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"FINALLY."

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 greater chief of the Provincial Detective Service, says The Toronto News. You will not find this little point in this book, interesting as his memoirs were, but it came out constantly in his commences to the control of The three sides of a sleuth, and he would be the treest way explain how he followed his clues. It is true that at struce the his conclusions sometimes meaned to be reached by intuition ra-Mer than by reasoning; nevertheless
Me. Murray always viewed them as
seasoned out from facts he had been and to gather. But throughout his somersation Mr. Murray would have away and pass over intermediate steps with the word "Finally." throng by ways, how the fugitive three him off the scent, he would be the word the perplexities and the manufacties of those days or weeks and whow how he got back on the trail, with a hearty and victorious "Well consulty." That was the keynote of the sharacter of the great detective. With there was always a "finally." Rothing was ever settled until it was weitled right; no crime was ever for getten until the mystery had been careful and the criminal brought to mustice. Though he spent practically his whole life in tracking criminals, To Murray was no human blood-bound. 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 mense of duty, and with the same personal distress, as the physician, dhe teacher, or the Crown prosecutor. When he had given his word on any multipect, he was scrupulous in carry ing it out. A characteristic instance may be given. When his book was published in London, six advance exceptions were to be sent to the author, and he promised that the first to reserver one would be the Literary Edi-acr of The News. Through no fault of Mr. Murray, but because of what seemspaper men call a "scoop," he server the copies arrived to find a heer-column review of his book in the mews columns of The News. Mr. Muraray 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 hearned how he came to be "scooped" an his own book.

Literature and Life.

"What books have helped you most?" maked the sincere and serious young

"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 busimess when I began to get prosperous."
-- Washington Star.

The Natural Kind. country where we spent last summer."

dness gracious! Did they do

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

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THE SPANISH ESCURIAL

It is a Marvelous Specimen of Ancient

Architecture.

ish king, an architectural marvel, for-

merly described as the "eighth wonder

of even by those who are ready to go

tures. The cornerstone of this "Span

ish St. Peter's" was laid by Philip II.

in 1563, but it was 302 years (1865) be-

fore the monstrous building was pro-nounced finished. It was built by Phil-

ip in fulfillment of a vow to "erect the finest monastery in the world" should

his forces be successful in their great

hattle 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 Law-

rence is reputed to have suffered mar

To those who have never visited the

Escurial the size of the gigantic struc

leges, three chapter houses, three li-

dormitories, three hospitals and over

with seventeen rows or ranges of mon-

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 ma-

with a dome 330 feet in height. It is

estimated that the building cost \$50,-

NERVOUS and WEAK

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT

To the thousands of people all over this land who are tousing on steepless pillows night after night, or who pace the bodroom

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE

PILLS

offer the blessing of sound, refreshing

They restore the equilibrium of the de-

ranged nerve centres, and bring back the

shattered nervous system to perfect condi-

Mrs. Wm. Richardson, Pontypool, Ont.,

writes: "I take great pleasure in recom-mending Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

I was troubled at times with my heart, felt

weak and nervous and could not sleep at

I have recommended them to others and

they have found them just what they

The price of Milburn's Heart and Norve

Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 bexes for \$1.25 at all dealers or will be mailed direct on

receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Torento, Ont.

Localized Him.

A stranger wishing to play golf at North Berwick saw some one in au-

"What name?" asked the dignified

official in charge.
"De Neufeldt," the stranger replied.

disgust, "we canna fash corsels wi'

names like that at North Berwick,

Ye'll stairt in the morn at ten fifteen to the name of Fairgusson."

Miss Weston-And have you played

much golf, Mr. Jones? 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 begin-

The best part of beauty is that which

Even the man with a will of iron

may lose his temper when he gets

Ask for Minard's and take no other

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

ning to understand the language

no picture can express.—Bacon.

"Mon," said the official in a tone of

thority upon the matter

night. I have taken several boxes

pills and am wenderfully improved.

eyes sleep will not com

sonry, is 364 feet long, 230 feet wide

ture is beyond comprehension.

tyrdom.

wild over much less pretention

The Escurial, the palace of the Span-

The Change From the Era When Wives Were Taken by Force. Marriage customs have changed every where with the advance of civilizan. Angle-Saxons in ancient times, it is said, used to capture their wives by force from their fathers or their hus-

bands, 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 prerious 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 satisfacition by making the bride a present on 740 feet from north to south and 580%

the morning after the wedding. feet from east to west, the square tow.

The next step was the "foster lien," ers at each corner rising to a beight of when the bride price was paid on the day of espousal and was supposed to compensate the parent for the cost of dral, a monastery of 200 cells, two colbringing up his daughter. It seems, leges, three chapter houses, three however, that this soon fell into disrebrary buildings, five large halls, pute, as there was no law against the father engaging his daughter to nu- 3,000 other rooms. In order to make merous suitors, taking from each the St. Lawrence's gridiron complete, the "foster lien" and, of course, cheating building is built in quadrangular form, all but one on the wedding day, which at that time was only the day of be strong stone structures crossing each trothal, when the sultor gave a "wed" or pledge for the future performance of 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 a much as the suitor had already paid

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

LADYLIKE GEOMETRY.

Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style. Figures of the same size never con-

sider themselves equivalent. A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery openings. 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 succes-There were firebugs all about the sive straight lines described by a woman alighting from a street car.

A straight line determined by two sidered as prolong ed both ways until the store closes. Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.-Nellie Jones in Chicago Record-Her-

A Pointed 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 fer yer to git 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 neber tempts de Lord, 'case I don't pray fer nothin' dat I don't know I'll git. Dr. John, he done tol' me he tort yer was on de re covery road." After a pause she went

"Say, Miss I.lla, yer know what I prayed fer last night?"

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

in the Matter of Tips.

The man who tips the highest gets the est service and the most ostentations deference. "Give this to the cook," said St. Louis parvenu, handing a dollar to the walter 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 teil 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.

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THE GIRL IN BLACK > BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

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!" Cornella 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



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 frisked unmolested across the grass and where the clear liquid notes of birds lent a semblance of the country. There were moments when the scene charmed Cornelia, but oftener she was too disheartened to care. "What am I to do 'f this state of affairs lasts much longer?" she mused on this stifling after. noon 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 encounterthe 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 "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 Cor-nelia'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 a raise from \$4.25 to \$5."—Catholic came face to face with a picture that Standard and Times.

and the Wester State of the State of the second

held her amazed and spellbound, for it was a portrait of herself. Half trem-bling 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! Toda, 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 peo-

"What do you mean"- Heathwood began, and then, turning, caught sight of Cornella. "You!" he said softly neath 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 st., 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 distinguished, gray haired woman, whom many people in the room seem-ed 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 apprecia-

tion of the situation. "Miss Stratton, may I present my on, Mr. Heathwood?"

'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?" Miss Stratton?"

Cornelia assented gladly. It was all so stadden 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 are in." 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 twin-

"It's easy to see," he chuckled, "that that picture of George's wasn't prop-erly named, for the Girl in Black is going to be the Girl in White, with s 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 the bale of hay had been consur the pair. When the owner of the hay was informed of the unique manner in which the horses secured their lunch eon 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 south ern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in our par of the country the pulpit orator is usu ally 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 lit erally by the watch. They did not lay it down or stick it into a convenien 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 congrega-tion, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second." -New York Press.

said Subbubs, "I've just weathered a little labor trouble that's costing me seventy-five per week." "What!" exclaimed Citiman. "Sev enty-five dollars a week?"

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Dealing With Criminals. 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

markind.

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 commitment of more atrocious ones.—W. P. Archibald, Dominion Parole Officer.

Canadian Clubs.

Edmenton 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. munity.



Toilet Soap supplied for your convenience. The finest and best soap made. Your Druggist has "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

Papering Whitewashed Walls Rooms whose walls have been white washed or calcimined present a difficult problem when one wishes to paper them. The usual method is to "size 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. Sim ply wet up the usual paste with vin egar 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

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow

The expression "drawing a long bow" loes 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 marvel require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the h believe it. Some of the longest bows.
of this sort have been drawn about ows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil in the "Eneid" tells of four archers. who were shooting for a prize, the 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, libustrated 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. 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 experiness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigener tells one that shows the tremen 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 Barbaros sa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon bell.

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 espectively, may be recommended to those who merely care for snow as a casual and fleeting guest.-London

His Suggestien.

"That young woman is not intelligent, amiable or even decently courte-

"Oh, but her father is worth a milli-"Then I think she should be required

to display a notice to that effect.'

A Question.
"My wife thinks she will never find 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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Every Bag and Barrel could enjoy the feast. By the time their owner reached them nearly half

IF you would examine a saucerful of "Kent Mills" Flour under a powerful magnifying glass you would see that it contains a multitude of sharp, white granules of uniform The wonderful evenness of

these minute granules is due to our superior methods of milling. It is because these granules are uniform in size that "Kent Mills" Flour invariably makes

bread free from hard, doughy

lumps, "eyes," or large air holes. Every granule swells to the same size in the sponge. When baked the bread is even in texture and honeycombed with small air cells. Just the way

every good cook likes to have it. And not only are the granules uniform in size, but the blend is always uniform, too.

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Winter Wheat. A differently proportioned blend - and superior to all other brands. After the flour is blended it is

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