Asked to be Killed

One of the most remarkable trials that ever came before a German Court and which almost ended in the passing of an unjust sentence of death, came to a sudden close in Berlin. During one of the periodical raids on places of ill-fame, the Berlin police arrested a murderer named Mulberg. A very valuable watch and chain and a number of thousand mark notes were found in his possession, and when he was taken before a judge and charged with having committed a murder in order to get the property, he told a story that no one in the Court could possibly believe. Mulberg declared that while crossing the Tempelhoger Field (an expanse of waste land on the outskirts of Berlin.) on his way to work, he was accosted by a man who asked him whether he would like to earn a few thousand marks. Mulberg replied in the affirmative, and the man then told him he had contracted an incurable disease during the war, and had reason to fear insanity. Consequently, he would like to commit suicide, but lacked the courage. If Mulberg would approach him from behind and smash his skull with one of the large stones lying in the field, he would leave to him his watch and chain, and a purse filled with thousand mark notes.

Mulberg agreed to kill the man, who then sank on his knees and prayed while he awaited the death blow. But, at the last moment, Mulberg himself lost courage. He threw away the stone, grabbed the watch and chain and purse, which the unknown man had placed on the ground beside him, and bolted. As might be expected, such a story was credited by no one, and Mulberg went before a jury on a charge of murder. Whilst the purse was being passed to the jurors for inspection, one of the men felt something pliable in the lining. The purse was ripped open, and a visiting card bearing the name of a doctor, who is also a manufacturer, was found. The proceedings were suspended whilst the doctor was sent for, and two hours later, when he came into court, he declared that every word of Mulberg's story was true. The doctor fully confirmen Mulberg's story, and the Judge soundly rated him for not having come forward voluntarily. Mulberg was discharged, and, with the consent of the doctor, money and watch was han-

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Many Battles for Constantinople.

A city so placed, and drawing to itself its tribute of the riches of the world, is in an exposed position, an object of the conqueror's desire. It was taken many times. It was taken by the Persians and the Spartans, by Alicibiades, Lysander, Alexander, Septemius Severus, and Constantine. After Constantine its emperors presided, with the majesty of Augustus, over the dying Roman Empire. Probably they did not hasten its fall; more likely they kept life in it long after its normal time to die. They had their proportion of great men and sometimes the name of a Comnenus or a Paleologus is almost fit to shine with those of some of the western Caesars. They had a hard part to play. Through the Middle Ages civilization was not rising for them; it was going down, authority was weakening, the barbarian was coming closer every decade.

There was a lively trade in the ninth centuries, and before, between the Russians and the Mediterranean world, through Constantinople. A fleet of rude boats annually visited it with slaves, furs, honey and wax, hides; and returned with wine and oil, Indian spices and Greek manufactures, to the enrichment of the brokers and warehousemen serving this profitable business. But the Russians coveted the riches of the city even then, and within two ceninasmuch as neither human nature nor geography undergoes much alteration, whoever holds Constantinople must look out for the Russian. It was believed that a statue in one of the squares was inscribed with a prophecy that Russia should one day be master of Constantinople, and this encouraged Russia's hope. That hope still lives, supported to some degree by a sort of legal claim arising out of the marriage of a prince of Moscow with an heiress of the Eastern Empire. As in many cases of the sort, it is largely a matter of getting possession, but the present tenants are hard to evict, and the neighbors will

Why She Was Cross.

"What is the translation of the motto on the inside of your engagement ring?" she asked her fiance. "Faithful to the last!" he mur-

"How horrid! And you've always

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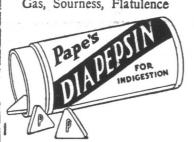
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SUCH WAS THE CITY OF PERTH.

LONDON (Canadian Press)—Im agine a city of 150,000 population being without a newspaper for five weeks, not even a weekly newspaper -practically cut off from the world for that period—and you have some idea of the position of Perth, the capital of Western Australia, during part of last August and September. Perth was not only cut off from news of the world outside of Australia, but it had no news from the neighboring states in the Commonwealth during that blank period. The cause was the strike of the mechanical staffs of the papers. It arose over what at first was regarded as a comparatively trivial dispute in the printing industry, but it suddenly developed into leadlock. The mechanical staffs of the West Australian and the Daily News ceased work. These were the only daily newspapers. The Sunday Weekly and the mid-weekly journals were involved, and a population of 150,000 persons was thrown back into the position of the earliest settlers, before the cable and land Telegraph linked them with their fellows beyond their borders. In the middle of September the man in the street of Perth was ignorant of the trend of the reparations struggle in Europe, knew little or nothing of Ireland's troubles, or of the Greco-Turk clash. Worst still to ary history is recalled, and him, be could learn nothing, except by a tiresomely circuitous route, of the paration for the Eastern States racing carnivals. The only newspaper available which had a telegraphic service was the Kalgoorlie Miner, which was published nearly 400 miles away from the Western Australian capital. This had a very limited circulation in Perth. and the proprietors, avoiding any possibility of being made parties to the dispute between the printers against the present and publishers in the metropolis, were not trying to obtain Perth circulation. The strike ended on Sep-

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men, so don't dig up old smarts and stings. with pen; he is no man to the butler. I want brance back

You would for-

would other

hitting up some fifty miles or more, I can't puzzle it cut. must each day with sorrow sup, that topic makes me sore: my friends still pass the bitter cup, and make my life a bore. "I hear you served a stretch in jail," my neighbor cries, at dawn. when I got forth with hose and pail to moisten down the lawn, yet he must know his jest is stale its point forever gone. And when is tolled the evening bell, and I sit down to rest, I hear the passing voter yell, "You like your freedom best? This thing of living in a cell is certainly no jest." They mean no harm, I realize, they think their humor fine; and yet they fill with poignant sighs this aching breast of mine, and force up to my weary eyes the waves of scalding brine. I would forget the sixty days I spent in durance vile, but harmless well-intentioned jays combine to sti my bile; my Berserk ire they daily aise, and do it with a smile.

After Him.

Lucy, the new maid, was not very good-looking, but she thought she was. She came back from a shop ping errand and declared excitedly "Oh, my, a young gentleman ha een following me!"

"Indeed!" said her mistress. "Yes," said Lucy, "I know he wa following me, because he kept look ing round to see if I was coming."



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right.

light is thrown on Comm Vladimir Chertkoy at Americans to send ther relief of those Russ who are conscient in Russia to-day look Tolstoy and V. G. Chertk

distress. Chertkov for many years Tolstoy's closest friend the same time regarded ess Tolstov as her most For many years Chertke custodian of Tolstoy's after a struggle between wife, Tolstoy and Chert asted for years and wh Tolstoy's life so that a his family, Tolstoy took out of Chertkov's hand a them in a bank as a sort

Alexandra Tolstoy was to the world in its Huebsch will publis! graphy of the Count which this peculiar get unpleasant terms that will more things, and so indifferent reader.

The Problem "Mr. Anderson," said the

again. Since I to call him at six this was pinched for he didn't go to bed



Pain SLOAN'S Liniment stant relief. For it has been fulfilling.