

MRS. PANKHURST CAPTURED TORONTO; MANY CONVERTED

Suffragettes' Made Great Impression—Their Methods Explained—At Massey Hall and Canadian Club Many Hundreds of People Assembled to Hear Her

(Toronto Mail and Empire).

There are at least five thousand people in Toronto, prominent in all walks of life who are convinced that women should be allowed to vote. Many of these people were absolutely opposed to woman suffrage prior to Saturday and yesterday, but after hearing Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant Suffragette, at the Canadian Club at noon on Saturday and in Massey Hall on Saturday evening, they were forced to admit that she had placed the question before them in such a logical and convincing manner that they were forced to believe that the cause for which she is working should be recognized and that it eventually will be they had no doubt.

the 'night off,' and the question never was given serious treatment. The question was never brought into practical politics.

Took Their Own Methods

"We then decided to take our own methods, no matter whether the politicians liked those methods or not, and after three years we have succeeded in arousing the question. We have broken down the press boycott. We don't care how we are reported so long as we are reported. The newspapers, which have helped us, with regard to the politicians, some don't like us, but they don't laugh at us any more. When mentioned in the house today the question is discussed very seriously, indeed. The politicians are



Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst

Seldom has a man made such a profound impression on his hearers as did Mrs. Pankhurst. Her arguments are so convincing and logical, so full of weight and wisdom, so pathetic when she referred to her own personal case, that tears appeared in the eyes of many of her hearers. Mrs. Pankhurst is such a winsome and lovely woman that her personality attracts one unconsciously, and many of her converts expressed wonder that she could be so ill-treated as she had been when confined in prison in England for leading the women in the campaign which she and twelve others commenced three years ago. Although she was very tired Saturday and yesterday, she received hundreds of callers and was kept busy all day explaining the movement. She leaves this morning for her home in Manchester, where her son lies ill, but that she will return to Canada as soon as she can was the statement she made to some of her friends last evening.

Among the converts to woman suffrage was his worship the mayor, who is now convinced that all women should have votes.

A Matter of Business

When Mrs. Pankhurst rose to speak the immense gathering of men rose simultaneously and the woman was applauded again and again. She felt a very great responsibility, she said, and as the chosen spokeswoman for the women engaged in the movement she must make it quite clear where they stood. She was a business woman, she said, and was glad she was speaking to business men. The very fact that the Canadian Club allowed her to address its members was good business for the women both in England and Canada. The movement was a thoroughly business and practical one, which carefully studied the business and political conditions of Great Britain. After a great deal of study the women had planned a campaign. What people read in the newspapers made them think the movement was carried on in an irresponsible way. That was the way of the British press. Whether for good or evil, it reported only what the public wanted to read, and only that part that made good copy was fully reported by the press. The only way to understand the plan was to have it spread out, complete, before them.

"The whole thing was carefully thought out," said Mrs. Pankhurst. "On the eve of the last general election we knew that the Liberal party would come into power, after twenty years, and we wanted the vote because we needed it to protect ourselves. As we had to pay taxes, we were of the opinion that we should influence the expenditures of the nation; as taxpayers we thought we should command the salaries paid to government officials, and as citizens who had to obey the laws, we thought we should have some influence in framing those laws. We then said, 'This is the right time.' We had been talking about it for thirty years. On the eve of the general election, when we reviewed the situation, we found that we were no nearer our goal than when we started. We found that the number of men voters had increased from 750,000 to 7,500,000. Then we decided to look into the matter to see how the men got the vote. We found that men had never won constitutional rights by constitutional means, and we said we would have to find some way of imitating the men; some way of adapting men's methods to female requirements. The newspapers took absolutely no notice, and we had to break down the press boycott and had to get the ears of the politicians. When woman suffrage was discussed in the House of Commons it was

As she concluded her speech there was more continued applause, and the men filed slowly out.

Hot Water Bottles replaced the warming pans and foot stones of our grand parents; now even the old-fashioned conical water bag is out of date; they won't stand hot water anymore. The WALPOLE HOT WATER BOTTLE, newly patented, all one piece of Rubber, is the only one sold which will stand boiling hot water; they are guaranteed for two years. Sold by all first class Drug-gists.

One idea of heaven is a place big enough to make it possible for people to be with-out neighbors.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



GENUINE MINK BEAUTIFUL BUT COSTLY

Many imitations of mink are offered in very attractive guise, but the real mink has a deep color and a silky texture that no imitation can equal. Silk and ribbon trimmings add a dainty touch to this season's neckpieces of fur and this mink scarf has a border of very soft brown satin ribbon, arranged in loops along the inner edge. With this mink set is worn a brown velvet hat with ostrich feathers in the same shade.

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

CHAPTER XIX.

Lathrop turned to the door through which Millington had made his retreat, and called out:

"Jack!"

"There was no reply, and he waited for a moment, then called again. Still receiving no answer, he went through the room; he had left the vital words of Trevor's conversation had been spoken. Lathrop returned to the parlor of his suite, and awaited the coming of his friend in a fever of anxiety. Ten minutes later, the bell sounded again, and he opened the door to his guest.

"Missed me, did you?" Millington asked, with a smile, as he entered the room, and deposited his bulk in a convenient chair. "Well, I want to stretch my legs a bit, you know—they were aching with cramps from the sleeper. So, I hunted up a couple of yours out there, let myself out by the other door, and took a stroll around the block. I fancied, too, that the old man might have something private to discuss with you, and if I'd stayed, I'd have had to hear, which wouldn't have been fair."

Lathrop regarded his friend earnestly, but he made no further reference at this time to the subject uppermost in his thoughts. He derived much comfort from the fact that his guest's manner was as bluff and hearty as ever. "There is something I want to say to you; or, rather, something I ought to say to you. I do not think that there ever will be a better time than now."

"What is it about? Business?" Millington asked, looking at his friend with a keen glance. "No, I will complete it, I will complete it, I will complete it," Lathrop answered. "I will complete it, I will complete it, I will complete it."

"I have said that she is without one, Jack. It is a matter that cannot be discussed, even between us. I will say only one thing, that must end all discussions of her. God never made a purer, sweeter, or truer woman than Clara Ortega."

"That is just the idea I have had ever since I saw her. But, Morris," Millington continued, with a keen glance, "I more than half-believed that you are in love with her yourself."

"I more than half-believed it myself," Lathrop admitted. In the smile which accompanied the words, there was more of sadness than of mirth.

"What?" While they were engaged to another came the indignant exclamation.

"My engagement with Clara Trevor is at an end," Lathrop explained. "I will never be renewed."

Millington uttered an ejaculation of dismay, and his tone, when he spoke, was dismal.

"Look here, Morris," he said. "Are you going to ask Miss Ortega to marry you?"

"I have already done so," was the quiet answer. Millington regarded his host with much disapproval.

"When is it coming off?" Morris asked. "She has refused me," Morris answered. "Refused you?" Millington continued, curiously.

"Yes," Lathrop replied. "She is really although not legally, my ward. She is a trust that came to me through a peculiar chain of circumstances, which I am not free to explain."

"I do not ask for any explanation," was the prompt reply. "You have told me enough, that I feel heeds over head in love with her, at first sight. Why, I've hardly

"Confound Trevor, and the next room too!" Millington commented. "I went out, and so didn't hear it, you see. You would have to go over the whole affair, whatever it is. It's too much trouble, now. Besides, I want to talk about something else."

"Lathrop permitted himself to be persuaded."

"Very well. What is it?" he questioned, with infinite relief.

"Do you remember the last thing you said to me before I started for Chicago?" came the counter-interrogation.

"No. Scrambling about the Cummings affair, wasn't it?"

"It had nothing to do with business; but it has been on my mind ever since. You remember, you made this remark—'I cannot quite state the exact words: 'She is not for you, unless—' what? you replied that you would tell me after I returned from Chicago. Now, Morris, I have made you think it was the governor's cable sent me home. It wasn't! It was that I wanted to hear the rest of the sentence."

Lathrop continued silent for so long an interval that the other finally turned to stare curiously at him.

"Well?" he demanded, presently. "Are you going to complete that sentence?"

"Yes, I will complete it," Lathrop answered. "I will complete it, I will complete it, I will complete it."

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Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today.

done anything since I went to Chicago but 'think of her. I made things hum there, just in order that I might get back here, and ask you to complete that sentence for me. And, now that I've heard it, it is of no importance whatever. What I wish to know is this: Have I your permission to pay my visit to her?"

"Jack," Lathrop made reply, speaking with impressive emphasis, "there is not a man whom I would rather see her husband than you—"

He hesitated for a moment, and his eyes fell before the sardonic gaze of his friend.

"Except yourself!" Millington cried; and there was bitterness in his voice.

"Leave me out of the question, please," Lathrop rejoined. "There is not a man in whose hands I would so willingly place her future. I do not think anybody would make a more earnest effort for her happiness, and if you can win her, I shall be the first to say, God bless you both. But you must not permit yourself to indulge in false hopes. I do not think that Rita will ever be your wife. I know that she loves another."

Millington ran one hand around his collar, stroked his moustache, and then asked:

"Is that why she refused you?"

Lathrop hesitated for a little, but finally, he answered firmly:

"Yes, literally, that is why she refused me."

"Well, Millington declared, 'I won't give up until I'm beaten. You have no objection to my calling upon her?'"

"No," Lathrop said. "But she went away this morning, without telling me where she was going. She will notify me when she returns, and I shall let you know at once. That is all I can promise."

CHAPTER XX.

The following morning Jack Millington made arrangements for Lathrop to complete the matter of his being let into the copper deal with Trevor; instructed him fully what to do in order to place the million dollars he had promised at the disposal of the broker, and for himself, he stated that he would keep close indoors all day.

"You see," he explained, "it won't do for Cummings at that crowd to know that I am back just yet. Besides I want to rest, and incidentally, to do a little plotting of my own. There are plenty of books to read here. I shan't be lonely."

But Lathrop had been gone less than half-an-hour, when Millington rang and ordered a cab. As soon as it came, he entered it, drew the curtains, and directed the driver to take him to the Westmoreland Safety Deposit vaults. There, he entered hurriedly, no longer the supercilious, passed on through the massive doorway, and went straight to the vault from which Lathrop had taken the securities which he had loaned Trevor.

Laying things the governor left two keys with me, he muttered. 'I'll find out about this thing at once.'

He spent nearly half-an-hour in his investigations, then closed and locked the vault again, and started out, carrying a bundle of documents under his arm.

The superintendent stopped him as he was passing.

"Ah, Mr. Millington," he said, "Mr. Lathrop was here one day while you were gone. He gave me a letter for you."

"Well, what of it?" came the brusque query.

"I merely wanted your assurance that it was all right, sir."

"Certainly it was all right," Millington retorted testily. "What the devil would I give him the letter for, if it were not all right? By the way, where is that letter?"

"My file, sir. I want to preserve it with some other papers."

(To Be Continued.)

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Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but no relief.

My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains

and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

—Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

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CANNIBAL SOLDIERS IN CONGO DISTRICT

New York, Nov. 23.—There is no possible doubt that King Leopold is responsible for the terrible conditions in the Congo. His own commission corroborated the stories of atrocities. The Congo now is all under Leopold, for although divided up and apportioned among different companies Leopold retains more than 50 per cent of the stock of each. One of these is an American company.

Dr. William H. Leslie, accompanied by his wife and two-year-old son, made this statement today on returning to this country after spending seventeen years in the Congo as a representative of the American Baptist Missionary Society. For the last four years he had been stationed in Portuguese Congo.

"When a district proves refractory," he continued, "bands of native soldiers are sent to punish it. These soldiers are cannibals and they slay and spare no one."

"As proof that they have done their work and not wasted their bullets, they bring back the right hands of their victims. Sometimes they come in with huge baskets full of hands. The bodies of their victims are cooked and eaten."

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Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price \$3.00 a box, or two for \$5.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scott Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at your druggist.

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