

# Dressing Well

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## The Lighted Lamp of Doom

(By JOHN LAURENCE, in Pearson's Weekly.)

"And ye'll wait for me, Liz?" said Tom Wynyard.  
"Till you come back, Tom," whispered his sweetheart, as she returned his warm farewell kisses. "Only, don't be too long."  
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," laughed her lover, and with a final long kiss he strode down the street and was quickly lost to sight.  
Tom Wynyard was a sailor, and he and pretty Lizzy Fernlea had arranged to get married after the voyage, though how long that would be he did not know. Engaged on an ocean-going tramp plying between Liverpool and America, it might be several months before he returned, but to both the period would not seem long, for at the end was the happiness of married life.

### Lost at Sea.

Alas! this is a world which has its share of sorrows as well as joys, and the dark-eyed little Stamford lass was to face the greatest sorrow almost any woman can face—the loss of her lover. When she was beginning to count the very days of his return, there came the dreadful news that his ship had been wrecked off Newfoundland and all lives lost.

Elizabeth Fernlea was too good-looking to be without a lover for long, and when Jim Pulley, an old flame, renewed his offer of marriage to her she accepted him, though she warned him that she could never love him as much as she had loved Tom Wynyard. "I'll risk that, lass," replied Jim Pulley. "When we are married I'll teach you to love me and me alone."  
He feared that she might change her mind after all, and he eagerly made preparations for an early wedding. His sweetheart yielded to all his wishes, for though she liked him and hoped to make him a good wife, her heart was far away, beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Elizabeth Fernlea had only been Mrs. Pulley a single week when Tom Wynyard came back! The lass had given back its "dead!" It transpired that four had managed to get away, and had been rescued from the wreck.

### Her First Lover Returns.

"Why didn't you send me word,

Tom?" cried the newly made wife, sobbing on his shoulder. "As long as I knew you were alive I should have waited."

"I expected any day to get a ship back," replied her lover. "And it never struck me that you would hear about the wreck in Stamford. And now—now it is too late!"

His sweetheart's sobs and broken words almost drove him to tempt her to break her marriage vows. But both she and Tom were born of old English stock with good old English traditions. However, she might have hated her husband and loved another man, the marriage vows were too solemn to be lightly broken.

"I shall never marry now, lass!" said Tom Wynyard. "But I shall know how you are getting on."

"And if I am free again—"  
"When you are free again I'll come back," replied Wynyard. "But till then we mustn't meet, for we can't stand it. I shall know when you are free, and if you still love me and still want me I shall know by the light in your window. If there is no light—"

He turned away, and before the sobbing woman could make any reply Tom Wynyard had gone out of her life again.  
Poor little Elizabeth Pulley was so upset that she did not pay very much attention to the actual farewell words of her lover, but in after years they were to come back to her with redoubled force.

The years slipped by, and Tom Wynyard had never made any sign, though in her heart of hearts Elizabeth was still true to him. The time came when she was free once more, a pretty widow, who had any number of chances of marrying again if she wanted to. But to all her suitors she returned a decided "No," for she hoped against hope that Tom Wynyard would hear that she was free again—and waiting. But she forgot to light the lamp.

The weary months of waiting slipped slowly by and one day a neighbour said to the widow: "I should be careful to bolt your windows at night if I were you. I saw a man looking in them, and the funny thing was he asked me if you were still at your old address."

"What was he like?" asked Elizabeth eagerly.  
But beyond being able to say he looked like a seafaring man down on his luck, the neighbour was unable to give any description of the wanderer who had looked in through the cottage window.

In a dreadful flash of memory there came to her her lover's last words, "If you still love me and still want me I shall know by the light in your window."

For the first time that night Elizabeth Pulley left a lamp burning all night in her sitting-room window. Night after night its steady gleam shone out, a message for the man who might pass by, for one wanderer who never returned.

### The Finding of the Body.

The lamp had been burning but a few weeks when Elizabeth received confirmation that the man who had looked in her window was indeed her old lover. A fellow seaman called on her and told her that Tom had left his ship at Liverpool saying that he was going to Stamford to see an old sweetheart of his who had not long been a widow!

The months slipped by into years, and every night the lamp was left lighted to tell Tom Wynyard that his old sweetheart was waiting.

Elizabeth Pulley had grown miserably as the years went by for she wanted to save every penny she could against the time Tom Wynyard returned. Gradually she got a reputation among the riff-raff who called that she was a miser who had, hidden in her house, a large sum of money. And that reputation proved fatal to her.

One morning a neighbour passing on his way to work, long after dawn had broken, noticed to his astonishment that the light which usually burned in Elizabeth Pulley's house was still burning.

As he stopped for a moment he suddenly saw a few puffs of smoke coming from under the front door. He peered in through the window, and through the pall of smoke which seemed to fill the room he dimly distinguished the form of Elizabeth Pulley lying on the hearthrug. To raise the alarm soon tender hands were raising the lifeless body of the widow with a rope that a vital spark still remained to be fanned back again into a flame.

Elizabeth Pulley, however, was dead, and it required no experience of eyes to tell that she had been murdered and robbed, while an attempt had been made to set the house on fire in order to make the death of the solitary widow appear accidental.

### The Clue of the Spoons.

Her head had been smashed in by several fierce blows with some heavy blunt instrument, her clothes were partly burnt away from her body, while all round were scattered the contents of drawers as though the murderer had searched every hiding-place to find the money and valuables the widow was supposed to have hidden.

It was evident that the unfortunate woman had opened the door to the murderer, for all the windows were found fastened, and the front door was unlocked when the crime was discovered.

The police worked at once on the theory that the murder had been committed by some passing tramp, and careful inquiries were made among the high road fraternity, and all pawbrokers for a considerable distance round were warned that certain articles Elizabeth Pulley was known to possess were missing and might be offered in pawn.

It was not long before a clue was discovered to the author of the crime. A woman attempted to pawn a number of spoons which had form-

ed part of the robbery. When questioned she informed the police that she had been asked to try to sell them by an acquaintance named Corby.

Corby proved to be a married man living in Stamford in extremely poor circumstances, and that the police were on the right track was soon seen when they searched the suspected man's house and found a large number of the missing articles belonging to Elizabeth Pulley. Though not a tramp, nevertheless Corby mixed with a class of men who had often discussed the lonely widow and her lighted lamp, and speculated as to the amount of money which she must have concealed.

### The Murderer's Way Out.

The accused man promptly put up the ingenious defence that he had bought the articles found in his house from a passing tramp, but this defence was soon shown to be a poor one, for Corby had no money at the time.

The more the police inquired of Corby and his movements on the fatal night, the more convinced were they that they had laid hands on the right man. Corby, for example, swore that he had never been out of doors that night, whereas it was shown that he was not in his house at midnight, at any rate. The shirt he had been wearing on the day of the murder was washed early the following morning, and his wife asserted that he had washed it himself.

Corby asserted time and time again, in face of this overwhelming evidence, that he was not guilty, but no one put the slightest credence in his protestations, and he was committed for trial.

But he was destined never to face an earthly judge. One morning he was found dead in his cell. He had twisted a scarf round his neck, attached it to a hook in the cell, and slowly choked to death. Legally the murderer of Elizabeth Pulley was never discovered, but there is little doubt that Corby committed the crime and was afraid to face the fate which he knew would be meted out to him at the hands of the law.

Of Tom Wynyard nothing more was heard from that day to this. He went out of existence apparently, just as the lighted lamp of love and doom had gone out at last.

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## The Return of the Influenza Menace.

When 2,514 cases of influenza are reported in Chicago in one day and theatres are closing as a precautionary measure in that city, and at a time when an epidemic is spreading in army camps East as well as West, it behoves the health authorities of New York to prepare to deal with the disease, although as yet the number of cases reported is not disturbing. It may be true, as the Health Commissioner, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, says, that there is no reason for alarm. But a stitch in time saves nine. It is no time for complacent optimism.

That seems to be the view of Dr. R. S. Copeland. He has come to the conclusion that there may be "several hundred new cases of influenza a day by the end of next week," which in itself would not be disquieting, except as a lack of precautions might raise the number to the totals recorded in the epidemic of 1918, when 5,000, and

sometimes 6,000, cases were reported daily. So Dr. Copeland renews his instructions about recognizing the disease and the treatment to be observed, adding advice as regards avoiding infection. The Health Commissioner should be commended for his action in taking the menace of an epidemic seriously. He would not be doing his duty if he dismissed the danger lightly. Happily, the influenza of 1920 does not seem to be virulent. If the people of this city heed Dr. Copeland, all will be well, or well as can be expected at this season of the year.—New York Times.

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## The Value of a Newspaper.

(From the Petersburg Examiner.)

For a few days recently the people of Winnipeg were without daily newspapers, owing to a failure in newsprint. The absence of their favorite sheets already taught the public to appreciate how big a part the newspapers play in their daily life. Naturally when there is no authentic method of distributing news the city has been flooded with foundationless rumors of happenings in the world at large. Stories that lose nothing in vividness as they pass from one to another have been circulated, and as a result the telephones of the newspaper offices have been kept constantly busy by citizens anxious to ascertain the truth about some of the stories that spread through the city. The experience of Winnipeg calls attention to the value of the daily newspaper in keeping its readers informed of the real facts of what is occurring in the world. The service that is given in this respect is not understood until a crisis like that in Winnipeg shows how effective is the work of the newspapers in the prevention of wild rumors and false reports that would be daily features were it not for the corrective influence of the press. Again, the absence of the newspapers has had a discouraging effect upon business, and upon every other line of the city's activity. Those newspaperless days have been enough to give Winnipeg people a much higher opinion of the press than they have hitherto entertained.

By Gene Byrnes

## "Reg'lar Fellers"

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