

STANDARD THE ONLY REAL BREAD.

Impossibility of Being Deceived by Numerous Imitations.

TOO MUCH OUTER BRAN.

Standard bread is not only better than any other kind of bread. It is the only real bread there is. Do not be misled by "fakes."

Those who have once tasted genuine standard bread cannot be deluded by bogus concoctions of flour and bran. Millers and bakers of the narrow, shortsighted and dishonest type, who have regarded standard bread as "a passing craze" and counterfeited it with downright rubbish, are rapidly becoming wiser.

For the public will have what it wants. Bakers who cannot supply standard loaves of even texture, appetising, moist, wheaty in flavour, and skilfully baked, "made from flour containing 80 per cent. of the wheat berry, including the germ and the whole of the semolina," are losing all their custom. Millers who persist in trying to foist spurious standard flour upon bakers are paying the penalty in waning sales.

SHOULD NOT BE DEARER.

The wholesale price of the best quality standard flour is practically the same as for white household flour, so no baker has any excuse for offering a loaf made from sham standard flour.

Representatives of all the great milling firms will be showing samples of standard flour on the Corn Exchange to-day, as they were last Friday, guaranteed as made from the same wheat as the highest-grade and most expensive white flour they produce.

It has not been easy for conscientious millers to fix prices for standard flour, for in the past the various separated grades of white flour have been sold at different prices, and, of course, each kind of wheat produces only one standard grade of flour—all the berry except the outer bran. There are about 300 different kinds of wheat, which are blended like teas.

MILLERS GRINDING LOCAL WHEAT.

Bakers usually contract for three or four months ahead, reserving the right to take weekly supplies of what grades they choose, at current market prices. They are working out existing contracts by taking an ever-growing proportion of standard flour.

Though foreign wheat fell in price a little last week, English wheat did not, which is believed to indicate that country millers are grinding local wheat more extensively and so increasing the demand for English wheat, which, owing to its sweetness of flavour, is specially suitable for standard flour.

With steady wholesale prices for standard flour and universal recognition of the characteristic qualities of the flour and the bread made from it, the last serious obstacle to national adoption of standard bread must swiftly be overcome.

People who have purchased bad imitations of standard bread made from cheap low-grade white flour and bran, have naturally been prejudiced. But they are discovering that it was not standard bread that disappointed them, but a baker's deceit or ignorance.

HINTS TO PURCHASERS.

Having bought a loaf of standard bread at the ordinary price of white bread, with the usual make-weight if it is under 2lb.—for standard bread is not a "fancy" bread—how is the person who is trying standard bread for the first time to know it is the right thing?

One very good test is to cut a few thin slices from the crumby interior. It should be possible to cut the thinnest of slices without any breaking or crumbling, and they should be close-grained, moist yet light, and free from hollows.

If the bread is not nice, it is not standard bread. The flavour is sweet and "wheaty." The smell is like new-threshed grain. The colour ranges from creamy white to a light creamy brown.

Welsh millers in particular seem to have removed too little of the coarse outer bran from their flour, and accordingly the bread made in Wales is often much too brown. The germ of the whole of the semolina may be there all right, but excess of outer bran spoils the bread for many people, as an article of habitual consumption.

HOW IT BENEFITS ALL.

Standard bread proves its merits conclusively to everybody by its strengthening, stimulating effects, which are felt after the very first day or two. The anemic and the obese are equally benefited. It builds up the bones and muscular tissue of the scraggy and scrawny. The paunchy and podgy rapidly become slender and symmetrical.

Babies and young children thrive upon it, just as their elders feel fitter in every way. It lightens the spirit and cheers the heart. The teeth are exercised by chewing and decay prevented, while their enamel is built up and preserved. All dentists commend it.

TOPIC OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.

Standard bread is discussed in every home and every business office in the kingdom. It is constantly referred to in public entertainments.

Saturday evening's new production at the Gaiety Theatre, "Peggy," would not have been complete without a reference by the principal comedian to standard bread, which was appreciated by every member of the audience.

MASTERED BY WOMAN.

Female Ju-Jitsu Expert Shows How Big Muscular Men May Be Overcome.

A large, muscular man was literally twisted round a woman's little finger during the week-end at a private ju-jitsu demonstration by Mrs. Edith Garrud; it was a sight to make policemen weep as they thought of prospective encounters with suffrage experts. But no police were present.

She selected her husband for the purpose, and provided nice springy mattresses for him to fall upon. The ladies among the invited guests, who included several ardent advocates of women's suffrage, applauded heartily. The applause of the men seemed less whole-hearted.

The poor fellow was rolled and twirled head foremost, sideways and promiscuously. He may not have tried his very hardest, for he is something of an expert himself, but he certainly failed, not only to master the vigorous little lady, but to prevent her putting a final effectual "lock" upon him.

She showed how inexpedient it was for him to throttle her, chuck her under the chin, or even put an arm round her waist, without her consent. Condemn punishment was his portion every time. She is little, but very wise, and she hurled him broadcast.

Little girls from the Crouch End High School, in neat athletic costumes, showed upon each other's persons how they would deal with any mere male creature who had the audacity to pull their hair or clasp their shoulders from behind.

MATRON OF HONOUR.

Canadian Custom Introduced at Wedding of Sir H. Gilzean-Reid's Daughter.

Closely following the fashion of benedict best men at weddings has come the matron-of-honour.

At the marriage of Colonel Edward Bramhall and Miss Gilzean-Reid, daughter of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, at Hendon on Saturday Mrs. Burgess acted as matron-of-honour to the bride, her duties being those generally performed by the chief bridesmaid.

"Married men, especially in the case of brothers, frequently act as best men nowadays, and now married women are beginning to act as bridesmaids," the clerk of one of the most popular churches for important weddings told *The Daily Mirror*.

The fashion of having a matron-of-honour seems to have come to this country from Canada, where it has been in vogue for some years.

MILLIONAIRESS WEDS SECRETLY.

Possessor of £4,000,000 Fortune Quietly Married to New York Doctor.

News has just come to hand of the secret wedding of Mrs. Julia Morris Curtiss, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who has a fortune of £4,000,000.

Mrs. Curtiss, says the *New York Herald*, was secretly married on February 14, at Wilmington, Delaware, to Dr. George Alfred Lawrence, of New York.

The bride is one of the principal heirs of Miss Mary G. Pinkney, formerly known as one of the two wealthiest women in New York society.

GIRL TERRORIST LOSES.

Verdict in £20,000 Claim Against Socialist Millionaire for Breach of Promise.

New York, Saturday.—In the breach of promise action in which Miss Anna Bertha Grunspan sued Mr. William English Walling, the millionaire Socialist, for £20,000 as damages, the jury returned a verdict in favour of the defendant.—Exchange.

A remarkable story of love and anarchy was told during the hearing of the case. Miss Grunspan, a very beautiful girl, told the Court that she first met Mr. Walling when he was in Russia assisting the Terrorist cause, in which she was a worker. He helped her to escape, and in Persia he gave her a ring. Later, however, he married a Russian authoress.

Several letters from Mr. Walling, who denied any promise to marry, were read. In one of these he wrote: "I love the world with all my heart and soul, as a Socialist, and cannot love any single being in the same sense."

POCKET-BRED GERMS

Handkerchief Should Be Carried in Sleeve for Hygienic Reasons.

ARMY FASHION.

Still another old-fashioned and almost universal practice among men has been condemned by the remorseless medical man—the simple act of putting one's handkerchief into one's pocket.

"Handkerchiefs should never be put into pockets," a London doctor told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "They should be stuffed instead, Army fashion, into one's coat sleeve.

"The practice of carrying a handkerchief in a pocket is obviously unhygienic. Hundreds of men have contracted severe colds and possibly worse ailments through the habit.

"In the first place a pocket is a place of darkness and warmth—the favourite conditions for the breeding of germs. If a man has a special handkerchief pocket, in time that pocket becomes infested with dangerous organisms.

"The handkerchief is stuffed into one's pocket, and the organisms find a home on the pocket lining.

INHALING GERMS.

"It will be seen that a perfectly clean handkerchief will become immediately infected the moment it is put into the pocket.

"Now whenever a man blows his nose he naturally draws in a deep breath immediately afterwards, the handkerchief still being held to his face.

"Consequently he inhales innumerable germs, more or less poisonous, which may bring about serious illness or disease.

"The only sensible and hygienic way to carry a handkerchief is to put it up one's sleeve or rather cuff. Here there is no *cul-de-sac*. The draught of air caused by the blowing of the wind or the swinging of the arm is sufficient to keep the sleeve passably germ-free.

"People who persist in carrying handkerchiefs in their pockets should at least protect themselves by frequently spraying their pocket-linings with some antiseptic, such as eucalyptus dissolved in *cau de Cologne*."

ROME LOVE DRAMA.



Countess Trigona, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elena, who is alleged to have been murdered by Baron Paterno in an hotel at Rome. The Baron afterwards attempted to commit suicide.

SEQUEL TO MUTINY ON STEAMER.

First Mate Arrested at Dover for Shooting Chinaman After Collision.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

DOVER, Sunday.—A sequel to the alleged mutiny and shooting on board the Greenock steamer Bannockburn when beached in Dover Bay after collision has been the arrest of the first mate, Archibald Douglas.

He has been accused of shooting a Chinese seaman, and will be charged to-morrow.

The Bannockburn has been towed off and is now anchored in the naval harbour.

AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL: ENGLAND BEATS BELGIUM.



Belgium, which is considered one of the strongest Continental countries at Association football, met a team of English amateurs at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when they suffered defeat by four goals to nothing. Above, England are seen scoring their third goal.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

16-YEARS-OLD MYSTERY.

Exeter Man Surrenders at Liverpool Confessing to Cafe Royal Murder.

The man who made a sensational confession to the Liverpool police in connection with a sixteen-year-old murder mystery was brought to London early yesterday and will appear to-day at Marlborough-street.

He gave his name as Frederick Charles Bedford, and confessed that he was the perpetrator of the mysterious murder at the Cafe Royal in Regent-street, which startled London sixteen years ago.

Night and day ever since, said Bedford, the murder had been weighing on his conscience. Sixteen years he bore the mental agony, but at last he could no longer keep his dreadful secret.

It was on December 6, 1894, that Harry Martin, the night watchman at the Cafe Royal, was shot in the grand saloon on the premises, his body being found by a cellarman going to work there at 6.30 a.m. Every effort to trace the murderer was in vain. Bedford, who is a labourer from Exeter, gave himself up at the Prescott-street Police Station at Liverpool, and made a long written statement describing the crime.

In it he said that when the Cafe Royal closed for the night on December 5, 1894, he crawled under a seat and waited "until the old man had closed the place," his aim being robbery.

Thinking that the coast was clear, he came out, but Martin discovered him and rushed forward to secure him. Bedford says he struck Martin with an iron pipe and shot him when he fell. Then, he declares, he escaped by the back way, too frightened to think of robbing the safe.

Then came the remarkable statement that he handed the revolver he had used to Henry Fowler, the man who was hanged with Albert Milson for the murder of Mr. H. Smith at Muswell Hill.

Directly the news of the confession was received at Scotland Yard Inspector Fowler, who was engaged as a sergeant on the mystery in 1894, went to Liverpool.

FISHERMEN ATTACK GENDARMES.

Angry Crowd Smash Windows with Stones—Woman Killed and Many Injured.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—A terrible fight took place at Cancale yesterday between an angry crowd of fishermen who have gone on strike and gendarmes.

The fishermen attacked the house of an official, smashing all the windows with stones and bricks. To frighten the men the son of the official, a youth of sixteen, fired a revolver in the air. This only provoked them to attack the gendarmes, and brutal blows were given on each side.

A woman who was knocked about died from syncope, and many gendarmes, sailors and firemen were badly hurt.

Great excitement prevailed here yesterday, says a Reuter message from Cancale, and it is feared that demonstrations will result from a meeting of strikers which has been arranged.

FIFTH SMALLPOX DEATH.

46 Cases Now Under Treatment—Possibility of Others Feared.

The number of smallpox patients now under treatment in London is forty-six. No further cases had been reported up to last night, but there have been five deaths in all, the fifth being reported on Saturday from Joyce Green Hospital.

The report of the Public Health Committee of the London County Council, to be presented at to-morrow's meeting, points out that cases have been notified from Westminster, Bethnal Green, Hackney, Deptford and Poplar.

It also adds that it is impossible to say whether measures being taken will put an end to the outbreak, that it is possible that there may be a further outbreak since the source of infection in several cases has not been located, and that this season of the year is not unfavourable to such an extension.

LONGEST OVERSEAS FLIGHT.

French Officer Lands on Island near Leghorn After 142 Mile Journey.

NICE, Sunday.—One of the most sensational flights ever accomplished in an aeroplane was made from here at seven o'clock this morning, when Lieutenant Baguc, of the *Traillieurs-Algeriens*, who is spending his leave here, suddenly started from the aerodrome of La Brague in a Blériot machine for Corsica.

Up to the last moment nobody knew of his intention, and there were no boats to render assistance in case of need. A head wind was blowing. Finally a telegram was received stating that the lieutenant had arrived in Italy, having alighted on the island of Gorgona, near Leghorn. His machine was damaged in the descent, but he himself was practically unhurt.

While the distance to Corsica is 111 miles, the distance covered by Lieutenant Baguc was 142 miles.—Reuter.

The French officer's flight is the longest ever made overseas. Previous long flights of a similar nature include Mr. McCurdy's flight from Key West to Havana (110 miles), Mr. Robert Lorraine's journey from Holyhead to Ireland (sixty miles), and Mr. Glen Curtiss' flight over a lake in Ohio (sixty miles).

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert will to-day be allowed out of doors for the first time since their attack of measles at Dartmouth Royal Naval College, and they will go on short sick leave at the end of the week.