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# Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



## SYNOPSIS

Polly Long, a mannequin in the fashion establishment of Madame Therese, falls in love with Ralph Halliday, and he with her. Ralph's wife Lola has drifted away from him, and Mrs. Long and Polly are led to believe by Therese the other mannequins and Ralph himself that the beautiful Lola is his sister. Polly believes that Ralph will soon ask her to marry him, and because he wishes it, persuades her mother to move from Jersey City to New York. The apartment has a two-year lease and the Longs are comfortably settled when Annette follows Polly home one evening. Annette is one of the mannequins. Mrs. Long takes a dislike to her.

## CHAPTER VII. CHRISTMAS TIME

Lola went to Florida as planned. Her trunks—two of them—were carried out and she had only her hand luggage to carry with her. This could be put in the car when Ralph drove her into the city.

The train left at midnight and they started for New York at about 8 o'clock so as to leave them plenty of time.

Soon she would be free from him, thought Ralph. Even her physical presence would be taken from his sight. Why had she ceased to care for him? What had he done that she had determinedly withdrawn all companionship?

He smoked numerous cigarettes, but Lola seemed irritatingly complacent at his side. Once she asked for one, and he slowed for her to light it. Then they were on again, nearer and nearer to the train that was to bear her away.

It had rained and the roads were icy. Ralph's fingers in his heavy gloves stiffened on the wheel. From time to time he had to slow up so as to try to work up circulation. Huddled in her furs, Lola did not speak.

The 59th street bridge reared its span before them and then the cross-streets of New York. Near the station he arranged for his car to be taken care of, and then, followed by porters, he and Lola found the temporary warmth of the waiting room.

He sought to be light, and later as they waited outside the lower level she turned to him.

He fancied that her lovely face looked tired.

"Will you believe something if I tell it to you?"

"Yes, of course."

"I'm sorry for all our differences."

"Oh, that's all right, I'm not perfect."

A movement forward as the cars were opened, and he followed her into her compartment. Soon she would be far away on the sunny sands of Florida, far away, far away—

"Good-by, Ralph."

"Good-by, Lola."

"Take care of yourself."

"Yes."

She suffered him to kiss her cheek as he bent toward her. He smelled the perfume that she wore and longed to catch her close.

Then he found himself outside the train with Lola behind the window. He threw a kiss, and she smiled in a tired fashion. The train glided out.

At first Ralph thought of parking the car in the city and staying overnight at the Harvard Club.

It comforted him to feel that young Polly of the dancing feet would be so near him. But he was so wide awake that he decided to drive the car back to Long Island. Then he would make arrangements for the closing of the house and move into town to stay.

Their first reunion was a gala one. Snow outside, warmth and quiet within. Firelight flickering on the walls and Mrs. Long and Polly and Ralph eating dinner.

Polly was full of her news. Almost her first sentence told him of victory. And Ralph, kissing her hand, later turned to Mrs. Long.

"What made you change your mind?"

"One of those girls came here." Ralph grew hot. "From Therese?"

"Yes."

"I gave orders," he began, but Polly interrupted.

"Annette followed me home one night and we opened to her because on one but you ever comes to see us. When I saw who it was, I tried to pacify her. We gave her dinner, and I showed her my clothes."

"Oh, Polly!"

Silence.

"Were you afraid of her?"

"Not exactly. Sorry for her, perhaps. But I want to get away. I hate the atmosphere there. Annette talks a great deal, but I don't think she will tell Madame Therese. But she does persist in using such a strange attitude."

"Did you say anything about our engagement?"

"No, Ralph."

He breathed a sigh of relief. When he left the warmth and quiet of the apartment to go to the club his blood was whipped by the brief tramp through the snowy streets.

His last waking thought was of Polly and of plans for her. She would be all right on the stage if he took care of her. Her mother would be there as chaperon. They would taxi from the theatre. But could Polly dance? Had she tried? He wondered if loveliness alone would win her a place. He was relying on that.

Christmas came and there was a party at the Longs. Dick brought a friend who liked Polly instantly.

They had silly snappers with mottoes and fortunes enclosed, and Mrs. Long wore a purple hat rakishly on her soft gray hair.

She liked this boy, too. He seemed more quiet than Ralph. His name was

Blake, John Blake, a nice responsible name.

Holiday—holiday! How similar the two words were. But Blake—Blake—

Ralph who was carving, interrupted her thoughts.

"No, Ralph, Florence will bring in the next course if you are finished."

The slow-eyed maid removed the plates, and John stole a look at Polly. Sweet brown eyes under long lashes, and she was so gay. It had been nice to meet the Longs, nice to be invited to a Christmas dinner in a real home.

He envied Ralph, dropping in on them occasionally, and when he left asked permission to call.

"Would that be all right, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Of course I expect to be busy. I'm going to try for the stage! But if you'll telephone anytime, some one will be here to take the message."

Tomorrow—Christmas Night.

## MEMORY.

Memory's a tricky jade! See how she betrays us—  
Greet us with a wistful smile turns around and flays us.

I can not recall your face when you said goodbye  
Yet I never shall forget the color in the sky.

I can not recall your tones or your farewell words  
Yet I know the very notes of the singing birds.

I have tried and tried in vain!  
Memory must laugh

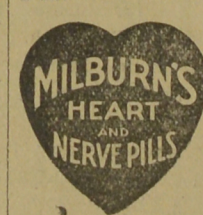
When she bids me throw away the wheat and keep the chaff.

—MARGARET H. TOMKINS in Detroit News.

A market report says that calves are higher. We didn't suppose they were higher but just more visible.

## The Least Excitement Made Her Heart Palpitate and Flutter

Mrs. Ambrose Orser, Elginburg, Ont., writes:—"I suffered for some time with a bad heart which seemed to be controlled by my nerves. The least little excitement would cause it to flutter and palpitate, and at times I would have real bad spells. I suffered in this way for some time when, one day, I saw



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Price 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## BOB DAVIS RELATES A VERY INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF THE SUPERNATURAL CARD TRICK

(Bob Davis in New York Sun.)

The actor picked up a bridge deck, shuffled it several times and passed it over to the physician.

"Select three cards and show them to Mr. Davis. Now insert them back into the deck anywhere you choose; shuffle three times, cut three times and return the deck to me. That's it. Thank you. Now I will lay the cards on the table, one at a time, face upward. Watch."

He then proceeded to deal the pack. The doctor and I watched the falling cards. "Did you see your selections?" asked the actor.

"No," said the medical man.

"Did you, Mr. Davis?"

"Not one."

"Perhaps they have left the deck."

"Count the cards," said the doctor. "Wait, I'll count them." Flick, flick, flick. "Forty-nine. Three missing. Where are they?"

The actor laughed softly. "One in your pocket, doctor; one in yours, Davis, and one in mine." He leaned across the table and pulled a king of diamonds from the upper left hand vest pocket of the physician, a seven of clubs from my coat pocket, and the third, a queen of spades, from the region of his own collar band. "I thought you put them back in the deck. Well, no matter. Now I'll show you another."

For an hour or more he did the most amazing stunts right before our eyes. There was no suggestion of uncertainty in any of his movements. The customary misleading patter utilized by card magicians had no place in his program. At will he produced cards or caused them to vanish. He seemed to fathom all our secret thoughts that pertained in any way to the fifty-two pieces of pasteboard.

"There is an explanation for any card trick ever done," he volunteered. "They are all simple. There never has been a trick with cards that could not be made clear to anybody."

"Beg your pardon," said the doctor, "I know of one."

"Probably supernatural," replied the actor. "And on that point there is always room for argument. Would you mind relating the circumstance you have in mind?"

## The Story Told.

"I am anxious to do so. A few years ago I had a hospital case in which the patient, suffering from pernicious anaemia, quite aware of impending death, devoted the last few days of his existence to mastering innumerable card tricks. Despite his attenuated condition and the inevitable end he was extremely cheerful. All day long he played with his deck of cards, confused the nurses with his deft manipulations and kept his thin, pale fingers occupied. I made several unsuccessful attempts to dissuade him from taxing his remaining strength. He always replied with a trick more astounding than anything previously revealed in his repertory.

"Toward the end he confided to me that he felt a strong urge to transfer to some living individual that which he called second sight. He assured me that as death approached his powers of divination increased, so much so that he was able at times to disregard the rules commonly in use among card tricksters and to trust almost entirely to his uncanny accuracy in reading the mind or sensing the intelligence of the person he tricked. The head nurse in the hospital finally came to believe in his psychic gifts and assured me that she had seen manifestations of his power for which there was no adequate explanation."

"Be careful, doctor," interposed the actor, "you as a physician know that women are easily imposed upon. A sympathetic attitude toward the afflicted might in some measure color one's convictions."

"Not that woman," said the physician. "She had long schooling and was as well balanced as any man I ever knew. She was trained to regard logically all symptoms of mind and body on the basis of cause and effect. She assured me that there was a pronounced demonstration of a most unusual sort, something that increased in intensity as the end approached. Mind you, I have no preconceived beliefs myself. The case to me was pathological—

nothing more or less. One afternoon the nurse telephoned that the patient was sinking. I hurried to the hospital and went immediately to his bedside. He was not suffering the least pain and the deck of cards with which he amused himself was lying near at hand on the white bed cover. 'I feel weak—very weak,' he said softly, 'but my mind is quite clear. Would you be so kind as to select a card—one also for the nurse—and let me see what I can do?'

Was Uncanny.

"There was nothing to be gained by not complying, therefore I did as requested. The ten of spades for myself, the six of hearts for the nurse. The patient had no opportunity of seeing what we had drawn. 'Come nearer, so that I can look at you—both,' he requested. We held our cards behind us and stood touching the cot. For a few moments he searched our eyes and with a remote note in his voice named the precise card which each of us held. It was uncanny, to say the least."

"Quite," replied the actor. "Under the circumstances, most unusual."

"I am not yet through," went on the doctor. "The result seemed to elate the patient, to whom I returned the deck. He shuffled it a few times, spilling the cards about him. Just before beginning dissolution took place he said faintly: 'What was the last card I touch, Doctor? Think . . . think . . . take your . . . time. The last . . . card?'

"I hadn't the slightest idea or any means of answering his question except through guesswork. 'What card comes into your mind?' Automatically, and for no particular reason except that it popped into my head, I replied: 'The queen of spades.' He nodded, closed his eyes and passed away with a queer half smile about his lips."

"The question remained unanswered then?" asked the actor.

"One moment," retorted the physician. "The attendants came to remove the body to the mortuary. As they lifted the emaciated form to the stretcher a card fell from the dead man's night robes. It was the nine of spades—the last card he touched or that touched him. Now if any card trick can be explained I will appreciate it if you can explain that one."

The actor had nothing to offer.

## A CLEAN SWEEP.

My husband is very unkind  
His words are not always refined;  
When I said to him: "There!  
I have shampooed my hair!"  
He replied: "What a load off your mind!"

## FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and fork Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.