THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

Icebergs are still reported in the vicinity of Belle Isle.

Nova Scotia is suffering from forest fires.

A half-million bushel elevator is to be put up in Kingston.

Tons of wild strawberries are shipped from New Brunswick to Boston.

Nova Scotia's mineral exhibit at the World's Fair will occupy 2,500 feet of space.

A family in London was poisoned by eating canned beef. They all recovered after severe suffering.

A by-law to bonus the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway $70,000 was defeated in Brantford the other day.

Police Magistrate Creagh has been awarded $100 damages in his libel suit against Editor Braden of The Winnipeg Tribune.

Two lives were lost and several passengers badly hurt in a collision on the Bay of Quinte Railway, near Tamworth, last week.

James Lewis of Colebrook was shot in the thigh by a revolver in the hands of W. Lake, who didn't know it was loaded.

Malcolm Urquhart, one of the pioneer Hudson bay officers, was drowned at Fort Qu'Appelle on Saturday.

The Toronto Board of Trade St. John's relief fund closed on Saturday, the subscriptions amounting to $10,055.

Mr. A. T. Fulton, formerly of the firm of Fulton, Michie & Co., died on Saturday in Toronto. He was 67 years of age.

Mr. Robert Gladstone Dalton, late master-in-Chancery, died on Sunday at his residence in Toronto. He was in practice over fifty years, and was 74 years of age. He was born at Kingston and was a school mate of Sir John Macdonald.

It is expected that the first mass in the new St. Peter's cathedral, Montreal, will be celebrated on November 15th.

There is a rumour in Ottawa that Lord Stanley will resign the Governor-Generalship.

A company has been incorporated with a capital of $500,000 for the purpose of manufacturing rolling stock for railways. The hief place of business will be in Toronto.

James M. Crosbie, the young son of R. H. Crosbie, Toronto was drowned at Kincardine Saturday while bathing with his father.

Dr. J. M. Lefevre, ex-chairman of the Vancouver Board of Health, who is at present in Montreal, declares that Asiatic cholera threatens Canada on the Pacific.

One thousand eight hundred French-Canadians have arrived in Quebec from Michigan to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre.

A largely attended public meeting held in Vancouver, B.C., denounced attempts which have been made to prevent quarantine against Victoria where smallpox exists.

The West Farnham Beet Sugar Company, Province of Quebec, has assigned with liabilities reaching to $60,000, and assets amounting to only $5,000.

Edward Morris, a farmer at Silver Creek, Ont., hid himself under his barn during Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday last to await the abatement of his wife's desire to treat him to a lecture.

Rev. E. P. Crawford, rector of the church of the Ascension, Hamilton, has accepted an invitation from the congregation of St. Luke's church, Halifax, to become rector of that parish. Stipend, $2,000.

Mayor McCunow, of Moncton, N.B., has mysteriously disappeared. It is feared that he has either been lost in the dense woods or met with foul play. Searching parties are hunting for him.

La Patrie has commenced a series of articles attacking the French-Canadian Public schools system, pointing out its shortcomings and its failure to meet popular requirements.

A despatch from Kington, Ont., states that Mr. G. Parks and wife, while sailing on Brakey's bay, Wolfe Island, on Sunday, were attacked by a huge serpent which suddenly appeared in the water. Mr. Parks struck out vigorously with a fish pole, and finally the serpent fled.

A story comes from Manitoba which shows that U. S. officers are not wanting in gall. Several days ago a Dakota marshal and several officers came across the boundary and attempted to kidnap a farmer named Mills—one who had sickened of Dakota hardships and decided to come into a better country—and when the mounted police came to Mills' rescue the U. S. officers fired on them and escaped in the darkness.

Owing to the kicking of U. S. officers against four Kingston laborers sent to make some repairs at Thousand Island Park, N. Y., and their being returned at the expense of the Richelieu Navigation Company, whose steamers took them there as ordinary passengers, Director Conley, of the steamboat company, has decided to give the park the go-by in future, much to the chagrin of the Americans who summer there.

GREAT BRITAIN.

High winds and heavy rains prevail in England.

The total Irish vote is reported to stand —For home rule, 315,329; against, 78,979.

Three people lost their lives and a number of others were seriously injured in a railway accident near Melton-Mowbray, Liecester County, England, the other day.

At Ballygannon, County Roscommon, Ireland, a woman held her three children, head downwards, in boiling water until they were scalded to death.

Rev. S. G. Colton of Kildare, Ireland, convicted of cruelly ill-treating children in an orphanage of which he was the head, has been sentenced to six months in gaol and to pay a fine of £400.

Trade was slow at Islington cattle market last week. There was a slight rise in price. The Canadian animals, 340 in number fetched 6 1-2 to 6 3-4.

At a meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway directors in London, England, it was decided that Sir Henry Tyler and Mr. Hubbard, the new director, should visit Canada next month and seek to reduce expenses to the lowest reasonable point.

Earl Spencer, presiding at a meeting of the Northampton Agricultural Society on Wednesday, raised a storm of protests by remarking that agriculture in Great Britain was now in a more flourishing condition than it had been for a number of years.

Rev. John Edwards, at one time private chaplain to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield house and afterwards rector of Essenden, a living of which Lord Salisbury is patron, was recently accused of acts of gross immorality. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, but he fled the night before the warrant was to be executed. A special comments upon the fact that though this scandal was known to the press and to Lord Salisbury's political opponents, no mention was made of the affair until the elections were over. They do things differently in Canada. Lord Salisbury, however, compelled Edwards to resign, and conferred the rectory on the Rev William Clark, a hard-working East of London curate.

UNITED STATES.

Flax grown near St. Paul, Minn., has been found to be of excellent quality, both for towels and thread.

A despatch from Portland, Oregon, says there will be a great shortage in the grain crops of Oregon and Washington.

Right Rev. Thomas L. Claughton, recently Bishop of St. Alban's, is dead in New York.

Bay City, Mich., suffered to the extent of $1,000,000 by fire the other night. More than 36 blocks were destroyed.

A cloudburst near Wheeling, W.Va., the other day caused the death of five people and great damage to property.

A shortage of $900,000 has been discovered in the accounts of the General Treasurer of Mexico.

There was a death from sporadic cholera in Detroit on Tuesday morning, and the remains were buried at midnight.

Fifteen men were killed by an explosion of gas in a tunnel in the York farmcolliery near Pottsville, Pa., on Saturday.

The Grand Forks, N.D., Chamber of Commerce has selected September 1 and 2 as the dates of the International Reciprocity Convention, to which about a thousand delegates will be invited, including representatives from Ontario and Manitoba.

Senator Vest introduced in the United States Senate on Tuesday a joint resolution authorizing the President to proffer to Great Britain, Germany, and France, as an inducement to enter into an international agreement for free coinage of silver, a reduction of 25 per cent, in the tariff duties on textiles, hardware, earthenware and glass. The resolution was tabled.

Under sanction of the Sanitary Board of Detroit the garbage collected in that city has been regularly carried by boat at night to Amherstburg and dumped in the river a short distance above the Water Works dock. The townspeople protested in vain, and on the 20th inst, night sent out a tug which captured the American craft and crew. The prisoners were tried for infringement of health and Customs laws and sentenced to pay fines amounting to one thousand dollars. The fines were paid.

IN GENERAL.

The epidemic of cholera on the Volga is decreasing rapidly, but the disease is spreading in the south of Russia.

Austria's principal contribution to the World's Fair at Chicago will be a representation of an ideal Austrian city, which will contain models of notable buildings of all ages.

Commenting on the rivalry between Paris and Berlin in regard to a Universal Exposition in 1900, an Italian journal proposes that Rome shall also hold a Universal Exposition in that year.

The daughter of ex-Premier Sagasta, of Spain, was married one day last week at Madrid. The name of the lucky groom is not given, but the fact is noted that the charming bride received $200,000 worth of presents.

Four of the conspirators concerned in the murder of the Bulgarian Finance Minister in March, 1891, have been sentenced to death, while a fifth, Lepavtzou, will be executed after serving five years in prison.

Henry B. Ryder, the U. S. consul at Copenhagen, has been arrested on a charge of fraud.

Sir Charles Euan Smith, the British Minister to Morocco, about whose safety much anxiety was felt, has arrived safely at Tangier, where it is expected the Grand Vizier will shortly visit him to open treaty negotiations.

The Death of Capt. Stairs.

The Marquis de Beauchamp, a colleague of Captain Stairs and Captain Bodson in the ill-fated Katanga expedition, has landed at Marseilles. He describes how the Msiris attacked the expedition and how Capt. Stairs sent Capt. Bodson to King Msiri to parley with him. Msiri was about to kill Bodson when the latter in self-defence shot Msiri. Capt. Bodson was then himself killed by the natives. The expedition had been for 26 days without food except white ants and locusts. The Belgian mission was reached just in time to save the surviving members of the expedition from starvation. Subsequently they tried to reach the coast by way of the Zambesi river. Capt. Stairs had been ill for a long time, and he died at Shinde. One hundred and ninety natives attached to the expedition also perished. The Katanga expedition, under command of Capt. Stairs, was organized by the Belgian Katanga Company, and was intended to effect a settlement in Msiri's kingdom westward of lakes Mackero and Bangweolo. Its ultimate object was the opening up of the Katanga region, which is supposed to be rich in copper, quicksilver, and gold. It is questionable weather Msiri's country is within the British sphere of influence or that of the Congo State, and the Katanga expedition was probably intended to anticipate the activity of the British South African Company to whose jurisdiction this unappropriated territory is believed to belong. That Katanga is a wealthy region particularly in the matter of copper mines there seems no doubt. Livingstone, who travelled much between the two lakes, Bangweolo and Macro, makes frequent reference to these local resources, and the working of the mines has been described in detail by several travellers.

True valor is like honesty it enters into all that a man sees or does.

A German man of science says that the lands in Germany devoted to grains used in beer production would support 50,000,000 people.

HOUSEHOLD.

Evening Song.

Two drooping lids shut out the day,
Two tired eyes forget the world,
Two little hands bid care away,
Two little feet at rest are curled.
Darling, good-night, O gentle sleep,
Dear stars of love thy vigils keep.
Good-night, sweet one,
Sleep sweet, sleep long,
Thy day is done,
Night croons her song.
Good-night!
Good-night!

Soft breathings tell me rest is sweet,
Dear smiles reflect dear visions bright,
Fond prayers for her I still repeat
While whispering to my child good-night
Darling good-night, dear Heaven guard well,
My love, good-night, once more I tell.
Good-night, sweet child,
This kiss my prayer.
Sleep sweet, sleep mild,
Nor dream of care,
Good-night!
Good-night!

O, pillowed wreath of tangled gold,
Dost know the love that guards thy rest?
O, little life, how were it told
To better prove my fond bequest?
Darling, good-night. Kind angels stay
In loving watch 'til beams the day.
Good-night, good-night,
Dear little girl,
Thy dreams be bright.
My precious pearl.
Good night!
Good-night!

—[George E. Bowen.

How to Dress Well.

An artist's rule as to color is: Choose carefully only those tints of which a dublicate may be found in the hair, the eyes or the complexion. A woman with blue-gray eyes and a thin neutral-tinted complexion is never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which gray is mixed, for in these complexions there is a certain delicate blueness. A brunette is never so exquisite as in cream-color, for she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her dress. Put the same dress on a colorless blonde, and she will be far from charming, while in gray she would be quite the reverse. The reason is plain—in the blonde's sallowness there are tints of gray, and in the dark woman's there are always yellowish tones, the same as predominate in the cream-colored dress. Women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope, also in certain shades of dove-gray, for to a trained eye this color has a tinge of pink which harmonizes with the flesh of the face. Blondes look fairer and younger in dead black like that of wool goods or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk in order to wear black to advantage.

One of the coolest and prettiest accessories of summer dresses is a waist front of white guipure net banded with ribbons to wear inside open jacket waists—Eton jackets, blazers or belted Russian jackets of fine woolen stuffs. This front is a broad, full piece attached to a fitted back of thin white silk which is buttoned down the middle, and, like the back of other waistcoats, is meant to be invisible. To wear with a mauve crepon Figaro jacket such a front is banded with many rows of mauve satin ribbon an inch wide. The first ribbon starting in the seam of the shoulder just above the armhole, rounds low on the bust and holds two rosettes set quite far apart; a second row starts from the middle of the armholes, and, like the third row, beginning below the armholes, is also curved, while two rows cross straight from the side seams, the lowest of all defining the waist line. The lace falls in a scant frill, three or four inches below the last row, and has a finish of scallops. This arrangement of ribbons should be especially noted, as it is also used to confine the full fronts of foulard dress waists, as, for instance, one of brown vine stripes on a cream white ground, with tan-colored satin ribbon for the band and rosettes, and also for the high collar. In this way, also, black satin ribbons are used on many of the light-colored crepons, such as beige, green or turquoise blue.

Camel's hair and English serge will be largely used for autumn and winter costumes, and marine blue, silver blue and the rich shade of Neapolitan blue will be very popular; also the handsome dahlia dyes, the browns, both golden and in dead-leaf tones. The Vandyke and mahogany tints, of reddish cast, and the genuine old rose that is of the exact color of a slightly wilted jacqeminot. Two rich colors will frequently appear combined in very dressy costumes, but in more instances all trimming will be dispensed with, and a plain, stylish effect will be given by the straight rows of narrow soutache braid.

Delaines are particularly pretty this year, and run the muslins very close as first favorites. There is only one objection to them. When they get even a little soiled, their beauty is almost gone. Of course, they will clean well, but that process takes a greater length of time than one can spare her gown just at this season of the year. It is said that if rice be used instead of soap in cleaning those gowns, the cleaning will be done without removing much of the color of the pretty flowers seen in this material. One pound of rice should be boiled in five quarts of water. Set it to cool and when just warm immerse the delaine and wash it well, rubbing in the rice as you would soap. Then pour the water off, leaving the rice at the bottom. Rub the delaine through the thick rice water and rinse in the comparatively clear water which you have just poured off the rice. Ordinary water plays no part in the process. As much water may be used as is found needful, provided that the proportion of a pound of rice to five quarts of water be carefully kept.

Cod Liver Oil as a Beautifier.

A young woman who has a beautiful rounded throat, with lovely neck and arms to match, attributes her beauty in that direction to the following simple course of treatment: "To begin with, you must be prepared for a somewhat disagreeable odor and the ruination of your nightrobe; therefore, put aside your oldest gowns and go to work by yourself and you will work wonders in three weeks. The process is merely annointing with cod liver oil every night. Pour a little in the palm of your hand, and commence at the bend of the elbow, rubbing it well in with an upward and circular movement from the elbow to the shoulder. Do not pour out much at a time, as it must be well rubbed in. Next treat the armpits the same way, then the bust, the abdomen, the groin and the legs down to the knees. It will take you a good half-hour, but you will be repaid by the beautiful effect it will have in a remarkably short time. Perseverance must be your watch-word, however the treatment need not be so frequent in hot weather and not more than three times a week in cold. It is simple and harmless, and no physician will discourage what he knows to be so genuinely beneficial."

Character in Hair.

Did you ever know a woman's character can be read by her hair? Palmistry having gone out of date among fashionable people the unveiling of the disposition may be done by a close examination of my lady's locks.

If her hair shows much care, being glossy, well-kept and every pin in its place, you may rely upon it that she is a lady born and bred, whether her own or the deft fingers of a maid arranged it.

Gloss only comes from constant attention, and the woman of innate refinement is the one who lingers over her toilet, revels in baths and adores shampoos. Therefore, sign number one reads truthfully. Coarse hair shows humble birth. Brown hair, as a rule, if of the peculiarly fine character that makes it seem very thin, will indicate a good disposition. Hair that splits in the ends is a representation of the owner's tendency to quarrel and have bickerings and differences on all occasions. Black, glossy hair shows treachery; blonde, fluffy hair weakness and vanity, and red hair temper but truthfulness. The sort of hair known as drab, the kind so hard to match, and awfully high-priced when one wants a false bang, reads thus—highly sensitive and touchy. Either dye your locks or expect to be read of all men, for though the hands sometimes lie, the hair never does.

Religion Turned Into a Fad.

A distressing thought is the frivolity which some women exhibit in attaching their names to various societies without any idea of performing the duties demanded. The band of King's Daughters extends far and wide over the surface of the globe, and the little silver badge has become familiar everywhere. Earnest women and girls assume it with a knowledge of its requirements, willing and ever eager to assume the responsibility that it calls for, the pledge of work it demands; but others appear to look on it as a pretty ornament, and membership as the fashionable thing of the hour. A young lady, in urging a companion to assume the badge, recently said: "You know it is all the rage," as if it were the last French fashion or social fad. Such frivolous words, while they cannot injure an order that has done so much good, are in themselves shocking. It would be well if all orders of this kind would demand a definite showing of work, and would drop members who failed to do their work, or who join societies solely because they are the "rage."

When Woman Realizes Her Age.

The day there comes to a woman a realizing sense that a hat no longer is either becoming or dignified, the same day must be made the confession that youth has forsaken her. Some wise persons hold it that the advance of middle age is sharply heralded by a sudden appreciation of wrinkles or gray hair, or, worse still, the unwonted and almost bitter half-deference of the young people; but the woman who is able to carry her wrinkles and fading tresses with a gallant air of sweet unconsciousness, who without a blush can refuse to accept the proffered horse-car seat of a young girl, and gayly assert herself as untouched by Time's cruel hand, must and will always succumb to the bonnet. At a certain point—far be it from us to set the age at which all womanhood must turn the first sharp corner of life's divergent path and openly admit herself as growing into the second stage of maturity—there comes the swift conviction that the hat must be laid aside forever.

The awful shock arrives, perhaps, one morning when a new creation of silk, lace, velvet, fur, ribbons and flowers, all charmingly arranged, as is now the fashion, in one irresistible bouquet of color and symmetry for the head, comes home from the milliner's, with its bill, for madam's approval. With a little flutter of pleasant excitement, the broad-brimmed, high-towering arrangement of head-gear is donned. Set it a bit to this side, a bit to that, arrange and rearrange the hair ever so many times, denounce the miliner heartily, and weep a tear or two of disappointment, perhaps, but the hat cannot be coaxed to harmonize with the face beneath it.

In an instant the truth is revealed; she has simply grown too old for hats. With a quick pang she recognizes that the clear oval outline of her face, beneath a hat-brim once so enchanting, is no longer defined; the sweet curves of her cheek and throat, awhile ago so distinct, have somehow melted into each other; the muscles, once firm and young, are now yielding, and intricate pencilings are drawing the soft skin.

Merely for experiment, she replaces that hat with a bonnet, draws about her chin and pins the velvet strings, and from this kindly framing, that conceals time's processes, the face looks out again almost youthful but with the shade of dignity which only the touch of bonnet strings gives. Her critical eye now notices that from the bonnet there projects no brim to throw shadows on the face that can no longer stand an increase of shadowing; and as she is sensible and discreet, she quietly lays the symbol of youth away forever, and makes a wise but silent confession of her years and dignity by the assumption of the gay, sad or stately bonnet unvaryingly held in place by its strings.

Moth Preventive.

A very simple way of preventing moths from laying their eggs in a bureau is to uncork a bottle of chloroform a few minutes in each drawer; or, better still, drop a few drops of the liquid in the drawer itself. If a garment is properly brushed and well wrapped in newspaper moths will never go near it, as they seem to have a great dislike to the press. The little black cricket is more destructive to clothes in the summer than is the moth itself; moreover, he eats anything and everything, and as he attacks one's everyday wearing apparel it is impossible to drive him away with powder or bad smells.

A street in Germany is paved with india-rubber.

German scientists are now making an explosive equal to dynamite out of common jute. It is called nitrojute, and is prepared by treating jute with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND MINES

A Lucky Zulu Who Got $75,000 for Restoring a Lost Gem.

Working by electric light in the desert of Africa, with power furnished by coal costing $60 a ton, was the novel subject discussed yesterday at the Leland by George D. Longstreet, an English mining engineer. During a long residence in South Africa, Mr. Longstreet travelled as far into the interior as Livingstone did, visited a number of places which have never been seen by a dozen white men, and in many regions found that he was the first white man the natives had seen.

"The control of the diamond mines by the Rothschilds," said Mr. Longstreet, "is entirely due to the overcapitalization of the original companies. Some of them were capitalized as high as $25,000,000. They are now limiting the production of gems to the demand. Diamonds will never go down in price, and the days of romance in South Africa diamond mining are past forever. In early days the mines were divided into little allotments of thirty feet square, and each of these was sold to a corporation for $500,000—a neat sum for a little land scarcely large enough to put a shanty on. I have seen working for one company and in one mine as many as 10,000 naked Zulus, whose work, oddly enough, was carried on by electric light within a year after it was invented. In those days our chief difficulty was to prevent the thefts of the workmen. We had an overseer for every five men, and yet the beggars managed to steal large numbers of diamonds. These Zulus are born thieves. All the tales of Rider Haggard, whom I knew in South Africa, I have heard often from the lips of the Zulus.

"The mines are four in number, the Kimberley mine proper being but one of them. It is 700 feet deep, and the 10,000 men at work in it look like mere pigmies. It was originally all one hill formed by some volcanic action from below. Long before the chimney was dug a few diamonds were washed from this hill into the stream where they were discovered. At Kimberley the diamonds were imbedded in a strange hard mud, which had to be blasted with dynamite before it could be brought up. It had to remain a year before the precious stones could be secured. We could not use crushing machines, for they would crush the diamonds.

"The most beautiful diamond by far that I have ever seen was the one found at Kimberley by a little American named Porter Rhodes. I paid £5 just to look at it. The sight was a liberal education for a diamond expert. He afterwards sold it to the Countess of Dudley for $500,000. It was lost once before it left Africa, and Rhodes presented the Zulu who returned it with a reward of $75,000.

"Look."

Some fifty years ago, on a snowy December evening, a homely boy found himself standing before a chapel at Colchester, England. Although he was very young there was a great burden of distress upon his mind. He had committed no crime; but he had been searching for months, as he said, for "salvation."

He was like Luther on his return from Rome, anxiously crying out, "What is righteousness? And how shall I obtain it?"

Tired with his search, the boy stepped into the chapel and sat down in an obscure seat. In the pulpit a preacher confronted him, pale as death. He was as thin as a skeleton, and his deep-set eyes seemed to fix themselves upon the young stranger. He gave out his text. "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

"Why, that's just what I'm after,' thought the boy.

Then the preacher turned and gazed upon him, and his piercing eyes seemed to penetrate his heart.

"Young man," he cried, in a loud voice, "you are in trouble!"

"Sure enough, I am. How does he know it?" murmured the boy to himself.

"You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ," returned the preacher. And then, lifting up his hands in a most impressive way, he cried out, as only a Primitive Methodist could do, "Look look, *look*! It is only Look!"

This phrase, which might have meant little or nothing to some one else, was everything to that troubled boy. His heart bounded. He had been waiting for a difficult way out of his spiritual distress. The simplicity of the direction took him off his feet.

He had been ready to go anywhere out of his way or to do anything out of the common, or like Paul, to see visions and have strange experiences; but the single thought and the magic word then took possession of him, and afterward controlled his life. Had he only to look to Christ? Was that all? Only to turn his head and see the way of life and peace?

This was the way in which the great preacher Spurgeon was led to his work. He himself said that the word "Look!" heard for the first time upon that stormy evening, in that obscure chapel, was the spring that moved the great sources of his power.

Most of us are trying to find out the meaning of a religious life. It seems as complex as a problem in higher mathematics. But indeed it is not so. Look at the example of the Master, and accept His teachings.

An earnest Christian woman lay upon her deathbed in a Boston hospital. She had devoted herself, body and soul, to an unselfish life, and contracted the disease that caused her death in spending her life for others. The night she died, she said to her attendant:

"Please raise the curtain."

There, on a great church, opposite the hospital, flooded by moonlight, stood Thorwaldsen's statue of the Master. Long and silently she gazed upon it.

"What do you see?" asked her friend, gently.

"Don't drop the curtain," she pleaded. "I want to look at Christ."

Our doubts, our sins, our troubles, our perplexities are all curtains that fall between us and the true meaning of a simple Christian life. Raise them—and look at Him; the one teacher whose wisdom none can question; the one Saviour by whom immortality is assured.

Silence holds the door against the strife of tongue and all the impertinences of idle conversation.—[James Hervey.

An Indianapolis man has invented a process for "aging" violins. He claims that in two weeks' time he can impart to any ordinary violin all the fullness and richness of tone possessed by a Stradivarius.