

OFFICER BRUTALLY MURDERED AT THE BARRACKS PRIVATE MOIR KILLED COLOR-SERGEANT LLOYD

Sent Rifle Bullet Through
the Chest of His
Superior.

WAS CRAZED
WITH DRINK

Murderer Is Now at Large and
Is Heavily Armed—A Ter-
rible Deed.

Crazed by drink, Pte. Moir, an or-
derly attached to the Army Medical
Corps, shot Color-Sergt. Henry Lloyd
at Wolsley Barracks about midnight
last night.

Lloyd lived but a few minutes. Moir
made his escape and has not yet been
apprehended. He is heavily armed
and desperate.

Was Intoxicated.

Pte. Moir yesterday went down town,
and at 5 o'clock returned to the bar-
racks. He had been drinking some-
what, but was not intoxicated.

After tea he again went down to
the city and came back in a drunken
condition shortly before midnight.

Color-Sergt. Lloyd, who was in
command of the guard, reprimanded
Moir on his condition, and declared
that he would be reported to the com-
manding officer in the morning for
being improperly dressed.

Moir became very argumentative,
and somewhat abusive, and Lloyd al-
lowed him to go to his quarters with-
out further protest.

Shot Heard.

Shortly afterwards a noise like that
of a rifle shot was heard, and Orderly
Officer Lieut. Morris came to Sergt.
Lloyd and asked him who was the
last man in.

As the shot appeared to come from
the hospital section, Lieut. Morris
asked Color-Sergt. Lloyd to investi-
gate.

He and Lieut. Morris then went
down into the sleeping quarters of the
orderlies.

The room was quite dark, but Moir
was seen in the corner with a rifle in
his hand.

Lloyd asked him to lay down the
rifle, and he went over towards Moir.
The latter raised the rifle.

Lloyd saw the movement and jump-
ed towards Moir.

Lloyd put out his left hand.

Shot the Sergeant.

There was a report, and Lloyd sank
to the floor with a groan.

Lieut. Morris was just behind Moir
a pace or two to the right.

Moir made a race for Morris, and
the latter, who was unarmed, ran
upstairs and rushed to the guard.

Moir was after him, but did not fire.
As soon as he got outside, Moir
turned to the left and was never
seen again.

Officer Was Dying.

Lieut. Morris summoned the guard
and went downstairs to where Sergt.
Lloyd was.

They found him lying on the floor,
covered with blood. He was conscious,
and when seen by the guard, said:

"Well, boys, I guess I am done for.
Good-bye."

He then lapsed into semi-uncon-
sciousness, and said no more
until, when being bandaged, he cried:

"Oh, boys, you are killing me."

Sergt. Major Balfour worked over
the unfortunate soldier, but nothing
could be done to stop the flow of
blood.

Lloyd lingered a few minutes and
passed away.

He said nothing about the murder.
No Hope From Beginning.

There was no hope for Lloyd from
the beginning. When he saw that
Moir intended to fire, he threw out his
left hand to turn the Ross rifle.

Continued on Page Nine.

LLOYD'S BROTHER HEARS NEWS OF THE TRAGEDY IN LONDON

Advertiser Reporter First To Impart Terrible Information—Young
Man Was Completely Overcome—Lloyd Was an English-
man and Had Been in Canada Seventeen Years.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Stratford, April 18.—Harry Lloyd,
who was shot in Wolsley Barracks
at London last night, was a color-
sergeant in No. 2 Company of the
Twenty-eighth Regiment, and had
been a resident of this city for about
seven years. He was born in London,
England, coming to Canada about
twelve years ago. During his resi-
dence in Stratford he had been con-
nected with the regiment for about six years.
He was 23 years of age.

In January of this year he left this
city for London, where he purposed
taking a six months' course of in-
struction at Wolsley Barracks. He
was accompanied by his brother, Ed-
ward, who returned from the barracks
to this city about two weeks ago.

Shock to Friends.

The news of his murder came as a
terrible shock to his friends in the
regiment, and at the armories this
morning the story was not credited
for a while. The Advertiser called on
Mr. Edward Lloyd at his boarding-
house this morning, and he had not
heard anything of the tragedy. The
news overwhelmed him, so suddenly
did it come, and it was several min-
utes before he could give intelligible
answers to the questions which were
asked.

Lloyd is survived by two brothers,
Edward of Stratford, and John of
India, who is in the service.

Edward left for London this morn-
ing to make arrangements for the
funeral, as it is likely that the re-
mains will be brought here for inter-
ment.

Oddfellows Welcome the Grand Sire Eighty-ninth Anniversary Celebrated

Brilliant Banquet Last Night in
the Hall on Dundas
Street.

The eighty-ninth anniversary of
Oddfellowship was yesterday cele-
brated by one of the largest gather-
ings of Oddfellows that has been seen
in this city for nearly fifteen years.
Fully five hundred brethren turned
out to welcome Grand Sire Conway,
of Chicago, on the occasion of his visit
here.

The grand sire arrived in the morn-
ing, but the celebrations did not com-
mence until the afternoon, when a
strong body of the members of Chor-

azin Lodge, headed by the Twenty-
Sixth Band, marched down town to
the Oddfellows' Hall where they were
joined by a large number of members
of various local lodges.

A Brilliant Sight.

All marched to the Grand Trunk
station where they met 125 members
from St. Thomas, including the Ori-
entals, and the famous Patriarchs
Militant, of Canton Victoria.

These brethren led by Major James
Sweeney, of St. Thomas and Lieuten-
ant Brown, formed up and the pro-
cession then marched to the auditori-
um.

Addresses of Welcome.

Chairman R. K. Cowan presided.
Addresses of welcome to the grand
Continued on Page Five.

ANOTHER RECORD FOR MAURETANIA

New York, April 17.—By a remark-
ably close margin of one minute, the
big Cunard liner Mauretania estab-
lished a new record across the ocean
over the long route in the voyage
which ended here today. Her time for

the passage was 4 days, 23 hours and
59 minutes. The fastest previous trip
—exactly 5 days—was made by the
Mauretania's sister ship, the giant
Lusitania. The Mauretania's average
speed over the 2,389-mile course was
24.98 knots.

SLICK SWINDLER ROBS TWO BANKS

Sarnia, April 18.—A man who gave
his name as James B. Young and a
Port Huron address, that is now found
to be a vacant lot, is being searched
for by the police of Sarnia for pass-
ing worthless checks on the Bank of
Commerce and the Bank of Toronto
here. Last Tuesday Young deposited
\$50 in the Bank of Commerce. Later
he deposited a check for \$400 on a
bank in Springfield, Mass. On Thurs-

day afternoon he appeared with a
check for \$300, apparently certified to
by the same Springfield bank, whose
check he had previously deposited. The
\$300 check was paid, but later, becom-
ing suspicious, the bank telegraphed
to Springfield and found that both
checks were bogus, and that the certi-
fication was a forgery. Last night it
developed that the Bank of Toronto
had been swindled by precisely the
same operation to the amount of \$500.

Tough Sailor Will Be Deported Soon

A second case for deportation came
before Magistrate Love this morning,
when Edward J. Clark, an English-
man, who was found guilty of stealing
a purse containing \$2 from a house on
Piccadilly street, last January, was
sentenced to six months in the Central
Prison.

Clark has only been in London about
a year, and last fall was arrested on
suspicion of having assaulted a boy.
The charge was not proven and he was
allowed to go.

His associates have been of the
lowest during the time that he has
been here, and in sentencing him Ma-

gistrate Love said that as soon as the
sentence expires steps will be taken to
deport him.

Clark says he is a sailor.

Fined Five Dollars.

John McAllister, the young man who
walked out of his cell in the police sta-
tion two weeks ago, and disappeared,
was fined \$5.

The charge on which he was first ar-
rested, that of stealing a pair of trou-
sers, was dismissed.

Two vags were remanded for a week
and five first-time holiday drunks
were allowed to go.

Insulting Citizens Must Be Stopped

Magistrate Love intends to make an
example of some of the young rowdies
who come down town and get partly
drunk, and use all kinds of insulting
language to people on the street.

In the court this morning Albert
Nelson was fined \$10 and \$3 costs for
being drunk and attacking another
young man named Alexander on the
street last night.

John Thropone, who says he comes
from Detroit, paid \$5 for using insult-
ing language and for being drunk.

Philip Birch, drunk and disorderly,
also contributed \$5.

Fred Payne, Wm. Brooks and James
Barclay, who recently pleaded guilty
to theft, were remanded until Thurs-
day for sentence.

John McCormick and John Dewar,
two vags, were remanded for sentence.

Wholesale Thefts From Traction Co.

It looks as though the Southwestern
Traction Company has been the vic-
tim of a gang of copper wire thieves to
the extent of several hundred dol-
lars.

Five of the alleged culprits have
been apprehended already.

Four of them have pleaded guilty,
and the fifth has not been asked to
plead pending arrests which will be
made in a day or two.

Magistrate Love intends to make an
example of the culprits, as many cases
of petty thieving from railways have
been reported.

Manager Mower stated to The Ad-
vertiser this afternoon that he could
not tell just how much the company
has lost in copper, and other metal,
through the depredations of the gang.

—Mr. Will Bacon, The Grove, is
spending Easter with his uncle in
Carsonville, Mich.

MOIR WAS IN THE BOER WAR ALWAYS CARRIED FIREARMS

Jury Will View Body of Color-Sergeant Lloyd Tonight—No Clue
as Yet to the Whereabouts of the Murderer—
Names of the Jury.

Despite the fact that it is said that
Moir, the barracks murderer, escaped
from the grounds surrounding the bar-
racks, there are those who believe that
it is possible that he is concealed in
the deserted tunnel which runs be-
neath the entire length of the build-
ings.

This tunnel until about a year ago
was used as a heating department at
the barracks.

Shortly after the murder took place
last night, one of the attached officers
at the barracks, accompanied by a
young private, started to make a
search of the tunnel.

The adventurous ones were advised
against making the tour, as it was
known that Moir was heavily armed,
and was desperate.

However, the two soldiers procured
a lantern and entered the tunnel by
way of a flight of stairs running down
from the hospital, near the scene of
the murder.

Search Not Completed.

For some reason or another the
search was not completed, the search-
ers finding that the tunnel in places
was almost blocked with debris, and
old boilers, the latter having formerly
been used to heat the barracks.

It was there the explosion took place
a few years ago in which a man was
killed.

It was stated today that it might be
Continued on Page Eight.

IS DURANT'S SISTER Relative of Noted Murderer Makes a Hit as a Dancer.

San Francisco, April 18.—The Call
today says: Information was received
here yesterday that Maud Allen, the
mysterious danseuse at the Palace
Theater in London, who has taken
that city by storm, is none other than

Maud Durant, of San Francisco, sister
of Theodore Durant, who was hanged
for the murder of Blanche Lamont
and Minnie Williams thirteen years
ago.

In a letter to a girl friend who at-
tended the polytechnic school with
her, she reveals her identity. Hitherto
all that was known of the wonderful
dancer was that she was an American
whose success was as sensational as
her art.



PRIVATE MOIR,
Who Shot and Killed Color-Sergt.
Lloyd at the Barracks.

THE WEATHER.

TOMORROW—FAIR AND MILD

FORECASTS.

Toronto, April 18—8 a.m.

Today—Moderate to fresh winds, gradu-
ally shifting to westerly; showery.
Sunday—Fair and mild.

Local Temperatures.

The highest and lowest readings of the
thermometer at the local observatory for
the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. yesterday
were: Highest, 45°; lowest, 25° above zero.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.

Calgary 42 28 Clear

Winnipeg 50 35 Fair

Port Arthur 26 32 Cloudy

Perry Sound 40 36 Cloudy

Toronto 42 34 Cloudy

Ottawa 38 34 Cloudy

Montreal 38 36 Cloudy

Quebec 32 22 Cloudy

Father Point 30 22 Clear

The first column in the above table re-
cords the temperature at 8 o'clock this
morning, and the second column records
the minimum temperatures during the 24
hours previous.

WEATHER NOTES.

A shallow depression from the Western
States is moving quickly into the Lake
region, and the pressure is generally low
over the northern part of the continent.

The weather is becoming showery this
morning in Ontario.

Elsewhere in Canada it remains fine.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

Minimum and maximum temperatures:
Victoria, 41-56; Vancouver, 44-57; Edmon-
ton, 34-66; Calgary, 28-62; Vattleford, 32-
64; Prince Albert, 25-60; Regina, 24-60;
Winnipeg, 38-72; Port Arthur, 24-40;
Perry Sound, 18-44; Toronto, 32-46; Otta-
wa, 22-46; Montreal, 24-44; Quebec, 16-38;
St. John, 18-38; Halifax, 16-36.



COLOR-SERG. HARRY LLOYD,
Who Was Murdered by Private Moir
at Wolsley Barracks.

200,000 MEN GO BACK TO WORK

Coal Operators and Miners De-
lighted With Basis of
Settlement.

Toledo, April 17.—The 200,000 idle
miners in the central competitive dis-
trict will go to work next Monday.

An amicable agreement between the
miners and operators was reached to-
day by members of the scale commit-
tee and this agreement was later rat-
ified by the joint meeting of the min-
ers and operators.

Both sides are satisfied with the re-
sults of the convention and the con-
ference adjourned with the best of
feeling between the two parties to the
controversy.

Terms of Agreement.

The terms of the agreement provide
for a general resumption of work
throughout the district next Monday.
The adoption of the old rate of 90
cents a ton for mining coal; a refer-
endum vote to be taken by districts;
and a call of the committee to receive
the returns of the vote, the referen-
dum being on the proposition to make
the agreement permanent for two years;
a uniform screen of one and one-fourth
inches; an eight-hour day; the refer-
ring of all local differences as to prices
and conditions to the districts for set-
tlement; an invitation to Illinois op-
erators to join in the next joint opera-
tor-miners conference to be held in Toledo
in February, 1910.

Both Sides Delighted.

Miners and operators are delighted
with the outcome of the conference
and declare there is now a more har-
monious feeling between miners and
operators than has existed in years.

TOO WEAK TO SEE KING

Campbell-Bannerman Sinking and
Royal Interview Forbidden.

London, April 17.—The weakness
of ex-Premier Sir Henry Campbell-
Bannerman has increased during the
past two days. An indication of his
enfeebled state is seen in that fact
that King Edward, who called at his
home this afternoon, was not allowed
to see him. His majesty stayed at
the house twenty minutes, talking to
Sir Henry's secretary.

A MONTREAL SUICIDE

Young Scotchman Despondent Through
Lack of Work Takes His Life.

Montreal, April 17.—Two boys found
the body of William S. Hartley to-
night in Westmont Park, with a
bullet hole in his head. The deceased,
who was a Scotchman, had been out
of work some time and was obviously
despondent. In a letter addressed to
a friend he remarked that all his
checks on the bank of life had been
suddenly enveloped by fire. The
home this afternoon, was not allowed
to see him. His majesty stayed at
the house twenty minutes, talking to
Sir Henry's secretary.

There was nothing to lead
to identification, and no money or val-
uables were in the clothing. The body
was that of a strong man, about 40
years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height,
and about 180 pounds weight. The
dark hair, close cropped, coat buttoned
up to the chin and trousers blue gray
with stripe, gave the appearance of a
prison garb.

The school is maintained by the
Methodist Episcopal Church.

DEAD ON RAILWAY TRACK

Body of an Unknown Man Discovered
Near Dunnville.

Dunnville, April 18.—The body of an
unknown man was found on the rail-
way track about a mile east of Dunnville
Road station by the section men last
evening. There was nothing to lead
to identification, and no money or val-
uables were in the clothing. The body
was that of a strong man, about 40
years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height,
and about 180 pounds weight. The
dark hair, close cropped, coat buttoned
up to the chin and trousers blue gray
with stripe, gave the appearance of a
prison garb.

Secretary of Boys' Work.

Frank H. T. Ritchie, a former Mon-
treal boy, has been appointed sec-
retary of boys' work in connection with
all the Y. M. C. A.s of Canada. Mr.
Ritchie has had a long experience in
that sort of work, having been presi-
dent of the society for boys' work at
Columbia University. It is likely that
Mr. Ritchie will visit the city shortly.

IN JEALOUS RAGE.

Coxsackie, N. Y., April 18.—Presum-
ably in a jealous rage because his
wife, aged 25, declined his efforts to
bring a reconciliation, Burton Whit-
comb, aged about 30 years, shot and
almost instantly killed her last night
as she was about to enter her home.

Whitcomb then made his escape, and
is still at large.

STRANGER KILLED AT COVES STRUCK BY G. T. R. FREIGHT

Accident Occurred at 11:30 Last Night and Victim Died Within
an Hour—Coroner Does Not Deem an Inquest Nec-
essary—Description of the Deceased.

An unknown Englishman, appar-
ently about 35 years old, was struck
by a westbound freight on the main
line of the Grand Trunk, near the cove
bridge, just west of the city, last night
about 11:30, and sustained injuries
from which he died shortly after mid-
night.

The crew of the freight say that the
man stepped from the eastbound track
to get out of the way of the express
from Windsor, and did not notice the
freight, although the whistle was
blown repeatedly.

An attempt was made to stop the
freight, and the brakes were applied,
but before it could be stopped the
man had been struck and knocked
down the embankment.

Died Within a Few Minutes.

When picked up he was unconscious.

Dr. Drake was called, but the man
died within a few minutes after he
arrived.

Death was due to very severe inter-
nal injuries.

The right wrist was also fractured.

May Be a Railroad Man.

The victim has every appearance of
being a railroad man, as he had on a
suit of railway men's overalls, and a
smock. His face was smoke-begrimed
as though he had recently been firing.

In his pocket was found a shoe.
No marks or articles of identifica-
tion at all can be found.

In height the man is 5 feet 8 inches,
dark hair, and small dark mustache.

The features are fine and rather dis-
tinguished.

A slight beard of several days' growth
covers the face.

Coroner MacLaren has decided that
an inquest will be unnecessary.

The body is now at Smith's morgue
on Dundas street.

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ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE. PHONE 650.

WILSON STREET—Story and half brick-vener, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, clothes closet, bath, lot 40x120 feet. Reduced to \$1,900.

DORINDA STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, chicken coop, water in house, lot 20x120 feet. A bargain, \$1,000.

ST. JAMES STREET—New two-story and attic brick, 3 bedrooms, parlor, den, dining-room, library, two mantels, kitchen, hardwood floors, laundry, all modern conveniences, fruit and ornamental trees, one of the best, lot 30x127 feet to lane. Call for particulars.

WILSON AVENUE—Story and half brick-vener, 3 bedrooms, room for bath, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, sink and city water in pantry, wired for electric light, lot 30x114 feet. Price, \$1,700.

CARLING STREET—Two-story brick-vener, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, room for bath, connected with sewer, gas and fixtures, porch, stable, lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$2,100.

RIDGEMOUNT STREET—Two-story brick, 6 bedrooms, drawing-room, library, music-room, dining-room, kitchen, 2 pantries, china closet, billiard room, bath, water heated, veranda, all modern conveniences, conservatory, summer kitchen; lot 80 feet frontage. Call for particulars.

BRUCE STREET—1½-story brick-vener, 3 bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, cellar full size, cement floors, front and back porches, veranda, cement walks, lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$2,250.

DREANAY AVENUE—Brick-vener cottage, cement foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen; lot 30x122 feet. Price, \$1,500.

KING STREET—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, all modern conveniences. Call for particulars.

MOUNT PLEASANT AVENUE—Two-story frame, brick foundation, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, heated by hot water, bathroom, electric light and fixtures, barn and driveway; lot 30x120 feet. This is a very nice property. Call for price.

HELMUTH STREET—Two-story brick and attic red pressed brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, all modern conveniences; a most desirable residence; owner wishes to leave city. Will accept \$300 cash and balance at 5% per cent. Do not miss this opportunity. \$1,500.

CLARE STREET—poolroom and new stand, doing a first-class business; cheap rent; a first-class stand. Call and get particulars.

SYDENHAM STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences and summer kitchen, sink and pump in house, gas and fixtures, veranda, spring well, first-class repair and clean, lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$1,750.

GREY STREET—Story and half frame, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, porch, water in house; lot 40x100 feet. \$500 cash, balance monthly. \$1,800.

SOUTH STREET—1½-story brick-vener, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, water in house, sewer connections, good cellar, lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$2,000.

WATERLOO STREET—One of the finest residences on the street, lot 30x120 feet. The best locality. Call and get particulars.

TECUMSEH AVENUE—Two-story and attic brick-vener, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, modern conveniences, veranda, bath; lot 30x120 feet. The cheapest property in South London. \$2,000.

TECUMSEH AVENUE—New story and three-quarters brick-vener, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, \$150, balance \$5 monthly. See prospectus.

CENTRAL AVENUE—Two-story brick, stone foundation, all modern conveniences. A first-class property. Only about \$1,300 cash required. Price, \$1,500.

7½ ACRES—near Pottersburg—Frame story and half house, with stone foundation, good cellar, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, driveway; lot splendid clay loam; orchard of about 20 trees. Price, \$2,000.

KENNETH AVENUE—Story and half brick-vener, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 20x120 feet. \$2,000.

TALBOT STREET—Two-story frame, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, two clothes closets, two pantries, storm windows, shutters, gas and electric, hard and soft water and sink in house, veranda, in first-class repair; lot 30x120 feet. Price, \$2,200.

GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHINGS, furniture, fixtures, carpets, etc., at 10% discount. **WATERLOO STREET**—New two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, veranda, bath; lot 40x120 feet. \$1,100.

KLONDIKE GOLD

We do not sell shares or bonds in Klondike or Yukon gold mines. The value of what we sell does not depend on the shares or bonds in many doubtful or fraudulent gold mines upon what some sharp, scheming "financiers" may say. We are selling Gold Mines or what is far better and surer than gold mines. We are selling Ontario farms that are producing each year more than all the gold mines of the Klondike and Yukon together. If you have a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, you can buy one of these farms. The following are some of the buildings on a 75-acre farm in the Township of McKillop, County of Huron, which can be bought for \$4,800, full particulars of which are given below. No. 534.

We have hundreds of others of these at reasonable prices.



No. 534—75 acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, 5½ miles from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

No. 537—Four acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, ½ mile from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

No. 538—Four acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, ½ mile from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

No. 539—Four acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, ½ mile from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

No. 540—Four acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, ½ mile from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

No. 541—Four acres, Township of McKillop, County of Huron, ½ mile from Walton market and railroad station, ½ mile to Leadbury; 7 acres good hard-story brick house (5 rooms), barn with one stable, driveway and horse stable, henhouse. Price, \$4,800.

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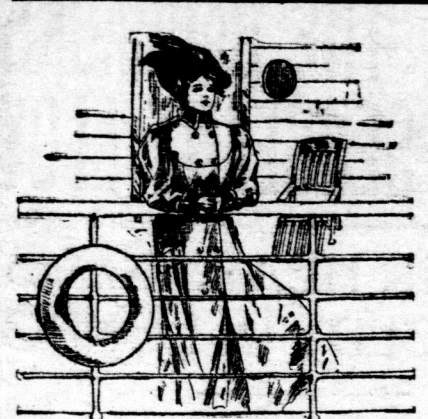
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Weather
Probs:
Cloudy and
Milder.

Smallman & Ingram
THE SATISFACTORY STORE—PHONE 655

Saturday,
April 18

We Close at 6 o'Clock Today—SHOP EARLY



Kenreign Coats FOR WOMEN Are Rainproof

Don't be afraid to wear these in WIND or STORMS.
or DUST of DRIVING, or MOTORING—wear it when
DRIVING, CALLING or SHOPPING.

\$25.00 COAT—STYLE 596.

KENREIGN COATS are made of rubberized GLORIA, RAJAH, MOIRE SILK and HYDEGRADE HEATERBLOOM, and although light in weight, these fabrics are very strong. They are rainproof outside and rubber surface inside, but not in the ordinary way, and the evidence of their growing popularity is that they could not be made fast enough last season.

A KENREIGN COAT is one of the most useful and valuable types of garments ever devised for women, and we have the maker's guarantee back of every garment. Give it care and it will give you wear.



STYLE 596—As represented by cut above, coat is made of rubberized Rajah Silk, in gray and blue, and gray and black plaid; collar and cuffs of satin to match, double-breasted, collar fastened with tabs. A very nobby style, with patch pockets, for \$25.00

STYLE 593—Is also made of rubberized Rajah Silk, in plain colors, gray and fawn, full box style, collar closing with tabs, self-colored, ivory-rimmed buttons, patch pockets and full sleeve, with cuff, for \$18.00

STYLE 520—As represented by this cut, is made of rubberized Gloria Silk, in gray, navy and green; single-breasted, with storm collar, closing with tabs, full sleeves pleated at top, with cuffs, eyelets under arms, for \$12.50

These are all-weather garments—windproof, rainproof, dustproof and stylish. Every woman is attracted by their utility.

\$12.50 COAT—STYLE 520.

Ready-to-Wear Section—Second Floor.

Curtain Stretchers, \$1.75 and \$2.25 Set

It pays to have the best. These are by far the best made. The satisfactory kind, strong and serviceable, and will fold up into six-foot lengths. They have flanged steel plates in center of crosspieces, which prevent sagging, and no center crossbar to bother with; all easy adjustments, complete with easel backs; nickel steel pins one inch apart, that will not rust.

Our No. B Stretcher, \$1.75

Our No. A Stretcher, \$2.25

These have stationary pins and easel back—strong and simple.

Fitted with improved shoulder vise, either movable or stationary pins.

Have You Seen the New Hair Wavers, 5c Each?

WILL NOT CUT OR BREAK THE FINEST HAIR.

Curls or waves the hair quickly and easily, and, unlike rubber hair-wavers, they do not become sticky by continued use, causing the hair to stick to them. They are so light they do not cause any annoyance, nor injure the hair in any way, and are especially adapted for curling and waving children's hair, being so light they do not annoy the child.

Ask to see these at Notion Counter—Opposite Elevator.

Store Closes at
6 p.m. Daily.

Smallman & Ingram
THE SATISFACTORY STORE—PHONE 655

149 to 153
DUNDAS
STREET.

Real Estate for Sale Farms for Sale ANDERSON & CO.

If you want to buy a farm, call and look over our list. The following are a few of the best: 50 acres, London Township; all cleared, well fenced, 12-story house, barn, 30x120, on frame foundation, stable under, driveway, house, all in good repair; 1½ miles to London, six miles to Hilderton.

A great bargain if bought right away—100 acres, London Township; all cleared, well fenced, 12-story house, barn, 30x120, on frame foundation, stable under, driveway, house, all in good repair; 1½ miles to London, six miles to Hilderton.

Here is a rare chance of getting a cheap home. You can buy this six-roomed cottage and 100x120 feet of land; you could sell two lots and then have the cottage and one lot very cheap. It is situated on Grey street, near Clarence street. Price for a quick sale, \$2,100. Call on Anderson & Co.

Another chance of a lifetime to get a delightful home at a very reasonable price. 100 acres, London Township; all cleared, well fenced, 12-story house, barn, 30x120, on frame foundation, stable under, driveway, house, all in good repair; 1½ miles to London, six miles to Hilderton.

A delightful home. New cement block house, 1½-story, nine rooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, one bedroom, and clothes closet downstairs, landing and three large bedrooms upstairs, and two clothes closets upstairs; lot 30x120 feet. Price, \$1,800. Call on Anderson & Co.

Two-story brick house, ten rooms; lot 40x120 feet. \$1,500. 965 Elmwood avenue. 1½-story brick house, nine rooms; lot 40x120 feet; Lorne avenue.

Frame cottage, seven rooms, Palace street; lot 20x120. Only \$1,100.

Five acres of land in Wellington road, just outside of city limits; no buildings. Thirteen acres on the first concession of Westminster; no buildings; or will divide it and sell it in two 2½ acre lots.

Five acres, frame cottage, frame stable; near Pottersburg.

Six acres, good frame house and barn; good orchard; London Township, near city.

And I have a list of over 300 choice building lots and over 200 city houses, lots; and if I cannot suit you, I will build to suit you.

Call, write or phone

SAMUEL WILSON

Real Estate, Fire Insurance and Life Insurance Broker.
OFFICE: 131 WELLINGTON STREET, London, Ont. Phone 2103.

FARM FOR RENT OR SALE—RENT, \$10 monthly; sale price, \$2,800. 20 acres woods, 6 acres cleared; splendid new stone cottage and barn; running water in each. Box 258, London. 9901-wt

CITY AT MERCY OF MAD ELEPHANTS

**Panic-Stricken Herd Escapes
From Circus and Runs Amuck
Killing and Maiming.**

Riverside, Cal., April 17. — A fire which started yesterday afternoon at the Standard Oil Company's storage tanks caused a herd of elephants to stampede, with the result that Miss Ella Gibbs, a church deaconess, is dead, and L. J. Worsley is fatally injured. A sudden boom marked the explosion of a large oil tank. Worsley was a driver of a delivery wagon from which the fire was communicated to the tanks, and was hurled many yards from the spot. He was picked up with his clothing ablaze.

A circus three blocks distant was about to open for the afternoon performance. The explosion and the fire caused the showmen to leave the tents after dispersing the crowd which had assembled. The herd of elephants became uncontrollable and they dashed to the east side of the town, knocking down fences, outhouses and despoiling orchards that lay in their path. Many persons narrowly escaped the infuriated animals. In a short time, however, all but the largest of the elephants was rounded up.

The leader of the herd then changed his course and entered the center of the city, one mile distant. He entered the court of the Glenwood Hotel, one of the famous hostels of the coast. Miss Gibbs was in the yard in front of the house. The elephant pinned her against the house between his tusks, threw her to the ground and trampled upon her, crushing her chest. She died later.

The animal then proceeded to the doorway, the guests running, panic-stricken, indoors. D. C. Chapman, a guest of the house, attempted to seize the animal from the court. He was knocked down and had several ribs broken and was otherwise injured.

The beast crashed through the door, walked through the barber shop and out on the main street, crossed the street and crashed through the heavy plate glass window in a store. Before being rounded up at a down-town public stable the animal trampled on another man and seriously gored him with his tusks.

One of the inspectors attempted to subdue the animal, but was hurled over a high fence, sustaining painful injuries. Not until four other elephants were brought to the stable was the huge beast got under control and taken to the circus.

By this time the entire town was in an uproar. The women of the east side were afraid to venture into the streets, fearing that the herd had not been captured.

The fire at the oil tanks caused a loss of \$11,000.

Miss Ella Gibbs, who died at 9:30 to-night was a deaconess of the First Congregational Church of this city. Before coming here about three years ago she had been a prominent worker in the slums of Chicago. Since her arrival in Riverside she had been doing missionary work among the Chinese and Japanese population and also assisting consumptives who arrived here penniless.

RUSSIA AND BALKANS

**Foreign Minister Tells Duma Powers
Support Czar's Plan.**

St. Petersburg, April 17. — Foreign Minister Isvolsky today delivered to the Duma his long expected statement regarding the Balkan situation. He said he was not able to chronicle any definite achievement toward the settlement of the time of the annexation of Bosnia by Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy and France, and its partial approval by Great Britain, was full of promise.

The Russian plan, the foreign minister continued, is to settle the Balkan designs not dangerous innovations, and it could be put into execution without danger of bringing on a great conflict.

MORLEY'S SELF-SACRIFICE

**Becomes a Peer in Order To Pay Off a
Stepson's Debts.**

London, April 17. — John Morley's decision to finish his career with his identity disguised under some new title as a member of the House of Lords, which he declared ten years ago should be either "mended or ended," is a grievous disappointment to his friends. Yet it is part of an act of self-sacrifice which redounds to Mr. Morley's honor and integrity.

Mr. Morley has a stepson named Aylmer, whom he not only educated, but for whom he paid a large sum, which he could ill-afford, to secure for him a partnership in a great publishing house in Edinburgh. Aylmer became a speculator on the stock exchange. He lost heavily and signed Mr. Morley's name to bills to the extent of nearly \$100,000. He was arrested, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven months' penal servitude.

With no legal or even moral obligation upon him to do so, Mr. Morley has undertaken to repay the whole amount. In the meantime, however, only has paid out all his savings, but has bound himself to pay annually a certain sum for a certain number of years.

It is because he believes his health cannot stand the strain of the work of the House of Commons long enough to enable him to pay this debt that he takes the course, highly repugnant to him, of going into the House of Lords in order that he may remain in the cabinet and draw a minister's salary of \$25,000 a year.

Why is everyone using Carling's Easter Book Beer?

Can't doesn't always mean can't. Sometimes it means would better not, especially when a man's wife says it.

WITHIN SIGHT OF AGREEMENT

**Soft Coal Miners and Operators
Have Reached a Tentative
Arrangement.**

Toledo, April 17. — After two days spent in harmonious discussion over the scales and agreements which are of such importance not only to the 200,000 miners in the coal belts of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana, but the commercial and industrial activity of the country at large, the injection last night of questions affecting Pennsylvania alone delayed the consummation of a final agreement. Reports from the committee would indicate a tentative agreement to extend over two years with ninety cents a ton as the rate for mining, has been agreed upon.

It has also been agreed that the committee will recommend to the conference that a joint resolution signed by both miners and operators be drawn up condemning any action which will result in the suspension of work in any mine in the central competitive field. Both the operators and miners were agreed that this was necessary for the protection of their interests which were jeopardized by the numerous local strikes over trivialities. After these two points had been satisfactorily adjusted the committee considered the consideration of the alterations which should be made in the workings to prevent accidents.

It is this rock which split the convention and now menaces the success of the conference.

Miners from the Pittsburgh district insisted upon certain changes which the operators refused to grant, claiming that the alterations asked for would mean a big increase in overhead expense.

When the committee adjourned last night until today, no hope of an agreement was in sight.

MINISTER DEAD BULLET IN HEAD

**Sensational Death of the Pastor
of a Fashionable New
Jersey Church.**

Woodbury, N. J., April 17. — The Rev. George W. Thomson, pastor of the Woodbury Presbyterian Church, a fashionable congregation, was found dead in a room at a hotel here today with a bullet wound in his head. It is believed he committed suicide.

A week ago Mr. Thomson announced his engagement to Mrs. Fannie Kenworthy, a wealthy member of the church. Thomson was 45 years of age. No reason for the suicide is known.

Mr. Thomson came to Woodbury from Clayton, N. J., about ten years ago. He built up the congregation of the church until it became one of the largest and most prosperous in South Jersey. Mr. Thomson was married, but his wife died a year and a half ago. Mrs. Kenworthy was a member of the church and on Monday last a delegation of them called at the hotel. There was a stormy scene, it is said, and as a result the woman left Woodbury that evening. She has gone to the Pacific coast, it is claimed.

It is said by guests of the hotel that at the time of the announcement of Dr. Thomson's engagement to Mrs. Kenworthy, the clergyman and the woman in the case had a violent scene. She is alleged to have said, "all the love and duty belonging to a wife, and I shall not permit him to desert me."

It is also reported that at a meeting of Sunday school teachers, held last Thursday night, the woman, who was a member of Mr. Thomson's church, denounced Mr. Thomson, calling him, among other things, "a hypocrite."

NINE WEEKS' SESSION

**Nova Scotia Legislature Prologues—
Old-Age Pension.**

Halifax, N. S., April 17. — The Nova Scotia Legislature prologues Thursday after a nine-weeks' session. The speech from the throne by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser congratulated the province on the enactment of a measure for the registration of births and deaths. Of the legislation respecting old-age pensions and provident relief societies for miners, the speech says it is an effort to grapple with a question which is being considered in many countries today, and should prove a valuable contribution to the efforts made in this direction by other legislatures and bodies promoting measures for the betterment of existing social conditions.

AWARDED \$3,000 DAMAGES

**Pere Marquette Inspector, Injured in
Explosion, Wins Case.**

St. Thomas, April 17. — At the assizes here Charles Waddell, of this city, car inspector of the Pere Marquette, who sued that company for \$10,000 damages for injuries received through the explosion of a boiler in the pump-house at Rondeau, was awarded \$3,000 damages.

HAD A BAD NIGHT.

London, April 17. — Another disgusting bulletin was issued at 10 o'clock this morning in Downing street, where the Premier Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is lying at death's door. The bulletin is as follows: "Sir Henry had a restless night and is rather weaker this morning."

HUMAN CHAIN TO THE RESCUE

**Two New York Firemen Make
Gallant and Thrilling Rescue
From Flames.**

New York, April 17. — Two firemen who were taking a day off, made a thrilling rescue on the top floor of a burning tenement at 75 Third avenue today by forming a human chain from the coping of an adjoining house and swinging to safety George Deitz, who had been caught by the fire in the hallway of the building. Deitz's father and mother who had climbed out on the rear fire escape, were taken to safety by firemen on an adjoining building. Deitz awoke from a sound sleep and ran to the front window, but the fire department did not have ladders long enough to reach him. Flames had cut off the fire escape.

Firemen Dugan and Sythes were off duty, but were near the place when the alarm was sounded. They climbed into the building next door, at 723 Third avenue, and appeared on the coping, which was several feet higher than the window in which Deitz was standing. They ordered Deitz to climb to the stone sill of the window. Then Sythes crawled head foremost over the edge of the coping, Dugan holding his feet. Slowly and carefully the feat of gaining a swing so that Sythes could reach the window was accomplished. Held fast by the firemen, Deitz swayed off the sill, and for several minutes the two men were swinging in mid-air fifty feet above the pavement. Meanwhile Dugan was crawling backward. He regained his feet and was then able to pull the two men to the coping. Deitz was hurried over the roof to safety.

MARLOWE NOT INVOLVED

**Lawyer Drops Divorce Case—Con-
vinced Accusation Is Unfounded.**

Boston, April 17. — Attorney Percy A. Brigham, of this city, who filed a divorce libel in the Essex County superior court, at Salem, recently, in behalf of Clara L. Von Herrmann, against Karl S. Von Herrmann, in which the actress, Miss Julia Marlowe, and Mrs. Maude Thornburn Backus, of Brooklyn, were named as co-respondents, has had the libel dismissed in the superior court.

Lawyer Brigham said tonight he was convinced after careful sifting of the evidence that the source of Mrs. Von Herrmann's information was wholly unreliable.

HARBOTTLE IN PRISON

**Transferred to the Provisional City
Prison in Havana.**

Havana, April 17. — Capt. Harbottle of Toronto, who is under arrest here on the charge of embezzlement from the Toronto Club, has been transferred from the secret police quarters to the provisional city prison, where he will be kept until the arrival on Monday of Inspector Rogers, from Toronto. Then, after the evidence has been heard, the Cuban authorities will decide on the question of extradition.

Capt. Harbottle was not officially arrested until Tuesday. Detective Fuller held him in custody since Sunday at a hotel.

ELECTRIC HEADLIGHTS

**Railway Commission Moves To Have
All the Systems Adopt Them.**

Ottawa, April 17. — The secretary of the board of railway commissioners has sent out to all railway companies in Canada the following circular:

Owing to the numerous reports the board has received from its inspectors relating to the poor condition of the lights on a large number of locomotive engines in use on the different railway systems in Canada, the board has had under consideration the advisability of requiring the railway companies subject to its jurisdiction, to use an electric system of headlights, or some other good system that will give satisfactory light for the protection of life and property.

The board directs me to say that it will be glad to have you file with it, in writing at an early date, such observations as you may wish to make regarding the proposal of the board to issue an order, as suggested herein."

PORTUGAL QUIET.

Lisbon, April 17. — The country has quieted down, but anxiety is being felt over April 29, when Parliament re-assembles and on which occasion King Manuel must personally appear before that body and take oath to observe the constitution of Portugal.

LEOPOLD ATTACKED.

Brussels, April 17. — A feature of the debate yesterday on the Congo question in the Chamber of Deputies was the violent attack made on King Leopold by the Socialist deputy, M. Bertrand, who accused the King of squandering millions on palaces and in restaurants which ought to be devoted to the needs of the natives of the Congo Independent State.

Because Carling's Book Beer is recommended by all connoisseurs.

One Japanese firm has been printing mills covering four acres. Twelve years ago the industry was unknown in that country.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I treated it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day. Yours very truly,

T. G. McMULLEN.

R. J. Young & Co. | R. J. Young & Co.

An Easter Sale for City Buyers and the City's Visitors.

3,000 Yards Reliable Silks

That Are Worth 50c, 65c and 75c. 39c Yard

FIVE PIECES (500 YARDS), ALL-SILK BLACK TAFFETA, REGULAR 50c.
TWO PIECES (200 YARDS), ALL-SILK BLACK MESSALINE, REGULAR 65c.
TWO PIECES (200 YARDS), BLACK FRENCH PEAU-DE-SOIE, SILK-FACED, REGULAR 50c.
ONE PIECE (100 YARDS), EACH, ALL-SILK FRENCH TAFFETAS, REGULAR 50c to 75c.
ONE PIECE (25 YARDS), EACH, COLORED SATINS, REGULAR 50c.
COLORS—Mauve, Gray, Light Gray, Nile, Reseda, Sky, Pink, Champagne, Old Rose, and Cream.
ONE PIECE (100 YARDS), EACH, ALL-SILK LOUISINE, REGULAR 75c.
ONE PIECE (25 YARDS), EACH, COLORED SATINS, REGULAR 50c. Reseda, Navy, Myrtle.

These splendid Silks were bought from the largest importer of French Silks in Canada, and are worth in every instance the regular price quoted. Our offer for the lot was not considered for some time, but the spot cash inducement finally brought them our way, and instead of putting them in stock at regular prices, we have decided to sell the entire lot in one day by making the price so ridiculously low that every woman in London will want to share in the savings.

About the Wearing Quality of These Taffeta Silks.

Before making an offer on these silks we carefully examined the quality of the Taffetas, and, while we do not guarantee them, we believe them to be EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD WEARING SILKS.

There is no filling of any description, and every piece is absolutely pure silk, so that when you pay 39c for a 65c or 75c taffeta; you are getting just as reliable silks as if you were buying them in the regular way and paying the regular price.

We must again request that our salespeople be not asked to reserve any of these, as not a yard can be sold before 8:30 Monday morning, but Silks may be examined today or tonight at our Silk Counter.

Owing to dissatisfaction expressed during our last Silk Sale, we have decided to

Accept No Phone Orders

So that every buyer will have the same chance to secure their share in the greatest Silk Bargains ever offered London buyers.

R. J. Young & Co. | R. J. Young & Co.

BANDIT HERO OF SPANISH

**Popular Pressure On Govern-
ment To Procure a Full
Pardon for Villulo.**

Madrid, April 17. — It is currently reported that simultaneously with the appearance of the book which he is now writing in prison on "Banditism in Spain," Villulo, the greatest bandit of them all, will get a free pardon. It was something very similar to report that characterized reports of his arrest last December. This took place in the Argentine Republic after he had been sought in vain by the police for many years. Picturesque outlawry has always existed more or less in Andalusia. And all the outlaws in Southern Spain none was more picturesque than he.

The real name of Villulo is Joaquin Camargo. He was born near Seville 56 years ago. Although he was the offspring of respectable parents, he began his adventurous career of crime while still a youth, and soon made a name for himself. One of his most famous exploits had as its scene a much-travelled road near Setenil, where five years ago he held up 25 merchants, one after another, as they returned from a fair. The whole 25 were later discovered bound and gagged, lying side by side. Villulo's days work had netted him 50,000 pesetas.

Although he performed some of his most daring feats single-handed, he was captain of a famous band. Members of the organization spread his name and fame afar, performing good deeds and bad, for which he got the credit. Personally, he was polite, sober, economical, and extremely fond of his own family. He had a wife, three charming girls, and two boys. They never took part in his misdeeds, although it is admitted that he kept them freely supplied with money.

Two years ago Villulo, having made a fortune, sought to change his profession. Many witticisms were passed on the fact that he set himself up as a hotelkeeper. It was intimated that he had merely changed his methods of separating travelers from their purses. He also owned several farms, which he repaired in times of leisure, devoting himself to the education of his children. He then lived under an assumed name, and his neighbors never suspected who he was.

Villulo had disappeared. He had once controlled the writing of his business much in the old way. But Villulo's successor to the captaincy was shot one day and several of his henchmen wounded and arrested. The Spanish government secured a confession from one of the wounded men, and thus learned of the whereabouts of the bandit, who had escaped them for so long. Villulo, quietly sleeping in his farmhouse one night, was awakened by a tap on his window. A friend had come to warn him. He got away just in time, for only a few minutes

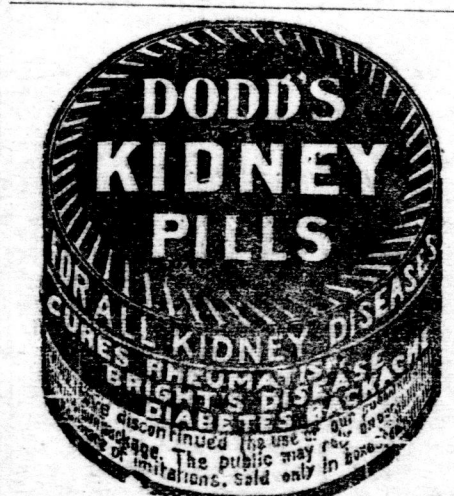
after his hasty flight the place was surrounded by a troop of mounted rural guards. He managed to leave the country and sail for Buenos Ayres.

The Spanish police did not despair, however; they knew Villulo's virtues as well as his vices. Every member of his family was shadowed. One by one they assembled at Gibraltar, whence they took ship one day for the South American port. Spanish detectives booked on the same steamer. The old-time bandit was eventually discovered conducting a ranch on the Plata. He was arrested, but Spain has thus far been unable to secure his extradition. Negotiations have been in progress for many months, and in the meantime popular feeling in favor of the outlaw has been on the increase in Argentina as well as in Spain.

The Spanish Government has been asked to recall its order of extradition, and to send out a pardon instead. There is growing likelihood that it will do so.

ADMIRAL BALCH DEAD.

Raleigh, N. C., April 17. — Read-Admiral George B. Balch, United States navy, retired, died last night of pneumonia. He was in his 87th year and was retired in 1883. He was the oldest flag-officer of the navy, and the last of the coterie of naval officers of Admiral Farragut's time, with whom Admiral Balch was long ago on intimate terms. He was for years superintendent of the naval academy at Annapolis.



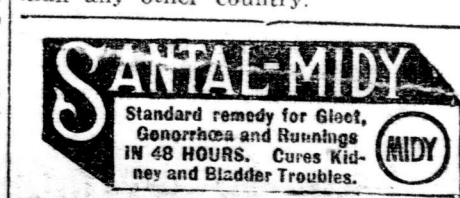
GET READY FOR Spring Gardening

Our stock of Garden Tools is complete.
Rakes, with from 10 teeth to 42 teeth, 25c to \$1.00 each.
Hoes, 12 different kinds, 35c to 65c each.
Spades, 65c to \$1.25.
Shovels, 65c to \$1.25.
Trowels, 10c and 15c.
Garden Lines, 15c.

WESTMAN'S HARDWARE

121 Dundas St. and Market Square

Italy has more convicts per capita than any other country.



ALLAN LINE

Turbine Steamers
SAILINGS TO LIVERPOOL.
From St. John, Halifax, Victoria, etc., Sat. April 18, Sat. April 25.
SAILINGS TO GLASGOW.
From St. John, Halifax, Victoria, etc., Sat. April 18, Sat. April 25.
MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
Corrosian sails Friday, May 1, 1908, 9 a.m. Virginian sails Friday, May 8, 1908, 9 a.m. For rates of passage, sailing lists, etc., apply to E. DE LA HOOKE, G. T. R. W. FULTON, C. P. R., or F. B. CLARKE, 416 Richmond Street.

Southwestern Traction Co.

**A CHANGE IN SCHEDULE
A CAR TO PORT STANLEY
EVERY HOUR**
(Excepting cars leaving London at 9 and 11 p.m.)

Starting Saturday, April 11

EASTER EXCURSION RATES
Tickets at holiday rates sold at all agencies good going 16th, 17th, 18th, 20th; good returning Tuesday, 21st, 22nd.

ANCHOR LINE

GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY
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SPECIAL ONE-WAY SECOND-CLASS COLONIST TICKETS

from all stations to California, Arizona, Mexico, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Washington and British Columbia. Tickets will be on sale via all direct routes. The Wabash is the shortest and true route to the above points. For further particulars call on your nearest Wabash agent, or address J. A. RICHARDSON, district passenger agent, No. 42 Yonge Street, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

**BARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION
BRIDGE AND TORONTO.**

Arrive from the east—9:30 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:23 a.m., *6:25 p.m., *7:48 p.m., 10 p.m.
Arrive from the west—*12:09 a.m., *2:15 a.m., *11:18 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., *6:25 p.m.
Depart for the east—*12:14 a.m., *3:20 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., *11:23 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).
The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations.
Depart for the west—*8:55 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., *8:05 p.m.
The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., *4 p.m., *6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.
Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., *7:55 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—*3:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 11:10 p.m.
Depart—6:10 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 8 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:50 a.m., 1:50 p.m.
Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depart—5:40 a.m., *6:50 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m., *3:40 p.m., 7:35 p.m.
Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:15 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., *5:20 p.m., 10:30 p.m.
*To and from Walkerville, 10:40 a.m. and 4:40 p.m. *To and from "starred" to Port Stanley. *Between London and St. Thomas only.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 8:50 p.m.
Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., *10:25 p.m.
*Runs through to Waterford.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east *11:30 a.m., 6 p.m., 11 p.m. From the west—*4:30 a.m., *5:20 a.m., *6:20 p.m.
Depart—For the east—*4:40 a.m., 8:43 a.m., *6:28 p.m. For the west—*11:38 a.m., *8:10 p.m., *11:10 p.m.
Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. *From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE

Easter Excursions

SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP

between all station in Canada; good going April 16th, 17th, 18th and 20th; good to return until April 21st.

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Base Ball ...
Tennis
Racing



SUMMER SPORTS



Lawn Bowling
..... Athletics
..... Rowing

LONDON MARKSMAN LEADS LIST IN HURON INDIAN ANNUAL SHOOT

Three Tied in Event and Glover Wins the Shoot-Off Handily.

Exeter, April 18.—Mr. Bert W. Glover, of London, took the principal event of the day at the annual shoot of the Huron Indians here yesterday. Three marksmen were tied in this event, and in the shoot-off Glover won out. His competitors in the shoot-off were Kerr and Tribner. S. A. Webb, of London, also did well, coming third on the list of high scores for the day. Summary:

B. W. Glover, London.....	17	17	17	20	18	9	16	17	8-180	158
E. Day, London.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	8-180	157
S. A. Webb, London.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	8-180	149
W. A. Smith, Kingsville.....	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	10-180	164
R. B. Harris, Ingersoll.....	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	10-180	160
W. Morrison, Owen Sound.....	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	10-180	160
S. Pilon, Exeter.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	10-180	142
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton.....	16	14	11	15	14	15	15	15	8-180	128
F. Kerr, Crediton.....	18	19	20	18	12	9	19	19	10-180	163
J. Tribner, Exeter.....	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	10-180	164
W. E. Buck, Elmira.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	9-180	157
G. Laing, Ridgeway.....	18	18	16	17	15	15	13	18	10-180	147
W. E. Sanders, Exeter.....	18	17	19	17	15	15	15	15	10-180	147
F. Tribner, Exeter.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	10-180	147
D. Hartlieb, Exeter.....	18	18	16	17	15	15	15	15	10-180	147
C. Fritz, Exeter.....	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	10-180	134
W. J. Kerbyson, Hazelton.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	10-180	129
G. East, Clinton.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	10-180	129
C. Stanlake, Exeter.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	10-180	109
N. D. Hurdon, Exeter.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	10-180	109
W. Johns, Exeter.....	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	10-180	109
W. Smith, Exeter.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	10-180	109
W. Yearley, Exeter.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10-180	9

Stratford and Bolt Works Win In Holiday Soccer at the Heights

Chelsea Lodge and Thistles Defeated By Three to One.

Before one of the largest crowds that has attended a soccer game this season the Stratford Carshops team defeated Chelsea Lodge by a score of 3 to 1 in a hotly-contested match on Carling Heights.

The winners had a better forward line than the losers, who, however, showed up well at goal.

At half-time the Stratford team led by 2-0. Chelsea scored its only point on a penalty directly in front of the goal. The line-ups:

Stratford	Chelsea
Carr.....Goal	Bidge
High.....Full Back	T. Walker
Brose	Wakeling
Rose	E. Harper
Captain	Captain
Sneddon	Gale

The score does not indicate the run of play, but all the same the Bolt Works deserved to win.

The Liberal Bowlers Lose To Aylmer

The London Liberals journeyed to Aylmer and met defeat at the hands of the bowlers of that place by over 100 pins in the five-men event, and broke about even in the doubles. The London men could not find the king-pin at all, and ran into all kinds of bad luck.

However, everybody had a most enjoyable time, so the object of the trip was fulfilled. The Aylmer trundlers treated the Londoners like princes, and when the former come here for a return series shortly the locals will attempt to reciprocate.

The scores:

Liberals	Aylmer		
Murray.....202	116	125	452
Perrin.....137	139	121	397
Oliver.....120	125	124	369
McIntosh.....160	162	166	488
McMurphy.....149	156	152	457
Totals.....768	698	698	2164

Aylmer.

Burger.....145	155	155	455
Pascoe.....147	150	155	452
King.....122	141	149	422
Finch.....148	162	166	476
L. King.....112	193	104	409
Totals.....744	780	744	2268

In the doubles the scores were as follows:

Liberals	Aylmer		
Murray.....122	157	171	450
McIntosh.....150	132	155	437
Totals.....272	289	326	887

THE TURF.

Winners Yesterday.

At Aqueduct—Madeline Musgrave to 5, Jim McGill 6 to 5, Grapple 3 to 1, Alauda 2 to 1, Tim O'Toole 10 to 1, Besom 9 to 10.

Dan McEwen this morning added three horses to the string of circuit-chasers he has at Queen's Park.

THE EAST END LEAGUERS had a good practice yesterday, and are rapidly rounding into shape for the opening of the season, a week from today.

ENTRY BLANKS FOR THE OLYMPIC TRIALS at Queen's Park on May 16 can be obtained at the Y. M. C. A. The entry list promises to be a large one.

WINNERS IN THE MCCLARY ROAD RACE last year were barred from competing yesterday. This ruling tended to keep down the number of contestants.

"SHORTLY AFTER STARTING OUT I suffered from a pain in my stomach and had to walk a considerable distance," said Art Kingsmill.

ARTHUR KINGSMILL WINS M'CLARY FINISHES FIRST IN THE ROAD RACE, BEING EIGHT MINUTES AHEAD OF JOLLY.

Despite the fact that the entry list included but five names, the McClary road race to Byron and return yesterday proved to be a successful event.

Arthur Kingsmill turned up as the fastest of the quintet, and he was not forced to extend himself, there being eight minutes difference in his time and that of the second man, Albert Jolly. Kingsmill's time was 1 hour and 14 minutes, while Jolly did the distance in 1 hour and 22 minutes.

The third man to finish was James Gramlick. He came in two minutes after Jolly, and appeared to be in better shape than any of the runners. Wm. Holmes finished fourth, and the fifth runner came home in a wagon.

Two of the runners journeyed to Byron on the south side of the river and the other three went around the other way.

Last year the race was won by Bob Kingsmill, a brother of this year's winner, but as there were several miles difference in the distances, no line can be obtained on their comparative times.

The committee in charge of the race was as follows: J. K. H. Pope, John Walcott, George Neilson, J. Walcott, G. Tripp, W. Hayden and C. Crosby.

ST. THOMAS ROAD RACE

McMichael Wins Annual Collegiate From Port Stanley.

St. Thomas, April 18.—The Collegiate road race from Port Stanley to St. Thomas yesterday brought out but three starters. The race was won by Norman McMichael. Robert Reid came in second and Lionel Dunsmore finished third.

The winner gets a handsome cup and the other two runners will be presented with silver medals.

AN ENJOYABLE SHOOT

Entry List and Scores of Yesterday's Springwood Club Event.

Ideal weather and a good entry list served to make the Springwood Gun Club shoot at the Cove yesterday an enjoyable event. The scores made were as follows:

Shot At	25	15	10	25
Bryce.....	15	15	10	40
Parker.....	17	10	10	37
Brock.....	17	13	10	40
Simcox.....	20	14	10	44
Whittaker.....	12	10	10	32
Clinger.....	12	5	10	27
Blackburn.....	14	10	10	34
Reid.....	14	10	10	34
Bryce.....	14	10	10	34
Simcox.....	13	10	10	33

TERRIBLE TERRY TO MEET SUMMERS

New York, April 18.—Terry McGovern, the featherweight champion, will re-enter the ring. The "little demon" will meet Johnny Summers, the English lightweight, on April 30 in a 10-round fight before the old Broadway Athletic Club at Lyric Hall. The two boys will battle at catch weights. McGovern probably tripping the scales around 134 pounds.

In preparation for this match Terry will take up quarters at his old training ground, Johnson's roadhouse, on Jerome avenue, where he will be assisted by his former sparring partner, Charles Magwood and Martin Canole and Bant Dorsey. The return of McGovern will be a big surprise to the sporting fraternity, and if he comes back in good form it will be one of the athletic miracles of the century.

His Last Battle.

When McGovern fought his last battle with Young Corbett in the post-bellum, at Philadelphia, it was the general opinion he had been seen in the ring for the last time.

Only a month later it was necessary to send the popular boy to a sanatorium. After spending a few months there he was released as cured, and he toured the country with a vaudeville show.

When the Giants went south on their training trip, McGovern canceled his theatrical engagements and got into shape on the ballfield. He returned to the city with the Giants in fine physical condition and then said he was ready to return to the ring.

Joe Humphries, McGovern's manager, was loath to allow Terry to enter the ring unless he was fit for the game. McGovern and Dr. Joseph Creamer paid a visit to the Polytechnic Hospital yesterday, and the pugilist was put through a thorough physical examination by Professor E. L. Keyes. After the examination Terry was pronounced to be in good physical and mental condition.

GOLF.

St. Thomas, April 18.—The local golf season was officially opened here yesterday, when teams captained by C. H. McGhie and Rev. L. Pidgeon met on the Golf Club links and played to a tie.

A match between St. Thomas and London has been set down for May 16.

BASEBALL FANS! For complete baseball scores of American, National, Eastern and International Leagues see The Advertiser bulletin board. A direct wire gives The Advertiser the scores as soon after the games as it is possible to transmit the messages.

GANS TO LIMIT BOUT WITH YOUNG PACKIE

Lightweight Ready To Meet McFarland, But at Twenty Rounds.

Chicago, April 18.—Joe Gans, king of the lightweights, tarried between trains in Chicago yesterday just long enough to make known his attitude toward Packie McFarland and his prospects of meeting the little "harp" in a 45 round bout on the coast. The "old master" is willing to tackle McFarland in a 25-round bout, but will guarantee the fight only if the latter is willing to stage a 25-round go, and I'll guarantee Packie the toughest fight of his career for every night indubitably. From a business standpoint a bout with Packie would attract a greater crowd, I believe, than a long-drawn-out mill with Unholz or Nelson.

Mixed Up.

"Everything seems to be mixed up on the coast and I don't know who I will fight until after I reach San Francisco. I certainly intend to claim Nelson's forfeit of \$2,500 for backing out of his recent offer to meet me. A 45-round fight with the Battler would be nothing more or less than a rough-house affair with the Dane clinching and mauling away at closing quarters from bell to bell. Such a fight as that never makes a hit with the fans."

The veteran says he is out for the "bacon" this time, and will take a whirl at Unholz, Nelson and McFarland in turn providing the coast promoters are ready to back him. If they can assure him a \$25,000 house for a fight with McFarland the champion will sign at once. Gans says McFarland stands head and shoulders over Unholz or Nelson in his class, and figures that Packie would prove a more dangerous opponent than either of the other boys.

Loaded to Teeth.

Gans was loaded to the teeth with trunks and suit cases and says he is determined to put in several weeks in the golden west. He lately has blossomed out as a writer and among his literary efforts are a number of typewritten on which he expects to grind out daily reports of life in the training camp.

CANADIAN LACROSSE ASS'N

Officers and Council Elected at the Annual Convention.

Toronto, April 18.—At the annual convention of the C. L. A., the following officers were elected: John M. Kearns, Arthur, president; James Doyle, first vice-president; Oscar Elby, Hespeler, second vice-president; W. A. Hall, Toronto, secretary. The council was elected as follows: Thos. E. Henry, Brampton; W. A. McMullin, Hamilton Herald; J. J. Hinds, Orillia; J. J. Kelly, Brantford; Dr. Lou Campbell, Bradford; Blaney McGuire, Orangeville; Dick Bond, West Toronto; J. K. Forsyth, Toronto; Duncan McMillen, Beaverton; Woody Tegar, Toronto.

MORAN GOES HOME FOR A PAYING BOUT

New York, April 18.—Owen Moran, the English featherweight, grew tired of waiting for a good match in this country and has sailed for England with a neat bit of change in his pocket, the profits of his ring and theatrical ventures while in this country. Although sidestepped by most of the fighters of his class in this country, Moran is sure of some profitable bouts at home, as his draw with Abe Attell added greatly to his prestige, and he will probably not return to this country for some time unless offered a finish fight with Attell.

OFFERS BIG PURSE FOR "HACK" AND GOTCH

London, April 17.—Frank Morley, on behalf of a syndicate, offers \$2,000 for a match between Hackenschmidt and Gotch, the wrestlers, in London on a day prior to Oct. 1. The men may divide the purse as they like and choose their own referee, and make whatever other arrangements they please. The syndicate will not hamper them in any way. It will only demand that each deposit a guarantee of \$200. The offer is being sent to Gotch immediately.

JACK DAVIDSON COMING.

Jack Davidson, the crack roller skater, who defeated George Crispin recently in Toronto, will appear at the Jubilee Rink Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. Davidson will give exhibitions of fancy skating and meet Crispin in a series of match races.

HOLIDAY GAMES IN BIG LEAGUES

Cleveland Defeats Detroit in a Twelve-Inning Game.

Today's Games.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston at Philadelphia. Pittsburgh at Cincinnati. Chicago at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

St. Louis at Chicago. Cleveland at Detroit. Washington at New York. Philadelphia at Boston.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Boston—R. H. E. Washington.....2 7 0 Boston.....0 1 0 Batteries—Pakenburg and Street; Pressitt and Criger. Umpire, Sheridan.

At New York—Philadelphia.....8 7 3 New York.....2 6 3 Batteries—Schlitz and Schreckengost; Orth and Kleinow. Umpires, Hurst and Connolly.

At Chicago—St. Louis.....1 5 1 Chicago.....0 1 0 Batteries—Waddell and Spencer; Owen and Sullivan. Umpires, O'Loughlin and Egan.

At Detroit—Cleveland.....12 20 3 Detroit.....8 12 2 Batteries—Lattimer and Clarke; Mullin and Schmidt. Umpire, Evans. Twelve innings.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E. New York.....14 14 1 Philadelphia.....2 7 6 Batteries—Wittie and Bresnahan; Egan and Down. Umpire, Klein.

At Cincinnati—Chicago.....1 8 0 Cincinnati.....0 3 4 Batteries—Fraser and Kling; Coakley and Schell. Umpire, O'Day.

At Brooklyn—Boston.....2 3 7 Brooklyn.....3 7 2 Batteries—Flaherty and Bowerman; Wilhelm and Bergen. Umpires, Emslie and Rudderham.

At St. Louis—Pittsburg.....3 7 1 St. Louis.....3 7 1 Batteries—Leever and O'Connor; Beebe and Hostetter. Umpire, Rigler.

MINOR LEAGUES.

At New Haven (morning game)—R. Montreal (Eastern).....0 1 0 New Haven (Connecticut League).....0 1 0 At Harrisburg—Harrisburg (Tri-State).....4 1 1 Toronto (Eastern).....4 1 1 At Johnstown—Johnstown (Tri-State).....4 1 1 Elmira (Connecticut League).....4 1 1 At Lancaster—Lancaster (Tri-State).....6 1 1 At Altoona, Pa.—Altoona (Tri-State).....3 2 3 Scranton (New York State).....3 2 3 At New Haven (afternoon game)—New Haven (Connecticut League).....15 1 1 Newark (Connecticut).....6 1 1 Bridgeport (Connecticut).....1 1 1 At Hartford—Providence (Eastern).....1 1 1 Hartford (Connecticut).....1 1 1

PRES. PULLIAM'S OPINION

National League Official Explains Vexed Point in Scoring.

Cincinnati, April 17.—President Pulliam, of the National League, who was here today, said:

"When two baserunners negotiate a double steal each should be credited with a stolen base, but if the catcher throws one of the two out the other should not be credited with a stolen base, as he reaches his destination on a put-out.

"I hardly think it fair to the catcher to credit one runner with a stolen base if he nips the other when the pair try for a double steal," said Pulliam, "he certainly cannot throw out both base runners and should be protected to that extent. Of course, there may be some who differ with me, but that is my opinion.

"You can't imagine how many inquiries I receive about different plays that come up during a season. There are hundreds of them, and I suppose in many cases my opinion differs radically from that of someone else. Scoring is, to a great extent, a matter of judgment."

"At present I cannot think of any plan by which a universal system of scoring every play can be decided upon. I have known of instances where half the scorers in a press box have credited a player with a hit, while the other half gave a fielder an error."

BASEBALL.

In a commercial baseball league practice game yesterday the Bank of British North America team defeated the McClary team by a score of 14 to 6, in a rather loosely played contest, on St. John's athletic field. The batteries were: Woods and Sage; Gilmore, Judd and Nopper.

A game of ball was played on April 17 on the C. P. R. park between the London Stars and the Maple Leaves. The batteries: Stars, T. Muck, pitcher; Collins catcher, Maple Leaves, Fitzmaurice and Hoyle. The score was 9-2 in favor of the Stars.

NEW LACROSSE CLUB

Said Seven National Players Are Ready To Jump To New Lacrosse League.

Montreal, April 18.—The latest rumor in lacrosse circles is that there is trouble in the ranks of the National Club, and should the Shamrocks remain out of the N. L. U. schedule for the season of 1908, there would be strong backing for a new French-Canadian club in Montreal, ready to join in any proposal for a new league. It was stated in well-informed circles yesterday that seven of last year's National team would not appear this summer under the colors of their old club, and that even if the Shamrocks finally patched up peace with the N. L. U., the French-Canadian players would form a new club to go into a new league. The players who are said to be dissatisfied are: Secours, Decarie, Gauthier, Lavoie, Clement, Dulude and Polier. These players, it is said, are willing to appear under the colors of the Canadian Athletic Club, and would welcome any move on the part of the Shamrocks toward the formation of a new league. The French-Canadian following is so strong that it is figured out that such a club, combined with the

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The New Dunlop Bicycle Tire for 1908, made by the Doughty Patent Process, makes a bicycle ride light as on air.

Ask for the new Dunlop inner tubes, the kind that go with the Doughty made tire.

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H. C. BICHER, 432 Richmond

LOCAL MARKET.

Saturday, April 18.
The market was not as large as it would have been had the weather been favorable. The rain was the principal reason for the small attendance which kept many of the housewives and other small buyers from attending the market. Sales were fairly brisk, although the market was not as lively as was expected.

Grain—One small lot of oats sold at \$1.50 per cwt. This was the only load offered and there was no other kind of grain offered.

Hay and Straw—Several loads of hay were brought in which sold at \$14 per ton, and one load of straw at \$7.50 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was in large supply today. The quality varied considerably, hence the big difference in prices for the best grades, 28c to 30c per pound for second quality 25c to 27c. Eggs were the feature of the market. For small lots, 15c per dozen, and 15½c for basket lots.

Vegetables and Roots—There was a good supply of potatoes, but they sold well at 9c to 9½c and \$1 a bag for large ones, and 75c bag for seed potatoes.

PHONE 433

FIRE
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INSURANCE

Board of Trade Bldg., 300 Richmond St.

Apples—Trade slow at \$1.50 and \$2.25 per barrel or 50c to 80c bag.

Poultry—The supply small for an Easter market. Sales were brisk at 18c to 19c pound for turkeys, dressed, and 16c alive. Spring chickens sold at 10c to 11c per pound.

Dressed Hogs—To the surprise of the farmers prices dropped 25c to 50c per cwt. The mild weather was the cause. Sales were made at \$8 and \$8.25 per cwt, a few sold early at \$8.50 per cwt.

Live Hogs—Prices for Monday's shipment will be \$6.25 per cwt for select. Small pigs sold at \$5 to \$8 per pair, according to age.

Maple Syrup—Solid fair, and the quantity small. Prices ranged at \$1 per gallon, and \$1.10.

Butchers' Meats—Beef in good demand at \$6.75 to \$9 per cwt. Veal scarce at \$5.50 to \$7.50 per cwt. Spring lamb scarce at \$6.50 and \$7.50. Yearlings 13 per pound.

Some maple trees were offered, which sold at 25c to 50c each. Spruce trees from 10c to 30c each.

COBALT STOCK

Bought and sold. Buy new at the present very low price. It would be to your interest to consult me before buying. Call or write.

T. RAYCRAFT, 410 Rectory St.

END OF MINERS' STRIKE

Operators and Men Come to Terms at Iowa Conference.

Des Moines, Ia., April 18.—The great conference of miners and operators of Iowa agreed yesterday on a wage scale which is a duplicate of the expired contract. The new agreement is to cover one year.

The only step remaining for a resumption of work is the ratification of the agreement by the miners' union, the operators having already ratified it. The mines in Iowa have been closed since April 1. There was an ample supply of coal.

HYDE PARK.

Mr. W. K. Ramsay, of Toronto, spent Good Friday with his parents here.

Dr. Tennent, V. S. London, purchased a house and lot from Dr. Ross last week. It will be occupied by Miss Tennent as soon as repairs are completed.

The new organ purchased by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church will be used for the first time at the special service Easter Sunday at 11 a.m., when the pastor, Rev. Dr. Nixon, will preach on "The Resurrection."

Mr. J. P. Fisher is erecting a handsome brick residence on his farm, which will greatly enhance the value and appearance of the property.

Miss Jean Jaynes is spending the holidays with friends in Edmonton.

Miss Jessie Ramsay is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. Macnamis, Parkhill.

A parlor social will be held at the home of Mr. John Tennent, on Thursday evening, April 23. A good time is expected. Everybody come and spend a social hour.

THE SQUARE DEAL PAYS.

And square with the enemy every man gets when he separates himself from his horns by Putnam's Corn Extract. For 50 years "Putnam's" has cured every man it treated. Use "Putnam's" only. It's painless and sure.

Four hundred millions of sardines are taken yearly off English coasts.

OFFICER BRUTALLY MURDERED

(Continued From Page One.)

He did not act quickly enough, and the bullet crashed into him. It struck his left thumb, shattering that member, and entered the left side just below the armpit. It crossed over near the heart, coming out on the right side into the arm. It passed from there through a door and spent itself against a brick wall.

Search for Murderer.

In the meantime the whole barracks had been aroused. The whole regiment turned out and a search was made for the missing Moir.

Searching parties went in all directions. Sergeant Gilmour and party found the first trace of the missing murderer.

A package of ammunition was found a short distance from the hospital. A little further on another package was found, and from there to the north gate a number of stray cartridges were found.

The trail was lost at the north gate, and evidently Moir made his escape over that way.

All the exits were guarded as soon as the alarm was sounded, but he had made his escape previous to that.

The heights were patrolled, but not a sign of the missing man was found.

Not a Trace.

All night armed soldiers looked everywhere, but not a trace could be found of the murderer.

The police were notified as soon as the shooting happened, and were soon on the scene. The officers all over the city were warned to arrest every soldier seen. No arrests were made, and so far no one has seen Moir. Descriptions of the man have been wired to all points at the border.

Is Heavily Armed.

The murderer is heavily armed. He carried with him his Ross rifle, a bandolero belt filled with cartridges, and a large amount of loose ammunition.

In addition he has a revolver, possibly two.

They are of the heavy military type. As the man is desperate, great care will be exercised in apprehending him, as he will not hesitate to kill.

Where the Murder Occurred.

The dark little room where the tragedy took place was a sad sight this morning.

On a couch lay the body of the unfortunate Sergeant Lloyd, with terrible wounds, testifying to his awful death. The room resembled a veritable shambles.

Blood was spattered everywhere. At the foot of the couch where Lloyd lay there was a pool of blood, and blood was spattered over the walls and floor.

The kit of Moir was scattered all over the room, and disorder reigned supreme.

Moir's Roommate.

There were two couches in the room, one occupied by Moir, and the other by Pte. Brady, also connected with the ambulance corps.

Brady was asleep when the tragedy took place, being awakened by angry voices just before the shot was fired. Moir threatened him if he moved, and Brady knew the man and kept silent.

Another Murder Threat.

To shoot Lloyd, Moir had to shoot over Brady's body.

"I was asleep at the time Moir came in," said Brady, "and as he did not make much noise I did not wake up. When the others came down into the quarters, I awoke, and he threatened to shoot me if I moved."

"I did not think he would kill Lloyd, but I could do nothing when the shot was fired."

"I looked after Lloyd while Moir made his escape up the stairs."

"He chased Lieut. Morris, and seemed mad. He would have shot me had I made a move."

Lieut. Morris.

"I heard a shot, and went to investigate," said Lieut. Morris.

"I asked Sergt. Lloyd who was the last man in, and he told me that Pte. Moir was."

"I told him to go to the hospital and see what was the matter."

"He went down, and as soon as he went in, Moir told him to hold up his hands."

"I was directly back of Lloyd. The latter paid no attention to Moir, but went over to him, and grabbed that rifle. There was a report and Lloyd fell to the floor. Moir then made a race at me, and as I was unarmed, I got away as quickly as possible."

"He followed me upstairs, I turned to the guard, while he turned to the left. I never saw him after that. I summoned the guard, and we went back and did what we could for Lloyd."

A Deliberate Deed.

Moir evidently determined to commit the deed after the reprimand administered by Sergt. Lloyd. He took down the rifle and loaded it with a steel-capped bullet. He then buckled on his bandolero belt, filled with cartridges, and secured his revolver. He took a number of loose cartridges belonging to Pte. Brady.

Was Usually Quiet.

His comrades are at a loss to understand the murder.

"He was a very quiet fellow," said Sergt. Major Balfour, "and I cannot understand it. Moir was at the football match in the afternoon, and I suppose he had a few drinks, although I do not know for a fact. He was a quiet fellow ordinarily, and I had few complaints of him."

"Lloyd was an exceedingly fine chap. He has been coming here for several years for short courses, and was well liked."

Drank Some.

"Moir used to drink some, but was not a heavy drinker," said one of the privates, who was well acquainted with Moir. "He used to be a cordite eater. That acts like dope, and it used to make him wild at times. He was particularly bad when he was drinking, as he seemed to be worse."

Common in South Africa.

Cordite eating was somewhat common in South Africa. It is said. The men remove the cartridges and eat the powder. It is a powerful stimulant, and acts much like morphine and other drugs of that sort.

The Mysterious Shot.

No person seems to know what the

shot was that called Lieut. Morris' attention to Moir's arrival.

It sounded like a shot from a gun, but those who were located in the hospital say that only the one shot was fired.

Some think that the shot was fired by Moir from his revolver when coming home.

Here Since November.

Moir had been at the Barracks since November last. He is a Scotchman by birth, and has been in this country a year or so. He was attached to the medical corps, and has been acting as orderly to Lieut.-Col. Belton, who is in command of the corps.

Sergt. Lloyd was about 25 years of age, fair complexion with a light mustache. His home is in Stratford, and he was attached to the Twenty-eighth Battalion. For several years past he has been taking courses at the barracks, and was highly esteemed by the men.

Private Moir evidently continued shooting after he got away.

Mr. Chas. Legg, who was on his way home, and who lives a short distance east of the barracks, heard a shot in that direction.

He looked, but as he saw nothing, he continued his way. When in the house he heard two more shots, and heard one of the bullets whistle past the window.

Saw Nothing.

"I heard a shot," said Mr. Legg, "but did not see anything. It sounded as if it came from the barracks. I then went home, and when in my room I heard two more shots."

The police were notified as soon as the shooting happened, and were soon on the scene. The officers all over the city were warned to arrest every soldier seen. No arrests were made, and so far no one has seen Moir. Descriptions of the man have been wired to all points at the border.

The opinion among the men is that Moir will either do some damage to others or will make way with himself.

"He is a bad one," said one of the men, "and he will die hard. I fancy that he will make way with himself when he realizes what he has done. I do not expect to see him come back alive."

The police have notified all police along the line, and they are keeping a lookout for him.

His capture is thought probable within a short time.

The Official Statement.

The following official statement has been issued by the barracks:

"At 11:40 last night Pte. Moir, of R. C. R., came into the barracks. He was noticed by Color-Sergt. Lloyd, the non-com, on gate duty, to be improperly dressed. Color-Sergt. Lloyd notified him that he would be up in front of the officer commanding his company in the morning for being improperly dressed in the city. The man being partially under the influence of liquor, argued the point with Color-Sergt. Lloyd. Moir then left the guardroom and went to his quarters in the hospital."

ward the orderly officer thought he heard a shot. He went to the guardroom and got Color-Sergt. Lloyd, and asked him who the last man was who came in, and ascertained that it was Pte. Moir. He went with Color-Sergt. Lloyd to the hospital, arriving at Moir's room, Moir had a rifle in his hand. As they entered the room Moir shouted, 'Hands up!' Lloyd made some remark, and then Moir fired the bullet taking effect in Lloyd's right breast, coming out the left side, just below the shoulder. Moir left the barracks and has not been seen since. He chased the orderly officer up the hospital stairs."

RICH BUMPS PILED UP

Alaskan Gold Miners Anticipate on Great Spring Production.

Seattle, April 18.—According to special cable advices from Nome, Alaska, bankers and miners of Seward peninsula expect to realize this year the largest spring production in the history of Alaska.

It will probably reach \$3,000,000. From all the camps reports have been received of unusually rich dumps piled up during the winter season.

A new tin find, said to be of immense proportions, is reported from Brook's Mountain.

TRACTION COMPANY DID BIG BUSINESS

Carried 5,000 Yesterday—Big Holiday Invasion of the Port.

Londoners took advantage of the first spring holiday to storm Port Stanley, incidentally giving the South-western Traction Company an opportunity to demonstrate their ability to handle crowds.

The result proved most satisfactory to both the excursionists and the company, the service continuing without a hitch during the entire day.

Port Stanley residents gathered about the village as two cars pulled down their town every hour, and agreed that never before had there been one-tenth as many visitors in Port Stanley prior to May 24. The company were farsighted enough to give good accommodation returning.

It was learned late last night that between 4,000 and 5,000 passengers were carried by the traction company during the day.

MEXICAN SOLDIERS MUTINY

Break Out of Garrison—Kill Police and Waylay Citizens.

San Francisco, April 18.—While almost the entire populace of Mazatlan, Mexico, were participating in a religious feast last Sunday, twenty-five soldiers broke out of the garrison and began a wild career of rioting and bloodshed. Within half an hour they had killed two policemen and one other citizen and had waylaid and robbed three men in the outskirts of the city.

The result of the mutiny was brought by Louis Bradbury, a well-known mining man who arrived here yesterday afternoon in the German steamer Abeslan, which left Mazatlan on the day the mutiny occurred.

Why is everyone using Carling's Easter Bock Beer?

BOYS RIDE MILES SHUT IN BOX-CAR

Climb Up for a Joke and Brake-man Slams Door—Land in Grand Rapids.

Detroit, April 17.—"What's all this about?" shouted the Pere Marquette yardmaster at Grand Rapids late Tuesday night as he heard spectral poundings and muffled cries proceeding from a securely-locked box car which had just pulled into the yards.

"We're two little boys from Detroit. Oh, let us out. We're starving. Help!"

The yardmaster opened the car and assisted to the ground two boys who stared at the lights of the city in amazement and terror.

"Where are we, anyway?" stammered one at last, but the yardmaster, in Grand Rapids, though goodness knows how you got here," responded the yardmaster.

The boys were taken to the police station, where they gave their names as Richard Madden, aged 9, and Marvin Leach, 11.

The boys said that they were returning from school Tuesday, when they found their way blocked by a Pere Marquette freight train.

With some difficulty the boys climbed in at the open door of the car. No sooner were they inside when with a jolt the train began to move.

The jump was too high for them, and even as they contemplated the risk the door was slammed shut by a brakeman, who ran along beside the train. When the boys tried to open it, they found it locked.

The boys yelled and kicked the sides of their prison, but to no purpose. The noise of the train drowned the efforts of the captives to make themselves heard. At last they gave up all prospect of release until the train should stop. Inaction brought comfort, and the vision of mother wondering where her boy could be as night fell, and her alarmed face when father came home and had to be told of the disappearance of his son, kept their thoughts busy for hours.

Whenever the train stopped, the boys renewed their cries and poundings, but there was no response. They could feel by the jerking of the train others added in their places, but their cries, securely placed in the middle of the train, was paid no attention by the trainmen.

It was very dark in the empty car, and not very warm. Once they ran through a thunder squall, and the fierce lightning frightened them.

CLANDEBOYE.

Clandeboye, April 16.—Mr. R. N. Jell, of this place, who for the past month has been visiting friends in Montreal, has returned home.

Mr. Perry Bice, of Detroit, who was visiting his parents here for a month, returned on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ben Marr died on Wednesday after a long illness. The funeral took place on Friday from her home on the second concession of McGillivray to St. James' Cemetery and was largely attended. Mr. Marr has the sympathy of the community.

Mrs. Bice, one of the oldest residents of Clandeboye, died on Tuesday. Her funeral took place on Thursday at St. James' Cemetery.

Quite a number around here are ill with grippe.

Mrs. Harleton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fraser in Port Huron.

Mr. James Donnelly, of London, spent Tuesday with Arkona friends.

Mrs. Hymers, of London, is spending a few days with her brother, Mr. Ben Marr.

Miss Ardell, of Torrie, is visiting friends here.

FIGHT THE PAPER TRUST

Congress Many Go Into the Business On Its Own Account.

Washington, April 18.—In the event that the attorney-general does not soon show that something substantial has been done to prosecute the paper trust as a combination in restraint of trade providing the pending inquiry shows it is operating in violation of law, Congress may go into the trust-fighting business on its own account.

Speaker Cannon and Chairman Payne, of the ways and means committee, contend that the tariff has nothing to do with the high price of print paper; that if the scarcity of the raw product is not responsible for it then the fault lies with the paper trust, which by combining factories and regulating the output holds the prices up to suit itself. The speaker does not intend to rust into the trust fight, but he may offer a resolution providing for a searching inquiry by a congressional committee into the operations of the International Paper Company. This inquiry if held will touch upon the sources of supply, the methods of manufacture and the manner of distribution of the products of wood pulp.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

Swedish Balloonists Land Near St. Petersburg—Allowed to Proceed.

St. Petersburg, April 18.—A balloon containing two Swedish officers dropped yesterday in the orchard of the Kivini Monastery at Schlusburg, 21 miles east of St. Petersburg.

The police found the passports of the aeronauts correct.

Lieut. Moller, chief of the balloon department of the Swedish army was in charge of the balloon. He said he left Stockholm at 7 o'clock Thursday evening.

After conferring with the Swedish legation here the officers were permitted to pack their balloon and start for Stockholm by way of Finland.

ITCH, Mange, Pruritis, Scabies and every form of contagious itch on human or animal, cured in 20 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by Callard & McLachlan, and C. McCullum. 60-1f.

Because Carling's Bock Beer is recommended by all connoisseurs.

Spring Necessities

Do any of these articles interest you—
Gas, Gasoline or Coal Oil Stoves?

We have dozens of varieties and sizes of the best makes.

These Stoves are a necessity in the modern kitchen; they are CHEAP, SAFE, can be WORKED AS EASILY as an oil lamp, and DO NOT HEAT THE ROOM unnecessarily.

Increase the comfort of your kitchen by ordering today.

STEVELY'S
Phone 452. 362-4 RICHMOND

FRENCH TROOPS VICTORIOUS IN BATTLE WITH BERBERS

French Force Taken By Surprise, By Desperate Fighting Drives Off Enemy and Turns Attack Into a Complete Rout—Losses On Both Sides Heavy.

Colomb Bechar, Algeria, April 17.—A French column posted on Talzaz Hill, which commands the plain of Tamiet, was attacked fiercely at daylight yesterday by a number of Berbers, who, with the nomad Arabs, have been concentrating for some weeks past on the western frontier of Algeria.

Although surprised the French force rallied and fought desperately and succeeded finally not only in beating off their adversaries, but in pursuing them for a distance of six miles. So hot was the pursuit that the Arabs abandoned their dead and wounded. Several green flags of the prophet also fell into the hands of the French.

Twenty-eight of the French troops, including an officer, were killed, and 100, including ten officers, were wounded. The losses were greatest in the foreign legion. The Berber losses were much heavier, 125 dead bodies being found by the French troops. The French pursuit was stopped by darkness.

LIONS ESCAPE FROM A CIRCUS

Great Damage Caused By Storm in Texas—Railways Tied Up—Circus Wrecked.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 18.—With telephone, telegraph and railroad services almost completely suspended, Fort Worth was last night the center of the worst wind and rain storm that has raged over Texas in many years.

With two exceptions every railroad out of this city was forced to annul trains owing to washouts and loss of bridges and at midnight the telephone companies reported all wires out of Fort Worth lost.

Cleburn, 20 miles south, was struck by a windstorm of tornado proportions, blowing from the north with a pour of rain. Within twenty minutes after the storm broke the two Bayons that ran through Cleburn, had left their banks, flooding five or six houses.

A circus whose tents were pitched in the western portion of the city was completely wrecked, two lions escaped and prowled about town for an hour, throwing the people into a panic. One canvasman was caught under the wreckage of the main tent and fatally injured. The loss to the circus is estimated at \$12,000.

NO SUNDAY ICE CREAM

Great Storm of Protest Against a New Jersey Blue Law.

Orange, N. J., April 18.—A storm of protest is brewing over the provisions of a blue law ordinance passed early this week prohibiting the sale or delivery of anything but the bare necessities of life on Sunday.

The cutting off of Sunday ice cream is the chief objection to the law and the citizens are getting up a monster petition to persuade Mayor Cardwell to veto the measure.

The local newspapers print big advertisements asking for signers to the petition and stating where copies of the document can be found.

HELD UP THE SLEEPER

Northern Pacific Train Held Up on the Outskirts of Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, April 17.—A west-bound Northern Pacific coast train which left here last night was held up by two men just north of the city limits, and \$41 and two watches were taken from the passengers. The men, who boarded the train here, entered one of the sleeping cars, and at the point of a pistol, commanded the passengers to hold up their hands, one of the robbers standing guard as his companion searched his victims. When the train slowed down at Northtown Junction. Several miles beyond the scene of the hold-up the men jumped off, and

A High-Grade School

Is not afraid to subject the students to an independent examination.

The **FIRST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE**, London, Ont., is affiliated with the Business Educators' Association of Canada.

Spring term opens April 1.
Catalogue free.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal

A Spring Suit

Every Style and Weave of Cloth for a Nobby Spring Suit.

O. Labelle

Merchant Tailor,
220 DUNDAS STREET.

Rebuilt Typewriters

Remingtons, Smith Premiers, Monarchs, L. C. Smiths and all other makes, to be cleared out. No reasonable offer refused.

United Typewriter Co.

411 RICHMOND STREET.

Furniture Sale

All leather-finished chairs greatly reduced in price.
Solid Quarter-Cut Oak Sideboard, was \$45, now \$34.95.
Oak-Finished Sideboard, was \$18, now \$12.75.
Call and inspect our stock.

Joseph F. Crummev

565 RICHMOND, COR. ALBERT.
Phone 2168. Take Belt, Wellington or Oxford cars.

DR. HUTCHINSON

DENTIST

214 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 1372

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution

All branches taught—Piano, Violin, Harmony, Voice, Organ, Fletcher Music Method, Sight Singing, etc.

W. Caven Barron, Principal.

374 DUNDAS ST. OR PHONE 1101.

Western Dental Office

S. W. Cor. Richmond and Dundas

OUR CELLULOID PLATES SURPASS ALL OTHERS FOR STRENGTH, APPEARANCE AND COMFORT.

Cooking Judgment Makes Perfect Food

Our meals are prepared under the direction of a man who knows how. The result is good meals—meals you like to eat.

Our menus are excellent and always please ladies and gentlemen.

Olympia Restaurant and Quick Lunch

175 1/2 DUNDAS STREET.

EASTER WEEK

We offer Easter Week

Rolls at.....11c

Boneless Breakfast Bacon

at.....13c

Ham at.....14c

Canadian Packing Co.,

125 DUNDAS STREET and 9 MARKET SQUARE.

Order Hamilton's

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

Order Hamilton's

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor,

212 DUNDAS STREET

Higgins Block. Telephone 698.

CEMENT

IN CAR LOTS OR RETAIL.

We can supply high-grade Portland Cement in any quantity and at right prices.

Webster & Kernohan

PHONE 1383.

Summer Wood

There is no better wood for summer than ours.

MIXED BLOCKS, \$2.00

SLAB WOOD - \$1.50

D. H. GILLIES & SON

Phone 1312. 288 Adelaide St.

Wedding Gifts

Every facility for the careful inspection of our stocks is afforded customers, whether they contemplate purchasing or not.

THOS. GILLEAN

402 RICHMOND STREET.

Johnston Bros.

XXX GENUINE

HOME-MADE BREAD

You can have it delivered to your home any day. Made in the real home-way of the best ingredients. This loaf is the favorite at this season of the year when one wants a change from the ordinary.

Johnston Bros., Phone 944

City and District

—Mrs. Reynolds and daughter, Miss Jessie, are visiting in Toronto.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Wanless, of Chatham, are spending Easter tide with London friends.

—Master Willie and Dalton Hand, of Princess avenue, are spending Easter holidays in St. Thomas.

—Miss Grafton, Dundas, sister of Col. Grafton, is spending Easter tide with Mrs. Fowler, 524 Talbot street.

—Mrs. Wm. Evans, 909 Dufferin avenue, and her niece, Miss Euella Brownlee, are spending Easter with friends in Hamilton.

Bank Clearings.

Local bank clearings for the week ending April 16, totaled \$1,112,568, as compared with \$1,355,651 for the corresponding week of last year.

Leslie Harris.

The plan for reserved seats for the celebrated English entertainer, Mr. Leslie Harris, is now open at Nordheimer's music store. The tickets are \$1 and 75 cents.

Entertained Class.

Mrs. C. B. King, teacher of the primary department of the Sunday school of the Elizabeth Street Christian Church, entertained the members of her class in a pleasing manner Friday afternoon in the Sunday school rooms.

A Big Crowd.

There was a very large attendance at the South London Liberal Club last night, when the weekly euchre party took place. A handsome prize, donated by Mr. Philip Pocock, was won by Mr. J. Watters. Another euchre evening will be held Friday night next.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the home of Mr. Alfred G. Cole, Lambeth, on Wednesday evening, where a large number of friends congregated to welcome Mr. Cole and his wife, who were married in Toronto recently.

During the evening a kindly worded address of welcome to the much esteemed couple was read by Miss Jem. Mann. The address voiced the congratulations and good wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Cole's many friends, and expressed appreciation of Mr. Cole's social and musical assistance, always cheerfully and efficiently rendered. As a tangible token of these sentiments, a handsome couple was presented to Mr. Cole, who made a happy response.

The address was signed on behalf of the friends by Miss Rose Andrews and Mr. W. B. Woodhull. Refreshments were then served and good fellowship expressed, all returning to their homes after having spent a very pleasant evening.

Why is everyone using Carling's Easter Beer?

Clocks

We lead the trade in the sale of Clocks. Why? Because we sell the best and ask no more than others do for the ordinary goods.

SUMNER

The Jeweler.

380 RICHMOND STREET.

EASTER FOOTWEAR

The beauty of our new Spring Footwear wins admiration from good dressers. You are certainly going to have new shoes for Easter, aren't you? It's high time to be thinking of them. Our store is blooming with new creations in Spring Footwear for everybody.

Astorias for men, over 100 styles now in stock, in Bluchers, Lace, Button and Oxfords, all leathers, all sizes and widths. Prices: \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00; other lines in Men's Shoes at \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.75, \$2.50 and \$2.00.

EXCLUSIVE SPECIALTIES FOR WOMEN.

The Astoria Shoe, in 50 styles, all sizes and widths, at \$5, \$4.50 and \$4.

The Varsity Shoe, high cuts and Oxfords, in tans and in all fine leathers, every width and size, \$3.75.

The Blue Line, comprising 75 styles, Lace, Button and Oxfords, \$3.00 for choice of styles.

The Kripp Shoe, in Patent Leather, Vici Kid or Calf, Lace, Button or Oxford styles; \$2.75 a pair.

Good wearing, good looking Shoes for women at \$2.00, \$1.75 and \$1.50.

We've the reputation of having the best. You'll not be ashamed of your feet on Easter Sunday if we dress them.

J. P. Cook Co. LIMITED.

Good Shoes for All the Family.

167 Dundas Street. Annex 388a Richmond Street.

Write, Phone or Call and Get Our Prices FOR

Atlas Cement

John Mann & Sons

Phone 470 LONDON

SPECIAL EASTER OFFERINGS

Sterling Silver Enamelled Belt Pins, ranging in price from \$1 to \$8.

Sterling Silver Enamelled Ash Trays, \$2.25, \$3 and \$6.

Sterling Silver Enamelled Easter Lily Bells, \$2, \$3 and \$5.

Sterling Silver Enamelled Tooth Pick Holders, \$3 and \$5.

Souvenir Spoon, ranging in price from \$2 to \$3.50.

Sterling Silver Enamelled Maple Leaf and Coat of Arm Tie Pins, 25c and 35c.

Sterling Silver Brooches, from 40c to \$1.

Your attention is called to the large assortment of Enamelled Goods now on display in our north window.

C. H. WARD & CO.

374 RICHMOND ST.

A COMMON EXPRESSION

IS: "THE HUMAN RACE IS GROWING WEAKER AND WISER."

THAT WE ARE GROWING WEAKER IS PROVED BY THE LARGE NUMBER OF PALE, THIN AND EMACIATED PEOPLE.

THAT WE ARE GROWING WISER MAY BE PROVED BY OVERCOMING THESE DISORDERS WITH THE TIMELY USE OF BEEF, IRON AND WINE (Cairncross & Lawrence), WHICH GIVES STRENGTH, ENRICHES THE BLOOD, INVIGORATES THE NERVES AND FORMS FAT.

Large Bottle 50 cents.

Cairncross & Lawrence

Chemists and Druggists

216 Dundas St., LONDON

A Pleasant Evening.

The members and their friends of the Organized Adult Bible Class of the Elizabeth Street Christian Church spent a very pleasant evening last night at the home of Mrs. Deely, 533 Ontario street. The chief feature of the evening was the excellent music, which was furnished, and which was enjoyed very much. Refreshments were served during the evening. The gathering broke up at a seasonable hour, all expressing themselves as being well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

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Why is everyone using Carling's Easter Beer?

Tuberculosis and Its Prevention

Causes of the Disease and What Leads Up To Causes Discussed.

The regular monthly meeting of the Mothers' Club in connection with the kindergarten of the Chesley avenue school was held in that building on Thursday afternoon, when a large number of mothers were in attendance.

Tuberculosis was the subject under discussion. An address was given on the topic, "Prevention Better Than Cure."

The speaker said that until within the past four years she had known as little of this subject as any present, but from reading and observation she now believed that sanitary methods in the home, antiseptic cleanliness, proper ventilation, and a greater respect for the laws of health, would not only prevent tuberculosis, but many other diseases.

The City's Attitude.
The speaker regretted that nothing had been done by the city regarding the garbage question.

It was not pleasant to have the odor of decomposed refuse wafted to one while sitting on piazza or lawn of a summer evening.

There was a surplus of funds, and no opposition offered to the erection of a hospital where typhoid and diphtheria might be isolated.

Everyone knows the cause and origin of such diseases—thousands for cure, nothing for prevention.

Most people have been in quarantine for scarlet fever and diphtheria, and know that while acute for a time, yet modern medical treatment has reduced the danger to a minimum.

The period of isolation seldom extends beyond six weeks, when all tuberculosis is removed. In case of tuberculosis invading a home, the danger

from infection may be spread over years. The patient may then die, leaving a germ-infected, disease-laden room, which may be used by other members of the family.

Remarks such as, "Oh, yes; everyone dies with consumption, that rents this house," are heard, or, "Oh, well, you know they inherit consumption."

Cause and effect are willfully overlooked by persons who own the house. "I say to the mothers," said the speaker, "refuse to rent a house that has been occupied by a consumptive. A patient who was removed recently to a sanatorium was told by the physician-in-chief that he had undoubtedly contracted the disease from sleeping in a room where a consumptive had died."

As to Disinfection.
Ordinary methods of cleaning do not disinfect, and when one remembers the very superficial methods of house-cleaning adopted by some, the reason is explained.

Judge Barron had made the statement that tuberculosis has slain more than intemperance, but Judge Barron forgets that the too frequent use of alcohol, with dirty, dark and ill-ventilated houses, is among the predisposing causes of consumption.

Being a lawyer, Judge Barron may be able to follow the line of argument. Alcohol produces poverty, poverty must occupy dirty, dark and ill-ventilated houses, and it is but a step from dirty, dark and ill-ventilated houses to tuberculosis.

"At the time the statement was made I was surprised that the temperance people did not see the weak point; but," continued the speaker, "it has remained for a woman to have the last word."

Following the address, the mothers asked many questions, and discussion of an interesting nature preceded the distribution of pamphlets. This literature on tuberculosis was written by his Lordship Bishop Williams.

PRETTY WEDDING ON THE RIDGEWAY
Miss Ida Wells Becomes the Bride of Mr. Ansley W. Neil.

On Wednesday evening last a quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at 31 Ridgeway, the home of Mr. Hodgson Bloomfield, when Miss Ida E. Wells, was united in marriage to Mr. Ansley W. Neil, of this city.

Only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present.

The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Arlo Wells, of Springfield, and little Darrell Wells was ring bearer.

Miss Wells was well and favorably known both in the city and surrounding country, and having for several years been connected with the London Dental Depot, made many friends among the dentists of Western Ontario.

The young couple were the recipients of numerous and costly presents, among which was a beautiful mahogany parlor suite from the dening of the city, accompanied by an illuminated address, signed by every dentist, expressive of their esteem and good wishes.

After a short honeymoon in Detroit and other points, Mr. and Mrs. Neil will take up their residence in this city.

CANADA LIFE PROMOTIONS
Important Official Positions Filled From the Company's Head Office Staff.

Announcement is made that at the meeting of the board of directors of the Canada Life Assurance Company, held Wednesday, Mr. Frank Sanderson, joint general manager, was appointed a director of the company.

The following appointments from the head office staff are also announced:

To be secretary—Mr. A. Gillespie.
To be chief inspector of agencies and editor of company's literature—Mr. J. K. McMaster.
To be manager of Central Ontario branch, Hamilton—Mr. G. D. Burns.
To be chief accountant—Mr. C. R. Acres.

All of the above-named gentlemen have been in the service of the company for from twenty to thirty years, and have earned their promotion by faithful service in various posts, from junior upwards.

These promotions to important official positions of members of the

The Only Strictly UNION TAILOR
In the City. Every garment bears the Union Label, remember, at **KLEIN'S, The Tailor** 206 DUNDAS STREET

Bare Facts
Will the plumbing system in your house stand the scrutiny of the health official?

The effect upon human life of improperly planned or defective plumbing is not to be passed with a glance.

It means a great deal to know that the manufacture and installation of the system in your house has been properly done, and is strictly sanitary. Do you know this to be the case? If a doubt remains in your mind, call and see us.

NOBLE & RICH
Plumbers and Steamfitters,
237 QUEEN'S AVENUE.

Hats & Men's ROSS' Furnishings

Up-to-date styles, newest colorings, moderate prices, explain the leading features of our

SPRING HATS, at \$2, \$2.50 and \$3

The latest shades in rich, durable, wearing silks, made up in the designs of the hour, characterizes our spring

NECKWEAR at 50c

Our stock of latest goods in soft-bosom

SHIRTS at 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 meets the requirements of the season.

ROSS', 196 Dundas St. - Phone 1319

Read This Twice

We are showing the largest and most varied line of Woolens in the city for Spring Suitings.

Just think—a suit made to your measure, cut in the latest and most approved style, with all the little accessories which go to make one's clothes dressy and distinguished, for \$16.00.

Over two hundred patterns to select from.

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OPPOSITE BENNETT'S THEATER.

company's permanent staff indicate that the Canada Life, in its own ranks, has been training up a class of men competent to fill the most responsible positions in the service of this our oldest and largest life company.

Shorthand and Touch Typewriting

Taught by professional shorthand writers. Individual instruction from start to finish. Situation guaranteed for each graduate. Terms reasonable.

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Dr. R. Jarvis
Dentist
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ALL TEETH MISSING IN YOUR MOUTH SHOULD BE REPLACED. IF THIS IS NOT DONE YOU WILL REGRET IT LATER.

R. K. COWAN
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
County Bldgs., next Court House, London.

King's Hats

Opened For Easter

See the Stylish Shapes we are showing tonight in Black and all the New Shades in Browns

Only \$2.00 and \$2.50 Each

Best Value Hats in Canada

GRAHAM BROS.

Martin Chuzzlewit
—BY—
Charles Dickens
BORN 1812. DIED 1870.

A Classic in a Page

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Martin Chuzzlewit is a story which, if placed upon the dissecting table of the Superior Critic, would suffer tremendously. There is too much mystery and the part some of the characters play in it is not clearly enough defined. The transformation of Tigg is too great a change. Ruth and the heroine, Mary, are lay figures almost uninteresting. The story wanders about and is involved, etc.

But these faults, so easily pointed out, are lost and overpowered by the genius of the novelist. In Martin Chuzzlewit Dickens has created some of his most famous characters—the immortal Betsy Prig and the immortal Sairey Gamp, with her invisible friend, Mrs. Harris. Then there is Jonas, and greatest of all, if we except Sairey, Mr. Pecksniff.

Pecksniff is a great masterpiece. So are his daughters—little masterpieces. So is Mark Tapley.

The Chuzzlewits were a proud, hard, money-getting race, selfish, obstinate and suspicious. Young Martin, however, who had been brought up by his grandfather, lacked two of these family qualities—he was not a money-getter and he was not suspicious. He said himself, and he ought to have known, that his grandfather, old Martin, who had taken him as a desolate orphan to rear, was the most obstinate man he had ever seen. As for himself, he took pride in the fact that he was not obstinate, but merely possessed of great firmness.

Old Martin loved his grandson, but doted him, dominated him, doing it with much friction and with frequent quarrels. It is true, but doing it until one day a question came up which rendered the contest between firmness and obstinacy no longer to be borne. Obsessed with the idea that all his relatives were after his money, and most of them were—old Martin separated himself from them with scorn and contempt, lastly driving forth in the world, penniless and without occupation his grandson—which last act, of course, greatly pleased the other relatives, and caused them to make redoubled attempts to take charge of the old man and his wealth.

Poor Mary Graham cried her eyes out the day Martin was driven forth. The old man had taken her as a child and reared her to attend him. He took an oath before her that she should have none of his money when he died, but that so long as he lived she would be provided for. She was to be his companion and he was to call her by his first name, as he was to call her by hers.

There was to be no protestation of affection between them. That he wanted thoroughly understood. He explained all this to the girl when she became old enough to understand. He simply wanted somebody, he said, about him who would be benefited by his living and injured by his dying.

So Mary and young Martin grew up together, she submissive, devoted, and getting more beautiful every day, and developing into a good-looking young man, kind to others in a condescending manner when it cost him no effort to be so, proud and a chip of that tough block, his grandfather, when it came to having his own way.

It was natural that the two young people should fall in love with each other. Even old Martin thought to himself that when the time came, it might please him to order his ward and his grandson to be married. That they would dare to fall in love without his first asking his consent never entered his head. So, one day, when Martin came to him and said that he and Mary were in love and would like to be married, the old man was furious. "You will be married when and to whom I order," he stormed.

Old Martin was full of suspicion at once. Had Mary secretly played upon the susceptibilities of his grandson with an idea of marrying the man who should inherit the Chuzzlewit property? Had Martin made love to Mary with an idea of getting a bride who might, after all, be one of his grandfather's legacies?

Young Martin's "firmness" was a match for old Martin's obstinacy, and so the two parted in anger and with bitter words. Martin went away with an easy confidence, assured of his own great ability, and merely a little doubtful as to the particular line to which he should devote his great talents. He would become rich and famous without delay, of course, and then go back and take Mary away from his cruel and unnatural grandfather and marry her. If the old man was humble he would forgive him. It was really a pity the old man was so obstinate.

Thus when Martin, instead of having to hunt about for a means of livelihood, found himself established, through paths made easy for him rather mysteriously, as a student and boarder in the household of Mr. Pecksniff, in a little village near Salisbury, he took it quite as a matter of course. Mr. Pecksniff generally demanded of his apprentices as large a premium as he thought he could screw out of dotting parents or guardians, but Pecksniff was a cousin of old Mr. Chuzzlewit, and welcomed young Martin as his own son. Money with his own flesh and blood. Perish the base thought!

Mr. Pecksniff gently exuded moral ideas while he slept, and poured them forth in a ceaseless stream when he was awake. There was nothing from the salt cellar to the tongue which Mr. Pecksniff could not make the subject of an instructive and edifying homily. He had two daughters christened by the edifying name Cherry and Mercy, which had in time become shortened into Cherry and Merry.

Cherry was the elder and played the sedate, thoughtful, housewifery part, while Merry wore her hair in curls, sat on a stool before the fire and at times even wore a pinafore, though the "teens" were rapidly slipping from her.

It was Merry's cue to laugh and be gay, and Cherry's to be thoughtful and composed. If in the back of Mr. Pecksniff's mind there lodged the conviction that after a while old Martin would relent, and that when this relenting took place it might be just as well to have young Martin for a son-in-law—if such a thought lodged there, the admirable man, of course, never encouraged it. He took in his cousin's grandson, but only from the purest and most halcyon motives.

And supposing the old man did not relent, would his faking in of the young man not show that the suspicions which old Martin had expressed regarding the greed and cupidity of the noble Pecksniff were unjust and baseless? Might not old Martin say: "Ah there, at last, is one of my relatives who does not flatter and cajole me in the hope of getting my money."

In that case, perhaps, Mr. Pecksniff might come in for something rather good in the old man's will. "Virtue is its own reward," mused Mr. Pecksniff, who kept up his deception, even with himself to a certain extent, "but it would be most fitting that my generosity should receive a just recompense. Yet greater than any mercenary reward is the consciousness of doing a noble action."

So young Martin was adored by Mercy and Charity, and rather lorded it over the Pecksniff establishment. Especially did he patronize poor Tom Pinch, who had come to Mr. Pecksniff as a student introduced by the savoury recommendation of the other. He had made no progress in the study of architecture, and had been retained as a drudge by the great moral one because he was useful and because he worshiped the man who kept him in bondage. It was most useful for Pecksniff to have about him a mail-like Pinch, well thought of by everybody, and always ready to defend the architect when scoffers scoffed—for, incredible as it may seem, even Pecksniff had his enemies.

Tom told Martin much about one Westlock, who had been student before, and whose place in the Pecksniffian establishment Martin had taken. Westlock had discovered the true Pecksniff, had a row with him and left. But coming into some property he had run down to Salisbury, invited Tom to dinner and Tom had taken Martin over with him in the absence of Pecksniff on a visit to London with Cherry and Mary.

On the way Martin told Tom all his love affairs, and Tom told Martin how there had come to the Blue Dragon Inn, some time before Martin's arrival in the village, an old man accompanied by a beautiful young lady. The old man was Martin's grandfather, and the girl with him was Mary. Old Martin had been taken with a sudden and violent but short illness at the Dragon, and while he lay there a host of Chuzzlewits had descended on the place, but during a family council at Pecksniff's the old man had departed with his ward.

Tom told Martin in confidence that while the old man was in the village the girl used to come to the church early in the morning and listen while he was engaged in his favorite diversion of playing the organ alone in the organ loft, as the day was breaking. "It was she," said Martin. Tom sighed softly.

A remnant of the assaulting party of the Chuzzlewit kin had remained in the village after the departure of the main body. It consisted of Cherry, Slynne, a cousin of Martin's, and his companion, Montague Tigg.

They remained for want of means of transportation and by virtue of a weak creature with an idea that he was an unappreciated genius. Tigg was simply a rascal in hard luck, who thought something might be squeezed out of old Martin.

When young Martin discovered their presence he was startled greatly. Thereupon good-natured Tom guaranteed their hotel bill and lent them money to go away.

Scarcely had this been done when Mr. Pecksniff returned home. He came with reproaches for Martin, whom he accused of having deceived him, and he said to the young man in his loftiest and most saintly manner: "Go forth! I owe this to society. When this duty is discharged I shall go out into the back garden and weep for you. I forgive you; play go forth!" And Martin went, leaving poor Tom Pinch desolate.

But Martin did not go alone. There was attached to the Dragon a young man named Mark Tapley whose great ambition in life was to be jolly under adverse circumstances. There was no credit in being jolly to the Dragon, where the landlady, Mrs. Lupin, was as willing to take Mark for her husband as he was to take her for a wife. But that would have been too easy. No, Mark must first see adverse circumstances and be jolly under them. He rightly thought he saw his opportunity in following the fortunes of Martin, and so attached himself to them in the nominal position of a servant.

Mr. Pecksniff's denunciations of Martin had been rather vague and general, but the real reason was definitely enough. Mr. Pecksniff had gone to London in response to a letter from old Martin, and his action had been the result of his interview with the grandfather.

Martin's confidence of his ability to take the world by the throat was a trifle shaken when he found himself stranded in London with Mark. But he would go to America. In that land he would be appreciated. Unfortunately he was confronted by the



THE ARCHITECT MADE ONE OF HIS MOST EFFECTIVE AND TOUCHING SPEECHES, ENDING WITH A "GO FORTH"

fact that it costs money to get from London to New York, and he had already pawned everything he owned, and he possessed. At this moment there came to him at his squalid lodgings a bank note for a hundred pounds; just mailed to him with not a scrap of writing to tell by whom.

America, the promised land, was sure now, but first, of course, Martin must have a talk with Mary, and the ingenious Mark arranged the interview, standing watch at a discreet distance in St. James' Park while the young people talked of love and fidelity, and the faithful Tapley called out to them. Beautiful, gentle, patient Mary returned to her care of the crabbed old man and Martin went off, self-reliant and hopeful once more across the wide Atlantic.

There was a part of the fault was his, not wholly his grandfather's. Vainly had he tried to point out to Martin his own faults, and Mary was in love with Martin, and lovers, when they do so, are often wrong. They were correct the faults of those they love, do so in a manner that hardly carries conviction.

Mr. Pecksniff took no new pupil into his establishment after the casting off of Mark. But his household, nevertheless, as numerous as before, for, wonderful to relate, he had now as inmates of his model home old Mr. Chuzzlewit and his ward, Mary.

With many honeyed words and many reflections upon life in general, the pompous architect had invited the old man to make his home with him. Mr. Chuzzlewit had replied: "If I accept your offer some people will say that I dole in my old age. Others will declare that you have lied and fawned and wormed yourself through dirty ways into my favor, by such concessions and such crooked deeds, such meanness and such vile endurance, that nothing can repay; no, not the legacy of half the world. Can you bear that?"

The good, the beneficent Pecksniff could bear anything in such a holy cause, and so old Martin went to his home. In spite of all their attractions and the character of their saintly father, the two daughters of Mr. Pecksniff had, as yet, had no formal proposals of marriage, though it was high time for both of them. There was a young man, Mr. Augustus Moddle, who lived at Mrs. Todgers' commercial boarding house, where Pecksniff and his girls stopped when in London, who was "very sweet" upon Merry, but he was too bashful to come to the point and Merry was such a giddy, laughing thing that she unwittingly made the process rather difficult for him. Then Jonas Chuzzlewit, son of Anthony Chuzzlewit, old Martin's brother, came a-courting and

made advances in his rough, boorish, selfish way to Merry.

Jonas lived with his father in a dim and dingy house, part dwelling and part counting room, in a dismal, neglected, murky business section of the great city. Anthony was told—very old. It seemed to his dutiful son as if he would never die, and the dutiful son told him so at frequent intervals. There was an old clerk living with Jonas, and his father, a Mr. Chuffey, who had been young once, and a school fellow of Anthony's, but was now very old, and was the only human being who loved old Anthony in the world.

"What a cold spring," whimpered Anthony, covering over the evening fire in his gloomy parlor.

"There you go burning your clothes," observed Jonas. "Broadcloth ain't so cheap as that comes to. Stop stirring the fire. Do you mean to come to want in your old age? Want, indeed?" continued Jonas in a lower tone. "You always were a selfish old blade, and I believe you'd live to be a couple of hundred years old if you could."

When any one except Anthony spoke to old Chuffey the withered creature did not answer. Apparently he could understand only what was said to him by his old master, and him he answered promptly when he spoke. Now and then, when he sat opposite Anthony, he would say: "Your own son, Mr. Chuzzlewit, your own son."

"He's worse than you are," cried Jonas. "Hold your tongue, old Chuffey!" And then Jonas stole out to look at his father's will once more, a will of which he had taken possession.

As Jonas raised his eyes from studying the words that made him his father's sole heir, he started to see a face looking at him through the glass partition—in fact, apparently reading the will over his shoulder. It was Mr. Pecksniff, the moral, who greeted Jonas in his usual urbane manner and asked him what he found so interesting in the evening paper.

"You're a deep fellow," replied Jonas. "It was the paper. Come in." Anthony Chuzzlewit had sent for Pecksniff to say to him that it was Jonas who had taken possession of the architect's daughters it had better be brought about at once; and as soon as the two were alone together he said it.

"You are not wise to play too fine a game for him," said the old man. "If you want him, bring him to the point." Then he fell into a doze, and Jonas, entering, remarked that he snored very loudly. While Jonas and his visitor were talking there suddenly came a scream from Chuffey. Anthony Chuzzlewit had fallen to the floor, and soon after the doctor arrived the old man died.

Mr. Pecksniff went for an attendant

by the doctor's directions and brought to the house Sairey Gamp, a mature female, who "went out a-nussin'" and had the general appearance of a very corpulent and frowsy feather bed with a string loosely tied around the middle.

"Poor, dear gentleman," said Mrs. Gamp in her professional tone. "I'll be right along, sir, though it's worried and tired out I am. As my friend Mrs. Harris says to me: says she: 'Sairey, I never see how you do it.' And I says, 'Mrs. Harris, munn, my charges is moderate and all I requires is that a bottle be placed on the chimney place where I can put my lips to it when I feel so disposed.'"

Mrs. Harris was always being quoted by Mrs. Gamp, and was believed by many to be as mythical a creature as any in fable. Sairey took charge of things with the doctor, and the undertaker, and a little later, while old Chuffey watched by the body of his dead friend and master, hopeless and in great grief; and Jonas, shivering and nervous, said: "I am so glad you happened to be here, Pecksniff. I am glad I had a witness. People might have said things, you know, if I hadn't. I loved, of course, but I never meant it about wishing his death." So Jonas buried his father with great ceremony and with a lavish expenditure of money which made people wonder, and not long after he married Merry Pecksniff and took her to his dismal home.

Poor Merry soon was merry no longer. She had flouted Jonas, calling him monster and griffin, and now Jonas frankly told her that he had married her to "get even" with her.

Jonas had some difficulty in collecting the insurance on his father's life. The company talked alarmingly of investigating and Jonas compromised the claim. Then he betrothed him that he would insure his wife's life, and so sought the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company for the purpose.

It was a new company, doing a tremendous business of a somewhat doubtful kind, but amid much glitter and vast display. To his mighty surprise, Jonas found that the splendid president of the Anglo-Bengalee was none other than Mr. Montague Tigg, now transformed into Mr. Tigg Montague. He, who had been so frayed and shabby when Jonas knew him as the friend of Cheery Slynne at the meeting of the Chuzzlewit kin at Pecksniff's, was now so gorgeous, so resplendent with fine apparel and jewels, so evidently prosperous that Jonas was speechless with amazement.

Tigg saw an opportunity at once, and after a few more meetings he became quite frank with Jonas, openly disclosing to him that the whole busi-

ness was a swindling affair and invited him to become a partner in it.

The bait was tempting, the spoils were large and Tigg showed how they were won with comparative safety. But Jonas was cautious and finally said he would not venture. Then Mr. Montague whispered a few words in his ear. Jonas turned pale as death. His frame trembled. He could not speak for a while. But Tigg soothed him and Jonas consented to do what he wished. Tigg made it a part of their compact that Jonas should induce Mr. Pecksniff to put his considerable accumulation into the business, and again Jonas consented.

Jonas did not know that from the hour of his first interview with Tigg that astute person, having heard of the compromise which Jonas had made with the company in which his father had been insured, had had a detective shadowing him night and day.

About this time Mrs. Gamp's services were required in the case of a Mr. Lewsome, who had been taken suddenly and violently ill in a hotel, John Westlock's address had been found in his pocket, and John, though he remembered the man only as an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for years, came, like the good fellow he was, and agreed to pay the bills—for Lewsome was without funds. Mrs. Gamp stood watch and watch with her friend, Betsy Prig.

"Is he quiet?" asked Mrs. Gamp, as she prepared to relieve Betsy the first night of their watch.

"Oh, he talks and talks, but don't say nothing," replied Mrs. Prig. "The pickled salmon is first-class, Sairey, and here's the bottle."

At this Mrs. Prig took such a long swig at it that Mrs. Gamp said to her reproachfully: "Whatever you do, Betsy, drink fair."

"The chair is hard," said Mrs. Prig, "you'll want my pillow." So, after the pillow from under the head of the sick man, and making herself comfortable, and making another attack upon the bottle, composed herself for repose.

Wearily the head of the sick man rolled, steadily, monotonously from side to side, and his incoherent muttering continued. "Dread it!" exclaimed Mrs. Gamp at last. "Can't you keep still and let me sleep?" She shook the patient roughly, and as she did so, overcome by professional instinct, held his arms down to his side and thought how he would look as a corpse.

After that Sairey slept. Suddenly she heard a noise shouted that broke her slumbers. "Chuzzlewit!"

Sairey sat up and listened. Surely it came from the sick man. She listened carefully to his muttering after that and gleaned from them things which made her ponder. While she had been at Jonas Chuzzlewit's, she had heard muttering from old Chuffey that fitted in with what the sick man babbled.

Meanwhile in the Wiltshire village which was honored by the residence of the estimable Pecksniff, there were some changes taking place which had to do with the history of the Chuzzlewit family. Young Martin and Mark Tapley had come back from America. Mark had found there all the conditions which he could desire to test his power of being jolly under adverse circumstances. Martin had met such Americans as Mr. Jefferson Brick and Major Pawkins, who were powerful in "lambasting" the "effete monarchies of Europe" and also, fortunate for him, a Mr. Bevins, another sort of American, who had borrowed money enough to get back to England. He had been lured to a dismal "boom town" named Eden by the side of a malarial river, where he had suffered sickness, poverty and desolation. He had nearly died, and he was glad, indeed, to see the shores of England once more.

There was a holiday in the seaport town at which Martin and Mark landed. The corner stone of a new grammar school was to be laid that day. The great Mr. Pecksniff had won the competition for the building. It was one which he himself had drawn while a student of Pecksniff's, and which that worthy gentleman had appropriated.

Martin learned that his grandfather was living with Pecksniff and went to see him. His pride, his confidence, his "firmness," were all gone now. Experience, cold, hard, cruel experience had taken him by the throat as he once designed to take the world, and he had stripped him to the bare soul—and a humble, earnest soul it was, having learned charity, and being chastened by trouble.

Mark was received rapturously by Mrs. Lupin, the ever faithful hostess of the Blue Dragon, who had recounted all the news of the place to the homecoming Cherry. Mr. Pecksniff's elder daughter, had, after the marriage of her sister, refused to live long in her father's house, and was now an inmate of Todgers', the Commercial Boarding House, where she was engaged to Mr. Augustus Moddle, the same who had once declared his life to be blighted because of his love for Merry. Tom Pinch also was no longer a member of the Pecksniff household. He, too, had heard Mr. Pecksniff's "Go forth."

What had occasioned it Mrs. Lupin could not tell. But it was this. After the departure of his daughter, Mr. Pecksniff had conceived the idea of marrying Mary Graham, old Martin's ward. He had made love to her and his advances had been rejected. Then one day he overheard a conversation between Tom Pinch and Mary which convinced him that Tom was acting as an intermediary for communication between the lovers. Also, stupid as he was in such matters, Pecksniff saw how Tom's poor,

hopeless heart stood. Hence Tom got his "go forth."

Going to Pecksniff's house, Martin saw his grandfather in the presence of Pecksniff and Mary. Honestly and stoutly he pleaded his cause before the old man, acknowledging his faults and begging only that his grandfather enable him to start in life anew at some calling in which he could make a living.

The old man heard him to the end, and then said to Pecksniff: "You answer him. It was a great opportunity for Pecksniff. The architect made one of his most effective and touching speeches, ending with a 'go forth.' Then, somehow, the old man was seized with a sudden desire to leave the presence of his grandson, and asked Pecksniff to conduct him out of the room. Thus Martin and Mary were left alone together for a short space. Short as it was, the moments were dear and precious to the lovers. Then Martin departed. He went to Tom Pinch in London, whom he found comfortably established in lodgings with his sister, Betsy, who had been a poorly-paid and much-abused governess until Tom's arrival in London, when he had taken her from her employment to keep house for him.

Tom told a wonderful story of how he was able to have a home. Soon after his arrival in London, Tom said, a stranger, who in some mysterious manner seemed to know of him, had told John Westlock, who told Tom, that there was a position waiting for the ex-pupil of Mr. Pecksniff. The man said he was only an agent, and could not reveal the name of his employer. The work was the cataloguing of a library in the apartments of a gentleman new out of town.

Tom, of course, offered Martin a home until his fortunes should brighten, and, of course, they both went to see John Westlock, who also offered help. It did not take Martin long to see that John was in love with Tom's sister, the pretty Ruth.

Events now moved rapidly. The very day that Martin left Pecksniff's, Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mr. Tigg Montague arrived there to do the last honors to the architect's money. Jonas just before had tried to escape to the continent, but the watchful detective, Mr. Sadler, had managed to get a letter to him which had brought him back to a dreary ending letter from Tigg which Jonas did not dare disobey. The time to skip had not yet come," said Tom.

So they went down to Wiltshire together, Tigg and Jonas, and Jonas acted in such a peculiar manner, one after another, that when he started out to return before his companion, Tigg felt much relieved. He believed that Jonas was waiting for a favorable opportunity to murder him.

The sparkling Tigg, whose way had been prepared for him by the representations of Jonas as to the great profits to be made in the company, soon hooked Pecksniff. They concluded their business with dinner at Salisbury, and Pecksniff had forwarded his victim's draft to London, he rode part of the way back to the village with him.

Mr. Montague Tigg, or Mr. Tigg Montague, never arrived in Salisbury, for a dead body was found the next morning lying in a wood. He had been stabbed to the heart.

Jonas Chuzzlewit, sitting alone in his house in London, saw some men posting a handbill recounting the murder of the murderer. Jonas' wife was unconsciously absent. Gusto of one of the men was confined under the care of Mrs. Gamp.

In the rooms in the Temple where Tom Pinch worked there suddenly appeared old Martin Chuzzlewit, not dead, but dying as he had appeared at Pecksniff's, but a strong, hale old man, full of energy. Before Tom had recovered from his surprise at learning that old Martin was his unknown employer, others began to come in.

There were Lewsome, Mark Tapley, Mrs. Lupin, John Westlock, Ruth Pinch, Mary Graham and lastly there came in, wondering, young Martin, to be followed by Mr. Pecksniff.

Before them all old Martin denounced the hypocrite. He had been playing Pecksniff all along. He had lost his money for his grandson, and it was he who had wished over him and sent him on his journey for his American trip. He had wished the young man to be tried, and he had been tried and found guilty. Becoming more and more angry as he went on with his tale, the old man raised his stick and struck Jonas to the floor.

Pecksniff had been too much astonished at the sharp corner Jonas had turned to be able to make any resistance; hardly could he utter a protest, and he was where he had been struck down, trying to get together a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion, but it must be owned, was rather difficult.

Old Martin, in the presence of them all, took his grandson to his heart and placed Mary Graham's hand in his gave the two his blessing. Mark Tapley thought this a favorable opportunity to announce to his favorite opportunity to announce to his arm around the apple waist of Mrs. Lupin, that he had been married, and the attempt to be jolly under adverse circumstances, and settle down as the landlord of the Blue Dragon, the husband of his landlady, John Westlock and Ruth wandered out into the Temple where they arranged their little matter.

Shortly after, as Jonas was consulting with Mrs. Gamp about the matter, the door of his room opened and in came his Uncle Martin, Mr. Chuffey, Mary Tapley and Lewsome. "Let me see this house," said Martin. "Murder has been done here. I have been here, and I have heard Chuffey mutter about it. And Mrs. Gamp was on her knees, telling me it is not as you think," said Chuffey.

"No, not that way. We hid the poisoned couch mixture he prepared for his father—his father and I found it and hid it. It broke the old man's heart and he died. Jonas laughed and denounced the whole lot of them, ordering them from the house. But just then came in the detective, Sadler, and other officers of the law. They announced that they had arrived to arrest Jonas for the murder of Tigg."

Nadgett, who had shadowed Jonas so faithfully, had all that evening been in a conclusive. It was Nadgett who had ferreted out the supposed murder of old Anthony, of which Jonas, under the name of Pecksniff, had believed himself guilty—a secret that had enabled Tigg, who employed Nadgett, to hold Jonas by the cord, and the possession of which had cost him his life.

As he was being conveyed to the police station Jonas managed to swallow some poison which he had hidden about him, and ended his miserable career. As for the insurance company, Tigg's death caused the bubble to burst, and the company fled abroad, and Mr. Pecksniff lost all his ill-gotten hoard.

For years after he hung about London in deep poverty, always writing begging letters to Tom Pinch, but he was refused a loan. Old Martin provided for Chuffey, and for the much-abused widow of Jonas. Tom proposed to marry Mary Graham and young Martin, they lived ever after and comforted the declining years of old Martin.

Miss Cherry Pecksniff was never married to her Augustus. She died, and she was buried and fled to a foreign land the day set for his wedding. As for Sairey Gamp she still probably "goes out a-nussin'" and tells tales of her friend Mrs. Harris.

Next week's one-page classic will be "Pennyworth," by William Makepeace Thackeray.

NOTHING DID GOOD Until She Tried "Fruit-a-tives"

Madame Rioux is the wife of M. Jos. Rioux, a wealthy manufacturer of lumber in St. Moise. Madame Rioux is greatly interested in her home town and her testimonial in favor of "Fruit-a-tives" carries conviction with it, as it is entirely unsolicited.



St. Moise, Quebec.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the marvelous good which I have received from the use of the famous tablets "Fruit-a-tives." I was a great sufferer for many years with serious liver disease and severe constipation. I had constant pain in the right side and in the back and these pains were severe and distressing. My digestion was very bad, with frequent headaches, and I became greatly run down in health. I took many kinds of liver pills and liver medicine without any benefit, and I was treated by several doctors but nothing did me any good, bloating continued. As soon as I began to take "Fruit-a-tives" I began to feel better, the dreadful pains in the right side and back were easier and when I had taken three boxes I was practically well.

(Sgd) MADAME JOSEPH RIOUX.
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A SMART LITTLE FROCK—5817

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Address: PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
Copyrighted, 1908.

"I went back to the stage. I was poor and mine wasn't exactly the life she should know her mother was living. I am not lying, George. I did it for her sake, and she never knew right up to the time of—"

"Are you going to say she is dead, Rachel?" he asked then in a hushed tone.

"She died in Chicago, George, years and years ago. It was far better."

The interview had lasted nearly as long as time that Olive had grown uneasy lest she should be missed. So she left her hiding-place and went round and knocked at the door of the room and asked if she might take away the tea things.

Mrs. Merridew had almost entirely recovered her customary composure, and was watching Purvis, who sat with his bowed head on his hands in deep emotion.

As Olive was taking away the tray, Mrs. Merridew said, "See that I am not disturbed again, and say that I wish to see Mr. Merridew here the moment he comes in."

Her last look at Purvis had enabled Olive to place the resemblance which had perplexed her before. It was Selma Hammond's face which he recalled. His mention of the name, she saw at once that there was something which she ought to be able to turn to good account.

After she had done the work which was waiting for her, she went up to her room and wrote a letter to Mr. Casement, urging him to find the girl as soon as possible, and have her within reach to be brought to the Manor the instant it became necessary.

She must set herself at once to win upon Purvis and secure his confidence. It was clear that he knew the whole history of the Merridews in days gone by. He held the clue to that old marriage, therefore, and from him she could get the truth.

Another thing was clear. As Purvis had spoken of Mrs. Merridew as his wife, she must have married him, knowing well that she was already married to her father, supposing that that marriage had really taken place, and it was with a sinking heart that she saw how Purvis' story, so far as she had heard it, confirmed the Merridew's statement.

Everything agreed in pointing in the same direction. Indeed, the farther she probed the stronger appeared the evidence in favor of that marriage. The photograph with its inscription, "My wife that is to be," had been the first thing to really frighten her, and now that Purvis had said that he had married her, she had hoped so much—his account only added to her fears.

When Merridew returned, Olive could not get away to listen to the meeting between the two men, and when at night she stole out to listen she heard little of any importance.

Mrs. Merridew was in bed, and the two were closeted together in Merridew's room. Taking a risk, she switched off the light in the corridor and crouched in the darkness with her ear in the keyhole in the effort to learn what had passed.

She could only gather that a sort of truce had apparently been made, and the scent of cigars and the clink of glasses told that they were drinking and smoking together. The voices were not raised in anger.

For two hours she waited, until the movement of chairs warned her that they were coming out together. Both had been drinking and Purvis was so helpless that Merridew had to support him, muttering and mumbling incoherently as they passed Olive, and Merridew was humoring him.

They went into a bedroom close by, which Olive herself had had to get ready for the visitor, and she heard them fumbling about in the dark till Merridew found the switch and turned up the light.

Both remained some time in the room, Merridew apparently helping Purvis to undress; and at length the former came out alone. As he turned to shut the door, the light from within fell on his face and showed it drawn, wrathful, sinister and murderous. He paused a moment outside the room, his hands clenched, and then went to his own room.

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Olive had seen such a look on his face before, and understood it. It flashed across her thoughts that already his mind was full of the intent to clear from his path the man who had his presence in the Manor to menace him, and she waited in her hiding-place lest he should make some attempt that very night.

She knew his reckless daring, and that he would face almost any risk to carry his purpose. Another thing she saw—the risk would be less if the thing were done once, before Purvis could have had time to get known in the neighborhood.

So far only the footman who had admitted him, the cabman who had brought him, and Olive herself knew of his presence in the Manor. Merridew himself had given Olive orders to prepare the room and not to mention the matter.

With these thoughts whirling through her head, together with a vague perception that it was to her interest to press home the matter, Merridew's door opened, and saw him come out into the corridor.

He switched up the light a second to make sure that no one was about, then turned it off again and crept softly along to the room where Purvis lay snoring so heavily in his drunken slumber that the sounds reached Olive.

She shrank close into her hiding-place as he came on.

Had he, too, recognized that the sooner the full work was done the less would be the risk? Was murder in his thoughts?

CHAPTER XLVII.
Purvis Asserts Himself.

As Merridew stole in the dark to the room where Purvis lay sunk in besotted sleep, he passed so close to the door that his arm brushed against the curtain which hung across the niche in which she stood, and as he went by the scent of almonds was borne to her nostrils. She knew the smell—prussic acid.

Murder was in his mind, and the problem he had to solve was to prevent the crime without discovering himself. He pressed upon Olive. The circumstances were such that even a slight alarm raised in the house would frighten Merridew. But how was she to raise it, and how at the same time rouse Purvis to a sense of his danger? Back her as she could, no expedient occurred to her.

Merridew reached the door, and stood listening to the noisy sleep of his intended victim within. As his fingers closed on the handle of the door Olive felt an all but controllable impulse to scream, and she had to clench her hands and press them to her bosom in the strain of that moment.

But the next instant the tension was relaxed. Either some subtle instinct had warned Purvis of his danger, or he had been shamming drunkenness in order to test Merridew, for the door was wrenched open from within and the two men stood confronting each other face to face.

Merridew staggered back in his surprise, and stared at Purvis, white-faced and abashed.

"Tillio, Gilbert, what is it?" cried Purvis, in a voice thick with drink—as, as Olive believed. "I had a dream that someone was trying to murder me. I'm all right, boy. Don't you worry about me. Go to bed yourself, and be hanged to you!" and he staggered back into the room, slammed the door noisily, and locked it.

Merridew's lips moved without words coming for the moment. "You were in your sleep, and I thought you were ill," he stammered.

"I'm all right. I'm all right, boy. Don't you worry about me. Go to bed yourself, and be hanged to you!" and he staggered back into the room, slammed the door noisily, and locked it.

Merridew gazed an instant at the locked door, and then turned with unsteady steps and crept back to his own room.

Convinced that there would be no renewal of the attempt that night, and that Purvis was thoroughly on his feet, Olive sped away silently upstairs.

The next morning there was a violent quarrel between the two men. It was spoken of openly in the servants' hall. Purvis had announced openly that he was Mrs. Merridew's husband, and the son had denied it to his face before two of the servants, and had left the house, threatening that if Purvis was there on his return he would be handed over to the police. Mrs. Merridew, ill and panic-stricken, remained in bed.

Knowing the truth as she did, Olive was puzzled by this step of Merridew's. In the conversation she had overheard between Purvis and Mrs. Merridew, the latter had not attempted to deny the truth of his assertion that he was her husband. Of what use was it, then, for Merridew to threaten him with the police? But that there was some sinister meaning behind the threat she did not doubt. She had come to know that he neither spoke nor acted without motive.

Purvis meanwhile swaggered about the Manor with all the air of ownership. He went through the stables and the gardens giving orders for this and that to be done, evidently resolved to assert his rights as master. The whole household was agog with the excitement of the event. Work was neglected and gossip incessant.

Dawdled had gone away with Merridew, and thus Olive was free from his watchful, fawning attentions. She had no use for him any longer. There were far more important matters to absorb all her thoughts than the vague revelations about Merridew's past which the valet had promised to tell her.

She was bent on gaining Purvis' favor, and the disorganized condition of the household must be used to help this purpose. She was one of the only servants who did any work, or rather appeared to do it, for she used the pretext of the property of the Manor to go to the large brewery in St. Louis, Mo.

The past few years have witnessed rapid development, not only of the natural resources of Canada, but of her commercial and professional institutions of every kind, as well. True to their traditions, the newspapers have been well to the front in their march of progress. There are few papers that have not made important additions, either to their plant or to their equipment, or both, and some have entirely outgrown their old quarters and have erected new buildings, adding to the exacting needs and conditions of twentieth century journalism.

Among the latter is La Patrie, of Montreal, one of the most prominent of the French newspapers of Canada. Although approaching the thirtieth year of its existence, La Patrie is known, up to ten or eleven years ago, as the Montreal Standard.

The whole plan and arrangement of the interior conforms to the central idea of the structure—utility combined with beauty. From the spacious well-lighted business office on the first floor, to the composing room on the sixth, to the whole is laid out in a manner that bespeaks a vast amount of thought and foresight on the part of those by whom the building was planned. The press room occupies the greater part of the basement, which is only partially below the St. Catherine street level, and is lighted by large windows opening on both streets. Here stand the three great Goss presses, each with a capacity of 75,000 papers per hour. All three presses are equipped to print from one to four pages in colors, giving La Patrie a unique position in this respect.

Notwithstanding the installation of these three great presses, it is interesting and suggestive of the high aspirations of the paper, to note that ample space has been provided on the other side of the basement, for at least three other presses of equal size. However great, therefore, may be the future growth of the paper, there will be no fear of lack of press-room space.

The other departments—the general business offices on the first floor, the job-printing, binding, photo-engraving, etc., departments, on the second, third and fourth, the editorial and directors' rooms on the fifth floor, and the composing room on the sixth—are designed and laid out on similar lines, always with the object of meeting present requirements and providing for future growth.

La Patrie has enjoyed a decade of uninterrupted progress, leading up to the occupation of its present building. It will be interesting to note to what extent the expectations of those who predicted greater things during the next ten years will be fulfilled.

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A Great French-Canadian Daily

FORMAL OPENING OF NEW HOME OF LA PATRIE, MONTREAL—A MODEL NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

The past few years have witnessed rapid development, not only of the natural resources of Canada, but of her commercial and professional institutions of every kind, as well. True to their traditions, the newspapers have been well to the front in their march of progress. There are few papers that have not made important additions, either to their plant or to their equipment, or both, and some have entirely outgrown their old quarters and have erected new buildings, adding to the exacting needs and conditions of twentieth century journalism.

Among the latter is La Patrie, of Montreal, one of the most prominent of the French newspapers of Canada. Although approaching the thirtieth year of its existence, La Patrie is known, up to ten or eleven years ago, as the Montreal Standard.

The whole plan and arrangement of the interior conforms to the central idea of the structure—utility combined with beauty. From the spacious well-lighted business office on the first floor, to the composing room on the sixth, to the whole is laid out in a manner that bespeaks a vast amount of thought and foresight on the part of those by whom the building was planned. The press room occupies the greater part of the basement, which is only partially below the St. Catherine street level, and is lighted by large windows opening on both streets. Here stand the three great Goss presses, each with a capacity of 75,000 papers per hour. All three presses are equipped to print from one to four pages in colors, giving La Patrie a unique position in this respect.

Notwithstanding the installation of these three great presses, it is interesting and suggestive of the high aspirations of the paper, to note that ample space has been provided on the other side of the basement, for at least three other presses of equal size. However great, therefore, may be the future growth of the paper, there will be no fear of lack of press-room space.

The other departments—the general business offices on the first floor, the job-printing, binding, photo-engraving, etc., departments, on the second, third and fourth, the editorial and directors' rooms on the fifth floor, and the composing room on the sixth—are designed and laid out on similar lines, always with the object of meeting present requirements and providing for future growth.

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Plays, Players, Playgoers--The Week in London Theaters

ATTRACTIONS AT THE GRAND.

Today, matinee and night
 Monday, matinee and night
 Tuesday, matinee and night
 Wednesday
 Thursday
 Friday
 Saturday, matinee and night
 Sunday, matinee and night
 "45 Minutes From Broadway"

"Ma's New Husband"

Tuneful, racy music, a wealth of popular song hits and clever dialogue are all bespoken for "Ma's New Husband," the three-act musical farce announced at the Grand for Wednesday evening. The comedy situations of the piece are said to be exceedingly humorous, and the story well connected and happily climaxed. The central figure, which is denoted in the title, is a clever and ingenious actor, with whom fortune has dealt hardly. Pinched financially by his failure on the road, and through inability to market his plays, he is at his wit's end to make both ends meet. To lighten the misery of his plight, he is in love with a charming widow whose worldly goods have also been swept away by misfortune. This widow, who is a rich bachelor cousin, who luckily invites her to his home when her affairs look most forbidding. She is passionately attached to her actor lover and cannot bear the thought of parting. To better their conceals the plan of making him pose as her son and so they visit her cousin, whose home becomes the scene of the most side-splitting complications, owing to the supposed relationship. Guests, tutors, servants and host, as well as the lovers are all involved in the merry train of circumstances, until the actor declares his identity and proves his right to the title of "Ma's New Husband," instead of son.

Marie Doro is the youngest star that has ever appeared under the management of Charles Frohman.

Richard Carle is the author, composer, stage manager and star of his latest musical success, "Mary's Lamb."

Primrose Has Danced Twice Around the Globe.

Think of making two trips around the world, carrying a cane, wearing a silk hat, and marching to the tune of a big brass band. Then start yourself on another tour, making your feet go as rapidly as possible, all to the tune of an orchestra, nearly four years around the globe in all. Practically, that is just what George H. Primrose, the minstrel man, has done during the last thirty-seven years since he left London. Out, traveling with his minstrels, making street parades, and dancing here and there—in fact, everywhere, all over the country. Mr. Primrose attributes his present health to this daily exercise.

For thirty-seven years he has averaged twenty minutes on the stage daily for more than three hundred days each year. If all the steps Primrose has taken as a dancer had been put into use for walking on a straight line, it is conservatively figured that he would now be on his return trip around the globe after having completed two hours while making street parades.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, will go to the Denver convention as a delegate from Missouri.

William Gillette is to write a play on Joan of Arc, in which Maude Adams will star.

George Primrose.

George Primrose, the world-famous minstrel, was not born in the city of London, but he came here with his parents when a baby, and spent the most of his life up until he was about 20, in London. When quite a small

boy, he served as a bellboy in the Tumsech House, and there he came in contact with many show-people. As he rushed around to the different rooms attending to the wants of the guests, he was noted for his dexterity in handling glasses and trays, and it was told of him that he was wont to place a tray with half a dozen flowing glasses on his head and wait up and down the same old steps which are in the Tumsech today.

By and by, he became imbued with the idea that he could dance good enough for money, and with another young fellow he went to Buffalo and got an opportunity of putting on an act. Since that moment he has been a success. Then he was not worth ten cents. Today he is a millionaire. George was raised around Clark's Bridge, and there are many men in London today who can remember when they swam with him in the Thames, at the Old Elm, at Burket's, or at the Claybanks. He's the same old George today, always ready to meet an old pal and shake his hand.

He will be seen here on Friday next at the Grand. Magnificent scenic settings that will astonish the sight of the most blasé theater-goer are to prevail and among the large number of black-face entertainers constituting the cast are said to be the best male vocalists ever assembled in one production. Mr. Primrose himself will be seen in his newest creation entitled "The Poetry of Motion," a tersely choreographed event that is billed as "the greatest achievement in modern minstrelsy."

The opening depicts a scenic setting that is uniquely beautiful and entirely out of the order of the old style minstrel days.

The olio composes all-star attractions which, it is claimed, are better and brighter than ever before have been presented before a minstrel audience.

Mr. Primrose will hold a short social levee to all London friends back of the scenes after the performance.

Helen Bertram is singing in "The Viceroy" in San Francisco and has become a favorite.

Lucy Weston who appeared with "The Follies of 1907" last week, has signed a two years' contract with Mr. Ziegfeld, it is said, to star in a musical comedy.

"Parsifal."

A dramatic version of "Parsifal" was produced at the Grand Good Friday afternoon and evening before a full-sized audience. The story of the play has already appeared in The Advertiser. Both audiences yesterday appeared highly pleased with the production, although the company was a very much inferior one to that which first made the legendary production a favorite across the lines.

In the leading role of "Parsifal" Mr. Connor was acceptable. Miss Keating, as Kundry, gave an artistic portrayal to the role.

Probably the best piece of acting witnessed was that of Mr. Kelvin, as Klingsor, a part which required much histrionic skill, but to which Mr. Kelvin was more than equal.

The piece was well staged.

William Vaughn Moody, author of "The Great Divide," has been ill with typhoid fever and at one time was very near death.

Wagenhals & Kemper are organizing a second company to present "Paid in Full" in Chicago, beginning at the Grand Opera House, May 4.

"Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"

George Cohan has given the stage an entirely new type of theatrical offering. It is rather well exemplified in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," which Klaw & Erlanger, at the Grand, Saturday, April 25, matinee and night, featuring Scotch Welch in the role of "Kid Burns," and Francis Gordon as "Mary," together with the original cast and production. Miss Gordon plays the

part of "Plain Mary," a housemaid in the Castleford household in New Rochelle, a New York suburb, just forty-five minutes from Broadway by rail, thus giving the piece its title. Revolving about Mary in the development of the story are a young millionaire, a soubrette, a mercenary mother, a villainous stockbroker, many minor characters, and "Kid Burns," a Broadway boy who expresses much practical philosophy in entertaining slang.

Guy Bates Post has been engaged by Wagenhals & Kemper for the leading role in the Chicago production of "Paid in Full."

Charlotte Nilsson, who made a hit as the star in "The Three of Us," last season, is to continue her career under the management of Charles Frohman.

"We Are King"

Edmund Carroll will be seen in "We Are King," a romantic comedy at the Grand this afternoon and evening.

"We Are King" is a comedy in which one of the latter-day monarchs is presented. He is King of Kahnburg, which explains to an American tourist who happened around one day because he didn't have a passport, and he could not cross the frontier. Hec, he is the king, although Hec, he does not sound a bit like a king's name, has gotten the kingdom of

given at both of the big opera houses in New York. The Rosina will be done by Mme. Baldini, who has been termed the greatest dramatic soprano and Tetrazzini's only rival, and whose reputation in this particular part has extended all over Europe, and in fact the opera is only considered for production at the La Sala, Milan, when this artist's services can be secured. Baldini was brought to this country by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger to do her version of Carmen in advanced vaudeville, and when these gentlemen retired from that field, Mr. Dunsmore hastened to secure her. The newspapers throughout the country have said that as a soprano coloratura she is without an equal and her Rosina is the equal of Soubirch. Roman Klekko will be the Barber, while John Dunsmore will give his inflexible rendition of the difficult role of Don Basilio. The other parts are in the hands of such artists as Pierre Gherard, Edward Le Hay, Lucia Nola and others of equal prominence. There will be an augmented orchestra under the able direction of Silgnor Jose Van Den Berg. Mr. William Parry, late stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will stage the production.

George Cohan's "The Yankee Prince" was given its first hearing at Hartford last Thursday night. The family is reunited in the piece. The name, has gotten the kingdom of



THE FAMOUS MINSTREL WHO IS A FORMER LONDON, AND COMES TO THE GRAND ON FRIDAY NEXT.

Kahnburg in debt about as deeply as a Yale freshman from Pittsburgh gets before he dares to tell his millionaire "guyver."

Revolution is eminent. A newspaper correspondent, the double of Hec, strays into Kahnburg and put the newspaper man upon the throne. To the lay mind making a newspaper reporter king would not necessarily and inevitably get a kingdom out of debt, but the kingmakers of Kahnburg had probably known few reporters.

The newspaper reporter no sooner gets to be king than he reduces the taxes, makes a hit with the common people, and begins to make love to the Princess Olivia of Bernonia, who wears the crown in an adjoining principality.

It develops that Hec was not the real king, but a substitute of peasant stock, who had been sneaked into the palace, and that the reporter is really the sprig of royalty who ought to have been wearing the crown. The wedding is therefore quietly solemnized with only the inhabitants of the two principalities present.

Mr. Carroll is said to be supported by a company including Maria Clifford, a Brantford girl.

Clarence Jacobson, treasurer of the New National Theater, is on his way back to Washington, after seven weeks' absence with the baseball players.

Harry Montgomery, prominent in the support of Richard Carle in "Mary's Lamb" is a brother of David Montgomery of "Red Mill" fame.

"Human Hearts"

"Human Hearts" will shortly be seen in our city at the Grand. The play this season will be presented with a new scenic equipment and an exceptionally strong company.

George Ade will go to London to be present at the first English production of "The College Widow," April 29, at the Adelphi Theater.

Charles Frohman has purchased from Yvette Guilbert the English speaking rights to all her songs for the use of Hattie Williams.

"Barber of Seville"

Dunsmore English Grand Opera Company in "The Barber of Seville" is announced for two performances at the Grand Easter Monday. This famous organization headed by Madam Monti Baldini and John Dunsmore, is presenting Rossini's masterpiece in the same capable manner that it has been

newly-rich couple from Chicago who go to Europe to secure a titled husband for their daughter. The girl, aristocracy and gives her heart to her American lover. Some twenty new songs and dances are introduced in the piece.

Sir Frederick Bridge Festival.

The programme of music to be given as accompaniments to Sir Frederick Bridge's lecture upon "The Music of the Cathedrals of England During Three Centuries," which is scheduled to be given in London on May 5, includes most of the historical treasures of that music. Take a few titles selected at random from the programme. What a treat it will be to hear Orlando Gibbons' famous anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David," or his hymn, "O, All Ye Creatures." Two other famous anthems which are in rehearsal are H. Purcell's "Let My Prayer Come Up," and "O, Sing Unto the Lord."

Other composers whose names are included in the list are C. Tye, T. Tallis, R. Farrant, Dearling, W. Croft, M. Greene, T. Attwood, J. Goss, T. A. Walmesley, G. Elvey, S. S. Wesley, W. Sterndale Bennett, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Stainer, Henry Smart, C. Hubert Parry and Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Mr. Jordan has been preparing a chorus of 100 voices for this work, for the choral numbers will include fifteen of the most worthy anthems of the English school. Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who will be remembered as the baritone soloists, with adame Albani on the last Canadian tour, will assist.

Last Monday night Mabel Tallaferr started her fifth month in "Polly of the Circus" at the Liberty Theater, New York. Before her season closes she will have completed a seven months' run.

The Sultan of Turkey has ordered "The Merry Widow" to be phonographically recorded for his entertainment and the delectation of the ladies of the seraglio.

Franz Lehar has signed an agreement with the management of the Vienna Theater whereby he agrees to turn over to that house a new operetta entitled "Vilja, the Forest Girl," with the book by Dr. A. M. Willner and Robert Bodanzky. By arrangement this new operetta will appear simultaneously in Vienna, Berlin and London.

Ethel Levy was unable to appear in the cast of Sam Bernard's "Nearly a

Hero" company one night last week in New York and Miss Brice, her understudy, went on at a moment's notice and made a hit.

Joste Sadler, who made such a pronounced comedy hit as the fat, sentimental and hungry orchestra player in the New York production of "The Waltz Dream," may star in a new comic opera next fall.

At the conclusion of her season Marie Doro, Charles Frohman's newest star, will sail for England to join Mr. Frohman. A brief season of rest and recreation will be followed by her appearance in London in a new play.

Maxine Elliott's tour has come to an end. She will spend the summer in England as usual. Her present plan is to begin her season in New York early in the fall, with "Myself—Bettina" as her principal offering.

Kaiser Wilhelm's royal opera in Berlin continues its course of Americanization. Recently Florence Easton, who was one of the "Madam Butterfly" primo donnas last season, signed a five-year contract to sing prima donna roles with the royal opera. In the same company with Miss Easton is Francis MacClellan, who last year was one of the tenors with Savage's English Grand Opera Company.

Francis Wilson's tour in "When Knights Were Bold" has been so successful that the route has been extended until the end of June. Mr. Wilson will appear in the same play next season.

Earl Lee and Edna Davis were recently married between matinee and night performances of "The Clansman," in which they play the parts of a cunning auctioneer and a village belle of the hoopskirt and crinoline period.

The Shuberts will present Lulu Glazer at one of their New York houses late this spring in a farce entitled "The Girl Who Dared." In its original form as produced in Vienna, "The Girl Who Dared" was "Ein Toller Mädel." Carl Ziehaer is the composer.

J. C. Williamson, the Australian manager, has purchased the rights for his country of "The Girl of the Golden West." Another play procured by him is Clyde Fitch's "Truth" in a few weeks Mr. Williamson will produce "The Prince of Pilsen" in Sydney.

"The Broken Idol" is the name of B. C. Whitney's new musical comedy, which will go on as the summer attraction at Whitney's Theater, Chicago, May 30. Hal Stevens wrote the book, Harry Williams the lyrics and Egbert Van Alstyne the music.

C. Aubrey Smith, the English actor appearing in the support of Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus," bears the title of champion cricketer of England and Australia. He is also an enthusiastic golfer, and on his return to London intends to go after another championship.

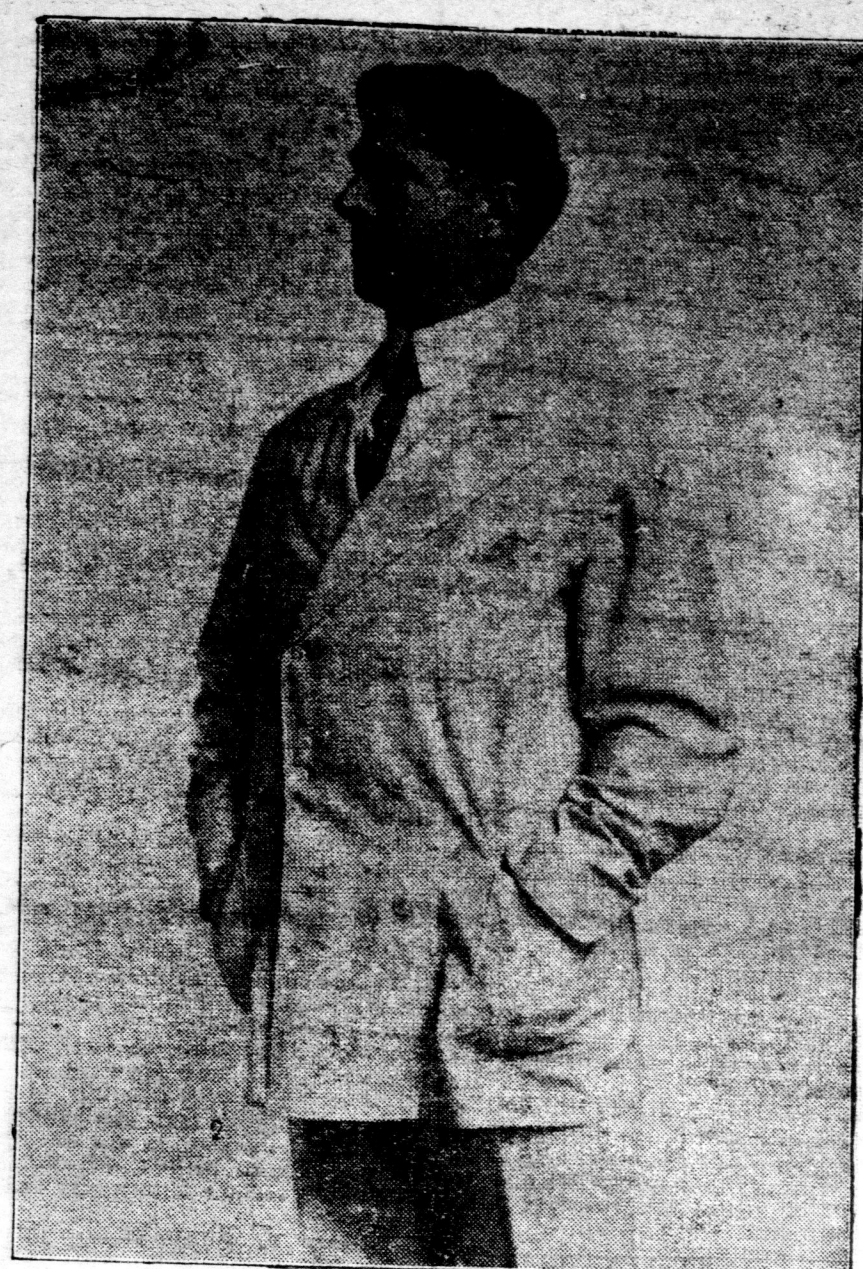
May Vokes is being sued by a photographer because she refused to settle for photographs. She declares that the pictures are entirely too pretty for her, and that while they look like her face, as she had imagined it in her dreams, in reality they are too attractive to be good likenesses.

Francis J. Tyler, who has been the bass singer in "Madam Butterfly" for the past two years, was one of "The College Widow" company that sailed for London last Sunday from New York. He was playing in the west with the "Madam Butterfly" company and made the change on a moment's notice.

Henry F. Savage's company, which has been presenting the comic opera "Tom Jones," disbanded last Saturday night in Pittsburgh. Only Cot Savage on the road had been good and the Pittsburgh engagement was a success.

"The Prince Chap" is to be produced shortly in Australia under the management of Harold Ashton. Ashton is one of J. C. Williamson's lieutenants, although Williamson is not in the "Madam Butterfly" company and Harry Roberts, who played the title role in the London production, has been engaged for the part.

Thomas E. Graham, an actor and stage manager, died last Tuesday in New York. He was taken ill while



JOHN DUNSMORE,

The Celebrated Scotch Basso With "The Barber of Seville" at the Grand Easter Monday, Matinee and Night.

playing in this city with Eleanor Robson's company about a month ago. Graham was about 45 years old. For thirteen years he was Richard Mansfield's stage manager. Eight years ago he was engaged as stage director by Liebler & Co., remaining with them until his death, first with Viola Allen's company, and afterward with Miss Robson's organization.

When Charles Frohman presents "Samson" with William Gillette in the title role, Arthur Byron is to play the part opposite the star. This character is said to be as strong as the star, and Mr. Frohman has cabined from London his decision in selecting Mr. Byron, who is now Ethel Barrymore's leading man. "Samson" is by Henri Bernstein, the author of "The Thief" and is said to be much stronger than the latter piece, which has been running for two years in New York.

George Fawcett's ambition to present "Puddinghead Wilson" in London seems about to be realized. William De Van, a capitalist of Baltimore, who has financed Fawcett in other ventures, sailed last Wednesday for London to complete arrangements for the project. Mr. Fawcett has been encouraged in his ambition by his success abroad in "The Squaw Man." He believes that London is ready to accept him as a star, and that "Puddinghead Wilson," partly on account of Mark Twain's popularity in England, is the most available play for this purpose.

THE MEXICAN'S MONEY. Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between \$200 and \$800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners. The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry sums of money on his person that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never even thinks of it. It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention, says the Mexican Herald. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a \$1,000 bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2,000. Time after time this has happened, and it seems so uncommon a thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry be-

tween 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person. The check idea seems to have taken but small hold as yet upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when small amounts of less than \$1,000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay spot cash than to give a check for amounts of \$50 or \$100, and they claim with some amount of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

Even the Indian in the street carries amounts of cash that would never be supposed to be in his possession. They carry their money in a leather belt, fastened around their bodies inside their trousers. These belts are hollow and are open at one end. Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt then is either taken off and hidden away or the bills are changed for larger denominations and still carried around the body. But the Indian is a stickler for "pecos duros," or "hard cash," and prefers them to any other class of money except gold.

To the Indian money is money, and a bank book stands for nothing in his way of reckoning. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it.

AT THE ECONOMICAL HOUSE.

"We have to be awful economical down at our house," said the boy; "there's such a big family."

"Yes," inquiringly.

"That's so, for fair! My biggest brother is a bartender, and, of course, has to wear a white coat; so Ma buys a whole suit for him, says wearing the overalls saves his pants. When they've been washed a few times, of course they don't look nice enough for a bartender, so Ma gets him new ones and hands over the others to Bill. Bill works in a meat market."

"Gets two wears out of them that way, eh?"

"Then Dad's a painter. When the white suit gets too dirty for Bill, Dad wears it as long as he can, to paint in. Course, in time they get pretty well caked up with paint; then Ma uses 'em for kindling the fire, and, being soaked with paint, they burn fine."

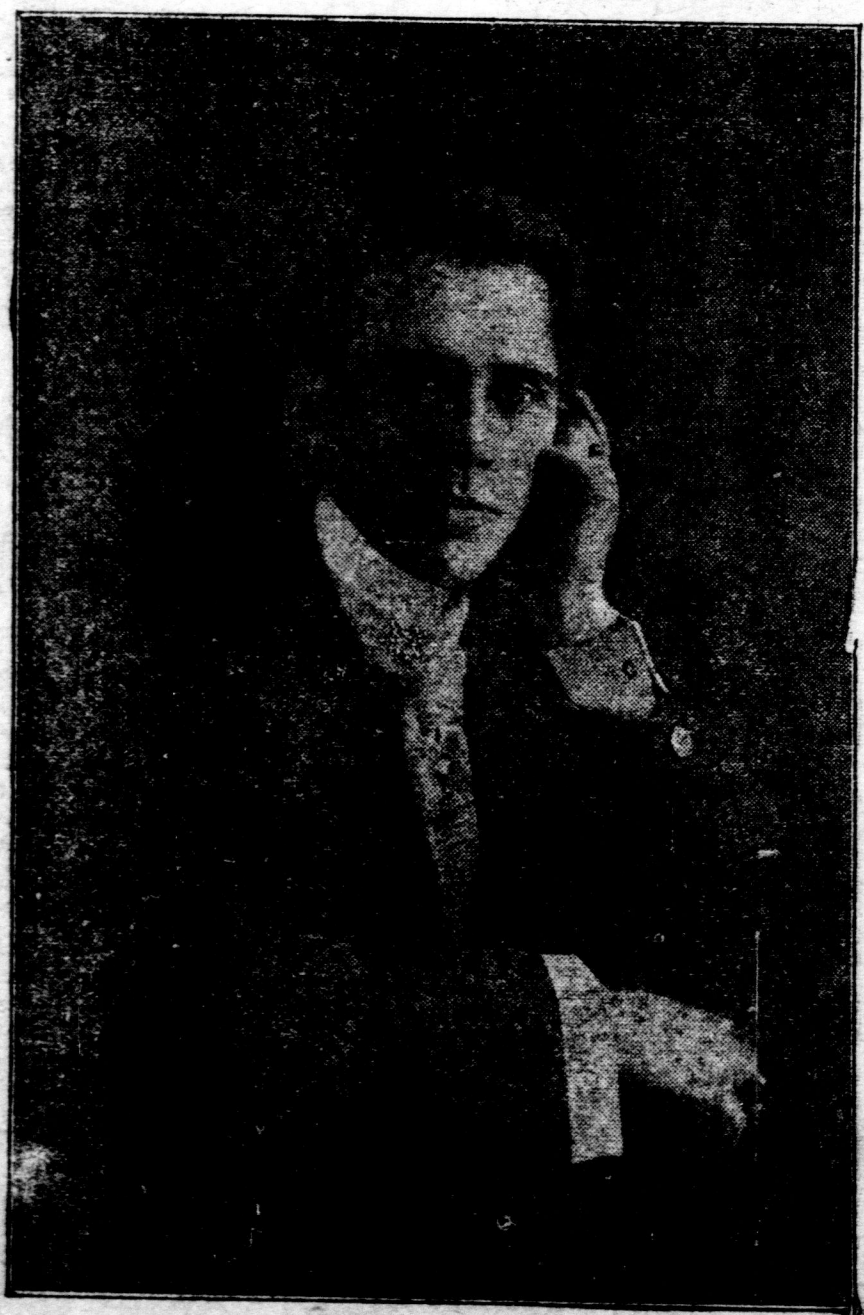
"So that's the end of them? Well, you certainly do—"

"No! Ma uses them again along with the wood ashes to make soft soap of."

"Yep! After that she pours the soap-suds on the back garden. Best thing in the world, she says, to make things grow."—Puck.



Second Act Scene in Klaw & Erlanger's Production of George M. Cohan's 45-Minutes From Broadway at the Grand Saturday, April 25.



EDMUND CARROLL,

In "We Are King" at the Grand This Afternoon and Evening.

Kipling on Canada---Newspapers and Democracy

A High Tribute to the Integrity of Canadian Journalists—Second-Class Words to Express First-Class Emotions—Canada Not Yet an Ideal Democracy—A Defense of the English Immigrant—The Value of a Kicker.

IV.—NEWSPAPERS AND DEMOCRACY.

Let it be granted that: as the loud-voiced herald hired by the Eolitic tribe to cry the news of the coming day along the caves, preceded the chosen Tribal Hero who sang the more picturesque history of the tribe, so is Journalism senior to Literature, in that Journalism meets the first tribal duty after warmth, food and women.

In new countries it shows clear trace of its descent from the Tribal Herald. A tribe thinly occupying large spaces feels lonely. It desires to hear the call of its members, and often and loudly; to comfort itself with the knowledge that there are companions just below the horizon. It employs, therefore, heralds to name and describe all who pass. That is why newspapers of new countries seem often so outrageously personal. The tribe, moreover, needs quick and sure knowledge of everything that touches on its daily life in the big spaces—earth, air and water news which the older peoples have put behind them. That is why newspapers so often seem so laboriously trivial.

For example, a red-nosed member of the tribe, Pete O'Halloran, comes in thirty miles to have his horse shod, and incidentally smashes the king-bolt of his buckboard at a bad place in the road. The Tribal Herald—a thin weekly, with a patent inside—connects the red nose and the breakdown with an innuendo which, to the outsider, is clumsy libel. But the Tribal Herald understands that two-and-seventy families of the tribe may use that road weekly. It concerns them to discover whether the accident was due to Pete being drunk, or as Pete protests, to the neglected state of the road. Fifteen men happen to know that Pete's nose is an affliction, and not an indication. One of them loafs across the plain to the Tribal Herald, who next week cries aloud that the road ought to be mended. Meantime Pete, warm to the marrow at having focused the attention of the tribe for a few moments, retires thirty miles up-stage, pursued by advertisements of buckboards guaranteed not to break their king-bolts, and later (which is what the tribe were after all the time) some tribal authority or other mends the road.

This is only a big-scale diagram, but with a little attention you can see the tribal instinct of self-preservation quite logically underpinning all sorts of queer modern developments.

As the tribe grows, and men who do not behold the horizon from edge to unbroken edge, their desire to know all about the next man weakens a little—but not much. Outside the cities are still the long distances, the "vast, unoccupied areas" of the advertisements; and the men who come and go yearn to keep touch with and report themselves as of old to their



lodges. A man stepping out of the dark into the circle of the fires naturally, if he be a true man, holds up his hands and says, "I, So-and-So, am here." You can watch the ritual in full swing at any hotel when the reporter (who Tribal Herald) runs his eyes down the list of arrivals, and before he can turn from the register is met by the newcomer, who, without special desire for notoriety, explains his business and intentions. Observe, it is always at evening that the reporter concerns himself with strangers. By day he follows the activities of his own city and the doings of nearby chiefs; but when it is time to close the stockade, to lager the wagons, to draw the thorn brush back into the gap, then in all hands, he reverts to the Tribal Herald, who is also the tribal Outer Guard.

There are countries where a man is indelicately pawed over by chattering heralds, who bob their foul torches in his face till he is slugged and smoked at once. In Canada the "necessary" stand and deliver your sentiments" goes through with the larger decency that stamps all the Dominion. A stranger's words are passed on to the tribe quite accurately; no dirt is put into his mouth, and where the heralds judge that it would be better not to translate certain remarks they courteously explain why.

It was always delightful to meet the reporters, for they were men interested in their land, with the keen, unselfish interest that one finds in young house-surgeons or civilians. Thanks to

the war, many of them had reached out to the ends of our earth, and spoke of the sister nations as it did one good to hear. Consequently the interviews—which are as dreary for the reporter as the reported—often turned into pleasant and unpublished talks. One felt at every turn of the quick sentences to be dealing with made and trained players of the game—balanced men who believed in decency not to be disregarded, confidences not to be violated, and honor not to be mocked. (This may explain what men and women have told me—that there is very little of the brutal domestic terrorism of the Press in Canada, and not much blackmailing.) They neither spat nor wriggled; they interpolated no juicy anecdotes of murder or theft among their acquaintance; and not once between either ocean did they or any other fellow subjects volunteer that their country was law-abiding.

You know the First Sign-Post on the Great Main Road? "When a man advertises that he is virtuous, a man that he is a gentleman, a Community that it is loyal, or a Country that it is law-abiding—go the other way!"

Yet, while the men's talk was so good and new, their written word seemed to be cast in conventional, not to say old-fashioned molds. A quarter of a century ago a sub-editor opening his mail, could identify the Melbourne Argus, the Sydney Morning Herald, or the Cape Times as far as he could see them. Even newspaper clippings of the time declared their origin as a piece of hide betrays the beast that wore it. But he noticed then that Canadian journals left neither spoor nor scent—might have blown in from anywhere between thirty degrees of latitude—and had to be carefully identified by hand. Today the spacing, the headlines, the advertising of Canadian papers, the chessboard-like look of the open page which should be a daily beautiful study in black and white, the brittle pulp paper, the machine-set type, are all as standardized as the railway cars of the continent. Indeed, looking through a mass of Canadian journals is like trying to find one's own sleeper in a corridor train. Newspaper offices are among the most conservative organizations in the world; but surely after 25 years some changes could be permitted to creep in; some original convention of expression or assembly might be developed.

I drew up to this idea cautiously among a knot of fellow craftsmen. "You mean," said one straight-eyed youth, "that we are a back-number, copying back numbers?"

It was precisely what I did mean. So I made haste to deny it. "We know that," he said, cheerfully. "Remember, we haven't the sea all round us—and the postal rates to England have only just been lowered. It will all come right."

Surely it will, but meantime one hates to think of these splendid people using second-class words to express first-class emotion.

And so naturally from Journalism to Democracy. Every country entitled to her reservations and pretenses, but the more "democratic" a land is the more make-believes must the stranger respect. Some of the Tribal Herald's were very good to me in this matter, and, as it were, nudged me when it was time to duck in the House of Rimmon. During their office hours they professed an unflinching belief in the blessed word "democracy," which means any crowd on the move—that is to say, the helpless thing which breaks through floors and falls into cellars; overturns pleasure-boats by rushing from port to starboard; stamps men into pulp because it thinks it has lost sixpence, and jams and grills in the doorways of blazing theaters. They relaxed, like every one else, they relaxed. Many winked, a few were flippant, but they all agreed that they only drawback to Democracy was Democracy—a jealous god of primitive tastes

and despotic tendencies. I received a faithful portrait of him from a politician who had worshiped him all his life. It was practically the Epistle of Jeremy—the sixth chapter of Baruch—done into unquotable English.

But Canada is not yet an ideal democracy. For one thing, she has had to work hard among rough-edged surroundings which carry inevitable consequences. For another, the law in Canada exists and is administered, not as a surprise, a joke, a bribe, or a wrestling Turk exhibition, but as an integral part of the national character—no more to be forgotten or talked about than trousers. If you kill, you hang. If you steal, you go to jail. This has worked toward peace, self-respect, and I think the innate dignity of the people. On the other hand—where is where the trouble will begin—railways and steamers make it possible nowadays to bring in persons who need never lose touch of hot and cold water-taps, spread tables, and crockery till they are turned out, much surprised, into the wilderness. They clean miss the long weeks of salt-water and the slow passage across the plains which pickled and tanned the early emigrants. They arrive with soft bodies and unhardened souls. I have this vividly brought home to me by a man on a train among the Selkirk. He stood on the safely-railed pier platform, looked at the gigantic pin-furred shaggy round which men at their lives' risk had left every yard of the track, and chirruped: "I say, why can't all this be nationalized?" There was nothing under heaven except the snows and the steep to prevent him from dropping off the cars and hunting a man for himself. Instead of which he went into the dining-car. That is one type.

A man told me the old tale of a crowd of Russian immigrants who at a big fire in a city "verted to the ancestral type, and blocked the streets yelling: 'Down with the Czar.' That is another type. A few days later I was shown a wire stating that a community of Doukhobors—Russians again—had, not for the first time, undressed themselves, and were fleeing up the track to meet the Messiah before the snow fell. Police were pursuing them with warm underclothing, and trains would please take care not to run over them.

So there you have three sorts of steam-borne unfitness—soft, savage, and mad. There is a fourth brand, which may be either home-grown or imported, but democracies do not recognize it, of downright bad folk—grown, healthy men and women who honestly rejoice in evil. These folk are acting together might conceivably produce a rather pernicious democracy, alien hysteria, blood-crazes, and the like, reinforcing local ignorance, sloth and arrogance. For example, I read a letter in a paper sympathizing with the Doukhobors, who, as you know, are a community of excellent people in England (you see where the rot starts), who lived barefoot, paid no taxes, ate nuts, and were above marriage. They were a soulful folk, living pure lives. The Doukhobors were also pure and soulful, and in a free country to live their own lives, and not to be oppressed, etc., etc. (Imported soft, observe, playing up to Imported mad.) Meantime, disgusted police were chasing the Doukhobors into fannels that they might live to produce children, fit to be the sons of the man who wrote that letter and the daughters of the crowd that lost their heads at the fire.

"All of which," men and women answered, "we admit. But what can we do? We want people." And they showed where the children of St. Ignace immigrants are taught English and the songs of Canada. "When they grow up," people said, "you can't tell them from Canadians." It was a wonderful work. The teacher holds up pens, pencils and so forth, giving the names in English; the children repeat in Chinese fashion. Presently when they have enough words they can bridge back to the knowledge they learned in their own country, so that a boy of twelve, at say, the end of a year, will produce a well-written English account of his journey from Russia, how much his mother paid for food by the way, and where his father got his first job. He will also lay his hand on his heart and say, "I am—a Canadian." This gratifies the Canadian, who naturally expects every immigrant owing everything to the land which adopted him and set him on his feet. The Lady Bountiful of an English village takes the same interest in a child she has helped on in the world. And the child repays by his gratitude and good behavior.

Personally, one cannot care much for those who have renounced their own country. They may have had good reason, but they have broken the rules of the game, and ought to be penalized instead of adding to their score. Nor is it true, as some pretend, that a few full meals and fine clothes obliterate all taint of alien instinct and reversion. A thousand years cannot be as yesterday for mankind; and one has only to glance at the races across the border to realize how in outlook, manner, expression and morale the South and Southeast profoundly and fatally affects the North and Northwest. That was why the sight of the beady-eyed, muddy-skinned, aproned women, with handkerchiefs on their heads, always distressed me. I understood what forty years ago I had seen, but did not then believe, must and should be the only reasonable aim of each man's efforts. How different, how much more joyous for myself and useful to others, might my life have been had I believed and yielded when the voice of Truth, of God, spoke for the then brave men and soul, unswayed as yet by such temptations!

Yes, dear young people, sincerely, independently—not under the influence of suggestion from outside, but quite independently and sincerely—having avowed to a consciousness of the full importance of your life, do not trust to those who tell you that your strivings are merely the unattainable dreams of youth, and that they, too, have dreamed and striven, but that life soon showed them that it has its own

"But," I argued over three thousand miles of country, "all these are excellent reasons for bringing in the Englishman. It is true that in his own country he is taught to shrink away, because kind, silly people fall over each other to help, and debauch, and amuse him. Here, General January will stiffen him up. Remittance-men are an affliction to every branch of the Family, but your manners and morals can't be so tender as to suffer from a few thousands of them among your six millions. As to the Englishman's Socialism, he is, by nature, the most social animal alive. What you call Socialism is his intellectual equivalent for Diabolo and Limerick competitions. As to his criticisms, you surely wouldn't marry a woman who agreed with you in everything, and you ought to choose your immigrants on the same lines. You admit that the Canadian is too busy to kick at anything. The Englishman is a born kicker. ('Yes, he is all that,' they said.) He kicks on principle, and that is what makes for civilization. So did your Englishman's instinct about the glass. Every new country needs vitality—needs—one-half of one per cent of its population trained to die of thirst rather than drink out of their hands. You are always talking about the second generation of the English."

They thought—quite visibly—but they did not much seem to relish it. There was a queer string-along in their talk—a conversational shy across the road—when one touched on these subjects. After a while I went to a Tribal Herald whom I could trust, and demanded of him point-blank where the trouble really lay, and who was behind it. "It is Labor," he said. "You had better leave it alone."

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUTH
BY TOLSTOY.

Trust yourselves, youths and maidens, who are emerging from childhood, when first the questions arise in your mind: What am I? Why do I exist? Why do all who surround me exist? And chiefly—most agitating of all questions: Am I and are all around me living as we should do? Trust yourself, then, also, when the replies to these questions which suggest themselves to you do not agree with those impressed on you in childhood, and do not agree with the life that you and the people around you are living. Do not fear this disagreement, but, on the contrary, be assured that in this disagreement between you and all that surrounds you is expressed the very best that is in you; that divine principle whose manifestation in life constitutes not only the chief, but the sole meaning of our existence. Trust, then, not yourself, the individual Bill, Jack, Annie or Molly, son or daughter of king, minister or workman, merchant or laborer, but trust that self—that eternal, reasonable and holy Source which lives in each of us, and which for the first time has awoke within you, presenting these most important of all questions, and seeking and demanding their solution. Do not then, trust those who with a condescending smile tell you that they, too, once sought replies to these questions, and did not find them, for none can be found except those which are accepted by everybody.

Do not believe this, but trust yourself alone, and do not fear to disagree with the views and thoughts of those around you, if only your replies to the questions that have presented themselves to you are founded not on your personal wishes, but on a wish to fulfill the purpose of your life, and to fulfill the will of that Power which has sent you into life. Trust yourself, especially, when the replies presenting themselves to you are confirmed by those eternal principles of human wisdom, expressed in all religious teachings, and in the teaching nearest to us (that of Christ) in its highest spiritual meaning.

I remember, when I was 15 years old, experiencing a time when I suddenly awoke from the childish submission to other people's views in which I had lived till then, and for the first time understood that I must shape my own life, must choose my own path, and must myself answer for my life to that Source which gave it to me.

I remember that I then dimly but deeply felt that the chief aim of my life was to be good: good in the gospel sense, the sense of self-sacrifice and love. I remember that I then tried to live accordingly, but the attempt did not last long. I did not trust myself, but trusted rather to what was suggested to me consciously and unconsciously by all around me. And my first awakening was replaced by very definite though various desires for success in the eyes of the world; to be distinguished, learned, famous, rich, strong—I, e., not such as I, but such as other people, considered good. I did not trust myself then, and only after several decades spent in attaining worldly aims (which I either failed to attain, or, having attained, saw to be useless, vain or harmful), did I understand what forty years ago I had seen, but did not then believe, must and should be the only reasonable aim of each man's efforts. How different, how much more joyous for myself and useful to others, might my life have been had I believed and yielded when the voice of Truth, of God, spoke for the then brave men and soul, unswayed as yet by such temptations!

Yes, dear young people, sincerely, independently—not under the influence of suggestion from outside, but quite independently and sincerely—having avowed to a consciousness of the full importance of your life, do not trust to those who tell you that your strivings are merely the unattainable dreams of youth, and that they, too, have dreamed and striven, but that life soon showed them that it has its own

demands, and that one must not indulge in fancies of what life might be, but must try how best to adapt our actions to the life of existing society, and to aim only at being a useful member of that society.

Do not believe, either, in that dangerous temptation, especially strong in our day, which consists in the assertion that the highest destiny of man lies in co-operating in the reorganization of the society that exists at a certain place and time, using therefore for all possible means, even though they be directly opposed to moral progress. Do not believe this. That aim is insignificant in comparison with the aim of manifestation in yourself the principle of goodness dwelling in your soul. And that aim is false which permits any deviation from the principle of goodness dwelling in your soul.

Do not trust it. Do not believe that the manifestation of goodness and truth in your soul is not only possible, but all life (yours and that of all men) consists in that alone. And that manifestation in each man is the one thing leading not merely to the best reorganization of society, but to all the welfare that can come about—only through the personal efforts of individual men.

Yes, trust yourself when in your soul is heard, not the wish to excel others, to distinguish yourself from others, to be more powerful, more important or more famous, or to be saved

hours of men, freeing them from the evil organization of life (such desires often supplant the wish for goodness), but trust yourself when the chief desire of your soul is to be better yourself, for in self-perfecting there is something personal, something gratifying to self-love, but I will say; to make yourself such as the God desires who gave us life, to disclose in yourself the principle, like unto him, which is in us, and to live "godly," as the peasants say.

Trust yourself and live thus, bending all your strength to one purpose—the manifestation in yourself of God, and you will do all you can do, both for your own welfare and for that of the whole world.

Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; the rest shall be added unto you.

Yes, trust yourself at that most important time when the light of consciousness of your divine origin first shows itself in your soul. Do not extinguish that light—guard it with all your strength, and let it burn all strongly. In that one thing, the kindling of that light, lies the one great and joyous meaning of your man's life. Yes, I say again, trust yourself.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Justus Granich, aged 15, was recently arrested in Philadelphia for wife desertion.

Perrin's Biscuits Leap Year—
A sure winner. Bound to catch on. 64 to the pound.
Your dealer will supply you. If not, write direct to
D. S. Perrin & Co., LONDON, LTD., CANADA.

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"NO GREEN IN HER EYE"
She wants Kellogg's, for she knows that there's health as well as deliciousness in every flake. A food for thinkers as well as toilers—a food the dyspeptic can thoroughly enjoy, and children thrive on. Such is the genuine "Toasted Corn Flakes."
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This is what I want—the kind that bears the signature of Kellogg's Sanitas
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"SILENT" PARLOR MATCHES
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Women Cured at Home
ORANGE LILY
Women's disorders always yield from the very beginning of the treatment, to the mild but effective action of Orange Lily. Within two or three days after commencing its use the improvement becomes noticeable, and this improvement continues until the patient is completely cured. Orange Lily is an applied or local treatment, and acts directly on the womanly organs, removing the congestion, and restoring perfect circulation to the diseased parts. In order to convince all suffering women of the value of this remedy, I will send a 5-cent box, enough FREE to each lady sending me her address.
MRS. F. E. CERRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Backache That Tells of Kidney Derangements



Pains in the back just over the kidneys, weak back, lame back, aching back are the most marked and persistent symptoms of kidney disease. It may be from

**Straining at work.
Exposure to dampness and cold.
Sitting with back to draught after getting warm at work.**

For such are the causes which make kidney diseases so prevalent among workmen. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills hold the good-will and confidence of the working people by their power to cure as well as the cheapness of the treatment. Immediately following is a testimonial as to their worth:—

Back so Lame Could Not Walk.

"For two years I was completely laid up with lame back, and could neither walk nor ride. I tried many treatments, and the doctor put on a fly blister which only increased the suffering and did not do me the slightest good."

A friend told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I had not finished the first box before I was completely cured. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since, and it has been the means of selling dozens of boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. We are never without them in the house, there is no medicine like them.—Mr. Geo. TAYOR, Westport, Leeds Co., Ont.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

So far as we have been able to find out there is no treatment obtainable which so quickly and so thoroughly removes the cause of backaches and bodily pains as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The kidneys are set right, the uric acid poisons are eliminated from the body and there need be no further dread of Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy or stones in the bladder.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

England's House of Lords has been rid of one of its black sheep through the death last week of the second Lord St. Leonards, and although the new bearer of the family honors and head of the house is the son of an abominably drunken father, who paraded his dissipation on both sides of the Atlantic, yet the fact that he has been brought up by his mother, and freed, through the judicial separation which she obtained in his infancy from the influence of his disreputable father, furnishes hope now that the 18-year-old peer will on attaining his majority, live up to the obligations of the name of his illustrious great-grandfather, one of the most famous lord high chancellors of the Victorian reign, and one of the most celebrated jurists of the nineteenth century.

The first Lord St. Leonards was the great lawyer, Sir Edward Sugden, who on his elevation to the woolsack was created Lord St. Leonards. He was the son of a well-known barrister of Ditch street, St. James', London. He died full of years and honors in 1875, being predeceased by his eldest son Henry, who had left four sons, the eldest of whom was Edward, the late peer, and the second, Henry Frank, also deceased.

Old Lord St. Leonards conceived during the closing years of his life a most profound aversion for the two eldest sons of his first-born, an aversion due to the constant scandals to which their behavior was giving rise, and some time before his death he drew up a will, written on nineteen sheets of ordinary quarto paper, in his own handwriting, in which he diverted all his considerable property from his two elder grandsons, bestowing it upon his second son, the Hon. and Rev. Frank Sugden, and upon his favorite daughter, the Hon. Charlotte Sugden, who for the last quarter of a century of his life had been not only his constant companion but likewise his trusted confidante and amanuensis.

This will, to the existence of which the Hon. Charlotte Sugden and a number of other people were able to furnish conclusive testimony, could not be found on the death of the old lord chancellor, and it was asserted in court, and generally believed, that it had been feloniously destroyed by his elder grandson, that is to say, by the late lord, who succeeded to his grandfather's honors and peerage.

While the evidence was insufficient to enable criminal proceedings to be instituted against the second Lord St. Leonards for the destruction of his grandfather's will, yet it was sufficiently convincing to cause the learned president of the court of probate to grant a decision in favor of the Hon. and Rev. Frank Sugden, and against the second Lord St. Leonards.

That is to say, the presiding judge, Lord Hannen, for the first and, I believe, the only time in the annals of the court of probate, admitted to probate a will which no longer existed in writing, but only in the memory of the plaintiffs and of their witnesses, awarding the whole of the property, that is to say, extensive landed estates and some \$500,000 in money, to them.

On the ground that he was in that manner fulfilling the intentions of the testator, despite the attempt on the part of the defendant to frustrate them through felonious destruction of the will.

The case is one celebrated in the annals of British jurisprudence, and the Government prosecutor of the day was taken to task and criticised by the leading English newspapers for neglecting to institute criminal proceedings against Lord St. Leonards, based on the decree of the court of probate.

Not long afterwards the wife of this second Lord St. Leonards, a member of the ancient and historic house of Dashwood, obtained a judicial separation from her husband, on the ground of misconduct and drunkenness, and later on he was convicted of a particularly disgraceful assault on a poor servant girl, for which he, in spite of his rank as an hereditary legislator, was sentenced to a term in jail.

He died forgotten, despised, and in poverty, in a remote and lonely village, in his sixtieth year, leaving an only daughter, whom he had not seen since her childhood, and who is married to a pale-faced person!

Let them take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills; there is no remedy to equal them for making pale faces rosy, weak hearts and shaky nerves strong, fleshy muscles firm, and infusing new hope and ambition into life.

Mr. W. J. Churchill, Lombardy, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for three years with a weak heart and nervousness. I could not sleep and eat little food, and would distress me. I also had faint and dizzy spells, and doctored with three doctors but was growing worse. After taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I feel as well as ever. I did. They are the best pills on earth."

Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25 for all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of notice by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Capt. Drury Lowe, of the Grenadier Guards. His brother, the late Henry Frank Sugden, whose son has now succeeded to the peerage, lived for a time in America, first in Melville, Ia., and also in New York.

While there, the Hon. Henry Frank Sugden's drinking habits were such that it became necessary for his wife's brother to go out from England to take her home.

Subsequently a reconciliation took place, and Mr. and Mrs. Sugden lived together until the former went into another spell of drunkenness, swallowing even methylated spirits when he could get nothing else.

It was during one of his drunken fits that he had a battle royal with his wife which resulted in blows given and received by both.

The court decided that Mrs. Sugden had to a certain extent been justified in slapping her husband's face, and granted the decree of judicial separation for which she had petitioned, and at the same time confided the two children of the marriage to her custody.

A sister of these two precious scions of the British aristocracy, the Hon. Emma Sugden, is married to an American, of the name of George Reid, and makes her home in the United States.

I may mention in connection with the cause celebre provoked by the will of the first Lord St. Leonards, that a large number of the most eminent judges of the supreme court of the United Kingdom, and especially those presiding over the court of probate, have furnished much trouble to that particular court in connection with their testamentary dispositions.

Appointed by the crown as the jurists best qualified to determine all controversies arising in connection with wills, they seem all to have been unable to draw up their own particular wills in such a fashion as to avert legal proceedings on the subject after their death.

Lord Falmouth, who is about to publish the memoirs of his celebrated ancestor Admiral Boscawen, one of the greatest naval commanders of the first half of the eighteenth century, is doubly a peer of the realm.

For, while he succeeded his father as seventh Viscount Falmouth, he became through the death of his mother, and as her heir, the twenty-fourth Baron Le Despencer, and possessor of a peerage which dates clear back to the reign of King John.

Modest to the verge of shyness, and a most sympathetic friend, he is known in English society by the nickname of "The Star," a sobriquet that originated with a horse called "Star of Africa," which belonged to his father, and about which he was often talking to his brother officers.

How devoted he is to sport, and the extent to which he has inherited his father's fondness for racing, may be gathered from the fact that within an hour after calling to his father-in-law, the Egyptian victory of Tel-el-Kebir, in which he took part, he received a telegram to say that his father's horse, "Dutch Oven," which had started as an extreme outsider, had won the St. Ledger.

Lord Falmouth, besides serving through the Egyptian war which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, commanded the guards' camel regiment in the Nile expedition of 1884, and also the British forces at the battle of Metemneh.

He retired from the army a few years ago with the rank of major general, and now divides his time between racing, wireless telegraphy, and the management of his two great estates, Tregothnan, where Marconi has his wireless station, and Mervorth.

At the latter place are the world-famed paddocks of the Lord Falmouth, where no less than three Derby winners, Kingcraft, Silvio and Harvester have been born and bred.

Lord Falmouth never bets, and so firmly resolved has he always been to preserve free from stain his grand old family name of Boscawen, that when his brother Hugh got into financial difficulties some years ago, he came forward to pay off in full the liabilities, thus saving the escutcheon of his house from the stigma of bankruptcy.

Tregothnan has been in the family of the viscount for more than five centuries, coming to it through the marriage of Joan Tregothnan to John de Boscawen, during the reign of King John.

Lord Montgomery, lieutenant of the Second Life Guards, whose engagement to Lady Beatrice Dalrymple has just been announced, is the eldest son and heir of the present and fifteenth Earl of Eglinton. Lord Eglinton himself is a younger son of that thirteenth Earl famous as the organizer of the Eglinton medieval tournament, which was held at Eglinton Castle nearly 70 years ago, and in which not only the earl himself and many other peers of high degree took part, but also Prince Louis Bonaparte, who afterwards ascended the throne of France as Napoleon III.

That Lord Eglinton was undoubtedly the most notable figure at the tournament, both in grace of bearing, in strength, and in agility; and where, as the other knights, by reason of the great weight of their armor, had to be hoisted into their saddles like so many raw recruits in an army riding school, the earl vaulted into his seat over 16 hands high, without touching his stirrup and as lightly as a feather, though his armor was among the heaviest of those who took part in this historic pageant, portrayed by Lord Beaconsfield and other novelists, and which had been instituted for the purpose of showing the world a living picture of old world chivalry. It is estimated that the affair cost the thirteenth earl nearly half a million of dollars. This, together with the splendor of his establishment when

viceroy of Ireland, crippled for a time the resources of his successors.

In spite of this, the present Lord Eglinton is extremely well off, owing to the fact that his possessions are situated in one of the richest mineral districts of the United Kingdom, and there is no ground for the popular impression that he is in straitened circumstances.

This impression has arisen from the fact that when his half-brother and predecessor in the family honors died without male issue, he not only bequeathed everything that he possibly could to his daughters, and away from the title, but even left directions that the jewels and family treasures not entailed as heirlooms should be sold by public auction for their benefit.

It is owing to this that gems which had belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, including six unique black pearls presented by her to Mary Seton, and which had remained ever since then among the most treasured possessions of the Seton and Montgomery families, came into the market, and were bought at a public auction by Sir John Blundel Maple, the retail furniture dealer of Tottenham Court road, in London, and by him presented to his daughter, Baroness Eckardstein, whose matrimonial differences with her German husband, formerly attached to the Kaiser's embassy at Washington, attracted so much attention last year.

The present earl cruelly resented this action on the part of his half-brother and predecessor, and it has contributed not a little to deprive him of that infectious gaiety and geniality which was so marked a characteristic of his gallant father.

It was the latter, by the way, who established the steamship service between Galway and America, the first half of the nineteenth century; a line which would be in existence today had it not been for mismanagement after his death.

There are few Scotch peers who unite more honors than Lord Eglinton, who combines in his person the line of no less than four great houses; the Mountgomeries of Eaglesham, the Eglintons of Eglinton, the Barclays of Azoosau, and the Setons, one of whose ancestors married the sister of King Robert Bruce. One of the Mountgomeries figures in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," as the "courtous knight" who took "the Percy" prisoner, and in Eglinton Castle is still preserved the very battle-sword which Sir Hugh Montgomery wrested on that occasion from the hand of the gallant Hotspur.

The Hon. Alistair Hay, whose matrimonial affairs have just been engaging the attention of the divorce tribunals at Edinburgh, is a younger brother of the Earl of Kinnoull, and scion of a house which has contributed a particularly large number of chapters to the annals of the British law courts.

In fact, the Hon. Alistair himself is no stranger to the latter. For he has on two occasions been gazzetted as bankrupt, and his financial shipwreck on the first occasion being brought about by his losses as a stock broker, and by his unfortunate connection with Promoter Hooley. His now ex-wife, a rather pretty woman, is a daughter of Lord Greville, and a sister of Round Greville, who with his brother, the often-entertained King Edward, are now amongst his particular circle of intimates.

Alistair Hay has a number of years, one of whom, the late Francis Hay, worked his way up from between the masts to the command of one of the British India Steam Navigation Company's vessels. Another was Lord Dupplin, noted as the owner of Pet, the famous racehorse, and as the finest amateur pianist ever known in England. After the elopement of his wife with Herbert Flower, whom she married after her divorce, he went astray, however, and died in Paris in virtual exile and social ostracism.

His eldest brother, the present Earl of Kinnoull, has likewise figured in the court of divorce, but as co-respondent, and has been twice married, his present union being distinctly a love match, and based on mutual affection and a similarity of tastes. Indeed, Lord and Lady Kinnoull are both passionately devoted to music, and as he is a composer of no small merit, and likewise plays wonderfully well on the organ and the piano, and she an equally talented violinist, they constitute one of the most musical couples in England.

They are not rich, and a few years ago a number of American newspapers contained advertisements of their ancestral home, Dupplin Castle, in Perthshire, for rent. No one on that side of the water, however, was found willing to take the picturesque old place.

The first Earl of Kinnoull was a gentleman of the bed chamber to King James, and lord chancellor of Scotland, as well as owner of the Island of Barbadoes, which he had inherited from his kinsman, Sir James Hay, Earl of Carlisle. The third Earl of Kinnoull sold the Island of Barbadoes back to King Charles II, but it is claimed that he never received the purchase money. It was this same third earl of Kinnoull who during the civil war made his famous and romantic escape from captivity in Edinburgh Castle, by tying his sheets and blankets together, and letting himself down the face of the rock, which furnished the third earl of Kinnoull the idea of this extraordinary feat, which was repeated by his French prisoner of war, Champdivers. In his romance "St. Ives."

It costs nearly as much to pay the salaries of the municipal servants of New York City as it does to support the entire army of the United States. The salaries amount close to \$70,000,000 annually.

KING EDWARD'S GREAT DOCTOR

SIR THOMAS BARLOW, NOTED
FOR HIS BEDSIDE MANNER.

Sir Thomas Barlow, the famous Wimpole street physician, who is in attendance on the prime minister, is noted for his "bedside manner," which is wonderfully suave and magnetic. Burly and jovial, with a free and hearty Lancashire style, he carries about him an atmosphere that cheers and inspires. Before he became physician extraordinary to Queen Victoria and physician to King Edward's household, Sir Thomas was known as the children's doctor, and the famous children's hospital at the original Ormond streets holds his name in high reverence. "The late Queen Victoria's last hours were tenderly watched by Sir Thomas. He also attended the death of the late Lady Curzon. He is a temperance doctor, but not a fanatic on the subject. Nor is he a diet faddist, for he consumes his meals rapidly and at irregular hours. His hobby is books, which he carries in stacks on his journeys. Two years ago he presided at a remarkable function—a dinner attended only by members of the big Barlow family. From all parts of England Barlows flocked to the Hotel Cecil, and it was then discovered that the original stock of the family came from the village of Barlow, or Barlee, near Chesterfield. They were people of position, who owned property from the Boomsday Book and the Norman conquest.

LA MARSEILLAISE HOW WRITTEN

ORIGIN OF THE STIRRING BATTLE-HYMN OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"La Marseillaise," the stirring battle hymn of the French revolution, which was born in the heat of one of the most dramatic and momentous single struggles of recorded history, has become in a sense, the international lyric expression of the passion for freedom.

The history of this song, which electrified a people and played its part in the shaping of events in the France of 1792, has been almost as singular as the enduring character of its appeal. Its effect has been far-reaching, indeed, and its meaning has often been sadly perverted. Originally it appealed to the deep-seated senses of patriotism. Today it is often the unofficial rallying cry of anarchistic outrages.

This perverted use of the old battle hymn was well illustrated in the demonstration of the "unemployed" in Union Square, New York. When the ranks threatened to give way before the advance of the police it was the swaying rhythm of "The Marseillaise" that held them in order and gave them the courage of opposition.

The history of the writing of this most famous and familiar of French songs is not without an interest of its own. Its author was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, a captain of engineers who was stationed during the anxious times of 1792 in Strasbourg, on the Rhine. The words and music were written, according to tradition, which has never been successfully disproved, on the night of April 24, 1792, after the captain of engineers had returned from a dinner.

It was an accident that gave it its present name. On the evening of June 26 of the same year a singer named Mireur sang it at a civic banquet given in Marseilles. It created an extraordinary impression. No time can well be conceived more opportune for the reception of such a hymn. The volatile and impressionable French nation was passing through such scenes as only the genius of that nation could make possible.

Fired by the fervor of ideals which had not yet degenerated and quick with resentment that a foreign invasion might bring the revolution to naught, the people of the French provinces were awaiting some such battle hymn as "The Marseillaise." The volunteer troops selected the song, and with it upon their lips they entered Paris on July 30. Everywhere it was received with an enthusiasm not far short of fanaticism. It awakened the peace-loving, and when the army marched to the attack upon the Tuilleries on Aug. 10, 1792, it was the irresistible hymn of "The Marseillaise."

Prussia had declared war on France, and was on the march. This movement rendered power and popularity to the Jacobins. The assembly, in self-defense, took measures against the court and the foreigners. The country was proclaimed in danger, and 50,000 volunteers had been called for. The Jacobins organized now almost openly for the purpose of forcing the hand of the assembly. The extravagant proclamation with which Brunswick added fuel to the flames. "The Marseillaise" was his answer and on Aug. 10 the vanguard of the attack on the constitution was entrusted to the men of the battalion of Marseilles. It was this insurrection, led by the robust Danton, that, to the notes of "The Marseillaise," swept over the assembly

and the monarchy and prepared the way for the commune.

Of the author of the famous song little is known. He seems to have been one of those men whom a single supreme effort has made famous. It is known that he was born in Lons-le-Saunier on May 10, 1760, and that he died in Choisy on June 26, 1836. He was the author of various complimentary verses of mediocre worth.

"CURED TO STAY"

Is the universal testimony for South American Nerve, and what it did for Mrs. Armstrong it will do for any woman living.

"For one who has suffered as I have for over six years from nervous prostration, and having spent nearly all I possessed in doctor bills without any permanent relief, you can imagine what a God-sent blessing I feel South American Nerve has been to me. The first few doses gave me great relief. It took six bottles in all to cure me, but I feel I am cured to stay cured."—Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, Orillia, Ont. (21 Sold by Callard & McLachlan and C. McCallum.)

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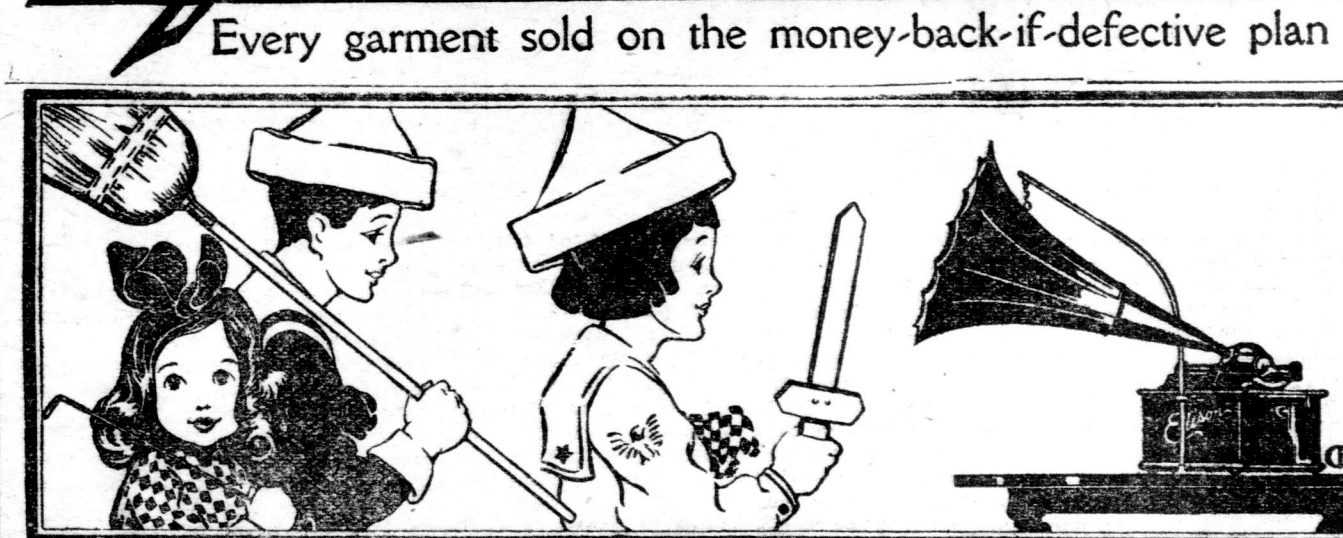
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and the monarchy and prepared the way for the commune.

Of the author of the famous song little is known. He seems to have been one of those men whom a single supreme effort has made famous. It is known that he was born in Lons-le-Saunier on May 10, 1760, and that he died in Choisy on June 26, 1836. He was the author of various complimentary verses of mediocre worth.

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are so perfect a child can ice a cake in three minutes.

Chocolate, Pearl Pink, Lemon, Orange, White, Maple, Almond, and Coconut Cream.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

Cy Warman On Capital and Labor

AN ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB, GUELPH

When in England I received an invitation to talk to you, I said I would talk about the struggle against capital. I had to change the title of my talk, for a struggle is supposed to be a holy war—this thing of which I speak is a holy terror.

The indiscriminate, wanton war on capital is unholy, because it kills only the innocent.

Let us say, for the purpose of this talk, that it takes two ingredients properly mixed to make a country, a nation, if you will, out of a colony. These are capital and labor.

Either is utterly helpless without the other's aid. We hear a lot about "organized capital" as of an evil doing. A "combine," even, is not necessarily a crime, unless it be a combine in restraint of trade.

Among the earliest combiners upon this continent, we may mention the man who pioneered in this Province in the early days of the Dominion. When the homesteader had his logs hewn out, and on the ground, he organized his neighbors. When they gathered together they became a building combine. Their combined strength lifted the logs, one at a time, until the walls were up. Then they put up the rafters, so that the settler could roof it all over. Then they went home, but they did not rate because a saving combine. They would meet again elsewhere, because each man on his own job could not lift those logs in a lifetime. It required an organization of men and muscle—a combine. By these means the houses went up rapidly, one after the other, the fields were cleared, and the result is what you have today—a beautiful country filled with homes.

Out of these rude homes have come some mighty men. The great Lincoln was one, and only a few miles down the line, on a gentle slope by a little spring, I have seen the last log of the house wherein the Hills lived. And there, still singing the same sweet song, is the running brook where little Jimmy J. used to cut the ice and water the stock. He's still cutting ice.

Also, this bush-bred boy has done more for the development of the Northwestern States than any other man in America, and has made more homes for the homeless than any other individual, so far as I know.

Not one of you will argue that this early-rising building combine was not a good thing—a thing necessary.

Now let us look at the other picture for a moment. We will take the case of Mr. Smith, who wants to start a new industry in your city—a saw-mill or a sewing machine factory. He finds he has not enough money of his own, so he asks his friend Jones to join him. There you have the firm of Smith & Jones, both good fellows.

They prosper and want to branch out and build reapers and mowers, and so they combine with Fraser & McDonald, who run the saw and door factories and business-booms. They are still respectable citizens, but they need more capital, and so they form a stock company, sell shares, grow into a large manufacturing concern, employ thousands of men, pay taxes and contribute largely to the upbuilding of the community.

Now the four founders of this industry are supposed to live on the sunny side of Easy street, but as a

matter of fact they work as hard as ever, their responsibility has grown with their income; the welfare of thousands depends upon them, upon their success and prosperity.

They are still respectable as they believe, and yet as the shop grows and the chimneys multiply, there creeps into the conversation of men, and into the papers nasty little knocks and hints of a grim combine grinding out the souls of men.

A man wants to build a railway, he acquires a charter, forms a company, and presently a new territory is open for settlement, adding thousands in population and millions to the wealth of the country. The millions of dollars distributed during construction, and the perpetual employment of thousands of men, are the direct result of this organization of capital. Now, is it not fair and just that these investors who show their faith in the country and the people thereof should receive something in the way of interest on their money?

I am willing to admit that some men in America are rich out of all reason, and that the wealthy are wasteful and sometimes arrogant and oppressive, but I protest against the growing tendency upon the part of the political upper-crust and the social under-crust, the railway officials as a semi-criminal class who are happiest when hunting along the line which separates the land of lawful things from the land of things unlawful.

I hope this happy land will always have a day's work for the man who is willing to work, but I have no faith in the efficacy of Mr. Churchill's latest battle cry: "Nobody should have anything till everybody has something." It sounds all right, but it will not work.

No, I do not want to wait for my "anything" on the anarchist, the idler, the socialist loafer, and the screaming suffragette get their "something."

No man who is fit to live likes to live on charity. The trouble is that too many men prefer muck-raking to honest toil.

A private knocker is a public nuisance. The discouragement of capital, if a crime, is a crime against labor.

The extra hazard of honest enterprises is driving capital to Wall street, and labor to benches in the park.

It is as important for capital to earn a living as it is for labor to earn a living, because when the dollar kills the workingman's day's work is done.

Kill capital and labor will starve. Labor should be protected from professional muck-rakers, firing at capital, hits labor nine times in ten.

The same hand (or mouth) that raises the bank rate, reduces the day's wage of the workingman, by the same movement and at the same time.

Labor should be protected from its fool friends. The socialist should be screened off from the anarchist, the anarchist from high explosives, and gin.

What you want here in Canada is not cheap labor, but labor unfettered and free to give a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.

Cheap labor is always expensive. In China they pay 10 cents a day for men, and move freight at ten cents per ton-mile. On the North American continent, we pay from ten to twenty times ten cents a day, and move freight at 7-10 of a cent per ton-mile.

This is what the railway manager has done. He has found a way to pay the highest rate of wages, and at the same time to move traffic as cheaply as it is moved anywhere.

This has cost something in the way of work and worry, for while the labor union has been clamoring for higher wages, the public has been demanding a two-cent rate.

And while the shareholder has been shouting in one of the manager's ears for dividends, the shipper has been shouting in the other for lower rates. There are two classes of men who will never agree—the shareholder and the shipper; neither will ever be able to see the thing as the other sees it, but not so with the employer and employee.

This latter truth is made manifest by the numerous provisions that are being made by the various railways for the welfare and protection of employees; especially in providing insurance for employees retiring after years of faithful service.

I do not agree with secretary Taft, who regards a gigantic controversy between capital and labor as something inevitable. I believe that the representatives of capital and labor in the future, as in the past, will continue to treat, one with the other, each driving the best bargain possible for the interests he represents, and that the final outcome in nine cases out of ten will be shaded and shaped by the silent operation of the inexorable law of supply and demand. We have before us at this moment the most undeniable evidences of this fact. Toward the close of 1906 labor became so scarce, the demand so much greater than the supply, that the rate was forced to the highest point, and in many cases beyond the employer's ability to pay. Business boomed and nobody wanted to stop. Every man who could rent a dollar did so, enlarged his plant, and employed more men.

In 1907 the crash came. The demand for goods stopped. Orders were canceled. The banker wanted his dollar back, but the borrower was unable to pay. Capital took to the storm-cellar; labor sat down and folded its idle, empty hands.

The climax came like a cloudburst. In the desperation of today men remembered yesterday. Rural papers were still printing Uncle Joe Cannon's famous exclamation: "This country is a helluva success." Now the idle workman, thumbing the tobacco into his pipe, repeated it with bitter irony: "Yes, it is a helluva success," but the accent made all the difference in the world.

Now we come to 1908. I think you will agree with me that the railroad is the business barometer we have. It is quite impossible to refer to all of the roads, but we will glance briefly at the result of the large business done by the New York Central.

In the past year, it was a great year for business. Every official from the president to the Poughkeepsie policeman had all he could handle. The company collected six and a quarter million dollars more than it had collected the year before, but when they figured up at the end of the year they found that they had paid millions of dollars for the privilege and expenditure of handling this increased traffic. Owing to the increased cost of labor and all kinds of material, they found that while the gross earnings had grown six and a quarter millions, the net earnings were three and three-quarter millions below the net earnings of 1906.

And what is true of the New York Central is true, in a measure, of other lines.

This persistent war on capital has been directed mainly against the railroad, and workingmen, in instances, have aided the political pirates, and thereby helped them to strangle the goose that must supply labor with its Easter egg.

President Taft, of Yale, and other students of political economy, who have watched the war, are agreed that the railroad has not had a "square deal." No sooner had the railroad stepped into the open to face the federal giant than the provincial Apaches, who people state legislative halls, began to fire on his flanks from ambush.

And what is the result? Here is one: Of the 17,000 miles of live project afloat in the United States at the close of last year, not more than 8,000 miles will be put under construction, simply because, owing largely to the pressure put upon the railways, both by the federal and state governments, the railroads are unable or afraid to finance new roads which are needed by both themselves and the public.

Recent decisions of the supreme court justify the contention of the railroads that much of the past year's legislation has not been preceded by intelligent study or investigation, and has been passed without reference to practical results. Uncertainty as to the effect of these laws, and doubt as to how far regulation and special legislation as to railroads is to be carried, have, without question, been the causes which have unsettled the sense of securities, and helped to bring on the present period of depression.

We have seen how a fair year increases the demand for, and the price of, labor. Now, unfortunately, we shall see how a lean year increases the supply and reduces the prices of a day's work. This is the law.

Instead of a gigantic struggle between the employer and employee, I foresee a continuation of both for self-protection. The railroad and the employees will learn in time that the injury of the one is the concern of the other; that unjust legislation which cripples the railway, and renders it incapable of earning interest, destroys its ability to pay good wages to its employees. No braver men live than the men who man our trains and our engines, and they deserve better pay than ordinary workmen; but they are ill-advised when they hunt with the cheap politician, who plays for the applause, or the political socialist, who is ready to reap what he sows.

No doubt there are many honest men in public life, both in Canada and in the United States, who believe that railways would be better managed by the state, but those who believe in municipal state control can find little justification of their position in the experience of the London county council.

Up to three years ago, a Mr. Hill had the steamboat business on the Thames all to himself, but about that time someone persuaded the county council to build a line of boats, county council into the excursion business. They tried to buy Hill out, but he did not want to sell. They put a new boat on the line and tried to ruin his business. Now, the British like fair play, and when he saw this game he kept on patronizing the old boats. Today the entire outfit is for sale.

In the short course of three years a sum has been lost equal to almost half the capital cost of boats and piers. This is the unfortunate financial result achieved. On a capital expenditure of £201,000, the loss is £137,083. If it is not possible to sell or charter the boats at an early period, the high-water committee still do not propose to run a service in the coming summer.

The debts and interest charges will have to be paid, whether the steamboats are used or not, but the receipts from fares fall so far short of the bare working expenditure that it will be cheaper to keep the boats idle. The anticipated results of running a summer service or of keeping a boat at their moorings compare thus: Cost of service, net deficiency £22,075. Cost of laying boats up, net deficiency £34,329.

So you see the municipality will save £12,745 by keeping the boats idle, and this is a good object lesson for those who oppose private enterprise and favor Government ownership.

With three great systems in Canada keen to insure the best of service at the lowest possible rate. Get acquainted with railway officials; approach them in a business manner on a business matter. Remember that while your own home city is the fairest in the land, all towns must look alike to the railway manager. I have been putting my personal opinion forward pretty freely tonight, but I don't want to go away leaving the impression that I am a capitalist—I am independent.

I should not care to be as rich as Mr. Rockefeller, but I'd like to live in a Windsor lady's appeal.

To All Women, I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment, which positively cures leucorrhoea, ulceration, displacements, falling of the womb, painful or irregular periods, uterine and ovarian tumors or growth, hot flashes, nervousness, pains in the head, back or bowels, melancholy, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write today. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 11, Windsor, Ont.



See that the next cough remedy you buy is wrapped like this.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has had thirty-five years of sale and use, and has cured coughs and colds under all conditions, in all countries and climates, and the verdict today is that it has no equal.



No other Root crops produce so large an amount of desirable cattle food for winter feeding, and the seed we offer represents thoroughbred strains grown from carefully selected roots. Insist on having them—they're the BEST—refuse substitutes and others said to be just as good.

Sold by Leading Merchants Everywhere in Canada, or at THE STEELE-BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED TORONTO HAMILTON WINNIPEG

A GOOD NAME

EVERY one desires to establish for himself a good name, but it takes time to win the confidence of your fellow men. Truth and perseverance are the alternate rungs on the ladder of success, and he who reaches the top must make no false step.

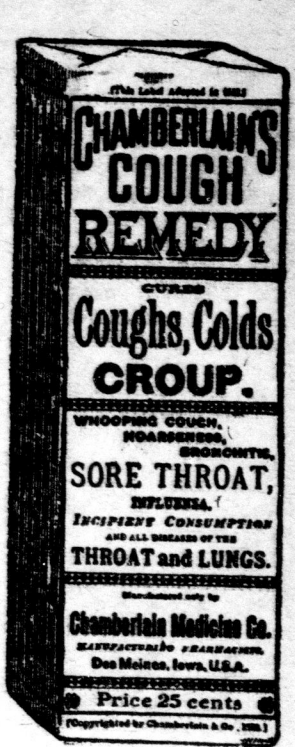
There are hundreds of cough medicines with all sorts of names, each claiming to be the best, but the test of time will prove whether or not they have established the right to be called the best.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has had thirty-five years of sale and use, and has cured coughs and colds under all conditions, in all countries and climates, and the verdict today is that it has no equal.

Careful selection of the drugs, intelligent and skillful compounding, the entire absence of opium, chloroform, or any other harmful ingredient, and the absolute purity of every article that goes into its composition, has built up and sustained its good name.

These are the things you should remember, and the next time you want a cough medicine, it is worth while to see that you get Chamberlain's and secure the virtues which a good name implies.

Every dealer who sells a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy guarantees it to give satisfaction or he will refund the money.



Price, 25c. Large size, 50c.

Root Crops for Farm Stock

The crops you want for fall and winter feeding will measure up to your full satisfaction if you plant Steele-Briggs' "ROYAL GIANT" Sugar Beet, Steele-Briggs' "PRIZEMAMMOTH LONG RED" Mangel, Steele-Briggs' "GIANT YELLOW OVAL" Mangel, Steele-Briggs' "GIANT YELLOW GLOBE" Mangel, and Steele-Briggs' "GIANT WHITE SUGAR" Mangel.

Steele-Briggs' "ROYAL GIANT" Sugar Beet, Steele-Briggs' "PRIZEMAMMOTH LONG RED" Mangel, Steele-Briggs' "GIANT YELLOW OVAL" Mangel, Steele-Briggs' "GIANT YELLOW GLOBE" Mangel, and Steele-Briggs' "GIANT WHITE SUGAR" Mangel.

Sold by Leading Merchants Everywhere in Canada, or at THE STEELE-BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED TORONTO HAMILTON WINNIPEG

GIRLS WHO WORK



Girls who work for their living are especially exposed to the dangers of organic feminine disorders. Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions, walking to and from their places of employment in bad weather all tend to break down their delicate feminine organism.

No class of women are in need of greater assistance, and thousands of letters like the following demonstrate the fact that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition.

Miss Abby F. Barrows, of Nelsonville, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was very sick, had dull head-aches, pain in my back, and a feminine weakness. I had been to several doctors and they did me no good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, and I can do most any kind of work. I am in better health than I ever was, and it is all due to your medicine."

Miss Lillian Ross, of 530 E. 84th St., New York, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had a female trouble, nervous headaches, and was tired all the time, and could not sleep. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me feel so much better that I hope every woman who suffers as I did will try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for feminine ills, and has positively cured thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

I want to find a place for me. Where nature's harp is all in tune, A calm or a still on life's rough sea, A place where it's always afternoon.

A quiet, peaceful place somewhere Between the tramp and the millionaire. Where it's not all joy and not all pain, Not too much shine or too much shade.

Just a place to shield me from the rain, An easy place where the rent is paid, And not too close to the man of care, And not too far from the millionaire.

READING ALOUD A NEGLECTED TALENT

HOW CHILDREN CAN BRING MUCH PLEASURE TO FRIENDS.

Accomplishments, by which, when the word is used in connection with a prominent man, rather than utility is contemplated, have not very conspicuous place at this hour. We pay more attention to mathematics than to music, to manual training rather than to painting and water colors, to chemistry than to making artificial flowers. The ornamental branches, so to speak, are out of fashion. Thanks to a recurrence of common sense, nobody is now satisfied with a smattering of anything, and a little French, a little Italian, a slight acquaintance with drawing and the ability to play a few showy pieces on the piano, are considered of no value whatever. This is as it should be. Intellectual discipline and the ability to use tools are the requisites sought by sensible women and men in the training of their daughters. One beautiful and charming accomplishment once well-nigh universal and still within the reach of everybody, is alas much neglected by parents and teachers, and its absence affords reason for regret, if not for lamentation.

Nobody learns to read any more, and the art of reading aloud has retired into the shadowy region of other lost arts. Even public speakers, part of whose duty it is to read with distinctness and expression, frequently read very badly. There is less agreeable reading in the pulpit than there should be, and in the parlor and the family circle, the person who can read aloud acceptably and delightfully is a person of great attention is paid in school to reading, including pronunciation, vocalization, and interpretation than is desirable. To find a young woman who can read an essay, a story, review, a magazine article, or a chapter of the Bible to the pleasure of her hearers is really so great a treat that words are hardly adequate to its description.

In order to the acquisition of an accomplishment that would add immeasurably to the joy of life, training should be encouraged to read aloud. It should also be allowed to listen to reading, and some portion of each evening should be religiously devoted to this occupation.

A family of very unusual culture

NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all plagues, blotches and ulcers heal up; the nerves become strong as steel, so that plagues, blotches and ulcers disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and mental systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS. Peter E. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indigestion and excesses in early youth. I became very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me guessed my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me—my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair falling out, memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, wore an electric belt for three months, went to St. Clements for treatment, but received little benefit. At St. Clements I was induced to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor going through the nerves. I was cured mentally and physically. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. We treat and cure VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES and all Diseases peculiar to Men. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

Drs. KENNEDY & KENNEDY Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

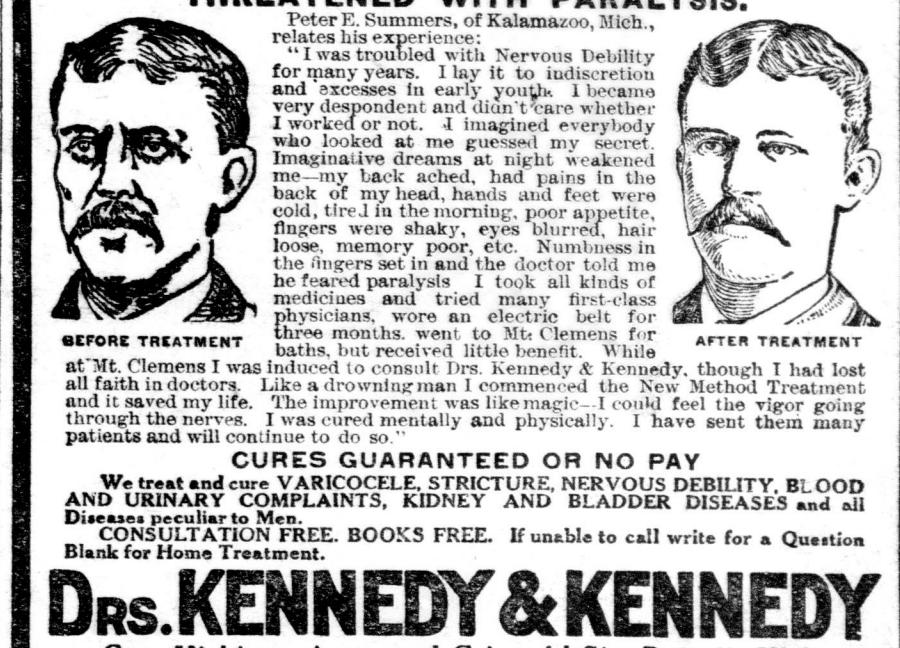
DRUNKENNESS A Curable Disease

Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men Agree That it Should be Treated As Such.

Drunkenness is a progressive disease; the moderate drinker is not satisfied with two or three drinks a day, the craving for more and more becomes irresistible as the disease advances; the result is Chronic Alcoholism.

The treatment used successfully by thousands right in their own homes is Orin. It is a scientific cure for drunkenness, and has given such universal satisfaction that it is sold under a positive guarantee to effect cure or your money will be refunded. This guarantee is given in good faith, and is carried out to the letter. Orin is not a new remedy; it has been sold by the leading druggists in every city for years. It has cured tens of thousands from the depths to worthy manhood, and has the hearty endorsement of grateful men and women in every State in the Union.

Orin No. 1 is the secret remedy; Orin No. 2 is for those willing to take the treatment. Either form costs \$1. The guarantee is the same in either case. Write to The Orin Company, Washington, D. C. for free treatise on drunkenness, mailed in plain sealed envelope. Orin will be mailed sealed on receipt of price. Sold by the leading druggists in every town and city, and in this city by C. McCallum & Co.



THE Alabastine Co. 29 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONT.

United States manufacturers' Import—1900, against approximately \$750,000, and in 1907 aggregate in value \$650,000.—1900 value exported.

Easter in the Home

By MRS. T. C. DUNCAN

[By Mrs. T. C. Duncan.]
The Easter season perhaps more than any other should be of especial interest to women. Have you thought why this is true? It was a woman who first proclaimed, "The Lord is risen." Not to learned priest or man skilled in Jewish story, was given the glad news, but to Mary, wise and great in love only.

There is a tendency just now to regard the past as a time which presented few opportunities to women, and the present as beckoning with eager hands towards a future, rich in unfulfilled promise; but let us remember that in the past, when came woman's day and hour, she was not found wanting.

The significance of Easter in the home is becoming each day more apparent. Time was when Christmas was almost the only season of gift-making and merry-making; now Easter gifts are quite as often a feature of the day, and peace and joy are more generally diffused throughout the year. Nothing perhaps tends so much towards that unity and permanence of the home, which is a nation's safeguard, as frequent anniversaries, family gatherings and merry-making of all kinds.

The strength of a nation is its individual members, and nowhere is true manhood and womanhood so fostered and developed as in the home. Children of a larger growth look to these red-letter days, past the long stretch of years over which they have traveled, and see once again the merry party from school or college gathered as an unbroken family under the old red tree. To many who observe the Lenten season, the past few weeks—the weeks preceding this bright morning—have been times of quiet thoughtfulness, and this may still linger with us; but as mothers let us not forget the anniversaries; rather seize every opportunity of perpetuating the memory of home.

Although "Home for the Easter holidays" means a good deal to our boys and girls, socially, yet the influence of these special seasons should be uplifting, rather than a pandering to that too frequent tendency, "What will we get?" more often than "What shall I give myself on my time for others?" Children especially may be taught the true significance of Easter by the blooming of the lilies, the ringing of the bells, and the thrilling gladness which should make this the joy day of all the year. The lily and flowers of its kind come only from bulbs hidden away for a time in the dark earth. How eagerly we watch for the first green shoot, and forget the long waiting in anticipation of the

beautiful bloom we know will one day be our reward.
The joy of realization eclipses every other thought. At this time, it may be, more than any other, our hearts turn to those "whom we loved long since and lost awhile." Love cannot stay death. The shadow of bereavement lies at some time over every home. Faces pass before us that we will see no more on earth, but in the light shed by the resurrection morning, we shall see them as surely as the lilies bloom and the roses shed their fragrance.

Each year we bring our offerings of flower and palm to make beautiful our homes of worship. God does not require such offerings, but looks rather to the heart; but man has all been granted these visible tokens of life through death, and if by giving prominence to them, the heart is uplifted and reminded of better things, then may we not in our churches use God's beautiful creations?

What more fitting than that our boys and girls should bring some offering of plant or bloom, which may have been watched with jealous care through long winter months? The attendance of young people in the church is not marked at these times. This might prove an incentive. It is but right that the early hours of the day be given to high and lofty thoughts, which may find expression in these outward symbols. There lingers with many the memory of one who, maddeningly passing up the aisle with her little all—a single blossom beautiful in its perfection and purity—placing it beside tall palms and potted plants.

In Jerusalem on Easter morning there is observed at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a wonderfully solemn and impressive ceremony. While it is yet early, and the building perfectly dark—not a ray of light to be seen—the church is thronged with worshippers. Not a sound comes from the mass of people as they wait breathless for the patriarch, who presently enters and moves along the narrow way left by the throng. He lifts a heavy curtain and passes into a place where they believe the wounded body of our Lord once lay, forward and lighted, until, where once was darkness, is now a blaze of light kindled from that empty tomb, and the long silent arches ring, "Christ is Risen."

Fanny J. Crosby Honored

BLIND AUTHOR OF "SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS," CELEBRATES 88TH BIRTHDAY.

Fanny J. Crosby, the blind poetess, author of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "O, Wondrous Love," "Blessed Assurance," and other hymns, which she has put on the lips of millions of Christians, was honored greatly at her home city of Bridgeport, Conn., on the evening of March 23 last. Her friends gathered at the church of her choice, the First Methodist Church, and presented her with a loving address and a gold watch. The occasion was the celebration of her 88th birthday. Hundreds of the young people's societies of the Methodist, Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterian churches of the state joined in the testimonial. The poetess was born in the little town of Southeast, Connecticut. Says the Bridgeport Post:

EYESIGHT DESTROYED WHEN SIX WEEKS OLD.
Her sight was destroyed at the age of six weeks, due to the work of one unskilled in medical science, but Miss Crosby bears no malice, for in and through it all she sees God's hand working to make all right. Her faith is sublime in its unswerving trust and it has kept her sweet and unembittered through the trials of a long life, despite the tremendous handicap she had had.

RESTS CONTENT IN THE HIGH POWER.
She thoroughly believes that there is a power that watches over and cares for her and she is supremely content to rest secure in that belief. To her all this world needs to make it a cheerful place is a little love and a kind word. This has been her creed through all the dark years, dark only in the sense of the physical, for her life is illumined by an inner light that many who have both eyes do not and never will possess.

She was brought up almost entirely by her mother, for her father, John Crosby, died when Fanny was but a year old. Both her father and her mother, Mary Crosby, were good Christian people, and it is to the good, tender upbringing of this Christian mother that the world must give its meed of praise for the hymns that many of her inspired words.

DON'T FOLD YOUR ARMS.

By folding your arms you pull the

Shiloh's Cure
Cures
Coughs
and Colds
QUICKLY

Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a quart of your money back if it doesn't actually CURE quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe to take, nothing in it to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure—25c, 50c, \$1.00.

have proved a rock and foundation for many stumbling along in the darkness of despair. They breathe forth the spirit of faith, belief, and above all, the unchanging goodness of the Lord shines forth serene and steady.

FIRST POEM WRITTEN WHEN EIGHT YEARS OLD.
At the age of 8 she had written her first poem. This contained the index to that indomitable, undaunted spirit that is clearly shown in her later hymns. It is as follows:

"Oh, what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world,
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't."

ENTERS INSTITUTE FOR BLIND.

When she was 15 years old she was taken to the New York Institute for the Blind. This was what Miss Crosby had been praying for, and she was sure that the Lord had answered her prayer. Hamilton Murray was her teacher for twelve years, and after that, from 1847 to 1858, she was a teacher of English grammar and rhetoric and also of Greek, Roman and American history. She did not learn to read with the fingers, because in playing the guitar she had calloused the sensitive tips so that she could not use them in the most of the work.

TALENT FOR POETRY EARLY MANIFESTED.

Her talent for poetry was manifested early, but it was not until 1860 that she began to write hymns. Since that time she has written over 6,000 and they have been sung in every part of our land and in many others.

MARRIED IN 1858.

In 1858 Miss Crosby was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, who had been her teacher and friend in the institute and together they spent many happy years. He died the July, 1902. He was a musician, and set to music some of his wife's best poems, but he always insisted that she retain, in her published works, the name thousands of people had learned already to love, so as Fanny Crosby she has always been known, and doubtless always will be. Ira D. Sankey also set to famous music many of her inspired words.

shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself, down drops the chest.
We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could, many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continually folding your arms across your chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back. Here are four other hints which should be made habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times a day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day.—Family Doctor.

CLIFFORD SIFTON ON CANADA'S FUTURE

THE EMPIRE MUST BE BASED ON CO-OPERATIVE PARTNERSHIP UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Discussing Canada's future before the Canadian Club, Brandon, Man., Hon. Clifford Sifton said: "I have been referring to the growth of national unity and to the growth of national spirit. I do not desire to be misunderstood. Looseness of expression sometimes leads to misunderstanding of ideas. I have no idea of speaking of a national idea or conception as meaning that that suggests the separation of Canada from the British Empire, or that Canada should be a nation separate by itself. I have no idea that such is in the mind of anyone here. I have no idea that any appreciable proportion of the young men who formed the Canadian Clubs of Canada have such an idea in their minds. My opinion as to what our relations with the British Empire will be, is very clear. I do not believe we shall develop the idea of independence, and I do not think it desirable that we should do so. While it is not, in my judgment, wise that we should develop independence of the British Empire, it is just as sure as the sun that here that the people of Canada will go on acquiring greater and greater control of their own affairs, until they are to all intents and purposes in control of all the natural developments. With six or ten or twelve million people, as we shall have before a great while in Canada, we shall from time to time unquestionably see the control of the people of Canada, expanded until it embraces every part of governmental action."

"Only a short time ago the representatives of the Canadian Dominion went to France, and under the authority of the British crown negotiated the Franco-British treaty, conducting it all themselves. Formerly no one would have thought of Canada sending to Japan and conducting negotiations, but that it would be left to the British representatives. Our ideas are growing, and as a result of the growth of ideas one of our ministers was sent to Japan, where he transacted business for us. So, naturally, the control of Canadian affairs will extend until we shall be in the position not of a nation independent of the British Empire, but we shall be in a position, in my judgment, before a great while, to be a daughter state in full co-ordinate partnership with Great Britain, as a member of the empire."

"That co-operative partnership has already begun to be created. I was last year in the city of people as they wait breathless for the patriarch, who presently enters and moves along the narrow way left by the throng. He lifts a heavy curtain and passes into a place where they believe the wounded body of our Lord once lay, forward and lighted, until, where once was darkness, is now a blaze of light kindled from that empty tomb, and the long silent arches ring, 'Christ is Risen.'"

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NEW YORK'S SLUMS AN AWFUL EXHIBIT

NOT ONE BATH AMONG 2,781 PERSONS IN A TENEMENT BLOCK.

The glory and the shame of American civilization have been alike illustrated in the past week. The arrival of the fleet on the Pacific coast is an achievement over which the people of the United States are entitled to rejoice. The exhibition of the terrible congestion in the flats of this city, opened by Governor Hughes in the Natural History Museum, is enough to make socialists of those who have a spark of sympathy left for common humanity. I visited this exhibition yesterday when Mr. North, director of the census, and we could hardly believe possible the conditions there illustrated by wax models of families who sleep by night and work by day.

The actual contents of the rooms had been transplanted from the tenements. There was a windowless room, which looked more like a Chinese's opium den, labeled "300,000 rooms like this still left and occupied in various parts of New York." There were models of tenement blocks containing 2,781 persons, and only 264 water closets, and not one bath. Of 1,588 rooms, 441 were dark and had no ventilation to the outer air, and 655 getting their sole light and air from a dark and narrow airshaft. This is not one of the worst features of the city. Sweating shops by day and night were here in the city of people as they wait breathless for the patriarch, who presently enters and moves along the narrow way left by the throng. He lifts a heavy curtain and passes into a place where they believe the wounded body of our Lord once lay, forward and lighted, until, where once was darkness, is now a blaze of light kindled from that empty tomb, and the long silent arches ring, "Christ is Risen."

The average weight of the British salmon is eight pounds.

A Marvelous Improvement.

It has remained for Canada to give to the musical world one of the most important inventions of the century. This is the Harmonic Tone-Prolonging Bridge, which is so marked a feature of the New Scale Williams Piano. This bridge isolates the tone from the plate, and makes each note clear and distinct. Those who have listened to the full, rich, mellow, singing tone of the New Scale Williams Piano can testify to its clarity volume and carrying power. New Scale Williams Piano is perfectly balanced—treble, middle and bass being beautifully proportioned. This is a noticeable feature in concert work, and is highly praised by artists. Mr. E. T. Murray, leader of the famous "Black Watch" Band says, "The tone is more like a fine Baby Grand than an upright." And the Harmonic Tone-Prolonging Bridge is just one of many exclusive features in these—Canada's finest pianos.

The Williams Piano Co., Ltd., 247 Dundas St., London, Ont.

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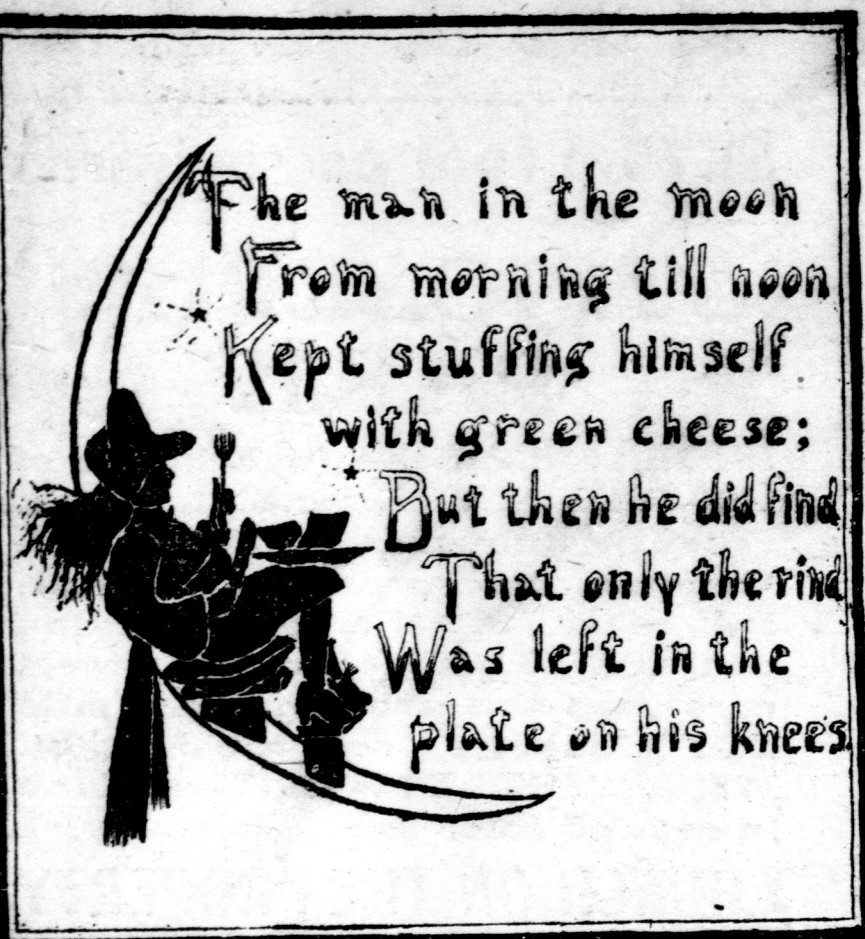
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I have heard Randolph

Also for sale by E. L. Guillemont, druggist, corner Richmond and Dundas streets, London.

Drawing Lessons For School Children

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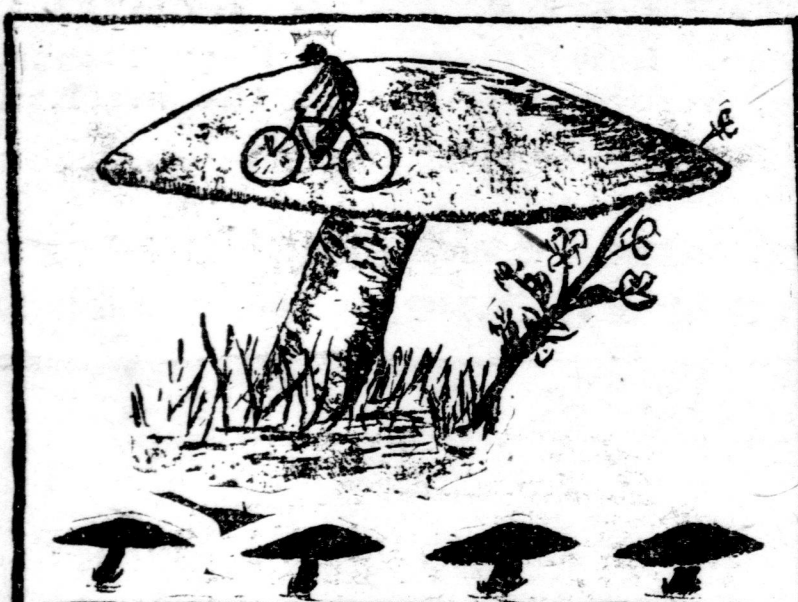


1. Drawn by F. N. Mann, Grade VIII., Princess Avenue School, Winner of First Prize.

SIX BEST IN GRADES VII. AND VIII.

1. F. N. Mann, Grade VIII., Princess Avenue School.
2. Teresa Anson, Grade VII., Aberdeen School.
3. E. Baker, Grade VIII., Rectory Street School.
4. Alison Welch, Grade VII., Lorne Avenue School.
5. Frank Dowell, Grade VIII., Princess Avenue School.
6. J. B. McLaren, Grade VIII., Rectory Street School.

Florence Bayley, Lorne Avenue.
Marjorie Perry, Aberdeen.
Clarence Hill, Lorne Avenue.
Grace Thompson, Lorne Avenue.
A. McKee, Princess Avenue.
Winnifred Reed, Aberdeen.
Harold Anundson, Aberdeen.
Myrtle Corbin, Aberdeen.
Florence Keene, Princess Avenue.
A. Wright, Lorne Avenue.
Charlton Robson, Talbot Street.
Bruce Clertew, Princess Avenue.
Rowland Clarke, Aberdeen.
Rowland Moore, Aberdeen.
Frank Thompson, Lorne Avenue.



Sir June-Bug's constant care
A cyclist was to be.
On mushroom-top in air
He'd practice constantly.

His neighbors often came
And cast an envious look;
Intent upon his game
No thought of them he took.

3. Drawn by E. Baker, Grade VIII., Rectory Street School, Winner of Third Prize.

SIX BEST IN GRADE VII.

1. Teresa Anson, Aberdeen School.
2. Alison Welch, Lorne Avenue School.
3. Frank Dowell, Princess Avenue School.
4. Gladys Pinch, Aberdeen School.
5. Phyllis Lyster, Princess Avenue School.
6. Mattie Robinson, Lorne Avenue School.

SIX BEST IN GRADE VIII.

1. F. N. Mann, Princess Avenue School.
2. E. Baker, Rectory Street School.
3. J. B. McLaren, Rectory Street School.
4. Harold Granger, Princess Avenue School.
5. V. McCracken, Rectory Street School.
6. Mary McLean, Rectory Street School.

HONORABLE MENTION GRADE VII.

Harry Plastow, Talbot Street.

Lila Springer, Talbot Street.

J. Patrick, Lorne Avenue.

Lillian Morrison, Princess Avenue.

Frank Lewis, Talbot Street.

W. Molyneux, Talbot Street.

Helen Horton, Rectory Street.

H. Link, Rectory Street.

HONORARY MENTION GRADE VIII.

Helena Horton, Rectory Street.

H. Link, Rectory Street.

CRITICISMS ON ILLUSTRATED NONSENSE RHYMES BY GRADES VII. AND VIII.

There is little fault to find with the quality of these drawings, but the quantity sent in leaves much to be desired. As soon as the next three sets of lessons are sent in we are going to rearrange the grades into four groups, in order to give you three instead of two weeks for preparation.

A marked improvement is noticeable in the work of those grades from which drawings have been sent regularly.

The lessons are based on work already given and so arranged that weak points are being strengthened by constant practice. When drawing, or indeed any subject, is taught in a desultory way, a little here and a little there, without any connected plan, the time spent on it is practically lost.

These lessons should be a very real help to those who feel that they have not a comprehensive grasp of the subject, and those who take part in the competitions have nothing to lose and everything to gain. It is not the gaining of a prize that is valuable, for that is the very smallest part, so small that I wish interest could be kept up without any such means.

The practical knowledge you gain, by seeing how your drawings reproduce, is in itself something well worth working for. How very plain are the faults you did not notice at all in your original drawing and what a chance you have to correct and overcome such faults.

If you have three weeks instead of two in which to prepare your drawings I am sure every grade will have a fair chance to accomplish something worth while.

Perhaps you have noticed that lettering has frequently been a feature of your lessons. The result that your lettering is on the average 30 per cent better than it was when we began.

There is room for improvement still, especially in individual cases. The letters in many cases are still thin and weak looking. In one or two cases this week they had to be strengthened to make them reproduce properly.

After this, instead of using a fine shoe pen for your lettering get two or three stubs of differing widths and use the one that you find makes the best lettering.

Why do you not study the lettering on magazine covers, newspaper headlines, posters, advertisements, etc., and try to get the same weight in your letters? Open your eyes and observe, observe. We cannot find ideas everlastingly out of our own heads without replenishing our stock of ideas through the senses.

Just here I might mention the fact that some of you do not quite realize the meaning of original.

If a cabinetmaker takes an old piece of furniture and cleans and polishes it, it is quite possible that he may improve it wonderfully, but it cannot be considered his own work, for it is not his own. It is the work of the original maker, and he takes the wood from one article of furniture or takes an old piece of lumber and fashions a chair from it, he becomes the original maker of that chair. You see it is not necessary for him to grow the tree from which the lumber was originally taken, nor even to cut it down himself.

When I said you might get help from outside sources as long as the verse and design were original, that did not give you freedom to make memory drawings of what you had seen somewhere before.

If I could be certain of the drawings and verses that had never appeared anywhere else before, I would give them the preference, but as I cannot do so I am taking into consideration only to a very slight degree.

Next time use old lumber, if you wish, but make new furniture out of it.

Some of you might pay more attention to the spotting. Things in unaccented outline are likely to be uninteresting, as the bantams were, while too much dark and too little light is sure to be heavy and possibly obscure like the poor cook who found an ignoble end in the porridge. Some of the rhymes are too mirth-provoking to be left out.

"Two little bears, One rainy day, Went out to play On a bale of hay."

"She stands for Kitty; One often sings a ditty, When the moon is shining bright, On the dark back fence at night."

If I were Phyllis I would make another of these, cutting off the balls at the corners, making the printing a little stronger and placing the cat directly on the top of the fence, slightly to one side, so that cat and moon do not come in a line in the middle of the picture. With these corrections, and enlarged with possibly a little color introduced, hers would be a very attractive drawing for the exhibition.

"There was a rat, For want of stairs, Came down a rope To go to prayers."

is well lettered and arranged. "Somewhere, somebody's waiting for you," is on the whole remarkably well done. Do you think Harold, the door should be as d. crepid looking in an otherwise brand new henhouse? If it is partly open the crack should show all the way down.

In one drawing a big baby elephant on a seesaw vainly striving to balance a tiny weasel. Underneath are the lines:

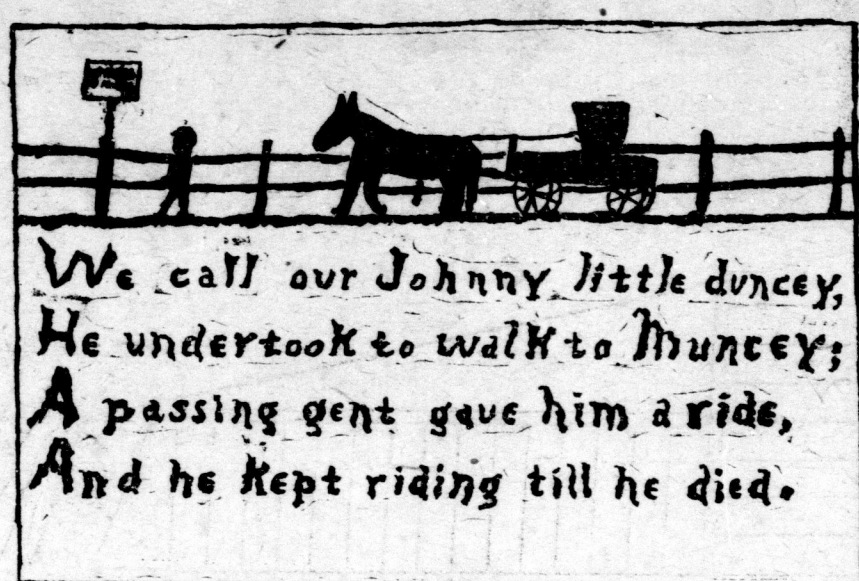
"Brains, not beef, oft make a hit; Weasel, small, excels in wit, What must, then, poor Baby Boo To balance witty weasel do?"

In another, a poor unlucky rat has come within reach of Madame Elephant's predatory trunk, and so

"Madame Elephant disdains a hat, Despises bangs, but wears a rat."

"Shed a few tears for Mr. Mack, A trolley car hit him slap in the back."

is rather well illustrated, but the lettering is poor, although better in "Excuse haste," said the pig. Though I don't care a fig, For as sure as you're born, I'm after that corn."



4. Drawn by Alison Welch, Grade VII., Lorne Avenue School, Fourth Best Drawing.

It is too weak to come out well when reduced and reproduced. Otherwise this example is very attractively arranged, as is also,

"Two Teddy Bears, that never did wrong, Are going to a concert to sing a song."

"Hush! Hush! Hush! The cook fell in the mush, She went with a splash, Hash! Hash! Hash!"

is the best piece of lettering that has been sent in. It is badly placed, however, and the illustration, if reproduced, would be a mere blur. It was not necessary to attempt to show the whole kitchen. The stove, the cook and the mush were the necessary things.

Some of you seemed to think that you had to get your marginal line, thinking of the paper. This was a case where it was not necessary to relate the marginal line to the paper

Went out to eat grass while they were at play."

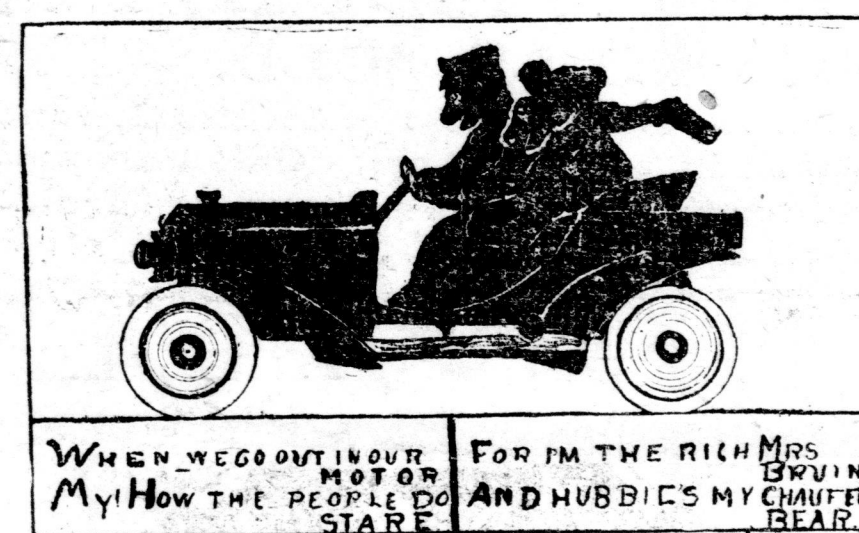
"A pig, with a kink in his tail, Took a trip to the moon with a whale."

"Old Mother Hubbard Went to the cupboard To get her poor dog some dinner, But when she got there The cupboard was bare But the dog couldn't get any thinner."

Which surely was some consolation. The following is probably not intended to give much information:

"Jack was a sailor, Jack had a bunk; Jack was sober When he wasn't drunk."

It is not usual to find such manifest fishing for a rhyme as the following openly exhibits:



5. Drawn by Frank Dowell, Grade VII., Princess Avenue School, Fifth Best Drawing.

at all, as the size of the paper does not appear in the reproduction. The marginal line belonged to the illustration and the verse. You were asked to send it in on 6x9-inch paper for convenience in examining, also because that size of paper gave you a chance to make drawings quite large enough for the purpose. Those returned can easily be cut out and mounted on larger sheets of paper if the margins are not large enough to frame them attractively.

Where the margin was drawn first, the result, in some cases, looks like a garden with a large piece of ground left uncultivated at one end.

"K is for kitten, Cunning and wise, Who, with her bright eyes Sees mice of small size."

"Two little piggies, one very hot day, Because a fly blocked their way."

"I wonder if some of the boys and girls occasionally let such slight hindrances block their way?"

"Mamma went to Willie's bed Right off there, But she found in Willie's bed A little Teddy Bear."

"Two little pigs were stopped one day Because a fly blocked their way."

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"Mamma went to Willie's bed Right off there, But she found in Willie's bed A little Teddy Bear."

"Two little pigs were stopped one day Because a fly blocked their way."

"Miss Amelia May Hortense Tried to scale a barb wire fence, But when she got through with her climb She had had a ripping time."

Two little bantams began to fight As soon as it was morning light; A man came out in such a fright It scared them back to dark mid-night."

"When one wee kitten's in the house, It's all as quiet as a mouse; When two are there it's not so quiet, But just enough to call a riot."

After a perusal of these I do not know that we would be justified in considering that we have any embryonic poets in London. However, they are not bad for a first attempt, and I am quite sure most of you could do better now if you were to try.

The machinery has been started in motion and some of you may find that you have a bent that way. A fine crop of spring poets may flourish in the land to make the hearts of the editors beat with joy or a less pleasant emotion.

I have come to the conclusion that in you the artist is nearer the surface than the poet, and more workable.

All drawings that have not already been returned will be sent to the schools immediately after the Easter holidays.

The next lesson for Grades VII. and VIII. will probably be a poster for the

school exhibit, something similar to the one to be designed by Grades IV., V. and VI. At first I intended giving you the designing of a cushion top for the exhibit, but as there will hardly be time to work that out, you may be thinking of something suitable for a poster.

We want to have these posters made by the pupils, up in the street cars and shop windows so as to be sure to interest every individual in the city in our work and show that we can make practical use of what we are learning.

Note—Last week's engravings, for some reason or other, were very poor and did not begin to do justice to the designs, which were excellent.

Note—The following drawings from grade V., Empress Avenue, were unfortunately mislaid last week after they were sent to the office. They are all above the average and Clarence Hutchinson's, though not a prize winner, would have come among the six.

The names of those sending in the drawings are given in order of merit: Clarence Hutchinson, Martha Culbert, Beatrice Smith, Ethel Rowe, Barbara Cushman, Jessie Kipp, Earl Servis, Gracie McVannell.

A. A. POWELL.

Greatness of the British Empire

BOMBAY THE SECOND LARGEST CITY AND CALCUTTA THE THIRD — ENORMOUS PRODUCTION WITHIN THE EMPIRE — CONSUMPTION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Changes of nomenclature in roads and occasionally in the case of towns the average Britisher is accustomed to. But how many know that British New Guinea no longer exists, that Lagos is among the countries that were, or that the British Central Africa Protectorate is no more? This and much more information of a varied character is contained in the "British Empire Extract," issued by the board of trade last week. In 1901 the population of the empire on which the sun never sets was 385,400,000, and the inhabitants of the United Kingdom of the same year numbered 41,490,000.

THE SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE.

It will be distressing to Scotsmen to find that Glasgow is not the second city of the empire. In 1901 Calcutta occupied that proud position, but Bombay is the second largest city. The six biggest towns of the empire are as follows; the figures of 1901 are given to show the change in position since that year:

	1906.	1901.
London	4,735,000	4,536,000
Bombay	2,820,000	2,775,000
Calcutta	2,555,000	2,447,000
Glasgow	847,000	761,000
Liverpool	746,000	684,000
Manchester	643,000	543,000
Next in order come Birmingham (533,000), Madras (548,000), Sydney (533,000), and Melbourne (526,000).		

ODD TAXES IN VARIOUS LANDS

ITALY'S LOTTERY TAX — LICENCES FOR SMOKERS AND DRINKERS.

By pigeon-holing the cat tax the district of Columbia has, in addition to losing an uncertain revenue, lost an opportunity to stand among the nations in which revenue has been raised by freak taxes. Not a few countries have lifted themselves out of financial difficulties by their ingenuity in taxation.

Take Germany, for instance. At one time Germany sent out a charwoman with instructions to inspect and thoroughly clean people's houses. This was not done so much with the idea of cleanliness as with the view to raising money; a small charge being made for the services of the charwoman. That the plan was successful is shown by the fact that nearly \$5,000,000 was added to the national fund.

On another occasion only a certain kind of tooth powder was allowed to be sold in the stores—that kind made in the Government factories. Rather than pay the high price demanded the people preferred not to use any dentifrice at all, and the tax failed in its purpose.

A CLEAN BILL.

Austria is another country that has succeeded in raising money by forcing cleanliness upon its people. Under a penalty of \$30 Austria demands that every householder shall have his chimney swept at least once a month for fear of fire, the work to be done by the Government sweep. She found the measure most lucrative, as she charged a tax of 45 cents for every chimney cleaned.

Italy has a plan for raising money that has been called "a tax on imbeciles." This is the state lottery from which she raises a considerable sum. Out of the numbers from 1 to 90 every Saturday night five winning numbers are drawn. For the player to win it is necessary to draw one of more of these numbers. If you draw one right you gain fourteen times what you paid—that is, \$5 probabilities in favor of the Government. If you draw two numbers you gain 250 times what you paid, but you have only ten probabilities in your favor, while the Government has 3,250. If you draw three you gain 4,250 times

OUR TRADE.

In 1892 the grand total of value of the foreign and inter-imperial trade was \$296,572,000, but in 1906 it had reached the enormous sum of \$1,526,618,000. There has been a small increase in the percentage of foreign trade and a slight increase in the inter-imperial trade. In 1892 the proportion of foreign trade was 75.3 and inter-imperial trade 24.7, while in 1906 the figures were 74 and 26 per cent respectively. An idea of the productive resources of British territory may be gathered from the following particulars of the quantities and values of some staple articles produced within the empire in 1892 and in 1906:

	1892.	1906.
Coal	\$269,300,000	\$192,700,000
Pig Iron (tons)	6,730,000	10,444,000
Diamonds	\$3,907,000	\$9,272,000
Gold	\$8,200,000	\$49,500,000
Wheat (bu)	432,100,000	528,900,000
Tea (lbs)	193,489,000	413,063,000
Rubber (lbs)	5,564,000	11,049,000
Cotton (lbs)	913,913,000	1,971,894,000

WHAT THE UNITED KINGDOM CONSUMES.

In 1906 there were 174,327,000 tons of coals burned in the United Kingdom, or nearly 4 tons per head of the population; of iron ore we used 23,200,000 tons; pig iron, 8,331,000 tons; wheat and wheat products, 267,022,000 bushels, or 6.12 bushels per head; barley, 106,510,000 bushels; oats, 219,011,000 bushels; and maize, 97,871,000 bushels. The beer we drank reached the enormous quantity of 1,223,187,000 gallons, or 23 gallons each for every man, woman, and child, including the teetotalers. In addition there was drunk 39,264,000 gallons of spirits and 13,278,000 gallons of wine; and we used 269,563,000 lbs of tea, or a little over 6 lbs a head.

what you risked, but while the probabilities in your favor are still ten, those of the Government are 117,470, and the same proportion is maintained if you draw four or all of the numbers.

France succeeds in raising \$140,000,000 yearly out of stamp duties. When you visit gay Paris your hotel bills come to you with a stamp on them. Every check drawn bears an extra receipt stamp across which you must sign your name. Theater tickets must be stamped. Even posters on the boards are stamped, the value varying with the size of the bills.

A PENNY FOR SPIRITS.

For municipal purposes its towns also adopts queer expedients. Every morsel of food, drink or fuel must pay a tax, while Paris puts a tax of one penny on all spirits, besides mulletting landlords with 2½ per cent and tenants a 1 per cent tax.

Holland has similarly levied several queer taxes. Besides imposing a duty of 2 cents on every person who enters a tavern before noon, she used to levy taxes on those who visited places of entertainment, on marriages and on many other things.

If a person were buried out of the district to which he belonged his nearest of kin would have to pay twice the amount that would have had to be paid had the burial taken place in his own district. Even boots and shoes were taxed, regulated by the size of the article—the smaller the shoe the smaller the tax.

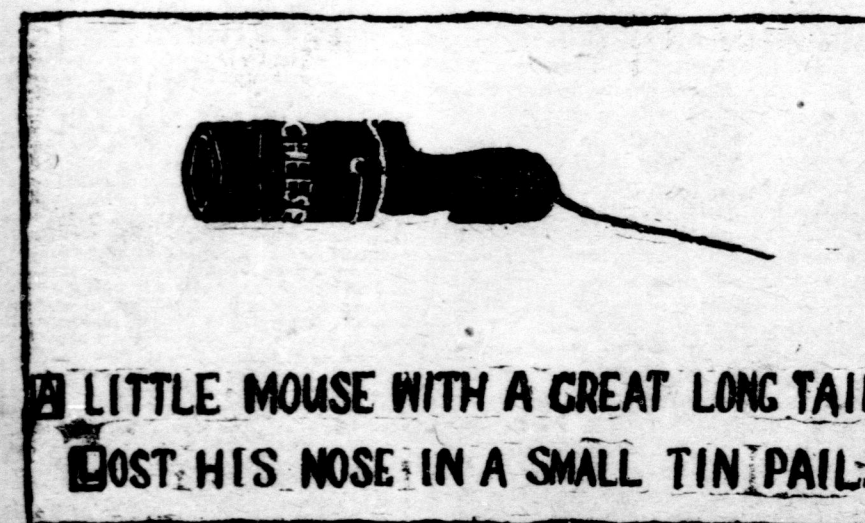
A SMOKING LICENSE.

In Switzerland, to be exempt from military service one must pay a tax of \$25 a year, no matter whether one be a cripple or an invalid. And if the bill is neglected the Swiss is prohibited from entering any beer garden or public entertainment until the full sum is paid.

Greece attempted to raise money by making every smoker take out a license, but as the smokers objected in such a strenuous manner, causing riots in the streets and in other ways embarrassing the Government, the plan failed. But she compelled her people to purchase the national emblem in the form of a flying swallow. The she had manufactured in bronze in large quantities, charging a few cents for them. Any person not having one in his or her possession was liable to a penalty.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

There are more than 200 men in New York City working on improvements in automobiles.



2. Drawn by Teresa Anson, Grade VII., Aberdeen School, Winner of Second Prize.

6. Drawn by J. B. McLaren, Grade VIII., Rectory Street School, Sixth Best Drawing.