

NO RACE SUICIDE

GRANTON, March 31.—Three healthy boys were yesterday born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Morley of this place. The mother and sons are doing well. Medical men of the district declare that nothing is known here of "race suicide." Mr. Morley is a veteran of the great war. He was overseas for two years.

FURNITURE STORAGE SHEDS DESTROYED; FIRE

Baetz Furniture Company Suffer \$5,000 Loss—Main Building Saved.

KITCHENER, March 31.—Fire destroyed the storage sheds of the Baetz Furniture Company at noon today. The damage is estimated at between \$4,000 and \$5,000. The sheds were separated from the main factory building, and although the fire was a stubborn one, the department was able to prevent damage to the main building.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

Whitefish, Salmon, Halibut, Codfish, Haddock, Mackerel, Flounders, Sea Herring, Pickled, Oysters, Shrimps, Smelts, etc.

Smoked Fish—all usual varieties.

Salt Fish—Mackerel, Labradors, Scotch and Holland Herring

SHORTENING, DOMESTIC, 3-LB. PAIL, 98c.	PURE JAMS, Gooseberry, Green Gage Plum, 4-Lb. Pail, \$1.20.	SUGAR, Going Up, Up, Up, 5-lb. package, 98c. 10-lb. bag, \$1.80 20-lb. bag, \$3.60
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Seedless Raisins, pkg., 25c	H. & G. Green Peas, 2 pkgs., 25c
Valencia Raisins, lb., 25c	Pure Jams, 4-lb. pail, \$1.35
Apparagus, tin, 25c	Apricot Jams, 4-lb. pail, \$1.00
Condensed Soup, 2 tins, 25c	Marmalade, 4-lb. pail, \$1.10
Corn Meal, large tin, 17c	Laundry Soap, 10 bars, \$1.00
Jelly Powders, 2 pkgs., 25c	Crisco, 1-lb. pkg., 36c
Feedline, 2 pkgs., 15c	Crisco, 5-lb. pail, \$1.08
Corn Syrup, 5-lb. pail, 60c	Lipton's Tea, 12-lb. pkg., 30c
Sardines, 3 tins, 25c	Red Rose Tea, 5-lb. pkg., 32c
Holbrook's Malt Vinegar, 25c	Holland Herring, kg., \$1.75
XXX Oleomargarine, lb., 42c	Molasses, tin, 15c

We can't advertise everything we carry. Make up your order and bring it in. No charge for delivery.

Onn's Up-To-Date Market

PHONE 1296. Opposite Market. 143 KING ST.

Enthusiasm Attends Our Exposition of Model Easter Suits

Comments of pleasant surprise and admiration are noticeable when discriminating womenfolk view our display of Easter Suits. There is really something different about Artistic garments that inspires this enthusiasm. They portray a certain character not ordinarily found in shops elsewhere.

Superior style, better materials, unparalleled workmanship and individuality are embodied in our garments, all combining to insure the wearer of Artistic apparel a greater degree of genuine value for the price.

Moderately Priced from \$29.75 to \$125

Easter Millinery

You will be perfectly charmed with our new models in Easter Hats. They are the smartest creations we have ever had the pleasure of offering to Milady of London. See our extensive display. Easter is not far distant!

Artistic Ladies' Wear Co.

211 DUNDAS STREET

Better than Metal
Better than Wood

EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE

There's a big difference between the old-fashioned wooden tubs and buckets and Eddy's Indurated Fibreware.

Eddy's are made from wood pulp—moulded under tremendous pressure—then dipped in solution and baked for days in terrific heat.

The result is a product as strong and durable as steel, hard as flint, and yet very light and convenient to handle.

No cracks—no dents—no falling apart—impervious to odors—clean and sanitary.

Once tried, always used.

EDDY'S FIBREWARE
INDURATED

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL, CANADA

Makers of Eddy's Famous Matches

To Fight Drury Move

WINNIPEG, March 31.—Wholesale liquor dealers of Winnipeg with large investments connected with the trade in Ontario, announce they will club together to fight against the stoppage by the Ontario Legislature of renewal of licenses to export warehouses. They declare they will carry the matter to the courts, contending that only the Dominion Government can prohibit the exportation of liquor from Ontario into Manitoba.

HELENE'S MARRIED LIFE

BY MAY CHRISTIE

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XLI.—A Crumpled Paper

I read and re-read the scrap of paper, utterly amazed. For Travis Lloyd—that staid, devious gentleman—had written the mysterious words: "Inclosed you will find my usual check. Please see that Amy is provided with every luxury."

His signature, in a bold, firm hand, followed this order.

I crumpled the scrap of paper into a tiny ball, and let it slip from my fingers to the floor. Who—who was "Amy"? The more I thought about the thing, the older did it seem. Travis Lloyd—and an "affaire"? Impossible!

Besides, Travis Lloyd was definitely courting me! In his own quiet, well-bred way, he was making it quite obvious that he cherished "intentions" towards me. Alice and I had been—Tony included—had remarked his attitude.

"Inclosed you will find my usual check," I repeated the words, sotto voce, stupidly. What could they mean?

And then, on a sudden impulse, I stooped down and picked up the scrap of paper from the floor where it had fallen. Glancing over my shoulder to see that I was not observed by the card layers, I slipped the incriminating little document into my small mesh-bag.

I flushed. Because I hate to do anything mean or surreptitious. And yet I felt that this little scrap of paper was mine.

"A penny for them?" I said, archly. "For what?" He seemed quite taken aback. His mind had been wool-gathering, evidently.

"Your thoughts," I answered. Then provocatively: "Don't say they aren't worth a penny, for that would be so unoriginal!" He smiled. A melancholy, rather pathetic smile, I thought.

"As a matter of fact, they're worth far more," he remarked, at last. "A shilling, then?" I held out a coin towards him. "Tell me, please!"

"My thoughts were about the lovely lady in the world," said my companion, slowly, meaningly. "But—at the same time—they make me sad!"

"Why sad?" He smiled again. "The uselessness of striving for the out-of-reach?"

"Faint heart!" I called him. "Fair lady!" he replied, taking up the challenge. He moved a little nearer to me on the sofa.

"Tell me," he said, lowering his voice. "Tell me why we men dream dreams that never come true? And why—against our reason and our better judgment—do we perpetually follow a phantom will-o-the-wisp, that can only lead us into the mire?"

I shrugged my shoulders, partly. "The will-o-the-wisp being the love, best lady, I suppose you mean?" I queried.

His eyes met mine in a long, level gaze. But it was mine that fell. He drew a long, deep breath. "Don't play with hearts!" The words were so low that I could scarcely catch them. "Hearts sometimes break, you know!"

It was my turn to feel a catch come to my throat. Hearts break? Ah, yes, I knew. I hated my own thoughts. Jim—dearest Jim—

"What—what makes a man fall in love?" I blurted out. "I've often wondered! No—don't say its beauty. Because some of the loveliest-looking women that I've ever seen and known have inspired tremendous and lasting affection in their husbands. But tell me, what quality is it in a man that makes him want to be in love?"

It was a stupid question. I'd only asked it to break the train of my newly-awakened reflections.

"Many factors go to make a man 'succumb' to some woman's influence," rejoined Travis Lloyd, quietly. "Loneliness, for instance. He wants companionship—a home. He wants mothering. Maybe he wants children. Sometimes, if he's got a heap of money, it's the love of ostentation. He wants an attractive woman whom he can dress extravagantly, who can adorn a lovely home, and so advertise his prosperity for all the world to see. But—"

He broke off, staring moodily across the hall towards the card players. "Yes? What is it?" My curiosity was aroused.

"Oh, don't ask me. I'm a fool, I know." His gaze was still averted. "Real love can suffer a great deal, can't it?" I went on, my thoughts reverting to my own great love for Jim. "I've read that somewhere. 'Charity endureth all things, suffereth all things, hopeth—'"

"And hope often dies!" cut in my companion, "smothered at birth because—"

I turned and stared at him. His talk was very odd. And then I suddenly thought about the little scrap of paper in my purse! With that mysterious "Amy" in the background, was he dreaming, hoping, about—me?

A little shiver of repulsion came to me. And then it was that Travis Lloyd leaned towards me, and, breathing rapidly, whispered the one word: "Helene!"

He touched my hand. His eyes held the misty, tender look that every woman understands.

I drew back definitely. I thrust a trembling hand into my little bag, drew forth the scrap of paper that I'd found upon the floor, opened it, and handed it to my companion.

"What does it mean?" My tones were hard as I pointed to his writing. "Have you the right to call me by my name—seek to make advances towards me—having written that?"

He glanced for a moment at the fragment. And then I saw his face turn deathly pale.

Tomorrow—A Haunting Look.

Windsor Painters Have Issued Strike Ultimatum

WINDSOR, March 31.—Unless their demands of \$1 an hour are met by 9 o'clock Thursday morning, union painters and decorators of Windsor will strike, according to an ultimatum issued tonight to contractors and builders. The latter claim the increase asked, representing 20 per cent, will not be met.

NO DEMONSTRATION OF LABOR GOOD FRIDAY

TORONTO, March 31.—Labor organizations of this city will not hold a demonstration on Good Friday, as requested by the political defence committee of Winnipeg, but it is probable the suggested demonstration will be held later.

Prison on Wheels Specially Built for Western Trip

(Special To The Advertiser.)

WINNIPEG, March 31.—A prison-house on wheels, with barred windows and locked doors, containing 60 criminals, convict-garbed and soldier-guarded, passed through the city this afternoon. It was a special train bringing from Edmonton Penitentiary 60 "bad ones" to Stony Mountain for safekeeping.

The train consisted of two coaches and one baggage-car, and was escorted to Winnipeg under a militia guard of ten men. The coaches were specially fitted with safety locks and barred windows in the Winnipeg shops of the C. N. R. and sent to Alberta last week to convey prisoners from Edmonton to Prince Albert Penitentiary, where 75 were left. Edmonton Penitentiary is closed.

Navigation Opened On Detroit River Yesterday

WINNIPEG, March 31.—Navigation was officially opened on the Detroit River today when the White Star passenger vessel, Waukegan, left its mooring for its initial trip to Toledo. Pandemonium broke loose as the steamer pulled away, sirens, horns and bells heralding the passing of winter on the waterways here. Others of D. and C. system leave for their maiden voyages of the season to Cleveland and Buffalo on Thursday. The Detroit-Port Huron schedule will be opened in a week or ten days, it is expected.

SEVENTEEN PEOPLE HURT IN STREET CAR SMASH

Automatic Interlocking Switch Falls—Cars Come Together Head-On.

DETROIT, Mich., March 31.—The failure of an automatic interlocking switch to act caused a collision between two loaded street cars at Woodward and Grand River avenues late today that injured seventeen people and badly smashed the forward parts of both cars. It was at first believed that some fatalities must have resulted, but after the wreckage had been cleared, where broken glass had been cleared and faces of passengers. Half a dozen of the injured were removed to hospitals for treatment, but others were able to return to their homes.

WORLD NEWSPAPER ASKS FOR LIQUIDATOR

TORONTO, March 31.—The World Newspaper Company desires a referendum to J. A. C. Cameron, master in chancery, on April 7, to appoint a permanent liquidator. The company, as at present organized, was incorporated in 1902, with a capital of \$300,000. The whole capital, 3,000 shares of a par value of \$100 each, was in the name of Catherine C. MacLean, now dead, and her heirs are believed to be the equitable owners. John Lang, the circulation manager of the World, is the petitioner for the winding-up order. He claims the World is insolvent, that its debts are about \$500,000, that it is indebted to him personally for \$1,300, for which he has no security, and that an assignment has been made to G. T. Clarkson.

STOMACH DISORDER

ONLY 6 MONTHS TO LIVE

Read What B. B. B. Did For Him.

Mr. Hans Kehli, Magnolia, Alta., writes: "Some years ago I became very sick from stomach disorder, which the doctor told me had started from drinking bad water. I tried local doctors, but finding I got worse from day to day I went to a doctor in Edmonton. He told me that I must have an operation, and that if I didn't I couldn't live any longer than six months. I told him I had better die after six months than be at the station to meet me. No one was there to meet me at the station, because they did not know I was coming. I felt so bad I couldn't walk farther than 10 yards without resting. It took me 6 hours to walk 5 miles; the distance from the station to my home.

"Some weeks later I read an advertisement about your Burdock Blood Bitters. After I had used one bottle I felt much better, and after I had used three bottles I was completely cured; therefore you see your B. B. B. has saved my life, and I cannot praise it too highly."

Burdock Blood Bitters puts the stomach into shape by promoting perfect digestion, and restoring health and strength to the system. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

STOLEN BICYCLE. Harry Christie has notified the police that his bicycle was stolen from the Y. M. C. A. at 6:45 o'clock on Monday evening. It was a green "Perfect" bicycle, and had racing handlebars and a racing seat. The number it bore was 82715.

NON-RUSTABLE D & A CORSETS

When fashions change—buy a new model D & A and you will have exactly what your dressmaker will want to fit you in.

D & A designers watch Paris and New York fashions, and new styles, fitted on living Canadian models, are immediately produced in Canada in the perfectly equipped D & A corsetry.

The great organization and large quantity made are the reason why the price is so very moderate.

Sold Everywhere. Insist on being shown your correct style and number.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

Makers of "L. D. & A. GODDESS" Corsets.

Style 582, Style 542, Style 360-Style 698B

Hot Cross Buns



One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns!
If your daughters don't like them, give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns!

GOOD Friday, Easter, Christmas, New Year's—these are the landmarks that will halt the memory in the days to come. A little something special, different, appropriate to the day, will emphasize the occasion and deepen the impression in the children's minds. As old as the English language and as dear, is the custom of Hot Cross Buns for Good Friday. Mothers delight in explaining to little curly heads the significance of the event that is 2,000 years old.

Hot Cross Buns tomorrow—don't forget. So tonight, save a little of the dough from your bread-making and give your folks a real bun treat. Thus will you again demonstrate how FIVE ROSES flour fits into every occasion, worthy at all times of your baking skill.

Not merely to buns and rolls, but to all your baking—from plain bread to the most delicate pastry or crackling cookie—FIVE ROSES brings the vitality so plentifully hoarded by Nature in the ripe Manitoba wheat. So don't let Good Friday go without the Hot Cross Buns! If you don't bake today, buy some tomorrow at any good shop.

"If your daughters don't like them, give them to your sons."

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED
Makers of FIVE ROSES Flour
CANADA

Five Roses
The Flour for every occasion