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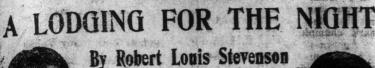
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World's Greatest Short Stories No. II.





ROBERT LOUIS

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Booth Tarkington, Jack London, Alfred Henry Lewis and Richard Harding Davis was "A Lodging For the Night," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

mental a for menting

PART I. T was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence. Sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; after flake descended out of the black at Montigny!" night air, silent, circuitous, intermina-

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. The clock was hard on 10 when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands, and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without, only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof and a few half obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon, the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bot-

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's.

On the right Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment, Villon making a ballad which he was to call the "Ballad of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering t admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin, black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes. Evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord, and they were contiqually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips. He had become a thief just as he might have become the most decent of bur-

gesses by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys. At the monk's other hand Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training. as about a fallen angel. Something long, lithe and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather. He had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all

night he had been gaining from Mon-"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly. "Some may prefer to dine in state," wrote Villon, "on bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, or-help me out,

Tabary giggled "Or parsley on a golden dish," scrib-

The wind was freshening without. It drove the snow before it. The cold

was growing sharper. "Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing up there. You may dance, my gallants. You'll be none the warmer. Whew, what a gust! Down went somebody just now!

road?" he asked.

A medlar the fewer on the three leg-

ged medlar tree! I say, Dom Nicolas,

it'll be cold tonight on the St. Denis

HOW'S THIS We offer One Hundred Dollars re-

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., and Villon was the first by general con-We, the undersigned have known sent to issue forth. nd believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obliga-

Toledo, O.

nally, acting directly upon the blood still snowing! Now, wherever he and mucous surfaces of the system. went he left an indelible trail. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for con-

Tabary laughed immoderately over the medlars. He had never heard anything more lighthearted, and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing. "Oh, stop that row," said Villon,

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side, one nostril nearly shut and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor, and he breathed hard under the grew-

"and think of rimes to 'fish!' Look

There was a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory when Montigny leaped up swift as an adder and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame. His hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor, then his head rolled buckward over one shoulder, with eyes wide open, and They u'n Pensete's spirit had returned to him who made it. Every one sprang to his feet, but the

God!" said Tabary, and he began to pray in Latin. Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin and laughed still louder. Then be sat down suddenly all of a heap upon a stool and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to

business was over in two twos. "My

Montiony recovered his composure

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginsideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man Jack of us that's here-not to speak of those who aren't." Then be pocketed his share of the spoil and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself. He made a dash at the money and retired to the other end of the room. Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood. "You fellows had better be moving,"

he said as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet. "I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "D- his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool and fairly covered his face with

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in. "Cry baby!" said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed. He was quietly taking Villon's purse as the poet sat limp and trembling on the stool where he had been making a ballad not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. ward for any case of Catarrh that The coast was clear. There was no cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally,

J. Cheney for the past 15 years, The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors as thin as moonlight fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold, and by a common optical NATIONAL BANK of COMMERCE effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. Villon cursed his fortune. Would were

Two things preoccupied him as be went, the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy

and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot.

Suddenly he saw a long way before him a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door. It was dark justed after the glummer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands when he offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pock-ets were quite empty, but in her stocking underneath the garter Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough but it was always something, and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died be-

fore she had spent her money. While these thoughts were passing through his mind he was feeling half mechanically for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating. A feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; then his loss burst upon him. He cursed. He threw the two whites into the street. He shook his fist at heaven. He stamped and was not horrified to find himhe began rapidly to retrace his steps toward the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow. Nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see, but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him, and he saw besides as he drew near that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful. On the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the perch and groped about upon the spow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp; positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him, and although the wind had now fallen a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at HERE'S WHAT GOOD heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Be-

He ran there all the way and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke, and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron studded door and emitted a gush of vellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," aid the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon. "Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain, and he cursed him with foul, unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour and bade him be off to bell where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twings; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and, before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly: "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself. He beat upon the door with his hands and feet and shouted hoursely after the chap-

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had kampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them, and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he

would go and see. He passed a corner where not so long before a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. He rememphase of the night's existence, for one, berea his mother telling him the story

ALMOST FAINTED IN THE STREET

In Daily Fear Of Death—Until "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.

CHATHAM, ONT., April 3rd. 1913. "Some two years ago, I was a great sufferer from Indigestion. One day my eye caught a bilboard of "Fruitatives" and I said to myself "if Fruitatives will build me up like that, it is good enough for me". I bought some. After taking these wonderful tablets for only three weeks, I found myself wonderfully improved. In a short time longer, I cured myself entirely. My case was no light one, either, Gas would often form in my stomach and I was in daily fear that it would get around my heart and kill me. "Fruitatives" is the only remedy for Indigestion".

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow-nay, he would go and see her, too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination-his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors, and yet after a few taps he heard a movement overhead, a door opening and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened and a paliful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature self trampling the poor corpse. Then of the porch admitted, but for all that he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face. He emembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred it in the streets. Had it fallen in the yards from the door where he had been so rudely used and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could see only one way of getting a lodging and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue on the morrow with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer, and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties roast fish presented itself to his mind

with an odd mixture of amusement and horror. "I shall never finish that ballad," he thought to himself, and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, d- bis fat head!" he repeated fervently and spat upon the snow.

(To be Continued.)

EDUCATION MEANS. LOS ANGELES, July 4 -What are the evidences of a good education? This was the question asked by Dr. W. A. Plummer, president of the Principals' Club, of the school principals. Here are some of the answers: If a man slaps you on the cheek, turn the other to him.

Courtesy, refinement, ability to do, o say, to lead, to serve. Ability to use one's native language orrectly.

Culture, power, efficiency. Good morals and manners; freedom

areful speech. Ability to mix with people. Knowledge of the three "r's." Individual thought and action. Self control at all times.

Ability to hold down your vhatever it is. A sense of humor. Confidence in your fellow man.

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Entries to W.O.B.A. Tourney Close With Secretary Tillman On Thursday of This Week

Nineteenth Annual Competition Promises to be the Biggest in History - Tournament Starts at 2 o'Clock on Monday July 20.

LONDON, July 14.-The beautiful Western Ontario Bowling Association's pamphlet announcing the nineteenth annual tournament of the W. O. B. A. has been mailed broadcas by Honorary Secretary-Treasure "l'ony" Tillmann, who has expressed nimself perfectly satisfied that this year will see all records of attendance

One of the most important things he tournament committee wishes to mpress the bowlers with is the fact that entries must be in the hands of the secretary not later than Thursday July 16, at 6 p.m.; the draw will be made that evening and published in the Free Press on Saturday morning. Entries for the Scotch doubles may be made on the grounds up to Tues-

day, Jily 21, at 6 p.m. The 1914 tournament will start on Monday, July 20, at 2 p.m. sharp. Seldom in the history of the tournament have so many entries reached the secretary as early as to-day, as a big list of the most prominent bowlers from Toronto, Ottawa and many at 8.30 p.m.

others are already in. W. B. Smith of the Toronto Victorias, who was runner up when Dr. Del Marr, of Ridgetown, won the Labatt trophy, is coming. Sir John Willison, W. B. Wigmore, Charles O. Knowles, one of the most prominent bowlers in Canada; V. Meek, W. Moon, W. B. Graham, John Miller also of Torontoo, have entered

Aylmer is sending five rinks, luding A. Chambers' 1913 winners of the tournament. Billy Jackson and his old time Clinton rink, which will include Dan Forrester, is also lookng forward to next Monday.

Jimmy McDougall has whipped in too line one of the oldest rinks in London when he secured John Stevenson, Willis Cox and Ed Weld to compose his rink. This is the first ime in nine years that these London Rowing and Bowling Club members have been together as a tournament rink. Dan Thompson's Paris rink i also coming. Farrow brothers, Ottawa will be here.

Programme.

First match, Labatt trophy game 5 ends, final game 21 ends. Open to my four adult members of the same club. Trophy to be held by the club represented by the winning rink for one year, and to become the property of the club whose rink shall win it three times. Labatt shield to become the property of the club represented by winning rink.

First prize, Labatt trophy and fou silver asparagus dishes; second prize four 12-inch cut glass vases (rose pattern).

Second match, Tecumseh trophy, game 15 ends. For all rinks defea in first match excepting the winner of second prize. Trophy to become the property of the club whose rink ciation tournament, which opens on shall win it three times.

First prize, Tecumseh trophy and four thermos "carafe" and stands; second prize, four percolating coffee

Third prize, McNee trophy, game 15 ends. For all rinks excepting winners of the first and second prizes in first and second matches. Trophy to become the property of the club whose rink shall win it three times. First prize, McNee trophy and four brush brass reading lamps (electric) second prize, four silver roll dishes; third prize, four table mirrors with stands; fourth prize, four royal Doulton salad bowls.

Winners first Labatt trophy-1896-Victoria, of Toronto, E. T. Lightbourne, skip. 1897-Thistle, of Hamilton, G. E.

1898-Thistle, of Toronto, Dr. F 1899-Seaforth, C. E. Coleman, skip 1900-Stratford, Jas. Steele, skip. 1901—Chatham, J. Sowerby, skip. 1902—London, Edmund Weld, skip.

> 1905-Ridgetown, Dr. 1906-Waterloo, Ed. F.

1903-Clinton, W. Jackson, skip.

1904-London, Jas. S. McDougall,

Winners of second Labatt trophy 1908-Heather, 10ft Brantford, Dr.

1909-Thistles, of London, Charles 1910-London, H. W. Lind, skip. 1911-Thistles, of London, George Nightingale, skip

W. D. Wiley, skip.

1912-Queen City, of Toronto, R. B. Bice, skip. 1913-Aylmer, A. Chambers, skip. The annual meeting of the associa-

Officers for 1913-1914.

Patron, Sir John Willison, Torono; honorary president, A. J. Taylor, Toronto; chaplain, Rev A. H. Mc Gillivray, Hamilton; president, Peter Bawden, Ridgetown; vice-presidents, Dr. English, Hamilton, and Dr. A. Scott, London; honorary secretarytreasurer, A. Tillmann, London; aud itors, C. B. Edwards, London, and John Lochead, London; tournamen committee, James S. McDougall, W Fulton, Dr A. Scott, Dr W. M. English, E. A. Horton, J. C. Waddell Edmund Weld, S. D. Swift, F. W.

Just Dope

Hughes, P, Bawden, Sir John Willi

son, and A. Tillmann.

Roge, the one best pitcher on th Toronto Leafs is a Canadian born. Peterboro and London topped the list of wins and losses in the Canadian League last week with five wins and

The Federal League will stage world's series all their own. The and nant winners will stack up against a

ricked aggregation. Jimmy Duffy, the winner of the Boston marathon this year, will make his professional debut at an athletic festival in Quebec on July 3.

The feature for the opening 2 Windsor is the Frontier Handica with a classy field headed by Great Britain at 119 pounds top weight. Dick Rudolph leads the Boston National League Club pitchers easily. He eann won yesterday for his tail-end 226 - 236 West Street again won yesterday for his tail-end

The Western Ontario Bowling asso-

The Pink of Health

ger and better than ever. Entries

New York and Fashington had the best week in the American League with four wins and two losses, while Marr, Brooklyn topped all the National Leaque teams with six wins and one loss. London Free Press; There must have been some mis about yesterday's schedule O. A. L. A. lacrosse game at St. Mary's. London notified the St. Mary's club that it would be impossible to play in the morning, but the referee awarded the

game to St. Mary's by default. President Barrow of the international League, issued a statement in which it is shown that every club in his circuit is standing on its own bottom. The question of depriving the majors from the right of drafting players from Class AA leagues will be apheld this fall. He also states that tion will be held on Monday, July 20, he knows positively that several clubs in the Federal League are being carried along with money which was gained by other means than attendance.

Coroner's juries return at Toronto, pen verdicts at inquests on two bodies floating in the bay. It is reported that Mr. Harry More! may resign his Nipissing seat in favor

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