

MARQUIS OF CREWE

LORD PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL IN NEW CABINET. He Was Formerly Viceroy of Ireland—A Story About the Duchess of Manchester.

In the new British ministry recently formed the Marquis of Crewe has become Lord President of the Council. He has held many important places through many years, and is eminently a statesman and a skilled diplomat.

His father was the late Lord Houghton, so honored and beloved that his son Robert was at the first accepted as trust.

Gladstone had him sent as Viceroy to Ireland, and about this time he married the daughter of Lord Rosebery, Lady Margaret Primrose, and she has become one of the most devoted mothers to a little son and her, born to them after twelve years of marriage. Lady Crewe's mother is a Rothschild, and left her a



THE MARQUIS OF CREWE. Fortune of \$10,000,000. She is very beautiful, witty and intellectual, and was only eighteen when she was married, while the Marquis was 23 years older than she.

Lord Crewe had been previously married to a daughter of Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby. There were three daughters and a son born to his union, but the boy died shortly after his mother's death. Lord Crewe is a poet, and his beautiful little verses, "Seven Years," are a touching reminder of his grief in the loss of his wife and son. Before his second marriage Robert Milnes (Lord Crewe) was created a Knight of the Order of the Bath.

THE DOVES OF PEACE

ARE TOLD THAT THE WAR MUST GO ON.

Jane Adams Finds That Meditation Would Not Be Welcomed Now—Decisive Result First. London, June 25.—The firm sentiment prevails in all the belligerent nations that the war must be pushed to a decisive victory, according to Miss Jane Adams, who just returned to London from a visit to the warring countries on the Continent.

In an interview yesterday, Miss Adams told of seeing the heads of the various Governments, who, while talking notes of the efforts of the women of America and other nations for mediation, actually held out no hope that they would be successful.

In every country visited, Miss Adams said, she found the high authorities trying to listen to any peace proposal that might be made, but no indication was given that any movement in that direction would be of avail.

Miss Adams and Miss Hamilton, both of Hull House, Chicago, and half-a-dozen women from Holland, all of whom were delegates to the recent Women's Peace Congress at The Hague, were graciously received, she said, and were assured by the work of the Government heads that the work they were doing was admirable, although at this time misdirected.

They called upon Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and Gottlieb von Jagow, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Berlin, and while they were listened to attentively, they were informed that Germany must pursue the war to the bitter end.

In Paris, Premier Viviani and Foreign Minister Delcasse expressed sympathy with the women who were trying to end the war, but affirmed that the struggle must go on until the Allies win.

It was the same in Austria-Hungary, where they saw the Minister and also the Minister of foreign Affairs, and again in Italy, where they had an audience with Premier Salandra and his foreign minister.

A German paper makes some sneering remarks about "Britain's yellow Allies," meaning the Japanese.

Sir Claude Macdonald, who was British representative in Japan at the time of the war with Russia, testifies to the humanity of the Japanese in their great struggle against Russia. "The whole world," he says, "knows with what splendid valor our Allies fought, but it is not known as generally as I think it ought to be how straightforward, honest and dignified, and how loyal to us, was the conduct of their negotiations; it is not generally known how appreciative of the stubborn valor of their opponents, how courteous and chivalrous to them in their own sufferings, were the Japanese. It is not known, perhaps, as I know it, that fullest information regarding wounded Russians in the hospitals of Japan, for transmission to their friends, was immediately obtainable, and in some cases even the temperature of the patient being telegraphed."

"I venture, therefore, to think that some Christian nations, not forgetting Germany, have much to learn of the Christian virtues of chivalry, courtesy, and honesty from heathen Japan."

Liquor may keep a man down, but the fellow who drinks to excess is pretty sure to get a head.

Many a girl has lost her beau by having too many strings to him.

MONKEY ANTICS.

The Orang Outang Is a Creature Of Great Imitative Ability

In hotels and private houses of India monkeys have been found that were trained to wait at table, bringing dishes and articles of food in a more or less mechanical way.

The story of the talented orang outang of Buffon, the naturalist, is classic. This creature gave visitors his arm, walked with them, showed them to the door, ate with a knife and fork and drank from a glass, poured tea into a cup, sweetened it and waited till it cooled before he drank it.

An orang outang at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris regularly unlocked with a key the door of the compartment he occupied, opened the door, locked it on the other side after he had entered and then hung the key on a nail.

Flourens relates that he once visited the Jardin des Plantes in company with an aged scholar whose up-ang outang, which was large in the rooms of the institution. The scholar wore old fashioned clothes, one article of which was a tall hat with a wide brim. He was much bent with age and in walking supported himself with a heavy cane.

When the two men were about to depart the hat and cane of the old man were missing. Presently the orang outang was seen tottering through the room, his back bent almost double, wearing the hat upon his head and walking stiffly by the aid of the cane.—Chicago Herald.

Evidently Some Mistake. Lindley M. Garrison, secretary of war, smiled the other evening when the conversation turned to the subject of dreams. He said he was reminded of an incident that happened in New England.

Some years ago a party named Brown had a dream, and the thing so impressed him that he gave a detailed account of it to several of his friends.

"By the way, Jim," he remarked to an acquaintance one afternoon, "did I tell you about the dream I had the other night?"

"No, I don't think you did," responded the other, "What was it about?"

"I dreamed that I was in heaven," answered Brown, with a reflective expression. "On one side there was a piano playing. On the other there was a cornet. Not far away there was a phonograph, while just beyond again there was a violin."

"You must have been mistaken, old man," impressively broke in the other. "That wasn't heaven." Philadelphia Telegraph.

Many a girl has lost her beau by having too many strings to him.

BATTLESHIPS' NAMES.

Inspiring Records of Famous Ships in the British Navy.

The "crack" ships in the British navy are those which bear names that have been passed from ship to ship for centuries and with which are bound up many famous traditions. The Lion, for instance, which played a prominent part in the recent North Sea "scrap," can trace its descent back to the time when that grim sea-dog Blake swept the seas of the Dutch. Few battleships have had so curious a history as the first Indefatigable, the vessel of that name which figured in the Falkland Islands battle being the fifth of her line.

The first was building at Quebec when the American war broke out. By skilful engineering the skeleton of the battleship was cut into pieces and shipped in thirty longboats to Lake Champlain, and was grafted together again in four weeks, and twelve days later participated in a sea battle. The third and fourth Indefatigables gained honors for their name in the China and Egyptian wars.

The name Donegal, now borne by one of our fast cruisers, first came to be given to a British ship in a dramatic fashion. In 1798 the Hoche appeared in Donegal Bay with ships of the French squadron to attack our shores. She was a two-decker with eight guns, and was the flagship of Commodore Bompard. A portion of the British fleet engaged the Hoche and riddled her like a sieve until she was compelled to haul down her flag and be towed into Plymouth Harbor.

To commemorate the victory the name of the captured vessel was changed from Hoche to Donegal, and she fought gallantly with Nelson in later years. The second Donegal which served in the British fleet will go down in history as the very last of our old wooden ships.

The British 18,000-ton Dreadnought, the Temeraire, bears a name famous in naval history for centuries. It was originally borne by one of Louis the Fourteenth's men-of-war, and the name Temeraire was famous in the French navy for ninety years. A Temeraire first figured in the British service as a prize of war.

A remarkable scene which attracted the attention of thousands of people was witnessed at Derry recently. When a large herd of cattle were being driven towards the pens a young bull broke away from the main group opposite the Guildhall and galloped towards the wharf. The men rushed after it, but when the animal reached the quayside it jumped into the river and began to swim down stream.

Some men quickly procured a row boat, but before they got off the bull was out in the centre of the river and had a strong. When the boatmen reached it it was considerably more than half-way across the Foyle, and, seeing that it would be more convenient to get it out at the shore on the Waterside, they headed the direction. After nearly half an hour the animal touched land at St. Columb's Point, after a swim almost half a mile in length. Straightway it began to gallop along the Midland Railway line, but was soon overtaken, and then allowed itself to be driven quietly back to the herd.

Went Home Bootless. An interesting anecdote was related at a bazaar at Hawarden by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone. He spoke of the mission church which was originally established at Sandycroft, and said his mother and two sisters took a great interest in it. One day his mother arrived at Hawarden Castle minus her boots, and they wondered what had become of them. The secret was that Mrs. Gladstone had been visiting Sandycroft, and there met a poor woman who was riding comfortably in a carriage by herself, she took off her boots, and drove back to Hawarden Castle without any boots.

Cat and Rat as Playfellows. Mr. John Williams, of the Lion Hotel, Aberystwyth, Monmouthshire, owns a tabby cat which has formed an unusual attachment for a large rat that lives under the eaves of the adjoining Aberystwyth Brewery. These two animals, whose natures are so opposite, may frequently be seen playing like kittens in the yard at the rear of the eaves, and a thorough understanding and comradeship prevails between them.

Did His Duty. The other day a practical joker in the Shropshires tried to approach a sentry on night duty by crawling towards him on hands and knees. Next day an orderly-room inquiry followed, and here is the sentry's evidence, verbatim: "Sir, last night on sentry-go a man approached me in the form of a dog. Having neither bullet nor bayonet, I did my duty. 'Him on the 'ead with the small of the 'ut. Consequently he is now suffering from illness in hospital."

A Good Record. It is eighteen years since a prisoner got away from Kingston penitentiary without being recaptured.

Success is merely a matter of buying experience and selling it at a profit. Cuba will spend \$400,000 in government funds to erect six maternity hospitals.

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