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LIBERAL LAWYERS DEMAND THAT CONSERVATIVE CORRUPTION BE PROBED BY MAGISTRATE DENISON

Insist That Tory Crookedness in West Elgin, Brockville, South Ontario and London Be Investigated at the Expense of Crown.

EVIDENCE HURTFUL TO CONSERVATIVES SIDETRACKED

Prosecution Balks, But Finally Promises to Place Matter Before the Attorney-General—Spy on the Liberals Tells a Tangled Tale and Is Laughed Out of Court—Messrs. J. C. Duffield and John Stevely on the Stand.

[By Our Own Reporter.]

Toronto, Nov. 2.—The feature of today's session of the London election conspiracy charges was the application by the lawyers for the defense for leave to investigate electoral corruption on the Conservative side in London, South Ontario, West Elgin and Brockville.

Messrs. Godfrey and Wilkie, who made the application before Magistrate Denison, declared that they had abundance of proof to show that for years electoral corruption had been rife in these constituencies on the Conservative side, but that when a witness was found who knew ill of the Conservatives, he was kept away by a partisan prosecution.

The Liberal lawyers declared that inasmuch as the investigation, by the declaration of Magistrate Denison, was a wide-open one, and one which would take in if necessary, every election held in Canada, it was only right and just that the crown should authorize the Liberals to show up corruption on the Conservative side, which was now being covered up by the prosecution.

The magistrate didn't manifest any desire to go into the contra charges, but Mr. DuVernet was forced to say that he would lay the matter before the Attorney-General on Saturday. The defense only asks that the crown bear the expense of bringing the witnesses to Toronto. If this is done, the Liberals declare they will show that the Conservatives have been guilty of every crime on the calendar in elections held in London and other places which have been investigated in the present inquiry.

The magistrate ordered that Frank Hutchinson, of West London, who, it is alleged, was kept away because he knew too much of Conservative corruption, should be produced in court next Wednesday. Mr. DuVernet said he had intended calling him, and understood he was to be in Toronto yesterday.

"But you didn't issue a warrant for him," said Mr. Wilkie sarcastically. Mr. Wilkie then asked that R. A. Jones, of West London, be brought to Toronto next week, and the magistrate consented.

Were Witnesses Kept Away. Edward Croden was recalled when the court resumed this afternoon.

Before he was examined, Mr. Wilkie for the defense, asked that a number of witnesses who he said may be able to throw light on elections in London, Brockville, South Ontario and West Elgin, be brought to Toronto at the expense of the crown.

Mr. Wilkie stated that he had been informed that certain witnesses who could tell stories which were not in accord with the opinions of the prosecution had been kept away. He instanced the case of Frank Hutchinson, of West London.

Magistrate Denison declared that if the crown would agree he was willing to issue the subpoenas. Hutchinson must appear at once, he said. Mr. DuVernet said that if Mr. Wilkie had any charges to make against anyone, there was a place to make it, and the crown would take up the charges and pay the cost of the investigation as in the present case.

Mr. Godfrey went on to say that he wanted no misunderstanding regarding the matter. He understood that the magistrate was endeavoring to get at the bottom of electoral corruption, no matter by whom it was committed.

Magistrate Objects. The magistrate surprised the Liberal counsel by saying that he was not there to inquire into all the conspiracies which had been entered into in Canada.

"I am only investigating the present conspiracy," he said. "Oh, we understood from what you said a while ago that you were here to get at the bottom of corruption," Mr. Godfrey replied.

"Now we are ready to assist the prosecution," Mr. Godfrey went on, "in the work of getting at the bottom of the corruption, and to punish those who have committed wrong, no mat-

ter who they may be. If we have knowledge that 100 men were benched in London, will my learned friend agree to pay the cost of bringing the witnesses here?"

Mr. DuVernet would not agree. He said he was not the attorney-general, and could not answer Mr. Godfrey. "But the Premier has stated that all wrongdoers will be punished, and if it can be shown that any wrongdoing has been going on, the attorney-general will be sure to take up the case."

"If you can bring any evidence to show that there has been wrongdoing in Toronto, I will make out the charge," the magistrate said. "Unless it can be shown that there was a Toronto connection I will have no jurisdiction."

"I didn't know you were worried about jurisdiction," Mr. Godfrey said. "This conspiracy began here," the magistrate returned.

"What is there to show that Reid was connected with the conspiracy?" Mr. Godfrey asked.

The magistrate was forced to admit that there was nothing to connect Reid with the conspiracy at London.

His worship declared, however, that there was quite a little evidence against Mulloy, O'Gorman, Servis, Wiley and Hardy.

Will See Attorney-General. Goaded by Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Godfrey, Mr. DuVernet finally declared that he would see the attorney-general on Saturday and if it could be shown that there was any evidence to connect the other side with electoral corruption he would see that the crown took up the prosecution.

Evidence Against Conservatives.

"We will undertake to produce evidence against the other side equally as strong as anything which has been produced against Mulloy or O'Gorman," Mr. Godfrey said. "We understand this is a wide-open investigation, and we want the same show and the same machinery that were put at the disposal of the Conservatives."

"This is a parliamentary conspiracy," the magistrate said again.

Cornered by Mr. Wilkie

"Well, we understood you to say that justice would not be hampered by legal technicalities," Mr. Wilkie retorted. "We want you to give us the same show and the same machinery you gave the Conservatives. We will show you what has been going on on the other side."

"Mr. Godfrey, who had remained in the box while the above discussion was going on, was then allowed to leave the stand without any further questions being asked."

Mr. John Stevely

John Stevely was the next witness.

"What money, did you put up?"

"About \$25 or \$30."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of my own pocket."

"What money did you get?"

"General expenses."

"About \$15 or \$20."

"Who gave it to you?"

"George M. Reid."

"Was that all you got from Mr. Reid?"

"Yes."

"Did you get any money from anyone else?"

"No."

"What is your business?"

"Manufacturer."

"Whom did you pay?"

"A man named Wightman \$5 and Lee \$5."

"What for?"

"For scrutinizing."

"Will you swear that's all you paid?"

"I'll swear I only paid out the amounts I have mentioned."

"Did you pay any money for votes, or promise anybody anything?"

"No."

"Did you promise anything to anybody indirectly?"

"There was some went that way."

"How much money—\$400?"

"Not that much."

"Less than \$150?"

"I don't think it was less than \$150."

"Where did you get the money?"

"It was sent to me."

"From whom?"

"I don't know."

"It came in envelopes?"

"Yes."

"How much was in each envelope?"

"I don't know."

"Whom did you give the envelopes to?"

"Lee was one. Lake was another."

"Did you have any idea of who it came from?" the magistrate asked.

Denison Overrules

Mr. Wilkie objected, and the magistrate overruled it.

"The objection is noted and overruled," he said, with the air of a czar.

Mr. Wilkie fought back.

"What's the use of arguing with me?" his worship asked.

"There may be none," Mr. Wilkie Continued on Page Eleven.

Will Magistrate Denison Keep His Promise?

Time and again during the investigation of the London election conspiracy charges, counsel for the defense raised the point of a Toronto court's jurisdiction in the investigating of a London case, and also the investigating of elections which took place in West Elgin, Brockville, South Ontario, North Hastings, West Huron and elsewhere.

And time and again Magistrate Denison has retorted that he was there to get at the truth, and was not going to be hampered by legal quibbles or technicalities.

This has been his invariable reply to the Liberal lawyers who have found legal precedent and procedure thrown to the winds.

The Liberals were forced to accept the magistrate's declaration, and they took him at his word, when he said one day that if necessary he would probe all the elections held in Canada even as far back as 1800, or the flood, he said, in order to wipe out electoral corruption.

He declared that he cared not whom the investigation helped or hurt—he was there to get at the truth.

Yesterday he astounded the Liberal counsel by himself raising a point of law over which he has ridden rough-shod for five weeks—that of jurisdiction.

When asked to go into electoral corruption on the Conservative side, his worship declared that the matter of jurisdiction is a serious one.

In the examination of Hamilton Ramsay, a couple of weeks since, Mr. Wilkie, one of the counsel for the defense, raised an objection, and stated that the law had supplied certain rules of procedure, and he submitted that the court should be guided by them.

"Those rules were made for people who haven't any ability to think for themselves," replied his worship, "and they had better stick to them."

Magistrate Denison now says that he must be governed by the rules of law.

Will the magistrate now consent to a wide-open investigation?

CONDUCTORS WILL KNOW FATE SOON

That's the Feeling in G. T. R. Circles Today—Changes Go Into Effect.

There were no developments today in the case of the Grand Trunk conductors. All of the men were on their regular runs, but the feeling prevailed that on Monday there would be numerous changes, including those mentioned in The Advertiser last evening.

Conductor Higgins passed through the city last evening in charge of the Eastern Flyer, but it was his last run with the "dude" train. On what run he is to be placed is still unknown to even Conductor Higgins himself. Conductor Manley went to Toronto this morning in response to instructions from the superintendent's office, and it is certain that he will be placed on a new run, as Conductor Connolly, of Toronto, has been placed on Conductor Manley's old London and Suspension Bridge. Conductor McKenzie, of the L. H. and B., has gone to Toronto to take the run of Conductor Fluke, on the Toronto branch, Conductor Fluke having been chosen for service on the International Limited and the Eastern Flyer, in place of Conductor Higgins. Conductor Connolly, of the northern division, has taken Conductor McKenzie's old run.

It was reported today that it would be known on Monday what dismissals are to be made on the lines between Sarnia, Tunnel and Suspension Bridge.

KLEINGBEIL SENTENCED

The Belleville Man Who Slew His Wife Given Four Years.

Belleville, Ont., Nov. 3.—When the assizes opened this morning, Judge Britton ordered Kleingbeil, the wife-slayer, up for his sentence, and gave him four years in Kingston Penitentiary. The general opinion in this city is that the sentence is too light in the interests of justice. It is said, on the authority of a jurymen, that the jury in the Kleingbeil case were at first almost unanimous in favor of hanging the prisoner, but the minority fought hard, and at last the members in favor of extreme measures consented on account of the prisoner's age to a verdict of manslaughter. Had he been a young man, the prisoner would certainly have been found guilty of murder.

WANT SHORTER SEASON.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3.—The American League will advocate a longer world's series, a shorter championship season, and a greater number of post-season games between teams of the major leagues for next season, as a part of the winter baseball campaign, according to an announcement made yesterday by President Johnson. There also will be efforts made to curb the practice of independent or city league clubs of hiring players under contract to National League clubs, with or without the consent of the teams to which they belong.

NEWFOUNDLAND MAY GO TO PRIVY COUNCIL

Likely to Carry Fisheries Dispute to the Highest Tribunal.

St. Johns, Nfld., Nov. 3.—In order to avoid the possibility of any legal defect or technicality vitiating the proposed test cases which the Newfoundland Government intends to bring against colonial fishermen employed on board of American herring vessels to determine whether the *modus vivendi* arranged between the United States and Great Britain is valid or otherwise, the Government will send competent legal counsel to the west coast to arrange for these prosecutions, and draft the necessary papers and to oversee the enforcement of the bait act. It is the purpose of the Government to carry these cases to the privy council if necessity arises.

RARE BURNS PAPERS CAPTURED BY MORGAN

\$200,000 Spent to Secure the Original MSS. of the Great Poet.

New York, Nov. 3.—J. Pierpont Morgan imported yesterday what is said to be the most complete set in existence of the original manuscripts and private letters of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, says the Tribune today.

Mr. Morgan's agents have been scouring Great Britain for the last fifteen years in order to secure the documents. An expense of not less than \$200,000 is estimated to have been incurred.

The manuscripts are in two books of some 400 pages apiece. They were nominally appraised by the United States customs authorities at \$25,000 each, and subjected to a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem, so that the Morgan customs brokers paid \$10,000 duty.

It is believed to be the intention of Mr. Morgan to bestow the Burns manuscripts and letters to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that their importation is the forerunner of the arrival of numberless other European treasures of literature and art of which Mr. Morgan is reported to have accumulated the other side.

The value of his collections are said to be nearly \$15,000,000, but the heavy tariff has deterred him from bringing them over.

WEDDED—GOT PUNISHED

Mr. R. S. Hamby Violated Rules of Social Club.

Mr. and Mrs. R. St. Clare Hamby, of 880 Lorne avenue, were agreeably surprised last evening when 25 young gentlemen friends, loaded down with edibles of every description, took possession of their home. The "tinware shower," for that is really what it was arranged by members of a well-known local club, of which Mr. Hamby was a popular member.

It seems as though Mr. Hamby broke one of the rules of the club by taking into himself a wife, and last night's affair was arranged by way of punishment for the dire offense. Judging by the quantity of pantry and kitchen utensils presented to the happy couple Mr. Hamby will not have to make any expenditures in those lines for many long years.

After an address of presentation had been read the party adjourned to the parlor and were pleasantly entertained with several vocal and instrumental numbers.

Miss Jessica Hamby, sister of the happy benedict, entertained splendidly with several recitations.

Mr. Bud McNab and Mr. Clay Gibson, the well-known baseball player, rendered in fine voice several splendid solos.

Mr. Richard Balfour, Mr. Benjamin Stapleton and Mr. Fred Hodges gave some very clever instrumental selections.

The affair was a most enjoyable one and the visitors, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Hamby, enjoyed themselves immensely.

DEATH OF JUDGE MADORE

Eminent Quebec Jurist and Ex-M. P. Passes Away.

Montreal, Que., Nov. 3.—Judge Madore, of St. Hyacinthe, died at the Glen-garry Hospital early this morning. Judge Madore, who was only 48 years of age had been suffering from a chronic illness for a long time. For nine years he was in law partnership with the present crown prosecutor, Mr. E. Guerin, and for a period he was identified with the late J. A. Drouin. In 1896 he was returned to the House of Commons for the constituency of Hochelaga and was re-elected in 1900. In 1903, Mr. Madore was elevated to the bench and attached to the district of St. Hyacinthe. He married in April last Miss Bechemin of that locality.

DEER HUNTER-DROWNED.

Hastings, Ont., Nov. 3.—News was received by telephone this morning from L'Amable of the drowning of John Murray at Crooked Lakes, Murray, in company with a few others from here, went deer-hunting on Monday last. The accident happened by the upsetting of his canoe. Mr. Murray had resided and carried on a successful butcher business in Hastings for a number of years.

MISSING WITH THE FUNDS.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3.—J. Christian Eckelson, of Chicago, three supreme treasurer of the Danish Brotherhood of America, is missing, and simultaneously it is found that from \$40,000 to \$50,000 of the order's funds is gone. Eckelson has not been seen since Oct. 25.

DAIRYMAN WILL BE PROSECUTED

Which Had Been Adulterated With Formaldehyde.

Medical Health Officer Hutchinson today tested a sample of milk left in his office by a citizen, and the result was that the milk was shown to be adulterated with formaldehyde.

The name of the milkman is not as yet known, but as soon as it is learned he will be prosecuted.

The milkman was brought to the city hall by a well-known citizen, who asked that it be tested. The gentleman left his card, and stated that if it was shown that the milk was adulterated he would hand in the milkman's name.

Now Dr. Hutchinson is waiting to hear from the citizen so that the prosecution may be commenced at once.

The offense is looked upon as unpardonable at this time of the year, when the weather is cool and there is no temptation to use formaldehyde to prevent the milk from spoiling.

It is thought that this particular dairyman had a quantity of milk left over at night, and that he used the formaldehyde to preserve it until he could get a chance to sell it.

Formaldehyde makes milk extremely thick and its use is dangerous upon infants when fed on milk is baneful.

The law provides a severe penalty for its use, and it is likely that the milkman, unless he can show that the milk was adulterated when he bought it, will be heavily mulcted.

If the adulteration cannot be traced to the milkman, then an attempt will be made to prosecute the wholesaler.

"TOO SHORT FOR ME"

With This, Tall Bridegroom Dashes From Church, But Later Returns.

New York, Nov. 3.—Michael Harvilla, six feet tall, was married yesterday at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, on East Twenty-second street, Bayonne, to Miss Margaret Gorman, who is a little less than five feet tall. The difference in their height had apparently escaped Harvilla, until after the ceremony had been performed. Then he said to the blushing bride, "I think you are too short for me," and dashed from the church. The bride and some of the guests ran after him, but he eluded them.

After the bride was brought around she was assisted to her home. Toward evening the bridegroom returned. He said that he was sorry for what he had said and done, and that Margaret was quite tall enough for him. Margaret believed him, and forgave him. Then word was sent to the guests, and the wedding festivities went on.

HOUSE MEETS NOV. 22

The Tariff Policy To Be Submitted Before the Holidays.

Ottawa, Nov. 3.—At a meeting of the cabinet yesterday it was decided to summon Parliament for Nov. 22. The House will have three clear weeks in which to do business before rising for the Christmas and New Year holidays. These will probably last from about Dec. 20 until Jan. 7 or 8. The Government will submit their tariff policy very soon after the debate on the address has been disposed of, and considerable headway ought to be made before Christmas.

UTES GIVE IN; WAR SCARE OFF

Chief of U. S. Renegade Indians Will Discuss Troubles With President Roosevelt.

Sheridan, Wyo., Nov. 3.—A conference between the Indians and troops today resulted in an agreement on the part of the Utes to return with Col. Rogers to Fort Meade, South Dakota, to be taken care of there by the Government while Chiefs Redcap and Black Whiskers go to Washington to talk the matter over with President Roosevelt. The Utes will go overland with troops of the Sixth Cavalry. The Indians have not been disarmed and will not be as long as they take no threatening action.

BLOCKED STREET AGAIN

Thomas Michael, Peanut Vendor, Convicted at Police Court.

At the police court this morning, Thomas Michael, the peanut vendor, appeared to answer a charge of obstructing the street by leaving his cart standing too long in one place. The case was adjourned for one week, at the end of which time Michael will have to appear for sentence.

Wilson Brown, drunk and disorderly, was bound over to keep the peace in the sum of \$100 for six months.

Two first-time drunks were allowed to go.

JAP SPY CAUGHT.

New York, Nov. 3.—According to a Manila dispatch to the Herald, a Japanese captain of engineers, disguised as a laborer, has been caught sketching fortifications in the Philippines. The Japanese Government has been communicated with regarding the deportation of the officer.

DID MR. WHITNEY CLASH WITH BECK?

A Toronto Journal Tells of Row Over Power Matters—The Premier Denies It.

Toronto, Nov. 3.—The Toronto Star of last night says: All it not harmony at the brown stone pile in Queen's Park where out great men of the province rule our affairs. Their power policy is getting the members of the cabinet into hot water with each other.

A few weeks ago Messrs. Cochrane and Beck were at loggerheads because the former, in contempt of the latter's Hydro-Electric Commission's report, had leased the Healy Falls power to private parties. Mr. Cochrane had the support of the cabinet, of course, or the lease would not have gone through. For a week or so it looked as though the power minister's sun had set. But, although Mr. Beck had received the worst of it in council, he proceeded to recover himself in the country. The response of the municipalities when he asked them to send in their applications for power to his commission must have encouraged him, and at the same time have shown Mr. Whitney that Mr. Beck has public opinion at his back.

It is said that Mr. Whitney has been restless under Mr. Beck's negotiations with the Ontario Power Company lest the public may respond to the cry that the Government were tying up a "Yankee company" to the injury of Canadian capital. A clash is said to have come this morning at the council board. Mr. Whitney exercised those qualities of courage and frankness of which he is possessed, and told Mr. Beck that any fool could get the applause of the public by leading them to believe they are going to get something for nothing. And Mr. Beck retorted in kind by telling the Premier he did not care for him or his cabinet, and that he would see whether the people were behind him or Mr. Whitney.

Then Mr. Beck came down town to cool off.

The proceedings at the council board are supposed to be secret, but The Star was told of this passage-at-arms upon such excellent authority that it is given for what it is worth. If true, it is an important indication of the dangers which threaten to overtake the Beck power policy.

When seen in regard to this statement, Mr. Whitney declared that there had been no clash and that the story was false.

GREAT NEW YORK FIRE

Piano Factory Destroyed at Great Loss—Firemen in Peril.

New York, Nov. 3.—Hundreds of men were thrown out of employment and money lost in excess of a quarter of a million dollars was consumed today by a fire which destroyed the piano factory of Jacob Bros. & Co., in West Thirty-ninth street. The fire started in the cellar, where oils, varnishes and other combustible material were stored, and worked steadily upwards until the flames burst through the roof of the seven-story structure. Fifty-five firemen, who had been sent into the building during an early stage of the fire, were forced to flee for their lives when barrels of oil caught in the cellar began to burst. All of them escaped, and from that time until the flames were put under control, the firemen fought the fire from the roofs of adjoining buildings.

SEARCH FOR GOLD IN SUNKEN HULL

An Attempt Will Be Made to Raise Treasure Lost in 1859.

London, Nov. 3.—Another search for lost treasure is about to begin under the auspices of a British company.

This time it is gold brought from Australia in 1859 that is the object of the search. It is believed to be in or near a wreck at Moelfre, on the coast of Anglesey.

The wreck in question was one of the most terrible in seafaring annals. The Royal Charter, a full-rigged ship, sailed from an Australian port, with nearly 500 persons, crew and passengers, on board.

A large proportion of the passengers were gold-diggers who had "made their pile," and were returning home as rich men. The gold they brought with them was contained partly in belts worn by the owners, but mainly in two great boxes.

The value of all the gold on the ship is estimated at more than \$1,500,000. The Royal Charter struck on a reef at Moelfre and became a total wreck. Four hundred and fifty-nine of her crew and passengers were drowned.

There have been many efforts to recover the gold from the wreck, and it is understood that the smaller of the chests that contained the bulk of the treasure was found at an early period. Dwellers along the coast profited by digging in the sands, and even in recent years prospecting of this sort has been rewarded occasionally by the discovery of a few coins.

Preparations for the work are in active progress at Holyhead. Counselor Edward Owen, who is an expert in such matters, will superintend the operation.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Quality of these Venetians is above the ordinary at the prices we are asking. All wool materials, with the fine, soft, broad-cloth finish so fashionable at present. If you'll but come and examine them we feel sure you'll be pleased with them in every way. And they do make up into such stylish dresses and shirtwaist suits.

Black Venetian. Handsome, smooth,
broadcloth finish. All-wool. 46 inches
wide..... **75c**

Black Venetian. Very rich, glossy,
broadcloth finish. 46 inches wide. All
wool..... **85c**

Black Dress Goods—Main Floor.

Many people find that the ordinary Corset Covers are not warm enough for cold weather wear. Well, here are some Flannellette Corset Covers which will prove very warm and comfortable for late autumn and winter wear.

Made of fine, soft quality flannellette. Tight-fitting, prettily finished around neck and arm holes with fancy silk stitching. Each..... **25c**

Comfortable Sleeping Suits For Children

It would be hard to find anything more sensible or comfortable for the children to sleep in during the freezing winter nights than these cosy, warm Sleeping Suits.

Extra good quality flannelette is used and they are carefully made. Neatly finished around neck with frill and fancy stitching. Plain colors of pink, white and gray. Price according to size..... **65c, 75c and 85c**

Whiteware—Second Floor.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, 149, 151, 153 and 155
Dundas Str

\$1,000—Emery street; new brick cottage, bedrooms, parlor dining-room, kitchen. Terms, \$100 cash, balance 5½ per cent.

\$1,300—Mamelon street; frame cottage, bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, chicken coop and soft water.

\$1,500—Married and single; 1 1/2-story brick
 house, 1000 Broadway avenue; 1 1/2-story brick
 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen,
 bath, good closets; electric lights; taxes
 less than \$15 per year; ten minutes
 from city.
 \$1,600—Dundas street; 1 1/2-story frame,
 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen,
 bath, good closets; electric lights; taxes
 less than \$30 cash balance at 5 1/2 % p.
 a. m.
 \$1,600—Handy street frame cottage, brick
 foundation, parlor, dining-room, kitchen,
 3 bedrooms, woodshed, good closets.
 \$1,650—Colborne street; 1 1/2-story so-
 brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, w. c.,
 kitchen, dining-room, bath; taxes
 less than \$30.
 \$1,500—Sackville street; frame cottage,
 parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath,
 kitchen, summer kitchen, hard and soft
 water; lot 40 x 10.
 \$1,700—Hawthorne street; 1 1/2-story brick, 3 be-
 rooms, parlor, dining-room kitchen,
 summer kitchen, hard and soft water.

FIFTY ACRES in West Missouri, the quarters mile from Devizes, seven-eighths of a mile to cheese factory; clay loam watered by two wells, never-failing spring, orchard, 15 acres of mixed timber, 14-story frame house, new frame barn, 40x60 on stone wall, cement floors.

[illegible]

FOR SALE - NEW BRICK HOME
modern improvements; five m
walk from market. Apply 1/14

Real Estate Changes.

The Western Real Estate Exchange reports the sale of the following property during the past two weeks:

No. 387—J. A. Griffin's 50-acre farm in the township of Houghton, county of Norfolk, sold.

No. 2564—J. A. Shaw's 68-acre farm township of Oro, county of Simcoe, sold.

No. 519—J. A. Shaw's grist mill and the township of Oro, county of Simcoe, sold.

No. 4010—Robert Hall's 159-acre farm, township of Thompson, District of Algoma, sold.

No. 982—A. M. Smith's house and lots in the township of St. Catharines, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 4743—L. P. Corman's 50-acre farm, township of Louth, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 2371—C. B. Reece's 50-acre farm township of Louth, county of Lincoln, exchanged.

No. 2575—David Webster's 25-acre farm, township of Louth, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 2373—J. H. Konkile's house and lot in the city of St. Catharines, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 1175—Clara A. Scott's house and lot in St. Catharines, sold.

No. 2375—S. Manning's 194-acre farm in the township of Zone, county of Kent, exchanged.

No. 4457—Richard Hetherington's 50-acre farm, township of Orford, county of Kent, exchanged.

No. 714—J. Dodson's house and lot in the village of Port Stanley, county of Elgin, sold.

No. 1123—Mrs. M. Davidson's house and lot in the village of Merxton, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 2993—Henry H. Sutton's 10-acre farm in the township of Vespra, county of Lincoln, sold.

No. 1164—Mrs. Catherine
house and lot in the village of
county of Middlesex, sold.
No. 3886—James Fasken's 1

FARM FOR SALE—SEVENTY A
in Yarmouth, well fenced and
drained; seven acres of timber,
house, brick foundation, good bu
orchard and quantity of small fru
by J. W. G. Winnett, barrister
No. 3886, Talbot street.

can always be examined at our office. If you are looking for any kind of real estate, these pictures will give you a fair idea of the properties we have to offer. We have attractive cottages, 1½-story dwellings, and medium to large residences. If you desire to buy, rent or sell any

class of real estate, a building 187, a cottage, a residence or a business property, you are invited to call and talk the matter over.

No trouble to give information or show properties.

LOANS.

Money to loan in sums of \$100 and upwards to complete purchase price, build (money advanced as building progresses), remodel the old house and pay off old mortgages.

Real Estate, Loans and Investments.
NO. 423 RICHMOND STREET,
London, Ont.

MANAGER. Telephone 642. 631-t-1

farm, township of Pilkington, county of Wellington, sold.

No. 937—Orilla Anderson's house and two acres of land in the village of Aboyno, county of Wellington, sold.

No. 564—R. Jeffery's house and lot in the town of Leamington, county of Kent, sold.

No. 840—C. Hube's house and lot in the city of St. Catharines, sold.

No. 3016—Fred Longhurst's 50-acre farm, township of Orilla, county of Simcoe, sold.

No. 3017—William Allowell's 50-acre farm in the township of North Orillia, county of Simcoe, sold.

No. 635—John W. Ross' 11½ acres the township of Oro, county of Simcoe, sold.

No. 306—George Webster's house and lot in the city of London, sold.

No. 4478—William Tocher's 100-acre farm, township of Eastnor, county of Bruce, sold.

No. 462—Edward Perkin's house and lot on Clarence street, city of London, sold.

No. 463—George W. Ferguson's house and lot in the village of Lambeth, sold.

No. 396—George Riddle's house and lot, 1051 Mary street, sold.

The ground on which All Hallows Church stands in London is worth £000,000. The average congregation is 26. At 3 per cent the interest on the value of the ground is \$120,000 a year. Therefore, it costs about \$5,000 a year including the running expenses of the church, to supply every member of the congregation with the facilities for worship are enjoyed.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT the best:

Mathias Foley, On City, Oak
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N. E.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave,
Pierre Landry, sen, Pokemouche,
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

brick foundation, 5 bedrooms, double
parlors, dining-room, kitchen, modern
conveniences, veranda; lot 25x150 feet.
Only \$2,500.

PROPERTY WITH ME
WILL BE SURE OF HAV
ADVERTISED.

THOS. C. KNOTT,
ROOM 101. MASONIC TEMPLE.

550. **J. F. SANGS**
112 MASONIC TEMPLE

78 DUNDAS STREET, LO
Telephone 624.

FOR SALE - NEW BRICK H
modern improvements; five m
walk from market. Apply 17 H

in Yarmouth, well fenced and
drained; seven acres of timber,
house, brick foundation, good build
orchard and quantity of small fruit
ply J. W. G. Winnett, barrister,
41st Talbot street.

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etc.,
ywt

THOS. C. KNOTT,

100 acres, close to city limits;
barn stable, etc., sp
choice stock farm; on

THE WESTERN REAL EXCHANGE, Limited
78 DUNDAS STREET, LO

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TRANSIENT CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS — NO ADVERTISEMENT LESS THAN TEN CENTS.

MEETINGS.—When no admission is charged, one cent per word each insertion. **ARTICLES FOR SALE.**—To let, help wanted, situations wanted, board and lodgings, lost and found, rooms to let, real estate for sale, etc. Each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisement less than ten cents.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

BIRTHS.

WILLS.—On Oct. 21, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Willis a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CATER-HOEHN.—On Thursday, Nov. 1, 1906, at the residence of the bride's father, 66 York street, by Rev. Arthur Carls, Valma Emma only daughter of Marcel Hoehn, of 1011 York street, and Port Arthur, formerly of this city.

DEATHS.

POWELL.—In this city, on Nov. 2, 1906, Samuel Powell, beloved husband of Hannah Powell, aged 50 years and 10 months.

Funeral from his late residence, 94 Wellington street, on Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2 p.m.; service at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

FLANNERY.—At Detroit, Mich., on Nov. 1, 1906, Jeremiah Flannery, aged 72 years.

Funeral from the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. C. Flannery, 28 Blackfriars street, on Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30, to St. Peter's Cathedral; Requiem High Mass at 9 a.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

STRINGER.—On Nov. 1, 1906, at her parents' residence, 1033 Blythe street, Emily Maud, beloved wife of Thomas Stringer, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Friday, aged 25 years.

Funeral from above address on Sunday, at 2 p.m.; service at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.

WEEKES.—At Lambeth, on Nov. 2, 1906, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Weekes, formerly of Delaware Township.

Funeral from her late residence, Lambeth, on Sunday, at 3 p.m. Friends please accept this intimation. Interment at Scotville Cemetery.

ROGERS.—At the family residence, lot 5, con. 1, Nissouri, George Rogers, in his 64th year.

Funeral on Monday, Nov. 5, to Webster's Burying Ground; service, 2 p.m.; interment, 2:30. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

BENNETT'S

WEEK NOV. 5.
AMERICA'S POPULAR DRAMATIC STARS.

MILTON AND DOLBY

NOBLES

Presenting
"WHY WALKER REFORMED."

Apdala's Animals

Bears, Dogs, Monkeys, and the only performing Antelope in Vaudeville.

OTHER BIG ACTS.

SPECIAL

MANHATTAN

COMEDY FOUR

EUROPEAN SENSATION.

GRAND TODAY.

HERBERT MAULE, Comedy.
Uncle Dudley from Missouri.

Prices: Eve, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Bargain matinee, 15c and 25c.

Mon. & Tues., Nov. 5 & 6

GEORGE F. HALL

In the Jolly Singing
MUSICAL MIXTURE.

HELLO BILL
Matt Ott's Brand New Musical Comedy.

The Show Is
Lake Erie from New
Special Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
SEATS ON SALE TODAY.

DR. R. G. MOULTON

Tonight, "Marlowe's Version of Faust," Monday, at 4:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., "Alkestis," and "The Mystical Book of Ecclesiastes."

ST. ANDREW'S LECTURE HALL.
Admission, 35c.

THE PRINCESS RINK

QUEEN'S AVENUE.

Roller Skating

every afternoon and evening. Prices: Afternoon, 20c; evening, 35c.

BAND EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Excellent music, good floor, best shoes, strict patronage.

ROLLER SKATING-JUBILEE RINK

open every afternoon and evening. Band tonight.

GUNPOWDER PLOT—THE ANNUAL

concert and banquet of the London Orchestral will be held in Somerset Hall, 24 Dundas street, Monday evening, Nov. 5, at 8 p.m. sharp. Tickets, 50c.

SACRED CANTATA, "RUTH," and

organ recital, by choir and organist, Bishop Cronyn Memorial Church, Friday evening, Nov. 9, 8 o'clock, under direction of Miss Katherine Moore. Tickets, 50c.

\$28 Naples

225, New York to Naples or Genoa, Perugia, Nov. 14. Get Clarke's rates in England, Christmas trips. Richmond street.

SHIPS SAILING SATURDAY, NOV. 3

Lake Erie, from Montreal: Campania and Furness, from New York, Clarke's, Richmond street.

TONY CORSE—THE ORIGINAL

London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 161 Maple street. Telephone 1570.

CHOICE MUSIC FURNISHED FOR

private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 1257. Tony Villa's Italian Harpers, 22 Queen's avenue.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

DANCING CLASSES—PALACE ACADEMY.

Gentlemen, Tuesday, ladies, Thursday, evening, 8 o'clock. Private tuition any hour. Day and McCormick.

DANCING SEASON OPENS FRIDAY.

Lessons any hour. Call on J. H. Milner, 345 Princess avenue.

MEETINGS.

A. O. F.—MEMBERS OF COURT PRIDE of the Dominion requested to meet at lodge room on Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2 o'clock, to attend the funeral of our late brother, F. McCormick. J. H. King, clerk, range.

AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 20, will be held in the Masonic Temple, Monday, at 1:30 p.m. for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late worshipful brother, Robert George, visiting brethren respectfully invited. Conveyances on hand for the brethren. M. D. Dawson, secretary. St. John's, No. 20, Thomas Gove, b.

W. C. T. U.—PROVINCIAL CONVENTION, Nov. 13 to 14. Consecration ceremony, primary hall, Dundas Center Church, each temple, 9 o'clock, conducted by Mrs. (Rev.) Harrison. b

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF LONDON will hold its inaugural midday luncheon on the banquet hall of the Masonic Temple, on Monday, Nov. 5, at 12:15 sharp. Professor R. G. Moulton will be the guest of honor. Tickets 60c, to be limited to 100, and can be purchased while they last at Mills book store, Dundas street, east, between the jewelry store, Dundas street, west, after 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Nov. 3, Geo. C. Gibbons, president; S. Frank Glass, secretary.

AN EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION OF King Solomon Lodge, No. 378, G. R. C., will be held in their lodge rooms, Masonic Temple, on Sunday afternoon, next, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, F. McCormick. J. H. King, clerk, range.

Wm. Nichols, secretary.

LOST AND FOUND.

THE LADY SEEN PICKING UP \$10 in lower sitting room of City Hotel, Saturday and whose identity is known, will return same to this office. 75c

FOUND, MONDAY EVENING—GEM. FLEMING's gold ring. Owner can have same on proving and paying expenses. 75c

LOST ON THURSDAY NIGHT—GEM. FLEMING's gold ring. Owner can have same on proving and paying expenses. 75c

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MALE HELP WANTED.

THIRTIETH—GOOD JOB HAND. APPLY J. C. Park, 201 York street.

A MALE ORGANIST AND CHOIR leader wanted; read organ. Apply to R. B. Briscoe, 100 Briscoe street, South London. Give references and state salary required.

GOOD DELIVERY BOY WANTED. Apply 215 Adelaide.

WANTED—MAN TO WORK IN SAW mill. Apply D. Walde, Adelaide and Foreman.

IN NO OTHER BUSINESS CAN YOU become proficient so quickly as telegraphy. No other business gives the same immediate results in salary, or offers such splendid possibilities. See a telegrapher yourself. Our free booklet tells how. Dominion School of Telegraphy, 407, 409, 411, Adelaide east, Toronto, and 100, 102, 104, Adelaide east, Toronto.

WANTED—BOY TO LEARN JEWELRY manufacturing. E. H. Allport, 410, Richmond.

EXPERIENCED LIGHT SAMPLE traveler wanted for Jan. 1; must be reliable, energetic and ambitious; permanent position in right party; confidential. Address, stating age and references, Box 15, Adelaide.

BOYS WANTED. APPLY SOUTHWEST Printing and Lithographing Company. 714

ORGANIZERS WANTED. APPLY 365-371 Clarence street, London.

MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE IN eight weeks, guaranteed. Apply to J. C. Gibbons, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 99

London Advertiser.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY — WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.Business Office 107
Editorial Department 134
Job Department 178The London Advertiser Company,
Limited, 191-193 Dundas street, Lon-
don, Ont.**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**Readers of The Advertiser are re-
quested to favor the management by
reporting any irregularities in deliv-
ery. Communicate with the Circula-
tion Department or phone 107.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

**WILL THE INVESTIGATION BE
WIDE-OPEN?**The Attorney-General will be asked
to turn the searchlight upon Conserva-
tive campaign methods in London,
West Elgin, Brockville and South
Ontario.The present proceedings in Toronto
are irregular, but having placed the
machinery of his department at the
disposal of a coterie of politicians in
this city, he cannot consistently refuse
to give others the same privilege.The process of the courts has been
abused to serve the purpose of one
party. Two wrongs do not make a
right, but if Liberals choose to take
advantage of the maladministration of
justice, the responsibility belongs en-
tirely to the Attorney-General.Liberals confess that wrongs have
been committed in the name of the
Liberal party, and they are determined
as a party that corrupt practices shall
be stamped out. When the Conserva-
tive party is in an equally chastened
mood, there will be more hope of pur-
ifying the political atmosphere.The Liberals have a right to expect
the co-operation of the Conservative
party in fighting evils which are com-
mon to both parties, and which they
must assail unitedly if there is to be a
higher standard of public morality.But Liberals, in the present situation,
find themselves confronted by a mass
of hypocrisy and pharisaism. In this
city Mr. Hyman has been the honest
choice of the electors of London since
he first ran for Parliament in 1887. He
was kept out of Parliament for over
ten years by fraud and corruption. Yet
Liberals are told that they are the
only wrongdoers, and that their oppo-
nents are as white as the driven snow.This disgusting, Pecksniffianism is in-
sult added to injury.
Magistrate Denison has declared that
the rules of law were made for men who
could not think for themselves. Act-
ing on this assumption, he has let the
present prosecution have its own way,
and evidences of Conservative wrong-
doing have been studiously concealed.Will the magistrate allow the same
latitude to the Liberal party? Will
he waive technicalities, and throw
the investigation wide open if the At-
torney-General gives him a free hand?The Attorney-General and Magis-
trate Denison are on trial.**DR. WELDON'S REVELATION.**The confession of Dr. Weldon, the
Conservative candidate, who was so
badly beaten by Hon. W. S. Fielding,
in the Queen's-Sheburne Dominion by-
election, is causing more than local in-
terest.Dr. Weldon was chosen to contest
the riding as one of the leaders of the
Conservative party in the Maritime
Provinces, and Mr. Borden himself
personally vouched for his high stand-
ing. He now declares that at the last
Dominion general election he was
waited upon by a number of the lead-
ing Conservatives of the city of Hal-
fax, including the late John F. Stairs,
and pressed to accept nomination for a
Nova Scotia constituency. His re-
ply was, he says, that he would not
accept unless they consented to run a
clean election. To this proposition the
leading Conservatives declined to
agree, and though feeling confident he
could win, he refused the nomination.Dr. Weldon has not yet mentioned
the name of any of his tempters, ex-
cept one who is dead, and cannot be
brought to book, but taking it for
granted that he tells the truth, we are
face to face with the fact that the
Conservative leaders were more anx-
ious to have a free hand in corrupting
the electorate than in securing the
candidature of a man whom they now
say is one of the ablest in their party.In view of the hypocritical pretensions
of Conservative newspapers and poli-
ticians, when referring to the London
case, Dr. Weldon's candid revelation
of the principles animating Mr. Borden-
don's associates in Nova Scotia is most
instructive.London will take care of herself in
the work of re-establishing her good
name. The Conservative newspapers
and politicians will be better employed
attending to their own household than
in pointing the finger of scorn at this
city.**ELECTIONS IN THE BRITISH
METROPOLIS.**The result of the elections to the
London borough councils indicates a
reaction from the policy of "municipal
socialism," which has been carried to
extravagant lengths in the British me-
tropolis. It is incorrectly described in
the cable dispatches as a rout for the
Liberal party. The British people wise-
ly keep their national and municipal
affairs apart. While London was send-
ing almost a solid contingent of Con-
servatives to the House of Commons it
was electing a Progressive County
Council.London is a collection of cities, called
boroughs, each of which has its mu-
nicipal council, dealing with strictly
local matters, but above them is the
County Council, having control of in-
terests common to all the boroughs and
giving some coherence and unity to the
municipal organization of the metropo-
lis. It is the County Council, the parlia-
ment of London, that has set the
pace for the borough councils in mu-
nicipal enterprise. Among its hold but
unprofitable experiments has been the
operation of a steamboat service on the
Thames. It has opened new and state-
ly thoroughfares through the heart of
the city, cleared out festering slums,
built blocks of workmen's houses,
added enormously to the park area,
and effected other vast improvements,
but its policy has been attended by a
rapid rise in the rates, and an in-
crease in municipal indebtedness. The
Progressives still control the County
Council, but the setback given them in
the borough council elections show that
property-holders are becoming alarmed
over their growing financial obligations
and are disposed to call a halt to the
extension of the sphere of civic activi-
ties. Fuller details of the elections will
be awaited with interest on this side
of the Atlantic, because of their bear-
ing upon the problem of municipal
ownership, which is in a much less ad-
vanced stage in America than in the
old land.**LITERAL TRANSLATION.**

[Tribune.]

Mrs. Modus—Well, George, you prom-
ised me a new bonnet.
George—? Promised you a new bon-
net? Great Scott! When?Mrs. Modus—Before you married me
you swore that never should disgrace
rest upon my head through you; and
what do you call this shabby thing but
a disgrace?**WHEN WOMAN RULE.**

[Pittsburg Post.]

"Jim," said the editor.
"Yes, sir."
"Go up and interview that lady poli-
tician who claims to have nothing to
say. Let her talk about two columns,
and make your escape as best you
can."**WORLDLY WISDOM.**

[Detroit Journal.]

"Did you ask the old man for his
daughter?"
"No. I am going to wait until he
feels the benefit of his fall advertis-
ing."**A CLEVER PROPOSAL.**

[Judge.]

He—Er—by the way, there's a report
going about that we're engaged.
She—Can't you stop it?
He—Why not verify it?**ANTICIPATION.**

[Puck.]

Hiram Whiffle—"Haw! Haw! What
in tarnation are ye doin' with the fifth
wheel to yer wagon, squire? Imitatin'
them there automobile fellers?"
Squire Longhead—"Nope; anticipatin'
em."**SECOND CROPS IN ENGLAND.**

[London Globe.]

The continuance of the summer
weather in South Lincolnshire is re-
sponsible for many freaks in the gar-
den. A second crop of plums has been
gathered at Skirbeck, and a second
crop of strawberries, which attained the
size of a walnut, ripened in the open
ground at Swineshead. New raspberry
canes have developed their foliage, and
are also fruiting. Summer flowers, in-
cluding roses, dahlias, nasturtiums and
marigolds, continue to bloom in pro-
fusion.**OBSCURE MAKER OF "BEST SEL-
LERS."**

[London Truth.]

One would think that a writer whose
stories have reached the enormous sale
of 5,000,000 copies would be known to
everybody, yet the name of Mr. Nat
Gould is probably not at all familiar
to the mass of the ordinary novel read-
ing public.**FURTHER PARTICULARS NECES-
SARY.**

[Everybody's.]

Archbishop Ryan was once accosted
on the streets of Baltimore by a man
who knew the archbishop's face, but
could not quite place it.
"Now, where in hell have I seen
you?" he asked perplexedly.
"From where in hell do you come,
sir?"**SOUP GRAPES.**

[Hamilton Spectator.]

North Bruce is a miserable, cold, out-
of-the-way place, anyway.**ONLY ONE SIDE WANTED.**

[Hamilton Times.]

Speaking of the London bribery case
witnesses, the Guelph Herald says: "Yet
among all this purchasable element the
lawyers for the defense have been un-
able to discover one witness who had
been paid money by Conservatives in
any election." This should provoke a
smile from the Tory readers of our
contemporary, who can hardly have
failed to notice the care taken to pre-vent revelation of Tory corruption.
Yet the fact remains that some of the
witnesses inadvertently told of Tory
bribery and were quickly stored away
from the subject by the careful counsel.**HER SORROW.**

[Cleveland Leader.]

Her—Miss Jones looks as if she had
some secret sorrow. Do you know her?
Him—Yes, very well.
Her—Ah! that's it, then.**GOOD REASON FOR REFLECTION.**

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Oh, reconsider your decision," plead-
ed the rejected lover. "I cannot live
without you."
"Self-preservation is the first law of
nature," she replied; "I can't live with
you."**IRISH EXTRAVAGANCE.**

[Puck.]

Rooney—Is Pat Casey's wife extrava-
gant?
McGann—She is; she's had twins
twice.**HARD TO PLEASE.**

[Cleveland Press.]

A Chicago woman complained to the
health department when she found a
tooth in a piece of candy. What did
she expect? A full set?**A SHINING MARK.**

[Cleveland Press.]

"Miss Gushly is a great society girl
in fact, a regular butterfly."
"You mean that red-headed girl talk-
ing to the man with whiskers?"
"Yes."
"She's no butterfly. She's a lightning
bug."**GOOD ENOUGH REASON.**

[Cleveland Press.]

"I wonder why lightning never strikes
twice in the same place."
"Humph. What's the use?"**PLEASE DON'T, JOHN.**

[Cleveland Press.]

John D. Rockefeller says he is anx-
ious to get in touch with the public.
And after the way he's touched it all
these years.**HOW HE MANAGED IT.**

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Mistress—Bridget, I think I saw the
policeman kissing you last night.
Bridget—I could not help it, ma'am,
he said he would arrest me if I did not
let him."What on earth could he arrest you
for?"
"Resisting an officer."**HIS ASSISTANT.**

[La Rire.]

"So, your husband doesn't smoke any
more? I didn't suppose he had will
enough to give up the habit."
"I know, but I had will enough."**DOMESTIC FELICITIES.**

[Courier des Etats Unis.]

He—It is remarkable what great fools
marry the most beautiful women.
She—Oh! you flatter!**TACTFUL.**

[Meggendorfer-Blatter.]

Maiden Lady (rescued from drown-
ing, to her rescuer)—How can I ever
thank you, noble young man? Are you
married?
"No, have you got a pretty daughter?"**A HEAD FOR FIGURES.**

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"The average woman, of course, has
no head for figures."
"Oh, I don't know! She has a head
for other women's figures, at any rate,
whenever they pass they make her turn
it."**REACHED THE LIMIT.**

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Excited Wife—Oh, professor, the cook
has fallen and broke her collarbone.
Professor—Discharge her at once.
You told her what to expect if she
broke anything more.**HIS OWN HORN.**

[New York Tribune.]

A certain colonel who was in com-
mand of the Perthshire Yeomanry was
at an evening party in Edinburgh com-
plaining loudly of his officers, alleging
that all the duties of the regiment de-
volved upon himself. "I am," said he,
"to all intents and purposes, my own
major, my own captain, my own lieuten-
ant, my own cornet." "To say nothing
of being your ain trumpet, too," re-
marked a grim old Scottish lady, so-
toto voice.**MUST BE INDULGED.**

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Mrs. Youngish—Oh, Bob, what shall
I do? Baby is crying because I won't
let him pull all the fur off my new
muff.
Mr. Youngish—Well, that's all right.
Give him the cat!**THE BANANA BELT.**

[Edmonton Journal.]

Snow fell in Calgary the day before
yesterday. It was a nice, mild day up
here. Why not cease the useless strug-
gle against nature and come up into the
banana belt.**AN INSPIRATION.**

[Illustrated Bits.]

He—Our caddy lost all the balls at
the picnic the other day, and only for
an inspiration we should have had no
game of golf.
She—What did you do?
He—We used the hard-boiled eggs
from the luncheon baskets.**IT LEFT A CLEAN RECORD.**

[Harper's Weekly.]

Laundryman—I regret to tell you,
sir, that one of your shirts is lost.
Customer—But here I have just paid
you twelve cents for doing it up.
Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we
laundered it before we lost it.**PROVOCATION.**

[New York Sun.]

Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband say
things behind your back?
Mrs. Bocker—Only when he buttons
my waist.**LADIES IN WAITING
HAVE NO EASY TASK****ATTENDING UPON ROYALTY HAS
ITS DRAWBACKS.**There are two qualifications without
which no woman can hope to become
a lady in waiting, writes one who has
herself attended upon royalty. The
first is the power to make herself
agreeable at all times, both to her em-
ployer and to the royal household.The second qualification, the posses-
sion of strong legs, may appear an
easy matter at first sight, but, accord-
ing to this confession in the Ladies' Re-
alm, when carried into practice it is
very trying. The woman who has been
accustomed to seat herself whenever
she feels tired of standing is apt to be-
come nervous and strained when she
knows that she may not, except under
the plea of illness, seat herself for at
least a couple of hours to come. When
royalty braced her muscles, subjects
must not dream of relaxing theirs.Some women can stand; there are
others who cannot. Among the former
is Queen Alexandra. At the giving
away of war medals two years ago she
was observed and timed by an onlooker.
Without showing the faintest signs
of fatigue she stood, with practically
no change of position, for two hours
and twenty-five minutes. Though Her
Majesty now sits during a portion of
the time a court, is being held the
ladies in waiting remain standing, and
this function lasts at least two hours.The writer once asked a lady of the
bedchamber who was never robust how
she had managed the standing during
the late queen's drawing rooms. Queen
Victoria, in her lady's lady's lady's
used a small chair, which supported
her, yet was practically invisible to
those who passed before her. The lady
of the bedchamber's reply was:"Old and roomy slippers. I always
kept a pair of slippers on my feet, and
which did duty year after year, and
were useless for anything else."While on duty the lady in waiting
has to be always with her mistress,
unless the latter desires to be alone,
which is very rare. Royal ladies are apt
to feel dull when left to the monotony
of their own thoughts and get accus-
tomed to constant companionship.
She must not leave the precincts of
the palace, as at any moment she may
be summoned. Yet that summons may
not come for many hours—many
days, if the court happens to be so-
journing in the country.There is no possibility of mapping out
her day and settling to her own occu-
pations, and no matter what the news
may be, her mistress must be kept
amusing or, at least, she must never
appear ruffled or unhappy in the royal
presence. It is treason to disturb the
equanimity of queen or princess.There are a variety of duties which
fall to the lot of the lady in waiting.
There are many letters to be answered,
sometimes of a begging character, or
sometimes accepting or rejecting ap-
peals to open hospital wards, lay founda-
tion stones, to open bazaars and
charity fetes.Sometimes the royal lady desires to
offer a visit to one of her subjects, or
to accept their invitation to honor them
with her presence. In such cases the
lady in waiting has to write to the
intended hostess, stating any little de-
sires for her comfort and happiness,
which her royal highness is known to
possess, the names of certain friends
whom she desires to meet, which are
added to the list of guests submitted
for the royal approval.Queen Victoria often disliked fires in
her bedroom and in warm weather had
blocks of ice placed in her apartments.
All such little personal fancies must be
stated by the lady in waiting to the
hostess, that life may, for the time be-
ing, be made as agreeable as possible
to so honored a guest.Sometimes the lady in waiting has to
do some shopping of too delicate a
nature to be entrusted to one of lesser
standing; sometimes there are private
charities to be inquired into.Then there is frequently the dress-
ing of the stall which her highness has
signified her intention to sell at, and
the remaining on after the royal pas-
sion has left, to see that all the goods
are disposed of and the profits safely
transferred to the proper quarter. She
must also finish any articles of need-
work which her mistress has begun and
tired of. She must be able to play, if
not sing, and be competent to touch up
any painting or drawing, possibly half
execute both, abandoned by her em-
ployer.Many royal ladies are inveterate and
unwearying sightseers. Some are con-
firmed burners of the midnight oil.
They keep their attendants with them
till the early hours of the morning,
either playing cards, listening to music,
or prying the needle, but no fatigue
must be exhibited.Dress forms an important part in the
life of the lady in waiting. She must
be provided against all emergencies.
Mourning she must always have ready
to don at any moment. She requires a
couple of court dresses, which can be
worn over different gowns. Some
ladies in waiting, like their private
sisters, borrow a court train from a
friend. The writer once possessed a
court train that passed through eight
different hands in two years; it attend-
ed nearly every drawing-room during
that period.The pay is small, but with a strict
regard to economy it covers personal
expenses. It is a servile position,
morally considered. Still, after the
glamor and gloss of court life has worn
off the gown of slavery is succeeded by
a hugging of the chains.There is a morbid taste in the whole
matter—a glamor which entralls at
first, satiates later, but which in time
comes to be the most binding tie
which can be forged.**IRISH TOBACCO INDUSTRY.**The cultivation of the tobacco plant
has now passed beyond the experi-
mental stage in Ireland and may be re-
garded as an actual industry. For
some years extensive experiments have
been conducted under the guidance of
the Irish department of agriculture,
and several experts have been employed
to superintend the cultivation of the
plants and the care of the leaves.To Col. N. T. Everard of Navan,
County of Meath, belongs much of the
credit for the development of this in-
dustry, as for some years past he has
been keenly interested in the growth of**J. H. CHAPMAN & CO****It's An Easy Matter To Be Well Dressed
When You Buy Here
Tonight's Bargains****Maids' Aprons**Nice lot of White Lawn
Aprons—with tucked bibs and
embroidery bretelles, suitable for
domestic science and maid's use.
Special, tonight 25c, 35c, 50cLadies' Plain White Lawn
Aprons, deep hem. Special to-
night 25c, 35c, 50c**Babies' Overalls**White Knitted Wool Overalls
for babies' out door wear. Spe-
cial, tonight 50c**Ladies' Underwear**Union Ribbed and Heavy
Plush Vests and Ankle-Length
Drawers. Time to change to
them. Special, tonight 50c**Veiling Bargains**5 Pieces Black Fishnet Veil-
ing with chenille spot. Worth
15c yard, special tonight 5cSome ends of
50c Veiling for 25c
35c Veiling for 19c
30c Veiling for 15c**Flannelette Gowns**Nicest qualities in Flannelette
Nightgowns that we ever had.
Made in very pretty styles. We
have a big lot for tonight's
selling, 50c, 65c, 85c, \$1, \$1.25,
\$1.35 and \$1.50.**Stylish Corsets**The Phonac Corset, straight
front, habit hip, with front and
side supporters. Special \$1Military Hip Corsets, low
and medium bust, in white and
gray coutil. A favorite at \$1Long Hip Corsets, medium
and low bust, with and without
hose supporters. Special at 75cLong Hip, Medium Hip in all
the different best models, as well
as Girdle Corsets, nine styles to
choose from. Special 50cFull range of Ladies', Misses'
and Children's Hygean Waists.
London View Post Cards 6
for 5c**Front Counter Attractions**Hand-made Sleeve Supporters,
in pink, pale blue, mauve, wine
and black silk ribbon. Special
tonight 25cHand-made Stock Collars of
lace with frilling at the top. Spe-
cial, tonight 35cBead Necklets, in coral, black,
turquoise, pearl and gilt. Spe-
cial, tonight 25cPearl Collar Supporters, perfect-
ly stainless to the linen. Spe-
cial, tonight 35cCollar Pins, tonight 10c
Big variety of Back and Side
Combs, with brilliants, jets and
gilt ornamentation. Special.
..... 25c to \$7.50**Bargains in
Ladies' Hose**Tonight is your last chance to
get fine black Cashmere Hose,
seamless with spliced heel and
toe. Worth 45c pair, sale is
over tonight, per pair 35c**British Copyright Books**A new supply of paper-covered
British Copyright Books of fiction,
including such well-known
authors as Allen Raine, Amelia
E. Barr, B. L. Farjeon, Helen
Mathers, Darby Dale, Joseph
Hatton, Ellen Thorneycroft
Fowler and others. Special to-
night, each 10c**Boys' Overcoats**Three special bargains in
Boys' Overcoats
..... \$2.95, \$3.75 and \$3.95**LADIES' LONG KIMONOS**Heavy German Outing Flannel Kimonos, figured patterns, in navy, cardinal and light blue,
borders of fancy braid. Tonight, only \$1.98**J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.****The Greatest Religious Romance Since Ben-Hur**THE plot of Elizabeth Miller's
new story is dazzling in its
variety, compelling in the sweep
of its forward movement, wide
and swift as a majestic river.
The chariot race in Ben-Hur
alone may stand beside the mag-
nificent scene in which the hero-
ine distracts the raging mob of
Alexandrians and saves from
death her lover and the Nazari-
enes.Miss Miller writes of nature
and the ancient works of man
with a sheer authority of utter-
ance whose power imposes itself
upon the reader to a wonderful
degree. Steeped in religious
emotion, dramatic from first
word to last, with humor and
color, movement and passion,
charm of style and the brevity of
genius, Saul of Tarsus answers
the tests of the great in fiction.**SAUL OF TARSSUS****A Faithful Story of the Early Disciples of Christ**The same splendid imagination
which reconstructed the Age of
the Pharaohs and revived the
glory of Egypt in THE YOKB
here plays with lambent flame
about the great Roman world in
the days succeeding the Cruci-
fixion. The scenes are laid amid
the pulsing, throbbing, vari-
colored life of Jerusalem, Alex-
andria, Rome and Damascus.

BOTH WILL WIN

Hughes and Hearst Managers Say All Is Over But the Cheering.

New York, Nov. 2.—Echoes of yesterday's developments in the political situation in this state were heard on every side today in the comments of political leaders on the Richard Croker interview and the speech of Secretary of State Root at Utica last night.

Fresh interest was aroused by the publication of a letter from Wm. J. Bryan to Bird S. Coler, borough president of Brooklyn, in which the writer expressed the hope that all Democrats would support Wm. R. Hearst for governor.

These things and the further fact that both Charles E. Hughes and Wm. R. Hearst, the candidates for governor on the Republican and Democratic Independence League tickets respectively, were once more on the stubbornly-contested ground of the city of Greater New York, brought the political interest to a fever pitch.

Tonight Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst gave their attention to the voters of Kings and Queens counties, both making whirlwind dashes from place to place in order to carry out the details of long programmes mapped out for them by their respective campaign managers.

Mr. Hearst was slated to speak at thirteen different meetings in Brooklyn, Long Island and Queens counties, while Mr. Hughes' night's campaign was equally as strenuous.

Leaders of both parties tonight renewed their professions of absolute confidence in the outcome of Tuesday's balloting. Timothy Woodruff, chairman of the Republican state committee, declared he was perfectly satisfied with the prospects and predicted for Mr. Hughes a sweeping victory.

On the other hand, Chas. F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, reiterated his assurance that Tammany would poll its full vote for Mr. Hearst, and that he was confident the Democratic candidate would be elected by a large majority.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



A BECOMING FROCK IN SHIRT-WAIST STYLE—4114.

The shirtwaist model is largely used by mothers for fashioning all of the young girl's gowns. The new models for these dresses show a quantity of pleats and one of the kind is sketched. Two bodices at each side of the front are combined with tucks stitched to yoke depth in front and to the waist in back, while the two are combined in the skirt. The dress is one very attractive in light worsted or serge and needs no adornment to render it nice enough for any kind of wear. If a simple party frock is desired, the neck may be cut low in Dutch square outline with elbow sleeves to complete it. Then a soft silk or cloth might serve as material. For the medium size the dress requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch goods.

4114—Sizes, 13 to 17 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, you need only mark 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

TELEGRAPH CLICK ON SAHARA SANDS

French Government Stringing Wires to Timbuctoo.

GREAT DESERT MAY VANISH

Correspondent Tells of Possibilities of Irrigation in the Great African Waste.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The French Government is building a telegraph line across the Desert of Sahara, and in connection with that work is making thorough geological and biological surveys. Within another year anybody will be able to send a telegram to Timbuctoo, which, to the popular mind, is an imaginary place, beyond the reach of human civilization. But Timbuctoo promises to become a commercial center of great importance, and the reports of the survey of the great desert are correcting many popular delusions concerning that part of the universe.

While I was in Paris a few weeks ago the minister of colonies and his assistants gave me some very interesting information about these matters. The telegraph line is being built and the surveys are being conducted under the immediate direction of the governor-general of Algeria, and if you will open your atlas and turn to a map of Africa you can trace the route. The wires will run from the city of Algiers across the sandy waste down to the oasis of Touat, which is a very important point. From there they will follow a caravan trail that has been used for centuries to the Ahagar Mountains, and thence southward to Timbuctoo, and thence follow the river bank to the port of Dakar on the Atlantic coast, in the province of Senegal. The work began last winter, and has been going on nearly nine months. Many precautions and considerable preparation were necessary, but thus far no great difficulties have been encountered. All water, provisions, materials and everything that is needed must be carried in on the backs of camels, and supply trains are passing to and fro with great regularity between Algiers and Timbuctoo and the camping grounds of the several parties.

The manual labor is being done by natives from desert tribes until recently in a savage state, and five years ago they would have cheerfully slaughtered any white man or Christian who ventured among them. The early explorers used to stain their faces and profess to be followers of Mohammed. In that way they gradually gained the confidence of the wandering tribes and obtained permission to make their explorations and survey a route for the telegraph line. Thirty years ago a similar work was done in Siberia. General Anson Stager, of Cleveland, the superintendent of that division of the Western Union Telegraph line, stretched a wire from the Ural Mountains of Kamchatka across the snowy steppes of northern Siberia. He followed very nearly the same trail that is now occupied by the great Saharan line. The work was much more difficult and the achievement was much greater than that which is now going on in northern Africa. The dangers and difficulties were several times as great.

The explorations of the French have demonstrated that the great desert is not such a frightful waste as has been represented and the world will be compelled to revise its ideas, as has been the case with the great American desert. With irrigation everything in the way of plant life will grow with luxuriance in the desert sands of Northern Africa, and what is even more strange, those sands are mixed with seeds of a great variety of plants which have been lying dormant for centuries. Like the grains of wheat found in the sarcophagi of the Egyptian kings, they still retain their vitality and will germinate promptly when the soil is moistened. There seems to be no doubt that the desert of Sahara was once inhabited by a large population; that the dry water courses of today were once great rivers, and the deep basins, many of them several hundred feet below the level of the sea, were formerly lakes which have evaporated in the dry air and in the heat of the sun since their sources of supply were cut off by the drifting sands. The rivers have vanished for similar reasons. The springs which fed them have been choked and filled with sand, and there being no rainfall or at least very little, the water courses have lain dry ever since.

The present condition of the desert is due entirely to the causes described, and the explorers assert that much of it may be reclaimed by comparatively little trouble and expense. Their explorations have determined that the entire surface of the desert, at least so far as the investigations have extended, is underlaid with subterranean streams and reservoirs, which can be reached by sinking wells at depths varying from 200 to 2,000 feet, according to the altitude of the point where the boring is made. Numerous dry springs have been found along the caravan trail, which have been choked up with sand so that the water has been forced to find an outlet below instead of above the surface. These discoveries have enabled the French explorers to establish the caravans and to introduce the cultivation of dates, which are the staple product of the desert, to a much larger extent than at present. Palm groves are being planted around all the wells and shelter-houses are being erected.

There are many sheep, goats and cattle in the desert and flocks and herds are driven across the trail every year to market. This has been done for ages. The explorers have found photographs carved in the rocks in prehistoric times in which goats, sheep and cattle, as well as camels appear, and evidences that oxen were even used for transportation purposes.

There is a good deal of wild game in the desert wherever water and food can be found. It comes over from the mountains of East Africa. There are wild boar, antelope, gazelles and wild cat.

WHAT A FUNNY FELLOW!

One of the Kaiser's "Jokes" to Catch the British Ambassador in Bed.

Berlin, Nov. 2.—Neither the Kaiser or Sir Frank Lascelles, the British ambassador, has ever made a secret of the fact now published in Paris that one morning recently his majesty appeared, unannounced, at a very early hour in the forenoon at the British embassy in Berlin, brushed by the bearded servant and found his way, unescorted, to the ambassador's sleeping quarters. His majesty walked in without knocking, found his excellency asleep, with one hand outside the coverlet, and proceeded to awaken him by pulling his thumb.

Sir Frank rubbed his eyes, sat up, and exclaimed: "Why, good gracious; it's the Emperor!" Putting the ambassador, who remained in bed, immediately at his ease with a minute or two of good-natured chaff, the Emperor lit a cigarette, as did Sir Frank, and the Kaiser and the diplomat entered upon an animated conversation, which lasted for over an hour.

When the Kaiser indicated that his visit was ended, the ambassador tumbled out of bed and escorted his majesty to the stairway. But before Sir Frank could retire, the Kaiser caught hold of his arm, and, leaning over the balustrade, called to the ambassador, who was waiting below: "Look here! Did you ever see an ambassador in pajamas?"

That night, at a dinner at the British embassy, the Kaiser, who had enjoyed the morning's jest profoundly, said banteringly to a couple of younger attaches: "Well, gentlemen, I've seen something today you've never seen." On their inquiring what that might be, his majesty said: "Why, your ambassador in bed."

Since the original early morning visit it is commonly understood that the Kaiser has repeated the surprise to Sir Frank's expense two or three times, and the incident has been responsible for the diplomatic bon mot that "the Kaiser always knows how to catch British diplomacy asleep."

TREASURES AMID SQUALOR

Dilapidated Residence in Belfast Shown To Be Gorgeously Furnished.

Belfast, Nov. 2.—The death from heart failure of an old woman in Belfast has led to an extraordinary series of discoveries.

The woman, Mrs. Agnes Hearst, was formerly a domestic servant in Rochester. Some years ago she came to Belfast with her husband and purchased a large, dilapidated house in one of the most squalid streets in the center of the city. Her husband died some months ago. She was found in the house dead.

On entering the place the police were struck with the remarkably luxurious appointments in every room. Every article of furniture was of a gorgeous character. In a systematic search the police found many silk and satin dresses, enormous quantities of costly handkerchiefs, a butter dish filled with gold watches and jewelry, one of the rings being valued at four or five hundred pounds; there were also cameo brooches of the rarest description and a fine display of antique china. A safe which was opened contained £1,230 in gold, notes, and foreign bills, many of them milwided and frayed at the edges; a draft on the Bank of Ireland for £400, and a postoffice bank-book, showing a sum of £60 8s 6d due to the owner.

In a lumber-room were found several oil paintings, all thought to be valuable, and one which experts declare is almost priceless. The latter picture is one depicting two nude figures.

The most curious find, however, was a hat-box filled with 100 U's signed by men in many ranks of life. It is believed that the valuables had been the property of Mr. Hearst's mother, who was at one time housekeeper to a Scottish gentleman who left her all his property.

SUPPOSED TO BE BALM OF SCRIPTURE

The Oil of the Pine Tree Was Regarded With Esteem by the Ancients.

The Oil of the Pine Tree is supposed to be the balm of Scripture. It contains great medicinal properties and was regarded with the utmost esteem by the ancients, and to the present day is peculiarly prized by the people of the east.

A noted authority on diseases of the throat and lungs, who established a camp for consumptives in the Pine Woods of Maine, and whose remarkable cures there have attracted great attention from the medical world, says that his entire treatment consisted of fresh air, nourishing food and the Pure Virgin Oil of the White Pine Trees, mixed with Whisky and Glycerine, in the following proportions:

Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) 1/2 oz.
Glycerine 2 oz.
Good Whisky 8 oz.

Used in teaspoonful doses every four hours.

It is claimed the above mixture will heal and strengthen the lungs, break up a cold in 24 hours, and cure any cough that is curable.

The ingredients can be secured from any good prescription druggist at small cost, and can be easily mixed in your own home.

Inquiry at the prescription department of a leading local pharmacy elicited the information that Virgin Oil (Pure) is put up only in half-ounce vials for dispensing. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case with engraved wrapper with the name "Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)" plainly printed thereon. There are many rank imitations of Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), which are put out under various names, such as Concentrated Oil of Pine, Pine Balsam, etc. Never accept these as a substitute for the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine, as they will invariably produce nausea and never effect the desired result.

SEEKS HIS RIVAL TO WIN THE GIRL

Odd Romance in Which a Beautiful Montreal Heiress Is Central Figure.

New York, Nov. 2.—The young woman now in Paris who is anxious to find her sweetheart, ex-Lieut. Albrecht Becker, of the German army, is Miss Bertha Paul, daughter of Frank Paul, a wealthy and prominent resident of Montreal. Miss Paul is well known in social circles in New York, and spends part of each year here.

With confirmation of the World's information as to the identity of the girl, which A. G. Kaufman, the well-to-do manufacturer and member of the Liederkreis Club, has been making a mystery of, comes the revelation of an even more remarkable romance than was originally told by him. Kaufman's motive in trying to discover the whereabouts of Becker lies not merely in his friendship for the Baroness von Kassel, of Munich, the young man's sister. According to Miss Paul's parents, Kaufman is in love with her himself. In finding Becker he hopes to disillusion the beautiful girl, divert her affection from the ex-lieutenant, and thus remove an obstacle from the path of his own courtship. Miss Paul has refused to marry anyone until her former lover is found. Whether he is dead or alive, she is not sure, but she is determined to find him.

Kaufman has got into deep trouble with the parents of Miss Paul, through his methods in conducting the search. He has been repeatedly by them, while Mr. Paul is also very angry over his daughter's persistence in clinging to the memory of Becker, who she has not seen since she was eighteen years old. She is now twenty-seven, and is said to be of a rare type of beauty. Miss Paul has many friends, both in this country and in Europe.

Becker has been found in Florida, but three days ago, upon learning of the search being made for him, he disappeared. Whether he is on his way to this city to reveal himself or is determined that the young man has found, is uncertain. The young man has been working as timekeeper on the Florida Keys extension of the East Coast Railroad.

Kaufman received word yesterday that a messenger he sent there, that proof of the fellow's identity had been obtained. However, he had given up his position before Kaufman's messenger arrived.

Besides the hand of the girl he once professed to love, there awaits Becker upon the death of his father ten years ago. His sister, the Baroness von Kassel, offers to give him the family wealth that was left to her alone if he will appear to claim it. She is stricken with grief at his continued absence. As her husband is very wealthy and she has no real need of the inheritance, the baroness is anxious to turn it over to the missing brother, so that he can assume his proper place in society. The refusal of the sister to assist Becker when he appealed to her, coupled with the opposition of Miss Paul's father to her marrying a penniless man, was the cause of Becker's disappearance eight years ago.

The Pauls live in a magnificent mansion on Sherbrooke street, the exclusive English section of Montreal. Mr. Paul is of the firm of Belding, Paul & Co., silk manufacturers, and a millionaire several times over. When seen yesterday by a World correspondent he said: "I was finally convinced to make a statement, but said that he did so with the greatest reluctance. He spoke as follows, afterwards correcting with his own hand what had been written:

"It was while traveling in Europe with her mother that my daughter met Lieut. Albrecht Becker. Although he came of a respected and wealthy family he had no money himself, but lived rather an expensive life. While my daughter, I believe, had a sentimental affection for him, I disapproved of a match between them. Gradually she came to look at her brother more from my point of view. Becker came to the United States, apparently with a view of becoming self-supporting. His sister at the meantime had married Herr Jarom von Kassel, but the baron, who is wealthy, stipulated in the marriage contract that his wife would never give financial aid to her brother, whom he considered a ne'er-do-well."

"Becker found work in Chicago, but became hard up and wrote to his sister for assistance. This letter, according to her promise to her husband, was not answered. Later on his landlady wrote to the sister that he was very ill. At the request of the baron his wife replied that she could not help her brother. Later on, both the baron and the baroness experienced a change of heart and communicated with the landlady. By this time Becker had left Chicago and no one knows where he is now. Worried by remorse, the baroness, through her friend Kaufman, is moving heaven and earth to find her brother and is making use of my daughter's friendship for him to lure him into divulging his whereabouts."

THE SKY IS FREE

An English Magistrate Decides That Star-Gazing Is No Crime.

London, Nov. 3.—The sky is free, and anyone may look at it.

This principle of law was confirmed yesterday at the Brentford police court, when the magistrate discharged Thos. Hughes, a painter, who was charged with standing in the street and gazing at the sky. This was interpreted by a policeman as disorderly conduct.

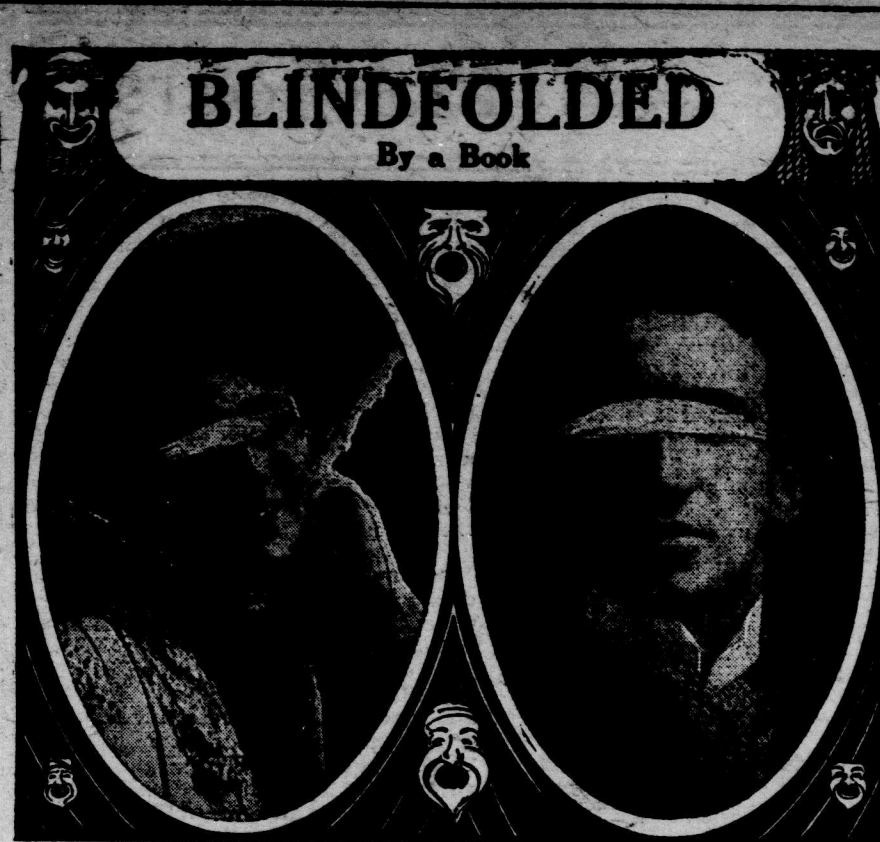
"What was he doing?" the chairman of the magistrates asked when Hughes was charged yesterday.

"Nothing at all, sir," said the policeman.

"Then why on earth did you arrest him?"

The policeman explained that there was a crowd around the man, and he could not get it to disperse until he arrested him.

The magistrate declared that as Hughes was doing nothing he could not be charged with causing a crowd to collect. He had a perfect right to look



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

"THE BEST DETECTIVE STORY IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS," SAYS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

"I have read any number of books that I thought were good, but 'Blindfolded' is the first one that was 'too good.' I sat down with a copy to read a few chapters before lunching with some friends. Before I had read a dozen pages I had forgotten friends, luncheon and everything else, and I did not put the book down until I had read it through."

"I squared myself, though, with my friends, by sending each of them a copy of 'Blindfolded,' and now they are kind enough to say that they are glad that I forgot about the luncheon. They all say, 'I agree with you, that 'Blindfolded' is the best detective story that has come out in a month of Sundays.'"—EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

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McLEOD & ALLEN, TORONTO.

Canadian Prices: Paper, 75c; Cloth, \$1.25.

LEW FIELDS.

"THERE SIMPLY ISN'T ANY OTHER LIKE IT," SAYS LEW FIELDS.

"'Blindfolded' simply cannot be compared. The plot 'blindfolded' me until the last page of the book. It is the greatest combination novel and detective story that I have ever read. In fact, it is easy to say it is the best of its kind, because there simply isn't any other like it. The minute I finished reading it I started right in to read it the second time, and I cannot remember when any other book has been so fascinating and exciting as to make me want to do that.'"—LEW FIELDS.

For a narrative of adventure fit to make one sit stark, staring awake till cockcrow, for a tale of tantalizing and labyrinthine mystery, read "Blindfolded," by Earle Ashley Walcott. For mastery of mystery it would be hard to surpass this unusual story.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For sale by all booksellers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Secrets of the Bastille, East Lynne, Coward and Coquette, Won at Last, Weaker Than a Woman, Dora Thorne, Aikenside, A Sister's Love, Lorna Doone, A Romance of Two Worlds, Ishmael, The Pillar of Fire, When a Man's Single, His Guard Angel.

New Line of Copyright Books

"Jane Cable, by McCutcheon; "Penwick's Career," by Humphrey Ward; "The Silver Maple," by Marian Keith; "The Call of the Blood," by R. H. H. H.; "Wayside Talk," by Wagner, and many others of the new books now open for the Christmas trade.

First cheap editions of High-Priced Books we sell for 25c. "The King of Diamonds," "The Duke Decides," "Castle Craney," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Purple Robe, and Graustark. Sale price 25c

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TORONTO

AND RETURN

ALL TRAINS WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

Nov. 7 and 8.

Good returning until Saturday, Nov. 10.

Full information in London offices; W. Fulton, 161 Dundas St. E.; J. Houston, C.P.R. Station, or write C. B. Foster, D.C.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

A sample of the nuts upon which the warriors of Somaliland march and fight so well has been brought to England. Twenty of the nuts are a day's rations for the Somali, who eats them boiled.

Plays, Players and Playgoers

THE GRAND.
Today, matinee and night.....
"Uncle Dudley from Missouri"
Monday and Tuesday....."Hello Bill"
BENNETT'S.
All week.....First-class Vaudeville

Bennett's latest farce-comedy, "Uncle Dudley from Missouri," with the young English comedian, Mr. Herbert Maule, in the leading role, will hold the boards at the Grand today for two performances. The play is written in three acts and is a laugh from start to finish.

Among the early bookings at the Grand are Peter F. Dailley in the "Press Agents," Mrs. Le Moyne, Guy

funny situations and plenty of action from start to finish. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nobles are well-known in Europe and America as producers of short comedy farces. The management feel confident in presenting this act that it will surpass any comedy sketch yet seen at the vaudeville.

Adaplo's animals, composed of bears, dogs and monkeys, will make their ordinary run of animal acts, and according to the press at Syracuse, N. Y., where the act is now playing at Keith's Theater, it is a decided hit. Mr. Adaplo is the only one at present appearing in vaudeville with a trained ant eater.

The Manhattan Comedy Four, acknowledged to be the leading comedy quartet in vaudeville, will entertain with their funny mannerisms and good

An excellent comedy moving picture film will be shown which will complete a strong and diversified programme.

Mr. J. H. Alos, formerly resident manager here last season, has returned, and will again take charge of the vaudeville.

Mr. C. W. Bennett, general manager of the Bennett Theatrical Enterprises, is at present in New York attending a meeting of American and European vaudeville managers. He will also look over some headline features for the circuit.

George F. Hall, the well-known comedian, who appears here at the Grand for two nights, commencing Monday next, tells the following rather good one on himself. He was playing some little one night stand out West and was invited to a lawn party one afternoon. As he approached the house in question he espied three little girls, the oldest not over nine, selling lemonade from a big washtub outside the fence which separated the lawn from the street.

As he approached the three children commenced to clamor: "Buy a glass of lemonade, only five cents." "Only five cents a glass, please buy a glass, only five cents." As Mr. Hall was on the "water wagon" high and dry—the lemonade game appealed to him, so he fished out a nickel, drank the lemonade and went in to the lawn party, the children's thanks ringing in his ears.

Returning from the lawn party an hour later he was again accosted by the children with "Lemonade, only one cent a glass. Please buy another. Reduced prices; only one cent a glass." More to please the children than anything else, he fished out three pennies and drank three glasses, one after the other.

Just as he was going he turned to the oldest child and said: "I don't understand the reduction in price, my child. How is it you charged me five cents a glass a little while ago when I went in, and now on my return it is only one cent a glass?"

"Well, sir," said the child, "we don't think the lemonade is quite as good as it was. You see just after you went away a dog fell in it."

Those of our readers who keep in touch with dramatic affairs in the "Middle West" will remember the Livingstone Stock Company, that has delighted the citizens of Detroit for two seasons past. This company divided the summer season between Toledo and Peoria, and Manager Stewart has arranged with them to play a season at the Grand.

The Livingstone Stock Company is a first-class organization in every sense of the word. The plays are all specially selected, and are produced with a care and attention to detail that wins the utmost praise wherever this company appears.

The ladies and gentlemen who comprise the organization have made a host of friends personally, wherever they have played, and the press of the various cities is unanimous in the praises of the plays selected and the manner in which they are produced. Manager Livingstone's long experience with the Woodward Stock Company, of Omaha, and Denver and the Bush Temple, of Chicago, renders him peculiarly well gifted as a stage director; and all the productions by the stock company are given under his personal supervision. New and appropriate scenery will be provided for each play, and the accessories and costumes will leave nothing to be desired. The company has been engaged for an indefinite term of weeks, and it remains to be seen whether a first-class company, producing first-class plays

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

Is the original remedy that "kills the dandruff germ"



Edna D. Allen

WITHOUT dandruff the hair must grow luxuriantly, except in chronic baldness, which is incurable. Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a germ or microbe. To cure dandruff, this germ—a tiny vegetable growth—must be destroyed and kept out of the scalp by Newbro's Herpicide.

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A woman to be pretty must have pretty hair. Beautiful locks have a subtle charm, for the poet says, "fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare." The unpoetic and intensely real dandruff microbe makes the hair dull, brittle and lusterless with later dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Newbro's Herpicide destroys this enemy of beauty and enables the hair to resume its natural luster and abundance. Almost marvelous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide. Overcomes excessive oiliness and makes the hair light and fluffy. It contains no grease or dye. Stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Discriminating ladies who have used Newbro's Herpicide, speak of it in the highest terms, for its almost magical effect upon the scalp, and also for its excellence as a regular hair dressing. It is delightfully fragrant and refreshing.

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(Signed) EDNA D. ALLEN,
Syracuse, N. Y.

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Send 10c in stamps to the Herpicide Co., Dept. N.,
Detroit, Mich., for a sample.

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GEORGE F. HALL

IN "HELLO BILL"

WHO WILL BE SEEN AT THE GRAND MONDAY AND TUESDAY NEXT

Standing, and Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "Julie Bon-Bon."

The new Shubert Theater in Toronto will open Jan. 4. London will then be well supplied with the best attractions in America.

Next week's bill at Bennett's is said to be an exceptionally strong one. Milton and Dollie Nobles, America's distinguished comedy stars, will occupy the headline position, presenting their own original uproarious comedy-farce, "Why Walker Reformed." It is full of bright, refined comedy lines.

THE DREADNAUGHT'S TURBINES.

The propelling engines of Britain's latest and most formidable warship, the Dreadnaught, are steam turbines, driving four shafts, their collective horsepower being estimated at 23,000 indicated horsepower, with the turbines making 320 revolutions per minute with steam at an initial pressure of 185 pounds. The fitting of four shafts enabled the power to be divided into two separate units. In each engine room there is one high pressure and one low pressure main ahead turbine, a cruising turbine and one high pressure and one low pressure main astern turbine. The high pressure main and the high pressure astern turbines drive the wing shafts, while the cruising and the low pressure ahead and astern turbines are on the inner shaft in each engine room. The low pressure ahead and low pressure astern turbines are within the same casing. All the shafts and propellers turn outwards when going ahead. There are eighteen boilers of the Babcock and Wilcox type, designed to work at a pressure of 25 pounds to the square inch. Engineering (London, England).



MISS ALICE HARVEY,
Who appears in "Uncle Dudley" at the Grand Today, Matinee and Night.

A Week of Theatricals in New York City.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

New York, Nov. 3.—It is a distinctly British idea to produce a play with a title that must be accompanied by a ground plan, as in the case of "The Shulamite," presented for the first time in New York at the beginning of the current week under the Shubert management at the Lyric Theater. To be sure, any stage work containing the true mettle and interpreted by a company of which Miss Lena Ashwell is the head will naturally command attention and respect wherever that very charming and convincing actress is known. But it might have been just as well in launching Miss Ashwell upon an American career to furnish plans and specifications regarding the title of her drama. There is a Biblical foundation for the name of "Shulamite," to be sure, but on the other hand there are wicked persons who have not the Songs of Solomon at their fingertips, so to speak, and to these, for all the title implies, "The Shulamite" might as well have been printed in Hindustani or Aztec. For the play itself, it tells the story of a girl of rare beauty and high refinement who marries a coarse and sordid burgher of South Africa, who, although loving her in a blind and foolish fashion, issues domestic treatment of pretty much the same order as that which marks his control of the cattle that fatten upon the veldt. This quite naturally falls upon the blushing bride, and when an English officer of aristocratic lineage comes along he finds her ready made for his advances. These do not result in the complications that would have arisen had the play been written in France instead of England, but they lead to murderous incidents when the husband finds that his wife, although physically chaste, is in love with another man. The assassination scheme does not turn out to be successful, and the ending of the story finds the lovers in a position to be united legally, the husband having been killed by the man he sought to slay. All this is somewhat gloomy and morose, but it is at times intensely dramatic, and is serves to give Miss Ashwell fine opportunities for the display of a talent that is very near the border line of genius. There is no mistaking the fact that the

actress has made a profound impression.

Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, in George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," won something that closely resembled a triumph at the New Amsterdam Theater on Tuesday evening. Both had previously earned distinctive reputations in an arduous career in New York, although the stage material they had offered had not wholly commanded popular support. But upon the occasion now in question they have come back to us with a vehicle that is at once unique and of absorbing interest. In this play, Cleopatra is a young girl who is placed upon the throne through the kindly and paternal interest of the great Caesar. The youthful Cleopatra has never before been presented to our gaze, and the gentle and considerate Caesar has heretofore been a stranger to us. We find both personages exceedingly agreeable and quite human, and that is saying a good deal for Mr. Shaw's treatment of characters of early history. Through the dialogue of this work there is a running fire of the sinister if often artificial humor, in which the egotistical English author finds fervent and unmitigated delight. Much of it is amusing, and some of it is of the literary quality in which the personal pronoun finds no place—which goes to show that Mr. Shaw has moments which are not alone lucid but reasonably modest. "Caesar and Cleopatra" seems, in a word, to be the "real thing."

Miss Eleanor Robson, who is to remain all the season at the Liberty Theater, will change her bill on Monday, Nov. 19, in accordance with the policy of the management in embracing the production of a series of brand new plays during their period. It thus becomes apparent that Liebler & Co. are not actuated solely by the spirit of commercialism, which in many quarters is ruefully declared to be in full control of the Broadway in these decadent days. For the Zangwill comedians, "Nurse Marjorie," might beyond any question whatsoever run on with profit for a long time to come. The title and character of the next of Miss Robson's plays will be announced shortly. For the present a degree of secrecy is being observed that has al-

ready aroused keen and general interest.

The announcement that Blanche Bates has only a fortnight more to stay at the Bijou Theater in "The Girl of the Golden West" has had the effect of awakening to action not only those who desire to see this intensely moving entertainment once more before its departure, but of calling out the persons who have cherished the illusion that there was no particular hurry, under the impression that the run would continue all winter—yes, in truth, it reasonably might, but for Mr. Belasco's fully developed plans. Thus, as in the very early stages of Miss Bates' wonderful engagement, we observe the debut of her public for more than a month of so at a time. But Mr. Dockstader, who is personally responsible for pretty much all the changes and improvements in this order of show life, is holding "up his sleeve" a number of schemes tending to still further advance and revolutionize his calling. It is gathered from the little that is known of his plans that when he secures the desired location he will make a shift in the minstrel world very similar in scope to that which was made by Weber and Fields over the style of performance that existed in the day of Harrigan and Hart. Uncle Lew is a progressive man and what is technically known as a sure enough winner.

On Saturday night we shall have Jimmy Powers in "The Blue Moon." It is a betting proposition that the property moon will be the only blue item under the Casino roof.

Robert Mantell, who, under the direction of Wm. A. Brady, has become the representative actor of Shakespeare roles in this country, begins a four week's season at the Academy of Music on Monday night.

Arnold Daly, who has taken himself so very seriously that neither of the syndicates will take him, at all, has broken into vaudeville in the Keith and Proctor Theaters. He is playing G. B. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Sam Bernard's ten strike in "The Rich Mr. Hogenheimer," at Wallack's Theater, is one of the very big and permanent hits of the season. Bernard won't move until hot weather.

theater for a week's engagement. There will be a medley of savage sounds from the throats of lions, bears, hyenas, tigers, panthers, leopards, jaguars—in short, all the bloodthirsty beasts contained in the category of the animal kingdom.

Local theater-goers are promised the greatest exhibition of trained wild animals ever seen in the world. One of the noteworthy features is that of Mons. Gallard, the celebrated French dompteur and his full-grown African, Kaffarian, who has gained the sobriquet of "Nervy" Gallard, concludes his act with an actual fight for life with Baltimore, the "notorious" lion, which is

keen delight in Mr. Goodwin's interpretation of "The Genius" as to prove the misfortune of his inability to secure another New York playhouse at this time for a continuation of his visit. But Broadway's loss is the gain of central thoroughfares in other cities to which this amazingly versatile actor will now turn his attention.

Lew Dockstader is again considering the advisability of establishing a permanent minstrel theater in New York—that is to say, a theater in which he would personally appear for four or five months in the year, devoting his spring and autumn time to the best amusement sections elsewhere. It is true that minstrelsy of the regulation order has not in recent years held the consideration of our public for more than a month of so at a time. But Mr. Dockstader, who is personally responsible for pretty much all the changes and improvements in this order of show life, is holding "up his sleeve" a number of schemes tending to still further advance and revolutionize his calling. It is gathered from the little that is known of his plans that when he secures the desired location he will make a shift in the minstrel world very similar in scope to that which was made by Weber and Fields over the style of performance that existed in the day of Harrigan and Hart. Uncle Lew is a progressive man and what is technically known as a sure enough winner.

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Sam Bernard's ten strike in "The Rich Mr. Hogenheimer," at Wallack's Theater, is one of the very big and permanent hits of the season. Bernard won't move until hot weather.

the same beast that killed one attendant and maimed one for life, two of his former trainers.

In another act, Mons. and Mme. Tanner present the equestrian lion D'Artagnan, and his companion, Chocolat, which are trained to ride on a snow-white Arabian steed, upon whose back D'Artagnan is master of the arena.

Mons. Jovay puts through the most difficult tricks polar bears, brown bears, sloths, hyenas, leopards, hounds, and the famous fighting royal Bengal tiger Goldie. In this act the greatest achievement of modern animal training has been accomplished by Director Bostock, as it is the nature of this animal to kill all other animals, and it requires constant attention from Mons. Jovay to protect himself and his animals from the fangs of the man-eating tiger of India.

London is the only city in Canada where Bostock will appear this season. Excursions will be run from all points in Ontario.

POPULARITY OF RIDING.

Saddle horse devotees are universally true to the pastime. The season has been of the best in years, and the demand for finished saddle horses for immediate use has never been quicker. As an instance may be noticed the fact that one New York firm alone sold a consignment of 123 horses from Kentucky this spring for \$87,000. The art of riding nowadays is considered a part of one's education and as a consequence the riding academies flourish and saddle horses for hire by the capricious follower of the pastime are difficult of procurement. Fitted horses required much work on them to make them safe for a lady's use or adaptable for park bridle paths or the hazardous country pike adfame with the raging motor cars, and as a consequence the saddle horse is no cheap commodity. Nevertheless, fashion and the fascination of the exercise and its beneficial results, coupled with the fever to own a good animal, which will always answer the call to help "sweep the cobwebs from the brain," make a demand always keener than the supply.—Harper's Magazine.

AN APACHE VENDETTA

Members of Paris Thug Gang Kill Two and Wound Another.

Paris, Nov. 2.—A desperate Apache vendetta is proceeding in Montmartre, in which two notorious Apache leaders have been murdered since Sunday night, and a third wounded.

The vendetta is believed to be a revival of the celebrated feud between the Apache chiefs Manda and Lucca, who fought for the love of Mile. Casque d'Or several years ago.

On Sunday night a number of the Apaches walked into a little cafe on the Boulevard de Clichy, and shot dead an Apache known as "Le Demicheur," who was sitting at one of the tables.

The murderer, known as "Luluces," escaped, but last night he was shot through the head by a friend of "Le Demicheur" as he was leaving a cafe in the Rue Coucouen, a tiny thoroughfare frequented by the worst type of Apache.

"Luluces" friends thereupon swore revenge, and at 1 o'clock this morning they shot an Apache known as "Titus," who is believed to be "Luluces' murderer. "Titus," although badly wounded, managed to escape.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding, and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. See all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

When a man's dog quits him it is high time for his wife to make application for a divorce. That is evidence. The British home office has ordered that henceforth convicts shall be fed on only canned meats.



SCENE FROM "HELLO BILL" AT THE GRAND NEXT MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

SNAP-SHOTS AT VARIOUS SPORTS

Today's Rugby match at Tecumseh Park will doubtless draw one of the largest crowds of the season. In addition to the day being an ideal one, the game itself should prove a very hardy contested struggle.

Chips the Hamilton Spectator: "On past performances the Tigers should win the game by from 19 to 20 points, but the Toronto doers say that the Argos have a bunch of surprises up their sleeve, and that for the first time in four years the Tigers are in serious danger of having their tails twisted. In any event, it should be a great game, the best under the snap-back rules ever played in Canada."

The following item from the Spectator may prove of interest to local football lovers:

"While the seniors are fighting for the senior championship at Toronto, the cubs will be doing battle with the Dundas twelve at the cricket grounds. The teams, while in the intermediate class, can be relied on to put up an exhibition much more even and interesting than the majority of the senior games have been this season. The cubs are in great form, and expect to turn the tables on Dundas. They will be assisted by Ripley, who, at the first of the season promised that he would help them out if they showed anything like championship form. Under the direction of Manager Griffith and Capt. Eccleston, the team has improved wonderfully, and if it wins from Dundas tomorrow, should come pretty nearly winning the intermediate championship. If, on the other hand, it loses tomorrow, it will be out of the running."

The one-mile relay foot race which is being held at Queen's Park today should bring out some very good running. There are four men in each team, and each team has a captain. The teams run a mile, and the captains run 300 yards. The times are added, and the best aggregate decides the winner. Capt. Tom Robinson, of county clerkship fame, will pilot the London Township team, and is positive of a victory. The race will include three teams—London Township, Delaware and Westminster.

Capt. Hague predicts a victory for the local football team today. 'Ere's hoping.

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, is going to permit six-round slug-fests again. It was men like Faking Joe Gans who put the game down and out in the Windy City. "A lesson learned is a lesson earned."

George Rose, one of the biggest bookmakers in the ring, wound up the season at Jamaica. He has won \$100,000 on the year, and says he will go to California, where he is interested in the California track, after election day. Rose is not the only bookie made rich this year at the expense of the public.

According to statistics compiled by an authority, twelve trotters won \$5,000 or over on the turf this season, and three of the number went over \$10,000 in their earnings. They are: Nutboy, \$19,162; Brilliant Girl, \$12,787; Shiko, \$10,300; Cochato, \$9,625; Oro, \$9,145; Ed Custer, \$9,045; Allie Jay, \$8,950; Gold-dust Maid, \$8,940; Dr. Chase, \$6,287; The Abbe, \$5,620; Mainstreet, \$5,326; Mack Mack, \$5,243. Ardelle is the biggest winning pacer of the year, with earnings amounting to \$10,177. Brenda York made a most creditable showing for a 3-year-old pacer, winning a total of \$6,063.

The local weather man took advantage of us today. We neglected yesterday to forecast fine weather for today. His kindness will never be forgiven. SOUTHPAW.

POSTPONED RACES

HELD AT CHATHAM

Chatham, Nov. 2.—The postponed races, held over from the fall meet of the Chatham Driving Club, were pulled off this afternoon. The attendance was good and the events were spirited and interesting. They resulted as follows:

2:20 pace or trot—
Deltic, Y. B. Woodruff, Whitby, 2 1 1
Sidney Mac, L. Edmonds, Blenheim, 1 2 4
Jesse Rogers, J. Yard, Sarnia, 3 2 2
Alyre Belle, G. Wright, Chatham, 4 6 6
Jerry Dillard, R. Mosan, Berlin, 5 3 3
Mattie Weaver, W. McMaster, Ridgeway, 6 7 5
Hattie Hall, 7 4 dr

Time, 2:21½, 2:22½, 2:23.
Named race—
Emancipation, T. Williams, Chatham, 1 1 1
Nelle Rogers, D. Hayne, Chatham, 2 2 2
Goldie, F. Brisco, Chatham, 3 2 2
Collegian, D. McLachlan, Chatham, 4 3 4
Eamie Simon, T. Rutley, Chatham, 5 5 5

BASEBALL

GANZEL SIGNS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 1.—John Ganzel will play first base for the Reds in 1907, and act as captain of the team. The player came to this city today, and signed a contract closing up the negotiations which began between him and President Herrmann at Chicago during the world's series. The terms of the contract were not made public, but Ganzel seems pleased with the work cut out for him. President Herrmann and Manager Hanlon expect great results from him after his success in landing a pennant for Grand Rapids this year. He is a player full of energy and ginger, and will add strength to the Cincinnati infield. His last appearance in fast company was with the New York Americans.

NATIONAL LEAGUE ANNUAL.

New York, Nov. 2.—President H. C. Pulliam, of the National League, has notified all club presidents that the annual meeting of the National League will be held Tuesday, Dec. 11, at the Victoria Hotel, at 2 o'clock.

WARM RECEPTION.

St. John, N.B., Nov. 2.—John ("Tip") O'Neill, the St. John ball player who has won fame as a member of the world's champion White Sox team, arrived home at noon today, and was given a most enthusiastic welcome by his admirers. He was met at the station by a large delegation of citizens and the City Cornet Band. A procession was formed and O'Neill was escorted through some of the principal streets to St. Peter's Church grounds, where Hon. R. J. Ritchie, police magistrate, on behalf of the gathering, presented him with a beautiful gold watch, with chain and charm, both watch and charm being suitably engraved.

TRIGGER.

PALMYRA BOYS WON TROPHY. Ridgeway, Nov. 2.—The annual shoot for the Ferguson Trophy by the rifle clubs of East Kent took place at McKay's Corners Wednesday, when the coveted trophy went to the Palmyra boys, who won over Harwich, which club has held the trophy for eight years, by the close margin of two points.

GRIERSON'S CHARGES

TO BE INVESTIGATED

Toronto, Nov. 2.—President Stark, of the C. A. A. L., stated today that no word had as yet been received from Mr. F. Grierson, of Ottawa, as to his charges against eastern players and teams along professional lines. Neither had Secretary Crow of the union. The documents are expected any day.

Meanwhile Mr. Stark leaves for two holidays on Monday, but will appoint a committee before leaving to investigate Mr. Grierson's charges and report on his return.

Mr. Stark stated that in all probability the migrating hockey players recently imported to Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Fort William, Smith's Falls and the east will be asked to state the reasons for their sudden liking for the western climate.

Mr. Crow remarked that as Mr. Grierson's statement would involve not only Ottawa men, but also Smith's Falls and other players in the east, it might take some time to formulate the charges and collect facts and figures for evidence.

ATHLETICS.

SCHEDULES ARRANGED.

The Seventh Regiment Athletic Association held a meeting last night in the Armories and arranged schedules for basketball and indoor baseball. The series will start a week from Tuesday. Two games will be played each night and three umpires will be retained for the entire baseball schedule.

Billy Amos, the crack long-distance runner, has entered for the X. M. C. A. run to be held Nov. 10, and will also run in another road race which is being arranged for at present, and will be announced later on, to be held on Nov. 17 in this city.

THE TURF.

At Jamaica—Fortunate 5 to 2, Minto 3 to 1, Lucetta 7 to 2, Lotus 5 to 2, Tommy Waddell 8 to 2, Cora Price 7 to 2, Plaid 11 to 5.

At Landon—Lady Arlon 12 to 1, Darling 3 to 1, Joe Coyne 6 to 1, Dell Leath 18 to 5, McChord 3 to 5, Elcott 4 to 1.

THE RING.

BERGER MAY QUIT GAME.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 2.—Sore in body and sad at heart, Sam Berger is revolving in his own mind whether or not he will renounce the prize-fighting for good and all. The chances are that a couple of days will put a bright hue on his affairs in general and that encouragement of his friends who tell him that he put up a great fight and that all he lacked was experience will prevail, but at that Berger may have a mind of his own in settling affairs. He realizes that his showing, while nothing disgraceful, was far from creditable for a man who thought he was in the front rank. Al Kaufman was in Oakland this morning and will probably spend some time there. He believes thoroughly in minding what Billy Delaney tells him, and whether the blacksmith will have a speedy appearance in the ring depends altogether upon what the veteran trainer says. Berger's vaunted cleverness did not show. Some of his friends say it was because he was over-anxious.

Banns of marriage that had been published twice were published for the third time by the parish clerk's daughter at Ellington, England, on a recent Sunday morning. The vicar was away on a holiday and for some unknown reason no other clergyman came.

REMARKABLE FEATS ON THE DIAMOND

Past Season Saw Many in Major Leagues—Some Great Pitching.

Although the world's baseball series has been fought and won there remains a great deal of interest in the result, and the games will be fire-side talk during the long winter months. The season of 1906 in baseball was marked by many remarkable feats of skill and many of the performances will stand in the history of the game for years to come. That 24-inning game between the Athletics and Boston on Sept. 1, will probably stand as the longest big league game on record for a long time.

The pitcher this year comes in for no small share of the honors. Two of the greatest feats of the year have been the no-hit games pitched by Lush, of the Phillies, and Eason, of the Superbas. The former performed his act against Brooklyn, and the latter against St. Louis.

Feister, of the Cubs, has the remarkable performance of fanning Jordan, a famous slugger of Brooklyn, eight times straight, extending over two games. He also whiffed thirteen men in one of the games played against the Cardinals, but this feat was surpassed by Christy Mathewson, of the Giants, when he fanned fourteen Superbas in nine innings.

One of the greatest achievements of the year was when the Sox beat the Yankees, although Orth held them down to one hit. This was all the more remarkable when it is taken into consideration that the Yankees made eight safe hits.

That ever-to-be-remembered battle when the Cubs walloped the Giants in New York by a score of 19 to 0 is a feature of the year, and the Sox's record of winning nineteen straight is something beautiful to behold. Both of the Boston teams lost more games in a row than could be conceived of, and other matters of note also cropped up from time to time.

Even the umpires, those suffering mortals, have come in for a share of the features, notably among whom are O'Loughlin and Evans, of the American League, and O'Day and Johnston, of the older organization.

The most interesting features of the year in both leagues follow:

National League.

April 30.—The Giants steal ten bases against Catcher O'Neill, of Boston.

May 1.—Pitcher Lush, of Philadelphia, shuts Brooklyn out without a hit.

May 8.—After winning ten straight, Chicago drops a game to Pittsburgh.

May 17.—Twenty-seven Giants face Pitcher Leever, of Pittsburgh.

May 30.—Pitcher Pfeister, of Chicago, sets the season's strike-out record by fanning thirteen men in nine innings in a game with St. Louis.

June 6.—The Cubs make nineteen hits for a total of 25 bases against the Giants, the final score being 11 to 3.

June 7.—Chicago beat the Giants by a score of 19 to 0. Eleven runs are scored in the first inning. The Cubs made 22 hits for a total of 29 bases.

June 9.—Umpire Klem is mobbed at Philadelphia for awarding a game to Pittsburgh in the eighth inning.

June 9.—The Boston team finally breaks its losing streak by defeating St. Louis. They lost nineteen straight before this victory.

June 12.—The Giants raise the world's championship pennant and are beaten by the Reds, 6 to 1.

June 17.—Five arrests are made at Brooklyn during the Red-Superba match to test the Sunday law.

June 20.—The Pirates make seventeen hits and fifteen runs off the Giants.

June 25.—Ruelbach returns to form by holding St. Louis to one hit, the final score being 2 to 1 in favor of the Cubs.

July 20.—Pitcher Mal Eason, of Brooklyn, lets St. Louis down without a hit, the Superbas winning by a score of 2 to 0.

July 24.—Pitcher McGinnity, of the Giants, and Catcher Peitz, of Pittsburgh, have a fist fight on the Pittsburgh field.

June 30.—Umpire O'Day is fined by Pulliam for not stopping the fight between McGinnity and Peitz at Pittsburgh.

Aug. 7.—Umpire Johnstone is barred from the Polo Grounds at New York by the management and forfeits the game to the Cubs.

Aug. 7.—Tenner, of Boston, slugs Umpire Klem at Boston. He accuses Klem of not turning the used balls over to Boston.

Aug. 24.—Huggins, second baseman of the Reds, accepts fourteen chances without a skip.

Sept. 2.—After winning fourteen straight games, the Cubs are stopped by Beebe, of St. Louis, his team winning by a score of 5 to 2.

Sept. 6.—Mathewson achieves the feat of fanning fourteen Brooklyn men.

Sept. 9.—By defeating the Pirates the Cubs win their 100th victory.

Sept. 19.—The Cubs win the championship of the National League, and at the same time tie the world's record for games won in a season, the mark being 106, held by the Giants.

Sept. 21.—Chicago broke the world's record for number of games won in a season when they defeated the Giants, the former holders of the record, by a score of 5 to 4.

Sept. 25.—Pitcher Feister, of the Cubs, sets a unique record when he strikes Jordan, of the Superbas, out five times straight. He achieved the same feat on Aug. 16, thus making eight times in a row for Jordan.

Oct. 1.—Only 27 Phillies face Pitcher Lundgren, of the Cubs, in nine innings. Not a Philadelphia reached second base.

American League.

April 19.—The Senators defeat the Athletics by a score of 11 to 10. The victors made fifteen hits and the losers fourteen. Three pitchers were used by each side.

April 24.—Boston beats Washington by a score of 19 to 2.

May 8.—The Athletics make twenty hits against Boston.

May 21.—After winning eleven

straight games, the Athletics are beaten by Cleveland, Bemis' home run in the thirteenth inning being the deciding factor.

May 21.—The Boston team breaks the world's record for straight losses, Detroit beating it and setting the mark at eighteen defeats.

May 25.—Boston, after losing twenty straight, breaks the streak by walling Chicago by a score of 5 to 0.

June 2.—After winning eleven straight, New York lost to the Athletics.

June 10.—The White Sox get but one hit off Orth, yet win by a score of 1 to 0.

June 15.—Lajoie makes three doubles against New York.

June 17.—Umpire Evans is a target for pop bottles at the Chicago grounds.

June 24.—With the score 2 to 1 in favor of Chicago in the ninth, and with two out, Schaefer, of Detroit, on the base, bats for Donahue, and after having two strikes called on him, raps out a home run over the left field bleacher fence, and drives a man on base in ahead of him.

July 4.—Lajoie is the first American Leaguer to get the 100th hit, it being a double against Detroit.

July 23.—New York makes a triple play against Cleveland.

Aug. 8.—Elbertfeld attacks Umpire O'Loughlin at St. Louis, and is suspended.

Aug. 23.—The Sox set a new record for straight victories, nineteen in a row, when they beat Washington by a score of 4 to 1.

Aug. 25.—The Senators stop the Sox's winning streak by taking a double-header.

Sept. 1.—All league records are smashed when the Athletics defeat the Bostonians in a 24-innings game by a score of 4 to 1. Coombs pitches for the victors, and Harris for the vanquished.

Sept. 14.—Turner, the little shortstop of the Naps, accepts seventeen chances without a skip in a double-header with the Tigers.

Sept. 21.—Chase, the New York's first-sacker, makes 22 putouts in the first game against the Sox. The White Sox win the American League championship, the rain at St. Louis and the defeat of the Yanks settling the question.

LONDON CANINES

IN FIELD TRIALS

Laddie and Manitoba Belle to Compete at Ruthven This Month.

Chatham, Nov. 2.—The eighteenth annual trials of the International Field Trials Club will take place at Ruthven, Ont., commencing with the members' stake on Monday, Nov. 19. For this stake, which is open only to members of the club, who must handle their own dogs or have amateurs handle them for them, J. B. McKay, of Detroit, has donated a handsome sterling silver cup, which must be won twice by the same kennel owner. The club will donate a trophy to the winner.

The regular trials will begin on Tuesday, Nov. 20, with the Derby, to be followed on its completion by the all-stake trials. The Derby stakes are lighter owing to sportsmen having let up a little in breeding on account of the last two seasons having been close ones on quail in Ontario.

The entries for the all-aged stake close on Nov. 10. Birds are more plentiful on the club grounds at Ruthven than they have been for years. The judges are Mr. Montague Smith, of Forest, Ont., and Mr. J. G. Armstrong, of Detroit.

The following are the Derby entries, in English setters: Tony's Lemon, Dale, 19 months, by Tony's Count Gladstone, out of Countess K. Gladstone, owned by Thompson, of Highland, Mich.; Nelly, 17 months, by Tony's Count Gladstone, out of Nelly, owned by Thompson, of Highland, Mich.; Laddie, 18 months, by Prince Rodney, out of Countess Beatrice, owned by H. Marshall Graydon, London, Ont.; Wic, 18 months, same dam as Nelly, owned by Boy's Ranger, 14 months, by Sutton, of Highland, Mich.; Monty, owned by H. H. Wood, of Montreal, Que.; Boy's Echo, 14 months, same breeding and owner; Manitoba Belle, 21 months, by Buller, out of Troublesome, owned by Thos. Duff, London, Ont.; Athens, 19 months, by Lanser, out of Rose, owned by Dr. Campeau, Harrow, Ont.; Anubis, 11 months, by Lanser, out of Fern Dan-row.

Maxium, 21 months, by Devonshire, Maxium, out of Flight, owned by Ed Outthet, Montreal, Que., is entered in the pointers class.

BASEBALL.

LINDAMAN FINED \$100.

Cincinnati, Nov. 2.—The national baseball commission today fined V. A. Lindaman, of the Boston National League club, \$100 for playing with the Loquaxes, an independent team of Chicago. Lindaman will be ineligible to play with any national agreement club until the fine is paid.

SPAT IN JURORS' FACES.

Hamilton, Nov. 2.—A special from Hartford, Conn., says Henry Bailey, when found guilty of murder, for killing his employer, a farmer named Goodall, created a scene by his loud laughter, and by spitting tobacco in the jurors' faces.

Bailey was recently arrested near St. Catharines, where his relatives live. Witnesses from Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls testified at the trial.

EVER HAVE CRAMPS?

Kind of nerve to be tied up in a knot at midnight with cramps. Keep Nerviline handy. Ten drops quiets cramps instantly. Used occasionally Nerviline prevents this trouble entirely. From Stratford, Ont. Wm. Des writes: "Nothing I know of will give such quick relief to cramps, colic or pain in the stomach as Nerviline. If you feel squeamish or sick, just ten drops of Nerviline in water and you're well next minute." Think of the protection and comfort contained in a 25-cent bottle of Nerviline and get it today.

SERIES STARTED FOR WILLMOT CUP

Local Sons of England Lodge Commence a Series of 20 Carpetball Games.

Teams from the five local lodges of the Sons of England are to play again this winter for the Willmot cup. The series is to include 20 games, and will be completed on March 22. The committee comprises Bro. W. Jenkins (district deputy), chairman and referee; secretary-treasurer, Bro. N. F. Willmot; W. J. Garfath, Chelsea Lodge; Bro. E. Wingett, Trafalgar Lodge; Bro. A. L. Rimmel, British Lion; Bro. A. Lepper, British Oak; Bro. Job Cook, past district deputy, Beresford Lodge.

The first game of the series was played Thursday night at British Oak's rooms, between British Oak and Trafalgar Lodges, and it was won by the former 66 to 63. The remaining games are as follows:

Nov. 7—British Lion vs. Beresford.

Nov. 9—Chelsea vs. British Oak.

Nov. 14—Beresford vs. British Lion.

Nov. 15—Trafalgar vs. Chelsea.

Jan. 3—Beresford vs. Beresford.

Jan. 9—Beresford vs. British Oak.

Jan. 17—British Oak vs. Chelsea.

Jan. 23—British Lion vs. Trafalgar.

Jan. 25—Chelsea vs. British Lion.

Feb. 6—British Lion vs. British Lion.

Feb. 7—British Oak vs. British Lion.

Feb. 20—Beresford vs. Trafalgar.

Feb. 21—Trafalgar vs. British Oak.

Feb. 22—Chelsea vs. Beresford.

March 6—Beresford vs. British Lion.

March 7—Trafalgar vs. British Lion.

March 20—British Lion vs. British Oak.

March 21—British Oak vs. Beresford.

March 22—Chelsea vs. Trafalgar.

HAD ENOUGH FOR THREE LEAGUES

American League Tried Out 207 Players During 1906 Season.

No less than 207 players, an average of twenty-six for each club, drew more or less money from the American League during the past season, enough for exactly twenty-three teams of nine men each. The list included thirty catchers, eighty-eight pitchers, fifty-one infielders and thirty-eight outfielders. As is usually the case, the tail-end teams used the most material, Boston carrying no less than thirty-one men on its pay roll at various periods of the season. The Beaneaters were rather long on twirlers, having no less than twelve pitchers, trying out several youngsters during the last few weeks of the campaign. Boston also led the league in backstops, using six—Criger, Gramam, Armbruster, Peterson, Carrigan and Doran.

As a result of Connie Mack having his team of Athletics wrecked by desertions and injuries, he was forced to hand out weekly checks to thirty players, which included ten pitchers and ten infielders, no less than five being tried at times in the spot left vacant by Lave Cross.

Washington found it necessary to use twenty-seven men trying Boston with twelve pitchers, Stahl, however, was lucky as to his outfield, getting along with only four gardeners. He had to have five catchers, however.

Clark Griffith came next with 26 Yankees, his pitching staff numbering eleven men—Cleveland and Chicago having the same number, 25. On account of the injury to Sullivan, Chicago was forced to sign up three catchers, Towne, Roth and McFarland, in a hurry. Cleveland had eight pitchers, and Chicago had seven. They were even up on in and out fielders. Detroit managed to get along and grab sixth place with only 24 players, 9 of whom were pitchers.

The manager, however, that saved his backers' money by keeping his salary list down was Jimmy McAleer, who used but nineteen men to land fifth place for St. Louis. Mac used but three catchers, six pitchers, six infielders and four outfielders, going the larger part of the season with only seventeen men, Nordyke being let out early in the year, while Rockenfeldt played only thirteen months. Four twirlers, Howell, Peitz, Glade and Powell did practically all the slab duty.

The total list is as follows: Boston—6 catchers, 12 pitchers, 8 infielders, 5 outfielders.

Philadelphia—4 catchers, 10 pitchers, 10 infielders, 6 outfielders.

Washington—5 catchers, 12 pitchers, 6 infielders, 4 outfielders.

New York—3 catchers, 11 pitchers, 6 infielders, 6 outfielders.

Chicago—5 catchers, 7 pitchers, 7 infielders, 6 outfielders.

Cleveland—4 catchers, 8 pitchers, 7 infielders, 6 outfielders.

Detroit—3 catchers, 9 pitchers, 7 infielders, 5 outfielders.

St. Louis—3 catchers, 6 pitchers, 6 infielders, 4 outfielders.

The players who played with more than one team in the league were: Kittredge, Washington and Cleveland; Dougherty, New York and Chicago; Hahn, New York and Chicago; Hoffman, Philadelphia and New York.

GIRLS IN GERMANY.

The German girl leaves school at about 15 years of age, by which time she has learned to sew, mend and supposedly to speak English and French. She has not learned higher mathematics, but she has learned the small things which fit a girl for a housewife, or companion, and that, in Germany, is woman's only sphere.

However much American girls may enjoy their colleges, German girls have something which takes their place and of which we can have no conception until we reside in Germany a few months.

Did you ever hear of a pension? It is one of the most enjoyable things which exists. Certain influential ladies, mostly widows or maiden aunts, make known that they were willing to take a limited number of young ladies into their family.

We went to Hanover, two of us girls, with a horror and dread of a boarding-school, as we had heard a pension described. We found, however, a family of eight girls, all from the very best class of Germans, and all placed under Frau von H's care for a year or more.

None of the girls had any special object in life; a few wanted to learn how to keep house, a few indulged in a little music lesson, but most were but most of them came, as is the German custom, for the sake of becoming polished, and being escorted to concerts, theaters, balls, receptions, student Knaps, etc., opportunities not afforded in smaller towns, and even not in many of the larger ones.

Consequently our chaperon, accepted invitations for her girls, parties were given and the great intimate family spent a year full of pleasure.—Modern Women.

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GET IN THE SWIM

Too cold for swimming now, but the food that makes a good swimmer will make good muscle, and bone and brain for YOU.

G. H. Corsan, the well known swimming instructor at Balmy Beach, Ontario, lived on

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuit and Triscuit during the months of July and August to the total exclusion of all other cereal foods. He says that he found them strengthening and nourishing and believes them to be "the only pure whole wheat food".

Shredded Wheat is made in Canada of Canadian wheat. Makes healthy tissue and good red blood. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream.

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Niagara Falls, Ontario.
Toronto Office: 32 Church Street.

WILL COBALT ORE GO DEEP DOWN?

Dr. Bell, the Geologist, Thinks It
Likely There Will Be Depth
—Future of Camp.

Cobalt, Nov. 1.—Dr. Robert Bell, F.R.S., the distinguished chief geologist of Canada, is at present in the Cobalt camp.

Dr. Robert Bell is one of the most able geologists of the day, and has traveled the belt of Huronian rocks, which stretches from the eastern limits of Lake Superior far beyond Abitibi. In the year 1875 this eminent student of mother earth traveled through the Cobalt area, or practically so, and in the report of his investigations said in effect: "I have demonstrated that there exists in this region a belt of mineral-bearing Huronian rocks greater in extent than any other in Canada, and I propose to call it the Great Belt."

Had the hint thus given been taken 31 years ago, the probabilities are that the Cobalt area would have been known a generation since, but unfortunately for that generation this clue was not followed up, but its appreciation has instead attended on the future of the present and not the past generation.

Being interviewed on the subject of Cobalt and its mineralization, the question was put to Dr. Bell as to the depth he thought these deposits would extend, or rather, whether he thought the veins of cobalt would be permanent. In reply to this he said: "There are zones of fissuring existing in the Cobalt area of such a character as to indicate that they have a deep-seated source."

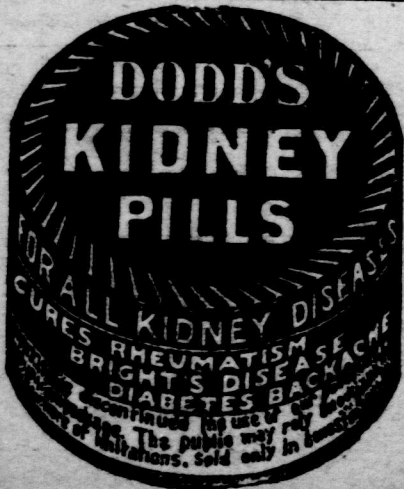
"Is it not true, Dr. Bell, that the high-grade silver ores in the camp being found in the greenstone would indicate that the cobalt veins have a tendency to increase in value with depth rather than to diminish?"

"I scarcely think we know enough yet to decide that point."

"Is it not a fact, doctor, that the level of the earth's surface previous to the present time, and that in consequence these outcroppings at the surface have been eroded by this great agency to a considerable depth?"

"Probably that was so."

"Then, would it not seem strange that these veins had been ground down for an area covering about sixteen square miles, and that this erosion had ended at the pitting out point of these veins?"



"I should think that such would be highly improbable."

"Then you think that it is reasonable to suppose that Cobalt has a great future before it?"

"From the evidence to date it would appear so."

From further conversation with Dr. Bell your correspondent learned that he is deeply impressed with the potentialities of this wonderfully mineralized area, and takes no little pride in it from the fact that this great area—that is the whole area stretching north from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay—was his special study for many years, a district in which he has always taken great interest, and at this date has the satisfaction of seeing his views appreciated.

A New Invention For Ironing Shirts.
All who attended the large convention of the National Laundrymen's Association at Denver, Col., a few weeks ago were much interested in the new invention for ironing negligee shirts. The new machine is known as the Hagen Negligee Shirt Machine, and expert laundrymen acknowledge it superior to any device at present in use for pressing negligee shirts. It is heated by steam, and uses only half the heat required for the old gas-heated ironers, and much less than the common flat iron. Thus the fabric is not put under such a pressure of heat—the shirts do not retain the heat for some considerable time as they do when pressed under the old system, but dry out immediately, free from any tendency to stiffen or split—will wear much longer. It will be good news to men and housewives, too—to learn that the Parisian Steam Laundry have added one of these new machines—the only one in Western Ontario—to their up-to-date plant. Negligee shirts entrusted to the care of this laundry will be better laundered and will last longer than ever before. Another addition to this plant is a Bishop's Mist Dampener. Shirts were formerly passed through dampened rollers and when put through a number of times the cuffs were likely to crack. By the use of the new machine this is impossible. Shirts are now held by hand in a tank which is lined with small water pipes. A high pressure of air is forced through the pipes which creates a mist, thus dampening them sufficiently. Several other new machines, which are easy on the fabrics—lengthen instead of shorten the life of the goods—have been installed at the Parisian Laundry, making it one of the most up-to-date laundry plants on the continent.

CASTRO CAN'T BE SEEN.
Fort-de-France, Martinique, Nov. 2.—Passengers arriving here from Venezuela by the steamer Canada bring the information that President Castro, whose health has not improved, was moved on Oct. 25 from the coast to Caracas, and on Oct. 27 from Caracas to Sabana Grande, near the capital.

With the exception of those ministering to his personal needs, no one is permitted to come near the President.

Business in Venezuela is in a condition of paralysis because of the general uneasiness for the future.

MCGILL REMANDED.
Toronto, Nov. 2.—Charles McGill, late manager of the defunct Ontario Bank, was remanded again in the police court this morning until Tuesday, Nov. 6. He was again allowed out on bail.

When a man begins to worry about his feelings he's on the down grade.

PEARY ACHIEVES FARTHEST NORTH

Intrepid Explorer Fails to Land the Pole, But Makes Wonderful Trip.

New York, Nov. 2.—The United States now holds the record of "farthest north," 81 degrees 6 minutes.

This feat was accomplished by Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States navy. The intrepid Arctic explorer failed to reach the North Pole, as he had confidently hoped to do with his specially constructed vessel, the Roosevelt, but he penetrated nearer to the pole than the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, which had held the Arctic record, 80 degrees 34 minutes.

What Commander Peary did, and his experiences during the past year in the frozen north are briefly but vividly summarized in a communication received tonight by Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Club. This communication follows:

"Hopedale, Labrador (via Twillingate, Newfoundland, Nov. 2).—To Herbert L. Bridgman: Roosevelt wintered north coast Grant Land, somewhat north Alert winter quarters. Went north with sledges February, via Hecla and Columbia. Delayed by open water between 54 and 55 degrees. Beyond 55 six days. Gale disrupted ice, destroyed caches, cut off communication with supporting bodies and drifted due east. Reached 81 degrees 6 minutes north latitude over ice, drifting steadily eastward. Returning, ate eight dogs, drifted eastward, delayed by open water, reached north coast Greenland in straitened conditions. Killed musk oxen and returned along Greenland coast to ship. Two supporting parties driven on north coast Greenland. One rescued by me in starving condition. After one week's recuperation on Roosevelt, sailed west, completing north coast Grant Land, and reached other land, near 100th meridian. Homeward voyage incessant battle with ice, storms and head winds. Roosevelt magnificent ice fighter and sea boat. No deaths or illness in expedition. (Signed) R. E. Peary."

After furnishing these contents of Commander Peary's message to the Associated Press, Mr. Bridgman said that there was little doubt that Commander Peary was coming home. This seems to be borne out by the routing of the dispatch.

Hopedale, or Hoffenthal, is a Moravian mission station on the coast of Labrador. Twillingate is a port on the east coast of Newfoundland.

Mr. Bridgman said the message probably was mailed by Commander Peary from Hopedale to the most accessible cable point.

Commander Peary's polar steamship, the Roosevelt, left New York on her long journey in search of the North Pole on July 16, 1905. The vessel, for which funds were furnished by the Peary Arctic Club, of New York, was designed particularly for Arctic exploration. She cost about \$100,000. The Roosevelt has a crew of twenty men and Capt. Bartlett.

RACES AT THE JUBILEE

Keen Contests in the Mile and Two-Mile Events.

The roller-skating races last night at the Jubilee Rink, Lyle street, were largely attended, and furnished rare sport for those present.

The two-mile senior race was the first on the list, and the entries included the best of the roller-speeders in the Forest City. For several laps it was nip and tuck, when Chrispin and Phillips pulled away from the other competitor and amid loud cheers and applause, the first named finally won out by a close margin.

In the junior race there were several spills, and the supporters of the various entries made the building ring with their rooting and shouts of encouragement to the boys. Lattimer set the pace for three-quarters of the distance and was closely followed by Breech and Fields. In making one of the turns, Lattimer took a nasty tumble and was out of the going. Little Ben Beech also took a spill about the same time, but pluckily continued the race, and was soon up with the long-gear Field. Shortly before the finish of the event, the little fellow again hit the floor, and it looked as though his chances of winning had vanished, but he picked himself up and at the finish was only a few feet behind the lanky one.

Possibly the couple race was the most interesting of the races from the spectator's standpoint. One of the young ladies lost her balance on the turn and came down with a thud. Only one couple finished the race, and it was declared no contest.

The management announces that the same teams will compete on Wednesday night in a race of about three laps. The old rink was packed with enthusiastic spectators, and all went home well satisfied with the evening's sport.

The result was as follows:
Two-Mile Senior—1 Geo Chrispin, 2 James Phillips, 3 L. Lucas.
Two-Mile Junior—1 Frank Field, 2 Ben Beech, 3 Charles Lattimer.

YOUR WILL POWER.

Every Day a Man Has the Chance to Prove His Strength of Purpose.

When a man enters a store he knows what he wants, and if he has that quiet strength of purpose he gets what he wants.

If a man goes into a store to get a pair of shoes or a Semi-ready tailored suit, he proves his will power when he insists, like the man from Missouri, on the "Show-me" policy. Make the clerk show the label and price on the garment or article.

Semi-ready tailoring would not have its reputation for goodness if it had not been earned by excellence. The Semi-ready label is sewn on the inside of the pocket in every genuine Semi-ready garment.

McLean Bros. have the only Semi-ready tailoring agency in London at 146 Dundas street.

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM FIRE FIEND

Men on Roof of Burning Building Rescued Just as the Flames Reach Them.

New York, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Two men had a remarkable escape from death by fire, property valued at \$100,000, was destroyed, and hundreds of tenement dwellers fled from their homes in terror as a result of the fire in a seven-story factory building at Stanton and Mangin streets early today. For two hours the flames baffled the firemen, threatening to sweep beyond control and lick up the wretched dwellings adjoining, and all that time hundreds were being driven from their beds, almost naked, and stood shivering in the chill morning air. The place where the fire raged is in the center of the so-called sweat-shop district. The tenements are filled with employees in these places, most of them Hebrews of the poorer class.

When the fire was discovered by a policeman it had spread through the entire lower part of the factory building, and two Jewish watchmen, whose escape had been cut off by the flames, were standing at an upper window wildly gesticulating and crying for help. Gradually, as the fire gained headway, the men were driven to seek refuge on the roof. There they found temporary safety, but in a few minutes the flames began to break through the roof and close in around the two figures, which could be plainly seen kneeling in prayer.

The frantic crowds in the streets begged in screams and wails of the firemen to go to the aid of the two men, who seemed doomed to die before their eyes, but the firemen were helpless. In fact, the ladder would reach scarcely two-thirds the height of the burning building, and the fire-escapes were wrapped for half their length in flames. At the last moment, when the blazing circle had narrowed down until the clothing of the helpless men had begun to smolder, the intense heat, a great, new fire truck with a ladder, which never before had been called in to service, dashed through the frightened crowd in the streets. Quickly the ladder was raised, and almost before its topmost round had touched the coping, a fireman appeared beside the mission station. In another moment he had handed them one after another to comrades, who had followed him, and they were carried safe, but on the verge of collapse from fright, to the ground.

THE WEEK AT VARSITY

Association Football Begins to Boom—Arts Men Get Tug-of-War.

The hall at the Western University is at present graced with a very handsome bronze crest of the Varsity, mounted on an oak shield, which Mr. Stock, representing Ryrie Bros., of Toronto, left on exhibition last Saturday. It is hoped that the literary society will take the crest for a permanent decoration of the corridor.

A meeting of the Literary Society was held on Tuesday to discuss the important matter of issuing "Cap and Gown" in printed form this year. No definite decision was reached.

Now that the games are over, association football is going to boom again. The best field possible has been surveyed on the campus, and, though it is a trifle shy on width, it is not enough so to interfere seriously with its value as a football gridiron. Strong permanent goals have been constructed and set in place by the efforts of some of the special devotees of the game, and altogether it looks as if this form of sport were going to attract considerable attention at the college before winter sets in.

Mr. Leung paid the institution a visit for the purpose of exhibiting his apparatus for demonstrating the movement of the planets and through the courtesy of Provost James was given the opportunity to deliver a lecture before the students on some of the general principles of astronomy. It was a very interesting talk and elicited quite a number of sharp questions from the audience. It had not previously been known that there were so many qualified astronomers in the place, but fire-rangings in the wilds of New Ontario no doubt gives creative progress in the science that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Mr. E. Hawkins, of Watford, who has been out several weeks on account of the death of his mother, has returned to college. Mr. Trenholme is also back. To balance these absences, however, stands the loss of Messrs. Horton and Hughes, who were ordained to the diaconate on Thursday and go at once into active church work. The boys were very sorry to bid them good-bye, and it was certainly with some reluctance that the two gentlemen mentioned parted from associations that had become very pleasant to them.

The arts men of the university desire to let the public know that, contrary to any previous statement made in the press, there was no decision rendered by the athletic executive in their favor with regard to the disputed tug-of-war. The matter was settled by the sportsmanlike action of the medical students in refusing, after due consideration, to enter any protest. This is the sort of thing that makes for good feeling between the faculties.

WESTMINSTER.

The quarterly meeting of the Westminster circuit will be held next Sunday in the Sharon Church, service commencing at 10:30. The business meeting of the circuit will be held on the following Tuesday in the North Street Church, beginning at 2 p.m.

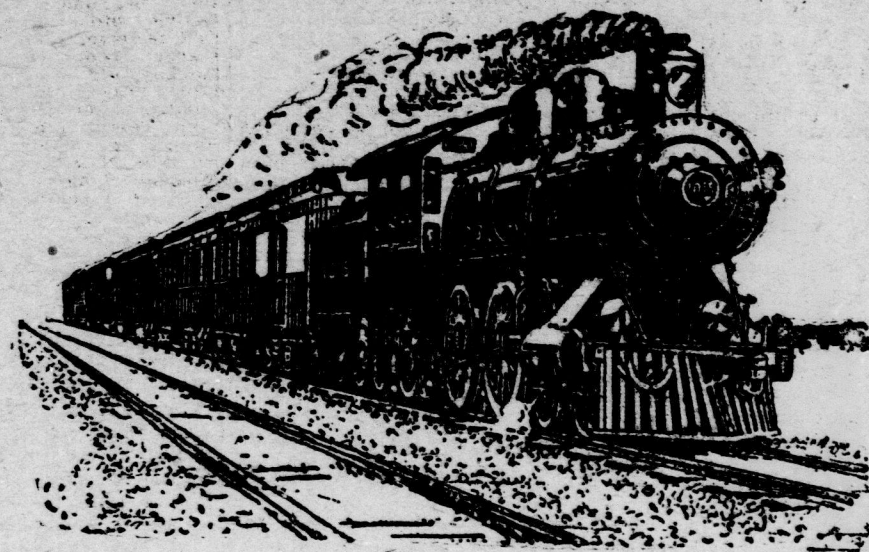
It's an old saying that contentment is better than wealth. A very limited amount of wealth is necessary to purchase a cup of tea contentment, as "SALADA" Tea is packed in quarter, half and one pound packages and sold at popular prices so as to be within the reach of everyone.

Dineen's

ESTABLISHED
1864.

Dineen's

FREE TRIP TO TORONTO



We have arranged to refund railroad fare to out-of-town customers for the month of November only and under conditions that will appeal at once as being unusually liberal. We realize that Toronto is the shopping centre of Canada, especially for Furs, and we propose adding to its prestige by bringing large numbers of out-of-town people to see for themselves the styles we show and the assortments we carry. The idea is to encourage personal shopping, and with that in mind we offer free transportation to Toronto on the following basis:

- During November we will refund one round-trip railroad, steamboat or trolley fare from any place within a radius of FIFTY MILES OF TORONTO to each individual spending not less than TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS at the Dineen store.
- Round-trip fare will likewise be refunded to any person who comes from a point within ONE HUNDRED MILES and over 50 miles of Toronto whose total purchases at the Dineen store amount to at least FIFTY DOLLARS.
- Persons living at a greater distance will be credited on the same basis. For instance, anyone coming 150 miles will be allowed a rebate for 100 miles on a \$50 purchase—the balance to be paid by themselves.

This is a straight-forward concession to out-of-town customers, giving them the same shopping privileges as city people. It is worth something to us to have Dineen Furs in larger evidence all over Canada, and the novelty of coming to Toronto at our expense is the beginning of a new dispensation in retail business. We mark all prices in plain figures, with no chance for misunderstanding. Our name and reputation have been associated with high-grade Furs for nearly fifty years, and under no circumstances will we lower our standard of quality, or allow misrepresentation in any form.

Dineen's

Canada's Leading Furriers

140 YONGE ST., TORONTO

**Opening Lecture of the Famous
Chicago Professor's
Course.**

Its radical meaning was "nature," as illustrated in familiar Biblical phrases, "the kindly fruits of the earth, etc.," and in such words as mankind, human-kind. Used in this sense it lights up the whole passage in Lady Macbeth's speech

speech. Macbeth was "too full of the

of the city street lamps. Both were found guilty, and were made to pay for the lamps. After being severely reprimanded by the magistrate, and

Explorers Discover a Number of Mammals Hitherto Unknown to Science.

CATTLE EXPORT IS

's was arrested on suspicion of being
Leopold.

Rich and Beautiful Girl Makes a Fad of Fooling Customs Officials.

"Smuggling is the finest sport in the dull world!"

gone. No trace of grease or stickiness remains to annoy. Just a dainty, elusive odor to tell that it has been applied, and an immediate sense of comfort to show that

interview that the Government did regard the Catholic Church as being in revolt against the law providing for the separation of the church and state or against the state. The Catho-

say | Increase in the circulation of \$2,300
The surplus reserve is now in

By investing in a poor stove or range. Get the best to be had by buying a home-made stove or range.

THE PANDORA RANGE HEADS THE LIST

about one mile north of Chesley in June last. The child was killed as a consequence. The crown evidence consisted mainly of admissions made by the prisoner and medical evidence. Mr.

1,000. the **1 Toronto St., Toronto** 'Phone 348. **KOALMAN.** 19 York

LIBERAL LAWYERS

Continued from page one.

said, "but do I understand that you refuse to hear argument from the defense?"

"Yes," the magistrate replied. "Mr. Wilkie continued his fight. 'Don't interrupt,' the magistrate exclaimed."

Wilkie Fights Back

"I do not intend to allow you to override all law and precedent," Mr. Wilkie declared. "A little while ago you refused to investigate Conservative wrongdoing on purely technical grounds. Now, I tell you we want the same show as the prosecution. What a man thinks is not evidence."

Magistrate Gives In

The magistrate stubbornly recognized the objection and went on with his questioning. "Whom did you think the money came from?" he asked. "From the Liberal Club."

"And you don't know who sent it?" "No."

Mr. Stevely denied having been in the East London committee room the Sunday night before the election, with O'Gorman, Lewis, or others.

"How many envelopes did you get?" "About fifteen."

"Were the names on the envelopes?" "Yes."

"Did you report the names in?" "No."

The magistrate and Mr. Wilkie again got into a wrangle; his worship accused the lawyer of having interrupted for fear the witness would remember who sent the money.

"To whom did you give the money?" "To Lake and Lee."

"They were done up in bundles for these men?" "Yes."

"And you don't know who sent the money?" "No."

"You don't want to know," said the magistrate.

Mr. Stevely indignantly denied the charge.

"There was no prearrangement with you?" his worship again asked.

"None."

"Were you expecting the money?" "Well, I knew it was going."

"And the voters were expecting it?" "I imagine they were."

"Did you send in any lists?" "Yes. The lists of names made out by Lee and Lake."

"With the amounts after each name?" "Yes."

"To whom did you send them?" "To Mr. McIntosh, I think."

"Who was the messenger you sent with the list?" "His name was Fred Allen."

"Who did you tell the boy to give the list to?" "I can't remember."

"What gave you the idea that the money came from the Liberal Club?" "I had heard it."

"It's a very extraordinary story you tell," said the magistrate.

"Were Lake and Lee the only two men who were doing the bribing on the committee?"

"They were all I knew of."

"Did you get any receipts?" "No."

"Did you make any returns to anybody?" "No."

Spied On Liberals

Frederick G. Pugsley was next called. He said that in West London on the 9th of June, 1905, he met Tom Lewis in the Liberal rooms. Witness had been deputed by the Conservatives to watch the rooms.

"Who did you see go there? Did you see John Stevely there?"

"I saw him go there about 12 o'clock at night."

"You saw Tom Lewis there, too?" "Yes."

"And John McArthur?" "Yes."

"And James Cooper?" "Yes."

The witness then went on to state that he had shadowed James Cooper one day and had followed him from the committee room to Hobbs' factory, where Cooper saw W. J. Day for about fifteen minutes. His story was remarkable in that he told with the most minute detail every move that Cooper made. After leaving Hobbs' Cooper went to Beiton's billposting

agency, then to the Royal Hotel, then to the Tecumseh House, where he lost him. Cooper had spoken to Wm. Empey, a letter-carrier, on his trip down Richmond street.

Cooper had also called on John Progers, and on Mr. Milton, a carpenter. He later went into Adams' butcher shop, and finally to the Liberal rooms.

"Did you go to West London to watch Tom Lewis?" "Yes."

Witness then told of following Lewis in West London until 3:30 a.m. in the morning," as he put it.

Dazed the Magistrate

The surprising gibes with which the witness told his story astounded even the magistrate.

"How do you remember all the names of the streets?" he asked, in astonishment.

Mr. Wilkie then took the witness in hand.

The Man From Buffalo

"Who employed you to do this work?" he asked.

"Mr. Doole and the executive of the Conservative Club."

"Who is Mr. Doole?" "He came from Buffalo."

"Oh, he was a detective?" "Yes. He's in Chicago now."

"To whom did you report?" "To Percy Moore."

Badly Tangled

The witness was then subjected to a searching cross-examination as to what Lewis had done on the night Pugsley followed him, and the witness got badly tangled. He contradicted himself half a dozen times in as many minutes.

Then he became very slow in answering questions, and Mr. Wilkie remarked that he was not as glib as when he was telling the Tory side.

"I want to see how much of his evidence has been rehearsed," Mr. Wilkie said to the magistrate.

"I don't think his evidence amounts to much," was his worship's comment.

Finally the crowd in the courtroom began to laugh at Pugsley as his contradictions continued.

The witness, in reply to a question, stated that Arthur Essery had assisted him in the work of following Tom Lewis in West London. He was all tangled up, however, as to whether it was on Saturday, Sunday or Monday night Essery was with him. Witness' brother was also with him on the last.

Talked It Over With Judd

Pugsley admitted that some time ago he was up in Mr. Moore's office and had talked over the matter with him. He had also talked with Mayor Judd, of London, about the case.

Pugsley said he had made a report on the work he had done in the election to Mr. Percy Moore. He had read this report on the train coming down this morning, and had refreshed his memory from it.

Robert Hossack was next examined to identify the portions of two \$5 bills which he says he got from Harry Ranahan at the general election, and which were placed in the evidence as an exhibit.

Mr. J. C. Duffield

James C. Duffield, of the City Gas Company, London, was then called.

"Did you give any money to any man?" "Yes."

"To whom?" "Charles Depper."

"How much?" "Four hundred dollars."

"He was a Conservative, and you wanted him to work for your side?" "Yes."

"Where did you get the money?" "Out of my own pocket."

"How did you happen to do it?" "Well, he was working for Gray, and I thought he was worth it."

"Who suggested the idea to you?" "Did you know that anybody did?"

"Did you tell anybody of it?" "No."

"Did you pay anyone else?" "No."

"Give any other money to the party fund?" "No."

"Did Depper work then for Hyman?" "I suppose he did."

"Did he cut down the majority?" "Yes."

"How much?" "About 40 or 50."

"You told him he would get the money if he did it?" "Yes."

"Did you get an envelope from Wiley?" "No."

"Do you know Wiley?" "Yes."

"It has been sworn there was an envelope left for Tom Lewis and one for you. Did you get it?" "No."

"Collins says there was \$100 in it?" "I know nothing of it."

"Did you know men in your place were going to get money?" "No."

"Did you see Lewis or Sifton at your place?" "No."

"See Mr. O'Gorman during the election?" "Yes."

"Did he discuss this matter with you?" "No."

"Talk over the \$400 with him?" "Yes."

"You never gave any envelopes to the men who work for you?" "No."

"How much did you give at the general election?" "About \$100, I think."

"To whom?" "To Mr. Reid, I think, though I am not positive."

"You never told Mr. Hyman or Mr. Reid of the \$400 you had given to Depper?" "Yes."

"Just did it for love of the party?" "Yes."

"Did you pay any of the money after the election?" "Yes. I paid part of it."

"What was the agreement?" "If Depper could reduce the Conservative majority by 40 he was to get \$400."

"You know Forbes was working hard?" "Yes."

"Did you give him any money?" "No."

"Know of him paying out any money?" "No."

An adjournment was then made until Wednesday of next week.

MR. ASQUITH ON GOLF

The Chancellor on Female Emancipation of the Links.

London, Nov. 2.—The chancellor of the exchequer opened a bazar at Dundee yesterday, which was promoted by the Scotch Golf Club, Fife.

Mr. Asquith said they were delighted at all times and in all places to see ladies upon the golf links. He had watched there the process of female emancipation going through the successive stages. It began with exclusion, then passed to toleration, and now it amounted to welcome. Some outsiders might wonder that there should be room on the coast of Fife for new golf links, or even for any enlargement of those already existing. The east of Fife had provided the cradle and the nursery and the training ground from which golfers emerged and conquered the world. He remembered very well, a little more than 30 years ago, the first time he went to St. Andrews with a reading party from Oxford, the surprise and the amazement with which they, English immigrants, watched the natives as they engaged in their strange and outlandish pastime. In the interval which had since passed golf had spread to the utmost parts of the English-speaking world; and only on the previous day he had a letter from a son of his describing how he had just had a round on the links at Khartum. Never, he supposed, in the history of any form of human activity, had there been a case of propaganda so rapid, so effectual and so complete. Like many of the other forms of human pleasure, golf baffled and, perhaps, defied analysis. There was a famous lord chancellor who once said of one of our English judges that if he had a little more experience he would be the worst judge that ever sat on the bench. One was often tempted to think the same of golf as one proceeded steadily by assiduous practice from bad to worse. The other day he had calculated that he himself might have learned two new languages in the time he had devoted to becoming a very indifferent performer at the game. Yet unashamedly he admitted that he went on playing, and, strange to say, they found compensation for much time wearily spent among bunkers and whins in, now and again, that crowning moment of glorious sensation when they found that, after all, like Braid or Vardon, they were capable of a motoric drive, or perhaps, what was still more satisfying, an inspired putt.

The New Coal Company

The Connell Anthracite Mining Company, Limited, whose Canadian head office is at Toronto and yards at Montreal, Hamilton and Toronto, has purchased the coal yard formerly operated by R. E. Clisdell, People's Coal Company, from 133 to 141 York street, and will establish a branch in that date yard. The Connell Company are owners and operators of one of the most up-to-date mines in the anthracite region. The coal is mined by electric machinery and prepared by patent pickers, a very recent invention, which picks out nearly all the slate and bone in the coal, leaving a coal as near perfect as possible. Mr. Wheeler, the Canadian general manager, explained to our reporter that his company belongs to no combine or association, and it is their intention to maintain reasonable prices at all times. They established a branch in that date yard. The Connell Company are owners and operators of one of the most up-to-date mines in the anthracite region. 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Continued from page one.

said, "but do I understand that you refuse to hear argument from the defense?"

"Yes," the magistrate replied.

Mr. Wilkie continued his fight.

"Don't interrupt," the magistrate exclaimed.

Wilkie Fights Back

"I do not intend to allow you to override all law and precedent," Mr. Wilkie declared. "A little while ago you refused to investigate Conservative wrongdoing on purely technical grounds. Now, I tell you we want the same show as the prosecution. What a man thinks is not evidence."

Magistrate Gives In

The magistrate stubbornly recognized the objection and went on with this questioning.

"Whom did you think the money came from?" he asked.

"From the Liberal Club."

"And you don't know who sent it?"

"No."

Mr. Stevely denied having been in the East London committee room the Sunday night before the election, with O'Gorman, Lewis, or others.

"How many envelopes did you get?"

"About fifteen."

"Where the names on the envelopes?"

"Yes."

"Did you report the names in?"

"No."

The magistrate and Mr. Wilkie again got into a wrangle; his worship accused the lawyer of having interrupted for fear the witness would remember who sent the money.

"To whom did you give the money?"

"To Lake and Lee."

"They were done up in bundles for these men?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know who sent the money?"

"No."

"You don't want to know," said the magistrate.

Mr. Stevely indignantly denied the charge.

"There was no prearrangement with you?" his worship again asked.

"None."

"Were you expecting the money?"

"Well, I knew it was being sent."

"And the voters were expecting it?"

"I imagine they were."

"Did you send in any lists?"

"Yes. The lists of names made out by Lee and Lake."

"With the amounts after each name?"

"Yes."

"To whom did you send them?"

"To Mr. McIntosh, I think."

"Who was the messenger you sent with the list?"

"His name was Fred Allen."

"Who did you tell the boy to give the list to?"

"I can't remember."

"What gave you the idea that the money came from the Liberal Club?"

"I had heard it."

"It's a very extraordinary story you tell," said the magistrate.

"Were Lake and Lee the only two men who were doing the bribing on the committee?"

"They were all I knew of."

"Did you get any receipts?"

"No."

"Did you make any returns to anybody?"

"No."

Spied On Liberals

Frederick G. Pugsley was next called. He said that in West London on the 9th of June, 1905, he met Tom Lewis in the Liberal room. Witness had been delegated by the Conservatives to watch the rooms.

"Who did you see go there? Did you see John Stevely there?"

"I saw him go there about 12 o'clock at night."

"You saw Tom Lewis there, too?"

"Yes."

"And John McArthur?"

"Yes."

"And James Cooper?"

"Yes."

The witness then went on to state that he had shadowed James Cooper one day and had followed him from the committee room to Hobbs' factory, where Cooper saw W. J. Day for about fifteen minutes. His story was remarkable in that he told with the most minute detail every move that Cooper had made. After leaving Hobbs' Cooper went to Beiton's billposting

agency, then to the Royal Hotel, then to the Tecumseh House, where he lost him. Cooper had spoken to Wm. Empey, a letter-carrier, on his trip down Richmond street.

Cooper had also called on John Producers, and on Mr. Milton, a carpenter. He later went into Adams' butcher shop, and finally to the Liberal rooms.

"Did you go to West London to watch Tom Lewis?"

"Yes."

Witness then told of following Lewis in West London until 3:30 a.m. in the morning," as he put it.

Dazed the Magistrate

The surprising gibes with which the witness told his story astounded even the magistrate.

"How do you remember all the names of the streets?" he asked, in astonishment.

Mr. Wilkie then took the witness in hand.

The Man From Buffalo

"Who employed you to do this work?" he asked.

"Mr. Doole and the executive of the Conservative Club."

"Who is Mr. Doole?"

"He came from Buffalo."

"Oh, he was a detective?"

"Yes. He's in Chicago now."

"To whom did you report?"

"To Percy Moore."

Badly Tangled

The witness was then subjected to a searching cross-examination as to what Lewis had done on the night Pugsley followed him, and the witness got badly tangled. He contradicted himself half a dozen times in as many minutes.

Then he became very slow in answering questions, and Mr. Wilkie remarked that he was not as glib as when he was telling the Tory side.

"I want to see how much of his evidence has been rehearsed," Mr. Wilkie said to the magistrate.

"I don't think his evidence amounts to much," was his worship's comment.

Finally the crowd in the courtroom began to laugh at Pugsley as his contradictions continued.

The witness, in reply to a question, stated that Arthur Essary had assisted him in the work of following Tom Lewis in West London. He was all tangled up, however, as to whether it was on Saturday, Sunday or Monday night Essary was with him. Witness' brother was also with him on the start.

Talked It Over With Judd

Pugsley admitted that some time ago he was up in Mr. Moore's office and had talked over the matter with him. He had also talked with Mayor Judd, of London, about the case.

Pugsley said he had made a report on the work he had done in the election to Mr. Percy Moore. He had read this report on the train coming down this morning, and had refreshed his memory from it.

Robert Hossack was next examined to identify the portions of two \$5 bills which he said he got from Harry Randall at the general election, and which were placed in the evidence as an exhibit.

Mr. J. C. Duffield

James C. Duffield, of the City Gas Company, London, was then called.

"Did you give any money to any man?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"Charles Depper."

"How much?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"He was a Conservative, and you wanted him to work for your side?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Out of my own pocket."

"How did you happen to do it?"

"Well, he was working for Gray and I thought he was worth it."

"Who suggested the idea to you?"

"I don't know that anybody did."

"Did you tell anybody of it?"

"No."

"Did you pay anyone else?"

"No."

"Give any other money to the party fund?"

"No."

"Did Depper work then for Hyman?"

"I suppose he did."

"Did he cut down the majority?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"About 40 or 50."

"You told him he would get the money if he did it?"

"Yes."

"Did you get an envelope from Wiley?"

"No."

"Do you know Wiley?"

"Yes."

"It has been sworn there was an envelope left for Tom Lewis and one for you. Did you get it?"

"No."

"Collins says there was \$100 in it?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Did you know men in your place were going to get money?"

"No."

"Did you see Lewis or Sifton at your place?"

"No."

"See Mr. O'Gorman during the election?"

"Yes."

"Did he discuss this matter with you?"

"No."

"Did you see Mr. Walter Scott at the committee rooms?"

"Yes."

"Talk over the \$400 with him?"

"No."

"You never gave any envelopes to the men who work for you?"

"No."

"How much did you give at the general election?"

"About \$100, I think."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Reid, I think, though I am not positive."

"You never told Mr. Hyman or Mr. Reid of the \$400 you had given to Depper?"

"No."

"Just did it for love of the party?"

"Yes."

"Did you pay any of the money at the election?"

"Yes. I paid part of it."

"What was the agreement?"

"If Depper could reduce the Conservative majority by 40 he was to get \$400."

"You know Depper was working hard?"

"Yes."

"Did you give him any money?"

"No."

"Know of him paying out any money?"

"No."

An adjournment was then made until Wednesday of next week.

MR. ASQUITH ON GOLF

The Chancellor on Female Emancipation of the Links.

London, Nov. 2.—The chancellor of the exchequer opened a bazaar at Dundee yesterday, which was promoted by the Scotch Golf Club, Fife.

Mr. Asquith said they were delighted at all times and in all places to see ladies upon the golf links. He had watched there the process of female emancipation going through the successive stages. It began with exclusion, then passed to toleration, and now it amounted to welcome. Some outsiders might wonder that there should be room on the coast of Fife for new golf links, or even for any enlargement of those already existing. The coast of Fife had provided the cradle and the nursery and the training ground from which golfers emerged and conquered the world. He remembered very well, a little more than 30 years ago, the first time he went to St. Andrews with a reading party from Oxford, the surprise and the amazement with which they, English immigrants, watched the natives as they engaged in their strange and outlandish pastime. In the interval which had since passed golf had spread to the utmost parts of the English-speaking world; and only on the previous day he had a letter from a son of his describing how he had just had a round on the links at Khartum. Never, he supposed, in the history of any form of human activity, had there been a case of propaganda so rapid, so effectual, and so complete. Like many of the other forms of human pleasure, golf baffled and, perhaps, defied analysis. There was a famous lord chancellor who once said of one of our English judges that if he had a little more experience he would be the worst judge that ever sat on the bench. One was not to think of golf as the same of golf as one proceeded steadily by assiduous practice from bad to worse. The other day he had calculated that he himself might have learned two new languages in the time he had devoted to becoming a very inferior performer at the game. Yet, unashamed and undaunted, they went on playing, and, strange to say, they found compensation for much time wasted among bunkers and whins in, now and again, that crowning moment of glorious sensation when they found that after all, this Brudenell or Vardon, they were capable of a meteoric drive, or, perhaps, what was still more satisfying, an inspired putt.

The New Coal Company

The Connell Anthracite Mining Company, Limited, whose Canadian head office is at Toronto and yards at Montreal, Hamilton and Toronto, has purchased the coal yard formerly operated by R. E. Clissell, People's Coal Company, from 131 to 141 York street, and will establish a thoroughly up-to-date yard.

The Connell Company are owners and operators of one of the most up-to-date mines in the anthracite region. The coal is mined by electric machinery and prepared by a patent pickers' system, which picks out the slate and bone in the coal, insuring a coal as near perfect as possible. Mr. Wheeler, the Canadian general manager, explained to our reporter that his company belongs to no combine or association, and that their intention to maintain reasonable prices at all times. They sell for cash only and their price for this winter will be \$6.00 per ton, but in order to get every citizen of London to try their coal they are going to make a special inducement in making the price \$6.00 only for the month of November only.

Mr. Wheeler stated that they were going to spare no expense to work up a good tonnage in London. They have leased their yard for a long term of years. Their coal is guaranteed to be equal to any hard coal sold, and if at any time a customer should get a coal that does not prove entirely satisfactory they will cheerfully refund the coal at their expense and refund the money for amount taken out.

Their office in London will be in charge of Mr. A. H. Reynolds and will be open for business on Monday morning.

MR. WARDEN'S RESIGNATION

A Minister May Be Given Charge of the Presbyterian Finances.

Toronto, Nov. 2.—The board of trustees of the Presbyterian church have held a meeting to consider the situation of the General Assembly's office, as affected by the resignation of Mr. Alexander Warden, the treasurer.

The matter must be dealt with, of course, by the committee on emergencies, of which the moderator of the General Assembly, Rev. Dr. Falconer, of Nova Scotia, is convener. The committee cannot in any case be called together in less than two weeks.

It is a matter of general regret and surprise among prominent men in the church that Mr. Warden should have taken this step, from which it is stated he will not withdraw. He has been in the office for eight or nine years, and became thoroughly familiar with its business under his father, and he was generally liked by those who had dealings with him.

The statement that his action is the result of his not being at liberty to invest funds on his own responsibility without gaining first the permission of the board of trustees, is said to be unfounded, although it is admitted that some restrictions existed which were not encouraging.

Several applications have been received for the position of treasurer, but so far being from laymen, among them Mr. R. C. Jennings, who applied for the vacant position at the time of Mr. Warden's death.

There is a feeling, however, among a certain portion of the denomination in favor of appointing a minister to the treasurer's position.

When love becomes a circulating medium it ought to have a meter attached.

BABY DEAD; MOTHER CAN'T BE LOCATED

Salvation Army Home Authorities Are Trying to Find Mrs. Nellie Cartier.

Over at the Salvation Army Home, the 14-months-old baby of Mrs. Nellie Cartier lies dead, and the home authorities are scouring Western Ontario and Detroit in an endeavor to locate the mother.

Mrs. Cartier's husband died in London last spring, and the mother supported the children as best she could. Two are in the Catholic home here, and the baby was placed in the shelter several months ago.

Miss Burch, the matron, informed The Advertiser today that Mrs. Cartier is very respectable and always looked after her children. She paid for the keep of the baby regularly, and only left London for Chatham last August.

Since that time she has paid for the baby as usual, and once or twice has been to London to see her child. She was working in a millinery store in Chatham, but a few days ago went to Detroit to visit friends. She failed to leave her address, and when her baby took suddenly ill and died she could not be located.

Miss Burch has a letter from Mrs. Cartier, dated Chatham, which arrived yesterday. Miss Burch expects that Mrs. Cartier will see the notice of her baby's death in the Detroit and Ontario papers, and will come at once to London. In the meantime, the burial of the little one is being postponed.

BLUEBEARD OUTCLASSED

Gypsy Vadosch Tortures His Wives for the Pleasure of It.

Geneva, Nov. 2.—So revolting was the evidence given in the trial of a gypsy named Vadosch at St. Gall that the court was compelled to order in an extra force of police to save the prisoner from the wrath of the spectators in court.

He was finally sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and perpetual banishment from Switzerland, for brutally torturing his girl-wife in the heart of a lonely wood. The judge described the crime as the most horrible and repulsive of the present century.

Vadosch was born near Vienna in 1871, of gypsy parents. At 18 he arrived in Germany and married a girl 15 years of age, who died mysteriously six months after the ceremony.

Three days after the burial of his first wife he married another girl, who met with a similar fate after giving birth to two children.

A third marriage followed, and within four months of his marriage Vadosch made a murderous attack upon his wife, for which he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

It is not known how many young women he "married," abandoned or got rid of between the period of his release from prison and his appearance in Bohemia last year, when he married a pretty gypsy girl only 16 years old. With her dowry he bought a horse and van, and, accompanied by his sons Popl, aged 15, and Max, aged 13, and some other of his children, he again commenced his wanderings. At Memmingen, in Germany, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the local workhouse for desertion.

He was liberated on May 14 last, and joined his young wife and children at St. Gall. The girl during her husband's absence had spent the little money he had left her, and all of them were nearly starving. Vadosch celebrated his arrival by beating his wife and children over the head with a stick.

On June 10, at the little village of Murg, on the shores of Lake Wallenstadt, he sent his son Max to buy a pair of scissors, and at 10 o'clock at night he pulled his young wife out of the van by her hair and ordered Max to take a rope and a lantern and follow him into the forest.

There he tied his wife to a tree with the rope and fixed her head by tying her long tresses around the trunk. He compressed her throat until the tongue protruded, and transfixed the tongue to the chin by piercing it with a long needle. Taking the scissors from his horror-stricken son, he cut off the tongue, the lips, the nose and the ears of the unhappy girl.

When some days after she recovered consciousness, Vadosch amused himself by twisting the girl's broken arm and laughing when she screamed.

On July 13 the mutilated wife managed to escape from the van and reach the police station at St. Gall. Her husband was at once arrested.

The woman, who still cannot speak, sat in court during the trial, covering her disfigured face with her hands.

A VERY WET MONTH

Over Six Inches of Rain in This Section in October

The report of the local weather station for October shows that the rainfall in this section during the month was unusually heavy.

In October, 1905, the rainfall registered was 2.90 inches, while last month he registration was 6.09 inches.

The first snow fell two weeks earlier than in 1905, when the initial appearance of the beautiful was on Oct. 28.

The highest registration for the past 10 years, 74 above, on the 5th, and the lowest 25 above, on the 12th.

The Deaf Made To Hear.

Deafness because usually due to catarrh, is quite curable. In a thousand cases this is proved absolutely true. Success invariably attends the use of Catarrhazone which has cured catarrh deafness of twenty-five years' standing. Penetrating through the passages of the ear, the soothing vapor of Catarrhazone relieves the inflammation, destroys the seeds of catarrh and thereby allows nature to re-assist herself. Try Catarrhazone yourself, 25c and \$1 sizes sold by all dealers.



PROGRESS BRAND CLOTHING is later style and better design than the average custom tailor can produce. Try on a suit—convince yourself—and save half the money you've been paying your tailor. This label on every garment for your protection.

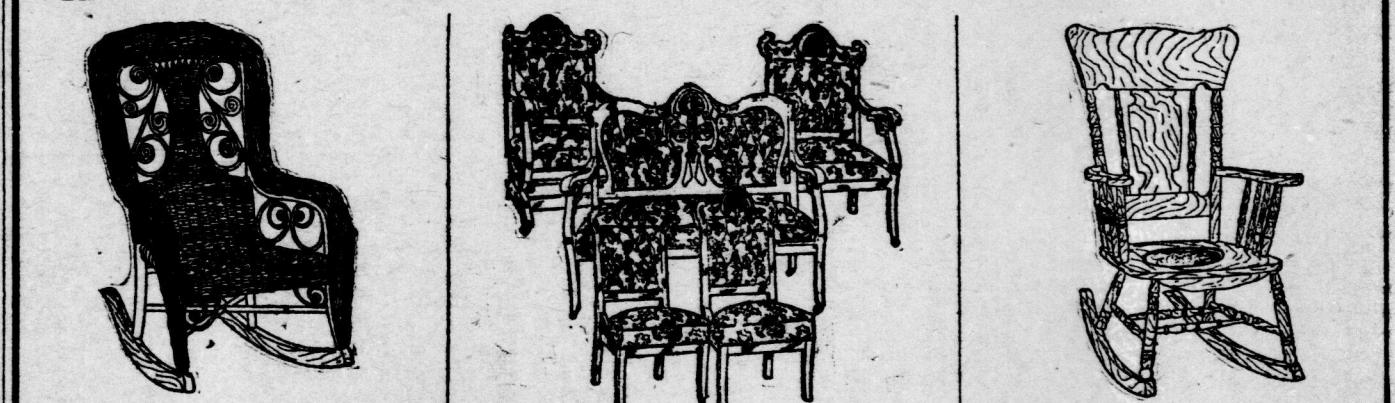
For Sale by
J.H. CHAPMAN

Bargain Furniture



No Store Can Afford Meeting Our Prices

We are universally acknowledged the largest furniture buyers this side of Toronto and one of the largest in Canada. Obviously we buy much more advantageously than other concerns, and moreover we believe in "quick sales"—"small profits." Our store is teeming with facts and suggestions for home furnishers.



This handsome reed Rocker, selected German reed, finished white. A very comfortable and well finished, upholstered in silk. Regular price, \$35.00. Special at \$3.75.

This neat Parlor Suite, made of birch mahogany, heavily carved and well finished, upholstered in silk. Regular price, \$35.00. Special at \$27.00.

This Rocker made of surface oak, highly polished. A big seller at \$3.50. Special at \$2.65.



This neat combination secretary and bookcase combined. Heavily carved, well finished case with British plate mirror. Special at \$12.75.

If you need an Iron or Brass Bed, Spring or Mattress, it will pay you to call and see our stock at once. Special prices for the next 10 days.

We carry over twenty different styles in Leather Chairs. One like cut for \$35.

The Ontario Furniture Co.

London's Largest Furniture House. 228-230 DUNDAS ST.

ALLAN LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
TO LIVERPOOL
From Montreal, From Quebec
Victorian...Thurs., Nov. 8 Fri., Nov. 9
Ionian...Fri., Nov. 15 Fri., Nov. 16
From Halifax, From St. John's
Virginian...Saturday, Nov. 24
RATES OF PASSAGE
First class, \$5 and upward, according to steamer. Second class, \$4.50 to \$6.00. Third class, \$3.00 and \$3.50.
Local agents—J. DE LA HUE, G. T. R., W. FULTON, C. P. R.

MINARD'S LUMINOUS CURES
GARGET IN COWS

Haunts For Big Game
Are on the direct line of the Grand Trunk Railway. Temagami is specially recommended by prospectors and fire rangers who have lately returned from that region. Single fare for round trip is in effect, going daily until Nov. 8, returning until Dec. 8. Secure tickets at city office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets. 70c

Do You Need a Rest?
If so, a few days or weeks spent at St. Catharines, Preston, Chatham, Mount Clemens, Clifton Springs, or Dansville, will, without doubt, be of great benefit.
All of above are reached by Grand Trunk direct, and connections, Belleville. Information may be obtained at city ticket office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets. 70c

Honduras has large tracts of pine lands, which will ere long lead to the building of railroads.

HOW CHILDREN ARE QUICKLY STRENGTHENED

Develop Them With Ferrozone, Which Makes Rich Blood, Hardy Muscle, Steady Nerve.

Children brought up on Ferrozone are known by their strong rugged frames, their chubby cheeks and healthful appearance.

Mothers find it an indispensable tonic and body builder, and in thousands of homes no other remedy is used.

Mrs. E. Montgomery, of Pittsburg, writes: "A little niece came to visit me, and noticing her pale and haggard looks, I started her on a course of Ferrozone. The change that girl underwent in a few weeks was marvelous. Her appetite improved, her color came into her cheeks that I never saw there before. I weighed my niece about the same time she started to pick up, and in seven weeks she gained almost eight pounds and just looked the picture of health. I think this should be an example to many mothers, and I hope that others will try Ferrozone for their little boys and girls. I am thoroughly convinced that it's the most strengthening tonic. It has my strongest endorsement."

The reason Ferrozone works so beneficially with children is that it acts directly on the blood, freeing it of all unhealthy matter, at the same time giving it an additional supply of iron.

This at once results in more strength, new spirit and renewed vitality. Just one tablet at meal times works wonders.

Refuse to accept any article the druggist may say is just as good. Get Ferrozone and the result we guarantee will be satisfactory. Price 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers.

Every Child Improves on Ferrozone

OUR REPUTATION IS AT STAKE.

Every young person taking up business or shorthand work in the

F.C.B.C.

receives the very best training that experienced teachers can give. If you fail the fault lies with yourself. Catalogue for a postal.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

OUR Fall Stock is now open for inspection.

It contains the newest fabrics from England, Scotland and Ireland. Anyone needing something in our line would do well to give us a call before ordering elsewhere.

O. LABELLE
Merchant Tailor.

R. K. COWAN
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
County House, next Court House, London.

ELLIOTT & OLMSTED
Removed to 236 Dundas.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS & EMBALMERS
Open day and night. Residence on premises. Phone 1775.

D. A. STEWART
(Successor to John T. Stephenson.)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & EMBALMER
Reasonable charges. Best equipment.
Open day and night. Residence on premises.
104 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 453.
GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Mgr.

MONUMENTS Granite & Marble.
Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable.
The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO.
485 RICHMOND ST., LONDON, ONT.

R. H. SMITH Contractor and Builder,
15 Brighton Street.
Manufacturer of Cement Blocks and Sills.
Phone 1249.

SMITH, SON & CLARKE
Undertakers and Embalmers
Lady assistance. Night calls personally attended. Rubber-tired funeral cars.
113 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 536
609 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 678
Residence on Premises.

Kindling Wood
AND SAWDUST FOR SALE.
LONDON BOX CO.
309 Bathurst Street. ywt



The Time to Buy Coal

Is now. Don't wait until the rush comes and prices advance. Let us serve you now.

No matter what your wants may be in this line, we can supply you, whether it be for Factory, House or Store. Get our prices for your next order.

HUNT BROS., Limited.

Office, 363 Richmond Street.
Telephone 123 and 412. 71-c-ywt

London Conservatory of Music
and School of Elocution, Limited
Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 4.
Ask for curriculum.

W. CAVEN BARRON, Principal
Address 374 Dundas Street. Phone 1101.

Wanted

Dealers in Western Ontario to handle our "Star" Flour and other brands. Price sent on application.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

HARVEY BROS.
EXETER, ONT.

4 Per Cent

allowed on special deposits in Savings Bank.

4 1/2 Per Cent

allowed on security of first-class securities.

London Loan & Savings Company
434 Richmond Street, London.

Huron & Erie Loan & Savings COMPANY.

Security is the First Consideration

The company has over ten million dollars in first mortgages on farm and city properties to secure Savings Bank Deposits and Debentures.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AT CURRENT RATES

Interest paid or compounded quarterly.

DEBENTURES

Issued at 4% per annum

G. A. Somerville, Manager
OFFICES—440-442 Richmond Street.
LONDON, ONTARIO

Hamilton's Ale and Porter

Brewed in a perfectly-equipped brewery from the finest materials—absolutely pure and fully aged.

JOS. HAMILTON
PROPRIETOR.

THOS. WILSON

Merchant Tailor

212 DUNDAS STREET
Higgins Block. Telephone 595.



Eye Glasses

Fitted and made by the Tait Optical Company, will cure headaches arising from eyestrain, straighten cross-eyes, be made perfectly, fit the face becomingly, and make the whole world look brighter. A guarantee of satisfaction with every pair. Lenses changed free of charge when necessary.

The Tait Optical Co.
Exclusive Opticians,
237 DUNDAS STREET,
4 doors east of Bennett's Vaudeville

D. & H. LACKAWANA COAL

In all sizes for range, baseburner and furnace. Gives most heat, and burns clean, without clinkers. Also best hardwood.

Prompt delivery.

Brown & Cooper

ADELAIDE AND SOUTH G. T. R.

Phone 2428. zxt

Tight-Rolling Umbrellas

The "Broadway" Umbrella makes an ideal Christmas gift. It rolls very close, looks trim, and neat when not in use. It will last and outwear other makes at almost double the price. Ask for the "Broadway."

Thos. Gilleen

402 RICHMOND ST.

GOOD HOUSEWIVES KNOW

Johnston Bros.' XXX

Bread Is The Best.

They perceive the quality that comes from best materials, carefully mixed and properly baked. Try Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread.

JOHNSTON BROS. Phone 818

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fawcett have returned home after a four months' visit in Manitoba and North Dakota.

—Guy Fawkes' Day will be celebrated by the Orangemen of this city by a banquet and concert at Somerset Hall on Monday evening.

—Mrs. John J. Freeman and daughter

will give a musical treat for the 20th of this month, when Gounod's third "Messe Solennelle" and Stainer's "Daughter of Jarius" will be given, with full chorus, organ and orchestra.

Mr. Theo Van York, the noted tenor of New York, will make his first appearance in London at this concert.

—Rev. Dr. Lucas, an eminent divine, who will attend the convention of W. C. T. U. in this city, will preach to-morrow evening in Colborne Street Methodist Church. In the morning "The Black Knight" will preach and Miss Hector will sing. This is Mr. Hector's last Sunday morning service in the city.

—The anniversary services of the First Presbyterian Church will be held to-morrow, Dr. Richard Moulton, M.A. of the University of Chicago, is to preach morning and evening. His morning subject will be the Book of Jeremiah, and the evening subject will be the Book of Deuteronomy. Those who heard Dr. Moulton's lectures on the Books of Job and Revelations last February will be pleased to have this opportunity of hearing him deal with these other books of the Bible.

A HALLOWEEN HOP.

A Halloween Hop will be held in the basement of the Helena Costume build-

ing last night by the employees of the company. There were nearly two hundred present, and a splendid programme was provided by Charles Briggler's orchestra. The ballroom was festively decorated with flags and bunting, and illuminated by pumpkins, which were arranged about the room. At an early hour the gathering broke up, and all went away declaring the event to be a most successful one.

—The City of Winnipeg, at a recent meeting, placed an order for 5,000 feet of 3 1/2-inch high pressure hose, for protection purposes. This is one of the largest single hose orders placed by any western corporation, and the successful tenderers for supplying the hose are the City of Winnipeg Rubber Co. of Montreal, Limited—obtained the business in the face of some very sharp competition. This same company has also obtained from the Winnipeg city an order for 5,000 feet wax and gum treated "Keystone" fire hose. It is reported that the "Keystone" brand of hose was specified by the city of Winnipeg on account of its known and tried superiority over other makes.

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

COLD WAVE COMING.

Get a supply of books and magazines at Red Star News Co., 8 Market Lane, city.

Handsome coaches for parties of six or eight—Huston's Livery.

—The origin of the fire is a mystery.

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WE SELL Genuine Cross Creek Lehigh Coal

Best Coal mined for domestic purposes.

John Mann & Sons,
481 Clarence St. 425 York St.
Phone 470

WARD'S

It will pay you to look through our new designs in Crown Derby China when selecting this high-class tableware. We carry a bigger stock of China and Jewellery than most others.

C. H. WARD & CO.
374 RICHMOND STREET.

PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE RAVING OVER PARNELL'S BREAD. TRY A LOAF. IT'S THE REAL THING. FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS.

Extreme Violet Talcum Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND INNOCENT.

An exquisite toilet powder—has the odor of fresh violets. Soothes and refreshes the skin. Invaluable in cold, windy weather and after the bath. At 60 cents each. Also

BRADLEY'S Woodland Violet, COLGATE'S Violet and Cashmere Bouquet.

EUTHYMOL, Otto Rose.

TALCUM POWDERS. All at 25 cents each.

Cairncross & Lawrence,

Chemists and Druggists,
216 Dundas Street, London, Ontario.

ter Margaret, of Tecumseh, Michigan, are guests of Mrs. Albert E. Reason, 628 Lorne avenue.

"Science and Religion; or, Wireless Telegraphy" will be the subject of an evening service tomorrow in Adelaide Street Church.

—Mr. Harris Ardel, formerly of the Dominion Bank in this city, but lately of the Toronto branch, has been transferred to Peterboro, where he will take an advanced position.

—Mrs. Albert E. Reason (nee Freeman, of Tecumseh, Michigan) will receive for the first time since her marriage next Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 6, at her new home 628 Lorne avenue.

—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., will conduct anniversary services at Frome to-morrow. In the morning Rev. W. H. Marshall, of Frome, will preach in the First Congregational Church, and in the evening the "Black Knight" will preach.

—A horse and buggy were found on the streets by the police last evening, and taken to the Carling street station, where the owner claimed them within half an hour. His explanation was that he had forgotten where he left the outfit.

—The seventeenth anniversary of All Saints' Church was duly celebrated with prayer, thanksgiving and religious song on All Saints' Day. Holy communion was administered at 6 o'clock and at 9:15 o'clock. In the evening a supper and concert were held.

—Mr. F. D. Monk, leader of the Quebec Conservatives, has been invited to speak before the Canadian Club of London, and has replied that although it is impossible for him to leave Montreal at the present time, he will be pleased to accept the invitation at some future time.

—Traffic was interfered with last evening on account of the dense fog which enveloped the city. The street car service was most particularly affected, the motormen being forced to run their cars at about half the usual rate of speed for fear of colliding with some pedestrian or vehicle.

—The choir of Dundas Center Church are preparing a great musical treat for the 20th of this month, when Gounod's third "Messe Solennelle" and Stainer's "Daughter of Jarius" will be given, with full chorus, organ and orchestra.

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TWO NEW STORIES.

In today's Advertiser, two splendid stories commence.

"The Woman in the Alcove," by Anna Katherine Green, will be published in daily installments. It is one of the very best stories that has ever been given to Advertiser readers.

The other story, "Doubloons," is by two talented English novelists, Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. It will be published in the Saturday Advertiser only.

Read the installments of both stories in today's Advertiser.

WORK AMONG LUMBERMEN

Miss Sproule Will Tell of It at W. C. T. U. Convention.

Comparatively few people have any knowledge of the wide range of work carried on by the W. C. T. U. of Ontario. One of the most interesting departments is the work among lumbermen. Who but a woman would think of a "comfort bag," hundreds of which are distributed annually among the men in the various camps. These bags contain a host of conveniences and comforts which are much appreciated. Large quantities of literature are also distributed by the missionaries. A summary of the work of one of these missionaries, Miss Agnes Sproule, for three months of last winter is this:

"Visited 26 different places and 19 camps. Held 35 public meetings, 10 of these in camps and 16 in other places. The average attendance in the camps was about 45; in the other places 23."

"Besides that, I held 4 meetings for women and gave 33 addresses to children," says Miss Sproule. "At some meetings, where the pledge was presented, quite a number signed. I traveled by railway 1,975 miles, by sleigh 279 miles, and walked 77 miles, a total of 2,331 miles; made about 163 calls. The expenses of my winter's travel was \$56.08, and I received on the field \$56.08."

Miss Sproule will be in attendance at the provincial convention to be held here from Nov. 13 to 16, and will tell of the results of her work in this most interesting field of labor.

COMMITTEE FAVORS IT

Recommendations Made Assessment for the Workman & Ward Company.

No. 1 committee of the city council met yesterday afternoon and recommended that the council submit a by-law to the people to fix the assessment of the Workman & Ward Manufacturing Company at \$25,000 for a period of ten years.

The firm at present pays taxes on an assessment of \$23,000. Mr. Wortman pointed out that other firms in the city who are competitors of the Workman & Ward Company are enjoying fixed assessments, and he asked for similar treatment.

The committee agreed with him, and recommended that the bylaw be submitted at the same time as the bylaw for the fixing of the exemption of the London Canning Company.

Chairman Forristal, Alds. Gilleen, Greenless, Mayor Judd and Secretary Pope were present.

WHEN A MAN FEELS GUILTY

A Distinction Without a Difference in the Moral Law.

When a man counterfeits a bill issued by a bank or by the government the offense is punished by imprisonment. The trademark law is not as stringent, but the moral offense is of the same nature. A firm of manufacturers gives its best efforts to the building up of a good name by making superior goods. The man who seeks to sell goods or other makes by false representation or inference is guilty of an offense against the patent law.

The "Slater" shoe has again and again been distinguished by its well-known trademark against imitations. With a generous hope that a knowledge of the offense would be sufficient to put a stop to the practice the civil law has been invoked, but the substituents and imitations have only grown bolder. It is the intention of the Slater Shoe Company to take more stringent measures against those who attempt to defraud buyers of shoes.

Casselman Bros., exclusive agents, London.

Winnipeg's Fire Protection.

The City of Winnipeg, at a recent meeting, placed an order for 5,000 feet of 3 1/2-inch high pressure hose, for protection purposes. This is one of the largest single hose orders placed by any western corporation, and the successful tenderers for supplying the hose are the City of Winnipeg Rubber Co. of Montreal, Limited—obtained the business in the face of some very sharp competition. This same company has also obtained from the Winnipeg city an order for 5,000 feet wax and gum treated "Keystone" fire hose. It is reported that the "Keystone" brand of hose was specified by the city of Winnipeg on account of its known and tried superiority over other makes.

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ANOTHER LIVERY FIRE

Old Repair Building at Huston's, on Wellington Street, Damaged.

Fire broke out in the repair shop of Huston's livery on Wellington street at 2:30 this morning, and it took the firemen nearly an hour to overcome it. The loss is confined to the old building in the rear, and will not exceed \$100.

The blaze reached a quantity of hay, which burned furiously for a while, and threatened to cause the fire to spread dangerously.

The origin of the fire is a mystery.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Serious Charge Laid Against a Man Arrested in Sarnia.

Sarnia, Nov. 2.—Peter Taylor, a resident of Bridgeton, was knocked down and robbed of \$27 in the alley back of the Willis saloon, Port Huron, a few nights ago. Captain Collins has arrested Wm. Ireland in Sarnia, who is charged with the crime. Taylor and Ireland were drinking together in the saloon on the night of the robbery. According to Taylor's story, Ireland went out the back door and asked Taylor to follow. Just after reaching the open air, Taylor was struck a vicious blow on the head, which rendered him unconscious. When he regained his senses he was minus his money and his companion. Ireland will be charged with highway robbery.

Mr. Alfred Giles, an old and much esteemed resident of Point Edward, died on Thursday evening at the family residence on Alexander avenue. He was 74 years of age, and a native of Gloucester, Eng., leaves a wife and four children. The sons are William in Duluth, and Charles in Sarnia. Mrs. Murley and Mrs. George Mara, of Sarnia, are the daughters.

The large steamer Mars, of the Gilchrist Transportation Company, grounded on Stag Island this morning during the heavy fog that prevailed. Three tugs are endeavoring to release the vessel.

DELHI.

Delhi, Nov. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. George Waring, of Sarnia, spent a few days with the former's father, Mr. Fred Waring, at his home here.

Mr. Frank E. Burkart, of Jarvis, spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Alice Marshall, of Sarnia, is visiting in London, Ontario.

Miss Buck, of Port Huron, spent a few days lately at Mr. J. D. Abraham's.

Miss Lewis, of Port Huron, is visiting her grandparents here, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sisk.

Charles Smoke and George Sage left on Wednesday for Muskoka, on a two-weeks' hunting expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. Sisk and Mrs. T. Wilson, of Sarnia, spent two days this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ackerman.

Mr. A. J. Sisk has left for Montreal.

Mrs. A. N. Duncombe is visiting in Sarnia.

Mr. Thorburn spent Sunday at his home in Sarnia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles White and daughter Cora, of Drayton, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts, of Sarnia, visited here on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Sanderson, of Cultus, is visiting friends here this week.

Mr. Herb Robinson, of Corbin, is visiting at the home of her father, Mr. Mahlon Wilson.

ALISA CRAIG.

Alisa Craig, Nov. 3.—Mr. J. D. Craig, of the G. T. R. dispatcher's office, Stratford, has left for Ottawa, where he has been promoted to the position of division superintendent of the Canadian Atlantic division of the Grand Trunk.

Mrs. McKay has

GRAPENUTS

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS AND
ARNOLD BENNETT

CHAPTER I.

The Watchman.

That monster, London, was just lying down to rest. The clocks of the Strand churches and the Strand hotels, keeping nocturnal vigil, showed a quarter to one under the autumn moon. Through the closed windows of closed public-houses could be seen barmen, who, with sleep in their eyes and dusters in their hands, were endeavoring to wipe away the last stain from their counters. The Strand was inhabited chiefly by policemen engaged in the examination of shop doors, and omnibuses that had the air of hurrying home for fear of being late. A Carter Paterson van, obviously out for the night, rumbled along at leisure. In the courtyard of the two great hotels a few cabs, with their glaring yellow orbs, waited for august patrons, while haughty commissioners and contemptuous cabmen, on the pavements, were perhaps, not more than twenty pedestrians, instead of the twenty thousand that jostled one another at noon. The monster seemed to expel a fatigued sigh, and saying: "I'll try to get a little sleep, but I'm not at all sure that I shall."

Among the score of pedestrians was Philip Masters, a young, large-boned man of 30 years, who had already had some trifling experience of life and was destined soon to have considerably more. He loitered from the direction of Charing Cross, having stopped a moment in front of a jeweler's which was illuminated to tantalize burglars, he crossed from the south to the north side of Wellington street, and then turned up the splendid curve of Aldwych. The vast and ornate archway in the pearly whiteness that the breath of the monster had not time to soil; and Philip wondered, as people in Philip's condition are apt to wonder, where the money had come from to rear with the rapidity of a steam train the blanching places devoted solely to luxury and pleasure.

For Philip was at his final sixpence; he carried all that he possessed on earth in a little black bag; and no one was more surprised than Philip to find himself in the midst of a city that spends tens of millions of pounds a day on cab fares, with no home and no prospect of adding to the sixpence. Philip once had quite the habit of flinging half-crowns to cab drivers in a grand, careless manner. He had lost his mother at an early age, and his father, some months earlier, and his effective parents had been a couple of trustees who, on his twenty-first birthday, had furnished him with 5,000 pounds, and some sound advice.

They had brought him up with much common sense, had been careful to keep him out of public schools and historic universities and other pleasure resorts; had procured him a place in the office of a flourishing publisher, and, in general, had done their best for him. But they had not taught him how to take advice, nor how to acquire a real liking for publishing, nor how to lose money on the Stock Exchange. So that within six years, besides having shown his heels to publishing and acted contemptuously to the vice in almost every particular, Philip had contrived to part with nearly the whole of his six thousand pounds. He was a man of many remarkable qualities; he was even a philosopher of singular enlightenment, but he happened to have been born with a hole in his pocket which nothing could mend.

At 27 he had made away with everything except his peace of mind and his faith in human nature. He had essayed various vocations, from insurance to the secretaryship of a club, and had not found the right one. He might have succeeded in the colonies, but circumstances had not sent him hither. Not everyone goes to the colonies who might; he happened to be in Canada. He had stayed longest in his last situation as half-assistant manager, half-professor in a Jiu-jitsu school, for he had the frame and the proclivities of an athlete. Among the pupils at the school (Jermy street) had been a duke. In an encounter Philip had locked the duke's arm, and it was the duke's part to yield at peril of a broken limb.

The duke, however, possibly on account of his arm, had not seen fit to yield, and somehow the arm had gone off crack. Now, when an assistant manager of a Jiu-jitsu school fractures the arm of a duke, who is making the fortune of the school, the fault is clearly that of the assistant manager. Philip saw the propriety of a resignation, and he resigned, so as to avoid further risk to the arms of the British aristocracy.

That was a fortnight ago. Thenceforward he had sought in vain another profitable outlet for his talents; and though he had as yet neither opened a cab at the theater doors, nor sold evening papers, nor enlisted, or done any of the approved things for a person in his predicament, he was rapidly acquiring a sort of philosophic detachment. The idea of not having enough to eat; which had at first appeared to him as a sense of humor, now struck him as a merely unpleasant idea.

He thought ran: "It can't be me who am 'going under' in London. It surely can't be me who will starve or beg." So he ran the thoughts of all men who have come to the end of the tether.

He passed into Kingsway, the immense artery which the arguments of the police and the arguments of the law have not yet learned to flow. Its double line of lamps stretched impotently to the metropolis, and on the other by the raw remains of habitations which the surgeon's knife had sheared like a guillotine. In the huge and solemn emptiness of the street he hesitated for a moment.

He wanted to discover a certain new lodging house of which he had heard, but of whose address he knew nothing save that it was in a street branching westward out of Kingsway. Less than a quarter of a mile off the broader

of a watchman burned a bright red under the yellow glare of the gas lights, and a little system of red lanterns, resembling toy railway signals, showed that Kingsway itself, despite its tender age, was already "up." He could see two gesticulating figures vaguely silhouetted against the radiance of the brazier. As he walked slowly on he demanded of himself whether he would have the courage to ask the watchman as to the lodging matter was such that when he approached the brazier, he crossed over the road, away from it, while trying to make up his mind to accost the watchman.

The watchman, however, had a surprise for Philip Masters.

"Matey," called out the watchman, who appeared to be alone now, and somewhat excited.

"Hello!" Philip replied.

"Here! Half a mo'!" cried the watchman.

"Do look like a tramp," was Philip's mental question, "that this fellow orders me to come over to him?" But he went over. The watchman was middle-aged and rather thin; he wore an overcoat and a black top of the overcoat, and two muffers.

"Want a job?" he inquired of Philip, abruptly, after having scrutinized him. He had been a night watchman in main thoroughfares for many years, and the comparative richness of what remained of Philip's clothes did not deceive him for a moment; he judged a wanderer by his gait and eyes.

Philip could not tell a lie, so he told the truth.

"Well," said the watchman, "sit in my cabin for three hours and keep your fire a-goin', and a bob's yours, matey."

"Right oh," Philip agreed, determined to be jovial with the watchman in the watchman's own dialect. "And what are you going to do, matey?"

"They're just come for to tell me of my poor old woman's took ill at Bronesbury, and I'm going to foot it up there. I should have gone, anyhow, substitute or no substitute, but seeing as you'll take it on... No hankey-pankey, now, matey."

"Leave me the sack," said Philip.

"What have I got to do?"

"Watch," said the watchman, crossly, and trotted off.

Philip, his shoulders enveloped in a black, furred himself in charge of Kingsway. He had his little house and his heart; and he chanced on a ladder in the shape of a tea can and a red handkerchief certainly containing sustenance. But the ladder was not there, and he was conscious of a badgering of the property of an honest and ingenious mortal in two muffers, a husband in the midst of domestic calamity; to take it would be to rob a poor man of his bread. Still, in two minutes Philip was eating a good digestive apparatus and no conscience! So true it is that a hungry man, though he won't lie, will steal.

A cab glided swiftly down the street while Philip was warming the tea.

"Don't burn your fingers, Charlie," shouted the cabman, imitating a woman's voice, as she flashed by.

"Go and bury yourself," retorted Philip, feeling that he must be a watchman to the life or perish in the attempt. As the cabman made no response, he was conscious of a badgering of the property of an honest and ingenious mortal in two muffers, a husband in the midst of domestic calamity; to take it would be to rob a poor man of his bread. Still, in two minutes Philip was eating a good digestive apparatus and no conscience! So true it is that a hungry man, though he won't lie, will steal.

It might have been the sedative influence of half a pork pie, half a loaf, and a pint of tea, or it might have been Philip's fatigue, but he did not keep up for more than 30 seconds the pretense of being asleep; he really slept. And after an interval not to be measured in time, he awoke with a guilty start. He had slept while on duty, and deserved to be taken out and shot—especially as he had an intuition that in the immediate neighborhood things had been happening which ought not to happen. Also, the fire was low.

He straightened his hat, adjusted the sack, and crept out of his residence to reconnoiter. His residence was at the corner of Strange street and Kingsway, and it had been dug along the south side of Strange street and nearly a third of the way across Kingsway. The trench was guarded by a rope-iron fence, and dully illuminated by lamps, in the establishment manner. It was part of Philip's duty to keep the trench clear of anything that might be a nuisance to the north was a row of tall, eighteenth century houses that had survived many improvements and schemes, and would probably survive many more.

Now, as Philip gazed along the trench, he saw a dim form clamber out of it at the far end, at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards, and shuffle across Strange street and disappear, but whether it disappeared into a house or into a possible alley Philip could not decide. Nor could he decide whether the form was that of a big dog, a lion escaped from the Hippodrome, or a human being on all fours.

He gave forth an exclamation.

"What's up?" muttered a deep voice.

He jumped violently. It was a policeman who had been standing behind the cabin.

"I thought I saw someone climb out of the trench there," Philip stammered.

"Oh—you did, did you?" said the policeman, approaching the fire.

The tone of the policeman seemed to indicate to Philip that he must control his thoughts better than that.

"Yes, I did," he insisted.

"It's funny, as I saw nothing," the policeman remarked with cold irony.

"You the watchman?"

"Yes," said Philip.

"Oh, you are, are you?" sneered that agent of a policeman. "I'll have a look yonder."

And he marched along Strange street with a majestic tread that would have shaken the Albert Suspension Bridge.

"Nothing here," he called, gazing in

to the trench with noble condescension. And then he vanished into the distance.

Philip, who had not expected the trench to be full of infantry or anything else sufficiently conspicuous to catch the eye of a policeman, seized a lantern as soon as the policeman was out of sight, and jumped into the trench. It was a nice, clean, rectangular trench, with sewer pipes lying in it irregularly. At the further end, where the pipe had already been laid, the bottom was two feet higher than elsewhere, and at the junction of the two levels the end of the sewer pipe came out of the earth. Lying close by was a broken section of pipe, and lodged by accident just in the mouth of the laid pipe was a small fragment of the broken section. Philip picked it up and examined it.

There was stamped on it a finger-mark in some dark substance. He carried it away; it might be the imprint of a workman; it probably was; but, on the other hand, it might not. He saw nothing else of the slightest interest. Before returning to the cabin he ascertained that an alley named Little Grinlers ran north of Strange street, nearly opposite the end of the trench. A single light burned in the entrance hall of the house at the angle of Strange street and the alley; otherwise the street was utterly lifeless.

"And my breakfast master?"

He was thus greeted on his arrival at the cabin. The watchman, his employer, had come back breathless, and in a stormy temper.

"I've eaten it," said Philip. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Being sorry won't do," replied the watchman. "That breakfast will cost you a bob, and no less. Here I foot it all the blooming way! Blasted breakfast, my old missus at her last gasp, and she ain't even ill! Sleeping like a child, she is, and I startles her finely. 'What's up, Charley?' she says."

"Why, I says, 'they told me you was lying, Sarah,' I says."

"Then it was a false alarm?"

"A false alarm it was! Someone trying to make a fool of me. Spite! There's often spite against a watchman. Then I comes back and finds my breakfast eat up and my tea drunk, and my fire going well nearly out. You can move on, matey; that's what you can do. There's no bob for you in my pocket."

Philip was silenced. He picked up from the cabin his little black bag.

"Can you tell me where there's a lodging house called 'The Corner House'?" he asked the watchman timidly.

"Yes. It's just there, at the corner of Strange street and Little Grinlers alley."

"Thank you," said Philip, after a pause.

A terrific thunder assailed his ear from the south. In a moment a flying squadron of newspaper vans swept up Kingsway from Fleet street toward Euston—except that was gone. No clacking of hoofs on the hard road—no cracking of whips; nothing but the deafening whirr of heavy wheels and the odor of petrol. The monster had roused itself before the dawn, before the moon had paled.

CHAPTER II.

The Corner House.

The house indicated to Philip by the watchman was like the other houses in the row, except that it possessed a double frontage. It had five stories, a flat plain face of dark, solid crimson, and some nineteen windows on Strange street alone. It was a fine specimen of the standard of the Strand, and Euston, it seemed to have lost its illusions early in life, and to be awaiting the end with the cold dignity of a proud, unattractive woman. Little had it dreamed, in its Georgian youth, of the unique fate in store for it at the hands of Mr. Hilgay.

The light still burned in the hall and the moonbeams caught the nineteen sombre windows with a peculiar theatrical effect when Philip mounted the steps to the door. He could now decipher in discreet letters on a discreet copper plate on the door the following legend:

THE CORNER HOUSE.
Residence and Board.
Adrian Hilgay, Manager.

The front door, he perceived, was not quite closed. He pushed it open and encountered another door whose upper part was of ground glass. On this ground glass he saw the sharp, moving shadows of two figures engaged in what was evidently a serious struggle; and he could hear the sound of battle and the hard breathing of the combatants. He opened the second door with a rapid movement and beheld a well-dressed, slightly-built young man in the fatal embrace of an elderly well-seasoned navy.

"Help me," sputtered the young man, chinking, with a frantic appeal in his eyes.

"Certainly," said Philip, enchanted by the adventure. He dropped his bag.

With the outer side of his right hand, hardened by special training, Philip gave one cut just under the navy's ear. Shocked into attention by the novelty and painfulness of the attack, the navy flung his victim to the floor and sprang forward to slay Philip, who lay down on the flat of his back between the two doors. If the navy had even the slightest acquaintance with Jiu-jitsu he would have scooped before this master-post in the greatest known art of self-defense. The navy, however, had never heard of Jiu-jitsu, and the consequence of his rash ignorance was that after getting his wrist ingeniously sprained, he was preoccupied in a graceful curve by the upraised flat of Philip's left foot, clean into the street.

His first thought on recovering his wits was that the age of miracles had returned. Then, not being a duke, he staggered away, beaten.

Philip rose.

"Jiu-jitsu, I suppose," said the

young man, also rising, but with more difficulty.

Philip nodded.

"I thought so. I must learn it. I am excessively obliged to you."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Philip. "Have you a bed to let? I take it you are the manager."

"You don't know me?" exclaimed the young man, with gentle surprise.

"No," Philip answered. "How should I? But as you appeared to be trying to chuck someone out I naturally assumed—"

"You don't mean to say you don't recognize me from my portraits?" The young man's surprise was becoming almost a hurt surprise.

"What portraits?"

"Why, in the press! I've been interviewed by nearly every paper in London. I'm Hilgay. You've heard of Hilgay, the bookmaker?"

"Never," said Philip, smiling. "You see, I'm—"

"Not heard of Hilgay, the bookmaker, my dear sir! But he was a very great bookmaker, indeed. I regret to have to say it, since he was my father. However, he was strictly honorable. He used to say he had lost a hundred thousand pounds in bad debts to the House of Lords alone. He died and left me extremely wealthy, and as I had the misfortune, what is able and well-connected what is obliged to do something to satisfy my conscience. Hence my scheme, sir."

"What scheme?"

Mr. Hilgay controlled his astonishment at Philip's surpassing ignorance, and then said:

"Come into my office and I'll tell you all about it."

And he drew Philip into a tiny office to the left of the hall. It was electrically lighted, furnished with fruit, green furniture and adorned with regiments of pictures by G. F. Watts. They sat down.

"Take some cut Cavendish," suggested Hilgay, offering a pouch. "My scheme, sir, is philanthropic. It aims at doing well for the distressed, and the products of pictures which is done by Lord Rowton and others for the lower classes. I have no prejudices against the lower classes, but their habits are not ours. And it has always struck me that one of the worst of the lower classes is the person (excuse the word), down on his luck is that he is forced to adopt the habits and endure the society of his social inferiors. Imagine the feelings of a well-refined individual, sir, whom I have known, who has been reduced to a lack of wisdom compel to lodge, for example, in a Rowton House. Imagine his natural disgust at the clothes, the manners, the accent—odors of those with whom he must associate. I provide a boarding-house (I will not say a hotel) where the person who is reduced to his last sixpence—"

"That is my case," Philip put in.

Hilgay bowed and continued with eagerness. "It is called 'The Corner House,' because there is a corner for each of decent appearance and demeanor."

"And who settles what is decent appearance and demeanor?" Philip asked.

"I do sir, alone. When I am not satisfied with the way things fall up."

"You are always here, then?"

"This house is my hobby. I am always here. I sleep from 5 a.m. to noon; and from noon to 2 p.m. I take exercise. Between these hours new guests are not admitted. My difficulty with the person who you so kindly just put me current expenses. Space is rigidly economized, but not ventilation. The old rooms are each divided into two, or even three cubicles—but by sound-proof partitions. They are very cheaply furnished, but each differently and with art furniture, and do not derive myself of the pleasure of putting inexpensive copies of masterpieces on every wall in the house." He waved his hand. "In days when a reminder of Raphael's 'Anal der Madonna' can be bought for three pounds."

"Exactly," said Philip. "Now, can I have one of your sixpenny rooms?"

"It grieves me to say that we are full up," replied Hilgay.

"Ah!" said Philip. "I am not respectable enough. I guessed I gave you my word of honor I do not eat peas with a knife."

"I beg you to believe," returned Hilgay, "that we are really full up. The Corner House is a colossal success. However, one of our guests, Mr. Hilgay, has a large book, open on the night that she would leave this morning. I will reserve her room for you. And in the meantime you will do me the favor of resting in the armchair. I consider myself deeply in your debt."

He jumped up, deprecating Philip's expressions of gratitude. A clock struck 5 at the same moment and a step was heard in the hall.

"My sub-manager," said Hilgay, opening the door. "I will give instructions about you. Make yourself at home here. Good morning, and thanks again."

The bookmaker's son passed snivelously, with his rather melancholy smile, out of the door.

Philip took the little artistic green armchair and slept under the electric light.

He was awakened later by a prodigious din outside in the street. The British workman was commencing his deliberate labor in the trench, and making the world aware of the fact. Philip stretched himself, looked out

and found that the window was open and also that the pale huster of a London dawn was competing with night electricity in the room. He rose, turned off the light and went into the hall. Two boys were cleaning the floor. They had apparently received their orders, for one of them touched a forelock and directed him to a lavatory which was microscopic, very complete in detail. From the lavatory he sauntered to the street, where a chill and tonic wind was blowing eastward. The simplicity of the early morning, tranquillizing the feverish pulses of the night hours and dispelling their wild thoughts, made him feel that, despite his misfortunes and his unenviable situation, it was an excellent and a goodly thing to be alive, with sound health and a cheerful mind.

And then he approached the trench and looked over the ropes. The earth above the laid portion of the pipes had a peculiar appearance on the side nearest to him. It seemed not to lie quietly; seemed, by the way, that the furs smoothed by the night wind to have been replaced. The group of workmen were moving pipes at the other end of the trench, near Kingsway, their figures vaguely mingled in the uncertain and feeble light. A milkman passed by, one arm weighted by a heavy can and the other stretched horizontally. As Philip stared into the trench a regiment of suspicions, created out of innumerable half-remembered circumstances of the night, took possession of his brain. A foreman approached him along the trench. Philip addressed him.

"You notice nothing remarkable about the life of the earth there?" he suggested, diffidently, pointing.

"I notice as it's been badly filled," replied the foreman, who was munching a piece of bread. "I told them about it yesterday afternoon. But I don't know as that's any concern of yours. You ain't his majesty the chairman of the county council, I presume?"

Philip broke into his imperturbable smile.

"I was only thinking it had been disturbed in the night," he said.

"Five," said the foreman. "Going to have them do it again?"

Philip asked.

At that instant his face being in the direction of the street so that he commanded both the trench and the Corner House, he saw in the glare of his eye a blind lifted and fell momentarily in one of the windows of Mr. Hilgay's establishment for the respectable.

"Not much," said the foreman. "This is a contract job. What do you think?"

"I see," said Philip laconically. The regiment of suspicions fell before the gangster's matter-of-fact tone.

He left the foreman and stroiled in Kingsway and then up toward Euston. He had his next meal to find.

But the foreman, visited in his turn by some disconcerting notion, continued to gaze at the accused earth.

"Bill!" he shouted at length.

An old man in the glare at the other end of the trench glanced up, and the foreman summoned him with a jerk of his head.

"Look at that, Bill," said the foreman. Bill scratched his head.

"Funnny, ain't it?" murmured Bill, in a guttural voice that indicated brandy.

In another minute four laborers had received orders to remove the earth. In another five minutes there was a high commotion. First a boot, then a leg, then the whole dead body of a man had been brought to view, laid flat against the sewer pipe. The group of laborers stood around it, awed by the pathetic dignity of death, waiting for a policeman.

"That was luck, that wast!" murmured the foreman, holding in his hand the half-eaten bread. "If I hadn't looked at it curious like, he'd ha' lain there till 'a' lain there."

CHAPTER III.

Sixpence.

When Philip Masters got into Holborn he turned westwards, as a horse will turn towards the stable, even when the manger is empty. In the west end he had always lived, and he scarcely felt at home east of Mudd's. He thought of no device for getting a leg. It is true that he still possessed the sum of sixpence, but he considered that Mr. Hilgay had a lien upon that sixpence for the promised room, to say nothing of Raphael's Anal der Madonna, which he had bought for three pounds.

"Exactly," said Philip. "Now, can I have one of your sixpenny rooms?"

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"Look at that, Bill," said the foreman. Bill scratched his head.

"Funnny, ain't it?" murmured Bill, in a guttural voice that indicated brandy.

In another minute four laborers had received orders to remove the earth. In another five minutes there was a high commotion. First a boot, then a leg, then the whole dead body of a man had been brought to view, laid flat against the sewer pipe. The group of laborers stood around it, awed by the pathetic dignity of death, waiting for a policeman.

"That was luck, that wast!" murmured the foreman, holding in his hand the half-eaten bread. "If I hadn't looked at it curious like, he'd ha' lain there till 'a' lain there."

longed their eyes with a denial. When one is submerged, one feels it and shows it. But Philip's revenge was high.

A magnificent automobile swept down Bloomsbury street into the main thoroughfare. It was driven by an august being in fun, and its freight was another august being in fun. Philip, who, like many improvident persons, loved and understood motor-cars, at once perceived that it was a four-speed, eight-cylinder Panhard, sixty-horse power, with coach work by Vedette and that the chauffeur was imprudently running on the fourth speed. He stopped to behold it. There is nothing surprising in a man stopping to gaze at a motor-car; but when a motor-car stops to gaze at a man, there may be a fair matter for stupefaction, and Philip's mild astonishment as the automobile jerked itself back on its haunches exactly in front of him may therefore be excused.

The freight laden its splendid furs over the side of the car; out of the furs smiled a youthful face, with blue eyes and a long fair mustache.

"Phil, isn't it?"

"Hello, Tony!"

They shook hands.

"What are you doing up so early?"

"Haven't been to bed yet. Look here—are you busy?"

"No."

"Well, come and breakfast with me, eh?"

"Where?"

"My rooms. The Devonshire Mansion. You're bound to breakfast somewhere."

"I don't know that I was bound to. Still I accept."

"Go ahead," said Tony to the chauffeur, as Philip embarked, "and shove her along."

"Yes, Sir Anthony."

The car swam arrogantly away. Philip no more formed part of the submerged; he was a part of the submerged. The car and the furs he had been transformed into the envy of all Oxford street.

"It's three or four years since I lost touch with your stupendous calm," said Tony, after a short silence.

"Five," said Philip. There was a pause, such as frequently occurs between friends after a long separation.

"I notice your talent for small talk is as striking as ever," said Tony.

"Why talk, when others will talk for you? And why does your man address you as Sir Anthony?"

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Phil," replied Tony. "But really these accidents will occur even in quiet respectable families. I'm a baronet—a twelfth baronet. My cousin died two days before his marriage."

"Never knew you had a cousin."

"That's because you never ask enough questions. So I got the title."

"A pretty toy! Anything useful with it?"

"Fifteen thousand five hundred a year."

Philip paused; the philosopher in him had enough to do to maintain his sang froid. Five years ago, when Philip was helping to mismanage a proprietary club in St. James' Square, Tony Didding, then aged twenty-two, was beginning a career of cheerful and irresponsible failure as a barrister. The contrast between their characters had helped to draw them together at the club, which Didding was a member, and for a year or so a club friendship had mightily flourished. And now Tony had a stake in the country and an income of fifty pounds a day. Sundays excepted, he was a millionaire. "You're spending it, I suppose?" Philip murmured.

"Oh, quite easily. What are you doing?"

"I'm a man of leisure."

"The duce you are! You don't look it."

"Yes, I do," said Philip. "That's just where you're mistaken. 'This is what I wanted to show you. The latest machine for having a flutter. It's just out and it'll be all over the Riviera next season. It's called card roulette. It's better than roulette—no ball spinning, no noise. You simply shuffle and cut a pack of cards, and put your money on either a particular card, or a suit, or a number, or a color."

"And instead of zero, you have a joker in the pack, eh?" asked Philip.

"You've tumbled to it my son. Pack of thirty-three cards. We were playing till five o'clock this morning. I never tire of it."

"Did you win or lose?"

"I won. I was banker. How much did I win Owick?"

"When I retired to rest the bank was too hundred and eighty pounds in hand, Sir Anthony," said Owick, striking a match and holding it for Philip.

"I could enjoy this game, I fancy," Philip remarked. "It's Monte Carlo in the home."

"Yes, isn't it?" Tony agreed enthusiastically. "Why not have a flutter now?"

"All right."

"It's a fifty to one chance against any card you see. Three to one against any suit, and twelve to one against any number. Will you bank, or shall I?"

"Oh, you'd better bank," said Philip. "Right. Owick shall shuffle and cut, eh? Owick, the cards."

"Philip drew sixpence from his pocket, and put it on the queen of spades."

"You're getting cautious in your old age," Sir Anthony commented, emptying his pockets on to a corner of the table. "Now, Owick."

Owick majestically shuffled and cut the queen of spades.

"Good for you," said the Baronet. "Better than bridge, isn't it? Owick—fifty-one times sixpence!"

"One pound five and six, sir."

"Leave all the money on the queen of spades," said Philip. "I'll try her again."

"We have a limit of a couple of quid on the big chance," Sir Anthony explained. "Now Owick."

Owick shuffled and once more cut the queen of spades.

To Be Continued Next Saturday.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

From Madrid comes a report of the impending announcement of the engagement of the widowed Don Carlos of Bourbon, brother-in-law of the King of Spain, to Princess Louise of Orleans, youngest daughter of the late Count of Paris, and sister of the present Duke of Orleans, as well as of the Duchess of Aosta and of the Queen of Portugal. Princess Louise is a handsome girl, extremely accomplished, and, having spent a considerable portion of her life in Spain, at Villa Manrique, her mother's magnificent place near Seville, is almost as much of a Spaniard as she is a Frenchwoman. In fact, the Countess of Paris, as the daughter of the late Duc de Montpensier, and of old Queen Isabella's younger sister, ranks as an infanta and as a full fledged princess of the royal house of Spain.

An attempt was made at one time to bring about a marriage between Princess Louise and King Alfonso, but the scheme did not materialize, owing to Alfonso's infatuation for Ena of Battemberg. As wife, however, of Don Carlos of Bourbon, the princess might nevertheless be called upon to play a notable role in Spanish affairs. For, in the event of King Alfonso dying childless, it is the little 4-year-old son of Don Carlos who would at once succeed to the throne, and in that event the child's parents would naturally become the de facto, if not the de jure, regents of Spain throughout his long minority.

Don Carlos, it may be remembered, married the eldest sister of King Alfonso. She had been Queen of Spain as a little girl during the seven months which intervened between the death of her father and the birth of her brother, and at the time of her demise she bore the title of Princess of the Asturias, which was shared, according to Spanish custom, by her consort, but which he has now dropped. He is a younger son of the head of the Neapolitan branch of the house of Bourbon, the brother of Caserta, who at the death of his half-brother, the ex-king of Naples, proclaimed his pretensions to the crown of the two Sicilies, now merged in the Kingdom of Italy. Carlos has been brought up wholly in Spain under the direction and at the expense of his mother-in-law, Queen Christina, to whom he is devoted, and served with considerable gallantry in Cuba during the insurrection which preceded the war between the United States and Spain.

While a pleasant, well-bred man, whose life has been singularly free from scandal, and who as mentor of his young brother-in-law, King Alfonso, has succeeded in keeping the latter out of many a scrape, he is perhaps wrongly credited with exercising a reactionary influence upon the latter in politics and in the responsibility of every act of Don Alfonso that does not meet with the approval of the Liberals. Owing to this Don Carlos is not popular with the people of the land of his adoption.

Lord Aberdeen, the viceroy of Ireland, although he is a member of the Church of England, is also an elder of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and takes advantage of his position as such when staying at his place in Aberdeenshire to occasionally occupy the pulpit of the parish church at Methlie, and to preach on the Sabbath morning. In fact, Lord Aberdeen is imbued with the conviction that he possesses remarkable gifts of pulpit oratory, and is fond of preaching, his tastes in this particular being shared by his son-in-law, the Right Hon John Sinclair, who was formerly his private secretary, and who now is the secretary for Scotland and the representative of the interests of the northern kingdom in the cabinet.

Lady Aberdeen, in spite of her predilection for public speaking—she is one of the leading women platform orators of the day—has never yet ventured to try her hand at preaching in the parish church at Methlie. But, inasmuch as she has been invested with all kinds of honorary university degrees of doctor of this and doctor of that, there is no knowing but what one of these days she may don her college gown, hood and mortar board headpiece, and take her place in the pulpit, in defiance of the recommendations of St. Paul as to the attitude and behavior of the fair sex during divine service.

It speaks volumes for the personal charm of the Aberdeens that they should have succeeded in rendering so popular among the Roman Catholic population of Ireland the rule at Dublin Castle of a viceroy who shines as a Presbyterian preacher.

Although Count Stackelberg was one of the generals who at the close of the war with Japan, had a greater number of defeats and disasters to his credit than any other Russian commander, yet he still continues to enjoy the favor of the Czar, and indeed of most of the members of the reigning house of Romanoff. This is ascribed by the great world at St. Petersburg to his wife, who, in spite of her 50 years of age, is still a remarkably handsome and wonderfully preserved woman. In society on the banks of the Neva she goes by the name of "La Ciniselli." It was in 1879 that at that time famous Ciniselli circus made its appearance at St. Petersburg and at once acquired a great vogue, partly by reason of the superb horses ridden by the daughter of the proprietor of the circus and presented to her by the late King Humbert, but still more by reason of the beauty of the daughter herself, Mile. Dora Ciniselli. That she was the heroine of a romance in which the King of Italy had figured, and the fact

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that Count Nicholas Esterhazy and Count Sándor Karolyi had fought a bloody duel at Budapest on the count, naturally served to render her additionally interesting, and soon nearly all the men at St. Petersburg were head over ears in love with the circus rider, who was nicknamed the "Maddonna in Riding Habit."

Among her admirers was old Prince Gortchakoff, the chancellor of the empire, and who remained until the end of his days a rose. When the lovely Dora declined to listen to him he caused her father to be arrested under some pretext or another, and gave her to understand that unless she would consent to his release, he would be sent off to the mines of Siberia. Dora, instead of going to the prince, went straight to Alexander II., who not only expressed his amazement at her striking resemblance to the famous Urbinatti model, but likewise gave orders for the immediate release of her father, announcing that he himself would attend the performance at the circus that evening. He came, and forced Prince Gortchakoff to accompany him and to make generous pecuniary amends to old Ciniselli for having locked him up.

That was the beginning of a warm friendship between Dora and the Emperor, and it was his aide-de-camp, Count Stackelberg, who was invariably deputed by the Emperor to convey to her his messages and to act as her escort. Amazing as it may appear, the lovely Dora refused all monetary gifts from her imperial admirer, and when on one occasion he sent a large sum in a bomboniere she distributed the whole of it in his name to the poor of St. Petersburg. On the death of the Empress it was generally believed that the Emperor would marry the practically forced, sorely against his will, it is said, to wed Princess Dolgorouki, in order to legitimize the children she had borne him, and of whom it cannot be denied that he was fond, although he had tired of the princess herself.

In spite of his morganatic union with Princess Dolgorouki, whom he created Princess Yourioufka, he continued his intimacy with Dora until his death; and whereas the latter left the princess, whose avarice and monetary greed enjoyed European fame, a fortune of more than three hundred thousand dollars in foreign banks, Dora, whose affection for the monarch had been entirely disinterested, remained as poor as when she first made his acquaintance. It was just this disinterestedness, presenting so striking a contrast with the grasping nature of the princess, that won the favor of the Emperor, and consequently when Gen. Count Stackelberg offered her to share both his name and his fortune, the union met with little opposition on the part of Alexander III., and the present Emperor has always shown himself a particular friend of this Italian-born Russian countess.

A romance of the English peerage is recalled by "The Call of the Blood," the new novel by Robert Hichens, which has just been issued by Harper & Brothers. It is almost tempting to believe that the novelist had sought his theme in the modern annals of the house of Norton, of which Lord Granley is the chief. His father, the late Lord Granley, furnished, like the "Deiary" in the Hichens novel, an illustration of the evolution from English nobleman to Italian peasant. The late Lord Granley, while stationed at Florence as secretary of the English legation there, suddenly resigned, cut himself adrift from friends, acquaintances and relatives, withdrew altogether from society, and took up his residence in a peasant's cottage on the island of Capri. He drifted into an existence that was practically that of a Capriote fisherman, married the daughter of one of them, Maria Federigo by name, associated exclusively with his wife's people, whose picturesque costume he adopted, and died peacefully in his bed, and in the end, in 1894. His widow, a beautiful but totally illiterate woman, although she had become by her marriage an English peeress of the realm, survived her husband for nearly twenty years, without ever having the island of Capri, retaining her peasant dress and habits, and living happily and contented among her kinsfolk.

Her son, the present Lord Granley, was educated in England under the care of his grandmother, the celebrated Mrs. Norton, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and who, as the Egérie of Lord Melbourne, of Lord Herbert of Lea, and of other leading statesmen, played so

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notable a role in the English great world fifty years ago, Lord Granley's sister, the Hon. Carlotta Chiara Norton, remained with her peasant mother, was brought up as a peasant, and still lives at Capri.

Lord Granley is now a man of 50, has figured on several occasions in the divorce court as co-respondent, which indicates that he is disposed toward romance, and with Italian peasant blood in his veins, will probably one of these days answer "the call of the blood," and, following the example of his father, will withdraw to Capri to spend the evening of his stormy life among his mother's people as a Capriote contadino and fisherman.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, whose interesting reminiscences, "The Reminiscences of Sir Evelyn Wood," are written with all the modesty regarding his own achievements characteristic of the man—though perhaps, natural in one who wears on his breast the Victoria cross, granted only for heroism of an altogether exceptional order—has just published her with the late Charles Stewart Parnell, a cousin of Mrs. Annie Besant of theological fame, and a grandson of Sir Matthew Wood, the famous Lord mayor of London who braved the enmity of King George IV. by befriending Queen Caroline.

Not only provided her with the funds needed for the defense of the suit for divorce brought against her in the House of Lords, but also offered her a home at his house in London, and furnished the money necessary for the conveyance of her corpse from England to Brunswick, where she is entombed.

Much of the high favor in which Sir Evelyn was held by the late Queen Victoria throughout her reign was due to the fact that his grandfather, this same Sir Matthew Wood, had been a staunch and generous friend of her own father, the Duke of Kent.

The latter was a considerable amount of penury with his wife just before the birth of their only child, who afterwards became Queen Victoria. It was considered not merely a matter of vital importance but absolutely indispensable that the child should be born in England, in order to insure its rights of succession to the throne. For there was the danger that if the child was born abroad the Duke of Cumberland, who would follow the child in the line of succession, would take advantage of his birth abroad and of the absence of the child's father, whose presence at the royal birth is required by statute, to usurp the throne of England. But the Duke and Duchess of Kent were so poor and so debt-ridden that they did not have the money either for the journey to England or to effect such a compromise with their German creditors as would admit of their departure.

It was at this moment that big-hearted old Sir Matthew Wood came to their rescue. He paid off their debts in the town they were living in in Germany, and furnished them with the means for their journey to England, where they arrived two or three days before the birth of Victoria. When one recalls the attempt made by the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover) to secure possession of the English throne on the death of his brother, William IV., an attempt in which he was encouraged by the avowed sympathies of a large element of the Tory aristocracy, it will be appreciated why Queen Victoria was accustomed to regard herself as in a measure indebted for her possession of the British crown to the generosity of Sir Evelyn Wood's grandfather to her parents.

These facts are not contained in the "reminiscences" of Sir Evelyn Wood, but they are of timely interest, nevertheless, in connection therewith. Sir Evelyn likewise neglects to mention in his book the true reason of his failure to receive any command in the Boer war, in spite of his soldierly offers to serve under Lord Kitchener and Sir Redvers Buller, both of whom were his inferiors in rank and seniority. The fact is that he is appallingly deaf, an infirmity regarding which he is extremely sensitive. True, his hearing was affected through gunfire. But still at the same time deafness such as he regarded as disqualifying a general from an important command in the field.

With all that, he is a most polished courtier, and when the Empress Eugenie insisted upon going out to Africa after the death of the Prince Imperial in order to visit the spot where his body had been found, Sir Evelyn Wood was designated by the Queen to act as her escort.

Sir Evelyn started his career as a midshipman, and won the medal of the Legion of Honor at the age of 17 in the Crimean war, at the close of which he entered the army as a cavalry officer, winning the Victoria cross in the Indian mutiny. He is as clever in handling infantry as cavalry, and after becoming a general took the trouble to study for the bar, of which he is now a full-fledged member.

HOW TO PROPERLY CARE FOR PALMS

SOME USEFUL POINTERS FOR THE AMATEUR HORTICULTURIST.

While a palm may be kept entirely away from the sunshine to advantage, it cannot be kept in a shady place at a distance from good light, without injury.

If you use your palms for decorative purposes around the mantel or in corners of the room, do not allow them to remain there longer than is absolutely necessary.

Give them a place near the glass again as soon as possible. Never shower a palm and allow the sun to shine on it while the water stands on the leaves. If you do, more than likely the brown spots that are so disfiguring will appear, or the foliage will become blistered or scorched.

The best soils for the varieties of palms in general cultivation are made up of ordinary garden loam and a little sand.

Palms have very heavy roots and like a heavier, firmer soil than do most plants.

If the roots won't stay in the soil, but are inclined to take to stilt, no harm is done to the plant by this elevation of its crown above the soil. If unsightly, pot the plant lower when you give it a shift.

While the palm is able to endure a good deal of heat, it does not require the degree of heat which many seem to think is necessary for its successful cultivation.

Some of the finest specimens will grow in a room which is several degrees cooler than the living rooms are usually kept.

Some amateurs always apply the same quantity of water to palms daily.

POPULAR DELUSIONS REGARDING THE IRISH

STAGE IRISHMAN IS ANYTHING BUT "TYPICAL."

Cork is far more Irish than Dublin. Here I feel I am beginning to get a foretaste of the real thing. A foretaste rather than anything more actual, because Cork is too busy and prosperous to be wholly typical of Ireland. Incidentally I am beginning to doubt whether that phrase "typical of Ireland" may not conceivably be a visitor in a strange country is apt to be almost morbidly on the lookout for "typical" in other words, for what will fit in with his preconceived notions. Everyone has felt this temptation. You land with an assortment of expectations as to what you are going to see, expectations derived from reading, seeing plays, listening to previous travelers, and generally assimilating such knowledge of the subject as is common property in your neighborhood. You see something that corresponds with these preconceptions, so you at once exclaim, "How typical!"

So far from being typical, it may be and most likely is a distortion or exaggeration or caricature. This is peculiarly the case in Ireland, for Ireland is the most written about and the least known of all European countries. If a grinning, blue-eyed joint in right knock-knocks were to enter my room at this moment, brandishing a shilleagh and muttering "Begorra" or "Acushla," or something of that sort, I should instinctively murmur "How typical!" Yet, I doubt if you will find such a creature from one end of Ireland to the other. And even if this mythical being did actually exist, I do not know that it would be right to describe him as typical. There are in Ireland so many Irelands, and each seems so abnormal, so wholly beyond the range of one's ordinary experience, that the most cautious tourist is obliged to pause before saying that this or that is a bit of the veritable Ireland. When you hear priests of forty years' standing, peasant-born themselves, and spending their whole life in the innermost confidence of the people, confessing that the Irish are as much a mystery to them as ever, it makes you abstemious of ready generalizations and rushing inferences. Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly.

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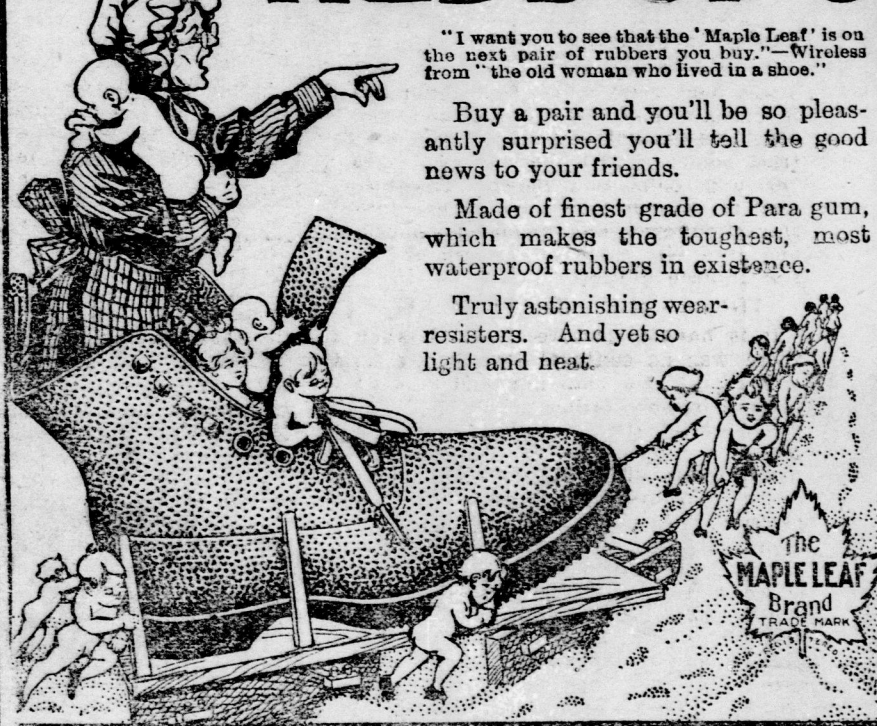
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LOVE A MODERN INNOVATION; IS UNKNOWN IN MANY PLACES

Saddest Part of Humanity's History—A Time When There Was
No Conjugal Love—Strange Marriage Customs
Among Asiatics and Other Races.

During the centuries man has led and woman has followed, he has commanded, and she has obeyed, he has flourished and she has cringed. She yielded to his will not because she feared him or she knew she must, but she realized that she was the mother of the race, and without this submission all would be lost. It was for her children and home she gave up all rights until she was reduced to a mere chattel. Sadder and more shameful than have been the horrors of war and religious persecutions are the cruelties and insults woman has endured.

No less a scholar than Herbert Spencer said: "In the history of humanity the saddest part concerns itself with the treatment of women. Cannibalism, the torturing of prisoners, the sacrificing of victims to ghosts and gods—these have been but occasional, but the treatment of woman has been universal and constant. The amount of suffering she has borne is beyond the imagination."

This only is a part: there are many countries where baby girls come into the world unwelcomed, and when children are considered too plentiful the girls are left to starve. Their childhood is filled with hardships, and they are betrothed when still children. Marriage does not bring them joy, freedom, and leisure; they merely exchange the word of their parents for that of a master.

WITHERED, FADED, FORGOTTEN.
In certain countries they are considered mere chattels, while in others they are confined in a harem. They serve as toys, things of amusement to their masters. They win favor as long as they charm their husbands by their beauty and grace, but when they wither and fade they are forgotten.

Even in many parts of Europe today the husband considers himself the natural master and the head of the household. He commands and counsels and the wife and children must obey his words. In Britain and in America men are awakening to the truth that love and a proper respect for woman have their influence on the home and count in the making of society. This claim may be large, but in proportion to its existence does society evolve.

Certainly there is a long gap in evolution between the man who gets his wife by courting her and the one who steals her; there is a great difference in culture shown by the husband who considers his wife his truest and most tried comrade, and the one who rules her with cuffs and blows. The history of woman, how she sank into slavery, suffered and yielded, developed, and gradually came to her own, is one full of deep interest.

TRADES SISTER FOR WIFE.
It is hard to picture the time when there was no conjugal love, when no woman called a man husband, and no child a parent-father. Still this condition once existed. It is harder to picture a time when the only way a man got his wife was by stealing her, or by carrying her away from her parents, sacrificing her parents by paying them a price in food or cattle. Still this practice was once almost universal, and is practiced in many parts of the world today. The Australian knows no other way than to steal a wife, or give a sister in exchange. The parents care little how their daughters are treated. In New Zealand the father or brother, in giving the girl away, tells her husband, "If you are displeased with her sell her, kill her, or eat her."

In Kouranko young girls usually are sold to a man because they can pay better prices; when the husbands die the young women are permitted to marry whom they will.

Parents are often so eager to dispose of their daughters that they betroth the girls before they are grown. In New Caledonia the children are betrothed by the parents almost from the moment they are born. In Assam little girls of 10 and 15 are sold in marriage, though they do not leave their mother's home until some years later. In Polynesia the fathers, mothers, and relatives arrange matches for the girls when they are 5 and 7 years old.

GIRL OF TWENTY MARRIED TO BOY OF FIVE.
Among the Reddies of India a young girl of 15 or 20 frequently is married to a boy of 5 and 6. She then goes to live with the father or the uncle of the future husband. Child marriages still are common in India, especially amongst the Brahmins. It is not unusual for a man of 60 to marry a girl of 6. Among the Russian peasants it is common for a boy of 8 or 10 to marry a woman of 25 or 30.

In spite of the notion held by the modern man that a wife today usually is a great luxury there are countries where women are considered good investments.

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Lumbago is one of rheumatism's full brothers. It comes and prostrates at times with the suddenness of a thunderclap, and yet, as in the most acute inflammatory cases, the great South American Rheumatic Cure comes as a ministering angel, holds out its healing hand, and bids the bent and bedridden take on the suppleness of youth. Lots of testimony for the asking.

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compromise with barbarous and feudal customs.

In Italy a girl has little choice as to whom she would marry—her parents decide this question for her. And she is taught that she must yield to her husband as willingly as she has done to her parents. To his pleasure, not hers, that counts, and if she courts his anger she may have to pay for it with his stiletto. Though married women in Germany and France have more rights and command some respect it is taken for granted that their husbands' pleasures and comforts are more important than their own.

The Greeks and Romans were wise in many things, but they had little real appreciation for womanhood. The Greeks considered woman a thing; her father had the right to sell her to a husband, and the latter could sell her or give her away. He also could bequeath her with his fortune. She was not considered a part of the household in Rome except as a slave. Her husband had the right to sell her, give her away, and flog her at his pleasure. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine says: "The Roman marriage was only a contract for a slavery."

MUST HAVE SONS' CONSENT TO REMARRY.

With the Saxons, Burgundians, and the Germans, as soon as a son passed his 15th year his mother, if a widow, was put under his charge; she could not do anything, not even remarry, without getting his consent.

Certainly poets have sung women's praises from time immemorial, but they meant not what they said; they wanted something to romance about, and they thought of woman as a thing, not as an easy theme. Women have been considered and still are too often considered property, objects to be tolerated, but worthy of little respect or genuine love.

The last century has done much for woman. It has taught the thinking world the woman is more than a property, more than a toy, more than a home-maker. She is placed on earth to be man's comrade and his source of highest inspiration—a soul that loves and awakens love—this is the mark which makes the whole world one.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND BECAME IMPATIENT

DELAY CAUSED BY LADY FROM SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

She climbed the stairs of the elevated station at Park Place very slowly. She wore a black suit and a large black picture hat, trimmed with big black tips. She carried a number of packages neatly wrapped up in white paper, and in her right hand a small black leather handbag.

When she reached the top of the stairs she stopped a few moments to rest and recover her breath. The other people who had followed her up the narrow stairs rushed past her, for it was growing late in the afternoon, and a train was nearing the station. By the time her turn came to purchase her ticket some delay there was a long strip of people back of her, but she paid no attention to them, and took things very leisurely. First she placed one of her bundles on the little shelf which protrudes out from underneath the ticket agent's back, and then she extracted her purse from her leather handbag, and opening it, she took a crisp \$5 note from outside of a large roll of greenbacks.

Shoving the bill through the hole in the ticket agent's window she demanded one ticket. The ticket agent took the ticket from a long strip and set about to make up her change.

First came out nine nickels, then followed five dimes, then came a silver dollar and last of all three single dollar bills. It took her some time to gather up the change with her gloved hands and put it into her handbag. In doing so she knocked her ticket off the shelf.

The ticket fluttered to the floor and a man stepped forward to pick it up in the line, picked it up and returned it to her. By this time the train had pulled into the station and the people behind the woman began to get impatient. One man glanced at his watch and two or three others made remarks which the woman did not hear.

"Do these trains all run up Sixth avenue?" she inquired of the ticket agent.

"Yes, they do. Some run to Harlem, while others go north as far as Fifty-eighth street," answered the ticket agent.

"Well, I'm from Sheepshead Bay, and I only want to go to Thirty-third street to do some shopping," she continued. "Can I get there by taking one of these trains?"

"Yes, take any train at all. Ride up until you come to the Thirty-third street station and then get off," directed the ticket agent.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," she said.

In taking up her bundle from the shelf she knocked her purse off, and the silver contents scattered around the floor. Two or three men helped to gather them up.

"Harlem train, all aboard!" shouted the guard on the car.

Then the gates were closed with a bang, the guard pulled the bell rope, and the train started out of the station, leaving the woman and the rest of the would-be passengers behind.

"Just like a woman," remarked one man to another after he had just missed boarding the train by a hair's breadth. "Now we will have to wait another five or ten minutes before another Harlem train comes along."

The woman who had caused all this delay walked up to the forward part of the station, and sitting down on the old wooden bench contented herself with rearranging the contents of her leather handbag.—New York Sun.

The 220,000 miles of main track of the railways of the United States represent property to the extent of \$15,000,000,000, or as much as the value of all the property in the country in 1860, the year of Lincoln's election. Their income of over \$1,000,000,000 a year is very nearly four times the annual revenue of the United States Government. The number of men on their rolls is 1,500,000, an army as great as the combined forces that Genghis and Linevitch had in Manchuria at the time of the peace of Portsmouth. —[Leslie's Weekly.]

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FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM THE BEST PROSE AND ORATORY

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—one train of ideas excited to prepare you for receiving, in its full force, the shock of the opposite. The ballroom thrown open to you; beauty and chivalry, in all the splendor that should grace the festive hour, presented to you; the voluptuous swell of music awakened for you; your senses, your imagination, and your affections, environed with scenes and images of sweetness, and grace, and loveliness; and you—striking you again with alarm, to bring trepidation and terror before you, in their most appalling shapes and attitudes. The whole scene, as by the waving of an enchanter's wand, changed in a moment!

For smiles, tears; for blushes, pale-ness; for meetings, partings; for the assembly, the cannon; for the ballroom, the battlefield! This is one of the most favorite feats of poetry, and occurs frequently in the works of all great masters. It is a means by which they provoke that agitation and hurry of spirits, which enable them to take possession of their readers; and which consists in bringing contraries into sudden collision. The luxuriant valley opens upon the sterile heath; the level plain borders upon the rugged mountain; you walk in imagined security, and find yourself upon the brink of an abyss; you fall asleep with the languor of the calm, and awaken with the fury of the tempest! Campbell soothes the apprehensions of Gertrude—places Albert and his interesting family in their lighted bower, prolonging the joy of converse—when Outalissi rushes in to tell them, that

"The mammoth comes! the foe! the monster Brandt!"

With all his howling—desolating band!"

Thomson avails himself of the serenity of a placid summer's day, and the security and calm of quietude, happy communing love—to introduce the tempest, whose lightning strikes Amelia to the earth, a blackened corpse! Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demonic exaltation, to prepare his exit for the dismal universal hiss, that aply gratulates his triumph—extends, expands him into the full dimensions of monarchical pride.

"The leaves are falling now from the trees in the range of backyards in view from my shady window," said Professor Von Jorgelby, "and that brings to my mind, as it always does, the question of which season I like best. As a matter of fact, I like them all. And here I am reminded of the words of the poet, as to the season he would prefer to die in:

"I wouldn't die in springtime,
In summer or in fall,
I wouldn't die in winter,
I wouldn't die at all."

"You see, when he came to really give the subject consideration he found that he didn't want to die in any of them, the obvious inference being that he liked all the seasons and I am like the poet in this respect, as well as like him in not wanting to die in any season, but I have a choice among the seasons to live in, as indeed, perhaps he did, and for myself I like fall the best."

"If like spring the awakening of nature, the renewal of its youth, the coming of the buds on myriads of plants, and of the buds and the leaves on the trees, and after the rigors of winter I like the soft and balmy air of springtime but I like the soft, hazy, yellow richness of the early days of autumn, of nature's full ripeness, better, and fall I like best of all, when the leaves are going, as they are going now; when, after the languid summer the air is bracing and the winds blow and life is a strong, full joy."

"I may at some other time have expressed another preference as to my choice of seasons, but if I have done so, please consider that now, revoking all former wills and testaments, I announce fall as my final selection."—New York Sun.

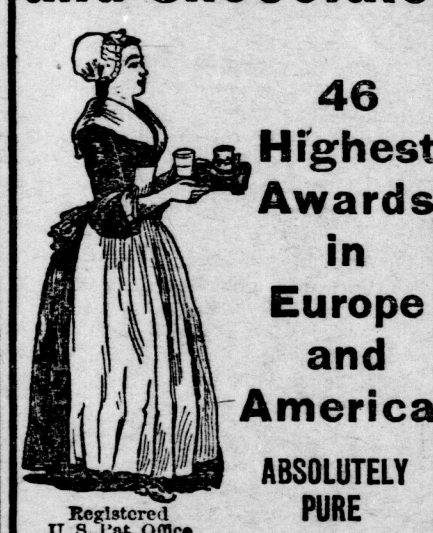
CURIOUS CHINESE MEDICINE.

There are few places more interesting in Chinatown than the Oriental laboratories and drug stores. Quaint and mysterious are some of the prescribed remedies, although many of them are composed of herbs, and are excellent for some maladies. This fact is pretty generally recognized, for the average Chinese doctor who can speak English counts among his patients Americans as well as Orientals.

It is a well-known fact that the late Leland Stanford pinned his faith to Chinese herb treatment, and was a regular and unshaken physician of Dr. Wong Woo, a prominent Chinese physician of San Francisco. In one of the large drug stores of New York there are over 3,000 different herbs, roots and berries, all of which are growing in Pennsylvania, from which state large quantities are exported, bringing only 50 cents a pound, while Chinese ginseng sells for \$5 and \$1 a pound. A certain bark, which, upon being broken into pieces, discloses a silvery-colored silken fiber, is much used as a tonic; it is the bark of a tree called Toy-chung. Orange skin, betel nut, licorice, sweet-tasting red berries, bamboo shavings, and all sorts of roots and herbs are used by Chinese doctors.—Leslie's Weekly.

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The White Horse Mine or the Luck and Luck of the Pioneer Boys



CHAPTER IV.

In making camp the pioneers had drawn their wagons up in a square, and all the people and animals were inside of it. Had the Indians divided their forces and charged all four sides at once they might have broken through somewhere, as they would have been nearly ten to one in numbers. When they drew up it was seen, however, that they meant to charge only the front. Sharpe commanded every man to take position there. The men crouched down and

pony or its rider. Twenty-five Indians lay dead on the grass, and the dead ponies numbered nineteen. The surviving warriors made off at the top of their speed, and after the men had shaken hands with each other and the women and children had got over their fright, Sharpe called three men to him and they went out to see if there were any wounded 'among those lying in front of the camp. Each one was inspected and found to be dead.

In the case of the ponies, three or four were found to be wounded. These were at once killed to put them out of their misery. While the four men were gathering the bows and arrows, blankets, beads, head dresses and other things, Joe Chudleigh, who was standing up in one of the wagons, suddenly caught sight of something to interest him, and



"The Boys slipped Halters over their heads."

tested their rifles across the spokes of the wheels, thus making sure of their aim, and as they waited their leader went among them and said:

"Only half of you must fire at the word. Let the other half hold their fire until the first have reloaded. Don't get excited and fire wildly. Bring down pony or warrior with every bullet. Don't let the yelling of the Redskins disturb you. It will be all noise. If we can kill ten or fifteen warriors the remainder will draw off."

Three minutes later, with yells that could be heard two miles away, and with every pony at a mad gallop, the Indians came on. It was well that the pioneers had been cautioned. Most of them had never been under fire before, and the yelling of the warriors, the walls of the women and children and the neighing of the horses and the braying of the mules was enough to make any man nervous.

When the charging Indians had come within pistol shot Sharpe gave the word to fire. The volley was a deadly one and checked the Indians, and was speedily followed by a second. A third one was not needed.

The warriors broke and fled, and when the smoke lifted it seemed as if every pioneer had brought down a

jumping down he grabbed a halter and said to his brother Sam: "Get a halter and come with me. I can see two Indian ponies in the brush down in that hollow. Let us capture them."

He ran to Sharpe and got permission, and then the two brothers made for the spot where the ponies were. An Indian pony does not like the smell of a white man. He is ready to run away at once. In this case there were three ponies together, but one of them was lying dead. The two that were on their feet and unwounded seemed to have been ridden until thoroughly exhausted. They hardly moved when the boys slipped halters over their heads.

At the camp they were seen to be war ponies of the best breed, each having feathers woven into his mane and tail, and after looking them over Sharpe said:

"Boys, you are to be congratulated. Those ponies belonged to warriors of renown, and as soon as rested will be all right. Each of you needed a pony and here they are. They will be rather wild for a time, but after they have got used to you they will be worth a hundred dollars apiece."

Instead of burying the slain Indians their bodies were flung into the

river, while the carcasses of the ponies were left to the buzzards.

The dead were not disposed of, however, until Sharpe and four men had made a scout to the west to see how it fared with the four families that had broken away that morning. Their worst fears were realized. Tomlinson and his party had not proceeded over three miles when they were attacked. They had made a brave defence, but within a quarter of an hour the tragedy was over. Not one of them escaped.

The Indians had robbed the wagons of what they wanted and then set fire to them. Sharpe sent back to the camp for shovels and spades and more help, and the dead were buried and stones piled up to mark the spot. The people had paid for their foolishness with their lives, but everybody felt sorry for the women and children. There was no breaking camp that day. It was thought by some that the Indians might return under cover of darkness, and during the long hours of night a vigilant watch was kept, but nothing occurred to cause an alarm.

At an early hour next morning the camp was astir, and it was only half an hour after sunrise when the wagons were moving.

The Indian ponies captured by Joe and Sam had become rested and the boys were determined to ride them. They had no saddles, but each borrowed a spare bridle, and it was the work of an hour to get the animals to take the bits into their mouths. The Indian had neither bit nor bridle, but rides with a piece of rawhide drawn through the pony's mouth. For the first half day all they could do to stick to their mounts, but after that the ponies gave in and became fairly steady.

For the next four days the weather was good and the outfit easily made its fifteen miles day. Then came a week of showery weather, with many creeks and ravines to cross, and the distance made was not nearly so great. They had reached the Colorado line, however, and after a night in camp Sharpe called all the men together and said:

"We are now ready to cross into Colorado. The Indians are not so numerous here, but not less than four families should settle in one neighborhood. This will give you a chance to protect each other."

(To Be Continued.)

GRANDPA BEAN'S COW

"Is Mr. Squires to home?"

The speaker was a little girl with bright eyes and a freckled face. Her shoes were worn out at the toes and run over at the heels, and her faded gingham dress was in several places. A sunbonnet, minus the usual cape, was carried by its one string, and bobbed about with every movement of the alert figure.

Notwithstanding Sophronia Bean's careless appearance, she was an enterprising, business-like child, and of great assistance by the little household, where there was but little to do with.

"No, he isn't," replied Mrs. Squires. "Why ain't you got your sunbonnet on your head, where it belongs, Sophronia?"



"I should like to get up to Mr. Hammond's."

"Cos it's too hot, Miss Squires; it seems to bind my head. Where is Mr. Squires? Ma wanted to know if he wouldn't go after our cow. She got out of the pasture yesterday and didn't come home, and grandfather says if she lays out another night she's spoilt."

"I've been all over the pasture," she added, "and up into the wood-lot, and I'm tired to death. I just despise our cow, anyway. She ain't satisfied with good grass and spring water and me a-waitin' round to drive her home nights, but she must go browsing all over the earth. But grandfather is just set on keeping her. He's worried to death if she's lost just a day or two."

Sophronia stopped, evidently out of breath, and looked anxiously at Mrs. Squires.

"Land! of course he'd be worried. You tell your Ma Mr. Squires'll go just as soon as he gets home. Don't you want to come and rest?"

"No'm, I'm a-goin' down to the Pond pasture. I've spilt my shoes a-buntin' her."

Sophronia stood on one heel and then on the other to examine the nearly worn-out boots. In another minute she had vanished round the corner of Mrs. Squires' shed, and was running over the dusty road.

About an hour later Mrs. Squires saw Sophronia coming back, driving before her the wayward and wandering cow.

"Tell Mr. Squires he needn't go; I got her," shouted the child, as she hurried along.

"There's jest one thing about it, Grandpa Bean," announced Sophronia that night, "that cow's got to be sold. You ain't able to go after her, and she won't stay nowhere. Mr. Hammond says he'll buy her."

"Ain't been thinkin' about ever sellin' that heifer, Sophronia. I

thought it was a cow."

ON THE OLD PARADE GROUND

Up in the parade ground grew an apple tree, and in its shade rested an old cannon. The tree could have told you tales of peace, of nests, blossoms, hedglings, pellow hornets, bird flights to the South and Winter snows.

The cannon knew all these things, too, for it had lain there for many a year. It had known the apple tree when it was a mere infant, and

from either side, with the blue-capped boy in front.

Pink Ribbons shook her curls and said:

"You're the engineer, and I'll be fireman."

A boy in a crimson sweater announced his intention of being conductor, a tow-haired girl applied for the position of brakeman. So a train was manned and the others settled into place as passengers.

"Choo-choo!" called the engineer,



They flowed over the old cannon like a tidal wave.

back of all that lay its war record.

From its niche in the fort it had seen advancing columns, bristling with steel. It had done its part in the storm of smoke, shot and shell. It had seen the ranks waver, go down, fill up and advance again; then the groaning heaps in the reddening dust; riderless horses whinnying for the lost masters; then the silence of night and the silence of death. Last of all it had known of defeat and capture.

All this and more the old cannon could have told, but its grim, round mouth yawned in eternal dumbness, and a spike had been driven through its iron heart.

Up the hill came a bevy of laughing children; boys and girls just out of school, with two hours to play in before tea-time. Suddenly a boy in a blue cap shouted:

"I'll race you for the first place on the gun!"

A girl with brown curls and pink ribbons accepted the challenge. One, two, three, a start, a dash, and the blue-capped boy touched the muzzle a hair's breadth ahead. The other children clattered cheerily close behind. They flowed over the old cannon like a tidal wave and covered it from end to end, a row of black, blue, white and pink legs dangling

and the conductor started to collect tickets.

Now that is not an easy thing to do on a round and slippery cannon, for of course you must not get off while the train is moving. Crimson Sweater got half way to the trunk-ions, slipped and fell, taking with him several passengers.

"I'll get off my back. I'm the hull thing! If you're a tire you're an extra one and must hang yourself on the back of the car."

"Well," said Pink Ribbons. "I'll be the gasoline. My mother washed my hair ribbons in some morning."

The author started. How it flew! The passengers, the various parts of the machine, the "choo-choo" himself felt the exhilaration. Down graded roads they whirled in fancy, through little towns and still forests. They climbed steep mountains and forded rivers. There was no limit to their swift flight. Europe, Asia, South America—even the Atlantic Ocean did not daunt them. All at once a light breeze overtook them and flicked away Pink Ribbons' top-knot.

"The gasoline's give out!" shouted Blue Cap, "and we're a thousand miles from anywhere. We got to play something else."

He tumbled off and scrambled after the ribbon.

A few days later Mr. Hammond completed the purchase and drove Grandpa Bean's pet away. Sophronia was delighted.

"It seems more like livin'," said the little girl to Mrs. Squires. "All I have to do is just come over to your house every night after a pint of milk, and my shoes'll last a good deal better."

During the Autumn and Winter old Mr. Bean began to fail, and when Spring came he was not strong enough to go out of doors. Sophronia was with a great deal.

"What would you do, grandpa, if you could do just as you wanted to?" she asked one day as they sat by the open window looking toward the pasture.

"Well, I dunno," replied the old man slowly. "I should like, if there was any way I could compass it, to get to Hammond's and see how our heifer looks; see if she's contented there."

Sophronia looked at him wonderingly.

"Well," she said slowly.

Mr. Hammond, whose farm was several miles from the Bean homestead, was surprised one morning to see little Sophronia Bean walking in to his yard. The child seemed tired, but had evidently come on an errand.

"Mr. Hammond, would you lend me the cow I sold you?" she began. "I only want to borrow her for a day. I'll drive her home now and bring her back this afternoon. The little face was full of eager anticipation."

"Why, child, what do you want of her?"

"Well, grandpa didn't want to sell her and I made him, and now he's sick and he misses seeing her. So I thought perhaps you'd lend her to me and I could take her home and grandpa could see her."

"Did you walk all this distance to borrow the cow, Sophronia?"

"Yes, sir, but that cow won't mind three miles. Why, she used to like to go as far away as ever she could," replied Sophronia. "I got all wore out with her but grandpa said he never could see how shiftless that cow was."

A few hours later Sophronia's mother saw Mr. Hammond's team stop at their gate, and Mr. Hammond leading the cow, while Sophronia walked beside him, came into the yard. It took but a few words to explain the situation, and Grandpa Bean had the satisfaction of seeing his pet in good condition and knowing that she was in good hands and well cared for.

"I guess you was right in selling the cow, Sophronia," he said that night.

"I was with givin' her up to find out how much you thought of your old grandpa."

"I'm goin' home," said Knickerbocker, sadly. "I see mother coming. She told me to go to the store for cinnamon an' blueing."

One by one the children drifted off till only Blue Cap, Tow Head and Pink Ribbons were left.

"Let's play elephant," said the very satiate Blue Cap. "I'll be the Sultan."

"Oh, all right," said Pink Ribbons. "I don't care. I'm going to be the Grand Vizier."

"Well, I'll be a howry," said Tow Head.

"What's a howry?"

"Oh, it's a lady—a Turk lady. I saw a picture of one. She's very beautiful, with purple hair and melty eyes, and she wears yellow silk trousers."

"Well, you, can't be with that tow hair of yours. I'm going to be a howry myself."

"Why don't you both be 'em?" said the conciliatory Blue Cap. "Then I will marry you both and we'll all ride together on the elephant."

So the cannon became a gray elephant, and the trio rode through an Arabian Nights' dream, sparkling with diamond valleys and Aladdin's lamps. They rode on and on until a mild and investigating donkey ambled up in a friendly manner.

"A dragon! A dragon!" yelled Blue Cap. "Let's slay him! I'm St. George. Come on!"

With a whoop and howl the elephant was abandoned. The startled donkey turned tail and careened down the hill, followed by St. George and the two erstwhile "horrrys." Fall-nell, whoop bang! An awful brawl from the donkey and they all swept out of sight.

Around the old parade ground rose the sounds of tea-bells from the various dwellings.

Then it grew still. The cannon was there, immovable, sphinx-like, with its gaping, idle mouth.

Two young swallows wheeled downward and lit on the edge of the black muzzle.

"What a place for a nest!" said Mr. Swallow.

"It's too large," said Mrs. Swallow. "Not at all," said her lord. "We can block up with mud all except a nice opening—and think what a back yard for the children to play in till they learn to fly."

"Why aren't all chimneys built lengthwise, like this?" said Mrs. S. Arabian Nights' dream, sparkling with diamond valleys and Aladdin's lamps. They rode on and on until a mild and investigating donkey ambled up in a friendly manner.

Then they darted off, and night fell over the old parade ground.

BETTY'S STRATEGEM

Betty peeped out from the great hall door of the Hospital and watched the Special Surgeon as he descended from his carriage, came up the broad stone steps, entered and walked with dignified tread down the long corridor toward the consulting room. When he was far enough away to be out of hearing, she called in a half whisper:

"Hallo, Surgeon!"

Every week on Wednesday and Saturdays the Special Surgeon came, always in exactly the same way, and Betty made it a point to be at the door. The freedom of the whole place was hers, for as not her father the Superintendent? Sometimes even she went in the wards where the children lay, and when one of them would be getting well she would be allowed to take her dolls and lighten a half-hour for the small sufferer.

Betty had had serious thoughts of training for a nurse, and had once even gotten as far as to costume herself for the part. A pale blue shirt-waist suit of her Pretty Mamma's (Betty found it in a trunk where all of her Pretty Mamma's things had been put last year when the sweet

crutches, and when they came out they were on wheeled chairs, lying white and still, and they were hurried into their rooms. It was rather awesome to Betty, but there was a compensation—all these people could get acquainted with the Special Surgeon and look into his kindly blue eyes and talk with him; and his voice was like a caress. It was worth having something the matter with one just to hear it.

There was a sound at the door of the consulting room and Betty scuttled back behind the hall door to watch the Special Surgeon come out with her father. As they passed her hiding place she heard them say:

"Fine operation—broken rib removed successfully—patient doing well." And then Betty had an idea!

This was Wednesday. On Saturday he would come again, and then she would do it. She clapped her little hands and squealed for the very joy and mischief of it.

Saturday morning came. It was a rainy, drizzly day, and the Special Surgeon was a bit later than usual. He had just come from a case of grave import, and a serious look



"Good morning, Mr. Surgeon. I came to insult you 'bout somethin'."

pale lady had drifted across the border of the unknown land, the dress was almost the color of nurses' uniforms. Then with her little store of hands which she wore to a cap, a pair of cuffs, a neck-gar and even an apron with four pinned together and another at the top for a bib.

When she presented herself as a candidate before the head nurse, that worthy had laughed at her, and now she did not see for the head nurse any more.

"Well!" said the Special Surgeon—he was different. Betty knew that he would not have laughed, he was such a gentleman. Betty was glad there was no singular surgeon in the Hospital, this special one could come to perform the operations. There were several doctors beside her father, but though Betty liked them and they liked Betty, she felt the difference between them and the Special Surgeon.

The saddest part of it all was that he had never seen Betty in all the six months he had been coming. In the first place, he came on business and was not looking for little girls, and in the second place, Betty always hid behind the half-door. A sudden shyness struck her every time she saw his tall long-coated figure and shiny silk hat, and she dared not confront those grave blue eyes whose kindly glance never seemed to fall as low as Betty's brown crane.

Betty waited this morning in the corridor a long time. What could the Special Surgeon be doing? Always when he was there there were people who went into the consulting room, and very often one would be wheeled in there. Nurses and doctors came and went, and anxious looking people sat in the reception room or crept on tip-toe to the door of the consulting room. Betty knew that on beyond there was a room called the operating room, where everything was clean and shiny and slippery and sunlitly and both rooms smelt of something called "antiseptic." She had peeped once and been hustled out by the nurse.

They were funny people who went into that mysterious place. Some had white floury faces and some were redder than they ought to be. Some had queer shapes and some went on

lay heavy in his blue eyes. In the consulting room he removed his hat and overcoat, washed his hands and looked around to see who might be waiting. There was no surgical work that morning—only an old man with a cataract to be attended to, next week, and a possible case of operation for a middle-aged woman. With a sigh of relief the Surgeon turned to look for his hat, when the door softly opened.

A queer little figure entered. The Special Surgeon stared twice to be sure it was not an old dwarfed little woman. Then a twinkle came into his eyes and he looked straight into Betty's—but he did not smile.

Betty flitted her black train and pursed from Pretty Mamma's trunk, readjusted a bonnet borrowed from Grandmama Mulhoney in the semi ward, balanced Papa's blue glasses on the tip of her nose and looked soberly over the tops of them at the Special Surgeon.

"Good morning, Mr. Surgeon," she said. "I came to insult you about some-fer."

"What? Oh, consult me. Well, my good madam, what can I do for you?"

Betty patted a large protuberance under her lace waist on the left side. "I got a broken rib to cut off."

"Indeed! It looks very large. This must be a serious case."

"It's in a perilous case, if you mean that, Mr. Surgeon—I didn't mean to tell you that—Do you think you can cure me?"

"Come here a bit and let me see." He placed his hand lightly on the bulging spot.

"It seems soft. I think it can be removed without danger, and we say be able to effect a perfect cure. How did you acquire this—this trouble?"

"Tied it on wiv a string. If you're goin' to operate I got my smelly salts an' my antiseptics wiv me."

She dove into the voluminous folds of her fluffy skirt and produced two vaseline bottles tied to her waist with a blue ribbon.

"Now, I'm ready," she announced, sniffing violently at one of the bottles, and pretending to spill some

(Continued on next page.)

Weather for One.



"Ah! The hail is coming down," the glazier sang with glee. "I will break the town's folk's window glass, And that means gold for me!"

The glazier reached his home and saw his windows riddled through. "Dear me!" he cried, "I never thought my panes would get smashed too!"



LITTLE RUSSIAN REFUGEE'S STORY

HIS EXPERIENCE IN ESCAPING
FROM ODESSA.

Robbed, Burned Out, Shot At—Attempt
To Follow His Fortunes on This
Side of the Atlantic.

Early in the spring the little Jeweler came over in the steamer from Odessa. A Russian refugee he was. For four days previously to boarding the boat at Odessa he had lived in a cellar, a hunted creature, and yet you would never have thought it, he was so dapper in his fur overcoat and his tall silk cap.

They had robbed him of every little scrap of his jewelry. They had burned his shop. They had shot at him. They had endeavored to run him through with a sword or two, but he smiled in a pink and satisfied way as he sat in the immigrant boat on his way to New York from Ellis Island, in spite of the fact that the only clothes he had in the world were the clothes on his back and not a cent had he in his pocket. Sat there and smiled and smiled in his pink way, glad enough to be out of sound of shot and shell and far from the terror of swords.

This was the question: What had become of him? What became of all the Russian refugees fleeing hither? Alexander Karavay, chief of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society of Ellis Island, paused for a brief interval to offer one suggestion, it being his busy day.

"We can't keep up with them all," said he. "Our business is to land them safely in New York. That ends our jurisdiction over them. Yes, I remember the little Jeweler you speak of. I don't know what became of him. Probably selling neckties on the Bowery. I don't know. Do this. Go to the Removal Office on Second avenue. They will know."

A long way this, but finally reached. The chief of the Removal Office had to do only with Russian refugees who were sent away from New York. He spoke in this wise, briefly, it being his busy day.

New York No Place for Refugees.

"New York is no place," said he, "for the Russian refugee. It is too crowded. We send on an average 300,000 out of the city during the year. The industrial advantages are better in the South and West than they are in New York. We send them to the mills in the South, to the farms in the West."

"Many of them go to New Orleans, some as far as California. They do so well as a rule that they send back money for their friends to come to them. They are not happy without friends and family."

"Out of the 30,000 who come over here during the year 30 per cent are sent away from the city. We pay their expenses when they haven't enough, but mostly they have."

"The Jeweler you speak of—I don't know what became of him. On the street, perhaps, selling suspenders. I'll tell you who he had been better than anybody. Go to the Hebrew Charities Building further up on Second avenue. Tell them I sent you."

It was their busy day at the Hebrew Charities Building. The doctor ordinarily in charge had gone away somewhere, wouldn't be back till Monday, but a fair, blue-eyed young woman, up to her ears in work, received the reporter in his stead.

"They oughtn't to have sent you here," she said. "We don't help them until a year after their landing. They are in a deadly decline."

IN A DEADLY DECLINE

Saved Just in Time by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Before my daughter Lena began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. Geo. A. Miles, of South Woodstock, Ont. "Her blood seemed as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, and had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse, and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently wake with a start, and sometimes would jump right up in bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell, and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a couple of boxes she began to sleep better at night, and color began to return to her lips. From that on she kept right on gaining, and after taking eight boxes of the pills she was again in good health. She is now 15 years of age, the picture of health, and since beginning the pills has gained about forty pounds in weight. Only those who saw her when ill can appreciate the marvelous change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought about in her condition. I believe that had it not been for the pills she would be in her grave today, and it is with feelings of great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer."

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, ailing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anemia into a bloody decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anemia, headaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuritis, rheumatism, and the secret elements and irregularities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

are supposed to land with enough money to last them a year, or with enough friends to take care of them for that length of time.

"No, I don't know anything about the story that leaves of bread being put out on the doorsteps on the east side for them, but I shouldn't be surprised. The destitution in that neighborhood is terrible—destitution and disease."

"We can't see to the refugees at all. No, I never heard of the Jeweler you speak of. He may be peddling trousers for all I know."

"If you want to get news of him and the others go to 149 Rivington street. There is a little girl down there who will tell you all about them."

The way was long and tedious down to 149 Rivington street and through narrow lanes of pushcarts packed to suffocation—pushcarts covered with neckties, carpet slippers, trousers, large pink and white slices of watermelon and green peppers that Peter Piper may have picked—who knows?

Though the owner of each pushcart was carefully scanned, no pink-faced Jeweler showed up among them. The faces were yellow in color and too thickly bearded, some of them, for beauty—all beard, some seemed. No. 149 had thin iron steps, a narrow hall, small narrow steps, and a girl sat drinking milk out of a little green glass.

"I am only temporarily in charge here," she smiled, "but I can tell you one thing: If we know a petitioner is a Russian refugee we get rid of him as quickly as possible. We have so many of our people that we must help people who have been here for years, and who are in great destitution."

Cheap Board for Four

"Why, look here," taking an envelope down from the top of the desk. "Here is the case of a woman who has been sleeping on a couch with her three children for I don't know how long. She is boarding with another woman."

"Imagine what board this woman charges for herself and her three children. Three dollars a month! What do you suppose she can give them to eat for that? Wouldn't you think they would all starve?"

"I told her I wouldn't help her at all unless she got a room for herself. I offered to pay her \$7 a month to rent the room. Then I would give her a little more to live on until she could get started at some work."

"It is very hard for our people to get work among the New York houses on account of their Sabbath. Of course you know the Jewish Sabbath comes on Saturday. Saturday is the busiest day in New York. Fancy then a man who refuses to work on that day who will work on Sunday, but not on Saturday—either a man or a woman."

"You can see how quickly a New York business man would refuse to employ him or her. Our people, who have become set in their ways, refuse altogether to give up their Sabbath. They live for that day."

The Jewish Sabbath

"You see in the poorest homes preparations going on for it on Friday, the cleaning of the floors, of the windows, the spreading of the cloth—if they have no cloth the piece of white paper on the table for the candles. They make a fete of it, the very poorest of them."

"You see small children getting on their knees and scrubbing the floors till they are so clean you could cut off their heads, preparing for this Saturday fete which robs their fathers and mothers of work in the city."

"Then, too, a man who comes here from the old country is already an old man in many cases. That is to say, he is 30. Our men marry young. At 30 they have already five or six children, and for a man to begin life in a new country so encumbered!"

"Oh, yes, we have enough of misery without seeing after the Russian refugees. They must shift for themselves, at least for a year before they can come to us for help."

"Let me tell you, I had a man in here yesterday begging me to let him have \$10 to start a little pushcart or a basket with hardware. A ten dollars is a fortune to them. A man who has \$50 on the east side is rich, rich!"

The Little Jeweler

"Your Jeweler? I fancy perhaps he has set up a little peddling business, if he runs to jewelry. Perhaps he has a pushcart full of trinkets. It may be that he goes about the Bowery with a tray of trinkets. Some do that, taking orders."

"He will be doing very well if he has been able to afford that. Very well, indeed! Or it may be that he has rented a cellar doorway and sells still pickles. Dill pickles and green peppers."

"I hardly think he'd fall so low as to sell green corn on the cob out of a tin bucket. I wouldn't like to think that."

"Let me tell you what to do. Go to the editor of Forward, the morning Jewish paper. He may be able to tell you where he is."

It was also a busy day with the editor of Forward. He sat in his sanctum pasting slips of printed hieroglyphics on a large sheet of plain white paper.

"I can give you five minutes," he said, never once looking up from the sheet or away from it, "and that's all I can give you."

"You see," he began, "this is a topsy turvy country. Everything is upside down. Everything goes contrary to what you are led to expect."

"It is exactly antipodal to Russia. When it is daylight here it is night in Russia and vice versa, so when our people migrate here they also change. A man who had been a great success in Russia becomes as great a failure here and the man who has failed there often succeeds in New York."

"I will give you an example. I knew two Russians who came over about a year ago."

"One had enough money to come second cabin, which is a great deal of money for an immigrant. When he arrived he had money enough to buy himself a 75-cent dinner. That is a good deal for an immigrant to pay for a dinner, isn't it?"

Three Kopeks His Capital

"Well, the other fellow had exactly three kopeks in his pocket. How much is a kopek? About half a cent. He had, therefore, a cent and a half when he landed in New York."

him. Said he had friends, I suppose.

"Well, do you know how that turned out? The kopek man started a newsstand on a corner; now has a news store and is making money. The man who came second cabin, when here five times a day, begging me to get him work."

"That's how it turned out, you see, criss-cross, cat-a-cornered and topsy turvy."

"The little pink-faced Jeweler in the tall silk cap. It seems to me I do remember hearing something about him."

Let me think.

"Yes, I remember now what became of him. It seems to me they said he went back home."

"Yes, that's what he went back home to do. He went back home to hide in forests or in cellars for fear of his life again. He preferred to be run through with swords or filled full of bullet holes. I remember now they said he told them, to selling long ears of green corn on the cob out of a large tin bucket of boiling water set on the curb."—New member hearing something about him.

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START OF GREAT INVENTION.

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"He replied that he thought I had the germ of a great invention, and that I would do much better to keep the matter secret and work along by myself."

"But," said I, "I feel that my mechanical knowledge is weak. There are many difficulties to be overcome and I fear I have not the knowledge of electricity to do so."

DIAMOND DYES

Are Used By All Wise and Economical Canadian Women.

Failures in home dyeing are caused by the use of imitation and adulterated package dyes which are ruinous to good materials and dangerous to health. Ladies who value their garments and materials should never risk imitation and worthless package dyes. The colors of such dyes are always muddy, blotchy and lifeless. Storekeepers sell such trashy dyes simply because of the large profits they bring, and care little for the trouble and vexation these common dyes cause to the women who use them. Diamond Dyes are the only successful, pure, fast and brilliant dyes sold. The Diamond Dyes have a wonderful record of triumph and success, and have no equals in the world for easy and profitable home coloring.

As there are merchants who sell inferior and adulterated package dyes, insist each time you buy that you are served with the Diamond Dyes. See that each package bears the words, Diamond Package Dyes.

Sent to Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q., for valuable Free Book and Card of Dye Samples. Free to any address.

72-71

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We had been talking about the Smithsonian Institution, of which Dr. Bell is one of the regents, and the late secretary, Dr. S. P. Langley, who was one of Dr. Bell's intimate friends, when I asked him whether he had known Joseph Henry, the first secretary and director of that institution.

Dr. Bell replied: "I became acquainted with Professor Henry when I was still working on the telephone, and he was kind to me. It was a year or so before my patent was granted, when I called upon him at the Smithsonian Institute and explained my ideas as to the construction of an instrument which would carry vocal sounds. I was then interested also in multiplex telegraphy, and we talked about that. Professor Henry was a man of remarkable ability along the very lines upon which was working. He had made an article on electricity and in electro-dynamics, having constructed an electro-magnetic telegraph long before the invention of Professor Morse. He appeared much interested in my experiments, and I determined to ask him to give me a short apparatus which I had designed for the transmission of the human voice by means of an electric wire. After I had explained the idea I asked him to advise me whether I had better publish my discoveries and let others go to work along the same line, or whether I should keep it at and attempt to solve the problem myself."

"He replied that he thought I had the germ of a great invention, and that I would do much better to keep the matter secret and work along by myself."

"But," said I, "I feel that my mechanical knowledge is weak. There are many difficulties to be overcome and I fear I have not the knowledge of electricity to do so."

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Let me think.

"Yes, I remember now what became of him. It seems to me they said he went back home."

"Yes, that's what he went back home to do. He went back home to hide in forests or in cellars for fear of his life again. He preferred to be run through with swords or filled full of bullet holes. I remember now they said he told them, to selling long ears of green corn on the cob out of a large tin bucket of boiling water set on the curb."—New member hearing something about him.

The Romance of the Telephone

An interview With Dr. Bell.

Frank G. Carpenter, special correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald in a recent letter from Washington says:

It was a still, small voice that reached my ears last night, when I called up Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and asked him for a chat about some of his recent scientific experiments. The voice was that of Dr. Bell himself.

As it came over the wire it was not louder than a whisper, but its every syllable was articulate and distinct and I could hear it as plainly as though I stood before the famous inventor face to face. As I listened my mind went back to the time when that same voice made its first successful communication of this kind, my heart thrilled at the thought of what its owner has given to the human race.

It required but a few words to arrange the interview. The time fixed was midnight, for the inventor of the telephone is a night worker. He has always done the greater part of his experimenting and thinking after dark, finding that his mind works more clearly as the world grows quiet, and that it is at its best between 12 and 4 in the morning.

During the summer months he seldom goes to sleep before 4, and his usual hours for rest are from 4 until 11 a.m.

NIGHT WORK WHOLESOME.

Dr. Bell's afternoons are devoted to business and social engagements, and his nights to reading and scientific experiment. During our talk I asked him whether his arrangement of the hours was not injurious to health.

He replied that he had not found it so, and that he preferred it to that of other men who work by day. Indeed, night and day are much the same to him, and when he is especially interested in some of his experiments he goes on hours without sleep, working on far into the day and then sleeping for hours at a stretch to make up.

It is by this means that he does an enormous amount of work, carrying on studies and experimenting along many lines, and, at the same time, keeping himself thoroughly abreast of the scientific world. He is now within a year or so of the age at which Dr. Osler said the working man should be retired, but his eyes as bright, his step as firm and his mind as active as when he made his great discovery as to the telephone thirty odd years ago.

He tells me that he never felt better than he does now, and I doubt whether he has ever enjoyed his life or work more.

SHE who has accustomed to uttering such lament, year by year, thinking there is nothing new in the shape of bridal offerings, has no room for such a plaint this season. The shops are fairly overflowing with the new and delightful ideas, and the opportunities of charm and beauty in gifts is only limited by the giver's purse strings.

Shades of somewhat utterly new but glass and china upon which the silver mountings which, by the way, is by no means the same thing as the silver mountings which have been made by first covering the ware with certain chemicals, and then polished, and projecting the molten silver into it by means of a hand-operated pattern are examples of a happy idea, and the effect is like exquisite mosaic work.

Vases, and other bottles and jugs of many kinds are made of Austrian, iridescent, latticed and crystal, and ornamented and enameled in colors. Even permitted to touch the heart of the domestic bride are the little white and white Lenox ware, whose glossy beauties are brought out by the contrast of the color with the silver. One tiny squat set in white Lenox was pretty enough to tempt the miser on to shoplifting and ruin.

Silver dishes always make acceptable gifts, and the fashions this year run either to the staid and solid with little decoration, or to the "pierced work"—a name that really carries its own explanation—where wide flaring about the bowl with bowis, flaring about the edge and with those same flares put into fantastic designs, are among the things shown.

The photograph shows a dark, textured surface, possibly a piece of fabric or paper, which serves as a background for a silver object. The silver object has a complex, woven pattern (threadwork) and several oval-shaped components (breadtrays). The lighting highlights the metallic sheen and the intricate details of the craftsmanship. The overall composition is simple, focusing on the texture and form of the silverware.



*The New
Approach
Of Interiors*

*The Popular
Grape Design*

and the new cellar boasts of greater depth than its predecessor of years back, and has also the "pierced" edge to prove that it is of the 1936 variety.

Individual castors, tiny affairs that are merely miniatures of the atrocities that adorned the centre of the table in grandmother's day, are also shown. The little castor is of silver, of course, and holds three bottles, for black, white and red pepper, or paprika.

And now may all womankind call down blessings upon the head of the man—if man it was—who invented silver holders for catsup and sauce bottles, cheese jars and boxes and other



*Best
ch to
Lovers*

*For Salted Nuts
and Bonbons*

such paragonisms, whose disposition has long tried the soul of the beauty-loving housewife.

No longer must you remove your sardines from the box at the risk of dismembering them, or else present to the view of your family and friends a gilt-lettered assurance that these sardines are put up in the finest oil and by the most approved method! A sardine box of rock crystal glass and possessed of a silver top is now on sale, and this perplexing article of food is turned into a thing of beauty.

Simplicity is the keynote of the new silver, yet there are pretty things in the

PAUL W. CONN



so-called Baltimore repousse work, and no bride but who would be pleased at receiving a chest full of small silver, decorated with orange blossoms or bride roses.

Silver-handled carving sets are liked for wedding presents, and, by the way, the sizes and kinds of carving sets that are now being shown are practically unlimited. Of course, there is the regulation set for joints and roasts, and then the smaller size, for steaks, and the tiny sets for squabs.

Fowl shears are on the market—instruments that look as if their place was in a surgeon's case, rather than

REFERENCE

Peanut Drop Cakes.

ROAST a cupful of peanuts, and while they are hot, rub between your hands to get off all the skins that will come away. Blow them off and crush the nuts with a rolling-pin. Cream a half cupful of butter with a heaping cupful of sugar, add three yolks, beaten smooth, and the crushed peanuts. Lastly, stir in lightly the frothed whites of the eggs, alternately with three scant cupfuls of sifted flour. Drop the dough by spoonfuls upon a floured pan, pat into shape with the fingers, and bake quickly.

They are very good.

Almond "Hermits."

Use a cupful of butter, worked to a cream with two cupfuls of sugar; two eggs; three even cupfuls of flour sifted twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder; half a teaspoonful of ground mace; three dozen almonds, blanched, dried and split in half.

Having creamed the butter and sugar, work in the beaten whites, the spice, and then the almonds, one by one, alternately. The dough must be just soft enough to roll out. Make it a trifle thicker, cut round, wash lightly with white of egg, press half an almond into the heart of each, and bake on a floured pan.

BYMARION HARLAND

the frothed whites. Drop the mixture from a tablespoon into boiling fat and fry as you would doughnuts.

Cream Cucumber Sauce.

Lay two cucumbers of fair size on the ice until chilled through. Pare, wash and mince with a keen knife. Strain in a colander without pressing. Which has been rubbed with a split clove of garlic. Season with a dressing of pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Have ready in another chilled dish a cupful of whipped cream, into which has been beaten a pinch of soda. Mix this lightly with a silver fork into the cucumbers.

Serve immediately.

Tomato Sauce.

Pare and cut up eight fine tomatoes. Cook soft and run through your vegetable press. Pour into a saucepan and season with salt, pepper, sugar and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Simmer for five minutes, stir in a tablespoonful of butter cooked and strained. Add a cup of flour. Simmer for a minute and serve.

This is one of the most convenient of sauces, suitable for both meat and fish.

[illegible][illegible]

...monument day, "the girls" the one who can
the best bread "and keep him from the
...yes! I know I am bitter and, maybe,
and how raw the hurt is, and how
...as you would say, "I don't know, dear friend of us
...the night, now, dear friend of us
...and particularly the
...you insist that your
...letters should show what a wise
...let them marry?"
...it must mean to be before
...me me, I'm sure. Won't you please look
...as a 'type.' Won't you please
...heart? For there is a
...of this sort of feeling and
...or not. What
...men may say, and "good-gods,"
...to me. I don't know
...sleeping as naturally as ducks to a
...I am mistaken, this is the long-
...letter ever published in the Ex-
...It is admitted, and in the ob-
...the term object.
...all the line of argument there is
...nothing more specious than
...the chief corner-
...of the piteous plea that evidently
...comes from the wrong but of a woman
...be in the right.
...making your last question first:
...insist that my husband should
...of skill in house-
...ery, including cooking, to find me 1 let
...married. I believe
...their husbands to fit them
...conduct their households aright. In
...their vacations, I believe
...lect for each certain domestic
...saws, and saw to it that they were reg-
...ularly and
...novelty of kitchen work. To
...the credit of my cooks, be it said, no
...of the
...farmers in their domain at the
...ours appointed by me. The men
...my own early inexperience, the

was an ignorantism in my assumed position, and that Captain de la Plante and his subordinates were less than a generation removed from the practice of the art. If these had been the case, and the necessity would have remained the same, this is not proven. I may be right in affirming that "it is a lot of this sort of thing" is "a lot of this sort of thing" when let them content to remain working girls! There is no necessity laid upon them to be groomed to become wives. If the riding horse is your ideal of home, there! If you do not wish to marry well, you have enough to conquer, for his sake, your allegiance to the machine to become his partner, and to the machine to become his partner, let the \$20 "per" and let him find a newmaker.

It is hard upon you? Do I seem unkind and non-sympathetic? I beg your pardon. I believe I am giving you a glimpse of motherly interest in you and a affectionate desire for your well-being with "hurt." What other women have done is possible to a bright girl. I am too-long lecture with a sentence from the letter of a little girl at 40 was the housekeeper of her neighborhood. I am not naturally fond of the machine, but you are good enough to say, reduced dusting to a art, mixing and baking dusting to a machine, for the love of art and my science. I love my husband and my

[illegible]

Send That Recipe Along

[illegible][illegible]

IN THE DAYS when millionaires were not quite so plentiful as now, a certain man of fortune by a cunning arrangement of his work for his hands sent his son to be educated. The boy did not like being educated. This education, neither had he ability, and his tutors, who were bored along with the plea that further effort was useless, since his pupil lacked it.

"Buy him one, then" thundered the irate father, "Buy him one! Don't you understand that I have money enough to buy my children anything they need?" Alas! he had not. Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy a child who is not one of them, and neither is taste.

The most expensive homes are not always the most tasteful. Elaborate furnishings do not necessarily produce the best effects. A case of painted and a piece of cretonne, used by an unskillful hand, that is directed by an eye with a true sense of color and heartiness, will produce far better results than any accomplished by an unlimited purse in the grasp of a limited hand.

Many a room has been ruined by an overplus of decoration and furniture. The walls that are so crowded with pictures and tapestries are merely conscious of their own ugliness. The display of color, gilding of frames and gaudy of tapestries and cabinets till they have become nothing so much as show-places in shops. Chairs and tables

press against each other, till the crossing the room is almost unrecognizable. One of this conglomerate gazes upon it with an air of resignation and wonders why her rooms have not the air of those of the olden times. Across the room she does not spend a tenth as much in the course of a year upon her house.

A few chairs, selected with an eye for comfort and with a taste for beauty, would make it an unspoken invitation to come and rest a while, are far better taste than immenual spindle-leg and over-carved affairs which are always avoided by the wisest guest. Pictures selected to give pleasure to the people who look at them, are better than the attempt to imitate an art gallery, when some persons seem to feel that it is.

Harmony in color is not expensive. Fitting your carpet and your hangings to the general style of the room, and then buying a rug to set its teeth on edge every time you see it in juxtaposition with the carpet, is a waste of money. A plain, superfluous ornaments and cabinet makes a hole in your pocketbook, and spoils the effect of her work. It is much unnecessary dusting, which ruins the effect of your room. It is not probable that any woman "is up to her blue china," but as lies within her she should make her surroundings harmonize with it.

Peanut Drop Cakes.
OAST a cupful of peanuts, and while they are hot, rub between your hands to get off all the shells. Then chop the nuts up a little and crush the nuts with a rolling-pin. Cream a half cupful of butter, add a heaping cupful of sugar, add four yolks, beaten smooth, and the beaten peanuts. Lastly, add the eggs, alternatingly with three scant cupfuls of flour. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls on a greased pan, pat into shape with the fingers, and bake in a moderate oven. The cakes will be very good.

Almond "Hermits."
Cream a cupful of butter, worked to a cream with two cupfuls of sugar; add three even cupfuls of flour; sift twice with a teaspoonful of salt and a heaping teaspoonful of ground macerate; add a dozen almonds, blanched, dried and split in half.
Having creamed the butter and sugar, add the almonds, and beat the mixture in the beaten whites, the spice, and the flour. The dough must be just thick enough to roll out. Make this into small balls, and roll them quickly; cut them off; wash lightly with white of egg, and press half an almond into each. Bake in a moderate oven. Sprinkle with granulated sugar.

In the frothed whites. Drop the mixture from a tablespoon into boiling fat and fry as you would doughnuts.

Cream Cucumber Sauce.
Lay two cucumbers of fair size on the ice until chilled through. Pare the cucumbers, and mince with a keen knife. Drain in a colander without pressing. Then mix the cucumbers with a which has been rubbed with a split clove of garlic. Season with a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, and sugar. Add lemon juice and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Have ready in another bowl a stiff whip of whipped cream. Into which has been beaten pinch of soda. Mix this lightly with silver fork with the cucumbers. Serve immediately.

Tomato Sauce.
Pare and cut up eight fine tomatoes. Cook soft and run through your vegetable press. Pour into a saucepan a quart of water, add a little salt, and season with salt, pepper, sugar, and butter. Simmer for half an hour, and then boil for five minutes, stir in a tablespoonful of butter cooked to a cream, and a little flour. Stir for a minute and serve.

This is one of the most convenient of sauces, suitable for both meat and fish.

Old-Fashioned "Ginger Cakes."
Warm two cupsful of molasses (not syrup) in a saucepan, add more than a cupful of water, and stir for five minutes; beat into it a sugar of two cupsful of warm water, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and two of round ginger.
Then you have stirred the mixture until it is several shades lighter than it was, add a cupful of soda, and stir four times twice with half a teaspoonful of baking soda. The mixture will be rolled into a neat. Cut round, wash the top with molasses and bake quickly.

Yorkshire Fried Cakes.
Measure a heaping cupful of milk, and stir into it half a teaspoonful of sugar. Add a half cupful of flour, and, without removing from the fire, stir in the prepared flour. When the mixture is thick, it should be so stiff that the spoon will stand in it—a tablespoonful of butter, and a dash of salt, when beaten into it the yolks of three eggs, one by one, mixing in each well before adding the next. Finally, whip

Mint Sauce.
Mince a handful of green mint, a sprig into six tablespoonfuls of vinegar, previously seasoned with two tablespoons of white sugar and a little white pepper.

Bearnaise Sauce.
Whip the yolks of two eggs to smooth cream, and turn them into a saucepan, set over a fire of boiling water. Put over the fire, and when water begins to boil anew, stir into eggs—two drop—three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, beating as you stir. Stir as deliberately, three tablespoonfuls of white wine, and a half cupful of oil on it, a pinch of chives and salt. A popular and convenient sauce. It will well with oysters, cutlets, sals and various kinds of fish.

Creamed Horseradish Sauce.
Make a cupful of good drawn butter and whip into it the sugar from a lemon. Add a half cupful of cream, horseradish, freshly grated, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice with a little cream salt, with beef, roast, corned, and with steak.

Economy of Beauty in Furnishings

IN THE days when millionaires were not quite so plentiful as they are now, a man who had accumulated a large fortune by the education of his children, and the work of his hands, seldom shared his father's views concerning the desirability of this education. Well-to-do, bored long and diligently, came to be so preoccupied with the life of his offspring with his own, that he was indifferent to his children, since his pupil lacked capacity.

"Buy him one," then thundered the irate father. "Buy him one! Don't let your understanding that I have money tempt you to buy children anything except needles." And he had not. Money they would buy a great many things in this age, but ability is not one of them.

The most expensive houses are not always the most artistic. Furnishings are not necessarily prosperous. They can be made to suggest the best effects. A can of paint used by a painter, and by a carpenter and a piece of cretonne, used by a decorator, will result in a room decorated with a true sense of the beautiful, will bring about results far exceeding what could be accomplished by an uneducated purse in the grasp of a tycoon.

Many a room that might be called charming is ruined by an overplus of furniture and furniture. Pictures are crowded upon the walls, and the furniture is so crowded upon the floor that it is impossible to see which is lost, and you are merely conscious of a mingling of frames and a glare of color. The room is cramped upon mantelpiece and cabinets till they resemble nothing so much as the window cases of a shop. Chairs and tables press against each other until the floor of the room is a perilous feat; the owner of this conglomerate gazes upon it with an air of resignation and says to her maid, "Don't let the air of those of the world across the street, who does not cost one-tenth as much in the course of a year upon her feet."

Chairs, selected with a view to comfort and arranged so that every attitude is an unspoken invitation to come and rest without the least taste - then innumerable spindle-leg and over-carved chairs which are always avoided by the guests. Pictures selected to give interest to the people who look at them, and not because of the magnificence of the art, and hung with regard to their possibilities, and far more beauty of a room.

Picture a room of art gallery, where some persons seem to affect.

Harmony in color is not expensive. Fitting your carpet and your hangings to the general style of your furniture costs no more than a few pennies. It is in juxtaposition with the color of your pet animal, and the color of your ornaments and cushions makes a hole in your pocket, spoils the temper, and is unnecessary destruction. The effect of your room.

It is not possible for a room to be like a Chinese room, as lies within her she should be, but her surroundings harmonize with the

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