

THE RIVER THAMES

London's Great Artery, With Its Crimes and Mysteries.

TRAPS FOR UNWARY VICTIMS.

Water-side Houses With Floors Opening at the Push of a Lever to Drop its Fleece Occupant into a Watery Grave—Ghost Boats of the River.

London's great artery, the river Thames, hides many a grim story under its murky waters, some of them centuries old, some of them merely incidents of yesterday.

Many of the old waterside houses, which rise sheer with the bank, contain rooms in which the floor is built directly over the water—floors upon which one could stand in apparently perfect safety while some one in an adjacent room worked a lever which caused the floor to open.

A gambling club is said to have met in such a room once a year to play for tremendous stakes. The party played on until one of their members was ruined. Then the rest of the men went away in silence, while the ruined man went down into the dark waters.

One of the old waterside houses at Wapping, too, is among the bits of the Thames with a reputation for being haunted. A flight of steps leads from the house to the river, but these steps are disused, and the door at the top of them is walled up.

The Thames police force of about 300 men is employed to guard against all sorts of additions to the mysteries of the Thames, and their task is of far greater magnitude than might be easily imagined.

A very large number of persons are saved from intentional and accidental drowning in the river every year, an average number somewhere between seventy and a hundred.

Incidentally, Waterloo bridge is another part of the Thames which is said to be haunted. It is not so very long since a more than usually clear sighted man went to the police with the information that he had seen a woman jump from the parapet of Waterloo bridge.

He had been crossing the bridge late one night, when he had noticed a woman in black walking in front of him.

That was all. There was no splash following her disappearance, and no result came from the search which was made.

Another mysterious thing about the Thames, which no amount of police supervision will destroy, is the "ghost" boats which have been and are frequently seen in various parts of the river.

It is a fact that river police patrols have actually given chase to such ghost ships, and there is nothing substantial to be found on reaching the place where the ships had seemed to be.

One of the most curious stories of this kind is that of the mysterious boat which was seen making its way along the water toward London bridge one day, about a quarter of a century ago.

As she neared the bridge there was a tremendous explosion, a vivid burst of light, and then—nothing! Not so much as a splinter of wood remained of the boat which had been, and the story of it lingers from that day to this as one of the hundreds of tragic unknown things which form the secrets of the river of mystery.—London Answers.

Talent Required. "If you go about it in a diplomatic way I believe you can get a good sized loan from Scudaworth."

A Hard Job. "One of the hardest jobs I know of is to take a ride, when you're feeling nice and sociable, in a left hand drive machine with a fellow who is deaf in the right ear and has to stop the car and turn his head toward you every time you make a remark to him.—Farm Life Opinion.

Youthful Observer. "The New Parson—Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday. Tommy, yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet.—London Opinion.

Right at Home. "Sometimes it is hard to find the city of happiness, but it will narrow the search if you remember that it is in the state of mind."

He Needed It. "The Aviator—I've been five months completing and learning to control my machine. History is—And what have you got for your pains? The Aviator—Embroideration.—London Telegraph.

Successful minds work like a gimlet—a single point.—Bovee.

A Silk Revival. "Gros de Londres is a rich, old-fashioned silk, which is being revived for many uses. It even appears among blouses."

THE ROPES OF MAUI.

An Ancient Legend of the Sun From the South Seas.

One of the most picturesque legends connected with the sun is that told in the islands of the south Pacific, where sunbathers are known as "the ropes of Maui." It is related that in former times the sun god Ra was not so regular in his habits as he is today.

He pressed on, scarcely hampered by these contrivances. The fourth noose fastened around his waist, the fifth under his arms, and finally the sixth and last caught him around the neck and almost strangled him.

It was then allowed to proceed on his way, but Maui prudently declined to take off the ropes, which may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn and when he descends into the ocean at night.

Ancient Trade Unions. Seven thousand years ago there were trade unions in Nineveh and Babylon, and so strict were their rules that in some cases the penalty of death was inflicted for infringing them.

Bees and Ants. Bees will place their honeycombs in any place regularly or irregularly shaped, and when they come to corners and angles they seem to stop and consider.

Teeth on Their Tongues. The biggest of fresh water fishes, the "arapaima" of the Amazon, in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue, so that the latter resembles the file and is used as such.

Was Ruskin Conceited? In one of Ruskin's lectures, though I cannot quote it exactly, he says in effect this, and it is said with great earnestness: "Because I have done harm to no one and good to all, because I have loved truth and hated falsehood, because I have regarded the happiness of others more than my own, you can trust what I say to you, and you will be glad in later years that you have trusted me."

Hazy Ideas. "I have been promised a job in the forest service," said the politician. "What are your duties to be?" "I don't know much about the proposition. I have been told that I may be sent out to inspect government preserves."

Danger Signals. It takes a cheerful philosophy to find virtue in the sulphurous odor of a bad egg. But if all bad water and bad milk were blessed by a like beneficent danger signal what a host of dead and dying human beings would have been saved!—Exchange.

A Straight Tip. "Colonel, please give me a little advice on racing matters. I understand you are an excellent judge of pace." "I am, son, and the one you are going will last about two years."

An Extreme Case. "My cousin is a true pessimist." "How's that?" "Even the brand of hope he uses is forlorn."

Russian Coats. Russian evening coats of rich brocade with immense borders of fur are delightful and picturesque garments.

Gowns Without Wraps. Lots of cloth dresses are made in styles which permit their being worn for the street without any outer wrap.

SECRET OF STEADY GOLF.

It Lies in Proper Use of the Club and Nerve Control.

There is no such thing for any man as eternal steadiness, but there is no reason why most golfers shouldn't develop a much greater steadiness than is shown. It is all a matter of practicing two things—the proper use of the club and concentration, or nerve control.

Remember at each practice or during each friendly round to try to make your brain work as well as your arms and legs. Remember, above all other factors, that it is vital to the success of the shot that you keep your head still, often referred to as "looking at the ball." Make it a point to school your brain as well as your muscles.

So, to put a few suggestions into compact, concrete form, the following are offered to those who desire a change for the better in their golfing steadiness or unsteadiness:

First—Practice concentration—keeping your mind on the ball as well as your eye.

Second—Make up your mind to accept a bad lie or some bad luck as part of the game and to be expected.

Third—Play each shot as it comes, without regret over past mistakes or worry over future troubles.

Fourth—Practice the short game, shots around the green, at every possible chance. It is here that scores are reduced.

Fifth—Practice with the brain as well as with the arms and legs. Cultivate brain control over muscles.—Jerome D. Travers

Lines Along Which Physicians of the Future May Work. Some day there will be a new physician who will be part engineer and part medical student.

The new doctor will investigate your home from the standpoint of lighting efficiency. Have you enough or too much light? Is the wall paper soothing to your eyes, yet economical from the standpoint of lighting efficiency?

Medical men have said that many a murder has been the result of a glaring incandescent light and red wall paper. When the denton of a fat building curses the pianist across the way his ill temper may be caused by his desk light and not by the piano at all.

The eye can stand less abuse than the ear, and were it to repose the grouch would probably fall to notice the doubtful music. The lighting doctor probably will find the cause of that grouch and remove it.

Instead of a stethoscope he will use an Illuminometer. The illuminometer is a device to tell in figures just how bright the light on your book is as you sit and read. It is used by lighting engineers, municipal lighting departments, building inspectors and others for determining the brightness of natural or artificial illumination.

Portable and quickly used and utilizing the simpler methods of measurement, it is a complete outfit for making photometric measurements.—Technical World.

The Heat of Australia. Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this.

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Her Hard Task. "That's a beautiful girl you have in your store," said the man acquaintance. "I've seen her in the window several days as it passed."

Weather Note. "Looks like rain for our outing tomorrow." "Just our luck! How would it do to telephone the weather bureau?" "No good. But you might make an appeal to the clearing house."

Those Funny Stories. A well-known trouble with conversation is that you can't talk to some men half a minute without reminding them of a funny story that isn't very funny.

Inquisitive. Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

Nick Bawlf of Ottawa, who figured on the Wanderer team in Monday night's N.H.A. game has enlisted for overseas service, and will join his battalion, the 154th at Cornwall. He has been given a commission.

AN EVENING WITH DUMAS.

It Was a Cosmopolitan Crowd That Flocked to His Shrine.

Dumas sat like some bronze of a Buddhist temple, while his guests stood or moved about, conversing with him or among themselves, writes Francis Criverson in the Century, describing an evening with the great novelist.

A famous comedian from the Gymnase exchanged jokes with a tragedian from the Theatre Francaise, a witty journalist was conversing with a gifted singer from the Theatre Lyric, an artist with flowing hair and a huge pince nez was begging a professional beauty to give him a series of sittings for her portrait, a novelist on the qui vive for copy seemed to see, hear and appropriate everything and everybody all at once.

A young poetess and an aged dramatist were discussing the latest plays. A Russian countess, tall, slender, insinuating, clad all in black, made me think of a character I had seen in a fantastic pantomime.

He might as well have said in so many words: "My mind is made up. Do not give yourself the trouble to tell me what is going on in England or America or in the country of the Grand Turk or among the nabobs of India. I am as fixed as the stars."

No one would have taken him for a celebrated author. He had the air of a man who had done nothing all his life but invent, taste and prepare luxurious dishes at a restaurant patronized by wealthy gourmets.

NUNOBIKI WATERFALLS. Bewitching Night Scene at a Popular Japanese Resort.

A sight in the summer life of Japan not easily forgotten is procured in a night visit to the Nunobiki waterfall, there are two falls, the lower or female fall of forty-three feet and the upper or male fall of eighty feet, the water gushing in each case out of the hill above and falling down the gorge to a whirling pool below.

The tiny lights come and go among the trees in a bewitching way. The single light, says the Kobe Chronicle, which illuminates the higher fall will perhaps appeal to many rather than the colored lights thrown on the lower fall, and the lamp rays giving the fountain the hues of the rainbow may be regarded as artificial.

The general effect is attractive. One who knows China it is impossible not to draw a comparison favorable to the Japanese in gazing in the crowd. Entrance to the gorge is perfectly free, yet thousands flocking there every evening are neatly dressed in summer garments, every one clean and respectable, while the conduct of the great crowd is orderly and marked by a sense of quiet enjoyment.

Such a scene would be almost impossible in China, and until the idea of personal cleanliness can be introduced among the swarming millions of that country we are afraid the Japanese will continue to look down upon their neighbors as inferior.

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