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E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street

The Strange Metamorphosis.

But the enemy's spirit began to slacken; one after another of the players still left to the opposite side succeeded in outwitting the prisoner for the time being, so as to set him free by the rules of the game. The doctor went in again, and the enemy relaxed as usual into total indifference, so that Paul, without exactly knowing how, soon found himself the only one left in goal, unnoticed and apparently forgotten.

He could not see anything through the darkness, but he heard the voices of the boys disputing at the other side of the playground; he looked round; at his right was the indistinct form of a large laurel bush, behind which he knew was the playground gate. Could it be that his chance had come at last?

He slipped behind the laurel and waited, holding his breath; the dispute still went on; no one seemed to have noticed him—probably the darkness prevented all chance of that. He was on tip-toe to the gate—it was not locked.

He opened it very carefully a little way; it was forbidding enough not to creak, and the next moment he was outside, free to go where he would! Escape, after all, was simple enough when he came to try it; he could hardly believe at first that he really was free at last; free with money enough in his pocket to take him home, with the friendly darkness to cover his retreat; free to go back and confront Dick on his own ground, and by force or fraud, get the Garuda Stone into his own hands once more.

As yet he never doubted that it would be easy to control his house, if necessary, of the truth of his story, and enlist them one and all on his side; all that he required, he thought, was caution; he must treat the house unobserved and wait and watch, and the device would be in it if the stone were not safe in his pocket again before twelve hours had gone by. All this time he was still within a hundred yards or so of the playground; he must decide upon some particular route, some definite method of ordering his flight; to stop where he was no longer would clearly be unwise, yet where should he go first?

If he went to the station at once, how could he tell that he should be lucky enough to catch a train without having to wait long for it, and unless he did that, he would almost certainly be sought for first on the station platform, and might be caught before a train was due.

At last, with an astuteness he had not suspected himself of possessing, which was probably the result of the harrowing experience he had lately undergone, he hit upon a plan of action. "I'll go to a shop," he thought, "and change this sovereign, and ask to look at a time-table—then, if I find I can catch a train at once, I'll run for it; if not, I will wait for some time, I can hang about near the station till it comes in."

With this intention he walked on toward the town till he came to a small terrace of shops, when he went into the first, which was a stationer's and toy-dealer's, with a stock-in-trade of cheap wooden toys and other unimpressive games, drawing slates, penny packets of stationery, and cards of pen and pencil holders, and a particularly stuffy atmosphere; the proprietor, a short man with a fat, white face, with a rich glaze all over it, and a fringe of ragged brown whisker meeting under his chin, was sitting behind the counter, looking up at him.

Paul looked round the shop in search of something to purchase; and at last said, more nervously than he expected to do, "I want a pencil case—one which screws up and down." He thought a pencil case would be an innocent, unsuspecting thing to ask for. The man set rows of cards containing pencil cases of every imaginable shape on the counter, and he said, "You're one of those gentlemen up at Crichton House, aren't you, sir?" he added.

A guilty dread of discovery made Paul anxious to deny this at once. "No, sir," he said; "oh, no, no connection with the place. Ah, could you allow me to look at a time-table?"

"Certainly, sir; expecta' someone to-night, or to-morrow, or any day, let me see," he said, consulting a table which hung behind him. "There's a train from Paneras comes in at half an hour from now, 6:05 that is; there's another due at 8:15, and at 8:30. Then from Liverpool street they run—"

"Thank you," said Mr. Bullitude; "but—I want the up-train."

"Ah," said the man with a rather peculiar intonation, "I thought maybe your par or your mar was comin' down. Ain't Dr. Grimstone got the time of the train?"

"Yes," said Paul, desperately, without very well knowing what he said, "yes, he has, but, ah, not for this month; he—he sent me to inquire."

"Did he, though?" said the stationer.

"I thought you wasn't one of his young gentlemen?"

Mr. Bullitude saw what a fearful trap he had fallen into, and stood speechless.

"Go along with you!" said the little stationer, with a not unkindly grin. "Lor' bless you, I knew your face the minnit you come in. To go and tell me a brazen story like that! You're a young pickle, you are!"

Mr. Bullitude began to shuffle feebly toward the door. "Pickle, eh?" he protested, in great discomposure. "No, no, Heaven knows I'm no pickle. It's of no consequence about those trains. Don't trouble. Good-evening to you."

"Stop!" said the man; "don't be in such a hurry now. You tell me what you want to know, straightforward, and I don't mean to say as I won't help you so far as I can. Don't be afraid of my telling no tales. I've bin a schoolboy myself for my time, bless your art, I shouldn't wonder now if I couldn't make a pretty good guess without telling at what you're after. You've bin a catchin' of it hot, and you want to make a clean bit of it. I ain't very far off, now, am I?"

"No," said Paul, for something in the man's manner inspired confidence. "I do want to make a bolt of it. I've been most abominably treated."

"Well, look here; I ain't got no right to interfere; and, if you're caught, I look to you not to bring my name in. I don't want to get into trouble up at Crichton House and lose good customers, you see. But I like the looks of you, and you've always dealt 'ere pretty regular. I don't mind if I give you a lift. Just see here. You want to get to London, don't you? What for is your business, not mine. Well, there's a train, express, stops at only one station on the way, in at 8:50. It's twenty minnits to six now. If you take that road just opposite, it'll bring you out at the end of the Station Road; you can do it easy in ten minnits and have time to spare. So cut away, and good luck to you!"

"I'm vastly obliged to you," said Paul, and he meant it. It was a new experience to find any one offering him assistance. He left the close little shop, crossed the road, and started off in the direction indicated to him at a brisk trot.

His steps ran out cheerfully on the path iron-bound with frost. He was almost happy again under the exhilarating glow of unusual exercise and the excitement of escape and regained freedom.

He ran on, past a series of villa residences enclosed in varnished railings adorned with that medieval abundance of turrets, balconies and cheap stained glass, which is accepted nowadays as a guarantee of the tenant's culture, as a satisfactory substitute for effective drainage.

He was so near it that he could hear the shrill engine whistles, and the banging of trucks on the railway sidings, and he was saved, in sight of heaven at last!

Full of delight at the thought, he put a still greater pace, and, turning the corner without looking back, he came to a party of three, which was coming in the opposite direction.

Fate's vein of irony was by no means worked out yet. As he was recovering from the collision, and preparing to offer or accept an apology, as the case might be, he discovered to his horror that he had fallen among no strangers.

The three men, and a fourth, who was Coker, Coggs and the virtuous Chawner, of whom he had fondly hoped to have seen the last for ever! The moral and physical shock of such an encounter took all Mr. Bullitude's remaining breath away. He stood panting under the sickly rays of a street lamp, the very incarnation of helplessness and dismay.

"Hallo!" said Coker, "it's young Bullitude."

"What do you mean by canning in to a fellow like this?" said Coggs. "What are you up to here, eh?"

"If it comes to that," said Paul, casting about for some explanation of his appearance, "what are you up to here?"

"Why," said Chawner, "if you want to know, Dick, we've been to fetch the St. James' Gazette for the doctor. He said, 'might go if I liked, and I asked for Coker and Coggs to come two because there was something I wanted to tell them, very important, and I have told them, haven't I, Corney?'"

Coggs growled sulkily; Coker gave a tragic groan, and said, "I don't care when you tell, Chawner. Do it tonight if you like. Let's talk about something else. Bullitude hasn't told us yet how he came out here after us?"

His last words suggested a pretext to Paul, of which he hastened to make use. "Oh," he said, "I came out here after you, to say that Dr. Grimstone will not require the St. James' Gazette. He wants the Globe, and ah! the Echo, instead."

It did not sound a very probable combination; but Paul said the three names that occurred to him, and as it happened, aroused no suspicions, for the boys read no newspapers.

(To be Continued.)

CALLED OFF

All Preparations for a Second Canadian Contingent Stopped.

[Special to The Advertiser per C.P.R.] Ottawa, Nov. 9.—The preparations for the second Canadian contingent, which were going on quietly at the militia department, were all called off last evening. Telegrams were sent to Messrs. Sanford & Co., Hamilton, Messrs. Wortman & Co., Montreal, and others, telling them not to hurry with their contracts, as the uniforms, etc., would not be required for the present. No orders were given for anything which will not be required by the militia in Canada.

RATE REDUCED MORE THAN HALF

Hospital Trust Will Charge Only \$2.95 for Some of the Private Rooms in the New Building—A Scale Fixed.

The hospital trust has fixed the weekly rate for the 28 rooms in the private patients' pavilion at the Victoria Hospital. The rooms are graded, and the scale of prices is as follows: Eight rooms at \$2.95; 6 rooms at \$7; 6 rooms at \$8, and 8 rooms at \$10. Heretofore, in the old building, a unit of charge of 90 cents a day—25 30 a week—has been made. Mayor Wilson says the opening of the new building will not be postponed, but will take place Nov. 15, as previously announced. Until the council formally opens the building over to the trust the patients cannot be moved out of the old building, and the contractors will be delayed with their work in consequence. The administration will be furnished by the opening day.

COMMITTED ON FOURTH CHARGE

Herbert Wilson To Be Tried for Robbing Mrs. Smith.

Herbert Wilson was examined at the police court this morning on a charge of robbing Mrs. Margaret Smith of \$15. Wilson was sent for trial. He is awaiting trial on four different charges.

Mrs. Smith said that a young man, whom she believed to be Wilson, came to her store at the corner of Waterloo and Horton streets, on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 14, and bought 5 cents' worth of candy. He offered her a \$10 American bill in payment, but she would not accept it, as it was American. He then gave her a \$2 bill, which she changed all right. Wilson went away, and returned later and offered her silver for the \$2 bill, saying that he wanted the bill back, as it had been given him as a keepsake by a friend. While she was looking through her pocketbook for the bill, he grabbed it and ran down the street. There was no doubt in her mind but that the prisoner was the man, Chester Lang, a youth, who went to the store to do some purchasing, swore that he saw Wilson on the evening of the robbery. He saw him about 15 minutes later walking up and down the street near the store. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, committed the prisoner for trial.

Frederick Scott, a drunk, was discharged.

STOPPED THE PLAY

Julia Arthur Administers a Merited Rebuke to Ill-Mannered Theater-Goers.

New York, Nov. 9.—Miss Julia Arthur, while playing in "More Than Queen," at the Broadway Theater last night, was disturbed by the chatter of box occupants. The conversation of the persons in a certain box was so loud and persistent that all the actors and the audience were annoyed.

Finally, Miss Arthur came to a dead stop in the play and ordered the curtain to be drawn in front of the store about 6:30 on the night of the robbery. He saw him about 15 minutes later walking up and down the street near the store. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, committed the prisoner for trial.

Frederick Scott, a drunk, was discharged.

TO DO AWAY WITH STRIKES

Foundrymen and Molders Will Try to Important Two-Days Conference Begun.

Detroit, Nov. 9.—Today there will be a conference of the representatives of the bodies at the Hotel Cadillac that will be of more than ordinary importance, and the results of which will be waited for by people in all portions of the United States and Canada. The conference is to be between a special committee representing the National Foundrymen's Association and the executive committee of the Iron Molders' Union of North America.

The exact nature of the questions under consideration cannot at this time be given, but the matter is of the Foundry, and secretary of the association. "It is not a question of wages, I can say. But foundrymen and molders alike consider the subject to be discussed as being of the utmost importance. It is desirable that some agreement be arrived at that will settle for all time the employer and the employee without the resort to strikes and lockouts. This, I believe, can be best achieved by means of a system of arbitration that shall be fair and just to all parties concerned."

The National Foundrymen's Association is the chief organization of its kind in this industry, and represents practically all the iron, brass and steel molders in the country.

M. B. Lavery, of Brantford, is the Canadian representative on the L. M. U. of N. A. executive committee.

WAGES INCREASED.

Thamesville, Nov. 9.—The strike of

the pant and vest makers at this place has been declared off, and the strikers have returned to work. Their demand for an increase in wages was acceded to.

MEN WANTED. Detroit, Nov. 9.—Hundreds of men are wanted in the lumber camps, but the supply is not equal to the demand.

LATE SPORTING

Rochester Driving Park Likely To Be Closed.

What Sir Thomas Lipton's Loving Cup Is to Symbolize Future of the Columbia.

TURF. ROCHESTER GRANDSTANDS BURNED.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 9.—The three grandstands on the Rochester Driving Park Association's grounds were totally destroyed by fire last evening, entailing a loss of \$25,000. This means the permanent closing of the famous track, which will now probably be sold to real estate dealers for building purposes.

ENGLISH EVENTS. London, Nov. 9.—At the second day's racing of the Liverpool autumn meeting today, the Liverpool Nursery stakes were won by Lumley Moore. Huleot finished second and Cutaway third. Ten horses ran.

AQUATIC. LIPTON'S LOVING CUP.

New York, Nov. 5.—Three of the five thousand dollars necessary to make a loving cup for Sir Thomas Lipton have been contributed in small amounts, as the promoters desired. The design of the cup will be to symbolize a gift from American people rather than any yachting idea.

THE COLUMBIA.

New York, Nov. 9.—Unless C. Oliver Iselin and J. Pierpont Morgan change their minds, the Columbia will be sent abroad this winter or next spring. It may have been their intention to have given the cup defender a sea-rig and send her to the Mediterranean, but that determination, even if fully reached, has been reconsidered. The Columbia is now dismantled and lies anchored at the foot of the Hudson river. Iselin, the Herald avers, has made his last American cup race. Mr. Iselin, who in the Vigilant in 1893, with the Defender in 1895, and then with the Columbia, has made a record in the defense of the cup, and he feels that the responsibility for retaining it here should be borne by other yachtsmen.

Crankshaw's Criminal Code Synopsis.

We have received from the publisher an analytical synopsis of the Criminal Code of Canada and of the Criminal Evidence Act, 1893, by James Crankshaw, B.C.L., of the Montreal bar, author of Crankshaw's Annotated Criminal Code, and of the Practical Guide for Police Magistrates and Justices of the Peace. The present volume is, as it professes to be, a concise synopsis of the statutory provisions of the Criminal Code of Canada. It furnishes, without a word of unnecessary verbiage, in a small compass, a survey of the whole field, and will be very valuable to law students, justices of the peace and police officers, as well as to members of the legal profession, especially to those of them who are only occasionally called upon for the application of the criminal law, to whom it will act as a refresher. There is no index, which is perhaps an unnecessary in such a work as it would be in a directory, although we confess that in this age one wants to waste no time or trouble in arriving at what is wanted. The work is intended to be supplementary to the statute law, and fills a want which is not otherwise attempted.

We note that the Code provides that any action against any person for anything purporting to be done pursuant to the criminal law of Canada, provides that it shall be announced within six months and one month's notice in writing before action. This provision strikes us as ultra vires, as such an action is a civil right and within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures. The author, however, merely gives the provision of the statutory law of the Dominion, and has done it faithfully.

The author has, perhaps, in some cases, been too concise, e.g., in the Evidence Act he omits to state that the facts of evidence in the provinces in which proceedings are taken shall apply, when not varied, or otherwise provided by the act. This, however, does not mar the plan of this work, which presupposes that the reader has some knowledge of the law other than the Statutes of Canada.

"Crankshaw's Analytical Synopsis of Criminal Code and Evidence Act of Canada, royal 8vo., 143 pages, paper, price \$1.25. C. Theoret, law publishers, Montreal.

NEITHER.

"In order to settle a little bet," the young man said, passing a ring over the showcase, "please tell me whether the correct pronunciation of the name of the stone in that ring is turquoise or turkweeze."

The jeweler inspected it and handed it back.

"The correct pronunciation is glass," he said.

PAINS IN THE BACK.

No Sleep Possible—Medicine of No Avail—Walked the Floor in Agony—Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlin, Beaumont, Que., states: "I was troubled with kidney disease and dyspepsia for twenty years, and have been that bad that I could not sleep at night on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night suffering terrible agony. I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old trouble seems to have been driven out of my system."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver pills have an enormous sale, and owe their popularity to the fact that they can be absolutely relied upon to cure all ailments of the kidneys, liver or stomach. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No cough remedy has such an enormous sale as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Licorice and Turpentine.

Monsoon

At 40c per pound is the cheapest drink on earth. One pound of Monsoon will make 225 cups. All grocers sell it in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound.

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The Most Durable on the Market. For Sale Everywhere.

10,000 SHARES AT 15 CENTS. Our last issue of fifty thousand (50,000) shares was largely over-subscribed and today we stand as follows: We own our property without a dollar of debt on it, and our bills for printing, supplies, material, charter, surveying, wages, etc., are ALL PAID. Six (6) men are now working on a 250-foot tunnel contract for us, and we hold enough stock from Oct. 20 to 28 to pay for it. Our offer today is ten thousand (10,000) shares at 15c. Stock is allotted in rotation. Send or call for illustrated prospectus.

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ALLAN LINE.

Royal Mail Steamships, For Liverpool, Calling at Moville. Californian, From Montreal, Nov. 11. Laurentian, From Montreal, Nov. 18. From New York to Glasgow, Nov. 18. Nov. 4; State of Nebraska, Nov. 18. RATES OF PASSENGER. First cabin, \$25 and upwards. Second cabin \$15. Steerage, \$2.50 and \$3.50. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$45 and upwards. Second cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$2.50. Return tickets on first and second cabin return tickets. London agents—E. De La Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. J. Clarke.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 16, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 1:30 p.m. for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m. The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m. The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and arrive at 4:30 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express, Buffet cars on Local Express. The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME. The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, duck, brant and other fowl common to this part of the continent. For information as to game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of "Hod and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 99 York Street, Rossin House Block, Toronto. H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 143 St. James Street, Montreal.

REDUCED FARES. New York to Liverpool via Queenstown. S.S. TEUTONIC, Nov. 1. Noon. S.S. OCEANIC, Nov. 15. Noon. S.S. MAJESTIC, Nov. 22. Noon. S.S. CYMBIC, Nov. 28. Noon. S.S. TEUTONIC, Nov. 29. Noon.

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TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes.

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