

VACANT POSITIONS

DOMINION SCHOOL OF... WANTED PRESSERS... WANTED MAN... FARM... OPERATOR... GET FAT... WANTED AT ONCE... PERSONS TO GROW... FIRST-CLASS STOCK... AT ONCE... GOOD BUTCHER... SMART YOUTH... SOPRANO SOLOIST... ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER... DRESSING ROOM GIRLS... YOUNG HOUSEMAID... YOUNG MAN FOR FERRY... POSITIONS WANTED... OPEN FOR EXCHANGE... DESIRES SITUATION... POSITIONS WANTED... AL CORPORATION... DEFICIENT INCOME... LES FOR SALE... CHEAP-BALL-BEARING... THE RIGHT TO USE... HOTEL... HOUSE, YONGE AND... HOTEL QUEEN-STREET... HOUSE, YONGE AND... ADSTONE - QUEEN-ST... HOUSE, QUEEN AND... HOTEL 1145 YONGE-ST... HOTEL STOP AT THE... ROOMS WANTED... ROOM AND BOARD... AND GRADING... ROOMS WANTED...

# The World's Daily Home Magazine for Women

Edited by... Irene Currie Love

### It is Always Best to Keep at Hand Costume in Either Black or White

#### Women Whose Position Demands That They Be Smartly Gowned Will Find This in Keeping With Their Purposes.

The woman whose position demands that she should be smartly gowned, and yet whose purse forbids any extravagance, should always keep at hand a stylish black or white costume. Black and white are the most practical colors for a woman's wardrobe, and they are also the most economical. A black or white costume is a woman's best friend, and it is a mistake to dress entirely in black or white, but a black and white robe of some description is always a useful investment.

#### Health Hints.

Several children occupying a small room, often with windows closed, are likely to grow into pale, irritable men and women. Pure air is a cleaner of needed at all seasons of the year, day and night.

If the boys are caught in a spring shower, see that they come to the house and change clothing, so they are only damp. Then a good rubbing and dry clothes will make of the shower a benefit. Wide damp clothes may leave no visible ill-effects, such exposure is always slowly wearing away the foundation of health.

#### Coming Events.

A lecture on "The Beginnings of the Renaissance in Italian Literature" will be given in the gallery of the Women's Art Association to-morrow evening by Professor F. J. A. Davidson, Ph.D., of Toronto University. This lecture brings to a close the three years' study in the art of the Italian Renaissance of the Art Study Club.

### World Pattern Department



1894—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. With Yoke and Long or Elbow Sleeves. Paris Pattern No. 1894.

This dainty shirt-waist of white all-wool fabric will be found an extremely good model for girls of from thirteen to seventeen years of age. The drop neck gives the effect of a gump, and is cut in a sharp point in the middle front between the bunches of tucks which ornament either side. The washable materials could be utilized very well for this design, especially in the thin white goods.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

### Pattern Department Toronto World

Send the above pattern to: NAME: ADDRESS: Size Wanted—(Give age of child or Miss' Pattern).

### Disa as Result of Fall.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Charles Haynes Haswell, one of the best known civil and marine engineers in the country, died yesterday at his residence in West 125th-street, as the result of a fall.

### By Dustus Forman. Published by Arrangement With Harper & Brothers

hear the bees a-buzzing (and those silly little crickets a-cheeping away). That's most remarkable warm and fine.

The other man nodded, smiling cheerfully down at him, and fetched a note from his pocket, and handed it over. He made a coughing sound, and assured himself that the heavy gunny-bag which he had fastened over his shoulder was in place and all right. He looked at the other man, who came back to the fire and seated himself there upon a broken box within arms' reach of the sick man. The Russian hound had crept closer to the other side of the hearth, and lay still, his muzzle between his paws.

Little Johnnie coughed once or twice, but the fire had warmed the soles of his feet, and he lay down, almost without food. But he was a strong man, injured to hardship, and so there must have been some further supplementary reason why his face had gone so white and drawn, and haggard, and why he swayed in his feet when he walked. He moved and looked like a man exhausted. He nodded in the warm glow of the fire, and recovered himself, and nodded again. Presently all three, the two men and the Russian dog, were asleep, while the fire crackled and his stone hearth and the rain pattered gently on the roof.

There came a scratching at the door. The two men slept on, but the Russian hound, quick-eared after his kind, raised his head to listen. The scratching came again, and the dog rose silently to his feet and moved into the centre of the room. After a moment he growled. At that the man who sat asleep beside the hearth started up, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"Did you speak, Johnnie?" he asked. Then he saw the dog standing with nose out-stretched, and his brows came down in an alert little frown. He took into his hand something which had lain across his knee, and rose to his feet.

The scratching came again at the door and the Russian dog barked. "Shut up, you fool!" said the man, and stood considering.

"It's one of the other dogs that's tracked us here," he said, at last. "It was men they wouldn't come a-scratching at the door; they'd break it in."

(To be Continued.)

### THE STORY OF THE WORLD PARTY'S TRIP TO LONDON.

Special accommodations have been secured from the Allan Line for The World party, and the ocean voyage will be a delight to all.

The arrival at Liverpool special accommodations will be provided for the party on the trip to London via the London and North-western Railway.

The World party will stop at the Hotel Cecil during their stay in London. The Cecil has reputation amongst travelers as being the most delightful hotel throughout Europe.

Each day of the stay in London will be a continuous round of sight-seeing and amusement. The morning will be devoted to individual shopping expeditions, according to the tastes of each member of the party. After luncheon carriages will take the party to various points of interest, such as the houses of parliament, the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, St. James' Palace, Hyde Park.

In the evenings dinners will be given at the famous London restaurants, such as Cafe Royal, The Grosvenor, Holborn Cafe and others. Following the dinner party each evening, The World party will adjourn to box parties at the principal London theatres.

Paris will be visited, and as much accomplished as possible during the time at the disposal of the party.

The World party of Ontario women will be extended every official courtesy during their stay in London.

### YESTERDAY'S NOMINATIONS FOR FREE TRIP TO LONDON

- MRS. LETTIE CHASE, 332 Spadina-avenue, Toronto. Nominated by Joseph Oldfield.
- MISS L. CHARETTE, The Russell House, Ottawa. Nominated by Geo. E. Milligan.
- MISS WINNIE P. JOHNSON, 127 Rose-avenue, Toronto. Nominated by H. McCoy.
- MISS ANNIE MEARNS, 194 West Queen-street, Toronto. Nominated by Frank Burrows.
- MISS CLARA A. MOORE, Assistant Postmaster, Acton. Nominated by A. T. Brown.
- MISS ETHEL CARTER, Colborne, Northumberland County. Nominated by John Windover.

### WILL LET CONTRACTS BY ITEMS, NOT BULK

Hamilton Tenderer Must Divide—Conference on Fruit Market.

After many vicissitudes, the civic contract for brasswork for house services was given a final touch of alteration by the city council yesterday, when it was decided that the bulk contract given Chadwick Bros. of Hamilton at \$12,000,77 should be split up, and each of the lowest tenders for the separate items should be accepted.

### Y.M.C.A. MAKES RECORD.

Raised Practically \$6000 in Three Days' Work.

SAULT STE MARIE, May 13.—The Y.M.C.A. in Sault Ste. Marie has established a record for rapid raising of money. In a portion of three days Secretary W. A. Lawrence, with the assistance of a committee composed of the business and professional men of the town, raised \$5000, and as each subscriber is pledged to contribute for three years a similar amount so that given at present, the fund will practically amount to \$6000.

### RATS DO THE TRICK.

Break Up Woman Suffragists' Meeting in England.

LONDON, May 13.—Out at Wimbledon Hon. Bertrand Russell, woman suffrage candidate for parliament, decided to open his campaign with a public meeting. The hall was crowded, chiefly with women. When the meeting opened it was seen that an organized attempt was made to break it up. The chairman pleaded that there might be order in the meeting.

### CALL NEGRO PASTOR TO DOOR AND SHOOT HIM

CARLEISLE, Ky., May 13.—Rev. Wm. P. Richards, pastor of the First Christian Church (colored), was called to his door Saturday night and shot five times. He died yesterday. Jesse Merchant and Miss Hermana Duryea are in jail. In his dying statement Pastor Richards said merchant, did the shooting, but Miss Duryea insists that she shot Richards because he offended her.

### GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK?

You get a pain in your back, and you wonder what is the matter. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow.

The kidneys, proper, are composed of a close network of fibrous tissue, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

Address all letters pertaining to the Trip to London and send all nominations, ballots and subscriptions to the

### TRIP TO LONDON EDITOR

World Office, Toronto.

### Nominating Blank

World Trip to London

A nominating blank must be received for each candidate before she can be voted for. The names of the women nominated in each district will be printed in The World regularly. This blank does not count as a vote, and need only be sent in once for a candidate.

I herewith nominate ..... Name of woman.

Whose age I know to be over 18.

of ..... as the most popular

Postoffice. County or street.

woman in District No. .... Nominated by

Name of nominator.

### The World's Serial Story.

She stood where he had left her for some little time. Afterwards she went slowly about the room, and thought things needlessly to rights here and there. She did not in the least heed what she was doing. Her head ached dully, and she thought of the light thinking that they hurt her eyes. A silver floor of moonlight slanted in from the westward windows and lay in four great, oblong patches on the floor. They elongated oddly like four white coffins, and the woman stared at them for a long time very thoughtfully.

"Four coffins," she said, aloud. "For whom? Then? One for Stamboul, one for Herbert Buchanan, one for Harry and one for me."

She tried to imagine what it would be like to lie in a coffin quite still. However, with fading flowers at her breast and hands crossed, she seemed to be very peaceful and pleasant, and she wished that she were already there, for she was desperately tired.

"I am tired of everything," she said, again, aloud. "It would be very nice to rest forever, never to have to speak again, never to fight and struggle and strain against me for Harry's happiness. It is so much trouble to live."

Her knees trembled under her as she sat down on the floor beside the bed and rested her face against its white covering.

Faithful, tender, hope, all the varied interests of life are as impossible to an exhausted body as fear is. It is such a state thoughtless it is well left suspended.

"I am very, very tired," Beatrice said. "I do not think I care very much about anything."

The question upon which Harry Farthing had gone slipped faintly across her mind, but it came from far away. "He won't come back," she said, with pauses between the words.

"Harry's gone—and he won't come back," said Harry Farthing. "He won't come back," she said, her eyes upon those four long patches of moonlight. "One for Stamboul, one for Herbert Buchanan, one for Harry and one for me. I think—I'd like to get into mine now, and—go to sleep."

VIII.

### THE LAST MOVE IN THE GAME.

Near a certain ancient and long-deserted stone quarry, of which mention has already been made in the course of this chronicle—just where a broad road of moonlight and stars sweeping from the sea meets the flank of a wood of firs, there is a one-roomed hut, deserted like the quarry, half in ruins, half overgrown with vegetation which stretches, in lieu of a bed, upon a door upheld by two low trestles. Little Johnnie lay coughing his life away, and the man Kansas watched beside him. On the other side watched also that Russian dog whose faithfulness neither kicks nor tormenting nor ap-

### Buchanan's Wife

lications of pepper could overcome. It was the fourth night of their stay in the deserted quarry, and it had to be the last, for little Johnnie was very low indeed, far too weak to stand, and patently near the end of all things.

From time to time a feeble paroxysm of coughing shook him, and after each one of these paroxysms he lay like one overcome, his face far gone, and the breath his racked lungs so sorely needed. From time to time, also, the other man bent over him and wiped his lips with a torn rag of pocket handkerchief. Each time he did this the Russian hound emitted a low growl of jealous disfavor, and pressed his cold nose against the man who lay twitching by the sick man's side.

"How is it, Johnnie lad?" asked the man Kansas for the fiftieth time that night, and bent down to hear the whispered reply.

"I'm cold," said the little tramp. "My feet is cold, and my hands, too, 'in cold all over." This also for the fiftieth time that night.

The man Kansas turned away, and for an instant that still face of his worked oddly in the lantern-light. "I wish we could make you warm, Johnnie lad," he said. "I wish we dared to make a fire. If I was sure there wasn't nobody about."

He moved across the room, and the eyes of the sick man followed him steadily. He pulled the door open and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind him. It was coming on to rain. A fresh, warm wind came surging in from the sea, and it bore a rack of cloud before it. There was a moon in its wake; the silvery light came down in sudden splashes through that sea of flying cloud. The night budo fair to be very like a certain other night on this same moon, a night which the man who stood staring into the west had reason to remember. He did remember it, and he shivered.

He stood for some time looking across the wind-swept land. He had the air of being deep in reflection. Then he turned and went back into the hut. As he went the first rain-drops struck his face sharply and he shivered again.

"We're going to have a fire, Johnnie," he said. "There won't be nobody about on a night like this. We're going to have a fire and warm our selves."

There was a litter of broken shunters and odd bits of wood in one corner of the room. He took up an armful of fragments and piled them skillfully in front of the rough stone fireplace. They burned well because they were old and dry. In the space of two minutes a great fire was leaping and roaring, and its hot glow was reaching to the farthest corner of the airy room, warm little hut.

The sick man turned on his side so that he faced the flames, and he stretched out one clawlike hand towards them gratefully.

"Eh, that's good!" he said, in a whisper. "That's good, Kansas. I'm going to feel better now. That's just like lying in the sun. I can almost

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*