

Purely Personal

By ETHEL FRAY

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Stetson read the advertisement for a second time. It was seldom that he read the personal column, usually plunging straight into the financial news, but this morning Dodds had chatted with him until he was almost at his destination, and his eye fell idly upon the column.

"Will the gentleman who saved the life of a young woman at Central square yesterday afternoon please send his address to Grateful, box 512?"

He closed his eyes and with mental vision he could see it all again—the automobile, the trolley car which prevented escape and, above all, the piquant little face lying limp against his shoulder. For a moment he was tempted to answer the advertisement.

Twice during the day he penned a note to "Grateful," but each time he tore it up in disgust. It seemed a pretty poor trick to be sending his address that he might be thanked. He would like to look into those blue eyes again when they were not dilated with terror, but he must wait for some other opportunity.

The next morning the advertisement was repeated. He knew, because he turned to the column the first thing. He smiled grimly as he thought of the temptation of the day before. They could advertise until doomsday, but they would get no answer from him.

It was almost with apprehension that he looked the third day, but his mild curiosity was changed to indignation. This time the personal read:

"Will the gentleman who saved the life of a young woman at Central square Monday afternoon kindly return her watch, and no questions will be asked? Grateful, box 512."

This, then, was why she had advertised for his address. She believed that during the excitement he had robbed her of her watch. And all the dreams he had dreamed in the past two days of those blue eyes brimming with gratitude looking into his were but idle visions! He was sorry he had seen the advertisement. He probably never would see the girl, but it had been pleasant to believe that he had saved her.

He hoped now that he would never see her again. Several times in the



"I thought you might call this afternoon," she said.

course of the past year he had encountered her upon the street, and from the very first he had been interested. He was not exactly in love, he told himself, but very near it. Now he would have to dodge if he saw her; he would have to slip into some store or across the street. It would be intolerable. He cut out the advertisement and placed it in his pocketbook.

As soon as the morning mail was disposed of he drew toward him a letter head and wrote rapidly. Several sheets were destroyed before he finally decided that the letter would do, and before he slipped it into the envelope he regarded it for a third time.

"Mr. Robert Hardy Stetson," it ran, "begs to assure 'Grateful' that she is in error concerning the disappearance of her watch. Mr. Stetson would suggest that 'Grateful' make application to the police. He is ready to give them ample proof as to his honesty and standing."

The tiny business card in the corner would give the address, and he flattered himself that the note would serve its purpose. It was given a boy to take

Tudhope Carriages



It's a mighty comfortable feeling to know that the carriage

you buy is a Tudhope.

Because you get the Tudhope guarantee. And the Tudhope guarantee is backed by a firm that has been making carriages in Canada since 1855.

Let us show you the new season's styles in

TUDHOPE CARRIAGES.
Jno. Mc Kercher, Walford

Headache Cures and a Good Blood Pressure or congestion—a swelling of blood to the frontal region is the direct cause for all headaches. To cure instantly and positively, this pressure must be removed and the blood sent to its proper channels. Dr. Shoen's TERRY Minute Headache Cure never fails—it puts into circulation congested blood which presses and irritates the nerves. In handy tablet form—pleasant to take. Suffered for all temptations. For sale and recommended by

T. B. TAYLOR.

to the newspaper office, and the rest of the day Stetson divided his time mourning his dead romance and wondering what the girl would say when she read the letter. He flattered himself that it was dignified and eminently calculated to remind her of her transgression.

Possibly could he have seen the recipient when she glanced over the formal lines he would have been surprised, for, with her face wreathed in smiles, she nodded at the clerk.

"You needn't put it in again," she said. "Thank you, very much."

Stetson scowled at the pale tinted note on his desk the following morning. The girl could have no justification for her suspicions, certainly none that he would accept. It was impertinent of her to make answer to him. For ten minutes he turned it over and over before he slit the cover and drew forth the inclosure. He stared for a moment dumfounded at the opening lines, which ran:

"Miss Alice Everett Woodrow begs to thank Robert Hardy Stetson for his somewhat tardy answer to her advertisement. She begs to assure Mr. Stetson that she does not believe him to be a thief. His unwillingness to answer the earlier advertisement led to the suggestion on the part of the clerk in the advertisement office that the amended form of personal would be more likely to bring forth an answer. If Mr. Stetson will be good enough to call at 635 Auburn avenue he will not only receive the grateful thanks of Miss Woodrow, but of her father, who would be glad to meet the son of his old schoolmate."

Stetson looked at his watch. He could not in decency call much before 4. It was only 10 now. There would be no use in trying to work when every letter was but a picture of a pair of blue eyes set in a piquant face and framed in golden hair.

He had been trapped, but he was glad of it. He was especially glad to know that she was willing to take such pains to find him. It showed that she really did care and justified his earlier opinion of her.

He wished that he could announce a general half holiday in the office, but since this was not possible without explanation he could at least take one himself.

He was uptown at 11 and spent the rest of the time in pacing his room and deciding upon the important item of a necktie. He could scarcely wait until it was time to start and set out afoot that he might at least kill time that way.

The servant showed him into the library instead of the drawing room. Miss Woodrow sprang from her easy chair by the open fire as he was announced and came toward him.

"I thought you might call this afternoon," she said as he took her hand, "so I told James to bring you in here. I am so glad you have come."

"So am I," said Stetson promptly, "though I did not come to be thanked." "To meet father," she suggested demurely. "I am afraid he will not be in until 6."

"I don't mind waiting," said Stetson

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

obligingly—"that is, unless I inconvenience you."

"I shall be glad to have you wait," she said sincerely, "but please may I not thank you?"

"Rescues are sometimes their own reward," he smiled. "It was not very much of a rescue, anyway. I probably should not have noticed your predicament only—"

"Only?" she questioned, seeing that he was not going to continue.

"Only—well, for a long time I have been wondering who you were. You see, I've seen you very often and"—He paused again.

"So you have noticed me, too?" she said wonderingly. "How funny!"

"You mean that you have—that you did"—He was distressingly confused. "I have noticed you often," she admitted frankly. "You seemed so different from so many of the men I know that I often wondered who you were."

"Then it was not altogether because of your gratitude that you advertised?" he urged. She colored, but would not confess, though as she was bidding him goodbye a couple of hours later he held her a trifle longer than is permitted.

"Won't you say that it was not altogether through gratitude that you put in that personal?" he urged.

The blue eyes fell before the glow in the ardent brown ones. "Perhaps not altogether," she whispered, "but that is very purely personal."

Strange "Teas."

Tea is not always the fragrant beverage which cheers but does not inebriate, and the name has curious application. Ginger tea was once a most popular beverage. Cowslips and other flowers and herbs, including camomile, thyme, marjoram, balm and mint, have been used. Histories have made us familiar with the substitutes for tea which our Revolutionary grandmothers used after the tea from the East India company's ships was poured into Boston harbor. Tea made from the leaves of ribwort, strawberry plants and currant bushes, sage, thoroughwort and other herbs was drunk. So called "liberty tea" was made from the leaves of four leaved loose strife, while Hyperion tea, according to a valuable chronicle of the time, was made from raspberry leaves and was said by patriots to be very delicate and most excellent. The beverage may have tasted so to the patriotic palates, but many a colonial dame must have longed if she had allowed herself for the fragrant Hyson which she had been accustomed to enjoy.

The Light of the Moon.

The moon is a mirror which reflects the sunlight to us. An examination of moonlight with the spectroscope shows, of course, the same spectrum as that of sunlight. The quality of the reflection is indicated in the announcement that it would take no fewer than 618,000 full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only sky room for, say, 75,000 of them. The inclination of the moon's orbit to the horizon accounts for the harvest and the hunter's moon, which occur when the moon is slightly, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by the refractive feature of the air about the horizon and the natural tendency to compare it with terrestrial objects.

Safe.

In a mediaeval German tale it says that the parish council of a small village met one evening to discuss certain improvements in the water supply. In this debate the town's one watchman entered the room quietly, placed in a corner his lantern and spear and sat down to listen to the argument. Suddenly a councilman turned to him fiercely.

"Fritz," he cried, "what are you doing here? Who is to watch that nothing is stolen in the village?"

Fritz, with an easy smile, answered:

"Who is there to steal anything? We are all here?"

An Odd House.

One of the best known houses in Northamptonshire, England, was designed to represent the days, weeks and quarters of the year. It has four wings, facing the four quarters of the heavens, to represent the four quarters of the year; 365 windows, one for each day; fifty-two chimneys, one for each week, and seven entrances, to represent the seven days of the week.

Pretension.

The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by your surffiance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.—Emerson.

In England, under the Tudors, the man who gave to a beggar was fined and the recipient of the gift was punished.



Your Money Refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

\$5,000 reward will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

5c. Buy it and follow directions. 5c.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Builders' Supplies And Dairy Utensils.

Complete Stock of everything required in above lines.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

Let us give an estimate on your hardware bill. Close figures and reliable goods.

Paints, oils, brushes, varnishes, alabastine. Everything to brighten up the home.

Special Attention to Eavetroughing.

T. DODDS Hardware. Tinware.

A Puzzling Trick.

Take a piece of writing paper about three inches square and with a lead pencil, the point of which has been dipped in water, draw a circle, a square, a triangle or any other geometrical figure. Put the paper carefully on a pan of water, letting it float and leaving the surface dry. Carefully drop water on the surface of the paper until the space within the figure is filled. The moistened pencil lines will keep it from flowing outside the figure. Now place the point of a pin over some point in the figure near the edge. The pin point must penetrate the surface of the water, but must not touch the paper. At once the paper will float around until the pin points directly to the center of the figure. See if you can find out why it does this.

Changing Serpents Into Rods.

The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic cousin except in the absence of the curious spectacle-like mark which distinguishes the latter. Although it is the most poisonous reptile known to inhabit northern Africa, it is the favorite among the snake charmers. These conjurers know how to render this serpent rigidly unconscious by pressing the nape of its neck with a finger. This act appears to throw the reptile into catalepsy, in which he is as stiff as an iron rod. Traces of something similar having been practiced in olden times may be found in the Bible, where Aaron made a serpent of his rod or staff.



ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED

A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDEAL WILSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

Get the Blood of Lord of The Manor, Mambrino King, Proteus, Chicago Volunteer, etc.

IN THE STUB—SEASON 1906.

CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION

WALNUT MANOR,

Son of Lord of the Manor and Grandson of Mambrino King.

Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1904. Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1905. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1905.

DESCRIPTION OF

Canada's Champion Road Stallion

WALNUT MANOR is one of the handsomest trotting bred stallions in Canada. His sire, Lord of the Manor, is a sweepstake winner three times in London, three times in Toronto, Orange County Horse Show, N. Y., and Madison Square Garden. His grand sire, Mambrino King, was the most handsome horse in the world. Proteus, the sire of his dam, was a sweepstake winner at London and Toronto. It is no wonder that Walnut Manor is a horse of such grand style and beauty.

WALNUT MANOR is a brown stallion, nearly 16 hands high, and weighs 1,150 lbs. He is a perfect gaited trotter, with perfect legs and feet. Foaled May 1st, 1903. He has a clear-cut, fine shaped head and neck. Through the dam of his sire he traces to the blood of beautiful Bells, Green Mountain Maid, Alma Mater and Jessie Pepper. Parties wishing to breed to a fashionable road horse would act wisely by seeing this young stallion.

PEDIGREE

WALNUT MANOR, sire, Lord of the Manor, sire of John Martin 2:23, and Lord Rita 2:18; and full brother to Lady of the Manor 2:04, the world's ex-Champion pacing mare, which record she held for five years; he by Mambrino King, the sire of 30 in the 2:30 list, and the dams of 70 in the 2:30 list, he by Mambrino Fatchen, he by Mambrino Chief, he by Mambrino Paymaster.

1st Dam—Netty M., by Proteus, full brother to Romaine (destroyed by fire), showed his ability to trot in 2:10.

2nd Dam—Margie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2:19, by Chicago Volunteer (201), sire of Bawley 2:23, 10 in the 2:30 list, and the dams of 70 in the 2:30 list, he by Hambletonian 10.

3rd Dam—Nellie R., dam of Fuller 2:50, a three-year-old by Tempest, sire of Fulton 2:28, by Royal George (9), sire of Toronto Chief 2:45, and 5 in 2:30.

4th Dam—Dollie, by imported Sir Layton Sykes.

5th Dam—Lady McQueen, by Grey Messenger, by imported Messenger.

ROUTE

TUESDAY, MAY 1st—Will leave his own stable and proceed to John Maddock's, lot 6, con. S. Brooke, for noon; thence to Inwood for night.

WEDNESDAY—Will proceed to the Revere House, Alkinston, for noon.

SATURDAY—Will be at the Roche House, Walford, for noon.

He will be at his own stable, lot 16, con. 10, Brooke, the rest of the week.

TERMS.

To insure a mare with foal \$10, payable 1st Jan. 1907. All mares must be in a healthy condition, otherwise not accepted. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time will be held responsible. All accidents and escapes at owner's risk. No second price.

D. G. MADDOCK, — WALNUT, ONTARIO, Proprietor and Manager.

It is rumored in Sarnia that Warden Watson is in training for the nomination of the Conservative Convention at the next Dominion election.