

KRAUSE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Winter Term
 BEGINS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH
 HARMONY CLASSES
 First in Studio No. 1, on Monday at 5 p.m.
 SENIOR THEORY CLASSES
 on Thursday at 5:30 p.m.
 JUNIOR THEORY CLASSES
 on Thursday at 5 p.m.
 21 E to Conservatory Students
 VICTOR CARTER Musical Director

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For XMAS from J. W. SATYR, at the
Central Green Houses
 Adelaide, near Park St.

PHONOGRAPH

Public Entertainments
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It is Louder Than the Human Voice
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 Terms Moderate. For Particulars
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We have some exquisite photo-novels
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 You will be welcome if you will call and in-
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Xmas is Coming

AT THE
RED STAR STORE

We are now ready for the Xmas trade,
 our goods, such as fruits, candies, nuts
 and candied peels are first-class and
 prices right. Also in china dishes—
 cups, saucers and plates and fancy
 goods, suitable for presents, and a
 choice lot of dinner sets and toilet sets,
 second to none in the city. We ask
 you to inspect our styles and prices be-
 fore you buy your wedding present.

J. W. DYER

RED STAR STORE, BALDOON
 GOODS DELIVERED. PHONE 174

You know

The Xmas presents have to be
 bought—you will find a good
 assortment of Fancy Lamps
 and China. Also a full line of
 Dinner Sets, \$5.50 and up-
 wards, Tea Sets \$2.50, Cham-
 ber Sets \$1.80. They are low
 in price. Call and see them.

Our Xmas Fruits are in

3 lb. Selected Raisins..... 25c
 3 lb. New Currants..... 25c
 1 lb. Mixed Peel..... 25c
 Pure Lard, per lb..... 9c
 Mixed Candy 7 lb., 4 lb. for..... 25c

—AT THE—
 Golden Star, Park St., East

John McConnell

Goods Delivered

EXPANSION

Met a feller 'tother mornin'—
 Most amusin' sort of case;
 Had a cur'us style about him—
 Cert'nly couldn't well be wuss.
 I says "Where you hail f'm, pardner?"
 An' he smiled in a knowin' way.
 An' replied in forin lingo,
 "Porto Rico, U. S. A."

Seen a feller down on Broadway,
 With a shockin' head of hair,
 An' a lot of tropic garments,
 An' a most outlandish air;
 "Whar's he frum?" a feller shouted,
 An' before we'd time to say,
 This yere heathen turned an' an'srd:
 "Honeyluer, U. S. A."

Met a feller here on Olive,
 With a somber-e-re on;
 Had a lot of shaggy whiskers,
 Nearly all his clothes wuz gone.
 Stopped an' set me fur a quarter;
 Says "My home is fur away."
 "Whur you frum?" The varmint an-
 swerd:
 "Santiago, U. S. A."

Seen a feller at the Southern,
 With a heavy iron box,
 Overcoat was lined with bearskin;
 Wore a dozen pair of socks;
 Sized him up to be a miner,
 Judgin' by his awkward way;
 Seen him write in big char-a-ter:
 "Circle City, U. S. A."

Seen a saddle-colored heathen,
 Wearin' earrings in his nose;
 Linen cuffs 'round his ankles,
 Most indecent lack of clothes.
 "Whur'd this heathen guy here spring
 frum?"
 I inquired in lofty way;
 An' he had the nerve to an'swer:
 "From Manila, U. S. A."

"Hully gee," says I, "I never heard of
 These here cannibals before.
 Air these heathens yere all voters?
 Will we stan' fur enny more?"
 Next you ask a feller
 "Whur he's frum, an' he'll say
 With a lordly kind of flourish,
 "All Creation, U. S. A."
 —Consul-General James T. Du Bois, St.
 Gall, in Nashville American.

HOW HE TAMED HER.

"I haven't the least fear," said Major Delaford.

"Then you're a man of unbounded courage," retorted his friend, Mr. Crinklethorp. "For—may I venture to be frank?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! By all means."

"Well, then, they do say that Mrs. Flashington drove her first husband into his grave by her ungovernable temper."

"I've heard of that before," said Delaford, pulling complacently away at his cigar.

"But, of course," with a little sarcastic laugh, "you don't believe it?"

"Excuse me," said Major Delaford, severely. "I do believe it. I have seen now and then, expression in Justina's eyes which fully carries out any theory of that nature."

"And yet you are going to marry her?"

"And yet I am going to marry her," said Major Delaford, with a shrug.

"Not that I am aware of?"

"Will you be honest with me?"

"To be sure," nodded the major.

"Then, why do you marry Mrs. Flashington?"

"Well, from a variety of reasons. One is that I like her. She's a pretty little egypt, with a skin like white velvet and delicious long lashes to her eyes."

"Pecce!"

"A second is—mind, now, I never did pretend to be one of the disinterested lovers one reads about in dime novels—that the dear, departed Flashington left her remarkably well off."

"And I have more merit than money," said Mr. Crinklethorp, "for by all accounts, the black-eyed divinity is neither more nor less than a virago."

"There are very few actions in this world that one doesn't regret, in a greater or less degree," said Major Delaford, sententiously; "but averaging things, I'm willing to risk it."

"And Major Delaford was married the next week to Mrs. Flashington."

It was not so long, as Mr. Crinklethorp had foretold, before the claw began to peep from under Mrs. Flashington Delaford's velvet sleath.

"Felix," said she, one day, "I don't like this location."

"Don't you, my dear?" said Major Delaford. "I've lived here two and thirty years and always found it very pleasant."

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Delaford. "I prefer a home nearer the park."

Major Delaford went on reading.

"Felix, I say!" the bride's voice was raised a degree or so higher—the dangerous sparkles had come into her eyes.

"Yes, Justy."

"I mean to move uptown."

"Do you?"

"And at once!"

"Very well," said the major, "then you will move alone. I shall remain where I am."

"Major Delaford, you are a brute."

The major bowed. Justina burst into tears.

And Mr. Crinklethorp never could imagine by what means this modern Petrucchio tamed his dark-eyed shrew.

Undoubtedly the most powerful and at the same time exclusive aristocracy was that of the Delafords, or territorial lords of Japan prior to the great social revolution of 1868. There were fewer than 300 of these great lords. Their power within their own provinces was almost absolute, and they owed merely a nominal allegiance to the emperor. Yet in 1869 241 out of them had been voluntarily surrendered their powers and their possessions into the hands of the emperor, in order that a centralized government might conduct the affairs of the empire.

"Let me see you presume to be un-
 civil to her," said the major, knitting
 his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford
 had never seen in her late husband's
 countenance. For to tell the truth, the
 late Mr. Judah Flashington had been
 but a chicken-hearted individual at
 best.

Mrs. Delaford founced out of the
 room, and banged the door viciously
 behind her.

Mrs. Bly arrived the next day—a
 cherry checked, bright eyed girl, with
 lips wreathed in smiles and a brand
 new traveling suit cut after a deal pret-
 tier pattern than the bride's own. Mrs.
 Delaford refused to speak to her.

"Justina," said her husband, in a
 warning voice, "this is my cousin
 Rosamond. I hope you will make her
 welcome to our home."

But Mrs. Delaford only threw a slip-
 per at her husband, burst into tears
 and ran hysterically upstairs.

"Oh Felix," what's the matter?"
 asked Rosamond, half frightened out
 of her senses. "Had I better go home?"

"By no means, my dear Rosamond,"
 said the major. "You see I have mar-
 ried a woman with a temper. But
 she'll be all the more charming when
 that fault is rooted out of her char-
 acter."

The major went upstairs and tried
 to open the door. It was locked.

"Justina," he said gently, "I am I.
 Let me in."

"I won't!" snapped the bride.

"Will you come downstairs, then?"
 "I will not come out of my room un-
 til that woman is out of the house!"

sputtered forth Mrs. Delaford.
 "Very well, my dear," said the major,
 and he returned to the drawing-room
 with untroubled philosophy.

Mrs. Delaford adhered to her resolu-
 tion, although it was much tried by
 sundry peculiar sounds she heard on
 the outside of the door.

Major Delaford has carpenters at
 work altering the house," thought she.
 "It makes but little difference to me in
 any case. I shan't stay here."

At the end of the third day, however,
 she concluded to go downstairs. But
 when she opened the door, lo, and be-
 hold, her egress was barred by a grated
 iron door.

"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Dela-
 ford. "What is this?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maid,
 who had brought up her meals three
 times a day, "it's Justice as had it
 done."

"What for?" cried Justina.

"Please, ma'am," said Hetty, trem-
 bling all over, "don't you know you're
 crazy?"

"Insolent minton," said Mrs. Dela-
 ford, "call your master at once."

Major Delaford came immediately
 upstairs, with Rosamond Bly clinging
 in a frightened sort of way.

"How do you feel now, my dear?"
 he asked, solicitously.

"I'm well enough," snarled Mrs. Dela-
 ford. "Open the door, quick!"

"Mad! very mad, indeed," said Major
 Delaford, in a sotto voice, turning to
 Rosamond.

"Ruffian!" cried the bride, "how
 dare you speak so?"

"Getting violent!" added the major,
 shaking his head.

"Let me out, I say!" persisted Mrs.
 Delaford, rattling at the bars. "What
 does this absurd humbug mean?"

"Perhaps a straight waistcoat would
 be advisable," said the major. "But as
 long as she remains tolerably manag-
 eable, I shall not send her to an asy-
 lum."

Mrs. Delaford began to cry.

"Oh, Felix, how can you talk so!"
 "Poor thing!" murmured the major,
 compassionately. "The hardest part
 of insanity must be when one becomes
 partially conscious of its deadly doom."

Mrs. Delaford shut the door rather
 vehemently and began to cry hysteri-
 cally.

"I'm not mad!" she said. "I won't be
 made a mad woman off!"

"But how to help herself—that was
 the question. The door was barred
 effectually—the windows opened upon
 the dead wall of an institution of the
 Fine Arts, and were three stories above
 the ground. She might have shrieked
 herself hoarse in that direction before
 anyone could hear her. She sat down
 to think. What could she do? What
 was to become of her? Did that dread-
 ful hint of Felix concerning the asy-
 lum really mean anything! For once in
 her life the late Mrs. Flashington was
 actually frightened."

Has my temper really been so terri-
 ble?" she asked herself, "that people
 mistake it for—I can hardly believe
 the word—insanity!"

It was a new idea; she pondered it
 carefully and cried bitterly over it.
 When Hetty came, as usual, with her
 napkin covered tray, Mrs. Delaford's
 face was pale and tear swollen.

"Hetty," said she, "will you ask your
 master to stop up here for a few min-
 utes?"

Major Delaford obeyed the summons
 at once.

"Well, my love," said he, "what is
 it?"

"Felix," said Mrs. Delaford, bursting
 into fresh tears, "I have acted very
 foolishly. I beg your pardon. And I
 beg Rosamond's pardon, too."

Major Delaford opened the grated
 door, and then there was a reconcilia-
 tion after the most approved style.

Mrs. Delaford was as sweet as a June
 morning after that—and if ever she
 manifested symptoms of a relapse all
 that Major Delaford found necessary
 was to allude, in a gentle way, to lun-
 ation and asphyxiation.

And Mr. Crinklethorp never
 could imagine by what means this
 modern Petrucchio tamed his dark-eyed
 shrew.

New Hardware

Tin, Cutlery, and
 Stove Depot.

BALDOON STREET, FOOT OF 3rd STREET
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We are offering you these goods at lower
 prices than King Street Stores because our
 general expenses are far less. You will con-
 sult your own interests by examining our
 stock before buying elsewhere. A full line
 of Paints and Glass.

D. H. Winter

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IMAGE ON THE GLASS
 or the HIDDEN MYSTERY

The mystery is how can GIBSON make such fine
 photos? The answer is, years of ex-perience have
 given him the knowledge how to secure the best
 results. One of his photos "laced in one of the
 latest New York designs of frames, which he has
 on hand, will be shown to you at the new
 studio open evenings.

Gibson

STUDIO 29 King St

THE SWEATSHOPS

The Large Amount of Trade Done
 in These Places in New York.

It pays to own real estate where
 New York's laboring classes are con-
 centrated. A man who owns a large,
 square building in the down town east
 side district says that it pays him more
 than 20 per cent net on the money in-
 vested. He never has to look for ten-
 ants and he has no trouble in collect-
 ing his rents. A prosperous saloon
 keeper has the ground floor, and, of
 course, his rent is guaranteed.

The floors above are rented for sweat-
 shops. One man hires a floor and sub-
 lets each window to a man to work by.
 If at any time he shows signs of run-
 ning behind with his rent a dozen win-
 dow tenants are eager to take the con-
 tract in his place.

The windows rent for \$5 each. This
 gives the man who hires the whole
 floor his window, or sometimes a
 little more than that. The windows in
 this particular building are especially
 sought after, because there is a freight
 elevator, by which the heavy cloth gar-
 ments can be hoisted and let down
 from the various stories. It runs by
 hand power, but even then it is far bet-
 ter than carrying the heavy burdens on
 the back.—New York Press.

Cause For Care.

"No," said the confident youth, "I
 shall not trudge along in the beaten
 track. I shall not devote my mind to
 humdrum duty."

"What are you going to do?" asked
 the schoolmaster.

"I am going to strike away from the
 beaten path. I'm going to leave foot-
 prints on the sands of time."

"Well, you want to be careful."

"I have energy and ability."

"Yes, but you want to be careful too.
 Trying to leave footprints on the sands
 of time has been the cause of a lot of
 people getting stuck in the mud."

On the Road to Bankruptcy.

Griggs—Your friend appears to be
 prospering finely. His new residence is
 simply palatial, and the horseflesh he
 rides behind must have cost him a
 mint of money.

Briggs—Yes, Stentor is doing splen-
 didly. But I'm sorry to say he has just
 taken out a patent for a very ingenious
 invention.

Griggs—Is that so? By George, when
 the bankruptcy sale comes off I'm go-
 ing to be on hand to make a bid on one
 of them horses.—Boston Transcript.

Very Sharp.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if the earth
 were empty on the inside, what could
 we compare it to?

Johnny—A razor, ma'am.

Teacher—A razor?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am; because it
 would be hollow ground.—Brooklyn
 Life.

An Ohio man who admits he is su-
 perstitious attributes it to the fact that
 he was once caught in a rainstorm
 while arrayed in a \$13 suit of clothes.—
 Chicago News.

Is there anything more depressing
 than to walk into your room at 4 in the
 afternoon and discover that the bed
 has not yet been made?—Philadelphia
 Times.

The joys of the rich are ever suc-
 cessful.
 Disproportioned friendships ever end
 in disgust.

It's like Eating at Home

To take a Meal at Somerville's Res-
 taurant. Menu and Service the best.
 Appetizing Oysters and Luncheon.

Wm. Somerville

PHONE 24. Next Standard Bank.

TRICKED BY A JOKER

THE STORY OF THE HOAX OF THE
 RUNIC FIGURED STONE.

How a Clever but Flippant Swede
 With a Chisel and a Knowledge of
 Runic Characters Started a Story
 That Has Traveled the World.

This is the story of a bold hoax which
 caused much anguish to one learned man,
 who was falsely represented as failing a
 victim to the joker, and which aroused to
 a high pitch of expectation the hopes of
 historians in this and other countries
 only to cruelly dash them to the ground.

The hoax began with the placing, in the
 neighborhood of Kensington, Douglas
 county, Minn., of a stone on which were
 chiseled certain mysterious characters,
 that no one in that vicinity could de-
 cipher.

Who cut the mysterious characters in
 the stone and placed it where it could be
 found has not been discovered and prob-
 ably never will be, for the practical joker
 stirred up such a hornets' nest that if he
 is as clever as his post indicates he will
 continue to enjoy the situation in silence.

Practical jokers have been lynched be-
 fore now. The man who found the stone
 has also dropped out of sight for the
 good of his health. The story therefore
 begins with the reception by Professor
 O. J. Breda, University of Minnesota, of
 a copy of the hieroglyphics that were
 carved on the stone. The "discovery"
 was laid before the learned professor
 with the eager request that the Ken-
 sington people had in their possession the
 first "Rune stone" ever discovered in
 America. To be in a position to make
 such a report would have made both his
 own name and that of the town near
 which the stone was found famous
 throughout the world, for the characters,
 if genuine, could not have been cut less
 than many centuries ago, and the fact of
 men possessed of a knowledge of Runic
 writing having been in Minnesota at this
 period might have changed the record of
 early American history.

Translated by Professor Breda, the in-
 scription ran, with certain undecipher-
 able words omitted:

"Swedes and—Norsemen on a jour-
 ney of discovery from Vinland west—
 we camped— one day's journey north
 from this stone. We fished one day. After
 we came home we found— man red
 with blood and dead. A. V. M. save
 from— have— men at the ocean to
 look after our ships— day's journey
 from this island. Year—"

All very pretty and deeply interesting.
 The only damper thrown on the discov-
 ery was Professor Breda's emphatic de-
 claration that the whole thing was a
 hoax, perpetrated by some Swede with
 a knowledge of Runic characters.

The people of Kensington pouted over
 the learned professor's decision. They
 wanted the rune stone to make them all
 famous. They had glorious visions of min-
 utes with the residents of rival towns
 and grandiloquently announcing to these
 envious neighbors that they lived in the
 city where the famous Runic stone was
 used as a talisman to bring them all ob-
 found. If Professor Breda was so ob-
 noxious, they would go to another
 learned professor and insist upon his see-
 ing it in the light that pleased them
 most. So the Kensington delegation
 turned their backs on Professor Breda
 and communicated with Professor G. O.
 Curme of the Northwestern university,
 Evanston, Ills. Professor Curme was in-
 clined to think that the find was a gen-
 uine rune stone, and he even deciphered
 the date of the inscription as 1362, mak-
 ing it out to be a very venerable relic.

By this time the learned men of the old
 world got wind of the discovery, and the
 cable brought eager requests for details.
 Nothing loath, the Kensington people
 dashed back the fullest particulars at the
 current rates for submarine lightning
 messages. Then must the joker have
 chortled with glee, for the archaeologists
 of the old world swallowed the stone
 with avidity and eagerly waited for
 news, hoping that the investigations that
 Kensington citizens were then making in
 the mud of the neighboring marshes
 would bring forth further discoveries.