

OVERSHOES

At Cut Prices

\$3.00 Men's Fine 3-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	\$2.50
2.25 Men's 2-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.75
2.00 Men's Fine 1-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.60
1.75 Men's Fine 1-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.35
1.50 Men's Storm Style Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.20
1.50 Boys' 1-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.15
1.25 Boys' 1-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	.95
2.50 Women's Fine Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	2.00
2.25 Women's Fine Button Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.85
2.00 Women's 2-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.60
1.75 Girls' 2-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.30
1.50 Child's 2-Buckle Overshoes,	Sale Price	1.15
1.10 Women's Storm Style Overshoes,	Sale Price	.90

Every pair fresh from the "MALTESE CROSS" Factory this season.

No "Job Lots" or "Bunched" Goods.

Waterbury & Rising

King Street Union Street

English Long Cloths, Soft Finish, Yard wide, 10c yard

Victoria Lawn, 40 in. wide, 10c yard up.

Unbleached Cottons, all grades 5c yard up.

Home Journal Patterns, WETMORE, Garden, Mending Tissues.

NAVY HANDICAPPED BY RED TAPE METHODS

Why French Armies Take Five Years in Which to Build a Battleship.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—On the confession of M. Picard, the Minister of Marine, while England builds a battleship in two years, it takes France five years to construct one.

One of the chief reasons for the delay in building ships in France is the dilatory manner in which the work is performed in French arsenals, says M. Germaine Bache, the son of a former deputy, is that the French navy is paralyzed by red tape and bureaucracy.

As an example of what passes in the government dockyards at Toulon, M. Bache states that before a rivet can be driven into a sheet of iron a written request for authorization must be transmitted to Paris, passing through the hands of 22 intermediaries, until it reaches the head of the admiralty.

The reply goes through the same process so that before a workman at Toulon can fix a rivet on the head, 24 persons must give their consent.

Although 4000 workmen are on the books at Toulon arsenals, M. Bache says it gives him the impression of a dead city. The artisans there ask for nothing better than to be actively employed, but the central administration in Paris, without whose consent nothing can be done, has carried the science of inactivity to such an extent that weeks and sometimes months elapse before a rivet can be obtained from the heads of departments at the Rue Royale.

An American engineer, who was authorized to carry out experiments with an artillery device on a French warship, was obliged to wait six months before he was allowed to make use of his invention. At the Italian arsenal at Spezia similar experiments were concluded in a fortnight. The same engineer found it necessary to have three holes pierced in a sheet of metal, and had to telegraph to Paris to obtain permission.

MOUNTAIN SPLITS IN TWO.

One Portion Threatens Swiss Villages With Destruction.

GENEVA, Jan. 20.—A mountain overlooking the village of Ried and Zuchwil, in the Canton of Grisons, has split in two, and one portion, 150 to 200 feet broad, and 200 feet long, is slowly moving toward the doomed villages.

The mountain was set in movement recently by blasting operations during the construction of an embankment at the side of the river Nolla, which flows into the Rhine.

The large farm of Mauseg, which is immediately under the mountain, has been evacuated by order of the authorities. Day and night men keep watch in order to warn the villagers.

They say that Cholly has lost his mind.

"Is that so? Does he know it?"

MILLIONAIRE KILLED BY HIS STUDENT

Three of Murderer's Sisters Also Victims to His Terrible Lust of Blood.

BERLIN, Jan. 20.—Mayence was the scene of an extraordinary crime when a university undergraduate named Joseph Racke, 20 years old, murdered his father, a millionaire wine merchant, and his three sisters, aged respectively, 25, 20 and 15.

Racke, who was home for the holidays from Bonn, was found sleeping after a party given by his father, and when the police arrived at the house in the morning, they found his father's body lying on the floor, and his three sisters lying in their beds, all dead.

The family, consisting of his widowed father and his twelve children, retired for the night. All were in a particularly happy mood, because during the evening the eldest daughter had announced her betrothal to a local doctor who was much liked.

About 2 o'clock in the morning young Racke rose and procured a small hunting rifle, and then went to his father's room, where he fired three shots, killing him as he slept. He then went to his three sisters' rooms, and fired three shots, killing them as they slept.

The family, consisting of his widowed father and his twelve children, retired for the night. All were in a particularly happy mood, because during the evening the eldest daughter had announced her betrothal to a local doctor who was much liked.

About 2 o'clock in the morning young Racke rose and procured a small hunting rifle, and then went to his father's room, where he fired three shots, killing him as he slept. He then went to his three sisters' rooms, and fired three shots, killing them as they slept.

VICAR WAS AMUSED AT GHOSTLY TALE

ALBRIGHTON, Jan. 20.—Dr. Astley, the vicar of Rudham, who is still in the British Cottage Hospital, at Mustapha, is greatly amused at the unexpected notoriety which the vision of his fellow-clergy and housekeeper have given to him.

At the time of the vision Dr. Astley was in bed, and was discussing with the chaplain, Mr. Muriel, the anything but ghostly question, whether there would be any chance of his recovering the luggage which he had lost in the railway accident.

He hopes to be well enough to proceed to Biarritz, to take up his duties as chaplain, in about three weeks.

A POOLZIE.

Evelyn—I just met Clarence. He is a very nice fellow.

George—How's that?

Evelyn—He makes love when he is in the mood, and he is a very nice fellow when he is in the mood.

George—How's that?

Evelyn—He makes love when he is in the mood, and he is a very nice fellow when he is in the mood.

George—How's that?

Evelyn—He makes love when he is in the mood, and he is a very nice fellow when he is in the mood.

THEFTS IN PUBLIC MUSEUMS.

(By F. Canliffe-Owen.)

Of all the robberies in the calendar of crime, there is none so enshrined with a greater degree of mystery, or that affords more material for speculation, than those perpetrated at the expense of the great museums, national galleries, and celebrated collections of more or less public character. This mystery is largely due to the secrecy in which the custodians of the victimized institutions invariably envelop the circumstances of the theft, even to the point of denying that it has been committed. The things stolen are often of such extraordinary character that they leave people guessing as to what possible object the thieves have had in purloining just that particular article, instead of carrying off others of greater value, more easily to conceal and transport, and above all more readily convertible into cash.

I am perfectly aware that most museum directors, if interviewed about the matter, would strenuously deny that the institutions entrusted to their care had ever been robbed, and that my friend, Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, now head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, who is so renowned for his truthfulness, would at the best preserve an enigmatical silence with a painful look on his good-natured features, if the subject should be broached to him. It is one he does not like to discuss.

And yet anyone acquainted with the internal economy of the management of museums (my father the late Sir Philip Canliffe-Owen, K. C. B., was one of the founders of the South Kensington Museum, and during a quarter of a century its director) is well aware that thefts of the most ingenious and cunning nature are constantly taking place, extending all the way from ancient mosaics and costly paintings and embroideries, to heavy pieces of jewelry.

There are several reasons that prompt the directors of these public institutions to refrain from speaking or writing about the matter. In the first place, the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions, and the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions, and the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions.

Why they keep it quiet.

There are several reasons that prompt the directors of these public institutions to refrain from speaking or writing about the matter. In the first place, the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions, and the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE LOOT?

What becomes of them? Sometimes they turn up years afterwards in other European or American museums, having somehow passed through many hands. This is, however, quite rare. Sometimes they are lost to view in private collections, and are only discovered by chance. Sometimes they are sold to the highest bidder, and are then sold to the highest bidder, and are then sold to the highest bidder.

MONDAY THE THIEVES' DAY.

For some strange reason most museum robberies appear to be perpetrated on Mondays. There are several explanations of this peculiarity that suggest themselves to the mind. In the first place, Monday, though regarded by the public as a day of rest, is a day of activity for the thieves. They are not so busy with their families and friends as on other days, and they are not so busy with their families and friends as on other days.

ROBBING THE SOUTH KENSINGTON.

One occurred in the very early days of the institution, and the thefts of some valuable enameled and jeweled snuffboxes were traced by the police to a couple of men of the detachment of Royal Engineers assigned to duty at the museum at the time. It was through the agency of Sir Philip Canliffe-Owen that they were brought to justice by the police and convicted.

The other case occurred after Sir Philip's death, in the early '90s. Some exceedingly costly specimens of gold work, forming part of the Juliana collection, were stolen in a marvellous manner from one of the principal courts of the museum. The articles in question were placed in a glass showcase, and were deemed of such value that the police officer on duty in that particular room was specially warned to keep them under observation all the time. A number of art students were constant visitors at the museum for the purpose of copying designs, and among them was an extremely well-dressed and well-bred young man, who spent one entire afternoon at this particular case, copying the design of some bracelet the cup of the Juliana collection. He was leaning over the case, and got into friendly conversation with the policeman, who had frequently noticed him about the museum before and had been favorably impressed by his appearance. On that particular afternoon ten minutes after he left, the policeman happened to look at the Juliana showcase, and found that it was well-nigh empty. He at once gave warning, but the thief had disappeared, and then investigation showed that, while standing over the case, the young man had inserted some sort of tool into the lock, which he had absolutely destroyed.

About two months afterwards a robbery of almost similar character took place at the London Municipal Museum in the Guildhall. In that instance the thief was caught. On being searched it was found that he had a contrivance of his own invention which when inserted into a lock enabled him to turn the mechanism, while at the same time in his sleeve there was an ingenious arrangement made of the very fact that such robberies should be possible appears to them and to the people at large as a reflection upon the character of the institutions.

Another English connoisseur, well known and universally respected, one day was visiting an exhibition, the object of which was a certain fragile crucifix, which, it was known, had only one duplicate in the world; but nobody was aware who possessed the other. While examining it, it suddenly slipped through his fingers and crashed to atoms on the floor. When this connoisseur died some years afterwards, his collection came into the market, and it was found that the counterpart of the crucifix he had thus broken figuratively was in the hands of a man who recalled the incident became convinced that he had purposely smashed it in order that his rival might be enabled to acquire it. It is now in the British Museum.

Then, too, what motive could any ordinary thief have had in carrying off from the Salte des Caryatides of the Louvre at Paris the two most magnificent statues of the Egyptian goddess Isis. Nile was not of transcendent value. There were plenty of other statues within reach of any thief, and the statue of Isis was not of transcendent value. The only explanation of this strange robbery that suggests itself on mature thought, is that it must have been committed by some mentally unbalanced connoisseur devoted to Egyptology, who required just this particular piece to complete his collection; and, indeed, it is true, as rumor tells, that the ancient cult of Isis has been revived after lapse of several thousand years, and that the devotees of the cult are now being recruited by the thousands.

THE LOUVRE HAS BEEN PARTICULARLY unfortunate in the matter of robberies. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the thefts to which it has been subjected have brought some means or other of a greater value than those of any other museum. Owing to the immense value of these collections, which comprise the former crown jewels of France, the most extraordinary and ingenious means of protection have been adopted. The museum is surrounded by a wall of iron, and the entrance is guarded by a large number of men. The museum is surrounded by a wall of iron, and the entrance is guarded by a large number of men.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

to save dollars on Furs and Winter Caps is now, while Magee's Great Sale is on. Why not keep from \$5 to \$25 in your pocket when you can save that amount by purchasing furs now. We've got some unusual snaps in Furs, as we have taken from \$5 to \$25 off the price of several articles.

\$36.50 for Ladies' \$45.00 Fur-Lined Coat
63.50 " 75.00 " "
69.00 " 85.00 " "
Other lines in these up to \$105.00
\$18.00 for regular \$30.00 Electric Seal Jacket
19.50 32.50 Coney Jacket
All other Jackets at great reductions.
MUFFS—\$2.50 up \$4.50. 6.50, 7.50, 8.25 and up
FUR BOAS—\$2.25, 3.90, 4.50, 6.50 and up
Remember—ALL FURS are at LOW PRICES NOW.

D. MAGEE'S SONS, Manufacturing Furriers 63 King Street

last two hundred years, no one can say.

Then, too, there are the connoisseurs who have become to such an extent wrapped up in their collections, and so passionately devoted to the fascinating task of adding thereto, as to have lost all moral sense. There are plenty of such people; men possessed of wealth, rank and learning of the loftiest sense of honor and integrity in every other respect, but absolutely unbalanced when their collections are concerned and ready to resort even to crime to supply some piece that is wanting to complete their beauty.

COMPLETED THEIR COLLECTIONS.

Thus, some years ago a very valuable miniature was uncovered from its place on the walls of the National Gallery in London and carried off. There were other miniatures of a different period and greater intrinsic value beside it, which, one would have imagined, would have appealed more strongly to the collector, but he was not content with an ordinary criminal, but was left untouched. The only inference is that the thief was a connoisseur, and that he was not content with an ordinary criminal, but was left untouched.

Another English connoisseur, well known and universally respected, one day was visiting an exhibition, the object of which was a certain fragile crucifix, which, it was known, had only one duplicate in the world; but nobody was aware who possessed the other. While examining it, it suddenly slipped through his fingers and crashed to atoms on the floor. When this connoisseur died some years afterwards, his collection came into the market, and it was found that the counterpart of the crucifix he had thus broken figuratively was in the hands of a man who recalled the incident became convinced that he had purposely smashed it in order that his rival might be enabled to acquire it. It is now in the British Museum.

Then, too, what motive could any ordinary thief have had in carrying off from the Salte des Caryatides of the Louvre at Paris the two most magnificent statues of the Egyptian goddess Isis. Nile was not of transcendent value. There were plenty of other statues within reach of any thief, and the statue of Isis was not of transcendent value. The only explanation of this strange robbery that suggests itself on mature thought, is that it must have been committed by some mentally unbalanced connoisseur devoted to Egyptology, who required just this particular piece to complete his collection; and, indeed, it is true, as rumor tells, that the ancient cult of Isis has been revived after lapse of several thousand years, and that the devotees of the cult are now being recruited by the thousands.

THE LOUVRE HAS BEEN PARTICULARLY unfortunate in the matter of robberies. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the thefts to which it has been subjected have brought some means or other of a greater value than those of any other museum. Owing to the immense value of these collections, which comprise the former crown jewels of France, the most extraordinary and ingenious means of protection have been adopted. The museum is surrounded by a wall of iron, and the entrance is guarded by a large number of men. The museum is surrounded by a wall of iron, and the entrance is guarded by a large number of men.

FIFTY-THREE DEAD AS RESULT OF EXPLOSION

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Blown to pieces by exploding powder, burned to death by the resultant fire or drowned in the icy waters of Lake Michigan, was the fate today of some fifty-three men who were working on a submarine tunnel at a wooden crib, a mile and a half from shore. The crib was used in the construction of a new submarine water tunnel connecting with the south side shore of the city at 73rd street. It is known that ninety-five workmen were employed in the crib and the connecting tunnel at the time of the explosion, which started the fire and blew or drove the men into the water. The work of the destroying elements was begun so unexpectedly and repeated its harvest of dead and injured with such swiftness that the contracting firm of Geo. W. Jackson and the rescuers have been unable to arrive at anything like an accurate list of those who perished, or of others who escaped the fury of the flames or the icy waters of the lake.

Cut Off from Succor

The dull darkness, muffled as it was by the crumbling of the floating ice against the crib, and the atmosphere laden with heavy fog, simply aroused the attention of the men according to survivors, and it was not until the heat of the flames and stifling smoke penetrated the so-called "living room" of the crib and the tunnel beneath the waters of the lake that the full import of the disaster dawned upon the workmen, cut off from quick succor.

Hospital Filled

All South Side hospitals were filled with injured men tonight. City freet's ambulance corps, the construction company made frequent trips far into the night to the scene of the disaster, and the city fire department, owing to the difficulty experienced by small craft in reaching the crib during the winter, most of the workmen employed on the work, particularly those who had no families, slept in temporary bunks at the crib. It was just as these men had been awakened for the day's work that the explosion and subsequent fire caused the panic which resulted in the great loss of life.

As nearly as the investigators have been able to ascertain, the explosion had its origin in a powder-house of small dimensions, situated about 100 yards from the crib structure, but at the time being a part of the general structure built on foundations resting on the bottom of the lake at this point. In this out-house the George W. Jackson Company stored from time to time just enough powder and dynamite for urgent use in the work of constructing the water tunnel and in some manner put not yet known the explosives were made into action.

HIS SUPPER COST \$1600.

Englishman, Dining With Strangers, Is Robbed of That Sum.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—An unfortunate experience has befallen a London visitor to Paris, who has been robbed of \$1600.

While in a restaurant in the Place Pigalle, some people, one an Italian, entered into conversation with him, and he became acquainted with them. Owing to the difficulty experienced by small craft in reaching the crib during the winter, most of the workmen employed on the work, particularly those who had no families, slept in temporary bunks at the crib. It was just as these men had been awakened for the day's work that the explosion and subsequent fire caused the panic which resulted in the great loss of life.

BRIEF DESPATCHES.

MONTELEONE, Jan. 20.—The observatory here since December 8 has registered 227 earth shocks of the first degree, 29 of the second degree, 18 of the third, 19 of the fourth, 4 of the fifth and 2 of the sixth.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 20.—Major-General Alexieff, retired, was placed on trial in this city today on the charge of speculation and having received bribes while in the service. He was indicted by order of Minister of Marine Dikoff.

POSTON, Mass., Jan. 20.—Rev. Amos B. Kendig, D. D., for many years a prominent Methodist minister, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Silas Peck, in Brookline, aged 79. He occupied pulpits in Iowa, Boston, Lynn and Worcester, and supplied at Attleboro and Brockton.

take impressions of locks, and even to steal copies, without much difficulty. Naturally, against larcenies thus perpetrated by the fox terrier sentinels of the public, the police are likely to be desolved by thieves in the guise of gentlemen or women of fashion, is it surprising that your assistant keepers and deputy curators and clerks on the staff should occasionally let their hearts get the better of their heads, and accord the freedom of the collections to miscellaneous friends, who may be wolves in sheep's clothing.

BOMBS IN THE BALKANS.

Serbian Preparing for Guerrilla Campaign Across Bosnia's Frontiers.

Each man will carry two rifles and five bombs, the spare rifle being taken to aid a native insurrection. The type of bomb is quite new. It is about the size of an egg and explodes by percussion.

Tests made here yesterday show that the bombs could be thrown accurately more than thirty-five yards. One bomb made 246 bullet holes in a wooden target. A hundred thousand of these bombs will be ready immediately.

MESSINA, Jan. 20.—Earth shock still continues here. Some of the character, are usually accompanied by an underground rumbling, which causes considerable alarm. Fires have broken out among the debris in different quarters, which fact does not tend to lessen the alarm. The refugees are suffering greatly because of much rain and snow.

"WOMEN!"

"Are You Nervous?"

The results of modern civilization are evidenced in an increase of nervous disorders. It could not be otherwise with the way we eat, drink, lose sleep, and keep up a continual round of excitement. The work, the worry, the excitement, all tell upon the nerves till they are on the verge of a breakdown, and will not be pleased till a remedy such as

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

come along with their nerve-strengthening and energizing properties, and restore them to their normal condition.

Mrs. Wm. Levi, Markdale, Ont., writes: "I had for several years been troubled with nervousness, and, like many others, spent lots of money on medicine that did me no good. I was so bad that the least noise would make me jump and my heart would thump so you could hear it plainly and I could not lie on my left side at night. I saw a few testimonials of the efficacy of the pills to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and to my great joy and surprise they completely cured me and it only took six boxes to do it. I have a neighbor, Mrs. Ricketts, and I intended her to try them and they effected a cure. I can endorse their use for anyone afflicted as I was."

Price, 50 cents a box, 3 boxes for \$1.50, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.