

One Way of "Getting Even."

The women of Misima have an "unpleasant way of committing suicide." If they are annoyed, they climb quickly up a tall palm tree and hurl themselves headlong on to the rocky ground below.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Tennis Ball Finishes Hippo.

"Zeekoe," a big hippopotamus at the Cincinnati zoo, has a skin that will turn a bullet, but the animal was recently killed by a tennis ball.

LONDON NURSES TO GO TO ANNUAL

Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario Opens Session in Windsor on Thursday.

Several graduate nurses from London go to Windsor next week to attend the meetings of the provincial convention of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario, which are being held in the Prince Edward Hotel there on Thursday and Friday, April 24 and 25.

The afternoon meeting is opened by an address from Professor Cabot of Ann Arbor University on "The Essential Interdependency of Medicine and Nursing."

The Friday afternoon meeting will be opened by an address on "Nursing Conditions," given by Mrs. L. E. Greter, superintendent of the Visiting Nurses' Association of Detroit.



Formerly Miss Gwen Scandrett, who will hold her post-nuptial reception on Thursday next at her home, 42 Marley Place.

Installation ceremony held in the Alma Block, when she was presented with a lovely gold wrist watch and a handsome luncheon cloth, both gifts of the Shrine.

THE PALESTINE SHRINE HONORS MRS. D. ROSS

Members Present Her With a Handsome Her Watch at Installation.

Mrs. Duncan Ross, past worthy high priestess of the Palestine Shrine was highly honored last night at the

Wheels Within Wheels THE STORY OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED MYSTERY.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

Installation IV. WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

RALPH HOWLAND, a wealthy businessman, is found dead in the library of his country home one morning.

CONRAD STRYKER, the village half-wit, has a mania for freeing imprisoned things. He discovers Howland's dead body, and it is suspected that he was in the library during the night.

MARY HOWLAND, Ralph's wife, lost interest in life with the death of her 5-year-old child Angela. The new tragedy seems to have affected her mind.

NURSE LANE is an old and trusted member of the household.

EDITH MILLS is Howland's very pretty stenographer.

ROB PETERS and his wife, Sally, are the Howlands' guests at the time of the tragedy.

LEONARD SWIFT, Howland's cousin, talked until midnight with Ralph. On reading Ralph's will it is discovered that Swift is Howland's principal heir.

CHIEF OF POLICE WELDEN, who, with Detective Green, is conducting the investigation, asks whether anyone can shed light on this strange case of the will.

AUSTEN MAGEE, Howland's secretary, who is also known to have talked to his employer the night of the tragedy, discloses the fact that Howland had reason to believe Angela was still alive.

CHAPTER IX. The Girl in the Doorway.

"For the past two years," Magree told his astonished listeners, "Howland has been trying in every possible way to get some faking of what could have become of his daughter. His theory is that she was taken from that casket alive."

"Alive?" cried Dr. Avery. "Impossible!"

"But is it impossible, doctor?" Magree asked. "In the rush and hurry of the epidemic, might it not be possible that you thought the child dead, when she was not?"

"My God!" roared the doctor. "If I thought that—"

"It is only theory," went on Magree. "But it became an obsession with Mr. Howland."

"Do you suppose Mrs. Howland read this will?" asked Green, suddenly.

"I dare say," returned Dr. Avery, "and I believe that is what has made her so much more unsettled in her mind."

"One thing is sure," said Green. "Mrs. Howland came downstairs late last night and took the will away with her. Might it be possible, Dr. Avery, that the knowledge of the will's contents turned her brain and in her madness she killed her husband?"

"It is quite possible that the reference to her daughter would cause her to lose her mind, but I cannot see how that indicates crime on her part."

"At risk of repetition," said Welden. "I'd like you men to tell me again of your visits to the library last evening. Who went there first to talk to Mr. Howland?"

"I did," said Rob Peters. "As soon as the dinner guests had gone, I went there at once to discuss a business project with him."

"Who went next?"

"I answered Austin Magree. 'Did you hear any of the conversation between Peters and Howland?'"

"Merely persistent pleading on Mr. Peters' part, and continued refusals from Mr. Howland."

"What did you and Mr. Howland discuss, Mr. Magree?"

"We were talking on the subject of his daughter."

"They were," exclaimed Swift. "I heard them as I entered. And Magree was trying to persuade Mr. Howland that she had been found! Ridiculous!"

"And what did you and Mr. Howland talk about, Mr. Swift?" was the next inquiry.

"Only a few unimportant business matters. Incidentally, Mr. Howland spoke of his will and showed me where it was, in the cabinet drawer."

"He showed it to you?"

"No, but he told me the gist of its contents. He did not, however, say anything about his daughter."

"You left him there, in the library?"

"Yes; I bade him good night and went upstairs at a little after 12. I think."

"Did you hear Mr. Swift go up?"

stairs, Miss Mills?" and the detective turned to her.

"I am not officially a timekeeper in this house," she said, "but, yes, I did hear Mr. Swift come up, a little after midnight."

"And at what time did you then go downstairs yourself?" Welden shot the question out suddenly.

"Why—why, I didn't go down at all."

"Oh, yes, you did—after Mr. Swift came up. You went down for that red book—that novel—"

"Oh, yes, so I did," and Edith Mills spoke quickly. "You see, I was very wakeful, and I wanted that book to read, so I slipped down and got it. Mr. Howland sat there, but he was thinking deeply."

"Miss Mills, was Mr. Howland alive when you went into that room?"

"Why, yes, of course,—that is,—I suppose so—oh, I don't know; and the girl burst into a flood of nervous tears."

She rose and rushed out of the room and up the stairs, to the astonishment of the little group.

"If I may be permitted a suggestion," Rob Peters said, "why not quiz that idiot boy, Conrad. To be sure he won't tell a coherent story, but he might give some broken sentences that would offer a clue."

"But they could do little with poor Conrad. He answered all questions willingly and volubly, but his statements made no sense."

There seemed little doubt, however, that he had been in the library on the night of the tragedy.

"Perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't," Magree remarked when the boy had finished. "There is really no reliance to be placed on his statement."

"So the half-wit was taken away, and none of his story was sent away on consideration."

The funeral of Ralph Howland was held on the first of July, and the elucidation of the mystery of his death.

The Howland lawyer, one Esterbrook, came often to the house to advise and assist in the settlements.

One afternoon, however, a fortnight after the death of Ralph Howland, Esterbrook was in the library with Swift, Magree and the stenographer, Miss Mills.

After a slight tap, Martin opened the door.

Without a word he ushered in a girl—a young thing, slim, dainty and exquisitely groomed.

She stood, framed in the doorway one hand on the knob. Then, stepping inside, she stood a moment, glancing in turn at each man. Then, seemingly by instinct, she moved nearer to the lawyer, Esterbrook.

"I am Angela Howland," she said. "Where is my mother?"

CHAPTER X. "I Am Angela!"

Her four hearers stared at her, for a second, in speechless amazement. Swift was the first to speak:

"What do you mean," he exclaimed, "in a tone of illy suppressed anger, 'by such a claim?'"

"If you think you can impose on me, you are greatly mistaken. Who are you?"

"I am Angela Howland," she repeated, unabashed and also unmoved by Swift's quite evident antagonism.

"As to my claims of credential, I will disclose them to no one but my mother."

"In the first place," Esterbrook found his voice at last. "Mrs. Howland is ill and is not receiving visitors."

"Mrs. Howland is ill?" the girl said, her eyes full of affection. "Then let me go to her at once. I tell you I am her daughter—Angela."

But Leonard Swift had lost his temper, and he blurted out, rudely: "There's no use, Miss—you can't put this thing over. You've heard somehow of this strange case, and you've trumped up a plan—but it won't work."

The girl turned to Esterbrook. "The girl turned to Esterbrook. You will see that I have justice done me."

"Tell your story," commanded the lawyer briefly.

EASTER Saturday Specials Offer for the Week-End Newest Styles and Biggest Values

A Wonderful Pre-Easter Sale of Millinery The Hat is a very important part of your Easter outfit. In this sale you have all the newest New York Hats, in the most desired assortment of shapes and colors, and the price is sure to cause a sensation. On sale Thursday and Saturday..... \$6.95

Spring Coats FOR WOMEN AND MISSES. OUR EASTER SHOWING represents all the newest styles and materials. Tubular style, side button, cape style, swagger backs, tucked collar and cuffs. Fashioned in lustre, bolivia, poret twill, Berkshire plaids and Teddy bear \$14.95 to \$37.50

Lovely Easter Dresses In a charming variation of styles that you will appreciate. Most popular fabrics of the day, such as crepe, erpe knit, canton and beaded dresses, in all popular shades, with various artistic touches skillfully employed as embellishments. Priced \$15.00 to \$40.00

New Pleated Skirts SKIRTS, in straight or cluster pleats, Crepes, Serge, plaids and novelties. \$4.95 to \$15.00

New Sweaters SLEEVELESS SWEATERS, in beautiful shades and color combinations. Priced \$2.50 to \$5.95

BORDERED TABLECLOTHS. Double Damask, all pure linen: 1 1/4 yards square at \$2.19 1 1/2 yards square at \$2.98 1 3/4 x 1 3/4 yards at \$3.50

BORDERED TABLECLOTHS. All Pure Linen. About 2 yards square. Sale price \$3.50

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America two years ago, and I have lived in New York City since."

"Yes? We are not particularly interested in your career," Swift said. "You may be interested to learn how I happened to know of the fact that Angela Howland was being sought for." And now, the light in the girl's eyes held every one spellbound.

"It was through my dentist who had seen in the dental journals an advertisement that attracted his notice. It was a reward offered for the discovery of a missing girl, whose two front teeth were quite widely separated."

A sudden, intentional disclosure of Miss Campbell's small white teeth showed the upper front ones so separated.

Dr. Prescott had several patients who had separated front teeth, but of them all I was the only one who could qualify otherwise, and so I wrote to Mr. Howland."

Austin Magree explained to the group:

"Ever since Mr. Howland learned of this disappearance of the child from the casket, he was busy devising ingenious methods of search. One day he remembered that the baby's teeth were separated, and that this was an inherited peculiarity. So he planned to interview every possible young girl in the country, who could be reached through the dentists, and who had the sort of teeth described. The advertisement has been running nearly a year, and now perhaps it has succeeded."

"Succeeded!" Swift cried. "I should say not! It is a clever device, I grant that, but there is not a word of truth in it. There are thousands of girls in this country with front teeth that do not join, are they all to be accepted as missing heirs of Ralph Howland?"

"I think," Ida Campbell said, "that instead of questions, you would get the truth quicker if you would let me meet my mother. I think her reception and recognition of her own child would set you 'Gobbis at rest.'"

"You do not understand," Esterbrook spoke gently. "Mrs. Howland is really ill—not so much physically as mentally."

SAYS WOMEN CAPABLE OF MIXING IN POLITICS

Ex-Alderman John Ashton Addresses Women's Labor Party Last Night.

"Why Should Women Mix in Politics?" was the subject of a very fine address delivered by ex-Ald. John Ashton before the Women's Labor Party, in the Labor Temple last night.

In the absence of the president, Mrs. George Edie, Mrs. F. White, the past president, was in the chair. Mrs. Claxton, 39 Reburn street, has offered to entertain the members at her home on Thursday, April 14.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading.

Orders for insertion of engagement notices must bear the name and address of sender and will not be taken over the telephone.

GRAND CHAPTER MEETING.

Representatives of the London Chapters of the Order of the Eastern Star will attend the meeting of the Grand Chapter, which takes place in Hamilton June 17th, at the Royal Connaught.

Drink "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Its purity, quality and freshness are unsurpassed. Finer than the best Japan. Try it.

Concentrated Heat means faster Cooking. Just as the searchlight's reflector concentrates and intensifies light—so the National's white porcelain reflecting bowl concentrates and intensifies all the heat from the unit.

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