prepared to say. Vice-President Score of the exhibition is the gentleman who is primarily responsible for urging urgency in the matter. Eloquent and earnestly he pointed to the advantages that must accrue from such a structure and the corresponding loss that will result from further delay in its erection. A building down town, he is of opinion, would rather take the wind out of the sails of the exhibition edifice if it preceded it, and, therefore, to head off the agitation that had sprung up consequent upon the definite announcement that the arenas would no longer be available for horse shows, he advocated instant action. If the building is not put up and put up quickly, the horses will follow the cattle and Toronto will lose another element in the city's greatness. He was of opinion that arrangements could easily be made for immediate possession of sufficient of the Garrison Common to enable the horse stables and cattle stalls to be moved in order that a convenient site might be obtained for the arena. He alluded to the various uses to which such a structure could be put, holding that it was bound to prove relatively one of the most valuable assets the city possessed. President McNaught, who, if the arenas were no longer available for horse shows, favors going on at once with the stock-judging arena, intimated that if the board of control would allow the Exhibition Association to have its own architect, affairs would be greatly facilitated. Ald. Dunn warmly supported Mr. Score. In his opinion no time should be lost in pushing on the work. It would be unwise to put up such a building in the Allan Gardens. It might here say that the applause with which this sentiment was received made it tolerably apparent that any effort in that direction would be love's labor lost and made in vain. Ald. O. B. Sheppard was thoroughly in accord with the gentleman who had spoken and thought that the "good" man who wrote to The World was continually hammering at this question was altogether in the right. He believed that an arena on the exhibition grounds could be made to pay more than ten per cent, and that from every point of view it would be remunerative. Mr. Score having supplemented his previous remarks by saying that he had talked to several cattle men and that they all favored the project, Controller Spence closed the discussion by under taking to bring the matter up before the board of control on the instant and to push it to a completion. If the controller fulfills his promise, and he has given no sign of doing so as yet, he will additionally earn the good will of his fellow-citizens and probably enhance his claim in the eyes of many of them to the chair that one Thomas Urquhart now occupies.

"Compiled by the City Clerk" is the inscription on the title page of the Municipal Handbook of the City of Toronto, 1905, and Mr. Littlejohn has performed his task exceedingly well. Facts are of course the mainstay of such a book and compiled within the green Russian leather covers of this little work are more facts in concise form about the City of Toronto than would ordinarily be put in a tome verging on the size of the City Directory. A brief reference to the form of government that obtains in the city is followed by a list of mayors from William Lyon Mackenzie in 1824, the year of incorporation, down to the present. From this list it would appear that in the rare old days three-year mayoralty terms were in vogue. John Powell, Hon. Henry Sherwood, George Gurnett, and Francis H. Medcalf, all being so honored, while John George Bowes had two terms of three years each and enjoyed the longest reign of any of our civic governors. In later days John Shaw and Thomas Urquhart have served in three consecutive years. A list of the city council with service record is given along with votes cast at the elections, the committees, some particulars about the city hall, the city's finances, members of parliament and the legislature from the city, area of streets, statistics of population and street railway earnings, list of schools, and much other information of value and importance.

He was a very old observant around Parliament Buildings that remarked to me the other day: "Mr. Whitney not a strong man? I tell you he is the strongest man we have ever had in power in Ontario. We who were associated with him knew his calibre and that he would turn out a tower of strength, but Mr. Ross and his friends tried so strenuously to belittle him that we almost came to believe them. All the so-called Reformers have had but one aim in view, the retention of power, ex-chairman Edward Blake, Mr. Whitney places duty before power." "How about Sir Oliver Mowat?" "Sir Oliver

Mowat! He was the beginning of a system that apparently passed with Mr. Ross. His one dream was the concentration of power and the acquisition of all he could for himself. Why, a scrubbing woman had to be appointed by order-in-council, so afraid was he that his influence might not be felt, and you know the tender regard he had for his family and his relatives. Christianity did much for Sir Oliver Mowat!"

Much good results from such associations as those of the newspaper circulationmen who met in convention at the King Edward during the past week. While it is easy to understand that the brightest minds would not care to divulge their brightest ideas—that the Chicago circulation man with his \$10,000 a year would not tell all he knew to the Bobcaygeon man with his \$300 per annum—much benefit cannot fail to come from the contact of a lot of clever, bright fellows with one mission in life. And there was a deal of common sense spoken at the convention, as well as sense that shed light for every thinking brain. If there are no two blades of grass alike there are certainly no two masters of circulation alike, and therefore ideas scintillated and glistened with the clearness and frequency of rain-drops on a shining window pane during a summer shower.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the most recent effort for the protection of our fish and game may have a large measure of success. Spasmodically such meetings are held as that of Wednesday in McConkey's and for a time things look uncommonly bright for improvement, and then the efforts lapse and the end is worse than the beginning. Wednesday's movement has started under most favorable auspices. It is not every movement that has a wearer of the ermine for a sponsor, and the fact that Chief Justice Falconbridge says that the existing state of affairs is deplorable should certainly lead to official action if anything can. That our laws, as Mr. Kelly Evans says, are frequently violated and set at defiance is undoubted and that the fishery overseers up to date have not been able to accomplish an enormous deal is also true. Mr. Evans is incidentally a firm believer in the power of the law, but he is also fully persuaded of the beneficial influence of education. He would not only pass remedial acts. He would explain them and publish them until all who could be interested knew and understood and became agents for the state instead of riders and abettors of violators of decency and the law. There is undoubtedly great and important work for the association to do, but the doing will require a deal of thought and a deal of application.

James William Lowther, says that versatile writer, the Marquis de Fontenoy, is admirably fitted for the position of speaker of the house of commons, having spent a number of years as chairman of parliamentary committees, and as deputy speaker. He simply revels in parliamentary procedure. Its intricacies are to him as interesting as any chess problem, and it is because he knows the rules, has extraordinary patience, combined with firmness, and does not even allow a cabinet minister to wander from the straight path, that he has been proclaimed worthy of the confidence of the lower house of England's legislature. He is a tall, well-built man, clear complexioned, brown haired, fair bearded Anglo-Saxon, wearing his hand very close cropped, and he is particularly English in the quiet, unaffected, sensible tone in which he approaches every question. He is very methodical and is known to keep a diary, which will some day furnish interesting reading, as he has seen much of English and continental life, especially the latter, when his father was in charge of affairs at St. Petersburg and as one of the best amateur actors in England, and belonged to a troupe of amateurs, known as the "Cantorbury Stagers," in which Alfred Lyttelton, now secretary of state for the colonies, and Lord Crewe, former vicar of Ireland, were the shining lights. Lowther, "Lowther B. Cade," a play on the name of a once popular but now defunct arcade of shops leading off the Strand, similar to the Burlington Arcade, and which bore the name of the "Lowther Arcade." It was the "Lowther Arcade" which led Ireland to be nicknamed "Lowther Arcadia," when the late Jimmie Lowther of Jockey Club and sporting fame was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield, to the amazement of everybody, to the post of secretary for Ireland. Aho a rabid Tory, he got on wonderfully well with the Irish party, the bond of sympathy between them being of a sporting rather than of a political character.

Things looked rather blue for the Toronto Baseball Club for a while, but of late the color effect has been somewhat different. After leaving home, Harley's men were beaten 7 straight games and from first place, a position they occupied as a result of the four memorable victories over Buffalo, they tumbled down by degrees until they had become prepared to accept the inevitable team came to and won two out of three from Providence and started off with a victory in the first game of the series at Newark. The victories helped some all round. They not only gave the Toronto a boost in the minds of the fickle fans, who were on the verge of throwing up their allegiance, Mudge showed his worth at Newark, when he shut out the sailors for ten innings, not a Newark player scoring after the third innings. He has been somewhat of an in-and-outer all season and it is to be hoped that Friday's game was not a fluke. Crys-tall has also been an inconsistent performer. In four of the six games in which he has worked Manager Harley has been compelled to remove him before the finish. As matters stand Falkenberg is the only reliable pitcher on the staff. The big fellow can be depended upon to go in at all times and pitch a good game. He is bumpy occasionally, but, unlike the others, a few hits do not upset his equilibrium. Currie has been batted hard in the last few games he has officiated in, but all in all the former Chicago star is not a

British's new speaker is married to a daughter of Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, sister of the late Lord Salisbury, and thus thru his marriage he has become a first cousin of the premier, Arthur Balfour, the son of another man he is also a cousin of the present Marquis of Salisbury, who is in the cabinet. He is handy with the foils, and a particularly clever artist, excelling at caricature. It will be somewhat of a novelty to have in the speaker's chair a dignitary who will be able to believe the to-dium of the debates by caricaturing the orators, and the know-

## Wampole's Formolid Cream

### DIM ME DAT



ledge that they are exposing himself to this may possibly serve as a more efficacious restraint to the unruly ones than any measure of "clouture." The Lowthers have from time immemorial played an important role in England in the annals of sport and of politics, and the name is not unknown in the word of letters. The poet Wordsworth owed much to them. His father was the factor or manager of the estate of the Earl of Londsdale on his day, and was brought up on the Lowther domain, in a great measure at the expense of the earl, to whom he expressed his profound sense of obligation in his dedication of "The Excursion." Chapters could be written about the Lowthers, their strange family legends and superstitions, the extravagancies and extraordinary doings of the Earl of Londsdale, who was known by the name of "Black James," and of another who was known as "the Wicked Earl." The present head of the house, the fifth Lord Londsdale of the present creation, is well known in America, which he has visited on frequent occasions, and is the champion in England of his friend Emperor William. The new speaker's brother, General Lowther, was for many years secretary of the embassy at Washington, and is married to the daughter of Atherton Blight of New York. He is now minister at Tangier. Another brother, Harold, formerly in the army, makes his permanent home out in Montana, where he has a big ranch.

Had kind of a box artist. The defection of Applegate was a sore jolt to Manager Harley. Applegate has done well all season and his desertion will undoubtedly weaken the team. O'Brien's batting has been extra good on the trip. He has easily led the team, Jack White and Toft have also acquitted themselves well. The others have not made much of a showing. Before returning home a week from Monday the Torontos have nine games to play and if they break even they will do all that is expected of them.

The Argonaut eight which rowed at Syracuse on Saturday, June 10, was composed of the following:  
E. W. Hamber, stroke, weight 174 lbs., rowed 6 with Argos at Henley, England, 1902; stroked Winnipeg four, Henley, 1904; rowed 6 with Argo eight at first American Henley at Philadelphia, 1903, when Argos won easily, and against St. Kitts, 1904; a good footballer and hockeyist.  
Don R. Mackenzie, No. 7, weight 167 lbs., rowed with Argos at Henley 1929 and 1902, in senior eight at Philadelphia, 1903. American Henley and Canadian championships 1903 and 1904 at St. Kitts. The oldest member of this year's crew, age 30 years.  
Phil Boyd, No. 6, weight 172, rowed in Argos' senior eight St. Kitts championship crew, 1904.  
Fellows, No. 5, weight 181 lbs., rowed in junior eight, champions Canada, at St. Kitts, 1904, and intermediate champion crew, Harlem, N.Y., regatta, 1904.  
Grubbe, No. 4, weight 172 lbs., rowed in last year's winning junior crew at St. Kitts, and intermediate winning crew at New York.  
Dixon, No. 3, weight 160 lbs., rowed in 1903, Canadian champion eight, St. Kitts, and in several winning fours.  
Murphy, No. 2, weight 154 lbs., stroked junior winning eight St. Kitts, 1904, and intermediate winning eight New York, 1904.  
Coxswain London, weight 122 lbs., coxswain of Canadian championship eight at St. Kitts, 1904.  
Coach of crew, Joseph Wright, captain Argonaut Rowing Club and an oarsman who holds more international championship medals than any amateur oarsman in North America.  
The Argonauts were pitted against University of Syracuse in eights and fours, having been challenged by the latter, who are varsity champions of the United States. The Argos' crews intend to row also at St. Kitts August 4 and 5 for the Canadian championship and at Baltimore, U.S., the following week for the national championship of the U.S., and if successful in all races, will probably make a bid for Henley honors in England next year. Both eight and four are going well and should pull out victorious at all the leading regattas in North America this season. The four is composed of Hamber,

Mackenzie, Boyd and Reiffenstein, and also coached by Joe Wright. The junior eight will again probably be coached by Capt. Barker, but will apparently be lighter than last year and will not be put together until after the Dominion Day regatta in Toronto.

First of all it was the popes, then the kings, then the bulls, then the horses who distinguished themselves by Roman numerals and now ordinary men have taken to doing the same thing. There is a gentleman in New York who signs himself John W. Britton II. He is secretary of the American Bull Terrier Club, an organization that gives five of the 300 specials that will be on offer at the Canadian National Exhibition bench show. He is a clever and a genial gentleman besides a doggy man and the story is told that he adopted the style, not because he is the second of the name, but because there is another gentleman in New York exactly the same name with only one eye and he wishes people to know he is the gentleman with two. It is Twig? But, talking about specials, the coming exhibition bench show under the superintendency of Dr. A. W. Bell has secured about one third more than ever before, or around 300 to the neighborhood of 200 last year. Among the promised exhibits are some of John Pierpont Morgan's collets, one of which cost \$10,000. Altogether this year's bench show promises to reach the highest standard of excellence yet, and the standard has been the highest in America, barring possibly the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York for some years.

Appropos of the exhibition, you remember the grand and gorgeous jubilee presents, do you not? They were superb and tremendously interesting. Well, Manager Orr has arranged for in some respects, on even more interesting exhibit on a somewhat similar line this year. It will comprise twelve large cases of art treasures from South Kensington Museum. These come under the heading of College and Corporation Plate and comprise samples of mosaics and workmanship in silver, textiles, ivory, pottery, etc., covering a period of eight or nine hundred years and gathered from the great universities of England, Ireland and Scotland, the wealthy and ancient corporations of London (the Barbers' Surgeons' Company, the Broderers', the Clothworkers', the Goldsmiths', the Fishmongers' and so on) and from sundry provincial corporations. There will be on view among other relics and curiosities the cover of the bell of St. Patrick, XI century; the Lynn cup, circa 1350; wasail horn, circa XIV; the Antheana cup, 1481-2; the Pepps cup; Apostles' spoons, 1566-7; a beaker from Mercer's Hall; chalices, gators, etc., etc., the whole forming an exhibit that in historical and instructive interest can hardly be excelled on this continent.

A friends of mine is traveling down south. He is now in Georgia, but he was in Arkansas, and this is the way

he prefaces a letter to Harold A. Wilson, to v Have you been down to Of course you saw the th Dams funny things in Ark The funny things in Ark Are mules and hogs in a The mules are bony, h The dam's best critters The hogs are razor-back And on their hicks no h Their tails are white That ornament is out Th so are the funny thin Down in the State of Ar

When a man's going do a thrust; Trample the beggar right For plucking poverty's qu Knock a man down, th falling. But when he is up just h Your soul is for sale, and

An English correspo forte is cricket says th Italian team is weak i department. From the there was no doubt as of the Australians at the the field; but there we shakings on the subject strength. The do undoubtedly justified. I dent that the Australia the test matches on the fielding alone. In the p artments England is equal. In bowling the comparison. So far the tack has touched perha than that of any durin ty years. In view of suggestion is made that "commander" Kermode. Trott. Probably such a be too grave a reflection ed team before it has h showing its capacity in but at least it is rema time when the Australi feeble the less in the averages should be held lian. There is, of course in etiquette or common s an Australian playing even tho he has ceased the Southern Cross.

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PAID HER F

And the Feelings of a Strange Land W

One of those rare inst woman's kindness to an on a Yonge-street car conductor was taking up the way, he was a yo young man, and his ac that he had but lately handling of the coffee-box.

On the long seat of a sat a well-dressed youn parently an English em in the new sights. In fares the conductor th back under her nose, whi back to the material and of a new custom. She g meant and asked him th fare while she produced book. She then handed appeared to be a golden Handling it to the condu "I haven't anything sm in the mind of the yo passed in his trying to re value of the money was up and told the lady that knew the company did n eign money. For a mon woman's lip quivered. S in a strange country, she the customs of the peo be put off the car. Th happily closed by an dressed in black, payin fare. Turning to her th ventured: "Even thank if they're all as kind as I'm not sorry I came to

The Ruling Pa

No one ever understand stage people better than Kirke La Shelle, and of t sion of actors he used to I won't mention the acti he is a star of considerable Mr. La Shelle met him one day and noticed that ing a mourning badge on "It's for my father," plained. "I've just come funeral. It was a sad Mr. La Shelle expressed sympathy. The actor's g siously real and great. "A thing like this a m over soon," he went on, all the funeral arrangements best I could. We had e as father would have li "Many there?" asked M "Many there!" cried th ing from grief to animati boy, we turned 'em awa ton Post.

Wouldn't This Ju

Editor World: Should barricades and red lig Blacker-street between Wellesley? The disgraef roadway has long been a and property. During Friday afternoon, when filled with water," one of delivery wagons fell int crushed over on to the s is also the bicycle path wheels on the street. Lu ne driver, they did no and driver, they did no their depth. If the fre called into this delicious b there will be several the worth of apparatus smas ade and some funerals. Toronto, June 6, 1905.

he prefaces a letter to another friend, Harold A. Wilson, to wit:  
 Have you been down to Ark-an-saw?  
 Of course you saw the things I saw,  
 Dumb funny things in Ark-an-saw,  
 The funny things in Ark-an-saw,  
 Are mules and bugs in Ark-an-saw,  
 The dandiest critters ever seen,  
 The hogs are razor-backed and lean  
 And on their hides no hair is seen,  
 Their tails are twisted up so tight  
 That ornament is out of sight.  
 These are the funny things I saw  
 Down in the State of Ark-an-saw.

When a man's going down just give him  
 a thrust;  
 Trample the beggar right into the dust,  
 For plucking poverty's quills is appalling;  
 Knock a man down, then kick him for  
 falling.  
 But when he is up just lift him up higher;  
 Your soul is for sale, and he is the buyer.

An English correspondent whose forte is cricket says the present Australian team is weak in the trundling department. From the first, he says, there was no doubt as to the capacity of the Australians at the wickets and in the field; but there were serious headshakings on the subject of the bowling strength. These doubts have been abundantly justified. It is quite evident that the Australians cannot win the test matches on their batting and fielding alone. In the first of these departments England is at least their equal. In bowling there is simply no comparison. So far the Australian attack has touched perhaps a lower level than that of any during the past twenty years. In view of these facts the suggestion is made that Darling should "commandeer" Kermode and Albert Trotter. Probably such a course would be too grave a reflection on the appointed team before it has had a chance of showing its capacity in a test match, but at least it is remarkable that at a time when the Australian attack is so feeble the lead in the English bowling averages should be held by an Australian. There is, of course, nothing either in etiquette or common sense to prevent an Australian playing for Australia, even though he has ceased to dwell under the Southern Cross.

This is a fact. Two men were discussing Prof. Goldwin Smith. One, who affects literature himself and is not unknown to sundry strange marks of identification, broke in with: "But the man has knowledge!"

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

PAID HER FARE.

And the Feelings of a Stranger in a Strange Land Were Spared.

One of those rare instances of one woman's kindness to another was seen on a Yonge-street car last night as the conductor was taking up the fares. By the way, he was a youngish-looking young man, and his actions denoted that he had but lately taken to the handling of the coffee-pot collection box.

On the long seat of the closed car sat a well-dressed young woman, apparently an English emigrant, taking in the new sights. In taking up the fares the conductor passed the fare-box under her nose, which brought her back to the material and the innovation of a new custom. She guessed what it meant and asked him the price of the fare while she produced her pocket-book. She then handed the man what appeared to be a golden half-sovereign. Handing it to the conductor, she said: "I haven't anything smaller."

In the mind of the young official a vein of thought of his old schooldays passed in his trying to reckon what the value of the money was. He gave it up and told the lady that as far as he knew the company did not receive foreign money. For a moment the young woman's lip quivered. She was alone in a strange country, she did not know the customs of the people, she might be put off the car. The breach was happily closed by an elderly woman, dressed in black, paying the poor girl's fare. Turning to her the assisted one ventured: "Even thank you, ma'am. If they're all as kind as you are here I'm not sorry I came to Canada."

The Ruling Passion.

No one ever understood the foibles of stage people better than did the late Kirke La Shelle, and of the ruling passion of actors he used to tell his story. It won't mention the actor's name, but he is a star of considerable reputation. Mr. La Shelle met him on the Rialto one day and noticed that he was wearing a mourning badge on his arm. "It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come back from his funeral. It was a sad affair." Mr. La Shelle expressed his sincerest sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously real and great. "A thing like this a man doesn't get over soon," he went on. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements. I did the best I could. We had everything just as they would have liked it." "Many thanks," asked Mr. La Shelle. "Many thanks," cried the actor, changing from grief to animation. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away."—Washington Post.

Wouldn't This Jar You.

Editor World: Should there not be barricades and red lights enclosing Bleeker-street between Howard and Wellesley? The disgraceful state of the roadway has long been a menace to life and property. During the rain of Friday afternoon, when "the pools were filled with water," one of the T. Eaton delivery wagons fell into a hole and crashed over on to the sidewalk, all which is also the bicycle path for all using wheels on the street. Luckily for horse and driver, they did not get beyond their depth. If the fire brigade is ever called into this delicious bit of roadway there will be several thousand dollars worth of apparatus smashed, a block-ade and some funerals. A. Madun, Toronto, June 6, 1905.

THE HAPPY HAREM.

An American Girl's Idea of a Blissful Life.

London Daily Telegraph.

According to information from Paris we are all wrong. We have been trying for some years to content ourselves with one wife and one husband each, and the result is that the percentage of divorces increases. Mr. Meredith wants to conduct matrimony on the principle of a house agent who never sells freeholds, and some enthusiastic gentlemen decline to be happy till we let them marry a deceased wife's sister. Paris, therefore, opines that we are all wrong, and produces an American girl—an anonymous American girl—who points out a more excellent way. She assures her "American sisters" that they can dream of no greater bliss than to enter a rich and well-bred eastern gentleman's harem. Here is the solution of many questions in one. We know that women in England outnumber the men, and, that being so, there cannot be, while we cling to our present stingy system, husbands enough to go round. The supernumerary maidens now have the path to happiness made clear. Let them find some "rich and well-bred eastern gentleman" and apply for a post in his harem. It would be as well to make quite certain about all the adjectives before accepting the situation. The advantages and disadvantages of the harem and the seraglio are chiefly familiar to English minds thru Rutland Barrington's studies in oriental polygamy. One gathers, however, that his experiments with "one little, two little, three little, four little, five little, six little wives" have led him to the conclusion that the only way to peace is to "sell the lot cheap." It seems that the "eastern gentleman," if not perfectly "well-bred," might instruct his auctioneer to advertise for sale: "One harem (with contents), thoroly up-to-date; or would exchange for first-class hermitage." Then it is to be feared that the lot of the ladies within might not be as blissful as they had originally anticipated. But if you do secure your really "well-bred eastern gentleman," it seems to be all right.

Our anonymous American girl, discovered by Paris, is or was in a harem herself. She proudly claims a place among the fair wives of one Nasrullah Khan, a gentleman whose nationality is not stated, but who is no doubt rich, well-bred and eastern. One of the great charms of the harem, apparently, is that the great servant problem is there solved. In the harem plain cooks cease from troubling and housemaids are at rest. Mary never leaves to better herself nor Jane to marry the milkman. You cut their heads off first. Listen to the American girl enrolled in the matrimonial regiment of Nasrullah Khan: "In a harem life glides softly like a sweet, peaceful dream. Each wife has her servants. Our slaves can never leave us. We can punish their least fault by cutting off their heads, or, at any rate, having them flogged." The "sweet, peaceful dream" in which you cut off the cook's head if she burns the bacon is indeed something for which the hapless English wife sighs in vain. It is, of course, a relief to hear that jealousy and the harem are strangers to each other, but credulity is finally strained to breaking-point by the statement that "the lord and master is unflinchingly attentive." Doubtless Nasrullah Khan has been so to the American girl. There is a certain calm tranquility about her which would induce any man to pay her attention if he wished a quiet life. For la belle Americaine, then, pass on. But for the whole harem? However well-bred, however eastern, Nasrullah cannot be unflinchingly attentive to the household. The lady does, in fact, protest too much. Her advocacy overwhelms itself.

Only Too Real.

Richard Mansfield, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised a brother actor for the realistic beauty of his stage settings. "His doors," said Mr. Mansfield, "are real doors, with real knobs on them, real catches, and real locks. His grass is real grass. His books are real books, his food is real food, his wine is real wine, always."

"Sometimes, tho—"

"Mr. Mansfield smiled.

"Sometimes, tho, he goes a little too far."

"Once, rehearsing a new play wherein bricks were needed, he upbraided his property man on account of the bricks that had been supplied."

"Jenkins," he bellowed, 'you disgust me.'"

"And he pointed, with a great gesture of contempt at the brick lying on the stage before him."

"Jenkins, do you think," he cried, 'that any sane audience would be deceived by such a palpable imitation of a brick as that?'"

"And lifting his foot, he gave the brick a tremendous kick."

"Then he sat down suddenly, and took his foot in his hand, moaning. For the brick he had kicked was a real one."

The New Baby.

The mother: "Isn't he just perfect?" The father: "Great kid!"

The uncle: "What! Another?" The aunt (on the mother's side): "He favors all of us."

The aunt (on the father's side): "He favors all of us!"

The nurse: "He's a poor sleeper." The bachelor friend: "I'm sorry for them."

The cook: "He's a darling! (I'll give 'em notice to-morrow.)"

The doctor: "Shall I charge \$50 or \$100?"

The cynic: "Well, it isn't his fault." The clergyman: "Another soul." The milkman: "Another customer."

T. M.

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**WINNIPEG IN 1904.**  
 When Sir John Macdonald Was Buried in Effigy and Now.  
 June Canadian Magazine.  
 Winnipeg is an Indian word which, being interpreted, means "Muddy Waters." No one who knows Winnipeg will deny the pictorial realism of the epithet "muddy" as applied to either water or land in its vicinity. But the student of place names will discover a deeper significance in the adjective. "Muddy" seems to preface the names of many places destined to grow and multiply. "Muddy York" of the early nineteenth century is Toronto of the twentieth. This may satisfy some that there is a cabalistic reason for Winnipeg's growth. But in the year 1869, when twenty small structures, containing 100 souls, clustered near the old H. B. Co.'s fort, whose gateway alone remains, it would have taken a seer's vision to picture a city of 75,000 souls teeming there within 35 years. But more than a thousand miles from the nearest Canadian city, without railway communication with either of these, rebellion and all the other "growing pains" of a young settlement were experienced. It is with a quickened sense of the irony of life that one reads the account, penned by an eye-witness, of how Sir John A. Macdonald was burned in effigy by ardent Reformers in the streets of Winnipeg in these early days, a few years before his railway scheme made Winnipeg's destiny sure and swift.

In the upbuilding of a town, as in the starting of a machine, the prime difficulty is to overcome the initial inertia. When that is done with un-healthy haste, you have a "boom." The Winnipeg boom of the '60's is to a Winnipegger "the boom" par excellence. It was caused, if booms can be analyzed, by good times, promise of railways and the increasing knowledge of the fertile plains on whose periphery Winnipeg stands. In 1878, the town's population was 6500, and in that year near the American boundary was obtained. In 1880, the population was 12,000—the inrush had begun. In 1882, the population of four years before had been quadrupled—had leapt from 6500 to 25,000. The historic winter of '82-'83, when fortunes were made in an evening, and real estate offices were a sight to behold as gesticulating land agents pointed out desirable lots on

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### NATIONALITY OF THE PUGILIST

Few Countries That Cannot Boast Some Good Fighters — Prize Ring Stars as Actors and Men of the Turf.

The champion fighter of to-day has great earning capacity. In four or five fights, regardless of what class he figures in, his winnings, if victorious, equal the yearly salary of the President of the United States. This fact has always lent a glamor to the boxing game.

Altho Jeffries is not known as having been descended from parents who traced back to Holland ancestry, such is the case. His mother can speak Dutch with great fluency, and was born in Pennsylvania, of parents who could trace their descent to the old country.

Outside of La Savate, which is the French style of boxing, the nothing but a duel of kicks and cuffs, France has never taken enough interest in pugilism to turn out a native champion. But one of her descendants was a lightweight champion of America.

"Kid" Lavigne, a French Canadian, was the greatest lightweight champion America ever had. Of course there have been many champions in this class since then, but not one of them can compare with Lavigne in point of skill, gameness, and powers of endurance. Lavigne's parents were born in France, and, altho Lavigne was brought up in Saginaw, Mich., he is thoroughly French for all that.

Frank Erne, who succeeded Lavigne as champion, is a Swiss, and was born in Zurich, Switzerland. Erne came here when he was very young and was brought up in Buffalo. Gus Ruh in's parents came from Switzerland, too. Italy has contributed to the American prize ring and has not been disgraced. Several of her sons have done remarkably well with the gloves. She has a champion in Casper Leon, who, until beaten by Terry McGovern, was acclaimed the best bantam-weight in America. Leon was born in Sicily, but took up the manly art here.

There are scores of Italian fighters, but for some reason or other they choose to conceal their nationality under Irish or American cognomens. In Philadelphia they speak with respect of Joe Grim, the "Iron man," as a fighter, and he is an Italian. Grim is an example of gameness and courage. He has never been knocked out, altho such expert ring generals as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack O'Brien, Joe Walcott, and Joe Gans have tried to put him to sleep.

"Kid" McCoy comes from purely American stock. His right name is Norman Selby, and he took the name of McCoy for professional and private reasons. Not one of Spain's sons has shown in the roped arena, so far as known, but Mexico has produced a wonderful and gritty fighter in Aurelia Herrera, commonly called "The Mexican." Herrera has a punch that can make any man quake, if the blow lands properly, as "Kid" Broad can testify. Many Indians have taken up the profession, and some have succeeded. But evidently they like the cinder path and the football field better.

Chuck Connors' Chin Scrapper. Once in a while a Chinaman looms up as a fistie aspirant. But his career is usually of an ephemeral nature. About ten years ago Chuck Connors introduced one to an American crowd at a stage in Pell street. His name was Ting Lo Chu, or something like that, Chuck picked him up in Chinatown, and made a fighter out of him. Ting was a young fellow, Americanized, and strong.

He was fairly clever, but could not understand how the white folks could stand up man to man and swap straight jabs on the nose and mouth without flinching. Chuck got Ting a couple of fights as long as the Celestial did not get a hit on the face he was satisfied. But in the fight with a white rival he received a bloody nose, and discarded the boxing gloves for ever after that.

There are plenty of Hebrew fighters, and some of them have been champions. Tommy Ryan is supposed to be a Hebrew, but he is not. Up-to-date followers of boxing know how good he is. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, however, is a Hebrew, as is Phil Brock, the Cleveland feather weight. From Austria, where pugilism is just as foreign a sport as bull fighting in England, comes Jack Root, the crack heavy weight, who now makes Chicago his home. Root has a long record.

Russia has had several ring representatives. One in particular who is a new comer, is John (Kid) Goodman, of Boston; Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slogger," is an Italian. So are "Young Griffo, of Brooklyn, and "Kid" Murphy, who, critics say, is the cleverest 105-pound boxer in the business to-day.

Pugs From All Nations. Tommy Feltz was born in Poland, Eddie (Kid) Carter is of Swedish extraction, Jimmy Handler and his brother came from Russia, and are Hebrews, Bob Fitzsimmons, many years ago, took Handler in tow, and Jimmy is known as the ex-champion's first pupil. Jack Verhart, of New Orleans, who twice fought "Kid" Lavigne for the light weight title, is of German extraction.

**FOOD FACTS!**

Feel Well Fed

All day when you begin with

**Grape-Nuts**

"There's a Reason."

traction. So is "Billy" Ernst, the "Bushwick Dutchman." Many prominent fighters were born in England—Robt. Fitzsimmons, Charlie Mitchell, Pedlar Palmer, Jim Smith, Dick Burge, Ben Jordan, Billy Pilmmer, Jack Bennett, Billy Edwards, Will Curley, James White, Joe Bowker, and many others. Among the Irish fighters who have not done so well in recent years are Peter Maher, Spike and Dave Sullivan, George Gardner, Patsy Sweeney, Martin Canole, Tom Sharkey, etc. Australia has turned out Jim Hall, Paddy Courtney, and several others of high calibre.

The list of colored men who have adopted the ring as a profession is a long one, the most prominent being George Dixon, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Bob Armstrong and Young Peter.

"Jim Jeffries does that Davy Crockett stunt with considerable ease and grace," said a sporting man just in from the west who watched Jim chase the hungry wolves from the cabin door, while the gallery gods cheered themselves hoarse. "I don't think he will ever shine with Jim Corbett in the acting line, but he is much better than one would expect."

Pugilists on Stage and Turf. Speaking of pugilistic actors, it would seem that the prize-ring stars who have made a success on the stage are few and far between. Corbett is really the only knight of the padded mitt who has gone along year after year making a good living in the show business. Most of the big fighters prefer the turf to the stage, but it cannot be recalled where one of them has made a howling success out of the racing game. Nearly all the prominent pugs have tried their hand at it and failed.

Jim Jeffries never owned a stable of race horses, nor does he aspire for honors in that line. Bob Fitzsimmons never gave much attention to the turf, but likes good horses. Both Terry and Harris, tried for fame and fortune on the turf, but never fattened their bank accounts to any great extent. Harris at one time owned a stable of about twenty racers, including that consistent performer, Isis, but finally quit the game in disgust. McGovern's best horse was Cincinnati, racing on the Pacific Coast. Cincinnati made quite a record for himself in the east, but McGovern for some reason disposed of him and never got hold of another good one. Terry's little brother Phil was at one time a jockey for "Philburg Phil," and that's what attracted him to the turf.

Jack McAuliffe, the retired lightweight champion, was always a crack on race horses, and is to-day a bookmaker in the east. Ike Weir, who was a champion at the same time as McAuliffe, would talk more horse than fight any day in the week. He was a jockey in Ireland, and owned horses in this country.

Kid McCoy, Bookmaker. Kid McCoy knows as much about the racing game as he does fighting, and is now making book with his brother-in-law, Charlie Hensel, at Los Angeles. Frank Neil, who was recently defeated for the bantam-weight title by Jos Bowker in London, was at one time a jockey. His father is a race horse owner in California, and Frankie has an interest in the stable. George Gardner, the ex-light-heavyweight champion, was raised with horses in Ireland, his home being near the birthplace of that famous race horse, Imp. Candeimas, in County Clare, Ireland. George bought a stable for himself, and lost all the championship honors.

Billy Thompson, who was at one time manager of Charlie Mitchell, is a crack on horse racing, and, altho he has sunk thousands trying to pick winners, he would never allow any of the fighters he managed to go near race tracks. Dan Creedon was a crack for a fair on the thoroughbreds. He always liked to be around horses, and for years worked as a bookmaker's clerk.

Young Corbett bought a stable of race horses one time, and was going to cut quite a dash in the business. He received a friendly tip from one who had tried and failed, then he sold his racers to his neighbor, a milkman. Danny Needham was very fond of the Chicago some time ago. Jim Hall was always a faithful attendant on the racetracks. Paddy Sullivan, the former manager of Oscar Gardner, has for years been identified with the racing game. He made some money out of it, but the best thing he ever struck on the turf was the contract on Jockey Crimmins, whom he developed into a star rider. Joe Vendig got tired of the fighting game after the Mitchell-Corbett fight at Jacksonville, and now pays strict attention to the turf. He is one of the most successful bookmakers in the east. Bob Gray, who managed the Southern Athletic Club at Louisville, was at the same time interested in the racing game, and made money out of both. Jake Holtman, the famous starter, quit the fighting game a poor man, and made his reputation and fortune on the turf. Charlie Vokes, the owner of the Vokes starting gate, was formerly lightweight champion of Ohio. He never saved a penny out of the earnings, but is getting rich on his new patent. Billy Meyers, the famous "Streator Cyclone," quit the fighting game without money and went on the turf. He is now superintendent of the Harlem racetrack and has the proverbial fortune put away for a rainy day. Others too numerous to mention have tried both fighting and racing with varying success, but most of them quit losers on both propositions.

### STOCK GAMBLERS.

Mrs. Sage Says Women Are Not Fitted for Speculation.

Mrs. Russell Sage in The Saturday Evening Post: Stock gambling has become a resort for ambitious women, particularly ambitious society women. They have at times turned to it because of the impecuniosity of their husbands. The husband may have no sympathy with his wife's ambitions, to shine socially. It is possible that his income is too small to gratify her desires for beautiful jewels and dresses, horses and carriages, and the giving of receptions and balls—luxuries that are so dear to the hearts of women.

There is little doubt that every ambitious household has its tragedy of this nature, its financial skeleton that stalks thru the halls pointing to dishonor and disaster.

Forgot About the Interest. I speak with considerable feeling upon this subject, not because I have ever been victimized, but because I am recipient of countless woeeful communications from victims. I have never made a deal in the "street." Once, some years ago, however, when I was treasurer of the Woman's Hospital, I officially received two New Jersey Central bonds, the market value of which was at that time but eight per cent of their par value. In other words, a thousand-dollar bond was only worth eighty. I put these bonds away, thinking they would remain of little value, and forgot about them. About three years afterward, I think it was, I happened to hear some rumors of the renewed prosperity of the company and I inquired of Mr. Sage regarding the value of its securities. He asked me why I wanted to know and I got the bonds and showed them to him. Next day he took them down town and collected about three hundred dollars accrued interest which I, in my ignorance, had neglected. The bonds had then risen to eighty per cent, and shortly after, as they continued to advance, I sold one at ninety and the other at a hundred and ten, which brought the average of the two up to par. I mention this to show how little interest I have had in the stock and bond market, how little attention I have paid to it—but, of course, on my husband's account, I have been interested in finance in a general way.

Targets of Women Speculators. Almost every man of importance in Wall-street has been a target for the woman-speculator. Jay Gould escaped this sort of annoyance to an enviable degree, because he was not approachable to strangers. He did not answer impertinent or unreasonable importuning letters, giving as his reason that such letters answered themselves if you waited long enough. Mr. Sage is constantly receiving letters of the old, old kind asking questions about securities and requesting inside information, the writers making pleas that range from the stocking of a farm to the raising of a mortgage from a church. But those which ask for inside information are the most irrational of all. They request that a man who has no knowledge of the reliability of the writers will trust them with information regarding the inner workings of some great financial operation.

Want Mr. Sage to Invest for Them. Women, particularly, request Mr. Sage not only to tell them how stocks are going, but to invest for them at his own risk and then give them the profit. The melancholy part of it is they cannot understand why this refusal or silence is justifiable. If he should say to one of them that a certain stock was going to advance she wouldn't be able to see why he couldn't purchase it for her without a margin, since, as he was sure it was going up, there would be no risk involved. That would seem logical, too, but the fact is there is always a risk. That's why men of Mr. Sage's standing in the street hesitate to give advice to women—it involves endless explanation.

Won't Take Women's Accounts. Indeed, women are so unreasonable where losses occur and so ungrateful for profits that arise thru the sound advice of shrewd men that many stock brokerage houses absolutely refuse to take their accounts. There is a common fallacy, quite as prevalent with men as with women, however, that while for legal advice we go to lawyers and for the construction of a great work we consult engineers, financiering is everybody's business. As a matter of fact, it is the most profound and complicated science of them all. True, many persons may guess the trend of the market and make money, but that is merely accidental, not professional.

Should Not Ask for Secret Information. It is unreasonable to ask a man for secret information concerning a property with which he is identified. It places him in an embarrassing, even a false, position. Yet this is the inclination of women. They are so apt to commit, if he declines to talk on the subject he is likely to be called a churl, or he may be compelled, thru no fault of his own, to speak equivocally.

Blamed Mr. Sage. A lady once at a reception asked me to introduce her to my husband. She said she had been very anxious to meet him as she had heard about him for years and wanted to see what kind of a man he really was. I was naturally flattered and quite disarmed by her simulated enthusiasm regarding Mr. Sage, and presented her. At the next reception she no sooner saw him than she wanted to know all about the "stock of a company in which Mr. Sage was a director. Was the stock really good, she asked, a good investment? Mr. Sage could only answer that he was heavily interested in it, and allow her to make her own deductions. Yet,

### Divorce Yourself

from the notion that all teas are alike, give

# "SALADA"

Ceylon tea a trial and you will say it is vastly superior to the ordinary tea.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

Sold only in lead packets. By all Grocers. Received the Highest Award and Gold Medal, St. Louis Exposition

when the market sagged and this stock went down with the rest of it, this lady, having invested and suffered a temporary loss, blamed Mr. Sage! However, when the market recovered and the stock advanced considerably beyond what the lady had paid for it, she could not understand why she should thank him, altho she had realized a considerable profit. So far as Mr. Sage was concerned, he did not consider himself responsible either for her temporary loss or for her subsequent gain. Her reproaches did not concern him, and as he expected, no thanks he experienced no disappointment.

Wanted Him to Double Her Money. It is amusing how unreasonable, once the speculative mania has seized her, woman will become in her demands upon men who are not under the slightest obligation to her. A friend once handed me her cheque for five hundred dollars, saying: "I want you to get Mr. Sage to double this for me." Not long afterward Mr. Sage handed me a cheque for \$1000, the result of a small transaction which he had made for her, and told me to send it on. "It will come back again, all right," he said. Sure enough, almost by return mail, the cheque returned with the request that Mr. Sage again double it. But he positively refused to do anything more in the matter. It is possible she blames Mr. Sage to this day for the fortune she lost, or rather didn't make, thru this declination.

Not Fitted to Speculate. Women are not fitted by nature to speculate. They guess at the market, which reduces the operation to mere gambling. Thousands lose thru inability to grasp the principles of finance. Many of them argue speciously that they have an even chance in guessing the market and that only commissions and interests are against them. They don't seem to understand that one who

merely guesses is putting up her minute individual capital and small period of time against the wearing-out power of the stupendous aggregate capital of the street and its unlimited time. One might as well attack an iceberg with a box of lucifer matches.

The essential of success in Wall-street is judgment, and the next in importance is courage. Now, no one doubts the courage of woman in her own natural sphere, but in the matter of speculation she is curiously lacking in it. I once heard Henry Martin, the father of Bradley Martin, say that he had never known a woman to overdraw her bank account knowingly. Mr. Martin was president of a bank. He said that women were too cautious to do so, and, continuing, remarked that they were too easily frightened to be good speculators, too apt to defer to the opinions of men who knew as little, if not less, than themselves, and were too easily duped. He remarked that he didn't know of a woman who would go into a financial deal single-handed and alone.

The famous sisters Claflin and Woodhull were for the time being successful speculators in a way, but the were never recognized as sound and scientific financiers. Their period of existence in Wall-street was brief, purely ephemeral. Innumerable women have entered the financial maelstrom and disappeared from sight. And the word maelstrom as applied to Wall-street is a good one, since even men must be tremendously strong swimmers who would stem its currents.

What show, then, have women there? Men of 40 Don't Read. "Men, as a rule, cease to read books after the age of 40," says Mr. J. Pink, who has just completed his jubilee as librarian at the Cambridge (England) free library.

### JUNE HONEYMOONERS



He is as happy as a bashful groom are wont to be on honeymoons.

He wears the suit he bought to be wed, and fancies his hat doesn't sit on his head.

He doesn't want to have everyone stare, and think they're a sunny June honeymoon pair.

She is nice as a bride can be, and views shop windows with ecstasy.

She wears that traveling suit of blue the village scribe drew attention to.

She says she don't care if everyone knows they're only just married—and what she says goes.

Meet them and greet them, Make 'em feel gay, If you haven't been there, You may be some day.

Master Tom: "I say, Mother: "What are you Master Tom: "Well, M

Prosperity has ruined many a man; same time to be ruined at all it's way as we know of.

Under a E No one loved him—not Browns would knit and Teeth would gnash and Cheeks would pale with Even mild, good-temper With abhorrence of him

Little children, when he Called him names as So the feeling grew. As He was like a man as Like a Cain who wanders Wicked? Of repulsive r You are wrong, if that Better chap was never Or to sin one given k As for his appearance, Was just normal—fair a

"Can I see the m "Yes, you can, ar

self  
tion that all teas are alike, give

**ADA**

say it is vastly superior to the  
**ED OR GREEN.**

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**MOONERS**



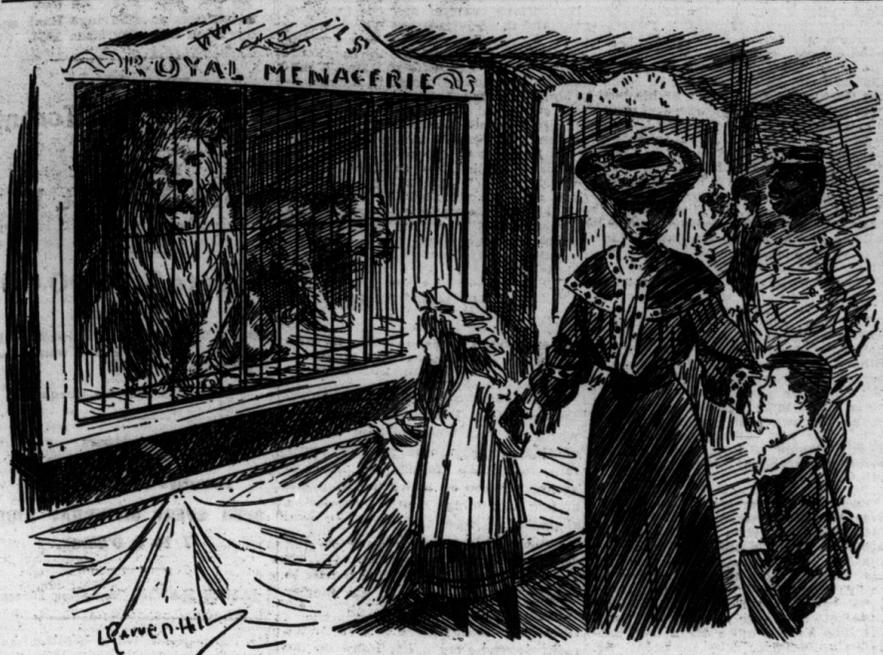
**RM.**  
She is nice as a bride can be, and views shop windows with ecstasy.

**THE FARM.**  
She wears that traveling suit of blue the village scribe drew attention to.

**NG CHARM.**  
She says she don't care if everyone knows they're only just married—and what she says goes.

them,  
ere,  
ay.

# LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU



**AN IMAGINARY LINE.**  
Master Tom: "I say, mummie, I didn't know the equator was like that."  
Mother: "What are you talking about, Child?"  
Master Tom: "Well, Miss Teachem told us it was a menagerie lion going round the world."

Prosperity has ruined many and many a man; same time, if you've got to be ruined at all it's as pleasant a way as we know of.

**Under a Ban.**  
No one loved him—not a soul!  
Brows would knit when he drew near,  
Teeth would gnash and eyes would roll,  
Cheeks would pale with hate and fear.  
Even mild, good-tempered folk,  
With abhorrence of him spoke.

Little children, when he passed,  
Called him names as they dispersed.  
So the feeling grew. At last  
He was like a man accused—  
Like a Cain who wandered free,  
Yet estranged by enmity.

Wicked? Of repulsive men?  
You are wrong, if that's your guess.  
Better chap was never seen,  
Or to sin one given less:  
As for his appearance, that  
Was just normal—fair and fat.

Yet his fellows, it appeared,  
Would have joyed to see him die,  
Tho' his course he always steered  
Very circumspectly. Why?  
He, beneath an evil star,  
Drove a high-power motor-car!

**Lost His Good Name.**  
Biggs: "Why, old man, you look as tho' you had lost your best friend. What's wrong?"  
Diggs: "I fear my good name is for ever lost."  
Biggs: "Your good name! What do you mean?"  
Diggs: "Just what I said. It was on the handle of a 30s. umbrella."

**Not What They Seemed.**  
"Instead of being a millionaire," continued the young man at the seaside hotel to the beautiful heiress. "I think that it is only honest, now that we are engaged, for me to tell you that I am

the shopwalker at Catchem & Skin-em's emporium."  
"I thought there was something familiar about you," answered the beautiful heiress. "I am in the ribbon department there."

**A Narrow Escape.**  
Harris: "They tell me you have had a very narrow escape from death."  
Spurr: "Yes; they were going to operate upon me for appendicitis, but they discovered in time that I hadn't the money to pay for it."

**A Deep-Laid Plot.**  
George: "Who is that beautiful girl over there?"  
Amelia: "Why, George, that's a mirror—it's me!"  
George: "?"  
Amelia (blushing): "Yes, George."

**Not to be Recommended.**  
Freddy: "She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?"  
Bertie: "See a little more of the world, old chap!"

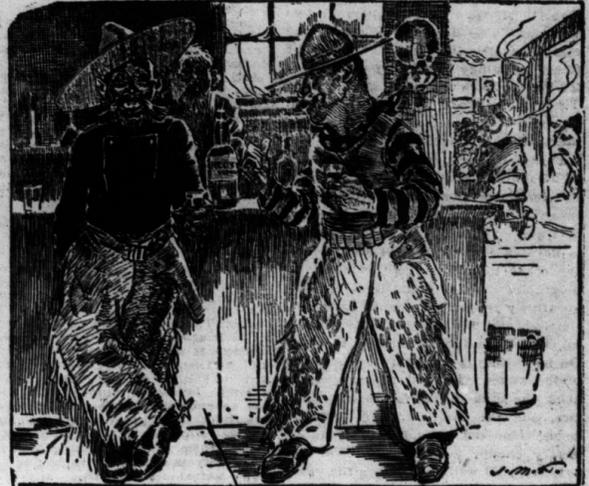
**Strong Evidence.**  
"Young man, what right have you to kiss my daughter on such short acquaintance?"  
"What proof, sir, have you that I have done such a thing?"  
"No positive proof, young man, but that hairpin in your moustache is strong circumstantial evidence."

**Apptly Named.**  
Ethel: "That Mrs. Gossip has a motor car tongue."  
Grace: "A what?"  
Ethel: "One that's always running people down."

**WHY I AM BEAUTIFUL.**  
By a Knight's Twelfth Cousin.  
(With acknowledgments to various ladies' papers.)

My Dear Maude: Ever so many thanks for your sweet little note. You begin by saying how you envy me my beauty of face and my svete figure, and then beg me to give you some advice, as you are on the eve of "coming out," and feel that you are not half so pretty as I. Candidly, dear, you are not. I will be perfectly frank with you, dear Maude. You are at present what we call gauche, your hair is coarse and has a "lumped" look, the prevailing hue of your face is a flushed purplish-red, you are freckled, and lastly you transgress the prevailing fashion in having two chins. There! now we know exactly how we stand! But do not despair, dear Maude. I, too, was once as you now are, but I transformed myself and I can transform you.

Now attend carefully.  
Every morning I rise at 6.30. By this means I am always able to be down in time for luncheon at 2.0. I at once remove my face-mask, sleeping-gloves, chin-strap, etc., etc., and then begin my simple little round of pleasant exercises. First of all my chin must be prevented from having a partner! Standing on my toes and balancing myself by holding on to the chest of drawers I force my chin as far upwards and outwards as it will go, and in this position twist my head round and round with slow, stately movements for one hour by the clock. In order to lend a little extra interest to this exercise, I playfully pretend each time my head comes to the front that I am greeting one of my friends. Thus: "Good-morning, dutch-ess," I exclaim, gracefully inclining my neck, and "Good-evening, Lord Durreck," and "Good-evening, Lord Durreck," and so on. It is with a pleasant feeling of swan-like fatigue (if I may so



**AT THE RED DOG HOTEL.**  
Grizzly Pete: "Did yer hear about Bronco Bill tryin' ter defraud th' life insurance companies?"  
Hurricane Bob: "Nope; what did he do?"  
Grizzly Pete: "Got heavily insured an' then called Alkali Ike a liar."

term it) that I next turn to the care of my complexion.  
My face goes thru twenty-four different processes, the more important of which I will describe. First it is steamed for one hour and a quarter. I hold it over a boiling kettle in which I have previously placed two lemons, a pinch of alum and a pomegranate. (N.B.—dear, three volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica strapped on the back



Miss Oldgold: "Before I give you my answer, count, tell me one thing. When my freshness of youth is gone, and the hand of time has dimmed whatever beauty I possessed, when advancing years cause my cheeks to fade and my charms to vanish—tell me, count, will you love me then?"  
The count: "I do."

will prevent the shoulders from becoming rounded whilst in the stooping position necessitated by this exercise.)  
Now, I weigh out a pound and a half of cold cream, and for two hours rub this into my face with a delicate circular motion of the finger-tips until not a bit is left. I omit seventeen processes here, and pass to the twentieth. This is "tapping." For forty-five minutes I tap out various tunes all over my face, with the backs of two dessert spoons; this exercises the muscles and promotes the flow of blood. Then come

account of the simple methods to which I owe my complexion.  
Yours, with best wishes,  
Grace in Punch.  
\*Presumably of the cream—Ed.



**A DRAMATIC TRIUMPH.**  
Miss Flossie Footlites: "Now, don't you dare move!"  
Second-Storey Sam: "Don't shoot, lady! You kin have yer d'munds back."  
Miss Flossie Footlites: "Be still! (Snap.) Now I have photographic proof that my jewels were stolen. The public can no longer doubt my press agent."



**NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.**  
"Can I see the master of the house?"  
"Yes, you can, and do. Now, what do you want?"

# AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

John Murray has issued "E-says," by Robert, Marquis of Salisbury, in two volumes. The decision to rescue the essays of Britain's stalwart premier from the dingy depths of prehistoric Quarterly Reviews was well taken. There is so much vigorous writing in the papers, so much acute criticism, so much worldly sense, so many apt illustrations and such crashing creeds of attack and defence that they merit a more worthy record than that awarded them in the obsolete numbers of a great journal. One of the volumes is devoted to biographical studies and the other to foreign politics. But, as biography relates to the lives of comparatively recent politicians—Lord Castlereagh and the younger Pitt—there is no clear dividing line between the two. On both alike is stamped the character of the writer. There is the same cynicism, the same dislike for abstract politics, and the same shrewd common sense, tempered by a display of no ordinary candor and honesty. The essays were all written between the years 1861 and 1864, while Lord Salisbury was still Lord Robert Cecil, Conservative member for Stamford. The most striking essay in the first volume is the one that contains a powerful defence of Lord Castlereagh. The Irish policy of that politician is dismissed in a few brief words with the remark that the Whigs eventually gave it the seal of their approval by adopting it themselves, in accordance with "the just Nemesis which generally decrees that partisanship shall be forced to do in office precisely that which they most loudly decried in opposition." His chief title to fame lies in his skillful manipulation of the coalition which crushed Napoleon by the weight of its numbers. The writer pauses to reflect on the transient fame of the diplomatist.

There is nothing in his achievements which appeals to the imagination; nothing which art can illustrate, or tradition retain, or history portray. His stories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages; of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civilly there; of a wise concession at one moment, and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tact, immovable calmness and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunders can shake. The result is that while the services of a commander are celebrated with almost undiminished enthusiasm from age to age, the service of a diplomatist fade rapidly away from a nation's memory.

This essay and the papers on Poland and the Danish Duchies are marked by his instinctive dislike of the principles of intense nationality. It was not perhaps strange that at such a time, and with such a temperament as his, he could never appreciate or even understand the cause for which its supporters fought. They were enthusiasts, and he had no love for enthusiasts; they were men of genius, and he preferred sober common-sense; they were small units, and he was allured by the glamor of massed battalions; and, finally, troubled the none too peaceful stream of European politics, there was little agreement among them, and their utterance was confused and passionate. So it came to pass that he was oblivious to the philological law of nations. He never understood

why the fact that Aeschylus had written in Attica and Pindar had celebrated the games of the Moria, some five and twenty centuries ago, furnished in itself any reason for changing the government under which Attica and the Moria happened at that moment to be. That governments should be overturned or treaties broken for the sake of giving a present reality to the traditional glory of some distant past.

The most interesting essay in the collection is the author's attack on Lord Russell's foreign policy. Waxed up controversy does not as a rule afford very palatable fare, but the trenchant criticism, not without its salutary lesson at the present time, and the passages of indignant eloquence contained therein, give it a value it would not otherwise possess. The author is anxious to discover the reason why the reputation of England is held in small account by the European Powers.

The estimate of the English character that is felt in every circle and class of society abroad, and expressed without reserve by the press, may be summed up in one phrase, as a portentous mixture of bounciness and baseness.

He finds an explanation in the policy which, according to the power of its opponent, is either valiant or submissive—which is dashing, exacting, dauntless to the weak, and timid and cringing to the strong.

It is impossible to do full justice to the foreign secretary in his heroic mood, unless we study him in his Christian aspect as well. It is impossible, unless we have heard him tear like a lion in the southern of eastern seas, to feel all the "nobleness" of his lamb-like bleating at home.

He throws into effective contrast the vacillating and cringing policy towards Europe and the United States compared with the bullying tone adopted towards Brazil and Japan. The words of the English diplomat who conducted the negotiations with Japan deserve to

be made immortal. "You must remember," he says, "that we are one of the first nations in the world, who, instead of meeting civilized people, as you think yourselves in reality, encounter barbarians."

And the author sums up in an eloquent passage his opinion of England's policy:

Her pledges and her threats are gone with last year's snow, and she is content to watch with cynical philosophy the destruction of those who trusted to the one, and the triumph of those who were wise enough to spurn the other.

An English correspondent writes the publishers suggesting that the brilliant author of "The Yellow War" (McClure-Phillips), who conceals himself in Blackwood's Magazine under the nom de plume "O," is Capt. James, the well-known war correspondent of the London Times. This would account for the intimate knowledge which the book displays of the Japanese war both on land and sea, for Capt. James organized and directed the despatch boat Hai-mun, which, equipped with wireless telegraphy and American operations, built up a great journalistic record last summer in the yellow war, Capt. James, who is a young man just over thirty, is credited with having seen more varied fighting than any other man of his age. His record includes five campaigns—on the Indian frontier, the Katoum expedition, South Africa, Macedonia and the Far East, on both sea and land. He will be most familiar to American readers as the author of the series of articles on the American army and West Point, which appeared in the London Times. He is also the author of a book on the Boer war, similar in character to the present volume on the Russo-Japanese war, "On the Heels of De Wet," which appeared in Blackwood under the pseudonym "Intelligence Officer."

It is easy for the public to think that Conan Doyle has been writing of real people in his Sherlock Holmes stories. The publication of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" brought the publishers a letter, extremely interesting as showing how completely Doctor Doyle has made his characters live. The writer dates his letter from a little town in Pennsylvania, and says: "One story gave a description of Horace Harker, in whose house a man had been murdered, in London. I am much interested in the Harker family, and would be awful glad if you could get in correspondence with some of the Harker family in England. My father's mother was a Harker, who came to this country with her parents when she was quite young. Do you think if I would write to Doctor Watson, in London, who seems to have been Mr. Holmes' constant companion, that he would answer my letter and try to place me in communication with some one? Can you give me Doctor Watson's address in London? Yours very truly,"

A publisher's note on anonymity says:

The appearance of four new novels, all anonymous, in the spring list of a New York publisher, invites speculation as to what the precise significance of anonymity may be, where current fiction is concerned. Why should the author of a popular novel prefer to conceal his identity? Wherein lies the inducement to anonymity? "Mrs. Darrell," for example, one of the four books above mentioned, is by a writer already known as the author of a dozen novels. Does he, or she, desire reviews which shall be absolutely untinted by recollections of those other books? Is the man who wrote "The House of Cards" unwilling to disclose his identity simply because his publications have hitherto been outside the realm of fiction and he fears that his novel might therefore be taken up from a wrong point of view? Why does the author of "Sturmee" and "Calmire" choose to remain unknown, despite the compliments that greet his work? Piquing curiosity can hardly be the motive of anonymity; for an anonymous book needs to be specially good in order to succeed. Readers have doubtless felt much curiosity as to the identity of the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and they would like to know just who wrote "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" (a novelist who is represented among the four books mentioned at the beginning—"At the Sign of the Fox"), but no one would care two straws about either of those mysterious individuals unless they had proved themselves capable of writing interesting books.

The Macmillan Company (Toronto, G. N. Morang and Co.) who publish the four books above mentioned, say that the authors of them are well known, both in and out of literature, and that a single book by one of them reached a sale in excess of one hundred thousand copies.

McClure's for June says, editorially, that Ida M. Tarbell's story of "John D. Rockefeller, the Man," will be in the July and August numbers of the magazine—together with a great gallery of portraits.

This is the first extended word upon Rockefeller's personality from the historian of Standard Oil. It is to be a full character-sketch of the man whom one great American newspaper recently called "the most important man in the world."

McClure's sums up his importance in the commonwealth in the foreword printed this month:

"We believe this analysis of Mr. Rockefeller's character is particularly important at this juncture. It is not too much to say that he is the founder of a school of business which is a trial to-day by the people. It may be true that he has invented none of the

principles and practices which distinguish this school, but he has collected and correlated and enforced these principles and practices in a way before unheard-of and given to them an efficiency before undreamed of. The growing influence of this school is evident to the most casual observer. The menace it carries with it to individual opportunity and commercial integrity is no longer seriously debated. Mr. Rockefeller is not only the founder and the chief beneficiary of this powerful commercial system, he is our present most liberal supporter of Christian education, Christian charity, the Christian church. His contributions cannot but be a powerful defence of his business school. For the works of a man's life stand together. They cannot be separated. It is the intimate and intricate relation of the Rockefeller business code with the Rockefeller religious code that makes it imperative that the public study the man and his influence. We publish Miss Tarbell's character-sketch because we believe it will materially aid our readers to form their own opinion of the ethical influence of the kind of man of which John D. Rockefeller is our most illustrious type."

The new proprietor of The Era, a weekly paper published in London, that has been described as "the actor's Bible," is W. H. Bass. He is a member of the great brewing family, and is twenty-five years old. On the turf he is a well-known figure, young as he is, as the owner of Sceptre and Cylene. The new editor of The Era is T. P. O'Connor, M.P., whose hands one would have thought were sufficiently full.

Many are the laments of bibliophiles over the disappearance of the old-fashioned book shop and the erudite bookseller, who is an authority on the contents no less than on the prices of his volumes, remarks The London Daily News. Fifty years ago the personal equation told more in the relations between buyer and vendor. Often the shop had its quite distinctive character, imparted to it by the proprietor. It was he, and not his subordinates, who came in contact with the customer. The annual number of publications was then comparatively few, so small that it was not impossible for the bookseller to know something of the contents of all his stock, and his acquaintance with the classics gave him a standard by which he was qualified to advise. In modern times, when the bookseller's profit on each volume is larger, numbers, and he is in consequence bound to concern himself more with the format than the contents of books. Hence the publishers themselves are beginning to think rather of attractive bindings and illustrations than of literary quality. Booksellers alter the "bookmen" than once they were, and the large part they take in advising casual purchasers is determined by accidental considerations; it can never be foretold whether or not a book will succeed; and the character of the publishing trade becomes more speculative.

An interesting occasion recently at the Trocadero, London, was the annual dinner of the Association of Correctors of the Press. Anthony Hope Hawkins occupied the chair and was supported by many people of some note. Professor Churton Collins, humorously maintaining that many literary reputations had been wrecked by the failure of correctors of the press to detect printers' errors, spoke of a poet who had written, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," but who was made to say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire." (Laughter.) There was one proofreader for whose blood above mentioned he wrote the article, and he acknowledged the inevitable advantage of a good reader. One he had secured, and he would say to any writer who found such a man, "Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel." The chairman, recommending the toast of the evening, said the relations were very intimate. Except a man's wife and he was so new in that relationship that he hesitated to generalize about it—(laughter)—nobody knew more of his weaknesses than his proofreader, nor did anybody assume more despotic control over him. (Laughter.) If after the kindness shown to him he could go away from this gathering with any message against the correctors of the press it would be on the subject of commas. They were too liberal with commas. He had spent ill-requited hours in removing commas which had been inserted. (Laughter.) If all the epithets applied to the secretary for war had been separated by commas he would have been out of office by now. The man who followed literature was not entitled to consider money as his object, but it was a useful by-product or a residual product, as was said in company reports. The phrase was probably wrong, and the proofreaders would kindly correct it. (Laughter.) Money was made to be given away, and could not be better bestowed than in this association, which, besides its benevolent fund and several subsidiary funds, had founded three pensions, and wished to establish a fourth. Six months ago it had for that purpose £200, and wanted about £600. This dinner had added more than £200, and he trusted that the rest would soon be subscribed. He could not conceive any more pleasant duty than that of removing from the mind of man the idea that when he could no longer work he might be cast aside to rot. If the civilized nations could remove that spectre from the path they would do more than by any martial victories or any naval exploits. (Cheers.)

A magazine that is filled with seasonal interest for women is The July Delineator. In it the summer fashions are exquisitely pictured, and described by such fashion authorities as Helen Berkeley-Loy and Edouard La Fontaine of Paris, who write for the maga-

zine exclusively. Albert Bigelow Paine's serial, "The Lucky-Piece," develops an element of mystery that adds to the interest of the story, and there is also a short story by Zona Gale, "The Never-Lighted Fire"—a very delicate piece of work. A sketch of Longfellow's boyhood, by Peter Freneau, contains something new about the poet and the friends and home of his early life. T. Cromwell Lawrence describes the curious customs and costumes of Holland in an interesting travel sketch, and W. Jay Mills relates some of the prettiest romances of the old-time summer resorts, Bordentown, Mt. Washington and Long Branch, in a remarkably illustrated paper. Something of the story and influence of the famous Christian hymn "Rock of Ages" is given in a paper by Allan Sutherland, and N. Hudson Moore writes of the evolution of the chest in "The Collector's Manual." Entertaining stories and pastimes are provided for the little one, and a variety of articles on domestic topics will be of particular value at this season, when the demands upon the housewife are exceedingly trying.

## A GREAT MAN'S DEATH.

An English Correspondent Recalls W. E. Gladstone's Last Days.

Seven years ago writes an English correspondent, I was at Hawarden, where the man who had kept the soul of England alive was passing gently into rest. "His family all kneeling around the bed on which he lay in the stupor of coming death, without a struggle he ceased to breathe. Nature outside—wood and wide lawn and cloudless far-off sky—shone at her fairest." I have quoted the words in which with solemn music Mr. Morley records the death of William Ewart Gladstone. Beneath the window of the room where he lay dying I saw on the previous day a gardener with a scythe mowing the grass in the Castle garden—it was a type of that reaper whose scythe was in his hand ready to rob us of our hero.

The world had been watching round Mr. Gladstone's deathbed, and surely never was the majesty of death illumined with nobler paths. The little village hummed with the advent of strangers eager to chronicle the small, still and dignified within the home of the dying statesman. Six days before the end, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley had taken their last farewell of their leader and friend "in the large upper chamber looking to the sunrise where the large part they take in advising casual purchasers is determined by accidental considerations; it can never be foretold whether or not a book will succeed; and the character of the publishing trade becomes more speculative."

After this lapse of time I think I may reveal the authorship of one of the most touching articles which appeared during Mr. Gladstone's illness. It gave the invalid and his family much satisfaction when they learned who had written it. The article was published in the "Outlook," and was founded on the message which Mr. Gladstone had uttered as he was leaving Bournemouth on his way home to die: "God bless you and this place and the land you love," was the benediction which gave the theme to the "Outlook" article. Mr. George Wyndham wrote the article, and a finer piece of unaffected eulogy of a great man I do not wish to read. Coming from the pen of one who was on the opposite side of politics it was all the more generous.

I had seen Hawarden twice before, and had had the privilege of entering several of the rooms where Mr. Gladstone's active spirit seemed still pervading the Castle. I had seen over his bed a little illuminated text which gave the keynote to his sublime quietness in the midst of the world's politics: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." But on that last day of his life there was a beauty about Hawarden which was in keeping with the solemn event. The exercise grounds recalled the sturdy to which the beaten path thru the park had often led Mr. Gladstone in early dawn, the library, where the old scholar had stored for others the gleanings of a lifetime, the Boys' Home nesting close to the Castle—all spoke of the man who, tho' of world-wide fame, was most at home in Hawarden.

Our King, as ever, was sympathetic at this moment of sorrow, and telegraphed to Mr. Henry Gladstone: "My thoughts are with you, your mother, and your family at this trying time you are experiencing. God grant that your father does not suffer." The hope was granted, for on the morn of Ascension Day very peacefully passed William Ewart Gladstone to his eternal rest. Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt, Dispraise or blame—nothing but well and fair, And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

## BOY GOLF CHAMPION.

Amateur Final Fought in Blinding Rain.

The wonderful boy golfer, A. G. Barry, only 19 years of age, and one of the cleverest students at St. Andrew's University, won the highest honors in amateur golf at Prestwick yesterday, when the final stage of the amateur golf championship was decided, says The London Mail.

His opponent was the Hon. O. Scott of the Royal North Devon Club, and

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

Mr. Barry succeeded in beating him by three up and two to play thus capturing the amateur championship and the gold medal.

It was a magnificent display on the boy's part, for his golf was very nearly perfect, and among the best that has ever been seen in the final.

The game was played from start to finish in a blinding downpour of rain, which soaked the players to the skin before they had been 20 minutes at work.

Young Barry, marching barcheaded over the links, with never a twitch of his features in any crisis, was, if possible, more nervous towards the end than at the beginning.

## Courageous Putting.

If he won the honor by his play in any one department of the game more than another, it was by his putting. His driving was steady and about equal to Mr. Scott's; he occasionally faltered in his approaches, but he had the courage to hit hard at the ball on the sudden putting greens, and to give the hole a chance every time.

It was in his timid putting that Mr. Scott failed chiefly, and seven at times his lost holes by being badly short with his long putts.

Despite the heavy rain, there were between three and four thousand spectators, who followed the match with such keen interest that several times they were in the way of the players.

Mr. Barry is of light build, and looks his age. Nevertheless, he drives a long ball, and in his follow-thru almost goes down on one knee. Altho he leans his golf at St. Andrew's, he was born in Cornwall, and in international matches would play for England.

The match was put in Mr. Barry's favor from the very start, for Mr. Scott missed his first tee shot, and the St. Andrew's boy won the hole and the next one, and thenceforth he was never down to his opponent.

## A Lucky Incident.

At the sixth hole in the morning an odd incident turned the luck against Mr. Scott. Mr. Barry made a seven yards putt, and his ball hung on the very lip of the hole for three or four seconds. It looked like staying there, but gradually the wet, soft turf on the edge gave way under its weight, and it fell in.

The best putting performance of the match was accomplished by Mr. Scott—a rather lucky one, for he got down from 18 yards range.

Mr. Barry wound up with a brilliant drive, a deadly approach, and a certain putt for a 3 at a 25-yard hole, and when his ball went down he was the youngest golf champion on earth.

Then, for the first time yesterday, he fit his pipe.

## Be Cheerful.

Dere ain't no use in grumblin', When all yo' plans go wrong; Jes' keep right on a stumblin', An' raise yo' voice in song. Dere ain't no use in frettin' An' a stevin' all de day 'Bout troubles yo'se a gettin', Jes' smile, Dey'll go away.

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## The Answer.

Tibetans, who never give their teeth any attention whatever, are said to have the best teeth in the world. What is the answer?—Chicago Tribune. Tibet is a bad place to try to sell tooth powder.

LOCAL FOREIGN

SATURDAY SPIN YONGE ST. FO

Blossoms and Bowers, lows, Seen From th of a Toronto C

Off for Richmond Hill and Aurora. Once out it didn't look as tho horse in the country. In some places—not a horse it will be one of these are all dead and gone where there is nothing wings.

Well, for the time being, was quite heavenly on June day, and of all d Yankee poets has said so long as they can get don't care a continental. Then to Arizona for the roof. For us on a June ty seen from Yonge St.

Scenery on Hill The first dose of real Hogg's Hollow. This is a fine scene, traveling very much like life—a downs. At the top of up the first grade, at an Colcutt House, a certain verandah shows the tip of St. James' Hill; this is said to be the continent one might for getting a trifle of elevation; it's necessary; thinness of the air.

Looked at from one of elevations the valley is a fine sight, the hills fooling to keep an ever down into a hole in order a hill! Meanwhile, how but the chauffeur has a in the scenery. Some motorists never enjoy a drive. Goggles are better than a natural eye. Farms of York are a inspiration to the motor which is but enhanced inasmuch as there are chauffeur is probably a trifle as to speed.

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Work Out of Mind.

"Who the deuce would ever want to work in the middle of scenery like this? ventures one of the chaps in the back seat. 'Sin and a shame,' said the other. How curious that when you are on a motor, work is the biggest kind of original sin you know of! Driving a horse is not so. After the first ten miles the driver gets lathered on a warm day; gets the tired feeling. Not so your car, which chugs joyously after the first dozen miles just beginning to get her head and to enjoy life. Long ago we were hired men—used to plan things just like that chap in the field there; walking all day for hours wearing out socks. Ah! how far away that day with the chug of a good car under you and the wind playing tag with your back hair.

"Oh yes, get philosophical now!" says one of the chaps. "Great Scott! supposing it was the hard work of fellowing on foot that made all this scenery, is that any reason I should get strenuous?"

"I shouldn't wonder," remarked his companion very malapropos, "if the meanest old skeetshooter in the whole of York County lives on the tip of that sky-raking hill yonder. I've known such men; skin-dried old coppers that did everything by hand and hate machinery. But that old residenter hates a motor; thinks it's the gospel of pure laziness; that we're all prigs that ride in motors, whereas I'm only being my way on this car and the Lord knows you're—"

Taking It All In.

At this point the other man leaned forward to talk to the left-hand man in the front. This was only a ruse. It's hard work to talk in a motor going at full speed limit under the law and a little trifle over where there are no horses. He settled back and cast his eyes lovingly over a thousand acres of scenery. He became transfixed. He knew not that his hat was a plantation of the rakers of his rear hair was like that he would need a shampoo just as soon as he got back. Even the hubbles in the road didn't bother him. He was imbibing scenery. Once he ventured a tritely stupid remark about ozone without knowing how many atoms of oxygen are contained in a molecule of it.

"Run down that hen," he said at last, absently to the chauffeur. But the hen was not there when the car got there.

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LOCAL FOREIGN

SATURDAY SPIN UP OLD YONGE ST. FOR SCENERY

Blossoms and Bowers, Hills and Holes, Seen From the Rear Seat of a Toronto Chugger.

Off for Richmond Hill, Newmarket and Aurora. Once out of the city and it didn't look as tho there was a horse in the country. Miles and miles some places—not a horse; just the way it will be one of these days when we are all dead and gone to the place where there is nothing that hasn't got wings.

Well, for the time being York County was quite heavenly enough. It was a June day, and of all days, as one of our Yankee poets has said, "What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days."

Of course it's unfashionable to rave about either scenery or weather, and so long as a good few automobilists who don't care a continental about scenery. Then to Arizona for them or the Karroo. For us on a June day York County seen from Yonge Street.

Scenery on High Spots.

The first dose of real balm comes at Hogg's Hollow. This is one of those things that make traveling on Yonge-street very much like life—a series of ups and downs. At the top of a heady climb up the first grade, at a place called the Oulcott House, a certain black brick in the verandah shows the level with the tip of St. James' Cathedral spire. As this is said to be the highest spire on the continent one might be pardoned for getting a trifle chummy at such an elevation; it's necessary owing to the thinness of the air.

Looked at from one of these periodic elevations the valley below and the hill opposite appear tremendous. How foolish to keep an everlastingly sliding down into a hole in order to get up on a hill! Meanwhile, however, everybody but the chauffeur has a chance to take in the scenery. Some people aver that motorists never enjoy scenery. This is true, "Goggles may be an impediment, but to the natural eye these rolling farms of York are a picture of big inspiration to the motorist, a vision which is but enhanced by the fact that inasmuch as there are no horses, the chauffeur is probably cracking the law a trifle as to speed."

Blossoms—where that day. The apple trees of York are famous. They were then in their prime, fresh as the clouds and as fair as the dawn.

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"Run down that hen," he said at last, absently to the chauffeur. But the hen was not there when the car got there.

betans, who never give their teeth attention whatever, are said to be the best teeth in the world. What the answer?—Chicago Tribune. bet is a bad place to try to sell his powder.

little spires of Richmond Hill above the foliage just over the valley. "Time?" called the other man as we chugged into the town. "From the city hall—" was the reply. "Not so bad."

MR. CAWTHRA MULOCK DID 7000 MILES IN EUROPE

His Big Mercedes Put in a Winter Over English Hills, French Macadam and Italian Bad Roads.

Mr. Cawthra Mulock's big Mercedes is once more on the streets of Toronto after an absence of several months. This well-known car has been across the ocean on a 7,000-mile tour in England, France and Italy.

"Yes," said Mr. Mulock, not suspecting that he was being interviewed, "the best way to enjoy Europe is to take a car. One gets more attached to his car on a trip like that than by staying about home. In fact, whenever it became necessary to travel by train and send the motor ahead, I got lonesome without it."

In order to understand how enjoyable this trip was it need only be said that Mr. Mulock took his chauffeur, Mr. Felix Staudart, all over the tour. Mr. Staudart's abilities as a "chauffeur" are well-known in Toronto. A ride beside him in the big Mercedes demonstrates that he has a peculiar motorist's twinkle, which is always most suggestive when he lets the car out for a stretch of clear road, or puts on the two extra brakes to fetch her to a standstill.

Land of Lovely Roads. "France is the land of the automobile," continued Mr. Mulock. "In Paris almost every one who doesn't walk drives a car of some sort. On those marvelous national roads built of macadam one scarcely sees any horses; nearly always motors. And in France, once you are outside the town, you may go as fast as you like."

"Without much danger?" "Practically none—when both motorists and horsemen are equally anxious to avoid it. There is less fast-horse traffic in France than in Canada, and as the peasants always go early to town and return late it is easy to avoid meeting horses each way at almost any time."

"What did you consider a fair average day's journey?" "About one hundred miles. This was about our average. In Old England, "And your limit of actual speed?" "Was in England," was the smiling rejoinder. "Felix knows exactly how many miles an hour we went down one hill at Sancy. I don't believe I could swear to the actual figure."

"Did you find England as pleasant for automobilizing as France?" "Well, if I had not toured France I should have said England was absolutely delightful."

"And how did you find Italy?" "The worst of it was I encountered anywhere were in Italy. Motoring in Italy is not a popular pastime. At Padua, scarcely a car to be seen. At Venice—water everywhere for course. No, I should not choose Italy for a touring trip except for its historic interest and its beautiful scenery."

"Are large cars constantly getting larger in France, or has the limit been reached?" "The tendency now is to restrict the horse-power. Forty to fifty horse considered enough power for the racer. Ninety-horse cars are seldom or never seen away from the track."

After all there's no use in having a lot of power one can never use. When you are able to climb the worst hills at forty miles an hour if necessary, there is really nothing wanting in the way of speed. "I'm glad to see," he added, "that big cars are getting bigger in Toronto this year."

The Way of Speed. There was a whole bookful of questions which might have been asked of Mr. Mulock about this interesting trip, but his Mercedes was already waiting at the door.

Motorists Abroad. Mr. A. E. Chatterton left recently with his new red Winton for a tour thru the Eastern States. At New York he joined the Gurney party, whose New York license accidentally got forwarded to Toronto and had to be re-sent to the party's Boston address.

The entire party will return in a few days. Mr. H. C. McLeod enacted the second chapter in his 1905 touring book a week ago when he started a motoring trip to Chicago in his new Peerless. When he will return or how far west he will go nobody knows at present. This is not surprising. We should not be surprised if the manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia decides to follow the Lewis and Clark trail to the Portland exposition.

Ground for Complaint. "By gosh, this is the limit!" howled Smithers, who had been fumbling around in the closet for 10 or 15 minutes. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Smithers. "What's the matter?" roared Smithers. "I don't kick on you hanging my coats and trousers and vests and hats on the floor. I don't kick on you using all the hooks in this closet for your skirts and shirt waists and hats and stockings, and I don't even kick when you throw my clothes on the floor so you can hang your handkerchiefs on the hooks. But by thunder, I do kick when you throw them into a corner so you can hang up your hairpins!"—St. Louis Chronicle.

NEWMARKET STEEDS GIVEN FIRST ROUND BY CADILLAC

Forty Horses Given Their Initial Lesson in Motoring by Mr. H. Love in Three Hours.

Forty horses broken to the automobile is the story of the 10-horse power Cadillac that went up from Hyslop Bros. to Newmarket a week ago yesterday. This was done in about 3 hours. The driver was Harry Love, who took with him a party consisting of Mrs. J. Bonnick and daughter of Jarvis-street and Miss Britton.

The Cadillac left Toronto at 1.10 p.m. and got to the hub of horseodom in rattling good time. The party stopped at the Royal Hotel. Posters had advertised the event. Newmarket is a big Saturday market town. It was no trouble to get 40 horses and rigs on the street in front of the Royal, where for three hours Mr. Love put his 10-horse power Cadillac thru an amazing variety of scare-head stunts. The town was there to see. It was like John Gipsy's side, a sight to behold. The balcony was full of spectators. The verandah was crowded. The street was jammed with Jehus. Even the lacrosse game had to play second fiddle. It is estimated that over 800 people watched the event.

Ancient and Modern. There was certainly something to watch, one little car against 40 horses; the 20th century against all the centuries that ever were since horses were discovered. Mr. Love made his car as fearsome as possible. The muffler was opened. Noise—tons of it! Up the main street went the Cadillac; up one side and down the other, passing forty kinds of horses with a hundred kinds of jumps; meeting them on the back street and slambanging them in the procession like a "nigger-chaser" on the 24th of May.

The air soon got full of manes, tails and flying feet as the horse parade swiftly grew. All the fast horses were there in all the sorts of rigs known to agricultural civilization—buggy, open and top, buckboards, skeletons, wagons and demoprats. Everybody was good-natured—but the horses. One horse did a steeplechase down thru the parade trying to get ahead of the line, to his for the open country, anywhere to escape from the mad-dog little black devil-wagon that broke all the rules of racing and speed, seemed to be everywhere at once, turned round in two shakes and started back again, tooting, tooting, chugging and raising Cain.

They Raised Cain. One conservative buggy hauler tried to jump clear over the democrat in front of him. He smashed the tail-board; the owner whereof merely grinned. Col. Lloyd, the magistrate, had two nervous brutes that did several things free for the crowd of spectators. They tried to tie themselves up in the harness and switch the buggy for a tall first time the chugger went by. By the time they had the fit thru four other horses were dancing the devil's dream. And the chugger came back with a totally new set of equine convulsions in the parade, the same old blatant, hoat and the same diabolical smile on the chauffeur.

In 15 minutes the colonel's horses were reconciled to the chugger and 20 others with them. It was a horse fair such as Rosa Bonheur had never seen; a scene for a painter or a camera; the biggest circus of scare-entertainment ever known since the days of David Hiram—and if David's "hogs that ud stand without hitchin'" had only been there he never would have balked again.

Under Conservative Regime. Mr. Cane, an enthusiastic automobilist, was on the scene a highly interested spectator. Mr. G. A. Bams, the merchant, was another. Everybody else in the town were there. "Gentlemen," called out Mr. Branton, a citizen of renown, "see what a Conservative government is doing for the farmers. This never could have happened under Ross. Hoory!"

And the farmers cheered. Grits and Tories raised a yell. It was a "baw day" for Newmarket. If Mr. Love had been a hundred men each with a hundred throats there would have been lemons and sarsaparillas for every one—so delighted were the farmers of Newmarket with the first lesson ever given to horses in motoring in the old highway that leads from Toronto to somewhere near the North Pole.

A Cautious Jehu. Every kind of device that could invest the motor with additional fierceness was resorted to by this unscrupulous chauffeur. "Say," said one of the farmers, "spos my horses bust up my travellin' gear, will you pay the shot?" The chauffeur did not promise. "Fetch out your horses," he said. "Try 'em a whirl."

The Jehu quietly interrogated a neighbor who assured him that the crowd on the motor was a multi-millionaire, whereas the Jehu entered the game. His horses were broken in a few minutes. Practically the whole visiting contingent of horses were schooled in that

3-hours' lesson to all the variegated tricks of the motor. The hotel keeper was so absorbed in the event that he promised to post up a placard instructing all his customers in the legitimate methods of signaling to a motorist on the highway according to law.

As a side issue to this memorable trip Hyslop Bros. sold a Cadillac to Mrs. Bonnick. Miss Bonnick took her first lesson in driving on Saturday. She will be chauffeur. The party got back to Toronto about 8.30.

SPARKS AND CHUGS FROM AUTOMOBILE EXCHANGES

Where Are the Small Cars (Horse Drivers Responsible—Tearing More Popular.

Automobilists may expect the price of gasoline and oils to advance. Last Saturday the Raleigh (N. C.) warehouse of the Standard Oil Co. was burned to the ground, and along with it twenty thousand barrels of kerosene and gasoline and several hundred barrels of lubricating and cylinder oil.

Probably one of the most unusual accidents that have occurred in recent months happened on Long Island one day last week. An automobile which had halted was run into from the rear by a carriage drawn by a frisky horse. The shafts penetrated the rear of the automobile, and the struggles of the frantic horse resulted in the overturning of the automobile. Both its occupants were thrown out and injured.

Believing that automobiles are good things for traveling salesmen, the Advance Thresher Co. of Grand Forks, N. D., purchased three cars last year for its men to use on the road. As the three men who made their trips in automobiles in more orders than any other salesmen, the company has decided to put more on the road this year.—Motor World.

Horse Drivers' Responsibility. That all parties—horse drivers as well as automobilists—should strive to prevent accidents, is a common-sense declaration of a Tennessee justice. He made it in deciding the first damage suit to be tried in Tennessee over an automobile, which came up before Justice of the Peace Smith last week. J. B. Carothers of Lafayette, Ky., entered suit against W. M. Case of Clarksville for \$500 damages at the defendant's car. The plaintiff testified that he saw the car 300 yards away, but made no effort to keep his horse from getting frightened, because he thought Case would stop his machine. The case held that in runaways all parties concerned should do all in their power to prevent the same. The horse showed, further, that the horse did not run until the automobile had passed. The case was decided in favor of the defendant.—Automobile Topics.

Automobile Tearing Growing More Popular. With the arrival of spring, the average motorist yearns to tour thru the country, and almost every club is arranging some kind of a run that will take its members over good roads where fine scenery can be viewed.

"Altho I am very fond of racing and like to travel fast at times," said a motorist, "my greatest pleasure in automobilizing is to tour thru various parts of the country. I don't know of anything more delightful than to travel from town to town absolutely independent of time tables, stopping wherever one desires. In touring I make it a point not to cover big distances each day, but to stop and turn off at points that supply interesting scenery or good accommodations."

"I would advise every automobilist to prepare for a long tour this summer by having a car of ample power to negotiate hills and a mechanic to keep it running in good shape. Then take along your wife and children with a couple of trunks full of clothes strapped to the rear of the machine, and you will find that touring is the most enjoyable part of the automobile."

Passing of Small Car. A great many of the owners of runabouts have now bought large cars, but have kept their small machines, expecting to use them occasionally, but in practice the charms of the large powerful new car generally allow of very little use of the old one. A great many runabouts, both steam and gasoline, are to be found tucked away in private stables, and a great many more are in the hands of second-hand dealers thruout the country. But it is when one visits the very small towns and the country districts that it is realized where the small and old-fashioned cars are now owned and operated. Since the superseding of these little cars has been largely due to the desire for speed and for correctness in style of body, it is very natural that they should gravitate to districts where public taste is less fastidious in these matters and where practical utility rather than fashion is the important consideration. Doubtless these cars may continue to perform good service in their obscure locations for some time to come and may still be doing useful work when the side entrance tonneau, at present the popular type par excellence, shall have disappeared before some new model which fickle fashion decries to be more truly "the thing." Perhaps on the other hand, the side entrance tonneau car is the ultimate form of the automobile. As to this, time alone can tell.—Horseless Age.

RICHMOND HILL FARMERS TOOK SENSATION COOLLY

Horse-Motoring Exhibition Gave Satisfaction, But Only Four Horses Got Into the Ring.

The attempt made a week ago by the Automobile Club to educate the horse into peaceful recognition of the motor was not an unqualified failure. But for the apathy of the farmers in some of the places visited by the city motors, it might have been an unqualified success, for so far as could be judged by the first lesson of the course the horse is willing to be educated.

At Richmond Hill, visited by Messrs. Pennell and Short, of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., there were at least forty farmers' rigs in for the afternoon. Four only thought it worth their while to waste any time down at the race track giving their horses absolutely free lessons in motoring. For this apathy there can be no reasonable excuse. The event had been advertised in the local newspaper, as well as in most of the city dailies. That York County is a horse county could easily be learned by an observation of at least thirty horse pictures and placards on the walls of a single room in a hotel. Quite likely if a patent medicine outfit had come to town the attraction would have been located in five minutes by at least fifty per cent of the visitors. Less than a score of farmers strolled down to the race course to see four horses broken to the motor.

Results Satisfactory. The four who made the attempt were highly satisfied with the results. Just what they can do by way of advertising the movement remains to be found out. At any rate it seems as if the horse is perfectly willing to give the motor a fair trial if his owner is willing to let him. This preliminary effort on the part of the Automobile Club must be recorded to their credit. Quite apart from any calculable benefit accruing from this or any other lessons, it shows that the spirit which animates legitimate organized motorism in this city is that of friendliness to the horseman, a desire to co-operate with him in minimizing the dangers from motoring, and an intention to uphold the government in administering the law. More could not be expected at this stage.

Co-Operation Necessary. What remains as a constant necessity for both horsemen and motorists is individual co-operation. Because a man belongs to a club which has made some laudable endeavor to settle a difficulty, or to a city which harbors such a club, he is not thereby absolved from the utmost personal caution on the road. In the far future when farmers themselves are able to afford motors there will be no difficulty. At present there is considerable. The horse which is the most intelligent known to civilization is also the most foolish and the most whimsical. No animal is at once so docile and so panicky as the horse.

Force of Habit. The horse still persists in reminding us that he was once a wild beast—so long ago that we have practically no record of the time. He is still a creature of habit and of the fixed idea. He seems to inherit no particular tolerance for any other form of locomotion ever known. For more than half a century the horses of Ontario have been accustomed to locomotives, to steam engines, to traction engines, to bicycles, to trolley cars and now to motors. There are hundreds of horses to whom almost any one of these is just cause for a panic and a general smash-up. Of all these the bicycle has become the most customary vehicle. The horse that shies at a wheel is now a rare instance. Neither does it seem as if being used to an ordinary locomotive or even a trolley has any bearing whatever on the views some horses entertain regarding motors, far less formidable to look at than either. The York County horse that has gone thru all the spasms possible from the locomotive still raised Ned when he saw a peaceful trolley without an atom of smoke or steam. The same horse quite docile meeting a trolley had his panic all to rehearse again at sight of a motor no bigger than a buggy he had pulled scores of times, and having nothing new about it except the smell.

Big Bicycle Manufacturers Now Build Automobiles. All of the big bicycle manufacturers of the past have entered the manufacturing of automobiles, and they are just as prominent as they were in the days of old. The prominent bicycle dealers are now automobile dealers, and the bicycle riders are now drivers of racing cars, as for example, Barney Oldfield, Eddie Bald, Tom Cooper and others.

One of the largest of the bicycle makers, who sold so many machines that he advertised that "you see them everywhere" is now just as big in the automobile game, and the same phrase has been adopted for he is selling more big cars than any other manufacturer, and wherever there is a gathering of machines, his type outnumbers all others.

Unawarded-for Prize. Unawarded for a long time and therefore still on the list of the Lombardy institute is the special prize by Commeno for the discoverer of hydrophobia poison.



**TOPICS OF THE TURF**

A marked feature of the meetings of farmers' institutes this year is to be the attention paid to the question of stock judging. Of the many practical subjects that can profitably be brought before those in attendance at these institute meetings nothing can transcend in importance and value the matter of stock judging. Education and experience in this direction not only benefits the farmer in enabling him to pick out the best and most valuable beast, but it improves the type of beast itself, for the higher the class of demand the better will be the supply. In other words study in stock judging is an invaluable aid to the improvement and development of the stock. Nor is that the only advantage that will ultimately be derived and in fact is now so derived from the lessons and lectures that the federal and provincial governments are arranging. We shall have a better class of judges at our horse shows and at our general agricultural shows. I believe that this year both at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto and at some of the country agricultural shows gentlemen will act as judges who have won prizes in the stock judging competitions started in connection with the exhibition here some five or six years ago and for which the prizes were found by a private firm. That improvement in the class of judges we usually get, especially in horses, is badly needed. I think the majority of exhibitors will agree. Nor is it only in knowledge itself that betterment is desirable. Uniformity of decision is an element that is at present sadly lacking, but that lectures and experiments in judging will have a tendency to supply. As things are, judges are swayed altogether too much by their predilections. Give a hackney admirer, for instance, a roadster to pass judgment upon, and he will favor that type. Give a standard bred or trotting horse man the same duty to perform and there will be nothing to it but the typical light harness horse of America. It is this prejudice or inclination that has reduced the picturesque head competitions almost to a farce and led to a question as to their advisability. At the Canadian National Exhibition last fall, it will be remembered, Mr. Smith's hackneys, fresh from their triumphs at St. Louis, were defeated in the competition for the best string of ten horses, any breed other than heavy draught, by a miscellaneous lot of carriage horses shown by Mr. Yeager. I do not wish to revive here the question as to the correctness of the decision given, but I do mean to say that if the judges had graduated thru judging competitions as is generally the case at present, but by a course of special study. In that way specialists in judging will be as much in demand as specialists in newspaper circulation or in any other contributory factor to modern existence and comfort.

The clashing of the first day at Kenilworth Park, Buffalo, with the last day at Hamilton had a serious effect upon the attendance at the latter place. Several hundreds, probably five or six, of habitués of the race course who in the natural course of events would have made Hamilton their point of attack on Saturday afternoon extended their journeying on to the city on the other side of the boundary. I see Mr. Dymen's Tongorder find Mr. Seagram's Inferno perform in a repetition or revival of the race that was won last year by Mr. Dymen's Fort Hunter and that was worth to the winner a

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good round \$5000 or thereabouts. And Hamilton needed all that could come to it, for the enterprise of the jockey club of that place, thanks to the discordant atmospheric elements, had received but a poor return. The first half of the week marked the attendance, but not the sport, which all thru was of a most creditable order and with fair fields despite the superabundance of moisture. The absence of Canadian-bred events from the program was to be regretted, as it ignored the one great reason advanced for the existence of racing, the encouragement not of a horde of foreign-breds, but of Dominion owned and raised horses; but apart from that, the deserving of liberal patronage and but for the disagreeable nature of the weather would doubtless have had it, although I have heard the question discussed as to whether Hamilton would not do better if, instead of following hard after Toronto, the meeting were set to take place between the Fort Erie and Detroit gatherings, or even between Buffalo and Fort Erie. Three continuous weeks are a wee bit too much for this district and but for Toronto there would be no Hamilton—race meeting.

Notwithstanding that the foreigners in the conditions at Hamilton had somewhat the best of it, it is pleasant to be able to say that Canadian-owned horses won pretty well their fair share of events. But the wonder of it all is the rotation of winning that comes to the animals! Four creatures that were also victors in the previous year also ran in Toronto went to Hamilton and won romping, like Hyperion, twice a victor, The Elba, Monochord and one or two others. Of course, the different conditions are responsible for the results, and it is well that they are, for it shows how nicely climatic and other factors contribute to some sort of decent division of the spoils. And, talking in this strain, it is pleasant to be able to note that of \$34,770 won by the first ten owners on the winning list at the Woodbine, \$26,095 remained at home, going to N. Dymen, \$3880; J. E. Seagram, \$5410; Kirkfield Stable, \$3965; William Hendrie, \$1725; Robert Davies, \$1620; John Meagher, \$1425, while only \$5765 went abroad. M. J. Daly taking \$2135; W. L. Maupin, \$2610; E. S. Gardner \$1580, and A. Brown & Co., \$1440. While a certain portion of the money won by our own people was in races for provincial or Canadian breeds, not a little was landed in open events, as witness the victories of Tongorder in the Toronto and King Edward Cups and the success of Wire in over Claude and Elliott. As a matter of fact of 77 open races run at the Woodbine, including steeplechases, 31 were won by Canadian-owned horses, and this notwithstanding the advantages in early training and racing the visitors had. In the steeplechase Canadians easily had the best, winning 8 to 3.

I would impress upon those in search of a good horse for saddle and hunt purposes, or of a good brood-mare, or a horse that can race, or of a promising colt or filly, or of a stallion, not to forget the sale of Hendrie's horses that takes place at The Repository, Simcoe-street, on Tuesday morning next, starting at 11 o'clock. That excellent race horse and promising stallion, Gold Car, by imp. Goldfinch (son of O. monde and Thistle, dam of Common, 2000 Guineas, Derby and St. Leger winner) out of Carina, by Kingfisher (son of Lexington and imp. Eltham Lass) out of Camilla, by King Tom out of Agnes, by Pantaloon, is one of the 22 or 23 lots that are to be offered, while the others are all excellently bred, and the brood-mares, a really choice aggregation, are generally in foal to Martimas, winner of the Futurity, Harvey or Gold Car, winner of the Woodstock Plate. Gold Car's breeding is exceptional and so is that of several of the brood-mares. The horses will be on view at The Repository all day to-morrow and catalogues can be had on application the day before. Mr. Hendrie at Hamilton, I would advise early attendance of those content with plain buying, for Mr. Burns is a quick and sharp seller and, having to sell a hundred or more horses after Mr. Hendrie's lot, will naturally have to make time.

A capital meeting of the directors of the Open Air Horse Parade Association was held in the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday evening. President Noel Marshall being in the chair. Judges and marshals were nominated for the 41 classes, and it was announced that the full band of the 48th Highlanders had been engaged to play in the Queen's Park on the morning of Dominion Day, when the third annual parade and show will take place, the master being called for 9 o'clock. Last year judging commenced at 9.30, and at 10.30 the procession was starting to move. It is proposed that the same promptness and precision shall prevail this year. Meantime it is about time intending competitors began to prepare for the event, as entries close with the secretary at 56-1-2 East King-street (the Standard Fuel office) to-morrow week, the 19th inst. Entries are free and the classes are as follows:

- Horses in Harness.**  
1—Mare or gelding, under 15.2 hands.  
2—Mare or gelding, 15.2 hands and over.  
3—Pair of horses, mares or geldings, under 15.2 hands.  
4—Pair of horses, mares or geldings, 15.2 hands and over.

- 5—Harness Tandems, mares or geldings. The wheeler to be 15 hands or over.  
6—Four-in-hand, not under 15 hands.  
7—Trotter, mare or gelding, under 15.2 hands.  
8—Trotter, mare or gelding, 15.2 hands and over.  
9—Pair roadsters, mares or geldings.  
10—Pacer (mare or gelding) under 15.2 hands.  
11—Pacer (mare or gelding), 15.2 hands and over.  
12—Pony (mare or gelding) and outfit, 13.2 hands and under.  
13—Pony (mare or gelding) and outfit, over 13.2 hands and not exceeding 14.1 hands.  
**Saddle Horses.**  
14—Mare or gelding, 14.2 hands, and not exceeding 15.2 hands.  
15—Mare or gelding, over 15.2 hands.  
16—Pony under saddle, 13.2 hds. and under.  
17—Pony under saddle, over 13.2 hds. to 14.1 hds.  
18—Polo ponies under saddle.  
19—Boy or girl rider, 14 years of age and under. On pony.

- Special Classes.**  
20—Single horse, owned and driven by members of the learned professions.  
21—Mare or gelding, driven by lady.  
22—Pair of horses to Victoria, Cabriole, or Brougham.  
**Commercial Horses in Harness.**  
23—Four-in-hand heavy draught team.  
24—Three-horse team, driven abreast.  
25—Four-horse team, driven abreast.  
26—Pair of horses and outfit in use by express and delivery companies.  
27—Pair delivery horses and outfit. Open to all.  
28—Single heavy draught horse. To be shown before cart, lorry or wagon.  
29—Single heavy horse in use by coal companies.  
30—Single express and heavy delivery horse and outfit.  
31—Single delivery horse and outfit. Open to departmental, dry goods and clothing stores, hatters and furriers.  
32—Single horse and outfit. Open to bakers and confectioners.  
33—Single horse and outfit. Open to milk dealers.  
34—Single horse and outfit. Open to laundries.  
35—Single horse and outfit. Open to grocers.  
36—Single horse and outfit. Open to butchers.  
37—Single horse and outfit. Open to all trades not enumerated above.  
38—Single horse and outfit (decorated). Open to florists.  
39—Street Commissioner's Department. Pairs.  
40—Street Commissioner's Department. Singles.

41—Old horse class. Horses to be eligible in this class must be in active service, and must have been owned and used continuously by the person making the entry (or a member of his family) for not less than ten years prior to the entry.  
The prizes in from classes 1 to 22, inclusive, will be First prize—Gold medal and red roset; Second prize—Silver medal and blue roset; Third prize—Bronze medal and yellow roset; Fourth prize—white roset. In classes 23 to 41 in addition to the medals and ribbons \$1000 cash will be given to every driver who starts and finishes in the parade. Treasurer, Dr. W. A. Young, reports that he has received some generous subscriptions and everything points to a bumper parade, with probably \$2000 cash against some 300 last year. Everything is free, except the catalogues, for which to cover expenses of printing a charge of ten cents will be made. Last year it was found hard to give the catalogues away, people seemingly refusing to believe their good fortune in being offered one for nothing. The object of the association is purely philanthropic, being one of mercy to the beast, of good to man and generous, gratuitous and attractive entertainment for the public. Surely fortune is being devised for demonstration could be fitting device. Canada's national holiday, and surely nothing could more commend itself to the citizens.

With the exception of Domino, Hanover and Salvador, the Brooklyn Handicap winner, Delhi, is the largest \$100,000 or over money winner in three season's racing. Delhi now stands seventh on the list of large American money winners, he having to his credit a total of \$119,217 in stakes and purses. Of those in his lead he may never overtake Domino, with \$203,300 won; but \$23,245 more in winnings will be Kingstons record and \$5,500 more will put him in the lead of the other big winners which won't front his name. These are Sir Walter, Rowland, Hanover and Salvador. Following table gives Delhi's record by years up to and including his recent brilliant Brooklyn Handicap victory:

Year.	Age.	Firsts.	Secs.	Thirds.	Won.
1903	2	1	0	4	\$23,550
1904	3	1	5	2	79,667
1905	4	1	0	1	16,000

Delhi's eight winning races are up to that of any performer in American racing history, when the character of his victories is taken into consideration, as well as the weight he carried and the time scored. They are:  
The Hopeful stakes, six furlongs, 112 pounds up, in 1:13 1-5.  
Handicap, one mile, 107 pounds up, in 1:40.  
The Withers stake, one mile, 12 pounds up, in 1:40.  
The Belmont stakes, mile and a quarter, 126 pounds up, in 2:06 1/4.  
Handicap, one mile, 102 pounds up, in 1:37 3-5.  
The Great Republic, mile and a quarter, 119 pounds up, in 2:05 4-5.  
The Saratoga Derby, mile and five-sixteenths, 126 pounds up, in 2:13 2-5.  
The Brooklyn Handicap, mile and a quarter, 124 pounds up, in 2:06 2-5.  
Veva, Delhi's dam and dam of Mr. Seagram's Toronto Cup winner, Tagedian, has had two foals since the great Brooklyn Handicap winner was dropped. The bay filly Sahara, by Commando a 2-year-old now in training in the east, and a chestnut filly by St. Leonards, now yearling at Castletown stud. She was barren in 1902 and 1904. She was

# THE REPOSITORY

Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Streets, Toronto  
BURNS & SHEPPARD PROPRIETORS  
Established 1856.

CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS FOR EVERY STABLE REQUISITE.  
Auction Sales of Horses, Carriages, Harness, Etc., every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock. Private Sales every day.

**AUCTION SALE TUESDAY NEXT, June 13th AT 11 O'CLOCK**

## 120 HORSES

Consisting of  
**HEAVY MATCHED PAIRS GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES CARRIAGE HORSES**  
**HEAVY EXPRESS HORSES DELIVERY HORSES SADDLE HORSES**  
**DRIVERS AND WORKERS**  
Consigned by the following well-known shippers: Bert Weese, John Duncan, George Watson, W. B. Williamson, Thomas Williamson, H. Jifkins, W. McMillurray and several others.  
These horses have been specially selected by competent judges to meet the requirements of this market, and will be found to be an exceptionally fine lot. Among them is a handsome pair of bay geldings, 6 and 7 years, weighing 3000 pounds.  
A chestnut gelding, 6 years, sound and thoroughly reliable in all harness, and city broken.  
A chestnut gelding, 5 years, sound and thoroughly reliable in all harness, and city broken.  
Both the above have fine action, and either would make an ideal gentleman's driver.

### SPECIAL SALE OF TWENTY-FIVE THOROUGHBREDS TUESDAY, June 20th, AT 10 A.M.

By instructions from William Hendrie, Esq., Proprietor Valley Farm, Hamilton, we will sell a number of yearlings, 2-year-olds, 3-year-olds, brood mares, with foals at side and in foal; also several stallions.  
**THE COLTS ARE FROM SUCH WELL-KNOWN SIRE AS "HARVEY," "GOLD CAR," "MARTIMAS" and others.**  
**FULLER PARTICULARS WILL BE GIVEN IN NEXT SATURDAY'S PAPERS. CATALOGUE MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.**  
BURNS & SHEPPARD, Auctioneers and Proprietors.

bred back to Delhi's sire, Ben Brush, this spring.

Australia is said to have produced the fastest two-year-old colt in the world. His name is Charles Stuart. At a recent Australian Jockey Club meeting this youngster took up 90 pounds and, leading from start to finish, beat the famous race mare Gladstone a mile in the wonderfully fast time of 1:38, which is a new world's record for a 2-year-old. No 2-year-old in America has ever approached this time. Charles Stuart is by Wallace, a descendant of the celebrated Musket family. Australia has also another great young race horse in Emir, son of Wallace and Bonnie. At the Australian Jockey Club meeting he won the Autumn stakes, the Cumberland stakes and Australian Jockey Club plate.

John E. Madden announces his permanent retirement from the turf. He will sell his yearlings and all his horses in training at Sheepshead Bay on June 22 and 23. Madden says this is no "fake" retirement, and that he proposes to spend his time in looking after his breeding farm, leaving others to race the product thereof.

"Yankee Consul, the two-year-old son of Sempronius—Lady Inez, which won the last race at Gravesend Monday," says the New York Sun, "was the most heavily backed winner of the day. He is owned by a millionaire, who runs in the name of the Tippah Farms stable and is trained by J. W. May, who bought him several months ago in Kentucky for \$20,000. The colt has been here for some time, but it was not until Monday that he was actually ready to carry the checks. Nearly every plunger of note was on hand to play him, no matter what the price might be, and when Willie Shields scratched his invincible Oaklawn the race as far as the spectators of the head of Bishop DuMoulin's church escorted to our by one of the world's boss gamblers, while others devote hundreds of thousands of dollars unrighteously made, if tract comparison be drawn, to education and religion. Of their proceedings and of them bishops and priests have little to say, but a sport in which all can share and hundreds of thousands do share with manifest delight is anathema. And yet if the author of "Rescives, Divine, Political and Moral" spoke true the rich need more prayers than the poor, for his experience was that "it is rare to see a rich man religious; for religion preaches restraint and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom."

The Arabs maintain that they can tell beforehand by certain methods what will be a colt's stature and character when he becomes a horse. These methods vary in different localities, but those most generally adopted are the following: For the height, take a cord, and, passing it behind the ears and end of the neck, bring the two ends together on the upper lip just below the nostrils. Having established this measure, they apply it to the distance from the foot to the withers. It is an article of belief that the colt will grow as high as this last measurement outtops the withers.

In 1863 W. Dickinson addressed a letter to the Right Hon. J. E. Denison, in which he makes the following remarks on the French-draught horses: "I should have continued thinking there were no better cart horses in the world than the English; but in 1855 I went to the International Exhibition in Paris, where I had sent some show-bred cattle. There my attention was attracted to a class of horse I had never seen before. I was astonished, seeing them draw great long carts as long as the English wagons, loaded with immense blocks of stone, walking nimbly

betting and gambling, then it becomes very plain that our national life needs all the guardianship which the Church of God can devote to it."

In the first place our races in the spring cover 13 days, or less than two whole weeks, and not three weeks, as Bishop DuMoulin declares. In the next no running races have taken place in Windsor for some years. In the third instance, when the bishop says "Such scenes are prolonged as conducted as they dare not be on the American side" he either is drawing on his imagination for his comparison, or is slandering his country by stating what is delibately untrue. Moralists invariably weaken their case by exaggeration, but they will probably continue to do so to the delight of the wicked until the end of day. To say the least, it is not encouraging when so good a man as his lordship of Niagara is proven guilty of the offence. But the strangest thing of all is the silence of this good man and true, and of the majority of good men and true, on the evils of stock gambling. I would hardly like to say that they

Compound for sins they are inclined By damning those they have no mind to.

By damning those they have no mind to, but it certainly looks like it. There is probably more wretchedness and misery caused by stock gambling and speculating in futures in one week than there is by all the racing in a year. And men who scatter ruin and desolation around without heed as to who is hurt, and with a callousness that it is impossible to find on a race-course, parade in the public ken honored by the church and accounted beyond reproach. Recently Toronto was entertained with the spectacle of the head of Bishop DuMoulin's church escorted to our by one of the world's boss gamblers, while others devote hundreds of thousands of dollars unrighteously made, if tract comparison be drawn, to education and religion. Of their proceedings and of them bishops and priests have little to say, but a sport in which all can share and hundreds of thousands do share with manifest delight is anathema. And yet if the author of "Rescives, Divine, Political and Moral" spoke true the rich need more prayers than the poor, for his experience was that "it is rare to see a rich man religious; for religion preaches restraint and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom."

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away the whole day from building. These horses . . . so fat as our own favored steed to me to be doing work; also leaner, they were est scrutiny; the more I the more I admire, and Mr. Dickenston saw, similar Rouen doing equally good quays drawing "great k which they could not d mud more than a few y drag themselves almost I and I never saw one r again and a case of this breed tain a horse of this breed e more doing so in 1856. I never once regretted the h has been worked on my fa almost always with ma-e er had so good, quiet, ac erful a horse before. Th English cart-horse, for w 16 h. 2 in., and immense shew a dash of blood Arabian head, not small, character. . . . It is a the m-n that his colts w ing."

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### FIGHT TOO MUCH B

One Reason Why Russ Succeed.  
Tokio, June 10.—Gen. Li ported to be with his hughly engaged in inspection and direction of the purpose of strengthening his country's equipment, a deltiely expecting a Japanese. The Russian methods of nances in force are sarkly improved. The a disorder, owing to overfaithfulness to the textbe are still placed at a disad movements being anticipated a fashionable equipage, is grudge-d for the right

### EXPERT JUDGE

Classes to Be Held in District.  
Cornwall, June 10.—The of the Cornwall Farmers' n held on Monday, June 12, ure and of the Cornwall Warina, the following day, election of officers at Cornw S. Atwell and F. M. Logan Agricultural College will give lessons in stock judg ing places: June 13, R. S. Christie; June 14, J. H. Bartle; June 15, R. Hunter's, 19, J. Foster; Newington, Christie's, Winchester.

### The Straight De

Editor World: Below you copy of a resolution passed by L.O.L., 1549, which is requested to forward so as to influence which might be ex misleading and false statements returned to the results of Evans, provincial grand secret whereas, we, the members 1549 have learned that a st Mr. Votts during the recent Orange Guard Lodge of Briti Owen Soord to the effect that of the people of the Territor favor of the separate school. And, whereas, we know th be false and without justifi as only a very small percent of the system.  
Therefore, be it resolved, t assembled in regular lodge p protest against any such falg out from any source clai the feeling of this country. (Resolution passed without voice.)  
Medicine Hat, June 6, 1905

### Only \$9.00

To New York and return on Railroad, Excursion Friday, J ets good 15 days. Good on r leaving Suspension B and 7:15 a.m. 6:30. It is the time of year to visit Ne at Leigh Valley R.R. city pa a King-street east, for ticke particulars.

### Cheap Trips and

Cheap trips and tours by rail can be arranged at the Office, No. 51 King-st West, Weston, agent, where A ship tickets are also on sale. Thru tickets issued and berth service now in force to

OSITORY

BURNS & SHEPPARD PROPRIETORS

OR EVERY STABLE REQUISITE. Harness, Etc., every Tuesday and Friday

ON SALE NEXT, JUNE 13th

HORSES

HEAVY EXPRESS HORSES DELIVERY HORSES SADDLE HORSES

OWNERSHIP: Bert Weese, John Dunlop, Thomas Williamson, H. Jifkins, W.

selected by competent judges to meet will be found to be an exceptionally fine

and thoroughly reliable in all harness, and either would make an ideal gentle

TY-FIVE THOROUGHBREDS 20th, AT 10 A.M.

endrie, Esq., Proprietor Valley Farm, yearlings, 2-year-olds, 3-year-olds, brood

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In 1863 W. Dickenson addressed a letter to the Right Hon. J. E. Denison, in which he makes the following remarks

cheap trips and tours. Cheap trips and tours by lake, river or rail can be arranged at the Intercolonial

to New York and return on Lehigh Valley Railroad, Excursion Friday, June 16. Tickets

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away the whole day from the pit to the building. These horses... were not so fat as our own favorites, but they seemed to me to be doing twice the work; altho leaner, they bore the strictest scrutiny; the more I saw of them, the more I admired them. Later on Mr. Dickenson saw similar horses at Mr. Rouen doing equally good work on the quays drawing great loads of goods, which they could not draw thru the mud more than a few yards at once, drag themselves almost to the ground, and I never saw one refuse to draw again a horse of this breed, and succeeded in doing so in 1856. He says, "I have never once regretted the purchase. He has been worked on my farm ever since, almost always with me. I have never had so good, quiet, active and powerful a horse before. He is unlike our English cart horses, for with great size, 16 h. 2 in., and immense substance he shows a dash of blood. He has an Arabian head, not small, but of fine character. It is a saying among the men that his colts want no breaking."

Hulme Beaman, in "Twenty Years in the Near East," tells a curious anecdote of Servian methods of dealing with a jibbing horse. He was once driving with a peasant when the pony in the shafts stopped dead in a narrow way, and refused to budge. The driver, after exhausting every device he knew of, and breaking a stout whip-handle over its ribs, got down, and unharmed the pony. He then extracted the plugs from his pistol, and fired the powder charge under the animal's tail, which he raised for the purpose. "We had some difficulty in catching the pony, but there was no more jibbing; indeed, he would hardly let himself be taken out of the shafts at the end of the day."

A correspondent of The London Live Stock Journal refers to the death of high class horses as becoming more and more apparent. It is reported, he remarks, that one of the leading firms of London horse dealers was unable to supply three first-class carriage horses. They stated that "the supply of fine barouche horses seems almost exhausted." This, our correspondent considers, is owing to the difficulty experienced in breeding the showy 16-hand heavy horse, as well as the weight-carrying hunter of a similar height, and the risk of getting too many misfits, that deters breeders from studying this market. Still, he adds, it is a pity that the right class cannot be bred, seeing that no hling but an upstanding horse will do for a fashionable equipage, and no money is grudged for the right animal.

FIGHT TOO MUCH BY BOOK.

One Reason Why Russ Troops Don't Succeed.

Tokio, June 10.—Gen. Linevitch is reported to be with his headquarters at Paghwa busily engaged in the personal inspection and direction of his troops for the purpose of strengthening his line of defence along the Chanchun-Kirin line, evidently expecting a Japanese onset. The Russian methods of making reconnaissances in force are said to have remarkably improved. They have ceased to be disorderly, but owing to the Russian overfaithfulness to the textbook orders they are still placed at a disadvantage, their movements being anticipated by the Japanese, who prevent them from realizing results commensurate with the amount of sacrifice.

EXPERT JUDGING.

Classes to Be Held in the Cornwall District.

Corwall, June 10.—The annual meeting of the Cornwall Farmers' Institute will be held on Monday, June 12, at Cornwall Centre and of the Cornwall Institute at Warkia, the following day. Besides the election of officers at Cornwall Centre, H. S. Arkell and F. M. Logan of the Ontario Agricultural College will conduct classes in the judging of light and heavy horses, beef and dairy cattle and swine on the farm of James L. Graves, warden of the united counties. Prof. Grisdale and Prof. Gilbert of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, will speak at the evening meeting. At the Warkia meeting Prof. Gilbert and Grisdale and J. Esson of Curry Hill will be the speakers. Messrs. Arkell and Logan will give lessons in stock judging at the following places: June 13, R. R. Sangster's, Lanark; June 14, J. H. Barton's, Vankeek Hill; June 15, R. Hunter's, Maxwell; June 16, H. Foster's, Newington; June 20, D. Christie's, Winchester.

The Straight Deal.

Editor World: Below you will find a copy of a resolution passed by the members of L.O.L., 1549, which has been requested to forward so as to counteract any influence which might be exerted by such misleading and false statements as the one referred to in the resolution. W. McE. Evans, provincial grand secretary.

Whereas, we, the members of L.O.L. No. 1549 have learned that a statement by Mr. Potts during the recent session of the Orange Grand Lodge of British America, at Owen Sound to the effect that 75 per cent. of the people of the Territories were in favor of the separate school system.

And, whereas, we know this statement to be false and without justification in fact, as only a very small percentage is in favor of the system.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, being assembled in regular lodge session, hereby protest against any such false statements going out from any source claiming to know the feeling of this country.

Resolved, passed without a dissenting voice. Medicine Hat, June 6, 1905.

Only \$9.00 To New York and return on Lehigh Valley Railroad, Excursion Friday, June 16. Tickets good 15 days. Good on regular express

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HERALD DROPPED BILL TILL BY-ELECTIONS OVER

Government Will Not Go On With Autonomy Legislation While Campaign is on.

Ottawa, June 10.—(Special).—This has been a remarkable week in the house of commons. True, this session bids fair to go down into the political history of the country as unique in every respect, but one has to search the records diligently to find a parallel week to the one just ended. Take a glance at the events that have transpired. The whole of the country has its eyes fixed on London and North Oxford. There are being waged in those constituencies two of the fiercest by-election battles ever fought in the Dominion. There has been one issue before the electors of those constituencies—the attempted coercion of the new provinces in the matter of education. What has the government done to explain to the people the reason for this attempted outrage on provincial rights? What has it done to justify, in the house, the course it has adopted? Since the fight began the lid has been placed on the autonomy discussion. The government has been voting money, telling an expectant country all about Sir Fisher's estimates for his pet agricultural schemes, and allowing Sir Frederick Borden to take up the time by explaining some changes in the military policy. Thursday Sir Wilfrid summoned up sufficient courage to allow Mr. Borden to reply to Mr. Fitzpatrick. The flood gate of discussion was opened sufficiently wide for a brief spell, and the government promptly came to the aid of that such a clever diagnosis of the weakness of clause 16 would never do. It would have to be stopped, willy nilly, and stopped it was. It was thought that once the discussion had been resumed it would continue until the educational clause had been disposed of, but Sir Wilfrid, fearing the result of the showing up of the Liberal members, particularly from Ontario, and the west, and the west, administration which has not the courage to face in the open the attack on the very policy for which they, the aforesaid Liberal members, have taken their political lives in their hands.

The one day's discussion allowed to the autonomy bill was interesting, altho it took the trainees of the bill to the points of law involved. Mr. Borden expressed the opinion of the majority of the opposition members when he said the original and amended clauses were "bit of different routs, but arrived at precisely the same goal. Mr. Borden was particularly happy in his handling of the remarkable behavior of Clifford Sifton as minister. He showed plainly that it was not any amendment of the objectionable clause that brought the ex-minister of the interior back to the political fold. In a language of the man in the street, Clifford "bit of more than he could chew and the amended clause was brought in merely for the reason that Clifford thought he had been too hasty, and under the cover of the amended clause he sneaked back to the family roost. Mr. Sifton has not been in the house since Mr. Fitzpatrick made his statement in the beginning of May regarding the "twiddle" and "twiddledee." He is said to have the option of the chairmanship of the transcontinental commission, but Clifford is after higher honors. Perhaps the prediction of George Taylor in the house that within six months the member for Brandon would be the Canadian high commissioner in London is to be fulfilled. Whatever are the real facts of the case there is a certain halo of romantic mystery around the ex-minister and his future career.

They were evidently strangers to the buildings on the hill. Two French-Canadians, seeing the sights of the capital and taking in the town. About 11 o'clock they were standing outside the Telegraph office in the vicinity of the press room. The news of the proclamation of the independence of Norway had just been posted up by an obliging key puncher.

One of the men from the province of small farms and large churches stopped and spelled out the words of the brief dispatch. Just then one of the messengers came up and explained it. "They want one new job? Well, wonder who will get the job?" asked one of his companions. The other paused a moment, then he said, "I don't know. Who goes to get the job? I don't know. He must have ver been pull w Laurier."

His excellency the governor-general evidently determined that the dignified contents of the senate should be respected on the occasion of the royal assent to the bills on Thursday. He drove up to the house with all the necessary "fixes," and what with a guard of honor and a band playing "God Save the King," every attention was given to all the details of the show. The, it rained in torrents, and some of the spectacular features were therefore of necessity missing, but there was the flash of many uniforms and the glare of many instruments to lend color and life to the scene. Every little detail, so far as his excellency was concerned, was scrupulously adhered to. Earl Grey lifted his cocktail hat precisely at the right moment, and, altho no one expected him to understand the long rignarole mumbled by the clerk of the senate, Earl Grey gave everyone, especially the senators, the impression that there was nothing in the world that gave him greater pleasure (with the possible exception of a fishing trip up the Gattineau) than sitting on the throne and assenting to such and such a bill. Earl Grey is a diplomat in that he succeeded in pleasing everybody, and got off on the 4 o'clock train to Quebec.

It was bound to come. There is trouble ahead for A. A. Wright, the Liberal member for Renfrew, who was one of the Ontario Liberal members to follow his leader blindly and vote for the coercion of the provinces in educational matters. Mr. Wright was spellbound by the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid. Now the trouble is looming up large for one Wright. On the 11th inst. all the Orangemen of the Ottawa Valley are gathering at Renfrew, and they are after Mr. Wright. They want to know all about that vote on the autonomy bill. This is merely the forerunner of a great many cases of a similar nature that will come. The mind of the public is like that of an elephant. It has the faculty of remembering things for years. One of the

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., LIMITED

Reduced Prices

ON

115 Choice Rugs

On Monday morning we place on sale at greatly reduced prices a splendid assortment of European and Oriental rugs fit for the abodes of the prettiest and most particular of June brides, and therefore, of course, highly desirable for ordinary mortals as well.

The list includes beautiful Axminster rugs in a large variety of color effects and designs suitable for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, etc., and a number of Mirzapore and Calcutta hand-made rugs, in handsome colorings, adapted for use in any room.

Our reason for the cut prices is that we are overstocked in these particular lines and prefer taking an immediate loss to carrying them over the season. We give a partial list of sizes and prices.

Table listing Axminster Rugs with columns for size, regular price, and reduced price. Includes items like 12 only Axminster Rugs, size 10 ft. x 9 ft., regular \$30.00, reduced to \$25.00.

Table listing Mirzapore and Calcutta Rugs with columns for size, regular price, and reduced price. Includes items like 1 only Mirzapore Rug, 12'0" x 9'2", regular price \$28.50, reduced to \$25.00.

VERANDAH FURNITURE

Another carload of Verandah Chairs, Rockers, Settees, Lounges, etc., has just arrived, and they are now selling on our first floor at most attractive prices.

NOTE: During the summer months we close at 1 p.m. on Saturdays

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited 36-38 King St. West, Toronto.

FADS MAKE WOMEN'S LIVES

More Interesting and Keeps Dread Annual Away.

"There is nothing like a fad to make life interesting," said the girl with a collection of art posters to a writer in the Philadelphia Enquirer. "There was a time when people thought it silly to be a faddy, but show me the woman without a fad and I will show you the one who is the least interesting of her sex. Of course, I mean the girl with leisure. The girl who works in an office or the girl in a profession has no time or money for fads, as a rule, but the woman who has nothing to do but dress and see her friends, to go here and there, more to kill time than anything else, needs a fad. "There comes a time to every woman when she grows tired of people and herself. She is bored and begins to feel ill. Her physician may give her a tonic and order her out of town for a change. Perhaps she takes one of the many treatments for nerves, which enfeeble women more than they help them in the early stages, for the reason they keep the mind fixed on whatever ailment, real or imaginary, that afflicts. "Then the woman becomes the greatest of all bores, the woman whose health is the general topic of thought and conversation even at a dinner table. If her health is not discussed, the liberal cause would have been bright. As it is a nerve-racked administration is peering into the gloom watching the gathering storm clouds of defeat.

International S. S. Convention.

At the International Institute to be held in Toronto to June 20-23, just previous to the great convention, the topics to be discussed cover every phase of Sunday school work. Utilize and Direct the Activities," "How to make Missions Interesting," "Benevolence," "Temperance," "Song Development" and the needs of the beginners. The primary and junior are fully provided for and a model session in each department will be held. A course of lectures will be given by Edward P. St. John of New York on "Child Nature in the Sunday School." The sessions will be held in Knox Presbyterian and Bond-street Congregational Churches.

Quite Different.

Minsk, Western Russia, June 9.—The report that 100 persons were shot during rioting here Thursday on Cathedral Square between soldiers and Jews. The Jews used stones and revolvers and armed troops were summoned. One Jew was killed and 20 were wounded and a soldier was shot.

Strike is Ended.

S. Jamieson, secretary of the Marble-workers' Union—Wages Committee, announces that the employers have granted their demands in full and that the men will return to work on Monday.

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LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge-st., Toronto.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Ontario; W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College; Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto.

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

WHY IT IS SAFE

The CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION is one of the largest and strongest in Canada or the United States.

On Deposit Accounts Interest is Allowed at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, compounded half-yearly

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO STREET TORONTO

A SPASM OF ACTIVITY CLOSES WEEK ON WALL ST.

Principal Part of the Week Given Over to Dulness—Locals Develop Weak Spots.

World Office. Saturday Evening, June 10. The most striking feature on the Wall-street market during the week is perhaps the positive relapse into dulness.

As market interest, the two topics, viz., the Equitable Life matter and peace proposals, have served the round for the entire week.

The change in Wall-street methods becomes apparent with the publication of the amalgamated Copper statement.

The condition of the iron market is flat. The trade journals refer again this week to the position.

The market springs to more activity and buoyancy this morning, and almost the entire advance for the week was made during the two hours' session.

The local market has proved highly irregular during the week. The undertone of prices has at no time been firm.

balances as in former years. With this explanation it is thought that commercial investors will be as probable as usual and that no reaction in business is indicated.

The weak issues of late have been General Electric, Dominion Coal, Nova Scotia Steel, and the fall in each was heavy.

The five point dip in Dominion Coal was scarcely explained by the amount of stock that came on the market.

In the investment department a better enquiry is reported for the bank stocks. The directors of the Bank of Hamilton have decided to issue the balance of the authorized capital.

C. P. R. Earnings. For the week ending June 7, the earnings of the C.P.R. were \$972,000; same week last year, \$1,018,000; decrease \$46,000.

Head's Weekly Market Letter. New York, June 10.—The week in the stock market has been most unsatisfactory and prices have made little progress in either direction.

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From \$50.00 to \$50,000.00 in 7 Years EACH DOLLAR OF ORIGINAL CAPITAL HAS BECOME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

You are invited to invest in a company which has already accomplished the above marvelous record.

JOHNSTON'S LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO Capital \$200,000 in Shares of \$1 each. \$50,000 7 Per Cent. Cumulative Preference. \$150,000 Common.

We now offer the entire \$50,000 preferred stock for public subscription at par, \$1 per share A Bonus of 1 Share of Common with each Share of Preferred will be given until June 10th, 1905, after which date the Bonus will be reduced or withdrawn

"One good investment is worth a life-time of labor." "When you see a good opportunity to invest do it quickly. The fellow who waits either loses the chance altogether or pays a premium to the chap who thinks and acts quickly."

\$1 invested in Air-Brake stock a few years ago is today worth \$240. \$1 invested in Bell Telephone stock when it was lowest is now worth over \$1,000.

At the beginning of May, 1898, I went into business without experience and with a CAPITAL of \$50.00. At the end of one month I was making money, and have kept on doing so ever since.

TALKING MACHINES, RECORDS, and ACCESSORIES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description. Besides handling all reliable talking machines, the Company controls the WESTERN HEMISPHERE for the best high-grade telephone in the world.

The profits on machines sold for cash run from 100 per cent to 110 per cent, and when sold on the easy payment plan from 100 per cent to 150 per cent.

What our business policy has done for us you can infer from the fact that last Christmas week our business in the Talking Machine department amounted to almost \$4,000.

That's how many we already have on our books. They all need records, and they know that they can get better value from us than from any other concern in Canada.

Mr. Johnston says: "My Talking Machine business is running away from me. For some time I have not been able to get goods fast enough to supply the demand."

7 PER CENT. GUARANTEED The stock being offered to the public is preferred, bearing a guarantee of 7 PER CENT.

Remember, only until June 10, 1905, can you secure one share of common with one of preferred.

TAKE THE SAGE'S ADVICE—ACT QUICK.

OUR REFERENCES: Any newspaper printed in Canada from Halifax to Victoria; Dun or Bradstreet's Commercial Agencies; The Canadian or The Dominion Express Co.

For full particulars, application forms, prospectus, etc., apply

MELVILLE & COMPANY, Confederation Life Building

major of these hitherto disturbing factors there was little in the present situation to discourage bullish operations.

Imperial, 2 @ 235 150 @ 148 1/2 155 @ 55 25 @ 140 1/2 75 @ 57 1/2

Toronto Stocks. June 10. Ask Bid. Ask Bid. Ontario 132 130 132 130

New York Stocks. The following table shows values today on the New York Stock Exchange, as compared with those of a week previous.

American Sugar 152 1/2 133 48 1/2 American Locomotive 46 1/2 81 1/2 Amalgamated Copper 83 1/2 81 1/2

People's Gas 101 101 1/2 Reading 95 1/2 95 1/2 Southern Railway common 29 1/2 32 1/2

House Surgeon Honored. Dr. E. R. Cullen of the Toronto General Hospital house staff has been appointed fellow in pathology at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Japan's rapid advance seems to be as great on dramatic as on the constructive side.

TOPICS TH IN

A recent and successful London theatrical "paissance," a three-act comedy, translated from Miss Alice Greenen.

Next autumn Hall Caine's production of "The Prince" will be produced at Drury Lane.

In this connection it is interesting to note the weekly salaries of great actors and actresses.

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Public ownership is widely, where the municipalities have been much affected.

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in 7 Years HAS BECOME

LIMITED

7 Per Cent. Cumulative

Subscription at par, \$1 per share

who waits either loses the chance at

Light Stock, once offered for \$100,

PERCENTS of every description.

and when sold on the easy

and they know that they can get

from me. For some time I have not

QUICK.

YATES & RITCHIE

STOCK BROKERS,

Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Cotton

Direct private wires to principal exchanges.

TORONTO BRANCH—South-East corner

FOR SALE

Sun and Hastings Loan

Colonial Loan and Investment Co.

A. L. WISNER & CO., Bankers and Brokers.

OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY, Manager.

People's Gas 101 101 1/2

TOPICS THAT ARE DISCUSSED IN THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE

A recent and successful production of the London theatrical season is "Renaissance," a three-act romantic comedy, translated from the German by Miss Alice Green.

Next autumn Hall Caine's melodramatic version of "The Prodigal Son" will be produced at Drury Lane, George Alexander playing the hero.

In this connection it is interesting to note the weekly salaries of some of the great actors and actresses of recent times:

Dan Leno.....\$2500 Ristori.....\$1500

Japan's rapid advance in civilization seems to be as great on the literary and dramatic as on the material and des

Lord Dalmeny, son and heir of the Earl of Rosebery, has always shown a marked fondness for football and cricket

Public ownership is well advanced in Italy, where the municipality is modelled very much after French lines.

House Surgeon Honored. Dr. E. R. Cullen of the Toronto General Hospital house staff has been appointed fellow in pathology at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

ties is the procuring of money, which is scarce, while the rate of interest is high. Loans are restricted so that the interest payable must not exceed one-fifth of the ordinary receipts.

For a number of years cases have been continually cropping up of an extreme swindling game, in which a "Spanish prisoner" played the leading part. The method of procedure was always the same, tho the details were varied to suit the special circumstances.

Rumors have been rife of late regarding a rapprochement between the Pope and the Italian government and numerous articles and pamphlets have appeared in Italy on the subject.

Among the more moderate and practical schemes for the promotion of the temperance movement in Britain is the Central Public House Trust Association, established by Earl Grey in 1901.

At another drawing-room meeting of the Semi-Teetotal Pledge Association, of which Earl Roberts is president, had its innings. This society aims at combating the practices of "nipping" between meals and "standing drinks."

Major John M. Carson, who has been selected to succeed J. Hampton Moore as chief of the bureau of manufactures in the department of commerce and labor, is the dean of the Washington corps of correspondents.

city could do immense good by the example they set, and his brother generals hardly realized how much they could do until they put themselves to the torture of appearing on a platform as he was doing.

Some time ago the British government offered the Zionist Congress a large tract of land in East Africa for the purpose of a Jewish settlement.

Mr. Duffy's Proud Nose. The late Mr. Duffy of Keene, N. H. was as well known for his wit as for his many many virtues, among which was that of lifelong total abstinence from intoxicants.

A Question of Fact. A certain New York judge has a little niece of whom he is very proud. A few days ago she came to him and said, with a very serious air:

Breaking His Rest. Albert J. Elias had occasion about ten days after one of the severe breaks in the market to call for additional margins upon some of his customers.

Romeo's Dream. (An Old Favorite.) If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

Dean of Correspondents. Major John M. Carson, who has been selected to succeed J. Hampton Moore as chief of the bureau of manufactures in the department of commerce and labor, is the dean of the Washington corps of correspondents.

A Lefty Thought. Mere money is nothing but dross, so I hold, And boasting no permanent worth; In fact I am right in remarking that gold But freckles the face of the earth.

PEN PARALYSIS SPREADING.

Government Officials Hope to Have Stamped Signatures Legalized.

Pen paralysis, or, at least, partial inability to write, is spreading among government officials in Washington, and congress and the haughty auditors soon will be asked to adopt some means whereby the heads of departments and bureaus shall not be required to attach their signatures to an immense volume of routine mail that is handled daily.

WAGERS ON THE WAR.

Some extraordinary bets have been made on the Japanese-Russian war. A number of Japanese officers have bet that they would be killed in battle.

PERSONALS.

D. M. Parry has resigned and C. W. Post has been elected to the presidency of the National Citizens' Industrial Association of America.

Points From Paragraphs. New York Sun: Sad straits for Russia, the Russian straits.

Country's Last Hope. Capt. Hugh Riley of Company M First Maryland Regiment, and the fairest man in the Maryland National Guard, tells a capital story on himself.

MISS BLAIR IN EAST LYNNE.

Talented Actress to Be Seen in Mrs. Henry Wood's Popular Story at the Grand Next Week.

Eugenie Blair will be seen in the dual role of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in the famous play of "East Lynne" during the third week of her special engagement at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday evening.

SPARKS COST OHIO \$2,000,000 A YEAR.

Columbus.—More than one-third of Ohio's loss of wealth by fire is from flying sparks, 2142 buildings having been ignited by them in 1904. The loss by these fires was \$2,000,000.

BARS WEDDING REHEARSALS.

Baltimore Pastor Thinks They Tend to Make Rite Less Sacred. Baltimore.—Reading the marriage service for rehearsing parties is what Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, pastor of the Park Place Strawbridge Methodist Episcopal church, absolutely refuses to do.

BUBBLES.

One of the high rollers—thunder. Blue points—one's reasons for being so. The performing leopard earns spot cash.

THE WALKING DELEGATE RIDES OVER OTHERS IN LOOKING OUT FOR HIS OWN "SIT" POSITION.

As to their names, the Russian generals are seldom men of pronounced success. It wouldn't do for the women's hair-dresser to be afraid of "rats."

THE POLICIA IS ALL VERY WELL WHEN IT IS AS FAR REMOVED AS THE POLES.

A good foot rule is this: "Be careful not to put your foot in it." "Two rights do not make a wrong," they say, but what about your shoes? She loved a perfumery dealer.

ONLY MADE HER EXCLAIM: "I'LL BE TRUE, DEAR, THO YOU HAVEN'T A SCENT IN THE WORLD!"

COUNTRY'S LAST HOPE.

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### INDEMNITY NOT SO BAD AS LOSS OF TERRITORY

#### London Views Japanese Demand as Being Proper, Tho Amount May Be Excessive.

London, June 10.—Diplomatic circles in London are closely concerned about the present movement, and are of the opinion that the plenipotentiaries will meet in Washington, Baron Rosen probably representing Russia. It is also understood that Russia now admits in principle that the demand for an indemnity is justified. It is suggested that the terms of Japan will probably include the acknowledgement of a Japanese protectorate over Korea, the total Russian evacuation of Manchuria, the handing over of Russian interests on the Liaoting Peninsula and at Port Arthur to Japan, and the cession of the railroad from Port Arthur to Harbin. The question of the Island of Sakhalin will also be raised.

#### Amount of Indemnity.

It is thought that the amount of the indemnity which will be demanded by Japan will depend in some measure on other conditions. If these are considered to be such as will ensure a durable peace, the indemnity will be less than it otherwise would. It is considered here that Japan is entitled to an indemnity, and it is pointed out that while the payment of an indemnity might affect the standing of Russia among the powers, it is not so serious as the loss of territory, besides the payment of an indemnity would be forgotten sooner than the loss of territory, and would leave no feeling for revenge.

#### Cost to Japan.

Financial circles in London are of the opinion that the Japanese will demand an indemnity amounting to about \$1,000,000,000, that being their estimate of the cost to the Japanese of the sixteen months' fighting. This is considered in some quarters to be too large an estimate of the expenditure, which is thought to be nearer \$600,000,000.

### SURPRISED REBEL CAMP.

#### U. S. Troops Kill Palajane Chief and 40 of His Men.

Washington, June 10.—The military secretary has received the following cablegram from Gen. Corbin, dated Manila, today: "Brigadier-General William H. Carter reports Capt. Cromwell Stacey with 90 men, Company E, 21st Infantry, and 28th Company Philippine Scouts, surprised main camp of Palajanes, June 4, 15 miles southeast of Catubig, Daguhob, Palajane chief, and forty Palajanes killed, six captured. "Arms and valuable records also captured. None killed on our side; two wounded, doing well. Daguhob's death goes away with the most troublesome fanatic in the Island of Samar. Operations being carried on in support of and in conjunction with civil authorities."

### BRITAIN, U. S. AND JAPAN.

#### Triple Alliance That Will Some Day Dominate Universe.

The weekly letter of Henry Clews, the New York banker, concludes: "With such an ally as England, with such a natural ally as the United States, any combination of European nations against Japan would be so openly suicidal as to hardly merit consideration. Sooner or later Japan will, I believe, adopt the English language and the Christian religion, and the then three English-speaking countries—United States, Great Britain and Japan—will constitute a triple alliance powerful enough to dominate and hold in subjection the balance of the world, and that will mean permanent peace—after which the millennium, with The Hague Tribunal the basis of settlement of all disputes."

"Your Credit is Good at Morrison's."

### The New Idea

Never was the ability to dress well so easy of access to the public as it is today. The man on a small salary may wear good clothes and always look smart. The greatest help to a high salary is a dressy appearance. Don't take my word for it. Just keep your eyes open and see for yourself.

### Morrison's Credit Plan

enables the ambitious to procure the smartest clothing for from 50c to \$1.00 a week. This week the prices are cut to the quick. Regular \$14, \$15, \$16 and \$18 suits are selling at..... **13.50** Regular \$20, \$22 and \$25.00 suits..... **9.50**

**D. MORRISON "The Credit Man"**  
322 1/2-324 Queen West  
Phone Main 467—Open Evenings.

### IGNORE THE OLD SERVANTS.

#### Complaint About Subscription to Superannuation Fund.

Barrie, June 10.—(Special.)—The consideration of reports engaged the attention of the Methodist Conference here all day. Rev. George Washington reported that there were seven pro-bationers and seven candidates seeking admission to the ministry. Several clergymen on the board of examiners having been transferred out of the conference, Rev. Dr. Baker, Rev. C. W. Watch and Rev. Isaac Couch were appointed to the vacancies. Rev. Dr. Parker was elected chairman, and Mr. Washington secretary. Out of \$12,193 received for the general conference fund over ten thousand dollars has been disbursed, according to the report of Rev. Dr. Griffin, who gave a history of the fund since its inception. The receipts of the church and parsonage fund were \$773, out of which \$765 had been retained, \$400 was devoted to missionary work, while general expenses amounted to \$200, leaving \$156 on hand.

Dr. Griffin, referring to the superannuation fund, complained that laymen rarely, if ever, subscribed to it and the willing to assist in the education of the young men, they ignored the old ones.

J. C. Miller of Owen Sound expressed the opinion that if the public knew that ministers subscribed to this fund, like paying insurance on their lives, the response would be more liberal. Many ministers could not afford to pay insurance premiums owing to small salaries and there was a screw loose.

Dr. W. D. Watson's report recommending the use of individual communion cups was objected to by several clergymen who claimed that the spirit of fellowship would be lost. Dr. Watson, Dr. Clowse and others supported the report from a sanitary standpoint. Rev. Dr. Baker, Ambrise Kent and Rev. Dr. Campbell embraced the question should be decided by general conference next year. Their objections were overruled, and the report carried.

The suggestions that the superannuation assessment should be included in each quarterly board's appropriation, passed without opposition.

### FROM DIZZINESS TO DEATH.

#### Mrs. Nelson Giles Succumbs Suddenly in Belleville Pharmacy.

Belleville, June 10.—(Special.)—Hale and hearty, Mrs. Nelson Giles, aged 65, wife of a wealthy farmer near this place, walked into Waters' drug store to buy a simple remedy for a slight dizziness and which had seized her while marketing. The clerk of the store went behind the prescription counter to bring her the medicine she had ordered, and was startled to hear a heavy fall.

He found Mrs. Giles stretched out face foremost on the floor. She was dead when he reached her side. Heart failure was the cause of her demise.

The Giles family reside a few miles from this city and are in particularly good circumstances. The husband and daughter, who accompanied the woman to the city today, are heart broken.

### LOW PLATFORMS SPOIL MUSIC.

#### City Bands Are at Disadvantage and Public Cannot Hear.

"The city band concerts are simply money thrown away as far as satisfactory results are concerned, owing to the ground (or two foot) level of the bandstand," said a prominent musician yesterday. "The public cannot hear—except those who crush around the bandstand—and the unruly mob of boys generally cause that part to become unbearable, while at the same time it is a serious annoyance to the bandmen."

Bandmaster Waldron of the Grenadiers says: "Raise the platform to about 5 ft. 6 in. or 6 ft. from the ground and I will guarantee the music will be heard in all parts of the gardens. A platform such as we use in our armories concerts about 5 ft. from the floor, with three terraced rows of seats, is what is really required.

"This suggestion if carried into effect will be found to answer all purposes and the cost would be comparatively trifling."

Complaints have been made to the civic authorities, but so far no attention seems to have been paid.

### TEN YEARS FOR BIGELOW.

#### Defaulting President of Milwaukee Bank Is Sentenced.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 10.—Frank G. Bigelow, defaulting president of the First National Bank of Milwaukee, was sentenced in the federal court this afternoon to ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary, Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

Bigelow pleaded guilty to an indictment of ten counts returned to the federal grand jury charging violations of the National Bank law and was sentenced by U. S. District Judge Quarles to a concurrent sentence of 10 years dating from to-day.

### NOT UNTIL MONDAY.

Premier Whitney on Saturday said that no announcement would be made as to the successor of N. W. Rowell as solicitor for the Consolidated 800 industries until to-morrow.

#### For the Benefit of Distillers.

Ottawa, June 10.—The Inland Revenue Act is being amended this session to permit of distillers buying malt where they wish, instead of being, as at present, under the necessity of manufacturing it on their own premises.

### TOO MUCH RAIN LAST WEEK THO NOT ENOUGH TO ALARM

#### Still Western Farmers Would Prefer Spell of Warm Dry Weather for Wheat Crops.

Windsor, June 10.—(Special.)—Plentiful rains during the past few days have served to emphasize the need for fine weather and hot sunshine for the western crops. Although there is no present need for alarm, farmers who remember the alternate wet and heat of last summer and the consequent rust epidemic will be quite contented to see few weeks with very little precipitation and with high temperatures prevailing.

But the past week has undoubtedly helped to develop a wonderfully strong growth that perhaps surpasses any previous record in the west. While this is most apparent in more forward spring wheat crops, coarse grains of every description generally show excellent promise and the various grasses promise well for hay crop. Farmers have made good progress, too, with their root crops. Although the season has been wet for potatoes, no material damage has been done up to the present.

These promising conditions generally obtain throughout Manitoba and in Assiniboia, as far west as Moosejaw and north to Prince Albert. In ranching districts of Alberta and Western Assiniboia conditions are perfectly satisfactory, with cattle doing well on the ranges owing to excellent pastures, and lambs are making weight rapidly.

Fall wheat also promises extremely well in this favored district, turkey red variety especially being very forward and prolific.

### RIVER RISES 7 FEET IN 3 HOURS.

#### Mississippi Rises Six Feet and Whole Valley Is in Flood.

Keokuk, Iowa, June 10.—The Des Moines River here rose seven feet in three hours today and is still rising fast. There is an almost equally remarkable flood in the Mississippi here. The levee protecting the Town of Alexandria, Mo., has been broken and water has started thru the town. Never before has the Des Moines River made such a tremendous jump. The great volume of water from the Des Moines joining the flood in the Mississippi will sweep all lowlands in Illinois and Missouri from Keokuk to Hannibal. The Mississippi River today showed a rise of six feet, breaking all records here. The government locks are flooded and the dam's line has been passed by over two feet. Two terrific rainstorms during the night caused all creeks to become raging torrents.

The Mississippi, like the Des Moines, is still rising at a rapid rate, with prospects of much damage. All railroad trains are delayed on account of wash-outs.

### DR. OSLER'S SUCCESSOR BANQUETED



#### DR. L. H. BARKER OF BALTIMORE.

Dr. L. F. Barker, who succeeds Dr. Wm. Osler in the Chair of Medicine in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, was banqueted at the King Edward Hotel on Saturday afternoon by the members of his graduating class in Toronto University.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams presided, and Dr. A. W. Maybury, of Spadina Avenue, was vice-chairman. Among those present as a guest was Dr. Thomas Cullen, another Canadian who has won honors in the United States, being at present professor of obstetrics in Johns Hopkins University. The Toronto physicians present who graduated with Prof. Barker in 1890 were Drs. A. R. Gordon, C. L. Starr, W. F. Bryans, R. T. Shiell, W. L. Bond, Herbert Adams and A. W. Maybury.

Dr. Barker, who on Friday received the honorary degree of M.D. from his alma mater is still within the golden age described by his famous Canadian predecessor, Dr. Osler, "those 15 golden years of plenty between the ages of 25 and 40 in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good." He has held professorial chairs in Chicago University, Rush Medical College previous to his present professorship in medicine in Johns Hopkins and is easily one of the foremost physicians of America and one of whom whom science can look for many triumphs in the near future. His confrere Dr. Thos. Cullen, an old Toronto boy, has also won distinction in medical literature as a professor in Johns Hopkins.

It was decided to hold a meeting next year of the class of 1890.

### PRINTERS TO HAVE A CLUB.

#### Have Secured Charter—List of New Companies.

The Ontario Gazette contains notice of the incorporation of the Ice Island Shooting Company, Limited, including W. M. Wallace, W. F. Ponsall, William Worthington, and W. A. Nisbet, of Toronto, to acquire certain St. Lawrence River Islands in Leeds county. The Printers' Club, Limited, of Toronto are granted a charter for a club for the purpose of "promoting social, intellectual entertainments, to provide club rooms and gymnasium, and to provide the members with the usual privileges, advantages, conveniences, and accommodations of a club." The incorporators are Robert Kerr, Arthur Mitchell, F. A. Cowan, S. A. Richards, John Coulter, J. J. Booth, and J. A. Jones, all of Toronto, and all printers.

The business of William Rennie, the Toronto seed man, is organized into a stock company, under the title of the William Rennie Seed Company, Limited.

The Temagami Navigation Company, Limited, will carry on a general navigation business.

A. L. Eastmure, F. J. Lightbourne, the well-known insurance men, together with Mrs. Eastmure and Mrs. Lightbourne, are incorporated as Eastmure and Lightbourne, Limited, with a capital stock of \$100,000, to carry on the partnership business. The following companies were incorporated, Carter, Powell, Land and Lumber Company, Limited, by Frederick Reilly, Wm. Pinkerton, J. B. Bartram, A. P. Clute, H. M. Murton; all of Toronto, for lumber business; \$50,000.

Toronto Construction Co., by S. S. Deeks, and A. B. Cook, of Toronto, Wm. Winters of Spokane, Washington; H. H. Boomer, and T. R. Hinds, of Butte, Montana, for railway, wharf and other construction work; \$200,000 capital.

The Bryan Manufacturing Company, Limited, Collingwood, for a general wood manufacturing business; \$150,000 stock. Manning Wood Fiber Co. of Gravenhurst, excelsior packing; capital \$100,000. The Chatham Steam Heating Company, Limited; capital \$40,000. Doolittle and Wilcox, Limited, Hamilton, for quarrying; capital, \$100,000.

Port Rowan Natural Gas Co., Limited, \$40,000 stock. The Puritan Knitting Mills, Limited, of Toronto, capital \$40,000. The Britannia Paper Co. Ltd., of St. Catharines, capital, \$200,000.

The following American companies have been licensed: The Canada Shoe Co. the Seal Bedding Co., Macdonald Engineering Co., New York Oil Co., Crescent Oil and Gas Co., Ideal Manufacturing Co., of Michigan, United States and Canada Land Co.

#### The Difference.

Mr. Eubedee: "Yes, I've changed a good deal since then, Mrs. Jones."  
Mrs. Jones: "And for the better, I trust."  
Mr. Eubedee: "They used to call me a wild youth, you remember; but now—"  
Mrs. Jones: "Now?"  
Mr. Eubedee: "Now they call me an old reprobate."

#### Business Is Business.

"Dr. Bronson, your bill actually makes by blood boil."  
"Then, madam, I must charge you fifteen dollars more for sterilizing your system."

### EMERSON AS CHAIRMAN PUGSLEY FOR PORTFOLIO

#### Rumored at Ottawa That Present Minister of Railways is to Succeed Late Mr. Wade.

Ottawa, June 10.—(Special.)—There is a report circulating round the lobbies this morning that the government has decided on a man to fill the vacant chairmanship of the Transcontinental Railway Commission. This man is no less a person than Hon. Mr. Emerson, the present minister of railways. Mr. Emerson's successor as a cabinet minister is said to be Mr. Pugsley, the present attorney-general of New Brunswick. There appears to be very good ground for accepting the report as authoritative. Mr. Emerson, while a much liked man personally, has not been the success as a minister that was expected by his political friends. His attendance in the house is irregular and in many ways as a minister holding an important portfolio his cabinet career has not been entirely satisfactory. Day after day questions regarding the railway policy of the government come up and there is no minister on hand to reply.

Mr. Pugsley has long been looking higher than the attorney-generalship of his province. He was one of the guests of honor at the elaborate banquet given by David Russell at his hotel at Caledonia Springs some time ago, and even then hints were thrown out that Pugsley was a man who would stand a very good show when the right chance came. It is expected that the appointment of Mr. Emerson will take place as soon as the session is over, and Mr. Pugsley will also be taken into the cabinet at the same time. The new minister will seek election in Mr. Emerson's old seat.

The report bears many of the hallmarks of truth, as the chairman of the commission, by the natural order of things, must come from the maritime province.

### ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.

Saturday closed a week which, in point of unseasonable weather, may not be said to constitute a record. On the strawberry situation the immediate effect cannot be said to have been such as to cheer the hearts of the growers and commission men. But hope that indispensable adjunct to the fruit growers as to others holds out bright visions for this week. Beyond the unwelcome delay no serious loss is reported from the Niagara district. Mr. Mulholland of the Fruit Distributors Co. has just returned from a trip to the Niagara district. Mr. Mulholland is enthusiastic regarding the outlook. "From what I have myself seen and the reports gathered from our correspondents at every important centre I am convinced," said he to The World on Saturday, "that the season of 1905 will be one of great prosperity in strawberries and other small fruits. Plums and all other fruits look well. I am much pleased with the outlook. The first shipment of Canadian grown berries arrived on the market yesterday. They were consigned to Clemes Bros., and consisted of some 24 baskets. Mr. Clemes stated that the fruit was of fair size and flavor. The statement submitted by W. H. Bunting, president Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, regarding the prospects will be found interesting.

#### Yonge Street Arcade Restaurant and Lunch Counter now open. Regular Dinner in Dining Room 35 cents, other meals a la carte.

#### She Needed a Rest.

Mr. T. Decuss: "Your daughter who has just left the room scarcely replied when I addressed her? Is she reserved?"  
Mrs. Fondman: "I think not, but I have an idea that she's retiring!"

### MARRIAGES.

ENTWISLE-FINCH—At 23 Howard-street, on June 10, by Rev. J. Wilson, Thomas A. Entwisle to Louise Finch, both of Toronto.

MOORE-REYNOLDS—In St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 7, by the Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Canon Welch, Marie Louise, only surviving daughter of the late William Reynolds, to William Elliott Moore, son of the late Dr. William Moore and grandson of R. T. Williams.

### DEATHS.

BISPHAM—Amelia Maria Craig, beloved wife of Simon Bispham, died June 10th, 9 a.m., at her sister's residence, 685 Dovercourt-road.

Funeral to St. James' Cemetery, Monday, at 2.30. Richmond papers please copy.

CLEMETT—At St. Michael's Hospital, on June 10th, Agnes, the beloved wife of James Clemett.

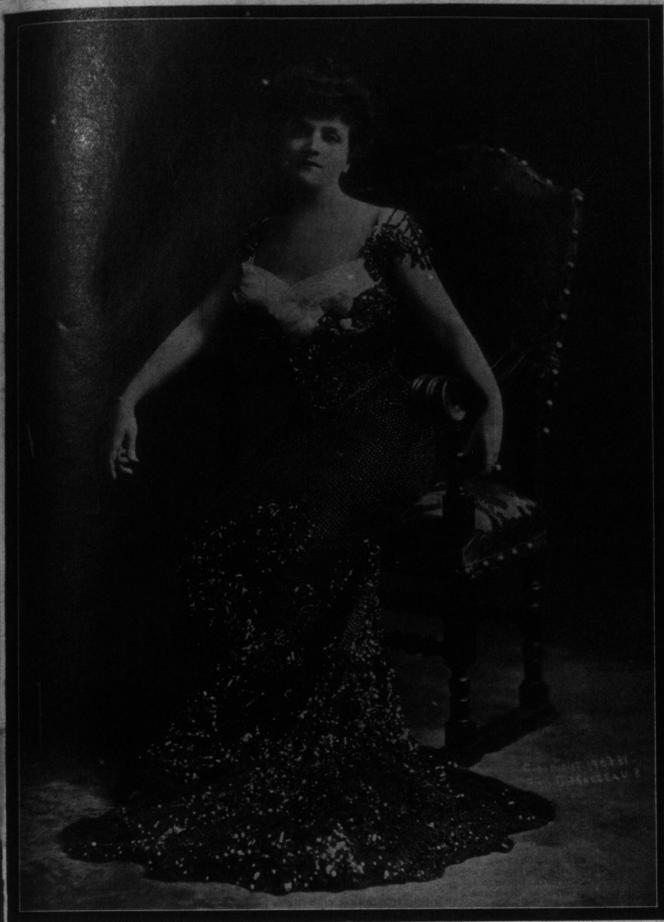
Funeral will take place from the late residence, 65 Dagmar-avenue, on Monday, at 2 p.m., to Norway Cemetery.

HARRIS—At her son's home, Buffalo, June 9, Janet Harris, wife of the late James Harris, Omagh, Trafalgar.

Funeral from Burlington 11 o'clock Monday, to Lowville, Ont.

### SUNDAY WEATHER.

Showery at first, then clearing, with westerly winds, is the weather-man's promise for to-day.



MRS. EDITH KINGDON GOULD, WIFE OF MR. GEORGE JAY GOULD, NEW YORK MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

horsemanship is an essential part of the Gould boy's education. Many American estimates have been made from time to time of George Gould's wealth. Few have placed it below \$50,000,000, and some have gone as high as \$80,000,000. Edith Kingdon was a

lucky girl, doubly so because she has won perfect happiness with her sensible multi-millionaire husband. The Governor-General's Body Guard of Toronto, an exceptionally fine body

measure all that is meant by such an institution in the intellectual life of a large city. With the new quarters and broader scope it offers exceptional advantages for the student of all branches of art, painting, sculpture, illustrating, designing, and it is the most-visited

railway—conveying visitors direct from the city and the central depot thru the finest business and residence districts of the city to its classic entrance. Reginald Cox, a Buffalo artist of international reputation, says of the new gallery:

position. The architect, Morris Lewis & Wickes (Buffalo men), have produced a classic building, following the Beaux order. It is longer than it is deep, with projections at each of the four corners. On the lake front the entrance is reached up a broad flight of steps. A prominent



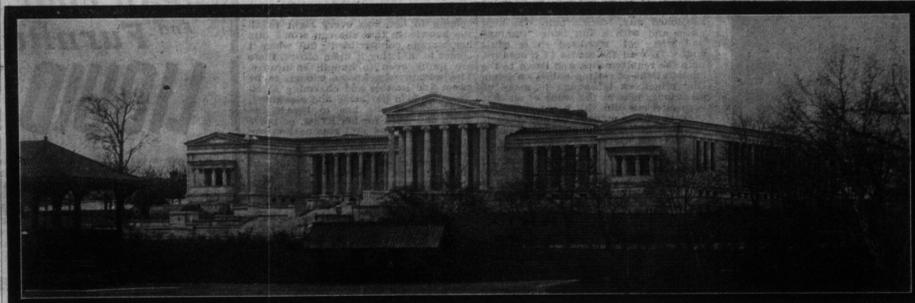
W. J. Cameron, J. Winfield, F. E. Winfield, J. Witchall, W. Shlach, Miss Burger, Wm. Pappal, Miss Macquodale, G. T. Pappal, Miss E. Marrieh, H. MacFarlan, W. A. Clarke, W. W. Dunlop, Wm. Pappal, Miss E. Witchall, Mrs. G. T. Pappal, W. A. Allen, Mr. Hitchins, Mr. Macquodale, H. O. Morris, Miss A. Witchall, Miss Edna Jolliffe, and Miss J. Jolliffe, Mrs. W. W. Dunlop, Miss M. Mason.

THE FIRST "TEA" OF THE SEASON AT THE RUSHOLME TENNIS CLUB.

## The Pictorial Side

MRS. Edith Kingdon Gould, happy wife of one of the richest men in the world, and proud mother of a promising family, is as beautiful in the full story of matronhood as when she came to Toronto a miss of 12 or 15 years to visit her aunt, Mrs. Brunell and Miss Carter. Then she gave promise of the rare beauty which has since made her conspicuous in New York society, and those Torontonians who remember the pretty child will find in the accompanying portrait, which is printed by The World, with Mrs. Gould's gracious consent, merely the difference between the blushing rosebud and the full-blown American Beauty. There is a widespread belief that Mrs. Gould is a native of Toronto. Such is not the case. In response to an enquiry by The World came this friendly response: "Mrs. Gould regrets that unfortunately for her she was not born in Toronto; but had it been possible to consult her in the matter of birthplace there is no more beautiful spot in which she would have preferred to commence her existence." But Mrs. Brunell and Miss Carter still reside in Toronto, in a beautiful home on Brunswick Avenue, and to these relatives she continues to pay frequent visits. She comes occasionally to grace a horse show, and Toronto's interest in her is deep and abiding. Those who know her home life intimately speak of her as an ideal wife

and mother. She has proved to be a most congenial companion for George J. Gould, who owns more railroads than any other one man in the world, and yet finds time to be a thoughtful



PARK FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE ALBRIGHT TEMPLE OF ART IN BUFFALO. THE ARCHITECTURE IS PURE IONIC.

## Buffalo's Temple of Art

THE new gallery of art which compute. His original gift was \$750. J. J. Albright of Buffalo has 600. That sum was said to be disbursed and presented to the ed long before the building was near Buffalo Fine Arts Academy ing completion, and the probability is attracting universal attention. It is use that considerably upwards of a splendid gift, quite the most beautiful \$1,000,000 must be placed to Mr. Al- ful, useful and notable in all the his- bright's credit on this account.

building in Buffalo. Some day, perhaps a generous Torontonian, whose wealth is beyond his own needs and was accumulated in Toronto, as Mr. Albright's mostly was acquired in Buffalo, will build such a monument for Toronto. The Albright Art Gallery, the name

"Of course, at the moment every one is talking about the building as a building, and this is not surprising. I do not know anywhere in America an edifice of the kind which is intrinsically more artistic. Indeed, when I think of the smaller museums in Europe with

ed by a double row of pillars. The wings on the sides are, in the near future, to be adorned with porches, based in effect on the south porch of the Erechtheum, with caryatides, to be executed by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens. Save for the work which he will thus



ELMWOOD AVENUE FACADE OF THE ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY.

by which this splendid temple will be known, is magnificently situated in Delaware Park, overlooking Park Lake and a gun shot from another classic temple—the new home of the Buffalo Historical Society. All the money given by Mr. Albright was used for the construction of the building and the approaches. The site was a gift from the city. It is most accessible, the Elmwood-avenue cars of the International Railway Company—the Buffalo street

which alone it is to be compared, I can recall only one, the Galleria, in Paris, which has anything like the same satisfactory quality. That brilliant piece of French academic design has a peculiar charm. The Albright Gallery is not so much charming as it is imposing. But the first impression received as one approaches this stately building owes much to the surroundings of the latter, and these are of a nature to soften the severity of an essentially scholarly com-

tributes to the building, there will be no sculpture introduced, and since Mr. St. Gaudens' caryatides will form distinctly architectural members of the porches, it is obvious that the building will retain a thoroughly monumental character. There will be no injudicious ornamentation anywhere to tease the eye.

"For relief from the hereto simplicity of the thing the eye will have to turn to the trees, shrubbery and turf which wreath the cold white mass in a kind of sylvan beauty. The architects have counted upon the masses of green everywhere, upon the glimmering lake, and, I fancy, upon a radiant sky to set off their scholarship, as it were, to humanize it, to make the building the central factor in a superb picture. Whether seen from the lake, with nothing to break the linear effect of the facade, or from the other side, with pillars arranged in a semicircle around the central bay and bringing the lightness of a graceful curve into the design, the result is the same—one realizes that the architects have conquered the tendency to mere weight in their building and have given it not only dignity but elegance. By a clever use of pillars on all four sides, and especially by recessing some of their walls, they have secured a rich play of light and shade. Merely for what it is as an addition to the external appearance of the city, Buffalo is to be congratulated on the gift of the Albright Art Gallery.

Inside it is equally imposing. The large sculpture court in the centre of the building is flanked by small galleries, which in their turn give, on each side, upon a gallery of ample dimensions. These two major galleries connect, in each case, the wings mentioned above, and there is abundant wall space in all four of these corner rooms. The building is finely proportioned outside, and the interior has the same merit. The sculpture court is neither too large nor too small, and the pillars along its sides not only have the virtue of clearly declaring their structural purpose with reference to the frieze and roof, but, like the pillars outside, modify the effect of mass and bring the indispensable light and shade to vary and complete the impression received

Continued on Page 4.



THE LIFE CLASS—SCENE IN THE ART STUDENT'S LEAGUE IN THE ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, BUFFALO'S NEW TEMPLE OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

# New York's Famous Chinese Tenderloin

### Graphic Description of the Life of the Orientals of Mott Street—Their Table Delicacies—Syndicate Methods of Doing Business—Chinese Gamblers and Fake Opium Dens.

HERE are 7,000 Chinese in and about New York. Of these not more than 5,300 are nominally or actively residents of the greater city, and less than 1000 live in the triangle formed by Mott, Pell and Doyers streets. Their handful of orientals with their queer customs, their strange psychology and their halting efforts to adapt themselves to institutions which are not of their making have managed in the past six months to involve nearly all the legal machinery of the city, including the district attorney's office, the police courts, and the detective organization of police headquarters, in a little private quarrel of their own. Chinatown, as it writes know it, is really only the market place of the Tenderloin of the Chinese population. Five thousand of the 7000 live outside. Some are married and keep their families in Harlem flats or Brooklyn houses; some of them lodge behind the scenes of their own homes, and some go into Chinatown by night to buy at the stores, to feast at the restaurants, to spend their money in the gambling houses or in other places of questionable reputation which flourish in this Chinese Tenderloin. It follows that the permanent residents of the district include all the toughs, the gamblers, and the dishonest of the Chinese colony. With the attraction which everywhere draws the very best of the white population toward the haunts of a race considered inferior, it has followed also that the white side of the fringe of Chinatown are mainly outcasts.

"But it is as unfair to judge the colony by Chinatown," say the conservative Chinese, "as it would be to judge the Americans by the west side Tenderloin." From the 2000 permanent inhabitants of the quarter have arisen the gambling dens, the blackmailing quarters, the murders, all the subtle bickerings of the Hip Sings and On Leongs which keep the police busy just now. The quarter has three reasons for being—straight commerce, vice—and tourists. The Chinese cling with tenacity to their native diet, however they abandon their own customs for those of the Chinese radishes and sugar cane, their varnished pig their planked roast duck and their steamed fish. More than half of the goods offered for sale come from far abroad. Many Chinese vegetables do not flourish in the cold climate of New York. So these vegetables, from sprouts and rice to the various fruits, are shipped fresh every day or so to a syndicate of dealers which supplies the restaurants and stores.

The condiments and preserves, from plain pickled ginger to expensive bird's nests, come from China. So do many of the preserved fish and meats, and the uncommon delicacies as bird's nests, purple seaweed pancakes for soups and sprouted soy beans. Some of the smoked and preserved meats which hang from the rafters of the butcher shops come from San Francisco and some are preserved by Chinese methods in New York. In these shops the Chinese, from buyers and sellers, for broiled bacon and ginger or preserved melon rind to the articles of European use and manufacture and of homely and machine made appliances are curiously mixed. Lines display that beauty in common things of which the Chinese are masters—a coffee pot beside an ebony pile of frying pans stacked along with a ginger jar of wonderful oriental green, canned goods piled up with green jade bracelets.

The dry goods and crockery stores—these two wars are the influence of the tourist trade. Left to himself, the Chinese is an artist. He has a shop and drinks his tea from bowls of soft effect and simple decoration. But the tourist discovers Chinatown early in the game, and what the tourist wants is tinsel and glitter. A cloisonné vase with lots of gold and many glittering dragons is snapped up at once by the country bride; a soft Nanking gown, one of the marvelous willow pattern is passed up. Finding that Americans want these things, the Chinatown storekeepers began to import them for native trade as well. And now, even in Chinese homes, one sees few Chinese articles of low subtle coloring and real workmanship which are the delight of the artist in everything. The little sweetmeat merchant who sells nuts and ginger and sugar cane on an outdoor stall at Pell and Doyers street will talk to you of his "pahn-tah."

"Woe Kee and Co.," "Wong Sing and Co.," may mean a company of twenty or thirty men, each with a little investment in the enterprise. His custom is so common that the rich men of Chinatown, instead of owning one or two establishments all for themselves, put their eggs in many baskets. Besides the general merchandise and grocery stores, the butcher shops and restaurants, the Chinese support a drug store where they buy their traditional remedies of the native materia medica, a small shop for religious articles—prayer books (prayer stores), in plain English—a hospital where the Chinese are attended to by doctors of both the American and the Chinese school and a jeweler's where two workmen hammer all day on rings and trinkets of 24-carat gold. The sales of stationery, of Chinese books and of boots and shoes have never been large.



METHODIST WOMEN MISSIONARY WORKERS IN SESSION AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, AVENUE-ROAD, ON MAY 31 AND JUNE 1 AND 2.

puts a handful of counters, or Chinese on the table. With a rattle they cut them out of the pile four at a time. If after the last four have been drawn there are two odd cash on the table, No. 2 wins, if three, No. 3 wins, and so get triple stakes minus a percentage for the house. It is as simple as signing. No white man is allowed in the Chinese game. Some of the degenerates who live on the fringe of the quarter buy lottery tickets, but this game is in the Pacific Coast cities, where the lotteries maintain agents in the downtown business district.

Gambling brought on the Hip Sing On Leong highbinder war, which is still going on and will go on, the Chinese say, until the Parkhurst Society ceases to encourage the Hip Sing. In brief, here is the status of that mix-up:

The Chinese say that Wing Chu Chung, a conservative old merchant, who keeps out of politics, is their richest man. Old Tom Lee, mayor of Chinatown, must be comfortably well off, and J. M. Singleton, head of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, has a comfortable income from real estate, a cigar factory and an interest in several stores. All these fortunes, however, are insignificant beside the wealth of certain merchants of the Pacific Coast. Opportunities are lacking in New York. Gambling is at once the Chinese quarter. There and in China it is the besetting vice and the favorite amusement. Except for that one weakness, it may be said that the Chinese are on the whole more moral than the white people who surround them. They do not drink, and there are fewer opium smokers among them than there would be drunkards among an equal number of whites away from the quarter.

There are lectures, either by members or by visiting Chinese. The heads of the reform movement, which has a membership of 5,000,000 all over the world, are coming this summer for series of lectures. The members include practically all the respectable Chinese who live outside the quarter, all the Sunday school Chinese, and a good number of active residents of the quarter. Tom Lee is a member and director. The hand of nine-tenths of Chinatown is against Tom Lee, but all agree that he is a good fellow, and an able citizen, so the On Leong Leung gun fight, the reformer let him in. J. M. Singleton has been president for three years. He gives practically all his time to the movement. He can afford it, for in twenty-five years of business in New York he has made an independent fortune. Sing Got Ton is his real name, but when he put on European clothes he syncretized his real name into an American combination.

The Reform Association, which is supported by regular dues and by voluntary contributions, steps aside now and then to help Chinese who are in trouble. It did a characteristic thing last fall when James Baldwin, a white man, was accidentally killed in a Hip Sing-On Leong gun fight. The newspaper announced the day after the killing that Baldwin's wife had no money and that his body would go to the Potter's field. An officer of the Reform Association started at once thru the quarter to raise money. "I don't belong to either faction, so no one can suspect me," he told the merchants. "The bad Chinese killed him and the good Chinese ought to help."

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## Dangers of Knowing too Much

By a Woman.

Woman benefited or the reverse thru knowing too much? The question is debatable and many will be prejudiced to the home, impossibility of acquiring too much knowledge. It is often a mistaken scheme to turn the searchlight upon one's self by delving into subjects that send the investigating wheels humming. To forget self in the pursuit of any given occupation is often both life and health giving. Busy people are practical and sensible, having no time to sit musing about conditions that often do not exist save in their own imaginations. They investigate themselves into a form of hysteria that is often the precursor of serious maladies. Perfect physical condition engenders forgetfulness of self. It is when a pain here and an ache there upsets the organism that we become self-conscious and go prying into the causes thereof. The thermometer of the moment is often the measure of not only his success, but it is the thermometer that keeps his disposition and his nerves. If he will unself and outrage that sensitive spot of anatomy, he will be forced to make amends and do better in the future. Good fellowship between the man and his wife is not only the beginning of wisdom, but is the cornerstone of real comfort, and as long as it stands strictly to the right, it is given it. It is not until a man realizes that some sort of internal mutiny is brewing that he really knows that a well-behaved stomach is the sign of happiness. Those who study hygiene and everything on earth and look healthy before their befuddled eyes are self-pirates robbing themselves of lots of pleasure and raising babies on mathematical charts do not seem to be much of an improvement on the good old-fashioned way, when a baby was kept clean and with a full little "tummy" and nursed by its mother.

To read the modes of procedure, note the requirements, and listen to the exploits of raising a child on scientific principles, is enough to make all this wonder how in the name of all that is good and true, the world has come to be so full of nervous and neurotic people. The old lady would have very justly elected the babyhood, but she would not have elected to be so outrageously mischievous. But despite this woful lack, the young one persisted in trying and we all know with what splendid result. In other words, it was the result of the mothers of the pioneers, the builders of

## Irresolute Women Deserving of Pity

EVERY condemnation is dealt out to the woman who sets forth to buy something without knowing exactly what she wants. It is our habit to waste all our sympathy on the martyred salesperson whose misfortune it is to see the irresolute woman thru this trying ordeal. But the truth is, the greater sympathy is due this unhappy lady. The salesperson's situation is beatific as compared with hers.

If you do not believe this, consider the case of a young girl who started out three weeks ago to buy a hat. She has been buying it ever since. To be more explicit, she has bought several hats, four times as many as she could afford—but she has not yet succeeded in purchasing the one which is to satisfy her soul and accommodate itself properly to her wardrobe.

Young (Bradford) and Mrs. John Locke (Orangeville) were appointed as alternate delegates. The following organizers were appointed: Uxbridge, Mrs. Geo. of Markham; Owen Sound, Mrs. Frost; Barrie, Miss Cross; Bradford, Miss Jeffs; Collingwood, Mrs. S. Huff; Sault Ste. Marie, Mrs. Boland.

Work on the Bible. An immense amount of labor has been expended on the various Bibles of the world. The pain for execution must be given to the Kutho-day, which is a Buddhist monument, near Mandalay, Burma. It consists of about 700 temples, each containing a slab of white marble on which whole of this Buddhist Bible, containing more than eight million syllables, has been engraved. The Burmese alphabet is used, but the language is Pali. This wonderful Bible is absolutely unique. The Kutho-day was erected in 1877 by Burmah. The vast collection of temples, an institution that actually is a museum of the past, is situated in the center of the marble slabs on which the sacred text is inscribed is surmounted by an ornamental canopy in pagoda form.

American Clubs All Wrong. "American clubs are few and small," said a social philosopher, "because they exist on a radically wrong principle. This principle is that club life is an extravagance, whereas the right principle of club life is that it is an economy. London is the club city of the world. Why are London's clubs so splendid and so popular because a man can dine, drink, smoke and amuse himself in them almost as cheaply as in his own home—far and away more cheaply than in a cafe or a hotel.

"Hence, in London, every man desires to join a good club for a London club is an institution that actually saves its members money. But over in America the clubs are conducted extravagantly, and it is an extravagance to belong to them. Only the very prosperous American can afford to be a club man."

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**WALKING SKIRTS, WORTH \$6.50—SPECIAL \$4.98**  
Splendidly tailored and finished by our own men—newest kilted styles in high-grade quality of black vicunas.

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Uncuttable taffeta silk in all the popular shades, check and shot effects—in latest and prettiest style—fine pin tucks—full sleeves etc.—tailored by our own men.

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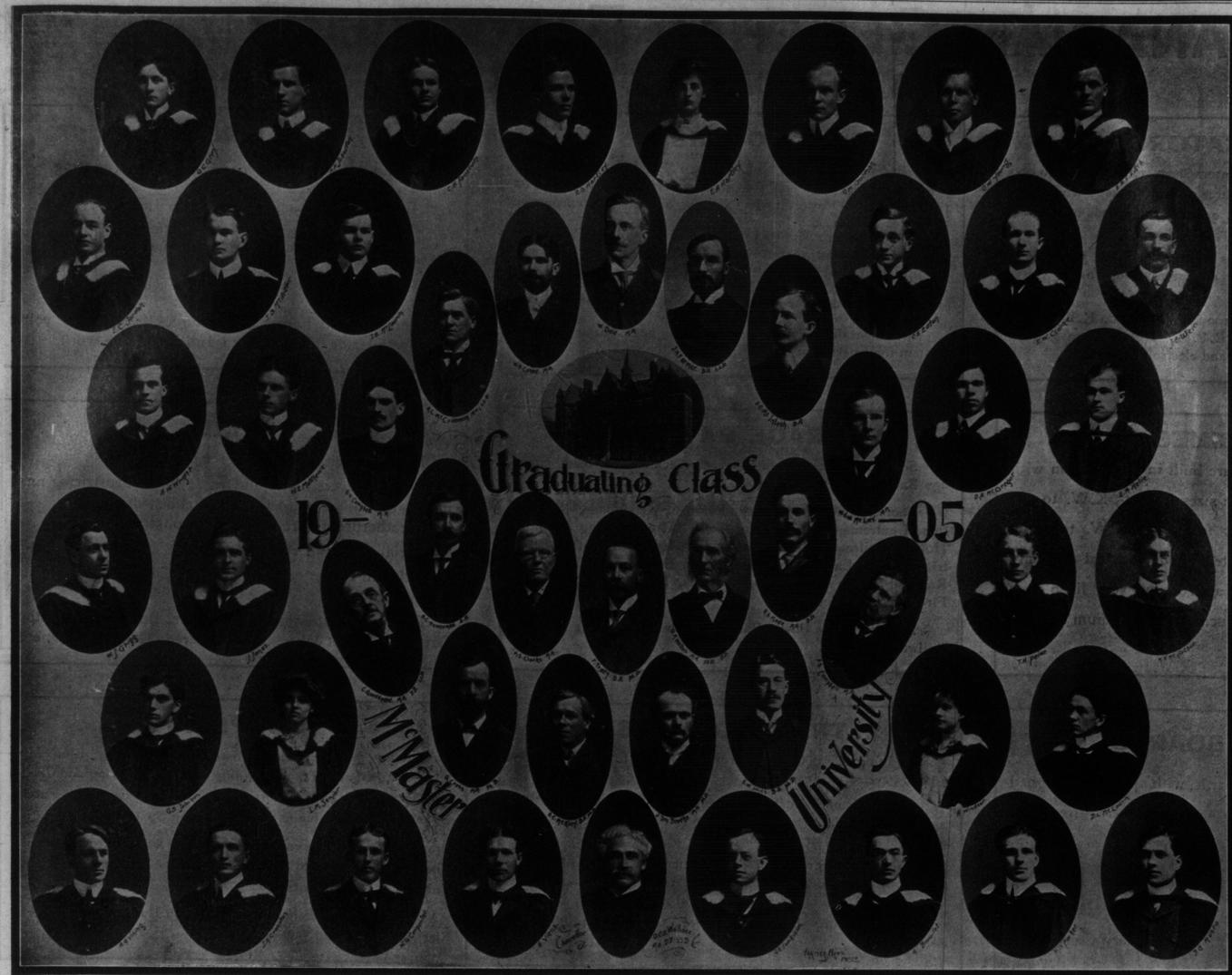
St...  
Endless Chain.  
"A pot answer" remained the party of the first part, "through today's world."  
"True enough," responded the party of the second part, "but the world has turned away a rot away."  
These Henry on the Dumbler.  
There is one thing that I've noticed, and I'll tell it to you soon.  
These here folks that do the grumbling in the sunshine and get very merry when the people that get very merry think of their own.  
And who can never give a lively till something gives a lively till.  
When you hear a man complain, you don't need to see his face.  
For to tell just what he feels like or to learn about his case, you can rest assured he's good, and he's always safe to give a lively till he's really earned it.  
A. H. Kiser.

ART IN HOME LIGHTING  
No more inviting field of effort is designed to the artist than that of designing decorative electrical lighting fixtures for the home. Decorative artists all over the world are constantly bringing out new and beautiful ideas, or experts are adapting existing works to the exigencies of electrical lighting, with results truly beautiful.  
We have been making a systematic effort to encourage the demand for electric art fixtures by regularly importing the more important designs as they appear.  
The illustration shows a signed "Tide" by Flora, the celebrated French sculptor. The vase is a living light, and the effect is wonderfully pretty—such a piece imparts an air of elegance to any room, and this one is especially attractive. The price for such a work seems absurdly modest—it is only \$1.00. Our showrooms are open to visitors at all times, and a cordial invitation is extended to anyone interested to visit and examine these beautiful works.

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more practical axis of designing book and magazine covers, illustrating, and various other branches, with large and enthusiastic classes in roomy and purely artistic environment, rich in inspiration.

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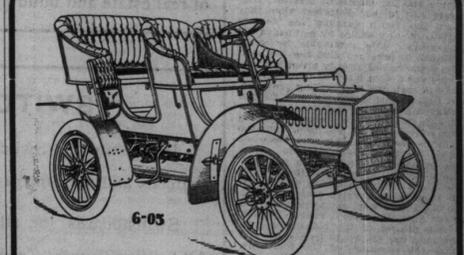
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On Saturday afternoon, a week ago, when our picture of Toronto Bay was made, I counted 106 sailing craft at one time skimming hither and thither over the broad surface of the bay. There were but two carrying the cloud of canvas shown in the illustration, and there were few large yachts, but there was an armada of the little fellows, "birds," catboats, and sailing canoes, and there was room for all with space left for the dozen Island ferries, the out-going and in-coming steamers of the lake lines and the spring races of the Argonaut Rowing Club. The wind was fresh and the air was cool, but nearly every craft in the harbor was in commission, and it seemed to be an augury of an exceptionally lively season of aquatics in Toronto.

As a center of art Buffalo now has an opportunity to take an important position among the American cities. Mr. Albright's generous gift has furnished a home that distinctly eclipses the large Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, New York, and in its severely classic lines and splendid site it is undoubtedly more nearly the ideal temple of art than is possessed by Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. The art collection of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy will cover but a small portion of the wall space in the large building, and its quality is mediocre, but it is fortunate that other wealthy Buffalonians will now and then contribute to it and that the annual resources for the purchase of pictures and statuary will be largely increased from the present available \$25,000. What a god-send would be such a gallery of art to the intellectual and artistic life of Toronto! So, day, let us hope, an odd half million or so may be deducted from some big fortune for a somewhat similar institution for Toronto. A free site will soon be forthcoming once the money for the building is promised. Our picture of "The Life Class" shows a group of young Art Students' League classes. Besides painting and sculpture, there are classes also for the



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209 Yonge Street, - Toronto, Ont.

The Guardian of Vesuvius

Professor Mateucci Who Has His Residence on the Volcano—The Jeopardy of His Existence.

It is by no means generally known that the far-famed volcano, so familiar to every visitor to the Bay of Naples, has a "guardian" specially appointed by the Italian government in the person of Professor Luigi Mateucci. That this well-known scientist's services are of vital importance will be realized on reflecting how uncomfortable it is, to say the least, to have a four-thousand-foot burning mountain in the very centre of a teeming population and a rich and fertile province. Very few of the ordinary tourists who ascend to the crater of Vesuvius by the Funicular Railway meet the professor. He lives

in the observatory, all among the deep ashes and cinders, about a thousand feet below the place where the resting sulphur clouds sweep up from the dread depths. Professor Mateucci is just now very much in evidence, owing to the new international movement for the excavation of Herculaneum, which expert archaeologists say will yield much richer finds than Pompeii in the way of bronzes, statuary, mosaics, implements, etc. "Herculaneum," Professor Mateucci pointed out to the writer, "was buried much deeper than Pompeii by the efflux of ashes and scorific from the volcano, and I am certain the city will be found in amazingly perfect preservation. You must remember, too, that Herculaneum was a much more popular resort with the Roman aristocracy than her sister city. Just now the observatory is in a very dilapidated state. The government has granted only twenty thousand francs for repairs, and even this sum has not yet been paid, so my masons and carpenters are practically at a standstill." The rooms were indeed much disarranged and confused. There were no cabinets or shelves to hold the volcanic specimens that make Professor Mateucci's museum, and so these on the occasion of my visit, wrapped in paper, littered the chairs and tables. I noticed that the professor has had a wooden partition made in one corner of the observatory's biggest room, and

this has to serve him as a bedchamber. "Being a bachelor," he told me smilingly, "of course I can put up with almost anything in the way of primitive conditions and uncomfortable surroundings. I must say, however, my work is a little hindered by all this muddle." And therewith, the professor produced from a corner the albums in which he keeps the very striking photographs he takes recording the various eruptions. Suddenly I picked out one that impressed me, a bright and sharp silver print, showing Mateucci leaning against a mountainous mass of rock. "That," said this wonderful man, "was thrown nearly a thousand feet from a temporary crater one morning and fell within seven feet of me." "How much does it weigh?" I asked. "About thirty-seven tons," was the quiet reply. "No, it cannot be cheerful to 'live on a volcano.' You remember this is a metaphorical expression, but in the case of Professor Mateucci, it is literally accurate. One of his principal duties is to give warning of dangerous eruptions to the many towns and villages round about—not to mention the proprietors of vineyards and farms. He also reports by wire direct to Rome and also has a special service for the "Societa degli Albergatori," or Association of Italian Hotelkeepers, a body recently formed, of which Signor Pionni, of the Hotel de Londres, in Genoa, is the secretary. This body is charged with looking after the interests of tourists throut Italy, from Tuscany to Sicily, and is always interested in a big eruption of Vesuvius, particularly if it is likely to be long-continued. In such an event, which Professor Mateucci's long and varied experience of the mountain easily enables him to determine, travelers flock into Italy from all parts—especially well-to-do Americans, who will even come from as far as the Italian Lakes, Switzerland, the Riviera and even London. It is not too much to say that Mateucci is the "physician" of this dangerous giant. He can diagnose every rumble and symptom of his patient, and knows ex-

actly what warning to send out if the volcano bids fair to become violent. His seismographic instruments are almost incredibly sensitive; and he spends whole hours on the very brink of the various craters, listening and watching for signs. He foresees which way the lava streams will flow and whether there is likely to be any considerable emission of rock masses, some of which are hurled a mile high-

The Pictorial Side

Continued From Page 1.

of men, formed the escort for His Excellency Earl Grey on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto. Referring to the event, a correspondent says: "Altho the Body Guard of His Excellency the Governor General, this was the only escort or guard of honor sent by the brigade office to turn out free of expense to the public. All of

the officers and men shown in the picture not only gave their time to perform the duty without pay but each one provide his own horse, some giving almost their week's wages as the price demanded for mounts suitable for the notable occasion." There is a note of complaint in this correspondent's letter. But soldiering in peace or war—is largely a matter of personal sacrifice, too often without the qualifying compensation of being on parade one's self. Still, it seems unfair to ask a volunteer to put his hand in his pocket to provide a military spectacle for the city. The ladies and gentlemen of the Rusholme Tennis Club, whose clubhouse and courts are on Rusholme Road, have opened the season with conspicuous enthusiasm and it is confidently expected that the club will be strongly represented in the summer

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Lieut.-Col. W. Hamilton Merritt. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S BODY GUARD DETACHMENT WHICH FORMED THE ESCORT FOR HIS EXCELLENCY, EARL GREY, ON HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO TORONTO.—See "The Pictorial Side."

Kipling's Picture of the Deadly Torpedo Boat.

Admiral Togo... been the first to demonstrate the practicability of torpedoes as a weapon in modern naval warfare. Until the attack on Port Arthur the torpedo remained an unknown power. But before the name of Togo was known outside Japan, Kipling had written "The Destroyers," vividly picturing their terrible effectiveness.

The strength of twice three thousand horse That seek the single goal; The line that holds the reading course, The hate that swings the whole; The stripped hulls slinging thru the gloom, At gaze and gone again— The Hides of Death that wait the gloom— The Choosers of the Slial!

On shoals with scarce a foot below, Where rock and islet throng, Hidden and lashed we watch them throw Their anxious lights along; Not here, not here, your danger lies— (Stare hard, O hooded eyes!) Save where the dashed rock-pigeons rise The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek, The Narrow Seas to clear— Hark to the ayren's whimpering shriek— Look to your van a league away— No mark on sight or bar— Girdled and desperate we dare The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell The council of our foes; Clearer the barking guns that tell Their scattered flank to close. Sweer to the trip they crowd their way From ports for this unbarred. Quiet, and count our ladies prey, The convoy and her guard.

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home, The muffled, knocking stroke— The steam that overruns the foam— The foam that thins to smoke— The smoke that chokes the deep shell— The deep that chokes her throat Till streaked with ash and streaked with oil, The livewarm whirlpools close.

A shadow down the sickened wave Long since her slayer fed; But hear the chattering quick fires rave Astern, ahead! Panic that shells the drifting spar— Loud waste with none to check— Mad fear that takes a scornful star Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick, Now ere their wits they find, Lay in and lance them to the quick— Our galled whales are blind! Good luck to those that see the end, Good-by to those that drown— For each his chance as chance shall send— And God for all! Shut down!

The strength of twice three thousand horse That serve the one command; The hand that heaves the heading force, The hate that licks the hand; The doom-bolt in the darkness freed, The mine that splits the main; The white-hot wake, the "wildering speed— The Choosers of the Slial!

matches. The World's picture was made at the first "tea" of the season more than a week ago, and is the first illustration of 1905 tennis in Toronto that has yet appeared. The Rusholme Tennis Club has been in existence for twelve years, beginning its career in its present location. The club has outgrown its birthplace, however, and it is the intention next year to move to better and larger grounds in the new Orchard rink at the corner of Devereux Court Road and Shannon Street, where the members will have six courts, four of them clay, to play on. The senior team of the summer of 1905 will be chosen from Messrs. George T. Pepall, J. W. Dunlop, W. W. Dunlop, A. W. W. Dunlop, T. G. McMaster, J. Burns, and W. Pepall. Of the young ladies the Misses W. W. Dunlop, the Misses Jolliffe, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Pepall and Miss Morrish are playing strong games. The officers of the Rusholme Tennis Club are as follows: Honorary president, W. R. Allan; president, T. G. McMaster; first

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### Foreign Titles at Auction

Neapolitan Law Firm Offer for Sale to the Highest Bidder Old Italian Names and Titles.

SENTIMENTAL MAIDS BEWARE.

INSPIRED by the active commerce in titles going on between the United States and Great Britain, a firm of Neapolitan lawyers announce to the youth of America that they are ready to supply an unlimited number of the very highest names in the oldest caste in christendom on very reasonable terms. That is, noting that all the marriages between the opulent in the States and Britain give the chances only to young women, the Naples firm proposes to equalize things by enabling young men, so that they can enter any country in the world and claim any woman of any rank, offering titles as old as the oldest. Illustrating their claim they point to the Prince of Carovigno, now a member of the Italian parliament. The prince was born very uncomfortably provided with parents—that is, his mother was a cook and his father a gardener—but in the course of time the present prince arrived at 20, very comely in figure and pleasantly provided with worldly acquirements, thanks to the schooling incidental to service in the royal army. On quitting the army the young Alfredo was recommended to the widowed Princess Odescalchi, of the haughtiest patrician house of Venice, as a likely young man to perform the role of valet. This Alfredo did to such advantage that the princess remarked his good looks and attention to duty. In the course of time the relation of the lady and her valet grew to a strange intimacy between the grand dame and her handsome servant; they were still further disturbed when they saw the youth dazling the demure aristocracy of Venice by equipping and accessorizing only attainable by great means. Inquiry revealed the fact that the princess had already given her some vast, eight hundred thousand dollars in cash and was making provision, in case of her death, to still further make life a long, sweet dream for him. The cold-blooded law stepped in, found the widow "out of her head," but too late to rescue the fine cum bestowed upon the fascinating Alfredo. Having beaten the whole house of Odescalchi which has palaces in Rome, Florence and Genoa, Alfredo determined to show what a valet could do when he had such a suitable marriage in prospect. He made a visit to Naples, where the princess of the oldest blood in the land are known to be plenty, and since the expulsion of the Bourbons, desperately poor. By the Italian law any one of the richest sound in mind, may adopt a son or daughter and confer upon the adopted full and legal rights to whatever title or rank the adopter may be born to. Alfredo selected the venerable Prince Carovigno, a descendant of a house that dated away back to the Norman conquest. By the payment of a reasonable annuity and a small sum down Alfredo was formally adopted as the son of the house of Carovigno and from that time on he has been so accepted in Italy. Born to good looks and ennobled by good luck, the prince at once set about a suitable marriage. He found for consort a sentimental British maid, Matilda Smith, of a very rich Liverpool manufacturing family, who was enchanted to become the princess of such a charming young man. The Liverpool father was at first opposed to the alliance, apprehending some rascality in the suit, but when that winsome young person waived the usual preliminary, the Briton's heart softened. Now the prince has been rewarded for his manliness by receiving, a million or more from the father's estate. This instance, the Viscount's nobility exchange adds instructively, proves that any good looking young man from the United States can provide himself with an adopted prince for a father, take the rank on his side-board and ask any woman in the world to marry him. Otherwise the agency goes on to forewarn, all the fine young women of the republic will be showing off to Britain, the immense fortunes of hard working millionaires lost to the republic and nothing to show in return, save possible broods of oedipus to presently invade society demanding rich wives.

A contemporary incident in the neighboring City of Palermo, however, would be apt to chill the enthusiasm of the aspiring youth of United States in the quest for very ancient titles. For in the full noonday of modern publicity it was revealed in the courts of Palermo that a princess of Carini, the wife of the Marquis di Colallo, having obtained a separation from her lord, like wise fell into the hands of a very clever employe and came very near destruction for life. The Princess Carini is among the best known in the social elite of Sicily; her palace is in the heart of the incomparably lovely City of Palermo and her friends myriads. There was born to her and the marquis, before the separation, a baby girl, who came into the world blind. The mother, so soon as the physicians declared that blindness was normal and that nothing could be done, resolved to bring the little girl up with the notion that blindness was normal and that every one was sightless. This necessarily forced a very retired regime and the princess with her mother withdrew from general society, confining herself to the wing of her palace, while another noble family occupied the other. To take care of her affairs, manage her estate and what not, the princess called upon an apparently reputable attorney—Giovanni Cannalio. Giovanni so won upon the melancholy princess that she gave her entire fortunes into his hands to manage, devoting herself to the pathetic blind daughter, that is, creating a world for her in her blindness. The poor lady's confidence inspired Giovanni to make over her fortunes to himself and, incredible to say, he had the daring to support mother and daughter in their own palace, in the very centre of the busy City of Palermo, for the palace is in a frequented square, almost within sight of the palace of justice. With power of attorney to act for the unfortunate woman Giovanni found no difficulty in shutting her off from her friends and inquiry. For a time she had looked them in a distant part of the palace there were visitors, but they were told that the princess had gone to Sweden and left no address. As time went on and he found that he had really nothing to fear, Giovanni became cruel as well as casually. He stripped the poor ladies of the luxuries of their abode, fed them ritually, with the apparent design of starving them to death. Indeed, there can be no other explanation of the man's purpose, since he, being a lawyer, must have known that a son or later relatives from other parts of Italy would become suspicious and heirs at law investigate the mysterious disappearance of the princess. The Marquis Misuraca, who occupied the wing of the palace, must have been a very blind neighbor, for, he saw the attorney visiting the princess apartments daily, it never occurred to him to ask about the lady or what she did or when she paid a daily visit for. The daily visit was to hand the wretched mother and daughter food thru a slit in the door, and in such condition that only extreme hunger could make it edible.

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All this went on in spite of the fact that when the attorney began the plot the princess had her palace supplied with a full staff of domestics. Yet none indeed, they seem to have had a suspicion. The mother, alarmed for her daughter, bethought herself of a means of release. She wrote a letter to the most eminent lawyer in Palermo, the advocate Maltese, setting forth her cruel plight and asking him to send police to rescue her from her murderous inten-

dent. When the lawyer called upon the royal prosecutor and showed the letter that official declared, declaring that the story read like a chapter from the misadventures of the middle ages. Squads of gendarmes surrounded the palace front and rear and then the advocate penetrated into the chambers overlooking the magnificent garden. The mother and daughter were found in a spacious apartment, with no furniture but a shabby bed, no carpets on the parlance of the house. Everything about the edifice was of regal dimensions and construction, but every evidence of human habitation had been removed. The victims rescued, the police searched high and low for the attorney and at last found him calmly delivering an argument in court. He was halted to prison after a long trial, sentenced to deportation for life, but he had so diverted the fortune of the princess that she recovered but slight

Clever Forgery. So cleverly had a cheque which made its appearance in the Tombs court been altered, says The New York Tribune of recent date, that detectives there are only five known men in the country, if not in the world, capable of doing the work. These five men are in receipt of a regular pension from the American Bankers' Association, in return for which they have agreed to refrain from exercising their unawful and dangerous talents. Frank Clifton, a bartender, was arraigned in the Tombs court charged with attempting to pass the cheque, which had been raised from \$110.58 to \$1500. The police are convinced that even if Clifton had any guilty knowledge regarding the cheque he was only a tool for the real criminal. He was held for further examination. According to statements made by Detectives and Assistant District Attorney Kresel in the police court the original cheque was stolen when in transit thru the mails. It was then taken in hand by an expert photographer and tracings were made of all the handwriting in the body of the cheque; next, with the aid of powerful acids the cheque was washed of all the handwriting with the exception of the signature and the cleaned cheque filed in for the larger amount. This was done by using the tracings already mentioned, letter by letter, and using the photograph of the original cheque for reference and as a guide. By using the individual letters in the words of the original cheque the forger secured all the letters needed except "A" and "G" and the figure "2." These letters and figure give a clue to the method of the operation. The finished cheque was done so cleverly that the officials of the Second National Bank, on which the cheque was drawn, certified it without question when it was presented several days ago.



AN ARGONAUT EIGHT: AND JOE WRIGHT AND ONE OF THE NUMEROUS ARGONAUT FOURS.

How the Unwary Are Duped By Professional Frauds

ONE day a very enterprising-looking young man registered at the hotel where I was staying in Muskogee, Mich. He claimed to be a diamond dealer and handed the clerk a small pocket case which, he explained, contained an assortment of diamond studs and rings. He asked that this be put in the safe. The following afternoon he stepped up to the office and asked the landlord for a large-sized envelope. On receiving it he took from his pocket a large roll of bills, and after counting them in the presence of the proprietor, writing his name on the envelope, and putting down the amount as \$1000, he said:

"Please get that pocket safe of diamonds from the safe. I am going to Grand Haven this evening on a diamond deal, and will be back to-morrow or the next day." As the landlord gave him the case of diamonds the young man handed him a large envelope, which he had carefully sealed, and said:

"Just put this in the safe, landlord. That evening he started for Grand Haven, carrying with him a small hand-bag, and leaving behind a fairly good-looking medium-sized valise. The following day a young man, who had been in the hotel, presented a letter from the diamond dealer, which read as follows: "Dear landlord: I am closing a deal for a fine pair of horses and a carriage, with which I shall leave to-morrow morning for Muskogee, Mich., trading a few diamonds on the deal, but the man has held me up for \$200 boot money, which I wish you to let the bearer have for me. I also have another diamond deal, which I expect to clinch to-day. Yours, etc."

"Not daring to distrust the messenger with the diamond man's thousand dollar package, and not feeling justified in opening it, the landlord instantly sent the two hundred in cash out of his own pocket. First, however, he questioned the messenger and learned that he was an old resident of Grand Haven and knew the diamond dealer. The next day we expected to see a handsome team driven into town, and were really disappointed when night came and none had arrived. The next day was still more disappointing, especially to the landlord. On the morning following the matter quite freely, the landlord brought out the envelope, which was written in the diamond dealer's name and the amount of cash enclosed, and also he claimed to feel perfectly secure. It was plain that he was much perplexed. At last, not wanting to Grand Haven and, to his astonishment, found the landlord there knowing what had become of the man whose package, containing \$1000, he had held in the safe, and for whom he had borrowed \$200 from a street-hawker friend a couple of days before. A valise, similar to the one left at Muskogee, had also been left at the Grand Haven hotel. Putting two and two together, it was plain that both landlords had been duped by this smooth traitor, and thereupon the envelopes were opened. Each was found to contain a large roll of paper, cut in the exact size of dollar bills. On comparing notes, the hotel men found that his method was the same in each case, in both instances he had previously, without the knowledge of the proprietors, secured a large envelope from the hotel stock, on which he had written the name and amount, and in which he had placed the brown paper. Later, when calling for the diamond case, he had hastily exchanged the envelope containing the money for the fake envelope, when the landlord turned to the safe, American-like, these landlords pocketed their losses, and said nothing.

On my way north that summer I related this incident to all the hotel men, including the proprietor of a hotel at Ishpeming, Mich. The next year, when on another trip in that territory, the Ishpeming landlord told me that a young man, answering my description, appeared about six weeks ago, and left a valise to be taken down the railroad like a racehorse, minus baggage, but with his cash and diamonds intact. On a trip from Cleveland to Chicago a few years ago the porter of the sleeping car undertook to play me for a little "graft," which was both unique and amusing in its manipulation. When nearing Chicago in the morning he came to my section, and gave the large envelope, which he had finished, and handed him the only fifty-cent piece I had. The instant I did so I observed that he half-turned his back to me as he stepped nearer the window and began carefully scrutinizing the silver piece, and that very instant it flashed thru my mind that the colored gentleman was planning to graft me. After taking a careful look at the money, and having had just about time enough to shift the coin I gave him for any old thing he might have about him, he said: "Say, mistah, I guess you done gone and make a mistake and gin me a silver piece with a plug in it, besides, its very badly wore and battled, too."

car, on our arrival in Chicago, he brushed up against me and stammered: "Se—se—my mistah, please don't say norn' bout dis yer greenm' t'ween you and me, fer I got a wife and four little chil'luns 's'port, and I can't 'ford to lose ma job."



THE HEATHER QUOTING CLUB. AN EAST END TORONTO ORGANIZATION THAT BOASTS TWO CANADIAN CHAMPIONS.

On returning home I told this little experience to my employees in the office. Our colored porter rolled his chinky eyes about and, with a broad grin, said: "Mistah Johnston, you got that fellah all right, suah 'nuff; I never heard 'bout de plugged silver piece racket befoh, but a fellah what I used to room with tol' me 'bout a mighty good hold-up scheme he used to 'work' almost like dat, when he was Pullman port'ah."

"Well, Gen'l," I said, "go ahead and explain it to us." He did so, and the graft was exactly: The porter had a die struck, exactly the size of a 50-cent piece, upon which



F. R. Medland, r.w. H. P. Barnett, p. R. W. Steele, p. R. M. White, l.w. A. Eakins, l.w. D. W. Paton, c.p. R. E. Moody (capt.), r. H. C. Anderson, c. A. L. Baldwin, g. CENTRAL CANADA FINANCIAL LEAGUE HOCKEY TEAM, 1904-5.

he had stamped "John Miller, Denver, Col." He always had one of these in the palm of his hand, while brushing a passenger's clothes. The tip, at the end of a night's journey, is seldom less than a 50-cent piece, and whenever one was given him he would instantly palm it in his right hand, and quickly stepping near the window, as if to get a better light to examine it, he would say: "Mistah, I reckon you done gone and gin me youah pocket piece, 'spect' it was a half-doll'ah. See?" The poor darkey became excited and turned almost white, and was so beside himself with his apologies and excuses that he forgot every other passenger on the car. As I was leaving the

which was once current in Europe. If the orangutan has to be taught how to eat, he does not have to be taught one thing which approximates to a habit of civilized man; he knows how to make his own bed. When he wishes to retire for the night, if he has



Taming the Orangutan.

The Zoological Gardens of New York possess a little orangutan which has lately weathered its journey from the East Indies. The orangutan was at one time considered to be the most ferocious and terrifying of forest beasts. He was reputed to have the characteristics of the thing and the garrotter, it was stated that he would carry out

not already supplied himself with a couch he proceeds to manufacture one out of branches, which he smoothes from the surrounding boughs and places a mass in a suitable fork in the tree. There is, however, no regularity in the construction of the nest. The orangutan goes on snapping off pieces of branch in a preoccupied manner as if he has done it very often before, and after he has collected a fair number stands on them in order to press them firmly together. When he has got a sufficient number of boughs together he lies down upon them and it is very effectually screened from below. The wild man of the woods, as the Malay words,

and involved for the Chung Wah Gung (Shaw). The evening long way, the ample is clear beyond them. They have tried several times to call it off, in the interests of Chinatown's prosperity, but the tongs are strong enough to dare disobey. Unless a Chinaman has a certain amount of association with the whites, it is a rather barren and lonely life that he leads in New York. And it is doubtful if any Chinaman really enjoys European associates a great deal. The oriental mind works in its own way, and the adjustment necessary for converse with a foreigner is something of a strain. When the laundryman's work is done, he drifts into Chinatown by habit of association. There, barring a game of pleg-wo, a whar in the gambling tables or more questionable vice, he has little to amuse him. He may, if he is of that faction, chat with his friends in the reform association, he may go to the theatre, or he may drop into a restaurant for a social meal and a game of "one-two" afterward. If he is a conservative, hanging to the old religion, he is likely to drop into one of the four joss houses and pay his respects and money to his idols. Then it is home again to the laundry. The theatre plays an extremely important part in the life of the triangle. Here, all manner of factions meet in an unformulated truce. Hip Sing beside On Leong, Reformers beside Masons. Only the women are barred; the theatre is not for respectable women and the Chinese women of the other class number less than a dozen.

If the Chinese is in the quarter looking for a friend, he is likely to hunt for him first in the theatre. It is a school of ethics, too—the only regular instruction in the philosophy of Confucius. Twice a week at least they play one of their old moralities of the Chen cycle. It is a school of Chinese history as well; half the plays deal with the glories of the old empire. So it is the real focus of the quarter.

The restaurants, whose glaring electric signs dot the quarter by night, are mostly spee up for purposes. Their glaring screens and their complicated woodwork, their inlaid tables, are to catch the curiosity of the rubberneck. The Chinese patronize them too; at New Year's time and at the lesser feasts of the Chinese year they have their private banquets in some of the inner rooms. Tucked away in dark corners of Doyers street there are two restaurants which the tourist has not yet found. These are decorated in low tones, according to Chinese taste, and tourists are not welcome. To these, mostly, the Chinese resort for their big banquets, which may last from early afternoon to early next morning, and may cost as much to the plate as a private dinner at Sherway's. Here the diners in the long, ceremonial robes of fashionable dress sit on unbacked spony chairs and pick at the dainty portions of Chinese delicacies. The portions have to be small, or they could never eat for fourteen hours straight. They eat soup and pudding of the famous "one-two" brand, seasoned blended with a sauce which tastes like kerosene; preserved meats mixed with a compound of peanut oil and indescribable condiments; rice in all its forms and strange stews which would be almost unpalatable to an American.

If the host wants to be very swell he invites certain women of the quarter to work, they play "one-two." He is escorted by terrific gestures and loud hawling of Chinese numerals. He who is staked is obliged to drink a cup of rice bran, a "fortet" and he who goes first under the table is "it." Such banquets are not common in the quarter now, even on feast days; there is not enough money lying around loose to buy supplies. A watchman in the Capitol Square found forty pounds of honey in one of the boxes placed in trees for the squirrels. A swarm of bees drove the squirrel out some time ago and began to lay in supplies. "orangutan" signify, is very difficult to capture. He gives considerable trouble to the large number of hunters who are anxious to acquire possession of him in order that he may be shipped to one or other of the zoological gardens of Europe or America. Bees in Squirrel's Box. Carroll-Grayson News. A watchman in the Capitol Square found forty pounds of honey in one of the boxes placed in trees for the squirrels. A swarm of bees drove the squirrel out some time ago and began to lay in supplies.

New York's Famous Chinese Tenderloin

Continued From Page 2.

bury him." In two hours he had raised \$500, and Baldwin had a fine funeral. They have the receipts bills headed quarters to prove it. The Chinese Empire Reform Association protests officially against the idea that they are revolutionists. Any dynasty—Tartar, Mongol or Ming—is good enough for them so long as China learns that her salvation lies in adopting the best in European improvements and modes of thought. Just now they are making special efforts to raise money for a university at Canton, the native province of 25 per cent of the American Chinese. It is harder to say anything of the Chinese Masons. Their charter, say the American Freemasons, was obtained from a clandestine source. Their ways are dark and hidden, and they are popular neither with the tough tong men nor with the reformers. Once or twice they have put a reform lecture on the road. They are almost certainly an offshoot of that ancient Triad Society of China from which sprang both the boxers and most of the high-binder tongs. The Chung Wah Gung, Shaw, the Chinese court, is the high justice, the middle and low of the triangle. For American justice, whose rules and logic are not theirs, the Chinese all have more or less contempt. They use it sometimes for a tool, as the tongs are using it now; but a straight appeal made in good faith is as rare as a blue moon. All serious disputes over property, come before this tribunal. Its members are rich merchants, and its president is changed every year. The court meets at 18 Mott street, and its operations are shrouded in considerable mystery. It is a curious court. It has no legal sanction of any kind, either from China or the United States. It has not even the formal consent of the government. There is no regular way of enforcing its decrees. Yet two considerations make the Chinese eye its rulings. In the first place, the rebel is likely to be turned over to private vengeance, with the understanding that the avenger is to be punished. In the second place, disobedience would mean a pretty general boycott against the interests of Chinatown's prosperity. general recognizes this court and takes part now and then in its deliberations. Sometimes the situation gets too large

Resting His Heart.

Rest your heart now and then during the day," said an instructor in gymnastics. "But the heart can't be rested," a pupil objected. "It works incessantly from birth to death."

"It rests the heart to lie down," said the instructor. "Every night's sleep of nine hours saves the heart the lifting of 25,000 strokes of blood. Considerable rest, eh?"

"When we lie down, you see, the heart's action becomes slower—down by ten strokes a minute. Thus, in an hour, 600 strokes are saved, and in nine hours 5,400 strokes. Each stroke pumps six ounces of blood, and, therefore, in nine hours, the heart is saved the labor of pumping 32,400 ounces."

"The heart often requires a rest."

Wouldn't you? I do not care what others do; let them sleep the simple life pure. As they have not been counseled to by school; but not for me the simple life; I'd rather face the worldly strife. Accompanied by a million tainted dollars.

Bubbles. Locked on—false hair. A telling situation—the bank teller's. A temperance woman shouldn't wear corsicover curls. An old saw is not always sharpened by being filed away. Which are the two slangiest letters in the alphabet? "O, G!" Even the man who owns nothing has troubles of his own. In one way, marrying a widow is never a mistake. Some of the softest persons are the hardest to put up with. An order one should easily understand is "supping from 1000."

The handorgan and merry-go-round men are glad when summer brings their turn. A tree that is never cut down for not bearing fruit—the clothes-tree. Oh, yes, you will find lots of rakes in the beer garden. Some people kick, if it is only because there is nothing to kick about. The waiting maid never considers herself an old-fashioned door bell. The revolving salt and pepper stand affords a chance to watch the changing seasons. Some people never hear the voice of conscience except over the long-distance telephone. If some folks had their way, everybody else would get out of their way at once. Of course the city's bustle is all inside of her outskirts.

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