

## "SHE THAT HESITATES"

BY HARRIS DICKSON.

Barbara pondered constantly on this man. She seemed to hear again and again that tender voice of his, "Take this, Barbara—it is exactly the half of all I possess." Then her thoughts ran on further to the quarrel she had so carefully planned with Boris; his pale, steady face when he left her to go into his own room—she could never drive that away. The woman shifted her chair, seeking vainly to place it where nothing could creep up behind her. Her candle sputtered on the table in the corner and hurled its grotesque phantoms against the wall. Suddenly every malicious shadow took upon itself the shape of Boris Dmitri, writhing on his bed with that streaming gasp across his throat. Barbara almost screamed aloud; she gasped and clutched at her sleeve—she brought it round and held it close before her eyes to see if his dabbled blood still clung to that. The woman shuddered with fear and shivered at the cold. Those persistent shades of evil fluttered about her, hid amongst the curtains, slunk beneath the table, sprang from floor to ceiling. Barbara shrank back but dared not take her eyes away lest one of them should creep upon her. D'Aubant slept; she dared not call him. Barbara glanced apprehensively again and again over her shoulder to see what it was that caused the certain distorted figure on the floor, so horribly like a man outstretched, quivering in agony.

"Only the shadow of a chair, which a fool I am to sit here and freeze—ugh! but it's cold!" Her teeth chattered; she took up her candle tremblingly and started toward her room. She saw the dim outlines of her portrait on the easel in the corner. "I'll look at it again; yes, yes, I was like that once, long, long ago. But now, almighty God, if he could only paint my soul!"

Barbara turned aside so as to pass nearer the easel. She stopped and held the candle close, closer yet. She stared in wide-eyed horror at the thing; then she screamed and dropped her candle, groped blindly for the door, dashed against a little table, knocked it down—and screamed again.

D'Aubant awoke in the night. "Who is there?" he demanded, calling into the dark.

"It is I—Barbara."

"Did you call me?"

"Yes," she strove to reply calmly; "I let the candle fall and knocked against the table; I must have made a noise."

"Are you hurt?"

"No, it is nothing; my hand pains a little. She hurried past him to her room. As D'Aubant turned down the hallway he heard the little clock chime four. But he asked no questions.

CHAPTER III.—THE MAN FOR BRUNSWICK.

The Chancellor Von Goertz of Sweden, buried in a huge mass of military papers, was in no mood to be disturbed for trifles. His whirlwind king, Charles XII., remained a restless fugitive in Turkey while the allied forces of Sweden gathered to part her realm. The burden of repulsing this northern coalition fell on the shoulders of Von Goertz, who gathered the chancellor worked away at the affairs before him. There came a knock at his door; a young man stepped into the room.

"What is it, Adolph? What is it?" Von Goertz grumbled impatiently.

"Pardon me, uncle, but I have found our man."

"Our man for what? We need so many men for such different purposes."

"The man for Brunswick, the man for the man for Brunswick, the man for the man for Brunswick."

"Yes, yes," Von Goertz rested his pen thoughtfully. "Yes, yes, I remember; where is he?"

"Here, in Stockholm."

The wily chancellor laid aside his work and turned to his nephew.

"Now tell me of him again; all you know—I may have forgotten something."

Von Goertz settled back in an attitude of close attention.

"He is the Frenchman of whom I told you—the Chevalier d'Aubant."

"Go on; what sort of man; what are his tastes, ambitions, environments, all?"

"He is thirty-five years old, handsome, of winning manners, especially with women—marvelously so—good natured, and brave. He lacks balance at times, but is scrupulously honorable. He is not in favor at home, and for the past fifteen years has wandered about the world as a free lance, fighting for the love of it. He has lived in Russia, fought in Scotland and Italy, fought against us at Pultowa."

"Lived in Russia, did you say?"

"Yes, for four years he was an officer in the tsar's pet regiment, the Preobrajenski."

"That will be a decided advantage—if you can trust him," assented the chancellor. "Is he needy?"

"No, I think not—he has some private fortune—not large, but sufficient."

"Then we must put more liberality."

"No," Adolph corrected; "the adventure itself will appeal to him—he dearly loves the flutter of a skirt. The fellow has most wonderful success with women, and they have cost him roundly. I believe he is the very best-dressed man in the world. Of such an enterprising nature."

The chancellor deliberated over it, then laughed and inquired:

"Can we trust him?"

"I believe it implicitly. He is no adventurer, merely a restless gentleman seeking amusement and excitement wherever he can find them."

The chancellor smiled dryly.

"He is like enough to find both amusement and excitement in this matter before he is done with it. But it makes no odds. The whole world knows of Sweden's opposition to this marriage. Even if—what is his name? D'Aubant—can it D'Aubant should betray us, our enemies would discover nothing new. Where did you find this man?"

"The old man's lip curled for such a character did not please him. Adolph ignored the sarcasm of his question and replied:

"It took my messenger several weeks to find him; he was down near Dresden hunting bear in the mountains."

"It may be worth trying, but certainly do no harm—that is all I can say for

it. Bring him here to-night; let no one see him come or see him on the streets. We are overrun with Russian spies."

"About nine?" inquired the nephew.

"No; I shall see him at ten."

Adolph discreetly took his leave. Von Goertz did not immediately return to the work that had engrossed him, but bent his thoughts upon this old threat, which had been a nightmare to Sweden for so many months. The chancellor well knew that a marriage between the German duchess and the Russian Romanoff would have been his bride, and Sweden might well have laughed at the futile ambitions of Peter. Von Goertz sat long after Adolph left, ruminating over these things.

A little before the stroke of ten, two young men and two dogs sauntered down the street and entered the palace by a side door. They went directly to the room of Von Goertz—Adolph and his friend the Chevalier d'Aubant. Adolph rapped on his uncle's door.

"Enter," the chancellor called, then turned his incisive gaze upon the Frenchman who came with his shaggy dogs beside him. Von Goertz glanced aside for a moment from the man to the dogs.

"I insisted that he let them come," explained Adolph.

The chancellor smiled as he rose to greet the stranger.

"This, then, is the Chevalier d'Aubant?" he inquired, frankly extending his hand.

D'Aubant entered with the easy confidence of a born gentleman, composed, without apparent curiosity and in no wise disturbed by the scrutiny to which he felt himself subjected.

Close beside him followed one of the dogs, the other quietly took possession of the door, and settled down on the threshold. D'Aubant laid his hand on the head of the dog beside him. A noble animal, gray and black, with a breast so white and frolicked it resembled one of those elaborate shirts which the dandies wore at Stockholm. His soft silky ears lay flat against his head, and he wayed at the end of his bushy tail a plume as

To be Continued.

FEARS ANOTHER FENIAN RAID

Arthur Norton Found Hopelessly Insane

WANTED TO CLUB A TURNKEY

Had to be Bound in the County Jail to Prevent Him Doing Mischief.

Arthur Norton, the young man who was arrested the other day while wandering about the city with a shotgun, was brought before his Honor Judge Macdonald this afternoon, in order that evidence might be heard as to his mental condition.

Acting Turnkey Corsant stated that since his incarceration in the county jail, last night he had threatened to smash the turnkey with a club. He had several times tried to do violence to himself, and had endeavored to tear off his clothes. His hands had to be bound in order to prevent him doing mischief. Prisoner had a delusion that he was a soldier, and that he had a special mission to resist another Fenian raid which threatened the city.

In the opinion of witnesses, this young fellow was dangerously insane.

Turnkey Stickles gave similar evidence.

Jail Surgeon Macarthur corroborated the evidence of the turnkeys, and said there was no doubt that the prisoner was a hopeless lunatic. He was to have been brought up a few days ago, but so violent had he become that he could not be removed from his cell. The youth had been kicked on the head by a horse about three years ago, and a blood vessel of the brain ruptured. The doctor who attended the prisoner at that time had predicted that insanity would ensue in the course of time.

Dr. Vaughn corroborated the testimony of Dr. Macarthur.

The young man was adjudged insane, and ordered to be removed to an asylum as soon as possible.

While in the judge's chambers the prisoner was carefully guarded by First Turnkey Danohue and Turnkey Corsant. He glared around him in a wild manner, while the evidence was being heard, rocking himself to and fro, and waving his hands. He muttered some incoherent words, occasionally one sentence being, "I once read a book on the Fenian raid." When taken back to his cell the young man marched between the turnkeys in what he considered the true military style, calling attention thereto.

Deafness of 12 Years' Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents. For sale by C. McCallum.

HARRY COLLINS PRESENT.

Detroit, Oct. 29.—Among the guests of Michigan Consistory Mystic Shriners at the banquet last night followed the four days' session just closed, was Deputy Imperial Potentate Harry Collins, of Toronto. Nearly seven hundred Shriners participated in the banquet.

When the Advertiser attacks Mr. Harvey Hall, and endeavors to belittle him, it attacks the railway men themselves, whose representative he is.

LATE EAST SIDE NEWS AND GOSSIP

The many friends of Mrs. R. J. C. Dawson, 1,025 Dundas street, will be pleased to hear that she is convalescent after her recent illness.

Rev. A. H. Goring, of the Centennial Methodist church, occupied the pulpit of the Exeter Methodist church at both services on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Graham have left for their home at Spokane, after a pleasant visit with friends in the east end. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will visit the St. Louis Exposition on the way through.

Father James, of Chatham, a member of the Franciscan Order, preached a special sermon to the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society on Sunday evening. Special music was provided by the choir.

The Rambler Pleasure Club have made all arrangements for placing a team in the Senior Hockey League. The prospect for a winning team is very bright.

The Rambler Club will entertain their friends at Dayton and McCormick's Academy to-night.

## A Man of the People.



MR. WILLIAM GRAY, LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR LONDON.

### IF HON. MR. HYMAN'S PRIVATE CAR WERE IN A SMASHUP

The position which Hon. Mr. Hyman occupies in his relation to the employees of the Grand Trunk is one that cannot be satisfactorily explained away.

If to-day Hon. Mr. Hyman and a party of friends were travelling in Mr. Hyman's private car, and an accident, due to the neglect of some one, took place, Mr. Hyman and his friends would have the right of action against the Grand Trunk for damages.

But the brakeman on the same train would not have that right. The baggage man on the same train would not have that right. The conductor on the same train would not have that right. The engineer on the same train would not have that right. The fireman on the same train would not have that right. The widows and the orphans of any of these trainmen would not have that right.

Why?

And yet Mr. Hyman himself told the Grand Trunk employees that he had expressed no opinion upon the Bill that was before his committee, which proposed to place the railway men upon the same footing as he himself is.

### THERE IS NO MEASURE OF RELIEF IN FORCE FOR THE RAILWAY MEN

### Hon. Mr. Hyman's Organ Attacks the Representative of the Railway Men Because He Has Dared to Speak

Hon. Mr. Hyman's organ says that the Dominion Government has appealed to the Supreme Court to know if they have the right to place upon the statute book of Canada an Act to give to railway employees the same rights that are the common lot of other workmen.

By this means does the Government seek to withhold from the railway men their just rights?

The organ knows that there is no such measure in force in Canada to-day, and by subterfuges and ragings and callings of names and gnashings of teeth, endeavors to lessen the effect of the damaging position in which the Liberal candidate finds himself, by reason of his attempts to defeat the measure introduced in behalf of the workmen.

Where did Hon. Mr. Hyman stand on this question?

"I EXPRESSED NO OPINION, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER," he says. The reporter of the Toronto World, who was present at the meeting of the Railway Committee, says that Hon. Mr. Hyman and Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick both attacked the measure.

Why was the meeting adjourned, when the business was all but completed?

Why had the Bill been dilly-dallied with from 1900 to 1904?

Why did a Liberal member drop the measure after introducing it, and the cudgels in behalf of the men have to be taken up by Mr. Lenox, a Conservative?

Evidently, there were many adjournments, beside the memorable one of June 30, 1904, which was directly caused by Hon. Mr. Hyman, at a most inopportune moment.

The Advertiser calls Mr. Harvey Hall a Tory henchman. The attack will be resented by the railway men, who know Mr. Harvey Hall much better than does the Advertiser.

Mr. Hall is one of the oldest railway men in the railway service. He was for many years a conductor, and by reason of his integrity and fitness for the position he was made Dominion Legislative representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Railway Conductors, Locomotive Firemen, Railroad Trainmen and Railway Telegraphers.

When the Advertiser attacks Mr. Harvey Hall, and endeavors to belittle him, it attacks the railway men themselves, whose representative he is.

Mr. Fred Rogers, of the car shops staff, has returned from Hamilton and resumed his duties.

Rev. John Currie, M. A., will occupy the pulpit of the King street Presbyterian church at both services on Sunday.

There will be a big Conservative meeting in the Jubilee ink to-night. The meeting will be addressed by the Conservative candidate, Mr. Wm. Gray, Mr. Hanna, M. P. P. Mr. Harvey Hall, Grand Trunk legislative representative, and others.

Mrs. and Miss Court, 781 King street, will leave for a month's visit to Detroit to-day.

The ladies of the Centennial Methodist church will hold a tea meeting in connection with the anniversary of the church, this (Monday) evening. An excellent musical programme has been provided.

A number of the younger hockey players of the city are trying to persuade Mr. Smith, of the Jubilee rink, to offer a trophy for teams of 15 years and under. In case the league is formed it will be known as the Junior League, and the present Junior League

will be termed intermediates. Mr. Smith will in all probability offer a cup for competition, and the games will be played on Saturday mornings during the winter. Mr. Smith has recently made some alterations to the rink in view of providing better accommodation for the hockey clubs.

Mr. Alfred L. Eacrett, of the east end, recently disposed of his household effects. Mr. Eacrett is moving with his family to Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. George Hammett, of the east side, has moved into the new residence recently erected by him at the corner of Queen's avenue and Ontario street.

The following books have been added to the car shops library:—Silas K. Hocking, "The Heart of Man," "A Son of Reuben," "One in Charity," "Purgatory," "The Yellow Hollow," "Warwick Deeping," "Love Among the Ruins," "Frederick Upham Adams," "John Burt," "Will. N. Hurlburt," "The Georgians," "Julian Lapham," "The Making of a Journalist," "Arthur W. Marchant," "By Snare of Love," "Warden Curtis," "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton," "Eden Phillips," "The American Prisoner," "Marie Manning," "Judith of the Plains," "Robert W. Chambers," "The Maid of Paradise," "In Search of the Unknown," "Francis Lynde," "The Grafters," "Louis Tracy," "The King of Diamonds," "Theodore Roberts," "Henning the Adventurer."

### WHERE YOU GO TO POLL YOUR VOTE

Will be More Polling Booths This Year Than Ever Before

Following are the polling sub-divisions to be used at the election to the House of Commons on Thursday next. The divisions are much the same as at previous elections, but the population growth of the city has been so great that in a number of instances two booths will be established in each sub-division. This will be done wherever there are more than three hundred voters in a sub-division. In most instances the second booth will be in another portion of the same house, or shop wherein is the first booth. The announcement as to this sub-division of the divisions will be made by Returning Officer Dignian on Monday. The names of the deputy returning officers will be given out Tuesday morning. The polling sub-divisions, according to the proclamation posted up yesterday are as follows:—

For No. 1 Ward.

Sub-division No. 1.—At the City Hall. Sub-division No. 2.—At Mrs. Reeve's house, 254 King street.

Sub-division No. 3.—At S. Yealand's store, 334 Ridout street.

Sub-division No. 4.—At Walter Wilkins' house, 359 Clarence street.

Sub-division No. 5.—At W. C. Ross's house, 123 Bathurst street.

Sub-division No. 6.—At Daniel O'Hearn's house, corner Richmond and Horton streets.

Sub-division No. 7.—At John C. Park's barber shop, 153 Simcoe street.

Sub-division No. 8.—At Mrs. Walton's house, 89 High street.

Sub-division No. 9.—At Alf. Cave's house, 22 Marley Place.

Sub-division No. 10.—At Finlay Evans' house, 33 Euclid avenue.

Sub-division No. 11.—At Trebilcock's ill.

Sub-division No. 12.—At Jerry Collins' house, 63 Wharncliffe Road.

For No. 2 Ward.

Sub-division No. 1.—At Porter's auction rooms, 97 Carling street.

Sub-division No. 2.—At James Percival's store, 235 Queen's avenue.

Sub-division No. 3.—At William Smith's store, corner Albert and Richmond streets.

Sub-division No. 4.—At Frank M. Smythe's, rear of store 621 Richmond street.

Sub-division No. 5.—At Charles M. Quick's store, 725 Richmond street.

Sub-division No. 6.—At Mr. Eberle's house, 37 Grosvenor street.

Sub-division No. 7.—At St. George's school house, West London.

Sub-division No. 8.—At Hamilton Ramsay's house, 79 Dundas street, West London.

For No. 3 Ward.

Sub-division No. 1.—At Mrs. McDonald's house, 246 Colborne street.

Sub-division No. 2.—At Henry Catter's house, 503 King street.

Sub-division No. 3.—At Henry Hussey's house, 241 Colborne street.

Sub-division No. 4.—At Mrs. Babcock's house, 245 William street.

Sub-division No. 5.—At Walter Vincent's house, 194 Colborne street.

Sub-division No. 6.—At D. McMillan's house, 433 Gray street.

Sub-division No. 7.—At George Hill-ton's house, 433 South street.

Sub-division No. 8.—At Mrs. Southcott's house, 518 Hamilton Road.

Sub-division No. 9.—At Town Hall, East London.

Sub-division No. 10.—At Chris. Downey's house, 1031 Francis street.

For No. 4 Ward.

Sub-division No. 1.—At George Benson's house, 380 Dufferin avenue.

Sub-division No. 2.—At Mr. Chapman's house, 406 Queen's avenue.

Sub-division No. 3.—At Charles Allen's house, 384 Central avenue.

Sub-division No. 4.—At M. McCormick's house, 674 Maitland street.

Sub-division No. 5.—At Mrs. Donohue's house, 418 Pall Mall street.

Sub-division No. 6.—At W. H. McCutcheon's store, corner Waterloo and Oxford streets.

Sub-division No. 7.—At A. Brown's house, 815 Maitland street.

Sub-division No. 8.—At Mrs. Nash's house, 506 Elizabeth street.

Sub-division No. 9.—At H. Pring's house, 727 Prince avenue.

Sub-division No. 10.—At J. Daly's house, 895 Princess avenue.

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Mooney's Crackers, there are

appetites to relish them. Grown

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Perfection

Cream Sodas.

Can't expect children to do it. They're such inviting crackers, and the moisture-proof packages bring them to you fresh and crisp.

Your grocer has Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas in 1 and 3 lb. cartons. Insist on having "Mooney's."

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