THE STAR SPECIAL $2.50 WARRANTED Registered.

AGAINST ALL STAR LEADER $2.00 COMPETITORS.

THE STAR GOODYEAR WELT $3 WARRANTED Registered.

THE STAR, STAMPED PRICE, GOODYEAR WELT PROCESS SHOE.

The very best French Patent Calf, French and English Enamel and Calf Skin used in Star Special Shoes. Colored Star Shoes are of superior tannage, only the best Russia Calf used. Another IMPORTANT feature—the soles are of the best Flint Stone Brand Oak Sole Leather, EVERY pair warranted to give satisfaction. Star Shoes fit the feet, made on foot form lines. Each shoe with price-stamped guarantee on sole.

New GOODYEAR W. TRADE MARK Method.

"New Half-Dollar Toe" Sizes and Half Sizes. Small Men's 3 to 5½. Regular Men's 6–10½. Large Men's 11–12½.

"Globe Toe" Laced

"Chicago Razor Toe" Buttoned

"New Arlington Toes" Six Shapes. 3 Widths. C, D, E Lasts.

"Newport Toes" Congress

New GOODYEAR W. TRADE MARK Method.

WANTED: A dealer in every town to act as agent for the Star Shoes. Address STAR SHOE COMPANY, 69 YONGE-STREET.

Full Line in the much-sought-for new wine shade and dark colors.

THE STAR GOODYEAR WELT $4 WARRANTED Registered.

THE CLAPP SHOE CO.

The $3 Star.

Retail Selling Agents,

212 YONGE-STREET, TORONTO.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

THE STAR GOODYEAR WELT $5 WARRANTED Registered.

TOPICS OF THE TURF.

Up-to-Date Comment on Matters Relating to That Noble Animal the Horse.

My friend Lee, of the American Horse Breeder, in the last copy of that admirable journal to hand, breaks into poetry thus:

SPRING.

Railbird on his perch
With chronograph in hand.
Trotter on the stretch
Going to beat the band.

Railbird catches quarter
In 30, more or less,
Tips his friend, the plunger,
Is't a good thing? Well, I guess!

SUMMER.

Plunger plays that trotter
When racing day is on;
But four quarters make a mile,
And plunger walketh home.

Moral—There's many a slip 'twixt the tout and his tip.

Note by the Aged—For trotter read runner and the birds that perch on Woodbine's dusty rails may profit thereby.

* * *

It is said that Mr. B. B. Osler has given an opinion to the late proprietor of a poolroom that the amendment to the criminal law which put down pool rooms and betting houses overrides the clause previously inserted by Sir John Thompson at the request of Mr. Patteson, permitting betting on a race course during the actual progress of the races. It is my idea, nevertheless, that the most to be feared is that the clauses are conflicting. Sir John Thompson's clause has never been repealed or specifically amended, and is good as far as it goes. Even if there be a disgruntled De Lacy in our midst, it is impossible to conceive him guilty of such unutterable meanness as to play the dog-in-the-manger act out of pure spite.

* * *

A veteran race-goer offered to bet me $50 to $10 the other day Mr. Seagram ran first, second and third, for the Queen's Plate, and $100 to 10 he placed the horses. And he would back Mr. Seagram's fourth string for 100 against any other entry in a match at 1 1-4 miles. But the veteran's wish may be father to the thought. There is no doubt, however, that Walker has better material to handle this year than have carried the black and yellow since Terror colt won.

* * *

"In a recent issue," writes a valued correspondent, "you gave us a glimpse at the list of the races won by Iroquois, Foxhall and old Parole during their campaign in England fifteen and sixteen years ago. Could you furnish me a complete list of the events they won?" I should be glad to oblige my correspondent, but the list is a somewhat long one. Here, however, is a list of between thirty and forty of the principal wins, showing that pretty well all the plums of the English turf fell to the enterprise of the Americans during the memorable years of 1880 and 1881:

PIERRE LORILLARD'S HORSES.

Parole, br g, 6, 116, Newmarket Handicap, one mile and a half.

Parole, br g, 119, City and Suburban at Epsom, one mile and a quarter.

Parole, br g, 6, 124, Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, two miles and a quarter.

Parole, br g, 6, 134, Great Cheshire Handicap, at Chester, one mile and an eighth and 216 yards.

Parole, br g, 6, 125, the Epsom Gold Cup, at Epsom, one mile and a half.

Pappoose, ch f, 2, 120, First Spring Two-year-old Stakes, at Newmarket, five-eighths of a mile.

Geraldine, b f, 2, 118, Levant Stakes, at Goodwood, one-half mile.

Paw Paw, ch f, 2, 119, Molecomb Stakes, at Goodwood, three-quarters of a mile.

Gerald, br c, 2, 106, Subscription, at Newmarket, walk over.

Iroquois, br c, 2, 122, Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, Rous Course, five-eighths of a mile.

Iroquois, br c, 2, 125, Two-year-old Stakes, at Epsom, five-eighths of a mile.

Iroquois, br c, 2, 122, Chesterfield Stakes, at Newmarket, five-eighths of a mile.

Iroquois, br c, 2, 128, Levant Stakes at Goodwood, five-eighths of a mile.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 122, Newmarket Stakes, Ditch mile.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 127, Burwell Stakes, Abingdon mile, walk over.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 122, Epsom Derby Stakes, about one and a half miles.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 131, Prince of Wales Stakes, at Ascot, new course.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 126, St. James Palace at Ascot, one mile.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 122, St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster, new St. Leger course.

Iroquois, br c, 3, 130, Newmarket Derby, one and a half miles.

Wallenstein, ch c, 3, 89, Newmarket Handicap, one and a half miles.

Mistake, ch c, 4, 111, Newmarket International (across the flat).

Mistake, ch c, 5, 112, Spring Handicap, at Newmarket, one and a quarter miles and seventy-three yards.

Aranza, b f, 4, 91, Great Eastern Railway Handicap, at Newmarket, three quarters of a mile.

JAMES R. KEENE'S HORSES.

Bookmaker, b c, 2, 117, Granby Stakes, at Newmarket, three-quarters of a mile.

Don Fulano, ch c, 2, 99, New Nursery Stakes, at Newmarket (Rous Course) five-eighths of a mile.

Golden Gate, b c, 2, 117, Granby Stakes, Criterion Course.

Golden Gate, b c, 3, 110, Beaufort Handicap, at Stockbridge, one and one-quarter of a mile.

Foxhall, b c, 2, 122, Bedford Stakes, at Newmarket, three-quarters of a mile.

Foxhall, b c, 2, 122, Bretby Nursery Handicap, at Newmarket, three-quarters of a mile.

Foxhall, b c, 3, 121, Grand Prix de Paris, one and seven-eighths miles.

Foxhall, b c, 3, 129, Grand Duke Michael Stakes, across the flat, at Newmarket.

Foxhall, b c, 3, 110, Cesarewitch Stakes Handicap, Cesarewitch Course.

Foxhall, b c, 3, 127, Select Stakes, at Newmarket, Rowley mile.

Foxhall, b c, 3, 126, Cambridgeshire Stakes Handicap, Cambridgeshire Course.

Foxhall, b c, 4, 126, Ascot, gold cup, about two and a half miles.

* * *

As was anticipated in these columns some time ago, the eastern bookmakers have formed a union to carry on bookmaking after the fashion of Tattersall's. The only objection is the delay in settling that will follow. In England, as we all know, settling day is the Monday following the meeting, but in New York the proposition is that settlements shall be made the following day in the city. Even to this some bookies are very determinedly opposed. They want the money to be in play all the time, as under the open ready-money system. In other words, they wish to have the right to settle on the spot and at once, so that the money can be bet over again. By this, it will be seen, that they still favor the old game of poker with horses and cards. These are ticklish times for pencillers and our eastern friends may go too far and provoke a repeal of the recently enacted Austin racing law.

* * *

A strange decision has been arrived at by the Trotting Union of Great Britain. It will be remembered that My Sweetheart, the winner of a four miles scratch race at Manchester in November last, was protested as being a ringer, it being charged and sworn to by W. A. Collins, the Toronto driver, that she was none other than our old friend Elsie Goff, 2.16 1-4. The evidence was as indisputable as such evidence can be. What do my readers think the British Trotting Union have done? They have taken the race away from her, rendered no positive judgment as to her identity, and placed her in a position so that she can be made an honest woman of, I beg pardon, an honest mare, by being registered under whatever name her owner chooses! This will enable her to trot from what is known in England as the 2.30 mark, or a mark 13 1-2 seconds behind her record. This arrangement has been come to in spite of the fact that the owner and driver of the quondam Elsie Goff committed perjury by swearing she was a maiden prior to the date of the Manchester event, whereas it was proven by the union's own records that she had won two races over there previously, one in England and the other in Scotland. Our English friends can despair of purifying the trotting turf if this is their mode of procedure.

* * *

The twenty-second Kentucky Derby has been run and won, that good colt M. F. Dwyer's Ben Brush, by old Bramble, being the victor in a desperate drive by a short nose from Ben Eder, a colt by Fonso, that proved himself as good as his conqueror by running in the ruck until the last quarter of the five making the distance was reached and then coming so hard that Sims on Brush had to ride for his life to win, although he was three lengths ahead of him when Eder challenged. There was unusual interest attached to the race this year on account of the fact that the east was represented by Mr. M. F. Dwyer's crack colt, who, by the way, started a very hot favorite, being at 2 to 1 on, while the second horse opened at 15 to 1 against. It is fourteen years since the firm of Dwyer Brothers tried for the Blue Ribbon. They sent on Runymeade, who subsequently turned out to be the crack three-year-old of the year. He started a red-hot favorite, but lack of condition told, and Green Morris' Apollo, a gelding that had been well seasoned at New Orleans, beat him out. The roll of winners in subsequent years is a distinguished one. In 1883 Leonatus, Drake Carter, who died and is buried at Woodbine, and Lord Raglan, were placed horses. That good horse Buchanan, who passed away last year, won in 1884, with Loftin second and Audrian third. The great Joe Cotton was the winner in 1885, Bersan and Ten Booker being his closest attendants. The Californian era dawned in 1886, when Mr. Haggins' Ben Ali won in grand style from Blue Wing and Free Knight. In 1887 Montrose was the winner, with Jim Gore second and Jacobin third. Macbeth II., Gallifet and White were the placed horses in 1888. Spokane electrified the visitors from the far west by beating the great Proctor Knott and Once Again in 1887. The following year Mr. Corrigan won the race with Riley, Bill Letcher and Robespierre being the runners-up. The year 1891 was a sort of an off-year, for the winner, Kingman, did not acquire much fame subsequently. His closest attendants were Balgowan and High Tariff. Azra, a good, but unfortunate horse, won in 1892, Haven being second and Phil Dwyer third. Lookout, now in Mr. Seagram's string, Plutus and Boundless, who were the placed horses in 1893, were also not considered extra class, and the three heroes of 1894, Chant, Pearl Song and Sigurd, did not develop into much better than high-class selling platers. Last year, however, a real good one won in Halma, Basso and Laureate being the runners-up. This year the distance of the race was cut down from a mile and a half to a mile and a quarter.

* * *

Here is a rather good race-hoss story from Ireland. It was in the Land League days at a small provincial meeting, and the composition of the stewards savoured almost entirely of local Land League lights. A certain owner had a horse running in the second race of the day, and backed him for a lot of money. There were only two other runners, one of them with some smart form, the other an unknown quantity. A promise of the stake made the assumed dangerous one all right. He bolted after going a short distance, and was not stopped till he got into the next county. But to the horror of the owner of the "potted" article, the latter was challenged by the outsider coming to the last fence, and beaten, after an exciting finish. But he was not to be done. Going to the owner of the second, whom he knew pretty intimately, he asked, "Did you back yours?" "Not for a bob," was the response. "Very well, I had a good bit on mine. I will give you the stake and object for crossing." "All right," said the other. "It's all the same to me, and without the penalty there's another little race I can win." Accordingly the objection was lodged, the stewards convened, and the case stated. The rider of the winner admitted it was true. He had crossed Mr. ——'s horse, but it was not his fault; his mount was such a terribly hard puller. Still, the Solomons in judgment did not seem convinced, plain as the facts appeared to be. The situation was critical, when the objecting owner produced the Book Calendar, and proceeded in his most persuasive tones to say, "You know, gentleman, that Rule 82 of the Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Code, part I., provides that in case of one horse crossing or jostling or so interfering with another——" But he was allowed to go no further. This was the last straw and the boss steward, jumping from his seat in the most sublime wrath, yelled, "Take that book away. Take it away, I tell ye. It's these damned laws and regulations that's the ruin of this country. We over-rule the objection, and, begob, we'll hould on to yer flyer." Tableau.

* * *

It is doubtful if in any year there were so many horses at the Woodbine as this, and the reason is plain—never in any other year was the track in such good condition. On Saturday I verily believe it was as fast as any track in America. At any rate the horses performed feats that startled the trainers and made boys who believed they were good judges of pace doubt their senses. Among the animals who were put through their schooling was the Owen Sound Queen's Plater, Dictator. A big strong fellow of preliminary experience, he rather astonished all onlookers by the way in which he performed. They comforted themselves by the reflection that he pulled up sore. He always does finish his work that way, but they come in all shapes and sizes, and if Dictator, with judicious management, has not got a good chance for Her Majesty's guineas, I am a Dutchman. The fear is that he will be plugged, played and tried until, before the game starts, he will either be so far spent that the first mile will do him, or the trainer, to save the owner's friends from further speculating, will think it judicious to scratch him. Dictator should be let up. He should never be tried at a distance again. Gentle work and an occasional breeze will probably bring him to the scratch right. Too many questions will fail of a response. On the other hand, Lochinvar, another Plater that I saw work, struck me as a fellow that could not have too much, with only an occasional sprint. He is a natural loafer, but a beast if properly treated that would last for a century, leg or no leg. Lochinvar knows something.

* * *

Florence Colville did some smart work on Saturday, going five furlongs in 1.04 1-2, and if she doesn't startle somebody in the short races I shall be surprised. Charlie Boyle's horses are in good fettle, according to provincial ideas, but Charlie has been working with the cracks of the world, and the Lord knows what his opinion of their real form is! All I can say is that Lord Nelson is big, strong, and lusty, and is capable now of doing the mile and a half in Derby time. Havoc is also always fighting for his head, and appears to have no knowledge that he has any legs at all. But he has just the same. Strathroy, 3-year-old bay gelding by Strathmore, has shape and make-up in his favor, and a style of going that is very taking. Don't bank on him, but watch him in company. He is as clean a worker as one could look for, and undoubtedly has speed on a track that suits him. I speak thus cautiously, because his work was so good that until it has been verified by comparison, I feel disposed to doubt my own judgment. Mr. John R. Walker had his Queen's Platers out on Friday morning. Millbrook worked with Joe Miller, and was all up all the way. He is a great looker, and if appearances don't deceive, rather outclasses his rivals, but sometimes appearances do deceive, and I want to see the 4-year-old son of Springfield and Imp, Milly, closer to the scratch than he is to-day before pronouncing an opinion. This much, however, I will say, that well-conditioned as the Seagram horses undoubtedly are, I by no means think the race so much of a cinch for one of the candidates from that stable as the state of Messrs. Haskins' and Davis' slate would indicate. On Saturday Mr. Walker sent Connoisseur and Halfling a mile and a quarter in company. The imported one held his own for a mile, but when the son of imp, Sir Modred and Dixianne wanted to come away, away he came. And he will be a formidable candidate for any race he engages in, and don't you make any mistake, even if it be either Brooklyn or Suburban. On Saturday a clocker of some experience made the time for the mile and a quarter 2.13. I am not prepared to say it was as fast as all that, as the horse almost walked in, but the gallop was done in a style that marks Connoisseur as a possible competitor for honors at the end of the race with any of them. And why not? He is in both the big handicaps comfortably, and, in right, he has proved himself any horse's peer. And Johnny Walker is as great a magician round a stable as any Yank that treads. Mr. Walker also gave old Stonemason and the English 3-year-old, Eulalon, a steady gallop with brushes that brought them through three-quarters in less than 1.19 and over five furlongs in 1.04 1-2, the young 'un showing the best form.

* * *

What of the meeting itself, did you say? What of it? Why simply this—that prospects were never more favorable; that the track was never in better condition; that the horses were never before more forward and that there were never so few cripples. A little paint on stands and fences might be found desirable, but outside that, more promising prospects there could not possibly be. Starter Fitzpatrick has written that he will bring along his own assistant instead of trusting to some local sprite who knows as much about getting horses in line as the veriest novice that ever saw a track. Mr. Fitzpatrick will have the Brown-Fitzgerald machine under his control. This machine is not, as some people suppose, a stationary affair, that will only start from one point, but is portable, and can be moved to any point desirable, and there made available either for lining up or starting. Judge Post has written that he will be here about the middle of next week. He expressed hope that the fields would hardly be as large as the entries indicate. Most of us will hope otherwise.

* * *

A better testimonial to the excellence of the course here could hardly be desired than that furnished by a comparison with Morris Park. A meeting is to be held there, to commence on May 13, and advices show that while, as I have said, cripples are few and far between here, casualties have become quite common there, among those who have come to grief being Fred Gebhardt's great steeplechaser, Rodman, who was thought to have many of the prime events at his mercy.

* * *

The Canadian Jockey Club, through its secretary, Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, has already given evidence of its usefulness. It has succeeded, in conjunction with Messrs. King Dodds, A. D. Stewart, and A. S. Smith, representing the Western Ontario Trotting Circuit, in arranging a fare and a third rate for all race meetings, the only proviso being that the traveler must give evidence of his intention to attend the races by asking for a race-ticket, which will include admission to the respective course desired. At present the privilege is limited to a radius of fifty miles, but Mr. Ogden has hopes of extending it beyond. Mr. Ogden was in a chatty humor when I interviewed him yesterday morning. From things of to-day, the conversation turned to matters of the past and the late Col. North's name naturally came up. Mr. Ogden, who knew the Colonel well, recalled the visit of a number of his horses to America four or five years ago. While there were several thought-to-be good ones, among them Iddesleigh alone gave anything like a respectable account of himself. Mr. Ogden wrote to Col. North and had a promise from him that his horses should make their American debut at Toronto. Col. Tom. Ochiltree, noted as being as good a liar as the famed Tom Pepper, who was kicked out of Hades for his too great ability in that direction, having undertaken the management of Iddesleigh and his companions, wrote remonstrating with the Nitrate King, pointing out that if they were defeated at Toronto their prestige would suffer. Ochiltree was of course working in the interest of Morris Park, at which place they subsequently ran their first races on this continent. To this day there is a stone at Westchester inscribed: "Here lies Tom Ochiltree, because no man iles harder." And it is a pretty hard spot where the stone is laid. Mr. Ogden has received letters from Mr. W. C. Daly and Mr. N. W. Kitson, asking for particulars of the races Daly, it is thought, may show up, but it is hardly likely that Kitson will be on hand. More in the future.

THE AGED P.

ANSWERING PERSONALS.

A Scientist Investigates and Finds That People Doing So Are of Unbalanced Mind.

Even the most intelligent and conservative of us occasionally glance over "personals" with a certain curious interest.

Many of them so obviously bear the stamp of naivette and genuineness, that they set us to wondering what there can be abnormal in the temperament or environment of individuals to make them resort to this peculiar method of extending the range of their acquaintance.

The motives for answering these personals are various. Oftener than not, it is merely curiosity, with perhaps a coy and sequestered hope that one may possibly thus chance upon the soul's affinity. And then there are always romantic and hysterical young women who dote upon anything that savors of mystery; while newspaper reporters and students of human nature have resorted to this method of "collecting material" from time immemorial.

Several unique and interesting results of these peculiar advertisements have accidentally come within the range of my own personal knowledge.

In a suburban town, three young school girls, their hair still in braids down their backs, met at one of their homes to study their lessons for the following day. As they were drawn up around the dining room table, a chance newspaper caught their attention, and seemed to interest them more than their Latin grammars. Glancing down the columns they came upon one of these weird personals, and, prompted by a spirit of mischief, they decided to answer it. As a result of their correspondence, they made an appointment to meet the unknown individual under a certain tree, at 4 o'clock the following Saturday afternoon. Considerably before the hour appointed these three giggling girls were safely installed at their point of vantage, and nearly screamed with laughter when they saw approaching a somewhat pedagogical looking man with a book under his arm, the sign agreed upon. They watched him pace impatiently up and down for the space of half an hour or more and then go away quite dejected. This was too good fun to be relinquished. So a little note of explanation as to the cause of detention, and a renewed appointment gave them a repetition of their amusement. They continued their correspondence until they became a little anxious as to how they were going to withdraw from it, and still more anxious as to what might happen to them in case they were detected. So partly to relieve themselves from further responsibility, and partly for the huge joke of the thing, they gave their correspondent the name and address of a typical, prim, old maid, a member of the church which they attended, as the person to whom he had been writing.

The beautiful denouement of the whole adventure was that the object of their base deceit went, saw and conquered. And on the day that the ardent spinster fluttered up the church aisle in white muslin and blue ribbons to the tune of the Wedding March, the three gay young girls sat together on a back seat and secretly gloated over the hilarious result of their audacious prank.

I once knew an unusually bright and clever young woman, who, while in college, answered an attractively worded personal, signed by a man's name, and desiring only an "entertaining lady correspondent." Letters passed back and forth with ever increasing frequency and interest. Leading events of the day, recent developments in science, art and literature were taken up and discussed in that delightfully free and easy manner, possible only to the untrammelled scope of the impersonal personal letter. The intercourse finally became sufficiently intimate for the "personal" to confess that it was a woman; that she, being an invalid and temporarily ostracized from all but dull people, and desiring some fresh, young, intelligent interest in her life, had taken this means of securing it. The experience led to a sincere and lasting friendship, and the older woman being wealthy, was pleased to extend many kind and graceful attentions to her young friend.

Dr. Arthur MacDonald of Washington, who has made special studies in sociology, abnormal types, etc., has published a book upon "Some Women Who Answer Personals." In this work Dr. MacDonald publishes letters from about 100 different women who have answered personals which he has had inserted in the principal papers of large cities, for the sake of pursuing an imperical investigation of what he considers abnormal women.

His first advertisement read as follows: "Gentleman of high social and university position desires correspondence (acquaintance not necessary) with young, educated woman of high social and financial position. No agents; no triflers; must give detailed account of life. References required."

This letter, unsensational as it is in character, brought shoals of answers.

There were some letters from intellectual college-bred women, who were evidently studying along the same lines as Dr. MacDonald, and wanted to add to their collection of mental curios.

One letter that amused me exceedingly was from a woman who confessed herself in "full middle life, but could never feel old." She did not "believe in sailing under false colors;" and acknowledged herself looking for a suitable husband: "I do want a big, warm heart, one who needs just me to round out his life and make it complete; one to whom I could be 'all the world,' and make his every hour happy, and who could value the wealth of affection I have to bestow."

Dr. MacDonald, after a little correspondence, called upon this blushing widow of 50, for such she was, and learned that when a young woman she had come to the city, and had answered some personals "just for a freak." In less than six months she was married to one of her correspondents and vowed that a "happier marriage never was." And now that the days of her mourning were over, she had gone back to her old methods. She was quite deaf, but made a great point of explaining that it was only temporary, and "was due to recent cold."

Dr. MacDonald's final experiment was inserting the following advertisement in some of the principal newspapers of Europe: "Gentlemen (de l'education Europeene) desires to correspond in German, French or English with lady (petite dance or students).

Many of the answers to this advertisement were exceedingly clever and interesting, being written by women who had traveled much, who had a wide knowledge of languages and literatures, and who availed themselves of this correspondence to obtain practice in some special language, to get a new point of view, or simply to enter upon a correspondence "amusante et instructive." A French woman of esprit, who has traveled from St. Petersburg to the Orient, and reads everything from Schopenhauer to Gyp, is by no means a dull correspondent. In fact the letters from England, Scotland, Paris and Germany made a distinctly interesting collection of letters, quite well worth the time spent reading them.

Dr. MacDonald, who, wherever convenient, followed up the letters with a personal interview, concludes that in all cases answering personals indicates something abnormal either in the temperament or environment of an individual, some of the letters plainly showing an unbalanced mind. That it implies a want of education in the broad true sense, either a defective home or want of refined and proper surroundings; and that the women who resort to it are in some manner out of harmony with their social environment.

MARION DEPEW.

A Witty Affair.

There are discords in the world of affairs, as well as in music, and they jarred the sensitive organization of a well-known musician on Thursday night. A little before 9 o'clock a determined-looking woman with a horse whip in hand, walked over from a city car to the Scarboro transfer and, getting out at Norway, was seen to rush into the house of a respectable citizen and almost immediately reappear, pushing a well-dressed man before her, whom she belabored with the whip. It was vain to expostulate with her fury, and the man said he would go back with her. Having no further use for the cowhide, the woman left it at the refreshment room near the Woodbine, saying that she would call for it again. From the remarks which she let drop, green-eyed jealousy brought about the row.

SEXUAL
decline may be arrested before decay; strength may be restored; powers when impoverished by youth's reckless overdrafts may be reinvigorated by our home treatment.

CONFIDENCE
never has its citadel in the breasts of those who have weak, shrunken, undeveloped or diseased organs. The evil that men do through ignorance in boyhood and errors of early manhood leaves wasting effects.

RESTORED
to vigorous vitality you might be successful in business, fervent in spirit. Our curative methods are unfailing. Write for our book, "PERFECT MANHOOD," sent *free* sealed.

Correspondence Confidential. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.