

Startling Predictions

YOUR WHOLE LIFE REVEALED

Remarkable Psychic Astrologer Tells Past and Future With Amazing Accuracy to All Who Write Absolutely Free

Men and Women From All Parts of the World Seek His Advice About Love Affairs, Business, Health, Journeys, Marriage, Legacies, Changes, Speculation, Etc.



From the great city of New York, where scientists and investigators are eagerly watching the progress of inventions and spending millions of dollars in the perfection of methods by which the masses may be benefited, comes the startling announcement that Prof. Albert Postel, the great astrologer, has perfected a system by which he can foretell the principal events of a life, forewarn people of danger, point out the road to success, and explain the cause of failure in so many lives.

The professor says that he can explain who your enemies are, tell you those persons in whom you can place confidence and from whom you may expect favors, name your lucky days, tell you what pitfalls to avoid, what opportunities to grasp, advise you about your business and how to improve your condition physically, financially and socially. His method is unlike that of any other astrologer, and from the expressions of gratitude contained in the many thankful letters from his patrons, it is evident that much good is being accomplished by his work. The following are samples of the letters received by Prof. Postel, and go far toward showing that his life horoscopes are not only accurate, but are prepared with a view to guiding and benefiting those who apply to him for counsel.

Effie M. Bryon writes: "You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer living. Everyone of your predictions came true." Mr. Broad, real estate agent, of Brandon, Canada, in a recent letter to Mr. Postel, says: "My horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me."

Another letter, from Miss Berglitz, Herne, reads as follows: "I followed your advice, and succeeded in obtaining a position at a much higher salary than I anticipated. I consider the horoscope worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Charles and dials of strange design surround the professor in his daily work of answering the correspondents and sending out readings to people in all parts of the world. From a glance at the features of Prof. Postel, his air, his bearing, also a copy of Prof. Postel's interesting book, "Your Destiny Foretold," will be promptly sent. Tell your friends to send for a reading also.

PRINCIPAL FALCONER

His Induction as President of Toronto University Will Soon Take Place.

Dr. Falconer, president of Toronto University, will be installed on Sept. 26. There has been a good deal of comment recently throughout the country at the marvelous things the people of Nova Scotia are accomplishing for Canada. Some of the greatest of Canadian educationalists have come from the far east. The business-men of Nova Scotia also are wide-awake and, to quote Dickens, "Know what's o'clock." An interesting example can be given. Last year, at the Dominion Fair held in Halifax, it was generally acknowledged that the display of Gourlay art pianos by the J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Company, of Halifax, was the finest ever seen in the east. This year Mr. McDonald proposes to make an even finer display. Accordingly he came to Toronto during the first days of the exhibition in order to get ahead of competing firms in purchasing the Louis and other art pianos displayed by Gourlay, Winter & Leeming. He made his selection before his competitors were on the ground and feels well satisfied, even jubilant over his trip. This is an indication also that the day of the truly artistic piano case as well as of musical tone quality has arrived. In both these characteristics the Gourlay piano is unexcelled. It also indicates one reason why the J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Company has secured the first place in the appreciation of Nova Scotians as the leading music firm of that Province.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903. Leonard's Liniment Company, Limited: Gentlemen—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg, nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MIN. AID'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBOIS, Commercial Traveler.

The White Cat

(BY GELETT BURGESS, AUTHOR OF "VIVETTE.")

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She looked at me blankly. "Why, I haven't thought of that, have I? But would she dare come?"

"Try it now!" I exclaimed.

"I will!" She went to the front door and threw it open and cried: "Leah!—Leah!—Leah! Come here! It's all right. I want, you dear!"

There was enough in the scene—the stillness that ensued, the gathering mysterious twilight that shrouded the house, the tragic quaver in Joy's voice—to make me thrill to its dramatic power. She stood there for a few minutes, all in white, waiting, her hands clasped on her breast, vividly illuminated by the candles. But no sound came out of the shadows of the night.

Joy closed the door; then, with quick second thought, she returned to leave it ajar, and came back into the library.

We had moved almost to the dining-room, when on a sudden whim, she paused turned and looked toward the window. My own eyes followed hers. There was a dark face peering in—so dark that the whites of the eyes and the teeth were almost all that was visible, though enough to show who it was.

"Leah!" Joy cried, and ran again to the door, crying out hysterically. She called again, but no answer came.

It occurred to me that the excited accents of Joy's voice might be misleading, and for the first time I thought to try myself. Joy had returned to throw herself down sobbing, full length upon the window seat, her heart breaking with the suspense and disappointment. The strain was too much for her, after her hours of hope and fear. I did not stop to comfort her then, but ran to the doorway and stood in the lighted hall there in plain sight.

"Leah!" I called. "Come here, it's I—Mr. Castle. I want you!"

There was still no reply, but feeling sure that Leah must be near at hand, I started off vaguely in the dark. I had gone but to the turn of the lane when I heard footsteps, running. Then in a rush Leah was upon me and had seized my hand.

"Oh Mr. Castle! I'm so glad you've come—but I was afraid to go in. I was afraid I might make it worse if she was there. Who is it? Tell me, please. Is it my own Miss Joy, or the other?"

"It's Joy," I assured her, "and she's waiting for you. You must come at once."

She paused a moment, evidently wondering if I knew the secret.

"You're sure?" she said. "You know that there are two?"

"Yes—I know everything now, and this is Joy—your Joy!"

She bounded forward, and I with her, stumbling in the dark, into the doorway, to the library. There for a moment she stopped, trembling so violently that her teeth chattered audibly. Joy was still lying stretched out at full length upon the cushions of the window seat. At the first glance Leah did not see her, but then she ran forward, knelt and threw her arms about her mistress.

But the next instant starting back as if she had embraced a corpse, she sprang up and faced me, her eyes opened wide in horror.

"Oh, Mr. Castle, she's asleep! Miss Joy's asleep!"

CHAPTER II.

For a moment I was, too surprised to realize the full significance of Leah's cry. Then Joy's own words came back—the wail of her harassed soul—"If I should fall asleep, who would it be that would awake?"

There she lay, asleep at last. Her small head lay upon her arm, and her oval face was now flushed, her lips half parted, showing her little blue-white teeth. The crisp white duck-blonse moved gently with her breathing—beneath her skirt two tiny red shoes lay one over the other.

As she herself had said, she was so utterly exhausted that she would "go down dead." Dared we awaken her? Certainly not Leah, who, of course, had seen the whole awful possibility on the instant.

I had to decide. What was to be done must be done quickly. If Joy were allowed to sleep long and deeply we might confidently expect "the other one" to awaken. The question was could we, perhaps, rouse her before that incomprehensible change had taken place? It seemed to be the only thing to do. I determined, at all events, to take the risk.

Meanwhile, Leah had fallen into a chair, overcome with the disappointment of the situation. She was in a distressing state. Her skirt was torn and soiled, her shoes dusty, her waist disheveled. Her black hair was awry; she was hatless. I thought at first that she, too, had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue.

I went to her and laid a hand on her shoulder to rouse her. She started with a frightened jump.

"Leah!" I said. "What's the matter? I thought you were here before she changes. But if not we must be ready with some plan by which to manage Edna. We must hurry though. First, tell me in the fewest possible words what has happened. Joy, of course, didn't know."

Leah had braced herself for the ordeal and was now quick, alert and concise. "She got angry on account of my 'trying to run her,' she said. You see 'the other one' was here for two days. I've always been able to manage her for one day, but the second day she seemed to be much stronger, and it was worse than it has ever been before. She found out that I had burned some of her old clothes—Miss Joy had told me to—and so she discharged me and told me to leave the place immediately. I wouldn't go, and she went into the barn and got a horsewhip and threatened me with it. I was afraid, Mr. Castle! She was in a fearful temper. I was afraid she'd kill me. Then I went. I stayed all night in the harbor. I wrote to you as soon as I got there, for I couldn't get you on the

telephone. Yesterday I hung about the place all day but she didn't appear, and I was afraid to come in. I positively didn't dare though I knew it probably was Miss Joy. Today I stayed in that old cabin down by the road all day, for I was pretty sure it must be she who was here. I was so tired I fell asleep and that's how I missed you I suppose. I've had hardly anything to eat since yesterday—only a few biscuits I brought with me."

I had been thinking out a plan as I listened, and as soon as she had finished I gave Leah her orders.

"Listen, now. If it is 'the other one' who awakens, I'll tell her that I happened to meet you in the harbor, and induced you to come back on my own responsibility. Do you see? I'll manage it; you needn't be afraid. I'll take care of you, and it will be all right. Of course if it is Joy who wakes up, that will be better. But we must act quickly. Can you tell immediately who it is that awakens, Joy or the other one?"

"Oh, we can tell that easily enough, by the way she treats me!"

"Very well, then. You must awaken her now!"

I sat down where I could watch and Leah went hesitatingly up to her mistress again, and shook her shoulder gently.

"Wake up, Miss Joy!" she said softly, but firmly. "Wake up, you're catching cold, honey."

Joy moaned, turned a little, then drew herself together again drowsily.

"Wake up, Miss Joy, you must have your dinner now!"

She moved again, and muttered, "Oh I'm so sleepy! Let me go to sleep, Leah, please!"

Again Leah shook her. It seemed cruel to have to bring that exhausted body back to life. "Wake up, Miss Joy. Mr. Castle's here to see you! Wake up!"

She opened her eyes now, and stared vacantly at us. Then her face changed gloriously. She flung her arms round Leah's neck.

"Oh, Leah! Leah! You've come back to me!"

It was some moments before either of the women was able to speak. They clung to each other sobbing.

After the first hurried words of explanation were over, Joy went up to her room to wash her face and freshen herself for what was yet to be done. Leah went with her, almost too happy to think of her own sorry appearance. Both came down, after a while, in a change of costume and went with me into the dining-room where King was patiently waiting.

"You're sure?" she said. "You know that there are two?"

"Yes—I know everything now, and this is Joy—your Joy!"

She bounded forward, and I with her, stumbling in the dark, into the doorway, to the library. There for a moment she stopped, trembling so violently that her teeth chattered audibly. Joy was still lying stretched out at full length upon the cushions of the window seat. At the first glance Leah did not see her, but then she ran forward, knelt and threw her arms about her mistress.

But the next instant starting back as if she had embraced a corpse, she sprang up and faced me, her eyes opened wide in horror.

"Oh, Mr. Castle, she's asleep! Miss Joy's asleep!"

I quite lost myself in the subtleties of the case. To know that probably on the morrow I should be face to face with this same woman, in form and feature precisely the same, and yet as different from her, really, as the west is from the east, gave me, in spite of my efforts to concentrate my mind upon the affair, a sort of mental instability which was disconcerting. I could not quite believe that she would or could change. She seemed too real, too normal, if I may so qualify such adjectives. And besides all this, I had begun to think of her in another way, which made the prospect of any such change seem unbearable.

Meanwhile, Joy grew steadily sleepier. She roused herself occasionally, by an effort, but would drop the moment she had stopped speaking, (for no longer stimulated her). She began to walk up and down the room, leaning on Leah's arm, as if she were fighting off the effects of laudanum! Her suffering was cruel. We had, at last, to resort to strychnia.

So, for another hour we talked, while she became more haggard, more weak. Up and down, up and down the room they went. We talked of seeking the advice of some specialist, here or abroad, of the possibility of a direct appeal to Edna, in the chance of some compromise to be effected, of Leah's actions should she be perpetually discharged again, of the prospect of her being able to stay in the vicinity, to return as soon as Joy's own personality had reasserted itself, of the proper method of safeguarding Joy's property, of the possibility of Edna's actually departing from Meadows—there were a hundred sides to the subject, and all baffling. There seemed to be nothing to do but to wait further developments and see what came.

If I myself could not succeed in facing Edna, I rather wondered at the fact that Joy did not once mention the doctor as a possible co-operator with us. It seemed to me that she instinctively distrusted him, though she never permitted herself to say so. There was no doubt her fairness, rather than any conviction of his ability, that prevented.

to hold herself up, as frail as a wilted flower, and said with an effort at a smile:

"I'm afraid it's no use, Chester, I'm too far gone to think. I can't control my mind any longer. I must have sleep. You and Leah will have to settle it together—I'll leave it all to you—I'll agree to whatever you think best. I'm no more use than a baby tonight. Let me be your little sister and tell me what to do. I'm tired, tired—tired."

My heart ached for her. Her mouth was trembling like a child's just before crying, her eyelids hung heavy, all but closed. What she must suffer at the thought of sinking into temporary oblivion and resigning herself to the inevitable possession of "the other one." I could easily imagine. I implored her to go to bed.

When the two women had left, I pulled down the curtains, seated myself in the armchair, lighted my pipe, and began to think it over.

[To be Continued.]

VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON

(Continued From Page One.)

procession of choristers, clergymen, and bishops will march from Cronyn Hall and pass through the main entrance and up the center aisle of the cathedral, while the choir sings an antiphonal hymn, "The God of Abraham, Praise," to the tune of "Leoni."

The clergymen occupying the chancel besides the bishops mentioned will be: The Dean, the Precentor, Archdeacons Young, Hill, Richardson and McKenzie; and Canons Hincks, Davis, Downie, Smith, Brown, Craig and Hicks.

The opening part of the morning prayer will be intoned by the Dean and the Precentor.

Special Psalms will be the 48th, the 96th, and 150th.

The first lesson, Isaiah lxii, will be read by the Lord Bishop of Niagara, the second lesson, Ephesians iv, by the Lord Bishop of Ontario.

The Lord Bishop of Huron will read the opening part of Holy Communion; the Epistle will be read by the Lord Bishop of Algoma, and the Gospel by the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

Previous to the sermon, "Oh, God, Our Hope in Ages Past," will be sung to the tune of "St. Ann."

The Celebrant.

The Primate, Archbishop Sweetman, of Toronto, will be the celebrant, and special prayers will be offered by the bishop of Huron for the diocese and the ministry of the church and thanksgiving for the 50 years of prosperity which the church has enjoyed.

"And now, oh, Father, mindful of the love that brought us once for all on Calvary's tree" will be sung at communion.

At the close of the benediction a six-fold festal amen, the composition of Mr. G. B. Sippel, will be sung by the choir.

The recessional hymn will be, "Forward! Be Our Watchword," sung to the tune of "St. Alban."

A Luncheon.

At 2 o'clock on the same afternoon Bishop Ingram will be the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the ladies of the Church of England in Cronyn Hall.

Those invited to attend the luncheon will be the clergy, the lay delegates, the church wardens from parts outside of London and vicinity, Mayor Joad, and many other prominent citizens whom the Bishop of Huron will invite. Bishop Ingram will respond to the toast "The Church of England." Other toasts which will be responded to are: "The King," "The Jubilee of the Diocese," "The Church of England in Canada," "Our Country," and "The Empire."

While in this city Bishop Ingram may address the Canadian Club and Huron College.

Industrious Prelate.

The Lord Bishop of London is one of the most industrious of men, and his stay in Canada will be largely given over to the making of addresses and preaching sermons.

So far, the bishop has visited and spoken in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto.

Friday he addressed a meeting at Trinity University, Toronto. Sunday he will preach in Massey Hall, and Monday morning he will address a meeting of the Canadian Club there, after which he leaves for London.

On Wednesday the Lord Bishop will visit his brother in Aylmer, and will preach there the following Sunday, Sept. 22.

Monday will find him at Niagara Falls addressing a meeting of the combined parishes.

Guest of President Roosevelt.

On the 25th the Bishop will have arrived in Oyster Bay, where he has been invited to spend a couple of days with the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, who is still summering at that popular resort.

The Bishop will lay the corner stone of the new Anglican Church in Washington, D. C., and while in the capital city he will address the annual international convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which was to have been held from the 26th to the 27th inclusive, but which was held over to meet the convenience of His Lordship.

Centenary Conference.

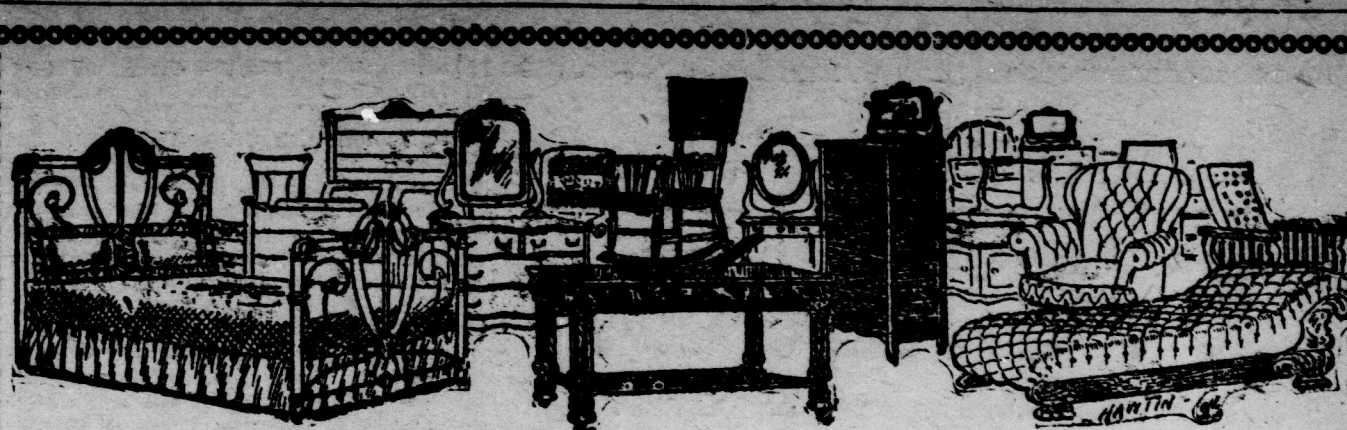
Richmond, Va., will be the next stopping place, and there Bishop Ingram will attend the tercentenary conference of the American Church. This conference will be attended by representatives from every English Church on the American continent, and will be the greatest event of its kind ever held.

On Oct. 5 the Bishop will visit Williamsburg, Va., and on the following day he will address the students of Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass., also visiting the Theological School while there, and going thence to Yale College to speak.

On the 14th the Lord Bishop will start for New York, from whence he sails on the return trip to England three days later.

The Bishop's Home.

In a very beautifully written and illustrated book, published by the Wells, Gardner, Darton Company, Limited, London, Eng., Sadler Phillips has described Fulham Palace, the home of the Bishop of London, in brief, but



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Below are a few of the many bargains offered for next week:

Sideboards 4 solid oak Sideboards, polished, hand carved, with large British plate mirror. Regular \$28.00, for.....\$22.00	Morris Chairs Solid golden oak, massive design, claw foot, Regular \$10.00, for.....\$7.50
Dining Chairs Soft quarter-sawn oak, upholstered seats, neatly carved backs. Regular \$2.75. Special at.....\$2.25	Reed Rockers We have fifty more of those great \$6.00 Rockers to clear at.....\$4.50
China Cabinets Solid oak, hand carved. Regular \$28.00, now.....\$22.50	Dining Chairs Our regular \$1.25 Chair in surface oak, polished, for.....85c
Extension Tables Eight-foot tables, highly polished, large legs. Regular \$10.00. Special at.....\$8.25	Couches Our Special "Ontario" Couch, with heavy oak frame, that sells for \$13.00. Special at.....\$9.75

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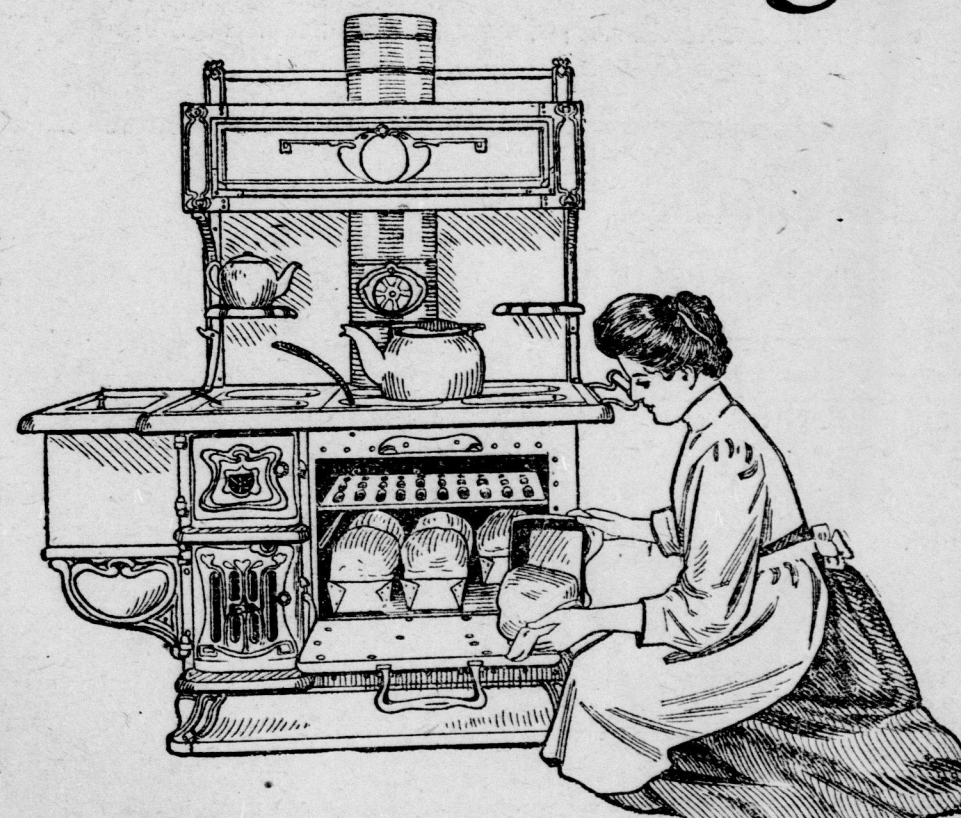
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clever fashion. The following extracts were drawn from Mr. Sadler's book:

Fulham is the most ancient manor in England. If we take a map showing the course of the River Thames before houses cramped its shores, we should find high ground on the one side, now lying about a mile from the present river bank. This is today called Putney Heath. The high ground above was the place now called South Kensington. The broad and glistening Thames was relieved by little islets at this place, one called Chelsea, the island of shells; another Battersea, the island of St. Peter, and another immediately in our view would be called Fulham, the home of the wild birds, the Fowls' Home.

To Bishop Perkenwald, the manor of Fulham was given by a brother bishop named Thrythilus, of Worcester, about the year 691.

Fulham Palace is situated within a span of 35 acres surrounded by a moat, which has been in the possession of the diocese for over 1,200 years.

A Beautiful Place.

The moat surrounding the grounds is very beautiful when full of water, and the scene picturesque beyond description. Until ten years ago the palace was flanked by market gardens, which have now given away to trim, modern trees.

Fountains and magnificent ancient archways adorn the grounds at various points, and the entire exterior effect is a most artistic one. Mr. Sadler, in describing the time-famous room in the palace known as the hall we notice this inscription: "This

hall and the adjoining quadrangle was erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII., on the site of "Great Hall," says: Entering the great buildings of the old palace as ancient as the Conquest." It was used as a hall by Bishop Bonner and Bishop Ridley during the struggles of the reformation and retained its original proportions until it was altered by Bishop Sherlock in the reign of George IV., changed it into a private unseparated chapel. It is now restored to its original purpose on the erection by Bishop Tait of a new chapel of more suitable dimensions, A. D. 1866."

The Library.

The Porteus Library is the official library of the palace, and is handed down to posterity. It contains about 6,000 volumes of varied characters, and some fine portraits of former bishops of London.

Missionaries, who were to go to America and the other colonies, were (if laymen) ordained at Fulham Palace Chapel, and the American youth who desired ordination went there.

Quite one of the institutions of old London, now entirely forgotten, was the Bishop of London's barge. A clumsy craft it would seem to have been, something like a gondola in shape, but large and rude, with room for eight or ten men to man the sweeps. It had a cabin with plenty of room, and curtained windows, and at the back waved the flag of England.

The Bishop of London traveled up and down the river, sometimes daily, when the roads were too bad, and landed at the bishop's steps when the day's work was over.

A Famous Room.

Among the innumerable famous nooks and corners of Fulham Palace, which Mr. Sadler so ably describes is what is known as the Guard Room. He says:

"Whether this was its original use or not seems doubtful. It has a fine fireplace, and some good carving, with a motto, 'Vigilando et orando' (By watching and praying)."

"On our way to the Laudian departments we pass a little staircase leading to the tower, which carries a little bell fleche, and which calls the palace to prayer and meals."

"We have now seen something of the results of the work of episcopal builders, whose endeavors and work remain; they include the work of Bishops Fitzjames, Fletcher, Juxon, Sherlock, Compton, Henchman, Gibson, Terrik, Porteus, Howley, Randolph, Bloomfield, Tait, Jackson, and Temple."

"The workers are gone, their work remains."

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