

MONEY FROM BABY'S BANK

To Take Another Woman to Places of Amusement.

Such Was the Story Told In the Police Court.

Two Weeks For Stealing a Pair of Shoes.

Many drank of the pink lemonade yesterday to celebrate circus day. Some drank so much that their conduct was bad, and the police prevented them from seeing the evening performance.

What might be termed domestic inexactitudes have polluted the atmosphere for two years and a half in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milne, 121 Wellington street north. Mrs. Milne procured hubby for assault, but it appeared more like a case of non-support. She swore that hubby has not supported her or the baby for two years and a half, and had repeatedly taken her jewelry and sold it, devoting the proceeds to taking a Miss Murphy to roller rinks and other centres of frivolity. She said he even stole coppers out of the baby's bank, and when she spoke to him about such a despicable thing he thrashed and even threatened to murder her.

"What would you have me do with him?" asked his Worship. "If he promises to work and support me let him go; if not, send him out of the city," said Mrs. Milne.

"He ought to go to the Central Prison," said the Magistrate.

"If he would only quit running around with other women and work, I would not mind," said wit.

Then to the defendant, his Worship said: "You ought to be glad to have such a good wife, and if I hear any more complaints, I'll punish you, for a Magistrate has power now to have wife-beaters lashed."

Milne was let go on condition that he performs his duties as the bread-winner.

There hung shoes outside of Mr. P. Arland's store, on the Market Square, and Harry Linton needed a pair badly, and he took the right size, too.

He pleaded guilty, so.

"He as takes what isn't his'n, when he's 'cotched' he goes to prison."

Harry goes for two weeks with Mr. Ogilvie. "The drink, your Worship, is to blame," whined Harry. He on the bench served up a made-to-order temperance lecture, with the sentence:

"Well, I guess I don't need to steal milk when my mother keeps a dairy," said William McNeil, who was charged with stealing a bottle of milk from Thomas Grainger's doorstep, yesterday morning.

P. C. Campaigne, jun., said he saw the act, and Willie ran, but Campaigne pursued and caught him.

McNeil stoutly denied stealing, and said he could get witnesses to prove his innocence. He will have them on Monday, when the case will be heard.

The avocation of Charles Fee is a follower of Jehu, but the by-law says a horse and cab must not be left standing on the street alone. P. C. James Clark said Charlie left his quite a time alone.

The case was adjourned till Monday.

Because his work was not satisfactory, Jacob Shapiro was "fired" by his employer. He thought he ought to have had 25 cents an hour, but the Meridian Britannia Company thought they were doing well in giving him 20. After hearing the case the Magistrate thought the same as the company and dismissed the case. Shapiro claimed \$17.50.

John Jackson, a redskin from Burlington Bay, came to the city on big circus day.

The pink lemonade made him noisy and rough.

So a \$10 fine was considered enough.

From points ranging between New York and Stone Creek came John Shand, John McIlroy, John Appleyard, Harry Lenton and Adam Chadwick. They supplied too much Amheuser-Rusch, and such was asked to bequeath \$2 to the city funds.

Mr. Lynch, a d. and d., last night went upon a spree.

In the court he was arraigned; by five "beans" less his cash was strained.

SUNDAY CASE.

Lord's Day Alliance to Test Ice Cream Decision.

Rev. T. Albert Moore, general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, was in the city yesterday interviewing Police Magistrate Jells in reference to Sunday ice cream cases. It is not the intention of the Alliance to allow things to go on here as at present, with almost every candy store doing an open Sunday business in ice cream. The Alliance is prepared to pay the cost of having a higher tribunal than Judge Munch's court decide the question. The proposition made now is that the police should institute proceedings here and that Magistrate Jells should grant a reserve case, upon which the law could be tested.

ART TREASURE

Will be Feature of Exhibition at Toronto.

Famous pictures from the leading art galleries of Europe will again be a feature of the Canadian National Exhibition. The permanent agent cables that he has secured many of the leading pictures of the year, and that the list is coming by mail. In addition to this there will be an exhibit of art photography by the leading art photographers of England, Germany, France and Italy, and graphic art exhibit by the leading illustrators of New York, including such men as Frederick Remington, Maxfield Parrish and Charles D. Gibson.



MRS. ANNA BESANT.

In her robe as High Priestess of Theosophists.

Mrs. Besant was born in England in 1847, was educated in England, France and Germany, specializing in science. She took up radical and free thought philosophy, advocated socialism, encouraged union labor, helped lead a match strike in the late '70s, and became a pupil of Madam Blavatsky, the former head of the theosophical movement, in 1889. Since then she has studied and lectured continuously on theosophy.

TALKS ABOUT HER PREVIOUS LIVES.

In Chicago, Wednesday, Mrs. Annie Besant, president of the Theosophical Society, was more communicative concerning her former lives than she was in Detroit. She told those who interviewed her that her ego has inhabited hundreds of bodies of both men and women, and that in some existence she was celebrated. She refused to say under what names she achieved fame, because once when she did so, she was laughed at.

"I remember that I was once a poor blind girl in India," said Mrs. Besant. "That was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England. After that, I was a woman of no consequence in India. I was an obscure student and nobody paid any attention to me."

Mrs. Besant said also that it is not unusual for the soul of a woman to be reincarnated as a man, though often the souls stick to a single sex. She asserted that Gladstone was once Cicero, and that Mahomet was once Zoroaster.

According to the leader of the theosophists, airships were known in India 3,000 years before Christ and were used in warfare. They were raised, not by making them lighter than air, but by pouring down a liquid somewhat of the nature of electricity, that was heavier than the ship.

PROMISES TO BE OVER SUBSCRIBED.

Great Success of International Harvester Company's Stock Plan For Employees.

Two months or so ago the announcement was made that the International Harvester Company had set aside for the special benefit of its employees throughout all its many branches, 12,500 shares of preferred stock and an equal number of shares of common stock, which any employee was at liberty to subscribe for at the rate of \$115 for preferred and \$75 for common. These figures are very materially below the actual value of the stock, and mean a handsome bonus to employees. It is the intention of the company, however, that the stock shall not be used for speculative purposes, as it can easily be seen that, if an employee had the right to pay for any number of shares, in full, in cash, he could at once resell them at a handsome profit. To prevent this, payment is extended over a term of five years, payment being made monthly. The company charges five per cent. interest on deferred payments, but, besides getting their regular dividends the company pays a bonus of \$4 a year on each share of preferred stock and \$3 a share on common, as long as the stock is held by the employees, within the five years. Thus the purpose of the company in devising the plan is secured, to keep the stock in the hands of employees and to give them a personal interest in the business.

IT FELL.

Scaffold Broke and Three Men Dropped 15 Feet.

While working on the alterations in the Red Mill Theatre, James street north, yesterday afternoon, Charles Plant, Mountain avenue; Arthur Barr, Central avenue, and another man, fell from the scaffold and narrowly escaped serious injury. As it was they were severely bruised and shaken.

Arthur Barr was rendered unconscious for a short time, and was hurried to St. Joseph's Hospital, where Dr. McCabe attended him.

Mr. Plant, the contractor, was taken to his home and Dr. Bingham was summoned.

How the accident happened was, that when the men were driven in the planks to hold them up, they split the wood, and the men got on the scaffold, gave way, letting them fall to the ground, a distance of 14 or 15 feet.

The injured men are all doing well today.

Tripping the Epicure

Prepping chickens, plump young leg lamb, well-hung beef, Jersey potatoes, celery, green corn, wax beans, cauliflowers, marrow, egg plant, ripe pears, huckleberries, watermelons, smoked whitefish, cat, escapes, kippers, O. A. C. butter, prime old cheese, Camrose, olives in bulk, fresh selections.—Peoples, Hobson Co., Gibson.

CRUEL JOKE PERPETRATED.

False Report of Sons' Deaths Telephoned to Dundas.

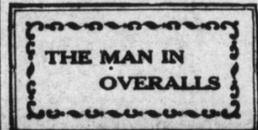
Hours of Suspense Endured by Two Families.

Two Sons Reported Killed Turned Up In Good Time.

Someone put up a cruel joke upon the Kent family of Dundas yesterday. John Kent keeps a barber shop and billiard room in the Valley Town, and his brother James is living there just now. For some time he was employed in this city. Early in the afternoon someone telephoned to Dundas that James had been killed on the railway by being crushed between two cars. Mr. Kent, senior, was notified and, getting a rig, was about to start for this city in company with his daughter. Just as they were getting into the rig James walked in.

Of course they were overjoyed, but their relief was only temporary. Another telephone message was sent out from this city that it was John who had been killed. John had started with a friend for the city early in the morning, expecting to be back about noon. As he had not arrived when the second message was received the conclusion was drawn that he surely had met with a mishap. Mr. Kent and his daughter again got ready to come to Hamilton, and John's wife and little family were also notified. Not being able to find out definitely where the supposed accident had taken place, an hour or more was spent in telephoning all over. One rumor said the accident had taken place at the Beach; another between Hamilton and Dundas, and still another was that he had been crushed in a mine.

After hours of frightful suspense for all the members of the two families, John turned up all right. There is a good deal of feeling in the town over the affair.



THE MAN IN OVERALLS

Harry Thaw finds that money can't do everything.

As to the ward foremen, is it a verdict of not guilty, but don't do it again?

No, Maude, the playground idea is not a bad. It's a big thing for the boys and girls, and for the big people as well.

What would those people do who are too tired to get out to Sunday morning service, if they had to attend early mass as my Catholic friends do? I never hear them complain.

The mountaineers are also beginning to talk about a police station and a fire station up on the sky line. Have you been up lately?

Take your mother's advice, girls, and, as a rule, you won't go far wrong. Don't make yourself too cheap.

I will be disappointed if the moulders do make the thousand dollars out of their picnic today.

The moving picture shows should try to live up to the law. The risk is too great to take any of it.

Mr. Mayor, we also want the water mains in the west end marsh as well as the Coal Oil Inlet ones.

Too many fires. Be more careful.

If husbands who ran away knew that they would be caught, brought back and punished fewer would run away. They do these things better in the old country. All a deserted wife has to do is to appeal to the poor law authorities, and if her husband is anywhere in the country he will be nabbed, jailed and compelled to look after his family. Result: Comparatively few run away. They know better.

The vags caught in the harvest field and not brought to the city.

Following the example of the British Liberal leader, Sir Wilfrid, might recite a few campaign speeches into a gramophone, so that they could be used throughout the country at the next election. We might also have a few canned campaign songs guaranteed to bring down the house.

There will be another outing of the bottle brigade this evening. Inspector Struddy might look out for Indians.

Has the N. P. made you rich?

Much of the money that should go into the collection plate to-morrow went into the coffers of the circus yesterday.

Go easy with the lawn hose. Have some respect for the Beach pumps.

After all, our Sundays are worth fighting for. It's ice cream to-morrow. It may be something else to-morrow.

Little Frances saw the circus procession yesterday forenoon. When her father went home to dinner he found her all excitement about what she had seen, and she breathlessly informed him that she saw a lot of great big animals, carrying their tails in front of them. She had seen the elephants.

Among the dead may also be noted the art gallery project. It died young and almost friendless, being deserted by those who were expected to nurse it into life.

GENERAL FRENCH IS COMING HERE.

Great Imperial Army to be Organized of All British and Colonial Forces.



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN, Canadian delegate at Defence Conference.

London, Aug. 14.—One great homogeneous Imperial British army, uniformly trained and equipped, is to be the outcome of the Imperial conferences on the naval and military defences of the empire, held at the Foreign Office during the last few weeks.

In general terms the plan provides that all troops of self-governing colonies shall undergo precisely the same training as the home regulars in order to be ready to take their places beside the latter whenever and wherever necessity may arise. Military training colleges along the lines of the Staff College at Camberly are to be established in the overseas dominions, and there is to be a continuous interchange of officers from all parts of the empire, so as to insure absolute uniformity of organization and training.

In a recent speech outlining the pro-

bable strength of this army of the empire, Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, estimated that the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could furnish a total of forty-six divisions. This is equivalent to twenty-three army corps, which is the strength of the German army.

GEN. FRENCH COMING.

Bradford, Eng., Aug. 14.—In a speech here last night, Mr. Haldane expressed the greatest satisfaction that the Imperial Defence Conference had arrived at an agreement. He announced that while Lord Kitchener, the newly-appointed Inspector-General of the Mediterranean forces, was in Australasia, Lieut.-General Sir John French, Commander of the First Army Corps, was going to Canada to work out the details of the plan there.



Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Canadian Delegate at Defence Conference.

CRAZY INDIAN FROM NORTH.

Victim of the "Evil Spirit" Arrives at the Asylum.

Quite a celebrity was added to the population of the Hamilton Asylum for the Insane yesterday. The new comer is John Chakason, known as the Crazy Indian of New Ontario, and among the redskins of that northern part of the Province looked upon as an evil spirit, or Wabigo.

The lunatic was in charge of Detective Groux and Dr. Dunnet, of Ottawa, who took charge of him at Moose Factory, on James Bay. Last spring Indian trappers brought him to Moose Factory by dog sled from Missanabie, where he had terrorized the Indian settlement for over a year. Many hundreds of miles of the journey from James Bay was made in canoes. The Indian was very refractory at times and had to be kept in a straight jacket.

It is said that Chakason killed several Indians in New Ontario last winter. He was quiet enough when he arrived here.

FELL DEAD.

Circus Animal Did an Extra Act on King Street.

One of the large grey horses belonging to the circus dropped dead last evening, as it was being led up King street. The animal had been operated on a few days ago and was not being worked. One of the men was leading it with two others up King street, and was near Wellington street, when the animal staggered, and before the man could get it to one side of the road it dropped on the car tracks and in a few minutes was dead. About twelve cars were blocked before the animal could be pulled to one side. At it was about 6 o'clock, a large number of people were going home from work, and a large crowd gathered around. The animal was removed about 7.30 p. m.

BISLEY MEN.

Freeborn and Mitchell Arrived at Montreal Yesterday.

Montreal, Aug. 14.—Several members of the Canadian Bisley team and unattached marksmen arrived yesterday on the Victorian from Liverpool.

Those on board were Captain McVittie, Toronto; Captain Forest, British Columbia; Lieut. Neil Smith, Chatham, Ont.; Serge. Smith, Ottawa; Sergt. Mr. Innes, Alberta; Staff-Sergt. Kerr, Toronto; Sergt. Kelly, Toronto; Corp. Coppinger, Montreal; Sergt. Freeborn, Hamilton; Sergt. Mitchell, Hamilton.

Mr. D. McCallay, of Australia, who won the Daily Telegraph trophy and several other valuable prizes, was also on board.

Be on the Watch.

We are always offering something out of the ordinary. Just now it is Parke's Borated Violet Talcum. We unhesitatingly recommend this powder for use in every home. The powder is the finest and the odor is something new and delightful. 25c per package.—Parke & Parke, druggists.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

To rent at \$2 a year and upwards, for the storing of deeds, bonds, stocks, wills, silver and other valuables. TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

NOT WANTED IN CITIES.

Mayor McLaren Impresses Conditions on Mr. Butler.

Daily Consumption of Water Is 120 Gallons Per Head.

Arrangements Made For Macadamizing Lottridge Street.

Mr. F. Butler, chairman of the immigration information department, London, England, called on Mayor McLaren this morning. He is taking a tour through the country with a view of learning the conditions here, in order to correct misinformation spread through the British Isles. His Worship outlined the conditions of affairs in Hamilton. He informed Mr. Butler that Canada has no need of and couldn't do anything with people who have no settled occupation, and that while he believed any good workman could find employment, still there are plenty of young men growing up here to supply the needs of the country. A man coming out here with money to live on for a time, would probably get along all right, but the man who is drifting through the world without a trade is not needed here at all. What the country wants, he assured Mr. Butler, is people to till the unbroken soil and furnish farm labor. The city can look after itself.

City Engineer Macaulum remarked this morning that the citizens were wasting too much water. The average consumption per head was a little over 120 gallons a day. This, he thought, due to leaking taps and carelessness in allowing the water to run when there is no call for it. His opinion was that water should be metered and the charges levied according to the amount used. This would lead people to be more careful if the water.

The Board of Works feel quite complimented over the report of the Board of Health regarding the condition of stagnant water, holes, etc., around the city. The credit for filling them up and putting them in a sanitary condition belongs to the Board of Works.

The Street Railway Company have started tearing up the tracks on James street south.

Yesterday's school tax receipts amounted to \$46,671. This looks better to the tax collector, but is not up to expectations yet.

Charles Kidd has taken out a building permit for a brick moulding shop on the corner of Clinton and Baiter streets, for the Hamilton Foundry Company, to cost \$2,000.

The Board of Works have nearly completed arrangements to lay a macadam road on Lottridge and Gilkinson streets. When this work is completed the completed roads should be in first-class shape for the manufacturers there.

The Board of Health report shows: Scarlet fever 5; diphtheria 4.

A BIG PICNIC.

Maple Leaf Park Quite Popular For Such Gatherings.

The steamer Turbina brought up over 1,400 excursionists from Toronto today to the big picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Maple Leaf Park, and more are expected on each of the later boats. It was a big day for the members of the order at the park, and the Hamilton members joined in the fun this afternoon.

For next week's big free show at the park, Manager Burke announces the All Bonni troupe of Arabian acrobats, nine in number, who are said to be one of the greatest troupes on the road. It was only owing to their being cancelled at Hurler's Point on account of the fire, that Mr. Burke was able to get them here. While the Arabs do not speak a word of English, they have been in America some time, and have established a reputation in the big cities of the United States. They will give two performances daily in front of the stand and can be seen free of charge.

91st Band

Steamer Modjeska, Wednesday afternoon, August 18th.

HAY UP AGAIN.

Hay took another rise in price this morning and reached a very high figure for this time of the year. The farmers are busy and have not time to ship by carloads, and all they bring in is an occasional load, so that with the large demand and so little being offered, they command fancy figures. As it is not likely that shipments by carloads for balling will begin for some little time, a further advance is not improbable.

Just For a Smoker.

A rubber tobacco pouch is the correct thing for your cut tobacco. It prevents waste and keeps the tobacco in good condition. Fine rubber pouches are sold at peace's pipe store, 107 King street east.

Bain & Adams' List.

New comb and extracted honey, chipped dried beef, pickled lamb's tongues, boneless pigs' feet, shrimps, crabs, scallops, cheese oysters, Holland ducks, Roquefort, Limburger, oka, Swiss cheese, ducks, chickens, Spanish pimientos, Ed-u-cator crackers, pineapples, peas, plums, peaches, Rockyfort melons, watermelons, cooked meats, bacon, ham, wines and liquors for medicinal use. Bain & Adams.

The City of Hamilton Fire Insurance Company has declared a half-yearly dividend of three per cent., or at the rate of six per cent. per annum. The citizens who have stuck by this company are to be congratulated.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, AUG. 16, 1909

STORE CLOSÉS 5 P. M. (EXCEPT SATURDAY)



We Need the Room and You Need the Goods So Come Monday and Share in the Following

August Clearing Sale Events

Special Bargains in Blouse Department

Tailored Shirt-Waist 79c

A good fitting tailored Shirt-Waist, with white lathered collar, made Gibson style, and some with pleated front and back, in colors only, in stripes and self colors, worth \$1.25, sale price 79c

Blouses 98c

A nice, fine Blouse, made of fine lawn, with all-over Swiss embroidered front, tucked baby yoke back, Directoire sleeves, and tucked collar, regularly \$1.50, Monday 98c

Black Underskirts 79c

A splendid quality Black Satteen Underskirt, good, full width, made with wide frill and knife pleating, worth \$1.25, special 79c

35 dozen Lovely Embroidered Wash Belts 10c ea. Good Value at 25c Monday Sale Price

Sharp at 8.30 Monday morning these pretty new Belts must move out. They are decidedly pretty and will pass out quickly at the above price. Come early for first choice.

Clearing 300 yds. of Pretty French Veiling

The Veiling chance of the season. On sale in all colors, also black, in plain net and Chenille spot effects; displayed and on sale Monday morning. Worth regularly up to 45c, sale price only 15c yard

Monday Sale of New Dress Goods

Including all Colors and Black

Extra Special 42c

Fresh from the manufacturer, 700 yards of lovely Silk finish Henriettas, lovely pure wool material, will make up dresses for every occasion. On sale Monday at a popular price. Best shades of navy, brown, red, green, pale blue, pink, grey, rose, wistaria, wine, cream and black. Good material for children's dresses, etc. Going Monday at special 42c yard.

Ready-to-Wear Department

Linea Wash Skirts, reg. \$17.50 for \$10.00

In pure linen, white, pink, blue and lavender, coats lace trimmed and plain gore skirts and trimmed with insertion. 20c each, for 10c

Princess Dresses, reg. \$8.50 for \$2.98

These Dresses are nicely made, some with lace yokes and insertion, set in a good assortment to choose from, while they last 82.98

Princess Dresses, reg. \$7.95 for \$3.49

We have these one piece Dresses in all colors and in assorted sizes; they are plain tailored and well fitting dresses, a bargain at 3.49

Interesting Values for Monday

Crum's Best Prints Only 10c yd.

Bath Towels 15c Sheet 20c

Fancy Striped Bath Towels, good size, firm absorbent weave, regular 20c, for 15c

Towels 12 1/2c Longcloth 10c

30 dozen Extra Large Bedroom Towels, close absorbent weave, regular 15c each, for 12 1/2c

Crum's Print 10c

Crum's Best Print, light colors only, neat patterns, splendid for children's wear, quilt covers, etc., worth 14c, for 10c

Monday Bargains—Housefurnishing Dept.

Miscellaneous Lots of Half Pairs of Tapestry Curtains

\$4.00 pair Tapestry Curtains in half pairs only, Monday \$1.00

\$7 Irish Point Curtains \$4.88 Pair

Very Artistic Imported Swiss and Irish Lace Curtains, in 2 1/2 or 3 1/2 yards lengths, white, cream or ecru. Several very excellent bargains in this lot. Regular \$7 per pair, to clear \$4.88 pair

REMNANTS

From 1/2 yard to 6 yards of all different classes of goods to be cleared on Monday at half and less than half prices.

Remnants of Table Oilcloth. Remnants of Madras Muslin. Remnants of Colored Fancy Muslin. Remnants of Art Silk. Remnants of Art Muslin. Remnants of Velours. Remnants of Satteen.

Special for Monday Extraordinary Bargains in Carpets August Sale Prices

Only a few more days to secure Carpets at these prices. Buy your floor coverings now; we will hold them until you need them.

R. MCKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

Clarence seized the moment and skillfully thrust his foot out and threw the great fellow upon the floor; his knees were upon his chest the very second he fell, and his hands were busy tying the sheet round his arms and legs in a knot which he had practiced on himself for two hours.

It was done so quickly, in half the time it has taken to read the imperfect description of its doing, that Antoine had not time to recover his senses. But helped thereto by the removal of the poker, he suddenly gained courage and attempted to rise. Clarence drew back to see the effect of his knot. Alas! for human fallibility it gave way, and up sprang Antoine, the strong, ready for a struggle.

Clarence caught up the poker and waited. "Stand clear!" he cried, hoarsely; "or your good bye upon your own head! I am fighting for my life!"

But Antoine would not listen; with the sheet still clinging to and impeding him he rushed on.

Clarence drew back a step, took deadly aim, and down came the iron with awful force, crushing in the man's temple as his hand actually touched Clarence, and felling him to the ground.

Still grasping his weapon, the prisoner knelt down, placed his hand upon the jailer's heart, felt it beat, sighed with excited satisfaction, and then, extracting the key from the top left-hand pocket, sprang to the door.

Here a sudden fear—a sudden thought struck him and momentarily paralyzed him. Suppose Jacques had bolted the door on the outside? He had never thought of that. His hand trembled like a child's as it inserted the key in the lock and turned it.

Alas! His feat was a certain truth. Jacques had barred the door, and he was shut in with the blood-stained body of the unfortunate Antoine!

Clarence Clifford had passed through some stirring moments in his eventful life, but he was conscious of a presentiment that none were ever so critical as these. He felt, though why he could not have said—that he was fighting for more than liberty, even for as much as his future happiness.

He waited, with the cold beads of perspiration cropping out upon his forehead for the heavy footsteps, and, at last, after what seemed an eternity, they came, their owner grumbling still, and blowing with irascible puff.

"Things have gone hard with the ruffian, but they will be going harder directly," he thought, and, slipping back so that the opening door would shield him, stood with the poker uplifted.

Up came Jacques, drew the bolts, kicked the door open and Clarence Clifford's game was nearly lost.

The door, though thick and strong, was a clumsy, ill-made one. There was a chink between its hinge back and the lintel of an inch wide.

"Stand back!" he cried, in guttural, provincial French; "or I fire."

"Fire away," said Clarence, and suddenly bending down he butted the man in the stomach, caught him by the legs and threw him to the ground, then, before he could recover himself farther than to allow of a volley of fearful oaths, up went the poker and down it came upon the heavy skull.

"There!" exclaimed the late prisoner. "Better to break your head, my fine fellow than play billet to my bullet!"

The thinking that he had better have the revolver, he picked it up, thrust it into the breast of his coat, hurried to the bedroom, snatched at a small parcel he had made up, and casting a farewell look around his late prisoner; ran lightly down the stairs.

It was dark outside and a wet night. All the better for a chance of his escape. The moon shone brightly, and he saw the people to notice or arrest him.

But Clarence Clifford threw up his arms to the wind and the rain with an ecstasy of delight and enjoyment that was almost cheaply purchased at the cost of his imprisonment.

"Oh, liberty!" he exclaimed, aloud. "I can realize now how precious thou art. Let me think of nothing but my freedom and escape, for a while, at least."

In his great delight he had almost shouted the words, and one of the boat's men, who was rolling past at the moment, pulled up short and looked round with a stare.

"I beg pardon," he said, gruffly, and in English; "but did your honor please to speak?"

"Eh!" said Clarence, turning round sharply, and with some surprise. "I did, my man, but unconsciously—talking to myself."

"And had a jolly bad listener," growled the man, stropping off.

Clarence Clifford started at him with some dim memory flitting through his brain. He fancied that he had heard the voice before.

He waited until the man passed him again, then touched him on the shoulder.

The man turned and put his finger to his tarpanlin hat. The gesture let in a and, with a burst of joy, not unmixed with other emotions, he grasped the man's arm and exclaimed:

"What! Is it Will Stammers?" The man uttered an ejaculation and started back. The next moment with a profound stare he jerked out, slowly:

"Hang me, if it isn't Master Clifford! Bless my soul! sir, how do you come here?"

Clarence Clifford shook hands with him, and with a laugh that was not altogether a merry one, said:

"Come, Will, I may ask you the same question, I think. How comes it that you have exchanged the stable yard at—at Rivershall for the deck of a Calais passage boat?"

"Well, you see, sir," he commenced—then pausing to remove his sou'wester and scratch his head, true English groom fashion—"I couldn't stop down there at Rivershall—a-watching poor Mary die by inches. You remember little Mary, sir?"

"Ay!" said Clarence, stifling a sigh for other memories more his own.

"Well, we were engaged to be married but the old doctor, Morecroft, said as he couldn't last, and—I was very fond of her, Master Clifford—too fond of her to stop there watching her fade away like, so I run away."

His head dropped upon his breast, and his weather-beaten face was hidden for a minute or so, but suddenly he looked up, and in a husky voice said:

"But, maybe you can tell me, sir, whether—whether she be dead or not?"

"Get you to England, and to the Hall, if you haven't been there since then, and see if they don't jump at you—squire and all—like a ripe plum."

"Ah!" breathed Clifford, daring to hope; but the next moment dashed to the depths of despair. "No, no, it cannot be; she is married, long, long ago."

"Married? Who to?" asked Will Stammers, clutching the ropes and holding Clarence Clifford by the arm to save him from rolling against the bulwarks, to which danger he seemed perfectly indifferent and unconscious.

"Mr. Beant," growled Clarence. "Not she, sir. Begging the squire's pardon, she hated him. No, sir, mark my word, as sure as you're standing there—which you won't be directly if you don't keep tight hold, sir—Miss Lillian—God bless her heart—is waiting and signing for you. Get you to Rivershall as fast as horses legs."

"And obeying a summons from the captain, he lurched off, leaving Clarence Clifford hot with joy and hope one moment, the next cold with doubt and despair.

Between these conditions he vacillated for the rest of the passage, thinking every moment an hour, groaning at the idea of the distance between Dover and Rivershall, longing for wings to fly like an eagle to the place where his heart rested.

With this excitement burning in his bosom, he dragged Will Stammers ashore, almost forced a bottle of rum down his throat, quite a hand full of gold upon him, and then engaged post horses with relays at all stages to take him to Rivershall, and, as he prayed momentarily, to free Lillian.

Journeying thus, his blood at fever heat, his eyes sparkling and restless as diamonds, his hands never still a second, and the prayer always on his lips that he might not be too late, he neared Chertion.

As the panting horses—four white and good ones—climbed up the hill, smoking and steaming, the sun burst through the clouds and shone right royally for the first time for three days.

Clarence Clifford uttered a cry of joy and took it as a good omen.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, aloud; "I shall see you, hold you in my arms, call you mine yet."

Now came the first straggling, little cottages. A man, a laborer, passed and stopped to gaze at the flying post chaise.

The postman, steady to his work, and—how singular—all that had passed in mourning, a band of cravat round the men's laps, the women in black dresses and shawls. Then, at the entrance of the village, three cottages were closed.

A shutter was up at the inn, and a funeral was passing down the street with a half dozen laboring men following sadly.

The postilion dashed by the inn. He had received his instructions to drive to the hall, and two or three groups collected to look after the chaise. But there was no shouting, no boys running after it, no excitement, and but very little curiosity.

Clarence Clifford, with his restless hands drumming on his side, was struck by it; but the Hall was in sight and his eyes were glued on its huge chimneys.

At the moment the leaders swept around the corner of the avenue the church bell commenced to toll, something dark and black moved from out the gates, and Clarence Clifford, startled by a warning cry, leaped out as the leaders pulled up, within a few yards of a collision with a hearse.

He fixed his eyes upon the long cortege of hearse, mourning carriages and line of walking mourners, as if he were mad or dreaming; then, amidst the buzz of hushed conversation, he spoke the air as if it had been his voice:

"Who—who is dead?" The door of one of the mourning coaches opened and a thin figure got out and hurried to the traveller's side. It was Mr. Paeker.

(To be Continued.)

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THE HAMILTON TIMES

SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1909.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The returns of accidents on Canadian steam railways for the year ending June 30, 1908, contain much matter of interest to those who give such statistics study.

During the year 449 persons were killed and 2,347 injured. As compared with 1907, the fatalities were 149 less, while the number of persons injured was greater by 195.

An analysis of the tables shows that during 1908 one passenger in every 1,215,893 was killed, and one in every 98,681 was injured.

In 1907 one passenger was killed for every 431,721 miles run by passenger trains, and one was injured for every 85,833 miles run.

In 1908 there were 28 passengers killed and 345 injured; in 1907 the figures were 70 and 352 respectively.

There were 224 employees killed in 1908, and 1,793 injured—a decrease of 25 in those killed and an increase of 195 in those injured, as against 1907.

Among those included in the above figures were 16 postal clerks, expressmen and Pullman car employees killed and 3 injured, who, while not employed by the railways, were employed on the railways.

The hazard of railway employment is illustrated thus: In 1908 there were 100,739 persons employed on the railways, apart from those in the offices; so that one in every 449 was killed, and one in every 56 injured.

The following table shows in graphic form the nature of the accidents of the year as compared with those of the preceding year:

Table with columns: Killed, Injured, 1907, 1908, 1907, 1908. Rows include Coupling or uncoupling, Collisions, Derailments, etc.

In 1908 one employee was killed for every 351,060 train miles run, and one injured for every 42,858 miles.

In 1908 the tramps fared ill. There were 158 trespassers killed and 120 injured. Of non-trespassers 22 were killed and 59 injured.

The return as to accidents at railway crossings was as follows:

Table with columns: Urban crossings, Rural crossings, Killed, Injured. Rows include Urban crossings, Rural crossings, Killed, Injured.

There are 3,115 guarded level crossings and 11,884 unguarded. According to the figures of the report during the year 10 persons were killed and 7 injured at protected crossings.

The Attorney-General's Department ought to take this matter up. To refrain from prosecuting wife-deserters is to encourage wife-desertion.

It would be unreasonable to cavil at the Mayor. He has to face a very unsatisfactory condition of things in this regard.

There is a fast age. Men plunge early into life's activities, and feverishly rush through their labors and diversions.

The strong support of the income tax is the fact that it can never unduly burden the payer, and that it will not discourage anyone from the useful effort necessary to the securing of an income.

The Toronto Star seeks to excuse the neglect of that city to provide efficient fire protection, which neglect resulted in the fatal fire at Hamilton's Point by

signed at Washington on April 4, 1908. It is worthy of mention that the British Government reserves the right to obtain the concurrence of any of the British self-governing dominions that may be interested.

Treaties dealing with the demarcation of international boundaries, and with waters contiguous thereto, were signed on April 11, 1908.

On May 18, 1908, a treaty regarding conveyance of persons in custody for trial in either country to the territory of the other, and for reciprocal wrecking in waters along the boundary, was executed.

The treaty in regard to boundary waters making navigation free and regulating drafts on such waters, was signed on January 11 last.

On January 24 an agreement was made for submitting to The Hague Tribunal under the Arbitration Treaty of April 4, 1908, the questions between Great Britain and the United States as to the North Atlantic coast fisheries.

This is a matter of great importance to Newfoundland, and as the interpretation of Article 1 of the treaty of 1818 will probably be dealt with, Canada is deeply interested therein.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, will be one of the five representatives who will deal with the case. Hon. Mr. Aylesworth will be the British agent, Sir Robert Findlay will be counsel.

Such a clearing away of subjects of difficulty between the two people is something to be thankful for. Why could not international difficulties everywhere be smoothed out by the same means, to the great lightening of the burden which the enormous national armaments place upon the shoulders of the world of toil and without the horrors of wholesale international murder?

The case of a Hamilton woman who says her husband has deserted her and fled to a distant Canadian city, serves to illustrate the very unsatisfactory state of the law covering desertion by a husband of his wife and family.

The Police Magistrate, on being appealed to, expressed his willingness to issue a warrant to bring the fugitive husband back to face trial, if the city would provide the funds necessary.

The Mayor, in turn, heard the woman's story, but he knew of no fund provided out of which to pay such expenses; and much as he might sympathize with a deserted wife and family, the question of ways and means presented an insuperable obstacle to the efficient administration of justice in the case.

He expressed the belief that \$25,000 would be required annually, if the city took up all these cases of wife-desertion.

This crime of wife-desertion—a particularly mean one—is not as seriously regarded in Canada as in Great Britain. Perhaps the frequency of it here, as indicated by His Worship's statement, may to some extent be due to the lightness with which it is viewed.

In Great Britain the prosecution of the deserter is regarded as a state duty—it is treated as even a more serious offence to desert wife and little ones than to shoot or serve ice cream on Sunday!

Perhaps the Britons are undiscriminating, but they really place a duty on a husband in the matter of support of his family, and when he callously refuses to perform it, and absconds, the arrest, prosecution and punishment of the wrong-doer is not made dependent on the deserted family or friends raising the money to pay the costs.

The criminal justice administration deals with the case, just as it would with a case of assault, theft, burglary or embezzlement; it enforces the law, not allowing the question of costs to shield the criminal, and the result is that wife-desertion is comparatively rare in Britain, and is properly regarded as a very detestable offence.

It would be unreasonable to cavil at the Mayor. He has to face a very unsatisfactory condition of things in this regard. But it cries out for remedy.

The law requires amendment, probably; but such as it is should be enforced. A professedly moral and Christian community, which agonizes over the Sunday sale and consumption of a dish of ice cream, and which rightly interposes its kindly care to protect dumb animals from cruelty, cannot afford to permit callous deserters of wives and families to escape their just deserts because it will cost money to punish them, and because, forsooth, their victims were only women and children.

The Attorney-General's Department ought to take this matter up. To refrain from prosecuting wife-deserters is to encourage wife-desertion. And if the Mayor's estimate is not wildly excessive, the crime is now scandalously prevalent!

This is a fast age. Men plunge early into life's activities, and feverishly rush through their labors and diversions, begrudging every minute snatched from the eager struggle, and tumble into the grave before life has been half lived.

They wish to compress a vast amount of effort and accomplishment into a brief time. They seek after speed; they do not stop to look into the deeper things of life; they worship superficiality. The man of the age is reflected in his travelling facilities. They must be fast, or they exhaust his patience.

Although we are but a comparatively few years removed from the ox-cart days of the pioneers, we are already impatient of the steam locomotive. In a recent magazine article, Mr. Charles H. Cochran presents this record of mile speeds:

Electric locomotive, 27 seconds, 1903. Automobile, 28 1/2 seconds, 1903. (On August 9, 1909, at Lexington, Ky.,

J. B. Ryall, New York, made an amateur 5 miles in 4 min. 52 1/2 sec., and John Aikin made a mile in 58 3-5 sec., and 50 miles in 53 min. 28 3-5 sec.)

Steam locomotive, 32 seconds, 1893. Motor-paced cycle, 1 minute 6 1-5 seconds, 1904. Bicycle, unpaced, 1 minute 40 2-5 seconds, 1904.

Running horse, 1 minute, 35 1/2 seconds, 1890. Pacing horse, 1 minute 55 seconds, 1906. Trotting horse, 1 minute 58 1/2 seconds, 1905.

Man skating, 2 minutes 36 seconds, 1896. Man running, 4 minutes 12 1/4 seconds, 1887. Man walking, 6 minutes, 23 seconds, 1890.

Breeding and training have pretty well kept pace with inventions and discoveries; and the end is not yet. Who shall say where the limit of speed shall be fixed for the man of 25 years hence? Is this worship of rapidity likely to inure to the benefit of the race? Will the fever in the human blood not affect the fibre of the physical man? Has the killing pace set been without effect in filling our insane asylums and sanitariums?

Lord Charles Beresford does not appear to have been very happy in his charges against the Admiralty. The investigation committee's report is a trifle hard on him.

General French is coming to Canada to look over the Canadian militia situation and consider a plan of defence. Now will the Tory organs open up their mud batteries upon him?

The Canadian Forestry Association will hold a special meeting in Regina on September 3 and 4. Specially favorable rates of travel have been arranged for there. There is a great work in forestry to be done in Canada, and the association deserves the hearty support of the public.

The Lord's Day Alliance is said to be arranging to secure an authoritative pronouncement from the higher courts on the Sunday ice cream cases. It could hardly do less. Let us know not only whether ice cream is "food," but whether restaurateurs are entitled to sell any food articles asked for on Sunday. Get done with the inconclusive wrangling.

John Patterson has returned to Hamilton, but refuses to talk for publication, so no new date has yet been fixed for the opening of the Galt-Hamilton line.

Elsie—Why is Clara always so short of money? Didn't her father leave her a lot? Madge—Yes; but you see she's not to get it till she's 30, and she'll never own up to that.

It's bound to come! The Hamilton Times will soon be calling Whitney a liar. As for his opinion of Beck it is too unspokeably awful.

Still, for light summer reading the Telegram's factory site editorials will scarcely hold their own against the six best sellers.

"Mamma—'Have you been taking your cough medicine like a good boy?' Tommy—'No, ma'am. I let Polly taste it and she liked it, so I traded it for an orange.'"

"I dunno how to please these summer boarders?'" "What's the matter, Si?" "They're clamoring for the moss-covered bucket, after I had fitted up the well with sterilized drinking cups instead."

"Did you write this report on my lecture, 'The Curse of Whisky?'" "Yes, madam."

"Then kindly explain what you mean by saying, 'The lecturer was evidently full of her subject.'"

"The Roads Committee gave \$2.23 a yard for sidewalks on which the work was worth \$1.00, and an absolute majority of the Council said it was all right. Now why? Are they fools, or have they some other complaint?"

"I shall never speak to George Welton again. I used to think he was a gentleman, but his wife and I had a confidential talk today, and the things she told me about him have convinced me that he is not fit to associate with respectable people."

"Ah, pshaw! Be charitable. Mary. His wife is more generous than you. I met her a few minutes ago and she spoke to me just as cordially as if you had never told her a thing about me."

When weather conditions permit, a very beautiful spectacle may now be seen in the western sky, and star-gazers would observe it on Tuesday evening, when the sky was clear. Two of the earth's planetary neighbors, Venus and Jupiter are together, and set about an hour after the sun, the brighter of the

two bring Venus. Jupiter will soon disappear for a time, setting earlier each evening, but Venus is enlarging, her stay, setting later daily. Venus is the most beautiful of all the solar family, and is brighter than any celestial object excepting the sun and the moon.

WHITNEY'S DANGER. (Toronto Telegram.) The Montreal Herald "wags its wise head and wiggles its long ears" in predictions of disaster to the Whitney Government in consequence of the Hydro Electric policy.

If the Herald were published on another planet its knowledge of Ontario could not be less than the knowledge displayed in editorial allusions to the danger which threatens Sir James Whitney in Hamilton.

The danger aforesaid is the Hamilton Spectator. The Herald assumes that the Spectator hates Adam Beck and his public rights policy, a good deal more than it loves Sir James Whitney and the Conservative party.

Does the fault of our illy-conducted street traffic lie so much with the police or with our careless citizens generally? I take it that the latter are more to blame than the former, and if we are to have thoroughfares where heavy traffic runs smoothly and unobstructed, then each individual driver of drays, delivery wagons, automobiles and carriages must receive special and imperative instruction in delivery wagon driver bolting his horse across Yonge or King street without any regard to the rules of the road is an every hour occurrence; and in consequence collisions are frequent. Then again, we have a lot of automobile drivers who apparently have no conception of what the rules of the road mean. They cut a corner with not the least idea of taking their own side of the street.

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Does

300 MILES OF QUIVERS AND SHAKES ON AUTO-BIKES



THE START-103 MOTORCYCLISTS LEAVING CLEVELAND FOR INDIANAPOLIS. What the Glidden tour is to automobilists and automobile manufacturers...

THE KING AS A MATCHMAKER.

King Edward to be Asked to Help Duke of Abruzzi In His Suit for the Heart and Hand of Miss Elkins.



Mrs. McGiverin is staying at the Caledon Club. Mr. and Mrs. Mather Almon Abbott are the guests of Mrs. Abbot, Herkimer street.

FARMER'S FATE.

Gored to Death by an Ugly Bull. Wellsville, Aug. 14.—The mangled body of Wesley Call, of Knight's Creek, was found by his brother in a field near his farm house this morning.

A GREAT PICNIC.

The Hamilton Mirror Plate Company, with their employees, are amalgamating with the Lumber Dealers, Contractors and Carpenters, and will hold their picnic at Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, next Saturday.

Lake Huron and Lake Superior.

A magnificent summer trip is enjoyed by taking this "fresh water sea voyage" from Sarnia, Ontario, to Port William, Ontario, through these inland seas.

CRETE AFFAIRS.

London, Aug. 14.—A joint note signed by the four protecting powers at Crete, Great Britain, Russia Italy and France, has been presented to the Turkish government.

KILLED IN EXPLOSION.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 14.—Two men were killed and a number of others wounded by an explosion on a Russian submarine anchored in the Neva today.

ROBBED BANK.

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 14.—A robber entered the Merchants Bank at Vandervert, Ark., yesterday and held up Cashier F. R. Crane and two depositors.

STEAMER MODJESKA.

Ninety-First Band, Wednesday afternoon, August 18th.

SAILS FOR NEW YORK.

London, Aug. 14.—Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador at London, left Liverpool today on the steamer Mauritania for New York.

KILLED IN EXPLOSION.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 14.—Two men were killed and a number of others wounded by an explosion on a Russian submarine anchored in the Neva today.

TIMES PATTERNS.



No. 8538.—This model is developed in blue and white polka dotted China silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion. It is simple and dainty in the extreme and yet exceedingly modish with its close-fitting sleeve and round Dutch collar.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get pattern.

CHURCHES TO-MORROW.

A male quartette will sing at the evening services in Ryerson church. At St. Giles' church—Rev. James Barber, of Embro, will preach at both services.

Woodburn

Word was received here yesterday of the death of J. N. Murshaw, of Shanawville. Mr. Murshaw's death will be regretted by all in this neighborhood, as he made a host of friends while living here.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Evangelistic Band of the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church will conduct the men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. at 4.15 to-morrow afternoon. All men cordially invited.

MEANING OF THE GREEN BOUGH

It is Placed on New Houses That Bad Spirits May Roost in It. The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany.

Work Day on a Mississippi Plantation.

The day begins on a plantation when it is yet night. The big bell rings between 4 and 5 o'clock for the "hands" to go to the fields. Mammy starts her small sable assistants around at the "big house" with early coffee about 6.

Rich Des Moines Man Makes Offer to All Iowa Boys.

To every boy in Iowa who will take a pledge to use neither tobacco nor liquor Samuel Saucerman, a wealthy Des Moines resident, will give \$1. a cent a day for three years and another dollar at the end of the three years.

Your Physician's Prescription

Or your family recipe will be filled with accuracy and dispatch at Gerrie's drug store, No. 32 James street north. This store is one of the best equipped in the province, has a staff of qualified, attentive assistants, and a large volume of business, which insures to you pure and fresh medicine.

"RAFFY"

(By Allan P. Ames.)

In college Gideon Small's long neck won him the nickname of "Giraffe" Small, which a few weeks shortened to "Raffy," and the title fitted so well that it stuck even after he received his degree and started to pay back some of the money borrowed for his education by a brief season of teaching.

The popular verdict at Harrington, where he was principal of the little high school was never more openly reflected than when "Raffy" began calling on Millicent Warren. But young men were scarce in Harrington, and Millicent's scornful young brothers suffered the teacher's attentions until the Christmas vacation, when Bob Overton came home from college. In his careless, all-conquering, athletic way, Bob had been one of Millicent's admirers; but now, finding a rival, albeit a humble one, he returned to her shrine with renewed fervor. But for some unaccountable reason, the teacher refused to seek the background.



Those who retained their heads saw "Raffy" Small fight his way to the platform.

gan to chafe. Finally he resolved to show that four-eyed pedagogue his place." The opportunity came one evening when he boarded a trolley car to find his rival there with Millicent beside him. They were going to the town's one theatre, a fact which gave him all the better chance to show his power.

"Oh, no, you're not," he said to the girl, ignoring "Raffy"; "you're going with me. Don't you remember you promised last Sunday evening. I have the tickets with me. I'm sure 'Raffy' will excuse you. For he knows you'd rather go with me."

For unadulterated, smiling effort, Millicent seemed actually on the point of yielding, when a sudden event intervened.

The car had stopped on a steep grade while the conductor went back to replace a switch. For some reason the switch stuck and he called the motorman to come and help. The latter had gone, carrying with him his controller. Nobody knew why it happened, but while both were engaged fully 30 yards away, the car suddenly gave a lurch and started down the hill. Something was wrong with the motor; but there was not a man aboard who knew the remedy. Several sprang to shut off the power, but with the motorman's controller gone they, in their ignorance, were helpless. Someone had the sense to throw the brake lever; but with the electric fluid fiercely driving the wheels this had only a momentary effect. With a shower of sparks the wheels whirled themselves free and the car sped downward with rapidly increasing speed toward the sharp turn at the bottom of the hill.

Then there was a wild rush for the exit. The rushing car left a trail of passengers many with sprained or broken limbs and bruised faces. At the first lurch Millicent had arisen in alarm. When the rush for the door started she had tried to join. But instantly a pair of long arms were around her back. "Sit still," said the voice of "Raffy" in her ear.

Then those who retained their heads sufficiently to notice, saw "Raffy" Small fight his way to the platform. He seized the rope that dangled from above and pulled into trolley from the feed wire. With the power off, the brakes quickly made themselves felt. The car took the dreaded curve easily and came to a stop just around the corner.

The conductor and motorman were aboard again, the injured had been cared for, and the car, now properly behaved, was continuing its journey, when Millicent thought to look around for Bob Overton. The broad shoulders and handsome face of the fullback were missing.

"Oh, he jumped off several blocks back," explained "Raffy." "I hope he wasn't hurt."

This was not as generous a remark as it sounded; but after all the speaker had endured at the hands of his overbearing rival, who would begrudge him his final triumph?

Millicent Warren didn't.

Washington's coal output last year of 6,016,557 short tons was the smallest for any year since 1905.

Italy is to build four Dreadnoughts, and several swift scout cruisers, at a total cost of \$52,800,000.

Stanley Mills & Co., Limited Saturday, Aug. 14th, 1909

STORE CLOSÉS AT 5 O'CLOCK DAILY (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

New Fall Dress Goods Just Arrived

Our Fall shipments are arriving in due order these days and the departments are kept busy stocking up. The Dress Goods Department has completed its stock for Fall and you should see it. All the latest Suitings, Broadcloths, Poplins, Chiffon, Plaids, Panamas and many other lines that will meet with your approval when you come in and see them for yourself.

New Broadcloths 54-INCH NEW BROADCLOTH, in navy, lizard green, taupe, brown, old rose and black, a firm weave, making a rich finish for coat suits or skirts, nothing could give a daintier appearance for fall wear, on Monday per yard \$1.00

Venetian Suiting NEW VENETIAN SUITING, in plain and fancy stripe effects, in shades of navy, green, old rose, taupe and brown; this is a very popular weave and is specially adapted for suits or separate skirts, special on Monday per yard .50c

Chiffon Venetian 44-INCH NEW CHIFFON VENETIAN, in cool grey, wistaria, old rose, taupe, grey, navy and black, a beautiful fine ribbed, suitable for princess dresses or costumes, special on Monday per yard .75c

Something New in Staples Good things without number are to be found in the Staple Department; no dead stock is carried, consequently you can rely on the up-to-dateness of the various lines in stock at all times. Just now there are a few specials for Monday's consideration that will no doubt interest you.

500 YARDS OF FANCY PRINTS for women's and children's dresses, patterns, fast colors and neat designs. Regular 10c to 12 1/2c. On Monday, special at .9c

750 YARDS OF OXFORD SHIRTING, fast colors, heavy weight and even weave, for men's and boys' shirts. A splendid showing on Monday, per yard, 12 1/2c and .15c

700 YARDS PILLOW COTTON, in a fine even thread, and free from dressing; 40 inches wide; circular or plain. On Monday, per yard .20c

350 YARDS SCOTCH GINGHAMS, in stripes and checks, in all the new shades, 27 inches wide, fine even weave, fast colors, for women's and children's dresses. Regular 15c yard. On sale Monday, special, per yard, at .10c

750 YARDS ENGLISH SHEETING, bleached or unbleached, two yards wide, free from dressing and specks. A real live bargain for Monday, per yard, at .25c

NEW ENGLISH WHITE AND CREAM FLANNELS, all-wool, in a splendid weave, all widths. On sale Monday, per yard 35c to 75c

Stanley Mills & Co., Ltd. Beach Delivery Every Wednesday

\$3.50 Damask Linen Table Cloths \$2.69

A purchase of these Table Cloths has arrived from the Irish manufacturers greatly underpriced. You can hardly imagine their superior value; every one guaranteed pure linen, full bleached satin Damask, woven in new exclusive border designs, 2 x 2 1/2 yards. Regular \$3.50. August sale . . . . . \$2.69

100 Doz. Doylies at Half Price

We purchased a wholesale surplus stock of the Doylies at half price. They are pure Irish linen and hemstitched borders, with pretty fancy drawn patterns, in three sizes to a set. Better get a dozen or more at these prices. 8c, regular value at 18c 12 1/2c, regular values at 25c 15c, regular value at 35c each.

Our Great Black Goods Sale

We start in on the second week's selling of our 2,000 yards of Black Dress Goods, with full assortments of all weaves to the good. We are determined to clear remaining lots this week. We ask the co-operation of all those who have bought during the past week. In the words of the business world, "Put your friends wise." Here are the saving prices:

49c, regular at 75c and \$1.00 69c, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 59c, regular at 85c and \$1.00 79c, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 Others greatly reduced at 89c, 98c and \$1.49, regular to \$2.50

To \$1.25 Foulard 69c Swiss Muslin 29c and 39c

A few dress lengths only of stylish Foulard Silks, in pretty patterns, in bright satin finish, 27-inch, colors in brown, pale blue, navy, wistaria and check. Regularly to \$1.25, sale . . . . . 69c

FINCH BROS., 29 and 31 King St. West

GIVES CENT A DAY. man is to take boys from the age of nine to sixteen and organize them into plants or companies of 50 to 100. He would have these boys hold monthly meetings, at which time they would discuss and be taught economy, finance and how to earn money, clean living and everything in line with industry and morals.

Each boy on joining the club will receive \$1. The boy must deposit with his dollar 50 cents, to show good faith. Starting his bank account with \$1.50, each boy will receive one penny per day for three years, and at the end of that period he will receive an additional \$1. This will give him \$12 if they have not saved one cent themselves. He urges them to save their nickels and dimes so as to be prepared to start life right.

# SHOULD MEN, not WOMEN, be SPECTACULAR in DRESS?

Have Fine Clothes Made the Female an Anomaly in Nature?

**I**F, ladies, at any time in the Phœbus course of your climb to the zenith of grandeur you should encounter Dr. Andrew MacPhail, you may be tempted to jab a hatpin into his frame, and jab it hard. This Dr. MacPhail has the scientific effrontery to declare that you are all anomalies.

He has precipitated himself and his opinion into the arena of publicity hitherto devoted exclusively to rivalry in adulation of your perfections; and now he proposes to take the very clothes off those areas of your admirable backs which fashion still permits to remain covered.

The hatpin is recommended merely because it will always be handy. But even your gentle souls, when you learn all that Dr. MacPhail has said of you, may incline to some ancient and more fitting punishment—something lingering, with a touch of boiling oil to it.

Whatever you do to him, when you catch him, you will consider deserved, perhaps not simply because of his accusations against you, but because he has started whole choruses of the tyrant man into echoing shouts. Even other scientists have had the temerity to agree with him.

**Y**OU may remember having seen pictures of those bygone days in Europe, when the cavaliers, in all their glory of fine raiment, had gorgeous King Solomon hitched in the dressing room, while the dames and damsels of that pitiful epoch meandered about in a simplicity of garb beside which most women of today are splendidly arrayed.

That's the state of affairs which Dr. MacPhail is quoted as declaring to be natural and proper. But he is far from being satisfied with a simple, sartorial revolution. If he had his way, not only would man return to his innate love of finery, while women should be shorn of her plumes and prettinesses, but suffragette would be as far from her thoughts as flying was from man's twenty years ago, her proud pre-eminence in social functions would vanish like Cinderella's glass slipper and the other fairy things, and she would be relegated to the nursery and the household, where, declares this scientist, she belongs.

The new assertion, that woman—the American woman especially—is an anomaly, is based upon the general regulations of nature. In the animal kingdom, nature makes the male "the gaudy strutting creature"; the female, usually, is quietly garbed and less ostentatious in manner. The lion is a more magnificent, showy animal than the lioness; the peacock assumes all the gaudiness of the peafowl family.

Should not man, then, and not woman, be the gorgeously attired representative of the human family? Dr. MacPhail lives in Montreal, Canada. As an aid to identification and capture, it may be mentioned that he stands very high in his profession, and, in England, receives such deference when he writes his philosophic-scientific opinions that solemn and learned periodicals are not only willing to publish them, but to go a long way toward endorsing them.

When the recent discussion of the alleged extravagance and bad taste of New York society broke out, he clipped the leash, and England's journals opened wide the door of print, and thereby aroused a mighty debate in all that land.

"It is not the American woman peculiarly," said Dr. MacPhail. "The American women, in the mass, are sound enough. The American woman of the indictment is to be found elsewhere than in the United States—in Canada, England, France, throughout the modern world. But she is more visible in America because she is more adulated and more advertised there."

The accusers of women harked back to a romantic illustration of the changed face of affairs. When the old-fashioned American novelist was pressed for an explanation of the waywardness of his heroine, he found that she had a French mother. The novelist of today finds another explanation of the caprice of his heroine: She is simply an American woman.

## THE DANGERS OF WEALTH

To the American woman of fiction, it is the life of luxurious idleness which alone appeals. While the reasons are largely beyond her control, it is nevertheless the fact that the primitive functions of woman—such as the preparation of food and clothing—have become less incumbent upon her.

"With the one exception of maternity," the scientist observes, "those functions have been usurped by the male, or been placed in the hands of hirelings. Every advance in industrial development continually makes for the destruction of the family. The country has grown rich; but the family is destroyed."

"There is money and idleness for the women of the well-to-do; idleness alone for the women of the poor. For the daughters of the poor there is the refuge of the factory; for the daughters of the rich there is nothing but idleness, and both classes are more unhappy than when they lived in the trees."

That was going pretty far back—back to somewhere which was very close to the state of nature. And the state of nature was precisely the precedent appealed to. Gaze to be eloquent about it—upon the gorgeous peacock. Is he a lady? By no means, remark the critics of woman. He is the original, genuine male of his species, holding on like grim death to all the picturesqueness that is coming to the peafowl family.

He swells around with his dazzling iridescence flashing in the sunshine, a creature so magnificent that the Queen of Sheba would be a kitchen maid beside him. This hen is inferior that she is scarcely noticeable. She is in her proper place laying eggs and hatching them.

Gaze, likewise, upon the superb lion of the desert. He carries a mane that is as magnificent as it is ornamental; his carriage suggests dignity and lordly power; he is the embodied picture of strength and greatness, while the poor lioness has to go around with no greater supply of ornament than a bull pupp. Notice the rooster and the cock robin—both illus-



The Peacock and His Mate of Quiet Blues

trating a natural law in showing the resplendence of the male creature; the magnificently antlered, kingly looking male of the deer family and the meek-looking female.

And then, holding the mirror up to art, gaze on woman.

"In the state of nature," remarks Dr. MacPhail, "it is ordained that the female shall go quietly. But in the race to which we belong, it is the woman who is glorious; and this burden of splendor, falling upon an organism which is unqualified for the task, breaks it down hopelessly and renders it unfit for the performance of its proper functions."

"The possession of splendid apparel involves the necessity for its display, and out of that arise vanity, jealousy, rivalry and all uncharitableness."

Have you ever witnessed the performance of a troupe of trained animals—dogs, for instance? The doctor finds in them a parallel for the modern woman. He pities the animal that is compelled to perform a new and ungenial task—the dog in a dance, for example.

## NERVES WEAR OUT EVEN DOGS

Off the stage, he avers, the animals are subject to fits of ill temper, to outbursts of emotion, to discontent; they crave excitement more and more eagerly until, finally, they break down under the nervous strain.

Symptoms of a somewhat similar nature have been observed in the case of the American woman as the result of her performance.

While the function of maternity necessarily remains the office of woman, the care of the offspring has been handed over to the male or to female hirelings, and the wide outlet for physical and mental activity of woman has been effectually stopped.

Deprived of the care of her children, a woman suffers a diminution of affection, which is replaced by a noisy sentimentalism, equally disastrous for the mother, the child and the husband.

It is the maternal instinct running riot. Dr. MacPhail finds that it exhausts itself upon the infant, leaving none for the growing child, to whom it might be of some value. "The American mother," he announces, "is famous for her care of her infant and her neglect of her child."

She is, in reality, merely an amateur in a role that



The Lion and the Lioness.

is new to her. In a society which has grown up by a natural process during the course of slow centuries, the woman performs her duties easily, almost unconsciously. But in a society that is the product of only

a generation, the woman pays the penalty of aspirations beyond her primitive functions. Of the American man, the critic in Canada has comparatively little to say, and that little is more merciful



Subdued Man and Spectacular Woman.

than caustic. The men are primarily to blame. Simple-minded, old-fashioned creatures, they have the notion that the hallmark of poverty is the spectacle of woman working. In general, the men of America believe they have extricated themselves from poverty's curse when they have relieved their womankind of the necessity of doing anything.

The women have taken more than kindly to the theory. The ambition of the American woman, it is asserted, is to live in idleness.

## MEN STICK TO WORK

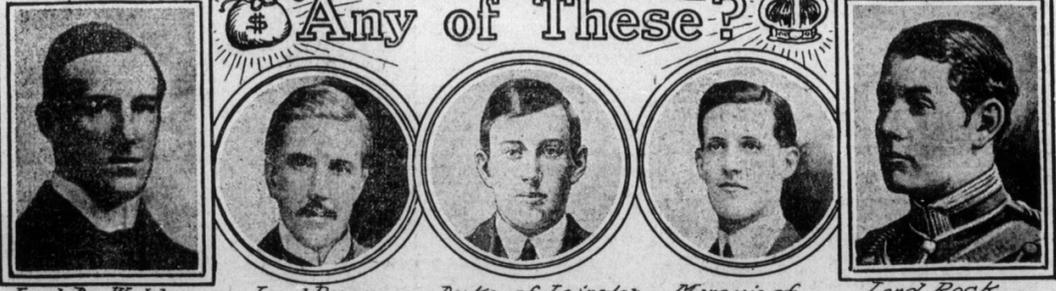
As for society, the American man finds in it something mysterious, occult, beyond his own understanding. So he is content to stick to his speciality—plain, hard work—and to leave the arrangement of all social activities to the women.

It is more than a mistaken kindness. It is positively cruel folly. The man, with his sturdy physique, his steady nerves, his faculty for organization and his habit of exercising the mental faculties, is qualified to manage his social affairs as readily, as efficiently as he directs his business interests.

But, allowing the whole burden to fall upon the woman, he is both recreant to his responsibilities and cruelly careless of her inborn weakness. She may imagine that she is indulging her own free, sweet will; but she is headed straight for the emotional breakdown that befalls all victims of misdirected energy.

She is, says Dr. MacPhail, an anomaly of nature.

# Will American Heiresses Capture Any of These?



Lord De Walden, Lord Percy, Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Rock Savage.

**S**EVERAL attractive titles still remain in the list of British peerages that might be captured by American girls of charm or wealth, or both.

While almost any sort of a title seems to appeal to the young—and old, for that matter—women of this titleless country, the highest value is set upon British titles.

A British peerage is inherited only by the possessor's eldest son or nearest heir, and so the list is restricted—subject only to such additions as

the king may choose to make from time to time. On the other hand, in many countries of continental Europe all the children of the owner of a title have titles themselves. Hence the enormous crop of Italian counts, German barons and Russian princes.

As a rule, the possessor of a British title doesn't have to go begging to induce some fair one to share it with him. Among the rather small list of wifeless peers at present are some who are considered remarkably good "catches."

One of the richest unmarried peers is Lord Howard de Walden, who owns a big slice of the West Side of London, and whose rent roll is said to be nearly a million dollars a year.

Lord de Walden is a fine looking young man, with some reputation in amateur sports, being especially proficient with the fella.

He is devoted to his mother, now Lady Ludlow, and has announced repeatedly that he does not propose to marry until he finds a woman just like her.

Audley End, near Cambridge, the De Walden country seat, is one of the finest estates in England. The house was built in the time of Henry VIII, and was once described by James I as "far too magnificent for a monarch."

Lord Percy has more to promise in the way of title than he now possesses, as he is heir to the proud dukedom of Northumberland. He seems to be a young man of considerable ability, and for that reason entitled to distinction among the titled youngsters of the kingdom. He took high honors in his university course at Oxford, has won repute as an explorer of the remote territory of Asiatic Turkey, and has written several books.

One of the richest unmarried peers is Lord Howard de Walden, who owns a big slice of the West Side of London, and whose rent roll is said to be nearly a million dollars a year.

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In addition, he has begun making a career in public life; he has done good service as a member of the House of Commons and as an under secretary in the British Foreign Office.

It seems to be pretty well assured that the future Lady Percy and Duchess of Northumberland will not have a personal nonentity for a husband.

Lord Rock-savage, whose years are yet comparatively few, is heir to the title and estates of the marquis of Cholmondeley, lord great chamberlain of England. This post will be inherited in due time by young Lord Rock-savage.

It may be well to remember, in passing, that the lord great chamberlain is a mighty personage in the picturesque ceremonies of state, at least.

He has entire charge of things whenever the king visits Parliament or takes part in any royal function in Westminster Abbey; he is also in charge of the Houses of Parliament and the adjoining government buildings.

Houghton Hall, near King Edward's country place at Sandringham, is the principal home of the Cholmondeley family.

About two years ago the young marquis of Anglesey, head of the famous old house of Paget, came of age.

His predecessor, the late marquis, a cousin, was theatrical—almost crazy—in his ways; in fact, he developed a notorious mania for appearing before the footlights. The present holder of the title is said to be a quiet and sensible young man.

He has a good income—over \$500,000 a year, it is said—much of it from mines on his estates, which include about 30,000 acres; owns two fine country homes filled with valuable art objects, old furniture and heirlooms.

Among other unmarried peers are the duke of St. Albans and Lord Dalmeny, son of Lord Rosebery and heir to the Rosebery title and estates. In this list one does not include the dukes of Atholl and Grafton, who are elderly widowers and apparently have no idea of seeking new wives.

Perhaps the duke of St. Albans will never marry, as he is a confirmed invalid. Should he do so, his duchess will enjoy a privilege that otherwise is restricted to the queen—that of driving with her husband through Rotten Row, in Hyde Park.

That fashionable way is exclusively for horseback riders; only the king and queen and the duke and duchess of St. Albans are permitted to drive therein. This privilege was conferred by Charles II upon his natural son, along with the dukedom of St. Albans and other honors.



Canadian Pacific Farm Laborers Wanted. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS \$10 GOING TRIP \$18. Additional for the Return Ticket under conditions as below.

BADDECK NO. 1. AERODROME SITS DOWN UNDER MR. M'CURDY. He Claims That the Engine Was Too Far Aft—Changes Will Be Made and the Machine Given Another Trial as Soon as She Can be Got Ready.

GRIMSBY AND BEAMSVILLE. C. W. Harrison Has Resigned High School Principalship. Great Preparations For Labor Day Demonstration.

town from Hagersville on Thursday. Mr. Stewart, Huron, S. D., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson in the township.

The Right House HAMILTON FAVORITE SHOPPING PLACE

Grand Clearance Jap. Matting. SHARP at 9 o'clock Monday we shall place on sale at greatly reduced prices to clear 66 pieces of this season's good Japanese and China Matting.

Now for a Great Final Clear-out Next Week of All Summer Goods: Bargains

All over the store you will find on Monday, and while they last next week, piles of fresh, dainty, new Summer goods at tremendous reduction clearing prices.

THOMAS C. WATKINS HAMILTON ONTARIO

SCRAP BOOK POETRY

QUEER JOBS FOR TAILORS. Suit to Match Wife's Hair—Hand Painted Riding Trousers. Some of my customers have extraordinary notions regarding clothing.

FLAG POLE 165 FEET HIGH. Cup Defender Constitution's Steel Mast Erected in Battery Park.

Lake 9,000 Feet Above the Sea. Nine thousand feet above the sea near the gashed and jagged summit of Mount San Jacinto Supervisor H. E. A. Marshall, of the Cleveland National Forest, has discovered an extensive lake.

Only 30 per cent of the inhabitants of Sicily are able to read and write.

Petawawa Camp, Aug. 13.—Another setback has been given the plans of Messrs. McCurdy and Baldwin, the young aviators, who have been making ready Baddeck No. 1 aerodrome for test flights here during the past few weeks.

Grimsby, Aug. 13.—Miss Leila Metcalfe has returned home after a lengthy visit on the continent. The Winona Tennis Club plays a match with the local club here this afternoon.

The mistake the men made in the strike was in the manner of calling it. Instead of making formal demands of the company before quitting they went out of the sheds last Monday morning, and by an inquiry answered that they would return for an advance of about four cents an hour.

The 44th Band played a usual for a large concourse of citizens on Thursday night. H. H. and Mrs. Marsh have been taking the St. Lawrence trip this week.

THE MEN'S GRIEVANCES. Though the strikers have no organization to put their demands in definite shape, they appear to be some justice in their complaints. To your correspondent to-day one man, who has been working as a trucker, a young Englishman, showed a book in which he had kept the record of the work he had done.

Mr. Jas. Marlowe has been elected a director of the new western co-operative fruit concern. St. Andrew's Church Sunday School picnic may go to Mohawk Park next Thursday.

BRITISH NAVY. Lord Charles Berosford and the Admiralty Both Blamed.

GRIMSBY PARK. Mrs. Cant, with her family, are settled in Hazelton. McClelland is occupying Avalon Lodge.

TO SAVE COPYRIGHT. Montreal, Aug. 14.—A unique theatrical performance was given at His Majesty's Theatre here yesterday afternoon, when for the first time in America "The Love Cure," a recent Vienna success along the lines of "The Merry Widow," was given a public performance.

BEAMSVILLE. James Glover, Boston, Mass., is here on a visit with his parents. Miss Mabel Ayers leaves for Prince Albert, Sask., on Monday.

ALL QUIET LAST NIGHT. Everything is quiet to-night in the strike situation, and there appears to be a split in the ranks of the strikers, owing to the fact that the Greeks are it is said, to be refused employment in the sheds.

FORETOLD HIS DEATH. "It Seems as if I'm Going to be Killed." Goderich, Aug. 13.—Nixon Sturdy, a wealthy Goderich township farmer, was accidentally killed last evening at Foster's bridge, near Homeville, on the Midland Road.

NEW MEN MAY DESERT. There is just a possibility, however, that the men brought in from Montreal to break the strike will refuse to go to work. On their arrival at 5 o'clock a few of them helped to load the baggage on the steamer Keewatin, but soon returned to the cars in which they were quartered, and all during the evening complained that they were too tired after their long trip from Montreal to start work before having a night's sleep.

A Venerable Gathering. Woodstock, Aug. 13.—A gathering that may be said to be unique took place at Springfield on Saturday, at the home of Mr. Josiah Mahoney, it being a picnic in honor of his mother, Mrs. Salina Mahoney, who had reached the age of 102 years that day.

TO TRY FOR SETTLEMENT. Vice-President Sanderson, of the Longshoremen's Union at Toronto, was to-night ordered by telegraph to proceed at once to Fort William, and endeavor, if possible, to arrange an armistice between the strikers and the vessel owners.

\$5,000 LIMERICK PRIZE. The winning of it—ease the pain of the corn, but "Putnam's" will ease, cure and prevent corns and warts. Guarantee goes with every bottle of "Putnam's." Use no other.

TROOPS FROM WINNIPEG. Winnipeg, Aug. 13.—The last detachment of the R. C. M. R. left for Fort William to-night. There were eight men, in charge of Lieut. Shaw.

Killed by Bull. Wellsville, N. Y., Aug. 13.—The body of Leslie Call, 55 years old, a bachelor farmer, living alone near here, was found by neighbors at his barn. He had been mutilated beyond recognition by a bull. Call had been missing for 48 hours.

TAKE WEAPONS FROM STRIKERS.

Carried Out Job With Fixed Bayonets and Loaded Rifles.

Mob Sullenly Yield to Display of Overwhelming Force.

Strike-Breakers Arrive and Freight is Moving Again.

Fort William, Aug. 13.—The presence of the military around the scene of yesterday's rioting foreign stevedores, and the evidence of a determination on the part of the officers to sternly enforce the law at the point of the bayonet and loaded rifle, had a restraining effect on the turbulent strikers to-day, and they seemed to submit to the inevitable in moody silence.

DISARMING THE STRIKERS.

The regulars marched down the street and then deployed into skirmishing lines, surrounding the strikers, after demonstrating that they means business by loading with ball cartridges in front of the crowd.

STRIKE-BREAKERS ARRIVE.

A breastwork of boxcars was run along in front of the lines to-day, and under military escort the first strike-breakers arrived at noon. They were one hundred and fifty French-Canadians, a sturdy looking lot, well equipped for their military work.

NEW MEN MAY DESERT.

There is just a possibility, however, that the men brought in from Montreal to break the strike will refuse to go to work. On their arrival at 5 o'clock a few of them helped to load the baggage on the steamer Keewatin, but soon returned to the cars in which they were quartered, and all during the evening complained that they were too tired after their long trip from Montreal to start work before having a night's sleep.

ALREADY THINNED OUT.

They came in on two different trains. The men in one car stayed at Port Arthur that their number was thirty-eight, three having deserted enroute. At Fort William this evening when Mr. G. J. Bury asked how many men came on that car the answer he received from the local agent was twenty. Thus, while a few trucks have been handled this evening, it is a question whether the men will answer a general call to work to-morrow morning.

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SUN FIRE The oldest Insurance Office in the world FOUNDED A.D. 1710 BI-CENTENARY 1910 HOME OFFICE: LONDON, ENGLAND Canadian Branch, Sun Building, Toronto, E. M. Blackburn, Manager.

MARKETS AND FINANCE

Saturday, Aug. 14.—Large quantities of produce were offered on Central market this morning, and the sales were good. Plums and peaches were a little more plentiful, and prices lower.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Dairy Products (Butter, Cream, Eggs), Poultry (Chicken, Turkey, Duck), and Fruits (Black currants, Raspberries, Apples).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Vegetables (Celery, Cucumbers, Potatoes, Onions) and Meats (Beef, Pork, Bacon, Ham).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Smoked Meats (Bacon, Ham, Sausages) and Meats (Beef, Pork, Lamb).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Meats (Beef, Pork, Lamb) and Fish (Salmon, Trout, Haddock).

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up by over-speculation than have current prices for real estate, the improvement in the industries, or the boom in the building trades.

COBALT CAMP.

The following is an extract from a circular issued by Usher, Strating & Co., stock brokers, Toronto: During the past month we have visited the Cobalt camp three or four times, and have paid special attention to the various conditions affecting the market for Cobalt stocks.

No one can continue to be a bear in Cobalt, in view of the recent strike strikes made on properties in different parts of the camp, and these strikes, in our opinion, are simply a forerunner of many similar ones yet to be made.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

Sugar, raw, firm; fair refining, 3.8c to 4.1c; centrifugal, 96 test, 4.0c to 4.1c; molasses sugar, 3.3c to 3.3c. Refined, steady.

WINNEPEG WHEAT MARKET.

Wheat—Oct. 93-4c; Dec. 95c, May 81c. Oats—Oct. 36-4c; Dec. 34c, May 31c.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

London.—London cables for cattle are firm, at 113-4 to 133-4 per lb. for Canadian steers, dressed weight; refrigerator beef is quoted at 9-3-4 to 10c per pound.

THE CHEESE MARKETS.

Pticon, Ont.—At Pticon cheese board today 14 factories boarded 1,255 boxes, all colored; highest bid, 11 3-4; 610 sold at 11 3-4; 345 at 11 7-16; balance unsold; buyers, Miller, Benson and Morgan.

HAMILTON, Ont.—Weekly cheese board report: 290 boxes white and 450 colored sold at 11 3-8c; 36 packages butter sold at 21-2c.

Quebec, Little change is noticeable in trade conditions over the preceding week and no improvement is anticipated until the holidays are over.

Hamilton: The holiday season is having a quieting effect upon general trade.

Quebec: Business is more or less quiet in the market, although there is every reason to believe the end of the month will see a pronounced revival and the outlook for fall is cheering.

COACHING WOMEN OF FASHION.

Teaching Them the News of the Day A London Profession.

It would seem that no woman should be altogether discouraged so long as new occupations develop as they have during the last decade. In London there is already a new calling which was noticed for the first time this spring in numbers sufficient to entitle it to rank among the recognized trades of women who have to support themselves.

The claims on the time of a woman of society in the west of which London life are now so great that she cannot be expected to keep up with the latest news of the world, the smartest talk about the new books or even the latest notes of fashion. With her social duties and their necessary preparation she has her hands full. It is to supply her with these necessary attributes for conversation that intelligent young women in London are devoting their time. They go once a week, sometimes daily, and while their patrons are in the hands of the hair dresser, their maid or even their dressmaker, they talk to them about the interesting affairs of the day, art and literature. In this way my lady is able to acquire sufficient information to appear with credit.

It sometimes happens that one of these universal providers of small talk may literally coach her employer for some particular function she is going to attend, whether it be a dinner that will demand a certain amount of acquaintance with political or literary literature. Her duty is to make these subjects as clear and comprehensible as she can in as short a time as possible. So successful has this new field been that the number of intelligent, well-informed girls who now earn a good living in this way has greatly increased during the last year.

If the woman of society finds that she needs to have decided opinions on any particular subject it is the duty of her mental stimulator to have them also on hand.

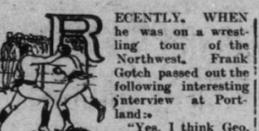
Where Woman Would be Missed.

Struck the other afternoon by the sudden preponderance there were at least thirty to one of women over men at a fine concert, I was set wondering what would happen if all women suddenly determined to stand by each other and withdraw from charitable functions, church services, theatres, concerts, picture shows and so on until they got the word.

"Few realize," said Miss Tyler, in speaking of the Norse heroes, with which she is at present making an itinerary, "the immense amount of reading and work back of her story telling. The story teller must be full of her subjects in order to tell it simply and effectively. Children are keen critics; they detect in a minute a story teller's weakness. No, I do not simplify the Norse legends very much, and I retain the almost unpronounceable names, so that the children will recognize them when they meet them later in the printed page. But upon most of the tales, which is to guide the child to good literature.

"Do I tell children what to read?"

IS HACKENSCHMIDT COWARD Frank Gotch Says Anglo-Saxons Are the Only People That Are Game.



RECENTLY, WHEN he was on a wrestling tour of the Northwest, Frank Gotch passed out the following interesting interview at Portland.

"Yes, I think Gotchenschmidt will wrestle me again," he said. "That \$13,000 offer to each of us from Australia will probably appeal to him. What do I think of him as a wrestler? Well, he is a bird all right, but he lacks the heart. Do you know that Britishers—I mean the English, the Scotch, the Canadians and the Australians, are about the only ones with nerve besides the Americans. Kick lost heart when he lost a fall. Few of those foreigners—Gotch all persons are foreigners except Britishers—will stay with a game unless they feel sure of winning.

"There are a good many stories out about my age and all that," said Gotch, "but on the square I'm just 32 years old. Now I weigh about 210 pounds. When I crack trim I weigh over 200 and then I'm in my prime. Everywhere I go I hear of fellows who say they went to school with me. One man in Seattle told me that, and I sized him up and said, 'Friend, did you ever hear of the lake of fire and brimstone?'

"No one can continue to be a bear in Cobalt, in view of the recent strike strikes made on properties in different parts of the camp, and these strikes, in our opinion, are simply a forerunner of many similar ones yet to be made."

A NEW GAME—QUICK CRICKET

ANY PEOPLE have claimed that cricket was too slow, but in the new English game of quick cricket it is found all the action that is desired, along with the advantages and fine points of the cricket game.

Quick cricket is a combination of tennis and cricket. The double wicket is used, and the wicket will be hit if possible. One player stands in front of the wicket as batsman and another behind the wicket as catcher, each with a tennis racket. The player serving the ball from the opposite wicket is the bowler. Additional protection is afforded by the other players, who stand at the sides of the court or crease.

The game is also known as vigoro or new cricket, but the popular name seems to be quick cricket. It was invented by the secretary of the Montreal Cricket Club.

STORY HOUR IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES

(New York Herald.) Story telling as an art is being developed by the children's department of the forty public libraries of New York City. Story tellers are provided for the "story hours" in each library and are under the personal direction of Miss Annie C. Moore.

The story teller, however, is not the mere reciter of tales, but the professional reader. She is in her own class and she must have had experience in library work to be of value in this new idea.

"There is erroneous impression," says Miss Moore, "that anybody can tell a child's story. Few realize that it is an art to be studied and mastered by any other art. No one, however skilled as a public reader or entertainer, can be of service in the children's library who has not had practical training and experience in library work. That is the essential background, for the main object of the 'story hour' is not to entertain or to instruct, but to lead the child to good literature by calling their attention to books they might otherwise never hear of or come in contact with.

"In helping a child to select a book, in going with it from shelf to shelf, a librarian unconsciously finds herself telling a story to quicken the child's interest, to draw it out and discover its natural taste or bent.

"Story telling is a gift, in which comparatively few librarians are rich. In several of the children's departments where members of the regular library staff have some skill in story telling they utilize it to the children's advantage, but the majority are without it, and it is wanting that two professionally trained story tellers have been employed in the department, but, like soldiers in a standing army, they go wherever they are sent, for as yet there is no separate fund to compensate their services as exclusive story tellers."

"In the Yorkville branch, in East Seventy-ninth street, where story telling was first tried, the purpose was to substitute the obstreperous boys of the neighborhood for the boys of the library, and to make the librarian's life a reign of terror. Miss Overton, the librarian is a woman of resource. Discovering in one of her assistants—Miss Lawler—a natural gift for story telling, Miss Overton set a night apart and distributed admission tickets among the most troublesome boys.

"It was a fine night," said Miss Lawler, recalling the event, "and only twenty-eight boys came. I confess I was afraid to face them. There was no room, no quiet in the department, and we took them to a corner on the reference floor.

"Boys, you will have to sit on the floor," I said, "there are no chairs." They refused and stood with eyes fixed upon me; they were staring up with curiosity and spittle for a "scrap." I gave each boy a square of blotting paper and told him to sit upon it. Then I told three stories—"Johnny Cake," "Why the Sea is Salt" and another fairy story. Not a boy left until the end. The next time they not only came back, but brought others with them, and ever since the "first nighters" have felt a proprietary interest in the work.

Out of this beginning grew two story hours—one for boys, the other for girls. To the boys were given heroes—Alexander the Great, etc., while the girls had heroines, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and the like, until they began swapping stories between them, and the boys asked if they might "come a girl night."

The upshot was consolidation—one story hour for both boys and girls. From this has sprung boy and girl clubs, until now this branch is practically doing set-lement work for the staff visit the children in their homes, and in many instances are in personal touch with the parents.—New York Herald.

Sometimes the acrobat makes his way to success headed the wrong way.

from, I saw that to have their respect I must be graduated from some college, so I named an American institution. The London papers had a column on my having graduated from that university. Then the papers in this country rehearsed the story from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Two wealthy Chicago men got into a controversy over the story, and one decided to believe that I had ever been at any high educational institution. So they took a trip to the place I had named. The professor in charge informed them that in 1892 and 1893 I attended that institution, and told them of the course I took. Now, it may be that a man named Gotch did go to school there then, but by honest belief—don't think me egotistical—is that since I had named this university as my alma mater, the old gentleman stood in with me, figuring it would be a good thing to have the public believe his school had graduated a world's champion.

"There are two things I never do—one to blow about myself, and the other is to use the too hold, except in actual wrestling with a tough opponent. It is a hold an adversary will struggle against, and there is always danger of hurting somebody with it. Moreover, I seldom drink whiskey, and never when on the road or in training, and I don't lose any time on women. I mention these things, not as boasting myself, but merely as evidence that travel and experience have not gone for naught."

CEDAR GROWING SCARCE.

Little of it Left to Grow in the Adirondacks.

Cedar of large size is very scarce in the Adirondacks, and is getting scarcer, partly because the young cedars are ruthlessly wasted. The small cedars, from two or three inches in diameter upward, have as many local uses and the native Adirondacker has so long had the habit of taking any tree that he wants, whether from private land or public, that few cedars are left to grow to full maturity. Now and then you see a cedar in a protected place that has grown to a diameter of eighteen inches or even two and a half feet, but a cedar above a foot in diameter is sufficiently rare in many parts of the Adirondacks to be an object almost of curiosity. The destruction of small cedars on public land goes on year after year almost unchecked.

Cedar is a favorite timber, with the native not only because it lasts so amazingly for such things as fence posts and tent poles but also because it "works" so beautifully and is so decorative. A man skilled with the axe can split good cedar into long strips of almost any thickness that look as if they had been sawn and planed. With a good knife the process may be continued until a stick ten feet long and a foot in diameter is reduced almost to ribbons. Before it has an almost satiny surface. Boiled for a few hours, it becomes as near plastic as wool can be. In that condition it can be woven into baskets or bent into the most beautiful and effective knees for light canoes. It is better for this sort of purpose than cypress, though the latter is also used.

Time was when the beauty and pliancy of the cedar and the ease with which it can be worked made it a favorite for the building of the beautiful Adirondack boats, the planks of which are in places only an eighth of an inch thick. In recent years, however, pine has been used instead of cedar for this purpose, partly because pine is cheaper and partly because cedar when the protecting surface of paint or shellac is removed by accident, absorbs water, refuses to dry out efficiently except after long seasoning in the sun or over a fire, and eventually becomes water-logged. Pine lacks much of the beauty of the cedar, and some of its more utilitarian virtues, but the boat builders seldom make boats except at the order of some old fashioned customer.

All sorts of small ornamental articles are made of cedar by the professional and amateur cabinet makers and carpenters of the Adirondacks. No wood is better for the rustic furniture that guides and local carpenters make for use in permanent camps. Bedsteads, tables, chairs, desks and the like of cedar with the bark on will last with proper care for half a lifetime. Cedar also lasts wonderfully well for ornamental porch railings, and the Adirondack carpenters handle it with the utmost skill and nicety.

The bark of the cedar is ruthlessly and wastefully used for decoration. A standing tree a foot or more in diameter will be barked for ten feet in order that wood boxes, desks, tables and the like may have a "rustic" covering. The result is unmistakably beautiful, and the scars of the bark are so nicely fitted that they are almost invisible, but the destruction of timber is shocking to think of.

There is a Canadian cedar that furnishes the most beautiful and delightful carpet for a rough camp. Good sized trees are barked as they stand, and the bark is laid flat while it is fresh and pliant. Pieces as much as ten feet long and six or seven feet wide may thus be used. The result is a carpet of mats, large and small, beautiful and appropriate in color and texture, and not unpleasant to the feet. On parts of the floor that are not much used, a moss that often grows on the bark will remain unspoiled. As a rough camp if apt to be used only a few weeks in the season the carpet of cedar bark remains fresh and beautiful for the whole time. It has in addition to its beauty the virtue of a delicious odor.

"They will listen to any story," she maintains, "if it is well told. I have had as much success with Poe as with His Anderson. It depends on how a story is told—the background of knowledge from which the story teller draws and presents it."

Children are admitted to the story hour by ticket. The number given out varies, the limit being fifty. The programme is advertised on the bulletin boards of a branch library a week in advance. Children, librarians find, are on the whole, reasonable. When told tickets are exhausted, there is not space to accommodate more, and they will have to wait for another time, they accept the situation without protest. Some of the larger branches have two story hours a week; smaller branches once a week or every other week. The hour is not confined to afternoon, Saturday morning being popular in some localities. Most of the children's libraries are open until 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, and where children are largely breadwinners the evening hour is preferable.

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THE GULCH GODDESS

(By Stuart B. Stone.)

"What we need in Sinful Gulch is some kind of a queen or goddess-lady to give the camp a tone," observed Faro Sullivan, thumping the principal round table at Jake and Charley's Place.

The others sat up straight and thumped the table also until the glasses rattled.

"They've got one purtier than the angels down at Happy Hollow," volunteered the Alaskan. "She keeps the books for the Kootenai Development. Old man Hawkins shook his bald, red head. "What in Sam Hill would a fair and beautiful lady do in Sinful Gulch? Keep Faro's books, I reckon, or mine, what ain't got any."

The others looked appealingly at Faro, who rose to his great height and looked down upon them in scorn. "What's the matter with having her teach school?" he demanded.

Sinful Gulch pushed chairs back and stared. "Where's the school in Sinful? And who's got the kids?"

Faro Sullivan continued to smile contentedly. "Of course, you fellows are dedicated in all the highfalutin' branches. Of course everybody in Sinful knows all they're to know about astronomy and the constitution of the Romans! Shoshone, what's the capital of Europe?"

Shoshone grinned and shook his head.

That settled it, and Faro rode down to Happy Hollow next day and had the angel-pretty bookkeeper for the Kootenai Development write cast for the goddess.

When Marian Summers arrived, she was tall and quietly and had blue eyes, and Sinful Gulch lost its heart without delay. The Sinful Gulch Male Academy began business with an enrollment of 39, which included every man in the Gulch except Old Man Hawkins. Miss Summers divided the academy into two classes—the elementary, composed of Shoshone and Cactus Luke and the others who could not read, and the advanced, comprising Faro and a dozen of others who were permitted to struggle with 48 and I love, Thou lovest, He loves.

The very first day Cactus Luke looked up from scrawling, "A fat hen," and asked when he might call up his teacher; and the Alaskan who was advanced enough for long division, asked on what nights she received company. To one and all she smilingly declined to receive callers until Friday night, when there was no need of day work to interfere; and as a consequence on Friday night Sinful Gulch, beginning with the fire-moustached Alaskan and terminating with fresh-dressed Cactus Luke, repaired to the cabin of the goddess. Sinful Gulch was ever generous, and each suitor, lacking bouvier boxes and greenhouse

flowers, carried favors of shining gold dust. By the time Cactus Luke, the last man, arrived, the stack of sacks upon the table would have brought a good \$1,500 at the assay office.

The presence of the others kept each of the Gulchers from pressing his claim, and it was necessary to look around for other forms of amusement. It was the Alaskan who discovered the photograph of the youngster. On the back was the legend, "From Clarence—with love."

And the Alaskan, who was advanced, read the legend and passed the photograph around. Before the goddess could interfere, Sinful Gulch pressed about her and asked in troubled tones:

"Is this here chap your true and eternal choice?"

The goddess nodded, flushing, until Faro Sullivan stepped forth. "It's all right, goddess," he announced, "and we ain't sayin' nothin' against the youngster, and you can keep all the money for a wedding dowry. But I reckon as how you'd better go back east. You see, we're powerful sentimental here in Sinful, and it wouldn't never do to have the whole Gulch full of bleedin' hearts. Good-by."

"Good-by," murmured the goddess, tearfully.

"Good-by!" quavered Sinful Gulch, heading for the consolation at Jake and Charley's.

NEW PAVING MATERIAL.

Metallic Shavings, or Iron Excelsior, Embedded in Concrete.

A recent French invention in paving consists of embedding in concrete fine iron shavings, or iron excelsior. The metallic shavings ordinarily come in sheets or masses, which can be broken apart with difficulty owing to the interweaving of the filaments and which are somewhat elastic.

In constructing paving blocks a mould is filled with these iron shavings and the interstices filled with cement grout sufficiently fluid to penetrate the entire mass. The blocks thus formed are said to possess great strength and resistance to abrasion and also (what seems less credible) elasticity under blows or jarring.

According to Cement Age, tests made of such blocks are said to have shown a resistance to compression of about 150,000 pounds a square inch and a tensile strength four times that of neat cement. One advantage claimed for this paving is that joints may be almost eliminated, thus doing away with the points where greatest destruction generally occurs. Nothing is said of the opinion which would probably be entertained of this pavement by a contractor who might be required to cut a trench through it.

The cost of construction is said to be the same as that of ordinary macadam, but this would depend largely upon the cost of iron shavings.

Learn how the French give you a good road. And keep with Christ the open door;—Julia Ward Howe.

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SPORTS: BASEBALL, BOXING, BOWLING, RACING, SOCCER, ROWING, YACHTING

HARRINGTON WON THE STEEPLECHASE AT WINDSOR.

Donau, Odds-on Favorite, Was Beaten by Gallant Pirate and Ben K. Sleet.



THE OPENING RACE at Windsor yesterday saw the downfall of the odds-on choice Donau, who swung wide into the stretch to avoid the muddy going on the rail, and was beaten home by both Gallant Pirate and Ben K. Sleet.

SEVENTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, 1 mile—Tremargo, 104 (Howard), 7 to 10, 1 to 3 and 1 to 1; Procia, 103 (J. Reid), 7 to 2, 7 to 10 and 2 to 5, 2; Denver Girl, 104 (Brannon), 15 to 1, 4 to 1 and 3 to 2, 3. Time, 1.53. Almena, Gation Lass, Ball Hazard, Gerrymander, Plume, Rupicola, Wineberry and Irrigator also ran.

WINNERS AT SARATOGA. Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 14.—Although a very ordinary card was run off here yesterday, a big crowd was present. The finish in the mile and five-sixteenths race was very close, Mellow Mint, Quantico and Belle View finishing heads apart in the order named.

WHAT IS GEORGE GIBSON'S VALUE TO B. DREYFUSS, PIRATE MAGNATE?



GEORGE GIBSON.

Pittsburg, Aug. 11.—Suppose you owned a baseball club that was leading the league along toward the three-fifths mark when the race was hotter than Tombstone, Ariz., in dog days, and suddenly realized that you had but one catcher capable of working?

You'd consider said catcher an asset worth pretty near his weight in radium, wouldn't you?

Such is the Pittsburg situation today, and it isn't violating any confidences to say that Col. Barney Dreyfuss, owner, and Fred Clark, manager, look upon Geo. Gibson, the reliable backstop, as the one best bet of the Pirate outfit.

It doesn't require a warrant or a searchlight to uncover the real reason for the Pirates' success. Geo. Gibson, the club's great catcher, has worked in every game save one the club has played this summer, and his knowledge of batters, his hitting and throwing, have done much, very much, to keep his team in front of the running.

One of the men least heard about, Geo. Gibson is one of the greatest catchers that ever threw out a man at second.

Unlike Bresnahan, Sullivan, King and other stars, Gibson is not a showy backstop, but he's there forty ways from the deuce.

"Willing" George is what Manager Fred Clark calls him, and "willing" is right. If Gibson can go through the season without accident and catch every game, as is planned, there is no apparent reason why the team should not hang on to first place. If he falters, the grand defence will all go to pieces like the one he has shay.

Some Sage Advice by Hans

Don't plan out grand stand plays. Don't try to play shortstop if you have to think how you are going to use your feet; you've got time to think of how you will catch the ball only.

COUNTRY JAY REDUCES THE WORLD'S RECORD.

Cleveland, Aug. 14.—Country Jay, King Cole, b.s. (Dodge) ... 5 4 2 Onfield, b.s. (Walker) ... 4 6 dr Argot Hal, b.s. (Benyon) ... 5 5 dr Fred Fitcher, b.g. (McDevitt) 6 dr Hazel West, ch.m. (Valentine) 7 dr. Time—2:04 3/4, 2:06 1/4, 2:07 3/4.

LEAFS BREAK LOSING STREAK---BEAT ORIOLES.

Rochester is Still on the Toboggan Slide--- Detroit Won at Washington.

BALTIMORE, M.D., Aug. 14.—Toronto got away with the first game of the series at Oriole Park yesterday, 6 to 4. The Maple Leafs played inside baseball in the early rounds, piling up a good lead, and while they did badly in the field in the last two innings, the handicap was too much for the Birds.

investigate the case fully before taking action. Score: R. H. E. St. Louis ... 5 11 2 Philadelphia ... 8 13 1 At Washington—Donovan was a puzzle to Washington, especially when runners got on first, and consequently Detroit won handily, 5 to 3. Catcher Blankenship, with a broken finger, was a big handicap to the locals, and the runs of the visitors were chiefly made through his wild throwing. Score: R. H. E. Washington ... 0 6 4 Detroit ... 4 14 1 At New York—Chicago defeated New York 4 to 3, in an uninteresting game, and took possession of fifth place in the race. Score: R. H. E. Chicago ... 4 10 2 New York ... 3 7 4

AT JERSEY CITY.

Jersey City, Aug. 14.—Ford of the Skeeters allowed the Bisons four hits yesterday in a pitchers' battle and beat them by a score of 2 to 1.

AT NEWARK.

Newark, Aug. 14.—The Indians put it on the Royals yesterday. McGinnity's pitching was too much for the visitors. Meyers, of the Indians, made the longest hit of the game, a three bagger. Score: R. H. E. Newark ... 4 8 3 Montreal ... 1 6 1

IN THE AMERICAN.

Cleveland ... 2 7 2 Boston ... 7 10 1 At Philadelphia—In a hard-hitting game here, in which both Waddell and Dygett were knocked off the rubber, Philadelphia defeated St. Louis, 8 to 5.

AT PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburgh ... 2 6 0 Philadelphia ... 1 11 1 At Chicago—New York batted Kroth, Higginbotham and Hagerman off the rubber yesterday at the start and made five runs. Overall took the box in the third with runners on second and third and none out. One hit was made off him in this inning, scoring the last of New York's six runs. A single and Tinker's terrific drive gave Chicago two runs in the second. Raymond was saved twice by two spectacular double plays. Tinker made a single, two doubles and a home run in four times at bat. Score: R. H. E. Chicago ... 2 7 2 New York ... 6 12 1

AT ST. LOUIS.

At St. Louis—St. Louis defeated Brooklyn in the second game of the series yesterday by 5 to 4. Bell was hit hard in the fourth for three runs. McElveen's error, Kousschey's triple and a passed ball by Marshall netted two in the eighth for St. Louis. Score: R. H. E. St. Louis ... 5 7 3 Brooklyn ... 4 8 1

AT BOSTON.

At Boston—Boston batted two Cleveland pitchers hard, winning 7 to 2. It was the eighth consecutive victory for the locals. Score: R. H. E. Cleveland ... 2 7 2 Boston ... 7 10 1

AT PHILADELPHIA.

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ONTARIO CRICKETERS PILE UP A LEAD.

In the first day's play of the annual interprovincial cricket match between Ontario and Quebec at Toronto yesterday, in which each eleven played an inning, Ontario were ahead by 237 to 137, and to-day go to bat for the second inning with an even 100 runs to the good.

Quite a gallery watched the play, among them being his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Gibson and Mr. Wm. Southam, of Hamilton, both of whom had sons playing the game, but yesterday was not their day, both boys being retired with a duck, an unusual thing for the two hard hitters.

Bell, for Ontario, was the brilliant batsman of the day, with the top score, 84, but those who witnessed the batting of H. J. Heygate, the former Sussex player, later in the day, have no hesitation in saying that Heygate was the best batsman on the field.

The feature of the day, however, was the wicket keeping of Corder, for Ontario, the former Gentieman of Ireland player, convincing many that he is one of the best wicket keepers Ontario has ever had.

Play was resumed this morning at 11 o'clock, with Ontario going to bat first, Quebec being all out yesterday ten minutes before the time scheduled to stop. Scores: Ontario—First Inning. 0 H. H. Gibson, b. Wallace ... 0 A. H. Davidson, b. Wallace ... 81 J. Bell, c. Johnson, b. Godwin ... 84 F. C. Evans, c. and b. Godwin ... 41 G. H. Southam, c. and b. Wallace ... 40 H. S. Reid, b. Godwin ... 5 S. R. Saunders (captain), b. Johnson ... 34 H. J. Smith, b. Godwin ... 10 W. Short, b. Godwin ... 12 W. Short, c. Acland, b. Johnson ... 9 D. Corder, not out ... 15 Extras ... 15 Total ... 237

Runs at fall of each wicket: 6, 47, 153, 154, 166, 182, 210, 234, 236, 237.

Bowling Analysis. O. M. R. W. Ave. W. Johnson ... 9.3 1 36 2 15.00 E. Wallace ... 15 1 56 3 18.23 G. B. Godwin ... 17 2 76 5 15.20 R. Hart ... 5 2 15 1 3.00 W. C. Baber ... 13 4 38 ... Johnson bowled one wide and two no balls.

Quebec—First Inning. H. J. Heygate, c. Corder, b. Smith ... 32 N. S. Hoar, b. Short ... 2 W. C. Baber (captain), run out ... 14 O. Wallace, not out ... 46 B. Johnson, b. Smith ... 11 H. Acland, c. Saunders, b. Reid ... 2 E. H. Thompson, b. Davidson ... 17 S. McDermond, b. Short ... 1 D. C. Campbell, run out ... 0 R. S. Hart, not out ... 5 C. B. Godwin, b. Smith ... 0 Extras ... 7 Total ... 137

Runs at fall of each wicket: 35, 35, 65, 77, 98, 102, 125, 127, 137, 137.

Bowling Analysis. O. M. R. W. Ave. Smith ... 14.4 1 63 4 15.75 Brown ... 3 0 16 2 5.00 Short ... 4 3 18 1 4.50 Reid ... 4 3 17 1 16.00 Davidson ... 4 1 17 0 17.00

LIFE OF A LUMBERJACK.

Months of Hard Labor Followed by One Grand Drunk.

In the great Northwest history has been largely made by a man almost unknown as yet to song and story, the "man with the axe," known in every day parlance as the lumberjack.

In the fall just before winter sets in the lumbermen in the business centres send out their tote teams, so called because they are used to transfer the necessary life to the scene of the winter's work.

Thousands of men from the docks, the harvest fields—from everywhere—follow these teams to the woods for the season. From the moment they join until camp breaks up in the spring there is hard, unremitting work.

The strictest discipline is maintained, says Pearson's Magazine; the men are up at 4 o'clock in the morning and work until dark with the exception of the noon time stop for dinner. Lights are out every night at 9 o'clock.

The cook, a very important person in the camp, with his assistants, is first up in the morning, and one of the most noticeable things about modern logging camps is the great change in the bill of fare. The noon day meal is usually prepared and carried out to where the men are working, to save time. The cook brings the dinner piping hot and the men eat it sitting on freshly felled logs, often with the thermometer registering 30 below zero.

But it is at the evening meal when the day's work is finished that the men are at their best; there they talk and laugh and enjoy themselves. After the meal is over they go to the bunk house and light their pipes, sing songs and tell stories.

In every camp is a general supply store where the men may procure the necessities of life. No liquor is sold, as the rule against drinking is rigidly enforced. Often men, craving the stimulant to which they are accustomed, drink patent medicines in place of the forbidden whiskey.

In the average camp nearly every nationality is represented. The foreman will tell you that he likes the Irish for bosses, the German, Swedes and Finns for hard work, while he finds the men of the southern nations, the French and Italians, too light and erratic for the heavy work, besides being too quarrelsome, interfering with the discipline of camp life.

Four-fifths of the men employed in lumber camps are temperate, it is said. The long enforced abstinence in the winter but aggravates their craving for liquor and in the spring when they are released from the discipline of camp life they hurry to the nearest town with their earnings. What happens then is often a very short story, sometimes a bitterly tragic one.

ADAMS IN TRAINING.

George Adams has started to train for his five-mile race with Alf Sellers at the big meeting here on Labor Day night, and he thinks that he will be able to defeat the Toronto man with little trouble, although Sellers has a record that makes him a dangerous opponent for the best man in the running game.

Entry blanks for the open events have been mailed all over the province, and it is expected that there will be a great array of athletes here, and the local boys will have plenty of trouble in keeping the prizes in Hamilton. Three bicycle races are carded, all of which will be handicapped events, and some of the crack riders of Toronto have already entered.

The other open events on the programme will be 100 and 220 yards races, quarter mile, mile race, and a quarter and three mile race for boys under 18. All the events will be handicapped affairs. There has been a brisk demand for entry blanks, which can be obtained from Billy Carroll or from Charles J. Weber, 55 John street north.

A plate of ice cream will sometimes cause a girl to warm up to a fellow.

COMMENT AND GOSSIP

Jim Jeffries did a great and good thing when he left the country, but he erred when he failed to take Jack Johnson and Sam Berger with him.

Bugs Raymond is alleged to have ventured the remark that soda water is not a fitting diet for a big league pitcher with a record.

Indications point to the canning of Nig Clarke by the Cleveland Club, just as soon as the right opportunity appears. The inability of the other catchers to do the work.

Leach Cross is just hopin' for a chance to make Paeky McFarland insensible.

As a receipt for the spit ball cure, a nickle's worth of resin in the pocket of the spit ball pitcher's opponent is highly recommended.

Edward Farrell, the Bobby Kerr of the St. Patrick's Club, will return home to-morrow after a vacation of two weeks. He writes that he is in fine shape to help the St. Pat's defeat the all-star team of the Newspaper League next week.

If Bat Nelson collects that ten thousand from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, because he was ejected, what a picnic a lot of "objectionable citizens" will have going about the country following suit.

The National League race is getting as tight as a well fitting shoe.

James J. Corbett is over in London doing a vaudeville turn. He made a hit. In an interview he positively refused to discuss the fight situation, saying that he was not in the business any more and didn't know anything about it. "I want London to accept me at my worth as an actor," he declared.

The Saratoga Racing Association is enjoying a substantial rake-off resulting from the selling race war that has been in progress ever since the meeting opened. Belligerent owners who because of personal feelings make a practice of bidding up winners may square accounts with their enemies in this way, but the track owners are the real beneficiaries. A horseman who makes an entry in a selling race must expect a boost if he wins, and for that reason an expression of anger, involving threats against the would-be purchaser of such a horse, should result in the infliction of a severe penalty by the stewards, say conservative patrons.

Roger Bresnahan, manager of the St. Louis National League team, was yesterday suspended for three days by President Heydler, of the National League. Bresnahan's suspension was the outgrowth of trouble on the field, in which he figured during the game between New York and St. Louis, in St. Louis, on Wednesday last.

BOXING

New York, Aug. 14.—Willie Lewis definitely put a quietus on the championship aspirations of Sailor Burke last night in the sixth round of what was a ten-round bout at the Fairmont Athletic Club. Burke rarely got under the middleweight limit of 158 pounds, and had the advantage of some ten pounds over his opponent.

Burke had the better of the exchanges in the early part of the fourth, but in the fifth round of slugging, with no advantage for either man.

When the sixth opened, Lewis went at his man like a tiger, and, forcing Burke to the ropes, sent a left to the face and crossed his right to the jaw count, but was up again a second after the bell rang.

A London despatch says: An offer of a purse of five thousand pounds sterling (approximately \$25,000) and half the gate receipts has been made to Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries to fight in London. The syndicate backing the scheme is the same one that recently pulled off the Britt-Summers fight. The idea is to hold the contest at the Stadium of elsewhere in the open air.

The annual rink competition of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club lawn bowling will commence next Monday at 7:45 p.m. The draw is as follows: Preliminary—Aug. 16, 7:45 p.m.—

W. R. Davis, skip, vs. John Sintzel, skip. T. Malcolmson, skip, vs. W. W. Stewart, skip. Geo. E. Price, skip, vs. Frank James, skip. F. R. Newberry, skip, vs. J. A. Laird, skip. G. R. Judd, skip, vs. G. R. Lloyd, skip. First Round. R. M. Moncur, skip, vs. Geo. Shanbrook, skip. August 17. 7:45 p.m.— R. B. Cheyne, skip, vs. E. W. Burrow, skip. W. P. Thomson, skip, vs. E. J. Renwick, skip. Robt. Peebles, skip, vs. Chas. Gardner, skip. R. C. Ripley, skip, vs. winner of No. 5. L. S. McKindsay, skip, vs. R. A. Milne, skip. Winner of No. 1 vs. winner of No. 2.

BOWLING

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BASEBALL

The Churen League is at present in a peculiar position. The St. Thomas' team has for some time been trying to postpone the game until Wheatley, their twirler, returns home. President Deewy, who is also manager of the Saints, is also anxious to have the game delayed. Manager Samuel Mapson, of the Accusions, declares that he will have his team on the field this afternoon, and, if the St. Thomas' team fail to appear, he will claim the game, and further states that he will play today or not at all. The result of this deadlock will no doubt be watched closely by the fans.

Last night's game at Woodland Park, between the Nortons and Emeralds, was postponed till Wednesday, owing to the circus.

SOFT BALL TOURNAMENT.

The Labor Day demonstration committee intends running a soft ball tournament, which ought to bring out some good teams, as individual prizes to the value of twenty-seven dollars (\$27) will be given to the winning team.

Rules and regulations to govern the game are as follows: All teams must place a forfeit of five dollars, to be returned to them immediately after they have played their games, and an entrance fee of one dol-

HOW TEAMS IN THE BIG LEAGUES STAND

Table with columns for Eastern, American, and National leagues, listing teams and their wins, losses, and percentages.

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ADDITIONAL SPORTING NEWS ON PAGE 8

# WHY THIS DEARTH OF BRIDES?

## Remarkable Falling Off in the Number of Marriage Licenses the Country Over

EXCEPT for a handful of localities, chiefly in the South, marriages in the large cities everywhere this summer have fallen off in numbers to such an extent that where, normally, the marriage month of June, for instance, ought to show at least some increase this year over last, recency to the altar has ranged from 5 per cent. in Minneapolis to 33 per cent. in New York city.

By the time summer flirtations were scheduled to begin it looked as though the real, reliable brand of love, as registered in the census returns, was not available in quantities sufficient for fall delivery, much less for the elopements the country ought to be reading about.

Reports from marriage license clerks show a similarity not often in evidence. "Yes," the chorus goes up from those officials, "the marriage month of June made a markedly less demand for orange blossoms."

Why this dearth of summer brides? We do not know, but venture the shrewd guess that a new line might be incorporated into the "Waiting at the Church" song—"I cannot get away to marry you today; my salary won't let me."

### HOW JUNE'S DEMAND FOR MARRIAGE LICENSES TOOK A DROP.

City	1907	1908
New York	4,754	3,203
Boston	1,923	1,843
Philadelphia	1,874	1,788
Chicago	2,308	2,088
Cincinnati	1,080	948
St. Louis	708	624
Baltimore	427	433
Minneapolis	462	436
Louisville	219	218
Washington	474	469

Reports under new license law probably not all in yet. All lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten times discharging less than the tenth part of one—Shakespeare.

THE beach, dotted with bathers, looked particularly lonely under the shelter of the pier, where a stark-naked little sinner against all the rules and regulations dabbled pink toes in a pool forgotten by the sea, and cried as though he had lost everything in the world.

"Why, of all things!" exclaimed one of three entrancing girls, in the sweetly soft drawl that fills the South with the caress of romance, "if it isn't Cupid, crying!"

"Yesum," rejoined Cupid, with a blinking gulp at sight of their loveliness.

"What are you crying about, Cupid, dear?" asked another of them. "Tell us, honey, do I'm from Washington; and Lou, here, is from Atlanta—and Adele's from New Orleans. We all love you."

"Me to get busy!" shouted Cupid, his tear-brimmed eyes flashing all his habitual, mischievous impudence, while he ran for his bow and quiver beside the pier. "You're the only ones, outside of Kansas City and Milwaukee, that seem to care whether I'm still on the earth or simply a classic has-been."

The trio turned to flee, but their feminine curiosity intruded them, despite the danger.

"Cupid, boy, what is the matter?" called Adele, her dark Creole eyes following his rosy form.

"Why, nobody's getting married, all over the whole United States, except you peaches in the South and some of the swains, condonements and excuses they manage to find for the pooriness of his aim this year, and for the failure of his barbs to rankle the normal number into marriage and heartache."

Take the most conspicuous among them, loyal Dr. William H. Gullifoy, registrar of records for New York city. He writes, in response to inquiries:

"The number of marriages reported in June, 1906, was 5733; in June, 1907, 5754, and in June, 1908, 3903. As the new marriage license law went into effect upon the first of January, 1908, comparative figures as to licenses are not obtainable for other years."

"In June, 1908, the number of marriages reported to this department presents a falling off due to two causes. One, the severe financial twist of last November; secondly, there was the putting into effect of the new marriage license law of New York, so that persons who perform the ceremony are compelled to report not only to the marriage license clerk, but also to the Department of Health."

"There have been some violations of the law compelling the filing of reports with the Department of Health. The matter will probably be straitened out by the fall, so that the decrease of marriages reported will not be so extensive as shown in the figures I have quoted."

"Up to June 30, 1908, 15,500 marriage licenses were issued in the county of New York. This department has received reports of 13,976 marriages for the first six months of 1908. During the first six months of 1907, the number of marriages reported to this department was 18,108, a falling off of almost 5000 certificates; so that, in round numbers, there were 2500 fewer marriages solemnized during the first six months of this year than there were during the same period in 1907."

In Boston the registrar will submit the following: Marriage licenses issued during June, 1904, 963; during June, 1905, 976; during June, 1906, 1036; during

June, 1907, 1022; during June, 1908, 943. Total number of licenses issued from January 1, 1907, to June 30, 1907, inclusive, 4175; total number from January 1, 1908, to June 30, inclusive, 3709, a decrease of 466. Philadelphia also experienced the slump. "Hard times," says Chief Goebel, of the marriage license bureau, "seems to have put June wedding bells on the dumb. June last year started 1826 couples enjoying heaven and their honeymoons. June this year furnished bliss for only 1427. And"—mournfully—"we'd been counting so on June!"

"April dropped 350 behind the record, and flower May quit 400 to the bad. They're afraid to get married until business has picked up and the money saved. Sirloin steak at 28 and 30 cents lets love down to bread and cheese and kisses."

### 240 FEWER IN CHICAGO

Chicago's county clerk observes, more in sorrow than resentment:

"Since this office was established the number of licenses issued during the month of June has steadily increased from year to year until 1908, when 240 fewer were issued than in 1907. We attribute the change to unsettled business conditions and lack of employment generally."

The figures make this statement clear: June, 1908, 3063 weddings; June, 1907, 3208; June, 1906, 3102; June, 1905, 2907.

It is pretty nearly the same celibate story everywhere. "Too many men out of work," remarked Jacob Falk, the license clerk of good, old, warm-hearted Cincinnati. "We had 661 marriages in June of last year and only 530 during June of this."

In St. Louis, where they selected a recorder of deeds to register the marriages, they were careful to get one named Joy; and it is the special privilege of St. Louis bridegrooms to call on him and rub in grateful jokes on his name that belong in London's Punch. The very deputies of Joy, from the chief down, are still trying to believe Cupid is only fool-

ing, for they swear they can't perceive anything very dismaying in the discrepancy of 12% per cent, apparent between the 948 marriages of last June and the 1080 of the June of 1907.

"I cannot attribute the slight falling off," Joy's chief deputy in St. Louis hastens to observe, "to anything in particular except financial stringency or 'hard times'; but I do not like to believe this, because June, 1908, exceeded June, 1907, by far as to real estate transfers by recorded deeds."

Adam Deupert, the clerk of Common Pleas in

Baltimore, Md., had the same kind of a hunch, only better. Baltimore—it's hard to believe, but figures don't lie, outside of government reports—Baltimore hit the toboggan nearly as hard at St. Louis, falling from 708 licenses in June last year to only 624 for this year. It took true southern chivalry to explain it on the score of shyness all around; but Deupert did it:

"It is pretty hot for a fellow to dress himself up in a boiled shirt and high collar to face critical eyes who are always on hand at the ceremony. Perhaps



with the approach of so early and hot a summer the boys balked and decided to wait for another time, especially as some of the girls are afraid of being called leap-year brides. Of course, you can't keep them all away, no matter whether it is hot or cool, and I know a few who were not afraid of even the financial stringency."

In 1906, the Buffalo record was 637 for June; in 1907, it was 657; but this year it was down to 481. City Clerk Ballett has it all figured out, so that nobody's to blame and everybody's happy:

"Canadians who formerly came to Buffalo because we had no license system no longer come over. Many of our people go to Canada to avoid the publicity of licenses under the new law. Some go to Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvanians do not come here as they did formerly. Then the financial depression probably has something to do with it; and, further, we find that while couples obtaining licenses at Niagara Falls and some other places are married here, the record is made in the city or town where they obtain the license. But the new law is working well, and we think it is a good thing."

In Minneapolis the merry marriage month of June drops from 462 to 436; down in fond old Louisville it drops from 329 to 237, and the officials of neither city will risk trying to understand it.

But in Kansas City, with great sums of hard cash in the bank vaults throughout Missouri, the June wedding have gone up from 402 to 435. In Milwaukee, where the Wisconsin grain money kept the population busy grinning at the rest of the country last winter, the increase was from 522 to 539, a gain of 17 for this June. And in Washington, where the government keeps most everybody working at good wages year in and year out, this June scored 459 against 474 for 1907's June, a fair average showing.

Farther south one goes, the more desperately determined Cupid seems to have been upon maintaining his record. In Atlanta, there were only two fewer in 1908 than in 1907. And as for New Orleans, for all the hard times and business depression and the rest, there were 382 brides this June, eighteen more than June saw last year.

Even in Washington, where so many persons are happily entrenched behind Uncle Sam's payroll; where it is "sure money," in good times or poor, there was a falling off in the number of weddings. A small decrease, to be sure—only five—yet a decrease none the less.

In June, 1907, there were demands for 474 marriage licenses, but only 469 were called for last June.

Clerk John R. Young thinks Cupid has been as diligent as usual in that vicinity. Perhaps he has, but—

## Curious Facts

IT is not a hundred years ago since stays for women were composed not of whalebone or hardened leather, but of bars of iron and steel from 3 inches to 4 inches broad and 18 inches long. Again, during the reign of George III the top of the steel stay bust had a long stocking needle attached to it to prevent girls from spoiling their shape by stooping too much over their work. In the days of Catherine de' Medici 13 inches was the fashionable size for the waist, and to achieve this an over-corset of very thin steel plate was worn. It was made in two pieces opened longitudinally by hinges, and was secured when closed by a sort of hasp and pin, much like an ordinary box fastening. The best corsets today are made on a foundation of Greenland whalebone, which has steadily risen in price during the last twenty-five years from \$500 to \$15,000 a ton. Cheap whalebone can be bought for \$150 and \$200 a ton, but it soon dries and becomes brittle, thus spoiling the corset as well as the figure.

To keep a racehorse in even moderate condition in England, with proper attendants, costs \$1575 a year.

Signor Koelticker, an Italian sociologist, states that by means of a microphone he has hypothesized that fish have a language of their own, has been fully confirmed. He has heard them carry on a sort of murmuring conversation, which he does not, however, claim to have understood.

Many old houses in Holland have a special door which is never opened save on two occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family. The bride and bridegroom enter by this door; and it is then nailed or barred up until a death occurs, when it is opened and the body is removed by this exit.

The inscription on a large white marble tombstone in Hampstead Cemetery, London, is written in Pitman's reporting style of phonography. It appears that a young wife, who lies buried there, had taken up the study of shorthand, while ill from consumption, to pass away the long days, and had also taught her husband the system. She died soon after he gained a speed certificate.

"The American woman is the most awkward of walkers," said a man who recently arrived in New York after a trip around the world. "I was struck with this fact as soon as I landed in New York. It is the exception that one sees a graceful woman on the street, as they are exceedingly awkward. I have seen women with pretty faces, and neat figures who spoil their looks, in my eyes, by strutting along as though pursued by a demon."

Out of every 100,000 girls and boys in England and Wales 6230 are called Mary and 6900 William.

Germany's colonies are five times as big as herself, those of France eighteen times, and Britain's ninety-seven times bigger than herself.

## The Gambling Fever of the Ocean Voyage



THE turbines of the great ocean liner were racing her screws as they had not raced before; the leviathan was reaching through the heave of the sea like an arrow toward the port of New York. The passengers were betting, with joyous enthusiasm, on her day's run, for that was the day when she was creating a new record for herself.

On the deck a very pretty woman sat, sweetly indifferent to the pulsing of the ship, aroused to interest only when some one emerged from the smokeroom. Below, three expert American gamblers were fleeing at poker a couple of florid Englishmen. The fleeing was said to be thorough, up to the extent of I. O. U.'s from the victims.

and some others with the experts, continued to be sweetly indifferent.

She went away demurely when New York was reached, and the gambling coterie, after being accused of all sorts of villainous things before a police judge, followed with equal nonchalance, for the Englishmen, ready enough to fight, refused to testify.

And so, in the usual fizzle of justice; the latest little sensation in ocean gambling passed into the long record of the game.

THERE was a sequel, although a trivial one. A very old gentleman, whose capacity for entertaining others had aroused during the voyage as much admiration as was accorded his snow-white moustache and imperial, observed, with the faintest suspicion of a drawl:

"I used to play kyarads a little myself on the old Mississippi, when a real gentleman didn't condescend to anything meaner than a Derringer. Seems to me I'm kind of glad I became a common stock broker."

These be degenerate days, indeed, by comparison with those golden days of the wide sidewheeler, when the most dashing gamblers the South and West could boast pitted their skill against the profits of the planters, and risked their lives as coolly as they flipped their aces.

Not even a black eye, nowadays, figures as the usual penalty for "ringing in the cold deck" on the ocean liners. The fleeced ones are so chary of notoriety that they prefer to pocket their losses rather than attempt to recover their cash, and the police court fills them with greater terror than the court of bankruptcy.

So the gentleman gambler—the genuine gentleman gambler of olden day—who depended on his science for his living, and made a rich living at that, has wholly vanished from our ken.

His successor, the primitive card sharp, whose reliance was jugglery of the pasteboards and the appearance of a "gent," has gone the way of flesh, accelerated by alcohol, and, sometimes, a rope. In their stead we have the gang of crooks, who may be no better than burglars, reforming themselves from crime by easy, by very easy, stages.

The true inheritors of the Mississippi gambling are the lake steamers, scores of floating palaces on the Great Lakes, that carry their thousands of "fish" passengers during nine months of the year, and furnish the happiest of hunting grounds for the gambler of the present generation.

Games, for some fairly large stakes, are nearly always in progress on many of those steamers, for Americans from the West, and Canadians who have done well in the North, are sure to be on board, eager

to taste the thrill of the fast life, whose delights they have been working for during years of poverty or abnegation.

No fare layout is permitted—the lake captains see to that. But it is practically impossible to prevent any group of acquaintances from indulging in a friendly game in a stateroom, and the groups form themselves by natural gravitation early in the 1800-mile voyage.

Poker is the game—but a poker so facile for fraud that any veteran of the Mississippi would be ashamed to take the money. From the West has been adopted the use of two decks in the game, with the joker as a fifth ace for filling of flushes and straights.

A pair of coal heavers could skin a "sucker" in a game like that. It has so smoothed the tortuous path of the gambler that, with the police of a waxing civility relieving him of the necessity for carrying a gun, the double deck has emancipated him from the now obsolete "hold out" contrivance, that had a gooseneck running down the sleeve and was operated by the knees.

He even disdains taking the bottom card, using a cold deck, dealing seconds and various other antiquated tricks, which are as needless as they are well known. The double deck and the joker cover the whole multitude of poker's sins.

### PLAYING FOR LARGE STAKES

On the ocean liners the large stakes are, as a rule, played for only among men who know one another perfectly well, and begin their game purely as a pastime, but become so absorbed that they throw off the limit and stick to the table during the entire run.

Such was the famous game played by five financiers on a well-known vessel three years ago, when \$100,000 was said to have changed hands by the end of the voyage.

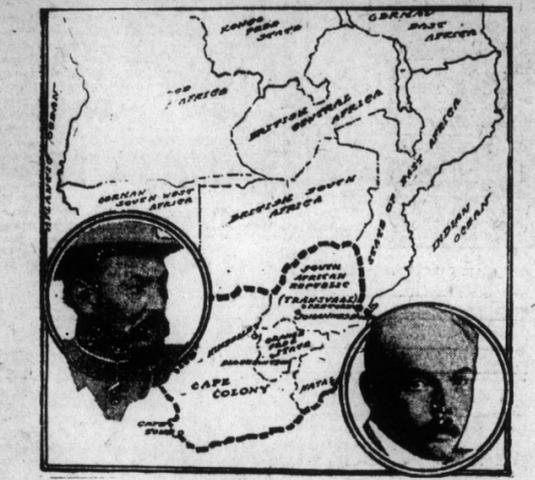
A gentleman gambler of the modern type is simply a gentleman of means, who plays for stakes as high as his means will allow—and sometimes higher. Such men regard the steamship professional as a pitiful "piker," which, by the way, he is. To him, a couple of thousand, which the gentleman player wins or loses with equal sang froid, means a killing fit for jubilation.

Even then, he is afraid of his riches, for the "suckers" may yet squeal, and even though there be no riot, a notoriety ensues that makes the gambler's face too well known for swindling among ocean travelers. So the transatlantic card crook is gradually learning to mark down his prey on shipboard and then skin him in London.

Somewhat the gambling fever seems to get into the blood as soon as the transatlantic passenger begins to breathe the pure ozone and feel the smell of the ocean. Men have been known to spend almost the entire time of a voyage in the smoking room playing cards and keeping the stewards busy. It is this propensity for "getting into the game" that makes the average steamship a promising field for the professional, and many of them spend the greater part of the year crossing and recrossing.

New English-Speaking World Nation Forming in Africa.

In 1902, the close of a bitter, bloody war, Great Britain had the two sturdy Dutch republics, Orange Free State and the Transvaal, down and helpless. There followed much discussion in parliament as to how they should be ruled in the future.

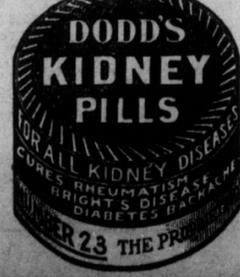


THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA SHOWN IN HEAVY DOTTED LINES, AND TWO MEN WHO HAVE WORKED TO CREATE IT, DR. JAMESON ON THE RIGHT AND GEN. BOTHA ON THE LEFT.

and the new nation will begin its formal existence. And the significant big thing about the constitution—apart from the fact that the colonies have agreed voluntarily on the union—is the power that the colonists place in the English government.

LINCOLN CENT INNOVATIONS.

SOME OF THE FEATURES FOUND ON CENTS OF LONG AGO. Heads of Liberty, the Flying Eagle and the Indian Head the Predecessors of the Lincoln Bust—Changes in the Inscriptions—Forms of the Early Cents.



POLICE RAID ON HANDBOOK MEN

Thirty Alleged Operators Were Gathered In. One Man Tried to Escape in an Automobile.

Police Claim to Have Collected Evidence in Thirty-One Cases. Toronto, Aug. 14.—"Friday, the Thirtieth," will be a marked day on the calendars of several Toronto citizens, for yesterday one of the most successful raids to the credit of the Toronto police was made, with the result that thirty-three alleged handbook operators were placed under arrest, thirty of whom will have to appear in the Police Court this morning.

THE KICKERS' COLUMN

OUR ALTITUDE. To the Editor: What height is Hamilton above the sea level? And which is the higher, Hamilton or Ottawa?—Hamilton First. Hamilton, 303 feet; Ottawa, 294 feet.—Ed.

LORD DUFFERIN. To the Editor: In what year was Lord Dufferin Governor-General of Canada?—E. P. Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada from May, 1872, to November, 1878.—Ed.

AGAIN THE LANDLORD. Editor Times: When I took my house my landlord promised to build steps and a walk around to the side door, and to sod as soon as spring came. He hasn't done anything, but has raised my rent and now refuses to do it at all. Can I keep the cost of it out of the rent?—Englishman.

Better not try. He can make you pay the rent, if you stay in the house. You can recover damages from him, however, if you can make good the case as you state it. Better see a lawyer.—Ed.

CAPACITY OF SILO. Editor Times: I am building a silo, and have been trying to estimate what it will hold. It is slightly over 18 feet inside, and will have about 30 feet deep storage room. A neighbor says it will hold over 100 tons, but I can hardly credit that. What do you say? Dairy Farmer.

King's table of the capacity of cylindrical silos gives the capacity of a silo 18 feet in diameter and 30 feet deep as 151 1/10 tons of corn silage.—Ed.

A WHISKEY DEBT. Editor Times: Can a hotelkeeper put a bill in and seize household furniture for a liquor bill?—A Wife. No. The Liquor License Act provides: "No action shall be brought in any court to recover the price or value of liquor drunk in any inn, tavern, ale or beer house, or other house of public entertainment in which liquor is sold."—Ed.

LINE FENCE. Editor Times: My neighbor has a foot of my lot fenced in, and he refuses to let me move the fence over to its proper place. What should I do?—House Owner.

If your neighbor has been in undisputed possession of the foot of land for over ten years, you may find it hard to dispute his claim. At any rate it is a matter for legal advice and more information than your query furnishes. Any of the legal gentlemen whose cards appear in the Times can give you advice on the matter.—Ed.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

Girl of Eleven Saves Sister From Drowning. Morrisburg, Aug. 13.—While some little girls were bathing in the St. Lawrence River near Point Iroquois, daughter of the editor of the St. Lawrence News, of this place, stepped into a deep hole with a treacherous undercurrent. She was swept off her feet in a moment and was being carried into the main current when her young sister Norma, only eleven years of age, standing on the bank, saw her danger. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed into the river with her clothes and shoes on, and wading out nearly to her neck, succeeded in reaching her elder sister, and with difficulty pulled her into shallow water, thus saving her life.

Had the young sister hesitated a moment or lost her presence of mind, the elder sister would have been drowned, as the current is very swift at this point.

DIED OF BROKEN HEART.

A Nebraska Young Girl's Romance Ends Sadly. Chester, Neb., Aug. 13.—Miss Ruth Youngman died here at the home of her parents, and a broken heart is reported to be the cause of her demise. For two years Lloyd Lay had been wooing Miss Youngman. His attentions were vigorously opposed by Dr. and Mrs. Youngman, and the young people met clandestinely. Together they accumulated and kept a bank account, which was in the name of the girl.

The father heard of the proposed elopement and of the bank account. The girl not being 18 years of age, he secured the money and stopped the elopement. A few days ago they evaded the girl's parents and went to Belleville, Kan., across the Nebraska line. The father heard of it and telephoned the sheriff there, ordering their arrest. An officer followed the fugitives, and the father brought his daughter home and since then she had been constantly in the house. She refused to eat or see people, and to-day died.

GIGANTIC FRAUDS.

Serious Charges Are Made Regarding Alaska Coal Lands. Denver, Col., Aug. 13.—Within a month a hearing will begin in Seattle, Washington, that Government officials here assert will disclose proof of gigantic frauds in connection with the coal lands of Alaska. The facts pointing to alleged frauds are known to Secretary Ballinger, of the United States Department of the Interior, and Fred Dennett, commissioner of the general land office. That more than 200,000 acres of rich coal lands in Alaska, some of them having veins 65 feet in thickness, have been filed upon by dummy entry, procured through agents of large corporations, the land office has evidence to prove, according to information made public. The view of General Land Office Commissioner Dennett, as given out, that all entries found to be fraudulent should be cancelled at once.

One of the coal companies involved in the alleged fraud is located in Seattle, another in New York, and still others in San Francisco, Omaha and Chicago. The so-called dummy entry men were recruited principally from the docks of Seattle, the mines of Butte and the laboring classes of Chicago.

METHODS OF HYDRÓ MEN.

Daniel Reed, M.P.P., Has Seen Some of Their Doings. A Campaign of Bluff and Bounce Among the Farmers. South Wentworth's Representative Talks on the Subject.

(Special Despatch to the Times.) Toronto, Ont., Aug. 14.—Mr. Daniel Reed, Liberal member for South Wentworth in the Provincial Legislature, called at the Parliament buildings this morning and told a Times representative what he thought of Hydro-Electricity buying methods near Hamilton. "It may not be the fault of the Commission, but the buyers are certainly putting up a great campaign of bluff and bounce among the farmers," Mr. Reed said. "Their methods have not been fair, to say the least. A number of cases have come under my notice particularly where buyers have gone to farm-lands and offered them \$20 a tower for each tower erected on their land. If the farmer demurred at the price the reply was: 'That is the price the Government has fixed, and you won't get any more. If you arbitrate it will cost you your farm, and you won't get an extra dollar.'"

"Now, during the last session I called the Premier's attention on the floor of the House to these methods, and was told that the farmer could look after himself. So he can, but we must remember that in dealing with big corporations the farmer feels that he has the Government and the law behind him. In this case he is made to feel that he is fighting the Government, and that it is a hopeless task. The buyer says he is offering \$20 for a couple of feet of ground, about \$700 an acre. That may be true, but you must not forget that these towers project on several feet into a field. To cut around them every time means extra trouble and time spent, and the necessity of going back and cutting the trampled grain with cradle or scythe. So, too, in plowing. Why, the farmer doesn't get one dollar a year for all the trouble he is put to. I know one case of a man who has five rows of maples across the front of his lot, and on both sides of the driveway to the road. The Commission's buyers offered him \$1 apiece for all these trees that they trimmed down. The destruction of them meant \$1,000 to the price of his farm if he wanted to sell it. Then the buyers come along and offer from \$2 to \$5 for mature trees that take 30 years to grow, and are valuable wind breaks. Where some of the farmers have scored has been when the buyers came back and wanted to take the price of the trees after making an original agreement to trim them only. The farmers have learned in the meantime, and demanded a fair price. When the farmer has called the buyer's bluff the latter has come up to his terms, but when the original agreement was made the farmer has not got value. In my own township they have received a fair price, but I am surprised that there has not been a bigger kick before this."

Mr. Reed called on the Provincial Treasurer, but did not discuss the nature of his business.

TRIED TO SUICIDE.

Attacked by Both Temperance and Liquor Forces. North Sydney, N. S., Aug. 13.—Dependent over continued bitter criticisms of his work as license inspector by a local paper, the temperance people and the liquor dealers, L. C. Musgrave late last night attempted to end his life by shooting himself in the head. The deed was committed in his home after his family had retired, but the report of the shot brought Mrs. Musgrave instantly to the side of her husband, whom she found standing on the kitchen floor with the smoking revolver still in his hand. The bullet entered his forehead a little above the eye, and two doctors who were summoned failed to extract it. Mr. Musgrave is still alive and conscious this morning, but it is thought he cannot recover.

A PRECARIOUS COUCH.

A Toronto Man Found Sleeping Across Railway Track. Toronto, Aug. 14.—Lying peacefully, sleeping directly across the railway track at the foot of George street, Michael Duffy, well known to the police of this city, was found last evening by a switchman. The latter, being a kind-hearted man, and thinking the rail was not the softest of couches, removed the slumberer to a more secure location beside the track. Coming back in ten minutes, the switchman found that Duffy had again changed his position, laying his head across another track under some freight cars. The police patrol wagon was summoned, and the sleepy one was transported to the Court Street Station. Ten minutes afterwards the shunting engine came along and pulled the freight cars away.

SPAIN TO CRUSH MOORS.

Whole Sea Force Ordered to Concentrate at Melilla. An All Day Battle at Penon de la Romera. Fearless Foe Entrenched in an Almost Inaccessible Country.

Madrid, Aug. 13.—All the vessels of the Spanish navy have received orders to concentrate at Melilla, Morocco, where a Spanish force of some 38,000 men, under the command of General Maura, is confronted by a strong gathering of Moors, who resent Spain's punitive expedition for the murder by the Moors of eight Spanish laborers.

AN ALL-DAY ATTACK. Penon de la Romera, Morocco, Aug. 13.—The Moors who surround the Spanish garrison here kept up an incessant attack all day Thursday. In the evening, however, they withdrew to the hills and built great fires, by the light of which they continued their fusillade on the town and garrison.

One by one the telegraph wires connecting Alhucemas and Ceuta with Penon de la Romera have been cut by the Moorish bullets, and it is probable that the garrison here will soon be completely isolated. There is no chance, however, that the telegraph employees will succeed in repairing the lines. The Moors have had many men killed or wounded.

MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

Madrid, Aug. 13.—The Herald to-day says a Ministerial crisis is possible between the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of War, who during the recent disorders at Barcelona, issued instructions diametrically opposed. Writing in a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle, Charles Rudy gives the following summary of the case of the present trouble in Morocco. Of the Spanish possessions in Africa, the two most important are Melilla and Ceuta, the former near the Algerian frontier, the latter opposite Gibraltar; in both places as well as in the Zeffirin Islands, Alhucemas, and the Penon de la Romera—the Spanish authorities have established convict prisons. Consequently the purpose served by the colonies is simply and solely that of harboring criminals, and no endeavor was ever made, until quite recently, to use these possessions as a means of penetration into the interior of the Rif. But since the discovery in the vicinity of Melilla of important mines, and their joint exploitation by French and Spanish capital, this particular colony has acquired a new importance, so much so, in fact, that two railway lines have been opened, connecting the town with the mines about 30 kilometers to the south. The construction of the second of these lines by the Spaniards was the signal for the outbreak of hostilities.

The geographical and topographical conditions of the Rif make it one of the wildest and most savage parts of Morocco. It is extremely mountainous, cut up into deep ravines, gullies and hills, valleys through which run the rivers, not even paths. The inhabitants are clansmen, waging continual war upon each other, but quick at uniting against a common foe. It was here that Roghi held the Sultan's forces successfully at bay; here, likewise, that the Moro Valiente—a brigand who met his dues in another world—helped some British soldiers for ransom. The whole of the Rifenos are crack riflemen, born smugglers, bandits, unscrupulous in many ways, but brave as lions and every inch of them men. Under these conditions the difficulties that beset the Spaniards are enormous, not only in the valor of the defenders against invasion, but the very nature of the ground. To penetrate into the interior without a sufficient force and without keeping up a protected line of communication with the base would be rank folly, and it is to be hoped that the Spanish military ardor will not counsel any such rash step.

Whether in any case the game is worth the candle at present is extremely doubtful. Spain herself has nothing to gain by advancing an army twenty or thirty miles into the interior, though by doing so she may favor certain French hopes of a general rising along the Algerian frontier—a rising that would call for French intervention, and thus an enlargement of French territory in Morocco properly speaking. But France and Spain are two countries with entirely different national aims; whereas the Imperial policy of the former advises—rightly or wrongly—the extension of territory in the north of Africa, Spain's national policy must look not even at any change for the present in the Moroccan status quo. Moreover, and this is a point that must be kept in view, the fighting going on in the neighborhood of Melilla will doubtless have an echo and the Spanish troops at Ceuta are as likely as not to have to defend the town against a massing of the local clansmen.

CONSUMPTION IS INFECTIOUS.

Every Precaution Should be Taken to Prevent Its Spread. Persons coming into contact with consumptives should inhale Catarrhose several times each day, as it is a powerful destroyer of disease germs, and renders them innocuous. Catarrhose is a most efficient preventive, and may be thoroughly relied upon to promote expectoration, soothe the cough, and benefit in many ways, too numerous to mention. Both from a medical and scientific point of view Catarrhose is the most valuable addition to the armament against consumption. Its merits cannot be too warmly applauded, and we advise every one of our readers troubled with coughs, bronchitis, throat weakness, Catarrh, etc., to use Catarrhose frequently.

HOW IT WAS ROBBED

Montreal Had to Pay Two Prices For Flagstone. Montreal, Aug. 13.—The investigations before the Royal Commission continue to reveal graft, wire-pulling, rake-offs, and other forms of crookedness. Today's work was in connection with the actions of the Roads Committee. The chief witnesses were F. Labelle, a contractor, and Alderman Lariviere, chairman of the Roads Committee.

Mr. Labelle swore that the city was charged two prices for the same stone. He stated that he had tendered for Port Jackson flagstone at \$1.80, \$1.90 and \$2.15 for four-foot, five-foot and six-foot sizes of flags respectively. The prices paid by the city for the same size, Danforth flagstone, were respectively \$2.15, \$2.33 and \$2.52. "There is absolutely no difference in quality between the two stones," declared the witness. "Port Jackson and Danforth stone are of precisely the same formation. They do not come out of the same quarry, it is true, but they are of the same formation and the same quality; the only difference is in the name."

"In other words," queried Mr. Labelle, "the stones are of the same formation and quality until they reach Montreal, when we have two prices for them?" "Yes, it looks like that," admitted the witness, with a cheerful smile.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The Ontario school Primer was issued on Friday. The T. & N. O. Railway has had a most successful half year's operation. The city's share of Toronto Railway earnings for July exceeded \$2,000 per day. Hay, oats and wheat in New Ontario show remarkable growth, and all crops look splendid. The Rainy River Radial Railway will apply to Parliament for a charter. Mr. Nixon Sturdy, clerk of Goderich township, was fatally injured by falling from a bridge. The schooner St. Joseph was sunk near Amherstburg in collision with the ore-carrier Rockefeller. Immigration returns for June show an increase. The number coming from the United States is increasing very fast. The mail bag stolen from Brighton station last June was picked up on a farm near the town. It was empty. Rev. George Gilmore made serious charges against the morals of Port Stanley at the trial of a number of cases of breach of the Lord's Day Act. The youthful Shah of Persia weeps incessantly, crying to be allowed to join his father. The court house at Washington, Ky., where "Uncle Tom" was sold, was destroyed by lightning. A royal commission has been appointed to report on trade relations between Canada and the United States. Sandy MacAlli, the alleged murderer of Nicholas Laguy, was captured at Brow Siding, near Bath, N. B., where he had hidden in an Italian camp. Mr. William Reynolds, aged 63 years, died at Glen Power after ten days' illness. Deceased was a lifelong resident of St. Catharines, and was for many years postmaster at Reynoldsville. Late next summer or early in the spring the Prince of Wales will go to South Africa to open the Union Parliament.

It was reported at Huntsville that two men, named Hughes and Bewick, had been buried by the caving-in of a gravel pit in which they were working, about two miles from town. A Paris wire says wireless messages from New York are received or intercepted almost daily by the military station on the Eiffel tower. Occasionally radio telegrams have also been received from Canada, which is believed to form a record in wireless telegraphy. Among a herd of young cattle, the property of Thos. O'Connell at Melville, there is a two-year-old heifer which has developed a rather peculiar appetite, none other than a fondness for fish. There are three vacancies on the St. John police force, as a result of a report of a police sergeant, who found three officers intoxicated while on duty. Chief Clark dismissed them all from the force. Edward Wemple, a former Assemblyman, State Senator, Representative from New York to the 48th Congress and twice Comptroller of New York State, returned to the world at Middletown, N. Y., on Friday, almost as from the dead, after thirteen years in the Middletown State Hospital. A counterfeiter's den on the east side of New York was located and raided on Friday by Federal secret service men, who arrested two whom they accuse of conducting illicit coining operations. Finishing touches were being put on a lot of newly-cast ten and fifty-cent pieces. John F. Seybold, world-famous philanthropist and well-known merchant of that city, shot himself to death in his store at Syracuse on Friday. He suffered a nervous breakdown three weeks ago, and had been dependent ever since. Mr. Seybold's stamp collection is said to be worth \$100,000. A sad accident occurred at Underwood, Ont., on Friday, in which William, the 15-year-old boy of Henry Roppel, was killed. He was leading a horse to the back of the farm to mount it, and in some way got caught in the harness, and was dragged some distance. When found life was extinct. The Fuller bill passed the Alabama House on Friday. It provides for raiding places of suspicious character, confiscating and destroying liquor, and preventing advertising the sale of liquor. The vote was 45 to 31. By a vote of 38 to 36 an amendment to cut out the prohibition of advertising was defeated. Shot Father Dead. Dallas, Tex., Aug. 13.—In order to save her one-year-old baby, Mrs. Belle Pistole shot her father to death in the family home yesterday evening. While inflamed with liquor, he rushed to a bureau and drew a 45-caliber revolver from a drawer. As he started to turn, Mrs. Pistole fired twice with a 32-caliber revolver.

# The Quiet Hour

FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

**THE MASTER'S VOICE.**  
When days are dark and nights are cold,  
And all the world seems going wrong,  
When fears are fresh and hopes grow old,  
And die because they've waited long;  
When all is sad without, within,  
And I am plagued with doubt and sin,  
Yet, have I comfort and rejoice  
If I can hear the Master's voice,  
Come to me, thou child distressed,  
Come, find a refuge on my breast;  
Lay down thy burden and have rest.

When clouds are thick, and winds are loud,  
And angry waters rising fast,  
With many leaping waves that crowd  
To overwhelm my boat at last;  
When all my chance of life seems lost,  
Though far astray and tempest-toss'd,  
Yet have I courage and rejoice  
If I can hear the Master's voice;  
Be not afraid, for I stand,  
In every danger, near at hand,  
The winds are still at my command.  
—Henry Vandryke.

### PRAYER.

We bless Thee, O God, that Thou hast consecrated for us a new and living way and that with boldness we may enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. We entreat Thee, for His sake, to receive us graciously, and to visit us with Thy salvation. Be pleased to send upon us Thy Holy Spirit that every evil thing may be cast out; and that all our powers consecrated to the service and glory of God the Father. We ask it in the all-prevailing name. Amen.

### CHRIST'S FRIENDS.

(Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.)  
A little group of men—who had been obscure nobodies three years before—were gathered in an upper room at Jerusalem. The divine Jesus looking around on the company, says to them, "Ye are my friends." They had not chosen Him; He had chosen them. The electric cord of divine love had made the little group one. Presently the chariot wheels of the great arm embrace them, he heard Him keep on saying: "I have called you my friends!" It is the greatest marvel in history; for out of that obscure handful in that upper room has sprung the mighty Kingdom of Immanuel, which shall yet fill heaven with countless myriads of glorified spirits. "Ye are my friends," describes them all.

### ONLY TWELVE HOURS.

A good story is told of a great man in India, who was so careful in the education and training of his son that he engaged an old servant to be constantly in the presence of the boy for this purpose—that whenever he was keenly enjoying some pleasure, the old man might say, "The day hath but twelve hours," and whenever the lad was sick or in trouble, he might repeat the comforting message, "The night is but twelve hours long." A strange and yet admirable idea. The first message would rouse the youth to make the most of time and opportunity, the second would console and cheer him and show him that the night of suffering would soon end. Was not the first motto to be a good one to hang up before our desks? The day hath but twelve hours. Then why waste any of them? Twelve hours will be enough to accomplish all that needs to be done, if they are well used and carefully planned.—The Canadian Epworth Era.

### ON GROWING OLD.

To grow old is sad indeed, if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from becoming white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiseling their way across your brow. But if from all these vicissitudes of which life subjects you, you draw a bit of wisdom, of profit, of goodness, to grow old is to become free and large. One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person who, made better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable, lovelier, more kind in spite of its wretchedness and adores youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a person is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundredfold, and it seems almost to have a soul.—Charles Wagner.

### A TERRESTRIAL INFERNO.

(By a Banker.)  
Envied by some of the loveliest scenery in all Europe, favored by nature, and its beauty and attractions aided by the horticulturist's art, few localities surpass in beauty the modern town of Monte Carlo. Protected from the chilling blasts of the mistral by a range of jagged and pinnacled mountains, its shores laved by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and protected from the southwesterly storms by a jutting promontory, its position is ideally beautiful. Its gardens are visions of beauty, the mild and equable climate permitting a culture of sub-tropical trees and shrubs which glow luxuriantly in its sheltered glens and dells, while its parterres are in early spring ablaze in a glowing many-hued display of exotic foliage. Tall, handsome minarets towering upwards to the azure skies are laden with their masses of golden bloom, and lofty palms of many varieties add to its tropical aspect.

But all this beauty is spoilt and disgraced by a great structure, built in execrable taste, which dominates the place. And what a pitiable spectacle does the interior of that great white gaming hall present! There are gathered moneyed ruffians, fashionably dressed swindlers, dissipated profligate, the moral scum of Europe, jostling together with wealthy and even high-born ladies, young and old who, if they do happen to win anything substantial, possibly find their winnings coolly raked in and appropriated—with all sorts and conditions of men and women, all thrilled with the lust of greed, all watching with feverish excitement the revolutions of a little ball.

pression of these gamblers. Here a female, apparently a lady, glowing with extreme satisfaction as she rakes in a win before it is swept off by well-dressed sharpers; here a foolish young fellow who has lost all his travelling money, and sinks out with a woe-begone, lugubrious expression on his face; or here perhaps a fatuous weakling who has lost the earnings of a lifetime, and, knowing that his wife and family will be plunged in penury, with grim resolve goes out into the night, and, unless happily restrained, adds to the number of hushed up tragedies constantly happening in that resort of ruin.

Surely those who remember that this present life is but the brief probationary stage in that after-life which has no ending, should abstain from participating in that demoralizing saturnalia. For surely it must be displeasing to the pure and holy Son of God, who, to save us from the punishment, and also from the power of sin, Himself on the cross paid the penalty due by all who come to Him for eternal life. But there will come a time when those who willfully ignore Him will remorsefully and bitterly rue it!

### INFLUENCE.

What mountain side is this that holds the portals of the infinite, who stands at the portal endowed with telescopic, microscopic power, availing, bending, directing these invisible tides? Flooding the universe of God with the breath of His mighty heart, who marks the lines of latitude and longitude on this potent sphere; who navigates these uncharted seas, pure white muslin sails are inflated, fleets innumerable pass the headlands; there is no signal, there is no voice; the life is in the breath, the breath is in the life, the wind bloweth where it listeth; then heard the sound of feet, the sound of the wind, who cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is touched by the Spirit. The visible is great, the invisible is greater still! Is there unity in this glorious universe; do these living atoms touch other atoms? Are my thoughts broad, do I feed another? Do I mould the leaves, notwithstanding I kept growing worse. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## TO THE MATRONS OF PALE GIRLS

A Case Showing How the Tonic Treatment Restores Lost Health.

Anemia is simply lack of blood. It is one of the most common and at the same time most dangerous diseases with which growing girls suffer. It is common because the blood so often becomes impoverished during development, when girls often over-study, over-work and suffer from lack of exercise. It is dangerous because of the stealthiness of its approach and because of its tendency to grow so steadily, if not promptly checked, that it may run into consumption. Every growing girl should take an occasional tonic to ward off the insidious trouble; and in all the world there is no tonic that can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich blood, which promptly makes weak, pale, listless girls bright, rosy and strong. Miss A. M. Dugay, Lower Cove, N. S., says: "I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water. I was pale as a sheet; I suffered from headaches, and floating specks seemed to be constantly before my eyes. As the trouble progressed my limbs began to swell, and it was feared that dropsy had set in and that my case was hopeless. Up to this time two doctors had attended me, but notwithstanding I kept growing worse. It was at this juncture I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I was much improved. I kept on using the Pills until I had taken eight boxes, when my health was completely restored."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures cases like this because they go to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure rheumatism and indigestion, nervous headaches and rickety neuralgia, and all those troubles from which growing girls and women of mature years so often suffer in hopeless silence. If Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## The Sunday School Lesson

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 15, 1909.  
Paul's Third Missionary Journey.—Ephesus. Acts 18: 23-28. 22. Print 18: 8-20.

Commentary.—I. Apollo and his visit to Achaia (vs. 24-25). Apollo was a learned man and an eloquent orator, yet he knew nothing of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. "Aquila and Priscilla unfolded to him the wonderful fact of a Messiah already come. They gave him the history of the incarnation, the miracle, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, the pentecostal outpouring and the commission to convert the world. The pupil was soon superior to his teachers." Apollo soon went into Achaia, of which Corinth was the capital. Here he preached with great power. He appears to have had good success.

II. Paul's preaching and miracles (vs. 1-12). Paul soon came to Ephesus. This was in accordance with the promise made when returning from his second missionary journey (chap. 18, 21). Ephesus was not only the capital of the province, but was the city of the greatest importance in all Asia-Minor. At Ephesus Paul preached the gospel, and through the laying on of the apostle's hands the Holy Spirit came upon the disciples (vs. 2-6). S. Spake boldly—Paul went to the synagogue on all occasions of religious services, and it appears that the utmost freedom was given him in preaching the gospel with the synagogue, but also to withdraw the whole number of the Christians from it. The Way (R.V.)—The term Way is here given as a distinctive name to the Christian religion. School of one Tyrannus—After leaving the synagogue Paul chose the lecture room of a man named Tyrannus, as a place suitable for his religious teaching. Inasmuch as Ephesus was a Greek city, where literature, philosophy and rhetoric flourished, this was doubtless the school of a Greek rhetorician. The room was open to Paul, not only on the Sabbath, but also at all other times.

III. Continued... Two years—To the Ephesian elders he said he had not ceased to watch them for the space of three years (Acts 20, 31). The statements must not be regarded as conflicting. The two years should be added the three months of vs. 8 and also the time which preceded Paul's preaching in the synagogue. According to Jewish custom, the first year may mean only one full year and part of a year which preceded and followed. All... which dwelt in Asia heard—During these years in Ephesus Paul made a profound impression and all Asia was stirred. "Aided by his faithful fellow ministers, and perhaps by his consecrated twelve (vs. 6, 7), he could not only thrust the law and the gospel from the academic hall of Tyrannus, but in the surrounding rural territory, and even the other great Asiatic cities. Thousands who came to Ephesus to worship in the temple of Diana, came to hear the gospel of the Savior in the school of Tyrannus. Other thousands heard the gospel from the apostle's faithful missionaries, who at literally all Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus." It was during this period that the seven churches of Asia, and probably many more, were established.

IV. From his body—The Revised Version here is to be preferred. Apparently these aprons had probably been used by Paul in his ordinary labor when working at his trade as tent-maker. Diseases departed—They resorted to this course, probably, because the throng was so great that the sick could not be brought directly to the apostle, or in business were too busy to be removed from their homes.—Hackett. It is well to notice that the apostle did not recommend such a course, but the faith of the people was such that they resorted to these methods, and God was pleased to honor their faith.

V. Vagabond Jews defeated (vs. 13-17). 13. Haggion—"Struggling." R. V. These were similar to modern gypsies and fortune-tellers. "Certain Jews who went about from place to place, professing by charms and spells to cure diseases." Exorcists—Men who, by the authority of the name of some powerful being, solemnly assumed to require the demon to depart so effectively as to be obeyed.—Whedon. Call over them—Knowing that Paul cast out demons through the name of Jesus, they thought that by using the same name they could produce the same effects. Adjure you—We bind you by an oath.—Barnes. Whom Paul preacheth—No doubt they had often heard Paul proclaim the divinity of Christ in the hall of Tyrannus, and they were asking, "Why this title is given to him we cannot tell, but he was probably the head of one of the twenty-four courses and a ruler of distinction. 15. Evil spirit answered—The evil spirit in the man spoke through the man. Compare Mark 3: 11. Jesus I know, etc.—That is, I know his power and authority and I know Paul as his servant. Who are ye—You have no power or authority; you are not his followers, and so are only pretenders in the use of his name.

VI. Both of them (R. V.)—It appears that only two of the seven sons were present on this occasion. Prevalled—The man in whom the demon was raging tore off their clothing and wounded their bodies, so that they fled in disgrace from his presence. Several similar instances are recorded. See Mark 5: 3; 9: 17-29; Luke 9: 42. Naked—This need not be taken in its strict sense. It could be applied to those stripped partially of their raiment.—Hackett. 17. This became known (R. V.)—Gradually the news was spread abroad. Fear fell—This occurrence created a great sensation, and produced a fear of that mysterious power which was ascribed to the name of Jesus.—Lange. "The Ephesians were so bound up in belief of magic that it seemed necessary to show that the gospel was mightier than these other powers, which came from Satan, the father of deceit." Was magnified—The transaction showed that the miracles performed in the name of the Lord Jesus by Paul were real and proved the doctrine he taught. Imposters could not work such miracles, and those who pretended to do so only exposed themselves to the rage of the evil spirits. It was thus shown that there was a real, vital difference between Paul and these imposters, and their failure only served to extend his reputation and the power of the gospel.

VII. Many converted (vs. 18-20). 18. That had believed (R. V.)—These were either professed Christians, whose consciences were now so powerfully wrought upon that they were led to confess their sins; or now converts to Christianity who, before this time, had not received the light on these things. Came, and confessed—When the conscience is truly awakened there will always be a humble confession of sins committed. Declaring their deeds—(R. V.)—They told how they had been connected with superstitious practices, and had indulged in witchcraft and sorcery. 19. Curious arts—Arts or practices requiring skill and cunning, such as magic and sleight of hand, which are practiced so extensively in Eastern countries. Books—There were no books then such as we have now; these books were parchment rolls which contained their mysteries and described their heathen practices. But, then, etc.—Confession is cheap, but reformation is often costly. A false penitence would have sold these books, and kept both the money and the credit for piety.—Whedon. Before all men—Publicly. The course these people pursued would, I. Show that they were genuine, 2. Show that they had been guilty, 3. Show that they never expected to return to them. 3. Remove the temptation to return. 4. Prevent others from being injured by them. 5. Be a public testimony in favor of the truth. 6. Show their joy in their conversion. Fifty thousand pieces—The sacrifice was very great. "The 50,000 pieces of silver, if reckoned in Jewish money (shekels) would be about \$35,000."

VIII. "This one word 'so' is a divine 'Amen,' a testimony of approval coming from heaven." PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

The Tests of Christianity.

I. Christianity proved by special miracles. Under the shadow of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, where superstition and miracle-workers abounded, "God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them and the evil spirits went out of them" (vs. 11, 12). In every age miracles have proved the power of God. Ephesus was the centre of magic, witchcraft and jugglery. The Ephesian letters were celebrated. They were a combination of letters on words, which, being pronounced with certain intonations of the voice, were believed to be effectual in curing diseases and expelling evil spirits. Being written on parchment, and worn, they were supposed to guard from evil spirits and danger. In such a city, among pretended magical wonder-workers, Paul was given special power to do even greater things than the sorcerers pretended to do.

II. Imitations of Christianity end in failure. Certain "exorcists" seeing Paul's wonderful works, impiously sought to imitate him. Paul had cast out evil spirits and they would do the same. Paul had cast them out in the name of Jesus and they sought to do it by the same method; but they could not say, "We adjure you by the name of Jesus Christ whom we love and whom we serve," they said, "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth" (vs. 13). "They failed at every point; and as the minister who says to his hearers, 'I adjure you by the Christ whom the apostles preached.' If I have to preach a Christ whom another man preached, I have to commit a lesson to memory and to recite it verbatim, and I must be a Christian in my own heart, the hope of glory, living with me day by day, then men must be constrained to say that I have been with Jesus and learned of him."

III. The Christians proved. I. By their faith. "They believed" (vs. 18). Faith in the Christian life as love is the greatest (1 Cor. 13: 13). Without faith we cannot please God (Heb. 11: 6). Without faith we cannot know the blessedness of any Canaan experience (Heb. 3: 19).

2. By their confession. "Came and confessed" (vs. 18). These men who had "been the dupes of the magicians came and acknowledged how shamefully they had been deluded and how deeply they had allowed themselves to be implicated in such practices."

3. By their works. "Showed their deeds" (vs. 18). What they did showed where they stood. A true Christian never lives like a worldling. A Chinaman coming to this country soon after his conversion was shocked to find how professed Christians here were linked to the world. Referring to the many unlawful things in which certain ones indulged, he remarked, "In my country, when the disciples come out from the world, they come clear out." Shall heathen China set us an example, and we refuse to follow it?

4. By their sacrifice. "Brought their books together and burned them" (vs. 19). "An inquirer, honest and earnest, surprised that the Christian way did not open to him at once, thought of something he was not willing to give up to please God. It was a library of infidel books of which he was proud, and which he could not help reading at times; but when the issue became manifest, he made the sacrifice, and then the way was revealed."—A. C. M.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

Variety of Opinions Among Eminent French Doctors.

A number of French medical men have given their opinion to the Medical Society of Paris on what they consider the healthiest position for sleep. Dr. Delorme, army medical inspector, declares that the natural position is to lie flat on one's back. Professor Debonne and Dr. Daveniere, of the School of Hygiene, are of the same opinion, and point out that lying on either side causes pressure of the arm, which may eventually bring about paralysis. Dr. Landouze, of the medical faculty, says that the best position is the most comfortable position, and this is acquired by habit. It would be well, however, to accustom oneself to sleep on the right side. Dr. Letulle, of the Medical Academy, maintains emphatically that the sleeper should always lie on the right side and thus avoid indigestion and heart troubles.

In starting contradiction comes a statement from a heart specialist, Dr. Huchard: "I always sleep on my left side, and I think it is quite immaterial whether you lie on your left or right side. The idea, however, that those who cannot lie on the left side suffer from heart affection is quite erroneous."

### TIMES PATTERNS.



AN ATTRACTIVE WORK APRON.  
No. 5993.—A large protective work apron is most indispensable to the busy housewife. The one illustrated is somewhat unique in shape, and quite attractive as well as practical. The skirt is wide and full, covering the entire dress. The front is fitted into the figure by means of garters and presents an unusually neat appearance that will be appreciated by the particular woman. Gingham and percale are the most serviceable materials to use in the making of these aprons, but linen and cambric are also suggested. The medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes small, medium, large. Pattern illustrated will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

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If he passes the examination, says Fur News, he is notified to hold himself in readiness to sail at a certain date for some post on the bay, but before entering the service he must sign a formal enlistment for the term of five years. He does not know it at the time, but that five years enlistment, with very few exceptions, means a whole lifetime.

Upon his arrival at York Factory he is generally sent to pass the first five years of his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts of the Mackenzie River and Athabasca that he may be entirely severed from all diversions of the outer world and may learn without distraction the practical working of the Indian trade.

During this period he is paid the sum of £20 a year, with rations. Quarters are furnished free of cost and he has the privilege of purchasing clothing from the company's store at 10 per cent above cost. As clothing is the only expense he can possibly incur, the bulk of his compensation remains in the hands of his employers, drawing compound interest.

For the first few years he is salesman at the company's trade rooms, but on occasional trips to the Indian camps on trading expeditions with the chief trader. His next advance is to the accountant's office of the post, where he receives the official designation of clerk, and at this position he remains until at least fourteen years of service have elapsed, after which he is placed in one of the depots or district headquarters as chief clerk. By this time his salary has been increased to £100 yearly and his ambition points only in the direction of further preferment in the same service.

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# The DAY of the DUEL

A TEXAS KNIGHT ERRANT



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It was long after midnight when young Fisk made his way somewhat unsteadily to his cabin on the Louisville boat. His wife, a bride of three months, was still awake and reproached him gently.

"I think it is hardly safe for you to play cards with strangers, Frank," she said rather timidly.

"It's all right, my dear, I assure you," he answered, with unwonted precision of speech. "Excellent fellows. Didn't resent it a bit when I cleaned them out. A man must have a flutter once in a while, you know."

"Did you win?"

"Should say I did. At least five hundred. They taught me the game, but I was just a trifle too much for them."

In her inexperience and faith she yielded her objection, reflecting that, after all, he was a man among men and that it was not hers to interfere with amusements that pertained so distinctively to the masculine sphere. And then he had won. She did not wonder at that. Frank was clever at everything.

By the time the steamboat reached Louisville Fisk had reason to believe that he possessed natural and hitherto unsuspected gifts in the matter of twenty card poker. He marvelled that he had never discovered this important fact before. The three prosperous New York brokers with whom he played had noticed it at an early stage, and while he had modestly sought to evade their compliments on his skill it was really impossible to overlook the tangible results.

Fisk had left Natchez on his wedding trip and was now returning thither. He had done well as a planter and had been doubly fortunate in an opportunity to act as agent for many of his planter acquaintances during his visit to New York and Boston. It was the custom to collect the proceeds of the year's shipments of cotton and sugar each fall and a dozen wealthy residents of the Mississippi city had been glad to intrust Fisk with their business instead of making the journey themselves. He was bringing back a large sum in cash, the commission from which would suffice to cover his expenses since the wedding.

He had no means of knowing that the three "brokers" with whom he had spent so many pleasant and profitable hours on the Louisville boat were members of a clever band of card sharps who operated between east and south over the rivers. They kept watch upon the offices of the shipping firms along the coast, waiting for men like Fisk, planters flush of money after making their collections. Fisk had been marked and they had learned his homeward route. The three had preceded him to Pittsburg and had fallen in with him there.

The young man looked forward to parting from his amiable companions with regret, and it was a matter for warm rejoicing when he learned that they had decided to continue their trip to Baton Rouge. At his earnest solicitation they agreed to take the steamer from Louisville on which he had engaged passage, leaving that city three days later. On boarding the Orleans for her southern trip he was greeted with effusion by the "brokers."

"I'm afraid you'll have to lend me return fare by the time we reach Natchez as a matter of common charity," said one of them ruefully. "Can't you go a little easy on the unfortunate father of a large family?" continued the speaker, who was known as Smith.

"Oh, come, now," laughed Fisk; "it's not as bad as that. My luck can't last forever, you know."

## The Hint Dropped.

"Now, that's just what I thought at first," chimed in Sprague, the tallest and handsomest of the three. "You remember, boys," he said, appealing to the others, "I predicted that Fisk's winning streak would turn at the second sitting. But it didn't. I'm a nigger if I wouldn't like to know his system. I've played some before, but I never saw a man who took to the game so like a duck to water as our friend. It's more than luck, you can stake on it."

"Whatever the trick, it works," said Fuller, the third "broker." "I can see that plantation I was going to buy gone a-glimmering if he keeps his pace."

Fisk waved their remarks aside with a smile and started the glasses around, after which conversation drifted into business channels. The men were well informed concerning crop conditions, and until dinner time discussed topics familiar to Fisk without a word concerning gambling. During the evening, however, the group gravitated toward the men's cabin on the main deck, and Mrs. Fisk found herself alone once more. She knew where her husband had gone and felt some return of her former uneasiness, but suppressed it, taking herself to task for her selfishness and lack of confidence.

Dawn was breaking before the game broke up, and at his close Fisk crept up to his cabin on the deck above with stealthy step. He did not care to be questioned this time, and it was with infinite relief that he found his wife asleep. He slipped into his berth without waking her and counted over the situation. He had lost not only his winnings, but the share of the money he carried which he might properly consider as his own. However, he comforted himself with the thought that he would win it back on the morrow. It was unthinkable that one who had mastered the game so completely as himself could be checked seriously by a streak of ill luck.

When the boat reached Vicksburg Fisk found himself with about \$5,000 left out of a total of \$70,000. His depression, abstracted manner and brusque responses had not failed to reawaken his young wife's alarm. She had divined something of the cause, though not its extent, and had even ventured to take him to task. The result had been the first sharp word she had ever had from him, and the delicate

little woman, nursing the only unhappiness that had entered her sheltered life, had retired, hurt, tearful and confused.

Fisk, left to himself, figured the chances with fatalistic precision. He was ruined. His resources had been wiped out in the vanished sum and he now owed more to his friends at home than he could ever hope to repay. He pictured to himself his return, disgraced, penniless, a felon, to the city he had left with such bright expectations. It was too late to draw back. He ran over the course of his losses, which had occurred with a rapidity that blinded him to the quicksand. Even now he had no suspicion of his companions, whose attitude toward him had been more than solicitously friendly since the golden stream had flowed from his purse. As he saw it there remained but one slender possibility. With his last \$5,000 he might regain his ground.

He drank heavily at the card table that night, playing in an erratic manner that served for a time to win an advantage. During a brief pause at one of the steamer's stops he found himself several thousand dollars toward recovery. Stepping out on the deck he

fascinated, eyes fixed upon the cooling rush of water. His hat fell from his hand, spun a moment in the whirling eddies and danced swiftly away.

The only light on the deck was that at the foot of the companionway. On the stairs beneath the faint rays crouched a woman, her face drawn and aged beyond semblance of the girl wife who had been the talk and admiration of the boat when she boarded it at Louisville. She was staring with terrible intentness at the man by the rail. Her hands grasped the banister convulsively. Slowly, with almost sinister deliberation and stealth of movement, she came down a step at a time.

Suddenly Fisk, who had not removed his gaze from the persistent white wave, flung a leg over the railing. The woman cried out and flung herself toward him. He turned a baggard face upon her and released his hold an instant before she reached him. But in that tense space his wrist was seized in an iron grasp and he was drawn bodily, rudely, back to the deck.

## The All Night Game.

He came to some realization of things to find himself struggling in the arms of a tall, stern faced

which turned the stranger's luck sharply. He lost on each and allowed an expression of irritation to escape him. In that instant the three others exchanged signals.

## The Fatal Deal.

Fuller, who sat opposite the stranger, was dealing. Sprague was at his left and Smith at his right. While the cards were being dealt Sprague went \$10 blind, the ante being \$5. After looking at his hand the stranger put in \$20 and Smith did the same. Fuller raised them both \$20. When it came to Sprague's turn he shoved \$130 forward, raising \$100. The stranger met the raise and Smith raised \$100 more. Fuller then threw down his hand. For ten minutes the bets were swiftly made, Sprague and Smith forcing the play and raising whenever it came their turn. The stranger, sitting between them, quietly met every advance, showing no hesitancy. The pile of money

The name of the most famous and fearless adventurer of the Southwest, synonymous with high and proved courage, attached to a desperate enterprise and the knife which he had invented, a terror to the wildest of reckless men, fell like a whiff of spray upon the simulated resentment of outraged honor. There remained, however, the anger of the freebooter beneath of his spolia. Fuller and Smith, who had advanced to support Sprague, fell back. The latter was more mettlesome, though his tone had changed.

"Bowie or Nimble Nick—this is where you have a charge of lead for breakfast. I repeat my challenge, sir."

"That is decidedly better. I accept it, with thanks," said Bowie. "Sir, he said, turning to Fuller with ready resolution of the immediate situation, "as a man without friends I trust that you can see your way to act for me in this delicate affair."

The man addressed, a distinctly lower type than Sprague, was loath. But terror induced by the identity of the one they had sought as a second victim left him no choice. Assuming a dignity that he was far from possessing, he bowed and drew aside with his principal. It was agreed that the duel should take place at once with Derringers as weapons.

While Fuller met with Smith in final negotiations, Bowie, carrying his handful of money, ascended to the cabin of the Fisks, rapped at the door and unlocked it. It was opened by the young wife, who had kept unhappy watch upon the restless slumbers of her husband. Her face, white and pitiful, lighted with gratitude as she saw the man who had stepped between Fisk and death the night before.

"Has he slept?" asked Bowie.

"She nodded, trying bravely to smile.

"Oh, yes, I think he will be all right when he wakes. But what shall I tell him? I have been trying to plan all night, but there seems to be no way."

She looked at him appealingly, hopelessly, such a look as James Bowie had seen seldom in his life, with great gray eyes and lips that trembled. He passed a moment, vain to fix that image in his brain, then thrust the hat hastily into her hand.

"Here is the money," he said briefly, almost roughly. "If I don't come back two-thirds of it is your husband's, what he lost to those rogues. The rest is my own. If I am missing at noon you will find out who owned it. I am missing at noon you will find out who owned it. I am and give it over to the proper person. Goodbye."

Without waiting to answer her incoherent and bewildered questions he turned on his heel and returned to the bar. Sprague and his second were waiting and the party climbed to the hurricane deck.

The paddle boxes of the Orleans were of an antiquated design, not curved but square, the high, with flat tops that reached within two feet of the hurricane deck. The Derringers were Bowie's own, flintlocks of beautiful make and finish. They were loaded by Smith and Fuller, Bowie looking well to the operation and examining each weapon. He then courteously accorded Sprague the choice, and the principals each took their positions on the paddle boxes. This placed them about twelve yards apart, exposed to each other above the knees. Fuller and Smith stood off to one range.

According to the agreement Smith was to say "One, two, three, fire, stop," with the interval of a second between each word. The pistols were free to shoot at any time between the first syllable and the last.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Smith.

Both signified that they were.

## The Duel.

"One!" said Smith. The pistols came up to position. It was clear early morning, the red rim of the rising sun just showing above the eastern shore. Sprague stood with the light full upon him, a graceful and striking figure, his smooth face set and firm, the breeze from the progress of the vessel blowing his long hair back from his forehead. He showed no trace of nervousness. Bowie was gaunt and angular, with crested body and arm as steady as a rib of steel.

"Two!" Still there was no change in the picture.

"Three!" His voice was lost in the sharp report of Sprague's weapon, shattering the quiet. Bowie did not move.

"Fire," continued Smith. Bowie's pistol spoke at the word. The elder man retained his unbroken poise, his opponent stood with mouth compressed. The seconds looked anxiously from one to the other of the principals, when Sprague, without a sound, crumpled rather than fell to the top of the paddle box. Smith and Fuller started forward, but the young man's muscles relaxed and he slipped over the edge in front of the revolving wheel before they could reach him.

The three men on the hurricane deck held their places a moment, with thoughts intent upon the falling body, now beneath the powerful blades. Then Bowie, with a casual glance toward the young man's muscles relaxed and he slipped over the edge in front of the revolving wheel before they could reach him.

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Just before noon, when the steamboat was to stop at a small landing, he knocked again at the Fisk cabin. It opened almost at his touch and an eager little hand drew him inside. For some minutes the man whose every action spelled self-command, stood helpless, vainly trying to stem the warm gratitude of a woman who had lived through a lifetime in one day and who knew that she owed whatever happiness might still be hers to him. Fisk slept on while she talked, and Bowie could not check her until she had said it all, that had gathered in her breast during the hours of horror, the moment of respite and the later period when vague fears for the fate of her deliverer had assailed her. He had recourse to counting the money in the hat to escape her.

There was a few dollars more than \$100,000, and of this he turned over to Mrs. Fisk \$70,000, the sum which, as he had learned, had been taken from the young planter. The rest was his own and he pocketed it. This business completed in businesslike manner, he held out his hand.

"I am leaving at the next landing," he said in a matter of fact voice.

"But you cannot go until Frank has thanked you," she said in surprise. "Surely you will not leave us so after he has done?"

"Much obliged. I hardly think he'd appreciate it much," he answered dryly. He would have gone, but his eyes rested upon hers, and what he saw there drew him from his mood. He came close to her.

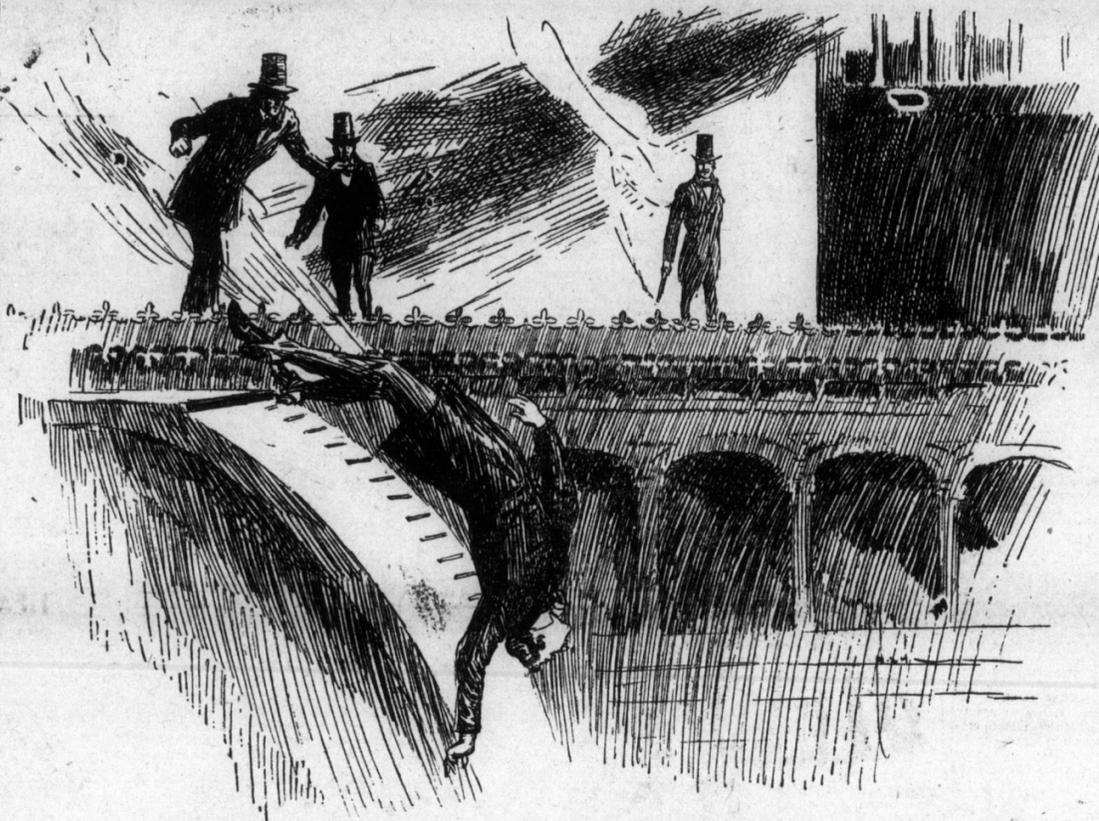
"It is better this way," he said. "When your husband recovered and has had time to scan the lesson that this incident has taught him you can tell him who it was that helped you. And perhaps when you hear me speak of Jim Bowie as of a fiend incarnate you yourself may have a kindly thought for me."

Both her hands nestled on his arm. She did not remove them when he spoke his name, her glance did not fall. He took her hands in his grasp for a moment, and gazed again at the fair, flushed face so near to his.

"Goodbye," he said suddenly, and bowed formally as he opened the door.

"Goodbye," was her answer, softly. She did not seek to detain him anew.

As the door closed she turned and, sank by the berth on which lay the sprawled, unconscious form of her sleeping husband.



HE SLIPPED OVER THE EDGE IN FRONT OF THE REVOLVING WHEEL BEFORE THEY COULD REACH HIM.

was surprised to find his wife there. He began to remonstrate, but she took him by the arm with a pleading gesture.

"Frank, you must stop this," she said in a decisive manner that was new to him. "One of the plots told me what has happened. I don't care for the money, Frank. We can make it up in some way. But these brokers of yours are professional gamblers. I am sure of it. Leave them now while you can save what you have left."

He flung her off.

"It's too late," he said shortly.

## Plea of the Wife.

"Then it is as bad as that," she answered gravely, but with the words all her tenderness swept back and she clung to him. "No, it's not too late, dear. Think. It means much more than that we should keep our trust and love for each other than that any conceivable sum of money should be ours. I ask you to leave these men. It is madness to suppose that they will ever let you win back what they have taken from you. Save the little you have and come with me. Have I no longer a claim upon you?"

All the power she could summon, all the intensity of newly given affection, all the charm and beauty of her passed rapidly, the "brokers" no longer heeded her vehement words. But the flicker of returning confidence combined with what he had drunk to make him hard and reckless. He told her to go to her berth, and left her, consoling himself in his twinge of conscience that she would yet thank him for having shown his strength of purpose in an emergency.

As she turned slowly toward the companionway, despair clutching at her heart, she brushed unheeding by the tall figure of a man who had been an unwitting spectator of the little scene. The light at the foot of the stairs fell softly upon her, and as she stood aside he caught a glimpse of her face, blinded by tears. He watched her for a moment as she ascended, then turned and followed Fisk into the men's cabin.

The stranger was middle aged, powerfully built and carried himself with the ease and poise that bespeak an active life among men. He quietly took a seat near the four players and casually observed the situation. Fisk, after the resumption of the game, began to lose again steadily. He plunged desperately on a hand of moderate strength and more than half of his remaining sum disappeared. The cards were shuffled, dealt and passed rapidly, the "brokers" no longer heeding their skill or keeping up the fiction of a friendly pastime. It was the familiar operation known on the river as "three pluck one," shorn of all pretence now that the victim was nearing the end.

In the final crash Fisk bore himself with a boisterous, carefree manner which was patently the product of nerve strain and whiskey. He tossed his last gold coin to the centre with a jarring laugh and saw it swept into the winnings of one of the others. He remained to accept a last drink, then flung out upon the deck. The stranger, who had not been noticed, snatched after him.

The night was overcast. The river bank was visible only as a broad, vague line between the lighter stretches of sky and river. Below, from the paddle-wheel, ran an endless white path of foam stop the wave that slid monotonously out and back into the darkness. The swelling crest rose smoothly, lashed by the thudding blades. Fisk hung upon the rail,

stranger, while his wife hung, sobbing convulsively, about his neck. The liquor swept over his faculties in the momentary relief he experienced at finding himself still beyond the embrace of that cruel, white wave, and passively he allowed himself to be led away.

There were a few words of explanation between the stranger and Mrs. Fisk after her husband had been placed in a berth, and when the former paced the main deck once more the key to the Fisk cabin was in his pocket. He turned into the bar.

The three "brokers" were standing before half finished glasses, engaged in discourse of apparently agreeable nature. The stranger took a one hundred dollar bill from a well filled wallet and passed it over the counter, ordering a drink. The bartender shook his head.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't change that. Perhaps this gentleman," indicating Fuller, "can help you."

The wallet had not passed from sight unnoticed. "Certainly," responded Fuller in cordial tone, "I can change it if you like. But why break it? Won't you join us?"

The stranger bowed pleasantly, accepted the courtesy and conversation became general. The party moved to one of the tables in companionable mood and anecdotes were exchanged. After a time Smith turned to one of the others.

"Do you know this river air always makes me wakeful instead of sleepy? Let's make a night of it. Poker hath charms to soothe my savage breast now that would be wholly lacking in a restless doze and a stuffy cabin. Can't we keep on?"

"Yes, I suppose we can," said Sprague doubtfully. "It's not much good with three. But I don't feel like turning in yet myself. Suppose we have another sitting, people. I owe you revenge for that last drubbing you gave me, Fuller."

With offhand jests the three moved their chairs to the table and the cards were brought out. Sprague turned, with the proper degree of hesitation to the stranger.

"Perhaps you'd like to join us, sir?" he suggested. "We'd be glad to have you if you care for a friendly game."

The man shook his head.

"I'm afraid you'd find me poor sport," he said. "I'm not much at cards, and that's a fact."

"Well, let's test it," said Sprague, with brisk good fellowship and a smile that sat well upon his youthful face. "I'm only a novice myself, learned the game a few days ago, but these fellows have left me my scalp."

Evidently reassured by Sprague's ingenuous frankness, the stranger, with further protestations of his lack of skill, allowed himself to be persuaded and took the fourth seat. The game was played with tens, jacks, queens, kings and aces of the pack and was the one in favor upon all river craft. During the early deals the stranger won steadily, a circumstance that seemed at once to surprise and to embarrass him. He handled his cards awkwardly and bet with caution. His success, measured in small sums, continued throughout two hours. Gradually he gained in confidence and allowed his good fortune to draw him into heavier play. He relaxed his attitude of cold reserve. Just as the river began to lighten under the first reflection of coming dawn there were two hands

on the table grew, each of the three having recourse to his wallet.

"I'll raise it," was Sprague's monotonous formula. "Raise," was Smith's rejoinder. The stranger made no response except to push forward his stake each time.

While the tension grew with the sum involved the keen eyes of the unknown player were never off the cards held by his opponents. Sprague, sitting restlessly in his seat, suddenly raised \$500, bringing the total amount on the table up to a little more than \$100,000. Fuller had been watching the game intently and fumbling with his abandoned cards. Under cover of Sprague's unusual raise he slipped one with the speed and ease of light to Sprague, but quick as was the move the stranger caught it.

He rose slowly from his chair, leaning over the table. His left hand, holding his cards, he placed upon the pile of money. With the other he drew a long, curved knife from his belt. His tall form dominated the three, who sat breathless in suspense.

"My dear sir," said the stranger softly to Sprague, "I am going to count your hand. I am going to find five cards in it. And when I do I am going to kill you."

His voice, like the tinkling of chilled steel, and the glittering of the knife as he lifted it, left no doubt in the mind of any of the party that he was sure of his move. Then Sprague, with a spasmodic gesture, shoved his cards, as if in an access of offended rage, among Fuller's discard and bounded from his seat, cursing blackly. The stranger smiled for the first time that night, a tribute to the cleverness of his handsome young antagonist. Keeping his eye upon them all, he spread his own cards face up on the table. They showed four kings and a ten spot.

"If either of you two gentlemen can put down a legitimate hand to beat that he is welcome to the money," he said. Smith did not even expose his cards. Sprague had fouled his own. None of the three offered an objection and the stranger calmly swept the pile of money into his soft hat, holding it like a bag. The wrath of Sprague, held momentarily in check by the man's personality and grim demeanor, broke fiercely into a stream of words. With flushed face and threatening gesture he thrust back chairs and table like one who prepares a battle ground.

"Satisfaction. I demand satisfaction. You're a thief, a liar and a blackleg. Do you think we'll submit to any such robbery, you damned scoundrel!"

He carried it off well. The stranger nodded approvingly.

"Quite at your service, sir," he said. "I would scarcely have minded so much from one of your profession. Setting aside your language, which is unworthy of a gentleman, I find you quite entitled to what you ask."

His unflinching calm and the touch of patronizing loftiness achieved Sprague's exasperation. He made as if to hurl himself upon the other, who held him back with a sharper word.

"I am James Bowie."

"Try not to be a ruffian, sir. I don't propose to fight you in noncombat style."

"Who are you, then, you blackguard?" shouted Sprague.

"I am James Bowie," was the answer, "and I must urge you again to be more temperate in your expressions."



# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Following the announcement made some weeks ago that the Bennett's Theatre would open for the season on Monday, August 30, and that high class vaudeville would hold the boards, again, comes the Grand's early opening on Wednesday evening next. They call it a preliminary season, to be followed by the regular opening in September, but

desired. "The Great Divide" will be given every attention as to stage settings and electrical effects, so next week's play at this popular resort will no doubt surpass any previous offering of the present summer season.

### "PAID IN FULL"

In the notable cast that is now playing "Paid in Full" at the Astor Theatre in New York, and which will be seen at the Grand here shortly, the part of Emma Brooks, wife of the \$18-a-week clerk, who robs his employer and then tries to throw the blame on her, is acted by Katherine Florence. Miss Florence



GERTRU DE PERRY, As Princess Yevie in "Graustark," which will be seen at the Grand next Saturday.

It is one of the indications of a busy fall and winter at the James street play house. Manager Loudon has already booked a large number of attractions for the Grand, some of which are very classy indeed, and theatregoers are promised the best season which that theatre has had for two or three years, and an unusually early opening.

Of the three large theatres of the city only the Savoy has not made its autumn presentation. Since the close of the regular season of 1908-9 last May, this theatre has been running moving pictures, and present indications are that it will be continued as a picture house indefinitely, which means for the remainder of the summer and the whole of the fall at least, if not all winter. It has had here last season, and it is expected to have even at the low prices has been making a nice little bit of money for the proprietors.

"TEXAS" ON WEDNESDAY. The sale of seats will open on Monday morning for "Texas," the attraction at the Grand next Wednesday evening. Though this play has been before the public for several years, this will be its first presentation in Hamilton, and it comes well recommended. It is in four acts, and deals with the love of Texas West, the daughter of a ranch owner, for Jack Dullam, cowboy and Texas ranger, and with the efforts made by an English ranch owner, Lord Angus Treavor, to win the girl for himself. The play is in the hands of a good company, and well staged, the entire three sets of scenery being carried for the production. It is not a lurid melodrama, but a romance of "The Virginian" order.

MCCUTCHEON'S STORY. "Graustark," or "A Love Behind a Throne," will be presented at the Grand next Saturday matinee and night. It was the sequel of this, known as "Beverly of Graustark," which was given here last season, and was a very pleasing performance. "Graustark," however, is said to be a better play and has met with much success, as it is by the same author as "Brewster's Millions." It tells of a romance between an American and a princess, and keeps its audience interested from start to finish. The play is beautifully staged, and presented by a company that is said to be above the average, with the result that the performance is a good one.

SEEDS A CENT APIECE. They're From Ginseng Though and Are Mighty Scarce. Ginseng seeds are worth a cent apiece or from eighty to one hundred dollars a pound. Dried root is worth \$6.25 a pound. When first growing from the seed the ginseng plants have two forks or stalks and one leaf on each stalk. The second year it adds another leaf on each part and the third year the plant grows in three parts with three leaves on each part, and this year a seed ball forms. This grows direct from the main stalk of the plant and from four to five inches above the foliage. The average

was leading woman for William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," for E. H. Sothorn in his production of "The Musketeers," and "The Colonial Girl"; was the Julia, the crying wife, in David Belasco's famous production of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and last season made an enormous hit in "The Vampire." She is said to be one of the most gifted as well as one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Her selection by the Wagenhals & Kemper Company for the special cast in "Paid in Full" was made with a view



WM. E. BLAKE, Who is playing leading roles at the Mountain Theatre with great success.

to the best portrayal of this character that the stage has seen, and Miss Florence has more than justified her choice.

SOME SONG HITS. Here are a few of the song punctuations that have helped make Victor Moore and Geo. M. Cohan's play, "The Talk of New York," which Messrs. Cohan & Harris will present at the Grand here shortly: "Follow Your Uncle Dudley," "Put a Little Bet Down for Me," "Mr. Burns of New Rochelle," "When We Are M-A-Double-R-I-E-D," "Burning Up the Boulevard," "Busy Little Broadway," "When a Fellow on the Level With a Girl That's on the Square," "I Want You," "Claremont," "Under Any Old Flag at All," "Drink With Me," "Gee, Ain't I Glad That I'm Home Again," and what is predicted to be the song hit of the year, "That's Some Love." Mr. Moore will be supported by a big and efficient company, and the same identical production will be offered as used in the New York run at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

plant, says a writer in Outing, produces from fifty to sixty seeds and sometimes goes as high as 100 seeds. Wild plants yield better than cultivated. The fourth and fifth years one leaf is added to each stalk. The fifth year the plant is full grown, having three forks and five leaves on each stalk. It grows from one to two feet in height; some times as high as twenty-seven inches. The leaves are broad and flat, about four inches long and two inches wide when full grown with escalloped edges. It takes five years to grow the root from seed for market and eighteen months to germinate the seeds for growth. There is more cultivated root now on the market than wild. The plants are found on high, dry land in the woods and never in swampy places.

## DANCE AND BE SAVED

The Cult of Joy Starts to Convert Williamsburg.

The members of the Pentecostal Union who began to convert Williamsburg on Saturday night with meetings at 180 South Eighth street, over near the Williamsburg Bridge plaza, held their first big prayer meeting last night amid much banging of drums, chair seats and piano strings, and their choral work and prayers differed from those usually heard at prayer meetings in that the union believes in dancing two steps, jigs and reels throughout the hymn singing, and in yelling with joy during exhortations to be saved.

The Rev. Kent White, husband of the founder of the religion, Alma White, preaches a religion of great joyousness and gaiety. "When you get salvation as we show it to you," he said in his sermon between dances last night, "you feel so happy and illuminated that you can turn handspins all the way down the Milky Way."

Throughout the meetings yesterday afternoon and evening the keynote of everything was sheer joy except to backsliders. Mrs. White and her husband, aided by many of an oddly unformed group around them in the far end of the hall, tried their utmost to convince Williamsburg that the new fangled notion that he is no more a myth. "Hell is just as hot as it ever was" was the theme of all the sermons and discussions of afternoon and evening. But the Bible teaches us to sing and dance, the Pentecostal missionaries said many times last night. When the Rev. Mr. Kent came to this idea last night in the second of three evening sermons he turned to his wife to ask her to sing a hymn she had composed some time ago to prove it. The opening verse of the hymn runs:

When David was king He used to dance and sing In honor of the Lord, day and night; His wife would implore Him so not to adore. But he had a perfect right. When you enter a prayer meeting of the Pentecostal Union you are impressed with the general activity. On either side of the platform of the assembly hall of the Long Island Business College, where the meetings are being held, are grouped two squads of exhorters and singers, the girls on one side and the men on the other. The girls are young, and some of the girls are pretty and all are intelligent looking.

The girls dress in dark blue blouses and skirts, with a bit of white collar showing above the edge of the high blue collar of the blouse. The men wear dark blue coats on the Norfolk jacket order and dark blue baggy trousers that take imitation leather puttees that come almost to the knees.

The minute a hymn begins you see that here things are different. All stand still enough until the chorus is reached, all but two musicians, who are the instrumental aid to the young man at the piano. One of these performers plays the snare drum with precision and the other plays a bass drum of generous proportions. The two drummers cannot maintain their composure longer than till a line or two before the last line preceding the chorus, and they begin to awaken the echoes until you are finally convinced that the piano is an optical delusion.

With the very first line of the chorus all begin to dance wildly as they sing, but whenever two dance together it is always two men or two women, never a man and a woman. Mostly dancing is done alone. The time is very fast. First of all the singers begin to bob up and down rapidly, but as they grow more enthusiastic they branch forth into step dancing of an individual fashion. A moment later perhaps they are running wildly up and down the aisles, in and out between the chairs, around the hall close to the wall, or doing a "ladies change" in front of the rostrum, where sits the head of the union, Mrs. White. Mrs. White does not join in the dancing to any great extent because of her position, but she encourages the younger set with glad cries of encouragement.

When all are fagged out after a half hour or more of the wild jumping about the prayer meeting settles down to a more conventional manner of conducting religious services. It is lamentable that when the sadder hymns are begun and every one settles down into chairs the Williamsburg congregation straightway begins to lose interest. The huffing of feet then as sinners who have come merely out of curiosity and now are wandering but makes it impossible to hear the sermons and soft voiced solos. Arthur K. White, a young son of Mrs. White, who was converted to the Union when he first saw a minister of the gospel chewing tobacco, he says, was one of the first to preach last night. Despite his parents' pleading for all to be happy, young Mr. White took a gloomy view of New York and the chances of salvation for most people in the country. He claims that "The United States has too many new religions and college professors."

A bright looking young woman who had recovered her breath after dancing a long time, also took a pessimistic view of things in general and she spoke for a long time about her father, who she said weighed 250 pounds and had got salvation. The Rev. Mr. White was in a happier frame of mind early in his first sermon and did several dance steps when telling of turning handspins down the Milky Way. There were sermons by almost everybody after this, and then a call was issued for anybody to come forward who wished to be prayed for. Six men and a woman responded.



Scene from "Texas," which will open the preliminary season at the Grand next Wednesday evening.

## OLDEST REGIMENT IN THE WORLD.

Title Belongs to the Famous Royal Scots, Also Called "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard"—Banded in 1633.

The oldest regiment in the world—the famous Royal Scots, or "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard"—has just returned to garrison duty in Edinburgh, its home town, after years of service in the far parts of the British empire.

This distinguished fighting force is able to trace a direct descent from those companies of bold and adventurous Scots infantry who proceeded in 1590 to France to assist Henry IV. in his wars with the Leagueurs. Their services were retained by the Kings of France until the various companies were finally in 1633 formed into a regiment and the command given to Sir John Hepburn, a cadet of an old East Lothian family, who was born at Athelstaneford about 1600, says the Baltimore Sun.

The regiment was called Le Regiment d'Hebron, the nearest French pronunciation of Hepburn. From the fact that the above mentioned companies had been raised and officered by the officers of the Gens d'Armes Ecosseises and the Garde de Corps Ecosseises, the regiment can claim a connection with those two celebrated corps and through them with the Scottish Archers of the Guard, of whom we read in "Quentin Durward," and so back to the earliest body of Scottish soldiers to whom there is any record, "the four and twenty armed Scots in whose fidelity and valor Charles III., King of France, in 828, so confided." In 1683 there was amalgamated with the corps the remains of the well-known Green brigade from the Swedish service, which, composed of Hepburn's, Mackay's, Lumsden's and Stargate's regiments, had served under the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus.

We read in the record of the services of Mackay's regiment, "Munro's Expedition," written by Hepburn's friend, and comrade, Colonel Robert Muro, that on the meeting of these two bodies of Scots soldiers "all greeted their old commander with acclamations of joy by beating the Scottish march as he approached, and the last solitary piper of Mackay's Highlanders blew long and loudly a note of welcome on the great warpipe of the north."

Munro was appointed second in command under Hepburn in the new regiment, which consisted of 154 officers and 8,162 men. Its claims to antiquity were fully recognized by the King of France, who now gave it precedence over all others in the service of France. In connection with this claim the well-known sobriquet, of "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard" was acquired by the regiment. The French regiments, especially that of Picardy, were jealous of this precedence, and on one occasion while the point was in dispute between the officers of the two regiments a Picardy officer remarked: "I suppose you will next claim to have been on duty at the crucifixion!" "No, sir," replied an officer of Hep-

burn, "for had we been on duty at the sepulchre the holy body had never left it."

This was a particularly sarcastic retort, for the sentinels of the Picardy regiment had been known to have committed the serious military offence of sleeping at their posts.

The regiment served during the campaign of 1833 with the French army in Germany, and on its retreat was placed in the position of danger as rear guard, admirably acquitting itself by turning and inflicting a heavy defeat on the imperialists near Metz.

In 1836, at the siege of Saverny, a town in Alsace, the regiment lost its first colonel. Volunteering to examine the breach after the third assault, Hepburn, with his usual coolness and temerity, approached too close, and receiving a musket ball in the neck, was carried off by his faithful Scots, only to expire in their arms, dying as he would have wished, amid the sounds of strife, with his sword by his side, among his trusted fellow countrymen.

A letter is extant from Cardinal Richelieu expressing his great concern for the death of Colonel Hepburn. The burial took place in the magnificent old cathedral at Toul, in French Lorraine. Many years afterward a noble monument was erected above the grave by Louis XIV., bearing an epitaph to the worth of one "who so deservedly was deemed the best soldier in Christendom and consequently in the world."

During the English civil war the regiment was kept as far as possible from England lest Charles I. should apply for its return. In 1652 we find the regiment serving under Turenne against the rebel Conde and taking part in barricade fighting in the streets of Paris.

Its next move was to the Netherlands, where, in 1655, in a skirmish, Colonel Lord James Douglas lost his life and succeeded to the colonelcy by his brother, Lord George Douglas, created in 1673 Earl of Dumbarton.

Next the treaty between Louis and Cromwell caused the exiled Charles to side with Spain, and the wily Louis promptly removed the Douglas and all other Scots corps to remote garrisons.

In 1660-61, the restoration having taken place, Charles II. disbanded the old Commonwealth army, but owing to the rising of the Fifth Monarchy men he sent to France for his Douglas regiment, which request the French monarch, being at peace, was unable to refuse. Two hundred and twenty-three years have elapsed since the Second Battalion called its first muster roll in Scotland, at Leith, on May 13, 1660, and more than three hundred years since those companies of adventurous Scots set forth from their native land, in 1590, to seek fame and fortune on the battle-fields of Europe.

Among them was a pale-faced youth who told of his experiences of yesterday briefly: "One look at Coney Island," he admitted regretfully. "One look at the place convinced me that it was no locality for a minister's son, so I returned and came here, attracted by the singing. And I wish to say in conclusion that the dancing I saw here to-night was much finer than the dancing I saw at Coney Island."

Mrs. White figures that it will take about ten days of steady work to convert Williamsburg. Then, she says, she and the other missionaries are coming over to Delancey street and get to work to convert the entire east side. She and the other workers are from the West, she says, where she founded the religion in Denver on Dec. 29, 1901.

The Union now has a farm at Bound Brook, J. on which there are some valuable buildings. Mr. White said last night that they also have a building of importance in Denver.

"It rents for \$500 a month," he said. "How did we build it? By prayer. We needed the building and just prayed it up."

### TO WALK GRACEFULLY.

Low Shoes and High Heels Not the Best of Aids. The modern girl is at her worst when she walks. Her feet are dressed in low shoes with high heels and her stride is out of all proportion to her height. Her right arm is swung vigorously back and forth, while the left one clutches a handbag and holds it at the waist line with elbow aggressive. Her chest is depressed, and her head, with its marvellous adornment, is thrust forward.

The present fashion in shoes is partly responsible for the awkwardness of our girls, declares a writer in Vogue. Shoes with high heels tip the foot down, preventing the beautiful spring of the instep arch. If such shoes could be reserved for the house and girls wear well shaped walking boots out of doors they would not only be more graceful but would find more pleasure in walking—which as an exercise has much to commend it.

Three suggestions will help any one who wishes to walk gracefully and with the alertness which is characteristic of youth: the forward foot should point practically straight (the strongest position in supporting weight); the back foot should push the body forward; the chest should be high

and forward. As long as we live we must hold ourselves up by muscular effort, and when we have learned the right way it soon becomes a matter of habit.

When a girl walks heavily she is always walking incorrectly and is never graceful. Girls are not altogether to blame for this, as they are told from childhood to "throw their shoulders back," which has a tendency to put the weight on the heels, a strain on the back, and to throw the head forward. Instead the young should be told to throw the chest forward and the head and shoulders will take their right position.

Relaxation is the second thing necessary for grace, as well as for the nerves. But relaxation does not mean merely collapsing into a lackadaisical sort of way and being "willow." It means having the power to control the muscles—letting those rest which are not needed for the immediate work. Motion, of course, is at the joints, and the muscles moving may be made to act rhythmically by a little practice. The body being constructed for movement responds quickly to the pendulum-like swing of the leg from the hip and the harmonious yet very slight swing of the arms. A woman's arms are stiff because her shoulders are usually tense. When the chest is active the shoulders will drop in place, and the arms should hang at the sides.

Husband—"Why don't you have Bridget shut the kitchen door? One can smell the breakfast cooking all over the house." Wife—"We leave it open on purpose. The smell is all that gets the family up."—Judge. The most provoking thing is what a lot more straight thinking a woman can do with her heart than a man with his head.—New York Press. "Small Boy"—"Mamma, what's a General Washington blind?" "Mamma—"Of course not. Where did you get that idea?" "Small Boy—"Nurse took me to 'Old Ladies' Home to-day and showed me the portrait of a woman that was kissed by General Washington." "Don't grumble if it happens to be hot. Remember that you will be burning expensive coal two months from now.—Washington Times.

"That man yonder has a shady record. You can tell as soon as you see him at work that he has something to screen in his life. What do you think it is he has to screen?" "Mostly suburban porches."—Baltimore American. He that is embarked with the devil must sail with him.—Dutch. Howard—"Before marriage he said he'd go to the ends of the earth for her." Coward—"And after marriage he did it to get away."—Life. The father in praising the son extols himself.—Chinese.

Drill Sergeant (after three hours' drill with the new recruit)—"Right about face!" New Recruit (not moving).—"Thank goodness. I'm right about something at last."—Kansas City Journal.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato. The one thing we demand from our employees is the head of the office force, "is correctness in figures." The applicant smoothed her hipless skirt complacently. "I have never had any complaints on that score," she replied, with a glance of assurance.—Stanford University Chaparral. Whiteboards are being substituted for blackboards in some of the English schools.

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## GOOD SHORT STORIES

On the banks of the Serpentine in London, a lady and gentleman paused beside a stylishly clad nurse in bonnet and floating veil, and the lady exclaimed, looking at the children of 2 and 4 who accompanied the girl: "What charming children. Are they not lovely, Edward? that they were the right way of man could desire." "Will you kiss me?" said the lady. "They don't usually kiss people, madam," said the nurse, "but of course they will you."

The kissing ceremony completed, the woman of fashion asked: "And whose dear children are they?" as she looked admiringly at the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the little ones.

"Madam," said the girl in amazement, "they are your own. They know you because they have often watched you from the nursery window, as you passed to and from your carriage."—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in the National Magazine for August.

DID NOT KNOW HIS FLOCK. (Dundee Advertiser.)

A newly appointed Scottish minister on his first Sunday of office had reason to complain of the poverty of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—vera close. But," confidentially, "the auld minister he put three or four saxe into the plate hissel, just gien them a start. Of course he took the saxe awa' with him afterwards." The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own better preacher than the auld minister, "exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, and o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' guded the saxe into the plate."

A SHORTER WORD. The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it. "That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package. "How can you tell?" asked Edith. "Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied. Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired: "Do you know what a diagnostician is?" "Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE. At a recent conference in New York of foreign mission boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor. "Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel decently, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting off on a railway journey, and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket. "See," said he, "what good care I take of the Lord's money." "See," said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, "what good care I take of the Lord's servant."—Youth's Companion.

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WANT A STANDARD LOAF. Toronto Controllers to Ask Legislature to Fix Weight of Bread. Toronto, Aug. 14.—In view of the opinion of the city solicitor that the city has no power to prevent bakers selling sixteen ounce loaves of bread at the price charged for twenty ounce loaves a short time ago, and has no power to demand a certain standard loaf, the Board of Control decided yesterday to apply to the Legislature for legislation in the matter. A recommendation was sent by the board to the Civic Legislation and Reception Committee that a report be made for council bearing on the question. It was agreed that a loaf should weigh either one and a half pounds or three pounds.

HERE'S A FEW MORE CRAZY TESTS



Down in New York the other day a woman was brought before a magistrate on a charge of insanity. She didn't look crazy. After talking to her a moment or two, the judge commanded: "Shut your eyes and touch the point of your nose with your index finger."

front of you. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, try it quickly half a dozen times, and see how many times you miss. You'll not be so confident of yourself, perhaps. Now, try a little vocal exercise. Just a sentence, "Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."

"WHY I POISONED DR. WILSON" TOLD BY HIS MURDERER.

Strange Confession Sent to New York Newspaper by Man Who Tells Details of Plot in Famous Ale Poisoning Case.

On the night of June 26th, 1908, Dr. William H. Wilson, a Philadelphia physician, was mysteriously murdered. I found, however, that by first adding about one-half water the chemical darkened it to about the right shade. I then allowed it to settle for some time and poured off the clear portion.

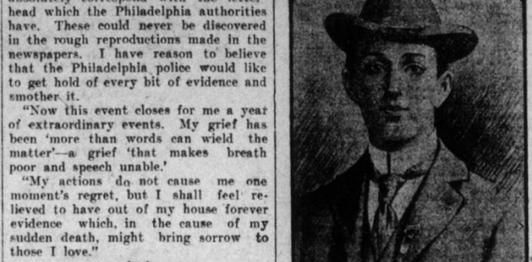
PORTUGAL'S YOUNG KING.

Don Manuel Has Turned From Play to Work Since His Accession.

One of the questions interesting Europe at present is who will be chosen to wed King Manuel of Portugal. England has authoritatively decided that Princess Alexandra of Fife, King Edward's granddaughter, is to marry him and Germany denies that the little Princess Victoria Luise has been betrothed to Don Manuel.

A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him When Everything Else Failed. Ulverton, Que., March 17, 1908. I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that the medicine I ever took did me no much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did.



I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset they gave me relief, and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress, and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

GOOSEBERRY CATSUP. To five pounds of berries add nearly a quart of vinegar. Let this boil a while. They add two and one-half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of cloves.

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES. Two quarts fruit stemmed, two quarts sugar, one handful of raisins, stoned and chopped fine, juice of two oranges, rind of one chopped fine, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves.

ICE WATER HELP. During the heat of the present summer one housekeeper discovered that ice water kept twice as long when in the pitcher on the sideboard if it was covered with a stiff paper bag.

TO KEEP PANTRY COOL. A good way to keep a pantry cool, especially if icebox is kept in same, during the hot weather, is to put four tacks in screen and then place a piece of heavy muslin dipped in cold water with a little vinegar on these tacks.

CULINARY HELPS. A woman famous for her cooking said to a friend: "Instead of putting each one a piece of toast that is usually either hard or soggy, she cuts a circle of bread a little larger than the egg when poached. This she also fries like a crouton, and in addition pours hot melted butter, seasoned with chopped parsley and paprika, over the egg when served."

MAKE YOUR OWN HATPINS. Embroider Them of Linen or Material to Match Your Frock. The touches of embroidery which are almost essential with the linen gown of this season are being introduced in a great many instances in the form of large embroidered buttons and hatpins.

Trouble in the Royal Palace. The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, so one of the lords in waiting, had only two bits of type, set up and bound together with a bit of string in true printer style.

FAIR FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS.

Table listing dates for Agricultural Societies Branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture. Includes locations like Ancaster, Alton, and various dates from Sept. 22 to Oct. 17.

Table listing dates for various fairs and exhibitions. Includes locations like Ancaster, Alton, and various dates from Sept. 22 to Oct. 17.

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THE POISONER'S CONFESSION.

"Dr." William H. Wilson, professional murderer of the innocent, was executed by June 26th, 1908. This is the first correct and full statement of the history of "Dr." Wilson's execution, and I write the following details as an explanation and vindication of my act. I destroyed all the papers, and I have no regrets. Read, and you will understand.

STUDIED POISONS.

I read up Dr. Lenman's little handbook on poisons, and concluded that cyanide of potassium would be about the best agent for my purpose. It does not have the strong peach kernel flavor of prussic acid, is much easier to get, and getting it does not arouse suspicion, nor does one have to give a receipt, or make any impression on the mind of the supply house and represented myself as coming from a prominent professional photographer and had no trouble about getting what I wanted. It might be interesting to know that Wilson's fare to the next world cost me exactly one dollar in money.

AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE.

At thirteen and Filbert streets I saw a likely-looking fellow, and, walking rapidly up to him, asked him to take the package to the express office, as I had just two minutes to get a train at the Terminal Station. I gave him the package and a quarter and hurried down Filbert street, but soon retraced my steps to see whether he had attended properly to my little errand. Seeing him come out of the express office empty-handed, I was satisfied, and went home to finish some final details preparatory to an indefinite trip for the benefit of my health.

THE SWEEEN HAS COOLED.

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt. "The sween has cooled." Again the walls trembled, and the stage manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you doggoned fool." But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coup has sweened." Success Magazine.

It will pay you to use the Want Column of the TIMES. Business Telephone 368

