

# NUMBER FORTY-TWO

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When the uncle of Willis Templeton died, leaving ten thousand dollars "to his beloved nephew," the latter felt like the richest man in the world. He did not start out on a madcap, haphazard quest. He had missed real home life since his parents died two months previously. Young Templeton quickly set out to find a wife. He was not after style, money or position. Some sweet humble little woman who could appreciate a comfortable home was his ideal.

"There seems to be none such in Elsdene," he decided, after every fortune-hunting girl in the country had set her cap for him.

"Business is what you want to think of, old boy," declared his lawyer, a young man who was really loyal to his interests.

Willis considered many business propositions. Then came a wonderful chance to increase his few thousands to a million, according to Vance Traf-

ton. This latter was a cousin. He had been a scapegrace in his youth. Later Willis had heard he had figured as promoter and speculator. He had appeared at Elsdene about a month after Willis had been pestered to death with mean, indignant and really deserving relatives. He had more or less got rid of most of them according to their deserts. When Traf-ton appeared, it was an enjoyable relief to Willis to find someone who was not scheming to beg or borrow of him.

"I'm north closing a big deal," reported the fashionably dressed relative who bore all the earmarks of permanent prosperity. "Went to Florida ten years ago, bought one thousand acres of swamp land at two dollars an acre. We've sold it all out at twenty and I'm trying to buy a tract from a man in the city. You'd ought



"I'm North closing a big deal."

to see how we've made the wilderness blossom as the rose. Think of it—ninety thousand pineapples this year's crop, some of them weighing as much as nine pounds. Juicy, mel-

low—I want you to come back with me and see a real climate. Willis, by degrees the wily, sly, sardonic Traf-ton worked on Willis until the latter was actually anxious to buy an interest in the wonderful proposition. It was finally agreed that he should invest eight thousand dollars for a one-fourth share in the new land about to be opened up.

"I'll go to the city and arrange to get the deeds for the land," announced Traf-ton. "In the meantime I'll have a choice half dozen of our pineapples shipped to you, just to show you what magnificent fruit we raise."

In a day or two along came a crate directed to Willis. As he opened it, wrapped in tissue paper were half a dozen pineapples. Certainly they were superior and standard. More than ever in love with the proposition, the elated Willis was about to hasten to distribute the luscious fruit among his friends and possibly influence other investors to go into the enterprise, when he noticed a neat-looking card in the bottom of the crate.

Beside it lay an unstamped letter. It was simply directed to "Miss Landon." The card read "Acme Fruit Co.," and gave an address in the city. At one end was the written notation: "Packed by No. 42."

In a moment somehow the suspicions of Willis were aroused. The thing didn't look straight. Had Traf-ton simply gone somewhere and bought any old fruit to palm it off on an investor victim?

"It doesn't square up right," decided Willis, and straightway started for the city.

He found out where the fruit company named had its warehouse. It was a busy place devoted to the specialty of packing fine tropical fruits. Willis saw the manager. He was soon convinced that the crate of pineapples had been shipped to him on a casual order two days before.

"They came from Florida?" inquired Willis.

"Oh, no. We get all our pine from Central America," was the amazing declaration.

And who was No. 42? Ah, yes—one of their fruit packers, Miss Landon by name. Could she be seen?—for Willis had opened the letter to find that it contained an offer of marriage from one "Richard Martin."

Miss Landon was not at work. Address—yes, such and such a number on a certain street. Thither Willis

proceeded. There was a streak of romance in him. An important letter with great news for Miss Landon had in some mysterious way got into the fruit crate and miscarried. This Miss Landon had saved him eight thousand dollars. He felt grateful towards her, interested in her.

Willis located Miss Landon's home in an upper flat of a neat little house. A good-natured old lady was in charge. She invited Willis in, saying that Miss Landon would soon be home. She had gone with her two little brothers to visit a sister who worked in a photograph gallery.

"I have been tidying up for her," explained the old lady. "Not that her flat needs much of that, for she's the cleverest, neatest little dear ever was. She's a jewel, she is. Supports the two little ones and keeps them as broad as she makes! Such dainty wholesome meals! She teaches them nights. You'd ought to hear them sing! She's saving up to buy a piano, bless her."

Certainly the refined homelike air of the delightful little flat was soothing. Willis lingered. Miss Landon arrived.

Bluntly he told her the whole story. He handed her the letter. He was sorry, as her bright gentle face grew upon him, that she had ever was.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, as she received the mislaid letter. "I've wondered where I ever lost it. It must have fallen from my pocket into the crate. I am glad to get it. A friend of my sister, a gentleman friend, asked me to give it to her. Now I can straighten up a tangle."

Then she, Lucia Landon, as Willis soon found out her name to be, was heart free! Somehow the discovery pleased him.

Miss Landon, he said, "you can see what finding your card in that crate means to me," and he told of how he had nearly been swindled out of his little fortune. "I owe you considerable. I feel it my duty to send you a piano for your little muscians here. For your intervention at a critical juncture in my business affairs."

Lucia demurred, but Willis was determined. He sent the piano the next day. Then he went back home to have it out with his false-hearted relative. Then he found himself strangely restless.

Those little singers! How were they getting along? The city and that little flat in it proved an irresistible magnet.

He found the Landons happier than ever, the flat more charming. Its dainty mistress welcomed him like the lady she was.

"She is the girl I have been looking for," he told the old lady friend of Lucia one day.

"Why don't you tell her that?" intimated the good old soul archly. "I will," resolved Willis. He did, and the result was that he gained the dearest little wife in the world.

## FOOL-PROOF POISON

Absent-mindedness Could Not Excuse Mistake in This Case

The latest thing on the drug market is "foolproof" bichloride of mercury. During the last year or so there have been so many cases of accidental poisoning from this dangerous but highly effective antiseptic that manufacturers raked their brains to produce a tablet that could not be mistaken for anything else—even in the dark.

"Foolproof" bichloride of mercury was the answer. The tablets are strung permanently on a thread, like beads, and in addition they are dispensed in a bottle having a distinctive shape—unlike the ordinary bottle. Furthermore, the tablets themselves have a peculiar shape, are bright blue in color, and each one is labeled "poison."

The manufacturers say, and it seems with reason, that a person would have to lose all his mental faculties in order not to be able to detect these pellets from headache or other tablets. He might not notice the shape of the bottle or the peculiar shape of the tablet, its color and marking of "poison." But he would not be expected to ignore the string, which must be cut before the tablet is detached.

## The First Typewriter

The typewriter is not such a modern invention as is popularly supposed. Two hundred years ago Henry Mill patented in London a writing machine but it was so clumsy as to be practically useless.

Nothing more in the same line seems to have been done until 1829, says The London Chronicle, when the first American typewriter was patented; it was christened "the typographer." Four years later France tried its hand in this direction, while between 1840 and 1860 Sir Charles Wheatstone invented several writing machines.

It was not, however, until 1873 that the typewriter became a commercial proposition. This was invented by an American, C. L. Scholes, who interested E. Remington & Son, a firm of "gun manufacturers," in it, and in 1874 it was put upon the market.

## Vertical Mower For Tangi Grass

A machine which mows both vertically and horizontally has been invented by an Oregon man. It has been used with good success in heavy clover and vetch which were badly lodged and tangled, and which usually require one or more men to clear the divider on the outer end of the swath. The vertical cutting bar is a little more than two feet high. Connections between it and the horizontal cutter bar actuate the cutting blades. These connections consist of rods and cranks operated by the movable cutter bar of the horizontal mower.

## Keeps Feet Off Radiator

A bracket to be fastened to a steam or hot water radiator to enable a person to warm his feet has been patented by its inventor.

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