If it Comes Thru Wires or Pipes We do it RIGHT

T. A. COWAN

81 COLBORNE STREET

PLUMBING - / HEATING - LIGHTING

# KEEP THE MEN IN GOOD HUMOR

When Hubby "Lights Up" for his After-Dinner Smoke, be sure he has a Match which will give him a steady light, first stroke. .... Ask your grocer for Eddy's.

"GOLDEN TIP" or "SILENTS," two of our many brands.

THE E. B. EDDY CO. HULL, CAN.

## "Minerva Pure Paints"

For inside and outside work have no equal.

Minerva---The Famous British Brand

Ask for Color Cards and Directions. Sold only by

Turnbull & Cutcliffe, Ltd.

### House-Cleaning Time IS NOW AT HAND

—and with it is associated M. E. LONG & CO.'S House Furnishings, etc. We have new Lace and Marquisette Curtains at remarkably low prices, also a new lot of tapestries, up-to-date and very cheap. Just what you need for that parlor suite and odd chair to make it just like new.

Special price on Mahogany Bedroom Suite. Regular \$140.00. To sell this \$110.00 week for ......

Our Prices on Wilton, Brussels, Velvet and Tapestry Rugs are Amazingly Low.

# M. E. Long Furnishing Co., Limited

83-85 COLBORNE STREET

# AN EXCLAMATION Worthy of Your Attention

Better Service at Lower Cost

is True Economy

**AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES** SATISFY

Mrs. Fred Humphreys marked the grave of a pet monkey at Summit, N.J., with a headstone.

Chas W. Bryan, brother of the Secretary of State, was elected for may-or of Lincoln, Neb.

Checking waste light in New York public buildings has saved \$73,000 .n three months this year.

the inhabitants were anxious to help, and I took my share. As a matter of fact, the smash was not disastrous; C. R. Biederman, naturalist, Tusthe passengers were hurt and frightcon, Ariz., has succeeded in grafting ened, but nobody was killed." the English walnut tree,

ion; odt, seems nim interested, went

"And didn't suggest it?"

your own good opinion."

"I have none to be jealous of."

the room, he stood beside his vis-

for. "After all." he said, "what busi-

ness have I with pride, straight or

lame? Have my identity, if you want

broken down one barrier won't save

the town." Laughing again, he laid

his hand on the other's arm. "Come,"

he said, "give your orders. I capitu-

An hour later the two men passed

from Loder's bedroom, where the final

arrangements had been completed,

back into the sitting room. Loder

came first in faultless evening dress.

His hair was carefully brushed, the

clothes he wore fitted him perfectly.

To any glance, critical or casual, he

was the man who had mounted the

stairs and entered the rooms earlier

in the evening. Chilcote's manner of

walking and poise of the head seemed

to have descended upon him with Chil-

cote's clothes. He came into the room

"I have no private papers," he said,

"so I have nothing to lock up. Every-

thing can stand as it is. A woman

named Robins comes in the mornings

to clean up and light the fire; other-

wise you must shift for yourself. No-

body will disturb you. Quiet, dead

quiet, is about the one thing you can

Chilcote, half halting in the door-

way, made an attempt to laugh. Of

the two he was noticeably the more

embarrassed. In Loder's well worn,

well brushed tweed suit he felt strand-

ed on his own personality, bereft for

the moment of the familiar accessories

that helped to cloak deficiencies and

keep the wheel of conventionality com-

fortably rolling. He stood unpleasant-

ly conscious of himself, unable to

shape his sensations even in thought.

He glanced at the fire, at the table,

finally at the chair on which he had

thrown his overcoat before entering

the bedroom. At the sight of the coat

his gaze brightened, the aimlessness

forsook him, and he gave an exclama-

"By Jove!" he said. "I clean for-

"The rings." He crossed to the coat

and thrust his hand into the pocket.

noon-the nick of time, eh?" He spoke

fast, his fingers searching busily. Oc-

cupation of any kind came as a boon.

Loder slowly followed him, and as

the box was brought to light he leaned

"As I told you, one is the copy of an

old signet ring, the other a plain band

-a plain gold band like a wedding

ring." Chilcote laughed as he placed

the four rings side by side on his

palm. "I could think of nothing else

that would be wide and not ostenta-

tious. You know how I detest dis-

Loder touched the rings. "You have

good taste," he said. "Let's see if

they serve their purpose." He picked

them up and carried them to the lamp.

an ugly wound," he said, his curiosity

reawakening as Loder extended his

The other smiled. "It's a memento,"

"No; quite the reverse." He looked

again at his hand, then glanced back

at Chilcote. "No," he repeated, with an unusual impulse of confidence. "It

serves to remind me that I am not ex-

empt-that I have been fooled like

"Yes." Again Loder looked at the

scar on his finger. "I seldom recall the

thing, it's so absolutely past. But I

rather like to remember it tonight. I

Chilcote made a hasty gesture, but

Loder went on without heeding.

"This thing happened eight years ago

at Santasalare," he said, "a little place

between Luna and Pistoria-a mere

handful of houses wedged between two

hills; a regular relic of old Italy crum-

bling away under flowers and sunshine,

with nothing to suggest the present

century except the occasional passing

of a train round the base of one of the

hills. I had literally stumbled upon the

place on a long tramp south from

Switzerland and had been tempted into

a stay at the little inn. The night after

my arrival something unusual occur-

red. There was an accident to the

train at the point where it skirted the

"There was a small excitement. All

He paused and looked at his a

"That implies a woman?"

the other interrupted it.

"But, my dear chap"-

quite out of it."

finger. "How did you come by it?"

Chilcote\_followed him. "That was

forward interestedly.

"Of bravery?"

"What?" Loder looked round.

tion of relief.

hastily and passed to the desk.

When all defenses have been

"Why?"

said satirically.

"Among these passengers was an English lady. Of all concerned in the (Continued from Page 11.) business, she was the least upset. When came upon her she was sitting on the shattered door of one of the carriages calmly arranging her hat. On seeing me she looked up with the most charm-

ing smile imaginable.
"'I have just been waiting for some-Loder said nothing, and the other body like you,' she said. 'My stupid maid has got herself smashed up some-"Jealous of your reputation?" he where in the second class carriages, and I have nobody to help me find my Chilcote laughed disagreeably. "Then

"Of course, that first speech ought to you aren't so far gone in philosophy have enlightened me, but it didn't. I as I thought. You have a niche in only saw the smile and heard the voice. knew nothing of whether they were Again Loder was silent; then he deep or shallow. So I found the maid smiled. "You have an oddly correct and found the dog. The first expressed perception at times," he said. "I supgratitude, the other didn't. I extricatpose I have had a lame sort of pride ed him with enormous difficulty from in keeping my name clean, but pride the wreck of the luggage van, and this like that is out of fashion, and I've got was how he marked his appreciation." to float with the tide." He laughed He held out his hand and nodded toa short laugh that Chilcote had heard ward the scar. once or twice before, and, crossing

Chilcote glanced up. "So that's the explanation?"

"Yes. I tried to conceal the thing when I restored the dog, but I was bleeding abominably and I failed. Then the whole business was changed. It was I who needed seeing to, my new friend insisted; I who should be looked after and not she. She forgot the dog in the newer interest of my wounded finger. The maid, who was practically unhurt, was sent on to engage rooms at the little inn, and she and I followed

"That walk impressed me. There was an attractive mistiness of atmosphere in the warm night, a sensation more. than attractive in being made much of by a woman of one's own class and country after five years' wandering." He laughed with a touch of irony.

"But I won't take up your time with details. You know the progress of an ordinary love affair. Throw in a few more flowers and a little more sunshine than is usual, a man who is practically a hermit and a woman who knows the world by heart and you have the whole

"She insisted on staying in Santasalare for three days in order to keep my finger bandaged. She ended by staying three weeks in the hope of smashing up

"On coming to the hotel she had given no name, and in our first explanations to each other she led me to conclude her an unmarried girl. It was at the end of the three weeks that I learned that she was not a free agent, as I had innocently imagined, but possessed a husband whom she had left ill with malaria at Florence or Rome.

"The news disconcerted me, and took no pains to hide it. After that the end came abruptly. In her eyes I had become a fool with middle class principles; in my eyes- But there is no need for that. She left Santasalare the same night in a great confusion of trunks and hatboxes, and next morning strapped on my knapsack and turned my face to the south."

"And women don't count ever after?" Chilcote smiled, beguiled out of him

"Now, shall I start? This is the latch

key?" He drew a key from the pocket of Chilcote's evening clothes. "When I get to Grosvenor square I am to find your house, go straight in, mount the stairs and there on my right hand will be the door of your-I mean my ownprivate rooms. I think I've got it by heart. I feel inspired. I feel that I ed the shocks that the world has alcan't go wrong." He handed the two ways aimed and will forever aim at remaining rings to Chilcote and picked the faith and the truth and the gos-

"I'll stick on till I get a wire," he "Then I'll come back and we'll reverse again." He slipped on the coat and moved back toward the table. Now that the decisive moment had come it embarrassed him. Scarcely knowing how to bring it to an end, he held out his hand.

Chilcote took it, paling a little. "Twill be all right!" he said, with a sudden return of nervousness. "'Twill be all right! And I've made it plain about-about the remuneration? A hundred a week, besides all expenses." Loder smiled again. "My pay? Oh, yes, you've made it clear as day. Shall we say good night now?"

There was a strange, distant note in Chilcote's voice, but the other did not pretend to hear it. He pressed the hand he was holding, though the cold dampness of it repelled him.

"Good night," he said again. "Good night." They stood for a moment awkwardly

"Yes. Good night."

rather want you to know that I've been looking at each other, then Loder quietthrough the fire. It's a sort of guaranly disengaged his hand, crossed the room and passed through the door. Chilcote, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened while the "Oh, I know you trust me. But you're ast sound of the other's footsteps was giving me a risky post. I want you to audible on the uncarpeted stairs. Then, see that women are out of my linewith a furtive, hurried gesture, he caught up the green shaded lamp and

passed into Loder's bedroom. (To be continued.)

Advice received at the Grand Trunk headquarters to-day announces the death at White Sulphur Springs, Ya.,

Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh. General Agent from 1891. He was ed by reason. It is demonstrated by widely known to shippers and railroad men and was a recognized auth- history. ority on all matters relating to freight

#### "CHRIST'S OWN CHURCH," A **GOOD LECTURE**

Lecture by Catholic Divine on the Church of Rome.

At the Catholic church in Paris, Rev. Father Gilles spoke, in part, as tol-

most gigantic power in this world for good or for evil is the power of organization; the most nopeless, helpless, pitiable thing in creation is an idea on a theory or a truth or a system of teaching that is disorganized. Even the divinest truth if thrown out into the world at haphazard, without an organization to guard it, to cherish it and to express it, is like a disembodied spirit, a soul without a body, a mysterious, chimerical something, a wraith wandering

But seize the wandering idea, lay hands upon the vagrant truth, bring it down to earth, give it a body, build it up, as it were, with flesh and blood and bone and sinew, clothe it, incorporate it with its companion truths, give it an organization, and you may have the power that will endure when kingdoms fail and empires totter in ruins; an organized society for the conservation and the expressing of truth is a force that can renew the face of the earth.

The business man, the captain o industry, builds up an establishmen by dint of prodigious patience and apication, and lest the fruit of his labor be lost, he incorporates a business firm, and when he is dead, the work goes on without him. The wise man, the philosopher, gathers a group of scholars about him, forms a school drills them, watches them as they grow in knowledge, gives them bit by bit, his own wisdom, says to them, When I am dead, thus and so shall you speak to the world about my doctrine;" and when the great master mind is gone, his pupils speak to the world in his name, and when he has passed away, his wisdom lives after him. The patriot, not content to let his ideals burn out in a flame of fiery eloquence, bids his hearers gather together, organize, forms a society, builds a party, or it may be, a gov-ernment that shall continue to exist for centuries as a living exponent of the patriot's views after the voice of the patriot himself is stilled in the

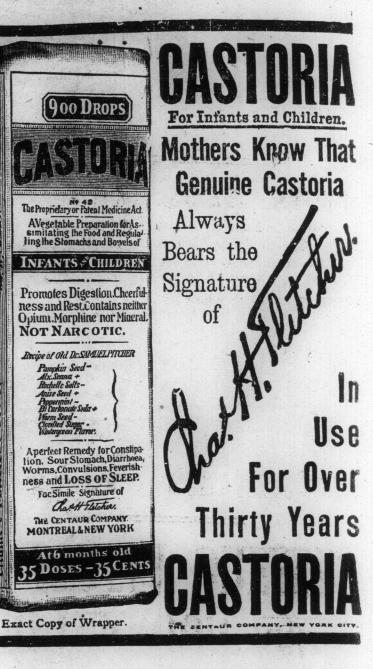
Now, I am going to maintain that lesus Christ, whom-I take to be wiser than any philosopher or statesman or business man; Jesus Christ, who had a more important work to do than that of any statesman, a more important business to transact than any captain of industry—I am going to maintain that Christ formed a distinct, visible, evident organization for the continuance of His work, and the propagation of His teaching, that He gave to that organization the power to act and speak and teach in His name when He was going from the has been the prime mover, organizar earth. Still an institution was an and director of progress; such is the absolute necessity. or what do you admission of every historian, Catholic think can be the fate of an idea, however sacred, however divine, if it and historian who says, "There can be no doubt whatever that the Christ-ian religion would have vanished from the earth long since if it had not been for the marvellous strength of the organization of the Roman Catholic church." True enough; no elusive phantom, no uncertain wil-o-thewisp Christianity could have surviv-

pel of Jesus Christ. But where, some one may ask where in our gospels is the fact stated that He founded a church, a living, visible organization like a government and that He gave it His own

Divine Authority? Where in your Gospels, my breth-ren where? Everywhere. In every Gospel and all through your Gospels the fact is written as big as a mountain that Christ chose out of the world a body of men, formed them into a socety and gave them the com mission to teach with power and with authority by themselves and by their successors down to the end of time, and that He commanded all men to hearken to their teaching un-

der penalty of damnation. Have you forgotten St. Matthew (10-1), St. Mark (3-13), St. Luke (6-13, who all tell us that "Jesus chose twelve men whom He also named apostles"? Have you forgotten St John who tells us what power He gave to these men, what commission "All power is given Me in Heaver and in earth," and (20-21), "as the Father hath sent Me, even so I send you"? Have you forgotten St. Matthew (28-18) "Go you therefore and teach all nations. Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Have you forgotten St. Mark (16-15), "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." Have you forgotten St Luke, "He that heareth you heareth Me.' Truly my brethren listen to that and ask if you can tell whether Christ gave to that group of men that of Mr. O. S. Cockey, General Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System in New York City. Mr. Cockey was in his sixty-first he that despiseth you despiseth Me," year, and had been in the service of and, my brethren, not to quote the enthe Grand Trunk since 1880. His first tire Gospels from beginning to end, railway experience was with the have you forgotten the tremendous words of Christ to His church told Later he joined the Great Western in St. Matthew (18-17) "If any man Railway, which was taken over by the refuse to hear the church, let him be Grand Trunk System. Mr. Cockey to thee as the heathen and the publihad been the freight representative of the Grand Trunk in the city of New York since 1883, with the title of General Agent from 1881.

On the Petecostal birthday of the



owned and ruled the world; to-day the the defunct nations away in their Roman Empire is a name and a mem- graves and set her face to the task ory only, dead these fifteen hundred of enlightening and civilizing and years, stark and cold in its grave evangelizing the nations that succeedside by side with the paganism it ed. Entire civilizations have succeedfostered and encouraged. Then the world was wrapped around with the blown their hot breath across the thick, dark mantle of idolatory; to-face of the world, they have done day the light of the revelation of their withering, devastating work Jesus Christ is spread among all na- and gone their way, but she has re-

the Empire was barbaric; to-day the stitution remains unchanged, unbarbaric nations have surpassed in changed except to be greater and the university, if not in the splendor stronger; only one organization has of their civilization, that of the proud survived the shock of wars and revoempire that had branded them bar-barians. And in every one of these beneficient revolutions, the Catholic Church

Loder laughed. "That's what I've been trying to convey. Once bitten, twice shy?" He laughed again and if you cannot tell me, give me leave twice shy?" He laughed again and I will tell you in the laughed of changes she has set the gates of slipped the two rings over his finger with an air of finality.

In you cannot ten his, give his leave and wonder of wonders, standing to tell you, and I will tell you in the in the midst of changes, she has rewords of a great Protestant scholar mained unchanged; the spectator of mained unchanged; the spectator of upheavals and revolutions. She has campaigning a preventive measure to hever succumbed to any force. ions have arisen at ther side, have been educated and Christianized by her, they have grown old and fallen

admission of every historian, Catholic

tions. Then, only Rome, the elect mained invulnerable; customs and among nations, Rome and the environs of Rome, not here and there, from decade to decade, and from were civilized; the rest of Europe and century to century; the entire aspect the vast world beyond the barriers of of the earth has changed, only one inthrough the long vista of history to the days of Jesus Christ, and that is the church He founded, the church He confirmed with His promise of mortality, the church He has never abandoned, the church He declared should not be destroyed though all her; the Catholic church, the spouse, the beloved, the protected favorite of

FOR THE MEN.

into decay, while she, the undying Men's Tan Oxfords, all new stock one, endowed with some mysterious on a good last, to clear at \$1.79 per Men's Tan Oxfords, all new stock secret of eternal youth, has laid pair. Coles Shoe Co. 122 Colborne St

# HANDSOME SHOWING OF



PRETTY GOWNS of simple and elaborate types are shown this season, including the new "Victorian" Dress in Copen. Faille. Other pretty models, showing the chic bolero effect, with transparent sleeves.

\$15.00 TO \$25.00

SMART STREET DRESSES in Serge, Voile and Wool Poplin. These are tastefully trimmed with corded silk or chiffon and designed in most becoming styles. From

\$6.75 TO \$16.50

W. L. Hughes

127 Colborne Street

DISTINCTIVE LADIES WEAR

LAST EDITION

Casualties ar Heavy Figl Wounded.

Rather disheartening conveyed to Mrs. E. Harr resides at the Farringdon her son, Pte. Earnest Har disabled severely, and wably be injured for life. was from a nurse and low. It would appear that is suffering from a bad wounds in the region of and wounds of this desc always reckoned serious. his doctors hope to pull and it may be that with and attention the wounds tirely incapacitate this b Every sympathy is extermother is her grief and friends to which The Cotheir continues wishes, will ho hearten to their the transfer the continues in the

Dundas, street, wounded. PTE. GEO. KIRBY, 133 PTE. W. KEITHLEY.

be missing) PTE. A. KEITHL Pte. Keithley is report

ing 147 Clarence street, word by mail, from her b confirmation has yet bee from Ottawa and until of is given there is every hope that a mistake has MANY TO COM

Brantford names are sti on the casualty lists of talion. The share of ate days that mark the

Italian Peopl Threaten Act Contra

Ey Special Wire to the ROME, via Lo spread thorughout are particularly imp tervention went las D'Annunzio is stop a balcony and spo D'Annunzio's hotel Queen Margherita

Pro-war enthus tralists who were he In the clash the win lishment were broke the demonstration part of the city.

ROME, via Pa terday afternoon, waccording to the Gio discuss the situation consider questions meeting of the cabin GRA

PARIS, May last night says that mier Salandra confe

grave events are ex