

WEEKLY NEWS RECORD

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911.

NUMBER 12.

G. P. & H. CARS ARE BEING OPERATED BY NIAGARA POWER

Interesting Event on Monday Afternoon When the Power Was Turned on By Hon. Adam Beck, Who Says That the Work of Construction Has Been Completed

"First G. P. & H. car to be operated by Hydro-Electric Power." This placard, in large letters, attached to the front of a Galt, Preston and Hespeler electric car, attracted considerable attention when the car appeared on King street shortly after four o'clock yesterday afternoon.

It was the first car on the G. P. & H. line to be operated by the power from the Falls, and the power had been turned on but five minutes before.

The officials of the G. P. & H. since the inception of the Hydro-Electric scheme have been making preparations for its advent, and once it was available they lost but little time in connecting their line.

in making the necessary adjustments. This will, of course, require some time, and consequently it cannot be expected that the line will be in first class condition until a large number of minor defects are remedied.

Asked as to how many municipalities were at present being supplied Mr. Beck said that at present 24 were receiving power from the Commission, and that requests for power, or for information had been received from 57 more.

Engineer Sothman Explains.

A concise explanation of the various interruptions in the service since the power was turned on in Berlin was made by Engineer Sothman.

"This is a mammoth undertaking,"



HON. ADAM BECK.

On the special car yesterday were Hon. Adam Beck, Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Chief Engineer P. W. Sothman, Engineer E. Schmalz, Engineer Brundage, President M. N. Todd of the G. P. & H., Rev. Scott, Chairman of the Light Committee of the Galt Council, Ald. Fred J. Clare, chairman of the Light Committee of the Preston Council, and Supt. Matt Kirkwood of the G. P. & H.

On arrival at the junction of the passenger and freight lines the special car was halted, and the party disembarked. A switch had been arranged with which the change from the company's power to that supplied by the Commission was to be made, and this switch was thrown by Hon. Mr. Beck himself, amid the general congratulations of the other members of the party.

The change was made without a hitch, and the tireless energy from the Falls was sent pulsating over the trolley wires between Waterloo and Preston and Berlin and Preston.

For the present Niagara Power will be used only on the Preston and Berlin lines, the delay in receiving a number of transformers making it impossible to use the power on the Preston and Galt line for a couple of weeks.

The power having been switched on the special car was run up to the Town Hall, where a deputation from the Town Council consisting of Mayor Schmalz, Ald. Mills, Ald. Kranz, Ald. Dunke, Ald. Winterhalt, President Seellen of the Board of Trade, Chairman DeBus of the Railway Committee, and Mr. D. B. Detweiler, awaited the distinguished company. The deputation was taken aboard, and the car was run to Waterloo over the freight line. It was here that the car first felt the full force of the power behind it. It moved along with an absolutely steady motion, the current not varying in the slightest degree. The short run was made in good time, and those in the party, competent to speak on the subject, expressed themselves as in every way satisfied with the initial tryout of Niagara Power on the G. P. & H.

After a short visit to the port was again brought back to Berlin, and from here proceeded to Galt.

The line is completed.

During the trip, a Record representative had the privilege of a brief interview with Mr. Beck. Asked as to the progress of the Hydro-Electric scheme the Power Minister said that it was proving a very great success. To operate one or two stations would be a very simple matter, but when one considered the large number of stations at present being supplied, and the high voltage used he felt that the Commission had every reason to feel pleased with the success of the scheme.

"Will the farmers along the line be served with power?" Mr. Beck was asked.

"Just as soon as the main lines are constructed, as well as the branches, any farmer within a reasonable distance can be supplied with all the power he requires," was the answer.

"The power is now completed from end to end," said Mr. Beck, "and the engineers are at present busily engaged



M. N. TODD, President of the G. P. & H. railway.

he said, "Nothing of a similar nature has ever been attempted in the world before. When we started out with this scheme we had absolutely nothing to go by. There was no precedent and we simply had to go ahead and work out our own scheme. When this is considered I do not think anyone will wonder at the interruptions. Without these interruptions we would have been no further ahead. We were forced to depend upon occurrences of this kind to find out where we had gone astray. At times we found it necessary to turn off the power without warning, and the question has been asked why we did not notify the power users. We did not do this because we did not want the consumers to turn off their power. We wanted to make certain experiments with the full load on, and had we notified the users this would have been impossible.

"The little kinks are being gradually straightened out," said Mr. Sothman, "and while there will undoubtedly be slight interruptions in the future I believe I can safely state that the most difficult conditions have been met and successfully coped with."

Effect on the G. P. & H.

President Todd said that the inception of Niagara Power on the G. P. & H. would have little or no visible effect. The public would probably fail to notice the difference. It meant a great deal to the company, however, to have an unlimited supply of motive power behind it. For some time past the engines at the power house had been overloaded with the result that the speed could not be kept up to standard.

With Niagara Power, a steady current was assured. The engines at the Falls would not slow down simply because a G. P. & H. car was climbing a heavy grade. The use of Niagara power would mean a more efficient service all around, said Mr. Todd, although for the present at least there would be no change in the running time between Galt and Berlin.

DON'T KISS BABIES.

Seville, March 27.—Queen Eugenie of Spain, who is in residence with the King and their royal children in this city, has started a campaign against the promiscuous kissing of children.

On hygienic grounds she has directed that her own three children shall not be embraced by all the sundry loyalists, and her example is being widely followed.

Elegantly printed labels, bearing words: "No me besee" (Do not kiss me), are on sale throughout the country.

BORN.

McTAVISH.—At Tavistock, March 27, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Lorne A. McTavish a son.

STAND PATTERS ON RECIPROCITY

I. & L. Council Took No Action At Last Night's Meeting—Officers Elected by Acclamation.

The Berlin Trades and Labor Council stands pat on reciprocity. At a meeting held last night there was a wide difference of opinion when the question came up, and as a result no action was taken.

The meeting was well attended. The principal item of business was the election of officers. Mr. C. C. Hahn received from the presidency and Mr. S. Gofon was elected by acclamation. The retiring president was made the recipient of a gold-headed umbrella, as a token of appreciation for past services.

Officers for 1911.

The following are the officers elected. The various offices were filled by acclamation viz:—

Pres.—S. Gofon.
Vice Pres.—W. E. Gallagher.
Cor. Sec.—O. H. Zimmer.
Fin. Sec.—S. W. Wallace.
Treasurer—A. M. F. Ackermann.
Trustees—S. F. Gofon; F. Rauch; A. Duench.
Chairman of Committees: Municipal and Legislative: S. Gofon.
Organization—O. H. Zimmer.
Label—Geo. Scharlach.

Prison Labor.

The Guelph Trades and Labor Council recently passed a resolution requesting the Government to discontinue the practice of using short term prisoners at the Guelph prison farm, for the various trades. This is in view of the short term prisoner upon gaining his liberty is not a finished mechanic and consequently a menace to the trades. The Council has no objection to the long term prisoner being set to a trade, as on the completion of his term, he will be a qualified mechanic.

The local council last night endorsed the Guelph Council's action and will co-operate with them in the movement. In the absence of Secretary Zimmer, who is confined to the house with illness, W. E. Gallagher acted in this capacity.

RUMOR HAS IT THAT LOBINSKI MURDER SUSPECT HAS SKIPPED OUT.

There is a well defined rumor on the street to-day to the effect that one of the men under suspicion as being concerned in the Lobinski murder has left the country.

It is understood that this suspect is one around whom a chain of evidence was being woven.

TO RECOMPENSE TOTH FOR IMPRISONMENT.

New York, March 23.—Twenty years in prison for a murder he never committed is likely to bring a Carnegie pension to Andy Toth, the Pittsburgh mill man who was released from the Pennsylvania penitentiary last Saturday. Andrew Carnegie said to-day that he had directed his pension fund agents to investigate Toth's case and make a report as quickly as possible.

Toth was employed in the Carnegie mills in 1891 when a fellow-employee was murdered. Toth and a Hungarian were among the suspects. When they were lined up for examination, the Hungarian stumbled and fell. Toth laughed at him. This so angered the Hungarian that he accused Toth of the murder. On this evidence alone Toth was convicted. The Hungarian recently returned to Hungary, but confessed his part in Toth's conviction before leaving. An examination by the authorities substantiated the story and Toth was released. Carnegie read the story with great interest.

A bill will be introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature shortly, to award \$10,000 to Toth.

AT OSGOODE HALL.

Before Cartwright, K. C. Master, Stewart v. Star Whitewear Manufacturer. Poppley, Mallett, Messrs. O'Neil, DeBus and Lippert were only able to stay a short time.

Those present will constitute a Committee and reach other Georges and make the campaign a successful one.

From five cents to five dollars is the amount mentioned for contributions.

SOLD AS LOW AS 16c. PER DOZ.—OTHER PRICES AT THE MARKET.

Eggs could be purchased this morning as low as 16 cents per dozen, meaning the close of the market and as high as 20 cents. The predominating prices were 18 and 19 cents. Other prices of produce were unchanged from last Saturday's market.

Butter, per lb. 23, 24 and 25 cents.
Eggs, per doz. 16 to 20c.
Cheese, per lb. 16c.
Lamb (case) 25c.
Lard, per lb. 17c.
Potatoes, per bag, 50c and 75c.
Potatoes, per basket, 20c.
Carrots, basket, 25c.
Beets, basket, 25c.
Parsnips, basket, 25c.
Turnips, 2 for 5c.
Caulage, per head 5c. and 8c.
Pork Sausage, per lb. 17c.
Ham, 18c.
Bacon, 20c.
Beef in quarters, 8c. and 10c.
Pork in quarters, 10c. and 12c.
Maple Syrup, per quart 10c., per gal. \$1.75.
Maple Syrup, per gal. 90c. a gal. \$1.60.
Maple sugar, per cake, 5c. and 2 for 5c.
Hay, per ton, 1st class \$15, medium \$14.
Wood, per cord, \$5.50, black ash \$7.00.

A BERLIN MAN'S GOOD POSITION

Ralph Nichol has Charge of the Tax Department of the C. N. R.

Mr. Ralph Nichol of Winnipeg, Man., has returned to the West after a sojourn of a few days with his parents in the Twin city. Mr. Nichol has charge of the Tax Dept., at the head office of Davidson and McKee, General Agents for the Canadian Northern Railway Land and Townsites at Winnipeg. While Mr. Nichol was in Montreal he negotiated the sale of 10,000 acres of Can. Northern lands, in addition to which the company sold 125,000 acres during the week ending March 4th 1911, to Western purchasers. Prices in farm lands have maintained a steady increase and have been free from any booms which guarantee the stability of such investments.

Canadian Northern lands are now selling at from \$18 to \$25 per acre for small purchasers and \$15.00 per acre for blocks of 10,000 acres or upwards, providing the purchaser an area of about 60,000 acres from which to make his selections. This company has branch offices at Duluth, St. Paul, Chicago, Toronto, Vancouver and London, Eng., and from inquiries received at these points, this year's immigration will surpass all previous records in the West. Mr. Nichol's take him over the three prairie provinces and it is generally conceded that Saskatchewan is the banner province of the West.

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Wood, per cord, \$5.50, black ash \$7.00.

BORN.

McTAVISH.—At Tavistock, March 27, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Lorne A. McTavish a son.

LAST HOUR DESPATCHES

Believe Steamer Lost

(Canadian Press.)

Brisbaner, March 27.—The coasting steamer Yongala, with a crew of 70 and 15 passengers is believed to have been lost.

Fifty Buried Yesterday

(Canadian Press.)

New York, March 27.—Fifty funerals of the victims of Saturday's factory fire were held yesterday, and fifty more are being held to-day.

Brakeman Was Killed

(Canadian Press.)

North Bay, March 27.—Hugh Corbett, married, a brakeman on the Canadian Pacific, was instantly killed on Monday night by falling under the train at Cartier.

Despondent, Hanged Himself

(Canadian Press.)

St. John, N. B., March 27.—Ludwig Lorenz and his wife from South Russia landed here two months ago en route to join their son in Chicago. The woman was suffering from trachoma and was detained by the immigration authorities. To-day Lorenz, despondent over the long delay, way found hanging from a hook over a door. He was dead when cut down.

The Levee Investigation

(Canadian Press.)

Toronto, March 27.—L. S. Levee, president and manager of the T. A. Slocum Medicine Company, proprietors of "Psychine" was again under fire this morning. A number of principals and teachers testified to having been solicited to buy stock in the Slocum Company. Principal Fraser received two letters from Levee inviting him to buy stock. Later the company's canvasser called on him at the school house, and represented that it would be well for him to invest, as Levee was an aggressive member of the School board and would probably be elected chairman.

So prominently as the Slocum Medicine Company kept before the teachers that "Have you bought Psychine?" became a common form of salutation.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ATTEND DEDICATION AT NEW HAMBURG

Trinity Lutheran Church Scene of Largely Attended Services.—Special Train Conveyed Twin Cityites There.—Collection of \$1000.

Sunday, March 26th, marked a new era in the history of the Trinity Lutheran Church at New Hamburg, when the new church was dedicated. The event attracted no less than 5000 people, including people from Berlin, Stratford, Waterloo, Baden and other surrounding places who went by special train. The hotels were crowded while the members of the congregation threw open their homes to the visitors. In fact, the crowd was so large that many were not able to gain entrance to the church. It was found necessary to hold overflow services in the basement. There was also a large representation of the clergy present.

The new church is a handsome structure of white brick and of English Gothic in design. It was erected at a cost of \$15,000. The Trinity Lutheran congregation of New Hamburg is one of the oldest Lutheran congregations in the province.

The dedication services commenced at 10 o'clock following which Rev. Hoffmann the president of the Canadian Synod preached the first sermon. Rev. Veit also delivered a sermon. The overflow services in the basement were conducted by Rev. Lucas and Rev. Moss.

In the afternoon Sunday school services were held, the speakers being

ton and Hespeler," he said, "but Galt and Berlin want something a little better than that."

It was pointed out in the discussion following that incandescent lighting would be impossible in both towns for the reason that on the main streets of each there was an absence of poles to which to attach the lights. The idea of a brilliantly lighted main street would not be carried out by an incandescent system since the reflectors placed over the lights destroyed their usefulness for anything but downward illumination. Thus a stranger in the town would notice nothing out of the ordinary with the exception that the sidewalks and roadway were well illuminated.

Hon. Adam Beck, who took part in the discussion, was emphatic in his support of a brilliantly lighted business section of a town. "It is impossible to advertise a town better than by having plenty of lights in the business section," he said.

Reve Scott mentioned that the residential section of Galt would be lighted with incandescent lights more than 600 being used for this purpose.

"You don't think incandescent lighting for a main street would be satisfactory?" he was asked.

"Well, it would probably be satisfactory for towns the size of Preston and Hespeler," he said, "but Galt and Berlin want something a little better than that."

Respectfully Submitted

We're not quite so enthusiastic over that new grandstand to-day.

The Hydro-Electric is to have opposition at Windsor. Still in the face of the opposition already overcome the Windsor affair is a mere bagatelle.

Galt's Medical Health officer says that it is not safe to use water from the wells in that town. And the poor natives have but one other option—to drink the town water.

Chas. Sheldon has been arrested after being a fugitive from justice for five months. There's a nice little job waiting in Waterloo County for the clever detective who captured him.

Man goeth to bed on a fine spring evening and covereth himself with but one blanket. He awaketh in the morning full of rheumatism and with a rebellious spirit fareth forth to shovel snow.

A young man who says he went to Guelph to have a good time was arrested. He should have known better. Hamilton is the only place where arrests are not made.

NOT GUILTY

Before Judge Chisholm this afternoon Leighton Huebner was found not guilty on a charge of perjury.

The case arose out of a charge of assault with intent to rob laid by Huebner against Anthony Weaver and on which the latter was acquitted.

Revs. Langholz, Klehn and Voss.

In the evening the services were in English, conducted by Rev. Maass, a former pastor of the church and Rev. Lucas.

The services will continue throughout the week. To-night's services will be for the various societies of the church and will be conducted by Rev. Bookelman of Waterloo and Rev. Hinkel of Pearl Lake.

On Tuesday a reunion of the young people continued at this church will be held when Rev. Linke of Conestogo and Rev. Rembe of Hamilton will deliver addresses.

The services throughout were inspiring, which the sermons delivered were of an impressive nature.

A gratifying feature of the dedication was the large sum of money raised by collection. The church realized the magnificent sum of \$1000. The special train which conveyed the members of the St. Matthews church left the Berlin depot at nine o'clock returning at 10 o'clock in the evening. There were between 600 and 700 people from the Twin City in attendance.

Berlin Stands Idle and Sees Lutheran Institution Going to Waterloo.

The Canada Synod of the Lutheran Church has for some time been contemplating the establishment of a Lutheran Seminary in affiliation with the Toronto University. In view of the County of Waterloo being a central and largely populated section of Lutherans, the Synod Board now deems it advisable for this institution to be erected in the county. In view of this, the president Rev. E. Hoffman approached a number of town officials with a view to entertaining a proposition from the town, for the erection of the seminary in Berlin. He was given no encouragement, in fact the civic officials approached, showed indifference.

As a result, the Synod now negotiating with Waterloo and has met with encouragement. The Board of Trade of Waterloo looks favorably upon the seminary as a notable acquisition to the town and has promised the Synod a free site.

"In all probability the seminary will be located in Waterloo, although I myself would like to see Berlin get it," said Rev. Hoffman this morning.

The seminary is being established, so as the Synod will be in position to supply the pulpits of the Lutheran church, which are now largely dependent upon the universities of Germany and it will be seen that such an institution would further develop Berlin's interests.

The Synod Board will meet in Toronto on Tuesday when the final decision as to the location of the seminary will be reached.

LUTHERAN SYNOD.

A new Lutheran Synod has been incorporated under the Ontario companies act. Its corporate name is the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Central Canada, and the centre of operations will be the village of Unionville. The new Synod is given power to purchase property, build churches, colleges and seminaries, as well as to establish and maintain a printing and publishing house.

Be

"Gentle Spring!
Well dost thou
For Winter make
And thou—thou
gay.
He sees thee, and
train,
The sleet, and
wind, and the
And they shrink
in fear.
When thy merry

Miss Mary Davi
spending the past
William Roos "Bo
Berlin friends, he
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Miss Nellie Cool
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Avenue, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs.
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Mr. C. A. Hewi
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The ADVENTURE HUNTER

THE MYSTERY OF THE PERSIAN RUG

By Hamilton Lang

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THE affairs of mystery in which it was the Adventure Hunter's business and pleasure to engage usually came to him in a completed state. That one connected with the Persian rug, however, was an exception. He came upon the rug before its time of mystery. It was lying among other littered things in an exceptionally littered room as he and his artist acquaintance Vereker casually met in the hall of a friend and passed the time of day.

They had paused near the open door of the littered room and the voices in it were sounding clearly.

A small, shabby man was saying that he was going to sell the lot and go out West and that the East was an unmentionable place anyway.

Then Vereker and Valentine Stone together noticed the rug lying on the floor and clearly a part of the general sale. It was dusty and old, but to the eye of a rug lover it shone from its tawdry surroundings like a jewel. It was small and square and intricate in design, a prayer rug of an unusual sort. Vereker and Stone lifted almost simultaneous fingers, each to the other—the sign of future possession by the first to make it. And it was Vereker who by some fractional time signed first. He walked up to the owner.

"I'll give you twenty," said Vereker, "for that rug."

The man stared wonderingly, as do dull men to whom events come too fast.

"Go ahead," said he, dully holding out his hand.

"I'm crazy, I know," said Vereker, handing over the money, "but all collectors are crazy."

He rolled the purchase up, minute even for prayer rugs, put it under his arm and assumed possession. Stone shook hands with Vereker and proceeded up stairs to his friend's chambers. When he descended again voices of chaffering came from the shabby man's room.

"I'm a dealer," said a strange voice, "and I hear downstair that you have a sale."

"Sure," answered the shabby man who had owned the rug.

"I'll buy everything you got in a lump," said the dealer coolly.

"Go ahead," said the shabby man.

"And I'll give you," the man paused, "\$200 for everything."

Stone stopped, interested. Two hundred dollars seemed a lot of money for the litter which Stone had noticed when he had paused before at the room.

"Here's your money," said the dealer, taking a yellow roll from his pocket, separating some of its contents into parts and handing them over. "I've got a wagon downstairs. I may as well take it away now, Jim."

He called in the vague direction of the street and there were answering footsteps on the stairs. "I bought the lot, Jim," said the dealer hurriedly. "Take everything. Get busy now; I'll be back before you're done."

"He hurried downstairs, a sweating man, dark and gaunt and quick. Stone followed slowly. "Two hundred dollars for the lot," he thought. "Two hundred dollars for the lot." He kept thinking of that amount; it seemed so much to offer for so little.

He stopped at the door, looking at the wagon which waited outside and at the gaunt, dark dealer hurrying up the street to a nearby corner. "Jim" panted down the stairs, taking to the wagon piles of rubbish, and as Stone watched it and watched it he felt upon him once more one of those strange premonitions that adventure was touching his elbow and beckoning him to follow. So "Jim" deposited his rubbish and ascended for another load, and the gaunt, dark man came hurrying back, and Stone was conscious that he was searching the wagon eagerly, searching and searching till "Jim" again appeared.

"Got the rug this time, Jim?" he asked.

"What rug?" said Jim, stowing a roll of tattered rubbish.

"The small rug," said the gaunt man impatiently, "the little rug with the funny marks."

"I don't get it," said Jim.

"And get it?" said the man impatiently. "Then get it. It's there somewhere. Get it next time."

But "Jim" appeared next time with unfavorable intelligence.

"There ain't no little rug," said he. "I looked and there ain't none. I got all the rugs there is."

But the dark and gaunt and sweating man was already up the steps and was mounting the staircase with hurried strides. Stone followed to the landing.

"I bought the lot," he heard the dealer say. "You said everything in your apartment was there."

"Sure," said the man, confidently; "so it was."

"There was a rug," said the dealer, insistently. "Where's the little rug? We ain't had that."

"Oh, that?" answered the other. "I told that. That wasn't there when you bought the lot." Stone heard the dealer's voice suddenly become strained and vehement.

"What was his name?" asked he.

"Vereker," said Stone, breaking in. "I was with him when he bought it, although," he continued, "I don't believe it's any use. I don't believe he wants to sell it."

The dealer took the vague address, "somewhere in Twelfth street, I think," and giving the carter final instructions made a final and hurried exit.

"Well," thought Stone, a little disappointed, "it was the rug, after all." He felt sorry that the potential mystery of the two hundred dollars had been so easily solved.

Next morning, however, as at breakfast he scanned his first morning paper he uttered a quick exclamation, and the words "Mysterious Murder of a Gifted Artist—Robert J. Vereker Killed!" caught his eye. There was not concretely in his mind at the time any connection between the deed and the attraction of the dealer for the rug, but that strange sixth sense that told him the case contained some mystery, some element of adventure came strongly to him. He felt again that he was upon the verge of action and adventure such as his spirit craved.

Mysterious Death of the Artist.

Hastily despatching his breakfast he was soon upon his way to the flat of his late acquaintance, the direction of which vaguely he had known, but upon which the morning paper had been specific. On his journey he carried the details in his mind—of the manner in which the night porter, who had been told that the

throat, his form stiffened in death. His rings were yet upon his fingers. Fifty dollars in bills was in his pocketbook. Everything in the studio remained undisturbed.

It was this want of plunder as the reason for the crime that made it in a measure more puzzling, for Vereker had been a man of placid life and no feminine attachments, which have in them the germs of such tragedies. Stone's mind, however, verged after all his reflections but to one thing—the rug. Was there a connection between the eagerness of the dealer in his quest for it and the tragedy of the dead artist? Was it possible that the artist's obstinacy of possession

furniture of the shabby man had obviously been made simply to cover the transaction of the rug. And it was as Stone supposed. The fragmentary rubbish that had served the shabby man for furniture had been flung into an empty room, where, doubtless, it would lie till the landlady claimed it. She herself could only say that a man—clearly the gaunt dealer from her description—had engaged the room a day or two before and had allowed it to be understood that he would furnish it. He had paid a week in advance and she hadn't seen him since. That's all she knew.

So the mystery promised to remain one. Days passed. The whole detective service, as well as Stone

given up hope of coming at any solution of the puzzle. It was the one mystery in the long line of them which had left him metaphorically both stranded and dry.

And then, one morning, when he had definitely given up all hope of seeing the rug or of hearing anything concerning it again, he found himself at the wharf of an ocean liner, engaged upon the business of one of those social, necessary "au revoirs" with which we burden departing friends to Europe, and, being early and waiting, found himself staring down at a familiar and eccentric object, squeezed among petticoats and shawls and all the impedimenta of an Italian bound emigrant's luggage. It was the prayer rug, arrived at a further stage of checkered possession. And over the bundle—its clear possessor—sat a thick, sturdy, dark eyed, olive hued shawled woman, patiently munching some bread and some onion.

"Going back to Italy?" Stone saluted her.

The woman looked distrustfully for a moment, but Stone's frank face decided her to geniality.

"Yes," said she. "Go back—go back to Etna!—go

back for two, three mont. Go back for leetla time."

"That's fine," replied Stone, gaining assurance with the warmth of his reception. "And—er, what's that you've got there? That's a rug, isn't it?"

The woman interrupted communicatively. "Yaa-as," said she. "That's a rug. My man peeked that a rug up. My man work on a railroad. He peek dat up—peek dat up by the train. Yes; that's a rug."

"Twenty dollars," said Stone definitively. The woman smiled, showing her strong teeth, and proceeded to unloose the rope that compressed her belongings. She smiled more broadly when the yellow bill was pressed into her hand. Stone rolled up the delicate, tiny object, but even as he did so he became aware of an eager glance which was directed to him.

Without appearing to notice it, he took an unnoticed survey of the man whose attention he had drawn. He was dark and shabby, sinister and furtive. Stone stood talking to the woman, and, still keeping the man in unobtrusive regard, walked nonchalantly about waiting for his friends, and when they finally appeared he, pleading business, bade them a brief "Goodby."

Then, walking slowly through the streets to his home, he gave his pursuer (for his instinct told him that once again the relentless pursuit of the rug had recommenced) every chance.

The man followed doggedly on the other side twenty paces behind, taking advantage of every cover in the shape of groups of walkers in the street. Several times Stone stopped to enjoy the grim humor of the man's wait, which he saw reflected in the windows in which he looked. And there was the fellow, unobtrusive but deliberate, patient but with a dogged tenacity of purpose written upon his face.

So Stone arrived at his hotel and saw the fellow waiting still, seated on the stone step of a vacant house at some distance up the street.

But Stone at this occasion no idea of waiting at home. He had a plan in view which he could better put into operation in the brown stone house of Vereker, his friend. He leaved upon that house through the telephone.

"Will you let me invite myself?" he inquired, after ringing up the number. "Just for this evening, I think, though possibly for a week."

The voice at the other end of the wire betrayed no surprise. Stone's friends had no surprises—when it came to Stone. So Stone walked forth with his rug again, even obtrusively displayed, and again his friend of the furtive face and the shabby clothes followed, and at Stone's entrance to the house of his friend waited still.

It was dusk when Stone arrived and in a few words explained to his friend the disposition he, the adventure hunter, wished to make of that friend's house. The friend nodded assent. He was not an adventure hunter, but had lay sympathies. So Stone and he sat at that table, the prayer rug unspread upon the table of the second floor front room, which was the library, till the clock struck ten, at which time Stone sent his obedient friend off.

When they reached the street Pat asked Jerry: "What's Jerry?" said he. "How dat yo stand? That

himself, were at fault. Not a clew of the murderer or of the rug alike were found. It promised to remain one of the million murders which, in spite of proverbs and detective agencies, remain undiscovered.

And then came a morning when Stone once more read his papers at breakfast. An item flashed out at him and a clearly printed photograph. This time the item was a robbery—a robbery on a train—and its victim, on whose photographed features Stone looked so intently, was the dark, gaunt dealer of the insistence and the hurry and the eager eye—and the rug. And the robber, it appeared, had stolen—a rug. He had been detected. There had been a fight, a quick exchange of shots and the accidental death of one of the passengers. For the robber, suddenly drawn into tragedy that might cost him his life, there was nothing to do but jump, and as it was at a turning and the train had slowed somewhat, he did so. It was at a siding, and from the windows of the train the passengers saw the fellow sliding down the bowlders, gaining a fearful impetus. Then, when almost at the bottom, he had slipped and was hurled down upon his side. He had been picked up dead, the paper said. His name was unknown. But, strangely enough, the rug nowhere could be found.

Valentine Stone assimilated these details with conflicting feelings—those of pleasure that his premonitions of mystery were once more proven to be right; those of perplexity that the solution of the problem was as distant as ever. The rug was now beginning to shape in his mind in strange and fanciful ways. It was obvious now that the murder of Vereker had been accomplished for the rug alone and that the crime was no result of passion. Yet what could the rug's mysterious value be? Why should this small square, worth possibly \$200 at the outside value, be so greatly a thing of tragedy and blood, taking its possessor even as he touched it? Who had come by it, and how?

It was seldom that any mystery which the Adventure Hunter had determined to solve left him utterly without theories for solution, but the mystery of the Persian rug was one that threatened to do so. For once Stone was thoroughly at a loss. He made inquiry of every dealer of prominence in the country, but no trace or suggestion concerning it could he get.

So it was that, three months after the tragedy in the train, he had almost, though quite unwillingly,

had sealed his doom; that the other's fierce desire of possession had overmastered him? If so—

Stone's train of useless speculation came to an end, with his entrance to the house. He was known there as the friend of Vereker and immediately admitted by the voluble janitor.

As for the body, it lay in the little bedroom white and cold, and the janitor shrugged lugubriously as he whispered confidentially of the presence of two gentlemen in the casket line who were fulfilling some of the introductory parts of their lugubrious tasks.

Stone went straight to the studio accompanied by the janitor, delighted at the chance to talk. Under the top lights all was as if it had been a month ago—yesterday, before the thing had happened. A half-finished oil sketch stood upon the top of the bookcase. The writing table had upon it some memoranda borne down by their familiar paper weight.

Stone, however, had only what might be called a subconscious impression of these things. Quickly he looked about the place, answering mechanically the janitor's outflow and alert but for one thing, the rug. It was not upon the floor. He opened a closet at a side. It was not there. The janitor looked wonderingly at his investigations as Stone proceeded to a smaller room at the side and closely regarded it.

"Did you leave something here? Did Mr.—did he—" he jerked a thumb in the direction of the room where the professional activities were getting exercised "have something you'd loaned him?" he commenced.

"A little rug," Stone said. "A square little rug. Have you seen it?"

"Sure," said the janitor. "He brought it home last night. He had it under his arm—when he came in and I joshed him about it. Showed it to me. Isn't it here?"

He seemed to awaken to the possibility of mystery. "By George, that's right!" said he. "I don't believe it is. That's strange, now. I'd forgotten that rug."

There was but one more room at which to look and this was presently opened. A genial, rufous-faced appeared and a body with a presence to dark formality of clothes.

"Well, that's all over," he remarked inconsequently to the two as he was joined by his companion. "Strange case though, wasn't it? I've handled many of 'em, but you don't come across that kind every day. Want to have a look at him?"

He opened the door hospitably and Stone and his companion entered. Vereker lay placid enough upon the bed, though Stone's look did not dwell upon him, for with all his pulse for action and thrilling deeds he had a strange awe and mystery for the rundown clockwork of the human machine. So he looked hurriedly for the rug, but there was no rug, neither on table nor floor nor chair. The rug was the one thing missing; the inconsequential, though sufficiently curious rug was the one thing missing.

The adventure hunter thought of these things as he went away. Of one thing, however, he was sure. The murder had obviously been done for the rug. The dealer, or the ostensible dealer, had evidently done the murder, but, puzzle at the question as Stone would, he could get no suggestion of its peculiar value as the balance for the brutal crime. It might have been that in the heat of altercation the dealer had become lost to the proportion of its value. Men have been murdered before now on the value of the trinket. It may have been this. But even as Stone so reflected there came back to him the life in the dealer's eager eyes, the fierce impetuosity of his questioning of "Jim," the eager hurry on his way in the direction of Vereker's.

From "Jim" himself, who was easily discoverable, Stone could get no information. He had been hired

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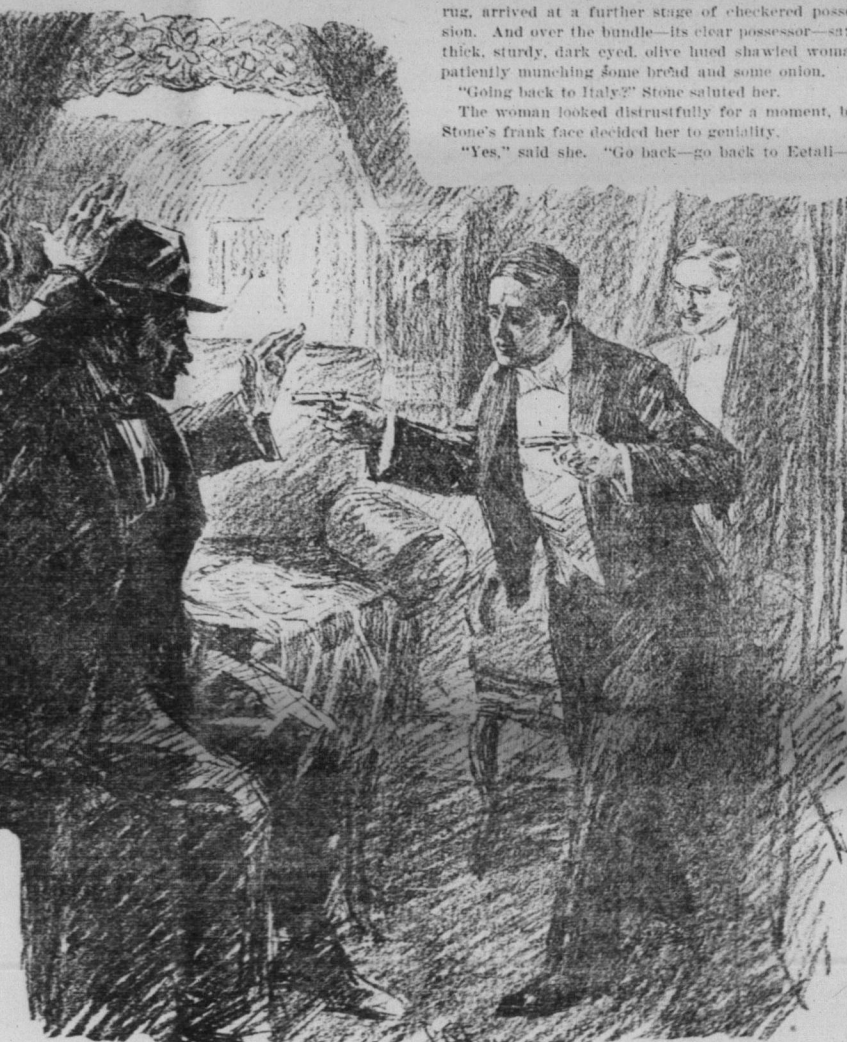
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"Up" rasped Stone.
The four hands of the intruders were raised.

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PUZZLING STATESMEN



Guess the name of the statesman that's cured in the sun.
The statesman that's made into bricks,
The statesman where chestnuts are hid while they grow,
The statesman that's farmed for his tricks.

The statesman that wields a sharp knife at the feast.
The statesman you cannot call high.
The statesman that's heard in the sound of church bells,
The statesman that dazzles the eye.

The statesman that's noted for hurry and haste,
The statesman that veers with the breeze,
The statesman that yawns in the wrongdoer's path,
The statesman that lives in the seas.

F. G.

SATURDAY MORNING STORIES

Mary Makes a New Acquaintance.

By Alice Latimer.



"Sting Get Shoes," Lipped Alice

It was Saturday morning after a week of rain, and Mary Oimstead was busy polishing up the family overalls in the summer house while her baby brother and her little sister Alice were playing around in the sun where she could watch them.

There were a great many of them, too, because the minister had six children in his family, all of whom, with the exception of the baby, wore rubbers. Then there were his own large ones, and Mary's mother's, and the very broad pair that belonged to Joanna, the maid of all work. Mary had been warned not to get her feet wet and to be as quick as possible about her task to keep from taking cold. She finished the row of newly shining rubbers in a great hurry and then ran in to get her reward from Joanna, who had promised her a fresh sugar cookie just out of the oven if she got all the shoes done by five o'clock.

After she had eaten the cookie she ran back again to the children and to see if the overalls were dry enough to be taken into the house.

They were all arranged on one of the side walls of the summer house, but it suddenly occurred to Mary that there were not so many of them as there had been when she went into the house. She counted them, and yes, surely there were three missing. Both of the minister's overalls were gone and one of Baby Alice's own little shoes.

For a moment she suspected that either Alice or the baby had done it, but the baby was too little to take the shoes outside. She had been lifted out of his potty and into the summer house, and Baby Alice was such a good little thing that it was next to impossible to imagine her doing anything that she had been told to do.

Nevertheless, Mary questioned her closely, but the little girl replied in a vigorous shake of the head.

"No, Baby Alice not take shoes, no, no," the little blond head wagged convincingly and the small plump finger pointed upward in vague baby fashion. "Sting get shoes," lipped Alice.

Mary was absolutely bewildered by the disappearance of the shoes when she had been gone only a short time. Surely no one could have entered the garden without being seen and the boys were all away for the morning. She ran into the house to tell Joanna and her mother about it, and in a moment they both came out as much perplexed as herself.

"There," said Mary, pointing triumphantly to the row of shoes on the summer house seat, "you see father's are both gone and one of Alice's."

Then suddenly a thought occurred to her. She looked at the shoes with a sharper eye. The row, it seemed to her, had grown even shorter than before and she counted breathlessly. There were no doubt about it—another pair of rubbers had disappeared. Mary could hardly grasp the fact for mother and Joanna, she was so excited. All three went over the shoes again and found that Mary was right—one more pair of rubbers were gone, this time Brother Bob's.

Just the Sort of a Little Girl Who Couldn't Say "Boo" to a Gopher.

The house now I'll tell you what kind of a bird I think it is that took them.

Mary and her mother followed Joanna into the house obediently. But to the surprise of both of them Joanna did not stop in the house. She led the way out the back door, which could not be seen from the side garden where the summer house was, and down through the chicken yard.

She went along very softly and said "Whist now," when Mary made the kitchen door creak, which was Joanna's way of saying "Don't make such a noise." They both followed quietly to the other side of the chicken yard where they could look through the palings up toward the summer house.

Joanna pointed dramatically. Baby Alice had been right when she said "a sting had taken the rubbers." At this very moment the "sting" was engaged in getting more rubbers from the summer house seat. It was a long fishing line attached to a pole, and on the other end of the line was a large hook with which even while they looked Joanna's own rubber was being fished up from the seat. The pole itself went over the top of the fence, and it was easy enough to see that it was being operated by some one in the next garden.

"They are here," people, next door. "It must be their little boy," said Mary's mother. "I haven't yet seen him, ma'am," said Joanna. "But it looks like it. Let's be crepin' a little further along this way and surprise him."

The chicken yard extended across the end of both gardens, and presently all three were looking through the palings at this unusual sort of neighbor. Mary's mother and Mary all scrambled over the fence and crept right up to where she was standing, until suddenly she turned around and they all saw a girl, a sweet looking little girl with golden curls and blue eyes. Just the sort of little girl who couldn't say "Boo!" to a gopher.

She was so intent upon her fishing that she didn't even notice when Joanna and Mary's mother and Mary all scrambled over the fence and crept right up to where she was standing, until suddenly she turned around and they all saw a girl, a sweet looking little girl with golden curls and blue eyes. Just the sort of little girl who couldn't say "Boo!" to a gopher.

"You been havin' very good luck with your fishin', Miss," said Joanna grimly. The strange little girl answered with a word. She just stood and looked at them and twisted her apron so hard that it almost seemed as if she would twist it off.

"Suppose we ask your mamma if you can't come over into our garden to play," said Mary's mother. The strange little girl smiled as if she were perfectly delighted. "Yes'm," said "If you would."

And ever since then the strange little girl, whose name is Lippy, has been one of Mary's warmest friends, for you see her rubber fishing expedition was only the way of getting acquainted after all.

THE AEROLITE'S INVASION

What Resulted When Austen's Aeroplane Landed on the Enemy's Territory

By Arthur Morgan Langworthy

THE "Aerodrome of the Oakdale Field Club" sounds very high-toned, doesn't it? But that is not all. The baseball diamond lies to the left of the aerodrome, then further along are the golf links, and on the fourth, or water, side are spacious bathing grounds where the aquatic sports take place.

And in the centre of all this magnificence? Well, I'm sorry to say, if you were now looking for the white marble walls of the handsome club house you'd find a hole in the ground. There was also something in the hole which resembled a foundation. The last stone was being laid by some very soiled young workmen, who were working under the direction of the boss contractor, architect and landscape gardener.

This was Pliny Quick. And he bossed a pretty well lot of laborers. His brother, Austen, sweating and toiling under his "despotic sway," was only the president! The secretary, first, second and fifth vice presidents had just set the last stone in place and here came the seventh vice president with the last trowelful of mortar. Pliny, who was also treasurer, did not do manual labor. He was the club's "boss."

Well, gentlemen, that job is done—and I now call a directors' meeting to provide for further funds to buy lumber."

The Board of Directors, whose several backs were nearly broken by their late toil, gladly went into executive session. Pliny, the planner, must have been a trifle brain fagged, for the hour's wrangle that followed developed nothing clearer than that the \$2,000 in the club treasury would not suffice for the \$10,000 absolutely demanded for the first payment on the required lumber.

Finally they temporarily gave up the vexing problem of how to make the needed \$8,000, and adjourned to the aerodrome for aviation practice. Aviation was an important sport on the list of outdoor amusements pursued by the Oakdale Field Club. Nearly every one of its twenty members was an enthusiastic (model) aeroplane. That is, his model aeroplane did the flying—he did the chasing.

And it was this after occupation that kept up a perpetual border war with neighbor Crawford. He was the meanest man in the county, and two generations of malicious boys had been his enemies. None could calculate the fabulous sum in broken greenhouse shades that this enemy had caused him in the last twenty or thirty years. You might say that the best could resist indignantly. Pliny, that tempting entrance of the greenhouse, roofed. Consequently, Crawford was raged on the box question. He was naturally anything but pleased when this afternoon when Husky Hicks and the Oakdale Field Club was established in the place of the old house where he had lived on the edge of his farm.

The boys were highly careful not to encroach on the "beginning of their reign," which Crawford had declared to be "plunging" that tempting entrance of the greenhouse, roofed. Crawford was raged on the box question. He was naturally anything but pleased when this afternoon when Husky Hicks and the Oakdale Field Club was established in the place of the old house where he had lived on the edge of his farm.

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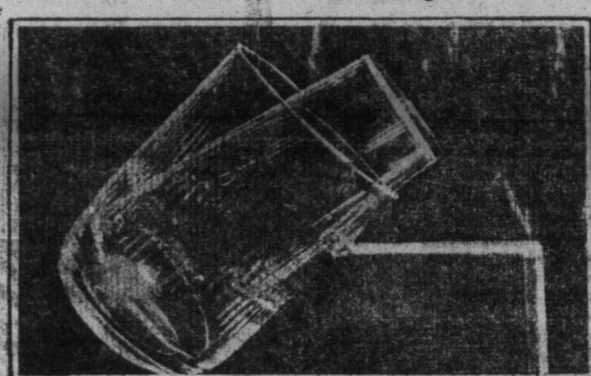
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It Instantly Became a Question of Who Reached the Hedge First, Nero or Austen.

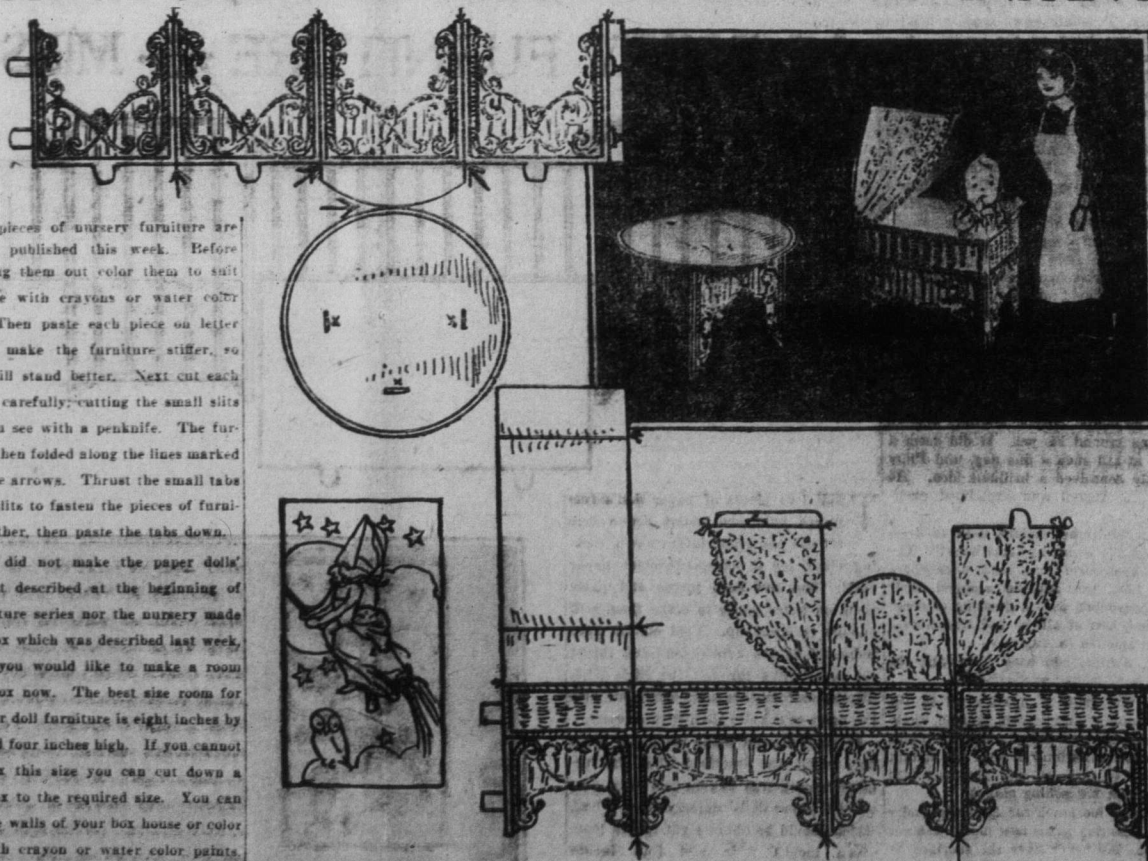
SIMPLE MAGIC

A Test for the Lungs



Take two glasses, one large and one much smaller, and place one inside the other, propping them against a book or block at the angle shown in the picture, on the edge of the table. Blow hard in the larger glass. The pressure of the air entering this glass will force the smaller glass out and it will fall in your lap. Be careful with the glass as it sometimes comes out very quickly.

FURNITURE FOR THE PAPER DOLL INFANT



TWO pieces of nursery furniture are being published this week. Before cutting them out color them to suit your taste with crayons or water color paints. Then paste each piece on letter paper to make the furniture stiffer, so that it will stand better. Next cut each piece out carefully, cutting the small slits which you see with a penknife. The furniture is then folded along the lines marked out by the arrows. Thrust the small tabs into the slits to fasten the pieces of furniture together, then paste the tabs down.

If you did not make the paper doll apartment described at the beginning of the furniture series nor the nursery made from a box which was described last week, perhaps you would like to make a room from a box now. The best size room for this paper doll furniture is eight inches by seven and four inches high. If you cannot get a box this size you can cut down a larger box to the required size. You can paper the walls of your box house or color them with crayon or water color paints.

If you like to paint you can make a floral border around the top of the room. When this is done stain the floor brown, and make a rug for the centre of heavy dark paper. This should be pasted to the floor. You may have white tissue paper curtains for the windows and over these colored tissue paper long curtains, or flowered paper ones to represent chintz.

If you would like a mirror for the doll's nursery you may make it by taking a very smooth piece of tin foil and smoothing it over a piece of cardstock. Then make a frame by pasting around the edge with the cardstock a band of white paper.

For the windows and over these colored tissue paper long curtains, or flowered paper ones to represent chintz. If you would like a mirror for the doll's nursery you may make it by taking a very smooth piece of tin foil and smoothing it over a piece of cardstock. Then make a frame by pasting around the edge with the cardstock a band of white paper.

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A MARCH PUZZLE

By Robert Gilbert Welsh



MISTER MARCH, you puzzle me!

They draw you like a Ram,
But Daddy says you're sure to be
A Lion or a Lamb.

And you're the happy month that brings
The Circus; so, you see,
Good Mister March, I'm sure you are
The whole Menagerie!



one-eighty mile apart. The machine accomplishing this distance in the least number of flights won.

Austen hoped to achieve the lead on the next flight, and gave his rubber band motor 150 twists instead of the usual 125 in winding it up. As all machines could be launched by hand after the start, Austen lightly slid the Aerolite into the air and watched with satisfaction as it began to fly steadily down the field over the heads of the scattered contestants.

Then Pliny saw the danger. "Look out, Austen, there's going to be trouble if she doesn't stop!"

But she didn't! Everybody watched her glide right across the thick hedge row marking the boundary and continue in the air until she settled gracefully on Crawford's lawn, fifty feet inside the hedge. The Aerolite had invaded the enemy's territory!

Still there wasn't a sign of life about the house. Nero was evidently chained up. The other boys began to look very expectantly at Austen. Nobody volunteered. They had refuge in the good old excuse that it wasn't their property in danger. Still Austen had to keep up his reputation as the most daring boy in the crowd.

That was enough to nerve Austen on. In another minute he had slipped through the hedge and was dashing toward the Aerolite. He had nearly reached her when a snarl made him look toward the side of the house. There stood Crawford in the very act of loosing Nero from the leash!

And now it instantly became a question of who reached the hedge first, Nero or Austen. Austen arrived slightly ahead, leaving several inches of coat tail in Nero's mouth as a souvenir of the closeness of this new race. Then, incited by his chuckling master, Nero proceeded to chew the Aerolite to match wood. Yes, there could be no doubt of it. Mr. Crawford was home!

The next afternoon found Crawford eagerly waiting for the boys. The day before he'd been rather vexed that Hicks' unexpected swoop had left him no time to unchain Nero, who was outside. But Nero's later work in the juvenile line was so pleasing that Nero got an extra platter of bones as a reward.

So with Nero he set himself to watch the yard through a crack in the door. And surely the boys didn't seem to profit by yesterday's experience! They flew their kites with even greater recklessness. Finally one actually dropped into the yard.

It was only a few feet inside the fence and Austen jumped over the hedge to get it, safe in the fact that Nero couldn't have got there in time to get him. Nero did his best, having been instantly loosed when the boy went after the airship.

But Austen reached the hedge way ahead. However in making the leap he lost his grip on the aeroplane and dropped it just inside the hedge on a small bush growing close to it. And then the dashing old man ran down to the bush to gain possession of his war prize.

A gigantic figure rose as by magic from behind the hedge, vaulted over it and, forced a folded paper into Crawford's nerveless hand. Husky Hicks had served his subpoena at last!

And it had all happened because of the man who drove up with Husky Hicks when he tried unsuccessfully to serve the paper day before yesterday. This was no other than Mrs. Simpson's lawn farm to see another client, and was on his way back when he witnessed the whole proceedings. This suggested the aeroplane idea to Mr. Ford, who immediately saw the Quick brothers, Austen, Pliny, Husky Hicks and Ford secretly plotted the hedge that night and Mr. Ford levered worked out a way by which the idea would be safely executed without injury to Austen, or his newly built Aerolite. The reason Husky Hicks was not seen by Crawford was that he did not arrive with the boys, but sneaked up by another route.

But don't think this was done for nothing. They agreed on certain terms in case of success. How pleased Crawford would be when he learned that he had helped build the hated club house! For there was no question about obtaining the lumber now—the "terms" were, top crisp one dollar bills.

Answers to Poet Puzzle.

The answers to the poet puzzle which was published last week are as follows: Langfellow, Crabbe, Dryden, Holmes, Alphonse, Story, Ashe, Gray, Pope, Taylor, Hogg, Hunt.

The ADVENTURE HUNTER

THE INCIDENT of the OPENED ENVELOPE

By Hamilton Lang

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ADVENTURE it was that took him out that night—adventure that draws men from city and country, from the peaceful talk of the book to bleak places where men shout and strike and where blood is shed; adventure that beckons men to deep forests, to trackless deserts and to lonely seas that the thirst for action may be sated and the heritage of life fulfilled.

Valentine Stone felt the pulse of adventure beating within him, and as he strode abroad that evening, nervous, alert, tense, vigilant, he walked through the shadowing streets in the dusk of the twilight, seeking to draw from their pavements the thing of mystery he knew somewhere stalked there—the mystery he had so often found and to which his strange instinct for trifles seemed to point as irrevocably as compass

checks into his breast pocket. Stone now saw him produce the envelope and open it. Unobserved, he commanded a clear view of his quarry, and the Adventure Hunter caught a glimpse of the words "Commercial Trust—Ten thousand" ere the fellow had returned the check to the envelope and the envelope to his pocket. He kept the fellow in his eye as he left the car, unobtrusively following as the man walked several blocks across the city. He saw him enter the brown stone steps of one of the better class of boarding houses. On which Stone suddenly discovered hunger and the necessity of lodging. He inquired of a smiling and robust landlady and shortly found himself in a roomy dining room, served by a smiling black waiter at a small table, who, at the close of the dinner, expanded agreeably under the influence of Stone's tip.



"Uncle Henry," said she in a strained voice, "What is this? Who is this gentleman?"

points due north. That night no man in woman or child passed unobserved. Each took each match at its own conversation was managed by him so that some business relations were made, some perfectly adjusted business was done. When suddenly from out of the shadows of the street a man in a dark suit came to a standstill by the door of the dining room. He was the Adventure Hunter.

"Yes, it was a good deal of money, as you say," remarked he. "Twenty thousand dollars is a good deal of money any old time in the day. But what I want to know is how a man like that came to get it? A fellow that was sort of shabby. You'd swear he'd jump at a ten dollar bill."

He took energetic whiffs at his strong pipe and spat sociably in Stone's direction. He was a broad, weatherbeaten fellow, with the strained, tight skinned clean look of janitors at eight o'clock at night.

"He rung the bell one day," went on the janitor, palpably proud of the unshakability of his story. "He was a shabby sort of fellow, with a wise way with him. He asked if he could get his mail here. He said he was down and out and that he didn't like to have to give the address where he lived. So I told him it would be all right. I never thought any further about it, but just put his letters on the mantelpiece, so that missus could give them to him in case I happened to be out when he called. Well, one day one of 'em must have fallen down, for I saw my little girl playing with it. The envelope had come open and there was a yellow bit of paper in her hand. 'A-ha,' thinks I, 'me man has got his money at last.' Then I took it from my little girl and looked at it."

The janitor made a dramatic pause, feeling for the fair bristles of his Scandinavian chin.

"And then," said he, "I saw what it was. Think of it—twenty thousand dollars in a check made out to his name."

The janitor paused again, enjoying the absorbed attention of his listeners.

"And that's what I was talking of," said the janitor, "when I said it was a puzzle. For what gets me is why a fellow who expected a lot of money like that should come to me to take his mail."

He paused. "Great guns—talk of the devil! Look!"

A man came walking in the direction of the group, a rather shabby looking fellow, who had, as the janitor had said, a wise eye.

"Good night," said the stranger airily to Stone's companion. "I've got something for you." He produced a packet of cigars. "You'll find them pretty good. Got anything for me?" The janitor, conversed by the mantelpiece incident, felt in a generous breast pocket and produced a letter. The man put it in his pocket. "Keep a good eye for 'em," said he. "It's a nice night, isn't it? Well, I've got to be getting along. Good night."

With a general, confident nod he walked briskly away. Stone turned to the janitor.

"I guess I must be going, too," he said. He turned casually in the direction in which the shabby man was disappearing, buoyed with a peculiar exhilaration, which was indicated by every move he made.

Pumping the Waiter.

The fellow turned a corner, waiting a moment for an incoming trolley and jumped into it. Stone entered behind, and standing in the aisle of the rear cross seat commanded a view of that strange man who so unconcernedly could stuff twenty thousand dollar

"Yes, indeed," the waiter was understood to say in response to the skilled but unobtrusive questioning of the Adventure Hunter: "yes, there were many nice people here—many pleasant ladies and many pleasant gentlemen—roomers and boarders. That young lady? She was secretary in a big lawyer's downtown, sir; that other old lady was a widow, sir, and came up every summer from the South. That gentleman—this time the recipient of the janitor's checks, who was now less careless of attire—that was Mr. Robbins. The waiter didn't know what he did, sir, but the gentleman was boarding at the house. He'd been there about six weeks, sir. He was a very liberal gentleman and—thank you, sir."

The waiter went, recognizing that the new and yet more liberal boarder's interest had ceased. Indeed, Stone had discovered that for which he sought. The shabby check receiver who became so sartorially neat at home lived there, and it would be safe to let him go for the present, at all events.

Therefore the Adventure Hunter turned his passage to the bank (a small suburban one) and waited in its small anteroom for its president, to whose private office Valentine Stone presently was ushered.

He was a dimpled looking man, by name J. Carlton Thompson, with a fine carriage and appearance. "I am a private investigator," hazarded Stone, inductively. "The matter is a delicate one and my company seeks to enlist your aid."

The official bowed courteously, and waited for the Adventure Hunter to continue.

"It is in the matter of several rather large amounts of money drawn on the bank a few days ago," continued Stone; "one for twenty thousand dollars, another for ten."

He was interrupted, in spite of himself, by the strange manner of the president. The man had flushed purple, and his hands fluttered as they hung over the side arms of his chair.

"I shall have to ask you to excuse me, sir," said he in a quick, agitated voice. "I had forgotten a matter that has come to my attention."

Stone himself was surprised by the suddenness of the man's change.

"It relates to a man called Stecker," said he, "a check made out to a man called Stecker."

The man stood where he had risen, then, apparently forgetting his errand and with an expression from which all fortitude had gone, commenced, "For God's sake"—and then stopped abruptly, as if he had said more than he intended. Stone, however, feeling that he in some unexpected way—though in what way he hardly knew even yet—had come upon the very heart of the mystery, was already master of the situation.

"Make a clean breast of it," said he unemotionally. "I was not suffered to continue. The man made no attempt at evasion."

"You evidently know about the thing," said he finally, with deep emotion, dropping his head within his hands. "You evidently know of—of what I have done. Can nothing keep you silent? My resources are nearly exhausted, but—Stone felt a strange wave pass over him—at once of pity and excitement.

"Money has nothing to do with it," said he, and then hazarded a "leader." "You may have had excuses," said he.

"God knows that I have," vehemently broke in the other.

He paused again, sinking his head in his hand, while Stone, moved by the pitiable agitation of the man, waited for what he would say.

The Banker's Confession.

"Yes, I took the money represented by these checks from this bank," said Thompson after a little while. "It was a matter of blackmail. It was to protect a woman's name. Some ruffians threatened her and she appealed to me. I—I have known her since she was a child, for she was the daughter of a lifelong friend. Since his death she has almost been my own child. She is very beautiful, Mr. Stone, very accomplished, and she has been recently married. It was a love match, but also a brilliant one for her. In the social world her husband's name is one to conjure with. A month after her marriage some ruffians approached her with letters which some years ago she was foolish enough to write to a scoundrel. At last, pushed to the wall, she came to me. I was the only one to whom she could confide—could trust."

"Well, Mr. Stone, I thought I could see my way to help her. I had no cash, and to have sold what stocks I held would be to sacrifice them entirely and beggar myself. I—I did what many another man has done, Mr. Stone. I took the money, intending to replace it. My position here enabled me to do it. I would have returned it—I can do so almost immediately if you will only give me a little time." He ceased with a sudden start as his eyes wandered for a moment beyond the Adventure Hunter. Then he said under his breath and with a queer tension, "For God's sake, don't tell her what I have done, please, please don't!"

Stone turned and saw framed by the door a woman that he thought the most beautiful that he had ever seen. She was of medium height, and yet there seemed a peculiar and exquisite fragility about her, which reflected itself in the transparent texture of her skin, in the delicate color tinging her cheeks, in the very pulse in which she stood. She had seen from Mr. Thompson's expression the relevance of the scene to herself. Her eyes were wide open and startled. Meeting Stone's glance in affright and searching his companion with apprehensive eyes, she unhesitatingly walked in.

"Uncle Henry," said she in a strained voice. "What is this? Who is this gentleman?"

Stone rose, bowing. "This gentleman hopes that you will regard him as your very good friend. He hopes that you will permit him to be of service to you. He understands everything and you need have no fear as to his discretion."

Stopping near him, the girl met Stone's look with a steady, unflinching glance which was wistful, yet seemed to look through him. Stone met it, feeling that he himself was at the judgment bar. Yet that peculiar human quality which shone in his eyes for all those for whom he felt the pulse of sympathy soon reflected itself upon her. She put out her hand with a sudden motion and moved toward him.

"I have no fear," she said in even tones, though with a slight quiver in her voice. "I have no fear of you."

"Then," said Stone, "you can help me, too. Mr. Thompson has, unknown to you, consulted me in my confidential capacity, hoping to spare you further trouble. But now that you are here—"

He hesitated, indicated a chair and spoke a few words to the waiter, who was standing in front of him, in a study in conflicting emotions. Ignorant of Stone's purposes, the official yet divided a kindly intent in the Adventure Hunter's manner to the girl.

"And now, my dear young lady," said Stone, "you must tell me all you know about the affair. These letters now—did the man to whom you sent them make any demand upon you?"

"Not he," said the young woman simply. "It was a man called Stecker—a small, dark man who had a stoop. He showed me several of my letters and said that he possessed them all. He said that he needed money and that for would be forced to sell them—elsewhere if I could not provide it. I—I did my best, but that was very little. I had no money. I had sold what jewelry I had."

Recipient of the Letters.

"But the man to whom you sent these letters," interrupted Stone. "Is he at present in the city?"

"I do not know," replied the girl in a low tone. "He is Western, too," asked Stone with allusion to the girl's accent.

"Yes; I met him in the West. It was just after I left school."

Stone nodded understandingly. "Have you any photograph of this man?" he asked.

"I have several," the young woman replied. "If you could spare the time to accompany me—"

The young woman rose, while Stone nodded reassuringly to the president, and soon the Adventure Hunter and the beautiful woman were in the limousine moving smoothly through the streets.

At her home (a place of marble vestibule and massive elegance of surrounding) she showed the photographs to Stone. They indicated a sleek, dark, smiling type—one that has been historically attractive to the feminine. Stone looked closely at them and returned them, then bidding the girl goodbye and promising her an early visit to report his progress he left her and proceeded to his own chambers, there to inspect his particular collection of criminal photographs—his own rogues' gallery—almost as complete as that at police headquarters, thanks to the attention of an official headship which he had formed. But his search was useless. No sleek, black, smiling face appeared among them.

So Stone set himself to the task of shadowing his fellow lodger. He even stopped in the house himself and took the room next to that of his unconscious quarry. The man was irregular in his hours, keeping to his room much, walking abroad but little. One night, however, he sallied out, expedition in his actions, purpose in his stride. He walked rapidly through the darkened streets, taking one of the quieter avenues to the subway, and from there went on foot through the crowded streets without even the suggestion of a backward glance. His nose diminished near the entrance of a great skyscraper and he entered it. Stone paused at the entrance, in the brilliant marble and gold vestibule, and noted the particular elevator entered by the man. Thus he waited till the elevator sped up with its freight and descended. Stone hurried to the elevator boy, panting.

"Where can I find that gentleman—the one you just brought up?" asked he hurriedly.

The boy stammered not a moment to think of the up-ness of the question. "Room 1,103," he answered. So Stone rose and alighted on the eleventh floor. Noiselessly he walked along the passage, every sense awake for the night watchman, who might be even then upon his rounds and inquisitive, as watchmen are. But no watchman came, and presently the Adventure Hunter found himself at the room numbered 1,103 and heard the sound of voices within. He paused for an instant, the picture of excitement showing on his face. He stood for a moment, trying to catch the words of the voices. Then he saw the receipt in the bottom of the opaque glass panel of the door. Carefully he stooped, opened its metal lip and his eyes fixed themselves upon the picture of the room within.

Three men were grouped in the furthest corner of the room, whose lettering proclaimed it an investment agency. Stone's fellow lodger stood rolling a cigar about in his mouth. Another man sat in a revolving chair whose features were not distinctly visible. A sleek, dark looking fellow with a certain rakish sort of good looks half sat upon the corner of the flat business desk, and Stone recognized him for the Lothario. Then he changed his position and the third man's face stood out startlingly against the dark green paper of the room. He was a man of perhaps fifty-five, iron gray, grim, squarely built. He had a gleam of frosty blue eyes, a great, indomitable mouth and a resolute chin. He looked implacable, grim and relentless as he sat there, and when he smiled, as suddenly he did, Stone saw his skin crease and his mouth widen, but caught no faintest warmth from the frostiness of his winter eye.

Stone regarded him a moment through the letter slit of the door. Stone's eyes were narrow with concentration, his forehead was seamed in thought. That face was familiar. Where had he seen it?

"We've got to have it," the man was saying. He was obviously the leader. "We can make a fortune out of the stock if we've only coin enough to play it. We've held back all for this play. Fifty thousand more on margin should mean a million dollars. That bluffer Thompson's got to come up. He can do it. Why, in the West?"

Stone stood up suddenly with an eager face, which had in it a suggestion of exultation, too. He remembered the face now perfectly. He had seen it but a day or two before—a photograph in the rogues' gallery of the Adventure Hunter. He had remembered seeing it, altered certainly, but undeniable, when he had searched for the sleek Lothario with such little result. He had even turned the photograph over and read the particulars upon the back. The word "West" had recalled it to his memory. Snailingly and without hesitation he suddenly opened the door.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he, bowing with a polish which had come to him with his early life in Paris.

The three men looked at him sharply. Into the face of the shabby man came a sudden flushed consciousness as there came to him the knowledge of who this intruder was.

"Why, what the?" he began, with a quick, apprehensive look at the grim fellows, which spoke the latter's leadership more clearly than could any word.

Confronting the Band.

"What do you want here?" commenced the latter, without a hesitation, to the Adventure Hunter.

"This—this investment agency," commenced Stone, with a suggestion of smiling and surprised embarrassment.

"Do—do I see the gentlemen?"

"What do you want?" repeated the grim man, more harshly yet.

"A—A little matter," said Stone; "if you don't mind I'll close the door. Thanks."

The harsh man rose forbiddingly. His two companions stood behind him, obviously waiting for his lead.

Stone took a step back.

"I wanted to invest—that is, reinvest."

"He's lying Jim," suddenly rapped the little man, in a quick, high voice. "He's followed me. He's living at my place."

But the grim man had already covered Stone.

"We'll find out what he knows first," said he, "and then—"

Stone drew the slit—which was the mouth—widen, the creases came to the cheeks, and he heard the notes of laughter, harsh as a raven's croak.

"I want the letters and the check," said Stone unhesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, we'll give them up—we sure will give them up. We'll give them up to the cashier when the time for cashing comes. But you know where you're going to be then, don't you? You've come to the wrong shop, Mr. Amateur Detective. You think we're afraid to kill you, I suppose. Why I've seen the time—"

"I know," said Stone simply. "That's just what I wanted to say. You're not in some lonely mountain now where everybody's terrorized. You're in an office building, and the law is very, very close to you. You know you left ends when you killed—but never mind; it's the checks and letters I want, Mr. Man, or you'll be held on this blackmailing charge till we get your record about that case I told you about—you know the one I mean."

Stone was listening intently for the least sound while he watched the blackmailers' face, stark with murder.

"You fool!" said he. "Do you think I'd let you leave this room now? You never will." He approached Stone grimly, murder in his eyes.

"You mean you would kill?" commenced the Adventure Hunter. The man came nearer still, crouched almost as if he were about to spring.

"Because I wouldn't if I were you," said Stone, speaking rapidly. "Look at the time. He pointed suddenly to the round clock upon the opposite wall. "It's eleven now. In ten minutes they'll come to look for me. Every entrance is watched now. There are men on every passage waiting for me. Listen!"

Off at the end of the passage were the sound of slow, regular footsteps, stopping at regular intervals. That it was for which Stone had listened. The passage of night watchmen is universal.

The three listened and to the faces of the two weaker ones came a palor of mottled gray. Even the trophic of the harder leader was manifest upon his face. They were trapped. Involuntarily the hand that held the weapon became less tense. In a second Stone had thrown himself upon the fellow and had pointed it at the dismayed conspirators.

"Now," said he, with a new note of emphasis in his voice, "letters and checks quickly!"

The big fellow glowered for an instant, but fortune was against him.

Suddenly he approached the safe. Off along the passage the footsteps came a little closer, stopping at regular intervals. Leaning over the safe the man manipulated the combination and the door swung open. Stone saw his hand approach a certain division in it and withdrew a neat bundle connected with elastic. Again it entered to withdraw four or five checks neatly pinned together. Stone put forth his left hand to receive them, his eyes not ceasing for a moment to circle in lightning and relentless survey the discounted company of conspirators. He need have spared himself the trouble, however. They showed defeat upon their faces. Then Stone smiled courteously. "Thank you," said he. "You see, my arrangements were very complete. You have nothing to fear now." Then he called, "Oh, watchman!"

"Sir," came a voice from the passage.

Stone opened the door.

"Is this clock exactly right, watchman?"

"All the clocks in the building are exactly right, sir," replied the watchman, woe-begotten on his face, a complete unconsciousness of the little drama written on his every feature. On the instant the three saw it. Masters of the situation, they had been beaten by a trick.

"And my friends down at the entrance of the elevator," asked Stone, "are they waiting there yet?"

The man looked at Stone as if he were demented. "Friends?" said he. "Elevator? There hasn't been anybody there all night."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Adventure Hunter, away, with a pleased inconsequence. My friends here rather thought there was, Good night."

He walked down the passage, laughing at four faces stricken with conflicting emotions. They were staring at him as if almost under the influence of some narcotic. Then Stone laughed again. For the Adventure Hunter liked to impart into his true achievements some little touch of humor. It lent to them an air of added exhilaration. In the street he walked briskly, smiling still. He was anticipating in imagination the expression on two faces when he should return to their owners those possessions which were theirs.

HER HANDS WERE RAW HAD TO WEAR RUBBER GLOVES

"Fruit-a-lives" Completely Cured The Eczema

GRANDE LIGNE, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910
My wife was troubled for three years with Eczema on the hands which made her hands almost useless. The doctor gave her several ointments to use, none of which had any effect. He also advised her to wear rubber gloves (she wore out three pairs).

I persuaded her, as a last resort, to try "Fruit-a-lives". The effect was marvellous. Her hands are now cured. We both attribute our present health to "Fruit-a-lives".

N. JOUBERT.

Eczema, Rash, Pimples, Itching and Burning Skin are always caused by impure blood—due to chronic constipation, indigestion or some weakness with the kidneys.

"Fruit-a-lives" is a positive cure for all Skin Troubles. It is the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world and is the only remedy made of fruit juices.

Box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The record this morning had an interesting interview with Mr. D. Forsyth, a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Education, and who is at present spending a few days at his home on Margaret Avenue, previous to his departure with the Commission for a five months' tour of Europe.

The Commission has but recently finished a two months' tour of the provinces of Quebec, and Mr. Forsyth is well pleased with the information secured in the lower province.

Naturally, he is somewhat adverse to giving any stated opinion on the conditions as found by the Commission, since any expression would be anticipated by the report of the Commission.

A complete tour was made of the Province of Quebec, and the last two weeks were spent in Ottawa getting the evidence in shape, preparatory to the departure for the continent.

During his brief holiday, Mr. Forsyth is engaged in summarizing the evidence already presented, and some idea of the work being accomplished by the Commission and also of the voluminous nature of the evidence may be gained when it is stated that already more than 5,000 pages of closely written footnotes have been compiled by the official stenographer, and this will be largely augmented as a result of the continental tour. Mr. Forsyth is summarizing this evidence, not for the official report, but for the information of the members of the Commission.

That this task is no small task is evidenced by the large number of headings under which the evidence will be classified, as follows:

(a) General Education.
(b) University and College Education.
(c) Technical Schools.
(d) Trade Schools.
(e) Agricultural Colleges and Extension Work.
(f) Normal Schools and Training of Teachers.
(g) High Schools, including Collegiate.

1. Elementary Science.
2. Rural Science, including Agriculture.
3. Manual Training.
4. Domestic Science.
5. Commercial Classes.

(g) Primary Schools, including Continuation Schools.
1. Manual Training.
2. Domestic Science, including School Gardens and Nature Study.
3. Commercial Classes.

(h) Night Schools.
1. Elementary.
2. Technical.
(i) Correspondence Courses.
(j) Apprenticeship Schools.
(k) Organized Play and Playgrounds.
(l) P. C. and Drill.

II. Industries.
(a) Building Construction.
(b) Carriages, wagons, etc.
(c) B. B. Electrical.
(d) Food Study.
(e) Leather and Rubber.
(f) Metals, including Rolling Mills, Foundries, Machine Shops, and Machinery in General.
(g) Other Trades and Industries.
(h) Printing and Publishing.
(i) Textiles and Clothing.
(j) Wood, including Pulp and Furniture.
(k) Apprenticeship Systems.
(l) Chemical.

III. Commerce and Transportation.
(a) Banking.
(b) Retailing and Wholesaling, including Office Administration.
(c) Railway Administration.

IV. Development of Resources.
(a) Agriculture.
(1) Live Stock.
(2) Dairying.
(3) Horticulture.
(b) Fisheries.
(c) Mining, including Quarries.
(d) Forestry, including Lumber.
(e) Miscellaneous.

V. Homemaking and Housekeeping.
(a) Food of the Family.
(b) Clothing.
(c) House Sanitation.
(d) Domestic Servants.
(e) Care of Children.

VI. Conditions and Standards of Working and Living.
(a) Health.
(b) Conditions of Workshops and Factories.
(c) Welfare Work (Lunch Rooms, Libraries, etc.).
(d) Housing of Workers.
(e) House of Labour and Rates of Wages.
(f) Recreation.
(g) Medical Inspection of Schools.

VII. Conditions of Industry and Labour.

- Growth of business.
- Where products are marketed.
- Where raw materials are obtained.
- Supply of Labour.—1. skilled, 2. unskilled; 3. apprentices.
- VIII. Education.
- IX. Concerning Research.
- X. The effect of machinery on Workers as to personal ability and opportunity.
- XI. Unorganized or occasional instruction.

Mr. Forsyth is inclined to believe that Quebec is slightly ahead of Ontario in preparation for technical education. Arrangements are being made for the erection of technical schools in Montreal and Quebec, each of which will cost about \$300,000. The Commission also found excellent technical night schools in Montreal and throughout the province. The night schools in Montreal were very good, particularly from a technical and practical view. Mr. Forsyth also took occasion to remark that the Commission had found in Vancouver an excellent technical school and good night schools.

In Ontario technical education was receiving considerable attention in the larger centres, but that was about all at the present time.

The Commission expects to leave within the next week for England and the continent to visit the typical technical schools in Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark and part of Sweden will be visited. The Commission will remain intact during the visit to England, after which different sections will visit the other countries.

It is expected that the Commission will leave England about August 18th, after which sessions will be held to compile the report.

Mr. Forsyth is at present also engaged in preparing information regarding the schools and systems of education in the different European countries, in order that the Commission may be prepared to immediately settle down to work when they arrive.

Mr. Forsyth's many friends are pleased to have him at home again, even though the visit is but for a few days.

CANADIANS EAT EGGS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.

We Bought Over Nine Million Eggs From the United States Last Year and Large Quantities from China.

Canada imported 893,324 dozen eggs during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1910. From the United States alone 757,436 dozen eggs came to Canada. China sent us 57,075 dozen, and Hong Kong 41,245 dozen, while small quantities came from Great Britain, France and Japan.

Our egg exports amounted to 164,835 dozen, but only 38,917 dozen went from Canada to the United States, so that we bought from the Americans 717,399 dozen more eggs than we sold to them.

Canada sold 33,465 dozen eggs to Great Britain, 20,947 dozen to Newfoundland, 10,700 to Bermuda, 2,196 dozen to the British West Indies, 44,100 dozen to Cuba, 12,553 to St. Pierre and a few dozen to British Guiana, Mexico and China.

Deducting our total exports of eggs from our total imports of eggs it will be found that Canadians consumed 728,489 dozen more eggs than the total production of eggs in Canada.

The duty on eggs coming into Canada is three cents per dozen. If the Reciprocity Agreement goes into effect this duty will be removed and the importations of eggs will greatly increase.

A board of tariff experts, recently appointed by the United States Government to compare Canadian and American prices, has reported on the price of eggs at Buffalo, Toronto, Burlington, Vt., Montreal, Lancaster, N. H., Sherbrooke, Que., Ogdensburg, N. Y., Prescott, Ont., Bangor, Eastport and Calais in Maine, and St. Stephen, N. B.

The statement of prices prepared for the month of January, 1911, and the result of the enquiry is shown in the following table:

Place	Wholesale Price per doz.
Buffalo, N. Y.	\$ 36
Toronto, Ont.	40
Ogdensburg, N. Y.	30
Prescott, Ont.	32
Lancaster, N. H.	27
Sherbrooke, Que.	27
Burlington, Vt.	35
Montreal, Que.	35
Bangor, Me.	30
Calais, Me.	28
Eastport, Me.	26
St. Stephen, N. B.	33

It will be noted that the prices in Canada were considerably higher than in the United States.

Reciprocity will give Canadian farmers the privilege of selling their eggs in the United States at lower prices than they can get for them in Canada, and it will give farmers of Australia, the United States and twelve other foreign countries the right to send eggs into Canada free of duty.

The report of the United States Government experts also deals with the prices of other farm products in the two countries. The Canadian Century will publish the figures in future issues and those who read them will be convinced that Canadian farmers have nothing to gain by Reciprocity with the United States.

NO PICKLES FOR WOODSTOCK.

Woodstock, March 27.—There will be no pickle factory established in Woodstock this year. A communication has been received from the firm of Libby, McNeil & Libby, stating that owing to the lateness of the season, it has been found advisable not to commence operations. There was some little difficulty in securing the required acreage. About 80 of the required 200 acres were contracted. Most of the farmers state

that the difficulty in procuring help stops them from going into the business. At the time of the year the cucumbers must be picked it takes all the available labor for the regular farm work.

However, the representative of the company states that he thinks the required amount of land could have been secured had he stayed longer and gone out farther, and next year when the company decides to open up a Canadian branch, Woodstock will be favorably considered.

Scheme Canceled Most Important Undertaken by Galt Council in Years.

Galt, March 21.—The town council will buy the George Hogg farm in the West River road for manufacturing sites. The farm consists of 120 acres, and the price paid is \$100 an acre or \$12,000 for the farm. The matter of having some land which can be sold to manufacturers had been up and on in the town council, but finally the matter has been settled.

The farm, which the town has secured, is a very valuable piece of property, and is an ideal location in the southern part of the town. It is situated just below the waterworks plant and 55 acres of the land is now in the corporation. It will be an easy matter to provide railway connection with firms that locate in this section as the G. P. and H. Street Railway has just completed a bridge across the river, and is giving the big manufacturers on the west side of the river, railway switches.

The purchase of the block of land is considered by many to be the most important transaction the town council has put through in years. The town is growing and already contractors are busy erecting houses. One firm, Plesed & Parker, has just completed a planing mill and will erect five handsome houses on the C. P. R. hill, overlooking the Grand River.

This year promises to be one of the greatest building years in the history of the town.

Volunteer Witnesses Came Forward With Evidence That Proved His Innocence.

Anthony Weaver, charged with highway robbery, and acquitted in police court this morning, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Messrs. John Moyer and Frank W. Ellwood. Had it not been for the fact that these gentlemen volunteered to come forward and tell what they knew of the affair, Weaver might yet be under a cloud of suspicion, or even sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

Leighton Huebner, who it will be remembered, on Tuesday morning laid a charge of highway robbery against Weaver, charging that on Monday evening the accused and two others had sprung on him from the lane at the rear of McKeefe's store, threw him down, and went through his pockets.

The only evidence, who stated that Weaver, himself, who contrived that Huebner had crossed the street and struck him, and that being frightened, he had run home.

The story told by Messrs. Moyer and Ellwood this morning bore out the statement of Weaver, and Magistrate Wein immediately acquitted the prisoner.

Three small boys, who saw the affair, had made it appear that Huebner had himself was the actual aggressor.

Why This Farmer in P. E. I. is Glad

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS RHEUMATISM OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Now he is helping hundreds of other Islanders tell that the one cure for all Kidney Diseases is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Alma, Prince Co., P. E. I., Mar. 24th. (Special).—Cured of Rheumatism and Heart Disease after thirty years' suffering. Wm. J. Vincent, a well known farmer living near here is spreading the news throughout this little island that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Diseases.

"I had been bothered with a lame back, Rheumatism and Heart Disease for over thirty years," Mr. Vincent states. "For days I would be laid up in bed. At times it caused me great pain to even turn in bed. I tried all kinds of liniments, plasters and electric belts, but got no relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes of them cured me."

Hundreds of other residents of the Island tell the same story: No case of Kidney Disease, no matter how severe or of how long standing, can stand before Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the one sure cure of every Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Chancellor Holds That The Amount Paid By The Purchaser Was Sufficient.

The Mail and Empire of today contains the following particulars of the judgment in the appeal against the decision of Justice Clute in the case of the Kaiserhof Hotel Company:—

Division Court has allowed the appeal from the decision of Mr. Justice Clute, setting aside the sale of the property of the Kaiserhof Hotel Company in Berlin to William Roos, and the action is now dismissed. Joseph Zuber, the mortgagee of the property, ordered a sale, and it was claimed by the owners of the hotel that there was collusion between Zuber and Roos, so that Roos was able to purchase the property for less than its market value. It was also shown that a bid of \$43,500 was made at the auction, and that Roos himself had bid \$43,000, although he paid only \$39,500. The Chancellor,

who wrote the judgment, said that collusion was not proved. The \$43,500 was clearly not a bona fide bid, as the bidder had failed to put up his security, and Roos' bid of \$43,000 was made before the bid by the unknown man. It was afterwards withdrawn, and the lower bid substituted. The amount paid was also held by the Chancellor to be a sufficient price.

Messrs. Millar and Sims were the solicitors for Mr. Zuber.

Aged Physician Passes Away

Dr. John McLean, Well-Known Homoeopathic Practitioner, Died At Hospital This Morning.

Dr. John McLean, the well-known homoeopathic physician, died this morning at seven o'clock at the B. & W. Hospital. He had been failing in health the past year, but the last two months his decline was more pronounced. He was removed to the hospital a week ago. The deceased was in his 78th year and had practised in Berlin for twenty years. He was an able physician. He was born in the citadel of Quebec, his father being a member of the famous Highland regiment. Before coming to Berlin he practised in Jackson, Mich. his entire practice comprising a period of 45 years.

Deceased leaves a wife.

The funeral (private) will be held on Monday morning at 10.30 o'clock from the Simpson undertaking parlors to Mount Hope Cemetery.

DIED.

In Berlin on March 21th, 1911, Arthur C. Braun, son of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Braun, aged 18 years, 6 months and 19 days.

BORN.

MIKEL.—In Berlin on March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mikel, 56 Faunbury St., a daughter.

MAPLE SUGAR WILL BE DEARER.

An industry that is rapidly coming into prominence in Ontario, is the production of maple sugar. The sugar bush is essentially one of our numerous natural resources, the product of which is becoming more valuable every year.

We are at the pitch or vortex of the maple syrup season now, and in conversation with a number of our local dealers, it was learned that the quantity and quality was a little in advance of the last year, also a corresponding increase in price is reported.

Last year you could get a three-quarter pound cake of sugar for ten cents. This year you will only get a half pound cake for the same money. Exchange.

FREEPORT.

Miss Anna Connell, who has been staying in Presbiter for the winter months, has again engaged with Mrs. Ervin Shantz for the summer.

Mrs. H. C. Gimbel, of River Lodge, accompanied by her guest Mrs. Buey, will spend the summer at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Ed. Shantz, of Erb Street, Waterloo.

Mr. Sam McKean, who stays with Mr. Herman Hertle, Sr., of River View Farm, had the misfortune to receive a severe kick from a horse, to which he was attending on Sunday evening. The animal inflicted a nasty gash in his leg, which will lay him up for some time to come. His many friends all hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Edgar Dettweiler, of Spring Hill Farm, who was so unfortunate as to have his leg broken about a month ago is now so far recovered that he was able to go out for a drive last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Amos Hallman has returned home from an extended visit with her son, Edwin, of Durand, Michigan, and her daughter, Mrs. Lathabee, of Port Huron, Michigan. Her many friends are all pleased to welcome her back to our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hertle, Jr., and Baby Eva were the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Fritz Levan, of Berlin, on Sunday.

Mrs. Richard Burly, of No. 3 Sumach Place, Toronto, was a visitor with Mrs. H. C. Gimbel, of River Lodge, for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, of Ervill, spent last Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Waggoner.

Dame Rumor has it that another one of our most prominent and enterprising farmers is negotiating for the sale of his valuable farm property.

The helmet hat is the newest creation this year. It would make a hit with those men who sometimes arrive home early in the morning.

The harem skirt originated in Turkey. Which probably is the reason for the Turkish women hiding their faces.

Preston is to build 165 houses this year. They will all be needed when we annex the suburb.

President Taft says there will be no war between Japan and the United States. This momentous question having been settled we can now peruse the baseball dope in a peaceful frame of mind. Thanks, William.

AFFIXING THE BLAME

New York Officials Will Probe the Fire Horror.

Terrible Carelessness Found in Connection With Disaster in Washington Square Conflagration—Shutters Blocked the Fire Escape—Several Tenement Owners Are Hauled Into Court as Beginning of Enquiry.

New York, March 28.—The fixing of the blame for the loss of 141 lives in the Washington square fire of Saturday drew to a focus yesterday the energies of the district attorney's staff, the fire marshal, the coroner, the state labor department and Borough President McAneny of Manhattan. Dozens of investigators collected every scrap of available information. Grand jurors turned personal probers, and an additional grand jury, in a formal resolution presented to the Court of General Sessions, offered their aid to the district attorney and declared that some one should be prosecuted for the disaster.

What the probers found—evidence that doors at exits swung inward, the crumpled fire escape in the air shaft, the one fire escape blocked by iron shutters when opened, an empty water tank on the roof, and the practice prevalent among cutters of lighting cigarettes a few minutes before quitting time—all this, and what is yet to be ferreted out, will be placed speedily before the grand jury for action. District Attorney Whitman announced.

The tenement house department summoned owners of half a dozen faulty structures to the Police Court as a preliminary step to a far-reaching investigation of tenements. One man was held for violating the law, and other cases, it was announced, will be pressed to-morrow. Fire Marshal Beers summoned the proprietors of the Triangle Waist Co., and several employees, to testify at a public investigation, largely to enquire into the truth of reports that doors leading to the fire escapes were blocked.

Montreal Militiamen Sore.

Montreal, March 28.—The local military pot is boiling, in fact it is red hot. And the cause of it is the order issued from Ottawa that all Lee-Enfield rifles be returned to stores, and that the regiments be armed with the Ross rifles, mark 2 (the short Ross).

The local militia men are sore, from C. O. to recruit, claiming that the change means that shooting will be seriously interfered with. It is not impossible, except for those who purchase their own rifles. The mark 2 Ross rifles, which are supposedly the arm of the militia, and the territorial forces from Britain, are being allowed on the change, the militia claim that a militia man who does not wish or cannot afford to pay \$25 for one of these cannot compete with those who can, and rifle competitions are out of the question for the ordinary militia man.

"No action" has been taken yet, though the commanding officers have talked of having a meeting to protest against the change.

Celebration Coronation.

London, March 28.—Discussion of plans for two royal coronations will occupy a considerable time of the time of the legislation and reception committee of the council this afternoon.

It is proposed to have a celebration on a large scale on the day of the coronation. It will in all probability take the form of an historical pageant and, while details have not yet been discussed, it is expected to excel anything of a like nature before attempted in the city.

Plans for the celebration of the Hydro-Electric power in the city will also be talked over. Regarding this it is expected that the announcement of the date will be made shortly.

Local Option Campaign.

Brookville, March 28.—Advocates and supporters of temperance reform from nearly every municipality in Leeds County met here yesterday and organized the Leeds County Alliance, associated with the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance. The president is Judge Reynolds of Brookville. The object is to initiate a strong and active campaign for local option in the municipalities which are at present under license, and it is not unlikely that a fight will be on in Brookville between the temperance and liquor forces at not a distant date.

At least a dozen of the new ornamental lights should be placed around the town hall to show up the grand architecture of the noble pile.

With those new lights we should have no difficulty in attracting that 16,000 population.

Disquieting rumors are coming from the far east. Also disquieting rumors are reaching the near east—Ottawa in particular.

A Hesperian boy fell into a glue tank. He's a promising youngster who sticks to his job.

A match-making industry has been secured for Berlin, a local merchant having been authorized to issue marriage licenses.

Happy indeed is the man who finds his raincoat good for another season.

Vain Hunt for Dope.

St. Catharines, Ont., March 28.—The St. Catharines police received a tip from Toronto that in one of the Chinese laundries here large quantities of opium were stored. All were visited, but nothing found.

Hamilton Woman's Suicide.

Binghamton, N. Y., March 28.—Marie D. Hugo, of Hamilton, Ont., was cut to pieces beneath a train yesterday, circumstances indicating suicide. She had lived here two years as "Sadie Sylvia."

WATRICULISM is the first step towards being a doctor, lawyer, minister, druggist, dentist, civil engineer, etc. We teach you. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. P. Toronto, Canada.

N. F. Eby left for Cleveland this morning where he will spend a few days on business.



HOW CANADIAN HOMESTEADERS HIT THE TRAIL.

CANADIAN HOMESTEADERS.

Edmonton Alberta, March 21.—Between two thousand and three thousand cabooses—buts of wood and canvas on bolted drawn by engine now are on the way from this city to what is called the Peace River district, or Grand Prairie. Thousands more will start from here this spring. These cabooses are the traveling homes of settlers or homesteaders who will take up many thousands of acres of government land in the newly opened district.

Clover and Timothy

Red Clover, \$10.00 bush. Timothy - \$7.25 bush
Alsike - \$10.00 " Alfalfa - \$13.80 "

All No. 1 Government Standards.

Ontario Seed Co. Successors, Waterloo, Ont.

J. O. BUCHANAN NORMAN SEAGRAM
BUCHANAN, SEAGRAM & CO.
23 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO
Stock Brokers, Insurance and Financial Agents
Orders executed in the New York, Chicago, Montreal and Toronto Exchanges
—Long Distance Phone, No. M 1245—

Respectfully Submitted
Learn Dressmaking
Take a Personal Course at School of by Mail

King street begins to look more light the main thoroughfare of the city. The Board of Works might rebuild the sun some slight assistance in the good work.

Russia, it is said will declare war against China. We presume that just now it's a case of waiting for the queues.

The powder firms have entered into a merger. Do not alarmed, feminine readers, it's the gunpowder firms.

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THE MISSES ELLISON.

Dress Cutting School.
111 Church St. Berlin.

SOLD AS LOW AS 16c. PER DOZ.—OTHER PRICES AT THE MARKET.

Eggs could be purchased this morning as low as 16 cents per dozen near the close of the market and as high as 20 cents. The predominating prices were 18 and 19 cents. Other prices of produce were unchanged from last Saturday's market.

Butter, per lb. 23.24 and 25 cents.
Eggs, per doz. 16 to 20c.
Cheese, per lb. 16c.
Lamburger (case) 25c.
Lard, per lb. 17c.

Potatoes, per bag, 50c. and 75c.
Potatoes, per basket