Housekeeping, Nursery, Gardening and News of Interest to Women

DEATH HAS SEIZED JAMES CARTWRIGHT

Master-in-Chambers at Osgoode Hall Was in Seventy-Fourth Year.

NOTED PUBLIC SERVANT

Cousin of Sir Richard Cartwright Had Filled Many Positions.

James Strachan Cartwright, K.C., one of the strongest men in public service in Ontario, a brilliant student at Oxford, twice Liberal candidate in Frontenac for the commons in the 70's, and of late years master-in-chambers at Osgoode Hall, died at his residence, 86 Woodlawn east, yesterday morning in his 74th year, after a short illness.

Mr. Cartwright was not well in June, and after the midsummer vacation, his condition became serious from heart and stomach complications.

Mr. Cartwright was born in Kingston, his father being the late John Solomon Cartwright, Q.C., M.L.A. He was educated at Rugby, England, where he was an exhibitioner, and at Balliol College, Oxford.

Returning to Kingston he began the study of law in the office of Sir John A. Macdonald. He was called to the bar in 1869, practised for a while in Kingston, and later at Napanee. He took an active part in politics in Frontenac and opposed Sir George Kirkpatrick in two elections.

When he came to Toronto he was for a time deputy registrar of the surrogate court. In 1883 he was appointed registrar of the Queen's Bench Division at Osgoode Hall, then registrar of the court of appeal. In 1903 he became master-in-chambers, in which office he continued until his death.

Met King Edward.

He was presented to the late King Edward at St. James' Palace, in 1909. As an Anglican he was a delegate for many years to the synod, and took a keen interest in church work.

Mr. Cartwright was twice married. His first wife was Harriet Ann, daughter of the late Hon. William Cayley of Toronto, and his second wife, who survives him, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late George Young.

Of his first marriage two children are living, Miss Cartwright and James Cartwright, South Africa. From the second union there are two daughters, unmarried, and one son, John R. Cartwright, student at law.

Mr. Cartwright was a cousin of the late Sir Richard Cartwright and a brother of John R. Cartwright, the present deputy attorney-general of Ontario. There are two sisters, Mrs. Strausbenzie of Kingston, and Mrs. Bedford Jones, widow of the late Archdeacon Jones of Brockville.

THREE YEARS IN PEN FOR JAMES DENISON

Edgar Wheatley Sentenced to Eighteen Months in Central Prison.

For the admitted theft of $27,000 from the Massey-Harris Company, for whom he was bookkeeper for some time, James H. Denison was yesterday sentenced in the county criminal court to three years in the Kingston Penitentiary. In the commission of some of the various thefts, Denison had been guilty of forgery. Altho Denison has a wife and family depending upon him for support, Judge Morgan felt that he should make an example of him.

Edgar A. Wheatley, a young man of 25 years, was sentenced to 18 months in the Central Prison for stealing $1223 from The American Laundry Machine Company.

STRUCK BY EXPRESS SIMCOE MAN WILL DIE

Train Hit His Wagon — Team Mangled and Driver Mortally Injured.

While driving a team of horses along a road in Tecumseh Township, Simcoe County, John Reynolds was struck by the C.P.R. Winnipeg express while passing over a level crossing on Tuesday afternoon, and he is expected to die as a result of the accident. Reynolds, who is a farmer of concession 11, was driving towards Alliston and did not hear the whistle of the train. The team of horses were horribly cut and mangled and were instantly killed.

Mr. Reynolds received serious internal injuries, and also a fracture of the skull. No hope is held out for his recovery.

Youthful, Beautiful Skin Easy to Have

(From The Clubwoman).

You may be as healthy as a bird in the air and still have a poor complexion. Changing seasons and temperatures, winds, dust and dirt, are apt to injure any skin, even though the general health be good. When these external influences spoil the complexion, the natural thing is to remove the spoil by external means. Ordinary mercolized wax will do this. It will actually absorb the weather-beaten film-skin, a little each day. In a week or two you'll have a brand new complexion, a new skin. The exquisitely beautiful and youthful complexion thus acquired, comes so easily, without harm or discomfort, there's no reason why any woman should not adopt this simple treatment. Get an ounce of mercolized wax at any drug store, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off mornings. This will not fail in any case.

To quickly remove wrinkles, signs of care and age, bathe the face occasionally in a solution of powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel. The results will surprise you.

The Montessori Method.

The child's natural impulse to finger something is satisfied by giving him, perhaps, a frame in which are stretched two strips of cloth, their edges meeting or overlapping. One edge is faced with a row of buttons, the other with a corresponding row of buttonholes; or one with hooks and the other with eyes; or both with flying ribbons which he can tie into bowknots. Often a child who would tire of an ordinary toy in five minutes will sit for an hour immersed in buttoning, hooking and tying. His little fingers, awkward at first, become expert by practice. Here he has mastered one small process in dressing himself; and, as no adult has helped him, he is immensely proud of his achievement and anxious to display it to his mother by taking part of his morning toilet off her hands.

The next toy, perhaps, is a flat board into which several small circular holes of graded sizes have been sawed; and the game consists in setting into the holes a lot of wooden cylinders made to fit them exactly. The first set of cylinders are all of the same height. The next set are of varying heights. Then a board with holes of the same size is given the child, with cylinders of varied heights, which he is to arrange in a procession according to height, the tallest at one end and the shortest at the other. The mistakes he makes he is left to find out for himself; the director does not even tell him he has made one.

Later, games involve rising and seating himself noiselessly, kneeling and getting to his feet again, marching to music and walking a line marked on the floor. He is given articles that topple easily to carry without spilling; such feats train both his muscles and his self-control. He is allowed to build a tower of wooden blocks of graded sizes; if he makes a mistake in the order of size the whole tower tumbles over. The next toy is a bunch of ten rods—each, say, an inch and a half square. The shortest is about 4 inches long and painted red, the second 8 inches and painted half red and half blue, the third 12 inches, red, blue and red in equal lengths, and so on; so that when the longest, measuring 40 inches, is laid on the floor and the others are piled on it in order of length they make something like a flight of long and narrow stairs, with the red and blue colors in solid masses.

Another toy is called the "broad stair," because it consists of wooden blocks all of the same color, width and thickness, but of graded heights, and when these are placed against each other in order of height they make a flight of broad steps. If any one is wrongly placed the ascending series is broken and the child discovers it himself.

LATEST BOOK IN PICTURE AND PROSE

Interesting Story of Unusual Country and People Told in Bright Word Pictures.

As previously announced, The World is presenting to its readers "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose." This latest book was written by Willis J. Abbot, the well-known writer on international subjects, and is the acknowledged reference work of the great waterway. It is a beautiful large book, fully double the dimensions of the usual size novel, printed from new type, bound in tropical vellum cloth, with the title stamped in gold and inlaid with a beautiful color panel showing the famous Culebra cut. It contains more than 600 splendid illustrations, which include magnificent water color studies reproduced in full pages in all their natural beautiful colorings.

While the older members of the family will gladly welcome this book, the children should also familiarize themselves with its contents, for it contains valuable knowledge concerning this new little "old" strip of land between the two Americas. It acquaints you with the people of Panama and the canal zone, telling you of their appearance, their dress, their home life, their social life, their industries, their sports and pastimes. This is not only entertaining, but it is highly important information from an educational viewpoint, and should be read by every man, woman and child who is interested in the world's development and progress.

Under usual conditions this beautiful big book would readily sell for at least $4, but realizing the world-wide interest in the Panama Canal, daily newspapers thruout the United States and Canada are making this great distribution for the benefit of their readers, recognizing the fact that exact knowledge on this timely subject is an essential part of the education of all who would advance. So for a short time this volume will be presented to readers for only six certificates and the small expense amount named therein to cover the expense of distribution.

Clip the certificate today. It is printed elsewhere in this issue.

SUN LIFE TO ENGULF SMALLER LIFE

Business Amounting to Five Millions Will Be Taken Over.

The despatch from Montreal is to the effect that a preliminary agreement has been entered into by the Sun Life of Canada and the Home Life, whereby the former will take over the business and assets of the latter. The business amounts to a little less than $5,000,000, and the premium income to about $200,000. As soon as the requirements of the law can be fulfilled, the agreement will be completed.

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS

JOHN F. CLOVER

Take warning from
John Forrest Clover;
He always *almost*
gets run over,
Because he never
is discreet
Before he starts
to cross the street.
He never looks
for cars or teams;
Such Goops are often
hurt, it seems.

Don't Be A Goop!

Layering for New Stock.

By the method of "Layering," our gardeners may increase their stock of vines, a few shrubs, and several varieties of vines.

Such rose bushes, for instance, as have sent an unusually long cane or two, above the tops of the bush, may be the producer of a new bush or two for next season's transplanting.

Select for the experiment (because it may really only prove an experiment the first time of trying) a long, thick, healthy cane, that will bend down to the ground without danger of splitting off from the main root. About six or ten inches from the top of this cane, cut a small slash thru the bark, on the under side of the cane. By the under side of the cane we mean the side that will be in contact with the ground when it is bent down. If the cane is very elastic and full of life, it will be necessary to have help in keeping it in contact with the ground until it has sent out the new roots.

After fixing the keeper, which may be a stick or a bent wire, place a handful of earth above the cane, where it lies in contact with the ground. You may even place a stone above the small heap of earth to further aid in holding the lively cane in its place.

Be sure, in this layering, that you leave the last six or ten inches above the slashed bark sticking out of the earth because this is to be the beginning of the new bush. In a remarkably short time new roots will be sent out thru the slash in the bark, where the life-sap comes in contact with the earth. By next spring you should have a very healthy young bush, ready to transplant to another situation.

If, however, for some reason, you are not just ready to move your new bush, do not cut the connection between the old bush, leaving this to be done at the last minute. Your bush will then still have two sources of life, the mother bush, and the new roots formed thru the slashed bark.

You may layer wistarias, golden bell, lilacs, Boston Ivy, raspberry, and blackberry bushes, and many others too numerous to mention.

SCORE TAILORING FIRM HOLD DIAMOND JUBILEE

King Street Outfitters Have Been Seventy-Five Years in Business.

To celebrate the seventy-fifth year of the existence of the business, the firm of R. Score & Son, tailors, of West King street, yesterday held a diamond jubilee.

Richard Score, founder of the firm, was born in Parkham Town, Devonshire, England, on Aug. 10, 1807. In 1834 he sailed with his wife from Plymouth to Quebec in a sailing vessel. The voyage took three and one-half months, and during the trip terrible storms were encountered.

Mr. Score started in business in Duke street in 1838, and a few years later moved to the present building at 77 West King street.

In 1862 he took his son, R. J. Score into the business, and after the death of the founder the firm was made a limited company, the directors being R. J. Score, president; Frank M. Score, vice-president, and Fred L. Score, secretary-treasurer.

The founder of the business died on April 25, 1896.

Fast Train Service to Detroit and Chicago, via Grand Trunk Railway

Leaving Toronto 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11.00 p.m., daily, over the only double-track route. Cafe parlor car on day train and Pullman sleepers, electric-lighted, on night trains. Direct connections are made at Detroit for points in Florida, etc., and at Chicago for points in California, etc. Berth reservations and full particulars at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209. 456

THE WORLD'S FINEST TEA

"SALADA"

Tea Out-Rivals and Out-Sells all others, solely through its delicious flavour and down-right all-round goodness.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL
DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

Frying Compounds

A CRY against the use of lard in cooking has come with the revolution in various departments of household economics and the question is raised as to what is wholesome and what is injurious in the various frying materials.

For many years the public has been told that lard is indigestible; but its use has gone on, not because there was not much truth in the statement, but because the substitutes which were tried were too costly for the common purse or because they proved a failure. Again, we know what lard is and often even the manufacturers cannot tell what is in the compounds. Many have been as hurtful as the animal fat they were meant to displace.

Olive oil is approved by the most fastidious for its purity, but not all like its distinct nutty flavor; its price is exorbitant to many and it is not always to be had in absolute purity and freshness.

Peanut oil has its friends, but it is open to the same criticism as the olive oil, and after using it families turn back to lard. But all these experiments have shown the need for a pure vegetable fat and experiments have led to extended search; at last it looks as tho a splendid frying medium had been perfected in cotton seed oil. This, you will say, is not new, nor is it, but it is now made over new processes in such a way that the strong odor that formerly condemned it is entirely removed.

It replaces butter in cooking and is not so expensive, and is not easily scorched, nor is it much absorbed by the articles immersed in it.

It has excellent keeping qualities and is splendid for shortening.

There is scarcely a grocer that does not have it upon his shelves; it may be under the name of salad oil or vegetable oil or some trade name, for many southern manufacturers are now bottling it.

It will certainly be worth your while to give this pure vegetable oil a thoro trial in the place of sterine and suet mixtures that are being so largely sold under the name of "compounds." The new editions of cake, pies, salads and pastries that you can produce with a very little of it will prove irresistible.

Theatres and Concerts

"Within the Law" Seats.

At the Alexandra box office seats are on sale for the engagement of Bayard Veiller's smashing melodramatic success of the century, "Within the Law," and the unusual opportunity of seeing this great success while it is still at the height of interest, will be offered local theatregoers. For an entire season of over one year this play packed the Eltinge Theatre, New York City, receiving the most extraordinary praise from all who saw it. In London it bids fair to duplicate its American triumph, as it is now in its 17th week in the English metropolis, and there is no sign of waning popularity. The play will be given here with an entire new scenic equipment, and a most capable company, headed by Catherine Tower. The engagement is for one week, commencing Monday night, Nov. 17.

Edmund Breese in "The Master Mind."

The advance seat sale for Edmund Breese, in "The Master Mind," the four-act play by Daniel D. Carter, which will be presented at the Princess Theatre next week, opens at the box office this morning.

"The Master Mind" comes to the Princess with the record of a five months' engagement at the Harris Theatre, New York, last season. The play is said to have caused a great deal of comment thru the striking parallel it bears to the Sulzer impeachment case, and other sensational cases which, at the present day, claim the attention of newspaper readers. The plot reveals a cunning revenge planned upon an unsuspecting man high in public life, by a quaint individual who rules supreme in the underworld.

Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

At the next concert of the Symphony Orchestra, at Massey Hall, on Nov. 20, Mr. Welsman is likely to achieve one of the greatest successes which have come to him in connection with the work of that organization. For several weeks past the symphony for that concert has been the subject of much attention by the orchestra, and the preparing of a great work of this nature is one that calls forth all the powers of the musicians and the conductor. The symphony, which is the fifth by Tschaikowsky, will be one of a limited number which the orchestra can put on its programs during the present season. At the orchestral concert next week a rich program is being provided, which will also appeal to the popular taste as the orchestra will play the popular overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The box office opens Monday morning, Nov. 17, at Massey Hall.

At the Gayety.

With the highest salaried German comedian, the youngest prima donna and the daintiest ingenue, not to mention the most popular Irish comedian in burlesque, Harry Hastings' Big Show, the attraction at the Gayety Theatre next week hardly needs any other distinction to recommend it to popular favor. But in addition to all these distinctions, there is a bright new musical comedy for these stars to display their cleverness.

Carnival of Nations.

Unusual interest is being shown in the preliminary arrangements for the big amusement week at the armories next week. Drew McKenna, the well-known theatrical producer, has a troupe of men at work putting the production together in the armories, and everything points to a magnificent display next Monday night, when Sir John Gibson will formally open the carnival. The vaudeville entertainment features everything in the way of up-to-date theatrical production, dramatic sketches, farces, songs, musical novelties, quartet singing, dances, magic, in fact, a variety of all the favorite forms of entertainment. The big amusement avenue has for its patrons every known game and some new and novel ideas never seen in the city before. The proceeds of the carnival go towards the upkeep of the I. O. D. E. Preventorium, and there is no institution more worthy of support.

At the Star.

At the Star Theatre next week, commencing Monday matinee, The Baby Doll Girl, Gladys Sears and Taylor's Musical Comedy Company, entitled "The Tango Girls," and a Taylor chorus of 24 dainty dimple darlings, will make their first appearance in this city this season.

"Officer 666" Coming to the Grand

"Officer 666" is the attraction next week at the Grand, its first presentation anywhere at less than a dollar-fifty scale of prices. Not only is "Officer 666" one of the biggest farce hits that has been seen in the United States in many seasons, but it also has met with favor in London, where, at the Globe Theatre, it was produced by Charles Frohman and Cohan and Harris, Oct. 30 of last season. "Officer 666" is a melodramatic farcical stage story with a word plot of laughs and thrills that is shot out with the rapidity of a Hotchkiss field piece storming an evening's entertainment; and the audience it attracts! My goodness, how they do enjoy it! The stout ones chortle over the swift fun or gasp at the thrill punctuations. The matinee girls are intensely interested in the handsome picture pitferer, who they hope will get away with the swag, and when that prince of scamps is finally caught, vote him the dearest villain that ever had his thumb prints photographed.

Kathleen Parlow Coming.

Encouraged by the tremendous success of Melba and Kubelik in combination, Manager Winnow of Massey Hall has made arrangements with Loudon Charlton of New York for the joint appearance of Kathleen Parlow, the famous Canadian violinist, and Wilhelm Bachaus, the eminent young German pianist, in Massey Hall, on Nov. 21 (Thursday). Both of these artists are well remembered in Toronto thru successful appearances with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and their return as co-stars holds out the promise of a rich musical treat. More than three-quarters of the house will be scaled at prices of one dollar and a dollar and a half, so as to give the entertainment the widest possible appeal. Mail orders will be accepted.

Master Gabriel at Shea's.

Next week at Shea's Theatre Manager Shea has arranged for another big vaudeville bill, headed by Master Gabriel and his company, presenting a one-act comedy entitled "Little Kick." Gabriel introduces imitations of himself in his two justly-famous creations, "Buster Brown" and "Little Nemo," and is afforded a splendid opportunity to display his versatility and cleverness in this sketch. The special extra attractions on next week's bill are Francis McGinn and his company, presenting a bright comedy, "The Cop," and Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy as the funny "Village Fiddler and Country Maid." Included in next week's bill are Nell McKinley, Ethel May Barker, the Three Jordans, the Great Libby and the kinetograph.

MARSHALL NOT RAE

W. J. Marshall, who was arrested in Montreal and brought back to Toronto on a charge of obtaining $300 from the Bloor street branch of the Royal Bank under false pretences, is not James Rae, the confidence man who successfully duped various banks in western Ontario by means of forged letters of introduction. This fact was established in the police court yesterday. Marshall pleaded not guilty, and was remanded for a week.

THE GHOST BREAKER

Continued From Yesterday.

At the head of the broad stairway stood the two suits of armor with hands folded on huge two-handed swords and helmets sunk on breasts. In the gloom and eeriness of the place they looked appalling enough. High in the wall a circular opening admitted a shaft of moonlight which formed an oval spot of light on the floor. The feature of the other was a massive chimney with an open fireplace. There was a heavy table in the centre of teak or some other dark heavy wood, three chairs of rather modern build and a small table (this last standing in front of the fireplace). Jarvis surveyed the room and turned to Rusty.

"Well, Rusty, we've prowled thru this crumbling castle pretty thoroly now, from dungeon to tower. We are back where we started and no sign of the price, nothing but cobwebs, rats and the dust of ages. There is no use searching any more till daylight, but we'll hang no special signal for her highness."

As he spoke he lit a match and found that the chimney sucked up the smoke from the tiny flame.

"Good, it draws. Now, break up that table and start a fire. You won't be half as scared with a good blaze behind you. I'll scout 'round a bit."

Rusty insisted that his master must do no "scoutin'" outside the room, for Rusty declined to be left alone. While Rusty manufactured a small pile of shavings, Jarvis stepped from door to door. Rusty heard him talking to himself as follows:

"That door leads thru those two long rooms over the arch of the postern gate."

"That's where that black thing followed me," commented Rusty.

"Well, a black thing was following me, too, walking on my heels," said Jarvis.

"Couldn't see where I was steppin'," apologized Rusty, returning to his whittling.

"That door goes to the armory," said Jarvis.

"I seen eyes in there," muttered Rusty, "and a cold, green, slimy smell in there, and ain't that where something flew at me and I fell down them slippery stairs?"

"Where can that one lead to?" asked Jarvis, opening the door in question, and springing back suddenly.

"Lor', what you see, Marse Warren?" groaned Rusty, dropping his knife.

"Wait," said Jarvis, on his hands and knees, holding a lantern, "there's an opening in the floor here. I can't see the bottom. Give me that stick. Now, listen."

The stick disappeared, there was a pause, then a hollow, sullen splash was heard as if from the bottom of a deep well.

"Water, and a long drop," said Jarvis. "No wonder people disappear in this castle. Whatever happens, keep out of here."

"What's goin' to happen?" asked Rusty anxiously.

"We're both going to freeze if you don't get that fire started."

Rusty seized the small table, whirled it high in the air and brought it down on the stone floor with a mighty crash. He paused, thinking he heard something more than the reverberation.

"You hear dat?" he asked; "you hear dat groan?"

"Oh, you heard the echo."

"That ain't no echo, that's the same groan I heard when we were here before."

"You're crazy," said Jarvis; "light that fire."

Rusty lit the fire and then again crashed the table. Both heard the sound and Jarvis said:

"That does sound like a groan."

He walked about listening for a few moments and then returned to the fireplace.

"I guess it was just the wind, Rusty. This place is getting on our nerves."

"That warn't no wind, Marse Warren," protested the negro. "Ah hopes to die if that warn't a sure enough human groan. An' I want to tell you sumpin' more. Have you ever been in church or somewhares an' all of a sudden a feelin' come over you that there was eyes starin' at the back of your head. You just knowed it, until finally you couldn't stand it any longer and just had to turn round and see who it was?"

Jarvis nodded. "Why yes, Rusty, I've had that happen."

Rusty came close with wide open rolling eyes, and whispered in his ear:

"That's just the way I feels now. There's e-y-e-s lookin' at me. See that big picture. Seems like that feller was lookin' at me, like he'd step right out the frame or them two battleship booglies standin' on the stairs might jump right down here."

"It's been a good many hundred years since those boys did any jumping," yawned Jarvis, warming himself at the fire. Suddenly both became motionless, listening intently to a new sound.

There was the sound of someone hunning, approaching. The sound seemed to come from the armory. Something hurled itself against the floor, which shook and rattled. Jarvis thought he heard a laugh.

The American's pistol was in his hand with the speed and dexterity of a prestidigitator. But nothing more happened.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Jarvis as he slowly mounted the stairs, weapon in hand, flung open the armory door, stepping cautiously one side for an instant to avoid whatever might be in waiting. Then he entered the armory, saw nothing, listened, returned to the stairs, closed the door and repeated his pessimistic prophecy concerning his future condemnation. Returning to Rusty, Jarvis asked if he had heard a laugh. Rusty assured him that the "feller in the picture" had laughed.

Jarvis gazed at the picture and ordered more fire. He went to the big table to pull it over toward Rusty. On the table he found a new mallet and an equally new chisel. Bringing them to the firelight he discovered mortar on the edge of the chisel. His next discovery was grains of mortar on the floor. Looking upward he could see nothing, but by swinging the lantern made out that the ceiling was of wood. The lantern flashed on the chimney next and revealed a square, outlining one block of stone. Jarvis whistled, felt of the mantel and discovered mortar there also. Then he took the mallet and chisel, stepped from a chair to the mantel and found the stone just above his face.

"What you goin' to do?" asked Rusty.

"Finish a little job somebody else has started," replied Jarvis, battering away at the mortar. Then between blows he explained to the negro that he believed their arrival that evening had interrupted someone who was standing just as he was at that moment, cutting away at the chimney breast.

"Who you suppose it was?" queried Rusty.

"That's for us to find out." Jarvis finally told Rusty that he expected to find the princess' treasure behind the rock. Rusty, at the prospect of seeing a million in gold, danced about and forgot his fears of things spiritual. Jarvis, looking down after long and hard excavation, beheld his servitor holding his hat.

"What's that?" asked Jarvis.

"That's mah hat," replied Rusty. "I'm goin' to catch that million when you pull out that rock."

"A hat?" laughed Jarvis. "You'd better get a bath tub. A million weighs more than a horse."

At last the stone was loose and Jarvis pried it forward, lifted it out and set it carefully on the mantel. Both their hearts beat high with expectation as Jarvis reached far in an exploring arm.

"Nothing," said he, at last. Then, "Hold on; what's this? Canvas!" He pulled at something which suddenly gave way and out of the opening burst a flood of yellow coins. There were at least two quarts of them. Jarvis and Rusty caught some, but many fell, jingling and rolling upon the floor. Again Jarvis' hand explored. Out it came with a brown canvas bag. He tossed it to the negro, who was so surprised by the unexpected weight that it went thru his hands and burst on the floor. A dozen more were passed out before Jarvis desisted, telling Rusty they would leave the rest where it was till the princess should give further orders.

"Holy Moses!" said the negro.

"Moses, eh," repeated Jarvis, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "I have surely done a little better than Moses. Moses smote the rock and water gushed forth. I, Jarvis, smite the rock and gold gushes forth. Well, job number one done, a nice little surprise for my princess."

"Your princess?" asked Rusty, with that familiarity permitted only in a negro servant.

"Yes, Rusty, if she only were my princess, just mine, nobody's else. If I can only round up that spook for her I've done a good night's work. There ought to be some way of enticing that coy little ghost out of his hiding. Prod up that fire, Rusty, and let me think."

Rusty paid attention to the fire while Jarvis sat down at the bottom of the steps, his head in his hands.

"You all kinder sweet on princess, ain't you?" said Rusty into the fire. "Ah been watchin' you. She's kinder foolish 'bout you, too—ah know."

Meanwhile one of the two suits of armor standing at the top of the stairs seemed to come to life. The steel gauntlets clasped over the sword handle changed their grip, and slowly, very slowly, brandished the heavy sword on high. Under cover of Rusty's prattle and the crackling of the fire, Jarvis heard no footfall as the figure slowly descended the steps toward him.

Rusty turned from the fire, saying: "You know, Marse Warren, y-a-a-a—" The sentence ended in a shriek as he pointed at the apparition behind his master.

Jarvis waited for no explanation. He leaped and none too soon, for the great Damascus blade struck sparks from the step upon which he had sat. Jarvis' pistol was in his hand, but he hesitated to fire. What was the thing which confronted him? The spectre said nothing, but again raised the sword on high, and with long clanking bounds descended the steps and advanced upon Jarvis.

(To be Continued.)

$2.25 Niagara Falls and Return, $2.70 Buffalo and Return, Saturday, November 15th.

The Toronto Bowling Club are running an excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo on Saturday, Nov. 15th. Tickets are good leaving Toronto on Grand Trunk 9.00 a.m. fast express and valid to return on regular trains up to and including Monday, Nov. 17, 1913. Remember the Grand Trunk Railway have the only double track line and make fast time.

Secure your tickets early at city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, or at Toronto Bowling Club, 472 Bathurst street. 34

PROFESSIONAL JUROR MAY BE ABOLISHED

Amendment to Coroner's Act Is Suggested, Appointing Warrant Officer.

Owing to the recent trouble that has occurred between some of the local coroners and the juries they had to deal with, it is probable that one of the most important amendments to the Coroners' Act at the next session of the parliament will be the suppression of the professional jurymen, and the appointment of a warrant officer to look after the jurors and make selections.

BI[illegible]ED IN WESTERN VIRGINIA

WESTON, W.Va., Nov. 12. — (Can. Press)—This section of West Virginia regained communication with the outside world late today, after having been cut off by heavy snow since last Saturday night. Snow fell to a depth of 33 to 48 inches, and in places is badly drifted. Trolley and railroad travel is still delayed and uncertain.

Pianos for Sale

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