



Who am I?

Why! I'm Mrs. Edwards, and I'm bringing Canadians a thick, nourishing, "home-made" soup all the way from Ireland. The name of the soup is Edwards' desiccated Soup, and I'm, of course, the trade-mark.

Remember, I stand for

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP



Very soon you'll find me in your papers, you'll meet me when you're going to business, you'll see me everywhere.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is a good honest Irish Soup prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It costs so little that everyone can easily afford it.

You'll hear more about it in a day or two.

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

W. G. PATRICK & CO., Toronto Representative for the Province of Ontario.

CHARLES DICKENS' SON

HE CALLED ON THE PRESS BUREAU RECENTLY.

Tells Anecdotes of His Father Whom He Last Saw Some Forty Years Ago.

New York Sun. A man with a legitimate interest in the matter called on a press bureau the other day. "Alfred Tennyson Dickens comes to town Wednesday," he said. "What's that name?" came back the answer. "Alfred Tennyson Dickens." "Alfred," repeated the voice at the press bureau end, "Tennyson, spell that second name. Didn't catch it." "T-e-n-n-y-s-o-n." "I've got it now. Alfred Tennyson Dickens. But who the dickens is he? Seems I've heard that name, but—" "Oh," said the first voice in subdued tones. "He is only the son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, and the godson of Alfred Tennyson." It was a requiem of fame. "Oh, yes. I know now. Son of Tennyson, the novelist." "So came to New York the only surviving son of Charles Dickens, on his first American trip. And when he got here a squad of interviewers were on hand to receive him. "Mr. Dickens," said one, "we saw by the Boston papers that you said that the ankles of the women of Boston—" "Oh, he," began Mr. Dickens protestingly. "Yes," eagerly cut in another member of the squad, "and now what do you think of the ankles of the New York women in comparison?" Mr. Dickens looked beseechingly at his manager, in dumb inquiry as to these strange questions. "Mr. Dickens has only arrived in New York," said the manager, attempting a rescue, "and has had no



COUNTESS TAMARA DE SWIRSKY

THE GREAT RUSSIAN DANCER AND PIANIST, WILL APPEAR AT THE GRAND ON MONDAY, NOV. 6TH, WITH HER OWN ORCHESTRA.



ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS, Eldest surviving son of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, and godson of Tennyson, the poet. He is now visiting America.

time to make observations. He has come over to lecture on his father's life and works," he added humbly. And so he got the ball rolling for a few seconds. But—

"Say," one of the squad was soon whispering in his ear, "try to get some of that Boston ankle dope out of him, won't you? That's what we want."

This continued the scene indefinitely, with an utterly bewildered central figure.

"Alfred Tennyson Dickens is a quiet mannered, quiet voiced, unassuming gentleman, past sixty, who would strongly resemble his father if he wore a beard, for the upper part of the face is very like his father's. It is interesting to hear him tell anecdotes of his father, whom he last saw some forty years ago.

"When did you last see your father?" he was asked. "In Paddington Station. He was seeing me off to Australia, where I was going to seek my fortune. I was just a lad, twenty or so years old, and he was coming out to visit me to see how I got along with my sheep-raising, as soon as he had finished 'Edwin Drood,' the novel on which he was then engaged. But the novel, you know, never got finished. I never dreamed then it was the last farewell."

"And I never dreamed I was not to go England again for forty years. When I returned recently it was as to a foreign country. Indeed, I may say America seems almost more home-like, more like Australia, than does England. But I visited the old home, the old scenes, which I remember as a boy.

"There was one maid-servant, now a very old woman, with whom I was photographed. She was much flustered at the idea of being photographed with 'Master Alfred,' as she still persisted in calling me, and would change her gown and make herself fine for the occasion. She told me an amusing anecdote in connection with my father.

"It seems that the cook was much in love with my father. She greatly admired his handsome appearance and made a practice of leaving one of the doors ajar so that she could watch him as he took his morning exercise walking past the door. But alas! One morning he called to her.

"Here, Mary," and his tone was not gentle, "what on earth do you mean by letting all those kitchen smells out and keep that door ajar all the time? Close that door at once and up here!" And he never knew how cruel he was being.

"I also visited the inn where Mr. Dickens first met Alfred Jingle. It was not so much changed either. A party of us had lunch there and the landlord entered surprisingly into the spirit of the occasion.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," he said in greeting us, "very glad, very glad. A good luncheon awaiting you, gentlemen, so much changed either. A excellent luncheon, I might say. Lamb or veal, gentlemen; a good shoulder of lamb or a joint of veal, and either done to a turn."

"And so he went, through the whole menu, Alfred Jingle to the life, and enjoying it thoroughly himself. He loved the works of my father and was glad to honor his memory. Indeed I

found it touching to observe how dear his memory yet is among the people and in the places whose scenes he made familiar.

"I visited the old home and the meadow which we boys used to have to visit by a circuitous route if we wanted to play there mornings. For my father was very industrious and worked every morning from nine o'clock until one, regardless of all else, and he could not bear being disturbed. And as the way to our cricketing ground lay past his study window we had to climb hedges and skirt the orchard in order to get to the meadow.

"Worse yet, our cricket ground was overlooked by his study window and many a time we had to watch the clock, hoping he was not going to work overtime that day so we could get to our game.

"My father's habits of living were very simple at home. We children always had our dinner at midday, and he would come into the dining-room and stand at the sideboard and take something light to eat. He never ate at that hour what could be termed a meal.

"As I said, he was very industrious and kept very busy. He generally had two novels in hand at one time and scarcely ever kept further than one in statement ahead in their publication.

"As you know, they would first appear serially, and it would have been a wonderful thing had he ever had one completed and off his mind when it began to appear. His work made him one of the originators of the modern periodical. His plan was to sell the right to a publisher for what would now be considered a ridiculously low sum. Later he bought some of these rights back.

"His ceaseless attempts to bring to an end the American pirating of his works is well known. For all the millions of copies of his works in this country he never received a cent except from Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, who paid him for the books they published. But although he himself won nothing and lost an inestimable fortune, he won the battle for all the rights to follow him, for it is only now that it was most largely due to a shortsight the international copyright law at last came about and went into effect."

The son, of course, had personal acquaintance with many of the originals of the most famous Dickens characters. The best part of it is that the originals, so he says, never dreamed that they were such, and would not have read the books and enjoyed the characters, never reading themselves into them.

"But no one was safe," says the son. "The family servants all had a particular to turn up, and even the members of the family themselves. "Mrs. Joe Gargery and Joe were my sister and her husband to the life; my grandfather should have had no trouble in seeing himself in Mr. Micawber in his spare time when waiting for something to turn up, and Mrs. Nickleby was a delightful portrait of my grandmother.

"But my father always so generalized his characters that no offense could be taken, though he probably had a particular Pecksniff in mind and a particular Urish Heap, there are thousands of both still living today whom are hit just as much as the original inspirations were."

This remark calls to mind the statement that Dickens, in a sort of regret at having so faithfully pictured Leigh Hunt in Harold Skimpole that the original was generally recognized, sought to make amends by securing for the poet a pension from the literary fund.

HEAVY DRINKER CURLED

Samaria Cured Him and He Helps Others.

A man who has been released from the awful craving for drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Will you please send me book on drink, also circulars relating to your valued remedy for the drink habit. I wish to hand these to a friend who is going to ruin through drink. You will remember my name, for it is all there is. I have left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may use my name in any way you wish in public.

"I, J. J. White, Brimley, Ontario. Samaria Prescription is useless and useless, and dissolves instantly in tea or coffee, or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous.

"Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must either be satisfied by more whiskey or removed by scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by physicians and hospitals for over ten years.

"If you know of any family needing Samaria Prescription, tell them about it. If you have a husband, father or friend that is drifting into drink, help him save himself. Write to-day. A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence, sacredly confidential. Write to-day. THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Dept. 7, 49 Colborne street, also for sale at Jap. B. McLeod's drug store, Kingston.

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GENEROUS AID.

Distribute \$220,000 to Families of Fire Victims.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The fund of \$220,000, raised by citizens of Chicago for the benefit of the widows of the nine-ton firemen who lost their lives in the stock yards fire a year ago, will be distributed at once.

The committee, having charge of the fund, attempted to invest it in first-class securities and give the income to the widows, but the latter secured a court order, requiring the distribution of the money. Yesterday an agreement was reached between the widows and the committee, which will result in closing up the matter.

Mrs. Margaret Moran, widow of Fire Marshal Moran, will receive \$17,000 of the fund, and Mrs. Helen Burroughs, widow of Lieut. Burroughs, will be given \$11,000. The other widows and the two mothers will receive an average of \$5,000 each. Each one of the 35 children will receive about \$2,000.

Bank Officials Satisfied.

Boston, Nov. 3.—To satisfy themselves that the money in their bank was safe, and to test the burglar alarm, Thomas P. Beattie, vice-president, and Frank B. Wright, assistant cashier of the Second National Bank, entered this institution early Thursday and set the alarm. In four minutes they were surrounded and captured by officers from the Court Square police station. The bank officials had to give complete identification before they were released by the police, and also were called upon to explain the affair.

The woman who accuses the cook may have to make her own sauce.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. PURE, MADE WHOLESOME IN CANADA. CONTAINS NO ALUM. RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL.

LIST YOUR PROPERTIES NOW. For Sale or to Rent. Sales Negotiated, Rents Collected. Fire Insurance, Conveyancing and Real Estate. E. Blake Thompson, 236 NORTHMEN CROWN BANK, MARKET SQUARE, KINGSTON, ONT.

The Mexican vanilla bean gatherer. Know the real vanilla flavor. Ordinary "vanilla" extracts are not made from vanilla beans and do not give the true flavor. Shirriff's True Vanilla. Made from the finest Mexican first-quality vanilla beans—and aged till the strength surpasses all others. Ask the Groceryman.

For Sheer Value Choose This Ceiling. It won't crack. It won't crumble nor crash down on your head, as plaster does. It won't lose its first beauty. It's fireproof. And you can wash it as clean as you can wash a window. Preston Steel Ceilings. Plaster costs about the same to start with—and lasts only a few years. These steel ceilings outlast the buildings you put them in—and are as good the day you sell the building as the day you bought it.

HEALTH IN PURE SUGAR. Sugar is one of the best, and most widely used foods. Would you risk your health for the sake of a few cents on a hundred pounds of sugar? Buy only Redpath EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR. The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Montreal, Canada.

NERVOUS, LIFELESS DEBILITATED MEN. CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. DR. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

DR. KENNEDY & KENNEDY. NOTICE: All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor office.