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# Lea & Perrins'



"It's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together"

"70 YEARS REPUTATION BEHIND IT"

## "FINALLY."

A 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.' Anybody who ever talked to Mr. Murray knows how he smiled at the Sherlock Holmes idea of a sleuth, and he would in the street 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 throw away and pass over intermediate steps with the word 'Finally.' This 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 distress 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 he was not to blame. Detective as he was, it was some time before he learned how he came to be 'scooped' on his own book.

## Literature and Life.

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

"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 firebricks 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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## 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



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

has neither friends nor relatives to help her. But, oh, I do wish I could find something. I'm so tired of disappointments."

From where she sat she could hear the ceaseless hum and stir of the city. There had been hours when it seemed to call like a challenge, and her heart beat in answer to it. Now it frightened her. It seemed so vast, so overwhelming. There were so many problems to be met and mastered. One of them was clothes.

She had chosen to dress in black because it was the most economical. Her deft fingers had fashioned a chic hat for a trifling sum, and for the rest she wore the same suit, day in and day out, taking such scrupulous care of it that she looked as well groomed as many a woman of means.

Each day, when she had searched for work till she was too tired to search further, she came to sit in the park, where everything was green and quiet, where squirrels feasted unmolested across the grass and where the clear liquid notes of birds lent a sense of peace to the country. There were moments when the scene charmed Cornelia, but oftener she was too disheartened to care. "What am I to do if this state of affairs lasts much longer?" she mused on this stifling afternoon in mid-August. She was utterly despondent. Her hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and she shut her eyes to keep back the tears. When she opened them again, she encountered the direct gaze of a man sitting on the bench opposite her. He was a well set up young fellow of about nine and twenty, broad shouldered and smooth shaven. As their eyes met the pity that was in his look changed to something deeper. "Take courage," the look said. "Life is a battle for all of us. Fight on."

Cornelia turned away her head, her heart fluttering strangely. Some one in all that vast city had seen, had cared. "It's simply nonsense," she told herself. "He's never seen me before, nor I him." Yet already she felt cheered. Unrolling a newspaper she held in her hand, she went over its want columns again. At the next office where she applied the business manager noted something bright and spirited in her aspect that argued well for her. "I'm the happiest girl in the whole wide world," she laughed a few minutes later, for she had found a position at last.

The winter months sped quickly and pleasantly. There was so much to do and so much to see—the shops, the theaters, the surging throngs on Broadway and the great promenade on Fifth avenue at twilight, when countless carriages blocked the crossings and when all the fashion and beauty of the earth seemed to shine before Cornelia's delighted eye. It grew to be a custom with her in going to and from her work to search the faces of the passersby in the half confessed hope that some time, somewhere, she should again catch a glimpse of the man whom she had seen in the park. It was a wish, however, that seemed destined to remain unfulfilled.

But one Saturday as she loitered in a crowded downtown art gallery she came face to face with a picture that

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 find 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! Toils, 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—"

"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 equalled 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 lunch 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 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 Snubbs, "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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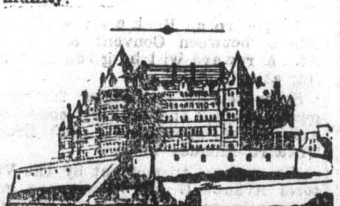
## Dealing With Criminals.

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 statutes 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 Police Officer.

## Canadian Clubs.

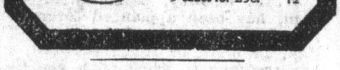
Edmonton has a Canadian Club, which when a fortnight old had 133 members, and was still growing. The Canadian Club idea has got a firm grip on Canadian towns and cities and is a most hopeful sign for the political and commercial life of the community.



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(individual size) supplied for your convenience. The finest and best soap made. Your Druggist has "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap. Large size 10c. 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 "Æneid" 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 Cloudeuse, 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 Vignerac, tells one that 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! Uh—er—say, what would you call your wife, a pessimist or an optimist?"—Cleveland Press.

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