

44TH YEAR

NO. 19271

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PRICE TWO CENTS.

TRAVELERS' TALES OF STORM HELD IN NORTHERN TOWNS

Weary Knights of the Gripsack Drifting in After Long
Siege Tell of Experiences Strenuous and Funny.

RAILWAYMEN FIGHTING DRIFTS SHORT OF FOOD

There is hardly a wholesale house of any size in the city that has not one or more travelers stalled in the snow in the towns north of Stratford, and along up the Huron and Bruce. Last night and this morning a few weary looking travelers managed to get home, but the large majority of the men of the road will not be in time to spend Sunday in their homes. One man, who was one of the lucky ones got in on a late train last night.

STALLED FOUR DAYS.
"I was stalled in Owen Sound from Tuesday afternoon until this morning," he told The Advertiser. "This morning at 5 o'clock the first train got out of Owen Sound, and after the slowest trip I ever made, we got into Stratford. There I found I couldn't get through to London without going away around by Paris. There was nothing else to be done so I came that way, and am glad enough to be home again. I never saw so much snow in my life as there is up north, and things will be tied up there for days. We had a good time though in Owen Sound. The Patterson House was full of travelers. On Wednesday evening for a joke one of them telephoned from the station that a train was to leave at midnight. As soon as the fellows heard it they gave three cheers, threw up their hats and started in to have a general celebration. Orders were given to the landlord to put up the best of dinners, and the evening was spent as only a jolly bunch of travelers can spend it. About 11 o'clock the bus arrived and took all the baggage. At midnight we made our way to the depot and you can imagine our feelings when we arrived there to find out that we had been hoaxed and that one of the travelers had played a joke on the rest."

THE STORM AND ROMANCE.
There was a fellow there from Toronto who had only been married a day or two before and he had run down with the full intention of getting back the same night. When the storm came he was stuck, and he kept the whole crowd amused by the way he carried on. He was constantly calling Toronto by long distance, and on Thursday left for Meaford in the hope that he might be able to get out that way. Thursday's storm snowed him in more completely than ever, and he won't be able to get out for several days more, whereas, if he had stayed where he was he would have been home by this time."

NO TRACE OF THE ROADS.
"Railroad men tell me the last ten days have been the worst they ever encountered," said another traveler, "and I can readily believe it. Where I was up on the Bruce, the snow was about five feet deep, and in many places there were drifts of fifteen or twenty feet. All traces of the roads have been lost in many places, and people attempting to drive find themselves in the middle of fields and all sorts of odd places. Business is suspended in many of the little towns, as the farmers will be unable to get in until they shovel the roads clear. This will take many days. Up between Goderich and Blyth the snow is probably deeper than other places, and it will be a long time before the C. P. R. get their line open."

SOME FACING FAMINE.
Famine is facing the inhabitants of many of the little towns on the Guelph and Goderich branch of the C. P. R. as a result of the recent storms. Urgent messages were received this morning from the villages of Millbank, McGraw and Walton, stating that provisions were very low, and asking that an effort be made to get some trains through to them. No word has been received from the crews of the eight snowplows, and ten engines that are lying dead in the snow drifts between Goderich and Blyth since Tuesday afternoon, and no little anxiety is being felt concerning them. When the men left they did not take any great quantity of provisions, and they are unable to secure fresh supplies. The condition of the roads is also prohibitive to traveling. In many instances the snow being five and six feet deep. A strong crew was sent out from Guelph again at noon today, and if storms hold off for twenty-four hours it is likely that the men will be released from their long imprisonment.

THE WORST OF ALL.
"This is the worst storm period we ever had in the history of Canadian railroading," said a C. P. R. official this morning. "It has never since I remember been so continuous. The blizzards came one right after the other, and the snowplows had no chance, for as fast as they cleared the tracks they filled in again. Our expenses in this district alone will amount to thousands of dollars, and as it will be many days yet before things are normal the cost will run into many thousands more. Down cast conditions are every bit as bad as they are here. The first car ferry got across the river at Detroit this morning, but it took it so long to make the trip that only freight cars will be carried. The passengers make better time by going the other way."

TEN MONTHS OF DOMINION REVENUE

Ottawa, Feb. 8.—The financial statement of the Dominion for the month of January and for the first ten months of the current fiscal year shows an increase of \$384,337 in the total revenue for the last month, as compared with January, 1907, and an increase of \$9,274,342 for the ten months. The total expenditure on consolidated fund account for the ten months was \$55,532,634, an increase of \$10,550,229. Of this increase \$2,033,244 is chargeable to the January figures for payment of subsidy increases to the provinces, amounting to \$1,500,000, and of interest charges on the public debt, total, \$533,244.

Milkman Buried Beneath His Cans

Mr. Sidney Dicey, the well-known milk dealer, had a remarkably close call from being seriously injured this morning at the corner of Dundas and Adelaide streets. While crossing the tracks the milk sleigh was placed at such an angle, owing to the great

SOUTH LONDON LIBERALS ELECT

The annual elections of the South London Liberal Club were held last evening, with a splendid attendance. The elections resulted as follows:
Honorary Presidents—Hon. C. S. Hyman, Ald. Armstrong and Ald. Gerry.
President—Mr. Angus Elliott (re-elected).
First Vice-President—Mr. R. H. Smith (re-elected).
Second Vice-President—Mr. James McCormick.

Secretary—Mr. Frank Millson (re-elected).
Treasurer—Mr. John Lang (re-elected).
After the elections were over refreshments were served and speeches were delivered by Mayor Stevely, Ald. Armstrong, Ald. Gerry and Mr. H. E. Buttrey. A very pleasant evening was spent.
Mr. W. Kennedy, second vice-president, presided in the absence of Mr. Angus Elliott, the president.

SHRINERS COMING ON MARCH 27TH TO INSTITUTE MOCHA TEMPLE

The Western Ontario Shriners were the recipients of some more pleasant news yesterday, when a letter from the Past Imperial Potentate H. A. Collins of Toronto, informed them that he would visit London on Friday, March 27, to institute Mocha Temple, and that a large delegation of nobles would accompany him.
Other delegations outside the jurisdiction have signified their intention of being present, and letters have been already received from nobles residing in Montreal, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Kalamazoo and Port Huron. Special rates will be given on all railways.
The city hall and Masonic Temple have been secured, and the archway connecting the two buildings will be used, so that ample accommodation may be provided for all. Recorder Abbott will issue his preliminary notice in a few days, and the petitions that are already coming in assures a large class of candidates.
Many camels are on their way to carry the weary pilgrims across the hot sands, and London will receive the visitors in true Oriental fashion.

Takes Back Wife Who Eloped But Hadn't Means To Get Home

A Stratfordite Saw Mayor This Morning With a Tale of Woe.

Mr. George A. Levey, of Stratford, was a caller at Mayor Stevely's office this morning, and unfolded a tale of woe that was great. He wanted transportation to Stratford for himself, his wife and two children. It was given him.
Mr. Levey was accompanied by long newspaper reports which he unraveled for his worship. Four years ago Mr. Levey, then a free and handsome bachelor, became enamored of a young Stratford lady named Miss Head, and as in the story book, friendship ripened into love, and then into matrimony. Well, everything moved along as merry as the proverbial marriage bell until some time ago Levey moved to a house where there was a boarder named Thomas Rozelle. Tom made love to Mrs. Levey, party of the second part, and an elopement was planned. But Levey was in the way, and a warrant was sworn out charging him with insanity, and he was put in the Stratford jail. Then Mrs. Levey and Rozelle moved out of the furniture, Mr. Levey was found not to be crazy, and liberated. He then started in pursuit of the recalcitrant party, tracing them to Woodstock, Beachville, and then into West Oxford, where he came up with them not long ago. Rozelle was charged with stealing some goods from Levey, and appeared before P. M. Ball, of Woodstock. Of course he blamed it all on the woman, but Mr. Rozelle was placed in jail. Then Mr. and Mrs. Levey made up, and joy reigned supreme for a minute.
But when Mr. Levey consulted his exchequer he discovered that he had not enough of this world's goods to get him home to Stratford. The family was given transportation to London, as they could not get to Stratford from Woodstock.
So they came to Mayor Stevely for transportation to the Classic City. The wife and children were left in charge of Chief Williams while Mr. Levey interviewed his worship.
"I guess everyone has his troubles," declared Mr. Levey this morning, "certainly have had mine."

A Civic Paving Plant for London Cost Is Small and Saving Great

The System in Use at Cleveland Would Suit London Well.

A civic asphalt plant is within the probabilities this year. The contract with the Warren Paving Company for repairs for the pavements has expired, and a new contract will have to be made. Not long ago Mayor Stevely wrote to Cleveland asking for a copy of the street commissioner's report regarding the operation of the civic plant in that city. Mr. P. J. Masterson, street commissioner, sent on the report to him, and it contained a lot of valuable information regarding the operation of the plant.
An extract from the report is given, and is very eloquent of the success of the scheme.
"I wish to call your special attention to the valuable work done during the past year in repairs to asphalt pavement. The report shows that the department relaid 39,006 square feet, or 4,334 square yards, of asphalt pavement at an average cost of 85 cents per square yard, which is a saving of 80 cents per square yard over the amount formerly paid for this work when it (Continued on Page Eight.)

More Suits Over Crystal Hall Crash

Two additional suits for unstated damages have been entered against V. J. Reid & Co. in connection with the Crystal Hall disaster last summer, when seven people lost their lives.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tambling seek damages for the death of their 15-year-old son Willie, who met his death in the Brewster store, while Mr. Edw. Peters, the St. Johns farmer, who with his wife was possibly crippled for life in the same building, has also caused a writ to be issued.
Mr. and Mrs. Peters sustained broken limbs and other severe injuries, and it was only a comparatively short time ago that they were able to leave the hospital.
Messrs. Fisher & McDonald are acting for the plaintiffs, and Gibbons, Harper & Gibbons for the defendants in both suits.
A writ has also been issued on behalf of Mr. F. J. Clark, calling for \$500 damages from the London Printing and Lithographing Company.
The plaintiff alleges that he was acting as a foreman under a year's contract in the defendant's place of business, and that he was discharged without sufficient reason. Messrs. Fisher & McDonald are acting for the defendant.

THIEVES ROBBED MRS. J. P. MORGAN

Millionaire's Wife Was Going Through Texas in Her Private Car.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—A Record-Herald special from Galveston, Texas, says: Mrs. J. P. Morgan, of New York, who is en route to Los Angeles, was robbed somewhere in Texas before reaching El Paso.
She was traveling in her private car with Mrs. J. N. Nappen, of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. J. Meredith, of New York, as her guests.
The car was entered and robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and valuables, and a large sum of money.

MRS. GRIFFITH RECOVERING

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 8.—Mrs. James B. Griffith, who shot Dr. Attridge, formerly of Highgate, Ont., on the evening of Dec. 3, is now able to walk about Grace Hospital, and hopes to leave that institution before long. The doctors say her recovery will soon be complete.
It is not likely that any prosecution will follow, as Dr. Attridge is with his family at Harbor Beach, and Mrs. Griffith now possesses the confidence of her husband.

SERVICES HELD OVER CARLOS' BODY

Simple But Impressive Ceremonial Ended Without Any Untoward Incidents.

Lisbon, Feb. 8.—The funeral services over the bodies of King Carlos and his son Louis, crown prince of Portugal, who were shot to death a week ago today at the Praza da Comercio, in this city, were held in the Church of San Vincente early this afternoon. The ceremonies were simple but impressive, and ended without any untoward incident. The line of the funeral procession from the royal chapel in the palace to the church was guarded by troops, several additional regiments having been brought into the city for the purpose. All the governments of Europe and America were represented by special representatives.
Opposition, real or fancied, the restriction of liberty, the bitter clash of party, sinister intrigue and merciless vengeance seemed all to have been abandoned for the moment at least, as the Portuguese people prepared for the great funeral of the king and his son. This was the day for the burial of their royal dead—the day also for the burial of all Roman Catholics, and following the custom of Roman Catholics, the people wished to join in some way in the solemn mass which was offered up for the spiritual welfare of Carlos and his son.
The funeral services were held in the Church of San Vincente, which is one of the most beautiful churches in Lisbon. The church was filled to capacity, and the atmosphere was one of solemnity and reverence. The king's body was placed in a simple but magnificent coffin, and the crown prince's body was placed in a similar one. The funeral procession was led by the king's chaplain, followed by the king's bodyguard, and then by the king's family. The king's body was carried to the church by a palanquin, and the crown prince's body was carried by a similar one. The funeral services were held in the Church of San Vincente, which is one of the most beautiful churches in Lisbon. The church was filled to capacity, and the atmosphere was one of solemnity and reverence. The king's body was placed in a simple but magnificent coffin, and the crown prince's body was placed in a similar one. The funeral procession was led by the king's chaplain, followed by the king's bodyguard, and then by the king's family. The king's body was carried to the church by a palanquin, and the crown prince's body was carried by a similar one.

WONDERS OF THE WIRELESS

Remarkable Case of Communication Verified by U. S. N. Department.

Washington, Feb. 8.—A remarkable instance of wireless telegraphic communication has been verified at the bureau of equipment, navy department. A wireless station at Point Loma, near San Diego, Cal., picked up the Connecticut, then talking off the coast of Cuba, took down the message, and also picked up a message being sent from the wireless station at Pensacola, Fla. Experts are wondering whether the message went across the continent or in the other direction around the world.

HAS \$40,000,000, TO BE BRIDE

Mrs. Anne Weightman-Walker, of New York, Is to Wed F. C. Penfield.

New York, Feb. 7.—Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Mrs. Anne Weightman-Walker, of Philadelphia and New York, to Frederick Courland Penfield, of this city. Mrs. Walker is the only daughter of the late William Weightman, a chemical manufacturer, of Philadelphia, who left to his daughter a fortune estimated as high as \$40,000,000. Mrs. Walker is the widow of R. J. C. Walker, a lawyer of Pennsylvania, who represented the Williamsport district in Congress. She has been living in this city for some years and has an apartment at 789 Fifth avenue.

Mr. Walker is a generous helper of Catholic charities, and quite recently was honored by the Pope in acknowledgment of her benefactions to Catholic purposes with the Grand Cross of the Holy Sepulchre.
Mr. Penfield is a widower and comes from East Haddam, Conn. He is a man of independent fortune. He was connected for several years with the editorial staff of the Hartford Courant and was appointed United States consul at London in 1885. He was United States diplomatic agent and consul-general, with rank of minister resident, to Egypt from 1893 to 1897.

Ald. Wright, of Brantford, was unseated by Judge Hardy yesterday. The Conservatives are making an endeavor to unseat Ald. Rastall.

THE WEATHER

TOMORROW—SNOW.

FORECASTS.
Toronto, Feb. 8—8 a.m. Fine and very cold today and tonight. Strong easterly winds; rising temperature, with snow.

Local Temperatures.

The temperatures recorded at the local observatory yesterday were: Highest, 18°; lowest, 10° above zero.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Weather.
Calgary	10	0	Fair
Winnipeg	8	-6	Cloudy
Port Arthur	-12	-18	Cloudy
Perry Sound	-20	-20	Clear
Toronto	8	-8	Clear
Ottawa	-10	-10	Fair
Montreal	-8	-8	Fair
Quebec	-6	-8	Cloudy
Father Point	2	0	Cloudy

Minus (-) means below zero.

The first column in the above table records the temperatures at 8 o'clock this morning, and the second column records the minimum temperatures during the 24 hours previous.

WEATHER NOTES.

Another very severe cold wave is centered in the lake region, and there are indications that a disturbance will develop in the southwestern States.

A few local snowfalls have occurred in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, but the weather in Canada generally has been fine.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Dawson, 36 below—28 below; Atlin, 22 below—2 below; Victoria, 32—44; Vancouver, 21—43; Kamloops, 14—24; Calgary, zero—20; Edmonton, 6 below—4 below; Battleford, 10 below—2; Prince Albert, 13 below—4; Regina, 4 below—8; Winnipeg, 20 below—10; Port Arthur, 10 below—8; Parry Sound, 4 below—10; Toronto, 7—13; Ottawa, 4—8; Montreal, 2—10; Quebec, 10—18; St. John, 22—25; Halifax, 21—40.

Noted Missionary Called By Death Once Attempted To Penetrate Thibet

Dr. Carson Moyes Passes Away at Chatham While On Furlough.

[Special to The Advertiser.]
Chatham, Feb. 7.—A prominent figure in Chinese mission work died here at noon today in the person of Dr. Susanna Carson Moyes, who for some years was stationed at Chengtu, China. She died in the General Hospital, where she had been ill for some time.
In early life she studied medicine with the missionary field in view.

Clever and talented, she graduated with honors, but imbued with intense Christian zeal, she at once took up missionary work. She married Rev. Louis Rijnhart, a co-worker, and ten years ago they and a baby son tried to penetrate the forbidden realm of Thibet. After many hardships, the mission was unsuccessful, and her husband and son died as martyrs to the propagation of the faith.
Returning to Canada, she lectured in the interest of the work. Later, she returned to China and married Rev. Mr. Moyes. While on a visit in Chatham she was seized with the illness to which she succumbed. She was a sister to Dr. Jennie Carson, and Miss Anna Carson, of this city.

S. Oxford Liberals Must Convene Again Latest Nominee Obligated To Retire

[Special to The Advertiser.]
Woodstock, Ont., Feb. 8.—Mr. C. C. L. Wilson, manager of the Ingersoll Packing Company, nominated a week ago to carry the Liberal standard in South Oxford at the next Provincial election, has been obliged, for business reasons, to refuse the nomination, and has written the secretary of the Reform Association to that effect.
This will mean the calling of another convention, which will be the third for the purpose of getting a candidate.

Dr. McKay, of Ingersoll, was first nominee, he being obliged to retire for business reasons. Mr. Wilson was regarded as a sure winner, and his retirement is greatly regretted. Roger Hawkins, of Berham, a farmer, was second choice of the recent convention, and thinks he has good chances of being nominated at the next convention.

Good Roads Assured for Middlesex

Residents of the County of Middlesex will be pleased to learn that the good roads bylaw passed at the December session of the county council, has at last been approved by the Government in its entirety, confirmation of which was given in a communication received from the department of public works by S. F. Glass, secretary of the good roads committee, this morning, as follows:

Toronto, Feb. 7, 1908.
Dear Sir: An order-in-council approving of bylaw No. 601 of the County of Middlesex, providing for the improvement of 220 miles of highways, was this morning approved by his honor the Lieutenant-governor-in-council. A copy of this order will be forwarded to the county clerk. Yours truly,
A. W. CAMPBELL,
Deputy Minister of Public Works.

CLEMENCY WINNING DAY IN PORTUGAL TO WELCOME EVANS

Many Suspects and Supposed Regicides Released—Policy Pleases Republicans.

Lisbon, Feb. 8.—All persons who were arrested last week charged with secreting bombs, arms, etc., and three persons who were supposed to be regicides have been released.
A detachment of political prisoners from the Caxias fortress, numbering about 100, was awaited at the station here by Republicans, who made a demonstration and cheered for "the republic."
The unlimited clemency is greatly appreciated by the Republicans, but is sharply criticised by members of other parties.
The police have discovered a secret depot of arms containing 400 carbines.

Those Resident in Los Angeles and Southern California Much Interested.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 8.—Japanese residents of Los Angeles and Southern California have requested the local reception committee for permission to assist in welcoming the officers and men of Admiral Evans' fleet upon their arrival in Los Angeles.
The Japanese residents, of whom there are about 5,000 in Southern California, though Secretary Shohachi Anjo, of the Japanese Association of Los Angeles, desired to make expression of their goodwill, and to dispense as false any accusation of ill-feelings towards Americans.
He announced that a fund was subscribing among Japanese businessmen to assist in the entertainment of the fleet.
The committee will decide later what part to give the Japanese on the reception programme.

Expected at Genoa.

It is expected in Genoa that cShnor Franco will go there. He has relatives and property there.

Supposed Accomplice of Assassins.

A dispatch from Cordova, Spain, says: A man giving the name of Gomez was arrested last night on the arrival here of the mail train. The police authorities will keep him closely confined. His replies to questions are confused and contradictory. The authorities believe that he was an accomplice of the assassins of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis Philippe.

FUN OR CULTURE TEACHERS TO VOTE

Will Decide Whether To Bring on Lecturer or Take an Outing.

A ballot is being taken among the public school teachers on two propositions—whether the teachers will hold a convention in the spring to be addressed by Professor O. H. Griggs, Boston, or take a two-days' trip to any one of the four cities named—Buffalo, Detroit, Hamilton or Toronto.
"The teachers of this city deserve a great deal of credit," said a prominent citizen this morning, "for the many good lecturers they have brought to the city. I understand they are negotiating to bring Professor Griggs, of Boston, here. He is a splendid lecturer, and it would be a fine thing if they can arrange it. It seems that the teachers are responsible for all the good things that come this way."

CRUISER'S BOILER BURST

Disaster to French War Vessel—Fourteen Men Injured.

Paris, Feb. 8.—Admiral Philibert, commanding the French naval forces in Moroccan waters, telegraphs that fourteen sailors were wounded, five of them seriously, as a result of an accident to the boiler of the cruiser Jeanne d'Arc, off Tangier yesterday. The vessel proceeded to Tangier, where the injured men will be placed in hospital.

THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

Reoccupy Settled From Which Place They Lately Withdrew.

Tangier, Feb. 8.—A wireless dispatch received here announces that Gen. D'Amade, commander of the French military forces in Morocco, has reoccupied Settlat. The French troops retired from this place after the recent battle with the Moors, in which the French losses are said to have amounted to 160 men, and those of the Moors to 10,000.

NOT PROSECUTING.

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 7.—The police announced this morning that the woman who pulled a loaded revolver on Charles Laing, commission merchant, at a busy street corner yesterday at noon, was Mrs. B. Campbell, not Mrs. Campbell, as first stated. The police are considering the advisability of prosecuting her. It is not likely that anything more will be heard of the case, as Mr. Laing, who can assign no reason for the woman's action, is not desirous of prosecuting her. Mrs. Campbell, who is of nervous temperament, is well known to the police.

INVEST & SAGSSEER

ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE. PHONE 650.

LORNE AVENUE—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

PRINCESS AVENUE—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

HOPE STREET—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

TO RENT—Two splendid stores, first-class opening for confectioner or hardware. Immediate possession. Good locality. Price, \$2,500.

LORNE AVENUE—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

DUFFERIN AVENUE—Brick two-story and attic, 6 bedrooms, double parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

RICHMOND STREET NORTH—Two-story brick, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, bathroom, toilet, gas, furnace, central heating, electric light, etc. Will sell on easy payments, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments, \$1.50. Price, \$2,500.

VACANT LOTS—We have the sale of the lots in the following streets: 1. 1/2 acre, 1/4 acre, 1/8 acre, 1/16 acre, 1/32 acre, 1/64 acre, 1/128 acre, 1/256 acre, 1/512 acre, 1/1024 acre, 1/2048 acre, 1/4096 acre, 1/8192 acre, 1/16384 acre, 1/32768 acre, 1/65536 acre, 1/131072 acre, 1/262144 acre, 1/524288 acre, 1/1048576 acre, 1/2097152 acre, 1/4194304 acre, 1/8388608 acre, 1/16777216 acre, 1/33554432 acre, 1/67108864 acre, 1/134217728 acre, 1/268435456 acre, 1/536870912 acre, 1/1073741824 acre, 1/2147483648 acre, 1/4294967296 acre, 1/8589934592 acre, 1/17179869184 acre, 1/34359738368 acre, 1/68719476736 acre, 1/137438953472 acre, 1/274877906944 acre, 1/549755813888 acre, 1/1099511627776 acre, 1/2199023255552 acre, 1/4398046511104 acre, 1/8796093022208 acre, 1/17592186044416 acre, 1/35184372088832 acre, 1/70368744177664 acre, 1/140737488355328 acre, 1/281474976710656 acre, 1/562949953421312 acre, 1/1125899906842624 acre, 1/2251799813685248 acre, 1/4503599627370496 acre, 1/9007199254740992 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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1908.

A MARE'S NEST AT OTTAWA.

Mr. Sifton seldom speaks in the House of Commons, but when he does he speaks to some purpose. Usually he is roused only by an attack, and on more than one memorable occasion he has completely discomfited his assailants and had the last word.

In winding-up the debate on the timber question he countered on the Opposition with crushing effect. Mr. Ames and some fellow-members, aided by the Conservative press, have been engaged in a scandal hunt for some weeks, and have tried to spread the impression that the Government has been alienating the lumber lands of the Northwest with reckless extravagance, for the profit of party favorites. They are covered with ridicule by the facts and figures adduced by Mr. Sifton, who takes full responsibility for the timber policy of the administration. During the past eleven years the Government has sold only 6,400 square miles of timber lands, in an estimated area of 130,000 square miles of timber suitable for lumber in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan alone. Meanwhile, outside this area, timber, mostly spruce, has been growing on 52,000 square miles in these provinces, and can be cut once in twenty years. The total annual growth is estimated at 12,440,000,000 feet, and if half of it were cut there would be an annual growth outside of sales of 720,000,000 feet. In one period of three years the previous Government alienated 20,000 square miles of timber lands to satisfy the demands of 100,000 people. The present Government alienated 6,400 square miles to satisfy a population of 600,000.

Timber property in the Northwest, Mr. Sifton declared, had appreciated in value less than other property because the supply was so great. An enormous quantity came in from the United States free of duty and there was an illimitable supply in British Columbia, where timber limits were a drug on the market. The 6,400 square miles sold by the present Federal Government had realized \$31 per square mile, while from 1883 to 1905 the Province of Quebec had sold 26,500 square miles of similar territory at \$1.16 per square mile, or within a few cents of the price obtained for limits in the northwest, many of which are nearly inaccessible and of doubtful value. In addition to \$528,878 in timber limit bonuses, the Laurier Government receives \$30,000 per annum for ground rent, and 50 cents for every thousand feet of timber cut.

The speeches of Mr. Sifton and Mr. Turritt (East Assiniboia), in conjunction, absolutely discredit the former administration, and vindicate the present. Mr. Turritt showed by the records that the Conservative Government gave away 23,887 square miles to senators, members of the House of Commons, and party friends, who paid nothing for their rights. The Opposition made an ill-chance of fighting ground when it attacked the Laurier Government on this issue. The timber policy of the past eleven years has been in shining contrast to that of the previous eighteen.

COAL PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION.

As a producer of coal, Canada stands second among the British over-seas dominions, its output in 1906 amounting to 8,117,000 tons, against 9,983,000 tons for India. As compared with the outputs of the five chief coal-producing countries of the world, however, our showing is modest. A statement recently issued by the British Board of Trade shows that the United States still leads all countries, its production in 1906 being 369,572,000 tons. The United Kingdom comes second, with 251,668,000 tons; Germany third, with 124,814,000 tons; France fourth, with 122,622,000 tons; and Belgium fifth, with 23,222,000 tons. The figures for the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany, are records. A falling off was shown by France, while Belgium's production remained stationary. Each of the five countries shows an increase in production since 1898, that of the United States being 151,295,000 tons, of Great Britain 30,974,000 tons, Germany 22,292,000 tons, France 1,431,000 tons, and Belgium 1,214,000 tons.

This steadily increasing drain on the coal resources of those countries must tell in the course of time. Every now and then we hear prophecies of the complete extinction within a certain period, of the coal supply of the United States. Meanwhile, the coal deposits of Canada, which are believed to be almost limitless, have been scarcely more than touched. It is not impossible that the time will come when this country will supply the world with much of its

coal, as it is certain to furnish it with a vast amount of its wheat.

As regards consumption of coal per head of population the board of trade statement does not give the figures for Canada, but an estimate places the average at about 1.5 tons. The United States for the first time leads in consumption, the amount being 4.30 tons per head. Great Britain comes second with 3.99 tons, followed by Belgium with 3.17, Germany with 1.94, France 1.28, Austria-Hungary 0.41 and Russia 0.17. Canada's comparatively small consumption is no doubt largely accounted for by the fact that hydraulic power, which here is probably greater than in any other country, is so large a factor in our industrial progress. In view of recent and the possibility of future development of our water power, Canada's consumption of coal is hardly likely to increase rapidly.

OLD AGE PENSIONS FOR CANADA.

The labor member for Nanaimo, B. C., Ralph Smith, may have caused some surprise by advocating old age pensions for the rich as well as the poor, but his position is logical, if it is taken for granted that an old age pension system is desirable. Mr. Fielding agreed with Mr. Smith that if pensions were granted they should be given to all persons over the age limit, regardless of their circumstances, because the pensions would bear the stamp of charity if they went to one class alone. Mr. Fielding, however, pointed out that a universal system would involve a grave financial problem. The last census showed that Canada had 270,000 persons 65 years of age and over. At \$150 a year, the cost of the system would amount to about \$40,000,000, or an addition of 60 per cent to the annual expenditure of the country. No doubt Sir Wilfrid Laurier had the financial aspect of the question in mind when he expressed the opinion that pensions should be paid only to persons in need, if pensions were paid at all.

In New Zealand and Australia, a person must have lived 25 years in the country before being entitled to a pension. Such a restriction in Canada would much reduce Mr. Fielding's estimate, if pensions went to everyone who had reached the age of 65. The number of beneficiaries would be small if only persons in need of support were included, but a system which discriminates between the poor and comparatively well-to-do is open to some objections. There would have to be a great deal of inquisitorial machinery for ascertaining the incomes of applicants, and there would be temptations to concealment and evasion, in order to procure the benefits of the scheme. Necessarily many would be disqualified by reason of their thrift. The suggestion of charity in such a plan would be absent from a universal system, under which every citizen of age limit would receive an allowance from the state as a right. This would be the ideal method, but it is too costly to be practicable at present.

Many commercial travelers and railroad men feel that they have qualified during the past week for Carnegie medals.

The reduction of newspaper postage between United States and Canada to the old rate will be good news to the Canadian old boys across the border. Now is the time to re-subscribe.

The Dominion Government has come to the rescue of western farmers by advancing nearly \$3,000,000 for seed grain. The security is perfect and the money will be repaid this year. This timely aid has brightened the outlook for the western provinces.

The women's suffrage movement is not nearly so active in the United States and Canada as it was some years ago. In the meantime it has become more vigorous than ever in Europe. Perhaps the women of America think they will lose some of their privileges if they get their rights.

One result of the timber debate has been to demonstrate that the former Federal Government parted with vast tracts of timber land for nothing, whereas the present Government has parted with a small area for the market price. The Opposition has itself to blame for inviting the comparison.

A TIP.

[Chicago News.] Never do any worrying today that can be put off till tomorrow.

WEIGHT ON TEACHERS.

[Hamilton Times.] Oh, yes! It will be a "brighter educational day" for the Ontario teachers when on them is placed the onus of passing on pupils in professional and other courses without examinations—that is, of course, if the teachers are infallible, and the parent and pupils are all models of justice and consideration. But, if not—!

A MINUTE MONSTER.

[Washington Star.] The graffer hath no terrors. The burglar seems benign. Man's various crimes and errors. Like radiant virtues shine. Compared to deeds which now and then. We live in fear and trembling when. The grip germ goes around.

MISCARriage OF JUSTICE.

[Toronto Globe.] It is comforting to observe that if justice has failed in its aim, it has done so not by the negligence of its officers, but by the inability of the people, thereby to rise to a great occasion. It is impossible to escape the conviction that the jury could not rid their minds of the

fact that they were trying a young millionaire. If he had been a Bowery tough, to which type Thaw is morally assimilated, they would have had little trouble in fixing his crime. The admirable features of the case were the fairness and able discharge of his unpleasant duty by Mr. Jerome and the impartiality of the judges on both occasions.

GETS SOMETHING NEW.

[Philadelphia Press.] "What's that crank in 38 kicking about?" asked the hotel clerk. "He's complaining that everything's too old and shabby," replied the bellboy. "He wants everything new." "All right. Begin by giving him those new stiff towels."

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS.

[Washington Star.] "You wrong me," said Plodding Pete, "when you say I ain't willin' to work. I'm jes' dyin' to work." "Then what's the trouble?" "I'm too conscientious. Whenever I git a job, I'm so anxious to fill it well dat I gits stage fright."

THE ONLY WAY.

[Montreal Star.] The course pursued by the Laurier Government in this matter was the only course commensurate with our dignity as a nation, with our vital interests as a whole people, and with our responsibilities as a member of the British Empire.

TOLD THE SECRET.

[Exchange.] "I don't see how you always manage to have a good time wherever you go," growled the pessimist. "That's easily explained," rejoined the optimist. "I take it with me."

MR. CHURCHILL AND FREE TRADE.

[Toronto Star.] No man in British public life has a greater power of direct statement or a more robust eloquence than Mr. Winston Churchill. Speaking a few days ago at the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, he declared that free trade preserved the state from corruption and commerce from monopoly. There is the whole faith of the free trader, and the secret of the devotion of a great multitude of the British people to the free trade idea.

WHEN.

[S. E. Kiser.] When war drums throb no longer, And greed is out of style; When every rogue is punished, And vice is always vile; When fortunes gained unfairly, Bring neither glee nor pride; When art has been exalted, And selfishness is died; When liberty no longer, Is but an empty name; When virtue is triumphant, And unreason is a dream; When strong men shall not proudly, Regard the weak with scorn, Then worth may be rewarded, Although it blows no horn.

NEEDED ONE FOR USE.

[Exchange.] "Say, pop," said the tourist's little boy in London, "why does that soldier wear an eyeglass on one eye?" "So's he kin use 'other one to see with," Mr. Scorpiano answered kindly.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.] "It's disgraceful to be poor," "I can remember a time when it was no disgrace to be rich."

HOW HE GOT IT.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] "Do you get paid by the word or by the line?" asked the innocent young thing. "Generally by the foot," answered the poet, who was in the habit of carrying his poems around and reading them to the editors.

IN A NUTSHELL.

[Bystander, in Weekly Sun.] Thaw is not sworn by paid experts into the insanity asylum. By paid experts he will presently be sworn out of it. He will then walk the streets of New York a privileged murderer. Such is the power of wealth.

UNANIMOUS.

[Judge.] Dad—I wish I could be a little boy again like you, Willie. Willie—I wish you could, dad—only littler, of course.

NO LADY.

[Ottawa Citizen.] Such boastfulness on the part of Our Lady of the Snows will drive us to the conclusion that she's no lady.

OUT OF PLACE.

[Toronto Star.] A Windsor man has swallowed a den-tist's bill. This seems to be a clear case of filling the wrong cavity.

HARDLY ANY.

[Chicago Record-Herald.] There isn't much bliss in a tale. Phone kiss. —Birmingham Age-Herald. There's little to please in a postage stamp squeeze.

FULLY QUALIFIED.

[Philadelphia Press.] "He's talking now of becoming an actor," "Why, he hasn't any qualifications, has he?" "Oh, yes; a friend of his died recently and left him a fur-lined overcoat and high hat."

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

[Chicago News.] The Widow—The what to interest a man is to talk about what he is most interested in. The Maid—But I soon tire of talking about the man I am talking to.

TO WHET HIS APPETITE.

[Philadelphia Ledger.] A convict of a western prison had been extremely refractory, and different means were tried, without success, to break his spirit. One morning the superintendent said to the warden: "That scoundrel, No. 213, is behaving worse than ever. Put him on bread and water."

CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

[Chicago Tribune.] Woman of the House—A big, strong fellow like you ought to be willing to work and earn his own living. Languid Laureolot—That's what ails me, ma'am. Ma muscles are all right, but my will power is all gone.

You Spend Carelessly

a sum of money every week that would be enough to provide protection for your family, or provide an income for you in your old age. You fritter away what would insure you, and be a safeguard to your loved ones.

That thought should be sufficient to make you write at once for information about our policies. Our Reserve Dividend policies provide a remarkably satisfactory method of assurance for men of moderate income. Endowments are obtainable at ordinary life rates.

LONDON LIFE

Insurance Company, London, Canada.

GEO. MCBROOM

INSPECTOR

J. F. MAINE

SUPT. INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

THE LAWYERS ON

LAW REFORM BILL

They Say That It Will Greatly

Increase the Business of

the County Courts.

Toronto, Feb. 7.—The resolution regarding law reform which the Government has announced its intention of introducing into the Local Legislature next Tuesday is naturally a subject of conversation in legal circles. At Osgoode Hall today the opinions of a number of leading counsel regarding the matter were obtained.

"The most important change proposed and the one which would undoubtedly have the most far-reaching effects is that increasing the jurisdiction of the county and district courts, and giving to these courts, if both parties consent, the same power as the high courts possess, whatever may be the nature of the action or the amount involved.

"Will help Outlying Districts. "More particularly in the outlying districts will this provision be a great boon. Take North Bay, Cobalt, or the Soo, for instance. I am quite certain that by far the larger number of cases in these districts that are now disposed of in the high court would be adjudicated upon by the local judge, and generally speaking, with satisfaction to the parties. The litigants will simply say to each other, 'Our local judge is a good, square man, and is well qualified to settle the matter in dispute, so we'll let him do so.'

"Expedients and Cheaper. "Then such a change would make a vast difference in the matter of doing away with unnecessary costs and expediting the reaching of final decisions. The high court and appellate courts would be much relieved, and the present delays in the hearing of actions would be greatly decreased.

"There is one thing, however, in which a great change would have to be made, which is not mentioned in the resolution, and that is in the selection of district and county court judges. Unfortunately at present, from various causes, the standard is by no means as high as that governing the high court judges. It will undoubtedly become necessary to raise this standard if the measures outlined in the resolution become law. The position of a county court judge will, with these changes, become a more responsible and honorable one, and, in fact, should be a stepping-stone to the high court bench.

"Larger salaries would have to be paid to these judges. The result of the combined influences would, I am sure, be that positions on the county court bench would be more sought by the leaders of the bar."

Another prominent barrister, who, however, did not care to have his name appear, said: "I do not personally think it a particularly wise move to increase the jurisdiction of the county judiciary as at present constituted."

Another solicitor said: "I am of the opinion that it will have the effect of increasing the practice of the country lawyers to a very great extent, and consequently reducing the amount of work to be done at Osgoode Hall by the city firms. In fact I do not believe that our Toronto solicitors realize what is going to happen if the change becomes law. A good many of them will have to emigrate to the backwoods or I am much mistaken."

Our Annual February Sale



Reducing the Reduced Price

And reductions are as real as we represent. We have waded into our stocks, and without any consideration for profits or costs we've cut the prices to a point that will make buying irresistible for you.

We've Cut the Descriptions as We've Cut the Prices

Parlor Suites	Morris Chairs	Dressers
1 only three pieces, was \$26, for.....\$15.95	2 only, were \$6, for.....\$4	At \$5.75, former price \$7.
2 only three pieces, were \$30, for.....\$21	5 only, were \$9, for.....\$6.75	At \$13.90, former price \$20, long British plate mirror, swell front drawers.
2 only five pieces, were \$27, for.....\$17.75	Sideboards	At \$19, former price \$25, quarter oak or mahogany
2 only five pieces, were \$60, for.....\$45.50	At \$8.50, former price \$12	
11 odd piece, were \$6.97, for.....\$4.35	At \$19.50, former price \$25, solid oak, British plate mirror.	Metal Beds
7 odd pieces for.....\$3.35	At \$28.50, former price \$35, solid quarter oak, hand polished.	At \$29.50, former price \$35, all brass, two-inch continuous posts.
Couches	Extension Tables	At \$25.50, former price \$33, all brass, bow front, two-inch post.
7 Couches, were \$16, for.....\$11.50	At \$5.50, regular price \$7	At \$7.25, were \$10, White with brass trimmings, eight designs.
3 Couches, were \$8, for.....\$5.75	At \$6.75, regular price \$9	

Watch Our Windows For Special Bargains

The Ontario Furniture Co.
228 and 230 DUNDAS STREET. LONDON'S LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSE.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE FIGHTING DRIFTS

C. P. R. Shovelers Sent To Dig

Out Express Suffered Ter-

ribly From Cold.

Burkenton Junction, Feb. 7.—Ninety-two men hastily gathered by the C. P. R. left the Union Station at Toronto, at 7 o'clock last night. In two coaches pulled by the heaviest engines in an attempt to reach Burkenton Junction to relieve train No. 3 of Wednesday from Montreal, which was still stalled there.

It took 12 hours to cover the 43 miles, and was one of the worst experiences known on this division. Number 8 Tweed express left Toronto 5 p.m. Wednesday afternoon with 66 passengers. She was forced to pass the night at Agincourt, and got to Locust Hill at 11 a.m. She was still there at 11 p.m. Thursday. The passengers were well cared for, and were contented.

Hard on Englishmen.

The trip to Burkenton Junction was a terrible experience for the shovelers, most of whom were Englishmen, unused to Canadian winters. Many were unprovided with gloves, one without a cap, most of them wore thin coats and hard hats. Time after time they were called on to turn out and face the terrific blizzard and zero temperature. Many times the snow piled up to the height of the coach tops, brushing the tall lights of the rear car.

At Locust Hill three trains and seven engines with two snowplows were waiting. Two of the heaviest engines sent out with a plow to break the drift would run back half a mile, would make about 50 yards, and then have to be dug out, back up, and then come on at full speed again. At the third attempt the plow mounted the drift, turned completely around, and tore off the trucks, and again rushed past. Nobody was hurt.

The second plow was then used, and managed to get through. The shovelers' train followed slowly, and had to stop frequently to be dug out. The worst experience was just at 6 a.m. today. The train was in an exposed cut, the blizzard so strong, it was impossible to see 30 yards, and the cold was terrible. Numbers of men had their hands and faces so badly frozen that they were unable to go out again. One young man's neck was covered with blood from frozen ears. Others cried with pain from frozen hands and cheeks. They had no idea what to do, and came into the warm car. They were completely unprepared for the cold. Hot coffee and sandwiches were provided by the company. The men were usually fairly willing to work, with some exceptions, but suffered most severely. Many wrapped their hands in rags.

Employees Tried Hard.

The railway employees made the greatest efforts to keep the line open. A gang of sectionmen were picked up who had been at work for two hours steadily. Train crews had worked fifteen hours without relief. As the immense locomotives struck the drifts, five or six feet deep, the flying snow smashed all the glass in the left side of the cab and sifted in clouds through cracks in the doors of the coaches.

Drift Eighteen Feet High.

Near Locust Hill a drift eighteen feet high was cut through. Time after time

WOMEN STOP

ROBBERS' WORK

Their Screams Arouse Neighbor-

hood and \$23,000 in Bank

Is Saved.

Milton, Ind., Feb. 7.—Mrs. Maria Beeson and Mrs. David Nugent, of this place, saved the Farmers' Bank from cracks men early this morning, their calls for help scaring the robbers away after they had blown the outer doors from the safe and were almost within reach of \$23,000 in cash.

Mrs. Beeson was awakened by an explosion, and, looking in the direction of the bank, saw the question of reducing naval expenditures much importance is attached to a strong speech which Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, made in the House of Commons tonight in reply to a suggestion from the Unionist side that it was to Great Britain's interest, as the greatest sea power in the world, that private property at sea should be immune from capture and that it was England's refusal to assent to the principle of immunity which hindered the disarmament proposal at The Hague conference.

Sir Edward said that the Government could not consistently and with safety to the country take the risk proposed. "The British Empire," he said, "is a tremendous obligation, but it might, if we were weak, become a tremendous temptation. At the present time we have the good-will of the world, but supposing the policy of immunity had been adopted and supposing that our navy should lose command of the sea, it would mean not only defeat but conquest."

In solemn tones, Sir Edward concluded his speech by pointing out the possibility of invasion, urging the nation to beware of acting in such a manner as to increase the risks of war and prolonging it indefinitely at a minimum risk to other powers.

FEARS ANNIHILATION

England Cannot Take Chances On

Peace Measures, Says Gray.

London, Feb. 7.—In connection with recent reports of a serious difference among the Government's supporters in Parliament on the question of reducing naval expenditures much importance is attached to a strong speech which Sir Edward Grey, secretary of state for foreign affairs, made in the House of Commons tonight in reply to a suggestion from the Unionist side that it was to Great Britain's interest, as the greatest sea power in the world, that private property at sea should be immune from capture and that it was England's refusal to assent to the principle of immunity which hindered the disarmament proposal at The Hague conference.

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Householder (to burglars)—Pray don't let me disturb you; but when you go—if it's not troubling you too much—would you be so very kind as to post this letter? It must go tonight. It's my burglary insurance."

MODEST REQUEST.

[Punch.] There is also a little English girl going to Dr. Barnardo's Home. It is hoped to start No. 3 train in a short time. Two engines and a plow have left for Myrtle.

Do You Know This Man?

His appetite is voracious. He eats like a hungry lion. Yet he is lazy and hates to exert himself. Look at his eyes—they are glassy and dull. His tongue is coated and furred. When he gets up to walk his head swims; if he stoops over he gets dizzy. Is he sick? Not had enough to go to bed; but he is constipated, his system is clogged up, his stomach is bilious and over-laden. Just one thing to do. Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which loosen the bowels and flush out all unhealthy matter. The liver is toned up, the blood is strengthened and the stomach given assistance. You feel better the minute you take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, because they are made to act promptly. The whole secret of good health is solved by using this grand medicine. Good for men, women and children. Every box guaranteed, price 25c or five for \$1.00, at all dealers.

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

"Won't you come inside?" said he. "It's even worse inside than outside, I admit, for there are old panelings and staircases left to decay that ought to have been well taken care of. But still, it's worth while to see, to imagine what it will look like when it is done up and kept as it ought to be."

"It would never be kept up by me," said St. Quintin with decision. "I don't like the look of the place, it's damp for one thing, I'm certain. No, thank you. I won't go over it."

"Not over Marie's house?"

"I don't mind going over it with her, presently, if she wants me to; but I don't let us find the ladies before we make any more inspection of anything," said he.

Monsieur Leblanc looked disappointed.

"Well, just as you like," he said. "We'll go round the house, then, and out by the little wooden gate in the wall that leads to the village. On our way we pass two or three small houses, in one of which we stayed a few months ago. Perhaps the ladies have settled there."

St. Quintin followed with alacrity, glad to get away from the gaunt-eyed mansion with its green stains, its hanging growth of wild creeper, like an old man's neglected beard, and glad also to be again on the road toward the place where Marie was staying.

They passed around the house into what had once been a flower-garden. It was now a tangle, in which butternut bushes, yew hedges swollen out of shape, straggling holly and ragged laurel trees stretched out gaunt, unkempt branches over such a wilderness of weed and flower as he had never before fought his way through. They emerged at last at the back of the house, upon a terrace which bore even more marks of ruin than the rest. Evidently human hands had done their part in the wreck. Stone balustrades had been torn out of their places, and pieces broken out of the old garden-seats that stood on the lawn below.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



GIRL'S COAT.
PARIS PATTERN NO. 2266.
All Seams Allowed.

Nothing is more serviceable for the little girl than one of these long seven-eighths length coats in Venetian cloth, covert-cloth or serge. The collar and cuffs are inlaid with a contrasting color of cloth, and the stars and chevrons are embroidered in gold bullion. A large patch pocket ornaments either side of the front. The fullness of the back is held in place by a narrow belt of the material. The pattern is in four sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 5 years the coat requires 4½ yards of material 20 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, or 1½ yards 54 inches wide, as illustrated, ¾-yard of velvet 20 inches wide (cut bias).
Price of pattern, 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

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

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.
Address.....

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

Lawn! Was it a lawn? It looked like a down-trodden hayfield, with patches of sodden earth which had been small pools in the rainy season. And beyond that was a big pond, at the foot of a gentle slope, a pond so covered with smoothness of its surface compared to the rough green growth around that it could be distinguished as a pond at all.

Close by, the trees grew high, bare almost to the tops, where their branches were placed, casting a deep shadow over the green surface, and striking the imagination strangely. As they walked toward the water and smelled the rank, foul odors of the stagnant inn, and withdrew among the trees, exclaiming that it was so shut in that the fresh wind could scarcely reach the hollow where the water had collected. "It ought to be drained," said Monsieur Leblanc, examining the sides curiously. "It certainly isn't healthy to have so large a pond near the house."

St. Quintin, from where he stood among the trees, cast another scrutinizing glance at the green, slimy surface. The sides were slimy and black, on one side very steep, and the impression was that the water was deep. He broke a long stick out of a rotten rustic fence, which at a distance of a few yards separated, or had at one time separated, the flower garden from the utilitarian part.

Advancing cautiously over the slimy bank, he stooped down to sound the depth to discover how deep the water was. He could scarcely reach the bottom.

"It must be quite five feet deep on this side," said he, "deep enough to drown a man. It's a nasty place."

Monsieur Leblanc assented.

"Well, you and Marie will settle what you do with that, as with everything else here," he said. "Now let us push on and see if they are at the cottage where we stayed last year."

St. Quintin was glad to get away from the place, which seemed to him to be melancholy and desolate, beyond his wildest imaginings. In the mellow autumn sunlight, it looked gloomy enough, and he pictured to himself what it must be on a raw and cold winter's day.

Monsieur Leblanc led the way over more than a dozen and through more weeds, treading down huge dock-leaves and tearing his way through thistles, until they came to the door in the wall of which he had spoken. Finding the right key, he let him and the young man out into a dusty country road, within sight of a few straggling cottages, a small village shop, and the inevitable inn, which was a large, rambling place, still bearing traces of the time when the wide green before it was a favorite meet of foxhounds.

Beyond the inn they went together. St. Quintin happy in the thought that in a few minutes he would be with Marie and exchanging notes with her as to their impressions of the lonely mansion which he decided that they would never live in.

"The village, though not specially picturesque, looked quite homely and refreshing after the depressing scene they had left. Monsieur Leblanc pointed to a neat stone cottage, standing back in a little garden full of late flowers.

"That is Miss Grey's," said he. "That is where we stayed last year, and where I expect to find them now."

He ran up the little slope by the side of the road, and spoke to a neat-looking woman between 30 and 40, who was standing in the doorway. She answered and he came back with a rueful face, showing a telegram which the woman had given him.

"Miss Grey has had a wire from my wife," said he. "I'm afraid you'll be dreadfully disappointed."

Something vague and indefinite seemed to seize St. Quintin in a grip of despair and dread as he heard these words. He did not know at all of what he was afraid, but he felt sure, though there was no distress upon Monsieur Leblanc's face that something had gone wrong, very wrong, something more important than it seemed on the surface to be.

It was with an air of frank mistrust that he held out his hand, took the paper, and read:

Tell Monsieur Leblanc to meet us at Doncaster at 11:05.—Sophie Leblanc.

"I thought," said St. Quintin, very coldly, "that they were to have come here last night."

"So it was arranged. But you know what women are. They seem to have made a great hash of it all," said Monsieur Leblanc with an air of great irritation at his wife's stupidity.

"Then why didn't they start this morning, instead of leaving the journey till late?" persisted St. Quintin, not only with curiosity, but with suspicion.

"Ah, that I cannot tell you," said Monsieur Leblanc, shrugging his shoulders and turning out his hands in a large gesture unusual with him. "It is very strange."

"Very," said St. Quintin laconically, as he turned quickly away.

CHAPTER XVII.

The young man was beside himself with rage and with amazement at his own stupidity. That he had been brought on a wild-goose chase he felt sure; that he would not see the ladies during his stay, he felt equally certain. All the wise counsels of his friend Ince came back to his mind, and he told himself that he was a born fool to have come away with Monsieur Leblanc, when once that astute and clever person had shown his hand by confessing that neither Marie nor her aunt was going to accompany them on their journey to the Densley Wold. Even then he had been hopeful, believing that he might find the ladies waiting for them at the end of their journey.

But now that this hope had proved deceptive he had no longer any hesitation in deciding that he had been tricked, and that the only thing left for him to do was to return to town with all speed and take counsel with his friend once more.

He had mechanically turned to the left on leaving the cottage gate, away,

that is to say, from the little door in the park wall by which he and Monsieur Leblanc had come out.

Walking at a rapid pace, and not knowing where he was going, he passed the village inn, and presently came to a turning on his left, which he remembered, and recognized that he had reached the cross-road which he had passed in his way from Doncaster station.

Walking a few paces down the road on his left, he came in sight of the little omnibus which had brought them, standing still where they had left it in front of the park lodge.

He thought he would go back to Doncaster by it, and so abruptly, without any leave-taking, separate himself from the wily Frenchman, and set to work to devise some new way of getting Marie out of the clutches of her questionable relations.

But as he drew near to the omnibus he was struck once more by the size and number of Monsieur Leblanc's trunks and parcels, and asked himself again whether he had not been too hasty in assuming that the ladies were not coming. For the two or three days' stay which was all that had been proposed, surely no single person could need such an enormous amount of luggage!

And St. Quintin stopped short, argued the matter a little while with himself, and then, becoming more and more curious as to what the Frenchman's real designs and intentions were, decided to play him trick for trick, and to see the business through after all.

Although they were in the wilds, they were not altogether out of the human kind in the little village, and as he was well on the alert against surprises, he could take care of himself.

So he took his bag and portmanteau down from the omnibus, and turning back toward the village, met Monsieur Leblanc with a smile, as that worthy gentleman came rather hesitatingly toward him from the cottage garden.

St. Quintin noticed that there was another man, a burly, portly, red-faced genial-looking man, tall and of typical John Bull aspect, standing in the little porch of the cottage.

"Well, Monsieur Leblanc, I'm awfully disappointed, and I thought of going back straight to town, by Jove, I did! But I've got over my ill-temper, and if you'll put up with me till the ladies come tonight—I shall be all good humor again—I'll stay."

The face of the Frenchman expressed great relief at this change of front. It was evident that he had experienced great uneasiness at St. Quintin's resentment.

"Ah, well," he said, "you have your reward, for there is a pleasant surprise in store for you. If the ladies are not here yet, there is someone else who is waiting to see you, someone whom I think you will welcome with eagerness."

And he turned toward the cottage and waved his hand toward the stout man in the little porch.

"Who is it?" asked St. Quintin, trying not to speak too dryly.

"It is Mr. Williams. Come and I will introduce you."

Monsieur Leblanc dragged him toward the little slope that led to the cottage garden, beckoning as he did so to the portly stranger, who advanced, with an open smile on his pleasant and genial face, and held out his hand in a frank and engaging manner.

"Mr. St. Quintin, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance," cried he, almost before the Frenchman could utter the name. "I've heard a great deal about you, and I'm sure we shall get on together, shan't we?"

St. Quintin, in any other circumstances, would have agreed with him. There was something attractive, congenial and open about this red-faced, red-haired, portly person, in the loose velvet coat, something almost in the hemline about his dress, about the length of his curly hair, the arrangement of his flowing tie, which contrasted strongly, and St. Quintin was inclined to think, favorably, with Monsieur Leblanc's studious, cold neatness of appearance. The two men were as courteous as the one the urbane, bland, quiet speech; the other the burly, loud-voiced, laughing, bluff-mannered man who despised society and loved a pipe and his ease in the chimney-corner.

St. Quintin shook hands readily. He was mollified against his will, and began to wonder whether things were not going to turn out so badly after all.

Mr. Williams drew him at once into conversation, asked about his prospects, his position, and upon his disappointment over the delay in the arrival of the ladies, said frankly that he was rather glad of it himself.

"For," he added slyly, "if Marie Densley had been here, I should have had but scanty opportunities of speaking to you, I fancy, and of finding out anything about you."

St. Quintin laughed.

(To be continued.)

This Advertisement

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to remind you of its great merit as a blood purifier, appetite-giver, and as a nerve, stomach and digestive tonic. Nothing else like it, no other so good a record, no other will do you so much good. It cures.

Dyspepsia.—I was troubled for months with dyspepsia and could not eat anything without distress. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and was soon improved. I took it steadily until I was cured. LYDIA MOWEN, Athol, Mass.

Catarh.—My mother suffered from catarh and feared consumption. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months was better, stronger and healthier, than ever before. She cannot say too much for the good life. JESSIE KILLMAN, Middle Grove, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Chronic Coughs Cured

Mrs. Joseph Eccles of Bromore, says:

"I took 4 or 5 bottles of Psychine, and a cough I had continually for nine months disappeared. It is the best remedy for chronic coughs that I ever used."

Thousands of living witnesses pronounce Psychine the greatest medicine in the world. It is not a patent medicine, but a prescription of a great physician. Put it to the test in any case of throat, lung or stomach trouble or any run down or weak condition. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

LIQUIDATION SALE

The Immense Stock of H. P. Lang Co., Limited, Home Furnishers, Amounting to \$40,000, Will Be Cleared Out in 60 Days at Less Than Wholesale Cost.

Never to our knowledge has anything approaching this stupendous money-saving event occurred in the annals of London mercantile history. It's only once in a lifetime that such a truly tremendous sale as this happens. Just picture for a moment the superb gathering of merchandise represented in this great \$40,000 stock—and then place on each price ticket a figure which reads less than wholesale cost. Now, don't your hear opportunity rapping loudly on the door of your home? Don't you recognize this as your glorious chance to renew the brightness and cosiness of your home, or perhaps to fit out complete the new home, with new Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Furniture, etc.—and pay far less than the sum you had in mind?

THIS STOCK IS WELL KNOWN

To the citizens of London and, in fact, throughout Western Ontario. It is recognized as a gathering of strictly high-class goods. Every article is right up-to-date. The H. P. Lang Company has only been in business since last May, so that the goods fairly sparkle with newness and freshness.

WE BOUGHT THIS STOCK AT A PRICE

That enables us to turn it over to you at less than wholesale cost. Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Draperies, Furniture, Wall Papers, Bric-a-Brac, and all articles in this well-appointed stock, all marked down to the lowest prices you ever saw on this class of goods.

MUST BE SOLD IN SIXTY DAYS

As the building has been sold, we have only sixty days in which to clear this enormous stock, so you can readily see we will leave no stone unturned to make a clean sweep out of the goods inside of our short time-limit. Just note the prices on the following lines of goods. They will give you an idea of the bargains you may expect to secure during the big sale.

SALE STARTS MONDAY AT 9 A. M.

Furniture Bargains

Just a Few of the Many Snaps

- One only solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite, colonial style. Former price, \$275. Sale price \$208
- One only Solid Mahogany Dinner Set, colonial style, consisting of buffet, cabinet, dinner wagon, round extension table, one arm and five small chairs. Former price, \$189. Sale price..... \$135
- One only Lady's Circasian Walnut Writing Cabinet, finished in highest possible style. Former price \$40. Sale price \$30
- One only Solid Mahogany Writing Cabinet, Chippendale style. Former price, \$33.50. Sale price..... \$25
- One only Solid Mahogany Pedestal. Former price, \$9.50. Sale price..... \$6.25
- One only Solid Mahogany Large stock of Solid Oak Pieces. Chairs with leather cushions. Reduced correspondingly with prices quoted for other furniture.
- One only Solid Mahogany Buffet, colonial style. Former price \$80. Sale price... \$55
- One only Antique Oak Buffet, Elizabethan style. Former price \$60. Sale price \$40
- One only Vernes Martin Louis XV. Cabinet. Former price \$85. Sale price... \$55
- One only Mahogany Cabinet, bent glass. Former price \$48. Sale price... \$35
- One only Chippendale Extension Five o'Clock Tea Table. Solid mahogany, inlaid. Former price, \$18. Sale price \$10
- One only round Mahogany Table, inlaid. Former price, \$28. Sale price... \$20
- One only Round Mahogany Five o'Clock Tea Table with glass tray. Former price, \$18. Sale price \$12.50
- One only Solid Mahogany Tea Tray, brass-trimmed. Former price, \$12. Sale price \$8

China and Japan Matting

800 yards. Former prices, 35c and 40c yard. Sale price..... 20c

Big Savings in Lace Curtains

50 pairs Lace Curtains, including Brussels, Renaissance, Irish Point. Former prices, \$15 and \$18 per pair. To be sold, commencing Monday. at, pair..... \$10.00

Save on Draperies

- 1,500 yards double-faced Velours. Former price \$2.50 yard. Sale price... \$1.75
- 800 yards single-faced Velours. Former prices, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Sale price... \$85c
- 1,000 yards Linen Taffeta. Former price, \$1.50 and \$2 yard. Sale price..... \$1.00
- 150 yards All-Silk Furniture Coverings. Former price \$6.50 yard. Sale price \$3.75
- 1,200 yards Colored Madras. Former prices, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Sale price... \$75c
- 1,000 yards Colored Madras. Former prices, 75c and 85c yard. Sale price... \$50c
- 600 yards French Cretonnes. Former prices, 50c and 75c yard. Sale price \$35c
- Thousands of yards of Draperies to be sold at HALF-PRICE.

Wall Paper

10,000 rolls of Fine Imported French, English and American Wallpapers, to be sold at HALF PRICE

BE SURE AND BRING MEASUREMENTS OF ROOMS.

Windows, etc., as we will not have time to take measurements during this sale.

A. S. SMITH TELEPHONE 680 H. A. TURNPENNY



The Sporting World

Hockey, Basketball, Curling, Bowling.



'Tizers Still the Hockey Champions Defeat the Free Press Two to One

The Latter Completely Outplayed
in Warm Combat Last
Night.

Last night the alleged hockeyists of the Free Press essayed to dispute the supremacy of the four-times Advertiser champions. Score, 2-1, favor the Tizer.

Incidentally, it might be meet to remark that the credit for the victory must in a large degree be conferred upon Mr. Harkness (alias Hank) Archer, who managed and escorted to and from the rink the winners.

Verily, it was a battle such as President Teddy would have stopped shooting bears and busting trusts long enough to witness and weep over. To describe it would be impossible, to recall the number of goals that should have been shot is out of the question.

Brilliant—in fact, hair-raising—rushes were as numerous as hairs on John D. Rockefeller's bald thought-dome. But enough; we won, so what's the odds?

Party of the first part, who must first be mentioned, is the venerable "Deacon" Fowler, who, he said, was the pride of the alley, and the idol of the ladies. (There were three present.)

The man of all sports—and city hall stunts—was a veritable tower of strength to the team, and a broad tower, at that. In fact, the tamed ones almost insisted that the goal posts at the Tizer end be set further apart, in order to allow room for the puck to go through.

"Disby" (Jack) Bell, on point, was right in his element, and there was scarcely a moment when his lighter opponents were not star-gazing or attempting to plow through the cold stuff to the floor below.

At cover, Luney was one of the candidates for the credit for landing goal number one for the victors.

Every now and then Crothers almost shot the puck—but then that was too much on the sky-pleasure order to suit him. There was a time—But what's the use?

Tanton showed that as a rover he has no equal. Sometimes he was here, again he was there. Also, he occasionally got within close distance of the puck, and on divers occasions was seen to strike at it.

Jimmy Carrothers isn't in it for a minute at right wing with Baker, who kept close tabs on his man, even if he did fail to stop him sometimes.

Evidently then teach 'em how to play hockey at the Collegiate, for Lee Walden, who performed on right wing for the Tizer team, was there or somewhere near every moment.

But we must not neglect in making up the honor roll the "Down-and-Outs" totally. They, too, were present, although seldom in evidence, except in the latter portion of the second, when they appeared to have nine or ten people on the ice.

The Evening's Best.
Perhaps one of the best of the opposing crew was Bill Berry, who played goal almost like a hockeyist.

Did Black Play?
Black, the Montreal recruit—(not imported for the occasion)—was also reported to have been present, but this statement takes on as yet been verified. Perhaps he may get so fast out of it that he may not be able to play.

Coxey's army had nothing on Cox, who side-wheeled (whatever that means) as well as any of them, or perhaps worse.

In Read the Free Press has a man who will (in time) develop into an excellent pinhole player, while Nichols at plug-pong should shine supreme.

Cushing didn't get any medals, but that was because the booby man was out on the road—presumably snowed in.

"Several Times Rover" Kennedy played all seven positions at various times during the battle, and was seen to make at the very least two vicious passes in succession at the puck.

Referee Was Impartial.
Nobody had any kick coming with "Rougher" Charlie Legg, who kept 'em all doing something all the way. Very often that something consisted of one player or more, attempting to scale the side of the rink in order to get a clearer shot at the goal; but if it doesn't matter, it was all in the game.

Such a Contest.
As for the contest itself, Well, it was varied. It was raw in spirit and pink in spaces. However, everybody on deck had barrels of sport.

In the early part of the affray it was made apparent that the crowd from Richmond street had as much chance of winning as the man behind that Chicago was bigger than the United States. The Tizer crowd was just a little—not much, of course—shy on combination, but then persistent swinging, or battling. If your prefer, eventually told the tale, and Luney drove the puck home in eighteen minutes or desperate grunting.

It must be mentioned, also, that during this time Ber Fowler was interrupted once or twice in a little private sista, which he was enjoying at the end of the rink.

The ice itself was not in the best of trim, owing to much previous skating, and at half-time most of the crowd which had been exchanging pokes and other things, were about ready to hit the hayloft.

Half-time score, 1-0.
The Second Half.
It was hard to tell—without an "of-

icial" scorecard—which team was which, but it is believed that the Tizer forwards skated rings around their opponents for a while after hostilities had been renewed. At all events tiny Walden, or somebody else, landed the Tizer's second goal a minute after play had recommenced. Shortly afterwards one of the opposition accidentally hit the rubber, and before the "Parson" could recover from his astonishment the blankety-blank thing hopped in. To this minute, though, Fowler declares that the puck was thrown into the net from the rear platform. However, no blame can be attached to the "Parson," even if he did go in from the front, for a goaltender can't be expected to devote his whole time to watching the movements of the puck.

That's about all, except that almost everybody took tumbles either collectively or individually, at one time or another, while the ice dust was in the air, and that the best aggregation won.

Each moment now another challenge is looked for, but the gauntlet will hardly be picked up again this winter. In the first place, hockey—as played last night—is too strenuous a game to be indulged in more than once in a decade. Besides, what's the use of rubbing it in?

The skirmish line:
Advertiser. Free Press.
Fowler.....Goal.....Berry
Bell.....Point.....Cushing
Luney.....Cover.....Black
Crothers.....Center.....Cox
Tanton.....Rover.....Kennedy
Baker.....L. Wing.....Read
Walden.....R. Wing.....Nichols
Referee—Chas. Legg.
Timekeeper—High Constable Hughes.
Goal Judges—"Hank" Archer and Dick Condon.
Spectators—Several ladies, several gentlemen, and a large number of kids.
Time of Halves—In reality, 20 and 15 minutes. Seemingly, a week each.

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"CY" YOUNG

OBJECTORS TO THE TOBACCO STAMP

Some Members Say Manufacturers Are Prejudiced Against Canadian Tobacco.

Ottawa, Feb. 7.—Some of the published criticisms of cigar manufacturers relative to the probable effect of the proposed Government measure placing Canadian tobacco on the same basis as imported tobacco by providing for a uniform license fee and doing away with the present distinguishing colors on excise stamps are refuted by statements made by members of the Commons who are taking a special interest in the development of tobacco culture in Canada.

Mr. George Milligan, a prominent cigar manufacturer of Toronto, in an interview published recently, declared that "Canadian-grown tobacco is the worst on the continent." He also urged that the adoption of a uniform stamp would enable manufacturers of domestic leaf cigars to foist their inferior and cheaper products upon the unwilling public in preference to the better cigars made of imported leaf. In refutation of Mr. Milligan's criticism the following opinions may be quoted:

Mr. Dubou, member for Joliet, who introduced the clause on tobacco-growing in Canada in the Commons last week, said: "The public alone has the right to be the judge of its own tastes. The present system of stamps and license fees tends to make the tobacco user erroneously think that the foreign leaf is superior to the home-grown product, and encourages him to pay 50 per cent more for an article which has been proven not to be superior to the Canadian product."

Depends on Curing.

Mr. H. S. Clements (West Kent) declares that "Canadian tobacco farmers can grow tobacco equal to any that can be grown in any part of the United States. If the tobacco is cured under proper conditions we can produce tobacco of a quality sufficiently good to make cigars equal to the best made in the average smoker in Canada."

Mr. Robitaille (Quebec County)—I am led to believe that cigars filled with Canadian tobacco can be manufactured and sold cheaper than can cigars made of imported tobacco, and at the start the Canadian cigars may be inferior, as time goes on they will prove to be equal, if not superior, to the imported article."

Hon. Mr. Brodeur noted that last year the number of cigars made from Canadian tobacco was 1,178,870, and from a combination of imported leaf wrappers and domestic leaf fillers the number was no less than 7,002,774. "It is true," he said, "that Canadian tobacco has not been cured for as many years as good as it ought to be, but from the progress that has been made during recent years I do not hesitate to say that today that tobacco grown here is as good as the imported tobacco. I know of no number of cigar manufacturers who are at present using Canadian tobacco and substituting it for imported tobacco. They even go so far as to pay a tax of 25 cents per pound on Canadian tobacco to mix with the leaf, and then the mixture as imported tobacco under the black excise stamp."

Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron declared that tobacco users in Canada frequently buy tobacco stamped with the black stamp and imagine they are smoking the imported article, whereas they are really smoking Canadian tobacco. "I will go further," he said, "and say that even today, although our native tobacco is not as well cured as it might be, those who make it say it is the best grown, and will never smoke anything else."

A Prejudice That Is Dying.
Mr. A. H. Clarke (Essex), said that he had been unfortunately a prejudice against Canadian tobacco, which prejudice was fostered by requiring it to be marked by a distinctive excise stamp. When the domestic leaf tobacco was well known this prejudice was dying out, and with improved methods of curing tobacco users in his constituency now preferred the home-grown articles. An evidence of the increasing popularity of Canadian tobacco was seen in the fact that the amount entered for consumption had increased from 462,654 pounds in 1896 to 5,656,382 pounds in the fiscal year, 1906-07. Moreover, in 1906 about 70,000 pounds of Canadian tobacco was used by Canadian manufacturers and sold as foreign tobacco at higher prices. He noted that frequently smokers were unable to tell the difference between imported and Canadian tobacco, and he believed that if put on an equal basis with foreign leaf tobacco the Canadian product would speedily come into much larger demand throughout the country.

KATHERINE HALE

Newspaper Woman To Discuss the Modern Drama—Coming To London.

Miss Warnock, of Toronto, better known to the public as "Katherine Hale," who spent last week on the subject of "Modern Drama," is one of the few young women whose interest in the stage is taking the form of serious study. She is a newspaper woman, holding the position of literary critic on the Toronto Mail and Empire, and also finds time to observe and study the modern trend in drama. A year abroad has enabled her to see nearly all the good modern plays there as well as in America.

Miss Warnock has a beautiful voice, and is one of the most graceful readers heard from any stage. In her work there is color, charm and imagination. The tickets are 50 cents, and for teachers and students 25 cents. The proceeds are to be devoted toward the relief of the tubercular poor.

Mrs. Margaret McColg, a well-known resident of Harwich, died suddenly yesterday from heart disease. The wife of William Dawson, a motorman on the S. V. and A. Railway, at Windsor, has run away with a boarder. It is said. Her location is not known.

STIFF TERMS FOR TWO INDIAN BOYS

One Given Two Years for Theft and Another a Year on Arson Charge.

John Paul and Clifford Fisher, two Indian boys, were treated to rather stiff sentences this morning, when they appeared before Judge Macbeth in the county judge's criminal court, on charges of theft and arson. Paul, who is 15 years of age, was given two years in Kingston on each of two counts of theft, the sentences to run concurrently; while Fisher, who is either 15 or 16, was given two years on a charge of theft, and five years on the arson charge. The latter's sentences will also run concurrently.

Mr. E. T. Essery appeared on behalf of the Fisher boy, whose father is a chief of the Chippewa tribe, and a very respectable man.

Asks for Leniency.

Mr. Essery produced several well-known persons asking for leniency on behalf of his client. He stated that he thought justice would be as well, if not better, served, by a light sentence. The very fact that the boy had confessed to the crimes which consisted of burning down a stable at the Mount Elgin Institute, and robbing the M. C. R. station at that place, showed that he did not fully realize the enormity of his offenses.

Judge Macbeth replied, that while he felt sorry for the boy's parents, he believed that such crimes should be severely dealt with. To send the youthful culprit to the reformatory was practically out of the question on account of the nature of the crimes he committed, and the fact that those placed in the school were placed chiefly on their own honor to remain. At the penitentiary Fisher could learn some good trade, and be brought to realize that crime is a serious thing.

His honor stated, however, that on account of the youth of the prisoner, he would recommend a shortening of the sentence for good behavior, and that it was possible for the boy to be given his freedom within a year or so, if he behaved properly, and an application was made for his release on suspended sentence.

Fisher's crime was a particularly vicious one, in that had the wind been blowing in an opposite direction, the night he fired the barn at the institute, the entire property valued at \$60,000 might have been destroyed, and countless lives lost. Those who are acquainted with the institute state that it is a mystery anyway, how the flames were ever subdued, for the arrangements for fighting fire there are very inadequate, and out of date. As it was, several cattle were burned.

When sentence was pronounced the Fisher boy broke down and wept bitterly, while Paul did not appear to understand the matter at all.

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When sentence was pronounced the Fisher boy broke down and wept bitterly, while Paul did not appear to understand the matter at all.

For the fifth or sixth time, Edward Davis, who stole a watch which apparently wouldn't bring \$3 in a jeweler's store, was again remanded, pending the unwinding of the usual tape in reference to deportation.

Had he been a Canadian Judge Macbeth would have allowed him to go on suspended sentence, as it was his first offense. However, his honor very properly decided that the culprit would be better out of the country than in it, so he requested Mr. McKillop to communicate with the immigration department regarding the matter. Then the Salvation Army stepped in and offered to deport the prisoner, as they brought him here. Later the army learned that a warrant was necessary before the man could be shipped across the pond. In the meantime the army requested that Davis be given a term pending the arrival of the paper. This Judge Macbeth refused to do, as he did not believe in sentencing first offenders. This state of affairs lasted until a week ago today, when Judge Macbeth stated that if something was not done by somebody in a week he would allow the prisoner to go on suspended sentence. Immediately Mr. McKillop wrote the department of immigration about the matter. Today a letter was produced in court from the department, wherein it was suggested that deporting an immigrant was not sufficient punishment for theft. The letter further stated that in due time, after a full term had been served by Davis, that it would see about procuring his deportation.

"This is a pack of nonsense," said his honor after he had read the letter. Then to Mr. McKillop: "You can say that I will do no such a thing, and that if he is not deported by a week from now Tuesday that I will surely fund to do so, and suspend sentence. The man has now served over seven weeks, and surely, for a first offender, has been well punished."

Davis was then informed that he would have to stay in jail for eleven more days while the wheels that grind out red-tape get into motion once more. In the meantime the county of Middlesex is paying for Davis' keep, as well as the fees of the constables, who are paid handsomely every time a prisoner is brought up.

Frank Shaycroft, the self-confessed French-Canadian thief, was remanded until Tuesday for sentence. Shaycroft also had the habit and stole a watch from an Adelaide farmer, for whom he had agreed to work a month, and with whom he stayed only eight days.

At the adjourned sessions of the peace, which were held after the criminal court had adjourned, his honor stated in response to an application that he would refuse to make any more appointments to the county constabulary.

Local Items

—The Excelsior mixed quartet will sing at the evening services of the Wesleyan Road Baptist Church, South London, tomorrow evening.

—Miss McKim, the celebrated violinist, who will appear at St. Mary's Church choir concert, is the guest of Miss Keating, King street.

—Mrs. B. Learn, 25 Bruce street, wishes to thank her many friends for their kindness and sympathy extended during her very serious illness.

—In yesterday's Advertiser it was unintentionally inferred that Mr. P. H. Bartlett, the attorney, had entered a suit for fees against Mrs. Daniels, of New York, for work not yet performed. Mr. Bartlett stated positively this morning that the work mentioned had been performed and that he was but asking for what was due him.

BOND DENIES IT ALL

Says He Made No Arrangement With Canada for Any Purpose.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, Feb. 7.—Replying to series of evidently inspired questions, Premier Bond stated in the assembly that no understanding or compact existed between the Governments of Newfoundland and Canada, in regard to the fishery dispute being referred to The Hague tribunal, that it was not his intention to proceed to Ottawa concerning this or any other question, that he was not entertained by such intention whether relating to The Hague, confederation with the Dominion, or any other subject, that no negotiations directly or indirectly concerning confederation had been entered into with Sir Wilfrid Laurier or the Canadian ministers, that he considered confederation neither desirable nor within the range of practical politics, that statements in the Canadian press concerning his alleged visit were inspired by party politics, and he had adopted means by wire and letter to correct these erroneous references.

At Bennett's.

The show at Bennett's this week is worth while, and only one more opportunity is left to see these inimitable comedienne, Misses Hayes and Johnston. They are as funny as they are made, and have delighted Bennett's patrons all week. The amateur contest was a great success last night.

Alma Daughters' Concert.

The London Alma Daughters have engaged the Balmoral Concert Company to give a concert in the Auditorium on Tuesday evening next under their auspices. The program will be a most interesting one, and the company will take charge of the program, and among those to take part are Miss Isabel Wilkie, Miss Jean Robb and Mrs. Galbraith. The plan is now open for reserved seats.

Big Crowd at Grand.

The Burgess Stock Company will play at the Grand tonight, and will offer the well-known melodrama, "Queen of the Highway." This play is one of more than ordinary merit, and should please very much. A large house greeted the company last night. The amateurs had the honor to be the first of the time at the Grand last night, and put on a creditable show.

Pastor Invited to Remain.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the official board of the Belmont Methodist circuit, a unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. R. H. Barnby, B. D., to remain as their pastor another year. It was also reported at this meeting that there were good prospects that a new church of modern design would be built at the Salem appointment this summer.

Lost a Thumb.

Mr. Matthew Eggett, of 442 Van street, an employee of D. H. Gilles, met with a painful accident at the mill on Friday while operating a saw. The wood slipped, and before Mr. Eggett could recover himself the thumb of his right hand was severed. The injury was completely severed. The injury was dressed, and Mr. Eggett is progressing favorably.

Spitters Punished.

Magistrate Love fined a boy \$5 and costs in the juvenile court this morning for spitting tobacco from the gallery of a local theatre onto a lady's white silk waist and a gentleman's evening suit. The magistrate gave the lad a severe lecture in regard to such conduct. Another lad who was believed to have spit tobacco onto a lady's dress was also fined \$5 and costs. There was not sufficient evidence against him.

Liberals 'At Home.'

The Young Liberal Club will give an "At Home" to their friends on Wednesday evening next in Hyman Hall. A splendid musical programme is being prepared and President Sippl says it will be one of the most successful affairs of the kind yet given by the club.

All kinds of amusements will be furnished, and smokers will find everything they desire.

Refreshments will be served after the programme. All Liberals and their friends are especially invited. Keep Wednesday evening for the club.

The Late Mrs. Edwards.

The funeral of the late Mrs. R. M. Edwards took place from the family residence, concession 3, lot 12, on Friday, Feb. 6, at 2 p.m. The deceased was survived by six children, William, of Texas; John, of Kansas; Estella, of London Township; Lillian and Charles, of Lobo, and Maggie on the homestead. Four years ago Mrs. Edwards suffered a paralytic stroke, which rendered her helpless. On Sunday, Feb. 2, Mrs. Edwards had another stroke, and never recovered. She died on Wednesday. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Marshall, pastor of the First Lobo Baptist Church, of which Mrs. Edwards was a member. Two sisters and four brothers also survive. Mrs. Edwards' maiden name was Miss Margaret Bishop. The pallbearers were George F. Edwards, James G. Edwards (nephews), Chris Waugh, John Graham, George Graham and Douglas Fowler.

A CIVIC PAVING PLANT

(Continued From Page One.)

was done by contract. This saving amounts to \$2,467.20 for the year 1906. This showing is all the more remarkable when it is considered that the entire equipment the city owns for doing this work cost less than \$500.

Much Money Saved.

The report goes on to state the advantages of the system. Not only a great deal of money is saved in the actual amount of repairs made, but it is very valuable as a preventative of repairs. When a hole is made in the pavement, if it is not repaired quickly it becomes much larger, and in a short time several other holes appear. In fact, it not seldom happens that the pavement has to be re-surfaced at a considerable cost. With a civic plant, the repairs can be made readily, before the depression becomes serious, and a great saving is thus made. One of the remarkable features of the case is the fact that the plant costs less than \$500.

Last year the Warren Paving Com-

pany received \$2,800 from the city for repairs. The cost was \$1.85 per square yard. If the same price as was charged in Cleveland could be obtained here the saving would be 90 cents a square yard, practically cutting the price in half. A saving of \$1,400 or thereabouts is considerable, to say the least.

"I will send the report to No. 2 committee, and let the committee deal with it as it should," said Mayor Stevely this morning. "It looks like a good proposition, and I do not see why it cannot be made a success here."

The Matter of the Repairs to the

payments will be a very serious matter shortly, as the amount of pavement in the city is increasing every year.

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"HERB" MOOREHOUSE HAS CAUGHT ON

Former London Boy Makes a Hit With His Short Stories.

Mr. J. Hopkins Moorehouse, a former London boy, at present private secretary to Premier Roblin of Manitoba, is making an enviable name for himself in literature. Of late he has written for many of the standard magazines of America, and now his work is much sought after. Lately he has had a splendid short story in Munsey's Magazine. Anything he writes is picked up quickly. Mr. Moorehouse is well known in London, where he was educated. While here he was engaged in newspaper work, and at one time was on The Advertiser staff. His many friends are greatly pleased at his success, and predict a great career for him in literature. He is writing many stories of the west, and seems to have caught the spirit of the west land in a remarkable manner.

The Winnipeg Telegram has the following to say of Mr. Moorehouse: Hopkins Moorehouse is a Winnipeg resident who is achieving fame as a clever writer of magazine literature. "Herb" is an old London Ont. boy and is popular because of his many excellent qualities. He resides at 278 Furby. All of the big magazines are now taking his stories, especially his quality slice of western life, full of the romance of the great lone land, breathing of the natural ways of strong men and tender women.

Ellwood Morphy, of Windsor, the young lad who accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver, was discharged from the hospital yesterday. All the efforts of the doctors to locate the bullet in his head were unavailable.

LATEST STOCK MARKET REPORTS

H. C. Becker, stockbroker, received the following by private wire from Bartlett, Frazee & Carrington today.

New York, Feb. 8.—The London market is idle, and they are doing very little in all Americans, the investment demand and higher grade securities occupying available capital. Stock market here at the opening was weak, and they were successful in the first few minutes. Another general selling by the same professional interests took place later, and at about the close Reading was over two points, likewise B. R. T., and the balance of the list running close to one point from the opening. The English finance committee is going to approximate the physical value of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad prior to placing a mortgage on sale. This is not an unusual proceeding. The United States Steel Company has some very able exponents among the bankers, and its own officials, and they look out very well for the interest of stockholders and bondholders. The late public utterances are referred to. Bank statement of clearing houses shows Government withdrawals, the effects of window-dressing by outside institutions, and offset by the steady flow of currency from the interior. The bank statement is not a matter of concern.

NEW YORK.

Reported by C. N. Spencer, Stockbroker, Market Lane, for The Advertiser.

Amalg. Copper 48 1/2
American Sugar 112 1/2
Amer. Locomotive 34 1/2
Amer. Foundry 28 1/2
Amer. Redding 62 1/2
Amer. Cotton Oil 32 1/2
Atchafalpa 70 1/2
Baltimore & Ohio 84 1/2
Barnes & Co. 34 1/2
Canadian Pacific 149 1/2
Chesapeake & Ohio 28 1/2
Col. Fuel & Iron 18 1/2
Distilling 30 1/2
Erie, com. 14 1/2
Erie, pfd. 20 1/2
G. Northern, pfd. 119 1/2
Illinois Central 125 1/2
Inter-Metropolitan 75 1/2
Kansas & Texas 21 1/2
Kansas & Tex., pfd. 55 1/2
Louisville & Nash. 54 1/2
Mexican Central 17 1/2
Missouri Pacific 41 1/2
New York Central 95 1/2
Northern Pacific 123 1/2
Norfolk & Western 63 1/2
National Lead 28 1/2
Ontario & Western 21 1/2
Pennsylvania 111 1/2
People's Gas 53 1/2
Pressed Steel Car 19 1/2
Reading 95 1/2
Rock Island 114 1/2
Southern Ry., pfd. 22 1/2
Southern Railway 70 1/2
South. Pacific, pfd. 109 1/2
St. Paul 109 1/2
Texas Pacific 35 1/2
Twin City 80 1/2
Union Pacific 117 1/2
Central Leather 16 1/2
U. S. Steel 91 1/2

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Reported by C. N. Spencer, Stockbroker, Market Lane, for The Advertiser.

Wheat—Open, High, Low, Close.
May 87 1/2
July 87 1/2
September 87 1/2
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November 87 1/2
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RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatism to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters and give MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM CURE. No matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your drug-store and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM CURE. There are 100 doses in a bottle, and as one lady says, "I have used it in a month more than a dozen of the same pills, and a cure generally follows before one bottle is used."

A GOOD DEMAND AND PRICES FIRM

LOCAL MARKET.

The farmers who attended the market today stated that it was a tough job to reach the city, as there is but a slight improvement in the roads. The traffic over the roads today should improve them considerably, and unless we have another snowstorm, a large quantity of farm produce should come forward next week, for which there is likely to be a good demand. In point of fact, the attendance at today's market would be about the average of a midweek market. In every line there was an excellent demand, and prices were firm.

Grain—Oats were in good demand and prices firm, at \$1.58 to \$1.60 per cwt. Wheat went at \$2.00 per bu. Hay and straw—One ton of hay was the extent of the offerings in this line, and it sold at \$17.50 per ton. There will be a good demand for hay at Monday's market, and also for straw. Butter and Eggs—The buyers were like a lot of bees around a hive when a sleigh with butter appeared on the square; sales were brisk, at 22c to 23c for crocks; it has been a long time since butter was so scarce as at the present time; even in such places as Stratford and Mount Brydges there is little butter to be had, the principal reason assigned being that the number of milk cows in the country is small, as compared with other years. Fresh laid eggs sold at 26c per dozen wholesale, and 28c to 30c retail; some of the women in the dairy had asked 40c per dozen, but none were sold at that figure.

Vegetables—Potatoes were higher, at 40c per bushel, and some sold as high as 50c; rutabaga went at \$1 per dozen; lettuce, 40c per dozen; cabbages, 40c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1.50 to \$2 per dozen; parsnips, 50c to 60c per bu; carrots, 35c to 40c per bu; onions, 90c per bu. Poultry—Chickens were higher in price, at 15c to 16c per lb; ducks, 12c to 13c; old hens, 8c to 9c per lb; geese, 10c to 11c per lb; turkeys, 15c to 16c per lb; and 17c to 18c per lb; and 19c to 20c per lb; and 21c to 22c per lb; and 23c to 24c per lb; and 25c to 26c per lb; and 27c to 28c per lb; and 29c to 30c per lb; and 31c to 32c per lb; and 33c to 34c per lb; and 35c to 36c per lb; and 37c to 38c per lb; and 39c to 40c per lb; and 41c to 42c per lb; and 43c to 44c per lb; and 45c to 46c per lb; and 47c to 48c per lb; and 49c to 50c per lb; and 51c to 52c per lb; and 53c to 54c per lb; and 55c to 56c per lb; and 57c to 58c per lb; and 59c to 60c per lb; and 61c to 62c per lb; and 63c to 64c per lb; and 65c to 66c per lb; and 67c to 68c per lb; and 69c to 70c per lb; and 71c to 72c per lb; and 73c to 74c per lb; and 75c to 76c per lb; and 77c to 78c per lb; and 79c to 80c per lb; and 81c to 82c per lb; and 83c to 84c per lb; and 85c to 86c per lb; and 87c to 88c per lb; and 89c to 90c per lb; 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City and District

—Mrs. W. Symington, of Sarnia, is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Harkness, 125 Albert street.

—Mrs. Sarah McGregor, of Forest, announces the engagement of her daughter, Maybelle Virginia, formerly of London, to Mr. Adelbert F. Murphy, both of Buffalo, N. Y.

—The appointments at Huron College for tomorrow are: Holmesville, H. Millar; Morpeth, S. S. Hardy; Merlin, N. Ward; Napier, S. MacDonald; Aged People's Home, C. Birtwhistle.

—Rev. W. F. Stackhouse, one of the ablest men in the Baptist denomination, preaches in Adelaide Street Baptist Church tomorrow evening. Rev. A. J. Vining taking the morning service.

—The wedding of Miss Mildred Estelle Knight, of Woodstock, and Mr. Archie W. Macfie, of Appin, took place at the parsonage of the First Methodist Church recently. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. L. Rutledge. Mr. and Mrs. Macfie will reside in Appin.

—The death occurred at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. F. Prety, on Thursday of Mrs. Margaret Ward, a pioneer resident of Wardsville. Mrs. Ward was in her 77th year, and was widely known and esteemed. The remains were sent to Wardsville yesterday afternoon for interment.

—The funeral of the E. J. Witt took place from the family residence, 224 William street, yesterday afternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, and was largely attended. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. James Livingstone. The pallbearers were Messrs. T. Pugsley, J. Cotter, H. Rose, H. McKinley, J. Carrothers and W. Hosie.

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99.2% Pure
Recent Government Analysis of the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of

"PURITY" BAKING POWDER

Shows it to be absolutely pure
Inland revenue report, No. 143, table III, page 22, sample No. 20413
"Purity" Baking Powder never fails to "make light, wholesome Biscuits."

20c Per Pound

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

—The funeral of Mrs. Ann Harris took place from 115 Dundas street to the Grand Trunk station yesterday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Sutton, of Dorchester. Interment was made at the Union Cemetery, Dorchester.

—A very pleasant entertainment was provided for the junior classes of the First Methodist Church last night in Wesley Hall, when an excellent stereopticon lecture was given by Superintendent J. W. Watson. After the lecture the teachers of the school gathered, and had supper. Short addresses were given by Superintendent Watson, W. B. Manning, J. Bernard, W. P. Boyd and others. On Friday evening

next the senior classes will be entertained in a similar manner.
—Mr. John R. Clarke, the celebrated reader and elocutionist, will deliver his famous lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" in the Wellington street Methodist Church on Wednesday next, the 12th inst. The proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to the Emanuel B.M.E. Church, Grey street.

Broke His Arm.
Thomas Matland, of 147 Adelaide street, had his arm broken yesterday afternoon while loading a boiler on a car at Leonard & Sons. He was assisting a number of men in skidding a boiler on a car when it skidded, pinning his arm and breaking it. He was taken home and the injured member set.

Dedicatory Services.
Tomorrow will be dedication day at the new Hyatt Avenue Methodist Church. At 11 a.m. the Rev. Alexander Langford, D. D., of Toronto, will preach and following the sermon the dedicatory services will take place. At 2:45 p.m. the Rev. Dr. Jas. Ross, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will preach, and at 7 p.m. the Rev. Mr. Langford.

Women's Institute.
The next regular meeting of the Coldstream Women's Institute will be held at the home of Miss Beulah Murray on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 11. The subjects for this meeting are "Prevention and Cure of Colds," "Fancy Work" with demonstration in the different kinds; "Social Duties of Country Women" and "Best of Best." Fulfill Them! A good attendance is desired as the meeting will doubtless be a profitable one to all.

Lived Here Many Years.
Mrs. Susanna Hitchen, relict of the late Joseph Hitchen, passed away at the family residence, 14 High street. Mrs. Hitchen was one of London's oldest and most highly respected residents, having lived here for over 60 years. She was in her 93rd year, and was born in London, England, in 1816. Four daughters survive: Mrs. C. Hurst, of this city; Mrs. L. Riggs and Mrs. N. Calder, of Detroit, and Miss Hitchen at home. The funeral will take place on Monday afternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

AGED GENTLEMAN HAS SEVERE FALL
Mr. Horatio Wild Seriously Injured in an Unfortunate Accident.

Mr. Horatio Wild met with a very serious accident at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. P. E. Flurschuetz, 495 Talbot street, last evening, when he fell down a flight of stairs. When found Mr. Wild was in an unconscious condition, and upon being moved to Victoria Hospital the physician found that he was suffering from a very severe cut on the back of the head, a serious cut over the eye, and painful injuries to the spine. Mr. Wild is advanced in years, and it is feared that the shock sustained by him may have very serious results.

FORMER LONDONER DIVORCED
Sensational Case Disposed of by the Court in Detroit.

A dispatch from Detroit says: "Marking the final chapter in one of the most sensational divorce suits heard in recent years in the local courts, a decree of divorce has been signed by Judge Mandell in favor of Elias D. Trebilcock, formerly of London, Ont., and a jeweler at 324 Woodward street. While the judge had previously declared in a written opinion his belief that neither husband nor wife was entitled to a decree, the final disposition was brought about by Mrs. Trebilcock's withdrawal of her bill. The inference remains that the financial settlement has been effected between the warring pair outside of court, although details are not to be had from either party. The suit has occupied the attention of the court for several months. Trebilcock is said to be a man of considerable means."

Advance Rents 10 to 15 Per Cent

The Real Estate Owners' Association met last night, and heard the report of the property committee which, during the last few weeks has been making a careful investigation of things in the city, with the object of arriving at some conclusion regarding the situation for the coming year. The report reads as follows: "The Real Estate Owners' Association has decided to advise the landlord members of the association that the time has arrived when it becomes absolutely necessary to raise all rents from 10 to 15 per cent."

"The recent action of our civic bodies increasing the salaries of school teachers and other civic employees to the extent of \$20,000, or about one mill on the total assessment of our city;

The large debenture issue recently sanctioned by the electors for consumption and isolation hospitals; the north and east end fire halls; also, the probability that the waterworks department will require another large outlay this year; together with the \$170,000 demand from the board of education, and the proposed pension for firemen, exclude all possible chance of escaping with less than a high tax rate for 1908, and as many of us are aware that when the local improvement taxes are added, many of us are paying very near 40 mills on the dollar. In fact, when the increased value of real estate supposed to have taken place in recent years by increased assessments, many of our members are not receiving as high a rental as the same property rented for in former years."

Ottaway Car Has a Narrow Escape

While crossing the tracks on Rectory street leading to the coal shed, an Ottawa avenue car had a close call last night.

The motorman had gone ahead, and had thrown up the semaphore against a coal train.

The coal train, however, continued to back down and the street car was practically on the tracks when the rear brakeman, who was on his car, yelled a warning. The motorman plugged his car, and the coal train

was also stopped. A very few feet separated the train and car. There were many passengers, and the results would have been serious had a collision occurred.

The train crew blamed the street railwaymen for throwing the semaphore against them while they were in motion, and practically on the street, as it was impossible to stop a coal train easily, considering the condition of the tracks. The conductor of the Ottawa avenue car threw the semaphore up, and declared that the railway should have obeyed it.

HERMITAGE CLUB OUTDOES ITSELF

Eclipses Its Splendid Record of Entertainment By Last Night's Dance.

"The best ball ever given by the club," was the verdict rendered by the guests of the Hermitage Club after their ball of last evening. And it was one of the prettiest and best ever held in the city. About 100 couples were present, including many visitors from outside places. Everybody had a splendid time, and went home enthusiastic over the success of the evening. The members of the executive were congratulated on the success of the affair.

The hall of the Masonic Temple was very tastefully decorated. The orchestra occupied the raised dais, which was banked with ferns and palms. The lighting effects were very fine, subdued lights adding greatly to the beauty of the room. The excellent music of Finzel's Detroit orchestra made dancing an exquisite pleasure. It is one of the best heard here in some time.

The club rooms of the Hermitage Club were reserved as a lounging room. In the decoration of this room the club excelled itself, and made it a bower of beauty.

The committee having the ball in charge was composed of Mr. Ben Stapleton (chairman), W. Stevenson, C. Gibson, C. Clarke and W. Murray. The patronesses were Mrs. Ward Casselman, Mrs. W. Greene, Mrs. J. G. Tait, Mrs. J. Collison and Mrs. W. Massey.

Among the guests were: Miss Flaela Tambling, Mr. Archie McMahon, Chas. J. Clarke, H. Hopkin (St. Thomas), Miss Emma Child, Miss Alice Jones, Charles F. Jones, Will A. Child (Regina), Miss Saunders (St. Thomas), Miss Una Fallon, Miss Gertrude Clarke, R. Bruce Crosbie, Miss Alma James (St. Thomas), Miss Edna Javoy (St. Thomas), Walter Murray, Dick Balfour, Frank M. Martin, Phil Maynard, Miss Edith M. Martin, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss O. Guillemont, F. A. McNair, F. McNair, C. E. Tait, Bert E. Pink (St. Thomas), Miss Lillian Haight (Woodstock), George W. Brown (Toronto), Marion R. Smith, C. Windsor, Miss L. Hodgins, J. D. Costello, Miss A. Milroy, Miss Gertrude Thompson, W. D. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Martin, John Chiera, Miss Reta Marx, John Wood, Miss Vera J. Ellwood, T. H. Purdon, Miss Myrtle Reed, W. A. Casselman, Mrs. W. A. Casselman, W. J. Smith, Miss N. Sanborn, R. F. Cooper, Miss Wilson, Miss L. Stilson, Clay S. Gibson, Florence Peacock, Harry M. Mitchell, Miss Cora McCarty (Thamesford), Miss Gladys Kennedy, C. B. Stapleton, Miss Stephenson, Miss Dule, J. W. McKay, Mrs. J. E. Casson, J. E. Casson, Frank A. Carter, R. P. Jennings, Miss Healey, Arthur Keene, Miss Frances Finnegan, Miss Florence Finnegan, Will H. Hayman, Miss Irene Gray, George A. Henry, P. McNair, Miss Brennan, Miss Ida Thompson, A. T. Jones, Miss Bessie Stewart, G. E. Musselman, O. T. Robb, Miss Gertrude Stewart, G. R. Keenleyside, Miss L. Mann, Miss D. Eagan, Miss J. Johnston, E. Vic Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon W. Meek, Chester Steven, Miss Ira Nichol (St. Thomas), Miss Florence Stevens, J. P. Grant, Dr. James G. Beal, Miss L. Parker, Miss E. Parker, Dr. G. L. Clarke, K. B. Millard, Miss Anna McKenzie, Miss L. Fitzalan, F. H. Reynolds, Miss M. D. Reynolds, Capt. John Collison and wife, E. G. Hingale, Miss M. McPhail, A. D. McKenzie (St. Thomas), O. J. Cunningham, Miss H. Trebilcock, Miss Edith M. Hughes, John M. Laird, Geo. A. McLaughlin and wife, B. Thompson, C. P. Dowse, Miss E. F. Dowse, C. E. Young, Miss Ethel McDonald, J. C. Woolfrann, Margaret McHattie, Mrs. J. G. Tait, Mr. J. G. Tait, Miss Fallon, Chas. S. Martin, Miss Barclay, J. L. McAlpine, Miss Anna Dobie, Miss Gertrude Hogan, Miss Eva M. Casselman (Morrisburg, Ont.), K. W. Casselman.

Stomach Troubles Due to Decayed Teeth.



Recently an English physician read a paper, in which he showed that not only CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, but even more serious trouble, could be caused by a DISEASED CONDITION OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH.

ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES?

Dr. JARVIS, Dentist
213 Dundas St., Cor. Clarence.

ROSS' FURS Manufacturer and Retailer

NOTICE! Specials on sale for one week only from Saturday, 8th, to Saturday, 15th inst., inclusive. Comparison with all other goods in the market invited.

Men's Overcoats, full marmot lined, strong outside beaver shell, Persian lamb collar, only \$37.50
Men's Overcoats—Best natural muskrat-lined, fine outside beaver shell, No. 1 Persian lamb collar, only \$42.00
Men's Overcoats—Best natural muskrat-lined, fine outside beaver shell, natural otter collar, only \$55.00
Men's Overcoats—Richly blended, heavily furled, muskrat-lined, extra superior beaver outside shell, plucked and seal-dyed otter collar. Finest coat in the market. Only \$55.00

ABOVE GOODS ALL GUARANTEED.

ROSS' 196 Dundas Street

SAYS COCAINE MADE HIM STEAL

The Magistrate Dispenses Punishment To a Pair of Young Robe Thieves.

Magistrate Love dispensed justice this morning to John Twitchen and Fred Barlow, the two young men who were found guilty of robbing farmers' vehicles of robes, whips and other things, in a manner that was intended to deter all other parties from engaging in thefts of that kind. Twitchen, who is regarded as the leader of the party of three who committed the thefts, was committed to the Central Prison for six months. Barlow stated that he would not have committed the thefts had it not been for the effects of cocaine, to which he had been addicted for some time. Magistrate Love expressed regret that the young man should have become a slave to this drug, and more for the purpose of treating him than for punishing him, sent him to the county jail for three months, where he will be under the attendance of the jail physician, and everything possible will be done to break him of the drug habit.

Alfred Grover, who was recently captured, admitted that he had stolen a robe. In view of the fact that he had hitherto borne an excellent reputation and that he is only 17 years old, the magistrate allowed him to go on suspended sentence.

James Bruce was fined \$1 or three months in jail on a charge of vagrancy. If an opportunity offers Bruce will be placed in the Old Men's Home.

Important to Ladies.
It is not often an opportunity occurs at your door to see the latest Parisian and New York styles in hair goods, yet such is the case, as Prof. Dorenwend, of Toronto, is visiting this city, and invites your inspection of these goods at his private apartments reserved at the hotel.

These hair goods styles, when properly adjusted, protect and ornament the head, soften and beautify the expression of the face, and consequently tone up an aged appearance. Be sure and see them at the City Hotel, Feb. 10, 66c zwf bw

MIDLAND DOUBLES SCORE.
Midland, Ont., Feb. 7.—Victoria Harbor and Midland played the return game to break the tie in the intermediate O. H. A. for the district here last night, when Midland again proved that they were a better team in every position. The game was very fast, the score at half-time being 6 to 4 in favor of Midland. In the last half Midland succeeded in doubling the score, the game ending 12 to 6 in their favor.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.



CROSSEYES
STRAIGHTENED BY OUR NEW
HEALTH RAY TORIC GLASSES

We have straightened many cross eyes of long standing with our wonderful new HEALTH RAY TORIC LENSES, cases that have been impossible to correct with the ordinary glasses.

The Tait-Brown Optical Co.
Eyeight Specialists,
237 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 1877.

To Avoid the Rush for the Coming Season

By leaving your order for your spring suit, we will allow an extra \$4 pair of trousers free during this month only. Goods are open for inspection. Our aim is to please you. Remember, at

KLEIN, The Tailor
206 DUNDAS STREET.

Plays, Players, Playgoers--The Week in London Theaters

GRAND.
Today, matinee... "The Bowery Boy."
Tonight... "Queen of the Highway."
Wednesday... "Just Out of College."
Thursday... "The Choir Singer."
Friday... "The Rocky Mountain Express."
Saturday, matinee and night...
"The Rocky Mountain Express."
BENNETT'S.
All week... All Star Vaudeville.

Every person is a lover of good wholesome comedy—and novelties—well, they like them, too. The management of Bennett's cozy little vaudeville theater announce a programme for next week which has abundance of both, plenty of novelty and much good comedy. Every person who witnesses this show is bound to go away with a "Sunny Jim" smile and will not fail to mention to his friends the fact that he enjoyed it thoroughly. The entire bill is as follows:



MISS GUSSIE TAYLOR,
At Bennett's Next Week.

rescent with humor which will tickle the palate of the worst dyspeptic and drive away the blues. "The Theatrical Agent," one of the best sketches appearing in vaudeville today, will be presented by Walter Schrodde and Lizzie Mulvey, one of the cleverest teams of stagers ever seen here. As numerous show "shop sayings" are introduced and good comedy acrobatic dancing is well distributed through the entire skit, it is safe to say this team will be great favorites during their stay in this city.

And next in prominence is another comedy feature, the presentation being made by those well-known artists, Mr. Chas. B. Carter and Miss Gussie Taylor, who will appear in their original comedy sketch, "At Camp Rest." This act will introduce a brand new line of comedy, bright and snappy dialogue, and in the hands of such capable people should be a bright spot on this bright bill. Be sure and see the go-automobile used in this act.

One of the most pleasing acts ever witnessed here is that of the Three Perry Sisters. "Pretty girls, neat in appearance and lots of vim and dash in their act," says a clipping from a big city paper where they recently topped the bill.

"In Chorus Life," the act they present, will show the bright and dull side of a chorus girl's life with a Broadway production.

The Miller Bros., who are known all over the large houses of America, come with highest praise about their act "The Drama," a new mechanical novelty with magnificent electrical effects.

Ed Estus, billed as a hand balancer and equilibrist and the Bennettograph will close one of the most entertaining performances of the season.

Soon to be seen at Bennett's is a spectacular and picturesque act, the Japanese pictorial feature called "The Geisha Dream," and presented by O Hana Saa & Co.

Pete Baker will be here the week of Feb. 17th, and he is a vaudeville star of first magnitude. Pete is one of the famous Chris and Lena fame, so "nuff said."

Local people should patronize a local affair and they will. The Orient Club have been very successful with their sale of tickets for their show which appears at Bennett's on the evenings of Feb. 20 and 21. The boys report that already they have sold out of certain price seats. Come with the crowd on Monday, 17th, and reserve your seat.

A new idea in melodramatic plays, clean comedy, a bit sensational and thrilling, too, and with a much aug-



SCENE FROM "THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPRESS" AT GRAND NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

mented talented cast is what the Klumt & Gazzolo Amusement Company offer their newest production, which bears the title of "The Rocky Mountain Express." The author has written a story of great interest with a locale in the far west, principally amidst the famous old Rockies, which form the great divide. The characters are typical of that region, the plot is powerful and real, has lots of comedy relief, and the story generally is wholesome. During the action of the four acts, sixteen massive scenic mountings are used. The monster snow slide, flight of the Express and the wreck-are among the heavy mechanical effects. "The Rocky Mountain Express" is marked-up on time and will be here next Friday and Saturday, and Saturday matinee at the Grand.

One of the many features in "When Knights Were Bold," Charles Frohman's farce, in which Charles Frohman is presenting Francis Wilson this season, is the numerical strength of the company. As a general rule, laughing plays of this character are presented with a company not exceeding fifteen or eighteen people. In "When Knights Were Bold," however, there is not only a very strong cast made up of the best attainable players, but there is also a large chorus. Forty odd people are required in the production. The part of Sir Guy De Vere, the one played by Francis Wilson, is said to be most admirably suited to his uses. The author has written in a satirical vein satirizing the ancestry question, and in the second act, the hero, with absolutely modern ideas and habiliments is taken back to medieval days and compelled to, in a measure, follow the customs of the time. Charles Frohman will present Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold," at the Grand Tuesday, Feb. 25.

Mr. Ed Efner, the popular treasurer of Bennett's theater, has been appointed manager during the absence of Mr. Elms, who is relieving Mr. R. A. McVean, of Montreal. He is well known in the city and is well-liked. His rise in the theatrical world has been rapid, and the end it not yet.

London theater-goers will regret the loss of Mr. Elms. During his stay here he made many friends, and was exceedingly courteous, and well-liked. He is capable of good things and his career will be watched closely by his many friends.

An announcement of more than usual interest to local lovers of good comedy drama in which a number of popular songs are effectively introduced is made by the management of the Grand, who have arranged for the presentation of "The Choir Singer," one of the present season's greatest successes, which will be seen here Thursday night, Feb. 13.

Both in matter of quality and, so



MR. ED EFNER,
Manager of Bennett's Theater.

far as the scenic equipment which is elaborate, an entire car-load of scenery being used in this production, in the matter of quantity. "The Choir Singer" far exceeds its contemporaries, and for this reason can be presented popularly on none but large stages where every facility for its production can be found. A large company of well-known players has been engaged by Manager W. E. Nankeville, and every accessory is declared to be first-class in every respect.

George Ade's play, "Just Out of College," will be the attraction at the Grand Wednesday, Feb. 12. Mr. Ade has contributed to the stage a very humorous and laughable play. If persons desire to be amused and are not averse to laughing heartily while attending a performance, they will find something to please them at the Grand. "Just Out of College" is



MADAME CALVE.

Who Will Sing "Carmen" at the Grand Opera House, Feb. 17.

most certainly a laugh producer. There are so many good characters in this piece—types of real men and women who are seen in everyday life—that they appeal to the public mind because of their seeming naturalness. Stage license is permissible in the exaggeration of characters, but Mr. Ade has not overdone any of them. He has made his young man just out of college by no means the only strong part. He has surrounded him with other characters of great strength, which harmonize well with that of the youthful college graduate.

"Tom Jones," the comic opera that Henry W. Savage will offer at the Grand Friday, Feb. 21st, was first produced at the Apollo Theater in London last season. Its success there is known to all who keep in touch with London theatricals. It was an unqualified hit, as it was this season when it was presented in New York, where it divided popularity with "The Merry Widow," which Mr. Savage also produced.

It is noteworthy that both in London and New York the critics without exception were enthusiastic over "Tom Jones." Here is what the London Tribune said:

"It may be said in all seriousness that not since Sullivan left us has such new music been produced in English opera, and it is with a glad heart that one welcomes this return to old traditions and this new gift of melody. The spirit of the 'Tom Jones' period is here with its heartiness, its broad West-country humor, its rollicking rowdiness, its lusty youth, its picturesqueness and romance and rare old English fragrance."

This comic opera, founded on Fielding's novel, sparkles with mirth and melody. Its humor is incessant. It compels laughter, while it charms with its music. There are three acts depicting picturesque England, and there is a notable cast, big chorus for the ensembles and dances, and there is a humorous orchestra which is carried by the company.

James K. Hackett is still on a shooting tour, but is expected in New York shortly. His show "John Gayde's Honor" was one of the season's features.

In addition to her promised appearance as Rosalind in "As You Like It," Miss Ethel Barrymore contemplates the production of two other classic comedies, "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

Emile Fay is in New York in vaudeville at present.

Olga Nethersole is playing New York this week.

At a performance of "The Colleen Bawn" when the hero attempted to

PRETTY STORY OF MADAME CALVE

Sang "Ave Maria" at a Poor Italian Boy's Funeral in New York.

A little incident which occurred during Madame Emma Calve's engagement at the Manhattan Opera House last spring gives an insight into her singularly warm and sympathetic nature. A little Italian boy who sold roses in the vicinity of the opera house attracted her attention one night as she was alighting from her motor car and she bought some of his flowers, stopping to speak with him for a moment. Every night thereafter the little lad was waiting for her at the opera house and every night that she met him she bought his whole stock of flowers. There was something about his sparkling black eyes and his omnipresent smile and his old-world air of exaggerated politeness which made an especial appeal to her, and before many nights she was calling him Pasquale and talking to him about Naples which he had left but a few months before.

One night just before the close of her limited engagement Pasquale was missing and his companion, another Italian lad a little older, ventured to announce that "he was a weeka kid." Madame secured the address of the Sullivan street tenement in which he lived and the next morning sent a wonderful box of goodies and wines to him, but it was too late, for before they came the boy was dead, a victim of pneumonia. When the boy's companion announced to her that night that "Pasquale he gone for die," she seemed to be deeply grieved. She inquired the date of the funeral and announced that she would very much like to attend it.

And so it came to pass that on the morning that the poor little funeral procession of two carriages and a hearse toiled through the maze of jabbering push-cart peddlers, the noise of criers and the strange melody of Sullivan street smells to the great stone church of St. Anthony of Padua, a great red touring car drove up to the church and a beautiful lady in furs stepped out and down into the basement where, in the flickering light of half a dozen candles a red-skirted acolyte was dressing the altar. There was a whispered word with the old Franciscan brother at the door, a startled exclamation from him, and then a pause as he limped up the aisle and into the vestry.

There was no organ in the basement except a small affair worked with the feet, but this did not seem to matter to the beautiful lady in the furs, who walked up to it and waited until a young priest came out and sat at it. He shrugged his shoulders in a pathetic gesture and then struck a note with an air of resignation. A moment later and Calve's glorious voice was searching out the dark recesses of the gloomy basement. It was an "Ave Maria" that she sang, and the old Italian women who were telling their beads in the front pews and who had heard fine singing in the old days in Italy, looked up in wonder and amazement at the little man with the earrings and the little tired-looking woman in the black shawl who were Pasquale's parents.

It was a strange spectacle, this spectacle of the idol of a score of great cities in a score of countries, this woman acclaimed as the greatest lyric artist of her time, singing in the dingy basement of an Italian church to an audience of only a dozen or more at the funeral of a boy whom she knew in only the most casual manner. It was characteristic of Calve, who, like all geniuses, does things on impulse nearly always. The song over she dropped on her knees by the little coffin and, after a silent prayer, into a pew where she remained until the end of the funeral service.

It was also characteristic of her that no one knew of the whole affair until weeks afterwards when the



ANDERSON AND GOINES

Colored Entertainers at Bennett's This Week.

priest who had accompanied her on ton and Harry Leon Wilson, called the little organ called at the office of Oscar Hammerstein to seek her out and thank her on behalf of Pasquale's parents, for a gift she had sent them. He told the story, but the opera season had closed then and the press agent was gone on a vacation. He would have given gold and precious stones for a tip on it before the season closed, but there was no tip because Calve detests the sensational publicity which other singers oftentimes crave.

Madame Calve is this year making a tour of the United States under the management of John Cort and the personal direction of J. Saunders Gordon, and is due in this city on Monday, Feb. 17, when she will sing at the Grand.

The Stewart Opera Company is singing the Gilbert & Sullivan operas in Buffalo.

In Lewis Mann's new play he will have a serious character just touched with humor.

Puccini's opera, called "The Maid of the Golden West," is to have a production at Florence, Italy.

"The Witching Hour" is to be produced in London, and "Arizona" in Berlin.

An English production called "The Girls of Guttenburg," is to be sent to America in the spring.

William Faversham is shortly to bring out "The World and His Wife," by Charles F. Nirdlinger.

Tim Murphy is said to be meeting with success in Frederick Paulding's comedy, "Two Men and a Girl."

Bertha Galland has secured a new play by Bronson Howard, which she may produce this season.

Paul Armstrong has written a farce called "Going Some," which will be produced in Chicago in the spring.

Margaret Anglin will produce "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" near the end of February in Philadelphia.

Next season Nat Goodwin will produce, under the management of the Lieblers, a new play by Booth Tarkington.

Signor Ermete Novelli has departed for home and is reported to have said that he will never visit this country again.

"Love's Lottery," in which Madame Schumann-Heink starred for a time until her return to grand opera, is to be revived.

When she produces his new play by Rachael Crothers, "Myself-Bettina,"



CHAS. B. TAYLOR,
At Bennett's Next Week.

Miss Maxine Elliott will have to enlarge her company.

"Toodles," the new comedy which was so successful in London, is now being rehearsed for Charles Frohman and will have an early hearing in this country.

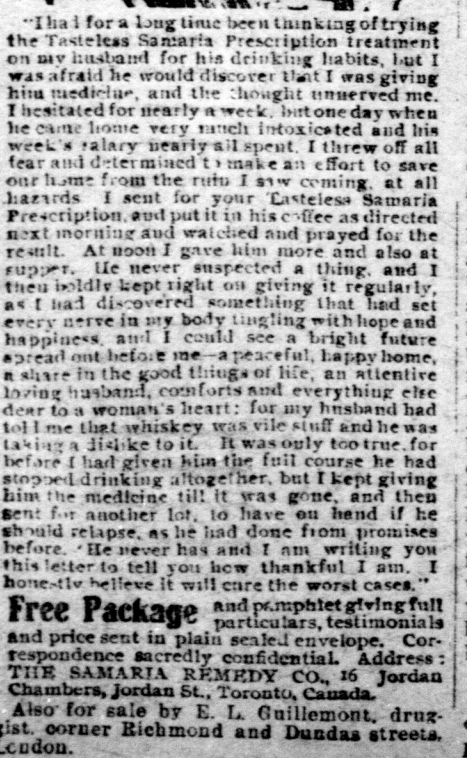


SCENE FROM GEO. ADE'S "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE," AT THE GRAND WEDNESDAY.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., REVIEWS THE LATEST BOOKS DEALING WITH THIS FASCINATING WOMAN—HER PARENTAGE, EDUCATION AND EARLY SURROUNDINGS—HOW SHE WON NAPOLEON.

**HER HUSBAND
WAS A DRUNKARD**

A Lady who cures her husband of
His Drinking Habits Writes
of Her Struggle to
Save her Home. 97



III.
What was the secret of this attractiveness? The first place, of course must be given to her extraordinary and beautiful beauty. I have used the word "extraordinary" because she was not the usual kind of beauty which you meet among her countrywomen. If you see the face of the Empress in a photograph you are at once struck by the fact that there is almost ultra-Spanish in her type. Here, I mean, I do not say, who could never be mistaken for anything but a Spanish woman. There is the long, oval shape, including that curious tendency—may I use the ugly word "egg-shaped"—which makes the face so pouchiness around the jaw; and wherever you see any body of Spanish women, whether in their own country or in the resorts they frequent, this is the first thing which strikes you as their most usual and common characteristic feature. But then, if you had seen her—especially in her youth—her beauty was of almost un-Spanish type. The hair was dazzling fair—indeed, sometimes almost white; the complexion was strangely clear and brilliant, with none of the darkness, amounting almost to sallowness, which is the characteristic complexion of Spanish women under the fierce sun of her native land. Her eyes were not the flaming dark of the typical Spanish, but blue and soft; and they were veiled by long black lashes, rather, the Irish than any other type. And so she proclaimed that curious, arresting, and prophetic quality which always comes from a beauty which is somewhat of an exotic. It is not now too difficult to understand why there should be these contradictions between the Spanish oval shape of the face and the coloring of the hair and eyes. The name had in her blood strains from many different sources. Her grandfather was a Scotchman; her grandmother—still on the maternal side—was a Frenchwoman; and, on the paternal side, her father came from a long line of noble warriors whose names figure largely in the annals of the Spanish wars, and are inscribed in the list of the highest grandees and the exclusive aristocracy of the land.

Such was the young girl physically; how was she mentally? Her mother had been sent by that old Scotch father—who inherited the love of learning—which is so pronounced a characteristic of the Scotch race, to Paris with her sisters, and there it was that she acquired that amount of knowledge which impressed such different acquaintances, as Tichenor, Merimée, and Bayle; and when she returned to England, when it came to the turn of her education, she saw that they got the same advantage. Her future Empress of the French was but eight years old when she reached, at Périgueux, the country she was afterwards to leave at thirty-five years; she breathed in Paris nothing but the literary atmosphere. Her husband, when he was about to marry her, was justified in his statement that her training, and her sympathies had always been French. She was, as a matter of fact, was an officer in the army of Napoleon, and lost an eye and injured one of his legs in fighting the battles of the great Emperor. It was natural, then, that she should be able to speak French like a Frenchwoman, and that at Madrid, she had the advantage of being taught and inspired by Merimée and Bayle, and, indeed, must have been in the society—in the intellectual as well as in the social sense—from her earliest days. Not content with this, the girl was sent to England. Probably she always spoke English, but she was taught the language more thoroughly than she would have been in England, beginning with some time in an English boarding-house. Her school was at Clifton, and it is a curious coincidence that at the same moment and in the same place, a young man, whom we now know as Lord Byron, had been learning his A B C at a Dames' school, being then 10 years old.

VI.
Such, then, was Eugénie de Montijo in her early years. As will be seen, she was at once a person to be counted with; to be noticed wherever she went; and to suggest a curiously mingled impression of attractiveness and disquiet. This may be one of the reasons why she remained unmarried until a comparatively late period in the life of a woman. Another reason may have been some disappointments in early affections which women have to hide with the same heroic endurance as the Spartan boy who allowed the fox

Great Men and the

**GOLDSMITH'S WHOLE CAREER
PUNCTUATED BY NEW SUITS—
CHARLES LAMB'S COMPLAINT—
DRESS SUPPORTS CHARACTER.**

It would be hard, perhaps, to find a man with so much of the philosopher or so little of the fop in his composition as to be able to walk down his own street in a new suit of clothes wholly forgetful of his voluntary transgression. Depend upon it, no uterine but a philosopher or a fool can utterly triumph over the small self-consciousness of such occasions.

COLDSMITH'S NEW SUITS.

Even Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, who was both, could not do it; yet no man of his day indulged in more frequent and more successful sallies from shyness to suaveness of attire. In truth, he would say, alluding to his finery with perfect naïveté, "one has to make vast sacrifices for good company's sake; for one must wear one of several places where I used to play." He was agreeably," Goldsmith's, whole career, as narrated by Forster, is punctuated by new suits of clothes. Now a handsome coat of rougevelure over purple silk, small waist and long skirt, the gleam of green previous months of poverty; now it is a coat of "Tyrian bloom satin-grain and garter-blue knee silk breeches," that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had just made up for him. When shyness it replaced, the doctor would go gallily forth in his new toggery to take whatever "nips" awaited him with the best grace he could. Against these, the simplicity was a wonderful protection.

GARRICK.

At a dinner given by Boswell the company was kept waiting for Sir Joshua, who had not arrived, and says Boswell, "Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and, I believe, was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully susceptible of impressions." Garrick, seeing his opportunity for a joke at Goldsmith's expense, interrupted his boastings with "Come, come, you are perhaps the worst—" "Eh, what?" eagerly snapped Goldsmith, trying to stop Garrick's flow. "Nay," continued Garrick, laughing ironically, "I am not at all vain, but like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill-dressed." "Well," answered Goldsmith, with his delightful simplicity, "let me tell you, when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a new coat made for you, and anybody asks you who made your clothes, you please to mention John Filby, at the Harrow in Water Lane.'" But poor "Noll" was yet to wince, for Johnson immediately remarked, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus, for the sake of a tin, and to see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a color."

TAILOR'S CAPRICE.

Hitherto, reference has been made to voluntary changes of attire only, but the penalty of new clothes may reside in your tailor's caprice or mistaken sense of fitness. You may have your individuality twisted almost out of recognition in this way. Such, on one occasion, was Charles Lamb's fate; but

to eat out his entrails rather than utter a cry of pain. There is one such story, doubt. When he was a young man, his attractive sister was eighteen, she was married to the Duke of Berwick and Alva—dependent on the one side of the Duke of Churchill and James II., and on the other of the Duke of Marlborough. The name of this family never, as an awful name is still recalled with a shudder in the Lowlands as the most complete impersonation of Spanish tyranny and Spanish cruelty when they came to Spain, and to Spain. The story is that the young duke admired the same man as her elder; and in her despair at overhearing conversation at which the duke announced his intention of marrying his sister, she attempted to commit suicide. This may be false; but it is known that when Louis Napoleon proposed to her in 1855 she was frank enough to tell him that her heart had been touched more than once already, and that the woman ever reaches twenty-seven—the age of Eugénie when she married—without some such experience?

By the theme she was asked in marriage, Eugénie then had had much experience of the world. She had visited most of the capitals of Europe, she had known the best society in them all; she had been loved, she had been sought by more than one admirer, she had been more than once touched. But nobody did doubt that all these things had passed over her without making any real diminution in that fund of reserve which she had in her perfect complexion, her bright eyes, her alert and beautiful figure. It was as a horsewoman that she finally conquered the heart of Louis Napoleon. He had loved her for some years before he had met her, and he had loved her in fact. But his advisers recommended that he find a bride in the royal courts: his future was uncertain until 1852 — the plot to overturn the republic was not yet successfully carried out, and it was not yet decided whether the guillotine. When at last he saw his self-proclaimed emperor, when the different courts turned a cold shoulder on his proposals, when one day he saw his beautiful creature dressed as an empress, he felt that he had found the perfect ease of an accomplished rider. He at last gave full rein to his passion. The other Napoleons were enragée, society was shocked, the ministers protested; but Louis Napoleon had a good deal of the spirit of his grandfather, and he went on. He had married her with her dazzling fortune, half-frightened by her sudden elevation from comparative obscurity to such brilliant eminence, thinking at one time of her as a fortune-hunter, and the woman on the throne in French history — of Josephine, of Marie Louise, but, above all of Marie Antoinette — she accompanied Napoleon to Notre Dame. And there she was married with the pomp and splendour of a monarchy as surrounded the weddings of kings and her predecessors, and there she was haunted as they were by the shadow of uncertainty, suspense, and the specter of the final and almost inevitable disaster, flight from death, banishment.

Influence of Clothes

the world is richer for the complaint he addressed to Southey, "My tailor," he writes, "has brought me home a new coat, lined with a velvet collar, and lined with a velvet collar, and lined with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion made upon them. The rogue has been making his friends by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters; but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, and then become him as a tailor nor the ninth part of a man! The gentle Ella felt, no doubt, with Teufelsdrachme, "clothes give us individuality, distinctions, social polity; clothes make men of us; but they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us."

No sensible man wants to pass for a clothes-screen; but without being that he may admit that if a new outfit is not the "very partikler circumstance" to him which it was to Sam Weller, it sequence and, in a manner of some small consequence, to the contemptible influence on his life, of his unwearying pride the schoolboy's "nips for new" is still directed in some form or other. A hundred accidents wait to befall the man who is not. But the philosophy that rails at dress is not mundane enough to be true. In any new environment a man is instantly judged by his get up, and though the judgment thus formed may be wrong, it cannot be easily altered. As Lord Chesterfield said, dress is "help in the pernier abord, which is often decisive."

ATMOSPHERIC DRESS.

A story told of Girard, the famous French painter, tells in no wise against the vital importance of dress. When very young he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lajunjaais, then Napoleon's council. The young painter, in a shabby attire, and his companion were extremely surprised to find Lajunjaais found in him such evidences of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take away the rose, too, and accompanied by his sister, he was dismissed. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My good friend," said Lajunjaais, anticipating the inquiry, "we have known you for many years according to his dress, and to leave of him according to his merit."

CHARACTER AND DRESS.

Dress supports character. Other things being the same, the well-dressed man prevails with his fellows. He has the courage of his cut. Unshaven men are inferior to those who can reveal himself and his face with the more assurance. The wisdom and folly of dress are alike seen in the character of Malvolio as he walks about in the disguise of Maria's audaciously forged letter in which he tells of what he believes to be Olivia's own communication. "Remember who commanded thy yellow stockings; and look you, no white."—"I have forgot myself," Then while Maria laughs at his cheek and the rest laugh in the shadow of the box-tree, Malvolio soliloquizes: "I will be proud, I will be reviled, I will do my best to please the lady, to wash her foot with my tears, to see her walk away with a new husband."—He will be point de vice, the very man, I did not now feel myself, to let imagination fade me; for every reason exiles to death that my lady loves me.

of late, she did praise my leg belov-
cross-gartered; and in this she man-
ifests herself to my love, and, with a
kind of injunction, drives me to these
habits of her liking. I thank my stars
I am happy. I will be strange, stout,
in yellow stockings, and cross-garter-
ed; even with the swiftness of putting
on. Jove and my stars be praised.

PRISON DANDIES.

The pride of clothes is so deeply imbedded in human nature that it survives even in prison. There are dandies even in Portland. The late Mr. James J. Foxworth, reporting the experiences of an ex-prisoner in the first person, writes:

"I have known men obtain z needles and thread on the sly and alter the set of their trousers—the trousers they swapped with the red Pen—to what was the standard pattern when they were last in the world. I have seen men seen as much as a precious "quarter" (a quarter of an inch) of tobacco paid by a swell for the privilege of exchanging his trousers for another convict's. The swell, the swell liked the cut of the convict's trousers—his "grooves," his "hem." They thought it gave him a fair by means of a bit of tail saved from his dinner, and curls if it is long enough. Saturday night is the convict swell's greatest time. Once a fortnight on a Saturday every man has to wear tan flannels, in addition to his coat, vest, shirt, drawers and socks, shirts, shoes, and hose, and thus he finds in his cell when he returns in the afternoon from work. On a Saturday the blacking and brushes go round, so that the men may polish their light shoes; then, what with his blacking and his shiny shoes, and his nattily-tied necktie, and his fashionable fitting trousers, the convict swell looks quite grand marching to chapel on a Saturday evening."

Man has been well defined as an animal who wears clothes.—T. P.'s Week-

**NO MORE MIDDLE-
AGED WOMEN**

THE EVER-GREEN MATRON — EF-
FECT OF HEALTH CULT AND
TASTE IN DRESS.

The mature enchantress has been with us through the ages, but the complete disappearance of the middle-aged woman is a salient feature of the twentieth century, says the *London Times*. The world of women seems now divided into girls, young married women and old ladies, young or great-grandmothers. Everyone is fresh, and no one has wrinkles, and the type of woman who in the past matron has become as distinct as the dead and gone Victorian era. Modern mothers look as young as their daughters, and we are now familiar with the rare type of grandmothers.

One notices this everywhere—in the park, at the opera and at dances and dinners. Everyone has bright eyes, a flower face and a slender form, and they are dressed alike and dressed to perfection. And the same style seems to be equally well suited to a girl of 18 and her mother of 40. Youth and beauty count for much, but no one can deny that we have arrived at a dead end in the evolution of the modern type of womanhood.

And there can be said as regards interests and amusements. Women of 50 or 60 yacht, hunt, shoot, dance, place golf, and hockey, ride, and drive their own motors. A certain measure of manliness for seven years ago still rides her blood in London streets, and a dowager duchess who is a grandmother led a cotillon last summer with splendid success. And these evergreen matrons not only share the sports and pastimes of the young, but they show an equal verve and gusto and an unceasing energy. They are seen at the opera night after night, attend balls, do week ends, hold stalls at bazars, and play bridge into the small hours of the morning. In fact, they are to find, renew their youth and remain so for the next two generations. And one wonder how the trick is done and if the world gains on the transactions. For as a natural sequence it means that young girls find rivals in smart married women, who now keep their places as the mainstay of the social period. And it also affects the marriage market, the number of men who marry women much older than themselves has of late increased in a marked manner. The case of Lady Castlemore and Harry Esmond is a common one in the very close of the day.

The secret of eternal youth and the making of a multimillionaire of its luck

possessor. But the precious recipe is still unknown, and society women must keep their looks at the cost of time, much trouble and more money than they would otherwise have done. The only way to keep the face in good state in this direction, Temperance is a watchword of the moment, and smart society goes in strong for the "simple life" and for so-called vegetarianism. To my mind, plenty of food and drink avoided, and the use of alcohol are safe to preserve one's youthful vitality. And a few women have adopted this system for their simplicity as well as badly betterment. If you want to grow in grace you must diet. Diet is the way to what you want. Then the "don't worry" doctrine has common sense on its side. Worry makes wrinkles, and as for bad temper—well, that is the root of all evil.

King Edward's reign has brought us many new things, and among them the new, grace-infused beauty. For in those days, middle-aged women are apt to arrive in early middle age—indeed, in some cases, when a woman is at the zenith of her youth and loveliness. In fact, a young girl transfigured in white hair and blue eyes is a very poignant fascination. But it must be admitted that the blanching brunettes get the innings. Her dark eyes and vivid coloring tone in well with white hair and give the poultre effect, so successful.

Taste in dress is on the up grade and has done much for gray hair and also for the middle aged sisterhood.

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young are no longer doomed to wear black, brown or some other somber coloring. The new style, which took by mothers and grandmothers alike, by youthful debutantes; and royal ladies who have reached middle life show a marked fondness for white and cream color. This is specially noticeable in the case of Queen Alexandra and of her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. Gray is good to the white-haired woman, and she often wears it to perfection. Pink is also kind to her, and these soft shades combine charmingly. An artist in color can do wonders.

Everything in life-art, dress, modern rules of health and toilet inventions—tends toward the disappearance of the middle-aged woman. And she is no longer to be met with even in fiction. In up-to-date novel girls take a back seat, and the age of heroines goes well into the forties and fifties. Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans" seems a back number, and we read of lovely ladies with a lurid past who can give up their past and re-creating to youthful debutante. But every girl has its ripened charms, although they were not so plentiful as at the present period. Cleopatra was forty when she enslaved Antony; Diane de Poitiers and Mme. de Maitenon made the hearts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. flutter; and Desjaret, the famous actress, was said to be gray and graceful at seventy.

The rattles of the rattlesnake lie edge-wise. It is evident that they must be a season as they are but continuous of the backbone. The snake carries the rattles on the ground except when he raises them to sound his warning. This will be evidenced by the fact that in every snake of any size that is killed the rattles are worn through on the under side.

New York's Zoological Park has

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Sleep Preserves Good Looks

TAKE BEAUTY NAPS DURING THE DAY IF YOU CAN.

If You Can't Sleep There is a German Cure for Insomnia Which Includes Coarse Bread and Hard Work.

A wise woman who knows all the secrets of the professional beauty has turned her attention away from the complexion and the color of the hair and is making a study of sleep.

"Sleep is the most important aid to beauty in the world," she says, "and I regard the beauty nap as an absolute essential to a woman's good looks. Lack of sleep will make a woman old and yellow, while plenty of sleep will make her young and gay. Most women think it is enough to sleep at night, but the beauty sleep taken during the day is immensely important."

"The woman who sleeps sufficiently will have hair that keeps its natural color; her eyes will sparkle and her skin will be clear, her step will be elastic and her voice will keep its pretty, even tone. Every one knows how quickly a woman's voice loses its youth. That is on account of the lack of beauty sleep."

"Faces can keep young if their owner will keep rested. I have a beautiful patient who makes a study of looking rested. She always steals a beauty sleep before dinner."

"A very luxurious patient of mine is in the habit of giving her face a beauty bath. She uses champagne and milk, and she dabs her face with a little sponge saturated in the mixture. Then she takes a short nap and when she awakes she is as bright as a button."

"It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of money for the face bath. A dash of diluted cologne would do almost as well as champagne and milk, and there are nice lotions of violets and spirits of cologne that answer the same purpose and can be made at home."

"The beauty nap is a thing that must be cultivated. Getting up too early kills the bright eyes of many a woman. It is a good thing to lie in bed as long as you can."

"Falling asleep is easy if you know its science. Counting sheep as they jump over a wall will not put you to sleep, but cool air will speedily make one sleepy."

"Open the windows so that a gentle breeze strikes your face, cover yourself up warmly, sniff a little perfume and you will drop asleep. After you have formed the habit you will not need the perfume."

"A New Jersey beauty has an open-air sleeping parlor where she takes her daily nap, winter and summer. It is on the sheltered side of the house. In this quiet, cool spot the beauty sleeps."

"She has a Japanese bed, all matting and rugs, and over this in winter there is an abundant feather bed with another feather bed for a coverlet. The result is a delightful beauty nap at a minute's notice."

"The pillow nap is something new. It is specially noted as a complexion nap."

"The essentials are pillows, dozens of them, all heaped upon the couch in such a way as to rest the nerves. The pillows are filled with various compounds."

"One of my patients has three little rose-leaf pillows which she places under her head. She calls them ear-pillows. They are just about the size of the hand."

"She has also three square pillows filled with pine needles, loosely packed, and she has several clove top and lavender pillows. These are shaken up daily and placed in a warm spot to coax them to send out their fragrance."

"I tell my patients to heat their pillows. A hot pillow is a great comfort. The hot pillow, which is covered with a red flannel cover, can be heated very hot and used at the back of the feet, wherever the tired ache may be."

"Rose pillows should be kept cool; their odor comes out best when they are cool and slightly moist."

"Green is the soothing color for the beauty nap. I advise my patients to have a green room."

"It does one's looks no good to sleep cold. The pretty woman who lies down with cold feet and who drops into troubled sleep still shivering will not benefit by her sleep."

"She must have a pair of warm slippers, lined with down, and her coverlet must be warm."

"The odor of pinks sends many a woman to sleep, and when a patient cannot afford to buy fresh pinks daily for a head rest I advise her to make a spice pillow, which answers the purpose quite as well. It is almost a soporific; it lulls one to sleep instantly."

"The important thing about restoring beauty by sleep is that the body shall rest thoroughly. The woman who sleeps with her hair in papers is not resting; her scalp will be tired. The woman who does her hair up tightly before going to bed who holds it closely or in any way that the scalp will wake up with wrinkles in her face."

"The mind is a very important factor of the beauty nap. Don't worry if you want to sleep sweetly."

"Don't go to sleep thinking ugly thoughts. Only the sweetest and most agreeable fancies should engage the mind in the five minutes before one drifts away to dreamland. The woman who cries herself to sleep will wake up with gray hairs and deep lines in her brow."

"In the great retreats where women go to become young they make the patient exercise before going to bed. Bodily exercise of the most vigorous nature is part of the programme."

"An American woman who went to a German cure expecting to be petted and pampered as when at home, received a rude shock. Insomnia had been her complaint from girlhood. Hearing of the cure she went to Germany to take it."

"For breakfast this pampered child of luxury had a cup of coffee, some cold ham and brown bread."

"I cannot eat a mouthful," she complained.

"It is much the better," said the dietitian. "The coffee was only a substitute, mostly burnt wheat; and as for the breakfast, you are better off without eating."

"Only one meal a day was eatable and the woman found that she could live richly with one very square meal a day."

"When she grew hungry she ate the coarse brown bread."

"Her exercise was quite unconventional. On raw days she was set to washing the inner side of the windows, and on warm days she was told to sweep the garden walks."

"It is hard to kill me," said she, "recounting the tale to an indignant audience afterward."

"But did you recover from your insomnia?" asked some one.

"Recover?" said the woman with a laugh. "I never thought of it once after I got there. I was so mad and so tired, so utterly worn out by night that I slept perfectly. I even took day naps during the half hour before dinner and luncheon, and I napped a little while in the middle of the afternoon if I had time—when I wasn't sweeping or washing."

"The woman who doesn't protest to sweep or wash can try the Ceylon cure for sleeplessness. A great crystal ball is hung from the ceiling just where the eyes can fall upon it. The rule is that you must concentrate your thoughts upon the globe and its dancing image. In a surprisingly short time you are asleep. You will stay asleep a very long time, for there is a hypnotism about the swinging globe."

—New York Sun.

When Kings Sit Down to Eat

ROYALTY DOES NOT ALWAYS DINE SUMPTUOUSLY.

King Edward's Arrangement of His Meals an Original One—Austrian Emperor's Meals Are Simple—Kaiser Likes Sausage and Sauerkraut—Fragrant Leopold.

The menus for King Edward's daily dinners are printed on illuminated cards surrounded by the royal arms and having a view in sepia of Windsor or of Buckingham Palace, according to the place where the King is staying.

The menu is headed "His Majesty's Dinner," says a writer in Town and Country. Then comes the date, and after that the names of the dishes.

These are in French and include two kinds of soups, two of fish, two entrées, two relishes, two roasts and three entremets. There is also a side table with various cold meats.

The King has arranged his meals in rather a curious fashion. At 9 a. m. eggs, cold meat, toast and tea are served in his study. Luncheon of three or four dishes is at 2 o'clock.

At 5 o'clock there is tea with little cakes. At 7 a light supper with cold meats and, usually, about midnight, a serious supper with many French dishes.

Among King Edward's favorite dishes is a minute chicken on a morsel of toast. These little poussins yield but two or three mouthfuls and in London are retailed at almost prohibitive prices. But in the west of Ireland they are sold by barefooted peasant girls for sixpence each.

The King is abstemious in the matter of liquid refreshment. He takes a cocktail of his own invention made of a little rye whiskey, some crushed ice, a small square of pineapple, a piece of lemon peel, a few drops of maraschino, ditto of bitters, and powdered sugar literally "to the King's taste."

When the table is set for a banquet at Windsor Castle it is a dazzling sight. Only those who have seen the golden plate can have any idea of the wonderful plate owned by the royal family of England.

The collection includes two gold dogs, each three feet high, formerly used as fire dogs; a scent fountain in gold enamel with figures of Arabs grouped around it watching their horses; dozens of heavy gold candlesticks, silver wine coolers and flagons innumerable.

Among the curious customs which are said to survive in the royal household is that of not furnishing finger bowls to any guests except royalty. The custom dates back to the time of the Pretender. Those who sympathized with him had an ingenious way of drinking the health of the reigning King, at the same time holding their glass over the finger bowl, thus qualifying their toast. "To the King—over the water!"

At Austrian state dinners the menu is nearly a yard long and a dish is scarcely placed in front of one before the court marshal taps his gong and away goes the next dish to make way for the next. Upon ordinary occasions the Emperor takes his meals alone, each one being brought to him on a tray. His dinner consists of four courses, his luncheon of two. Neither butter nor sugar is ever allowed on his private table.

When the royalties of Russia dine without guests the dishes are of the most simple, even bourgeois, description; the Czar, although a hearty eater, prefers simple food. When the repast assumes a ceremonial form the cuisine is of the most elaborate character. The chef's staff numbers over 1,200 persons, and these include twenty-four officers of the mouth, fifty yeomen of the buffet and 120 chefs of the first, second and third rank.

Feeding the German Emperor is no light task, and in spite of all that is said about the Kaiser's Spartan habits, there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables. He has no fewer than four chefs, a German, an Englishman, an Italian and a Frenchman.

Each of these chefs has his staff of assistants, while in addition there is an individual who may safely be described as a sausage maker to the Kaiser. His Majesty is very fond of the huge white frankfurts and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his kitchen. When engaged in maneuvering his army on a big field day, these frankfurts and beer, washed down with lager beer, invariably form the Kaiser's luncheon.

The dish dearest to the heart of the Kaiser is sauerkraut, served with sausages and bacon fried together. The Kaiser's cooks are strictly limited as regards table expenses, and are never allowed more than a certain sum for each person a meal, unless, of course, there is a state dinner, when the allowance is much more liberal.

King Carlos is not easy to entertain and he has on royal trick which is not exactly becoming to a philosopher. Once his lip has touched a glass that glass must be replaced; twenty sips means twenty glasses, with much waste of good liquor and twenty-fold work for the waiters.

King Carlos has earned the reputation of being the hungriest of monarchs. His three chief meals are colossal and he cannot exist without a snack every two hours.

He strolls into the bars and tea rooms when the hour strikes and it is even hinted that he was once seen in an automatic lunch room on a Paris boulevard gulping five-cent sandwiches, too hungry to endure the delay of chic restaurants.

Being very fat, King Carlos is forbidden by his physicians to eat much meat. He disobeys the doctors, however, and is especially fond of beef, of which he eats great quantities.

When he visited England, a few years ago, he was stopping at Lord Salisbury's country seat, where King Edward was also a guest. One day at dinner King Carlos was asked what had impressed him most during his short stay in England.

He replied, thoughtfully, "Well, I think English roast beef is very delightful."

"Oh," laughed King Edward, "surely something else has impressed you as well."

"Ah," was the reply, "of course. The English boiled beef also is delightful."

The Shah of Persia uses a dinner service which is incrustated with precious stones, and the kitchen appointments at his palace in Teheran are valued at \$5,000,000. The Shah's kitchen is of marble with pillars of onyx, which give it the air rather of a banquet hall than the place where his elaborate dinners are prepared. The stove is of massive silver, as is nearly everything else, down to the smallest kettle.

There are two principal meals, Greece there are two principal meals. The luncheon is a heavy meal, rather after the German fashion. The King has an extraordinary taste for mutton, which greasy compound figure, nearly every dinner given at the palace. His Majesty is a big eater at the two principal meals, and is not pleased when any dish does not come up to what it ought to be.

There are no less than thirty cooks and undercooks in the royal kitchen, the majority of whom, though there are always some Germans, and, of course, a small staff of Greeks to look after the curious Oriental sweetmeats and desserts, which only Turks and Greeks can make and of which the King is a devout admirer.

At half past 3 there is a dinner, a function exactly similar to the luncheon. When there are no guests of distinction the after dinner hours are passed in the most bourgeois fashion.

The private kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey is a veritable fortress, consisting of a small chamber situated to the right of the great entrance, and is guarded by barred windows and an armor-plated door. The cook officials and the ever waiting eye of the keldarji bachi, one of the most weighty functionaries in the Yıldiz Palace at Constantinople; for the health, the very life, even, of the ruler is at his mercy. When the Sultan dines he sits in a room with barred windows, and the keldarji bachi, who is bearing the official seal of the keldarji, and remains hermetically closed until the seals are broken in the Sultan's own presence.

The Sultan is not a great eater, for he kills his appetite with the number of cigarettes he smokes, and he takes his meals wherever he happens to be. Scores of people from the kitchen follow the meal in procession into the imperial chamber, and often the keldarji is requested to clear away the smoking dish before the Sultan partakes of it.

For breakfast the Mikado is perfectly satisfied with a bowl of bean soup and a few other dishes, but his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, and he always declines it as a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held—the cherry blossom viewing party at the Kioshiwa Botanical Garden or the chrysanthemum party at the Akasaka Palace, for instance—he will not spare expense in preparing an elegant European banquet.

King Leopold of Belgium is a most frugal man and the most particular as to his diet of all the monarchs. He eats a small dinner at 1 o'clock, when his early breakfast consists of a little bread and sweets, jam, jelly or marmalade, sometimes a little fruit and a cup of tea. His luncheon is still more simple, and quite often he eats no luncheon.

His evening meal consists of two courses, never more, prepared in the plainest manner, and he eats absolutely nothing after dinner.

THE SQUIRREL GOT HIS LUNCH

BUT CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST GIRL.

This is the story of Pedro, the "cooed" and "cooed" tragedy, which took place in the shadow of Low Library on the Columbia University campus.

Pedro, late of Italy, was told to clear away a path, through the snow, leading from One Hundred and Twenty street to the entrance of the library—a necessary precaution in view of the fact that the university trustees were to hold their regular meeting in the afternoon.

Realizing the importance of his trust, the Italian set to work earnestly and curbed a mad alley in the new-fallen snow, just wide enough to let the trustees go in two by two, if they so desired, to their place of meeting.

By noontime the digger had passed the fountain, and was on the home stretch for the library steps. Then he took off his heavy coat, hung it tenderly on a branch of a nearby tree, and set to work once more.

ENTER THE HUNGRY SQUIRREL. In that same yew tree a squirrel sat summing himself, and incidentally looking for food. His roving eye at length caught sight of Pedro's coat, hanging below, and whether through instinct or from a squirrel's curiosity, he whisked down from his perch and proceeded to investigate. One of the coat pockets bulged out suspiciously and naturally attracted the animal's attention. In a minute the pocket was emptied, and its contents devoured by the half-starved squirrel.

Now it so happened that as the energetic Pedro finished his pathway and had acquired a robust appetite, a "cooed" chance to pass on her way to Barnard, and as luck would have it dropped her muff just opposite the tree where Pedro's coat hung. Several notebooks followed the muff, of course, and it took some time before everything was collected and the "cooed" proceeded on her way once more.

But she had taken only a few steps when she felt a tug at her sleeve, and looking around, found herself face to face with Pedro.

"You took da lunch," exclaimed the Italian abruptly, at the same time holding up his coat, and exposing the empty pocket. "You took da lunch," he insisted, without relinquishing his grip, "you giva da lunch back, you hear?"

"The 'cooed' needless to say, was shocked at the meaning of the accusation dinned upon her."

"Sir—," she began, but the Italian would not stand upon ceremony. "Da lunch in da pocket, you make da swipe, yes!" He had begun to drag her forcibly back on the campus, evidently intending to appeal to the authorities. For a while, the situation threatened to become serious, had not the late Pedro's eye fallen on a piece of newspaper lying beneath the tree. It was part of the paper in which his lunch had been wrapped, and contained several crumbs which the mischievous squirrel had overlooked.

"Aha," exclaimed Pedro, as he shook his fist at the young thief. "Da rascal, he took da lunch!"

Apologies followed, and the "cooed" with sympathetic sympathy gave Pedro a tip that would pay for several lunches.—New York Post.

TEARING DOWN OLD LONDON

CROSBY HALL CONDEMNED—BRICK COURT AND ITS FAMOUS TENANTS.

When the yearly tide of American tourists sweeps over London next spring there will be three places which sightseers will not find as historians have represented them. The fact is that London has joined in the modern cry for sanitation, convenience and quick transit, even at the expense of old traditions and picturesque landmarks.

There are many conservative lovers of the traditions of the good old days who view with horror the destruction of ancient buildings where Dr. Johnson and his Boswell, Goldsmith, Garrick and many others lived, struggled, suffered and achieved. But modern progress takes small heed of their protests.

When the Kingsway, that short-cut from Oxford street to the Strand, was constructed to relieve the congestion of the narrow streets, whole blocks of old houses were ruthlessly swept away to a chorus of indignant protest, which has gradually changed into a grudging appreciation of the advantages of the thoroughfare.

There has been a similar indignant protest against the proposed destruction of Crosby Hall, but it is not likely to be of avail. This historic building, where stormy debates have been held among the nobles of past centuries, and where regal banquets have taken place, will be sold, and on its site may be built an ordinary dwelling, or, if the possessor is enterprising, a modern store. The movement to collect subscriptions to keep and renovate this relic of the past has died of inanition. Americans who have not already wandered through its corridors and studied its ancient glories are not likely to have the chance to do so now.

Another change which is causing a stir is placing an observatory on Hampstead Heath, which for years and years has been a stretch of softly rolling ground, gorse covered, wind blown with a wonderful view for miles around. Here have passed countless processions in bygone years, here a battle was fought. Here Dickens loved to wander, and here he pictured Barnaby Rudge and his raven.

Now the Heath is a sort of happy hunting ground for sweethearts of the crowded districts whose family-filled homes allow of no tender interviews between a girl and the man of her choice. On holidays they come in swarms to the "Heath."

It seems the irony of fate that an observatory should rise upon this Garden of Eden. It will be for astronomical and scientific studies, but he will be a hard-headed scientist who does not study a little human nature in the course of his observations.

One more sign of the times: In a little court in the Middle Temple, that home of lawyers and students for so many years is a row of small brick houses which have stood since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Edmund Spenser wrote of them that their "bricky towers" rose where willow Templar Knights were wont to bide. Of these old-time dwellings, always a

LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE ACTIVE.

Very busy with the good work, but not more efficient than the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. Fifty years' use proves the great merit of "Putnam's"—use no other.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, STOP HIM! That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

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STOP HIM!

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WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.
PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

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You must Eat—to work,—but choose a food that combines flavor, economy and the maximum amount of nourishment.

For Breakfast—try a steaming hot dish of Clark's Pork and Beans—nothing better. Gives a substantial supply of working energy for the day.

Three flavors—Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce. Purity and quality guaranteed by the stamp "Canada Approved Establishment 24," and by the name of

WM. CLARK, Mr., Montreal.

Take Care of the Dollars

And the Pennies will take care of themselves.

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DEPOSIT YOUR SAVINGS HERE. Interest is paid quarterly upon deposits, and Huron & Erie Debentures earn 4 per cent. per annum.

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There is no stronger Company with which to do business in Canada. Correspondence gladly entered into.

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delight

Great Cases of Great Detectives

Vidocq and the Locksmith's Daughter

BY GEORGE BANTON, IN WASHINGTON STAR.

[Eugene Francis Vidocq, who has been called the Father of Detectives, was born at Arras, July 23, 1775, the son of a baker. He became in turn an actor, a soldier, a convict, a soldier, a forger and a convict. He was sent to the galleys for eight years, but he escaped and joined a band of highwaymen. He turned state's evidence on some of his companions, and in 1812 was made chief of the secret police of Paris, exemplifying the phrase, "Set a thief to catch a thief." He was remarkably successful, but finally lost his place in 1825. He opened a private detective agency and also published four volumes of his memoirs. He died in poverty in 1857.]

M. Henry, the prefect of the Paris police, sat at his desk in his private office, his face a picture of perplexity. He picked up a paper that lay before him and read it carefully for the third time. It was an official report of a desperate robbery that had occurred in the heart of the French capital the night before. Moreover, it was one of many similar reports. There had been an epidemic of robberies, and the police seemed powerless to stop them. M. Henry summoned M. Bertaux, famed as a cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Paristot, an expert in prisons, and the three men talked long and earnestly, but without coming to any conclusions. Presently a look of gratification overspread the countenance of M. Henry. He turned to his colleagues.

"Gentlemen, I have it."

"What is it?" they called in chorus.

"Be seated," he responded, "and wait."

They did as they were bid, and the prefect touched a button. A messenger responded.

"Tell Vidocq to come here at once," said M. Henry.

In a few minutes the door opened and a strong, well-built man, with a pair of shoulders shrouded in the blue eyes, a smooth face and a perpetual smile, he glanced about him in a furtive way and realized that he was in the presence of the triumvirate of talent that ruled the underworld of Paris. He squared himself as a man would who was preparing on the defensive. But the first words of the prefect reassured him. "Vidocq, we need your assistance."

The man bowed low.

"M. Henry, I am at your service absolutely."

The prefect handed him the report. "Take that and read it carefully. It is one of many. The criminals are doing a carnival. I want you to capture this gang. My regular police have failed. They bring me only excuses; I wish you to bring me the prisoners."

Vidocq smiled that everlasting smile and bowed again.

"It shall be as you wish, M. Henry."

He left the room with three batteries of sharp eyes leveled at him.

M. Bertaux shrugged his shoulders. "A quick doctor sent to capture burglars."

M. Paristot spread out his hands in disgust.

"A showman's clown, a petty thief on the detective force."

M. Henry smiled blandly.

"Gentlemen, you are not alone in your disapproval. Do you see these papers?" pointing to a high pile on the side of his desk. "These are all protests and complaints against the employment of Vidocq. Some are from honest men, some are from thieves. But he shall have his chance. His past is behind him; his future is in his own hands. I shall judge him solely by results."

Vidocq spent all morning in going over the reports that had been placed in his hands. After that he returned to his lodgings, and throwing himself on the bed lay awake all night devising a plan of campaign. When daylight arrived it was completely blocked out in his mind—not a detail was overlooked.

The first step was to discard his own personality and take up that of another. It would have to be a thief. The honor of being impersonated fell to one Germain, alias "the captain." He was a fugitive galley slave. Vidocq had known him in the days—well, in the days before he became a detective. Germain had dark brown hair, that of

Vidocq light; he was thin, Vidocq was stout; his complexion was sallow, that of Vidocq was clear. But the resourceful detective overcame all of these obstacles. Days were employed in perfecting his likeness. First he attained a seven days' growth of beard. Then he dyed his hair and beard black. By the generous use of white walnut liquor he attained a most unhealthy complexion. The original was a snuff fiend. Vidocq garnished his upper lip with a mixture of coffee grounds and gum arabic. He made blisters on his feet by rubbing in a composition with which he was familiar. He made the marks of the fetters on his ankles, and dressing himself in a suitable garb was ready for his enterprise.

After that he became a regular frequenter of the thieves' dens of Paris. He drank cheap gin, tossed off absinthe, cursed the police, showed the marks of the irons on his legs, and altogether made himself a general favorite. Night after night he visited a cheap concert hall in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he met most of the disreputable characters of the French metropolis. He became very friendly with most of them, and made them drink his health in sundry glasses of bad wine. The resort was a veritable clearing-house for the gossip of the underworld. A man or a woman who had not "served time" was out of place in that assemblage. Talk of burglaries, past and prospective, was as free as any marks concerning the state of weather. Vidocq told of his experiences with great vividness, and with a degree of exaggeration that would have won a medal from the Ananias Club.

Among so many little thieves there was one big chief. His name was Constantine, a former fencing master, who, having run the gamut of dissipation, had now reached the closing stages of crime in his spent life. His companions looked upon him as a man of enterprise—bold in execution and on all occasions possessing the most unblushing effrontery. The attention of the police had been directed to him more than once, but they had never been able to secure the least scintilla of evidence against the man.

Vidocq, knowing this, moved cautiously. He knew that a misstep might mean his own life, for he was in the midst of desperate characters, who thought nothing of murder. He put on a sad face, bemoaned his own fate, and bewailed the fact that he had no means of recouping his fallen fortunes. He became friendly with one of the intimates of Constantine, and that worthy, being plying with liquor, gave the detective full particulars of the habits of the big thief. They passed the night together, and before morning Vidocq knew all about the haunts of Constantine.

On the following day he again met his valuable informant in the dance hall on the Faubourg St. Germain. He was quite excited.

"Would you like to meet Constantine?" he asked Vidocq.

"Most assuredly," replied the detective.

They remained in conversation for some time. Presently the door opened, and a smart-looking fellow came in. Vidocq's companion plucked at his sleeve.

"Now is your time if you wish to speak to Constantine—he is here."

The detective looked up and saw a neatly dressed man of 30, with good broad shoulders. He was about 5 feet 6 inches high, extremely good-looking, fine black hair and regular teeth. Vidocq only waited long enough for the new-comer to be seated, when he went up to him carelessly and said:

"Would you kindly oblige me with a little tobacco from your box?"

The famous thief looked the detective over from head to foot before replying. After an embarrassing interval Constantine passed his tobacco-box to Vidocq. Then he said abruptly:

"You have been in the army."

The detective could have fallen to the floor. Had all of his careful contrived disguises counted for nothing? Did Constantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

"Why, yes; how did you know it?"

"Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life,

in your walk, in your shoulders, in your talk, in your manners."

Vidocq laughed uproariously, as if he considered this a good joke, and in the confusion invited his new-found friend to take a drink. He accepted, and in the course of their conversation the detective was delighted to find that the other had penetrated his disguise.

"I like you," cried Constantine finally, "and I want you to take dinner with some friends of mine."

That night Vidocq dined with a party of charming cracksmen, every one of them noted in his profession. Constantine was the chief, Joubert, his able lieutenant and the others faithful followers. The wine flowed freely and the best of feeling prevailed. One of the company said facetiously that he had just come into a fortune and was celebrating the event. As a matter of fact he had "cracked a crib" the night before, and was speeding part of his ill-gotten wealth.

Constantine, turning to Vidocq, said: "How's your nerve?"

"Fine."

"Are you in for an adventure?"

"Surely, with whom?"

"With the locksmith's daughter."

Vidocq made a grimace as if mocking, and said:

"I don't believe I ever had the honor of the lady's acquaintance."

All hands laughed loudly at this sally. Constantine put his hands down into his pocket and produced a big brass key. He handed it gravely to the detective.

"Permit me to present you to the mix."

Vidocq, keeping up the spirit of the thing, bowed gravely, acknowledging the introduction, and inquired when he would have the pleasure of going out with the lady.

"It might be tonight," he said grumbling, "if it were not for that infernal Vidocq."

The detective pricked up his ears at the mention of his own name. He preserved the gravity of his countenance, however, as he remarked, carelessly:

"Oh, I don't mind him if I can keep clear of the informers. They tell me Paris swarms with the parasites."

"That's true," said Constantine, "but if you can keep Vidocq from guessing your business you are safe enough with me. As for these informers, I don't fear them. I can smell those beggars as easily as a crow scents powder."

"Well," said Vidocq, "I cannot boast of so much penetration, yet I think, too, that from the frequent description I have heard of this Vidocq his features are so well engraved in my recollection that I should pretty soon recognize him if I came unexpectedly in his way."

"God bless you!" cried Constantine. "It is easy to perceive you are a stranger to the vagabond. Just imagine, now, that he is never to be seen twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning perhaps just such another looking person as you; well, the next hour, so altered that his own brother could not recognize him, and by the evening I defy any man to remember ever having seen him before. Only yesterday I met him disguised in a manner that would have deceived any eye but mine, but he must be a deep hand if he gets over me. I know those sneaks at the first glance, and if my friends were as knowing as myself his business would have been done long ago."

"Nonsense," cried Vidocq, "everybody says the same thing of him, and yet you see there is no getting rid of him." Constantine was on his feet at once, with an oath. He cried out:

"To prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lend me a helping hand this very evening we will waylay him at his door, and I'll warrant we'll settle the job so as to keep him from giving any of us further uneasiness."

Vidocq immediately agreed, and was placed in the unique position of going out with a party of thieves to waylay himself. They actually went to the home of the detective, but as may be imagined, he did not appear, and after three hours of waiting they gave up the vigil in disgust.

Many days had passed and still Vidocq was without the specific evidence which would enable him to put his trusted disguises counted for nothing? Did Constantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

"Why, yes; how did you know it?"

"Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life,

leer, "do you feel like an adventure tonight?"

"With whom?" asked Vidocq.

"With my lady love—the locksmith's daughter."

"I'll join you with all my heart!" exclaimed the detective in undisguised sincerity.

The plot was revealed with great attention to details. The cracksmen had been "spotting" the mansion of a very wealthy banker on one of the boulevards of Paris. Through the treachery of a housemaid, who had been smitten with the charms of Constantine, the gang had been provided with the key which would admit them into the garden of the house. Vidocq listened very attentively, and occasionally answered in monosyllables. He was careful not to say anything which would expose him to the reproach of having caused them to commit crime.

"Midnight is the hour," said Constantine, "and I want every man to do his duty."

There were six in the party—including Vidocq. Each of the cracksmen was assigned to his part in the enterprise. Constantine was in command, and Joubert was the chief of staff. Vidocq was to be lifted into a ground-floor window, but the detective demurred to this particular assignment on the plea that he was as yet only a novice.

"He has a weak stomach," sneered Joubert. "He will never make a good cracksmen."

Constantine hotly repelled the insinuation. He put his hand on Vidocq's shoulder affectionately and said:

"When this boy has had a little more experience he will beat you all in the business."

Vidocq smiled in a sickly way at this unexpected, if dubious compliment. It seemed a shame to receive such a big-hearted scoundrel. But then, business was business, and it was too late to turn back now. It was finally arranged that Vidocq should remain on the outside of the garden wall and give the alarm if the police should come in sight. It was now within an hour of the time when they should sally forth on their unlawful mission.

"Come, boys," cried Constantine, "a drink all around, and then we'll get down to business."

On the plea of searching for his hat and coat Vidocq managed to separate himself from the others for a few minutes. He went to a nearby message on the back of an old envelope, and finding a gendarme in the vicinity of the restaurant, dispatched him with the note to the nearest prefecture. It was to the point. It told of the place of rendezvous and of the plan.

"Have half a dozen men on the spot. Frighten the cracksmen, but make no arrests until they have been driven to a place of refuge."

When Vidocq returned to the table his unsuspecting confederates were preparing to leave. Their final toast was "Success," drunk standing and in silence. Under the exhilarating influence of their liquor they had scarcely been twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning perhaps just such another looking person as you; well, the next hour, so altered that his own brother could not recognize him, and by the evening I defy any man to remember ever having seen him before. Only yesterday I met him disguised in a manner that would have deceived any eye but mine, but he must be a deep hand if he gets over me. I know those sneaks at the first glance, and if my friends were as knowing as myself his business would have been done long ago."

"Nonsense," cried Vidocq, "everybody says the same thing of him, and yet you see there is no getting rid of him." Constantine was on his feet at once, with an oath. He cried out:

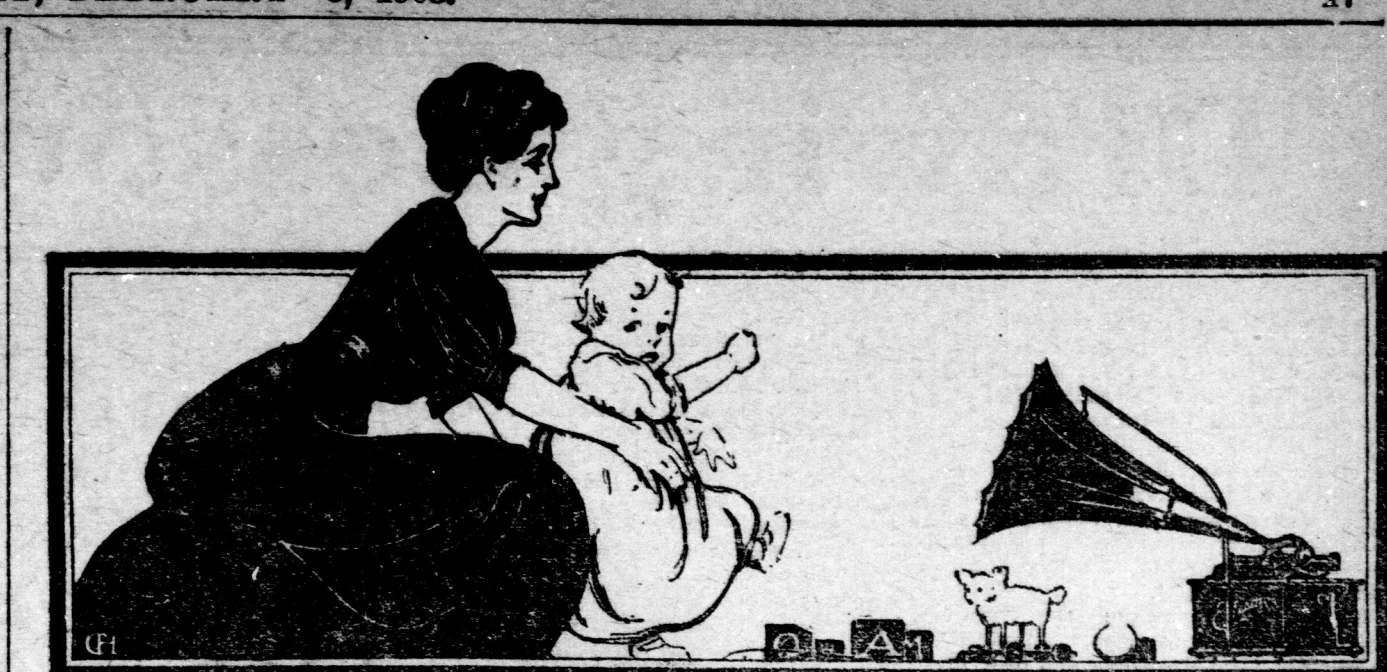
"To prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lend me a helping hand this very evening we will waylay him at his door, and I'll warrant we'll settle the job so as to keep him from giving any of us further uneasiness."

Vidocq immediately agreed, and was placed in the unique position of going out with a party of thieves to waylay himself. They actually went to the home of the detective, but as may be imagined, he did not appear, and after three hours of waiting they gave up the vigil in disgust.

Many days had passed and still Vidocq was without the specific evidence which would enable him to put his trusted disguises counted for nothing? Did Constantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

"Why, yes; how did you know it?"

"Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life,



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THE most wonderful thing about the Edison Phonograph is its versatility. It is equally good in entertaining a crowd of friends, in entertaining merely the family circle, or in helping you pass a few hours by yourself. It has just as many moods as you have. It is

equally good in rendering a plaintive ballad or lively waltz

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Managing Director Hamilton Conservatory of Music.

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THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited, 247 Dundas St., LONDON.

men sought shelter. At the same moment Vidocq gave a low prolonged whistle. Instantly there was a commotion within. Bags were grabbed up, and all scampered towards the wall.

"It's the police," whispered Vidocq. "Come quickly and you may escape."

They unbelted the gate and hurried out. Vidocq joined them.

"Where are the police?" whispered Constantine.

"They've gone the other way," said Vidocq. "If we're careful we can elude them."

"They hurried along for a few blocks. The detective turned to the chief cracksmen.

"It's dangerous to go through the streets with these bags. Here's my old lodgings. Let's creep in here for shelter."

"Can you get in?" asked Constantine.

"Sure," replied Vidocq. "I have my key and I know the room's vacant."

Silently they crept inside, one at a time, and closed the door behind them. Constantine slapped Vidocq on the back.

"You're a brick, Germain. I told you he'd distinguish himself, boys."

"What do you call this place?" asked Joubert, looking around him.

"I call it the mouse-trap," said Vidocq, with a leer.

The cracksmen laughed loudly at this sally.

The swag was poured out on the table, and the enterprising gentlemen were soon engaged in dividing their rich haul. Constantine and Joubert, the only ones who possessed weapons, had their pistols on a chair. Slyly Vidocq picked them up and secreted them under a mattress. In the midst of the exultation a loud knocking was heard at the door. The thieves looked at one another with pale faces. Vidocq was heard on the outside. During no sooner was he out of sight than the door was burst open and a swarm of inspectors and policemen entered the room. In the twinkling of an eye five pairs of handcuffs were shoved

onto the wrists of the cracksmen and they were being marched to the nearest police station.

It was New Year's Day at the prefecture of police. M. Henry, following long-established custom, was holding his annual reception. The room was crowded, and all of the officers of the police, high and low, were there to present their chief with the compliments of the season. M. Bertaux, the cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Paristot, the governor of prisons, were in line receiving with M. Henry. During a lull in the crowd the three men drifted into a conversation concerning crime.

"By the bye, M. Henry," said M. Bertaux, "what has become of the fellow Vidocq?"

"I really do not know," said the prefect gravely.

"What?" exclaimed the other, "not know?"

"No," was the answer. "I have not seen him since the day I called him in your presence and delegated him to break up the burglaries that have disgraced the police system of the city."

"And the burglaries," continued the other tauntingly, "they have continued."

M. Henry nodded.

"And Vidocq—he has disappeared?"

The prefect nodded again.

M. Bertaux broke into an ironical laugh.

"M. Henry, you have been deceived, taken in, hoodwinked."

The prefect shook his head.

"I am not ready to confess defeat."

At that moment a great commotion was heard on the outside. An attendant was summoned.

"What is the confusion?"

"All of the valuables stolen from the banker's house in the Champs Elysees have been recovered."

"Good," retorted M. Henry. "But is that all?"

"No. Vidocq is outside demanding admittance. He has no card."

"Admit him!" snapped the prefect.

A moment later five men handcuffed entered the room. Bringing up the rear was Vidocq. The first prisoner was Constantine, the others, Joubert and his companions. Vidocq made a profound bow, and, smiling his perpetual smile, pointed to the cursing culprits.

"M. Henry, I wish you the compliments of the season, and as a New Year's gift present to you the redoubtable Constantine and his fellow cracksmen."

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious-looking white patch which recently led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor-plated. It is really a catchment for rain water to increase the reserve water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the sandy slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2,000 feet long, and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to each inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.

A "DEMON" DISEASE.

Doctors' prescriptions and strongest Liniments had no effect on Mr. Humphrey's Rheumatism—Two bottles of South American Remedy Cured what he is pleased to call "this Demon from the Lower Regions."

Henry Humphrey, of London, Ont., expresses himself very strongly:—"I think Rheumatism is a demon from the lower regions, judging by my sufferings before I began using South American Remedy Cures. Doctors prescribed the strongest liniments with no more effect than water, but this great remedy had me up and about my work, and as well as ever, after taking only a couple of bottles." (27)

Sold by Callard & MacLachlan.

Drawing Lessons for School Children

NOTE FOR GRADES I, II, AND III.

A mistake in the printing of last week's lesson made the date when the drawings from Grades I, II, and III are to appear, Feb. 2, instead of Feb. 22, as it should have been.

The drawing of the little girl climbing the stairs was tilted back. Naturally in climbing the stairs her body would lean forward, but the plate has been pushed up at one corner so that the stairs appear to slant, and her body is too straight.

Do not forget to put the name, grade and school on your drawings. Frequently good drawings are sent in without the name of either pupil or school, and no credit can be given where it belongs. Be sure yours is not one of these.

SIX BEST IN GRADES IV, V, AND VI.

1. Robbie Harvie, Grade V, Lorne avenue school.
2. Irene Aitken, Grade VI, Victoria school.
3. Rhea Westell, Grade IV, Rectory street school.
4. Constance Bowman, Grade VI, Talbot street school.
5. Barbara Cushman, Grade V, Empress avenue.
6. Jack Chapman, Grade IV, Empress avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE IV.

1. Rhea Westell, Rectory street school.
2. Jack Chapman, Empress avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE V.

1. Robbie Harvie, Lorne avenue school.
2. Barbara Cushman, Empress avenue school.
3. Verma Wellman, St. George's school.
4. Chester Fysh, Simcoe street school.
5. Harolene McCorquodale, Victoria school.
6. Mary Foster, Lorne avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE VI.

1. Irene Aitken, Victoria school.
2. Constance Bowman, Talbot street school.

CRITICISM ON BOOKMARKS BY GRADES IV, V, AND VI.

Please read the lessons more carefully and follow the instructions to the letter. There were many indications

Baby's Own Tablets

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Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. There is no other medicine for children so safe and sure in its effects. The Tablets cure stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and prevent deadly croup. And you have the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain a particle of opiate or narcotic. Mrs. J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says: "I am a great believer in Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them on many occasions, and know of no medicine equal to them in curing the common ailments of babies and young children." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

that your last lesson had not been read carefully by some of you, for a few things that you were warned not to do you deliberately proceeded to do. Don't you think it rather a waste of time to be careless? Each lesson should take you one step higher in knowledge and power, and it could not fail to do so if you made the utmost use of it. It might be ever so small a step, but gaining, gaining, all the time, just think what a distance we would go upward in a year's time.

Much of the work sent in was excellent. There were at least 25 that were quite good enough to be reproduced, and it was a difficult matter to choose the six best. There were a few others as good as the fourth, fifth and sixth, but where two drawings are equally good, preference is given to a junior grade, or to a school not already represented.

Notice how very simple these are that were chosen for reproduction. When you planned your bookmarks, the very first thing to be thought of was the best shape and proportion to suit the purpose for which they were intended. Anything that would tend to make them less useful was to be avoided at the very beginning.

Books are usually longer than they are broad; therefore, a very wide bookmark was out of keeping and awkward. What we really needed was something that would slip easily between the leaves of a book and remain firmly there until it was necessary to remove it. Therefore the plainer the edges, the less likely it would be to catch and tear the leaves of the book. That is surely very clear. Yet some were sent in too broad to be either beautiful or useful, and ever so many had awkward points to catch and tear the leaves and interfere with our teachers, when we wished to mark a place in a hurry.

One otherwise nicely made was in the form of a star, and a very objectionable one, without a name, was a crescent, with an ugly face between the points. The boy or girl who made it evidently did not agree with me in preferring something beautiful to something odd, but ugly.

There were one or two diamond-shaped ones that might have had the points, especially at the sides and top, ever so slightly rounded, to advantage, both as regarded beauty and use. Having considered the outside shape from these requirements the next thing was to consider the tongue from the same point of view.

A tongue too short would be likely to slip off the leaf, and allow the mark to drop out. Too narrow it would be flimsy and likely to break. Too wide in proportion to the whole would leave the outside weak and liable to double up or break. All of these mistakes were made. One of those reproduced is deficient in the last respect, but other good qualities made it desirable that you should see it.

Some arranged the tongue in such a way that when in use, the mark would project so far beyond the book cover that it would be sure to be broken or pushed out.

Do you remember that you were told that the outside of the opening around the tongue should, in every case, be severely plain. Such a number of you made up your minds that this must be a mistake, for you made it a series of scallops, as tiresome a road for the eye to travel as a road full of pitch holes would be for a horse and the occupants of a cutter.

In some, the tongue itself was too deeply indented. Winnifred Pearson's shamrock made an awkward tongue on this account. Otherwise hers was very pretty. One bookmark had a double-pointed tongue. A horseshoe was defective in the same respect.

Veron Cooper was more successful in the handling of his horseshoe, for he turned it the other way, with the rounded point down, cut a simple tongue, and followed the outline with a row of straight-edged openings, suggested by the nail heads. But for these the shoe shape was left solid.

This brings us to the next point to be considered. After having planned shape and proportion of the whole bookmark, and shape and position of the tongue, the next thing to be thought of was decoration.

If it had been planned carefully and the proportions and outlines made beautiful, very little, if any, decoration was necessary, and only such ornamentation as followed the outline of the tongue, the next thing to be thought of was decoration.

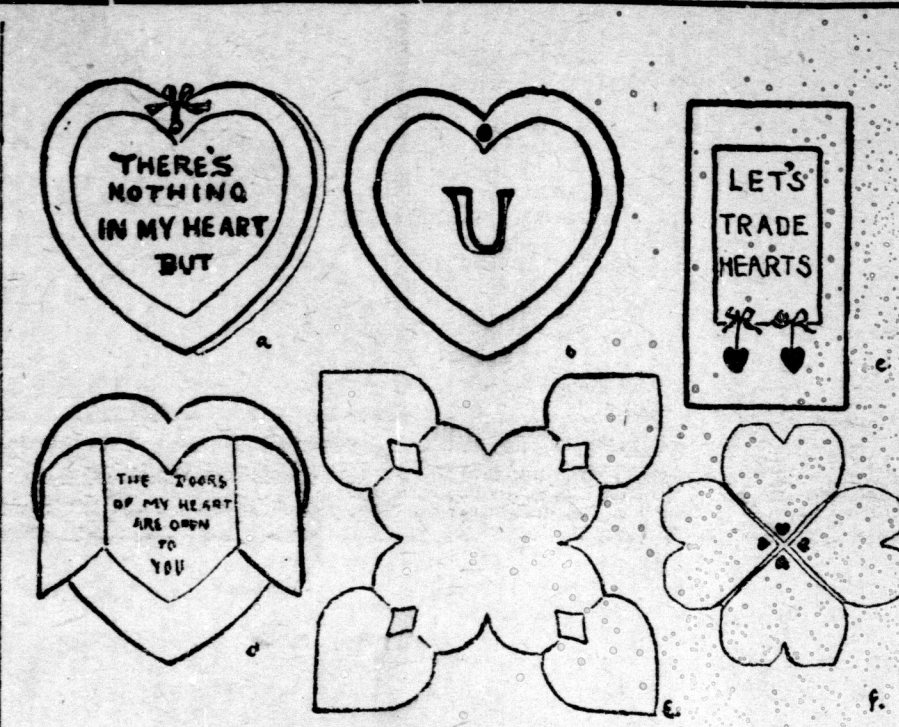
If you were grown up you would not like to put a party dress on to go down town to business, would you? Well, our little bookmaker meant for business and should have been dressed properly.

How could you possibly think a lot of holes, punched in any old way, could possibly improve it? Some of you did, nevertheless. A few weakened the tongue, and made it less practical by cutting decorative forms in it. One drew a heart transfixed by two bristling arrows upon his, although he was told to have nothing of that sort. Flowers, unless conventionalized and related in form to the shape of the bookmark, were out of place.

You do not yet feel the importance of relating things to each other to make them harmonious, but you must learn to feel it if you are to make your surroundings agreeable. Fortunately, some people feel this rhythmic relation of things naturally. They know that certain things look well together without knowing why. On the other hand, vast numbers go through the world creating a jarring, unpleasant atmosphere, because they do not understand these things.

The girl who cut the heart-shaped bookmark, and then planned a square on its diagonals within it to thrust its sharp elbows into the sides of that heart, and punished the square for its aggressiveness by placing a cross in antagonistic relations within it, is sure to wear her hair built out in a platform, if that is in fashion, regardless of its becomingness to the shape of her face or head, unless she learns how to relate things agreeably before she is promoted to the dignity of done-up hair.

Quite a number of classes sent in colored cardboard and one class tinted



VALENTINE SUGGESTIONS.

the paper. They were to have been white or black.

A strand of embroidery silk was quite heavy enough for the cord. Some of you used heavy wool, others used ribbon, both were too clumsy for the purpose.

Please send only eight from each class in future, and only one example from the same pupil.

Many classes sent excellent work this time, but that from Grade VI, Victoria, was unusually good.

The bookmarks sent in were white, but have been blackened by the engraver for reproduction.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE IV.

1. Bella Thomson, Empress avenue school.
2. Gordon Golby, Rectory street school.
3. Ethel Hutchinson, Lorne avenue school.
4. Alfred Glead, Empress avenue school.
5. Vera Lawton, Empress avenue school.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE V.

1. Reta Brown, St. George's school.
2. Pauline Ward, Colborne street school.
3. Marjorie Skinner, Colborne street school.
4. W. Ward (no school given).
5. Elsie Cook, St. George's school.
6. Wilfred Smith, St. George's school.
7. Percy Bodaly, Chesley avenue school.
8. Lillian Kent, Colborne street school.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE VI.

1. Gertrude Morgan, St. George's school.
2. M. Webster, Talbot street school.
3. Wilfrid Kilbourne, Colborne street school.
4. Graeme Mercer, St. George's school.
5. Birdie Armes, Talbot street school.
6. M. Fisher, St. George's school.
7. Thomas Morgan, Colborne street school.
8. Reta Brown, St. George's school.
9. Pauline Ward, Colborne street school.
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Be sure to read every word of the instructions given in Grades I, II, and III, and follow them to the letter. Often work is sent in that would have been so much better had you only followed the instructions given you in your lesson. In fact, sometimes you do the very things I have warned you not to do.

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6. Harold Hunt, Lorne avenue school.
7. Gordon Morley, Rectory street school.
8. Willie Rowe, Rectory street school.
9. Mazara Easton, Chesley avenue school.
10. Verne Cake, Lorne avenue school.
11. Laura Riel, Aberdeen school.
12. Muriel Mitchell, St. George's school.
13. M. Harris, Aberdeen school.
14. Richard Milne, Empress avenue school.
15. Harold White, Colborne street school.
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23. Percy Bodaly, Chesley avenue school.
24. George Holmes, Rectory street school.
25. Milton Clare, St. George's school.
26. Edith Dench, Chesley avenue school.
27. Alberta McIntyre, Chesley avenue school.
28. James McLaughlan, Rectory street school.
29. Murray Fysh, Simcoe street school.
30. Ruby Murray, Simcoe street school.
31. Trilby Davis, Aberdeen school.
32. Lily Payne, Simcoe street school.
33. Marjorie Beattie, St. George's school.
34. Janie Insell, Lorne avenue school.
35. Douglas Weld, Victoria school.
36. Fred Beadle, Aberdeen school.
37. Helena Castle, St. George's school.
38. Gordon Jupp, Simcoe street school.
39. Willie Small, St. George's school.
40. Sidney Brake, Victoria school.
41. Earl Servis, Empress avenue school.
42. Gordon Jones, Empress avenue school.
43. Frank Williams, Aberdeen school.
44. Francis Ball, Aberdeen school.
45. Frank Bergeron, Chesley avenue school.
46. Nina North, Va., St. George's school.
47. Madeleine Lyman, Simcoe street school.
48. Alice Crowder, Victoria school.
49. Gladys Parke, Va., St. George's school.
50. Marjorie Axtell, Simcoe street school.
51. Marjorie Ferns, Va., St. George's school.
52. Pearl Clayton, Simcoe street school.
53. Emma James, Aberdeen school.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE V.

1. Gladys Standfield, Lorne avenue school.
2. Beatrice Smith, Empress avenue school.
3. Cora Sherritt, Empress avenue school.
4. Irene Webster, St. George's school.
5. Jessie Kipp, Empress avenue school.
6. Ethel Walton, Aberdeen school.
7. Edwin Spence, Lorne avenue school.
8. Martina Culbert, Empress avenue school.
9. Llorne Fawcetts, Victoria school.
10. Rawdon Erskine, Va., St. George's school.
11. Edith Kipp, St. George's school.
12. Travers Welch, Lorne avenue school.
13. George Reid, Victoria school.
14. Gladys Arbuckle, Lorne avenue school.
15. H. Wyse, Va., St. George's school.
16. Wilbert Horn, Victoria school.
17. Lawrence Matthews, Lorne avenue school.
18. Willie Moorhead, Empress avenue school.
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25. Milton Clare, St. George's school.
26. Edith Dench, Chesley avenue school.
27. Alberta McIntyre, Chesley avenue school.
28. James McLaughlan, Rectory street school.
29. Murray Fysh, Simcoe street school.
30. Ruby Murray, Simcoe street school.
31. Trilby Davis, Aberdeen school.
32. Lily Payne, Simcoe street school.
33. Marjorie Beattie, St. George's school.
34. Janie Insell, Lorne avenue school.
35. Douglas Weld, Victoria school.
36. Fred Beadle, Aberdeen school.
37. Helena Castle, St. George's school.
38. Gordon Jupp, Simcoe street school.
39. Willie Small, St. George's school.
40. Sidney Brake, Victoria school.
41. Earl Servis, Empress avenue school.
42. Gordon Jones, Empress avenue school.
43. Frank Williams, Aberdeen school.
44. Francis Ball, Aberdeen school.
45. Frank Bergeron, Chesley avenue school.
46. Nina North, Va., St. George's school.
47. Madeleine Lyman, Simcoe street school.
48. Alice Crowder, Victoria school.
49. Gladys Parke, Va., St. George's school.
50. Marjorie Axtell, Simcoe street school.
51. Marjorie Ferns, Va., St. George's school.
52. Pearl Clayton, Simcoe street school.
53. Emma James, Aberdeen school.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE V.

1. Gladys Standfield, Lorne avenue school.
2. Beatrice Smith, Empress avenue school.
3. Cora Sherritt, Empress avenue school.
4. Irene Webster, St. George's school.
5. Jessie Kipp, Empress avenue school.
6. Ethel Walton, Aberdeen school.
7. Edwin Spence, Lorne avenue school.
8. Martina Culbert, Empress avenue school.
9. Llorne Fawcetts, Victoria school.
10. Rawdon Erskine, Va., St. George's school.
11. Edith Kipp, St. George's school.
12. Travers Welch, Lorne avenue school.
13. George Reid, Victoria school.
14. Gladys Arbuckle, Lorne avenue school.
15. H. Wyse, Va., St. George's school.
16. Wilbert Horn, Victoria school.
17. Lawrence Matthews, Lorne avenue school.
18. Willie Moorhead, Empress avenue school.
19. Murray Fysh, Simcoe street school.
20. Ruby Murray, Simcoe street school.
21. Trilby Davis, Aberdeen school.
22. Lily Payne, Simcoe street school.
23. Marjorie Beattie, St. George's school.
24. Janie Insell, Lorne avenue school.
25. Douglas Weld, Victoria school.
26. Fred Beadle, Aberdeen school.
27. Helena Castle, St. George's school.
28. Gordon Jupp, Simcoe street school.
29. Willie Small, St. George's school.
30. Sidney Brake, Victoria school.
31. Earl Servis, Empress avenue school.
32. Gordon Jones, Empress avenue school.
33. Frank Williams, Aberdeen school.
34. Francis Ball, Aberdeen school.
35. Frank Bergeron, Chesley avenue school.
36. Nina North, Va., St. George's school.
37. Madeleine Lyman, Simcoe street school.
38. Alice Crowder, Victoria school.
39. Gladys Parke, Va., St. George's school.
40. Marjorie Axtell, Simcoe street school.
41. Marjorie Ferns, Va., St. George's school.
42. Pearl Clayton, Simcoe street school.
43. Emma James, Aberdeen school.

HONORARY MENTION, GRADE VI.

1. Gertrude Morgan, St. George's school.
2. M. Webster, Talbot street school.
3. Wilfrid Kilbourne, Colborne street school.
4. Graeme Mercer, St. George's school.
5. Birdie Armes, Talbot street school.
6. M. Fisher, St. George's school.
7. Thomas Morgan, Colborne street school.
8. Reta Brown, St. George's school.
9. Pauline Ward, Colborne street school.
10. Marjorie Skinner, Colborne street school.
11. W. Ward (no school given).
12. Elsie Cook, St. George's school.
13. Wilfred Smith, St. George's school.
14. Percy Bodaly, Chesley avenue school.
15. Lillian Kent, Colborne street school.

NOTE FOR GRADES I, II, AND III.

A mistake in the printing of last week's lesson made the date when the drawings from Grades I, II, and III are to appear, Feb. 2, instead of Feb. 22, as it should have been.

The drawing of the little girl climbing the stairs was tilted back. Naturally in climbing the stairs her body would lean forward, but the plate has been pushed up at one corner so that the stairs appear to slant, and her body is too straight.

Do not forget to put the name, grade and school on your drawings. Frequently good drawings are sent in without the name of either pupil or school, and no credit can be given where it belongs. Be sure yours is not one of these.

SIX BEST IN GRADES IV, V, AND VI.

1. Robbie Harvie, Grade V, Lorne avenue school.
2. Irene Aitken, Grade VI, Victoria school.
3. Rhea Westell, Grade IV, Rectory street school.
4. Constance Bowman, Grade VI, Talbot street school.
5. Barbara Cushman, Grade V, Empress avenue.
6. Jack Chapman, Grade IV, Empress avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE IV.

1. Rhea Westell, Rectory street school.
2. Jack Chapman, Empress avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE V.

1. Robbie Harvie, Lorne avenue school.
2. Barbara Cushman, Empress avenue school.
3. Verma Wellman, St. George's school.
4. Chester Fysh, Simcoe street school.
5. Harolene McCorquodale, Victoria school.
6. Mary Foster, Lorne avenue school.

SIX BEST IN GRADE VI.

1. Irene Aitken, Victoria school.
2. Constance Bowman, Talbot street school.

CRITICISM ON BOOKMARKS BY GRADES IV, V, AND VI.

Please read the lessons more carefully and follow the instructions to the letter. There were many indications

Baby's Own Tablets

A Little Life Saver

Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. There is no other medicine for children so safe and sure in its effects. The Tablets cure stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and prevent deadly croup. And you have the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain a particle of opiate or narcotic. Mrs. J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says: "I am a great believer in Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them on many occasions, and know of no medicine equal to them in curing the common ailments of babies and young children." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

that your last lesson had not been read carefully by some of you, for a few things that you were warned not to do you deliberately proceeded to do. Don't you think it rather a waste of time to be careless? Each lesson should take you one step higher in knowledge and power, and it could not fail to do so if you made the utmost use of it. It might be ever so small a step, but gaining, gaining, all the time, just think what a distance we would go upward in a year's time.

Much of the work sent in was excellent. There were at least 25 that were quite good enough to be reproduced, and it was a difficult matter to choose the six best. There were a few others as good as the fourth, fifth and sixth, but where two drawings are equally good, preference is given to a junior grade, or to a school not already represented.

Notice how very simple these are that were chosen for reproduction. When you planned your bookmarks, the very first thing to be thought of was the best shape and proportion to suit the purpose for which they were intended. Anything that would tend to make them less useful was to be avoided at the very beginning.

Books are usually longer than they are broad; therefore, a very wide bookmark was out of keeping and awkward. What we really needed was something that would slip easily between the leaves of a book and remain firmly there until it was necessary to remove it. Therefore the plainer the edges, the less likely it would be to catch and tear the leaves of the book. That is surely very clear. Yet some were sent in too broad to be either beautiful or useful, and ever so many had awkward points to catch and tear the leaves and interfere with our teachers, when we wished to mark a place in a hurry.

One otherwise nicely made was in the form of a star, and a very objectionable one, without a name, was a crescent, with an ugly face between the points. The boy or girl who made it evidently did not agree with me in preferring something beautiful to something odd, but ugly.

There were one or two diamond-shaped ones that might have had the points, especially at the sides and top, ever so slightly rounded, to advantage, both as regarded beauty and use. Having considered the outside shape from these requirements the next thing was to consider the tongue from the same point of view.

A tongue too short would be likely to slip off the leaf, and allow the mark to drop out. Too narrow it would be flimsy and likely to break. Too wide in proportion to the whole would leave the outside weak and liable to double up or break. All of these mistakes were made. One of those reproduced is deficient in the last respect, but other good qualities made it desirable that you should see it.

Some