4 P.M. EDITION

London Advertiser

SIXTEEN PAGES

40TH YEAR, NO. 351. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16742.

Why

are you reading this page?

Other

people will read your advertisement for the same reason.

SUNDAY IN LONDON

What Is Going On in the Leading Churches of the City

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. T. S. Johnson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. G. Howson, pastor. Evangelistic services, at the usual hours, will be conducted by the Rev. F. E. Morehouse, conference evangelist of Michigan, assisted by Miss Parks, of the same State, and the pastor. These services will prove of special interest. Strangers always welcome.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. George Jackson, pastor. Services morning and evening conducted by Rev. Byron Snell. Subject, "Temperance." All welcome.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m.; Bible Class and Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS, KING STREET—Evangelistic services nightly. Tomorrow at 11, Conditions insuring Revival"; 3:30 testimony; 7, "Something Worth Having." b

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. A. K. Birks, pastor, will conduct both services. Evening subject, "The Referendum."

CRONYN MEMORIAL CHURCH, CORNER Queen's avenue and William street—Rev. C. C. Owen, B.A., rector; Rev. R. W. Woodroofe, B.A., assistant. Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; confirmation at morning service; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Bible Class, 3:15 p.m.; Holy Communion after evening service.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Temperance Sunday. The pastor will preach in the morning; in the evening the Rev. Dr. Chown, general secretary of temperance. Morning—Anthem, "Leave Us Not" (Stainer); duet, "Jesus, Thou Joy" (Wiegand). Evening—Anthem, "In the Beginning" (Thome); solo, "The Golden Pathway" (Grey); quartet, "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love" (Sinclair).

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. T. E. Harrison, pastor. Prohibition services. Pastor will preach in morning and Mr. C. Keenleyside will give an address in evening. All welcome.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV. George J. Bishop, pastor. Public services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Chown, of Toronto, will preach in the morning, and the pastor in the evening.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Clark, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will preach at both services. Sunday School and Society for Bible Study at 3 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—The pastor will preach. Morning—"Thy Kingdom Come." Evening, "Prohibition Question."

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. W. W. Wiley, of Hyde Park, will preach at both services.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, MAITLAND street—Elder R. C. Evans will preach morning and evening. All welcome. Come.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church, Oxford and Wellington streets—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., conducted by Rev. H. R. Horne, B.A., LL.B., of Elora. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., pastor. The pastor will preach at both services. Sabbath School and Pastor's Class at 3 o'clock.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Services conducted by rector, Archdeacon Davis. Recital at 6:30 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—MORNING—"Venite" (Macfarren), "Te Deum" (Tilleard), "Benedictus" (Nares), Preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, B.A. Evening—"Magnificat" (Martin), "Nunc Dimittis" (Martin); anthem, "The Strain Upraise" (Sullivan). Preacher, the Dean). Holy Communion at 8:30 a.m.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph.D., LL.D., pastor. 11 a.m., "The Lord and the Poor Outcast"; 7 p.m., "The Voter's Duty Now." All welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. R. D. Hamilton, pastor. Evangelist Russell, of Toronto, in charge, both services. Morning subject, "Christ's Conception of the Church"; anthem, "There is a Green Hill" (Gaul); solo, Miss Laing. Evening subject, "Historic Bankruptcy"; anthem, "The Sun Shall Be No More" (Woodward); solo, Mr. Garthwaite.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL—10 a.m., class meets; 11 a.m., consecration service, Evangelist Collycott in charge; 7 p.m., Evangelist Collycott will preach and sing. Seats free. All invited. b

DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society.

HIGHEST RATES

Paid on Deposits and Debentures

OFFICES — Masonic Temple Building, corner King and Richmond Streets.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager

ROSS' 196 Dundas St.

Astrachan Jackets

Many fancy Fur Jackets are used now, but the plain Astrachan is more in demand than ever. In Astrachan Jackets we have a much larger and better stock to select from than ever before, and at prices to suit all customers.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

MARRIED.

MAY—DOIDGE—At St. James' Church, South London, on Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1902, by the Ven. Archdeacon Davis, Lulu, eldest daughter of Mrs. M. A. Doidge, to John T. May, both of this city.

DIED.

LUMSDEN—At Birr, London Township, on Nov. 14, 1902, Samuel, the beloved husband of Annie E. Lumsden, aged 85 years.

Funeral from his late residence, con. 13, lot 16, London Township, on Monday, Nov. 17, at 10:30 a.m.; services at 10 a.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF LIEUT.-COL. Little and officers of the regiment, the Seventh Band will give a promenade concert in the City Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, in aid of Victoria Hospital. Vocal music by best local talent. Silver collection at the door. 38h

GRAND Today at 2:15, Tonight at 8:15

ALAN TABOR'S Grand Scenic Revival of

FAUST.

Matinee, 15c and 25c. Evening, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Mat. and Ev'g, Saturday, Nov. 22,

JUST A JOLLY BIT OF TOMFOOLERY.

RICE'S SHOW GIRL EDWARD E. A SERIES OF COMICS BY R. A. BARNETT

Three months at Wallack's, N. Y. Company of 100 Artists. SEATS ON SALE THURSDAY, 9 A.M. 25c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50.

"LONDON" Tonight.

"TRACY THE OUTLAW."

CARROLL COMEDY CO.

Vaudeville Between Acts.

AUDITORIUM TUESDAY, NOV. 25,

Initial Programme of the

Metropolitan Entertainment Co.

Plan at Y. M. C. A., 25c, 35c. b

SERVICE OF PRAISE.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, Monday evening, Nov. 17, 8 o'clock. Donald C. MacGregor, baritone soloist, Toronto, and Mrs. Clyde Green, solo contralto, Hamilton, are specially engaged for the occasion. Mr. Charles E. Wheeler and the choir will also take part, Dr. Johnston presiding. Collection at the doors. 42u

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ST. Mary's new Roman Catholic Church—Haydn's "Imperial Third Mass," by a chorus of 50, Tuesday, Dec. 2. First-class artists will assist. Admission, 50c. b

ADVANCED CLASS OPENS AT PALACE Dancing Academy Wednesday evening, Dec. 3. Register early. Special season tickets, December to May; number limited. Dayton & McCormick.

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS TO LIVERPOOL, calling at Moville and Bristol, direct—Parisian, Saturday, Nov. 22; Bavarian, Saturday, Nov. 29; last steamer from Montreal, Lake Ontario, Thursday, Nov. 20. F. B. Clarke, agent Allan, Beaver, Cunard, American, Anchor and other lines, next Advertiser.

SULPHUR SPRINGS BATHS WILL BE open Saturdays and Sundays only during winter months. Open for ladies Saturdays only. Cole & Edmonds, proprietors. t

SPECIAL—THE STEAMSHIP LAKE Megantic will sail from St. John, N.B., to Bristol direct, Thursday, Dec. 11. Only 2½ hours, Bristol to London, England, via Great Western Railway. F. B. Clarke, agent, Richmond street, next Advertiser. ywt

LONDON DANCING ACADEMY, CORNER Dundas and Clarence streets—Gentlemen's classes, Tuesday night; ladies', Wednesday. Come and learn the latest dances, the "Florodora" and the "Buffalo Glide."

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING BY R. B. Millard, 345 Princess avenue. Season opens Oct. 1. Special attention given to waltz and two-step. Lessons any hour.

FARM FOR SALE NEAR STRATHROY—75 acres; good buildings and water. G. M. Haldane, Strathroy.

MEETINGS.

A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE ISSUES of the referendum will be held in the First Congregational Church on Sunday, 16th inst., at 8:20 p.m. Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., of Toronto, will speak. All are cordially invited. b

WANTED.

WANTED—2,000 BUNDLES OF GOOD straw. Address George Leith, 776 Dundas street. 42c-tyw

WANTED—GENTLEMAN'S BICYCLE, 24-inch frame, Dunlop tires; good. Drop postal card with particulars. 30 Bruce street. 40c

Special Offerings in Overcoatings

Probs—Cold snap is coming.

Deeks & Munson,

Tailors and Drapers,

393 Richmond Street.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

GIRLS WANTED TO SEW BUTTONS on waists. N. Southcott, skirt and waist factory, 361½ Richmond, upstairs. b

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN or capable girl for general housework, to go out of the city; good home; family of three. Apply 30 Wolfe street. b

WANTED—BETWEEN NOW AND DEC. 1, good general servant; no sweeping or laundry work. Apply in the evening to Mrs. J. W. Hyman, 130 Kent street. 36c-t

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; no washing. Apply 293 King street. 42c

GENERAL SERVANT—HIGH WAGES; three in family. 516 Ridout. 28tf-wty

DISH-WASHER WANTED — GOOD wages and no Sunday work. Apply 143 King street. 41c

TAILORESS WANTED—TO HELP ON coats; good wages. Apply W. Fairbairn, opposite City Hall. 40c

KITCHEN GIRL WANTED AT ONCE. Good wages to right person. Apply Olympia Restaurant. 39k

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. APPLY 427 Waterloo street. 35tf

WANTED AT ONCE—GOOD COOK; family of four; no laundry work; $12 per month. Apply in evening, Mrs. Furness, 652 Talbot street. 26tf

WANTED—GOOD GENERAL SERVANT; no washing; highest wages. Apply 337 King street. 26tf

GIRLS WANTED IMMEDIATELY FOR biscuit and baking department and caramels. Apply McCormick Manufacturing Company. 87tf

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—20 CHOICE 2-YEAR-OLD steers. A Ironside, Bryanston. 42c-tyw

THE ROSE HAIR GROWER GROWS hair on bald heads. Treatments at parlors, Hiscox building. b

PRIVATE SALE—TUESDAY, NOV. 18, 10:30 a.m. Household effects, contents of three bedrooms, parlor suite, etc. Almost new; must sell, owner leaving city. W. H. Sharp, 772 Colborne street. 42u

A FEW CHOICE ROSE AND SINGLE-COMB Brown Leghorn cockerels, bred from prize birds at Western, 1901; $2 each. Forest City Poultry Yards, 33 Briscoe street, London. 42i-tyw

FIRST-CLASS ORGAN FOR SALE—Cheap. Apply 229 Hill, after 6 o'clock. 40c

FOR SALE—LARGE IRON SAFE; CONTAINS private drawers and lots of room for large books. Apply Advertiser office. 35tf

HORSE FOR SALE—CHEAP. 143 OXFORD street. 30tf

T. A. FAULDS, COMMISSION MERCHANT—We are buyers, f. o. b., of butter, eggs and honey. 13 Market House. 'Phone 161. ywt

WE HAVE REDUCED OUR PRICES in pork. Come and get them when they're cheap, at 1 to 5 Market House. James A. Anderson. ywt

SNAPS—WE ARE CLEARING OUT ALL second-hand organs and pianos at prices never heard of before. First-class organs, $10 and $20, and elegant pianos at $75 and $100. Payable, $1, $2 and $3 per month. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND SOFT coal. Wm. Buchanan, 633 Colborne street.

ORDERS FOR HARD AND SOFT wood received. Order ahead. Leading East End wood yard. D. H. Gillies & Co. 'Phone 1,312.

FOR SALE — ECLIPSE IMPROVED gasoline engines, manufactured by D. McKenzie & Co., 290 Richmond street.

KEENE BROS. ARE HAVING A SPECIAL sale of springs and mattresses. It will pay you to get one or more now.

GREEN & CO. HAVE ON HAND HARD and soft wood and good slabs by the load; also a good supply of Massillon lump coal. All cheap for cash. Green & Co., Maitland street and G. T. R. tracks. 'Phone 1,331.

STOVES, BASEBURNERS AND Ranges of all kinds for wood and coal; second-hand furniture; cheap; at F. Keene's, 141 King street.

LADIES—USE OUR HARMLESS REMEDY for delayed or suppressed period; it cannot fail. Trial free. Paris Chemical Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 12n-t

FOR SALE—HIGH-CLASS THOROUGHBRED collie dogs, young or grown; pedigree furnished; prices low. D. Stothers, Trafalgar street. 'Phone 945. 36tf

"IMPRISONED WITH THE DEAD"—Complete; regular price $10. At the Red Star News Company for $2 50

FOR SALE — HEINTZMAN & CO. piano, entirely new. For particulars address Box 530, London P. O. 35bu

FOR SALE—NEW SMITH PREMIER typewriter. Will sell on time or discount for cash. Address Box 530, London P. O. 35bu

DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL.

CUTTING, FITTING AND DESIGNING ladies' costumes; modern methods; capable teacher. 283½ Dundas street, London.

BOARDING, ROOMS, ETC.

WANTED—TWO BOARDERS; GENTLEMEN preferred. Apply 130 Albert street. 42tf

BUSINESS CHANCES.

TEN DOLLARS INVESTED IN YOUR own home will give you employment the year round. Write Glasgow Woolen Company, Toronto, Canada. 42bc-t

FOR SALE—GROCERY STOCK, ON Dundas street. A nice, clean, well-assorted stock; doing a good trade; immediate possession; satisfactory reasons for selling. Apply Box 39, Advertiser, London. 39a

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—GOOD, RELIABLE BOY; one who has had some experience in grocery store preferred; references required. Apply to John M. Shaw, corner Craig and Wortley road, London South. b

DRIVER WANTED—A GOOD, STEADY man, at Trafford's furniture store, city. b

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 38tf-wty

WANTED—RELIABLE PERSON IN each district to manage business for old house; salary, $18 weekly; expenses advanced; permanent position; inclose self-addressed envelope. Manager, 342 Caxton building, Chicago. 36h-tz

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED IN every town and township in Western Ontario, to act as our agents in securing property for sale in their district. Write for particulars. Dulmage & Moorhouse, real estate and business transfer agency, 6 Albion block, London, Ont. bw&d-t

WANTED—BRUSH-DRAWING HANDS. Apply Meakins & Son, Hamilton. 41u

FIRST-CLASS MACHINIST WANTED—Also young man for shipping, with some experience in painting preferred. Dennis Wire and Iron Company. 41c

MEN AND BOYS WANTED AT BECK'S Box Factory, Albert street. 40c

A YOUNG MAN WITH AMBITION looking for an agency, with a chance of establishing himself in a permanent business of his own, will do well to send a postcard to Cooper, Drawer 531, London.

WANTED AT ONCE—A FEW SMART boys. Great Northwestern Telegraph Company. 38n

OFFICE BOY. APPLY TO W. C. FITZGERALD, barrister, Masonic Temple building. 37tf

HOUSES, ETC., TO LET.

TO LET—NEW COTTAGE, SEVEN rooms; city water. Apply 100 High street. 41k

TO LET—83 DUNDAS STREET, THIRD flat; also three rooms on second flat. 40c

TO LET—BRICK COTTAGE, 85 ALBION street; 7 rooms, double parlors, summer kitchen, woodshed, double windows, soft and city water. Immediate possession. Rent, $9. Apply Oak Hall. 37n

TO LET—BRICK COTTAGE, 125 RECTORY street. Apply 10 Market Lane. 42c-txt

TO RENT OR SELL—COMPLETE brick store, two stories and basement; situate most central corner, Kincardine. Robert Baird, owner. 42k-t

BRICK HOUSE, 5 ST. GEORGE STREET—Rent moderate. Key at 163 John street or T. H. McCurdy, Stratford. 20k-t

TWO BRICK DWELLING HOUSES TO let at moderate rent; all modern improvements. Apply to S. Glass, No. 7, Hiscox block. 3tf

555 WILLIAM STREET—FOUR BEDROOMS; rent, $9 50, water included. Key, 24½ Palace street. b

TO LET—SMALL HOUSE, 479 QUEEN'S avenue. Apply W. D. Buckle, Albion block, or 381 Dufferin avenue. 42c

COMFORTABLE SIX-ROOM COTTAGE to let, No. 1 Nelson street. Apply 500 King. 32tf

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN—Furniture carefully handled. John Biggs, Cathcart and Bruce, South London, late of London Furniture Company. 'Phone 310.

TO LET—NO. 5 THORNTON AVENUE, corner Oxford; 4 bedrooms, latest design. Rent, $15. Discount to desirable tenant. 23tf

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED—POSITION IN EXPRESS office by young man of one year's experience. Can furnish A1 references. Write Box 365, Scaforth, Ont. 36a

ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

ELOCUTION, READING, ORATORY, Shakespearean interpretation, physical culture. Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe, reader and entertainer, Hiscox building. wty

MISS WYNIFRED LOGAN, F.C.M., pupil Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University—Classes for recreative and remedial physical exercises and fencing, voice culture and vocal expression. For terms apply 292 Central avenue, London. 12tf-tyw

EDUCATIONAL.

A COURSE IN EITHER DAY OR evening classes at the London Business University insures success. Mr. Ingraham Sharpe has accepted position as stenographer at Grand Trunk Railway office. We can place every graduate. W. N. Yerex, C. B., Principal. 36k-ywt

LEGAL CARDS.

MAGEE, McKILLOP & MURPHY, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc. Office, corner Richmond and Dundas, London. James Magee, K.C.; J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

T. W. SCANDRETT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 98 Dundas street, London.

PURDOM & PURDOM, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Office, Masonic Temple building, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Thomas H. Purdom, K.C.; Alexander Purdom.

TOOTHE & FAULDS, BARRISTERS, etc., Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 169 Dundas street, near Richmond. Money at lowest rates.

GIBBONS & HARPER, BARRISTERS, etc., London. Office, corner Richmond and Carling streets. George C. Gibbons, K.C.; Fred F. Harper.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE, Barristers, etc., Over Bank of Commerce.

A. GREENLEES, BARRISTER, ETC., Canadian Loan Company's building, Richmond street, London. Private funds to loan.

JARVIS & VINING, BARRISTERS, etc., 101 Dundas street. C. G. Jarvis; Jarad Vining, B.A.

McEVOY & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc., Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

BUCHNER, CAMPBELL & GUNN, barristers, etc., 83 Dundas street, London. Telephone 93. Money to loan at lowest rates.

W. H. BARTRAM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office, 89 Dundas street.

STUART & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC. Office, 112 Masonic Temple. Alex Stuart, K.C.; George C. Gunn.

REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS EXCHANGE FOR SALE.

802 William street, two-story brick; lot 60x200 ..... $1,150

2,332 Lorne avenue, 1½-story frame lot 96x108 ..... $1,200

31-31½ Briscoe street, two frame cottages; lot 60x378 ..... $1,800

483 Princess avenue, two-story frame $2,000

234 St. George street, modern brick; lot 40x100 ..... $3,000

82 Byron avenue, modern brick $2,800

603 Queen's avenue, modern brick; lot 63x120 ..... $3,000

280 Talbot street, brick cottage, modern $2,500

169 Ridout street south, modern brick and stable, lot 83x167 ..... $3,800

231 Hyman street, modern brick $3,800

Six acres Hamilton road, $1,000; eight acres, London Township, $400. See our list of farms.

MONEY TO LOAN.

DULMAGE & MOORHOUSE,

6 Albion Block. 'Phone 1,525.

FOR SALE — STORY AND HALF frame house, 311 Grey street; must be sold quick for cash, owner leaving city. A bargain. Apply on premises. 33tf

FOR SALE—NEW TWO-STORY BRICK, central and modern. For quick sale, $2,200. One and a half story new brick; modern; good location; only $2,100. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, KNOWN AS the farm of the late James Ralph, on lot 10, con. 5, London Township; well watered; story and a half frame house and good outbuildings. Apply Ralph Bros., Ballymote, or Edward Ralph, Delaware. 38n-ywt

FARM FOR SALE — 53 ACRES IN Township Westminster; good frame house, bank barn, young orchard; three-quarters mile from school, church, postoffice, street car, etc.; five miles to London market. Apply John Wadsworth, Byron. 24k-t

FOR SALE—NEW BRICK HOUSE, Waterloo street north, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, dining and drawing-rooms; $200 cash; balance monthly. "Bargain." Apply 420 Richmond street. 6tf-ywt

FOR SALE, CHEAP—BUILDING LOTS on Central avenue, between Adelaide and Elizabeth streets. Apply 729 Waterloo street. 30k-t

REAL ESTATE.

Are you interested in real estate? Perhaps if you called on us you might become very much interested. Some think it is far beyond their reach to ever think of owning a home. Yet you see people around you who have not had any better chances than you own their homes. We have every facility for the transfer of property. Fifteen years on the market gives us experience which ought to be worth something to our clients. We mention here a few open for purchase, viz.:

BUILDING LOTS.

Dundas street—East, near Fair Grounds, choice for residence.

Richmond street—150 feet on Richmond and 160 on College; choice residential site. A great bargain.

Mount Pleasant avenue—Corner lot; very cheap; $250.

Rattle street—160 feet frontage; $900.

Dundas street, corner Eva—One or two parcels.

COTTAGES.

Hill street, near Rectory—A double frame, $800.

Brighton street—1½ story frame, good condition, $1,050.

Simcoe street—Frame, 7 rooms, $1,000.

John street—A two story frame, 8 rooms, lot 45x132, $1,500.

Adelaide street—Frame, 6 rooms, near Hamilton road, $800.

Piccadilly street—Frame, 7 large rooms, corner lot, $1,100.

Elias street—Brick, 6 rooms, $1,100.

Elias street—Frame, 6 rooms, lot 55x320, $1,500.

Charles street—Brick, 7 rooms, extra well finished, $1,100.

Clarence street—Brick, 7 rooms, beautiful lot just the spot for a railroad man, $1,100.

Colborne street—Attractive 1¼ brick, modern improvements, bath, etc. Good locality.

RESIDENCES.

Queen's avenue—Two story and attic, 9 rooms, excellent location, $3,200.

Dundas street—2½ story, brick, slate roof, all modern, 9 rooms, $4,500.

King street—A pair of two story bricks, 10 rooms each, modern, splendid investment; inquire at once, must be sold; a snap, $5,000.

King street—Two story, frame, very central, 9 rooms, gas, $1,200.

St. James street—Large two story frame, corner lot, cheap, $3,000.

Rectory street—Two story, brick, 8 rooms and bath, $1,650.

English street—1½ brick, 8 rooms, all modern appointments, corner lot, $2,300.

Byron avenue—Two story frame, 8 rooms, nice locality, $1,900.

Dundas street—Large brick, bath, etc., slate roof, stable, suitable for physician, $7,000.

King street—1¾ brick, 8 rooms, corner lot, $2,100.

Thornton avenue—1¾ brick, 10 rooms, corner lot, stable, $2,400.

FARMS.

110 acres, Colchester township—Improved, $3,400.

100 acres, Chatham township—Well improved, soil a black clay loam, near sugar factory at Dresden, $6,000.

105 acres, Westminster township—A first class farm, in good condition, splendid buildings, excellent locality, $10,000.

100 acres, Lobo township—Soil, a strong, productive and clean loams and clay loams; excellent brick residence and good frame out-buildings; must be sold to close estate; terms easy; $7,000.

225 acres, Lobo township—Extra strong, clean and crop producing sand and clay loams; fine two story brick dwelling; frame out-buildings; one of the best grain and stock farms in Middlesex county. Get particulars at once. A snap for first comer.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money advanced in sums of $100 and upwards to pay for part purchase money, build (money advanced as buildings progress), pay off old mortgages and remodel the old house.

If you are interested in real estate matters you are invited to call. No trouble to give information.

A. A. CAMPBELL,
Real Estate, Loans and Investments,
428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.
C. H. ARMITAGE, Field Manager.
Telephone 642. 6tf-t

LONDON REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

Splendid building site, corner Grosvenor and Richmond streets, cheap. Shanly estate, Piccadilly street; first-class property, at low prices. Very eligible site, Waterloo street, near Piccadilly, 36 feet frontage. Fine brick cottage, 420 Central avenue; rare chance to get a beautiful home, cheap. Fine lot, Piccadilly street, near Waterloo; bargain. One of the finest building lots in the city, Colborne street, just south of Colborne Street Church, $800. Fine frame cottage, Oxford street, west of Richmond. Hornsby estate, 385 Dufferin avenue, cheap. To rent, brick store and dwelling 572 Pall Mall street. W. D. BUCKLE.

AUCTION SALE OF FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS

To be held on

TUESDAY, NOV. 18th, 1902.

commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, on lot 6, con. A, Township of London. Mr. Samuel Dart having bought the farm, all will be sold without reserve.

TERMS: All sums at and under $10, cash; over that amount twelve months' credit, on furnishing approved joint notes. Decision of auctioneer to be final in all cases.

C. GRIFFITH, Proprietor.
D. H. PORTER, Auctioneer. b

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 3, Delaware, for the year 1903. Applications will be received by T. M. George, secretary-treasurer, Delaware P. O., Ont. 42u bw

WANTED—FEMALE TEACHER FOR junior room, Hyde Park school, for the year 1903. Apply Thomas Ramsay, secretary-treasurer, Hyde Park. 42k

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 4, Delaware, State salary, and apply to A. Bodkin, Howlett, Ont. b

WANTED—MALE TEACHER FOR S. S. 17, Township North Dorchester; Normal teacher. Apply J. J. McCallum, Gladstone P. O. 41u

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL section No. 11, West Nissouri; duties commence Jan. 1, 1903. Apply Hugh McDonald, Cobble Hill. 42c

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 4, Delaware. State salary. Applications close Nov. 25. Apply A. Bodkin, Howlett, Ont. 42u bw

WANTED — EXPERIENCED SCHOOL teacher for S. S. No. 4, Euphemia. Tenders received until Nov. 25. Apply Franklin Fansher, secretary, Florence, Ont. 40h

MALE TEACHER WANTED FOR senior room, S. S. No. 1, Lobo, with second class professional certificate. Applications close Nov. 24. Apply Robt. Robinson, Komoka, Ont. 37n

MONEY TO LOAN.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN—LOWEST rates. Buchner, Campbell & Gunn, 83 Dundas street.

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO loan at 4½ and 5½ per cent on real estate security, in sums to suit. No commission charged. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 98 Dundas street, London.

$100 00 AND UPWARDS TO LOAN ON real estate, at 4½ to 5½ per cent. Apply J. W. G. Winnett, barrister, 420 Talbot street. ywt

MONEY TO LOAN—$500,000 PRIVATE and trust funds, on first mortgage, at 5 per cent; also on notes and other security. Tennent & Coleridge, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc., 78 Dundas street. ywt

MONEY TO LOAN—LARGE OR SMALL amounts. Casey & Morwood, barristers, 87½ Dundas street.

DENTAL CARDS.

WOOLVERTON & BENTLEY, DENTISTS, 216 Dundas street, next Eby Bros., over Cairncross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 228.

DR. WESTLAND, DENTIST, CHICAGO, post-graduate in Crown, Bridge and Porcelain work. Philadelphia post-graduate, Porcelain. Masonic Temple, first floor.

DR. G. H. KENNEDY, DENTIST—Successor to the late Dr. Davis. Specialty, preservation of natural teeth. 178 Dundas street. 'Phone 973.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. N. R. HENDERSON, 238 QUEEN'S avenue. Eye, ear, throat and nose only.

H. A. KINGSMILL, M.D., M.R.C.S. (England), has resumed practice. Office, 443 Park avenue. 'Phone 200.

DR. BECHER—OFFICE, 348 DUNDAS street. 'Phone 1,484; house, 148. Hours, 10:30 to 1, 2:30 to 3:30, 7:30 to 8:30.

DR. MEEK, QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON. Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

HOMEOPATHY—DR. CHAS. E. JARVIS, physician, surgeon, etc., 759 Dundas street. Telephone 969.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.C.S. (England). Specialist, surgical diseases only. 439 Park avenue. 'Phone 924.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 390 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office hours, 12:30 to 6 p.m.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M.D., 389 Dundas street. Hours, 12 to 4, 6 to 8. 'Phone 522.

DR. McLELLAN, GRADUATE NEW York Eye and Ear Hospital, 1880. Specialist only, eye, ear, nose and throat. 497 Talbot street.

DR. JAMES D. WILSON, CORNER Talbot and Fullerton. Special attention paid to diseases of children.

R. OVENS, M.D., 225 QUEEN'S AVENUE. Eye, ear, nose and throat.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (England). Office, 237 King street. Telephone 339.

DR. BALFOUR, QUEEN'S AVENUE, opposite St. Andrew's Church. Diseases of women and children. 'Phone 22.

DR. ANGUS GRAHAM—OFFICE AND residence, 469 King street. 'Phone 609.

DR. BAYLY HAS REMOVED HIS office to 211 Queen's avenue.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

580 Waterloo street—A splendid two-story brick residence, 11 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 45x150 feet. Price, $4,000.

Wellington street—A handsome brick residence, 11 rooms, all modern improvements, overlooking Victoria Park. Our price is reasonable.

Hyman street—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, modern improvements; good lot. Price, $3,400.

425 Central avenue—A new 1½-story brick house, 7 rooms; nice lot. At a bargain to close at once.

Becher street—A two-story brick residence, 11 rooms, all modern improvements; large lot. Price, $3,000.

969 Waterloo street—A new brick cottage, 7 rooms; frame barn; one-acre lot. Price, $1,650.

Pipe Line road—A large frame cottage, 7 rooms, in perfect order; lot 60x200 feet. Price, $1,000.

590 Talbot street—A large brick cottage, 6 rooms, in perfect order; lot 60x200 feet. At a reasonable price.

474 Colborne street—A two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 33x110 feet. Price, $2,700.

IRONTON PARK LOTS.

These lots must increase rapidly in value, because they are close to the manufacturing industries in the southern part of the city; also the new electric road will be constructed in this locality. We have several other lots south of the Hamilton road for sale. The Woodstock Organ Company have also located in the southern part of our city.

Our office will be open on Saturday evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock, for the convenience of purchasers of lots in the southern part of the city on easy terms. Your opportunity is just now.

P. WALSH,
'Phone 1,021. 110 Dundas St.

THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, Limited,

781-2 Dundas St., London, Phone 696

If you want to buy Real Estate of any kind send for the Ontario Real Estate Monthly, containing a list of the farm, city, town and village property we have on hand for sale and exchange in Western Ontario. See posters advertising valuable 50-acre farm and oil property for sale near the town of Petrolea, on Monday, Nov. 24, 1902; and splendid 100-acre dairy farm and cheese factory for sale in the Township of West Williams on Monday, Dec. 1, 1902.

JAMES BURROWS, Manager.

The.... Surest Way

to attain unvarying success in Baking is to use only the best materials.

"Purity" Baking Powder proves that it is the Best by making the lightest and most nourishing Tea Biscuits and Cakes. "Purity" never fails to make delicious and appetizing food.

ONLY 20c POUND.

CAIRNCROSS & LAWRENCE,
Chemists and Druggists,
Corner Park Ave. 216 Dundas St.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—LADY'S DIAMOND RING, ON Richmond, between Kent and Pall Mall, or on Pall Mall, between Richmond and Colborne streets. Reward at this office. 40c

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

MARRIAGE LICENSES — SHUFF'S Drug Store, 540 Dundas street, corner William. No witnesses. ywt

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street.

OFFICIAL ISSUER OF MARRIAGE licenses, C. P. Johnston, 198 Dundas street. Residence, 394 Dundas street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY John J. Jepson, druggist, 249 Wellington street. Residence, 241 Pall Mall. 'Phone 379.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED—OFFICE Adkins' Jewelry Store, East London. No witnesses required.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOMAS GILLEAN, jeweler, 402 Richmond street.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WELFORD BROS., MANUFACTURERS of brooms, twines and cordage. Union label on all brooms. Factory, 381-387 Glebe street. t

HAIR GOODS, WIGS, TOUPEES, Switches, Pompadours and Bangs. Combings wanted. Warts and moles removed. Miller's Hair Store

BICYCLES CLEANED, INSURED AND stored for winter, $1. Enamelling, $1 extra. J. H. Cunningham, 664 Dundas.

WATSON & CO., HOUSE MOVERS—Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. 'Phone 1,231.

WILLIAM HODGSON, PAINTER, paperhanger. Estimates free. 410 Horton street.

Estate of the Late Thomas A. Hall.

Executor's Sale

Of Real Estate in the City of London

There will be offered for sale by public auction at the auction rooms of Mr John W. Jones, auctioneer, 242 Dundas street, in the City of London, on Thursday, the 27th day of November, 1902, at 2 p.m.:

1st.—Dwelling house, No. 371 Princess avenue, the lot having a frontage on the south side of Princess avenue of 42 feet, by a depth of 198 feet. There is erected on this property a two-story brick dwelling house.

2nd.—Store No. 489 Richmond street, having a frontage on the west side of Richmond street of about 20 feet, by a depth of 100 feet, together with a right of way in rear thereof. There is erected on the property a three-story brick store, occupied at present by J. H. Wilkins, tailor, and E. E. Smith, gents' furnisher.

3rd.—House No. 191 Bruce street, South London, being composed of the east half of lot No. 1 on the east side of Hen

G. T. R. ENGINEERS TO GET MORE PAY

Advance of 15 to 25 Per Cent Granted—Pennsylvania Road Raises Wages.

Montreal, Nov. 14.—The negotiations which have been proceeding between Mr. W. D. Robb, superintendent, of motive power of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the engineers and firemen of the system, have been concluded in so far as the schedule of wages is concerned.

This was authoritatively stated today. There still, remains however, some minor details to arrange regarding the discipline and running rules. The increase of wages granted runs from 15 to 25 per cent, according to the standing, division, and work performed. In some instances it is computed by mileage and in others by a fixed rate.

The Grand Trunk has about 2,000 engineers and firemen. The engineers now make all the way from $100 to $125 and more, with overtime, a month, and the firemen about $50 less. The increase, it is understood, now places the Grand Trunk schedule on a par with that of the Canadian Pacific eastern rate, which, after its last adjustment, it was claimed made the engineers and firemen the best paid on the continent.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15.—The officers of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg have given notice that the wages of all employes receiving less than $200 per month would be advanced 10 per cent. to meet the increase made by the eastern system of the Pennsylvania. The advance will affect about 40,000 employes.

LONDON'S NEW SOCIETY LEADER

Lady Colebrook Makes a Stir in Inner Circles.

PARTISAN OF LORD ROSEBERY

Crown Prince of Siam to Wed the Eldest Daughter of Emperor of Japan.

London, Nov. 15.—The dullness of the pontical atmosphere has been dispelled by the appearance of a new leader, namely, Lady Colebrook. Not since Disraeli's time has a woman taken such an active part in inner political circles. Lady Colebrook is now regarded as the "Des ex Machine" of Lord Rosebery's party wherever she goes, and she goes almost everywhere, championing the ex-premier's cause. Society credits this talented and fascinating woman with several defections which have occurred from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's section of the Liberal party.

Lady Colebrook is gifted with rare intelligence and an excellent voice. She can be seen at all the principal race meetings and social gatherings, and the catholicity of her political friendships can be judged from the fact that after a recent large reception to the Liberal League she stayed with the Duke of Devonshire for the Derby races. Lord Rosebery has gained a powerful ally, whose leadership is more open than his own.

Sir Edward Colebrook seldom is seen in public, and is generally known as a bookworm.

The Evening News announces that the Crown Prince of Siam is engaged to the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Japan. The princess is 14 years of age.

The admiralty is considering the advisability of adopting a measure closely resembling the Navy Personnel Bill passed by the American Congress. A departmental committee is sitting and has had submitted to it various reports regarding the workings of the new American system. It is said the committee is likely to adopt a plan by which engineers now serving will retire with an honorary line rank, but that in the future engineers will be selected from the cadets of the training ship Britannia and thereafter will hold executive rank. One of the great difficulties in the way of the plan is the Britannia's lack of facilities to accommodate a sufficient number of cadets to supply both sections of the service.

CREED REVISION

One Hundred and Ten Presbyteries Favor Proposed Changes.

Pittsburg, Nov. 15.—Information has been received in Pittsburg that 110 of the presbyteries of the Presbyterian church have voted in favor of the revision of the creed. It is a solid vote so far one way, and is almost one-half of the total number of presbyteries. It will require but 50 more presbyteries to put the plan through. Letters of appeal are coming to members of the Pittsburg presbytery not to mar the harmony.

A GUARANTEED CURE

For All Forms of Kidney Disease

All retail Canadian druggists are authorized to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak or diseased kidneys:

"Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three to six bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money."

If your druggist cannot supply Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, send money to Wells & Richardson Compand, Limited, 200 Mountain street, Montreal, Que., and tablets will be sent post paid to your address, subject to above guarantee. 30 a-t-y

Magazine rifles will be issued shortly to the Moorish army.

The revenues of Dundee, Scotland, harbor were close on $350,000.

Whisky hawking is a lucrative business in Dundee, judging by the fines the hawkers pay.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, sideache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys. t

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price, sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Inclose stamp for reply. Address **The Samaria Remedy Co.**, 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada. Also for sale at Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street.

FOR A TRADE AGREEMENT

With Provision for Adjustment of Miners' Grievances.

Responsibility of the Union—Mitchell's Plea for the Children.

Scranton, Nov. 15.—In the course of Mr. Mitchell's preliminary statement made yesterday before the arbitration commission (most of which was published in these columns last evening), the president of the miners' association took up the fourth demand of the miners, for a trade agreement with the necessary machinery for the adjustment of local grievances. He outlined the history and policy of the United Mine Workers of America, and explained that by its constitution the anthracite and bituminous mine workers had some rule for the local government of local affairs. "The only measure," he said, "in which the national organization is permitted to interfere is that before a strike is inaugurated by the district organization the approval of the president of the national union must be obtained, but the president of the national organization has no authority to inaugurate a strike. Thus the coal mine operators are afforded a greater measure of protection against strikes than they would have under a separate and independent organization."

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE UNION.

As to the responsibility of the mine workers' organization, Mr. Mitchell said:

"At the present time the United Mine Workers of America has contracts with the operators of fourteen states and districts, giving the amount the miners shall receive per ton, the amount the various classes of labor shall receive per day, the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work, and the methods and machinery for the adjustment of local grievances by joint conference with the mine owners. These are mutual contracts which are advantageous to both miner and operator, and protect the public against the effects of strikes or lockouts. The reports of the United States Government on strikes in the mining industry show that the number and duration of strikes has been materially reduced each year since the system of joint conference and mutual agreement has been introduced. The trade agreement has proved effective in restraining workmen from engaging in local or 'general strikes. There have been no strikes of any magnitude in any of the coal mining states in which trade agreements exist. We seek to establish the same method of adjusting wage differences in the anthracite field."

PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Mitchell concluded with a plea for the children. He said: "Our little boys should not be forced into the mines and breakers so early in life. Our little girls should not be compelled to work in the mills and factories at an age when they should be in school. These children are the future citizens of our nation. Their parents should be enabled to earn wages sufficiently high to give them at least a common school education, so as to equip them better for the grave responsibilities which will ultimately devolve upon them."

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Col. Michael J. Dady, of Brooklyn, has complained to the Havana detective bureau that his confidential agent in Cuba is missing, together with $10,000, alleged to have been intrusted to him for the purpose of the waterworks at Cienfuegos.

A gasoline lamp in the general store of Stiles & Weckerley at Whitehouse, near Toledo, exploded and five out of eight persons in the store were badly burned. Max Barbinsky, aged 13, will probably die.

The five Cleveland police captains whose resignations were demanded by Director of Police Dunn have decided to comply. They were accused of irregularities on election day.

Chinese Minister Wu was given a farewell banquet by the Silk Association of America and the American-Asiatic Association at Delmonico's: "With your energy and enterprising spirit," he said, addressing the assemblage, "there is no reason why your trade with China should not surpass that which you have with Great Britain."

DUST STORMS IN AUSTRALIA

Frighten the Inhabitants and Drive Them Into Their Houses.

Sydney, N.S.W., Nov. 15.—The southern parts of Australia have been visited by unprecedentedly violent dust storms, the dryness which has prevailed for seven years reaching its climax this year. The terribly destructive drought has destroyed the herbage in large areas, laying the land bare. A heavy gale on November 13th raised immense quantities of dust from these tracts and drove vast clouds of red-powdered earth far and wide. The atmosphere was oppressive, and it was hardly possible to breathe. The darkness was intense while the dust clouds were passing. The inhabitants of numerous towns were badly frightened by the darkness, and hid in their houses. Artificial light was necessary in the streets of Melbourne, where there was also much ball lightning, which ignited several buildings. It was very dark in Sydney. The clouds extended twelve miles seaward. The railroads in some places were blocked by heaps of dust. After the wind subsided the atmosphere was brilliantly pink, and the temperature fell suddenly. The lack of rain continues.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO

Dangerous Complications May Yet Arise.

THE CZAR'S BROTHER IS DYING

Grand Duke Michael Said by the Doctors to Have Little Chance of His Life.

Madrid, Nov. 15.—A dispatch to the Heraldo from Ceuta says the situation in Morocco is still serious. The Governor reports that in the encounter between the people and the Kabyles the latter had four killed and five wounded. More fighting is expected.

A dispatch to the Imparcial from Ceuta confirms the statement in the Heraldo, and adds that the rebels had previously seized several drivers of caravans and plundered cases belonging to foreigners. The Benider Kabyles have since sent emissaries to the Basha of Tetuan asking pardon and the release of captives. The inhabitants of Tetuan are now calm. A fight with the insurgents on Nov. 11 at Sausa lasted five hours.

The Moors generally declare that the Benider Kabyles are traitors, and deserve extermination, as they have given an excuse for foreign intervention. The chiefs of the loyal Kabyli tribes have come into Tetuan.

REGARDED AS DANGEROUS.

Paris, Nov. 14.—The Petit Parisien prints an interview with a high official who is quoted as saying that the situation in Morocco is regarded as very dangerous by the French Government.

CZAR'S BROTHER ILL.

Paris, Nov. 14.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says it is reported there that the Grand Duke Michael has been taken suddenly ill. His condition is said to be very serious.

The Russian doctors are of opinion that there is little chance for the recovery of the Grand Duke, although the climate of the Crimea may have a beneficial effect on his health. As all the Czar's children are girls, the Grand Duke, who is about 24 years old, and is the only brother of the Emperor Nicholas, is the heir-presumptive to the throne.

WILL NOT VISIT RHODESIA.

London, Nov. 15.—The Exchange Telegraph Company says it has been officially authorized to state that the reports that one of the main objects of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa is to arrange for the Government taking over the territories of the British Chartered Company, and also for the administration of Rhodesia as a crown colony are unauthorized and untrue. Mr. Chamberlain does not expect to be able to visit Rhodesia in the time at his disposal.

GOOD NEWS FROM TETUAN.

London, Nov. 15.—More favorable news is to hand from Tetuan. Three of the British cruisers have returned to Gibraltar, and report that order has been restored at Tetuan, but although the chief peril is now over the Gabyles are still in force near Rio Samsa, where they have a number of prisoners. Spain continues to regard the situation as serious.

FLOUR AND GRAIN DUTIES.

The revenue returns show that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach underestimated the receipts from the flour and grain registration duties, which are likely to exceed £3,000,000 sterling. The facility with which this new source of revenue has been developed without increasing thus far the cost of bread impresses the Tories, who assert that the corn duties will never be taken off with their consent.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

Sir Henry Irving and Arthur Bourchier played in "A Story of Waterloo" and "Dr. Johnson" respectively at Sandringham, by royal command, last evening. Each scored a great success. The scene was a brilliant one; the charming costumes of the ladies and the flashing orders of the men added to the delightful decorations, making the picture truly regal in its magnificence. It was owing to the desire expressed by the German Emperor to see England's greatest actor that Sir Henry Irving had been commanded, and it was evident that the performance was greatly enjoyed by the imperial visitor.

SNUBBED BY THE LORD MAYOR.

London, Nov. 15.—The Lord Mayor's action in snubbing the Roumanian Minister becomes more remarkable when he explains the motive, namely, his desire to discipline a foreign nation which has neglected to fulfill its treaty obligations. The new Lord Mayor is a sincere Hebrew, who has considered it expedient to lay stress upon the appeals of the British and United States Governments to Roumania for justice to the Hebrew refugees.

Liver Complaint Biliousness

And Sick Headache Go Hand in Hand and Are Cured by the Direct Action of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

"Biliousness" is the one word used by most people to describe their trouble when the liver gets out of order, leaves bile in the blood, upsets the digestive system and brings on sick headaches and irritable temper, stomach troubles and irregularities of the bowels.

People who suffer much from biliousness become pale and yellow in complexion, irritable and morose in disposition and are liable to find themselves among the chronic grumblers to whom nothing seems to be right.

The trouble begins with the liver becoming torpid and sluggish in action, and disappears when the liver is set right. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure biliousness promptly because of their direct action on the liver. They thoroughly remove all the symptoms because of their combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels.

Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says: "I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired of doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

After all, it pays to stand by the tried and proven medicines instead of running after every new-fangled treatment that is brought out. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are considered well nigh indispensable in thousands of the best homes. They stand supreme as a reliable family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"The Span of Life" Attacts Big Audiences.

"The Span of Life," a melodrama replete with thrilling situations, was presented at the Grand Opera House last night, for the second time within a year, before a big audience which evidently enjoyed the overstrained atmosphere of the play. There are several nerve-racking scenes, including the hero's climbing of the lighthouse tower to ring the fog bell which warns the doomed ship, and the escape of the heroine over a living bridge formed of the bodies of three brave acrobats. The curtain very inconsiderately goes down while the living bridge is still in position, thus leaving to conjecture the manner in which they regain solid earth without falling into the torrent which rages beneath. Most of the roles were filled satisfactorily, while the tumbling of the Donazettas was clever.

Roney's Boys' Second Concert at Auditorium.

Roney's Boys appeared again last night at the Auditorium before a delighted audience. The attraction is easily one of the best ever presented at the Auditorium, and Mr. Roney and his clever lads are sure of a warm welcome should they again visit London. Their engagement concluded this afternoon with a matinee for school children, given by special request. Mr. Roney generously invited the children from the Protestant Orphans' Home to hear the concert.

"FAUST" TODAY AT THE GRAND.

Alan Tabor's production of "Faust" is the attraction at the Grand this afternoon and evening. The company is led by Alan Tabor as Mephistopheles and Helen Hawthorne as Marguerite.

"THE SHOW GIRL" COMING.

Edward E. Rice's "Show Girl," which comes to the Grand next Saturday afternoon and evening, is one of the most-talked-of attractions on the road this season. "The Show Girl" is one of the regular Rice conglomerations of everything that is attractive in the way of fine scenery, exquisite costumes, funny comedians, innumerable specialties, good music and above all, pretty girls. The collection of girls was made when the "Show Girl" was first produced in Boston, in March last, and Manager Rice was careful to select those of a universal height. In this way a lot of good-looking girls with fresh voices were secured.

"TRACEY THE OUTLAW."

The concluding bill of the Carroll Comedy Company at the London will be the new melodrama, "Tracy the Outlaw," founded on incidents in the life of the famous robber who made such a desperate fight for his life. In the play Tracy is made a sympathetic figure, who is the victim of the nefarious plots of enemies. Mr. Claude Bellport will enact the role of the outlaw. This play is exciting great interest in the United States, and London is favored in witnessing its first presentation in Canada.

Vladivostok possesses the only crematorium that has been erected in the whole Russian Empire.

Saint Andrew's Dinner Will Soon Take Place

Leave your order with us for a Full Dress or Tuxedo Suit and save $10 on each.

Dress or Tuxedo Suits

HERE we come to the aid of the particular man. We show made-up samples and let you see how the material looks before you leave your order, which we fill within ten days. No better trimmings, no better styles, no lower prices than ours, and no more satisfactory way to buy. An experienced merchant tailor takes your measure. Our Mr. Ellis was formerly of Parkinson & Ellis, merchant tailors, city.

Business Suits

THIS illustration represents one of our nobby Sack Suits, which we make up to order for $12, $15 and $18, according to quality of material. You have a choice of all the best and most stylish fabric, sbesides seeing the sample garment of material made up, which is most satisfying when you come to think how easy it is to choose a cloth that looks nicer in the piece than in the suit.

Bartlett & Ellis, 109 Masonic Temple

First Floor. Phone 1558.

HOW MONEY DOUBLES

$5,000 Becomes $10,000 Within 45 Days in a Financial Certainty.

Governor Ernest Cady, President of the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co., now in the oil fields in California, telegraphs congratulations to 10,000 enthusiastic stockholders:

"New wells in our Kern River property just come in have increased our oil production at the rate of 21,000 barrels a month. Will reach 50,000 barrels monthly before Christmas!"

The Most Conservative Financiers are as eager as any one for rich returns, once they are assured that the investment is perfectly safe. That's the secret of the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company's great success. Of all oil investment stocks now available for public subscription, this is the safest as well as the most profitable. It has 109 richly producing oil wells and over 21,000 acres of oil land. That's more than half a dozen ordinary companies.

Invest in Eastern Consolidated Oil Company stock at 50 cents a share and you have a security that will double in value within 60 days—possibly much sooner! $100 invested now becomes $200 when the price goes to par—$1 00 a share. Smaller or larger investments will increase in proportion. Stockholders who came in a year ago took all the risks, but they doubled their money. If you buy now, you take no risk at all and your holding will double in value in a short time.

A Big Dividend Earner from the first this company is now in a better position than ever. It has paid 20 per cent in dividends to stockholders on their investments in ten months. An investment of $1,000 last January has earned $200 in actual dividends. That same $1,000 is worth $2,000 on account of increase in price, and will be worth $4,000 when the stock goes to par—$1 00 — which will be just as soon as the present 50 cent allotment is exhausted, and that may come very soon, almost without warning. Small investments increase in value in the same proportion.

Oil Production Increasing Did you read the dispatch from President Cady, who is now in Kern River, Cal., on the company's property there? Do you know what it means? It means big dividends, that's what it means! New wells have come in at the rate of over 700 barrels a day. An increase at the rate of at least 21,000 barrels of oil a month! And that makes 109 richly producing oil wells! Every well a good one! We'll make it 50,000 barrels a month increase before Christmas! More oil means big dividends!

The scarcity of coal has forced an enormous demand for oil as fuel. Locomotives on 100 lines, steamships on every sea, more than a million of homes and manufacturing plants everywhere are using oil for fuel. Oil will be the world's fuel. The Eastern Consolidated Oil Company produces oil in vast quantities. Its market is assured and the price has advanced! More oil sold means big dividends. *Big demand for Oil for Fuel*

The moment the present allotment of stock at 50c a share is exhausted the price goes to $1 00. That's the reason orders are pouring in for stock and old stockholders are hastening to double their holdings. Do not delay a single day. Oversubscription is imminent. Orders are being tabulated as received and will be filed in their order of time. How long do you think a stock can be held at 50c a share that has paid 20 per cent in 10 months! Only till allotment is gone! *Price Will Advance to $1 a Share*

Unprincipled brokers sometimes offer this stock at a sacrifice. It is simply a dodge to attract customers, and then offer them something else "just as good." Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they cannot deliver the stock, or, if they do, beware of bogus stock certificates! The Eastern Consolidated is the stock that has actually paid 20 per cent on the investment in 10 months! The price will certainly advance 100 per cent soon. It's the chance of a lifetime to lay the foundation of a fortune by making a safe investment! *Beware of Bogus Certificates*

The Eastern Consolidated Oil Co. stock is for sale only by its accredited fiscal agents —C. B. Heydon & Co., Rooms 401 and 402 Manning Chambers Building, 72 Queen Street West, corner Queen and Terauley Streets, Court House Square, Toronto, Ont. In its successful career of 12 years as bankers and brokers this firm has never handled a stock it could not fully recommend to its clients. Send for the prospectus. *C. B. Heydon & Co., Fiscal Agents*

"77"

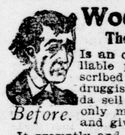
"Seventy-Seven," Dr. Humphreys Specific, breaks up Colds, Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the head and chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever. 25c, all druggists'

COLDS

Mrs. Cornwallis-West on Dress.

"If I were asked to write or speak concerning the ethics of clothes, I should take as my text one word only —'Suitability.' Many women buy a hat or a gown or a cloak because it happens to appeal to their fancy at the moment. Very few of them, however, stop to inquire, 'Is it suitable?' You may go to a garden party or a seaside fete in the most delicate and fanciful sort of costume, with a hat all roses and tulle and a dress that is a suggestion of Le Petit Trianon, brought up to date. In rustic surroundings such a costume is charming, but wear the same sort of thing in town without a qualm of conscience, and at once the thing becomes vulgar and unsuitable.

"I fear that Englishwomen are greater offenders in this regard than are my own countrywomen. They are less apt to be so correct in detail as your well-dressed American, but a mistake made by women of both nations. I think, nowadays is in allowing young girls, especially at evening entertainments, to wear the same dark colors, rich materials and heavy ornamentations as do the married women of their circle. Surely the charm of a young girl is her daintiness, her sweetness and her youth. When she wears heavy black velvets and trailing satins and elaborate creations in applique lace, like her own mother, how can she expect to retain the most potent charm of her personality? Again I come back to my text word, 'Suitability.'"



Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy

Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction.

Before.

It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Price $1 per package, or six for $5. One will please; six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet—free to any address.

After.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine sold in London by C. McCallum & Co. and Anderson & Nelles, druggists. ywt

Cramps Are Like Burglars

They come unexpected and when least welcome. Be armed with a one-minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramp and stomach pains in five minutes. In colic, summer complaint, diarrhea, indigestion and nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency, and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit.

Hamilton's Pills are Good Pills.

Sleeping after eating is condemned by a German physician, who has shown experimentally that stomach movements are lessened and acidity is induced.

THERE ARE SO MANY cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or an affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it, as it is as pleasant as syrup.

WHISKARD'S

Three Busy Stores
228, 230, 232 Dundas Street

COME TO THE Clearance Sale

MANY lines clamor for special mention, but only a few can be accommodated. Make up your mind to see the bargains for yourself. Let your watchword be "ECONOMY" and come to our Great Clearance Sale.

Millinery.

A SMART array of emphatically good offerings for those who readily appreciate positive reductions in prices and are prompt to take advantage of them. There'll be quick buying in this department until the lots are cleared out. Ten per cent off, remember.

White Ostrich Feathers for $3 75, worth $5 00. Ten per cent off.

Special line in Black Feathers, $2 89, $4 00, $5 75 and $6 00 each. Ten per cent off.

White Pom-Poms, 49c and 59c each. Ten per cent off.

See our Camelshair Hats, worth $1 25, for 89c. Ten per cent off.

Special line in Breasts, all colors, regular 50c, our sale price 25c each. Ten per cent off.

Black Silk Velvet, worth $1 25 a yard, for 69c; worth $1 00 a yard, for 59c. Ten per cent off.

Silk Sale.

THESE goods are well worth having at regular prices, but close buying gives them to you for less money than you'd expect. Ten per cent off, too.

Fancy Check Silks, worth 50 cents, must clear them out, sale price 25 cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

Taffeta Silk in all plain shades, special at 47 cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

China Silk in all plain colors, 24 inches wide, special 25 cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

Satin in all colors, worth 75 cents, clearance sale 39 cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

Satins, suitable for fancy work, regularly sold at 50 cents, clearing sale 25 cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

Silk Lace, 6 inches wide, regularly sold at 75 cents, sale price 13½ cents a yard. Ten per cent off.

Underskirts and Underwear.

THE qualities are worthy—unusually so—you'll be impressed with them. Genuine economy in the prices and the 10 per cent off as well.

Black Satana Underskirts with deep flounce accordion pleat, regularly sold $2 00, for $1 69 each, 10 per cent off.

Black Satana Underskirt with deep flounce and frills, special at $1 69 each, 10 per cent off.

Black Satana Underskirt, with flounce and hemstitched frill, worth $1 50, sale price $1 00, 10 per cent off.

Colored Striped Skirt, worth $1 50, for $1 00, 10 per cent off.

Ladies' Undervest, fleece-lined, special at 25c, 39c, 50c each, 10 per cent off.

Ladies' All Wool Vests, at 69c, 75c, 85c and $1 00 each, 10 per cent off.

SPECIALS.

YOU can save money on each one. That's the sum and substance of the whole matter. Ten per cent off.

Plaids, in all shades, worth 35c, clearance sale 29c yard. Ten per cent off.

White Felt is now in stock. Ten per cent off.

Clothes Brushes, worth 15c, now selling at 7c each. Ten per cent off.

Toques in cardinal, navy, black and cream, plain or with fancy stripes, special 25c each. Ten per cent off.

Black Velvet Ribbons, satin back, at 4c, 5c, 7c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c yard. Ten per cent off.

Canton Flannel, heavy weight, regularly sold at 10c, clearance sale 8c yard. Ten per cent off.

Gilbert Linings in black and grays, worth 20c and 25c, clearing at 12½c and 15c yard. Ten per cent off.

Watered Linings, worth 10c, clearing at 5c yard. Ten per cent off.

Flannelette Blankets, two cases only, in gray and white, 11-4, special at 97c pair. Ten per cent off.

Wool Blankets, heavy weight, sold at $2 50 elsewhere, clearance sale $2 25 pair. Ten per cent off.

GENUINE TIGER AT PRINCETON

Causes Scare While Rehearsing for a Mascott.

FOUR-FOOTER HAD AWFUL ROAR

Sent the Athletes Rushing for Safety —Leaped Over Fence Among Townspeople.

Princeton, Nov. 14. — The Princeton eleven held its last hard practice yesterday afternoon, and the undergraduates made it the occasion of a big demonstration. Headed by a fife and drum corps they marched to the field twelve hundred strong, singing and cheering lustily. Along the line of march transparencies were displayed, prophesying the downfall of Old Eli, and telling of awful things that the sons of Nassau were to accomplish on Saturday.

What followed was more interesting, for it is something unusual to see on the Prinoton field a real live tiger. The animal came by express in the morning. It belongs to an officer of the Naval Academy, and has been loaned to the Orange and Black for a mascot on Saturday. It is three years old and four feet long, and said to be as tame as a kitten, but the Princeton football players were not sure of that when it was delivered at the Osborn Field House in the morning. They watched it pace up and down in the cage a long time before Capt. Davis mustered nerve enough to let it out.

The tiger stretched itself, surveyed the crowd of bandaged athletes suspiciously, and then opened its mouth wide and sent out a loud roar. The men rushed wildly for the doors and chairs and tables. The tiger meanwhile was quietly inspecting its new quarters, and soon came fawning up to the scared football players.

It made a lot of friends quickly, and in the afternoon it was thought best to have the animal rehearse the part which it is to take in the contest on Saturday. W. H. Bannard, the old half-back, led it out on the field at the end of a long chain. Its appearance was the signal for thunders of applause from the undergraduates, and it became frightened and balked. Bannard tried to pull it along, but, crouching quickly, it leaped like a flash into the crowd of townspeople, who quickly scattered in all directions.

The tiger was brought back again and put in the cage, which was carried to the coaches' bench. It was released again later, but had to be taken in quickly when two bulldogs came rushing out. An attempt will be made to lead the beast across the field in front of the team on Saturday.

The Varsity playing in the afternoon was fast, but not very clean. The backs fumbled several kicks, and did not handle passes well. The defensive work, though, was strong. In the first half the Tigers scored two touchdowns. The second was behind closed doors. Short was at center again in Barney's place, and Bradley in at left guard. It is thought now that this combination will start the game. Nobody was injured, and that means that the eleven will go against Yale in the best of condition.

Suicide of G. E. Muir.

Montreal, Nov. 14.—G. Ernest Muir, secretary-treasurer of the Montreal Coal and Towing Company, shot and killed himself at his residence, 3 St. Mark street, this morning, about 10:30 o'clock. Domestic troubles are said to have been the cause of the tragedy. Muir was 39 years of age.

Community of Interest Plan.

Chicago, Nov. 14. — A "community of interest" plan is being taken up by the International Association of Machinists and the United Metal Workers, which come close together in the 500 machine shops in Chicago. The "handy man" who is common in shops of the smaller size, formed a bone a contention between the organizations. Under the new agreement the two unions will take in every man employed in a machine shop, no matter what his work. This will do away with friction which has seriously embarrassed contractors.

The hardest woman to please is the one who doesn't know what she wants.

EVENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Interest in All the Departments Is Active.

A DEFENSE OF ALFRED AUSTIN

The Poet Laureate Fails in High Things, But Is Still Pre-eminent in the Lyric.

A meeting was called on Tuesday last to complete arrangements for two teams of basket ball. After much discussion, the following were chosen:

Team A—Goal, Miss Maymie Smith and Miss Ella Lind; center, Miss Bessie Graves; defense, Miss Gertrude Hodge and Miss Jean Dearness; wings, Miss Madeleine Pavey and Miss Florence Mitchell.

Team B—Goal, Miss Louise Culver and Miss May Jackson; center, Miss Eva Macpherson; defense, Miss Madge Dearness and Miss Bessie Woolverton; wings, Miss Claris Sage and Miss Winnie Ovens.

The captains chosen were Miss Maymie Smith and Miss Madge Dearness.

A picked team expect to play the L. C. I. team of ex-students on Monday, Nov. 17.

Another proof of the energy of the girl students is the recent formation of a glee club. Many voices have been discovered, even where least expected, so that the brilliancy of the sopranos is only equalled by the excellence of the altos. Needless to say, all students not in it are anxiously waiting for the first appearance, which will be at the next meeting of the Literary and Musical Society.

The next meeting of the Literary and Musical Society will be held on Thursday evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock. The programme committee are arranging for an excellent programme. The second number of the new university paper, "In Cap and Gown," will be read at this meeting, and promises to be quite as interesting and amusing as the initial number. Contributions are pouring in from students of all departments and the success of this new undertaking is assured.

The preaching allocations for Sunday, Nov. 8, were as follows: Teeswater, Chas. Ryan; Granton, Chas. Sanders; Sombra, Tom Snelgrove; Claring Cross, T. B. Clarke, B.A.; Westminster, Rev. Principal Waller; Aged People's Home, C. Simpson.

Rev. Professor Burgess preached at Exeter on Sunday last.

Rev. S. P. Irwin, B.A., incumbent of Dutton and Bismarck, was a visitor at the college this week.

Many of the current magazine which have been subscribed to by the Literary Society have already arrived and are to be found on the tables in the arts' library. These magazines will be left in the reading room for general reading till each succeeding number arrives, when the owner may remove his magazine for the preceding month. "In Cap and Gown" has been left on the reading room table during the past week and has had many interested readers.

In last week's public lecture on the Poet Laureate, it was pointed out that Mr. Watson's judgment given in 1890 has not been seriously shaken even by the laureate's recent failures. Mr. Watson, editing a selection of Mr. Austin's poems, claimed that his friend was pre-eminent in the lyric, combining tender love of England with a real and unaffected attachment to English landscape. He is a poet of landscape patriotism, standing apart with an individuality of his own. When he tries higher things he generally fails, becomes a "banjo-Byron" or turns on "Tennyson-and-water." And yet even in the larger fields of poetry he is not always unsuccessful. His "Human Tragedy," "Prince Lucifer," "Fortunatus," "The Pessimist," are of a unique kind, a sort of lyric drama, tedious perhaps on the whole, but abounding in pleasant places. Everywhere the reader finds a cheerful "optimistic grin,' and the twittering of birds in English lanes. The laureate was born in May. He is a spring poet. In appointing Mr. Austin to the laureateship with its fat pension and its butt of sherry, Lord Salisbury passed over Messrs. Swinburne, Wm. Morris, Watson and Kipling. Of these Morris and Mr. Swinburne had recommended the abolishment of the office in a democratic state. Mr. Austin was a Tory of the old school, loyal to King and oligarchy, shouting (with a natural instinct) for war on any provocation, simple-minded, conventional. Since his coronation Mr. Austin has taken his duties as a court official very seriously. His machine work, his occasional verse, has gone far to obcure his position as a true poet within certain limits. Some of the abuse piled of late by critics upon Mr. Austin's head is not altogether undue even to so old and amiable a person. Mr. Austin wrote harshly himself of no less a man than Tennyson. But, like Gladstone, he has not feared to recant, as we see with pleasure in a recent book of literary essays.

SUFFERED WITH CATARRH ALL MY LIFE

Miss Crowe Says: "I Have Had Catarrh Ever Since I Can Remember—Pe-ru-na Cured Me"

MISS Nellie Crow, 1114 Edith Place, Memphis, Tenn., writes:

"As I was cured of a chronic case of catarrh of the head, I am only too glad to recommend Peruna.

I have had more or less catarrh ever since I can remember, and have tried numerous remedies and doctor's prescriptions, and while some things would help me for the time being, it is to Peruna that I owe a perfect cure.

It was recommended to me by a friend who had been cured through its use, so I gave it a trial and it not only cured the catarrh, but toned up the entire system."—Nellie Crow.

Catarrh Is a Disease That Does Not Cure Itself.

There are a vast multitude of people who can subscribe to the above statement. In the first place, catarrh is a life-long disease unless cured. Catarrh is a disease that does not cure itself, and is not easily cured by the best of remedies. The doctors all try to treat catarrh. Their remedies generally fail to cure. The people first go to a doctor and give him a faithful trial. After they have tried one doctor, they generally try another. Sometimes three or four. As a rule, however, they are generally obliged to resort to Peruna at last. In Peruna they find what they have been seeking—a perfect cure. A cure that lasts. A host of people have spent thousands of dollars to get rid of catarrh, and afterwards were cured by a half-dozen bottles of Peruna.

Many Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.

Catarrh is almost a national curse. Nearly everybody has had it more or less. A majority of people who have catarrh in its incipient stage don't know it. Catarrh will produce so many different conditions that it is no wonder it is so often recognized.

Catarrh will produce deafness. Will affect the eyesight.

Catarrh will enlarge the tonsils and will make the throat sore.

Catarrh will cause consumption, dyspepsia, kidney disease and so many other maladies that it is no wonder that doctors fail to recognize it.

Female Catarrh Very Common Among Women — Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.

Mrs. M. E. Jenkins, President Victoria Lodge, Queen's Daughters, in a letter from 133 Goyeau street Windsor, Ont., Can., writes:

"I heartily indorse Peruna as an excellent tonic for a weak and broken-down woman, for such I was before I began taking Peruna, and it really worked wonders with my system.

My health is excellent now, and whenever I feel languid or nervous I take a few doses of Peruna and it goes right to the spot

A number of my friends have taken it and are universal in its praise."—Mrs. M. E. Jenkins.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Peruna cures catarrh in whatever form. Accept no substitute for Peruna. Peruna is the only systemic remedy for catarrh yet devised.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A SCRAMBLE FOR MONEY

Two Hundred Dollars in Bills Found in the Streets.

Then Women and Children Struggle to Get the Greenbacks.

Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 14.—There was great excitement yesterday morning on Broad street, as a struggling, pushing mass of men, women and children tumbled over each other in a frenzy of eagerness to grab crisp bills. Women clawed and scratched, while boys tore each other's clothing and fought frantically to get some of the papers as they fluttered down on the sidewalk and into the gutter.

An old colored woman fell over her basket as she scrambled for some of the money, but succeeded in tucking several of the larger greenbacks into her basket beneath a pile of snowy white linen. A man came along with a dog tied to a string and entered the mad fight for the currency, dropping the string which held the dog. The man fell on his stomach and actually crawled over the walk, picking up the bills as he came to them and then, with much dexterity, leaned over the curbing and picked up several greenbacks from the gutter.

Many, fearing that a demand would be made upon them by the owner for what they had found, scurried away before they could be identified. The excitement was so great that a large crowd gathered and watched the struggling mass. Before many realized what was going on all of the money had been gathered and the finders had melted away like fog before the rising sun.

Lester Gray, an auctioneer, whose place of business is nearby, said he believed that the crowd had picked up more than $200.

A short time after the lucky find, the man who had the dog was seen feverishly whistling for the animal, who was running around with a bill in his mouth. The owner of the money has not been found, and it is believed he dropped a roll accidentally as he boarded a Newark car. All day long people loitered about the place where the money was found.

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., props, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE GREAT DEMAND for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

AT MERE SIGHT OF A CAT

New York Woman Unable to Shut Her Mouth.

Most Peculiar Case That Bellevue Hospital Doctors Have Had.

New York, Nov. 14.—The physicians of Bellevue Hospital were called upon yesterday to treat one of the most remarkable cases that ever came to their attention. Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning an ambulance call was sent from a drug store in the neighborhood of Seventeenth street and Avenue A, to which Dr. H. H. Halliwell responded. He found a woman with her mouth wide open, unable to close her jaws. The doctor set to work and soon had the jaws back in place. The woman, who said that she was Mrs. Lizzie Cunningham, of No. 447 East Seventeenth street, then went home.

At noon the same woman walked into the reception room at the hospital with her mouth open and her jaws set as they were in the morning. Dr. Morris was about to send her to the medical ward, when Dr. Halliwell walked through the room. The woman recognized him and made a peculiar noise with her throat that attracted his attention. Dr. Halliwell was greatly surprised, but he took the patient in hand again and by proper manipulation put her jaws in place.

Mrs. Cunningham then explained that eight years ago she was frightened into hysterics by a vicious cat that sprang upon her and tried to bite and claw her throat while she was asleep in bed. She awoke to find the cat trying to fasten its teeth in her windpipe. She said that she opened her mouth to scream and that her jaws became set. Since then, every time she sees a cat she involuntarily screams with the same result, her jaws becoming set.

Appeal by Ontario.

Toronto, Nov. 15.—The Province of Ontario has entered an appeal against the judgment of Judge MacMahon, declaring that the late J. A. MacLaren, of Perth, made a will. MacLaren was an illegitimate son, and died unmarried, without issue, on Dec. 11, worth $125,000. No will could be found, but John Stewart, of Perth, produced what purported to be a copy of a will, dated June 25, 1897. At the trial Judge MacMahon declared Stewart entitled to probate, and against this the appeal is taken, as without a will the property would go to the province.

Latest Militia Orders.

Ottawa, Nov. 14.—Militia orders today direct that in future units of active militia and rifle associations, instead of sending empty cartridge cases to militia stores, shall send them direct to the superintendent of the Government arsenal, Quebec, notifying him at the same time of the shipment, how forwarded and the weight.

A course of instruction in gymnastics for non-commissioned officers of the active militia will commence at the Royal Military College on Jan. 15, 1903. The class will consist of sixteen non-commissioned officers specially selected.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

The average man doesn't amount to much when measured by his neighbor's standard

39 Out of 40

Who Accept My Offer Get Well. No Money is Wanted.

I ask only a postal card naming someone who is sick. Tell me the book to send. I ask it as an act of humanity. Write it today, and I will do all the rest.

I will even do this—I will mail the sick one an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is $5.50. If it fails, *I will pay the druggist myself.* And the sick one's mere word shall decide it.

Don't think that too fair to be possible, for I do just as I say. I do it to convince those who don't know me, and so everyone who needs help will accept it.

I have learned that the cured ones are fair. I have furnished my Restorative to hundreds of thousands on just those terms, and 39 out of each 40 have paid gladly, because they were cured. I have willingly paid for the rest.

And I spent a lifetime in perfecting the remedy before I ever offered it to anyone. At thousands of bedsides, in hospitals and homes, I have watched it cure the most difficult cases that physicians ever meet. I learned that it does not fail, save where some cause—like cancer—makes a cure impossible.

My success comes from strengthening the inside nerves. My Restorative brings back that nerve power which alone operates every vital organ of the body. Common treatments merely doctor the organs, and the results at best are but temporary. My remedy restores the nerve power that makes these organs act. No other treatment does that, and there is positively no other way to make weak vital organs well.

My book will explain this. It tells about the only remedy so sure that any man dare offer it on such a plan as mine. Won't you tell me a friend who needs it?

Simply state which book is wanted, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 41, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative is sold by all druggists.

FATALLY FRIGHTENED

Bitten by a Dog and Died Many Months After the Occurrence.

New York, Nov. 15.—Richard Phrenfal is dead at the State Hospital for the Insane, where he was taken yesterday. Doctors say that he died of fright.

Phrenfal claimed he could tell when dogs were threatened with hydrophobia. Last spring, while examining the mouth of a friend's dog, the animal bit his finger. A few days later the canine developed rabies, and was killed.

Phrenfal worried all summer, and a few days ago declared that he had hydrophobia. The physicians tried to convince him he was mistaken, but in vain. He was taken to the asylum yesterday, and today died in a fit of frenzy. He had no symptoms of rabies.

WOKE UP WRONG MAN

Old Lady Discussing Molineux in Car Got a Setback.

New York, Nov. 14.—A fashionably-dressed man and woman, accompanied by a garrulous old lady, who looked as though she might have come from the country, boarded a south-bound Broadway car in the theater district last night, and sat down opposite an inebriated workingman, who was half asleep. The elderly woman attracted the attention of the passengers by making pointed remarks concerning things in general in Manhattan. After a time she launched forth into the Molineux case.

"I believe Mr. Black, Mr. Molineux's counsel, was right when he leveled that long finger of his and shouted 'There is the man!'" she declared, excitedly pointnig a gloved forefinger directly at the inebriated man opposite.

The sleeper woke up suddenly in time to get the last part of the sentence. With great indigation he swayed to his feet, and, shaking his fist in the face of the old lady, shouted:

"Madam, you're a liar! I wasn't there at all."

The old lady nearly went into hysterics before her friends could get her off the car.

Fallen Canadian Soldiers.

Ottawa, Nov. 15.—A statement in connection with the fund for erecting memorials to fallen Canadian soldiers in South Africa has been issued from Government House. It states that 228 Canadians died in South Africa, four in England and eleven at sea—a total of 243. Replies have been received from relatives of 218 of the men, expressing sympathy with the project. Friends of fourteen cannot be located. Eighty-nine graves have been located and suitably marked. It is proposed to erect two substantial memorials—one at Paardeberg and one at Kleinhart River. The funds on hand total $5,400, and more is needed. Subscriptions may be sent to Lieut.-Col. Irwin, 128 Cooper street, Ottawa.

BLOOD POISON

On account of its terrible effects, blood disease is called the king of all diseases. It may be either hereditary or contracted; so while it may not be a crime to have the disease, it is a crime to permit it to remain in the system. It may manifest itself in the form of Scrofula, Eczema, rheumatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, itchiness of the skin, eruptions or blotches, ulcers in the mouth or on the tongue, sore throat, falling out of hair, "sour stomach, and a general depression of the system. If you have any of these symptoms don't neglect yourself. You have no time to lose. Beware of "old fogy" treatment—beware of mineral poisons—beware of Quacks and Fakirs. OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure this disease, never to return. Bank Bonds will protect you. Our treatment is not injurious in any way, but reaches the very root of the disease and eliminates all poison from the system. The symptoms of disease gradually disappear. The blood becomes pure and enriched, the whole system is cleansed and purified, and the patient feels prepared anew for the duties and the pleasures of life. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. 25 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

Consultation Free. Question Blank for Home Treatment and Books Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

A Combination, Not a Trust.

Yes, it's a fact that a combination of brains and money have produced a combination that is unequaled in

Knitto-fit
REGISTERED & PATENTED

COMBINATION SUITS

for those who want the best. All sizes, all materials, all dealers.

Manufactured by THE KNIT-TO-FIT MFG. CO., 613 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, Ladies'.
GRAHAM BROS., Men's.

TELL-TALE FINGER PRINTS

Prove Successful Detectors of Crime—System Lately Used in London.

London, Nov. 15.—The annual report of the chief commission of the Metropolitan Police shows an increase in the number of crimes in the metropolitan area, despite the augmentation of the police force. Against this, however, is the fact that 301 new streets, with a total length of 60 miles, and containing 27,174 houses, were built in London in 1901. It is computed that the increase in population has been 120,000. The Metropolitan Police district now contains 68 square miles of territory. The officers and men of the force number 15,977. Their wages aggregate £1,336,000.

A notable feature of the year's criminal investigation is the success of the finger-print and anthropometric tests for identifying criminals, a method long in use in France, but only lately introduced in London.

Miss Jones' Voice Greatly Improved

A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger, and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhozone, which is a wonderful aid to singers, speakers and ministers. Catarrhozone Inhaler insures absolute freedom from colds, coughs, and catarrh, clears the nose and throat, and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Catarrhozone makes the voice brilliant and enduring, and is uncommonly well recommended by prima donnas, members of parliament, lawyers, doctors and thousands that use it daily. Better try Catarrhozone. Price $1; trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

TREASURES IN A CAVERN

Important Discovery of Hidden Aztec Valuables by an Archaeologist.

Hermosillo, Mexico, Nov. 15.—A remarkable story of the discovery of hidden Aztec treasures has just been reported to the Government authorities at Tapie by Rev. Pablo Martins, the parish priest at Yosca. Father Martins makes a statement, which is concurred in by several witnesses, that a party of Americans, headed by an archaeological expert, who gave his name as Heverick, arrived at Yosca several weeks ago, and went from that place into the mountains, accompanied by three Mexican guides. The archaeologist obtained his bearings by means of a chart, which he claimed to have copied from an Aztec stone tablet in the National Museum in the City of Mexico. He located a vast cavern in a mountain near Yosca. Immense stone images stood about this chamber. In one end was a handsome altar, above which burned a bright flame supplied by natural gas from a crevice in the wall. In a chamber adjoining the main ten[illegible] was found a great store of ornaments and utensils. Twelve burros were required to transport the articles to San Blas, where they were shipped to San Francisco, accompanied by the Americans. As such articles cannot be removed from Mexico without the consent of the Government, an investigation is in progress.

For cuts, wounds, rheumatism, stiff joints, burns, scalds, bites of insects, croup, coughs, colds, Hagyard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy.

London Advertiser.
TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.
The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited.)
LONDON, ONTARIO.
London, Saturday Nov. 15.

Unfair to Canada.

The Imperial Conference Blue Book contains the full text of Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable address in formally opening the proceedings. His remarks on imperial defense call for some remonstrance. He pointed out that the expenditures involved an outlay per head of the population of the United Kingdom of 29s 3d per annum, as against an expenditure for the same items of only 2s in Canada, 3s 5d in New South Wales, 3s 3d in Victoria, 3s 4d in New Zealand, and in Cape Colony and Natal between 2s and 3s. No one, he said, would pretend that this was a fair distribution of the burdens of empire or that the United Kingdom could for all time make this inordinate sacrifice. "While the colonies were young and poor," he added, "in the first place they did not offer anything like the same temptation to the ambitions of others, and in the second place, they were clearly incapable of providing large sums for their own defense, and therefore it was perfectly right and natural that the mother country should undertake the protection of her children. But now that the colonies are rich and powerful, that every day they are growing by leaps and bounds, their material prosperity promises to rival that of the United Kingdom itself, and I think it is inconsistent with their position, inconsistent with their dignity as nations, that they should leave the mother country to bear the whole, or almost the whole, of the expense."

The comparison between the military expenditures of Great Britain and the colonies is a misleading one in respect to Canada at least. Mr. Chamberlain should remember that Canada has borne and is bearing enormous burdens, which do not weigh on the mother country. We refer especially to the railway grants for the development of the country. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have spent $200,000,000 in aiding railway enterprises. Canada's enormous public debt is owing almost entirely to expenditures for internal development—reclaiming the wilderness, opening up vast spaces for settlement, providing transportation facilities for remote or sparsely settled districts. Great Britain has had no outlays corresponding to these. The British public debt is a war debt; the Canadian public debt is a peace debt. Not only has Canada made tremendous contributions to the material strength of the Empire, but the military value to Great Britain of the Canadian Pacific Railway is beyond calculation. These considerations, which Mr. Chamberlain ignores, weaken the force of his reproach.

No self-respecting Canadian wishes the Dominion to sponge on the mother country. At one time Canada was garrisoned extensively by British troops at the expense of the British taxpayers. The Imperial forces have been withdrawn excepting a remnant at Halifax. Even Halifax was provisionally garrisoned last year by the Dominion Government at an expense of over $300,000. Canada will undertake to provide for her own defense, which was formerly a charge on the mother country. The Canadian militia will be strengthened and proficiency with the rifle will be systematically encouraged throughout the country. Reserves for the Imperial navy will be maintained along the sea coast. The aim of Canada will be to relieve Great Britain of all responsibility for the defense and security of this country.

The Whitney Banquet.

Mr. Whitney and several of his lieutenants were dined last night by the Conservative Club of this city, which is to be congratulated on the success of its enterprise. Judging by the report in a morning contemporary, the event was so surcharged with enthusiasm that every one of the thirteen or fourteen speakers received an ovation. These tributes to party leaders from the rank and file are fitting and proper, and especially grateful to those who are in Opposition and likely to remain so for some time. In the absence of other rewards for public service their stimulus must come from the expressed confidence of their followers. The flavor of some of the speeches last night reminds one of a story told about Chauncey Depew. He was introduced on a post-prandial occasion, as an oratorical nickel-in-the-slot machine—"he puts in a dinner and out comes a speech." "My friend who has introduced me," replied Mr. Depew, "produces a somewhat similar effect. He makes a speech and out comes your dinner." A great deal of last night's oratory was calculated to disturb the circulation of good feeling which a full-course dinner ought to promote. There was much abuse of the opposite party, but very little discussion of public questions. Mr. Whitney sounded his usual robust note. The Ontario Government, he said, had produced a state of affairs "which is simply becoming intolerable, which never existed in any British dependency before and which today has no counterpart anywhere on the face of the civilized earth." This means nothing in particular, except that Mr. Whitney was in his customary form. Invective suits his flatulent style of speaking; the more violent the denunciation, the better it lends itself to rhetorical flourish. "The face of the civilized earth" is a mouth-filling phrase and serves to round out a period. Mr. Whitney's address was almost entirely a rechauffe of his campaign deliverances. He said he stood by his accusation that there was an organized plan to steal or mutilate ballots in every constituency in the Province at the recent general election. Did the imported Pinkertons discover this? The official recounts and the election trials are the best answer to these wild and reckless fulminations. There is not a tittle of evidence upon which to base such a charge.

It may be difficult to say who is the greatest man in the British Empire, but the Toronto papers seem to have agreed on Dr. Oronhyatekha.

If Premier Ross succeeds in that scheme for locating 50,000 Americans in New Ontario his opponents will denounce him as an annexationist.

The world is full of inequalities. The new Minister of Marine and Fisheries has one seat too many in Quebec, while one seat in Ontario would mean everything to Mr. Ross or Mr. Whitney.

At the Whitney banquet last night Mr. Sutherland, of South Oxford, said "the Grits" had tried to lure him from his Conservative allegiance by mercenary proffers. Who were "the Grits?" That is a very wide term. Mr. Sutherland should get down to particulars.

Ontario has been successful again before the Privy Council. The decision is worth $485,000 to this Province. This is quite an addition to the string of victories won by the Ontario Government in the highest court of the Empire.

A man has made a continuous journey from Chicago to Boston in trolley cars with only five gaps covering short distances. This shows the extent to which the Northern States are being covered with a network of trolley lines. Ontario may expect a similar development in the near future.

Mr. Chamberlain flatly says that Canada must make her tariff on British goods still lower before she can obtain any favors in the British market. What does the Conservative press of this country say to that? Mr. Chamberlain has been its idol, but it will now discover that he has feet of clay.

Dr. Parkin says imperial federation will come when the "best young brain of Canada comes under the formative influence of Oxford." An Oxford education is a fine thing, but we fancy a large section of the best young brain of Canada will continue to be treated at home. And we don't think Canada will be any the worse for it.

A correspondent of the Bricklayer and Mason, the official organ of the Bricklayers' and Masons' Union, mentions several instances of the use of concrete in classes of work that formerly required bricks and masonry. We might call his attention to the new McClary factory in this city, which will be built entirely of concrete. Will the bricklayer some day find his occupation gone?

The householder who hasn't raked up and made a bon-fire of the leaves on his lawn may find some satisfaction in the following from the London Chronicle:

"As the leaves of a tree fall, so should they lie. They are absorbed into the soil by a natural process of decomposition, and the resulting products feed again the roots of the tree that will be called upon to put forth its foliage again after six months hence. The tree is immortal when left to feed naturally upon itself; and the premature decay and death of trees in our kept parks often set down to other local conditions may easily be due to the destruction of this best of all manures—indeed, a 'chemical food.' The burners of the brown heaps are really interfering with a vital code in which the tree lives and dies and lives again."

Tough on Eve.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"You are a nasty, mean, horrid old thing, so there!" exclaimed Eve.

"I suppose next you'll threaten to go home to mamma," taunted Adam.

Then, realizing the bitterness of nature's handicap, Eve burst into tears.

Proposal.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Yes, papa's been speculating wildly lately," said Miss Nuritch, "but I don't care what he does with his money. I've got resources of my own, you know."

"Yes?" replied Mr. Wood Marrier. "Don't you think, Maggie—er, that is—Miss Nuritch, that you had better 'husband' your resources?"

In the Blessed Isles.

[S. E. Kiser.]

Oh, there are no trusts to bother
In those islands far away,
Where the natives never scurry
After dollars, and ne'er worry
Over bills such as the butchers
And the grocers make as pay.
There they loiter in the shade,
Caring not how money's made,
Never thinking of the frightful cost of meat,
Never fretting o'er the price
That is charged for coal and ice,
Picking square meals from the branches when they think it's time to eat,
And then sitting down and resting while the bugs crawl o'er their feet.

Oh, there are no trusts to squeeze them,
They are free from buying hats,
And they pay no hard-earned dollars
Out for shirts and cuffs and collars,
They are not compelled to huddle
Up in six-by-seven flats;
Tailors never make them wear
Ugly, baggy trousers there,
And they slave not that the milliner may thrive;
With no mergers and no rings
Adding to the gloom of things,
They sit resting, caring nothing for the wealth for which we strive,
They but loll and hunt the woodtick, and are glad to be alive.

Trusts and the Tariff.

[Hamilton Times.]

Ex-President Cleveland, who has been giving some study to the question of trusts, finds that there are trusts even in free trade Great Britain, but his observation leads to the conclusion that while they secure economy in production they are impotent for evil. That condition Mr. Cleveland thinks might be brought about in the United States were the tariff arranged purely for revenue. But the United States trusts won't lie down readily; they own the Government, and before the people get reform they need to learn sense and to elect a new government to serve them at Washington.

Not a Fault Finder.

[Washington Star.]

"I hope you are not one of the men who find fault with the cooking."

"No, indeed," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta is very considerate in that way. In order that I may be perfectly satisfied she lets me do most of the cooking myself."

Woman and Time.

[S. E. Kiser.]

She stood before the mirror
And touched up here and there;
He waited in the parlor,
She didn't seem to care;
Yet in her heart she loved him,
Although she did him wrong—
To woman time is nothing,
But art is very long.

No Case.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Johnson writes that he's just killed the hero in his new novel."

"Well, he needn't worry over that—any jury will acquit him."

No Laundries in China.

[Baltimore Sun.]

"It's the funniest thing to me," said an old sea captain who for many years was in the China trade, as he settled himself comfortably back to his chair and blew a few rings of smoke into the air, "that nine out of every ten Chinamen who come to this country open laundries and engage in business which does not exist in their native land.

"As everyone knows, the Chinese at home wear soft cotton and woolen garments, according to the season, and there is not a pound of starch in all China. Stiffly starched clothes are unknown, and the Chinese men do not do the washing, as they do in this country. Neither is there any regular laundry in the Flowery Kingdom. Therefore it is more than passing strange that Chinamen should all come to America and engage in a trade so foreign to their home industries."

Anticipating Remarks.

[Denver Post.]

The old story of the man who saw on the rail of the organ gallery in a little western church a placard bearing the words, "Don't shoot the organist. He is doing the best he can," has lately been matched by another somewhat like it. A man recently returned from a mining region where one Sunday he attended a service in the only church for miles around. As he entered, the strains of an organ, apparently in great distress, reached his ears, and when he was seated he looked up to discover who the player was. On the back of the parlor organ, which stood on the platform, was a neatly lettered square of pasteboard, which read, "Come up and try it yourself."

The Wrong Tip.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

Some three weeks ago the Hamilton Spectator solemnly assured its readers that they could quite safely stake their bottom dollar that the portfolio of Public Works would not be transferred to an Ontario minister. Yesterday it foretold the end of the ministry as a result of the taking of this step. Those who risked their bottom dollar on the strength of the first prediction will hardly likely pay much attention to this last.

Doubling Steamer Service.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—The Donaldson line of steamships have decided to put on a weekly service from St. John, N. B., during the winter instead of the fortnightly service which they had contemplated. This will make an addition of three steamers a week out of St. John.

Found Child in a Well.

Windsor, Nov. 15.—The 22-months-old child of Joseph Nantais, of Sandwich West, was drowned in a new well last night and the body was found soon after by the mother. A party of children had been playing around the well, which is about five feet deep. The child was dead when the body was found.

The very best medicine for the relief and cure of chronic coughs and bronchitis; dry, harsh throat coughs; irritating coughs of grippe and consumption; whooping cough; croupy coughs of children, is Angier's Petroleum Emulsion.

It soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated membranes of the throat and air passages, promptly relieves the cough, removes foul mucus, makes breathing easy, and puts the respiratory organs in a strong, healthy condition, so that they are able to resist further attacks. It is pleasant to take, agrees with weak stomachs, aids digestion, and has a healthful action upon the bowels.

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is indorsed and prescribed by physicians, used in hospitals, and sold by druggists everywhere.

ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

SNEERED AT AUSTRIANS

President of the Reichstag Made a Cutting Remark.

French Method of Voting Adopted in German Parliament.

Berlin, Nov. 14. — The Reichstag today by 197 to 78 votes decided to abandon voting by roll call and adopted a method of voting by card, similar to the practice of the French Chamber of Deputies. The new procedure was tried immediately. Four bronze cups were carried by servants up and down the aisle. Each cup was attended by an assistant secretary. Into these cups members dropped cards on which their names were printed with "yea" or "nay" or "not voting" also printed on them. Each member marked out two of these designations, leaving one standing as his vote.

After a vote by the new process, Herr Singe, Socialist, complained that members dropped their cards into the cups themselves, instead of handing them to the secretaries for deposit. This occasioned a chormy passage, during which, amid Socialist cries of "It is false," "It is a swindle," President von Ballestrem rang his bell and excitedly exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, remember this is the German Reichstag and not the Austrian Reichsrath."

The evening papers quote the president's remark, but suppress the words "Austrian Reichsrath."

Such an exclamation from the President of the Reichstag is considered likely to produce comment in Austria, and may possibly call forth an official disclaimer here.

WHEATLEY'S BLAZE

Livery Barns and a Barber Shop Destroyed—Loss About $7,000.

Wheatley, Ont., Nov. 15.—Fire broke out last evening about 8 o'clock in Lonsbury's livery barn and destroyed it altogether, with Dean's livery barn and Sol Lamarsh's barber shop, all frame buildings. A part of the contents and all the horses in both barns were saved. The building on each side of those burned were saved only by hard work.

THE LOSS.

G. H. Dean, livery, about $3,500, insurance $2,350; Lounsbury, livery, about $3,000, insurance $1,650; Lamarsh, loss total, insurance $400.

Miss Hay's Heroism.

Peterboro, Nov. 14.—Mayor Denne called at the residence of Mr. T. A. Hay, city engineer, and with a complimentary address presented to Miss Isabel Hay the medal of the Royal Humane Society, awarded for an act of conspicuous bravery, the rescue of Miss Maud Allen, of Toronto, from drowning on Aug. 8 last. The young ladies were at Chemung Park and were bathing in the lake when Miss Allen became exhausted and sank. Miss Hay dived, brought her to the surface and conveyed her unconscious companion a considerable distance to the shore, where she was resuscitated.

A Bullet in His Brain.

Iroquois, Ont., Nov. 15.—Thomas Ransom, a farmer living three miles west of this village, committed suicide by shooting himself. His wife, knowing he was violent when under the influence of liquor, was afraid to let him in the house, and he went to the barn where he was found yesterday morning with a revolver still in his hand and a bullet in his brain. He had been dead some time when discovered. A few weeks ago he made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors and has been drinking hard since.

The Anti-Canteen Law.

Chicago, Nov. 15. — Opinions of mothers of regular army soldiers are to be used by the W. C. T. U. in support of the contention that the anti-canteen law should not be repealed by congress. This step has been decided on by national officers. Each of the 10,000 chapters will be urged to communicate with the mothers of soldiers in their localities and ask their opinion of the canteen and whether their sons send more or less money home since it was abolished.

Depot to Cost $3,000,000.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 15. — Officials of the Lake Shore, Pennsylvania and Big Four Railroad have decided to erect a new union depot in this city at a cost of $3,000,000. Its location was not given out, but probably it will be erected on the site of the present depot.

Loss of appetite is an ailment that indicates others, which are worse—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

For a large assortment of waterproof horse covers, lap rugs and coats, also blankets, call at Tackaberry & Co's.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves. Large stock of cook stoves, parlor stoves, all kinds of stoves. Children's Iron Cots, Brass Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Feather Pillows, Down Cushions, at the Feather Bed and Mattress Cleaning Factory, 593 Richmond street north. Telephone, 997. James F. Hunt & Sons.

You Save Time and Money

by purchasing New York Central mileage books. All ticket agents of the New York Central sell 500 and 1,000 mile tickets. They are becoming very popular with the traveling public.

See New York Central ticket agents for particulars. 37-n

California-Oregon Excursions.

Every day in the year. The Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line runs through first-class Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars to points in California and Oregon. Three through trains daily. The route of the famous "Overland Limited." Personally conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and other Pacific Coast points, leaving Chicago on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Lowest rates. Choice of routes. Finest scenery. Maps, illustrated folders, etc., furnished free. Rates quoted. Address B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont. 36-h-t

Six million persons are expected by the Japanese to visit the exhibition to be opened at Osaka, Japan, next March.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's" Soothing Syrup.

Not Yesterday, Neither Today, but Tomorrow Will Commence the

GREATEST SALE OF DRYGOODS

AT

KINGSMILL'S

The store so long used by James Wright & Co., we have purchased. With this ground added, we will have sufficient space to build a modern warehouse, in every respect up-to-date. To enable us to carry this out we are compelled to move our entire drygoods stock, manufacturing departments and tailoring to the premises where we are selling off the

BANKRUPT STOCK OF RUNIANS, CARSON & McKEE.

This stock was very large, amounting to $67,460, and an exceptionally good stock, as the people were a comparatively short time in business. Think of the price, only 55c on the dollar. The stock is not quite two months on the market. We have kept the best for the last, and a large stock bought so cheaply enables us to give you goods at very low prices.

TO ADD TO THIS ATTRACTION our own stock will be all remarked

AWAY DOWN IN PRICE,

as we don't want (if possible) to carry anything back to the new building.

Do You Want Carpets?

If so don't buy until you come to

London's Greatest Carpet Warehouse

Greatest in size,
Greatest in experience,
Greatest in volume of stock,
Greatest in variety,
Greatest in capital,
Greatest in giving the people the best possible value for their money.

OUR ADVICE—Don't buy Carpets until you see the greatest stock and know the right prices.

We only advertise what we have. We don't place a visionary value on our goods to make reduction attract attention.

We don't sell cheap-made, low goods, and call them best.

We can sell you Carpets much less than the small dealers can buy them.

Kingsmill's Greatest Carpet Warehouse.

Carling Street, London.

AN EDITION DE LUXE

Costly Set of President Roosevelt's Works To Be Issued.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Arrangements have been completed for the publication of an edition de luxe of the works of President Roosevelt, which will be magnificent. It is to consist of 1,226 sets of 22 volumes each. The rich men who have subscribed for it have agreed to pay exactly $1,300,000 for the work. The cheapest set will be sold for $385, and the dearest will be disposed of to the men who have $3,300 to invest in the finest examples of the bookmaker's art ever produced in the United States. Each volume of the $3,300 sets, of which there will be 26, will be signed by the President.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieve the pressure on the nerves, which cause the headache. Try them.

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100 YOUNG MEN WANTED

to qualify for positions as stenographers at the

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Positions at $50 and $60 per month are today going begging for young men to fill them. We have now eleven unfilled calls for male stenographers alone, and the number keeps increasing. It offers the best field we know of today for bright, capable young men. Write for particulars and catalogue. D. McLACHLAN & CO., Chatham, Ont. 94tftyw 13tf

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OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SUNDAYS: 2 to 4 p.m.
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CYMRIC.....NOV. 18, NOON.
OCEANIC.....NOV. 19, 8:30 A.M.
MAJESTIC.....NOV. 26, NOON.
CELTIC.....DEC. 3, 7:30 A.M.
TEUTONIC.....DEC. 10, NOON.
OCEANIC.....DEC. 17, 7 A.M.

Saloon rates from $60 up. Second saloon from $45 up, according to steamer and accommodation. Third class rates to Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Derry, $28 and $29 50.

Accommodations for all classes of passengers unexcelled.
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ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL, via Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE: First cabin, $50 and upwards; second cabin, from $37 50; third class, $25 to $26. Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, London, Glasgow.

MONTREAL to GLASGOW direct—S.S. Sicilian, November 19. First cabin, $50; second cabin, $35; third class, $25.

London Agents: E. De La Hooke, W. Fulton, F. B. Clarke.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

$11.25

LONDON to CHICAGO and return.

Good going Dec. 1, 2 and 3; valid for return leaving Chicago not later than Dec. 7, 1902, for Third Annual International Live Stock Exposition, Nov. 28 to Dec. 6.

On surrender of certificate of identification, signed by Mr. W. E. Skinner, general manager of the exposition, tickets will be issued to exhibitors at rate specified above, good going on Nov. 28.

W. FULTON, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, London, Ont.; A. H. NOTMAN, A. G. P. A., Toronto.

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Canada's Famous Train..... The "Maritime Express.

Leaves Montreal 12 noon, daily, except Saturday, for Quebec, St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys.

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Opens Sept. 15,
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$11.25 LONDON TO CHICAGO and return,
—FOR THE—
INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION,
Nov. 29th to Dec. 6th, 1902.

Tickets are good going Dec. 1, 2 and 3, and valid returning on or before Dec. 7, 1902.

3 Fast Trains to Chicago Daily,

Leave London, 3:05 a.m.; arrive Chicago, 12:50 p.m.; solid vestibule train, Pullman sleepers. Leave London, 11:05 a.m., arriving Chicago, 8:45 p.m.; wide vestibule coaches and cafe parlor car to Chicago. Leave London, 7:52 p.m.; through coaches and Pullman sleeping cars. Ticket reservations and information from agents. E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A., corner Richmond and Dundas streets; C. E. HORNING, ticket agent, station.

MARKET REPORTS.

THE LOCAL MARKET.

The attendance at the market here today was not as large as that of the previous Saturday; however, there was a good turnout of farmers and citizens. Trade was fairly brisk, and very little change in prices was noticeable from those paid during the week. The only drop of any extent was in dressed hogs.

Grain—About 20 loads of oats offered, selling mostly at 36c per cwt. One load of wheat sold at $1.15 per cwt.

Hay and Straw—Twenty-three loads of hay were offered; the choice hay found a ready sale at $10 per ton; poor and inferior hay at $8 to $9. Three loads of straw sold at $8 per load.

Butter and Eggs—Butter seemed to be a trifle easier; crocks sold mostly at 18c, and pound rolls at 19c to 20c. Eggs were in good demand and firm, at 20c to 21c per dozen by the basket lots, and 19c to 20c by the crate.

Vegetables and Roots—About 25 large loads of potatoes were offered, besides many smaller loads; quite a few of the loads sold at 90c per bag; a few choice loads sold at $1 per bag. Cabbages were plentiful, at 25c to 40c per dozen. Carrots 20c to 30c per bushel. Parsnips, 40c to 50c per bag. Other vegetables were plentiful, at prices quoted.

Fruits—There was a very large quantity of apples offered, and some had to be carted home, the holders being unable to dispose of them; apples in barrels sold at $1, $1.10 and $1.25; by the bag at 25c to 50c. Grapes sold at 20c to 30c per basket. Citrons, 60c to 80c per dozen. Pears, 50c to 75c per bushel.

Poultry—There was large display in this line; large lots of dressed turkeys sold at 10c and 10½c per lb; ducks, dressed, at 60c to 85c per pair; live do, 50c to 65c; chickens, 60c to 90c per pair dressed, and 50c to 60c per pair alive.

Dressed Hogs—There were upwards of 40 carcases on sale; prices declined from 25c to 50c per cwt from Thursday's prices, at $7 50 to $8 per cwt.

Live Hogs—The price for Monday will be $6 60 per cwt for choice hogs. Small pigs sold to day at $5 to $7 per pair, according to age and size.

Butchers' Meats—There was a large supply and sales were fair, at $5 per cwt for cow beef and $6 to $6 50 for heifer beef; lamb, 8c per pound by the carcase, and 9c to 10c per pound by the quarter.

GRAIN, PER CWT.			
Wheat, sprouted	$1 05	@	$1 05
Wheat, good	1 12	@	1 12
Oats	94	@	95..
Barley	85	@	90
Peas	1 40	@	1 50
Corn	1 20	@	1 20
Rye	1 00	@	1 05
Buckwheat	90	@	1 00
GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.			
Wheat	63	@	67½
Oats	30⅝	@	31 5-10
Barley	40	@	43
Peas	85	@	90
Corn	68	@	72
Rye	56	@	58
Buckwheat	60	@	62
DAIRY PRODUCE.			
Butter, per roll, baskets..	19	@	20
Butter, crock, per lb	18	@	19
Eggs, doz., basket lots	19	@	21
Eggs, doz., new-laid	20	@	22
Honey, strained, per lb	9	@	10
Honey, in comb, per lb	13	@	13
Cheese, wholesale	10½	@	11¼
FRUITS.			
Apples, per bbl	50	@	1 25
Apples, per bu	25	@	25
Pears, per bu	60	@	75
Crabapples, per bu	50	@	50
Citrons, per doz	80	@	80
Grapes, 10-lb basket	20	@	25
Chestnuts, per bu	3 00	@	3 25
VEGETABLES.			
Potatoes, bag, wholesale..	90	@	1 00
Potatoes, single bag	1 00	@	1 10
Turnips, per bag	25	@	25
Onions, per bag	60	@	65
Beets, per bu	25	@	30
Carrots, per bag	30	@	40
Cabbages, per doz	25	@	40
Celery, per doz	25	@	50
Pumpkins, each	5	@	10
Squashes, per doz	60	@	80
Sage and savory, doz	20	@	20
Peppers, per doz	15	@	15
Cauliflowers, per doz	60	@	90
POULTRY, DRESSED.			
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Ducks, per pair	65	@	85
Geese, each	60	@	80
Turkeys, per lb	10½	@	12
LIVE POULTRY.			
Chickens, per pair	45	@	55
Ducks, per pair	50	@	75
Geese, each	50	@	60
Turkeys, per lb	8½	@	9
MEATS.			
Dressed hogs, per cwt	7 50	@	8 00
Pork, hindquarters, per lb	10	@	10
Pork, forequarters, lb	8½	@	9
Beef, carcase, choice	5 00	@	6 50
Beef, carcase, common	5 00	@	5 50
Beef, hindquarters	6 00	@	7 50
Beef, forequarters	4 50	@	5 50
Lamb, by carcase	8 00	@	8 50
Lamb, by quarter	9	@	10
Veal, per cwt	6 50	@	8 00
Mutton, per cwt	5 00	@	6 50
HAY AND STRAW.			
Hay, per ton	8 50	@	10 00
Straw, per ton	5 50	@	6 00
Straw, per load	3 00	@	8 50
Baled hay, wholesale	8 50	@	9 50
LIVE STOCK.			
Hogs, per cwt	5 60	@	5 90
Pigs, per pair	5 00	@	6 50
Sows, per cwt	4 00	@	4 00
Fat cattle	4 50	@	5 25
Cows, each	25 60	@	37 00

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Is the best Bread Flour in the market with no exceptions.

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AMERICAN MARKETS

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—There was a heavy trade in wheat today, and prices were higher; December closed ¼c to ¼c higher, December corn ⅝c higher and oats a shade lower; January provisions closed 2½c higher to 10c lower. Primary receipts of wheat were 1,207,000 bu, compared with 1,137,000 bu a year ago. Minneapolis and Duluth reported receipts of 732 cars, which, with local receipts of 102 cars, 16 of contract grade, made total receipts for the three points of 834 cars, against 1,083 last week and 882 a year ago. Estimated receipts for tomorrow: Wheat, 86 cars; corn, 175 cars; oats, 190 cars; hogs, 18,000 head.

The leading futures closed: Wheat—Dec., 74⅝c to 72½c; May, 75c to 75¼c. Corn—Nov., 54c; Dec., 52¾c; Jan., 44c to 44¼c; May, 41¾c to 42¾c; July, 41¼c. Oats—Nov., 29¼c; Dec., 29¾c; old, 27¾c; May, 31c. Pork—Jan., $15 12½; May, $14 40. Lard—Jan., $10 25; Dec., $9 50; Jan., $8 97½; May, $8 50. Ribs—Jan., $7 87½; May, $7 65. Rye—Dec., 50c; May, 52c. Barley—Cash, 35c.

Cash quotations: Flour steady. No. 2 spring wheat, 72c to 73c; No. 3, 66¾c to 70c; No. 2 red, 71¾c to 72¼c. No. 2 yellow corn, 55c. No. 2 oats, 28¼c; No. 3 white, 29¾c to 32c. No. 2 rye, 46½c. Good feeding barley, 25c to 37c; fair to choice malting, 43c to 53c. No. 1 flaxseed, $1 16; No. 1 northwestern, $1 21. Prime timothy seed, $3 65. Mess pork, $16 87½ to $17; lard, $10 55 to $10 60; short ribs sides, $10 to $10 20; dry salted shoulders, $9 50 to $9 67½; short clear sides, $10 to $10 25. Clover, $10 75. Eggs firm; loss off, cases returned, 22c. Receipts—Flour, 17,200 bbls; wheat, 103,500 bu; corn, 153,600 bu; oats, 250,900 bu; rye, 25,300 bu; barley, 69,300 bu.

Shipments—Flour, 19,200 bbls; wheat, 123,000 bu; corn, 233,200 bu; oats, 111,200 bu; rye, 1,000 bu; barley, 19,800 bu.

TOLEDO.

Toledo, O., Nov. 14.—Wheat—Dull but steady; cash, 76½c; Dec., 77¼c; May, 78¾c. Corn—Fairly active and strong; Dec., 43½c; May, 42¼c. Oats—Dull and unchanged; Dec., 31½c; May, 32¼c. Rye—No. 2, 51½c. Clover seed—Fairly active but lower; Nov., $6 75; Jan., $6 85 bid; March, $6 80 bid. Prime timothy, $1 75; Jan., $1 80. Prime alsike, $8 70.

DAIRY MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 14.—Butter firmer; receipts, 4,485 packages; creamery extras, per lb, 29c; do, firsts, 24c to 25½c; do, seconds, 21½c to 23½c; do, lower grades, 19c to 21c; do, held extras, 24½c to 25c; do, seconds and firsts, 22c to 24c; state dairy tubs, fancy, 24c to 25c; do, firsts, 22c to 24½c; do, seconds, 20½c to 21½c; do, lower grades, 18c to 20c; western imitation creamery, finest, 20c to 21c; do, fair to good, 18c to 19c; do, lower grades, 17c to 17½c; renovated, extras, 20½c to 21c; do, common to prime, 17½c to 20c; western factory, June make, fancy, 18½c to 19c; do, fair to prime, 17½c to 18c; do, current make, finest, 18c; do, seconds, 17c to 17½c; do, lower grades, 16c to 16½c; packing stock, 16c to 17c. Cheese firm; receipts, 5,156 boxes; state full cream, small colored, Sept., fancy, prime, 12½c to 13c; do, white, 12¾c to 13c; do, small, late-made, choice, 12½c; do, good to prime, 12¼c to 12¾c; do, common to fair, 10¾c to 12c; do, large colored, Sept., fancy, 13c; do, white, 13c; do, late made, choice, 12½c; do, good to prime, 12¼c to 12¾c; do, common to fair, 10¾c to 12c; state light skims, small choice, 11c to 11¼c; do, large choice, 10¼c to 10¾c; do, part skims, prime, 10c to 10¼c; do, fair to good, 8¾c to 9¾c; do, common, 6c to 7c. Eggs firm; receipts, 4,047 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, fancy selected, per dozen, 28c to 30c; do, average best, 26c to 27c; do, common to good, 21c to 24c; western, loss off, 27c; do, fancy graded, at mark, 26c; do, average best, 24c; do, poor to fair, 20c to 22c; Kentucky, 20c to 22c; Tennessee, 20c to 22c; dirties, 16c to 18½c; refrigerator, prime to fancy, 20½c to 21c; do, poor to good, 17½c to 20c.

PERTH.

Perth, Ont., Nov. 14.—Twelve hundred and five boxes of cheese were brought into the Perth cheesemarket today, 1,005 white and 200 colored; all sold; ruling price, 12¾c; Fowler got 300 white and 200 colored, Webster 255 white, Bissell 450 white. This closes the Perth cheese market for this season.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Butter firm; creameries, 17c to 26c; dairies, 15c to 22c. Cheese steady, 11c to 12c.

KEMPTVILLE.

Kemptville, Ont., Nov. 14.—The last meeting of the cheese board for this season was held here this evening, at which 482 cheese were registered, 85 white and 397 colored; 12½c was bid, but none sold.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 14.—Sugar—Raw firm; fair refining, 3 8-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3 11-16c; molasses sugar, 2 15-16c; refined quiet. Molasses—Firm.

LONDON.

London, Nov. 14.—Raw sugar—Muscovado, 8s 3d; centrifugal, 9s; beet sugar, Nov., 7s 6¾d.

OIL MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 14.—Oil opened and closed at $1 39.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., Nov. 14.—Credit balances, $1 39.

LONDON.

London, Nov. 14.—Petroleum, American refined, 5 3-16d; spirits, 6¼d.

BREMEN.

Bremen, Nov. 14.—Petroleum, 6 marks 35 pfennings.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO.

[Associated Press Report.]

Toronto, Nov. 14.—Receipts at the cattle market today were 92 loads. The run of fat cattle was light, with a heavy run of sheep and hogs. There were 825 head of cattle, 2,904 sheep and lambs, 2,015 hogs and 25 calves. Trade in the cattle pens was brisk, and prices on the whole a little firmer, especially for the choice heavy cattle for export. There was an active demand for choice exporters to fill space suddenly available. Yesterday's prices, in consequence, were well maintained, and for one or two extra good loads $5 15 to $5 25 was touched. Average good loads of exporters were selling from $4 65 to $5. The butcher trade was good, not enough heavy butchers' cattle being on hand to supply the demand. Choice heavy butchers' cattle were selling at $4 to $4 25; picked butchers, for export purposes, $4 50; mixed loads of butchers, $3 to $4 25. Good heavy feeders are still in fair demand. Steers, 1,000 to 1,150 lbs, $3 75 to $4 25; bulls, $2 75 to $3 50. Export ewes were steady, at $3 25 to $3 40; lambs were off 15c to 20c, selling at $3 50 to $3 75. Hogs are steady, at $6 for the best.

Sales: Crawford & Co. bought 10 loads of cattle; exporters, $4 60 to $5; in one or two instances a few cents higher; butchers, choice, $4 to $4 25; mixed loads of butchers, $3 to $4. Wm. Levack bought about 14 loads of cattle; exporters, $4 50 to $5; two or three lots of extra choice, $5 10 to $5 25; good loads of butchers' cattle, $3 75 to $4; picked lots, $4 25; export butchers, $4 50 to $4 60; common rough butchers, $2 50 to $3. Wesley Dunn bought 600 sheep at $3 40, 525 lambs at $3 60 and 15 calves at $8 each. McCurdy bought 8 good fat calves, butchers, 1,200 lbs, at $3 75; 12 mixed butchers, 850 to 900 lbs, at $3 25. C. Zeigman bought 27 feeders, 750 lbs, at $2 90; 28 steers, 900 lbs, at $3 40; 10 feeding bulls, 700 lbs, at $2. C. Maybee bought 10 fat cows, 1,200 lbs, at $3 75 to $4; 6 steers, 950 lbs, at $4. James Collins bought 17 mixed butchers, 1,025 lbs, at $3 75; 12 butchers, 1,000 lbs, at $3 62½; 6 heifers, 1,050 lbs, at $3 85; feeding steers at $3 30 to $3 75. Maybee & Murbee bought 50 feeders, 900 to 900 lbs, at $3 to $3 75. Lunness & Halligan bought 3 loads of feeders; steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs, at $4 30; bulls, $2 75 to $3 50.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; market steady; good to prime steers, $6 to $6 65; poor to medium, $3 to $5 75; stockers and feeders, $2 to $4 65; cows, $1 40 to $4 50; heifers, $2 to $4 75; canners, $1 40 to $2 40; bulls, $2 to $4 50; calves, $3 50 to $7 25; Texas-fed steers, $3 to $4; western steers, $3 50 to $5 75.

Hogs—Receipts, 21,000; left over, 3,377; market steady to strong; mixed and butchers, $5 95 to $6 35; good to choice heavy, $6 25 to $6 50; rough heavy, $5 90 to $6 20; light, $5 95 to $6 25; bulk of sales at $6 10 to $6 30.

Sheep—Receipts, 12,000; market steady; good to choice wethers, $3 40 to $4; fair to choice mixed, $2 50 to $3 40; native lambs, $3 50 to $5.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, Nov. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; butchers' grades in good demand and stronger; others steady. Veals—Receipts, 325; very steady; tops, $8 25 to $8 50; common to good, $5 50 to $8.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,300; active; Yorkers 5c lower; others steady to strong; heavy, $6 35 to $6 40; a few at $6 42½; mixed, $6 30 to $6 35; Yorkers and pigs, $6 25 to $6 30; roughs, $5 90 to $6 05; stags, $5 to $5 50.

Sheep—Receipts, 16,000; sheep 10c to 15c lower, lambs 25c lower; top lambs, $5 15 to $5 25; culls to good $4 to $5 10; yearlings, $3 75 to $4; ewes, $3 25 to $3 40; sheep, top mixed, $3 40 to $3 50; culls to good, $1 75 to $3 35.

NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 14.—Beeves—Receipts, 3,704; market rather slow, but steady; bulls firm; native steers, $5 75 to $6 30; westerns, $4 40; oxen, $3 to $4 85; bulls, $2 50 to $4 25; cows, $1 50 to $3 60; extra fat, $4 35. No shipments today. Calves—Receipts, 306; veals steady; grassers lower; westerns 25c lower; more than 300 head unsold; westerns, $3 40 to $3 50.

Sheep—Receipts, 308; sheep slow and 10c to 15c off; lambs 15c to 25c lower; 8 cars unsold; sheep, $2 25 to $3 62½; export grades, $3 75 to $4; lambs, $4 50 to $5 75; extra, $5 80 to $5 87½; Canada lambs, $5 25 to $6 65; culls, $4 to $4 25.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,602; market weak; state hogs, $6 40 to $6 50; pigs, $6 55; no westerns.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

London, Nov. 14.—Today Canadian cattle continue weak, at from 11c to 12½c per lb, dressed weight; sheep are 11c to 13c per lb; lambs, 14c, dressed weight; refrigerator beef is firm, at 10½c to 11½c per lb.

HAY MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 14.—Baled Hay—The market is unchanged, with offerings moderate; car lots bring $9 50 a ton on track.

Baled Straw—The market is quiet, with car lots on track quoted at $5 50 to $5 75 per ton for first-class oat straw.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL

The following table shows the quotations per cental yesterday for American products at Liverpool, as well as for the three previous market days. In each case highest prices are given:

	Nov. 11.	Nov. 12.	Nov. 13.	Nov. 14.
WHEAT—				
Red Winter	5 10½	5 10½	5 10½	5 10½
No. 1 Nor. Spring	6 7	6 1	0 0	0 0
Walla	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
No 1 Cal	6 6	6 6	6 6	6 6
September	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
Dec	5 9⅞	5 10	5 10	5 10⅜
March	5 10⅞	5 11	5 11	5 11½
CORN—				
Mixed	5 6½	5 6½	5 6½	5 6
Old	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
February	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
May	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
July	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
September	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
October	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0
January	4 3⅜	4 3⅝	4 3⅝	4 4⅜
March	4 1	4 1¼	4 1⅜	4 1¾
Flour	21 6	21 6	21 6	21 6
Peas	6 7	6 7	6 7	6 7
Pork, prime mess	95 0	95 0	95 0	95 0
Lard	60 0	60 0	60 0	59 0
Tallow	29 6	29 6	29 6	29 6
Bacon, light	62 0	62 0	61 6	60 6
Cheese, white	57 0	58 0	58 0	58 0
Cheese, colored	57 0	58 0	58 0	58 0

LIVERPOOL

Liverpool, Nov. 15—Closing.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red western winter, 5s 10d; No. 1 northern spring, 6s 7d; No. 1 California, 6s 5d. Futures steady; Dec., 5s 10¼d; March, 5s 11½d.

Corn—Spot quiet; American mixed, 5s 6d. Futures steadier; Jan., 4s 4¼d; March, 4s 3½d.

Peas—Canadian steady, 6s 7d.

Flour—St. Louis fancy winter quiet, 8s 3d.

Hops (at London)—Pacific coast firm, £6 1s to £7 5s.

Beef—Strong; extra India mess, 115s.

Pork—Strong; prime mess western, 95s.

Hams—Short cut, 14 to 16 lbs, quiet, 55s 6d.

Bacon—Cumberland cut, 26 to 30 lbs, dull, 56s; short ribs, 16 to 24 lbs, easy, 62s; long clear middles, light, 28 to 34 lbs, quiet, 61s; long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs, dull, 59s; short clear backs, 16 to 20 lbs, steady, 57s 6d; clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs, steady, 66s; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs, steady, 52s 6d.

Lard—Prime western, in tierces, strong, 60s 6d; American refined, in pails, firm, 60s.

Butter—Nominal.

Cheese—Strong; American finest white and colored, 58s 6d.

Tallow—Prime city firm; Australian (in London) firm, 34s 4d.

Turpentine spirits—Steady, 38s 9d.

Rosin—Common firm.

Petroleum—Refined quiet, 6d.

Linseed oil—Easy, 28s 9d.

Cottonseed oil—Hull refined, spot firm, 24s 1½d.

DETROIT BEAN MARKET.

Detroit, Nov. 15.—Beans are firmer; the cash deal has recovered the loss of Thursday, and futures are in demand. Quotations: Cash and Nov., $2 25; Dec., $2 27 asked; Jan., $2 30 bid; May, $2 40 bid.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 15.—Wheat—Firm; red and white, 69c for No. 2, middle freights; No. 2 spring, 67c east; Manitoba, 84c for No. 1 hard and 82c for No. 1 northern, grinding in transit. Flour—Dull; cars of 90 per cent patents are quoted at $2 67½ to $2 72½ in buyers' bags, east or middle freights; choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Millfeed—Steady; cars of shorts, $15 50 to $16, and bran at $12 50 to $13 in bulk, middle freights. Barley—Firm, at 45c for No. 3 extra and 41c to 42c for No. 2 east or middle freights. Buckwheat—Steady, at 52c, middle freights. Rye—Steady, at 48c for No. 2, middle freights. Corn—Steady, at 65c for cars of old American or Canadian yellow on the track at Toronto. Oats—No. 2 white are quoted at 32c, low freights to New York, and 33½c, middle freights. Peas—Firm, at 72½c for No. 2 east and 72c middle freights. Butter—Shipments of dairy are heavy; choice dairies are in good demand and prices are steady; creamery prints, 20c to 21c; solids, fresh-made, 19c to 20c; earlier makes, 17c to 18c; dairy tubs and pails, choice, 16c to 17c; medium, 15c; common, 12c to 12½c; pound rolls, 17c to 18c; large rolls, 16c to 17c. Eggs—Strictly fresh-gathered are scarce and firm, at 18c to 19c; limed, 17c to 18c.

FINANCIAL.

STOCK MARKETS.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 15.

	Ask.	Off.
Canadian Pacific	129	128⅞
Canadian Pacific, new	..	..
Duluth, common	20	..
Duluth, preferred	..	..
Winnipeg Electric	..	..
Montreal Street Railway	277	276¼
Toronto Street Railway	115	114½
Halifax Street Railway	104	100
St. John Street Railway	130	115
Twin City Transit Railway, xd.	114¼	114
Twin City Railway, new	..	..
Richelieu and Ontario	95	93¾
Commercial Cable	175	174
Montreal Telegraph	170	164
Bell Telephone	169¼	161
Dominion Iron and Steel, com	55¾	55½
Dominion Iron and Steel, pref	96	93
Montreal Heat, Light & Power	94	93½
Nova Scotia Steel, common	102	100
Detroit Railway	85	84
Laurentide Pulp	100	95
Montreal Cotton	..	..
Dominion Cotton	55	53
Canada Colored Cotton	..	..
Merchants Cotton	..	..
War Eagle	..	..
Payne	..	..
Montreal Street Bonds	..	..
Republic	..	..
Virtue	..	..
North Star	..	..
National Salt, common	..	..
Dominion Coal, common	126½	126½
Dominion Coal, pref	..	..
Int. Coal	..	..
I.C.P.A	..	..
B.C.P.A	..	..
It. Coal, pref	..	..
Ogilvie Milling Co., pref	118	..
Ogilvie Bonds	..	..
Bank of Montreal	275	..
Ontario Bank	..	..
Molsons Bank	..	..
Bank of Toronto	..	..
Merchants Bank	..	..
Lake Wood Mfg. Co.	170	..
Royal Bank	..	..
Bank of Nova Scotia	..	..
Eastern Townships	..	..
Quebec Bank	..	..
Union Bank	..	..
Bank of Commerce	..	..
Hochelaga	..	..
Northwest L	..	..
Northwest L pref	..	..
Imperial B	..	..
Colored Cotton	..	..
Dominion Co	..	..
Dominion Iron and Steel Bonds	88	87½
Laurentide	107¼	106
Cable Coupon	..	..
Halifax Railway	..	..
Cable Registered	..	..
N. S. Steel Bonds	..	..
Toledo Bonds	33	31½

SALES: C. P. R., 350 at 128¾, 85 at 128, 25 at 127¾, 200 at 127⅞, 150 at 128, 75 at 127⅞, 200 at 127¼, 90 at 129, 50 at 127¾, 6 at 129, 200 at 127⅞, 200 at 128, 200 at 128¼, 700 at 128¼, 200 at 128½, 125 at 128½, 25 at 128¾, 2 at 130, 75 at 128½, 10 at 128½; Coal, common, 25 at 126¼, 23 at 126½, 5 at 126¾, 5 at 126¼, 100 at 126; Steel, common, 10 at 54½, 125 at 53⅝, 5 at 54¼, 25 at 53½, 150 at 54, 25 at 54¼, 25 at 54¾, 25 at 55½, 25 at 55; Detroit Railway, 25 at 84, 250 at 84, 100 at 83¼, 50 at 83½, 50 at 84¼; Twin City, 50 at 113¼, 50 at 113¾, 150 at 113½, 25 at 113¾, 125 at 113¾, 100 at 114, 100 at 113½, 25 at 113⅞, 100 at 114; Power, 10 at 93, 2 at 93½, 50 at 93¾, 50 at 93, 25 at 93¼, 10 at 93, 50 at 93¼; R. and O., 142 at 94; Montreal Street Railway, 25 at 276; Steel, preferred, 10 at 94½, 25 at 95; Toronto Railway 25 at 114½, 25 at 114¼, 125 at 114, 50 at 114¾, 25 at 114, 10 at 115, 25 at 114¾; Ogilvie, preferred, 10 at 132; Steel bonds, 6,000 at 87¼; Scotia bonds, 4,000 at 103, 2,000 at 110; Commercial Cable, 100 at 175; Lake of the Woods, 75 at 170; Toledo Railway, 25 at 32; Scotia, 5 at 101, 50 at 100; Colored Cotton bonds, 500 at 99.

NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 15.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, Masonic Temple, for The Advertiser.

	Open.	High.	Low.	2p. m.
Amal. Copper	54¾	55½	53¾	55¼
American Sugar Co	115	115¼	114¾	115¾
American Locomotive	27¾	27½	27	27¼
Atcheson Com	81¾	83	81¼	83
Atcheson Pfd	97½	98¼	97½	98¼
B. & O	97½	99¾	96¾	99¾
Brooklyn Tran	56⅛	58	56¼	58
C. P. R	128	129½	127	129¼
Chesapeake & Ohio	44¾	44⅞	44	44⅛
Chic. Great Western	25½	26	24¾	25½
Col. Fuel & Iron	84¾	85	83¾	84¼
Erie	33¾	34	32¾	34
Erie Pfd	64	64¼	64	64¼
Illinois Central	141¾	143	140¾	143
K. & T. Com	25	25¼	24¾	25½
K. & T. Pfd	56	56¾	56	56¾
L. & N	123¾	124½	122¾	124¼
Manhattan	133½	134½	132¾	134¾
Metropolitan St. Ry	136	136¾	136	136¾
Mexican Central	22¾	23½	22¼	23½
Mo. P	104⅞	106¾	104¼	106
N. Y. Central	148½	149¾	148¾	149¾
Norfolk and W	69	69¾	68¾	69¾
Ont. and West	29	29½	29	29½
Pacific Mail S. S. Co	37¾	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	154⅝	156¾	154¾	156
People's Gas	99	99¾	99	99¼
Reading	54¾	55⅞	53¾	55⅛
Reading, Pref	84⅛	..	..	..
Republic I. and S	18⅞	18¾	18¼	18⅛
Southern Ry	32¾	32¾	31¾	32¾
Southern Ry., Pref	91⅞	..	..	..
Southern Pacific	68¼	63¾	61¼	63½
St. Paul	172	173½	170½	173¼
Texas	41¾	41⅞	41	41⅞
T. C. I	55⅝	56½	54½	56½
U. Pacific	99⅜	101	99	101
Union Pacific, Pfd	89⅛	..	..	..
U. S. Leather	12¾	12¼	12	12⅜
U. S. Leather, pref	88¾	..	..	..
U. S. Rubber	15½	16¾	15½	16¾
U. S. Steel, com	36¼	37⅜	36⅛	37
U. S. Steel pref	83¾	84½	83¾	84½
Wabash Com	29¾	30⅜	29	29⅜
Wabash Pfd	42½	43½	42¼	43
W. Union Tel	86¼	88½	88¼	88½
Wisconsin Central	24	21¼	24	24¼

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 15.

	Ask.	Off.
Montreal	..	270
Ontario	..	127½
Toronto	260	..
Merchants	..	160½
Commerce	..	157½
Imperial	238	234½
Dominion	240	239½
Standard	..	240
Hamilton	233	229
Nova Scotia	..	260
Ottawa	..	215½
Traders	..	122
British America	..	95
Western Assurance	..	95
Imperial Life	..	149
National Trust	..	138
Toronto General Trusts	103	105
Consumers Gas	..	210½
Ontario and Qu Appelle Land	..	80
Canada Northwest Land, Pref	..	90
Canada Northwest Land com	..	145
Can. Pacific Railway Stock	129½	129
Can. Pac. Railway Stock, new	..	..
Canada Life	..	..
Toronto Electric Light	..	152¾
General Electric	200	199½
General Electric, pref	..	..
London Electric Light, new	..	98
Commercial Cable	178	174
Dominion Telegraph	..	..
Bell Telephone	..	..
Richelieu and Ontario Nav. Co	..	93¾
Niagara Navigation	..	128
Northern Navigation	145	141
St. Clair L. and C. Navigation	..	..
Toronto Railway	..	114¾
Twin City Railway	113¾	113¾
Winnipeg St Railway	..	165
Sao Paulo Tramway	..	89
Luxfer Prism., pref	..	..
Carter Crume	..	101¼
Dunlop Tire, pref	..	105
W. A. Rogers, pref	105	102½
Packers A	100	98
Packers B	100	96
Dominion Steel, com	65	64½
Dominion Steel, pref	..	..
Dominion Steel Bonds	..	87
Dominion Coal, com	..	125½
Nova Scotia Steel, com	..	100⅜
Lake Superior, Com	..	20¾
War Eagle	..	..
Payne Mining	..	..
Cariboo (McKinney)	..	..
Virtue	..	..
North Star	..	..
Crows Nest Coal	..	..
Canada Salt	..	..
British Canadian L. and I	..	65
Canada Landed and Nat. Inv	..	15
Canada Permanent	..	167
Canada Savings and Loan	..	120
Central Cadada Loan	..	125
Dominion Savings and Invest	..	99
Hamilton Provident	..	120
Huron and Erie L. and S	..	132
Imperial L. and Invest	..	..
Landed Banking and Loan	..	120
Lan. and Can. L. and A	..	100
Manitoba Loan	..	72
Toronto Mortage	..	135
London Loan	..	112
Ontario Loan and Deb	..	123
Toronto Savings and Loan	..	127
Real Estate Loan and Deb	..	..
Cable Coup. Bonds	..	..
Cable Reg. Bonds	..	..
Nova Scotia Steel Bonds	109	..

SALES: Ontario, 5 at 130; Imperial, 3 at 234½; Dominion, 30 at 240; Gas, 8 at 211; Cable, 24 at 175, 25 at 175; Toronto Railway, 25 at 114¼, 5 at 115, 50 at 114¾; Twin City, 25 at 113½, 150 at 113¾, 25 at 113⅞, 50 at 113⅞, 25 at 113¼, 75 at 113⅞, 50 at 113¼; Carter Crume, 3 at 102; Canadian General Electric, 15 at 200, 15 at 199½; C. P. R., 50 at 128¼, 60 at 128, 100 at 127⅞, 125 at 127⅜, 275 at 127½, 150 at 127⅛, 175 at 127⅜, 50 at 127½, 12 at 127¼, 200 at 127⅜, 25 at 128, 225 at 128¼, 50 at 128⅜, 575 at 128⅝, 225 at 128½, 200 at 128⅜, 125 at 128⅝, 10 at 128½, 25 at 128¾, 75 at 129, 25 at 129½; Superior, 100 at 205⅜; Canada Permanent, 318 at 121, 95 at 121; Cariboo, 3,000 at 20; Dominion Steel, 25 at 53⅜, 25 at 53¼, 50 at 54, 25 at 54⅜; Coal, 125 at 125½, 10 at 125⅝, 185 at 124, 10 at 126½; Nova Scotia Steel, 25 at 100

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

TODAY'S MARKETS

AMERICAN MARKETS

BUFFALO.

Buffalo, Nov. 15.—Spring wheat—No. 1 northern, 77c; No. 1 hard, 79c, carloads. Winter wheat—No. 2 red, 77c; No. 1 white, 78c bid. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 61½c; No. 3 yellow, 61c, on track. Oats—No. 2 white, 35c; No. 3 white, 34c, on track.

DETROIT.

Detroit, Nov. 15.—Wheat—No. 2 red, cash, 77¼c; Dec., 78c; May, 78¾c.

NEW YORK.

New York, Nov. 15.—Flour—Receipts, 35,900 bbls; sales, 7,250 pkgs; flour was held above buyers' views again, and therefore ruled quiet. Buckwheat flour—Quiet, $2 25 to $2 30, spot and to arrive. Rye flour—Steady; choice to fancy, $3 50 to $3 55. Wheat—Receipts, 100,425 bu; sales, 1,150,000 bu; wheat was firm and higher during the forenoon, on light receipts and light manipulation at the west; Dec., 75⅞c to 79⅛c; May, 78 15-16c to 79 5-16c. Rye—Steady; state, 54c to 54½c, c.i.f., New York; No. 2, 54c to 54½c, on track. Corn—Receipts, 18,900 bu; sales, 120,000 bu; corn advanced today on the light movement, covering by December short and whith wheat; Dec., 58⅝c; May, 46⅞c to 47c; July, 46¾c. Oats—Receipts, 144,000 bu; oats were quiet but steadier. Sugar—Raw firm; fair refining, 3 1-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3 11-16c; molasses sugar, 2 15-16c; refined dull. Coffee—Quiet; No. 7 Rio, 5 1-16c. Lead—Quiet. Wool—Steady. Hops—Firm; state common to choice, 1902 crop, 29c to 38c; olds, 7c to 12½c; Pacific coast, 1902 crop, 26c to 32c; 1901 crop, 23c to 27c; olds, 7c to 12½c.

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CHEMISTS,

184 DUNDAS STREET.

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WEATHER BULLETIN

Saturday, Nov. 15.

Sun rises..7:11 a.m. Moon rises...5:11 p.m.
Sun sets...4:54 p.m. Moon sets...6:54 a.m.

Sunday—Fair and Cool.

Toronto, Nov. 14—8 p.m.

Another disturbance has developed in the Missouri Valley and moved with rapidity into the upper lake region, where it is now centered, accompanied by moderate gales, snow and rain. A little milder weather prevails in Eastern Canada, but in the Northwest it keeps cold, with local snowfalls.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Dawson, 4 below—4; Victoria, 42—50; Calgary, 10—24; Prince Albert, 4—20; Qu'Appelle, 12—24; Winnipeg, 16—26; Port Arthur, 28—34; Parry Sound, 40—48; Toronto, 50—54; Ottawa, 36—38; Montreal, 34—42; Quebec, 24—34; Halifax, 30—50.

Saturday, Nov. 15—8 a.m. Temperatures.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Weather.
Calgary	4	0	Fair
Winnipeg	20	16	Snow
Parry Sound	46	46	Cloudy
Toronto	52	50	Cloudy
Ottawa	36	34	Cloudy
Montreal	40	38	Cloudy
Quebec	34	32	Rain
Father Point	34	30	Cloudy

FORECASTS.

Today—Fresh to strong westerly to northerly winds; cloudy and becoming cooler; a few light scattered showers.

Sunday—Mostly fair and cool.

WEATHER NOTES.

The depression which was approaching the lake region yesterday morning has now reached the St. Lawrence Valley. It has caused strong breezes and moderate local gales on the lakes and showers generally in Ontario and Quebec. In the Northwest the cold weather continues. Another disturbance promises to develop in the Southwest States.

Local temperatures: Friday—Highest, 8°; lowest, 67°.

TALES OF LONDON TOWN

—One drunk, arrested by P. C. Taylor yesterday, was discharged at police court this morning.

—Messrs. Dayton & McCormick gave another very enjoyable dance at the Palace Academy last evening.

—Dr. Sowerby will speak tomorrow evening on the referendum, at the Talbot Street Baptist Church.

—A successful auction sale was held yesterday at Mr. John W. Guest's, near Ballymote, London Township. There was a good attendance and bidding was lively. His herd of 15 cows averaged $34 each, 20 calves averaged $13 each, and other stock accordingly. A. M. Hunt, auctioneer, of this city, conducted the sale.

—The Stratford Herald in an account of an "At Home" recently given at the Central Business College of that city, says that Miss Mowat, of this city, sang a number of times and that her singing was undoubtedly the feature of the programme.

—A meeting of the greatest interest to all citizens at the present time is announced for tomorrow evening at the First Congregational Church to begin immediately at the close of the regular church services. The chief speaker will be Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., of Toronto, who has been recently appointed general secretary of temperance and moral reform by the Methodist Church of Canada. In future Dr. Chown will devote all his time to this work. He is one of the most pleasing and effective platform speakers in the Dominion, and all who attend to hear him are assured of a great treat.

—Mr. James Burrows, manager of the Western Real Estate Exchange, Limited, reports the sale of the following property this week: Mr. William Copp's house and lot, No. 81 Byron avenue, London, was sold by Mr. Burrows to Mr. William J. Brown for $2,600. Mr. John W. Colville has sold the west 60 acres of the north part of lots 44 and 45, con. 1, Township of Westminster. Mr. Angus Gillies has sold his 100-acre farm, being the east half of lot 11, con. 10, Township of Dawn for $3,400. Mr. F. E. Lewis's 100-acre farm, being the east half of lot 9, con. 7, Township of Enniskillen, was sold by Mr. James Burns, general agent for the Western Real Estate Exchange, at Petrolea, to Mr. Darius Bone for $4,700.

ARRESTED AGAIN.

Thomas Murray, an old man, discharged at police court today for being drunk, was arrested again on a charge of begging and frightening people.

LIEUT. MACBETH RETUNRS.

Lieut. George A. Macbeth reached the city last night after an absence of about six months. Lieut. Macbeth has been spending the interval since his return from South Africa in visiting friends in England and Scotland.

SHOT A FINE MOOSE.

Mr. M. J. Kent and Mr. Victor Kent, of Central avenue, have returned from a three weeks' hunting trip in Muskoka. In addition to the usual quota of deer and partridge, they brought back a very fine moose, which Mr. Victor shot.

DUTCH SETS.

In agriculture, as in other fields of industry, the specialist is most successful. Mr. P. Triggerson, of Hensall, one of The Advertiser subscribers, makes a specialty of growing Dutch sets. This year he harvested over seven tons from little over a half acre, and his revenue from the crop was $574 27. The onions are planted in rows eight inches apart, and when matured are taken from the ground and put through a seven-eighth mesh. What goes through the screen are used for planting and the balance are the finest pickling onions. Messrs. Darch & Hunter, of this city, bought the bulk of Mr. Triggerson's crop of seed onions this year.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Mrs. Charles J. H. Smith died at the hospital in Sarnia from typhoid fever, aged 40 years. A husband and four children survive her.

On Thursday G. T. R. employes from London and Sarnia presented William Mara at the station with a Bible, as a token of esteem.

Dr. A. M. Clark, of Woodstock, has recesived word that he has been again elected by acclamation on the board of directors of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hearn, Sarnia, when their only daughter, Ada A., was united in marriage to Ernest A. Reeves. Rev. Mr. Haze, of the Devine Street Methodist Church, officiated.

John Terry, until recently an employe of the King Milling Company, died at the Sarnia hospital on Friday, after a few weeks' illness from typhoid fever. Deceased was 24 years old. Mr. Terry's parents live at Owen Sound, where the interment takes place.

The will of the late William Hofferd, of Windsor, leaves the bulk of his estate to children of a deceased sister, who died in England, and it may take years to locate all of them, Hofferd having been unable to give any information as to the whereabouts of his proposed heirs. The whole estate is valued at $50,000.

Alex. Blackhall, crossing watchman on the L. E. and D. R. R., St. Thomas, was attacked by a highwayman about 10:15 on Tuesday, the purpose being robbery, but fortunately Mr. Blackhall had left his money at the station. Mr. Blackhall quit work at 10 p.m., and walked down the track to his home. Just as he reached the overhead bridge a man grabbed him by the throat, knocked him down and demanded his money. Mr. Blackhall's cries brought his daughter to his assistance, and the highwayman made off.

The board of control has decided to submit a bylaw to the ratepayers, granting $50,000 to a consumptive sanitarium.

The agricultural book of the Northwest Territories shows that in four years the production of wheat has increased from 5,542,478 bushels to 12,808,447 bushels, and of oats from 3,040,307 bushels to 9,715,132 bushels.

By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

There will be a delay of seven or eight months in the opening of the Simplon tunnel, which was originally fixed for May 17, 1904.

BOY RUN OVER BY RIG

Young Connors May Have His Leg Amputated.

A small boy named Connors, whose home is on Colborne street north, was run over by a delivery wagon yesterday afternoon on Richmond street near Oxford, and as a result of the accident may have his leg amputated. The rig passed over the limb, breaking and crushing it badly. The boy was taken to his home on Colborne street, where he has since rested easily, though suffering great pain.

TO PREVENT COLLISIONS

Apparatus That Gives Signals of Approaching Trains.

Berlin, Nov. 15.—Yesterday a device for preventing collisions between railway trains was successfully tried on the railroad near Frankfort.

It consists of a small apparatus fitted to a locomotive which will give visible and audible signals if another locomotive is approaching on the same track, or if a switch is misplaced. It renders it possible to have an understanding by telephone between locomotives.

In yesterday's test two locomotives approached each other. When they reached a certain distance from each other the apparatus gave the signals and the engineers were able to communicate.

IN A BAD HOLE

Proposal to Wind Up Affairs of the Buffalo Racing Club.

Buffalo, Nov. 15.—Justice Kruse has issued an order to show cause why the Buffalo Racing Association should not go into voluntary dissolution. Edward L. Koons was appointed temporary receiver his bond being fixed at $150,000. The directors state that the assets of the concern are not sufficient to pay its debts and it has no means of raising money except by holding races. The value of the race track is placed at $100,000 and the other assets are placed at $6,801 43. There is about $40,000 due horse owners.

A schedule of debts shows that but few of the association's indebtedness was paid. Among these debts are mentioned $27,276 25 in mortgages, given on the purchase price of the track and adjoining lands; $24,440 59 in liens filed by contractors and firms which supplied materials; $19,965 30, for clubhouse supplies, music, hacks, liquors and service; $11,450 due for legal services and press work, and $32,088 93 due to horse owners and jockeys for fees and purses.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

John W. Hayes and Henry A. Hickes Lead the Factions.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The old war within the ranks of the Knights of Labor broke out afresh today. John W. Hayes, of Washington, heads what appears to be the main body of the order, and Henry Hickes, of Brooklyn, is in control of the other. Both sides have announced the election of officers. It was stated by the Hayes faction that Hickes had been deposed, and that the following officers were elected:

General master workman, John W. Hayes, Washington; general worthy foreman, Isaac H. Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.; general secretary and treasurer, T. O. Chamberlain, Pueblo, Col.; general executive board, Henry A. Beckmeyer, New Jersey; J. R. Mansion, of West Troy, N. Y., and M. T. Judge, of Alabama.

Mr. Hicks gave out the following list of officers elected:

General master workman, Simon Burns, Pittsburg; general secretary and treasurer, Thomas Canning, Boston; general worthy foreman, Henry A. Hicks, of Brooklyn; members of the executive board, John Fernan, Pittsburg; John Carmody, Newark, N. J., and Frank Yourison, Pittsburg.

Mr. Hicks left the city to day. The assembly, under Mr. Hayes, will continue in conference for several days.

Van Horne's New Hotel.

Havana, Nov. 15.—It is understood that Sir William Van Horne, president of the Central Railway of Cuba, has offered $350,000 for the construction of a hotel here.

Poison Preferred to Prison.

Jackson, Mich. Nov. 15.—Flora Fitzgerald, a woman of the town, swallowed an ounce of laudanum last night. Her life was saved by a physician and stomach pump. The woman expected a sentence to Detroit, and took the poison in preference.

Steamer Lucania Aground.

New York, Nov. 15.—The Cunard line steamer Lucania, from Liverpool, was reported off Sandy Hook lightship at 9:42 o'clock this morning but the marine observer at Sandy Hook reports that she is aground in Gendney Channel.

Rev. Dr. James Milan Dead.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nov. 15.—The Rev. Dr. James Milan, a prominent priest in the New York diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, rector of St. Peter's Church in this city, died today of heart disease, after an illness of a week. He was born in County Galway, Ireland, in 1832. He came to this country at the age of 17 and began his education at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., from which he was graduated. He then studied in Rome, where he was ordained in 1863.

At Honolulu the newsapers on June 27 published copious accounts of the coronation ceremony at Westminster Abbey and of the rejoicing in London and throughout the world. There is no cable to Honolulu.

A new material for table pads has recently been placed upon the market. It is made of asbestos cloth, woven so soft that it cannot injure the most highly polished table; it is absolutely heat proof.

A reduction by 41,000 of the total number of cattle in Great Britain is not, on the total herd of nearly 7,000,000, of much statistical importance, but it gives the first check to the progress year by year since 1894.

An ostrich can see all around him without moving his head. A person standing behind an ostrich can see the pupils of the fowl's eyes, and, of course, he is seen by the fowl.

Common yellow soap, moistened slightly and spread quickly over a fresh mosquito bite, will, it is said, quickly relieve the stinging pain. The same application is good for bites of other insects.

MILLIONS OF FIERY VISITORS WERE EXPECTED

Astronomers Looked for the Leonides, But They Didn't Make Good.

A celestial event of great interest was looked for last night, in the advent of a great swarm of meteors. They are known as the Leonides, or November meteors. Every 13th and 14th of November, as the earth crosses their orbit, they come plunging into our atmosphere, burning as they fly, but every 33 years we are treated to an unusual display.

"We have record of these strange visitors as far back as 902 A. D.," said an astronomer here today. "The ancients were so startled by the hail of meteors that the year became known as 'the year of the stars.' Humboldt was the first to notice the 33-year period. He saw the great display of 1799.

"In 1833 a tempest of meteors deluged the American continent from Mexico to Nova Scotia. The stars were seen to fall in countless myriads and almost as thickly as snow, but it was noticed by many who saw them that their paths always converged back to a point of the sky in the constellation Leo. This shows that the meteors are cosmical bodies, as their radiant point is in no way affected by the earth's rotation.

"The next great shower occurred at the predicted time in 1336-7, but to the surprise of all, the meteors failed to materialize in 1899. Astronomers thought that in 1900 the meteors would show themselves, but again they were disappointed. In 1901 they were again looked for, and reports came that quite a few had been seen, but if the wanderers do not appear this year they will not longer be expected.

"What has happened out there in space to delay the meteors? Have they been thrown out of their course by the attraction of one of the giant planets?

"The orbit of the great swarm extends as far as that of Uranus. This is shown by a simple mathematical problem. If we know the period of any body, or the time in which it circles once about the sun, the mean distance can at once be found. We need only to square the period, which in the case of the November meteors is 33 years, and take the cube root of the product, which is roughly 10. Then multiply the earth's distance from the sun by this number. This shows that their mean distance from the sun is ten times that of the earth, but since their orbit encounters that of the earth, they come so near to the sun as to have their distance represented by one, or reduced from the mean by nine. At the opposite part of their orbit their distance must be greater by 9, or 19 times that of the earth. The mean distance of Uranus is 1,780,000,000 of miles, which corresponds very closely to the maximum distance of the meteors."

A number of local astronomers looked for the meteors last night, but it was a bad night, and it is doubtful if any of them were seen.

LILY LANGTRY DECLINED A TITLE

Refused to Buy a German Baron for a Husband.

A MARRIAGE BROKER'S STORY

The Methods of Pokorny, London Agent, Were Frank and Open—An Agreement.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 15.—A fourth member of European nobility who is shown by evidence in the possession of the San Francisco Chronicle to have been a client of Capt. Ladislaus de Pokorny, the London marriage broker, and who signed an agreement to pay $10,000 for the broker's services in laying his title before an heiress is Baron Eberhard von Danckelmann, of Muritz, in Mecklenburg.

He was willing to confer the title of baroness on any woman who could bring him the tidy fortune of $200,000 as a compensation—rather than a dowery. One of the women who did not seize on the great honor offered her was Mrs. Langtry.

Baron Danckelmann, who is about 40 years old, went to London in December, 1899, to be handled by Capt. Pokorny. He is handsome and quickly made friends for himself in society, and Capt. Pokorny hoped, with the assistance of his solicitor, Fitzgerald Lucius O'Brien, to find a wealthy girl whose acceptance might be obtained. The full agreement was this:

I, Eberhard, Baron von Danckelmann, of Muritz, in Mecklenburg, now at Claridge's Hotel, St. James, in the county of London, do hereby send greetings: Whereas, I have engaged the services of Ladislaus de Pokorny, of Thames View, East Molesey, to act as my agent in certain business matters, which I desire to be carried out on my behalf in London, and which necessitate the employment of a considerable portion of his time, labor and attention, and

Whereas, the said Ladislaus de Pokorny has already performed a portion of the services as my said agent as aforesaid, and for which aid, work, labor and services, and the loss of time, trouble and expenses the said Ladislaus de Pokorny has already incurred and hereafter to be given and incurred in my interest and in my service as aforesaid, I have agreed with him to compensate him in the manner following:

Now, I do hereby undertake, agree and promise to pay to the said Ladislaus de Pokorny for the consideration aforesaid, the sum of £2,000, the same to be recoverable against me should the same become necessary, according to the laws of England or empire of Germany, and according to the laws of that country, but not until completion of the business indicated.

But upon payment by me to the said Ladislaus de Pokorny of the said sum of £2,000 this security is to be handed over to me and canceled, and I hereby undertake to pay the said sum of £2,000 in full without objecting in any way to the manner in which the said Ladislaus de Pokorny shall have performed the services, he having agreed to expend all necessary moneys which have been or may be required in the performance of his duties as my agent in doing and performing by carrying out the services aforesaid; and I request and authorize Fitzgerald Lucius O'Brien to retain this security subject to my order, and the said F. L. O'Brien will hereby act as my solicitor to witness and attach my signature hereto.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal, this 19th day of January, 1900.

EBERHARD, BARON VON DANCKELMANN.

Baron Danckelmann set himself up in luxury at Claridge's Hotel, in St. James. He was introduced into society in a limited way, and Pokorny and O'Brien busied themselves spreading his fame and trying to find a girl with an ample fortune and longing for a title.

O'Brien, who is in Auckland, says that one of the several ladies who were approached was Mrs. Langtry. A favorable answer was hoped for from her.

It is stated that she meditated on what was said to her, and then replied that she appreciated the compliment, but that she would not become the Baroness Danckelmann.

Several English ladies who had, or were to inherit, comfortable fortunes, were tried, and Pokorny believed that he was on the right track, when Danckelmann was forced by his aged father to return home. The matter of hunting an heiress for him was abandoned.

MODEL SCHOOL LECTURES

Programme Prepared for Winter Season.

Interesting Lecture and Concert at Normal School.

As is the practice at the city Model School, in addition to regular work of instruction in the theory and art of teaching, each year lectures on related topics are given by leading citizens and visits paid as opportunity offers to industrial establishments. The following lectures are on the course this year: "School Law," Mr. A. Stuart; "First Aid to the Injured," Dr. English; "Narcotics and Stimulants," Dr. Stevenson; "Shorthand," Mr. Coo; "Wireless Telegraphy," Principal Merchant; "The Eye," Dr. Woodward; "Geological Periods," Dr. Woolverton; "The Moral Education of the Child," Dr. Johnston; "Northwestern Ontario," Rev. C. T. Scott.

Last night Principal Merchant gave his lecture at the Normal School. The students were delighted with the manner in which the subject was presented. A pleasant feature of the evening was a short programme consisting of the following numbers, all of which were rendered in an exceedingly agreeable manner: Piano duet, Misses Kirk and Beattie; reading, "The Irish Philosopher," Miss McKie; a violin solo, Master A. Yates, accompanied by Miss Kathleen Magee. Principal Kirk, of the Model School, accupied the chair.

WEST YORK AND ADDINGTON

Dates Arranged for the Trial of Two Election Petitions.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 15.—The trial of the election petition against the return of Mr. Avery to the Dominion House for Addington has been set for Napanee, Nov. 29, at 12:30 p.m.

The trial of the West York petition against Archie Campbell is set for Toronto on the 28th.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Nov. 14.—Trojan Prince, at New York, from Genoa.

Ivonian, at Boston, from Glasgow.

Champagne, at Havre, from New

Germanic, at Liverpool, from New

Lahn, at Genoa, from New York.

Campania, at Queenstown, from New York.

Anchoria, at Moville, from New York.

LONDON GETS WORST OF IT

Football Team Should Have Been Declared Winner.

The Other Teams Get the Best of It, the Globe Says.

The intermediate O. R. F. U. Clubs are so confident that they are right in their suggestions for the settlement of the schedule trouble that each threatens to default unless it has its own way, says the Toronto Globe. The Torontos are getting two chances, one with a pro. on the team and another with him off, but they don't seem to be satisfied even with that much the best of it. In fact, everybody has the best of it except London, which should have been declared the winner.

FORM II. WON.

The Form II. team defeated Form I. by the score of 3 goals to 1, on Friday afternoon on the L. C. I. grounds. The game was well contested and was free from any rough play. For II. Woods and McEwan played star games, while for I., Gander played a good game. The following is the line up:

McGuffin	goal	McKay
Hayne	back	Porchester
McEwan	half-back	Hennigar
Wilson	half-back	Brener
Woods	forward	Blackwell
Nickel	forward	Harding
Capt.		Capt.
Forsythe	forward	Gander
Darch	forward	Sage

Referee, R. Falls.

The Commercial team has dropped out of the league, thus defaulting 9 games to the other league teams. As the city league is drawing to a close, the 16 games yet to be played will all be played off. Below will be found the standing of the league to date:

Team.	Won.	Lost.	To play.	P. C.
III. D	7	0	5	1.000
III. B	6	1	5	.857
IV.	3	1	8	.750
IH. E	4	2	6	.667
II.	4	4	4	.500
I.	1	7	4	.125
Com.	1	11	0	.083

Cause of Splitting Headaches.

Poisons accumulate in the blood and spread every moment to all parts of the body. The brain becomes congested, nerves irritated, and the result is that awful headache.

Ferrozone is nature's own remedy for headaches; it is a blood strengthener and purifier of uncommon merit, a lasting potent tonic, and the greatest invigorant and health-maker known. Headaches never bother people that take Ferrozone after each meal. Buy a box from your druggist for 50c. By mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Liver Complaint.

December Number of THE SMART SET Out Today

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

You can find out how warm you are, If you buy one of our

Genuine Taylor Bros. Thermometers

We Have Them From 15c to $2 each.
Weather Strips, 2c, 3c, 5c per foot,
Oilcloth Binding, Brass and Zinc,
Stove Pipe Varnish, 10c per can,
Meat Choppers, family size, $1.25.

Cowan's Hardware, 127 Dundas St.

How Can I Keep Tom at Home Evenings?

Just make home a pleasant, cheerful comfortable place for him. If Tom comes home tired, he wants to rest.

GIVE HIM A REST-

ful couch or easy chair—one of our $7.50 Couches or a $6.50 Easy Chair—and he'll settle down for the evening. See if he doesn't.

The Half Has Never Been Told About Our Cosy Couches

Are good things to have in the home. But all couches are not what they seem. The beauty of them is in the outside appearance, but the business part of them like the works of a watch are inside, and not always thoroughly understood by those who buy them. We see to all this. We have the men, the knowledge, the skill and the coverings. The only care you'll have will be in choosing to please your taste. The rest will be right, or we will make it so. Twenty-five patterns from $7.50 to $45.00, in sterling leather. All we ask from you is to come and see.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

174 TO 180 KING STREET.

ON WALL STREET

Covering Movement by 'Bears' Sends Up Prices—Reaction Followed.

New York, Nov. 15.—There was an extensive covering movement amongst the bears previous to the appearance of the bank statement. St. Paul was lifted 2½ over last night and the active list generally from 1 to 2. General Electric's gain reached 5½. Northwestern gained 4¼ and Minneapolis, St. Paul and S. S. Marie, preferred, 4½. Realizing sales followed the appearance of the statement. Attempts were made to support the market, but it gave way again. St. Paul reacted 1¾ and other stocks a large fraction. The market rallied strong, and closed firm at about the top.

Weekly bank statement: Loans, decreased $5,056,400; deposits decreased $7,662,800; circulation, increased $804,300; legal tenders decreased $265,600; specie decreased $1,174,100; surplus, increased $476,000; ex-United States deposits increased $319,000.

Prime mercantile paper 5½ to 6 per cent; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in banker's bills at 4.87 for demand and at 4.83.625 to 4.83.875 for 60 days. Posted rates 4.85 and 4.88. Commercial bills 4.83 to 4.83½.

New York, Nov. 15.—Money on call teady; call loans at 4 per cent; closed offered at 4.

$25,000 for a Seat.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—Today a seat at the Montreal Stock Exchange was sold for $26,000.

Against Sunday Cars.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 15.—The Portage la Prairie Presbyterian Synod has passed a strong resolution against Sunday cars in Winnipeg.

Lady Shot by Hunters.

Gladwin, Mich., Nov. 15. — Miss Minnie E. Fouch sustained serious and possibly fatal injuries from being shot in the face while hunting yesterday. The person who fired the shot is not known. She was brought to the city and will be taken to the hospital at Bay City for an operation. Miss Fouch is well known, having been a leading merchant here.

Talk With C. P. R. Trainmen.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—The conference between the C. P. R. conductors, trainmen and brakemen, Mr. Thomas Tait, manager of transportation, and the divisional superintendents is still progressing amicably. Mr. Tait thinks a decision will be arrived at in a day or two.

Don't.

Don't think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable.

You have not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and general debility—many cases that may have been worse than yours.

What this great medicine has done for others it can do for you. f

A Contested Election Case.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—Mr. Joseph Brunet, M. P., whose election is contested by Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, presented a petition to Judge Lavergne today asking that the contestation be dismissed, as Judge Robidoux had previously refused to fix the case on the roll. The hearing was postponed until Tuesday.

Arrival of the Parisian.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 15.—The mail steamer Parisian, from Liverpool, arrived at noon today after a rough voyage. Lady Parsons was a passenger.

Big Crop of Potatoes.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The potato crop of the United States is the second largest ever raised. It is officially estimated by the Department of Agriculture at 283,000,000 bushels, on 2,965,589 acres, the yield being 95.4 bushels per acre, against 65.5 bushels last year. The largest crop ever raised was 297,237,870 bushels, in 1895.

Looked Like a Zebra.

Windsor, Nov. 15.—Some mischievous Windsor boys entered the stable of Mike OBrien, a London street milk dealer, Thursday night and with paint transformed his black horse into a fair imitation of a zebra. O'Brien had no other horse available and was forced to deliver milk to his customers yesterday with the striped horse.

Mr. James Mitchell, registrar of the high court at Cayuga, died last night.

LOST—ON RICHMOND, SATURDAY, between Grand Trunk depot and Oxford street, return railway ticket to Chatham. Reward at this office. 42u

WARM, FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, with use of bath. 127 Fullarton. 42n

WANTED — TWO UNFURNISHED rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. 137 Fullarton. 42n

MR. JAMES WYATT, OF TORONTO, will lecture in Cullis' Hall, Wellington street, near Horton, Sunday, 7 p.m., on the following interesting subject: "Notable Prophecy Fulfilled and Fulfilling." Seast free and no collection. We invite you to attend. b

Inexperience

in cleaning is fatal to delicate lace curtains. Our methods are successful.

R. PARKER & CO.,

Dyers and Cleaners,

400 Richmond street, near corner of Dundas, London, Ont.

You Require Electric Fixtures

in your new building. Nothing in the electric line we cannot supply. Let us give you estimates.

The Electrical Construction Co. of London, Limited,

82 to 40 Dundas Street.

Hard Koal

Egg, Stove, Chestnut.

We have received a few cars of freshly-mined coal, and can fill orders for limited amount of each size.

Phone 340. DALY'S, 19 York Street.

Branch Office—395 Richmond St.

GAS FIXTURES

refinished and made as good as new.

F. C. HUNT, Plumber,

521 Richmond St. North.

Phone 1213.

The Famous "Humphrey" Gas Arc Lamp

We have them. Over 300 installed in the city, giving perfect satisfaction. Steadier and more efficient than an electric arc, at one-third the cost. On exhibition at our office.

City Gas Co.

20tf-tx

VOICE CULTURE—EVA N. ROBLYN, soprano soloist, Dundas Center Methodist Church; directress vocal department, Alma College, St. Thomas, and Krause Conservatory of Music, Chatham. Studio, 328 Dundas street. 'Phone 1,570. 2t

Blue Ribbon Tea
is worth more than it costs.
Are you drinking it?
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

AMERICAN OWNER IS CONFIDENT OF WINNING

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin Speaks of Winning Yacht Races.

Plans Already Drawn for New Curling Rink Here.

ISELIN SURE OF WINNING.

New York, Nov. 14.—C. Oliver Iselin, who is to be the managing owner of the new cup defender, was a passenger on the steamship Oceanic. Mr. Iselin has spent four months in Europe and has returned to look after the new cup defender and to take on active interest in the plans being made for the defense of the America's Cup. Mr. Iselin said, "I am sure that we will successfully defend the America's Cup again. I expect to go to Bristol to consult with Nat Herreshoff about the construction of the new defender he is to build. As soon as all the details of the new boat are settled, work will be rushed along as fast as possible. I understand that the Herreshoffs already have made some preparations and it will not be long before the new yacht will begin to grow. We want the yacht out as early as possible in order to get her tuned up. Last year time was so short that the Constitution could not be got into proper shape.

"There is no doubt in my mind that the Constitution is faster than the Columbia. She showed this in her early races, but in the trial races she did not have a fair chance. I am not finding fault with the committee in charge at the time, but it was very plain that the Constitution was no ready.

Mr. Iselin was told of the report that Fife was to introduce a new method of construction in the Shamrock III., and he was asked if there would be any innovation in the model or construction of the new defender.

"There will be no material innovations in the general lines of the boat," he replied. "We will, however, use little, if any, aluminum in the construction. I have not much faith in aluminum, and nickel steel will be used instead. In model the new boat will be similar to the Constitution and Columbia, with certain refinements that Mr. Herreshoff thinks will help the vessel's speed.

"A story, I believe, was sent from the other side in which I was made to say that the Boat in the world. I know absolutely nothing about the challenger. If she is, as Sir Thomas Lipton says, he expects her to be, fifteen minutes faster than Shamrock II., then I do not think we will have much of a chance.

"I think our chances are very good, and, with Captain Barr as skipper, I am sure the new defender will be better than her predecessor. While in England, I received an invitation from Sir Thomas Lipton to visit him, but had to decline, as I had very little time. I wired him and received a reply at Liverpool. I think Sir Thomas' third attempt to 'lift' the cup will be as unsuccessful as his others."

CURLING.

PLANS ARE DRAWN.

Plans have been drawn for the new curling rink to be built on the Chapter House grounds, and a meeting of the club will be held next week to further the business of getting the rink erected. The gentlemen who have been circulating the subscription lists have met with fine success.

FOOTBALL.

F. C. B. C. WON.

The Barracks team was defeated yesterday in a city league match with the F. C. B. C. The game was played on the St. John's Athletic Club grounds and Mr. Frank Bryant was referee.

THE TURF.

BENNINGS RACES.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 14.—Indian summer-like weather continues to favor racing at Bennings, but today's attendance was about the lightest of the week. Four favorites won, and owing to the size of the fields, liberal prices were obtainable against most of them. Frank Kenny and Cranesville, the heavily-back closed favorite, and paid 3 to 1, while Emshee and Willful, the other running favorites, paid 2 to 1 and even money respectively. True Blue made a runaway of it in the third race, and Merry-Maker manager to beat Grail a scant head. Fast time was again made, several new track records being established. Summary:

First race, 3-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs—Frank Kenny, 115 (Landry), 3 to 1 and 3 to 5, 1; Slidell, 107 (Lilly), 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, 2; Guesswork, 112 (Redfern), 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:08.

Second race, maiden 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs—Cranesville, 109 (Gannon), 3 to 1 and even, 1; Alhambra, 109 (Shea), 20 to 1 and 8 to 1, 2; Ornature, 112 (Lyne), 6 to 1, 3. Time, 1:01⅘.

Third race, 3-year-olds and up, 6½ furlongs—True Blue, 105 (Jones), 7 to 2 and 3 to 5, 1; Maiden, 105 (W. Miller), 5 to 1 and 2 to 1, 2; Dandie Bell, 105 (Collins), 100 to 1, 3. Time, 1:20⅘.

Fourth race, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 40 yards—Merry Maker, 98 (Redfern), 5 to 1 and 8 to 5, 1; Grail, 107 (Lyne), 5 to 5 and 1 to 2, 2; Black Dick, 106 (Gannon), 25 to 1, 3. Time, 1:44.

Fifth race, 3-year-olds, 7 furlongs—Emshee, 112 (O'Connor), 2 to 1 and 4 to 5, 1; Extinguisher, 112 (Shea), 7 to 2 and 7 to 5, 2; Blackstock, 112 (Redfern), 4 to 1, 3. Time, 1:23.

Sixth race, 2-year-olds and up, 1 mile and 70 yards—Willful, 87 (Redfern), even and 1 to 2, 1; Bondage, 90 (Crosthwaite), 20 to 1 and 12 to 1, 2; Allie Virgie, 107 (Lyne), 7 to 2, 3. Time, 1:46⅘.

AT LATONIA.

Cincinnati, Nov. 14.—The talent fared badly at Latonia today, as every favorite on the card went down to defeat. The racing was exciting, the majority of the events resulting in dead finishes. Track fast, weather cloudy. Summaries:

First race, 1 mile, selling—Ecome, 102 (A. Hall), 10 to 1, 1; Linden Tree, 99 (Helgeson), 9 to 2, 2; John Potter, 93 (Romanelli), 3 to 1, 3. Time, 1:43.

Second race, 7 furlongs—Lord Touchwood, 110 (C. Kelly), 6 to 1, 1; Soothsayer, 102 (Troxler), 7 to 2, 2; Past Master, 101 (Winslett), 7 to 2, 3. Time, 1:29.

Third race, 1 mile and 50 yards, selling—Santa Teresa, 93 (Romanelli), 7 to 2, 1; Nellie Bawn, 101 (J. O'Connor), 3 to 5, 2; Declaimer, 98 (J. Daly), 3 to 1, 3. Time, 1:46.

Fourth race, steeplechase, short course—Later, 136 (Carter), 5 to 1, 1; Bristol, 144 (H. Wilson), 13 to 5, 2; Gov. Boyd, 140 (O'Neill), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 3:04.

Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—Flying Ship, 109 (R. Williams), 5 to 1, 1; Suburban Queen, 103 (J. Daly), 7 to 2, 2; Scottish Blue, 103 (Lindsey), 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1:09¼.

Sixth race, 1 mile, selling—Guide Rock, 106 (Seamans), 12 to 1, 1; Flop, 104 (Helgeson), 10 to 1, 2; Khaki, 106 (Troxler), 7 to 2, 3. Time, 1:42½.

AT LAKESIDE.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Tillo, winner of the Suburban handicap of 1898, heavily played in the third race at Lakeside today, ran three miles in a false break before he could be pulled up. The horse was so nearly exhausted after making the three circuits of the track that he was excused and the field was sent away without him. The race went to Inspector Shea, at 10 to 1. Evelyn Byrd beat Tammany for the place. Barrack added another purse to his credit when he won the fourth race, making five straight victories for the old Derby horse. Weather cloudy and cool; track slow.

First race, 5 furlongs—Our Cora, 92 (W. Hicks), 12 to 1, 1; Countess Reasoner, 95 (J. Walsh), 7 to 2, 2; Wine Land, 105 (Birkenruth), 11 to 10, 3. Time, 1:04⅘.

Second race, 6 furlongs—David S., 119 (T. Walsh), 3 to 1, 1; Ida V., 111 (Robbins), 8 to 5, 2; Miss Shanley, 114 (Wainwright), 6 to 1, 3. Time, 1:20⅘.

Third race, 7 furlongs—Inspector Shea, 102 (Morper), 10 to 1, 1; Evelyn Byrd, 108 (W. Hicks), 7 to 1, 2; St. Tammany, 94 (Davison), 7 to 1, 3. Time, 1:33.

Fourth race, 1¼ miles—Barrack, 112 (Hoar), 2 to 5, 1; Edith Q., 105 (J. Walsh), 7 to 2, 2; Lou Woods, 97 (J. H. Graham), 6 to 1, 3. Time, 2:15¾.

Fifth race, 1¼ miles—Miss Liza, 103 (Hoar), 11 to 5, 1; Althea, 98 (Robbins), 8 to 5, 2; Compass, 103 (Morper), 10 to 4, 3. Time, 2:15⅘.

Sixth race, 7 furlongs—Prima II., 99 (Robbins), 8 to 5, 1; Satrap, 99 (W. Hicks), 12 to 1, 2; Lady Rice, 99 (Hoar), 4 to 1, 3. Time, 1:33⅘.

BASEBALL.

"NICK" YOUNG TO QUIT.

Brooklyn, Nov. 14.—President Charles H. Ebbets, of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, has gone to Washington for the purpose, it is said, of assisting Secretary Young in compiling the individual records of the National League campaign of 1902. Mr. Young has been seriously ill since last summer, and the averages are long overdue. It is reported that Mr. Young will resign the office at the annual meeting of the League in December. He has been connected with the organization more than a quarter of a century.

FLYS.

Ed. Siever, the Detroit left-hander, has received another letter from McGraw, of New York, asking him to name at once his terms for 1903.

It is said that Comiskey is stoutly opposed to the invasion of New York now that Pittsburg has been made available by the Pedder syndicate.

A dispatch from Washington, the home of Harry White, states positively that the Phillies' star pitcher has signed with Comiskey for $4,500 per annum.

From Detroit comes the news that Pitcher Donovan not only signed a Detroit contract two months ago, but has now in his pocket $1,000 advanced by Detroit.

Lajoie and Bradley have no intention of rejoining the All-Americans, and will remain in Cleveland all winter. Lajoie has worked up a good business and intends to stick to it.

HOCKEY.

FOUR SENIOR TEAMS.

Toronto, Nov. 14.—If the inter-collegiate hockey league is formed, the O. H. A. senior series this season will likely comprise only four clubs. Toronto will supply two of these in the St. George's and Wellingtons. Cornwall will likely remain in, for the prospects for the admittance of the Factory Town to the Eastern Hockey League are faint; and Kingston will have the fourth team, as the Frontenacs will be doing business again as usual. Last year the O. H. A. senior series had eight clubs, but with Queen's and Varsity in the new league, and Morrisburg and Iroquois back in the intermediate ranks, this total is cut in two. This would give an eastern and western district of two clubs each.

NOTES.

Hamilton expects to be strengthened by three new players: R. Wright, late of Paris; Harold Coates and W. Kay, of Toronto.

Brantford Expositor: Nothwithstanding all reports, and the apparent apathy, the city will be represented by a stronger team this season than it has been for many years, and the players promise to give a good account of themselves.

In all probability senior hockey will be played in Portage la Prairie this winter, and an effort will be made to enter the senior schedule. Arrangements are now on foot to either build a large new rink or the present structure will be greatly enlarged. Further announcements may be expected shortly, and with the present playing material available an enviable showing will undoubtedly be made by Portage.

The annual meeting of the O. H. A. will be held at Toronto on Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10:30 a.m. Clubs have been notified that notice of proposed amendments should be in the hands of the secretary by the 22nd of November, and nominattions for office by the 29th istant. President Robertson asked each club to furnish him with the figures of the ice space, and the standing and seating accommodation of its rink.

The finest pipe made

G.B.D

Perfect Shapes, Best Finish.

Guaranteed Not to Burn.

In Solid Vulcanite, Horn or Amber

—BY—

J. W. Clark, J. F. Nolan

ARE NOT TO TREAT CONTAGIOUS CASES

The Scientists Instructed by Mrs. Eddy Through Her Newspaper.

Boston, Nov. 14.—Hereafter if Christian Scientists adhere to the directions of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, they will refrain from attempting to treat any case of contagious or infectious disease which may be presented for their ministrations.

In an editorial printed in the current number of the Christian Science Sentinel, the official organ of the Scientists, Mrs. Eddy is quoted as follows:

"Until the public thought becomes better acquainted with the principles of our faith, Christian Scientists shall decline to doctor infectious of contagious diseases."

In the same editorial Mrs. Eddy says: "On the subject of reporting contagion I have this to say: I have always believed that Christian Scientists should be lawabiding; and, actuated by this conviction, I authorized the following statement about one year ago:

"'Rather than quarrel over vaccination, I recommended that if the law demand an individual to submit to this process, he obey the law, and then appeal to the Gospel, to save him from any bad results. Whatever changes belong to this century, or any epoch, we may safely submit to the providence of God, to common justice, individual rights and governmental usages.'

"This statement should be so interpreted as to apply, on the basis of Christian Science, to the reporting of contagion to the proper authorities when the law so requires."

FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM

Sudden Demise of a Toronto Man in a Tilsonburg Hotel.

Kincardine Man Perished in a Grain Elevator—Other Casualties.

Tilsonburg, Ont., Nov. 14.—Mr. Rafferty, an employe of the Wind Engine and Motor Company, of Toronto, was found dead in his room at the Arlington Hotel here shortly after noon today. He had been here for a week or two erecting a tank for the T. L. E. and P. R., and appeared to be in his usual health when he came to dinner, which he ate and then went to his room where a friend found him shortly afterwards dead.

SMOTHERED IN GRAIN.

Kincardine, Ont., Nov. 14.—A young man named Harry Ross, aged 21, employed by Farmers' Elevator Company, was found dead today. They were loading grain on cars, and Ross was shoveling into the chute, being alone in the building. He is supposed to have been seized with a weak spell and to have fallen head foremost into the grain, life being extinct when he was discovered. He was a young man of strong physique, although subject to weak spells.

FATAL FALL.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 14.—Malcolm Graham, a bricklayer, was killed yesterday by falling from a second-story of the Cockshutt Plow Company's new warehouse. He was aged 34, leaves a widow living here, and a mother and sister in Durham, Ont.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Nov. 14.—Wm. Mock, a lineman of the Bell Telephone Company, fell from the top of a pole 30 feet high this morning, but it not supposed to be seriously injured. He was unconscious for a while, but a bad cut on his head seems to be the extent of his injuries.

HE CULLS LUMBER

Mr. George Hall, of Halifax, Was Afflicted With a Bad Case of Constipation. Was Subject to Frightful Headaches. He Could Scarcely Leave His House.

Celery King Cured Him. He Says He Wouldn't Keep House Without It.

Constipation cannot be taken too soon. The congestion of the putrid matters in one's system cannot but act detrimentally to one's health. It practically means slow poisoning to leave this foulness in one's system. Celery King is a purely herbal compound. It will clean out your system of all putrid residues and will practically give you a new body. The proprietors of Celery King receive testimonials daily as to its efficacy. Mr. George Hall, a lumber culler, of Halifax, sends us the following testimonial.

"For the past six or seven years I have been troubled with constipation, and as regularly as each Sunday came around I would have a terrible headache,so bad in fact that I would scarcely go out of the house at all for the day. My work is such that I am standing in one spot culling lumber nearly all day long, and so get no exercise to speak of. I used all kinds of headache cures that I could find, but they would soon give no effect. One Saturday one of the firm gave me a package of Celery King, and I took a dose that night, and next morning I was more than surprised to find no headache. I use Celery King now whenever I feel I need it, have no more headaches, and am no longer constipated, and my general health is all that could be desired. I could not keep house without Celery King. Yours very truly, GEORGE HALL, Halifax, N. S.

At a recent exposition in Berlin, trains of 10 or 12 cars were drawn on a circular railroad by alcohol locomotives.

The Manchurian Railway administration is constructing at Charbin a hotel which will cost over $.000 000 rubles.

SORTING AMONG JOBBERS BRISK

Business Is Good at Canadian Commercial Centers.

SEASONABLE GOODS IN DEMAND

Retailers Are Ordering Freely—Values Firmly Held—The General Outlook Is Bright

Toronto, Nov. 15.—Bradstreet's weekly summary says trade is good at leading Canadian centers. The sorting trade among Toronto jobbing houses continues brisk. All seasonable lines are in keen demand by retailers who appear to be experiencing a larger trade than in previous years. Values of domestic staples are firmly held. Imported woolens are also strong, and European advices indicate that repeat orders on fine yarn goods will cost more money. The general outlook for business is bright.

London—There has been a fair movement this week in heavy goods from jobbers' hands. Retailers are ordering freely and appear to be quite hopeful of large sales in such lines. The demand from the farming community is improving. Values are firmly held.

Hamilton—Interest in wholesale circles this week has centered largely in the movement in seasonable goods. The sorting trade has been fairly active. Retailers are preparing for the large sales of goods expected during the next six weeks. There is a fair inquiry for holiday goods. Business conditions are healthy and the outlook for the immediate future is promising.

Ottawa—Whole trade circles are well satisfied with the progress of business in seasonable goods. Country remittances have been fairly satisfactory, and they are expected to improve further when the season's crop begins to come to the markets more freely.

Montreal—The volume of trade passing in wholesale trade circles here the past week has been fairly maintained. Export trade is very active owing to the near approach of the close of navigatioa. Large shipments are being made. The demand for cheese is not very active, but shipments have been heavy so far, as the feeling is that present stocks will all be required in the next six months. Cotton and woolen goods firmly held.

Quebec—Winter weather has caused an increased demand for heavy goods and retailers report sales much better. Wholesalers report business up to the average. Shoe manufacturers as a rule are busy and the outlook is good. Collections are fair for the season.

Winnipeg—The large movement in grain continues to stimulate general business activity. Colder weather has more or less stopped fall farm work, and sales of seasonable goods are showing a large expansion. Remittances have not been as good as expected. A good deal of November paper had to be renewed. With increased rain deliveries retailers, it is believed, will be in a better position in respect to payments.

At Pacific Coast points trade is good. There is a good demand for lumber from the Canadian Northwest, and more money is being invested in the industry to meet the increased demands. Sales of real estate continue to attract attention, city lots and farm property changing hands freely.

Halifax—Dun's review says: Trade conditions and prospect continue satisfactory at Halifax with collections fair. Activity is reported in footwear at St. John, especially for rubber goods, but some decrease is noted in sales of drygoods and groceries. At retail there is an increase in sales owing to more seasonable weather.

Vancouver—Wholesale trade keeps up at Vancouver with an increased demand from interior points. Retail business is less active owing to unfavorable weather.

OVER THE LINE.

Dun's review—Lower prices for railway stocks than at any time since last March do not necessarily indicate loss of traffic nor a set-back in business. On the contrary, coincident with the collapse of the stock market, there were numerous evidences that manufacturing and the transporting interests have not sufficient facilities to meet demands, although plants and equipment are now of greater efficiency than at any previous time. Distribution of merchandise is fully maintained. Eastern manufacturers of footwear are offering no inducements to buyers, and while no actual advances in prices have occurred, the market is decidedly strong. Sole leather is active and firm, both domestic and export sales being large. The hides quotations are steady; market quiet. Limited supplies in first hands and with jobbers have sustained cotton goods, despite the sharp decline in the raw material. It is between seasons in the market for wool goods, though there is some inquiry for heavyweights for quick delivery. Clothing manufacturers report encouraging results in their first test of the market on spring garments.

Failures for the week in the United States are 241, against 188 last week, 233 the preceding week, and 215 the corresponding week and 27 last year. Of failures this week in the United States 86 were in the east, and 68 report liabilities of $5,000 or more.

Juvenile Football Player Killed.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 15.—Edward Beddington, 6 years old, is dead from injuries received in a childish football scrimmage last Saturday. He was hurt internally.

Growls From Old Bachelordom.

When poverty looks in at the window love vacates the roost.

A woman often says, "It's no use talking," but she never means it.

You can't convince a girl that marriage is a failure until after she tries it.

It takes little to make a woman happy and less to make her miserable.

When marriage is a failure it is usually the masculine end of the combination that is called upon to pay up.

A woman will scream at sight of a mouse, but a millinery bill that makes her husband shake in his shoes never jostles her.

When a woman doses her invalid husband with herb tea and he doesn't get well she considers him either contrary or ungrateful.

According to statistics, out of each 1,000 people in love sixteen become hopelessly insane. The other 984 are only temporarily out of their heads.

A good trade in poultry is now being carried on between New Zealand and South Africa.

A FATHER MAY DUCK SUITORS

Ruling of Justice Rhodes in Virtuous Chicago—The Lady Thinks Otherwise.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Clinton Ross won a bride because he was thrown into a watering trough.

Ross deserved the ducking, according to the ruling of Justice Edwin J. Rhodes, in his court at 6,312 Wentworth avenue.

Ross should feel under obligations to the judge, because his ruling so aroused the spirit of indignation in 19-year-old Annie Liebert that she exclaimed: "I think that is a shame. I wanted to see my stepfather fined. I will never go home again, and I am going to marry Clinton right away."

Some two weeks ago Ross, who is a dapper young man, and who makes his living by decorating windows, wanted to call on Miss Annie.

"I would like to have you come, but my stepfather objects to young men. I will meet you at the drug store," was her answer.

On Sunday Ross reported at the drug store, and sent two small boys to tell Annie he was waiting. That was a mistake. The boys told Charles Stromwell, the stepfather.

Just what happened after that is in doubt. Ross declares that the indignant stepfather caught him by the back of the coat and dropped him into a watering trough. Stromwell says he asked the young man what he meant by trying to meet his daughter on the street. With that Stromwell, says Ross, struck at him. A fight followed, and during its progress both fell into the water.

Then Ross swore out a warrant for the arrest of Stromwell.

Justice Rhodes heard all the evidence, and then said: "In the opinion of the court, Mr. Stromwell did right. He was trying to protect his daughter. He knew nothing about this man Ross, and it was his duty to investigate. It would be better if all parents would resort to the water trough route in treating with young men who meet young women on the street. I discharge you, Mr. Stromwell, and compliment you on doing your your duty."

Then it was that Miss Annie became indignant. She declared she would make her home with her brother-in-law until she could marry Ross.

Ross, being a rashly gallant young man, says he is willing to be ducked twice a day to win so charming a bride as Miss Annie.

BLEW BURGLAR'S HEAD OFF

Furious Fight With Robbers at Elyria, Ohio.

One Marauder Killed and the Town Marshal Wounded.

Elyria, O., Nov. 15. — Marshal Henry Krohm was seriously shot and an unknown burglar has his head blown off in a bloody battle here early yesterday. The shooting occurred during a fight with four robbers who completely terrorized the town.

The gang stole horses and rigs, entered several houses, and shot recklessly in a wild charge down the main street of the town.

J. E. Baird was awakened by burglars in his house. He got up and saw two masked men standing on either side of his bed. Drawn revolvers were pointed at his head, but in spite of this he jumped from bed and grappled with the intruders. In the darkness they broke away and fled from the house.

The burglars then entered the home of Town Marshal Krohm, who opened fire on them. When he had shot three times, one of the robbers, who had jumped into a buggy, got out and began blazing away at the marshal. At the third shot the latter fell with a bullet through his hips.

Baird, who had meantime arrived at the scene, picked up the officer's gun and continued the firing. The robbers, however, drove rapidly away. Baird followed them to the home of Supt. W. J. Hillier, of the Cleveland, Elyria and Western Railway. Even when Braid again opened fire on the robbers, they walked into the Hillier home, after smashing in the door. The noise on the street aroused Hillier and, he reached for his gun, loaded with quail shot.

A burglar cautiously opened the door, and Hillier blew his head off with the first discharge. The other robber turned and ran, but Hillier discharged the second barrel. The robber yelled and tottered, but did not fall. He ran into the street and disappeared. Marshal Krohm is seriously and perhaps fatally wounded. The dead robber's linen is marked "Davis." He had in his pocket a mileage book sold at Oil City, Pa., to "Mr. Davis."

TIME HAS TESTED IT.—Time tests all things; that which is worthy lives, that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

For Colds For Coughs

BE SURE YOU ASK FOR

Ormbridge's Lung Tonic

AND TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Est. 28 Years

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE Hull, Eng., and sold by all Chemists. 35c & 75c a Bot.

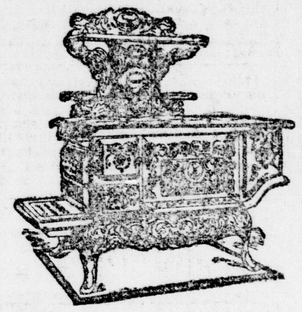
"A CERTAIN CURE."

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the effect of your Lung Tonic. I have taken it for years and always found it a certain cure for coughs. I have recommended it to many people, and they tell me it has done them more good than any other cough medicine they have taken."—David Lee, Burnham, Essex.

A CUP OF Bovril

Imparts a natural glow of warmth and health, without which, the system is always an easy prey to colds, chills and influenza, which are engendered in moments of weakness and undue fatigue. Bovril is not merely a stimulant, but a highly nourishing food, containing all the strengthening properties of beef in a most convenient and appetizing form. It can be prepared in a moment. Add a little boiling water and it is ready for use.

The King of Ranges—"BUCK'S HAPPY THOUGHT"



Here's the Range You Have Heard About.

Particular people all over the country will have no other.

Why not enjoy the economy, the automatic precision, the convenience of this unequalled construction.

The "Happy Thought" Range

will lighten your household cares and heighten your daily satisfaction.

Patented and Made by THE WM. BUCK STOVE CO., Limited, Brantford

Sold by Sutherland Bros., 384 Richmond Street, LONDON.

FREE TO MEN!

I have set apart 5,000 of my best Electric Belts (1902 model) to be sent out absolutely free of charge during the next month. All who suffer from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Varicocele, Dyspepsia, Losses, Weak Nerves, Back or Kidneys, will find it an immediate relief, a positive and unfailing cure. It will positively cure every case of the above complaints. It cures after other belts and drugs fail. It has 10,000 cures to its credit.

Absolutely Free

trial of this splendid and perfect Belt will be given every man writing me. My powerful new non-vinegar, non-burning Belt is five times as strong as any other, and is guaranteed never to burn like other belts. All writing

Will Receive Free

the recently published edition of my illustrated medical book, which is well worth sending for, and then also you can secure this perfect Belt free. There are some over-advertised belts that must be soaked in corroding vinegar each time before using. Perhaps you know the kind. Mine is not like it. Mine gives a stronger, better current, never burns and never uses vinegar. It is the most modern, practical and best Belt in all the world today, and is now offered you free.

Write today.

Dr. G. H. MacDonald Electric Company

2362 St. Catharine Street, Montreal, Que.

COAL AND WOOD

produce heat.

E. B. Eddy's Matches

Create Fire.

The latter is indispensable to the former. No fire can be started with so little trouble as with an

DON'T experiment with other and inferior brands. Use EDDY'S.

EDDY PARLOR MATCH.

For sale everywhere.

OUR BRANDS: "King Edward," 1,000s. "Headlight," 500s. "Eagle," 200s and 100s. "Victoria," "Little Comet."

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 436 Richmond Street, London.

UNIVERSAL FOOD CHOPPERS

$1.25, $1.50, $2.00.

Suitable for raw and cooked meat, vegetables, fruit, and for pulverizing bread, almonds, etc.

Axes, Hatchets. Buck Saws, Crosscut Saws, Cold Blast Lanterns, Ash Sifters, Weather Strips, Stove Pipe Varnish, Coal Scoops.

SEE THE AUTOMATIC IDEAL ASH SIFTER,

Ashes and cinders are separated while passing through without dust or labor. FOR SALE AT

REID'S HARDWARE, 118 North Side Dundas Street.

An authority on the orchid says an amateur cultivator often fails, not so much through want of attention, but through over-attention and a disregard of nature and her laws.

It is claimed that a sure cure for hiccoughs is to inhale as much air as the lungs will hold and retain it as long as possible. If one inhalation is not sufficient repeat the process.

Of all the silks used in the United States, $26,000,000 worth is imported and $107,000,000 worth home made. The domestic silk industry employs 24,000 men, 36,000 women and 6,000 children in 488 mills, with $31,000,000 capital.

Alaska has paid its cost to the United States twenty times. It was bought for $7,200,000, and has supplied $150,000,000 in furs, fish and gold.

GOOD POSITIONS

often go begging for suitable persons to fill them. We would be obliged if you would advise us of any graduate of the

F.C.B.C.

out of employment.

One gentleman and two ladies were placed this week with representative firms in Detroit and London respectively. Ladies, $4 and $5 each; gentlemen, $8 per week.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.
Y. M. C. A. Building.

Impressive Tailoring

There are certain desirable and distinguishing features about our tailoring work that makes it decidedly impressive.

Thorough workmanship—originality in design and style, and a degree of finish that is simply unsurpassable.

Let us show you the latest in fall and winter fabrics.

O. Labelle, 372 Richmond St.

Alma Ladies' College

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

One of the largest and best equipped in Canada.

Preparatory studies. Graduating courses: M. L. A., M. E. L., Piano, Organ, Singing, Violin, Fine Arts, Elocution and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Commercial.

Healthiest location. Moderate charges. Twenty-second year. Write for catalogue to

REV. PRIN. WARNER, M.A., D.D
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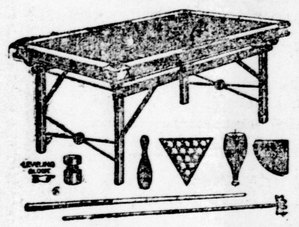
BEAUTIFUL WALL PAPERS

We are showing a collection of Wallpapers which are surpassingly rich and beautiful. Many designs are exclusive with us.

H. & C. COLERICK,
443 Richmond Street.

Billiards and Pool AT HOME.



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Brock's Gun Store
192 Dundas St., London, Ont.

R. K. COWAN

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
County Bldgs., next Court House, London

H. C. McBRIDE, Architect and Surveyor, 213 Dundas St.

W. S. LOCKHART,
House Decorator, Painting, Paperhanging. Residence, Beaconsfield avenue.

John T. Stephenson

the leading Undertaker and Importer of the latest designs of all kinds of Undertakers' Supplies. Finest Funeral Car in Western Ontario. Residence on premises.

104 Dundas St., London,
Phone 459.

W. J. SMITH & SONS
Undertakers and Embalmers,
113 Dundas St. Phone 586. Open day and night. Residence on premises.

CHARACTER

is more than scholarship, but scholarship is an important factor in the formation of character.

The Second Term at

HARDING HALL
Begins November 19

Send for Calendar.
J. J. BAKER, A.M., President.

London Conservatory

Incorporated 1899. Limited.
W. CAVEN BARRON, Pianist,
Principal.
Has Reopened.
2,000 and more persons have been students in ten years.
374 Dundas Street.

FAIRBAIRN,

THE TAILOR,
Richmond Street, Opposite City Hall.

Marshall Bros. & Co.
67 DUNDAS STREET.
Established over twenty-five years. Retail counter in connection. Give us a call. Special values this week. y wt

YOUR BICYCLE

Cleaned and Stored, $1.00.
Enameled, Cleaned and Stored, $2.00.

Let us have your wheel now, and we can do the work properly during the winter. Pay for it in the spring. 'Phone or drop us a card, and wheel will be called for.

GURD'S,
185 Dundas Street.

You haven't figured out the true economy of buying clothes till you have ordered clothes of

SOUTHCOTT, 361 Richmond St.

$5.00

will buy an HONEST JOHN TRUSS. Comfortable to wear and sure to give satisfaction.

SOLD ONLY AT

J. E. Keays & Co.
(London Pharmacy)
288 Dundas Street.

All Ready for Winter

and not a minute too soon. Those who have had the first glimpse of the new stock of winter fabrics were favorably impressed by the qualities and the great variety of attractive patterns. It is a showing of which we are pardonably proud.

THOS. WILSON,
Merchant Tailor,
213 Dundas Street. Phone 56.

We Know Jewelry

as a grocer knows flour. This knowledge enables us to buy right and guarantees right prices to you. We invite comparison of our stock and prices with others.

THOS. GILLEAN
402 Richmond Street.
Official issuer of marriage licenses.

DR. JARVIS, Dentist,

OFFICE Corner Dundas and Clarence. Phone 1480.
Visits Mount Brydges Every Friday.

London Advertiser.

UNION LABEL LONDON

YOUR Bread need is best supplied by

Johnston Bros. XXX Bread.

The very next time you order bread try it, and you'll wonder why you have not bought it always. At all grocers, or 'phone Johnston Bros. 'Phone No. 818 for special delivery.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—The revival meetings in the Christian Church will continue every night next week.

—Mr. H. J. Foote and family, 311 Grey street, leave on Monday for Pittsburg, Pa., where they intend to make their home.

—Mr. J. L. Johnson, of this city, sails for England on Tuesday from New York. He goes by the Cymric.

—Mr. Henry E. Miller has been transferred from London to the Montreal branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Mahon, of this city, will spend the winter at the Clarendon Hotel, Clinton, with their daughter, Mrs. Perkins.

—Mr. Robert Weir, at present attending the Normal School here, has been engaged as teacher for School Section No. 4, Township of Grey, for 1903.

—A consecration service will be conducted by Evangelist Collycott at the York Street Mission tomorrow morning. In the evening Mr. Collycott will preach and sing.

—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, of the First Congregational Church, will deliver an address on the referendum at a mass meeting to be held in the town hall, Forest, on Tuesday evening next.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Powell, of this city, will move to Galt shortly. Mr. Powell has leased a house on West Main street, and is negotiating for the purchase of A. R. Current's grocery.

—The congregations of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Port Stanley will carry on a joint prohibition campaign. On Nov. 16 meetings will be held in the Methodist Church, and on Nov. 30 at the Presbyterian Church.

—Consecration service will be held in the York Street Mission Hall on Sabbath morning by Evangelist Collycott. In the evening he will preach and sing.

—In the Chicago Tribune of yesterday, the list of marriage licenses just issued contains the following: George A. Driffill, Cleveland, Ohio, age 33, and Maria T. Kennedy, Denver, Col., age 30.

—The anniversary services to be held tomorrow in Hyde Park Presbyterian Church will be of special interest. Rev. Alex Henderson, of Appin, is to preach at both morning and evening services, and a high class concert will be given on Monday evening, when Miss Walker, of Alma College, and others, will take part.

—The "Service of Praise" to be given in St. Andrew's Church Monday evening next will be of rare interest. Of the baritone soloist, Mr. Donald C. MacGregor, of Toronto, the Montreal Witness says: "From his first selection he won favor with the audience, and had to respond to repeated encores." Mrs. Clyde-Green, contralto solist of Hamilton, has also been engaged for the occasion. This is Mrs. Clyde-Green's first appearance in London. She comes with an enviable record as a concert singer. Possessing a beautiful voice and fine appearance, she is sure to please. Mr. Charles Wheeler will contribute some choice organ numbers and the choir and solists of the church will also add to the interest of the programme.

BLACK JACKET STOLEN.

Miss Edith G. Vandermade, of the O'Neill House, has informed the police that she has had a black astrachan jacket stolen from her.

ARM BADLY TORN.

Mr. Albert Aikenhead, foreman of the London Bending Works, had his right arm nearly severed the other day while feeding a circular saw. The muscles and bone were badly torn.

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Promoters of a new bridge and iron works have written to the mayor with reference to securing location in this city, and the letter has been given to the manufacturers' committee. The company desire exemption from taxes for some years.

A BLIND MUSICIAN.

The week-end services at the Salvation Army citadel will this week be favored with the assistance of Miss Aggie Loucks, the blind musician. Miss Loucks has in the past six months visited a number of army corps, meeting with great success. On Monday evening she will give a concert, presenting an interesting programme.

BACK FROM IRELAND.

Rev. Canon Dann, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has returned from Ireland, where he visited his daughter and other relatives. His health has been much benefited by the trip, and he has quite recovered from the effects of the slight accident he met with in alighting from a gig.

ESCAPED FROM ASYLUM.

The asylum authorities report that James Moore, patient, escaped from the institution on Thursday. Moore is 55 years old, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 190 lbs., has a gray moustache, and wears a light brown suit and tan shoes. He may be found in the vicinity of a railway line, as he was formerly an engine driver.

A LOBO WEDDING.

The residence of Mr. Archibald McKellar, of Lobo, was on Wednesday last the scene of the wedding of his daughter, Nettie Jean, to Mr. Edward N. Hart, of Strathroy. The bride was attended by Miss Annie Colvin, of Lobo, and Mr. Duncan McIntyre supported the groom. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Fowler, of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Hart left at once for their home in Strathroy.

DIED AT BIRR.

In the death of Samuel E. Lumsden, of Birr, London township loses one of its oldest residents, Mr. Lumsden having reached the advanced age of 85 years, the last 30 of which were spent in London township. Mr. Lumsden was by trade a shoemaker. He is survived by his aged wife and seven children, they being George, shoe merchant, Chalerae, P. Q.; Mrs. W. Ferguson, Orwell, Ont.; Thomas, Rochester, N. Y.; John, Chatham; Mrs. W. Jones, 14th concession, London township; Mrs. C. Laing, St. Thomas, and Mrs. W. A. Hall, London.

ANNIVERSARY CONCLRT.

The anniversary concert of High Street Church, held on Thursday night, was largely attended. Mayor Beck occupied the chair, and introduced an interesting programme, which included readings by Miss Blackwell, Miss Sanborn, Miss B. Richmond, Mr. Gibson and Mr. George; solos by Miss A. Wall, Miss Alice Long, Mr. Parker, Mr. Crossley and Mr. Taylor; instrumental solos by Miss Gracie Toon and the Misses Edith and Mary Brighton, and piano and violin duets by Miss Dorothy and Master Allen Yates. Miss Hattie Odell acted as accompanist.

HODDER-WRAY NUPTIALS.

Mr. Albert Hodder, of Walnut avenue, and Miss Lucinda May, youngest daughter of Mr. S. Wray, of Ontario street, were quietly wedded on Thursday last at the residence of the bride's father, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Geo. Jackson. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly robed in a dress of cream crepe de chene, and carried cream roses. She was attended by Miss Gertrude Prescott, of Chatham, who was dressed in pale green silk, and carried pink roses. Mr. Angus Wray, brother of the bride, assisted the groom. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch. Among the guests present were friends from Chatham, Wingham, St. Marys and Kincardine. After partaking of the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Hodder went at once to their home at 131 Sydenham street. Mrs. Hodder will receive on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3 and 4.

A Refreshing Drink

You obtain a stimulant when you drink

HAMILTON' PORTER.

There is nothing to equal it. Order from any dealer.

Kent Brewery
Jos. Hamilton, Proprietor.

Repairing Department.

Our Repairing Department has done much toward establishing the reputation of this store. Our aim is to have our work give such satisfaction as will win the confidence of all who leave their repairing in our hands. Lowest prices.

WARD, *The Jeweler, 374 Richmond Street.*

4 Per Cent Interest

The best form of investment is a Canadian Debenture, 4 per cent, payable half-yearly. Any amount, from $100 upwards, may be invested in this way.

THE CANADIAN
Savings and Loan Company,
420 and 422 Richmond St.
M. H. Rowland, Manager.

FURS

Newest effects. Prices the lowest, quality considered. See our new assortment.

BELTZ'S

ALL GROCERS SAY Use Parnell-Dean's Bread.

Phone 929

COUNCIL RECOMMENDED TO ENFORCE RAILWAY BYLAW

Bylaw Provides for Situation Arising From Traction Company's Request.

The finance committee will recommend to the city council on Monday night that the petition of the London and Southwestern Traction Company be granted, and that the London Street Railway Company be required to accept the new company's cars under the conditions of section 52 of bylaw No. 916.

A motion to this effect was made by Ald. Greenlees and passed without opposition after Mr. Welch, managing director of the traction company, had informed the committee that the London Street Railway Company would come to no satisfactory agreement with his company. Mr. Welch said that the London Company wanted them to promise that they would not in the future negotiate nor amalgamate with any other company. This, Mr. Welch said, was utterly out of the question. He asked that the committee compel the street railway to accept their cars, the further details regarding streets to be run upon and other conditions to be arranged in the future.

The clause in the London Street Railway Company's bylaw, under which the committee recommends decisive action, says: "The company shall, if required to do so by the corporation, receive and forward the passenger, mail, express, freight and baggage cars, and the passengers and goods thereon, of all radial or other electric railway companies, which may, during the continuance of this bylaw or the rights of the company thereunder, desire the company so to do, over the tracks of the company from the city limits to the center of the city, or such other place or places within the city as the said radial company may have their station, and when the company's tracks and trolley wires do not extend to the city limits at the point or points where the radial company desires to enter, and the company refuse or neglect, within 30 days after being notified, to agree to make such extensions, or if having agreed within the same time to make the said extensions, the company shall not proceed with the necessary work and complete the same within the time fixed by the council for that purpose, the said radial company shall have the right, if permitted to do so by bylaw of the corporation, but not otherwise, to enter upon the said highways to construct and operate an electric railway between the said radial company's lines and the tracks of the company." This clause also provides for payment to the London Company for the use of their line and for arbitration in case of non-agreement regarding compensation.

BOARDER LEFT HURRIEDLY

So Did a Soldier's Gold Watch and Seven Dollars in Cash.

Yesterday afternoon a young man giving his name as C. Dewall went to Mrs. Taylor's boarding house on Colborne street and engaged board, stating that he was to work for a florist. He went out, and returned about 6 p.m., and asked to be shown his room. It had been arranged that he was to room with Mrs. Taylor's son Edward, who is a veteran of the South African war. The stranger was accordingly taken to the room, but a few minutes afterwards he again went out, saying he had an appointment down town and would not stay for supper. Mrs. Taylor's suspicions were aroused, and on going to the room she found them verified. Her son's gold watch and $7 in cash had disappeared. The watch was greatly prized by its owner, bearing as it did the following inscription: "Presented by the City of London to Pte. Ed. Taylor, R. C. R., on his return from active service in South Africa." The stranger is about 25 years of age, clean shaven and of a fair complexion, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, and of a dissipated appearance.

Munificent Contribution.

New York, Nov. 15.—When John M. Burke, of this city, gave about $4,000,000 a few months ago to establish the Winfred Masterson Burke Relief Foundation, he conveyed to it 16,288 acres of land in Lyon County, Minnesota, together with other properties in different states. Negotiations for the sale of the land have resulted in a deal which will net $400,000.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS

Of a New Catarrh Cure.

A large and constantly increasing majority of the American people are catarrh sufferers. This is not entirely the result of our changeable climate, but because modern investigation has clearly proven that many diseases, known by other names, are really catarrh. Formerly the name catarrh was applied almost exclusively to the common nasal catarrh, but the throat, stomach, liver, bladder, kidneys and intestines are subject to catarrhal diseases as well as the nasal passages.

In fact, wherever there is mucous membrane there is a feeding ground for catarrh.

The usual remedies, inhalers, sprays, douches or powders, have been practically failures, as far as anything more than temporary relief was concerned, because they simply dry up the mucous secretions, without having the remotest effect upon the blood and liver, which are the real sources of catarrhal diseases.

It has been known for some years that the radical cure of catarrh could never come from local applications, but from an internal remedy, acting on the blood and expelling the catarrhal poison from the system.

A new internal preparation which has been on the market only a short time, has met with remarkable success as a genuine radical cure for catarrh.

It may be found in any drug store, sold under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, large pleasant-tasting lozenges, composed principally of antiseptic ingredients, Blood Root, Red Gum and similar catarrh specifics.

Dr. Ainslee, in speaking of the new catarrh cure, says: "I have tried the new catarrh remedy, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, upon 30 or 40 patients with remarkably satisfactory results. They clear the head and throat more effectually and lastingly than any douche or inhaler that I have ever seen, and although they are what is called a patent medicine and sold by druggists, I do not hesitate to recommend them, as I know them to be free from cocaine, and opiates, and that even a little child may use them with entire safety."

Any sufferer from nasal catarrh, throat or bronchial trouble, catarrh of the stomach, liver or bladder will find Stuart's Catarrh Tablets remarkably effective, pleasant and convenient, and your druggist will tell you they are absolutely free from any injurious drug. 880 y w t

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE G.T.R

New Station for Woodstock Wanted—In Re Buying the C. N. R.

Woodstock, Nov. 15.—General Manager Hays of the G. T. R., and a number of officials of the road, met delegations from the city council, board of trade and business men yesterday afternoon, and discussed with them a proposal for the erection of a new station here. The present building is too small, and is situated on the south side of the track, making it necessary for passengers to cross the track going to and from the trains. Mr. Hays proposed to erect a new station to the east of the present building, but still on the south side of the track, providing the city would build a subway to take the place of the overhead bridges. The proposition was not received with any favor. The city wants the station on the north side, so that it may be reached by a street car line, and will probably insist on that location as the one condition on which any assistance would be granted. The conference broke up without anything being accomplished.

Goderich, Ont., Nov. 14.—Mr. C. M. Hays, general manager of the G. T. R., was in town yesterday, inspecting the new railway station and other properties of the company in Goderich. In response to a question if there was anything in the published statement that the Mackenzie-Mann road was to be purchased by the G. T. R., the general manager smiled broadly and said: "I have not heard a word about it so far."

Friend of Elopers Dead.

Richmond, W. Va., Nov. 15.—Rev. H. Walker is dead in Pelham, N. C., aged 69. He had a record of marrying over 2,000 eloping couples.

Millionaire Sentenced for Bribery.

Columbia, Mo., Nov. 15.—Col. Ed Butler, millionaire and politician, of St. Louis, who has been on trial, charged with having attempted to bribe Dr. Chapman, of the St. Louis Board of Health, in order to influence his vote on the indorsement of a garbage contract with the city, has been found guilty by the jury, which fixed the punishment at three years in the penitentiary. A motion for a new trial was overruled.

Smallpox Case Hid in Closet.

Detroit, Nov. 15.—Dr. E. J. Kendall called at the home of Mrs. Victoria Sobieski, 497 Willis avenue east, last night, where a suspicious case had been reported. He was assured that there was no one in the house sick, but, making a search, found hidden in a clothes closet a little girl who showed unmistakable signs of smallpox. There are six other children in the family, and the house was placed under quaratine.

Gave His Life for a Flag.

San Francisco, Nov. 15.—John Nystrom, a Swedish sailor on the United States transport Sumner, sacrificed his life while attempting to save an American flag which had been torn by a gust of wind from the stern of the vessel's steam launch. He plunged into the water and secured the banner, but was caught by the strong ebb tide and drowned before he could be reached by a boat.

Plague of Skunks.

Geneva, N. Y., Nov. 15.—This city is suffering from a plague of skunks. The animals invaded the city about the middle of October, and have been moving toward the business center ever since. The animals entered the boiler room of the Geneva Manufacturing Company one night. The watchman's dog attacked them, and the factory was in consequence closed for three days. A New York Central locomotive cut one of the animals in two in the fifth ward. The locomotive on the Black Diamond Express on the Lehigh Valley Railroad ran over another in the sixth ward. The result is that a considerable part of the northern and eastern sections are not attractive. John street has been deserted since a skunk was killed there a few days ago.

Frost-Proof Oranges.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The Department of Agriculture has for several years been trying to produce a new orange that will withstand the cold waves that have devastated the groves of Florida twice within the past decade. Herbert J. Webber, one of the physiologists of the department, has been occupied with the problem for several seasons, and is now ready to announce that he has developed an orange that can be grown 200 miles further north than the varieties hitherto commonly grown in Florida. He has accomplished this by crossing the Japanese trifoliate orange, an ornamental tree, with the common varieties successively, until a fine fruit capable of enduring extreme cold has been produced. The new variety has not been named.

Remember Our Clearing Sale of Kid Gloves. Best Kinds at Lowest Prices.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES EVERY DAY
176-178 Dundas Street, London,
Saturday, Nov. 15, 1902.

WOODS' FAIR

Big Sale of Stamped Goods

Regular 15c, 20c and 25c Goods; Monday, 8c.

Here is a splendid chance for fancy workers. On Monday morning we put on sale a number of Linen Lawn Stamped Pieces. Some are tinted; some are plain; all stamped, and every one of extraordinary value. All regular 15c, 20c and 25c lines.

The designs are in daisies, roses, violets, forget-me-nots, buttercups, chrysanthemums, holly, etc.

A set of Center and 2 Doilies, for set 8c
A set of 6 Doilies, for set 8c
Large size Center Pieces (22 inches), for each 8c
Also number of Hemstitched, Stamped Centers, Doilies and Tray Cloths and fringed tinted squares, choice Monday, each 8c

AT FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

We are showing a fine assortment of Fancy Baskets for Christmas gifts, etc.

Useful Specials From the Basement.

A splendid line of Plain Water Glasses, regular 5c, 3 for 10c
2 dozen only Rockingham Mixing Bowls, regular 15c, clearing Monday, 2 for 15c
3 dozen No. 8 Wash Boilers, copper pit bottom, Monday, for each $1 00
Sad Irons, per set 85c
3 dozen Stove Pokers, only each 5c
X-Ray Raisin Seeders, Monday, each 50c
20 dozen Nickel Silver Teaspoons, ½ dozen for 25c
A special line of 3-string Brooms, each 15c
See our Toilet Sets, all reduced for Monday.

See the big can of Quickshine Stovepipe Varnish. Our price is, can 10c

VISIT OUR TOY DEPARTMENT. | **WOOD'S FAIR**

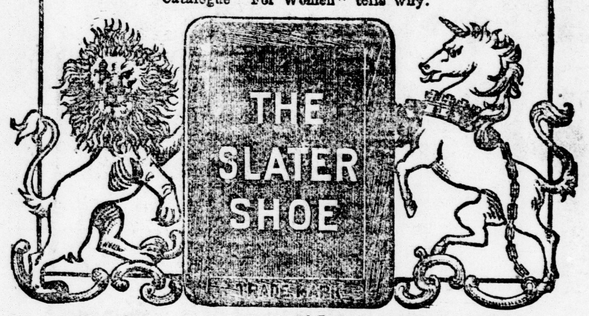
SHOE EXPRESSION.

Homely feet borrow grace, when clad in The Slater Shoe for Women.

No factory could originate—and few could copy,—the subtle elegance of the Parisian models from which The Slater Shoe is reproduced.

These are the only shoes, for Women, sold in Canada, with the Makers price stamped on the shoe—in a slate frame—$3.50 and $5.00.

Catalogue "For Women" tells why.



S. W. CALDWELL, Manager.

Slater Shoe Store

171 Dundas Street, (Near Richmond.)

Fine Soft All-Wool Underwear

Sizes 36 to 42 inches. **For $1.50 a Suit.** This is a regular $2.00 line.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear.

Very Warm. Very Soft. **For $2.00 a Suit.** If they shrink we refund the money.

GRAHAM BROS.

FACTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

There is only one way to advertise, and that is to hammer your name, your business, so constantly, so persistently, so thoroughly, into the people's heads that if they walked in their sleep they would constantly turn their heads to your store. The newspaper is your best friend in spite of your criticism. It helps to build up your community, which supports you. When the day comes that the newspapers are dead the people are near the edge of the grave, with not one to write their epitaph.—John Wanamaker.

Danger of Modern Times.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—"The greatest danger of modern times is the tendency to specializing in all lines, and I think this spirit is responsible for unions, trusts and combinations," declared President Harper, of the University of Chicago, at an entertainment under the auspices of the Independent Order of B'Nai B'Rith. Dr. Harper said questions of literature, religion, society and politics were not studied deeply enough, and men did not think with the right spirit.

GIVE YOUR GROCER 5 CENTS AND SAY Hudson's Dry Soap

and watch his face lighten up as he hastens to hand you a packet of the greatest and most satisfactory soap the world has ever produced.

It is easy to tell what it does. And what it doesn't do isn't worth telling.

Is It Possible You Have Never Tried It?

"Diamond" Flour Turns the Tide Toward Successful Baking.

—If the Bread and Rolls and Pastry have not been what they should it's time to try "Diamond" Flour.

—Success in baking always follows the proper use of this superior flour.

—"Diamond Flour" is the delight of all who bake.

—It is the one flour that has all those properties so essential to the making of light, white, wholesome Bread and Rolls and delicious Cake and Pastry.

—Ask for "Diamond" the next time you order flour of your grocer.

Refuse Substitutes.

Hunt Bros.

Wholesalers.

42c-tyw

The lunacy rate in hard-headed Dundee, Scotland, is to be raised a half penny.

PRICE ONE CENT

London Advertiser

PAGES 9 TO 16

40TH YEAR. NO. 381. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16742.

EDWARD BLAKE. MICHAEL DAVITT.

Members of the Irish Nationalist Party who are now in America.

REWARDED WITH DECORATIONS

Delagoa Bay Officials Are Well Looked After—Alleged Secret Agreement.

London, Nov. 15.—Emperor William's visit to Sandringham is approaching its close without the disclosure of any state secrets. The only new fact is the care with which officials connected with Delagoa Bay have been rewarded with decorations. The visit of the King of Portugal to Windsor will be attended with more formality than has been witnessed at Sandringham, and there probably will be a revival of inventions about the approaching annexations of a large district in East Africa. The existence of a secret agreement between Germany and England respecting East Africa is not doubted in diplomatic circles, although the circumstances are not considered opportune for carrying out its provisions.

NO CABINET YET.

Premier Sagasta has so far failed to form a new Spanish Cabinet. He and the other ministers had a long conference yesterday and subsequently both Senor Moret and the Duke of Veragua intimated to a press representative that they saw no hope of Senor Sagasta being able to submit a list of ministers to the King. It is reported that Senor Monterey Rios, President of the Senate, intends to resign and retire from politics. In the afternoon Senor Sagasta informed the King that he felt compelled to abandon the task of trying to form a new cabinet, but his majesty requested him to make a further effort.

WANTS THE METRIC SYSTEM

Hon. Mr. Bernier Favors Its Use in Canada.

Ottawa, Nov. 15.—Hon. M. E. Bernier, Minister of Inland Revenue, since taking office has given considerable attention to information regarding the metric system of weights and measures. He says:

"I am satisfied that the metric system is infinitely superior to that at present in vogue here, and as long as I occupy this portfolio I will do what I can to educate public sentiment in regard to its advantages. I have been distributing to high schools charts and material to illustrate the plan on which the metric system is based, and at present I am in correspondence with the Quebec authorities to have the distribution extended to the common schools. Later I will bring the matter before the attention of the Ontario Government also.

"The imperial conference in London last summer adopted, as you know, a resolution in favor of the metric system. It is permissible in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States to make contracts involving its use, and I have reason to believe that at the next Congress in Washington a bill will be pressed by prominent men to wipe out the old order of measurement, and bring in the metric plan as the law of the land. In Canada we will be content to move slowly, as the public is educated to the convenience that would result from the employment of this superior mode of calculating weight, bulk and distance."

CATHEDRAL FIRED BY ANARCHISTS

Origin of the Conflagration at St. Pierre, Miq., Nfld.—Two Men Arrested.

St. Johns, Nfld., Nov. 14.—The disastrous fire which broke out in St. Pierre, Miquelon, on Nov. 1, and destroyed the Government buildings, the Roman Catholic Cathedral and a number of other edifices, is now believed to have been the work of a local colony of anarchists.

It was known that the cathedral was set on fire by incendiaries, and last Sunday night an attempt was made to blow up the powder magazine there, which contains the entire stock of explosives for the islets. Had this attempt proved successful the town would have been destroyed. Two men have been arrested.

Had to Sell Gilmore's Library.

New York, Nov. 14. — The recently published statement that the music library of the late P. S. Gilmore had been secured from his widow for the Louisiana Purchase Band at a price of $275,000, is denied by friends of Mrs. Gilmore. The library is not in her possession, as she was forced to sell it some years ago for a few hundred dollars. Mrs. Gilmore and her daughter are now living near Boston, slenderly maintained by the latter's literary work.

KING EDWARD'S NEW DEPARTURE

May Revive Custom of Always Having a Member of the Cabinet at Court.

New York, Nov. 15.—King Edward is reported to be considering the expediency of reviving the old custom of always having a number of the ministry at court, except when he is in residence at Buckingham Palace, says a London dispatch to the Tribune. This change will make it necessary for some member of the ministry to be at Windsor or Sandringham, as well as Balmoral, whenever the King is out of London. If it be adopted, it will be a fresh proof of the active interest taken by the King in public affairs. There already has been so much evidence of royal energy in this direction that Mr. Labouchere is moved to remark in Truth that Edward VII. is as active in Government business as George III. was a century ago.

Teddy Hunting Bears.

Smedes, Miss., Nov. 14.—A messenger arrived from camp at 11 o'clock today with the news that President Roosevelt and his guides started on a bear hunt at daybreak, and almost immediately struck the trail of three bears. The tracks were fresh and the guides felt certain that the President would have a shot at a bear before he returned to camp tonight.

CONSERVATIVE CLUB OF LONDON BANQUETS OPPOSITION LEADER JAMES PLINY WHITNEY

Three Hundred Guests Listen for Four Hours to Floods of Partisan Eloquence.

Oratorical Heavyweights Predict Disaster for Ross

MR. WHITNEY IS CONFIDENT

Liberal Corruption Still the Theme for Impassioned Declamation and Invective.

The banquet tendered last night by the Conservative Club of London to James Pliny Whitney, leader of the Opposition in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, proved to be the most successful affair of the kind which has yet been held under the auspices of the club. Three hundred guests gathered from all portions of Western Ontario sat down in the big dining-room of the Tecumseh House, whose accommodation was taxed to the full. The room was artistically and patriotically decorated, every chandelier bearing a cluster of British flags, while each window was draped with red, white and blue bunting. The guests were seated at four tables, each of which ran from end to end of the room. Mr. Wm. Gray, president of the Conservative Club, acted as chairman, and introduced the various toasts and speakers. Seated at his right was the guest of the evening, Mr. Whitney, while at his left sat Mr. J. J. Foy, M.P.P. for South Toronto. On either side of these gentlemen were a score of heavyweights of the party from Toronto and other portions of the Province, together with leading local Conservatives.

Among those seated at the table of honor were William Gray, president of the Conservative Club; J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., Morrisburgh; J. J. Foy, Hanna, M.P.P., of Sarnia, whom he designated "the hero of West Lambton."

Mr. Hanna spoke in terms of praise of the Conservative Club of London for always doing the right thing at the right time. He felt, he said, the Dominion Liberals were fortunate in having come into power during prosperous times. Mr. Beck's election was indicative of the general feeling in London toward the Conservative party. Mr. Hanna, who is an energetic and clever speaker, spoke throughout in a very ironical vein.

The next speaker was Dr. Reaume, M.P.P. for Essex. He gave a short but delightful speech, in the course of which he told a number of excellent shories and drawing from them paralleis to the present political situation.

THE LEADER ON HIS FEET.

Mr. Whitney was next introduced by Chairman Gray, who took occasion to deliver an eulogistic little speech extolatory of the Opposition leader and the Conservative party, and condemnatory of the election judges who have rendered adverse decisions against Conservative members.

Mr. Whitney was cordially received when he rose to his feet, so much so that he opened by saying that he felt embarrassed in his attempt to thank the Conservative Club and the others present for the welcome given him. The great services rendered the party not only by the Conservatives of London, but by the whole western portion of Ontario, were a matter of pride and thankfulness on his part, said Mr. Whitney. It was an added pleasure, he said, to be present to meet such men as Mr. Thos. Beattie, Mr. Adam Beck, Mr. Wm. Gray and Mr. R.Shaw-Wood. He was also gratified to hear the stirring utterances of the two baby members of the House who had spoken before himself. Mr. Whitney saying that whatever his merits or defects, his consolation had always been that he was attempting to do his best, a course which he would always endeavor to pursue, and which he hoped would meet with the approval of those who had so loyally supported him.

It would be almost like carrying coals to Newcastle, said the speaker, to discuss policies before a gathering such as that before him, composed as it was of men who were the molders and leaders of political thought in Western Ontario. He proposed, however, to deal shortly with some aspects of Provincial politics, and he need not go further back in political history than the assumption of office by Premier Ross.

THOSE BROKEN PROMISES.

Mr. Ross, on taking office, had announced with a flourish as of trumpets innovations which he intended to carry out. He had promised to develop the great resources of the Province, to establish remount stations, to encourage the dressed beef industry, to improve the Province's roads, to introduce new drainage legislation, and to achieve many other reforms, yet he had accomplished little along any of these lines. The good roads legislation had done nothing but incite one municipality against another, and few had taken advantage of it. The effort to improve the drainage legislation had resulted only in an unintelligible act, whose preamble was longer than its enactment.

Mr. Ross' effort to deal with the development of New Ontario, too, had accomplished little practical good. The Conservative party had been charged with decrying New Ontario, yet Mr. Whitney alleged that Mr. Ross and his colleagues had once disparaged New Ontario as worthless. During a tour of New Ontario, said Mr. Whitney, practically every man he met denounced the Government's policy, and the winning of three new seats in New Ontario by the Conservatives was a proof that the people of that section were dissatisfied with the Government.

THERE WAS NO SURPLUS.

Mr. Ross knew so little of the finances of the Province that he had to appoint a commission of three financiers to ascertain their exact standing. That commission found that the repeated claim of a surplus had been through all the years a deliberate untruth. Speaking of the recent defalcations in the succession duties department at Toronto, Mr. Whitney pointed out that the defaulting officer had no right whatever to receive the duties, and in allowing this improper and irregular procedure the Government had been negligent, careless and unbusinesslike. Mr. Whitney asked why the financial commission, which was ordered to inspect all books dealing with the receipts of the Province, had not discovered the irregularities which have only come to light three years later. The commission reported that the books were in good shape, that the system of bookkeeping was an excellent one, and that all receipts were promptly paid over to the Provincial Treasurer. Mr. Whitney, in ascribing a cause for the failure of the commission to discover the irregularities present in the books, quoted an utterance of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in another connection: "The weary Tritons staggered under the too vast orb of their own fate." The commissioners, in the voluminousness of their task, must have overlooked the irregularities present.

"Are the men who allow defalcations to go on for years without discovery fit to administer the affairs of this Province?" asked Mr. Whitney.

Referring to the Temiscaming Railway, Mr. Whitney charged one of the commissioners appointed in connection with it, with publicly stating that he had been promised his place on the commission if he carried two seats for the Ontario Government. The Dominion Government had not granted the subsidy to the Temiscaming Railway which the Ontario Government said it would, and on this point, at least, the two governments were evidently not a unit.

"This model Government," said Mr. Whitney, "voted down Mr. Thomas Crawford's bill aiming at relieving the farmers from the disadvantages they labor under through the operation of the differential tariffs of the railways. Yet this Government claims to be the farmers' friend."

HARD WORDS, THOSE.

Mr. Whitney then spoke in condemnatory terms of the bill passed to prolong the life of the Legislature, and also of the "infamous census circular" which the Ontario Liberal Association issued, asking the census taker to gather certain information which was to be improperly used by the Liberal party, and the gathering of which would mean the committing of perjury on the part of the census takers. Yet Mr. Ross had treated the matter as a light affair when charged with it in the house.

The unseating of Donald Sutherland was then touched upon by Mr. Whitney. "Ballot stuffing, ballot stealing and other crimes having failed, Mr. Ross and his party adopted the further crimes of perjury and subornation of perjury in order to defeat Donald Sutherland," he said.

Mr. Whitney charged the Ross Government with stealing from the Conservative party its policies on agriculture, manhood franchise, sawlog duties, punishment of bribery and other public question. "It is still watching," he said, "for other policies to steal."

WORSE THAN TAMMANY HALL.

The commission appointed to investigate corruption in West Elgin and North Waterloo, said Mr. Whitney, was limited to investigating the acts of the returning officers, the deputy returning officers and the poll clerks only, and the machine was left out. No effort was made to punish the workers of iniquity—some of them from London—who were imported into these constituencies by the Liberal party. The lawyer appointed to conduct the inquiry into the iniquities practiced was the guide, philosopher and friend of their perpetrators. "Why did not the Attorney-General of Ontario," asked Mr. Whitney, "who should be the guardian of the people's honor, prosecute these men who today are going around the Province as the paid secret agents of the Government, whose members dare not as individuals?"

The Ontario Government, said the speaker, had been guilty of more corrupt practices than notorious Tammany Hall in New York ever had. Tammany Hall had never stolen and burned ballots as had the minions of the Government.

Although the Ross Government had an adverse popular majority of 7,000 against it, Mr. Ross continued to hold office, and claimed that Gladstone or Salisbury would do the same. "Fancy Gladstone or Salisbury drawing their salaries when the people had plainly shown disapproval of them!" said the Opposition leader.

NO COALITION FOR THEM.

When Mr. Ross found himself in the unenviable position of possessing virtually no majority, he had thrown out a feeler, through a Globe editorial, as to the possibility of a coalition Government. This idea meeting no favor from the Conservative party, Mr. Ross had valiantly declared at Newmarket that he would fight, and Mr. Ross had asked his hearers to weigh well what his statement meant. "Did it not mean," asked Mr. Whitney, "that the Government meant to utilize the same disreputable means of retaining office as it had already used in West Elgin, North Waterloo and other constituencies?"

AN APPALLING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"The present state of affairs is an appalling one," thundered the speaker, "and cannot last, because we are a Christian nation and a British nation, proud of our honor and our liberties. I am certain that the day is near when the people of Ontario, despite the wriggling and twisting of the men who should be ashamed to hold office under such circumstances, will declare that they will have none of them, and will ask the Conservative members of the house to come forward and take office. They may delay the inevitable for a few weeks or a few months, but the time must come when they will receive the punishment which is in store for them. The thoughtful men of the Liberal party will follow the example of Hon. S. H. Blake, and will recognize the fact that party lines must be torn asunder in order that the future of Ontario may be what it should be. We feel that we shall have the support of the great bulk of Reformers in doing away with the intolerable and unprecedented state of affairs which exist in Ontario.

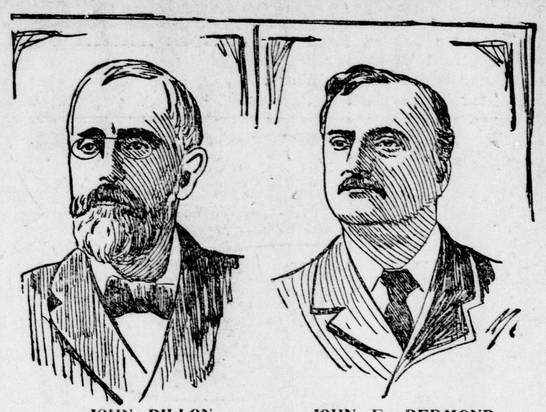
WHEN THE TIME COMES?

"When the time comes for us to assume office, we ask only that you deal fairly and just with us. We do not claim that we have more political virtue than our Reform neighbors, but we promise to do our duty, and we ask only to be judged by the same standard as we apply to the men now holding office. If we fail, we will expect punishment; if we succeed, we hope to receive the commendation of the people of Ontario.

"There is no reason why any Conservative today should feel otherwise than jubilant over the party's prospect, and the Conservative who desponds must have something wrong with his mental digestion, for everything is coming his way.

"In the future, as in the past," said Mr. Whitney in conclusion, "I will do my best, certain that I will receive the support, sympathy and confidence of the people whose servant I am."

Mr. Whitney received another ovation at the conclusion of his speech



JOHN DILLON. JOHN E. REDMOND.

Members of the Irish Nationalist Party who are now in America.

Dr. Reaume had retorted, "but I'd advise you to get your breakfast before coming over, as you'd eat your supper in hell!" Speaking of the policy of the Reform party, Dr. Pyne said it had been stolen from the Conservatives and Sir John Macdonald. Mr. Whitney was a good leader. This was his second term as leader and it would be a long way from his last. Like a good Briton, he would never give in, and he doesn't know when he is beaten.

Mr. Finlay Macdiarmid, M. P. P. for West Elgin, said he thought London was a most fitting place to hold such an affair as the present one. London had produced many famous representatives. He believed it was not impossible for the Conservatives to carry the bye elections and thought that they would be won. To do that would mean to place Mr. Whitney in power.

Mr. J. W. St. John, M. P. P. for West York, made a short speech, in which he congratulated the Conservative Club on such an excellent showing, and said he was glad to see so many prominent citizens present.

DR. NESBITT'S PREDICTIONS.

Dr. W. Beattie Nesbitt, M. P. P. for North Toronto, complained that he came so late on the programme that there was nothing left for him to say. He said he had an objection—a very serious objection—to Mr. Wm. Gray—his name was a shade out, for he was one of the whitest men the speaker ever knew. Dr. Nesbitt said the Conservatives would all attend the funeral of the Liberal party in South Oxford shortly, and decorate the grave with an appropriate floral offering—a broken lyre. Dr. Nesbitt predicted that the Conservatives are going to win the Province of Ontario and Mr. Whitney will be premier. "All you have to do is to line up the honest Tories and you will win in spite of all the tricks of the Ross machine," was one of Dr. Nesbitt's forcible utterances.

SUTHERLAND'S STARTLING STORY.

Mr. Donald Sutherland, who was returned for South Oxford at the last Provincial election, said he was hardly ably to reply to the toast "Our Representatives in the Ontario Legislature," as his experience had been so short. It was true, however, that in that time a lot had happened. The majority cast for the Conservatives in South Oxford was almost entirely from young men. It was not a fact that money had been sent to the Conservatives in South Oxford to corrupt the electors. Mr. Sutherland said that shortly before the commencement of the election trial he had been approached by the Liberals, who told him he would be financially rewarded if he would desert his party. "I will not repeat to you, gentlemen, the language I used in refusing their proposition," said Mr. Sutherland. When the Liberals found he could not be bought they carried the case into the courts, where it now is. The South Oxford Liberals are not pushing the matter all on their own account, as money for the purpose is coming from Toronto. Mr. Sutherland said his dearest wish was that the election trial would be continued on Dec. 1, as there would be interesting developments. He knew many who could testify to attempted bribery on the part of the Liberals. He thought there was no doubt but that it would be a good fight, and that the Conservatives would win.

Mayor Beck replied to the toast "The Mayor and Corporation of the City of London," and expressed his pleasure at being present to do so. London, said he, was advancing faster than was generally known. Another big industry—a bridge works—was considering locating in London. The mayor also pointed out how London might benefit by having the ore that now passes through on its way to Hamilton unloaded and smelted in this city.

Mr. Whitney, in a short but highly laudatory address, proposed the health of Mr. William Gray, who was one of the hardest workers in the party. The toast was drunk to the tune of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Interspersed with the toasts were patriotic solos by Mr. J. Arnold Thompson and Dr. Archie Becher, and some comic songs by Mr. Maurice McMahon, which tickled the crowd.

At 2:30 the banquet was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

COOPER PHOTO

MR. WM. GRAY,

President of the Conservative Club of this city.

MR. J. P. WHITNEY, K.C.,

Leader of the Ontario Opposition, tendered a banquet last night.

CANADIAN STAMPS WERE VALUABLE

Two of Them Cost the Buyer Over $400—Advice as to Emigration.

London, Nov. 15.—At a sale of stamps yesterday here a Canada twelve-penny, 1851, black, lightly canceled, brought £75 ($350), and a New Brunswick twelve-penny mauve, of the same year, was sold for £14 ($70).

WESTERN IMMIGRATION.

The Morning Post, referring to Col. Sam Hughes' complaint that the Northwest was becoming Americanized says that so long as Canada systematically exports her young men to the States and fails to make use of her obvious opportunities of earning an honest dollar by organizing a western immigration for her own benefit, but little attention will be paid in this country to the complaints of Mr. Hughes or such, and neither will British capitalists appreciate the field for investment of the Northwest at its proper worth.

Smallpox in Labelle, Quebec.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 14.—Smallpox is reported as epidemic in Labelle County, Quebec, near here. People commingle freely, the disease being of a mild type, and nothing is being done to check it. The outbreak constitutes a menace to Hull and Ottawa.

"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"

By 9 o'clock the guests had taken their places around the tables, and the first order of business—the consideration of the menu—was taken up. Shortly after 10 o'clock President Gray rose with a call for order, as a preliminary to introducing the toast of "The King," to which all present responded with the hearty rendering of "God Save the King."

WISE MEN FROM THE WEST.

The next toast, that of "Canada," was responded to by Mr. James Clancy, M.P. for Bothwell. He spoke in fervent terms of the guest of the evening, with whom, he said, he had sat in Parliament before Mr. Whitney was called to lead the party in Ontario, and felt that everyone was like himself in not being surprised that Mr. Whitney had come to the front. The fight of Mr. Whitney was the fight of every Conservative. The speaker said he believed the Liberals were really loyal at bottom, but they had been unfortunate in choosing their associates. They had proved themselves as weak in power as they were weak in opposition. Mr. Clancy closed by expressing the hope that he would soon see Mr. Whitney at the head of affairs.

Mr. Gray then introduced Mr. W. J. K.C., M.P.P., Toronto; Mayor Beck, M.P.P., London; James Clancy, M. P., Bothwell; Thomas Beattie, ex-M.P., London; Dr. Reaume, M.P.P., Windsor; R. Shaw-Wood, London; Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, M.P.P., Toronto; Dr. Pyne, M.P.P., Toronto; Finlay Macdiarmid, M.P.P., West Elgin; A. B. Ingram, M. P., West Elgin; J. W. St. John, M.P. P., Toronto; D. Sutherland, M.P.P., South Oxford; O. Simmons, M. P., East Lambton, and W. J. Hanna, M.P.P., Sarnia.

PETRIFIED BODY OF WOMAN

Found by Sexton—Had Been Buried for Seventeen Years.

Fairmount, Ind., Nov. 14.—While Sexton Nathan Cox, of this city, was moving bodies from the Vinson Cemetery, near Summitville, to the Park Cemetery, north of this city, he found one that had been partly petrified.

The body of an old woman, which had been buried for seventeen years in a bed of yellow clay, had turned to stone from the shoulders to the feet, and it required four men to bring it to the surface. The head had disappeared. The rough box showed no evidences of having been buried, and the casket was in a good state of preservation. When the grave was opened it was found to be partly filled with water.

The San Jose Scale Remedy.

Toronto, Nov. 14.—The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association is arranging for a demonstration of the new remedy for the San Jose scale at St. Catharines on the 19th, and at a later date at Niagara, Winona, Kingsville and Blenheim.

Purity is Free No After Penalties to Pay

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea on a Sealed Lead Packet is an Absolute Guarantee of its Purity and Worth.
"BLACK" for Black Tea Drinkers.
"GREEN" for Those Used to Japans.

"On the island out yonder," Kenneth answered, glancing toward a long, low stretch of land a little way out in the sea. "I was watching some men who were digging clams, and this was turned up among them. I knew it was a treasure the moment I espied it, and it has proved to be the most perfect specimen of its kind that I ever saw."

"How distinctly the shape of the fern has been preserved," Queen Bess remarked, studying it intently. "But it is a peculiar variety; I have never seen anything like it."

"Yes, I think it must be a native of some other country. It is said, you know, that the surface of our world is constantly changing; and once, doubtless, that little fern was growing in some luxuriant deep in the bosom of the earth, where it was petrified; then ages more rolled the shifting sea over it, and the mighty convulsions which are constantly occurring in its mysterious depths, together with the action of the water, have at last caused it to be thrown up here for me to find for you," Kenneth concluded, smiling.

"What a pretty little romance you have woven about it," Queen Bess remarked, regarding the curious thing with increasing interest. "I would like to know how long it has taken to produce such a specimen; but would you not like to keep it yourself, Mr. Keith?"

"No; as I told you, it is my parting offering; that is, if you care to keep it?"

"Indeed, I do, and I shall keep it always as a treasured memento."

Kenneth laughed, but he looked pleased, nevertheless.

"I did not expect my modest gift would be prized so highly as that," he said; then he added, with some hesitation, "I wonder if I should be regarded as overstepping the bounds of propriety if I should beg some trifle in return as a keepsake?"

Queen Bess flushed rosily at the request.

"Really, Mr. Keith," she replied; "I have but very little that I can call my own just now, at least here, for nearly everything I possessed was burned. But, stay," she interposed, taking up a small volume from the table beside her, "here is my diamond edition of Whittier. I had been out on the rocks that day reading it, and it was in the pocket of my dress. It is badly worn," she said, touching the somewhat defaced covers, and smiling, "for I am very fond of Whittier and have read it a great deal. You may have this if it is not too poor an offering for your acceptance."

He grasped it eagerly as she extended it; every page would be sacred to him, because she had read it over and over, turning the leaves with the same delicate hands that had done him such kindly service a few days before, while, too, she had marked it here and there.

"I shall prize it more than I can tell you," he said, earnestly; "but can you part with it? One gets to be very fond of a congenial companion like this."

"Yes, to you," Queen Bess answered, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun; then she added, with a quick blush, "nothing could be too good for one who has done so much for me, and my poor little book is rather a shabby gift to offer anyone."

It was a singular and homely exchange of mementos, but to those two, who were beginning to understand the character and inner life of each other, it meant a great deal.

Mrs. Sherman entered the room just then, accompanied by Alice, and Kenneth had no opportunity to reply; but he quietly slipped the little volume in his pocket, his heart thrilling with a fond, sweet hope that was beginning to take root there, then he turned to greet the newcomers.

Alice was pale and quiet; indeed she had been so ever since the fire. She had not been injured in any way, she had not a scratch or a burn to show for that night's terrible experience; she had gone safely, though tremblingly, down the ladder after Kenneth had left her to go back for Bess, and reached the ground, where kind and willing hands had done everything for her comfort; but she had nevertheless sustained a shock which seemed suddenly to have darkened her life.

She had heard Kenneth's startled exclamation when the partition had fallen and he had feared for one dreadful moment that Bess was lost.

He had cried in a voice of agony: "Great heavens! quicker! quicker! My darling, have I lost you!"

Then he had left her at that dizzy height, midway of the ladder, and bounded back to save Queen Bess, and she knew that what she had feared, from the day when they had first met on the beach, had come to pass, that he had learned to love the girl for whom he was risking so much to save.

The knowledge sent a shock of despair through her soul, and for an instant she was tempted to cast herself headlong from the ladder, for she had given her heart unreservedly to the grand fellow who was showing himself such a hero, and she was sure that if Bess was saved her affection would go unrequited for all time. Bess was saved, and she had stood and watched the two as they descended the ladder together. She saw how tenderly Kenneth guided every step, how his whole face shone with the great joy which filled his heart because he had been permitted to save her.

She had seen Queen Bess' look of gratitude, and heard her tremulous tones as she tried to thank him for what he had done; then, when the roof had fallen and startled her, she saw her turn and stretch out her hands to him, as if with him, and him alone, there was safety, and fall insensible into his arms.

The sight had nearly maddened her, and all the bitterest feelings of her heart were stirred into action—her very nature seemed changed—seemed to have suddenly become poisoned by jealousy.

Even her feelings were calloused—she felt no sympathy or sorrow for the young girl in her sufferings; she would not remain in the room with her, but shut herself away in her own chamber and brooded over her own sorrow, and was almost glad when she was told that all Bess' beautiful hair had been spoiled by the fire.

But when she saw her after the barber had done his work she grew even more envious than before, for Queen Bess looked so youthful and bewitchingly pretty, with the short, curly locks clustering about her fair brow, and Alice knew that she would be even more attractive than ever to Kenneth.

"Oh, mamma, Alice! Mr. Keith says that he is going tomorrow," Queen Bess said, after they had exchanged greetings with him.

"Are you?" Mrs. Sherman inquired, and looking really sorry. "Truly, Mr. Keith, we shall all regret your departure very much. I can never express all that I feel, in view of what you have done for us; but pray consider us your lifelong friends, and come to see us often when we return to New York. You will always be welcome."

Kenneth's face glowed at this invitation; it was more than he had dared to hope for.

"You are very kind," he replied, "and if I may come occasionally it will be a great favor to me, for I have no home, other than a very gloomy room in a boarding-house, and very few friends. I hope," he added, as he took up his hat to leave, "that you will all soon be fully recovered from the shock which you experienced at the fire."

"Thank you. It was a terrible shock to me, but I am gaining every day; indeed, I hardly think of myself—all my thoughts are for our royal princess," she said, with a fond look at Bess. "But for you, Mr. Keith," she concluded, tremulously, "I should not have had my bonny lassie today," and the grateful woman warmly grasped his hand.

Kenneth's eyes filled with tears at her words; he well knew that her heart would have been desolate had she lost her beautiful daughter, but he dared not think what his own future would have been had she perished in those terrible flames.

He turned to Alice, holding out his hand in farewell.

"You are looking pale, Miss Sherman; it was a very trying experience to you, as well as the others," he said.

"Yes, but I am doing very well, Mr. Keith," she responded, frigidly, as she just touch his hands with her fingers, which were like ice, and then she turned abruptly from him and walked to a window.

"Mr. Keith, you must not forget to send me the papers you have promised me," said Bess, looking up brightly and wondering what made Alice behave so strangely. "He is going to let us have some of his own articles to read," she explained to Mrs. Sherman.

"No, indeed, I will not. It is my hope that you will not be disappointed." Kenneth returned. Then, bidding them a last good-bye, and renewing his promise to see them on their return to the city, he went away.

CHAPTER XI.

Kenneth left for New York that afternoon. He reached Brooklyn about five o'clock, and as he stepped on board the ferryboat to cross the river—it was before the days of the great Brooklyn bridge—he noticed a handsome and elegantly dressed lady standing outside the cabin, and holding by the hand a young girl of perhaps twelve years.

She was tall and stately, with a splendidly-developed figure and delicate, high-bred features, which bespoke good blood, as well as refinement and culture. She might have been forty-five years of age, yet there was not a thread of silver visible among her abundant dark hair, nor a wrinkle upon her brow or face to mar her proud beauty. She would have been called very handsome by some people, but to Kenneth, who always looked beneath the surface, it seemed as if her expression was too cold and haughty to be really beautiful, although he was compelled to acknowledge that there was almost a royal grace and dignity in her every movement.

Kenneth could not have told why he should have singled her out from among the many who surrounded her, but she somehow appeared to have an individuality stronger than anyone else, and he felt its influence in some indefinable way.

Perhaps one reason for his being so strangely attracted was because of the child, whom he thought was the most exquisite little creature he had ever seen, and he could scarcely keep his eyes from the two during the passage across the river.

[To be Continued.]

One of two things always happens regarding a habit. You either master it or it masters you.

One of Those Errors.

In the revival of "The Tempest," played this season by Frederick Warde and Louis James, the former is cast for the role of Prospero, and on the programme he is put down in Shakespearean fashion as "The Rightful Duke of Milan." A printer in the Northwest recently made the line read thus: "Prospero, Frightful Duke of Milan, Frederick Warde."

Mr. Warde when he saw the bill of the play was not unmindful of the humor of the blunder, so inclosed it and called his daughter's attention to it in the next letter he sent her. And he received this note in reply:

"Dear Papa,—I enjoyed your letter immensely. But having seen the performance fail to see wherein the programme was wrong."

Curtain Speech Inartistic.

William Gillette established a precedent during his recent Boston engagement which stars generally might emulate, thereby earning the gratitude of that portion of the audience which does not require the figurative thirteen of the baker's dozen before it is satisfied. The Boston audiences, it seems—or some portion thereof—made the usual demands for "Speech Speech!" but Mr. Gillette refused to comply. Mr. Gillette's unwillingness to accede to the common cry is made on the ground that it is inartistic for the actor to depart from his impersonation. As soon as he begins a speech on his own account he drops the illusion, and the effect of the dramatic situations cannot be resumed with the listener. They have lost the chain of development of the play, and the star cannot do his best.

The Harlem Twins.

Many stories are told of Maltus A. Newman and his brother Jack, known as "the Harlem Twins." They look so much alike that their mother is often mistaken regarding their identity. Some time ago one went into a barber's shop, and a new barber shaved him. An hour later his brother entered the shop and sat down in another chair. The barber who had shaved the first one gasped; then he put up his razor and went to the boss, saying:

"I guess I'd better take a rest. I'm not feeling well."

"What's the matter?" asked the boss.

"See that fellow there? Well, I shaved him close an hour ago, and here he is with a two-days' beard on his face! I'm going to quit."—N. Y. Times.

Needed the Money.

Frank Benson, the present owner of Montauk Point, tells the following story of his father, who originally brught the Montauk property at auction for $150,000. The senior Benson was so much in love with the country that he spent most of his days fishing there. One day a maid from the inn wandered out toward the lone fisherman, the N. Y. Times says, and, seeing his goodly catch, said:

"My! What a lot of fish. What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell 'em, perhaps," was the response.

"Well, perhaps you could sell them up at the inn. You ought to make a good deal of money out of them, and," she added, sympathetically, "goodness knows you look as though you needed it!"

THE HEPWORTH SERMON

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY

"For ye have the poor always with you."—Matt. xxvi. 11.

Does this mean that there will be poor people to the end of time? Is there no ideal society towards which the race is moving, a society in which want will be unknown? Is it impossible to so arrange matters that there shall be plenty for all, or is civilization, even at its best, a broken harp, some of whose strings will forever jangle out of tune?

During hard times we naturally ask what can be done in the way of relief; but the still larger problem to be solved is, can society be so reorganized that these periods of misery, in which men and women have little or nothing to eat, may be avoided?

What we want to know and what we must know before we can set about righting our wrongs is, whether wretchedness and misery are inherent elements of human progress; whether there is such a thing as progress whose ultimate end is universal peace and contentment? If we may sometime hope for better things, then we ought to begin now to shape our customs and laws for their fulfillment. If there is no hope, then we must needs make the best of our conditions and alleviate poverty in any way that may occur to us.

It is undoubtedly true that the race will always be divided into classes. The better off and the worse off will remain side by side until the millennial bell rings. The man of talent will forever accumulate, and the man with no talent will be his servant. Men were created neither free nor equal. That is a figment of the imagination which serves the purpose of the orator, but has no basis in fact. Inequalities of brain, of ambition, or shrewdness, of executive ability, are the first things one sees in the morning and the last things he sees at night. There is no reason to suppose that it will ever be otherwise. There will always be owners of mills and wage-earners who do their bidding.

The solution is not to be found, therefore, in any Utopian dream of making everybody's brain of the same weight or endowing him with the same moral or intellectual faculties. There are workers and overseers of workers—men who sit in their comfortable offices and plan a building, and men who carry the mortar and brick up the ladder.

It might not be well to have it otherwise. Drudgery will always have to be done and there must always be someone to do it.

But, since this is so, the state neglects its chief function when it ceases to be the providence of the poor. It is not our business to regard life as a scramble for whatever is within reach, no matter at what cost to others. That policy is barbaric and as far from the scriptural injunction as heaven is from the earth. The state should recognize the wage-earners, who are in the majority, as its special care, and exercise over them a kind of providential supervision. Laws should not discriminate against the unable and in favor of the able. Government should be paternal in its widest sense and offer every possible opportunity to its citizens to better their condition. The trend of state enactments ought not to help the strong to get more than their share, but to help the poor to get what they are entitled to.

Our charities are well enough in their way. They extend a helping hand to the miserable and to enable them to bridge over an emergency; but the better way would be to abolish the emergency, and then the poor would need no helping hand.

Our public school system illustrates this statement. A hod-carrier is not more contented for being ignorant. Knowledge is power, because it enables a man to keep his eyes open and make the highest use of his opportunities. We insist that every child shall learn something, and we drive him to school against his wishes because the time will come when what he knows will assist him to earn his bread.

Why should not the state establish schools for the mechanical arts and graduate every year a large number of skilled workmen? This has been done in some sections with grand results. A man who knows how is better equipped than one who does not know how. Education is the corner-stone of happiness, and if we could lift the underclasses by teaching them to do better work we should relieve half of the distress which excites our sympathy.

If brotherliness prevailed, if our religion were a matter of living instead of believing, there are a thousand evils which could be removed. We may always have the poor with us, but it is not necessary that they should starve, and when we become more Christian we shall see to it that they do not starve.

HOBBLED SIX YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM

The Remarkable Case of Mr. Cullen, a Chronic Sufferer Who Was Cured in Six Weeks by

FERROZONE

Hundreds, aye thousands of cures have been put on the market for Rheumatism during the past few years, but a remedy with power to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Ferrozone excepted, in the estimation of Mr. Cullen, of Sturgeon Bay, does not exist.

Mr. Cullen says, "As everyone knows, I have been simply tortured for years with Muscular Rheumatism, not the ordinary kind that bothers most people, but the kind that ties one up so they can't move.

"For six years I hobbled about like a cripple, unable to move without crutches and canes. I used quantities of medicines, special baths and so forth, but they didn't help me very much.

"On the advice of a Presbyterian minister I used Ferrozone, gave it a good trial at first and when I saw it was helping, I bought six boxes and took one tablet at the close of each meal. I am perfectly cured and am today as spry as a youngster of ten. I am convinced that my recovery is entirely due to the marvelous action of Ferrozone."

Mr. Cullen's case is a fair example of the kind of cures that Ferrozone is effecting every day. In severe cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism and Lumbago, it acts with surprising alacrity, and no case is recorded where it failed.

Ferrozone cures these diseases because it is a solvent for uric acid in the blood. It removes all traces of it and other poisons from the blood in from two to ten days. Then it builds up and invigorates the system, and makes weak, sickly people strong and well enough to resist and ward off disease.

The best Rheumatism remedy that one can buy is Ferrozone. It relieves quickly and cures so perfectly that the disease never again returns. After all other remedies fail, it cures, and that is the sort of medicine you want. Ferrozone price 50c per box, or three boxes for $1 25. Sent to your address by mail if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Girl and the Ring.

Concurrent with the reappearance of Eleonora Duse in this country this story is being circulated. It has to do with a time when the tragedienne was playing in Vienna. She was about to retire one evening when the servant announced that a young woman, heavily veiled, wished to see her. At first the actress refused to see the caller, but a few moments later the visitor was ushered into her boudoir. She proved to be the 16-year-old daughter of a well-known Italian diplomat. The girl was weeping, and in response to the actress' sympathetic inquiry, she said that although her home life was entirely happy she was overpowered with a desire to become a famous actress.

"Sit down," said the actress, "I have a story to tell you."

Then in all kindliness she continued: "Once there was a poor girl—oh, a very poor girl—who often went the whole day without food. She felt a stirring within her, and she heard the cry not only in time of starvation, but in time of plenty. 'You will be great,' whispered the little voice.

"The years went by, the sky grew brighter, and the girl's name began to be heard in the mouths of men. It spread more and more till Italy took it up with one voice. And she was great. She had achieved her ambition."

"How beautiful," whispered the listening girl.

"Beautiful," repeated the actress. "My child, that woman sits before you and tells you she would give up all her you have described."

Three nights later in Berlin a courtier asked to see Signora Duse. He placed a packet in her hands, and with it was a letter from the girl's father telling the actress that his daughter had no secrets from him, and expressing his gratitude. An opal ring accompanied the message.—New York Times.

As Interpreted By Jacob.

She was a conscientious young woman, and in obedience to the new education she had begun her day's work by teaching the class a memory "gem." Her next step was to dissect the gem aforesaid, and discover just how much of its hidden meaning had been absorbed by her young hopefuls. The poem under discussion was not one filled with lofty purposes, being merely a vivid little couplet that dealt with a certain little man—

"Who walked a crooked mile,
And found a crooked sixpence
Close by a crooked stile."

"I wonder," said the teacher, "if any of my little boys can tell me what a 'sixpence' is?"

Apparently the class was not a unit in the matter of not knowing sixpences when they met them—all but Jacob.

"I can tell you, teacher, what a sixpence is," he said. "It is nine little Indian clubs, and you roll a ball at them, and they all fall down."

The teached helped Jacob discriminate between ninepins and sixpence, and continued the analysis.

"And what does 'stile' mean?" she asked. Again there was a silence that could be felt, and again Jacob came to the rescue.

"Stile," he announced "is a fedora hat, an' tan shoes, an' white pants. My big brother Gus has it for Sundays."

The Day of the Oil Stove.

A crisis of any kind generally produces many new developments, so the situation in which housekeepers found themselves recently, when brought face to face with a possible coal famine at the beginning of winter, introduced a number of economical and useful expedients into daily use, which will doubtless be retained for the future to add to the comforts of daily living. In the first place the oil heater, which heretofore has been sternly prohibited by the head of the family on account of the problematical "danger of fire" (although why it should be more dangerous than a lamp is a conundrum), has been tried and found eminently useful and practical, and many a cold bathroom this winter and cheerless bedroom will be comfortably warmed on account of its introduction into the family. As a 5 o'clock tea adjunct the oil stove has proved a great success. Not only does it boil water in a "jiffy" for the tea kettle, but the light cooking it makes possible is amusing, and adds not a little to the hilarity of that pleasantest of all informal functions. A chafing dish, with its shallow pan and limited possibilities, does not compare with the former on which can be used a saucepan, fying pan or toast rack as desired. "I would never allow an oil stove in the house before the scarcity of coal," said an experienced housekeeper, "and now I have a couple, and esteem them as treasures. One is in the care of my maid upstairs, and on it she can heat an iron for pressing, make a cup of tea when I am tired, or heat water at night, and the other I find invaluable in the dining room, as my family are very irregular in their habits, and the cook's temper suffers in consequence, for I must admit that to be called upon to cook eggs, or send in hot coffee when coal has just been put on the range is aggravating, and to have to leave off other work to provide for some tardy delinquent is exasperating."

Pretty Way to Do Hair.

"I do like the way the girls do their hair now," recently remarked an aged man who has a keen appreciation of the charms of the lassies. "It seems to me," he continued, "that they have at last solved the question of combining both picturesqueness and neatness, and I hope that they will not, as usual, give up a good thing as soon as they have got it, for some absurd new fashion whose only merit is its novelty. The 'sweet disorder' of locks 'flowing free' never appealed to me—it is too apt to be frowsy and does not look well kept—but the combs which they wear now combined with the loose arrangement of the hair make it possible for a woman to look bien coiffee at all times. I have a couple of young relatives, for example, who are great sports, that is, they sail, ride, play golf, row—in fact, spend nearly all their time out of doors. I do not know if their hair is naturally curly or not. I rather think it is not, but it is very wavy and always looks in perfect order. I have seen them pull heavy sweaters over their heads, then take out first one comb and then another and pass each with a deft touch through their loosely arranged tresses, and in a second their heads would look as well coiffed as if they had arranged it for a dinner or a dance. That is what I think is so charming about the present fashion, it is so simple and yet so effective and becoming."

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap, considering their excellence.

If you would be a man of mark, let the tattoo artist get his work in on you.

What Mistakes Foretell.

An old proverb says "Fools learn nothing from wise men, but wise men much from fools." We are all apt to make mistakes now and then, but as our success in life depends on making as few of them as possible, it is necessary we should learn to avoid them. Milton tells us that "prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place." Carelessness steals our best gifts away, making our lives drift in unprofitable directions. The prudent woman never makes those little mistakes of the tongue which kill friendship, and her manner is never rude. Consequently she characterizes herself favorably. There is the mistake of expecting others to exercise more reticence about our private affairs than we do ourselves. And then there is the still more common mistake of making companions of those who are never fit to be such. The woman who knows how to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong regards mistakes as awkward impediments to one's higher welfare.—Julia Teresa Butler in Pittsburg Observer.

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

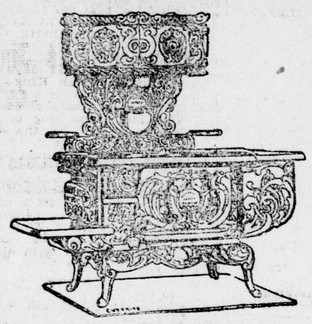
What is known as an angel shark, an ugly fish with an eight-inch mouth containing three rows of teeth, has been caught with a hand line at Felixstowe, England.

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

To get a free passage from the Congo to Europe a negro stowed himself away in a cask on board the Belgian steamer Philippeville. When the cask was opened on the voyage home the man was found to have been suffocated.

Buy a Souvenir Now!

THE 20th CENTURY isn't a time in which to blame your cook, or even permit of the inconvenience given the faithful housewife in the use of any range but a **Souvenir with Aerated Oven.** A Souvenir in any home is suggestive of the costlier and more luxurious comforts of life. It's no matter what you may think to the contrary, it is absolutely out of the question for you to obtain so satisfactory a service from any other stove. Our personal guarantee goes with every stove sold, so that you are sure to get perfect satisfaction.



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Eczema Cured by Ozone

Mrs. Ellen Smith of Montreal, was a fearful sufferer from eczema for many years. She was tortured so severely at times she contemplated putting an end to her existence. Thanks to Powley's Liquified Ozone, she did not do so because it cured her completely and for all time. She is a great believer in Ozone now, and so is her pastor, the Rev. J. Frederick Renaud, who has known her for twenty years, and who is quite conversant with her cure by this drugless product. He vouches for the facts in her case and gives Ozone great praise.

MRS. ELLEN SMITH, Montreal.

Mrs. Ellen Smith Writes:

"Having been greatly benefited by Powley's Liquified Ozone, I feel it my duty to allow it to be known to the public at large.

"I had been a fearful sufferer from eczema for many years. The disease centered in both limbs, below the knees. The left especially, was swollen to alarming dimensions, while the inflammation, irritation, and hard, scaly condition, induced a degree of suffering which only the mercy of God prevented me from ending in suicide.

"I spent the best of three years on my back, besides different periods in three hospitals. Then at home I could not go as far as the next room without the aid of crutches, and altogether my case was considered past help, for I had had the best skill in the country to no purpose.

"I have now used five bottles of Ozone, and I rejoice to say that both limbs are reduced to their normal size, the burning is entirely gone, and I can walk alone with perfect ease, although I am now sixty years of age.

"The Ozone also cured an advanced stage of liver disorder, and I am willing at all times to tell my experience to other sufferers.

(Signed) MRS. ELLEN SMITH,
31 St. Andre Street, Montreal.

The Rev. J. Frederick Renaud's Corroboration.

"To Whom it May Concern:

"I beg to state that I have known Ellen Smith for over twenty years, and for the past nine years she has suffered from a running sore but was unable to obtain any permanent relief until she tried Powley's Liquified Ozone, to the beneficial effect of which she bears most grateful testimony."

(Signed) REV. J. FREDERICK RENAUD, 82 St. Herbert Street, Montreal, P. Q.

There is no other way of proving the value of a preparation, so valuable, so positive, than by investigating the statements made about it and finding out if the facts are just as they are represented. We always solicit the freest possible investigation of the claims we make for Ozone, and to widen the scope of such an undertaking by you, we suggest that you make enquiries of your druggist. Oftentimes cases come under his notice that he can refer you to. As these cases may not have had our attention, you will get an absolutely unbiased opinion of this great drugless preparation—Powley's Liquified Ozone.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Public Demonstrativeness.

Did you ever sit next to a pair of lovers in the theater, in the street car, or on the train? The kind who snuggle up to each other, hold hands and otherwise give evidence to the world of the fact that they are utterly and idietically happy. Isn't it strange that you never have the least sympathy for happiness thus displayed, and that, instead, every risible muscle is called into play, as you endeavor to hide your smiles.

To me, come neither the smiles nor the sympathy, but a sense of deep disgust. Why should people detract from the sacredness of one of the most sacred of human emotions, the deep, pure love existing between a man and a woman, by making a vulgar display of it?

You say, "Oh, it is usually only 'calf love' that demonstrates itself thus," as you think of the boys and girls you have seen in the park on band concert nights, or perhaps you have even seen, as I saw one night in London, a boy of about 17 wandering along Dufferin avenue with his arm about the waist of a girl of 15 or so, a girl in short skirts, with hair in a long braid. It was just about 7 o'clock on a summer evening, almost broad daylight, yet they were serenely oblivious to the amused passersby.

That certainly was a case of "calf love" and nothing else, and yet I recall an engaged couple, much higher in society, much older in years, who made themselves almost equally as objectionable during their engagement, and who were talked about by all their circle of acquaintances for their conduct during that period. I remember hearing of an "evening" at which they disgusted everyone present by their "darlings," and "dearests" and other demonstrations of affection.

It seems to me that the deepest and truest emotions are not demonstrative; that the tender glance, or tone of the voice can express quite as much as a word or caress—in public. Every true woman would expect, and be disappointed at not receiving, demonstrativeness from her lover in private, but in public—never! It is a mawkish sentimentality and not true love which must ever express itself, in public or private, by words and caresses.

You can excuse a mother for showing forth her love for her child, because you realize that the fond mother-love thinks that there never was and never will be any child quite so good, so clever, so beautiful as hers, you can excuse, nay, you can admire the tender, protecting love which an old man may exhibit for his white-haired help-mate, but surely the young pair of lovers may exercise sufficient self-control to reserve their demonstrations for a moment when there is no one there to see, no one to hear.

To me it is repulsive to see women kiss each other on the street. I know I always feel a sudden diminution of liking for a woman who insists on kissing me in public, no matter how long it is since I have seen her, while these affecting partings at the railway station are, to use a slang expression, "enough to make anyone tired." Why in the world, if people know they are sure to weep and become overcome by grief at the departure of some loved one, why do they not say their good-byes in private and remain at home to have their little weep out there?

This article seems to be a succession of interrogation marks, but really the "why" of it all has struck me so forcibly and so often that I am constrained to put it in question form, for I have never been able to find an answer to it. You say it is only the "common herd" who make such a display of their emotions and feelings. No truly well-bred person would do so. Are you quite sure?

There are very few people in Canada of such high birth that they can lay claim to the "repose which stamps the Vere de Vere," as a birthright, though some may have attained it by careful cultivation. Most of us belong to the great "middle class," the hope and strength of the nation. It is to this class that we, in Canada, must look for all reforms in manners, morals or anything else, and therefore it is this class that should endeavor to remodel itself, to abstain from the hysterical "gush" which too often characterizes our younger girls, and is very frequently mistaken by them for vivacity and charm; and to attain that charm, that repose of manner which our English cousins possess in such a marked degree. The only thing to remember is that a display of one's affections in public is always vulgar, and that "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" are the noblest attributes either a man or woman can have.

The Love of a King.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is in love with his wife. Few husbands are so deeply, so ideally, and so uncompromisingly in love as King Victor Emmanuel is with the beautiful and fascinating Queen Helen. His affection for her is so manifest and so deeply rooted that it has become a matter of universal comment among the young king's subjects, and many of them are even finding fault with him because he has in so many ways made his manner of living conform to her own inherited and cultivated ideas regarding economy.

The fault-finders say of the King that he is so economical because the Queen does not know how to spend; that he does not know how to entertain because his wife is jealous; that he does not flirt because his wife has a temper; that he goes about in motor cars risking his life because his wife enjoys it; that he buries himself in his hunting lodge on the Island of Monte Cristo because his wife likes to shoot. But these criticisms, even if one of them ever has reached the ears of the King, have made no impression, for he goes on loving the beautiful Queen and devoting every moment of his time not occupied by affairs of state to her entertainment.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

When Victor Emmanuel was but a prince and the woman who is now a Queen was simply Helen of Montenegro, the two met at the court of St. Petersburg and it was an ideal case of love at first sight. He felt himself so powerfully attracted to the young princess that on his return to Rome he did not hesitate a moment to announce to his father, King Humbert, his intention of making her his wife. This was unexpected news, even to members of the royal family, for the Crown Prince always had turned a deaf ear to suggestions of matrimonial alliances, invariably saying: "It is too soon yet. I have not completed my studies." But after meeting Princess Helen, the Prince of Naples suddenly decided that his education needed no further attention, and it was this determined conclusion that laid the foundation for one of the prettiest love affairs the old world has been privileged to witness in the royal family for several generations.

And there is every reason in the world why the Prince should have fallen desperately in love with Princess Helen. All accounts combine in describing her as being not only beautiful in form and feature, but above all as possessing that nameless charm without which the most perfect beauty is often devoid of fascination. She is divinely dark, and still more divinely tall. She has large, lustrous eyes, brimfull of expression; she has masses of black hair; her complexion is dazzlingly transparent; her carriage is extremely graceful and majestic, and, above all, she possesses a sweet, unaffected disposition which even queenly robes have not tampered with. The marriage was heralded from the first as a love match, and a love match it has proved in every way.

SORRY THEY ARE SOVEREIGNS.

King Victor Emmanual and Queen Helen desire nothing so much as to live exclusively in their home circle, far from the cloying influence of court etiquette and unobserved by the inquisitive eyes of their 85,000,000 of subjects. This happy couple look back with regretful longing to the days when, undisturbed and unobserved by all, they made frequent excursions to the little and wild island of Monte Cristo, where, accompanied by a few domestics, they could forget that they were the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, living in the closest retirement, all absorbed in their mutual love. Even now, when the cares of the state allow it, King Victor Emmanuel is never so happy as when engaged on a similar expedition. It is by no means unusual to read in the papers, without any preliminary warning, that the royal couple have left Rome at 5 o'clock in the morning by the special train for Civita Vecchia, embarking there on the yacht Elena for the little island of Monte Cristo, where they will spend a couple of days.

The difficulty which King Victor Emmanuel finds in staying away for a long period from the affairs of state has also forbidden him those long cruises in the Mediterranean and in the North Sea, when the royal couple delighted in concealing all traces of the precise whereabouts of their yacht Savoia. "To be a sovereign is a tedious business," frequently exclaims Victor Emmanuel. But if his duties as head of the state no longer allow him to indulge in the long holidays far from the "world," King Victor Emmanuel always tries to conciliate his duties as a sovereign with his lively desire to enjoy quiet with Queen Helen.

SCHOOL FOR SERVANTS.

A school for servants was recently started in Paris, and from all accounts it is a most flourishing concern, the report for the first year indicating that several hundred girls and young women were graduated fully competent for the efficient discharge of various branches of household work. The new school is said to be essentially practical, and nothing is taught simply by theory; but, under the keen eyes of a manageress and an old and accomplished servant, her assistant, the pupils learn how to sweep and dust rooms thoroughly without breaking china, how to wash clothes and not ruin them, and, in general, how to serve well and not afford a topic of endless conversation to aggrieved mistresses. In the kitchen each girl in turn is taught simple and necessary cookery, and in the nursery a life-sized doll baby, with a complete outfit of clothes, is dressed, undressed, washed and generally experimented with. The course is from a fortnight to six weeks, according to the aptitude of the pupil, and, on leaving, each girl must secure credentials certifying to her ability, before she can be considered as having "passed." Such an institution as this, where servants are practically trained "while you wait," cannot fail to awaken a feeling of envy in the mind of any mistress who has ever tried to train a servant in the way she should go, and spent months instead of weeks at at a hopeless task.

CHARACTER IN WALKS.

Glance about you on the street. Notice the people passing—their carriage and step. You will soon learn to read character in this way.

Business takes long strides and has a quick, nervous gait.

Stubbornness waddles, pointing determinedly to self with every step.

Happy-go-lucky has a free and easy walk, throwing his arms and legs about as if hung on pivots.

Dignity is studiously erect, measuring her steps carefully and looking neither to the right nor left. It is exaggerated style of the correct poise.

Independence struts, positively tipping backward, and swaggers his shoulders and tiplets his hat, saying in appearance, if not in words, "A fig for your opinion."

Prudery walks cautiously, with small, mincing steps.

Equipoise walks with such grace, with such ease, she attracts the eye of the admiring throng. Entering a room, she fascinates all about her.

It is the little things in a day which combine to make up the events of a lifetime. We cannot be too careful in guarding the training of the body. Some are blessed with beautiful faces; others with fine figures; many have luxuriant hair and a graceful carriage. Yet it is possible for each to possess, in part, all of these attributes of beauty, with study and practice, says the Portland Oregonian.

And the latest among these attractions is the walk. A lady is oftener judged by the refined manner in which she carries herself than in any other way.

Longfellow joins the opinion of the world in "Hyperion": "Noiseless as a feather or a snowflake did her feet touch the earth."

TO JENNIE.

I saw your golden head, your sunny smile,
First on a winter's day, in dark
And misty London, where the fog was dense,
And strident linkboys shouted through the gloom.
But all around us there was light and warmth,
And when you entered who could miss the sun?
Beholding you the flowers straightway thought
That it was summer-time in Arcady.
Calanthe, and Coelogne Cristata,
Lycaste, Loelia, Pleione,
And all the archidae a-blossom there,
Saluted you as being one of them.

"Dear little sister, little sister fair!
Like us you come from over seas and bring
The glow upon you of the dazzling west.
Like us in exile will you make your home,
Bud and bear blossom in an alien air.
Born in the house called Beautiful,
Eternal spring is yours and ours.
Hail, little sister, little sister fair!"
So spake the forest flowers from the west
To you their playmate with the flower-like face,
Whilst London town was dark and drear and cold,
And linkboys shouted, and the fog was dense.

—Ouida.

KEEP THEM LOOKING FRESH.

There are three things in every home which should never be permitted to show signs of a former use. One of these is the dining-room table, one the bedroom and one the bathroom. Each of them shold always suggest having just been made ready for someone's convenience.

This is especially true of a bathroom. Everything in it should shine like the crystal and silver of a dinner table, and be as fresh as scouring can make it.

Shelves and cabinets are almost essential for small bathrooms. In no other way can necessary articles, medicine and lotion bottles be hidden away.

Any bathroom which allows them to remain visible week in and week out is the bathroom of the careless housekeeper.

THE SEWING ROOM.

In the sewing room of a new house, whose mistress has been able to plan it exactly to her liking, is a set of wooden shelves, separated into compartments of varying sizes, which is pointed out to visitors as "the piece bag." Into these convenient receptacles go all the odds and ends of materials that are usually made up into bulky rolls and sorted into bags, or occasionally packed all together in a large basket. Either of the latter plans makes the pieces difficult of access, and necessitates frequent handling, the pigeonhole method being a great improvement, if it is possible to accomplish it.

Her Life Might Have Been Saved

Two-thirds of the inmates of our hospitals are women. They are in most cases either for treatment or for an operation, made necessary by advanced stages of female troubles which have resulted in ovaritis, a tumor, or displacement of the womb.

"AN OPERATION NECESSARY."

How these words after the examination strike terror to a woman's soul, and with what regrets she hears them, when she considers that the operation has become necessary through her own neglect. Female derangements cannot cure themselves, and neglecting the warnings of nature only means putting it off until there is no cure. The woman who lets her trouble make headway pays the penalty of a dangerous operation and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at the best, and the operation often proves fatal when her life might have been saved by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration; or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and the blues, they should remember that there is one tried and never-failing remedy; Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes such troubles.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and how thankful I am to you for it. For five years I have not been free from pain for a day. I have had backaches, headaches, and those awful dragging sensations with leucorrhœa, and when menstruation appeared I was in such a condition I could hardly sit up. I doctored all the time, but nothing helped me, and I was told that an operation was necessary.

"Two months ago a friend suggested that I try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** No one knows what it has done for me and how thankful I am for it. It brought me the first well days I have had for five years. It did for me what doctors could not do, and I want every suffering woman to know about it."—LOUISE NAUER, 751 E. 166th St., New York City.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for what **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has done for me. I had terrible hemorrhages, being lacerated from the birth of my child. The doctor told me that if I would have an operation I would be well and strong. I submitted to it, but was worse than before; no one knows what I suffered. Finally a friend advised me to try your Vegetable Compound; I did so, and commenced to feel better; I continued its use, and it has done for me what doctors could not do. I am strong and well. If women with any kind of female troubles would only consult you before submitting to an operation they would be spared many hours of pain and suffering. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me."—ANNA KIRCHHOFF, 156 E. 100th St., New York City.

$5000.00 **FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WISE IS THE WOMAN WHO HAS FAITH IN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Dogs and Their Tricks.

Almost any pet dog may be taught to perform many funny tricks and to make himself useful besides, though there is much difference in the capacities of such dogs—there being canine as well as human blockheads—but it is generally conceded that the easiest taught are the Spanish poodle and the black-and-tan terrier.

The great requisite is the successful teacher is patience. A good general rule to observe is to regard the dog by feeding him with a choice morsel when he obeys, and to punish him by scolding him and lightly shaking him when he disobeys.

You should begin to train your dog when he is about 8 months old, if you would secure the best results, for, as is well known, "it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

A single lesson should not exceed in length fifteen minutes, for otherwise the dog will become listless and discontented and probably refuse to obey. The dog should have at least one such lesson every day, or, better, still, several lessons per day, of not more than five minutes each.

Never attempt to teach your dog more than one trick at a time; that is to say, he should be made to thoroughly master one trick before teaching him another, for, if not, he will confuse them in spite of you.

A dog should have but one teacher. That "too many cooks spoil the broth" is never doubted; that too many teachers spoil the dog is equally true.

Aim to make your commands as brief as possible, always emphasizing the word denoting the action to be performed. For example, do not make use of the expression "sit up," "stand up," etc., emphasizing the last word in each case, for, if you do, the dog is apt to confuse them and not know whether you wish him to sit or stand, but say simply, "sit," "stand," "lie," "down," etc., or, if you prefer the use of the two words—and some do—be sure to emphasize the proper word, this: "SIT up," "STAND up," "LIE down," "get DOWN," etc.

In exacting from your dog the performance of any certain trick you should invariably use the same words of command until he performs your wish readily, when, if you desire, you may use as many words as you please. For example, say, "I would be much obliged if you would sit for me, sir," not forgetting to pronounce the word "sit" very emphatically, for that is the "cue."

SITTING.

Many people, in teaching the dog this trick, begin by placing him in a corner and making him sit there, after which he is taught to sit alone without any artificial support.

This is unnecessary, and it is better to at once set the dog up in the middle of the floor. Having placed him in the proper position, hold him there and say "sit," then quickly withdraw your hands, and he will, doubtless, come down; seize him immediately and place him in position again, at the same time saying kindly, but firmly, and with an admonitory shake of the hand, "sit." Again withdraw your hands, but this time do not wait for him to come all the way down, but anticipating such a move on his part, push him into position and repeat your command.

Do this again and again, and should you succeed in getting him to sit, even for a moment, unsupported at this his first lesson, be assured that you have a most capable dog, and reward him with a small piece of sugar or meat, which you should always have at hand when giving him lessons.

It usually takes some little time to teach a dog this trick, which is a very important one, involving, as it does, nice balancing, and it is the groundwork for many other tricks.

When once the dog has in this way learned to "sit," he will perform the trick at command, and without assistance.

MAKING A BOW.

After having taught a dog to "sit" at command it is not hard to teach him to make a bow while in this position, which adds greatly to the effect of the trick.

To do this it is only necessary to approach him with a piece of some edible of which he is very fond and order him to "sit." When he has done so hold the morsel just in front of and level with his nose.

He will very probably attempt to take it at once, but, not allowing this, admonish him, saying, "ah, ah," and when he becomes reconciled to the close proximity of the tit-bit, which he has been forbidden to touch, move it slowly downward, saying, at the same time, "bow."

He will instinctively keep his eyes on the food, which necessitates the desired inclination of the head. Do not give him the morsel, however, but caress him and repeat the lesson, varying it occasionally by shutting the food in your hand, after showing it to him, and he will soon bow with the motion of the hand, when it is time to reward his endeavors by giving him the well-earned dainty.

After a few days he will "bow" with the downward motion of your hand, and even though you stand some distance away, and soon he will incline his head at the simple command to "bow."

TO STAND.

To train the dog to stand upon his hind legs, the same general method should be pursued as in teaching him to "sit."

Stand him upon his hind legs on the goor and unsupported. Withdraw your hands, and as he falls forward, chuck him under the chin, saying, "stand," and make him assume the proper position.

Repeat this maneuver until he will stand for a moment alone, when you should reward him in the usual manner. He will soon learn to stand alone, although he will necessarily stagger about at first in adapting himself to this new mode of locomotion.

When he has reached this stage of proficiency it would be well to vary or extend this trick by teaching him to

WALK ON HIS HIND LEGS.

This performance, coupled with, and used as an adjunct to, the sitting trick, is a very droll exhibition, and is a never-failing source of amusement to spectators.

Having provided yourself with a tidbit, keep the same in sight and command the dog to "sit." When he has done so, seat yourself a short distance away from him and order him to "stand."

As he rises hold out the bait and say to him, "come." If he goes down on all fours and runs to you, upbraid him and again cause him to "sit." Repeat your former commands, and if he fails to obey, continue to reprove him until he understands and does what you want him to do.

This method, if patiently persevered in, will usually suffice, but should it fail, it will only be necessary to take him by the paws when he stands and saying, "come," walk slowly backward, keeping fast hold of him. He will follow you readily enough in this way, and as soon as he thus learns what "come" means he will step along without being led and come to you walking alone on his hind legs.

By the time he has thoroughly mastered these four tricks he will afford you much diversion, and become a veritable Marry-Andrew, for whenever he wants food, drink or favors at your hands he will, of his own account, "sit," "bow," "stand," and walk about on his hind legs, all the while carrying on his face a most ludicrous look of expectancy.

TO WALTZ.

It is by this time easy enough to teach him to waltz. To do so, command him to "stand," and then, approaching him, hold a piece of meat just over his head. As he looks up, slowly rotate it in a small circle, saying, "waltz."

He will probably attempt at first to grab the meat; but keeping it just out of his reach, say, "ah, ah," when he will soon desist and follow the coveted morsel greedily with his eyes, in order to do which he has to turn his body, thus appearing to waltz. Make him turn three consecutive times, repeating the command "waltz" at short intervals, and then give him the meat. He will soon learn to waltz to the motion of your hand above his head, and eventually by the simple word of command.

After he has been taught to turn successfully in this manner, half a dozen or more times, it is well to teach him to "reverse," as otherwise he will become dizzy and dislike the trick so much that he will hesitate to perform it.

TO ACT DEAD.

This trick would be a very simple one and easily taught were it not for the fact that small dogs are extremely nervous and excitable, which makes it well-nigh impossible for them to lie perfectly quiet when not asleep. It can be taught them, however, and is very effective if the dog is placed in the proper position while being instructed.

I will not attempt to dictate the exact position to be chosen for a dog who is thus to simulate death, but I would recommend that it be as suggestive as possible.

Placing the dog in the desired position, hold him there firmly, and as he tries to rise, push him back and say "dead," and continue to do so and say as often as he attempts to get up. He will at last become reconciled to his fate and lie comparatively quiet.

Now remove your hands, and if he attempts to rise, hold him in position, and again say "dead." After a few lessons he will learn that he must not get up until you tell him to, but he will probably move his ears, legs and tail and roll his eyes.

By great patience and perseverance, you can overcome those nervous tendencies on his part, and when well trained he will lie perfectly passive.

When you wish him to return to life and get up, snap your fingers and say "alive," which latter command he will most cheerfully obey.

By the time you have thoroughly taught a dog the foregoing trick, you will have become a good teacher, and understand much of dog nature.

As other tricks suggest themselves to you, you will no doubt be able to hit upon some simple and ingenious plan for teaching your dog to perform them, and he will, if well trained, afford all witnessing his performances no little enjoyment, and thus amply repay you for the time and patience expended in educating him, and, besides, he will have become much more valuable if you should wish to sell him.

In conclusion, I would like to call attention to the fact that these pets may be taught to make themselves useful by a little judicious and proper training. For instance, a dog can be made to shut an open door at command, and to bring certain articles to you, such as newspapers, slippers, etc.

TO SHUT A DOOR.

Call the dog to you and hold the usual reward just out of his reach, against a half-open door. He will stand up and place his forepaws against the door in his endeavor to obtain the food. If the door swings easily (and such a one should be selected), his weight against it will cause it to slowly close, and you should encourage him and say to him, "shut the door."

Make him continue to lean against the door, and to follow it until it closes, when the food should be given him. After a while the reward need not be kept in sight, but in the closed hand. He will smell it and shut the door as before.

Do not omit to keep saying "shut the door" while he is pressing against it, and should it be a heavy door, help him a little. He will soon understand what is wanted and shut the door at command without your being near it. In this way he can make himself very useful and save you many steps.

TO FETCH ARTICLES.

Some dogs learn this useful accomplishment much easier than others, owing to certain inherited tendencies in this direction which they may possess.

To teach a dog to bring you your slippers, it is necessary to always keep them in the same place, to which he must have easy access, though it be upstairs or down.

Take him to such place, saying "slippers," many times on the way. Arriving where they are kept, say again, "slippers," and taking one in your hand, let him smell it, and try and induce him to take it in his mouth. Having succeded in this coax him to follow you to the place from which you started (he carrying the slipper all the while). If he drops the slipper pick it up again and place it in his mouth, holding on to it, and lead him along in this way.

It will undoubtedly take him longer to learn to do this than anything else you have attempted to teach him, but I have seen a dog so well taught in this respect that he would rush for the slippers as soon as he saw his master begin to take off a pair of shoes, if he was taught in the manner advised above.—E. F. K., in Golden Days.

S. A. Ransom, acting assistant surgeon of the United States Marine Hospital, has recently reported the results of his experiments in San Francisco, in estimating the length of time required for the disinfection of vessels with 5 per cent sulphur dioxide. He concludes that twelve hours' exposure is sufficient to kill all insects and germs except the bacillus suptilis. Rats survived in but one experiment.

The Distinctive Value

of Syrup of Figs is due to its pleasant form and perfect freedom from every objectionable quality or substance and to the fact that it acts gently and truly as a laxative, without in any way disturbing the natural functions. The requisite knowledge of what a laxative should be and of the best means for its production enable the California Fig Syrup Co. to supply the general demand for a laxative, simple and wholesome in its nature and truly beneficial in its effects; a laxative which acts pleasantly and leaves the internal organs in a naturally healthy condition and which does not weaken them.

To assist nature, when nature needs assistance, it is all important that the medicinal agents used should be of the best quality and of known value and Syrup of Figs possesses this great advantage over all other remedies, that it does not weaken the organs on which it acts and therefore it promotes a healthful condition of the bowels and assists one in forming regular habits. Among its many excellent qualities may be mentioned its perfect safety, in all cases requiring a laxative, even for the babe, or its mother, the maiden, or the wife, the invalid, or the robust man.

Syrup of Figs is well known to be a combination of the laxative principles of plants, which act most beneficially, with pleasant aromatic liquids and the juice of figs, agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system, when its gentle cleansing is desired. The quality of Syrup of Figs is due not only to the excellence of the combination, but also to the original method of manufacture which ensures perfect purity and uniformity of product and it is therefore all important, in buying, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

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Lazarre

The Romance of an American King.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

There was a pleached walk like that in the marquis' Paris garden, of branches flattened and plaited to form an arbor supported by the tree columns; which led to a summer-house of stone smothered in ivy. We walked back and forth under this thick roof of verdure. Eagle's cap of brown hair was roughened over her radiant face and the open throat of her gown showed pulses beating in her neck. Her lifted chin almost touched my arm as I told her all the Mittau story, at her request.

"Poor Madame d'Angouleme! The cautious priest and the king should not have taken you from me like that! She knew you as I knew you, and a woman's knowing is better than a man's proofs. She will have times of doubting their policy. She will remember the expression of your mouth, your shrugs, and gestures—the little traits of the child Louis, that reappear in the man."

"I wish I had never gone to Mittau to give her a moment's distress."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"She is like a lily made flesh. She has her strong dislikes, and one of them is Louis Philippe——"

"Naturally," said Eagle.

"But she seemed sacred to me. Perhaps a woman brings that hallowedness out of martyrdom."

"God be with the royal lady! And you, sire!"

"And you!—May you be always with me, Eagle!"

"This journey to Mittau changes nothing. You were willful. You would go to the island in Lake George; you would go to Mittau."

"Both times you sent me."

"Both times I brought you home! Let us not be sorrowful tonight."

"Sorrowful! I am so happy it seems impossible that I come from Mittau, and this day the Marquis du Plessy died to me! I wish the sun had been tied to the trees, as the goose girl tied her gander."

"But I want another day," said Eagle. "I want all the days that are my due at home."

We ascended the steps of the stone pavilion, and sat down in an arch like a balcony over the sunken garden. Pears and apricots, their branches flattened against the wall, showed ruddy garnered sunlight through the dusk. The tangled enclosure sloped down to the stream, from which a fairy wisp of mist wavered over flower bed and tree. Dew and herbs and the fragrance of late roses sent up a divine breath, invisibly submerging us, like a tide rising out of the night.

Madame de Ferrier's individual traits were surprised in the nearness, as they never had been when I saw her at a distance in alien surroundings. A swift ripple, involuntary and glad, coursed down her body; she shuddered for joy half a minute or so.

Two feet away, I worshiped her smiling eyes and their curved ivory lids, her rounded head with its abundant cap of hair, her chin, her shoulders, her bust, the hands in her lap, the very sweep of her scant gown about her feet.

The flash of extreme happiness passing, she said gravely:

"But that was a strange thing—that you should fall unconscious!"

"Not so strange," I said; and told her how many times before the eclipse—under the edge of which my boyhood was passed—had completely shadowed me. At the account of Ste. Pelagie she leaned toward me, her hand clenched on her breast. When we came to the Hotel Dieu she leaned back pallid against the stone.

"Dear Marquis du Plessy!" she whispered, as his name entered the story.

When it was ended she drew some deep breaths in the silence.

"Sire, you must be very careful. That Bellenger is an evil man."

"But a weak one."

"There may be a strength of court policy behind him."

"The policy of the court at Mattau is evidently a policy of denial."

"Your sister believed in you."

"Yes, she believed in me."

"I don't understand," said Madame de Ferrier, leaning forward on her arms, "why Bellenger had you in London, and another boy on the mountain."

"Perhaps we shall never understand it."

"I don't understand why he makes it his business to follow you."

"Let us not trouble ourselves about Bellenger."

"But are you safe in France since the Marquis du Plessy's death?"

"I am safe tonight, at least."

"Yes, far safer than you would be in Paris."

"And Skenedonk is my guard."

"I have sent a messenger to Plessy for him," Madame de Ferrier said. "He will be here in the morning."

I thanked her for remembering him in the excitement of her home coming. We heard a far sweet call through a cleft of the hills, and Eagle turned her head.

"That must be the shepherd of Les Rochers. He has missed a lamb. Les Rochers is the most distant of our farms, but its night noises can be heard through an opening in the forest. Paul will soon be listening for all these sounds! We must drive to Les Rochers tomorrow. It was there that Cousin Philippe died."

I could not say how opportunely Cousin Philippe had died. The violation of her childhood by such a marriage rose up that instant a wordless tragedy.

"Sire, we are not observing etiquette in Mont-Louis as they observe it at Mittau. I have been talking very familiarly to my king. I will keep silent. You speak."

"Madame, you have forbidden me to speak!"

She gave me a startled look, and said:

"Did you know Jerome Bonaparte has come back? He left his wife in America. She cannot be received in France, because she has committed the crime of marrying a prince. She is to be divorced for political reasons."

"Jerome Bonaparte is a hound!" I spoke hotly.

"And his wife a venturesome woman—to marry even a temporary prince."

"I like her sort, madame!"

"Do you, sire?"

"Yes, I like a woman who can love!"

"And ruin?"

"How could you ruin me?"

"The Saint-Michels brought me up," said Eagle. "They taught me what is lawful and unlawful. I will never do an unlawful thing, to the disgrace and shame of my house. A woman should build her house, not tear it down."

"What is unlawful?"

"It is unlawful for me to encourage the suit of my sovereign."

"Am I ever likely to be anything but what they call in Mittau a pretender, Eagle?"

"That we do not know. You shall keep yourself free from entanglements."

"I am free from them—God knows I am free enough!—the lonesomest, most unfriended savage that ever set out to conquer his own."

"You were born to greatness. Great things will come to you."

"If you loved me I could make them come!"

"Sire, it isn't healthy to sit in the night air. We must go out of the dew."

"Oh, who would be healthy? Come to that, who would be such a royal beggar as I am?"

"Remember," she said gravely, "that your claim was in a manner recognized by one of the most cautious, one of the least ardent royalists, in France."

The recognition she knew nothing about came to my lips, and I told her the whole story of the jewels. The snuffbox was in my pocket. Sophie Saint-Michel had often described it to her.

She sat and looked at me, contemplating the studendous loss.

"The marquis advised me not to take them into Russia," I acknowledged.

"There is no robbery so terrible as the robbery committed by those who think they are doing right."

"I am one of the losing Bourbons."

"Can anything be hidden in that closet in the queen's dressing-room wall?" mused Eagle. "I believe I could find it in the dark, Sophie told me so often where the secret spring may be touched. When the De Chaumonts took me to the Tuileries I wanted to search for it. But all the state apartments are now on the second floor, and Madame Bonaparte has her own rooms below. Evidently she knows nothing of the secrets of the place. The queen kept her most beautiful robes in the closet. It has no visible door. The wall opens. And we have heard that a door was made through the back of it to let upon a spiral staircase of stone, and through this the royal family made their escape to Varennes, when they were arrested and brought back."

We fell into silence at mention of the unsuccessful flight which could have changed history; and she rose and said: "Good night, sire."

Next morning there was such a delicious world to live in that breathing was a pleasure. Dew gauze spread far and wide over the radiant domain. Sounds from cattle, and stables, and the voices of servants drifted on the air. Doves wheeled around their towers, and around the chateau standing like a white cliff.

I walked under the green canopy watching the sun mount and waiting for Madame de Ferrier. When she did appear the old man who had served her father followed with a tray. I could only say—"Good morning, madame," not daring to add—"I have scarcely slept for thinking of you."

"We will have our coffee out here," she told me.

It was placed on the broad stone seat under the arch of the pavilion where we sat the night before; bread, unsalted butter from the farms, the coffee, the cream, the loaf sugar. Madame de Ferrier herself opened a door in the end of the wall and plunged into the dew of the garden. Her old servant exclaimed. She caught her hair in briars and laughed, tucking it up from falling, and brought off two great roses, each the head and the strength of a stem, to lay beside our plates. The breath of roses to this hour sends through my veins the joy of that.

Then the old servant gathered wall fruit for us, and she sent some in his hand to Paul. Through a festooned arch of the pavilion giving upon the terraces, we saw a bird dart down to the fountain, tilt and drink, tilt and drink again, and flash away. Immediately the multitudinous rejoicing of a skylark dropped from upper air. When men would send thanks to the very gate of heaven their envoy should be a skylark.

Eagle was like a little girl as she listened.

"This is the first day of September, sire."

"Is it? I thought it was the first day of creation."

"I mention the date that you may not forget it. Because I am going to give you something today."

My heart leaped like a conqueror's.

Her skin was as fresh as the roses, looking marvelous to touch. The shock of imminent discovery went through me. For how can a man consider a woman forever as a picture? A picture she was, in the short-waisted gown of the empire, of that white stuff Napoleon praised because it was manufactured in France. It showed the line of her throat, being parted half way down the bosom by a ruff which encircled her neck and stood high behind it. The transparent sleeves clung to her arms, and the slight outline of her figure looked long in its close casing.

The gown tall curled around her slippered foot damp from the plunge in the garden. She gave it a little kick, and rippled again suddenly throughout her length.

Then her face went grave, like a child's when it is surprised in wickedness.

"But our fathers and mothers would have us forget their suffering in the festival of coming home, wouldn't they, Lazarre?"

"Surely, Eagle."

"Then why are you looking at me with reproach?"

"I'm not."

"Perhaps you don't like my dress?"

I told her it was the first time I had ever noticed anything she wore, and I liked it.

"I used to wear my mother's clothes. Ernestine and I made them over. But this is new; for the new day, and the new life here."

"And the day," I reminded her, "is the first of September."

She laughed, and opened her left hand, showing me two squat keys so small that both had lain concealed under two of her finger tips.

"I am going to give you a key, sire."

"Will it unlock a woman's mind?"

"It will open a padlocked book. Last night I found a little blank-leaved book, with wooden covers. It was fastened by a padlock, and these keys were tried to it. You may have one key; I will keep the other."

"The key to a padlocked book with nothing in it."

Her eyes tantalized me.

"I am going to put something in it. Sophie Saint-Michel said I had a gift for putting down my thoughts. If the gift appeared to Sophie when I was a child, it must grow in me by use. Every day I shall put some of my life into the book. And when I die I will bequeath it to you!"

"Take back the key, madame. I have no desire to look into your coffin."

She extended her hand.

"Then our good and kind friend Count de Chaumont shall have it."

"He shall not!"

I held to her hand and kept my key. She slipped away from me. The laughter of the child yet rose through the dignity of the woman.

"When may I read this book, Eagle?"

"Never, of my free will, sire. How could I set down all I thought about you, for instance, if the certainty was hanging over me that you would read my candid opinions and punish me for them!"

"Then of what use is the key?"

"You would rather have it than give it to another, wouldn't you?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, you will have the key to my thoughts!"

"And if the book ever falls into my hands——"

"I will see that it doesn't!"

"I will say, years from now——"

"Twenty?"

"Twenty? O Eagle!"

"Ten."

"Months? That's too long!" hands at the end of seven years, may I open it?"

"I may safely promise you that," she laughed. "The book will never fall into your hands."

I took from my pocket the gold snuffbox with the portraits on the lid, and placed my key carefully therein. Eagle leaned forward to look at them. She took the box in her hand, and gazed with long reverence, drooping her head.

Young as I was, and unskilled in the ways of women, that key worked magic comfort. She had given me a link to hold us together. The inconsistent, contradictory being, old one instant with the wisdom of the Saint Michels, rippling full of unrestrained life the next, denying me all hope, yet indefinitely tantalizing, was adorable beyond words. I closed my eyes; the blinding sunshine struck them through the ivied arch.

Turning my head as I opened them, I saw an old man come out on the terrace.

He tried to search in every direction, his gray head and faded eyes moving anxiously. Madame de Ferrier was still. I heard her lay the snuffbox on the stone seat. I knew, though I could not let myself watch her, that she stood up against the wall, a woman of stone, her lips chisled apart.

"Eagle—Eagle!" the old man cried from the terrace.

She whispered—"Yes, Cousin Phillippe!"

XI.

Swiftly as she passed between the tree columns, more swiftly her youth and vitality died in that walk of a few yards.

We had been girl and boy together a brief half hour, heedless and gay. When she reached the arbor end, our chapter of youth was ended.

I saw her bloodless face as she stepped upon the terrace.

The man stretched his arms to her. As if the blight of her spirit fell upon him, the light died out of his face and he dropped his arms at his sides. He was a courtly gentleman, cadaverous and shabby as he stood, all the breeding of past generations appearing in him.

"Eagle?" he said. The tone of piteous apology went through me like a sword.

She took his hands and herself drew them around her neck. He kissed her on both cheeks.

"O Cousin Philippe!"

"I have frightened you, child! I meant to send a message first—but I wanted to see you—I wanted to come home!"

"Cousin Philippe, who wrote that letter?"

"The notary, child. I made him do it."

"It was cruel!" She gave way, and brokenly sobbed, leaning helplessly against him.

The old marquis smoothed her head, and puckered his forehead under the sunlight, casting his eyes around like a culprit.

"It was desperate. But I could do nothing else! You see it has succeeded. While I lay in hiding, the sight of the child, and your youth, has softened Bonaparte. That was my intention, Eagle!"

"The peasants should have told me you were living!"

"They didn't know I came back. Many of them think I died in America. The family at Les Rochers have been very faithful; and the notary has held his tongue. We must reward them, Eagle. I have been hidden very closely. I am tired of such long hiding!"

He looked toward the chateau and lifted his voice sharply—

"Where's the baby? I haven't seen the baby!"

With gracious courtesy, restraining an impulse to plunge up the steps, he gave her his arm; and she swayed against it as they entered.

When I could see them no more, I rose, and put my snuffbox in my breast. The key rattled in it.

A savage need of hiding when so wounded, worked first through the disorder that let me see none of the amenities of leave-taking, self-command, conduct.

I was beyond the gates, bare-headed, walking with long strides, when an old mill caught my eye, and I turned towards it, as we turn to trifles to relieve us from unendurable tension. The water dripped over the wheel, and long green beard trailed from its chin down the sluice. In this quieting company Skenedonk spied me as he rattled past with the post-carriage; and considering my behavior at other times, he was not enough surprised to waste any good words of Oneida.

He stopped the carriage and I got in. He pointed ahead toward a curtain of trees which screened the chateau.

"Paris," I answered.

"Paris," he repeated to the postilion, and we turned about. I looked from hill to stream, from the fruited brambles of blackberry to reaches of noble forest, realizing that I should never see those lands again, or the neighboring crest where my friend the marquis slept.

We posted the distance to Paris in two days.

What the country was like or what towns we passed I could not this hour declare with any certainty. At first making effort and grouping numbly in my mind, but the second day grasping determination, I formed my plans, and talked them over with Skenedonk. We would sail for America on the first convenient ship; waiting in Paris only long enough to prepare for the post journey to a port. Charges must at once be settled with Doctor Chantry, who would willingly stay in Paris while the DuChaumonts remained there.

Beyond the voyage I did not look. The first faint tugging of my foster country began to pull me as it has pulled many a broken wretch out of the conditions of the older world.

Paris was horrible, with a lonesomeness no one could have foreseen in its crowded streets. A taste of war was in the air. Troops passed to review. Our post-carriage met the dashing coaches of gay young men I knew, who stared at me without recognition. Marquis du Plessy no longer made way for me and displayed me at his side.

I drove to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain for my possessions. It was closed; the distant relative who inherited after him being an heir with no Parisian tastes. The caretaker, however, that gentle old valet like a woman, who had dressed me in my first Parisian finery, let us in, and waited upon us with food I sent him to buy. He gave me a letter from my friend, which he had held to deliver on my return, in case any accident befell the marquis. He was tremulous in his mourning, and all his ardent care of me was service rendered to the dead.

I sat in the garden, with the letter spread upon the table where we had dined. Its brevity was gay. The writer would have gone under the knife with a jest. He did not burden me with any kind of counsel. We had touched. We might touch again. It was as if a soul sailed by, waving its hat.

"My Dear Boy:

"I wanted you, but it was best you should not stay and behold the depravity of your elders. It is about a woman.

"May you come to a better throne than the unsteady one of France.

"Your friend and servant,

"Etienne du Plessy.

"Garlic is the spice of life, my boy!"

I asked no questions about the affair in which he had been engaged. If he had wanted me to know he would have told me.

The garden was more than I could endure. I lay down early and slept late, as soon as I awoke in the morning beginning preparation for leaving France. Yet two days passed, for we were obliger to exchange our worn post-carriage for another after waiting for repairs. The old valet packed my belongings; though I wondered what I was going to do with them in America. The outfit of a young man of fashion overdressed a refugee of diminished fortune.

For no sooner was I on the street than a sense of being unmistakably watched grew upon me. I scarcely caught anybody in the act. A succession of vanishing people passed me from one to another. A working man in his blouse eyed me: and disappeared. In the afternoon it was a soldier who turned up near my elbow, and in the evening he was succeeded by an equally interested old woman. I might not have remembered these people with distrust if Skenedonk had not told me he was trailed by changing figures, and he thought it was time to get behind trees.

Bellenger might have returned to Paris, and set Napoleon's spies on the least befriended Bourbon of all, or the police upon a man escaped from Ste. Pelagie after choking a sacristan.

The Indian and I were not skilled in disguises as our watchers were. Our safety lay in getting out of Paris. Skenedonk undertook to stow our belongings in the post-chaise at the last minute. I went to De Chaumont's hotel to bring the money from Doctor Chantry and to take leave without appearing to do so.

Mademoiselle de Chaumont seized me as I entered. Her carriage stood in the court. Miss Chantry was waiting in it while Annabel's maid fastened her gloves.

"O Lazarre!" the poppet cried, her heartiness going through me like wine. "Are you back? And how you are changed! They must have abused you in Russia. We heard you went to Russia. But since dear Marquis du Plessy died we never hear the truth about anything.

I acknowledged that I had been to Russia.

"Why did you go there? Tell your dearest Annabel. She won't tell."

"To see a lady."

Annabel shook her fretwork of misty hair.

"That's treason to me. Is she beautiful?"

"Very."

"Kind?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you're not. By the way, why are you looking so wan if she is beautiful and kind?"

"I didn't say she was beautiful and kind to me, did I?"

"No, of course not. She has jilted you, the wretch. Your dearest Annabel will console you, Lazarre!" She clasped my arm with both hands.

"Madame de Ferrier's husband is alive!"

"What consolation is there in that?"

"A great deal for me. She has her estates back, and he was only hiding until she got them. I know the funniest thing!"

Annabel hooked her finger and led me to a small study or cabinet at the end of the drawing-room.

A profusion of the most beautiful stuffs was arranged there for display.

"Look!" the witch exclaimed, pinching my wrist in her rapture. "India muslin embroidered in silver lama, Turkish velvet, ball dresses for a bride, ribbons of all colors, white blond, Brussels point, Cashmere shawls, veils in English point, reticules, gloves, fans, essences, a bridal purse of gold links—and worse than all—except this string of perfect pearls—his portrait on a medallion of ivory, painted by Isabey!"

"What is this collection?"

"A corbeille!"

"What's a corbeille?"

Annabel crossed her hands in desperation. "Oh, haven't you been in Paris long enough to know what a corbeille is? It's the collection of gifts a bridegroom makes for his bride. He puts his taste, his sentiment, his"—she waved her fingers in the air—"as well as his money, into it. A corbeille shows what a man is. He must have been collecting it ever since he came to France. I feel proud of him. I want to pat him on his dear old back!"

Not having him there to pat she patted me.

"You are going to be married?"

"Who said I was going to be married?"

"Isn't this your corbeille?"

Annabel lifted herself to my ear.

"It was Madame de Ferrier's!"

"What!"

"I'm sure of it!"

"Who bought it?"

"Count de Chaumont, of course."

"Was Madame de Ferrier going to marry him?"

"Who wouldn't marry a man with such a corbeille?"

"Was she?"

"Don't grind your teeth at your dearest Annabel. She hadn't seen it, but it must have decided her. I am sure he intended to marry Madame de Ferrier, and he does most things he undertakes to do. That inconsiderate wretch of a Marquis de Ferrier—to spoil such a corbeille as this! But Lazarre!" She patted her gloved hands. Here's the consolation—my father will be obliged to turn his corbeille into my trousseau when I am married!"

"What's a trousseau?"

"Goose! It's a bride's wardrobe. I knew he had something in this cabinet, but he never left the key in the door until today. He was so completely upset when the De Ferriers came into Paris!"

"Are they in Paris?"

"Yes, at their own hotel. The old marquis has posted here to thank the emperor! The emperor is away with the troops, so he is determined at least to thank the empress at the assembly tonight."

"Will Madame de Ferrier go to the Tuileries?"

"Assuredly. Fancy how furious my father must be!"

"May I enter?" said the humbiest of voices outside the door.

We heard a shuffling step.

Annabel made a face and clenched her hands. The spite was so harmless I laughed at her mischief. She brought in Doctor Chantry as she had brought me, to behold the corbeille; covering her father's folly with transparent fabrications, which anybody but the literal Briton must have seen through. He scarcely greeted me at all, folding his hands, pale and crushed, the sharp tip of his nose standing up more than ever like a porcelain candle-extinguisher, while I was anxious to have him aside, to get my money and take my leave.

"See this beautiful corbeille, Doctor Chantry! Doesn't it surprise you Lazarre should have such taste? We are going this morning to the mayor of the arrondissement. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the empire! Of course the religious sacrament in the Church of the Capuchins follows, and celebrating that five minutes before midnight, will make all Paris talk! Go with us to the mayor, Doctor Chantry!"

"No," he answered, "no!"

"My father joins us there. We have kept Miss Chantry waiting too long. She will be tired of sitting in the carriage."

Chattering with every breath Annabel entrained us both to the court, my poor master hobbling after her a victim, and staring at me with hatred when I tried to get a word in undertone.

I put Annabel into the coach, and Miss Chantry made frigid room for me.

"Hasten yourself, Lazarre," said Mademoiselle de Chaumont.

I looked back at the poor man who was being played with, and she cried out laughting;

"Did you go to Russia a Parisian to come back a bear?"

I entered her coach, intending to take my leave as soon as I had seen Count de Chaumont. Annabel chattered all the way about civil marriage, and directed Miss Chantry to wait for us while we went in to the mayor. I was perhaps too indifferent to the trick. The usually sharp governess, undecided and piqued, sat still.

The count was not in the mayor's office. A civil marriage was going forward, and a strange bridal party looked at us.

"Now, Lazarre," the strategist confided, "your dearest Annabel is going to cover herself with Parisian disgrace. You don't know how maddening it is to have every step dogged by a woman who never was, never could have been—and manifestly never will be—young! Wasn't that a divine flash about the corbeille and the mayor? Miss Chantry will wait outside half a day. As I said, she will be very tired of sitting in the carriage. This is what you must do; smuggle me out another way; call another carriage, and take me for a drive and wicked dinner. I don't care what the consequences are, if you don't!"

I said I certainly didn't, and that I was ready to throw myself in the Seine if that would amuse her; and she commended my improvement in manners. We had a drive, with a sympathetic coachman; and a wicked dinner in a suburb, which would have been quite harmless on American ground. The child was as full of spirits as she had been the night she mounted the cabin chimney. But I realized that more of my gold pieces were slipping away, and I had not seen Doctor Chantry.

"We were going to the mayor's," she maintained, when reproached. "My father would have joined us if he had been there. He would certainly have joined us if he had seen me alone with you. Nothing is so easy as civil marriage under the empire. Of course the Church of the Capuchins—or any religious sacrament follows, when people want it, and if it is celebrated in other church—five minutes before midnight, it will make all Paris talk! Every word I said was true!"

"But Doctor Chantry believed something entirely different."

"You can't do anything for the English," said Annabel. "Next week he will say haw-haw."

Doctor Chantry could not be found when we returned to her father's hotel. She gave me her fingers to kiss in good-bye, and told me I was less doleful.

"We thought you were the Marquis du Plessy's son, Lazarre. I always have believed that story the Holland woman told in the cabin, about your rank being superior to mine. Don't be cut up about Madame de Ferrier! You may have to go to Russia again for her, but you'll get her!"

The witch shook the mist of hair at the sides of her pretty aquiline face, blew a kiss at me, and ran up the staircase and out of my life. After waiting long for Doctor Chantry I hurried to Skenedonk and sent him with instructions to find my master and conclude our affair before coming back.

The Indian silently entered the Du Plessy Hotel after dark, crestfallen and suspicious. He brought nothing but a letter, left in Doctor Chantry's room; and no other trace remained of Doctor Chantry.

"What has he done with himself, Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

The Oneida begged me to read that we might trail him.

It was a long and very tiresome letter written in my master's spider tracks, containing long and tiresome enumerations of his services. He presented a large bill for his guardianship on the voyage and across France. He said I was not only a rich man through his influence, but I had proved myself an ungrateful one, and had robbed him of his only sentiment after a disappointed existence. My impudence was equaled only by my astonishing success, and he chose not to contemplate me as the husband of beauty and lofty station, whose shoes he in his modesty and worth, felt unworthy to unlatch. Therefore he withdrew that very day from Paris, and would embrace the opportunity of going into pensive retirement and rural contemplation, in his native kingdom; where his sister would join him when she could do so with dignity and propriety.

I glanced from line to line smiling, but the postscript brought me to my feet.

"The deposit which you left with me I shall carry with me, as no more than my due for lifting low savagery to high gentility, and beg to subscribe my thanks for at least this small tribute of gratitude!"

"Doctor Chantry is gone with the money!"

"Skenedonk bounded up grasping the knife which he always carried in a sheath hanging from his belt.

"Which way did the old woman go?"

"Stop," I said.

The Indian half crouched for counsel.

"I'll be a prince! Let him have it."

"Let him rob you?"

"We're quits, now. I've paid him for the lancet stab I gave him."

"But you haven't a whole bagful of coin left."

"We brought nothing into France, and it seems certain we shall take nothing but experience out of it. And I'm young, Skenedonk. He isn't."

The Oneida grunted. He was angrier than I had ever seen him.

"We ought to have knocked the old woman on the head at Saratoga," he responded.

Annabel's trick had swept away my little fortune. With recklessness which repeated loss engenders I proposed we scatter the remaining coin in the street, but Skenedonk prudently said we would divide and conceal it in our clothes. I gave the kind valet a handful to keep his heart warm; and our anxieties about our valuables were much lightened.

Then we consulted about our imminent start, and I told my servant it would be better to send the post-chaise across the Seine. He agreed with me. And for me to come to it as if by accident the moment we were ready to join each other on the road. He agreed to that. All of our belongings would be put into it by the valet and himself, and when we met we would make a circuit and go by the way of St. Denis.

"We will meet," I told him, "at 11 o'clock in front of the Tuileries."

Skenedonk looked at me without moving a muscle.

"I want to see the palace of the Tuileries before I leave France."

He still gazed at me.

"At any risk, I am going to the Tuileries tonight!"

My Iroquois grunted. A glow spread all over his copper face and head. If I had told him I was going to an enemy's central camp fire to shake a club in the face of the biggest chief, he could not have thought more of my daring or less of my common sense.

"You will never come out."

"If I don't Skenedonk, go without me."

He passed small heroics unnoticed.

"Why do you do it?"

I couldn't tell him. Neither could I leave Paris without doing it. I assured him many carriages would be there, near the entrance, which was called, I believed, the pavilion of Flora; and by showing boldness we might start from that spot as well as from any other. He abetted the reckless devil in me, and the outcome was that I crossed the Seine bridge by myself about 10 o'clock; remembering my escape from Ste. Pelagie; remembering I should never see the gargoyles on Notre Dame any more, or the golden dome of the Invalides, or hear the night hum of Paris, whether I succeeded or not. For if I succeeded I should be away toward the coast by morning: and if I did not succeed, I should be somewhere under arrest.

I can see the boy in white court dress, with no hint of the traveler about him, who stepped jauntily out of a carriage and added himself to groups entering the Tuileries. The white court dress was armor which he put on to serve him in the dangerous attempt to look once more on a woman's face. He mounted with a strut toward the guardians of the imperial court, not knowing how he might be challenged; and fortune was with him.

"Lazarre!" exclaimed Count de Chaumont, hurrying behind to take my elbow. "I want you to help me!"

Remembering with sudden remorse Annabel's escapade and our wicked dinner, I halted eager to do him service. He was perhaps used to Annabel's escapades, for a very different annoyance puckered his forehead as he drew me aside within the entrance.

"Have you heard the Marquis de Ferrier is alive?"

I told him I had heard it.

"Damned old fox! He lay in hiding until the estates were recovered. Then out he creeps to enjoy them!"

I pressed the count's hand. We were one in disapproval.

It's a shame!" said the count.

"And now he's posted into Paris to make at fool of himself."

"How?"

"Have you seen Madame de Ferrier?"

"No, I have not seen her."

"I believe we are in time to intercept him. You have a clever head, boy. Use it. How shall we get this old fellow out of the Tuileries without letting him speak to the emperor?"

"Easily, I should think, since Napoleon isn't here."

"Yes, he is. He dashed into Paris a little while ago and may leave tonight. But he is here."

"Why shouldn't the Marquis de Ferrier speak to Napoleon?"

"Because he is going to make an ass of himself before the court, and what's worse, he'll make a laughing-stock of me."

"How can he do that?"

"He is determined to thank the emperor for restoring his estates. He might thank the empress, and she wouldn't know what he was talking about. But the emperor knows everything. I have used all the arguments I dared to use against it, but he is a pig for stubborness. For my sake, for Madame de Ferrier's sake, Lazarre, help me to get him harmlessly out of the Tuileries, without making a public scandal about the restitution of the land!"

"What scandal can there be, monsieur? And why shouldn't he thank Napoleon for giving him back his estates after the fortunes of revolution and war?"

"Because the emperor didn't do it. I bought them!"

"You!"

"Yes, I bought them. Come to that, they are my property!"

"Madame de Ferrier doesn't know this?"

"Certainly not. I meant to settle them on her. Saints and angels, boy, anybody could see what my intentions were!"

[To be Continued.]

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It is hard for a lovely woman to forego the pleasures of the life which she was created to enjoy and adorn. She may have to be busy all day in office or in store, yet she cannot deny herself the social pleasures which are offered her. But the fatigue is often too great for her, and she suffers from headache and backache as a consequence of over-exertion.

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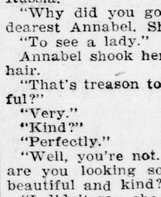

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A MOST FORTUNATE FAILURE

The young manager of the amusement bureau looked at the card the boy handed him and shook his head. He had seen the name before. It had become quite familiar to him. He stared at the boy.

"Oh, well," he said, "show him in."

The young manager was the victim of innumerable applicants for a chance to test their merits. Most of them, unfortunately—at least for themselves, were impossible. But this did not prevent them from being importunate. They were not easily discouraged. Like the raw recruits in a beaten army they didn't know when they were defeated. Day after day they sat about the outer room and waited for the manager to unbend. It was not a cheerful sight. The majority of them had grown old in a profession that a few of them had once adorned. The others were younger and more hopeful, and not so patient. They were shabby, too, and threadbare, and the other women displayed remnants of finery that dated back to almost forgotten fashions.

The young manager had grown hardened in his profession. He shut his eyes to the shabby gentility and he steeled his heart against the painful importunities. It was not a business where the emotions were a safe guide. Had he listened to the dictates of a really tender heart he might have filled the stage with those aspirants—most of them incompetent, few of them even passable. That was altogether impossible. So he smothered his sympathy and did his best to win the reputation of a hard man.

He sat in his little office, with a boy at the door who thoroughly knew his business, and was not to be cajoled, nor bullied, nor bribed. He was a haughty boy, who reflected his master's importance and inspired quite as much dread as did the master himself.

And so it happened on this occasion that the boy stared back at his employer with considerable wonderment in his bright black eyes.

"He's a Has-been," said the boy.

"Show him in," said the young master.

"He's a wheezer," said the boy.

"Show him in."

"There's moss on him," said the boy.

The young master waved him to the door.

"He's pretty near old enough to be a Never-was," came the boy's final shot.

To this the young master deigned no response. So the boy, crushed and humiliated, sullenly retired to his little anteroom. This anteroom was the inner line of defense of the master's room, and few there were who stormed it. The boy hesitated for a moment as he entered his lair. Then he snatched up a placard from his littered table and carried it into the waiting-room. He ostentatiously tacked the card to the wall, and then stood off a little to contemplate its effect. The inscription was worded as follows:

"Do not loiter in this room after you have finished your business. If you have nothing else to do you can at least make room for others who may have occasion to call here."

It was the boy's delight when he felt in a particularly bad humor with the patient sitters to dart out of his den with a copy of the placard and with much ceremony nail it up. It relieved his feelings and it taught the waiting applicants a much needed lesson, from the boy's point of view.

When he had let his big black eyes roll around at the sitters he fixed his gaze for a moment on a tall, thin old man who sat close to the door of the den—where he had been sitting for hours—and crooked his somewhat grimy forefinger at him.

"Mr. Jeffers will see you," he said.

The old man arose with alacrity as he comprehended the boy's words, and followed the lad into the manager's room.

"Mr. Philo Bailey," said the boy and withdrew to his den, where he busied himself inking one of the offensive placards.

The young manager looked up. He saw a tall, old man with a profusion of gray hair and a cleanly shaven face. He was a thin old man and very erect, and his form was arrayed in a shiny suit of black. There was a huge turned down collar about his neck, surrounded by a flowing silk scarf, and in his shabbily gloved hands he bore a shabby silk hat of an antique shape. The young man softly sighed.

"Well, sir," he said in his abrupt and yet not unkindly way, "I believe I told you that there would be no chance for you at present."

The old man straightened up.

"You did," he said in a heavy and somewhat husky voice, "you did. And yet, sir, what am I to do? I put it to you, sir, what am I to do?"

He paused and looked at the young man as if he had asked an unanswerable question.

"There are too many men and women who appear to believe that the stage owes them a living," said the manager.

"I gave the best years of my life to it," said the old man. "I grew old in its service. It seems a pity that there is not some nook or corner where I can creep on just once more."

"It is a pity," said the young man.

"I will not say that my efforts were unappreciated," the old man went on, "but it is quite true that I did not rise as I had hoped. I was painstaking, earnest, ambitious, yet fate was against me. In my day, sir, I supported the younger Booth, and Davenport, sir, and the immortal Cushman. As a youngster I trod the same boards with Ned Forrest and the fiery Macready, sir. My models were of the very best. If I failed to improve, no doubt it was my own fault—quite my own fault."

He let his head droop as he spoke and the hands that held the shabby hat shook.

"And yet you still turn to the stage?" said the young manager.

"I know nothing else," said the old man. "It is my life, my all. I am quite alone in the world, sir. It hurts me to say so, but the fact is I am dependent upon the kindness of a worthy couple, old friends of the profession, who are keeping me from the charity of the public. It is a humiliating confession to make, sir, by one whose Polonius was not considered unworthy of mention in the same breath with Booth's Hamlet, and whose Eccles met the approval of many of the leading critics of the nation, sir."

He was silent for a moment and his shrunken chest heaved beneath the closely buttoned threadbare coat.

"And there is no room for you on the legitimate stage?" the young manager asked.

"No room, sir, "the old man sadly replied. "I am not in line with their new-fangled problem plays and their society twaddle. Once the stage held up the mirror to nature, now it holds it to an artificial existence that is at once abnormal and unreal."

"And you would go into vaudeville?" said the manager.

"Yes, it is my only chance."

"And how do you expect to entertain an audience?"

The old man's eyes sparkled.

"I have prepared a monologue," he quickly replied, and drew himself erect. "It is entitled 'Great Players I Have Known,' and in it I will give personal reminiscences of those eminent lights of the drama with whom I have had the honor to be associated with more or less prominence. It will be rich in anecdote, sir, and abound in imitations. I am considered a clever mimic, sir."

The young man shook his head.

"I am afraid that your monologue would be quite above the heads of the average vaudeville audience," he said.

"Then they must be elevated," cried the old man.

"Not out of their present realm of enjoyment," said the manager. "It is our business to keep them there. How long is your monologue?"

"Exactly eighteen minutes, sir."

"A little long," said the manager. He gave the old man a sympathetic glance. The anxious eyes, the shabby garb, the trembling hands, all appealed to him.

"What you want is a trial?" he said.

"That is all."

"I will give you one. But understand I do not believe you will succeed."

The old man's eyes were suffused.

"All I ask is a trial," he murmured. "It is my last hope."

"Do not rely upon it," said the young manager. He picked up a memorandum book and turned the leaves. "You will present yourself to the stage manager of the Thalia at 1 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon. He will assign you a place on the programme."

"Thank you," said the old man brokenly, and he arose to go.

The young man looked at him with kindly eyes.

"You are an old man to start in a new venture," he said. "I wish you every success." And he arose and put out his hand.

The veteran's trembling hand met the hearty clasp.

"You are a very good and a very kind young man," he said in his shaking voice. "I wish you good day."

The manager halted him at the door. "I would be glad to have you report to me Thursday morning. I want to hear your own opinion of the trial."

The old man gravely bowed and then passed the wondering boy in his den with head erect and stately tread.

The young manager at his desk picked up the veteran's dingy card and read it aloud.

PHILO BAILEY,
Actor and Monologue Artist.
At liberty.

The "at liberty" had been written in by a trembling hand, and the manager with a faint smile drew a blue pencil line through it.

"An engagement at last," he murmured. "Poor old file. It was wrong to encourage him. But, really, I couldn't help it. His melancholy face and his pathetic figure haunted me. I suppose I'll get hardened to this sort of thing in time, but I haven't quite reached the petrified stage yet—thank heaven."

And he gently laid the card down and picked up his mail.

* * * * *

It was Thursday morning and the young manager was engrossed at his desk when the boy, entering softly, laid a card before him. The manager glanced at it.

"I remembered I told him to call," he murmured to himself. "Poor old chap." He drew a slip of paper from a pigeonhole. "Here is Morgan's report," he went on. "The old man's talk was a frost. He didn't get a hand. Poor old vet." He dropped the paper and turned to the boy. "Show him in," he said.

"He isn't alone," said the boy.

"Not alone?"

"No, sir. There's a stunning young woman with him, sir."

"Show them both in."

There was a remarkable change in the old man's appearance, a new air of jauntiness in the erect figure, a new expression on the wrinkled face.

At his side stood a young woman, a lovely young woman; a young woman in charming attire, whose slim hand rested lovingly on the old man's arm.

The manager arose quickly and motioned them to chairs.

"I have called, my dear young friend," said the old man, "in accordance with your suggestion that I should report here on Thursday morning."

The young man bowed and then he looked toward the slip of paper he had just dropped, and his expression was a painful one.

"Well," he said and he tried to smile, "and what is your own opinion of your effort?"

"The old man waved the question aside.

"I am more indebted to you, sir," he said in his stately way, "than you can possibly understand. A most wonderful thing happened at yesterday's entertainment, sir."

The young man glanced again at the slip of paper.

"Pray enlighten me," he said.

"In that audience, sir," said the old man, "quite by chance, was one who had been looking for me for years. She saw my name and sought me out, and lo! the lost was found!"

The hand of the young woman rested lightly on his shoulder. And the old man, reaching up, laid his own hand tenderly upon the slim fingers.

"Sir," he went on, "in giving me the chance, unwittingly you gave me a daughter."

The hand of the young woman went round the old man's neck with a gentle pressure.

"A daughter," repeated the manager.

"A daughter, sir," the old man went on, "a daughter whom I had not seen since she was an infant. It is a strange story, and not a pleasant one. It is enough to know that my child has sought me and found me, and that her home is to be my home, and that I am to lean upon her strong young arm and that she will not think me—broken and wearied as I am—a burden too great to bear."

The strong young arm closed about the old man's neck and the fair young cheek was pressed to the withered one.

"I am very, very glad," said the manager softly.

The old man arose.

"I sincerely thank you again, my young friend," he said in his stately way, "and give you a farewell pressure of the hand."

The young woman advanced and extended her slim fingers.

"I am very grateful, too," she said and let her hand rest for a moment in the young manager's.

Then they were gone.

The manager sighed as he looked after them.

"I'll never be thanked like that again," he said, "for aiding and abetting a disastrous failure."

And he laughed as he turned to his work.

The Other Half

Half the children in the world actually need Scott's Emulsion. The other half would be benefitted by it. A goodly portion of the latter half have already been helped by Scott's Emulsion. They have been made comfortable and well. They have been supplied with the element of fat that their bodies are constantly in need of. Scott's Emulsion has done even more for them; it has furnished nourishment which their ordinary food has not supplied.

The lack of proper nourishment in a child's food is responsible for its failure to thrive and grow as it should. So long as the important elements of nourishment are not contained in the child's food it will remain thin and lack the plumpness and glow of youth that marks the properly fed child.

What can be done for such children? Give them Scott's Emulsion. It is so palatable and acceptable that children like it. Cream of cod liver oil it could be called, for it resembles cream very closely. Moreover, being predigested, Scott's Emulsion enters the system quickly and with least tax upon the stomach. The delicate digestive organs of a backward child accept and retain Scott's Emulsion when other forms of nourishment are repulsive. It makes up the short-comings of a child's ordinary food and furnishes nourishment and fat in proper proportions and in the proper way.

So-called wines, cordials and extracts of cod liver oil should always be avoided. No matter what the claims may be, they *do not* contain the value of the whole oil, and hence are worthless in cases where a reliable cod liver oil preparation is necessary. Their sole purpose is to taste nice, and the use of alcohol and strong extracts makes them really harmful in many cases. Scott's Emulsion contains the whole oil carefully prepared, palatably presented, and is a safe and reliable preparation.

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PLIGHT OF A PRIMA DONNA

Matrimonial Complications of a Young Singer in Italy.

A Useless Husband Disappears When She Is Poor, But Returns When She Is Rich.

The recent plight of an Italian prima donna was tragic enough from some points of view to furnish admirable material for a libretto of the kind popular with some of the composers belonging to the school of young Italy.

The heroine is Teresa Chelotti, a young soprano who is popular in the middle-sized towns of Italy where she sings such roles as Santazza, Leonora and Violetta. Before she went on the stage she became the wife of Antonio Governators, a young mechanic who drank and gambled away all the money he could make, and afterward stopped working altogether to allow his wife to supply the money.

After marriage he noticed her existence only when he demanded a part of her small earnings; for she began in the chorus, unlike most prima donnas who are later known to fame. Her husband neglected and maltreated her to such an extent that there was little sorrow on the part of his wife or anybody else when his supposed body was found in the river near Modena five years ago.

One winter morning his wife was called to the river bank to identify the corpse supposed to be his. She and all his friends were certain that it was that of Governators, who had been missing for several weeks. So the body was duly buried under his name.

The widowed Teresa was then pretty and only 19. She had a good voice, which was considered untrained even in Italy. But she was far above her associates in the chorus and when the opportunity to show her powers came, she made the best of it. So she gradually accomplished the steep climb from the chorus to prima donnaship.

She was helped principally in this labor by a Neapolitan orchestra conductor who taught her. After a certain period after her husband's death, she married this conductor Signor Gramagni.

The soprano's career continued to be upward in its course and a month ago she had just been engaged to sing in Milan when she went back to Modena to give a few performances. There she learned to her horror that her first husband, the worthless Antonio, had returned to the town the day before.

He did not lose time in calling at her hotel and the result for her was an operatic indisposition of such a serious nature that she had to give up all thought of appearing at Modena.

It appeared that for five years he had been tramping through Europe. Most of his time had been spent in Germany. He came back to find his wife, who was formerly a poor chorus girl, a prima donna, making an income that seemed to him princely. It is as a matter of fact only about $3,000 a year; but that seemed a fortune to him.

That she had married again did not disturb him. He declared that he loved her as much as ever and proposed to live with her.

Unluckily for the woman, the law takes his side. As the first husband was not really dead at the time of the second marriage, it was not legal. And the husband has absolutely refused to disappear, although his wife and the other man have offered him as much money as they could together get hold of. Now he has applied to the courts to have his wife compelled to live with him. If the decree is in his favor, the woman declares that she will kill herself before she returns to him.

Caves in the Rock of Gibraltar.

A most interesting discoverey was made lately on the eastern side of Gibraltar rock, a cave, which from its dimensions bid fair to rival the celebrated St. Michael's cave, having been disclosed during the progress of blasting operations at the quarry beneath the Monkey's alameda. The general direction of this cave is east and west, and its dimensions are approximately 350 feet in length and 70 feet in height, with a maximum width of 40 feet. Like most caves, it diminishes in height, and width as it penetrates inland, until it dwindles to a mere fissure about 18 inches wide, which can be seen to extend for some distance further. About half way in there is an upper gallery or smaller cave, which extends only a short way. The stalactites and stalagmites are numerous and varied in shape and size; in several instances they have united to form complete pillars. The entrance to the cave is about 150 yards south of the eastern exit of the tunnel through the rock.—Westminster Gazette.

Twain's Compliment.

Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed.

"Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

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SCIENCE OF BREAKFAST

Stomach is an Organ Greatly Imposed Upon By Habit.

The stomach needs rest more than some other organs of the body, but it is the one most imposed upon from habit, which often engenders a false hunger, says Table Talk. It is like that brought about by eating between meals; once in the habit of it, it is almost impossible to break it, for not to "nibble" brings an imaginary uncomfortable vacancy. There may be somewhat of a vacancy. (It is a pity that there are not more such "vacancies," there would be many more healthy stomachs.) But the uncomfortable feeling is more the result of unoccupied minds and hands than a craving of the stomach; or if the stomach does demand, it is because of cultivated bad habits, and, like a spoiled child, cries for what it does not need. Those who have regular occupation for mind and body and eat regularly—enough and not too much—are the people who are forced to realize they have stomachs by any attending discomfort. To drop the habit of eating a "good, big breakfast" may for a day or two cause a sensation of hunger, for breaking any bad habit involves the recognition of a "lack," but it has to be to establish new and wholesome conditions, and busy people are not going to notice it much or long while the new conditions will bring so much greater capacity for doing more and better work that they will not regret the change.

It is not the greatest amount of food taken at one time which best nourishes the body. If conditions are favorable it may be all right to eat a "hearty meal," but often the quality eaten precludes the possibility of its being digested properly, particularly if there is not also great physical exertion taken to assist it. When food is taken in excess part of it cannot possibly be absorbed, and the chemical changes it undergoes, lacking the usual process by the action of the necessary digestive fluids, results in its putrifaction. Some of these putrified particles do not pass out, but are absorbed into the system, and the poisonous results are manifested by heavy, "logy" feeling and perhaps feverishness of breath. It is interesting to note the observation of a medical authority on this subject (Parker): "It was no doubt cases of this kind (over-indulgence in food) which led to the routine practice of giving purgatives, and as this condition is not uncommon the use of purgatives will probably never be discontinued." No, they never will be, unless people learn to eat no more than can properly be digested, realizing how little this "no more" is. The present interest in these hygienic questions is a hopeful sign, for it is leading to the knowledge of oneself which every individual should possess, a knowledge which is of more value to him than the remedies of all the medical practitioners in the world, knowledge which he can acquire by careful experimenting with kinds and quantities of food with far less danger than the physician's experiments necessitated by the poison from over-feeding.

The clogging of the system, the coating of the absorbent glands, is often due to long-continued use of glutinous food and the eating of coarse, granulated foods, such as well-cooked, coarse-ground cornmeal, is sometimes recommended after giving the stomach a rest several meals. But we are not enough inclined to fasting for either conscience or the stomach's sake. In very weak stomachs a fast should not be too prolonged, but in general fasting strengthens instead of weakening. However, if little enough is eaten, if one begins the day with due regard for one's stomach and brain-power, one will not have to indulge often—perhaps ever—in disagreeable, enforced fasts.

Criticisms by a Japanese.

M. Zumoto, editor of the Japan Times, a newspaper printed entirely in English, at Tokio, has been spending a few weeks in England, after an extended visit of six months to the United States. Speaking of his impressions and experiences during his absences from Japan, he said: "Coming over from America, I was very much struck with the different manners of the people on both sides of the Atlantic. In America, traveling by rail or going about in the trolley cars, the moment I took my seat the rest of my fellow travelers would turn their eyes on me and make me feel very uncomfortable for five or ten minutes. When I boarded the train at Liverpool for London, to my surprise and pleasure, the people did not stare, and the same experience has been repeated, always, during my stay here. Not only the ordinary people, but the man in the street, seem to have the same freedom from the habit of staring.

"Another thing that pleases me very much in England is the general air of picturesqueness and the abundance of quiet shades in architectural and general landscape; and it was very restful to my nerves to spend a few days in Warwick after my stay of six months in New York. What also struck me very favorably was the neatness of the towns and villages. Of course, there are many splendid residences in America and well-kept lawns, but here the smallest cottages, evidently occupied by poor people, give you the feeling that they are kept with great care, and this I failed to find in America."—From the Anglo-Japanese Gazette.

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CYNTHIA.

I crossed the first and second fingers on each hand and then hung my hands down by the side of my chair, so that Cynthia could not see them. This little formality attended to, I looked at Cynthia with a bright smile that was much forced, and said:

"I am so glad, Cynthia, that you are so fond of Phil Mainwaring."

"Oh, are you?" asked Cynthia, in surprise. "Why, I thought you didn't approve of him."

"Didn't approve of him!" I said, in well-simulated surprise. "How in the world did such an idea as that enter your head?"

"I don't know," responded Cynthia, doubtfully. "Perhaps it was because you took such pains to cut him dead at the hop the other evening, and because you once said that you wondered why his mother did not put him in the reform school."

"Oh, well," I answered, "that was all in the past." I made sure that my fingers were in the proper position, and then I said: "I regard Phil as a splendid young man of great promise. A man who is essentially and in everything manly. You should be proud of his friendship. I don't wonder that every girl he happens to meet fairly throws herself at his head. I am not surprised that you are no exception to the rule, and I congratulate you on your good taste."

When I had finished this speech I leaned back in my chair and mentally patted myself on the back. I regarded Phil Mainwaring as effectually settled.

I expected Cynthia to pout. But she didn't. Instead she rushed over and caught my hand and pumped it enthusiastically.

"You are just as good as you can be," she said. "I like to meet a man who is not jealous of other men. I wish I could tell Phil all about it. You know I am going with him to the party tomorrow night at the hotel?"

"But I thought you were going with me?" I put in wrathfully.

"Oh, no; Phil asked me first. You said something about going to the theater Thursday night, but there was nothing definite, and so when Phil asked me I said yes to that, too."

"But you've known him only a short time, and——"

"But if he is all the things you said," put in Cynthia, "I don't see what difference it makes, and you are my best and oldest friend, and, of course, your estimate of anyone is equal to years of acquaintance."

"He's a rank snob!" I snapped angrily, "and the last man——"

"Why," said Cynthia, opening her eyes widely, "and you said——"

"I know what I said," I responded; "but I had my fingers crossed at the time. I know that if you warn a woman against a man she instantly takes his part, while if you gush over him and tell her that all the women throw themselves at him, and that she is just like the rest, she'll tire of him quickly."

"And you think I am just like other girls?"

"Well, yes," I said, lamely.

"Then why did you undo your work and say Phil was a snob, and that you had your fingers crossed when you said how nice he was?"

"Because," I answered, "because in spite of what I said you didn't turn from him, but commenced to tell me all the places he was going to take you."

"Then you admit that I am not like other girls," said Cynthia.

"I'll have to," I said. "Anything to keep you from going around with Phil Mainwaring."

"But I hadn't the least idea of going with him," said Cynthia.

"But you said——"

Cynthia looked down at the pattern of the rug. "I had my fingers crossed, too," she answered, shyly.—Julius Green.

Don't Forget About Your Corns.

Cure them in one night by an application of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It is sure, safe, painless and guaranteed to cure or your money back. Refuse a substitute.

WAKE UP, BABY!

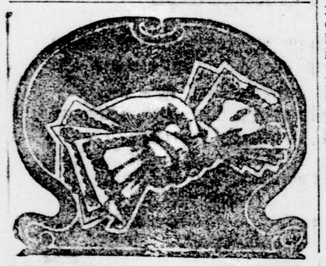
A New Game for Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everything miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Twenty years ago England imported 29,000 horses annually; now the number is 324,000, said Sir Walter Gibley recently at Bishop's Stortford, England.

More than seven times the distance round the earth has been walked by a Dover (England) postman, named Eden Hearn, who has just retired after 40 years' service.



JUST LIKE BUYING RHEUMATISM.

We put the bills in your pocket and take away the malady. Isn't that just like buying it?

There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE

pull the rheumatism out by the roots. No more doctoring, no more medicine, money saved; health saved, life saved.

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

MRS. E. EISNER, a trained nurse, of Halifax, living at 92 Cornwallis St., writes: "I have been a sufferer for six years from rheumatism. Many doctors treated me, but relief was only temporary. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and after four days' use of the remedy, was entirely free from the disease."

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health. 3

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP

Superior to all other for the Toilet and Nursery.

Made by
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Toronto.

Refreshing and Agreeable.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

A pleasant Antiseptic Soap (containing 10% pure Carbolic Acid). Should be used regularly to improve the skin and complexion and prevent infection.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

A CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE

Of course, it was a silly notion, and she didn't expect that anything would come of it, but Mrs. Bleecker had set her heart upon arranging some sort of a clandestine correspondence. She knew it was a rather vulgar form of diversion, but she meant to cover up her identity so thoroughly that she might drop the whole affair at any time without fear of discovery. She conned out of her imaginative mind many reasons that seemed to condone, if they did not justify, the little scheme. Curtis Bleecker, her husband, was, she believed, commencing to neglect her. They had been married six years, had no children, and were still "struggling" to keep out of debt. She was suffering from ennui, amusements were expensive, and Curtis showed each night when he came home the evidences of busy, nerve-racking, bothersome days. Sometimes he didn't come home till past midnight, and she was beginning to doubt his stereotyped apologies. Maybe he was perfectly loyal, and—anyway, Mrs. Bleecker was sure of her fidelity under any conditions, and she was fascinated with the idea of getting up some sort of a letter flirtation with some unknown man whom she never expected or cared to see.

She confided the plan to Miss Annie Cuthbert, her best friend, who had a typewriter, and between them they fixed up an advertisement which appeared in the next Sunday newspaper, as follows:

WANTED — BY A YOUNG, HANDSOME, intelligent woman, the acquaintance of a sympathetic, educated and moral man; object, the exchange of instructive and helpful letters. Address, Q 33, this office.

Miss Cuthbert went for the answers and the clerk handed her many. That night Curtis didn't come home even for dinner, and his wife, for the first time in her life, was glad of it. She went with her friend into the kitchen, locked the doors, and together they sat down to gloat over those answers to "Q 33." Most of them were idiotic, of course; a few were sane enough, but mercenary or commonplace or ill-spelled. Some contained photographs of love-lorn youths, with curls and foolish smiles. Some were the ridiculous plaints of old men who had outlived or neglected their opportunities to be loved. It was very funny, the whole business, and Mrs. Bleecker and Annie laughed over the reading and the photographs till the bell announced Mrs. Bleecker. Then Annie bundled the stuff into her satchel and said, "Come over in the morning, Chloe, and we'll answer them.

But when it came to formulating a letter to the most "likely" of the correspondents, and they saw what study, what subterfuge and what time it required, they determined to burn up all the letters but one and make the most of that. The lucky object of their attention signed, or rather printed, his name as Rodger Fortescue, and his address was "General Delivery." He had inclosed no photograph, his typewritten letter showed every evidence of education, good breeding, and even reverence for the unknown "Q 33," and forthwith he became a personage, something of a hero in the minds of both these good women, who never expected to see him, and would have laughed at his frank confession, his gently hinted hopes, his dignified melancholy—if they could.

But they couldn't. Rodger Fortescue's letters more than satisfied their first anticipation. His typewritten words in successive letters of increasing length were almost vocal of a generous, wise and tender nature. Mrs. Bleecker and her friend began to endow him with every imaginable virtue. In the replies which the young wife wrote she strove to rise to his standard of rhetorical excellence, to his splendid imagery, to his vague but winsome messages of love. She no long permitted her friend, Annie Cuthbert, to dictate even an occasional sentence, and at last she even failed to share with her friend one of the letters which, as usual, she had received at the general delivery window.

Then Mrs. Bleecker, almost unconsciously, began to compare Curtis, her husband, with the unknown Fortescue. Why had the master of her destiny never written such letters to her? Why was he not eloquent like Rodger — there! She had begun to call him "Rodger." She became a bit scared then, for she was a true and dutiful wife. She and Bleecker had exchanged very few letters in their courting days. Perhaps he would have written just as well as Fortescue if he'd had the opportunity, she thought. And then, in a sudden realization of her folly and perhaps of some subtle and hateful sense of disloyalty, she went to Annie's house, and wrote a long letter to Fortescue, in which she begged his pardon for "luring" him into a correspondence that must appear deceitful, fruitless and even humiliating, when she, "Beatrice Landon," admitted, as she now must, that she was a married woman whose husband was "the best man on earth." She expected that this long and self-deprecating letter would put a final stop to his letters, but after a week, during which she did not inquire for any letters at the window, she asked Annie to "see if there was anything." There were five!

"I, too," wrote Rodger Fortescue, "am married. My wife is the embodiment of all virtue, beauty and intelligence, but——" And then he launched into a subtle and gracefully worded discourse to the effect that "Mrs. Fortescue was not wholly satisfied with him." That she didn't understand him, that he could not blame her, but that in seeking a correspondence with "Mrs. Landon" he had only tried after that impersonal, and, he thought, unselfish gratification which comes of the spiritual and mental commerce of two kindred souls. It was very fine, said Annie and Chloe, and the latter almost shed tears as she declared, positively, that she would make no answer. And so the affair stopped.

It was about two weeks later that Mrs. Bleecker began to perceive a mighty change in the behavior of her husband. He had become so considerate, so confidential, so tender, so assiduous in his attentions to her that she felt like a girl again in the wooing days. But after tea, one night, he said, with sudden embarrassment:

"Chloe, I know you'll laugh, but I did a very queer thing this summer. I answered an 'ad' of some woman who wanted to correspond with 'a moral and intelligent man of sympathy.'"

"What was her name?" gasped Mrs. Bleecker, getting white and ready to faint.

"Don't get angry, Chloe," he said quickly, mistaking her fright for rage. "I never signed my name, but, honest, now, for a while I thought my correspondent must be —YOU. I—"

"Yes, yes, Curtis! You thought——" she was almost choked with terror.

"I thought it might be you, and I was almost sure when she—her name was 'Beatrice Landon'—admitted that she was a married woman. I told her that I, too, was married, and—well, Chloe, I thought that would put an end to it, but what do you think"

"What, Curtis?"

"Why, she came right back, said she didn't believe me. Insisted that no married man ever praised his wife as I had done, and—inclosed her picture."

"Her picture!"

"Yes. Look!" He pulled out a photograph and showed the fair face of Annie Cuthbert.

And now Mrs. Bleecker doesn't know what to think of her friend, Miss Cuthbert, but they've kept the secret—the three secrets. Curtis never let Annie know what he knows. Annie never "let on" that she took up the Fortescue correspondence where Chloe let it drop, and Chloe has never told her husband that she was "Beatrice Landon." But she is fonder of him than ever, because he did praise her, oh, so eloquently, in those letters!—Chicago Record Herald.

THE KIDNAPPED WIRE-TAPPING

"No," said the short man with the beady eyes, "there's absolutely nothing to it, gentlemen. I've been up against the game for more years than I would like to say, and I ought to know what I am talking about. When a man goes into Wall street he knows that he has at least an even chance of winning out, but with the horses it's another thing entirely. When you think that you have them cinched, they dodge and double deal you in a most unexpected way. And when you endeavor, merely as a matter of business, to make assurance doubly sure, then is the time you are most certain to get tripped up.

"I acknowledge that there is a tinge of bitterness to my words, but the bitterness is defensible. If any man has a right to denounce the goddess of fortune, I have, for I have wooed her in season and out, and always in vain. And the latest blow is the hardest she ever dealt me. For a few brief hours I had visions of a harvest of golden coins. I felt that my dreams were absolutely certain of realization; that it was morally impossible I could escape becoming a rich man. But escape I did, and this is how it happened:

"For some months I had been dallying with the horses in a poolroom not a hundred miles away from this flourishing borough, and had been having my customary siege of ill-luck. Every system that I might try went to the bad eventually, no matter how promising it had been in the beginning. Even that 6 to 5, 4 to 5 game laid me low, after weeks of patiently watching the odds to catch those magic figures, and I was about to give up the game in disgust and quit the turf forever, when I fell in with a man who inspired me with a new-born hope.

"He was a tall, raw-boned Yankee of the species that hails from Maine, and he was shrewd to an extreme. He had only been in the poolroom once or twice when he accosted me.

"'Say,' he drawled, 'it 'pears to me as if you were down on your luck a bit. What's the use of trying to press it when things are running against you? I haven't seen you cash a bet today, nor the last day I was here, either.'

"'What the blazes is it to you?' I asked him, sulkily enough for I confess I was feeling rather sore, 'if you can pick the good ones yourself you needn't bother your head about me.'

"'Oh,' said he hastily; 'no offense meant. Only I thought I might be able to work you in on a sure thing that's going to be pulled off tomorrow. It never hurts to do another fellow a favor, you know, but if you're uppish, why, it's all off, and no damage done. By the way, I'm a telegraph operator.'

"I felt rather taken aback by the answer he gave my rather abrupt interrogation, but the way he wound up his reply set me going again.

"'I don't care if you're a bank president,' said I. 'You needn't come any sympathy act over me. I don't want your pity nor anybody else's. Now, if there's a game on and you wish to take me in, am I correct in assuming that you will require something in return?'

"He looked at me steadily for a few moments and I at him. In that brief interval I made up my mind that the fellow wasn't the ordinary tout that I had sized him up for at the first glance. And at the same time I began to regret my rudeness. For I was in a dickens of a hole, and for the life of me couldn't begin to see any way out of it.

"'I have been taking your measure,' said he at last, in a quiet, self-contained tone, 'ever since I first laid my eyes upon you, and I have finally come to the conclusion that I had met a man I could trust. As I said, I'm a telegraph operator, but I'm out of work. Now, will you promise me that, no no matter whether you enter into my plan or not, you will not breathe a word of it to anybody?'

"'Sure,' said I, highly interested now, 'fire ahead. And you needn't worry about shocking my feelings. If your plan will beat the books I'm your man every time.'

"He hesitated and then said, in a whisper:

"I've rented a room on the line of the wire that runs into this barn. I've got a machine in that room, and tonight I'm going to tap the wire. Tomorrow if you're with me and will place the money for us we'll make the biggest killing this room ever knew.'

"It was such an old game and so seldom successful that I shook my head despairingly. But then the thought flashed into my mind that perhaps this would be one of the occasions of its succeeding. I plied him with questions, and we finally made for the house in which he had his room. When I saw the telegraph instrument and listened to all his arguments, pro and con, I at last began to feel that luck had thrown me in the way of the king of wire tappers. Soon I was fully convinced that the scheme was feasible.

"We thrashed the matter out before we parted for the night and decided that the safest thing to do would be to doctor one race only, and that one the last to be handled by the pool room. Investigating we found that this would be the seventh on the St. Louis card, and a careful consultation of form sheets showed that we could believe that the rank outsider of the field in that event would be Over Street. Accordingly it was determined that I should get to the poolroom in plenty of time to place the money, and that he should hold back the actual report of the race and send in a substitute in which Over Street would be declared the winner. By handling the race last we felt that the chances of detection would be greatly lessened, for if we meddled with an earlier event somebody might drop in who had learned the right winner from another source, and then the police would be after us in jig time. Moreover, we calculated that by the time the race was due the house would have taken in enough money to make no trouble about the wager I was to place. This would total fully $2,000, half of which was the telegrapher's, the other half being mine, mainly borrowed from wealthy acquaintances and friends on whose trail I camped until long past midnight.

"We met again by appointment at noon the next day, and he informed me that everything was in apple-pie order and the wire working well. As it was my custom to be at the poolroom early every afternoon, I decided it would not be wise to make this an exception to the rule. Accordingly we parted after having arrived at a complete understanding. I hastened to the barn, and was soon making my customary moderate wagers on both Eastern and Western tracks.

"Strange to say, I was lucky. Everything I picked out seemed to win, and in three hours I was five hundred to the good. A tall chap, with a monocle, whom I knew by sight, came over to me just as I was cashing in on the sixth St. Louis and congratulated me. He was one of those who had been cognizant of the ill-fortune I had hitherto been exuperiencing.

"'I suppose,' said he, with a smile, 'you're going to back Josie F. for the limit in the next, and then start for home with a satchelful of greenbacks?'

"'Josie F.' I replied. 'Not by a jugful. She couldn't win that race if it was fixed for her.'

"'Ah,' said he, mysteriously, 'get wise. The race is fixed for her. See those men in the corner? They've got Josie F. down for a killing. I know them. When they bet on a thing it's ripe.'

"He spoke with such an air of conviction that if I had not remembered my friend in the room down the street I would have followed his advice. But I only thanked him, and, out of a desire to reciprocate favors, told him that I was as certain of Over Street winning as he was of Josie F.

"'Cut it out,' said he; 'get out of your trance. Why, man, those fellows are going to slice this room wide open. You know the man behind the counter here. He'll take any old bet on any old thing with the sky for a limit, and that's about the limit this Josie F. clique wants. Fall into line, for heaven's sake!'

"While he was still speaking the card for the race came out. The prices were short, as there were only four starters, but Over Street was at the comfortable odds of 10 to 1. I saw the coterie from the corner join the tall chap in a rush to place their money on Josie F., and I fell back content. Second betting would surely see Over Street's price away up.

"I was right. When the card was displayed again the room had Josie F. a hot favorite over Linden Ella and Menace, while Over Street was 20 to 1. I mingled with the crowd in front of the wicket.

"'Do you want twenty-five hundred of this?' I asked in an unconcerned way.

"The cashier looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

"'Josie F., is it?' he inquired.

"'No,' said I, 'Over Street.'

"'Sure, you're on. But when did you get at the pipe? You've been cleaning things up this afternoon, and it'd be a pity to—,

"'Carve away,' said I, 'carve away. You can pay me out of that Josie F. money.'

"He smiled at me with an air of profound sympathy, but I only strolled over to the other window, as I knew I would have to collect my winnings in a hurry and vanish. There was the delay at the start that I had expected, but it was even longer than I had counted on, and I began to be apprehensive that the scheme had miscarried some way. But presently the tick-tick-tick of the instrument behind the partition began its merry music.

"According to the story told by the wire Linden Ella got off in front, with Menace second, Josie F. third. They kept this order right to the stretch, where Josie F. forged in front, with Linden Ella second and Menace next, five lengths away.

"'Great Scott!' I groaned. 'I suppose the fool thinks it will be a pleasing joke on the crowd to make Over Street sweep in front at the finish with a merry ha! ha! If this crowd doesn't fall wise to such a game I'm not fit to try to pick another winner.'

"Then came the final call:

"Josie F. wins by a head, Menace second, Linden Ella third, a length away.'

"What! Over Street nowhere? In less than a minute I was out of the room and dashing down the stairs. I found the telegrapher, with a pleased smile on his features, calmly packing up his instrument.

"Hello!' said he, 'you cashed in quickly.'

"'Cashed in the devil!' I yelled. 'What kind of a game have you been springing on me,'

"'Game?' What do you mean?' said he. 'Didn't you place your coin?'

"'I placed it cursed well,' said I, 'on Over Street.'

"'Well, Over Street was right. That's what I sent in.'

"'You sent in Josie F., you liar!'

"If he hadn't been a great, big, self-controlled man there would have been murder then, but as it was he merely took me by the collar and shook me.

"'Come out of here,' said he, 'and we'll go back to the poolroom. I tell you again I sent in Over Street.'

"I was almost weeping with rage when we got out of the house. He was as excited as I was, but kept cool. I knew he suspected me of what I suspected him—working the double cross. But we were both speedily undeceived.

"As we ran toward the poolroom we met the tall chap, running in the opposite direction.

"'Hi!' he yelled, 'don't go back there. You'll be murdered. They've just heard the real winner of the race, and the room has paid off on Josie F.'

"'Was it Over Street won?' we both shouted.

"'Over Street?' he yelled, still on the run, 'no, you poor chumps, it was Linden Ella.'

"'And Josie F.,' I cried, 'how did Josie F. ever figure?'

"The answer floated back to us softly, for he was far down the street by this time:

"'We tapped the wire!'

"'Thunderation!' yelled my friend, 'that explains it. They must have had their machine somewhere between mine and the poolroom. Here, let's get out of this as fast as he is getting. We've got no show on earth to cash in, and we'll be lucky to save our skins.'

"And that, gentlemen, is why I say that when you think you have that noble animal the horse just where you want to have him you suddenly discover he isn't there."

Torturing Piles

First symptoms—Moisture; intense itching, stinging; desire to scratch, most at night. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often protrude, ulcerate and bleed. Instant relief; no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use

Swayne's Ointment

Harmless; healing. Half a century's test proves that it never fails. At druggists. 50 Cents. To try before you buy, address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, who will gladly mail, in a plain wrapper, A SAMPLE BOX FREE.

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES

How a Street Fakir Drew a Crowd and Got Money From It.

A small, active and enterprising vendor of the itinerant variety was standing near the corner of School and Washington streets the other evening, loudly expatiating on the contents of a sealed envelope which he held in one hand, while with the other he shook a small, gaudy-covered pamphlet in the faces of the "rubbering" crowd.

"Get together, gentlemen, get together," he exclaimed with a Cheisean dialect, and an expressive sweep of the pamphlet to the goodly crowd that hovered near.

"Is that all we get?" inquired a tall, lanky chap, with a sleepy face and a moist moustache.

The vendor pretended unconsciousness, and the crowd snickered.

The street merchant continued. "Now gentlemen, I'm selling you this envelope for a nickel, a half dime, 5 cents, and I'm giving you this book, at the same time. The book is advertising, but to place it in your hand I must sell you this envelope."

"What's the matter with selling the book and giving the envelope away?" queried the lanky chap, clearing his throat noisily.

The answer was a scornful glance.

"What's in the envelope?" asked an interesting spectator.

"Ha, Ha!" laughed the man of the sleepy face, and the crowd echoed him.

The vendor looked fierce for a moment and then said: "For the benefit of those who have just arrived I will open one." and he opened the ordinary manila pay envelope and took out five plain white cards. "Hold them up to the light gentlemen, that's all. That's all."

"And I guess it'll be enough," vouchsafed the lanky chap, with a queer grin.

A smile ran through the crowd while a number loudly laughed at the suppressed anger of the little man in the plaid suit.

"Gentlemen, these cards are transparencies. One is called 'The Dancer,' another 'The Bather,' another 'Through the Keyhole,' the fourth one is 'The Vision,' and the title of the fifth one I wouldn't dare to say, but I think you will readily recognize it in the features of the smart Aleck who is trying to make a monkey of me and injure my business." And he looked hard at the tall chap.

This witty drive at the talkative man pleased the crowd immensely, and they immediately sided with the vendor, who, for a few minutes, had quite a brisk trade.

Then the lanky chap spoke: "Cheese it, the cop!"

"Gentleman, my business is perfectly legitimate. If I wasn't here I would be managing a railroad or——"

"Or in jail," interrupted the long man, with a prolonged groan and a funny cackle of a laugh.

The crowd, which was increasing every minute, roared with laughter, and a patrolman, who was on the outskirts, grinned and quietly disappeared up School street.

"Gentlemen," piped the merchant, as he made a couple of quick sales, "I'm sorry for this unavoidable interruption. This insulting loafer, instead of being at home with his starving wife and children or trying to earn an honest dollar to keep them from the poorhouse, bums enough drinks to make him foolish, and then tempts fate by trying to take the bread and butter out of my mouth."

"Who's fate?" queried the lanky chap.

"I am," was the answer.

"Thought your name was Green?"

"You idiot!" said the street vendor, fiercely. "Do you want to fight?"

"No; but I'll take a chew of tobacey if you have it handy."

The merchant shook his fist at him and then turned to the laughing crowd. "As I was saying, gentlemen, the book is an advertisement, but the envelope——"

"Is a fake."

And when the crowd recovered from their fit of laughter the lanky man had disappeared in the darkness.

But the crowd was a huge one by this time, and in the best of humor, and until the last envelope was disposed of the street merchant had little time to do else but sell.

An hour later the writer saw the vendor and the lanky chap convivially discussing two large glasses of amber-colored fluid in a north end saloon. Verily, there are tricks in every trade. —Boston Herald.

SENSATION IN QUEBEC

Wonderful Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills Causing Much Talk.

Dame Joseph Millette, of St. Rosaire, Tells of Her Pains and How Easily She Got Rid of Them.

St. Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que., Nov. 14.—Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerous cures resulting from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Such diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful remedy, and people are fast learning how important it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from the blood.

One of those who speak out often and earnestly of the good Dodd's Kidney Pills have done is the good Dame Joseph Millette. She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows:

"I suffered much from malady of the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and gave me great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am perfectly well.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy for me. I give Dodd's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big heart."

Many others, once sufferers, but now in good health, unite with Dame Joseph Millette in singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved conclusively that no disease arising from diseased Kidneys can stand before them.

When the census was taken in New South Wales among the ages returned were five of 100 years, six of 101, three of 104, one of 107 and another of 113 years.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

Germany's latest addition to her navy is the Chinese torpedo boat Hilung, which was captured by the Germans at Taku.

Minard's Liniment is used by physicians.

Sunlight Soap is pure as snow. That's why linen washed with Sunlight Soap is white as snow. That's why woolens washed with Sunlight Soap are soft as the snowflake.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. The Ideal Laundry Shape.

You could not expect pure white linen and soft woolens using common soap made from impure fats and containing free alkali.

If your grocer cannot supply Sunlight Soap, Octagon Bar, write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample will be sent you free of cost. Please don't omit to give your own full name and address. 108

THE PORTRAIT.

[By Catulle Mendes.]

The kingdom was in the direst distress. The young king had taken no interest in the affairs of state since he had lost his wife by death. Instead, he passed his days and nights before her portrait. He had made this portrait with his own hand in the days gone by, having learned to paint solely for that purpose.

This portrait was the young king's only consolation now. He could not restrain his tears when he looked at it, but he would not exchange the bitterness of these tears for the happiness of the sweetest smiles. It was in vain that his ministers said to him:

"Sire, we have received the most alarming news; the new King of Ormuz is levying a great army to invade your dominion."

He seemed not to hear them, and kept his eyes on the loved face. One day he grew angry and came near killing one of his chamberlains, who ventured to insinuate that the most warranted grief ought not to be eternal, and that his highness would do well to think of marrying again.

"How dare you give me such wicked advice? Out of my sight, or I shall fill you with my own hand! Know, and tell it abroad, that never again shall a woman sit on my throne unless she exactly resembles her whom I have lost!"

He knew he was perfectly safe in thus speaking, for the queen was so lovely that her equal could not be found. A brunette, with long, flowing hair like liquid ebony, a high forehead like amber-colored ivory, large eyes as black as night, she defied comparison.

Many months passed by without bringing any change in the state of affairs. More and more alarming news was received from Ormuz; the king did not heed the growing danger.

One morning, at early dawn, he turned to the window and listened to a song outside, a shrill warble, as pretty and matinal as the notes of a lark. He looked out, and could hardly restrain a cry of admiration. He had never before seen anything like this shepherdess, driving her flocks. She was a blonde, her hair seeming to gild the sun. She had a low brow, pink as young roses, and eyes like the dawn. The king, charmed though he was, shut out the sight by placing his hand over his closed eyes, then, ashamed of having for a moment turned away from the dear dead one, he returned to the portrait, knelt before it and wept bitterly.

On the morrow, while gazing at the portrait, he had a painful surprise. He said to himself:

"Here is a strange thing. It must be that the room is damp and the air not good for paintings. I remember perfectly that the hair of my queen was not so black as this. It was like the dawn, not the night."

He took his brushes and palette and quickly repaired the damaged portrait.

"Now, here indeed are the golden locks I loved so madly and shall love forever."

But, truly, some malicious spirit must have been mocking at him. After three days had passed he noticed that the picture had suffered other noticeable deteriorations. He remembered that the queen had a low forehead, as pink as young eglantines. With a few strokes of the brush he lowered the golden hair and tinged the brow with pink.

The next day it was still worse. The eyes were too dark, the mouth too large. The king felt a violent aversion for the absurd portrait, which contradicted all his cherished memories. He could hardly refrain from tearing down the deceiving image and trampling it under foot. He calmed himself, however, thinking the evil was still reparable. He set himself to work and painted from his faithful memory; a few hours later there looked out from the canvas a young woman with eyes as blue as the sky at dawn, and hair like molten gold. Then he looked at his queen full of delight.

"It is she! Ah, it is indeed she!" he exclaimed.

It followed that he made no objection when the chamberlain—whose custom it was to look through keyholes—advised him to marry a dainty shepherdess who passed the palace every morning singing, for she resembled in every point—though a trifle prettier, perhaps—the portrait of the beautiful dead queen.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

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30tf-t

Laughter in the News.

"When I laugh at any mortal thing," wrote Byron in his "Don Juan" poesy, "'tis that I may not weep." But Byron was too soon for the modern daily paper, and his pessimism had been tempered by none of those occasions when gayety is promoted in the news. When such occasions arise the professional funmaker goes to the rear. Real-life humor surpasses the manufactured article even as truth is stranger than fiction.

Perhaps one shouldn't begin a summary of a day's laughable incidents with the item about a Utica man who has made his own coffin. But as he paints the casket red, white and blue and labels it "Made by no trust," isn't a smile justified? Less gruesomely humorous, but still suggestive of trouble behind the fun, is the account of the patience-exhausted Indiana woman, who gets a divorce because her husband has moved thirty times in ten years and won't give up the nomadic habit.

In Hoboken Miss Knapp marries Mr. Wimbs primarily from affection based on his excellent cooking—one of mad Cupid's paradoxes. In Bridgeton, N. J., a vigilance committee is formed to correct young lovers who extend their courting beyond 11 p.m.—the first public attempt to introduce union hours for "sparking." Meanwhile the Democratic central committee of Colorado is wooing the feminine suffragists of that equal rights state by means of dainty boxes of candy bearing campaign inscriptions, and only election day will put a limit to the courtship.

"He who runs may read" in these days of galloping presses. And he who reads may laugh.

It is intimated that the Japanese national anthem as at present [illegible] by military bands is incorrect.

Minard's Liniment Lum[illegible] Friend.

Siwash Indians from Puget Sound and British Columbia do most of the hop picking in Western Washington. The growers pay $1 a box and the average buck can earn $2 a day.

SANKEY'S DOUBLE HEADER

The oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company.

Pat Francis was a very old conductor, but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began braking. Sankey ran a passenger train when Jimmie Brady was running—and Jimmie afterward enlisted and was killed in the Custer fight.

There was an old tradition about Sankey's name. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, and carried the blood of a Sioux chief in his veins. It was in the time of the Black Hills excitement, when railroad men, struck by the gold fever, were abandoning their trains, even at way stations, and striking across the divide for Clark's Crossing. Men to run the trains were hard to get, and Tom Porter, trainmaster, was putting in every man he could pick up without reference to age or color.

Porter—he died at Julesberg afterward—was a great jollier, and he wasn't afraid of anybody on earth.

One day a war party of Sioux clattered into town. They tore around like a storm and threatened to scalp everything, even to the local tickets. The head braves dashed in on Tom Porter, sitting in the dispatcher's office, upstairs. The dispatcher was hiding under a loose plank in the baggage-room floor; Tom, being bald as a sand-hill, considered himself exempt from the scalping parties. He was working a game of solitaire when they bore down on him and interested them at once. That led to a parley, which ended in Porter's hiring the whole band to brake on freight trains. Old man Sankey is said to have been of that original war party.

Now this is merely a caboose story—told on winter nights when trainmen get stalled in the snow drifting down from the Sioux country. But what follows is better attested.

Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar name. An unpronounceable, unspellable, unmanageable name. It was as hard to catch as an Indian cur, and that name made more trouble on the pay rolls than all the other names put together. Nobody at headquarters could handle it; it was never turned in twice alike, and they were always writing Tom Porter about the thing. Tom explained several times that it was Sitting Bull's ambassador who was drawing that money, and that he usually signed the payroll with a tomahawk. But nobody at Omaha ever knew how to take a joke.

The first time Tom went down he was called in very solemnly to explain again about the name; and being in a hurry and very tired of the whole business, Tom spluttered:

"Hang it, don't bother me any more about that name. If you can't read it make it Sankey, and be done with it."

They took Tom at his word. They actually did make it Sankey; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear the name of the famous singer. And more I may say, good name as it was—and is—the Sioux never disgraced it.

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or out, the pretty little green park to the east of the depot, with a row of catalpa trees along the platform line. It looks like a glass of spring water.

If it happened to be Sankey's run and a regular west end day, sunny and delightful, you would be sure to see standing under the catalpas a shy, dark-skinned girl of 14 or 15 years, silently watching the preperations for the departure of the Overland.

Then as your coach moved slowly ahead, you might notice under the receding catalpas the little girl waving a parasol, or a handkerchief at the outgoing train—that is, at Conductor Sankey; for she was his daughter, Neeta Sankey. Her mother was Spanish, and died when Neeta was a wee bit. Neeta and the Limited were Sankey's whole world.

When Georgie Sinclair began pulling the Limited, running west opposite Foley, he struck up a great friendship with Sankey. Sankey, though he was hard to start, was full of early day stories. Georgie, it seemed, had the faculty of getting him to talk; perhaps because when he was pulling Sankey's train he made extraordinary efforts to keep on time—time was a hobby with Sankey. Foley said he was so careful of it that when he was off duty he let his watch stop just to save time.

Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule with everybody else late, he was happy; and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, Georgie Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any runner we had.

Even the fireman used to observe that the young engineer, always neat, looked still neater the days he took out Sankey's train. By and bye there was an introduction under the catalpas; after that it was noticed that Georgie began wearing gloves on the engine—not kid gloves, but yellow dogskin—and black silk shirts; he bought them in Denver.

Then—an odd way engineers have of paying compliments—when Georgie pulled into town on No. 2, if it was Sankey's train, the big sky-scraper would give a short, hoarse scream, a most peculiar note, just as they drew past Sankey's house, which stood on the brow of the hill west of the yards. Then Neeta would know that No. 2 and her father, and naturally Mr. Sinclair, were in again, and all safe and sound.

When the railway trainmen held their division fair at McCloud there was a lantern to be voted to the most popular conductor—a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe. Cal Stewart and Ben Doton, who were very swell conductors, and great rivals, were the favorites, and had the town divided over their chances for winning it.

But during the last moments Georgie Sinclair stepped up to the booth and cast a storm of votes for old man Sankey. Doton's friends and Stewart's laughed at first but Sankey's votes kept pouring in amazingly. The favorites grew frightened; they pooled their issues by throwing Stewart's votes to Doton. But it wouldn't do. Georgie Sinclair, with a crowd of engineers — Cameron, Moore, Foley, Pat Mullen and Burns — came back at them with such a swing that in the final round they fairly swamped Doton. Sankey took the lantern by 1,000 votes, but I understood it cost Georgie and his friends a pot of money.

Sankey said all the time he didn't want the lantern, but just the same he always carried that particular lantern, with his full name, Sylvester Sankey, ground into the glass just below the green mantle. Pretty soon—Neeta being then 18—it was rumored that Sinclair was engaged to Miss Sankey—was going to marry her. And marry her he did; though that was not until after the wreck in the Blackwood gorge, the time of the big snow.

It goes yet by just that name on the West End; for never was such a winter and such a snow known on the plains and in the mountains. One train on the Northern division was stalled six weeks that winter, and one whole coach was chopped up for kindling wood.

Freight we didn't pretend to move; local passenger business had to be abandoned. Coal, to keep our engines and our towns supplied, we were obliged to carry, and after that all the brains and the muscle and the motive power were centered on keeping 1 and 2, our through passenger trains, running.

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us. And then, when snow-plows were disabled and train crews desperate, there came a storm that discounted the worst blizzard of the winter. As the reports rolled in on the morning of the 5th, growing worse as they grew thicker, Neighbor, dragged out, played out, mentally and physically, threw up his hands. The 6th it snowed all day, and on Saturday morning the section men reported 50 feet in the Blackwood Canon.

It was 6 o'clock when he got the word, and daylight before we got the rotary against it. They bucked away till noon with discouraging results, and came in with their gear smashed and a driving wheel fractured. It looked as if we were beaten.

No. 1 got into McCloud 18 hours late; it was Sankey's and Sinclair's run west.

There was a long council in the roundhouse. The rotary was knocked out; coal was running low in the chutes. If the line wasn't kept open for the coal from the mountains it was plain we should be tied until we could ship it from Iowa or Missouri. West of Medicine Pole there was another big rotary working east, with plenty of coal behind her, but she was reported stuck fast in the Cheyenne Hills.

Foley made suggestions and Dad Sinclair made suggestions. Everybody had a suggestion left; the trouble was, Neighbor said, they didn't amount to anything, or were impossible.

"It's a dead block, boys," announced Neighbor, sullenly, after everybody had done. "We are beaten unless we can get No. 1 through today. Look there; by the holy poker it's snowing again!"

The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds. Men turned to the windows and quit talking; every fellow felt the same—at least, all but one. Sankey, sitting back of the stove, was making tracings on his overalls with a piece of chalk.

"You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through this winter."

And it was then that Sankey proposed his Double Header.

He devised a snow plow which combined in one monster ram about all the good material we had left and submitted it to Neighbor. Neighbor studied it and hacked at it all he could, and brought it over to the office. It was like staking everything on the last cast of the dice, but we were in the state of mind which precedes a desperate venture. It was talked over for an hour, and orders were finally given by the superintendent to rig up the Double Header and get against the snow as quick as it could be made ready.

All that day and most of the night Neighbor worked 20 men on Sankey's device. By Sunday morning it was in such shape that we began to take heart.

"If she don't get through she'll get back again, and that's what most of 'em don't do," growled Neighbor, as he and Sankey showed the new ram to the engineers.

They had taken the 566 (George Sinclair's engine) for one head, and Burns' (497) for the other. Behind these were Kennedy with the 314 and Cameron with the 296. The engines were set in pairs, headed each way, and buckled up like pack mules. Over the pilots and stacks of the head engines rose the tremendous plows which were to tackle the toughest drifts ever recorded, before or since, on the West End. The ram was designed to work both ways. Under the coal each tender was loaded with pig iron.

The beleaguered passengers on No. 1, side-tracked in the yards, watched the preparation Sankey was making to clear the line. Every amateur on the train had his camera snapping at the ram. The town, gathered in a single great mob, looked silently on, and listened to the frosty notes of the sky-scrapers as they went through their preliminary maneuvers. Just as the final word was given by Sankey, in charge, the sun burst through the fleecy clouds, and a wild cheer followed the ram out of the western yard—it was good luck to see the sun again.

Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out; surely she heard the choppy, ice-bitten screech of the 566; that was never forgotten whether the service was special or regular. Besides, the head cab of the ram carried this time not only Georgie Sinclair, but her father as well. Sankey could handle a slice bar as well as a punch, and rode on the head engine, where, if anywhere, the big chances hovered. What he was not capable of in the train service we never knew, because he was stronger than any emergency that ever confronted him.

Bucking snow is principally brute force; there is little coaxing. Just west of the bluffs, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, there was a volley of sharp tooting, and in a minute the four ponderous engines, two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed wildly into the canyon.

Six hundred feet from the first cut Sinclair's whistle signaled again; Burns and Cameron and Kennedy answered, and then, literally turning the monster ram loose against the dazzling mountain, the crews settled themselves for the shock.

At such a moment there is nothing to be done. If anything goes wrong eternity is too close to consider. There comes a muffled drumming on the steam chests—a stagger and a terrific impact—and then the recoil like the stroke of a trip hammer. The snow shot into the air 50 feet, and the wind carried a cloud of fleecy confusion over the ram and out of the cut. The cabs were buried in white, and the great steel frames of the engines sprung like knitting needles under the frightful blow.

Pausing for hardly a breath, the signaling again began. Then the backing, up and up the line, and again the massive machines were hurled screaming into the cut.

"You're getting there, Georgie," exclaimed Sankey, when the rolling and lurching had stopped. No once else could tell a thing about it, for it was snow and snow and snow; above and behind, and ahead and beneath. Sinclair coughed the flakes out of his eyes and nose and mouth like a baffled collie. He looked doubtful of the claim until the mist had blown clear and the quivering monsters were again recalled for a dash. Then it was plain that Sankey's instinct was right; they were gaining.

Again they went in, lifting a very avalanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again as the drivers stuck they raced in a frenzy, and into the shriek of the wind went the unearthly scrape of the overloaded safties.

Slowly and sullently the machines were backed again.

"She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as good as a rotary. Look everything over now while I go back and see how the boys are standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it the hardest kind."

And they did give her one more—and another. Men at Santiago put up no stouter fight than that made that Sunday morning in the canyon of the Blackwood. Once and twice more they went in. And the second time the dumping drummed more deeply; the drivers held, pushed, panted, and gained against the white wall—heaved and stumbled ahead—and with a yell from Sinclair and Sankey and the fireman the Double Header shot her nose into the clear over the Blackwood gorge. As engine after engine flew past the divided walls, each cab took up the cry—it was the wildest shout that ever crowned victory.

"The thing is done," declared Sankey. Then they got into position up the line for a final shot to clean the eastern cut and to get the head for a dash across the bridge into the west end of the canyon, where lay another mountain of snow to split.

"Look the machines over close, boys," said Sankey to the engineer. "If nothing's sprung we'll take a full head across the gorge—the bridge will carry anything—and buck the west cut. Then after we get No. 1 through this afternoon, Neighbor can get his baby cabs in here and keep 'em chasing all night; but it's done snowing," he added, looking into the leaden sky.

He had everything figured out for the master mechanic—the shrewd, kindly old man. There's no man on earth like a good Indian; and for that matter none like a bad one. Sankey knew by a military instinct just what had to be done and how to do it. If he had lived he was to have been assistant superintendent. That was the word which leaked from headquarters after he got killed.

And with a volley of jokes between the cabs, and a laughing and a yelling between toots, down went Sankey's Double Header again into the Blackwood gorge.

At the same moment, by an awful misunderstanding of orders, down came the big rotary from the West End with a dozen cars of coal behind it. Mile after mile it had wormed east toward Sankey's ram, burrowed through the western cut of the Blackwood, crashed through the drift Sankey was aiming for, and whirled then out into the open, dead against him, at 40 miles an hour. Each train, in order to make the grade and the blockade, was straining the cylinders.

Through the swirling snow which half hid the bridge and swept between the rushing plows, Sinclair saw them coming—he yelled. Sankey saw them a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air, Sankey gave the alarm through the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind. But the track was at the worst. Where there was no snow there were whiskers; oil itself couldn't have been worse to stop on. It was the old and deadly peril of fighting blockade from both ends on a single track.

The great rams of steel and fire had done their work, and with their common enemy overcome they dashed at each other frenzied across the Blackwood gorge.

The fireman at the first cry shot out the side. Sankey yelled at Sinclair to jump. But George shook his head; he never would jump. Without hesitating an instant, Sankey caught him in his arms, tore him from the levers, planted a mighty foot, and hurled Sinclair like a block of coal through the gangway out into the gorge. The other cabs were already emptied; but the instant's delay in front cost Sankey's life. Before he could turn the rotary crashed into the 566. They reared like mountain lions, and pitched headlong into the gorge; Sankey went under them.

He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose and he chose instinctively. Did he, maybe, think in that flash of Neeta, and of whom she needed most—of a young and stalwart protector better than an old and a falling one? I do not know; I know only what he did.

Every one who jumped got clear. Sinclair lit in 20 feet of snow, and they pulled him out with a rope; he wasn't scratched; even the bridge was not badly strained. No. 1 pulled over it next day. Sankey was right; there was no more snow; not enough to hide the dead engines on the rocks; the line was open.

There never was a funeral in McCloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta followed together; and of mourners there were as many as there were people. Every engine on the division carried black for 30 days.

His contrivance for fighting snow has never yet been beaten on the high line. It is perilous to go against a drift behind it—something has to give.

But it gets there—as Sankey got there—always; and in time of blockade and desperation on the West End they still send out Sankey's Double Header; though Sankey—so the conductors tell the children, traveling east of traveling west—Sankey isn't running any more. —Frank H. Spearman.

One of the great centers of chemical industry is Hamburg. The census of 1900 showed 148 establishments and a total of 4,669 persons employed—a gain in eleven years of 22 establishments and 1,253 employes. Including the factories of several adjoining towns the district has a total of 256 chemical establishments, employing 9,635 hands. There are eight factories for refining nitrate, two for making borax and eight for making sulphuric hydrogen.

PAIN OVER THE EYES

HEADACHE AND CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 MINUTES.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the seating of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes all skin diseases. 35 cents.

Sold by C. McCallum & Co. 3

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 12 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her, and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly,

J. B. LEVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

THE SPEEDWAY OF NEW YORK

It Is a Magnificent Equestrian Circus-Bill to the Public.

Splendid Weekly Spectacle of Wealth and Prominence at American Metropolis.

Imperial Rome gave its populace "bread and circuses"—New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is more than an open question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheater as New York has put into the speedway and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an outgrowth on panic—the sad days following '93. Indirectly, it is the response to a rising demand. The city has bred and fostered a swiftly growing class of rich reinsmen, either survivors or spiritual descendants of the old Bloomingdale road brigade. With their many thousands invested in fast horse flesh, there was general and increasing discontent over having to go a Sabbath Day's journey to find any place where the flyers could step their best—and, incidentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered raised a roar of indignation. The gentlemen drivers had it in mind to take a stretch down the west side of Central Park. Lively protests from all sorts and conditions of folk inclined them to go further—with the result of faring better. The Sweedway, as an assomplished fact interferes with nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to the excellent use of diversion a strip of unsightly waste. Incidentally, the turning put many dollars into honest, horny hands that otherwise would have been empty, or filled by galling charity. Altogether the course is well worth its cost, if for no more than an object lesson as to how the fanciful desires of rich men supply the necessities of poor ones.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the speedway site. The course is easily among the most picturesque in the world. That, however, is less amazing than its adoption to the ends of spectacle. Rome's coliseum was less majestic than the rocks that frown above it all along one side; no canal in all Venice can show more vagrant charm of waters than sparkles up from the breast of the Harlem. Now it is all sullen gray, now of a jealous green opacity, now limpid as a rain-washed morning sky, now full of softly-lapping satiny ripples, streaked with oily wakes of swiftly passing craft.

The water show, indeed, draws some part of the crowd—not so great a moiety as the road show, but still worth reckoning. Speedway builders took account of it—wherefore the waterside walk is twice or thrice the amplitude of that underneath the rocks, and beset plentifully throughout with light, easily movable benches.

The driveway proper begins somewhat before the beginning at the commencement of St. Nicholas avenue, on the uppermost verge of Central Park. It is something like two miles from the park verge to the head of the speedway at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street—thus there is a parade course about four miles long. Still St. Nicholas avenue is not the scle, nor even the favorite, route of speedway drivers who live roundabout the park or below it. Upper Seventh avenue and the viaduct spanning the Harlem Valley at the Speedway are chosen somewhat oftener. Another for those who like long drives and coming into the middle of things is the new Boulevard Lafayette, which has been cut in the edge of the Hudson River hillside and makes into the course proper through Dyckmen street, which is its upper boundary. Then, too, there are the suburban roads and their contingent folk from White Plains, Mt. Vernon, Yonkers, ever so many places, who have the chance of some pretty speeding on their own account along the parkways that are spreading all about through the region where New York town is still, in large part, country.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their own. Howsoever gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that mind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing 10,000 are likely to gather and stand and gaze. Special events, match races, matinees, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from 30,000 to 50,000 spectators. The knowing ones and the sports cluster as thick as bees about the half mile post, which is the finish mark in the brushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, or rather individual, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and as solemnly as on the full fledged courses. But the mass of those on the road and the sidewalks are there to see and to be seen rather than from sordid mones of profit or loss.

The mounted police who enforce the regulations, keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines—going down next to the river, coming up next the rocks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast. Speeding begins whenever there is a fairly dry course at the Dyckman street end, the speeders driving south. This makes the first half mile post the finish. Of course, there are mile brushes, but the most part of gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even quarter miles.

A pessimistic mounted policeman who knows horses and likewise human nature, said with something of a curled lip: "Horses! Oh, yes, they love the Speedway; the soft track's good to hoofs that have been pounding rocks and hard floors. But the drivers and the riders don't love ridin' and drivin'; it's all show-off with them. Why, if they did really care for their horses and usin' 'em, there are fifty places and within range than this. City Island, up in Westchester, out in Jersey, or Long Island, or 'cross the ferry down Staten Island way, horses and traps and drivers can go, any o' them, where's all right, all right; but they can't take the crowd with 'em, so here they stay. Sunday after Sunday, rain and shine, you see the same men, and all their joy is to get a new horse, or some sort of new contraption in ridin' toggery or wagons, or boots or brides, or some such matter. But them that drives do get a few runs for their money—thing that feazes me most is the folk down the edges. It's all show with them, and if one of 'em gets her name in the papers, or his turnout sets the crowd buzzin'—Lord! they think they're made I've been up here pretty much ever since the show began—you may take my word for it if it wasn't a show, if nobody came to look on and stare, and most likely envy, in six months the Speedway would be given up to trainers, exercisin' rich men's trotters, and some few rich men themselves that know enough about horses and other things to get at the real o' drivin'."

Possibly the policeman was soured. Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday morning, when blotches of red and yellow have shown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Hights, High bridge and Washington bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown blue of the sky. Coming in from the viaduct, far and away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Jumel. There is a flag in the yard of it—a flag streaming straight out upon a tricksy west wind. Behind the wooden background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the vaterland. But one need not think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish-yellow earthen ribbon. The sidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace. There is a line of green grass between the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get a full view of it. By 11 o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches of color. At least half the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound—the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckgear. The surprising thing about the whole assemblage indeed is that it is a dress parade no less for the spectator than the performers. Beyond a doubt going to the Speedway stands to many uptown residents very much for what going to church did to their rural or village ancestery.

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned "in the know" as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road. It moves gently up and down and back and forth, or turns to view critically some racing shell upon the waters, gently curling the lip as it hears the coxswain roar out orders evidently intended to reach its ears. Showing off on the water, it has not come out to see or hear. The shells are indeed but incidents—incidents which some of the overnice among the women incline to resent. Bare arms and chests and legs seem to them out of place in the face of daylight; notwithstanding, other women applaud the display, and talk knowingly with their escorts of feathering, reaches, body swings and strokes.

Momently some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about "Nathan Strau has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw I was sure he'd drive Alves instead." "Hello, Fred Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!" "There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show today!" "Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnny Agan. Yes, Bostwick is automobile crazy, still, he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middlepiece flashes past. One spectator grins at the sight, saying sagely: "David B. looks as though he'd run just about to match his namesake this mornin'." Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he has never been quite all out here—no more than the man he's named for."

"Maybe so," says a judicial third person; "but say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day a while back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat. What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse 13 years old—and a faster quarter than ever Cresceus trotted in a race!"

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: "And here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and Sally Simpson."

Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harnessed racers, with drivers sitting low and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby—hardly stout enough to endure the impact of rapid air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race. The man in front has a strong Hebraic face, bearded, shrewd eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power to claim and keep. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched—now and again he speaks a low word too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse. Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks—he goes, goes, with the mighty stoke of a machine. His stride is low and stealing, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, makes the horse which does or dies. On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit of fire, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof-beats sounding a march of triumph, as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question, mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail. This time the mare lies at Cobwebs' wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and siny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world famous Electioneer. She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space incredibly. But for keeping in place so steadily a casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine and covered ground with much more care to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till 50 yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statutelike, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin. A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places. This time the flyers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallent chestnut strains. His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show now only as motionless, shining rims, magically impelled along the course. And gamely the bulldog mare keeps at his throatlatch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride for stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches. There is applause all up and down the line as she jogs back toward the starting point, but not so loud nor so hearty as the clapping which followed Cobwebs all the way to the cooling-out sheds.

The brushes have been typical—every Sunday, every matinee, with sound footing, sees them duplicated a hundred times over. Even the least considerate horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud. Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has, right at the speedway, what is said to be the best appointed stable for harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named. Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars. Brushes between trotters and pacers are not rare; neither are matches between double teams to road wagons with two persons instead of the ordinary trotting rig.

J. R. Cockeril, now president of the Road Drivers' Association, has a fancy for driving double, often hooking up such fancy performers as Swift and Phoebe Childress or Honor Bright. E. E. Smathers has a big string, whose bright particular star is Queen Wilkes, at her best the admitted queen of the speedway.

The famous Monk was last year's speedway champion. The King, an exstar of the grand circuit, is owned by David Lamar, along with at least a dozen others. Mr. Lamar himself is among the most constant speedwayites, ready for any sort of brushing in almost any sort of going, and never willing to admit himself beaten until he has tried again and again.

Possibly the most picturesque and certainly the most interesting speedway personality is Frank Work, the sole survivor of the old time road brigade that included Robert Bonner, W. H. Vanderbilt and their compeers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five flyers—Peter Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy, Merle Moore and Sea Girl. He permits no clipping, nor pulling of foretops, and drives without boots or overdraw checkreins. The fact that he holds his own with all comers is full of encouragement for those of us who believe in giving horses a chance unhampered by track sophistications.—Washington Star.

WOMAN'S WORK

Often Leads to a Breakdown in Health.

Severe Headache. Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms Follow.

Woman's cares about the household are many and often worrying, and it is no wonder that the health of so many give way under the strain. To weak, tired-out, depressed women everywhere, the story of Mrs. Geo. L. Horton, the wife of a well known farmer living near Fenwick, Ont., will come as a message of hope. To a reporter who interviewed her on the subject, Mrs. Fenwick said: "Yes, I am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, as my experience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health began to give way, and I suffered from anaemia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much emaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. At first I thought the trouble would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, as I continued to grow worse. My heart began to palpitate violently at the least exertion; my rest at night was broken and finally a bad cough set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. An aunt in England who had been ill had written me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had restored her to health, and I determined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I noticed a distinct improvement in my condition, and after using the pills for a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could sleep well at night, the cough left me; the headaches that had made me so miserable vanished, my appetite returned, and I could again perform my housework with ease. I shall always feel grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and strongly recommend them to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished just such good results in thousands of other cases among ailing men and women, and sufferers from any of the numerous ailments resulting from poor, watery blood who will give these pills a fair trial will soon be on the high road to health and strength. Imitations are sometimes offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. Be sure that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2 50.

His Way of Work.

Peter McArthur (formerly of Lobo Township), talking about a novelist who was arranging for the dramatization of a novel that he had not yet completed, remarked:

"He is a good deal like a Canadian friend of mine who went hunting with a dog. The trip was all right for a time, but there came a sudden end when the dog undertook to jump over a deep well at two jumps."—N. Y. Times.

Ping Pong.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese diplomat, whose delay in leaving the United States to undertake important work in China is a cause of genuine pleasure to his American friends, doesn't like ping-pong. When the game first invaded Washington he often was invited to play, but invariably refused. One evening he called at a certain house, and found several young men actively engaged in batting celluloid spheres back and forth. He was pressed to join them, but would not, whereupon a callow chap rather impertinently insinuated that Mr. Wu did not care to expose his ignorance of the sport.

"Oh, I know the game," said Mr. Wu. "Everyone in China knows it. It was invented many thousand years ago in my country by a bonze, or priest, named Ping Pang. Your name for the game is a corruption of his cognomen. He was a great philosopher, and spent his time in inventing work for all classes of people. Finally he had all classes but two supplied with suitable occupations. To these two he determined to assign an amusement, as they were not fitted for work, so he evolved this game for them."

"And what classes were they?" asked the impertinent youth.

"Children and imbeciles," replied Mr. Wu.—N. Y. Times.

A GROWING DANGER

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"I suffered from Dyspepsia for eight years," says Mrs. Best. "I was in continual misery. Sometimes I would go off in a faint and for ten or fifteen minutes I would be more dead than alive. The doctors could not cure me and gave me but little help.

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"I am using them now and feel myself a new man. I confess I owe my life to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I am like a great many others, I cannot speak enough in their favor.

"If anyone doubts that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia in its worst form let them write me."

Extemporaneousness.

Col. W. J. Bryan, while in camp with his regiment in Jacksonville, Fla., had a call from the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. While discussing the relative value of written and extemporaneous speech Col. Bryan asked his visitor if he had ever heard the best definition of extemporaneousness. Answered in the negative, he told this story:

"In a little Western town dwelt two ministers. One had been preaching there for 25 years, the other, though but recently come, had begun to draw large congregations. The older minister was a 'paper preacher,' the younger was bumptious and possessed of some native eloquence. Meeting one day, the older minister asked his brother how it was that he, who had had the fullest training for his work, and who gave himself faithfully to the preparation of his sermons, should fail to hold his young people and fill his church.

"Asked by the young man to state his methods of pulpit preparation, he answered that all the study hours of the week from Monday to Saturday were spent in careful study and in writing out fully his two sermons for the next Sunday.

"'I tell you where the trouble lies,' said the young preacher. 'You start to write your sermons Monday morning, and seldom finish until Saturday night, and you forget that the old devil is all the while looking over your shoulder to take note of what you are going to say and steels the hearts of your people against your message. So the devil gets ahead of you. I always get ahead of the devil, for when I go into my pulpit Sunday morning the devil himself don't know what I am going to say.'"

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TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.

X.—MACBETH.

When Duncan the Meek reigned King of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the King, and in great esteem at court for his valor and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honor he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him "All hail! king that shalt be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the King's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy, but much happier and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air, and vanished; by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters, or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the King, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor; an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign King in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of great consequence."

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband had herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the King as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of the flattering prophecy.

It happened at this time that the King, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honor Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The King entered well-pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honored hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles; and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The King being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the King. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness, to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the King's bed; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father; and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the King; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offense to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar of heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favors of the King, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honors be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder.

In these conflicts of the mind Lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part, and resolved to proceed no further. But she being a women not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her, but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked if from her breast, and dashed its brains out, if she had so sworn to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken, sleeping grooms. And with the valor of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolution, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the King's room, whom he dispatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried, "Murder," which woke them both; but they said a short prayer; one of them said, "God bless us!" and the other answered "Amen;" and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say, "Amen," when the fellow said, "God bless us!" but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more; Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life." Still it cried "Sleep no more," to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more."

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state, that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled, Malcolm, the eldest, sought refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The King's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes, and, among te rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper, the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying, that all that was honorable in the country was under his roof, if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect, than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an emply chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air, when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father of a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child; all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or cauldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood; to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth, whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife; for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be bloody, bold and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the King; "what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live; that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying, that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements! good!" cried Macbeth: "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the cauldron sank into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shawods, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them; by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Eanquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late King, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated him the tyrant; nobody loved or honored him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst; steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the Queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it), "with armor on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with a false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in is castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege; here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm. When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move! "Liar and slave!" cried Macbeth; "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me;" for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood did move! "However," said he, "if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at and end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skillful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valor, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to them, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counseled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat; but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him; and, smiling confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou losest thy labor, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit whom thou hast served, tell thee, that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother."

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way; "and let never man in future believe the lying equivocation of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!'"

"Never," said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunisnane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful King, Malcolm; who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had for so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek, amid the acclamation of the nobles and the people.

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DOCTOR'S HAND AT DRAW POKER

"There's something about a boat, I reckon," said Caleb Mix, the white-haired bartender on the river packet City of Vicksburg, "that puts the devil in a man. Leastways, I don't really know whether it's the boat that does it or the river itself. There's somethin' about the old Mississipp' that seems to get into the blood.

"I've heerd tell o' men that come f'm Switzerland an' setled in this country, that went plumb crazy f'm homesickness, an' had to be put in the funny house. They say they go daffy 'count o' never seein' no mountains such as they had at home, bein' as how they gen'ly settle down somewhere where there ain't no mountains.

"Seems funny to me, f'r I ain't never seen no mountains 'cepting th' Ozark, an' there ain't nothing about them that'd send a man bughouse, 'thouten he was to have to live amongst 'em.

"But I reckon it's the same with mountains as 'tis with rivers. If a man's brought up on the Mississippi, same as I was, he ain't reely no good anywheres else, an' if he goes anywheres en 'stays a while, he's dead sure to come back if there's any way to get back, an' he ain't happy till he does. An' the men that lives on the river, whether they travels it or lives on the banks, seem to be different somehow, f'm those that just pass through. Anyhow, I c'n tell 'em every time.

"An' them that gets on a boat the first time, or maybe the first few times, seems to have it go to their heads somehow. They'm like as a man that takes his first drink, or gets his first chills and fever. Them that's used to it goes along just as if nothin' hadn't happened, but them that ain't used to it, sometimes does most surprisin.'

"'Tain't no ways surprisin', I reckon, that the most on 'em plays draw poker. Maybe it's somethin about the boat, or maybe it's the river that gets in their heads, but there's most gin'ly somebody playin', an' it do seem like a stranger that sees a game on the river is bent on playin' his own self, whether he knows how or not.

"Mostly he don't know none too much, an' he's the sucker, but once in a while some feller'll come along that can play a grown up game an' then there'll be doin's.

"I recollect a feller named Goss that used to travel the river a bit, 'long in the early seventies, that was a reg'lar cuss, anyway you was a mind to take him. He'd drink more red liquor n' any two men I ever seen, an' when he'd had about so much he were a extry good man to kep away from, for he'd quarrel about nothin' and he'd ruther fight'n to quarrel.

"'Peared like nothin' sobered him up but a rough an' tumble fight. It were reely amazin' 't he didn't get killed, for there was many carried guns an' knives them days, more'n they do now, an' he never fit with neither. Just piled in like a mad cat an' struck an' kicked an' wrastled an' bit an' gouged like he were plumb dotty.

"Sometimes he'd get licked, an' sometimes the other feller would, but it were always a surprise to them that was lookin' that either of 'em 'd get up alive.

"But all that was his way of amusin' hisself. He didn't make a business of fightin', nor he didn't drink none, exceptin' on occasions, when he took a day or two off. His reg'lar business was playin' cards, an' he were reckoned the meanest gambler on the river.

"'Tain't easy to tell how that was, either, 't he come to be called mean. He played crooked, of course, but they'd all do that if they could without gettin' caught. An' he'd take a man's last dollar acrost the table as quick as he'd take the first, but I never seen a gambler in my life that wouldn't do that, too.

"I reckon it were his manner, more'n anything else, for he sure were a surly dog even when he were sober, an' how he ever got into so many games as he did with strangers wa'n't easy to understand, but he did it somehow, an' he uster make as good a livin' as mos' on 'em, year in, an' year out.

"One summer I was workin' on the old Girardeau that was blowed up at New Madrid a year or two later. We was runnin' f'm St. Louis to Memphis an' back, 'n' somehow or other there was a full boat most every trip, 'spite o' the season.

"We wasn't carryin' so much freight, but a mos' surprisin' number o' people seemed to be travelin' the river, an' we got more'n our share o' the business. I reckon maybe 'twas 'cause Cap'n Carter, that was runnin' the Girardeau, had the name o' bein' a good, safe navigator, but a man that didn't pay not attention to what was goin' on among the passengers.

"They c'd drink an' gamble an' even fight among themselves as much as they liked, s'long as there wa'n't no knives or guns drawed, an' he'd never open his mouth. Cap'ns is different about such things, an' a good many o' 'em won't stand for no such doin's, but Carter, he didn't give a cuss, an' there was some lively times on board.

"Just nat'rally the gamblers was quick to learn about all this, an' there was a good stiff game in the saloon every trip. An' 'twas nat'ral, too, that they got talked about, an' there was men f'm all over the country buttin' in. Some on 'em was professionals, but a good many was just sports lookin' for a big game, an' now an' again there was some that just wanted to see the fun.

"There was a man got on at Cairo one day that I was a good deal surprised to see. He were a young doctor, named Saunders, that had been practicin' there for four or five years, an' had consid'able more to do, lookin' after his patients, than any one man c'n reasonably do, f'r he sure did know his business.

"He took care o' me once when I was laid up with a fever, an' I knowed him well. An' knowin' how busy he al'ays was, I wondered what took him away f'm home.

"When I ast him about it, as I did, he sort o' laughed, an' said he were just takin' a few days off, so's to sort o' stretch his legs.

"'I've been workin' too hard, Cale,' he says, 'an' I need a change.'

"Well, there ain't no tellin' what any man'll do when he's looking for a change, but I wasn't lookin' to see him set into a poker game inside of an hour. 'Peared like he were one o' them calm, student like men that's more to home readin' a book than they is playin' men's games 'n' I looked for to see him skinned to death in no time, more 'specially as Goss an' a pal o' his, named Porter, was in the game.

"The other two I didn't know, but I heerd after that one of 'em was a lumber merchant f'm Minneapolis, an' the other was a drummer f'm Chicago. They looked like they c'd take care o' themselves, 'n' I wa'n't worried none about 'em, for 'twa'n't none o' my business nohow, but I didn't want to see the doctor done up, an' I looked on pretty close, sayin' to myself that I'd make some excuse to call him one side, if they was to play crooked.

"O' course, I knowed they would if they thought 'twas safe, but I didn't know what the two strangers might be, an' I reckoned they'd go slow at first till they had everybody sized up.

"That's just what they did, too, an' f'm the way the two strangers played I c'd see that Goss an' Porter'd have to do some pretty slick work if they was goin' to play tricks. The doctor, he played a sort o' careless, wide open game, but he knowed what he was about, an' I sized it up that he'd be safe enough till the others had gauged the play, so I just waited an' looked on.

"They was playin' table stakes with a hundred apiece on the table, so there wa'n't no killin' due for a while anyhow. Well, about the tenth deal or so I seen Goss hold on to a card, I couldn't tell what 'twas, but I reckoned it was an ace.

"He were the dealer, an' the doctor sat on his right. It were a jackpot an' the others passed out, but I seen that the doctor had three kings an' I looked to see him open it, o' course. 'N' then, I says to myself, the dealer'd have three aces.

"Well, the doctor didn't open it. He just passed, an' I could see Goss look at him, just for an instant, like he didn't know what to make of it.

"There was'n't but one thing for him to think, though, an' I could see that were the thing he thought. That was that he'd made some mistake, an' the doctor hadn't got the kings.

"It was all plain enough to me, havin' saw what he had. All't I couldn't understand was the doctor's play, but I says to myself again that I reckoned he were as good a player as the rest on 'em, an' may be better, an' perhaps I didn't need to worry about him.

"That semeed to be about the size of it, too, for Goss opened it, an' the drummer an' the lumber merchant both dropped. Porter stayed, o' course, an' we all looked to see what the doctor'd do.

"I was the on'y one that knowed what he had, but I knowed for I'd saw his cards, an' I was just a little skeered for fear he'd come in, even knowin' what I thought he knowed. But he didn't. He throwed away his cards an' didn't say nothin'.

"He told me after that he hadn't see Goss hold out the card, but he'd seen him look across the table when he was dealin', in a way that showed him 't ther was some signals passin' between Porter an' Goss, an' he reckoned he wouldn't play on Goss's deal. An' after that he seen enough to start him in on some funny business his own self.

"'Pears he'd learned some tricks in the east, when he were a medical student, an' he c'd stock the cards better'n Goss ever dreamed o' doin'. Just naturally, knowin' all them tricks, the way he did, it didn't take him no time to get on to the game Goss an' Porter was playin', and he made up his mind to have some fun.

"Pretty soon he made some excuse for leavin' the table for a few minutes, an' as he left the saloon he give me a wink that I understood well enough for a signal to see him outside, so I goes out another way an' goes to the bar.

"My nigger was on duty there, an' I made an errand for him that would keep him out o' the room for a few minutes, so 't I was alone when the doctor came in and called for a drink.

"While he was pourin' it out, he says to me:

"'Cale, I want a new deck o' cards, the same kind as you are furnishin' to the pocker tables.'

"So I gives him one, a red deck,'twas, an' he ripped off the cover an' threw away the joker an' riffled 'em two or three times as quick as lightning. Then he just ran 'em through, so fast that I couldn't follow his motions with my eye, an' then, all of a sudden I didn't see no cards.

"'Where'd you put 'em, doctor?' I says, but he on'y grinned, an' says:

"'I reely can't tell you Cale, just where they are, but I reckon I ain't lost 'em!' and he finished his drink an' goes back to the poker table.

"Well, just naturally, you couldn't ha' kept me out o' that saloon with guns after that, an' when my nigger came back, I went back to look on. They was playin' with a blue deck so I knowed I wouldn't see nothin' o' the red ones for a spell.

"The doctor, he just played along, pertendin' to be almighty careless, an' reely makin' one or two fool bets which he lost as a matter of course, but scoopin' in one good pot on the lumberman's deal, so's 't he wa'n't far f'm even when the drummer called for a new deck of different color. O' course, that were just what the doctor wanted, but he were too slick to call for 'em himself.

"O' course I bring a red deck, an' kep' a look out like a hawk, for I knowed somethin' was comin',but even lookin' as I did, I couldn't see it when 'twas did. All't I knowed was, 'twas, Goss' deal, an' he shuffled the cards mighty careful, an' passed 'em over to the doctor to cut.

"As nigh as I c'd tell, the doctor, he cut 'em reg'lar enough, an' Goss dealt 'em.

"The doctor he let his cards lay where they fell an' he never said nothin', 'but when the lumber merchant opened it, an' the drummer raised it, an' Porter raised it again, he says:

"'Gentlemen, I don't s'pose 'twould be fair for me to play against you, but I've got you all beat.'

"Well, the others all stared at him, an' nobody spoke for a moment, but finally the drummer says:

"'What sort o' talk is that, anyhow? You haven't looked at your cards yet?'

"'I don't have to look at 'em,' says the doctor, mighty cool, an' I noticed that he were lookin' at nobody but Goss. 'I know every card that every man at the table has got.'

"Well, they all looked at him some more, as if they thought he was bughouse, but finally the lumber merchant says:

"'I certainly don't propose to set in no longer, if that's the kind of a game this is. But as long as you say you can tell all the cards, I'd like very much to see you do it.'

"'I'll do it with pleasure, said the doctor, 'and you'll remember that I didn't deal the cards. What I did was to change the deck that this gentleman on my left thought he was dealing with. And I did it to prove to you all that I know what I'm talking about. And I would certainly advise you and every other honest man at the table to get out of the game. I would suggest that we all draw down what we have in this pot, first, and then I'll tell you all what cards you have.'

"I c'd see that Goss was gettin' hot under the collar, an' Porter was lookin' at him for a signal, but the doctor hadn't give 'em no chance to kick, and they hesitated. But the drummer spoke up quick:

"'I'm going to draw my money down,' he says, very sharp, an' he did it, so the others did the same.

"Then Goss, he seemed to catch his wind, somehow, an' he says:

"'I don't pretend to understand what you've did,' he says, 'but you claim you changed the deck on me, for I was dealin'; if you did, I'd like to see the other deck. Where is it?'

"'Right here,' says the doctor, slappin' a red deck down on the table so quick that nobody seen where it came from. 'But first, I'll tell you what you've got. You've got three kings, an' you've got a flush, and you've got four tens an' you've got four sixes, an' I've got a straight flush.'

"An' he pointed to one man after another as he spoke, an' when he comes to his own hand he turns it over an' showed it.

"It was a straight flush all right, ace to the fice of clubs, an' one after another on 'em showed their cards an' he was right.

"They was sort o' dumfounded, but pretty soon Goss he spoke up again. An' then I seen he were gettin' one o' his nasty fits on, so's there was pretty soon to be a fight, but I see, too, the doctor was ready for him, an' I says to myself that maybe the doctor's idee of a little fun meant a fight, too. An' that was what.

"Goss, he says: 'I don't see's you've done nothin' more'n to show that you're a card sharp, an' you can't expect honest men to play with you.'

"'That's all I've done so far,' says the doctor, 'but you'll notice I ain't won no money. If I was a different kind of a sharp, I wouldn't have told what I did. You haven't told us yet what you did to the deck you thought you dealt with. Now, supposin' you tell us what cards you intended to give us all.'

"Well, I was sayin' that Goss fit like a mad cat when he fit. An' if you'd seen him jump across the table at that you'd ha' thought that was what he was.

"But the doctor was a match for him. Porter started to pull a gun, but I was too quick for him, an' I grabbed his wrist an' told him to keep out of it, so the two had it out.

"It wasn't no shootin' or stabbin' scrape, but Goss was the worst licked man I ever seen in a rough an' tumble in about fifteen minutes.

"An' after it was all over, the doctor washed hisself and come into the bar-room for another drink afore goin' to bed.

"'I ain't had so much fun as that for three year, Cale,' he says to me with a grin."—New York Sun.

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