

Last Week at The Old Stand!

WE MOVE NEXT WEEK TO OUR NEW STORE, 17-19 CHARLOTTE ST.

We Have Put the Knife Still Deeper Into Prices for This Last Week.

NOTHING BUT SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS now on Sale—winter goods have been all packed up ready for removal. We are determined to make this last week the

BANNER WEEK OF OUR REMOVAL SALE!

Reduced Prices have been still Further Reduced to make this a banner week. There has been no let up to our sale since it started, April 2nd, and there will not be any let up, as the prices we offer will keep trade humming continuously.

Remember—Our whole stock of Spring and Summer Clothing and Furnishings at still greater reduced Removal Sale Prices.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES!

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Men's Suits \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00 value—this week at \$3.80, \$4.80, \$5.25 and \$6.25.	Men's Spring Overcoats \$7.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00 value—this week at \$3.50 \$5.00 and \$6.00.	Handkerchiefs White—this week 9 for 25c. Blue or Red, 6 for 25c. Children's Fancy, 25c. per dozen.	Negligee Shirts in large variety, all sizes—this week 48c. 68c. 88c. 95c.	Boys' 3-piece Suits Single and Double Breasted, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6 and \$7.00 value—this week at \$2.75, \$3.25, \$3.75 and \$4.25.	Boys' Pants all sizes, 22 to 34—this week at 38c. 45c. 65c. 85c.
Men's Pants \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3 value—this week at 95c. \$1.10, \$1.30, and \$1.60.	Men's Raincoats \$9.00, \$12.00, \$13.50 and \$15.00 value—this week at \$6.95, \$7.75, \$8.75 and \$10.00.	Neckwear Regular 25c. Ties—this week 15c. Regular 50c. Ties—this week 38c.	Boys' 2-piece Norfolk Suits \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$4.50 value—this week at \$1.80, \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$3.00.	Boys' Buster Brown & Fcy Suits to clear at \$2.95 and \$3.95 this week.	Men's Hose Plain and Fancy— 10c. 15c. 23c. Pair.
					Umbrellas Self-Opening, regular \$1.25—this week 85c.

Special Bargains this week in Sweaters, Cardigans, Caps, Etc., Etc.

COME EARLY, before the good things are snapped up. These goods must go, and prices will compel them to go.

HENDERSON & HUNT, 40-42 King St.

Changing First Impressions

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Until Nettie joined the Moonlight Maiden Company, Dick Grantley had never given a derogatory thought to his padded stomach and his chin beard. They were simply parts of his funny make-up, like the grease paint and the longhaired wig which completed his resemblance to the German character found only upon the stage.

In fact, Grantley had been rather proud of his make-up. There were certain little tricks and artifices which the other comedians did not seem to know and which completed his ludicrous appearance. Grantley rarely left the dressing room without taking a self-satisfied glance at himself in the mirror.

But Nettie's coming had changed all that. A score of chorus girls had come and gone since the company had opened, and their presence or absence had not affected Grantley at all. As the comedian, he was not called for the rehearsals held for the benefit of the new girls. The stage manager drilled them in their songs and dances, and it was not always that Grantley noted a new face in the chorus ranks.

But Nettie Bladen was different from the rest. She was an ambitious girl, with a desire to take her place some day among the principals. Her fresh young voice rang true to key, and she did not go through her work with the mechanical dullness displayed by the other girls. Grantley, coming on the

stage for his first entrance, glanced up and down the chorus line to discover the identity of the girl whose clear soprano held the others together.

As they were waiting for the next big entrance Grantley spoke to Nettie. He uttered only a few words of self-introduction and a complimentary remark in praise of her voice, but in so doing he stammered like a schoolboy, glad that the heavy coat of paint hid his blushes. Even in that brief moment he had fallen in love, and love was a new sensation to the comedian.

Next amid her thanks, and then reached off with the other girls, leaving Grantley to follow more slowly, as his part demanded.

Even the other members of the cast, who usually were intent only upon their own work, noticed that Grantley tonight was exerting himself to do his best, and various were the speculations as to the cause. Perhaps he had a friend "out front." This was the easiest and therefore the accepted solution.

But Grantley knew he was playing to the new chorus girl, while Nettie was spending every moment she could spare from her changes of costume in watching the show that she never would see in its entirety. Once or twice a suppressed laugh from the wings meant more to Grantley than the roar of applause from the audience, and as they were all waiting for the last act curtain he turned to the new girl.

"What do you think of the show?" he demanded.

"It's splendid," was the enthusiastic response. "I think you ought to be on Broadway with a theatre of your own."

"Thinking that has spoiled a lot of good men," answered Grantley, with a shake of the head, but he was none the less pleased with her praise, and there was a warm glow about his heart the rest of the evening.

After that Grantley saw much of "the newest girl," as the others called her. There were several moments in the play when they stood on the same side of the stage waiting for cues, and it was always to Nettie that Grantley directed his conversation, though the other actors crowded around enjoying the fun. Grantley, for all he headed a cheap company, was a comedian at heart as well as by training, and he could give a humorous twist to the most serious of statements.

Though they became fast friends, weeks passed before Grantley put his fate to test. They were making a long railroad jump and Grantley, passing through the day coach given over to the chorus, dropped into the seat beside Nettie, whose chum, Bessie Nevins, was restlessly pacing the aisle.

"It's a funny place for a proposal," he said, abruptly, "but there is such a racket in the car that no one can hear

what the others are saying. Besides, you won't give a fellow a chance to catch you without that everlasting Bessie Evans along. I love you, Nettie, and I want you to marry me. Will you, dear?"

The girl's face grew troubled, and she put her hand upon his for an instant.

"I'm sorry you asked me," she said, softly. "I am sorry to hurt you. It was for that reason that I—that I have stuck so close to Bessie."

"Then you don't care?" he demanded.

"In a way, yes," she began. "But I am sensitive to first impressions, and somehow I can't look at you without recalling that property stomach and the absurd chin whiskers. You have been awfully good, but—oh, I can't love a—funny man."

"But I didn't suppose you thought I was always a fool. Look at that foolish house, right there on top of that hill. Think what it must mean to live there all winter. It's all right in the summer time; but oh—oh—in the winter!"

Nettie glanced at him quickly. She could not understand his abrupt change of subject, and she concluded

that she had not hurt him very much, since he so soon forgot, which was exactly Grantley's purpose. But from that moment he hated the padded stomach and the false hair which were his bread and butter.

He made no attempt to reopen the discussion, and the weeks went past rapidly with no apparent change in their friendly relations. Nettie did not dream that beneath his fun Grantley nursed the sorrow she had caused, and that only in the watches of the night did he give way to feelings none the less poignant because so successfully concealed.

Then came the lesson the girl needed. They were playing a small theatre in a week of one-night stands. At the matinee some gas tanks used for color effects thrown up from beneath the stage in the last act exploded as the operator tried to start them. He was the company's electrician and unaccustomed to handling such lights. An incorrect mixture of the gases followed by a momentary panic of the man and the damage was done. Flames burst through the rigging aloft and the dust on the stage hands to drop the fire curtain, cut the skylight ropes and then make for safety.

Once the skylights were opened the draught drew the flames up to the roof and away from the auditorium, but it was this saved the audience. It meant death for the girls who were dressing on the top floor. The small theatre was insufficiently supplied with dressing rooms, and the chorus was herded in an unfinished lot above the auditorium, usually given over to the storage of odds and ends. With the skylights open they were trapped.

With no thought of himself Grantley sped up the narrow iron stairway leading to the loft. Behind him the stage was a mass of flames, and he drove back the few girls who were trying to make their way down the stairs. Most of the chorus were too terrified to attempt to escape, but as Grantley burst into the room they rose to their feet, wild with hysteria.

"The roof's the only chance," cried Grantley, as he pointed to the iron ladder leading to a skylight. "Until the flames spread there is safety in the front of the building. Hurry up, girls!"

He drove them up the narrow passageway, and as he stood at the foot of the ladder he encouraged them by his voice, relieving the tension by joking. He was the last through the skylight and it was Nettie who helped him through.

Already the roar of the roof was blazing. The front was still safe, and on impulse there was a drop of a dozen feet.

"Hurry up, girls!" he called, and as last he dropped to the roof himself, just as the flames burst through the front of the theatre roof and a stream of water drenched him to the skin.

"Close call," he commented, as he glanced up and rubbed his aching arms. "I'd like to find the fellows who turned the hose on me."

"It was from the street. They could not see you," explained Nettie. "I'm glad they did it, Dick."

ENGLAND'S GRAB AT THE CONGO

The more humanitarian Britain becomes, the more the suspicions of Belgium are aroused, especially when Britain's benevolence takes the form of threatened interference in a colony that might be brought under British control. "The latest London farce has been well played" in Parliament by Lord Cromer, with the intention of preparing European public opinion "for an English grab at the Congo," remarks one Brussels paper sarcastically. "Lord Cromer," we are told by the *Vingtieme Siecle* (Brussels), "very craftily made known the plan of the conspirators." The ex-viceroy of Egypt proposes to "internationalize" the Congo, it remarks, as he "internationalized" Egypt.

This Liberal Belgian organ, just on the eve of the transfer of the Congo by annexation to the Belgian nation, largely through the influence of Liberal politicians proceeds in the following bitter strain:

"Everybody knows that Egypt does not belong to England. Egypt has been 'internationalized.' To all intents and purposes it is English. The English are the masters of Egypt, and the wealth of Egypt serves only to enrich the English. Legally, however, Egypt is 'international,' and it is this legal fiction that has opened the way for English occupation and exploitation."

It may appear marvellous that England should be able to lay hands on the Congo under the pretence that the Congo is the common property of all the powers. But Lord Cromer understands perfectly how to do that slight-of-hand trick. He is in the business. He served his apprenticeship and won his spurs in Egypt."

The writer goes on to show the secret of Britain's motive in Egypt, and declares that people have only to cast their eyes on the map of Africa to see that the Congo lies directly in the way of the Cape-to-Cairo route, and will be an obstacle to the free enjoyment and monopoly of that route by Britain unless it becomes a British possession. This invective against Britain is taken up by another Liberal organ of the Low Countries, the *Amsterdam* *Matin*, which says of the evil report of atrocity:

She pointed to the painted tin of the roof, where his wig and beard lay wet and dragged. "As he turned and kissed her white face, to him sweeter than ever in the weakening of love."

"It is, however, to England's interest not to accustom us to look to Germany for our help in time of trouble."

SPANISH THRONE ROOM.

Outrivals in Splendor Anything of the Kind in Europe.

The throne room of Spain outrivals in splendor any in Europe. The ancient throne stands in the apartment known as the room of ambassadors. The decorations of this apartment include vast crystal chandeliers, huge tables inlaid with precious marbles, vast plate glass mirrors, gildings, rich hangings and above all the painted ceilings representing the long line of Spanish kings in the various picturesque costumes of the provinces. Here Spanish kings receive on state occasions, and here, too, their bodies lie in state after death. The throne is of rich velvet, unadorned. Around it are grouped four great silver lions with their dead turned away as if guarding the occupant. Four broad steps led up to the throne room from the polished floor of the room, and the crimson covered footstool is in itself a work of art. In this room have been gathered for ages curios and gems from Spanish possessions the world over at a time when Spain was mistress of the world. And here in front of the throne hang chandeliers or rock crystal which have for generations been the envy of other European rulers.



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