

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

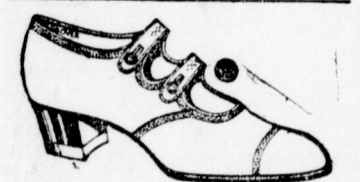
and the choicest of Red Rose Teas is the
ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Month-end clean-up, clearing out nooks and corners of our shoe store. All odds and ends in the store have been swept out for clearance. Not a pair of shoes included that ordinarily would not bring half again the price. Purchase to-morrow and Monday at sensationally low prices.

RUNNING SHOES for men, women and children, all going the bargain way. Get in on these values!

Thousands of other pairs not mentioned all reduced for quick clearance.



LADIES' HIGH WHITE SHOES and other canvas slippers, patent trimmed, clearing at **98c**

LADIES' BROWN SLIP-PERS AND OXFORDS **\$1.98**

INFANTS' CANVAS STRAP SLIPPERS, for tiny tots **98c**

MEN'S OXFORDS in brown and black **\$3.85**

MEN'S WORKING SHOES **\$3.35 AND \$3.85**

London's Favorite Shoe Store, Where You Always Buy For Less.

The Peoples Shoe Store

131 DUNDAS STREET.

12 MARKET SQUARE.

ASTONISHING VALUES

ALTERATION SALE!

WYATT FURNITURE CO.
Has Shattered Furniture Prices

To avoid dirt and dust of carpenters, we are sacrificing all profits.

Refrigerators
BRANTFORD

All sizes, at cost prices.

Tennessee Red Cedar Chests
MOTHPROOF

Good size, brass bound, **\$15.00**

All-Felt Mattresses

\$5.75

Baby Carriages

Blue and ivory. Values to \$30.00, for **\$19.50**

\$5,000.00 STOCK DRAPERIES AT COST PRICE

A chance of a lifetime for real values.

Impossible to list all.

REDUCTIONS IN BEDROOM, DINING-ROOM AND LIVING-ROOM FURNITURE.

"Seeing is Believing." Let Us Show You.

Wyatt Furniture Co.

349 351 Talbot Street (Between King and York Streets)

W. A. O'DELL HARDWARE Specials For Saturday

Now time to paint. Save your money and buy Minerva Paint, best make, at **\$3.50 gal.**
White Wall Finish, quart **\$1.00**

Bicycles—Get our price. We have two at bargain, 1 lady's, 1 gent's. Red Bird, best made.

Paris Green, 1 lb. **60c**
Half pound **30c**
Arsenate of Lead, lb. **50c**

4 Electric Light Bulbs **\$1.00**

3 boxes Matches **25c**

See our bargains in Corks. Just what you want for bottles.

Attention to Mr. Farmer: We have all kinds of Section Knives for mowing knives, all makes.

Sprinkling Cans, all sizes and prices.

Rubber Hose, 1/2-inch corrugated, per foot **\$2.50**
Hose Reels **\$1.00**
Nozzles, each **\$1.00**
Nozzles, each **\$1.25**

Now time to spray your fruit. We have all kinds of sprayers. Come in and see our continuous spray. It is something wonderful, and does the work.

THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself
"Monsieur the Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

CHAPTER IX. In the Whalerboat.

The other smiled. "My dear fellow, absolutely impossible!"

"All the same, let us have the Nourme report that came in two days ago."

"Ten minutes later the man at the desk read aloud a sentence."

"Drowned in attempting to escape," he said. "I trust this satisfies you?"

"Evidently." The bearded one sighed. "Evidently! What about this American, this man Smith? The information that he was believed to be here in Saigon—"

"Was correct." The man at the desk glanced up, nodded. "I found this afternoon that he had been here, had been employed as a laborer at the quay."

"Had been?"

"He vanished from sight two days ago."

The newcomer made a gesture of resignation. "Not Smith has vanished, then, but a thousand dollars, which is more to the point."

He picked up several official cables and telegrams and began to open them.

"Ah!" His voice again drew the eyes of the man at the desk. "Here is word from Hanoi. We must look out for two men, known as L'Etoile and Le Morpion—descriptions given."

Also a request from the governor-general himself that we leave nothing undone to locate the man Smith. Devil take it! Who is this American, and what has he done? Why do they send us no details?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows? But we may find him. Five of our best men are going over the lower end of the city at this hour. What about the two men who are wanted?"

"A murder and robbery in Hanoi. See that the bulletins are copied and posted in the hall at once. With luck, we may pick up all three before dawn."

At this precise moment, the men under discussion were engaged in getting supplies aboard a whalerboat which lay at the wharf, not a hundred yards from the customs house.

Lebrun had taken in charge the whalerboat, which was moored openly. Presumably, the palm of the quay at the Messageries wharf on the river, watchman had been gilded, to prevent interference.

Curel and Smith were handing down provisions and boxes, while in the boat L'Etoile and Le Morpion stowed them away. Smith had known M. le Diable twenty-four hours, yet he had not the least idea of where they were going or what they were going to do. If his companions knew, they said nothing to him. Smith had not shared in the removal of Paul, the Breton boatman, but Curel had participated in that murder, with his usual bored air.

Suddenly an indistinct figure appeared from the shadows of the godowns, darted forward and was gone again. Lebrun came to the boat and spoke, addressing the two men below.

"Messieurs! The police are looking for you gentlemen. Le Morpion, you will have to go with us instead of remaining here."

There was a sound of hearty oaths from below. Monsieur the Devil took the arm of Curel and drew him to one side. He spoke in a low tone.

"You told me that you had been in the navy. You can navigate?"

"Perfectly," said Curel. That is, if I have opium. My pills are gone, and I can find only pipe outlets."

"I know," said Lebrun impatiently. "You who eat, cannot smoke, eh? Very well! I have a supply of pills ready for you. You must remain and take charge of that Des Gachons boat—apply for the job. Felice will make things easy for you, if you tell a convincing lie. If you cannot do it, then the devil take you! I want no inefficient ones."

"Oh, I'm scoundrel enough for anything," said Curel philosophically.

"You had better be," said Lebrun dryly. "We must get out of here at once. M. Smith! The police are in search of you!"

Smith chuckled as he joined them.

"Not for the first time. I like this way of leaving town, too—right under the noses of the customs people, from the biggest wharf in the city!"

"Always audacity," quoted Lebrun, with a soft laugh and a glance at the lights of the nearby customs house.

"Everything is stowed?" Very well. We must get down the river and be off Cape St. Jacques before daylight. Curel, can you accomplish your share?"

"If I have the opium."

Lebrun handed him a package. "Then au revoir, and the devil's luck! Down with you, Smith, we're off this instant!"

"Up with the sail, once we are in the tide," he ordered softly. "Watch for police boats!"

The craft floated silently out into the current of the river. It merged into the mists that writhed slowly about the surface of the muddy water, and then it was gone into the night, absorbed. Curel gazed after it for a little, then turned and walked away, tearing at the package of opium with rumbling fingers. A queer smile was set upon his dissipated face, the smile of one who sees in prospect some very singular events.

The four men in the whalerboat went down the river without hindrance. Lebrun conned the lights and steered their course; once they passed within 30 feet of a gay Fluviale steamer, whose bright lights flooded them with brilliancy. Lebrun waved ironically at those who lined the rail, as the searchlight touched him.

When dawn heaved up out of the ocean, the whalerboat was swimming along beneath a brisk wind. The river and its narrow, widening entrance had fallen behind. To the east was a faint bar upon the horizon—Cap St. Jacques. Lebrun headed the boat into the south, steering by a cap impulse, lay beside him. This remarkable man was not questioned by his companions as to his navigating ability; one takes for granted that M. le Diable can do anything.

A little after dawn the four breakfasted. Then Lebrun gave over the tiller to Le Morpion, who crouched above it like a bulking-jawed dog, and lay down to sleep upon some canvas. As he stretched he glanced at Smith and put one hand into his pocket.

CHAPTER X.
Red Death.

"Here is something that may interest you," he said, and handed Smith the folded paper which he had received from Felice, and which

Felice Bonnard had taken from the table in the room of Berangere des Gachons. Then he closed his eyes and slept.

Smith, sitting beside L'Etoile, glanced at the paper and smiled sardonically. He took out his pipe and lighted it. Certainly, he reflected, this picture of J. Hudson Smith, shaven and trimmed and collared, looked very unlike the Smith whom he was now—the dirty-jawed ruffian bound for he knew not where!

The paper fell from his hand as he puffed. L'Etoile bent over, caught it as it fluttered. He saw the picture, and his one blazing eye opened wide in astonishment as he read at a glance the heavy lines of type below.

"Name of a dog!" he ejaculated softly, lifting his eye to Smith. "This—why this ventre-bleu looks like you!"

Smith laughed. "Thank you, my friend. Looks are not deceiving."

L'Etoile started. "You—why, it's not possible! I know who this man Smith is—at least, I heard in Hanoi that he—"

Here all in an instant, Smith perceived disaster leaping at him. His face hardened.

"You don't know everything!" he said, in a low voice. "Be careful. L'Etoile was so utterly taken aback by astonishment that for an instant he could not stare, in incredulous amazement, at the man who was with him. This dog of hell is the one who—"

Smith's fingers gripped his arm. "Be careful!" said Smith, quietly. He realized that Le Morpion, who could hear nothing of what they said, was gazing at them curiously. "Be careful, I warn you!"

From L'Etoile broke a sudden bursting snarl of fury.

"You—hell be kind to you!" he gasped. "So this is your name, is it?"

The hand of Smith tightened on his arm. But the other arm moved, flashed, drove in and out like the head of a striking snake.

The other hand of Smith was in his jacket pocket. That pocket vomited a splash of red flame, gave vent to a single smashing report. From Le Morpion came a hoarse, inarticulate yell. The figure of Lebrun seemed straight up, pistol in hand. But there was no need.

L'Etoile had fallen back against the corner of thwart and gunnel. His two hands were clasped about his throat, and through the fingers seeped a dreadful tide of bubbling crimson. A knife had fallen from his fingers into his lap. His eyes were staring for a moment at Lebrun, his lips were open and vainly trying to utter a word. Then his lips closed, his one eye fluttered shut, and he fell back limp in death.

Smith sat motionless, his left hand bringing a pistol into sight. Over his face was creeping a deathly pallor. His eyes went to Lebrun.

"What's this?" crackled the latter's voice.

"We disagreed," said Smith. "You've lost L'Etoile. Don't ask questions, you fool! You'll lose me if you don't give me a hand—quick!"

His right hand, pressed against his side, came away red. L'Etoile's knife had bitten him. Then, quietly, he laid down the pistol and doubled forward, unconscious.

"He shot L'Etoile!" cried out Le Morpion, his voice terrible. One would have said that this scoundrel, this unspeakable ruffian, was pierced by grief for his dead comrade in sin. "He shot L'Etoile!"

"Don't be a fool, you! What caused the quarrel?"

"I couldn't hear. They were talking," L'Etoile snapped with his knife.

"And paid for it," said Lebrun. "I am sorry. But this fellow Smith—did you note how he used his brains? Said I'd lose him if I didn't act! Clever, I call it. He knew that I couldn't afford to lose two at once. Keep your hands off him, understand? This man is worth a hundred. He has more brains than L'Etoile."

"How about me?" grunted Le Morpion.

"You're a friend. He's a mercenary. Besides, he is to be blamed for our future sins."

Le Morpion saw sense in this, and said no more, although his eyes were very dark and evil.

Meantime, Lebrun was bending over the figure of Smith. Removing jacket and skirt, he laid bare the side—white, firm skin marred by an ugly scar that was slowly growing. Then, and coolly enough, Lebrun searched the unconscious man from hair to socks; searched him thoroughly, carefully, unmercifully. What ever the object of his search, it was unattained. He replaced everything.

After this, he gave his attention to the wound, which was not serious. He bound it very deftly, replaced shirt and jacket, and left Smith to recover of his own volition. He picked up the body of L'Etoile, poised it a moment at the boat's edge, and sent it overboard.

"A good friend, a faithful friend, an honest friend," he said, gazing out after the bobbing speck. Yet, perhaps, the words were sardonic; there was a queer gleam in his eyes as he gazed.

"What brought it on?" demanded Le Morpion sulkily. "What caused it?"

"Who knows? Waken me when this man opens his eyes. Touch him not. Speak not. Only—waken me."

With this, he took his former place on the canvas, and appeared to fall asleep at once.

The morning wore past in magnificence of solitude, the sun blazing in the sky, the ocean all blue-green and desolate, empty of ships. The whalerboat skimmed on and on, pushed steadily by the crisp breeze, Le Morpion steering her skillfully and cunningly. The seas swung past endlessly, the foam hissing and swirling under the lee rail to bubble out behind in a thin wake. On the canvas, Lebrun slept, an arm over his face; above the tiller crouched Le Morpion, watching, always watching. Then, suddenly, the eyes of Smith opened.

Le Morpion was gazing upward at the moment. Like the Indian who does not see the waving grass yet perceives something amiss, with nature's ordering, the man perceived the movement. An inarticulate word came from his lips. Instantly, Lebrun sat up and gazed at Smith; he was wide awake, speaking even as he sat up. One would have thought that he had slept with the words breaking on his lips, so swiftly did he speak.

"Ah, Smith, what did you and L'Etoile quarrel over?"



Beginning Tomorrow Morning at 9 AN EXTRAORDINARY MILLINERY SALE

Just In Time For the Holiday

This is the time of the year when every woman wants a New Hat. Something stylish to set off her summer costume; something that will be a credit to her. Well, here's the biggest opportunity of the year. The chance to save an unbelievable amount of money on a beautiful, stylish, well-made hat. You all know the Royal sales, and you all know when we say it is a bargain it is a real bargain. Well, here's a feast of bargains for today and tomorrow that you, madam, cannot afford to miss.



Divided Into Three Lots—

FIRST LOT, \$3.95

Here is a fine assortment of Bornah Satin, Canton Crepes, Georgettes, Milans, White Straws, Felts and Leghorns, in a variety of shades and styles. Sale price, Today and Tomorrow **\$3.95**

LOT NO. 2, \$5.00

In this lot are some really beautiful Hats, including Embroidered Taffetas, Tagal, trimmed with Ostrich; large and small Leghorns, and many model Hats. Sale price, Today and Tomorrow **\$5.00**

LOT NO. 3, \$6.75

Here is an extraordinary offer: Just think of it, you can step into our store and select any of the best Hats in the store, including Imported Hats, Model Hats, Hand-made Hats, Dress Hats, Ostrich Picture Hats, All-White Taffeta and Georgette Hats; also trimmed with French flowers. These Hats sell regularly from \$10.00 to \$15.00. Sale price, today and tomorrow **\$6.75**

Many women prefer dark or colored Hats for summer wear. There is a dandy assortment in Plain Tailored and Trimmed Hats on sale, Today and Tomorrow **\$3.95**

This is a sale you cannot afford to miss. Be on hand early and you will not be disappointed.

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MILLINERY
AND FUR CO.**

246 DUNDAS STREET.

HOLIDAY SPECIALS

—at—

R. J. Young & Co. Limited

Celebrating Dominion Day we have prepared values that will make it a red letter day in London selling events. Suits for men that will make this a "remembered event." We advise early selection. The style, the workmanship, the material are the best, as good as found in suits usually sold at least for one-third more.

A Real Buy

Be Wise.
Take Advantage

Silk Poplin Shirts

Collar to match

Sand Shade

\$2.65

Reg. \$4.00

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Silk and Wool HOSE

Six colors; all sizes, plain **48c**

Regular 75c

Fancy Drop stitch **59c**

Regular 85c

\$40 PROGRESS BRAND SUITS
\$28.50

In the two most popular colors, Brown and Blue Herringbone; hand tailored throughout **\$28.50**

SUMMER PANTS FOR MEN, \$6.95

Just the kind for these warm days; Wool Serge or Flannel for summer wear **\$6.95**

HERE YOU ARE, MEN, GET THIS!

TWO-PIECE SUITS IN SHADES OF GRAY AND LOVAT — AN IDEAL SUIT, \$19.75

HOLIDAY FURNISHINGS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Regular and sport collar style, Boys' Blouses, fine mercerized soisette, ecru shade **\$1.35**

Men's Outing Shirts, button down collar; tan, white, blue; 14 to 17 **\$2.50**

Holeproof Silk Hose **\$1.00**

Coatless Braces, 2 and 4 point style **50c**

Athletic Combinations, 34 to 46 **98c**

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN COMBINATIONS \$1.19

Short Sleeve, Ankle Length — Short Sleeve, Short Leg. Sizes 34 to 44; Regular \$1.50.

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For the Holiday?
GET IN LINE!

New Braids; New Sennits; All Sizes.

\$1.50 to \$4.00

Kiddies' Picnic Hats **35c**

Kiddies' Wash Hats **79c**

Boys' Straws, Rah Rah shape **85c to 95c**

Men's Wash Hats **29c to 50c**

Rubber Belts **25c to 50c**

Boys' Summer Jerseys **50c**

Boys' Blouses, new patterns **98c**

Boys' New Neckwear, braids **50c**

Boys' Combinations, Balbriggan **95c**