

A BOY'S REWARD FOR HIS HONESTY

He Gets 20 Cents for Returning a Purse Containing Over \$300.

Strathroy, Oct. 21. — A young lad found a purse recently on the street, containing considerable cash and a check for \$300. The boy promptly took it to his father, who soon found the owner, and the little fellow was rewarded for his honesty by the magnificent sum of 20 cents.

The annual harvest home services of St. John's Church on Sunday were well attended and much enjoyed by all. The old church looked better than ever with the fine decorations of flowers, fruit and vegetables, all evidencing the bountiful harvest of a most prosperous year. The music by the choir was of a very high order and reflected much credit on their organization. The rector, Rev. F. Robinson, preached at the services.

Mr. J. P. Sandler, G. T. R. agent, who has been holidaying in the Northwest the past month, returned home on Thursday and will resume his duties on Monday.

Mr. Alex. Diggins, of Toronto, was home for Thanksgiving. Miss Kate Cameron, Metcalfe street, is visiting in Toronto.

Mr. E. Wetherell, accountant at the Canadian Bank of Commerce here, severs his connection with that institution and will leave for Toronto next week to accept a position with the Union Bank.

A full house is looked for at the council meeting on Monday evening next. It is not yet known how many constables will be on hand.

Mrs. C. Woods, who has been ill for some time, died on Thursday morning last and broke her wrist.

Quite a number of sports went hunting on Thanksgiving Day. A large number of squirrels and rabbits were bagged around here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Scott spent Thanksgiving Day in Goderich.

The opening meeting of St. Andrew's Young Men's Club was held on Wednesday evening. There was a fairly good attendance in spite of the unfavorable weather. The president, Dr. Corrigan, gave a brief address and urged all members to work hard for the success of the club the coming term. Mr. C. S. Kirk, principal of the S. C. L., and Rev. W. J. Knox, gave instructive and interesting addresses, after which the meeting closed. The next meeting will be on the 24th inst.

ACTRESS KILLED BY HER FIANCE

Jealousy-Maddened Lover Shoots Fraulein Wolter and Suicides.

Berlin, Oct. 21.—Fraulein Rita Wolter, the leading lady at the Comic Opera House, was shot dead in Berlin by her lover, Herr Augustus Hesse, a young man of considerable private means.

Fraulein Wolter, who was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of Augsburg, South Germany, obtained her parents' consent to follow a theatrical career with great difficulty. Finally she came to Berlin to study for the stage, and last year secured obtaining a position at the Comic Opera House, where she soon became leading lady.

During the period of study she became acquainted with Herr Hesse, and they became engaged. Their relations, however, cooled after a long conversation, in which he failed to persuade her to abandon her theatrical career, and he resented her refusal.

For months she wavered between the two, but showed much favor to her Spanish colleague, Herr Hesse, on perceiving how things were going, one day broke into Fraulein Wolter's flat, seized her by the throat and nearly strangled her. That decided her, and she resolved to become Herr Hesse's wife.

Her Hesse forced an entrance into her flat last evening, and after a long conversation, in which he failed to persuade her to abandon her theatrical career, and he resented her refusal.

A few days ago Herr Hesse telegraphed to Raventos, calling him a coward and a traitor, and challenging him to a duel, and Herr Hesse, who was ill in bed, replied that he was willing to fight at any time.

Always Remember the Full Name **Carrivie Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. H. Brown on every 1902 water was reached the other day. It is at Boultham, near Lincoln, England, and is to supply that city with water. The well's depth is 1,500 feet and the water was tapped there was a noise like thunder, and in 15 minutes the water rose 185 feet. In a few hours it was within 70 feet of the top of the shaft.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.—How many medicines loudly boasted as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put on the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

HADLEY OPPOSES OWNERSHIP IDEAS

Yale President Says Public Utilities Are Safer With Private Parties.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 21.—In view of the fact that Win. R. Hadley, the Democratic candidate for governor of New York, is making an out and out municipal ownership campaign, and that Bryan has declared for government ownership, the opinion of experts on the subject are being eagerly read.

No one perhaps has given closer study to the question than President Arthur Twining Hadley, of Yale, and he says: "Private ownership of monopolies tends to rapid development and utilization of improvements. With all the talent that has been put into the public administration of industry, it is a salient fact that the important inventions have been made in countries enjoying private enterprise. The telegraph, telephone, electric light, the railroad track, the locomotive, the airplane, the block signal system, were all introduced by private companies. In most cases it took government experts from ten to twenty-five years to discover them after they had been in successful use on private lines. We also find that the efficiency and quantity of service is generally higher than we see it under government management."

Of government ownership here Prof. Hadley says: "We are in the gravest danger of sacrificing discipline and economy and of making subservience to the popular will a cloak to cover abuses of trust and violations of commercial honesty."

He also says: "If any government agency, local or national, is to be entrusted with the management of an industrial enterprise, a non-partisan civil service is absolutely essential for success. Only where the traditions of the civil service are such that the best men of the country seek and gain admission to it, independent of party, can we hope that the advantages from government management of these industries might outweigh the evils. With the conditions as they exist in the United States political reasons compel us to reduce government ownership of fixed capital to a minimum."

"So long as an administration is to any considerable degree swayed by partisan considerations instead of industrial ones, every extension of government activity to new fields must be regarded with grave apprehension."

Home of Sedition.

In one of the by-streets of East London is a little stationer's shop, the look and feel of which has been more than suspected. It is likely that a group of men, busy engaged in the manufacture of sedition, are at work in this little shop, and are producing a large number of pamphlets and leaflets, which are being distributed in the most effective manner.

It has been stated that bombs are not made in England. This, unfortunately, is not true. Scotland Yard is even now searching for a secret factory, the existence of which has been more than suspected. It is likely that a group of men, busy engaged in the manufacture of sedition, are at work in this little shop, and are producing a large number of pamphlets and leaflets, which are being distributed in the most effective manner.

The police are active and untiring, but they are handicapped by the methods of the law. When they suspect that treasonable intrigue is on the way and wish to keep in touch with the men who are engaged in the manufacture of bombs at Walsall was discovered.

The raid on these surreptitious workers was made under the direction of Mr. Sweeney, who secured the conviction of several of the conspirators. The raid was a success, and the police have been able to take the number of the motor, but the motor so numbered does not answer to the description or power of the mysterious vehicle, so that the number has been illegally assumed.

Orders have been issued to arrest the car wherever it might be seen, and the police have been able to take the number of the motor, but the motor so numbered does not answer to the description or power of the mysterious vehicle, so that the number has been illegally assumed.

It is believed that the dash of the car into Tarskoe Solo was a rehearsal for an attempt to be made on the Czar when he returns to the winter palace at Peterhof, as Peterhof will be too strongly guarded while the Czar is in residence there to give any chance of success.

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On being taken to the police station he gave an address in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, where the police found a valuable dressing case belonging to Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, and bearing his initials. The man explained that he had stolen the bag from the Geneva express at the Gare de Lyon.

A reporter called this afternoon on Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton at his hotel in the Rue Castiglione. "It is perfectly true," he said, "that I lost a bag in the train from Geneva, but I had no idea that it had been stolen. We notified the railway company of the loss and quite expected that it would have found it."

It appears that the dressing case, with several other pieces of luggage, had been registered right through to Paris, and it was not until the bag was found on the judge's arrival in Paris that he discovered that one of the articles was missing.

He presumes that as the luggage was changed from one train to another at Lausanne the thief must have got hold of the dressing case there. It is more probable, however, that Clavier, as he states, succeeded in obtaining possession of the dressing case at the Gare de Lyon.

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ANARCHIST BOMBS MADE IN LONDON

Scotland Yard Is Searching For a Secret Factory—Picric Acid the Explosive.

London, Oct. 21.—There are probably 10,000 Anarchists—resolute, uncompromising enemies of rule—in London today. No other capital in the world has such an aggregation of scoundrels. Continental nations, with the possible exception of Switzerland, will not tolerate them.

"An anarchist is a madman." That is the opinion of Mr. John Sweeney, who for tireless years waged war as the law permits in our tight little island upon bomb makers and bomb throwers.

There is nothing picturesque about the personality of the anarchist. He is not the raven-haired, melancholy-eyed, swarthy-skinned creature of the popular fancy, and the novelist's conceit. He is just simply a madman, and a madman of the most dangerous and revolting type.

There are few Englishmen who associate themselves with aggressive anarchism. The majority are Italian; some are French, Spanish, German and Armenian.

It is a remarkable fact that the most eloquent and prolific speakers at anarchist councils are themselves excellent safety valves. The tongue is rarely in the hands of the anarchist. He is the gloomy, silent, morose man who strikes. He is the tool of the gib-tongued orator.

Early in the September of 1901, a woman declared vehemently in New York against the sin of anarchy. She poured her invectives upon royal heads. A mild-eyed youth listened with anger that was sharply fanned by the whirlwind of abuse into hotter and unquenchable fire. Leon Czolgosz went from the meeting with murder in his heart. A few days later he shot the President of the United States, and was assassinated by this same Czolgosz.

"Silence these speakers," says Mr. Sweeney, "and you have dealt a staggering blow to anarchy. I would make it a penal offense for anyone to preach anarchy. I would make it a crime to claim anarchy. Till you do this, and till you do treat your anarchist as a dangerous and irresponsible fellow, no measure can insure the safety of royal and other highly placed personages."

The work of these madmen is constantly going on. Some of them are under the lynx eyes of a Scotland Yard man. Others have managed to keep their secret, and it will only be known when a terrible catastrophe starts the world.

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A REAL CINDERELLA

How a Little Vancouver Servant Came Into a Big Fortune.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 21.—The following extraordinary story of an heiress held as a slave in New Zealand, lost track of for years, and finally rescued by her uncle, comes from San Francisco. An unfortunate orphan in a foreign land since 7 years old, reads the report, enslaved for almost a decade by an aged couple in New Zealand, today this woman is a fairly dream to her by reason of the sudden change for the better. The finding of the girl in New Zealand is a story of remarkable features. Her father, John Gilbert, was a daring young sea captain, who immediately after his marriage in Oregon went to Australia, and then to New Zealand. There Violet was born. Most of her mother's relatives have long lived in Oregon, and an aunt resides in Woodland, Cal. After his wife's death Gilbert seldom communicated with his relatives in America. When Violet was 7, he died, leaving her penniless. Nobody in New Zealand knew where her American relatives lived, so the girl fell into the hands of an aged couple, who treated her as a slave. Less than two years ago Mrs. Davidson of Portland, learned that her brother-in-law, Gilbert, had died in New Zealand, and she at once took steps to find if he left any family. After a good deal of correspondence she located the girl. Meanwhile, another aunt had died and left a large sum of money to the girl. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson thereupon determined to bring their orphaned niece from New Zealand to the United States. The girl who was thus suddenly taken from a home of poverty to become the owner of riches was brought over on the Pacific mail steamer Sonoma. She made many friends among the passengers, and everybody rejoiced at her good fortune.

The car is a very powerful one, lacquered red. It appears at irregular intervals in St. Petersburg and then vanishes. It is generally occupied by three well-dressed men. Just before the attempt at the Stolypin villa it was seen several times driving along the avenue that leads past the "Nikolai" hotel.

It was also seen several times during the summer in the districts where the St. Petersburg garrison was encamped, particularly on roads along which high officials used to drive.

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SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY.
—Showery, becoming cooler.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Come For These \$1.00 Black Venetians and Broadcloths

Come and look over these FOUR GOOD LINES of one dollar a yard Black Dress Goods.

All on the fashionable broadcloth order. All new cloths, too.

Correct styles and exceptional values.

Advise you inspecting them before ordering material for the new suit.

50-inch Black CHIFFON BROADCLOTH. All wool, and good weight for coats and skirts.....\$1.00

50-inch Black SATIN FINISHED VENETIAN. Every thread all wool. Very bright surface—Pirle finish. Good weight.....\$1.00

48-inch Black DEENHEIM. A very solid cloth, highly finished. Will not spot or shrink. Pirle finish.....\$1.00

52-inch Black VENETIAN. A good weight cloth. A very bright, but not a glossy finish.....\$1.00

Black Dress Goods—Main Floor.

High-Grade Panama Cloth for 75c Yard

A very strong weave and a stylish appearing fabric at this price.

Large color range, too:

Rose Mulberry Cardinal
Garnet Gray Olive
Myrtle Navy Purple
Light and Mid Brown.

44 inches wide.....75c

Firm, closely woven INDIA TWILL—a serviceable as well as a handsome material.

Rose Purple Brown Navy
Very reasonable at per yard.....65c

Colored Dress Goods—Main Floor.

CHASED BY WIFE FROM THE RACES

Bookmaker Flees in Auto, But Is Overtaken After an Exciting Run.

New York, Oct. 21. — "There's the wretch! Get after him!"

With that exclamation from an angry wife who was in one automobile while her husband was in another, there began a remarkable chase yesterday of the second machine by the first.

Starting from Belmont Park the two automobiles sped away. They dodged in and out among other vehicles, up hill and down dale, now through narrow lanes, again through busy settlements, with other automobiles breaking here and there into the chase, until it found a melodramatic climax at the Long Island City ferry. On the ferryboat was the fleeing machine. The other was a second too late, but one of its occupants, Court Officer Glennon, had jumped from it, and with a flying leap across the water, he gained the ferryboat, and served court papers from which the husband in the first automobile had been fleeing.

Mrs. Lulu Eshner was the young woman who instigated the chase. Her husband is Frank Eshner, a bookmaker. Last August the wife swore out a warrant charging him with threatening to abduct their 12-year-old daughter Vera. He was making a book at Saratoga at the time, and her effort to serve him on other tracks since his return proved unavailing. Finally she learned that he had an agent doing his work for him, while he himself was merely a spectator of the races.

Yesterday with Officer Glennon, of the west side court, she went in her automobile to the track and waited outside for the races to be over. Eshner saw his wife as quickly as she saw him, and instantly gave a command to his chauffeur, and the thrilling flight and pursuit was on. Through the town of Queens the two cars tore into Jamaica. Scores of other automobiles were bound away from the races. The lamps of several were smashed to smithereens.

In Jamaica's crowded streets people scrambled to get out of the way, and Eshner's car, in making a sudden turn to the right, narrowly missed a group of children. Up and down the many treacherous little hills that lead to Flushing it sped, leaving a trail of dust that choked and whitened the pursuers right behind. On Broadway, Flushing, policemen tried to bring the speeders to a standstill.

The chase then struck the route to College Point, Eshner apparently heading for the Ninety-ninth street ferry. Back toward Flushing, however, his machine suddenly turned, a good lead that it had gained being quickly lost. The two cars thundered across a wood-

en bridge over Flushing Creek with such speed and force as to almost tear the flooring planks asunder. They sandwiched a trolley car, each missing it by but a few inches as they crossed in front and the other behind it, each dashing diagonally across the tracks.

The second machine was invisible in the cloud of dust raised by the first as they swung along the farmers' road through Corona. Through Elmhurst they went, leaving a swarm of impatient motorists from the drivers of farm wagons, and reached the Bushwick turnpike.

The two automobiles then switched into Borden street for the straight dash through Long Island City to the ferry. Other automobiles, bicycles and men and boys on foot started in pursuit along that thoroughfare.

As the first car reached the ferry landing the mob swarmed around the one behind. Glennon fought his way through fists and clubs to the Long Island City ferry. On the ferryboat was the fleeing machine. The other was a second too late, but one of its occupants, Court Officer Glennon, had jumped from it, and with a flying leap across the water, he gained the ferryboat, and served court papers from which the husband in the first automobile had been fleeing.

"All right," was the prisoner's comment, "I'll go with you with a whimper." It was taken to West Forty-seventh street station and locked up, pending bail.

THE CRETAN INSURGENTS

Attempt to Capture Prince George of Greece, High Commissioner.

Athens, Oct. 21. — A fight in which two persons were killed and a large number were wounded occurred at Canea before the departure from Crete of Prince George of Greece, the ex-high commissioner, who arrived here this evening.

About 500 of the Cretan insurgents, who heard that Prince George was leaving Crete, marched on Monday night toward Suda Bay, and attempted to surround the palace yesterday morning, with the object of preventing him from leaving the island.

Meanwhile, a strong force of international troops had been posted round the palace, and these opened fire on the demonstrators. A conflict ensued in which one Cretan and a Russian soldier were killed, and many on both sides were wounded.

The British cruiser Barham, anchored in the bay, landing a detachment of sailors with machine guns. The Greek flag was flown from the Government buildings, but a body of French and Italian soldiers rehoisted the Cretan flag, and captured several insurgents.

Prince George begged the insurgents to depart, and they withdrew to the mountains.

In order to prove its power of discriminating between colors the scientist, Dahl, made some interesting tests on a monkey. He colored some sweets with a certain colored dye and some bitter substances with that of another color. After a few attempts the monkey learned to leave without even tasting those articles of food colored with the dye which indicated bitter-tasting substances and seized at once upon those which indicated sweets. Varying the experiments sufficiently he found that the monkey distinguished all the different colors readily, save only dark blue. Many savage tribes cannot distinguish dark blue from black, and even children distinguish this color later than all others.

Malta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"

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