

Housekeeping, Nursery, Gardening and News of Interest to Women

SHOWEROED FLOUR ON IRISH LEADER

Suffragette Also Gave Redmond and His Wife a Beating.

HAPPENED ON TRAIN

Woman Was Forcibly Ejected and Turned Over to Police.

NEWCASTLE, Eng., Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)—John Redmond, the Irish leader, and his wife, were attacked by a suffragette today while on board a train at Durham. The suffragette entered the compartment where Mr. and Mrs. Redmond were seated, and, after declaring that the Irish leader had not done enough for the women of Ireland, struck him on the head and Mrs. Redmond on the back. She then scattered the contents of a bag of flour over Mr. and Mrs. Redmond. A train attendant forcibly ejected the woman from the train and handed her over to the police.

Mr. Redmond in a speech delivered in the town hall here this evening said that there was no demand, however extravagant or unreasonable that might be put forth on behalf of the Ulster Unionists which the Nationalists would not be ready to consider, so long as it was consistent with the principle of national self-government for Ireland. If the opponents to home rule remained obstinate and would accept no reasonable settlement, Mr. Redmond besought the country not to slam the doors in the face of Ireland "because of the year of famine or the bludgeons of bullets."

MYSTERY SURROUNDING MAN KILLED AT THOROLD

Steel Saw Found in Pocket is Regarded With Suspicion by Police.

(Special to The Toronto World.)
ST. CATHARINES, Nov. 14.—Quite a mystery is surrounding the man killed on the Niagara and St. Catharines Railway at Thorold Wednesday night, whose name has been given as John Teagley of Berlin. The police of that city can find no trace of any relatives or any person who ever heard of him. The man was apparently about 44 years of age. To a tent mate who engaged a cowboy in Mexico, the man had talked as if he had not a living relative, but had visited various parts of the world, having been a cowboy in Mexico when 18 years of age. The finding of a small steel saw in his pocket, along with entries in a memorandum book regarding the safety of doors in the neighborhood, is regarded with suspicion by the police of Merriton and Thorold, where robberies have been frequent of late.

SALVADOR BANK FAILED.

LA BIBERTAD, Salvador, Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)—The Banco Nacional today suspended payments. It is not connected with the government in any way. The remaining banks have satisfied the government regarding their stability and are absolved from the obligations to change their notes to silver during the next six months. The economic situation of the country is excellent. The coffee crop will be heavy. No disturbances have taken place.

ANXIOUS TIMES FOR PARENTS

CHILDREN OFTEN SEEM PINING AWAY AND ORDINARY MEDICINE DOES NOT HELP THEM.

The health of children between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, particularly in the case of girls, is a source of serious worry to nearly every mother. The growth and development takes so much of their strength that in many cases they actually seem to be going into a decline. The appetite is feeble, brightness gives way to depression; there are often serious headaches, fits of dizziness or occasional fainting, and a complaint of weariness at the slightest exertion. Ordinary medicines will not bring relief. The blood has become thin and watery and the child must have something that will bring the blood back to its normal condition. At this stage no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Their whole mission is to make new blood, which reaches every part of the body, bringing back health, strength and energy. Mrs. James Harris, Port Rowan, Ont., says: "At the age of thirteen my daughter began to look very pale, and seemed listless and always tired. She did not take interest in her school work or in those amusements of girlhood. In fact she just seemed to drag herself about, complaining of always being tired; did not eat well, and did not sleep well. I took her to our doctor, who said she was anemic, and advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the Pills for nearly two months, when she was as well and lively as any girl could be. Gained nicely in weight, and has since enjoyed perfect health. I am quite sure that what the Pills did for my daughter they will do for other pale, weak girls. I have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills myself with the best results, and can only speak of them in terms of greatest praise. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 60 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

DISORDERS ARE DUE TO TIGHT CORSETS

Tightly Drawn Belts Also Have Serious Results, Say Surgeons.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)

Tight corsets on women and tight belts for men are constant causes of serious ailments of the stomach, according to surgeons who saw Dr. Herbert Patterson of London perform an operation to provide a new outlet for a stomach to replace a badly abused pylorus which had become inactive. The operation was on a woman, and the inertness of the pylorus and the intractability of the stomach were, chiefly due to tight corsets. Dr. Patterson cut the intestine a few inches below the pylorus and made a hole in the side of the stomach nearest the intestine, producing a new pylorus.

College boys who wear belts tightly strapped around the abdomen take equal chances of stomach disorders, according to the physicians.

Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, was chosen president of the clinical congress of surgeons of North America at the annual election, London, England, which will begin on July 26. Dr. George E. Armstrong of Montreal, was elected vice-president. Other officers were re-elected.

The invitation for the American surgeons to hold their annual clinic in London was presented by Sir Rickman Godlee, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Dr. Herbert Patterson.

ORGAN OF MILITANTS MAY BE SUPPRESSED

Prominent Anti-Suffragists of Boston Put Forward an Appeal.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)—Suppression of the sale in Boston of an English publication, the organ of the militant suffragists, was asked of Police Commissioner Moore today by Miss Eleanor W. Allen, Mrs. Chase H. Fiske, Jr., and Mrs. Ezra Thayer, prominent anti-suffragists. Their petition was taken under consideration by the commissioner. They had previously conferred with Mayor Fitzgerald and Corporation Counsel Joseph G. Corbett, who directed them to police headquarters.

CARNIVAL OF NATIONS.

Who are "The Serenaders?" It has been asked on all sides. Well, "The Serenaders" are twenty of the cleverest of our singers who have been specially prepared by Stanley Adams to give 20 to 30 minutes from their extensive repertoire at each performance during the week at the armories, at "The Carnival of Nations." Miss Marion Jorle Knox and Stanley Adams will be heard in comedy duets; Miss Marion Frohlock, the young lady with the voice that is a call to Kimpville. At the same time the presbytery will be asked to pass upon a call from the congregation of Howick and English River, Que., to Rev. Samuel Woods of Winchester.

KILLED DANCING TEACHER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)—Henry Spencer, confessed slayer of Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat, a dancing teacher, was tonight found guilty of murder by a jury at Wheaton, a suburb.

THE SATURDAY NURSERY
CONDUCTED BY
Elinor Murray
The Saturday Story.

(Continued From Last Saturday)
Presently out came Daisy, calling, and calling, Peter, Peter Gollivog, come here! Peter—oh, I'm so afraid he's lost!"

She ran in and down the garden path, and at last she spied Peter on the post. She ran to him and called him. Peter looked away and pretended not to see her.

She coaxed him and lifted up her arms to him, but Peter didn't stir. Poor Daisy almost cried. Finally Peter looked down at her, a long cross look. And Daisy understood.

"Peter," she said, "I'll never let anybody but you eat out of the pink saucer if you'll only come down and come home. And I love you better than all the puppies in the world! And Ching-aling is not nice at all, and I don't care for him. You are my only pet, and always will be."

Then Peter Gollivog, slowly and with dignity, backed down off the post and walked up the garden path to the house, ahead of Daisy, only switching his tail twice on the way. And Daisy filled the pink saucer with cream, and Peter ate his breakfast; and when Ching-aling ran up and tried to put his clumsy puppy nose in the cream, Peter gave him one little slip (just to teach him manners).

Daisy ran and brought her little red rocking-chair and sat right down in it close beside Peter Gollivog, and watched him lap up every drop of all that breakfast cream until the pink saucer was empty. Then Peter Gollivog began to purr, and Daisy began to smile, and Ching-aling lived didn't seem to mind, and they all lived happily ever after.

THE CLOCK.

There's a neat little clock,
In the nursery it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

INDUCTION AT BROCKVILLE.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 14.—(Special.)—Following the induction of Rev. C. W. Shelley, late of Valleyfield, Que., into the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church here, the Brockville prominent Methodist divine, holding which arrangements were made for the induction next Wednesday of Rev. Dr. McLaren of Kingston, who recently accepted a call to Kimpville. At the same time the presbytery will be asked to pass upon a call from the congregation of Howick and English River, Que., to Rev. Samuel Woods of Winchester.

OREGON BISHOP HERE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Seadding, Bishop of Oregon, will preach at St. Albans Cathedral tomorrow.

DALE CHURCH FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$2039.99. Followed by \$100.00 from Mrs. R. W. E. Burnaby, 46 Victoria street; H. H. Williams Co., J. F. Logan, Robt. J. Spotted, Good Wishes, Jas. Delworth, Jas L. Hughes, Robt. L. Fraser, A. B. P. Total, \$2139.99.

MRS. J. L. HUGHES TO SPEAK.

The Canadian Household Economics Association will hold an at home in Margaret Eaton Studio on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. J. L. Hughes will give an address.

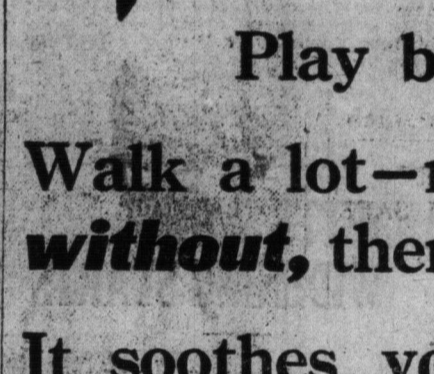
GOOPS
By GELETT BURGESS

MAY STELLERY
It always makes me sick and sad to see May Stellery. For "mad" she gets most every day. With other children at her plea, A Goop gets "mad" at some one who has done what she herself might do!

Don't Be A Goop!

REV. DAVID AYLESWORTH DEAD.
UTICA, N.Y., Nov. 14.—(Can. Press.)—Rev. David W. Aylesworth, aged 82, died at Bartlett, Oneida County, this evening. He was a prominent Methodist divine, holding many charges in this country and Canada, and at one time was lecturer for the Order of Good Templars.

How to remedy this condition! For



Play ball—or run a race—
Walk a lot—ride a lot. Try these first without, then with Wrigley's SPEARMINT
It soothes your throat—moistens your mouth. It's a wonderful help to endurance. You play better—work better.
And the pure mint leaf juice keeps your digestion right all the time.
Join the cooled, refreshed millions who enjoy this delicious, beneficial inexpensive habit.



BUY IT BY THE BOX
of twenty packages—it costs less—of any dealer—and stays fresh until used

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Chew it after every meal

THE GARDEN RACHEE
CONDUCTED BY
R. TODD M.D.
Wool Ashes and Soot As Earth Purifiers.

There are several conditions peculiar to garden soil, that may be very materially benefited by the simple addition of ordinary wood ashes, from your kitchen stove. Coal ashes, from your furnace, are not so good, because of the difference between the composition of wood ashes and coal ashes—a difference that makes for health or death. When wood ashes is added to certain soils, such an improvement takes place in the whole character of it that it is capable of supporting plant life where before such was entirely impossible.

Everyone knows how lightly fertile is the whole appearance of wood ashes. Everyone knows how heavy, and non-porous is the condition of sour black soil—that soil that only too often lies along the north stretches of high walls and fences, a doughy, tough, unhealthy soil, incapable of producing anything else than disease, and impure gases.

So many correspondents have complained to me, since this department was commenced, that owing to their next door neighbor's brick wall, or close board fence, which not only keeps out all air and sun, but also allows of constant dripping from overhanging walls, that the soil of their small patch of back-yard is absolutely unlike anything else on earth, than putty.

Now, here mentioned above is one easy remedy, ready to hand. Wood ashes, when so many burn coal for cooking and other kitchen purposes? That is the question that assails us on every side.

Well, then—burn wood! If wood ashes is desired that is the only way out of the difficulty.

Now, how to use it, in changing the condition of this sour earth. Dig out layer after layer of the poor earth where the flower bed is to be. When a trench at least two feet deep is obtained, it is not necessary to lift out any more, but the bottom of the trench should be well spaded so that a proper opening-up of the soil is provided for immediate drainage. This being finished, it is wise to leave the trench open to the air (and sun if sun can reach the spot), while the dug-out earth is left standing where the sun can sweeten it. Turn this soil over with a pitchfork which is better than a spade, breaking it up into small particles.

A week is not any too long to allow of the healthy action of sun and air, on this heap of poor earth.

When you are ready to proceed, first sift into the trench a three-inch layer of dry, sweet, well-sifted wood ashes. No vermin, no noxious gases, nor any other deleterious substances can penetrate that three-inch layer. But the moisture from above will have not the least difficulty in going thru. Then, throw back the original earth, mixing occasional spadeful of ashes with it, in the proportion of about one spadeful of ashes to every three of earth.

A frequent forking up of the whole bed, thru the warm spells of winter will work further wonders.

This being worked out this season and thruout the winter, next spring will find the bed ready and eager for seeds and plants.

The total Indian population of the Dominion of Canada on March 31 last was 104,956. In addition there were 4600 Eskimos, making a native population of 109,556.

THE GHOST BREAKER

Continued From Yesterday.

Again came the faint answer. Jarvis blew out his lantern and dashed thru the same door which had closed on Rusty. Jarvis shouted, "Ghosts! While the ancient hall was lit only by the ruddy glow of the now waning fire and the cold rays of the moon. Then the outline of the door leading to postern gate appeared in yellow. The door opened and two men with lanterns entered. One was Maximo, the old veteran of Weyler's days in Cuba. The other spoke over his shoulder.

"The rest of you stay in the passage until I call."

He wore a colonel's uniform and carried a carbine as did Maximo. His face bore the traces of the Hapsburg features, but they were softened and refined. He was the ample of the Hapsburg blood at its best. Just as the painting of Charles V., near which he stood, typified its worst. He was slight of frame, youthful in appearance, and in his excitement he moved and talked boyishly. "Maximo listened at the door thru which Jarvis and Rusty had gone and nodded that they were gone.

"Well done, Maximo," said the other. "I thought that you were one of these here. He gazed at the chimney and the gold on the floor, then he commanded: "Ask her highness to come quickly."

Maximo on his way to the door, paused and faced about. In some hesitation, he said:

"Your highness will pardon me for saying I still believe you are mistaken in this American. He's brave, so brave that—"

"Brave," snapped the other, "yes, he must be, of course, he's brave. The game is too big for a coward. Bring Her Highness."

"Alone?" queried the old soldier.

"Yes, leave the men in the passage and watch the room door. The princess echoed Maximo's sentiments.

"O, Basilio," she said, "there must be some mistake."

"Does that look like a mistake?" he said, pointing to the hole in the chimney.

"O," groaned the princess, half audibly, "just as it said, behind the chimney breast, they found it, he found it—"

"Yes," answered he of the Hapsburg countenance, "yes, he knew where to look and he lost no time."

"But, brother," answered the princess, "it was her brother, the prince Basilio, whose disappearance had so dreadfully worried an hour and a half after Jarvis' violent and sudden departure, induced Maximo to accompany them to the castle. The prince with a dozen soldiers, reconnoitering about the castle near Jarvis' room, and Yarrow on their way up the mountain road to the castle. Stealthily they watched two men enter the castle. One of the two more figures rode up to the castle. Basilio pounced on them and to the utter amazement and joy of both, found it was his sister. Explaining to the princess' story Basilio grew furious, what he called the impudence and villainy of the American. So it was that the brother and sister were still arguing when they surveyed the violated chimney.

"But, brother, how do you know? Carlos saw the locket too?"

"Do you know that Carlos went to Madrid last evening?"

"No, I don't," she replied, "Jarvis thinks he didn't."

"O," sniffed the prince, "this is a most adverse thing, but you silly head and he makes you believe in him even now—still Carlos may be mixed up in it too. They may be working together, they'd be a queer pair."

From the princess:

"No, they hate each other."

"Pah, that's all in the game."

"Then why did he kill Robledo?"

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted the prince, somewhat at a loss. "Well," he continued, "we'll soon find out which one is behind that infernal conspiracy, this ghost mystery that has made fools of us all for so long. Stand behind that door and see for yourself."

The princess' reply was hushed by the sound of Jarvis' distant cry. "O-o-o-oh, Rusty!"

The three listened and it sounded again nearer. The two men hurriedly secured the princess into the passage and followed her, partly closing the door. Rapidly the voice grew nearer. The armory door was thrown open and Jarvis' pistol, in his hand, and unlighted lantern in the other, flashed around the hall in which the slanting moonbeams were slowly overcoming the dying fire. He shouted to Rusty once more, listened, then descended, lighted his lantern and climbed into the mantle, where he was peering into the hole when a voice behind him called:

"Hold up your hands, senor."

Jarvis, seeing two rifle barrels aimed at his breast obeyed. He gazed from one to the other. Who Basilio was, he wondered somewhat, but he was more puzzled that the friendly Maximo explanation. The princess he did not notice until she spoke:

(To be Continued.)

President
Give a manly man
A manly gift.
He will appreciate a pair
in a Christmas Box.

Suspenders

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