



MUSIC and DRAMA

The Grand's Attractions.

Today, Matinee and Night—"Bought and Paid For."—Henry Miller in "The Rainbow." Saturday, April 26—Marks Bros' Stock Company. Monday, April 28—"The Quaker Girl."

Return Engagement One Day Only.

Marks Stock Company, with the clever little actress, Gracie Marks and company, and four big vaudeville acts, returns next Saturday. They play that delightful comedy, "Virgie's Sweetheart," at the matinee, Saturday night.



GRACIE MARKS, who again plays London for one day only, Saturday, April 26.

The comedy drama, "The Girl From Sunny Alberta." They should be greeted with two capacity houses. They are only here for the one day. The seat sale opens Wednesday.

"The Quaker Girl."

The story of "The Quaker Girl," which the Henry B. Harris Estate sends to the Grand Monday evening, April 28, is built around the experience of a Quaker girl in Paris, where she goes after being cast off by her own people. An exiled Bonapartist princess is attracted by the girl's beauty and helps her to secure a position as a model in Madame Blum's dressmaking salon in Paris. There she learns the art of wearing beautiful gowns, that increase one's natural loveliness, and when she meets Tony Chute (Victor Morley) he establishes himself as her instructor in the arts of dancing and loveliness. In the dressmaking salon in the second act there is a gorgeous dress display, which is as good as a trip to Paris, for the advance idea it gives of current and coming styles in feminine attire. In the last act also there are many beautiful gowns, for the scene depicts a fancy ball and the spectacle is almost beyond description. There are 20 new songs in the piece and each one is a valued and necessary part of the whole. The play is conceded on all hands to be the most stupendous production of its kind in America.

Extraordinary Engagement—Henry Miller.

Henry Miller comes to the Grand on Friday evening in his famous New

York and Chicago success, "The Rainbow," by A. E. Thomas. It will be Mr. Miller's first appearance here since his engagement in "The Great Divide," nearly five years ago. He will be supported by the same brilliant cast that appeared with him throughout the all-season run at the Liberty Theatre in New York last year. An attempt to weave the charm of "The Rainbow" into the web of a description is a good deal like trying to catch and fix the fridolent shimmer of the exquisite thing from which it takes its name. For the play, in its essence a simple story of paternal love, is so bedecked with the riches of a sensitive imagination and a sense of humor put into words that it rather eludes description. The author, A. E. Thomas, writes with wit and with a sure hand on the heart-strings. Mr. Miller's portrayal of the father is the best work he has done on the stage in many years. The role enables him to put forth the full power of his great acting ability, and the character itself wins and holds the sympathy of audiences more effectively than any he has created since "Heartsease." The play is the biggest success Mr. Miller has produced in ten years. This attraction played Toronto last week to capacity houses, and delighted audiences.

WOMEN IN FINNISH DIET.

The Finnish Diet has many women members, drawn from the various walks of life. Among other women, there have been at different times in the Diet, a factory inspector, two doctors of philosophy, the principal of a girls' school, a clergyman's widow, the wife of a hooper, five seamstresses, an historical writer and lecturer, a peasant's wife, and the editor of a social democratic women's weekly, who began her wage-earning as a servant girl.

"Does your wife always have the last word?" "Um, no. I most always say: 'Yes, dear,' or 'Very true, dear.'"



Scene from "Bought and Paid For" at the Grand twice today.



HENRY MILLER and RUTH CHATTERTON in "The Rainbow," a magnificent dramatic production, which comes to the Grand next Friday evening.

MR. TIMMS PLAYED SAFE A SHORT STORY

[By St. John G. Ervine in the Nation, London, Eng.]

Concluded From Yesterday.

He remembered distinctly the sense of loneliness he had had as he ascended the stairs of the lodging-house in Cambridge, where he lived; how dingy his bed-sitting-room had seemed, and how tasteless and sloppily Miss Squibb's food was. The thing inside him kept on saying, "Risk it, man, risk it! Two can live as cheaply as one. Risk it, man, risk it!" He had finished the repulsive food provided by Miss Squibb, and he had gone into the street again. He remembered that he walked aimlessly about, listening to the thing inside him saying, "Risk it, man, risk it!" until, to his amazement, he found himself standing outside the door of Miss Gordon's home. His hand was raised to the knocker, when suddenly he said to the thing inside him, "But supposing I were to lose my job, or fail sick, or something, what would become of me and my wife and perhaps children?" And his hand had fallen away from the knocker, and he had turned and fled back to the dingy bed-sitting-room that he hired from Miss Squibb. Miss Gordon went away from the office of Messrs. Carlingford & Co. soon after that, and he never saw her again. He remembered that he had taken her hand as she went out of the office on the last day of her engagement, and that he said "Good-bye" to her, and that she had looked up at him for a moment or two with a queer, questioning look in her eyes, and that she had stood in silence as if she were waiting for him to say something. And then she had married, and he had never seen her since. That was the kind of thing the thing inside him was always urging him to do. Morrison had married, and Morrison was poor. Of course, Mr. Timms, too, was poor, but that was not his fault. Morrison's wife was always ill, or one of the children was ill, or something or other. Then one of the children died. Of course, that happened, but he could not help thinking how fortunate he was to be spared all that trouble. When he reflected on the approach of old age and disaster, he was comforted to some extent by the thought that such things would be worse for Morrison than they were likely to be for him. One day, a junior clerk in the office, a very nice young man by the name of Cook, pitched his pen on the face of a clean page of a ledger, and swore horribly. "I'm fed up with this life," he said, and swinging himself off his desk, he went to the coat-room, and began to put on his coat and hat. "But it's not lunch-time yet!" said Mr. Timms to him, wonderingly. "I know that," Cook replied. "I'm off. I'm going to Canada, or hell, or somewhere out of this. I'm sick of clerking!" Mr. Timms had asked Cook questions about Canada. Had he any friends there? Had he been promised, definitely promised, employment there? What prospects had he? To his horror, Cook answered that he had not any friends in Canada, that he had not any definite or indefinite promise of work there, and that his prospects were nil. "But it's madness," he urged, to throw up a fairly safe job for a risky thing like Canada. "You've got to take risks sometimes," said Cook obstinately. "Wait till you're older," replied Mr. Timms. "And you'll know better!" And then Cook said a remarkable thing. "Yes, I know," he answered gloomily. "They always say that; and then when you're old, you're too cowardly to know better!" Mr. Timms was too busy trying to understand what this meant to notice that Cook had gone off, and it was not until Mr. Carlingford called for him that he realized what had happened. "Where's Cook?" Mr. Carlingford demanded angrily, for he had been kept waiting a long time, a minute or so. "I think he's gone to Canada, sir!" replied Mr. Timms. "To where?" exclaimed Mr. Carlingford. Mr. Timms explained what had happened. "Are his books all right?" said Mr. Carlingford, and when he had been reassured, he nodded his head, and went back to his office. "Silly young ass!" he said. Cook had written to Mr. Timms some months afterwards, and had stated he was getting on well. "It was rotten at first," he wrote, "but this is worth it! Why don't you come too?" Mr. Timms replied to Cook's letter, and stated very precisely that it would be absurd to give up a comparatively safe post for a positively uncertain thing. It had happened that Cook had succeeded, but there was no guarantee that Mr. Timms would also succeed. He was older than Cook. Then the dreadful thing happened. Messrs. Carlingford & Co. became bankrupt, and Mr. Timms was without employment. In a kind of desperation, he tramped from office to office in search of work, but always he was told that a younger man was required. He could go home in the evening and calculate the amount of his savings. He quit the house of Miss Squibb, and took a cheaper lodging. He estimated the number of weeks he could live on a pound a week without work, and found that his savings would suffice for a year and a half. After that? He became frenzied when six months had gone by, and he was still unemployed. He tried to live on less than a pound a week, and he removed to a pound a cheaper lodging. One day he felt a curious pain, and he ran desperately to a doctor. "If I don't take care of myself," he said, "I may be unable to look for work at all, and then what will become of me?" He went into the doctor's surgery, and sat down in the waiting-room to wait his turn. He fingered the pages of an illustrated paper that was lying on the table, and found himself getting confused over a picture of stalagmites and stalagmites that someone had found in a fearful cave in Africa. "Queer things," he was muttering to himself, when the doctor summoned him to him. He came out of the surgery with a smile on his face. The lines about his mouth and eyes seemed to have been rolled out. His nervousness and alarm had gone, and in their place was calm. He glanced about him fearlessly, and when he said "Good-day!" to the doctor, he said it jauntily. "Plucky chap, that!" said the doctor, as he shut the door behind him. "Thank God!" said Mr. Timms. "Oh, thank God, I'm safe now!" And in three months he was dead. St. John G. Ervine.

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SEAFORTH PLAYERS MADE A GREAT HIT

Packed House Witnessed Clever Production of "Alice In Wonderland."

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Seaforth, April 18.—The beautiful, spectacular performance, "Alice In Wonderland," given under the auspices of the Seaforth fire brigade, in Cardno's Opera Hall last evening, was the most successful play ever witnessed in Seaforth, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Early in the week the reserved seats had all been sold, and shortly after the doors were opened every available seat had been taken, and with difficulty one secured standing room. The cast included 150 of Seaforth's best talent, and the large audience was greatly delighted with the production. The applause frequently interrupted the players.

The costumes were gorgeous, and the drills and marches were all staged without a hitch.

Though the entire 150 came in for high commendation for their various parts, special mention might be made of Miss Dorothy O'Connell, who as Alice, received repeated ovations, Miss Bee Morson, as the Indian Princess, and Mr. L. T. DeLacey, as Mad Hatter, played their parts exceedingly well.

The performance was staged under the direction of Miss D. Hope Leonard, and the huge success of the production is largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Dora Scott, the instructor. Although Miss Scott should have been in London yesterday, she was detained by the firemen, who recognized the value of her services. The play was repeated this evening—the reserved seats again having all been taken.

THORNDALE DEBATERS WERE CONGRATULATED

Interesting Arguments on Trades Union Questions Were Greatly Enjoyed.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Thorndale, April 19.—The Treasury Seers Bible Class held their social evening at the home of Mr. Charles Fell. A very interesting program was provided, the main feature being a debate, "Resolved, that trade unions are beneficial to a country."

The affirmative was taken by Messrs. E. McLeod and H. Mossop, and the negative by Dr. Armstrong and Mr. J. Angus. The referees appointed were Messrs. Jas. Fitzsimons, Mrs. J. Wheaton, and Miss B. Hobbs. They decided in favor of the negative.

All the addresses were splendid, and the debaters were highly commended for their eloquent oratory.

Other members were solo by Miss Brown and an instrumental by Miss Carrothers.

The officers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows: President, Mr. John Stapleton; vice-president, Mr. J. Angus; secretary, Mr. C. Fell; treasurer, Mr. J. Laird; chairman of social committee, Mrs. J. Angus; chairman of membership committee, Mr. R. Routledge; chairman devotional committee, Mrs. E. McLeod.

After the election of officers lunch was served and a pleasant social evening spent.

A hearty vote of thanks was ten-

SOLEMN, IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES MARK THE PASSING AWAY OF A POPE.

The last moments of a dying pontiff are marked by exercises of great solemnity, more impressive than the ceremonies at his funeral. A set form of rites, which have been in vogue so long that the date of their adoption has not been definitely established, are gone through as each Pope passes away.

When the physicians in attendance upon his holiness decide that death is imminent the cardinals in Rome and the Pope's official household assemble in the papal chamber, ranging themselves about his bed in the order of their rank.

Then the Pope's confessor and the cardinal holding the office of grand penitentiary receive the dying pontiff's last confession. The Pope's sacristan, who is an Augustinian monk and the titular bishop of porphyry, brings him the holy vaticum and administers the sacrament of extreme unction.

After the extreme unction has been administered, if the Pope's condition is such as to make it possible, he recites the tridentine profession of faith to the grand penitentiary, who thereupon pronounces the grand absolution and the formula of indulgence in the article of death. The generals of the various orders, in the order of their rank, then bestow the special indulgences they have the privilege of giving.

Then, if the Pope is still alive and so desires, he may make known his wishes as to his successor and any last requests he has to make. His wishes as to his successor, however, have no official weight, and the cardinals are not bound by them in any way.

The next ritual is a recital of the commendation prayers, "Depart Christian Soul," etc., by the sacristan. This usually takes place a very few minutes before the actual passing of the Pope. At the very last moment the penitentiaries of St. Peter's—the Franciscan friars—begin chanting the psalms of penitence. This chant is kept up until the Pope is actually dead, all of the cardinals and official household remaining in the death chamber until the end.

After an interval of a few minutes the cardinal chamberlain, got into a deep violet robe, and followed by the prelates of the chamber, enters the room. Once within the room, a violet pillow is placed on the floor and the chamberlain kneels in silent prayer, while the cardinals and members of the household bow their heads.

His prayer finished, the chamberlain rises and goes to the side of the dead



CARDINAL SERAPHIN VANNUCCI, the grand penitentiary of the vatican, who will receive Pope Pius' last confession and pronounce the grand absolution.

Pope. The cloth is gently thrown back from his face, and with a silver hammer the chamberlain thrice taps the dead pontiff on the forehead, and repeating his baptismal name with each stroke, says in a voice that all can hear: "The Pope is really dead."

All in the chamber of death then kneel and the chamberlain says the "De Profundis" with prayer and absolution and sprinkles the corpse with holy water. The master of the chamber draws from the finger of the dead Pope the symbol of authority, the "fisherman's ring," which he hands to the chamberlain. A prophetic utterance, as required by the record of deceased, as required by the civil and ecclesiastical law. This ends the ceremonies at the deathbed.

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Honkey Konkey

King George's Navy Plug



KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

TODAY'S MAN

by Berton Braley

When the sages say, "It can't be done at all, It will only prove a failure and a mess," Comes a fellow with a quiet sort of gall, Just remarking, "We can put it through. I guess!"

There's an old and battered briar in his face, And his eyes are calmly humorous and clear, For there seems to be an easy sort of grace And power in the civil engineer!

He will tunnel through the quicksand and the muck, He will bridge whatever gulf you wish to span, He has vision, he has energy and pluck, If you want a WORKING dreamer, he's your man;

In the jungle, fighting fever and the damp, In the desert where the torrid sun's aglare, In the bleak and frozen north he pitches camp, If you show him where the job is—he'll be there.

He has turned the wildest fiction into truth, He has made the maddest fancies into steel, He is valor, he is daring, he is youth, Crushing doubt and all disaster under heel! He's efficiency—that always finds a way! He is faith, which conquers unbelief and fear,

You will find it in the civil engineer! If you're seeking for the spirit of today,

dered Mr. and Mrs. Fell for their hospitality.

Twelve loads of gypsies passed through here on Wednesday. They called at several farm homes and endeavored to practice palmistry.

LOTS OF ROOM IN THE NEW CAMP SITE

Water Is Pure and Gederich Council Will Provide Electric Lights.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Gederich, April 19.—The farmers living adjacent to the Murney farm, where it is proposed to hold the military camp this year, have all signed an agreement to permit military tactics on their farms. This makes a very large tract available for manoeuvring. The water flowing from the two large springs has been found absolutely pure and the town of Gederich is going to furnish electric light.

The residents on Anglesea street, from North to Britannia roads, also the residents on Britannia road, from South to the Sunset Hotel, and on Nelson street, from Colborne street to Britannia road, are petitioning the council to put down cement sidewalks. The steamers Gordon and McKee left today for Fort William to load grain for the Gederich Elevator and Transit Company.

CUT AN ARTERY

John Lane, of Walkerton, Had a Close Call From Bleeding to Death.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Walkerton, April 18.—Mr. John Lane, while moving a box of dishes, fell, and one of the broken dishes severed an artery in his throat. It was with difficulty that his life was saved by the physicians.

Mr. Millard Grant Stauffer moved this week to take up his permanent residence in Collingwood.

FORMER LONDON BOY DIES AT INGERSOLL

Percy Hey Had Only Been Ill a Week With Pneumonia.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Ingersoll, April 18.—Percy Hey, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hey, formerly of London, died at his home here today as a result of an abscess forming in his foot followed by an attack of acute pneumonia. He had been ill only a week. He was in his 14th year, and a member of the Boy Scouts, and of the Baptist Sunday school.

KICK WAS FATAL

Christian Bender, of Listowel, Was Killed at Horse Show.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Listowel, April 18.—Christian Bender, a retired farmer, aged 52, was killed this afternoon by a kick from a horse. He was an attendant at the annual spring show of the Listowel Agricultural Show, and was leading a horse belonging to Louis Gabel when a horse led by Mr. Gabel, striking Mr. Bender directly over the heart. Mr. Bender, besides a widow, leaves one son.

Sportsman—Can you tell me where to send a handkerchief I have found belonging to Father Maloney? Irish Priest—I can; but he'll have no use for it. He's been in Hiven these three weeks.—Punch.

Shiloh The family remedy for Coughs and Colds. Shiloh costs so little and does so much!

NATALIE ALF, who will sing the title role in that captivating musical hit, "The Quaker Girl," at the Grand Monday, April 28.