NATIVE WINE JELLY

Dissolve one package of Calf's-Foot or Lemon Jelly Powder in ¾ of a pint of boiling water and when cooling add 2 wineglasses sherry wine. This is very fine.

Tempting the appetite of the invalid and tickling the palate of the healthy.

PURE GOLD
JELLY POWDER

Pure Gold—Pure Foods—
No Adulteration.

Ask your grocer, and insist. 201

Sweet as a Rose.

She smiles—ah, so sadly! She could have forgiven him all that; there is only one sin under heaven that a woman will not forgive a man she loves — he may break nine of the commandments and she will cleave to him, so long as he will love her, and her only.

"A regular bad lot," continues Bob, moodily. "I hadn't got to go far before I found that out. The other I didn't know of, and I wouldn't have discovered but for meeting an old school-fellow."

Paula looks up with a little gasp.

"Go on," she says.

"He—this school-fellow of mine—is a man about town, a young barrister; and he knew something about Sir Herrick—knew him by sight! It is quite true—there is another woman he is fooling with."

Her head droops.

"He is a villain!" says honest Bob—"a right-down bad-hearted scoundrel!"

"Bob!" pleadingly.

"Yes, that's not too strong for him. Why, Paula, he was riding about with this other one only two days ago! My friend saw him."

Paula is silent a moment.

"I know it, Bob—he admitted it," she says in a low, tremulous voice.

"He did, did he? I wish he had admitted it to me."

"Bob, did you—did you find out who she was?"

"No," he says, throwing down his pipe viciously, "no, my friend didn't know, and I didn't trouble to inquire elsewhere. Why should I? The fact was enough!"

"Quite, quite," she says, despairingly. "But—but somehow I should have liked to have known. Is she—is she very beautiful?"

"I don't know—yes, my friend says so."

A low, deep sigh.

"How he must love her!"

Bob kicks the fire-irons.

"Love! Such men don't know what love means," he says, scornfully. "Do not think any more about him, Paula."

She looks straight before her, and laughs a strangely bitter laugh.

"That is good advice, Bob," she says, "but, like most good advice, it is difficult to follow. Think!"—and she stretches out her clasped hands with a sudden, short gesture of despair—"I think of him night and day. There is not an hour when I am awake that I do not think of him. I can see his face, hear his voice as plainly as if he were here at my side. It is shameful, unmaidenly, isn't it, Bob? But"—with a shudder—"I can't help it; I have fought against it, eh, so hard; But I cannot forget him—not yet, not yet; I shall in time. One forgets everything in time, they say; and I shall learn to think of him with a smile, perhaps—who knows? But that time seems a long way off—a very long way, indeed, Bob."

"And—what did you say to him?" he asks, looking down at her with gentle pity and wonder. "Did you call him a scoundrel?—and tell him that if you hadn't made me promise—I was a fool to give that promise—that I'd have broken every bone in his body?"

She laughs again wearily.

"No," she says with a sigh. "We parted very good friends. Isn't that the right expression? Very good friends! Think of it, Bob! When only four days ago we were all in all to each other. No!" with a shudder. "I mean that he was all in all to me! That makes all the difference, doesn't it? We parted quite kindly. I think we shook hands—yes, we did, and I wished him every happiness. Poor fellow—don't be angry—he looked so wretched. I suppose even the worst of men don't like being found out. And—and—" suddenly throwing her head up to force back the tears that glisten in her beautiful dark eyes, "that's the end of it! Let there be no more talk between us, Bob! The end has come. From tonight I mean to drive—to force him out of my mind. I will think of him as the husband of that other beautiful girl, and I will not wear the willow any longer. Never let us mention his name again, Bob. He came like a dream—let him go like one. I shall wake some day and forget all about it. I will forget, and all shall go on as it was before; we will take life easy, Bob, and mind our fields and crops, and dogs and horses, and be as happy as in our old fashion before this—this wild young man came to break our peace; we will be happy in our own way!"

A groan that breaks from his lips startles her into silence, and she turns to look at him.

His face, his clear, handsome, honest face is pale and working with distress, which is all the more marked for his efforts to conceal it.

"Bob," she says, laying her hand on his arm, her dark eyes fixed on his face with apprehension and concern, "what is it? There is something else! You are in trouble! Oh, Bob, how selfish and inconsiderate I have been! I have been thinking only of myself, while you—you said you were going up to London on business before—before this affair of mine. Was it bad business, Bob? Tell me!" and she draws nearer to him

He sits with his pipe in his hand, his head bowed, his brows knit.

"No, Paula; he couldn't; he said—what was perfectly true, and I knew it—that the land was mortgaged in the best times, and that now it wouldn't fetch the money lent on it, and that—that—"

"Go on, do. Do you think I can't bear it?" she says, almost wildly.

"That if we couldn't raise the money we should have to turn out."

Silence for a moment. Ah, it is bad indeed when sorrow will not allow of words.

"Those were the words. He said them with a smile, because he thought that I could raise the money; but—but—and I didn't tell him that I couldn't," says poor Bob. "You see, I was too proud. But," with a gesture of despair that would be comical but for its awfulness, "what the devil are we to do, I don't know," and he laughs a curt little laugh. "One cannot farm without money. We've each of us a small income—it's not much; not enough to keep even this modest place up, with the land. We," he draws a long breath, "we shall have to let it, Paula—the old place that——" He stops and looks round the room and then like a man refills his pipe.

"Paula nestles closer to him; she is too wise to utter the commonplace condolences, but she puts her hand in his and presses it, and he understands her.

"The worst of it," he says, presently, and with a grimace, "that Alice must be told. She'll kick up a shine, as sure as eggs are eggs. She'll say that I have muddled the money away, and—that sort of thing."

Paula flushes angrily.

"Will she?" she says. "Then you ought to remind her that some portion of it has been muddled in keeping two idle girls."

"Nonsense!" he says, roughly.

"It is not nonsense; it is simple, honest truth!" says Paula. "Oh, Bob, do you think I don't understand? Do you think I don't know how much you have sacrificed for us—what a father as well as a brother you have been to us, and how generous, and"—a little sob—"how unselfish? You have gone about in your old clothes and worked like a farm laborer, while we have played the fine ladies with our new dresses, and—and—"

"At any rate, Paula," he says, with a grim smile, "you haven't had many fine dresses; don't talk nonsense, my child."

"But there shall be an end of it," she goes on, thrusting back the hair from her forehead, "at least, so far as I am concerned."

He laughs.

"What do you mean to do, young 'un?" he says, half sadly. "Don't talk rubbish about earning your own living, and going for a governess or a companion, because that wouldn't be in your line."

Paula sighs. It is so true!

"You'd box your pupils' ears before the first half hour was over, and utterly decline to carry footstools about, which seems to be the chief occupation of companions. No, Paula, my child, if you could get a good situation to break in young horses, or teach fellows how to throw a fly——" She winces and he stops short. "I beg your pardon, but don't get any absurd notion of that sort into your head. As I said, there's enough for us to live upon, but the cottage and the land must be let, and—have you seen anything of the Palmers lately?" he breaks off, with affected carelessness.

Paula looks up at him quickly, her woman's wit reading his heart.

"Oh, Bob, Bob," she says, "what will May say?"

He is silent for a moment and his handsome face grows pale.

"I don't know," he replies, simply—"I—I shall know tomorrow."

Paula creeps closer to him and lays her hand over his.

"Oh, Bob, how selfish one can be! I have never thought of your trouble, and it must be as great as mine! Poor May!"

"Don't say any more," he says, hoarsely, his hand covering his face from the light. "After all, it—it is what I expected. It isn't likely her father would give her to me, and yet—yet—well, Paula, you know what I mean, you have gone through the mill yourself. And—and if you can bear it, I ought to be able to, but it is awfully hard and rough. I think you'd better go to bed; I shall sit up and finish this pipe, and try and rehearse what I'm to say to Alice tomorrow. There's one thing"—with a smile—"it will be something to do to fight it out with her. Put a bottle of smelling salts on the mantel-shelf in case she faints."

And Paula bends over and kisses him and leaves him to fight his fight as she has fought hers.

[To be Continued.]

GETTING READY FOR SATURDAY

London Football Teams Practicing for Two Games—Better Turnouts Are Wanted.

Rugby practices were held in Tecumseh Park Monday and Tuesday evenings, and they will be continued all this week and next. The boys are getting into first-class condition for both games on Saturday, and will give a good account of themselves, judging from their showing in practice. A number of the players, particularly the seniors, are not turning out to practice, and a change in this respect is desired, if the team is to stand any show in the championship running. Mr. Frank Reid will coach the back divisions every afternoon this week in kicking and catching. Every player should attend.

Referee Max Yeates reported that the Hamilton-Victoria game resulted 76—2 and not 80—2.

Brunton, a new senior half-back, will be down to practice this week. He is said to be good at the game.

From Kingsmill, Peel, Brunton, Labatt, McNee, Hueston and Reid, the seniors should pick a very good back division.

A few of the juniors, elated by their successes lately, and encouraged by the seniors' showing at Hamilton, would like to have the two London teams come together in a friendly game. It might be a good idea to play off such a game on Thanksgiving Day, unless the O. R. F. U. rulings prevent. A large crowd would, at any rate, patronize a game like this.

Both Skinner and Macarthur, the new men in Saturday's match with Stratford, made good. Alexander is a game lad, but is rather light in weight.

One of the heavier boys of the team ought to practice the place kick. Many points are thrown away because of inability to convert tries.

Towe, at quarter, is a game youngster, but he is rather light for the class he has to play against.

Hamilton cranks go wild over Isbister's kicking. Peel and Kingsmill are equally as good.

The boys would feel a great deal more encouraged if some of the older heads—even one or two of the officials who are old-time players, would turn out and get into the game again. There is a great deal of new material on the senior team, and a few experienced players are absolutely necessary to keep everything in good order.

The following seniors are requested to be down at practice tonight and tomorrow night: Meredith, Reid, Ryan, Bice, Crawford, McCallum, Scott, Girven, H. Brown, Cal Brown, J. McNee, Livingston, Kingsmill, Peel, Labatt, McMahen, Brunton and Smith.

A number of patrons of the game have requested that the large blackboard that was utilized for baseball scores be used to score the football games. Such a move would be very much appreciated by the patrons, and in all likelihood the suggestion will be followed out by the management.

Art Reid converted ten out of twelve tries last night at practice.

The following juniors are requested to be on hand tonight: Thomson, Reid, Towe, Jackson, Mason, Macarthur, Tierney, Watson, Westman, McConechy, Alexander, McGregor, Kennedy, Rowlands, Carmichael, Phelps, Wilson, Whetter, Hopkins, Skinner, and any other of the boys who can possibly get down.

Ewart Fields will be in the game next Saturday.

The Victorias intend to bring a much stronger team this time than they have yet played. So the London boys will have to hustle.

ALLERTON IS THE GREATEST SIRE

His Record for the Season Shows a Total of Thirteen New 2:30 Trotters.

It is too early for a correct and complete tabulation of the year's new 2:30 trotters, but the present relative rating of speed sires will probably not shift a great deal. The number of new standard performers for this year will probably fall short of last year's total, and it seems doubtful if the leading sires of this year will equal in number of new performers the leading sires of last year.

As the score now stands, Allerton (2:09¼), leads in the number of new ones, with thirteen to his credit, none of them as yet in the 2:20 list.

McKinney, 2:11¼, comes next, with nine new ones, all of them but two in the 2:20 list, four of them in the 2:15 list, and one of them in the 2:06 list. Including his reductions, he has seven new ones in his 2:20 list, seven new ones in his 2:15 list, and three new ones in his 2:10 list.

Margrave, 2:15½, also has nine new ones, a greater number than any other sire ever put in the list in his fourteenth year.

A remarkable showing is that made by the Pancoast family representative, Parole, 2:16. He clearly leads all early speed sires of the year, having seven new standard performers to his credit, six of them trotters and all three years old and under. Also a two-year-old and a three-year-old entering the list last year, having lowered their records, giving Parole six three-year-olds and one two-year-old which have performed in standard time this season.

Axtell is making his usual good showing this year, while his sons are leading the sons of any other sire of his age, and his daughters have added greatly to their former remarkable showing as speed producers.

Bobby Burns, 2:19¾, is well up toward the top for the year, with eight new performers and five reductions.

The California-owned stallion, Nutwood Wilkes, 2:16½, leads the Pacific Coast group of sires for the year, with seven new ones, two of them better than 2:20.

AN EPIDEMIC OF BIG LONG-SHOTS

Form Players at Worth Track Greatly Bothered—Bookies Not Prospering.

Chicago, Oct. 24. — An epidemic of winning long shots bothered the "form players" at Worth last week. That is, much of them that have survived the awe-inspiring vagaries that the racing game has manifested during the fall meeting of the Chicago ridge course. Winning favorites are getting to be about as scarce as full-dress suits in the Klondike.

Notwithstanding this, however, the bookmakers claim they are not prospering to any marked degree. Every long-priced winner, they say, has a following who have been anxiously awaiting his advent, and who generally manage to cash enough tickets to eat up all the favorite-burned lucre, and then some, so they, too, are kept pretty busy wondering what next will happen.

The knights of the pencil have not altogether such an easy thing of it these days, as the unsophisticated generally believe. Many of them are put out of business every season right here in Chicago, and of late years few have made any great amount of money, although business has been heavy enough. This year, particularly, a great many "coups" have been successfully engineered and the shrewdest of the odds layers have been caught in them at one time or other. The expense of the average book will come pretty close to $1,000 per week, which in itself is a big handicap, and it takes the sharpest kind of management and never-ending vigilance to keep the bank roll from melting away.

Then who gets all the money that the racetrack patrons unquestionably leave behind them every season? Nobody but the racetrack association, owners of the different plants. They hold the same relation to the racing game that the "kitty" does to a poker game. And they eventually get all the money, in the same way.

BRUSH MADE A GREAT MISTAKE

Magnate Only Now Realizes That He Blundered in Matter of Post-Season Games.

Tim Murnane, in the Chicago Record-Herald: It is now evident that John T. Brush has come to realize his mistake in not playing the post-season series, and has resolved to stand for the games in the future. His offer to play the series next spring is absurd for many reasons. The old players will not be in shape for their best work before the regular season, and many of the new men would have to figure in the game. As they were not members of the winning combination the series would mean nothing. Then all other leagues are busy at that time of the year shaping up things for their own contests, players will be scattered about, and very little interest created by the games.

On the other hand, the late fall series would see the army of players and their followers ready for the event of the season, with the men in shape, and the conditions perfect for a grand wind-up. Mr. Brush's action looks like a clear case of jollying the public, who have soured on the actions of the New York Club in refusing a meeting this fall.

Mr. Brush offers a plan that has real merit, but in looking back to the meeting of the national commission held at Cincinnati a month before the close of the season, one can see where the Indianapolis merchant got his points, for they are exactly what Ban Johnson suggested to President Harry Pulliam, of the National League.

As they were originally advocated by President Johnson, the chances are that the American League will stand for them, and Mr. Brush will have no way out of playing the games hereafter. There is no sure thing, however, that the National League will agree to adopt the plan offered by Mr. Brush.

One of the unpleasant features of the attempt to get on a post-season series was the failure of Manager McGraw to answer the polite note sent him by messenger by President John I. Taylor the evening after Boston had won the championship.

CARPETBALL.

COURT BRIGHTON WON.

In an A. O. F. carpetball match played last night, Court Brighton defeated Court Forest Queen by a score of 37 to 34.

LACROSSE.

BRANTFORD WON FINALS.

Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 25. — The final game in the junior series, C. L. A., which was played at the cricket grounds here this afternoon between Brantford and the Young Torontos, resulted in victory for Brantford by a score of 9 to 1. At half time the score was 4 to 1. The game was very interesting and was witnessed by a small crowd, comprised chiefly of lacrosse enthusiasts from Toronto and Brantford.

THE TURF.

At Jamaica—Merry Lark, 3 to 1; Viona, 6 to 1; Druid, 7 to 2; Little Em, 5 to 1; The Huguenot, 30 to 1; Sun Roy, 2 to 1.

GREAT FIGHT IN JUNIOR SERIES

In Only One of Four Districts Can the Winner Be Picked as Yet.

Toronto, Oct. 25.—The junior series of the O. R. F. U. is providing a great race this season, and in only one district at the present time can a winner be definitely picked. In the eastern section Limestones have a clean record so far and with two games to play, a victory in either game, wins the district. The champions play at Brockville and at Kingston with Gananoque. They have beaten each team and are almost certain to capture one of the next two games.

In section B, Central Y. M. C. A. must win from Argonauts II. Saturday or there will be a tie. If Argonauts II. win and Torontos II. defeat 'Varsity III there will be a three-cornered tie. On form Central Y. M. C. A. looks to have the district won, but then form does not always win games.

Hamilton II. now leads in section C, with Dundas a close second. These two teams play next Saturday in Hamilton, and a victory for the Tiger Cubs will give them the district, as their other game is with Brantford.

There is a tie in the extreme western section between London and Petrolea. These two teams should each win their games next Saturday, and the deciding game will be played when Petrolea plays in London on Nov. 5.

The standing of the districts is as follows:

JUNIOR O. R. F. U. STANDING.

Section A—	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Limestones	4	0	2
Brockville	2	2	2
Gananoque	1	2	3
R. M. C. II.	0	3	3

Section B—	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Central Y. M. C. A.	2	0	1
Argonauts II.	1	1	1
Torontos II.	1	1	1
'Varsity III.	0	2	1

Section C—	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Hamilton	3	1	2
Dundas	2	1	3
Brantford	1	2	3
Guelph O. A. C.	1	3	2

Section D—	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Petrolea	3	1	2
London	3	1	2
Sarnia	1	3	2
Stratford	1	3	2

JIM JEFFRIES HAS NO FOE IN VIEW AT PRESENT

Having persistently and emphatically announced that he will never fight Jack Johnson or any other black fighter, Champion Jeffries will undoubtedly have a long time to wait before he will tackle a worthy opponent in the ring. Even among the heavyweight fighters there does not at the present time appear a man who has a chance with the champion. There is not a man in the game who could go through the heavyweight list that Jeffries has whipped without being knocked out.

It is said that Jeffries has planned a trip to New York and that he will start east in the near future. The champion is very fond of the metropolis and he will make his home there during the winter.

According to his friends he is bent on starting in some business in New York, and upon his arrival here he will begin negotiations to open up a new hotel of some kind, so that he will have some business interests to occupy his mind.

WAY OF BACKER IS A HARD ONE

The way of the turf backer is not a happy one. There are so many "ifs and ands" in the business, so many "ups and downs" connected with it, that the names of successful speculators on the turf can easily be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

Take for example the horses which have been running over the flat courses of Gravesend, Brighton Beach or Sheepshead Bay. They come to Morris Park, and—presto!—the form is all changed, and by way of explanation it is learned that certain horses cannot run down the hill at Morris Park. A short, scratchy, striding horse is in his element down the steep pitch of the Eclipse course, whereas the bold, long, striding animal who showed to such advantage on the Long Island flats is at a discount over the Westchester hills.

Next the backer comes with his newly acquired knowledge as to hill climbing and hill descending, and finds himself confronted with the Jamaica track. At Jamaica, the horses which could show form and win at Westchester are relegated to a back seat. Not because there are no hills to be negotiated, but as the talent—the men versed in such matters—explain, because they cannot make the short turns of the Metropolitan course, and, moreover, are unused to the false footing of a new track, such as obtains at Jamaica. Truly, the path of the backer is a hard one, if we are to believe all of these reasons assigned for changes in form, and it is needful to have a compendium along as a guide to finding the probable winners.

There is one old adage which holds good in all instances, and on every kind of track. "A good horse will win anywhere, either up hill or down, rain or shine." It is a poor lookout for a racehorse when so many excuses have to be made in his defense, and the probability is that when such are needful to account for a poor performance, the horse is naturally of no account.

This is true of the Jamacia track, and it is true of every track, and the short turns must not be held altogether accountable for the inconsistent performances which have been in vogue on the part of the horses there. It is a fact that more outsiders have proved victorious at Jamaica than at any previous meeting throughout the season, but for an explanation as to the why and wherefore the riders, and not the horses, must be held occountable. They would tell you that the turns are too sharp to be negotiated with safety to themselves. They are willing to take the chances if they are in front and have clear sailing, but not otherwise. Here, therefore, is another problem with which the backer is confronted. He is in a great measure dependent upon the initial speed of his selection, and if a horse has no early speed he has no earthly chance around the Jamaica turns, or of getting a good ride, from his jockey.

Backing horses is, indeed, a very intricate business, and it is a sure thing that any man possessed of genius sufficient to guide him successfully in the winning path of racing is endowed with brains sufficient to land him at the top of the tree in any occupation in which he may embark.

MAY PULL OUT OF NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

New York, Oct. 25. — Delegates representing 24 minor leagues, comprising the National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs, of which P. T. Powers is president, began their three days' session today at the Hotel Victoria. Every part of the Union, also Canada, was represented at the meeting, for which an elaborate programme had been laid out by the committee of the Eastern League magnates. The delegates have important business to transact, and their deliberations may end in the parting of ways between National and American Leagues on one side and the minor leagues on the other. The minor leagues' claim that the National commission has interfered in their internal affairs. They resent the idea of three men being dictators of 24 strong organizations, controlling nearly three thousand baseball players.

FOOTBALL.

HIGHEST SCORE IN YEARS.

Toronto News: The score made by the Hamilton Tigers against the Victorias on Saturday was the largest since away back in the nineties, when the champion Osgoode Hall team defeated the team from the Forty-Eighth Highlanders by 84 to nothing. The Forty-eighth was then a new team in the union, and the beating that it received put an end to its career as a Rugby team. This goes to show that it does not pay for a team to run up such a score against a new club, for it does not do it any good and it kills the team that the score is made against, as far as drawing a gate is concerned.

ATHLETICS.

GOOD TIME IN PAPER CHASE.

The junior department of the Y. M. C. A. had a paper chase last night. There were about a dozen hounds in all, and the hares, W. Brock and C. Marsh, led them a chase of three miles out the Wellington road and across to the L. E. and D. R. R. The hares made the distance in 23 minutes, two minutes slower than the time of Frank Judd, a hound.

GREAT HORSES DID NOT LOWER RECORD

Two great horses failed in attempts to break records at Memphis yesterday. Lou Dillon trotted against the record of 2:01¾, unpaced, while Prince Alert went for the pacing record of 1:59½. The summaries:

Free-for-all, trotters, purse $1,000; 2 in 3:

Sweet Marie	1	1
Dr. Strong	2	2
Ozanam	4	3
Snyder McGregor	3	4

Time—2:07¼, 2:05.

2:17 trot, purse $1,000; 2 in 3:

Colonel B.	1	1
Emily Letcher	2	2
Backman Boy	4	3
Enchantress	3	4
Point Dexter	5	5
Anna Gay	6	6

Time—2:14¼, 2:13¾.

Emerald stakes, 2:06 pace, purse $2,000; 2 in 3:

John M.	3	1 1
Locanda	1	4 2
Nathan Strauss	4	2 3
Gallagher	2	3 4

Time—2:03¾, 2:02¾, 2:05.

Prince Alert, to beat 1:59½, pacing—Time by quarters, :29½, :59, 1:29¾, 2:01¾.

Lou Dillon, to beat 2:01¾, trotting—Time by quarters, :30, 1:00¼, 1:30½, 2:02½.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.
"THE BUSY STORE"

A GREAT PURCHASE OF

Colored Wool Blankets

Very Much Under the Market Price. To-morrow's Buyers Will Receive the Benefit.

ONE LOT SINGLE COLORED WOOL BLANKETS—Bound at both ends; full large size, choice of light and dark gray, brown and blue. We divide this purchase in two lots and make the prices—for tomorrow,

62½c each and 87½c each.

All White Wool Blankets, $2.38 Pair.

We are pleased to be able to announce the arrival of two cases more of All Pure White Wool Blankets to sell at the former price of $2.38 pair. Positively this is the last announcement this season at this bargain price, as they cannot again be bought under $3.00.

Full double-bed size, Pure White Wool Canadian Blankets, thoroughly scoured and shrunk, soft and fluffy. Worth $3.00, two cases only

To Sell at $2.38 Pair.

Comforter Sale, $1.48.

One dozen only reversible Comforters, full double-bed size, covered with art cambric, thickly filled with white cotton batting. On sale tomorrow,

$1.48

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO | J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

$3,250.00 REWARD

FOR THE CLOSEST ESTIMATES OF THE TOTAL VOTE TO BE POLLED AT THE DOMINION ELECTIONS, ON NOVEMBER 3RD, 1904

Will be paid by THE CALCULE COMPANY, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

CERTIFICATE

$3,250.00 has been deposited with The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, 14 King Street West, Toronto. The money will remain in the Trusts Company's hands and payment will be made by them for the best estimates when the official figures of the total vote polled in the General Elections are issued by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for Canada.

THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE CO., LIMITED.

Figure it Out for Yourself. The following statistics may help some:—

In the General Elections of 1887 there were 699,539 votes polled throughout the Dominion; in 1891 there were 720,084, an increase of eight per cent. over the figures for 1887. In 1896 there were 833,900, an increase of sixteen per cent. over 1891; in 1900 there were 952,496 votes polled, an increase of fourteen per cent. Census for 1891 was 4,833,239; for 1901 was 5,371,051.

? How many Votes will be Polled in 1904 ?
SEND ONE DOLLAR

You have four opportunities to earn $2,500.00 for every dollar you send with your estimates—and if your estimates are received before noon of October 31st, you have an opportunity to earn an extra $250.00, making $2,750.00 in one prize.

$3,250

$250.00 for the best estimate received up to noon of October 17th.
$250.00 for the best estimate received between Oct. 17th and noon of Oct. 24th.
$250.00 for the best estimate received between Oct. 24th and noon of Oct. 31st.
$2,500.00 for the best estimate of the total number of votes to be polled. This estimate to be mailed to the Trusts Co. before midnight of Nov. 3rd.

For one dollar you may estimate that the total vote polled will be 1,050,000, 1,060,000, 1,065,000, 1,071,000, or any set of four figures you think likely, and if one of your figures is nearest to the official return you will receive the money.

Use this blank or one of your own, and mail it to THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

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ENCLOSED HEREWITH, $ .....
I ESTIMATE THAT THE TOTAL VOTE POLLED AT THE GENERAL ELECTIONS WILL BE:
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