## THE STRANGER

By JOHN GOODWIN

Mottisfont was quite unconscious of it. Always a brisk mover, he was already clear of Temple Chambers and, with a swinging stride, passed under the old gate into the Temple Gardens. A few minutes' walk brought him to his chambers in Fountain Court. He opened the oak door with the latchkey and entered loor with the latchkey and entered note of alarm.

There were no more luxurious rooms in the whole Temple. Mottisfont's taste was admirable. Several exhibition pieces of Jacobin furniture stood round the paneled walls, that were hung with old prints, gems of their kinds. A wealth of flowers brightened the room, a thick Turkey carpet covered the floor. An antique bureau held a library of law books as us as dirt beneath their feet! On bound in fine calf; on a little stand was a barrister's wig. Mottisfont a barrister's wig. Mottisfont knows it. And a swell!

for work.

But for a moment he hesitated, staring thoughtfully before him through the window. Mottisfont, the most brilliant of the younger men at the bar, pointed to already as a man with his feet well on the lower rungs of the ladder of fame, seemed to be seized with a rare indecision of mind. The vision of a gentle, Some day you shall know."

of your nead:

An amazing fury took possession of Emmie. Her flaming hair shook.

"Look at me, Joan," she said, flinging wide her arms. "I ain't much to look at now. But if I told you how a swell once treated me, the hearin' of it would turn you sick! Some day you shall know." loated before his own and held him

"How charming she is," he said to himself, "and how amazingly dowdy. Yet I've never seep in my own world woman to compare with her! Why do I take my briefs to that place every time? Is it just for the chance of seeing and speaking to her?"

He shook himself and laughed

Ambition — the rocky, upward path! Let me have done with this folly. If ever I marry, and I've little enough will to do that, it must be a fell on her knees beside Joan, and a supply that the supply heath arrows around the supply heath are supply enough will to do that, it must be a partner of some wealth and position put both arms around her.

"I'm sorry, Joan," said Emmie, nearly crying. "I don't know what's the matter with me denly tightened his lips and sat down

For two hours he applied himself strenuously to the brief, making notes, working with the swift, keen grasp of a difficult problem that was natural to him A man servert.

Angry with me, dear? Say you aren't angry."

"Angry with you, dear?" said Joan, softly, and kissed her. "Of course not!"

Emmie spussion. neat, black livery - a rare thing in the Temple, where charwomen known 'laundresses" are usually the inefficient handmaidens—came in and laid tea, setting a rare old silver urn cloth, and piling a Both the inner door and the oak stood open. There was a ring at the bell, and Philip, rising quickly, saw Joan Ayre standing at the entrance

an Ayre standing at the entrance ith a package.
"Is that the work, Miss Ayre?" he a fine chap! That's the sort you could do with. Lively, jolly, makin' good money at his uncle's shop, an' page the connection like an argely exclaimed. "Thank you so much! Come in, won't you?" Joan walked in simply and without plays the concertina like an angel!

A man to do you proud! An' there

"Splendid! But what a shame to make you run errands! Let me give you some tea." he said, pouring her out a cup. The man servant gave a sidelong glance at Philip, and left the room, closing the door silently. "It's complete." said Joan, laying down the package. "I hope you'll find it in order."

of Alf Blodmore did not attract. She sat silent. Did she wish to leave town, after all? Once more she seemed to see the sunny ripple of hair over Mottisfont's ears, the masterful poise of his head, the firm lips that smiled so charmingly. "Joan!" called Emmie shrilly from behind the curtain, "aren't you goin' to pack? Train leaves Waterloo in

order." he said, smiling. "I'm very grateful to you. It was a big job."

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Again, as they faced each other, oan felt a flutter at her heart. Mottisfont was looking at her with ex-traordinary intentness. And then, for a moment, the cool and self-contained barrister seemed to lose his head. He stepped towards her sud-

boarded a tram, and in half an hour was in the dingy little bed-sitting room, on a top floor south of the water, which she called home. It contained a rickety table, two cheap chairs and two iron bedsteads behind a rough curtain.

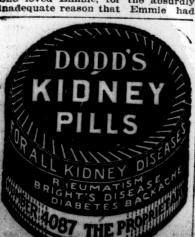
Satin hat. Upon their return they will reside on the groom's farm in East Oxford. The out-of-town guests were Messrs. William Forrest and Margaret Muma of Ayr, Mrs. Arthur Knill of Paris and Mrs. William Forrest of East Oxford.

Joan was calmer when she reached this refuge. She stood by the window and reflected. A doubt came into her mind—had she made a mistake? Joan was utterly inexperienced. Had Mr. Mottisfont really thought that she might fall? She feeling strangely dizzy. Had she merely made a fool of herself by her indignation? If so, what must he think of her? Her, cheeks flushed.

"Am I so yulgar," she said aloud. "that I see vulgarity where there is none? He would not attempt such

took off her poppy-covered hat and slung it on the bed. "Thank goodness we've done with the rotten office till Tuesday! Hooray! Now for a beane! Why didn't you wait for me old dear."

Most of the young ladies at Put- riage was solemnized of Miss Myrtle tock & Copes regarded Emmie Clegg Idella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E.



There was another girl in the room whose gaze followed Mottisfont's exit; her hair was flaming red, and she watched him with a was without work or money. The was without work or money. milen, baleful stare.

Mottisfont was quite unconscious

It. Always a bright morning in the deliver some work Em-

opened a drawer and spread a brief see you talking with him I'll come on the window table, making ready and drag you out of it by the hair

Some day you shall know.'
voice shook. "Swells." She thrust her clenched knuckles into her eyes as if to thrust off some

nwelcome vision. "Listen to me while I talk straight!" she cried, putting her hands on Joan's shoulders. "Mottisfont isn't our class. I'd sooner kill you than see you friendly with him or with his lot! No good comes of that. It only leads to rottenness!" Joan, very white, sank into a chair.

sleeve over one eye. "That's just the darling that you are, Joan! Any other girl'd have Any other girl'd have told me to mind my own business, an turned me off." stood up.

"Forgive me, Joan! And look here;

hesitation. The charm of the room and the flowers filled her with wonder.

"Miss Puttock told me to bring you the stuff directly it was ready," she said.

A man to do you proud: An there ain't anything he wouldn't do for you, Joan! Come on, an' let's get ready for a good time!"

Joan's face fell a little. The thought of Alf Blodmore did not attract. She said.

"Your work is sure to be in perfect an hour!"

Syndicate.)

#### WEDDINGS

FORREST-MCKAY.

head. He stepped towards her suddenly, with hands outstretched, and a look in his eyes such as Joan had seen in the eyes of men before. She kay, a pretty wedding took place, stepped back, and her face flamed as though she had been struck.

Mottisfont stopped dead. His cheeks reddened, and his hands dropped slowly to his sides.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive bly, and a little hoarsely." "Forgive "I beg your pardon," he said, humbly, and a little hoarsely. "Forgive me. I—thought you looked tired."

Joan lifted her chin, and raised her eyes to his with a steady, cool gaze. "It is no hardship for me to be tired," she said, quietly. I have to work for my living, you see."

Joan gave him an extraordinary dignified little bow and, turning, left the chambers without a word. Philip remained standing motionless by the table, his only company the cup of table, his only company the cup of the panning to the care of the panning that they were present. Rev. W. P. Lane officiated. Following the ceremony a table, his only company the cup of the panning to the panning that they were still there. The more he had the more he wanted watch had hidden the peanuts was served. The profice of the panning to think of some way in which he could get every one of those peanuts.

A dozen times a day he would go those peanuts. He gloated over them. A tore peanuts had been to see if any more peanuts had all of those peanuts. He actually begrudged Yank the Nuthatch the few which the latter got, and he spent a great deal of time trying to think of some way in which he could get every one of those peanuts. A dozen times a day he would go those peanuts was fewly all of those peanuts. Wank the Nuthatch the few which the latter got, and he spent a great deal of time trying to think of some way in which he could get every one of those peanuts. A dozen times a day he would go those peanuts was getting nearly all of those peanuts. Nuthatch the few which the latter got, and he spent a great of time trying to think of some way in which he could get every one of the bride and groom way in which he could get every one of the bride and groom way in which he could get every one of the peanuts would be put visit the various places where he had hidden the peanuts just to make the cause of the was getting nearly all of those peanuts. A dozen times a day he would go the cause of them. A dozen times a day he would so them. The motion for them. The moti

the chambers without a word. Philip remained standing motionless by the cated. Following the ceremony a table, his only company the cup of untasted tea.

On the staircase Joan was hurrying downwards, a stifled sob in her throat, and her eyes were misty. Reaching the embankment, she boarded a tram, and in half an hour was in the dingy little bed-sitting were present. Rev. W. P. Lane officiated. Following the ceremony a had hidden the peanuts just to make sure that they were still there. The bride and groom left later for Woodstock, where they took the train for Toronto and Hamilton. The bride traveled in a navy blue bolivia cloth satin hat. Upon their return they will reside on the groom's farm in

COX-CARR.

A quiet wedding was solemnized by Capt. Rev. J. A. Garbutt, Wednesday, Feb. 14, when Evelyn E. Carr, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Carr of Strathroy, was united in marriage to Mr. A. Charles Cox, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cox of Toronto, Ont. The attendants were Mrs. (Dr.) dignation? It so, what such dished. Charles Cox of Toronto, Ont. The attendants were Mrs. (Dr.) C. A. Anderson. London, as matron of honor, and Mr. Elgin Carr of Strathnone? He would not attempt such a thing. He is a gentleman."
"Who's a gentleman?" said a sharp cockney voice, as the door swung open. The red-haired girl from Puttock & Copes entered briskly. She took off her nonny-covered by ger brown mohair with garniture of French flowers and silver leaves.

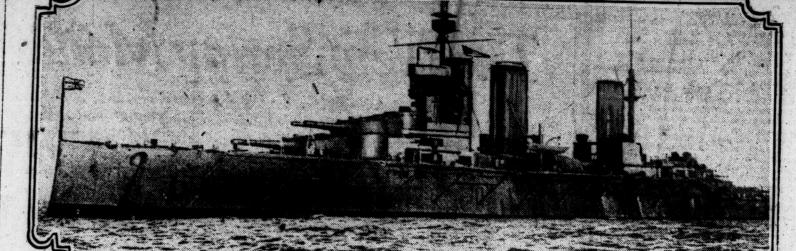
SHERRITT-RYCKMAN. Special to The Advertiser. Hensall, Feb. 15.—At St. Andrew's manse, London, on Feb. 7, the martock & Copes regarded Emmie Clegg as "low." She was short, with an ample figure, hard, humorous eyes, an impudent little retrousse nose and was violent in her speech. But Joan had no sense of social values at all.

She loved Emmie, for the absurdly inadequate reason that Emmie had couple were unattended, only immediate relatives witnessing the ceremony, after which a dainty wedding breakfast was partaken of at the me of Mr. and Mrs. W. Caldwell, 12 Elmwood avenue, a sister of the

12 Elimwood avenue, a sister of the groom. The happy couple left for a short honeymoon to points east. On their return they will reside on the Trelaigne Farm, Hensall, Ont. MOORE-HAWKINS.

Special to The Advertiser.
Listowel, Feb. 15.—A quiet wedding was solemnized today at 2:30 p.m., when Miss Erie Hawkins, daughter of Mrs. A. Hawkins and the late A. St. George Hawkins, was united in mar-riage to Mr. George Moore of North

The ceremony was performed in Christ Church by Rev. W. H. Dunbar. the rector. Only the immediate relatives were guests. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will reside in Toronto.





JAY THINKS HIMSELF By Thornton W. Burgess. are smart pray never show it

let your neighbors think you -Old Mother Nature. Each morning Farmer Brown's Boy put a handful of raw peanuts on the window shelf he had put up for his feathered friends. Each morning Sammy Jay was over there bright and early watching for those pea-nuts to be put out. The instant nuts to be put out. The instant Farmer Brown's Boy left the window Sammy would fly down, seize a peanut and fly away with it. He would take it over to the Old Orchard and hide it. Then he would hurry back for another.

Those were busy mornings Sammy Jay. He worked hard. Yes, sir, he worked hard. You see he seldom hid two peanuts in the same place. This meant that each time he had to find a new place. He hated to take the time to do it, for he was so greedy that he was afraid someone else would get some of those peanuts. Yank Yank the Nuthatch his chance to do it. He would wait until Sammy had flown off with one. then fly down, seize one and hur-riedly fly away. Sometimes Samm; would see him and right away have a fit of bad temper, and shriek, "Thief! Thief! Thef!"

When there were no longer any



Farmer Brown's house and a few he had carried way over to the Green Forest and hidden there.

Greedy folks ar eapt to be that way. He actually began to think ill of Farmer Brown's Boy for not putting out more peanuts. Yes, sir, he did

AFTER BEATTY WAS SAVED TO THE NAVY. Winston Churchill tells today how the now Lord Beatty aroused the

enthusiasm of the navy by his splendid work during the war. "Nelson has come again," was Admiral Pakenham's tribute. Top: Beatty's flagship, H. M. S. Lion. Bottom: Admirals Beatty and Pakenham.

#### BRITAIN'S NAVY AT WAR

### **BEATTY'S VICTORY PROVED CONFIDENCE WELL PLACED**

rorgive me, Joan: And look nere; peanuts left on the sneil saminy you're coming up the river with me tonight. It's Bank Holiday week. Three whole days at Clievemead that had tucked into little holes in trees.

Churchill Acted Against Advice of Certain Officials Who Claimed Admiral Was Shoved Ahead Too Fast—Wilson Refuses To Accept Offer of Peerage.

IV.—EXITS AND ENTRANCES.
By WINSTON CHURCHILL.

resentment at the brief curtailment of his tenure. He was as good-tempered and as distant as ever. Only once did he show the slightest Only once did he show the slightest sign of vehemence. That was when I told him that the prime minister authorized me to submit his name to the king for a peerage. He distance to take up the duties of first sea lord, and he consented to do so. On learning, however, a few days later that I was to leave the admiralty, he wrote to Mr. Asquith refusing to undertake the task under any other dertake the task under any other first lord but me. Here is his letter:

May 19, 1915.

I was, however advised about him at the admiralty in a decisively adverse sense. He had got on too fast, he had many interests ashore. His heart, it was said was not wholly in the service. He had been offered an appointment suited to his rank as rear-admiral in the Atlantic fleet, and he had declined this appointments were few in proportion to

out more peanuts. Yes, sir, he did just that. When the last peanut had

the venerable figure of Bismarck de-By WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Sir Arthur Wilson and I parted on friendly, civil, but at the same time and on those alone, and I fortified myself with them. myself with them.

Sir Arthur Wilson came back to the admiralty three years later and worked with Lord Fisher and me

Dear Mr. Asquith-In view of the some he had put in the crotches formed by the trunks and big limbs of the apple trees. Some he had tucked into knotholes in fence posts, Some he had simply covered up with under Mr. Churchill because it apared to me to be the best means of maintaining continuity of policy under the unfortunate circumstances that have arisen, I am not prepared to undertake the duties under any new first lord, as the strain such circumstances would be far beyond my strength.

Believe me, yours truly.

At that time I hardly seemed to have a friend in the official or par-

As will be seen in its proper place the British arms.

Declined To Act.

liamentary world. All the press were throwing the blame of the Dardanme any sign of approval, though, of training. He was no

after day. I was, therefore, ascame as an absolute surprise to me: and I do not mind saying that I felt as proud as a young officer mentioned for the first time in despa's hes. I thought it my duty, however, to try to overcome his objections, as I knew the prime minister wanted him to take the post. But it was all in vain. He stuck to his opinion that he could do it with me and with nobody else. I felt deeply know all the moves of the board. afterwards: but I have preserved a memory which is very precious to me.

that it is necessary to give some description of this remarkable prince and British sailor. All the more is this necessary since the accident of

course, we had labored together day

wished to see me was Rear-Admiral Beatty. I had never met him before, but I had the following impression about him. First, that he was th youngest flag officer in the fleet. Secondly, that he had commanded the white gunboat which had come up the Nile as close as possible to support the 21st Lancers when we made the charge at Omdurman. Thirdly, that he had seen a lot of fighting on land with the army, and hat consequently he had military as well as naval experience. Fourthly, that he came of a hard-riding stock; his father had been in my own nent, the 4th Hussars, and I had often heard him talked of when I first joined. The admiral I knew was a very fine horseman, with what is called "an eye for country."
Fifthly, that there was much talk
in naval circles of his having been pushed on too fast. Such were the impressions aroused in my mind by the name of this officer, and I record them with minuteness because the decisions which I had the honor of taking in regard to him were most serviceable to the royal navy and to

ments were few in proportion to candidates—and he should in consequence not be offered any further employment. It would be precedent to make a further offer He had already been unemployed for eighteen months, and would probably be retired in the ordinary course at the expiration of the full three years' employment.

But my first meeting with the admiral induced me immediately to disregard this unfortunate advice. He became at once my naval secretary (or private secretary, as the appointment was then styled). Working thus side by side in rooms which communicated, we perpetually discussed during the next fifteen months the problems of a naval war with Carmony It. with Germany. It became ingly clear to me that he viewed elles entanglement and of many other things upon me, and I was erage naval officer, he approached other things upon me, and I was everywhere represented as a rash, presumptuous person with whom no board of admiralty could work. Sir ences on land had illuminated the Arthur had never previously given facts he had acquired in his naval

mentalist. He did not think of material as an end itself, but only as a means. He thought of war problems in their unity by land, sea and air. His mind had been rendered quick and supple by the situations of polo and the hunting-field, and enriched by varied experiences against the enemy affoat, on Nile gunboats, and ashore. It was with according to the supplement of the supple equal pleasure and profit that I dis-cussed with him our naval problem now from this angle, now from that and I was increasingly struck with the shrewd and profound sagacity of his comments expressed in language singularly free from technical jargon. I had no doubts whatever when the squadron fell vacant in the spring of 1913 in appointing him over the heads of all to this incomparable command, the nucleus, as it proved to be, of the famous battle crusier fleet—the strategic cavalry of the royal navy, that supreme combination of speed and power to which the thoughts of the admiralty were con-tinuously directed. And when two years later (February 3, 1915) I visited him on board the Lion, with the scars of victorious battle fresh upon her from the action of Dogger Bank, I heard from his cap-tains and admirals the expression of their respectful but intense en-thusiasm for their leader. Well do

I remember how, as I was leaving the ship, the usually imperturable Admiral Pakenham caught me by the sleeve. "First Lord, f wish to speak to you in private," and the restrained passion in his voice as he said. "Nelson has come again." Those words often recurred to my So much of my work in endeavor-ing to prepare the fleet for war was There was nothing to be dependent upon the guidance and bout, he observed. "You help I received from Prince Louis of I Battenberg, who, taking it as a should only have to put the brake on from time to time. I could not possibly manage with anyone else."

And that was the end of it. He continued working in a subordinate possible with a subordinate possible working in a subordinate possible wor

tinued working in a subordinate po-sition at the admiralty till the end forward to the end of October, 1914, war. I hardly ever saw him that it is necessary to give some de-A few weeks after my arrival at his parentage struck him down in the admiralty I was told that among the opening months of the Great War several officers of flag rank who and terminated his long professional career.

Was a Child of the Sea. oyal navy. From his earliest years other side. he had been bred to the sea. in the British fleet. So far from his exalted rank having helped him, it had hindered his career; up to a cer-tain point no doubt it had been of asa positive drawback. In consequence he had spent an exceptionally large intelligence department, that vital ganglion of our organization. He was a thoroughly trained and accomhe had spent an exceptionally large proportion of his forty years' service afloat, usually in the less agreeable commands. One had heard at Malta how he used to bring his cruiser squadron into that small, crowded harbor at speed, and then in the nick of time, with scarcely a hundred yards to spare, by dropping his anchors, checking on his cables and going full speed astern, bring it safely his attains. ly into station. He had a far wider knowledge of war by land and sea and of the continent of Europe than most of the other admirals I have known. His brother, as king of Bulgaria, had shown military aptitudes of a very high order at the battle of Slivnitza, and he himself was deeply of a very high order at the battle of Slivnitza, and he himself was deeply versed in every detail, practical and theoretic, of the British naval service. It was not without good reason that he had been appointed under Lord

#### Fashions for Men



White vs. Black Waistcoat.

By A. T. GALLICO.
Special to The Advertiser.
New York, Feb. 15.—White waistcoat versus black waistcoat with a dinner coat has for some years been much-discussed question of men's fashions. It is perfectly proper to wear either. Some people feel that the white vest lends more formality to the informal tuxedo, but the dinner coat is informal evening

whether with black or white vest. The origin of the white vest with dinner coat has been attributed by some to the Prince of Wales, but it really originated in Monte Carlo be ing called at first "the Monte Carlo get-up." The reason is clear. At direct to the opera, where full dress was necessary. In order to simplify dressing, they wore white vests with dinner coats, and after the game had white one, and dinner coat for the full dress

and came over to us. It has been a custom for some thirteen years at least. Mr. Valentino was telling me white waistcoat for ten years over Prince Louis was a child of the here, and at least three years on The vest on hand, in case some deck of a British warship was his should find him with all his white All his interest was centered waistcoats in the laundry-which is

> plished staff officer, with a gift of clear and lucid statement and all that thoroughness and patient industry which we have never under-estimat-

It was recounted of him that or one occasion, when he visited Kiel with King Edward, a German admiral in high command had proached him with serving in the British fleet, whereat Prince Louis, stiffening, had replied, "Sir, when I joined the royal navy in the 1864 the German empire did The part which he played in the

#### "I Can Now Do My Work without reeling Tired" Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several

tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

SPECIAL SPRING SALE

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto



## **PutAnElectricRange** In Your Kitchen

The sale bargain list includes McClary, Moffat, National and Westinghouse models at exceptional prices, such as these:

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No. 27 Moffat (used)	65
National 175	157
Westinghouse (used) 193	175
Westinghouse 165	160
E. S. McClary 178	150
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR INSTA	158
Aloni noi amara	LLATION.

# Washers, Ironers The Hydro Shop is offering at exceptional prices for quick clearance a

wonderful collection of attractive electrical equipment with which to lessen labor and enhance enjoyment in your home.

Electric Ranges that will cut your cooking bills far below the cost of either gas, coal or wood, and give you a service efficiency unequalled by any other apparatus. Electric Washing and Ironing Machines th

	pended to banish the most tedious and dreaded of the housewife's labors.	
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\$	Thor Washer only	45
\$1	Thor Washer, only \$1.5 Coffield Washer only \$2.	10
ψ.	Coffield Washer, only \$2.	50
φ.	Canadian Maid Washer. only	20
Φ1	Horton Ironing Machine, only \$15 Walker Dishwasher only \$16	50
\$1	Walker Dishwasher, only \$10 W. E. Dishwasher, only \$10 W. E. Dishwasher only \$10 W. E. Dishwashe	10
\$1	W. E. Dishwasher, only	)2
		Lo

# The Hydro Shop

ONTARIO'S GREATEST ELECTRICAL STORE. DUNDAS AND WELLINGTON STREETS.



PICK YOUR PURCHASE FROM THIS LIST! \$42 Electric Grate, for ... \$37 \$8.50 Cream and Sugar, for \$4.50 Auto Heater, for .. \$3.50 ......\$4.50 pair \$20 Electric Log, for .... \$16 \$18 Vegetable Warmer, for \$2.45 Quick-Lite Lantern, for \$12 \$1.50 \$8.50 Egg Boiler, for ... \$5.25 \$7.50 Wooden Candlesticks, \$11.25 Ovenette, for ..... \$9 for .......\$4.50 \$5 Toaster, for ......\$3.50 \$14 Waffle Iron, for .....\$10 \$12 Statue, for ......\$4 \$25 Percolator, for ..... \$14 \$50 Drink Mixer, for .... \$35 \$20 Teapot, for ..........\$16 \$5.75 Auto Spot Light, for \$4 \$13.50 Disc Stoves, for . . \$9.75

Flashlights, Perfume Burners, Fuse Plugs at Cut Prices.

ORNAMENTAL LAMP PRICES SLASHED. Extra! \$10 Majestic Electric Heater Only \$7.50