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**Canadian National Horse Show**

From April 28 to 30th.

Special Trip Ticket will be issued by clearing one admission to the Horse Show, at \$5.40.

Round going April 28th and good to return until May 2nd inclusive.

**First Annual Horse Show**

OTTAWA, ONT. MAY 5 to 7th.

Round Trip Ticket will be issued, including one admission to the Horse Show, at \$4.20.

Good going May 5th and good to return until May 7th.

**Homeseekers' Excursions**

TO THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Monday, May 2nd, and every second Tuesday thereafter during the summer months good for 60 days. For full particulars apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, 100 Queen Street, East, Toronto.

**KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY**

In Connection With CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

**HOMESEEKER'S To Western Canada**

Low round trip rates good April 25th, 16th, May 3rd, 17th, 31st; June 14th, 28th, July 12th, 26th; Aug. 2nd, 16th, Sept. 5th and 20th. Good for 90 days.

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Leave Kingston 12:01 p.m., arrive Ott. 12:50 p.m.

Leave Ottawa 10:45 a.m., arrive Kingston 8:55 p.m.

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F. CONWAY, General Passenger Agent.

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**THE LIFE OF A SCIENTIST**

**BARON KELVIN OF LARGS WAS A REMARKABLE MAN.**

William Thomson, Who Made Himself Famous Under Two Names, Came of a Family of Scholars and Entered Glasgow University at a Very Early Age—Always Had a Preference For the French Language.

Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson has just written the life of that great man of science, so long identified with Glasgow, and yet with a world-fame—William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs. One who knew Thomson well reviews the book in The Glasgow Herald thus:

"William Thomson was peculiarly fortunate. His mother was a woman of refinement and talent, but she died while William was still a child, and the main influence guiding him in his tender years was that of his father, Prof. James Thomson. A man of remarkable abilities and strong character, he devoted much care to forming the minds of his children, with the result that they were soon in advance of most children of the same age."

"He lived to see his son installed as professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University, where he himself held the Chair of Mathematics, but in the following year he fell a victim to the epidemic of cholera which then ravaged Glasgow. Of his death William wrote: 'God has willed it for the best, and has tried us with a heavy affliction. . . It is a terrible and irreparable loss, and a sad void is now left.'

"At the early age of ten William Thomson matriculated for the first time as a student of Glasgow University—his brother James, two years his senior, making his first entry at the same time. The two brothers earned special distinction in the departments of mathematics and natural philosophy, but William also gained prizes in the Latin and logic classes."

"It is gratifying to find the biographer quoting from a speech made by Lord Kelvin at a dinner of the Glasgow University Club in May, 1907—his last public speech, and one of the most delightful and most characteristic—in which he gave his mature views on education."

"A boy," he said, "should have learned by the age of twelve to write his own language with accuracy and some elegance, he should have a reading knowledge of French, should be able to translate Latin and easy Greek authors, and should have some acquaintance with German. Having learned thus the meaning of words, a boy should study logic."

"He also put in a word for Greek, and added, 'I never found that the small amount of Greek I learned was a hindrance to my acquiring some knowledge of natural philosophy.'"

"It is interesting to note in this passage the distinction between the reading knowledge of French, and 'some acquaintance with German,' as it marks a preference for the former language which he often exhibited in private life. To read French was always a pleasure to him, but not so to read German."

"For the purposes of his scientific work he had from time to time to read papers by German scientists, but he was apt to become impatient in so doing, and the present writer has seen him cast these papers aside and exclaim, 'Dear me! What a cumbersome language!'"

"He had while a student at Glasgow spent a vacation in France and one in Germany, but while he took great advantage of the opportunity of learning French his German trip was less successful, the reason being, as his biographer now shows—that he took with him to Germany his copy of Fourier's 'Mathematical Poem' on the theory of heat, and used to slip away to a quiet spot to read it in private. This wonderful treatise had a most powerful effect upon the mind of Thomson and profoundly influenced his whole career."

"From his first matriculation at Cambridge he began to publish papers of striking originality, and before he had completed his course he was so generally recognized as a mathematical genius of the first rank that one of his examiners remarked to another: 'You and I are just about fit to mend his pens.'"

"With such a university record, it was but fitting that on the death of Prof. Meiklehan Thomson should have been chosen to succeed him as the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University—a post which he held for fifty-three years. In that time many thousands of students passed through his classes, and all came away with his influence."

"It is perhaps well to remind readers of the part he played in the introduction of laboratory work as an integral part of a course of instruction in physical science. To-day that is common practice, but it was not so when William Thomson became professor in Glasgow."

"There was then no laboratory for students in existence in the country, but the young professor felt the need of such practical instruction, and set himself the task of preparing to supply the deficiency."

"His first step was to convert a disused wine-cellar in his father's house in the Professor's Court into a laboratory, where his students could work, and thus he became the pioneer in this great advance in the teaching of science."

"Later on, when the college was removed from High Street to Gilmorehill, proper accommodations were given for this practical work, and Prof. Thomson's laboratory soon became famous throughout the world."

"Remember," he once said to his class, when for the moment an experiment had failed, "remember gentlemen, that when you meet with a difficulty you are on the eve of a discovery. In that sentence lies the key to the success of Lord Kelvin."

Some things are better in the past or future—tense, but kissing isn't one of them.

When a woman says she enjoys being caught in a rain it's a sign that she believes it is good for her complexion.

**SWINDLING THE P.M.C.**

Seventy Years Ago in England M.P.'s Cheated the Mails.

If Messrs. Aschuth, P. Hour, Lloyd, George, Belmont, and Co., had lived round about the eighteen-thirties, they would have been able to send all their letters through the post for nothing. So could the member for East St. Pancras, or for the Strand and Orkney Islands, for this was a privilege extended to any and every gentleman entitled to place after his name the two magical letters M. and P. All they had to do was to sign their names upon the envelopes, and they had free press ports.

These were the days when Mr. John Bale, of the Worshipful City of Birmingham, was serving as an assistant in the postoffice at Bath. A young man of seventeen, he rode down from Birmingham to Bath in a stage coach, in true Dickensian style, on a cold day, and the box-seat was the dryer, and he would have found some difficulty in keeping awake during the twelve-hour journey had it not been for anticipation. For he was on his way to fill a postoffice appointment, which he had secured through the instrumentality of Lord Kelvin—all in those days—apparently by favor in those days—and the result of this system he beheld when he arrived in Bath, and found himself thrown among a set of "officials" who could most of them, scarcely write, and could certainly not spell accurately. The senior clerk, for instance, was the former head-butler of some peer for whose service he had grown too old.

Subsequently, Mr. Bale graduated to the G.P.O. in London, and thence to Kildermister, where he acted as postmaster for the "princely" salary of £600 a year. And now, and old man of eighty-eight, he sits in his little room in Earl's Court, revolving the many wonderful things he saw in what are known as "the good old days." No one is a greater authority on the postoffice as it was than Mr. Bale, and he has many an interesting story of his own experiences to relate to the hearers.

"Members of Parliament in those days weren't half as honest as they make themselves out to be in this twentieth century," Mr. Bale informed a representative of Answers, with a chuckle. "As you know, votes then had to be bought with money, and this little postoffice system helped them considerably. The hon. member for the Blank Division of Dorsetshire would think nothing of making a practice of receiving regularly mysterious little packages from Brown and Jones and Robinson. These contained letters, written by his constituents. Then the 'honorable' member would calmly write his own signature on each envelope, and thus contrive to swindle one of the very departments over which his own Government was supposed to keep control."

Postoffice corruption was especially common in those days in connection with the money order department. Money order forms were issued to postmasters without numbers or the name of the town being printed thereon. The postmark was stamped on the order, and the number of the order written in, with the postmaster's signature, was the only credential, with the letter of advice to the postmaster of the office where payment was to be made. Postmasters only made returns of orders issued and paid into the G.P.O. once a quarter, and gross irregularities and frauds were the result.

"Suppose, for instance, a poor man wanted to remit a sum of money to any part of the country. He would write his letter previous to obtaining the order, and then proceed to the office, which he enclosed on the spot. Then, when the letter was innocently posted, it was a common thing for the postmaster or clerk calmly to take it out of the box again, extract the order, and thus come out a free rider of its value, while no post was deductible that it had ever been sold at all! There were some pickings to which postmasters were legally entitled, such as the dues on any letter posted in their own town to any other resident in the same town; this, of course, was not among them."

**RIS MAJESTY ROASTED.**

King Edward Made a Tremendous Noise When He Was Born.

"Is it a boy?" asked the Duke of Wellington, as the nurse came out of the royal chamber with the new-born baby in her arms.

"No, your grace," replied Mrs. Lilly, with immense dignity, quite crushing the Duke. "It is a prince!"

As a matter of fact, though, the nurse was wrong. Queen Victoria's eldest son—our present King—was not born a prince; he came into the world a duke—the Duke of Cornwall. The higher rank was given him later.

Curiously enough, when the King was born, there had been some mistake about letting the state dignitaries—whose duty it is to be at the palace on such occasions—know what time to get there.

And so the Duke of Wellington was the first to welcome the little heir to the throne.

As he was leaving the palace he met Lord Hill tearing up too late.

"What has happened?" asked he breathlessly.

"All over," said the duke. "A fine boy—a very fine boy! Very red indeed—nearly as red as you, Hill!" he added unkindly.

"It is he!" said another late-comer, "healthy babies cry loudly and kick hard, then this is an uncommonly healthy baby!"

Our future King certainly seems to have distinguished himself on entering the world. He absolutely roared, and Prince Albert, his overjoyed father, said:

"Well, if his appetite is as good as his lungs, I pity his nurse."

Yet no fewer than seven hundred women volunteered for the post! Of course, it was a post worth having. Apart from the honor, it was a lucrative one. The nurse of the Princess Royal got £2,500, and for such an important personage as the heir to the throne the fees were doubled. The nurse and her charge were installed in a room next the Queen's, and that devoted father and husband, Prince Albert, divided his time between mother and baby.

Meanwhile, London and the whole kingdom went mad with joy. Never was such a Lord Mayor's Day as Nov. 9, 1841. The Lord Mayor was almost forgotten. Great crowds gathered, cheering the Queen and her birth King Edward, held his first official reception. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London came in state to welcome him.

Then four weeks after his arrival he was created "Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester," and a host of minor titles were given him. Until then he had been known in the royal household as "the Little Duke."

He was not only created, but crowned, Prince of Wales.

The proclamation runs: "We do anoint and invest him with the said Principality and Earldom by giving him with the sword, by putting a coronet on his head, and also by delivering a gold rod into his hand, a heraldic ceremony! But probably his time was taken up by admiring the glittering objects as they were given him."

George IV. and the King's Speech.

One of the best stories in connection with the history of the King's speech, delivered at the opening of each fresh session of Parliament, is told of George IV. when Prince Regent and recalled by a contributor to The Strand Magazine.

The prince, it is well known, took his responsibilities lightly, and on one occasion is said to have bet Sheridan a hundred guineas that either owing to the magnanimity of his personality or the fluster which the occupants of the Lords' chamber were in so little attention was really paid to the verbal character of the speech and went on delivering that he could make any interpolation he liked without it being detected.

The bet was taken and the Prince Regent agreed to introduce the words "Baa, baa, black sheep" in the middle of the speech.

"If anybody smiles or looks startled," he said, "I lose my bet."

This exploit actually came off and at the close of a weighty allusion, composed by Lord Liverpool, to Wellesley's difficulties in Spain, the Regent cleared his throat, said "Baa, baa, black sheep" hurriedly and went on without apparently exciting any remark.

Sheridan related the royal audacity to Canning.

"It is perfectly amusing to me," he said, "that no notice was taken. Didn't you hear him distinctly say 'Baa, baa, black sheep?'"

"I did," rejoined Canning, "but as His Royal Highness looked you full in the face at the time I took it as a personal allusion and my delicacy forbade me to think more about it."

What Jowett Said.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."—Argonaut.

One of the "Punch" Wits.

The wit of Mr. Walter Emanuel, who for years past has contributed regularly a page of bantering humor to Punch, is illustrated by a remark which he made in connection with his book, "A Dog Day," which was published some years ago. A friend, meeting him in the street, congratulated him warmly on his work. "A Mr. Emanuel, A. I!" he exclaimed. "And K. 9," rejoined Mr. Emanuel quietly. Mr. Emanuel is a solicitor in the City.

**England's Giant King**

Edward I. was six feet two inches high, and the tips of middle fingers extended below his knees.

**Catspaw Rubber Heels**

All cats remind us of most women; they think they can sing.

A man's idea of house cleaning is to have his winter whiskers removed. Speaking of her callers, a splinter says single men are doubly welcome.

**ELDER HENRY CUNNINGHAM**

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"I was run down and weak from indigestion and general debility, also suffered from vertigo. I saw a cod liver preparation called Vinol advertised and decided to give it a trial, and the results were most gratifying. After taking two bottles I regained my strength, and am now feeling unusually well."—HENRY CUNNINGHAM, Elder Baptist Church, Kingston, N.C.

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