

Sweet as a Rose.

"Yes, to Amsterdam," she repeats, lightly. "But I suppose we must be satisfied with the white satin—it stands alone, as the old ladies say. Though mind, I believe, it is insisted upon the pearls, Palmer pere would yield and with a good grace. What a lovely seakskin this is! It makes one long for the winter to wear it. I suppose you couldn't possibly go away in it, could you?" and she looks over her shoulder at the tall, slim figure standing at the window, gazing out at the sea running laughingly in on the sands.

"I beg your pardon," says Paula, with a start, and she turns her face, pale, very pale it is, with a singular, absent, absorbed expression in it that would strike a stranger rather unpleasantly; but Alice is not a stranger, and has got used to the strained, absent look perhaps, for she does not relax her smile.

"I don't believe you have heard a word, my dear," she says. "Really, for bride-elect, you are very trusting; but I suppose that is the proper mood for the character, I was talking of the seakskin."

"The seakskin," says Paula with a cold smile. "Can you say anything new about it?" and she glances listlessly at the sacque displayed across a chair back to the best advantage. "You will be very clever if you can. I think you exhausted the pangs of praise the night it arrived."

"And you scarcely said a word," says Alice, cheerfully. "It is the old story of the individual who had all the gifts the gods could give and wanted more."

"Or less," says Paula almost to herself, as she turns again to the window and looks out on the sea.

"I wish you'd come and look at these buttons," says Alice, "they are lovely, both kinds; you'll have a difficulty in choosing. Worth says the mother-of-pearl, but I think the ivory perhaps would be better."

"Choose for me," says Paula quietly; "I leave it all to you," retorts Alice, most cheerfully, as if no amount of indifference on Paula's part shall move her to anger or impatience. "I only hope you won't turn upon me, when I take you at your word, as they always do. Hem—ivory. I think, goes beautifully with satin, fancy fifty buttons, each a work of art, and carved by an artist, a real artist! Have you examined them carefully, dear?"

"Yes—no, I don't know, I think so," says Paula, indifferently.

Alice shrugs her shoulders with a gesture of silent pity and contempt. "They'll do for something more than the bird-dress," she says. "You can wear them at one of your swell dinner-parties at the Court. Old Mr. Palmer says that he means to wear them of company when you come back. I shouldn't wonder if Stacey sends for the country at the next election."

"Should he do so, he will," probably says Paula, absently.

"I don't know," says Alice sagaciously. "Money is everything nowadays, and a young man with money and a charming wife can do—oh, anything, especially if his wife—"

Paula remains silent, but she raises her hand and pushes back the thick wavy hair that seems to press heavily on her brow.

"Mr. Palmer offered me—he is kindness itself—a set of buttons like yours, dear, but I declined. I said I could not think of it," goes on Alice, on her knees before the last word, "you spend almost all your time gazing at it."

"No," says Paula. "Quite the contrary. I like the sea; it is such an emblem of our sex, so unreliable, so fickle—ah!" She stops suddenly, and Alice drops the particular article of finery she is inspecting, and goes to her side.

"What's the matter? What is it?" "Nothing," says Paula, coldly.

Alice looks keenly along the parade. "I don't see anything worthy of that exclamation," she says, "excepting that girl in the bath-chair. How bad she looks! Really, I think it would be in better taste if people in that awful condition were to stay at home, and confine themselves to Ventnor or Hastings. Invalids nearly spoil this charming Noville of ours."

Paula says nothing, but still looks at the fair, frail figure lying back in the bath-chair, propelled by the bent old man, and accompanied by the faithful Weston. A pang of self-reproach smites her as she looks. Absorbed in her own affairs, she had never forgotten that pale invalid—had not been to pay that visit which she had promised weeks ago.

"She does look bad," says Alice, with that cheerful complaisance with which the hearty regard the ailing. "By the way, isn't that the girl you took such an interest in one day while I was bathing?"

"Yes," says Paula, curtly.

"Oh, speaking of bath-chairs reminds me that Stacey has written to Morgan, of Long Acre, and ordered a pony phaeton for you, for a pair, of course. He remembered your predilection for riding and driving."

"He is very kind," says Paula, as if her betrothed had ordered a pair of gloves for her.

"He is," says Alice, emphatically. "I never saw a man so infatuated, never. He has quite changed. As Mr. Palmer was saying yesterday, Stacey has turned over a new leaf; not that he was very bad," hurriedly, "but he has settled down. Ah, my dear, there is nothing like love to steady a man!"

Paula inclines her head with careless assent.

"That girl is looking up here," says Alice, after a pause. "If I do not mean to call, I—I seem unkind, but I can't help it—I do dislike confirmed invalids."

"Do not fear," says Paula, "she will not trouble you."

Alice turns away from the window, and plunges with renewed vigor among the finery.

See Tablets for Wee Children. Three months old babies may safely take Menthol Worm Remover

They are purely vegetable and harmless as water. The best laxative for children—a guaranteed cure for worms—and unequalled to relieve the troubles of teething. 25c a box—at all druggists.

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Special Sale Every Hour Tuesday.

Our lease will soon expire and we have \$10,000 worth of Whiskard's and Smith's stocks on hand yet. These goods are all to be sold before the lease expires. Please mark that fact. On Tuesday we are going to hold a great hourly bargain sale of Whiskard's and Smith's stocks when goods will be almost given away.

We Offer at 134 Dundas Street.

From 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

- Any 10c, 15c and 20c Ribbon in the store at, yard, 5c
- Any 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c Ribbon in the store at, yard, 3c
- Any 4c or 5c Ribbon in the store at, yard, 2c

From 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.

- Any French Flannel in the store, regular 90c, 50c and 70c goods, for, yard, 25c
- Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 25c, for, 12c
- Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 20c, for, 15c
- Any Umbrella in the store, regular \$1 25 and \$1 50, your choice, for, 65c

From 11 a.m. to 12 m.

- Any Corset in the store, regular 60c and up, for, 40c
- Beatrice Kid Glove, regular \$1 00 goods, your choice of sizes and shades, for 49c. Splendid value at \$1 00.
- Flannelette Blankets, large size, regular \$1 35, for, 89c
- Any Satin in the store, regular 75c, 60c, 50c, for, 29c
- Men's Silk Neckties, regular 50c, for, 17c
- Ladies' Pile Underwear, regular 25c for, 17c
- Men's Braces, regular 25c for, 12c

From 12 m. to 1 p.m.

- Laces—Regular 10c for, 5c
- Regular 8c for, 4c
- Regular 6c for, 3c
- Regular 5c for, 2½c
- Regular 4c for, 1½c
- Regular 3c for, 1c
- Children's, 50 per cent off the regular price.
- Velvet, regular 30c, for, 20c
- Linen Thread, regular 10c, for, per spool, 5c
- Silk Thread, all shades, regular 5c, for 2 for, 5c
- Wools, Berlin, Zephyr and Andalusian, one-half off the regular price.

From 1 p.m. to 2 p.m.

- Embroideries, cambric, muslin and flannelette, regular 15c, for, 8c
- Regular 12c for, 6c
- Regular 10c for, 5c
- Regular 8c for, 4c
- Regular 6c for, 3c
- Regular 4c for, 2c
- Colored Cambric Embroideries, from 5c to 15c, your choice at, 2c
- Lace Curtains, 3½ yards, regular \$2 50, for, \$1 40
- Spot Muslin, regular 15c, for, 7c

From 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.

- Castile Soap, large bar, regular 25c, for, 10c
- Flannelette Cuscut Covers, regular 25c, 35c and 45c; your choice for 18c
- Flannelette Drawers, regular 45c, 50c and 65c; your choice for, 25c
- Regular 70c and 95c; your choice for, 35c
- Flannelette Undershirts, regular 60c, for, 25c

From 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.

- Children's Sailor Hats, felt, regular \$1 25, for, 62c
- Ladies' Trimmed Ready-to-Wear Hats, regular \$2 85, for, \$1 19
- Trimmed Dress Hats, velvet, regular \$3 50, for, \$1 75
- Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$1 50, for, 75c
- Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$2 50, for, \$1 25
- Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$3 50, for, \$2 00
- Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$3 50, for, \$2 00
- Ladies' Cloth and Cashmere, regular 50c, for, 25c
- Corsets, regular 60c for, 40c
- Ribbons, regular 10c, 15c and 20c, your choice for, yard, 5c
- Ribbons, regular 6c, 7c, 8c and 9c, your choice for, yard, 3c
- Ribbons, regular 4c and 5c, your choice for, yard, 2c
- French Flannels, regular 60c, 65c and 70c, your choice for, yard, 25c
- Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 30c, a great snap, for, 15c
- Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 25c, for, 12c
- Pearl-handled Umbrellas, with Paragon frame, and heavy saten covering, regular \$1 25 and \$1 50. Your choice for, 65c

From 4 p.m. to 5 p.m.

- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 15c for, 8c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 12c for, 6c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 10c for, 5c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 8c for, 4c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 5c for, 2½c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 4c for, 2c
- Embroideries, Cambric, Muslin and Flannelette, regular 3c for, 1½c
- Wool Dress Goods, in blue and green, regular 20c for, 9c
- Wool Dress Goods, in blue and green, regular 40c for, 19c
- Elderdown for Children's Coats, regular \$1 00 for, 25c
- Colored Cambric Embroideries, from 5c to 15c. Your choice at, a yard, 2c
- Colored Cashmere, regular 25c for, 10c
- Colored Canton Flannel, regular 15½c for, 7c
- Grey Factory Cotton, regular 8c for, 5c
- Wrapperties, regular 15c for, 8c
- Linings, regular 12½c for, 7c
- Linings, regular 10c for, 6c
- Linings, regular 8c for, 4c
- Linings, regular 5c for, 3c
- Sateen, half off regular selling price.
- Pins, regular 5c per paper, for 5 papers for, 5c

From 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.

- We will repeat the offerings from 3 to 4, unless the lines are all cleared out.
- Children's Sailor Hats, felt, regular \$1 25, for, 62c
 - Ladies' Trimmed Ready-to-Wear Hats, regular \$2 85, for, \$1 19
 - Trimmed Dress Hats, velvet, regular \$3 50, for, \$1 75
 - Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$1 50, for, 75c
 - Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$2 50, for, \$1 25
 - Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$3 50, for, \$2 00
 - Children's Cloth Coats, regular \$3 50, for, \$2 00
 - Ladies' Cloth and Cashmere, regular 50c, for, 25c
 - Corsets, regular 60c for, 40c
 - Ribbons, regular 10c, 15c and 20c, your choice for, yard, 5c
 - Ribbons, regular 6c, 7c, 8c and 9c, your choice for, yard, 3c
 - Ribbons, regular 4c and 5c, your choice for, yard, 2c
 - French Flannels, regular 60c, 65c and 70c, your choice for, yard, 25c
 - Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 30c, a great snap, for, 15c
 - Children's Ribbed Wool Underwear, regular 25c for, 12c
 - Pearl-handled Umbrellas, with Paragon frame and heavy saten covering, regular \$1 25 and \$1 50. Your choice for, 65c

In some of these lines the stock is limited and may not hold out for the hour. Be on time. Prices advertised hold good only during the hours named. Besides these offers the store is full of rare bargains that may not be repeated for many a day.

\$10,000 Worth Yet To Be Sold and Time Grows Dangerously Short. Our Need Is Your Opportunity

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE,
134 Dundas Street, Screaton's Old Stand.

"I must clear all this away," she says, "and get dressed, or we shall be late."

"Late for what?" asks Paula.

Alice laughs.

"For a short memory commend me to a bride-elect," she chirps. "For the ball, of course," she says. "Have you forgotten?"

"I had," says Paula, wearily. "I must go. I must go. I must go."

"Must! Of course you must!" retorts Alice. "Haven't you got a new dress for the occasion, and haven't they been talking about it for the last year? Must! Why," laughing, "half Trouville expects you!"

"Expects me?" echoes Paula, interrogatively.

Alice laughs.

[To be Continued.]

SPEECHES ARE BARBAROUS

Lord Rosebery Hopes Soon to See Them Disappear.

London, Nov. 14.—Lord Rosebery, in opening a new museum and art gallery at Kingston-on-Thames, of which borough he is high steward, in reply to an address of welcome from the mayor, said that he had been informed that no long speech would be required of him on that occasion, and he gathered from that that they had reached another milestone towards that goal to which all civilized persons must look, when it would be possible to inaugurate buildings of this kind without any speeches at all.

He regarded the constant and perpetual use of public speaking as a kind of barbarism hostile altogether to the efficiency which was mentioned in the address, and one which he hoped would die out from the natural reaction against the commonness and tediousness of the practice.

They boasted a good deal of the blessings of their civilization, and on these occasions the natural penetration of every person who took part in the proceedings was almost invariably a laudation of their civilization. He sometimes wondered whether if the Saxon fathers were allowed the liberty of emerging from their graves and returning to the scenes of their former life they would share that view of present civilization.

He did not think they would enjoy the railways. They would regard them

as the work of some spirit who formerly lived in the forest and swamps, which used to surround Kingston, and had not taken permanent possession of the place. When they came to the latest developments of civilization, the motor car and the bicycle, he was inclined to think that their supreme and instant prayer would be that they might be allowed to return as speedily as might be to the grave. (Laughter.) Perhaps the only thing they would find congenial with their souls was the museum and open air, where they might find some articles they would recognize. (Laughter.)

IT'S STORMY DOWN EAST

Railroads, Telegraphs and Street Car Systems Badly Handicapped.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13.—As the result of a snowstorm which set in here shortly before 11 o'clock this morning, Washington tonight for several hours was completely cut off from telegraphic and telephonic communication with the outside world. Later a wire was obtained west, but none north, south or east. Both the Postal and Western Union Telegraph Companies report severe damage to their wires and their inability to get any messages through. Inquiry at the railway stations developed the fact that trains were departing on schedule time, but that incoming trains were three or four hours late. The snowfall of today was the first of the season, several inches covering the ground. It started with a drizzling rain, which later turned into a heavy wet snow. The local telephone service was seriously hampered in its service.

Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 13.—For more than a half hour tonight the entire city was in darkness. All street car lines were tied up as the result of a sleet and snowstorm. All communication with surrounding towns was down, and New York trains were an hour late. Traffic on the Troy line of the Schenectady Railway has been temporarily suspended and but one telephone connection with the east as the result of the storm. The trains from the east are delayed. The day opened up cloudy and tonight there is

a drizzling rain, mixed with snow. Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 13.—With the temperature at freezing a heavy snowstorm began today and is continuing tonight. It is accompanied by a driving wind.

NETHERSOLE IN TEARS

Her Play by Mrs. Craigie Boomed Off the Stage.

London, Nov. 14.—"The Flute of Pan," by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. T. W. Craigie), with which play Olga Nethersole opened her London season at the Shaftesbury Theatre Saturday, met a very hostile reception. A chorus of "Boos," which increased in loudness as the play progressed, marked the end of every act. Mrs. Craigie has a very performance that Miss Nethersole became hysterical and appeared before the curtain with tears streaming down her face and lifting her arms in mute appeal to her tormentors, but without effect. Miss Nethersole, however, proceeded pluckily with the last act, but amid loud "Boing" the light were lowered and the audience dispersed.

The play was well acted, especially the role assumed by Miss Nethersole, but it is devoid of interest. It tells the story of the reigning princess of a small European state who married a commoner, and the subject, the critics say, is too hackneyed for the piece to have much chance of success.

GHOST IS DESTRUCTIVE

Is Demolishing Ancient House in Wigan—Some Experiences.

London, Nov. 14.—Only a few ghosts remain to remind the little town of Upholland, near Wigan, of its former glories. One of the spirits is in a particularly vindictive frame of mind at present. Judged by his feats, he must have been the champion local strong man or a stonemason.

He has taken possession of a thick-walled, oak-beamed, centuries-old dwelling, and apparently intends to reduce it to the state of ruin in

which the trusty, if destructive, warriors of Henry VIII. left the ancient masonry hard by.

As the house adjoins a cemetery, the ghost probably thinks he is entitled to do what he likes on his own ground. By tactics which may be mildly described as grossly unfair, he has evicted three youths, who were accustomed to sleep in one of the bedrooms.

For several nights, he contented himself with loudly knocking, and rudely refused to answer the polite inquiry, "What's there?"

When he awakened the youths by throwing pieces of stone and plaster at them, and afterwards flung a curtain over their faces, which he had torn down from the window, they thought it time to move.

Now that he has ousted the inmates the ghost has begun the work of demolition. Crowds of people who night surround the place hear the rumbling sound of great stones falling on the floor. Stones a foot in length are wrenched from the walls and flung about with tremendous force.

A local councillor and a friend spend a night in the haunted house. The floors shook as the wrathful spirit wrought destruction, and at last the ghostly "Titan," suspecting the

presence of intruders, hurled a piece of mortar into the room in which the councillor stood trembling.

It struck him, and, roused to action, the councillor struck a match. The ghost was not to be seen, but there is nothing remarkable in that for the ghost has yet to be found who dare face a light.

High and low the councillor searched, but in no way could he account for the damage. As there is plenty of material to work upon, the ghost is likely to be busy for some time unless he materializes and is careless enough to get caught by the police.

LIFE FOR ROBBERY

'Kid' Farmer, Puzi Ist, Given the Limit for Hold-Up Game.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 11.—"Kid Farmer," the prizefighter, has been sent to the penitentiary for life for robbery. He all but fainted when he heard his sentence and broke into wild wailing and weeping. Then he collapsed completely on the floor and was carried limp and unconscious to his jail cell.

His two partners in crime, Joseph Feinberg, his brother, and William O'Connell, also were sentenced to life imprisonment, but they heard their fate without any show of feeling.

All three of the robbers are in their twenties. "Kid Farmer's" real name is Benjamin Feinberg. He has whipped many good lightweights and was forging to the front in his class when he was caught at highway robbery. His collapse in court was a great surprise to men who have seen his plucky ring battles.

The youths received the limit of the law, by vote of the jury in Judge Smith's court, for robbery with the use of revolvers. They were convicted of robbing the saloon of Geo. Rogers on Forty-seventh street. They locked Rogers and a customer in an ice box and looted the place.

The youths' last fight was with Mike Ward, of Sarnia, before the Olympic Athletic Club of Grand Rapids, Mich.

He recently fought ten rounds to a draw with Otto Seifolt at the Auditorium in Indianapolis in a whirlwind and sensational finish that served to intensify the admiration his remarkable gameness had won during the fight.

13 cents per package, 2 packages 25 cents.

This is now the price of

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit

With milk, fruit or vegetables THE NATURAL FOODS As bread, toast or crackers

BETTER THAN MEAT

See that your grocer supplies you at this price.

Send for our "Vital Question" Cook Book. It's free.

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