

FOUR OF A FAMILY MURDERED WHILE ASLEEP

[Canadian Press.]
New York, July 6. A quadruple murder committed with an axe was reported in the suburb of Blue Island today. The victims were a man and his wife, their married daughter and her child. The report to the coroner indicated that they were slain as they slept last night.

PICNIC, RECORD ONE

Chelsea Green, Presbyterian Have Most Successful Outing in History.

Smiling skies, ideal picnic weather, and the largest attendance in its history, made the annual picnic of the Chelsea Green Presbyterian Church at Springbank on Saturday, the most successful outing held by the church.

About 200 persons went to the park at 2 o'clock in a special car. Features of the afternoon's program were the races and events, and a close baseball game between Knollwood Park Church and Chelsea Green. The latter won by a score of 12-11.

Rev. P. E. Nichol, Rev. J. D. McCrae and Thomas Baty are responsible for the success of the sports. The events and the winners follow:

Miss Haines' class, boys—J. Speers, W. Swindle, A. Roley.
A Stabler's class, boys—Fred Corby, John Strain.

E. Haines' class, girls—G. Langley, Isabel Clayton, M. Bourne.
Miss Douglas' class, girls—D. Bruce, E. Dellamore, E. Roley.

W. Dellamore's class, boys—F. Swindle, F. Durdon, A. Strain.
Mrs. W. Dellamore's class, girls—E. Clayton, A. Bryce, W. Leathorne.

Miss Garshore's class, girls—B. Chittick, R. McCroery, G. Martin.
Standing jump, boys over 12 years—G. Haines, N. Greenstone, T. Hamilton.

Standing jump, boys under 12 years—W. Langley, C. Bruce, F. Durdon.
Skipping, girls over 12 years—Irene Steele.

Shipping, girls under 12 years—Marion Jackson.
Ladies' Open Race—Mrs. W. Dellamore, Mrs. C. Jackson.

Throwing ball contest—Miss A. Haines.
Putting shot—Aldridge.
Ladies' Bible class race—Mrs. F. Aldridge.

Men's Bible class race—John Jackson.
Ladies' teachers' race—Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. W. Dellamore, Mrs. Bourne.

THE WASP SKIRT ARRIVES
Attempt Made to Revive the Hoop Made At Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, July 6.—It's here—the wasp skirt—exactly four gowns made in this style which Paris last week declared to be the very latest, appeared yesterday. Everybody looked and wondered, and women in particular cogitated among themselves whether this fashion of the eighties will become generally popular. It is doubtful.

Curving in at the normal waist line in most pronounced hour-glass fashion, this mode of thirty years ago was revived and exploited and the result of the present era, which seems to be neither one thing nor the other, but seems indicative of a gigantic effort to revive the hoop skirt shape along the boardwalk have been brave enough to offer hoop petticoats for sale, but these are merely cousins once removed from the original idea. The hoops or extenders are made of lower than the knee, with the dangling fullness beneath—carefully concealed at the ankle with a most efficient elastic band.

DERMATOLOGY.
MARINELLO SYSTEM FOR FACE, scalp, chiropody. Removal of superfluous hair, permanent. Miss Beattie, corner Talbot and Fullarton. Phone 2027.

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MRS. ROBINSON, MASSAGE, SWEDISH movement, hydrotherapy treatment. Specialty, nervous cases. Phone 1455.
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DR. H. V. CATON WILL BE ON VACATION, July to middle August. P. O. Box 216.

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W. E. DEMPSTER, D. C. Graduate of the Ross College of Chiropractic. No pain, no drugs, no knife. Let me prove to you the cause of your ill-health. Office hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 8. 4 London Loan Block. Phone 4526.

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PAWN BROKERS.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR SECOND-HAND clothing. Julius Siskind, pawnbroker, 338 Richmond street.

MONEY TO LOAN.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES. Thomas C. Knott, real estate broker, London and Western Trusts building.

PRIVATE AND TRUST MONEY to loan on farm and city property; lowest rates; amount and terms to suit; no commission charge. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 95 Dundas street.

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G. M. GUNN & SON (GEORGE C. Gunn)—Established 1859. Fire, life, accident and automobile insurance.

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PARROT & CO.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

Author of "The Man on the Box," "The Carpet From Bagdad," "The Plan of Honeymoons," etc.

What a dust-ridden, poverty-stricken, plague-ridden world she had seen! Ignorance wedded to superstition, yet waited upon by mystery and romance and incomprehensible beauty. As the Occidental thought rarely finds analysis in the Oriental mind, so her mind could not gather and understand this amalgamation of art and ignorance. She forgot that another race of men had built those palaces and temples and forts and towers, and that they had vanished as the Greeks and Romans have vanished, leaving only empty spaces behind, which the surviving tribes neither fill nor comprehend.

"A rare old lot of dust, eh, Miss Chetwood? I wish we could travel by night, but you can't trust this blooming old irascible after sundown. Charts are so much waste paper. You just have to know the old lady. Bars rise in a night, shift this way and that. But the days are all right. No dust when you get in mid-stream. What?"

"I never cease wondering how those poor coolies can carry those heavy rice-bags," she repeated to the pursuer.

"Oh, they are used to it," he said. "The great great stack of paddy-bags seemed in the eyes of the girl, fairly to melt away."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the pursuer. "There's a Parrot & Co. here. The events and the winners follow:

"Miss Haines' class, boys—J. Speers, W. Swindle, A. Roley.
A Stabler's class, boys—Fred Corby, John Strain.

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"Lonesome"
"It's the way, you know. These poor beggars drop aboard for the night, merely to see a white woman, to hear decent English, to dress and dine like a human being. They disappear the next day, and often we never see them again."

"What do they do?" The question came to her lips mechanically.

"Faddy-fields. White men are needed to oversee them. And then there's the railway, and there's the new oil country north of Prone. You'll see the wells tomorrow. Rather fancy this Warrington chap has been working along the new pipe-lines. They're running them down to Rangoon. Well, there goes the last bag. Will you excuse me? The lading bills, you know. If he's with us tomorrow I'll have him put the parrot through its turns. An amusing little beggar."

"Why not introduce him to me?"
"Beg pardon?"
"I'm not afraid," quietly.

"By Jove, no! But this is rather difficult, you know. If he shouldn't turn out right, with commendable hesitance, I'll take all the responsibility. It's a whim."

"Well, you American girls are the eighth wonder of the world." The pursuer was distinctly annoyed. "And it may be an impertinence on my part, but I never yet saw an American woman who would accept advice or act upon it."

"Thanks. What would you advise?"
"With dangerous sweetness."

"Not to meet this man. It's irregular. I know nothing about him. If you had a father or a brother on board—"

"Or even a husband!" laughing.
"Then you are!" resignedly. "You laugh. You women go everywhere, and half the time unprotected."

"Never quite unprotected. We never venture beyond the call of gentlemen." "That is true," brightening. "You insist on meeting this chap?"

"I do not insist; only I am bored, and he might interest me for an hour." She added, "Besides, it may annoy the pursuer."

The pursuer grinned reluctantly. "You and the colonel don't get on. Well, I introduce this chap at dinner. If I don't—"

"I am fully capable of speaking to him without any introduction whatever." She introduced this chap at dinner. If I don't—"

When he had gone she mused over this impulse so alien to her character. An absolute stranger, a man with a pale, pale face, a fugitive from justice, and because he looked like Arthur Ellison she was seeking his acquaintance. Something, then, could break through her reserve and aloofness? She had travelled from San Francisco to Colombo, unattended by an elderly lady who had risen by gradual stages from nurse to companion, but who could not be made to remember that she was no longer a nurse. In all these four months Elsa had not made half a dozen acquaintances, and of these she had not sought one. Yet she was asking to meet a stranger whose only recommendation was a singular likeness to another man. The pursuer was right. It was very irregular.

Parrot & Co. she murmured. She searched among the phantoms moving to and fro upon the ledge, but the man and the cage was gone. It was really uncanny.

She dropped her arms from the rail and went to her state room and dressed for dinner. She did not give her toilet any particular care. There was no thought of conquest, no thought of dazzling the man in khaki. It was the indolence and carelessness of the East, where clothes become necessities, and are no longer the essentials of adornment.

The essentials of adornment. Education, environment, and within. In features she looked exactly what she was, well-bred and well-born. Beauty in her features she looked exactly what she was, well-bred and well-born. Beauty in her features she looked exactly what she was, well-bred and well-born.

She also had, but it was the cold beauty of northern winter nights. It compelled her to look at her with a certain awe. Spiritually, Elsa was asleep. The air was dim, the gift of loving greatly, only there, the knowledge of its presence. Men loved her, but in awe, as one loves the marble of a statue. She knew no restraint, and yet she had passed through her sterner years with more than normally cynical; she was restrained. She was worldly without being ruthless, without being either frugal or extravagant. Her independence, she had laid her own path for herself to follow; and that these often clashed with the laws of convention, which are fetters to those who divide society into three classes, only mildly amused her. Right from wrong she knew, and that sufficed her.

Her immediate relatives were dead; those who were distant remained dead so, as they had no part in her life nor she in theirs. Relatives, even the best of them, are practically strangers to us. They have their own affairs and interests, and if these touch ours it is generally through the desire to inherit what we have. So Elsa went her way alone. From her father she had inherited a remarkable and seldom errant judgment. They repelled or attracted; and she found large and undiminished interest in the faculty of pressing back the covers and reading the text. Often battered covers and the text. Often battered covers and the text. Often battered covers and the text.

Today she was facing the first problem of her young life, epochal. She was, as it were, to stop and begin life anew. And she didn't know, she wasn't sure. (To be continued.)

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How to Get Home Help or a Home Position Immediately!



A Few Pennies Do the Work

Women wear themselves out needlessly—worry to no avail—over getting the "right" Maid. You, who read this, if you are a woman, know this, don't you? Suppose you change from TODAY. Select the EASIEST, the most economical way to get a girl—the "Want Ad Way!" Simply write a brief ad stating just the sort of girl you want, then bring to the office of this paper. WE do the rest. No more worry—no more torn and sick nerves. If you wish us to write the ad for you, we will gladly do so. The same is true in regard to the finding of the right place to work. We will put any Home Helper in touch with the best homes of this city that need help. Start TODAY to—

(Suggestions for You to Adopt)

MAID WANTED.—Refined family of four-two children desire a maid. Must be neat and quick about her work and come well recommended. Write Mrs. W. or Gordon girl. Good home and good wages. Address:—

POSITION WANTED.—As made in a small family. I am a good worker, willing and cheerful. Three years in my present position. Desire a change to a home nearer the centre of the city. Thoroughly experienced in general housework. Good cook. Address:—

PORT ARTHUR DOCK COLLAPSES UNDER WEIGHT
Three Thousand Tons of Rails Buried at Bottom of Harbor.

PORT ARTHUR, July 5.—A section of the Port Arthur Canadian Northern Railway steel dock, about 70 feet square and containing about 3,210 tons of steel rails, collapsed at 11 o'clock Saturday night. The dock is practically new, having been built only three years ago, and it is believed that the

accident was due to defective timbers. A few hours previous to the accident the steel rails from the steamer McKee were placed on the section which collapsed.

The water under the dock is 20 feet deep and although the bottom is hard it is believed that the steels have sunk several feet into the ground.

THREE BODIES RECOVERED
One Empress Victim Identified as Italian Miner.

QUEBEC, July 5.—Three bodies were recovered from the sunken Empress of Ireland today. One was identified as that of an Italian miner named Cinari Canagas. The other two bodies could not be identified.

REV. W. B. PALMORE DEAD.
ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Rev. W. B. Palmore, of St. Louis, editor and publisher of the Christian Advocate, died today at the home of a niece in Richmond, Va., according to telegrams received here tonight.

A VACATION TRIP ON A FREIGHT
Steamer, 1,400 miles—7 days—\$52, including meals and berth, from Port Huron to Duluth and return, stopping at the St. Ignace, Sault Ste. Marie, and Duluth. See your agent or write us. Port Huron and Duluth Steamship Company, Port Huron, Mich.

Atlantic Transport Saturday
Line New York to London Direct
First Class Passengers Only.

American Line Every FRIDAY
American Line From New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton. One Class Cabin (11.) Service. \$55 up.

White Star Dominion
EVERY SATURDAY.
Portland, Me.—Liverpool.

Secure Particulars From E. DE LA HOOKE, W. FULTON, F. B. CLARKE or R. E. RUSE, Local Agents.