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January has become the accepted time to supply your Whitewear needs. We are now showing our 1918 Spring line of White.

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NOTE: All standing accounts must be settled by January 10th.

F. W. READ

Stock-Taking



We are preparing for our stock-taking and before we get into the midst of this we will clear out at less than cost price all our odd lines of Men's and Boys' suits and overcoats. Below we will quote you a few prices that will enable you to see the ridiculous prices we will slaughter these lines at:

11 only of Men's heavy Worsteds and Tweeds in fancy patterns and greys, browns and mixtures. Only one or two suits to a size

They are 15.00 and 16.00 regularly. Now ... 9.95

23 only Men's Suits in blue serge and hair line patterns in fancy cheques and stripes. These are in materials that cannot be bought to-day. We will clean out the lot at ... \$12.95

15 Boys' Overcoats, in blacks, blues, greys and browns, some with velvet collars and some without. This is an exceptional bargain at ... 2.98

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"If Germany wins, nothing on God's Earth matters." G. S. Lindsey, K. C.

Bianca Micele

Case of Influence of Mind Over Mind

By Donald Chamberlain

I am an artist. Being in poor health, my doctor ordered me abroad, and I went to Florence, Italy.

I rented rooms of a widow and her daughter, by the name of Micele. They occupied the top floor of a building on the river Arno. I used a front room for a studio and a rear room for a bedroom. The mother was a middle aged woman, the daughter about twenty-five. Their ancestors had been well off, but their estate had melted away, and Senora Micele and her daughter got on with difficulty. Bianca, the daughter, was an artist, but an indifferent one.

Nevertheless there was something remarkable about Bianca Micele. She was neither pretty nor homely. The eyes of the Italians are handsome, but Senora Micele's eyes were more than handsome; they were, so to speak, compelling. That is, when she looked out of them at me I felt a strange force compelling me to do her bidding. Not that there was apparent exercise of will. She was gentleness itself. The power she exercised was rather persuasive than forceful.

Not long after I arrived in Florence I fell ill and did not leave my bed for weeks. Senora Micele and her daughter both nursed me.

A portion of the time I was in either a stupor or delirium, I don't know which. At such times I was very weak and on coming to myself usually felt as if I had been doing exhaustive work, though I had been in my bed all the while, where it would not have been possible for me to do any work even if I had been mentally capable.

My illness occurred during the winter, and when the spring came on and the weather began to warm up Senora Micele used to put me in an easy chair and wheel me out on to one of those little balconies common in Florence houses. We were on the Arno embankment (the Lung Arno, they call it there), in sight of the green hills that surround the city. Indeed, from my balcony I could see some six or seven miles distant the heights on which Fiosole, the original Florentine settlement, was made. During three more months I spent much of the day on this balcony in fancy painting pictures of the scene spread out before me. One of these was the undulating plain beyond the city's edge and the heights of Fiosole beyond the plain. There is a big clock tower at Fiosole which it seemed to me would make an attractive feature in my imaginary picture, and I spent hours working it in. Another view I dreamed of was the Arno, directly beneath me, winding under its arched bridges toward the south, and other nearer and consequently greener hills. There is something in the atmosphere of Italy to intensify the color of a landscape, and on such days I delighted in the imaginative painting I could not do in reality. But I always noticed that such days instead of giving me strength drew upon what I had.

Fortunately I recovered before the hot weather set in and after convalescing in the invigorating climate of the Swiss Alps went to Paris, where I remained some time. Strolling one day down one of the Parisian boulevards, I stepped into a picture shop. The dealer, fancying to make a customer of me, advanced and questioned me as to what I was looking for. It occurred to me to ask for one of my own pictures, not that I expected to find one, but that to ask for the work of any special artist would make it appear that I was not looking at his wares with no intention of buying.

"Have you anything of Adrian Giles?" I asked.

"Giles, the American?"

"Yes."

"Certainly. I have a very remarkable piece of his work. Come this way."

He led me to one of his display rooms and up to a picture that had evidently been hung with considerable care. The subject was certainly familiar to me, for it was the plain I had overlooked at Florence with the hills and Fiosole in the distance. And as I stood looking at it I recognized not only the identical scene I had painted in my day dreams, but my individual style. Quickly bending to the lower left hand corner, a cap was put upon my astonishment by seeing my own name.

I caught with both hands at the rail that extended around the room to guard the pictures. Here was a view I had no remembrance of presenting, but which I must have painted. It was some time before I recovered sufficient equanimity to further examine

the painting, but when I did so I saw at once that for the first time in my life I had portrayed a scene exactly as I saw it. What I mean is that it possessed all the reality and beauty with which my imagination had endowed it.

"Where did you get it?" I stammered.

"From a dealer whom I never saw before."

"How do you know it is a genuine Giles?"

"I know it because I have seen several of the artist's pictures. One other, I tried to buy, but failed to make a deal, is now displayed in a shop in the Boulevard des Halles. You may see it there. There is the same unmistakable individuality about it as in this."

"What is the subject?"

"It is also a Florentine scene, called 'Up the Arno.' It takes in the river, with the hills beyond. It, too, is a great picture."

My knees began to knock together. My jaws chattered, but not sufficiently to prevent my asking, "What do you ask for this picture?"

"Twenty thousand francs."

Great heavens! I had never received the half of that for a picture. I looked at the man so astonished that he hastened to say:

"My profit will be but 500 francs. I paid 19,500 francs for it."

Taking the number of the shop where he said the other picture was to be seen, I staggered out of the store and was soon before the picture I had also created in dreams. It, too, far exceeded any work I had ever done. The dealer told me he had paid 27,000 francs for it.

Fortunately I occupied rooms with an American friend in the Quartier Latin and rushed home to tell him that I had discovered something which if not explained would drive me crazy. He listened to my story, but I could see by his expression that he, too, feared something had occurred to disturb my mental balance. He would express my opinion till he had seen the paintings, and as I could not remain quiet I insisted on his going with me at once for the purpose. He did so, and, being familiar with my work, he pronounced the pictures mine, though they were far beyond any of my work he had ever seen.

On our way back to our rooms neither he nor I said anything about the strange occurrence, but when we reached them he sat down before me, lit a pipe and said:

"While you were ill in Florence and out of your head you undoubtedly painted those pictures, not knowing what you were doing; consequently you retained no remembrance of them."

"But I wasn't out of my head when I was wrapped in the views given in the pictures. Besides, how could I have done the work without the Miceles knowing it? And, knowing it, they would have called my attention to it."

My friend pondered awhile, blowing at the same time clouds of smoke, and finally said:

"Whatever you have been physically, I'm sure you are all right now. But if you wish an explanation go back to Florence, see the people you boarded with and get it from them."

Acting on his advice, I started that evening. On the way I had time to think over the matter of my investigation and decided to approach the Miceles without being known to them. On arrival I asked about them and learned that they had been left a legacy of some fifty thousand francs. This at once assured me that they had received the amount paid for my pictures. One morning I rang their bell. Bianca answered the summons and, seeing me at the door, turned pale.

Going in, I asked her to call her mother and told both of my experience in Paris. At first they assumed to be as much surprised as I; but, seeing that I was not to be deceived, Senora Micele finally began a confession which the senorita finished.

"We did not suppose that you would ever happen to see your pictures," said the former.

"Well, tell me where they came from," I asked her. She looked at her daughter.

"I can only tell you," said Bianca, "that I painted them while you were

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sitting out in your chair on the balcony—how I know not. All I do know is that it seemed to me that it was your brain working with my hand."

I questioned her and cross questioned her, eliciting nothing further except that she had discovered some time before meeting me that she possessed some strange power of the order commonly called clairvoyant. My own interpretation of the incident was that, not being able to do good work herself, she had exercised this power over me to utilize my ability. Since she had painted the pictures herself the only fraud involved was her placing my name on them. She did this not realizing the pecuniary value of the pictures themselves and supposed she could not sell them without a name to them. She and her mother were tempted chiefly because they were financially in desperate straits. They had sold the paintings through a friend who appreciated their worth and paid them all they brought except a bare commission. I told them that they were welcome to all they had received for the paintings. The sole interest I took in the matter was a curiosity to know how the work had been executed.

Every year brings to light new evil. Concluded on Page 8

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