

"ALWAYS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR THE LEAST MONEY."

WE BOUGHT THE ENTIRE KID GLOVE STOCK OF THE JOHN KNOX CO., LTD., OF HAMILTON

The immense stock of The John Knox Co., Limited, of Hamilton, was recently offered for sale, and we were lucky enough to secure the entire Glove Stock at a price noteworthy for its extreme lowness. And this is why we are able to offer the citizens of London some of the

Greatest Glove Bargains Ever Known in This City

While the quantity is very large, still the prices are so very low that there will be huge gaps made in the stock in one day's selling. So we say be on deck with the first comers and get the unlimited choice from the entire lot when the SALE COMMENCES TUESDAY.

The briefly-itemized account of the bargains listed below will give you an idea of what great opportunities await you here tomorrow. And by all means SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAY.

Elbow-Length Gloves

With three buttons at wrist.

Black Glace Kid. Worth \$3, for.....	\$2.25
White Glace Kid. Worth \$2.75, for.....	\$1.95
Black and Tan Suede. Worth \$2.50, for.....	\$1.95

Medium or One-Quarter Length

Fine quality, white only. Pair.....\$1.39

Wrist-Length Gloves

Black, White and Tan Glace Kid. Worth \$1.25, for.....	79c
Black, Tan, Gray and Modes, in elegant, velvety suede. Worth \$1.25 pair, for.....	79c

All sizes if you buy now.

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING

GRAY & PARKER

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING

AS A MAN SOWS

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BY HELEN WALLACE.
Author of "The Greatest of These," "Their Hearts' Desire," Etc.

"I am getting two more men down from London. I've lost faith in them, they sent, and in our own men, too. We should be making some progress; we should have hit upon some clue before now," walking up and down, driven by a goading impatience. "Marion, I know, is losing hope," with an upbraiding glance toward his wife's stately figure. She started round in swift appeal, but he went on unheeding. "But I will not give up hoping—never—I can't—I can't!"

"God could not lay such a punishment on any man; it would be too dreadful, too horrible!"—the restless, red-rimmed eyes roving from the one to the other. Under all the misery of the worse than bereaved father, some other thing, some deeper desire, seemed to look out from these strained eyes, from that haggard face.

Lady Stormont came quickly to his side. "David," she said gently, laying her hand on his arm, and the light touch, the quiet voice seemed to steady him for the moment, and to recall him to himself. Now Conyers understood why, save for that one outbreak, she held her grief down with so strong a hand, why she masked it with that set, still face.

For himself a sense of nightmare oppression was growing on him. Was this Stormont? Was that stricken, tragic pair his kind old friends? Was it Isobel—Isobel, his little play-fellow, the gentle girl, his wife almost, who had stepped—in her muslin frock and her little slippers—how these trifles stung—out of this safe, sheltered life into—what? Like the older man, he, too, burst into a flame of revolt.

"No, I will not give up hope either. I can't—I won't despair. I believe she is alive, and if she is alive, by God, I will find her."

Brave and honest words, and coming from the very depths of his nature, a nature beyond the pleasant, easy surface of which the young man knew as little as yet perhaps as his acquaintance did. Now for the first time that outer crust of cool, easy good nature had been pierced, and the slumbering forces beneath had been stirred to passion, to pity, to a heart of resolve. But how to turn that resolve into action, or rather into action which seemed to hold the faintest hope of success. It was easy enough to be futilely busy, he told

Perney Hirschman Tells His Part of Story

THE CASE FULLY REPORTED, PROVES THE WORK WAS DONE BY DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 24.—A well-known resident at 93 Sackville street, Mr. Perney Hirschman, who has been in a somewhat serious condition lately, has recovered, and says: "Six months ago my appetite fell off and my health became very poor. I had terrible attacks of indigestion and often was unable to sleep at night. My poor color showed what an ill man I was. I tried numerous remedies, but the only genuine one was Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butterbur. Two boxes cured my indigestion. My appetite increased and my strength came back quickly. Today I have a fine zest for my meals. I feel as strong and healthy as a young boy. Because they are so cleansing and so tonic in their effect I think Dr. Hamilton's Pills should be used by every person. My wife used them regularly with grand results."

himself bitterly, as he went over every rod of ground within the park walls in the vain hope of finding some clue that might have escaped other eyes, and questioned and cross-questioned every soul about the place, and for all his pains, he found nothing.

From Justice, Isobel's little French maid, he got no satisfaction. Between hysterical grief and the gressome importance attaching to her amid her fellow-servants, as the last person who had seen "poor Miss Isobel" alive the girl was well-nigh beside herself. She burst into passionate tears at Conyers' first words.

"Ah, mon Dieu, m'sieur, ask me not again to tell it; what can I say that I have not already said?"

"But there might be something—some little trifle which might help, which might strike me though the others did not notice it," urged Conyers.

"No, no not possible! I have told it so often to my lady, to Sir David, to the police, to everyone. What more to say—alas! I have nothing. We go to the wood as every day, and the poor angel, she says—just like the more. I go—of course, I go. I ask you, m'sieur, could I do other? Miladi, she blame me, but how to forgive myself?"

"Of course you couldn't know," broke in Conyers, ashamed, manlike, the girl's uncontrolled distress, the little, pliant face all marred with tears.

"No one blames you; why should they? But you noticed nothing, no footmarks anywhere, nothing dropped?"

"Ah, m'sieur, it was long before I think of that. I think m'anselle, she change her mind, she go to walk, she wants me not. I wait, I wait, then I wonder, then I seek, I fear, I despair—for there in the water so near, and the paths were dry—dry and smooth with the—how you call them?—the needles. Ah, m'sieur, there is no more." And Conyers left her, feeling that it would be cruel to urge her further. The girl had been attached to her gentle young mistress; there seemed no possible reason to doubt the truth of her story, any more than the reality of her grief.

With Sir David, Conyers went through the heaps of amazing letters which every post brought, some evidently written in all good faith, offering what the writers considered to be valuable information, others angling for a reward, and shoals from palmists, clairvoyants, crystal gazers and dabblers in occultism of every kind, haunting the resources of their art to trace the missing girl. If he could have spared the poor father this hopeless task he rain would, but Sir David feverishly read every scrap, was ready and eager to follow up even the most far-fetched suggestion, till one day when Conyers had contemptuously swept aside a letter retelling a trance-vision remarkably circumstantial up to the point where it might have been of any service, Sir David laid a trembling hand upon it, saying in a hesitating, half-apologetic fashion, "I dare," ruffled out bravely in the evening breeze. That stubborn, age-long defiance to time and to fate alike, awoke a kindred chord. Involuntarily his hands clenched themselves.

"I will not give up hope—I will not—I will find her," he repeated, doggedly, though the spacious evening stillness, the wide calm of indifferent nature settling down to night and to repose, seemed to embody that one haunting, baffling, unanswerable question: "Where?"

he saw him restlessly fingering it

"God help us, if this lasts much longer we shall go crazy," he thought, as he hastily left the room; but it was from himself that he was vainly trying to escape, he knew, as he wandered out again. Apart almost from any volition of his own, his feet carried him along the path they had so often trodden of late—to the Round Wood, where, between two silver-stemmed birches, the hammock of gaily colored twines still hung. He stood gazing at it for a blank, desolate moment, then he moved aimlessly away, taking, as a sleep-walker might, the first narrow path which offered. A few listless steps along the slippery, glistening carpet of pine-needles, and, like the sleeper awakening, he was brought up with a sudden shock—he was on the brink of the river!

The broad stream lay dark and glassily still under the overhanging trees and the dense screen of alder bushes which hemmed it in on either side, the path which offered. A few listless steps along the slippery, glistening carpet of pine-needles, and, like the sleeper awakening, he was brought up with a sudden shock—he was on the brink of the river!

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"If I stay here much longer," Basil put it to himself, modern fashion, "I'll soon be as bad as the poor old chap, ready to try any sort of hanky panky." The words were light, but he could not so easily thrust the boding horror of the place from him. He turned and walked swiftly away, going where he did not know, so long as it was away from the river, feeling only the need for some swift movement, anything to break the trance of numb hopelessness which seemed settling down upon him.

Beneath him lay the broad valley, with its chequer work of field and meadow and somber "planting," its gentle slopes and swelling uplands ever rising and darkening towards these far-off peaks, purple-hooded by distant storm clouds. At his feet, where the river sweeping seaward broke in silvery shadows over its shingly bed, was the great turreted, many-gabled house. From the old central tower round which the more modern buildings clustered, the flag, with the Stormont blazon, a sturdy oak, and the Stormont motto: "I dare," ruffled out bravely in the evening breeze. That stubborn, age-long defiance to time and to fate alike, awoke a kindred chord. Involuntarily his hands clenched themselves.

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CHAPTER III.

The Hut on the Moor.

Where—where—where? The question grew but the more baffling, the more unanswerable, and yet the more

insistent as the night dragged on its

endless length. Every slow, solemn stroke of the big turret clock, which Conyers now recollected he never used to hear before, hammered "Where?" relentlessly into his brain; a spray of ivy rustling against the window pane wandering breeze murmured it—"Where, Where?" filled all the darkness and the silence. He had long ceased to wonder at Sir David's unbearable restlessness, at his almost savage impatience. Secretly he was conscious that they were taking possession of himself, and long before it was light he had decided that he would go to Eddleston, a big seaport and manufacturing town, a long day's drive distant, and try to follow up a suggested clue there. Only too likely it would end in nothing, like so many another over-zealous eyes deceived by some chance likeness—but at least it would be better than eating his heart out at Stormont.

Though he had tried to discount a probable failure beforehand, Conyers realized that he had hoped more than he knew from the bitterness of disappointment when his quest proved unsuccessful. A night at a "commercial" hotel did not tend to raise his spirits, and in the morning, as he stood aimlessly gazing out over the dirty wire blinds to the narrow, busy street, he was conscious chiefly of a weary shrink from the return to Stormont, bringing nothing with him but slain hopes and deeper disappointment. How was he to face the silent question in Lady Stormont's eyes and Sir David's restless misery? It suddenly occurred to him that he might drive back by a series of cross roads, and make inquiries by the way. The roads were little frequented, and so far as he knew they had not yet been specially explored. He had little hope of any result, but when it was all blind chance, one way was as good or as bad as another. It would at least postpone the inevitable acknowledgment of another failure, and keep despair at bay a little longer. It was the last thought perhaps which chiefly decided him, and in a short time he was driving out of Eddleston by the northern road in a light trap and behind a smart horse.

The weather had changed in the night, and the smiling harvest calm had given place to a raw, blustering wind dreary with driving clouds and rain. The few wayside houses had their doors closed against the blast, and the uncreaked grain lay flattened under the beating rain. It was a long, dreary business, but Conyers kept doggedly at it, and the day was well advanced when at last he stopped perforce to rest the horse and have a long delayed lunch.

To Be Continued.

THE PLAGUE IN FRISCO

Fifty-Five Verified Cases—Thirty Deaths Up to Date.

San Francisco, Oct. 7.—Fifty-five verified cases of bubonic plague have developed in San Francisco to date, according to the report being kept in the office of Dr. Blue, of the marine hospital, in charge of the work of eradication. There have been 30 deaths. About 30 suspects are under observation.

One of the 51 verified cases, Miss Kelling, a trained nurse at City and County Hospital, has recovered and been discharged.

Under the 51 verified cases, Miss Kelling, a trained nurse at City and County Hospital, has recovered and been discharged.

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Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4203—A STYLISH DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Mothers are always looking for pretty designs in small dresses, hence the suggestion here given may not come amiss. It is intended for girls from 5 to 12 years, and is well adapted to any of the lightweight materials used for juvenile wear, requiring but little labor to fashion. The groups of tucks at either side of the front, together with the box-pleats, provide sufficient adornment, so that no other trimming is needed. The skirt is a three-piece one, and is attached to the waist beneath the narrow belt. For the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material are needed.

4203—Eight sizes, 5 to 12 years. The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below to:

Name
Street Address
Town
Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

THOMAS A. EDISON SUED FOR MILLIONS

His Whole Fortune Menaced by Federal Court—Faces Contempt Charge.

New York, Oct. 7.—That Thomas Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park," is facing contempt proceedings in one Federal Court and a suit involving millions in another, which may sweep away his entire fortune, became known yesterday.

In one suit which has been called before the United States Circuit Court in Jersey City on October 9, the minority stockholders of the New England Phonograph Company, which was organized in 1888 to sell Edison phonographs, allege that it paid Mr. Edison \$25,000 for the exclusive right to sell his phonographs in the New England States and that Edison obtained control of the board of directors and packed it with his own employees; that no profits ever were paid, and that the Edison Board actually voted to discontinue a suit brought in the name of the company for an accounting.

Frank A. Dyer, counsel for the inventor, vainly tried to induce Robert D. Murray, the counsel for the stockholders, to permit Edison to give his testimony in Orange and avoid appearing in court. Mr. Murray declared that both Mr. Edison and William E. Gilmore, president of the National Phonograph Company, operating under the Edison patents, would be compelled to testify when the case is called.

John L. Andem, of No. 140 Nassau street, who is prime mover in the New Jersey suit said: "When Mr. Edison made his contract with the New England Company in 1888 he made a similar contract with twenty-six other companies, each representing separate territories. In 1893, when the New England Company was not making money, Mr. Edison writing as president of the North America Phonograph Company, offered to conduct the business of the New England Company for two years, giving it 10 per cent profit on all machines sold and 25 per cent profit on all records."

He never paid a cent of profits to us, and in 1905, when the North America Phonograph Company, the parent concern, went into the hands of a receiver, Thomas A. Edison bought it under the hammer for \$125,000, though its capital stock was \$500,000. Then he transferred to Frederick B. Ott, an employee, all of his interest in contracts with local companies.

"Thus by reason of this bankrupt proceeding the New England Company was left high and dry. Mr. Edison's next move was to buy up a controlling interest in the New England Company and have a board of directors of his own workmen vote to

abandon a suit that company had brought against him. It was not until a legal fight that the minority stockholders could even see the minutes of this board meeting.

"We have been fighting for our rights ever since 1905, when a motion was made before United States Judge Gray to have the illegal resolution set aside."

The New York Phonograph Company, which is said to have had an experience similar to the New England Company, except that Edison did not get a controlling interest in the stock, have secured judgment in the lower courts against S. B. Devoagna, one of the four hundred jobbers in New York selected as a defendant in a test case. The judgment demands an accounting of all phonographs and supplies sold in New York since 1898.

A perpetual injunction granted in 1906 prohibiting the sale of the Edison phonograph in New York, except through the New York Company, has been disobeyed and contempt proceedings to compel an accounting are on the calendar of the Appellate Division of the Brooklyn Supreme Court for October 11 next.

During his last illness Curran, the great Irish wit, was one day told by the medical attendant that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than he had done the previous day. "That's odd enough," replied the sick one, "because I've been practicing all night."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE QUICK HEADACHE.

Bon Ami

The Best Scouring Soap Made

A Scouring Soap
A Metal Polish
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