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LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

May's Probable Successor Is Well-Known and Popular In Canada.

Reports from England state that Admiral Sir W. H. May, one of the most eminent officers of the British navy will relinquish his post as chief in command of the Home Fleet, and that his successor will probably be a sailor agreeably known to Canadians—Prince Louis of Battenberg. He has indeed been personally known to Canadians for more than a generation. As a young man in the seventies—being then a younger scion of an impoverished German principality—he had a project of marrying and settling down in Toronto. Thirty years later he came back and spent a real happy holiday among old friends at Quebec, Montreal and Toronto and incidentally touched the button at the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition. It is said that he has not benefited in the least in his career in the navy through his relationship to the royal family. Indeed it is not too much to say that the reverse has been the case. Had he possessed another and less German name there is no doubt that he would have been First Sea Lord of the Admiralty before today. Years ago he was passed over for command after command for which he was eminently fitted in every way owing to the German atmosphere that surrounds his name. If he succeeds Admiral Sir W. H. May in the Home Fleet there will no doubt be some outcry raised, says Modern Society, but as a matter of fact the prince is thoroughly British in his sentiments and aspirations, otherwise he would have accepted the throne of Bulgaria when it was offered to him several years ago. He is one of the most popular men in the royal navy today. Not only is he noted for the possession of all the—kindliness of heart and tender delicacies of feeling which endear him to all who serve under him, but his natural sense of justice is so true and his administration is so lenient and tempered with so full a consideration of all extenuating circumstances—that if the prince says a thing is the time that is all the men want to know. And it has always been so ever since he was a midshipman, when his "command" consisted of a boat's crew ashore. He is said to have never lost a man on those occasions. With all, he is a strict disciplinarian none more strict but and through fear, and is perhaps the best and most thoroughly up-to-date officer in the royal navy today. Everything new in science, so far as it affects his profession, he has at his finger end. His knowledge of mechanics is that of a skilled expert, and many of his inventions and improvements are in daily use in the navy at the present moment. He needs it, as great as his ability is, every way he is a good man that is what the sailor call him.

SOCIETY WOMEN'S HAIR

A Simple Treatment That Will Make It Truly Fascinating. Higginbotham Guarantees It.

Nowadays every up-to-date woman has a short hair.

What a lovely creature a woman would be if she had the opportunity to add to her attractions.

Yet in Canada today there are hundreds of thousands of women with hair lifeless, characterless, hair which do not make any attempt to improve it.

In Paris most women have beautiful hair, and in Canada all women who use Parisian Sage have lustrous and luxuriant hair.

And any woman reader of the Champion can have attractive and lustrous hair in a few days' time by using this great hair renovator, Parisian Sage.

Higginbotham Drug Co. sell a large bottle for 50 cents, and they guarantee it to banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks, or money back.

Parisian Sage is an ideal hair tonic, not sticky or greasy.

Getting Around a Difficulty

A friend of mine, who was once County Clerk, of Des Moines, Iowa told me of an experience he had while holding the office with a woman who made numerous calls upon him, in company with a man who was always in a state of intoxication. The purpose of their visit was to secure a marriage license. As a matter of course, the clerk each time refused the request.

"The last time the woman appeared, as usual leading in her drunken friend, the clerk, in a most impatient mood, exclaimed:

"My dear woman, why do you always bring this man here to get a license when he is drunk?"

"Because," said she naively, "I can never get him to come along when he is sober."—June Lippincott.

TRY THE MONEY-BACK CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

Nine times in ten stomach derangements are responsible for a sallow complexion. Deliver the goods, body.

It is the stomach that supplies nourishing blood to the muscles, the nerves and skin. If the stomach is healthy, plenty of nutritious matter will be absorbed by the blood. If it is not healthy, the food will ferment and undigested, will pass along through the bowels, furnishing so little nutritious matter that the blood becomes impoverished, and the glow of health vanishes.

If you suffer from nervousness, sick headache, belching of gas, sour taste in the mouth, heaviness after eating, or any other miserable stomach disturbance, you need Mi-o-na, and the sooner you get it the quicker you will be healthier and happier.

It will relieve any distressed stomach condition almost immediately. It will cure if used according to directions. Higginbotham Drug Co. sell it for 50 cents a large box, and they think enough of it to guarantee it to cure indigestion.

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by Higginbotham Drug Co.

Three hundred of the poorest Jewish families have been banished from Kiev.

Bookmakers shot and killed a jockey who pulled his horse on a Roumanian race track.

BRAZILIAN RAILROADS

Find It Necessary to Plant Forests to Meet Their Timber Needs.

Brazil is far from having the amount of forest with which it is generally credited in North America and Europe, though it has enough to supply all needs under normal conditions. The fact that the trees of value are so greatly scattered in the forests, that so many of them are heavier than water and cannot be floated, and that the cost of transportation is very high combine to make it impossible to supply most portions of the country with lumber and logs for industrial and railway purposes. The result is that not only is a large portion of the building lumber imported, but there are imported many timbers for bridge and other construction work which in the ordinary course of affairs should be Brazilian. One of the most striking demonstrations of this state of things appears in the immense sums of money expended by Brazilian railways for ties, and the great trouble had by such companies in securing proper supplies of such timber at any price.

In order to reduce the cost of the ties and to insure a proper supply, the principal railways of the country are being compelled to give their attention to the planting of forests for supplying ties, in a manner even more advanced than that followed by a number of the great railways of the United States, which are nearly face to face with similar conditions.

The Paulista Railway Co. in southern Brazil is now experimenting with a scheme to avoid further trouble. A nursery of 250 acres was established at Jundiahy in 1904 and planted with 40,000 trees, of which 30,000 are eucalyptus. Two other tracts, of 65 acres each, were also planted with eucalyptus, the total number being 20,000. The company now has 60,000 trees of various kinds, and the expenditures in five years, including the purchase price of the ground, have been $45,695. It has also acquired 3,750 more acres of fine land and on this and other available lands it is planned to plant 1,000,000 eucalyptus trees. As present improvements on the land last purchased will produce sufficient revenue to pay back the capital expended in buying it, it is estimated that the total cost of this experiment in forestry, which will be completed in 15 years, will be $150,000, or 15 cents a tree, while the returns on each tree when cut up will be 20 times its original cost. It is also estimated that the 1,000,000 trees will prove an ample and continuous resource for fuel and sleepers for all the company's lines, thereby saving the company approximately $300,000 a year.

Making Them All One.

An elderly minister is fond of telling of a "break" he once made at a double wedding of two sisters. It was arranged that the two couples should be married with one ceremony, the two brides responding at the same time and the two bridegrooms doing the same. There had not been a previous rehearsal, as the minister had come a long distance and had reached the church but a few minutes before the time for the ceremony.

All went well until it came time for the minister to say, "And now I pronounce you man and wife."

It suddenly became obvious to the minister that the usual formula would not do in the case of two men and two wives, and he could not think of any way of making "man" and "wife" plural in the sentence. In his desperation and confusion he lifted his hand and said solemnly:

"And now I pronounce you, one and all, husband and wife!"

Umbrella on Horseback.

The late Duc de Sagan set many a fashion among French dandies, and among others that of wearing a single eyeglass with a very wide black ribbon a practice followed for many years by Parisians who wished to look smart. In one respect, however, his most faithful admirers refused to follow the duke. This was when he took to carrying an umbrella on horseback. He first indulged in this eccentricity at a race meeting. When a shower came down and the leader of fashion was seen to be holding an umbrella over himself and his horse the sensation was immense. No one ventured to imitate him, however, and ultimately he abandoned the practice.—London Chronicle.

A Plucky Corporal.

A fine display of pluck and endurance was given the other day by Corporal Jack Hance, rough-rider, 54th Battery, at present stationed at Piershill Barracks, Edinburgh. Exercising a young and spirited horse in the direction of Niddrie, the corporal met with an accident. His horse bolted, and before it had gone far, carried its rider against a farm cart, knocking the driver down. The soldier had his right leg broken below the knee, but kept in the saddle, and rode to Portobello Police Station, which is over a mile and a half away. There he explained matters, and tried to dismount but had to be helped to the ground by constables.

A Massacre of Rats.

Seventy-nine rats is not a bad catch especially when no effort has been made to capture them. Lately the boys on an Ayrshire farm amused themselves by throwing ears of corn into five old disused milk can placed in an outhouse. The farmer himself had occasion to go into the outhouse two days later, and found each can alive with squealing rats. They had jumped into the can to get the corn, and found it impossible to get out again. The cans were covered, rolled to a pond, and filled with water. This new and effective style of rat trap is now popular in the district.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony

It is said that when Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, died "a river was turned aside to make place in its bed for his grave and when he was buried the water was again let into its former channel and the prisoners who had helped to bury him were killed so that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried."

The river turned was the Busento and the place near Cosento, Italy.

Are Poets Insane?

"The poet is one whose troubled nature urges him towards drink suicide, and madness." Thus Mr. W. B. Yeats, the "Celtic Charles Lamb," as he has been termed. Mr. Yeats, who first studied with a view to becoming an artist, began writing at twenty-one. Now he is forty-five, and during the last twenty-five years has earned the reputation of living in a fairy world of his own. He certainly holds some very peculiar notions, and tells uncanny tales.

She Looked After His Clothes.

Two women were talking over the back-yard fence, when one of them remarked: "My husband always wears a clean shirt every Sunday morning."

"Well, now," said the other, "I never cares about Sundays; but I allus do see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, 'cause that's the time he's generally drinkin', and when he does take his coat off to fight, I do like to see him looking nice and clean.—June Lippincott's.

FAMOUS EXITS.

How Great Statesmen Have Left the Scene of Activities.

When, some weeks ago, Mr. Chamberlain entered the British House of Commons from behind the Speaker's chair, and, supported on each side, made his feeble way to the Clerk's table to take the Parliamentary oath, it must have occurred to many of the silent and awed spectators of this dramatic scene that the great gladiator of the past was taking his last look at the arena in which for so many years he had been the doughtiest fighter.

Just sixteen years earlier a still greater statesman had said farewell to the Chamber, of which he had for more than sixty years been such a distinguished ornament. Mr. Gladstone had made his last speech, in a voice as ringing and with a passion as intense as in the days of his youth. The Speaker had left the chair; and as the veteran was making his way out of the House for the last time, he stood for a moment beneath the Speaker's chair, gave one swift, comprehensive glance of those eagle eyes of his around the scene of so many past triumphs, and then, squaring his shoulders, strode grimly and resolutely out of the Chamber.

Thirteen years earlier Gladstone's great rival, Disraeli, made his last bow on the political stage in the House of Lords, at the close of a speech against the evacuation of Candahar by British troops. Broken man as he was, there was no trace of weakness or faltering in this farewell effort of oratory. There was much of the old fire and the picturesque eloquence of his prime. "The key of India is in London," he concluded. "The majesty of Sovereignty, the spirit and vigor of your Parliaments, the inexhaustible resources of a free, an ingenious, and a determined people—these are the keys of India." And as the old statesman resumed his seat, the peers burst into one of those rare rounds of applause which showed that they had been strangely moved. Six weeks later the great voice was stilled in death.

The farewell words of the "great Earl of Derby," in the House of Lords on June 17, 1869, were among the most eloquent and impressive the "Rupert of Debate" ever delivered. "My lords," he said, in his peroration, "I am now an old man, and, like many of your lordships, I have now passed the three-score years and ten. My official life is entirely closed, my political life is nearly so, and in the course of nature my natural life cannot now be long." In the following October the curtain had been rung down on the last scene of all.

Palmerston's farewell speech was delivered on May 23, 1865, in the sixty-fourth Parliament in which he had sat. It was a speech of considerable humor, ingenuity, and raillery on the leakage of Cabinet secrets; and probably none who enjoyed the Grand Old Man's delicate humor (he was so at that time), full of the effervescence of youth, dreamed that the House would never hear his voice again.

Cobden's last words in the Commons, delivered on July 22, 1864, were an eloquent condemnation of the extension of Government manufactures and concluded thus: "Our fortunes as a Government and nation are indissolubly united, and we will rise or fall, flourish or fade together, according to the energy, enterprise and ability of the great body of the manufacturing and industrious community."

When Peel rose to speak in the Commons at one o'clock on Saturday morning, June 28, 1850, those who listened to his eloquent condemnation of Palmerston's foreign policy would have been horrified if they had known that the stately presence would be merged in death within four days. After the speech Peel went for his usual ride in Hyde Park; on Constitution Hill he was thrown violently from his horse, and on the following Tuesday night he drew his last breath.

Spencer Perceval's farewell speech was made three days before he was brutally murdered, in the Lobby of the House, by the madman, Bellingham; and O'Connell's was "a performance in dumb show; a feeble old man muttering before a table"—a pitiful travesty of the giant whose superb eloquence and rollicking humor had, in past years, made the Commons shake with applause or rock with laughter.

But no statesman has made such a dramatic and tragic last appearance in Parliament as that of the great Earl of Chatham, who was carried to the House of Lords from his death-bed, haggard and emaciated, and wrapped in flannels. As he spoke, he leant heavily on his crutch. "I am an old man," he said, feebly and pantingly. "I have one foot—more than one foot in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country, perhaps never again to speak in this House."

After a few more painful disjointed words he fell back on his seat, apparently dying, and was carried out of the chamber.

"Lucky Lambton."

So Sir Hedworth Lambton, whose engagement to Lady Chelsea is announced, is known in the navy; for, although he has seen much fighting, he has escaped scathless. He joined the service as a boy of fourteen, and was present at the bombardment of Alexandria and the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It is in connection with the siege of Ladysmith, however, that he is especially famous, and Sir George White has described him as the "life of the garrison throughout the siege." Sir Hedworth, by the way, tells a good story of Sir George. During the war in South Africa an order was issued that all men of the Highland regiments must cover up their uniforms, as it was thought that they made too obvious targets for the enemy. Sir George White, who knew that the order would not prove popular, thought of a way out of the difficulty. "Let them cover the front of their uniforms," he said; "the enemy will never see the other side."

A Magazine That is Wholly Readable.

One publication which always shows commendable discretion in the selection of its contents is Lippincott's. Its May issue contained a stirring adventure novel by Will Levington Comfort—he of "Routledge Ride Alone" fame. The complete novel for June is as dissimilar to it as it well could be, yet it is just as good a story—just as well written, just as interesting. The title of it is "Francine" and the author is Marie Gatchius, who has the book "Anne of Treboul" and many excellent short stories to her credit.

Among the short stories are "The Headstone of the Corner," a characteristic tale of rural life, by Eden Phillpotts, author of "Children of the Mist," "Sons of the Morning" etc.; "A Cabin and a Claim," by Will Levington Comfort; "Stage Struck," by Lucy Copinger; "Doctor Blodgett's Duty," by Arthur Stanley Riggs; "The Chauffer," by Eleanor M. Ingram, and "Bluebeard Closets," by Elizabeth Maury Coombs. Delightful sketches are by Thomas L. Masson, who writes on "June," and Ellis O. Jones, who discourses on "Baseball Fans."

Nine mines shipped over 600 tons of ore from Cobalt last week, the largest consignments being despatched by La Rose and Kerr Lake properties.

GOVERNANCE OF INDIA

FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF BRITISH RULE IN THE EAST.

M. Joseph Chailley of the Chamber of Deputies, after a Study of Eastern Affairs, Has Collaborated on a Book In Which He Pays a Glowing Tribute to Great Britain's Work Among the Hindu Races.

M. Joseph Chailley, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, has, with the co-operation of Sir Will'm Meyer, written a valuable and impartial study of the present-day conditions of the Indian Empire." "Administrative Problems of British India" is comprehensive, calm, and eminently informative.

The Radical politician and the Babu agitator attempts to deny that East is East and West is West. A set of facts printed by M. Chailley in an early chapter clearly indicate the vast difference.

"As regards child marriage, the statistics are stupefying. In India the 1901 census showed 121,500 married boys and 243,500 married girls whose age was under five; between the ages of five and ten the figures are 760,000 and 2,030,000 respectively; between ten and fifteen, 2,540,000 and 6,595,000.

"Further, there were no less than 1,277,000 widowed persons under twenty, of whom 914,000 were females. Of these, 6,000 widowers and 96,000 widows were less than five years of age; 37,000 widowers and 96,000 widows between five and ten; and 113,000 widowers and 276,000 widows between ten and fifteen."

Could any figures more dramatically demonstrate the entire dissimilarity of social conditions? M. Chailley notes in the Indian an Oriental disinclination to work.

"At first sight everybody seems to be taking an active part in some common toil; as a matter of fact, several persons are looking on at the labor of one. As has been cynically remarked, out of five people who seem to be working, one is doing nothing, one is resting, one is looking on, and another is helping the previous three."

Much, naturally, is said of the much-discussed National Party, but it is insisted that it stands for a small class and a small part of the Empire—

"As a matter of fact, this so-called National party is really a party of privilege, a concourse of representatives of the high castes and the rich classes, which is really a stranger to the nation on whose behalf it professes to speak.

"What would rejoice the Babus of Bengal and the Poona Brahmans would be likely to cause grave displeasure to the men of action in the United Provinces and the Punjab."

M. Chailley points out some of the weaknesses of British rules, and explains the native unrest, but he adds:

"It would be wrong, however, to conclude from the remarks in this chapter that the peoples of India are weary of British supremacy or administration. The loyalty of the great majority is still incontestable, and it extends to students, lawyers, Deccan Brahmans, and even to the Babus of Bengal and the chiefs of the National party. This was clearly shown by the universal and spontaneous mourning at the death of Queen Victoria."

The sharp distinction between the races and the lack of social mingling are, as always, observed, but even these are not universal.

"The British officers of the Indian army and the frontier officials are fond of the natives, their companions in sport and war. The Englishman adores bravery and respects pride; he meets both among the native soldiers on the Northwest Frontier and in the Punjab and Rajputana.

"A British officer's native orderly is not a menial servant; he only looks after his master's weapons, but he is devoted to him, and if he is ill will pass nights by his bedside; while on the field of battle he will save him or die with him. On actual military service the soldier is disciplined and respectful and the officer stiff, but outside they talk freely.

"The soldier asks advice from his officer and will consult him on his family affairs or about a lawsuit. The officer listen and helps, and, outside the barracks, will walk with a Sepoy and speak to him familiarly. Hence there is a rapprochement, due to common dangers and common tastes, but it is an exception."

M. Chailley points out, too, that there is little social life among the natives themselves:

"The wife of the well-known and lately-deceased Justice Tyabji of the High Court of Bombay said in 1905 at the annual meeting of an Indian ladies' club: 'We complain that Europeans keep aloof from us, but that is largely our fault. I ask you how many among ourselves, Hindus, Musulmans, or Parsis, want to meet altogether? Is it pride or reserve which keeps up apart? Is it not rather a difference in manners, habits, education, dress, language, and religion? Let us,' she added, 'begin by union among ourselves.' These are significant remarks."

"The Government of India might, as many other Governments do, regard its work with placid and silent contentment," says M. Chailley. "But its passion for the public good and its desire for improvement constantly impel it to check its conceptions by their results. It examines, blames, and reforms itself, and, as a consequence, it seems to condemn itself in the eyes of superficial critics.

"But any one who has studied its ample legislative work and examined, stage by stage, its different and successive creations, feels himself bound to set aside the criticisms which the slowness or the imperfections of this work might provoke, and to render homage to the conscientiousness and knowledge which it displays.

"The Indians only plead their talent and cleverness; the English are specially pre-occupied with character. What they look to mainly is the moral value of the man: coolness in decision, rapidity in action, a conscience which can resist temptation, and an energy which can face threats — in fine, a sentiment of duty towards one's country and oneself."

Criticizing a Portrait.

Walter Dean once hired an artist to paint his portrait with the stipulation that the picture would not be accepted and paid for unless it looked like himself. When the portrait was completed it was sent to Mr. Dean, who did not recognize himself and absolutely refused to pay the painter. The painter sued, and Joe Strong, the artist, was called in to give an expert opinion.

"You see the portrait of Mr. Dean?" the lawyer asked.

"No," said Mr. Strong, "I do not."

"There it is," said the lawyer, pointing to the big canvas.

"I don't call that a portrait. I call that a map of Mr. Dean," said Mr. Strong.

It is suggested that King George's coronation take place on Empire Day next year.

Edgar Wilfrid Jones, said to be from Toronto, was stabbed and killed by a negro in Cincinnati.

Sour Stomach and Heartburn?

LITTLE DIGESTERS

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Near at Hand.

A clergyman startled his congregation by informing them that it was his intention in a few days' time to go on a mission to the heathen. At the close of the service many prominent members crowded about him and expressed astonishment at this unexpected turn in his affairs and begged to know when he was going, where he was going and what they were going to do while he was gone.

"My good friends," said he, "to go on a mission to the heathen will not necessitate my leaving town. Ask yourselves whether that is not the case."

Fat Crystals.

If small quantities of butter, lard and beef fat be separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly and shows a well marked St. Andrew's cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef fat has a foliated appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystal degenerates and gradually merges into peculiar rosette-like forms.

Big Football Receipts.

The second meeting of Barnsley and Everton in the English Cup Semi-Final yielded $12,500 gate-money.

On Thursday the French submarine Pluviose was sent to the bottom with her 27 men in a collision with a cross-channel steamer.

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All Druggists and Stores.—50c.

MEN SHAVEN AND UNSHAVEN.

Tendency of Civilization is to Eliminate Facial Hair.

While preparing recently for their examinations, the young men of a Western university voted not to shave until after the examination on the ground that growing beards would serve to remove temptation to neglect their work for social diversions. About the same time, the newspapers told of the solemn decision of the young ladies in another institution to enforce a social boycott against the male students who were wearing or coaxing into existence, moustaches.

The two incidents illustrate the present attitude of the social world toward shaven and unshaven men. Not that a bearded man is ostracized by the world at large, whatever may be the case in undergraduate circles, but that clean-shaven faces among men of all ages are now becoming the rule.

It was not always thus. In ancient times, the beard was the badge of manhood, the insignia of dignity and authority. This is still true in the Jewish race; and the strongest oath of the devout Mohammedan is "by the beard of the prophet." Note the long braided beards of the Kings of Assyria and Babylon, as indicated by the sculptured images which have survived. In those days slaves were compelled to be smooth-shaven, and the beardless youth was an object of scorn. In Greece and Rome the custom varied with the periods. Most of the great Romans of later times were beardless.

In the middle ages and in the Elizabethan era beards were generally worn, although occasionally a beardless monarch led a change in style which made the barbers happy. In Great Britain and this country the beard was almost unknown in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the nineteenth century it came into general favor. Most of the young men of a college graduating class of the fifties and sixties wore all the beard they could raise. Then the young men took to the moustache, which is now far less common.

When man accuses woman of being a creature of the arbitrary whims of fashion, she may well retort by pointing to his beard—or to the place where it might be.

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