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The American Cafe

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Covered With Erze a

AND BY TWO BOTTLES D. D. D. On March 21st, 1910, Mr. Angus McMillan, of Port Hood, N.S., wrote me: "My little boy three years old was covered from head to foot with eczema. I tried over twenty different kinds of salves and washes, but could not see any improvement—in fact it seemed to be getting worse."

SHE IS A PIONEER

IS AT HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE FACULTY.

Prof. Clara G. Benson, Ph.D., Has Been Long Associated With the University of Toronto.

The importance of women's work in what is usually understood as "women's sphere" has never been questioned; its equality with men's work in the business world has been tacitly denied; not, of course, ostentatiously—dear, so—but quietly and with decided persistence.

It is such an old story that we're not going to start and thrash it out now, only that it has everything to do with some mention on this page of Miss Clara G. Benson, B.A., Ph.D., student and pioneer in a field where women are not plentiful.

Almost continuously since her graduation from the University of Toronto, she has been connected with the university. For the first two years she held a chemistry fellowship in the Arts Faculty, chemistry having been her specialty through a brilliant college course.

This was a preparation for her appointment to a lectureship in the Lillian Massey School of Household Science, until that institution became a department of the University of Toronto. The change, while not altering Prof. Clara Benson's work, has placed her on the same footing as the other university professors. Her lectures are given to men and women alike, the course chosen, not the sex of the student, being the determining factor.

Prof. Benson's lectures take up the analysis of foods, physiological chemistry and digestion and nutrition dealt with from a scientific point of view. It is purely a matter of convenience, that her lecture room is in the Medical Building, a fact that conveys to the uninitiated the erroneous impression that the work of herself and her assistants differs in value and kind from that of other women lecturers whose rooms are in the building devoted to Household Science.

The creation of the Faculty of Household Science in Toronto University has raised the study from a purely feminine pursuit, Prof. Benson pointed out, to an equal footing with other sciences, and with medicine it has a particular affinity.

"The two go hand in hand now," she remarked, "the one working to keep people well by the study of life and the means of maintaining normal, healthy conditions, and the other aiming at curing disease, although doctors are now giving more attention than ever to preventive measures."

That's the crux of the situation on which Dr. Benson lays stress—that women, nearly twelve of them, are to-day holding positions in the highest institute of learning in the land in a par with men, six counting neither one way nor the other. That she most womanly work in the world, from the standpoint of both past and present, is now taught under the name of Household Science, that it is no longer a dabbling in cookery, but is a serious study that has its bearing on social conditions. It has honestly come into its own and may now claim rank with other sciences.—Mignon, in Toronto Weekly Star.

Mr. Jarvis' Regalia.

When Sheriff's Officer Jarvis was required by Mr. Justice Riddell to attend the York County Assizes in socked hat and sword, the dignity of the court did not suffer, and the proceedings became the more picturesque.

But not every High Court judge attaches the same importance to the officer's personal appearance. Mr. Jarvis seldom fails to attract attention, even when attired in his sedate and routine black, without the court ornaments.

Two judges of the High Court presided recently in Assize Courts in the City Hall. Mr. Jarvis was in this regalia to salute and then escort his lordship. Chief Justice Meredith appeared. Mr. Jarvis did the proper thing, and did it gracefully, falling in behind as the chief justice passed.

But Mr. Jarvis did not see Mr. Justice Riddell, who was following. The chief justice did, and said: "Brother Riddell, isn't this man attached to the wrong judge?"

Mr. Justice Riddell laughed in turn. He is one of the wise men that, relish a little fun now and then.

Jameson's Wit.

Dr. Jameson, M.P.P. for South Grey, got a good one off on Col. Hugh Clark, M.P.P. for Centre Bruce. It was immediately after the elections of 1908. His riding adjoins Centre Bruce.

"People talk about the selfishness of politicians," he said, "but I did something for you that few politicians would do."

AUTHORS AFTER DINNER.

Not Many Writers Are Good Post-Prandial Speakers.

That the writing faculty rarely accompanies the gift of post-prandial oratory is proved, by the number of writers of genius who frankly admit that they have no powers in that direction. Mr. H. G. Wells is a case in point. It is positive agony to that distinguished gentleman to make even the most trivial speech, and at a recent dinner where the present writer had the honor of forming one of the guests who supported Mr. Wells, the latter, when called upon for the reply to the toast of his health, laughingly protested that he had hardly ever made a speech in his life, and that he was quite unable to do so then. But, after all, one would surely exchange a hundred eloquent speeches for such a book as "When the Sleeper Wakes," or for even a single masterly article from the author of "The Time Machine," and a dozen other masterpieces.

Mr. Max Pemberton, on the other hand, is quite a gifted speaker, but he too admits that he does not love this form of oratory, and will rarely do so, though he possesses any talent in that direction. Mr. Charles Garvice has quite a gift as a public speaker, and to listen to him giving an evening's reading from his own works is a delightful experience. Mr. J. M. Barrie can very rarely be persuaded to drop into oratory, and when he does so, though the matter of his speech is invariably bright, imaginative, and distinguished, the manner of his delivery proves that the task is anything but welcome. This great writer gives the impression that he is diffidence in general, and although he never halts or hesitates, it is quite obvious that speech-making is a very serious strain upon his nervous system. The late Robert Buchanan was anything but a remarkable after-dinner speaker. No man could sit down and write an eloquent article, or speak for an hour without any notes whatever, keeping his hearers quite enthusiastic with delight throughout the process. Mr. Zangwill is also a most accomplished after-dinner speaker—and even satiric oratory as they are so called, impervious as they are to scorn, any oratory he has been known to laugh at his delightful quips.

Mr. Anstey and Mr. W. B. Maxwell do not "go in" much for speaking. Amongst humorous writers, the palm for oratory must certainly be given to Mr. Jerome, and Jerome and Mr. Post Riddle. Both these gentlemen could have made fortunes as lecturers had they not devoted themselves to literature; but, after all, they are only following in the steps of their two great forerunners, Charles Dickens and the late Mark Twain.

Peer Who Fought for His Country. Gallant soldier and popular courtier, the announcement that Lord Denman is to succeed Lord Dudley as Governor-General of Australia has given general satisfaction. As captain of the Middlesex Squadron of the Imperial Yeomanry, Lord Denman fought against the Boers with great distinction. One day they went out to burn some farms, and his lordship was hit through the thigh, the bullet just grazing the main artery. "I bled like a pig," he says, "and had a fortnight's trek in a bullock-wagon at Moot River. I was so pleased to evoke the derision of some Kaffir boys." Lord Denman was noted during the campaign for the attention he paid to his men's comfort, and on one occasion, after a particularly long and trying march, he distributed half a dozen bottles of whisky from his own store to the soaked troopers.

"That any officer," says one writer, "as short of luxuries as we know the officers of our column to be, should at one fell swoop deprive himself of six bottles of whisky to give to his men was almost beyond belief."

The Suspicious Millionaire. Arthur Roberts tells an amusing story about a certain well-known English millionaire, famed for his cautious habits, who was once called upon by two gentlemen who tried to interest him in a certain theatrical scheme of theirs. "They talked," said the comedian, "to the great financier for about an hour; then they took their leave, having been told that his decision would be forwarded to them in a few days. 'I believe we've got him,' said the first, hopefully, as they left the office. 'I don't know,'" rejoined the other; "he seemed very suspicious. 'Suspicious' said the first. 'What makes you think he was suspicious?' 'Didn't you notice,' was the reply, 'how he counted his fingers after we had shaken hands with him?'"

Barber Shop Mining. A good mining story is passed along by The Vancouver World, as follows: "Were it not that Editor May is famed far and wide for his veracity and total lack of even a hint at feebleness in his editorial utterances, we would be inclined to place the following, which appears in The Hope News of the 14th instant, in the list of 'near fiction' incidents: 'Barber Furlott a short time ago discovered a new kind of gold mine. He was engaged in shampooing Ed. Stunt, who had just come in from the mines, when he washed \$250 worth of gold out of the hair he was operating on. He says the barber business pays well in Hope.'"

Don't Quarrel. Quarreling will spoil a good appetite quicker than anything else in the world.

Stunts make the female steed sootier. Never examine a presented equine in the stable.

First a bride goes off to have a good cry by herself to express how happy she is, and afterwards how she isn't.

WILLS THAT BEWILDER.

Testators Who Give Their Executors Some Tantalizing Tasks.

A report that has just been issued by the British Charity Commissioners throws a light on the eccentricity shown in many wills that leave money to charities. Some testators give their executors the most perplexing tasks. One recent will, for instance, gave \$25,000 into the hands of executors to distribute in the relief of suffering, with the curious qualification that nothing was to be given to hospitals, dispensaries, or medical societies, nor to churches nor to religious charities. One wonders what channels the puzzled executors will find for the money.

But wills even more curious have been made. Some years ago the Rev. Zachary Boyd died, childless, leaving behind him in manuscript a rhymed translation of the Bible. The executors, in this translation the disciples, prophets, prophetesses, etc., are referred to as "ladies" and "gentlemen." In the will a sum of money was left to a Scotch university on condition it had this translation printed and distributed among the students. The university did not see its way to accept.

An interesting bequest was made ten years ago to a lady. Her husband instructed the trustees to pay her, as long as she remained a widow, a sum of money every year equal to her husband's salary. She was a lady of substantial build, this worked out each year to between eleven and twelve hundred ounces troy. And gold is worth nearly four pounds an ounce.

One might have expected the lady to die, but she did not. She took to diet, but she did not give up. She lost in weight was to charge half-a-crown admission to the annual weighing-in ceremony.

Some testators show a grim humor. A Yorkshire farmer, who died towards the end of last century, left a will in which every lady of his acquaintance who attended the funeral should receive three hundred pounds, and every gentleman two hundred. Four hundred invitations were to be sent out, and the funeral was to be at eight in the morning. Every lady of the acquaintance was usually very pleasant at eight on a winter's morning, a fact which the dying man had counted on. (He had, of course, left instructions that the will was not to be made public till after the funeral.) Out of the four hundred invited only three ladies and two gentlemen were sorry they had not been more energetic.

A former Earl of Stafford left his wife in his will the sole sum of forty-five brass halfpennies. His wife—a Frenchwoman—had not, he declared, made him happy, and this was the only revenge he was able to make.

Some thirty years ago a patriotic American, called Sanborn, bequeathed \$5,000 to a priest of his acquaintance to see that the dead man's skin was made into two drumheads, and two of his bones into drumsticks. Every year, on June 27, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, a drummer was to march up the hill drumming to a band that played "Yankee Doodle." But this curious display of patriotism was made for only five years. The drumsticks then stepped in and stopped it.

"No, Sir, Not!"

In "Anglo-American Memories," by George W. Smalley, there is a story of King Edward and his friend the late Duke of Devonshire, when the Duke was still Prince of Wales and the latter Marquis of Hartington. They were both taking the waters at Homburg, and over dinner one evening had this colloquy:

"Hartington, you ought not to be drinking all that champagne."

"No, sir, I know I oughtn't."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Well, sir, I have made up my mind that I had rather be ill now and then than always taking care of myself."

"Oh, you think that now, but when the gout comes what do you think then?"

"Sir, if you will ask me then I will tell you. I do not anticipate."

An M.P. Who Interviewed Cannibals.

Extraordinary indeed have been the experiences of one of the Members of Parliament, North Kensington's M.P. in the British House of Commons. He has walked through Manchuria from Peking to Port Arthur; he knows the heart of China; and during the last Russian war he was imprisoned for five days in the Japanese sacred mountain, Fujiyama, in the record time of seven hours; he has journeyed through New Guinea, Siam, Ceylon, and Mexico; he has interviewed cannibals and written thrilling war stories for boys and has taken tea with Haisulu. In short, he has accomplished in a few years things which most men fail to achieve in a lifetime.

Bananas in Australia. Queensland banana growers are rejoicing. The weekly shipments of bananas to the south have risen from 3,000 bunches weekly to 8,000, and prices have risen as well. One man in the north this season cleared \$10,000 from ten acres of fruit. His crop was 4,000 cases, and he was fortunate in strike a good market, getting \$2.50 per case, so that his profit was greater than his whole outlay. The exports from Queensland will probably reach 15,000 bunches, as the fruit matures during the next six weeks.

Disappointed Tigers. A comical little story comes from Melbourne. A parachutist named Sebpeh envied the proceedings at a fête by ascending in a balloon and descending per parachute. He came down in the Melbourne Zoo, and had the narrowest possible shave of landing in the open-top enclosure containing the tigers. The disappointment of the tigers was most touching. They are now constantly gazing heavenwards, say a contemporary, lest they should be unprepared for the next parachutist from the skies.

Unfortunately, drink is not the only form of dissipation. The pretender is always the loser in the final round-up. The snob never really seems to know he is such.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST.

Diplomat's Daughter Appears as an Houri in Sensational Dance.

Miss Flora Sackville-West, daughter of a former British diplomat, recently made her debut in London as a dancer. Her performance is entitled "La Danse des Fleurs." The curtain rises upon the interior of a seraglio whose owner, a native prince, has been captivated by a houri whose face he has seen but once. He sings of his love and, exhausted, sinks into a sleep. He dreams, and in his dreams the girl appears and dances for him. As he awakes she is bending over him. He snatches aside the veil that hides her face and seizes her, but she eludes him.

The first appearance of the beautiful young woman, whose mother was Josefa Duran de Ortega, the celebrated Spanish dancer, and who until after Sackville-West's death was thought to have been the wife and widow of the diplomat, created quite a stir.

Miss West was prominent in the suit brought by her brother in which it was decided that her father never had been the husband of Mme. de Ortega. When it was announced that she would go upon the stage she was billed as "the Hon. Flora Sackville-West, daughter of the late Lord Sackville."

The Sackville family objected to the use of the name, and much printing was withdrawn. She is still known, however, as Flora Sackville-West.

Sounds of Battle. The report of a battle reaches the world over in these days of the reign of wireless telegraphy, and is heard far such outside aid it can be heard far beyond the scene of actual strife. The reports of the guns themselves, the real sounds of battle, go far out into space, and can be distinguished a long way from the point of conflict.

Prof. W. F. Sinclair says that there is nothing unusual in the hearing of artillery at a distance of sixty miles. The Bombay time guns and salutes are often heard at the northern Malabar, a distance of over fifty miles. The guns are—or were at the time when the observations were made—very modest affairs, old-fashioned 24 and 32-pounders loaded with four or five pounds of coarse black powder, not all of which was burnt.

The target practice of the forts and turret ships at Bombay was easily distinguishable from mere salutes and time guns, not merely as a louder sound, but by being felt in the chest when the others could only be heard. The sound produced by modern powder is probably very different from that of the old black powder, so that an army in action at the present time may be realized upon to make its voice heard. The "din of battle" is not a figure of speech.

Bible in Scotland.

The Bible bulks so largely in Scottish annals that the observations associated with the tercentenary of the authorized version caused a widespread interest. But many have learned with surprise that not one of the translators hailed from the north of the Tweed. Strange to say, English influence predominated in other devotional manuals that have long been considered peculiarly Scottish. Of the one hundred and twenty-five divines who drew up the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism, only four were Scots. The metrical version of the Psalms, which was adopted by the General Assembly in 1650, and is still the standard version, was compiled by a Cornish Roundhead named Francis Rous. Previous to this time a version prepared by two Englishmen named Sternhold and Hopkins was used in all Scottish churches. The grotesque character of the older metrical Psalms may be estimated from the following lines, which Sternhold addressed to the Deity:

Why dost thou draw thy hand back And hide it in thy lap? Oh, pluck it forth and be not slack To give thy foes a trap!

Men Fed From Troughs.

Wentworth Woodhouse has long been famed for its hospitality, but in the eighteenth century, when professional caterers were unknown, guests there had to rough it more than those who entertain today. On Jan. 7, 1732, Richard Warden writes from Wentworth Woodhouse that "my lord is to have a great dinner for all his tenants and some other of his loving gentlemen, that is persons and doctors and apothecaries, and none is to be admitted but what has tickets. I am told they have killed eighteen Does, Harems and Sponduces. His lordship has got a man to make him three Hundred dozen of wooden trenchers. He finds him wood, and the man makes them."

Lady Minto's New Office.

The Countess of Minto, who is one of the three new Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen, has not very long returned from India, where during her husband's five years' vice-royalty she gained much popularity and affection by her unfailing kindness and many charitable acts. Lady Minto is a daughter of the late Gen. the Hon. Charles Grey, who was for many years Equerry to Queen Victoria, and before that had acted as secretary to the Prince Consort, so that Lady Minto may be said to have been brought up in the atmosphere of the court. Her marriage took place in 1883, and she has two sons and three daughters.

Royal Marriages.

According to the Royal Marriage Act any royal marriage without the King's consent is illegal. By this act, passed 1772, it is provided that all descendants of George II. other than the issue of princesses married into foreign houses are incapable of contracting marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign. According to the King has the right of veto in the marriage not only of his children and grandchildren, but also of his brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and their descendants unto an undefined number of generations.

Every calendar claims a portion of the calendar. Every cemetery is a city of buried hopes. Prejudice is an inveterate injustice and oppression.

GRAND CELEBRATION

ON VICTORIA DAY, MAY 24TH AT KINGSTON

Morning Events:

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HORSE RACES. 2.15 Class... \$300. 2.40 Class... 300. Running Race... 50. Two Senior Baseball Games... 165. Foot Races... 35.

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