

# Where the Trail Forks

By JACK LONDON.

Must I, then, must I, this town leave?  
And you, my love, stay here?

The singer, clean-faced and cheery-eyed, bent over and added water to a pot of shimmering beans, and then, rising, a stick of firewood in hand, drove back the circling dogs from the grub-box and cooking gear. He was blue-eyed, and his long hair was golden, and it was a pleasure to look upon his rusty freshness. A new moon was thrusting a dim horn above the white line of close packed snow-capped pines which ringed the camp and segregated it from all the world. Overhead, as clear it was and cold, the stars danced with quick pulsating movements. To the southeast an evanescent greenish glow heralded the opening revels of the aurora borealis.

Two men, in the immediate foreground, lay upon the bearskin which was their bed. Between the skin and naked snow was a six-inch layer of pine boughs. The blankets were rolled back. For shelter, there was a fly at their backs—a sheet of canvas stretched between two trees and angling at forty-five degrees. This caught the radiating heat from the fire and flung it down upon the skin. Another man sat on a sled, drawn close to the blaze, mending moccasins. To the right a head of frozen gravel and a rude windlass denoted where they toiled each day in dismal groping for the pay-streak. To the left, four pairs of snowshoes stood erect, showing the mode of travel which obtained when the stamped snow of the camp was left behind.

That Schwanen folk song sounded strangely pathetic under the cold northern stars, and it did not do the men good who journeyed about the first after the toll of the day. It put a veil across their hearts and a yearning which was akin to belly-hunger, and sent their souls questioning southward across the divides to the sun lands.

"For the love of God, Sigmond, shut up!" expostulated one of the men. His hands were clenched painfully, but he hid them from sight in the folds of the bearskin upon which he lay.

"And what for, Dave Wertz?" Sigmond demanded. "Why shall I not sing when the heart is glad?"

"Because you've got no call to that, why. Look about you, man, and think of the grub we've been defiling our bodies with for the past twelve months and the way we've lived and worked like beasts!"

That abused, Sigmond, the golden-haired, surveyed it all, and the frost-creased "wolf-dogs" and the vapor-breathed of the men.

"And why shall not the heart be glad?" he laughed. "It is good, it is all good. As for the grub—well, I doubled up my arms and caressed the swelling biceps. 'And if we have lived and worked like wild beasts, we have not been paid like kings.' Twenty dollars to the pan the streak in nugging, and we know it to be eight feet thick. It is another Klondyke—and we know it. Jim Hawes there, by your elbow, knows it and complains not. And there's Hitchcock! He sews moccasins like an old woman. He waits around the time. Only you can't wait and work until the wash-up in the spring. Then we shall all be rich, rich as kings, only you cannot wait. You want to go back to the States. So do I, and I was born there, but I can wait, when each day the gold in pan shows up yellow as butter in the churning. But you want our good time, and like a child, you cry for it now. Bah! Why shall I not sing?"

In a year, in a year, when the grapes are ripe,  
I shall stay no more away.  
Then if you still are true, my love,  
It will be our wedding day.

In a year, in a year, when my time is past,  
Then I'll live in your love for aye,  
Then if you still are true, my love,  
It will be our wedding day.

The dogs, bristling and growling, drew in closer to the firelight. There was a monotonous crunch, crunch of webbed shoes, and between each crunch the dragging forward of the heel of the shoe like the sound of a snail's sugar. Sigmond broke off from his song, and an Indian girl slipped out of the web, threw back the hood of her squirrel skin parka, and stood in their midst. Sigmond and the men on the bearskin greeted her as "Sipsu," with the customary "Hello," but Hitchcock moaned and a question of facts. In this manner, this country for my health, and further, it's impossible for us to raise a hand. If it is so, it is too bad for the girl, that's all. It's a way of her people, and it just happens we're on the spot this one time. They've done the same for a thousand years, and they're going to do it now, and they'll go on doing it for all time to come. Besides, they're not our kind. No, the girl, No, I take my stand with Wertz and Hawes, and—

But the dogs snarled and drew in and he broke off, listening to the crunch-crunch of many snowshoes. Then an Indian stalked into the firelight, tall and grim, fur-clad and silent, their shadows dancing grotesquely on the snow. Once, the witch doctor, gutterally to Sipsu. His face was daubed with savage paint blotches, and over his shoulders was drawn a wolfskin, the gleaming teeth and cruel snarl surmounting his head. No other word spoke him. The prospectors held the peace. Sipsu arose and slipped into her snowshoes.

"Good-by, O my man," she said to the man who had sat beside her on the sled gave no sign, nor lifted his head as they fled away into the white forest.

They existed in many ways—death in the bad water, through the treacherous ice crust, by the grip of the grisly or the wasting sickness which fell upon man in his own lodge till he coughed, and the life of his lungs went out through his mouth and nostrils. Likewise did the powers receive sacrifice. It was all one. And the witch doctor was versed in the thoughts of the powers and chose unerringly. It was very natural. Death came by many ways, yet was it all one after all—manifestation of the all powerful and inscrutable.

But Hitchcock came of the later world breed. His traditions were less concrete and without reverence, and he said: "Not so, Sipsu. You are young, and yet in the full joy of life. The witch doctor is a fool, and his choice is evil. This thing shall not be." She smiled and answered: "Life is not kind, and for many reasons. First, it made of us twin the one white and the other red, which is bad. Then it gave us the trail, and the trail, and then again, and we can do nothing. Once before, when the gods were angry, did our brothers come to the camp. They were three big men, and white. They said the thing shall not be. But they died quickly, and the thing was."

Hitchcock nodded that he heard, and turned and lifted his voice. "Look here, you fellows! There's a lot of foolery going on over to the camp, and they're getting ready to murder Sipsu. What d'ye say?"

Wertz looked at Hawes, and Hawes looked back, but neither spoke. Sigmond dropped his head and petted the shepherd dog between his knees. He had brought Sipsu in with him from the outside and thought a great deal of the animal. In fact, a certain girl who was much in his thoughts and whose picture in the locket on his breast often inspired him to sing, had given him the dog and her blessing when they kissed good-bye and he started on his northward quest.

"What d'ye say?" Hitchcock repeated.

"Mebbe it's not so serious," Hawes answered with deliberation. "Most likely it's only a girl's story."

"That's just the point," Hitchcock felt a hot flush of anger sweep over him at their evident reluctance. "The question is, if it is so, are we going to stand it? What are we going to do?"

"That's what I say," chimed in Hawes. "Here we are, four of us, three hundred miles from the Yukon or a white face. And what can we do against half a hundred Indians? If we quarrel with them we have to vamoose. If we fight, we are wiped out. Further, we've struck pay, and by God, I for one am going to stick by it!"

"Hitchcock turned impatiently to Sigmond, who was softly singing:

In a year, in a year, when the grapes are ripe,  
I shall stay no more away.  
Then if you still are true, my love,  
It will be our wedding day.

"Well, it's this way, Hitchcock," he finally said. "I'm in the same boat with the rest. If three score bucks have made up their mind to kill the girl, why can't we? One out of three will be wiped off the landscape. And what good'd that be? They'd still have the girl. There's no use in going against the customs of a people except you're in force." Hitchcock broke in. "Four whites are a match for a hundred times as many reds. And think of the girl!"

Sigmond stroked the dog meditatively. "But I do think of the girl. And her eyes are blue like summer skies, and laughter like summer seas, and her hair is yellow, like mine, and braided ropes the size of a big man's arm. She's waiting for me out there in the better land. And she's waited long, and now my pile's in sight I'm not going to throw it away."

"And shamed I would be to look into the girl's blue eyes and remember the black ones of the girl whose blood was on my hands," Hitchcock sneered; for he was born to honor and championship, and to do the thing for the thing's sake, nor stop to weigh or measure.

Sigmond shook his head. "You cannot make me mad, Hitchcock, nor do mad things because of your madness. It's a cold business proposition, and a question of facts. In this manner, this country for my health, and further, it's impossible for us to raise a hand. If it is so, it is too bad for the girl, that's all. It's a way of her people, and it just happens we're on the spot this one time. They've done the same for a thousand years, and they're going to do it now, and they'll go on doing it for all time to come. Besides, they're not our kind. No, the girl, No, I take my stand with Wertz and Hawes, and—

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had, his philosophy of life would not have stood between. But it simply had not.

Sigmond He had pleasure in camp fire chats with her, not as a man who knew himself to be a man, but as a man, but as a man might with a child, and as a man of his make certainly would if for no other reason than to vary the tedium of a bleak existence. That was of many an event, and their cheerful thrills of warm blood in him, despite his Yankee ancestry and New England upbringing, and he was so made that the commercial aspect of life often seemed meaningless and bore contradiction to his deepest impulses.

So he sat silent, with head bowed forward, an organic force greater than himself, as great as his race, at work within him. Wertz and Hawes looked askance at him from time to time, a faint but perceptible trepidation in their manner. Sigmond also felt this. Hitchcock was strong, and his strength had been impressed upon them in the course of many an event, and their curious life. So they stood in a certain definite awe and curiosity as to what his conduct would be when he moved to action.

But his life was long and the fire high out when Wertz stretched his arms and yawned and thought he'd go to bed. Then Hitchcock stood up his full height.

"May God damn your souls to the deepest hell, you chicken-hearted cowards! I'm done with you!" He said it calmly enough, but his strength spoke in every syllable, and every intonation was advertisement of intention. "Come on," he continued, "whack him, and in whatever way suits you best. I own a quarter interest in the claims: Our contracts show that. There are twenty-five or thirty ounces in the sack from the test pans. Fetch out the scales. We'll divide that now. And you, Sigmond, measure me my quarter share of the grub and set it apart. Four of the dogs are mine and I want four more. I'll trade you my share in the camp outfit and mining gear for the dogs. And I'll throw in my six or seven ounces and the spare 45-90 with the ammunition. What d'ye say?"

The three men drew apart and conferred. When they returned Sigmond acted as spokesman. "We'll think it over," he said. "In every thing you'll get your quarter share, neither more or less, and you can take it or leave it. But we want the dogs as bad as you do. It's so, it is so, that's all. If you don't want to take your share of the outfit and gear, why, that's your lookout. If you want it, you can have it; if you don't, leave it."

"The baker of the law," Hitchcock sneered. "But go ahead. I'm willing. And hurry up. I can't get out of this camp and away from its vermin any too quick."

The division was effected without further comment. He lashed his meagre belongings upon one of the sleds, to the sled half a dozen dogs were harnessed up. His portion of outfit and gear he had set aside, and he threw onto the sled half a dozen dog harnesses, and challenged them with his eyes to interfere. But they shrugged their shoulders and watched him disappear in the forest.

A man crawled upon his belly through the snow. On every hand loomed the moose-hide lodges of the camp. Here and there a miserable dog howled or snarled abuse, upon his neighbor. Once one of the men approached the creeping man, but the man became motionless. The dog came closer till its nose touched the strange object which had not been there when darkness fell. One rush. Then the dog, Hitchcock, upreared suddenly, shooting an unmitigated hand out to the brute's shaggy throat. And the dog knew its death in that clutch, and when the man moved on was left broken-necked under the stars.

He lay in the snow without, listening to the voices of the occupants and striving to locate Sipsu. Evidently there were many in the tent, and from the sounds they were in high excitement.

At last he heard the girl's voice and crawled around so that only the moose-hide lodge divided her from him. In the snow, he slowly wormed his head and shoulders underneath. When the warm inner air smote his face, he stopped and waited, his legs and the greater part of his body still on the outside. He could see nothing, nor did he dare lift his head. On one side of him was a skin bale. He could smell it, though he carefully felt to be certain. On the other side his face barely touched a furry garment which he knew clothed a body. This must be Sipsu. Though he wished she would speak again, he resolved to risk it.

He could hear the chief and the chief's dividing high, and in a far corner some hungry child whimpering to sleep. Squirming on his side he carefully raised his head, still just touching the furry garment. He listened to the breathing. It was a woman's breathing; he won't chance it. He pressed against her side softly but firmly, and felt her heart start at the contact. Again he waited, till a questioning and slipped down upon his head and paused among the furs. The next instant the hand turned his face gently upward, and he was gazing in to Sipsu's eyes.

She was quite collected. Changing her position casually, she threw an elbow well over on the skin bale, rested her body upon it, and arranged her parka. In this way he was completely concealed. Then and still most casually she reached across him, so that he could breathe between her arm and breast, and when she lowered her head her ear pressed lightly against his lips.

"When the time suits, go thou," he whispered, "out of the lodge and across the snow, down the wind to the bunch of jack pines in the curve of the creek. There will thou find my dogs and my sled, packed for the trail. This night we go down to the Yukon; and, since we go fast, lay thy hands upon what dogs come nigh thee by the scuff of the neck and drag them to the sled in the curve of the creek."

Sipsu shook her head in dissent, but her eyes glinted with gladness, and she was proud that this man had shown toward her such favor. But she, like the women of all her race,

was born to obey the will masculine, and when Hitchcock repeated "Go!" he did it with authority, and though she made no answer he knew that his will was law.

"And never mind harness for the dogs," he added, preparing to go. "I shall wait. But waste no time. The day chaseth the night away, nor does it linger for man's pleasure."

Half an hour later, stamping his feet and swinging his arms by the sled, he saw her coming, a rusty dog in either hand. At the approach of these his own animals waxed truculent, and he favored them with the butt of his whip till they quailed. He had approached the camp up the wind, and sound was the thing to be most feared in making his presence known.

"Put them into the sleds," he ordered when he had got the harness on the two dogs. "I want my leaders to the fore."

But when she had done this the displaced animals pitched upon the sleds. Though Hitchcock plunged among them with clubbed rifle, a riot of sound went up and across the sleeping camp. But he shall have dogs, and in plenty," he remarked grimly, slipping an axe from the sled lashings. "Do thou harness whichever I fling thee and between while protect the team."

He stepped a pace in advance and walked between two pines. The dogs of the camp were disturbing the night with their jangle and he watched for their coming. A dark spot, growing rapidly, took form upon the dim white expanse of snow. It was a fore-runner of the pack, leaping cleanly, and after the wolf fashion, straight in the direction of its brothers. Hitchcock stood in the shadow. As it sprang past, he reached out, gripped its forelegs in mid-career, and sent it whirling earthward. He struck it a well-judged blow beneath the ear and flung it to Sipsu. And while she clapped on the harness he with his axe held the passage between the trees, till a shaggy flood of white teeth and glinting eyes surged and crested just beyond reach. Sipsu hurried rapidly. When she had finished he leaped forward, seized and stunned a second and flung it to her. This he repeated three times, and when the sled team stood snarling in a string of teeth he called "Enough!"

But at this instant a young buck, the forerunner of the tribe and king of limb, wading through the dogs and cutting right and left attempted the passage. The butt of Hitchcock's rifle tapped him to his knees, whence he toppled over sideways. The witch doctor, running lustily, saw the blow fall. Hitchcock called to Sipsu to pull out. At her shrill "Chook!" the mad-demon brutes shot straight ahead, and the sled, bounding mightily, just missed.

The witch doctor, the powers were evidently angry with the witch doctor, for at this moment they plunged him upon the trail. The lead dog fouled his snowshoes and tripped him under foot, and he was bumped over him. But he was quick to his feet, and the night might have turned out differently had not Sipsu struck backward with the long dog whip and smitten him a blinding blow across the eyes. Hitchcock, hurrying to overtake her, collided against him, and the blow fell, thus it was, when the primitive theologian got back to the chief's lodge, that his wisdom had been increased in so far as the efficacy of the white man's fist. So, when he ordered them and then in the council, he was wroth against all white men.

"Tumble out, you loafers! Tumble out! Grubbing, be ready before you get into your footgear!"

Dave Wertz threw off the bearskin, sat up and yawned. Hawes stretched, discovered a lame muscle in his arm and rubbed it sleepily, cough, hugging to the blow fall. "Wonder where Hitchcock bunked last night," he queried, reaching for his moccasins. They were stiff, and he walked gingerly in his socks to the fire to thaw them out. "It's a blessing he's gone," he added, "though he was a mighty good worker."

"Yap. For me, that. That was his trouble. Too bad for Sipsu. Think he cared for her much?"

"Don't think so. Just principle. That is all. He thought it wasn't right—and, of course, it wasn't—but that was no reason for us to interfere and get hustled over the divide before our time."

"Principle is principle, and it's good in its place, but its best left to home when you go to Alaska. Eh?" Wertz and Sipsu, his mate and both were working pliability into their frozen moccasins. "Think we ought to have taken a hand?"

Sigmond shook his head. He was very busy. A scud of chocolate-colored foam with a ring in the coffee-pot, and the bacon needed turning. Also, he was thinking about the girl's laughing eyes, like summer seas, and he was humming softly.

His mates chuckled to each other and ceased talking. Though it was past seven, daybreak was still far distant. The aurora borealis had passed out of the sky, and the camp was an oasis of light in the midst of deep darkness. And in this light the forms of three men were sharply defined. Emboldened by the silence, Sigmond raised his voice and opened the last stanza of the old song:

In a year, in a year, when the grapes are ripe—  
Then the night was split with a rattling volley of rifle shots. Hawes sighed, made an effort to straighten himself and collapsed. Wertz went over on an elbow with drooping head. He choked a little and a dark stream flowed from his mouth. And Sigmond, the Golden Haired, his throat a-gurgling with the song, threw up his arms and pitched across the fire.

## BISHOP POTTER FOR BIG FAMILIES. Children Should Have Brothers and Sisters, as They Instill Each Other With Noble Instincts.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—In an interview today with the Washington correspondent of the Newark News, Bishop H. C. Potter, of New York, had this to say on the subject of "race suicide," home life and the autonomy of the American woman:

"I fear it is true, and it is certainly regrettable that the American women of today are opposed to large families, particularly large ones after the old fashioned way. In Webster's time the best men and women of the young republic came from large families. I think it must have been the association of large families of children with each other, the doing for each other and self-denial, each one for the others and for their parents, that made the men of strong character and the women of noble domestic lives, of other generations. This sort of home training, where there are brothers and sisters mingling together, under the same roof, instills into boys and girls, young men and young women, the noblest instincts, the most worthy ambitions."

"Children and young people must have an inborn and inbred veneration, as well as a responsible feeling, for those nearest and dearest to them—their brothers and sisters—in order to make the best men and women of them. Where the couple desires only one child it is most unfortunate for that child. For parents to deliberately deprive their lone child of brothers and sisters is a grave thing. They want the one for a pet perhaps. In that case their child was born in selfishness and will be reared in the same atmosphere. If this continues from generation to generation it will be sad for the republic."

"Modern methods of living, as exemplified in the large apartment buildings of our cities and towns, have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the passing out of existence, to a large extent, of what we may call 'the old fashioned home.'"

In answer to a question as to whether he believed that the women of this country had too much independence, Bishop Potter said:

"The women of America have their autonomy more largely than the women of any other country in the world. The women of England come next to the women of our country in their liberty. In France they have less independence, and when one reaches Italy he finds the freedom of the woman there still less."

"While our women have independence in property rights and other matters, they are not a part of the governing community."

"Men and women, who are seeking the most happiness for themselves and who desire to be good men and women, as well as useful citizens, upholding the good name of the republic of which we are so proud, cannot shrink from the responsibility and the duties of the home, which is the foundation of all that is good, everything that is everlasting and noble."

In answer to a question as to whether he believed that Catholic families as a rule possess more children than Protestant families, and if this was now, what would be the condition of Protestantism in a few generations, Bishop Potter said:

"Probably the Roman Catholics maintain a strict vigilance over many confiding heads of families, but as now on a question that cannot be adequately discussed in an interview, and I would rather be excused from discussing the matter any further."

## SOME ALASKA EPIGRAMS.

(From the Toronto Saturday Night.)  
A lady reader of the front page of Saturday Night sends me the following "Alaska epigrams":

The Lord gave and Lord Alverstone hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord Alverstone.

The Eagle may be expected to get the Lion's share; but it has taken the Beaver's also.

If Uncle Sam would possess our land, let him have our waterways likewise; if he compel us to give him a mile, let us bestow upon him our Pacific coast into the bargain.

The quality of arbitration is twice blessed; it blesseth England that gives and Uncle Sam that takes.

God save the King! But who will save Canada?  
Faithful are the wounds of a Boer; but the kisses of a Commissioner are deceitful.

Lord Alverstone maketh a cheerful giver.  
"Thou shalt not arbitrate" is the last and safest commandment of all.

England expects every Commissioner to do his Canadian.

And now abideth these three: Ashburton, Alverstone, and Aylesworth; and the greatest of these is Aylesworth.

"Jack says the girl he marries must be accomplished."  
Mary—"Well, Ernie would suit him. She can 'play 'Hawatha' on the violin and make fudge."—Chicago Daily News.

"Jerry Wilson's people must have suddenly got rich."  
"Why so?"  
"He calls his school teacher a tutor."—Chicago Daily News.

## The Flour of the Family

Spring wheat makes strong flour suitable for bread only—lacks the delicacy and flavor of the Fall Wheat.

## Beaver Flour

a blend of both, combines the best qualities of

It is the best family flour. Makes light nutritious bread; delicious pastry.

Lady—"Beggings must be hard. Tramp—it is, lady. This is the sixth time that I have had to eat soup today."—Fleegende Blaetter.



## Pandora Range

Only Range Fitted With Enamelled Reservoir.

Reservoir is stamped in one piece from sheet steel, which gives it a perfectly plain surface—has no seams, grooves or bolt heads to collect dirt.

Is oval in shape—has no square corners to scrape out when washing.

Finished with three heavy coats of pure white enamel which gives it a smooth, hard, marble-like surface—can be easily and thoroughly cleaned.

Never taints the water or corrodes like tin, copper, galvanized iron and other styles of reservoirs put in common ranges—is so clean and free from taint that it can be used for boiling fruit and many other purposes beside heating water.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's  
London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B.

## THE AGE OF ANN.

That is the Real and Vital Question of the Day.

(New York Tribune.)  
Let the heathen rage. Let "the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together." The question that really bothers the United States is: How old is Ann?

Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

Let Mukden and Antung on the Yalu river in the land of the Manchus be opened to commerce of the world. Or let them be closed to the commerce of the world. Let Chamberlain amuse himself by building a mud-pile dike around the British empire. Let astronomers and economists quarrel about the connection between sun spots and financial panics. Only the leisure class has time for trifles such as this. The vital question of today is: How old is Ann?

A group of men, big men, commercial giants, is seen in the corner of the dining-room of the Chicago club. Their heads are close together. The whole arch of the business world finds its keystone in their conversation. Will they plunge us into an abyss of disaster or will they lift us up to the solid ground of prosperity? A reporter steals up behind them to learn our fate. He crouches behind an adjoining table. "O, you're way off. If Ann is twice as young as Mary used to be when Ann was the same age that she is now, just let x equal the comparative ages of both and you see that 2x minus Ann's real age will equal the age of both girls put together and therefore Ann—"

There is no use having congress meet until Ann's age is decided. Or perhaps congress could better meet and pass a law suppressing the Ann puzzle along with the anarchist papers. Otherwise industrial operations will come to a standstill. Street cars can't get by each other any longer because motormen are exchanging new solutions. Employers think that their employees have gone on strike and are rioting on the street corner when all that they are doing is discussing Ann and the number of her summers. The Democratic party is threatened with another split. The National Association of Archaeologists broke up in a row. Dunning and Kankakee have built new extensions. How old is Ann?

The real solution of course is this: Mary being twice as old as Ann was at the time when her age, multiplied by two, equalled the combined ages of the two girls minus the age of the younger of the two and Ann being the younger and therefore older than Mary provided Mary's age be deducted from hers, the former age of the two girls when divided by two equal the age at which Mary was—

Here come the handcuffs. The solution will be completed as soon as a verdict of sanity is returned by the jury. The jury will say: "Mary is twice as old as she used to be when Ann was twice as old as she is now, and the prisoner is perfectly sane and Ann is too young to be indicted and Mary is old enough to know better."

## GREAT INVENTOR DEAD.

Man Who Invented Breech Action of the Martini Rifle.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—There has died at Sheffield a notable inventor, known to the world as Martini, though his real name was Frederick William Martini. He was a Florentine.

Mr. Martini was the inventor of the breech action for rifle barrels. The Yorkshire Post, which superseded the Snider in the early seventies. His development of platinoil brought him into communication with Lord Kelvin. He was reputed the greatest authority on the extraction of nickel from ore, and a discovery by him led to the conversion of basic slag into manure.

## TOPIC TIPS.

Tab stocks hold their own.  
The becoming feather box is at hand. One of the queerest belts is a handsome enameled snake.

Fumes are to have a triumphal career on the winter millinery.  
If you can't have real fur for the new fur cloth is a good substitute.

On walking hats the fluffy pom-pom reigns.  
Fashion has taken to parting her coiffure demurely in the centre.

Perfumes sweep almost to the elbow on elaborate gowns.  
Street dress is severe, but gowns for "occasions" are ornate and courtly.

The feather hat wrought for tiny brown and gold feathers is irresistible.  
Some of the newly-imported French frocks are sprinkled with coquettish little bows.

"Both of my grandparents on my mother's side were nonagenarians," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Is that so?" replied her hostess. "My folks were all Baptists, but Josiah comes from a Methodist family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## OPERA HOUSE

GRAND SCOTCH CONCERTS,  
Nov. 5th and 6th,  
Under the management of F. G. Spencer.

PRESENTING:

GEORGE NEIL . . . . . Tenor  
MACKENZIE MURDOCH . . . . . Violinist  
HARRY MUNROE . . . . . Character Comedian

FLORA McIVOR CRAIG . . . . . Soprano  
ALFRED LAWRENCE MURDOCH . . . . . Pianist  
All from Scotland.

Plan opens at the Box Office Saturday, Oct. 31st.  
PRICES: 40c., 50c. and 75c.

## New Goods

We have just received several cases Canadian Hosiery and Underwear.  
Ladies' Winter Vests, 14c. to 75c. each.  
Ladies