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TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING COSSIP FROM ONTARIO'S CAPITAL.

Disposal of St. James Square—St. Clair Case a Peculiar One—Toronto's Phenomenal Growth.

Quite a tempest has been created about the prospective disposal of St. James Square, the valuable block of land bounded by Gould, Gerrard, Victoria and Church streets, in the centre of which stands the venerable building housing the Education Department and Normal School. For reasons of convenience the Education Department is to forsake the precincts that have known it since the days of Egaron Ryerson, and henceforth will be housed with the other departments of government in the Parliament Buildings, a section of the new wing being designed for that special purpose. As to any removal of the Normal School or Provincial Museum no announcement has yet been made. But an official statement, the other day, calling for offers for the whole Normal School property caused everyone to jump to the conclusion that the Government was offering it for sale.

Immediately the city press and officials and citizens generally, perhaps with something of the spirit which has earned for Toronto the nickname of "Hogtown," began to clamor that the property should not be sold, but that it should be presented to the corporation of Toronto as a public park. The modesty of the request is appreciated when it is stated that St. James Square is worth approximately one million dollars, although it is only a little patch of land bounded by one city block on each side.

TORONTO'S MORAL RIGHT.

Toronto's argument is that originally the Provincial government paid only \$18,000 for the square, that the tremendous increase has been brought about by reason of the city's growth and improvements, and that therefore the increased increment is the city's moral right. It is also pointed out that the property has enjoyed exemption from taxes, which according to the sensationally displayed figuring of one paper, would have amounted to upwards of \$300,000. There is a pointed out that while the Province has benefited by the increase in values in Toronto, the city of Toronto has in its turn benefited to an untold amount by having had located here the Normal School and the Department of Education. Some of the papers have been kicking up a great fuss about the matter. But, meanwhile, Sir James Whitney sits tight. A deputation from the City Council interviewed him, but they lost courage to ask him for a gift of the property. Their only request was that the city be given a chance to buy before the square was sold to a private individual, and this Sir James readily assented to. There is a suspicion that the Premier has no intention of selling the property, and that he merely wanted to find out what its actual value is. If this is the case he must be enjoying the story that is being told.

Everyone is agreed that it would be a calamity if the property passed into private hands, and this breathing spot in one of the most congested districts was closed up. But it is becoming a city park the difference of opinion arises as to whether the city ought not to pay for it.

THE CASE OF REV. R. B. ST. CLAIR.

One of the strangest prosecutions Toronto has seen in a long time was the trial of Rev. R. B. St. Clair, secretary of an organization known as the Toronto Vigilance Committee, on a charge of circulating obscene literature. Many persons who have come in contact with Mr. St. Clair and the Vigilance Committee, which he brought into being, have not been disposed to take him over seriously. He has not been in Toronto long, and since his sojourn here he has evinced something like monomania on the subject of clearing up vice. This is the kind of job that many very good people prefer to leave to some one else, and wish it done with a minimum of publicity. But among many activities Mr. St. Clair did one thing that got him into the spotlight. He attended a performance at one of the burlesque houses and wrote out a description of what he saw, which he mailed to a number of men and women, chiefly clergymen and others specially interested in the suppression of vice. Now, this performance had been passed upon by the local police officers as a fit and decent show, proper for public presentation. But immediately Mr. St. Clair sent a description of it to a few friends he was arrested (not summoned) by the same police department on the charge of circulating obscene literature.

In defence of the police action it is stated that Mr. St. Clair's description was not warranted by the actual performance, but as to this there is conflicting evidence. Substantial witnesses supporting Mr. St. Clair's drastic condemnation of the show were not waiting at the trial, and the whole affair has served to arouse much bitter feeling against the class of performance put on at these burlesque theatres. They are attended chiefly

by men and boys, a woman being only occasionally seen in the audience. They draw houses ranging from 1,000 to 1,500 each at each one of 12 performances a week, every afternoon and evening, and as their prices are not particularly cheap they are veritable gold mines for the proprietors. Smoking is allowed, and the whole atmosphere is not particularly elevating, to say the least.

TORONTO GROWING LIKE A WEED.

The completion of the city's assessment on which taxes for the year 1912 will be paid shows that the total assessment has increased in a year by the remarkable figure of \$85,000,000, and the aggregate now stands at \$426,000,000. These figures are eloquent of the city's growth. Over half of the increase was made in ward three, which includes Yonge street, where there has not been so much actual growth as there has been increase in values, caused by the general growth of the city, and while in some instances on Yonge and nearby streets assessments have been doubled over last year, they are, in all cases, still far below selling values.

The assessors' estimate of population is 510,000. It is admitted, however, that assessors never get them all, so that the police census of 425,000 probably most accurately represents the present size of this centre. The increase in a year has been 35,000, and this does not include annexations. In a decade Toronto's population has increased by 105 per cent, a record not equaled by any other city of 400,000 population in America. Detroit, which in that period has become the "capital of the automobile industry," has had its best record, namely 91 per cent, but Toronto's growth has not been confined to any one industry. Then comes Pittsburgh with 86 per cent, Cleveland with 70 per cent, New York with 47 per cent, Buffalo 42 per cent, Chicago and St. Louis 33 per cent, Philadelphia 23 per cent, and San Francisco 22 per cent. Los Angeles is the only city of approximately Toronto's size that has enjoyed a higher rate of growth. It has not, however, in ten years ago was nowhere. Toronto is now the twelfth city in America. These boasts as to growth and size are becoming the everyday stock in trade of the average citizen's conversation, but under the circumstances a little boasting may be forgiven.

BALL TEAM'S JOB ENDED.

The winning of the pennant by the Toronto Baseball team does not seem to have created the enthusiasm that has same feat did five years ago. But the performance was clean-cut and altogether creditable, and the fans are happy. Meanwhile the players, referred to jeeringly as the "hired hands," are returning to their respective homes, all far south of the boundary line, with the exception of the solitary home brew, O'Hara, who is a product of our own corner lots. In the winter time "Bill," in partnership with "Jack" White, another baseball star, runs a billiard and pool room in his home town. Most of the others likewise have profitable winter occupations which supplement the substantial salaries they draw in the summer months. In particular some are dentists, others have shops and others are in other lines of business. "Joe" Kelly, the manager, lives in Baltimore. His father-in-law is the "democratic boss" there, and he is said to hold in the hollow in his hand all the municipal and other patronage of that large city. They do say that "Joe" himself goes on the pay roll at the rate of \$5 a day and that his official title is that of messenger.

Next year the championship winners will all be back, barring accidents, as the only man drafted by the big leagues was Fisher, a catcher who did not make good and was farmed out to a minor league team. Of course, some of the stars may be sold, but this is unlikely, as the owners are understood to have made money, and therefore are not likely to liquidate their talent. So that the prospects for good ball in 1913 are rosy.

LACROSSE IN THE DOLDRUMS.

In contrast to the prosperity in baseball is the financial difficulty that all the big lacrosse clubs find themselves in. Without exception they have lost money. They have paid fancy salaries and have drawn poor gates, sometimes only a few hundred people. Mr. R. J. Fleming got the coveted championship with his Torontos, but he is reported to have lost the most money of all, because he paid the highest salaries. Friends of lacrosse are earnestly discussing the question of what is wrong with Canada's national game that it has lost its attractiveness to the public. Some advocate a lacrosse commission, which would keep salaries within bounds and control other matters connected with the game. But this, while it might save some money would not overcome public apathy. No letter of explanation of that indifference has yet been forthcoming than that the game was killed by long years of mismanagement in which foul tactics were tacitly encouraged finally resulting in public disgust. Now it is found the game cannot be reinstated in a day. It will probably take many long years of conscientious work to overcome the effects of the period of former disastrous policy.

SUN FEAST AT STONEHENGE.

Africa and Orient Send Worshipers to England Annually.

A sun feast in England, the land of fog, seems strange, yet it is a wonderful fete, rare and striking evocation of a past that is old as history.

Persians, Aryans, Hindoos and Arabians, all European delegates of the principal Asiatic races united by the ties of a common religion, meet in the ancient druidical ruins of Stonehenge, near Salisbury, and there with full rites offer their impressive annual reverence to the sun. Upon the appointed date, at one hour before dawn, in silence and draped in white, gold and purple robes, more than a hundred sun-worshippers enter Stonehenge and prostrate themselves upon the earth, while five officiating priests chant their solemn invocation to the sun. And when from out the pale English sky the first beams of the sun lap in the east, the bowed heads are raised and from every throat comes opening notes of a hymn of praise.

An harmonious recitative at first, with long, high notes that seemed to tell of grand and awful things; a hymn which thrills the listener. Then with a florid running passage it becomes a national song with the theme frantic with war and fighting and revenge; with all primitive man's wild passion of hate and love and of spiritual longing that ignorance held captive. It ends as it had begun upon a sad, prolonged and piercing note.

Then, each in order, the pilgrims

renew their vows of faith in Allah, in his universal majesty, virtue and infinite love.

Before the solemn dignity of these dark-skinned men, robed in the garments of gorgeous antiquity and in the isolated plain where huge blocks of rough-hewn granite seemed the grim guardians of this strange religion, even the idliest spectator was awed into silence. For this revival of man's earliest "fetish" evoked in surroundings that lent it added grandeur, seemed more like some well-staged theatrical scene than an incident in real life.

With a fervor entirely oriental the Sun-Worshippers remained in prayer until noon, when they slowly dispersed and prepared to pass from ten centuries before Christ to the workaday world of this year of grace, 1912.

WORK AND WORRY WEAKEN WOMEN

New Health and Strength Obtained by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is useless to tell a hard-working woman to take life easily and not to worry. Every woman at the head of a home; every girl in offices, shops and factories, is subject to more or less worry. These cannot be avoided. But it is the duty of every woman and every girl to save her strength as much as possible and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands. Her future health depends upon it. To guard against a breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich, red and pure. Nothing can keep the blood in this condition so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They strengthen the nerves, restore the appetite, bring the glow of health to pallid cheeks, and renewed energy to listless people. Women cannot always rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Or, if a breakdown has come unexpectedly they can obtain new health through this same medicine. Mrs. M. Thomas, River street, Toronto, says: "For several years I was almost a constant invalid, unable to do my housework and spending much of my time in bed. My nerves seemed worn out and I was so run down that all my friends thought I was in a hopeless decline. I was as pale as a corpse; I was so bloodless that if I cut my finger it would not bleed; my limbs were swollen far beyond their usual size. At the least exertion my heart would palpitate violently, and I frequently had fainting spells. I was under treatment by good doctors, but it did me no good. Then one day my husband brought home some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began taking them. They seemed to go to the root of the trouble, and in the course of a few weeks the improvement they were making was quite plain. Gradually as I continued taking the Pills the swelling of my limbs disappeared; the weak spells came less and less frequently; my appetite greatly improved, and finally I was completely cured and able to do my housework with ease. Later, my daughter Elma seemed to be troubled with anaemia, and we gave her the Pills with the same good results."

Why suffer in any way when you can begin curing yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 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.

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SHIPS OF THE FUTURE.

Sir W. White Points Out Where Mathematicians May Help.

In a lecture to the International Congress of Mathematicians at Cambridge, England, recently, Sir W. White, formerly director of British naval construction, pointed out two lines on which the researches of mathematicians could materially help in the future of naval architecture.

The foundation of modern engineering, he said, had been laid on mathematical and physical science, and the days of blind reliance upon engineering formulae and "rules of thumb" were over. It was probably true that no branch of engineering had benefited more from mathematical assistance than naval architecture had done. Mathematical theories led to the introduction of the experimental tank, and the operations of these tanks had resulted in a great addition to natural knowledge and had secured enormous economies of fuel. The success achieved in connection with modern developments of steam navigation and the attainment of very high speeds was chiefly due to these tank experiments, which had involved relatively small cost. Naval architects owed the great advantage they possessed over their predecessors to the genius of William Froude, who devised these tanks.

Mathematicians seeking new fields to conquer might profitably turn their attention to two subjects on which additional light was still needed. The first had relation to the laws which governed the efficiency of screw propellers when applied to steamships. They had been using screw propellers for more than seventy years, and, frankly he confessed that they were still in need of light about that. An experience of his own showed the possibilities here existing. A large cruiser obtained the guaranteed speed of 23 knots on trial with displacement of about 30,000 horsepower. He had anticipated a speed of 23½ knots, and he got it by simply increasing the radial area of the propellers by 20 per cent.

Another subject upon which knowledge was still incomplete was in regard to the stresses experienced by the structure of ships at sea when driven through waves and made to perform rolling, pitching and heaving movements simultaneously. Engineers wanted every aid science could give. Mathematicians had helped them in the past, and he hoped would continue that help in the future.

Mistress (to departing cook)—"Well, Clara, I suppose you will want a character before you go!" Clara—"Yes, mum; and would ye be after signing another name to it, as I don't want it known that I ever worked for you."

VERY SIMPLE.

A rather simple-looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple-looking youngster took the coin, licked it, dropped it in his pocket and slowly walked away whistling.

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Cold Peach Charlotte.—Butter a baking dish, place in it a very light layer of bread crumbs, then a deep layer of peaches; sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, then repeat until dish is full, crumbs forming the last layer. Crumbs should not be used too plentifully if peaches are dry, as the crumbs absorb the juices. Place pieces of butter over these and bake half an hour. Serve cold with whipped cream slightly flavored with vanilla.

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