

Spring Millinery

Magnificent Display

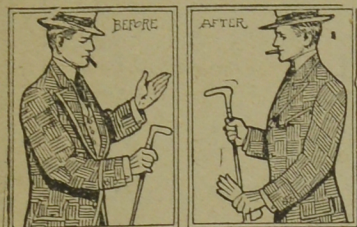
AT THE PARLORS OF

MISS S. C. KELLY

QUEEN STREET.

Paris and New
York Styles . . .

Lowest Prices in
the City



**CLEANING
AND
PRESSING.**

BACK INTO SHAPE

We press your Suit, Overcoat or Gloves, and we clean them so as to look like new before giving them the final press. Cleaning and pressing ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes is our particular business, and we have made a reputation doing this in first-class style, delivering the goods promptly and making but a reasonable charge for the service.

Buzzell's Dye Works

THIS FAMILY WEARS JEWELS WORTH \$20,000

Herr Matthieson Sails for Germany
Resplendent with Gems—Made his
Money in Oregon.

...New York, April 2.—Despite the fact that he was a second cabin voyager, John Matthieson, who sailed for Bremen with his wife and son, Edward, on the North German Lloyd steamship George Washington Thursday, was easily the most noticed, if not the most noted, man on the ship.

Across his expansive white waistcoat—he weighs 230 pounds, was stretched from pocket to pocket a watchchain with huge links, and in every link a diamond of the first water gleamed and sparkled. In his cravat another big diamond of purest ray shone like a headlight of a locomotive, while on two of the fingers of his left hand were solitaire diamond rings that a prince might envy. Mrs. Matthieson was not one whit behind her liege lord in the matter of gems, for she, too, wore a number of diamond rings and a brooch that made some of her less fortunate sisters envious. Young Edward Matthieson also was adorned with a diamond pin, diamond rings and a diamond watch charm.

TAKING AUTO WITH HIM.

This was not all, for down between decks Herr Matthieson had a big touring car, built to hold seven passengers, which he is taking to Europe with him. It cost him \$400 for the ocean freight alone on the auto, but he paid it without a murmur. Moreover, he took three staterooms in the second cabin, one for himself and wife, one for his son and one to hold their numerous trunks.

Considering the outward evidences of wealth of this diamond-bedecked family, the wonder of the other voyagers was that they should travel second cabin. This secret was duly revealed to a reporter just before the ship sailed by Herr Matthieson himself, who did not appear to relish the attention he and his family were receiving from the "aristocrats," as he termed those in the saloon.

"You see, I take the second cabin because I do not wish to dress up all the time for those aristocrats," he said, "and besides I do not like those table—what you call them?—dinners, where they give only a little at once and it takes such a long time to get a meal.

"I want to have my dinner on the table and know what I am going to have and then eat it and be done with it. That's the way I like it, and they don't do that way in the saloon where all those aristocrats are going."

ENRICHED BY LAND SALE.

Having thus warmed up, Herr Matthieson told how he came to be going back to Germany just now with so much money to spend. He was one of the pioneers in the Hood River Valley, Oregon, famous for its fruit, where he took up a quarter section of land back in 1882. Later he went to Portland, where he purchased the Hotel Zur Rheinpfalz and prospered. Last year, he said, he sold his quarter section for \$72,000.

"I am going to enjoy myself in Germany in my own auto, and when I come back we shall travel in the auto West to Salt Lake City," he said.

The jewels owned by the Matthieson family are valued at \$20,000. When asked if he had registered them to escape having to pay duty on his return, the prudent Matthieson replied: "I have done better. Here are all the receipted bills," and he pulled a bundle of them from his pocket. "I guess that is proof," he remarked complacently.

NO NUISANCE.

"My little boy did a smart thing yesterday."

"Indeed? What was it?"

"Some of the neighbors called and were praising him, but he did not say a single thing that could be considered bright.

"I have always said that he was an unusual child."

whispered weakly, admitting his own identity without further argument. And the elderly-looking man's haggard, clean-shaven face wrinkled into a friendly smile as he nodded quick affirmation.

"I'm O'Ferral, sure enough," he retorted with great conviction, "or at least I'm his mortal remains in a civilized shirt. I didn't think that would have made such a difference, Steve!"

"But I could have sworn you were still on the Upper Congo," objected Quaintance, still more than dubious as to the evidence of his own eyes and ears. "You told me you'd be there all winter, and—What in God's name have you been doing to yourself since I saw you last! You were thirty then, and—You're on the wrong side of sixty now! What's happened! I don't understand."

"If you were one of the Where, How, and All About It Brigade from Newspaper Row," O'Ferral returned easily, "you'd know better than to bank on my being anywhere at any time. Here today and only Heaven knows where tomorrow's my motto, my boy.

(To Be Continued.)

GET YOUR SPRING NEEDS AT

A. Murray & Co's. Store

OUR STOCK OVERFLOWING WITH BRIGHT NEW GOODS.
WE CARRY EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR SPRING TIME.

Ladies' New Tailored Suits,

Ladies' New Separate Skirts,

Ladies' New Spring Jackets

Ladies' New Spring Waists.

INTERESTING VALUES IN DRESS GOODS.
AN EXTENSIVE SHOWING OF NEW SILKS.

438 Queen St.
Telephone 423

A. Murray & Co. Opp. Normal School.

HOUSEWIVES' SUGGESTIONS

Turn the wooden chopping bowl upside down when not in use and it will never split.

To remove paint from linens—rub with turpentine then clean with French chalk dampened with alcohol.

Lemons hardened from long standing may be made usable by covering a few moments with boiling water.

Stains may be removed from tinware by scouring with common soda then washing thoroughly and drying.

Mend broken china with plaster of paris mixed with the white of egg and it will stand washing. This method is suitable for articles of everyday use, not for valuable old china.

Clean dark fur with bran. Put the bran in a basin and stand it in the oven. When quite hot, but not in the least burned, rub it into the fur against the grain till this is clean. Then brush with a stiff clothesbrush till the fur is free of bran.

To clean and tighten cane chair seats turn the chair upside down and with hot water sponge cane work till it is thoroughly soaked. If the cane be dirty use a little soap. Let dry in the air or before a fire and if the cane be merely stretched—not worn—it will then be as good as new.

Nothing is so hard on gloves—as carrying a muff. If will quickly soil dark kid, while white is often ruined at one wearing. To avoid this, many girls keep old gloves to use with the muff. This is all right if the hands were never taken out of the fur covering but is impossible when one is going to call or to a reception. One girl wears a loose pair of cotton gloves over her kid ones and pulls them off when entering a house. Easier yet is it to pin a handkerchief inside the muff to prevent soiling.

Where a floor is inlaid or polished and the polish has worn off a good preparation for restoring is one-half pound of yellow wax, four ounces of oil of turpentine, one pint of linseed oil; cut the wax into bits and melt in something it can remain in (an old lard pail) add the linseed oil; remove from the fire when hot and when almost cool stir in the oil of turpentine. When used put a little on a wollen cloth and rub in, then rub with a dry cloth.

Warts may be removed by touching them with caustic daily until they disappear.

Potato water is excellent for cleaning mud stains from nearly any kind of cloth or garment.

White lead makes a capital cement for broken crockery. Paint it along the broken edges, then press the pieces together and tie them in place. Leave the mended article to dry for two or three days and when thoroughly dry it will be as strong as ever, though perhaps not so ornamental.

\$4,000 SEWED IN SKIRT

Utica, April 2.—Ellen Holmes, eighty, who was found dead in her room in a boarding house, had \$3,954.87 sewed in her skirt. Of this \$140 was in gold. The body is in charge of the Department of Charities.

PHYSICAL DEFECTS IN AMERICAN STUDENTS

Philadelphia, April 2.—R. Tait McKenzie, director of the gymnasium at the University of Pennsylvania, at a medical clinic given in connection with "Home Coming Week," at the medical department, declared more than 50 per cent. of college students show physical defects, such as round shoulders, lateral curvature, flat feet and faulty carriage.

People with real troubles never advertise them.

Visit Our Parlors and be Convinced that Our Hats are the Correct Style

The opening days passed off with great success. The throngs that visited our show rooms were loud in their praises of our display. Our Prices are extremely moderate, and our Styles exclusive.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

THE MISSES YOUNG

DO YOU WANT GOOD BREAD?

Hardly necessary to ask that question—everybody wants good bread, that's sure! But when buying bread, besides being good, it should be pure.

To be pure, it should contain no foreign substance, such as ALUM, GLUCOSE, ETC. These only tend to induce ill health, and it is wise when buying bread to know just what you're going to eat.

Now! There is a bread called

SCOTCH ZEST BREAD. It's Pure

made from pure flour, pure yeast, pure shortening and salt (all any bread should contain) by clean bakers, in a clean bakery. See that the bread you buy has the little Scotchman label on. That's the guarantee for good bread.

DUNBAR'S BAKERY

123 Regent Street

Phone 361-41

GIRL TO WALK 108 MILES IN 55 HOURS

Miss Elinor Sears, Society Woman,
Chauffeur, Pedestrian and Athlete,
Undertakes Task.

San Francisco, April 2.—With swinging shoulders, strong stride and clear eye, eager for the contest, Miss Elinor Sears of Boston and Burlingame set out at 6 o'clock Thursday morning on the long white road from Burlingame to Del Monte.

Leaving the home of Frank J. Carolan, followed by the cheers of her admiring hosts, she started at a merry clip of four miles an hour. She chatted with the companions, who went with her—Mrs. Walter Martin, who walked by her side for the first few miles, and Mrs. Laurence Shott's automobile party, who will accompany her along the whole journey carrying food to be eaten by the way and the outfit that an athlete likes as a standby.

It is 108 miles from Burlingame to Del Monte.

To add interest to the walk against time, Miss Sears has a private wager of \$200 with Mrs. Walter Martin and Miss Jennie Crocker that she will cover the distance in fifty-five hours. Over the same course Dr. W. A. McEnery did the walk in thirty-six hours and forty-five minutes, beating Percy W. Selby who started with him at 5.30 A.M., on Feb. 26.

At 9.15 Miss Sears passed through Palo Alto, having made the first fourteen miles in 3 hours 15 minutes.

At 10.40 Miss Sears passed Mountain View, walking alone, far ahead of her companions.

She passed through Santa Clara at 1.15 p.m., dusty and evidently much fatigued. She was walking with a perceptible limp. But she announced her determination to "stick to the road to the end."

When she left here she took a course along the Alameda, a level four-mile stretch to San Jose.

Late in the afternoon Miss Sears reached San Jose, where she rested a short time before resuming her walk.

Miss Elinor Sears is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Sears of No. 122 Beacon street Boston. Her mother was a Coolidge.

LATOOKA BROKE RECORD

Halifax, April 3.—Fifty-one days out from Cape Town, South Africa, the sealing schooner Latooka sailed into port tonight after a trip in the Antarctic ocean. The Latooka, which is owned in Victoria, and commanded by Capt. Ryan, a Nova Scotian, sailed from Halifax on July 28, 1909, and came dangerously near foundering on the way to the sealing grounds. For nearly a week the crew were forced to keep at the pumps and it was only by strenuous work that the ship was kept afloat. She finally worked into Rio Janeiro, where repairs were effected and she proceeded on her voyage.

Captain Ryan located islands that had not been visited for eighty years, and secured 730 seals, which were landed at Cape Town and shipped to London. The trip to Halifax from the Cape breaks all records for a sailing vessel.

TO SUIT HIS TASTE.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. The jury was impatient. "Well, gentlemen," said the court, officer, entering the jury room, "shall I, as usual, order 12 dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "11 dinners and a bale of hay."

To Miss Sears is attributed the remark: "Dress should be quite casual." And certainly she adopts her costume to the occasion. When she is at a Newport dance or the horse show here most other young women envy her toilette. When she plays polo or takes a long walk, she wears trouserettes. At Coronado, Cal., the other day, she appeared on horseback, astride, and wearing a knee-length skirt over trousers.

Miss Sears is a great friend of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, and she has been quoted as saying: "Most of the men in our set are mollycoddles." She herself is not a mollycoddle. She is a fine whip and drives tandem and four-in-hand. She is an expert chauffeur. She was fined \$15 for over-speeding near Quincy, Mass. She is a splendid swimmer and has swum the four miles from Bailey's Beach to Eliston Beach at Newport. She knows how to sail a boat and steer a steam yacht. Four hours' play at golf or tennis, so far from tiring her, puts her in a mild glow.

Easter Opening

Tuesday, March 22nd, at 3 p. m.

IN OUR NEW STORE

Edgecombe Block,

York Street

MISS MORGAN

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

"That's the second chance I've missed today," he muttered, very regretfully, chin on one palm and staring intently at the tablecloth. "I wish she had given me just half an inkling of her ideas and I'd have taken care of that cad for her. I might have gathered as much, of course, but—I'm far too dense: It's evident that my wanderings haven't sharpened my wits.

"The third time may be more lucky, but—I'm afraid the prospects of a third time are altogether too thin to hang any hopes on. I've thrown away opportunity twice, and—

What can I do to retrieve it? I'm more alone in this mob than I ever was in Africa. I don't suppose there's a soul in the city I know, and there certainly isn't a single soul who knows me."

Sunk in such depressing reflections and puffing disconsolately at his cigar he looked up without curiosity as an elderly-looking, grey-haired individual, in strictly correct evening dress, who had been regarding him with a good deal of interest and unremarked from a near table, came forward and stopped beside him.

"H'lo, Quaintance," observed the stranger, and the object of his attention could scarcely control the start of surprise and dismay with which he had thus heard again the name he had just discarded. But he gazed with blank lack of understanding for a brief moment at his interlocutor, and, dropping his eyes again, shook his head in silent negation.

He had not the faintest idea who the other might be, but, mindful of his late encounter with a still more blatant species of confidence man, and grimly determined that his own incognito must be preserved at all costs, was now prepared to dispute his identity with any who might be rash enough to question his claim to the name of Newman.

He shook his head, decidedly, and, picking up the pile of change before him, proceeded to count it with care, in token that the subject must be considered closed.

But the inquirer was not to be put off so easily.

"Your name's not Quaintance, eh?" he demanded briskly. "And you do not happen to have a couple of pure rose-diamonds in one of your waist-

coat-pockets, do you?"

Quaintance, his chin thrust suddenly forward, his eyes showing danger-signals, stared him fixedly in the face.

"No, sir. I don't," he answered categorically.

The unknown was quite oblivious to that warning.

"The last time I met you," he remarked blandly, "your name was Quaintance. And you did happen to have a couple of pure rose-diamonds in one of your waistcoat-pockets."

He looked quickly round the room, and then sat down, deliberately, facing Quaintance from the sacred chair.

CHAPTER III.

O'FERRAL HEARS OF A FRIEND'S
SAD FATE IN THE LAND
OF OPHIR.

Quaintance was quick to wrath.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked hotly, forgetting in his growing irritation the deference due to grey hairs. But in that respect he had some excuse, since the persistent stranger was of a surprisingly active appearance for all his elderly air, and indeed looked capable of giving a good account of himself if words should lead to deeds as it seemed they would.

"Who the devil are you, sir? And what d'ye mean by your ridiculous statements! Get up off that chair—this table's reserved."

He had spoken in a low tone, and menacingly, but the other did not budge.

"If your name's not Quaintance," pursued that intruder, eyeing him imperturbably, his face growing strangely familiar to Quaintance returning his gaze. "If your name's not Quaintance what alias are you using, you rascal? Sit still! Don't make a disturbance. I know you. Look here."

He laid one hand on the white tablecloth, and Quaintance curbed his own intention of throwing him across the room in time and no more to observe the diamond-shaped scar on his palm. He sank back into his seat, and his expression of choler gave way to one of helpless bewilderment. He looked limply at his visitor, with brows knit in a vain effort to understand.

"Is—is that you, O'Ferral!" he