

LONDON LITTLE ONES MADE MERRY IN THE SCHOOLS

Interesting and Enjoyable Closing Exercises Held.

Children Sang and Recited—Made Happy With Christmas Treats.

The pupils of the various public schools of the city yesterday greeted the advent of the Christmas season with great enthusiasm. In each school closing exercises were held, and the little ones delivered their songs and recitations and dialogues to the education of their admiring relatives and fellow-pupils. Santa Claus in person visited several of the schools while in others he had kindly erected Christmas trees which bore wonderful fruit. London's school children went to bed with happy hearts last night, each firmly convinced that next to Christmas Day itself the best day in the year was that when school closed for the Christmas holidays.

PRINCESS AVENUE SCHOOL.

The pupils of the eighth grade of Princess Avenue School held their annual entertainment and presentation of prizes Tuesday afternoon. The room was prettily decorated with evergreens and daisy chains, and was crowded with ex-pupils and parents. A programme, participated in by the following, was rendered: Harold Owen, Frank Dovich, Winifred Saxon, Cameron Wilson, P. Hodges, C. Morgan, Cyril and Gordon Imrie, Harold Wood, Misses E. and L. Blackburn, Cyril Imrie, Wynne's Chisholm, Annie Brock and Vivian Reeve.

Then followed the presentation of prizes. The Royal medal was presented by Trustee Evans to Miss Edna Maybank for obtaining the highest marks in London at the last entrance examination. Rev. C. T. Scott presented Miss Edna Maybank with the medal given by Mr. E. J. MacRobert to the pupil in the fourth ward who obtained the highest marks in that ward. Trustee Evans presented a silver medal to Miss Edna Maybank. Trustee E. J. MacRobert gave a short address, as did also Mr. McElzner, secretary of the Board of Education. Miss Bolton, kindergarten principal in the Normal school, Ottawa, who is at present visiting friends in the city, was present, and addressing the gathering, Miss Ethel MacRobert acted as accompanist during the entertainment.

WEST LONDON SCHOOL.

The Christmas closing of the West London school was held on Friday afternoon. The rooms were all splendidly decorated and the children spent a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The pupils of the senior rooms assembled in the principal's room, where the Boyle Memorial medal was presented by Trustee Hamilton and Colerick. Master Arthur Perkins, who received the medal, deserves great credit, having completed the work of two grades in one year. Addresses were also given by Rev. Mr. Harrison and Rev. Mr. Harrison.

Programmes of dialogues, recitations, songs and instrumental solos were given in grades V, IV, III, II, and I. Among those taking part were the following:

Grade III—Daniel Thompson, Archie Andrews, Harold Leslie, Fred Murray, Stanley Ellis, Leonard Burnell, James Clugston, Bertie Garway, Gordon Ellis, James Clugston, Edna McCallum, Pachel Rosenberger, Harry Clark, Pearl Jones, Gordon Ellis, Aggie Nichol, Annie Holmes, Miriam Steele, Hazel Lawton, Virgie Keene, Annie McMurphy, Earl Kipp, Harold Leslie, Myrtle Hodgins, Joe Heslop, Walter Day, Sam Radden, Harry White, Lizzie Tolhurst.

Grades I, II, and III—Violet Smelser, Mabel Dexter, Lily Nicholls, Marjorie Milne, Warren Stanton, Evelyn White, Mrs. Jim Weston, Earl Pring, Leonard Paul, Ethel Follen, Gladys McIntyre, Warren Stanton, Jimmie Aleson, Lily Nichol, Charlie Davis, Jessie Wootton, Marjorie Fadden, George Arthur, Alice Bowls, Jack Moore, Annie E. Stewart, Georgia Thomas, Gladys Falkner.

In Grades I, II, and III, there was a distribution of Christmas treats. WEST LONDON KINDERGARTEN.

The closing in West London Kinder-

garten was held Friday morning. Many of the parents being present, also Trustee Strong. After going through their usual exercises the presents were distributed from the free by Principal Beal, who also gave an interesting address to the parents on educational matters, emphasizing the importance of the children attending regularly, and explaining the relationship of the kindergarten work to the studies in the public school.

TALBOT STREET SCHOOL.

At Talbot street school elaborate arrangements were made for the celebration of Christmas, and everything was carried out in a most successful manner. Programmes were rendered by the pupils of each of the eight grades. Several of the grades showed a generous spirit by voluntarily donating their Christmas treats to the children in the hospital and the Children's Shelter.

The following were the participants in the various programmes: Grade I—Mabel Sears, Dorothy Turville, Frank Dixon, Myrtle Lackie, Marie Tune, Ruth Meek, Rose Hurst, Edith Christie, Helen Woolley, Raymond McComb, Guy Jarvis, Cecil Carling, Charlie Kennie, Ernest Leigh, Madeline Gibson, Mabel Thorne, Clara Greer, Russell Grover, Harold McDonald, Olive Parker, Gordon Gair, Bruce McLeod, Vera See, Bartley Coote, Lizzie Mahee.

Grade II—G. Munro, L. Sears, J. Matney, E. Brownlee, M. Meek, E. Wright, P. Lewis, M. Robb, H. Lind, L. Morley, E. Thompson, G. Mills, R. St. George.

Grade III—J. Hilbert, A. Cochill, A. Wartig, F. Butler, P. McMillan, M. Draper, D. Ferguson, W. Birrell, J. Jennings, E. Adams, M. Hilbert, Harold McDonald, Pauline Fitzgerald, Ada Stewart, Muriel Sayer, Leonard Jarvis, Ruth Riley, Olive Ellwood, Maggie Douglas, Susie Bickley, Florence Woolley, Lottie Flurschütz, Bianca DeWare, Iva Minihnick, Mary Fowler, Carlye Webster, Harold Paul, Cameron Grant, Kingsley Woolley.

Grade IV—Edith Grunham, Isabel Ivey, Roy O'Neill, Lillian Gray, Bessie Jones, Nettie Lewis, Edith McLeod, Ruth Manness, Dolly Tate, Lottie Welsh, Jack Armstrong, Jack Hamilton, Dick Ivey, Harry McKeown, Bert McComb, Rob McDonald, Ethel Robertson, John Webb, Thomas Kingsmill, Harold Elson, Wm Collins, Dorothy Gunn, Nettie Lewis, Lily Pitter, Jessie Teale, Helen Williams, Hugh Lush.

Grade V—Harry Stenberg, Pearl Warrington, Fanny Mills, Marjorie Plastow, Clara Whitehead, Clara Higginbottom, Margaret Mercer, Arthur Brown, Edith St. George.

Grade VII—Myra Hennigar, George Ellis, Katie Tuna, A. Kingsmill, Mabel Milon Nora, Larch, K. Broderick, Fred Harris, Milton Scott and Stewart McDonald, Pearl Moore, Bessie Oliver, Jory Draper, Hazel Gibson, A. Hopkins, Errol Platt.

Grade VIII—Principal Liddell's room—Ella Rogers, Edna Wood, Winnie Asplund, Clifford Whitehead, Winnie Asplund, Clifford Gahan. The Boyle Memorial medal was presented to Miss Bessie Rogers, the winner. Tea was served at the conclusion of the programme.

COLBORNE STREET SCHOOL.

At Colborne street the pupils of Grades VI, VII, and VIII assembled in Principal Latta's room and gave a Christmas programme. The pupils of the other grades also observed the occasion fittingly. Those taking part in the various programmes were as follows: Grade I—Maurice Donovan, Harold Skinner, Gladys Wright, Pearl Ford, Marguerite Blake, Blanche Parsons, Jean Purdon, Myrtle Williams, Lena Jackson, Fern Nash, Hazel Jones, Berna Sanders, Gertrude Taylor, Frank Radway, Stanley Crouch, Olive Cheeseman, Cecil Hartle, Muriel Schofield, Bonnie Riddell, Florence Harding, Rupert Crouch, Margaret Purdon, Harold Bayley, Florence Kerr, Rheta Jeacock, Marguerite Blake, Geo. Nicol, Green, Jessie Brock, Blanche Parsons, Fred Harper, Cecil Hartle, Clarence

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS.

Students' Christmas Concert—Most

Delightful Social Function.

The students' Christmas concert at Alma College on the 15th inst. was a most gratifying success. The programme was given by the pupils of Mr. Thomas Martin, Miss Eva N. Roblyn, Mrs. Mary Joffe and Miss May Walker. The elocution numbers were by Misses Bertha Lammiman, Woodstock; Gertrude Hart, Woodham; Arletta Hughton, Cleveland, O.; Jessie Horning, Brantford; May Kaufman, Berlin; Emily McColl, London; McKenzie, Ethel Lindop, St. Thomas; vocal solos and concerted numbers were given by Misses Charlotte Scott, Freda Baker and Messrs. Kenneth F. May, Mason Baker, St. Thomas; Miss Nettie Moore, Lion's Head; Louise Champion, Brantford; Lila Thomson, St. Marys; Amy Johns, Exeter. Piano solos and ten-hundred overture were played by Misses Louise Champion, Nettie Moore, Amy Johns, Vera Gale, Toledo, O.; Annie Kraemer, Mitchell; Adelle Thompson, Dutton; Nettie Joffe, Ethel Horton, St. Thomas; Edith Beam, Woodstock.

Rev. G. F. Salton, of Centenary Church, Hamilton, recently gave in McLaughlin Hall a course, his fine stereoscopic art lecture on "Mexico."

Mrs. Warner was "at home" to residents and teachers last Wednesday evening in the principal's apartments, east wing. The function was full of delightful social interest.

Payment of an account rendered 23 years ago was recently made to a Ryde tradesman 17 years after his retirement from business.

Twenty-four dormant snakes, one of them four feet long, have just been killed in a graveyard near Pencoe, Glamorgan, Wales.

Southern California produces 22,000,000 pounds of lima beans annually—three-fourths of the world's total production. One ranch in the bean country covers 1,500 acres.

There is in Buffalo a young Irishman who possesses such a keen sense of smell that he draws a large salary from the Buffalo Gas Company as an expert leak hunter. Recently he located a leak in the city hall that other men had unsuccessfully sought for eight years.

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

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

Simply state which book is wanted, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 4, Racine, Wis.

Don't Stay Sick When a Postal Will Bring You a Way to Get Well.

You who stay sick and don't write me—I address this to you.

While you are waiting I am curing thousands just like you. They simply write me a postal, then I do this:

I mail the sick one my book, and with it an order on his druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He takes it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.00. If it fails, I pay the druggist myself. And the sick one's mere word decides it.

I am ready to do that with you.

My book will tell you how I cure these troubles and it tells you so clearly that you will know that I am right. If you then wish to test the remedy, your druggist will supply it on trial. If it succeeds, you are well. If it fails, it is free.

Two facts make this offer possible. One is that people in business are honest. The other is that I have learned how to cure. In the past 12 years I have supplied my Restorative on trial to over half a million sick ones, and 39 out of each 40 have paid for the treatment gladly, because they were cured. I have willingly paid for the rest.

My Restorative strengthens the inside nerves. For a lifetime I have studied to perfect a way to bring back the nerve power, which alone makes the vital organs act.

When an organ is weak we know that its nerve power is weak. It is like a weak engine—it needs more steam. When we restore that nerve power, the organ does its duty, and the cure is permanent.

To doctor the organ is useless. The best results are but temporary; and that is why common treatments fail. My Restorative cures the cause, and when the cure is complete the sick one is well and able to do his work.

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WHISKARD'S Three Busy Stores

228, 230, 232 Dundas Street

Open Evenings till 10 o'clock, Monday 22, Tuesday 23, Wednesday 24.

LADIES!

Here is something you will appreciate—Seasonable mark-downs of seasonable goods, at a seasonable time, just when you need them especially for Christmas gifts.

Special Purchase Just in, 1,000 Dozen of Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs

In silk, Swiss embroidery, hemstitched lawns, Children's Handkerchiefs, Fancy Handkerchiefs and a large assortment of all kinds. Come and see them. Beautiful Handkerchiefs, 6 for 25 cents.

Gent's large size Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, initialed, good value at 50 cents; our price, 25 cents each.

FINE SWISS EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, 10c, 12½c and 15c. See them. They are worth more money.

FORTY DOZEN EMBROIDERED AND HEMSTITCHED FINE HANDKERCHIEF CENTERS: regular 15c, sale price 50c a dozen, or 5c each; as many or few as you like. Big bargain.

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—Any amount of them; plain, mottled or silk scalloped and braided, worth 10c each; sale price, 6 for 25c.

White Cotton Handkerchiefs, nicely bordered, 25c a dozen.

ONE LINE OF LADIES' TAN LEATHER SHOPPING BAGS; WERE 75c, PRICE 13c EACH.

Big Bargain in Bed Tickings.

10c Tickings for 8c a yard.
12½c Tickings for 10c a yard.
17c Tickings for 12½c a yard.
25c Tickings for 20c a yard.

Pressed Dolls, Special 15c each.

Fine Factory Cotton

Worth 7c, sale price 5c a yard.
Special line of Flannelette, just in; worth 10c, for 7c and 8c a yard.
25 PIECES OF FANCY AMERICAN WRAPPERETTE; regular 10c, sale price 8c a yard.

Remember, do your Shopping as early as you possibly can.

Four Special Lines.

Special line of Ladies' and Gents' Black Astrachan Gauntlets; regular \$1.00, sale price 50c a pair.

New lines of Lace Curtains just in; special at 25c and 50c a pair.
Very fine Lace Curtains, just in; regular \$1.25, sale price \$1.00. Beautiful patterns.

35 DOZEN OF CHILDREN'S PURE WOOL UNDERVESTS, in all sizes, in white and natural, open front. These goods are worth 50c, sale price 25c and 35c. See them.

THE HOLIDAY OF HOLIDAYS is swiftly approaching. Now is your time to buy, and the "Three Busy Stores" is the place to buy and save money.

VENEZUELAN REVOLUTIONISTS LIKELY TO BE SUCCESSFUL

The Movement More Powerful Than Ever.

BLOCKADE GAZETTED TODAY

The Proposal for Arbitration Said to Have Been Accepted by Germany.

London, Dec. 20.—The official proclamation of the blockade of Venezuelan ports was gazetted this morning and becomes effective today.

REVOLUTIONISTS ARE ACTIVE.

Panama, Dec. 20.—News received here from the Venezuelan frontier is to the effect that the revolutionary movement against President Castro is now more powerful than ever. Gen. Matos is to be at the head of a strong army, and to be on good terms with the representatives of the foreign powers.

It is believed among the Venezuelan revolutionists that the present movement against Castro will be successful. Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 19.—It is reported here that four Venezuelan revolutionary generals, with a force said to number 10,000 men, are marching to Caracas, and are believed now to be near that city.

Admiral Douglas, of the British fleet, ordered the blockade of La Guaira, Caranbe, Guanta, Cumana, Carupano and the mouth of the Orinoco River. Vessels in the blockade ports will be allowed fifteen days to obtain clearances. Violators of the blockade will be liable under law. It is intimated here that the blockade will probably not last longer than 30 days.

GERMANY ACCEPTS.

London, Dec. 19.—The answer of Germany to the proposal for arbitration is said to have been accepted.

NO MORE TORTURE FOR CANCER VICTIMS

The New Constitutional Treatment Has Done Away With the Cruelty of Knife, Paste and Plaster.

The surgeon's knife, the painful plaster, the burning paste were once the modes of torture to which the poor victims of cancer were subjected. The advent of the new constitutional treatment has made it possible for these methods of cruelty to be relegated to the past.

The new form of treatment is a vegetable compound, pleasant to take and most effective in completely and permanently eradicating the disease from the system.

Send two stamps to A. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

for full particulars of this treatment, which has cured so many people here in Canada.

many to the arbitration proposal in behalf of Venezuela.

The delivery of this reply is delayed for a day or two for tactical reasons, probably through the expectation that another solution may be found, possibly by President Castro yielding. Four days ago the idea of the German Government was in favor of rejection, and that is understood here to have been the temper of the British foreign office.

Lord Charles Beresford has just returned from a visit to Germany. In a letter published in the London Times this morning he expresses the opinion that a great number of Germans disapprove of the Anglo-German agreement in the Venezuelan matter, and says he thinks it would have been much better had the two nations acted independently.

The owners of the British steamer *Topaz*, which was seized by a mob of Venezuelans at Porto Cabello Dec. 10, resulting in the bombardment of the forts there by vessels of the allied powers, have received a cable message announcing her safe arrival at Cienfuegos, Cuba.

A semi-official announcement now places the Italian claims against Venezuela at \$2,000,000.

A dispatch from The Hague says the Government of Holland has dispatched several warships to the island of Curacao to protect Dutch subjects and to observe events. It is thought Holland will join in the action of the allied powers against Venezuela.

LITTLE TIME FOR DELAY.

Caracas, Dec. 19.—When the German cruiser *Albatross* captured the Venezuelan schooner *Victoria* yesterday in the Gulf of Maracaibo the captain of the Venezuelan vessel was given ten minutes to leave his ship. A very heavy sea was running at the time, and the small boat in which the Venezuelans disembarked was nearly capsized. As it was, one of the schooner's crew was drowned. It has been learned that the captain of the *Victoria* was not aware of Venezuela's difficulties with Germany and Great Britain. It is argued here that Germany has no claim against Venezuela for corporal offenses committed against German subjects, but that the imperial claims are financial only. The *Victoria* was found this morning stranded on the shore.

It is announced that C. J. Hamilton has made a provision for the confinement of Village Farm as a great breeding establishment after his death. The veteran breeder is now 83 years old, and it is to be hoped that the provision referred to will not have to be put in force for many years yet. Village Farm may reduce its stock to a number where conducting a breeding industry will be a pleasure rather than a business burden, but the great nursery of trotterdom will remain intact for many years to come. Mr. Cicero J. Hamilton, who is now 83 years old, has had little to do with the active management of Village Farm for two years past. Mr. Harry Hamilton is the gentleman at the helm of the enterprise.

Tea drinking has become a habit with the natives of Calcutta.

FRENCH WON THE DUELS!

Defeated Italian Opponents in Bouts at Nice.

Contestants Make a Brilliant Display of Swordsmanship.

Nice, Dec. 19.—The long-talked-of duels between two French and two Italian fencing masters to decide as to the best style of national swordsmanship were fought this morning. M. Kirchoffer represented France in the engagement with Sig. Vega, while the Frenchman, M. Merignac, faced Sig. Pessina. Both Italians were wounded. Sig. Vega was cut in the deltoid region of the shoulder by M. Kirchoffer, while Sig. Pessina in the seventh engagement was wounded in the right side by M. Merignac. The point of the foil did not penetrate far, being stopped by the rib bone.

Vega was wounded after three minutes of fighting. He and Kirchoffer displayed brilliant swordsmanship. M. Kirchoffer was calmer and made some feints which induced his adversary to lunge. During the third engagement, when Vega's sword was already bent, Kirchoffer inflicted the wound in the shoulder with a straight thrust.

After a short interval the contest between Merignac and Pessina began. The sword play of the Italian was rapid, while that of the Frenchman was more deliberate. There was a lively encounter, in which Merignac made several dangerous passes.

During the interval between engagements the Italian's second pointed out that Merignac's vest was thicker than Pessina's, and the Frenchman was compelled to take it off. When the engagement was resumed Merignac touched Pessina on the breast with a straight thrust over the seventh rib. A great crowd of people witnessed the contests. After the duels the police entered the grounds and subsequently conducted the Italian duellists to the central police station, where they were served with a warrant of expulsion. Sig. Vega and Pessina were accompanied to the railway station by their late adversaries. There was much handshaking and many expressions of goodwill before the departure on the trains.

FORM CANADIAN CIRCUIT

(Continued from page 7.)

encounter was first broached Madden has received a number of offers, the latest coming from a club in Chicago. Billy got word yesterday to give a purse of \$7,000 or 50 per cent. of the gate receipts for a six-round bout between Rubin and "Lanky" Bob, the same to be held some time in February. This is \$4,000 more than the Penn Art Club, of Philadelphia, is willing to give. Madden wired his acceptance, and the only thing necessary now to clinch things is for Fitz to accept. It is understood that there will be no objection by the authorities to this mill, as both pugilists are well liked in the Windy City.

ROWING.

ARGONAUTS OUT OF IT.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 19.—The Toronto Argonaut Rowing Club is not likely to go to the Henley regatta next year, owing to the difficulty of getting a crew.

NO COMPLAINT FROM HARVARD.

Cambridge, Dec. 18.—Harvard is the only American university that does not depend upon a professional coach for the ultimate development of its "Varsity" crews. While surprise as well as regret are expressed at other American universities, Harvard men are not surprised at the action of the Henley stewards refusing the entries of crews coached by professionals. "We have held so far, at least, that it is better, as far as possible, to rely upon amateur coaching for the development of our Varsity teams, teams that are particularly representative of the university," said Head Coach Higginson, of the Harvard crew today. "Better, at least," he continued, "for amateur sport, this without reflection upon any one of several professional coaches, I may say."

RESERVE FORCE

When a great general goes into battle he holds back part of his army for reserve to use in case of need at any point where the fighting line weakens and the enemy threatens to break through.

In the same way a thoroughly healthy human body always has a certain amount of reserve strength at command in case of emergency.

What Scott's Emulsion does is to build up reserve strength and vital force which the body can use to repair or defend any weak part in the entire system.

Everybody who needs good red blood, physical vigor, high spirits and plenty of reserve force should take Scott's Emulsion. It is not a mere stimulant, extract or so-called wine of cod-liver oil, but is rich in actual nourishment for the blood, the tissues and the nerve cells. Scott's Emulsion contains the whole oil perfectly emulsified and blended with hypophosphites of lime and soda in a combination which is a genuine and perfect food-medicine.

We will send a sample free to anyone on request.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 55 Front St. W., Toronto.

OPEN EVERY EVENING

GRAFTON & CO.

OPEN EVERY EVENING

Leaders Since 1852.

The Only Manufacturers of High-Grade Union-Made Clothing in Canada

GIVE

What you know will be useful and you give with the best judgment. Buy it where you know the values are right and prices are right, and you'll give with safety. You'll serve both interests in selecting from.....

THESE

Why Not a Suit or an Overcoat?

A Special Sale of House Coats.

If you decide among yourselves to exchange such sensible, practical gifts, we want to call your attention to our....

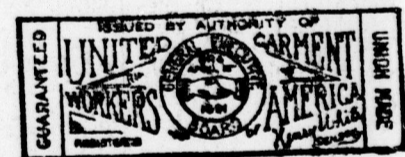
\$10

GRADE

as offering the best money's worth in Canada. In that grade is every proper style—in both suits and overcoats—the extreme novelty and the conservative style. In that grade our tailoring talent and our facilities—High-Grade Union-Made and other features that are exclusive with us—have ample leeway to produce with elegance. Every garment is a Grafton & Co. creation. Its bestness is indicated in every line and seam; in every feature and factor. In the price, too—for to duplicate the intrinsic merit means to go into the \$15 and \$18 grades elsewhere; while the artistic merit is impossible of duplication outside of the custom tailor's.

It's custom tailoring—and that is why it is above the competition of ready-made.

This Label Is on the Inside



Breast Pocket of Every Garment

Special.

Xmas Gloves—Dressed Kid and Lined Moca, in tan, brown and gray shades, we show you a varied assortment at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up to \$2.00.

Special.

Xmas Suspenders—Men's extra quality Lisle and Silk Web Suspenders, in fancy stripe effects. Will make an acceptable gift, 25c to \$1.25 per pair.

Grafton & Co.

158

Dundas St.

J. M. HICKEY, Mgr.

The Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Clothing in Canada.

FACTORY—DUNDAS. BRANCHES—HAMILTON, LONDON, BRANTFORD, PETERBORO, OWEN SOUND AND DUNDAS.

have in mind, men who are as thoroughly sportsmanlike, no doubt, in spirit and in practice as any amateur could be. But as between two systems Harvard has elected hitherto to rely upon amateurs when it becomes a question of any man becoming in a large measure responsible for any crew or team. As to the decision of the Henley stewards, the Henley regatta being entirely a local affair, its organizers and controllers have a perfect right to make any arrangements they choose for its conduct."

BASEBALL.
THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Chicago, Dec. 19.—President Johnson, of the American League, returned from New York yesterday morning and announced that the annual meeting of his league would be held in this city shortly, probably next Monday, and that the first conference between the peace committees of the rival leagues would be held in Cincinnati on Jan. 6 next.

Concerning the outlook for peace Mr. Johnson talked hopefully and said he believed a satisfactory compromise could be reached, but he declined to talk in advance of the probable terms on which such an agreement would be made. He said the American League's committee had not yet been appointed and would not be until the annual meeting, when it would be given power to treat with the National League's committee.

TO PLAY TORONTO.
Following is the personnel of the indoor baseball team from the Seventh Regiment that is to meet the team representing the officers of the Toronto Garrison at Toronto on Saturday: Messrs Reid, Campbell, Becher, Archie, Becher, McCrimmon, Macbeth, Kent, Harris, Kerrigan and Arthur Little. A good game is expected.

HOCKEY.
TO PLAY GOAL.
It is announced that Bert Glover has decided to play with the Seventh Regiment A. C. hockey team this winter. The report is that he will hold down the goal.

O. H. A. EXECUTIVE MEETS.
Toronto, Dec. 19.—The executive of the O. H. A. met this morning.

VISITORS TO EUROPE.
The Corporation of Colonial and Gantral Agencies, Limited.
Agents for the Gordon Hotels, St. Ermin's Hotel (close to Westminster Abbey), and other selected hotels, hydros and boarding establishments in Great Britain.

List of family and commercial hotels to meet the requirements of all travelers. The agencies offer a free bureau of information as to rates, situation and particulars.

Accommodation secured and hotels notified of intending arrivals. All arrangements completed free of charge.
The Corporation of Colonial and Gantral Agencies, Limited.
106 McKinnon Building, Toronto.
6 St. James Street, Montreal.
HEAD OFFICE: 74 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C., England, where visitors are invited to call.

the O. H. A. held an important meeting tonight, which lasted long after midnight. The committee grouped the various clubs, about 87 altogether, into senior, intermediate and junior series, and a meeting place being appointed for each group to arrange playing dates. The committee reinstated W. Hookey Dixon, Toronto, and granted resident certificates to T. A. Graham, Stratford; J. A. Forrester, Barrie, and H. Deyman, Collingwood.

FOOTBALL.

WILL THEY DROP OUT?

Toronto, Dec. 18.—Just how the Ontario Rough Riders intend to act with regard to the adoption of the snap-back by the Ontario Union is apparently not known, even to themselves. While here Saturday, President Hal McGivern said his club would stick to the union and take up the new game. Now this dispatch comes from Ottawa, telling a story that differs materially from that of the Rough Riders' president. It is as follows: "It is generally conceded here that as a result of the adoption of the Burnsides rules in the Ontario Rugby Football Union, the Rough Riders will join with the Quebec Union if their application for admission is allowed. The officers of the club will say nothing about the matter, but the final meeting of the club for last season has not yet been held, and this will be one of the most important matters to come up. The officers of the club will make no public statement at present, but even if the Burnsides rules had not been adopted against the wishes of the champions it is extremely doubtful if the Rough Riders would have stayed with the Ontario Union, unless a throw down by the Quebec Union compelled them to do so."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Artificial tea is made by mixing oxide of iron with tea dust and rolled by means of starch into pellets resembling the genuine tea.

The United Irish League claims to have 1,235 branches.

400,000 shares subscribed last week—double your money in ten days. See page 10.

THE MARKETS.

THE LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Dec. 20. The attendance at the market here today was large, but it was hardly as large as last year's Christmas market. This may be accounted for to a certain extent by the fact that Tuesday will also be a good market at least, that is, the chief offerings, and nearly every vehicle contained some kind of poultry in sales were made without any trouble, especially in the poultry line. Poultry was firm, and the market was a lively one from start to finish.

Grain—Fully 25 loads of loads offered, which sold at 85c to 90c per cwt. Three loads of buckwheat sold at 85c to 90c per cwt, the latter price for good. Three loads of wheat, 100 lbs. of hay found a ready sale at \$3.50 to \$4.00 per ton. Three loads of straw sold at \$2.50 and \$3 by the load.

Butter and Eggs—There was a large supply of both of these commodities, and prices were about as quoted.

Potatoes—There were about six loads offered, and prices ruled 10c to 11c by the load.

Poultry—This line was the attraction of the day, and prices the higher. Turkeys were held at the opening at 13c wholesale, and 14c per pound retail, but receded a little at the close, dropping about 1c per pound; geese were in large supply, and the demand was good, at 7c to 8c per pound wholesale; ducks sold at 7c to 8c per pair; chickens, 6c to 8c per pair.

Hogs—Very few in, about 20 all told, which brought \$2.25 per cwt.

Livestock—The price for Monday will be \$2.00 per cwt.

Butcher's Meats—The supply was fairly large, at prices quoted.

GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.

Wheat, sprouted	1.05	1.05
Wheat, good	1.05	1.05
Oats	.85	.85
Barley	.85	.85
Peas	.85	.85
Rye	.85	.85
Buckwheat	.85	.85

GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.

Wheat	1.05	1.05
Oats	.85	.85
Barley	.85	.85
Peas	.85	.85
Rye	.85	.85
Buckwheat	.85	.85

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, per roll, baskets	19	20
Eggs, doz., basket	19	21
Eggs, doz., new-laid	20	22
Honey, strained, per lb.	13	13
Cheese, wholesale	10 1/2	11 1/4

FRUITS.

Apples, per bag	50	50
Apples, dried, per lb.	3	3 1/2
Apples, per bu.	60	60
Oranges, per bu.	60	60
Apples, per bu.	60	60
Citrus, per doz.	20	25
Grapes, 10 lb. basket	20	25

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, bag, wholesale	50	1.00
Potatoes, single bag	1.00	1.10
Turnips, per bag	50	60
Onions, per bag	50	60
Beets, per bu.	50	60
Carrots, per bu.	50	60
Cabbages, per doz.	25	40
Celery, per doz.	25	40
Pumpkins, each	1	10
Squashes, per doz.	25	40
Sage and savory, per doz.	25	40
Peppers, per doz.	25	40
Caiflower, per doz.	25	40

POULTRY.

Chickens, per pair	60	75
Ducks, per pair	60	75
Geese, each	60	75
Turkeys, per pair	60	75

LIVE POULTRY.

Ducks, per pair	60	75
Geese, each	60	75
Turkeys, per pair	60	75

MEATS.

Dressed hogs, per cwt.	7.00	7.25
Pork, hindquarters, per lb.	10	11
Pork, forequarters, per lb.	8	9
Beef, carcasses, common	5.00	5.50
Beef, hindquarters, per lb.	10	11
Beef, forequarters, per lb.	8	9
Lamb, by quarter	1.00	1.10
Veal, per cwt.	8.00	8.50
Mutton, per cwt.	8.00	8.50

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, per ton	8.00	8.50
Straw, per ton	2.00	2.50
Baled hay, wholesale	5.00	5.50

HIDES AND SKINS.

Wool, washed	12	13 1/2
Wool, unwashed	10	11
Hides, No. 1, per lb.	7	7 1/2
Hides, No. 2, per lb.	6	6 1/2
Hides, No. 3, per lb.	5	5 1/2
Tallow, rendered	6	6 1/2
Tallow, rough	5	5 1/2
Sheepskins, each	1	1 1/2
Calfskins, No. 1	8	8 1/2
Calfskins, No. 2	6 1/2	7

QUAKER OATS.

Puritan Flour	1.00	1.05
Life Chips, Swiss Food	1.00	1.05
Grape Nuts	1.00	1.05

HAMILTON'S, Talbot St., near King.

PHONE 662.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO. (Associated Press Report.) Toronto, Dec. 19.—Business was very dull at the cattle market today, and the butchers and local dealers being well supplied for all requirements of the Christmas trade, and export demands are still slow. No fancy prices were paid today, though on the whole prices were fairly well maintained. The market for cattle, however, was much larger than the demand for all classes, and towards the close of the market indications were that there would be a considerable amount of stuff left over for next week, while the general prospects are that until the end of the year there will be comparatively little more business to be done. The prices for the past week or two have been pretty heavy, and there will probably be the usual slackening for the next one or two markets.

100 Doses

For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I could not eat nor sleep nor do my housework. A neighbor presented me with a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped me right away. There is no better medicine. Two bottles completely cured me. Mrs. John E. Russell, Pimlico St., Belleville, Ont."

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY DECEMBER 20.

SCORED SECOND SUCCESS

Carnival Will Be Repeated at The Grand on New Year's Eve.

Two Successful Operations in Kent County.

Producing Ten Barrels an Hour—Engines Run by Gas.

Chatham, Ont., Dec. 19.—Since Gurd's

gusher was struck in Raleigh Township, 9 miles from here, no other oil wells were successfully put down until this week. There had been the usual number of dry holes, and the drillers were beginning to get disheartened. This week two operations are reported to have been successful. They have found the oil rock, and indications are good. Carman and Fairbanks have a fair flow of oil in the well just completed at Paines Station, on the Lake Erie Railway. The well is on the farm of Mr. Van, on Canada Company land, about a mile and a half south of Gurd's gusher. The well has not been tested yet, so that its capacity cannot be estimated.

The Corey well on the Walker farm is also showing a fair flow of gas from all the wells is very strong, and the gas is being utilized as fuel for the engines used in the drilling operations. There has been about eight dry holes put down so far. These are all to the northeast, and west of the gusher. The Carman well is the first prospecting to be done to the southward of the gusher. The direction of the oil field must be south.

Gurd's gusher is still producing. It flows spasmodically now, and has to be pumped at intervals. For the past day or two the well has been shut down owing to the pumping gear being out of order. They started pumping the well again at 5 o'clock this afternoon, and it was producing oil at about the rate of ten barrels per hour.

Warm blankets are now being lent to poor persons in the first arondissement of Paris, on the sole condition that they return them on the first Monday in May.

To "break up" a cold, take Dr. Humphreys' "SEVENTY-SEVEN," and some form of gentle exercise or work, until perspiration is induced. "77" prevents pneumonia and cures La

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The Gainsborough sextette again scored a success, with its parody on Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which was sung by Misses Jennie Grant, Winnie Fox, Marion McNamee, Rosina Taylor, Merle Brock and Patty McNamee, and by Mr. P. L. Lynwood, who was his choir leader. The act included the introduction of the "Six Little Women" song from "The Girl of the Year," which was sung by the "Six Little Women" being Misses Annie Mattinson, Ray Simmons, Taylor, Connie Thompson, Jay Moore and Amy Pigott.

Another new feature was "Pocahontas and the Indians," under the direction of Miss Shaw-Wood. In this act Miss Ethel McKillop gave a most satisfactory rendering of the role of the Indian maiden, Pocahontas. Mr. A. Bayly enacted the part of Capt. John Smith, and Mr. P. L. Lynwood appeared as the chief. The chorus did very creditably.

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TO EORN CANADIAN CIRCUIT

Governing Body for Our Tracks
Like Those in States.

Will the Young Corbett-McGovern
Fight Come Off?—General.

THE TURF.

A CANADIAN CIRCUIT.

Toronto, Dec. 19.—A movement is on in Canada toward the organization of a new and big racing circuit, and of a governing body for the Canadian turf, the plan now in vogue in the United States and in every European country. Prominent owners and breeders of the Dominion have been approached on the matter, and the opinion prevails among them that it would be to the best interest of the sport that such action be taken. The new organization, as contemplated by Secretary Frazer, of the Ontario Jockey Club, of this city, who is the chief promoter of the movement, will be called the Canadian Jockey Club, and every track in Canada must bear the official sanction of the club or take the alternative of being outlawed. Reciprocal relations will be established with the eastern and western Jockey clubs of the United States, and also with the foreign organizations. This will mean that an owner, horse or jockey outlawed in the United States, England or any other country, will also be under the ban on a Canadian course.

One or two reforms will be outlined by the Canadian club, when the organization is perfected, the most important of which will be the abolition of syndicate booking and the curtailment of racing dates. A circuit will be formed, it is said, which will comprise Windsor, Toronto, Fort Erie, Hamilton and Montreal. Purses will be advocated in an effort to keep the Canadian owners at home, instead of allowing their patronage to go to the eastern and western tracks in the United States. The Seagram, Hendrie, Carruthers & Shields and other stables are notable examples of Canadian owners forced to race abroad.

"CLEANED SHOP."

New Orleans, Dec. 19.—The stewards of the Crescent City Jockey Club "cleaned shop" today. After an extended investigation they suspended a jockey, two bookmakers, two horse owners and two valets. All were implicated, it is alleged, in some recent queer races run by thoroughbred riders by W. Hicks, the rider under suspension.

Early in the afternoon the stewards issued the following statement: "After a thorough investigation of the methods of the firm of Stitzel & Grefer, who have been doing a business of bookmaking under the title of the Iowa Club, we suggest that said W. Stitzel and F. J. Grefer be ruled off the turf. We further suggest that the suspensions of Hatfield and Ownby, and of Jockey W. Hicks, be continued, and that, pending a completion of the investigation, Ed Gaines (driver, as 'Bob') and R. Cash, valets for Jockey W. Hicks, be denied all privileges. By order, Board of Stewards, Crescent City Jockey Club."

Just before the bookmakers were barred out of the ring Jockey Buchanan, who recently was dismissed by his employers, Durnell & Herz, made a statement to the stewards. He said he had been maligned by a story given out to the papers by "Boots" Durnell, and he wished to deny the assertions that he was responsible for the defeat of the horses charged against him. He stated that he followed his orders how to ride; Pothorn and The Lady, but that he used his own judgment about handling Rolling Boer, because he thought his orders were faulty. In addition he said that Herz is a hard loser and that the firm is distressed for ready cash.

In charge of Jockey Treanor two horses from the stable of Durnell & Herz scored twice. The Lady at 4 to 5 won the third, six-furlong dash, in a gallon, Scotch Plaid, at 7 to 5, a heavily-backed favorite from 9 to 5, won the mile and a furlong race, fifth on the programme, by open daylight. The only other choice that passed the post in front was the old Kitamining, who won the fourth race with the greatest possible ease.

LYNE REFUSED THE OFFER.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 19.—In response to a telegram asking Jockey Lucien Lyne if he would accept Durnell & Herz's offer of \$1,000 per month to ride during January in New Orleans, Lyne said: "My 8-year-old sister, Nanette, says I shall not ride any more until I get in England. That settles it."

NO RACES AT LOS ANGELES.

San Francisco, Dec. 19.—It is a good bet that the race meeting announced to commence at Los Angeles on Jan. 24 will not be held this winter.

The new California Jockey Club has cleverly checkmated the plans for a rival meeting in the southern part of the state, and there will not be any race meeting at Los Angeles before the close of racing at Inglewood and Oakland. At least, there will not unless the promoters and a few owners of cheap horses conclude to become outlawed by the California Jockey Club, which it is believed here would carry with it the ban of the Western Jockey Club and perhaps the Eastern Jockey Club also.

THE DAY AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 19.—Water Edge and Cogswell were the only beaten favorites today. The former was practically left at the post, and closed a big gap. Weather clear and track slow.

First race, 5 1/2 furlongs—Harry, 107 (Helgeson), 9 to 1; 1; Paganini, 105 (Scully), 10 to 1; 2; Farmer Jim, 110 (Gannon), 40 to 1; 3. Time, 1:04 1/2.

Second race, selling, 7 furlongs—Tillo, 107 (Hoar), 7 to 1; 1; Dutch Carter, 102 (Phillips), 20 to 1; 2; Sarilla, 107 (Munroe), 40 to 1; 3. Time, 1:30 1/2.

Third race, 1 mile—Tom Kingsley, 104 (Hoar), 4 to 1; 1; Rough Rider, 114 (J. Conley), 6 to 1; 2; Hanover Queen, 108 (J. Fisher), 8 to 1; 3. Time, 1:48 1/2.

Fourth race, high weight handicap, 7 furlongs—Golden Rule, 115 (Treanor), 7 to 1; 1; Antonius, 115 (Helgeson), 9 to 1; 2; Death, 115 (Cogswell), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:30 1/2.

Fifth race, selling, 1 1/4 miles—Erne, 102 (Cris), 3 to 1; 1; Cogswell, 104 (Brice), 11 to 5; 2; Marcos, 98 (Scully), 9 to 1; 3. Time, 1:58 1/2.

Sixth race, 6 furlongs—Sweet Alvie, 112 (Gannon), 1 to 1; 1; Suburban Queen, 108 (Hoar), 20 to 1; 2; Helen May, 100 (O'Neil), 40 to 1; 3. Time, 1:17 1/2.

THE DAY AT INGLETSIDE.

San Francisco, Dec. 19.—Weather clear and track slow at Ingletside. Results:

First race, selling, 7 furlongs—Tulare, 12 to 1; 1; Hungarian, 8 to 5; 2; Star Cotton, 8 to 1; 3. Time, 1:32.

Second race, Futurity course, selling—Marsaca, 8 to 5; 1; Glendinning, 7 to 5; 2; Botany, 4 to 2; 3. Time, 1:34.

Third race, 7 furlongs, pure-bred—Ishtar, 4 to 1; 1; Parafail, 10 to 1; 2; Parafail, 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:31 1/2.

Fourth race, 1 mile, steeplechase—Duke of York, 3 to 1; 1; Crest, 10 to 1; 2; Glintus, 8 to 1; 3. Time, 3:38.

Fifth race, 5 furlongs, 2-year-old—Gold Ball, 14 to 1; 1; Iridus, 5 to 1; 2; Gold Ball, 40 to 1; 3. Time, 1:17.

Sixth race, 1 1/4 miles, 5-year-old—The Buffon, 7 to 1; 1; Rio Shannon, 10 to 1; 2. Time, 1:43 1/2.

THE RING.

BOAT AT HAMILTON.

Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 19.—After the preliminary bout between Billy Tobin, nelly, of Buffalo, was cleverly contested of Hamilton, and Stanley Karp, of Buffalo, was pulled off and won by Karp in the Palace Rink here last night, the main bout between Charles Gockie, of Hamilton, and Jerry Don-

The Pibroch of the Tillson is a Dirge for the Fads

The Tillsons are here, good-bye to the fads.

Hot oatmeal porridge for breakfast, made in Canada—Canadian for half a century.

No more Yankee fads, hot or cold, for Canadian breakfasts.

No more "peptonized wheat."

No more "vitalized or vitrified oatlets."

No more "glutenized corn."

No more "faked wild rice."

Nor "carbonated nerve nuts."

Nor "multified 'vitiated' muscle mixtures."

Nor "medicated mush."

Nor "predigested poppycockles."

No more Yankee cereals.

Just good, plain, wholesome Canadian oatmeal porridge without any fancy frills.

Canadian Oatmeal (Tillson's Pan-Dried) is the best in the world—that's a commonplace way of saying it, but it's a commonplace truth—Canadian soil, Canadian climate, Canadian farming methods yield the finest oats in the world.

Tillson's Pan-Dried process makes the best oatmeal in the world.

Tillsons made oatmeal in Canada when modern food faddists were making dyspeptic stomachs last century by eating pie and fried pork for breakfast.

Tillson's ancestors (and yours too, perhaps) were fed on Scotch porridge when Bruce and Scott and Burns knew, nor wanted anything better.

Scotch history, Scotch brawn, Scotch intellect, Scotch traditions, Scotch everything that's glorious is and always has been associated with the Scotch porridge pot.

Shall Canadians be fed upon the medicated fads of a nation that lost its own stomach because it lacked the wisdom and taste to eat Scotch-Canadian porridge?

And shall this country, the granary of the Empire, eat a breakfast of foreign cereals?

Two generations of Tillsons have made Tillson's Oats—Pan-dried—for half a century in Canada, in Tillsonburg, Ontario.

Don't forget.—There is only one Tillson in Canada, there's only one Tillson's Oats, Pan-dried, and it is made by Tillsons in Tillsonburg, Canada.

Oh, yes, it's Canadian.

No specks, no dust, no dirt, no hulls, the cleanest, best oatmeal in Canada or any other country—with the rich, nutty Pan-Dried flavor.

Tillson's Pan-Dried Oats



All Grocers
Packages Only

A Food--
Not a Fad

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(Continued on page 1.)

NEW MAGAZINE FOR 'VARSITY

The Welcome Advent of the Weekly "Scrap-Book."

COLLEAGUE OF "CAP AND GOWN"

Interesting Gathering of the Literary Society--Lecture on the Career of Stephen Phillips.

An new magazine has been placed in the university library called "The University Scrap-Book." Just who the editor is appears to be a mystery, but whoever he is, he seems to understand his business. The Scrap-Book, the editor says, is not in opposition to the Cap and Gown, but it is to be a weekly filled with college news and jokes, to be read by students only, whereas the Cap and Gown is a monthly, read at the public meetings of the Literary and Musical Society.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.
A large number of the members of the Literary Society met at a general meeting of the University Literary Society on Friday evening. In the absence of the president, the vice-president, Miss Muriel Saunders, presided. The programme with an instrumental solo, a response to a hearty encore. Mr. M. J. Clark sang two solos in good voice. The college magazine, in Cap and Gown, was read by Miss Muriel Saunders and Clarke, and its jokes and witticisms caused much merriment.
The Girls' Glee Club, which has been singing during the past year, presented two selections, A. Elson, '04, sang a solo and had to respond to an encore. The Misses Dearness rendered an instrumental solo and a solo and a response to an encore. The meeting closed with Universal Anthem.

WELCOME DONATION.
A letter received by the provost from Mr. I. F. Hellmuth, of Toronto, contains an announcement which will gladden the hearts of all who are interested in the welfare of the university. The letter states that Mrs. Hellmuth, widow of the late Bishop Hellmuth, offers to donate to the Western University a theological library of her late husband's collection. Bishop Hellmuth was a member of the Western University.

Those who have an extensive and valuable collection of books will best appreciate the importance of the gift.

A HINT.
Speaking of the munificent donors of books, the library is glad to receive any reminder that in the late years the library has not received many accessions from any source. Appropriations of university money must necessarily be small, and bearing in mind the curriculum of studies, the windfalls consist of government reports and a few small volumes from the press of some publisher of text-books. Might not some of our citizens help to make up the book collection by one or more volume gifts? When you look over your bookshelves, do you not see many useful books

history, biography, travel, and literature which you may read, and which you may never likely to come again? They may be just the particular works which some of our library like to use, and which our librarians, Mr. Emblym, who will put the book plate in them (whisper) belong to the donor's name.

THE PUBLIC LECTURE.

Last week's public lecture was "Stephen Phillips." His career as poet and dramatist was sketched, and his work was reviewed, receiving the poetic drama for the present. He has none of Bulwer. There is Sophoclean sincerity and simplicity in his work, and a certain action, but the expense of character. Mr. Phillips is a pupil less of Sophocles than of Euripides. The French school is so accustomed to rejoice in the rich and broad lines of "Hippolyte et Aricie" and "Francesca" that the first thin, pale, bare, intensity of "The Captivity of Troy" is more than extensivity. A Greek, Euripides, and a Frenchman, Moliere, are Mr. Phillips' characteristics. The action of the thin, people-staged "The Captivity of Troy" is the Shakespearian progress like the ocean tide. Mr. Phillips' characters are the Greek gods, and the Greek gods with life-blood. He is young that he may yet realize his dream.

Mr. H. W. Shell, secretary of the association, said that the convention was an uplifting, almost ghostly, beauty of appeals to a growing faith in the greater world of twentieth century England.

VARSITY NOTES.

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Mr. James Horton, of Lakelet, prepared to enter the university after mass. Mr. Horton is to be a student of divinity. He is a musician of ability, and will be a great accession to the chapel choir.

Rev. Principal Waller preached Thorndale on Sunday, Dec. 14.

The following graduates were received at the college this week: Rev. Wm. B. A. Custer, Rev. W. McMillen, B.A., Princeton; Rev. J. H. Thamesford, B.A., Princeton; Rev. J. H. Thamesford, B.A., Princeton; Rev. J. H. Thamesford, B.A., Princeton.

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Thomas Knight, Melbourne
Mr. C. Tennent, 60, who has
for the past year, is slowly, but
some time before he will attend
again.

At the regular evening channel
on Wednesday the principal
"The C
" began," having before the
their recent guests, enjoyed by all.

Mr. Charles Ryan left for his
the 12th of August, on account of illness.

Mr. John McAndrew left for
where he will spend his vacation.
Miss Rowat, Miss
work in social courses and
regularly, and was intended to give up
circulated for their energy in
judgment in coming to this
Some were expected and
year after Christmas.

Several of the inhabitants
were seen to be enjoying the
the carnival. They are "Costa
Gripes and Sun Worshipers."

Fast Friends

TEA

Ceylon Tea and the Public.
Matchless Quality Has Cemented this Alliance.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

Sold only in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. All Grocers.



Bess would not be of age for more than two years yet, and during that time she would have the handling of her property, which, he reasoned, he would have the right to help himself very liberally since she would owe the fact of her inheritance to him.

He had been once to Fayette in the meantime, and he had found that she was not much the same as when he left her, mentally a simple child in intellect.

She seemed to have lost all memory of him, and he had not addressed him as papa, as she had previously done, and appeared indifferently to shrink from him with aversion.

Dr. Ashton, in his assumed character of the fond father, pretended to be much overcome by the continued loss of reason and her apparent inability to recognize him. It was a calamity, he said, which well-nigh ruined him.

Allie seemed to be contented and happy with the Harris, both of whom appeared to be very fond of her, giving her the best of care and treating her with the greatest patience and tenderness. It seemed to be just the home for her, and John Ashton determined to hire these people to care for her permanently.

It was an out-of-the-way place, and no one would be likely to find the girl, whom he had represented dead, and he felt that he need give himself no further uneasiness about her.

She was well-nigh physically, however, was raining in flesh and color, and was growing prettier than she had ever been before. The annihilation of her mental suffering and forgetfulness of everything unpleasant seemed to be just what she needed to bring her shattered health and nerves.

Mr. Harris and his wife, when he made the proposition to her, had been very willing, even glad, to assume the care of the demented girl. Their hearts were still very sore over their own loss, and they longed for someone upon whom they could expend their love, while they felt that their little girl was being kept from having some young person in it.

They would have kept her without a penny in return, but this obligation John Ashton refused to accept, and arranged with them for what to him seemed a nominal sum, but which they deemed far too much for what they could give her.

With this matter settled so satisfactorily, the wily physician returned to the family and returned to New York, relieved of a great burden, and prepared to enjoy himself to the utmost in his new spend the fortune which he had secured for his niece.

When Dr. Ashton called to inform Bess that she was henceforth to be the mistress of two hundred thousand dollars, he found Kenneth with her, and her only companion.

A frown of displeasure clouded his brow as he frigidly glanced at the young man, which Queen Bess was quick to notice, and a slight flash of resentment mantled her pale face.

Dr. Ashton greeted her very affectionately, but barely nodded to Kenneth in an indifferent way, and then remarked to his niece:

"I have called tonight, Bess, to commend something of importance to you; can I see you alone for half an hour or so?"

Queen Bess now flushed a vivid crimson at this broad hint that her lover was in the way, and Kenneth instantly arose to leave the room.

The young girl put out her hand to stay him, and Dr. Ashton caught the gleam of a diamond ring on her finger.

"Don't go," Queen Bess said in a low tone, and with an appealing look into her lover's face.

Then turning to her uncle, she continued, with a quiet dignity, such as he had never observed in her before:

"Uncle John, I have nothing to say to me that will not be perfectly right and proper for Mr. Keith to hear, since our interests as beneficiaries will be mutual."

"Indeed," ejaculated Dr. Ashton, too much surprised for the moment by this open avowal to say anything else; but there was an unpleasant emphasis upon the word which Queen Bess said in a low tone, and he was somewhat dismayed to find that her hand was already pledged.

He secretly resolved, however, that she should never fulfill that pledge, but he could do nothing just now, so he concluded to conceal his disapprobation for the present, do nothing rashly, but bide his time.

"Oh, no," he remarked indifferently to Kenneth's proposal to leave the room: "if what you say is true, you have a perfect right to hear what I have to say, simply came to announce the fact that my niece has become an heiress."

"An heiress!" both his listeners exclaimed, in astonishment.

Then Queen Bess added: "What can you mean, Uncle John?"

"Just what I say," he replied, smiling. "A fortune of upward of two hundred thousand dollars has been left to you."

"I have no right to doubt your word," Kenneth replied, smiling.

"I presume not," replied Bess, looking bewildered.

possession a copy of Allie's will, which bequeaths, in the event of her death, all that she possessed to you," Dr. Ashton explained.

"Why, I never knew that Allie made a will," Bess cried, surprised.

"I presume not," I believe that I am the only one, beside herself, who knew anything about the matter," returned her uncle. "It was wise provision, and she realized the need of making it, otherwise her money would all have gone to the distant relatives of hers in the west. She preferred that those whom she loved should receive her bequest, rather than be possessed rather than entire strangers for whom she cared nothing."

All at once Bess broke into heart-broken weeping.

"Poor, dear Allie!" she sobbed; "she should have been so much happier to have had her life than to have had twice her fortune."

"Of course," responded her uncle, hypocritically.

DOINGS IN WALL STREET

Professional Traders Worked for a Reaction.

Sharp Break Toward the Close—Money on Call Steady.

New York, Dec. 19.—Today's stock market showed the natural effect of the elimination yesterday of a very large short interest and the consequent lack of an important sustaining influence. Professional traders worked for a reaction all day, and were rewarded in the latter part by a sharp break, which carried most of the market leaders generally below last night.

The forecast of the weekly bank statement did not promise a good showing as counted upon in the middle of the week. The flotation of railroad bonds of the Vanderbilt system in London contributed to a sharp rise in New York Central. St. Paul was a conspicuous center of strength on rumors of an early issue of new stock, but the gain was almost entirely wiped out. The demand for anthracite sustained the coalers. A sharp advance in the price of copper in London helped Amalgamated. These points of strength served to sustain the market, but realizing finally overcame the upward tendency. Southern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Sugar, Manhattan and Louisville were all sufferers for long weeks before she went away.

Do not allow any such over-optimism to trouble you, my dear girl," Dr. Ashton said, reassuringly. "Allie, as you very well know, was not herself for some time before you left home. You may be sure that if her mind had not been affected by disease she would have loved you just as well as ever. It is often the case that people, when they become insane, suddenly conceive a decided aversion to those whom they have previously loved best."

"Do you really think that Allie was insane?" Queen Bess asked, eagerly.

She felt that it would be a comfort to know that disease, rather than Allie's disposition, was at fault.

"I am sure of it," returned the doctor. "Do not let your sensitiveness get the better of your judgment, but accept the 'goods the gods provide,' and be thankful for them. Allie appointed me to be her executor and your guardian until you should attain your majority. I have had the will probated, and you will find that I cannot realize it, she tremulously murmured.

"I should think you might, with that handsome sum in your hands," said her uncle, cheerfully. "And now allow me to congratulate you upon your good fortune, while—with a mocking light in his eyes as he turned toward Kenneth—"No doubt Mr. Keith will appreciate the situation with as much satisfaction as anyone."

MR. CHARLTON'S DISCLAIMER

Did Not Say That Reciprocity Would Result in Annexation.

Ottawa, Dec. 19.—Mr. John Charlton, M.P., who has just returned to Canada after a business trip to the States, has found that some too enterprising correspondent secured wide circulation for a statement credited to Mr. Charlton at the Detroit Reciprocity Convention that reciprocity with the United States would result in annexation. Mr. Charlton says that he made no such statement, and that the impression that he had done so probably arose from the fact that he had stated in his speech at the Detroit banquet that had the reciprocity treaty of 1854 been allowed to remain in force till the present time it would now have been difficult to have distinguished the two countries one from another, if indeed political union had not been the result. But he has a grown very pale while speaking, the sudden color rushing back upon his face, while a pained expression mantled his handsome features as he thought that Beth's good fortune was liable to become a barrier between them.

But he had not time to ponder this, for a heavy sigh, and then her tears burst forth. "Oh, if I cannot have her, I will only have to enjoy it with me," she sobbed.

"She would tell you not to grieve so, because she is a child, if she could speak," Dr. Ashton said, really touched by her sorrow, in spite of the exultation and excitement over her success in his schemes. "And now," he continued, "I would like to know what you want to do in the future. Will you give up the home on Avenue and come to board with me—Mrs. Wilton is a very amiable lady, and she would do everything possible for your comfort—or will you still reside at home, have a good housekeeper, and let me come to live with you and your family, you know, and you are rich and comfortable, and you can choose about making a home for yourself."

Queen Bess felt as if she could never go back alone to the dear home, where she had been so happy with her mother, and miss her dear presence from the time she had been so long away, and she entered the thoughts of bringing it up and disturbing the many precious things which she had so carefully arranged there, and which seemed doubly sacred to her now on that account.

It was a question to settle, but she finally decided that she would go home, secure a housekeeper, and have her uncle John come to live with her. Well satisfied with this decision, John Ashton at length took his leave, promising to hear everything arranged for her within a few days.

He was in a most congratulatory frame of mind, with himself as he stepped forth into the street.

"Everything is moving just as I desire," he said, rubbing his hands together in a satisfied way, "everything but my engagement with that fellow," he supplemented, "He is a fine young man, no doubt, but I don't intend to have him stepping in to interfere with my management of that handsome income. If they should take it into their heads to marry, as they are very likely to do, it would at once upset all my fine plans. I must find some way to keep them apart, at least for a year or two, and by that time I shall have had a chance to speculate and make a snug little fortune for myself."

"Kenneth, why do you sit there so absorbed and looking so grave?" Queen Ashton asked, when, a short time after Dr. Ashton's departure, she suddenly awoke to the fact that not one word had passed between herself and her lover since he left.

The young man started from his fit of musing, and rising, went to her side.

"Pardon me, but I entirely forgot where I was for the time, my Beth," he said, smiling, but rather sadly the young girl thought.

"Of what are you thinking so serious?"

"Of many things."

"Yes, evidently; but what?" she persisted, slipping her hand confidently into his.

[To be continued.]

Ask for Minard's and take no other

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

The opportunity of your life, double your money in ten days.

C. B. Heydon & Co.'s ad. on page 10.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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Impermeation at Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 19.—The five charges of personation on the referendum were taken up in the police court this morning. A question was raised as to the jurisdiction of the magistrate, and although the magistrate said that he had sufficient evidence on which to convict Valentine Heffner, judgment was reserved to consider the point.

Alfred MacDougall Committed for Trial

Toronto, Dec. 19.—Alfred MacDougall, former solicitor to the Ontario treasurer, appeared in the police court this morning to answer three more charges of embezzlement, including the succession duties from an Ottawa estate amounting to \$16,000. MacDougall, who was very weak, pleaded not guilty, and was committed for trial, bail for \$25,000 being accepted from the same bondsmen as before.

Pumped Out the Poison.

Windsor, Dec. 19.—"Good-bye, Chief; good-bye. Life has no more charms for me. My wife has left me, and I think I had better end it all this way." With these words Daniel Rapp, aged 21, who had stepped up to Chief Willis in the police station, swallowed the contents of a bottle of laudanum. Chief Willis immediately summoned medical assistance, and the stomach pump saved Rapp's life. The efforts of the medical staff were successful in removing the poison, and Rapp is now recovering.

The Hefford Success on Duties.

Windsor, Dec. 19.—The succession duties to be collected by the Ontario Government on the estate of the late William Hefford, of Windsor, will amount to \$4,500. Mrs. Bailey, with whom Hefford made his home for a number of years was remembered in a generous manner in the will, her legacy amounting to \$10,000.

There were 7,955 street accidents last year, in Toronto. Ten years ago the number was 4,554.



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach?

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

Cures While You Sleep

It cures because the air rendered strongly medicated is breathed in, and the surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Is a boon to asthmatics.

Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever.

The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should be used in a bedroom, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresolene, will cure the most stubborn cases of whooping cough, croup, and all other respiratory diseases.

Write for descriptive booklet containing full particulars of this valuable medicine.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co.
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green.

A PIANO that stands as near perfection as can be reached, and one that has been a leader in the musical world for 50 years, is surely the kind you want in your home. Such an instrument is the

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...PIANO...

which, by its wonderful brilliancy of tone, has aided many famous musicians in their Canadian triumphs from time to time. Great singers and pianists have indorsed and eulogized it; and for artistic construction and responsiveness it cannot be surpassed.

NO HANDSOMER HOLIDAY GIFT, SURELY?

Ye Olde Firm of

HEINTZMAN & CO.

217 Dundas Street, London.

At the Box Office.

A man stepped up to the box office at Wallace's, says the New York Tribune, deposited a heavy suit case on the floor, shifted his overcoat to his left arm, fished a bill out of his pocket, deposited the money on the sill and said, "Give me the best dollar room you have in the house."

"The ticket holder looked at him for a moment, then said: 'Achmann, isn't you want the Grand Hotel next door? This is a theater.'"

The man picked up his money and left the box office. "I am from the West, I know it," he said, and disappeared.

On the same evening another man stepped out into the lobby between two men, glanced at the long mirror which stands in the hall at the foot of the staircase, and stopped toward it. He fished a quarter from his pocket, held it out, and asked politely of his own reflection: "Could you give me five shillings for this quarter?"

A puzzled look crossed his face and he blushed and retreated into the house.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, rheumatism, acidity, dizziness, and all other ailments of the urinary system. They are highly recommended by all the medical authorities, and are the only pills that will cure the most stubborn cases of kidney trouble.

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Leaving Montreal (Bonaventure Depot) 12 noon, Sunday, carrying the English Mail.

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Alongside the Royal Mail Steamships at Halifax the following Monday.

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By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

The Romance of an American King.

After March sent the ice out of the river and bay, spring came with a rush as it comes in the north. Perhaps many days it was steadily rising from tree roots. In February we used to say, "This air is like spring." But after such bold speech the Arctic region descended upon us again, and we were snowed in to the ears. Yet when the end of March unlocked us, it seemed we must wait for the month of May to give us soft air and blue water. Then suddenly it was spring, and every living soul knew it. Life revived with passion. Longings which you had forgotten came and took you by the throat, saying, "You shall no longer be satisfied with negative peace, Rouse, and live!" Then, flitting, exquisite, purple flax struck across milk-opal water in the bay. Fishing boats lifted themselves in mirage, sailing lightly above the water, and islands sat high, with a cushion of air under them.

The girls manifested increasing interest in what they called the Pigeon Roost, settlement affair. Madame Ursule had no doubt told them what I said. They pined my Cloud-Mother and me with the condescending pity of the very young and ungenuinely talked where they could be heard. "Oh, she'll come to her senses some time, and he'll marry her, of course," was the conclusion they so kindly reached; for the thing must turn out well to meet their approval. How could they foresee what was to happen to people whose lives held such contrasts?

"Father Pierre says he's nearly 38; I call him an old bachelor," declared Katarina, "and she was a married woman. They are really very old to be in love."

"You don't know what you'll do when you are old," said Marie.

"Ah, I dread it," groaned Katarina.

"So do I,"

"But there is grandmother. She doesn't mind it. And beaux never trouble her now."

"No," sighed the other. "Beaux never trouble her now."

These spring days I was wild with restlessness. Life revived to dare things. We heard afterwards that about that time the meteor rushed once more across France. Napoleon landed at a Mediterranean port, gathering force as he marched, swept Louis XVIII. away like a cobweb in his path, and moved on to Waterloo. The greatest Frenchman that ever lived fell ultimately as low as St. Helena, and the Bourbons sat again upon the throne. But the changes of which I knew nothing affected me in the slightest.

Sometimes I waked at night and sat up in bed, with indignation at the injustice done me, which I could never prove, which I did not care to prove, yet which unreasonably waked the fighting spirit in me. Our natures toss and change, expand or contract, influenced by invisible powers we know not why.

One April night I sat up in the veiled light made by a clouded moon. Rain-pots multiplied themselves on the window glass; I heard their stinging. The impulse to go out and ride the wind, or pick the river up and empty it all at once into the bay, or tear Eagle out of the cloud, or go to France and proclaim myself with myself for a fool, and other feats of like nature being particularly strong in me, I struck the pillow beside me with my fist. Something bounced from it on the floor with a clack like wood. I stretched downward from one of Madame Ursule's thick feather beds, and picked up what brought me to my feet. Without letting go of it, I lighted my candle. It was the padlocked book which Skenedonk said he had burned.

And there the scoundrel lay at the other side of the room, wrapped in his blanket from head to foot, mumbled by sleep. I wanted to take him by the scalp lock and drag him around on the floor.

He had carried it with him, or secreted it somewhere, month after month. I could imagine how the state of the writer worked on his Indian mind. He repented, and was not able to face me, but felt obliged to return what he had withheld. So waiting until I slept, he brought forth the padlocked book and laid it on the pillow beside my head, as if to beseech pardon, and intimating that the subject was closed between us.

I got my key, and then a fit of shivering seized me. I put the candle stand beside the pillow and lay wrapped in bedding, clenching the small chilly padlock and sharp-cornered boards. Remembering the change which had come upon the life recorded in it, I hesitated. Remembering how it had eluded me before, I opened it.

The few entries were made without

date. The first pages were torn out, crumpled and smoothed and pasted to place again. And some bright poppy leaves, crushed inside its lid, slid down upon the bedcover.

VIII.

This padlocked book—in this book I am going to write you, Louis, a letter which will never be delivered, because I shall burn it when it is finished. Yet that will not prevent my tantalizing you about it. To the padlocked book I can say what I want to say. To you I must say what is expedient.

That is a foolish woman who does violence to love by inordinate loving. Yet first I will tell you that I sink to the surface saying, "He loves me!" and sink again saying, "He loves me!" all night long.

Three days when I see you are real days, and are as well satisfied with myself. And why this I cannot tell. The first time I ever saw your tawny head and eyes, though you did not notice me, I said, "Whether he is the king or not would make no difference." Because I knew you were more than the king to me.

Sire, you told me once you could not understand why people took kindly to me. There is in you a gentle dignity and manhood most royal? As you come into a room you cast your eyes about unceasing. Your head and shoulders are erect. You are like a lion in supple and tawny color, which influences me against my will. You inspire confidence. Even girls like Annabel, who feel merely at their finger ends, and are as well satisfied with one husband as another, know you to be a man, not the mere image of a man. Besides these traits there is something going out from you that takes hold of people invisibly. My father told me there was a man at the court of your father who could put others to sleep by a waving of his hands. I am not comparing you to this marvellous man, yet when you touch my hand a strange current runs through me.

When we were in Paris I used to dress myself every morning like a princess going to meet a king. And what was it for? To worship one dear head for half an hour perhaps. You robbed me of the sight of you for two months.

Sophie Saint-Michel told me to be aware of loving a man. Today he says "I love you; I need you; I shall go to the devil without you!" Tomorrow he turns to his affairs. In six months he says, "I was a fool." Next year he says, "Who was it that drove me wild for a time last year? What was her name?"

You are two persons, Lazare belongs to me. He follows, he thinks about me. He used to slip past my windows at Lake George, and cast his eyes up at the panes. But Louis is my sovereign. He sees and thinks and acts without me, and his lot is apart from mine.

We are in a ship going to the side of the world where you are. Except for you and me, the great world is like being pushed off a cliff. All my faith in the appearances of things is at an end. I have been juggled with. I am misjudged.

I could have insisted that we hold Mont-Louis as tenants. The count is our friend. It is not a strong man's fault that a weak man is weak and a strong man is strong. I was an exile from France, I could not put the daily humiliation upon him. He is like my father come back, broken, helpless. And Paul and I, who are young, must make a case of him where he will be least humbled.

I was over-pampered in Mont-Louis and Paris. I like easy living, carriage, long-drawn-out jewels, trained servants, music, and spectacles on the stage; a park and wide lands all my own; seclusion from people who do not interest me; idleness in enjoyment.

I am the devil of vanity. Annabel has not half the points I have. When the men are around her I laugh to think I shall be fine and firm as a statue when she is a mass of wrinkles and a wisp of fuzz. When she is a mass of wrinkles and wisp of fuzz she will be riper and tenderer inside than I. They will be off after a fresher Annabel. So much for men. On the other hand, I had but a few months of luxury, and may count on the hardness that comes of endurance. I was an exile from childhood. There is strength in doing the right thing. If there were no God, if Christ had never died on the cross,

I should have to do the right thing because it is right.

Why should we lay up grievances against one another? They must disappear, and they only burn our hearts. Sometimes I put my arms around Ernestine, and rest my head against her. She revolts. People incline to doubt the superiority of a person who will associate with them. But the closer you get to Ernestine, the more Ernestine insists upon class differences.

There should be a colossal mother going about the world to turn men over her lap and give them the slip. They pine for it.

Am I helping forward the general good, or am I only suffering Nature's punishment?

Am I can fasten the bonds of habit on a man, giving him food from her table, haphazardly strengthening his care for her. By merely putting herself before him every day, she has a chance to win an exile woman against the fearful odds of daily life?

Yet sometimes I think I can wait a thousand years. In sun and snow, in wind and dust, a woman waits. If she stretched her hand and said, "Come," who could despise her so much as she would despise herself? What is so cruel as a man? Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, he presses the iron spike of silence in.

Coward!—to let me suffer such anguish!

Is it because I kissed you? That was the highest act of my life! I groped down the black stairs of the Tuileries blinded by light. Why are the natural things caused wrong, and the unnatural ones just?

Is it because I said I would come to you sometime? This is what I meant: that I should give you a new pang to think of another woman's head on your breast; that there is a weblock which appearances cannot touch. No, I never would—I never would seek you, though I have the horror of doing without you turns into reproach. What is he doing? He may need me—and I am at my life slip away. Am I cheating us both of what would have harmed me and turned me into a monster?

It is not that usage is broken off. Yet if you were to come, I would punish you for coming.

Fine heroic days I tell myself we are marching to meet each other. If the settlers dread, and that is an attack. We are shut around by forests. In primitive life so much time and thought is given to the thought of food that we can think of little else.

It is as bad to slave at work as to slave at pleasure. But God may forgive what people cannot help.

There is a great deal among the settlers when they call Grann. We often sit together. She cannot get a word edge between her nose and her eyes. She does not know what she expects much; but there is one right she contents for, and that is the right of ironing her cap by stretching it over her head. I have never seen the settlement long enough, my nose and chin may come together, and I shall forget my teeth. But this much I will tell you. My cap shall be ironed. I will not—I will not iron it by stretching it over my knee!

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other farmer's field.

"Good morning, Mr. Farmer, have you any corn for me today?"

"Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Oh, I'm the little Fire Pig."

"I don't know," said the farmer. "I would give you a great bagful if you could kill the snake which comes every night and steals my cattle."

"The pig thought, 'How can I kill that snake?' But he was so hungry he knew he should starve without corn, so he said he would try. The farmer told him to go down in the field, where the snake came gliding at night with its head reared high in air. The pig went down in the meadow, and the first creature he saw was a sheep.

"Baa!" said the sheep. That was its way of saying, "How do you do?"

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"I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle."

"I'm very glad," said the sheep, "for it takes my lambs. How are you going to kill it?"

"I don't know," said the pig; "can't you help me?"

"I'll give you some of my wool."

The pig thanked the sheep, and went to the pig-keeper and met a horse.

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So the pig took it and thanked her. Then he spun and he twisted, and he spun and he twisted, and made a ball of the sheep's wool. And he weaved and he braided, and he wove and he braided, and made a cunning snare of the horse's tail. And he whetted and sharpened, and he whetted and sharpened, and made a keen dart of the cow's horn.

Now when the little pig has all his materials ready, and sees the great snake come gliding, he goes to the great snake and says to the children, "What did he do with the rope, the snare and the horn? They work it out each in his own way. Around the snare, a mighty wrangling all around the hearth of food that starved him."

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I hear music far off that makes my heart swell. It is the waking dream of a king marching with drums and bugles. While I am dressing I hum, "Oh, Richard, O my king!"

I cannot—I cannot keep it down! How can I hold still that righteousness may be done through me, when love-love-love—when I clench my fists and walk on my knees?

I am a wicked woman! What is all this sweet pretense of duty? It covers the hypocrite that loves—that starves—that cries, "My king—my king!"

Strike me—drive me within bounds! This long repression—years, years of waiting—for what?—for more waiting!—it is driving me mad!

You have the key.

I have nothing!

IX.

My God! What had she seen in me to love? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon. The ox that she had weathed in roses would have heard it through the centuries. The brute, the brute, the brute! Bourbon had gone his way, turning his stupid head from side to side, leaving her to perish.

Frustrated by years, bursting from centuries of oppression, it brought an accumulated force that swept the soul out of my body.

All that had not been written in the book was as easily read as what was set down. I saw the monotony of her life, and her gliding of its rudeness, the pastimes she thought out for children; I saw her nursing the helplessness which leaped upon her, and turning aside the contempt of pioneer women who passionately awaited strong men. I saw her eyes waiting on the distant laggard who stupidly pursued his own affairs until it was too late to protect her. I read the entries over and over. When day broke it seemed to me the morning after my own death, such knowing and experience had passed through me. I could not see her again until I had command of myself.

So I dressed and went silently downstairs. The harness was stirring in the kitchen. I got some bread and meat from them, and also some grain for the horse; then mounted and rode to the ferryman.

The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw the signals before the deliberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldy craft propelled by two huge oars, which the ferryman managed, running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was broad day when we reached the other shore, one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture breaks upward through the ground, instead of descending. Many light clouds hung in the sky, and the grass showed with a kind of green blush through its old brown fleece.

I saw the first sailing vessel of spring coming to anchor, from the straits of the great lakes. Once I would have hailed that vessel as possible bearer of news. Now it could bring me nothing of any importance. The trail along the Fox River led

over rolling land, dipping into coves and rising over hills. The Fox steel, blue in shade, becomes tawny as its namesake when its fur of rough waves is combed to redness in the sunlight. Under the grayness, with a soft wind blowing, the Fox showed his blue coat.

The prospect was so large, with a ridge running along in the distance, and open country spreading away on the other side, that I often turned in my saddle and looked back over the half-wooded trail. I thought I saw a figure a long way behind me, and being alone, tried to discern what it was. But under that gray sky nothing was sharply defined. I rode on thinking of the book in the breast of my coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without breakfast and stimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unstable material I had taken in hand when I undertook to work with Indians. Instinctively I knew what a vengeful southern statesman named Jefferson Davis whom I first met as a commandant of the fort at Green Bay—afterwards told me in a letter, "No commonwealth in the republic will with interests apart from the federated whole."

White men, who have exclaimed from the beginning against the injustice done the red man, and who keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with interests apart from his.

Again when I looked back I saw the figure, but it was a foot, and I soon lost it in a cove.

My heart had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians through the fire, and I carried in several loads of it, and lighted the virgin chimney. There I brought water from the spring and ate breakfast, sitting before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life.

Having fed my horse, I covered the fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, and rode away towards the Menominee and Winnebago lands.

The day was a hard one, and when I came back towards nightfall I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess.

"You looked fagged," said one of them.

"The horse paths are heavy," I answered, "and I have been as far as the Indian lands."

I had been as far as that remote time when Eagle was not a Cloud-Mother. To cross the river, I saw her smiling in meaningless happiness seemed more than I could do.

Yet she might notice my absence. I had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in numbers. When the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my presence.

[To be Continued.]

"Giacconda" in Life.

The climax of d'Annunzio's play "La Giacconda" is reached when the jealous model seeks to destroy the statue she has posed for. In Paris last week there was a curious incident happening. One of the leading foreign sculptors had sent his chief assistant a girl of 19, who fell madly in love with him. The sculptor liked the girl, but he had another in view, and his model, in order to please herself, went half into his studio and smashed all his statues and statuettes. The man held in his rage for the time being, but while the model was asleep he cut off all her hair. This happened yesterday, and when the model awoke she rushed with a dagger at the sculptor, who defended himself with a knife and a desperate encounter ensued between the two. Both were separated by neighbors and were found to be seriously injured, especially the young woman. d'Annunzio's model had better luck.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:
Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow, but it was not broken. She was in pain for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her, and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly,
J. B. LEVESQUE.
St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 13, 1900.

Griscum and Leopold.
Not many years ago King Leopold, of Belgium, was one day holding court in Brussels. Among those waiting to be presented were Clement Acton Griscum and Mrs. Griscum and the United States minister to Belgium, Mrs. Griscum had never met the Queen. The minister, recently appointed, had just arrived in Brussels, and stood directly in front of the Griscums, says the World's Fair. When he was presented the King greeted him in his hearty way, welcomed him to Belgium, and then, suddenly breaking off, said:

"By the way, have you ever met Griscum, Clement A. Griscum? Not a word, should; he is a rare good fellow and a great friend of mine," and the King went on with as sincere and honest a eulogy as ever man uttered. He had not noticed Mr. Griscum. All at once he caught sight of him.

"Why hello Griscum," he cried, his face beaming with pleasure; "what are you doing here? And he shook his hand, an act quite beyond the pale of court etiquette."

Scrofula, with its swollen glands, running sores, inflamed eyelids, cutaneous eruptions, yields to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BUCKET SHOPS ON NEW LINES

An ordinary looking man came out of the office of the senior partner, sauntered over to the ticker, ran several yards of tape through his fingers, said, "Well, so long," to the manager of the customers' room and went out.

"See that man that was just here at the ticker?" said the Atchison bear.

"Didn't notice him particularly," said the Atchison bear.

"That's Mr. John—three-eighths a quarter for Atchison—John Doe, of Boston. He's been down here wiping out the biggest bucket shop sheet that was ever written in New England. I'm told that on this break in the market he's taken a clean million."

"N' eighth for Atchison," said the Atchison bear, who didn't appear to be much interested either in John Doe or Boston, or his big bucket shop sheet.

A non-professional trader who overheard the conversation of his curiosity rising and began to make inquiries. He learned without going very far for the information that the bucket shop business has undergone some interesting changes in recent years.

It is no longer conducted along the old haphazard lines. The survivors of the old regime have formed themselves into a number of combinations to back the game, as a gambler would call it.

They establish headquarters somewhere, either in Boston or New York, as a rule, and from there direct the business of ten, twenty or fifty public offices. The combination's headquarters office is private, but it is the business of the combination to provide quotations, telegraph wires, etc., and to be responsible for the trades that are made in their public offices.

In a Providence, R. I., office, for example, a customer wants to buy 50 shares of Missouri Pacific. The manager of that office wires to the combination's private headquarters at New York.

"Buy 50 Missouri Pacific 110." At headquarters they enter the trade on the sheet and report back: "Bought 50 Missouri Pacific 110." There has been no change in the price, but nine times out of ten the client doesn't know that.

In the course of a bull market when the fever of speculation abroad in combination backing 20 or more bucket shops through the country gets a tremendous sheet on its hands. The bucket shop, it must be understood, is always short of its customers' trades.

The people who trade in bucket shops never sell short. They are always long of the market. The bucket shops make their money in a declining market.

A sharp slump is their especial delight. It wipes out the bucket shop's profit and loss.

In the old days when the bucket shops could be started on the merest shoestring of a capital, a rising market was invariably a disaster. The bucket shop's losses were heavy because the combination or syndicates that back most of the bucket shops are very rich. Some of them have available capital of from \$100,000 to \$3,000,000.

The strongest combination in the business has its headquarters in Boston. It has between 30 and 40 private wires constantly going.

What the Atchison bull meant when he said that John Doe, of Boston, had been wiping out a sheet was this: When a bull market ends, as all bull markets do sooner or later, and prices begin to fall, the bucket shop combination looks over his sheet and finds, say, that fifty of its customers are long of Missouri Pacific at prices ranging from 105 to 110, and that their margins average 5 per cent.

He calculates that Missouri Pacific must decline to a certain price, perhaps 105 to wipe out the bucket shop's profit and loss. The stock may rally in the next five minutes to 107 or 110, but that doesn't matter. This particular bucket shop combination has been wiped out of its Missouri Pacific.

Such raids are usually favored by a bearish temper in Wall Street. The bucket shop man, who is a gambler, ready money at his command, engages the best brokerage talent he can find in Wall Street. He figures, of course, as a private customer, that there is no law of the stock exchange that can prevent his doing just what he has decided.

The New York Stock Exchange authorities have been trying for years to keep quotations out of the hands of the bucket shop people, but the bucket shops get them. The telegraph companies find it well worth their while to cater to an element that pays more than half a million dollars a year for leased wires.

It is said, as a great many other things are said, in Wall Street and cannot be proved, that the bucket shops

get quotations that their quotations shall be quicker than those served to the general stock market public. This is a very important matter for the bucket shop.

If the quotations served to them were five or ten minutes stale they would become the prey of sharp-witted speculators. The bucket shop, Wall Street, they have enough trouble with the Wall Street sharps as it is.

There's going to be something doing in X. Y., said one leader to another. "I can't just make out what it will do to the stock, but there will be a sharp movement. You go over to W. B. Buckle & Co.'s and buy 100 shares on two points margin and I'll come after you and sell 100 on two points."

The stock moved 20 points within two weeks. Such little games as this are frequently put up against bucket shops. Wise as the bucket shop people are, they frequently suffer at the hands of professional Wall Street sharps.

In the palmy days of bucket-shoping in Wall Street queer things sometimes happened. Pretentious establishments would be deserted over night by their owners.

It used to be common to find around all street dusty and of office rubbish with ticked blackboards, desks, customers' chairs and all the rest. They were simply deserted, with not even a sign to tell what had become of the proprietors and their clients.

A young adventurer once found such a place. He had not so much as \$5 capital, but he represented to the manager that he had taken the plant over from its vanished owners and opened up for business.

The first customer who happened along bought ten shares of stock on one point margin—\$10. The stock advanced one point in the next ten minutes and the man wanted his money to wait.

This was a poser for the new proprietor. All the money he had in the world was this man's \$10. He confessed the situation frankly and said: "You just sit down over there and wait until another customer comes along and I'll settle. Here's your \$10 back and if you want the profit you'll have to wait."

The man saw the logic of the situation and waited. He got another man's \$10 before the end of an hour. That was the end of the first customer's money. The man saw the logic of the situation and waited.

Brokers that have figured out the percentage of profit and losses, estimate that nine in ten of average public accounts eventually are closed out at a loss to the client. Roughly speaking, the bucket shop combination's profit is nine in ten of the bucket shop's losses.

The individual bucket shop man—and there are still many individuals in the bucket shop business—has a tendency toward combination—watches his sheet grow in a bull market until the profits of his customers amount to a considerable sum, and then he has to do one of two things—bunch his customers' trades and have them executed on some exchange or floor.

At such times he is in a business, and "putting it over the floor," he hedges. He is then completely out of it himself. He sells stock to his customers and buys it back at a profit. The bucket shop man, who is a gambler, ready money at his command, engages the best brokerage talent he can find in Wall Street. He figures, of course, as a private customer, that there is no law of the stock exchange that can prevent his doing just what he has decided.

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but they have gotten over that long ago, and no one could be nicer to me than those men are. They are not cultivated society men, to be sure, but great rough fellows fresh from the woods, yet absolutely chivalrous in their treatment of a woman. They want to go out of their way to do a kindness for one, and seem to take it as a matter of course that they should be allowed to. The heart of the hunter is a big and generous one, if his clothes are rough and his bearing unpolished. I've always found him a gentleman."

Aristocratic Tuber.

The romance of potatoes is but imperfectly understood by the majority of those who eat them every day. Nor do they usually occur to the speculator as a basis of operation. Yet the history of the variety known as the "Northern Star" is one of the fairy tales of finance. It was brought out last year, says a London paper, by a grower in Markinch, in Fifeshire, who parted with a few tons at the extraordinary price of £120 a ton. To this date, which was the price of £250 a ton, he said, calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that potatoes are a valuable commodity."

The late John Bright was frequently very happy in repartee, says Tit-Bits. Once in the course of a speech, which was punctuated by interruptions, he was saying, "Personally I do not feel disposed to wage war against these Philistines, when an unruly member of his audience shouts, 'Hee-haw.'"

"If, however," Mr. Bright continued, without pause, "my friend at the back of the hall will lend me one of his jaws I shall be encouraged to recede a little further in view of the historic success of Samson when provided with a similar weapon."

This reminds one of a somewhat similar happy retort by another politician whose speech was constantly interrupted by cries of "Speak up!" "If, however," Mr. Bright continued, without pause, "my friend at the back of the hall will lend me one of his jaws I shall be encouraged to recede a little further in view of the historic success of Samson when provided with a similar weapon."

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ton and rose to £40, seems quite tame, though it would have been sufficiently remarkable under any other circumstances.

For His Lady.

It was in a Sixth Avenue "L" train. At Eighty-first a little boy, who was evidently proud of his first pair of trousers, got on. Evidently he was of the white-haired old lady with him. His air of chivalrous devotion was one that the De Bayard himself could not have equaled, says the New York Times.

But most of the people in the car were oblivious to it. They were oblivious to everything save their papers, even to the fact that the small boy's grandmother was standing. For a moment he waited. He could not quickly forget the idea of such monumental disrespect to the queen of his heart. But when it broke upon him in its full significance, masculine indignation took the place of his nearest and dearest kindled his eye.

She was his lady. He was here knight, loyal and true. And these men who were under to remain seated while she stood? He squared his shoulders, and with the spirit of one riding forth to do battle ringing in his ears, he said, "Say, you fellows, don't you see that my grandmother has to have a seat?"

Men lowered their papers before the fury of his charge, and then—wait! The grandmother had her choice of the seats in that end of the car, and her little knight won the guerdon of her smile.

The moment she said "hello" the theatrical man knew that he had been given the wrong connection. The person he had intended to talk with would not have used such a prim, sedate tone. To make sure, he looked carefully, and discovered that he was talking to the secretary of a religious society. He immediately apologized, and the apology became strung out to the quiet hour of the day, and there being nothing imperative in either office, the two stood and talked after the apologetic and been made and accepted. They found they liked each other over the telephone, and it led to their meeting. It led to more than that, as the theatrical man finally proposed and was accepted.

Frequently two people employed in different offices become acquainted by the accident of telephone calls. Not long ago the son of a wealthy merchant had occasion to call up a business man, and the stenographer of the business man answered the phone. Not long ago the son of a wealthy merchant had occasion to call up a business man, and the stenographer of the business man answered the phone.

It also happened that just at that time a terrific thunderstorm was passing over the city, and it seemed a perfectly natural thing to talk about it. It did not seem like breaking into conversation in cold blood when they could compare notes on the fierceness of the storm. Presently the employer came to the telephone and the stenographer by all right should have dropped out of the life of the young man, but she didn't. It was wonderful how many calls the young man had received to make over the business man's telephone, and for the most part the business man knew nothing about them. They did not get to the young woman who answered the first call.

Being thus acquainted over the telephone, it became imperative, of course, that they should meet, which they did. Neither was disappointed in the other when they saw as well as heard each other and, as in the other cases, their wedding was a sequence.

The telephone frequently comes to the aid of shy lovers. There was a schoolmaster who loved the daughter of a justice of the peace in a small Illinois town. The girl was completely used to have frequent chats over the telephone, but the schoolmaster did not have quite sufficient courage for a formal call. He could call the young woman up over the phone and talk to her eloquently, but he knew if he attempted the same sort of thing in her presence he would become hopelessly embarrassed.

So he stuck to the telephone, and they talked of all manner of subjects. Finally the lover discovered that he had sufficient nerve for a proposal over the telephone, of course. The girl accepted—over the telephone. They would have been married over the telephone if it had not been possible and if the bride would have consented to this style of wedding. She persuaded the bridegroom, however, that he could be sufficiently courageous to face the minister in the ordinary way.

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self that conquers over the wire. Frequently it is the other young woman. There was a certain physician who had a rich brother who was a patient. During the progress of the case it happened that the condition of the patient became such that the physician was not required to pay daily visits to the home, although it was necessary for him to keep informed as to the invalid's progress.

The physician was informed that it was decided that he should call up over the telephone and inquire of the broker's daughter. At first these calls were merely professional. The daughter told how her father was getting along and the physician directed the doing of things for his comfort. As days went by the doctor and the daughter found other things to talk about in addition to the condition of the sick man—the condition of the weather, for instance, and the prospects for a pleasant week.

Then gradually they increased the scope of their telephone conversations and became interested in each other. Which would be a friendship which soon became something else, and now they are married.

Neither is it always the frivolous young person who finds enjoyment in the fun of a telephone chat with an unknown person. Once there was a theatrical man who called up a number from the box office of a theater and found a person in his own profession, but by some chance he was connected with the office of a religious society. A young woman who was a devotee of the theater, and who was called worldly by any means answered the call.

The moment she said "hello" the theatrical man knew that he had been given the wrong connection. The person he had intended to talk with would not have used such a prim, sedate tone. To make sure, he looked carefully, and discovered that he was talking to the secretary of a religious society. He immediately apologized, and the apology became strung out to the quiet hour of the day, and there being nothing imperative in either office, the two stood and talked after the apologetic and been made and accepted. They found they liked each other over the telephone, and it led to their meeting. It led to more than that, as the theatrical man finally proposed and was accepted.

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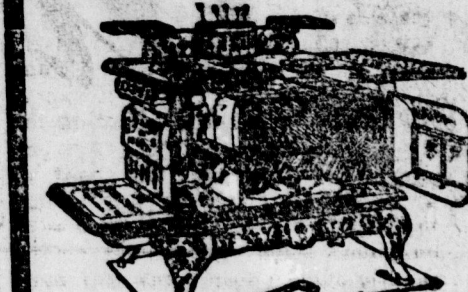
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BLOOD DISEASED MEN

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or throat, itching of the skin, itching of the scalp, itching of the feet, itching of the hands, itching of the arms, itching of the legs, itching of the back, itching of the chest, itching of the stomach, itching of the bowels, itching of the bladder, itching of the urethra, itching of the vagina, itching of the anus, itching of the ears, itching of the nose, itching of the mouth, itching of the throat, itching of the lungs, itching of the heart, itching of the liver, itching of the spleen, itching of the pancreas, itching of the gallbladder, itching of the stomach, itching of the bowels, itching of the bladder, itching of the urethra, itching of the vagina, itching of the anus, itching of the ears, itching of the nose, itching of the mouth, itching of the throat, itching of the lungs, itching of the heart, itching of the liver, itching of the spleen, itching of the pancreas, itching of the gallbladder, itching of the stomach, itching of the bowels, 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Plays and Their Players

Curry Comment on ye
Pathing Show & Goin' of
ye Stage & Platform

Those Theatre Nuisances—"The Show Girl's" Prettiest Song—The Flag-raunting Follies—An Experienced Comedian—Gossip of Footlight Favorites.

VIDENTLY London is not the only city that suffers from the grievous pest of the late-comer at the theatre. The following paragraph from the Montreal Herald of recent date shows that there, too, the righteous ire of the genuine playgoer is roused by the inconsiderateness of those who come to the theatre at an hour or more after a performance starts.

It would be well for the sake of the majority of those who go to the theatre, if some score of people would start out in time to reach their seats before the curtain goes up. Last evening, however, the late-comers, being a continued upsurge, which was decidedly objectionable to those who were already seated, were not only not allowed to sit, but were actually ejected from the theatre. It would be difficult to say just what object this particular brand of nuisance has in going to the theatre. It certainly cannot be to see the play, for it is largely the members of the same class who attract attention by talking through a play and rising to go before the curtain has been drawn. It is largely the members of the same class who attract attention by talking through a play and rising to go before the curtain has been drawn. It is largely the members of the same class who attract attention by talking through a play and rising to go before the curtain has been drawn.

The New York Telegraph says: "Annie is come to town. Last night he was masquerading under the name of Howard. He called up the office of the Morning Telegraph by telephone, and with fullness of detail recited a most circumstantial story to the effect that 'The Show Girl' had been closed down by its backers in Boston on Wednesday night. The prima donna of the company, said this spouse of Sapphira, had refused to go on the stage on Monday evening, after two of the comedians had interpolated lines that were offensive to her refined ears, she being a native Bostonian. Her understudy went on on Tuesday, according to the story, but Boston would have none of her, and there were rows in rows of empty chairs in the house. The same state of affairs existed on Wednesday, and at the end of the evening performance the 'angel' folded his wings and declared the engagement at an end. At least, the faithful said so. An hour later the following telegram was received from Boston: 'The Show Girl' has not closed down. It is to be hoped that the Telegraph's informant was a cheerful prevaricator. 'The Show Girl' is too young and lightweight to die yet awhile.

If production should suffice to keep a thing like 'The Show Girl' in existence it is the 'Psychic' which a great many London people consider quite the most catchy and tuneful thing which has been served up in the theatre since the first of the year, or last year, either, for that matter. The words are given herewith:

When the sun is touching all the eastern sky,
When with gold it paints the distant west,
Ever in my heart there is the constant cry
For the one that I love best,
When the stars are twinkling, blinking,
Up above,
When the moon is making day of night,
Ever I am thinking of my only love—
Psychic is my heart's delight.

Chorus—
Psychic, for you I'm sighing,
My heart is crying
With love undying,
Into my arms come flying,
Because I love you, Psychic, dear, I do.
When I wander up and down the mountain side,
When in valley dim I take my way,
There the face of Psychic is my only guide,
Hers the voice that I obey,
When I wake her memory abides with me,
Filling all my life with beauty bright;
When I sleep my dreams of her will ever be,
Psychic is my heart's delight.

"The Show Girl," by the way is one of the very few productions which is as generous in displaying the British colors on the southern side of the boundary as it is in Canada. It will be remembered that the play concludes with a fine ensemble, in which two shapely girls, clad in heraldic costume, carry the standards of the United States and Great Britain. The richness of the costume worn by the British standard-bearer is a proof that it was obtained for use, and not merely as a sop to the sentiment of Canadian audiences, to be discarded the moment the soil of Yankee land was reached again. "The Show Girl" in this regard is a pleasant contrast to others. When Johnny Comes Marching Home, for instance, in the latter opera, when it was produced here, Canadian flags were mingled liberally with the Stars and Stripes, which belonged naturally to scenes depicting the close of the civil war. At that time, however, the displaying of a British flag to Northern eyes would have been the sign of a bloodshed, so thoroughly was Great Britain in disfavor with the Unionists on account of her supposed sympathy with the South. Therefore the British flag had no more place in the Whitney opera than would the dragon of China or the multi-insignified flag of the United States. This paltry shrinking to what could only be a puerile form of patriotism is very sickening to intelligent Canadian eyes, who are not stage fanatics, and who are not stage fanatics, and who are not stage fanatics.

The fact that the display of British flags in the "Johnny" opera was for Canadian consumption only is evidenced by photographic views to hand of the opera's opening in New York. There are no British flags in sight there.

Jefferson de Angeli, the comedian, who made such a success with "The Emerald Isle," has had a varied experience in light opera work. Among the best known of the operas in which he has appeared are: "Ruddygore," "Black Hussar," "Lorraine," "The Beggar Student," "The Lady of the Tiger," "Toccato," "The Bellman," "The Pinks," "Indiana," "Jacquette," "The May Queen," "Clover," "Captain Frigate," "Fatinitza," and the Gilbert and Sullivan series. These were under the direction of the late John McCaull. Others in which the comedian appeared during his long term at the New York Casino were "Poor Jonathan," "The Grand Duke," "The Tyrolean," "Indigo," "The Jolly Student," "Uncle Celestin," and "The Vice-Admiral." His later stellar appearances included two of "The Caliph," "Pier-de-Lis," "The Little Trooper," "Brian Boru," "The Wedding Day," "The Jolly Musketeer," and "A Royal Rogue."

Dan Daly appeared at the Grand Opera House, New York, for a week's engagement, opening Dec. 8. He was then seen for the first time in the metropolis in "The New Clown," under Walter Yager's management. Many of the critics on the press broke away from Broadway long enough to sit out the first night of the performance of the title part, and some of them said it was the cleverest impersonation he had given since his Ichabod Bronson in "The Belle of New York."

One of the holiday gifts that is attracting uncommon interest is called the Grand Adam Calendar, and is issued by the publishing house of R. H. Russell & Co. Upon each page there is a superbly executed portrait of this century's popular actress in one of the characters she has made famous. The calendar is at least two feet in height and is printed upon heavy and highly finished plate paper.



Helen Byron, former leading lady of The Cummings' Stock, Toronto, now a principal in "The Wizard of Oz."

Charlotte Walker recently signed a contract with Adams, Fisher & Hockett covering a period of three years. Two seasons ago Miss Walker was in the chorus, while last season she was seen in a subordinate role in Kylie Belle's company.

Edward Abeles, who has been playing with Adams, Fisher's company in "The Wizard of Oz," is to be transferred to the "Are You a Mason" company, taking the role heretofore played by Leo Dietrich.

James Parr, father of Albert Parr, recently with the Lulu Claser company as principal tenor, died in New York last Monday. He was an actor in England years ago.

James O'Neill is to appear in an elaborate revival of "The Merchant of Venice" opening night, being in Richmond or Norfolk about Christmas.

Whitney Opera Makes Good—Syndicate Magnate's Strenuous Life—Julia Marlowe's New Offering—Langtry's Latest Play.

THE FIRST metropolitan presentation of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a new civil war opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, is the leading amusement topic of the week in New York. The event under the direction of P. C. Whitney, is the center of interest at the enormous New York theatre, where, in spite of the general apathy of the public during the week before Christmas, immense crowds are in nightly attendance, conveying the impression that the new offering is going to have a tremendous success as soon as the real holiday season sets in. Perhaps it would be more correct to describe "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" as a big melodrama, set to music than to speak of it as a comic opera. Much of its story and many of its episodes would, in all likelihood, evoke enthusiasm entirely without association with the very tuneful, and at times impressive, score furnished by Composer Edwards. The comedy material introduced is also of the type that might be looked for to

lighten up the heavy dramatic scenes of a powerful spectacular war play of the strenuous type. There are spectacular marches of Uncle Sam's boys in blue with brass bands and drum corps and waving flags and all the other paraphernalia and panoply of war; there are plantation pictures of the sunny south, with big and little colored people singing their weird and plaintive melodies alternately with the execution of the essence of ole Virginia; buck and wing dances and all the rest of it; there is a persecuted hero soldier lad, who is separated from his sweetheart till he comes striding triumphantly back from the field of carnage—and there are all the other elements which find their way into the well-rounded and carefully-molded drama with grim-visaged war as its background. The parts are played and the music is sung by a company including Miss Marlowe, Maude Lambert, Julia Gifford, Bertha Darel, Wm. G. Stewart, Homer Lind, George Backus, and a new and altogether charming prima donna, Zett Kennedy. In addition to these principals, more than three hundred persons are employed in the ensemble, where the volume of melody is quite as impressive as that produced even by Mr. Grau's grand opera company at the Metropolitan. This is the most ambitious undertaking in Mr. Whitney's extended and notable career as a producer of musical works, and it must be admitted that the success it has scored is exceedingly gratifying, not alone to himself, but to the great majority of those who encourage what is best and most dignified in the amusement realm.

It would be interesting to note what form of occupation Mr. Charles Frohman considers real hard work. Several weeks ago he casually remarked one afternoon that he was about through with his business duties for the year, and was going to start right in upon a restful vacation period, not troubling

all the Criterion Theatre to its full capacity, and it is unmistakably apparent that her season will run on smoothly and with very large profits to its conclusion. "The Cavalier," most readers of American fiction know, tells the story of a husband and wife, both of whom are military spies, the man because he is a traitor born and the woman because she loves her country better than her own life. In a word, the husband is a villain and the wife a heroine of the highest type. The husband dies in a hospital, and the wife is thus enabled to become the affianced bride of a young gentleman who has loved her all along. Miss Marlowe, of course, is the woman in the case, and she brings to this impersonation all the tender grace, girlish incongruousness and vivid dramatic force which go to round out the best of her stage presentations. In truth, it may be said that she has made a far deeper impression in the present instance even than those which have marked her triumphs in previous seasons.

Miss Manning's stay at the Garrick Theatre will reach its conclusion at the end of next week, and Mr. McKee has finally determined to carry out her original and highly-delighted other cities along her route. This is regarded as a concession to the demands of managers of theatres outside New York, in which she appears against the cancellation of her dates when Mr. McKee attempted to prolong Miss Manning's engagement here by transferring her to the Garrick by Mrs. Langtry in "The Crossways," the new play party of her own making. Miss Manning is to appear for a single night in London in the presence of the King and Queen of England, both of whom expressed their interest in her performance. When Mrs. Langtry goes away her place upon the Garrick stage will be taken by Annie Russell in "Madeline," a comedy, entitled "Mice and Men." Miss Russell's season will be quite long, and indeed may extend straight through to warm weather. According to all reports, she has made a splendid success outside New York in her newest comedy, and as she is vastly popular here the same condition will doubtless prevail at the Garrick.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.
New York, Dec. 17, 1902.

A NOVELIZED DRAMA

Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King" is a Charming Romance.

BIRD of the bitter, bright, gray, golden morn,
Scarce risen upon the dusk of
dolorous years,
First of us all, and sweetest singer
born,
Whose far shrill note the world of new
men heaves
Cleaves the cold, shuddering shade, as
twilight clears;
When song new-born put off the old
world's attire,
And felt its tune on her changed lips
expire,
Writ foremost on the roll of them that
came,
Fresh gift for service of the latter lyre,
Villain our sad, bad, glad, mad brother's
name.
Prince of sweet songs made out of tears
and fire,
A harlot was thy nurse, a god thy sire;
Shame sold thy song, and song assailed
thy shame,
But from thy feet now death has washed
the mire,
Love reads out first at head of all our
quire,
Villain our sad, bad, glad, mad brother's
name.
—Swinburne.

DURING the past few years the book-play has had an extraordinary vogue on the stages of both America and Great Britain.

Novel after novel, after winning a measure of popular approval, has been seized upon by the dramatists and turned, in a more or less skillful manner, into a form which fitted it for stage purposes. The theatregoers of London have had their fair share of opportunity to see these book-plays, and save in a very few instances, their verdict has been not overly favorable to this particular class of drama. There are several excellent reasons why the ordinary dramatization of a well-known story should fail to please. One is the difficulty of taking a story abounding in incident and encompassing it within the limits of a play which must not exceed two and one-half hours or at the most three hours, in presentation. To those who have read the book which is dramatized, the play must be to a certain extent dissatisfying, because of the innumerable changes and omissions demanded by the transposition into dramatic form.

For the same reason, those who have not read the story are left unacquainted with many details which cannot be brought out in the drama, and so the reader is left in the dark as regards much of the action and motive. It will thus be seen that it requires a very careful hand to accomplish the dramatization of a well-known book in such a manner that an entirely intelligible story will be told. Again, the characters of a well-written novel, being the intellectual property of the author, are almost as real, some of them, as the acquaintances of business and social life. Thus, as no individual ideals of a character can be alike, so no individual ideals can be realized.

The novelized drama, however, has not yet become generally known to the public as the book-play, and it has in its favor the reversal of the very conditions which militate against the success of the latter. If a play possesses literary value, however, in addition to the acting qualities which it must have to win success, it is a comparatively easy matter to make a play of it, and an interesting book of it, and those who have seen the play find an added pleasure in perusing the book.

One of the most attractive stories of this class which has gained the favor of the public is Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King," adapted from the story of the same name. The play as produced by Mr. H. Sothern has been pronounced probably the most artistically mounted stage presentation of recent years, and it has been greeted with the most enthusiastic applause wherever it has appeared. It is but natural that the novelized version of such a play should have a great success in the reading and the play-going public.

The story deals with a most fascinating personality, that of Francois Villon, "prince of all ballad makers," as England's sweetest living singer dubs him, in that exquisite ballade whose first and concluding stanzas are quoted above. The incidents of the story are purely fictional, and little foundation for them is found in what is known definitely of the poet's life. The story is none the less fascinating on that account. In the opening chap-

P. Birtwistle

116 Dundas Street, London.

P. Birtwistle sells retail at wholesale prices for the following reasons:

Buys for Spot Cash!

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People receiving catalogues from other dealers in the country, with photographs and prices attached, would do very well by testing these prices with the stock I have on hand, for they will invariably find goods in my stock cheaper. It is conceded without doubt that I carry by far the largest stock of jewelry in the west, which is well bought, and goods well bought are half sold.

Thirty years' experience in business has confirmed me in the idea that one price is the best way to do business, for the stranger can buy at the same price as the friend.

Real Ebony Goods in Every Variety of Manufacture.

Sterling Silver Goods in all Varieties.

Purses in all Styles and in all Kinds of Goods.

Umbrellas, Canes, Belts and Opera Glasses, in Every Variety.

Spectacles at Half-Price.

Ladies' Silver Watch \$2.

Alarm Clocks 75c each, and Watches at \$1.25.

Ladies' 14k gold-filled case, guaranteed to wear 25 years, with Waltham or Elgin movement, price with box, \$11.

DIAMONDS

Bought Direct from the cutters, are carefully selected under a powerful magnifying glass, and sold cheaper than anywhere in the country.

Goods for Presentations a special feature of the business. Try us before buying elsewhere.

P. Birtwistle

116 Dundas Street, London.

ter old Louis the Eleventh is found masquerading, like Haroun al Raschid, in a low tavern. Villon enters, and to the assembled company of knaves and wenches, he tells of his love for a lady of high degree. He mocks at the king as coward and incapable, and recites his newest ballad "If Villon Were the King of France." King Louis, in a spirit of sardonic humor, gratifies the poet by raising him for a week to the position of Constable of France, with the ghastly prospect of the gallows at the end of his seven days of power, unless he wins the love



SOTHERN AS FRANCOIS VILLON. From illustration in "If I Were King."

of the high-born dame to whom he is devoted. How Villon proves himself wise statesman and brave soldier, how he wins his mistress and escapes the gibbet, had best be learned by a perusal of this charming romance. Mr. McCarthy has told his tale of a poet in fittingly poetic style. Every utterance of Villon is made the medium of expression of some graceful flower of speech or sentiment. The book is one whose charm cannot fail to be felt by all, and to the devotee of both the drama and literature it will be a welcome volume. It is handsomely illustrated with beautiful photographs of Mr. Sothern's production of the play, making it of added interest to those to whom "the play's the thing."

"IF I WERE KING." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 25 pages, 24 illustrations; \$1.00. R. H. Russell, New York.

Theatrical Tittle-tattle.

Jack Mason has been added to the company supporting Annie Russell.

Messrs. Fisher & Ryjey have signed a contract for a tour in vaudeville of the "Florodora" sextet.

Emanuel Lederer has secured Paul Hayes's new play, "The Star of the East," which is said to contain a role suitable for Julia Marlowe.

Weber & Fields will next burlesque "The new play of General Dimsdale." Edgar Smith is writing the book, and Fay Templeton will travesty Mary Manning's part.

Virginia Harned will do some tremendous traveling during the next four weeks with "Iris." She opened in St. Louis last Monday night, from there she goes to Philadelphia, then on to Boston and then another flight to Chicago.

Aubrey Boucicault has great hopes for the success of his adaptation of "Alt Heidelberg," which, by the way, he had called "Heidelberg," will be produced in New York next week with a strong cast, embracing as leaders Minnie Dupree, Theodore Roberts and Robert Lorraine.

John Sothern, who played Tom Sawyer in "Huckleberry Finn," is going into vaudeville. He has had a very good season in the continuous lists, and will make his bow in this field within the next two weeks. He will appear in a sketch in which he will be assisted by one or two others.

Frederick Tyler, an English actor of prominence, had been engaged for an important role in Aubrey Boucicault's "Heidelberg," but he was suddenly taken ill and had to resign, leaving for London last Wednesday. Augustus Cook, whose latest engagement was with "A Rose of Plymouth Town," was immediately engaged for the part.

Rehearsals of "Boball," the new comic opera by Lucienne Scarrle, in New York, which were interrupted last week by reason of Isabelle Underwood receiving a severe wound in the left shoulder while rehearsing a duel with Sam Powers, were resumed last Tuesday. Miss Underwood's arm is still carried in a sling, but all danger of serious consequences as a result of the accident is past.

Mrs. Anna Koerber, mother of Marie Dressler, died last Sunday at Bayville, L. I. Mrs. Koerber was buried last Wednesday without the fact of her death being known to Miss Dressler. The doctors feared that the shock would prove fatal, as Miss Dressler is still in a very feeble condition as a result of an attack of typhoid.

Jessie Millward will be Henry Miller's new leading woman when he presents the new piece by Richard Harding Davis. Miss Millward was about to sail for London last Monday, when she was approached by Mr. Miller's manager with a good pecuniary offer, and after Mr. Frohman's consent to serious consequences as a result of the accident is past.

Amelia Bingham makes her second New York appearance in "A Modern Magdalen," beginning a one week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Dec. 15. Christmas and New Year's week will be spent in Boston, and Miss Bingham will, no doubt, then start rehearsals for her New York opening with "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" at the Princess Theatre.

Wooden Grossmith and his entire

English company closed the very successful run of "The Night of the Party" at the Princess Theatre, New York, Saturday, Dec. 13, after 100 performances. It then went on a tour of one week stands. The Messrs. Shubert and D. V. Arthur have booked it for the Montauk, Brooklyn, the week of Dec. 15; the Alvin, Pittsburgh, Christmas week; the Academy, Montreal, New Year's week; the Harlem Opera House the week of Jan. 5, and during the next few months Mr. Grossmith will play in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Philadelphia (the Garrick), and probably Boston. Altogether the English company's stay in this country will extend well toward six months.

Saleslady's Backache.

There is many a young woman serving behind a counter who can hardly stand on her feet on account of the excruciating pain that catches her in the small of the back.

Must be cheerful and obliging, though the back be ready to break, the head almost bursting and the whole body racked and worn.

Constant standing affects the kidneys, disturbs their blood filtering functions, then the back aches, the head throbs and you feel unfit for work or pleasure.

It is wonderful in these cases how a few boxes of Dr. Picher's Backache Kidney Tablets start the kidneys acting properly—they carry off the poisons from the blood, then the back ceases to pain, the head stops aching, and you feel yourself an altogether different woman.

SURPRISING BENEFIT.
Miss Lizzie Nix, whose address is 332 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont., says: "When I commenced to use Dr. Picher's Backache Kidney Tablets I was tired of doctoring for my troubles were severe and of several months' duration, and every previous treatment I took proved unavailing. I had a weak back and kidney trouble, and was nervous and run-down. At first I was skeptical about obtaining any benefit from Dr. Picher's Tablets. To say that I was surprised at the results that followed their use is putting it mildly. I was astonished, for from the first few doses I commenced to improve, and to-day I am a well woman. Every trouble has disappeared, and with my general improvement in strength and weight I consider myself in sound health."
Price 50c a box, at all druggists or by mail, The Dr. Picher Co., Toronto.

SANZAL MID
Standard remedy for Gleet,
Gonorrhoea and Runaways
IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kid-
ney and Bladder troubles.

PAT MCGUIRE.

By Hubert McBean Johnston.

In defiance of the fact that he was a union man and always had been, when the strike came Pat McGuire stuck to his job. He felt he owed it to Murphy. As urechins they had lived with only a board fence between them; had ridden the same goats, and had fought many pitched battles with one another. Later they had worked together on the same jobs, but when Murphy went into business for himself McGuire went to work for instead of him. On the start Murphy dug cellars, but as his capital increased he also built foundations, and thereafter fair estimates might have been made of the growth of his bank roll by observing the advancing points reached by the limits of his successive contracts. Ultimately he built whole buildings, and the thickness of his wall was then discernible only in the size and value of the structures he erected. In fact, he was an all-round successful man.

To say that McGuire believed him to be perfection would be to do him poor justice to the depths of Pat's devotion. He simply set the man on a

pedestal and worshipped him. The work in hand at this time was the erection of an addition to the Consolidated Trust Company's office building, a skyscraper, which required a very solid base and pneumatic foundations. Now, not being a believer in the divine rights of unions, when a deputation waited upon Murphy and told him he must cease employing colored labor for his compressed air work he very promptly consigned his visitors to a certain warm spot reputed to lie considerably deeper than any of his caissons had yet penetrated.

The Sand-hog Union—the compressed air workers—went on strike. As this work, however, did not call for labor of a highly skilled variety, Murphy was not badly handicapped. Then the engineers struck in sympathy. That is, they all did with the exception of McGuire. With anyone else under the sun he would have walked out with the rest, but with Murphy it was different.

"Taint as if Johnny was only an ordinary boss an' a fellow was only workin' for what there is in it," he explained to his brother Jim, "but me an' him has been together on one bit of work or another right on these 30 years, an' I ain't agoin' back on him now, union or no union. He never threw me down an' an' I tell you it wouldn't be a square deal."

Jim McGuire was strongly in favor of the union's side of the case, and looked sympathy with what he called "Pat's foolishness."

"Yes," he sneered, "you been with him for 30 years, an' all that time what's he ever done for you? Ain't you an engineer yet just the same as you was when you started? I tell you you don't owe him anything, and you leave quit with the rest."

But McGuire's Irish was up, and he would have stuck it out no matter who the contractor might have been.

"I guess I know what I'm doin'," he replied heatedly. "Course I hate to go agin' the boys an' all that, an' I know they'll feel a bit sore, but I sort of think they ought to see how it is. Anyhow \$3 a day is better 'n two an' a 'af, and that's what anyone else 'ud be givin' me."

"It ain't all in what one's gettin'."

he said, "you can't think that I stayed just for that?"

Murphy did not understand.

"You always was a bit cracked in that sentimental way, Pat. There is no reason on earth why you shouldn't take it. God knows you haven't any too much and still you sit there and tell me you're afraid of what the man will say. The trouble with you is, you aren't independent enough, and you're too much afraid of what people will think; you never consider what others would do under similar circumstances. Will you take it?"

McGuire shook his head.

"No, I won't. When I stayed, all the gold in the world wouldn't have kept me. You must see it my way this time, Johnny, and not be offended. If you like to make me the offer some time when things are different, I'll be right glad to take it, but I can't look at the others in want and do it now. I can't, you know I can't."

Circumstances among the strikers were rapidly growing worse. Two or three of them had found situations but the season was a poor one in the building line and steady jobs were few and far between. A crisis in matters was near at hand and still Murphy, who, in the meantime, had started work on another job, showed no sign of weakening. The caisson work was finished and the original cause of the trouble was consequently gone. No union men had gone back to work, though, for that matter, the contractor had all the engineers he needed.

Ultimately, affairs reached such a pass that a meeting to discuss the situation, was held in the back room of McAvoy's saloon.

The debate was brief, but stormy.

urged that ultimately it was going to be necessary for the contractor to return to union labor, and now when the opportunity offered it would be best to accept. He made no threats. He was too shrewd for that, and his hearer might take them as implied or not, as pleased himself.

Murphy lay back in his chair, absently fingering a paper-knife. He gave no sign that he heard and finally Askin paused and looked at him.

"Well," demanded Murphy for the third time.

"Well," replied Askin. "That's all."

"And you expect me to throw out the men who are working for me for a lot of fellows that deserted me, and are as likely as not to do it again?"

Askin hesitated.

"The union is willing to make some concessions," he answered suavely. "It will not be necessary to drop them all at once. You can discharge them as you are through with them, and when you take on others, take union men."

Murphy remained silent.

"There is one thing more," Askin was manifestly ill at ease. He had been fighting shy of what he knew to be the danger point, but now there was no way of avoiding it. "There is one man you'll have to fire right away. We won't go back to work with that Pat McGuire."

Save for the ticking of the clock on the wall, the room was silent. Then the contractor swung in his chair and started turning over some papers on his desk.

"I believe that is all, gentlemen," he said decisively. "Good morning."

"I suppose I must expect to hear from you in a day or two," said Askin. "Good morning."

Murphy did not answer him.

Once the door was shut and he did some hard thinking. The men were in a position stronger than they knew. Not only on the Consolidated Trust, but on another building and the fellow ready to put up ironwork, and he realized that he was almost certain to have another sympathetic strike on his hands. A further delay would be thought of for already the strike had held him up too long, and more waiting would necessitate an extension of the contractor's time.

Then the tempter whispered to him that he might avoid any trouble by simply ridding himself of one man. To do this, however, he would have to fight against it. Suddenly he was struck by an inspiration. Would it not be possible to save the engineer's feelings through his pocket? The fellow knew, would have appealed to himself, and he felt he could put it to McGuire so it would appear all right.

"McGuire," he called to the engineer that afternoon, "you've heard what the strikers say?"

"That if you fire me, they'll come back. Never for an instant had it occurred to the honest fellow that Murphy would dream of doing it, and in order that the contractor might be under no loss of his account, he had already resolved to quit."

"That's it," said the contractor, relieved that McGuire had heard and that he was saved the necessity of explanation. "But don't you worry. I'll make it square with you and you won't lose anything by it."

McGuire looked at him in astonishment. At first he did not understand. Then it dawned upon him that this was his discharge, and had a bomb exploded in front of him he could not have been more astounded.

Murphy drew a slip of paper from an inside pocket and handed it to him.

"That ought to square us up on this deal," he said.

McGuire glanced at it. It was a check for \$500!

Holding the check at arm's length he looked at it with a queer smile. Then he handed it back to Murphy.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "I'll not need that."

WINNIFRED ARTHUR JONES.

Sketch of the Talented Daughter of the Famous English Playwright and Her First Attempt at Acting.

Miss Winnifred Arthur-Jones is the daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, whose name she has hyphenated because of the fame that ornaments it and because the hyphen certainly dignifies the name of Jones. Her father, next to Mr. Pinero, is the foremost of English playwrights and a man honored all over the English-speaking world for having the personal courage of his professional convictions. These convictions have to do with the most vital interests of the art of acting and the art of play-making—indeed, with the best interests of the art of the stage in its every department. His daughter adores him, and as a player she may



MISS WINNIFRED ARTHUR-JONES.

be accepted as the living expression of his ideas on the art of acting. She recently made a neat little hit in London as Doreen Kennett in her father's play, "The Idol," at Wyndham's Theatre. Her acting is said to be marked by great freshness and naturalness. Her first attempt to delineate character was made when she was a little girl. Her father was entertaining a dinner party. Attention was attracted by a noise proceeding from the room set apart for the games of the children, and the guests were not a little amused when, following their host's lead, they discovered Miss Winnifred mounted on a table and posing as Macbeth, brandishing a poker for a sword and violently scolding her sister because of her futile attempts to represent the three witches rolled into one. Miss Arthur-Jones has studied under the great Coquelin, and is regarded as one of the coming women of the London stage.

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Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Dear Doctor,
The very first remedies you sent were sufficient to cure the catarrh of the throat of the most intense kind. I cannot sufficiently thank you.
MRS. DUTHEIL.

Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Mr. Professor,
I began your treatment immediately. I never believed you could cure me of such a chronic catarrh. But the evidence is here: I am completely cured.
REV. PAUL LETAILLER.

Piles



Dear Doctor,
Your remedies for piles are marvellous. I am infinitely thankful.
MISS LEPIC.

Deafness



Mr. Professor,
After in vain trying all other remedies I at last found in yours what I required. After 12 days with your remedies I recovered use of my hearing which I lost for so long. I can't tell you how happy I am.
JULES MATHON.

Diseases of the Womb



Mr. Professor,
What a happy inspiration it was when I wrote you. Without an operation you cured me of a horrible womb disease. Two of my friends are writing you today. Do not delay answering them.
MRS. LEFLON.

Catarrh of the Nose and Throat

Would that we could convince the great number of sufferers that if they suffer they alone are to blame. Pretending they have neither money or time to seek the advice of a specialist, they go on suffering until their malady becomes incurable.

We Can Affirm

That a very simple remedy is found in the remedies of Dr. Collins. Write a simple letter, or still more simple answer the questions given below, and the following morning you will receive a letter, with the treatment to follow.

Dr. Collins Cures

All diseases, no matter of what kind. Science and his experience help him in making the most marvellous cures where others have failed.

At a Distance

Without even seeing the patient, and simply by an examination of the symptoms sent him. Thus, he diagnoses the case, and never makes a mistake in deciding what treatment is to be followed, and which is certain of success.

TRY THEM

We Strongly Recommend You to Do So.

And after a few days you will be truly thankful, when you see the marvellous relief you have obtained.

What Is Your Malady?

Are you getting thin?
Are you constipated?
Are you troubled with nausea?
Do you cough at night?
Is your nose stuffed up?
Are you nervous or feeble?
Have you lost sense of taste?
Is your sight obscured?
Have you headaches?
Have you pains in the forehead?
Are you troubled with flatulency?
Is your tongue coated?
Is your skin dry and hot?
Do you get giddy?
Are you easily tired?
Are you irritable?
Are your eyes dull and heavy?
Is your throat dry in the morning?
Is your urine black and thick?
Does your nose irritate and tickle you?
Do you spit yellow mucus?
Is your saliva thick?
Have you diarrhoea?
Are you troubled with cold shoulders?
Is there a deposit in your urine?
Have you palpitation of the heart?
Have you pains in your sides?
Have you catarrh of the nose or throat?
Have you rheumatism?
Have you colic in the stomach?
Have you internal pains? If so, where?
Have you pimples and boils?
Have you pains? Where?
Are you troubled with pains all over your body?
Are your hands and feet inflamed?
Is your cough dry and short?
Have you pains in the temple?
Do you find you are losing strength?
Have you pains after eating?
Do you feel oppressed after your meals?
Have you pains in the kidneys?
Have you swollen feet too heavy?
Have you a bad taste in the mouth?
Does your throat irritate or tickle you?
Have you a tickling of the palate?
Do you feel sick after meals?
Do your limbs feel too heavy?
Do you feel a pain at the small of the back?
Do you have heavy fits of coughing?
Do you feel oppressed after eating?
Do you have pains in the joints?
Do you have blotches before your eyes?
Are you troubled with flatulency?
Have you piles?
Are you troubled with heart disease?
Does your digestion work satisfactorily?
Have you any kind of venereal disease?
Are you deaf?
Have you any tumours? If so, where?

PROFESSOR COLLINS

President of the New York Medical Institute,
140 West 34th Street New York.

Reply with care and exactness to these questions, by putting yes or no at the side of each. Clip out the piece in this paper and send it by post to above address. Write here plainly your name and address.

Name and Surname,
Place of Residence,
County,
Province.

Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Dear Professor,
For the last day or two I have felt myself completely cured. There is not a trace of catarrh left, of which I suffered so long. I shall continue your treatment.
PIERRE LEBAS.

Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Dear Doctor,
I now confirm my letter of last week. My catarrh has completely disappeared, thanks to your excellent remedies. Please send it without delay to one of my friends, address enclosed.
MRS. LECTANCHIEZ.

Rheumatism



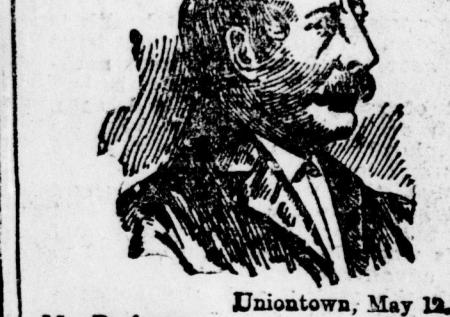
Mr. Professor,
I went out to-day for the first time after being confined for six months; when I suffered very much. Now I walk without pain or fatigue of any kind in my limbs or joints.
ADOLPHE LAMBIN.

Pimples and Boils



Dear Doctor,
The lotions you gave me for impurity in my blood had an almost immediate effect. The pimples have all gone. Not a trace is left of the pimples which so disfigured me.
SOPHIE MADOU.

Barache



Mr. Professor,
The troubles have ceased and I no longer have the flow of matter with which I have been so long vexed. After following your advice for 4 days I was cured. My health is good.
LOUIS SIBOUR.



"One day he was sitting in the engine room thinking it all over when he became aware of a shadow across the floor."