LEGIONS LOST IN LONDON

FIFTY PERSONS VANISH IN BIG CITY EVERY DAY.

Twenty Thousand People Disappear Every Twelve Months.

London is great in everything, even in the number of its lost. The capital does not shout and boast about its mysteries. It is only when something dramatic happens such as the vanishing of a wealthy man, that one is reminded of the grim fact that somewhere about 20,000 persons disappear every twelve months within the area looked after by Scotland Yard, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Many of the missing persons turn up, but a large number are lost to their friends and relatives for all time. London is the best place on earth if you want to hide. It is the most mysterious and most wonderful maze ever inhabited by man. To look in London for a friend with whom you have not made an appointment is like looking for a needle in a haystack, or a diamond in a desert, or a pearl in the Pacific Ocean. One can live in London a lifetime and travel about it and not know one thousandth part of it. Within the last twenty years quite twenty murders have been committed in London which have gone by unexpiated. You may be quite sure that the murderers, if alive, are in London. They are probably living very near to police stations, for it is a popular and a well-founded belief among criminals that if you want to keep your wrists free of the handcuffs you must pitch your tents close to the pegs on which the bracelets hang.

The London Detectives

would be proud indeed, if they could find only half the people who vanish in the capital every year. But they cannot. Some time ago two girl students took rooms together in the West End. One night they were hanging pictures and they found that they had run short of nails. "I'll go out and get some," one said. She went, just as she was, without hat or coat, to a little shop round the corner while her companion set about preparing the evening meal. The girl never returned. Inquiries showed that she did not visit the shop, and she has not been heard of since.

Vain also were the efforts to trace a girl who came from the north of England two years ago to take up a situation in a northern suburb. It is known that she reached King's Cross safely, but after that her movements are hidden behind the veil that hides so many of London's mysteries. She has not appeared since, and it is a thousand to one that she never will. There was the young solicitor who left his chambers in the West End one bright morning last year and was never seen again. Everything humanly possible was done to trace him, but all in vain.

I know an old woman who has been trying to find her missing husband for 30 years. She lives at Hammersmith. One morning, somewhere in the '80s, he went off to catch his omnibus for business in the city, and she has not seen him since.

For Years and Years

the poor old woman has travelled over the same ground twice a day in the hope of finding him, but I am afraid that their next meeting will be beyond the Great Divide.

London has cloaks enough to hide a million. If you want to disappear all you need do is move around the corner. Very few people in the metropolis are on speaking terms with those who live in the next flat or in the next house. There have been several cases in recent years of policemen having resided in the same block as men who were wanted for some notorious crime, and there is an instance of a wealthy former convict who vanished, assumed a disguise and another name, became a property-owner, and actually leased a house to the judge who some years before had sentenced him to penal servitude. Not very long ago it was found on the death of a certain public official that he had been running two establishments for twenty years. He had two wives and two families, yet neither of the women had the least suspicion. It was because the man lived in London.

It is next to impossible to carry on such duplicity in the country, but in the British capital, where neighbors, so far from being friendly, are terribly suspicious of one another, a burglar or a murderer can live for years among respectable people without being discovered. If London would only absorb a little of the neighborliness and good-fellowship of the provincial street, a little of the

"How Do You Do?"

habit on the stairs or over the garden fence, a little of the countrywoman's friendly chat at the greengrocer's cart and the fishmonger's barrow, there would be a shorter criminal life for the wrongdoers who at this moment are rubbing shoulders free and fearless, with straight-living folk in the city and the West End.

A friend of mine, a private detective is making quite a little fortune in London for no other reason than that it is a land of mystery and suspicion. Who ever heard of a countrywoman becoming suspicious of her husband to the extent of having him watched by a detective? But in London this is common. Because the capital is a great shadowland with millions of hiding places and millions of cloaks to protect the wrongdoer from the public eye. That young friend of yours who is flushed with ambition and means to come to town to make his fortune—if he should fail he need not feel ashamed a bit. If he wants to hide—well, London will find a corner for him. And nobody will ever find him until he wishes them to. London is as mysterious as she is great.

GOLD MINERS' LIVES SHORT.

Fifteen Years in Transvaal Limit of Workers' Activities.

The mining of gold in South Africa produces a mortality roll which is appalling.

"However healthy a Transvaal rock-drill man may appear to be on his return to this country," Dr. Haldane told the British Departmental Committee on Industrial Diseases in 1907, "he will probably be dead within a year or two."

Miners' phthisis is said to be due to the inhalation of fine dust, which arises not merely from rock drilling without the accompaniment of water spraying but also from blasting operations. Last year more than 1,000 of 3,000 men examined by the Medical Commission were found to have phthisis. No rock-driller could work in the mines for sixteen years and escape it. Death occurred as a rule before the age of 40.

Here is a table which showed at that time how inevitable is the doom of any man who undertakes this work:

Years' service.	Percentage affected.
½	1½
2½	25
3½	40
4½	55
6½	70
10½	80
13½	90
15½	100

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentry and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby'c Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN MEMORY OF HIS SON.

Chas. G. Davies Will Erect Hotel for Unfortunates in Chicago.

A hotel for "down and out" men, to cost $100,000, will be erected by next winter by Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, as a memorial to his son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, who was drowned in Lake Geneva last year. Eventually Mr. Dawes will erect a similar refuge for women of the same class.

These hotels had been projects which the father and son had planned to carry out together, and Mr. Dawes, in a statement given out recently, pledged himself to devote all his spare time to carrying out the work his son had long looked forward to.

"In memory of my dear son, Ruful Fearing Dawes, who met his death last September," said Mr. Dawes, "I shall during the present year inaugurate the work which we had often planned to carry on together, and to which for the rest of my life I shall devote that part of my time not required by business duties.

"As the first step I shall erect on the west side a hotel at an expenditure of $100,000, to be known as the Rufus Dawes Hotel. Lodgings will be furnished at cost, not to exceed five cents. The doors of this hotel will never be closed to those out of employment upon their promise to pay when they find work again. It will extend credit to the unfortunate upon their promise alope. A free employment agency will be run in connection with the hotel. I shall hope later to establish a similar hotel for women."

A strong-minded man is one who has occasion to say "I told you so" and doesn't.

DREADFUL ITCHING AND BURNING

White Blisters Spread All Over Head. Scratched Until Mass of Sores. Hard Crusts Left Raw Flesh. Had to Cut Hair Away. Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Hair Growing Thick.

139 Romaine St., Peterboro, Ontario.—"My little girl's head was in a terrible state. It started with little white blisters, which would break until it spread all over her head. The burning and itching were dreadful, especially at night when she would scratch it until it was one mass of sores all over her head and the pillow would be covered with blood. She could get no rest at all with the pain. She would beg of me to put something on to cool the burning and irritation. Hard crusts would form on her head which when she scratched it would leave the raw flesh underneath, and her hair came off with it or would be in such a dreadful state that I would be obliged to cut the hair away.

"I tried several remedies but none of them seemed to do any good. I then cut her hair quite close, washed it with Cuticura Soap and bandaged it using Cuticura Ointment. It is now quite healed without a mark on the skin. Her hair is growing nice and thick again." (Signed) Mrs. M. Saunders, Feb. 13, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 36D, Boston, U. S. A.

Pinero's Methods.

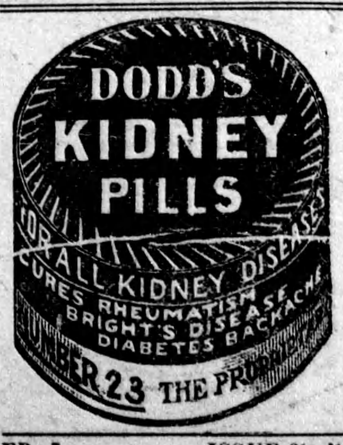
Britain's foremost living dramatist, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, has just celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday. As his name indicates, he is partly of foreign extraction, for his father was a Portuguese. His mother was Miss Williams, sister of a noted Trinity Pilot of Gravesend, and it was in that district Sir Arthur spent the days of his youth. He was at one time intended for a business career, and studied at Birkbeck College, but the call of the stage proved too strong. He made his debut before the footlights as a general utility

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

actor at a salary of one pound a week, but the experience he gained has proved of inestimable value, and there is no living playwright who is his superior in stage technique. One of his earliest efforts at writing for the stage was a curtain-raiser for the late Sir Henry Irving, but it was with his striking play "The Magistrate" that Sir Arthur gained his first big success.

Sir Arthur Pinero's method of writing a play is certainly unique, for he first devises the final scene, and from that works back to his opening. When he is about to rehearse a play he has planned out the minutest detail of business. He is a kindly autocrat at rehearsals, and the actor or actress who does not follow his direction is soon brought to task.

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit one Sunday. "You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last. "Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby. "I do indeed," said his mother. "Then say, ma," said Bobby "why can't I keep that penny you gimme for the Sunday School collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."



URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write to-day for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE. JESSE A. CASE, Dept. 476, Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.

GUESSING THE TEMPERATURE

How It Was Done With the South Polar Expedition.

It often happens on sledge journeys among the arctic ice that the thermometers are broken. In that case, the party finds itself without any means of determining the temperature. But Mr. Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the south pole, says that if the explorer accustoms himself to guess the temperature, it is possible to estimate the mean temperature for a month with a fair degree of accuracy. This fact he proved by means of a guessing competition during the winter that his party spent in camp on the great ice barrier.

As each man came in in the morning he gave his opinion of the temperature outside, and each guess was entered in a book. At the end of the month I went over the figures, and the man who had guessed correctly the greatest number of times won the prize—a few cigars. Besides giving practise in estimating degrees of cold, it was a very good diversion with which to begin the day. When one day is almost exactly like another, the first hour of the morning is likely to be a little sour. The competition engaged every one's attention pleasantly. Each man's entrance was awaited with excitement, and one man was not permitted to make his guess in the hearing of the man who followed him. Therefore, they had to speak as they came in, one by one.

"Now, Stubberud," I would say, "what's the temperature to-day?"

Stubberud had his own way of calculating, which I never succeeded in understanding. One day, for instance, he looked about him, and studied the various faces. "It isn't warm to-day," he said at last, with a great deal of conviction. I could immediately encourage him with the assurance that he had guessed correctly. It was -69 degrees F.!

The monthly results were very interesting. So far as I can remember, the best performance in any month was eight approximately correct guesses. A man might keep remarkably close to the actual temperature for a long time, and then suddenly one day make an error of twenty-five degrees.

The winner's mean temperature agreed within a few tenths of a degree with the actual mean temperature of the month, and the mean of all the competitors' mean temperatures gave a result that was almost exactly correct. So if we had been so unlucky as to lose all our thermometers, we should not have been entirely at a loss.

Well Begun.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot): "Good heavens, man, where are your shots going?"

Recruit (nervously): "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Way Of It.

Some men make fools of themselves for a pretty girl and a lot of others don't even have that excuse.

SAW NAPOLEON; STILL ALIVE.

M. Schamel-Roy Went to St. Helena, the Emperor's Prison.

There is still a Frenchman alive who saw and spoke with Napoleon and in his childhood played with the King of Rome. M. Pierre Schamel-Roy went to visit his father, who was one of the "caged eagle's" attendants at St. Helena, and there was presented to the Emperor.

His most touching reminiscence is that Napoleon showed him a doll which had belonged to his little son, remarking, "It is dirty, as you see. But they were his little hands which soiled it."

M. Schamel-Roy is a handsome old man of strong features, though sunken face, with a hooked nose and a flowing, silky, snow white beard. He was for many years costumer at the Opera, Paris. He has now a pension from the State of some twenty-six cents a day. M. Schamel-Roy is nearly 106 years old. His father was a soldier's orderly who spent his life in close personal attendance on the great Emperor.

A FRIGHTFUL FIRE

Causes widespread sorrow—likewise a lively corn causes much pain—the cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, that never fails and always cures; try it. 25c. at all dealers.

Work and the Weather.

The restless days are here. All outdoors invites us and our work becomes a conscious effort and a bore. It is the time when we are most in sympathy with Jerome K. Jerome in his confession as follows: "I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Evidently Preferred Noise.

"Is he fond of peace and quiet?"

"I guess not. He's giving his three daughters musical educations."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Exactly So.

"Embroidering letters on handkerchiefs is a very non-progressive business."

"How so?"

"Because it never gets beyond the initial stage."

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail. An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Fine.

This sure would be a dandy world,
life would be one big bubble,
If money could be borrowed just as
easily as trouble.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Ginger Snaps.

Steady persistency will outrun spurt.

Only small-souled people are vindictive.

A man is not necessarily bad because he has the reputation of being singular.

There is but one leisure class in this country: hoboes and the idle sons of the rich.

Framed mottoes alone do not make a happy home.

If a man was born a fool he is likely to die one.

After all, we miss more trouble than we get into.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

He—I expect to die in harness. She—Then I take it for granted that you have a stable position.

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H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

FRUIT, STOCK, GRAIN AND DAIRY Farms in all sections of Ontario. Some snaps.

FACTORY SITES, WITH OR WITHOUT Railway trackage, in Toronto, Brampton and other towns and cities.

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GRAHAM BROS., FUR RANCHERS, will pay highest price for Black, Silver, Cross Foxes, Mink, Marten, Fisher, at all times. Dougal, L. Graham, Strathroy, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

MAIL ORDER MEN. Save 90 per cent. mailing expenses by our safe, sure, business-getting method of mailing and distributing catalogues, circulars, samples, etc. Particulars free. Results certain. W. G. Lawrence, Orillia, Ontario.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

GALL STONES, KIDNEY AND BLADder Stones, Kidney trouble, Gravel, Lumbago and kindred ailments positively cured with the new German Remedy, "Sanol," price $1.50. Another new remedy for Diabetes-Mellitus, and sure cure, is "Sanol's Anti-Diabetes." Price $2.00 from druggists or direct. The Sanol Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

MALE HELP WANTED.

MEN WANTED

YOUNG MAN BE A BARBER. I TEACH you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly and furnish tools free. We give you actual shop experience. Write for free catalogue. Moler College, 219 Queen St. East, Toronto.

MEN WANTED

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN.

Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell and the life after death. 400 pages, only 25 cents postpaid. H. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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WILL MAKE MONEY FOR YOU

GARAGE OWNERS and others who require a cheap and convenient method of waiting on customers should investigate this tank to be sold at a sacrifice.

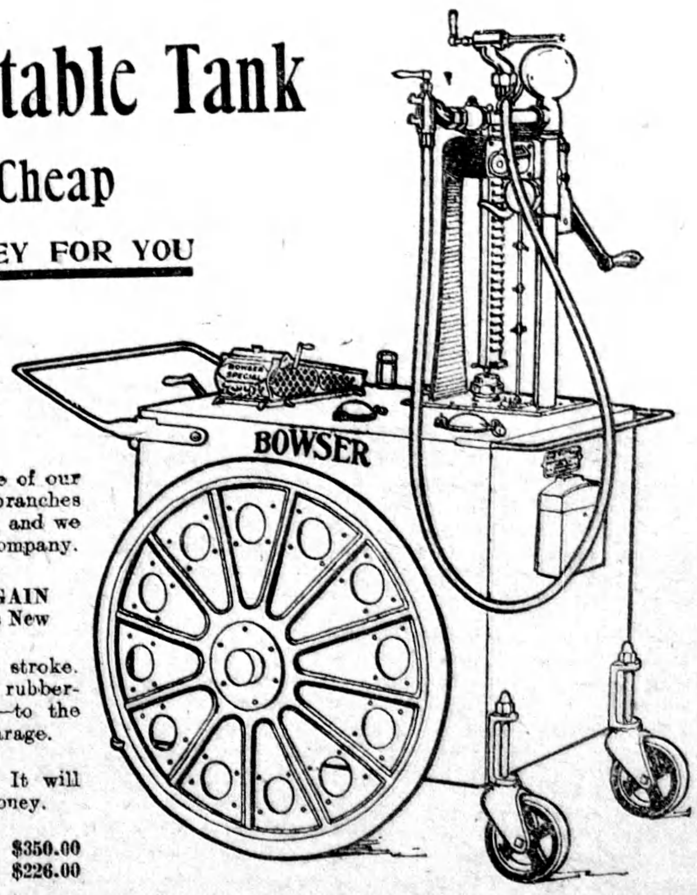
This has been used a short time in one of our departments, lately discontinued. Our branches and Sales depots are already equipped, and we cannot place this Tank in our own Company.

THIS BOWSER TANK IS A BARGAIN
In Good Shape—Almost as Good as New

50 gallon capacity—one gallon to the stroke. Pump self registering. Mounted on rubber-tired wheels. Can be moved anywhere—to the sidewalk and back to any car in the garage.

The best investment you ever made. It will save your gasoline—your time—your money.

Regular Price $350.00
Special Price $226.00



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