

RAFFLES, AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

BY E. W. HORNING,

Author of "The Shadow of the Rope," "A Bride From the Bush," "The Rogue's March," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," Etc.

My dear Bunny, it was the most unpremeditated thing I ever did in my life. His chair wheeled back into the books as he sprang up with sudden energy. There was quite an indignant glitter in his eyes.

"I can't believe that," said I craftily. "I can't pay you such a poor compliment."

"Then you must be a fool!" He broke off, stared hard at me, and in a trice stood smiling in his own despite.

"Or a better knave than I thought you, Bunny, and by Jove it's the knave! Well—I suppose I'm fairly drawn; I give you best, as they say out there. As a matter of fact I've been thinking of the thing myself."

"What do I care? He's armed, isn't he? I shot him in self-defense. It'll be a warning to others. Will you stand aside, or do you want it yourself?"

"You're drunk," said Purvis, still between us. "I saw you take a neat tumble since you come in, and it's made you drunk as a fool. Pull yourself together, old man. You ain't a-going to do what you'll be sorry for."

"Then I won't shoot at him, I'll only shoot round 'an' round the beggar. You're quite right, ole feller. Wouldn't hurt him. Great mistake. Round 'an' round. There—like that!"

His freckled paw shot up over Purvis's shoulder, mauve lightning came from his ring, a red flash from his revolver, and shrieks from the women as the reverberations died away. Some splinters lodged in my hair.

Next instant the prize-fighter disarmed him; and I was safe from the devil, but finally doomed to the deep sea. A policeman was in my midst. He had entered through the drawing room window; he was an officer of few words and creditable promptitude. In a twinkling he had the handcuffs on my wrists, while the pugilist explained the situation, and his patron reviled the force and its representative with impotent malignity. A fine watch they kept; a lot of good they did; coming in when all was over and the whole household might have been murdered in their sleep. The officer only deigned to notice him as he marched me off.

"We know all about you, sir," said he contemptuously, and he refused the sovereign Purvis proffered. "You will be seeing me again, sir, at Marylebone."

"Shall I come now?" "As you please, sir. I rather think the other gentleman requires you more and I don't fancy this young man means to give much trouble."

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INSECT ANATOMY.

Wonderful Breathing Apparatus of Wasps and Bees.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spotlike marks runs along the side of the body. These apparent spots, which are eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance.

Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles, forming a filter which allows air and air alone to pass.

Your Worn Out Stomach.

What it needs is the strengthening influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they work marvels where the stomach and digestion are poor. In one day the appetite increases and the whole system is rapidly strengthened. No stomach specialist could write a better prescription than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Maudrake and Butternut. At all dealers in a yellow box, price 25c or five boxes for one dollar.

"JOHNNY" TOOLE DEAD.

Popular and Celebrated Comedian Passes Away in London.

Brighton, Eng., July 31.—John Lawrence Toole, the comedian, died here last night. He was born in London in 1830. John Lawrence Toole, youngest son of J. Toole, the celebrated toastmaster,

Why Do Women Suffer?

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c buys a bottle of Nervine. A few drops in sweetened water brings unfailing relief. You feel better at once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nervine prevents indigestion and stomach disorders—keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nervine and should use it too. In 25c bottles everywhere.

AN ANCIENT TELEGRAPH.

Used by Grecian Generals in the Time of Aristotle.

Telegraphy as a means of conveying information to a distance by means of signals, etc., was used by the Grecian generals in the time of Aristotle. This early mode of telegraphing consisted of two or more earthen vessels, exactly similar in shape and size and filled with water. These vessels were each provided with facets of exactly the same caliber, so that an equal amount of water could be discharged from each in a given time.

Coal Lands Withdrawn From Sale.

Washington, D. C., July 31.—Secretary Hitchcock, by direction of the president, has issued an order withdrawing from entry 6,000,000 acres of public lands which are known to possess workable coal.

Glasgow's Civic Ownership.

Glasgow, July 31.—For the year ending May 31, the gross receipts of the Glasgow tramways were \$4,200,000. The cost of operation and maintenance was \$2,250,000; \$800,000 were set aside for depreciation of plant, etc., leaving a balance between the gross receipts, expenditure and the deposit for depreciation of plant, of \$1,145,000.

Education Bill Passes.

London, July 31.—The education bill has passed its third reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 192.

MRS. COREY GETS DIVORCE.

Wife of President of the United States Steel Corporation Freed From Her Marital Bonds.

Reno, Nev., July 31.—Mrs. Wm. Ellis Corey, wife of the president of the United States Steel Corporation, was awarded a divorce in the second district court of Nevada yesterday. Mrs. Corey filed the petition for divorce on June 12.

The case was submitted without argument, and the jury took but one ballot. The jury was out but a few minutes.

Mrs. Corey was in tears when told that she had been given a decree and the custody of her 16-year-old son, Alan Corey. She drove at once to her home in Riverside avenue, where she says she will continue to reside. No evidence was submitted by the defence, and there was no argument.

The question of alimony was not introduced. Mrs. Corey made an interesting admission. She testified, touching upon this phase of the case, stating in May, 1906, several weeks before her petition for divorce was filed, she negotiated through her attorneys a financial settlement with her husband, "in a residence of Reno, Nevada," said Mrs. Corey, when placed on the stand, "and the wife of Wm. Ellis Corey, the defendant in this action. We were married on Dec. 1, 1883, at Pittsburg, Pa., and lived together until May 1, 1906. At that time my husband deserted me and went to New York. I followed him and had a conversation with him in the Hotel Lorraine. It was there that he told me that he had decided to live apart. He said that it was impossible for us to live happily together, and that I would never see him again. He stated that he intended going to Europe for several months. There was no scene, I talked with him about the matter and urged him to again resume his place in our home, but he refused. I have never seen him since."

Mrs. Corey was visibly affected while telling her story. She testified without evasion and in a clear voice. Her attorneys feared that she would collapse, as her health has suffered since the separation.

Popular English Comedian.

"JOHNNY" TOOLE, Popular English Comedian.



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was educated at the City of London School. He was originally a clerk in a wine merchant's office and adopted the stage as a profession. 1852. He had since played in almost every theatre in the United Kingdom, and also extensively in Australia, New Zealand, United States and Canada. For many years he was lessee and manager of Toole's Theatre, London.

The King's Horses Arrive.

Toronto, July 31.—Word was received at the Industrial Exhibition Office yesterday that the shire horses sent by the King and Lord Rothschild to the Exhibition have arrived at Quebec. There are nine of them all stallions, five from the King's farm at Sandringham, and four from Lord Rothschild's farm at Tring. They are all various ages, the finest type of shires and possess the best pedigrees to be found in the shire studbook. They will reach Toronto to the latter part of the week.

Coal Lands Withdrawn From Sale.

Washington, D. C., July 31.—Secretary Hitchcock, by direction of the president, has issued an order withdrawing from entry 6,000,000 acres of public lands which are known to possess workable coal. The coal lands withdrawn from entry are situated in New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, North Dakota, Montana, Oregon, and Washington.

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Hump Back
SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. Price \$1.00 all druggists.

The price of half a pound of Red Rose Tea is small—very small, but it will show you how much tea value, tea quality and flavor is contained in this "Good Tea"

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

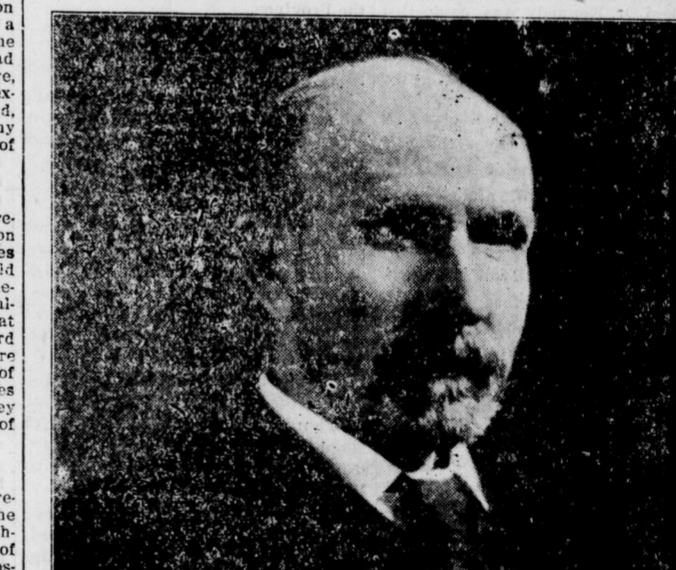
Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 2 WELLINGTON ST. E.

TOLD YOU TO USE PATERSON'S "WIRE EDGE" READY ROOFING
It is the one roof that is not affected by heat and cold. It never leaks—never hardens or cracks—is rain, snow and fire-proof—and lasts a lifetime. Cheaper than shingles.
You will want it for every building after you know how thoroughly satisfactory it is.
Our free booklet gives lots of information about it. Write for a copy and free sample of the best roofing in the world.
Hardware dealers everywhere sell Paterson's "Wire Edge" or will get it for you.
PATERSON MFG. CO. Ltd. Montreal and Toronto

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.
E. H. Snow on Box. 25c.

FAMOUS PEOPLE BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



ROBERT GILLESPIE REID The Uncrowned Czar of Newfoundland.

The largest landowner in the world, a short time ago, was Robert G. Reid, the Czar of Newfoundland, who owned one-sixth of the island which is nearly as large as England, and held the welfare of the colony with its two hundred thousand people, in the hollow of his hand. A most remarkable and romantic story is the history of this man of Monte Cristo dreams. Unparalleled concessions and monopolies came to him from a people who practically mortgaged their island for his ready money and help in hours of need, and in recognition of his saving the colony in its emergency they made him an uncrowned autocrat.

Born in Coupar, Angus, Scotland, sixty-three years ago, he went as a young man to Australia in the gold-fever days, and while there built some public works and acquired the foundation of his knowledge of constructing and contracting which led to his great fortune. In 1871 he came to America and made his first hit in engineering work with his splendid bridge over the Niagara river. Then he bridged the Rio Grande, and won a national reputation for a long string of other work with a certainty and ease that were appalling. He went into railroad work and whatever his hand touched blossomed into success. One of the most difficult sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway was entrusted to him, and the obstacles that Nature had put in his way were brushed aside as if they were cobwebs.

In 1890 came the dawn of his greatest success. Newfoundland was nearly bankrupt. This colony with ambition was struggling with political corruption complicated with chaotic chicanery and mismanagement. The government was crying for a railroad—steel tracks through the wilderness. They made a proposition to Reid to build 200 miles; this he did and did it well. Three years later they called on him again for more building; they had little money but they had land privileges, concessions, franchises, rights and monopolies—these were placed on a silver platter which they implored Reid to accept. In later emergencies he resurveyed miles of the most arable sections, forest areas, mineral belts, lakes and rivers, monopolies too lengthy to catalogue.

He did great things for the people and the country, but despite his enterprise, his generosity, his kindly rule and his wise administration, and that of his three sons while he was absent, the gambling of the people swelled into rebellion, and four years ago his power was greatly lessened by the Bond régime.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

Le Premier Pas.

No. 3 of the Series.

(Copyright 1899 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

That night he told me the story of his earliest crime. Not since the fatal morning of the Ides of March, when he had just mentioned it as an unreported incident of a certain cricket tour, had I succeeded in getting a word out of Raffles on the subject. It was not for want of trying; he would shake his head and watch his cigarette smoke thoughtfully, a subtle look in his eyes, half cynical, half wistful, as though the decent, honest days that were no more had their merits after all. Raffles would plan a fresh enormity or glory in the last with the unmitigated enthusiasm of the artist. It was impossible to imagine one throbbing or twitter of compunction beneath those frankly egotistic and infectious transports. And yet the ghost of a dead remorse seemed still to visit him with the memory of his first felony, so that I had given the story up long before the night of our return from Milchester. Cricket, however, was in the air, and Raffles's cricket-bag back where he sometimes kept it, in the fender, with the remains of an Orient label still adhering to the leather. My eyes had been on this label for some time, and I suppose his eyes had been on mine, for all at once he asked me if I still burned to hear that yarn.

"No use," I replied. "You won't spin it. I must imagine it for myself."
"How can you?"
"Oh, I begin to know your methods." "You take it I went in with my eyes open, as I do now, eh?"
"I can't imagine you doing otherwise."



Just as I was ready to go there came a violent knocking at the outer door.

"I wanted, and was awfully sold to find next moment that he wasn't a high official at all. Nor had the doctor so much as met him, but had merely read of him in connection with a small sensation at the suburban branch which my namesake managed; an armed robber had been pluckily beaten off, with a bullet in him, by this Raffles; and the sort of thing was so common out there that this was the first I had heard of it! A suburban branch—my financier had faded into some excellent fellow with a billet to lose if he called his soul his own. Still a manager was a manager, and I said I would soon see whether this was the relative I was looking for, if he would be good enough to give me the name of that branch."
"I'll do more," says the doctor. "I'll get you the name of the branch he's been promoted to, for I think I heard they'd moved him up one already." And the next day he brought me the name of the township of Yea, some fifty miles north of Melbourne; but, with the vagueness which characterized all his information, he was unable to say whether I should find my relative there or not.

"He's a single man, and his initials are W. F.," said the doctor, who was certain enough of the immaterial points. He left his old post several days ago, but it appears he's not due at the new one till the New Year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)