Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

She emptied the glass presently, then got up, and refilled it, and drank again. The neat spirit soothed her, and after a minute or two she raised her head and looked round and laughed to herself.

"Lady Gaunt!" she muttered. "That sounds nice. I'm a lady of rank!" She rose and took a Court Guide from the book-shelf, found the page, and read, aloud, the paragraph headed "Gaunt." "He's all this—and I'm his wife!" she said to herself, gloating over the information and history of the name, the description of Gaunt's residence. "By Jove! I'll have a good time! I'll enjoy myself with the best of them! And I'll have my revenge, too!" Her white even teeth clinched together viciously. "I'll make him wish he'd never been born!" She looked over her shoulder toward the door of the inner room and shook the book at it threateningly. "And Morgan, I'll be even with him. I'll cast him off. Not one penny shall he have. I'll be even with him!"

She rose, and stretched her arms above her head with a gesture of relief and satisfaction.

"To have done with the old life! To be respectable, some one, a great lady! It sounds good—good—good!"

She laughed, and flung herself on the couch. The spirits she had taken, and the reaction after the excitement of her fury and passion, were having their due effect upon her; and presently her eyes closed, though she was not asleep. That Gaunt was in love with another woman, that she, Laura, suspected that other woman to be in the rooms, did not fill her with wifely indignation. She only saw in the fact a means of inflicting fresh misery and torture upon him. She could strike at him through this other woman; that was all she cared about.

Now, Trevor had dismissed his cab at the corner of the street in which the Mansions stood. He did not need to drive up to the door, for he knew where Laura was going. He got out, paid the cabman, and stood staring down the street, at the spot where she had disappeared as she entered the house.

He was shaking all over, and his brain was whirling. She—she who had told him that she loved him, had promised to be his wife—had gone alone to another man's room!

The fact made him sick and giddy. He looked round vacantly.

There was a public-house at the corner of the street, and he walked across to it, asked for a whisky and soda, and lighted a cigar.

The barmaid, as she gave him the drink, noticed his deathly pallor and the bloodshot eyes, noticed also that his hand shook as he raised the glass to his lips; and she concluded that he had been drinking.

"Looks bad, doesn't he?" she remarked to a fellow-barmaid.

"Yes," she assented. "Hope he ain't going to stop and make a scene. I do hate a row; and he'd be an ugly customer to get rid of quietly."

Trevor, though he stayed some time, and drank and smoked, was quiet enough. The liquor brought no color to his face, though his eyes grew more bloodshot, but his hand became steadier, and as he emptied his third glass and went out, he nodded mechanically to the two girls, who had been watching him covertly.

Flinging his cigar away, he crossed the street and went up the steps of the entrance to Gaunt's flat.

The rooms were on the first floor. As a rule, the porter or a page-boy was in the lobby, but on this occasion they were absent; and Trevor went upstairs without seeing any one or being seen.

At the door of Gaunt's flat he paused, and fought for calmness and self-possession. Then he put out his hand to ring the electric bell; but as he did so, he saw that the door was ajar.

In her sudden flight at Gaunt's appearance, the maid had unwittingly failed to close the door after her.

Trevor smiled grimly. All the better! He could steal in upon them, upon the faithless woman and the partner of her treachery, and confront them.

He pushed the door gently, and passing through the corridor, opened the drawing-room door as gently, and entered.

He looked round the room, paused for a moment in surprise at its silence, then saw the figure lying on the couch. He closed the door noiselessly, turned the key, and stole across the room to her.

Cautious though his movements had been, she heard him, and raising her head, she said:

"Oh, you've come back, have you? You've thought better of it?"

Then she saw who it was, and broke off with a faint cry of surprise.

"Oh, it's you?" she said, contemptuously.

He stood and glared down at her.

"Yes, it's I!" he said. "What—what are you doing here? You didn't expect me?"

His voice was thick and harsh, his lips were strained tightly.

She regarded him with cool insolence, and dropped back, her face pillowed on her hand.

"I certainly did not!" she said. "You followed me, I suppose?"

"What are you doing here?" he repeated, as if his mind were absorbed by the question.

"Followed me like the mean man you are!" she said.

"What are you—" he said again.

She interrupted him with a curt laugh.

"What business is that of yours?" she retorted.

His hand clinched at his side, and he moistened his lips.

"You can ask me that?" he said, hoarsely. "You—you can ask me that? But I don't want any answer."

"Then why do you ask the question?" she said.

"There is no need to tell me," he said. "You are here in his rooms, alone, at night!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and gazed up at him through half-closed lids. The man's misery and rage gave her a kind of satisfaction, pleasure. She was as heartless and cruel as the Fauntlins of old, and the infliction of pain upon this man whom she hated came as a relief after all she herself had endured.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" she said. "And if I am—" He put his hand to his head.

"My goodness!" he said to himself rather than to her. "And you said that you loved me! You promised to be my wife—my wife!"

She laughed, and stretched herself into a still easier and more indolently careless an attitude.

"Did I? It was a mistake, I never meant it. If you hadn't been fool enough to lose your head, you'd have seen that."

He looked at her as if he could not bring himself to believe he had heard aright.

"You never—!" he gasped.

She smiled up at him.

"My dear fellow, if you mean that I never loved you, you are quite right. I certainly never did."

He struggled for breath.

"Why—why?" he panted.

She raised her head upon her hand, and looked at him coldly, contemptuously.

"Oh, for several reasons," she replied. "One, because Morgan wished me to keep you in tow; another, because—well, you were so mad that night that I was obliged to humor you."

He put his hand to his throat as if he were choking.

"Morgan—" he said.

She nodded.

"Yes. You may as well know the truth. You'd have discovered it sooner or later. You were useful to Morgan, you see."

He did see.

"He—he has robbed me!" he said, hoarsely, staring before him vacantly.

"Well, that's a coarse way of putting it. But it's your way to be coarse; it's your nature, and you can't help it. If you mean that Morgan—with my help—always managed to win, you're right. Don't blame me. I was under his thumb, and had to obey orders. Go and find him, and have it out with him. I don't mind." She laughed carelessly.

"You—you helped him!" he said, as if he were half stupefied.

She nodded and yawned.

"Yes; like the good and faithful sister that I am. I've often wondered you haven't detected us. I've seen you look up when I've been bending over you and making signs to him, telling him the cards you held." She laughed.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed.

"Don't blame me. Go to Morgan and call him to account."

"No," he said. "I don't blame you; you were in his power, under his thumb. But you did it, knowing all the time that I loved you. No," broke from his strained lips, "I won't believe it. Tell me that you are joking, that you are only saying it to tease me. Tell me, Laura."

He flung himself on his knees beside the couch, and tried to take her hand; but she whipped it behind her. He gazed at her piteously. He had meant to confront her, charge her with her faithlessness and treachery, and leave her overwhelmed by his scorn; but the sight of her, of the beautiful face, the graceful figure, had dispelled his rage. Even now that he had heard her confess, boast of her duplicity and deceit, of the fact that she had helped to swindle and rob him, he could not resist the fascination of her presence, her voice.

"Laura," he said, hoarsely, "I can't believe it. No woman—least of all you—could do it. See, dear, I know you are joking. You are saying it to—to try me." He laughed discordantly. "Well, I haven't risen to it, you can't take me in."

She looked at him with unconcealed contempt.

"You must be mad!" she said.

"I suppose I am," he said, helplessly. "I—I came here—I followed you to have it out with you, to break the engagement, to cast you off; but I can't—I can't. Even though I find you here in Deane's rooms. Where is he?"

He broke off with the abruptness of a man whose mind is in too great a whirl to act consecutively.

"I don't know," she said; "I haven't seen him."

A flash of hope smote across his misery.

"Then—then you did not come to—to meet him?" he said, quickly, with a sharp breath.

"Oh, yes, I did," she said, coolly.

"Then it was by that scoundrel's, by Morgan's orders?" he said, clutching at the hope that she had been forced to come.

She nodded.

"Yes."

"Thank God!" he breathed. "Laura, forgive me—forgive all my doubts of you. I might have known that—that you would not have been so false. Forgive me. I love you, Laura. Come away with me now—come home. I will protect you from Morgan. We will be married at once."

She shrank back from him, and stared with cold amazement.

"Come with you—marry you? Why, didn't I just tell you that I didn't care for you; that I only said what I did, promised to be your wife, because I was obliged? You must be stark, staring mad!"

He put his hand to his hot brow. Indeed her confession of her baseness, her treachery, had been forgotten for the moment.

"You didn't mean it?" he said, with a ghastly smile. "You are spoofing me, Laura. Come!"

He rose and held out his arms, and bent down as if to lift her from the couch. She sat up and pushed him away from her.

"Come with you? Marry you? Not if there wasn't another man in the world! I hate you!"

He looked at her, the smile dying away on his face, his eyes dilating.

"You—hate me?"

"Yes," she said between her teeth. "I've always hated you from the first. Why, what is there about you to take any woman's fancy? Look in the glass!" She laughed heartlessly as she pointed behind him. "And you were always a bear and a savage. Many's the time when you've talked about your love and—and touched me, that I've had hard work to keep myself from crying out. And even Morgan sometimes found it difficult to stand you. If it hadn't been for your money—and I suppose that's gone now, or most of it?"

"Yes, it's gone," he said, dully, mechanically.

He felt and looked like a man in a dream, a hideous nightmare which paralyzed him.

She laughed.

"For Heaven's sake, go! Deane—or—or some one will come in, and there will be a scene."

He did not move, but gazed down at her with his under lip drooping, his eyes vacant and expressionless.

"Do you hear? Why don't you go? I've answered you plainly enough. I've told you that I hate you, and that nothing would induce me to marry you."

"Nothing—would—induce—you?" he said, after her.

"No! Besides" she yawned and stretched out her arms and looked at the bracelets upon them—"besides, if I were ever so fond of you, I couldn't marry you."

"Why—not?" he asked, thickly.

She laughed.

"Because I happen to be married already."

He stared at her, and his lips moved. He was repeating her words again, striving to grasp, to realize, their meaning.

"Married—already?"

She nodded.

"Yes."

"To—to him?"

She looked round the room.

She laughed. It amused her to mystify, deceive him.

"Yes—to him," she said.

"Secretly?" he breathed.

"Yes, yes, of course," she answered, impatiently.

"All—all the time; even when you said that you loved me—promised to be my wife?"

She made a gesture with her hands, as if she were utterly weary of his questions, his presence.

"Yes, yes! Oh, for Heaven's sake, go, and leave me alone! What's the use of staying and worrying me? I never want to see you again!"

She rose, and went past him to the fireplace. Her movement seemed to break the spell, to release him from its benumbing influence.

With a low snarl, like that of a wild beast, he caught her by the arm and swung her round to him.

"You—devil!" he hissed.

She struggled and uttered a cry.

He covered her mouth with his hand, and forced her on her knees. As he did so, his foot struck against the Peruvian dagger which lay amongst the other things which had been overturned.

He caught it up, jerked the blade from its sheath, and raised it above his head. His hand still covered her mouth; but if it had not, her tongue would have refused its office, for she was paralyzed by terror. She fought and struggled with him, but in vain. He held her in the grip of a vise; his bloodshot eyes stared into hers, his hot breath scorched her cheek.

The shining blade was poised above his head for an instant or two, then it gleamed downward. There was a low, gurgling cry; then, as he released the blade, the body fell away from him in a ghastly heap on the floor.

He knelt beside it, looking at the dead face at the tiny stream of blood which had already ceased to run. For a moment he did not realize what he had done; then, with a groan and a shudder that shook him from head to foot, he bent over her and moaned her name.

"Laura, Laura, Laura!"

Time moved down the fatal moments with its relentless scythe. It seemed to tick "Murder, murder!" as they fell.

Trevor remained on his knees, staring vacantly at the dead, white face for full five minutes, listening to the accusing clock; then he rose, and staggered backward to the fire-place, his eyes still fixed on the face, as if they were chained there.

Another five minutes passed before he realized that he was in danger. Some one—he, her husband—her husband might come in at any moment. He must fly!

With the instinct of self-preservation, the mechanical desire to conceal his deed, even for a time, he went to the body slowly, fearfully, and lifting it carefully, laid it on the couch. His eye caught Gaunt's fur coat, and he took it up and covered the body with it. As he drew it over the beautiful face—never more beautiful than it was now in the calmness, the placidity of death—he shivered as if with cold, and a low moan broke from his livid lips. He drew his eyes away slowly, and taking up his hat, went slowly—and still backward—to the door, and opened it.

There was no one in the corridor. A servant was singing in the servants' room. He closed the door softly, very softly, as if to avoid waking the woman on the couch, and passed quickly and on tiptoe down the stairs and into the street.

And it was not until he had reached the crowded thoroughfare at the end that he remembered that no one had seen him enter the house or leave it.

(To be continued.)

A DANISH EEL FARM.

Ingenious Manner in Which the Stock Is Kept Up.

One of the latest additions to unusual industries is the eel-farm that an enterprising citizen of Copenhagen has established on the coast of Denmark. The Journal of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland describes it:

A dam was built on a fiord in Zealand with the intention of reclaiming some land for agriculture. The scheme fell through, and Mr. Nielsen conceived the idea of making the place an eel-farm. Within the embankment there are three hundred acres of water, most of it about two feet deep. The surface of the water is a few feet above the level of the fiord, which lies on the other side of the embankment, and which has practically no tidal changes. The water of the lake is fresh, and the fiord water is fairly salt, having a marine fauna and flora.

The owner keeps up the stock of eels in the lake by the introduction of elvers, which he catches in an ingenious manner. When the eel-fry put in an appearance in the fiord, at the end of their long journey from the breeding-grounds in the Atlantic Ocean, he lowers a rough crate heaped full of water-weeds across the front of the sluice-gate. He then raises the gate so that a stream of fresh water flows through the crate and down a sloping channel to the fiord. The elvers, in search of fresh water, make their way up-stream into the crate, and remain entangled among the weeds, which every now and then are lifted, spread out, and shaken over a piece of very fine-meshed net.

Mr. Nielsen collects the elvers in this way, instead of letting them have a free run to the lake, in order that he may know exactly how many he puts in every year.

Even more ingenious is the method he employs for capturing the full-grown eels. That also makes use of the migratory instinct that drives the mature eels to seek salt water. Slung from a framework of rough poles is a box or chest about twelve feet long, round the sides of which are openings nine inches square. To each of these holes is attached a small conical eel-net of the ordinary shape, that opens into the box. There are also rows of holes that permit the circulation of water and the escape of undersized eels. The central part of the box is carried up so as to be above water when the rest of the box is submerged, and a hatch in the side of this raised part gives access to the interior.

By means of a windmill and a wooden chute, salt water is pumped into the lake in front of the box for a day before a consignment is required. This attracts the eels, which want to migrate to sea. At night the stream of salt water is led through the box by means of the chute, and thus entices the eels to enter. The box is then hoisted out of the water by a geared winch, and the eels are removed.

The lake appears to contain plenty of natural food, but Mr. Nielsen also gives artificial food to the eels. He buys gobies and other unmarketable fish at a low rate, minces them in a machine worked by the windmill, and throws them into the lake loose. The market price of eels at Copenhagen varies from ten to twenty-eight cents a pound, and in 1911 Mr. Nielsen's catch amounted to over thirteen thousand pounds.

LONDON'S LAST FARMHOUSE.

Relic of Past in Heart of City to Disappear.

London's (England) last farmhouse, which stands within a mile of Charing Cross, is about to be pulled down and with it will disappear one of the most interesting landmarks of the metropolis. So far as can be ascertained, the house was built about 1770, but records show that the farm was there much earlier, for the London Gazette of October 5, 1693, contains references to Christopher Capper, who grazed cattle on the land, which was known as Capper's farm. The house was called Cantelowe Close.

The Capper's were tenants of the Dukes of Bedford, and their farmlands stretched northward to Tottenham Court Road and were bounded on the east by what is now Bloomsbury Square. The original lease was granted by Gertrude Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and it contained a clause that the tenant should provide sheds for at least forty cows. This same clause stands in the lease to-day, although the time of keeping cattle in Bloomsbury is far past. The farm changed hands about the middle of the eighteenth century and came into possession of the Misses Capper, two maiden ladies, who were evidently of peculiar habits. Kites and bathing appear to have been the bane of their lives. Whenever a boy was seen flying a kite one of these women would, it seems, mount a horse and, armed with a large pair of shears, set out to cut the kite strings. The other sister's specialty was to seize the clothes of the boys who trespassed on their premises to bathe.

But farming was soon to be crowded out of the Tottenham Court Road district, and the cow-sheds became livery stables for the tradesmen who rode or drove in to business daily from their country homes. More recently the farm-house was built around and hidden by shops.

Building permits in Edmonton for the month of October had a value of $528,625.

HOME

Christmas Cooking.

It is a good plan to get some of the Christmas baking done early in December, as there is always plenty of other work to do as the holiday season draws near. The Christmas cake, the mincemeat and the pudding may all be made several weeks before needed and will be all the better for being kept.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—1 lb. suet chopped, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. each of raisins and currents, ¼ lb. mixed peel, 8 eggs, ½ lb. bread crumbs, ½ lb. flour, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon, cloves, rose-water, vanilla, lemon and salt. This amount will make three small puddings. It is well to put part in a cloth, and the rest in dishes or bowls ond cook for six hours. The pudding in the cloth can boil in the pot below the steamer while the others steam. On the day required, steam for two hours more.

Carrot Pudding.—A good substitute for Christmas plum pudding, and does not require eggs. One cup each of suet, sugar, raisins, currants, grated potato, and grated carrot. A little mixed peel, one and a half cups of flour, teaspoon each of salt and soda. Steam or boil three hours. A little ginger, cinnamon and cloves may be added.

Christmas Cake.—1 lb. each of raisins (stoned) and currants, ½ lb. each of butter and sugar, 3-4 lb. flour, 5 eggs, 2 ozs. mixed peel, 1 teaspoon each allspice and cinnamon, ½ nutmeg (grated), ¼ cup good molasses, ½ cup almonds (shelled, blanched and chopped), small teaspoon baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs and molasses, sift some of the flour over the fruit and peel. Into the balance of the flour put the powder and spices and sift several times. Mix all together and bake from two to three hours in a moderate oven.

Crust for Mince Pie.—1 lb. flour, ½ lb. lard, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Sift the flour, powder and salt together several times. Work in the lard lightly. Wet with cold water to make a stiff dough. Just before putting the pie in the oven, wash the top crust over with milk, using a pastry brush or a piece of cloth. This gives the confectioner's appearance.

Christmas Short Bread.—1 lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, 3 lbs. flour, 4 eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs, stir in the flour, roll out ¼ inch thick, cut into diamond-shaped pieces, break the edges around with a knife. Sprinkle with comfits (tiny colored candies) and bake a pale brown.

Mince Meat.—Two bowls of finely chopped meat, four bowls of apples, two bowls of raisins, one bowl of currants, one bowl of sugar and one-half bowl of suet, one-third pound of citron, one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, two teaspoons of mace and two of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of cloves, two nutmegs, salt. Mix all together, add cider, and cook thoroughly. This recipe has been used by many good cooks and has been found to be an excellent one. The "bowl" referred to holds one and one-half pints.

Try Borax.

Borox is, literally, almost as "cheap as dirt." The extraordinary variety of uses to which it can be put is astonishing.

An old and faded carpet can be brightened and cleaned by being rubbed with warm water and ammonia in which a tablespoonful of borax has been dissolved. Added to the rinsing water of handkerchiefs it will give them a delightful semi-stiffness. Cockroaches and beetles will retreat in a panic before powdered borax. Added to the last rinsing water it imparts a snowy whiteness to clothes.

For children's teeth, a little dissolved in warm water, will keep them clean and sound. A teaspoonful added to a gallon of hard water will make it beautifully soft—a boon to those with tender skins. Thrush in children can be treated by wiping out the mouth with a camel's-hair brush dipped in borax water.

Scars (not old, or large) and blemishes, can be removed by a mixture of borax 1½ ounces, salicylic acid 12 grains, glycerine 3 drachms, rosewater 6 ounces, being applied on lint for a short time daily. It removes freckles. Add to ¼ drachm of powdered borax 1 ounce of lemon-juice and ½ drachm of sugar. Mix this, let it stand for three days, and then rub on the face occasionally.

It is the best cleaner of a hair-brush. Add to a teaspoonful of borax a tablespoonful of soda in water. Dip the brush up and down in this—not touching the back, of course—then rinse and dry. It is an excellent and proved preventive of "hair falling out." An ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor mixed in a quart of boiling water should be rubbed gently into the roots of the hair, once a week.

When washing sateen, or any of the new cotton materials with a satin finish, always rinse in borax water to get a gloss. A soothing lotion for sore eyes is one grain of borax in one ounce of camphor water. Apply with a lint pad several times daily.

Cracked lips can be quickly cured by being frequently moistened with a mixture of: borax half a drachm, glycerine one ounce, rose-water one ounce.

A powder, which will clean teeth and not hurt the enamel, is made as follows: 1 ounce of borax, precipitated chalk 2 ounces, myrrh ½ ounce, orris root ½ ounce. Gums, teeth, and breath all benefit from this.

Every housewife, of course, uses it when she makes her starch. A toilet water which can be made up cheaply, and which prevents blackheads and greasiness, and effaces the marks or scars of burns or scratches, is as follows: ½ ounce of powdered borax, 19 fluid ounces of orange-flower water, and 1 ounce of glycerine. Mix and shake well, and apply.

Not a bad list of uses for borax, alone, or in combination!

Things Worth Knowing.

To clean the inside of a silver teapot, mix together equal quantities of soda, vinegar, and flour. Paste this around the inside of the pot and let it stand overnight. It will make the inside as bright as possible with very little labor.

Many professional cooks cook vegetables in salted water from ten to fifteen minutes and then boil quickly for two minutes in fresh unsalted water.

If brass is very much tarnished it will be found wise to wash it thoroughly in warm, soapy water, to which ammonia has been added. Then polish it with a tried metal polish.

In making soup, if it has been over-salted, the addition of one or two raw potatoes will remedy the difficulty. The potatoes will absorb the extra salt.

When preserving sprinkle some ashes on the stove lid beneath the kettle of boiling fruit. This prevents standing over the stove to stir the fruit. It will not burn or stick if this method is followed.

When whipping cream, cover the bowl with a piece of paper with a slit in the top, the shape of a maltese crass. Insert the egg beater into the slit, and the cream may be whipped without danger of spattering.

It is a good idea to make button holes on both sides of a lingerie waist. Sew the buttons on a tape and button them to one side of the waist. When the waist buttons, and the same tape of buttons can be used on several waists.

If one has not the bags of dried lavender, put a few drops of oil of lavender on blotting paper and slip among the linen. This will give a delicious fragrance.

Would you like to know how to clean knives? Here is an excellent method: Mix a little common baking soda with the scouring brick, and you will find the knives clean much easier.

Discouraging.

Mr. Jordan was touring by motor-car, and arrived at a crowded village inn quite late one evening. There was no spare bed to be had, which was a great disappointment, as he was tired, and very much disliked the thought of driving farther that night.

"Haven't you at least a bundle of hay you can give me?" he demanded of the landlady.

"There isn't a thing left," she answered, "except a bit of cold roast beef."

Sweet Bait.

Mrs. A.—I told Willie on his way home from school to get me a bar of soap.

Mrs. B.—Oh, he'll forget it; my boy never remembers.

Mrs. A.—No danger; I said he might buy five cents' worth of candy at the same time.

His View.

"Is marriage a failure?"

"I wouldn't say that. But there are pleasanter ways of getting into bankruptcy."

Minneapolis capitalists are likely to start a creamery at Alix, Alta.

NEWS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are "Making Good."

At a recent convention held in Pilot Mound, Man., over 100 school teachers were present.

A dairyman at Kildonan, Man., was fined $10 and costs for selling milk which was 45 per cent. water.

On the 29th of October the Red and Assiniboine Rivers were both frozen over for the first time this season.

R. J. McPherson, of Winnipeg, will remember Hallowe'en of 1913, for on that day his wife presented him with triplets.

Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg has announced that he is willing to accept another nomination for the mayoralty of that city.

Winnipeg business men are jubilant over the fact that for the month of October their bank clearings exceeded those of Toronto by $379,417.

The secretary of the Associated Charities of Winnipeg is of the opinion that there will be much difficulty in finding work for the unemployed this winter.

Under the guise of a gas inspector, a man has been going round Winnipeg rifling prepayment gas meters, and has cleaned up much coin.

At the Brandon annual city tax sale, held recently, 200 lots were sold. The cheapest was 25 feet for $1, and the dearest $2,900 for a lot on Seventh Street.

The Regina street railway system will next spring instal an electric device which will show, by electric sign, the name of the next street at which the car will stop.

Regina school teachers have been instructed to open school with the Lord's Prayer after this. This has been optional in the past, but will now be made compulsory.

Ald. Skaletar, of Winnipeg, has a scheme to place cottages on property belonging to the city for the use of laborers and poor people. He says the city owns lots suitable for that purpose which are worth $288,550.

A constable of Edmonton was dismissed by Chief Carpenter because he was late at the hearing of a case in which he was to give evidence. The dismissed man sued for wages in lieu of notice, and was awarded $85.

The Alberta Government will stop moving picture shows from operating on Sundays. Licenses will be issued, one of the conditions of which will be that the license will be cancelled if the show opens on the Lord's Day.

Paul Gerlach, a farmer, of Allan, Sask., won a $1,250 separator at the Tusla, Oklahoma, Dry Farming Congress, for having the best bushel of prairie wheat. It was in open competition with the farmers of the world.

An amusing case was heard in the Edmonton Police Court. A Pole complained that a clothing dealer grabbed and tried to hustle him into his store by force. He resisted, and then the dealer slapped his face. The case was dismissed.

There was considerable uneasiness in the Winnipeg City Hall over the fact that a large number of cheques for large amounts had disappeared. Payment of the cheques was stopped. The cheques were eventually found in a roll-top desk in the Mayor's office.

An eastern firm has placed a contract with the Wabamnu, Man., Power and Coal Company, Limited, with headquarters at Walla Walla, Wash. It will establish a branch there owing to the power facilities. The company manufactures agricultural implements.

Host's Youngest—"Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nuryche?" Mrs. Nuryche—"Dear me, what an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child?" Youngster—"Oh, only 'cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots."

HOCKEY SKATES FREE

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