

How Much Money Makes One A Lady.

(Montreal Gazette.)

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The following letter appeared in the Daily Mail a few days ago:

'Sir,—In the Daily Mail of October 23, I see that the 'Bequest for a Dog,' is described as being 'left by a Warwick woman.'

'Surely a lady who can leave £17,000 should not be put down in a paper such as the Daily Mail as a woman.'

'An ordinary reader might think she was a tramp, and as her relatives have held a good position in Stratford-on-Avon, I expect they will feel much aggrieved at such a derogatory account. I happen to be the late Miss Lapworth's first cousin, and I do think that an apology in the Daily Mail by the person who sent in that account, is due to our family. The Lapworths have always been in good social position, honored and respected.'

(Miss) MARIE A. LAFWORTH.

'Sudeley Villa, 10 Emscote Road, Warwick.'

The Daily Mail headed this communication 'A Lady.' Such a caption is invariably bound to arouse interest in this country, just as the controversy in regard to the qualities of a 'gentleman' can be revived during any 'Silly Season' with perfect confidence that the British public will respond with many letters to the editor. The first fruits of the 'Lady' letter were the following:

'Sir,—Miss Lapworth's protest suggests an interesting question.

'We all recognize when a woman is not a lady; can you tell us what a lady is when she is not a woman?'

EDITH BEGELOW.

'Orchard House, Great Austins, Farnham.'

Various anecdotes were then sent to the editor of the Daily Mail, some new but good but ancient, and some neither good nor new.

Some years ago, wrote one correspondent, a curate in one of the most 'fragrant areas' of Birmingham came interested in a street row and asked what was the matter. The victor proudly answered: 'Er said I wasn't no lady, but I soon 'ad'er down in the mud and showed 'er who was a lady.'

Another sent the following: Maid Servant to Mistress—A lady called when you was out, mum. Mistress—Are you sure she was a lady, Jane?

Maid—Certain, mum; she was covered with joolry and smelt of sherry! Mr. Thorowgoe, of the Royal Navy

Barracks at Chatham, propounded this question: 'If the sum of £17,000 entitles a woman to the right of being described as a lady, may I ask what is the least sum which will give the owner this delightful privilege?'

The next communications received by the Daily Mail were some rather painfully bromidic echoes from the humor of a quarter of a century ago, but this may possibly be new:

'A woman went to a doctor with a bad wound in her hand. On being asked as to what animal had bitten her, she replied, 'Please, Sir, it weren't an animal; it were another lady.'

Another correspondent referred to an anecdote about Queen Victoria. The Queen was taking a walk with two of her ladies-in-waiting in the Park. A crowd collected, and one man, in his eagerness to get a better view of the Queen, slightly pushed up against one of the ladies-in-waiting, with a 'Get out of my way, woman!' The lady was so indignant at being thus addressed that she appealed to the Queen, who calmly replied, 'And pray, what are you but a woman?'

The Daily Mail, evidently realizing that there are two sides to every question, afterwards printed letters from a different point of view. 'An inquiring Female' wrote as follows:

As a woman and a lady, I should feel much indebted if some of those men and women who favor your paper with their intellectual and charming stories of the 'lyds' of Costerland would kindly inform me by what epithet a cultured woman is now to be distinguished from a charwoman. I am sure many will be greatly interested to know what particular expression will convey to those higher circles the difference between a cultured woman and a washer-woman. Our language must, indeed, be degenerating if we are only allowed one expression to represent all the shades of womankind.

John Harley, of Moore street, Cadogan Square, is the latest correspondent, contributing the following charming story.

A resident of James street was overheard to say about a neighbor: 'Yus, she's a lady; when she gets drunk she can take a cab 'ome!'

The Cuban Senate has passed the Amnesty Bill, freeing negro rebels and the former Liberal office-holders of the Gomez administration, who had been charged with various crimes.

AMERICAN ATHLETES GOING TO ATHENS.

New York, Dec. 6.—The Irish American Athletic Club will send at least ten men, headed by Melvin W. Sheppard, to represent it in the Olympic games in Athens in May 1914.

If you have a skeleton in your closet you are lucky if you can keep it there.

James Duffy

Canterbury, N. B. Nov. 24.—James Duffy died Sunday morning at Fort Fairfield (Me.) after an illness of three years of tuberculosis.

Mr. Duffy was 37 years of age, a native of Prince Edward Island, and is survived by his widow, who was Sadie, daughter of Thos. McDonald, of Canterbury. He had two brothers and two sisters—Walter, of Clinton (Me.) Herbert, of North Bay; Miss Margaret, of Fall River; Miss Marcill, a trained nurse in the Province (R. I.) Hospital. Mr. Duffy, previous to his illness, was an engineer on the Bangor & Aroostook Railway, where his efficiency and industry won for him the special notice and interest of President Todd. During Mr. Duffy's illness he had letters from the president extending his deepest sympathy and proffers of any assistance in his power. The funeral and interment took place at Canterbury on Wednesday morning.

John Jones

John Jones, of Clark Settlement, who was accidentally shot by his son on Friday 1st, died at the Fisher Memorial Hospital on Sunday evening. With his son they were swamping a road, and they heard a deer near by and separated. When about 50 feet away the son peering through the bushes, saw a movement, what he thought was the deer, and fired. The shot was answered by a cry of pain, and rushing over, the young man found the bullet had hit his father. He was 70 years of age.

Mrs Isabella D. Smith

On Tuesday, Nov. 18.h., at the residence of her son-in-law, Harvey A. Coon, Weston, Ont., Isabella Damaris McGee, widow of the late Sylvester Smith, of Mountain Hall, Winona, passed away in the 83rd. year of her age, Funeral (private) on Thursday, Nov. 20, from the home at Weston, at 10 a. m. and from the C. P. R. train on arrival at Hamilton

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at 215 p. m. to Stoney Creek Cemetery.—The Daily Mail and Empire.

Mrs. Smith was a daughter of the late William McGee of Victoria Co., and mother of Senator E. D. Smith.

Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidney and just as done out in the morning as on retiring.

I was languid and would have to let my house-work stand. No thing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."

Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of back-aches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.



The Pelican And The Pigeons.

A highly excited young woman ran into the office under the Arsenal in Central Park at three o'clock on a recent afternoon. Bill Snyder, head keeper, turned from his task of cutting meat for the animals and demanded, 'What's the trouble?'

Then he saw the look of terror on her face and wondered if a lion had broken loose. There was a different tone when he demanded again:—'What's the trouble?'

'The pelican!' she shrieked. 'The pelican!'

'What's the matter with the pelican?' Snyder asked. 'What's it done?'

'The pelican! It's swallowed two pig ones! I just saw it swallow them. Come quickly. It might swallow some more of them.'

Snyder laughed.

'That happens about twice a month,' said he.

'But the poor bird! What will become of them?'

The girl was almost sobbing.

'Come with me,' Bill said soothingly, 'and I'll show you what becomes of the poor birds.'

He led the way to the case where the pelicans and other great-billed birds are kept.

Snyder was joined by Robert Herton and other keepers, and the cage was surrounded.

Sure enough a pelican's immense bill was bulging out as though he had swallowed a football.

'Are you ready?' called Snyder. 'All ready,' replied other keepers.

'El Capitan! El Capitan!' shouted the keepers until the park echoed with their cries.

El Capitan, who was the pelican, opened his bill and a pigeon flew out.

'Goody! Goody!' screamed the girl.

Again the keepers shouted; 'El Capitan! El Capitan!' Again the pelican glanced around and opened his bill. A second pigeon fluttered out and flew away.

The girl clapped her hands with joy and asked; 'Aren't they hurt? Why

'That's easy,' answered Snyder. 'You see the feathers are dry and a bird cannot swallow a dry feathery substance. The pelican tries to gulp those pigeons so often there's getting used to it. All we have to do, when she tries it is to frighten her by shouting her name as loud as we can. That makes her open her mouth.'

The animal girl left the park. 'It's true as gospel,' said Snyder afterward. 'Up to date that pelican's never swallowed any of our pigeons and I don't think he'll succeed very soon either.'



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