

About

Way the Ground Is, Angle of Approach

The fifth figure shows how the circles with dots would appear after the aeroplane had risen a short distance above them.

The applications of this optical effect are many. On flying grounds, aeroplanes, provisional intermediate landing grounds, it should be installed permanently. During army manoeuvres and in warfare it may be readily carried by the troops, along with the tents, etc., in order that they may fail to be used for the airman's expectation to arrive.

It should render similar services to the navy, in connection with hydro-aeroplanes, and finally, it may prove of the greatest usefulness in navigation for signalling the entrance to a harbor, the more so as there is no risk of confusion with other lights.

Interpreter Under Arrest

Montreal Man Charged With Extorting \$20 From Austrian Pole.

By Special Wire to the Courier.
Montreal, July 15.—Hyman Steinman, an official Russian interpreter at the Dominion alien registration bureau here, has been placed under arrest on the charge of extorting \$20 out of an Austrian Pole, named Andrew Mynoski. It is alleged Steinman threatened that unless Mynoski "handed over" he would be arrested and interned right away. It is further alleged that Steinman has been carrying on similar methods for the past two years.

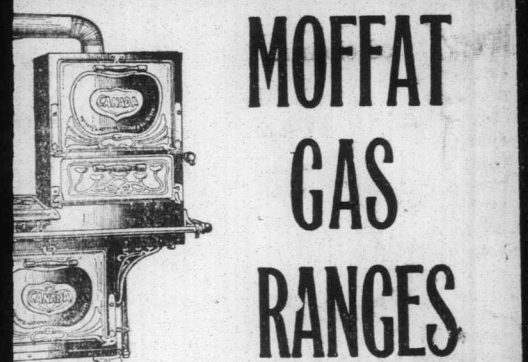
Last night Mynoski was sent by detectives to the Dominion Alien Bureau with twenty dollars of marked money in his pocket and nothing else. Mynoski, upon handing over the money, was given a ticket which enabled him to go freely about the city providing his conduct was good. The detectives then searched Steinman's desk, found the money and arrested him.

Steinman was an alderman candidate two years ago, and was a prominent figure in Montreal municipal politics.

He denies the blackmail charge, alleging a plot against him.

Children Cry For Fletcher's Castoria

Children Cry For Fletcher's Castoria
Cash is not accepted as a medium of exchange at its counters. Money in hand will buy nothing at the store, where every purchase is charged to the account of the inmate buying it. Four men make the rounds of the cells each week listing the individual wants of the inmates. These requirements are subsequently filled and delivered the following week.
It is a practice to give each inmate supplied in food stand his choice between from kind, a piece of a small package of soap, a tin of tooth powder each week. Those who by the goods use more tobacco than this, or to attempt to buy cigarettes, cigars, snuff, bananas or candy or other articles, such as playing cards, pencils, paper, underwear, soap, tooth powder and similar things, are permitted to order them.



MOFFAT GAS RANGES

All Canada Ranges are fitted with spring adjustment valve, star one-piece burner, safety door catch, enamel dirt tray, enamel broiler pan.

Prices \$9 to \$70

Oil Stoves, Hot Plates, Ovens, Etc

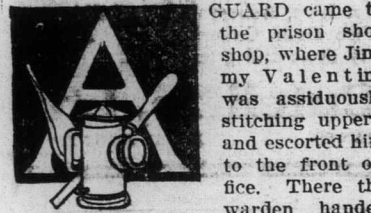
S. STERNE
120 MARKET ST. Open Evenings

O. Henry Stories

O. Henry Stories

V.—A Retrieved Reformation.

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.



GUARD came to the prison shoe shop, where Jimmy Valentine was astiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had received in the "strut" it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out in the morning. Brace up and make a man of yourself. You're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes and live straight."

"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I never cracked a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. Let's see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn't prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It's always one or the other with you innocent victims."

"Me?" said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life."

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at 7 in the morning, and let him come to the bull pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

At a quarter past 7 on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity. The warden gave him a cigar and shook hands. Valentine, 2762, was chronicled on the books "Pardoned by governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine, followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the cafe of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to back against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it.

Jimmy went to the Planters' hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his name to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business now in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed with the clothes and manner of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy's manner of trying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information. In-hand he cordially gave information. Yes, there ought to be a good open-

ing in the shoe line. There wasn't an exclusive shoe store in the place. The dry goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn't call the boy. He would carry up his suitcase himself. It was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine's ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alternative attack of love—remained in Elmore and prospered. He opened a shoe store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Ralph Spencer was this—he had won the respect of the community, his shoe store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical plodding, country banker approved of Spencer. Annabel's pride in him at most equaled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel's married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal—I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you'll be glad to get them—you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I've got the old business—a year ago. I've got nice store. I'm making an honest living, and I'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only girl I've ever loved. I wouldn't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married I'm going to sell out and go west, where there won't be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me, and I wouldn't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sullivan's, for I must see you. I'll bring along the tools with me. Your old friend, JIMMY.

On Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a lively buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug store across the street from Spencer's shoe store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter, are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself softly. "Well, I don't know."

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adams'. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those crooked, professional "jobs" and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suitcase. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room. Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams' future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The

clerk was pleased to be greeted by the good looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suitcase down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat and picked up a suitcase. "Wouldn't I make a nice drummer?" said Annabel. "My, Ralph, how heavy it is? Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"Lot of nickel plated shoe horns in there," said Jimmy coolly, "that I'm going to return. Thought I'd save expense charges by taking them up. I'm getting awfully economical."

(To be concluded next Monday.)

Edward O. Righter, of New Orleans, was at Baltimore elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks over Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar button that had been torn from that eminent detective's shirtband when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him.

Pulling out from the wall a folding bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust covered suitcase. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools in the east. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps and augers, with two or three novelties, invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over \$2000 they had cost him to have made at —, a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the cafe. He was now dressed in tasteful and well fitting clothes and carried his dusted and cleaned suitcase in his hand.

"Got anything on?" asked Mike Dolan generally.

"Me?" said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand. I'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Soap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seitzer and milk on the spot. He never touched hard drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 2762, there was a neat job of safe burglary done in Richmond, Ind., with no clew to the author. A scant \$300 was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of \$1,500 currency; securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue catchers. Then an old fashioned bank safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of banknotes amounting to \$5,000. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price's class of work. By comparing notes a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies and was heard to remark:

"That's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He's resumed business. Look at that combination knob-jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He's got the only clean tools those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I want Mr. Valentine. He'll do his bit next time without any short time or clemency foolishness."

Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick getaways, no confederates and a taste for good society—these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksmen and other people with burglar proof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suitcase climbed out of the mail back in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the blackback country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board sidewalk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and colored slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to back against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it.

Jimmy went to the Planters' hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his name to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business now in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed with the clothes and manner of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy's manner of trying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information. In-hand he cordially gave information. Yes, there ought to be a good open-

ing in the shoe line. There wasn't an exclusive shoe store in the place. The dry goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn't call the boy. He would carry up his suitcase himself. It was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine's ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alternative attack of love—remained in Elmore and prospered. He opened a shoe store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Ralph Spencer was this—he had won the respect of the community, his shoe store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical plodding, country banker approved of Spencer. Annabel's pride in him at most equaled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel's married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal—I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you'll be glad to get them—you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I've got the old business—a year ago. I've got nice store. I'm making an honest living, and I'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only girl I've ever loved. I wouldn't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married I'm going to sell out and go west, where there won't be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me, and I wouldn't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sullivan's, for I must see you. I'll bring along the tools with me. Your old friend, JIMMY.

On Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a lively buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug store across the street from Spencer's shoe store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter, are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself softly. "Well, I don't know."

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adams'. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those crooked, professional "jobs" and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suitcase. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room. Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams' future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The

clerk was pleased to be greeted by the good looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suitcase down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat and picked up a suitcase. "Wouldn't I make a nice drummer?" said Annabel. "My, Ralph, how heavy it is? Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"Lot of nickel plated shoe horns in there," said Jimmy coolly, "that I'm going to return. Thought I'd save expense charges by taking them up. I'm getting awfully economical."

(To be concluded next Monday.)

Edward O. Righter, of New Orleans, was at Baltimore elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks over Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

The Greatest Value On the Face of the Earth

31 1/2 H.P.



Overland
Model 75 B
Five Passenger Touring

\$890

Roadster \$870
L. A. S. Toronto

4 cylinder en bloc motor 3 3/4" bore x 5" stroke
104-inch wheelbase
4-inch tires
Cantilever rear springs

Streamline body
Electric starter
Electric lights
Magnetic speedometer
Complete equipment.

The new series Model 75 B has more power, more style, more room, more comfort and is more complete than any other car for the price in the world.

Think of a car at this price having a motor that will develop fifty miles an hour!

Think of a car at this price that gets twenty to twenty-five miles on a gallon of gas!

Can you beat it?

There is not another car on the market under \$1120 that can equal its performance. Order yours today.

JAS. A. LOW, Dealer, 15 Dalhousie St.
Bell 1201. BOTH PHONES. Automatic 201.
Willys-Overland, Limited
Head Offices and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

JELlicoe BEARS CHARMED LIFE

Has Escaped Death Three Times, Last Occasion in Boxer Rebellion.

WAS ONCE SHOT THROUGH LUNG.

His First Escape Was in 1880, When Rescuing Crew of Steamer.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe must lead a charmed life. Three times has he narrowly escaped death. The last occasion was in the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, when he got a bullet through the top of one of his lungs. The first escape was in 1880, when, as a lieutenant on the Monarch, he volunteered to rescue the crew of a wrecked steamer off Gibraltar and his boat capsized. The second escape was from the ill-fated Victoria. Commander Jellicoe, as he then was, was in his bunk in a high fever when the ship collided with the Camperdown. He made for his station on the bridge, and when the ship went down was towed to safety by a midshipman. Admiral Jellicoe was born in 1857. His father was formerly Commander of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's Fleet. Sir John was born at Southampton fifty-six years ago. Like Admiral Beatty, he

News Notes

Cipriano Castro, one-time dictator of Venezuela, is coming to New York from Barbadoes, on a pleasure trip.

The President nominated Robert L. Hunt, Decatur, Ill., as assistant treasurer of the United States at Chicago.

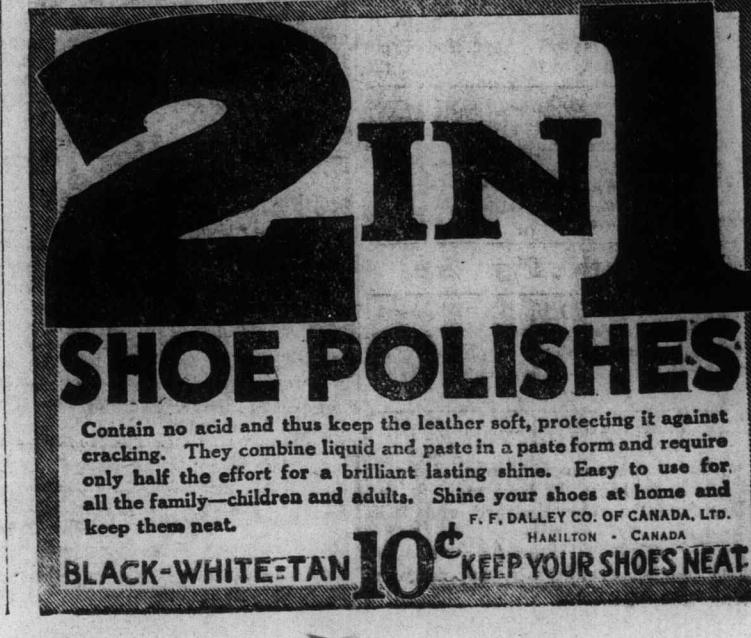
John E. Kinnane, Bay City, has been appointed United States district attorney for the eastern district of Michigan.

Apoplexy, brought on by the shock of seeing a sudden bolt of lightning caused the death of Mrs. Mamie Louise McCracken, of Newton, N.J.

Kentucky militiamen bathing in the Ohio River at Fort Thomas will wear bathing suits hereafter, since one young woman who objected to unconventional attire, shot one in the foot.

For the second time in two months, Justice Scudder in the Supreme Court at Mincola, L. I., annulled the marriage of Harold Mott and Margaret Johnson Mott of Far Rockaway.

Fred Boescher, a former member of the Consolidated Exchange, New York, cleaned up between \$10,000 and \$15,000 on bets made on the arrival of the German merchant submarine.



JELlicoe SHOE POLISHES

Contain no acid and thus keep the leather soft, protecting it against cracking. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form and require only half the effort for a brilliant lasting shine. Easy to use for all the family—children and adults. Shine your shoes at home and keep them neat.

BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢ KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT