MAY SUNSHINE

Bright, clear weather requires pretty things for the ladies. Each day brings new ideas in

MILLINERY

Today---Crinoline Hats, white, black or Colored, at moderate prices.

SILKS

Charming effects in Foulards. Chameleon effects in wear well silks. Pretty, stylish, small figured, light shade, steel silks. Prices moderate. Mostly 75c.

See what is showing in new silks at KINGSMILL'S

Kingsmill's

CORSETS

Miss M. Shaver from New York, is at Kingsmill's this week demonstrating Ladies' Corsets; explaining all the points in the various makes of C. B. C. Corsets.

Today opened out the new

AXMINSTER CARPETS

Pretty effects. Different from anything before shown. Borders to match. The price for our best quality, made and laid.....$1.65

AT KINGSMILL'S.

FABRIC GLOVES

For ladies. You will find everything at

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See those new effects in medium weight, black and white, gray and black, black and gray, silk and wool

DRESS MATERIAL

for ladies. Price, yard.....$1, $1.25

Crepe de Chene. Made in France from pure silk and wool. Only in the newest colorings, for young ladies. A perfect shade, shell pink, torquoise, pearl gray. Worth today $1 yard, only.....65c

AT KINGSMILL'S

Are You Buying LACES

If so it will pay you to go to

Kingsmill's

Housecleaning time—what can we do to assist? Do you want

WINDOW - SHADES

Pure oil. Opaque. Perfectly fast. All colors as made in stock. Single or double sides. Any width. Mounted on best spring rollers.

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Do you require.

NEW CURTAINS

Specials made to our idea. Copies of expensive curtains at popular prices.

Good Curtains. Wear Well Curtains. To get an idea of the beautiful designs, you must see these tempting prices, $1.75, $2, $2.50, $3. Remember there is no increase in prices at

KINGSMILL'S.

SCOTCH LINOLEUMS

The best in the world. Every width. Every color in floral or mosaic. The old prices at

Kingsmill's

Out of the Darkness

She told Garton horrible anecdotes of this latter bete noir. I believe she regarded him as a sort of fiend incarnate. She drew such touching pictures of Meg's love and gentleness that Garton ever afterward regarded that ungainly woman with the utmost reverence. Both the young people always treated her as though a visible halo surrounded her pale sand-colored hair. Reuben, who was at a tender age of boyhood, and of course, believed in all heroines, from Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, down to Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, was rather disappointed that a heroine like Mrs. Carruthers should be short-sighted and use eyeglasses.

Rotha was Reuben Armstrong's heroine, and she knew it. The boy, though he still remained faithful to his old allegiance, contrived to combine with it a great deal of honest devotion to Rotha; in his half-holidays he was often up at the house of his young benefactress with Garton, who had begun to go in and out of Byrn very much as his inclination prompted him. Rotha, it is true, never invited them in so many words, but she would welcome them very kindly. She used to brighten up at these unexpected visits; it gave her a curious feeling of pleasure to see Garton Ord make himself at home in that house.

Garton often made Rotha his confidante. The poor fellow would blunder out all his troubles to her in these morning visits to Bryn. He would come up with a message from Mary and stop for hours. Meg was not always present during these interviews. Poor Garton never knew what real womanly sympathy meant till he knew Rotha. Mary was always very kind and sisterly with him; but there had been a flavor about her kindliness which seemed to hint perpetually at that want of ballast on his part. Garton always took her advice very dutifully; to do him justice, he was well aware of his shortcomings, but he liked Rotha's sympathy best.

Rotha was always ready to listen; she took him under her simple patronage in a way that would have astonished the vicar if he had known it. Garton told her about all that sad illness of his that had preceded his examination, and how he had failed to pass in consequence; he told her, too, with a touch of compunction in his voice, how his brothers had been straining every nerve to procuse the means of giving him another chance, and how little hope there seemed to be of their meeting the necessary expenses.

"I ought to have gone up to the last examination," he said to her one day; "but I am afraid I should have wanted an awful lot of coaching. Austin does the best for me that he can under the circumstances, but he has his boys and the parish; he is too hard worked as it is."

"What will you do?" Rotha asked him on that occasion, with much sympathy; and Garton had told her that he was fast losing all hope of ever entering the church and that matters were now becoming serious. Austin's income, he was sure, was barely sufficient for his own family, burdened as he was with the maintenance of his sister-in-law, and he felt that he could no longer live at Robert's expense; it was therefore a mooted question whether he should accept a stool in the office of Mr. Slithers, the attorney at Thornborough, with a small but increasing salary, or whether he should emigrate to New Zealand.

Rotha did not like the idea of New Zealand at all, and said so frankly, but she saw that Garton himself rather inclined to the latter proposition, which had been Robert's idea.

"A stool in that close dark office for seven or eight hours a day—how long do attorneys' clerks work, I wonder?—would kill me," he said, impetuously. "I suppose I am as fond of good things as other men, but I would rather live on dry bread, with plenty of fresh air and freedom, than fare as Dives did, and be cooped up in Mr. Slither's office; why, it would kill me!" And as he squared his shoulders and threw out his strong chest, there had been a look upon his face which had compelled her to believe him.

Oh, how Rotha sighed as she thought of that surplus sum lying idle at the bank, which caused such an endless correspondence between her and Mr. Tracy! Mr. Tracy was always worrying her to have it invested in some consolidated ironworks company, which was just now offering large profits to the shareholders; but Rotha begged him not to hurry about it, as she thought she had heard of a better investment than the consolidated ironworks company, about which she would inform him presently. I don't know whether she called it "the Ord fund," but some of it certainly went in the coal-bill, and in that check at Tyler & Tyler's.

Rotha could not see her way clearly to help Garton at all. An unmarried young lady, however rich and sympathizing she may be, cannot offer to pay the college expenses of a penniless young man. Rotha could not very well offer her purse to Garton, neither could she plead his cause with the vicar as she did in Reuben's case; but all the same, she was very sorry for him.

Garton and Reuben were going over to Burnley-upon-Sea, and they asked Rotha to join them. It was the beginning of December now, and it was their intention to spy out the fatness of the Burnley woods with regard to mistletoe and scarlet berries, that they might make a descent on these spoils at a future time, before the young rustics laid ruthless hands on them Rotha, who had often heard of Burnley, but had never seen it, agreed without a moment's hesitation. Something was said as to Guy and Rufus joining the party, but at the last moment it was found that the vicar had carried them off. Rotha had often been out with the boys before, either with the vicar or with Garton. Guy and Rufus, and now Reuben, had been anxious to show her all their favorite haunts. She and Mrs. Carruthers often joined their shore-parties, but today Meg had been tired, and Rotha proposed leaving her behind. If Mrs. Carruthers had her doubts of the propriety of the proceeding, she did not give utterance to them. She was rather too simple-minded for a chaperon; and then Rotha looked so happy. She wore a red cloak; they wore red cloaks then—"Coleen Bawn," they called them—fussy little cloaks done up with rosettes, and a new gypsy hat besides; and then she would carry the luncheon-basket, which she had provided in case they should get hungry.

"I am sorry Guy is not coming," she said, as she nodded a goodby to Meg, "for I have put in some of his favorite cheese cakes."

She chatted away gayly to Reuben as they walked to the station. Mattie O'Brien met them coming along; she looked full at Rotha, at the scarlet cloak and the gypsy hat and the fresh girlish face under it—for Rotha was proving that even a pale complexion can look fresh sometimes—and afterward she looked at Garton.

"What was Miss Mattie staring at?" asked Rotha merrily, when she had passed.

Garton looked at her with a little blending of fun and admiration in his eyes.

"I suppose she was comparing you to a robin redbreast in her own mind, Miss Maturin; what do you call those cloaks, 'Coleen Bawn?' I am glad you have left off those close Quaker bonnets; they make you look like a female Methuselah."

"Did Methuselah ever walk with Shem?" asked Rotha roguishly. "How I confuse the ages of those old antediluvians—those giants of long days!" She had told Garton once how much he resembled the wooden Shems of her childhood, when Noah's ark had been her one Sunday game; "though what there was particularly pious in playing with diminutive elephants and tigers and Brobdignagian cocks and hens," she continued on that occasion, "passes my comprehension; it only served to confuse my young mind with the relative sizes of things; for a long time I believed an ichneumon to be far larger than a hippopotamus."

"What a droll child you must have been!" Garton replied. He didn't mind a bit being compared to Shem when he strolled down to the schoolhouse in his cassock, not half so much as Rotha did when he quizzed her little black bonnet.

"I never thought you noticed ladies or their dress," she said, with a little natural pique.

"No more do I generally; but I like a cosy and comfortable thing like that," pointing to the red cloak, and Rotha felt glad her Coleen Bawn was admired.

Rotha was much pleased with Burnley-upon-Sea; she thought it a little gem among watering-places. They had a turn on the pier, and Garton told her how the cows walked over the sands at evening, and they looked at the blue sea, all flecked with sunshine today, and the white cliffs, and the deep green ravine, over which they presently walked on their way to the beautiful gardens which are laid out in the glen.

"The glen is partly cultivated, you see," said Garton as Rotha wondered and admired to her heart's content. "In the season the bands play, and people sit about on the grass with their work and books, or go down to the spring to drink chalybeate water; it is a perfect paradise for nurses and children."

Rotha thought it must be a perfect paradise for other people too in the summer; even now, in its wintry aspect, with its leafless trees, it looked very pleasant. She would stop at the gardener's grounds to inspect the flowers; she filled her luncheon-basket with hothouse flowers on her way home. By the gardener's house is a turnstile or gate which leads to the wild ravine or glen; here is nature's cultivation, aided but little by the hand of man; a long walk winds through the glen for nearly a mile; benches and rustic seats are placed at intervals for the weary pleasure-seekers. The walk ascends slightly, and then bends downward; on either hand are nut-copses and blackberry-thickets, dear to boy and girlhood; everywhere ferns and bracken spread their gigantic fronds; down below a tiny rivulet or stream splashes a hidden way among the trees. Rotha longs to see it in summer; the winding walks and steep descent are slippery with fallen leaves and miry clay; in the drier parts they crisp the brown bracken stalks under their feet; the dead leaves lie in rotting heaps everywhere, but it has a wintry beauty of its own nevertheless. By and by Rotha grows tired; they have been scrambling up and down the steep sides of the glen, wading ankle-deep in leaf-mold—the sweet decaying smell is everywhere; now and then the black earth gets slippery, and Garton's strong arm is in great request; sometimes he has to put back the sharp brambles for the red cloak to escaped unscathed; now and then a low-hanging bough obstructs their progress. Rotha, who is very fleet and sure-footed, laughs at every difficulty. The birds fly out from the thicket at the sound of Garton's answering laugh. Reuben whistles like a blackbird himself as he trudges after them with the luncheon-basket. They find out a dry sunny nook presently, looking down into the dell, and Garton praises the cheese cakes, and they are very happy.

A pair of children truly, to listen to their talk; Garton makes believe that some water Reuben has just fetched for them is from a well-known wishing-well of fairy repute, and each one has been challenged to propound his or her wishes.

Reuben states his, nothing loath; his ambition is eminently boyish, and refuses to soar high; he thinks to be top of the upper fifth and to be elected a member of the football club must be little short of heaven—he does not say so exactly; but you can divine it in the brightness of his eyes.

"Happy Rube," says Rotha. She gets a little thoughtful at this juncture, and refuses to say exactly what she wishes.

"I don't think there is much left for you to desire, Miss Maturin," says Garton, with the least possible approach to a sigh; "you can afford to set the fairies at defiance. It is only such unlucky beggars as I who ought to long for the old wishing-wells back again. I remember when I was a boy I used to believe in them—we Northerners are rather great at superstition, I can tell you."

"You have not told us your wish yet," said Rotha timidly. Garton, who had been pelting Reuben with dead leaves all the time he had been talking, stretched himself lazily and looked up at the blue sky.

"What is the good of wishing anything?" he said, very disconsolately. "Haven't I often told you I was born under an unlucky star? It is to be hoped there is a place for me above, for I seem to be in everyone's way down here."

"Oh, Mr. Garton!" says Rotha, much shocked. Reuben, evidently accustomed to such like expressions from his friend, goes on pelting him; Garton puckers up his forehead, rocks himself, and finally brightens up.

"I will tell you what I should like. If I were to choose my place in the world, I would live all my life at Kirkby, and I would be Austin's curate."

"You would be your brother's curate!" exclaimed Rotha. She was astonished, and perhaps a little disappointed, though she hardly knew why. She could not understand a young man being so moderate in his ambition; Garton's simple unworldliness was almost a fault in her eyes. She thought he ought to desire to be a rector, or at least a vicar. Who ever heard of wishing to be a curate? Mary was right. She was afraid he wanted ballast.

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

6844—AN ATTRACTIVE WORK APRON.

If there is one garment without which the housekeeper could not get along, it is the big apron which covers one's dress and saves no end of trouble and expense. One may wear house dresses or washable frocks, but none of these takes the place of the big apron, which requires but a few yards of material and a little time to make, and is so much easier to launder than a dress. The accompanying illustration shows a model of unusual attractiveness, which may be constructed with little trouble and requires no trimming. Gingham, holland, madras, percale or lawn may serve as material, of which 2¼ yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size.

6844—Sizes, small, medium, and large.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

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 "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.

Address—

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

DRESS ELABORATELY

English Women Are More Gorgeous in Morning Attire.

London, May 1. — The wives and daughters of the colonial premiers now in London devoted yesterday to shopping and seeing friends until the important moment arrived for dressing for the dinner at Marlborough House.

Mrs. Deakin, the wife of the premier of the Australian Commonwealth, told a representative of the Daily Mail that she noticed many changes in London since her last visit, seven years ago. "English women of all classes," she said, "dress much more elaborately now than they did when I was last here, and in the morning much more so than we do in Melbourne now, or you did in 1900. And you wear jewelry a great deal more freely. In Melbourne a simple brooch is all the jewelry a woman puts on with her short and simple morning suit in the winter, or her cotton gown in the summer. But in London dress is as elaborate before noon as in the afternoon, and necklaces, earrings, and bangles are profusely worn. I notice, too, with regard to men's attire, how much less the silk hat is seen than it was. The bowler seems to be as popular now in London as with us."

Miss Lyne, the only lady of the colonial party who has never been to this country before, arrived in England before her father, Sir William Lyne, the premier of New South Wales, and is delighted with London. But English dinners she thinks are much longer than those in Sydney, and she fancies English people eat more slowly than Australians do.

WARNS OF TREMBLERS.

Manila, May 1.—Earthquake experts believe that it is possible to be warned by wireless telegraph eight or ten hours in advance of shocks. Tests are now in progress as the result of observations during the last trembler. At that time vibrations in the wireless were noted eight hours before the earthquake was felt. The phenomena can be explained on no other hypothesis.

Among the household of the Chinese Emperor are 30 physicians, 75 astrologers, 76 cooks and 60 priests.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that of Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been buried.

Torn by Wild Beasts

History of a Great Discovery.

The old Roman heroes who were torn by wild beasts at their fights in the now ruined Coliseum at Rome, the Greek charioteers, and the gladiators who made fighting a profession, all knew the virtues of herbal essences for skin injuries and diseases. They would emerge from a combat, sore bleeding, and covered with wounds. They would apply at night their secret herbal balms, and in a few days would again be ready for combat. Their idea of a balm or salve was the correct one—a preparation which must combine power with purity; and that ideal is recognized in Zam-Buk.

Ordinary ointments, salves and embrocations are generally composed of rancid animal fats and mineral poisons.

Zam-Buk, on the contrary, is a healing balm, composed of highly refined saps and juices got from certain rich medicinal herbs, and every household may rely on its healing aid.

When the little one runs in from his play with a smarting, dirt-filled scrape on his hand or knee, simply wash the part, and smear with Zam-Buk, bandaging it if necessary.

When father returns from work with a cut hand, the handy box of Zam-Buk again meets the emergency, and the housewife or mother continually finds it a real friend in need for the burns, the scalds, scrapes and bruises of general household duties. For eczema, ulcers, itch, fistulas, abscesses, scalp sores and all skin diseases, it acts like a charm. It eases the pain and stops the bleeding of piles and cures this painful ailment quickly and surely. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or from Zam-Buk Company, Toronto, for price, six boxes for $2 50.

Colds or Fevers

Are broken up in a single night, and serious illness prevented, by taking

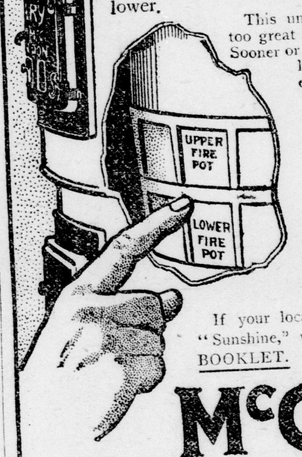
Hood's Pills

All druggists. 25 cents.

SUNSHINE FURNACE

UNBREAKABLE FIRE-POT

The lower portion of a fire-pot is usually nearly or partly filled with dead ashes, leaving the live, red-hot coals in the upper part. The result is that the upper portion expands much more than the lower.



This uneven expansion causes a strain too great for a one-piece fire-pot to stand. Sooner or later it will split, allowing precious heat and sickening gases to escape.

But the fire-pot of the Sunshine is constructed to meet this condition. It is in two sections. The upper half expands, as much as necessary, independently of the lower. When cool, it contracts back to its original size, fitting to the lower half perfectly.

And this strong, unbreakable, gas and heat-tight, two-piece fire-pot is just one of the many superior features of the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

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Housekeepers and Others

Now that housecleaning time is here, your every day duties can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced by using

Eddy's Fiberware

In Tubs, Pails, Etc.

THE BEST THAT CAN BE HAD. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. ALWAYS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA. ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $5. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

An article recently published in the Strassburger Post mentions a discovery said to have been made by a chemist and engineer of St. Etienne, by which the color may be taken out of silk, and it may be recolored in any desired tint, without in any way injuring its texture. The article goes on to state that in case the inventor can do what he promises it will almost revolutionize the silk industry, and entirely do away with the danger of injuring silks through coloring by means of too strong chemicals.

SUDDEN TRANSITION from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of tight for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price, 25 cents.

While the Chinese have been creating havoc among their forests for centuries, the Japanese have taken good care of theiers, and today more than a third of the area of Japan is still under forest. There are only 20 sawmills in the whole country. The Japanese forests include four zones—the tropical (bamboo and banana), the subtropical (camphor), the temperate (oak, maple, poplars, etc.), and the northern (pine).

PAIN IS A PUNISHMENT.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health, against carelessness regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity, and takes up its abode in a man, and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain cannot stay where it is used, but immediately flees away.

Japan gets 188,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Shipment just received

South Bend Chilled Plows

Several new varieties.

This is the plow to buy if you wish to keep your land clean and free from weeds.

It is "no new thing." We have been selling them for over thirty years.

Westman's Hardware

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