

# Bon Ami

The Best Scouring Soap Made

A Scouring Soap  
A Metal Polish  
A Glass Cleaner

## Out of the Darkness

"So you are, Gar, every inch of one," returned Robert, anxious to soothe his brother's hurt pride; he never resented Garton more than during this little ebullition of natural resentment. It was not Robert's words, but some strong undercurrent of feeling that made Garton so sore.

"If I blame you," went on Robert, "it is for want of thought and due consideration of what is owing to a woman; you are so unlike other men, and have led so strange a life, that I hardly know how to make you see this; but I can only repeat that you have quite forgotten your position with regard to Miss Maturin. May I speak more plainly?"

"I think you are sufficiently plain, Robert."

"All the same, I cannot allow you to misunderstand my meaning, Gar. I am eight years older than you, and have eight more years' experience—that ought to go for something; and I tell you this, that no one but an accepted lover ought to be doing what you are doing."

"Does friendship go for nothing, then? I think you forget that Miss Maturin and I have been friends from the first. Austin and Mary know that I visit at Bryn; they have never found fault with me."

"Neither should I if you were prudent in respect to those visits. I don't think either Austin or Mary knows how often you are at Bryn—of those daily visits, daily walks, and long excursions. Do you think Blackscar and Kirby don't draw the only natural conclusion from all this? Of course,

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4193—A PRETTY SHIRRED COAT

For pongee and the summer-weight cloths, here is a most attractive little coat which may be made at home without difficulty. The front and back are shirred at the neck and laced to a stay underneath so as to assure a nice fit. Tucks at the center in the back provide extra fullness for the skirt portion, while the yoke gives a neat finish at the neck. The medium size calls for three yards of 27-inch material.

4193—Seven sizes, 2 to 8 years. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

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people's tongues are loud on the subject. Jack had a good foundation for believing that and Miss Maturin were engaged.

A hot flush passed across Garton's swarthy face; there was a tight pain at his heart that nearly suffocated him. Were all these pleasant visits, these delightful rambles, to be given up? His voice was changed and husky when he next spoke. Robert thought his manner very strange.

"I am afraid you are right, Bob; I have been very thoughtless." He kept his face averted from his brother, and went on. "I forgot that people are fond of meddling in our business. I thought an Ord would be above such a suspicion, but I see they have misjudged me. I think Miss Maturin would be grieved if she knew of what I was accused."

"Everyone would not consider you a fortune-hunter," returned Robert, in a tone so meaning that Garton stared at him in surprise. "They might think I am only supposing a case, you know—but they might think, Miss Maturin being young and not so bad looking—at least it would be a more natural conclusion—that—that you, in fact, had fallen in love with her." Robert, who had strong suspicions during the last few minutes that his brother was not quite so indifferent as he had at first imagined, looked steadily at Garton; but Garton met his eyes almost fiercely.

"Well, what then?" he replied, clenching his hand rather unnecessarily.

"Only—that you would escape with a scorching, that is all. Don't get into a passion, Gar, I am only guessing at other people's thoughts." "Or retelling your own—which?" replied Garton in the same fiery tone. "Look here, Robert; you mean well, I believe. You think you are pulling me out of the fire, eh? and you want to do me a good turn. But you are not doing it in the pleasantest sort of way. You are insinuating that I am a fool, and that I have been a fool all along. So I have, but an innocent one. I have thought it no wrong to indulge in a harmless friendship—only a friendship, Robert. Miss Maturin has been very good to me—his voice trembled a moment—and it is my nature to be grateful for kindness. If the world chooses to misunderstand it, it is more of a fool than I."

"My dear fellow, no one but you can afford to set its opinion at naught. Depend upon it, 'in the multitude of counselors there is wisdom'; one cannot dispense with its rules."

"I have never meant to dispense with them, Robert. If I did not follow your advice now I know what I know, I should be more of a knave than a fool. In future you will not have need to complain of my frequent visits to Bryn."

Robert looked pleased. He really had his brother's welfare at heart. "That's right, old fellow, you have taken my advice very sensibly, and it is first-rate of you." But Garton did not respond very cordially.

"Yes, it is all right. I suppose I ought to thank you for making me so uncomfortable, but I will tell you the honest truth. I would snap my fingers at Blackscar and its old women's tales if it were not for the fear that it might do her harm, and that perhaps in time she might get to believe it. No, I couldn't stand that. Besides, there is the danger of scorching, you know." And Garton laughed a hard, bitter laugh that had more pain than merriment in its sound, and which made Robert look at him again; and then he got up and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Gar, old fellow, I have not quite finished my advice." "Haven't you, Bob?"

"No, the hardest part remains; don't think me cruel, lad. I only speak for your good. But do think once again of the emigration business."

"I knew that was coming, Robert." His face was paler than ever, and he set his teeth hard.

"Gar, dear boy, I swear I only mean it for your good; you are wasting—rushing here. Better go away." "Why?" asked Garton moodily; but Robert drew his arm round his neck as though they were boys again; and then he stooped down to the dark, crooked head and whispered something very low in his ear.

What made Garton suddenly look up and wring his brother's hand? "Too late! God bless you, Robert. Yes, I will go anywhere—anywhere, but she shall never know why—never, never!"

### CHAPTER XXVI

Robert rather congratulated himself on having done a good stroke of business that night; he had struck when the iron was hot. He drew a long breath of relief which his brother had left the room.

"I have brought him to his senses about the emigration plan. Thank heaven, that bit of troublesome business is over for good and all," he ejaculated devoutly. "Poor old Gar!" he continued, with a pang of natural sym-

pathy; "who would have imagined that he would have been so bitten?" And he thought with some degree of bitterness of the hand that had dealt this fresh blow. His heart was full of pity as he heard Garton's restless footsteps overhead. He lay and listened to them far into the night; a touch of compunction haunted him as those weary footsteps paced to and fro. He was glad to remember now that his words had been wise and temperate; considering all things, he had rebuked Garton's thoughtlessness very mildly; the poor fellow's hot denials and reproaches, his indignant retortations, his irate defense, had been far from displeasing to the elder brother.

"I did not think he had so much in him," he said to himself over and over again.

Robert's sympathy was very real; but he had no conception of the fierce misery that was making the night a long torment to Garton. The incessant striding, the long, restless strides, the hasty stumbles in the darkness, when the candle had guttered to its feeble end, were so many proofs of the intolerable feelings of the young man who took no heed of the cold and darkness—groping from end to end of the narrow room, in a blind, helpless way.

Sometimes he stood, with folded arms, looking blankly through the darkness, or rocking himself in his old, accustomed manner. A little glimmer of light from a slat in the wall cut into the darkness and showed him a swaying gray shadow on the wall. A dull surging broke the silence. Under the lamp there was a stretch of white shining road; a barrier of darkness seemed to close it in. As he stood and looked out at it a dull hopeless gloom seemed to settle round his heart and rob him of all courage.

He wondered now how it had come about. Robert's shrewdness had brought this sudden revelation of his own feelings home to him. He was racking his memory to discover when it was that he first loved her; but his mind was too confused to give a clear answer. He had called his love friendship, and under this disguise had tasted of her sympathy and found it his troubles have revealed his own feelings. No other woman had ever seemed so sweet and gracious to him. And now all this pleasantness of intercourse must be broken up. It was the light of his eyes and the desire of his heart, he knew this now. The one woman who he could love would have dared to love him, his beggary, but who was never to know—never, never—that he had dared to love her.

He wondered with a sort of terror how he should bid her goodby. A sudden anguish filled him as he thought of her youth and graciousness. What a simple kindness had existed between them! On his side he had always been very loyal, but with a sturdy independence of opinion which she had found amusing. What nonsense she had talked to her, and how patient she had always been with him! She had never minded a word of his discontent and moodiness. His eyes would shine with a tender pity as he blurted out his grievances. She always seemed pleased to see him, no matter how troubled he had been. She would meet him half a dozen times a day with the same shy, bright smile; a kind hand would be put out frankly to him. Sometimes she would indulge in a little joke at his expense, the joke never hurt him.

He thought of that day in the Burnley woods and the wonder with which she had regarded his simple castle-building. She had been a little disappointed with his lack of ambition, he thought, and no marvel. How patently it all looked now—the little cotterage with the bow-window, Reuben, Johnnie Forbes, the lame boy, with Deb to keep house. Ah, what a different castle he would build now! A dull misery of longing took possession of him as he cherished the bitter-sweet fancy—a little room all sunshine, gleaming white pillars outside, a tall slim girl with a plaintive face, with sweet frank eyes.

"Oh, my God!" cried the poor fellow in his anguish. "And I must never tell her that I shall love her to my dying day." It was the hour of his weakness. By and by a certain strength of acquiescence came to him—he struggled no longer; in a word, he accepted his fate.

One by one he put away his hopes from him. One by one he looked the bitter conditions in the face; his love was hopeless, unrequited; he must give that up—no, he must renounce all hopes of entering the church. He had given his word that he would go anywhere; he would keep his promise. There should be no delay, no looking back, no undue dillying with regret. The stern asceticism of Garton's nature came to his assistance here. As soon as possible he would leave Blackscar and England. The sacrifice might be a cruel one, inasmuch as it involved all he held most dear, but at least it should be complete.

He did not tell himself that he should not dare to trust himself often in Robert's presence, but, all the same, he knew that such was the case. A few bitter drops, of which even his manhood was not ashamed, were wrung from his eyes when he thought of his boy-friend Reuben, who would fret after him sorely. The thought was a bitter one, but he put it away from him as soon as possible.

"He has a friend in her—he belongs to her now," he repeated, with a vague pleasure in this mutual property, and a fresh dimness crossed his eyes as he thought how Reuben would never allow her to forget him.

There was much painful work in store for him. It was nearly midnight now, and he was terribly jaded, almost worn out; but with that selfishness which was part of his nature he resisted the temptation to seek his bed, but lay down for an hour in his clothes, and so that old Gar, who was very ailing, might find the fire lighted as usual.

[To be Continued.]

An average of 342 Hebrew immigrants arrive in New York City each day. Every effort possible is being made to use native woods for ties in building the railways in the Philippines.

## WEDS FATHER OF HUSBAND

Four Times Mrs. Primm, She Is Now Grandma to Own Children.

Dresden, Tenn., May 5.—In a handsome farmhouse just outside the village live Mrs. Joseph Primm, Joseph Primm, his three stepsons, John, James and Jack, their three sons, John, James, Jun., and Jack, Jun., in perfect harmony in spite of the fact that at different times the woman has been the wife of each of the men, and is the mother of each of the boys.

The only question that bothers her at all is just what relation she is to herself. She knows, however, that she is step-mother to her three former husbands; aunt to her own children, grandmother to her three children and her own sister-in-law; that she has a husband who is grandfather of his stepchildren and at the same time their uncle.

**Beginning of Trouble.** The trouble all started some years ago with Joseph Primm, the present husband of the woman. Joseph had a brother who, after three boys had been born to him, died, leaving the three stepsons, John, James and Jack, for Joseph to bring up. This he did faithfully and well.

As time went on the boys grew up, and John, the oldest, thought it time to marry. Next door lived pretty Mary Williams. John paid her assiduous court, and within a year they were married. One boy blessed their union, John, Jun., and everything went along splendidly. The other boys liked Mary, and she was a good housewife, everyone was satisfied.

One day a quarrel came between Mary and John, which ended in her packing up her goods and her baby and going back to her father. John tried to have her come back, but she wouldn't, and so he got a divorce on the ground of desertion.

Then came James. He had long been very fond of Mary, and the first thing his brothers knew he had married her and brought her back to the old home. Her first husband had no objection, and as a housekeeper was needed, and everything went on smoothly. In time James, Jun., came, and was very welcome.

One day Jim lost his temper and struck Mary. Again she packed up her goods and her two boys and went home. This time she got a divorce. At the time of about a year Jack Primm crossed the street and began paying Mary attention. She had always had a warm spot in her heart for him, and within a year she went back to the Primm mansion again as mistress, this time as Mrs. Jack.

Neither of her former husbands objected, and again everything went on smoothly.

Within the year Jack, Jun., came and like his other brothers, was made welcome. Nowhere in the county was so peculiar a family or so happy a one. Mrs. Primm often said that she did not know which son she liked best.

Some time ago there was a celebration, Christmas, and in the course of the day John, remarking on the fine lot of boys in the family, said in a casual way:

"John is the best; there's no doubt of that."

"Not on your life," retorted James. "My son is the best by all odds."

"Forget it," cried Jack. "My boy has forgotten me in the short period of his life than your boys ever knew." There was all kinds of trouble, Mrs. Primm tried to smooth matters out, but in the discussion, her husband declared that she favored the other boys and the upshot of it all was that for the third time Mrs. Primm packed her goods, and with her three boys, went back to her father.

As she would not return, Jack got a divorce.

For months she lived with her parents and brought up her boys. Then her father died and later her mother. There she was, all alone in the world with three boys to care for.

### WEDS LAST OF THE PRIMMS.

All this touched Joseph Primm, the old man. And one day he asked her to marry him. After demurring a little she consented, and for the fourth time went back to the big house as mistress. The other boys were delighted. Each one of them had missed her a lot and they liked to have her around.

There she is living now, and it will probably be her last union with the Primms; for there are not any more of them left.

### CHEMIST RAMSAY MUM.

London, May 5.—Sir William Ramsay, of Cambridge University, who is reported to have succeeded in accomplishing what no other chemist has been able to do, the production of copper by the synthetic, or combination process from the elements sodium, lithium and potassium, was questioned on the subject by a representative of the Associated Press today, but he declined to either affirm or deny the report.

### BIG BILL FOR SULTAN.

Constantinople, May 5.—The British embassy has lodged a claim with the Porte for the reimbursement of the \$75,000 ransom paid to the brigands who abducted Robert Abbott, the son of a prominent British subject, who resided at Salonika.

### Hood's

Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the greatest blood and liver medicine known. It positively and permanently cures every humor, from Pimples to Scrofula. It is the Best Blood Medicine.

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This material is our own import and we believe we are safe in saying that nothing in Crepe de Chines shown in town approach it in beauty and elegance.

It is a very fine sheer quality. The finish is superb exquisite. 44 inches is the shades of champagne, reseda, light navy, the new shade of brown. Regular price is offer we will sell it this week

Regular price, \$1.50. Special this week at  
**\$1.12 1-2c**  
Per Yard.

weave of a firm, serviceable and the color tones simply width. We are showing it in cream, pale blue, pearl gray, red and the new shade of \$1.50, but as an introductory at the very special price of **\$1.12 1-2c**

## Colored Swiss Taffetas

Splendid wearing quality, with a guarantee stamped on the edge that should win us your trade. All shades now in stock. Price on this silk is advancing. Better buy this week while we are selling it at the "old price" of, per yard.....**75c**

## Extra Special

SILK CHIFFONS for summer gowns to wear at afternoon teas and social events. Not the ordinary flimsy chiffons, but regular dress chiffons, which, while light and airy, are firmly and strongly woven; 44 inches wide. Three shades only—cream, pearl gray and black. Regular price \$1.00 a yard. Special this week for ..... **68c**

## Dress Nets for Summer Dresses

As the summer days draw nearer these light, filmy dress nets awaken increasing interest. We have a well selected range in white, ivory, cream, black, Nile green and reds. Prices start at **50c** and stop at.....**\$1.00**

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling



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It is by the most careful attention to every trifling detail in the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR that we have been able to bring this brand up to its present state of perfection, and are able to maintain it.

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Art lovers, connoisseurs and all interested in things Oriental are invited to visit our Oriental Rug Room. Here you will see an exhibit of this class of luxurious floor coverings that is not only beautiful and unique from an artistic standpoint, but also very complete.

Very rich in appearance are the large room size rugs. If you are an admirer of the handsome Bokharas, we will show Bokharas that are marvels of elegance, together with exceptionally beautiful Gorovan, Calcutta and Turkish Rugs. These run in size from 7x9 feet to 10x13 feet.

In Medium Size Rugs, measuring from 3x5 feet to 5x9 feet.

Our assortment is most complete. We have the soft, prettily colored Shirvans, Irans and Serefians, the unique Antique Mussuls, the uncommonly attractive Camelshair.

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They are rich in coloring and oddly artistic in design. Shown in sizes 3x9 feet to 4x13 feet.

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When we are speaking about Oriental Rugs we might direct your attention also to the fact that we are displaying some beautiful "Bagdad Portieres" which are truly eastern in color, blending and design. Come and see them, too.

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