cally featureless. There was a full activity in Temiskaming and Bea- he former selling at 72¾ and the at 22½. There was some demand reat Northern around 8½ and 8. nley was easier at 100, Rochester t 16¼, Little Nipissing at 16⅝ and Lake at 14⅛. Hargraves was at 22¾. In the higher-priced is- Kerr Lake sold off at 6.50 on the to Curb, the closing sale on the ard being at 6.70. Nipissing sold 62½ and Trethewey at 1.32. There sales of Crown Reserve at 2.85, nd 2.80.

NEXATIONOF COREA BY JAPS

of Convention Communicated to Representatives of Powers.

papers Warned Not to Publish Anything Unofficial.

ts of Disorder Made By Malcontents at Seoul.

o, Aug. 29.—The text of the ntion, under which Corea, the nit Kingdom," is annexed to was communicated at eleven this morning to the represen- of the powers. The document, according to now established was signed Aug. 22, will be ef- when officially promulgated. occur, according to some of inisters, Aug. 29, when the in- lent existence of the little king- the struggle for whose control the Russo-Japanese war, will

n Hirata, Minister of the In- summoned the proprietors of Japanese newspapers to his t to-day and requested them to no unauthorized information ing the situation in Corea. He l out that such publication existing conditions would only the task of the Japanese Gov- nt in carrying out the annex- nore difficult. The newspapers to his wishes and nothing re- annexation, beyond of- statements, will therefore be ied here before the publica- the promulgation of the con-

Japanese Government, which large number of representatives in Corea, will be prepared to ver the machinery of admin- n in Corea without any delay. erable uneasiness is reported al owing to the circulation of of disorder following the an- n. These emanate, according view taken here, from mal- s who have not received the eration which they think their the provision made by the tion for the future of the royal family, nobles and of- Sporadic outbreaks in pro- ainst the absorption of Corea n are anticipated.

FRUIT CROP.

a Peninsula Yield is Good and Prices High.

Catharines despatch: Robert on, President of the St. Cath- Cold Storage & Forwarding y and of the Niagara Penin- uit-growers' Association, takes ith Carl E. Fisher, Secretary same association, on his views he present fruit crop. Mr. on claims that such an impress- made by Mr. Fisher going abroad ious to the district, and the version is entirely too pessi- Mr. Thompson, while admitting any orchards of plums are light that in the majority, they are eavy. Burbanks being almost a p. European varieties are heavy, better quality than in 1909. xcept Duchess and Keiffer, he are a full crop, Duchess being nd Keiffer medium. Peaches ordan East, while possibly they so many on the trees, will be tter quality and equal in bulk season's crop. Grapes are of ality, and also come near to ast season's bulk.

proof of the quantity of fruit, s that from three to seven car- ave been shipped from the local every day for the past week. se of the late frosts and exces- ns, followed by a slight drought, ompson says, the demand for rom this favored district is and as a result prices are higher reat volume of fruit is now going than at the same season last "It is time," he concludes, "that actual facts as to our fruit nd not be continually claiming are going to have a shortage e imaginary cause or another."

A Child Hero.

peg despatch: Jack Crawford n, is the hero of Winnipeg to- llowing his plucky action last n jumping into the Red River eddy Fryer, aged four, who had nto the stream. The little fellow p the drowning child and got fely to land before other help ived.

ovement is already on foot to Royal Humane medal for Craw- He learned to swim this sum-

the band."—Birmingham Age-

The Price of Fame

John Barrington quietly dropped the oars to the deck stiff and drifted dreamily along, dipping softly in and out of the sun-kissed waves with their cool purple shadows, where the white and gold of the water lilies dreaming their lives away under the crooning billows, flashed back a dazzling radiance.

The girl at the other end of the boat toyed with one of the exquisite flowers, plucking the creamy petals and throwing them out on the water, where they floated along like little gold crested yachts manned by a crew of sapphire sea.

The man watched the pretty picture through half closed eyes, for he was an artist, a sculptor, and loved the beautiful.

They had talked of his art, his aims, his ambitions, and the girl had listened with wonder at his plans for the future. She would sacrifice everything to be his dear for fame," he was saying, as they drifted along, "even love perhaps." The girl gazed at him with horror in her deep, dark eyes. She was but 17, and a life devoted to art and happiness seemed to be not worth living.

A little at her dismay, he said very gently. "Those things are in an artist's life, Miss Eve. It lives for his art alone; art is my only sweetheart he ever had. And that reminds me," he added carelessly, "I must be getting down. I have had a delightful day, thanks to you, Miss Eve, and all pleasant things must end in a returning to-morrow." He came to tell her that the life at Deephaven was becoming irksome, that he longed for the excitement of the city.

Evelyn had not yet learned self-control, and her disappointment at his departure was plainly visible. The light had died from her face and unshadowed as a flower she suddenly looked pale and like a drooping flower. As he helped the little girl landing, Barrington held out his hand to help her ashore, she sprang lightly past him, deftly swinging her big fluffy hat toward the house. He followed a little distance, but she entered the cool shadowed hall without looking back and up the stairs to her apartments.

Familiar with the ways of the world he was, she could not understand. Barrington looked on her as a child, as one of the frail flowers in a bowl on the table, to be admired and gently caressed. He loved all that was fair and sweet, and would have laughed with pleasure had he known that the child he might have made Evelyn Wayne, had given him all her girlish heart.

A few years later when he saw her and five years of foreign travel had transformed the child into the queenly, beautiful woman he was at the opera. John Barrington's gaze swept the brilliant box with a world-weary air, for he was the same every night, the diamonds, jewels, gleaming with laughter and beautiful faces, his face brightened as his glance fell on a party just entering a box: he had not heard of their return from abroad, and he was eager to renew their acquaintance. He saw the girl in a cloud of tulle and diamonds who accosted them. He had forgotten Evelyn Wayne. As he bent over her hand, memories came back in a flash, and in embarrassed confusion they made their mutual recognition. "Forgive me," he murmured; "please forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied coldly; "one forgets many things in five years."

That night John Barrington sat up in his magnificent library. The silence that always precedes the midnight hour was broken by the low song of the fire and the accompaniment of the chimney, and as the thin smoke from his cigar curled toward the ceiling the face of Evelyn, beautiful as a dream, like a picture that is framed in memory.

In love with the beautiful face of the Wayne he told himself, complacent at the idea of one who had never denied him anything on earth, set his heart, and he was sure that he would win her for he had forgotten the summer when she had not.

Evelyn Wayne was not the child he was five years before. She was a brilliant golden butterfly within his reach and dazzled with her beauty, only to fly out of white and gold when he tried to chase her his own. But the man was nothing daunted; he had been all on capturing and taming the butterfly, and he felt sure of his prize in the end.

While he was neglecting his art, the few minutes he did spend in his studio were thrown away, he could make no progress in the work he was chiseling. The art seemed to have made him famous only to have deserted him, and all for a girl whose love he had thrown away a few years before, teased, entreated and laughed at him in turns. But one night the tide of his fortunes seemed to turn, for he found her at home alone. They talked of many things that night, among them the summer at Deephaven and his art. "I am making no progress at my work," he told her gloomily. "And what is the cause of your failure?" she asked him gently. "You," he answered, without looking at her.

A wave of crimson rushed over the girl's face and her teeth sank deeply into her quivering lips. "If you would only try to care," he finally burst out, desperately. She turned to him, her face soft and luminous. "And suppose I did care?" John Barrington rushed quickly to her side. "Evelyn," he cried, his face radiant.

From that night he was a different man. He worked at his statue with feverish energy, and all his old art seemed to return with his happiness. "You are the first one who will see the statue completed," he told Evelyn, for his brother artists were clamoring for a sight of his work.

At last it was finished. It was nearing midnight and John Barrington was exhausted. A feverish light of excitement burned in his eyes and his brain was in a whirl. He switched the lights this way and that, examining the statue carefully to discover the slightest defect, but there was none. It was perfect; it all but breathed. He sank at his desk with his face buried in his hands.

The fame he had so long coveted as a sculptor would now be his. He longed to call in his artist friends that they might see the wonder his fingers had wrought, but he had given his word to Evelyn, and he would not break it.

Half mechanically he drew a pile of unopened letters to him; only one he opened; it was from Evelyn Wayne.

"Dear Mr. Barrington," she wrote, "congratulations on your dream come true. So the wonderful statue is finished and you are at last to know the sweetness of fame. And now I must beg leave to withdraw from our engagement, as it was entered solely to enable you to wear the laurels of success. You accused me of being the cause of your failure, because I did not love you; so I 'made believe,' as the children say, and am now the cause of your success. You remember at Deephaven a few years ago you said you would sacrifice love and happiness for fame; that those things had no place in an artist's life, so I feel perfectly justified in the course I have taken.

"Wishing you even greater fame than that which is before you now, believe me, very sincerely,

"Evelyn Wayne."

Somewhere in the city a clock struck 12 just as the clock on the mantel chimed the midnight hour. John Barrington rose and without the slightest suspicion of haste reached for the mallet that lay on the table before him. One powerful blow and the statue that had all but breathed lay in a million fragments around him. That night he locked his studio door, and the name of John Barrington, one time famous sculptor, sank into oblivion. The price of fame was greater than even he was willing to pay.—Boston Post.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from $10 to $35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east Hamilton.

NO MIXUP THIS TIME.

The Sad Complications of a Year Ago by Simple Means Avoided.

"Well,' my wife was saying to me quite triumphantly," said the smiling Mr. Simmeringbee, "'I guess I haven't made any mistake this year.'

"She had just been mailing a lot of Christmas cards," Mr. Simmeringbee continued, "and what she was trying to tell me was that this year she hadn't got them mixed up.

"Two years ago we received a lot of lovely cards which, naturally, Mrs. Simmeringbee preserved, and last Christmas the idea came to her, as I dare say it has come to others, why could not she use some of those lovely cards that we had received the year before to send out now herself? And she did so use some of them, but with results that were if not disastrous at least decidedly disturbing.

"One lady wrote to her: 'My dear Lucy, I am glad you liked that card I sent you last year well enough to send it back to me this.'

"Another wrote: 'Dear Lucy, isn't it singular that you should have happened to buy this year to send to me a card just like the one I sent you last year?'

"Another wrote and asked if Lucy thought she liked that card so well that she wanted it back, and there were some letters that were more sarcastic still and some that were all but sour in tenor, and Mrs. Simmeringbee felt quite put out over it all, for she felt that really she had made what a neighbor of ours who speaks French would call a decided forks pass.

"But she made up her mind that that shouldn't happen again, and last year when the cards came in she put those that could be used over again each in a separate envelope with the name of the sender on the envelope. So this year there was no mixup. This year she got them out all right, and that's what prompted her to speak to me as she did, for she hates to hurt anybody's feelings and she hates to make mistakes."

FARE THEE WELL.

(Truth.)

Professor Metchnikoff recommends the removal of the large intestine as a means of prolonging life.

Fare thee well! And if forever,
Large intestine, fare thee well!
Metchnikoff declares that I can
Do without thee just as well.
Furthermore, he says, without thee
I shall live a larger life—
Hurry with the anaesthetic,
Hasten with the carving knife!

Soon, O useless large intestine,
Where the germ of age doth grow,
You may meet with the appendix
In that wondrous realm of science
Such astonishing things befall—
Soon it may become the fashion
To have no inside at all.

The Thoughtful Host.

Guest—Gracious! What long legs the new waiter has!

Host—Yes, I engaged him specially for the diners who are in a hurry.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

There is no hope for the woman who cannot manage to be on time at a bargain sale.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Waiter, this is better salt than we get in the States".

"Yes sir, that's what all the tourists say.

We always use Windsor Salt in this hotel. In fact, practically everybody in Canada uses Windsor Salt for the table."

"There, my dear, is a hint for you.

Now that we are going to live in Canada, we must start our housekeeping right with Windsor Salt.

But the name in your 'want book'—

"WINDSOR TABLE SALT".

BEARS AS HONEY HUNTERS.

In Their Search They Destroy Apiaries of Texas Farmers.

The beekeepers of the Wharton section frequently suffer losses from the depredations of bears. Various kinds of devices are used to protect the apiaries from the invasion of these animals. The trap gun is one of the most effective guardians of the beehives. The fact, however, that more or less danger is incurred to innocent human beings, who might accidentally throw the spring of a trap gun, causes many of the apiarists to prefer to keep an armed guard over their beehives.

The Caney bottoms, situated a short distance from Wharton, are the natural habitat of many black bears. The animals seem to have a keen scent for honey, and they make nightly incursions into the adjacent territory in search of a feast of their favorite sweets. One bear can play havoc with an apiary in short order. He knocks the stands over one by one with his ponderous paws and quickly obtains an opening into the honey compartments. The average bear has a large capacity for honey and one of the animals has bene known to clean up a score of bee stands in a single night.

Henry Carter, who has a large apiary in the Boling neighborhood, had an exciting experience with two honey-loving bears recently. He has a pack of bear dogs, which have been used principally to guard his bees against the attacks of bruin. The kennel of these dogs is close to the hives, and no bear cared to venture close to the spot. A neighbor borrowed the pack to trail down some bears that had been giving him trouble, and failed to return the dogs at night. Mr. Carter was awakened about midnight by a noise which came from his orchard, where his bee colonies were located. He quickly divined that a bear raid was on. He grabbed a rifle and hurried out of the house toward the apiary.

He took a sudden backward jump when a big black bear rose upon its hind feet from behind a beehive and started toward him. Mr. Carter fired at the animal at close range. The bullet wounded bruin and stopped his progress temporarily. At this moment Mr. Carter noticed another bear running off from another part of the apiary. He took a shot at it, but must have missed, as no sign of blood was found afterward. The first bear which he had wounded soon regained its feet and got so close to Mr. Carter as to strike at him viciously with one of its paws. Mr. Carter bounded behind an adjacent tree, where he got in two more shots from his rifle before the bear could reach him. The bears had completely destroyed his apiary before he arrived on th scene.—Wharton correspondence Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Practically every up-to-date druggist, grocer and general dealer now sells Wilson's Fly Pads.

Wireless for Balloons.

Active experiments are being made at the Vienna arsenal on the feasibility of fitting up dirigible balloons with wireless telegraphy. It is necessary to combine small weight and a wide range in the apparatus, so that it may be carried without serious interference with the mobility of the balloon. A few days ago some important experiments were made with a captive spherical balloon. It appears that Lieutenant Franz Budla has designed a system in which the apparatus is so small as not to offer any sensible resistance to the air or to overweight the balloon. The results achieved were, it is said, highly satisfactory, in spite of unfavorable weather conditions.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Man Who Counts.

"To appreciate beauty fully," says a writer on art subjects, "one must labor to produce it. It is not enough to recognize it. It is nuecessary to co-operate with Nature in making it possible." It is another form of the kindergarten maxim, "We learn by doing." The trained hand and eye will help the brain in ways that the one who has learned all that he knows from books cannot appreciate.

Strangely enough, the less advice you give your friends, the more of it they are apt to take.

Ten Sound Reasons Why You Should Buy

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2. **Made of Purest Ingredients** every ounce of which has passed rigid tests for strength and purity.
3. **Compounded by Expert Chemists** legally qualified to dispense prescriptions.
4. **Made according to Proven Formulae** tested for years for safety and efficiency.
5. **Not "Cure-Alls"** but specific prescriptions for particular ailments.
6. **Non-Secret** We will furnish to any physician or druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any Na-Dru-Co preparation. Ask your druggist.
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8. **Made in Canada** by Canadians—for Canadians' benefit.
9. **On Sale Throughout Canada** If your druggist hasn't the particular Na-Dru-Co article you need, he can get it within 2 days.
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Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

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SHIVERS FOR TWO.

Belinda and Claude Exchange Impressions of Uncanny Things.

"My, but it's an uncanny sensation," said Belinda, "to talk with somebody or think you are talking with them and then find that they were not where you thought they were.

"I was talking to Lucinda; I thought she was in the next room and I jabbered and jabbered and jabbered away as gayly could be and then when it came to where I ought to get an answer I got none, and then when I looked in Lucinda's room Lucinda had gone. She hadn't heard what I said at all. I had been talking into an empty room, into the space where she had been.

"I wonder if the room had ears and if it heard what I said. It looks at me blankly when I look in and makes no sign, but I wonder if it really heard; and its silence, its keeping so still, though it heard me, listening but making no response, why, it's ghostly, actually uncanny."

"The thing that makes me feel creepy," said Brother Claude, to whom Belinda had addressed her remarks, "is to hear somebody talk in his sleep. The house dark and still, the whole earth silent and then a struggling, unconscious voice, the voice of somebody's other self, speaking haltingly in the darkness.

"Actually I fear to hear what the voice will say. It may make some revelation that I don't want to know; tell some piteous story of struggle or woe. It is his other self taking advantage of the sleeper while he sleeps and making him say things he wouldn't say awake.

"All unconsciously he fights it hard, tries hard to choke it down, and finally succeeds, to your great relief, for the voice was startling in the darkness of the night. You hear now the restless, disturbed sleeper turn, to settle at last into quiet, with a final sigh, perhaps, glad to be released, and the house is still again, dark and still.

"That's what makes me feel creepy," said Brother Claude, "to hear somebody talking in their sleep."

Then Claude and Belinda looked at each other and smiled and shivered.—New York Sun.

MATCHES.

Fewer Sold Than Formerly—The Cigar Dealers Have Spoiled the Trade

A dealer who has the statistics to back up his statement said to a customer:

"There are fewer matches sold in New York city in proportion to the population than were sold here twenty-five years ago. We carry larger stocks than formerly, but we rely on country orders disposing of the stocks.

"Anybody who will stop to think about the cause will understand. Twenty-five years ago the cigar dealers did not resort to matches to advertise their goods. The dealer either had a gas stem on his counter at which the smoker lighted his cigar or he had a tray of matches on the counter, or the matches were placed in a box, and if the cigar customer carried any away he would take only a few.

"In most of the shops to-day matches are scattered about with such prodigality that any man who is in the habit of buying cigars two or three times a day can, if he sees fit to do so, lay in a supply of matches that will give his home all it needs. I have one customer who tells me that he has not bought a match for home use for a year. He has not laid in the supply intentionally, but he mechanically picks up a box of matches every time he is in his cigar shop.

"You have seen the cigar lighters that smokers carry? Well, there are not as many of these in the city as you will find in smaller towns and in the country, but they help to reduce the sale of matches. The country merchant does not give away matches as the city dealer, but the housekeepers in the towns do not use as many as city housekeepers.

"Thirty years ago when I started in business the match peddlers were as numerous as fruit and shoe lace peddlers are to-day. When I was a boy the cry, 'Matches, almanacs and tack hammers' was heard the livelong day. The matches were put up in little round wooden boxes, sanded on the bottom.

"I don't recall how it was that almanacs were sold, for it does seem that there ever was a time when people would buy almanacs, but I suppose they did or the peddlers would not have carried them, for a peddler's instinct is made on the hair trigger principle, and he will not keep a stock that the public does not want. Nor do I recall how it was that tack hammers were sold on the streets, but I do know that they were included in the cry of the peddlers."

Schools Brighten Rural Life.

Fassett A. Cotton, late state superintendent of instruction, Indiana, says: "The mothers and daughters who have borne their share of the burden of toil on the farm have been the larger sufferers. Life for them is too hard and the social advantages are too few and far between. Under such circumstances it is not strange that farmers' children are attracted to city life and that they leave the farm.

"Now, with the school as the centre of township (or rural) life, economic, social and educational interests can work out the solution together. The school centre is better than the village centre. It is doubtful if the latter is possible. In the nature of the case, most farmers must live on their farms. The township school (a school centralized, to be patronized by all the resident of a township) should be conducted under the ideal conditions.

"Three things are fundamental in this problem of raising the social standard of rural life. First, the co-operation of economic, social and educational forces with the school as a centre is absolutely essential. Second, the community life with its dominant interest, agriculture, must determine the nature of the work of the school and the mode of procedure. Third, the teachers must be capable of dealing with the problems of life, willing to make the community their permanent home, and to take the solution of its economic, social and educational problems as their life work."

SKYSCRAPERS.

UNDER SIDEWALKS OF PITTSBURG PERSONS ARE LIVING.

The Great Power Plants—Tremendous Aggregation of Mechanical Appliances Required for the Modern Skyscraper.

Few pedestrians who travel along Fifth avenue, Wood and other streets of Pittsburg where the big skyscrapers are thickest see more than the life that thronges the great buildings from the streets. Yet below the sidewalks is the wonderful mechanism in constant operation to furnish the light, heat, power and ventilation that enables the occupants of the floors above the street to exist in comfort. In the plans and specifications of the modern skyscrapers most attention is given by the designer to that portion underneath the sidewalk and is given to the building above the street level. The first concern is for the foundation, and after that the steel skeleton of the building. The steel skeleton must carry the entire load of the building, and resist the force of the more violent winds.

With these matters disposed of and left for execution in responsible hands, attention is next given to the required mechanical equipment of the building, and here the aid and co-operation of engineers of the highest order are demanded. Specialists in the various lines of steam boilers, heating and ventilating apparatus, elevators, electric lighting and plumbing are called in conference with the architect and with each other.

The growing tendency to extend offices to greater and still greater heights has naturally increased the dimensions of the mechanical equipments and the skill and ingenuity of their designers. Especially has this increase in height affected the elevator equipments. When up to several years ago twenty storeys seemed to be the extreme limit in height which would be reached, the then known types of elevators were entirely adequate and satisfactory to the demands of the service, but the recently office building towers of twenty-six and forty-five stories made it was found necessary to adopt an entirely new system of elevation and to adopt a mechanism peculiarly adaptable to such travel.

The skilful engineers concerned have victorily solved this problem and by the fact that the tenants of these public patronize these elevators travelling to a height of over [illegible] feet, with no more fear or danger than when riding in one of the older structures.

The cases of these lofty towers where the lot covered is proportionately small and the unavoidable increase in capacity and dimensions of the mechanical equipment very little difficulties and serious were encountered in disposing of the necessary machinery below. We find the operating mechanism of motors placed at the top of the building, the plumbing equipment subdivided several independent systems of five heights.

A great aggregation of mechanisms is required for the proper [illegible] of one of these modern office buildings may be realized when it is stated that in one recently completed there are in constant operation [illegible] requiring provision for [illegible] horse-power. 18,000 electric [illegible] boiler equipment of a total capacity of 6,000 horse-power. The pumping machinery installed [illegible] for the operation of the [illegible] system is capable of delivering [illegible] gallons of water per day. The electric lighting equipment would [illegible] for the lighting of every street in a town of 5,000 inhabitants. The average day consumption of [illegible] the winter months is in the [illegible] under consideration thirty [illegible] as the exhaust or waste steam [illegible] the engines and pumps is utilized in heating the building the consumption is only a little more per day than in summer. The combined [illegible] travelled by all the elevators in one day is 120 miles, reckoning [illegible] and down trips.

[illegible] to convey some idea of the [illegible] of the undertaking of wiring a great building for its light and [illegible] supply, the following statistics are of interest: Almost 2,000 miles [illegible] wire are installed, all of the [illegible] enclosed in iron pipes, in order to [illegible] perfect insulation; about [illegible] of one-half inch electric conduits are required to contain these [illegible] 13,000 electric light fixtures are [illegible] in place and connected with the [illegible] wires, and 10,000 switches are [illegible] for the control of the lights.

[illegible] the mechanical equipment [illegible] more than provision for elevator [illegible] and lighting. There are two [illegible] horse-power electrically driven [illegible] for operating the vacuum cleaner [illegible] installed in the building, four [illegible] horse-power electrically driven [illegible] the operation of the ventilating [illegible] which takes fresh air from the [illegible] forces it into the engine rooms; [illegible] automatically controlled pumps, also [illegible] driven, for pumping waste [illegible] and sewage from the lowest level [illegible] the street sewer, and other automatically controlled pumps for the operation of seven hydraulic plunger elevators which supplement the electric elevator equipment.

[illegible] all the vast array of machinery [illegible] be added the refrigerating plant [illegible] supplying the tenants with ice water [illegible] air compressors which operate the [illegible] mechanism controlling the doors [illegible] to the elevators, and a storage [illegible] equipment of 142 cells for emergency [illegible] service.

SEVEN WIFE MURDERS.

(Toronto Star.)

[illegible]ario has had an awful record of murders during the last eighteen [illegible]s. Among these may be cited:

[illegible]Laughlin case at Uxbridge.
[illegible] the case at Agincourt.
[illegible]edmark case at Smith's Falls.
[illegible]nter case at Bobcaygeon.
[illegible]ams case near Guelph.
[illegible]shington case at Toronto.
[illegible]esser case at Leamington.

[illegible] the last four cases the husband took his own life.