Free Gifts of Toilet Soaps

Use SUNLIGHT SOAP and SAVE THE COUPONS.

The Coupons are the same as cash because they can be exchanged for Toilet Soaps for which you have to pay out money every week.

Users of SUNLIGHT and CHEERFUL SOAPS can get their TOILET SOAPS for nothing.

Ask your grocer for particulars or write us for Premium List.

A gift is of little value if it consists of something you have no use for.

In exchange for Sunlight Soap Coupons you can get something you need and use every day.

2000

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.

Best Crown Fruit Jars, Lowest prices. **WOODS' FAIR** Our Fruit Jars are the best. Call and see them.

Jelly Tumblers. Jelly Tumblers.

We now have a large stock of Jelly Tumblers on hand, 1-3 and ½ pints, with capped top, fluted or plain, and on Tuesday, as a special, we will sell a few barrels, at 2½c each or 4 dozen for **$1 00**

All sizes of Granite Preserve Kettles, on hand now. Ask to see our 75c size.

Granite Tea Kettles, No. 9 for 65c.

We have left about 3 dozen No. 9 Granite Tea Kettles, second quality, but in good condition. If you are needing a kettle this is a good opportunity to get one at a low price—**65c** for Tuesday.

$3 Toilet Sets on Tuesday, $2.50.

The biggest value in a 10-piece Toilet Set we ever had will be on sale Tuesday in our basement. These sets are all large fine shapes, and can be had in three colors, dark blue, green and light blue. They are a decided bargain, at, set **$2 50**

A few 8-piece sets among them, for, set **$2 00**

Call and see our new Semi-Porcelain 97-piece White and Gold Dinner and Tea Sets, at, per set **$10 50**

Lithographed Knife Boxes 5c Each.

Tuesday we will sell a nicely Lithographed Knife Box, with handle, and a very handy article; the regular price is 15c; special Tuesday, each **5c**

25c Lunch Baskets for 15c to clear. **WOODS' FAIR** 52 Clothes Pins, for 5c.

A Shining Mark

The woman stared at her.

"Going to Nice without luggage?" she said. "Why—why, I never heard of such a thing. You couldn't do it, could you? Oh, take my advice, and go back to your friends."

Kate sank back on the seat and drew her veil down with trembling hands.

"I—I cannot do that," she said; then she burst out, "Oh, please go and leave me! I—I am very grateful; but—"

The woman did not go, but stood looking down at her.

"Don't cry," she said, presently: "there's no use in that, miss. I can see you are in trouble; as I said, I've been in trouble myself, and I won't desert you. You can't stop here, you can see that for yourself. Will you come home with me? I'm respectable," she added, brusquely and with a heightened color. Kate might have hesitated and refused but for that last sentence.

She rose at once, and held out her hand.

"I will go with you," she said, simply. "If you have been in trouble you can feel for me. I am alone, quite—quite alone, and I do not know what to do—"

"Come along," said the woman, decisively. "When things are at their worst they take a turn, they say."

Kate made no reply to this piece of cheering philosophy, and the two women left the station.

The good Samaritan called a cab, and motioned to Kate to get in, and told the man to drive to one of the streets in the Edgeware road.

In a very few minutes they reached their destination, and the woman, opening the door of the house with a latch-key, led the way up a flight of stairs to a room on the first floor.

"Now," she said, "sit down and take your things off, and don't trouble to talk till you like. I can wait."

Kate looked round her in dazed and speechless astonishment.

The room was a large one, and rather shabbily furnished; but there its likeness to an ordinary room ceased, for, in addition to the furniture, were half a dozen stands like clay figures, upon which were arranged ancient and modern costumes. On one was the dress of an Italian peasant, on another a suit of armour which might have been worn by Joan of Arc, while a third supported a Grecian tunic; richly colored cloaks and scarves lay in a confused heap upon chairs, and on a small table were arranged half a dozen wigs, some with long, flaxen hair, and others with short, golden curls.

For awhile Kate forgot her misery in astonished curiosity. Meantime, the woman who had befriended her had put some food on the table and drew up a chair for Kate.

"Don't shake your head," she said. "The greatest trouble in this world isn't worth starving for," and Kate went and sat down; but her eyes still wandered to the strange objects in the room; and her companion, observing her, said, with a smile:

"You are looking at my properties, I see. Pretty, some of them, ain't they?"

Kate colored.

"I was looking at them," she admitted.

"And wondering what they meant?" said the woman.

"Yes," assented Kate, and it flashed upon her that the kind-hearted woman must be an actress.

"Well, it's only natural you should be curious," said her compaion; "they are costumes—artists' costumes. I'm an artists' model," she added, almost defiantly.

Kate looked as if she scarcely understood.

"I'm a model for artists to paint from," explained the woman, drily. "Perhaps you are sorry you came with me?"

"Sorry I came? Oh, why should I be?" faltered Kate.

"Well, I didn't know. Some people—the people that are so good that they think evil of everybody else — look down upon us, and consider an artists' model as not respectable. I didn't know whether you might be one."

"I'm afraid I'm not good, then," said Kate, with a sad smile.

The woman's face cleared again.

"Yes, I'm an artists' model," she went on; "and those things you see there are what I wear. It isn't usual for models to keep costumes, but it was an idea of my own. You see, a good many artists, young and struggling ones, are too poor to buy costumes, and the people who let them out charge a good deal for them; so I thought if I could get some together, and charge a little more for my sittings, it would pay. That's a Joan o' Arc armour. I have that for a young painter who is painting a picture of her; he'll be famous some day; but he lives on a crust a day, just at present. And that's a Roman costume — Lucretia, lying dead. And that's Marguerite, there—Marguerite, in 'Faust,' you know—I wear that yellow wig with it because Marguerite was fair, and I'm dark. I'm bothering you, I expect; but there, perhaps I've made you forget your own trouble for a minute or two. I've had trouble myself, and I know what the strain is."

Her face hardened, and her brows drew together, and a strange look came into her eyes, that made Kate shrink a little.

"You said you were alone in the world," said the woman, "and it was that that drew me towards you. I'm alone! I haven't a friend—not one!"

She stopped and looked moodily at the opposite wall, then suddenly turned her eyes on Kate.

"I'd better tell you my name," she said: "it's Jess Plavford! You know what I am, and that's all!"

"I know that you have been very good to me," she said in a low voice. "What—oh, what should I have done, what would have become of me if you had not found me, and taken pity on me? Only one who has been in trouble herself could have so kind a heart."

She paused, then went on:

"My name is Kate Meddon," she said, resolving at that instant that she would not bear the name of the man to whom she had been married in name only.

"Mrs. Meddon," said Jess, glancing at the wedding ring on Kate's finger.

Kate flushed hotly, and she hung her head.

"There—there," said Jess, "I've touched a sore place—"

"No, no," said Kate, "I will tell you. That—that is my maiden name; I did not give you my husband's name because I have left him."

She managed to keep her voice steady, but her lips quivered.

Jess leant her elbows on the table and watched her with a strange look.

"It's his fault, not yours," she said. "You needn't tell me. I can read faces, and I can read yours. It is the old story," she exclaimed, closing her strong, supple hands and letting them fall upon the table with suppressed rage and impatience. "The old story that's as old as the hills. Whether it's the man or the woman that does the wrong, it's the woman that suffers! Yes!" she thrust a few tangles of her dark hair from her forehead with a restless, impatient gesture, and her large, black eyes glittered vengefully. "It's always we who have to bear the brunt and the burden; and the world, that has only smiles for the men, has nothing but scorn and contempt for us, the women," and she laughed, a hard, mirthless laugh.

Kate looked at her in rapt attention as she sat there, with the hard, restless look in her eyes and lips, and laughed the bitter laugh. Some memory struggled for existence in Kate's dazed brain.

It seemed to her that she had seen her face before, and yet she could not recall time or place.

Jess, indeed, had changed much since Kate had caught a faint glimpse of her on the cliff; had grown thinner and more refined, and it was not likely that Kate would recognize her.

Jess sat looking straight before her as if lost in bitter reflection.

"Yes," she said. "But the task gets harder sometimes; most women grin and bear it, and let the man who has crushed them go on his way to work harm to some other woman—you are one of these, miss!" and she flashed her eyes upon Kate.

"Yes," said Kate, with a sigh, "I have to bear my trouble!"

"But, I'm different!" breathed Jess, through her closed teeth. "I can't sit still and bear mine. Perhaps it was a crueler one than yours—"

Kate sighed again. Could any fate, she thought, be harder to endure patiently than hers?

"Mine was one that cries for vengeance, and I will have it! I've waited, and I'm waiting still. But I don't get more patient. No, as the days go I get more hard and bitter, and the longing for vengeance grows and grows, and if I couldn't look forward to the time when I shall meet him, and if I thought it would never come I — I should go mad! There!" she broke off as Kate shrank back a little, "I've frightened you. Don't mind me! I—I don't often talk like this, for good reasons—" and she laughed—"I've no one to talk to. But what you told me set me thinking of my own wrongs. And you won't go back to him?" she asked, abruptly.

Kate shook her head.

"You're right," said Jess; "once a man has wronged a woman—wife or no wife—and she forgives him, she's in his power, and she might as well be in the claws of a tiger! Oh! I know. No, you're right! Don't ever go back. Starve rather;" and she stretched out her clenched hand defiantly. "But you sha'n't starve! Somehow it seems as if Fate had given you to my charge. They say there isn't such a thing as Fate; if there isn't, why didn't I pass you by today? It's not my way to interfere in people's business—"

"You wrong your kind heart," said Kate, slowly.

Jess laughed, and a faint flush rose to her dark face.

"Don't talk about my kind heart," she said; "I haven't any heart. It was burnt out of me years ago. No, it was Fate, that's what it was. Look here, you know what I am—I'm an artists' model, and you are a lady born and bred. Will you stay and live with me? Do you think we could get on together? It isn't any woman I could live with; but somehow I think—" she looked at Kate's face reectively.

Kate reddened.

"You forget," she faltered. "I—oh, I could not be a burden to you!"

"You wouldn't," said Jess, calmly. "I wasn't such a fool as to think that a lady like you would accept charity from anybody, least of all from one beneath her—"

"You wrong yourself and me," said Kate, gently.

—"But there's no need for it," continued Jess, taking no notice of the protest. "You can help me in my business. Oh, I don't mean as a model," she added, as Kate shrank timidly. "With your face you'd earn more money than all of us put together; but it wouldn't do, would it? I know that."

"If there was any other way," said Kate. "If there was something I could do without meeting anyone."

"I know," said Jess, with a nod. "Well; there is! You can help me with the costumes! I'm a good model, but a bad needlewoman! I wasn't once; I could sit and sew for hours, but now, if I sew, I think, and the thinking drives me into one of my mad fits, and I have to fling the things from me and go out and walk it off. You don't look one of that sort, Mrs. Meddon! If you'll help me with the costumes I can make twice as much money, and you needn't be afraid of charity."

Kate sat and reflected in painful silence.

"If I thought," she said, gently, "that I could really help you, that you were not saying this out of consideration for me, that—"

"No, I'm honest," said Jess, bluntly. "I've thought the matter out. You're a lady and well educated, and got taste, I daresay — which I haven't — and you'd know better than I do what the costumes should be. There's books that tell you; you would know where to find them, and read them up. Yes, you can rest easy. Will you stay?"

Kate slowly pulled the wedding ring off her finger, and, raising her pale face, said:

"Yes, I will stay, thankfully and gratefully."

Jess nodded, and her eyes flashed as they rested upon the white hand from which the ring had gone.

"Very well; that's a bargain, Miss Kate!" she said significantly.

[To be Continued.]

Just Common Sense and ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

will simplify many household difficulties, reduce your table expenses, and add several dishes to your daily menu without additional expense.

"Culinary Wrinkles" tells how to use Armour's Extract of Beef in the kitchen, at the chafing dish, and in the sick-room. Sent postpaid on receipt of name and address and a metal cap from a jar of Extract of Beef. Sold by druggists and grocers.

ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

Sept. 16-17.—At New York—La Touraine, from Havre; Philadelphia, from Southampton; Caledonia, from Glasgow.

At Havre—Sardinian, from Montreal.

At Father Point—Dominion, from Liverpool.

At Boston—Columbia, from London; Arabic, from Liverpool.

At Cherbourg—Blucher, from New York.

At Southampton—New York, from New York.

At Avonmouth — Englishman, from Montreal.

At Liverpool—Kensington, from Montreal; Lucania, from New York.

At Moville—Bavarian, from Montreal.

At Glasgow—Pretorian, from Montreal.

At Boulogne—Rotterdam, from New York.

At Naples—Sicilia, from New York.

At Marseilles—Algeria, from New York.

Boiling tar is to be poured upon certain roads, at Llandludno, with the object of forming a film which will obviate dust.

CHILD SAVED THEM FROM DEPORTATION

Sharp Eyes Discover Papa and Reunite Those That Ocean Had Separated.

New York, Sept. 18.—The exclamation of a child, "There's papa!" prevented the deportation of a disconsolate mother and children from Ellis Island. Mrs. Zane Zanetski and her three children came here on the Hamburg-American steamship Rotterdam on the vessel's last voyage from Rotterdam. The father was to accompany them, but missed the boat by a few minutes.

The next vessel he could take was the Pottsdam, which sailed a week later. When Mrs. Zanetski and the children landed at Ellis Island the immigration officials seemed to pay little attention to the story of the enforced separation, and decided that the Zanetskis must be deported by the steamship that brought them here. Yesterday she sailed.

The Pottsdam had arrived in the meantime, bringing Mr. Zanetski. With the other immigrants he was embarked on the barge W. E. Moore for Ellis Island. About the same time the barge Addie, which was to transfer the persons sentenced to deportation by the Rotterdam, warped in on the other side of the pier. The Addie's prospective passengers were walking up her gangplank as the gangplank of the Moore was run out a few feet away.

None of the rejected immigrants going up the gangplanks of the Addie was more forlorn than Mrs. Zanetski. None of those coming down the gangplank of the Moore was happier than Mr. Zanetski, for he did not know.

Suddenly there piped across the intervening space between the two gangplanks the shrill treble of a child's voice:

"Oh! mamma, there's papa!"

Zanetski heard it. He looked up and saw his family and a smile spread across his face as he cried:

"My wife! My children!"

The next moment they were all together and in a short time the order for the deportation of Mrs. Zanetski and her children had been rescinded.

WADED FLOOD TO WED

Bridegroom Stood on the Carriage Seat to Get to the House.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 18. — A flood in the Chenango Valley, which inundated the villages up to the doors, did not prevent the marriage of Miss Edith Moore Shattuck at Norwich. On the day fixed water surrounded the house to a depth of several feet. It was feared that the event would have to be postponed, as neither bridegroom nor guests seemed able to get to the house.

Just before the hour arrived a carriage splashed up to the gateway, and in it the prospective bridegroom, Hinman Wait, was standing on the seat.

Two members of the bride's household saw a bridge floating on the flood behind the house, and wading in water above their waists they captured the bridge and made a cross-over to the front stoop. Not many of the expected guests succeeded in getting through the flooded streets, but the wedding took place just the same.

SOME PERSONS have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed, no further trouble will be experienced.

An egg weighs about two ounces, of which 50 grains compose the shell. The chick from the egg will weigh from an ounce to an ounce and a half. When six months old the clear meat is one-third more than the bone. Yet cases are known where the weight of the chick has been nearly as great as that of the egg, less the shell, when the egg was put under the hen. A chick should gain three ounces a week after the sixth week if well fed.

A TRULY IDEAL WIFE

HER HUSBAND'S BEST HELPER

Vigorous Health Is the Great Source of the Power to Inspire and Encourage —All Women Should Seek It.

One of the most noted, successful and richest men of this century, in a recent article, had said, "Whatever I am and whatever success I have attained in this world I owe all to my wife. From the day I first knew her she has been an inspiration, and the greatest helpmate of my life."

Mrs. Bessie Ainsley

To be such a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, to inspire him to make the most of himself, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness, whites, irregularities or the blues, she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Ever since my child was born I have suffered, as I hope few women ever have, with inflammation, female weakness, bearing-down pains, backache and wretched headaches. It affected my stomach so I could not enjoy my meals, and half my time was spent in bed.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman, and I feel so grateful that I am glad to write and tell you of my marvelous recovery. It brought me health, new life and vitality."—Mrs. Bessie Ainsley, 611 South 10th Street, Tacoma, Wash.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Ainsley it will do for every sick and ailing woman.

If you have symptoms you don't understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Fine and warmer.

SEE OUR FUR DISPLAY

Cold weather is almost here (December is only a little over two months away), and though furs are not an immediate necessity, still, we believe our showing of these handsome lines of wearing apparel will be of interest to the ladies of London and vicinity. Our collection is a large and comprehensive one—second to none in the city. The skins are of the finest quality—bought direct from the best furriers. The workmanship is faultless—perfect in every detail. Luxury, beauty and comfort are combined in the latest New York styles. But the variety is too extensive to permit going into details. We desire you to come and see the display. Will you?

Such Stylish Hats

OUR READY-TO-WEARS have won the admiration and approval of all who have visited our MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS lately. Such stylish hats—and shapes as becoming as they are smart. Trimmings of velvets, silks, ribbons and wings, have been combined in many original and picturesque ways with the beautiful shades of the dull wood browns, olive greens, Alice blues, and smoke grays to make these hats the prettiest, nattiest hats imaginable. Prices range from $2 00 to **$5 00**

Novelty Silks Just In

We have just passed into stock within the last few days, a shipment of the latest creations in NOVELTY SILKS for afternoon and evening wear. These are superbly beautiful silks and are triumphs of the silk designers' skill. Some are shown in two-toned effects, embroidered with beautiful small rosebuds and other floral designs. Others are in plain colors, with embroidered floral patterns. A few of the colors are: Shell Pink, Pale Blue, Moss Green, Navy Blue, Tabac Brown. Two toned of Rose and Nile, Mauve and Nile. Exclusive dress lengths of each patterns. Price, yard **$1 75**

Something New! The Kindergarten Quilt

"Grown Up Folks" can recall to mind how, when they were "Little Folks," they used to beg their father or mother to read some more stories from "Mother Goose's" books. Such wonderful stories they are—"The House That Jack Built," "Little Bo-Peep," "Cock Robin" and so forth. But parents can't read Mother Goose Melodies all the time—other matters demand their attention. So a clever chap invented the Kindergarden Quilt—a picture book quilt having illustrations of the Mother Goose Melodies, also the alphabet and numerals woven in the cover—to take the place of the book and incidentally use as a crib cover.

These quilts come in pink, blue or white, have a fine finish, are 45x54 inches in size. Price each **$1.25**

Or 48x64, in same colors, at each **$1.50**

Other Marseilles Quilts for cradles and cribs, in white at $1.25 to **$3.00**

DO NOT FORGET—our special prices on Eiderdown Comforters, one in paneled style, 60x72, in a great variety of colors, regular value $4.50, is now **$3.75**

Another, a fine Satin Covered Comforter, size 60x72, three frame panel style, regular value $5.50, now **$4.50**

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street.

A HEAVY BLOW AT PATENT MEDICINES

Put on Basis of Liquor by Ruling of U. S. Revenue Department.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 18.—Manufacturers of patent medicines which contain distilled liquors have been put upon the same plane as rectifiers and liquor dealers. Druggists who handle these patent medicines are put in the saloonkeepers' category, and as such must take out the regular liquor dealers' license.

The commissioner of internal revenue has given a decision here which brought about this new status of the patent medicine maker and seller. By doing so he reversed the decision of his department made many years ago.

The new ruling will not become operative until Dec. 1. This is done to prevent an injustice.

The commissioner, in a letter of instruction to collectors of internal revenue, says that there are many compounds on the market going under the names of medicines that are composed chiefly of distilled spirits, without the addition of drugs or medicines in sufficient quantities to change materially the character of the whisky.

He authorizes collectors to impose the special tax upon manufacturers of every compound composed of distilled spirits, even though drugs are declared to have been added thereto, "when their presence is not discoverable by chemical analysis, or it is found that the quantity of drugs in the preparation is so small as to have no appreciable effect on the liquor."

"The same ruling," declares the commissioner, "applies to every alcoholic compound labeled as a remedy for diseases, and containing, in addition to distilled spirits, only substances or ingredients which, however large their quantity, are not of a character to impart any medicinal quality to the compound."

Collectors are instructed to send out notices to all druggists and merchants dealing in proprietary medicines, that after Dec. 1 they will be required to pay the special tax as liquor dealers.

While no statement is made by the commissioner as to the medicines that will be affected, it is believed that the decision reaches several prominent and highly advertised medicines. In all instances these medicines have been found to contain as high as 45 per cent of alcohol, and there are many on the market, it is said, that contain 25 per cent of alcohol.

These medicines are said to have immense sales in prohibition communities, figures collected in Massachusetts recently showing that one such advertised compound with a high percentage of whisky had been bought to the extent of 200,000 bottles in one year in prohibition communities in one New England state.

GIRL SEES SUICIDE

Was His Fiance—Deed Followed a Trivial Quarrel.

Milwaukee, Sept. 18. — In the presence of the girl he was to marry, and with whom he had quarreled, William J. Madden, 25 years old, ended his life by taking carbolic acid at his home, 579½ Seventh street. Just before swallowing the poison Madden handed his fiancee a note containing these words: "I love but one, that is all."

It is said that the lovers had quarreled over a trivial matter. Madden evidently believed that he was in the wrong and asked for forgiveness.

"You will forgive me," won't you sweetheart?" he pleaded.

The girl did not answer.

"If I thought you would not forgive me I would do something desperate," he passionately exclaimed.

Then before his fiancee realized what was to happen he pulled a small bottle out of his pocket and drank its contents. Almost instantly he fell to the floor, writhing in great agony.

The startled girl gave an alarm to Mr. Madden's parents and a doctor was quickly summoned, but life was extinct before the physician reached the house.

Mr. Madden was to have officiated as groomsman at the wedding of his sister, next Tuesday. His fiancee was prostrated at the tragic act of her lover, and became seriously ill. Madden was a machinist and was employed by the Northwestern Railroad Company.

WE HAVE no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

DIED OF REMORSE FOR A MURDER

Rich Man Spent Fifteen Years in Vain Regrets Over Homicide.

New York, Sept. 18. — After living for fifteen years a prey to remorse because he shot and killed his cousin, James Cleary, Patrick Cash, a rich man of the Williams bridge section of the Bronx, is dead. Since his burial in St. Raymond's Cemetery in Westchester it is believed that a bitter feud which has existed between the Cash and Cleary families, both prominent and wealthy, since 1890, also will die out.

Cash, although he inherited $250,000 from his father, served as a constable in Williamsbridge before it became part of Greater New York. There was bad blood between him and his first cousin, James Cleary, son of Patrick Cleary, a rich old man, who now lives at Two Hundred and Tenth street, and White Plains road. One afternoon in the spring of 1890 Cash met his cousin, and, after exchanging angry words with him, shot him dead. Patrick Cleary swore to avenge the killing of his son, but Cash avoided him, friends of Cleary having warned him that his uncle had determined to kill him on sight.

After the shooting Cash was arrested and tried, present Supreme Court Justice Keogh defending him and obtaining his acquittal. This trial, in White Plains was one of the sensations of the day, the cleverness of the defense by Keogh still being remembered through the district. The defendant swore that he did not shoot at Cleary, but at others who had threatened him, and that the killing was an accident. After his acquittal Cash drank heavily and his entire life seemed to be blighted. He refused, however, to leave the Williamsbridge district, although his presence there was a constant reminder of the death of young Cleary. When he died his sister refrained from publishing the fact for fear of the notoriety which would follow.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond St. 'Phone 997.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

No man is ever so busy that he can't find time to make an occasional mistake.

GIRLISH PRANKS OF DOWAGER QUEEN

Margherita of Italy Eludes Attendants Disguised as a Peasant Girl.

Rome, Sept. 18. — Queen Margherita, the widow of the murdered King Humbert, who since her husband's death has been in mourning, is now said to be regaining her spirits and resuming that cheerfulness for which in her reigning days she was noted.

She is at Gressoney, which has always been her favorite summer place, and is in the habit of taking long walks by herself. On these occasions she is invariably followed by two big carbineers, who, being nearly always the same, are more friends than servants to her. The other day she left her villa accompanied by the carbineers, and on her return walk when near the village stopped at a peasant's hut and entered, the guards remaining outside.

A half-hour passed, an hour, then two hours, and the queen did not reappear. Seriously alarmed, the two watchers entered the cottage, but the queen was not there. The queen had disappeared to—!

There was but one door, and beside that door the guards had remained. Making record time to the villa, they found themselves the joke of the household and were told that the queen mother had returned two hours before.

It seems she had entered the hut dressed in black, and came out in full peasant's costume, short red skirt, black corsets and white chemisette, and thus attired quietly passed the guards unrecognized.

HUGS WILDCAT TO BREAST

Hunter, Attacked by Animal, Carries It Nine Miles.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 17.—John Seigel, while hunting in the east slope of Pike's Peak, had a terrible experience with a full-grown wildcat, which leaped upon his breast in an effort to reach his throat.

Seigel dropped his gun and closed his arms on the scratching, snapping beast, and held it crushed and harmless for two hours while he followed a difficult trail to get help. After nine miles he met Edward Smith, a hunter, who killed the cat while Seigel held it.

Owing to the heavy coat which he wore and his viselike embrace, he escaped with small injury.

Think It a Job.

London, Sept. 18.—The Financial publishes a letter from British Columbia, stating that the Le Roi scheme is a job put up on shareholders to order transfer of control from London to C. P. R.

20,000 Workless Coming.

London, Sept. 17. — Oct. 8, 100 women and children with other emigrants, under Salvation Army auspices, sail for Canada.

General Booth, interviewed, stated he had plans for the emigration of 20,000 workless persons at no distant date. He had already arranged for 5,000 to Australia, 1,000 will probably go to New Zealand, whilst Canada and Argentine will share the remainder.

England has an anti-baby league. They propose that the Government shall take active steps to decrease the birth rate, and that a penalty be inflicted on those who "overburden society with more than their fair share of offspring."