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46 Adelaide Street East

******** A REAL > > **FALSE FACE**

By ALEC BRUCE ... Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure ...

******* "Gustave Vernon, Theatrical Supplies brought her sparkling orbs to his. and Fancy Costume Maker." Above the door in big gilt letters that is mo

passing along the dingy alley would wonder why the enterprising agent had not invaded with his monotonous "For Rent." Against the paint blistered door cloth, crumpled and faded, screens off the broad interior. To street view there is nothing on display, nothing save the intricate weavings of the spider and the inevitable remains of his unwary

Inside, however, all is different. The store is large, low in the ceiling and when without artificial light very dark. ings on the opposite side are high. But if it is dark monsieur is saving in his light bill, and there is a luster, a mysterious sheen, pervading the entire room. On varicolored pedestals rising in tiers on every side from floor to celling stand hundreds of gilttering figsome papier mache, warriors in burcoats of mail, kings and knights in purple and gold, queens and ladies. in silver and silks, crowns and coros ished a pale yellow slip before the nets, spears and shields, serpents and dragons—everything in the world of tinsel and spangles. And here and there, cunningly shaded beneath powerful reflectors, a few ruby electric bulbs do duty for a fifty light chandelier, and the effect is mellow, pleasing, not dazzling, as monsieur would like it

In the false face corner, the darkest in the store, sits a girl, a mere silhouette against the yawning archway leading to the gallery above. She is a small, trim figure in a dark blue skirt and white shirt waist. Her face is small and pale, set in a wealth of jet black hair twisted smooth and high, with a glittering butterfly aigret flut-tering in it, and she is painting, painting whiskers on bluff King Hal. On the table before her she has all the colors and implements in the professional artist's box, and she paints with the Japaa curl, a curve, a daub, and the thing

Above her dainty head hangs a heter iderfully lifelike-Richard the Lion Hearted scowling at Robespierre, Svengali sneering at the pope, a smil-ing Gibson girl ogling the sulky Nacoleon, and far down, down on the floor, sits his majesty on ashes of clin-

In the store all is quiet, not the ticking of a clock, not the purring of a satisfied cat, not even a street urchin whistling in the alley outside, just an occasional little sniff from mamselle's

Suddenly a door opens out from the wall above. Unless you saw it open you wouldn't believe it was a door. It has been very carefully cut in the partition, and the partition is stained a dull olive green. There are many such cunning little stage traps in Gustave's, and it was Gustave himself who popped out his crisp, curly head. "Junie," he whispered, looking anx-tously down at the trim little figure be-

ing up into his face, "surely you are early, mine. M. Nugent, he will not come until 4, and I give heem one hour.

M. Hammond, he will come at 5, and"—
"But eet is 4 now, Junie, past 4, my child," said Gustave softly. "Hush! Footsteps! Ma foi, mon pere, he comes! In, in, monsieur!"

Click! The partition door closed Svengali and the pope swung outward to the length of their strings and still moved when Mr. Nugent came up to the little table. "Junie," he began, very tenderly.
"Oh, M. Nugent!" she responded,

with a swift upward glance, and went For a moment be gazed dreamily on the smooth, black hair coils, bent a trifle lower than need be. Was it the ruby light? No! At least so he promptly widening tinge of pink on her rounded

"Junie," he repeated earnestly. "Monsieur," she whispered, warningpere is behind. But iv eet is anyzing. here to attend."

"Junie," he murmured, and his voice trilled and trembled, "you know that what I want is priceless. I cannot buy it. No man can ever buy it. Junie, I want love, your love, my Junie," and, throwing discretion to the winds, he came perilously near the table. She laid King Henry aside and dis-

sed of the paint brush where it could do no barm. "Hush, hush, monsieur," she caution ed, and her eyes traveled swiftly over ed, and her eyes traveled swiftly over the gallery of masks. Why that faint, flickering smile? Was it a smile? In-voluntarily, but only for an instant, his ame was pronounced "Byard." A voluntarily, but only for an instant, his gaze followed hers. Yes, it was a smile, and it spelled encouragement for him. With a confidence born of the dark and solitary corner, he seized her small white hand and looked hungrily into her eyes. Indignant, she tried to jerk it away, but he only clasped it tighter,

warmth of his breath on her face.
"I love you. I love you!" he cried passionately. "No, no, do not shrink from me. Junie. You used not to shrink from me." He made to kiss her, but she future time she would be "al-fayard" time the would be "al-fayard" future time she would be "al-fayard" future time she would be "al-fayard" turned her head away. "Junie," be clad to beer from him again.—Chicago pleaded, "you kissed me last night.

Record-Herald.

drawing nearer, nearer, till she felt the

Why-ah! perhaps you do not believe me, but I have money, dearest. It will be yours yours and-and mine. Junie stopped suddenly when she hung her head and allowed her hand to rest

"And we will be married, monsieur?"

For a moment he did not answer. A dark flush stained his cheeks, spread quickly to his neck and ears as she

"And tonight you will ask mon pere. "Junie!" His quick tones held sur-

prise and pique. "Surely, that is-is T-this is a secret, dearest,

It was a very loud cough, and if came from the gallery of masks.
"Y-your father," whispered Nugent,

dropping her hand and staggering a little on the polished floor. "I-I will see you again tonight-tomorrow, Ju-And in a flash be was gone But the door had scarcely closed and Junie had just time to snatch up her work and begin where she left off when Dick Hammond, with heavy step

and a hearty voice, appounced his wel-"Mamselle Vernong," he said, playfully enunciating her name, "you monsieur might come tonight, and he is here. Where is mong pere? I want to see him. Tonight? Yes; tonight. I want his Junie. When he says 'Oui' we will hunt a priest, my dear. The license, see!" And joyfully he fourgirl's dancing eyes.

Abem! Hammond started straightening o his full height, which was 6 feet 2 in his stocking soles. For a moment he paces, he stared fixedly at a face protruding from the wall above.
"By jiminy, Junie," he gasped, "iv

that ain't the cutest fix I ever saw I'll swallow my collar stud! Jes' look at 'im. See 'im wink. See 'im grin. Jiminy, Junie, how much for the skit?" Mamselle was in his arms and shak-

ing with laughter. The grin on the face was spreading perceptibly, and the tense features twitched and quiv-"How much?" persisted Hammond.

"Monsieur, monsieur, eet is not for sale. Non, non! Eet is a real false face!" gulped the muffled voice against his breast. "See, now, est is gone! Eet is gone! Eet was mon pere-mon pere Gustave Vernon," she cried breathless-ly, peering round and up as far as his imprisoning arms would allow And Dick Hammond laughed loud

and long. Then, seated on his knee, mamselle told him the why and the cled Nugent because he had wealth, and theatrical supplies were not boom-ing just then. But Junie would have none of him. "And why? He is one scoundrel, Dicky," she explained. True! Mon pere did not believe it so. So she had devised a plan. She had to do something, and the plan was the real false face.

only smiled and said, "Oul; ah, oui!" when Hammond asked, "May I have her, Gustave?"

Houses In Fez. In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light vethe rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis-work. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or on any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scent or scented water are to be found. Sec-tions of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exception ally particular in discarding their foot gear before entering a room or crossly and with a roguish twinkle in her eye, "you see I am very busy. Mon slippers before entering the courtrard from the street. Thus the houses are you want to buy zen of course I am kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

His Distinguished Uncle. A young lady, the beautiful daughter of a western congressman, was intro-duced on her arrival in Washington to a dapper young government official, a relative of the late Thomas F. Bayard. During their talk about the Delaware statesman she pronounced his name as is spelled, giving the first "a" few days later he sent her a note asking for the privilege of entertaining her and some friends who were visiting her from the west by taking them to dinner at his club. In the reply that she wrote she said she would have been pleased to accept his invitation only the messenger that he had "hayard" seemed very "tayard" and had dallied upon the way, so that she

had entered into another engagement

before the note reached her. However.

if he "desayard" her company at some

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 THEIR AUTO

ELOPEMENT

.. Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure ...

der, pleading de Daisy hopelessly. "Something broke when that last bump came, and we may be been in the road for hours be may be here in the road for hours bemay be here in the road for hours be-fore help comes, and I expect to see "You aided and abetted them, Ruth."
"All the time," confessed Mrs. Lam-It's dreadful."

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Ralph. You'll make your nose red, Daisy," added Mrs. Lambert merrily, "and then what a moist, forlorn little bride you'll sense. Can't you fix it?'
Carewe shook his head despairingly.

They were on the New York and Boston pike. Here and there an apple pink and white puffball. The grassy cpath along the pike was splashed regret for me. Daisy is a child"—
th bright gold where dandellons and "She is eighteen," said Mrs. Lambert, ttercups elbowed each other, and "And I thought the boy a trifle overwith bright gold where dandelions and buttercups ellowed each other, and "And I thought the through the bare of a pasture on the right a couple of sed and white calves "It is a good quality watching them with lazy interest. Mrs. Lambert drew in a deep breath of thought.

Tsn't it lovely?" she said. "Daisy. of those qualities years ago I might up and look at your wedding day. have met with his success." sit up and look at your wedding day: I see a little white spire over the top of those hazel bushes, Ralph." Carewe climbed to the top of the

stone wall for a survey. "By Jove, Aunt Ruth, you're right!" he called gayly. "Come on, sweet- judge laid his hand firmly over the one

Daisy flushed rosily as the eager. boyish arms lifted her to the ground. "and she cast a half frightened glance tly. down the smooth, dusty road. Any yet?"

May we not seek the white spire minute at all the judge might come. When Mr. and Mrs. Rainb Combined the was sure to follow and the spire when Mr. and Mrs. Rainb Combined the was sure to follow and the spire when Mr. and Mrs. Rainb Combined the spire was sure to follow and the spire when Mr. and Mrs. Rainb Combined the spire was sure to follow and the spire was sure was s He was sure to follow, and they were only a few miles from home. Mrs. Lambert was looking at her

green and gold chatelaine watch.

"You ought to be back here in half an hour," she said, her blue eyes as full

"Mrs. Lambert and he have gone on face the judge. You two children run for the white spire, and heaven bless "Aunt Ruth, did any one ever tell

you you were an angel?" exclaimed Ralph, giving her hand a clasp that parted the seams of her neat tan "Several," laughed Mrs. Lambert,

"but all selfishly. One is never an angel until one is a guardian angel. An impersonal angel is not recognized, I have found. If you should happen to run across a village blacksmith and can think of earthly things you might tell him there is work for him on the the rapid focusing of the eye on ob-She sank back among the cushions

of the auto with a sigh of sheer con-tent and watched them run cross lots method. hand in hand, trampling the dandelions and buttercups. They were such precious children, and it was the first elopement she had ever shared! As for the judge? She leaned back her head and looked up at the blue sky through in the other. Usually we unconsci half closed eyes and smiled. The judge ly receive assistance from other senses really did not matter in the least.

as well. Often we fail to locate at

it was at Mrs. Lambert's that the tive ingenuity displays itself.
judge's only daughter had met and The intensity of sound is, of course, judge's only daughter had met and loved her nephew, Ralph. He was a by no means so great behind a screen good boy, and there was no reason as in front of it, and every one carries why he should not woo and win Daisy.

But the judge had thought differently.

which may prevent a particular sound and Ruth Lambert, sitting alone in the sunshine and fragrance of the May as by the other. If, then, the head is

Norton had wooed her against her fa- when being seen by any of the opposite sex.

This reservation is a law which is with only his name and grit to win his way, and she had not known how much she cared until be had gone out. The whiteness and opacity of dry of her life. If he had been brave and linen, as of writing paper, are due dared all like Ralph-

She sighed and roused herself from the day dream. Down the road a light wasted in these reverberations before cloud of dust appeared, and Mrs. Lambert sat erect when she saw it. Before The body of linen is a network of she could more than settle herself back transparent fibers not in optical concomfortably among the cushions the other auto was abreast of her, and she heard the judge give a sharp order to the chauffeur to halt. He was frowning and warm as he bent toward her the fibers themselves the reflexion of and raised his cap.
"How do you do, Mrs. Lambert?"

"Yery well, thank you." Mrs. Lam-bert smiled at him graciously. "You have had an accident?" "Just a slight one, I believe. I have

"Ah!" The judge's tone was all com-prehensive. "Carter, get down and see reflexions of the latter making it far what's the trouble."

The chauffeur obeyed.
"Water run out, sir," be said briefly. "Got a little straintelso. Some one running it who wasn't experienced." "I shouldn't wonder," said the judge

grimly. "Go bunt some water some-When the man was out of hearing he turned to Mrs. Lambert, and there was

war in his glance.
"Perhaps you will kindly tell me where my daughter is, Mrs. Lambert?" Mrs. Lambert pointed one dainty. "Do gloved hand in the direction of the ding?" white spire.

sweetly. "And Ralph is with her. They

the clear, sweet song of a bluebird bid you'll like it when you taste it."

Mrs. Lambert stole a look at the country of the clear was a dead silence except for making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you one to the country of the clear was a dead silence except for making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it." cut, purposeful profile and thick, wavy pudding, walker replied the witty hair that had belonged to Jack Norion, waltress. This return convinced the middle aged woman, and she ordered hair and strength to the profile. He i second plate. - London Telegraph.

Some electric spark of thought affinity, long dead, seemed to flash to life. The color slowly rose in Mrs. Lambert's cheek. The judge's voice was almost gentle when he spoke at last. "Is it quite fair to me? She is all I have, Ruth."

"But she loves him so." Mrs. Lambert leaned forward eagerly, with ten der, pleading eyes, "Ralph is a good You don't know how they love

papa whiz around the corner any min- bert happly. Her voice was lower as seem right that they should suffer

The judge was already standing in Stop petting her, Ralph, and talk the road beside her, and in his eyes se. Can't you fix it?"

was the earnestness that had been in Jack Norton's.
"I know what you mean," he said.

Boston pike. Here and there an apple "But it is not that. There is no bit-tree lay in the sunlight like a great terness, Ruth; only"—he paused and took courage from the bluebird-"only

> "It is a good quality. The judge looked up with a sudden "Perhaps if I had possessed a little

She smiled down at him through eves that sparkled with tears.

"Perhaps you might have, Jack." A figure appeared on the hillside. It was the chauffeur with water. The

in the tan glove that was mearest to "Am I too late, Ruth?" he said gen-

came cross lots they found the chauffeur alone.

"Where is papa?" asked Daisy. And of excitement and happiness as Daisy's. down the pike together," said the "I'm not a bit afraid to stay here and chauffeur. "They left word to you to take this auto and go where you pleased, but not to follow them The bridal pair looked in each oth er's eyes and smiled.

"Let's go home," said Daisy. came by an hour later only the crush

the blossoms somewhere the bluebird was still stinging to its brooding mate. How We Locate a Sound. The detection of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is, like jects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations which are con

witness to what had been, but among

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear, by en perience, acquires some slight power the eye does with far greater accuracy They had been neighbors for twenty once some hidden source of sound, such years, the Nortons and Carewes, and as a singing bird, and then our instinc-

which may prevent a particular sound time, wondered whether any old preying bitterness over his own defeat twenty years before had influenced the twenty years before had influenced the twenty years hear equally well, we and both ears hear equally well, we and both ears hear equally well, we are turned from the source of sound.

mainly to the fact of repeated reflexions at the surface, so that the light is

ferstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the surface is destroyed and the lines is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers.

The same holds good with ordinary

less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

The Logical Waitress.

At a London restaurant the other day a middle aged woman entered the place and, taking a sent at one of the tal

"Yessum, and it's very nice too." "But where is the ice cream?"
"Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We are

give lee cream with it as long as you say it is lee cream pudding."

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She concluded to try some ice cream pudding. After it had been served she looked it over carefully and, calling the waitress back, said:

"Do you call this ice cream pudding."

The machine is the invention of Mr.

Oscar Hammerstein, the millionaire the atrical man, of New York, and is capable. ntrical man, of New York, and is capable of turning out, with the assistance of twelve girls, 10,000 eigars periday. At present the average output of twelve cigarmakors is about 3,000 per day.

Mr. Hammerstein has refused an offer of \$1,000,000 for the machine patent, thursday, mixing all accessary arrangements of the introduction of the maing an old eigarmaker kninself, he has chine into many of the factories here.

ing an old eigermaker semsert of how worked men he iden for years, sud in New York Circ he runs a small factory for no other var ose han for wark out a Chisfornia women was cured of trouble and perfect the machine, and new that that had deprived her of the use of helf usefulness, to demonstrate to the public that would be veil to take in homeowhat the public will do.

Just by falling downstairs in her home and perfect the machine of the use of helf usefulness, to demonstrate to the public that would be veil to take in homeowhat the public will do.



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