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We are offering for one month for cash, a very low prices or approved notes

4 Gerhard Heintzman, 3 Bell, 3 Heintzman & Co., 2 Gourley Pianos and 1 Piano Player

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LADIES' FALL SUITS

We have decided to clear all our Stylish Fall Suits at \$10.00 and \$12.00 each. Many styles, many colours, sizes 34 to 40.

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We will sell our Dollar Tailored Waists for 89 cents

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THE MISSES YOUNG

A Fall line of Trimmed Hats and Toques for early fall and winter. All the latest colorings and combinations also Woolen Aviation Caps and girls and boys Toques.

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Regular price \$1.50

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One Chance in a life-time

Sample Towels, worth from 25c to \$1 each. Our price 15 to 50c each.

Don't miss this chance if you missed the other.

300 yd spools, black and white. Only 4c per spool.

Not more than 6 to one person.

F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

SOMETHING NEW

Sardines in cream sauce, also Norwegian

Sardines, Peanut Butter, Cream Cheese,

Pan Yan Sauce.

E. G. HOBEN GROCER
YORK ST.

There are times when it is easier to find a four-leaved clover than the key-hole in a front door.

Quite naturally it's the worldly people who want the earth.

A prize husband, like a pedigreed dog, stands all the more chance of being stolen.

The hour of adversity seems to contain more than sixty minutes.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued.)

"John," she said, thoughtfully, "did you come into my life—a saint?"

"I'm a usual sort of man," I answered.

"Then I am a usual sort of woman, John, if you put it that way—easily. If you, the man, were not a saint, why should you expect me, the woman, to be—the saint?"

"Well, of all the brazen things for a bride-elect to say to her fiancé!" I exclaimed. "That is the absolute limit."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said, sweetly.

"And now, John dear, go to bed—and forget all this."

"Forget!" I repeated. "That's what you told me to do that night I found you in the stranger's room at the hacienda. Forget! Then you promptly did all sorts of things to make me remember. Felipa, what is this game, anyway? What's at the bottom of it all?"

"Let us get some sleep, John. Promise me, dear, that you will not come into my room again tonight. To show that I trust you—far more than you trust me—I will leave my door wide open the rest of the night. Good-night, dear."

She put her hand to her lips—and blew me a kiss.

"Switch off the electric light in the sitting-room," she said, "and leave my door open."

"She's in a hypnotic sleep," I told myself, as I went to my room. "And none but the stranger can wake her."

In the morning, after a leisurely bath, and after again donning my peon's costume, I knocked on Felipa's door.

"Felipa, are you dressed?"

No answer. Perhaps she was still asleep. I opened her door. She was not there.

I heard whistling. It came from the kitchen and I knew who the whistler was.

"Where is the lady of the house?" I asked, as I bolted into the kitchen and confronted Romero, who looked not at all surprised at seeing me in peon dress.

"The master went away at daylight," she answered, stoically.

"I said—lady of the house. Where is she?"

"There is no lady in this house, señor. The master went off to the railroad station in the motor-car—driving it himself."

"Do you deny that a lady slept in this house last night?"

"Si, señor, I do. The master entertains no visitors except the Señor Larry Annesley, as I told you before—at least, no visitors that I ever see."

"Ah, that's it, Romero. No visitors that you ever see."

Another deliberate lie out of Felipa's mouth. She had sworn that the stranger left early in the night; yet now the servant told me that the stranger had not left till daylight.

"Did your master leave any message?" I asked.

"No, señor. He merely said that he would charter a special train in order to get to Mexico City before night. The distance to Mexico City is only four hundred kilos, and he at first thought of running down in his racing car. It is a high power car, señor—can make sixty, seventy kilos the hour."

"Give me some breakfast," I ordered. "I must get the morning train."

While he prepared my breakfast I made a thorough search of the whole house for clues to help me solve its hundred and one mysteries.

What particularly interested me were the "signs and signal smoke," as Royal would have said, that I found in the bedrooms of Felipa and the stranger.

First of all, I found that the two rooms had a connecting door. That door was wide open. And both rooms showed evidence of utmost haste in dressing. Both feminine and masculine wearing apparel was scattered right and left in great confusion, suggesting sudden flight.

In the stranger's room, on his dressing-table, I found a photograph of Felipa, in an exquisite gold frame. In the drawer of his bureau I found no less than twenty black masks. His wardrobe was most complete—no end of day and evening suits of a man of the world, no end of velvet suits of a caballero of Mexico.

Then in Felipa's room. If I had doubted before the relationship between these two, I had all the evidence now before my eyes. On her

dressing-table was a photograph of the stranger, wearing his black mask. And that she had lived in this house a far longer time than merely one night, was shown in the full wardrobe. In her bureau were dozens of pairs of silk stockings, of every hue. And there was a veritable bird's nest of daintiest lingerie, all of silk.

In the closet were many pairs of slippers, and gowns hung in rows above the slippers. Among these gowns I marked, particularly, that wild rose frock which Felipa had worn at supper on the night the stranger first appeared at the hacienda.

Yes, it was only too evident that during my three days in the mine, Felipa had been living in this house. Perhaps she had been a "guest" in this bungalow many times before, too. Otherwise, why should she keep such an extensive wardrobe here?

I proceeded next to roam all over the house and the grounds, in the course of which inspection I made the most amazing discovery of all. In a closet in each room in the house, I found a black cloak, either of velvet or broadcloth, and a black mask. Even in the kitchen, and on the front porch as well as on the back porch, I found, in each place, in a chest, a cloak and mask. It was evident that the stranger had provided thus, at every point, against any one coming upon him unmasked. But why he should also provide against any one finding him without a cloak I could not so easily understand.

And now—they had flown together to Mexico City. When Romero said that only "the master" had left in the motor-car he lied. For here was the evidence that both of them had dressed in a frightful hurry—evidently bent upon getting away before I woke up. Moreover, Felipa had left a pair of black silk stockings and a pair of black satin slippers lying on the floor of the stranger's room.

Yet Felipa had entreated me to trust her, to love her, despite everything.

"I will tear her out of my heart," I told myself, as, after gulping only the coffee and neglecting the rest of the breakfast which Romero set before me, I hurried through the back streets on my way to the railroad station.

"Why should you expect me to be—the saint?"

No wonder she had asked me that question!

"But, Felipa," I argued with myself, "I loved you because I believed you were the saint—the saint who came to my stateroom that night in mid-ocean and whose hand I swore I had grasped to hold forever more."

A few minutes later I muttered: "So the stranger chartered a special train for Mexico City, did he? Well, I'll charter a special, too. I've plenty of money."

Upon reflection, however, I remembered that to charter a special train would draw attention to me, the very thing I wished to avoid. And I was now presumably a peon, too. A peon chartering a special train? Absurd! No, I would have to travel third class, consistent with my supposed humble rank. Besides, to charter a special, I would have to change one of my thousand-dollar bills. And Meldrum had cautioned me against that very thing.

"Wonder why he requested that I keep the money intact?" I asked myself.

Then my thoughts returned to Felipa and the stranger, and, all of a sudden, I stood still in my tracks.

"That's it!" I murmured, excitedly. "They are married."

(To Be Continued.)

A MAINE WOMAN CHARGED WITH MURDER

Bath, Me., Oct. 23—Charged with the murder of her three year old son Martin Howard Keefe Jr., Mrs. Mildred T. Keefe has been placed under arrest. She reported Friday night, that her boy had fallen into a mill pond while he was going with her to visit a neighbor. The police were unable to locate the body last night, but next morning Mrs. Keefe went to the pond alone and found the child lying face up. The police say in not enough water to cover the face. An investigation by the coroners jury led to her arrest.

KENTUCKY MEDICAL SOCIETY

Paducah, Ky., Oct. 24.—Many prominent physicians and surgeons of Kentucky are here attending the annual meeting of the State Medical Society, which convened today for a three days' session. A leading feature of the program will be an address by Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, one of the most distinguished surgeons in America.

The prairie province of Saskatchewan during the past decade increased its population from 91,279 to 459,574 yet at the recent election the people of that province did not vote to "let well enough alone."

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in ladies' and misses' Suits and Coats all new and up to date garments. We have bought the samples of one of the largest manufacturers in Canada and we offer these at less than First Cost.

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Regular \$3.00 for \$1.75

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" 10.00 for 7.00

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Regular \$12.00 for \$8.00

" 13.00 for 8.75

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" 17.50 for 11.75

" 20.00 for 12.75

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The Latest Novelty

THE NEW NAPOLEAN STORM CAPS

New children Hats New Beaver Hats
New Velour Hats New Stitched Velvet Hats

... Prices to Suit All ...

MISS MORGAN

B. C. CONSERVATIVE PAPER PRAISES SIR WILFRID

The Victoria Colonist, the leading Conservative paper west of Toronto, in an editorial on the change of government pays this fine tribute to Sir Wilfrid Laurier:

"The passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier from power is a notable event, not only in Canadian history but in Empire politics. His career for the past fifteen years has been synonymous with the development of the Dominion. In that time he has been the commanding figure in the affairs of this country and in the Imperial councils has won the first place among the representatives of the Overseas Dominions. Many elements which he occupied and the greatest of these was his winning personality. He has been the idol of the French-Canadians, and, if there is one thing above all others by which he will be remembered, it will be the part he played in bringing into harmony the two races which occupy this country. Through French he attained power, and by the French he kept it, until owing to the increase in the English speaking population and the raising of a great national issue fraught with danger to the loyalty of this country to the Motherland, he was swept from power."

"Sir Wilfrid will have a prominent place in the history of Canada. How prominent only the perspective of time will be able to determine. That he has had the interest of his country at heart, and thought first of Canada during his long years of service there can be no gainsaying. He has been described as an Imperialist, but if he is he belongs to a school of Imperialism which is of his own creation, and his Imperialism hardly dovetails with the Imperialism of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. With this factor in his career we have, however, at present no concern as it is our object to pay

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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, despondency, sexual weakness, emissions, spermatorrhea, and effects of abuse or excesses. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicine Co. (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

a tribute to Sir Wilfrid, the man, and the statesman who guided the destinies of this country through a decade and a half during which many things of considerable moment were accomplished.

"Both as a parliamentarian and a Prime Minister he was above suspicion. He has ever been actuated in all his actions by motives which he believed would redound to the credit of his beloved country. Whatever measure of national importance he fathered gained immensely through his earnest advocacy and the inspiring belief which he instilled into his followers. His title of the silver-tongued orator was richly earned. Indefatigable in whatever cause he espoused he brought the whole force of his intellect to bear upon the issue of the moment and his brilliant periods and striking phraseology have often times carried weight where logical arguments have failed. His winning personality is a thing which few can resist. He is indeed "sauveteur in modo, fortiter in re." Whenever he comes to be measured up in the annals of his country he will be remembered as a diplomatist, a courtier, a statesman and a patriot, and as a man against whom no finger of scorn has ever been pointed. He has served his country to the best of his great abilities and it is a matter of congratulation that his period of service is not yet ended."

"We wish Sir Wilfrid long life and happiness. Although at an age when many public men are only too anxious to retire he has elected to lead his party in opposition. That he will do so with conspicuous ability is very certain and we hope that it will be many years before the heavy hand of time deprives Canada of his intellect."

Even the man with an iron will may discover that it gets rusty. The corkscrew is a poor key to the situation.

BREAKFAST

on

Post Toasties

Thinly rolled bits of white corn—toasted to a delicate, crisp brown.

They present one of the most pleasing foods the palate is called upon to criticise.

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