

Anti-Clerical Organization

Chicago, Feb. 5. Search was started to-day for the principals in what is believed to be a plot to have been a plan to destroy buildings and kill members of the clergy, bankers and others, on a dozen cities in various sections of the United States.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.

Chief of Police Healy, Chief of Detectives Nicholas Hunt and Deputy Chief of Police Herman Schnettler, announced to-day, after studying translations of letters written in Italian, found in Allegrini's rooms, that they regarded as established the existence of anti-clerical organization headed by a "committee of fifteen," of whom Crones and Allegrini are believed to have been members.

In connection with the alleged plans of the conspirators to destroy public buildings and church property, police records show that two score or more Chicago churches have suffered fire losses within the last few years.

One of the interesting developments in the case yesterday was the finding of a letter in Allegrini's pocket in which reference was made to a fund collected for the widow of Gaetano Bresci, who assassinated King Humbert of Italy.

One Thousand Men a Day During January

Ottawa, Feb. 10.—Recruiting figures for January show an average of practically 1,000 men per day for the full month. Commanding officers of each division say that the men are a distinct gain at a most satisfactory rate.

The continued keeping up of the flow of new men to the colors is all the more remarkable in view of

the fact that up to the end of last year, Canada had already enlisted about 210,000 men.

The total number recruited to date including officers is over the 240,000 mark. To the total number the first division (London) has contributed a little over 20,000 men; the second division (Toronto), about 54,000 men, the third division (Kingston), a little over 25,000 men, the fourth division (Montreal), about 22,500, the fifth division, (Quebec), about 5,500, the sixth division (Maritime Provinces), nearly 29,000, the 10th Military District (Manitoba and Saskatchewan), about 6,500, the 11th District (Alberta), about 23,000, and the 13th District (British Columbia and the Yukon), nearly 23,000.

During January the Toronto Division recruited over 8,000 men, the Maritime Provinces, about 2,000, Western Ontario about 4,000, Eastern Ontario about 3,000, Quebec about 2,000; Manitoba and Saskatchewan over 5,000, Alberta, 3,000, and British Columbia nearly 2,000.

Forty To Fifty Thousand Volumes Were Destroyed

Ottawa, Feb. 9.—The library of Parliament with its million dollar treasure of books is again ready to do business alongside the ruin of the main Parliament building. The library officers, after cleaning up and taking stock of the result of the fire, report that practically the only damage has been the loss of forty or fifty thousand volumes stored over the reading room.

The books destroyed were for the most part bound sets of periodicals, many of them dating back fifty or sixty years, including standard American, Canadian and British publications. The religious library of Parliament was also destroyed. The bound magazines and periodicals destroyed cannot be replaced.

When the plans are prepared for the restoration of the Parliament buildings, provision will be made for a separate additional library building, where fire proof storage can be had for most of the books. This will relieve the present congestion in the library and remove the risk of fire loss which has been worrying the officials for many years.

Care of the Feet.

It by no means follows that the more weight the feet carry the greater will be the warmth. In fact, the lighter shoe has an advantage over the heavy one, in that the stiff, unyielding sole usually found on the latter, prevents a healthy motion of the muscles of the foot when walking.

which is the secret of bodily warmth. Other things being equal a light sole, with a thin cork inner sole, the flexibility of which is perfect, is a good bottom for cold weather. And remember it takes only five minutes to change wet boots and stockings, but it may take ten months to get over a cold by not changing them.

John Fielden, could easily have satisfied himself by glancing at one or more of the massives in the large packet of home letters which constituted part of the brown paper parcel.

To Wash Chiffon

It is convenient to know that the better kinds of chiffon can be washed at home and ironed with good results. Simply made chiffon blouses and frocks can be freshened up at home and need not always be sent to the cleaners.

Where?

The chaplain, a short, rotund person, with a cheery face, sat in the tube train, tightly gripping between his two gloved hands a brown paper parcel. It was rather a large parcel, and not very proportionate, yet it contained what was more precious than gold, what no gold could purchase from those for whom it was intended—the last precious mementoes of a soldier who had died upon the field.

It was not the first time the chaplain had performed by correspondence such a task but there were circumstances about this one which made him thoughtful, and somewhat obscured the usually bright, steady gleam in his eyes. These eyes had lost a good deal of their brightness during the last nine months while he had been serving with his battalion in the firing line.

But into the heart of the lad to whom the relics in the parcel belonged he had not been permitted to look until the

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very last and as he was swiftly borne towards the distant suburb where the parents' home was situated he was conscious of a sharp shrinking, even a distaste, for the task in front.

John Fielden, could easily have satisfied himself by glancing at one or more of the massives in the large packet of home letters which constituted part of the brown paper parcel.

He had proved that from every im passe there is a way out.

After nine months' absence London struck Fielden strangely. At first he had felt inclined to disgust and indignation because apparently the city had not changed at all, and its life, serious and frivolous, but principally frivolous, was flowing in the quite usual channels.

But in another twenty four hours he had changed his mind, and now knew that there was a throbbing heart, strung to the highest pitch, under that wonderful cloak, and that the nation was at last awake and ready for every emergency and for the sacrifice which it would demand.

As he sat there in the tube train and looked about him there was a sort of divine pity in his heart, more especially when he looked at the women, many of whom bore on their faces the silent, ineffable part they were bearing in the war.

He had to make several changes, but he was rather proud of himself that he made no mistake, and at last just as the short winter day was running to its close, he arrived at his destination, which he found to be a comfortable, square, family house, standing in a roomy garden on the edge of one of the most delectable commons in the near neighborhood of London.

A woman reading quite close to the window observed him come through the gate, and when he reached the front door she was waiting for him there. He knew that she must be Truscott's mother, and yet she wore no mourning, and for a moment his spirit quailed, lest his should be the grimmer task of having to impart the news. But quickly he was reassured by the memory of the "Times" obituary notice, which had set forth the young soldier's brilliant accomplishments—also among so many, they hardly counted.

She was a tall woman, beside whom the chaplain's figure seemed to shrink. But she had both her hands outstretched, and he never forgot, nor could forget, the "utterable anguish in her eyes as she met him.

"You come from the front?" she said in a low voice which, however, was perfectly clear, "to tell me about my son."

He bowed his head, and followed her in, and when she had taken him to the room she closed the door, and stood with her back against it and said:

"Tell me how he died."

"You have no particulars from the War Office?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Oh yes, the usual meagre scraps,"

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