

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Settler's Excursions To Northern Ontario July 20th. Return limit ten days from date of sale. Liberal stop-over privileges. Full particulars on application.

The Lake and Rail Route To Western Canada

Service has been inaugurated between Eastern and Western Canada. Trains leaving Toronto via Grand Trunk, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11.15 a.m., to connect at Sarnia with the high-class steamers of the Northern Navigation Co., for Fort William, thence Grand Trunk Pacific to points in Western Canada. We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the "Old Country."

For full particulars apply to J. P. HANLEY, Railroad and Steamship Agent, Cor. Johnson and Ontario Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC NEW LIMITED TRAINS "THE CANADIAN"

Between Montreal-Toronto-Detroit-Chicago Via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central Railroads. Steel Pullman between Windsor and Detroit. Leaving Montreal 8.45 a.m.; Toronto 6.15 p.m.; arriving Detroit 12.15 a.m. and Chicago 7.45 a.m. daily. Equally good service returning. Through Electric Lighted Equipment.

TORONTO-WINNIPEG-VANCOUVER Toronto-Vancouver Express No. 3 leaves Toronto 5.55 p.m. daily. Vancouver-Toronto Express No. 4 arrives Toronto 11.45 a.m. daily. Manitoba Express No. 7 leaves Toronto daily except Sunday 10 p.m., arriving Winnipeg second day. Ontario Express No. 8 leaves Winnipeg 8.35 p.m. and arrives Toronto 5.15 p.m. daily except Tuesday.

Particulars regarding Pullman or Ocean tickets from CORWAY, C.P.A., City Ticket Office, cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 1197.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINE LIMITED MONTREAL-QUEBEC-SAGUENAY

888 Toronto and Kingston leave daily at 6 a.m. connecting at Prescott with Rapid Steamer, arriving Montreal 8.30 p.m.

TORONTO EXPRESS SERVICE Steamers leave Kingston at 6 p.m. daily except Monday for Toronto, arriving 1 a.m. Returning leaves Toronto 8 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving Kingston 5 a.m.

50 CHARLOTTE (Port of Rochester) 888 Capitan leaves at 10.15 a.m. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday for 1000 Islands, and at 5 p.m. for Charlotte via Bay of Quinte.

1000 ISLANDS-BAY OF QUINTE 888 Capitan and North King leave at 10.15 a.m. daily except Monday for 1000 Islands, and at 5 p.m. for Charlotte via Bay of Quinte.

HAMILTON-TORONTO-QUEBEC Weekly service by SS. Alexandria, Belleville, City of Ottawa and City of Hamilton. Delightful water outings at reasonable rates.

Folders and information from E. H. HORREY, J. P. HANLEY, General Agent, City Ticket Agent, Phone 31, Phone 39.

Rideau Lakes Navigation Co. For Ottawa Every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a.m.

Passengers going through to Ottawa may occupy stateroom the evening previous. No extra charge. For Clayton every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 6 p.m.

Jones Falls and return, 50c, every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m. OFFICE FOOT OF JOHNSON ST., PHONE 391.

CUNARD LINE CANADIAN SERVICE

From Southampton From Montreal July 23 ALANIA Aug. 5 Aug. 13 ANANIA Aug. 29 Aug. 20 ASCANIA Sept. 5 Steamers call Plymouth eastbound. Rates-Cabin (11) \$48.25. 4th-class British eastbound \$19.35 up. Westbound \$30 up.

Notice Arrange your coal bin so that baskets will not be required in delivery. This will save you the extra charge of 25 cents per ton.

Stove Coal, \$7.50 if shovelled in. Stove Coal, \$7.75, if carried. Nut Coal, \$7.75, if shovelled in. Nut Coal, \$8.00, if carried.

THE JAS. SOWARDS COAL CO. PHONE 155

LARGEST STEAMERS CANADIAN ROUTE TO LIVERPOOL

From Quebec Atlantic ... 30 July 27 Aug From Montreal Victorian ... 4 Aug. 1 Sept From Quebec ... 12 Aug. 10 Sept From Montreal ... 18 Aug. 15 Sept

Montreal to Glasgow To London & Havre Gramp'n 1 Aug. 23 Aug. 24 Aug. 24 Aug. 24 Sept. Scand'n'n 8 Aug. 25 Sept. 10 Sept. 16 Aug. 29 Sept. Head'n 13 Aug. 13 Sept. Corinth. 23 Aug. 27 Sept. Corca'n 23 Aug. 18 Sept. Scotlan 13 Sept. 13 Oct.

ALLAN LINE 95 KING ST. W. TORONTO

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by FREDERICK R. TOOMBS From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

Copyright, 1909, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

The typesetting machines clicked rapidly the words, sentences and paragraphs of the Bartelmy "beat" and the other stories which had to be crowded into the "mail edition." Brand was in his little room at the right, reading the proof of the introduction of the account of the accusation of the United States judge, which introduced him had chosen to write himself. McHenry, the deposed managing editor and now Brand's assistant, was at the forms with the make-up men.

A boy rushed in with a cut for McHenry. The busy editor squinted at it and waved the boy to one side. "Why do you send us this bated hay when we've got a live one?" he said disgustedly.

Down came in from the city room. "That Clinton street fire is getting better every minute," he said to McHenry. "We ought to have at least four columns on it."

McHenry glared at the speaker. "Are you crazy, man?" he exclaimed. "Do you think we use rubber type? You'll have to keep it in three."

Down was dismissed. "All right. This shop is going to the d—," he answered, shaking his head negatively. He went out of the composing room.

McHenry went over to one of the make-up stones. "Where are the cuts for the Chicago and Bryan jump heads? I can't find them anywhere," he asked.

"Here they are," answered one of the make-up men. "All right. They go there." He pointed to a space in one of the forms as a boy handed him another cut. McHenry held it up to the light and hurried into Brand's office with it. He laid it proudly on the managing editor's desk.

"That's a wonder, Mac!" pronounced Brand. "Yes; you can almost count the money in old Bartelmy's hand!" he exclaimed, and he peered closely once more at the metal slab.

Brand meditated a moment. "I'm going to change the makeup on that page," he decided. "Put this cut at the top of the page, so that when the papers are folded on the newsstands every one that passes by will see Bartelmy offering a bribe of \$10,000 to suppress the truth about himself. Is your story all up yet?"

"Yes. It's in the form." "Then go finish it off and send it down to the stereotyping room." McHenry turned away. "Won't this make the Patriot sick?" he said as he left. "They'd give the shirts off their backs to beat us on a story like this or to keep us from doing it to them."

As McHenry went out of the door into the composing room Sylvester Nolan dashed into Brand's room from the hall through the other door. The lad was plainly excited, his face showing an amount of animation that, for him, was a decided novelty. His eyes flashed and his breath came in short gasps, indicating that he had been hurrying.

"Where's my father, Mr. Brand? Where is he?" he gasped. Brand suspected something of the Nolan son's errand. "I'm afraid you'll have to find him," was the only information he chose to impart.

Young Nolan drew close to the desk at which the managing editor was working. "Judge Bartelmy wants him," he exclaimed. "Where's he?" he asked. "In the jail," said Brand. "In the jail?" "Yes, in the jail."

"What are you going to do?" "Never mind what we'll do." Dupuy now delivered the prize trophy that he had saved for use in the last extremity, should it arise, and he was justified in assuming that it had arisen. "A temporary injunction would certainly issue in a case like this," he said sternly. "I'll get one and close your shop."

"Sure! That's the thing! Get Bartelmy to issue one," suggested the managing editor sarcastically. "I will and put a stop to your game! This muck raking man is sweeping the country like a disease, breeding madmen everywhere. Brand, this is your finish!" He shook his fist violently.

Brand jumped up in anger and strode toward the lawyer lobbyist. "Now, you get out of here or I'll throw you out!" he announced hotly. "You will, will you? You just wait!" Dupuy backed slowly out of the doorway.

Brand hastened out into the composing room. "Mac, they're beginning to squirm already!" he cried. "We'll make them squirm more in the morning," responded the night editor significantly.

CHAPTER XIII. BRAND, busily engaged in writing the caption for the cut that was to reveal Bartelmy in his true light, was interrupted once more—this time by the entrance of the greenish faced face of the poet reporter, Powell.

"You sent for me, sir?" asked the new scribbler. "So you've covered a suicide?" said Brand. "Powell's eyes rolled wildly. He clasped his hands and his knees shook in his horror at what he had learned. "Oh, yes—a terrible sight! I shall dre-e-a-a of it, sir! I would take a Dante to write of it. Oh, I!"

"What was this girl's name?" asked Brand in matter of fact tones. "Madeline." "Madeline what?" "Her last name," the poet asked dazedly. "I guess I don't remember. Oh, yes, it was Jenks—Madeline Jenks!" He spoke feebly.

claimed. "The judge, the judge! Don't you understand?" "Does he?" asked Brand with utmost unconcern.

Sylvester grew impatient at his father's employee who dared assume indifference toward his father's only son. "I want to know where he is," he demanded.

"Well, I can't tell you," Brand rose and stepped away, with Sylvester following him. "I understand that you are going to publish something about the judge that's beyond the limit," said the son. "Possibly."

"Well, this thing's gone far enough," snapped Sylvester. "In the absence of my father I forbid it. Do you hear?" Brand took up a bundle of proofs and moved to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't take orders from you," he said, and he stepped calmly out into the composing room. Sylvester, nonplused, looked about uncertainly for a moment. Then, with a sudden thought, he went to the telephone.

He placed the receiver at his ear. "Hello! Hello! I'm Mr. Sylvester Nolan. Get me the house on the wire, please." An office boy entered. "What do you mean by trying to prevent me from coming up here?" asked young Nolan.

"My orders." "You're discharged." The boy grinned amusedly and hurried out. "Hello! Hello!" continued Sylvester at the telephone. "Is this you, mother? I want to speak to father. I'm at the Advance office. Hell's breaking loose here, and I want him to come down quick. Isn't he there? Where is he? Expecting him any minute? Oh! Jump in a taxi and come down, will you? All right. Good!"

He hung up the receiver and walked swiftly into the hall to leave the building. Down and Brand entered the little room. "There is a big fire in Ontario street," the former said. "McHenry won't give me room, but I've got to have it."

"That's it. The good stuff always comes in bunches," said Brand, showing his disgust. "What else you got?" "Your cab, Powell, just came in with a prose poem on a dance hall suicide."

"Let's see it." The managing editor looked at the story, smiling broadly as he did so. "Send him in." The voice of Edward Dupuy was heard outside.

"Is Mr. Brand in there?" "Here; you can't go in there," a voice was heard in warning, and Brand looked up.

"Oh, yes, I can," was the cool response, and Dupuy walked in. "You print that picture of Judge Bartelmy and your paper's as good as dead," he threatened.

Brand smiled. "Oh, we'll try to struggle on." "The whole thing was a dirty piece of trickery, and we can prove it." "Go ahead and prove it."

"We'll prove it was a faked picture," snarled the lawyer. "What are you going to do?" "Never mind what we'll do."

Dupuy now delivered the prize trophy that he had saved for use in the last extremity, should it arise, and he was justified in assuming that it had arisen. "A temporary injunction would certainly issue in a case like this," he said sternly. "I'll get one and close your shop."

"Sure! That's the thing! Get Bartelmy to issue one," suggested the managing editor sarcastically. "I will and put a stop to your game! This muck raking man is sweeping the country like a disease, breeding madmen everywhere. Brand, this is your finish!" He shook his fist violently.

Brand jumped up in anger and strode toward the lawyer lobbyist. "Now, you get out of here or I'll throw you out!" he announced hotly. "You will, will you? You just wait!" Dupuy backed slowly out of the doorway.

Brand hastened out into the composing room. "Mac, they're beginning to squirm already!" he cried. "We'll make them squirm more in the morning," responded the night editor significantly.

CHAPTER XIII. BRAND, busily engaged in writing the caption for the cut that was to reveal Bartelmy in his true light, was interrupted once more—this time by the entrance of the greenish faced face of the poet reporter, Powell.

"You sent for me, sir?" asked the new scribbler. "So you've covered a suicide?" said Brand. "Powell's eyes rolled wildly. He clasped his hands and his knees shook in his horror at what he had learned. "Oh, yes—a terrible sight! I shall dre-e-a-a of it, sir! I would take a Dante to write of it. Oh, I!"

"What was this girl's name?" asked Brand in matter of fact tones. "Madeline." "Madeline what?" "Her last name," the poet asked dazedly. "I guess I don't remember. Oh, yes, it was Jenks—Madeline Jenks!" He spoke feebly.

Brand picked up the poet's first newspaper story and began to read it. In spite of the high pressure of events that night in the Advance office, in spite of his ever present fear that Bartelmy and Dupuy might in some way persuade Nolan to order the sensational bribery story killed, this young sided young man found the time to bother with the fantastic young poet reporter and his fantastic first article.

"Madeline Jenks, eh?" commented Brand, turning over the pages. "Well, the first place you mention her name is on page 3."

He picked off the first two pages and threw them on the floor. Powell winced painfully at the massacre of his first editorial offering. "Begin down," said Brand. Powell lunged downward to rectify his first two pages, but Brand kicked them away from him. "Where'd she live?" he next asked.

Powell clasped his hands and gazed plaintively at the ceiling. "Over a chop suey cafe, sir." "Number and street?" "Two forty-three and a half West Pearl street."

Brand threw away two more pages, Powell watching him anxiously the while. "Put that next. Here, Madeline Jenks," Brand began to write, "an inmate of 243 1/2 West Pearl street. What did she do?"

"She destroyed herself utterly!" the new reporter wailed. Brand went on writing. "Is she dead?" "Yes, sir."

"Shot and killed herself—when?" "Tonight at 9 o'clock." Brand wrote on. "Last night at 9 o'clock. Why?" Powell answered very indignantly: "Oh, she could no longer face the ghastliness of her existence. She knew she'd die."

"She was weary of life in the streets." "I don't blame her," Brand commented to himself. He turned to Powell. "There's your story. Thirty words—you had 3,000. And remember the story of the creation was told in 600 words."

Powell picked up the pages of his story which Brand had discarded and walked dejectedly away. "Mac," Brand ordered, "here's a dance hall suicide. Put it with local brevities, will you?"

Had Brand at this moment been able to see through the wall that separated the composing room from the hall he would have witnessed a sight that would have deprived him of some of the self-possession that marked his present demeanor. A figure clad in an elaborate evening gown, draped softly up the stairway, stood irresolutely at the landing and then turned into the managing editor's office. Judith Bartelmy probably never looked more beautiful in her life than she did that night. A flush of excitement enhanced the soft allurements of her exquisite features, and the low cut neck of her sleeveless gown completed a picture of feminine loveliness that was admirably enough on her part, was ludicrously adapted to the purpose Judge Bartelmy had in his unprincipled mind when he sent her to the Advance office. "You are my only hope," he had told her after Dupuy had at first failed to locate Nolan. "You must go and plead with Wheeler Brand or else I am ruined. Your father will be ruined absolutely." At the sight of her father's emotion and yielding to the fervent pleadings of her only living parent she had willingly consented to undertake the mission. Unpleasant though she knew it would be, she believed it her duty to stand by in his hour of dire need the father whom she loved, the father whom she did not know.

As she entered the office and paused in conjecture as to just how she would proceed she heard footsteps hurriedly ascending the stairs, and, withdrawing into a shadow in a corner, she saw Michael Nolan and Mrs. Nolan cross the hall and disappear into the composing room.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured fervently. "They will stop this story, which father says is a horrible lie." Wheeler Brand will never forget—she

Judith Bartelmy heard the stormy scene, lived a part of it herself indulged in the managing editor's office. She felt that Nolan would not let the story be used from what she had heard, and she could not suppress a pang of pain that pierced her heart at what she believed to be the fanatical vindictiveness of Wheeler Brand against her father. Yet she was a true woman, and she could not, in spite of her loyalty to her parent, avoid feeling a touch of pride at his strength of character, his determination, at the sacrifices he had made, to accomplish what he believed, even if foolishly, to be his duty.

"They don't need me," she finally muttered, and gathering up her costly skirts, she tripped daintily across the paper strewn floor, out into the hall and down to her carriage.

Nolan dropped his head in thought when his wife had finished her trade. He paced up and down nervously. He looked at the clock, then at the form with its accusing contents, then at Brand, then at his wife.

"I'll go and telephone Judge Bartelmy," put in Dupuy. "He'll be anxious."

The lawyer took himself off. Brand saw the danger of delay. He doubted if any man would be able to successfully withstand the pressure that Bartelmy and Nolan's family would be able to bring to bear on the owner in another twenty-four hours.

"No, no," he exclaimed to Nolan. "You would fail me again. I have tried to prove this judge's guilt to the people, but I fear I have only succeeded in proving it to his daughter. A day's delay would be fatal, I know. At least Bartelmy could get another judge to issue an injunction against us even if he would not dare to do it himself. And there are other steps he might take."

His voice rose higher, and he worked himself into a frenzy of earnestness. He stood before the little group gathered around the table form and continued his impassioned words: "You know I thought we were going to be absolutely untrammelled here. You were a free man. Poverty couldn't frighten you, and you had seen both sides of life. You promised to back me up, no matter what it cost, so long as we printed the truth, but at the first big test you fall me."

Mrs. Nolan was on the point of becoming hysterical in her agitation. "Michael, Michael!" she began. "There, mother, you go home with Sylvester. He's waiting outside for you. After all, this is a man's job we've got here. I am the head of the family, and I will settle this matter in my own way," he said sternly. "You must not attempt further to interfere."

"Wheeler," he said kindly, "I've been notified about this story, and I think



"He thinks he's a great reformer and knows it all."

it best that I read it carefully myself, analyze it and learn all the circumstances under which it was procured before I allow it to go to press. That is a task which cannot be done in the short time that remains before press time, so we had best let it go over until tomorrow—delay it one day. That won't hurt the story any."

Mrs. Nolan clutched at the ex-miner's arm and cried shrilly: "Now, now, Michael, that's not your usual way to explain things to one of your employees. Order him to destroy all this miserable stuff about the judge at once. Don't hesitate like this. Think what it means to me, to the children, to us," she pleaded.

"There, there, mother; you keep out of this," said Nolan, kindly, yet firmly. "I'm trying to do the best I can for you. It's because of you that I'm here now. But you see—"

Ed Dupuy burst excitedly in upon them, and as the typesetters were beginning to become distracted from their work owing to the unusual situation Brand began to fear that this new intruder would prove the final demoralizer of the entire night shift.

"Mr. Nolan," cried Dupuy, "we haven't a minute to lose! They are almost ready to go to press. He looked intently at the newspaper owner.

"Yes, quite right. We do go to press very soon," cried Brand confidently, "and I know Michael Nolan is the man who will order it done."

"Michael," cried Mrs. Nolan at the top of her voice, "why rose sharply over the din of the typesetting machines, 'are you going to stand for this? Mr. Brand acts as if he owned the Advance and treats you as if you were the office boy. He thinks he's a great reformer and knows it all. We other people have a right to our opinions, too, and I don't see why you and your family should be made to suffer on account of him as we have had to ever since you took him up.'"

Judith Bartelmy heard the stormy scene, lived a part of it herself indulged in the managing editor's office. She felt that Nolan would not let the story be used from what she had heard, and she could not suppress a pang of pain that pierced her heart at what she believed to be the fanatical vindictiveness of Wheeler Brand against her father. Yet she was a true woman, and she could not, in spite of her loyalty to her parent, avoid feeling a touch of pride at his strength of character, his determination, at the sacrifices he had made, to accomplish what he believed, even if foolishly, to be his duty.

"They don't need me," she finally muttered, and gathering up her costly skirts, she tripped daintily across the paper strewn floor, out into the hall and down to her carriage.

Nolan dropped his head in thought when his wife had finished her trade. He paced up and down nervously. He looked at the clock, then at the form with its accusing contents, then at Brand, then at his wife.

"I'll go and telephone Judge Bartelmy," put in Dupuy. "He'll be anxious."

The lawyer took himself off. Brand saw the danger of delay. He doubted if any man would be able to successfully withstand the pressure that Bartelmy and Nolan's family would be able to bring to bear on the owner in another twenty-four hours.

"No, no," he exclaimed to Nolan. "You would fail me again. I have tried to prove this judge's guilt to the people, but I fear I have only succeeded in proving it to his daughter. A day's delay would be fatal, I know. At least Bartelmy could get another judge to issue an injunction against us even if he would not dare to do it himself. And there are other steps he might take."

His voice rose higher, and he worked himself into a frenzy of earnestness. He stood before the little group gathered around the table form and continued his impassioned words: "You know I thought we were going to be absolutely untrammelled here. You were a free man. Poverty couldn't frighten you, and you had seen both sides of life. You promised to back me up, no matter what it cost, so long as we printed the truth, but at the first big test you fall me."

Mrs. Nolan was on the point of becoming hysterical in her agitation. "Michael, Michael!" she began. "There, mother, you go home with Sylvester. He's waiting outside for you. After all, this is a man's job we've got here. I am the head of the family, and I will settle this matter in my own way," he said sternly. "You must not attempt further to interfere."

"Wheeler," he said kindly, "I've been notified about this story, and I think

(To be continued)

HOT, is it? Well, why don't you buy one of our Electric Fans. Lowest prices in the city. Halliday's Electric Shop 845 KING ST.

Feedpath Sugar does make the bread and butter taste good! It is when you spread it out on bread or pancakes, fruit or porridge, that you notice most the sweetness and perfect purity of Feedpath Extra Granulated Sugar. Buy it in the 2 and 5-lb. Sealed Cartons, or in the 10, 20 or 50 or 100-lb. Cloth Bags, and you'll get the genuine Feedpath, absolutely clean, just as it left the refinery. CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

AN INEXPENSIVE RATINE. carefully that they are able to reproduce it in inexpensive quantities. One of the most fashionable materials, therefore, is now placed within the reach of the woman of limited income. A dainty embroidered collar and cuffs of linen or batista are all that are required to trim this smart one-piece ratine frock. It is in a delicate shade of lavender. Four and one-eighth yards of 44-inch material will be required to make the dress. The trimming is adjustable, so that any pretty cuff and collar set may be impressed into service. The skirt section (1) is too wide to be cut from a fold of the material, so that the pattern is placed on an open width. From the fold, however, the back and collar (each laid along the lengthwise edge), front, sleeves and whole pleat may be cut. The last three parts named are arranged on a lengthwise thread of the ratine. Perhaps a few words are also necessary regarding the construction of the skirt, as it is more difficult to make than the waist. First the under edge of pleated section is turned under on one side; perforations; adjust on left front of skirt, matching corresponding single and double small "oo" perforations; stitch edges underneath together. Lap right front edge on left, centers even (large "o" perforations indicate center-front); stitch, leaving edges free above single large "o" perforation for placket. Turn under right back edge on slot perforations; lap on left back edge to slot perforations (which indicate center-back) and stitch. Cross seam above. Pleat, creasing on cross-line of small "o" perforations; lap small "o" perforations; stitch 1 inch from folded edge. Pleat upper edge, placing "T" on small "o" perforation. Gather upper edge between double "T" perforations. Sew to lower edge of waist over stay, centers even. A belt of any desired material may be worn with the dress.

CUTTING GUIDE: Diagrams showing how to cut fabric for a dress, including waist, skirt, and collar sections.

Above Patterns Can be Obtained from Newman & Shaw, Princess Street