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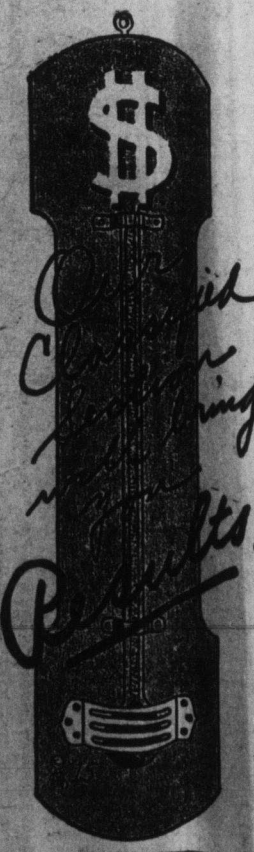
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Two San Francisco newspapers have raised their prices to 2 cts. A Boston doctor has discovered that whites of eggs will cure asthma in children.

Stand Fast, Craig-Royston

By William Black

"In any case," observed the young man, "you have no right to say he would accept money from anyone—from a stranger."

Then Lord Musselburgh did look up being struck by something in his companion's tone.

"Did I say that? I'm sure I don't know. Of course it was on account of the book that I ventured to give him some little help. Oh, yes, certainly. I should not have ventured otherwise. If he had been offended, I dare say he would have said so; but I fancy the old gentleman has had to overcome his pride before now. He seems to have led a curious wandering life. By the way, Vin, weren't you very much impressed by the young lady? I remember your saying something—"

Fortunately there was no need for Vincent to answer this question, for now there began a general movement on the part of the remaining guests to go upstairs to the drawing-room; and in this little bit of a bustle he escaped from further cross-examination.

When at the end of the evening all the people had gone away, and when Mr. Harris had shut himself up in his study to finish his correspondence—for he was going down the next morning to a Congress of Co-operative Societies at Ipswich—Mrs. Ellison and her nephew found themselves alone in the drawing-room; and the fair young widow must needs return to the subject she had been discussing at dinner—namely, that this young man, in order to guard against pitfalls and embroilments, should get married forthwith.

"You seem anxious that I should marry," said he bluntly; "why don't you get married yourself?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, with promptitude. "I know when I have had—"

Apparently she was on the point of saying that she knew when she had had enough; but that would not have been complimentary to the memory of the deceased; so she abruptly broke off, and then resumed: "It isn't necessary for me to make any further experiments in life; but for you, with such a splendid future before you, it is a necessity. As for me, I mean to let well alone. And it is well—very well. I do believe Vin, that I am the only woman on this earth—"

"What?" he said. "Who is really contented. I am too happy. Sometimes I'm afraid; it seems as if I had no right to it. Why, when I come downstairs in the morning and draw an easy-chair to the open windows—especially when there is a breeze coming off the sea, and the sun-blinds are out, and the balcony nicely shaded, you know—I mean at home, in Brunswick Terrace—well, when I take up the newspaper and begin to read about what's going on as it is, I feel so satisfied with the quiet and the coolness and the sea air that I am bound to do a little kindness to somebody, and so I turn to the columns where appeals are made for charity. I don't care what it is; I'm so well content that I must give something to somebody—distressed Irish widows, sailors' libraries, days in the country—anything. I dare say I sometimes give money where I shouldn't, but how am I to know that? and, at any rate, it pleases me."

"But why shouldn't you be happy, aunt?" said the young man. "You are so good-humored, and so kind, and so nice to look at besides, that it is no wonder you are such a favorite, with men especially."

"Oh, yes," she said, frankly. "Men are always nice to you, except the one you happen to marry; and I'm not going to spoil the situation. At present they're all sweetness, and that suits me; I'm not going to give anyone of them the chance of showing himself an ungrateful brute. When I come downstairs at Brighton, I like to see only one cup on the breakfast-table, and to feel that I have the whole room to myself. Selfish then you can make amends by sending something to the Children's Hospital or the People's Palace, or something of that kind."

"Do you know, aunt," he observed, gravely, "what Mr. Ogden says of you? He says that, having robbed Peter, you try to save your conscience by throwing a crust to Paul."

"When did I rob Peter? What Peter?" she said, indignantly. "You are a capitalist—you have more than your own share; you possess what you do not work for; therefore you are a robber and a plunderer. I am sorry for you, aunt; but Mr. Ogden has pronounced your doom."

"Yes, unt?" he said, encouragingly.

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"Oh, nothing." "But I tell you this, Vin. You were talking of the proper distribution of wealth. Well, when you come to marry, and if I approve the girl, I mean to distribute a little of my plunder—of my ill-gotten gains—in that direction—she shan't come empty-handed. That is, if I approve of her, you understand. And the best thing you could do would be to alter your mind and come down to Brighton for a week or two, and I'll send for the Drexel girls, and perhaps one or two more. If you can't just at present, you may later on. Now I'm going off to my room, and I will say good-by as well as good-night, for I don't suppose I shall see you in the morning."

"Good-night, then, and good-by, aunt," said he, as he held her hand for a second; and that was the last he saw of her for some considerable time.

For a great change was about to take place in this young man's position and circumstances, in his interests and ambitions and trembling hopes. He was about to enter a new world, that so many have entered, stealthily and almost fearfully; that so many remember, and perhaps would fain forget. Do any remain in that mystic and rose-hued region? Some, at least, have never even approached it, for its portals are not easily discoverable—are not discoverable at all, indeed, except by the twin torches of imagination and abolition of self.

When he went up to his chambers the next morning he was surprised to find a card lying on the table; he had not expected a visitor in this secluded retreat. And when he glanced at the name he was still more perturbed. What an opportunity he had missed! Perhaps Mr. Bethune had brought an informal invitation for him—the first overture of friendliness.

He might have spent the evening in the hushed small parlor over the way, with those violin strains vibrating through the dusk, or, with the lights ablaze, he might have sat and listened to the old man's tales of travel, while Malsrie—now knew her name was Malsrie—Malsrie Bethune would be sitting at her needlework, but looking up from time to time, each glance a world's wonder. And what had he in exchange?—a rapid dinner-party, some talk about socialism, an invitation that he should descend into the catacombs of North of England politics and labor muck, like there to no apparent end; finally, a promise that if he would marry the young lady of Mrs. Ellison's choice—presumably one of her American friends—his bride should have some additional dowry to recommend her. What were all those distant schemes, and even the brilliant future that everybody seemed to prophesy for him, to the bewildering possibilities that were almost within his reach? He went to the window. The pots of musk and lobe-lia and ox-eye daisies in the little balcony over there, and also the Virginia creeper intertwining its sprays through the iron bars, seemed fresh; no doubt she had sprinkled them with water before leaving with her grandfather. And had they gone to Hyde Park, as usual? He was sorely tempted to go in search; but something told him this might provoke suspicions, so he resolutely hauled in a chair to the table and set to work with his books and annotations, though sometimes there came before his eyes a nebulous vision, as of a sheet of silvery-grey water and a shimmering of elms.

In the afternoon he went out and bought a clothes-brush, a couple of hair-brushes, some scented soap, and other toilette requisites—of which he had not hitherto known the need in these chambers—and about five o'clock or a little thereafter, having carefully removed the last speck from his coat-sleeve, he crossed the way and rather timidly knocked at the door. It was opened by the landlady's daughter, who appeared at once surprised and pleased on finding who the visitor was. "Is Mr. Bethune at home?" he demanded, with some vaguely uncomfortable feeling that this girl's eyes looked too friendly. She seemed to understand everything—

to have been expecting him. "Oh, yes, sir."

"May I go upstairs?"

He gave no name, but she did not hesitate for a moment. She led the way upstairs; she tapped lightly, and in answer to Mr. Bethune's loud "Come in!" she opened the door and said:

"The young gentleman, sir," a form of announcement that might have struck Vin Harris as peculiar if he had not been much too occupied to notice.

"Ah, how do you do? how do you do?" old George Bethune (who was alone) called out, and he pushed aside his book and came forward with extended hand.

"Nothing like being neighborly; solitary units in the great sea of London life have naturally some interest in each other. You would gather that I looked in on you last night."

"Yes," said the young man, as he took the proffered chair. "I am very sorry I happened to be out. I had to dine at home last evening."

"At home?" repeated Mr. Bethune, looking for the moment just a trifle puzzled.

"Oh, yes," said his visitor, rather nervously. "Perhaps I didn't explain. I don't live over there, you know. I only have the rooms for purposes of study. The place is so quiet I can get on better than at home; there are no interruptions."

"Except a little violin-playing?" the old man suggested, good-naturedly.

"I wish there were more of that," Vin Harris observed, respectfully. "That was only in the evenings, and I used to wait for it, to tell you the truth, as a kind of unintentional reward after my day's work. But of late I have heard nothing; I hope that Miss Bethune was not offended that I ventured to—to open my piano at the same time."

"Oh, not at all; I can hardly think so," her grandfather said, airily. "She also has been busy with her books of late—it is Dante I believe, at present—and as I insist on her always reading aloud, whatever the language is, she goes upstairs to her own room, so that I haven't seen much of her evenings. Now, may I offer you a cigar?"

"No, thank you."

"Or a glass of claret?"

"No, thanks."

"Then tell me what your studies are, that we may become better acquainted."

And Vin Harris was about to do that when the door behind him opened. Instinctively he rose and turned. The next instant Malsrie Bethune was before him, looking taller, he thought, than he had, in Hyde Park, imagined her to be. She saluted him gravely and without embarrassment—perhaps she had been told of his arrival; it was he who was, for the

moment, somewhat confused, and anxious to apologize and explain. But, curiously enough, that was only a passing phase. When once he had realized that she also was in the room, not paying much attention, perhaps, but listening when she chose, as she went to and fro, engaged in her own affairs, all his embarrassment fled, and his natural buoyancy and confidence came to his aid. When she appeared at the door, she was carrying a small basket of brown wickerwork, and this she now opened, taking from it a heap of rich-hued peonies, which she proceeded to place in flat glass dish on the middle of the table, sprinkling some water over them thereafter. She seemed to consider that she was of no account; that she was not called upon to interfere on this conversation between her grandfather and his guest. When she had finished with the flowers, she went to the open window and took her seat, opening out some needlework she had carried thither. The young man could see she had beautiful hands, rather long, but exquisitely formed—another wonder! But the truly extraordinary thing, the enchantment, was that here he was in the same room with her, likely to become her friend, and already privileged to speak so that she could hear.

(To Be Continued)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Star Theatre, Wednesday, January 6th. Popular prices 25c, 50c and 75c.

Between persons, the entire crew of the American bark *Pilgrim* with the exception of the messboy, who was drowned, were landed at Kirkwall, Scotland, yesterday by the Norwegian steamer *Tholme* after being rescued in mid-Atlantic three weeks ago.

The will of the late Major Beattie, member of the House of Commons for London, Ont., was entered for probate yesterday. The estate is valued at \$125,000, the bulk of which is divided between two nephews in London. His only child, a son, is given \$100 a year.

HARD ON OFFICERS.

Canadians Could Only Give Leave to One-Fifth of Their Men.

SALISBURY PLAIN, Jan. 5.—A general order was issued which stated that no general Christmas leave at all would be granted the men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The next line went on to say that commanding officers were empowered to grant it to the extent of 20 per cent. of the men under their command. Seven days could be allowed for men wishing to proceed to Ireland, six for those going to Scotland and so on in descending proportion, according to the distance which the recipients of such leave proposed to travel. Finally there was an injunction that this was to be kept "secret."

There are officers who have learned the drill book from cover to cover and who know "everything else" about tactics and strategy, and yet they found themselves up a tough proposition when they were required to grant leave to one-fifth of their men and to keep the fact secret from the rest!

Workman Caught in Shafting.

CORNWALL, Ont., Jan. 5.—Chas. Potasso, an Italian, 29, who was a machine helper in the Toronto Paper Co.'s mills here, met a painful death in the basement of the mill yesterday morning. It is supposed he was in the act of siling the shafting when his clothing caught, and he was twisted around the shaft. His right leg was broken above the knee and his left above the ankle, both being mangled. His left arm was also broken, and there were wounds in his head. He was dead when found.



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Leave Cincinnati 8:10 p.m. (Daily) Arrive Jacksonville 9:10 p.m. (Next Day)

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MRS. HOUSEKEEPER

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YOU WILL FEEL THE BENEFIT very Washday in this year, for the indurated tub keeps the water hot so long that it saves much lifting and carrying of water, and the washboard has a special crimp, which without tearing the clothes, loosens the dirt very easily.

YOU WILL BE DOING SOMETHING PATRIOTIC too, because EDDY'S make these, and many other articles, at their works at Hull, Canada, where from 1600 to 1800 men and women are employed constantly.

Buy yourself a Christmas present Mrs. Housewife. BUT BE SURE THEY ARE EDDY'S.

ERIC Charton, of the 80th (Provincial) Regiment of (Quebec) Canadian militia, has been drafted into the Fifth Regiment of Engineers in the French Army.

Mrs. John Headrip, who settled in Hamilton Township, near Cobourg, 70 years ago, when parts of it were practically a wilderness, is dead at the age of 90 years.

Parker R. Young, aged 72, is dead in Pictou, Ont. He was at one time warden of Prince Edward County and has been in municipal life a great many years, having been reeve, deputy reeve and councillor for the town of Pictou.

Slim Schaeffer, who confessed to having helped himself to a man's watch and \$56 while in attendance at the Roma Theatre, in Berlin, Ont., on Christmas night, was given two years less one day in Ontario Reformatory by Police-Magistrate Weir yesterday.

Two Kincardine Citizens Dead.

KINCARDINE, Ont., Jan. 5.—Mrs. Thompson, relict of the late Robert Thompson, and mother of R. S. Thompson of this town, died yesterday, after an illness of two years.

Mrs. Baird, relict of the late Robt. Baird, for many years the leading business man and for a number of years postmaster of Kincardine, died yesterday after an illness extending over many years.

Mexico City in a Bad State.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, transmitted to the State Department from Charge Holder of the British Legation in Mexico City saying conditions there a week ago were deplorable.