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100 Assorted English, Scotch, and Irish View for 1 shilling 6 pence.

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English and Continental Actresses, handtinted and Glossy Photographs, 15 shillings per gross.

Christmas and New Year Cards, well Assorted parcel. 100 Cards for 5 shillings. Value 1d, 2d, 3d, 4d and 6d each, 500 Cards for 20 shillings.

1 Gross Jewelled Cards for 9 shillings. Foreign or Colonial Stamps not accepted. Kindly send Money Order.

BRITANIA POST CARD CO.

54 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

HOW BRITISH TARS DIED

BRAVELY THEY WAITED FOR A WATERY GRAVE.

With Prayers on Their Lips and the Ship's Bell Telling For Church Service Seven Hundred British Sailors Sank on the "Glorious" Amid the Cheers of the Fleet—Bugler Sound-ed the Last Post.

The "Glorious" had been steaming at full speed on a starless night, without light, and had been run down by the battle-fleet, also taking war risks. She had been struck on the starboard bow, and her forebridge had gone by the board, taking the captain, commander and first lieutenant with it. For the moment authority was disorganized.

But for the moment only. Then a young lieutenant, in his pyjamas, took over the command, giving his orders as calmly as if a collision in mid-Atlantic, with a terrific sea running, was an every-day occurrence.

Within a minute from the first shock, men were picking their way with lighted lamps. The watch below, quiet and orderly, was streaming up the ladders to the upper deck. Stokers were clambering up narrow hatchways, or patiently waiting their turn.

There was nothing to be done. Water was pouring through the huge rent in the ship's side, preventing the watertight doors from being closed. Collision quarters would have been useless. To jump overboard was absurd, with such a sea running. And there seemed but little chance of their comrades in other ships being able to launch boats, though they were working like demons. The men on the "Glorious" could hear the davits creaking, and the boats pinging shrilly, but not a single human voice.

Silently they stood there waiting, and silently their comrades worked. At last a young seaman—a boy, scarcely out of his teens—could stand the strain no longer. He fell out, and, leaning against the rails, began to sob. An old tar bent over and touched him on the shoulder.

"Buck up, matey!" he said kindly. "Death's all right. And you've only got yourself to think about. I've got a wife and two kiddies—Heaven help them!"

The youngster pulled himself together with a jerk.

"Thanks, cockey!" he said huskily. "I'm sorry. But the country'll look after them."

Suddenly a deep throated cheer rose from the fleet; a boat had succeeded in getting away from a battleship. The searchlight showed the smiling face of a lieutenant in her stern as the cockleshell rose for a moment on the crest of a mountainous wave. Then the cheer died away in a groaning wail as the "Glorious" gave a mighty heave.

Her bows were already submerged, and her propeller, high out of the water, was racing and whirling and vibrating through the whole ship. With the last heave it stopped, and the only sound was the rigging, and the waves, and the roaring jubilation at finding an ingress.

The watch below had not yet escaped from between the decks; some stokers were still shut in the engine-room. The doctors were busy with the wounded, and a small party of men under a quartermaster, intent on making things ship-shape even in the face of death, were trying to secure one of the seven-ton guns.

And then a bell began to toll for church. The chaplain's voice rose above the howling of the wind. The ship gave another heave as a bugler-boy on the after-bridge began to sound the "Last Post."

Up, up, up went her stern. The men standing on the decks swayed forward, and a frantic shout came faintly from the officer in the boat: "Wait—wait! For Heaven's sake, wait!"

The great cruiser shivered slightly, steadied herself, then, with a deep, shuddering sigh of escaping air—the regretful sigh of a gallant ship for her still more gallant crew—the stern of the "Glorious" disappeared beneath the waves, with her crew still standing reverently on the decks listening to the chaplain's prayer.

For one moment the wind ceased to howl, the waves to roar, and the spectators heard the last wailing notes of a bugle, and saw a small, blue-coated figure standing to attention, and blowing as he had been taught, on the Eastney parade.

A great swirl of waters, a few figures bobbing about, a tiny boat straining forward. Then the swell subsided, the figures disappeared, and only the boat remained—buffeted, beaten, and tossed about, a speck on the mighty deep.

In the space of three minutes the nation had lost a first-class cruiser and seven hundred gallant men. And the officer in the boat risked seventeen more lives in his effort to secure a bugler's cap, as a memento of the way our British tars can die.—London Answers.

His Accursed Luck.

The intoxicated individual who, after bumping into the same tree thirteen times, benumbed the fact that he was lost in an impenetrable forest is no greater disgrace to modern civilization than the hero of this story.

A citizen of Seattle who had looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree guard. Grasping the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.

"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "Looked in?"

Building Note In 1923.

In order to complete the four hundred and tenth story of the Skyndicate building the contractors will have to raise the sky three or four feet.

DEFIES ATTACK.

The Wonderful Strong Room Under the Bank of England.

There is a close analogy between the struggle of the locksmith against the burglar and the contest between armor plate and big guns. Time after time has the locksmith exhausted his ingenuity in devising apparently impenetrable chambers, and again and again have the marvelous skill and patience of the burglar foiled his efforts.

A hundred years ago the Bank of England kept its cash and securities in a great oak box clamped with iron. From this the strong room of today, constructed of armor plate, has been gradually evolved.

If a mob overcame the guards and "watch clerks" at the Bank of England, they could not possibly penetrate into the vaults, for their passage would be blocked by large reservoirs of water. The strong room here is one of the largest in the world. The foundation, sixty-six feet below street level, is a bed of concrete twenty feet thick.

Above this concrete is a lake seven feet deep, and above that thick plates of iron specially manufactured to resist both force and skill. Any one attempting an entrance from above would find a similar bed of concrete, a similar lake and similar plates of iron. The walls are impenetrable, while the doors are one foot thick, weigh four tons each and are made absolutely undrillable.

Many years ago, when the strong room was less rigorously protected, the directors were startled one morning by a letter from a man who said he had been in the vault.

Some days later a heavy chest, which had been abstracted from the "treasury," was returned to the bank by the writer of the letter, who had gained entrance from the sewers. He was rewarded and given a pension for life.

In the safe deposit, which has become a necessary adjunct of modern life, are to be found the most modern developments in strong room construction. One of the largest in London, which cost \$1,000,000, consists of thirty-two great vaults, whose doors have no locks and are worked by hydraulic power.

When the doors are closed the mechanism is disconnected, and any one attempting to connect it would release 50,000 gallons of water and flood the place from floor to ceiling, although the strong rooms would remain absolutely dry. Many and varied are the valuables stored in these treasure houses.

At another London depository the writer was shown a room which contained \$150,000,000 worth of securities. The next contained a collection of rare books worth \$10,000 each, and another held a collection of old china. In a fourth were paintings worth \$500,000, and a fifth contained tapestries which could not be duplicated for \$250,000.

Gave Him Piece of Shroud.

Some time ago the New Kirkpatrick parish church minister, Rev. J. H. Dickie, attended, in ministerial capacity, a funeral in Glasgow, and he was somewhat surprised when the chief mourner handed him a small object of the shroud. Naturally he asked the reason of the gift, but the mourner could not tell him, merely remarking that it had been an old custom of her family to present the minister with a bit of the shroud on similar occasions. An antiquarian friend has been looking into the matter, and finds that away back in the thirteenth or fourteenth century an act was passed for the purpose of encouraging the wool trade in Scotland, which ordained that every corpse be shrouded in a woollen garment, and to make certain that the order was attended to, it was made the duty of the parish minister to examine the shroud before the coffin lid was "screwed down." In the event of the minister not being able to present a "swatch" of the dead person's garment had to be cut off and handed to the clergyman who officiated at the "liftin'." The fact that the old custom has been preserved in the mourner's family showed that their genealogical tree had a fairly respectable antiquity.

Queerest of Creatures.

The duckbill, or mulligong, of Australia is one of earth's queerest creatures. It is essentially an aquatic and burrowing animal. The beak is well supplied with nerves and appears to be a sensitive organ of touch by which the animal is enabled to feel as well as smell the insects and other creatures on which it feeds.

The duckbill can run on land and swim in water with equal ease. It is covered with fur, which is thick, soft and readily dried while the animal enjoys good health.

The food of the duckbill consists of worms, water insects and little mollusks, which it gathers in its cheek pouches as long as it is engaged in search for food and then quietly eats them when it rests from its labors.

The Long Lived Parrs.

Thomas Parr, who died in London in 1635 at the age of 152 is notable not only for his longevity, but also for that of his descendants. Parr lies buried in Westminster Abbey. He worked his farm at the age of 130 and married for the second time at the age of 122. Robert Parr, a great-grandson, died in Shropshire in 1757 at the age of 124. His father lived to be 109 and his grandfather 112. John Newell died in 1791, aged 127, and John Michelson, aged 127 also, died in 1793. Both were grandsons of Thomas Parr.

Cause For Resentment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Newrich, "I treat my domestics as equals."

"And don't they resent it?" queried Mrs. Oldgold.

The Mysterious Time.

Boots (who has overslept)—Will ye plaza to get up, sorr? It's an hour later than it was this toime yesterday mornin', sorr.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Steamer Henry F. Eaton Ran Ashore in Dense Fog—Panic Among Passengers

EASTPORT, Me., Aug. 13.—The good discipline maintained by the captain and crew of the little steamer Henry F. Eaton, prevented a panic among the passengers and possibly a loss of life when she sailed up on a sunken rock at the mouth of the St. Croix, near this city, today.

The steamer, which runs daily between Eaton and Calais, had reached a point about three miles from Eastport on her way to the up river city, when she ran into a dense fog waited over by the Bay of Fundy. The pilot lost his bearings and before he could get his reckoning the steamer struck a sunken ledge on the Canadian shore.

The rocks penetrated the bottom of the boat, close on the keel, tearing a great hole through which the water poured in torrents. Fortunately the swiftly-moving tide soon carried the Eaton clear of the rocks, thus preventing the vessel from listing and being washed by the waves.

The passengers alarmed by the crash, were quieted by the captain, and his men, who told them that they would be sent ashore in the steamer's boats should the necessity arise.

On account of the rocky nature of the New Brunswick shore, the captain decided that there was no chance of beaching the vessel there, so he had her bow pointed for the Maine side, about a mile distant.

The water rose so rapidly in the vessel's hold that at one time it looked as if she would founder.

The progress of the boat was slow and when the water reached the fire room there was considerable uneasiness among the passengers. The boats were ready to be put over, however, she struck the soft bottom. At this time the water was a foot deep on swiftly-moving tide soon carried the Eaton clear of the rocks, thus preventing the vessel from listing and being washed by the waves.

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THAW AND CRIME.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

The bankruptcy proceedings instituted in behalf of Harry K. Thaw, the assassin, for the purpose of protecting his estate from the unjust claims of medical experts, greedy lawyers and other ruffians, disclose the fact that in the Thaw case the defendant, who is in an insane asylum, is not all chargeable to the defense.

From the schedule of expenses it appears that the bills amounting to \$38,500 have been rendered to him by lawyers and medical experts. There were many physicians who have expert testimony. Some of them appear to have been singularly reticent and moderate, inasmuch as they demanded for their brief services only modest fees, ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,900 for appearing in court.

Among the leading experts there were four who fixed their own emoluments respectively as follows \$2,900, \$5,200, \$6,000. One firm of lawyers fixed its fees at \$60,000 and the members of this firm were not among the lawyers who were active and prominent in the actual trial.

One of the counsel demanded in addition to expenses, the sum of \$70,000 for a stump speech in court, and the financial history of the case is suggestive of a flock of birds of prey swooping relentlessly down upon a helpless victim.

Nothing is juster in life than that high skill and knowledge are entitled to high rewards, but the Thaw case within two days.

It is, however, not surprising that harkies of all kinds should have descended upon the wretched Thaw. The whole trial, including the demeanor of the courts, must be viewed by any decent standards not as a trial in a sacred court of justice, but as a sordid and degrading financial transaction. The trial was a bowery melodrama the only virtue of which was to lay bare some dangerous travesties upon the administration of the law in the United States. Nothing can be more dangerous and corrupting in its influence upon American life than a Thaw trial, which advertises to the world the fact that a disolute criminal may buy his way around the gallows into an asylum if he only has money enough.

If good may come of evil, the good that is to come from the Thaw case will be an overhauling of the proceedings of our courts of justice so as to equip them with something of the certainty and efficiency of those of England, where Thaw would have been convicted on the evidence and the trial concluded without bother to high rewards, but the Thaw case within two days.

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