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THE FILIGREE ..BALL..

BY ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

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I did not accompany them. Jimmy, who had such an innocent air on the street, took my place and promenade up and down the block, just to see that Mr. Moore did not make too much trouble. And it was well he did so, for though he was not at home—I had chosen the hour of his afternoon ride—his new man-servant was, and he no sooner perceived this crowd of urchins making for the opposite house than he rushed at them, and would have scattered them far and wide in a twinkling if the demure dimples of my little ally had not come into play and distracted his attention so completely as to make him forget the throng of unkempt hoodlums who seemed bound to invade his master's property. She was looking for Mr. Moore's house, she told him. Did he know Mr. Moore, and his house which was somewhere near? Not his new, great, big house, where the horrible things took place of which she had heard was soon to be for rent, and which she thought would be just the right size for herself and mother. Was that it? That dear little place all smothered in vines? How lovely! and what would the rent be, did he think? and had it a back-yard with garden-rose enough for her to raise pink and red and white roses, and so on, and so on, while he stared with delighted eyes, and tried to put in a word edgewise, and the boys, well, they went through that strip of grass in just ten minutes. My brave little Jimmy had just declared with her most roguish smile that she had just run home and tell her mother all about this sweetest of sweet little places, when a shout arose from the other side of the street, and that collection of fifteen or twenty boys scampered away as if mad, shouting in joyous echo of the boy at their head: "It's to be chicken, heaping plates of ice cream and sponge-cake."

By which token she knew that the ring had been found.
When they brought this ring to me I would not have exchanged places with any man on earth. As Jimmy herself was curious enough to stroll along about this time, I held it out where we both could see it and draw our conclusions.

It was a plain gold circlet set with a single small ruby. It was cut through and twisted out of shape just as I had anticipated; and as I examined it I wondered what part it had played and was yet destined to play in the drama of Veronica Jeffrey's mysterious life and still more mysterious death. That it was a factor of some importance, arguing some early school-girl love, I could gather from the fact that its removal from her finger was effected in secrecy and under circumstances of such pressing haste. How could I learn the story of that ring and the possible connection between it and Mr. Jeffrey's professed jealousy of his wife and the disappointing honeymoon which had followed their marriage? That this feeling of mine was not a mere question; but that it had started as far back as the wedding day was a new idea to me and one which suggested many possibilities. Could this be established, and, if so, how? But one avenue had been offered to me. The waiter, who had been spirited away so curiously immediately after the wedding, might be able to give us some information on this interesting point. He had been the medium of the messages which had passed between her and Mr. Jeffrey, and he had been seen talking earnestly to that gentleman and later with her. Certainly, it would add to our understanding.

WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

System was Run Down.

FELT DROWSY AND
MISERABLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters

BUILT UP THE SYSTEM
AND ADDED TEN POUNDS
IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., was in poor health, but has now been restored to full health and vigor. Here is what he writes: "Last spring I was in a very critical condition, my system was all run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I did not get something to help me up. After reading one of your almanacs I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I had taken two bottles I had gained ten pounds in weight, and am now in perfect health, and I can certainly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to build up the system."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

In the best Spring medicine on the market to-day. Yes, you need not wait this Spring. See, get B.B.B.

of the situation to know what reply she had sent to the peremptory demand made upon her at so critical a time—an understanding, so desirable that the very prospect of it was almost enough to warrant a journey to Tampa. Yet, say that the results were disappointing, how much time lost and what a sum of money! I felt the need of advice in this crisis, yet hesitated to ask it. My cursed pride and my no less cursed jealousy of Durbin stood very much in my way at this time. A week had now passed since the inquiry, and, while Miss Tuttle still remained at liberty, it was a circumstance which must have been very galling to one of her temperamental habits. She rode and she walked, and she entered no house unattended nor was she allowed any communication with Mr. Jeffrey. Nevertheless she saw him, or at least gave him the opportunity of seeing her. Each day at 3 o'clock she rode through K street, and the detective who watched Mr. Jeffrey's house said that she never passed it without turning her face to the second-story window, where he invariably stood. No signs passed between them; indeed, they scarcely nodded; but her face, as she lifted it to meet his eye, showed so marked a serenity and was so altogether beautiful that this same detective had a desire to think that she was not within reach of her brother-in-law. Accordingly, the next day he delegated his place to another and took his stand farther down the street. Alas! it was not the same woman's face that he saw, but a far different and sadder one. She wore that look of courage and brave hope only in passing Mr. Jeffrey's house. Was it simply an expression of her secret devotion to him or the signal of some compact which had been entered into between them? Whichever it was, it touched my heart, even in his description of it. After advising with Jimmy I approached the superintendent, to whom, without further reserve, I opened my heart.

BOOK III. THE HOUSE OF DOOM.

CHAPTER XIX. In Tampa.

When I started on this desperate search after a witness, war had been declared, but no advance had been made on Cuba. But during my journey south the long expected event happened, and on my arrival in Tampa I found myself in the midst of departure and everything in confusion. Of course, under such conditions it

MERRY WAR IS ON BETWEEN THE RACECOURSE STARTERS

Chris. Fitzgerald and Mars Cassidy at Loggerheads—Their Methods Differ.

The New York Telegraph has the following: "I would take a new idea from anyone," said Mars Cassidy, the starter, before leaving for Baltimore, "and I think Chris Fitzgerald should not be afraid to take one from me. At starting horses before he ever looked at a mile track, and I know the game at least as well as he does. I think the stewards will make him adopt my system."

Truly there is something like a starters' war on now. Cassidy thinks he is right; Fitzgerald likes his own method best, and William Murray, who returned from Baltimore a few days ago, says that he has seen both big guns fighting in hollow fashion. Murray has been wielding the flag at Pimlico with marked success, and to some extent has earned a right to consideration.

Racegoers are watching the starters with interest of the keenest sort. The naming of horses and the post is, and always has been, a vital matter. More important than handicapping; more important than jockeyship, is this branch of the sport. It has been said with truth that many races have been decided at the start instead of at the finish.

Every person interested in racing is familiar with the gate which goes with the horse race.

CAUSE OF THE CONTROVERSY.

You who go to the races have seen the horses line up at the webbing, and have watched the starter press the button, when he got the nervous animals in alignment. The different gates work on about the same principle, but the methods of getting the thoroughbreds in line vary, and this is the cause of the present controversy.

Fitzgerald, acknowledged one of the foremost starters, makes the jockeys line up with the horses' heads almost touching the barrier. When they all get straight he sends them away.

At Aqueduct, Mars Cassidy showed a new wrinkle. He made the boys go back twenty yards from the webbing and walk their horses up to it. He reasoned that it was easier to keep a horse straight while walking him than it was when an animal was compelled to stand at attention. There are some horses that cannot be disciplined. Nervous temperaments, fretful dispositions, sore or tender mouths, heavy heads and unskilled riders often make them wriggle about like a group of fishwives.

The walking method proved a success excepting when some horses kept walking regardless as to whether or not the barrier had been raised and sometimes walked through it.

Murray's method differs from both. He makes the boys go further back, and if he sees they are in line on the way to the webbing he presses the button before they get to it. If not he waves them back before they come to him.

If this system should prove to be a success it might do away with the barrier altogether, for a line on the track surface would answer the purpose.

On the first day at Jamaica Fitzgerald

old used his own and Cassidy's methods alternately, and although he gained some experience, his success was not great, because the jockeys got both systems mixed and often forgot to obey orders.

WHICH WILL TRIUMPH.

Before many days one of the methods will be selected as the best. It is a matter for the stewards to decide, and they are watching the matter carefully. Will Cassidy triumph or will it be Fitzgerald? There's the point now.

The personal qualities of the two men will have something to do with the result. Cassidy is a short, stout man, with eyes like a mile. His every action is alert, and he knows horses. He also knows the boys better than their fathers need ever hope to know them. His experience as a starter goes as far back as the outlaw merry-go-round at Iron Hill, but his prominence came to him in the days of the Hamilton track. An American, he gained fame on Canadian soil, while Fitzgerald, a Canadian, found distinction on the American track.

Cassidy has had a harder road to travel than Fitzgerald. When the starting was brought from Australia to San Francisco it was not long before it came into use at Chicago. From the Windy City to the Canadian tracks, and only a night's run for the innovation from the antipodes, and the barrier, with Cassidy handling it, was soon in use at Detroit, Windsor and Port Erie.

Cassidy had his own troubles. Bad jockeys and worse horses kept him busy, but his patience never gave out. Out of the riders he made such stars as Lucien, Arthur Redfern, Otto Wonderly and Harry Cochran, and with the horses he did the best he could.

Always experimenting, he has now what he thinks is the best system, and he feels that he proved this during the Aqueduct meeting.

Chris Fitzgerald is a different sort of man altogether. A giant in stature, he has eyes like a deer. Looking perfectly cool, he is as full of nerves as a guerrilla, the latest Spanish dancer. The great difference between Fitzgerald and Cassidy is this: "Pitz" pretends to be cool, but is actually easily excited. Cassidy pretends to be flushed, in order to gain obedience from the boys, but as a matter of fact he is cool all the time.

THE TURF.

DILLON LEAVES FOR WEST.

Lou Dillon, 1:58½, the world's champion trotter, and other members of C. K. G. Billings' light harness stable, were shipped west from New York for the winter, he came to the conclusion that the road would not be fit for driving next month, and that Memphis

Flaming, H. Bastia.

would afford better accommodations. Lou Dillon's fast work for the season is over. She will be jugged regularly at Memphis until next spring, when Sanders will set about to get her in shape for a few more record trials.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.
At Benning—Red Damsel (Redfern), 3 to 1 and even; Bon Mac (Riley), 2 to 1 and even; Conkling (Redfern), even and out; Arrah Go Wan (Taylor), 5 to 1 and even; Lady Lavish (Wonderly), 3 to 5 and out; Duke of Kendal (Redfern), 2 to 1 and 3 to 5.

At New Orleans—Cardinal Wolsley, 8 to 5; King Croker, 12 to 1; Ben Chance, 10 to 5; Monastic, 2 to 1; Alpaca, 20 to 1; Eliza Dillon, 7 to 2.

JUNIOR HORTONS

FOR THE O. H. A.

The Team Sends In an Application for Admission.

IT IS AN IMPORTANT MOVE

The Aberdeens Have Decided That They Will Not Enter a Team for Series.

HOCKEY.

HORTONS ENTER JUNIORS.

The Hortons, who during the last two seasons have won a name for themselves not only being speedy, but of being an amateur organization of the first water, have sent in their application for admission to the junior O. H. A. series. Manager Foley will leave on the 10:20 train for Toronto, Monday, to attend the meeting and look after the interests of the team. The matter has been under consideration for some time and a few days ago it was decided to send the application in. The club has good backing and it may be relied on to make a good run in the series. Last year the Hortons distinguished themselves in the City League, and many who witnessed their games said that they were fast enough for junior association hockey. They had a fine lot of players who had been together for years. One H. H. H. reflects credit on the team is that it has come to the front from a team that played in back-yard hockey. It is composed entirely of London boys, who, if they stick together for a few more years, will be fast enough for intermediate hockey. For the last two months they have been training on the road and all are now in fine condition, so that when the games start they will be able to give the best junior team in the country a run for the money.

ABERDEENS WON'T ENTER.

Among people who talk hockey a story was going the rounds this week that the Aberdeens intended entering an intermediate team in the O. H. A., but there is not the slightest probability of their doing so. They will content themselves to stay in the City League for this season at least, if a city league is formed. There may be a difficulty in getting the two city leagues started this year. The proprietors of the Jubilee rink, which would most likely be the only one available, is away in England, and arrangements cannot be made to get a lease of the rink. If this difficulty is not surmounted it is possible that City League hockey in London will be a minus quantity for this season. It is to be hoped that arrangements can be made.

MR. E. R. DROMGOLE RETIRES.

Galt, Dec. 2.—Mr. E. R. Dromgole, formerly of London, has been appointed accountant of the Merchants' Bank, Windsor. The appointment that was at first considered temporary is now known to be a permanency. Mr. Dromgole has resigned as a member of the Galt Hockey Club, and, of course, will be out of the running for the O. H. A. The removal from Galt of this popular young banker would at any time be most sincerely regretted, but under the present circumstances he leaves a gap that cannot possibly be filled. As a candidate for an office in the O. H. A. his chances were so very good that his election was a certainty. The Toronto boys were almost solid behind him, and his support, while coming largely from Toronto, was widespread.

TORONTO MAY ENTER EASTERN.

The Toronto Hockey Club, who have been known to the north and east as well. His campaign was handled with some energy, and he has been him with a side-edged standing in hockey circles—every factor tended toward success.

ELORA CLUB ORGANIZES.

Elora, Ont., Dec. 3.—At an enthusiastic meeting of the Elora hockey supporters last night it was decided to enter an intermediate team in the W. O. H. A. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, J. C. Munell; president, J. Kerr; vice-president, Wm. Anderson; secretary, G. T. Armstrong; treasurer, J. McGowan; captain, H. Adams; manager, A. P. Krausman; committee, R. G. Carter, Dr. McGregor, R. Hewitt, G. Dixon. Prospects for a first-class team are brighter than ever in the history of the club.

THE AGITATION ENDED.

The agitation commenced some time ago to organize a team to represent the city in the O. H. A. has died out and there is a possibility of it not being again heard of. The fate of the move is not surprising, for the steps taken to bring about the team were not of the kind that would assure success. There was too much dissension among the representatives of the city, and from which it was proposed to select the material for the O. H. A. team, and thus the move is a dead-letter. It is some time since the idea of affiliating with the St. John's A. C. in the matter, and this proved to be one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of the club.

FOOTBALL.

SARNIA AND KINGSTON.

Sarnia, Ont., Dec. 3.—The Sarnia Rugby team will play in Toronto on Saturday against the Lincolns of the province. The team will leave tomorrow afternoon. The players who shipped a number of colts to be trained by Sanders.

Although Mr. Billings had decided to keep Lou Dillon in New York during the winter, he came to the conclusion that the road would not be fit for driving next month, and that Memphis

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A moment's reflection, and you can see this must be so; it's the concentration of the best talent, the wisest facilities, the most progressive policy—all focused in the making of the clothing we sell in our six large stores throughout the great domain of Canada. The most immaterial point is given important consideration and treatment. Nothing is slighted. It's consistent clothing—best from fabric to finish.

In the Overcoats there are Plain Oversacks of all lengths, from one extreme to the other, in all the staple Overcoatings and many novelties, the Belted Coats, in plain and fancy weaves, including Heavy-weight Harris Friezes. Padded coats in plain black, and Oxford mixtures in several styles.

A study of the prices is as impressive and expressive as the stock. They are as characteristic as the values—as attractive as the styles.

Our Special Prices for Saturday's Selling Are:

Plain Oversacks, \$7.95; worth \$10.
Plain Oversacks, \$10; worth \$13.
Paddock, \$13; worth \$16.
Belted Overcoats, \$13; worth \$16.
Chesterfields, \$15; worth \$20.
Chesterfields, \$25 and \$28; worth \$40.

Special Offering of Boys' Clothing Saturday.

Children's Military-Cut Overcoats, special.....	\$3.95
Boys' Blue and Gray Frieze Overcoats, special.....	\$4.95
Boys' Military Overcoats, special.....	\$4.95
Boys' Plain Black and Oxford Gray Frieze Refers, special.....	\$2.68
Boys' Blue Chinchilla and Oxford Gray Refers, special.....	\$2.75
Boys' Double-Breasted Short Pants Suits, special.....	\$2.95

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