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The Western Home Monthly

Then Kitty sped to the desk and hailed a clerk. "There's a dreadful mistake," said she. "My uncle has driven off in somebody else's carriage in mistake for his own. Was there any gentleman here expecting to meet, or be called for by, a lady?"

The clerk's face became suddenly expressive. A tall youth in evening dress, with an expectant look in his eyes, who had been tramping for ten minutes up and down the corridor, now glancing at the clock and now at the doorway, hurried swiftly out to the sidewalk and shot round the corner. A telephone bell began to whirr-r, and an assistant picked up the ear tube, inclined his mustache sidewise to the instrument and said "Hullo." Then the expression of pathetic boredom began to give place to one of absorbing interest and merri-ment. "Certainly, Captain de Remer is stopping here. What's the matter? Police patrol! Oh, come now! As-saulting a lady!" Then, with sudden change of tone—"By Jove, Billy! I believe there's been a mix somehow and they've run the Captain in."

Whereupon Kitty, overwrought, nervous and wretched already, found her foundations giving away and collapsed on the nearest bench and the verge of hysterics. The "lady book-keeper" ran to her aid, and "Billy," the bediamonded, jumped for a cab. "Run the office till I get back!" he said. "Don't worry, Mrs. Webb. I'll have the Captain here in a jiffy." And away he darted.

In those days the nearest patrol wagon was stationed but three blocks away, around on Michigan Avenue, and thither sped Billy, the wheels of his cab spinning like mad. He met



"THERE, THERE," HE MURMURED AS HE DREW CLOSER.

the patrol wagon coming on the jump, pursued by fleet-footed small boys and sweating humanity, with De Remer still in a daze, an unresisting prisoner. Billy's cab whirled about and landed him simultaneously with the prisoner at the police station. He knew the sergeant in charge and addressed him with the confidence of the born hotel clerk.

"What damfool work are your men up to now? Don't they know a gentleman when they see one?" said he.

The escape of the principal witness had weakened the case against the accused, but augmented the arresting official's importance.

"What business has he jumping into a lady's carriage and offering to hug her?" was that official's response.

"I told you it was all a mistake," pleaded De Remer.

"Mistake, nothing!" answered the stern defender of Chicago's morality. "Ain't you got a wife of your own that you can't leave other men's alone?"

"See here," said the Waterlooper, with sudden wrath. "You don't know who you are talking to. This is Captain de Remer, Fort Sheridan, and he's not likely to—"

But the police had been reading the "Palladium," and their views were biased as to the probability of army officers in general and Fort Sheridan in particular.

"Yes," said the officer sneeringly. "We know how careful them fellers are. The lady yelled for help—everybody could hear."

"The horses were running away," pleaded De Remer but was interrupted.

"She gave you in charge anyhow,"