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************************************ PIETRO'S BATTLE

-A SHORT STORY-

Antonio Vallai sat listlessly on a at his feet—an Italian gypsy and his better than to retaliate against a

trudged afoot from ftaly along the Pietro, and turned away. Their deluxuriant shores of Southern France, parture was greeted with a loud laugh where living had been so expensive; and some oaths from the lookerson. then across the Pyrenees and down in to Spain, where, the the cost of living groaned aloud.

stench and squalor of a southern slum. Since Maria Vallani had fallen sick weeks had passed. The Granadines had ceased to laugh at and applaud the ungainly antics of the clumsy, heavy-haunched creature as it waltzed round and round with its forepaws dangling, and a silly, patient grin on Thus, coppers had ceased to

by the roadside Returning to the dirty, dusty town, Antonio first sought for the much-needed coppers in the Plaza Cristobal

Slothful muleteers, pedlars, sweet vendors and loafers were just awak-ening in various shady corners from the siesta, and the cries of the watercarriers, reiterated unceasingly thruout the heat of the day, were heard

'La-dari-ra ra, La-dari-ra ra,' such was the Italian's unmusical chant, as he beat a prt of drum in doubtful rhythm, and the bear revolved ponderously on his hind legs. "Caramba!" exclaimed the old ped-

lar, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "that fool of an Italian again, and his devil of a bear. Can no one enjoy 40 winks without being disturbed by such an infernal racket?" devil fly away with all Italians, say I," responded a greasy mule-

teer, fixing a dusty packsaddle on a

gaunt mule, "the man and his beast have become a regular pest here." There was a general growl of assent from the loungers, who by this time had risen, and stood sullenly scowling at Antonio and Pietro. 'La-dari—ra, ra, La-dari—ra." chant stopped uncompleted as a large stone, flung with unerring aim, took the bear immediately below the ear. The great beast dropped on to his ferelegs and, with a movement ludi-

which they had passed, if he had worked hard and had little to eat, he had at least been a general favorite. He was so used to the plaudits of appeared. the crowd that he had come to con-

crously human placed one paw deli-

Antonio gave a sharp glance in the dancing bear.

Spanish mob, and, choking back a blood sob which surged it no his throat, he mouth Antonio thought of his wife

was cheap, centimes with the motive of a fat, heary man who was standing in the patio of Cafe de Colon, and regarding him and his charge with some attention—a fat on a bunch of grapes and a hunch of man whose huge paunch was covered man whose huge paunch was covered man whose huge paunch was covered distance, when the bear, realizing the man whose huge paunch was covered by a vast expanse of white versions of hisadversary, sud-

coarse bread here, a handful of olives by a vast expanse of white waistcoat. and a cup of sour wine there, until they reached Andalusia and the old exuberance of flesh, and as he drew At Cranada, the woman's strength gave out and she lay, sick and emaciated, amidst the filth, the suffocating stench and squalor of a continuous complished of all dancing box. tively; then, after a pause, you like to sell your bear?" he asked, with apparent carelessness.

> The Italian started back. "Sell Pietre!" he exclaimed, aghast. "No, senor; a thousand times no! He is our breadwinner. Without him should certainly starve."

"He does not seem to win much said the Spaniard, eyeing Antonio's cadaverous appearance superciliously. ed the other in a low voice, "and he has been with me for so many, many years. If I parted with him now I

am afraid that he would die."
"If he is old, he will die soon, anyway; then where will you be? I will give you 1200 pesetas for your bear. I. happen to want him—for a special purpose. With 1200 pesetas you could return to Italy, set up a cafe, and live comfortably for the rest of your life." The Italian was trembling; a great conflict was surging in his bosom.

he asked, haltingly. "The bullring," answered the other, briefly.

A glaring August afternoon in San Sebastian. The Plaza de Toros was packed with 15,000 spectators. The sun eat mercilessly down on those who had not been able to obtain seats labelled Sombra. The occasion was a gala one—the nameday of the queendowager. Mantillas of old lace, black and white, were much in evidence, some covering raven tresses, others surmounting locks—locks which had become blonde since an English prin-cess ascended the throne of Spain. The red-coated sand-sprinklers, hav-

ing completed their task, retired, and the arena lay emtpy. crously human placed one paw delicately on the smitten spot, while he regarded his master with a hurt and puzzled look of enquiry.

He was not used to such treatment.

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets bland out shilly, and two mounted Alguazils, clad in seventeenth-century costumes, rode in, to whom, as they

Again the trumpets spoke, and the performance the acme of babel of tongues ceasing, a dead hush received his M.D., and they call him grace and dexterity, and the growing coldness and indifference of the passers by had for some time been a source of disquietude and wonder to him.

Dr. now. The coldness and indifference of the passers of disquietude and wonder to him.

Dr. now. The coldness and indifference of the passers of denswing back, and out into the glare of the arena a huge bear ambled. The called by the wrong name.

sunlight dazzled him after the dark ness of the comfined space in which he had been kept prisoner. He stood blinking and gazing round in a muddle-headed fashion, and finally, shuffling off to that part of the ring which lay in the shade, he sat down on his

He had hardly done so when another door was flung open.
With a furious bellow a great Ancrumbling battlemented wall which overlooked Granada, while Pietro lay galloped blindly half way across the arena, his eyes gleaming red with

blood lust, and foam flying from his Here he halted and stood raking back the sand with his forefeet; then, glaring round, searched for an object for attack. Immediately he spled the bear sitting quiet and unmoved some fifty

to Spain, where, the the cost of living as the passed up the Avenida de la Libertad he noticed a fat, hairy man he lowered his head and sprang off on

denly stood upright to receive him, and opened his arms invitingly. Then a curious thing happened. The bull, tho it would have attacked with ferocious courage any animal which stood on legs, or any human being which stood on two, stopped short-dismay-ed, it may be, at the uncanny spectacle which presented itself to him, of an obvious quadruped assuming the

erect posture of a biped. For some seconds he stood spell-bound, gazing with ever-increasing astenishment and dread at the strange Tired of standing still, the bear open-

ed his arms a little wider and took one stride forward. That proved the last straw. The buil turned, and throwing frequent and fearful glances behind him, cantered off to the opposite side of the ring, where he stood sweating and

The silence was oppressive.
All at once someone gave vent to loud snigger. Instantly it was caught up by 15,000 throats, and roar after rear of laughter shook the massive uilding, while shouts of "Bravo, Oso, came from those who could articulate The bear was evidently astounded. It was so long since he had gained any "What—is—your—special—purpose?" applause that he had forgotten sound of it. But the cry-"Bravo Qso! Bravo, Oso!" brought back vividly the time of his popularity; and irstinctively rising to the occasion, with an appreciative, slobbering grin on his face, and forepaws dangling.

he began to waltz slowly round and round and round. That evening, after Antonio ceased to weep on the neck of his un-wounded hero, Pietro had such a dinner as seldom falls to the lot of a bear, however capacious its maw.

Remo there is a little cafe, prettily situated. with an orchard and olive groves behind it. The name of the padrone is Antonio Vallani, whose padrone is Antonio Vallani, whose all the other expressive adjectives in buxom wife is locally and deservedly the language, but if people are known by their acts or the fruits thereof, the famed for her cookery.

In the orchard an old bear, almost

London Sketch. "Aint It Awful?" Jock, how are ye, lad, and how is Dougald?"

"Oh, I'm well, but Dougald has just

On Womeu's Votes.

Editor Woman's Column: The differences of opinion between the various omen representatives of the enfranchisement of women, held at Ottawa on Oct. 30, furnish much speculation as to the ultimate satisfactory achievement of the question at issue. A divi-sion of forces quite often precipitates a disastrous fall. This need not be regarded as a prophecy. The fight now in progress is for equality, and, per-haps, "the survival of the fittest." Men have had votes long enough to have improved our social state, yet have accomplished nothing in the way of betto fail for the cause of women, while very heroic, is uncalled for and a waste of valuable time which might be better among women and girls to educate them as to their position in capitalist society, show them their status in previous stages of the world's develop-ment, and to increase their knowledge of politics so they will know how to vote intelligently when they do become enfranchised. When the true earnestness of woman's purpose is borne in upon the male consciousness, he must either "sit up and take notice," capitulate gracefully, or, perforce, allow the equality of sex for which women strive. It can make little difference whether "lady this or that" deems woman suffrage resolutions unnecessary or accords them a place on the platform of the National Council, Also, the laying aside of the question for eight months need not stay the activity of the propaganda work. The putting off of the hour for acknowledgment but strengthens the cause and makes the end more certain. The dignity of the question will be fully upheld when the women interested are known to be working along quiet, harmonious lines. According to one woman representative, that women are ranked as ani-mals, etc., the comforting thought remains that "every dog has his day." Hope being our chief asset, we might add patience and keep plodding. "Al things come round to those who wait."

There ought not be anyone better fitted to deal -with women's affairs than women, but unfortunately their lack of knowledge of their natural rights in society has left the majority of them incompetent to deal logically and wisely with questions that must concern their best interests. It is, however, a legitimate ignorance, their misfortune application to home life and its duties which they have been engaged for so many ages. A very great number of them are fully aware of their responsibilities, and thoroly aroused to the need of action, but thru diffidence and inexperience do not know how to begin to bring about the best results. While it may be called unwomanly to employ the tactics of the English suffragists On the outskirts of beautiful San the end seems to have justified the means. They have at least attracted complished in the furtherance of a pro-

While chaining themselves to iron in public affairs. screens in the house of commons may displayed their fixedity of purpose in

ting, that certainly would not count In all historical moves it is usual to radius of the curves at street corners.

opinion as if they had availed themselves of the man privilege of oaths. In summing up, the above exercise of self-restraint ought to have been duly recognized. They have clearly demonstrated the futility of pleading and the use of feminine arts with the men in power to accomplish their aims, and all the fair-minded ediand having made no impression it is how your social status is affected by ters of the newspapers at large, put

quite in order to adopt other methods.
Acting on the adage that "all's fair in war" the justice of which men admit, why should not this woman fight for equality be conducted on a like basis? It has been shown conclusively that men do not mean to yield light-ly to the demands of women for the tering conditions. The willingness to go ballot, which is beyond question hers by all just right. Therefore it behocves her to force her claim upon their notice without further consideraclass who have no other desire than to aid in the continued slavery of

her sex for their own selfish and material interests. Reference in this case is principally directed to the type of man who asks, parrot-like, wheneve the opportunity offers, What is to bea come of the homes and babies if woen have a vote? These men belong to the class who are more busy furnishing the babies than they are the homes for them, and it is on the wives of these very men that the duty of maintaining the home, the family and the men by their labor and unflagging effort falls heaviest, without recognition of their triple service, then abuse and grumbling because they cannot better perform the herculean task. While the said men disregard their opportunity to provide better surroundings and conditions by an intelligent use of the ballot, a safeguard provided legally, and all that is antagonistic to justice, to assist them in protecting their

homes and its interests. Is it a matter of wonder that wo man wishes a voice in the making of the laws which, whether just or otherwise she is compelled to obey, without en-couragement or hope of betterment unless she makes an attempt to bring "All It about?

In the face of the present situation it does not seem as if women could make a much worse mess of public affairs than men have already Why should not the action of the English workers be commended? Why endorse one part of the act and condemn the other? If any of it is worthy of notice, if the underlying principle is right, it is not fair to praise and blame in a breath. What if the newspapers do declare in display type that the "National Council" approves of the tactics of the English suffragists? If it is a common cause with which you sympathize you ought to be pleased instead of ashamed.

Women who are identified with a public move must expect and be prepared to have their acts commented upon and if sincere and well inten ticned ought to be equal to being criticized. If it is adverse and the cause just, its worthiness cannot be lastingly injured by newspaper relastingly injured by newspaper remarks in the minds of right-thinking people. The daily newspaper is but a medium of thought exchange, acts sur"Well done!" medium of thought exchange, acts survive words. The press employes must ing of his life, under the grateful shade of the fruit trees.—Capt. Crichton, in one evidence that anything has been acticipants in any social move, and par-ticularly the "ladies" who will engage

There is a considerable amount of thought to be undignified, it surely bitter mingled with the sweet in any reform cup. It would be interesting to As to the squeaks with which women are reportorially credited as emitrive at what they really do advocate. the rails, the devil strip, and the

certain cause come together there should be a sympathetic unison of thought, definite plan of action mapped, and a fixed purpose of execution, with a deeply engrossed allegiance to the object in view, which can neither be shaken by personal issues nor dis-

press or public criticism. wage slaves; that in New York City alone 50.000 women are supporting their husbands; that in Chicago every ily-another vast number of wives of bands to provide food, clothing and shelter for their little ones; that millions of women are bearing the double making or executing the laws under which they live. Womankind must be free, or our society will perish, for women are the mothers of the race. They must organize and work to-gether for their freedom and the common good of all, set aside petty dissensions, personal motives, jealousies

liberty and equality in all the relations of daily life. Partial or fragmentary reforms will not wipe out the wrongs of to-day. To be progressive we must be broad in every sense. The vital principles of the Christian religion, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," should embrace

equal rights for all." Anna Curtis. ERE THE SETTING OF THE SUN. By Annie G. Valentine

Have you ever in the silent night, When you have bravely fought for right. Knelt down to thank your God for victories won: victories won;
When at the throne of grace you knelt.
The smile of His approval felt,
And to your heart same softly whispered, His sweet "Well done?"

The what bitter pain and sorrow, would feel if on the morrow, God would call to me and say: race is run;"
When he sees my wasted talents,
Finds me wanting in the balance,
And in justice holds from me His
Well done!"

It would mar my joy of heaven,
Feeling that I had not striven,
Had not won my laurels at the setting
of the sun.

Three steps instead of a hop, step and jump as a means of access to the Torento street cars is the latest solution of the problem set the Ontario railway board by Dr. Helen MacMurchy... The structural difficulties of low-It is impossible, according to expert read the program or constitution of evidence, to bring the car floors any Suffrage for Women.

Editor World: Being of the opinion that the women of this and all other countries are entitled to all the privi-leges that men have, and also believing that women are as much citizens as men are, it's high time that you, Mr. ress or public criticism.

When we reflect that nearly 6,000,000, to it that the women of this vast or about one-eighth of all the women nation get equality and fair play. This of Canada and the United States, are is a new country, and I think you will agree with me when I say that almost all the old countries now are new in their ways, and getting more and more so every day. No wonder year 60,000 deserted wives take up the burden of providing alone for a fam-Canada now know that they are men's ily—another vast number of wives of petty criminals are forced during the periodic incarceration of their husreason, because you grant to woman what has been and is her legal right that she will henceforth neglect her burden of caring for a home and earn- duty to husband, children and home? ing a subsistence wage outside of the home; women are bought and sold every day in all our great cities and shipped to all points of the globe for shipped to all points of the globe for shipped to all points of the globe for immoral purposes; that women, men and children are dying every day from overwork and starvation—these and many other oppressions women suffer from, yet they are denied all rights in making or executing the laws under a halo of beauty and brilliancy of honest righteousness in our parliaments, I have every confidence that our own distinguished premier. Sir James Whitney, will show his mag-nanimity to the women of Ontario and see that the proper legislation is grant-

This is not a question of politics. It only means righting a great wrong. believe that every member of the Ontario parliament will vote in favor of such legislation. The days of darkness are past, and all the better-educated women are demanding their right to equality, which they are sure to get all over the world before long, and so far as this has been granted them in other countries, they are certainly doing credit to their sex and honor to the governments that grant-

ed them fair play.

I feel sure that we may take it for granted that the gallant Sir James Whitney and bis cabinet ministers, and all the members of the Ontario parliament will as soon as possible grant equality and fair play to the women of this great province, it will stand forever recorded to their credit as the most gracious and best act that has so far been granted by the legislature of Ontario, and fear not, that such an act will cause any unusual commotion among my Lochaber Fairy Guards of Canada, which includes all the harming women and fair maids of this ountry. For what signifies the life man, if it were na for the lassies O? country.

Donald Cameron, Glen Nevis, Scotland. 264 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. I HEARD A SOLDIER.

I heard a soldier sing some trifle Out in the sun-dried veldt alone: He lay and cleaned his grimy trile Idly behind a stone.

"If after death, love, comes a wakins, And in their camp so dark and still The men of dust hear bugles breaking Their halt upon the hill.

"To me the slow and silver pealing
That then the last high trumpet pour
Shall softer than the dawn come stealing.
For, with its call, comes yours!" What grief of love had he to stifle, Basking so idly by his stone, That grimy soldier with his rifle Out on the veidt alone?