

Strengthen your Stews with Bovril

A spoonful of Bovril forms a good, generous "basis" for a stew; it increases the nourishment and greatly improves the flavour.

OF ALL STORES, ETC. 1 lb. 25c.; 2 lb. 40c.; 4 lb. 70c.; 8 lb. \$1.20; 16 lb. \$2.25. Small tins, 1 lb. 25c.; 2 lb. 40c.; 4 lb. 70c.; 8 lb. \$1.20; 16 lb. \$2.25. Field Beef (Tins), \$1.20.



No one in all the country is more fitted for to-day's work than you are if you slept last night on a

MARSHALL Ventilated Mattress

You cannot rest and refresh yourself thoroughly if your bed is lumpy, matted or saggy. The resilience of the MARSHALL is just as great after one year, or ten years' use as after the first night. This can be said of no mattress stuffed with hair or cotton felt.

The MARSHALL is composed of a thousand little steel springs, each working independently of the other, with a light covering of fine sterilized hair. The air circulates through every part of the interior, being admitted through ventilators at the ends of the mattress.

It is more comfortable, more sanitary, and the most durable mattress made.

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London's Largest Furnishers.

Who will be glad to explain more fully the Marshall features.

See that little spring

Guaranteed for Five Years

PARROT & CO.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

Author of "The Man on the Box," "The Carpet From Bagdad," "The Plan of Honeybourne," etc.

CHAPTER I.

East is East.

It began somewhere in the middle of the world, between London which is the beginning and New York which is the end, where all things are east of the one and west of the other. To be precise, a forlorn landing on the west bank of the muddy turbulent Irrawaddy, remembered by man only so often as it was necessary for the flotilla boat to call for paddy, a visiting commissioner anxious to get away, or a family home-bound. Somewhere in the north-east was Mandalay, but lately known in romance, verse and song; somewhere in the southeast lay Prome, known only in guide-books and time-tables; further south, Rangoon, sister to Singapore, the half-way house of the derelicts of the world. On the east side of the river, over there, was a semblance of civilization. That is to say, men wore white linen, avoided murder, and frequently paid their gambling debts. But on this west side stood wilderness, not the kind one reads about as being eventually conquered by white men; no, the real thing, a desolation, where the ax cuts but leaves no blaze, where the pioneer disappears and few or none follow. The pioneer has always been a successful pugilist, but in this part of Burma fate, not more admiration for the pugny's gameness, decided to call the battle a draw. It was not the wilderness of the desert, of the jungle; rather the tragic, homeless state of a settlement that neither progressed, retarded, nor stood still.

Between the landing and the settlement itself there stretched a winding road, arid and treeless, perhaps a mile in length. It announced definitely that its end was utility. All this day long heavy bullock-carts had rumbled over it, rumbled toward the landing and rattled empty back to the settlement. The dust hung like a fog above the road, not only for this day, but for all days between the big rains. Each night, however, the cold heavy dew drew it down, cooling but never congealing. From under the first footfall the next day it rose again. When the gods, or the elements, or Providence, arranged the world as a fit habitation for man, India and Burma were made the dust, with dust, earthly and human, the quick and the dead.

It was after five in the afternoon. The sun was sinking, hastily but swiftly; ribbons of scarlet, ribbons of rose, ribbons of violet, lay one upon the other. The sun possessed no definite circle; a great blinding radiance like metal pouring from the mouth of a volcano. Along the road, the two men, phantom-like. One saw their heads dimly and still more dimly their bodies to the knees; of legs, there was nothing visible. Occasionally they stepped aside to permit some bullock-cart to pass. One of them swore, not with any evidence of temper, not viciously, but in a kind of mechanical protest, from the usage, had become a habit. He directed these epithets never at animate things, never at anything he could by mental or physical contest overcome. He swore at the dust, at the heat, at the wind, at the sun.

The other wayfarer, with the inherent patience of his blood, said nothing and waited, setting down the heavy kit-bag and the canvas valise. When the way was free again he would sling the kit-bag and the valise over his shoulder and step back into the road. His turban, once white, was brown with dust and sweat. His khaki uniform was rent under the armpits, several buttons were gone; his stockings were rusty black, mottled with patches of brown skin; and the ragged canvas shoes spurred like spirits of dust as he walked. The British-Indian government had indulgently permitted him to proceed about his duties as guide and carrier under the cognomen of James Hooghly, in honor of a father whose surname need not be written here, and in further honor of the river upon which, quite inconveniently one early morning, he had been born. For he was Eurasian; half European, half Indian, having his place twist heaven and hell, which is to say, nowhere. His father had died of a complication of bhag-drinking and opium-eating; and as a consequence, James was full of humorless imagination, spells of moodiness and outbursts of hilarious politics. Every native who acquires a facility in English immediately sets out to rescue India from the clutches of the British raj, occasionally advancing so far as to send a bullet into some harmless individual in the civil service.

James was faithful, willing and strong; and as a carrier of burdens, took unmurmuringly his place beside the tireless bullock and the elephant. He was a Methodist; why, no one could find lucid answer, since he ate no beef, drank from no common cup, smoked through his flat when he enjoyed a pipe, and never assisted Warrington Sahib in his deadly pursuit of flies and mosquitoes. His manner of entering temples; in this, the European blood kept his knees unbent. By dint of inquiry his master had learned that James looked upon his baptism and conversion in Methodistism as a corporal would have looked upon the acquisition of a V. C. Twice, during fever and plague, he had saved his master's life. With the guilelessness of the Oriental he considered himself responsible for his master in all future times. Instead of paying off a debt he had acquired one. Treated as he was, kindly but always firmly, he would have surrendered his life cheerfully at the beck of the white man.

Warrington was an American. He was also one of those men who never held misfortune in contempt, whose outlook wherever it roamed was tolerant. He had patience for the weak, resolution for the strong, and a fearless amiability toward all. He was like the St. Bernard dog, very difficult to arouse. It is rather the way with all men who are strong mentally and physically. He was tall and broad and deep. Under the battered pith-helmet his face was as dark as the Eurasian's; but the eyes were blue, bright and small, pupils, as they are with men who live out-of-doors, who are compelled of necessity to note things moving in the distances. The nose was large and well-defined. All framed in a tangle of blond hair and mustache which, if anything, added to the general manliness of his appearance. He, too, wore khaki, but with the addition of tan riding-leggings, which had seen anything but rocking-horse service. The man was yellow from the top of his helmet to the soles of his shoes—outside. For the rest, he was a mystery, to James, to all who thought they knew him, and most of all to himself. A pariah, an outcast, a fugitive from the bloodless hand of the law; a gentleman born, once upon a time a clubman, col-

lege-bred; a contradiction, a puzzle for which there was not any solution, not even in the hidden corners of the man's heart. His name wasn't Warrington; and he had rubbed elbows with the drugs of humanity, and still looked you straight in the eye because he had come through inferno without bringing any of the defiling pitch.

From time to time he paused to re-light his crumbling cheroot. The tobacco was strong and bitter, and stung his parched lips; but the craving for the tang of the smoke on his tongue was too strong to be denied.

Under his arm he carried a small iron cage, patterned something like a rat-trap, not much larger than a robin, but possessing the soul as fierce as that of Pallas, minus, however, the smoothing influence of civility. He had been born under the eaves of the scarlet palace of Jaipur (so his history ran); but the proximity of Indian princes had left him untouched; he had neither chivalry, politeness, nor diplomacy. He was, in fact, thoroughly and consistently bad. Round and round he went, over and over, top-side, down-side, restlessly. For at this moment he was hearing those familiar evening sounds which no human ear can discern; the mutterings of the day-birds about to seek cover for the night. In the field at the right of the road stood a lonely tree. It was covered with brilliant scarlet leaves and blossoms, and justly the natives call it the Flame of the Jungle. A flock of small birds were gyrating above it.

"Jah, jah, jah! Jah-jah-ja-a-a-h!" cried the parrot, imitating the Burmese bell-gong that calls to prayer. Instantly the man turned, his head jerked so piercing as to sting the ear of the man who was carrying him.

"You little son-of-a-gun," he laughed; "where do you pack away all that noise?"

There was a strange bond between the big yellow man and this little green bird. The bird did not suspect it, but the man knew. The pluck, the pug-nacity, and the individuality of the feathered comrade had been an object lesson to the man, at a time when he had been on the point of throwing up the fight.

"Jah, jah, jah! Jah-jah-ja-a-a-h!" The bird began its interminable somersaults, pausing only to reach for the tantalizing finger of the man, who laughed again as he withdrew the digit in time.

For six years he had carried the bird with him, through India and Burma and Malacca, and not yet had he won a sign of surrender. There were many scars on his forefingers. It was amazing. With one pressure of his hand he could have crushed out the life of the bird, but over its brave unconquerable spirit he had no power. And that is why he loved it.

Far away in the past they had met. He remembered the day distinctly and bitterly. He had been on the brink of self-destruction. Fever and poverty and terrible loneliness had battered and beaten him flat into the dust from which this time he had had no wish to rise. He had walked out to the railway station at Jaipur to witness the arrival of the tourist train from Ahmadabad. He wanted to see white men and white women, and his own country, though up to this day he had carefully avoided them. (How he hated the English, with their cold-blooded suspicion of all who were not island-born!) The natives surged about the train, with brassware, antique articles of warfare, tiger-hunting knives (accompanied by perennial fairy tales), skins and silks. There were beggars, holy men, guides and fakirs. (To Be Continued.)

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature.

See the Wood

Freckle-Face

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get a ounce of ointment—double strength from Cairncross & Lawrence and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the home-made freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ointment, as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

The Pink of Health

is every woman's right; but many are troubled with sallow complexions, headaches, backaches, low spirits—until they learn that sure relief may be found in

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 2s. each.

Voice of the People

To the Editor of The Advertiser: I see that you say in this morning's paper that the trades and labor council was to have a meeting to discuss why 3,000 labor men did not vote for Jacobs. Jacobs is the cause himself. A great many men did not like to vote for Jacobs and give Stevenson the go by, as Stevenson has always stood by them. If Jacobs was prompted by the Tories to stay in the field with the idea of helping Beck, then Jacobs should be put out of the union. Jacobs should know from the vote he got against Beattie that he could not poll any kind of a vote, as a great many Grits voted for him then. Jacobs, when he saw a Liberal in the field, should have dropped in behind, and tried to help the Liberal, as Studholme was opposed by the Tories, and Beck is a manufacturer who is opposed to labor in every form. A labor man serves no good object by acting in such a manner as Jacobs did. He dissatisfies labor men of both stripes and they return to their original political side. A great many labor men, when they saw the turn things had taken, ceased to work or take any interest in the election and they did not vote, as they knew what the outcome would be. The citizens are able now to take measure of the labor strength. Had labor sided with the Liberal candidate this time they would have given the Conservative candidate such a shock that it would have been an object lesson to all Canada, but they have left their chance go by. And Jacobs is responsible.

Yours,

UNIONIST.

LONDON CAMP TO LEAVE ON SATURDAY

Will Go To Lake Miller For Annual Fishing Trip.

The London Camp leaves on its annual fishing excursion Saturday to Lake Miller, a little inland lake about twenty miles north of Warton. Nine disciples of Isaac Walton will journey to the lake and will be in charge of John N. McLeod and John Richardson of the Asylum staff.

Deputy Sheriff Benjamin F. Watterworth who leaves today for the scene of two weeks activities will take with him a large pennant with "London Camp" on it and will take to the mast so that all and sundry who appear on the horizon will know where the campers have been.

Fred Dewar, manager of the Bell Telephone Company, Windsor; John Wettlaufer and L. Wigle, proprietor of the International Hotel, will represent the border city, while Eddie Dewar, J. E. Goble and William Kitchen will also be present when the black bass are being pulled in.

Mr. Burgess, who until recently has been employed by Smallman & Ingram, as cook, will go down to the camp today with Mr. Watterworth and have everything in shape for the boys when they arrive on Saturday.

Some good speckled trout fishing is to be had in the streams nearby, and everyone is looking forward to the best time the camp has had in years.



"With Fleece as White as Snow"

YOU may wash your choicest blankets with never a fear as to the result if you use Sunlight Soap. They will come from the tub as clean and sweet-smelling as the day they were woven, and they will dry as soft as the fleece on Mary's lamb.

Sunlight saves all the rub and wear and doesn't do the slightest injury to fabric or hands. A \$5,000 guarantee proves the absence of any adulterant or impurity. Ask for Sunlight and you receive satisfaction.

Sunlight Soap

All grocers sell and recommend it

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Bargains

—IN—

"Fashion-Craft" Clothing

All Fancy Suits and Overcoats, regular values up to \$30.00, tomorrow and next week

\$18.00

All Outing Suits and Trousers, Auto Dusters, Fancy Vests and Raincoats

25% Off

SHOP OF

Fashion Craft

A. A. ALEXANDER, Manager

Graham Bros., Richmond and Dundas

Clearance Sale of Summer Goods

All summer goods are reduced for quick clearance. This includes Porch Furniture, Hammocks, Porch Rugs, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Sulkies and Porch Shades. Prices are cut nearly in half.



Porch Furniture

\$2.50 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. \$ 1.75
\$3.00 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 2.25
\$3.75 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 2.95
\$5.00 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 3.50
\$7.00 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 4.95
\$8.50 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 6.00
\$10.00 CHAIRS and ROCKERS. 6.95

Porch Rugs

Crex, Rattania and Japanese Porch Rugs, all on sale at 1-3 off.

Baby Carriages

\$15.00 CARRIAGES for. \$ 11.50
\$18.00 CARRIAGES for. 13.00
\$20.00 CARRIAGES for. 15.50
\$25.00 CARRIAGES for. 18.00
\$30.00 CARRIAGES for. 22.00
\$40.00 CARRIAGES for. 29.00

Folding Carts and Sulkies

ARE BEING CLEARED OUT AT COST.

Hammocks

\$2.00 HAMMOCKS for. \$ 1.29
\$2.50 HAMMOCKS for. 1.65
\$3.00 HAMMOCKS for. 2.00
\$4.00 HAMMOCKS for. 2.95
\$4.50 HAMMOCKS for. 3.00
\$5.00 HAMMOCKS for. 3.50

Hammo Couches

With Chains, for. \$9.50
With stand, for. \$13.50
Complete, with stand and awning top. \$16.50

Refrigerators

\$ 8.50 REFRIGERATORS for. \$ 6.00
\$10.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 7.00
\$12.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 8.50
\$15.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 10.50
\$18.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 13.00
\$20.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 14.50
\$30.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 20.00
\$50.00 REFRIGERATORS for. 35.00

Porch Shades

ALL MAKES AND SIZES AT 1-3 OFF.

The Ontario Furniture Company, Ltd.

226-228-230 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON'S LARGEST HOMEFURNISHERS.