EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CARTOON ∴ BY LOU SKUCE

Alone for Public Rights. Newfoundland fears Greeks bearing gifts. Doc Nesbitt doing "Eliza" act. Conservation. Joe gets blind piggers.

∴ Our Weekly Short Story ∴

A TERRIBLE PLOT

By Hans Schumacher.

Wilhelm Jordan was not inquisitive and had no desire to listen, and it was not his fault that the bench on which he was sitting was so completely hidden from view, that the two gentlemen, who walked by, had no suspicion of his presence.

A few words spoken by the shorter of the two, however, caught his ear.

"I pour it into her beer at supper," the little gentleman said mysteriously.

"I thought you said, you would pour it into her tea," his companion answered.

The other shook his head.

"Too risky," he said. "She pours out her tea herself, but always lets me open the beer and I can pour it into her glass without her knowledge."

"Has it had any effect so far?"

"Not enough to be noticed, but it works slowly and surely and in a week——"

The voice was now so low that Jordan could hear no more, no matter how hard he strained his ears.

He felt very uneasy. What kind of a ghastly plot was this? What would happen within a week? He must act quickly, so he got up and followed the plotters. They had stopped at the gate of the park, and as Jordan sauntered by, he discovered that he knew the short gentleman.

His name was Eide. He lived in Gartenstrasse and was employed in Kamp and Taussig's factory. This was all he knew about him. He would have liked to know a little more. Evidently he had alluded to his wife. Why did he want to pour poison in her beer? What horrible tragedy was about to take place in the little house in Gartenstrasse? He heard a few more sentences as he passed by.

"Try to pour some into her tea at breakfast too," said the tall gentleman. "You are not giving her enough."

"One cannot be too careful," Eide replied. "Slowly and surely is the best way. In a matter like this——"

He stopped and looked angrily at Jordan, whose excitement had made him come a little too close. The tall gentlemen looked at him too, and there was an expression in his eyes, which made Jordan hurry away.

Greatly excited he rushed to Gartenstrasse. He stopped in the little paper-shop at the corner to buy a pencil, he did not need at all, and was told that Eide lived at number 24.

His resolution was made up. Nobody should say that he had left a defenseless woman to her fate. He knocked at the door in number 24, which was opened by a middle-aged woman, whose immense figure filled the whole doorway.

"Mrs. Eide, I suppose."

The lady did not deny this.

"If you are an agent for something," she began, "I may as well tell you——"

"No, I have come on a personal matter. My name is Jordan and I am employed in the magazine next door to Kamp and Taussig's, where Mr. Eide works. You husband——"

He stopped, not knowing how to tackle the matter.

"Come inside," said Mrs. Eide, nervously, and almost pulled him thru the door.

"What has happened to Nathaniel?" she asked. "An accident? Is he dead? Has he been arrested? Tell me the whole truth. I can stand it."

"There is nothing the matter with him," said Jordan, looking at her with an expression of pity. "It is you, who will die, if you are not careful. I have come to warn you against a serious danger."

"Danger," screamed Mrs. Eide. "What are you talking about?"

"Your husband is trying to poison you," Jordan whispered. "He has been pouring poison into your beer."

"What, Nathaniel has been putting poison into my beer! You must be crazy."

"I wish I were," sighed Jordan, and told her what he had just heard in the park.

"Good Lord," she gasped. "Now that I think of it, the beer has had a strange taste lately, but I thought it was imagination. And only this morning I was telling Mrs. Schnitler how strange Nathaniel has been lately. Now I understand. He wants to get my insurance money. He made me increase the amount some weeks ago Oh, the scoundrel! I never would have thought that of Nathaniel. And the other, how did he look?"

"Tall, lanky and hungry looking."

"That is Bernstein! I have been wondering why my husband has been so intimate with that Jew recently. Oh, the beasts! And I, who have been feeling so bad of late because of——" She pointed to her wonderful dimensions and sighed.

"If I may be of any assistance to you, madame——"

"Of course you may," Mrs. Eide answered with sudden determination and wiped her eyes. "You may help me catch him. Stay here for supper and keep your eyes on him. As soon as you see him putting anything in the beer, sing out. When we catch him in the act, he will have to confess or we will make him drink the beer himself."

She led the way into a cozy dining-room, where the table was set for two.

"He will be here right away," she said, adding another cover. "Remember not to take your eyes off him. If we may only catch him in the act——"

A hard expression came into her kind face.

Eide was surprised to see Jordan, and when he thought of their meeting in the park, he did not hesitate in expressing his surprise in a manner. Jordan did not think very polite. He asked who Jordan was and why he found him alone with his wife. "He is an old friend of mine," said Mrs. Eide, calmly, "distant relative. I will tell you after supper. Do not stare at him so, Nathaniel, try to be a little polite to a guest."

Eide's attempts to politeness consisted in scowling at the guest, while he opened his wife's beer and Jordan plainly saw him pour something into her glass from a little bottle hidden in his left hand. He jumped to his feet.

"Do not drink it, madame," he said, taking hold of Mrs. Eid's arm as she took the glass from her husband. "I saw him pour something into it."

"What do you say? Pour something in my beer! Oh, Nathaniel, how could you do it?"

"I have done nothing of the kind," growled Eide.

Mrs. Eide tasted the beer and made a face.

"It is of no us to deny it." she said. "I can taste it. The beer has had a strange taste for some time Tell me immediately, Nathaniel Eide, what kind of poison you've put in it."

"It is in a little bottle, he just put into his pocket," said Jordan.

"I have no bottle," said Eide, stubbornly."

"I can see the bottle in your pocket, Nathaniel. Give it to me."

"Never in the presence of a stranger," said Eide with an angry look at Jordan, "You would not like it. No more than I would myself."

"Give me the bottle." Mrs. Eide repeated.

Her husband at last gave her the bottle. She looked at the label, screamed and collapsed in her chair. The bottle fell from her hand. Jordan picked it up.

On the yellow label was printed: "Saltzmann's Antifat."

A reliable remedy for both sexes.

Eide look from his wife to the stranger, half bashfully, half angrily.

"She has grown stouter for years," he said, "but refused to do anything for it, tho I often asked her. Two of her sisters died from fat on the heart. My friends make fun of me. Then I bought this and put it into her beer, but I do not see how that concerns you."

He looked mournfully at Jordan. Some situations are too painful for words. Jordan shook his head, put the bottle on the table and withdrew.

THE END.

Lamp chimneys rubbed with salt after washing have surprising brilliancy.

PEARY RECOGNIZED AS DISCOVERER OF POLE

Went Within a Mile of Exact Spot—Instruments Were Out of Order.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—That Capt. Robert E. Peary came within 1.6 miles of the north pole—near enough to establish his claim of having been at the exact spot—is the decision of the house committee which has been considering the bill to retire Capt. Peary with the rank of rear-admiral.

The basis of the committee's finding is the chart prepared by the United States coast and geological survey and based on Peary's observations. This chart shows that Peary went to the left on nearing the pole, due to an error in his instruments. Later he crossed toward the pole, his nearest point being 1.6 miles.

Representative Gates of Pennsylvania presented the majority report of the committee recommending that Peary be retired with the rank of rear admiral.

FINE FOR ILLEGAL SELLING

And May Have to Go to Jail for Another Offence.

COBALT, Jan. 21.—A conviction of selling liquor without a license and a fine of $200 and costs for the offence was registered against Patrick Doyle this morning. The case was tried before Magistrate Atkinson. Decision on another charge of selling was reserved for another week to clear up a point of law which may mean jail without the option of a fine for Doyle.

The case of John Martin, Cobalt Hotel, was held over for a week to secure a material witness.

O. W. Knapp, Haileybury, was acquitted on a charge of Sunday selling, evidence against him being contradictory.

To remove blood stains saturate with kerosene oil and let stand a few moments, then wash in cold water.

To bleach white garments use one tablespoon of borax in one gallon of water. Wet the clothes, dry in the sun and repeat the process if necessary.

PLANNED BIG HAUL FROM MOLSON'S BANK

Gang Had Ingenious Plan For Passing Forged Cheques on Montreal Branch.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21.—Thru the arrest by the detectives of a young man by the name of Belisle, his arraignment in private before Judge Lanctot, and his making a clean breast of the whole thing, it has now come to light that one of the most daring attempts to swindle the Molsons Bank of thousands of dollars, thru forged cheques, was nipped in the bud, about a month ago, thanks to the manager and the accountant and the paying teller of a branch office of the bank, where the swindle was to be perpetrated.

The Molsons Bank branch where the affair happened, is the St. Henri branch of that institution, corner of Notre Dame-st. West and St. Henri-street.

Jumped Thru Window.

Two young men besides the one now under arrest, and who is kept very closely guarded by the detectives, are being looked for. The arrest of one of them is a matter of a few hours. As to the other, it is thought that he has left the city, after eluding arrest by jumping from a second storey window of a building at Cot St. Paul, while the detectives were waiting for him on the first floor.

A Japanese Anthology.

M. Michel Revon of the faculty of Paris, former professor in the College of Law, Tokio, who has written charmingly of Hokusai, the Japanese floral calendar and the myths of Shinto, has made an "Anthologie de la Literature Japonaise." It is a dainty little handbook, easily fitting the pocket, and comes from the press of Ch. Delagrave. Besides text, translation and marrowy notes, there is a good introduction and index by one who has saturated his mind with years of study, delighting in the Yamato spirit. M. Revon lectures in Paris on the civilization of the Far East.

To remove tea and coffee stains, stretch the stained place over a bowl and pour boiling water thru the stain.

'PHONE COMPANY MOVES INTO ITS NEW BUILDING

One of the First Moves Will Be to Establish "Adelaide" Exchange —50,000 Feet of Floor Space.

The new five-storey building of the Bell Telephone Co., at 76 Adelaide-street west, will be opened on Monday. The business office staff moved to their new quarters Saturday afternoon, and about two months hence the long-distance operating staff, numbering about 200, will be transferred. The establishment of a supplementary local main exchange for business down-town calls, to be known as the Adelaide Exchange, will follow the move. The present "main" and the construction force will remain in the Temperance-street building indefinitely.

The Adelaide St. building, which has just reached completion, was built at a cost of $350,000, and is said to be one of the finest telephone buildings on the continent. It is of modern fireproof construction, and special attention has been paid to lighting and ventilation. It has a frontage of 100 feet on Adelaide-street and a depth of 150 feet.

The Temperance-street building has done service for nearly 20 years, during which time the number of subscribers has grown from 4000 to 20,000, and with Toronto's 20,000 increase in population per year, the old quarters have proved inadequate. The floor space in the new building is approximately 50,000 square feet, or three times the space they occupied before. Provision has been made so that the present five-storey edifice can be added to as the expansion of the company's business demands it.

PERKINS MEDAL AWARDED FOR APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Annual Prize Goes to Discovery of Cheap Process of Producing Aluminum.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The Times says the American Society of Chemical Industry announces that the Perkin Medal, which is awarded annually for important discoveries in applied chemistry, has been given this year to Chas. M. Hall, who invented the process of producing aluminum at low cost.

The medal was first given to Sir William Henry Perkin, who discovered the first coal tar dyes, on the occasion of his visit to this country in 1906.

EXPRESS RATES REDUCED

Only a Single Charge to Be Made on Packages Conveyed by Two Lines.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—A reduction in express rates between all offices in Canada and the United States is to go into effect shortly. It is said that several of the Canadian companies have held back because customs regulations at the Canadian border necessitate so much extra work that a reduction in existing rates would in many cases work a real hardship.

All the important companies were represented, including the Adams, Canadian, American, National, Northern, Southern, Western, Pacific and United States Express companies, Wells-Fargo & Co., and the New York and Boston Despatch.

The announcement made follows in part: "Instead of two companies which may handle an express package making a separate charge on each line, the charge will be the same as if one company had carried the package from shipping point to destination."

Mental Self-Culture.

I do not suggest that you should employ three hours every night of your life in using up your mental energy. But I do suggest that you might, for a commencement, employ an hour and a-half every other evening in some important consecutive cultivation of the mind. You will still be left with three evenings to friends, bridge, tennis, domestic scenes, old reading, pipes, gardening, pottering and prize competitions. You will still have the terrific wealth of forty-four hours between 2 a. m. Saturday and 10 a. m. Monday. If you persevere you will soon want to pass four evenings, and perhaps five, in some sustained endeavor to be genuinely alive. And you will fall out of that habit of muttering to yourself at 11.15 p. m., "Time to be thinking about going to bed." The man who begins to go to bed forty minutes before he opens his bedroom door is bored: that is to say, he is not living. (Arnold Bennett, in "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day.")

Perspiration stains can be removed by rubbing with soap and laying the garment in the hot sun.

To take out grass stains wash the stained part in alcohol and rinse in clear water, if possible while the stain is fresh.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

Pa & Ma & me went shopping the other day. Pa sed that he was sure Ma spent too much for the stuff which she bought for the house, & Ma told him that he might for to try it hisself. So Pa took me along & went with Ma to do the shopping.

The first place we went was to the grocery stoar & Ma sed I want some asparagus tips. All rite, sed the butcher, how many pounds do you want? Oh, sed Ma, about three pounds. Then the grocer took some long pieces of asparagus & weighed them & the asparagus weighed three pounds. Then the grocer cut off two pounds of the big ends and sed to Ma, here is yure three pounds of asparagus tips. All rite, sed Ma, wrap it up.

Jest a minit, sed Pa, wrap up them ends, too. But it was only the tips that the lady wanted, sed the grocer. That part will be all rite, sed Pa, you see, my wife eats only the tips & me & my little son likes the stalks. If you doant mind, seeing that I have paid for the whole cheese, you will dump it into the package.

The grocer dident like to put in the rest of the asparagus, but he put it in, & Pa & Ma & me went out. Now, you see, wife, sed Pa, if I hadent been here you wud have let him git away with the ruff stuff. It is a great stunt for a wife to take her husband shopping with her, she can save a lot of munny. I wish I had gone with you ofener, sed Pa.

Then we calm to the butcher shop, & Ma asked for two chickings. I want them to weigh about three pounds apeece, Ma sed. So the butcher went and calm back with two chickings, they weighed five pounds apeece, these is the smallest that we have, sed the butcher. Wen the butcher cut off thare heds & feet the chickings weighed about two pounds apeece. So, sed the butcher, so. Doant talk that way to my wife, sed Pa to the butcher. So, So, do you think you are talking to a cow? As I understand it, Pa sed, my wife calm in here & asked for two three-pound chickings. Instead of that you are charging her for ten pounds of meat & giving her only four. That is one of the rules of our staor, sed the butcher to Pa, if you doant believe it you can go to some other staor.

Then the butcher started wrapping up the four pounds of meat. Hold on, sed Pa, you mite jest as well put in the hed & the claws, the butcher next door is starving, Pa sed, & maybe he can eat the heds, & the janitor can make chicking-knuckle supe out of the claws. So the butcher wrapped it all up together, & we went to the next shopping place.

You see, wife, Pa sed to Maaggenn, you ought to always take me with you wen we go on marketing trips. A man always knows moar about how to deel with men than a woman does. I think the men merchants is always a littel bit afrade of men & I know thay ain't afrade of women. I never saw the man yet, sed Pa, that wasent moar or less afrade of me.

That nite wen Ma was gitting the dinner, her brother calm in from the West. He was a vary small man, with grey eyes and a low voice. Pa took him out in the kitchen to watch Ma cooking the chickings; & her brother sed, What are you going to do with them heds and claws? We throw them away out West, sed Ma's brother. My husband made me bring them hoam, sed Ma. Did he, sed Ma's brother, then he will have to eat them. So he pulled out a big gun & sed to Pa: Now, you cur, eat them chickings heds, & eat them raw. Cant I have them cooked, please? sed Pa. Pa was afrade of the revolver. Vary well, sed Ma's brother, you can have them cooked, & Ma cooked them & then Ma's brother laffed & sed, "I was only fooling."

Pa doesent say anything now about not being afraid of any man.

WOMAN KILLED FATHER IN DEFENCE OF HUSBAND

Old Man Attacked His Daughter's Spouse and Was Fatally Shot.

CRAVENETTE, Ark., Jan. 21.—(C.A.P.)—Mrs. Nellie Allen, 21 years old, shot and killed her father, John B. Boyer, a wealthy planter, at their home near Maysville to-day, after the two had exchanged half a dozen shots. Boyer and the woman's husband, John Allen, were in a quarrel. Boyer rushed on Allen with a drawn knife, when Mrs. Allen opened fire. Boyer returned the fire, but his bullets went wild, while one of them from the woman's revolver pierced his brain.

Moral Reform On U. S. Railroad

N.Y., N.H., & H. Railroad Prohibit Card Play ng on Trains —Exclude Children From Smokers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—A despatch to The Tribune from Boston says: The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to-day issued orders to its conductors to stop all card playing on the trains of the system. Another order is that children shall not ride in the smoking cars, either alone or accompanied by an older person. Conductors have been empowered to have arrested the parent or guardian of the child if accompanied by such, on failure to leave the car when so ordered. Hereafter no games of cards, games of chance, or the use of chips will be permitted. Complaints were made about the presence of card sharps on the trains and the fleecing of passengers.

Fish to be kept fresh should be sprinkled with salt and put in a cold place.

DEATHS.

ALDRIDGE—On Saturday, Jan. 21, 1911, at 24 S. Arkhall-avenue, Alfred Aldridge.
Funeral notice later.

MIDDLETON—At the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Richard Smith, 143 Dundas-street, on Saturday, Jan. 21, Frank Middleton, aged 83 years.
Funeral notice later.

SAVAGE—At the residence of his son, John Savage, near Richmond Hill, on Saturday morning, Jan. 21, 1911, Sylvester Savage, formerly of Patterson, in his 55th year.
Funeral to Richmond Hill Cemetery, Monday, 23rd inst., at 2 p.m.

The King's Business

Evangelistic Meetings

8 a.m.: Yonge-st. Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Asher.
3 p.m.: Massey Hall, men only; Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander.
3 p.m.: Massey Hall, men only; women only; Mrs. Asher.
3 p.m.: College-st. Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. W. Aikens and Mr. Saxton.
3.34 p.m.: Dovercourt Presbyterian Church; illustrated service for young people; Mr. J. J. Lowe.
4 p.m.: Bloor-st. Presbyterian, women only; Mrs. Alexander.
4 p.m.: Trinity Methodist Church, men only; Dr. John H. Elliott, Mr. M. R. Naftzfer.
4 p.m.: Dunn-ave. Presbyterian Church, young people; Rev Ora Samuel Gray.
4 p.m.: Victoria Presbyterian Church, men only; Dr. Wm. Patterson, Mr. W.W. Weaver.
4 p.m.: High Park-ave. Methodist Church, women only; Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Weaver.
4 p.m.: Centennial Methodist Church, men only; Rev. Thos. Needham; singer, Mr. H. E. Litchfield.
4 p.m.: St. John's Presbyterian Church, men only; Rev. H. D. Sheldon; singer, Mr. Owen F. Pugh.
4.15 p.m.: Wesley Methodist Church, women only; Rev. C. P. Good and Rev. F. A. Robinson.
4.15 p.m.: Euclid-ave. Methodist Church, men only; Rev. D. S. Toy; singer, Mr. Fred E. Warner.
5 p.m.: Young Women's Guild, 21 McGill-st.; Mrs. Asher.
6.45 p.m.: Walmer-road Baptist Church; Dr. John H. Elliott, Mr. M. R. Naftzfer.
6.45 p.m.: College-st. Baptist Church; Rev. J. W. Aikens, Mr. H. S. Saxton.
7 p.m.: Central Methodist Church; Rev. George R. Stair; singer, Mr. Albany R. Smith.
7 p.m.: Westmoreland Methodist Church; Rev. Thomas Needham; singer, Mr. H. E. Litchfield.
7 p.m.: St. John's Presbyterian Church; Rev. H. D. Sheldon; singer, Mr. Owen F. Pugh.
7 p.m.: Emmanuel Presbyterian Church; Mr. J. J. Lowe.
7 p.m.: Crawford-st. Methodist Church; Rev. Daniel S. Toy, Mr. F. E. Warner.
8 p.m.: Zion Methodist Church, men only; Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick; singer, Mr. McBretney.
8 p.m.: Sunday School Hall, Zion Methodist Church, women only; Mrs. Asher.
8.30 p.m.: Wesley Methodist Church; Rev. C. P. Goodson, Mr. Frank Dickson.
8.30 p.m.: Euclid-ave. Methodist Church; Rev. Daniel S. Toy, Mr. F. E. Warner.
8.30 p.m.: Dunn-ave. Presbyterian Church; evangelist, Rev. Ora Samuel Gray; singer, Mr. Chas. F. Allan.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP ASPIRANTS

From left to right: Langford, Johnson and Burns. Below, Kaufman.

No New Giants.

What, one asks, apart from its pretty steady good trade, has the book year had for characteristics? Have any new English authors of high promise blown into the writing line? No. You think, but no name leaps out to that invitation. Perhaps the old favorites have had ups and downs in the success of their year's books, but even those surface changes have not been great. Again, has there been a new cry in literature, the setting of a fashion fresh in form if not in the ideas behind it? Really all the good ideas have been used up in the world's literary workshop, and the only thing a man can hope to do is to present one in a new dress. No: there has not even been that. The old familiar faces, and the old familiar models—these have been our faring and there has been nothing to grumble about.—From James Milne's London letter.