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WATTS FLORIST 179 WELLINGTON ST KINGSTON, ONT. PHONE 1763

Devonshire House to Disappear

SO Devonshire House is to go the way of kings' palaces. In the long stretch of brick wall, blackened by generations of London smoke, in spite of the Green Park opposite, have disappeared; when the quiet courtyard, where for decades the sparrows have mocked the pigeons, has been built over; when the stately Georgian house, stately not by magnificence but by its very simplicity and perfection of line and proportion, has been pulled down, London will be all the poorer. Thus the tide of commerce ever flowing north and south, east and west, reaches, in turn, one after another of the great buildings of the past or even the humble houses of history. Yesterday it was Boswell's House, in Soho; to-day Devonshire House, Piccadilly; to-morrow it may be Gough Square or the Tower. Progress, says Herbert Spencer, is not an accident, it is a necessity, it is part of nature. Which truism is scarcely a philosophic discovery of the first magnitude. But one could wish that it did not generally necessitate the replacing of the taste of masters by that of journeymen.

Two hundred years ago Devonshire House was the last house in Piccadilly passed by the coaches and post-chaises, worming their way out of London by the West Road. To-day the sea of slates and bricks has poured past it, engulfing manor houses and parish churches, surging round village greens and farmyards, and sweeping over heaths which once were the happy hunting ground of highwaymen. When the present Devonshire House was built, and that was about the year of grace 1737, a string of mean shops and statuary yards fringed Piccadilly, westward as far as Hyde Park Corner, where a bell summoned pedestrians bound for the village of Kensington, amidst its hawthorne hedges, to collect and proceed together as a safeguard against highwaymen. By the bridge over the Westbourne, at the hamlet of Knightsbridge, there was at least one villainous inn frequented by gentlemen of the road, and the whole neighborhood was suspected to the "Runners." Nowadays the Westbourne, renamed the Serpentine, flowing miserably underground in an iron pipe, passes through the roof of St. James Station, and so reaches the Thames at Chelsea.

A like fate has overtaken the Eastbourne, which once ran through the dip in Piccadilly so that every time the duke drove out of Devonshire House, he must have crossed the bridge here on his road westward; and a terrible road it was, knee-deep in mud as it approached the Westbourne, along which snipe and woodcock built their nests in numbers. It was a dangerous road in every way, only kept moderately safe, at nightfall, by patrols of the dragoons. One evening Horace Walpole, in his dining room, in Arlington street, is disturbed by the shouting after a highwayman who has just stopped a chaise, at his very door; another evening, George Grenville, at dinner in his house in Bolton street, sees a highwayman, who has just stopped a coach in Piccadilly, pass at full gallop, and escape by riding his horse down the steps into the little paved alley between the gardens of Devonshire and Lansdowne houses, which he said was once the bed of the Eastbourne. A token of which an iron bar divides the entrance, until this day; a very notable instance of closing the stable door after the loss of the horse.

When Kent was building the duke's garden wall and the mansion on the other side of it, the long consulate of Sir Robert Walpole was gliding into its last stormy years. Coming one day to call, at what was soon to become a great Whig fastness, he found the duke out, and wrote in the visitors' book,

"Ut dominus domus est; non extra fuita columis Marmoris splendet; quod tenet, intus habet."

There you have the gap between the eighteenth century and the twentieth. Imagine Mr. Lloyd George going to call at Devonshire House to-day, and delivering himself offhand of a Latin epigram to the effect that the splendor of the marble columns of the mansion was equalled only by the personal virtues of its owner. Fifty years later the courtyard of the house witnessed the final scene in the famous Westminster election. The Court, the Ministry, the Treasury, had bent their efforts to keep Fox out of Parliament. The issue hung in the balance, when the Duchess of Devonshire went out to canvass in his behalf. It might be said that single-handed she won the battle, and in later days was used to declare that the most perfect compliment she ever was paid, and their name certainly was legion, came from an Irish laborer who, in return for his vote, asked only to be permitted to light his pipe from the fire of her beautiful eyes.

For some couple of centuries, the stately house has witnessed a succession of such scenes. Seven kings have ruled in England since it was built, and seven dukes have seen the pageant of English history pass its gates. A wonderful pageant even if confined only to that one London street. And now it is to fall into the hands of the housebreaker, and Piccadilly will mourn its loss.

Conan Doyle's Bull.

Speaking of bulls, Conan Doyle wrote, recommending a certain dictionary. "I once amused myself trying to find words which were not in it, but I didn't succeed."

You never found a man so weak but what he had the strength to lay the blame on somebody else, if he had the chance.

The man who never pays his debts generally wants you and me to settle before he has half finished the job he is doing for us.

You probably have observed that the average man can always show why he should be considered an exception to all rules.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY KAISER WILHELM



One year ago today, November 10, 1918, the German Emperor sought refuge in Holland. Find an aside. Answer to Saturday's puzzle: Right side down, in coat and ruins.

BIRDS' FLIGHT NOT SPEEDY. Pigeons Make 35 Miles an Hour. But Seldom More.

The bird hunter, particularly of the duck-shooting variety, is apt to get a bit careless with his chatter of the speed of the game bird. Miles per hour are scattered around with the lavish hand that marks the appointment of inches to the length of the fish when the fishing clan foregather.

Most duck hunters are rejoiced that a duck coming down the wind is something like two wing strokes behind sudden death, but several jumps ahead of a streak of lightning in speed. A hundred miles an hour is apparently a handy figure on which to pile still more figures or occasionally to cut down a bit.

While a gale blowing at the tail-feathers of a duck that is a swift duck anyhow does add perceptibly to the speed of the bird, yet there is no record of the marvelous speed claimed for game birds under ordinary conditions.

There is used in ballistic science an instrument called the chronograph, which in the form most used consists of a weight held up by an electro-magnet. A spring-impelled knife-blade is held by another magnet in such a fashion that it released it springs out and marks a coating of soot first applied to the weight. First a mark is made in the soot in the weight opposite the knife.

When the bullet or charge of shot goes through a screen of wires connected with the magnet holding the weight and placed at the muzzle of the gun, the wires are cut and the weight starts to fall. When the bullet or shot charge passes through the second screen of wires, say ninety feet from the muzzle, the cutting of the wires permits the knife to fly out and mark the falling weight. Then the distance between the marks on the weight is measured, and as heavy weights fall a short distance always at the same speed, it is easy to translate the distance between the marks into time, and so to find how long the bullet took to cross the space between the screens.

A canny British ballistic shark rigged up a pair of such screens much closer together, and made them of fine silk and wire. The gallery had a lighted end and a dark one. Various British game birds were released back of the screens, promptly flying for the light at the end of the gallery, and so their speed was taken by the chronograph just as is the bullet.

A dozen tough "blue rock" pigeons, birds living in the rocky cliffs of England and much used for old-time live birds, recorded thirty-three miles an hour or fifty feet per second for the fastest one, twenty-six miles an hour for the slowest one. Out in the open, flying over measured course and timed with stop-watch, the fastest pigeon registered twenty-seven miles an hour.

British pheasants, bred purposely for shooting and noted for their speed and rocketing flight, flew through the chronograph at the rate of 32.5 miles an hour, maximum. Out in the open one bird made thirty-eight miles, or fifty feet per second. Partridges made from twenty-six to 34.5 miles an hour through the chronograph, and in the open ranged from 27.5 to thirty-two miles an hour, or forty to forty-two feet per second.

The average of twelve carrier pigeon races in England and the continent, ranged from eighty-seven to 369 miles, showed an average of thirty-six miles an hour. The fastest bird flew fifty-five miles an hour, the slowest in all the races, but still a winner, fifteen miles an hour. Doubtless the difference was due to wind force and direction.

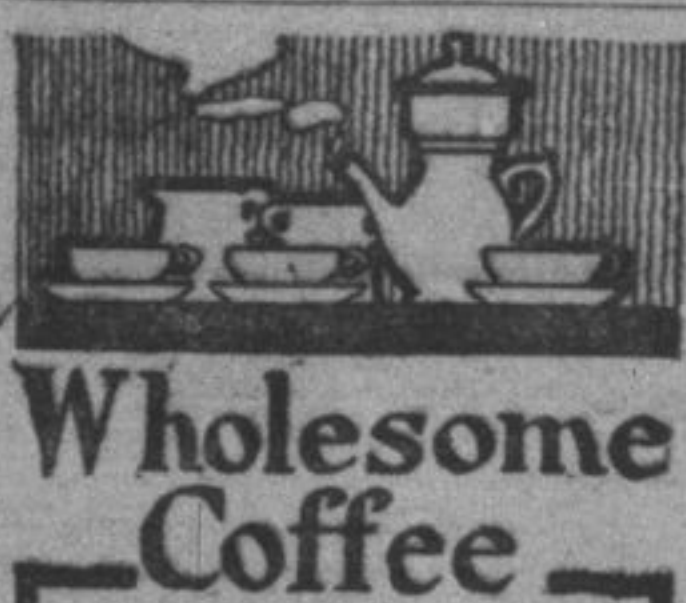
These are the fastest birds possible to breed, and developed for winning races.

No argument is possible with the chronograph; little argument is possible with the official time taken for carrier pigeons, provided brother pigeon doesn't sit somewhere on a limb and make love to a lady pigeon instead of keeping on his way.

An interesting check on some of these gunners who know their bird was flying a hundred miles an hour because they had to lead him a few feet would be to paint a duck on a long board at the end of an express train running at, say, sixty miles an hour, and let the gunner chase away at the painted duck at normal duck shooting ranges to check up the speed of the painted bird, with the "lead" necessary to give the charge to hit the wild duck alleged to have gone 100 miles per. Neither train nor winged honker gives a fair idea of the actual speed, because they are both large; the little bird often deceives.

Some Experiences! "I wore a-layin' down behind the breastwork one day," said the veteran bar, quoted in the Edinburgh Scotsman, "a-bra' at the henemy, an' 'a-tittin' of 'em hoovery time, when I 'ears the patter of a 'oree's' wals be-

hind me. Then a voice said: 'Ho, there, you with the deadly hair! Just come 'ere 'aif a mo'!' I turned round and saluted, an' who should it be but Sir John French! 'E come up an' shook me by the 'and. 'Wet's yer name?' sez 'e. 'Logan, general,' sez I. 'Your first name,' sez 'e. 'Dan, sir,' sez I. 'Dan Logan, general.' 'Well, Dan,' sez 'e, 'go 'ome. You're a-killin' too many men. It don't seem 'ardly fair. It's massacre, that's wot it is. An' look 'ere, Dan, don't call me general, call me Jack,' sez 'e."



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