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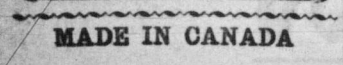
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THE TOLLER

SHEN HO

By FRED WHISAW
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When Bernard Appleby determined to devote his life to evangelical missionary work in China he was as full of sanguine enthusiasm as any young fellow in the service. "You are exactly the kind of man we want," they told him at the depot in Shanghai, "and we shall expect to see you do wonders in the great cause."

"It won't be for lack of enthusiasm if I fail," said Bernard. "I am ignorant and shall be useless for awhile, but I hope to work into it by degrees."

"You'll have plenty of time to learn the language down at Fuchow," said a member of the board, who, catching the eye of another member, smiled a little. A third member sighed, but stifled the sigh and pretended he had yawned.

Bernard scraped acquaintance at the mission house presently with a young girl and walked through the town with her. She was a devotee, like himself, who had been in the service a year and knew something of it. He would be dull in Fuchow, she said; but, please God, he would be a successful missionary, he looked like a man. The youth and the girl looked steadily in one another's eyes at parting.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said. As for her, she smiled back, but when he had gone she allowed her eyes to become dimmed.

Enthusiasm dies hard in people of Bernard Appleby's stamp. For a year he worked at his Chinese. He was the only European in the place, excepting for an hour or two in each week when the clumsy, noisy steamer would come thundering up or down the yellow river bound for Wuchang or Yutse, as it happened to be traveling up or down stream.

At the end of two years Bernard could stand his solitary life no longer. He went up to Shanghai and bashfully inquired of the chairman for news of the young lady whom he had seen at the depot on his arrival. The chairman smiled paternally. "She is still unmarried," he said, replying to Appleby's thoughts. "You are finding it dull and would marry. Is it so?"

Bernard blushing confessed that so it was.

"Well," said the chairman, "we like our people to intermarry. Miss Tate is at Hankow at this moment. You might see her on your way back."

Appleby adopted his advice. He found Christie Tate at the missionary station at Hankow, and the two were not long in fixing up matters. Within a month Bernard carried off a wife to Fuchow.

The following year the arrival of a daughter added new happiness. The baby girl, who was called Dulcie, grew and prospered. She was a pretty, curly-headed, fascinating little person, a thing of wonder and amusement to many of the natives of the place, an object of adoration and love to one.

Shen Ho, the son of a former "convert" of Appleby's, who had long since relapsed to the religion of his fathers.

"Shen Ho," Appleby would sometimes say, smiling somewhat plaintively, "is the only real convert we have ever had. Christie, and he is Dulcie's, not ours."

This was perfectly true. From Dulcie alone had proceeded the personal magnetism which had been the foundation of Shen Ho's Christian aspirations. Shen Ho lived in the house as servant and was as honest and diligent in business as he was devout in his Christianity.

Dulcie taught Shen Ho cricket. Shen Ho thought the game a foolish one, but would have played it gladly all day and all night to please his friend. Nothing would induce him, however, to bowl in such a manner that the ball reached the wicket otherwise than dead slow for fear of hurting Miss Dulcie. When Appleby was playing and bowled a fast ball at his daughter, Shen Ho would grin aloud and hide his eyes with his hand.

In every way Shen Ho was Dulcie's devoted slave and servant as well as playmate. He acted as her escort and protector and her champion if occasion offered.

The people of Fuchow were not too well disposed toward the English missionary and his wife. Appleby had never been attacked, but he was never secure from mocking laughter and jeers when passing through the crowds in the streets.

So matters would doubtless have remained till this day but that when Dulcie was about nine years old and Shen Ho fourteen or fifteen and a Christian of five years' standing the country began to be convulsed by the Boxer rising in Peking and the troubles that accompanied the popular upheaval against foreign residents throughout the land. Rumors of trouble soon reached Fuchow.

It was but a week after this that a party of half a dozen Boxers came into the town. They inquired first whether the place contained any "foreign devils" and were informed of the Appleby family.

"We want neither the foreign devils nor their gods," said the Boxer, and he went forthwith to spy upon the Englishman's compound.

Huan Li, the gardener, happened to be coming out of the place, going home for his midday rest.

"What are you doing in the house of the foreign devils?" he was asked.

"Getting his money from him by doing a very little work for good pay," said Huan Li with a grin.

WHEN A QUEEN WAS MADE

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY
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Night in Venice. The day was done, but the mercurial wind whirled the louder with the coming of the stars. There was glitter of golden banners along the Grand canal and the silent hurrying of many gondolas, for Venice was en fête. The treaty with Cyprus had been formally ratified, and that day the republic had formally adopted the slim, patriotic maid, daughter of Venice, that she might become the mother of kings to be.

A great destiny for the shy child of scarce fourteen years. But as Caterina leaned from her easement, the golden hair falling down the wall in a nimbus light, her thoughts were not of King James de Lusignan nor that storied kingdom of Cyprus overseas, not of that, for maiden thoughts are white-winged birds that go where they list, but of one slender youth whose eyes sought hers across the darkness, where he stood in the shadow of the closed portals of the Morosini palazzo across the canal, so near that he could note the gleam of the scarlet light on the golden head, so far that the sword of a nation's destiny flashed between them.

A king's bride—what chance had he, Andrea Morosini, cavalier and poet, and a Morosini, the ancient enemy of her house?

There had been days when old Corrado's daughter had watched concealed behind her easement draperies to see him go forth with the young knights, when he had watched that selfsame easement and poured forth his soul to the silken sweet tones of his lute. One night when his nurse nodded drowsily the small white hand had dropped a great luminous white rose into the glow of his gondola, and after that they had been a moment in the great cathedral when he had pressed close and held the little hand for a moment in his. That was all, and there could be no more for Corrado's child, the daughter of Venice, but the lad had dreamed his dreams and gone merrily forth to battle with the Genoese. It had been a month, a long month, when he returned, and all the bells were ringing in honor of Caterina.

The twilight died, but the blaze of festal beacons burned from tower to tower. Over there in the Corrado palazzo there was a perfect carnival of music and laughter. Andrea's face grew whiter in the reflected glare. He could see on the breeze blow aside the curtains many figures passing to and fro in that upper room. They were robing for her sacrifice in that maiden chamber that had been his heart's shrine for two long years.

No longer a Venetian maiden, the ceremony that would presently take place before the high altar of St. Mark's would make her a crowned queen. Well, he would go to the wars again. There was always the Genoese to battle with. He might even win the little scepter.

Was there no way? He would have given his soul for one word with her face to face. Andrea flung the lute far out, where it sank into the dark waters. He would never need it again. Overhead all the bells of Venice called to one another, and the lap of the tide sobbed beneath as the under note of human pain that beats a minor tone to all the joy of life.

Caterina stood up straight and tall in the midst of her maidens. The jeweled robe fell close to the round, young limbs, heavy with its weight of pearls. Pearls and rubies were twined in the golden curls, and the fair, round arms were banded with glowing gems of the orient. Across the childish breast, above the folds of cloth of gold, a hair of emeralds rose and fell with every frightened breath, and the wild rose color was gone from cheek and quivering lip.

Straight and tall in her young majesty, but over the glare of the trumpet, the flash of the jewels, deeper than the voice of Venice in loud acclaim, came the low note of a lute that was stilled forever. There was a strangeness in her throat, a blackness before her eyes. Aged at her silence, the flock of maidens fell a little away from where she stood, and then there came an old woman, bowed and weary, through the velvet portals.

When the attendants would have barred the way Caterina held out her hand. As the old woman bowed before her she opened the palms of her brown hands an instant, so quickly that none saw but Caterina, who drew a quick breath and turned to the waiting with a new authority.

"Leave us. I would have speech with the dame alone."

Wondering, they left her, and as the door clanged to the old woman slipped the iron bar into place and then stood up, the gray wig thrown off, the woman's trappings cast aside, Andrea Morosini.

One step toward Caterina, and he bent his arms. With a low, glad cry she nestled into them and for one long moment of heaven his lips lay on hers, while below the Grand canal pulsed with the music and triumph of a queen's bridal.

The seconds ticked away. There was no past, no future. Then St. Mark's called to the outermost mole, and the sound of feet came along the stone corridor, pausing at the barred door. Caterina started and paled. Her father, the Corrado, the stars died away. Then a noise behind them startled them. Not ten paces Guido Corrado leaned on his great sword, and his frightened eyes were met with a look

so stern that for a time they were speechless. He had entered through a door of which Caterina had no knowledge, built by some jealous Corrado of long ago, who had caused this place of exile to be made that he might the better prove his fears. Indeed they might all have been carved stone. There was no motion in the room but the waving of the arras in the evening breeze that blew through the casement—the slender youth in his cavalier garb of dark velvet, the stern milled old pattern and between them, like some tropic flower blown athwart strange gray glooms, Caterina in her bridal robes of cloth of gold, the coronal of rubies blazing above her brow.

Andrea bowed low before the ancient foe of the house and, with one last lingering look at Caterina, awaited the Corrado's pleasure. He had dared the stiffest law of the republic. He knew the penalty.

Corrado hesitated. There were wrath, love and mighty sorrow in his stormy eyes as they went from one young face to the other. A Morosini, the child of his deadliest foe! But he saw through the mist of long, lonely years a little rosy face pressed against a childish breast, a little head that lay within the curve of a round, white arm, so like, so like, and Giulia, who had died, spoke across the night of her unloved motherhood to the heart of her husband. The wrath died. He was powerless. He could not brook the might of the republic that claimed his child upon the altar of its ambition, but he could save her needless pain.

Already the surge of feet was coming up the long passage. The fanfare of trumpets and the voice of Venice, that was many voices, clamored for their princess. Below the gilded barge of the doge awaited her. Nevermore his child, but always the daughter of Venice.

There was an instant when the golden head lay against the steel corselet, another when Guido Corrado saw his child give her lips to the Morosini, and then he flung wide the door to the secret passage and motioned to Andrea.

And so without a word he passed from her sight and her life, while her father led her down the rose garlanded stairway to the bitterness of the gilded mockery that awaited.

There was a battle next day, a mere skirmish between a Venetian war galley and one of Genoa. At its close they found him lying where the thick of the fight had passed, a smile on his lips, a crushed white rose above his heart. In Venice the people laughed and sang, and there was joy day and night for the week long bridal of Caterina Corrado, the daughter of Venice, and King James de Lusignan.

Tert as Fuel.

Harold Hurley, in the year 889 granted the islands of Orkney to Earl Egnart, brother to Duke Rolof of Normandy. When Earl Egnart came to live in his new possessions he found them quite bare of any trees and producing only a very few stunted bushes.

The Orkneys are bitterly cold and wind swept, so when the inhabitants had used up all the wood they could procure they came to their new earl for advice. He recommended them to cut out pieces of turf, dry them and use them for fuel. This they did with great success that the custom spread to Scotland and thence to Ireland and to many parts of England.

Earl Egnart was always known afterward as Turf Egnart.

"Peat rights" were defined by march stones with three wheels laid under each and were jealously guarded by the townships or individuals to whom they belonged. Throughout Scotland up to the thirteenth century peat and bogwood were universally used for winter fires and broom and whin during summer.

Some etymologists regard the name of peat as almost synonymous with fuel, deriving it from the early English "beten," to replenish a fire.

Court Room Repartee.

In a suit relating to brewery property reported in Case and Comment an eminent and well-dignified counselor was one day reading to the court some manuscript affidavits which were not overlegible and by mistake read the word "man" as "wash." Counsel on the other side, who was small of stature and polite in manner, but keen in intellect and frequently sarcastic, was immediately on his feet and, with a somewhat irritating deference of manner, begging his opponent's pardon, asked liberty to suggest that the word which the eminent counselor read "wash" was really "man." Somewhat nettled, the counselor thus corrected thanked him for the information and added that he was not himself very familiar with terms used in the brewery business, as he had never spent much of his time in a place of that kind.

"Are we to understand, then," said his opponent in the surest manner, "that the eminent counselor wishes us to infer that his early days were spent in a laundry?"

Pontiffs Once Were Red.

There are many people who will doubtless be interested to know that it is only since the thirteenth century that the popes have been accustomed to wear white. Until that time they were always arrayed in the red robes now affected by the cardinals. Boniface VIII, in 1294, however, realizing that the red was no longer a distinctive color of the papacy since his predecessors had accorded to their legates abroad the right to wear it, issued a decree granting to all the members of the sacred college the red robes which they now wear and decided that the white should henceforth be the hue of the raiment of himself and of his successors. The pope, however, still retained from those ancient days the red hat which they wear out of doors and the red mantle as well as the red shoes.

"Well, the people must learn that there is to be no hobnobbing with foreign devils," said the fellow, and a moment later poor Huan Li's head was rolling in the ditch in the gutter.

Several of those who saw and heard this were not ill affected toward the Applebys. Bernard and his wife had visited the sick and fed the hungry.

When the Boxer had turned his back and was on his way to consult with his companions two or three good souls crept cautiously round by another way to warn the missionary of his danger.

Appleby was in a fix. This was Tuesday. There would be no steamer until Thursday. Even if there were he would not probably be allowed to board it. What was to be done?

Shen came running in excitedly. "Boxer man coming!" he exclaimed. "Killee Miss Dulcie, killee aill. Come away quick! Shen show way! Comee, malsey! No stop, not one minute!"

Shen quickly explained that he knew of a path through the woods to Tsotse, a village on the river ten miles nearer Hankow. Here he had an uncle, Shen Li, a boatman and fisherman, who would take the party down the river to Hankow.

Appleby snatched up food and a bottle of water and a blanket or two, and the party made for the nearest point at which the open country could be reached. "Be quick!" they cried; "the Boxers run fast!"

"These people will give us away," muttered Bernard as he ran, having Dulcie on his shoulder and his wife panting at his side. "There'll be no secret as to the way we have taken!"

But fortunately the Boxers delayed their attack for nearly half an hour, employing that period doubtless in screwing up their courage or their ferocity to the necessary point. But the ground was soft here and there, and it would not be difficult to follow by tracking. This fact gave Bernard anxiety and lent him wings and breath and his wife also.

Suddenly came the fatal sounds of pursuit—shouts and occasionally a shot fired by way of intimidation. The pursuers were a mile behind, but probably traveling much faster than the English party. Then Shen Ho spoke:

"Mo go back, tell Boxer man you gone right to Wooten, you go left to Tsotse; no wait for Shen Ho; me find you mission house. Hankow; good; by, malsey, missie; goodly lovee Miss Dulcie!" Shen Ho suddenly went down upon his little nose and kissed Dulcie's foot; then, before he could be questioned or prevented, he dashed backward in the way they had come.

In a few minutes he met the pursuers. The Boxer leader, hot with the chase, looked by this time, as did each of his followers, an incarnate fiend of savagery. They ran sweating and swearing, brandishing pitchforks and swords.

"Have you seen the foreign devils?" shouted the leader. "Speak quickly or the vultures shall sicken over your carcass tonight!"

"Come, you shall show us which way they went, and if I find that you have led!"

"Come, then," said Shen Ho firmly. They were running toward Wooten, tell you, where there are three other foreign devils who will protect them."

Shen Ho led his men three miles out of their way before the savage brutes made up their minds he had deceived them and chased their way through his faithful heart and left him.

The time thus gained sufficed for Appleby to bring his wife and Dulcie in safety to Tsotse and to engage a boat hence down river to Hankow.

Appleby had declared many times that if ever he returns to his mission house at Fuchow he will adopt "that little brick Shen Ho" for his smartness on the evening of their escape.

He does not know and probably he never will how big a thing the lad did for him and his that day.

Animals' Eyes Act Independently.

The eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time, so that as a rule the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flat fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

This is true, too, of the curious bulging optics of a chameleon, which roll round and serve in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge it is but for the instant upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not all act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and his down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

Invisible Support.

Magistrate—What's the charge against this man, officer?

Officer—No visible means of support.

Magistrate—It's up to you, prisoner. What have you to say in answer to the charge?

Prisoner—I guess it's correct, your honor. My wife isn't visible at the present writing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dangers of Travel.

Grouchy Bachelor—I heartily disapprove of taking children on railway journeys and to large hotels.

Doting Mother—So do I. One meets so many rude people and sees so much selfishness at those places that one is always glad the little darlings aren't there to pick up bad habits.—Baltimore American.



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ENGLISH PRESS PDEASED

At the Results of the Deportation of Waifs to Canada

The Liverpool Mercury hopes that the decision of the London Poor Law Guardians in favor of encouraging the emigration of suitable children, will induce guardians all over the country to devote serious attention to this method of giving their young charges a good start in life. Investigations made in Canada, which receives the great majority of poor children sent out by philanthropic societies, show that under the careful regulations which govern this youthful emigration most excellent results have been attained. The utmost care is exercised in selecting homes for the newcomers, who are under the supervision of inspectors of the Canadian Government. The Yorkshire Post says the system of sending destitute children to Canada, where homes are found for them under the superintendence of the Canadian Government, has worked exceedingly well, and has proven an entirely satisfactory emigration scheme.

This may be all well enough for England, but Canadians object to have this country made a dumping ground for the worst elements of the worst slums in Europe.

Ontario Trade Disputes
 Amendment Act, 1897

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Teacher—When water is transformed into ice what great change takes place? Bright Boy—The change in price.

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