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Vol. 62. MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912. No. 52

BANK OF HAMILTON

Capital Paid Up.....$ 5,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits..... 5,500,000
Total Assets..... 44,000,000

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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1912

...ial Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.
...	Friday	10.30 a.m.	12	8	10	12	16	6
...	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	9	5	7	9	10	5
...ers	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	10	6	8	10	11	6
...ville	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	11	7	9	11	12	7
...ville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	13	9	11	13	14	9
...	Monday	11.00 a.m.	8	4	6	8	9	4

...ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; ...ie, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; ...Hilmer, Burlington.

...ions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th ...December, on opening days at 1 p.m

...Court Sittings, without Jury, 2nd April and 1st October, and so often at other ...be required for the despatch of business.

...Court Sittings—formerly Terms—8th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

...Criminal Justice Accounts, 8th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th October.

By order **W. F. DICK, Milton,**
Clerk of the Peace.

...n Champion
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Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. D. S. HOUCK, Pastor.

Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 3 p.m
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p. m

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.

Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. G. MCQUILLIN, Rector.

Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd Sunday at 8 a.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SAVAGE.

MILTON AND TRAFALGAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 and 11.00 alternately; commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.

6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.26 a.m. 2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.

GOING WEST.

8.13 a.m. 9.04 a.m. 3.33 p.m. 7.07 p.m. 8.25 p. m.

—SUNDAY—

West 9.04 a. m., 8.25 p.m. East 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)

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7.45a.m. 4.45p.m.	10.25a.m. 8.35 p.m.

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BRITZ
:: OF HEADQUARTERS ::

BY MARCIN BARBER

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

The woman was threatened with a return of her passionate outburst, but curiosity got the better of her through her emotions, and whirling toward the lieutenant, she asked:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, madam," answered Britz, "that Mr. Griswold, though he engaged himself to marry you—though he gave you reason to believe that you and he would be married very shortly, has been industriously engaged for some time past in attempting to become engaged to another woman."

"Who is she?" asked the lady of the Renaissance eagerly.

"A most natural question, madam," said Britz, "but one which an innate sense of delicacy restrains me from satisfying. However, the lady to whom I refer is on her way here now, and in half an hour at most, you will have the pleasure of seeing her."

"Who is she? What is she? Where is she?" exclaimed Mrs. Delaroche.

Doris Missioner's blond beauty would have fared badly at her hands, perhaps, had the multi-millionaire widow been in the room at that moment.

"She is the possessor of many millions," said Britz, "a woman of acknowledged beauty and of undeniable charm. Of course, I don't undertake to say for a moment, madam, that her attractiveness equals yours. Doubtless, Mr. Griswold, being an enterprising young man, has eyes more to her millions than to her looks. Nevertheless, she is a beauty."

He watched closely the effect of her words on the high-strung woman facing him, and saw that he had touched a responsive chord. Her eyes flashed as if her very soul vibrated with jealous rage. Her breath came and went in short gasps. Her fingers twisted and untwisted nervously, and she seemed to be on the point of a violent revelation when the situation was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Britz, a flash of amusement in his face, walked to the door, opened it, and thrust his head out. In the corridor stood a man from the Detective Bureau who said:

"The prisoner, Griswold, requests an immediate interview with Lieutenant Britz."

Britz hesitated a minute, then said: "Bring him in here," and then returned to Mrs. Delaroche.

"I shall not ask you to take my word for it, madam," he said. "I'll soon give you proof of the very best kind that what I have told you about Mr. Griswold is true. Just sit over here in this alcove where you cannot be seen from the middle of the room, and pay attention to what goes on."

Mrs. Delaroche was too far gone in the throes of jealousy to be squeamish. She crossed the room quickly and seated herself in the place designated by Britz. Shortly after that, Griswold was brought into the room, and the lieutenant, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders squared, his features cast in an iron mould, confronted the clubman.

"How long is this farce going to be kept up?" Griswold demanded.

"Is that what you came here to ask me, Mr. Griswold?" returned Britz.

"Yes, I want to know whether I am a prisoner, or in what capacity I am here. If the former, I insist upon being taken before a magistrate at once. I know my rights and I will have them—depend upon it."

"You know a great deal, don't you, Mr. Griswold?" sneered Britz. "Well, let me make you understand that you are here as long a time as we choose to keep you. Yes, you are a prisoner, and you are going to be one for a good long time—a good many years. You don't like the classification, do you? Well, you'll have leisure to get used to it. I call your bluff, Mr. Griswold, clubman, society man, embezzler, would-be jewel thief."

Griswold stepped forward as if to strike the speaker of the offensive words. Britz gripped his wrist and whirled him into a chair.

"Sit down!" he cried. "And if you make another move like that, I'll fix those wrists of yours in a way you won't like."

Britz turned to the Chief and remarked: "Ever see such cheek as this before?"

"Cheek, eh?" cried Griswold. "Why, you blundering——"

"None of that now, Mr. Griswold. I've got the goods on you. The less of that kind of talk you indulge in, the better for all concerned. Mrs. Delaroche has told everything!"

Griswold inquired sarcastically, "And what, pray, had she to tell?"

"A great deal more than Mrs. Missioner knows," answered Britz craftily.

"Don't mention that lady's name in such a place as this!" exclaimed Griswold with a show of chivalry that would have gone very well before a jury, but which was lost on such hardened thief-takers as Britz and Manning.

"No harm in mentioning her name, is there, when the lady herself will be here in a few minutes?"

This time there was no simulation in the start Griswold gave. He started at the detective as if he doubted his own hearing.

"For God's sake, man, you're not going to bring her down here?"

"That's just what I'm going to do, Griswold," chuckled Britz. "She's [illegible] now.

"[illegible] simply must not [illegible] Griswold, it [illegible] matter to me. It means my whole future. I don't want Mrs. Missioner to come here and see me a prisoner. It will be different when the case comes to trial. I will have counsel then, and I can take care of myself, but just now I'm helpless. Don't bring the woman here to make her lose all respect for me; darn it, man don't queer me!"

Millicent Delaroche from the alcove heard and saw all that passed between the men. She gripped the slender arm of her chair until her tapering fingers curving around it bit into her pink palm. She watched the unmistakable agitation of the prisoner until no doubt remained in her mind of his attitude toward Mrs. Missioner. Then her rage broke through all restraint. Casting the detective's caution to the winds, she strode to the center of the room and towered above Griswold, as, thunderstruck at sight of her—in his self-centered pride of what might happen, he had utterly forgotten for a while her presence in Police Headquarters—he moved uneasily in his chair.

"Perjurer!" she screamed. "Liar! Ingrate! Thief!"

Each word was like the snap of a lash that brought a wincing start from Griswold as if a black snake whip had stung him. He stretched his hands toward her imploringly.

"Millicent!" he cried.

"Never call me by that name again," she almost screamed. "I wish I could forget every occasion on which you have dared to utter it. You wretch!" and she wrung her hands fitfully, as if she would like to clasp them about his throat.

Fitch opened the door softly and looked in. Behind him stood Elinor Holcomb and Detective Williams. At a sign from Britz, they entered the room noiselessly and stood beside the door. Before Williams could close it upon them, Mrs. Missioner and Bruxton Sands appeared on the threshold.

Mrs. Delaroche turned to Britz in cold fury, an icy reaction from her volcanic rage of a moment before.

"I will tell you all you wish to know, lieutenant," she said "I will tell you all I know about Mr. Griswold."

Britz poised himself in an attitude of polite inquiry.

"That is the man," Mrs. Delaroche continued, "who stole Mrs. Missioner's diamonds!"

The wealthy widow, standing near the door, put her hand to her heart as if about to faint from the shock. Sands, his only thought being to support her in such a trying moment, forgot the presence of all others, and passed his arm about her shoulders to steady her slightly swaying form. Elinor, with a little sigh, turned to Fitch and clasped both his hands with unmistakable tenderness. Then her head sank upon his shoulder, and the doctor, bolder than Sands, encircled her waist with his arm.

Britz, without making a move to interrupt Mrs. Delaroche, stretched one hand behind him and pressed a button that communicated with the room where Gordon and Hicks waited with the four Hindoos. The connecting door opened and the Orientals could be seen within. Mrs. Delaroche, absorbed in her own grievances, intent only upon vengeance that should shatter Curtis Griswold to the very foundation of the man, again fixed her eyes upon him as she continued her denunciation to the detective. Britz and Manning listened alertly. Gordon, in the adjoining room, whipped out a notebook and began taking in short-hand everything the woman said.

"Yes, you stole the jewels," said Mrs. Delaroche to the crouching clubman in his chair. "I didn't know it when you gave them to me, and fool that I was, the suspicions I might have had were kept aloof by my affections for you. You wooed me for a long time. You told me I was the only woman in the world. You swore you never had a single thought of any other. And all that time, it seems you were courting this Mrs. Missioner. You were seeking to win her—for her wealth, I suppose—it matters not for what. And even while you were in her house as a recognized, even an accepted suitor, you robbed the very woman you really intended to marry!"

Turning with a panther's speed and with its steely strength, she addressed herself again to Britz.

"Mr. Griswold," she said, "gave me a necklace a few weeks ago—a diamond necklace. It was contained in the jewel case you found in my room. He told me he had purchased it for me, and that it was to be his bridal gift. I wondered at the munificence of the present, but he assured me he was a man of much greater wealth than was generally supposed, and that when we were wed, we would live in luxury equalling that of anyone in New York society. I believed him. He explained that he wished me to take charge of the necklace at once as he feared to keep it in his own apartment, and for business reasons did not wish to intrust it to a safe deposit company. When the news of the Missioner diamond robbery was published in the newspapers, I commented upon it to the man I supposed to be my fiance, and expressed wonder as to whether Mrs. Missioner's diamonds were as beautiful as those he had given me. He asked me to say nothing about my possession of the necklace until our wedding day. He said he did not wish the directors of the Iroquois Trust Company to know he had laid out such a large sum of money yet awhile.

"When you, Mr. Britz, tried to steal the necklace from my room, when, in fact, you did take the case that had contained them, I supposed you to be an ordinary burglar. Naturally I became excited at the thought of losing such magnificent gems. How the jewels were ever taken from my custody I do not yet know. I have no idea where they are. All I do know is that Curtis Griswold stole them, and that, in turn, they were stolen from him.

"As for you," and she turned upon Griswold anew, "I pray Heaven I shall never hear your name——"

Elinor, her true womanhood athrill with sympathy in spite of her weeks of suffering—more keenly because of it, perhaps—sought to soothe the agitation of Mrs. Delaroche, who was close to collapse. Fitch, too, strove to calm the woman. As a man he pitied her; as a physician, he felt some alarm for her because of the great excitement to which she had wrought herself—excitement plainly beyond the endurance of her emotional nature. A feeling akin to indignation stirred him when, glancing toward Britz, he saw a sarcastic smile on the detective's face. His hands in his pocks and watching Mrs. Delaroche as one would concentrate his vision on a great tragedienne near the grand finale of her performance.

"Bravo!" said the lieutenant detective at last. "Bravissimo, Mrs. Delaroche! If it were not for detaining our good friends, I'd insist upon an encore. Really, you know, you're entitled to any number of curtain calls for that."

The heroine of the Renaissance burglary flashed furious eyes upon him. Fitch, depite all he knew Britz had done for Elinor, could not conceal his anger. Even Miss Holcomb was indignant. Mrs. Missioner and Sands looked at the detective expectantly. Manning's face was impassive. He was prepared for any surprise from his shrewd lieutenant.

"You behold in Mrs. Delaroche," said Britz, including everybody in a sweep of his hand, "one of the most talented actresses in America. True, she isn't on the stage, but that's only because the managers haven't discovered her. If any of the big managers saw such an example of her art as this, he'd engage her on the spot."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Britz," said Mrs. Missioner inquiringly.

"Mrs. Delaroche understands me, Mrs. Missioner," returned the sleuth. "She knows exactly what I mean. Don't you, Mrs. Delaroche?"

"No!" said the woman from the Renaissance so sharply the word was like a poniard thrust.

"No?" retorted the detective. "How truly unfortunate! Surely you are mistaken, madam; surely you recall what happened in Paris? It can't be you've forgotten how you obtained possession of the Missioner necklace—the one with the Maharanee diamond, you know?"

She clung to silence as to a rock of refuge. Britz, still rocking lightly on his heels, raised a finger warningly and looked at her with that same sarcastic smile.

"You know as well as I do, Mrs. Delaroche," he went on, "that Curtis Griswold didn't steal the Maharanee necklace. Whatever other crimes are upon him, he is guiltless of that—in act, at any rate."

The woman kept her eyes on the floor, her face partly turned away. All the others stared at Britz in amazement, not excepting the Chief of the Detective Bureau.

"Let's run through the pages of history, Mrs. Delaroche," continued the lieutenant. "Personal history, of course—the history of a clever little Miss Vincent, one of the brightest young women in Paris. You remember her when she was an art student there, getting along as well as she could on a New England income in the Latin Quarter. A bright, clever little girl she was, to be sure, and it was too bad she had such a hard struggle to realize her artistic dreams!"

All his hearers listened attentively—Mrs. Delaroche, in spite of resolute efforts to appear indifferent, full as faithfully as the others.

Prince Kananda moved forward until he stood within a few feet of Mrs. Delaroche. She turned her head slightly and saw him. A glance of mutual recognition passed between them, but so quickly that it was unobserved by the others. The Prince eyed her steadily, with malignant gaze, as of a man who has been tricked. A wild fear leaped into her eyes and she moved away, edging close to Britz.

"It isn't to be wondered at," said Britz sympathetically, "when you recall the many hardships Miss Vincent endured—when you remember on how many mornings she had to trudge to her copying work in the Louvre without even the poor consolation of a French breakfast, that she permitted a young Hindoo gentleman to spend a little money upon her. It wasn't exactly in line with New England conventionality, of course, but the aristocratic Easterner had been introduced to her formally enough, his behaviour was always respectful, and she—well, she was very lonely and very blue and often very hungry."

Mrs. Delaroche bit her lip and turned on Britz a look of such resentment that Mrs. Missioner and Miss Holcomb shrank away a little.

"And it needn't astonish us," Britz continued, "that when the polished Oriental brought about her acquaintance with an American multi-millionaire she accepted friendly little courtesies from the rich man, even going so far as to dine with him in several of the luxurious cafes for which Paris is famous. The American was a man from her own country—a big, good-natured, whole-souled chap, thoroughly satisfied with his fortune and himself.

Therefore, why shouldn't the lonely, starving Miss Vincent enjoy gay little dinners and, perhaps, gayer little suppers with him? She was always chaperoned. By whom? By the Hindoo, of course. Besides, the million-aire's wife knew there was a dash of romance in her husband that made him delight in these excursions into the realm of the unusual."

Mrs. Delaroche sat with those brilliant eyes of hers bent rigorously on the rug. The other women glanced at her curiously. Manning with suspicion. Kananda with a glitter in his eyes that seemed to command silence. But she did not look at the Prince.

"However, ran the detective's monologue, "you'll have to admit, Mrs. Delaroche, that it wasn't exactly correct. Miss Vincent's part to lie [illegible] when he offered [illegible] when we say [illegible] and very beautiful [illegible] million[illegible]

When he spoke, it was with finality.

"Mrs. Delaroche, you were Miss Vincent," he said, "you were the impoverished girl artist of the Latin Quarter. You have been married since then, and now you are a divorcee—but you were Miss Vincent."

She recovered her poise for a moment and gazed at him defiantly. Then her courage broke again, and she answered.

"It is true. How you have learned it I cannot guess, but—it is true."

Doris Missioner, despite the suggestion conveyed in the lieutenant's revelations gazed at Millicent Delaroche commiseratingly. Elinor's pity was more open.

"And now," Britz went on, "Mrs. Delaroche either stole those jewels in Paris or in New York. If they were stolen in Paris, the authorities of this city have no jurisdiction in the case. On the other hand, we can prove the necklace was in her possession only a day or so ago, and if the crime was committed in this country, we will call in the District Attorney." He turned abruptly toward the woman. "Mrs. Delaroche," Britz said, "I do not believe Mrs. Missioner will call on the French authorities to act, if the crime was committed in their jurisdiction. If the jewels were taken here, Mrs. Missioner will have no choice in the matter."

She seized at the bait. Turning her flashing eyes on the detective, she burst forth:

"The jewels were stolen in Paris."

A tense silence was broken by Britz. "You'll have to show me," he snapped, "it's your last chance to tell the truth."

"I stole the collarette from Mr. Missioner," she admitted. "It was shortly before his death, a long time ago. The plot had all been laid. Griswold and Prince Kananda got me to do it. I met Curtis Griswold through Mr. Missioner. He made love to me, made me believe he wanted to marry me. Then, one day, he proposed the plan to steal the jewels. It almost made me laugh, for I was already trying to get them for the Prince. His plan was to have me induce Mr. Missioner to let me wear them one night and disappear with the collarette about my throat. I had agreed to do this, when Griswold"—she cast a withering look at the clubman—"brought me the substitute. He didn't know, of course, that I was in the pay of the Prince, and I didn't inform him of it. Well, one night Mr. Missioner, after much urging on my part, took the collarette from his wife's jewel box and let me wear it at a little supper party. It was then I made the substitution."

"What did you do with the real necklace?" Manning interjected.

"I kept it," Mrs. Delaroche returned with a bland smile. "I informed Prince that I had changed my mind about committing the robbery, and I told Mr. Griswold that I had been unable to make the substitution."

"But the paste jewels he had given you—what did you tell him in regard to them?" Britz asked.

"I simply told him I had lost them," she replied. "The fact of the matter is, I fooled both the Prince and Mr. Griswold. Of course, when Mrs. Missioner discovered the robbery, Mr. Griswold guessed what I had done, and since then he has been urging me to turn the jewels over to him. But I was determined not to let him have them until after our marriage," she added in a voice laden with the vindictiveness she felt.

The semicircle of listeners contracted until Mrs. Missioner, Miss Holcomb, Sands, and Fitch were close to Britz. The detective, turning to the others, said:

"I have had the good fortune to recover the Maharanee diamond for you, Mrs. Missioner, and it remains only to trace the other jewels of the necklace. I dare say Prince Kananda can tell us where they are."

"As I told you over the telephone, Lieutenant Britz," Mrs. Missioner answered, "I have recovered my jewels."

"All?" asked the detective, slightly astonished.

"All," replied the widow. "Moreover, I do not care to prosecute anyone connected with their disappearance."

"Not the Hindoos who were responsible for their second disappearance—is it possible you do not wish them to be punished?" Britz expostulated.

"I do not," said Mrs. Missioner quietly. "I understand their connection with the mystery thoroughly. In spite of the drastic methods they pursued, I do not blame them. They did not seek the lesser stones of the necklace. In fact, those gems were returned to me this morning by one of the Orientals—a man of scholarly attainment and high character, whom I met in the East. These devotees—fanatics, if you will—have braved death and imprisonment to recover a jewel which I take it is precious in their eyes as was the Holy Grail to Crusaders. It is a question not merely of religion, but of extreme piety with them. Under such circumstances, I cannot consent to appear against them, nor to countenance any attempt to punish them. Besides, there was a mistake in the acquisition of the Maharanee diamond. It belongs to these men of the East. They are free to take it. I surrender all claim to it."

With an air of unmistakable respect Britz turned toward the widow.

"In the eyes of the law," he said, extending the big Maharanee, "this stone is yours. You may do with it as you choose."

Mrs. Missioner accepted the stone permitting her eyes to linger a moment on its blazing splendor. Then she wheeled abruptly and passed the diamond to the Prince.

"It is yours," she said. "Take it."

Kananda's eager fingers closed on the gem.

"Mrs. Missioner has restored your property," Britz said turning to the Oriental, "and I dare say the Chief will agree with me that it is [illegible] necessary for us to take your case as far as the District Attorney's office. You and your fellow countrymen are at liberty to go. I advise you to go [illegible] before I get to thinking too [illegible] that little upside down [illegible]

[illegible] room.

"Miss Holcomb," said Britz, "Chief Manning will procure your release in just about the time it takes us to go from here to the court. You will be discharged at once. Yes, doctor, that will be a complete vindication of your fiancee. My best wishes for your happiness."

Britz then turned to Mrs. Missioner. "As for the prisoner, Griswold, Mrs. Missioner," he said, "it makes little difference to him that he was not arrested for the theft of your diamonds. The directors of the Iroquois Trust Company have a case against him strong enough to send him up the river for along while, I trust, Mr. Sands," Britz added significantly, "that in your new-found happiness you will forget the momentary unpleasantness between us. After all, you see, I was acting in your interests."

The rare smile the millionaire flashed at the lieutenant as with a proprietory air he took Doris Missioner's hand in his was as eloquent an expression of friendly gratitude as anyone in society or "the Street" would expect of "Silent Sands."

THE END.

KING AT BREAKFAST

Interesting Facts About the Morning Meal at Buckingham Palace

Breakfast at Buckingham Palace is now a family meal. In the late reign both King Edward and Queen Alexandra took breakfast in their private apartments, but King George and Queen Mary come downstairs to their morning meal, and are joined by the Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales, and the Princes George and Henry, when the latter are at Buckingham Palace. The other two princes take their breakfast in a room off the Royal school-room.

Breakfast is served usually either in the Bow Room or Chinese Room on the first floor. There are also one or two other rooms where it is occasionally served. Their Majesties signify to the Master of the Household overnight the room in which they desire to breakfast, and the Master communicates the order to the House Steward.

Two sideboards and a round table have to be put into the room chosen by their Majesties, and these are removed at once after breakfast.

Breakfast is served at 9 a.m. The service used is a white porcelain one, with a gold band, and each piece bears a Royal crown and a monogram underneath it. The dishes generally used are part of a very massive silver breakfast service, which was a wedding-present from the Empress of Germany to Queen Mary.

In the centre of the table is placed a massive silver flower-bowl, filled with white and pink flowers.

Porridge made from the finest meal always forms part of the breakfast menu. It is served in silver bowls. Fruit is another feature of the Royal breakfast. Bananas, grapes, melons, hot-house peaches, and apples are among the fruits regularly served. Frequently the King breakfasts off porridge and fruit.

When the breakfast dishes have been placed on the table the servants leave the room, and do not remain in attendance to wait at table, as they do at other meals.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Household who are "in waiting" breakfast together in the Household dining-room. The Household breakfast is served half an hour earlier than the Royal breakfast. This is done so that the secretaries may go through the morning mail whilst the King and Queen are at breakfast, and have the vast volume of correspondence sorted and arranged for their Majesties' inspection and attention directly breakfast is over.

When a foreign monarch is staying at Buckingham Palace, breakfast is, of course, served in the State dining-room, and the meal is then of a much more ceremonious character.

The whole Royal party assemble at 9 a.m. in the Bow Room, and the King with the visiting Sovereign's consort, and the Queen, with the visiting monarch, lead the way to the State dining-room, and are followed by the members of their respective households.

The German Emperor customarily eats a heartier breakfast than any other foreign Royalty, and he is the only European monarch who drinks tea at breakfast.

The King of Spain drinks chocolate and a cup of chocolate and some wheatmeal biscuits form the Spanish monarch's usual morning-meal. The King and Queen of Norway both drink coffee at breakfast, and the King of Norway never eats anything at breakfast but a little fruit. The Tsar's breakfast usually consists of thin, dry toast and thick cream, followed by a small cup of black coffee.

MARKET ONLY EGGS YOU KNOW TO BE FRESH

Produce Section of Toronto Board of Trade Sends Out Timely Circular

The produce section of the Toronto Board of Trade decided to ask farmers to co-operate with them in their endeavor to give the consumer an egg fit to eat every day in the year. With a view to eliminating the shrinkage entirely the egg-producers will be asked to observe the following rules:—

(1) Provide plenty of clean, dry nests for your hens. (2) Gather the eggs daily in cool weather and twice a day in hot or rainy weather. (3) Do not wash eggs. Use the dirty, small, very long and straw-stained eggs at home. (4) Keep eggs in a cool, dry place, which is free from odors. (5) Market your eggs twice a week if possible. (6) Don't sell eggs which were found in a stolen nest. (7) Keep the eggs out of the sun when taking them to town. (8) Don't keep eggs near oil, onions, etc., as they readily absorb odors. (9) Don't sell eggs known to be bad or which have been in an incubator. (10) Male birds should not be allowed with hens except for breeding purposes. After that period [illegible] fowl, and improve [illegible]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

GOOD ROADS NEEDED

Interesting Ruins in Far-off Cambodia, a French Protectorate

There are no roads to Angkor, in Cambodia, a kingdom and French protectorate on the Gulf of Siam, except a wretched bullock-cart road, and consequently few persons have ever heard of the splendid ruins that are in that vicinity. Yet they possess a strong appeal for the artist and the architect, and no less for the archæologist, since the language of the builders is still undeciphered.

The Angkor Wat, or Temple, is the most recent of the buildings, the best preserved, and the most ornate of them all. Standing in front of it, you see a central tower and two or more four-cornered towers, these towers being at the top of a forty-foot stone stairway, and the whole area being surrounded by a moat some thirty rods wide. At a distance the effect is of lateral magnitude only, because the entire structure or group of structures is resting flat upon a plain. Nevertheless, the central tower rises 213 feet in the air, and the others, on nearer view, are sufficiently lofty. Almost every square foot of the whole edifice, outside and inside, bears some exquisite design, carved in stone. A few blank spaces in the main temple seem reserved for masterpieces that were never made.

Probably most interesting of these decorations are the several series of bas-reliefs, which in quantity far exceed the rest. They include a battle between men and monkeys—a favorite theme—160 feet long; battle between Hindus and unknown enemies, 160 feet long; hunting procession, 324 feet; procession of five seven-headed snake, Naga, 220 feet; procession of Paradise and Purgatory, length undetermined, but over 160 feet. Both sides are armed with spear, shield, cuirass, and war-club; the leaders, however, have swords, bows and arrows, and are protected from the sun even in battle by enormous umbrellas.

WHO WAS "TOMMY ATKINS"

How the Soldiers of Great Britain's Army Came by the Name

Questions are sometimes asked as to the origin of the expression "Tommy" or "Tommy Atkins" as applied to a soldier in generic form. Mr. J. H. Leslie explains in Notes and Queries that its origin dates from the year 1815, when the "Soldier's Account Book" was called into use by a War Office circular letter of August 31, 1815. Sample forms of the book (for cavalry and infantry) accompanied the circular letter, and in every one of them the name "Thomas Atkins" is used as a specimen name. Atkins evidently could not write, as in the several places where his signature occurs it is given as "Thomas Atkins X his mark." This, Mr. Leslie adds, surely disproves that "Thomas Atkins" was suggested by the Duke of Wellington in 1843 as being the name of an especially brave soldier in his own regiment—the 33rd.

GOLD ALONG NEW LINE

Following a survey of the area along the T. & N. O. Railway trial line between Gowganda and Porcupine, the party of engineers submitted its report to the Ontario government. That the country is entirely unsuited to agricultural purposes, but may prove to be another Porcupine, may be inferred by the information given by the engineers.

The report says that the area is underlain by the oldest rocks, and small quartz veins occur in Kewatin schists in many parts. Veins of considerable size were struck, and gold was found in some of these. Their development was scarcely sufficient to determine whether gold was in paying quantities. "These rocks are receiving much attention on account of the Porcupine discoveries, and will probably repay careful prospecting," said the report. "The iron formation can scarcely be considered of economic importance."

UNITED 143 FAMILIES

Imperial Reunion Association Does Effective Work

The Imperial Reunion Association which aims to unite old world families in the Canada of endeavor and opportunity, grows space. Since its organization in Toronto it has passed upon no less than 550 applications of British immigrants who desired assistance in bringing their families out to join them, and has by its efforts in this connection, already united 143 families in Canada.

Automobile Smashes Drum

An automobile ran amuck in London, colliding with the First Hussars' Band. No one was injured, but the big drum was badly smashed.

NO MORE CASTOR OIL.

Mrs. Effie Russell, Granum, Alta., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in place of castor oil and now it is no more oil. I could not do without the Tablets; they are wonderful. Whenever baby is feverish I give him the Tablets and the fever goes or disappears. I always keep them in the house and recommend them to my friends." Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. They can be had from all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. [illegible] Co., Brockville, Ont.