

# The Silent Barrier

(BY LOUIS TRACY.)

"I have no opening for new matter, if that is what you mean," and the editor stiffened again.

"But you have the say-so as to the contents, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. The selection rests with me." "Good. I'm sort of interested in a young lady, Miss Helen Wynton by name. She lives in Warburton Gardens, and does work for you occasionally. Now, I propose to send her on a month's trip to Switzerland, where she will represent The Firefly. You must get her to turn out a couple of pages of readable stuff each week, which you will have illustrated by a smart artist at a cost of say, twenty pounds an article for drawings and blocks. I pay all expenses, she gets the trip, and you secure some good copy for nothing. Is it a deal?"

The editor sat down suddenly and combed his whiskers with nervous fingers. He was a bearded man, and a too liberal beer diet was not good for him.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Spencer?" he queried in a bewildered way. "You write the necessary letter to Miss Wynton while I am here, and I hand you the first twenty in notes. You are to tell her to call Monday noon at any bank you may select, and she will be given her tickets and a check for five pounds. When I am certain that she has started I undertake to pay you a further sum of sixty pounds, and only two conditions. You must guarantee to star her work, as it should help her some, and my identity must not be disclosed to her under any circumstances. In word, she must regard herself as the accredited correspondent of The Firefly, you must try and look as if you did that sort of thing occasionally and would like to do it often."

The editor pushed his chair away from the table. He seemed to require more air.

"Again I must ask you if you actually mean what you say?" he gasped.

Spencer opened his pocketbook and counted four five-pound notes out of a goodly bundle. "It is all here in neat copperplate," he said, "and the notes are payable."

"Maybe you haven't caught on to the root idea of the proposition," he continued, seeing that the other man was staring at him blankly. "I want Miss Wynton to have a real good time. I also want to lift her up a few rungs of the journalistic ladder. But she is sensitive, and would resent patronage; so I must not figure in the affair."

"I have no other motive at the back of my head. I'm putting up two hundred pounds out of sheer philanthropy. Will you help?"

"There are points about this amazing proposal that require elucidation," said the editor slowly. "Travel articles might possibly come within the scope of The Firefly, but I am aware that Miss Wynton is what might be termed an exceedingly attractive young lady. For instance, you wouldn't be philanthropic on my account?"

"You never can tell. It all depends how your case appealed to me. But if you are hinting that I intend to use my scheme for the purpose of winning Miss Wynton's favorable regard, I must say that she strikes me as the girl of girls who would think she had been swindled if she learned the truth. In any event, I may never see her again, and it is certainly not my design to follow her to Switzerland. I don't kick at your questions. You're old enough to be her father, and mine, for that matter. Go ahead. This is Saturday afternoon, you know, and there's no business stirring."

Spencer had to cover the ground a second time before everything was made clear. At last the fateful letter was written. He promised to call on Monday and learn how the project fared. Then he relieved the editor's anxiety, as the latter possessed a second exit, and was driven to the Wellington Theatre, where he secured a stall for that night's performance of the Chinese musical comedy in which Miss Millicent Jacques played the part of a British admiral's daughter.

While Spencer was watching Helen's hostess cutting capers in a Mandarin's palace, Helen herself was reading, over and over again, a most wonderful letter that had fallen from her sky. The King's face on a penny stamp or so much of it as was left unimpaired by a postal smudge, looked familiar enough, and both envelope and paper resembled those which had brought her other communications from The Firefly. But the text was magic, rank necromancy, and it was the boom of a deal in black letter treatises could have devised a more convincing proof of his occult powers than this straightforward offer made by the editor of The Firefly. Four articles of five thousand words each, and one hundred pounds awaiting her at a bank—so to speak—Kiln Hotel, leave London at the earliest possible date; please send photographs and suggestions for biographical and literary illustrations of mountaineering and society! What could it possibly mean?

At the third reading Helen began to convince herself that this rare stroke of luck was really hers. The concluding paragraph shed light on The Firefly's extraordinary outburst.

"As this commission heralds a new departure for the paper, I have to ask you to be good enough not to make known the object of your journey. In fact, it will be as well if you do not tell your whereabouts to any persons other than your near relatives. Of course, all need for secrecy ceases with the appearance of your first article; but by that time you will practically be on your way home again. I am anxious to impress on you the importance of this instruction."

Helen found herein the germ of understanding. The Firefly had been born on its Swiss correspondence; but even that darkness piece of journalistic enterprise did not explain the importance of the hundred pounds. At last, when she calmed down sufficiently to be capable of connected thought, she saw that "mountaineering" implied the hire of guides, and that "society" meant frocks. Of course, she had intended that she should spend the whole of the money, and thus give The Firefly a fair return for its outlay. A rapid calculation revealed the dazzling fact that after setting aside the fabulous sum of two pounds a day for expenses she still had forty pounds left wherewith to replenish her scanty stock of dresses.

Believing that at any instant the letter might dissolve into a puff of smoke, Helen's scientific jottings strictly within the limits of a column. Helen sat with it lying open on her lap, and she turned the pages of a tattered guide book for particulars of the Upper Engadine. She had read every line before, but the words now seemed to live. St. Moritz, Pontresina, Sils-Marie, Silvaplana—these ceased to be mere names—they became actualities. The Joller Pass, the Septimer, the Forno Glacier, the Diavolezza Route, and the rest of the

LETTERS OF A SLIM-FAT WOMAN TO HER FAT SISTER.

Second Letter: On the Heritage of Over-Fatness.

Dear Sis,—You've heard the adage, "Like father, like son." Well, I never before thought of it applying to over-fatness until today. Clara Moore was here with her 18-year-old boy. He is enormous—weighs nearly 300 pounds. She came to ask how I reduced myself to my present slim trimness.

Of course, I told her about Marmola Prescription Tablets—how they contain exactly the same ingredients as the Marmola Prescription that took off my fat, and assured her they were perfectly harmless. Said she'd be willing to buy a ton of them if they did any good at all. The boy is a tremendous eater and is too lazy to take any exercise (all fat people are), but you know I stopped starving and yawning long before I started to take Marmola.

That's the beauty of this wonderful method—it isn't dependent upon any other treatment. And I know I'm doing that boy a favor.

In a few months he'll be as solid and smooth-skinned, with better figure and health than ever before, and he need never again dread the extreme obesity that is now such a family trait.

If more parents knew that for 75 cents they could purchase a large box of Marmola Prescription Tablets from their druggist or the Marmola Company, 1191 Monroe avenue, Detroit, Michigan, over-fatness would be a thing of the past. Don't you think so?

Affectionately, BETTY.

stately panorama of snow-capped peaks, blue lakes and narrow valleys—valleys which began with picturesque chalets, dun-colored cattle and herb-laden pastures, and ended in the yawning mouths of ice rivers where issued the milky white streams that dashed through the lower gorges—they poured before her eyes as she read till she was dazzled by their glories.

What a day dream to one who dwelt in smoky London year in and year out! What an experience to look forward to! What memories to treasure! Nor was she blind to the effect of the undertaking on her future. Though The Firefly was not an important paper, though its editor was of a half-forgotten day and generation, she would now have good work to show when asked what she had done. She was not unmindful of the fact that she was breaking the doors of every popular periodical in London when she wrote her

breaking struggle. The same post that gave her this epoch-making letter had brought back two stories with the stereotyped expression of editorial regret.

"Now," thought Helen, when her glance fell on the bulky envelopes, "my name will at least become known. Editors very much resemble the public they cater for. I have often marvelled how any author got his first chance. Now I know it comes this way, like a flash of lightning from a summer sky."

It was only fit and proper that she should magnify her first real commission. No veteran soldier ever donned a field marshal's uniform with the same zest that she displayed when his subaltern's outfit came from the tailor. So Helen glowed with that serious enthusiasm which is the soul of genius, for it all in notes or some in gold?

[To be Continued.]

PLAN TO TEAR UP ALL BAD SIDEWALKS

Board of Works Will Decide at Once On Methods of Procedure.

At the meeting of the board of works tonight, City Engineer Brazier and the members of the committee will discuss the mode of procedure in connection with the investigation into the construction of the walks laid this and previous years under contract.

While the previous investigation into the construction of the walks served a certain purpose, at the same time it provided for no action on the part of the city council. It furnished a certain amount of information, nothing further.

The intention now is to have an expert, to be named within a few days, to go over the Dundas street walks, and tear them up. The contractor, Mr. W. J. Anthistie, will then be compelled to replace them, according to specifications. In case he does not comply, action will be commenced in the courts against him and his bondsmen to compel them to do so.

These walks will be dealt with first as the committee desires to have them replaced as soon as possible, and will provide plenty of work for 1913.

Some arrangement may be arrived at between the city and the contractor to leave the walks as they are until they are worn out. In this case the city will retain a sum to be agreed on to cover the bad work. The businessmen are opposed to having the walks torn up, as it is seriously interfered with, and conditions in general are far from satisfactory.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY NO LONGER FAMOUS

High Prices and Scarcity of Birds Shatter Tradition.

According to local dealers, Thanksgiving turkey has gone out of fashion, and there will be a small demand for them this year. Two causes are blamed for this. The principal one is that prices are too high at this season of the year, and the other, which is responsible for the first, is that the birds are scarce.

"It is hard to size up turkey prospects yet," said a leading dealer, today. "In some localities turkeys according to report will be plentiful. In others the long spell of wet, cool weather has killed large numbers. We expect there will be plenty for Christmas, but there are not many coming in just now."

ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Oct. 17. Reported at From

Cairndhu.....Montreal.....Newcastle

Maroma.....Vancouver.....Sydney

President Grant.....New York.....Hamburg

Taormina.....New York.....Genoa

Uranium.....New York.....Rotterdam

St. Paul.....New York.....Southampton

Merion.....Liverpool.....Philadelphia

Cymric.....Liverpool.....Boston

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## ROTHCHILD'S COUP; WATERLOO RETOLD

Centenary of Founding of the House Recalls Famous Incident.

\$400 FOR CHANNEL FARE

But "Losing" Banker on London Exchange Won a Cool Million by It.

St. Petersburg Oct. 17.—The battle of Borodino was fought between the French under Napoleon and the Russians under Kutusoff, a hundred years ago, on Sept. 7, 1812, and yet it was only the other day that one of Kutusoff's veterans was granted a yearly pension of 300 rubles, about \$150.

The occasion was the centennial anniversary of the battle, when there was brought together and presented to the Czar a most extraordinary group of living examples of human longevity, no less than eight veterans and contemporaries of 1812. They came from all parts of the country and were in every cases members of the simple, hard living and often half-starving Russian peasantry. Not a single eye-witness of the war of a hundred years ago was forthcoming from among the educated and upper classes.

The united ages of the eight hoary survivors amount to between 900 and 1,000 years. The veteran already referred to, who has waited so long for his pension, is Sergeant-Major Akim Voitenyov, of Kishineff, in Bessarabia, aged 122. There is some doubt as to whether he is not 132, but there is no doubt that he served in the Fifty-third Infantry Regiment of Volhynia through the war of 1812.

Alive and He Saw Napoleon.

Then comes Peter Laptieff, of the village of Meikish, Sventian, near Vilna, aged 118, who witnessed the progress of Napoleon and his army through that part of the country. He was born June 29, 1794, and is the only one of these centenarians who was brought face to face with Napoleon. He is probably the only living person who can boast that he has seen the Great Emperor of the French in the flesh. He tells the following story:

"When we heard that the French were coming into Sventian the whole of our family fled with what they could carry away with them into the Tsirkimsky woods, about three miles off, and there we concealed ourselves from the enemy for three or four days. But I could not resist a desire to see the French soldiers, and in order to get a sight of them, I left the family and made my way through the forest to the Ekaterinsky road. My plan was to get up into a tree and look on. The French did not notice me and I was taken prisoner and marched into Sventian."

"The next morning they conducted me to the house where Napoleon was lodged. Gruzina's house, in Vilna street. The emperor was sitting on the balcony and drinking coffee. He asked me through a Polish interpreter whether I knew well the road to Dunaburg, now Divinske. I replied that I knew it. Napoleon then ordered me to show the way to a vanguard detachment of his army. We marched with short intervals of rest for 35 hours. During one of the halts, I managed to escape and disappear into the forest, where I wandered about for nearly a week until I found out my father near Sventian."

Subsequently Peter Laptieff took part in the general uprising against the invaders, and served in the national militia. He also took part in the Crimean campaign and in the suppression of the Polish insurrection of 1863. His pacification of Poland he served, together with his sons. The services of the late Laptieff family were rewarded by the Governor-General of Poland, who gave him a pension of 100 rubles, which had been confiscated from one of the Polish rebels.

The old veteran continued to manage his firm until only twelve years ago. In spite of his great age he still retains a remarkably clear memory.

The other centenarians are: Stephen Zhook, aged 110, a peasant, of the village of Shavlik, district of Driessen.

Gronoff, a peasant, from the village of Krasnoe, in the district of Mamel, aged 112.

Eugenie Zernosenko, a peasant woman, from the village of Irinovka, in the same district, aged 115, whose father took part in the fighting.

Mary Zhukovskaya, aged 110 years, another peasant, from the village of Podzerzino, Brontsky district.

Maxim Platchenko, aged 120, a peasant, from the village of Zagamstschin, near the town of Kirsanoff.

Epheme Kovvulov, a peasant, aged 109, from the village of Borodino, in the district of Barnaul.

Another ancient survivor of 1812 has been discovered since the centennial in the village of Mankovo-Kalkovskoi, in the Don Cossack country. This is Mary Popov, whose age is about 120 or 125. She was in Moscow when it was invaded by the French, and remembers seeing the city in flames. She is still actively engaged in housework.

7,000 CENTENARIANS.

Statistics published in Germany indicate that there are over 7,000 centenarians living in Europe.

Bulgaria comes first with 2,000 there are 1,704 in Roumania, 573 in Serbia, 410 in Spain, 213 in France, 197 in Italy, 118 in Austria-Hungary, 92 in England, 89 in Russia, 76 in Germany, 22 in Norway, 19 in Sweden, 6 in Belgium, and 2 in Denmark, says the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS BEEN ACHIEVED.

LOST—A \$5 bill by a man unable to



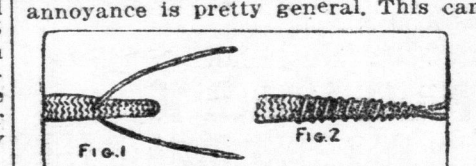
Sunlight Soap is made so well and so pure that no other soap can equal it for washing of clothes, the saving of time, the lightening of labour—Sunlight pays for itself in the life of the clothes as it does not wear or injure them like common soaps do.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

lose it. Finder will receive suitable reward and do a good deed by returning same to this office.—Macomb (Ill.) Journal.

It's Funny How Kiddies Lose the Metal Tips of Shoelaces—But Read This.

The loss of the metal tips to shoe laces causes no end of annoyance when it is necessary to lace the shoes by passing them through eyelets, and as most children's shoes have eyelets such annoyance is pretty general. This can



be obviated by securing a piece of fine wire two inches long and passing it through the lacing about half an inch from the end. The wire should then be twisted around the lacing as far as the cloth or leather goes, and then twisted together, the ends being buried in the twist. Treat each end in this way, and a metal tip is given to the lacing that cannot come off.



"Montreal to Bristol" The Service on Board

It does not begin and end with the first class, nor even with the second. On board both the R. M. S. Royal Edward and R. M. S. Royal George, the same generous and unflinching measure of ample comfort and thoughtful, courteous and unobtrusive attention is extended to each passenger, to the end that a reputation for doing more than is expected shall mark the Royal Line.

H. C. Boulter General Agent Toronto

ORRINE CURES DRINK HABIT

So uniformly successful has ORRINE been in restoring the victims of the "Drink Habit" into healthy and useful citizens, and so strong is our confidence in its curative powers, that we want to emphasize the fact that ORRINE is sold under this positive guarantee. If, after a trial, you get no benefit, your money will be refunded. ORRINE costs only \$1.00 per box. Ask for Free Booklet.

W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street.

ADD CHEER AND ZEST TO THE AFTERNOON PARTY

LIPTON'S TEA

Have you tried the Gray Label Blend, 40c per lb.?

THE HUMAN RACE. Here is a witty paraphrase of the doctrine of evolution suggested by Prof. Schafer's address on the origin of life. The London Mail is responsible for this statement of the starters for the human race:

Lifeless Material ..... 1 Semi-Lifeless Material ..... 2 Live Matter ..... 3

Adam and Eve also ran.

ALL THE SAME TO HIM.

"Aren't you sorry the nights are getting so long?"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference to me. My wife always sits up and waits for me, no matter how long the night may be."

EXHAUSTED. "Gee," said Tired Treadwell, "dis weather takes all de ginger out of a feller."

"Yep," moaned Limping Lew, "I wish it would rain again, so I could git a drink w/out reachin' fer it."

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

For a Good One Phone 828, New Palace Liquor, for your next drive trip. Good horses, good buggies.

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Have you tried the Gray Label Blend, 40c per lb.?

# Sunlight Soap

\$5,000 Guarantee of Purity with every 5c. Cake.

## HAPPY THOUGHT



How You Can Roast Well and Save Fuel

A range may be a good baker, and still not be a good roaster.

Roasting is one of the most expensive processes of cooking—more fuel is used in proportion to the result than in almost any other cooking operation. So fuel economy is worth careful watching.

"Happy Thought" Ranges are constructed to give concentrated heat efficiency in the oven. You know how necessary this is to proper roasting.

But the "Happy Thought" has this further advantage—oven heat is controlled entirely by the size and strength of your fire. So that a small, lazy fire gives a slow cooking heat, and a hot blazing fire gives a quick intense heat.

The same firebox construction of the "Happy Thought" enables you to perfectly control your fire and, therefore, your oven heat.

The point is, you get a direct value in oven heat from every ounce of fuel.

Over a Quarter Million Canadian women, who know this from experience, use the "Happy Thought" every day.

ONTARIO FURNITURE COMPANY, LONDON

THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONT.

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## Goes Farther

Three drops of Shirriff's True Vanilla go as far as six to eight drops of ordinary vanillas. Shirriff's is the real extract of Mexican Vanilla Beans. Aged until its strength, bouquet and flavor are fully matured. Try a bottle

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