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DOMINION CORSET CO. MFRS. — QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO.

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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(Continued.

The scheme was excellent in every way. Under ordinary conditions it would have achieved success, but the sane mind can never take into reckoning the vagaries of the insane, and it is quite certain that Alfieri, worn alike by hardship and long brooding over his wrongs, either went stark staring mad at the spectacle of relief being forthcoming, or gave instant rein to the frenzy already consuming him.

At a moment, then, when it was suicidal to attempt an attack which his men had refused to carry out under the much less dangerous conditions that prevailed all day—it was ascertained afterwards that the first shower of bullets fell into the startled camp about ten o'clock that morning—at that moment, Alfieri, screaming curses in Italian and Arabic, called on those nearest to follow him, and rode out from the shelter of one of the small hills. In sheer excitement, a few Hadendowas obeyed his wild command. They had not far to go, but the rocky water-course barred the track and they must cross it slowly. Now, above all else, was the time for the sorely-tried little band under von Kerber to stand fast. They could have shot at their leisure Alfieri and each man of the half dozen who came with him. Already three groups of yelling men were stirring the dust into life as they scampered to the rescue across the comparatively level floor of the basin. In five minutes or less, the Hadendowa attack would be rolled back into the hills, and neither friend nor foe had any other thought than that the whole of Mr. Fenshawe's kafila was pouring its irresistible power into the fray.

The situation was precisely one of the suddenly-arising and acute crises in warfare which accentuate the difference between races. While von Keber, and Mrs. Haxton, too, for that matter, saw the urgent need of prolonging the desperate strife for just those few minutes, their Arabs, after fighting coolly and bravely throughout an exhausting day, now quite lost their heads. Heedless of the Austrian's prayers and imprecations, heedless of Mrs. Haxton's shrill appeal that they should beat off the few assailants then perilously close at hand, they yielded to the blind instinct of self-preservation, and rushed pell-mell for the camels. At once these men of a martial tribe, men who had cheerfully faced the far greater danger of the Hadendowa general attack, became untrammeled savages, each striving like a maniac to secure a mount for himself, and careless whether or not his employers and comrades escaped also.

Many of the camels were wounded, some were dead, and valuable time was wasted, even in this disgraceful sauve qui peut, in a deadly struggle for possession of such animals as could move. Von Kerber, when it was borne in on him that to obtain a camel meant life for Mrs. Haxton and himself, shouted to her to keep close to him, and ran in front of a mounted Arab who had emerged from the melee. He ordered the man to halt, and, so near were Royson and his tiny squadron just then, that the camel might have brought all three into safety. But the Arab bent his head, and urged the swaying beast into a faster trot. Von Kerber fired at him, and the unhappy tribesman tumbled from his perch like a dummy figure. Snatching at the camel's head-rope, the Austrian lifted, almost threw Mrs. Haxton up to the saddle. Owing to its height from the ground, it was impossible to place her there securely, but she helped him bravely, scrambled somehow to the awkward seat, and stooped to drag him up behind. She had succeeded, by main force. The excited beast was plunging forward again to get away from the affrighting turmoil close to its heels, when a heavy thud shook the huge frame, the camel fell to its knees, lurched over on its side, and threw both riders heavily.

Von Kerber alone rose. He was dazed for an instant, but he seemed to have a dim consciousness of the quarter from which mortal peril threatened, for he turned and faced Alfieri, who had reined in the Somali pony he rode and was taking deliberate aim at his enemy. The Italian carried a repeating rifle. It was he who had brought down the camel with a well-judged shot through the lungs, and, with the same venomous accuracy, he now sent a bullet through von Kerber's breast. The stricken man dropped on all fours, and glared at his murderer. Then, nerving himself for a supreme effort of hate, he raised his own revolver and fired three times at Alfieri. Twice he missed, owing to the restiveness of the horse, but the third shot hit the Italian in the centre of the forehead.

When Royson found them they were lying within a few feet of each other. Alfieri was dead. His pale student's features, softened by the great change, wore a queer look of surprise. Von Kerber was alive, but dying. He had fallen on his face, and Dick lifted him gently, resting the drooping head against his knee.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked, knowing well by the ashen pallor beneath the bronze of the desert that the man's stormy life was fast ebbing to its close. A dreadful froth bubbled from von Kerber's lips, and the words came brokenly:

"That Italian beast—I hit him, yes?"

"I suppose so. I could not see what happened. But he is dead. Pay no heed to him. Tell me what is best to be done for you."

"Dead! Ach, lieber Gott! That is good. . . . I—I am finished—I know . . . Go to Mrs. Haxton. Tell her . . . the treasure . . . Fenshawe will be generous . . ."

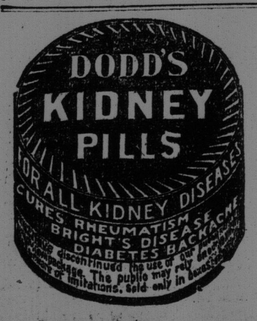
And that was all. He did not die instantly, but consciousness failed, and life soul soon fluttered out of the limp body with a sigh.

Dick laid the inanimate form on the desert. He went to look for Mrs. Haxton. She was stretched, apparently lifeless, beneath the camel's shoulder. Royson seized the huge beast by the neck and flung it aside bodily. So far as he could judge, she was uninjured, though he feared the camel might have broken one of her limbs or fractured a rib, because his first thought was that the animal had fallen on top of her. But his anxiety was soon dispelled when he forced some of the contents of his water-bottle between her set teeth. She sobbed twice, and her bosom rose and fell spasmodically. Then, with a sudden return to the full use of her senses which was almost uncanny, she wrested herself free from his arms and shrank away, quivering, while her eyes gazed at him with awful questioning. As she looked she seemed to understand that this man who had held her so tenderly was not the man whom she feared to see. The reaction was too great. Dick watched the glance of recognition fading away into insensibility. With a little gasp, she fainted again, but he knew, this time, that her collapse was the natural sequel to the ordeal she had gone through. He roughly bundled a camel cloth into a pillow, laid her head on it, and gave the attention that was necessary to events elsewhere.

He had appreciated the fatal error of the friendly Arabs in deserting their stronghold. Though he and his companions pressed on at a dangerous speed, they could do nothing to stop the panic. Some of the runaways almost charged into them, and seriously interfered with their view of the advancing Hadendowas. That was only for a moment, but seconds are precious when men are shooting at point-blank range, and Royson was lashing an Arab out of his path at the instant Alfieri fired the first shot at the double-laden camel. The Hadendowas scattered and fled when they caught a glimpse of the white faces. But they did not get away unscathed. Slipping out of their saddles, four of the Aphrodite's crew opened fire, and brought five of the robber tribesmen headlong to earth, while the sixth saved his skin by falling with his wounded camel and skulking unnoticed to the hills along the water-course. As for the remainder, the flanking parties bolted before Abdur Kad'r or Abdullah could could get within striking distance, and from that hour no sensible Hadendowa came near the Well of Moses for many a month.

In fact Royson found that his own men were already standing quietly in a group, waiting for orders, and the two detachments of caravan Arabs were coming in from the wings in accordance with his preconcerted plan. Some of the bolting escort were returning. They looked shamefaced when they passed von Kerber lying dead on the ground. One of them, a Hadji, who wore the green turban and black cloak of a pilgrim to Mecca, began to murmur an explanation to Royson, but the giant Effendi gave him such a glance of scorn and anger that the man made off, least the evil from which he had fled might yet befall him. In the immediate foreground were several prostrate forms, mostly Arabs injured in the fight for the camels, and so gravely wounded that they could not move. A struggling camel or two, screaming and kicking in agony, seemed to be strangely out of place in the peaceful hush which instantly enfolded the desert. The shouting and musketry that made pandemonium there a few minutes earlier had vanished. The tops of the more distant mountains were glowing in purple and gold, and the blue of the sky was deepening. In that brief hour before the utter darkness that follows sunset the desert has a vart beauty. It has lights and shades denied to softer landscapes. Titania's bower can show no more brilliant color effects. It is then a fit background for romance and mystery, but it breathes no hint of war or death, and such things wear a sacrilegious aspect when bronught forcibly into those fairy-like surroundings.

(To be Continued)



It is complained by the apple growers in southern New England that the Rhode Island greening, with all its good points, has lost popularity simply on account of its color.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SEALSKIN COAT WITH HAT TO MATCH.

Sealskin has such a soft, velvety texture and is so supple and pliable in character, that it is a particularly satisfactory fur for combining with silk and wool fabrics in whole costume effects. With this rich imported gown of darned net over satin comes a Directoire coat of sealskin cut to carry out the long, sweeping lines of the skirt. The coat itself, with its long tails, big revers and close sleeves, is essentially a garment for dressy wear, and the rich effect of the whole costume is completed by a sealskin hat which shows at one side a huge mass of fluffy marabout feathers.

ARE THE GREAT WHALES ALL OVER THE WORLD RELATED

American Scientist Taking His Clue From the Well Known Story Moby Dick Will Attempt to Solve This Problem.

As soon as he can straighten out a huge stack of notes, figures and photographs, accumulated in the course of five months aboard Norwegian whaling vessels in the Northern Pacific, Roy C. Andrews of the department of mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, will undertake to determine how much or how little the whales on opposite sides of the world have in common.

He will, thereby, solve one of the still open questions of the biologists: "Do water mammals, when separated, differentiate, and, in course of time, form different species?" That such differentiation takes place in land mammals is one of the axioms of the science. If all the elephants for instance, had been found originally in Africa, and then separated by the transportation of a part of them to South America, making intermingling impossible, the descendants of the two groups would have constituted, eventually, two species.

Some say that the same thing would happen in the case of whales. Some say not. Until Andrews made his voyage this year there were no data on the subject. Many of the great whale authorities never tackled it, and even Herman Melville, in that fine old sea yarn, "Moby Dick, or the Great White Whale," never referred to the fact that a bowhead whale in the Pacific might not be the same as a bowhead in the Atlantic.

But there is enough real whale lore in Moby Dick, especially in that classification of the mammal folios, octavos, and duodecimos, to make the lover of the book (some folks reread it as often as they do Pickwick) almost believe that the great white whale was real, too, and actually did snap off crazy Capt. Ahab's leg on one voyage and swallow the rest of him with his crew on a subsequent venture.

But, no, the scientists won't swallow Moby Dick, although they do admit that Melville knew a lot about whales and those fiercest critics of all, the old Nantucket whalemen, say amen to all the weird and wonderful details of Capt. Ahab's search for vengeance on the seven seas.

"There really isn't such a thing as a white whale," said Mr. Andrews scientifically, when asked if he had seen anything of the Moby Dick in the northern Pacific, or if he had found, in the stomach of any of the 100 whales he had seen the Norwegians cut up, an ivory leg with a flat surface planed off on the curve of the calf, which Capt. Ahab had used as a tablet for figuring out longitude and latitude or working out his one never-ending problem of where and when he would once more have the opportunity to throw his harpoon into Moby Dick."

Moby Dick was a misanthrope of a whale, a hermit of all the oceans, a hater of his own kind, a man-killer, a smasher of boats, and an upsetter of ships. Only one man ever wanted to meet him the second time, and that man was Capt. Ahab, who had been a God-fearing Nantucket Quaker and skipper before he had to piece out his anatomy with ivory, but whose mission in life ever after was to slay the creature which had mangled him. And it also became the mission, willy-nilly, of every man who shipped for the ill-fated voyage of Capt. Ahab's Pequod.

The vessel had not been long at sea when Capt. Ahab made his appearance on deck one morning after breakfast.

"Soon," continued the narrative, "his steady, wary stride was heard, as to and fro he paced his old rounds, upon planks so familiar to his tread that they were all once dented, like geological stones, with the peculiar mark of his walk. Did you fixedly gaze, too, upon the ribbed and dented brow, there also you would see still stranger footprints—the footprints of his one unsleeping, ever-pacing thought.

"And so full of the thought was Ahab that at every uniform turn that he made, now at the mainmast, and now at the binnacle, you could almost see the thought turn in him as he turned, and pace in him as he paced.

D'ye mark him, Flask?' whispered Stubb; 'the chick that's in him pecks the shell. 'T'will soon be out.'"

Late all hands are called aft. Capt. Ahab nails an ounce of Spanish gold, a reward for the man who first sees Moby Dick, the great white whale.

"His spout is a big one," Ahab told his men, "like a whole shock of wheat, and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheep-shearing; and he fan-tails like a split jib in a squall.

"Death and devils, men! It is Moby Dick ye have seen. Moby Dick, Moby Dick.

"Ay, my hearties all round; it was Moby Dick that dismasted me; Mooy Dicky that brought me to this dead stump I stand on now.

"Aye, aye," he shouted with a terrific, loud animal sob, like that of a heart-stricken moose; "aye, aye, it was that accursed white-whale that razed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me forever and a day!

"And," tossing his arms with measureless imprecations, "I'll chase him round Good Hope and round the Horn, and round the Norway's maelstrom and round perdition's flames before I give him up. And this what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men; will ye splice hands on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

They did splice hands on it, and the pewter was brought out, pewter filled with grog "as hot as Satan's hoof."

"Attention, now, my braves," shouted the captain. "I have mustered ye all round this capstan; and ye, mates, flank me with your lances; and ye, harpooners, stand there with your irons; and ye, stout mariners, ring me in, that I may in some sort revive an old custom of my fishermen fathers before me."

The harpoons are removed from their poles and the goblet-like sockets of the upturned irons are filled with the grog and here is the toast Ahab gives them to drink:

"Now, three to three, ye stand. Commend the murderous chalices. Bestow them, ye who are made parties to this indissoluble league. You ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it. Drink! ye harpooners! drink and swear, ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow—Death to Moby Dick! God hunt us all, if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death."

"It's a great story," said Mr. Andrews of the Museum of Natural History, after reading the toast of Ahab, the like of which probably will never be given on the quarterdeck of a modern steam whaler out of Norway.

And again he said that there was no real white whale.

"That is the nearest thing there is to a white whale," he said, pointing to a big white specimen mounted in the whale section of the museum, "and that is not a real whale. It's beluga, more like a dolphin than a whale."

It surely wasn't Moby Dick. Beluga, as big as he was, was only a pan fish to be caught on a bent pin, compared with the white whale of Ahab.

Perhaps the true whales of the scientists will be as scarce as the white whale of fiction before long. They are being rapidly exterminated, according to Mr. Andrews, and the museums of the world are sadly lacking in specimens.

"There isn't a collection in this or any other country," said Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, director of the American Museum, "that has a complete specimen of the right whale."

Several years ago Dr. Fred W. True, head curator of biology in the National Museum at Washington, secured measurements of many whales in the Atlantic. Mr. Andrews' data covers 100 individual whales of the Pacific, including four species; the humpback, the finback, the sulphur bottom, and the sperm. These two sets of figures will be compared.

"We shall make the study, part for part," said Mr. Andrews, "with reference to eyes, fins, heads, and tails. The work will be done on a percentage basis; that is, the whole length of the whale will be 100. Then, for instance, the distance between tail and fin might be 10 per cent, if the percentages of the Atlantic set of figures differ uniformly from those of the Pacific measurements, then we will know the whales in the two oceans are of different species.

PROPER MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD

Drives Away That Tired Feeling; Makes You Feel Brisk.

To every one is sure to come that tired, exhausted feeling.

When the blood is weak, thin and debilitated, circulation is slow, and in consequence the system is congested with poisons and wastes that should be driven off.

The sensible person acts on the teachings of experience and cleanses his system with a course of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

No medicine can be more certain to quickly cure. Convenient to take, just one pill at bedtime; safe, because entirely vegetable; unfailing, because proved by thousands that Dr. Hamilton's Pills set you up in a few days.

From Cheboque Pt., N. S., comes the following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds: "A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, because nervous and sleepless. My weight ran down, I became thin, hollow-cheeked, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me and when springtime arrived I was in the "Blues." I read of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and got five boxes at once.

"Within a month my appetite and color were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. New life and vigor returned, and my friends scarcely knew me. A medicine that will do this should be in every home."

Good health means much to you. Success and happiness depend upon it. The maintenance and source of health is found in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Catarrh

Is a Constitutional Disease

It originates in impure blood and requires constitutional treatment, acting through and purifying the blood, for its radical and permanent cure. The greatest constitutional remedy is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists everywhere.
100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared by
C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold."

It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop a cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents.

Mrs. A. Elles, Innisfail, Alta., writes: "Last spring I had Typhoid fever and Bronchitis, which left me with a terrible cough. I tried doctor's medicine but got no relief until my husband got me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and before I had finished it my cough was cured. My husband also uses it whenever he has a cough. I would not be without it."

WILL GIVE $500 TOWARD CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST

Maritime Synod Will Participate in Western Evangelical Work.

Rev. A. A. Graham returned on Saturday from Toronto, where he attended a meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly committee on evangelism. Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, better known as Ralph Connor, is chairman of this committee. At the meeting it was decided to start an evangelical campaign in the Kootenay and the presbytery of Minnedosa. It is planned to start the campaign in the Kootenay at four points and it is hoped that Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and his associates will aid. The plan for Minnedosa is more comprehensive. The aim is that evangelical services will be started simultaneously in every church in the presbytery. It was estimated that $5,000 would be necessary to carry out the work as contemplated. Of this amount, the maritime synod will be asked to contribute $500.

ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY

There was a very interesting meeting of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph yesterday afternoon, at which a number of papers on leading English ecclesiastics were read. Rev. W. Duke, spiritual director to the society, spoke on the tractarian movement in the Church of England and the causes leading to it. It was at the period of this movement when the subjects of the afternoon papers, Cardinals Wiseman, Newman and Manning, and Father Faber attained eminence.

Edward Moran read the first paper on Cardinal Wiseman; H. O. McInerney, the second on Cardinal Newman; Joseph Lewis on Father Faber, and Norman L. McGloan on Cardinal Manning.

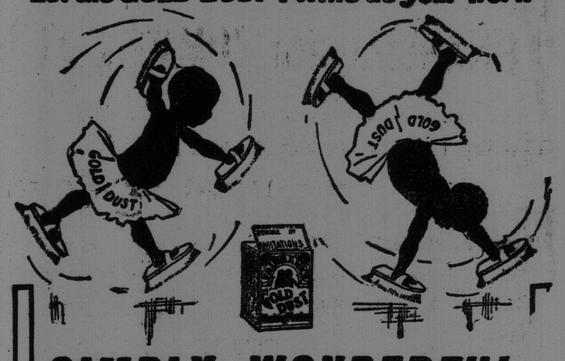
The papers were listened to with close attention and at the close J. A. Barry moved a hearty vote of thanks which was seconded by John M. Elmore and tendered the speakers.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

The first of a series of four electric lantern services was held in St. Luke's church last night, a large congregation being present. The pastor, Rev. R. P. McKim, took for his subject the collect for the day, throwing it on the screen and the congregation repeating the words.

The address was illustrated by excellent Bible pictures. A children's lantern service was held at 4 o'clock, and this is also one of a series. The machine was in charge of J. K. Scammell and W. A. Steiper.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



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is the work which GOLD DUST accomplishes. All labors look alike to the Gold Dust Twins. They clean floors and doors, sinks and chinks—go from cellar to attic—and leave only brightness behind. Get acquainted with

Gold Dust Washing Powder

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST | Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleansing bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

MINERS MEET DEATH IN A PENNSYLVANIA MINE

Gas Explosion in Coal Mine at Marianna, Penn., Claims 138 Victims—Many Bodies Already Recovered.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 29.—Twenty-five bodies, all but two of them horribly mutilated and a number of them dismembered, were taken today from the mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company at Marianna, forty miles south of here, where an explosion occurred yesterday, killing many men and casting gloom over what was until then considered the model mining town of the world.

There is no doubt that the death list will reach 138 men. Officials of the company, who said last night that not over 125 had been killed, admit tonight that 138 men went down the shaft to work yesterday morning. According to miners and others familiar with the number of men generally employed in the mine, the death list will exceed the company's estimate by at least fifty.

As in nearly all mine disasters there seems no way at present of knowing how many men went to work. The number check-off system has again proved defective and from no source can an accurate statement as to the fatalities be secured. It is possible that the exact number of men killed will never be known. Up to darkness tonight twenty-five bodies had been brought to the surface in an iron bucket. Arms, legs or heads were missing from some and the trunks of others were burned, bruised and cut.

Two of the men taken from the mine today were suffocated and their bodies were not even scratched. One of these was John Ivill, a cousin of John H. Jones, president of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, owner of the mine, who was employed as head timekeeper. Ivill's body was found beneath a coal digging machine and it was apparent that he crawled there in a vain effort to escape the deadly fumes.

The body of the other man was found near Ivill. The unfortunate man had placed his face in a pool of water which all miners are advised to do when an explosion occurs, in a desperate attempt to fight off suffocation, until rescued.

Early today a small fire broke out in the mine. Several fire bosses, properly equipped, were hurried into the mine and succeeded in extinguishing the blaze before any serious damage was done.

Reports have been in circulation all day that a second and more terrific explosion is likely to occur at any moment. The company officials assert this is not true. There is considerable gas in the mine, however, and there is undoubtedly danger of a second explosion.

Many relatives of the victims stood all day close to the ropes around the shaft, but there were few of the harrowing scenes usually associated with a mine explosion. Most of the relatives are English-speaking people who bear their grief in silence. It is estimated that one-fourth of the victims are Americans.

LOCAL OPTION WILL KILL RUM TRAFFIC

This is the Prediction Made by Senator Ross at Sons of Temperance Banquet in Toronto.

(Toronto News):

That local option would wipe the liquor traffic out of existence in Ontario was the prophecy made by Senator G. W. Ross at the jubilee banquet of the Ontario division of the Sons of Temperance, held at Orr Bros.' restaurant last evening. This, he said, was undermining the citadel that temperance workers were storming. He felt that temperance opinion was growing stronger and more aggressive. This was due to the work of the temperance societies, the churches and the W. C. T. U.'s He urged the members not to forget the purpose for which the Order was originally founded, the rescuing of men whose habits were not what they should be, and the taking hold of the young people so as to guard them against temptations before they fell.

Senator Ross declared that he had been a member for 47 years, and although he had passed through eleven politicial campaigns he had never broken his allegiance to the Order.

Controller Spence took a view that was not so hopeful of present conditions. The temperance movement needed some of the vitality of twenty years ago. There had been a steady falling off in the membership of temperance societies due to the formation of Young People's Societies, but these had not taken up the work so vigorously. There had, as a result, been a greater consumption of liquor and a falling off in church work, and a revival was needed.

While expressing appreciation of the law enforcement carried on under the Provincial Secretary's Department, the Grand Worthy Patriarch, Rev. A. P. Brace, of Richmond Hill, at the business session, urged the continued pressing for the abolition of the three-fifths clause.

"We are gratified at the good practical effect of the amendment to the law compelling the submission of local option by-laws on demand of 25 per cent. of the electors," he said. "We also appreciate the fact that repeals cannot be thus forced, thus implying that local option is intended to be made as permanent as possible."

He suggested that greater vigilance be shown in the unorganized districts, and that a clause be inserted in the Act, allowing the carrying of local option by-wards in large cities. He believed that in Toronto a wonderful vote would be polled on January 1st.

During the year twenty-five new divisions were formed, and 500 new members added.

The oldest member present was Mr. Edward Carswell, P.M.W.A., of Oshawa. He wore a regalia that had be presented to him in New York 55 years ago.

Warts Disfigure the Hands.
But can be painlessly removed in twenty-four hours by Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and still the best. Insist on getting "Putnam's" only.

TIMES DAILY PUZZLE.

The Prince.
(From Hans Anderson's "The Mermaid.")
Find the Princess.