

A BAD MAN.

Steffoff May Have Been More Than Double Murderer.

May Have Murdered Two More in Erie County.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—That there was no miscarriage of justice in the conviction and execution at the jail yesterday morning of Poral Steffoff, is now placed beyond any doubt. Not only did Steffoff admit the justice of his sentence, but he confessed to another murder in Indiana, and the police are satisfied he was also the murderer of two Macedonians in Erie County, New York State. The crime for which Steffoff was executed was committed on April 22 last at 16 Eastern avenue, the victim being Evan Simoff, also a Macedonian.

As soon as the arrest and description of Steffoff had been circulated by the detective department little bits of information began to reach the offices and one of these pointed to the likelihood of the man being wanted for other murders elsewhere. Piece by piece the information was gathered, and finally the detectives believed that in Steffoff they had a man wanted near Bedford, Indiana, for murdering and robbing an Englishman. The crime was committed in a boarding-house peopled mostly by Macedonians, and when the police arrived on the scene these people, in their desire to shield Steffoff, gave such information as threw the officers clean off the trace of the criminal.

After committing this crime Steffoff returned to Macedonia, but it is charged that even there officers were after him for alleged crimes in his own land. Be that as it may, he once more returned to the United States and started work in a quarry in Erie county, not very far from Buffalo. After working around the locality for some time he again disappeared, but not until the police were hunting for the slayer of two Macedonians, whose bodies were found in a box-car. The crime was attributed partly to revenge and partly to secure money.

It was soon ascertained that Steffoff had gone back to southern Europe or Asia Minor. There were some steps being taken to secure his extradition, but once more the accused came to this side of the Atlantic, making his home in Toronto. Shortly after his arrival here the Simoff murder was committed. Steffoff's photo was sent to the Sheriff of Erie County and the Sheriff of Lawrence County, Indiana, and certain important witnesses in each case identified it as the portrait of the man wanted at each place on the capital charge. Had there been no conviction here Steffoff would have been extradited to answer charges in the United States.

The city detective department kept the information they had obtained concerning the other crimes an absolute secret, so that there could be no danger of unduly influencing the public mind and perhaps inflaming the jury. The department further considered that whilst efforts were being made to obtain a reprieve it would be unfair to say anything about what they had learned of the prisoner's previous record.

PEARYS POLAR DATA

National Geographical Society Thinks It Needs No Verification.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23.—Rear Admiral Peary's demand that Commodore Peary submit his polar data to the consistency of the University of Copenhagen for verification has raised a storm in the National Geographic Society, which gave Peary a clean bill of health.

The leading members claim that the scientists of the United States would be demeaning themselves if they acknowledged that their findings needed verification.

CONCORD CIRCLE.

On Wednesday evening Concord Circle No. 34, Companions of the Forest, A. F. F., held their quarterly meeting in the Foresters' Hall, James street, when the nomination and election of officers for 1910 took place, with District Deputy Chief Companion Mrs. Hills in the chair, assisted by Companions Mrs. Midgley and Mrs. Lowry. The election resulted as follows:

Chief Companion, Mrs. G. Ward. Sub-Chief Companion, Mrs. Hills. Treasurer, Mrs. Josie Whitney. Secretary, John Philips. Right Guide, Mrs. Griffiths. Left Guide, Mrs. Bawden. Inside Guard, Wm. Ashby, jun. Outside Guard, Companion Mrs. Furry. Sub-Secretary, Companion Wm. Ashby, jun.

Medical Officer, Companion Dr. Theo. Coleman. Auditors, Wm. Ashby, jun. Mrs. Furry and Miss Boyd. Trustees, Dr. Theo. Coleman, Wm. Ashby, jun. and W. H. Miles. Juvenile Committee, Companions Mrs. Hills, Whitney, Furry, Griffiths, Bawden and Miss Boyd. Juvenile Auditors, John Philips and Mrs. Gilliland.

A vote of thanks was passed to the scrutineers, to which they replied, thanking the members and asking them a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING ON THE HOLIDAY?

The Alexandra roller rink is the answer. This popular place of amusement will present a new appearance for the holiday season, the floor having been in the hands of the Canadian Floor Resurfacing Machine Co. for the past week, with the result that the pace will find the skating surface the finest in Canada. The Alexandra has also added a consignment of new Winslow skates to its already splendid equipment. Those who visit the Alexandra will find it all that is claimed, namely, the finest rink in Canada. The balcony provides a splendid place for those who do not skate; good music, electrical decorations being special attractions. Spend an evening at the Alexandra.

James W. Poor, of Charlestown, Mass., has not missed a meeting of Faith Masonic Lodge since its institution 42 years ago.

Friendship in silence is the kind purged of all dross.—Florida Times-Union.

SAN-TA CLAUS AND HIS REIN-DEER: A CHRIST-MAS READ-ING LES-SON



Way up by the North Pole Santa Claus has a big flock of Rein-deer that he uses every Christ-mas time to haul him over the Chim-neys of the Homes where good lit-tle Boys and Girls live. He has four small Rein-deer that he calls Prancer, Dan-cer, Thun-der and Blit-zen. These are his Pets. Then he has a lot of others and some of them are in this Picture.

Lost Summer Santa was very busy making Toys for the good Boys and Girls, so he had a queer old Eskimo and his Wife and his little Boy take care of the Rein-deer in Alaska. This is a good Picture of the Rein-deer that belong to Santa and it shows the old Eskimo and his Family too.

Wouldn't you like to live up there in the Summer time with the Rein-deer and old Santa? Well I guess yes!

If you wake up Christmas Eve and hear little Bells jingling you will know then that old Santa and his cute little Rein-deer are on their way to your House, and you must not make any Noise, or They will not come down your Chim-ney.

EXPERIENCED ADVICE A YOUNG MAN'S NEED.

(By John A. Howland, in Chicago Tribune.)

That young man who is beginning to try to find himself in the world's work should try to understand the conditions which must affect him. Youth is exuberant because of its youth. Its ambition may be exaggerated from the same source of youth and inexperience. It may sweat and groan under these most natural and unexpected circumstances, which appear on their face to be discouragements which prompt giving up a position, or even giving up to the despair of a lifelong idleness and inertia.

"If they don't do this and that," exclaims the young man, "I'll quit the place! That is not the only house in the world; the world is wide! I can get a position anywhere, and I'll do it! I have to."

One may admire this speech, coming from the many man of experience. He chooses to be a man first and circumstances that circumscribe his manhood are intolerable, provided he decides this in a temperate manner after careful consideration of everything bearing on his experiences. He may do as he sees fit. But with the young man?

The whole aspect of the case may be altered dangerously, beyond the recall often of this young man who has taken hasty judgment that is foolish.

At no time in his life is the young man more in need of wise, careful counsel than (1) in the choice of his life work, and (2) in the directing influence of an older, wiser experience after that work begins.

No matter what the character of the young man, this wiser influence always

is one of his chief assets as a beginner. If it is wise counsel and the young man is wise enough to invite it and listen to it, he may be saved some costly mistakes, active and passive in character. Impetuosity is characteristic of youth, where animal spirits in the young man are encouraged by an active, healthy physical frame. Just as he doesn't wish to be beaten in a game of athletics and is blocked by the impediments of his fellows, so he is likely to chafe under those real or fancied impediments which he encounters in his business apprenticeship. And many of these hurdles which the modern young man feels are in his way are impediments of his own fancy, encouraged often by the academic preachings of inexperienced men who have more knowledge of the high spots on business history than they have of the dead levels of business life of the present.

Assuming that somewhere in the beginning of the young man's work, filled with optimism as to the progress, his energies and ambitions seemingly should bring him and at once, this young man fails to realize his results. Something impedes him discouragingly. Impetuosity, he feels the impulse to jump over the traces. Will he jump?

Here at this interrogation comes the importance of wise counsel, familiar with the bare, bald facts of the situation under which the young man is groaning. Are these facts sufficient to justify that young man's discouragement and his contemplated move into some new position, or into some new field where he must take the chances of the applicant, knocking at the doors of potential employers? If the facts

are not sufficient, judged by experience and common sense, how important that this young man should have this counsel of wisdom. How important that he should invite that counsel of the best within his reach!

But, unfortunately for the young man of nervous type, he is likely to bring home to his parents or to his friends of everyday intercourse, these first stories of his "wrongness." Too often his father and mother are his champions in the matter. Parental fondness, quite as often as the inexperience of youth, exceeds the bounds of good judgment. Perhaps more than the son, the parents out of "inexperience" exaggerate these "wrongness," and the young man makes his disgruntled move. In the end it may prove to have been a good move, but in the beginning it may have been born of foolishness. Chance may prove to be happily kind, but judgment in the move is not proved.

There are thousands of young men in the ranks of the world's workers unfitted by nature and by training to move strongly and ambitiously to a fixed goal. Civilization so far has been unable to exist without the laborer in the trench and the servant in the kitchen. But even these are not uninterested in that pointed question, "To move or not to move?"

No labor union, or whatever degree of skilled or unskilled measure, attempts organization without its advisory officers and council. Perhaps no organization of the kind ever moved or failed to move without inquiry of these constituted advisers. In the wisdom of the union labor organization's directors lies that organization's strength. That organization stands or falls or sinks into impotency, accordingly as it moves or decides not to move, wisely or foolishly. Can the young man ask higher practical example of the fact that this same necessity for wise counsel applies to himself strongly, and still stronger in

proportion as he works inexperienced of the world and alone? That point which I would press home to the young man is, "Keep cool and have your measure taken by some one who knows more than yourself." You don't know how much better the young man whom you succeeded did that work which you are doing. You don't know how much more magnetic in personality he was; how much more versatile in capacity. Or if you do know, and recognize that in one year, in the same house with you, he advanced three places up, while at the end of two years you are where that young man started, what does it prove? That you, for some reason, are lacking? At least, in any situation approaching this, try to get a line on yourself, sanely and in wisdom. Find out where you are weak; your strength will take care of itself.

PROPER PAY; NO EXTRAS.

Finance Committee Backs Up Mayor in His Stand.

The extra pay for the health inspectors, which caused a lively tilt between Mayor McLaren and Chairman Crooks recently, was before the Finance Committee yesterday afternoon. The Board of Health requested that an account for \$47 for overtime be paid, and that an appropriation be made so that the Health Office could be kept open on Saturday afternoon during the balance of the year.

The Mayor explained his position in the matter was that he objected to the extras. The salary should be made what the position was worth and the pickings cut out. The members of the committee were unanimous in backing him up.

Chairman Crooks approved of the suggestion, too, but he pointed out that the Board had tried time and again to get the salaries of the inspectors increased and failed. The men are paid \$800 a year, get two weeks' holidays, and are paid when they are off duty on account of illness. Mr. Crooks explained that the inspectors had to be on the job some mornings as early as 6 o'clock, and it was decided to pay them for their extra labor and also for keeping the office open on Saturday afternoon, as it is a convenience to the public. Last year a lump sum was granted. This year it was thought better than the men should keep track of their extra time and send in an account for it.

The committee agreed to pay the \$47, but the extras for the balance of the year will be cut out, and next year the Board of Control will fix the salaries and the hours of duty.

The Council was recommended to issue debentures for \$25,000, so the city can retain the old library building. The city will pay the debentures and the Board the interest. It was stated that the Board had not received word yet from Andrew Carnegie, who is making a grant of \$75,000, whether this will be satisfactory to him. The Board will likely send a representative to New York to get information.

An account from E. G. Barrow for \$125 for work done in connection with the base line sewer was ordered paid.

900 KILLED

In the Recent Battle at Rama, Nicaragua.

Washington, Dec. 23.—A graphic report has been received from Consul Moffatt depicting the state of affairs in Bluefields, Nicaragua. He reported that more than 900 men on both sides were killed in the recent battle at Rama. The despatch follows:

"Two thousand starved, emaciated prisoners have been brought here from Zelaya's surrendered army. The sight of the sick and weary, tottering through the streets is horrible. Half are mere boys. The emergency hospital established by the Des Moines and Tacoma contains ninety wounded and the city hospital sixty. Few of the surrendered army had shoes or blankets. Scores were almost naked. All are in a pitiable condition. Extra is furnishing them with blankets, clothing, shoes and food as best he can. Flour, beans, rice, sugar, coffee and condensed milk are needed instantly to feed the starving Zelaya soldiers. Disease and death threaten unless they are properly given best of food and care."

"The great and sudden demand for proper clothing and food for the suffering is a problem for the provisional Government, whose resources are exhausted. The men, numbering 2,000, are well fed and clothed, but they cannot find means whereby to care for their increased burden."

Sinking Spells Every Few Days

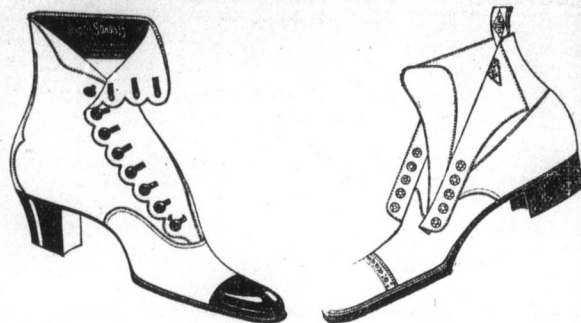
"At the time I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I was having sinking spells every few days. My hands and feet would get cold; I could scarcely breathe, and could feel myself gradually sinking away until I would be unconscious. Those about me could not tell there was life in me. After these spells I would be very weak and nervous, sleepless and without appetite; had neuralgia in my head and heart. After taking the remedy a short time all this disappeared and in a few weeks all the heart trouble was gone." MRS. LIZZIE PAINTER, 803 1/2 3d Ave. Evansville, Ind.

For twenty years we have been constantly receiving just such letters as these. There is scarcely a locality in the United States where there is not some one who can testify to the merits of this remarkably successful Heart Remedy.

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MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Business Booming



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LADIES' SLIPPERS—We have an elegant assortment of Ladies' Slippers. No trouble in selecting a pair in this store for mother or sister, in either kid or felt. Fine Evening Slippers in kid or patent from \$2.00 to \$4.75. We have them in plain and also in Sandals from one to seven straps. Slipper prices range from 65c to \$4.75. We have all sizes in White Slippers.

MEN'S SLIPPERS—Our stock of Men's Slippers in black and hazel brown is in grand shape at present, but we advise you not to delay in making your selection, as the rush is now on. We have also a good selection of warm Felt Slippers. Men's Slippers run from 75c up to \$3.00.

CHILDREN'S PARTY SLIPPERS. We are in great shape to supply pretty Slippers for the children. We have them patent, hazel brown and black kid. Patent Leathers. This store has deserved reputation for keeping the finest assortment of Patent Leathers in the city in Pumps and high laced and buttoned shoes.

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MR. JARR'S FRIEND, GUS, THE SALOON-KEEPER, FINDS THAT A MAN'S BEST FRIEND ARE ALWAYS WORST ENEMIES

(By Roy L. McDannell, in Buffalo Times.)

When Mr. Jarr came into Gus's place he found the usually well ordered cafe in confusion. Elmer, the bartender, was upon a ladder putting gold paint on a chandelier, while Gus directed him from below. There was also a very thin and pale faced man standing behind the bar doing some surprising decorative stunts with soap and various colored compositions.

"Hey!" cried Rafferty, the builder, pounding on the bar. "Can't a man get waited on in this place?"

"If he waits a minute he can get waited on," replied Gus, "but I'm fixing up for the Christmas trade, and I can't get no time to mix no drinks."

So saying, he came over and attended to the wants of his patrons; said wants, fortunately, being the simples and not the compounds.

"She's going to look time," said Gus, turning to watch the soap artist behind the old country.

The soap decorator had just finished "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" in old English text and was now rapidly sketching in a rural cottage beneath it.

"He's going to put in a 'Home, Sweet Home,'" said Gus. "To make it sure to show what it is, he'll put them words, 'Home, Sweet Home,' under it." "That isn't a very tactful reminder to put in a ginmill," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"It's the best thing," said Gus in reply. "At Christmas time when folks what ain't got no home, and them fellers what has got homes and them been chased out of them by their wives, look at a picture like that and it gives them sweet feelings and so they buy another round. Them sweet feelings makes business good."

"An appeal to sentimental sources?" ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Sure," said Gus. "You know how it is? It is like them fellers what wants to fight because they think nobody else wants to fight. But when they find they can get all the fight they want, they say, 'I'm a gentleman! That's what I am, I'm a gentleman!'"

"That's simply an effort to conceal their identity," said Mr. Jarr.

"So long as it don't mean concealed weapons, I don't care," replied Gus.

"That fellow is a real artist," said Rafferty, the builder, viewing the efforts of the decorator in soap with a critic's eye.

"Sure," said Gus, "and he don't stop to do any gassing. He's a Swede, Swedes is all good workers."

"That's right," echoed Rafferty, "I've got a bunch of Swede carpenters, and they are the best I've got. I can leave them alone on a job and they work right along and don't even talk to each other."

"Aha," said Gus, "that's always the way they do. It's because the Swed language is so hard to talk that they'd rather work."

Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier, and Mr. Bepler, the butcher, nodded their heads in the affirmative to this statement, and as Mr. Rafferty and Mr. Jarr let it pass without dispute, Gus thrust his thumb into the armhole of his vest and looked around as if the secret of Swedish industry had been solved and settled forever.

"What are you going to give us for Christmas, Gus?" asked Mr. Jarr.

The air of self-satisfaction passed from Gus' broad countenance.

"I ain't going to give nothing this Christmas to nobody," he answered. "Not that I'm a stingy feller, but it ain't good business. Don't tell nobody," he added hurriedly, "because there's a lot of trade that comes in during the holidays because they think if they spend a little money

I'll slip them a bottle of case goods as a Christmas present. After they find I don't do it, it's too late."

"You used to pass out Yuletide gifts of that sort," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I ain't going to do it no more," said Gus. "If you give to one feller and don't give to all you make the rest mad."

"But your old customers, your good customers?" asked Rafferty.

"It's all the same," said Gus, "they expect a bottle of whiskey, and they get mad. I seen a man I know half lost his trade doing that."

"Not his friends," said Slavinsky, interrupting that he was a friend by patting Gus on the arm. "A friend ain't never turned for nothing."

"Nix!" said Gus, emphatically. "I have always seen it that it is your best friend what makes your worst enemies!"

Old Florentine Baptismal Font.

In the old baptistry at Florence the baptistry with the wonderful bronze doors which Michael Angelo called "so beautiful that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise" most of the babies of Florence have been baptised for many hundred years.

At almost any hour of the day one will find baptisms parties waiting before the font, with babies of every race in life from the princely heir of a great house nearly smothered in costly furs and attended by a small army of friends and relatives, to the little creature decked out in gaudy cotton and held in the arms of a solitary old peasant woman.

No register of baptisms was kept in the very early days. The first record was made in his wise. A certain priest took it into his head to keep account of the number of children he baptized. Accordingly he put a white bean into a box for every boy and a black bean for every girl.

Later on records were carefully kept, and if one could look over them it would be a fascinating study, for probably the greater part of the painters, scholars, poets and soldiers who have made Florence famous received their names at the font of "my dear little Saint John"—as Dante called it.—Youth's Companion.

Wagg—Guzler talks about what a great singer he used to be, did he ever have his voice cultivated? Wagg—Well, he has spent a great deal of money irrigating it.

If you want to find out all about a man's virtues marry his widow.

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