

# Again to the Front With SPRING Silk Suits

Another Important Monday Sale  
Over One Hundred Beautiful Garments—Shirt Waist,  
Jumper and Suspender Styles, Regular \$29.50  
Values—Tomorrow \$16.95

**T**HOSE of our friends and customers who have slipped into the custom of waiting for our Sunday garment announcements will not be disappointed with tomorrow's offerings. We have grouped together for Monday's selling some of the choicest productions in silk manufactured to retail this season at from \$29.50 to \$32.50, and marked them

at the uniform price of \$16.95, placing within the reach of every woman in need of a silk frock [irrespective of the condition of her pocket-book, be it bulging, semi-prosperous or only moderately well-filled] a charming and more than ordinarily smart and up-to-date spring suit at the smallest sum ever asked for anything like equal values so early in the season.

Pretty silks in Roman stripes, plaids, checks and solid colors; clever, catchy styles in shirtwaist, jumper and suspender effects. The shirtwaist models have solid lace yokes with pipings of plain silk, short sleeves and lace cuffs; many of the jumper and suspender styles are finished in fascinating bowknot and other designs. The brightest, jauntiest, smartest creations in silk shown for present wear. Your pick from over a hundred garments. Values up to \$29.50 at

**\$16.95**

Second Floor—Monday

**\$5 Skirt Sale**  
**MONDAY**  
\$7.50, \$8.50, \$9.50  
Values

**S**IXTY odd skirts in plain gray panama, tweeds, checks, plaids and stripes; circular, gored and plaited styles; button and strap finished in various modish fashions; smartly tailored, perfect hanging and well-finished garments. This season's most acceptable styles in street and hack skirts. Regular \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$9.50 values Monday.

**\$5.00**



Wait  
for  
Millinery  
Opening  
About  
Mar.  
1st

## TRUST MONEY

**W**ITH the companion-slide closed, and with an air of mystery on their bronzed countenances, Captain Drake and his mate, Mr. Simpson, peered at a piece of paper that lay on the cabin table alongside of a canvas bag. The document contained the following words:

"June 10, 19—  
"Being sound in my rigging, but badly stove as to my hull, and going to pieces, I, John Funnell, of the brig Ibis, leave to my friends Abel Drake, master of the schooner Patty Clay, and Job Simpson, mate of the same craft, the sum of £500 in gold, to be held in trust by them for one year. If my wife, Mary Funnell, mourns my death and does not marry within that time, the money is to go to her. If she does marry within a year, the £500 to be divided between the trustees. My wife to know nothing of the trust."  
(Signed) "JOHN FUNNELL."

"Ten months gone! and she's no nearer marryin' than she was the day after Funnell died," complained Captain Drake.

"Good-looking woman, too, and a nice bit of insurance money," mused the mate. "What's the matter with the men? I'd like to know."

"It's a pity we're both married," remarked the skipper; "we could fix things then."  
"No good talking about that," snapped the mate. "Why don't you take some likely men up to her house?"  
"Didn't I take Cap'n Towles up there?" asked the skipper.  
"Towles!" said the mate, scornfully. "Who'd marry him? Now, there's old Pete Jobson. He's a widower, and all women take to widowers. Take him up there."  
"I did hint it to him, but he says he hasn't done mourning for his wife," said Captain Drake.  
"You take him," insisted the mate. "He's ugly, but he's awful takin' with women, is Pete."  
"I'll take him up this very night," assented the skipper, and the money and document were replaced in the captain's strong box.  
When the skipper returned, just before midnight, the mate asked anxiously how Pete had acted.  
"Never had such a time," grumbled the captain. "Peter and the widow sat and talked about their dead husband and wife, and cried like two rainpouts. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Quigley, I'd have fondered, sure."  
"Who's Mrs. Quigley?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"An aunt of Mrs. Funnell's," replied the skipper, turning in.  
"Things are brightening!" cried the skipper, two days later, as he saw from the deck of the schooner Mr. Jobson wending his way to town. "I'll bet he's goin' to call on the widow. I'll walk up the street and see."  
He returned in half an hour jubilant.  
"He had on his long-tailed coat, and he furled his sails as soon as he came in the widow's house, and bore into the door!" he cried. "I believe the money's ours, Job."  
"I told you to take Pete Jobson up," said the mate.  
"You told me!" gasped the skipper. "That's good, you swab! Didn't I mention Peter?"  
Regularly, Peter Jobson, after work was over, put on his long-tailed coat and solemnly wended his way to Widow Funnell's house, while the two trustees hugged themselves and counted over the money.  
Then one morning Peter Jobson, master stevedore, started in to load the Patty Clay with flour and general cargo.  
"I saw you last night at the Seaman's Bethel with Widow Funnell and her aunt," said Captain Drake.

"Yes," replied Mr. Jobson, solemnly. "She's a very fine Christian woman."  
"She is indeed, Peter," asserted the captain.  
"She seems very fond of you."  
Mr. Jobson shook his head bashfully.  
In the gratefulness of their hearts, the two officers of the Patty Clay took care that Mr. Jobson did not suffer with thirst. In fact, the good liquor seemed to come out of the old man's eyes in tears as he spoke of his departed wife.  
"Never mind, Peter, said the mate; "I know a woman who'll make Mrs. Jobson No. 2."  
But Mr. Jobson only shook his head and sighed.  
Finally the hatches of the schooner were bated down, and Captain Drake was about to go up to the Customs House to clear her.  
"Good-bye, captain," said Mr. Jobson, feelingly. "I'm obliged to you."  
"What for?" inquired the skipper.  
"For takin' me to see Widow Funnell," exclaimed the old man. I read in the Good Book that it's not good for man to be alone."  
"Well!" said the skipper, shuddering with eagerness.  
"I'm goin' to marry ag'in."  
"The widow?" gasped the delighted skipper.

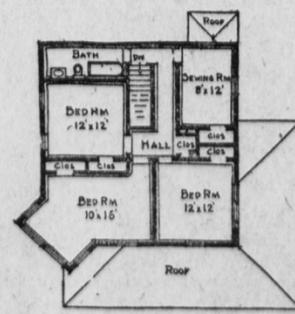
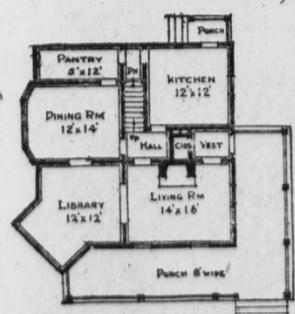
"Surely; a month from yesterday." Captain Drake vaulted over the rail of the schooner like a deer and tumbled into the cabin.  
"It's all right, Job," he panted. "Peter's going to marry the widow a month from yesterday."  
Mr. Simpson smiled broadly.  
"We'll divide the money when we get back," said he; "and it'll only take about forty days to run to Newcastle and back."  
"My money goes into a schooner," remarked the skipper.  
"And mine into the bank," said the mate. "But we really ought to give the couple a present."  
"By George! so we ought," exclaimed the skipper. "Come with me and we'll get something."  
Accordingly, the two trustees spent two pounds for a gaudily-covered sofa, which they ordered to be sent to the bride-to-be's house just twenty-eight days from date of purchase, accompanied with their card.  
Just thirty days had elapsed when the Patty Clay passed on her return voyage from Newcastle, and when the pilot came on board, Captain Drake asked if Pete Jobson was well.

"Married his second wife," said the pilot, grinning. "A widow, too."  
Captain Drake chuckled.  
When the schooner tied up at the wharf the two trustees beheld Mr. Peter Jobson calmly superintending the unloading of a bark, and the exuberant skipper leaped ashore.  
"Congratulations you, Pete," said he, wringing the old stevedore's hand.  
"Thank you and Mr. Simpson for the furniture," responded Mr. Jobson. "It was very pretty, too. I didn't expect it."  
"You got a good woman, Pete," said the skipper. "She made Funnell a good wife."  
"Funnell!" repeated Mr. Jobson. "I didn't marry Mrs. Funnell. I married her aunt, Widow Quigley."  
It was several minutes before the words made their way through the parched throat of the skipper, and when they did come they shocked the old stevedore.  
That evening two mariners were figuring in the cabin of the Patty Clay. "Countin' drinks and that infernal sofa, we're three pounds out," snarled the skipper. "If anyone every says 'trust money' to me—"  
The mate swore heartily.

**The Automobile in Africa**  
**W**HATEVER may be said of King Leopold in regard to his treatment of the natives in his African domains, there is one thing which is certain, and that is that he has not for one moment lost sight of the commercial possibilities of the country. For several years there has been in force a very active "good roads" campaign, and at the present time there are to be found in the very heart of the Dark Continent many hundreds of miles of as finely constructed highways as are to be seen anywhere in the world.  
This work was commenced as soon as the practical value of the automobile had been demonstrated, and already there are a number of self-propelled vehicles moving over these roads. The policy laid down was to establish automobile lines through the country as the forerunner of railroads, which cannot be commercially successful for many years yet. The automobiles follow the transportation routes existing at present. With the introduction of the improved road referred to the cost of carrying freight into the interior has already been greatly cut down. In fact, it is said that the charges on packages consigned to the mining district of Katanga are now just one-quarter what they were five years ago. In this case the use of the automobile has been the means of materially reducing the amount of handling which was heretofore necessary when it was required to ship and reship parcels from boat to railroad and from railroad to the backs of the black men employed as carriers.  
The automobiles being introduced are of two kinds, both steam-propelled. One is a huge wagon with a covered top, which will hold quite an imposing load of freight, but the other is practically a road locomotive, and has a capacity of drawing from ten to fifteen loaded cars. These vehicles would be impossible on the ordinary roads of the country, but they work admirably on the elegant highways which have been prepared for them.

# A DESIRABLE HOUSE

For \$2,955



- of construction, including hard wood finish:
- Excavation ..... \$150
  - Stonework ..... 175
  - S Carpenter work ..... 700
  - Paper and Nails ..... 40
  - Plastering ..... 200
  - Mill work ..... 500
  - Hardware ..... 100

- Lumber ..... 400
  - Painting and glass ..... 250
  - Brickwork ..... 150
  - Plumbing, etc. .... 150
  - Hot Air Heating ..... 100
  - Range ..... 40
- \$2955

This two story cottage of plain design meets the requirements of those desiring all space utilized to the best advantage. The entrance is on the side and as the front and rear stairs are combined in one the most cheerful corner of the house which is generally occupied by these features is given over to the living room.  
The library has a large bay window making

a cozy corner for reading. The dining-room, pantry and kitchen are satisfactorily grouped and the cellar stairs well lighted.  
The second story has three bed-rooms and sewing-room, all with closets. There is a linen closet in the hall. The bath is very conveniently placed at the head of the stairs.  
The following items show the estimated cost

**The Location of Cities**  
**M**OST of the older towns were started as places of refuge. Here and there about the country there are rocks or big mounds easy to defend against an enemy. These were turned into rude forts. Later these forts became stone castles, and their permanent garrisons needed tradesmen, such as butchers, farriers, and armours, who built their cottages under the shelter of the walls. Some of the castles grew into immense fortresses-palaces, like Windsor, Winchester, Edinburgh, and Stirling, seats of the early kings; Durham, seat of the prince bishop, and Ludlow, seat of the Lord Warden of the Welsh border.  
When the tribes settled down and built villages there was always in each a strong house on rising ground, as a place of refuge in time of trouble. This was later the parish church. The diocese had a bishop, whose cathedral or chair, was in the biggest church of the district, and the cathedral always gave employment to a lot of people. So sprang up towns like Salisbury and Ripon, on flat ground, useless for defense, intended from the first as cathedral cities. A great many of the cities were Roman camps, such as Chester, Lancaster, Worcester, Gloucester, Rochester. Castra is the Latin word for a camp, fort or castle. So nearly all our country towns began as forts of refuge or seats of bishops.  
That does not account for the monster cities of trade, such as London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Belfast. These were located naturally in the centre of the industries which they represent.  
Seaport towns being on the coast and much exposed, were frequently raided by pirates, so the inland towns like London, for instance, came into existence.