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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Dominion Day SINGLE FARE Going June 30th; July 1st. Return Limit July 2nd. Fare and One-Third Going June 28 29-30; July 1st Return Limit July 3rd. Between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Tickets now on sale at Grand Trunk ticket offices.

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EXCUSE ME! Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name By Rupert Hughes ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage Copyright, 1911, by H. K. Fry Co.

CHAPTER XXXIX. Wolves in the Fold. Mallory's heart sank to its usual depth, but Marjorie had another of her inspirations. She startled everybody by suddenly beckoning and calling: "Excuse me, Mr. Robber. Come here, please." The curious gallant edged her way, keeping a sharp watch along the line: "What do you want?" Marjorie leaned nearer, and spoke in a low tone with an amiable smile: "That lady who wanted to kiss you has a bracelet up her sleeve." The robber stared across his mask, and wondered, but laughed, and grunted: "Much obliged." Then he went back, and tapped Kathleen on the shoulder. When she turned round, in the hope that he had reconsidered his refusal to make the trade, he infuriated her by growling: "Excuse me, miss, I overlooked a bet." He ran his hand along her arm, and found her bracelet, and accomplished what Mallory had failed in, its removal. "Don't, don't," cried Kathleen, "it's wished on." "I wish it off," the villain laughed, and it joined the growing heap in the feed-bag. Kathleen, doubly enraged, broke out viciously: "You're a common, sneaking—" "Ah, turn round!" the man roared, and she obeyed in silence. Then he explored Mrs. Whitcomb, but with such small reward that he said: "Say, you'd oughter have a pocketbook somewhere. Where's it at?" Mrs. Whitcomb blushed furiously: "None of your business, you low brute." "Perdooce, madame," the scoundrel snorted, "perdooce the purse, or I'll hunt for it myself." Mrs. Whitcomb turned away, and after some management of her skirts, slapped her handbag into the eager palm with a wrathful: "You're no gentleman, sir!" "If I was, I'd be in Wall street," he laughed. "Now you can turn round." And when she turned, he saw a bit of chain depending from her back hair. He tugged, and brought away the locket, and then proceeded to sound Ashton for hidden wealth. And now Mrs. Temple began to sob, as she parted with an old-fashioned brooch and two old-fashioned rings that had been her little vanities for the quarter of a century and more. The old clergyman could have wept with her at the vandals. He turned on the wretch with a heartstuck appeal: "Can't you spare those? Didn't you ever have a mother?" The robber started, his fierce eyes softened, his voice choked, and he gulped hard as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes. "Aw, hell," he whimpered, "that ain't fair. If you're goin' to remind me of poor old mo-mo-mother—" But the one called Jake—the Claude Duval who had been prevented from a display of human sentiment, did not intend to be cheated. He thundered: "Stop it, Bill. You tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your mush-bowl off. You know your Maw died before you was born." This reminder sobered the weeping thief at once, and he went back to work ruthlessly. "Oh, all right, Jake. Sorry, ma'am, but business is business." And he dumped Mrs. Temple's trinkets into the satchel. It was too much for the little old lady's little old husband. He fairly shrieked: "Young man, you're a damned scoundrel, and the best argument I ever saw for hell-fire!" Mrs. Temple's grief changed to horror at such a bolt from the blue: "Walter!" she gasped, "such language!" But her husband answered in self-defense: "Even a minister has a right to swear once in his lifetime." Mallory almost dropped in his tracks, and Marjorie keeled over on him, as he gasped: "Good Lord, Dr. Temple, you are a— a minister?" "Yes, my boy," the old man confessed, glad that the robbers had relieved him of his guilty secret along with the rest of his private properties. Mallory looked at the collapsing Marjorie and groaned: "And he was in the next berth all this time!" The unmasking of the old fraud made a second sensation. Mrs. Fosdick called from far down the aisle: "Dr. Temple, you're not a detective?" Mrs. Temple shouted back furiously: "How dare you?" But Mrs. Fosdick was crying to her lascivious-eyed mate: "Oh, Arthur, he's not a detective. Embrace me!" And they embraced, while the robbers looked on aghast at the sudden oblivion they had fallen into. They focussed the attention on themselves again, however, with a ferocious: "Here, hands up!" But they did not see Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick steal a kiss behind their upraised arms, for the robber to whose lot Mallory fell was gloating over his well-filled wallet. Mallory saw it go with fortitude, but noting a piece of legal paper, he said: "Say, old man, you don't want that marriage license, do you?" The robber handled it as if it were hot—as if he had burned his fingers on such document once before, and he stuffed it back in Mallory's pocket. "I should say not. Keep it. Turn round." Meanwhile the other felon turned up another beautiful pile of bills in Dr. Temple's pocket. "Not so worse for a parson," he grinned. "You must be one of them Fifth Avenue sky-shafters." And now Mrs. Temple's gentle eyes and voice filled with tears again: "Oh, don't take that. That's the money for his vacation—after thirty long years. Please don't take that." Her appeals seemed always to find the tender spot of this robber's heart, for he hesitated, and called out: "Shall we overlook the parson's wad, podner?" "Take it, and shut up, you molly-coddle!" was the answer he got, and the vacation funds joined the old gew-gaws. And now everybody had been robbed but Marjorie. She happened to be at the center of the line, and both men reached her at the same time: "I seen her first," the first one shouted. "You did not," the other roared. "I tell you I did." "I tell you I did." They glared threateningly at each other, and the revolver seemed to meet, like two game cocks, beak to beak. The porter voiced the general hope when he sighed: "Oh, Lawd, if they only shoot each other." This brought the rivals to their senses, and they swept the line with those terrifying muzzles and the heart-stopping yelp: "Hands up!" Bill said: "You take the east side, her, and I'll take the west." "All right." And they began to snatch away by side-combs, the little gold chain, her throat, the jeweled pin that Marjorie had given her as the first token of his love. The young soldier had foreseen this. He had foreseen the wild rage the would unseat his reason when he saw the dirty hands of thieves laid rude on the sacred body of his beloved. But his soldier-schooling had drilled him to govern his impulses, to play the coward when there was no hope of successful battle, and to strike only when the moment was ripe with perfect opportunity. He had kept telling himself that when the finger of one of these men touched so much as Marjorie's hair, he would be forced to fling himself on the profane miscreant. And he kept telling himself that the moment he did this, the other man would calmly blow a hole through him, and drop him at Marjorie's feet, while the other passengers shrank away in terror. He told himself that, while it might be a fine impulse to leap to her defense, it was a fool impulse to leap off a precipice and leave Marjorie alone among strangers, with a dead man and a scandal, as the only rewards for his impulse. He vowed that he would hold himself in check, and let the robbers take everything, leaving him only the name of coward provided they left him also the power to defend Marjorie better at another time. And now that he saw the church-handled thugs rifling his sweetheart's jewelry, he felt all that he had to see, and his head fought almost vainly against the white fire of his heart. Between them he trembled like a leaf, and the sweat glistened on his forehead. The worst of it was the shivering terror of Marjorie, and the pitiful cry she turned on him. But he clenched his teeth and waited, thinking feebly, watching, like a hovering eagle, for a chance to swoop. But the robbers kept glancing the way and that, and one motion would mean death. They themselves were so overwrought with their own order and its immediate conclusion, that they would have killed anybody Marjorie shifted his foot cautiously, and instantly a gun was jabbed into his stomach, with a snarl: "Don't you move!" "Who's moving?" Mallory answered with a poor imitation of a careless laugh. And now the man called Bill had reached Marjorie's right hand. He chortled: "Golly, look at the shiners." But Jake, who had chosen Marjorie's left hand, roared: "Say, you cheated. All I get is this measly plain gold band." "Oh, don't take that!" Marjorie gasped, clenching her hand. Mallory's heart ached at the thought of this final sacrilege. He had the license, and the minister at last—now the fiends were going to carry off the wedding ring. He controlled himself with a desperate effort, and stooped to plead: "Say, old man, don't take that. That's not fair." "Shut up, both of you." Jake growled, and jabbed him again with the gun. He gave the ring a jerk but Marjorie, in the very face of the weapon, would not let go. She struggled and tugged, weeping and imploring: "Oh, don't, don't take that! It's my wedding ring." "Agh, what do I care!" the ruffian snarled, and wrenched her finger so



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Through Thick and Thin. If monarchs have often permitted themselves the indulgence of making puns the fact has not been recorded in the pages of history. One pun, however, is assigned to King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. It is said that on the occasion of a court ball he was standing near the middle of the dance hall in conversation with an exceedingly thin ambassador. In the haste and excitement of a fiery gallop a lieutenant of the Hussars danced with his partner between the monarch and the person whom he was addressing, and then, seeing what he had done, he began to stammer abject apologies and explanations. "Oh, that was nothing," replied the king, with a hearty laugh. "A Hussar must go without fear through thick and thin." A whimsical glance from his own partly figure to that of the slender ambassador accompanied this answer, and the Hussar felt himself not only pardoned, but invited to share in the king's laugh.

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Hired Relatives. In Bukharest, the capital of Roumania, flourishes the noble profession of "hired relatives," which undertakes to furnish to everybody in want of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, etc., the necessary persons to represent them. Persons who desire to get married, for instance, and have no parents to figure at their respective weddings or who are in possession of such who decline to give their consent to the marriage of their sons and daughters need do nothing more than station themselves near the entrance to the marriage license bureau. There they will soon find themselves accosted by some "gentleman" or "lady," who for a moderate sum of money is willing to take the place of the absent parent. For 20 lei (\$4) quite a respectable looking father can be hired. Fifteen lei is paid for a brother, and a fashionably dressed mother costs the same amount. Investigation has disclosed the fact that some of these professional mothers have figured at weddings fifty times a year.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO MANITOBA, ALBERTA, SASKATCHEWAN Each Tuesday until October 28, inc. Winnipeg and Return - \$35 00 Edmonton and Return - \$43 00 Other Points in proportion Return limit two months. HOMESEEKER'S TRAIN leaves Toronto 2.00 p.m. each Tuesday, May to August inclusive. Best train to take, as Winnipeg is reached early morning, enabling passengers to make all branch line connections. Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West AROUND THE WORLD via "Empress of Asia" Leaving Liverpool June 14, calling at Madeira, Cape Town, Durban, Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong, arriving Vancouver August 30th. Vessel remains 14 days at Hong Kong. "Rate for entire cruise, \$639.10." Exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of "Empress of Asia," and stop over at Hong Kong. Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write M. C. MURPHY, D.P.A., C.P.Ry., Toronto R. Macfarlane, Town Agent E. A. Hay, Station Agent

The Drum of the Ear. The reason deaf people cannot hear is that the drum of the ear is imperfect or has been destroyed. Sound is nothing but the vibrations of the air acting on the drum of the ear. When people are quite deaf it is because the eardrum will not respond to these vibrations, but they can still feel these vibrations even if they cannot hear them. When a number of deaf mutes are sitting in a room together and one wishes to attract the attention of another he strikes his heel on the floor, and every one in the room feels the vibration and looks around to see who called. In the large asylums for the deaf and dumb the doors are hung very loosely, so that if you shake them it sets up a vibration like stamping on the floor, and that is the way they wake up deaf people that sleep too late in the morning.

The Yorkshire Insurance Co., of York Eng. Insurance of All Kinds including Stock W. JOHNSTON Sr. Durham Ont.

A Lesson in Gunnery. For two solid hours the gunnery instructor endeavored to instill some faint idea of the subject down for discussion, but his stock of patience was ebbing. "Now," he bellowed, "are there any of you budding Nelsons who don't know the difference between firing by electricity and firing by percussion?" "One at least still needed further instruction on that point, and he said so. Then, like a clap of thunder, the instructor explained. "If you got struck dead by lightning that would be electricity. See? But if I came over to you and gave you a clout over your fat head that, my son, would be percussion. Twig?" The other saw and said so.—London

Alfred Betrie, 17 years of age, was drowned a week ago Saturday in the Don river, near the C. N. R. station, Rosedale, Toronto. A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in from three to four days by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers.