

When ordering supplies for a camping party or your summer home, remember that

CHASE & SANBORN'S

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

comes in 1 and 2 pound tins, which retains all the delicious flavor and aroma of the freshly ground coffee. It is never sold in bulk.

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The Man From the West

BY EVERETT GREEN,
Author of "The Marriage of Marcia," "Lady Elizabeth and the Juggernaut," etc.

"Bless you, I'll get the whole lot of you over in a brace of shakes." The children set up a wild yell of rapture, the Henniker twins had had experience of Val's superior prowess before this; at the same moment Cotswold came up, and Lawley took off his hat, saying to Mary in a low tone: "Will you introduce me?"

Mary looked at Cotswold as though to ask his wishes. He smiled at her in friendly fashion; then he addressed the lawyer.

"I think we can dispense with that formality. I believe you to be that Mr. Lawley who wrote me a letter the other day."

"Which your lordship has not been pleased to answer?"

"Just so. Would you wish to know the reason?"

"If you will be good enough to tell me."

By this time Mary and Val were in the punt; Cotswold saw Mary's eyes fixed upon him, and would fain have joined the merry party, but for the moment he felt constrained to remain ashore. He walked slowly along the bank, the man of the law keeping pace with him.

"I did not reply to that letter, because it appeared to me to be the sequel to an anonymous communication which I had received a short time previously; and the writer of anonymous letters is not a man to have dealing with."

"I wrote no anonymous letter, my lord."

"But are possibly aware who did and for what purpose?"

For a few seconds Lawley made no reply. Cotswold was aware of the fact that he did know by whom that letter had been penned, and what its contents had been.

As if by common consent the two

men paused and looked each other full in the face.

"Don't you think, my lord, that it would be wiser on your part, and more comfortable for all parties, if we were just to discuss this little matter in an amicable spirit? I am sure that a gentleman like you would not desire that the lawful claimant should be kept out of his own—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawley, but I am not prepared to discuss any matter with you until I know that you have full credentials and have some right to demand it. And even so, things are better managed by solicitors corresponding together and communicating with their principals."

Cotswold saw that this suggestion was not palatable, and felt a little throb of satisfaction. His own legal advisers were some of the best men in the country. Probably Lawley knew this himself. Suddenly he spoke:

"You know that Anthony Gaskell has returned from America to claim his own?"

Every man should certainly claim his own, but some ill-advised persons have been known to get into trouble by making the mistake of claiming what is not their own. I wish you a very good day."

CHAPTER VIII.

Al Fresco.

Cotswold was walking alone through the woodlands a few days later, revolving many matters in his mind. His life seemed suddenly to have become curiously crowded with joy and perplexity and pain. Something had entered it which made for glory and seemed a somewhat scurvy trick on the part of Dame Fortune, at the very same moment that love had come (for was the meaning of these new delights and leaps of heart, these golden skies and starry nights, has come also misgivings, anxious fears as to his own position and future, which at any moment might take concrete shape and entirely change his position and prospects.

He had consulted his lawyers—had told them all that had happened, and had heard from them that his best course would be to remain passive, to make no sign or statement, to let the other side prove the claim—if it could.

That there was a possibility of Anthony Gaskell's having left a son, he did not deny, but these men of the law had a strong belief that old Lord Cotswold had known more about this vanished son of his than he chose to admit even to them. He was a strong-willed, resourceful, secretive man, and was quite capable of having employed detectives in America to keep him informed of facts which he never named even to his legal advisers. Cotswold could believe this from what he had known of his grandfather, and today the words which the senior partner of the firm of Damer & Denzil had used recurred to him with something of comfort and reassurance.

"It was our late client's fancy and resolve never to name the son with whom he had quarrelled, and to act as though he were wiped out of existence. Even to us he never mentioned him, nor would he suffer us so much as to hint that Mr. Anthony Gaskell was his heir. We heard of his death from another source, and tried then for our own satisfaction to discover whether he had married or left children, but were baffled. Our impression is, nevertheless, that the late Lord Cotswold knew, and we believe that he must have had some assurance that there would be no claimant for title or estate to interfere with our succession. At the same time, we hold no proofs of this. But the man who calls himself Anthony Gaskell will have to have his proofs very clear and satisfactory if he is to oust you from the position you hold. Of course, we shall wait with some anxiety and much interest the trend of events, but we need not forecast disaster."

The recollection of this opinion, from a man who was cautious of committing himself, could not but be comforting, yet Cotswold felt somewhat like a man walking on the crater of a volcano; some sudden bouleversement might at any moment overtake him and disaster and destruction ensue.

He was roused from his reverie by the sound of merry children's voices not far away, laughter and shouts of delight, together with cries for "Mary, Mary." And at sound of that name Cotswold felt his heart leap suddenly up from off him in a single moment.

His feet had reached the top of a little wooded hollow, and the sounds of mirth and laughter rose up from thence.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, look at Val, Oh, look at Val! Isn't he clever? How does he do it? Oh, just look at him!"

"I tell you Mary could do it just as well herself," spoke the voice of the man from the west. Come along here, Mary, and show them."

Evidently some great excitement now ensued, and Cotswold, leaping down wards to join the fun, came suddenly upon the little clearing at the bottom of the hollow, and saw a party, animated scene.

There were about half-a-dozen children assembled there, including the Henniker twins, also Hilda and Bosh, who had evidently been kindling a fire and sitting the kettle on to boil, gipsy fashion. But their interest, and the of the whole party, was now centred upon Mary, who was standing upright on the broad back of the donkey that had transported the provision baskets, whilst the sober beast paraded round and round, and Val walked beside with

a hand raised for Mary to grasp, if she needed this aid to her balance.

The children were laughing and clapping. Mary's face wore a smile of sympathy and her graceful figure swayed a little with the movement of the donkey, but she kept herself wonderfully erect, her eyes fixed fast to the front.

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Val. "I'll bet my bottom dollar Mary was born and brought up in the saddle; you can't mistake the look of it. Wasn't it so, Mary? This isn't the first time you've played tricks on bare-backed beasts."

The girl laughed as she lightly sprang to the ground.

"You see almost too much, Val, but it's quite true. I was always riding when I was a tiny tot, and after I got here to England, too—as long as Uncle Miles lived. It was my recreation and delight, and he used to like to hear what I did and where I went."

"I say," shouted Bosh, leaping into the immediate ring about the donkey, "it's have a gymnastics for the mother's birthday. The frumps would be what we should do to make it different from just a garden party like last time. Let's have a show of our own—a sort of surprise. We'll only tell them that it's going to be awful fun. The paddock would just do, wouldn't it, Val; the one across the ha-ha, close to the garden. The frumps would be all in the garden, and we'd have a ring and do a lot of things."

A sort of pageant like we're always hearing about. Say so, Mary, what do you say to the notion? Will you be one of the show figures? A real live lord, and a lady, too."

The children were clamoring about him now. He was a favorite with the youngsters only second to Val.

"Help us—they'll all say yes if you're in it. Mummy and Dad'll let us do anything if you're going to help, and the girls won't want to be nasty then."

Val's eyes lighted, but Mary put a soft hand over the mouth of the most forward speaker. Cotswold saw that the little one behind the hand and kissed it, and laid her cheek against it. He thought that Mary, with a bunch of children about her, was one of the prettiest sights he had ever seen.

The idea "caught on" tremendously. Hilda and Bosh, together with Val, were already rehearsing tricks of vaulting and circus riding, using the patient ass for their mount. Val was piqued with delightful suggestions, and his own achievements kept the youngsters in transports of delight.

To Be Continued.

SETH LOW CONSIDERED

Will Likely To Be Next United States Ambassador to England.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 12.—The name of Seth Low, former mayor of New York and once head of Columbia University, is given serious consideration by President Taft in the selection of a successor to Whitelaw Reid as ambassador to Great Britain.

Since the declaration of the post by President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, Mr. Taft, it is known, has been looking around carefully in his search for a representative American, intellectually fitted to hold the post at the court of St. James, and rich enough to stand the expense and give no occasion for the President, it is declared, is convinced that Mr. Low is the possessor of all the desired attributes, and it is largely probable that he will be offered this post.

Should this be the case, Mr. Low would be expected to relieve Ambassador Reid at his post on Jan. 1. As a delegate to the peace conference at The Hague in 1899 Mr. Low, it is claimed, showed a marked aptitude for the handling of international questions, and he is known to have the personal friendship of the President.

BULL IN PENNY MARKET

Juveniles on the Curb Have Visions of Wealth.

Washington, Aug. 12.—The supply of the new Lincoln pennies, bearing the three initials of the designer, has been exhausted, so far as distribution at the treasury department is concerned. The word that they were "all gone" was issued shortly before the Treasury Building was closed yesterday.

Immediately the bulls of the juvenile curb market outside ran up the price. From three for a nickel the figure jumped to two for a nickel, a nickel apiece, four for a quarter, and a dime apiece. Some asked as much as 25 cents each, and refused to take less.

Since Secretary MacVeagh decided last Thursday that V. D. Brenner, the designer of the new penny, had given too much prominence to his initials and ordered that the coinage should cease until the die could be recut, the newsboys have swarmed about the building, securing as many pennies as they could get money to have changed. They had a lively trade outside, and every day saw more and more young brokers engaged in the business.

Nearly a hundred messengers and newsboys were in line when the last "V. D. B." was paid out yesterday. As the word went down the line the boys could hardly realize what had befallen them. Some, with crestfallen, disappointed faces, wept out their troubles outside.

Others who had neither sold short and had to have pennies to cover their sales, or with the thought of buying as low as possible before the brokers on the curb learned that the pennies had all been paid out, took their places among the buyers and began bidding on everything offered.

It did not take long for those who had stocks on hand to appreciate that something had happened. When the curb brokers saw so many small human beings among their customers, they guessed that the source of supply had failed, and the market became firm. When they learned that the pennies were all gone the prices went up by leaps and bounds, and some refused to sell at any price, believing that they could get their own figure within a few days.

When the exchange closed Jimmy Monihan, who sells papers opposite the state and navy building, asked Giuseppe Giovanni, who shouts his wares in front of the White House: "Oh, Seppi! How many have you got?"

"I gotta me ten. I gotta me dolla apiece, maybe," responded the popular Italian, exultantly.

HARRY THAW'S MOTHER AGAIN ATTACKS JEROME

Is Bitter With Noted Prosecutor Over Failure To Be Freed.

White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Harry K. Thaw was visited late today by his attorney, Charles Morschauer, and by his mother and his sister Alice, the former Countess of Yarmouth. Both he and his sister seemed anxious to shield the mother as much as possible. Thaw himself gave the first news of the decision to his sister over the telephone, directing it be broken to his mother as gently as possible.

Late tonight Mrs. Thaw, after talking over the situation with her son, wrote out the following statement for the Associated Press.

"Let no one imagine for a moment on reading this opinion of Judge Mills that it means a victory for the district attorney, the county of New York. One by one the defenses, my which he and his attorneys started out were proven, each by the mouths of the several witnesses, to be stubborn facts, that would not own at his bidding."

Every prop was taken from under that arrogant, vindictive persecutor of a sane, acquitted man.

"So baffled was he, that when he rose to make his closing speech (for argument it was not) he had more the appearance of a schoolboy, compelled to believe himself reasonable; courageous, mature sophist, who dominates the courts of his own judicial district, except when wealthy malefactors are under trial."

"The license allowed him during the entire hearing to torture and insult in every form of brutality, and all the reason for this totally unexpected and cruel decision of the trial judge must remain a mystery."

"Meanwhile my son, my daughter, and I have no alternative but to take up again the burden I had every reason to believe was behind us forever. We, exiled from our two homes, and in the regular flow of life, will remain close to the gate, and so help the son and brother to endure an existence which, if perpetual, would be far worse than death itself, trusting in God's overruling Providence in his own good time to vindicate the right."

(Signed) MARY COPELEY THAW.

This afternoon a statement from Thaw came indirectly from the jail physician, Dr. William J. Meyers, who testified at the hearing as one of the prisoner's witnesses and declared Thaw perfectly sane.

Thaw told him, Dr. Meyers said, that while he was disappointed by Justice Mills' decision, he had no intention of giving up the fight. "I am determined to make my final effort to secure a trial by jury," said Thaw.

"I am more sorry for my mother than for anybody else," Thaw continued. "When I first got the news of Justice Mills' decision I called my sister Alice on the telephone and asked her to give me my mother the news, but to soften the shock of it as much as possible."

"My fight is now centred upon the appeal to the court of appeals, through which alone to secure a hearing before a jury."

Dr. Meyers said Thaw was taking the decision calmly and was in no danger of breaking down.

Charles Morschauer, Thaw's attorney, did not arrive here from his home in Poughkeepsie until the middle of the afternoon. He went straight to the jail, where he spent half an hour with his client. Mr. Morschauer refrained from commenting at length upon the decision until he had read it through.

"I am stunned," he said. "I don't know just what action I shall take until I familiarize myself with every detail of Justice Mills' conclusions and consult with Mrs. Mary C. Thaw."

Asked if he was still retained in the case, Mr. Morschauer replied: "I never give up."

"Has Mr. Thaw any intention of changing his attorneys?" he was asked.

"Not that I know of," answered Mr. Morschauer. "At any rate I am not discharged yet."

DARE YOU EAT HEARTILY?

OR IS EVERY MEAL FOLLOWED BY DISCOMFORT.

So certain are we that "Little Digesters" will cure indigestion every time—for every person—for YOUTH—that we will give you your money back without a word if they fail.

You can enjoy a good, hearty meal of wholesome food three times a day, if you take a tablet after each meal. Read how "Little Digesters" cured Mr. Thody.

"For two years I suffered with indigestion, and obtained no relief from anything I took, including several prescriptions from prominent physicians. Every meal was followed by heartburn, and I feared to eat, consequently became run down for lack of nourishment. 'Little Digesters' were recommended to me by a friend and I tried them with remarkable results. Two boxes completely cured me, and I have not since had a pain, no matter how heartily I eat. I would certainly recommend them to anybody suffering with indigestion."

(Signed) E. THODY.

141 Yorkville avenue, Toronto, June 12, 1909.

"Little Digesters" can be had from your druggist or by mail from Coleman Medicine Company, for 25 cents a box.

The Saturday Bargain List

Truly, no past Saturday sale has offered better values than you read of here. Always this store has stood for quality. Quality even at the lowest prices, but nothing so cheap as to eliminate quality. We invite your inspection of these Saturday Specials. Wanted goods were never so low-priced.

Great Corset Special, 50c Pair

We take Saturday to introduce this new leader in our corset department. All sizes, made of Fine French Coutille; steel-filled; long hip; medium bust; in white only. Special at 50c

White Lisle Gloves Half Price

A limited quantity of Three-Button White Lisle Gloves; perfect in every detail. We sell them regularly at 50c. Saturday, per pair 25c

Blouse Sale Still Continues

We've had a wonderful sale of Muslim Blouses the last three days. Size range is still good, and we extend the time to buy them at the reduced price till Saturday night. Regular \$1.00 for 63c; regular \$1.50 for 97c; regular \$2.00 for \$1.37; regular \$3.00 for \$1.89; regular \$5.00 for \$2.95.

STORE OPEN TILL 10 P.M., SATURDAY.

GRAY & PARKER

Phone 1182

150 Dundas, and Carling Street

SEEKS HIS DAUGHTER FOR MANY YEARS

Robert Purdue, of Ohio, Hopes Now to Find Idolized Child.

Robert Sandusky, O., Aug. 12.—Robert P. Purdue hopes to learn through the arrest of Wilbur Silwell the whereabouts of his daughter Millie. He charges Silwell with kidnapping her 22 years ago.

Purdue has sought in vain all these years for some trace of the girl. He says Silwell ran away with Mrs. Purdue in 1887, and took the girl with them.

Millie then was 2 years old; now, if living, she is about the age at which her mother desired her father. Purdue has bent every energy in his long quest for his child. He had failed completely to find any clue either to her or to her mother until he discovered Silwell in Marion, O., Monday.

Now he believes that Silwell may give him information about the girl, to repair at least in part the injury which Purdue feels that Silwell did him.

Purdue was a farmer a short distance out of Upper Sandusky with his young wife and two little girls. Silwell worked for him and Mrs. Silwell took him as a boarder. Mrs. Purdue urged her husband to let her do this, she says, because she said it would help them to meet their household expenses.

The husband saw nothing to arouse his suspicions until, returning from a trip to the west, he found his wife and Silwell were missing with Millie. His wife had sent the other child to relatives in Battle Creek, Mich.

The husband waited several days, believing the three would return. Then, looking through the house, he found that his wife had taken clothes and other articles which she would not need for a short journey.

"Then I resolved that I would find Millie and punish Silwell," Purdue said Tuesday. "My wife I could not forgive, but I bore no grudge against her; the thought of what she had done only filled me with sorrow."

"I had an unusual attachment for her," said Purdue. "Maybe it was because she looked like her mother; maybe it was because of the way she used to hold her little arms around my neck."

A SERIOUS CHARGE

Cobalt Camp Boss Said To Have His Men Enslaved.

Ottawa, Aug. 13.—Andrew Levi, a laborer who was at the police court yesterday, charging two men with knocking him about, told a story about going to the customs house to expose license law infractions on the Montreal River. Questioned after court regarding the statement, Levi made a very serious charge against the contractors for the Cobalt power dam, now being erected on Montreal River.

"The place is worse than the slave camps of the Michigan woods," declared Levi. "The work is being mostly done by Italian boys who have been induced to go to Montreal River by promises of high wages, but they are kept virtually prisoners by the boss, a man named Georgia Gullia, who also conducts the illegal whiskey business."

"This man," continued Levi, "is the slave driver and whiskey dealer of the place. The liquor is shipped to him from a Montreal firm in barrels, from which the revenue stamp has been removed and a label stamped 'Vinegar' substituted. In the case of the more expensive liquors these are packed in cases and shipped as canned goods. Gullia sells the cheap whiskey at 15 cents per drink, and keeps the men half-stupefied. They are being swindled out of their wages by the system in vogue there also. I agreed to go at \$2.60 per day, but only got \$2 when I was paid. I promised the Italians there that I'd come to Ottawa and lay a complaint before the authorities."

72 Days of Dish Washing

You spend two hours every day washing dishes. That's 720 hours a year or 72 days of ten working hours each. This means that half the time is wasted. For with Taylor's Borax Soap you finish your work in one hour instead of two.

Isn't it worth five cents to have 36 days a year to yourself—to have cleaner and sweeter dishes than ever before with less than half the work?

Taylor's Soap

This wonderful soap is unlike any other you have ever known. It digs into the corners of dishes and loosens the dirt almost like magic. It cuts away grease and leaves the surface clean and polished.

Hard water makes hard dish washing, but Taylor's Borax Soap softens the hardest water and so makes the work easy. But it does more than soften the water—it softens the hands and leaves them even whiter than before. With this soap you save the bother of rubbing and most of the scouring. You simply have no idea of the work this soap can save—it's the greatest surprise you have ever known.

The glassware has a lustre that fairly sparkles with brilliance. The china ware looks as fresh and inviting as new. Yet you work only half as hard with this astonishing soap.

No soap could be purer than this, for during the boiling process we run thousands of gallons of clean water through the soap. Thus every impurity is carried away and the soap is absolutely clean.

Borax also sterilizes and sweetens. It kills every germ and leaves no possibility of contagion. It destroys all odors and leaves a clean scent that is simply delightful.

5 Cents a Cake

At All Dealers

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.

5¢ TAYLOR'S BORAX SOAP AT ALL DEALERS

LIKE ONTARIO BONDS.

Toronto, Aug. 12.—The Provincial Treasurer says that some of those who are subscribing for Ontario bonds declare that they are selling United States securities to invest in provincial securities.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids, itching, bleeding, and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get back your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

How to Avoid Sea Sickness

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarella, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarella I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity. B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 50

LIQUOR LICENSE ORDER.

Toronto, Aug. 12.—The provincial license department has given instructions that the licenses of all liquor dealers with three convictions against them are to be forfeited. This order will be strictly enforced.

Fetherstonhaugh's PATENTS. "The Prospective Patentee" Full information Inventors sent free application sent free.

STAR 805 is King St. W. TORONTO. Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, and Washington.

How to Avoid Sea Sickness

"Take along a box of Mother's Seal and Train Sickness Remedy. It has recently been thoroughly tested on ENGLISH and IRISH CHANNELS, and found absolutely reliable. Recommended editorially by such papers as London Daily Express and the press generally in Great Britain. Analyzed by Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D. Guaranteed perfectly harmless, and if not satisfactory money refunded. Write for booklet and press notices, and testimonials from prominent people. For sale at first-class druggists, or send direct to MOTHER'S SEAL REMEDY COMPANY, 238 Cleveland Building, Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended in London by W. T. Strong & Co., 134 Dundas Street, C. C. Callum & Co., 124 Dundas Street, and E. L. Guillemont, 404 Richmond Street.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A CHARMING HOUSE JACKET — NO. 8233.

Ladies' One-Piece Negligee.—Sizes for small, medium and large. The medium size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. This dainty little morning jacket is quite the simplest of garments to make, as it is cut with the front, back and sleeve all in one piece. The sleeve may be slashed on top and tied together with ribbons or finished plain. The fullness at the waistline is adjusted by a ribbon, and a tape inserted in a casing. The materials best suited for a negligee of this kind are French flannel, crepe cloth, challis, silk and lawn.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name

Street Address

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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 sent measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 25, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When child's or misses' pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." 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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.