

Shadow and Sunlight

"Really," says Madge, with a laugh. "Must I really go, Guy?"

Guy looks up again. "Eh! Oh, yes, I suppose so — if St. George says so; he knows. He's a regular old woman at that sort of thing. But I wish the people would let us alone. One has fully enough of this sort of thing at home, without getting it done abroad."

"Poor Guy!" says Madge, sympathetically. "If it is rather hard, He does hate this sort of thing, don't you, Guy? And he has just got the Times; he would like to sit there all the evening and read the beautiful and exciting Parliamentary speeches. By the way, Lord St. George, did you ever make a speech in the House of Lords?"

"Never," said Lord St. George. "Scarcely ever go there, except to write. Went down once to make a speech, and had to wait some time before my turn; sat listening to all the big wigs firing away for two hours, and then went to sleep, and, by Jove, by the time they had woke me up, some other fellow had got up and was making just the speech I'd intended. He said it a great deal better than I could have done, and so I came away. That's what I call serving my country. Lady Lashwood. Don't you see, he continued as Madge's face expressed doubt, "if I'd got up and spoke, that and as he was by far the better man, I did a real good thing in going to sleep."

"I say," says Madge, "and does Guy ever speak?" "Oh, sometimes," he used, says Lord St. George, "speaks well, too, but he's too lazy to care for it. There's nothing on the face of the earth he cares for"—then suddenly, in a low voice, and with a glance from his blue eyes at the beautiful face opposite him—

"—excepting one."

Madge looks at him curiously, then colors and bends over her prints. Then she rises and puts her hands, white as marble, with priceless jewels flashing from them, over Guy's eyes.

"Now, which is it to be, Guy?" "Oh, St. George knows," he says, putting up his hand and clasping hers, and Madge looks a laughing inquiry at Lord St. George.

"Better go to Lady Southall's, and have done with it," says the oracle, "and, by Jove, there isn't much time."

"Go on, Madge," says Guy, rising, and stretching himself, "go and get your war-paint on."

"I wish you'd take your tomahawk and scalp the lot," says Lord St. George as he opens the door for her. "But you confine your slaughtering to the male sex, unfortunately, Lady Lashwood."

Madge laughs; she is used to his compliments, and he closes the door and goes back. Guy is still standing, looking after her, and his eyes turn from the closed door to his friend's face.

"Happy, isn't she?" "St. George nods."

"As an angel, as she deserves to be," he says, and he goes and picks up the prints and puts them straight. He has a trick of setting Madge's "litter" straight, and he always has some excuse for it when Guy hinders him; the things will get mislaid, or lost, or spoiled, if they are left to the servants.

As carefully—as if more carefully than if he were paid to do it, he arranges the engravings according to their numbers, and locks them up in the portfolio, then he goes to the window and looks out.

"Cold," he says. "I'll tell them to put Lady Lashwood's furs into the carriage."

"Thanks," says Guy, yawning again. "Great nuisance having to turn out. We could have had a quiet nap or a little music. By the way, don't you come unless you like."

St. George has been standing by the fire, looking down at a piece of work which Madge has thrown down by her hand. "Don't you want me? Shall I be de trop?" he says, quietly.

Guy comes across the room and lays his hand on his shoulder. "What a question! My dear fellow, are you ever de trop, or in the way? I—we, both of us, are the luckiest thing that could have happened, your turning up that evening on the Hartz. Seriously, I don't know what we should have done without you. I'm not good at guide-book work, you know; while you seem to be a complete historian, and to know everything. I don't know how you manage it; you used not to be so knowing."

St. George looks down. It is scarcely necessary to admit that he has sat up into the small hours reading "up" histories and guides, so that he might be prepared for Lady's endless questions. "I don't know," he says, quietly.

"I am often afraid I'm trespassing upon your good nature by playing the 'old man of the sea' to you and Lady Lashwood. You see, I'm such a bally bird. At any rate, the moment you are tired of me you can give me the hint. No, I shall see it sharp enough."

"You'll never want to use your eyes, then, my dear fellow," says Guy in his curt way. "We shan't grow tired of you—I speak for Madge as well as myself. Why, man, you are her right hand—she'd be lost without you! Who'd do all the slighting, and the shopping, and—and pick up her 'litter'?" But St. George, aren't you tired of us? Watching other people's fellest connoisseurship is rather slow work, I'm afraid."

St. George thinks a moment. The light falling on his handsome face—with its golden hair and red silky mustache, its blue eyes and finely cut lips—reveals nothing but a certain vague sadness in its gravity.

"No," he says at last, and in a low voice, "I do not find it slow. It is something to see two people thoroughly happy."

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Made of purified, odorless and tasteless petroleum, the purest of glycerine and hypophosphites, Angier's Emulsion quickly cures the cough, strengthens the throat and lungs, assists digestion, calms the stomach and effects a complete cure of all the symptoms. Distinctly specify "Angier's" Emulsion when buying.

Guy looks at him curiously, then he laughs his short, curt laugh. "You are a strange fellow, St. George—you used to be such a rum fellow, when we were at school; full of queer fancies and all that sort of thing. There, go and get your coat on. If Madge could do without you, I could not."

An hour later, and Lady Southall's saloon is nearly full. All Rome—that is, Rome, the fashionable—is here—from a branch twig of the reigning house to Mrs. Leathes, the artist's wife. Rome loves diamonds, there are enough here to purchase a king's ransom. Brilliantly lighted, with the famous frescoes of a dead-and-gone master still shining bright and undimmed on the walls, the immense room presents a scene not easily to be forgotten. Exquisitely dressed men and high-bred men move in endless circles, their voices mingling with the soft strains of a famous band. Outside, in the cold street, a group of Roman poor stand, shivering and watching, with that eagerness and interest which belong to the children of the south, the brilliant scene in which they have no part, and the fact aided the police to identify the prisoner. The arrest was made by Detectives Cain and Collins, of the headquarters staff, at Broadway and Forty-second street, where they came face to face with Manes in the midst of a rush-hour throng, making his way to one of the up-town subway station entrances. The detectives recently had been reading about the Liverpool bank robber and discussing the escape of Manes, the only person unaccounted for in connection with the case. They had added the features of the missing criminal from a photograph in the rogues' gallery, and when they saw to-night the man whom they claim answers the description of Manes, their surprise was great.

The ambassador looks at the lovely face and exquisite figure set off in its rich dress of black velvet, which serves as a background for the suite of diamonds and pearls—Guy's left gift—and "She is lovely," trembles his lips, but, diplomat-like, he says, with a shrug and a glance at the commonplace partner on his arm, "I have seen prettier women, Mrs. Leathes."

Slowly, with that impressive expression on his handsome face, which always sits there on such occasions, Guy leads his wife to the hostess. He knows that every eye is fixed upon them, but his calm serenity is as undisturbed as if he were walking across the smoking-room of his club. It is Madge's first appearance; she was a school girl a few months ago, but she shows no trace of agitation or nervousness. With the usual frank, half-smiling expression of confidence, she makes her bow and shakes the great lady's hand, and not even St. George, whose eyes are fixed on her, can discern a slightest tremor of the red lips, or a single quiver of the beautiful eyes.

"Yes, she is beautiful," says the Countess of Barmister, "very beautiful. I heard of her in Paris; but they never very quiet and went out very little. But who was she? I know something of Lord Lashwood—everyone does—but who is she?"

"The world will not care to ask that question, Lady Barmister," said an English earl, watching Madge through his glasses. "The world will be quite ready to receive her at what she is."

"If Lord Munto is going to set his seal of approval," says the countess, with a smile.

The old earl smiles.

"It does not need my seal," he says, smiling, "Lady Lashwood will carry everything before her."

"Look," says Lady Sargeant. "His highness is being introduced. Yes, her success is accomplished. But who is that handsome man with yellow hair, standing between her? He came in with her, didn't he?"

"That is—yes, it is—St. George," replies Lord Munto. "Came in with them?"

Lady Sargeant laughs. She is the queen of scandalmongers. "Yes, they say that he goes with them everywhere. He is staying at the same hotel."

"Her brother, perhaps."

Lady Sargeant shakes her head. "No, I know all the St. Georges, and she is not one of them. And so Lord Lashwood is chained at last! It is Una and the lion over again."

"Una was a meek girl with golden hair, they always paint her with a simper," objects Lord Munto. "Lady Lashwood is anything but a Una, and I cannot fancy a simper on that face."

"Magnificent jewels," murmurs the countess. "I never saw anything better than that set."

"It is nothing to the Lashwood diamonds," remarks Lady Sargeant, turning the bracelet on her arm. "I once saw them on Lady Lashwood, only once—she never cared for diamonds—and they are unapproachable, even by Miss Goodweather."

It is very hot; the lights reflected on the Venetian mirrors, though beautiful to look at, are emphatically conducive to headache. Madge has received the introduction of fifty distinguished persons whose names she has mixed up in hopeless confusion. Guy's impassive countenance is impassive still, but Madge knows as surely as she has that he is bored to death. St. George, with his crush hat in his hand, goes around with them, occasionally meeting and stopping to talk with an old friend. Arrivals are still announced, the thing grows oppressive and seemingly endless, but at last Madge finds herself in a quiet corner, just as if she had drifted there, and finds at the same time that Guy has been washed away by the tide, and St. George is by her side instead.

"Oh," she says, below her breath, and with the old spirit of mockery in her eyes, "are you here? I can understand now why Guy hates this sort of thing, and clings like a dying man to his Times. It is a fearful ordeal."

He looks at her as she stands in her glorious beauty, glorious in its youth and freshness, and smiles.

"This is your first experience of this sort of thing," he says.

Madge nods.

"Yes, and I am trying to be delighted; but I can scarcely realize that this is the sort of thing that we used to read about at school and long for! They used to say that I could give a specialunction to descriptions of receptions, and made me read them, and we all ways went into ecstasies. And this is it! I never was so hot in my life and never so much bored."

"And yet you have gone through the ordeal triumphantly," he says, still looking at her with a strange smile. "I hear your name on every lip, and all ways with admiration—or envy."

Madge smiles.

"[To be Continued.]"

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN BIG ROBBERY

By Arrest of Former Toronto in New York.

LOOTING OF LIVERPOOL BANK

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Were Taken by the Means of Confederate Institution.

Toronto, Jan. 28.—The local police claim there is no question as to the identity of Manes, arrested for huge forgeries in England. He is now 35 years old, and walks as though a victim of locomotor ataxia. The latter fact aided the police to identify the prisoner. The arrest was made by Detectives Cain and Collins, of the headquarters staff, at Broadway and Forty-second street, where they came face to face with Manes in the midst of a rush-hour throng, making his way to one of the up-town subway station entrances. The detectives recently had been reading about the Liverpool bank robber and discussing the escape of Manes, the only person unaccounted for in connection with the case. They had added the features of the missing criminal from a photograph in the rogues' gallery, and when they saw to-night the man whom they claim answers the description of Manes, their surprise was great.

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"[To be Continued.]"

First Showing New Goods

This should be a noticeable week in the history of this store. We're the first to announce the advance showing of Silks and Dress Goods for Spring, 1906. We've been on the watchtower for months to secure individual styles and exclusive lines in dress goods. It is safe to say that this store presents a more pleasing representation of the season's styles than has been shown here, or elsewhere, at any time. We particularly request customers to inspect our "Kharanta" Black Dress Goods. It's elegant.

PICK WHILE PICKING IS BEST

Some of Our Good Low-Priced values:

Light Tweed for early spring wear, 44 inches wide. Per yard only.....50c

New Venetians in all shades, pure wool. Also at, per yard, 50c

New Chiffon Broadcloths in all the leading shades. See them.

New Check Dress Goods, very popular for spring wear. Per yard.....50c

Swell Waistings, exclusive lengths, 25 patterns to choose from. Per yard.....50c

Ladies' Coating Cloths in fawns, 56 inches wide. The cream of the loom. Per yard.....\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25

Black Dress Kharanta, the new black for the best black dresses. We can't speak too highly of this elegant brand. You'll like it and appreciate it.

Our Special Black Silk Embroidered Cashmere. Something decidedly new. Great value at the price.....85c

Cream Figured Luster, suitable for waists, and extra good value at, per yard.....50c

New Broadcloths, New Lusters, New Silks. Just what you want. Plenty of time to have them made up before spring.

New Prints, New Vestings, New Muslins

We have here an exceptionally fine range. Select now and get your work done during February. Some of our tempting prices:

New Prints, nicest patterns, from.....6c to 12½c

New Gingham and Wash Goods.....12½c to 25c

New Vestings, choice patterns from.....12½c to 30c

New White Muslins from.....5c to 35c

Irish Lawns in linen shade.....12½c to 25c

New Figured Lawns, linen shade, with red, blue and black spots. Per yard.....15c

New Chambrays, in grays, blue or blood.....12½c

White Costume Linen Suitings, at.....20, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c

Mercedized Satens, black and white, in spots, stripes and flowers. Only.....20c

Make an early visit to see these choice values. Those who buy best buy earliest.

Gray & Parker

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STS.

HONEST BOY—LOST JEWELS

Their Meeting Resulted Well All Around—Boy Got \$100.

New York, Jan. 28.—With \$25,000 worth of gems in his pockets, no one to tell that he had found them, and even the owner unaware that she had lost them, a bit of a boy remembered the only thing he was an honest man, the son of a good father and a good mother, and turned them in to his superior, F. G. Scherman, superintendent of the telegraph office at the Jersey Central terminal at Communipaw today.

Victor Smith, a 14-year-old messenger boy found the bag of jewels which belonged to Mrs. Allen, of Germantown, who with her husband was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria. The jewels were returned to the hotel, and the first thing Mr. Allen did was to go to the cashier.

"Give me the newest, and prettiest and goldset \$100 bill you have," he said, and he took it to Communipaw, where he gave it to Mr. Scherman for young Smith. "That's not all I am going to do for that boy if I get a chance to help him," Mr. Allen said.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

Was 57 Years of Age Yesterday—Quietly Observed.

Berlin, Jan. 28.—Emperor William's birthday was celebrated Saturday with the usual observances. After religious services in the castle chapel, which were attended by the ambassadors and ministers from foreign countries, the latter tendered their congratulations. Among the political appointments announced on the occasion of his majesty's birthday is that of Dr. Von Holleben, the former German ambassador to the United States, to a life seat in the Prussian House of Lords. The Emperor is 57 years of age.

HELP YOUR CHILDREN to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It never fails.

The late African explorer, Livingston, is to have a monument erected to his memory at Chitamba, where he died.

Clubs to Bar Deuel.

New York, Jan. 28.—Joseph M. Deuel, III, in his home, will be compelled to sign himself "Former Judge of the Court of Special Sessions" if the plans now under way are carried to a successful end. Immediate action on the part of the appellate division to cause his removal from the bench is contemplated, and the Bar Association, through courtesy, is awaiting this step before its powerful grievance committee makes a move. His clubs may also ask him to resign.

Everybody gets awfully suspicious of the cook's moral character if she lets a week go past without trying to quit.

Rheumatism Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

Piles

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, hemorrhoids and prostatic glands. It is guaranteed. See that you get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Always Remember the Full Name Latex Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Crip in 2 Days

E. H. Brown on every box, 25c

Michigan Central The Niagara Falls Route City Office, 395 Richmond St. PHONE 205

LONDON-TOLEDO TRAIN SERVICE

Leave London 7:15 a.m., arrive Toledo 2:20 p.m. Leave London 2:20 p.m., arrive Toledo 9:15 p.m. Leave London 5:38 p.m., arrive Toledo 12:20, midnight.

No change of stations. THOS. EVANS, C.P.A., LONDON. O. W. RUGGLES, G.P.A., CHICAGO.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS —BY THE—

AMERICAN LINE (New York Service). ATLANTIC LINE (Philadelphia Service). DOMINION LINE. LEYLAND LINE. RED STAR LINE. WHITE STAR LINE (New York, Boston and Mediterranean Services).

Sailing lists, rate sheets, etc., on application to E. De La Hooke, London, Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SULPHUR SPRINGS At PRESTON, Ont.

A few days' treatment drinking the sulphur water direct from the springs, and taking the baths, WILL WORK WONDERS

Cleanse the blood. Purify the skin. Refresh the complexion. Relieve that rheumatism. The Springs are reached by Canadian Pacific and G. P. & H. Cars

For passage rates and train service see W. FULTON, C.P.A., 161 Dundas street, London, or white C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A., C. P. R., Toronto.

Royal Mail Trains

—via—

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

The Maritime Express

Leaving Montreal at 12:00 (noon), Sundays, carries the European mail, and conveys passengers, baggage, mails, etc., to the steamship wharf at Halifax, arriving on the following Monday.

Special Mail Train

Leaves Halifax on the arrival of inward mail steamers, with passengers and mail for St. John, Quebec, Montreal, making connections for Ottawa, Toronto, and all points west, when regular trains do not make close connections at Halifax.

Write for time-tables, descriptive pamphlets, fans, etc., to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 51 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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"The Land of Summer's Sunshine."

TOUR OF OLD MEXICO Leaving Toronto on Jan. 29, covering all points of interest. Special reduced rate.

MOUNT CLEMENS MINERAL BATHS And St. Catharines Mineral Spring Delightful resorts for those who need a rest. Best of hotel accommodation.

For tickets and full information call on E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent, or at depot office.

For Madri Gras Festivities, New Orleans, La., February 22nd to 27th.

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets at single first-class fare, plus \$2.50. Tickets on sale February 21 to 25 inclusive, good to return until March 3. On payment of 50 cents tickets can be extended until March 17.

Special round trip rates to Cuba, Old Mexico, and California on sale daily.

Sweeping reductions in the one-way colonist rates to Pacific Coast points from February 15 to April 7. For full particulars address any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

A GUIDE FOR TRAVEL

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY (Corrected to date)

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m. a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m. a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m. a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m. p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m. a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10