## SECRET SERVICE IN RUSSIA

## Finds Out About Zorinsky, Traitor and Gold Server

By Use of a False Tooth and the Services of the Doctor, Who Acts as Hairdresser, Another Disguise Is Evolved.

see, had laid a special embargo on matches, as on many things of public use, with the result that they were almost unobtainable. So that when you did get them from "sackmen," as the people were called who smugas the people were called who smug-gled provisions into the city in bags and sacks, instead of paying one used to cost, you paid just one thous and times as much—ten roubles, and felt glad at that. The design, of course, was to share such necessities equally amongst the populace, but the Soviet departments were so incom petent and corrupt, and so strangled by bureaucratic administration, that nothing, or very little, ever got dis-tributed, and the persecuted "sack-men" were hailed as benefactors.

At one moment during the journey one of the other peasants bent over to Uncle Egor, and, glancing at me, companion had come from cover there' "-which meant over the fron-tier; in reply to which Uncle Egor gave him a tremendous kick, which explained everything, and no more

I had one nasty moment when the train was searched. Despite mishaps I still clung to the little parcel of shoes for Maria. As they were tied round my waist I did not lose hem even when I tumbled into the stream. Some people got up when the searchers came, but having no milk-can or sack I moved into the corner and sat on the parcel. When the soldier told me to shift along to let him see what was in the corner I sat the shoes along with me, so that both places looked empty. It was lucky he did not make me get up, for new shoes could only have come from "over there."

Reach Okhta. At 9 we reached the straggling buildings of the Okhta Station, the scene of my flight with Mrs. Marsh in December, and there I saw a most extraordinary spectacle—the attempted prevention of sackmen from en-

tering the city. As we stood pushing in the corridor waiting for the crowd in front of us to get out, I heard Uncle Egor and his daughter conversing rapidly in low tones.

"I'll make a dash for it." whispered his daughter.

"Good," he replied in the same "We'll meet at Nadya's." The moment we stepped on to the platform Uncle Egor's daughter vanished under the railroad coach and that was the last I ever saw of her. At each end of the platform stoo a string of armed guards, waiting for the onslaught of passengers, who flew in all directions as they surged the fleeing crowds, brutally seized single individuals, generally women, who were least able to defend themones who were still dodging guards. gether. wildly, "Sophia! Marusia! Akulina! Varvara! Quick! Haste!

Discharge Rifles.

in futile efforts to subdue the mob soldiers discharged their rifles into the air, only increasing the panic and intensifying the tumuit. Curses and execrations were hurled at them by the seething mass of fugitives. One woman I saw, frothing at the mouth, with blood streaming down her cheeks, her frenzied eyes pro-truding from their sockets, clutching ferociously with her nails at the face of a huge sailor who held her ninned down on the platform, while his comrades detached her sack How I got out of the fray I do not

know, but I found myself carried along with the running stream of sackmen over the Okhta Bridge and loward the Suverov Prospect. Only here, a mile from the station, did they settle into a hurried walk, gradually dispersing down side streets to disose of their precious goods to eager

Completely bewildered. I limped along, my frost-bitten feet giving me considerable pain. I wondered in my nind if people at home had any idea st" rulers. Still musing, I came out ! the Great Revolution.

Watched Scene.

You could still see the hole in the from that little alcove just over there near the corner of the Nevsky. While I was watching, the people had discovered another policeman on the corner. His jaws munched mechanon the pavement with a heavy thud. and lay there motionless. Every-thing, I remembered, had suddenly

# WOMEN! DYE WORN, FADED

Curtains



Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new, even if she has never dyed before. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tall your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never and demanded they found no one outside, to look over the iron banisters. If it were a stranger, I would say I had mistaken the door, and bolt.

The key squeaked in the rusty lock and the door was stiffly pushed open. Shoeless feet apt oached the banisters, and a face peered over. Through the bars from the bottom I saw it was the dull and unintelligent.

The left the rusty bound no one outside, to look over the iron banisters. If it were a to know my business, I met his gaze with terrified blinking eyes, shaking speech.

Stand!" he bawled. "what do you want here?" His voice was raugous shave you have no notion what a close want here?" His voice was raugous shave you have no notion. I will tell you what I know. When I banisters, and a face peered over. Through the bars from the bottom I saw it was the dull and unintelligent.

The left form of the door with therical, when they found no one outside, to look over the iron banisters. If it were a to know my business, I met his gaze with terrified blinking eyes, shaking hobody seems to know anything about him, and I have ceased to care."

Stand!" he bawled. "what do you want here?" His voice was raugous shave you have no notion. I will tell you what I know. When I beard from my wife that very fellow. I saw your wife. But to know my business, I met his gaze with terrified blinking eyes, shaking hobody seems to know anything about him, and I have ceased to care."

Stand!" he bawled. "what do you want here?" His voice was raugous shave you have no notion. I will tell you what I know. The band of the door. "You have no notion."

I will tell you want I know. I saw your wife. But to know my business, I Dyes" contains directions so simple

CHAPTER II. seemed very quiet as I looked across the Bolshevist Government, you see, had laid a special embargo on natches, as on many things of public still sounded from the station roof. But next day a new song was sung in the hearts of the people, a song of Hope and a song of Freedom. Justice shall now reign, said the people! For it was said, "The Tsarist ways, and the Tsarist police are no more! Today, two years later, it was just such a glorious winter morning as in those days of March, 1917. The sun laughed to scorn the silly ways of men. But the song of Hope was dead, and the people's faces bore the imprint of starvation, distress, and terror—terror of those very same Tsarist police' For these others, who did not make the Revolution, but who granted. were encouraged by Russia's enemies to return to Russia to poison itthese others copied the Trarist ways, and, restoring the Tsarist police, made them their own. The men and wo-men who made the Revolution, they said, were the enemies of the Revolu tion! So they put them back prison, and hung other flags up.

Here, stretched across the Nevsky Prospect, on this winter morning there still fluttered in the breeze the red flags, besmirched with the catchwords with which the Russian ers and the Russian peasants had been duped. There still stood unre-moved in the middle of the square the shabby, dilapidated, 4-months-old remains of the tribunes and stages which had been erected to celebrate the anniversary of the Bolshevist revolution. The inscriptions everywhere spoke not of the "bourgeois prejudices" of Liberty and Justice, but of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat (sometimes hypocritically called the "brotherhood of workers") of class war, of the sword, of blood Looking up from my bitter reveries saw Uncle Egor, from whom I had got separated in the scramble at the railway station. I wanted to thank

and recompense him for the food and shelter he had given me. "Uncle Egor," I asked him, "how much do I owe you?" But Uncle Egor shook his head. He would take no recompense.

"Nothing, my little son," he plied, "nothing. And come back again when you like." He looked round, and lowering his voice, added

### Never Saw Him Again.

I never saw Uncle Ebor again. sometimes wonder what has become from the train. How shall I describe of him. I suppose he is still there, thescene of unutterable pandemoinum that ensued! The soldiers dashed at peasant is the ultimate master of the Russian Revolution, as the Bolsheviks did set out, several months later, to invoke his help in escaping pursuit, backs and out of their arms. Shrill but had to turn back. Uncle Ebor cries, shrieks, and howls rent the lived in a very inaccessible spot, the Between the coaches and on the railway line that had to be traversed outskirts of the station you could was later included in the war zone, see lucky ones who had escaped, traveling became difficult, and somegesticulating frantically to unlucky times the trains were stopped alto-

why I hesitated to return to Uncle Ebor except in an emergency. He might not have recognized meand that brings me back to my story.

Traversing the city on this cold

February morning, I sensed an atmosphere of peculiar unrest and subdued alarm. Small groups of guards -Lettish and Chinese, for the most part-hurrying hither and thither, were evidence of special activity on the part of the Extraordinary Com-mission. I procured the Soviet newspapers, but they, of course, gave no indication that anything was amiss. It was only later that I learned that during the last few days numerous arrests of supposed counter-revolutionists had been made, and simultaneously measures were being taken to prevent an anticipated out-

## Arrive at Empty Flat.

By usual devious routes I arrived in the locality of my empty flat "No. 6." This, I was confident, was the safest place for me to return to first. From here I would telephone to the Journalist, the Doctor and one or two other people, and find out if all was at what a cost the population of fair and square in their houses. If the population of the population of the fair and square in their houses. If the population of the populat to hospital." or been inflicted with "unexpected visits from country relaon the Znamenskaya Square in front tives," I would look them up and find of the Nicholas Station, the scene of out how the land lay and if anything many wild occurrences in the days of Particular had happened during my

The prevailing atmosphere of the flat quietude made me approach the flat with especial caution. The street was was becoming rare in these days when the bourgeoisie had scarcely when the bourgeoisie had scarcely and the flat was as foul when the bourgeoisie had scarcely when the station roof whence in those days a all but deserted, the yard was as foul machine gun manned by Protopopoff's and noisome as ever, and the only inpolice had fired down on the crowds dividual I encountered as I crossed it, anyway why should the Journalist's below. I had watched the scene holding my breath, was a hideous flat particularly be selected anyloght? threw him over the parapet. He fell look, like a dog discovered in some occupants without giving them time overt misdeed. From the window as to secrete anything. In any case, I mounted the stairs I threw him thieves or searchers, this was no

Arriving at No. 5, I listened intently at the back door. There was hurry, too! tently at the back door. There was hurry, too! for I should have re-no sound within. I was about to membered the flooring was out of reknock, when I recalled the poor devil pair. The loose tiles rattled beneath my feet like pebbles, the noise I had seen in the yard. An idea occurred—I would give him another forty roubles and tell him to come up and knock. Meanwhile, I would listen at the bottom of the stairs, and if I heard unfamiliar voices at the door I would have time to make off. They would never arrest that miserable outcast, anyway. But the fellow was no longer in the yard, and I repented that I had thrown him money and the stairs and the stairs, and if I heard unfamiliar voices at the door I would have time to make off. They would never arrest that miserable outcast, anyway. But the fellow was no longer in the yard, and I repented that I had thrown him money and the stairs was heard above, and down the stairs was only a plain little inclosure with winding paths, bushes and a small fountain. "My God!" exclaimed Ivan Sergeie witch in astonishment, when I had convicted him of my bone fide identity. "Is it possible? No one would recognize you! It is you I have been looking for."

"Me?" that I had thrown him money and interrupted his repast. Misplaced generosity! I remounted the stairs and applied my ear to the door. Thump—thump—thump! Nothing being audible, I knocked boldly, hastily re-applying by ear to the keyhole to await the result.

For a moment there was silence. Impatient, I thumped the door a second time, louder. Then I heard shuffling footsteps moving along the pas-Without waiting I darted down the steps to the landing below. Whoever came to the door, I hurriedly
considered, would be certain, when
they found no one outside, to look
over the iron banisters. If it were a
stranger, I would say I had mistaken
the door, and bolt.

"Blackey squeaked in the rusty
"Stand!" he bawled. "what do you

ing thanks, and breaking off a morsel slowly conveyed it to his moath. "Well? Nothing new, Grisha? Is theworld still going 10und?"

Grisha stared and, preparatory speech, laboriously transferred the contents of his mouth into his cheek.

At last he got it there, and, gulping gave vent somewhat inarticulately the following unexpected query: "Are you Kr-Kr-Kry-len-ko?"

### Knew Me as Ivan Ilitch.

Krylenko! How the deuce shoul this youngster know my name of Krylenko—or Afirenko, or Markovitch, or any other? He knew me only as "Ivan Ilitch," a former friend of his But Grisha appeared to take it for

"They came again for you this norning

"A man with two soldiers."
"Asking for 'Krylenko?"
"Yes."
"And what did you say?"

"What you told me, Ivan litch. That you will be away a long time nd perhaps not come back at all."
"By what wonderful means, I should like to know, have you discovered a ction between me and anyone called Krylenko?

"They described you."
"What did they say? Tell me precisely."
Grisha shifted awkwardly from foot

to foot. His sluggish brain exerted itself to remember.
"Tall—sort of, they said, black beard . . . long hair . . . one front tooth missing . . . speaks not quite our way quickly." · · · walks

Was Grisha making this up? Surely questioned him minutely as to when the unwelcome visitors had first come and made him repeat every word they had said and his replies. I saw then, that it was true. I was known, and they were awaiting my return.
"Today was the second time," said
Grisha. "First they came a few days the cupboards, but when they found

them all empty, they went away. 'Uyehal—departed,' said one to the others. 'There's nothing here, so it's useless to leave anyone. When will he return?' he asks me. 'There's no knowing, I tell him. 'Maybe you'll never comeback,' I said. Early this morning when they came I told them

Only One Line of Action. A moment's consideration con-vinced me that there was only one

line of action. I must quit the flat like lightning. The next step must be decided in the street.
"Grisha," I said, "you have acquitted yourself well. If ever anyone asks the city for good, and shall never re-turn. Does Maria know?" turn. Does Maria know?"
"Maria is still at the farm. I have

not seen her for two weeks."
"Well, tell her the same—because
it's true. Good-bye." Arriving in the street, I began to think. Had I not better have told late, anyway. I must now think of how to change my appearance completely and with the minimum of dethe Journalist's. If he could not help me I would lie low there till nightfall and then go to the Doctor's.

had a toothache, I approached the Journalist's home. He lived on the first floor, thank heaven, so there would be only one flight of stairs to From the opposite side of the stree

scrutinized the exterior of the house. Through the glass door I could see nobody in the hall and there was nothing to indicate that anything was So I crossed the road and amiss.

## Floor Tiling Loose.

What was that disturbance on the first landing just over my head? I listened intently.

Whispering.
There must be two or three people on the first landing, conferring in low tones, and from the direction of the voices it was clear they were just outside the Journalist's door, I caught the word "pick-lock," and somebody passed some keys, one of which seemed to be inserted in the

theft perpetrated in broad daylight? It was far more likely that the dwelling was to be subjected to a sudden search, and that the raiders occupants without giving them time

some money without waiting to see place for me. I turned and tiptoed how he took it. And very foolish it was of me to

Debatable Point. It is a debatable point, which tactics is more effective in a tight corner—to laugh defiantly with bra-zen audacity, or to assume a crazy look of utter imbecility. Practised to an extreme, either will pull you through almost any scrape, granted your adversary displays a particle of doubt or hesitancy. From my present be-draggled and exhausted appearance to one of vacant stupidity

face of the boy Grisha, who had replaced Maria.

"Grisha," I called, as I mounted the stairs, to prepare him for my return, "is that you?"

Grisha's expressionless features barely broke into a smile. "Are you alone at home?" I asked when I reached him.

"Alone,"

Grisha, followed me into the flat, locking the back door behind him. The air was musty with three weeks' unimpeded accumulation of dust.

"Where is Maria," See! I have brought her a lovely pair of brandneys whoes. And for you a slab of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard in the members of the corner of my eye that the standard in the members of the corner of my eye that the standard in the members of the corner of my eye that the standard in the members of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the members of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the members of the members of the corner of my eye that the standard of the corner of my eye that the standard of the corner of my eye that the standard of the corner of my eye that the standard of the corner of "Where is Maria?" See: I nave brought her a lovely pair of brand-new shoes. And for you a slab of chocolate. There!"

Grisha took the chocolate, muttering thanks, and breaking off a morsel ing thanks, and breaking off a morsel

tune. Here's the brush, and soap-ful, he appeared always to be in affi

chin, and nether lip.

The Doctor, as you see, was still at liberty. It was with some trepida-tion that I had approached his house on this day when everything seemed to be going wrong. But we had agreed upon a sign by which I might know, every time I called, whether it were safe to enter. A large box was placed in the window in such as mine: he had no deside that a system of communication with Petrospaged in an altercation with a delegation from No. 2 Gorohovaya, delegation from No. 2 Gorohovaya, "Of course I told Melnikoff of Zoring and the state was no house in the city himself."

Before operating with the razor I reduced my beard as far as possible with the scissors. Even this altered my appearance to a cemarkable degree. Then I brought scap-brush and blade into play—but the less said of the ensuing painful hour the better! The Doctor then as-sumed the role of hair-dresser. He

Except for one detail, my transformation was now complete, Cutting open the lapel of the jacket I was iscarding, I extracted a tiny paper packet, and unwrapping it, took out the contents—my missing tooth, carefully preserved for this very emergency. A little wadding served ef-fectively as a plug. I inserted it in the gaping aperture in my top row of teeth, and what had so recently been a diabolic leer became a smile as seemly (I hope) as that of any other normal individual.

The clean-shaven, sho-t-haired tidy but indigent-looking person in eye-glasses, who made his way down Doctor's staircase next morning attired in the Doctor's old resembled the shaggy-haired, limping maniac of the previous day about as nearly as he did the cook who preceded him down the stairs. The cool was going to engage the house attention if the latter presented himself, in order that he might not notice the exit of a person who had never entered. So when the cook disappeared into the por-

noticed into the street. In the dilapidated but capacious has happened?" boots the Doctor found for me I was I told him of the disco ness I could not move rapidly, I passed dresses? inmolested and untouched out of more | And then I remembered that I had than one scuffle when raiders rounded never telephoned to Zorinsky from any up "speculators," and crossed the bridges without so much as being asked Journalist's, for those were the only

It took me severa' days to get accustomed to my new exterior. I found my- dnce to Ivan Sergelevitch. self constantly glancing into mirrors and shop windows in the street, smiling the evidence as conclusive. "Of course The floor-tiling in the hall was lose and had long needed repair, but I tiptoed over it gently and without noise. Then, with one foot on the bottom stair, I stopped dead, on the face ! was never recognized.

## See Ivan Again.

days whom I had hoped to find in Finand-Ivan Sergelevitch. He was well had just left." disguised as a soldler, with worn-out poots and shabby cap. I followed him n uncertainty, passing and repassing him two or three times to make sure. But a scar on his cheek left no further doubt. So, waiting until he was close to the gate of the gardetn on the west side of the Winter Palace, the wall of which with the imperial monograms was being removed, I stepped up behind

"Ivan Sergelevitch," I said in a lov He stopped dead, not looking around. "It is all right," I continued. "Step nto the garden; you will recognize me

in a minute. He followed me cautiously at some paces distance, and we sat down on a bench among the bushes. In this little garden former emperors and empresses Winter Palace. In the olden days before the revolution I often used to wonder what was hidden behind the

"Me?" "Yes. Do you not know that Zorinsky

is in Finland? Zorinsky again! Though it was only a week, it seemed ages since I had last crossed the frontier, and the Zorinsky episode already belonged to the distant past-when I was somebody and something else. I was surprised how little interest the mention of his name excited in me. I was already entirely engrossed in a new political situation that had arisen.

"Is he?" I relied. "I went to Finland myself recently, partly to see you about

and they are the ruin and shame of our

of this singular personage, who, as it transpired, did return to Russia. The first time was when I learned through

in tones of admiration that he himself had seen me driving down the Nevsky Prospect in a carriage and pair in the Blades Are Blunt.

"The blades are pretty blunt, I am 1917 he was known to have failed in the ground of misconduct. During the blades are pretty blunt, I am 1917 he was known to have failed in the state of the blades are pretty blunt, I am 1917 he was known to have failed in the state of th "The blades are pretty blunt, I am 1917 he was known to have raised in sfraid," observed the Doctor, as he produced his Gillette razor and and doubtful character. He then displaced it on the table before me. appeared for a time, but in the summer introduced by the still mow me all right, but I've got a soft chin. The man who smuggles a box-full of razor-blades into this country will make his fortuna there's the heads appeared always to be in afflumy last piece."

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. I sat in the Doctor's study before a mirror, preparing to perform an excruciating surgical operation, namely, the removal with a blunt safety-razor of the shaggy admission to various counter-revolutions on habit of the hirsute appendage that for nearly six tionary organizations on behalf of the months had decorated my cheeks, Bolsheviks. saw Zorinsky's eyes also peering over

Shortly afterward, Ivan Sergeievitch was arrested under circumstances that showed that only Zorinsky could have betrayed him. But he escaped on the very night that he was to be shot by breaking from his guards and throwing himself over the parapet of the Neva position as to be visible from the fled, he met and formed a close friendstreet. Its absence would be a danger-signal. The Doctor had suggested his device as much for his own sake as mine: he had no deside that

and there was no house in the city sky," said Ivan Sergelevitch, "though that was immune from these unwelcome visitors. But the box was in the window, so I was in the flat.

Before operating with the flat.

Before operating with the flat.

"Then why," I asked, "did Melnikoff associate with him?"
"He never saw him, so far as l

"What!" I exclaimed. "But Zorinsky said he knew him well, and always called him 'an old friend.' "Zorinsky may have seen Melnikoff, sumed the role of hair-dresser. He cut off my flowing locks, and, though it was hardly necessary, dyed my hair coal-black with some German dye-stuff he had got,

Transformation Complete.

Zorinsky may have seen ageinkoff, but he never spoke to him, that I know of. Melnikoff was a friend of a certain Vera Alexandrovna X., who kept a secret cafe—you knew it? Ah, if I had known Melnikoff had told you of it I should have warned you. From other proceds who account from Potrograd I people who escaped from Petrograd I learned that Zorinsky frequented the cafe too. He was merely lying in wait for Melnikoff."

"You mean he deliberately betrayed him?"
"It is evident. Put two and two to-Melnikoff was a known and gether. Melnikoff was a known much-feared counter-revolutionary. insky was in the service of the Extraordinary Commission, and well paid, no doubt. He also betrayed Vera Alexandrovna and her cafe, probably receiving so much per head. I heard of that from

Why Not Betray Me?

"Then why did he not betray me too?" I asked incredulously. "You gave him money, I suppose?"
I told Ivan Sergelevitch the wohle

story, how I had met Zorinsky, his offer to release Melnikoff, the sixty thousand roubles and other payments "for odd expenses," amounting to about a hundred thousand in all. I also told him of the valuable and accurate infor-mation Zorinsky had provided me with. "That is just what he would do, Ivan Sergelevitch. "He worked for both sides. A hundred thousand, I suppose "He worked for both come back at all? But Grisha was sure to bungle the moment he was the little glore with her back is all he thought he could get out of cross-questioned and then they would the little glass window through you, so now he has gone to Finland. think him an accomplice It was too and began greeting the pair with here, for he wanted to prevent your re enthusiastic heartiness, I slipped un- turning to Russia and pose as your

able to walk slowly without limping.
But I used a walking-stick, and this I had been tracked unnoticed, there was Limping along painfully, half covring my face with my scarf as if I
add a toothache. I approached the
add a toothache. I approached the student type. It is a fact that during was, of course, easily traceable to him, these days, when in view of my lame-

places where I could speak without being overheard. I suggested the coinci-

he inquired for your telephone numbers zation. As for your betrayal, any time would do, and the reward was always certain. It might be another hundred It was about a week later, when thousand for your haunts. And then, walking along the river quay, that I you see, in Finland he would warn espied to my surprise on the other side you against returning, and get some of the road Melnikoff's friend of Viborg more out of you for this further great service. He was furious to find you

Prying Eyes. From the windows of the Winter Palace prying eyes were looking down long on a cold day in the bushes would begin to be suspicious. We rose and walked out on to the quay. benches set in the parapet of the river, wan Sergeievitch told me many things that were of the greatest value. An entirely new set of associations grew out of this conversation. He also said that Varia had just been released from prison, and that he was going to take

ner with him across the frontier night. He had been unable to find Stepanovna, but supposed she was stay-ing with friends. I agreed if ever I heard of her to let him know.
"Will Zorinsky come back to Russia,
do you think?" I asked.

he added, again staring at my transformed physiognomy and laughing, "but you certainly have no cause to fear his recognizing you now."
Such was the strange story of Zornsky as I learned it from Ivan Sergelevitch. I never heard it corroborated except by the Doctor, who didn't know Zorinsky, but I had no reason to doubt it. It certainly tallied with my own experiences. And he was only one of several. As Ivan Sergelevitch observed: "There are not a few Zorinskys, I fear,

"I have no idea," was the reply; and

DODD'S

## AS LIBERAL LEADER Twice, later, I was reminded acutely

acquaintances of Ivan Sergelevitch that Prospective Head of Party Zorinsky believed me to be back in Petrograd, and had related to somebody Treaty.

Associated Press Despatch. The second time was months later, when I espied him standing in a doorway, smartly dressed in a blue "French" and knee-breeches, about to mount a motorcycle. I was on the point of descending from a street car when our eyes met. I stopped and pushed my way back into the crowd of passengers. Being in the uniform of a Red soldier, that Liberalism is still barren of a will take place on Wednesday, and critics affirm that this sentiment that Liberalism is still barren of a I feared his recognition of me not by my

exterior, but by another peculiar cir-cumstance. Under the influence of sud-den emotion a sort of telepathic comexterior, but by another peculiar circumstance. Under the influence of sudden emotion a sort of telepathic communication sometimes takes place without the medium of words, and even regardless of distance. It has several times happened to me. Rightly or wrongly I suspected it now. I pushed John Simon has condemned "silly proposed to me the front provided the control of the Versalles treaty has been unged by Sir John, who claims that it is impossible for the British to rebuild their prosperity on their neighbors' ruin and unhappiness.

With regard to unemployment, Sir John Simon has condemned "silly proposed to the front programs and the control of the Versalles treaty has been unged by Sir John, who claims that it is impossible for the British to rebuild their prosperity on their neighbors' ruin and unhappiness.

my way through the car to the front tective measures," like safeguarding platform, and, looking back over the of industries' act, which he declares heads of the passengers, imagined has really strangled instead of really strangled instead of revived trade.

### Resent Low Wage I did not wait to make sure. The incident occurred in the Zagorodny Prospect. Passing the Tsarskoselsky station Paid By L.P.S.R.

motion, stooped beneath its side till passed, and boarded another in the Pay Less Than City Rate To pposite direction. At the station I imped off, entered the building, and Snow Shovellers. sat among the massed herds of peasants

Eventually I heard that Zorinsky had London is now doing as much as it might for the unemployed, might been shot by the Bolsheviks. If so, it was an ironic and fitting close to his food for reflection from the action of the London and Port Stanley again serving two or more masters. But Railway Commission in regard to had ceased to care whether Zorinsky

an hour. The same day the and Port Stanley Railway Commis-sion also asked for men to do the same necessary work, but with this By request of the management of Loew's Theatre, the soldier patients of Queen Alexandra Sanatorium will be their guests tomorrow afternoon. an hour.

be their guests tomorrow attended.

As a result there was a good action of resentment among the men gathered in the local branch of the Provinger

Urges Revision of Versailles

London, Jan. 16.-There are signs just now that Liberalism is inclined to turn towards Sir John Simon as

really effective slogan.

The revision of the Versailles

Those people who think the City o

this same question.

When the heavy snowfalls of th last few days hit London, the city employed men to shovel away the snow, for which they offered 45 cents

cial Employment Bureau, morning this offer was made

HUGHES PROBE TO OPEN AT WELLAND ON JAN. 26

Canadian Press Despatch.
Welland, Jan. 16.—Hearing to unseat Mayor James L. Hughes will commence before His Honor Judge Livingstone on January 26. It is alleged that Mayor Hughes entered into a contract with the city, when last year's council paid the costs of an action awarded him.

TORONTO FIRE YESTERDAY CAUSES \$20,000 DAMAGE

Toronto, Jan 16 .- Fire caused by oil igniting wiped out the Bawden Machine Shop yesterday afternoon McQueen and Fireman Barbeau, who received body injuries, the extent of

Free ~Trial Bottle Try it first, prove the way to restore Gray Hair

Tou are right to be skeptical in regard to any preparation offered to restore gray hair. So many can't do the work—as many only further disfigure your hair.

A trial on one lock of hair is your safe-guard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove for yourself that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely.

I perfected my Restorer many years ago to bring back the original color to my dwn gray hair, and since, hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, coloriess liquid, clean as water and he pleasant to use. No greasy sediment, nothing to wesh or rub off. Restored color even and natural in all lights. Results just as satisfactory when hair has been bleached or otherwise discolored. MAIL COUPON TODAY

Bend today for the special patented Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter. MARY 7. GOLDMAN

S.G. A. Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn

Please send your patented Free Trial shows color of hair. Black.... dark medium brown... suburn (dark light brown.... light suburn (light blonde.....

# "CLEAN-UP" SALE

Wool Cashmere Hose, 69c Women's and Misses' Cashmere Hose, in the new-

the plassenger's heads towards me

and "speculators" till dusk.

jumped off the car while it was still

career. Perhaps they discovered him

shot or not. (Concluded Tomorrow.)

SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED.

est shades. These have slight imperfections. Full fashioned with seamless feet. Per pair .....

Bath Towels, 50c Those wanting good serviceable Towels at a moderate price will find these excellent value. Good Unequalled value at ......50c

Women's Corsets, 98c A manufacturers' clearance of Corsets in medium

bust models, for the average nguis. Good viceable quality of white coutil. Good range of sizes. Pair ..... Wool Tiebacks, \$1.49 Woolen Tiebacks for women and misses in plain

All-Wool Serge, 75c

colors and two-tone combinations. They come in

This is an excellent cloth for children's dresses. It is of good weight and comes in four good shadesnavy, black, copen and brown. Per yard ..... Women's Vests

and Drawers, \$1.39 Women's Fine Ribbed Cotton Vests and Drawers

# Women's Combinations,

White Ribbed Cotton Combinations in winter

Children's Woolen Mitts, Fine Brushed Wool Mitts in small, medium and 

Woolen Gauntlets Brown and Gray Heather mixed at ..... Plain White with long cuffs at, pair .....\$1.25 Brown and Camel with contrasting stripes...\$1.59

Camel shade, with wide cuff. Extra quality, \$1.98 Cap and Scarf Sets, 98c

Women's Bloomers, 98c Heavy Weight Ribbed Bloomers, in cream shade,

Flannelette Blankets

Good Large Size Flannelette Blanket, in best quality, in cream and gray shade, with colored border in cream shade. Vests are silk-trimmed. \$1.39 These are good weight, with \$2.39, \$2.75 prawers closed style. Per garment ... \$1.39

# "CLEAN-UP" SALE

25c Men's Heavy Gray Union Work Socks; also a few Black Ribbed, size 10 only. 98c men's Sample Undershirts, Watson make; fine ribs and cashmere. Worth to \$2.50.

\$3.69 Men's Fine Wool and Silk Mixture Combinations, Watson make. Values 98c Boys' Fine Ribbed Winter Combinations, Watson make, unshrinkable. Value, \$1.50.

\$1.98 Boys' Fine Heavy Sweater Coats, with shawl collar; various good colors. \$3.98 Men's Heavy Wool Coat Sweaters of browns, grays, blues, ets. Value \$5.00. \$1.69 Boys' Fine Cashmere Jerseys, plain blue; button shoulder; sizes 28 to 34.

59c Men's Fine All-Wool Ribbed and Plain Worsted Socks, in gray and pearl shades.

69c Men's Heavy Fleece-Lined Shirts and Drawers; also a few Ribbed Wool Shirts.

\$1.19 Boys' Sweater Coats and High Collar Pullover Sweaters; various colors.

\$4.98 Men's Pure Wool Coat Sweaters, with and without collars; handsome colors.

Men's High-Grade Suits \$24.50

rug back cloths, finished with Venetian yoke linings and piped seams; raglan and regular sleeves; Suits of fine all-wool worsted, in attractive plain shades and handsome patterns; snappy tweeds in

drill. Value, \$2.00. \$9.98 Boys' Fine All-Wool Overcoats, in browns and grays; all-around belted

styles. Sizes to 35. Values \$14. \$4.98 Four Juvenile Suits of Velvet Cordurous, in gray and tan shades. Sizes 23, 24 and 25. Values \$7.50.

\$8.98 Four only High-Grade Bathrobes, of heavy terry cloth; exclusive patterns and colors. Values \$18.50

\$1.98 Men's Winter Combinations, Watson make; factory clean-up. Values to \$3.50.

\$1.98 Men's V-Neck Pullover Sweaters; fine qualities and sizes; various colors. Values to \$3.50.

\$1.98 Boys' Pure Wool Worsted Jerseys, but-ton shoulder; gray shades; fancy trim. Sizes 24 to 30. Regular \$2.50.

and Overcoats - -High-Grade Man-Tailored Overcoats, pure wool heavy weight coatings in most desirable plain shades;

new and stylish Scotch effects; two and three button models. \$3.98 100 pairs Men's All-Wool Tweed \$1.48 Men's Heavy Bib Overalls, union Trousers, in neat patterns; splendidly \$1.48 made; blue and white stripe; striped

\$6.98 Juvenile Overcoats, in all-wool heavy tweeds, worsteds; lined; ages 4 to 7.

R. J. YOUNG & CO.