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**PRAYER OF DANIEL**

SAVED SIR JOHN GAYER FROM A MON.

In Gratitude For His Escape Sir John Commemorates Sermon Preached Every Year—For Which the Preacher Receives the Equivalent of Five Dollars.

At the Church of St. Catherine's, Cree, in Leadenhall street, London, there is preached every year, on Oct. 14, the sermon known as the "Lion Sermon." It commemorates the providential escape of Sir John Gayer, Lord Mayor of London, who, in 1690, when passing in the east, encountered a lion, which, however, on his repeating the prayer of Daniel, allowed him to pursue his way unmolested.

In gratitude for this miraculous deliverance, Sir John left directions in his will that a commemorative sermon should be preached annually, for which the preacher should receive the equivalent of five dollars; the clerk, fifty cents; the sexton, twenty-five cents, while forty-four dollars should be distributed among the poor of the neighborhood.

Another thanksgiving sermon of a somewhat similar nature, says The Globe, was that preached at the charge of Joseph Taylor, a Paternoster Row bookseller, who, to commemorate his preservation during the great storm of 1703, that caused the death by drowning of eight thousand people, destroyed the Eddystone Light-house, and did damage, it is said, in London alone to the extent of \$10,000,000, left \$250 for a sermon to be delivered annually in Little Wild Street Chapel, Lincoln's Inn.

Annually, on Easter Tuesday, is the "Spital Sermon" delivered before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at Christ Church, in Newgate street. It originated in an old custom by which the Bishop of London was wont to appoint some distinguished cleric to preach at St. Paul's Cross, on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, and on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following, to nominate three other divines, in the person of a bishop, a dean, and a doctor of divinity, to deliver three sermons on "The Resurrection," at the pulpit-cross in the Spital. On the Sunday immediately after these addresses, yet another divine was selected to hold forth at St. Paul's Cross, criticizing and passing judgment on the discourses that had been delivered by the preceding preachers. On this occasion, as on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, the civic fathers attended in state.

**A Wily Leopard.**  
No form of food except perhaps the dog—is so acceptable to the leopard in the jungle of Ceylon as the large gray Wanderoo monkey, and the artistic methods of capture employed by them necessitate no tree climbing. Whenever monkeys catch a sight of a leopard slinking under the trees they become greatly excited and all clatter together. As soon as the leopard hears this he lies down under a bush and begins to click his teeth together. This noise seems to make the monkeys beside themselves with terror and excitement; they huddle together in the treetop above the leopard's head, jumping up and down on the branches, shrieking and chattering. Below the leopard waits motionless, clicking its teeth, until suddenly one of the monkeys misses its footing and comes to the ground with a thud—and then the leopard is on it in a bound.

**Guiana's Resources.**  
The goldfields of Guiana are probably the largest undeveloped auriferous area in the world, according to Prof. Harrison, director of Science and Agriculture in the colony. He says that "there is not the slightest doubt that the Guiana's goldfields are in all probability the largest undeveloped gold-bearing area in the world. There is evidence not only that they are the most extensive, but also in places among the richest." Despite the fact that the methods employed for the extraction of the gold from the soil have hitherto been practically of the most primitive nature between 1884 and the present date more than \$40,000,000 worth of gold has been obtained.

**First Christmas Gift Book.**  
In the General Advertiser of Jan. 9, 1850, appeared the earliest known announcement of a Christmas gift book, and in this case it was undoubtedly a gift book: "Given by J. J. Newberry, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard, over against the north door of the church (only paying one penny for the binding). Name True-love's Christmas Box, or The Golden Plaything for Little Children, by which they may learn the letters as soon as they can speak; and know how to behave so as to make everybody love them; adorned with thirty cuts."—London Mail.

**English Freemasons.**  
Originally the English Freemasons were really connected with building and bound themselves together to promote the interests of their craft, after much the same manner as the modern trade unions. Their interference with the wages of laborers, indeed, caused such an outcry in the fifteenth century that in 1423 an act of Parliament was passed prohibiting "the Chapters and congregations of Masons in tyled lodges" under the penalty of being "judged for felons and punished by imprisonment and fine and not ransom at the King's will." We are not sure that that statute has been revoked.—London Graphic.

**Poor in Dublin.**  
Frightful conditions among the poor were revealed by the Dublin strike. It is said that there are over 12,000 one room tenements which house from three to twelve people each.

**Insurance in India.**  
The Postoffice Department of India maintains a life insurance branch, which has over 23,000 active policies, with an aggregate insurance of \$10,000,000.

**WOLSEY'S CELLAR.**

Relic of Old Whitehall Will Be Preserved Intact.

Little survives of Whitehall save the name, the one splendid fragment of the New Palace which Inigo Jones planned for King Charles I., but the course of English history determined should never be built. It served for a short while as the banqueting hall, and later as the place wherein the King himself spent his last moments before he stepped out of his window upon the scaffold.

To-day it has become the United Service Institution, and it constitutes all of Whitehall Palace that is known to the public. Underground, however, there is still intact a relic of the old palace erected by Wolsey—a vault that is said by tradition to have been the great cardinal's wine cellar. As already stated, great changes are pending in Whitehall gardens, where additional Government offices are to be built.

This last relic of Wolsey's days of power at York Place is to be preserved unharmed when the new buildings rise above it. For years past the vault has served the purposes of a refreshment-room for the clerks engaged in the public offices. It is a somewhat low chamber, of no architectural pretensions; its value historically is that it was Wolsey's building. The fact was made plain when, at the instance of the Office of Works, a part of the wall was laid bare some time ago.

The original brick was then discovered, and the stucco facing had been cleared away the arms of the cardinal carved in stone were brought to light. It has become the accepted tradition that Wolsey built Whitehall, and that is probably true, for a bulider on such a magnificent scale as his works still to be seen at Hampton Court and at Oxford display, it is likely to spare little that he found on the site. Cut York Place was standing there centuries before his time. It was not even his property. Seventeen archbishops of York have possessed the place before Wolsey, and till the day of the seizure by the crown it belonged to the Northerns.

The vault, as shown in Fisher's plan of the Old Palace, prepared in the reign of Charles II., was situated immediately behind the great hall. Near by were the kitchen, the buttery, pantry, and other offices requisite for the preparation of the great feasts at which the all-powerful Minister entertain his royal master, among others. That the vault still preserved was actually the wine cellar is, by reason of its situation, extremely probable. The means by which King Henry VIII. secured York Palace for himself were characteristic.

It belonged by right, as already stated, to the See of York. It was at this time, says the historian Strype, distinguished "by a sumptuous magnificence that most probably has never been equalled in the house of any other English subject, or surpassed in the palaces of many of its kings." Its buildings and gardens covered three acres, and from the stairs upon the river Wolsey entered his barge, and was rowed to Esher after his disgrace. Henry paid absolutely nothing for this most valuable property, either to Wolsey, the bulider, or to the See of York, the dispossessed owner. Yet in the Act of Parliament legalizing the unholy business, it is set out that the state of utter ruin and decay into which the Ancient Palace of Westminster has fallen had "induced the King to purchase" York Palace. The name was changed at once to Whitehall.

**Thomas Hardy at Home.**  
A London paper, commenting upon the standing of Thomas Hardy with his townspeople, says: "In point of fact the presence of Thomas Hardy—a legend to the great world—means practically nothing to the life of Dorchester. Its farmers, factors, shopkeepers, keen, plump, rosy, practical men, who are hard as nails at a bargain and 'do themselves well,' look upon Thomas Hardy as the son of his father and the brother of his brother. They know dimly that he has made a good thing out of book writing. They respect him. They are proud to know that the world rings with his fame. But they wonder why."

Luck has a perverse habit of favoring those who don't depend on it.



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**CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL**

**FRANCIS BACON'S HOME.**

St. Albans is a Mecca for Lovers of Great Englishman.

The town of St. Albans, which is the Mecca of the admirers of the great English statesman and scientist, gave him his peer's title. For this noted scientific spirit, this eminent lawyer, this acme of classical and scientific education and knowledge in Elizabeth's reign, was never really Lord "Bacon" at all, as he is so frequently mis-called to-day. He was "Lord Verulam," and it was from this old Roman name for his beloved St. Albans that he took his title, "Baron Verulam" and "Viscount St. Albans" were what he himself selected for his titles when the King (James I.) raised him to the peerage.

And from that time to this St. Albans, the charming ancient town which lies just within the borders of Hertfordshire, and is just far enough from London to be quite in the beautiful high pasture lands of the country, has always been proud of her son and patron, Francis Bacon.

His name and fame pervade all St. Albans. You can hardly walk a hundred yards there even now without seeing or feeling it, although the great scientist and lawyer has been dead nearly three centuries. His family seat was at Gorhambury, which is only two miles distant from the centre of the city, and the way to which lies through some of the most delightful rich meadow land in England. The ruins of his house may yet be viewed when you reach Gorhambury, and all around is simply full of Bacon-Jore, and Bacon-connections. One of the most interesting of all the many attractive churches of the ancient city is St. Michael's, which lies at the foot of one of the quaint old streets in England, and is a real country village. For in this church stands the splendid tomb and effigy of Lord Bacon—if we may be forgiven for calling him by the familiar but wrong title—whilst beneath its chancel floor are buried the remains of one of the world's greatest and most learned sons. Hither, then, come pilgrims from all parts of the kingdom—nay, one may truthfully say from many lands afar also—to pay the homage of the shrine of him who gave literature and science so much that is remarkable, so great an endowment of genius as to make his name and fame immortal throughout the ages.

St. Michael's Church is itself a fitting spot to be the last resting-place of such a marvellous man. It dates back at least to 948, being one of the oldest churches existing in the land. It has yet intact the Saxon walls of nave and chancel, which were pierced later by the Normans to enlarge the church.

The immense thickness of these old walls still strikes the visitor with awe, and, though they have now become the pillars of the nave, so to speak, and after the Normans had added the aisles, came along the Early English builders, who again pierced the Norman work, leaving their pointed arches to tell the story of the three successive improvements and building-styles of this ancient edifice.

In this church, too, are frescoes, paintings, with many curious pictures and prints which have come down to us from those far-off times. Here, too, is an old hour-glass in a fine Elizabethan pulpit; also excellent military brasses going back to 1380 and 1400.

It gives the admirer of Bacon a thrill to look at all these fine survivals of olden days in this prosaic age, and to remember that Francis Bacon himself must, as boy and man, many a time and oft have pored over them and noted their beauties and charms with loving eyes, though three hundred years have passed since those same eyes gazed on the venerable relics!

**World's Longest Poem.**  
A crouny at the club the other night demanded to know which was the longest poem on record. Nobody knew. Well, isn't it "The Faerie Queene"? For, as a fragment, a quarter of the original plan, it is as long as Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" and Vergil's "Aeneid" put together, twice as long as Dante's "Divine Commedia" or Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" and three times as long as Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" in one. Had Spenser attained his object his twenty-fourth book, with "The Faerie Queene," he would have outdistanced all the others put together.—London Spectator.

**What the Duke Meant.**  
His grace the Duke of Argyll was once addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well!" Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.

**Mauritius Stamps.**  
The most valuable stamp in existence is said to be the "postoffice" Mauritius, which is worth about \$500. Just after the postal authorities had received the issue the postoffice was destroyed in a hurricane. But the governor had given a ball and as an act of courtesy had sent invitations to friends in England. The only specimens of the stamp known to exist are those which were affixed to the envelopes of these invitations.—London Opinion.

The remains of the late Cy Warman, a G.T.R. publicist, will reach London, Ont., on Thursday and will be buried from his late home. Many prominent G.T.R. officials will attend.

**GILLETTE'S LYE**

FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, CLEANING AND DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



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AND PAILS RETAIN THE HEAT OF THE WATER MUCH LONGER THAN THE WOODEN OR GALVANIZED IRON ONES—ARE CHEAPER THAN THE LATTER—WILL LAST LONGER AND DOES NOT RUST THE CLOTHES.

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50 Cents the pair put on at all Shoe Stores

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**"WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT"**

She'd Be Heartbroken If I Didn't Bring It Every Night



It's very good for her teeth, appetite and digestion. I'm glad to give her something that's as good in results as it is in taste. I purify my breath with it; it gives me an appetite besides.

It's clean—pure—healthful.

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**A Message To Thin, Weak, Scrawny Folks**

An Easy Way to Gain 10 to 30 Lbs. of Solid, Healthy, Permanent Flesh

Thin, nervous undeveloped men and women everywhere are heard to say, "I can't understand why I do not get fat. I eat plenty of good, nourishing food." The reason is just this: You cannot get fat, no matter how much you eat, unless your digestive organs assimilate the fat-making elements of your food instead of passing them out through the body as waste.

What is needed is a means of gently urging the assimilative functions of the stomach and intestines to absorb the oils and fats and hand them over to the blood, where they may reach the starved, shrunken, run-down tissues and build them up. The thin person's body is like a dry sponge—eager and hungry for the fatty materials of which it is being deprived by the failure of the alimentary canal to take them from the food. The best way to overcome this sinful waste of flesh building elements and to stop the leakage of fats is to use Sargol, the recently discovered regenerative force that is recommended so highly by physicians here and abroad. Take a little Sargol tablet with every meal and notice how quickly your cheeks fill out and rolls of firm, healthy flesh are deposited over your body, covering each bony angle and projecting point. Your druggist has Sargol, or can get it from his wholesaler, and will refund your money if you are not satisfied with the gain in weight it produces as stated on the guarantee in each package. It is inexpensive, easy to take and highly efficient.

Caution:—While Sargol has produced remarkable results in overcoming nervous dyspepsia and general stomach troubles, it should not be taken unless you are willing to gain ten pounds or more, for it is a wonderful flesh-builder.