

## DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE PURCHASER Ireland's Best Linens

Table Cloth	from	\$1.15	HEMSTITCHED LINEN CAMBRIC.	
Table Napkins	per dozen	1.50	Prices per dozen.	
Tray Cloth	from	.58	Ladies' 13 in. square	75c.
Carving Napkins	per dozen	.90	Ladies' 15½ in. sq.	\$1.00
Fish Napkins	per dozen	.85	Ladies' 16½ in. sq.	\$1.12
Fringe Doilies	per pair	.48	Ladies' 17½ in. sq.	\$1.12
Linen Sheets	per pair	2.88	Gentlemen's 19 in. sq.	\$1.27
" Hemstitched.		4.95	Gentlemen's 20½ in. sq.	\$1.55
Pillow Covers	each	1.90	Gentlemen's 23½ in. sq.	\$2.00
Linen Towels	per doz.	2.40	GOLDEN FLAX HEMSTITCHED.	
" Hemstitched		2.40	Ladies' 13 in. sq.	\$1.63
" Fancy		4.00	Ladies' 15½ in. sq.	\$2.25
Baby Towels	each	3.55	Ladies' 17½ in. sq.	\$2.50
Huckaback Towels	each	1.90	SILVER SHEEN TRANSPARENT.	
Bath Towels	each	.56	Ladies' 11 in. sq.	\$1.37
Bedspreads	each	5.50	Ladies' 13 in. sq.	\$1.87
Towel Covers	each	.22	Ladies' 15½ in. sq.	\$2.38
Sideboard Covers	each	.45	Gentlemen's 20½ in. sq.	\$4.00
Hemstitched Mats	each	.76	BORDERED LINEN CAMBRIC.	
Tray Cloth	each	.26	Ladies' size	69c.
Tea Cloth	each	.26	Gentlemen's size	\$1.00
Towel Covers	each	.56	Gentlemen's size	\$1.12
Sideboard Covers	each	.45	HAND-EMBROIDERED INITIAL.	
Embroid. Tea Cloth	each	1.15	13 inches square, ¼-in. hem	\$1.50
Towel Covers	each	.56	14 inches square, ½-in. hem	\$1.60
Sideboard Cloth	each	1.25	15 inches square, ¾-in. hem	\$1.85
Tray Cloth	each	.40	16 inches square, 1-in. hem	\$2.50
Night Dress Cases	each	.45	EMBROIDERED SCALLOPED BORDERED.	
Brush and Comb Cases	each	.45	Prices: 25c. 35c. 50c. 65c. each.	
Cushion Cases	each	.45	PRINTED COTTON FLAXES (suitable for Children).	
Towel Sets, 4 pieces	each	.82	Prices: 25c per dozen.	
Tea Cloths	each	.22		

**Walpoles' IRISH LINENS**  
44b, Bedford Street, BELFAST, Ireland.  
Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of Postcard to WALPOLES,  
173 Huron Street, Toronto.

**PARKDALE RINK**  
"Rink of Quality."  
Tuesday Night, Nov. 29  
**BLOCK PARTY**  
Thursday Night, Dec. 1  
**BAND CONCERT**  
Programmes and Grand March. Select Patronage.

**AN OPEN LETTER**  
Addressed to the OPHTHALMIC DOCTORS, 258 Queen-street West, Toronto.  
Dear Doctors:  
"Words fail to express our gratitude to you for the lasting results in straightening our son's, Hatfield's, eye without an operation which we were told would be necessary. Seven years ago he was sick with diphtheria and the nerves of his eyes got so weak he could hardly open them for days, then his left eye turned in and we consulted you and obtained your prescription for his glasses and to our glad surprise we could see an improvement in a few weeks. In six months his eyes were straight again but he wore his glasses for some time to ensure a permanent cure. He has not worn them now for four years and his eyes are straight. We would urge anyone with weak or cross eyes to consult you."  
Very sincerely and gratefully yours,  
Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Potter.

**RHEUMATISM**  
I want to send every sufferer who reads this paper a pair of Magic Foot Drafts TO TRY FREE

Send Me Your Address To-day  
Write me, I'll send you a \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan external remedy that is curing thousands. To Try FREE.

**Frederick Dyer, Corresponding Secy.**  
No matter what the pain whether acute or chronic—muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout, and however stubborn or severe, you'll get the Drafts by return mail. Then after you get them and try them, I am sure you'll be glad if you do, and you cannot lose a dollar. If not, keep your money. I take your word.  
I make this unequalled offer because I know what the Drafts cure. The Drafts are performing cures after 30 to 40 years of suffering cures after doctors and baths and medicines had utterly failed. Won't you try them? I am sure you'll be glad if you do, and you cannot lose a dollar. Address: Magic Foot Draft Co., 6248 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Write to-day.

**My Valet**  
MAIN—5900  
30 Adelaide W

The North Toronto Route to Montreal is the most comfortable, fastest and fastest service to Montreal and Ottawa yet afforded to the people of Toronto. Train leaves North Parkdale 8:15 p.m., West Toronto 9:30 p.m., arriving North Toronto 9:45 p.m., and leaves North Toronto 10:00 p.m. daily except Sunday, and carries thru sleepers for both points. Train stops at Westmount and arrives Montreal 7:00 a.m., and Ottawa 6:50 a.m. Passengers may remain in sleeping cars till 8:00 a.m. Northbound Yonge-street cars run direct to North Toronto station. Sleeping car accommodation held at North Toronto station, West Toronto station and City Ticket Office, southeast corner King and Yonge-streets.

**Funeral of John Church.**  
On Saturday the funeral of the late Mr. John Church, father of Controller Church, took place from his late residence, Scarborough Heights, to St. James' Cemetery.  
The pallbearers were Messrs. T. R. Whitelock, John Chislow, William A. Poole, Thomas Langton, John Murray and Capt. R. Sargent.  
The services were conducted by Rev. E. A. McIntyre of St. Aidan's, and Rev. G. I. Taylor of St. Bartholomew's.

**The Danger of Draughts.**  
From The British Medical Journal.  
That the so-called draught is only a concentrated dose of fresh air, and that millions suffer for want of fresh air, certainly represent profound truths. Nevertheless they leave us unimpressed, for much the same statements might be said of so many other things.  
Lead, for instance, when distributed through the substance of india-rubber gloves is as useful to X-ray workers as fresh air to ordinary individuals; but when concentrated in the form of a bullet, exposure to its impact is apt to prove inconvenient. But however these things be, we adhere to our belief that draughts are dangerous.  
It is not commonly understood that the draught is merely the primus movens, the immediate cause of the ill results experienced being in some cases perhaps a micro-organism, in others perhaps a toxin, with which the system would have been able to deal effectively but for the local depression of vitality brought about by exposure to a concentrated dose of fresh air.

**WOMAN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE**  
Mrs. George Slade Gashes Throat With Husband's Razor.  
Because of despondency induced by a long illness, Mrs. Ada Slade, aged 30, wife of George Slade, 505 West Queen-street, cut her throat with her husband's razor early Saturday morning. The wound was nearly an inch deep and six inches in length. On the way to the hospital Mrs. Slade moaned continually: "Be good to the baby."

**DR. SHEARER'S ILLNESS.**  
The following is a telegram sent to the city solicitor of Winnipeg, Mr. Theo. A. To-day, from Dr. Shearer's office:  
"Have written Dr. Shearer at Clifton Springs, enclosing copy of your telegram, and now have his answer. He is especially desirous of the privilege of appearing before the commission and establishing the truth of the statements which he has made, but his physician at Clifton Springs refuses to allow him to undertake now such a journey and effort. His requests that of the cutting of the commission do not close till he shall have had opportunity to appear, and he hopes to be able to be in Winnipeg in a month—perhaps less."

Established 1878  
**D. H. BASTEDO & CO.,**  
77 KING STREET EAST  
**FUR**  
Manufacturers

**My Valet**  
MAIN—5900  
30 Adelaide W

**STYLE 14.**  
Black, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Isabella, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Pointed, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Black Lynx, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Black Wolf, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Isabella Raccoon, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Sable Raccoon, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Alaska Sable, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Persian Deer, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Russian Lynx, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Mink Sets, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Mink Muffs, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Mink Stole, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
Persian Ties, for ..... \$25 to \$50  
White Thibet Sets, for ..... \$25 to \$50

**WRITE FOR CATALOG.**  
FOR SALE.  
\$22,000.00—Solid brick two-story building, having a frontage of 50 feet by a depth of 187 feet. Suitable for garage, factory or storage warehouse. Light on all sides.  
**FRED H. ROSS & COMPANY,**  
6 Adelaide Street East (Lumsden Building).  
Tel. M. 5081.

## Madame Sarah Bernhardt

The figure on the divan might have been some beautiful statue of marble, the pallid face, the black, carefully moulded eyebrows, the sensitive mouth, the round, full chin. A long lace robe fell in graceful folds from her shoulders, edged at the neck by a collar of ermine. It might have been the figure of some resting goddess until the glance became riveted on some definite object, and the eyes looked for a moment from the scrutiny of space. Then there flashed into the marble face that something which robbed it of the inscrutable calm, the marble stillness. The figure became imbued with life. And soon not only the eyes spoke life, but the hands, as well, the mouth, the face, the whole being. The bunch of white chiffon rose and fell, against the cream luxury of her satin waist. The long arms gestured gracefully, the head leaned forward, to add greater attention to the speaker. Madame Bernhardt was, even more than the "Femme Charmante" of the stage, now and then when someone seemed not to understand her. Then her brow became wrinkled, and it was with difficulty she found the appropriate word to express herself.

She made a laughing illusion to the muzzling of dogs in Toronto. "What is the matter with all the dogs here? Why is it that they have those ugly things around their necks? And would not have my dog tortured so, my beautiful cocker, Peter Pan. They would not let me bring him to Toronto in my car. And he remains in New York pining his life away till his mistress returns. I had a telegram from him the other day. He said he was very lonesome without his mother, that he wished I would soon be back again, and hoped to have a pleasant trip around the country."

Someone mentioned something about a centileur and asked about its reception in Paris. At the mention of Rostand's name Madame Bernhardt became most enthusiastic. He is a particular friend of hers, and she considers him wonderfully clever. "Ah, it is a clever play, very clever. But the costumes are such as render it impossible to display any remarkable acting in it. To act well one must be able to make use of the arms, the whole body. As the dog, the cat, the cock, the actors are encumbered to such an extent that they cannot move their arms. They are strapped down to their sides, and they must strut about the stage, saying their lines without any movement of the arms, the greatest triumph, the triumph of time against youth. When time accentuates gracefulness and charm, then time is indeed rising to its true worth, its best mission."

Why, no woman can be too much idolized. What a thing to think! And the American women, I should say, are the happiest in the world. And why should they not be? They have everything a woman could wish: horses, carriages, jewels, fine clothes. As to the old, old question, the secret of her youth, Madame Bernhardt says: "I do not grow old because I keep my thoughts young. I have not the time to grow old. The days, the weeks, the years. Ah, they mean nothing to the artist. It is only the plodder who thinks of the time as it passes. Time means just one thing. It means the opportunity to work, to prepare for and achieve another artistic triumph."

And so it goes. Till her death, Bernhardt will play the roles of young girls. She is so occupied with youth and the thoughts of it that she cannot grow old, as the world knows the term.

**A PRINCESS IN EXILE.**  
Life in a Palace Regulated by a Striking Clock.  
From The London Daily Mail.  
There have been many royal sufferers through revolutions, but not one of them perhaps endured such fulness of misfortune as Mme. Royale, daughter of Louis XVI., whose life is described by Lady Theodora Davidson's version of Turgenev's book of that name.

The remarkable woman known as Mme. Royale was born in surroundings of the greatest pomp and luxury. While an infant she had eighty persons attending to her, and the yearly bill for her bouillon at the age of two amounted to £208, but by her twelfth year she had suffered three years of imprisonment, lost her father, mother and aunt, who were guillotined, and herself made an exile.  
Altho a hard favored woman in later life, she was beautiful in her young days. Her haughtiness, however, greatly troubled her mother, Marie Antoinette, who adopted a curious measure to check it.  
She chose for her a little companion of humble birth who was to be the princess' own charge and was to share with her the good things of life. "I have myself seen," writes a visitor to the court, "the queen superintending madame's meal in company with a little peasant woman madame had to look after and serve first, the queen saying, 'You must do the honors.'"  
The subsequent event leading up to the imprisonment in the temple are too well known to need description. The life of the orphaned child there was pitiful, but she bore her trials bravely. "She remained unruined by such vexations as sleeping on a chaff mattress, having no carpet, no spare body linen or shoes, sweeping out her room. The young girl at a later period of her imprisonment was dressed in a scanty

gray bodice she had long outgrown. Her skirt was also much too short. She wore a kerchief around her neck and another on her head. Her hands were coarse and red. She spoke with hesitation and seemed afraid of uttering an imprudent word."  
But even worse than her imprisonment was the disappointment of her marriage. This was arranged while in exile without the bride and bridegroom meeting. She dreamed of a hero, and this is how they met.  
When the carriages halted the king (Louis XVIII.), her uncle, descended from his. Madame light as a bird, in spite of a month in her carriage, jumped down, ran across to the king and knelt to receive his blessing. Then Louis XVIII. drew from behind his sheltering rotundity a frail creature of monkeylike appearance.  
"Your betrothed, the Duc d'Angoulême," he announced, placing a fat hand on the puny shoulder of the prince and propelling him toward his niece.  
Yet the Duc d'Angoulême, if not intellectual, was a kindly, honest and gentle man, devoted to his wife, as she in later life was to him.  
Even in their days of power the life of Mme. Royale had little joy in it. The routine of the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême's lives at the Tuilleries was as unvarying as that of a convent.  
They rose at 6 o'clock in the winter and 7 in the summer and lighted their own fires.  
At half-past 10 o'clock precisely they breakfasted. The meal was attended by two of the king's gentlemen and a few of their own suite. After the meal the duchess and her husband paid a visit to the king.  
Madame sat near him with her ladies and while he rested she worked at her embroidery. After twenty minutes of this entertainment she laid her needle aside, rose and curtsied low to his majesty.  
The king, a prisoner to his chair from gout and corpulence, would kiss her hand, then rattle off scandalous and shameless stories without end, after which with his followers he would attend mass. The whole family would dine at half-past 2 o'clock and usually spend the evening at cards and embroidery.  
Punctuality, even when the family

**The Home Bank of Canada**  
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NOTICE  
Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per Annum has been declared upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of the Home Bank of Canada for the three months ending the 30th day of November, 1910, and the same will be payable at the Head Office or any branches of the Home Bank on and after Thursday, the 1st day of December next.  
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, 1910, both days inclusive.  
By Order of the Board. **JAMES MASON,**  
Toronto, October 26th. General Manager.

was in exile, became almost a vice. Everything was regulated by the clock-work in the exile court. In order that time should not pass unobserved the clocks were arranged to strike the whole hour at every quarter.  
Each room was furnished with one of these compendious timekeepers. The result was that at the hour a deafening clamor of striking-clocks would proclaim imperiously that the moment for working or talking or playing or eating or sleeping had arrived.  
The Old French Mail.  
From The London Chronicle.  
Even with a railway strike on, the mails can be carried much more quickly between Paris and the coast than in the old days, thanks to the motor car.

Before 1849 the time allowance for the Indian mails between Calais and Boulogne and Marseilles was 102 hours, which was nearly always exceeded. Then the French Government undertook to do it in seventy-two hours and put on a special light fourgon for the work. Baines' "On the Track of the Mail Coach" describes the adventures of this vehicle on one journey. At St. Etienne it killed a child running across the road. Then the wheels, insufficiently lubricated, caught fire four times. Linchpins came out and wheels off. There was a collision with a cart, the postilion being flung from his saddle and seriously injured. Going up hill at Neuilly the eight horses reared and upset the fourgon. Yet only forty-eight minutes were lost between Calais and Marseilles.

**Remember This**  
You have no Indigestion from eating my bread, You get the full standard weight in every loaf and you pay only  
**5 Cents a Loaf**  
Full Weight, 24 Ounces—5 Cents  
Full Weight, 48 Ounces—10 Cents  
If you have never yet tried a loaf of my Home-made Bread, you ought to do so at once. It is a delicious and substantial loaf.  
**GEO. LAWRENCE, BAKER**  
Cor. Denison Avenue and Carr Street.