

43RD YEAR NO. 17819

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**COAL STRIKE MENACE PASSES;
MINERS DECIDE NOT TO QUIT****Anthracite Workers Will Go Back on Terms of Award
of 1903—Suspension Order Raised.**

Scranton, May 5.—There will be no strike of the anthracite miners. That is now a settled conclusion, for such is the advice of President John Mitchell and National Secretary-Treasurer Wilson and others of the leaders, who today addressed the convention of the miners before the report of the scale committee was presented. Their addresses fully forecasted the report which the committee would make. The suspension order will be raised, and the miners will go back to work upon the terms of the award of the anthracite strike commission of 1903, which the operators were willing to have continued, and will later seek to obtain through the conciliation board or by arbitration the bettering of conditions which they complain are working hardships on them.

**PASSAIC POLICE
SHOOT STRIKERS****Four Italian Rioters Were Shot
Down in Fierce Street
Battle.**

Passaic, N. J., May 5.—In a fierce battle between Italian strikers and the police today, four of the rioters were shot and a number of policemen injured. One of the men shot may die. Thirty-two men were made prisoners by the police.

The rioters fought stubbornly with sticks and stones until the police began to fire upon them with their revolvers, when after an hour's fight they broke and fled, leaving many wounded. The police pursued them and poured them out of a stone quarry, whence they fled into the woods. The strikers had demanded an increase in pay from 20 cents to 30 cents an hour.

MCGARVEY COMMITTED**Strathroy Man to Stand Trial on Six
Charges of Stealing.**

Edward McGarvey, of Strathroy, was committed for trial yesterday by P. M. Noble, of that place, on six different charges of stealing. McGarvey's favorite pastime is alleged to be "pinching" buggy cushions. He appeared before Judge Macneil this morning and elected to be tried at the general sessions in June. Application was made for bail and it was accepted. McGarvey was to give personal security for \$500 and to find two sureties of \$500 each. This was on one case. On the other five cases his own bond for \$100 was accepted.

Attempted Suicide.

Toronto, May 5.—John McAffey, a young man, attempted to commit suicide by strangling in a cell in St. Andrew's Market police station this morning. McAffey was arrested about 10 o'clock this morning. He was drunk and almost on the verge of delirium tremens. Shortly after 5 o'clock he was found stretched out on the floor of his cell with his handskerchief tied tightly round his neck, and unconscious.

Arthur at Montreal

Montreal, May 5.—Prince Arthur of Connaught, who concluded his stay at Quebec last night, arrived at Outremont Junction at 8 o'clock this morning, travelling on the C. P. R. by special train. At that point his train was switched to the North Shore Line and proceeded to Ottawa. The official visit to this city will be made next week, commencing on Tuesday.

**AGREEMENT WITH GRAND TRUNK
IS NOT YET AN IMPOSSIBILITY****Feeling at City Hall That the
Railway and City Can Yet
Come Together.**

Grand Trunk matters are very quiet around the city hall today, as everything now depends on the answer the city will receive from Manager McGaughey as to whether the company can wait for a vote of the people to be taken on the question of exempting the company for a period of years in lieu of the bonus of \$200,000, which has been asked.

Though the negotiations have been practically at a standstill, no one imagines for a moment that they have been broken off, or that the city and the company cannot come together. But the optimism of the city fathers is due to the fact that they believe the company will yet see its way clear to do away with a number of the level tracks, when the main lines have been elevated.

Manager McGaughey's statement to Mayor Judd that the company is willing to give the city a guarantee that no trains will be run through the city from the west on the level leaves this important matter open for negotiation. Certainly, the council feels that to ask the people to vote for an exemption for the Grand Trunk so long as the present tracks remain, in addition to the overhead tracks, is out of the question. In the language of one alder-

**MUST DO BETTER
OR GO TO PEN****Delbert Bottrill Gets His Last
Chance from P. M.—Must
Support Wife.**

Delbert Bottrill, who was in the police court some time ago on a charge of neglecting his wife and family, and was bailed to see if he would conduct himself in a better manner, appeared this morning for sentence. The court found that Bottrill had been behaving somewhat better than before, having given his wife \$7 within the last month. He has been working, has not been drinking quite so much, and is believed to have remained away almost entirely from the colored woman, who appeared to be the cause of his neglect of his own family.

The magistrate pointed out to Bottrill that if he kept his promise, he would certainly send him down, but seeing that he had done a little better and that his wife had interceded for him, he would give him another chance. Bottrill was bailed for four weeks, and warned that if he did not do still better than he has been doing, he will, at the end of the four weeks, go down for three years.

Harriet Chrysler, who appeared on a charge of keeping a disorderly house, was found guilty and fined \$10 or 21 days. A neighbor of Harriet's was the complainant, and told of how Harriet would have great gatherings of her friends, colored and white, and go out with a jug to the nearest grogshop to get the necessary oil of merit. When she returned they would hold what he called a "jubilee." When they all became sufficiently rejuvenated around, tapping at his window, and doing all sorts of mischievous tricks. There would be sounds of drunken revelry from within the house, which were also very annoying. Two police officers, also gave evidence against Harriet, telling of the complaints against her house, and of how they had been on several occasions called there on account of the disturbance it caused.

Joseph Mulvey appeared in the dock on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. It transpired that Mulvey had a fighting jag on Friday, and followed a man up the street wanting to fight him. Mulvey did not mind the warning which a constable gave him, and kept following on, until he overtook the man, and proceeded to "take a punch at him," as he called it. Mulvey was immediately arrested, and spent the night in the cage. He was fined \$10 or 21 days.

Wm. Bentley, who appeared the other day on a charge of trespass, was discharged, upon promising not to bother the lady any more.

James Patterson was fined \$5 or ten days for being drunk.

At the meeting of the council last night this matter was thrashed out. "As the proposition now stands," said Ald. Forth, "the city will derive no benefit from the so-called improvements, except what may accrue from the erection of the new station. Out of the money that the company will spend in London for labor, the city will receive no other benefit than the deposit for the \$200,000. The question is, Can the city afford to have the overhead tracks and the level tracks, too? While I am in favor of encouraging the Grand Trunk and every other industry in London, I will never vote for any agreement or agreement for which posterity will condemn us. If the company can get along without the elevated tracks, why not let them do it? We shall continue to be the company's man with the company and we will give them our freight in the future as in the past."

Ald. Stevenson said that London is the most dangerous place in Canada on the line of the Grand Trunk to run through-freights through, and it is to the honor of the company to do away with the many dangerous crossings. The company's so-called improvements had simply resulted in the buying of property from which the city had formerly received a revenue, but which the company now asks to have exempted. What guarantee had the city that the company would not continue to buy property and perhaps lease it to others? No matter how much

(Continued on Page Eight.)

ENGINE HITS A CAR**One Man Killed in Crossing Accident
at Montreal.**

Montreal, May 5.—A Grand Trunk shunting engine struck a Center street car of the Montreal street railway at St. Patrick crossing on Wellington street, near the south end of the Canal bridge, shortly before 7 o'clock this morning, and one workman, whose name has not yet been learned, was instantly killed, and a number of others were shaken up. The engine struck the car with considerable force, swinging the car around and dragged it up the track in a westerly direction for about a hundred yards.

KIDNAPPED AT MONTREAL**Moore Creek Man Says He Was
Carried Off 70 Years Ago.**

Montreal, Que., May 5.—A strange kidnapping story has come to light at Moore Creek, Ont., where an old resident, going by the name of Francis Richard, declared to a visiting mission-ary from Montreal that his real name was Francis Richard Fogarty, and that he had been kidnapped from Montreal by a French-Canadian named Emile Langevin, 70 years before. In confirmation of the story, the baptism record of Francis Richard Fogarty has been found in the archives of the Notre Dame Church of this city.

BOUQUETS FOR WITTE**Czar Sorry He Is Quitting and Be-
stows High Honor.**

St. Petersburg, May 5.—The official announcement of Count Witte's retirement from the premiership, the retirement of M. Durnovo from the ministry of the Interior, and M. Gorevsky's elevation to the premiership, appeared this morning in the Official Messenger. The names of the other members of the new cabinet were not gazetted. The usual reports do not contain the slightest suggestion of his majesty's displeasure. On the contrary, the respect to Witte puts the motives for his retirement in the best possible light, accepting the excuse of ill-health at its face value. The whole tone of the report is extraordinarily cordial, and besides it confers on Witte the Order of Alexander Nevsky in brilliant. It is the second highest distinction in Russia. Witte also retains his title of count, and is appointed a member of the council of the empire or upper house of the new parliament, and remains a secretary of state.

WINDSOR KICKS ON RATES**Heard by Railway Commission and
Hopes for Readjustment.**

Windsor, Ont., May 5.—A general readjustment of freight rates from Windsor to Canadian points east and west is hoped for as a result of the hearing before the railway commission here on Friday and today. The Kerr engine works showed that the rate on hydrocarbons was too high, and that the rate on Windsor to Montreal is 44 cents, and that from Boston to Toronto is 28 cents, while from Windsor to Toronto it is 30 cents. The Walkerville Brewing Company claim that they are shut out of Toronto, Hamilton and adjacent markets, because of the rate of 20 cents from Windsor, while Detroit has a 12-cent rate. The rate from Detroit to British Columbia via P. R. is 10 cents per hundred less than from Windsor, indirectly the Brewing Company object to being restricted to hops and malt in making beer, while the Government admits from the United States a beverage made of rice, molasses, etc. The Standard Paint Company showed that a better rate can be had from Montreal to Detroit than to Windsor.

ALBERT IS STILL FREE**County Police Fail to Capture the
Escaped Prisoner.**

Albert Summers, who departed from the county jail yesterday without saying farewell, has not yet returned. He was still going when last heard of. It seems Albert waded through the river near Dundas street, crossed through Tecumseh Park, and along in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Then Albert hung his clothes on a hickory journey, clothed himself in his undergarments and a frightened look. With him was liberty. He gave his pursuers the slip when some distance out in the woods, and has not been seen since. It would be a hard-headed man who would arrest Altituduous Albert.

Like a voice from the dying was Al's parting words. Overcome with emotion and repentance for kicking the policeman in the ribs, he said: "Tell the policeman I was sorry I hurt him." With tears in his eyes, he hastened sorrowfully on into the woods. Good-bye, Albert, take care of yourself.

Wants New Arbitrator.
Toronto, May 5.—Mr. J. H. Harpell, formerly manager of Queen's University Quarterly, is moving in single court arbitration for the appointment of a new arbitrator in the arbitration to decide what damages he should receive for being forced to resign the management of Queen's Quarterly. Mr. Justice McLennan, who was one of the arbiters, cannot act. Harpell has refused to publish an article in the Quarterly reflecting on the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

**BRANCH ROAD TO
MILITARY CAMP****Extension of Pembroke South-
ern to Petawawa Asked.****EXEMPT WOODLANDS FROM TAX****Matheson Introduces Measure to
Confirm Renewal of the
Soo Guarantee.**

Toronto, May 5.—Yesterday's session, though short, was marked by a couple of interesting features, one being the introduction of a bill for the building of a branch line to carry troops to the new military camp at Petawawa. An amusing incident marked the close of the sitting. The speaker had requested Mr. Carscallen to take his chair temporarily, and the Hamilton member was still filling it when the Premier moved the adjournment. Mr. Carscallen thereupon adjourned the House, and was greeted with applause and laughter as he solemnly followed the march to the speaker's office.

Mr. Dunlop secured the suspension of the rules of the House for the introduction of a bill respecting the Pembroke Southern Railway Company, giving the road a charter to build a line 14 miles long, from Pembroke to Petawawa, where the new Dominion military campground will be located. The time for introducing such legislation expired some weeks ago. The Premier said that he had had notice of the bill over a week ago from the Grand Trunk Railway. He had asked that they notify the C. P. R., whose line would be paralleled, and the two municipalities through which the branch would pass. This had been done, and advertisements had been inserted in the newspapers. Under ordinary circumstances, the granting of the request would be out of all question, but as it was a Dominion matter, and the convenience of the citizen-soldier was concerned, all the troops and munitions of war having to be shipped at present, he had less hesitation in the matter. He had had a telegram from the solicitor of the C. P. R., stating that the company had no objection to the bill.

Hon. Mr. Harcourt said there were pretexts for the proposed action of the House. It was apparent that the public interests would be served by the proposed railway, therefore, there could be no objection to waive the usual procedure and allow the introduction of the bill.

Soo Guarantee Bill.
Hon. Mr. Matheson introduced a bill to validate the Government guarantee of the Soo loan. It was read a first and a second time.

Mr. Craig withdrew his bill respecting the denial of inspection of school children's teeth, on the understanding that the Minister of Education would make provision for an inspection. Mr. Lennox withdrew his amendment extending the powers of county councils, but will bring it in next session.

Hon. Mr. Downer's bill exempting woodlands from taxation was reported. In his support, he said that Chief Forester, Penchot, of the United States, approved of the principle.

The Premier took rather a contemptuous view of the bill. He thought it too far-reaching and was opposed to giving the municipalities the option provided for in a matter touching assessment. He said no harm could come from putting it in force for a year, and intimating that it might be made the basis for a more satisfactory act.

The Quality of Cheese.
Mr. Monteth's bill to prevent fraud in the manufacture of cheese and butter was reported.

Mr. Dargavel (Leeds), who is treasurer of the Eastern Ontario Dairy-men's Association, introduced the measure heartily. He would improve the (Continued on Page Eight.)

THE WEATHER.**Tomorrow—Fair and Cooler.**

San Jose, 5:00 a.m., London, Saturday, May 5. Sun rises, 5:00 a.m., Moon sets, 3:44 a.m. Toronto, May 4-5 a.m. The weather today has been cool in the Northwest Provinces and warm elsewhere in Canada. Light scattered showers have occurred in the Northwest Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, but generally it has been fair.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 42-64; Vancouver, 34-63; Calgary, 24-44; Edmonton, 30-42; Qu'Appelle, 20-38; Winnipeg, 26-52; Port Arthur, 24-50; Parry Sound, 40-58; Toronto, 40-76; Ottawa, 30-47; Montreal, 38-50; Quebec, 26-52; St. John, 36-52; Halifax, 34-64.

FORECASTS.
Saturday, May 5-8 a.m. Today—Westerly winds; fair and cooler, with few scattered showers. Sunday—Westerly winds; fair and comparatively cool.

TEMPERATURES.
Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.
Calgary 20 38 Cloudy
Winnipeg 22 36 Cloudy
Port Arthur 40 52 Fair
Parry Sound 44 58 Fair
Toronto 48 74 Fair
Ottawa 34 48 Fair
Montreal 50 60 Clear
Quebec 26 52 Fair
Father Point 41 41 Fair

WEATHER NOTES.
The weather has turned much cooler in the Northwest Provinces, and heavy frost is reported from all stations. The temperature rose above 70° yesterday over a large part of Ontario, and is above 60° in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.
The highest and lowest readings of the thermometer at the local observatory for the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. Friday were: Highest, 73°; lowest, 40° above.

REPORT AT WASHINGTON**International Waterways Commission
Agreement in Taft's Hand.**

Washington, May 5.—Gen. Ernst, president of the American members of the international waterways commission, arrived here yesterday from Buffalo, where the commission has been in session, and submitted to Secretary of War Taft the report and recommendations agreed upon yesterday. The agreement shortly will be submitted to Congress.

THE REVENUE MOUNTS**Almost a Seven Million Increase in
Last Ten Months.**

Ottawa, May 5.—The revenue of Canada amounts for the ten months ended April 30 at \$63,808,359, which is \$6,678,848 more than at the same period last year. Receipts exceeded ordinary expenditures by \$18,459,860, and all expenditures combined by \$8,628,091. The ordinary expenditure totaled \$45,249,499, an increase of \$3,010,592, while the capital expenditure was \$10,431,769, a gain of \$320,841.

TO ABANDON BAVARIAN**Underwriters Act on Report of Ex-
pert on the Spot.**

Montreal, May 5.—Mr. T. N. Armit, representative of the British East Coast Salvage Company, who came out to Quebec some weeks ago to investigate the conditions of the Allan steamer Bavarian, stranded on the rocks opposite Groses Island, received a telegram this morning advising him that the underwriters had decided to abandon the vessel unless he would undertake to raise the vessel at his own risk. Mr. Armit does not care to risk the financial obligation involved. The vessel will therefore be abandoned.

SOMETHING FOR SHERRING**Whitney Says Ontario Will Donate
at Least \$500.**

Toronto, May 4.—Messrs. R. B. Harris and J. G. Gauld, of Hamilton, deputed by the citizens of that city, waited upon Premier Whitney and Hon. Mr. Matheson today, and asked that the Government make a grant toward a gift to Mr. William Sherring, the winner of the Marathon race. "You would not suggest, I hope," said the Premier, "that we should bring him down under this roof and give him \$450 a year and run him?" The deputation replied "No" to this, saying they believed Sherring would prefer to make his own way in the world.

The Premier assured the Hamilton gentlemen that he would recommend his colleagues to give a grant of at least the minimum amount asked, namely \$450, conditional upon the understanding that this or any larger amount which was voted should go wholly to Sherring.

This, he was assured, would be the case.

What was most favored in Hamilton was the idea of Sherring's house and lot. Towards this the Government grant would be applied.

A deputation will go from Hamilton to Ottawa later to request assistance from the Federal Government.

MONTREAL HARBOR BILL**Measure to Improve Navigation Faci-
lities Before Committee.**

Ottawa, May 4.—In an atmosphere of political indifference the Government made fair progress. Mr. Brodeur's bill regarding the Montreal Harbor Board was debated in committee and given a third reading. Criticisms of it were not severe, and the desire seemed general to improve the navigation and harbor facilities for the eastern metropolis. This evening fair progress was made on the supplementary estimates for the current year. There was a small attendance all day, suggesting that the stress of the debate on the North Atlantic Trading Company had driven many members home to seek repose.

Before the orders of the day were called this afternoon Mr. Armand Lavigne, replying to the statement published in La Presse, that he had intended voting with Mr. Bourassa against the Government on the North Atlantic Trading Company contract, but was absent when the vote was taken, denied that it was La Presse and suggested that it was Le Matin that ran away to Mackenzie & Mann at the last moment during the Dominion campaign. He had been paired for the division with a member of the Opposition, although as a matter of fact he had not asked for a pair.

Bulging With Money.
Ottawa, May 4.—A man apparently denuded, who says his name is Mason, and that he is a farmer from near Sherbrooke, was found by the police walking aimlessly about last evening. On his being taken to the station nearly \$4,000 in money was found on his person. It was bulging in every pocket. The police have not the money in a vault, and sent the old man to the Protestant Hospital, while inquiries are being made for friends.

Train Ran Into Boulder
Fort William, May 4.—Last night's No. 1 express passed through over twelve hours late, caused by a freight wreck twelve miles from Middleton at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A large boulder fell on the track, and the freight engine ran into it, wrecking the engine and several freight cars. No one was injured.

**ELEVATE TRACKS, MAKE CITY
PAY PORTION OF THE COST****Mr. McGuigan Thinks He Can Get Such an Order from
Railway Commission—People May Vote.**

The city of London, in addition to its other troubles in connection with the Grand Trunk tangle, has struck a legal snag. Last night City Solicitor Meredith told the council that, if Mr. McGuigan meant what he said when he told the railway committee that the company could not wait for a vote of people on the question of a bonus or exemption, the negotiations between the city and the company may as well be called off right now, as the city has not the power to either bonus or exempt the company without the consent of the ratepayers.

If Mr. McGuigan meant what he said, then you are only wasting your time," Mr. Meredith said. "I spoke of the matter to Mr. Cowan, the company's solicitor," said the mayor, "and he told me he never knew Mr. McGuigan to say a thing he didn't mean."

After a discussion, which occupied a couple of hours, the committee accepted the suggestion of Mr. Meredith that the city write Mr. McGuigan and see if it is absolutely true that the company cannot wait.

If this is the case, it looks as though the improvements will be held back for this year at least, unless the company is willing to go ahead with the work for its own good. If the company is willing to wait, the city may find it possible to take a vote of the people on the matter of an exemption for the company at once, say within two weeks after the articles are signed. The vote would cost the city not less than \$1,000, but the council would be willing to spend this amount if the Grand Trunk will meet the city half way in the matter of the exemption.

A Unit on Two Points.
The different members of the council appeared anxious to come to terms with the company, but not on any conditions like those named by the Grand Trunk.

On two points, the council was practically a unit. One was that they would not give the company one cent of a cash bonus, nor will it exempt the company to the extent asked. The other point was that the city and company cannot do business all its level tracks in London.

Mayor Judd, who met Mr. McGuigan yesterday, gave the gist of what transpired at the informal interview to the committee.

Mr. McGuigan wishes it understood that the improvements which are contemplated are not altogether for the benefit of the company, but will do the city a great deal of good; also that the company can get along without elevating its tracks in London by simply reducing the grades east and west.

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**THESPIANS SEND
\$33,000 TO 'FRISCO****Broadway Has the Biggest
Benefit Ever Held—12,000
Persons Were There.**

New York, May 5.—A benefit performance, said to be the biggest ever given in this country, was given under the auspices of the combined theater managers of greater New York at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers. A great band of actors, actresses and musicians, including the best known on the operatic and dramatic stage in this country, volunteered their services for a continuous performance which lasted from 11 o'clock in the morning until 12 o'clock at night.

It is estimated that more than \$33,000 was netted and that more than 12,000 persons saw the performance. A crowd was outside the doors before 9 in the morning waiting to get in, and thousands of others waited in line from 2 in the afternoon to get in the evening performance. A number of persons, after seeing the long performance from 11 in the morning until 6 at night absolutely refused to leave their seats to make room for the evening audience and stayed for one of the longest theater sessions on record, from 11 a.m. to midnight—13 hours. A large number of tickets had been sold with the idea that the audience would come in relays. But 600 women with a scattering of men at the close of the afternoon performance refused to quit the place at the request of the managers or the threats of the policemen and without regard to the crowds who had been standing in line in front of the opera house all the afternoon waiting for a chance to rush for seats for the evening performance. All seats were \$1 each, and the first-comers secured the best seats and kept them. They argued that as the tickets read from 11 a.m. to 12 p.m., they had a moral right to be let alone. The expedient was tried by the management of the benefit of turning off practically all the lights, leaving the obstinate audience in darkness, but it failed to budge them.

There were in all 43 numbers on the programme, some of the most prominent being Mme. Eames, Sousa Opera Company, in an act of "Free Lance"; Yvette Guilbert, Ethel Barrymore, the Falletties of Boston, Carroll Johnson, Vesta Tilley, George M. Cohan, Lillian Russell, Victor Herbert and his orchestra, David Bispham, Maud Powell, Lillian Blauvelt, R. Joseph and Mme. Schuman-Heinkel.

At 11 o'clock luncheon was served. In the boxes refreshments were served by pretty actresses, who found customers for sandwiches, tea, chocolate, ices, lemonade, candy and flowers and good prices were paid for them. It is not every day that one can buy a sandwich of Amelia Bingham, and programmes offered by Lillian Russell went like hot cakes. The great event of the evening was the auctioning off of a programme of the performance containing the autographs of all the star performers in the cast. It sold for \$1,000.

Stole From Cars.
Belleville, Ont., May 5.—John Lucas, charged with stealing grain and four from G. T. R. bonded cars at the station here, was this morning found guilty in the police court. Sentence was deferred for a week at the request of the prisoner's lawyer.

**FAST EXPRESSES
IN HEAD-ON CRASH****Seven Killed and Twenty In-
jured in Wreck on the
Pennsylvania.**

Altoona, Pa., May 5.—The most disastrous accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad since the disaster at Harrisburg nearly a year ago, when about 20 persons were killed, occurred last night about 10 o'clock on the Petersburg branch, about 100 yards east of Clover Creek Junction.

The Chicago mail, bound east, and the St. Louis express, bound west, two of the fastest trains on the system, going at full speed, met head-on. Seven cars were wrecked and both engines badly damaged. The best information obtainable is to the effect that seven persons were killed and about twenty injured. The particulars may change these figures, but not to any appreciable extent. A partial list of the dead as far as could be ascertained is as follows:

Frank Harder, brakeman, Harrisburg.
J. W. Herr, baggage-master, died shortly after being taken from the wreck.
Unknown woman, Duncannon, Pa.
Unknown man.

LATER.
Altoona, Pa., May 5.—Ten persons are dead as a result of the head-on collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Clover Creek Junction last night. Six were killed outright, and four died as a result of injuries received. About 20 of the passengers and train crew were more or less seriously injured.

SHIP GOLD DIRECT
\$1,000,000 in Bullion Coming to Canada by New C. P. R. Boat.

Montreal, May 5.—The Royal Bank of Canada has completed arrangements for the first importation of British gold direct to Canada, and the new C. P. R. royal mail steamship Empress of Britain, which sails from Liverpool on her maiden trip today, will carry in her special room the first consignment, amounting to \$1,000,000 in bullion. Heretofore such imports have been made through New York, owing to the superiority up to the present time of ships running to that port.

The advent of the C. P. R. Empress steamers no longer makes that a necessity, and the management of the line are gratified that this advance in the Canadian steamship service has been so quickly recognized.

SMLTER FOR COBALT**Plant Will Cost \$60,000 and Site
Will Be Free.**

Toronto, May 5.—The Cobalt district is to have a great ore smelter and refinery. It will cost about \$60,000, and the Ontario Government yesterday agreed to give the projectors, who are represented by E. J. H. Pauley, of this city, a free site at a convenient point on the Temiskaminc Railway between Cobalt and North Bay. A considerable tract of land will be required because arsenical fumes are not conducive to the comfort of near neighbors. The smelter and refinery will, it is anticipated, be in operation in October. The coke for its use will be brought to some port on the north shore of the Georgian Bay and sent in by rail.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

CHelsea GREEN, THE MOST POPULAR SUBURB—A SCHOOL WILL BE OPENED ON THIS SURVEY AT ONCE. REMEMBER, THERE IS A NEW CHURCH, A GOOD WATER SUPPLY FROM THE COMPANY'S OWN WATERWORKS SYSTEM, THE BEST OF SPRING WATER, GOOD SEWERS, GOOD SIDEWALKS, COUNTY TAXES, AND ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STREET CARS. LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS. CALL AND SEE ME.

TRIVINGTON PLACE—YOU CAN PURCHASE LOTS IN THIS BEAUTIFUL SURVEY FOR \$15. ALL LOTS A GOOD SIZED LOT. THIS PROPERTY IS SITUATED ON THE WELLINGTON ROAD AND THOMPSON ROAD, AND IS ONLY TEN MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STREET CARS AND FROM THE FACTORIES IN THE EAST END. LOTS SOLD ON TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

MCKENZIE ESTATE, SOUTH LONDON—BEAUTIFUL LOTS IN THIS SURVEY FOR SALE. THESE LOTS WILL BE SOLD RAPIDLY. CALL AT ONCE IF YOU WISH YOUR PICK OF THE LOTS.

548 TALBOT STREET—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, 5 bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, drawing-room, pantry, maple floors throughout the house, all modern conveniences; this is one of the most complete houses in the city; lot 60x120 feet. Call for particulars.

WILLIAM STREET, near McCLary's—Frame cottage, cement foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, good cellar; lot 40x120 feet. Price, \$1,000.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Brick-veneer two-story and attic, 6 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, attic finished, bathroom complete; lot 50x120 feet.

VICTOR STREET—Story and a half, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, all modern conveniences, good barn; lot 20x24 feet. This is a snap. Call.

RECTOR STREET—Brick story and a half, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and summer kitchen, splendid barn and sheds; lot 40x120 feet.

MAPLE STREET—Two-story brick, 5 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, scullery, modern conveniences, lot 30x120 feet. Price, \$1,000.

COLORBINE STREET, near Princess Avenue—Nice vacant lot; splendid locality.

CENTRAL AVENUE—Splendid vacant lot, only \$20 per foot.

HIGH STREET—Some beautiful lots, 40x120 feet. Call if you want a lot.

VACANT LOTS—Johnson street, Pipe Line road and Railway street, splendid lots.

BRISCOE STREET—Frame cottage, on brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, a splendid property; lot 120x120 feet. Only a minute's walk from proposed new street car belt line. Will sell cheap. Call at once if you want it.

LORNE AVENUE—Story and a half, brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, water in house, connected with sewer; lot 20x120 feet. Only \$1,200.

MATLAND STREET—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, modern conveniences. Only \$2,500.

OXFORD STREET, WEST LONDON—Story and a half brick-veneer, on cement foundation, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, closets, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, water and sink in house, good cellar, paved throughout in Georgia pine. Will sell cheap, or will rent.

FORT STANLEY—A nice furnished summer cottage. Will sell cheap. Call for particulars.

GROSVENOR STREET, near Richmond Street—Frame cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 20x120 feet. Only \$800.

QUEEN'S AVENUE—Frame cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 20x120 feet. Only \$800.

WATERLOO STREET—Brick story and a half, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 40x120 feet. Only \$2,500.

VACANT LOTS—DUNDAS STREET, CENTRAL, 50x125 FEET. YOU CAN BUY THIS LOT FOR \$200 IF YOU HURRY UP.

EDWARD STREET—Frame 1½-story, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 20x120 feet. A well-built house. Can be bought on easy terms.

DUKES STREET, NEAR WILLIAM STREET—BRICK TWO-STORY AND ATTIC, 5 BEDROOMS, DOUBLE PARLOR, SITTING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, KITCHEN AND SUMMER KITCHEN. MODERN CONVENIENCES; FRUIT TREES. LOT 60x120 FEET.

COLORBINE STREET—New brick-veneer story and a half, cement block foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 20x120 feet. Only \$2,300. Can be bought on easy terms.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen; lot 40x120 feet.

MARSHALL STREET—Frame cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen, sitting-room, woodshed, cellar, water in kitchen. Only \$700.

CRAIG STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath, lot 20x120 feet.

TALBOT STREET, CENTRAL—Frame story and a half, brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, summer kitchen, modern conveniences, gas and fixtures, veranda. Call if you want a property central.

CENTRAL AVENUE, CENTRAL—Brick two-story with finished attic, 4 bedrooms, with bath, dining-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, modern conveniences. Call for particulars.

CENTRAL AVENUE—Story and three-quarters brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, room for bath, cellar under all of house, recent

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

PICCADILLY STREET—Two-story brick house, 10 rooms, finished in style, modern improvements; good lot. Price reasonable.

RECTOR STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, nice lot. Price, \$2,000.

MAPLE STREET—Two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements; lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$4,000.

LORNE AVENUE—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms; lot 37-5x120 feet. Price, \$1,500.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A splendid frame cottage, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 50x120 feet. Price, \$2,500.

POTTERBURG—A new frame cottage, on brick foundation, 6 rooms; lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$1,500.

HILL STREET, near Waterloo Street—A large frame cottage, 7 rooms, in good order; sewer connections; lot 40x120 feet. Price very reasonable for a quick sale.

WILLIAM STREET, near Piccadilly Street—A new brick cottage, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, 3 bedrooms, closets, attic, 2 cellars, sewer connection; lot 40x120 feet. Inquire at once.

GROSVENOR STREET—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms, 2 closets, closets, 2 cellars; lot 50x120 feet. Inspection invited.

HAMILTON ROAD—A new frame cottage, 7 rooms, on cement foundation, 1 room; lot 20x120 feet. At a reasonable price.

GREY STREET, CENTRAL—A large brick residence, 9 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, 2 kitchens, large cellar, large attic, suitable for a boarding house or a factory.

IF YOU WANT A STORE ON DUNDAS STREET, call and see us.

NORTH OF VICTORIA STREET and west of Richmond Street—A large brick cottage, frame barn, with 9 acres of land. Price, \$2,000. Easy terms.

QUEEN'S AVENUE—A new two-story brick house, stone foundation, stone trimmings, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom complete, hot and cold water, furnace electric light and gas, laundry and vegetable cellars; corner lot, 24x20 feet. Price on application.

PIPE LINE ROAD—Two-story brick house, on brick foundation, 7 rooms, clothes closets, brick cellar; lot 50x120 feet. Price reduced to \$1,200; owner leaving the city.

MAITLAND STREET SOUTH—A large frame cottage, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, 2 kitchens; frame barn, lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$1,250; cheap property.

PHILIP STREET—A splendid frame cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, 2 kitchens; frame barn, lot 20x120 feet. At a reasonable price. Inspection invited.

CHEAP LOTS ON Hamilton Road and Redan Street—We have only a few lots left in this locality for sale.

THOSE VERY CHEAP LOTS ON ELMWOOD AVENUE, WEST OF THE WHARF—CLIFFE ROAD WITH STREET CAR SERVICE ON THE AVENUE, ARE THE BEST INVESTMENT OFFERED IN SOUTH LONDON. REMEMBER, OUR PRESENT PRICES ARE FROM \$1,250 PER LOT. JUST ABOUT HALF THEIR VALUE.

A very desirable lot, corner of the Wharfe Road and Redan Street, will be sold very cheap. Inspection invited.

ALMA STREET, south of Piccadilly Street—A new 1½-story frame house on brick foundation, 7 rooms; good lot. Price, \$1,400. Easy terms. Call and see us.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 20x120 feet. Price, \$2,300.

You will find very desirable lots in the Beecher block, between Hamilton and Dundas streets. We will give you inspection invited. We will give you prices.

We have several fine factory sites on the Interlocking or trunk lines.

P. WALSH,

Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

INVESTMENTS.

FARMS FOR SALE.

\$6,000—10 acres, County of Kent, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$900—25 acres farm, County of Kent, 12 miles from London; small orchard, 12-story log house, stable and barn.

\$5,300—20 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$2,350—18 acres, County of Brant, 12 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,750—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$13,000—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$900—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,550—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$900—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$250—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,200—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

IF YOU DO NOT SEE WHAT YOU WANT IN THIS LIST, CALL IN AND GET OUR COMPLETE LIST OF farms, business properties and dwellings in all parts of Ontario. IF YOU HAVE NOT TIME TO CALL, write or telephone for our list, stating the kind of property you want, location, etc., and we will send you our list by return of mail.

See list of properties sold off our list during past two weeks, on another page of this paper.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE,

78 Dundas St., London. Telephone 696. Limited.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

PRINCESS AVENUE RESIDENCE

A very attractive, cozy, modern, new brick residence; modern in every respect; electric light, gas, etc. Ladies who find it difficult to get help will find this home an ideal one.

Terms, price and full particulars upon application.

A. A. CAMPBELL

The Realty Dealer.

428 RICHMOND STREET.

Highest annual wages must be paid, and female workers who are taken sick must be taken care of by the concern, and married women prevented from working, because of childbirth, must be paid full wages while confined.

The Prussian Minister of Public Works has ordered that in future engineers and firemen on the state railways must be total abstainers. Intemperance has caused many accidents on Prussian railroads of late.

WILLIAM STREET, north of Oxford Street—1½-story brick house, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 60x120 feet. Price, \$1,300. Call at once.

KING STREET—A new 1½-story brick, 8 rooms, bathroom complete, furnace, hot water, laundry, electric light and gas. An up-to-date house for \$2,250.

ELIZABETH STREET—A neat frame cottage, corner lot. Price, \$700.

THE CHEAPEST LOTS in the north end are in the Gordon survey, corner of Maitland and Cheapside streets. Call for Price.

WATERLOO STREET—A new 1½-story brick-veneer house; parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, large cellar, lot 50x120 feet. Price, \$1,500.

VAN STREET—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms, clothes closets, large cellar, cement walks; lot 40x120 feet. Price, \$1,400.

SHERWOOD AVENUE—A new 1½-story frame house, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, large cellar; lot 50x120 feet. Price, \$1,500.

ADAM STREET—A new two-story brick house, slate roof, 8 rooms, good lot. Price, \$2,400.

PICCADILLY STREET—A handsome brick residence, stone foundation, 10 rooms, finished in Georgia pine; all the latest improvements; furnace, laundries and vegetable cellars, large veranda; lot 40x120 feet. At a reasonable figure.

RICHMOND STREET SOUTH—1½-story brick house, stone foundation, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; nice lot. Price, \$2,600.

BRISCOE STREET—A new brick cottage, cement block foundation, 7 rooms, clothes closets; lot 40x120 feet. Price, \$800.

SMITH STREET, three blocks east of the McClary new works; 1½-story frame house, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; bathroom complete, frame barn, chicken coop, one acre fruit trees; one block from street cars. Price, \$2,000. Easy terms.

ST. JAMES STREET—A splendid brick cottage, brick barn, lot 50x120 feet. Price, \$1,900.

FORWARD AVENUE—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms, frame barn, half-acre lot. Price, \$1,800.

ADAM STREET—A neat frame cottage, on brick foundation, 5 rooms, 3 cellars, cement floors; lot 40x120 feet. Price, \$800.

LANGHART STREET—A new frame cottage, on brick foundation, 7 rooms; two bedrooms, price, \$1,200.

ONTARIO STREET—1½-story frame house, 7 rooms, in good order; large lot; in a desirable location. Will close for \$1,500.

A GREAT DEMAND FOR MEDIUM-SIZED HOUSES. IF YOU HAVE ONE FOR SALE, LIST IT WITH US. AND WE WILL FIND A READY BUYER.

873 WILLIAM STREET—Two-story frame house, 8 rooms, in good order; lot 40x120 feet; can be subdivided. Price, \$1,800.

25 WILLIAM STREET—1½-story frame house, 9 rooms; corner lot. Price, \$1,500.

RICHMOND STREET, south of G. T. R. Two-story frame house on a brick foundation, 12 rooms, suitable for a boarding-house. Price, \$2,400.

RICHMOND STREET, north Grosvenor Street—A new brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements, dressed stone fronts, 10 rooms each, modern improvements, will make a good investment. Call and see us.

A NICE LOT ON Piccadilly Street for 20x120 feet, between Hamilton and Nelson streets at \$450 per foot.

THREE LOTS ON Kenneth Avenue, south of Piccadilly Street, at \$9 per foot.

P. WALSH,

Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

INVESTMENTS.

FARMS FOR SALE.

\$500—10 acres, County of Huron; lag farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$4,500—50 acres, County of Brant, 12 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$4,650—74 acres, County of Wentworth, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,500—50 acres, County of Hamilton, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,000—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

\$1,000—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

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\$1,000—10 acres, County of Brant, 10 miles from London; good farm; good house and barn; 10 acres orchard, good mixed fruit.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY

Fair and warmer.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Large Assortment of
SILK AND
FABRIC GLOVES

If splendid qualities, perfectly cut gloves and excellent values have any persuasive power we ought to fill your spring and summer needs in silk and fabric gloves.

Come and investigate. Suggestions:

LISLE THREAD. 2 CLASP. Black, gray, mode and white. Fancy self and white-embroidered backs. Pair.....45c

SILK GLOVE. JERSEY Wrist. Double finger tips. Black, white and cream.....50c

SILK GLOVE. 2 CLASPS. Double finger tips. Black, white, navy, gray, mode and tan. Guaranteed.....50c

LISLE THREAD. 2 PEARL CLASPS. Extra fine quality. Black, white, gray and mode. Suede finish. Pair.....65c

PURE SILK GLOVE. 2 clasps. Reinforced finger tips. Black and white. Pair.....75c

FRAME-MADE SILK GLOVE. Black only. 2 clasps. Woven finger tips. Very durable. Pair.....85c

EXTRA HEAVY PURE SILK. 2 clasps. Reinforced finger tips. Black, white, gray and mode. Guaranteed. Pair.....\$1.00

Send Us Your Mail Orders

They will be promptly, carefully and satisfactorily filled. All mail orders of \$5.00 and over will be delivered express prepaid to any station within a 200-miles radius from London.

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, LOST AND FOUND, ROOMS TO LET, REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, ETC.—First insertion, one cent a word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisement less than ten words.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
HAGGERTY—At 256 Grosvenor street, London, on Wednesday, May 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Swanton Haggerty (nee Mary), of Belle Plain, Sask., a daughter, Muriel. **BRAZIER.**—On April 22, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brazier, of Oxford street, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

NOTE.—COLLINS—On April 22, 1906, by the Rev. J. J. Ross, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Coral Ernestine, eldest daughter of Mr. William Collins, 211 Cabot street, to Mr. John Logan, of Eureka, Kansas.

DEATHS.

DICKY.—In Westminster Township, on May 2, 1906, Hiram Dicky, beloved husband of Julia Ann Dicky, aged 72 years.

Funeral Sunday, May 6, from the family residence, 3, lot 18, Westminster Township, to Brick Street Cemetery, at 1 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are accepted this intimation.

GIBBS.—At 1301 St. James street, on May 4, 1906, Elizabeth Gibbs, beloved wife of Ernest E. Gibbs, aged 55 years, 11 months and 23 days.

Funeral private, on Monday, from the residence of her son, 111 High street. Kindred please copy.

THOMPSON.—In this city, on May 4, 1906, John Thompson, ex-street car conductor, aged 41 years.

Funeral on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, from his late residence, 457 Dufferin avenue, to Mount Pleasant. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

Shetland papers please copy.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

OCEAN TRIPS.

Call and obtain rates to or from the Old Country at F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next New Bank of Commerce, 1.

72 DAYS, NEW YORK TO GLASGOW.—The palatial steamships Caledonia and Columbia, Anchor Line, leave London, Scotland, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce, 2.

BAZAR AND CONCERT AT HAMILTON.—Road Methodist Church, Tuesday, May 8, under auspices of Ladies A. H. Everybody welcome.

22—LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN.—Victoria Day, by boat. Particulars later. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next New Bank of Commerce, 2.

100 MILES VIA WATER—PORT STANLEY.—Cleveland or Windsor, to Montreal, via Welland Canal, Toronto and Kingston. Obtain Merchants' Line ticket. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce, 2.

VANCING—STRICTLY PRIVATE.—L. 8088 any and all goods, furnished for all occasions. Call or phone 174. Dayton & McCormick.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING.—By R. E. Millard, Walz, two-step. Lessons any hour. Residences and academy, 345 Princess avenue.

LONDON MINERAL BATHS.—NEW BATHS now open. Everything new.

65 PUPILS ATTENDED LONDON CONSERVATORY.—Music last year. Mr. Burton hears all pupils play, and gives reports.

CHOICEST MUSIC FURNISHED.—For private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 125. Tony Vita's Italian Harpers, 121 Queen's avenue.

TONY CORTESE.—THE ORIGINAL London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 141 Maple street. Telephone 150.

MEETINGS.

Headquarters 7th Regiment Fusiliers, London, May 4, 1906.

RECEMENTAL ORDER.—By Lieut.-Col. J. W. Little, commanding. The regiment will parade for drill and service at the Armory on Sunday, May 6, 10 a.m. Tunics, bugles and drums. By order, W. A. McCormick, Captain, Adjutant 7th Regiment Fusiliers.

WANTED.—GOOD SECOND-HAND typewriter. Underwood preferred. Address Box 4, Advertiser.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.—TRANSPER business in a live town, state particulars, price, etc. Box 4, Advertiser.

FURS WANTED.—THE TIME FOR getting furs for the summer is at hand. The London Cold Storage Company has fitted up a room especially for furs, which guarantees their safe keeping from moths and vermin. Phone 46 for rates and particulars.

WANTED TO BUY.—MEDIUM-SIZED house, good locality, must be cheap for five full particulars to Box 37, London Postoffice.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED.—For one year from July 1; must have 5 bedrooms. Address Box 35, Advertiser.

BOARDERS WANTED.—GOOD BOARD. Apply corner Pegler and Hamilton roads.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST COACHMAN.—IN SOUTH LONDON. Reward, 141 Worley road, 1b.

LOST FRIDAY.—May 4—PROMISSORY note for \$1.50, drawn by James McGuffin, in favor of Joseph Needham. Public is cautioned against negotiating for same. Finder please notify Joseph Needham, 382 Wellington street, London.

LOST IN SOUTH LONDON.—VERY tame yellow and black cat. Reward at 15 Marley Place.

LOST BROWN HAND SATCHEL.—CONTAINING sum of money, etc., on Grosvenor street, near Rectory. Return to McKays' store, 151 William street. Reward.

LOST MAY 4—NURSE'S MEDAL.—On Tabernacle or Dundas, owner's name on back. Reward at this office.

BOARDING, ROOMS, ETC.

TO RENT—A BRIGHT, COMFORTABLY furnished room, with bath, in strictly private family; terms moderate. Box 4, Advertiser.

TO LET—FURNISHED BEDROOM.—central location, modern conveniences, telephone. Apply Box 4, Advertiser.

SLATE ROOFING.

SLATE ROOFING, ASPHALT, CEMENT Paint for iron roofs. Walter Scott, 604 York street, London.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. T. Shields, pastor. Services at 11 and 7. All welcome.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Alfred Brown, morning and evening. Communion and reception of new members at both services. Cordial welcome.

AUDITORIUM—MEN'S MEETING. 415 p.m.—Discourse led by Norman H. Camp, of Chicago; subject, "Is Jesus God or Man?" All men are cordially invited to attend.

BISHOP CROXBY MEMORIAL CHURCH.—11 a.m. Rev. Arthur Carlisle.

CATHEDRAL, ST. PAUL'S—HOLY COMMUNION. 8:30 a.m. and noon. Matins, 11 p.m. Preacher, Right Rev. L. P. DuMoulin, D.D., Lord Bishop of Niagara, evening, 7 p.m. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, M.A. Collection for poor fund.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST—REV. George McArthur, Morning, "Marching Race"; evening, "Reconciled." Love Feasts, School, Sacrament.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor, 11 a.m., 7 p.m., 10 p.m. Rev. Arthur Carlisle.

CHANNING HALL UNITARIAN. 27 Dundas—11 a.m. Rev. V. J. Gilpin. "The Place of Faith in Religion." 7 p.m. Rev. J. T. Sutherland, of Toronto, "Jesus and the Bible." Annual election of officers, church officers at close of morning service. Anniversary, 10 p.m. Dinner at Channing Hall, 7:30 p.m. Monday, May 7.

CHURCH WORKERS—KING STREET.—Services by the pastor, "Bible's Retreat," evening, evangelistic. South street—Meetings afternoon and evening.

CHRIST CHURCH—REV. R. S. W. Howard, M.A., rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONS.—Annual campaign tomorrow. Cathedral Morning, the Bishop of Niagara, evening, Rev. Canon St. James—Morning, Dean Davis; evening, Rev. Arthur Carlisle. Cathedral—Morning, Rev. Arthur Carlisle; evening, Rev. Arthur Carlisle. St. John's—Morning, Rev. Canon Brown; evening, Rev. G. F. Davidson. St. George's—Morning, Rev. W. T. Cluff; evening, Rev. A. U. DeFenier. St. Matthew's—Morning, Rev. G. F. Davidson; evening, Rev. W. T. Cluff. St. Paul's—Morning, Rev. G. F. Davidson; evening, Rev. W. T. Cluff.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—May 6. Services morning and evening, to be conducted by Dr. Daniel, the pastor. Sabbath School Communion service in the afternoon.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. G. B. Lancaster, the pastor, will preach, "Sacrament after evening service, Morning—Anthem, 'O Lord, Thy Mercy is great.' Evening—Anthem, 'Mr. Ward, quartet. Evening—Anthem, 'As Pans the Hart.' Solo, 'Be Thou With Me.' Miss Hall; duet, Bible School, 2:45.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH.—I. B. Wallin, B.A., pastor. Morning, Love Feast at 10; public worship, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Evening, young men of the Y. M. C. A., under leadership of Mr. E. Wilson, will have charge of service. A cordial welcome.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Special services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. tomorrow. Morning speaker, Mrs. W. A. Cluff; evening, Rev. W. T. Cluff, B.A., of West Africa. Everybody welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST).—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV. J. W. Clark, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 and 7. Pastor will preach both morning and evening. Sacrament of Lord's Supper and reception of new members at close morning service. Sunday School, 2:45.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—11 a.m. Rev. W. J. Clark; 2 p.m., Sabbath School and Bible Classes; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. Clark.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. D. E. Martin, pastor, 10, Dundas street, will preach, "The Gospel of the Kingdom," at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Special service, All Welcome.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The pastor, Rev. James Rollins, B.A., will preach, "The Gospel of the Kingdom," at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Special service, All Welcome.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, MAITLAND STREET.—Preaching at 11 a.m., 7 p.m. All welcome.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. Thomas H. Mitchell, B.D., pastor. Rev. Dr. Nixon will conduct services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—THE REV. H. B. Ketchen, B.A., Hamilton, will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning, "The Supremacy of Christ." Evening, "The Word to the Kingdom." as the theme. Singing, all welcome.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON.—Rev. J. W. Clark, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST—SERVICES. 11 and 7. Rev. W. T. Hill, rector, at both services.

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. D. Smith, pastor, 3 o'clock. Public worship, 7 p.m.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. J. Ross, morning, "The Vision and the Feet." The Lord's Supper in connection with the morning service. In the evening the pastor will deliver his second address upon "Kingship." The theme, "The Vision and the Feet." as the theme. Singing, all welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. Clark, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL.—Morning, platform addresses. Evening, subject, "Paul's Last Prayer." Preacher, Evangelist Becher. The new choir will sing.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATFORD & BAWDEN, CONTRACTORS.—Hard wall plaster. Phone 1460. Richmond street, 47 Waterloo.

C. BARTON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—Motors and Dynamos. Electric lighting. Phone 1888. Tecumseh avenue east, London, Ont.

J. HARRIS & CO.—REMOVED TO 723 Simcoe, opposite London and Petrols. Barrel Works.

THE BEST CARriage PAINTING IN the city. Prices reasonable at Smith's Maple street.

SUMMER RESORTS.

LAKE VALLEY GROVE SUMMER RESORT.—Forest, Ont. E. S. D. Gustin, proprietor. This beautiful resort has been changed hands and been thoroughly repaired and fixed up, and will be open to the general public on the 24th of May for boarders, campers and day parties. The resort is situated on the shore of Lake Huron, and all kinds of sports add to the enjoyment of the guests. Will be ready to receive guests on the 24th of May. Parties wishing a restful, healthful spot to spend their holidays will do well to communicate with the proprietor.

OSTEOPATHY.

H. V. CATON, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Chronic diseases. 64 Richmond street, Phone 172.

MALE HELP WANTED.

CANVASSERS WHO CAN MAKE GOOD—Best contract ever offered. 411 Richmond street.

MACHINIST WANTED. APPLY D. McKenzie & Co., 236 Richmond street.

WANTED—ROUGH CARPENTERS. Apply at 233 Talbot street.

COMPOSITORS WANTED—NONE BUT all round job men need apply. Southern Printing Company, Limited, 228 Dundas street.

GOOD BOY WANTED FOR DELIVERY rig, one with experience. Apply 315 Adelaide street.

BOY WANTED THREE EVENINGS A week. Boomer's, 131 Dundas street.

WANTED—TWO SALESMEN FOR county. Apply Raymond Manufacturing Company, Limited, 228 Dundas street.

CARPENTERS WANTED, UNION AND non-union, to attend an open meeting in Sherwood Hall, Richmond street, Wednesday, May 8, 8 o'clock p.m.

MEN WANTED EVERYWHERE—Good pay, to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, etc.; no canvassing. National Advertising Bureau, Chicago.

GOOD PAY TO MEN EVERYWHERE to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing. Universal Advertising Company, Chicago.

JUNIOR CLERK, ABOUT 15 YEARS OF age, Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company.

MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE IN eight weeks, guaranteed. Tuition and board free. Positions furnished. Catalogue free. Detroit, Mich., Barber College, 277 Jefferson avenue.

WANTED—FEW SMART MESSENGERS. Apply Great Northwestern Telegraph Company.

WANTED AT ONCE—LATHE AND SALESMAN. Apply at 100 Dundas street, Company, Thames street.

WANTED—BOY FOR STOREWORK, also one for office work. Apply E. Leonard & Sons.

BOYS WANTED, SOUTHAM PRINTING Company.

OFFICE BOY WANTED BY WHOLE-SALE firm; references required. Box 15, Advertiser.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS PLEASE keep away from London. Trouble on H. Rymill, secretary. London, May 1, 1906.

NOTICE—ALL CARPENTERS ADVISED to keep away from London. Trouble on H. Rymill, secretary. London, May 1, 1906.

WANTED—BOYS FOR FACTORY. APPLY TO THE McCormick Manufacturing Company.

100,000 PLUMBERS, PLASTERERS, bricklayers, etc., wanted for St. Francis; we prepare you in few weeks; union card guaranteed; free catalogue. Coyne Bros., Trade Schools, New York, Chicago, St. Louis.

YOUNG MEN WANTED TO LEARN telegraphy and qualify for position on Canadian railways. Forty to sixty dollars per month. Positions secured. Dominion School of Telegraphy and Railroading, Toronto.

SALESMEN WANTED FOR AUTO-MOBILE. Spray, best compound; extra spray made; liberal terms; sample machine free to approved agents. Cavers Bros., Galt, Ont.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED NURSE for two children. Apply Mrs. J. C. Duffin, 25 Dundas street.

EXPERIENCED HOUSEMAID WANTED. Apply the Housekeeper, Tecumseh House.

LADIES TO SOLICIT ORDERS—SAL-ARY and commission. 411 Richmond street.

WANTED—GENERAL SERVANT; NO washing. Apply at 334 Princess avenue.

WANTED—GOOD KITCHEN GIRL; also dining-room girl. Apply James Butler, G. T. R. Dining-Rooms.

GIRLS WANTED TO LEARN THE trade. Brener Bros., 124 to 126 Horton street.

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT—FAMILY of three. Apply to P. M. Milham, 10 Grosvenor street.

WANTED—GIRLS FOR BISCUIT DE-PARTMENT. Apply to The McCormick Manufacturing Company.

GIRLS WANTED FOR BISCUIT AND confectionery departments. D. S. Taylor & Co., Limited.

LAUNDRESSES WANTED. APPLY AT once, Victoria Hospital.

YOUNG GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; house cleaning done. Apply Mrs. William D. Mills, 611 Princess avenue.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—GOOD GIRL for small family; references required. Apply evenings, 43 Colborne street.

COOK, HOUSEKEEPER, GENERAL servant, etc. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Cluff, 124 to 126 Horton street.

HELP WANTED.

\$2.00 PER WEEK, BOARD AND EX-PENSES to person of energy and good character; state age and give references. The John C. Winston Company, Limited, Toronto.

CANVASSERS WANTED FOR ST. Thomas and Woodstock—No delivery or collecting; salary or commission. Apply 333-335 Clarence street.

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY earn a good income corresponding to his ability; no canvassing; experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. Northern Press Syndicate, Lockport, N. Y.

ARCHITECTS.

WILLIAM G. MURRAY, ARCHITECT.—114 second floor, Masonic Temple. Phone 1557.

HERBERT MATTHEWS, ARCHITECT.—W. Fletcher Shepherd (late of Toronto), architect, Duffield block, Phone.

H. C. MURPHY, ARCHITECT—SIXTH floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers.

MOORE & HENRY—ARCHITECTS, LAND SURVEYORS, CIVIL ENGINEERS. John M. Moore, Frederick Henry.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

SITUATIONS AND OPENINGS IN Winnipeg and the Canadian North-West will be found by advertising in the Free Press, Winnipeg. It contains every day almost four columns of "situations vacant," male and female, advertisements. Sample copies free. Address Free Press, Winnipeg, mentioning this paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEND YOUR HAIR MATRESSES TO the Humphreys' factory, on the 7th of Queen's avenue, in rear of postoffice. Be thoroughly cleaned and made over.

AGENTS WANTED.

TEN THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED.—Only authentic book on San Francisco calamity; highest commission; outfit free. The John C. Winston Company, Limited, Toronto.

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LADY'S WHEEL—ALMOST GOOD AS new. 408 Burwell street.

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FOR SALE, AT LONDON ASYLUM.—Thirteen thoroughbred improved Yorkshire sows, bearing young to Slatt's imported boars. Apply to Asylum farmer.

SINGLE-COMB BROWN LEGHORN eggs for sale, \$1 for 7. Apply 442 Central avenue.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS FOR SALE.—Williams and Warfield varieties, \$3 per 1,000. Apply Roy Blinn, Woodbank P. O., Ont.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—GOOD strong platform, in good condition. Apply Fred Carey, at C. S. Hymans' cannery.

FOR SALE—HURON AND ERIE AND London Loan stock. John Wright, stockbroker, London, Ont. Phone 623.

GOOD WORK HORSE—CHEAP. APPLY A. J. Kernohan, The Grove.

BASEBURNER AND GASOLINE STOVE for sale. Box 34, Advertiser.

FOR SALE—LARGE FRAME BARN. Apply 43 Cartwright street.

FOR SALE—FIRST-CLASS UPRIGHT Heintzman piano, new. Apply Box 42, Advertiser.

BASEBURNER AND GASOLINE STOVE for sale. Apply 31 Briscoe.

CHICK FOOD—OUR PERFECTION IS the best balanced ration on the market. Emerald Green Lawn Grass Seed has made more first-class lawns than all others. A. M. Hamilton & Son, 373 Talbot street, London, Ont. "How Good—Not How Cheap."

THREE-DRAWER NEW RAYMOND sewing machine, only \$3. Three-drawer Singer, \$12. 441 Richmond street.

WANTED—500 LAWN MOWERS TO sharpen and put in good running order. We will send the Review to you for one year free. Canadian Poultry Review, Toronto, Ont.

POULTRY WILL YIELD A VERY large dividend on the small investment required, if you keep and feed your fowls properly. The Canadian Poultry Review tells you exactly how to do it. Fifty cents a year, or send us \$1 and the name of two yearly subscribers, and we will send the Review to you for one year free. Canadian Poultry Review, Toronto, Ont.

THE LONDON CEMENT CONSTRUCTION Company, Limited, is prepared to supply first-class building blocks, bricks and sand. Works immediately west of London. Orders sent to Mr. W. Taylor, 117 King street, Thos. Cousins, manager.

CHOICE STRAWBERRY PLANTS—Bederwood, Haverland, Williams, Parker, etc. John Downham, Stratford.

FOR SALE—AN IDEAL DRAFT HORSE mare, in foal by one of the best Shire stallions in Middlesex. Parties wishing to purchase this stock should look this one up. Price, \$150 for immediate sale. Apply Henry Down, 262 South street, London.

CARLOADS OF WALLPAPER JUST IN.—A large consignment, chance of your life. Tremendous bargains. 257-259 Dundas.

ENGINE, BOILER, SAW AND WOOD splitter and shafting. Apply Hean & Son.

SOUTHCOIT & KETTLE—THE NEW coal and wood yard, corner Maitland and G. T. R. Phone 230.

FOR BALANCE OF SEASON WILL eggs for hatching from my choice of pure Black Minorcas, extra large, laying strain, \$1 per fifteen. T. A. Faulds, 11 Victor street.

STOVES, RANGES AND FURNITURE at Keene's, 141 King street. New and second-hand.

SINGLE REMOVES DANDRUFF AND itching scalp. The grocer of hair. Jas. T. Glenison, 42 York street.

CREDIT—YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AT Fishbein's 63 Dundas street. A full line of household furnishings and furniture.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—T. H. P. RUN-ABOUT automobile, entirely new. Apply D. H. Porter, storage warehouse, Carling street.

No Adulteration

Is used in the preparation of

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CEYLON GREEN TEA

The Tea that Outclasses all Japans. Refuse Substitutes.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS

Her Hidden Destiny

He himself hardly knew what to think. He was a young man, and Barbara's extreme beauty, all the more touching and pathetic for the shadow which had fallen upon it, had greatly impressed him. It was difficult to say, it was almost impossible to think that she could be guilty of the desperate deed into which they were inquiring; and yet all the evidence seemed to point to her as the one person interested in Walter Bryant's death. She had been in his power, some secret of hers was at his mercy, might she not, in her despair and terror, have committed this dreadful crime? Other women had been known to do as dreadful things in their desperate need. That Barbara Hutton was beautiful was no reason that she should be good. And then her bringing up must have been somewhat unusual, one, the young man thought, and the secret might belong to her early childhood before she had lived with the Earl. But, though he knew nothing of the secret, James Francis remembered the grave, noble face of the man who had answered his father's advertisement on that bright spring morning, and remembering it, felt a swift conviction that he had nothing to do with her secret, for he looked the face of one whom death and disgrace could never touch.

Before the inquest, on his arrival at Darley, the Earl had confided to Lord Cheveley the secret of Barbara's birth, adding that, although she was not his niece, he meant to keep her with him as his adopted daughter until she left him for a husband's care. Lord Keith's conduct had distressed him more than it had surprised him. He himself knew that the stain upon his darling's birth was one which few men would have the courage or generosity to overlook; but the suffering he knew Edward's desertion would cause Barbara had filled the old man with the thought, for the girl who had crept into his desolate heart and taken so high a place there.

He had at once decided that, save to one or two intimate friends, the truth need never be known; Barbara, if not his niece, should be his adopted daughter, and should inherit the fortune for which there was no other claimant. No one would be wronged, and she was his dearest, the only person in the world for whom he had any deep affection.

Lord Cheveley, watching him covertly as they sat together in the library in that heavy silence, which neither cared to break, wondered if the Earl anticipated the blow which must fall upon him. He himself had been bewildered by Barbara's evidence, and he was quick to see that the girl had placed herself in great jeopardy. Why, after she was guilty or not he did not dare to think. He had esteemed and liked her; she had seemed to him as pure and true as she was beautiful; and this awful deed, in which suspicion pointed so clearly to her, might have been an accident, or a deed done in a moment of madness, repented of as soon as done, yet concealed from a natural fear of the awful consequences it entailed.

"Ernest!" Lord Elsdale's voice broke upon the silence at last, a voice so changed that it was hardly recognizable.

Lord Cheveley looked up with a start. The Earl had uncovered his face and held one trembling hand towards him across the table. The younger man clasped it tenderly in his own.

"Ernest, how will this end?" the Earl asked feebly. "I feel so confused and wretched that I cannot think clearly." He declared bitterly. "I cannot think

Barbara's wide miserable eyes, and the words he had come to speak died away on his lips. How could he utter them in Barbara's presence?

The wild, troubled, questioning dread deepened in the great dark eyes raised to his, the girl's pale lips parted. Why did he not speak? she wondered. But to the men with her no words were needed; the young man's pallor and troubled expression told them all. Lord Cheveley rose to his feet in sudden overpowering emotion, while the old man put his trembling hand on Barbara's head and pressed it against his breast, as if to hide from the wretched girl the terrible truth which sooner or later must overwhelm her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Barbara herself was the first to break the silence which followed upon James Francis' entrance; she rose slowly from her kneeling attitude, steadying herself with one hand on the back of Lord Elsdale's chair, and turned her anguished face toward the young lawyer.

"Is it over?" she asked breathlessly. "It is over, Miss Hutton," the young man replied, speaking with some difficulty and unable to meet the girl's questioning gaze.

"And—and—" "It is terrible to see her anxiety, to see the wild look of inquiry in her great eyes, the passing of the quietude and fall of her bosom, as her breath came in hurried gasps, her unavailing endeavors to speak. Almost as pale as herself, the young man turned away, and a little exclamation of pain broke from him. Lord Elsdale covered his face with his hands.

Barbara removed her hand from the back of the chair, and took two or three steps towards the young lawyer; then she paused, breathing heavily and pressing her hands against her breast.

"Why do you turn away?" she asked in a low clear voice. "The inquest is over, is it not, and the verdict—that is what they call it, I think—has been given? Is it not so?"

"Yes," he muttered hoarsely. "Then you will not tell me what it is? What have they said? Do they suspect anyone?"

"But—but there was no one there but me," she went on, her face wildly pale. "They know that, do they not? There was no one else, you know—no one else but—"

"Ah!" she started forward suddenly, with her eyes fixed wildly upon his face. "Why do you look at me like that? Why do you?"

The words died away in faint gasps as she fell back, still pressing her hands to her heart and staring at him with troubled, inquiring eyes. Lord Cheveley, with an involuntary movement, took a step or two toward her, then stood still, seeing that Mrs. Fairfax had entered softly and moved to the girl's side. Lord Elsdale still sat with his face hidden on his hands, his gray head bent upon his breast.

In a moment Barbara recovered herself. James Francis, now watching her closely, saw that she regained something like composure by a strong effort, and that she was trying to hide some dreadful fear which seemed to have come to her, and which the young lawyer could not quite explain. She did not seem to be afraid for herself, he thought.

"Will you tell me the worst at once?" she said steadily. "I think I can bear anything better than this suspense. Ah, why do you look at me so compassionately? Are you afraid to pain me by telling me? You need not be. I cannot suffer more than I am suffering now, whatever you tell me."

"I cannot tell you," exclaimed the lawyer in keen distress. It seemed horrible to him to stand here and accuse so lovely a girl of a crime of which, regardless of evidence, he did not, he could not, deem her guilty. "Mrs. Fairfax, help me. Tell her, if you can."

"May I come in?" she asked in her low, sweet voice. "I grew frightened at being alone. Shall I be disturbing you? No, thank you," she added, gently pushing the seat Lord Cheveley pushed forward for her. "If Uncle Norman does not mind, I will stay here."

She went to the Earl's side and sank down at his feet in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture; the old man put his arm round her with a tenderness which Lord Cheveley would scarcely have attributed to him, and the girl turned and hid her face against his shoulder.

A few minutes passed in utter silence; then the door opened again, and James Francis appeared on the threshold. The young lawyer's face was very pale and troubled; but his pallor increased as his gaze rested on the slim, velvet-clad figure kneeling by Lord Elsdale's side, and met the glance of

ly, and came forward in a halting manner.

"The press doesn't always tell the truth," she said. "I want to take care of my husband and I want to be with him at our home—"

Dowie leaned forward in his chair and interrupted: "Have you seen the bill they have prepared against me?"

Mrs. Dowie hesitated, and Dowie repeated the question sternly. Mrs. Dowie started to weep. Dowie then turned to the audience and shouted: "They've devoted ten pages to an effort to prove I'm insane."

Mrs. Mary McGee Hall, evangelist from San Antonio, then started in to make trouble.

"I want to ask Mrs. Dowie a question," she said, leaning to her feet on the platform.

"Ask me! Ask me!" exclaimed Dowie excitedly.

"Does Mrs. Dowie believe you are insane?" continued the evangelist. "I refuse to answer," shouted Mrs. Dowie in a loud voice. "Is an insult for persons on this platform to question my character as they have and thrust these lies upon me. I say it is an insult, and they are not fit to sit in my presence."

She walked the length of the platform and shook her clenched fist in the face of Deacon John F. Peters—the one the Voliva followers are talking about riding out of Zion City on a rail.

"And you, Deacon Peters, are among them!" Dowie implored his wife to be quiet, and the Voliva followers shouted and laughed, and stamped their feet and shouted "Hallelujah!" It was a noisy exhibition.

"I only ask that the truth be told," said Mrs. Dowie, becoming calmer, "but I will not stand their stopping people's mouths."

Dowie leaned over and grabbed her by the arm.

"I want," said he, "to ask Mrs. Dowie a question. Has she ever said I was insane? No, or I refuse to answer."

Mrs. Dowie turned on him with flashing eyes.

"I will answer in the way I please!" she exclaimed. "I have said that you have done wrong, although I believe you are an honorable man. I do believe that you are indiscreet in your relations with Miss Ruth Hofer."

Then she turned to the audience and continued: "I repeat it, I believe he is a good man," and she put her arms around his neck, but Dowie repulsed her impatiently.

Mrs. Dowie stood on the platform in an embarrassed way and began again: "I have tried to do my duty and to be faithful to my husband—"

"Are you going to talk all night?" asked Dowie, "or is some one else going to have a chance?"

DEAD IN THE FOREST
Body of Bomb-Thrower's Accomplice Found in Suburbs of Paris.

Paris, May 4.—The body of an unknown man of the Russian type of features, and having a revolver wound in his head was found in the forest of Vincennes today. It is believed he was an accomplice of the two anarchists who went to the forest with bombs yesterday. After the bomb explosion yesterday Prefect of Police Lepine ordered the arrest of a number of foreign agitators. Twenty-six of these were taken into custody during the night, and three more today. M. Lepine has also ordered the arrest of all persons interfering with liberty of work.

Several small provincial disturbances were reported today. Two dynamite cartridges were exploded at Lens, department of the Pas de Calais, causing much damage to the houses of two non-striking miners. There are now only 15,000 miners on strike.

Poor, Watery Blood
The Cause of Pimples and All Disfiguring Eruptions — Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Cure.

Poor, watery blood — pale blood — is the cause of every pale complexion. Bad blood—blood filled with poisonous impurities—is the cause of every bad complexion. Bad blood is responsible for eruptions, and pimples, and torturing, burning, itching eczema. These troubles can only be cured through the blood, and the only medicine that actually makes new blood—rich, pure, health-giving blood—is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The new blood which these pills make reaches every organ and part of the body. It clears the complexion, banishes pimples and eruptions, and brings health, strength, and happiness. Miss Lizzie Lobinger, Carlsruhe, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine I know of for cleaning the blood of impurities. My blood was in a bad condition, and as a result I was not only weak and rundown, but was troubled with pimples and eruptions. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these soon relieved me of all my troubles. I can recommend the pills to anyone suffering from bad blood."

Bad blood is the cause of nearly every disease that afflicts humanity. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich red blood that they cure such troubles as anemia, palpitation, headaches, and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and ailments of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine pills, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

H. H. FUDGER,
President.
J. WOOD, Manager.**THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED**MAY 5, 1906.
DEPT. L. A.

TORONTO, ONT.

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Six More Entirely New Waist Styles to Choose From!

Our Mail Order business in Waists was never so heavy—and we attribute it entirely to the pretty and exclusive styles we are showing, and the moderate prices asked for so much daintiness. You can order from the illustrations shown below with perfect safety, for they are exact reproductions of the Waists themselves. Don't forget that if you make up a Club Order of \$25.00 or over, we pay the delivery charges. They will be nicely boxed and sent to one address. Try it and see how nicely it works.



G2-200—WOMEN'S JAP SILK WAIST, made with box pleat and tucks, back and front trimmed with open Valenciennes lace insertion, tucked collar, extra good value.... \$2.75



G2-222—WOMEN'S WAIST, of heavy white Japanese silk, back made with clusters of tucking, front of wide stitched tucks to waist line, trimmed with silk embroidery and rows of Valenciennes insertion, tucked collar and cuffs, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, special value..... \$3.50



G2-216—WOMEN'S WAIST, of Louisiana silk, black, white, navy and sky, back and front pleated front, made with clusters of fine tucks, and trimmed with lace insertion in scroll design, new tucked sleeve, made with deep cuff effect, collar and cuffs finished with insertion, special value..... \$3.50



G2-225—WOMEN'S WAIST, of fine quality Japanese silk, in black and white, with stitched tucks in back, front and sleeves, very special..... \$1.50



G2-225—WOMEN'S JAP SILK WAIST, back opening, dainty yoke of all-over Valenciennes lace, circular effect of shirring back, front and sleeves, and fitted cuff with rows of insertion, exceptional value..... \$5.00



G2-224—WOMEN'S WAIST, of good quality Japanese silk, back opening, front made with all-over pin tucking and panel effect of silk embroidery and Valenciennes insertion, collar and elbow sleeve daintily trimmed with insertion and lace..... \$3.50

(Sizes of above Waists range from 32 to 42.)

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USE
Hunt's Diamond Flour

Better than all-Manitoba for general household use, being a blend of Manitoba and Ontario wheat.

HUNT BROS.

Ninety-seven members of the Woman's Union League Club in Chicago, which had a membership of 100, have married, and the three survivors of the club have surrendered its charter.

Bank of Nova Scotia
Incorporated 1832.

CAPITAL, - - \$2,500,000
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received, repayable on demand.

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In Persia there are no distilleries; wine is the only intoxicating beverage brewed or public houses and native used.

It Makes Pure Blood

We are often asked, Why does Hood's Sarsaparilla effect such wonderful cures of cases that seemed beyond the reach of medicine?

An examination of our well-known formula, from which Hood's Sarsaparilla is and always has been carefully and scientifically prepared, confirms the fact that it contains those well-known and valuable medicinal ingredients, which, when intelligently combined and properly administered, are sure to bring about results.

It is the properly balanced proportion, combination and process in combining those ingredients known to have specific action upon the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and enable it to produce results unequalled by any similar medicine.

These ingredients are: for the blood, Sarsaparilla, Stillingia, Yellow Dock; for the liver, Mandrake, Dandelion; for the kidneys, Uva Ursi, Mulberry Berries, Pipsissewa; for the stomach, Gentian, Wild Cherry Bark, Sassafras, Orange Peel; for the bowels, Cathartina, Mandrake, Dandelion.

I used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and the results were entirely satisfactory. Several of my friends use or have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla and all speak of it. Mrs. RACHEL BROWN, 71 Murray St., Montreal, Que.



"After scarlet fever I was without strength, had defective hearing, running watery eyes, twinges of pain and exhausting aches, and free perspiration upon the slightest exertion. A sore on my left limb laid me up. In this low condition Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me in a week and in 8 weeks I was in perfect health, my blood cleansed of impurities and the sore healed. My complexion is better now than ever. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for all blood humors and skin diseases." Mrs. HENRIETTA EMORY, 34 Dean Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Makes people well and keeps them well. Get it today.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE STANDARD OIL

Sensational Charges Made by U. S. Commission.

RATE DISCRIMINATION ALLEGED

Wholesale Infractions of the Law by Transportation Companies, Says Mr. Garfield.

Washington, May 4.—Commissioner of Commerce and Labor Garfield has submitted a report on the oil industry which has to do with the subject of transportation and freight rates.

Commissioner Garfield says in part: "The general result of the investigation has been to disclose the existence of numerous and flagrant discriminations by the railroads in behalf of the Standard Oil Company, and its affiliated corporations. With comparatively few exceptions, mainly of other large concerns in California, the Standard has been the sole beneficiary of such discriminations. In almost every section of the country that company has been found to enjoy some unfair advantages over its competitors, and some of these discriminations affect enormous areas."

"Discriminations in the transportation of oil embrace a variety of forms, the more important of which may be classified under the following heads: 1.—Secret and semi-secret rates. 2.—Discriminations in the open arrangement of rates. 3.—Discriminations in classification and rates of shipment. 4.—Discriminations in treatment of private tank cars."

Oil Bill Blamed

"In some cases oil has been 'blind billed' that is to say, the waybills have been made out showing the kind of product transported and its weight, but without showing, as is the usual custom, any freight rate or the amount of the freight charged. In such instances the collection of freight is ordinarily made, not by the local agent of the railroad, but through the central office, by the presentation to the Standard of a summary bill, showing the amount of freight charged at the secret rate. Local agents often do not know what the actual rate used on the 'blind bills' are."

"An especially large number of secret rates and rebates in the transportation of oil was found in California."

Wholesale Violations.

"In all more than eighty distinct violations of tariffs on oil were discovered in this state; the total concessions to shippers and consignees under these rates as compared with the published tariffs may be safely estimated at about \$200,000 per year, of which amount about \$100,000 went to the Standard."

The commissioner, under the head of possibility of further discrimination, says: "It seems wholly possible that there may exist a multitude of other discriminations, effected by secret rates or even by rebates, of great aggregate importance, involved in the local distribution of oil, especially in less than carload lots. The Standard Oil Company ships enormous quantities of oil in less than carload lots, and although the distances involved in such cases are usually comparatively short, the amount of freight charged under the higher rates which prevail on such business under regular tariffs would be very great, and the possibilities of departure from these charges extensive. It is perfectly clear that the distinction between the rebate and secret rate is merely one of accounting."

Regarding Discrimination in the open arrangement of rates, Commissioner Garfield declares:

"Different methods are used in different places, and under different conditions, but the net result is that from Maine to California the general arrangement of open rates on petroleum oil is such as to give the Standard an unreasonable advantage over its competitors. The conclusion is unavoidable that the Standard Oil Company has had an important voice in the construction of such rates, and this conclusion is supported by specific evidence developed by the investigation."

In many cases, he says, there are unreasonable differences between the rates on oil in carloads and in less than carloads. He charges that discrimination is practiced in some instances in the treatment of private tank cars.

What the Standard Says.

"When the President's message, with the accompanying report of Commissioner Garfield, was received at the office of the Standard Oil Company in New York, Mr. F. Elliott, general counsel of the company, was asked what reply he cared to make. He said in part: 'It is difficult to comment hurriedly and with due restraint on the astonishing report of Mr. Garfield. We must, however, in justice to ourselves and our shareholders immediately express our unbounded surprise over Mr. Garfield's report, and our unqualified declaration that it is absolutely unfair and unjust toward us. We do not hesitate for a moment to say that an unprejudiced study of the facts presented by us to Mr. Garfield's investigation will vindicate us absolutely. In this statement we make no reservation, but mean it to apply to all the charges of railroad favors in any form, unfair dealing as affecting the public or our competitors, maliciously, persistently, and unfairly made against us. Our great business has been built up, and perpetuated, on merit. The common charge that it has been built up by railroad favoritism is ridiculously false, as has been repeatedly proven. We assert unqualifiedly that since the passage of the Interstate Commerce law, our business has been conducted with unscrupulous regard for its provisions. We have been under investigation many times on this subject by tribunals not always, or indeed, usually, friendly, and their findings have been uniformly in our favor. The present investigation was the immediate result of an agitation in Kansas, something more than a year ago, the resolution ordering it having been introduced in the House by a member from that state. We welcomed the inquiry, and at once laid bare all the facts to Mr. Garfield's department."

"In spite of our repeated importunities, Mr. Garfield has refused to make public the conditions shown to him in Kansas, and which were greatly in our favor. He contents himself even now with the barest reference to the matter, but exploits to the utmost every incident that could possibly be used in criticism. It is only fair to say, that it is the interest of the Kansas courts and authorities have dismissed every action taken against us at that time."

"We will, of course, at once make a fuller and more specific review of Mr. Garfield's report. We should long ago have made answer to unfair criticism on this subject, but refrained on Mr. Garfield's advice, and on his assurance that a fair report would surely be made of the facts developed."

AUTO BILL IS STIFF ONE

Summary Arrest if Officer Thinks Offense Committed

Toronto, May 4.—The new bill to regulate the speed and operation of motor vehicles on highways was brought before the municipal committee of the Legislature this morning by the sub-committee, and was reported. The bill provides that the authorized searchlight, in case of an accident to any person on the road, owing to the presence of the motor, the person in charge of the motor vehicle shall return to the scene of the accident, and shall, on demand, give his name and address, as well as that of the owner of the machine. In case of damage through the negligence of the driver, either he or the owner can be held liable. Racing is prohibited, and \$50 is the first fine, \$100 for the second, and imprisonment for one month for the third. If three convictions are made in one year the license is suspended, and the owner shall not be entitled to a permit under the act for a period of two years.

IF A PEACE OFFICER CONSIDERS AN OFFENSE HAS BEEN MADE AGAINST THE ACT, HE MAY ARREST A PERSON WITHOUT A WARRANT, WHETHER SUCH PERSON IS GUILTY OR NOT. IF A PEACE OFFICER CALL ON A PERSON TO ASSIST IN ARRESTING A PERSON THAT ONE CALLED UPON MUST DO SO.

FOR ALL MINOR OFFENSES OF THE ACT, UPON SUMMARY CONVICTIONS, A FINE OF NOT LESS THAN \$10 AND NOT MORE THAN \$25 AND COSTS SHALL BE IMPOSED.

CAN STAND GREATER DRAIN

Electrical Expert Objects to Limitation to 36,000 Feet from Falls.

Toronto, May 4.—That a limitation is not respecting the amount of power Canadians may develop, this is the only objection taken by Mr. H. H. Macrae, managing director of the Electric Development Company, to the tentative agreement reached by the International Waterways commission respecting the amount of power to be developed by the Canadian and American companies, respectively at Niagara Falls. "Thirty-six thousand feet of water per second may be sufficient for present demands," said Mr. Macrae today, "but it imposes a limitation that may interfere with future development."

"Is it an unfair limitation?" asked the reporter.

"Well, the agreement gives the United States 18,500 feet per second, which is all they can take away without impairing the scenic beauty of the falls. Our falls could stand a much greater drain than 36,000 feet per second."

COMMONS BILLS PASSED

Many Measures Given Their Final Reading at Ottawa House.

Ottawa, May 4.—The following bills were read a third time and passed: Respecting the Bill de Janiero Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited—Mr. Calvert.

Respecting the Mexican Light and Power Company, Limited—Mr. Calvert.

Respecting the Great Northern Railway of Canada—Mr. Dubeau.

Respecting the Mexican Consolidated Electric Company, Limited, and to change the name to "Mexican Tramway and Electric Company—Mr. Calvert."

Respecting the Qu'Appelle Long Line and Saskatchewan Railroad and Steamboat Company (reported as amended)—Mr. Carver.

To incorporate the Ashcroft, Barkerville and Port George Railway Company—Mr. Ross (Yale, Cariboo).

Respecting the Erie Ontario Power Company—Mr. German.

To incorporate the Canadian Bible Society, auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society—Mr. Cockshutt.

Respecting the Light and Power Company—Mr. Calvert.

Respecting the Mather Bridge and Power Company—Mr. German.

Respecting the Schomberg and Aurora Railway Company—Mr. Campbell.

Respecting the Kettle River Valley Railway Company—Mr. Ross (Yale, Cariboo).

REAL ESTATE CHANGES.

The Western Real Estate Exchange report the sale of the following properties off their list during the past two weeks:

No. 252—George E. Wilson's 105-acre farm in the township of Rochester, county of Essex; sold.

No. 2461—Isaac Millen's 100-acre farm, in the township of North Gosfield, county of Essex; sold.

No. 2417—James H. Patterson's 50-acre farm, in the township of Seneca, county of Haldimand; sold.

No. 253—Thos. Sullivan's house and lot, in the city of St. Catharines; sold.

No. 207—H. Paton's house and lot, on Redan street, city of London; sold.

No. 251—James Mapletoft's house and lot, No. 551 South street, city of London; sold.

No. 250—George C. Reid's house and lot, in the city of London; sold.

No. 260—H. E. Wilson's house and lot, No. 140 Emery street, city of London; sold.

No. 1990—Adna Pherrill's 50-acre farm, in the township of Oxford, county of Kent; sold.

No. 1912—Mrs. Sarah Higg's 72-acre farm, in the township of Howard, county of Kent; sold.

No. 42—F. Stockhill's vacant lots, on Brydges street, London township; sold.

No. 2385—Wm. T. Lightfoot's 100-acre farm, in the township of Metcalfe, county of Middlesex; sold.

No. 922—Mrs. D. Myer's lot, in the city of St. Catharines; sold.

No. 802—McNeill's house and lot, in the town of Walkerton, county of Bruce; sold.

No. 3566—105-acre farm, township of Mossa, county of Middlesex, formerly owned by E. L. Franklin; sold to George Loveday.

No. 4500—George Loveday's 44-acre farm, in the township of Aldborough, county of Elgin; sold.

No. 3245—E. L. Franklin's 62-acre farm, in the township of Romney, county of Kent; sold.

No. 4501—Wesley John's 5 acres of land, in the township of Mossa, county of Middlesex; sold.

No. 3825—Wm. Henry McDonald's 50-acre farm in the township of Romney, county of Kent; sold.

No. 1357—50-acre farm, township of Mossa, county of Middlesex, formerly owned by Charles Bristow; exchanged.

No. 2469—Misses M. and M. Cowan's 100-acre farm, township of Carleton Place, county of Middlesex; sold.

No. 1359—John E. Kitchen's 50-acre

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"Just the thing"

For a "bite at bed-time." what could be better than a glass of milk and

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Canada's finest crackers, from Canada's finest bakery.

Crisp, inviting, delicious. In the air-tight boxes, that keep them in faultless condition.

Your grocer has them.

Meat and white flour bread are prolific sources of mischief to boys' health.

Sane, satisfying diet makes vigorous, brainy men.

Life Chips are a perfect food for growing boys—healthful, nutritious, delicious. One box contains more nourishment than two pounds of beefsteak.

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OTHER KINDS OF FIBERWARE

DO NOT GIVE SATISFACTION IS BECAUSE

EDDY'S is the BEST

If you don't believe it, ask any up-to-date grocer in Canada, and he will tell you so.

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The weather will soon be warm enough to go without coats, and separate waists will be in demand. Our Novel-Mod Silk Waists meet the wishes of the most exacting.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
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To the Farmers and Growers:
All parties wishing to grow fruit or vegetables for the coming season, and who have not already contracted for same, would do well to call on Mr. Bates or Mr. Allen, at the City Hotel, London, as they are now completing contracts for this season's stock. Prices and all other information cheerfully given. See them at once. **THE BATES MFG. CO., Limited.**
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Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Cakes

made from Daisy Flour are perfect foods. Try a bag from your grocer.

In the Church of Tassov, in the Government of Kursk, Russia, the altar piece is a painting of the "Last Judgment," the foreground being a vivid representation of hades. Conspicuous among the lost ones in torment is Tolstol.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, CURES COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."



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The Standard Life Assurance Co. of Edinburgh
Established 1825.
have removed offices to Room 20
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Johnston Bros. XXX Bread meets every requirement of wholesomeness, purity and deliciousness. Try Johnston Bros' Genuine Home-Made or Log Cabin XXX Bread—you'll never bother baking at home afterwards.

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LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Mrs. (Dr.) Ferguson is the guest of her son, Dr. J. I. Ferguson, at Court-st.

—Miss Laura Griffin, of this city, is spending a couple of weeks at her home in Cowal.

—The Rev. Rural Dean Farney, rector of Aylmer, will preach at Christ Church, Glenworth, and Trinity Church, Lambeth, on Sunday, May 6, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., respectively.

—Service will be held in the Wyton Methodist Church on Sunday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock. Miss Thompson, of Welburn, will assist with the singing.

—Confirmation will be administered to a class of candidates at Clinton tomorrow morning at the 11 o'clock service by the Bishop of Huron. It is expected that his lordship will be in Holmesville at 2 p.m. and in Goderich at 7 p.m.

—At the office of the Canadian high commissioner in London, England, last week, the following Londoners were registered: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bayley, Mrs. Marshall, Miss McMillan, Miss M. McMillan, Walter D. Duncan and Mrs. W. M. Gartshore.

—James Freeman, the 10-year-old son of Rev. J. B. Freeman, is considered the champion fisher of the boys of St. George's school. On Thursday, after school, he caught, with a hook and line, in the river, a fish weighing four and a half pounds, and twenty-two inches long. He says it took two boys to pull it from the water, and three to carry it home.

—George A. Burdick, grand chancellor of Ontario, recently visited Red Cross Lodge, No. 3, and Bismarck Lodge, No. 31, of Hamilton. Red Cross Lodge is the richest lodge in the Dominion, and in numbers it is also the

First Among Pianos, The Gerhard Heintzman

It pays to buy only the best; therefore, if you intend purchasing a piano, you can afford a Gerhard-Heintzman. It must be remembered that the life of a Gerhard-Heintzman Piano is much longer than that of other pianos.

We can sell them on easy terms, and we will also rent them.

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189 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

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JUST AS CHEAPLY?

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You Need Purity Baking Powder

when you want light, white, nutritious Tea Biscuits and Cakes.

It never under proper conditions fails to make

Only 20c per pound.

Cairncross & Lawrence
Chemists and Druggists.
216 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

THE TECUMSEH DEAL

Will Be Closed on Monday—\$40,000 To Be Spent on House.

Though the deal for the Tecumseh House has not as yet been concluded, it is understood that on Monday the negotiations will be concluded and that Mr. George H. O'Neill will take over the house.

Nothing official has as yet been given out, but it is understood that the price paid for the hostelry was \$20,000. This includes the furniture and goods, and the unexpired three years of the present lease.

Mr. O'Neill has the option on a ten-years' extension of the lease when it expires.

It is understood that about \$10,000 will be spent on the hotel. A new heating system, a new elevator, and new furniture will be put in.

The entire interior will be remodeled and the Tecumseh will be made one of the finest houses in this part of the country.

MISSIONARY DAY

The Campaign in Anglican Churches Commences Tomorrow.

Missionary sermons, in connection with the annual missionary campaign, in the Diocese of Huron, will be preached in every church in the Archdeaconry of London tomorrow, including the deaneries of Middlesex, Lambton and Huron.

A number of the city clergy will take part in the work in other places tomorrow. The following preachers will conduct services in this city: St. John's Church, morning, Rev. Canon Brown, of Paris; evening, Rev. G. F. Davidson, of Guelph.

St. George's, morning, Rev. W. T. Cluff, of Stratford; evening, Rev. A. U. De Pencier.

All Saints', morning, Rev. T. G. Wallace; evening, Rev. W. T. Cluff.

St. Matthew's, morning, Rev. G. F. Davidson; evening, Rev. Canon Brown.

Cathedral, morning, the Bishop of Niagara; evening, Rev. A. G. Dann.

St. James', morning, the dean (military service); evening, Rev. Arthur Lea, of Japan.

Memorial Church, morning, Rev. Arthur Lea; evening, Rev. Arthur Carlisle.

Christ Church, morning, Rev. A. U.

De Pencier, of the Northwest; evening, Rev. T. G. Wallace, of Oakville. In other places: The bishop, Clinton and Goderich; Archdeacon Richardson, Wardsville and Glencoe; Rev. Dyson Hague, Exeter; Rev. W. T. Hill, Seaforth; Rev. G. B. Sage, Watford and Brooke; Rev. T. S. W. Howard, Wingham; Rev. T. B. Clarke, Glencoe and Appleton; Rev. W. Lowe, St. John's and Emmanuel; Rev. Principal Waller, Lucan and Granton; Rev. Professor Burgess, Elm; and St. George's, Rev. Dr. Tucker.

In the Memorial Church schoolroom on Tuesday afternoon, the general secretary will address the clergy, churchwardens and lay delegates, and in the evening he will address the Sunday school teachers and lay workers.

SPRING TRUCK ON THE MARKET

An Abundant Supply of It Today—Poultry a Very Scarce Article.

The market this morning was marked by plenty of offerings, and a good demand. Prices as a rule were firm.

Spring truck is beginning to be plentiful. There was any quantity of rhubarb and onions today, with prices lower. That the season of vegetables is approaching was evidenced by the large number of plants offered for transplanting.

There was quite a lot of pork offered this morning and it was readily picked up at \$9.50 a hundred.

Potatoes were very plentiful. Nearly every farmer had them for sale, and 50 to 55 cents a bag was the ruling price.

Some apples were for sale. The choicest sold for \$1 a bushel.

Eggs were firm at from 14 to 16 cents a dozen. Offerings were plentiful.

Butter was firm at from 18 to 20 cents a pound. There was none too much to meet the demand.

Poultry was literally "out of sight." There was very little for sale, and it was very high in price.

All other lines were satisfactory in quantity and price.

AN EVENING OF MUSIC

Organ Recital and Praise Service in Adelaide Street Church.

Last evening's threatening skies and raindrops doubtless deterred some persons from being at Miss Raymond's organ recital in the Adelaide Street Baptist Church. But in spite of these conditions there was a large attendance of appreciative listeners, who, though requested to refrain from applauding, gave ample evidence of being much gratified with the programme.

Miss Raymond's selections were ably rendered, but were of a character better calculated to show the skill of the organist, than to fully demonstrate the possibilities of the instrument.

The new organ is certainly rich and sweet in tone, while its volume is ample for the size of the building.

The vocal part of the programme was also excellent, the good work of the choir being well complemented by soloists of acknowledged merit, including Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Lilley, Miss Minnie Fox, Mr. C. J. Pink and Mr. J. W. McIntosh. Where each did so well there is no room for criticism, but it is safe to say that if applause had been allowed it would have been liberal and hearty. Following is the programme:

Choir and Congregation.....Doxology

Professional March.....The Pastor

"Christ is Risen, Hallelujah".....Spinney

Solo—"Praise Ye Not, O Israel".....Mendelssohn

Mr. C. J. Pink.....

Large—New World Symphony.....Dover

Quartet—"Saviour, When Night Invades the Skies".....Shelley

Miss Kilgour, Mrs. Lilley, Messrs. C. Maynard, J. W. McIntosh,

Solo—"By the Waters of Babylon".....Howell

Mrs. Arthur Brown.....

Andante—"For the World's Sake".....Lengard

Solo—"For the World's Sake".....Lengard

Mr. C. J. Pink.....

Quartet—"The Lord's Prayer".....Sullivan

Miss Kilgour, Mrs. Lilley, Messrs. C. Maynard, J. W. McIntosh,

Solo—"My Redeemer and My Lord".....Back

Miss Minnie Fox.....

Postlude—"O Divine Father".....Lefebvre-Wely

Solo—"O Divine Father".....Lefebvre-Wely

Mrs. Arthur Brown.....

Benediction and "God Save the King."

The Public Should Know It

Newspapers are generally pretty chary about giving editorial notice to proprietary remedies, but when a man like the Honorable John Costigan, M. P., one of the foremost of Canadian statesmen, and a man whose word is as good as his bond, gives out for publication a statement, such as appears in another column, that "Fruit-a-tives" or Fruit Liver Tablets, have cured him of a chronic malady which has been the bane of his existence for over 30 years, some recognition of such a testimonial seems to be in the public interest.

ANOTHER CAR WANTED

Better Service on South Street Belt To Be Asked.

Manager King, of the London street railway, is to be asked to furnish another car for the South Street belt as soon as possible. This decision was reached at a meeting of No. 1 committee yesterday afternoon, at which a petition from the people of the south-east end of the city re the car service was considered.

Mr. King blames the frequent interruption of the St. R. Reiter street crossing, but the committee thinks the company should operate more cars.

It was decided to rent a room in the east end hall to the Ramblers' Club for \$5 a month.

Several other matters of minor importance were dealt with.

Phone 441 for horse and rig or 423 for a smart turnout. Hueston's Livery.

Special businessmen's dinner served at the New Bernard Hotel from 12 to 2 o'clock each day.

5th wt.

A QUIET AFFAIR WAS CONVOCATION

Grads, and a Very Few of Their Friends Were Present—Former Disappointed.

It briefly is the soul of wit, then the medical convocation yesterday was a screamer.

The senate and faculty decided to hold the convocation in the afternoon and make it an "affair." They told the grads, their desires, but the latter did not take to it kindly.

Only the grads, and a very few of their friends were present. The function was hustled through in the very fastest time.

There was not even a valedictory. When Norman H. Beal was called upon to read it, Provost James was informed that it had been read previously to the class. No use reading it again. Dr. Meek was to have replied to the valedictory.

Chancellor Moorhouse addressed the class briefly, declaring that the idea of the present convocation was brevity.

Dr. Hodge administered the oath, and Provost James and Dean Moorhouse conferred the degrees, while the certificates were handed out by the registrar, Dr. Walsh.

The gold medals were then presented to Drs. Beal and Trotter, and Dr. Walter Bapty, third man on the list, was presented with a first-class honor certificate.

Dr. McKillop, fourth man, was given his certificate in absence.

The grads, were so that the faculty did not accept their plan and carry out the convocation Thursday night. In spite of the Freshies' tricks. They insist that it could have been done satisfactorily.

When seen last night one grad, said: "The chillest affair I ever saw. I have not got through shivering yet. As a general it was great. As something to be remembered in after life, it certainly was a frost."

The boys' friends and "girls" are now departing unto their homes.

NON-RESIDENT PUPILS

Board of Education Committee to Make Further Inquiries.

No. 1 committee of the board of education met yesterday afternoon and decided to make further inquiries as regards pupils from outside the city, who are attending the London public schools. The report will be ready for the next meeting.

A dispute as to the payment of Mr. John McCool's salary for the month of March was left to the chairman of the board and the committee to deal with.

James I. Anderson & Co. will supply the board with a number of needed books and a quantity of stationery.

CAPTURED THE FULL DRESS TRADE

A Boom to Men Away From Home Who Have to Fulfill Social Engagements.

In preparing for an evening function one needs either full dress or the popular Tuxedo, the latter for the less formal affairs. Nowadays one would just as soon think of having one's silk hat or opera hat made to order as to order a dress suit to measure, when silk-lined vicunas can be bought at the Semi-ready Wardrobe for \$25.00. The merchant tailor charges \$40.00, because he makes so few in a season, and his tailor cannot get the practice which makes him expert. Hundreds of these suits are made every season by the Semi-ready tailors.

In this city and district the exclusive franchise for the sale of Semi-ready is held at 146 Dundas street, London.

SOUVENIR POSTCARDS.

Fine collection of Colored and Photographic Souvenir Postcards of London for sale by Red Star News Company, 8 Market Lane.

Short Sleeve Style!

The "Sturdy" Brazelet in guaranteed gold-filled that we are showing, is the popular adornment for ladies to wear during the short sleeve season. Let us show you some beauties at from \$5 to \$8

C. H. WARD & CO.

JEWELERS.
374 RICHMOND STREET.

Tired Eyes

Strained eyes, pains in and about the eyes, weak eyes, headaches, neuralgia, and blurring of print, positively helped by

Marshall's Glasses
Examination free, and glasses ground to suit each condition of the eye when necessary. Prices

\$1 and up
Choose your optician.

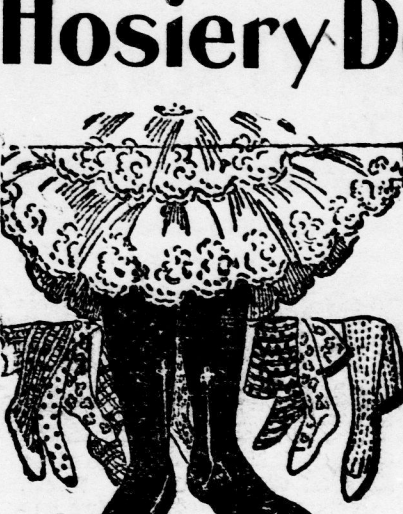
MARSHALL

264 Dundas Street.
Look for the name, near Wellington St.

MARA'S

Opposite Market Lane.

Hosiery Department



Boys' and Girls' Fast Black Cotton Hose. Seamless. Sizes 6, 7½. Wear like iron. Special, 8 pairs for.....25c

Boys' Wide-Ribbed Hose. Seamless. Fast black and stainless. Sizes 7½ to 10; 2 prs for 25c

Boys' ROCK-RIB HOSE. Seamless. Double heels and toes. A look will convince. Sizes 7½ to 10. Special, pair.....19c

Ribbed Cashmere Hose. Seamless. Double heels and toes.

The best that money can buy. At the low price—

5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½

20c, 20c, 22c, 25c, 25c, 25c, 35c, 35c, 35c, 35c

Tan Cashmere Hose. Ribbed—

5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½

25c, 25c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 35c

Tan Cotton Hose. Ribbed—

5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½

12½c, 12½c, 12½c, 12½c, 18c, 20c, 20c, 20c

Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hose. Seamless. Silk finish. 2 pairs for.....25c

Our 25

ANDREW CARNEGIE, MILLIONAIRE AND PHILANTHROPIST

The Rise of the Poor Scotch Boy to Fame and Fortune—How He Got His Start in Life—Some of His Personal Peculiarities—Has Given Away \$150,000,000 and Is Still Worth \$300,000,000—the Most Devoted of Sons.

(By Hollis W. Field in Chicago Tribune.)

One social statistician, not wholly unbiased, has said that the name "Andrew Carnegie" comes to the visual notice of the world not fewer than 15,000,000 times a year. This in itself is fame. When it sought to discover how this tremendous notoriety was established, the story of the steel godmother and the steel fairies and the steel elves that accomplished it outdoes the combined literatures of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. For this story is fact.

Yet, anomaly that it is, this may not be success. Carnegie is that it isn't. Driving with a close friend on the box of his four-in-hand coach a few years ago, this iron master and steel king, bitterly and with set jaw, said:

Would Make Faust's Bargain.

"I am 65 years old, but if I could make Faust's bargain, I would give all that I have to live only one-half my life over again!"

Master of circumstance, master of men, master of wealth and of place in this world, one may recall the cynical Thackeray: "Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?"

Having so much, Carnegie has paid too much for it—which is poverty! Shall one read otherwise than between the lines of his life?

Business was this man's sole god—business whose sign manual was the dollar mark. Just once allowed him to refer to death, he spoke in public of his epitaph which he would have read: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him a great many men who were much cleverer than himself." Yet the Andrew Carnegie whose powers of organization made possible the hundreds of millions which he would give away finds no pleasure in the company of business men. Gladstone, John Bright, Matthew Arnold, Joseph Chamberlain have been his friends. William Black was a companion. Of his coveted millions, in earlier years he has been quoted:

"I have often said, and I now repeat, that the day is coming when the man who dies possessed of millions of available wealth which was free in his hands ready to be distributed will be disgraced."

I refer to that man who dies possessed of millions of securities which are held simply for the interest they produce that he may add to his hoard of miserable dollars."

But even this radical expression in an age of millionaires shows the concessions of the man to circumstances and condition when one sets beside in an utterance of the steel king made more than 20 years ago:

Once Had Socialistic Ideas.

"I believe socialism to be the grandest theory ever presented and I am sure that one day it will rule the world. That is the state we are drifting into. Then men will be content to work for the general welfare and share their riches with their neighbors. Then we shall have attained the millennium."

Yet on the day of this utterance his men in the Edgar Thomson works were in idleness and the Bessemer steel works at Homestead had posted notices of wage reductions of 10 to 20 per cent. Carnegie's decision of the condition, however, was that the association of steel workers were allowing other plants to run at a lower scale, under-selling the Carnegie products.

Contradictory circumstances are necessary in the production of such a man as this. The university, which Carnegie despised, will not produce him and yet leave him with a million friends and admirers.

Says Poverty Is Valuable Heritage. Carnegie began life in poverty and yet out of his fabulous riches looks upon poverty as the happiest circumstance in the life of any man who can see its depths may see mountain peaks on his horizon. "Abolish poverty," he cried in a speech little more than six months ago. "Never! Abolish wealth; there is no heritage half so valuable as honest, unshamed poverty."

Yet a heritage of \$100,000,000 is to be the portion of his one child, and already one of the most magnificent mansions in all America is deeded to this one small, laughing, whose every whim is gratified for less than the asking.

But it must be said Andrew Carnegie has given away \$150,000,000 of his colossal fortune to the common cause of the world's poverty-stricken. Still giving, while as a resident of New York City, he is paying the double amount of taxes paid on personal property by Rockefeller, the richest man on the western hemisphere.

Made Frick a Target.

In the same spirit, there are those who have criticized Carnegie for the bloody days of the great strike at Homestead, when Frick fronted the trouble, and stood target for an assassin's bullet, when Carnegie in Scotland was whipping streams for salmon.

News From Canadian Sault. The latest tells of the quick recovery of Edw. J. O'Connor. Asthma had pretty nearly finished him, but he wisely used "Catharhazone," and writes as follows:

"From my boyhood I have been a constant sufferer from asthma and catarrh. My nose and throat were always stopped up with mucus, and I had droppings in the throat. When asthmatic attacks came on I thought I couldn't live through the night. I would sit up and gasp for breath and endure great distress."

"Catharhazone was a God-send to me. It has made me entirely well and I speak of it just as I found it."

Your case is curable also. For one dollar spent on Catharhazone you'll get back your health. Buy from your druggist today or mail your order to N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont.

or strove to better his record on golf links of his great estate at Skibo castle.

But two years ago Andrew Carnegie set aside \$5,000,000 in perpetuity, the interest of which is to be applied to a fund for the recognition and the relief of men and women whose demonstrated courage in saving human life shall raise them to the rank of heroes.

And when Thomas Scott years before was assistant secretary of war, and had offered the young Carnegie the position of head of the department of military roads and telegraphs in the great civil war, Carnegie turned away from war to the service of the Pennsylvania railway.

But when the war with Spain was declared and when Dewey's fleet went into fight with the Spanish ships in Manila Bay, the mailed sides of the American vessels in that battle were protected by the invulnerable armor supplied from the mills founded by the young telegraph operator who 30 years before had turned his back upon war.

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends," Andrew Carnegie today is 70 years old.

division of the Pennsylvania railroad, invited the former mill "bobby boy" and the third person in the country to master the Morse alphabet by sound, to come into his office at \$35 a month. It was Scott who spoke kindly of "that little Scotch devil" in his office, and it was Scott who advised that little devil to invest \$500 in shares of Adams Express Company stock. The boy's mother had, mortgaged the little home for much of the sum, but it was young Carnegie himself, receiving the first dividend from this stock, "hailed myself a capitalist, rich at the receipt of money that I had not earned by toil."

Most Devoted of Sons.

Critics have charged—as his friends have admitted—that in thus speaking of himself and not the mother of the "capitalist," one of the characteristics of the great millionaire finds expression. At the same time no one will allow the whisper of a thought that Carnegie was ever less than the most devoted of sons to that canny, unselfish mother. Years afterward, when the boy's millions were his care, a private

watcher for both of them there in the hills.

Has a Horror of Death.

And when the grim reaper of men entered the night and the spirit of the faithful old mother passed into the infinite, the friend entered the sick-room of the son on tiptoe. The foot-fall and a glance from one to the other was enough. The millionaire turned his face to the blank wall and the friend stole out again, softly as he had come.

Death is the one horror of this man of many millions. When he was himself again, friends could read in his face the shadow of bitterness that never was there before and which has never cleared away since. Agnosticism, which always is the aggressive mark of the man, had no balm for the wound. Yet—

"Death is king, and vivat rex."

Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, was the steel master's house of business in 1892, working together with the house of Carnegie, Phillips & Co. The specialties of the first concern were steel rolls, armor plate and bridge and structural steel, with mills in Brad-

Frisk had been the manager of the corporation in these years. Carnegie's first steel mill had sold for \$174 a ton in 1867; in 1897 the gross cost on rails, loaded at the Bradstock mill, was \$12 a ton. It was in January, 1900, that the efforts to bring the Frick charges and the Carnegie suits, all of which were hushed in a compromise. In 1901 Morgan interests in United States Steel absorbed Carnegie, and he retired to his Skibo castle in the Scottish Highlands.

Of the \$150,000,000 given by this many-sided millionaire to the cause of almost everything but religion, some of the larger more than any other of his favored institutions and purposes, the sum total for these is inconsiderable by comparison. His gifts to scores of the most might easily suffice the richest families in fairy tales. And still his own private fortune is estimated at close to \$300,000,000.

More Than a Hundred Millions. Some of the most notable of his benefactions are:

Libraries in the United States...\$25,000,000
Libraries in Great Britain and Canada...10,000,000
Carnegie National University...10,000,000
To small colleges...17,000,000
Annuities for old people...10,000,000
Scottish universities' endowments...15,000,000
Europe...15,000,000
Miscellaneous benefactions in United States...19,000,000
Europe...10,000,000
Miscellaneous benefactions in Europe...10,000,000

Yet the giver of these fabulous sums toward the general good has been charged with having an almost deaf ear to personal charities. He resents the word "philanthropist" as it has been applied

"A philanthropist," he says in definition of the word, "is a man who has more money than brains."

Mr. Carnegie, after the death of his mother, was married in 1887 to Miss Louise Whitfield. Ten years later the "Little Missy" of the household appeared. The joy of father and mother. She shares with her father the honors of a mistress of Skibo castle and its 40,000 acres of highland beauty, and the great mansion in Fifth avenue, New York, is hers by warranty deed.

Ironmaster Has a Winning Personality. Skibo is a paradise, especially as it appears to the visitor and guest. For, with all the iron in the nature of the steel-master as it developed in his business dealings with men, brooking no opposition and yielding to no force of condition and circumstance, he has a winning personality under guise of a grim expression of mouth and chin. Do dozens of his fast friends who know him in the old days he is still the "Andy" of the Pittsburgh telegraph office. And at Skibo nothing pleases him more than meeting those occasional groups of canny clannish men who address him with the phrase, "Ho, ho, ho."

But home is his realization and his haven. It was happily expressed when over the fireplace in his brother's Florida home he caused to be inscribed the sentiment: "The Hearth Our Altar; Its Flame Our Sacred Fire."

DINKELSPIEL ON THE LANDSCAPE OBJECTS TO ADVERTISEMENTS ON THE FACE OF NATURE.

[By George V. Hobart, in the New York American.]

Mein Lieber Son, Looney—I have received your letter from New Haven and I notice you say you do your firm will spend next year something like five hundred thousand dollars in advertising.

Advertising is the incubator vich hatches der golden egg, Looney, but at der same time I hate to see it stuck like a lot of second-hand coat plaster, all over der face of nature.

I huff to read der advertisements in der newspapers and der magazines but I also huff to be able to stop reading dem ven der supper bell rings, vich is not der case dese days if you vas travelling on der railroads.

Nowadays it is, Looney, dot something vich vunce vas a beautiful landscape has been eggshched for a board fence vare it says: "Eat Eat'em's Eat-ability—Der Most Eatable Eating Efer Eated."

I dank der idea of changing a green hillside into a lecture on indigestion, and making all der pretty gree along der roadside point der branches in der direction of a drug store vas wrong, but mebbe I haf too much poetitiness in my veins and not enough pititiness.

I took a leddie trip to Philadelphia on der cars last veek und it vas den dot dis idea struck me mit such a forthlessness dot I haf to pull down der blind.

I began to look out der window to admire all der geography vich vas rushing py und before I could see two spruce trees and about eighteen blades of grass a large sign chumped before my eyes and set, "Sawdust Pritters—Der New Breakfast Food—Vunce Sval-lowed, Nefer Forgotten."

I vinked my eyes a cubble of times und took amuder look, und dare spread carelessly over der map, vas a sign vich set, "Blonde Pills for Brainy Peoples—Try Van Hox und You Vif Nefer Try Anuder."

I dodged my eyes back into der car und glanced den cautiously out der window on her under side of der car, und dare I saw it, "Drink Bingle-bauer's Visker—All Judges Say It Makes Trade Lively—Eggspecially Der Police Judges."

For ten minutes I sat dare mit my eyes close-fisted, und den I took a leddie peep out der window, vich resulted in a sign vich set, "Smoke Yellowfinger's Olgaroots—Und Die Lingering but Dopey."

Den I began to argue der matter mit myself und I came to der conclusion—ing dot der train vas still in der heart of civilization, und ven vas reached der real country der landscape would assert its r'hts und begin to happen.

Den I counted 350 mit my eyes closed und den, removing my fingers slowly, slowly, slowly, I took a sly glance overboard.

Vot I saw vas a big sign saying dese solemn vords, "Be a Good Chooser Und Chew Chawingum's Ochoo-Choo—Der Gum Dat Doan't Come Off."

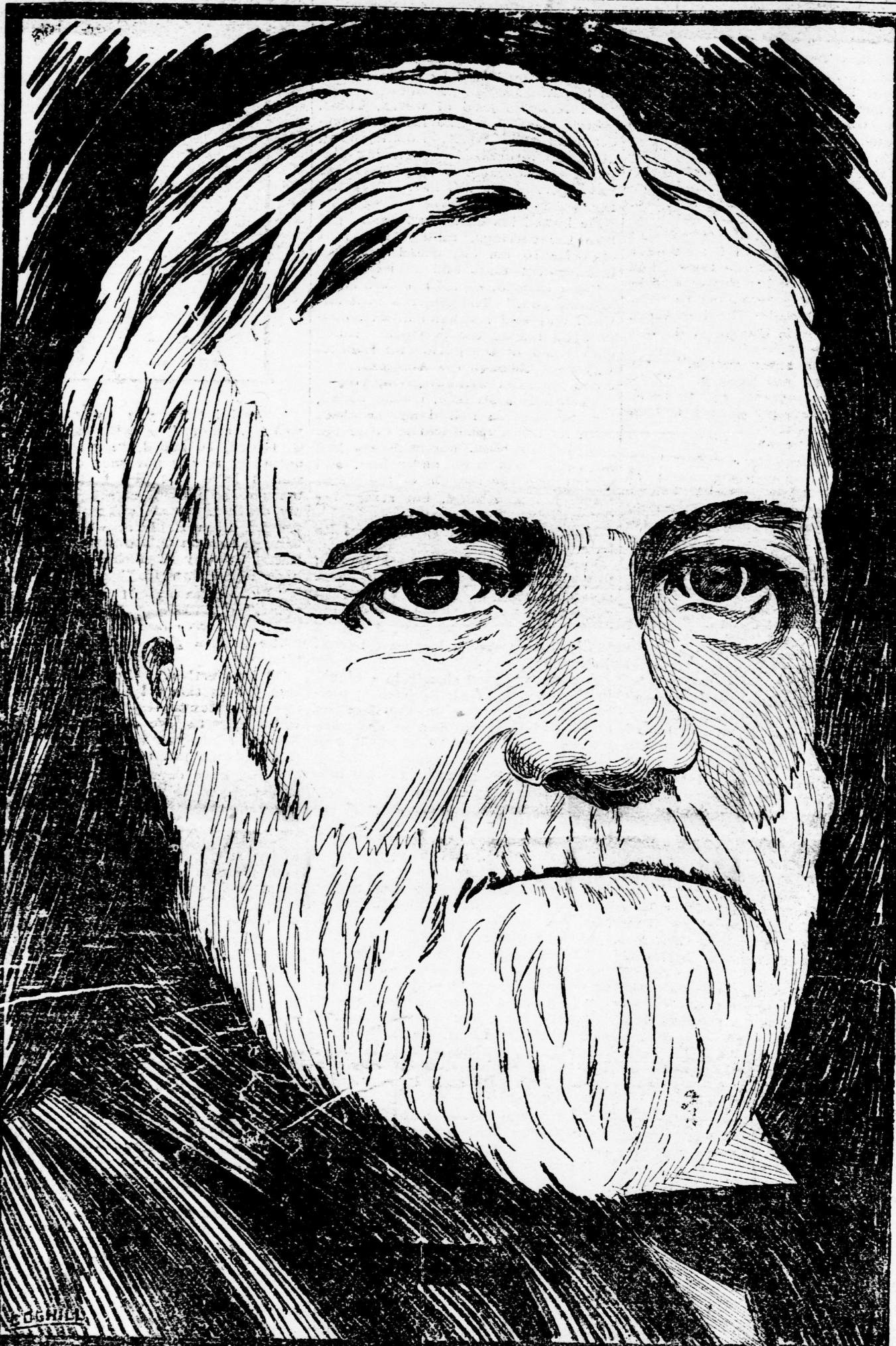
"Surely," I vespored to myself, mit my back to der window, "surely dare vas a visitation of nature here at vun time vich must haf left some landscape behind it, but vare is it now?"

Dus I deep t'ought, mit both hands pressed hard over my eyes, I sat dare for about half an hour, und den mit der awitness of der turtle dove I threw both glances out der window.

Vas it landscape pure und simple vich met dese glances?

Nein.

Children, dear, in any case



Andrew Carnegie.

old. Altogether he is an odd figure in a crowd. He is markedly under medium height and by no means of sturdy build. His hair and beard are snow white, and as so many people see him, there is a square, grim line of the mouth that suggests hardness—almost defiance. His eyes are a pale blue, set wide apart under a broad forehead that is without slant. The nose is blunt and thick, and the set of the jaw shows tenacity and strength. To these features a clay like pallor of the skin completes the effect necessary in a portrait of a man marked as one who epitomizes grit in all that the world means for one able to take the path to a definite end and to reach that end in spite of all obstacles.

Man Evolved From Boy. This is the man evolved from the boy, who, at 11 years old, was an emigrant in the steerage of a British steamer, and who ripened into manhood and returned to his native Scotland and parent Britain with tens of millions of dollars as free gifts for freer institutions.

This is the man on whose self-designed coat of arms are an inverted crown and a weaver's shuttle—the shuttle taken from his father's hand by the broad of machinery, forcing the father from his native Dunfermline to the alien shores of the new America. And this is the man, laird of Skibo Castle and its 40,000 acres of field and moor and stream, who looks to his book, "Triumph of Democracy," as one of his distinct accomplishments in the new world of equality of all men before the law.

When the man Carnegie is weighed in the balances, perhaps it will be found that the strong Scotch accent which he brought with him to Pennsylvania was a key to opportunity. It was this accent which first caught the attentions of a home-sick Scotchman in Pittsburgh. The result was that Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of a

secretary was a witness to a pathetic picture of the singleness of devotion. Carnegie was in his library, busy with his papers and correspondence. The old mother entered the room in a querulous mood. She advanced to her son's side, reaching over his arm and picking up a paper here and there, looking at it and asking needless questions. Carnegie was disturbed, but his face showed not the least sign of annoyance. He answered her questions with assumed smiles until the old lady herself wearied of the questioning.

"Well, Andrew, I'll go now," she said, rising; "I only came in to bother ye a bit."

"But you didn't do it, did ye mother?" he said, rising and putting his arm around her as he walked to the door.

When the old mother died in 1886, a few months after the death of her brother Tom, and while Andrew Carnegie himself was scarcely recovered from the crisis of typhoid fever, the mother and son were in a cottage in the Alleghenies with mid-winter cold outside.

"Don't let me know when she dies," he said to a close friend who had been

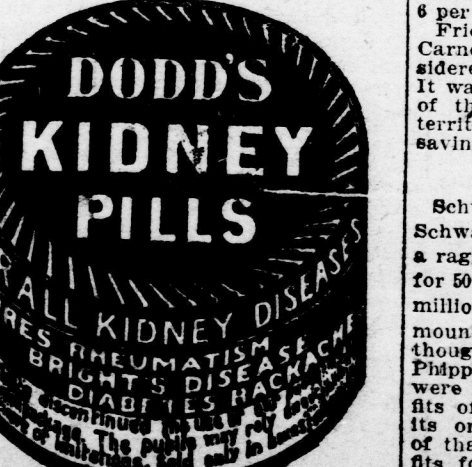
dock township; the other house turned out armor plate at Homestead, operated the Keystone Bridge Works in Pittsburgh, and stood sponsor for the Hartman Steel Works in Beaver county. And the name "Carnegie" was rolled into every Bessemer rail turned out in these works with their combined capital of \$10,000,000. The steelmaster was master, owning 50 per cent of the stock in both houses.

Saw Possibility of Steel Bridges. Carnegie had been the force in the evolution of the steel industry in America. As the successor to Scott as division superintendent of the Pittsburgh link in the Pennsylvania company his attention had been drawn to the innovation replacing wooden bridges with bridges of castiron. Carnegie had seen the possibilities of bridges of Bessemer steel, and it was the Carnegie house which had put the first 300 foot span of steel out over the currents of the Ohio.

Forge worker himself, Carnegie had both brain and hand for the venture, which took gigantic form in that year 1892. The Carnegie Steel Company, limited, with a capital of \$25,000,000, was the venture. Carnegie held 51 per cent of the stock; for, accurate judge of men that he is, and congratulating himself as he will upon the devoted services of his organization, the Carnegie ventures are Carnegie's.

Frick had been a right hand man to Carnegie long before. He had been considered the darling man of the association. It was Frick who suggested the purchase of the oil lands and the leases of gas territories which were to become such saving features in fuel.

Beginnings of Schwab. Schwab was in the new concern—the Schwab whom Carnegie had picked up as a ragged mountain lad, who had held out for 50 cents, and got it, for showing the millionaire the way over a tortuous mountain road when the millionaire had thought 25 cents enough for the service. Phillips, Lovejoy, Peacock, and Lauder were stockholders. As showing the profits of the Carnegie Steel Company from its organization in 1892, the net profits of that year were \$4,000,000; the same profits for 1893, at the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, were listed at \$21,000,000 for that year.



CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 80 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Williams

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Doan's drive nails in mother's face! If you do and she should scream. Try Mike Schmidt's Complexion Cream!

It was a sign vich set dese few but bitter vords: Now, I ask you, Looney, is it possible for a old-fashioned man to lead a refined life in such a atmosphere as dese?

I ask you, Looney. Yours mit huff. D. DINKELSPIEL, per George V. Hobart.

NOTHING LOOKS MORE UGLY than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements of your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Hollaway's Corn Cure?

Clean White Teeth mean sound teeth, fit for their work, the condition they are kept in by the use of

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder. (At all druggists, 15, 30, & 45 cents.) It is made for cleaning the Teeth, and does it, too, thoroughly and pleasantly. That is why it has such a large sale in England. Our booklet tells more and is free for the asking.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., 807, Dorchester Street, MONTREAL.

BISON FURNACE

The upper section in a Bison Hot Water Furnace is heated first and is always the hottest.

This insures immediate circulation.

And it sends the water into the mains at its highest temperature, quickly heating the building.

In other furnaces the lower sections are heated first and the upper section, from which the water circulates, is never the hottest.

The Bison has more good heating points than all other heaters combined: 1 1 1

THE H. R. IVES CO., LIMITED. MONTREAL.

Home Decorations

Everybody intending to tint or decorate his walls this spring certainly ought to know about

CHURCH'S ALABASTINE

the modern sanitary wall covering. It won't rub off like kalsomine, contains no arsenical poisoning like wall-paper, and being porous, lets the walls breathe, which is essential to pure air in a room. It costs little—does much. Sold in packages only. Comes in white and twenty tints. Simply add cold water and it's ready for use.

If your decorator is too busy to do your work, do it yourself. Our free booklet will tell you how. Get ALABASTINE at your hardware or paint dealers. The "little church" on the label of every package.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY, LIMITED - PARIS, ONT.

THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q.

BY K. and HASKELL PRITCHARD.

(COPYRIGHT BY PEARSON PUB. CO. AND CANADA NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE.)

IX—HOW DON Q. PAID FOR HIS CIGARETTES

From an expedition Don Q. was returning, on a brilliant morning in the last days of March, and had halted for the noonday heat in a cave that overlooked a forest of cork trees. No reflection of the sunshine entered his mood, which was one of the blackest. For no less than three days had elapsed since he had run out of material for cigarettes, and almost six since he had sent Robledo down to the plains to bring him the necessary supply.

Don Q. sat, therefore, and stared vindictively at the fire, which was always kindled to warm his chilly blood, even when winter had loosed its grip on the bleak heights. The sun was about to set gorgeously in the silence of the sierra when a robber came to the door of the cave and crossed himself as he saw the attitude of his chief. He waited for the usual command of Don Q.

"Speak, Gaspar," Don Q. scarcely turned his head.

The big lowering rascal was about to reply, when from outside came a patter of light feet, and the next moment a tall, panting girl stood in the mouth of the cave. The men who had been running after to detain her paused on the threshold.

"I will see my lord of the mountains! Sonor, let me speak with you alone," she cried. "These tried to prevent me."

Don Q. let his eyes rest on the visitor.

Don Q. motioned with his hand. "Sit down," he said, indicating a rough chair which had been contrived from a barrel. Then, turning to his followers, he said: "You will retire," he added; "but, first, what does your bawling mean? Am I to be disturbed in this fashion?"

"The orders," replied Gaspar in a low voice, "were that my lord would not be troubled until the return of Robledo. This woman—"

"Go," snarled the chief, "the senorita would see me alone."

The men fled hurriedly out of sight, and Don Q., with his head sunk between his shoulders, waited till the last footstep died away.

"You have never seen me before," she burst out. "You do not know who I am."

"Go on, dear Isabella," he said, "she started violently. 'You know me?'"

"I fear I know nearly everything," replied Don Q. with an air of regretting an awkward circumstance. "I go down the mountains, and not smile again until she has done the thing that is in her mind. But she will laugh when she sees the lord of the sierra garrotted on the Almada, even as Robledo."

At the mention of the name, Robledo the girl's eyes filled with tears. "He will never sing under my window any more," she sobbed.

"This is exceedingly sad news," remarked Don Q. coldly. "I beg you to tell me the whole story—the true story, Isabella."

"O, my lord, do not be angry," she pleaded. "Four days ago Robledo came into the town, charged with a mission from my lord. When he was growing dark he went out upon that mission, and presently, in the dark, he returned."

"With his guitar?" questioned the chief, serenely.

"In order to avert suspicion," Isabella protested.

"Pray proceed. Give me facts very simply. I will do the rest."

"He was singing—O! a sweet song," went on the girl, in a broken voice, "when there was a sound of men running down the street. His music ceased, and he swung himself up into the embrasure of the window, where it was very dark."

"The men stopped and searched the shadows under my window, and one said, 'He was here!—for no one dreamed he was in the window above, clinging to the bars. What is to be done?' They said, and one who seemed the leader, answered: 'We must remain here without noise in the shadows, for of a surety this man whom we have seen this evening in the company of smugglers and thieves, will come presently with the tobacco he received to see this woman.' And he added words, my lord, that should not be spoken of a woman—she paused, for she was crying very bitterly."

"Ah!" commented Don Q. "And after?"

"Robledo heard the words, and they hurt his heart, for he loves me. He dropped from the window on the man's shoulders, even before he had finished speaking—and Robledo had a knife in his hand."

"So the fellow died who maligns you? No?"

"I have heard so, lord. He lay upon the ground, and I saw Robledo run very swiftly up the street, and there were five yelping at his heels. They were out of sight in a moment. And doubtless Robledo would have escaped, for he is the bravest and the swiftest of all men, but they chased him into the arms of a patrol who were stationed at the end of the street, near the plaza. He wounded two, but there were too against him. What would you?"

The chief's thin smile pointed his comment bitterly.

"So he permitted himself to be made a prisoner?"

"Yes, for there were many," Isabella deprecated, then resumed, in much agitation—"Next day my mother made inquiries at the prison, after

her want. None suspect her. And they say he will be taken out to the Almada on Sunday morning and garrotted."

"If you were afraid, why did you come into the mountains?" the question took the girl back visibly.

"To tell my lord," she stammered. "But what have I to do with the matter?"

"My lord will deliver Robledo. My lord," she said, "deserts his people," she said proudly.

"Was it while upon my business that Robledo was captured? Had it been so, doubtless I should have released him."

"But—but—O, my lord, you cannot mean you will let him die?"

"I am afraid, dear Isabella, that you have fathomed my meaning," said Don Q. with indifference. "It would be subversive of the discipline which I maintain among my men were I to release Robledo, who was taken prisoner while disobeying my commands."

"But he loves me," she urged.

"That also I did not command him to do."

Isabella stared at Don Q. She was born on September 9, 1826, and could not believe her ears. That the chief, upon whom all her world relied, should forsake Robledo and leave him to his fate was absolutely unbelievable. In her misery she stepped nearer to him, but she could see no sign of relenting in his fierce eyes or upon the sinister lips.

"But Robledo is the most faithful of all my lord's followers," she cried. "In prison he is waiting the aid of my lord. Shall he expect to vain?"

There was still no answer. Carried beyond herself with the sorrow of the moment, she turned on him.

"They will say in the plains that the arm of my lord of the sierra is green when it cannot stretch far enough to pluck the most worthy and brave of his men from death."

"They will not say that," replied the brigand gently.

"Why not?"

"Because, my good Isabella, I shall take care to avenge Robledo—when he is dead."

The girl looked at him in horror. Then she burst out—

"Since I could walk," she stormed, "I have been—I, too—in the service of my lord. Who sent the news to the mountains that Don Luis was coming, carrying poison in his hat? It was I! Who did her part when my lord came down into the city by night to enter the palace of Don Felipe? It was I! But why do I talk in vain? My lord knows. They say he cannot forget! But that is not true. He has altered, and can forget us now! Then listen, my lord, to Isabella. I have changed her from a friend into a foe. She will go down the mountains, and not smile again until she has done the thing that is in her mind. But she will laugh when she sees the lord of the sierra garrotted on the Almada, even as Robledo."

As she turned to go she flung a packet upon the ground at the chief's feet.

"Stop!" At the sound of the masterful word the girl halted involuntarily.

"What is this?"

"Robledo, even in the prison, did not forget his lord," she returned furiously. "He made me fetch this and send it by a sure hand to"—she faced him and met his glance—"my lord. For his sake I brought it, not—she ended abruptly."

"So Robledo sent me this?" said Don Q. thoughtfully. "Pardon me, Isabella. He opened the packet and fingered and smelt the tobacco it contained. It is good. Know, then, girl, that my lack of cigarettes has been a very harrowing trial to me. You will take a message from me to Robledo?"

"Yes, lord."

"You will say that, as Robledo was so criminal as to waste his time under your window instead of coming straight back to me, I am determined to leave him to die."

"Ah," she waited, striking her hands together in despair.

"And you will add that, as he had the good sense, even when he was lying under sentence of death, to remember the horrible privation I was undergoing without cigarettes, I have for that reason, and that alone changed my intention, and resolved to forgive him, and take him out of prison on Saturday."

Isabella sprang to Don Q.'s side and covered his slender, bony hand with kisses.

"That will do," said the chief, withdrawing his fingers from hers. "Go, lose no time, or Robledo will fear that I intend to punish him according to his deserts."

"Lord, he sent also this," she drew out another packet. "It is a plan of the prison of Castellano."

"I do not suppose it will be necessary for me to consult it," the chief said, with a strange smile of remembrance, "but leave it here. It was wise to send it."

"And these newspapers," added the girl, with a shy, pleased glance. "Robledo did not forget these, either."

Then she departed, radiant and full of joy, praying incoherent blessings from all the saints on the head of Don Q.

Don Q. returned to the Boca de Lobo and was sitting in his accustomed place with his lamp beside him and the papers sent by the thoughtful Robledo hanging across his knee. Something he read arrested his attention. He reperused it carefully, then, letting the sheet fall, he sat staring into the fire in his hunched, bird-like attitude, absently rolling cigarettes

with deft, fragile fingers. Long-sleeping memories had evidently been awakened in his brain, for he sighed once or twice, as does a man who half regrets a vanished decade.

We have altogether failed in our portrait of the great brigand if the reader does not by this time understand the dominant quality of freckled humor, compounded of lust of action, incredible vanity and fastidious courage, which led Don Q. to the chiefest of his exploits. Although, perhaps, he valued Robledo more than any other of his followers, he was quite capable of allowing him to die for a small disobedience, as he regarded the most trifling deviation from orders as a studied insult.

The fellow realizes rightly enough that his life is a small matter compared with the vexatious fact of his lack of cigarettes," he had murmured to himself more than once during the last four days.

He looked down at the paragraph again; his sinister laughter broke out as he struck his hand upon his knee with the air of a man who had found what he sought.

But Don Q. never acted on the spur of a thought if he could spare time for reflection. Thus cigarette after cigarette burnt itself out in a flare between his thin lips before he called Ramon, Gaspar and Felipe up from the fires in the valley.

"Gaspar," he said, "you know the inn at Colono, on the road to Castellano?"

"Yes, lord."

"Proceed there, and order an excellent supper for 10 o'clock to-morrow night."

"Yes, lord."

"Go, you Felipe, will proceed to the Castillo Negro below the mountains, and see here Valentina, who waits upon the maid of the Duquesa."

"The young man reddened, and glanced up with a furtive look of fear."

"Yes, lord."

The chief met his eyes with a contemptuous smile.

The robber crossed himself, put the girl to the grove of flex near to Colono. She shall say that her grand mother is dying. Go down and bring mother is dying. The grandmother pleased me." He added some further instructions.

"And you, Ramon, pick up with care 10 of the least repulsive looking of your comrades, saddle my mule, and wait for me at the head of the pass."

The brigands trooped off, and the chief dropped his eyes once more upon the paragraph that had given him his inspiration.

It merely stated that high festivities were to be held in Castellano on that evening of Saturday, and that the ball would be graced by the presence of the Duquesa d'Orava, who happened to be staying at her country house, the Castillo Negro, some 12 miles distant from the town. It was situated, in fact, upon the upper reaches of that river that murmured so dismally below the prison grating behind which Robledo was lying.

Beneath the sierra, which rose stark and threatening in the moonlight, ran the narrow country road connecting the Castillo Negro with the highway. Down this road the carriage of the old Duquesa must pass as she drove from her house to the ball to be given that night in the city, but the deep dust remained undisturbed in the windings of the lane as late as 7 o'clock on the Saturday evening.

Perhaps the world held no more surprised woman than the old Duquesa d'Orava when she pulled up with a jerk in the shade of the flex grove. Perhaps, also, she was frightened; but she was a high-tempered old lady, and she showed no symptom of fear as she called out her strident commands to the coachman to go.

Report says she was adding some full-blown remarks when the door opened and a man in a cloak stood bowing before her, his pallid face and bald head gleaming white in the dusk.

At the sight of him the Duquesa's elderly maid began to scream.

"Peace, fool! One slits the throat of a screaming hen." The sharp, sibilant tones cut across the shriek of the maid. "Max, my Duquesa, to order this person to descend? I must speak with you alone."

"Certainly not! I am in a hurry. Drive on, Joaquín."

"Pardon me," said the figure at the door, and before the occupants of the carriage had any idea of his intention, he laid a grip of steel on the maid's arm, and swung her abruptly into the hands of a man bearded him.

"It grieves me to the heart to put you to this inconvenience," illustrated a humane action, one would venture to plead for your forgiveness."

The old lady listened amazed. This robber had the accent, the bearing of her own class. Oddly enough, the fact further incensed her, she cried: "What does this mean?" she cried fiercely. "Who are you? A footpad?"

"Hardly, Duquesa. Your eyes deceive you in this dimness. Believe me, no man has a most profound horror of footpads than myself. To the honorable brigand the footpad is unspeakably abhorrent."

Perhaps the fiery old heart sank at this, but a laugh cackled on the night air.

"Come, come," croaked the voice. "An answer, you rogue, or I will deal with you—I mean I will request some cavalero to beat you soundly in my name. Come, answer me, is the general still alive?"

"Illustrissima, he was but now dancing in the saloon," stammered the servant.

"I have heard that you have never held a lady to ransom."

"Ah! you gratify me. It is quite true."

"Then what is it you want of me?"

"I came to beg a favor."

"Tell me quickly what it is, for I am late and must proceed."

"I am desolated; but to proceed—that is impossible."

"What do you mean? I am I then, your prisoner?" she asked brusquely.

"By no means. Only my guest for 12 hours in a charming valley, where I have made ready for so distinguished a visitor. In the meantime I will ask you to be so good as to lend me your carriage."

"Most assuredly I shall do nothing of the kind!" She brought her palms sharply together to emphasize the refusal.

"It will save a life!"

"Pooh! The life of some base-born outlaw such as yourself? No, I say! Tonight I accept the hospitality of the Santolallas. They fete our great Gen. Urbique—Don Edmundo Urbique."

"Do not fear to accept mine, illustissima." Don Q.'s courtesy remained unflinched. "My birth is infinitely more noble than that of Santolalla."

He was about to move away as a man in the livery of the Duquesa emerged from among the trees and took the places of her servants. The sinking moon was beginning to shine upon the road under the flex trees, and the Duquesa's haughty old face peered out keenly.

"These are not my people," she said with imperious finality. "I demand my own servants and your carriage will be returned to you."

The gaze of the duquesa's temper had by this time run up to high pressure.

"I will not submit to this insolence. Who are you that you should put your commands upon me?" she demanded. "How dare you pretend to noble birth? A valet, in his master's coat would cut a better figure."

The chief stood before her silent. "I order you to let him go! I shall have you whipped in the streets of Malaga, chief," and with the word a withered hand shot out into the moonbeams, but Don Q., with a slight movement, avoided the fan meant to strike violently across his face.

He bent forward almost into the carriage and spoke to the duquesa.

"Emilia!—the sudden whisper froze her—"Do you forget two bloods?" he asked—first the fan, then the knife—whose arms were round his waist.

The wind sobbed in the trees; the mysterious night noises made themselves heard; while the Duquesa d'Orava sat stillly upright, her head bowed, and her hands clasped in prayer.

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He bent forward almost into the carriage and spoke to the duquesa.

"I am in time! Quickly, go and beg his excellency to speak with me here. Be off, or I will make you regret."

But the man was gone.

Gen. Urbique was, at the time we write, a personage whom Spain delighted to honor. Risen from a low rank of life, he had already attained eminence. Suave, strong, unscrupulous, perhaps, but both courageous and able.

On receiving her message, he hurried out barchanded to see her.

"Come, my friend, come," moaned the duquesa, "get in beside me, I dare not risk descending! Come, I will relate to you the whole plot," she added in a whisper. "O, how frightful have been my sufferings, lest I should be too late to save you!"

Urbique hesitated. He hardly knew what to think of the information the Duquesa had sprung upon him.

"I have no words to thank you—" he began.

"I have no need of words, Come, general, enter. She laid her slender hand on his wrist. Looking down at it, he recognized the blazing diamond in the marquise ring on her forefinger. After all, he must humor her.

He bowed his dark head and got into the carriage, taking the seat opposite to his old friend with his inconvenient tears and anxieties.

"Don Ermelo, a plot has been formed against you." The duquesa bent forward and laid her hand affectionately upon his as the carriage rolled slowly out of the patio and took its way back through the Almada.

"I could not exist without giving you—" There was a strange, muffled sound, for the duquesa had flung the cloak with its insufferable feathers over her companion's head, unseen hands had drawn her feet from under him, and he fell into the bottom of the carriage, half-smothered, but struggling desperately.

Meantime the coach increased its pace.

Far outside the town on a wooded hillside it stopped, and in the darkness Gen. Urbique found himself, still gagged and bound, carried through the trees and laid on the ground in a little chozo where a lantern burned dimly.

A man, wrapped closely in a cloak, in the manner of all Spanish men after nightfall, came in and stood looking down at the prostrate figure. Then he stooped and slipped the gag from Urbique's mouth.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" Urbique exclaimed.

"It means that there is a small matter to be settled between us in the next half hour."

"I am Don Q., and, lest you should unwittingly forget the fact, remember you are my captive. As long as you are that I demand civility, otherwise you will die."

Urbique pondered.

"How long do you propose to keep me? It is a matter of ransom, of course?" he said at length.

It may be called so. But the affair is a little out of the common. For your life I ask the life of another man. In the prison of Castellano lies a certain Robledo, condemned to death. He must be restored to liberty."

met the governor of the prison this evening. This fellow is a desperate character. Special precautions—"I know that minutely."

"He is to die to-morrow morning."

"For your sake, I hope not; because, whatever the fate of Robledo, that will be exactly your fate."

The general smiled slowly.

"Ah! and what do you want me to do?"

"Merely to write a letter hinting to the governor that you have absolute evidence of innocence. Avoid details."

"In other words, you wish me to procure the release of Robledo in exchange for giving me my life?"

"Precisely, senator."

"Unloose my hands and bring me pen and paper."

Gen. Urbique wrote rapidly for a few moments.

voices reiterating with long-drawn-out sadness.

"Oh-h-h I have sighed to rest me!"

"Now just listen to that, will you?" said one disgustedly.

"The old Kentucky Home, embellished with unheard of variations, drowned out the wails of the tenor."

"Yes, I'll listen. Don't see how I can help myself," said Adams.

"Come in, zero, Adams," and he led the way into his rooms and out to the piazza at the back. It was the least noisy place he could think of.

"Now, what are we going to do about this thing? We've signed leases for two years for these flats, and we'd only had four months before this chunk of Signor Squall's conservatory of music came out here to stir up this peaceful neighborhood. I've questioned the parents of 'em, and they've signed for a year. Now, what'll we do?"

"I don't know," said Adams, as he offered his neighbor a cigar and bit the tip from his own. "I went through more or less noise during the war, but this—I've got so I can't tell when they stop and when they begin now, the stuff rings in my ears so. My wife says I was urging 'em to run a race in my sleep the other night and putting all sorts of money on the tenor."

"If he'd used all that energy doing something, he'd be rich some day," growled Mr. Bolton between puffs.

"Worv? Oh, no!" blazed Mr. Adams suddenly.

There was a few moment's silence

while they listened to the tenor, who was holding his own.



Gorky, Russian Novelist and Patriot, Expelled From New York Hotels

Society Dropped Him Like a Hot Potato Upon Learning That His Companion Was Not His Legal Wife—An Embarrassing Situation for Hosts and Their Guests—Mme. Gorky's Defense.

Maxim Gorky entered New York City to the fanfare of trumpets. The coming to America of this apostle of the new Russia had been heralded a long time before his advent, and all hail to this brilliant, daring and impassioned young patriot, was the full cry of a horde of American enthusiasts, from multi-millionaires up to the persecuted Russian Jews of the Ghetto downtown. When the Slav and his brown-eyed wife and helpmate drew into the Hoboken pier on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on April 10, to drink in deep draughts of the free American ether, New York's men with the greatest brains hugged him to their hearts in welcome. The love-liest and most gently nurtured of our women kissed on each cheek the appealing woman by his side. Dinners and receptions and Russian teas and excursions and fetes and every sort of social and intellectual diversions were planned for the delectation of the exiled couple. The choicest viands were set before them; the choicest flowers were culled for them; their healths

they were one and all presented to the beaming proprietary little woman by his side as Mrs. Gorky, of course. Everybody knew that Mrs. Gorky, the true-hearted woman who had so nobly stood by her husband in all recent vicissitudes and persecution, was coming with him. And being a woman and Gorky's wife, she was even more gushingly overwhelmed with solicitation than the man himself. Then, too, Gorky does not speak a word of our tongue, not one word. And it was the woman by his side whom he leaned on to interpret his thoughts to others. She was delightfully voluble, and during all the chatter added, in her own taking way, characteristic bits of talk—little marginal notes of her own on the light of her life—her hero.

What a delightful woman Mme. Gorky is! one woman would say of her. "Just the ideal wife for a man like Gorky!" would add another. "It's a perfect union, and she is so cultured; she speaks several languages," were culled for them; their healths

Gorky has taken me. Both Gorky and that wife were agreed. But under Russian persecution they won't allow us to marry that wife again. I had just developed his great mission. This is not sin. It's the holiest, highest purest communion. And you will no longer receive Gorky and me—his wife?" "Never," said the voice of America.

Society didn't quite know when it had been such a shock. Everybody knew something about Gorky at all knew this Mme. Gorky wasn't the real Mme. Gorky and the mother of the children. They all knew she was the brilliant actress, Andreleva. But the sin in the thing seems like the Greek idea, to be in the finding out and so Mrs. Grundy held up her hands in holy horror. They might have "sou-wives" and "affinities" and all that sort of thing in unregenerate Russia, but it wouldn't go in the chaste society life of New York.

Then the proprietor of the Belvedere Hotel heard of it. Was anything ever so monstrous? What the Belvedere housing a couple who were not exposed? Where was Mr. Wilshire? Send for Mr. Wilshire quick—not a minute to lose. I don't give pate de fois gras for "soul-mates." They must get out at once—once. Fifty women in the hotel were cutting upon the distracted manager, if it could be true, and not married. They were not cut out at once.

Mr. Wilshire argued that the Gorkys were using his suite. But it made no difference. Nothing would. There was a faint on his hotel while they stayed and the would be ruined. Gorky and his "soul-wife" were put out bag and baggage.

This sudden change from the ovations and the orations and the bravos of the other day were staggering to the victim. Here these people even more fickle than his own slaves? Smuggled into an automobile the unhappy Gorky were whisked to the Hotel Brevoort, down on lower Fifth avenue,

SUSPICION AND SENTIMENT

BY CARTER COVERLY.

"I do not want to be guilty of a breach of courtesy toward my guests," explained Thomas Linden, "but these losses are becoming of too frequent occurrence. I ask that all submit to a search."

"That should scarcely be necessary," protested Alward. "I am sure that there has been some mistake somewhere. It is scarcely right that we should be treated as felons."

He flushed under their curious stares. He was not altogether unacquainted with the gossip which had connected his name with those mysterious disappearances of jewelry and other small portables since he had joined the circle. More than once there had been talk of an investigation.

He had come among them as the bearer of letters from the Garfields who merely explained that they had met him abroad and understood that he was coming to America, and that he might come to Cosgrove.

"I think," said Mr. Linden, mildly, "that none of us can well afford to rest under suspicion. There has been considerable talk of late that there is a Raffles among us. It is time that a stop was put to such suggestions. I am sure that no one else will object to being searched."

"On the contrary," exclaimed Billy Sattler. "I should object to being searched myself!"

ther," declared Betty. "I shall not permit my guests to be submitted to such an indignity. It is enough for you to say such things about Mr. Sattler."

She was interrupted by a scream from Mrs. McEwen. "After all this pin never was lost at all. Here it is—dropped into my flowers. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Mr. Linden said something under his breath uncomplimentary to all women, and stamped off to the library. The rest, deprived of their anticipated sensation, broke up into couples and drifted to other rooms, leaving Betty and the two men.

"I think," said Sattler, coming forward, "that now the pin has been found it would be better that I should go. As I am saving town by an early train I will wish you good-night now."

He bent low over her hand and disappeared. Betty looked up to encounter Alward's grave eyes.

"Do you care so much?" he asked gently, as he noted the tears in her eyes. "I don't know," she answered frankly. "When he is here I like him ever so much. You say he is a Raffles, but he is always the black sheep, but the most of all the Sattler boys. He ran away when he was 14 and no one heard anything more of him until he turned up here last summer—just before you came—with a lot of money. The rest of the family were scattered all over the country. He has been staying on because he likes the old home—and—"

"And you," completed Alward. "I suppose so," she confessed. He has and all we can do is to fix something out a half dozen times but somehow I could not say yes. Sometimes I am almost afraid of him."

"When he is not with you?" suggested Alward. Betty nodded her head. "Don't you think he is a sort of hypnotist?" he asked. "There are men who have that peculiar trick of gaining sympathy. I know that I never felt certain."

"Do you really know what it was that he said?" he asked curiously. "I had been begging me for it for a long time. This evening, just as Mrs. Morley complained of her loss, he said he hoped there would be no search as he had my photograph in his pocket."

"That was why you came to our aid?" he asked. "Because you did not want it known that he and your picture?" "You—they—people might suppose that I had given it to him."

"What of that? Were you afraid to let them think that?" "I thought that you"—she paused lamely. "You cared what I thought?" he asked wonderingly.

"I did not want you to think a thing like that," she stammered. "Is this the picture?" he asked, drawing one from his pocket. She gave a wondering cry.

"How did you get it?" she demanded. "From the frame in the library," he explained. "You see, I had begun to believe that there was no hope for me, and I wanted at least a photograph to remind me of the girl whose face had brought me across the ocean."

"I'll go and get it," he said, and he went. "I have never been abroad."

"But the Garfields were. They had your picture, and I fell in love with that. I wanted at least a photograph for my own. I knew that you could not marry Sattler, for I sent to Scotland Yard and got his history. To avoid a scandal, for your sake, I never told him away. But I was afraid that you would not care for me when you found that I was responsible for the disclosures."

"Do you know," she said, musingly, "I think it must have been you kept me from saying 'yes' to Billy."

"Then you care?" he cried, folding her in his arms. "You will marry me?" "Not if I know it," said Mr. Linden.

It did not take long to convince the old gentleman of the mistake he had made. "But why wasn't Sattler willing to be searched, then?" he demanded.

"He had my watch," explained Alward. "Even while he was protesting that he had reformed, he took it. That was why I was against a search. I had just discovered my loss when you spoke, and knew what would happen if there was a general search."

"Hush," said Betty, softly. "You're the dearest and most thoughtful man in the world."

"That's worth a hundred watches," he answered, as he kissed the upturned lips.

A FLAT FAILURE

(Continued from Previous Page.)

"Where are you going to live?" inquired Mr. Adams. You must let us make a little contribution toward your housekeeping."

"Oh, that's the best part of it," cried the bride, groom, and both old women at once. The agent is going to get the landlord to take out the partition between our flats and make one big one and we are all going to live here, and we can have the some rooms for studios, so we can go right on with our work. Aren't you glad? It was you who brought us together and now we can stay right here with you."

Somehow the two old gentlemen got up their own flight of stairs when the awful evening was done. Silently they stood in the hall and looked at each other while their wives laughed heartlessly. Then without one word they opened the doors and disappeared within their own apartments.

"You see, there ain't any law about these things, though there ought to be, and all we can do is to fix something out a half dozen times but somehow I could not say yes. Sometimes I am almost afraid of him."

"When he is not with you?" suggested Alward. Betty nodded her head. "Don't you think he is a sort of hypnotist?" he asked. "There are men who have that peculiar trick of gaining sympathy. I know that I never felt certain."

"Do you really know what it was that he said?" he asked curiously. "I had been begging me for it for a long time. This evening, just as Mrs. Morley complained of her loss, he said he hoped there would be no search as he had my photograph in his pocket."

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Educational Contest Lists Destroyed By Fire

CONTEST EXTENDED TO
July 31st, 1906

Messrs. Armour Limited, Toronto, regret to advise all who have so kindly forwarded lists of names as per the conditions of their Educational Contest, that their building, with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire on the evening of March 19th, and all records of lists they have received, as well as all lists, were destroyed, and we ask that all who had sent in lists previous to this time, mail us duplicates. No metal caps required with duplicate lists. To make up for time lost by the fire, and to give all competitors a fair and equal chance, we have consented to extend the Educational Contest until July 31st, 1906.

We offer \$200.00 in gold to those sending in the largest lists of correct words made from the twelve different letters used in spelling the four words

Armour's Extract of Beef

\$100.00 in gold will be given as the first prize.
\$25.00 in gold will be given as the second prize.
\$10.00 in gold will be given as the third prize.
\$5.00 in gold will be given to each of the next five.
\$2.00 will be given to each of the next twenty.

CONDITIONS

Use only the following 12 letters—A-B-M-O-U-S-E-X-T-R-A-C-T. No letter to appear in the same word twice.
Only such words may be used as are found in Webster's International Dictionary.
No proper names, foreign words or names of persons, towns or places are to be used.
Words spelled the same, but having different meanings, may be used but only once.
All contestants must attach to their lists a metal cap taken from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef.
Failure to do this puts the list out of competition.
The names of the winners of these prizes will be determined by judges whom we shall appoint.
Write only on one side of the paper. After making out your list, state the number of words it contains, with your full name and address at the top of each page of paper and mark on the outside of the envelope "Educational Contest Department," and mail to our address as below.

Armour's Extract of Beef is sold by all druggists and grocers. If you cannot or will not supply you, a small jar will be mailed you, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps.

Armour Limited
77 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO

He does not break off for any meal until 4 o'clock, merely partaking of a simple light lunch on his desk. At 4 he drives back to the Schoenbrunn and dines at half-past 6.



were pledged in sparkling wine; the most luxurious motor cars and carriages were put at their disposal. The long list of the engagements made for them was presented for their acceptance, and finally they were lodged in a sumptuous suite at the fashionable Hotel Belvedere, as the guests of the millionaire Geyord Wilshire. Maxim Gorky, once a tramp and afterwards a Russian criminal, had exchanged the rough stone slabs of the St. Petersburg prison for a bed of roses in America. Tender, generous sympathy hovered over him as with a halo. Then a strange thing happened. The pair were suddenly dropped like a hot potato.

Gushing Assault of Welcome.

When Gorky had first been hailed by the hundreds of admirers who crowded into the ship's cabin to grasp his hand and bid him welcome.

These Medical Facts You Can Study With Profit

How few realize that 25 per cent of all disease has its origin in interference with the function of elimination.

The whole body exists by reason of the transference of fluids through its component parts.

Up to a certain point the body has power to object to destructive elements, but this power is limited.

When, as in the springtime, the body is loaded with wastes and poisons, which it can't eliminate, fermentation, decay and germ life run riot through the blood.

Serious illness is the result unless nature is assisted by a cleansing tonic like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are purely vegetable, contain no mercury, no blisnuth, no injurious metallic ingredients of any kind, and the greatest assurance to every man and woman of good health is the use of these pills.

Grand results are achieved by this world-famous remedy, as the following letter conclusively proves:

From Newfoundland, Miss Lillian Anthony, of Upper Gullies, Conception Bay, writes: "In praise of Dr. Hamilton's Pills I must say that I have used them with grand success for three years. They never fail to cure me of indigestion or constipation. Formerly my face was full of pimples, but now my complexion is clear and ruddy. In more ways than I care to mention have Dr. Hamilton's Pills helped me. They would be good for every woman to use."

Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills: 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1, at all dealers; or by mail, from N. C. Folson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont.

that first evening people left the couple alone to themselves in their apartment, solicitously unwilling to disturb the communion of two such harmonious halves. An exquisite luncheon at the St. Regis, an automobile run through Central Park and to Grant's tomb and the circus rounded out one day. Another was made memorable by the banquet at No. 3 Fifth avenue, which was given to aid the subjects of the Czar in their coming fight for freedom. Gorky, of course, as the novelist-reformer was the central illuminating figure. Around him men of national and international prominence and distinction grouped themselves.

Chief among them was Mark Twain. Besides Mark Twain there were about the board Robert Collier, Robert Hunter, the millionaire Socialist reformer, Alfred Bissell Selsie, H. G. Phelps, David Graham Phillips, Ivan Norodny and William D. Howells and H. G. Wells were there in spirit, their bodies being detained elsewhere. The affair was splendid. Mark Twain extolled Gorky and cried out for the freedom of Russia. It was a love feast and a boom.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am very glad to meet Gorky. If we can help to create the Russian Republic, why let us go ahead and do it. Then Gorky said something very nice about Mark Twain and declared:

"I came to America to find hearts that sympathize with us and our aims, that deeply sympathize with my suffering people, who are fighting so hard for liberty and suffering so much. Now is the time for revolution, now is the time when the Government will be overthrown. But what we need to do it with is money, money, money."

"My mission is to raise money."

So the boom was delightfully started. Gorky was made to feel perfectly at home and he avowed he felt so. Gorky was on all men's tongues, and his propaganda ready for the launching; the sails were well set and the flags all fluttering in the kindest of winds, when, lo and behold, the strange thing befell.

Gorky, you see, didn't happen to be married!

Merciless Snub for the Gorkys.

Imagine the tempest over the telegrams, and his enthusiasm all at once faded, drinking tea in Russia, too—when Mrs. Grundy got hold of this tid-bit and set out in her new Exeter list and her runabout to tell all her dear friends. New York society suffered such a spasm of shocked morality that it was almost comical. And the pitiable part about it all was the attitude of poor little Mme. Gorky and her cry:

"Why, of course, I am not; not what you call really married by a minister or a justice, or what you call him. Everybody knows that. I am Gorky's soul-wife, his affinity, his real wife in heaven. His other wife that was his, she is his wife no longer. She and he have separated forever. She has selected another affinity. I

where perhaps the outcasts might find refuge under the French flag. Alas! Mr. Ortel and Mr. Labianche, the most ex-quisitely urbane hotel proprietors in the metropolis, were desolated. They were in the profoundest sympathy with the situation, but what would you? Yes, for one night, perhaps in such a distressing dilemma, but—

The wayfarers met the same fate at the Rinehlander, where they were put ignominiously out at midnight, and at last it was forced home to Mr. Wilshire what it is to be blackballed at a respectable hotel in New York City. If one proprietor dis-cards a couple, give up all hope of shelter at any other hostelry.

Back to Club A, at No. 3 Fifth avenue, where there had taken place the Mark Twain dinner of enthusiasm two nights before. This is a club composed of ad-vanced thinkers and reformers, and one of their aims is the overthrow of Russian oppression. There Gorky and his compan-ion were allowed shelter. And there are their headquarters, while Gorky's backers are waiting for the effects of the scandal to die down and Mme. Gorky wonders where all those sweet-tongued ladies are who are going to have her to tea and to drink and to love in morning when they could endure over music and Rus-sian language and woe. Poor little Mrs. Gorky can't understand it. A little bit, "It's so dull," she says in her pathetic ignorance.

In the meantime the Gorky movement has subsided. All the immediate enthu-siasm has burst as a bubble bursts. And the two unfortunate at the present seem to be as much pariahs and outcasts here in this land of the free as they were in the Old World. In fact, the situation is such that the pair might be sent back there after all for violating the immigration laws on bigamy and polygamy. The whole episode is full of irony.—New York Ameri-can.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diaper.

Recent rumors as to the Emperor of Austria's falling health are ridiculed by those in his majesty's immediate entourage, who point out that a man who lives as simple and Spartan a life as he does is still good for many years, even at 78.

A Siege

The matrons of the Edison Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., wrote they had a siege of whooping-cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene. Its value in coughs and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene, complete \$1.00. Send for free illustrated booklet. LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, U.S.A. Agents 228 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

There are many baking powders

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Even Alward looked at him in amazement. They two were keen rivals for Betty Linden's affections. It was odd to see Sattler supporting his rival in this protest.

"I think, father," said Betty reproachfully, "that it would be unfair to insist upon a search when two of our guests object."

"All the more reason," said Linden bluntly. "It would appear that they had good reasons for not wishing to be searched."

"Surely you cannot suppose that both Mr. Sattler and myself have the pin," argued Alward, "yet we both object to a search."

"Perhaps there was more than a pin," suggested Linden, his temper, roused by opposition, getting the better of his courtesy.

Betty's clear voice broke the silence. "Nonsense," she said sharply. "You owe Mr. Alward and Billy an apology, father. I happen to know the reason for Billy's refusing to be searched, and it has no bearing at all on the loss of the pin."

Her cheeks were a bright pink now, but she stood her ground bravely while a murmur ran about the room; a subdued hum of gossip. Alward went white for a moment, but he pulled himself together.

"I am unable to advance so fair an advocate," he said quietly. "But I can assure you, Mr. Linden, that my reasons for not wishing to be submitted to the indignity of a search are very different from those you attribute to me."

"I don't care what you say, fa-

ther," declared Betty. "I shall not permit my guests to be submitted to such an indignity. It is enough for you to say such things about Mr. Sattler."

She was interrupted by a scream from Mrs. McEwen. "After all this pin never was lost at all. Here it is—dropped into my flowers. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Mr. Linden said something under his breath uncomplimentary to all women, and stamped off to the library. The rest, deprived of their anticipated sensation, broke up into couples and drifted to other rooms, leaving Betty and the two men.

"I think," said Sattler, coming forward, "that now the pin has been found it would be better that I should go. As I am saving town by an early train I will wish you good-night now."

He bent low over her hand and disappeared. Betty looked up to encounter Alward's grave eyes.

"Do you care so much?" he asked gently, as he noted the tears in her eyes. "I don't know," she answered frankly. "When he is here I like him ever so much. You say he is a Raffles, but he is always the black sheep, but the most of all the Sattler boys. He ran away when he was 14 and no one heard anything more of him until he turned up here last summer—just before you came—with a lot of money. The rest of the family were scattered all over the country. He has been staying on because he likes the old home—and—"

"And you," completed Alward. "I suppose so," she confessed. He has and all we can do is to fix something out a half dozen times but somehow I could not say yes. Sometimes I am almost afraid of him."

"When he is not with you?" suggested Alward. Betty nodded her head. "Don't you think he is a sort of hypnotist?" he asked. "There are men who have that peculiar trick of gaining sympathy. I know that I never felt certain."

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For the Home

Dressmaker

Roses, Ribbons and Leghorns Lead in Millinery



The Fashion of Braiding Grows Apace

THE fashion of braiding grows apace, newer and more intricate ways of doing it coming to light all the while, and new braids furnishing excuse for yet other treatments.

That flat silk braid, so popular in the early spring season, still holds its own splendidly. With the little drawing-thread hidden away at one edge, it is pulled into all sorts of waving figures, or put on in an involved scroll-work.

One version of it has a heavy cord, which makes a silky bar stand high upon the surface, that crosses and recrosses until a well-defined diamond design is the result. That braid is particularly good, and is often combined with a narrow braid—almost a cord—which has the same very silky look of the cord.

Upon some of the prettiest suits (and dresses, too, for that matter) a wide braid is put on quite simply, outlined on both sides by a narrow braid, which stops every little while to describe a tiny circle.

It is rather a harder matter to put those loosely woven braids on in a design which is all straight lines and corners, for the pairing must be done with exquisite care, or the loose mesh (which adjusts itself easily to scroll designs) spreads out into rounded corners instead of the clean-cut square ones, which are half of the style of the modified walls-of-Troy designs and its echoes.

Some stunning braids come in Persian designs and colorings, used, for the most part, to make tiny vests (or vestees) upon boleros or Eton jackets,

or upon the summer evening and driving coats of pongee and broadcloth, and even upon those of mohair.

Some of the more fancy braids have strong pinks and blues and greens woven in together, with perhaps a thread of gold or silver caught in with the rest to give it even more life, with one color dominating the rest so completely that when used upon that color the whole braid tones quietly in.

Narrow braids made of one of those plain flat ones, with another tiny one (made by weaving three silken cords into a plait) set upon one edge, are wonderfully effective, especially when they are kept to a single tone or to two. Brown and tan—but a tan without a suspicion of yellow in it, really more like a wood-brown—is stunning upon either brown or tan, and the two-toned ones of the new rose shades or of blue or green or of green and blue are almost as attractive.

Some very gray little braids are in evidence—by virtue of their gaiety, very much so! But the quieter ones, put on in more elaborate ways, are preferred for the most part.

Inlaid collars have narrow braids used as a piping by way of finish, and girdles show a hundred styles of braiding. Even wash suits and dresses have fallen under the spell, although, where things are really meant to go in the tub, and that repeatedly, the braiding is usually kept to the simplest sort of styles, and—a most important “and”—both braid and material shrunken before putting them together.



IT'S AN old-time season in the millinery world, so say the creators of new, wonderful hat styles. That means a year when roses and ribbons and leghorns lead, with a plentiful sprinkling of any and every sort of trimming upon the rest of the hats—kinds and styles gathered up in the trail of a dozen seasons, instead of one or two things being continually good, everything else looked at just a trifle askance.

Roses riot over every sort of hat, from a would-be severe French sailor to leghorns and wonderful silky-looking horsehair shapes bent into a dozen fascinating curves that seem to follow the soft waved lines of the hair.

A stunning little panama has come out, very new and very costly as yet, but a charming solution of the banded sailor-hat problem. This is slightly rolled as to brim, the crown low and with a deep crease at its very edge, showing how a higher crown was folded down to form it. A dozen gay colors are wrought into a heavy silk braid, which, caught through a demure little pearl buckle, does duty as a band.

That is all there is to it, but it is good straight through.

But whichever way your fancy strays, it always comes back to roses. Not for years has there been so great a triumph for them. Big roses, little roses, in-between roses—every size and every kind is used, the bright, almost bluish, shades of cerise and rose-pink only possible when all the world's a-blooming; the soft rosy shades with a hint of purple about them; tea roses in pale yellows that shade into a vivid pink; and moss-roses, white or pink or yellow.

The ways they are used are almost as varied as the kinds. That all-important bandeau may be massed with them—as many roses crowded upon it as will possibly go. Or a single great rose may be set at the base of a plume or a quill, or seem to hold paradise or peacock or willow plumes in place.

Bird-trimmings, which mean the many kinds of plumes, first, and then quills and wings and aigrettes, with an occasional whole bird or bird's head, are only less popular than roses. Since pe-

cock ideas thrust their way importantly among styles, some of the cleverest “in de-wings” echo the peacock idea—a ring of blue around green, or of green around blue, in soft plumage, made to give the effect, in a way, of the eye of a peacock's tail.

Pecco feathers are upon everything. Their very popularity is bound to suffer the inevitable reaction before many moons have passed. But while they last, wonderful things are being done with them. Paris has “faded” feathers and plumes, purporting to be “natural” color, all during the long, beautiful spring, even, in fact, since the late winter. But what is called “natural color” is more like the natural color of linen—almost an ecru.

Ostrich plumes come in this color, if color you can call it, as do peacock plumes and all the rest of them. And, by the way, willow plumes, with the full tip doubled back upon the feather like the fingers over the palm of the half-shut hand, are highest in favor.

Velvet ribbon, which was very sparingly used upon the earliest spring hats, is creeping back into favor, although the more silky ribbons, as soft and chiffron as it is possible to get them, still hold first place in the affections of milliners. But loops of pale blue or pink or parrot green velvet ribbon introduced between flowers that are set in a bunch of their own foliage are so soft and altogether lovely that they've won in spite of everything.

And buckles come (and are used) in practically countless new forms, from the plain amber ones which Paris has whimsically approved of, to gorgeous things, jeweled or enameled or beaded.

Black-and-white, white-and-black, all black and all white, seem as popular, more so, in fact, than they've been for many a season, in spite of (perhaps because of) the craze for colors which has flooded the fashion world with a thousand new shades and “symphonies” in the shape of hats of a dozen tones resolved in an exquisite harmony. In colors, the rose shades—softened raspberry shades and the real “old roses”—lead so far.

Princess and Empire Styles for Tiny Tots

FASCINATING evolutions of both princess and Empire styles are about for the tiny tots to wear—the princess ones, in particular, arousing a certain quality of surprise, in that the idea seemed so difficult to apply to childish frocks.

Both shirring and little up-and-down tucks are used, the dress made pretty full and shaped in so that the effect of a deep girdle is got. Of course, there's no attempt at long, sweeping lines—that would be an absurdity, but the style is a welcome relief to the belted-in styles.

Empire styles allow even more latitude. Some of its so-called copies are suspiciously like what, a few years ago, were the pretty childish versions of shapeless Mother Hubbards. But the pretty Empire dresses for children are fascinating. High waists, perhaps cut so low for a guimpe that the waist of the dress is scarcely more than an oddly shaped band, with, instead of the more usual bertha, a collar shaped in some effective way that at once lifts it out of the usual—there can be innumerable changes rung upon these characteristic themes.

To go back to princess styles—the princess skirt has its childish version, further graced with suspenders, which broaden out over the shoulder into regular epaulettes of embroidery. The suspender, by the way, has lost almost all resemblance to its last year's style, coming, as it does, from the top of a high skirt. The blouse worn with it is really nothing more than a deep guimpe.

Paris Notes of the Latest Fashions

BROWNS, both the true brown tones and those that verge upon chestnut, are the predominant shades for both dresses and hats. And brown adapts itself admirably to costumes of half a dozen tones.

Scotch effects in ribbons are very good, especially when used upon the smart little sailors which have created such a furore here.

Dark violet velvet made the shoulder straps for one striking princess gown of pale violet crepe do chine. Both the gown itself and the velvet shoulder straps were embroidered in a design of violets.

Checks, in all materials, are in great vogue.

Short sleeves are in evidence, even upon the most severe of tailored suits.

That very tiny sunshade that folds in two is the newest form that the parasol—deemed so indispensable an “article of dress” by la belle Parisienne—has taken upon itself.

Some of them, covered with lace—black charmingly—are reminiscent of the days of our grandmothers.

Artistic buttons are a natural outcome of the popularity of tailored styles. Designs in fantastic colorings give a striking touch to plain boleros, jackets or loose sack coats.

For blouses, embroidered lawns are in greater favor than ever, as is also crepe de chine.

Corselet gowns seem to predominate above all others.

Whole dresses of valenciennes lace are among some of the most exquisite dresses worn at important spring functions—valenciennes relieved by the finer forms of the heavier laces, such as cluny and baby Irish.

The high linen collar, with its dainty muslin tie, has the seal of approval set upon it by the best-dressed women in Paris.

Voile is immensely popular—both wool and silk varieties.

White suede seems to be gaining in favor over glace kid for the long gloves which the short sleeves demand.

HEAVIER BLOUSES

AN OCCASIONAL French blouse utterly departs from the traditions of the year, and instead of being made of the sheerest, finest-mesh linen, is made of a rather heavy, open-mesh stuff, as like cotton voile as two peas, yet with the hallmark of linen in its every thread.

The character of embroidery upon such a blouse is always of the heavier type, as more in keeping with the heavier material.

A GHOST IN NEGATIVE SPOILS ANGLO-INDIAN ROMANCE

Now Pretty Miss Gladys Manning, of Southampton, England, Jilted Lieut. Gordon Waters Because He Appeared Mysteriously in All Her Photographs, Dagger in Hand, Threatening Her Life—Experiments in Psychic Photography by J. Traill Taylor.

[From the New York American.]

One of the weirdest phenomena in the history of photography has caused Miss Gladys Manning, a beautiful Southampton (England) girl, to break her engagement with Lieut. Gordon Waters, now on service in India.

In every one of a dozen photographs the camera revealed a ghostly figure with dagger in hand hovering over her. She recognized the figure as her fiancé and immediately broke the engagement, believing that it was a warning of what would happen should she become his bride.

The course of true love run smooth for this couple until Lieut. Waters was called away to India. He expected to return to England on a furlough in a year and take his bride back to India with him for the remainder of his service.

Letters were exchanged with regu-

larly during six months and the preparations for the wedding had been commenced. Then one day an old friend, an unsuccessful rival of the Indian officer, paid a parting call. He came on his way to America in a few days, and begged for a photograph.

Miss Manning had no recent pictures and was easily persuaded to sit for new ones. The next day she found three during her shopping trip in London to call at a well-known photographer's studio.

Two days later, instead of the expected proofs, came a short letter of apology. Would she please make another appointment—an accident had ruined the plates.

Her London trips were very frequent just then. She sat again without a murmur. Again a letter of apology instead of proofs. This time the letter was longer and spoke vaguely

of strange action of the light.

The photographer's request for a third sitting was granted with the mildly expressed hope that nothing would happen this time. Several strangers were about the studio during the third attempt. Miss Manning observed with the well-trained periphery of a woman's eye that they were watching her with evident curiosity.

Though this espionage was annoying and intuition told her something was wrong, she showed no sign of displeasure even when one of the observers stole up and snapped her with a hand camera. Miss Manning's uneasiness was further increased when for the third time a letter of apology arrived instead of proofs. There was no explanation. The photographer begged her to come to his studio as soon as possible and bring some one with her. He would then, he said, endeavor to

explain why it was impossible to photograph her.

Mrs. Manning and her daughter took the next train to the metropolis. The photographer led them into a private room and produced a handful of plates.

Before showing the plates to the mystified women, he asked of Miss Manning: "Do you happen to know a very tall young lieutenant with dark skin and light hair?"

"Why, yes, I do," answered Miss Manning, glancing at her mother.

"Well, perhaps you can account for these plates," said the photographer, handing them over. "I never had anything like this happen to me but once before."

With successive gasps of amazement the young woman looked at the plates and then at the proofs, which showed things much more clearly.

In each case her picture was clear and quite good. They were the average work of a first-class photographer. But in every case there loomed close to her a strange, ghostly, yet distinct figure. In the figure's right hand was a dagger.

There was no question of identity. It was Lieut. Waters, tall, frowning and sinister. Sometimes the lieutenant's figure was on the left, sometimes on the right of his fiancée, but more often behind her. In every plate the dagger was held close to Miss Manning. Three plates showed him holding it point downward just above her head. In others it was at her throat and breast. The police of the mysterious figure showed that it was not in the act of striking a blow, but held itself balanced in readiness to stab.

So ominous and threatening was the effect that the two women were quite overcome.

"What do you think it means?" they asked.

"Were you thinking or worrying very hard about him?" he asked in reply.

Miss Manning was quite sure that during the first two sittings her mind was full of shopping, and at the third her thoughts were busy trying to account for the curiosity she was in-

"I hoped it might have been thought transference from your mind to the plate," he said. "I have heard of this happening often to other photographers, but it happened to me only once."

Pressed for details of this one previous case, the photographer reluctantly gave them. They were far from reassuring.

A man just before his wedding had sat for his picture. The figure of a woman appeared on every plate. She, too, was sinister and had a revolver instead of a dagger in her hand. The man recognized her as one who he believed she had a claim on his affection, and was much disturbed by the plates and insisted on destroying them.

He was married, and soon after set out with his bride for Sydney, Australia.

"And what happened?" asked Miss Manning when the narrative paused at this point.

"He committed suicide and was buried at sea," he answered. "That is all I know."

But he did know more. There was doubt as to whether it was a case of suicide of murder. The woman who had appeared mysteriously on the plates had been a passenger on the

But her mental processes, whatever they were, resulted in speedy action. Not 24 hours after examining the plates a letter was on its way to Lieut. Waters notifying him that he might consider himself a free man. It is said that she frankly admitted the photographs were the cause.

Lieut. Waters has by no means given up the fight. He has sent far and wide for books on the subject and has written to eminent authorities. He is at present at a loss for an explanation, but is said to suspect his fiancée's rival of some way tampering with the plates.

Lieut. Waters is endeavoring to obtain his furlough at once and to get to the bottom of the mystery when he reaches England. He hopes that his broken romance will interest scientific men to help solve the mystery and win back for him the girl he loves.

Psychic Phenomena, Not Spirits.
The late Mr. J. Traill Taylor, former editor of the British Journal of Photography, made several most interesting tests of spirit photography before his death. One of Mr. Taylor's last works was a paper on this subject which was published after his death. Mr. Taylor calls the phenomena psychic photography, and he

my own hand, keeping one eye, as it were, on the sitter and the other on the camera. There was no background. I myself took the plate from the dark slide, and, under the eyes of two detectives, placed it in the developing dish. Between the camera and the sitter a female figure was developed, rather in a more pronounced form than that of the sitter.

Many experiments of like nature followed; on some plates were abnormal pictures, on others none. All this time Mr. D., the medium, during the exposure of the plates was quite inactive.

The psychic figures behaved badly. Some were in focus, others were not. Some were lighted from the right, while the sitter was from the left; some were comely, others were not so. Some monopolized the major portion of the plate, quite obliterating the material sitters. Others were as if an atrociously badly vignetted portrait were held up behind the sitter.

But here is the point. Not one of these figures which came out so strongly in the negative was visible to me in any form or shape during the time of exposure in the camera. I vouch in the strongest manner for the fact that no one whatever had an opportunity of tampering with any plate anterior to its being placed in the dark slide or immediately preceding development.

John Bull Gets The World's Gold

FIFTY-EIGHT PER CENT OF IT MINED UNDER BRITISH FLAG

And Most of the Balance Goes to London—A Complaint Has Been Made by the United States.

[Washington Star.]
Some startling facts are revealed in the report of the director of the mint just issued by the treasury department, for 1904. First is the disconcerting knowledge that the English flag floats over the countries contributing 58 per cent of the total gold production of \$446,000,000 for 1904, while the United States must be satisfied with 23 per cent. Secondly, English capital is shown to be mostly active in the United States, Mexico, South America and Russia, and is deriving the profits there from the best mines to swell the total of 53 per cent of the total gold production of the world, owned by the people of the United Kingdom. Thirdly, it indicates that the financial success of our Government, and of our moneyed men, is responsible for a goodly part of this discrepancy.

No other product of nature has so fired the imagination, stimulated the energies of man, and without regard to race, color or climate, as the search for gold. Almost universally distributed, to nation or race is ignorant of its value. Unlike any other product, it is exempt from decay, and its value is unchangeable. It is the world's wealth. However it may change its form, it still remains the fixed unit of value. While 16 per cent goes into industrial use, much of that returns to the melting pot to become again primary money.

The story of gold is the story of conquest of war, of peace, of government, of civilization. Its production, therefore, becomes a serious question to our national life, and an economic factor to be studied by our statesmen and publicists, as well as of practical suggestion to our moneyed men.

This report of the treasury is approximately accurate for a period corresponding to that of our national existence—1782-1904. It is not necessary here, however, to go further back than 1860. From that date until 1872—twelve years—the gross gold production of the world was \$1,628,000,000. This vast sum is exceeded by the production for the years 1889-1904—\$1,744,000,000—the year 1904 reaching \$446,000,000, of which, as before stated, 58 per cent comes from British territory, and the remaining 42 per cent goes largely into London because of English capital. Lending the greatest factor in development of both the new and old gold fields.

What is the explanation of English supremacy in gold production, in other words, of primary money? And why this indifference of our Government, and our moneyed class, to this vital industry that is becoming more profitable each year through advanced metallurgical knowledge of the reduction of ore?

London is today the best market on earth for the sale of meritorious mining property, wherever located. The absorption of such shares seems without limit. This condition of things does not obtain in New York, Chicago or elsewhere in the United States. Why? May it not be due to the stricter accountability exercised by parliament over the corporations, and corporate acts, thus precluding the frenzied over-capitalization of companies, which in many of our states is not only allowed, but brazenly encouraged through the grant of wide-open charters free of stockholders' liability?

These "free-begging" bids are a disservice to our people, and a just criticism of our Government itself. Are such charters other than legal license to chicanery and fraud and a stimulus to speculation so reckless that otherwise profitable industries are wrecked to satisfy a gambler's day? Is not this stricter accountability by the one government and the greater disregard by another government (our own) responsible for the difference in character and intentions of the two peoples considered as investors—rationally considered.

The English public, protected by laws enforcing obedience by corporations, are investors, wanting only reasonable interest and a return of principal at long periods—conditions that contribute to economy, increasing wealth and personal responsibility. The American buyer of shares in any institution is rarely an investor, he buys for speculation. He knows that his minor interest has no protection against a major interest, and that success in careful building up is too slow for any speculative clique that would not hesitate at anything to "buy or bear" his shares, even to "closing down."

This has been the history of our industrial development. The same disregard of common honesty that killed the "golden goose" of life insurance, is keeping our industries, including mining, from becoming as Judge Croucup says, "peopled," and is fast turning over our mineral wealth to

How Red Rose Tea is Grown

TEA is a native plant of Northern India. Transplanted to Ceylon it lost much of its strength and richness, but gained in fragrance and delicacy.

That is why Ceylon tea is not a strong tea. That is why I blend Indian and Ceylon teas together—that is how the strength and richness, fragrance and delicacy of Red Rose Tea are secured—that is why Red Rose Tea has that "rich fruity flavor."


Red Rose Tea is good Tea
T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

CARLING'S
ALE, PORTER
AND LAGER
NOTED FOR
PURITY, BRILLIANCY, UNIFORMITY

The Corset For Utter Comfort

The D & A corset will content you in every point that makes corset-comfort—the comfort of perfect style, of shapely fit, of graceful design, of ease for the woman who wears it. You need not "break in" a D & A—and you cannot break them down. Wear a D & A corset to tatters, and still does it hold its shape. Ask your favorite store to show you why—the D & A itself is the proof.

Price—\$2.25
Others—\$1.00 up to \$3.50



Europe to our impoverishment, just as through reckless waste our forest preserves are denuded.

The point I wish to emphasize is that American money ought to dominate the mining industry far more than it does, especially in the United States, and that closer reciprocal trade relations with Mexico (thought by many well informed to be the "treasure house of the world"), would give us there the untold advantages in trade that are ours for the asking, and by an intelligent application of good business judgment and enterprise.

What is true of Mexico applies equally to Central and South America. There is no influence so potent for peace as intimate trade relations between nations. We should think of this more when the Panama Canal will so emphasize our self-imposed suzerainty over these southern republics.

Passing of Rail Fence.

Country youths today, says a Plainfield (Ind.) letter, have no rail-splitting records to boast of. Rail-making is an industry of the past, and the few remaining sections of central-western states, where occasional new stretches of worm fence may be seen, are due to accident or timber. Wire fences are replacing the zigzag rows of rails in the region where timber was formerly abundant. When a rail fence becomes so dilapidated as to be no longer serviceable, it is taken down and the rails are used to repair other stretches of fence, and wire fence is put up in its place. Another advantage of the wire fence is that it economizes space. The land that was formerly taken up by the fence corners is reclaimed. The fate of the rail fence was declared less than twenty years ago, when the value of walnut, oak and poplar timber increased to such a degree as to make wire fences cheaper. In the worm fence still in existence there are thousands of walnut and poplar rails in an almost perfect state of preservation. The walnut ones are valuable. An enterprising Chicago concern recently made a discovery, and its representatives have purchased many carloads of the rails. Walnut rails have a remarkably long life. Many are still in use which were split more than fifty years ago.—Massachusetts Plowman.

"A GRAND MEDICINE" is the endorsement given by the British Medical Association to the use of the Anthon's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand, and it is no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

At Braybrooke Church, England, is still to be seen a monster trumpet, 66 inches long, which was used in the early part of the last century to summon the people to church instead of church bells. It was formerly used by the choir leader in singing service.

ONE OF THE GREATEST blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvelous manner to the little one.

WEARY DAYS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Many men and women toss night after night upon sleepless beds until near dawn, their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right and sound. Worry or distress has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted. Or, again, you have heart palpitation and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die or perhaps you wake up from your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. Allow these conditions to continue, and you will feel your health declining.

It is the nerves and heart that are not acting properly.

They can be set right by the use of **MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS**

They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

Mrs. Ennis Chambers, Massey Station, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I was so bad at times I could not lie down in bed at nights but would have to sit up. I doctored for a whole year and got no relief. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and was so completely cured I have not been troubled since. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

STAMMERERS

The **Arnott Method** is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the **CAUSE**, not merely the **Habit**, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

Address **THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can.** 771-1

The King of Spain has ordered a supply of Irish tweeds from Ballinrobe.

Mothers Delighted With LACTATED FOOD

Lactated Food has saved thousands of infants in the summer time. It will do the same for your baby, dear mother.

Have you seen babies fed on health-giving Lactated Food? If you have, you will admit they look bright, hearty and happy.

Do you know why so many mothers love the pleasures of home life with their babies? It is because they nourish their dear ones on Lactated Food, by do our best physicians strongly recommend Lactated Food? For the good reason that it contains all the important elements of healthy breast milk.

Babies on Lactated Food need no medicine. Lactated Food is a wholesome and life-giving diet. It is sold by all druggists.

Your System Demands Help

In the spring, as at no other season of the year, your system demands help—help to enrich the blood, help to restore the exhausted nerves. The blood is weak, watery and impure, and the ordinary food fails to supply a sufficient amount of nutrition.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies this very demand, as no other medicine was ever known to do. It contains in condensed pill form the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich blood and nerve force.

You can escape the weakness and fatigue, the depressing and irritability, the indigestion, dizzy spells and headache so common in spring by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It will be a pleasure for you to note your increase in weight, as the form is being rounded out, and new, firm flesh and tissue added to the body by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the very best medicine in the world for curing the minor ailments of babies and young children. It is the best because it is absolutely harmless. It is the best because it never fails to effect a cure. A few doses relieve and cure constipation, indigestion, colic, diarrhea, and simple fevers. It breaks up colds—thus preventing croup—expels worms and brings teething without tears. Not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff is in this medicine. Mrs. Hugh B. Denton, Scotchtown, N. B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them a satisfactory medicine. You can get the tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

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TWO MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTERS IN NEW YORK AT THE SAME TIME

One the Actress and the Other a Society Leader—Both Wedded to the Same Man—Mrs. Potter No. 1 Refuses to Relinquish Her Name Except for \$250,000—Will Appear in Vaudeville.

[From the New York World.]
May 14 next, or sooner, will see two Mrs. James Brown Potters in New York, both using the same name on their visiting cards.
One is Mrs. James Brown Potter—society leader, beauty, grand dame, etc. The other is Mrs. James Brown Potter—actress, professional beauty, divorcée, bankrupt, one was Miss May Handy, of Baltimore, the other, Miss Cora Urquhart, of New York. Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 1 is the actress, Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 2 is the grand dame.

What did Mrs. James Brown Potter—actress, Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter—ask as compensation for giving up the name of Mrs. James Brown Potter? Mrs. James Brown Potter's lawyers thought that \$250,000 would be about the right sum.
They pointed out that the name was the actress' stock in trade. They insisted that her living depended upon the use of the name.
"Why," said Mr. Wontner, attorney for Mrs. Potter, the actress, "the name brings her an income upon which she lives. Without a well-arranged business proposition why should she relinquish her name in order to enhance the social position of the other lady?"



Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 1.

Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 2 of the Tuxedo colony, comes to town every day or two for the post-Lenten season. Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 1 comes to town at the Herald Square Theater in May to appear for the first time in vaudeville.

And now imagine what might happen should the paths cross of these two beautiful women who have shared the home of James Brown Potter, millionaire, clubman and man of the world.

And why all this mix-up?

Simply because both ladies claim title to the name.
Mrs. James Brown Potter, of vaudeville, says it is her sole stock in trade, and that she will not give up the name. Thousands will come to see the ex-wife of the millionaire in vaudeville, where hardly a one would care to pay \$2 to see Miss Cora Urquhart perform.

Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 2 says the name belongs to her because she is the present wife of James Brown Potter. In fact, she has gone so far as to have her attorneys call upon the other Mrs. James Brown Potter with a formal offer of a monetary consideration in case the other Mrs. Potter relinquishes her right to the name of Mrs. James Brown Potter.

Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 1 referred the attorneys of Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 2 to her solicitors and there was a formal meeting in London not long ago. They talked it over on a cold-blooded money basis.

YOUR BRAIN HOLDS THE NERVE STRINGS

AND IF DISEASE TAKES HOLD OF THE NERVES THE BRAIN LOSES CONTROL OF ALL THE FORCES THAT CONTRIBUTE TO HEALTH AND MENTAL AND PHYSICAL COLLAPSE ARE AS CERTAIN AS SUNSET

South American Nervine

begins at the beginning to prevent and eradicate disease—it acts on the nerves that control the vital organs of the body, gives strength to the whole nervous system, fills the blood with that richness and purity that is so essential to health—because, remember this, that when these nerves become weakened and exhausted it means indigestion, torpid liver, stagnant kidneys, the heart flutters and becomes irregular and weak, the lungs fail to have the nourishment and weaken, and the climax, naturally enough, is debility—and the next stage may be consumption. All such dire consequences may be saved by the wonderful potency of South American Nervine.

South American Nervine is greatest blood purifier of modern medicine. South American Nervine is woman's best friend in very deed.

You persist and it never fails.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE cures in from one to three days.

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE for diabetes, Bright's disease and all bladder troubles.

claim. One is a playlet, "Pagliacci," and the other a tragic curtain-raiser by Laurence Irving, son of the late Sir Henry Irving, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots." These she has already done with great success at the Coliseum Music Hall, London, and in the provinces. She drew such crowds that the management in London was forced to raise the prices.

What Will Mrs. Stillman Think?
Society is also wondering how Mrs. James A. Stillman, Jr., will take it. Mrs. Stillman is the wife of the son of James A. Stillman, sr., president of the National City Bank, which is controlled by the Standard Oil and the Rockefeller. Mrs. James Brown Potter No. 1 is her mother. Mrs. Stillman used to be Miss Edith Potter. The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of the diocese of New York, is her uncle.

Debt has driven her mother into vaudeville. Last year Mrs. Potter No. 1 went bankrupt. It seemed as if everything she touched was a failure. Finally she was sold out by the bailiffs, in behalf of creditors, until nothing at all was left. His Majesty King Edward, a great friend of the actress, was very indignant that her rich American relatives allowed such things.

possession of the little girl, now Mrs. Stillman.

Why the Separation Came.
"I am tired of genteel poverty," said Mrs. Potter to her friends at the time. "My husband has never earned a cent for himself. I have had to make over my old gowns. I am tired of having to go out with a smiling face and a breaking heart. I am tired of constant family bickerings and jealousies. I am going on the stage for the sole object of earning my bread and for the glorious privilege of being independent."

But Mr. Potter is rich now. Howard Potter, his father, died and left him a large share of the Potter money. In the will Mrs. Potter was expressly cut off and all children that she might have after 1889. Edith Potter was born in 1879. In 1900 Mr. Potter got a divorce in Rhode Island on the ground of desertion.

A few years later Mr. Potter married Miss May Handy, regarded as the most beautiful girl in Baltimore. Since then they have lived in Tuxedo and Newport, occasionally making over to Europe, where Mrs. Potter No. 2 has been the talk of the gallants.

ELLEN TERRY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF THE GREAT ENGLISH ACTRESS.

Made Her Debut When Eight Years of Age and Married at Sixteen—Her Enormous Popularity.

Ellen Terry, the great English actress, who is celebrating the 50th anniversary of her appearance on the stage, was born at Coventry, England, Feb. 27, 1848. She was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Terry, both well-known provincial actors, and she descends from a long line of actors. Miss Terry spent her childhood among many brothers and sisters, for the family numbered six—Katie, Ellen, Marian, Florence, Charles and Fred. They all went on the stage and several of them made quite a name for themselves. When only 8 years old Miss Terry made her debut, Charles Keen, of April 28, 1858, received "The Winter's Tale" at the Prince's Theater in London, and Edith Ellen played the part of the boy Mamilius and also had the honor to make her first appearance in the presence of the late Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and the Princess Royal. Charles Keen played Leontes, and as a response to his question, "Art thou my boy?" Ellen replied, "Ay, my good lord." These were her first professional words, spoken while she marched on the stage in a red and white coat and pink stockings, trailing a small go-cart behind her. The venture proved a success, for "The Winter's Tale" had a run of 100 nights and Ellen played her part so well that she soon was promoted to more important roles, both in plays and pantomime.

When only 16 years old Miss Terry married G. P. Wicks, the well-known actor, and retired from the stage for three years. In 1867 she reappeared again at the Queen's Theater in "A Double Marriage," and in December of that year undertook the part of Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew," when she acted with Sir Henry Irving for the first time.

In 1868, after her marriage to F. A. Wardell, an actor whose stage name was Charles Kelly, Ellen Terry again retired from the stage, this time for seven years, emerging from her retirement to play the part of Philina in "The Wanderer" at the Prince's Theater. In 1875 she played Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" at the same theater with Bancroft's. Her great success was won in 1878, when she played Ophelia in "Hamlet" with Sir Henry Irving. From that time until 1897 she remained with him as leading lady, repeatedly touring the British provinces and visiting the United States five times. With Sir Henry she played most of the grandest female Shakespearean roles, Portia, Juliet and Desdemona being among the most popular. The success of their combination was very great.

Sir Henry Irving had the greatest respect and admiration for Mrs. Terry, and during all the years they played together he treated her with the greatest deference. What finally led to their separation is not known, but in 1902 Ellen Terry, Sir Henry each went their own way.

Ellen Terry's most popular role was as Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In 1904 she appeared in a remarkable production of this play with Boerboom Tree at His Majesty's Theater, and in the evening of April 27 again appeared in the same part to celebrate the jubilee of her fiftieth year on the stage.

Mrs. Terry is intensely popular with the English people and it is safe to say that this popularity is chiefly due to her great personal charm. Her popularity in the United States is not much less than in England, and when a committee was formed in London to organize a fitting celebration of her jubilee British and Americans as well as the citizens of many continental countries, responded most heartily. The committee asked for sailing subscriptions and in a short time 50,000 shillings (\$800,000) were collected. Queen Alexandra sent a diamond and ruby pendant of great value and actors from all over the world have assisted in making the celebration successful. For Mrs. Terry is also popular among her colleagues. She has helped a great many actors who needed assistance, even if she at times made it extremely difficult for them, for she has the "Terry-men" cry, which often makes the possessor forget her cues and forces her to use some by-play which is exceedingly assisting to those who are waiting for their cue.

Terry's immediate family only the youngest sister has died. Her two children, Gordon and Edith Crute, have of the Potter fortune. For several years after her marriage Mrs. Potter was a belle in the set which gravitated about the late Ward McAllister. She had pliant features and a wealth of tawny, copper-colored hair that was her glory.

Amateur theatricals were her hobby. She played every winter for charity, and made hit after hit. Finally, in 1887, she decided to turn professional. She chose to star with Kyrie Bellew, then at the height of his fame as a matinee idol, and her husband decided to be done with her. There was an informal separation, and he secured

Perfect Woman



You may have the Beauty of Perfect Health

The perfect woman is the woman who has perfect health. Beauty is more than skin deep. Beauty is as deep as pure blood and a perfect digestion. Especially is female beauty dependent on the perfect health of the delicate female organism.

If you wish to have the beauty and attractiveness of perfect health, if you wish your eyes to sparkle, your complexion to resume its brilliancy, and your whole body to thrill with the glow of renewed vitality, take that famous woman's medicine,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

If you have headaches, backache, organic pains, painful or irregular periods, or any female trouble, begin with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It will save you needless suffering. It will restore your womanly beauty.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Soon after my marriage my health began to fail. I was unable to sleep, became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery; my monthly periods became very painful and I became a burden to my family.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in our home for what your wonderful medicine has accomplished for me.

Mrs. M. A. C. LEBELLER, 732 Cadieux Street, Montreal, Que.

No woman, were she a Venus de Milo, could continue beautiful with a dragging down female complaint. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write to her for advice. For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

Herbert Spencer's Love Story

FROM THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

[From the Canadian Magazine.]

In the April Harper's there is an interesting article on the "Home Life of Herbert Spencer." In it, the love-story of his life is told—a partial explanation of his remaining a bachelor all his life. The story is told by a person who spent eight years under his roof, and is no doubt authentic. It is as follows:

On coming into the dining-room one evening, he discovered one of us asleep over a book of his which he had lent us some months before. Highly amused at the soporific effect of his writings and the length of time taken over its perusal, he exclaimed:

"Why, you take as long to read my books as I take to write them!"

"Oh, was the answer, 'I don't always finish them. I was reading one of your books the other day, and I saw something you said about love which surprised me so much that I closed the book sharply, and said, 'He knows nothing whatever about it.'"

He was much tickled with this speech, but his laughter died away as the recollection of the past came over him, and then and there he told us, gravely and unemotionally, what he knew about love from personal experience. It occurred during his engineering days, when he was about 21.

He was left in charge of the business at the house of his chief, and it so happened that the only member of the family at home was a young niece, who was bright, unconventional and rather witty. Every morning she used to bring the letters into the office for him, and being alone and wanting company, she started talking to him. He was attracted by her. In this way, as has often happened before, a "great friendship" sprang up between them, which he said—and it was all he would admit—would "probably" have ripened into "something deeper" on "his side, when suddenly a carefully concealed fiancée turned up, and he awoke. The "probable" event must have nearly taken place, for he told us that even after 50 years he well remembered the unpleasant feeling he experienced on seeing her hanging on his rival's arm and looking around at him to see what he thought of it.

"She was a horrid flirt," exclaimed some of us.

"She was nothing of the sort," he quickly retorted, loyal to the memory of his half-acknowledged love of 50 years before. And so staunch and true was he, so simple and straightforward, that we would have no word said about her conduct.

It seemed that he not only felt more deeply than he would admit, but that he still cherished his illusions about her; for after he had told us his own poor little romance, he suggested rather sheepishly that he should write to her and propose exchanging photographs. For although he had never seen her since, he knew where he could get her address. Seeing that he was rather bent on it, and wanted to be persuaded, we encouraged him to do

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25¢ CATARRH CURE... 25¢

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blisters. It kills the ulcers, clears the passages, cures drops, inflammation, and permanently cures Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, and Vagina. All-Druggists, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Montreal.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Sings. Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. E. HUNN & SONS, 263 Richmond St. Phone 597.

In the Friends' burial ground in Salem, N. J., there stands the largest oak in the state and possibly the largest oak in the United States. It is now used as the "trade mark" of the New Jersey Forestry Association.

Recent rains have insured an immense yield from orchard, field and vineyard in California this year.

IT NEEDS NO TESTIMONIAL.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence, and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

New Idea in

COMICS

REAL HUMOR BY REAL ARTISTS

Foremost German Humorists have come to America to amuse readers of the

Chicago Sunday Tribune

Watch for it and laugh.

Nestle's Food

Paves the Way for the March of Life

Thousands of sturdy men and women owe strength and vitality to Nestle's Food. It's the

Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk

that three generations of babies have thrived on.

If you have a baby, send us your name and address. We will mail a sample of Nestle's Food—sufficient for 8 meals—free of charge.

THE LEECHING, MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

NOTHING NEW UNDER The SUN..

Some Old-time Inventions Credited to Modern Days.



A Magic Lantern and the Picture it Cast in 1720



A Paddle-wheel Boat Crossing the English Channel in 1430



Diving Bell of 1320—Invention Credited to 1538

"Canst thou send the lightnings, these, here we are?" questioned that Job, in one of his argumentative discourses.

Many years ago an eminent American divine announced, as his opinion, that Job, in this sentence, referred to the electric telegraph, the principle of which, at least, the clergyman believed, was known in that remote day.

Be this as it may, proof is continually arising in support of the contention that "There's nothing new under the sun." Many inventions regarded as modern really had their roots in prototypes hundreds of years ago.

At most, the diving bell and diving suit, the moving picture machine, the rapid-fire gun, and the paddle-wheel boat—all are but amplifications of ideas conceived in the brains of ancient geniuses, and, to a certain extent, in a crude way, worked out by them.

In the British Museum and in other collections of antiquities and curios are pictures and models of inventions which long antedate the recent age in which such things have been brought to perfection, and to which they are generally accredited. Most of these pictures and models are presented as roughly as were the times in which they were devised. Really fantastic in some cases are the drawings and construction, but they carry the ideas and principles involved quite clearly.

Who supposed that the magic lantern—familiar of the kitescope and other moving and color picture machines of to-day—was in use so far back as 1420? And yet such was the case.

The magic lantern of that day was styled "The Nocturnal Apparatus for Fearful Pictures," and was devised as a weapon of warfare. The idea was to frighten solitary sentinels from their posts when approached by a gigantic image of the sort.

The apparatus itself seems to have been merely a kind of lantern, in the front of which was fixed a miniature figure or picture of the grotesque shape intended to be projected.

That oars and sails were not the only agencies for propelling boats is shown by the model of a paddle-wheel craft which, it is said, crossed the English Channel in 1430, or three score years before Columbus set out upon his search for a new world.

As well as can be seen by the model, this ancient mechanical ferry-boat resembled a bathtub, with high peaked bow and stern. It appears to have been operated by two men, sitting back to back, and there does not seem to have been much, if any, space for passengers.

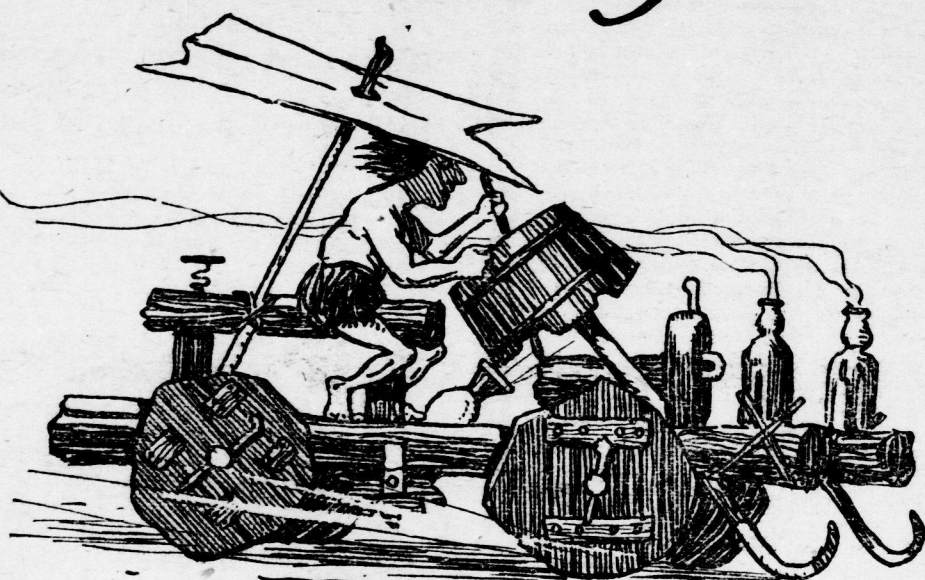
Of simple construction were the paddle wheels—merely strips of wood intersecting at right angles and fastened to a beam running across the craft. A crank on the inboard portion of the beam was where the motive power was applied.

By turning this crank the human

front of which was fixed a miniature figure or picture of the grotesque shape intended to be projected.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Boesjeman, of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggle to escape and attempts to bite its assailant, the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Boesjeman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

For every ton of genuine ivory imported into Great Britain, there are imported three tons of vegetable ivory. The latter comes chiefly from the Republic of Colombia, in South America. It is obtained from the seeds of the ivory-nut palm.



the idea was born has been lost long ago.

This early apparatus appears to have been a kind of cask lowered by means of ropes from a boat. Perhaps it had an air tube attached, but how deeply it could be operated or how long the diver could remain under water are facts not now known.

OLD DIVER'S OUTFIT.

Not unlike the diver's outfit of today was the watertight suit invented in 1500 by Hieronimus von Eyck, a Dutch mariner. This had the long air hose reaching to the surface, and the lead-weighted body.

In addition, the diver was provided with a kind of scaling ladder, probably to facilitate climbing the sides of sunken vessels.

The mitrailleuse of 1350 was by no means the efficient weapon that was devised in 1861 and supposed to be the first rapid-fire invented.

It was simply a bundle of tubes, bound in circular form and mounted upon a pivot, the aim being controlled by a rude screw device. Still, it contained the idea that, over 500 years later, was worked out in the shape of an effective and terrible engine of war.

A weapon similar to the Gatling gun of modern times was constructed at about the same period. This consisted of three cannon tubes, one above the other, inclosed in a metal casing that bound them tightly together, the elevation of which was controlled by a large screw.

As gunpowder had been used in warfare only a few years—it was first extensively employed, so far as known, in the battle of Crecy, in 1346—those early inventors of armament lost little time in planning formidable weapons.

While ballooning, as a practical science, dates only from 1783, Leonardo da Vinci was so far ahead of his time that, as long ago as 1514, he constructed a parachute that did its work satisfactorily.

"If any one has an awning of linen, 12 ell wide and 212 broad," the inventor wrote, "he can let himself down without fear of hurt from the greatest height."

As there were no balloons in those days from which to test long-distance drops, the efficiency of da Vinci's parachute had to be proved by such jumps as could be made from tall buildings and cliffs.

Had it not been for the wholesale blood letting of the French Revolution, the modern guillotine, perhaps, would not have been called into being.

A device of the same kind, however, is said to have been used by the ancient Persians, and by the Italians and Germans of the Middle Ages. One of the unpleasant models still preserved illustrates a decapitating machine of 1510.

It consisted of an upright frame-work, holding a sliding board beveled at the lower edge to a knife-like sharpness. The neck of the unhappy victim was placed under this crude knife, and the executioner, armed with a ponderous mallet, hammered vigorously on the top edge of the board until the head was severed from the body.

It would seem from the relics of the past that to whatever field modern invention turns, whether it aims at the perfection or the slaughter of mankind, it is likely to unearth an idea or a principle that was worked out, in some kind of rude way, centuries ago.

Australia does not support orphan asylums. Every child who is left parentless becomes a ward of the State, receives a pension for support, and is placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday.

Visiting cards of iron are popular on the continent of Europe, the name being printed in silver. The thickness of the cards is one four-hundredth of an inch.

An ostrich feather, if held upright, will be seen to be perfectly equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre. In other feathers the stems are found to be more or less on one side.

A Munich professor has invented a remarkable sick-room clock. When a button is pressed an electric lamp behind the dial throws the shadow of the hands and hands, magnified, upon the ceiling, so that an invalid can see it from his bed without craning his neck.

TRAGEDY and COMEDY in DREAMS that REALLY COME TRUE



Found her Jewels in the China Basket as She Dreamed

From the time of Joseph's interpretations in Egypt—and long before no doubt—the mystery of dreams has had a remarkable fascination for mankind.

Passing strange are their prophecies and warnings, and stranger still when these come true, as is often the case.

By what mystic power are dreams enabled to project their visual sense through space, to lift the curtain that veils the future? Quite often dreams foretell disaster, or deal with some trouble that besets the dreamer. Still, dreams have their comedies as well as tragedies, and not infrequently essay the role of assistant to Master Cupid.

Missing persons and lost property are sometimes found through the agency of dreams. The death angel, hovering near, seems especially liable to cast its dream shadow over a sleeper.

Not long ago, Connie Fletcher, a young woman of Burton-on-Trent, England, disappeared from home. Her family, greatly distressed, were unable to gain any traces of her through the ordinary channels of information.

A few nights afterwards, Thomas Trigg, a relative who had joined in the unavailing search, dreamed that he encountered the missing girl walking along a certain street.

So greatly was he impressed by the vision during the following day that he left his work and went to the spot where he had seen Miss Fletcher in his dream. Sure enough, almost at the exact place, he found the young woman wandering helplessly along.

Just as vivid and twice repeated but failing as yet to result in the same success, was a mental vision that sent William R. Huntford, of Portland, Ore., half way across the continent.

When Mr. Huntford was a boy in Iowa he deeply loved a pretty girl schoolmate. Fate and removal of both families from the State separated them, and Mr. Huntford lost track of the sweetheart of his youth. Forgetfulness, however, did not blot her picture from his mind. A few months ago—he is now a successful young business man—he dreamed of meeting her in a strange city.

VISION REAPPEARS.

Mr. Huntford did not know the city revealed in his vision, and no clue was given him as to its identity; but he recognized promptly the young woman who was apparently in it, and saw that, like Rachel of old, she was fair to look upon.

Three times the dream illumined his slumbers, and it was always the same scene and the same happy meeting with the sweetheart of his youth. There were high buildings about, trolley cars rolled past, and a light fall of snow covered the ground.

A few days following his last dream the perplexed vision of Denver, in one, labeled "Seventeenth Street," recognized the thoroughfare of his dreams.

"Mine was a snow dream," he said, "and there must be a white carpet on the ground. Still, I have faith enough to believe that I will meet my classmate here sometime. I will wait until the last snowstorm of the winter has swept over the city, confidently expecting the girl with whom I used to go to school back in Des Moines."

Real trouble assailed Mrs. Joseph H. Pineau, of Williamsport, Pa., a few weeks ago when she missed her jewels. Believing that she had been robbed during a spell of sickness, she had a servant arrested on suspicion.

That night Mrs. Pineau dreamed that she saw her jewels at the bottom of a basket containing china-ware. In the morning she hastened to the closet where the basket was, explored beneath the china, and there found her gems, just as she had seen them in her sleep.

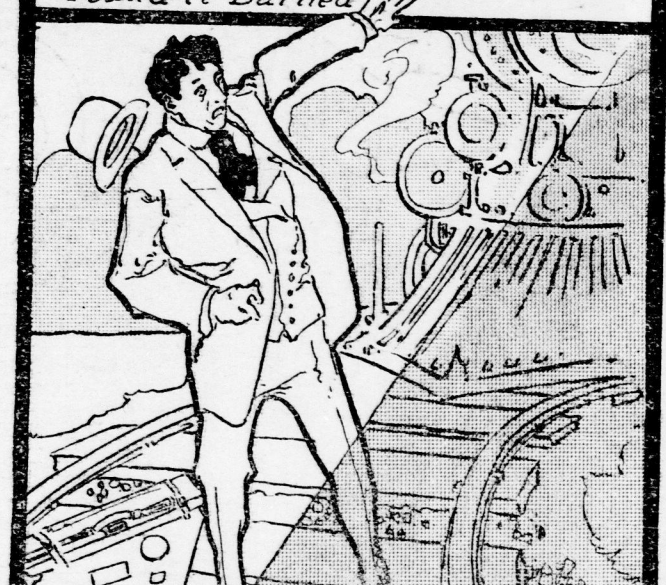
While hunting in the woods last winter, William Ward, of Freehold, Pa., lost a watch. It was two weeks before the dream in this case revealed the spot where the watch lay, but when Mr. Ward made a search there, he found it.

The London Spectator told a few weeks ago of an English woman whose reduced circumstances caused her great anxiety. At one period of her greatest trouble she dreamed that, while listening to a sermon in church she noticed people all around her getting up and going out.

"I asked some of them why they were leaving," she said afterwards, "and they replied: 'To look for the



Dreamed her Barn was Afire—Found it Burned



Dream Foretold his Son's Death in a Railroad Frog



Workmen Fell from a Skyscraper as the Foreman Dreamed



A Dream Led Him to a Missing Girl

magic bird in the churchyard. You will always have luck if you find it." So I went out, too, and, scrapping away some leaves, found a beautiful speckled thrush, which dropped one pound in my hand.

GETS HER MONEY.

"The next morning I went into our garden, and there, among the fallen leaves, found the body of a speckled thrush, which had been killed by a cat. I was greatly comforted, as I knew then that the money I needed would come. Sure enough, two checks came in the mails that day."

Warnings of disaster frequently come to sleeping persons. While travelling through Texas a short time ago, a woman living in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, dreamed that her barn was burnt and two valuable horses lost with it. She related the dream to several persons. That day she received information that her barn had actually burned, and the details tallied with her vision.

Started from sleep by a vivid dream that his best Alderney cow was choking to death in the stable, Robert Richards, a prominent farmer of Bridgeville, Del., hurried at dead of night to his barnyard a short time ago. He found that the cow was really choking, and it died before he could effect relief.

While Aaron Smith, railroad section foreman of Medora, Ill., was working near the station at Fidelity, Agent D. E. Monahan came out upon the platform and waved a sheet containing a telegram message just received for Smith. Walking up to receive the message, Smith quickly acknowledged, "Is he dead?"

"How did you know?" gasped the astonished agent.

"I dreamed it," replied the foreman, taking the sheet that told of the tragic death of his son.

Many miles away, Irvine Smith, a brakeman on the road, had been run down by a train while frantically endeavoring to release his foot from a switch frog in which it had been caught.

"His death was no surprise to me," said the father, as he learned the fact. "Twice during the last week I dreamed of seeing my son killed in exactly that manner."

THE FOREMAN'S DREAM.

Falling from the fifteenth story of the Candler Building, in course of erection at Atlanta, Ga., Peter McGearry, an ironworker, was dashed to death a few days ago.

The strange part of the story is that only the morning of the accident Foreman Peck, who had charge of the iron and steel workers, halted his men as they were about to begin their labors, and warned them very earnestly to be careful.

"I dreamed," he said, "that one of the men fell from the top of the building and was killed. I have been unable to get the terrible impression off my mind, and I request that each of you exercise more than usual caution in your work."

Dominic Carmona, of Mount Washington, Pa., dreamed that his nephew Giuseppe Samazzi, was dead. When he read the newspapers that an unknown man had been killed by falling from a car on the Smithfield street bridge, Pittsburg, he felt convinced that the unfortunate was his nephew. Calling at the morgue he made the identification.

SOME OF THE CURIOSITIES OF THIS MUNDANE WORLD

The caaba, or sacred stone of Mecca, is recovered every year with a mask sent by the Sultan of Khedive. A single covering has, on occasion, cost \$75,000.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Boesjeman, of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggle to escape and attempts to bite its assailant, the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Boesjeman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

For every ton of genuine ivory imported into Great Britain, there are imported three tons of vegetable ivory. The latter comes chiefly from the Republic of Colombia, in South America. It is obtained from the seeds of the ivory-nut palm.

Spain receives more sunshine than any other European country. The yearly average is 3000 hours, while in England it is 1400.

A plant which grows in certain parts of India possesses curious "magnetic" power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it immediately receives a shock. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is deflected by it, and will be quite ranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. It is at its strongest about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storms and insects never alight on this plant; an instinct seems to warn them that it is deadly.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 and 8 o'clock in the morning than at any other time during the day.

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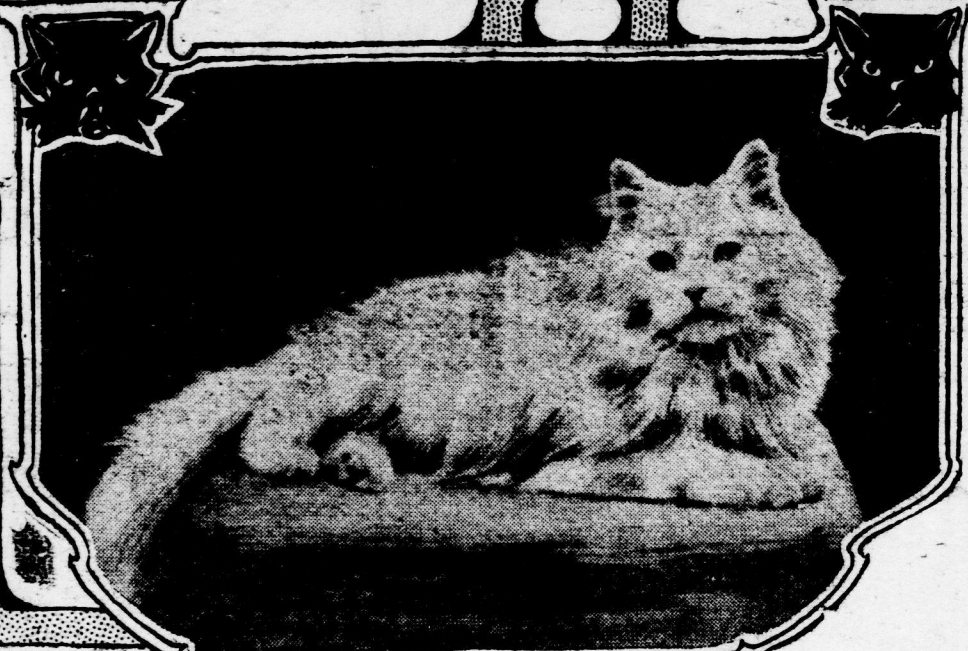
\$100,000 Worth of Aristocratic Cats on this Cat Farm.

Each with its own Boudoir



"Purita" one year old. Valued at \$500.

"Purita" Winner of 47 Prizes - Valued at \$2000.



the first novice, New York Cat Show in 1895; the first open and silver cup at Rochester, N. Y., in 1905, and numerous others. One of the kittens of Puritana, a daughter of Purity, sold recently for \$205.

Omar died after catching cold, but another cat of even more value was procured, and is known as Omar II. It is valued at \$1500, and is of the silver variety of chinchilla. It has captured three challenge cups already and is not more than 2 years old.

Miss Pollard believes that there is money to be made in cats. In telling about her success she said: "The best way to start is to purchase a kitten 10 to 14 weeks old, as the price at that age will not be more than \$200. If care is taken in providing a suitable mate, with advantageous blood lines, points and color, the best results will ensue. The first lots of kittens will bring anywhere from \$500 to \$1000, which will more than pay for the investment and leave a profit."

When one is not limited to expense a good queen a year old should be procured. She will cost between \$75 and \$150. I have one queen whose progeny has netted me over \$1000, and she is still in her prime. The demand is for the best cats. Those who are looking for bargain sales will get only what they pay for, with a big premium for the experience."

It is a most engaging business, very profitable and with plenty of room for beginners to make a success, if they start right. With inferior stock, the breeding of long-haired Persian cats is an impossibility. With good stock, fine Persian cats can be raised, and it is for these that there is a demand. Raising cats is like rearing children. One must understand the cat thoroughly, and it is a most interesting study. Because there is a demand for high-class cats the prices are kept up, and the finer the specimens the higher the price."

A FAD OF ROYALTY.

Breeding of long-haired cats in England is one of the fads of royalty. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has a catery at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, which is headed by Puck III, a chinchilla. Puck has been entered by Princess Victoria in the National Cat Show of England. The Duchess of Bedford has a catery at this association and is also an enthusiast in raising the animals.

Some of the importations which Miss Pollard has on her farm include rare cats from Persia, England and some from China. Among the earliest of the importations was a cat from Tibet which had a split nose. This animal has since been sold at a price which is considered a record-breaker in the cat market. It was purchased by Lady McLaren, of Kensington Park, London, Eng., for \$2,300.

FACTS ABOUT THE MAKING OF UMBRELLAS

Up to a few years ago, according to the American Inventor, only seven patents on umbrellas, it is said, had been issued in the United States in a century.

Fifteen million umbrellas are made every year. Of late this popular protector has been developing rapidly. One may pick up a cheap umbrella now, press a button, and have it spread itself automatically. Some umbrellas are made to fold up so that they may be stowed in a valise. Others lock with a key. There are large ones that spread their shelter over eight or nine feet of territory.

As a general thing, umbrella factories are simply places where the parts are assembled. Ribs and stems are produced in factories making a specialty of such work. In cutting the cloth for the covering, about seventy-five thicknesses are laid upon a "splitting" table, presided over by skilled workmen. The split pieces are then taken to the goods. These pieces are then sewed together by machinery.

Covers and frames now being ready the next step is to put them together. In the average umbrella the cover is fastened to the frame in twenty-one places. After that the

BUILDING A CHURCH AS YOU WOULD A BUSINESS

MEETING OF TONIGHT WELCOME By a Minister Who Does It



The Rev. James W. Cool

Should not a church advertise its wares, not merely through a few lines in the "Religious Notes" of a newspaper, but freely, aggressively and actively upon street corners and billboards, as a theatre manager advertises his attractions, or a chewing gum manufacturer his goods?

These questions are answered, seemingly, by the success of the Rev. James W. Cool, pastor of the Bedford Park Church, of New York city. Not only does Mr. Cool advertise his church and its attractions upon billboards and street corners, but he sets up the type and prints circulars himself, and sees that they are distributed; he edits and puts into type

It seems strange that, in this progressive period of the world's history, a minister who uses legitimate methods for bringing people to the church of Jesus Christ should attract special attention.

In one of his first public utterances Jesus said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" thereby telling those wise old elders that the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth was as much a business as the traffic in merchandise.

This is an age of advertising; the business house that succeeds must advertise, must let people know that it has something that will be of benefit to the public.

If this is true in business, and if the establishment of the great purpose of Jesus Christ in bringing to pass that consummation so devoutly to be wished—"the universal brotherhood of man"—is good for humanity, why can't a sign be put up on a busy street telling people that the pastor of a certain church has something that will help them to have better homes; to be happier in their homes and in their work, and at last reach a place where sorrow and sighing will be banished forever?

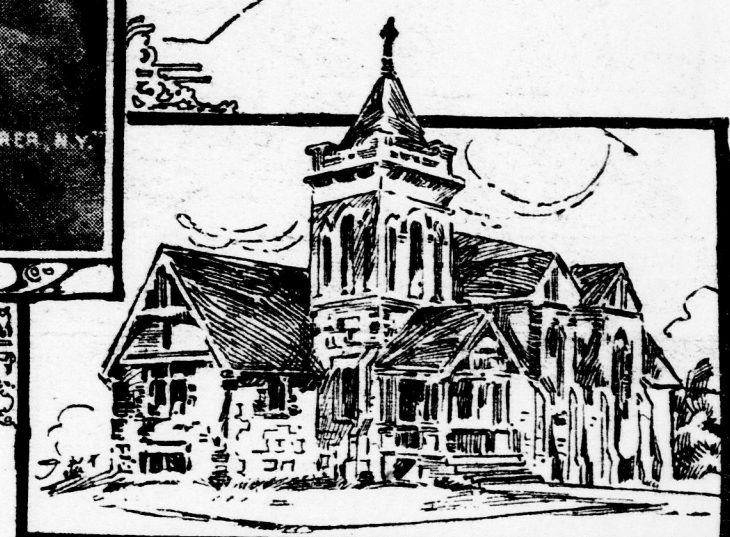
I advertise on bulletin boards because I think I have something that will do the people good, and I want them to know it.

Yes, I work with my hands, and they sometimes get pretty dirty, because, you know, I am my own printer's devil; and it's rather a dirty job to clean the rollers of a printing press.

When I was a boy going to school out West, my father, a minister, wanted me to learn something besides that taught in schools and colleges; so every summer, when vacation time came around, he put me to work.

I used to think it was mean of him to make me work while other boys were playing ball and camping out; but, oh, how thankful I am to-day that I did learn to work with my hands.

One summer he secured a position for me in a lumber mill, where I had to feed a planing machine. I went to work at 5 in the morning, and worked till 5 in the evening. When vacation time was over, I went back



The Bedford Park Congregational Church

Then, another summer, he put me in a printing office as the "devil," and I kept at that during vacation times until I had worked up to a "case"; that is, I was given a type case, and became a typesetter.

Now I have a printing press of my own, and the church saves money. We have more printing than churches of this size usually have, and the money saved is put into gymnasium apparatus for the young people.

Of course, some of the good people used to think I ought not to do such things, that it was not becoming a minister. They are the people that make hypocrites of ministers; they would have them go round with a white peckle and a sanctimonious air, as though there was an unseen halo around their saintly heads; when, in reality, ministers have all the temptations that other men have.

In 1894 I came to New York to enter a law school. I did not know a single human being in the State. I was a lonesome, homesick Western boy.

My father, being a minister, would write to me every few days, asking me if I had attended any churches or if I had identified myself with a church.

In order to answer him in the affirmative, I visited a number of churches; of course, going first to the churches having the biggest name.

I would listen to good music and hear scholarly sermons, but no one ever noticed me. Sometimes I would have to wait at the back of the church until all the pew-holders had a chance to occupy their seats before I was given a seat; then I felt like an intruder.

Then I settled on a church where the people were a little more kind to me. There I attended for about a month, going every Sunday.

One of the ushers used to nod when I came in, and sometimes shook hands with me and said, "Good morning." Finally, I mustered up courage enough to wait after the service one Sunday and ask this usher if I might speak to the minister. He looked at me rather peculiarly and said he would see.

After about ten minutes the minister came down the aisle, with his hands folded behind him—he never offered to shake hands—and said: "Well, what can I do for you?" The manner in which he said it made me, a green Western boy, wish that I could be swallowed up by the floor.

I told him who I was; that my father was a minister and wanted me to become identified with some church, and that I had decided I would like to place my letter with his church. He said to me: "Give me your address, young man, and I will look you up."

I gave him my address and withdrew. For all I know, he may still be looking me up; I never heard from him or the church again, and never went inside that church afterward.

Catskills. I made up my mind that no boy or girl would ever enter the door of my church without a real, hearty welcome and invitation to return, and I have kept that promise for five years.

So much for that end of the story. The second reason why I believe in institutional work and advertising is this:

After I had been pastor of this church for a few months and had a chance to study its conditions, I found that one of the principal necessities was in having some good, reputable business men manage its business interest, men who had made a success of their own business.

SOLICITED AID.

I approached several men living in the community, explaining the situation to them and asking them to come and help me put the church on a good business basis.

One of these, who is well known in the business world, having a splendid business on Fifth avenue, said to me: "I had too much church when I was a boy; my father made me go to church, and to Sunday school, sit through a long sermon, and jehus two of them during the day, and I made up my mind that, when I grew older, I would make up by staying home on Sunday."

"But," I said to him, "suppose the church that you attend, when a boy had been attractive, suppose it had just the things you were interested in? Suppose it had a basketball club attached to its Sunday school; suppose it had a basketball team and a football team, and suppose the Sunday school had stereoscopic pictures once in a while and a gymnasium attached to it, would you then say you had too much Sunday school?"

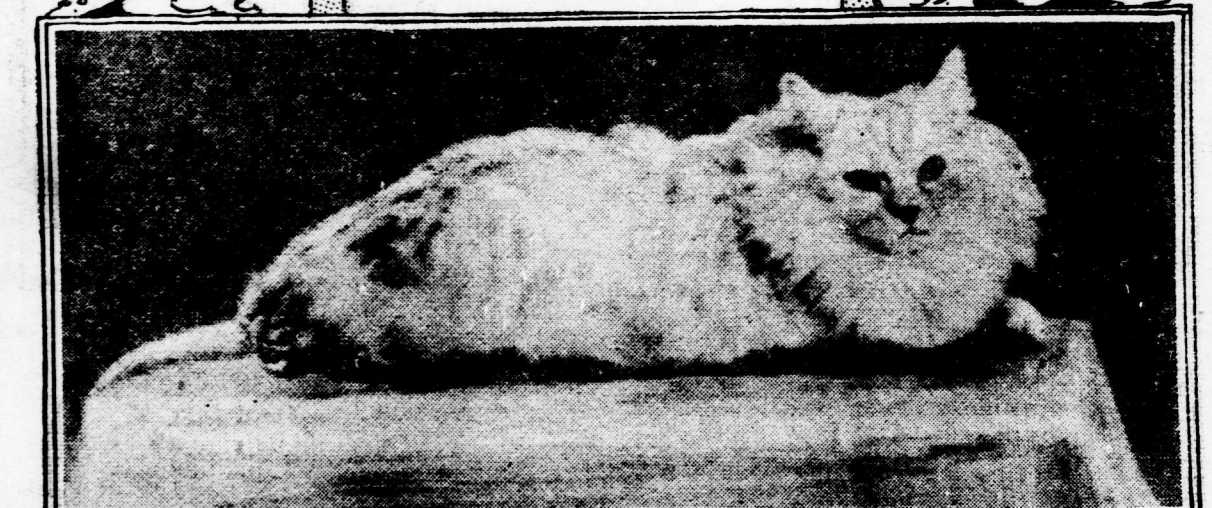
He saw the point, and agreed to join me in making our church and Sunday school interesting and to help me Jesus Christ lifted up, not by a goody-goody, anaemic, well-meaning but impracticable set of officers, but by thorough, practical men who know how to make religion, as well as business, attractive. This we have accomplished.

We have basketball teams, and all sorts of gymnastic exercises. You may move around in this community, and ask the boys and girls who attend this church whether they have "too much church" and hear what they say. When they grow up to manhood and womanhood, they will love the church and remember it as one of the factors in their early training.

We do not lose sight of the real object of the Christian Church; we have our eyes fixed on that Great Ideal; we have His principles in mind all the time; we preach the old-fashioned gospel of salvation without any of the new-fangled frills. We all believe: In essentials, unity; in non-



A Corner of the Catery



Omar II, Valued at \$1500

When wealthy persons are willing to pay \$1000 or more for a pet cat there would seem to be money in raising them for market.

There is, at least Miss Ava L. Pollard, of West End, Elizabeth, N. J., is making her cat farm pay a handsome profit.

It is one of the few genuine cat farms in this country. Indeed, there are few in the world where such aristocratic, high-priced felines are born and bred.

The cats upon Miss Pollard's farm are valued altogether at nearly \$100,000. Reports of the last census shows that the average man in America possesses worldly goods worth \$1,233.86. Miss Pollard has cats upon which she places a higher valuation than the wealth of the average man.

For one cat she recently refused \$1100, stating that she would not part with it for \$2000. Another was sold not long since to Lady McLaren, of London, for \$2000.

Some time ago an eminent jurist of New Jersey, in determining a case before him, arrived at the conclusion that a baby was worth in cash to its parents, aside from any sentimental valuation, exactly the sum of \$1.

One advantage Miss Pollard has found in her new industry is that the business is not controlled by a trust. Indeed, she is a little trust unto herself.

What is more, many of her best customers, who come from all parts of the country, are wives and daughters of men who are ranked among trust magnates.

They are rich, and what do they care for a mere \$1000 bill when they can exchange it for a cat—all white and fuzzy, with two blue eyes, or one blue and one yellow eye—with a string of blue ribbons attesting its aristocratic lineage and cat show triumphs?

The other day a wealthy woman and her daughter travelled all the way from Chicago to Miss Pollard's to buy a kitten. They selected

But this was only a kitten. Soft-eyed, princely Omar II is valued by his mistress at \$1500; for Purity, winner of forty-seven prizes and half a dozen silver cups, Miss Pollard says she would refuse \$2000.

At present there are nearly three-score cats of high degree at the West End farm, which includes about three acres. They are cared for as tenderly as though they were children of a royal household.

In the centre of the "farm" stands the handsome villa of the owner, surrounded by well-kept lawns and willow woods. A pretty little stream sparkles and splashes its way through the place.

During good weather and in the summer the inmates of the Omar Catery, as Miss Pollard calls her cats, are permitted to run about the fields, which are surrounded by a high fence of matted wire.

Wire screens also divide the place into separate fields, or nurseries, something like those of a chicken farm, in order to keep different companies of cats to themselves.

At night after a day in the fields the cats are groomed, bathed and placed in their luxurious cages to remain until the next morning.

During the winter they receive much more care. Housed in a long building in the rear of the owner's villa, each cat has its own private apartment.

While some are confined to their special boudoirs, others are allowed the privileges of a "promenade" running through the house.

When a cat catches cold the doctor is summoned at once, and the invalid receives the most careful attention. The air in the room must be tempered to suit the individual cats, their food is measured scrupulously, and in the winter they are thoroughly massaged every day.

The breeding of aristocratic cats in this country is comparatively new as an industry. There are only one or two such farms in America. It had its origin in England.

Queen Victor was a lover of cats and had a catery to which she gave considerable of her attention. Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, is also a lover of the animals, and some of the treasures now at the Omar Catery trace their lineage back to the first cats in this Queen's

about six years ago. The first purchase was a little black male kitten with white markings on the face and feet. Its parents were immigrants to this country, and had been reared by a sister of William Paversham, the actor, coming here from England.

EXPENSIVE PURCHASES.

A year later Sylvia was purchased. She was a shaded silver cat, very highly bred. The profit from the sale of kittens led to the purchase of Omar, a chinchilla cat with a pedigree of considerable length and depth of blue.

This was said to be the "highest-priced" cat of its time, its value being \$800. It was a son of St. Anthony and Springfield Puff, with a lineage which could be traced back six whole cat generations.

Miss Pollard then began to import cats in larger numbers. She brought to this country "Daphne," "Lorraine of the Gables" and another of the silver variety. These importations were not successful. All but one failed to become acclimated and died.

Since then Miss Pollard has been devoting her energies to rearing white cats only.

A rich woman in England owned what was said to be the finest white cat in the world. It was valued at \$800. Miss Pollard cabled to England, offering \$1000, and secured the prize.

This cat, Purity, has won forty-seven prizes and half a dozen silver cups. In all shows held so far she has carried off the laurels for being the best white cat shown. Each of her kittens bring from \$100 to \$200.

When asked by a wealthy man what she would accept for Purity, Miss Pollard replied: "I would not take \$2000. She cannot be bought." At one time \$1100 was offered, but Miss Pollard refused.

At Rochester, N. Y., Purity captured two firsts and fifty-five specials; at New York, she was first in the open class, and at the Atlantic City Cat Show she captured the gold medal for being the best cat on exhibition. She has won four challenge cups and 105 specials.

Purity has been scored 100 points on many occasions, and that indicates a perfect cat in all points, including color, size, form, size and shape of head, eyes, whether blue or yellow, or one of each color, and texture of fur.

How to be Healthy and Beautiful by Mrs. Henry Symes

HOW FRENCH WOMEN SCENT THEIR TRESSES



FRENCH women have many canons of beauty which may possibly be summed up in the one general command: Make yourself always as beautiful and attractive as possible. American women are rapidly learning the wisdom of this, but at the present time French women lead in the time and care they lavish upon their toilet—always making the very best of any good points they may have, and working patiently to overcome defects.

This does not mean excessive vanity by any means; it simply means caring enough about your personal appearance to make a perfect toilet-keeping skin, hair, teeth, eyes, etc., in perfect condition.

The Frenchwoman has one secret that should be known to every woman. It concerns perfume. Never does she obtrude any perfume; yet she has the knack of living in an atmosphere of delicate scent. Possibly the fashion they have of scenting their hair is to a great extent accountable for this.

Scenting the hair is usually considered difficult—but not to the Frenchwoman. She has made it a simple art. She never tries to scent dirty, musty hair. The hair must be clean and sweet; satisfactory results are to be obtained. Then don't try to scent it with perfumes containing alcohol. Use either sachet or the pure oil of perfume. Jasmine, geranium and violet are delightful scents and are most frequently used. Care should be taken not to get too

much on—they should be used lightly. To scent delicately take a little of the oil of perfume and pour it on the palm of the hand. Then pass a brush—an infant's soft hair brush is best—over the hair. If the hair is inclined to be dull or lifeless, as the application of this slight quantity seems to add it gloss without producing any objectionable oiliness.

However, some prefer using sachet. Only the best will prove satisfactory. It should be placed in a bottle with a stopper, and the hair and scalp brushed well with the powder. Then sprinkle out thoroughly. After all traces

of the powder have been removed, a most delicate and delicious odor will linger around your tresses.

Women don't pay half enough attention to the care and arrangement of their hair. Judging from the coiffures one sees in looking about upon any assemblage of the fair sex, most of them seem to feel that getting it knotted up in some fashion is all that is necessary. But I venture to say that a woman with a well-arranged coiffure, showing carefully groomed tresses, brushed to a glossiness and becomingly arranged—delicately perfumed, too—will, even though her gown be not quite up to date, make a much better impression than a woman wearing the latest French creation in gowns whose locks are untidily arranged.

NEW methods for the preservation and development of beauty are continually being invented—perhaps discovered is the better word, as they really seem to be "nothing new under the sun," and, judging from what we read about the radiant complexions of the beauties of ancient times, they must have discovered most of the beauty secrets long ago, and used them, too, with great success.

Among the recent discoveries in the beauty line are two new methods of light massage suitable for facial treatment; also for arms, neck and bust. A general movement in facial massage of the face, while the face is lying down, is the upward movement, before-between the thumb and fingers, diagonally across the cheek—the upward movement should be firm; the downward one very gentle.

The firm upward movement improves the contour of the face, while the gentle downward one bestows a gentle friction which is beneficial in the eradication of wrinkles.

Conclude the treatment by gently wiping every trace of grease off the face, giving it a slight dust over with powder, and then wiping with soft chambray, which will prevent a shiny appearance.

Knute the neck lightly in order to keep the folds in. A good massage cream should be first applied and then rubbed in with the finger tips. Take the handkerchief, holding ends lightly between the thumb and first finger, and draw it quickly and firmly across the forehead, first one way and then the other.

This is excellent for eradicating the wrinkles and lines from the brow. The same treatment is beneficial for filling out hollow cheeks and for removing lines from all parts of the face. It must always be remembered that the general movement in facial massage of any sort should be upward; consequently, with the handkerchief held as before-between the thumb and fingers, diagonally across the cheek—the upward movement should be firm; the downward one very gentle.

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Remove wrinkles from the brow. Round out cheeks. Plenty of cream when plumpness is desired.

When the back is hollow.

Beauty Hints by Mrs. Henry Symes

To Soften the Skin

I would like to know what to use to close enlarged pores and make the skin soft and white?

The following lotion will improve the enlarged pores. Putting a few drops of the lotion in the bath water will soften and whiten the skin. The orange flower cream is also excellent for this purpose.

Lotion for Enlarged Pores.

Boric acid, 1 dram; distilled water, 4 ounces. Apply with a piece of old linen or a bit of absorbent cotton.

To Whiten the Arms

I am always interested in reading your replies, and perhaps you may be able to help me.

1. How can I whiten my arms? They are plump, but burn so badly through my thin waist that they do not bleach even in winter.

2. I am troubled with freckles. You give so many remedies, but none that I can use. My hair is dry, thin and prematurely gray. The ends almost perfectly white, but I have not time to keep the freckles away. But if they do appear you can use any of the lotions you recommend without fear. The physician's remedy is harmless when used as directed.

Good Blood Purifier

Being a careful reader of your suggestions as to the beauty and health of the body, I am very grateful to have you answer my first request. Some time ago I saw as a good blood purifier, sulphur and molasses should be used. I want to ask how to prepare same and the amount of each to be used. I will be greatly obliged to you.

FAITH F.

Freckles on Face and Arms

Would you kindly advise me, through your beauty column, which would be the best medicine for freckles on face and arms?

To Darken Hair

I am a constant reader of your health and beauty hints. Will you kindly tell me how to use sage tea to darken the hair? My hair is ashy and I wish it to become a dark brown.

TROUBLED.

The following mixture is harmless, and tends to darken the hair; it will not, however, be as efficient as a regular hair dye:

Sage tea, strained alcohol, 2 ounces; green tea, 2 ounces; garden sage, 2 ounces; dilute with water if desirable.

Wants Thicker Eyebrows

Will you kindly publish a simple recipe to make the eyebrows and eyelashes thicker? Yours very truly, L. L.

Eye-brow and Eyelash Grower.

Vaseline, 2 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1/2 ounce; oil of lavender, 1/2 ounce; oil of rosemary, 1/2 ounce. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated. Then less often.

This ointment may be used for the eyelashes also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

To Remove Bunions

Am a constant reader of your page, and have seen your formula for a remedy for bunions, which has proved successful in many cases.

I am repeating the treatment for bunions, also giving you formula for a remedy which has proved successful in many cases.

Treatment for Bunions.

Get a bunion plaster the drugist and stick with the splendor around the inside of the shoe. Rub the plaster and

Too Fat.

Some weeks since I saw a formula for external application for the reduction of flesh. Will you kindly republish it? Is there anything for the reduction of flesh that can be taken internally without injury to the health? If so, will you kindly publish it?

The following little set of rules will prove helpful to those wishing to reduce flesh. I am giving you formula for fat-reducing pomade. Applications of clear alcohol to the fatty parts is also recommended.

Rules for the Reduction of Flesh.

Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, such as bread, sugar, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your breakfast of milk and fruit. If it be pure and good, it is fasting. Skimmed milk may be drunk. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of lemons or limes to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise.

If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical means of exercise are given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and water. You must burn the carbon, burn the oxygen, and

Formula Repeated

I would like to have the formula for a fat-reducing pomade, which "Helen," your correspondent, asks if she can have filled at the drugist's. If you would please print it you would greatly oblige. Yours in love, Mrs. J. G.

Pomade to Reduce Fat.

Iodine of potassium, 2 grams; vaseline, 20 grams; benzoin, 20 grams; tincture of benzoin, 10 drops. Make into a pomade and rub over the fatty parts twice a day. You should abstain from food that is especially fattening—cereals, potatoes, corn, beans, etc. You should also avoid sweets of all kinds.

To Remove Warts

Will you kindly publish in next week's paper the recipe for removing warts? I. W. G.

Wart Eradicator.

Sublimed sulphur, 120 grains; glycerine, 4 fluid drams; acetic acid, 1 fluid dram. Apply repeatedly for several days. The wart will dry up and drop off.

How to Prepare Cream

Having seen your formula for cucumber cream and wishing to try it, I write to you. If you will kindly tell me how I can obtain it. Can I take it to a drugist? I have it prepared, or will it be necessary to mix it myself? CONSTANT READER.

The cucumber cream is not difficult to prepare and you may make it yourself.

A Physicians Views on the Care of the Hands

By Dr. Mary E. Walker
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EVEN if your hands are not naturally beautiful you can do a great deal towards making them pretty by proper care. This does not mean that you should never use them, for our hands were made to serve us, and they are one of the distinguishing marks between the higher and the lower animals. Girls sometimes abuse the joints of their fingers by pulling them out and cracking them.

Bad practices are lasting. If you persist in them you will soon observe that your fingers are no longer slender and pretty, but misshapen and ugly.

A very simple but excellent exercise for the fingers is to move them just as if you were trying to spin a ball. Piano playing is fine exercise for the muscles of the whole hand. The skillfulness of the hand is well developed by playing.

When you wash your hands, do so thoroughly; do not dab them into water and out again, merely grinding the dirt into them. When you wipe them, do so carefully and thoroughly. It is from careless wiping that one often gets chapped hands.

Never expose your hands to extremes of temperature. Neither very cold nor very hot water is good for them. Use warm water, and be sure that it is soft. If you cannot get rain water, and the tap water is hard, put a few drops of ammonia or a pinch of borax into it.

Do not use a cheap soap on your hands any sooner than you would on your face. Softer your hands well with the soap and warm water, and if a brush is necessary to clean the nails it may be used. Rub thoroughly in clear water, and

ly absorbs the moisture. Then rub a few drops of glycerine and rosewater thoroughly into your hands, and complete the drying.

In the winter it is a wise precaution to powder the hands after washing them. Use any good face powder. Simple talcum powder is good, or a powder made of prepared chalk, seventy-five parts; zinc oxide, twenty-five parts. A little bran or oatmeal, if put into the water, has a softening effect, and makes the skin velvety and pliable. Almond meal is also excellent for this purpose.

FOR REMOVING STAINS

For removing ink stains from the fingers dip a sulphur match into the water and rub it on the stain. This is very efficient. Or lemon juice and salt may be used. Peroxide of hydrogen with a few drops of ammonia is very good for removing stains from the hands. Pumice stone, too, is valuable. It is useful in smoothing off a finger roughened with sewing. After using this, rub on a little cold cream.

When the hands are shrunk from long soaking in water, dipping them into vinegar or pouring it over the hands will restore them to their natural color.

If the finger tips are stained from hulling berries hold them in the fumes of a sulphur match, and the stains will disappear.

The unpleasant odor that clings to the hands after handling onions, or codfish, or the like, may be dissipated by rubbing dry mustard over them; or put the hands into water containing mustard. Rubber gloves afford great protection if you do housework, especially in winter, but it is well not to wear them too long at a time, as they are apt to draw

if your hands become very much chapped and red you can rub them with good cold cream at night after washing them thoroughly, and then draw on loose white gloves with the finger tips clipped off.

Be careful not to wear gloves that are too tight, for they ruin the beauty of the hands by hindering the circulation. Perhaps nothing adds to the appearance of the hands more than the condition of the nails. These should be most carefully attended to. They, too, like the hand in general, are very indicative of abnormal states of the body.

Many girls are much disturbed about the tiny white spots which sometimes appear on the surface of the nails. These are often due to injury, and I have often noticed that girls who carefully press away the skin from the root of a nail with a steel nail file are very much annoyed with these blemishes. After ceasing this treatment the spots have gradually disappeared.

It cannot be said, however, that injury is always the cause of these little marks. But if you are troubled with them I would advise you to be careful not to bruise the nails in any way. I would never advise the use of the nail file for any purpose but that of filing the nail. Never use it for cleaning, but substitute an orange stick or a soft wooden toothpick. This is also for pushing the skin away from the root. If you are troubled with the skin adhering to the nail, or if your nails are brittle, make a practice of rubbing vaseline or a good cold cream or cocoa butter into the nails all about the roots. Do this every night and in a few weeks you will surely see an improvement. In this way scabies, improperly called