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It's always fair weather When good fellows get together "70 YEARS REPUTATION BEHIND IT"

THE GIRL IN BLACK

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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In a shaded spot just inside the entrance of Central park a girl was sitting. She was all in black, from the crown of her fetching little hat to her low shoes. Her face was pale with the paleness of a summer spent in the city, her brown hair rippled back from a smooth white forehead, her eyes were deep gray, steadfast and courageous. "And I have need of courage!" Cornelia Stratton murmured. For two months she had been hunting a position and so far she had not found one, although she had been able to substitute at a large commercial office for a week or two, and the pay she had received for that had, by careful hoarding, saved her from actual want. Yet as time dragged on her money dwindled and there seemed no hope in sight. "I shouldn't complain," she said valiantly; "it's the lot of many another girl who goes to a big city where she



THEY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A PICTURE THAT HELD HER AMAZED.

held her amazed and spellbound, for it was a portrait of herself. Half trembling and turning the leaves of her catalogue with nervous fingers, she read its name, "The Girl in Black," by George Heathwood.

"And certainly the best thing you've done, George, old man," said a boyish looking fellow at her elbow. "It's the hit of the exhibition, and such a simple thing too! Just a girl with a pretty flower-like face, sitting on a bench in the park. Oh, I remember! She's the one you once told me about. Have you found her yet, George?"

"Not yet," said a voice that made Cornelia's heart leap. "Not yet; but I mean to if I have to spend all my life in trying."

"And did her when you're at the tender age of forty! You needn't frown so savagely! I'm sure you've often been near her when you haven't in the least suspected it! To-day, for instance, have you searched this room thoroughly? For you know it's a true saying," drawled the boy over his shoulder as he moved away, "that love makes people blind."

"What do you mean?" Heathwood began, and then, turning, caught sight of Cornelia. "You!" he said softly beneath his breath. "You!"

Cornelia flushed. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but since circumstances are what they are I am going to call a truce to convention and ask you to do me a favor. Will you please sit... just where you are for two minutes? Promise me that you will not go away." He evidently took her reply for granted, for he did not wait to hear it. But before half the allotted time was up he returned with a distinguished, gray haired woman, whom many people in the room seemed to know, for they bowed to her as she passed.

"It's Mrs. Heathwood," Cornelia heard some one whisper. "The mother of the famous young illustrator." Heathwood approached Cornelia. "Mother," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—Miss—"

"Stratton," Cornelia murmured. "Stratton!" rejoiced Heathwood, dwelling on the word. The older woman smiled in appreciation of the situation. "Miss Stratton, may I present my son, Mr. Heathwood?"

Cornelia bowed. "And now that we've been properly introduced"—George commenced. "There is a Japanese tea room next door." Mrs. Heathwood broke in, "where I am very fond of going at this hour of the day. Won't you join us, Miss Stratton?"

Cornelia assented gladly. It was all so sudden and bewildering that it seemed like part of a dream—a dream that was coming true. "For now that I've found you," declared George Heathwood, "I never mean to lose you again!"

As they moved slowly through the room the young fellow who had been Heathwood's companion half an hour earlier looked after them with twinkling eyes. "It's easy to see," he chuckled, "that that picture of George's wasn't properly named, for the Girl in Black is going to be the Girl in White, with a tulle veil and orange blossoms. So runs the world!"

Two Intelligent Horses. "I have heard many stories of the intelligence of animals," said a close observer of animal life, "but the actions of two horses the other day equaled if not surpassed many of the tales. The pair were fine looking beasts attached to a farmer's wagon and had been left outside a feed store on Kensington avenue. Just beyond their reach were several bales of hay. By some clever maneuvering the white horse, which was nearest the pavement, managed to get hold of some of the hay. His brown mate, not getting any of the hay, with almost human actions made the white horse understand that he wished to share the feast. To satisfy his mate the white horse took larger mouthfuls of the hay and turned his head in a way so that the brown horse could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half the bale of hay had been consumed by the pair. When the owner of the hay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their luncheon he said that it was a good scheme and he would stand for the loss."—Philadelphia Record.

Sermons by Time. "I have attended church in a good many different places," said the southern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in our part of the country the pulpit orator is usually long winded. He has a certain subject in mind and has certain things to say concerning it, and he holds forth until he has said them all if it takes till bedtime to do it. Up here the time that can be devoted to the delivery of a sermon appears to be limited. In order not to overstep the bounds several clergymen that I have heard talked literally by the watch. They did not lay it down or stick it into a convenient pocket to be consulted occasionally, but held it out face up as a constant reminder that time was fleeting and that other pressing engagements awaited them. That may be an excellent preventive of weariness in the congregation, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second."—New York Press.

Had to Concede It. "Well," said Subbubs, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week." "What?" exclaimed Chifman. "Seventy-five dollars a week?" "No; 75 cents. Our cook struck for a raise from \$4.25 to \$5."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Dealing With Criminals.

The question of how to deal with the criminal class must ere long be met by the application of more potent remedies than are now applied, such as will meet the cause of moral deformities, contagion or accident. Countries to-day vie with each to devise sugar-coated systems to cure criminal habits; eminent jurists and magistrates have strained sinews in their behalf, and many good people keep beseeching the great Creator to set aside an immutable law and thus relieve the abnormal conditions of mankind.

Remove the certainty of death from a trip over Niagara Falls in an open boat and such trips would soon become a holiday pastime. So it is with the commission of criminal acts; remove the chances of just punishment from criminal offences and each act committed will only be a stimulant for the commission of more atrocious ones.—W. P. Archibald, Dominion Parole Officer.

Canadian Clubs.

Edmonton has a Canadian Club, which when a fortnight old had 138 members, and was still growing. The Canadian Club idea has got a firm grip on Canadian towns and cities and is a most hopeful sign for the political and commercial life of the community.



When you stop at the Chateau Frontenac or any hotel owned by the C.P.R., or travel in her Pullmans or Steamers, you will find "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap (individual size) supplied for your convenience. The finest and best soap made. Your Druggist has "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap. Large size 1 lb. cake. 3 cakes for 25c.

Papering Whitewashed Walls. Rooms whose walls have been whitewashed or calcimined present a difficult problem when one wishes to paper them. The usual method is to "size" the walls with a sticky preparation of molasses, vinegar, milk or glue to "kill" the lime so that the paper will stick. Here is a much better way that has proved perfectly satisfactory. Simply wet up the usual paste with vinegar instead of water and add 5 cents' worth of glue for each ordinary sized room. Brush the walls well with a dry broom to remove any dust or loose particles, put on the paper in the usual way and be assured that it will stay there.

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FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil in the "Aeneid" tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archer, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one which shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.

Where Snow Falls. If you are not a lover of snow, go to Malta, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it, the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year. The happy medium is supplied by Copenhagen, with thirty days, while Palermo, Rome and Venice, with one, two and five days, respectively, may be recommended to those who merely care for snow as a casual and fleeting guest.—London Chronicle.

His Suggestion. "That young woman is not intelligent, amiable or even decently courteous." "Oh, but her father is worth a million dollars." "Then I think she should be required to display a notice to that effect."

A Question. "My wife thinks she will never find a better cook than the one we now have." "Humph! Oh—er—say, what would you call your wife, a pessimist or an optimist?"—Cleveland Press.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Changes From the Era When Wives Were Taken by Force.

Marriage customs have changed everywhere with the advance of civilization. Anglo-Saxons in ancient times, it is said, used to capture their wives by force from their fathers or their husbands, it did not matter which.

This was before Augustine came to preach Christianity. Then purchase was more common than capture, although the latter seems to have been frequent enough to the reign of Ethelbert to need regulation by law. By this law a man might run away with a woman, provided he afterward paid her previous owner, be he father or husband, 50 shillings. If it was husband who had thus been deprived of his wife, the woman's captor had not only to pay him the fine, but also to buy him another wife. In any case the stolen woman belonged to her captor.

If a man had purchased his bride in the days of Ethelbert and afterward concluded he had paid too much for her, it was lawful for him to return her to her former owner and claim again the purchase price, provided that he had not previously expressed satisfaction by making the bride a present on the morning after the wedding.

The next step was the "foster lien," when the bride price was paid on the day of espousal and was supposed to compensate the parent for the cost of bringing up his daughter. It seems, however, that this soon fell into disrepute, as there was no law against the father engaging his daughter to numerous suitors, taking from each the "foster lien" and, of course, cheating all but one on the wedding day, which at that time was only the day of betrothal, when the suitor gave a "wed" or pledge for the future performance of his contract. If the suitor did not claim his bride within two years after the wedding day, he forfeited all right to her and to whatever money or goods he had paid for her. If the woman and her father broke their promises, the father had to give the suitor four times as much as the suitor had already paid him.

As civilization advanced the bride price was given to the woman herself and became her dowry, while nowadays the tables are frequently turned, and the bride settles the money on her husband.

LADYLIKE GEOMETRY.

Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style. Figures of the same size never consider themselves equivalent.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery points. A plain figure is one all points of which have been neglected by the dressmaker.

A mixed line is a line composing the reception committee of a club's presidential candidate. A broken line is a series of successive straight lines described by a woman alighting from a street car.

A straight line determined by two bargain tables is considered as prolonged both ways until the store closes.

Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.—Nellie Parker Jones in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pious Prayer. Aunt Dinah had come to see her old mistress, who had just recovered from an illness.

"Yes, Miss Lila, I sho'ly done prayed for yer to get well all de time, and now yer see how it done turned out."

"Then you believe that your prayers are always answered, Dinah?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly!" Then, with a sly glance: "Yer see, I naber tempts de Lord, 'case I don't pray for nothin' dat I don't know I'll git. Dr. John, he done tol' me he tort yer was on de recovery road." After a pause she went on:

"Say, Miss Lila, yer know what I prayed for last night?"

"No."

"Why, I just p'intedly begged de Lord ter put it into yer heart ter give me dat brown silk dress yer done out-got-dawed."

In the Matter of Tips. The man who tips the highest gets the best service and the most ostentatious deference. "Give this to the cook," said a St. Louis parvenu, handing a dollar to the waiter with his order, "and tell him to cook it my way." "Give this to the cook," said a scribe at the next table, handing a two dollar bill to the waiter with his order, "and tell him to cook it his own way, for he is a better cook than I am." We will not be outshone. We will not shrink in any man's shadow. At the same time the pace is too hot and fast for most of us.

THE SPANISH ESCURIAL.

It is a Marvelous Specimen of Ancient Architecture.

The Escorial, the palace of the Spanish king, an architectural marvel, formerly described as the "eighth wonder of the world," is now seldom spoken of even by those who are ready to go wild over much less pretentious structures. The cornerstone of this "Spanish St. Peter's" was laid by Philip II. in 1563, but it was 302 years (1865) before the monstrous building was pronounced finished. It was built by Philip in fulfillment of a vow to "erect the finest monastery in the world" should his forces be successful in their great battle with the French. That battle was fought at St. Quentin on Aug. 10, 1557, St. Lawrence day, and in order to honor that saint as well as to fulfill his vow the king had the foundation of his great memorial laid off in the shape of a gridiron, the implement of torture upon which the goodly Lawrence is reputed to have suffered martyrdom.

To those who have never visited the Escorial the size of the gigantic structure is beyond comprehension. It is 740 feet from north to south and 580 1/2 feet from east to west, the square towers at each corner rising to a height of over 200 feet. Within this monstrous building are the king's palace, a cathedral, a monastery of 200 cells, two colleges, three chapter houses, three library buildings, five large halls, six dormitories, three hospitals and over 3,000 other rooms. In order to make St. Lawrence's gridiron complete, the building is built in quadrangular form, with seventeen rows or ranges of monstrous stone structures crossing each other at right angles, these forming the gridiron's ribs, the handle being a wing 470 feet in length. The church, which is a part of this vast pile of masonry, is 364 feet long, 230 feet wide, with a dome 330 feet in height. It is estimated that the building cost \$50,000,000.

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The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Localized Him.

A stranger wishing to play golf at North Berwick saw some one in authority upon the matter.

"What name?" asked the dignified official in charge.

"De Neufeldt," the stranger replied.

"Mon," said the official in a tone of disgust, "we cannae fash ourselves w' names like that at North Berwick. Ye'll start in the morn at ten fifteen to the name of Fairgusson."

Progressing. Miss Weston—And have you played much golf, Mr. Jones—Well, no; can't say I've played much, but I've walked round the links several times in golf clothes, and I'm beginning to understand the language.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.

Even the man with a will of iron may lose his temper when he gets asked for Minard's and take no other.

Too many night-caps will keep a man out of bed entirely.

Good Point in Work of Late Detective Murray.

A recent article about detective work in London recalls the work of the late John Murray, for so many years chief of the Provincial Detective Service, says The Toronto News. You will not find this little point in his book, interesting as his memoirs are, but it came out constantly in his conversation, and this point is indicated by the word "Finally." Any man who ever talked to Mr. Murray knows how he smiled at the Sherlock Holmes idea of a sleuth, and he would be the best way explain how he followed his clues. It is true that at times his conclusions sometimes seemed to be reached by intuition rather than by reasoning; nevertheless Mr. Murray always viewed them as reasoned out from facts he had been able to gather. But throughout his conversation Mr. Murray would brush away and pass over intermediate steps with the word "Finally." Murray indicated how he was led into wrong by-ways, how the fugitive threw him off the scent, he would pass over the perplexities and the anxieties of those days or weeks and show how he got back on the trail, with a hearty and victorious "Well, finally." That was the keynote of the character of the great detective. With him there was always a "finally." Nothing was ever settled until it was settled right; no crime was ever forgotten until the mystery had been solved and the criminal brought to justice. Though he spent practically his whole life in tracking criminals, Mr. Murray was no human bloodhound. He was always to the last a genial, kindly Irishman, who did his duty and caused pain to individuals for the good of society from the same sense of duty, and with the same personal distaste as the physician, the teacher, or the Crown prosecutor. When he had given his word on any subject, he was scrupulous in carrying it out. A characteristic instance may be given. When his book was published in London, six advance copies were to be sent to the author, and he promised that the first to receive one would be the Literary Editor of The News. Through no fault of Mr. Murray, but because of what newspaper men call a "scoop," he went home one evening a fortnight before the copies arrived to find a four-column review of his book in the news columns of The News. Mr. Murray did not rest until he had made it plain to the Literary Editor that the was not to blame. Detective as he was, it was some time before he learned how he came to be "scooped" in his own book.

Literature and Life.

What books have helped you most? asked the sincere and serious young woman.

"I can't recall all of 'em," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but they were mostly stories with love and fighting in them. You see, I was in the book selling business when I began to get prosperous."—Washington Star.

The Natural Kind.

There were firebrigs all about the country where we spent last summer. "Goodness gracious! Did they do much damage?"

"Oh, no. Glowworms, you know, are quite harmless."—Baltimore American.

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