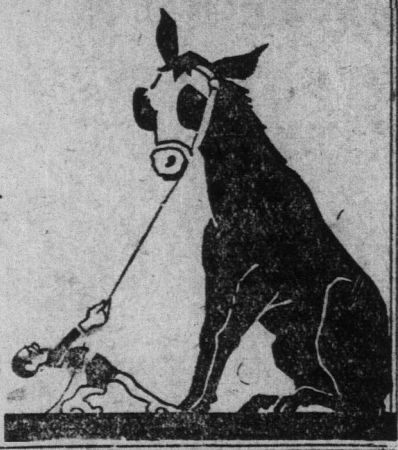


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of the MULE is proverbial. Though not proverbial it is a well-known fact that millions of housewives who have tried SUNLIGHT SOAP stubbornly refuse to use any other. These housewives,

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The World's Biggest Land Deal

Twenty-Six London Streets Sold in Half an Hour.

The stupendous land sale about which everyone is talking, and which has resulted in the transference of nineteen of London's richest acres from the Duke of Bedford to Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, M.P., for the Harrow Division of Middlesex, has a special interest for T.H. Bits. The property, which is known as the Covent Garden Estate, is situated in no fewer than twenty-six streets, among them being Southampton Street, Floral Street, and Exeter Street, in which the offices and buildings of George Newnes, Ltd., are situated.

No neighborhood is richer in historical associations, while the land and property is of such fabulous value that the price paid by Mr. Mallaby-Deeley for the estate must have exceeded by an enormous sum that given for any other single property. The price realized by the sale is just under £3,000,000, which works out at the rate of £155,000 per acre. One of the most interesting facts regarding the gigantic sale was that the negotiations lasted only a few weeks, the bargain being concluded by Mr. Mallaby-Deeley after a thirty-minute interview with the Duke of Bedford.

"A few calculations made by me on the corner of my blotting-pad formed the basis of my second-hand offer," says Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, who is a man of amazingly quick decision and judgment, "and I am told that piece of blotting paper is now a treasured document kept by my agent."

Income and Tolls.

The annual rental of Covent Garden Market alone is £20,000, while upon the property stand four theatres the ground rents of which amount to £24,000 a year. Another huge source of income are the market tolls of Covent Garden, which are said to bring in £25,000 a year. Under the famous Charter of 1671 which Charles II. granted, and which not only made Covent Garden the principal vegetable market for London, but also gave the Bedfords the market monopoly and manorial rights which have been criticized so freely, the Duke of Bedford has the right to levy tolls on the vegetables, flowers, and fruit exposed for sale or stored in the market, as well as on the hundreds of

carts which bring in the produce.

On a Yellow Board.

On a board, yellow with age, beneath one of the low and narrow archways in the market, the curious may see the full scale of the tolls and charges. Strawberries and raspberries, 2d. per round, or head-load; nuts, 1d. per sack; apples, 1d. a box or bushel; tomatoes, 1/2d. a box of 12 lb.; potatoes, peas, or beans, 1d. a sack; grapes, 1d. a basket of from 3 lb. to 12 lb.; oranges, 4d. a chest or 2d. a box; every wagon containing fruits, flowers, vegetables, roots or herbs, is, and is, 6d. if containing "wholly or principally carrots." These are among the tolls levied in the market and which have more than doubled the rent of stalls in the Garden. All who rent shops in the market are weekly tenants. In the centre avenue, or Grand Row, the rents vary from about £200 to £300 a year. It was "Punch," by the way which described Covent Garden as "Mud Salad Market," because of its crowded and unsanitary state, due to the vegetable debris that the Duke declined to remove.

The story has often been told of how the Russells came into possession of the Covent Garden estate three and a half centuries ago. How, in 1506 the Archduke Philip of Austria, was driven by a violent hurricane to take shelter in Weymouth; and how, at the house of a Weymouth gentleman where he was hospitably entertained he took such a fancy to jolly Squire Russell that he carried him off to Windsor. There the Squire became so popular with Royalty that when various fat abbots and flourishing acres were bestowed upon kindly favorites he received a very fair share. Indeed, the Russell share led Burke to characterize the Dukes of Bedford as "the Leviathans of all the creatures of the Crown," adding: "The grant to the house of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but to stagger credibility."

A Romantic Spot.

That there is no more romantic spot in the Metropolis than the Covent Garden estate is proved by the many volumes which have been written

ten around its historical associations.

The whole of the property once belonged to the Church, and it is interesting to recall that Covent Garden is a corruption of "Convent Garden," and that it was not only used as a garden by the monks, but also a place for "burying their dead out of sight." Stone coffins and other relics of the dead have from time to time been turned up during excavations. At one time it was the footpad's home being infested by the Mohawks and common footpads who would not venture into the City proper, where the watch was more efficient. Ultimately Covent Garden developed into a resort for the fashionable and the gay and a home of the "blooms." The present market was built in 1830.

The story of the "Garden," however, forms but a small part of the absorbing history of the great estate which the Duke of Bedford has sold. Many books have been devoted to the stories of Drury Lane Theatre and the Royal Opera House, which, together with the Aldwych and Strand Theatres, are included in the sale. All these theatres are held on long leases from the Duke, who reserves for himself a private box with separate entrance at each theatre.

Britain's Home of Boxing.

The site of the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, was once occupied by a cottage in which John Kemble lived, and in which Fanny Kemble was born, while at 27, Southampton Street, David Garrick lived for twenty-two years. Maiden Lane the favorite resort of modern actors and actresses, and formerly the haunt of plotters in the cause of Stuart Bedford Street, Garrick Street, where the famous theatrical club is situated and Long Acre, which at one time was notorious for its gambling den frequented by the "bucks," are all rich in history and legend.

People are naturally asking who is the property king—the man who can afford to pay millions for these golden and historical acres of London. He was scarcely known until in January, 1910, he won for the Unionist the Harrow Division of Middlesex: Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, however, is a wonderful business man and financier, and has been conspicuous on several occasions as the central figure in huge estate deals. In 1908 he purchased the Piccadilly Hotel for £500,000, and the following year bought the site of St. George Hospital for £460,000, with a view, it is said, of erecting a £600,000 hotel. About the same time he paid a quarter of a million for eight blocks of flats at Buckingham Gate, which are reported to produce £30,000, while among other things he was one of the promoters of the Northern Junction Railway.

Mr. Mallaby-Deeley has another claim to distinction, for he is one of the best known and most popular golfers in England. He is a member of many clubs at home and abroad and founded the Prince's Club at Mitcham and the Prince's Club at Sandwich. "All golfers owe him a debt of gratitude," Mr. Balfour once said of the man who has staggered London with his gigantic property deals.

See if the Child's Tongue is Coated

Mother! Don't hesitate! If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! Coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 3.—William Leper Trench, travelling secretary and orator of a Socialist organization, was "spouting" his doctrines in a hotel lobby to-day when a postman handed him a letter from Europe that stated he had fallen heir to \$250,000 of the estate of his father, Frederick Nittrville Trench, a Dublin lawyer.

"I will spend that \$250,000 in spreading socialism," said Trench. Then he thrust the misgiver in his pocket and went on declaiming. He says his doctrines caused his exile from home at twenty-one, and since he has been a sailor and a lumberjack.



At a minute's notice a delicious strengthening cup of Oxo can be prepared—*if you keep Oxo Cubes.* Prime beef concentrated. The wonderful food-invention—saves time—saves trouble.

OXO Cubes

Copenhagen.

By GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Slwash."
Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark and general receiving station for north pole discovery reports, is not seriously infested with American tourists, owing to the fact that it is hard to impress any one in this country with awe by talking about Copenhagen.

There is also another reason, however. Copenhagen does not advertise itself skillfully. It is in the center of the greatest egg and butter country of Europe and fresh eggs can be secured all winter long at very low prices. If this fact were to be judiciously disclosed in America, the Danes would have to install a steamship line direct to this country to take care of the rush from New York.

Copenhagen is a city of half a million people, only a very few of whom are ill-mannered. It is nearing its 1,000 birthday and there is nothing monotonous in its history. It began business on a small island, gradually spreading to others until it covered an entire archipelago, and spent most of its spare cash for bridges. Whenever any northern power from 1100 to 800 ran out of other enemies it attacked Copenhagen. The city has been bombarded by Swedes, Saxons, Norwegians, Germans, Dutch and English, but has always been found going business at the same old stand afterward.

Copenhagen runs largely to bridges, art galleries and Thorvaldsen statues. Thorvaldsen was a citizen of Copenhagen and whenever a public building was built during his life he carved up a boat load of marble for its ornament. Hans Christian Andersen, who lived near Copenhagen, wrote a great many fairy tales about the city, but they were not as universally believed as the one which Dr. Cook told the University of Copenhagen a few years ago.

Copenhagen has a real king and plenty of palaces, but it is not all rummed up with pride about it. It is one of the few cities in the world where one can get up in a street car and give a seat to a princess or stop the king on the street corner and borrow a light from him. Copenhagen is very democratic and has no substitute for Fifth avenue.

Little Brain Waves.

Faint pulse never won expensive lady.

Very few of us hurt our toes kicking ourselves. When one is very happy, words are unnecessary explanations. Love is blind, but, of course, marriage will remove the cataract. A man never realizes how many friends he hasn't till he needs a few. No woman on her way to buy a new hat was ever known to commit suicide.

Let no man call himself great until he has corrected the proof-sheets of his own obituary notices.

A man no more believes he is weak than a woman believes she is plain. But each will think the other so.

Reform is a habit with Americans. They'll try to reform heaven if enough of them get there to form a club.

Some women take love as a man takes wine; they are radiantly happy for a time, and then must pay the bill.

The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage. If a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.

Why is it that people who complain about the going on of holiday makers at the sea, spend hours observing them?

The girl who wants to know whether her sweetheart is really in love should arrange to meet him at 5 a.m. and sit on his knee for two hours before breakfast. The man who wants to know whether his sweetheart is really pretty may try the same experiment.



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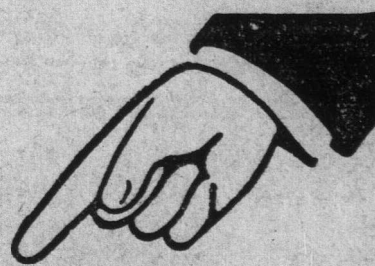
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