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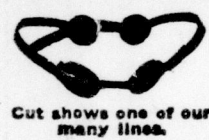
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Today we have thousands of satisfied customers. Are you one of the many?

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Sweaters, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats.
LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH-CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS
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WEGNER, The Heart of London, 371 Talbot St. Phone 1492.
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ANTHRACITE, SCREENED, EGG, STOVE, NUT AND PEA.
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We have reduced the price of wood and giving the same size load.
Prompt service.
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COR. ADELAIDE AND BATHURST.
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Quality Vulcanizing Only.

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London Tire Repair Depot,
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TO THE PUBLIC

LADIES' Fur Coat Sale

Balance of our stock must be cleared at once. Also a large assortment of small furs at less than manufacturer's cost.

THE JOHN MARSHALL CO., LTD.
68-70 Dundas St. = = = = London
55u-wt

MURDERERS GET RIGHT TO SMOKE

Murrell, Williams and Topping Will Be Given Smoking Privileges.

Special to The Advertiser
By a Staff Reporter.

Toronto, Feb. 13.—Through the intervention of Hon. Lincoln Goldie, provincial secretary, the "no smoking" regulation for the Middlesex County Jail will be suspended as it involves Murrell, Williams and Topping, three prisoners awaiting the death sentence.

Orders to this effect were issued this afternoon, following the provincial secretary's conference with his associates.

The regulation will not be abolished, however, as it affects other prisoners, he stated. This is merely extending the privilege to the condemned men.

LONDON MAN URGES MORE CALF CLUBS

Col. McEwen Speaks At Meeting of Ontario Breeders' Association.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Feb. 13.—At a special meeting of the Ontario Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Association here today, Col. McEwen, London, urged the establishment of more Aberdeen Angus calf clubs, and Prof. W. Toole of the Guelph Agricultural College, and John Lowe, Elora, president of the Canadian Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Association, stressed the importance of breeders taking advantage of the various fairs and exhibitions as a means of popularizing this breed. Judges were appointed for the chief exhibitions.

Clear Your Complexion With Cuticura

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water to free the pores of impurities and follow with a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: London, Limited, 243, Peel St. W. Montreal, 100, St. James St. W.
Cuticura Soap shows without mug.

Practical Introductions

"In response to your 'Want' advertisement" such is the salutation of many a letter or postal mailed each day, or the introductory remark of many a personal applicant who seeks to supply at once the needs that are expressed through Advertiser "Want" Ads. They reach out quickly to every nook and corner. They seek out skilled workers, those who have something to buy, sell, rent or exchange; they restore lost articles, supply employment and accomplish at once what is most needed in many businesses and households.

It pays to make full use of and to read daily—

ADVERTISER "WANT" ADS.

Carbyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN
233 Dundas St. Phone 2351.
Two Doors East of Majestic. y

COAL JENKINS
Special Domestic
FOR RANGES, HEATERS
AND FURNACES. \$13.50
Price
PHONE 1391. ywt

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.
The Stolen Book.

Dunlap recoiled with a startled, "Well—well—"

The man raised the long, bony finger, shook it. "You the boss?"

"Well—well—I may say so. At present, yes."

"Pay the money! You pay the money! Now. Right now."

"Well—well—money—ah, yes. The boss owes you money. I see."

He kept edging from the cabinet to the corner, the man following and talking angrily so that every word rasped.

"Ten hundred dollars—now. He tell me."

"Yes, certainly, I see," Dunlap curled his hand over his mouth, the whiskers sinking so that the other was forced to follow. Joan, listening with every fiber, caught only a word—a phrase. "We'll settle this, certainly. The boss promised it, you say."

She got up deliberately, went to Denny's desk, saw Dunlap with his hand on the man's arm; saw him whispering; his face chalky. Then he said about, "I'll see what I can do. Mr. Wilson. We'll attend to it at once. If the boss gave the word of the company we'll have to make good."

They went out together. Joan listened with charging pulse as their steps echoed heavily. Then she sped over to the cabinet. It was open where Dunlap had left it. Which paper had he taken? No way of telling. Did it mean anything at all?

They were all affidavits from the farmers of the Twin Falls Irrigation District; that and titles to the use of the water.

The small black book, covered with notes, lay on the top of the papers. Joan picked it up, stuck it in her blouse and leaving the drawer open, moved with a soft, cat-like swiftness to her desk.

There came a rapid, hot quivering to every nerve as though all the world had seen and were yelling, "Stop thief!"

She began to type. At every creak her eyes moved fearfully to the door. Her mind stormed with agitation. "What good is the book? What can you learn?"

She swallowed with an effort, trying to answer her own accusing thought.

It was an act of intuition. Joan, from her first meeting, was repelled by Dunlap. Of late she distrusted him and resented him. She had nothing but feeling to guide her in this and she knew from experience that her feelings were always violently intense, often prejudiced.

But she had the book. She meant to keep it so she challenged obstinately. "Why does he whisper so? Why did he take out that paper and look toward me? He's too crafty. I'll insult him the next time he puts his hand on my typewriter."

Then Dunlap returned. He came in, twisting his soft palms together, pushed over to her desk with an excited, "Bad business, Miss Lewis. Bad business! Our young friend is in pretty deep."

"What do you mean, Mr. Dunlap? You said something like this a while ago."

"Worse than I thought. I'm afraid we'll have all kinds of damage suits on our hands. This man, for instance—fanatical fellow—he was in this morning."

Dunlap cocked the yellow eyebrow, the pale blue eyes fixing Joan avidly. "He told you what Mr. Brooks had done? He mentioned it? Told you about the promise?"

"He didn't mention Mr. Brooks."

How To Stop Sour Stomach

Chronic With Many People—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Bring Quick Comfort—Sweeten and Stop Acid, Sour Risings and Such Dyspeptic Distresses.

When the factor is considered that even careful people, those who follow diet rules, get attacks of indigestion, no argument is needed to recommend the best means of relief. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used by lawyers, doctors, teachers, by businessmen, high lives, society women, industrial workers, clerks, and the worst abused stomachs in the world, those of a host of travelers.

For thirty years people have learned that they may eat what they like or what is set before them, and no matter what the condition of the stomach, if due to dyspepsia, these wonderful tablets stop gasiness and sour risings, they give the stomach the alkaline effect which overcomes acidity and thus they relieve distress after eating or ease they quickly relieve it. Be fortified. Get a 60-cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store, or arm yourself against indigestion.—Adv.

ARE YOU ALMOST A NERVOUS WRECK

Stop Worrying! Be Restored By a Home Treatment Costing Only Few Cents a Day.

Nerve exhaustion is the result of using up the body's nerve power—the energy that keeps you vigorous, strong. Without vital nerve force the body becomes deadened; the mind becomes tortured with worry and fear; your worn-out nerves seem actually to cry out in agony.

Women with overstrained nerves grow thin, pale, haggard and are prematurely old. Men who have exhausted their nervous systems find their way to success blocked by their own weakness.

There is no magic way to restore the nerves. Nerve power is a vital force of life—created only within our bodies. When the body is so worn out that it cannot store up nerve strength then it must have a restorative. Just as soon as we begin to restore our bodies so surely will we begin to regain nerve power and vitality.

There is a safe home treatment for nerve exhausted men and women; a treatment that is absolutely harmless and costs only a few cents a day. Get from your druggist at once a generous size bottle of Wincarnis, the restorative for sufferers from weakness and nerve failure. Take this Wincarnis treatment for 12 days and you will understand what it means to regain nerve power and vitality.—Adv.

"I see. Merely said 'the boss.' But he told you about the money owed him?"

Joan answered quietly, "No."

"I see. Just as well not to mention it, Miss Lewis. Company will have to settle, I presume."

He went over to the filing cabinet, ran his thumb nervously over the cards in the open drawer, stepped back and glanced at the floor. "Did you see a small black notebook, Miss Lewis?"

Joan's back was to him. She felt, as a flame, the sudden rush of color to her face. "Weren't you writing in one, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Yes—just a while ago. Sure I left it in this drawer." He began patting his pockets, pulling out wallets, papers tied with rubber bands. "Sure I had it just before I went out. Did you notice if I had it in my hands?"

The book lay like a bar of iron against Joan's waist. "What have I done? Why did I do this?" she thought, as she went quietly over to the cabinet. "If you left it here, it can't have disappeared. Perhaps it fell between the files."

He took out the drawer, pushed all the papers back and then forward. Joan kept saying, "Are you sure it's not in your pocket? Perhaps you dropped it in the hall."

"No—well, it just means a lot of extra work. Had some valuable notes. Nothing important at all."

Joan waited till she was in her room, and had the door locked, all the shades drawn down, before she took the book from her blouse.

Her hands shook as she turned the pages. They were filled with notes. In a small pocket of the cover were two half-sheets of paper, each signed with a single initial. This Joan couldn't decipher.

The first said merely: "S. Macey. Use caution."

The second: "Settle. No talk."

What she had hoped to find Joan couldn't say. She knew Dunlap was hostile to Denny, so she was ready to suspect him. The black notebook and these laconic messages gave her nothing more definite than her own doubts.

Yet she was possessed with uneasiness, sat at a small table devising all manner of hiding places for the stolen book. Finally she took her coat and sewed it into the lining of her sleeve.

On Friday, when Denny returned she would give it to him. She would tell him of the strange fellow's visit and Dunlap's agitation, his white face.

The next morning there was a telegram for her:

"They're trying to pin it on me. Face trial. I'm keeping in the dark. Don't communicate with me. Give no information whatever, and above all, keep out of D's way. The job is over for you. Sorry. I'll write general delivery. Address me there. Explain all later. Denny."

Joan read the words twice before their import sank with a chill into her mind. Face trial—Denny faced trial. He was in hiding. And she was to do nothing. Merely sit and wait.

Could she do this? When all the hot fight surging within her stormed to be free; to shout aloud against this shame.

It was almost an hour later when she reread the wire that she noticed dully and with a numb acceptance. "The job is over for you."

In the middle of the afternoon a note came to Joan from the Twin Falls Irrigation Board.

"Mr. Brooks has severed connection with this board. As you are his appointee, this board takes it for granted you will not wish to remain. Miss Ida Burns has therefore been named to take your place. She will begin work immediately. Will you kindly turn over all papers and contracts to her?"

Miss Ida Burns was a tall, lanky girl, with a large nose and a small mouth. She had straight, oily brown hair and very long limp hands. It was almost five when she arrived.

"I was to have come earlier," she said. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting. Will you be around tomorrow? I'd be glad for an hour in the morning—just till I get acquainted with the work."

"I'd like to help you," Joan answered. "I'll probably be here. I have some papers and personal things I want."

"All right. Then I won't wait now." Joan was scarcely finished with her dinner that evening when she was called. A caller was waiting.

It was Dunlap. He walked back and forth, his short, portly figure seeming to quiver.

"Sorry, Miss Lewis. Sorry about this. News to me until just a short while ago that you are dismissed."

"That's all right, Mr. Dunlap."

He shook his head. "Strong—the board is going too strong on this. I tried to do something. Very unpleasant for us—for you and me."

"Why, for me?"

The eyebrows soaring as Dunlap stepped directly in front of Joan and whispered ominously: "If I am called to testify. Some of these contracts will figure. Bad business. I'll have to keep in touch with you, Miss Lewis."

"Yes, I don't know as I have any information."

The lawyer smiled. "No? What about our strange friend and the promise of money? You don't know about that? Hard for you, I understand. Hard for me, too. But the good of our people must come first. Am I right, Miss Lewis?"

Joan answered: "If I am called, Mr. Dunlap, I shall be glad to testify. I know nothing that I fear to say—many things I shall be glad to say. You will find me more than ready to testify if Mr. Brooks is called to trial."

"Then I may call here when I need you, Miss Lewis?"

"Kindly don't call otherwise."

"Very well. Miss Lewis. I am a matter of business, you understand."

Joan was still on fire with uncertainty and indignation when another message came. "Get all papers relating to Robinson contract and hold for me. Can you get out of D's way? You have damaging information. Explain later—Denny."

(Copyright, 1924, The Call Publishing Company.)

HAS FINGER AMPUTATED.
Mildmay, Feb. 13.—Dr. W. H. Huch, veterinary, who has been a sufferer with blood poisoning of the second finger of his left hand for the past two months, had the digit amputated this week.

Announcing Frocks That Are Eligible For All Spring Occasions

Coat Frocks and Boyish Two-Piece Dresses are developed in charmeen, wool rep and flannel. Ripples, panels and embroidery add the charm of the unexpected to these newest frocks. Many exquisite new colors and color combinations are developed in these dresses and are at their loveliest in the fabrics of the season, which have never been so supple and lent themselves to such graceful fashioning.



PRESENTING TO MADAME AND MADemoiselle Very Correct Dresses For Spring

Fashion trends which have been stamped with the seal of Fifth avenue's approval are embodied in the delightful new frocks. Here you may choose your new spring wardrobe with perfect confidence in its fashion rightness. And the distinctive styles are accompanied by moderate prices.

The "Garconne" Dress

A very important place has been conceded to these straight little flannel dresses, which, as their name suggests, are boyish and smart. Their colors are delightfully varied, and they include many new shades of sand, such as toast, barley and cafe au lait.

The Pencil-Line Over-Check

One jaunty little dress in sand colored flannel has a two-tone overcheck in brown and black, in the pencil-line effect. The slashed opening at the throat is finished with narrow ties. And the new trimming details are developed in the Peter Pan collar, and the flare cuffs, which are braided with soutache. It is priced at\$35.00

Beige and Black

Boldly printed in black are the one-inch overchecks of Beige Flannel Dress. Buttons, dozens of them, in shining steel form the trimming motif, along the slashed cuffs, and outlining the little vest, which also emulates the pencil-line, in its narrowness. There's a boyish little collar of sand canton. It is priced at\$35.00

The Popular Two-Piece Dress

Another attractive and boyish style for mademoiselle! Wool rep, in soft beige tones—a graceful wrap-around skirt, and a loose-fitting little coat. An interesting departure from its up and downness is achieved by means of the wool embroidery in colorful oriental designs around the bottom of the coat, and high on the sleeves. For petit point, the tapestry stitch of our grandmothers has just invaded the realm of dress. It is priced at\$52.00

The Cape Dress

A detachable cape, which ripples to the waist-line, a pleated godet at the left side, the convertible V collar, and collars and cuffs of Carrickmacross guipure lace. These add to the individuality and charm of a dress of wool rep, in onion shade, a new golden brown. It is priced at\$65.00

The Street Dress of Charmeen

More mature in style is this dress of sand-colored charmeen, which keeps to the long slenderizing lines. Pin-tucked from shoulder to hem are broken at the waist-line by silk embroidery. The dainty vestee is of ecru net and guipure lace. It is priced at\$39.50

STYLE RIGHT—PRICE RIGHT—TIME RIGHT.

Second Floor.

COFFEE
Famous for its aroma; as served in Restaurant, on sale in pound and half-pound packages, 65c and 35c.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM
LONDON, ENGL.



To-day I saw

A flash of bright-colored jewelry caught my eye this morning as I was prowling around in that treasure-house which in everyday life is called the receiving room.

Even an Arabian Night's tale couldn't assemble a more dazzling array. Here are opera length necklaces in plain smooth finish beads, and in hand-cut beads, whose polished facets catch and reflect the light.

The truism that "all is not gold that glitters" takes on a new meaning when you see these sparkling strings of highly polished beads, in colors of sapphire and ruby and emerald, and amethyst and crystal and jet.

Crystal is very important! Sometimes it is combined with the colored beads, as in strings of rose and crystal, or jet and crystal. Sometimes it forms an entire necklace, in the new, large, square-cut beads.

Earrings divide their loyalty between flat pearls and carnelians. Or they may make their debut as studs—a style which accentuates the smartness of the more revealing close collure.

When I saw this new jewelry, the price tickets had not been attached. But I am reliably informed that the addition of the price tickets will not subtract from its charms!

Judith

TEA
Specially blended, as served in our Restaurant, on sale in pound and half-pound packages, 65c and 35c.