

## A Prince of Sinners

By Phillips Oppenheim.  
Author of "A Lost Leader," "The Mafecator," "A Maker of History," etc.

"Come," he said, "a toast—to ourselves. Singly? Collectively. Lady Caroom, I drink to the delightful memories with which you have peopled Einton. Sybil, may you charm society as your mother has done. Brooks, you very good health. May your entertainment this evening be a welcome one."

"We will drink to all those things," Lady Caroom declared, "with enthusiasm. But I am afraid your good wishes for Sybil are beyond any hope of realization. She is far too honest to flourish about being a cabinet minister, and become engrossed in theology or politics. You know how limiting that sort of thing is. I am in deadly fear that she may become a humdrum. A woman who really studies or knows anything about anything can never be a really brilliant woman."

"Oh, I pass for being intelligent because I parade my ignorance so, just as Sophie Mills is considered a paragon of morality because she is always talking about being a saint. About the boys in her husband's regiment. Is a gigantic bluff, you know, but it comes off. Most bluffs do, come off if one is only daring enough."

"You must tell them that up at Redcliffe," Lord Arranmore remarked. Sybil laughed heartily.

"Redcliffe is the one place where mother is dumb," she declared. "Up there they look upon her as a stupid but well-meaning person. She is absolutely afraid to open her mouth."

"They are absurdly literal," Lady Caroom sighed, helping herself to an infinitesimal portion of a wonderful savory. "Don't talk about the place. I know I shall have an attack of nerves there."

"Mother always gets nerves if she mayn't talk," Sybil murmured. "You're an untidy daughter," Lady Caroom declared. "If I do talk I never say anything, so nobody need listen unless they like. About this entertainment, Arranmore. Are you going to make the wineglass disappear and the apples fly about the room like a Musketeer and Cook? I hope our share in it consists in sitting down."

Arranmore turned to the butler behind his chair. "Have coffee and liquor served here, Groves, and bring some cigarettes. Then you can send the servants away and leave us alone."

The man bowed. Lord Arranmore looked around at his guests. "The entertainment," he said, "will incur no greater hardship upon you than a little patience. I am going to tell you a story."

CHAPTER XX.  
The servants had left the room, and the doors were fast closed. Lord Arranmore sat a little forward in his high-backed chair, his hand on the arm, the other stretched flat upon the table before him. By his side, neglected, was a cedar wood box of his favorite cigarettes.

"To tell you a story, of whom the hero is—myself. A poor sort of entertainment, perhaps, but then there is a little tragedy and a little comedy in what I have to tell. And you three are the three people in the world to whom certain things were better told."

"They bent forward, fascinated by the cold directness of his speech, by the suggestion of strange things to come. The mask of their late gaiety had fallen away. Lady Caroom, grave and sad-eyed, was listening with an anxiety wholly uncharacteristic. Under the shaded lamp light their faces, dominated by that cold mastery figure at the head of the table, were almost Rembrandtesque.

"You have heard a string of incoherent but sufficiently damaging accusations made against me today by a young lady whose very existence, I may say, was a surprise to me. It suited me then to deny them. Nevertheless they were in the main true. The announcement was no shock. Every one of the three curiously enough had believed the girl."

"I must go a little further back than the time of which she spoke. At 26 years old I was a little young man of good family, but scant expectations, supposed to be studying at the bar, but in reality idling my time about town. In those days, Lady Caroom, you had some knowledge of me. I was 'Up to the time of your disappearance—yes, I remember, Arranmore," she continued, her manner losing for a moment some of its restraint, and her eyes and face suddenly softening. "Dancing with you that evening. We arranged to meet at Ranelagh the next day, and, when the next day came, you had vanished, gone as completely as though the earth had swallowed you up. For weeks everyone was asking what had become of him, and then—I suppose you were forgotten."

"This," Lord Arranmore continued, "is the hardest part of my narrative, the hardest because the most difficult to understand. You will forgive my offering you the bare facts only. I will remind you that I was young, impressionable, and had views. So to continue!"

The manner of his speech was in its way chillingly impressive. He was still in exactly the same position, one hand upon the arm of his high-backed chair, the other hand upon the table before him. He made use of no gestures, his face remained as white and emotionless as a carved image, his tone, though clear and low, was absolutely monotonous. But there was about him a subtle sense of repression apparent to all of them.

"On my way home that night my hansom knocked down an old man. He was not seriously hurt, and I drove him home. Every now and then he laughed—unpleasantly."

"I have never seen anyone out of my world before," he said. "I dare say you have never spoken to anyone out of mine except to toss us alms. Come and see where I live."

"He insisted and I went. I found myself in a lodginghouse, now pulled down and replaced by one of Lord Rowton's tenement houses. I saw a hundred human beings more or less huddled together promiscuously, and the face of every one of them was like the face of a rat. The old man dragged me from room to room, laughing all the time. He showed me children, huddled together without distinction of sex or clothing, here and there he pointed to a face where some apprehension of the light was fighting a losing battle with the shadows of disease, of vice, of foul air, of filth. It was faint and giddy when we had looked over that one house, but the old man was not satisfied. He dragged me on to the roof and pointed eastward. There, as far as the eyes could reach, was a blackened wilderness of smoke-begrimed dwellings. He looked at me and grinned. I can see him now. He had only one tooth, a blackened yellow stump, and every time he opened his mouth to laugh he was nearly choked with coughing. He leaned over the palisading and reached with both his arms eastward."

"There," he cried, frantically, "you have seen one. There are thousands and tens of thousands of houses like this, a million crawling vermin, who were born into the world in your likeness, as you were born, my fine gentleman. Day by day they wake in their holes, fill their lungs with foul air, their stomachs with rotten food, break their backs and their hearts over some hideous task. Every day they drop a little lower down. Drink alone keeps them alive, stirs their blood now and then so that they can feel their pulses beat, brings them a blessed stupor. And see over there the sun, God's sun, rises every morning, over them and you. Young man! You see those shining spots of light? They are gin-palaces. You may thank your God for them, for they alone keep this horde of rotten humanity from sweeping westward, breaking up your fine houses, emptying your wine into the streets, tearing the silk and laces from your beautiful soft-limbed women. Bah! But you have read. It would be the French Revolution over again. Oh, but you are wiser than I in the west, your statesmen and philanthropists, that you build these gin-palaces, and smile, and rub your hands and build more and spend the money gaily. You build the one which can keep back your retribution. You keep them stupefied, you cheapen the vile liquor and hold it to their noses. So they drink, and you live. But a day of light may come."

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## OXFORD, MIDDLESEX FARMERS ARE WEALTHY

Have Made Much Money by Dairy Products—Prospects for This Season Good.

Ingersoll, June 28.—Prospects for the farmers through the counties of Middlesex and Oxford have not been brighter in many years than they are now in every live in which farmers are interested. The dairying industry, in which, more than in any other, the wealth of the farming communities is invested, is thriving as it has not done in a long time. Grain and other crops are looking well, and promise an abundant yield, as they are rapidly outgrowing the ill-effects of the lateness of the season. Live stock is in good condition, and high prices are ruling for everything.

"Are the farmers making money?" has been asked by your correspondent. "Everyone is making it," for the farmers are a good deal better off than the townspeople around here," said a loan company manager. "They have so much money that they are our greatest competitors on making loans. They lend to each other at lower rates than we can afford to."

"Of the deposits in the banks of this town," said a banker, "nearly 90 per cent belongs to the farmers, and the deposits are well up to three million dollars."

"The town is full of retired farmers," said another, "who are doing nothing but living on the money they have made out of the land."

"Look up the market page of your own paper," a produce merchant exclaimed, "and see the prices they are getting, and then ask if the farmers are making money."

Cheese Is King.  
Cheese is king in these counties. A Woodstock cheesemaker said that Oxford county was making more cheese this season than ever before. All the cheesemen interviewed by your correspondent in Oxford and Middlesex reported that, while during May the cheese sell somewhat behind May of 1908, there had been a rapid increase during the current month. They already during the season's make was ahead of the corresponding period of last year. Estimates of the increase are from five to ten per cent, and the make is still increasing. A number of reasons are put forward for this increase, chief of which is the excellent pasturage. There is also said to be a larger number of milk cows in the farmers' hands, as a result of the high prices obtainable from the cheesemakers. The average price of milk paid the farmers by the cheesemakers has been from 90c to 92c per hundred pounds, and this is nearly the highest price milk touched during last season. Again, there has been an easing up in the amount of milk used by the milk-condensing plants around here, which, it is said, rather overreached themselves last season. This has brought more milk to the cheese factories.

A small part of the cheese manufactured is placed on the local boards, the figures of the London Cheese Board, compared with those of last year, may be said to be a criterion as to the difference in the make. At the first three weekly meetings of that board in this month there were boarded 7,340 boxes of cheese, while at the three corresponding meetings of last June, there were boarded only 6,244 boxes. The sales this month have been made at prices from 3/4c to 1/2c above those of last June.

The quality of the cheese has been excellent, as the cool nights have been favorable for it, and the milk has been exceedingly rich. The standard of quality has been kept up to the mark by the instructors in connection with the Dairymen's Association, who are succeeding in securing more and more a thorough understanding of the business on the part of the factorymen.

Great Increase of Cows.  
In West and North Middlesex, where creameries are to be found in more than a dozen factories, there is being produced greater amount of butter than last year. A buyer of butter from that section said that so far this season he had handled much more butter than in the same period in either of the two previous seasons. The farmers were keeping more milk cows, he said. He knew half a dozen farmers who, while last year they had from five to ten cows each, were keeping this season as many as from twenty to forty cows. The general proportionate increase was, however, not so high as this, for there were other farmers who had not so many cows. Through the cheese districts, dairymen say, the make of butter is slightly behind, rather than ahead of last year. Cheese in the butter districts is said to be a little ahead of last year.

While it is a difficult matter to tell, it is believed that the crop of young chickens and turkeys is on the whole a large one, the high prices obtainable for both poultry and eggs inducing farmers to take up with renewed interest the raising of poultry. The production of eggs has been substantially in advance of last year, a dealer saying that already this season he had handled as many eggs as during the whole of last season. There has been a strong speculative demand for eggs, which has kept the prices steady in the neighborhood of a cent higher than they were a year ago.

The past few days of hot weather and warm showers have been the best thing possible for all crops, and growth is making tremendous strides this week. Wheat is looking exceedingly well, and the acreage is said to be larger than it was last year. Earlier in the season the outlook for wheat was rather dismal, but weather conditions have been so favorable that the prospects for an excellent crop have been decidedly improved. Oats are from two to three weeks late, but the crop promises about the same as last year. Barley has been sown a little more extensively this season, and is now making very rapid growth. Some of it is heading out. Potatoes are regarded as about the same as last year. Fields are in variety.

## Everything She Ate SEEMED A BURDEN TO CARRY.

HAD STOMACH TROUBLE FOUR YEARS.

When your food has not been properly digested, your body has not received the benefit it should. The exertions of the gastric juices have been confined entirely to removing the unassimilated undigested portions of food which they cannot properly digest as speedily as possible from the body, thereby only giving the blood a small percentage of nourishment with which to feed the tissues. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, promotes perfect digestion, makes pure blood, tones the stomach, and thus restores perfect health and strength to the debilitated system.

Mrs. D. A. Francisco, Rossland, B.C., writes: "I was suffering from stomach trouble of the worst kind for about four years. Everything I ate seemed a burden to carry. I always arose in the morning with a sickening and feverish taste in my mouth and was troubled with swellings in my hands and feet, which my physician said was due to the disordered state of my stomach. I tried everything that was purchasable, and also consulted two or three physicians, but could find no relief until one of my neighbors told me of a wonderful cure by Burdock Blood Bitters. I used altogether ten bottles and am now perfectly cured. I wish to recommend B.B.B. to anyone who may be so unfortunate as I was."

For sale by all dealers.

ing stages of development, some being barely up, and some in bloom. Other root crops, turnips, mangolds and beets, were late in being put in the ground, but their growth has since been attended with favorable conditions.

So far as your correspondent can learn, farmers through these counties have not yet taken up on a larger scale the breeding of hogs. The number of young pigs is said to be about the same as it has been for several years. The scarcity of hogs through the neighborhood is reflected in the small amount of whey that is taken by the farmers away from the cheese factories. While farmers do, as a rule, they do not raise cattle to any great extent, their feed beef cattle in their except for dairying purposes.

## READS LIKE ROMANCE

Story From New York Like Chapter From Arabian Nights.

New York, June 26.—A tale of a pearl said to be worth \$140,000 and weighing nearly thirteen grains varied the drab monotony of the West Side yesterday. The magistrate rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he was an Oriental cadi hearing the deposition of a sailor. Then he rubbed his eyes again and scrutinized the visitor from whose lips the tale came as freely as ever such a one flows from the pen of a Wilkie Collins or a Robert Louis Stevenson.

The teller said he was Captain S. R. White. Centuries ago an ancestor of the Maharajah had presented to his favorite monastery two large oval pearls of sky blue color. In 1879, a piece ran away with a Rance, and they took the pearls with them. The priest and his wife were found killed.

In 1885 the pearls were next heard of as being in the possession of a Duke d'Amboise, in France. He gave them to his friend, Col. de Verney. Misfortunes followed the possessors of the pearls. Du Verney and his wife both died, and the gems were sold at auction and reset by Parisian jewelers for the King of Belgium.

The gallant captain next told how King Leopold presented the pearls to his friend, a French dealer, and famous in her day. Mlle. de Merode sent one of the pearls back to the Maharajah, and the other he gave to a French officer. He fell in a duel. His vanquisher took the pearl and again it disappeared from view until coming into the hands of a wealthy American it was pawned by him when stocks broke badly in Wall Street for a paltry \$1,000. Now here's the sequel.

Captain White, as the agent of the Maharajah, asked and obtained from the magistrate a summons for the appearance of Morris A. Forgeston, a dealer in pawn tickets in upper Broadway, who, he said, had purchased the ticket for the pledged pearl for \$150. The latter, it is said, has resold the ticket to a stranger. Mysterious Hindus are in town trailing Forgeston and the clues to the pearl, and meanwhile

## Throat Swelled

VOICE DISAPPEARED. TERRIBLE COUGH. AGONIZING HEADACHE.

The Trying Experience of a Woodstock Man Who Nearly Died With Grippe.

People that allow "grippy" colds to run on unheeded often find themselves in the perilous predicament that nearly cost Marx M. Melanson his life. "It was a long drive through the rain that started my cold," he said, "but I paid much attention to it, thinking it would pass away. I soon experienced a stabbing tightness in my chest and throat. This grew quite intense and my throat swelled below the ears and it hurt to turn my head. A terrible dry, hacking cough, and a sleepless and miserably sick, and my head felt like bursting. A neighbor brought me Nervine and rubbed it in copiously over my throat and chest, and I used it in hot water every four hours. I did this and got relief—the soreness lessened, and I put on a new line Porous Plaster. Although nearly despair when I started Nervine, it was no time before I was well and over my feet again. Such remarkable power for breaking a cold I never thought of being found in one remedy. Nervine saved my life, and I consider it should be in every home."

Not only will Nervine break up colds and prevent pneumonia, but it will also cure rheumatism, earache, toothache, lumbago and sciatica. Wherever there is pain or inflammation, Nervine will cure it quickly. Be aware of substitutes—get Nervine only, large 25c bottles at all dealers.

## Early Closing Notice

Commencing Friday, July 2, and continuing throughout the months of July and August, this store will close every day excepting Saturday at 5 p. m. Store open Saturdays till 10 p. m.

## Dutch Collars, Jabots, Belts, Etc.

Whatever necessary little adjunct you require to complete your Dominion Day attire, come to us for it. We've a broad variety of Collars, Jabots, Bows, Belts, etc.; many novelties that have to be seen to be appreciated. If it is new and measures up to our standard of good taste we have it.

LADIES' DUTCH COLLARS, with and without jabots; dozens of pretty designs. Prices range from 25c to \$2.25  
SATIN DUCHESS BOWS, in all the wanted colors, at 25c  
GUIPURE LACE BOWS, cream and white 25c  
LADIES' HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS, pure linen; special, 4 for 25c  
LADIES' HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS, beautifully embroidered, each 20c, or 3 for 50c

LADIES' WASH BELTS, beautifully embroidered, straight edged and scalloped, with pearl buckles 25c  
LADIES' WASH BELTS, embroidered on double linen; many handsome designs; pearl buckles 50c  
WASH BELTING, pure white, with pretty floral design; per belt 19c  
Hair Retainers, many different styles and patterns; special 15c

## Ready-To-Wear Specials

LADIES' WHITE WASH SKIRTS, made of Indian Head; fifteen-gore, with insertion between each gore \$3.00  
LADIES' WHITE WASH SKIRTS—Fine quality of Indian Head, with fold all around, and narrow-stitched bands; nine-gored \$2.75  
WHITE NET WAISTS—Pretty designs, embroidered fronts \$3.50 and \$3.95  
WHITE MUSLIN WAISTS—We have three unbeatable specials, 98c, \$1.39, \$1.90

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

**GRAY & PARKER**  
PHONE 1182. 150 DUNDAS ST. and CARLING ST.

## Marine

Vessel Passages.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., June 27.—Up: Angeline, 9:30; Andrews, 10:30; McIntosh, midnight; Arthur Hawgood, Coralia, 3; McDougal, 4; Philip Minch, 5; Ericson, Thomas, 6:30; Noll, 7:30; Corrigan, 8; Stanton, 10:40; Assiniboine, Baker, 11; Durston, 11:30; Colingwood, Beam, noon; Huronic, Corey, 1:30; Midland Prince, Fairbairn, Carrington, Stewart, 2; Howard Hanna, Kennedy, John Mitchell, 3; Townsend, Duluth, 3:30; (large) Samuel Mather, Cornell, 4; Ishpeming, Middle, 5; Samuel Morse, 5:30 (steel) Wolf, 6; Lambert, Altonett, 6:30; Berwind, Western Star, 7; North Sea, 8; Kenora, Segun, 9.

Down: Henry Rogers, midnight; Woodward, 1; Linn, Martha, 2; Lynch, 3; Bradley, Woolson, Jenness, Brightie, 4; Cole, 6; Wahcondah, Mariska, Vail, 7; Gayley, Noble, 8; (steel) Fitzgerald, 9; S. E. Graft, Barton, 9:30; Jones, 10:40; Houghton, Smeaton, Gorman, 11:30; Ball Bros, Bixby, Mahoning, 1 p.m.; Panay, 2; New York, 4; Perkins, 4:30; William H. Mack, England, Midland King, 6; Morrell, 7:30; Geo. Peavey, 7:30; Adams, Stone, 8:30.

Mackinaw City, Mich., June 27.—Up: Wilkesbarre, 9:30 last night; L. C. Hanna, 1:30 a.m.; Schuykill, 3:40; Horrigan, 4; Conestoga, 4:20; Orion, 5; Earling, Stephenson and consort, 5:30; Ogdenburg, noon; Pambosco, 12:20 p.m.; Maytham, Tyrone, 3:40; Cole, 4; Alexis, Thompson, 7:15; Cuddy, 8; Kearsarge, 8:30.

Down: Bermuda, 9 last night; Peters, 10; Mueller, 12:40 a.m.; Wisconsin, 1:20; Republic, 1:30; England, 1:40; Wente, 3; S. K. Martin and consort, 5:30; French, 6; Wolf (new), Maryland, Lambert, 7:15; Western Star, 9:10; Walter Scranton, Shaughnessy, noon; Saranac, 1:30 p.m.; Northland, 3:30; McKee, 5; Black Rock, 7:40.

Detroit, Mich., June 27.—Up: O. E. Parks, 9 Saturday night; Advance, 9:30; George King, Gawn, Teutonic, 10:15; Palne, Charles Neff, Roumania and barge, Crete, midnight; Andrew Upson, Elba, 12:30 Sunday morning; Boland, E. L. Wallace, 1:30; Goodyear, 2:20; Crowe, J. A. Donaldson, 2:45; Sachem, 3:30; Calumet, 4:15; Polynesia, 4:30; Nettleton, Peter White, 5:45; J. C. Morse, 6:20; Northern Wave, 7; McKinney, 7:30; Tampa, 7:40; Mariposa, Bell, W. H. Sawyer, Redfern, Tuxbury, 8; Mount Eagle, 8:10; Richardson, 8:40; Norton, 9:20; Gill, 10; Toltec, 11:10; Caneston, 11:30; Fitch, Maitland, 1 p.m.; McGean, 1:20; Wells, 2:15; London, Home Rule, 2:40; Presque Isle, 3; Maine and barge, Uranus, Seneca, 3:10; I. J. Joyce, Iron Cliff, 3:20; Phillips, 3:50; Walden, 3:55; Beatty, 4:30; Charles H. Hebard, 5; Susquehanna, 6:15.

Down: Tuscarora, 9 Saturday night; Cowie, 9:10; D. G. Kerr, 11:30; Edmonton, 12:30 Sunday morning; Nascantia, Rummels, 1; M. T. Green, 2:45; Hopkins, Shawnee, 5:30; Verona, 5:45; Meacham, 7:40; Ramapo, 8:20; W. B. Kerr, 8:30; Wisahickon, 9; Sinaloa, 9:50; Mataafa, Bryn Mawr, Hill, Fulton, Smith, 10; Nevada, 11; Robert Fulton, Magna, 11:40; Maunoioa, 1:30 p.m.; Arizona, Scotia, 2:20; Starke, 2:30; Meaford, 2:35; steamer Troy, 3; Colonal, 4; Maritania, 4:10; Northern Light, 4:40; Langdon, 5:40; Chemung, 6:20; Stackhouse, Phenix, 6:30; Frontenac, 7:40.

## HEINZE INDICTED.

New York, June 26.—Arthur P. Heinze, vice-president of the United Copper Company, during the period of the federal grand jury's abortive attempt to obtain possession of the books of that company, gave bond in the sum of \$2,500 in the United States



**Duchess**  
Brand  
Tailored Shirt Waists

Made in White Lawn, White Cambric, Corded Madras, Scotch Gingham and 2100 Pure Linen. Hand turned, laundried Collar and Cuffs.

Large box pleat in front, with removable buttons, and Gibson pleat running over the shoulders.

This is one of the new "Duchess" styles which appeal to all dainty women. \$1 up.

Dealers everywhere handle "Duchess" Brand Waists, Gowns, White Wear etc. If your dealer does not, let us know and we will send you the name of a dealer nearby who does.

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Sunshine Furnace is the triumph of sixty-one years' experience—growth from a small tinshop to 16½ acres of floor space, from a half dozen artisans to 1,500, from an annual wage sheet of \$4,000 to one of \$670,000, from a capital of energy to one of \$3,000,000, from obscurity to recognition as Largest Makers of Furnaces in the British Empire.

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was placed on the market the first furnace to be wholly and solely designed by a Canadian Company.

We employ a consulting staff of furnace experts, who are continually experimenting with new ideas in order that Sunshine Furnace shall not have to travel on its past reputation for goodness.

We buy materials in such large quantities that its quality is guaranteed to us. We have our own testing rooms, so that supervision of construction is exercised down to the finest detail.

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