

Shadow and Sunlight

"Really," says Madge, with a laugh. "Must I really go, Guy?"

Guy looks up again. "Eh! Oh, yes, I suppose so—if St. George says so; he knows. He's a regular old woman at that sort of thing. But I wish the people would let us alone. One has fully enough of this sort of thing at home, without getting a dose abroad."

St. George laughs. "Lazy beggar, isn't he, Lady Lashwood?"

"Poor Guy!" says Madge, sympathetically. "If it is rather hard, he does hate this sort of thing, don't you, Guy? And he has just got the Times; he would like to sit there all the evening and read the beautiful and exciting parliamentary speeches. By the way, Lord St. George did you make a speech in the House of Lords?"

"Never," said Lord St. George. "Scarcely ever go there, except to write. Went down once to make a speech, and had to wait some time before my turn; sat listening to all the big wigs firing away for two hours, and then went to sleep, by Jove, by the time they had woke me up, some other fellow had got up and was making just the speech I'd intended. He said it a great deal better than I could have done, and so I came away. That's what I did when you see me."

"I say," says Madge, "and does Guy ever speak?"

"Oh, sometimes—he used," says Lord St. George; "speaks well, too, but he's too lazy to care for it. There's nothing on the face of the earth he cares for"—then suddenly, in a low voice, and with a glance from his blue eyes at the beautiful face opposite him—"excepting one."

Madge looks at him curiously, then colors and bends over her prints. Then she rises and puts her hands, white as marble, with priceless jewels flashing from them, over Guy's eyes. "Now, which is it to be, Guy?"

"Oh, St. George knows," he says, putting up his hand and clasping her, and Madge looks a laughing inquiry at Lord St. George.

"Better go to Lady Southall's, and have done with it," says the oracle, "and, by Jove, there isn't much time." "Go on, Madge," says Guy, rising, and stretching himself, "go and get your war-paint on."

"I wish you'd take your tomahawk, and scalp the lot," says Lord St. George, as he opens the door for her. "But you confine your slaughtering to the male sex, unfortunately, Lady Lashwood."

Madge laughs; she is used to his compliments, and he closes the door and goes back. Guy is still standing looking after her, and his eyes turn from the closed door to his friend's face.

"Happy, isn't she?"

St. George nods.

"As an angel, she deserves to be," he says, and he goes and picks up the prints and puts them straight. He has a trick of setting Madge's "litter" straight, and he always has some excuse for it when Guy banisters him: the things will get mislaid, or lost, or spoiled, if they are left to the servants.

As carefully—as if more carefully than if he were paid to do it, he arranges the engravings according to their numbers, and looks them up in the portfolio, then he goes to the window and looks out.

"Cold," he says. "I'll tell them to put Lady Lashwood's furs into the carriage."

"Thanks," says Guy, yawning again. "Great nuisance having to turn out. We could have had a quiet nap or a little music. By the way, don't you come unless you like."

St. George has been standing by the fire, looking down at a piece of work which Madge has thrown from her hand. "Don't you want me? Shall I be de trop?" he says, quietly.

Guy comes across the room and lays his hand on his shoulder. "What a question! My dear fellow, are you ever de trop, or in the way? I—we, both of us—count it the luckiest thing that could have happened, your turning up at that evening on the Hartz. Seriously, I don't know what we should have done without you. I'm not good at guide-book work, you know; while you seem to be a complete historian, and to know everything. I don't know how you manage it; you used not to be so knowing."

St. George looks down. It is scarcely necessary to admit that he has sat up into the small hours reading "up" histories and guides, so that he might be prepared for Madge's endless questions. "I don't know," he says quietly. "I am often afraid I'm trespassing upon your good nature by playing the 'old man of the sea' to you and Lady Lashwood. You see, I'm such a bally bird. At any rate, the moment you are tired of me you can give me the hint. No, I shall see it sharp enough."

"You'll never want to use your eyes, then, my dear fellow," says Guy in his curt way. "We shan't grow tired of you—I speak for Madge as well as myself. Why, man, you are her right hand—she'd be lost without you! Who'd do all the slighting, and the shopping, and—and pick up her litter? But, St. George, aren't you tired of us? Watch the other people's felineous connubiality is rather slow work, I'm afraid."

St. George thinks a moment. The light falling on his handsome face—with its golden hair and soft, silky mustache, its blue eyes and finely cut lips—reveals nothing but a certain vague sadness. "No," he says at last, in a low voice, "I do not find it slow. It is something to see two people thoroughly happy."

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Guy looks at him curiously, then he laughs. "You are a strange fellow, St. George—you used to be such a run fellow, when we were at school; full of queer fancies and all that sort of thing. There, go and get your coat on. If Madge could do without you, I could not."

An hour later, and Lady Southall's saloon is nearly full. All Rome—that is, Rome, the fashionable—is here—from a branch twig of the reigning house to Mrs. Leathes, the artist's wife. Rome loves diamonds, there are enough here to purchase a king's ransom. Brilliantly lighted, with the famous frescoes of a dead-and-gone master still shining bright and undimmed on the walls, the immense room presents a scene not easily to be forgotten. Exquisitely dressed women and high-bred men move in endless circles, their voices mingling with the soft strains of a famous band. Outside, in the cold street, a group of Roman poor stand, shivering and watching, with that eagerness and interest which belong to the children of the south, the brilliant scene in which they have no part, and turn from the dazzling windows to crawl, at a respectful distance, round the carriages that are still setting down at the doorway.

Presently the cry goes up from the hall, and is carried to the saloon: "Lord and Lady Lashwood, Lord St. George, and his Madge, enter on her husband's arm, by Jove, by the time they had woke me up, some other fellow had got up and was making just the speech I'd intended. He said it a great deal better than I could have done, and so I came away. That's what I did when you see me."

The ambassador looks at the lovely face and exquisite figure set off in its rich dress of black velvet, which serves as a background for the suite of diamonds and pearls—Guy's left gift—and she is lovely—trembles upon his lips, like a diplomat, like he says, with a shrug and a glance at the commonplace partner on his arm, "I have seen prettier women, Mrs. Leathes."

Slowly, with that impressive expression on his handsome face, which always sits there on such occasions, Guy leads his wife to the hostess. He knows that every eye is fixed upon them, but his calm serenity is as undisturbed as if he were walking across the smoking-room of his club.

It is Madge's first appearance; she was a school girl a few months ago, but she shows no trace of agitation or nervousness. With the usual frank, half-smiling expression of confidence, she makes her bow and shakes the great lady's hand, and not even St. George, whose eyes are fixed on her, can discern a single tremor of the red lips, or a single quiver of the beautiful eyes.

"Yes, she is beautiful," says the Countess of Barminster, "very beautiful. I heard of her in Paris; but they were very quiet and went out very little. But who was she? I know something of Lord Lashwood—everyone does—but who is she?"

"The world will not care to ask that question, Lady Barminster," said an English earl, watching Madge through his glasses. "The world will be quite ready to receive her at what she is."

"If Lord Munto is going to set his seal of approval," says the countess with a smile. The old earl smiles.

"It does not need my seal," he says, simply. "Lady Lashwood will carry everything before her."

"Look," says Lady Sargeant. "His highness is being introduced. Yes, her success is accomplished. But who is that handsome man with yellow hair, standing between them? He came in with them."

"That is—yes, it is—St. George," replies Lord Munto. "Come in with them."

Lady Sargeant laughs. She is the queen of scandal-mongers.

"Yes, they say that he goes with them everywhere. He is staying at the same hotel."

"Her brother, perhaps?"

Sargeant shakes her head. "No, I know all the St. Georges, and she is not one of them. And so Lord Lashwood is chained at last? It is Una and the lion over again."

"But Una was a meek girl with golden hair; they always paint her that way," objects Lord Munto. "Lady Lashwood is anything but a Una, and I cannot fancy a simper on that face."

"Magnificent jewels," murmurs the countess. "I never saw anything better than that set."

"It is nothing to the Lashwood diamonds," remarks Lady Sargeant, turning the bracelet on her arm. "I once saw them on Lady Lashwood, only once—she never cared for diamonds—and they are unapproachable, even by Miss Goodweather."

It is very hot; the lights reflected on the Venetian mirrors, though beautiful to look at, are eminently conducive to headache. Madge has received the introduction of fifty distinguished persons whose names she has mixed up in hopeless confusion. Guy's impassive countenance is impassive still, but Madge knows as surely as if he had groaned and thrown up his arms that he is bored to death. St. George, with his crush hat in his hand, goes around with them, occasionally meeting and stopping to talk with an old friend. Arrivals are still announced, the thing grows oppressive and seemingly endless, but at last Madge finds herself in a quiet corner, just as if she had drifted there, and finds at the same time that Guy has been washed away by the tide, and St. George is by her side instead.

"Oh," she says, below her breath, and with the old spirit of mockery in her eyes, "are you here? I can understand now why Guy hates this sort of thing, and clings like a dying man to his Times. It is a fearful ordeal."

He looks at her as she stands in her glorious beauty, glorious in its youth and freshness, and smiles.

"This is your first experience of this sort of thing?" he says.

"Yes, and I am trying to be delighted; but I can scarcely realize that this is the sort of thing that we used to read about at school and long for! They used to say that I could give a special unctious to descriptions of receptions, and now I read them, and we all went into ecstasies. And this is it! I never was so hot in my life and never so much bored."

"And yet you have gone through the ordeal triumphantly," he says, still looking at her with that strange smile. "I hear your name on every lip, and always with admiration—or envy."

Madge smiles.

[To be Continued.]

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN BIG ROBBERY

By Arrest of Former Torontonian in New York.

LOOTING OF LIVERPOOL BANK

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Were Taken by the Means of Confederate Institution.

Toronto, Jan. 28.—The local police claim there is no question as to the identity of Manes, arrested for huge forgeries in England. He is now 55 years old, and walks as though a victim of locomotor ataxia. The latter fact aided the police to identify the prisoner. The arrest was made by Detectives Cain and Collins, of the headquarters staff, at Broadway and Forty-second street, where they came face to face with Manes in the midst of a rush-hour throng, making his way to one of the up-town subway station entrances. The detectives recently had been reading about the Liverpool bank robber and discussing the escape of Manes, the only person unaccounted for in connection with the case. They had studied the features of the missing criminal from a photograph in the rogues' gallery, and when they saw the man whom they claim answers the description of Manes, their surprise was great.

A Celebrated Crime. In the history of crime the conspiracy to rob the Bank of Liverpool will always hold the distinction of being one of the most ingenious and successful schemes ever planned. The entire scheme turned upon the weakness of a bank clerk, who, while drawing a salary of \$750 a year, played the races. His accomplices were sporting men, several bookmakers and prize fighters. Not only did the beguiled bank clerk play into their hands through his losses at the race tracks, but he was guilty of the occasional big winnings he made through some cheap trick. The clerk, rapidly slipping down the scale of crime, was too easy a victim to discover the lesser frauds which were practiced within a fraud. He forged continually the bank's depositors until finally more than \$600,000 had been taken out of the institution and turned over to the co-ter of race track men. The poor clerk never profited a penny by his crimes, and finally went to the penitentiary for ten years, a sentence he is now serving with hard labor.

The bank clerk was Thos. P. Goudie. His associates were "Dick" Burge, an English pugilist; F. T. Kelly, a man named Stiles, Laurie Marks, and James Manes, all bookmakers. Goudie confessed the plot and pleaded guilty to charges of forgery, fraud, conspiracy and false pretenses. Burge, Kelly and Stiles were arrested, but Marks and Manes escaped. Burge was convicted and, with Goudie, was given the maximum sentence of ten years. Kelly and Stiles, by pleading guilty to conspiracy to defraud, escaped with sentences of two years.

Marks May Have Succeeded. Marks was last heard from on an English Channel steamer en route from Boulogne to Folkestone. He did not disembark, and it has always been the belief that he committed suicide by jumping overboard.

From Burge the police recovered \$150,000. The authorities subsequently learned that Marks had \$60,000 and Manes \$170,000 to their credit in an English bank. This money was seized and returned to the Liverpool institution.

Goudie, once he had begun to lose money at the racetrack, became an easy prey in the hands of the gamblers with whom he had carried on his transactions. His position at the bank, they told him, opened up a field for speculating on the races that would make him a rich man.

He forged a check for a small amount, and lost the money. Many times he repeated the crime, always using the name of the bank's heaviest individual depositor, whose name, however, did not come out in the trial. It was many months before the forgeries and the conspiracy were discovered.

During the trial of Goudie a clerk employed by the Bookmaker Marks told the jury a story to show how easily the accused man was swindled. One day he wagered heavily on a race, trusting his commission to Marks. The horse won, and Goudie was entitled to \$125,000 on the deal. That night the bookmaker sent a telegram to Goudie, saying he had been ill and was not in business at the racetrack that day.

James Manes, the prisoner referred to in the above dispatch, lived in Toronto some 20 years ago under the name of James Campbell. He was a well-known sporting man, and ran a gambling house on Wellington street at that time. He had a most plausible address, and was noted for his smooth ways and illimitable "nerve." Before coming to Toronto he lived in Ottawa for some time.

Among his many victims during his Toronto career was a Jew, who gave him \$2,000 to bet on a hundred-to-one shot at the Saratoga races. The horse won, but Campbell had simply pocketed the money, and had not bet on the race at all. He remained in Toronto until his faro bank roll of money was lost, and then left for the States. Many local sports will remember him well.

Clubs to Bar Duels. New York, Jan. 28.—Joseph M. Duell, ill in his home, will be compelled to sign himself "Former Judge of the Court of Special Sessions" if the plans now under way are carried to a successful end. Immediate action on the part of the appellate division to cause his removal from the bench is contemplated, and the Bar Association, through courtesy, is awaiting this step before its powerful grievance committee makes a move. His clubs may also ask him to resign.

Everybody gets awfully suspicious of the cook's moral character if she lets a week go past without going to quit.

First Showing New Goods

This should be a noticeable week in the history of this store. We're the first to announce the advance showing of Silks and Dress Goods for Spring, 1906. We've been on the watchtower for months to secure individual styles and exclusive lines in dress goods. It is safe to say that this store presents a more pleasing representation of the season's styles than has been shown here, or elsewhere, at any time. We particularly request customers to inspect our "Kharanta" Black Dress Goods. It's elegant.

PICK WHILE PICKING IS BEST

Some of Our Good Low-Priced values:

Light Tweed for early spring wear, 44 inches wide. Per yard only.....50c

New Venetians in all shades, pure wool. Also at, per yard, 50c

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New Check Dress Goods, very popular for spring wear. Per yard.....50c

Swell Waistings, exclusive lengths, 25 patterns to choose from. Per yard.....50c

Ladies' Coating Cloths in fawns, 56 inches wide. The cream of the loom. Per yard.....\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25

Black Dress Kharanta, the new black for the best black dresses. We can't speak too highly of this elegant brand. You'll like it and appreciate it.

Our Special Black Silk Embroidered Cashmere. Something decidedly new. Great value at the price.....85c

Cream Figured Luster, suitable for waists, and extra good value at, per yard.....50c

New Broadcloths, New Lustres, New Silks. Just what you want. Plenty of time to have them made up before spring.

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We have here an exceptionally fine range. Select now and get your work done during February. Some of our tempting prices:

New Prints, nicest patterns, from.....6c to 12½c

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Irish Lawns in linen shade.....12½c to 25c

New Figured Lawns, linen shade, with red, blue and black spots. Per yard.....15c

New Chambrays, in grays, blue or blood.....12½c

White Costume Linen Suitings, at...20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c

Mercedized Satens, black and white, in spots, stripes and flowers. Only.....20c

Make an early visit to see these choice values. Those who buy best buy earliest.

Gray & Parker

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STS.

HONEST BOY—LOST JEWELS

Their Meeting Resulted Well All Around—Boy Got \$100.

New York, Jan. 28.—With \$25,000 worth of gems in his pockets, no one to tell that he had found them, and even the owner unaware that she had lost them, a bit of a boy messenger, only that he was an honest lad, the son of a good father and a good mother, and turned them in to his superior, F. G. Scherman, superintendent of the telegraph office at the Jersey Central terminal at Communipaw today.

Victor Smith, a 14-year-old messenger boy, found the bag of jewels which belonged to Mrs. Allen, of Germantown, who with her husband was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria. The jewels were returned to the hotel, and the first thing Mr. Allen did was to go to the cashier.

"Give me the newest, and prettiest and goldiest \$100 bill you have," he said, and he took it to Communipaw, where he gave it to Mr. Scherman for young Smith. "That's not all I am going to do for that boy if I get a chance to help him," Mr. Allen said.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY

Was 57 Years of Age Yesterday—Quietly Observed.

Berlin, Jan. 28.—Emperor William's birthday was celebrated Saturday with the usual observances. After religious services in the castle chapel, which were attended by the ambassadors and ministers from foreign countries, the latter tendered their congratulations. Among the political appointments announced on the occasion of his majesty's birthday is that of Dr. Von Holleben, the former German ambassador to the United States, to a life seat in the Prussian House of Lords. The Emperor is 57 years of age.

HELP YOUR CHILDREN to grow strong and robust by constructing anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It never fails.

The late African explorer, Livingston, is to have a monument erected to his memory at Chitamba, where he died.

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Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

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To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, at all dealers or EDMONDSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment. If a man has enough drinks he can make himself believe that everybody thinks he hasn't had any.

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For Madri Gras Festivities, New Orleans, La., February 22nd to 27th.

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets at single first-class fare, plus \$2.25. Tickets on sale February 21 to 25 inclusive, good to return until March 3. On payment of 50 cents tickets can be extended until March 17.

Special round trip rates to Cuba, Old Mexico, and California on sale daily.

Sweeping reductions in the one-way colonist rates to Pacific Coast points from February 15 to April 7. For full particulars address any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. (Corrected to date.)

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 8 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:30 a.m., 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 1 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m., 2:05 p.m. and 6:55 p.m. are local, and the 11:20 a.m. and p.m. expresses have through for Toronto, The Eastern Flyer—p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Wood-Bradford and Hamilton, and go to Toronto.

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 6 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. expresses through to Chicago without stop. The 11:10 a.m. express amalgamates with the 11:32 express at Port Huron.

LONDON AND WINDSOR Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 6:50 p.m. Eastern Flyer, stop at Chatham and Glencoe, and 12:15 p.m., 2:20 p.m. (except Sunday), 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), only at Glencoe and Chatham.

STRATFORD BRANCH. Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m. Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 5 p.m.

Passenger trains do not run branch on Sundays. LONDON, HURON AND BRU Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:40 p.m., 8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive—From the east—11:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m. Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:30 a.m., 11:35 p.m.

*From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY Arr