

TEMPERANCE 5,500 YEARS OLD  
(Christian Herald.)

A foreign exchange has this interesting paragraph: There is still in existence an Egyptian papyrus of the date of 3,500 years before the Christian era, which contains the following caution: "My son, do not linger in the wine shop or drink too much wine. I caused thee to utter words regarding thy neighbor which thou rememberest not. Thou fallest upon the ground thy limbs become weak as those of a child. One cometh to trade with thee and findeth thee so. Then say they, 'Take away the fellow, for he is drunk.'" This is believed to be the oldest temperance lecture in existence.

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Report is Not Taken Seriously

Otawa, July 7.—The threatened establishment of a German submarine base on the Atlantic coast, with the object of sinking Canadian vessels carrying troops and munitions to the mother country, occasion no great alarm here. The general opinion is that it is the expression of characteristic German boastfulness rather than a plan likely to be carried out in reality. "New York is a hotbed of such rumors," remarked a high officer in the naval service to-day. He added: "Anything is possible, but the probabilities of such action are not strong. If Germany persists in carrying on this nefarious warfare in violation of all international law, it would seem that the best place to do it is where there are

the most British ships. It is certainly not on this side of the Atlantic."

Michael O'Leary, V. C., at Buckingham

(London paper.)

Almost in the same condition as when he left the trenches, only a few hours previously. Sergeant Michael O'Leary was presented to the King at Buckingham Palace, and received from His Majesty the Victoria Cross, which he so gallantly won at Cambey. It was on Feb. 1 that the brave Irish guardsman, when forming one of the storming party which advanced against the enemy's barricades, rushed to the front and killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade. Then he attacked a second barricade about sixty yards further on, which he captured after killing three of the enemy, and making prisoners of two more. Sergeant O'Leary thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself, and prevented the rest of the attacking party from being fired upon. Sergeant O'Leary came home on seven days' leave and on the day of the presentation he visited his comrades at Wellington Barracks. With the dust of the trenches still upon him and carrying his pack and rifle, he presented himself at the gate of the barracks and was not at first recognized.

"He is the coolest customer," subsequently exclaimed a sergeant of the Irish Guards. "You would not have thought he had the V. C. at all. It was only the little red ribbon of the V. C. on his breast which gave a hint as to the hero's identity, and the whisper went around, 'He's Sergeant O'Leary.'" Sergeant O'Leary, his comrade, related, has had letters from all sorts of people begging him to let them know when he was coming home and they would have bands to meet him. "Bands," he said; "I don't want any bands." Wealthy people wrote to him wanting him to be their guest; he could have been driving about London in luxurious motor cars;

instead he walked diffidently up to the barracks and declined to have a fuse. His comrades were entertaining him to tea when, at a quarter to five, came the summons to present himself at the Palace in order to receive the Victoria Cross, the King having heard that the hero was at the barracks. O'Leary was still wearing the rough and grimy boots of the trenches, and there was no time for any nice adjustments of uniform or equipment, so the sergeant walked over to the Palace practically as he stood. He was accompanied by Colonel Proby, commanding the Irish Guards. The King and Queen were in the grounds of the Palace, and with them Princess Mary. Shortly after O'Leary's arrival Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria arrived and saw the giving of the decoration. His Majesty pinned on the cross, shook hands very cordially with Sergeant O'Leary, and said a few words of congratulation on the heroism he had displayed, concluding by wishing him long life to wear the Cross and a happy future. The Queen and

PRINCESS MARY ALSO SHOOK HANDS

with the newly decorated V. C., and Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria followed suit.

On his return to Wellington Barracks, O'Leary related the famous story of the two barricades. "He said he did not know what to do with all those Germans in front of him," a comrade afterwards stated. "He did not know what would happen, and thought it was all over with him. He had no bayonet at the time he made the charge, but his rifle was loaded with ten rounds of ammunition. He shot the officer at the machine gun through the back of the head. That demoralized the rest, and the reason he captured the two prisoners was that he had no ammunition left." He impressed the men at Wellington Barracks as an easy-going, slow-moving giant, with a tremendous reserve of strength. His coolness was another vivid impression which remained with those who met him, and the visit to the Palace did not excite him in the least.

Sergeant O'Leary went home to County Cork by the boat express at 10.15 p. m. from Euston. He is tall and slightly built. His uniform fits him tightly, and he wears his cap set jauntily over the left ear. His nose is tip-tilted and he smiles with his eyes and looks ferocious. There were large numbers of sunburnt troops about the station, but the hero was unmissable. He has been exactly built to fit his story. O'Leary is modesty itself, and when told that a reception awaited him on his arrival home, he exclaimed, 'Bands I don't want any bands.' All the same, he had to have them when he reached Cork on the way to his native place. O'Leary made the journey to Cork via Dublin, where he tried in vain to escape the attentions of the crowd that had gathered to welcome him.

Under pressure from his admirers he produced his Victoria Cross and handed it to a young lady with the remark, "It doesn't look much, does it? But I suppose there is something in it, and I shall always treasure it." Another admirer, holding O'Leary by the hand, asked him why he charged so many Germans single-handed.

"It was an act of lunacy, madam," the admirer added, "I don't," said O'Leary, regarding him with a smile, "for the simple reason that I thought it was my duty." At Cork railway station he was met by a great crowd, and the modest hero was obviously embarrassed by his reception. Attended by the mace-bearer and other civic functionaries, the Lord was in attendance, and besides two military bands, which played Irish airs there was a large contingent of the local section of the National Volunteer. After the Lord Mayor had cordially welcomed him back to Cork, Sergeant O'Leary was complimented by many leading citizens. Then he was driven through cheering streets to an hotel, where he was entertained to luncheon before leaving to visit his parents.

Planned to Blow Up Steamships

New York, July 7.—Frank Holt, who attempted last Saturday to assassinate J. P. Morgan, after placing a bomb in the Capitol buildings, Washington, which exploded on Friday night planned to destroy the Transatlantic liners Saxonia and Philadelphia by dynamite which it is believed he had placed aboard the vessels before they sailed from New York for Liverpool on July 3. Holt so advised his wife in a letter which was received by her at Dallas, Texas, on or before yesterday.

Warnings by wireless were sent broadcast over the Atlantic from stations on the eastern seaboard, advising the Saxonia and Philadelphia to steer towards each other. Commissioner Wooden announced that the Navy Department had arranged to send a fast cruiser after the liners.

The Philadelphia was reached by wireless and replied that everything on board had been identified and that all was well.

At police headquarters, shortly before noon, it was said that the Saxonia had not replied, but her failure to do so was not regarded as of especial significance, as it was thought that she might have passed out of the wireless zone of communication. She is now four days out, and, it was said, it might be difficult for her to have a wireless message relayed to shore.

New York, July 7.—Three ships sailing from this port to Havre and reaching there last May, it was learned from an authoritative source today, were found to have unexploded bombs aboard the missiles having been placed on the ships in this city, before sailing.

In each case it was said the bombs had been placed aboard a vessel carrying automobiles and other supplies for the French army. An investigation in which the United States secret service detectives of this city and the French government had joined, it was said, had been begun.

Beauty Specialist Was German spy

London, July 7.—The most dangerous woman in London has just been deported as an alien enemy. And there never was a more harmless looking person. In early Victorian dress, with snow white hair arranged in nodding curls,

Mme Trost has for years been one of the most picturesque figures in the West End and Hyde Park.

Regularly every afternoon she drove in the park dressed in figured silks worn over an ample crinoline, a poke bonnet half hiding her delicately rouged face and grandmotherly hair.

It was vaguely known that she claimed to be a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette and that at her splendid house in Marlborough gate, W., she had enshrined a coffin "that she might be beautiful in death."

Obviously Mme. Trost was rich. She maintained a splendid home just opposite Kensington Gardens, where she lived surrounded by Louis XVI. furniture and superb plate.

But while girl pages in rich silk gowns of Louis XVI. period served the guests at Madam's frequent "at homes," the queer old lady kept no servants, but lived quite alone, doing all her own cooking and much of the housework.

This seemed more remarkable because Madam Trost was a beauty specialist in Bond street, W. A. business woman whose trade it was to pander to the follies of the idle rich.

Practically all her clientele occupied important social or official positions,

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



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were women wearing out fast in the maddening whirl.

After a treatment those who wished to rest their nerves could drink tea and play bridge. If they lost Madam was a liberal banker. As time passed and accounts grew the ensnared clients became helpless before their creditor's curiosity. A more inquisitive old lady never lived. For wheedling information she was almost without a rival.

But one day after war began, Mme. Trost asked an apparently harmless question of a clear-headed debt-free woman. That night Scotland Yard became mildly suspicious of the beauty specialist.

Official investigation proved that the quaint Victorian in life was a German subject born in Frankfort, that she had lived 30 years in London and identified herself with everything English, but had never been naturalized.

Scotland yard delved deeper and discovered that long ago, when Bertha Trost was quite a young woman, she stood in the shadow of Austrian royalty until her connection with an intrigue caused some one highly placed at the Vienna court to suggest that she would be better off in London, where suitable provision would be made for her.

The Bond street "business" with its bizarre boudoirs, was merely a blind to hoodwink the police. The receipts did not pay the rent. Behind the trellis screens and rose-strung shutters madam could carry out her schemes. The important women whose physical defects she knew, whose notes of hand she held, could often be induced to yield up official gossip, even secrets of state.

Madam Trost's subterranean profession became daily more obvious. Recently she began to drive out with wounded officers just home from the front. Then, grown suddenly reckless, she attempted to visit the camps of German prisoners in England.

Scotland Yard called a halt and demanded an explanation. The truth came out. Madam Trost, married 30 years ago in Germany, was searching for her son, a German prisoner, now interned in England. Mother love had made her careless of consequences.

In an effort to nullify the decree of exile to her own country she attempted to marry a British subject by special license. But the Birmingham bridegroom, who answered the summons by the first train, arrived in London just as the Lady of the Crinoline was arrested.

Now her long senescing is ended. Her splendid home and her "business" premises are held by the public trustee and the curious, triple shrouded coffin is in the hands of the bureau of criminal investigation.

For the "dear old English lady" was a dangerous secret agent, a spy in skirts in the pay of Germany.

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