Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

Notice the bright, amber color in the cup.

CYNTHIA WAKEHAM'S MONEY

BY ANNA K. GREEN.

"The box was on the bed, and throwing myself beside it, I grasped it with one arm and hid my face with the other, and as I lay there I soon became conscious of his presence, and I knew he was looking from me to the box, and weighing the question as to whether I was sleeping sound enough for him to risk a blow. But I did not stir, though I almost expected a sudden crash on my head, and in another moment he crept away, awed possibly by my superior strength, for I am a much bigger man than he, as you must see. When I thought him gone I dropped my arm and looked up. The room was in total darkness. Bounding to my feet I followed him through the halls and came upon him in the room of death. He had the lamp in his hand, and he was standing over his sister with an awful look on his face.

"'Wher have you hidden it?' he hissed to the senseless form before him. 'That box is not all you had. Where are the bonds and the stocks, and the money I had helped you to save?'

"He was so absorbed he did not see me. He stooped by the bed and ran his hand along under the mattresses; then he lifted the pillows and looked under the bed. Then he rose and trod gingerly over the floor, as if to see if any of the boards were loose, and peered into the empty closet, and felt with wary hand up and down the mantel sides. At last his eyes fell on the clock, and he was about to lift his hand to it when I said

"'The clock is all right; you needn't set it; see, it just agrees with my watch!'

"What a face he turned to me! I tell you it is no fun to meet such eyes in an empty house at 1 o'clock at night; and if you hadn't told me the police would be within call I should have been sick of my job, I can tell you. As it was, I drew back a foot or two and hugged the box a little more tightly, while he, with a coward's bravado, stepped after me and whispered below his breath:

"'You are making yourself too much at home here. If I want to stop the clock, now that my sister is dead, what is that to you? You have no respect for a house in mourning, and I am free to tell you so.'

"To this tirade I naturally made no answer, and he turned again to the clock. But just as I was asking myself whether I should stop him or let him go on with his peerings and pokings, the bell rang loudly below. It was a welcome interruption to me, but it made him very angry. However, he went down and welcomed, as decently as he knew how, a woman who had been sent to his assistance by Miss Thompson, evidently thinking that it was time he made some effort to regain my good opinion by avoiding all further cause for suspicion.

"At all events, he gave me no more trouble that night, nor since, though the way he haunts the door of that room and the look he casts inside at the clock are enough to make one's blood run cold. Do you think there are any papers hidden there?"

"I have no doubt of it," returned Frank. "Do you remember that the old woman's last words were, 'The clock! the clock!' As soon as I can appeal to the surrogate I shall have that piece of furniture examined."

"I shall be mortally interested in knowing what you find there," commented Mr. Dickey. "If the property comes to much, won't Miss Thompson and I get something out of it for our trouble?"

"No doubt," said Frank.

"Then we will get married," said he, and looked so beaming, that Frank shook him cordially by the hand.

"But where is Huckins?" the lawyer now inquired. "I didn't see him below."

"He is chewing his nails in the kitchen. He is like a dog with a bone; you cannot get him to leave the house for a moment."

"I must see him," said Frank, and went down the back stairs to the place where he had held his previous interview with the angry and disappointed man.

At first sight of the young lawyer Huckins flushed deeply, but he soon grew pale and obsequious, as if he had held bitter communing with himself through the last thirty-six hours, and had resolved to restrain his temper for the future in the presence of the man who understood him. But he could not help a covert sneer from creeping into his voice.

"Have you found the heirs?" he asked, bowing with ill-mannered grace, and pushing forward the only chair there was in the room.

"I shall find them when I need them," rejoined Frank. "Fortunes, however small, do not usually go begging."

"Then you have not found them?" the other declared, a hard glitter of triumph shining in his sinister eye.

"I have not brought them with me," acknowledged the lawyer, warily.

"Perhaps then, you won't," suggested Huckins, while he seemed to grow instantly at least two inches in stature. "If they are not in Marston where are they? Dead! And that leaves me the undisputed heir to all my sister's savings."

"I do not believe them dead," protested Frank.

"Why?" Huckins half smiled, half snarled.

"Some token of the fact would have come to you. You are not in a strange land or in unknown parts; you are living in the old homestead where this lost sister of yours was reared. You would have heard if she had died, at least so it strikes an unprejudiced mind."

"Then let it strike yours to the contrary," snapped out his angry companion. "When she went away it was in anger and with the curse of her father ringing in her ears. Do you see that porch?" And Huckins pointed through the cracked windows to a decayed pair of steps leading from the side of the house. "It was there she ran down on her way out. I see her now, though forty years have passed, and I, a little fellow of 6, neither understood nor appreciated what was happening. My father stood in the window above, and he cried out: 'Don't come back; you have chosen your way, now go in it. Let me never see you nor hear from you again.' And we never did, never! And now you tell me we would have heard if she had died. You don't know the heart of folks if you say that. Harriet cut herself adrift that day, and she knew it."

"Yet you were acquainted with the fact that she went to Marston."

The indignant light in the brother's eye settled into a look of cunning.

"Oh," he acknowledged carelessly, "we heard so at the time, when everything was fresh. But we heard nothing more, nothing."

"Nothing?" Frank repeated. "Not that she had married and had had children?"

"No," was the dogged reply. "My sister up there," and Huckins jerked his thumb towards the room where poor Mrs. Wakeham lay, "surmised things, but she didn't know anything for certain. If she had she might have sent for these folks long ago. She had time enough in the last ten years we have been living in this hole together."

"But," Etheridge now ventured, determined not to be outmatched in cunning, "you say she was penurious, too penurious to live comfortably or to let you do so."

Huckins shrugged his shoulders and for a moment looked baulked; then he cried: "The closest women have their whims. If she had known any such folks to have been living as you have named she would have sent for them."

"If you had let her," suggested Frank.

Huckins turned upon him and his eye flashed. But he very soon cringed again and attempted a sickly smile, which completed the disgust the young lawyer felt for him.

"If I had let her," he repeated; "I, who pined for companionship or anything which would have put a good meal into my mouth! You do not know me, sir; you are prejudiced against me because I want my earnings, and a little comfort in my old age."

"If I am prejudiced against you, it is yourself who has made me so," returned the other. "Your conduct has not been of a nature to win my regard, since I have had the honor of your acquaintance."

"And what has yours been, worming, as you have, into my sister's confidence——"

But here Frank hushed him. "We will drop this," said he. "You know me, and I think I know you. I came to give you one last chance to play the man by helping me to find your relatives. I see you have no intention of doing so, so I will now proceed to find them without you."

"If they exist," he put in.

"Certainly, if they exist. If they do not——"

"What then?"

"I must have proofs to that effect. I must know that your sister left no heirs but yourself."

"That will take time," he grumbled. "I shall be kept weeks out of my rights."

"The surrogate will see that you do not suffer."

He shuddered and looked like a fox driven into his hole.

"It is shameful, shameful!" he cried. It is nothing but a conspiracy to rob me of my own. I suppose I shall not be allowed to live in my own house." And his eyes wandered greedily over the rafters above him.

"Are you sure that it is yours?"

"Yes, yes, d— you!" But the word had been hasty, and he immediately caught Frank's sleeve and cringed in constrition. "I beg your pardon," he cried, "perhaps we had better not talk any longer, for I have been too tried for patience. They will not even leave me alone in my grief," he whined, pointing towards the rooms full, as I have said, of jostling neighbors and gossips.

"It will be quiet enough after the funeral," Frank assured him.

"Oh! oh! the funeral!" he groaned.

"Is it going to be too extravagant?" Frank insinuated, artfully.

Huckins gave the lawyer a look, dropped his eyes and mournfully shook his head.

"The poor woman would not have liked it," he muttered; "but one must be decent towards one's own blood."

(To Be Continued.)

TOLEDO MURDER CASE.

Toledo, April 9.—Coroner C. J Henzler today rendered his verdict in the Krueger murder case, holding Ichale Sobelski, a tailor, responsible for the deaths of Ludwig Krueger and his wife Augusta, whose bodies were found buried in the cellar of their home after the house had been destroyed by fire on the morning of April 1.

CREW MISSING.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 9.—The deck cabin of the fishing tug George Floss, which was caught in the gale of Wednesday was washed ashore today twelve miles east of here. There are no tidings of the captain and crew of nine men.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

NO. 8401—A SMART SURPLICE WAIST.

Box-pleats are introduced in the make-up of this pretty blouse waist, shown in a development of blue satin. The surplice front discloses a chemisette topped by a high, standing collar of all-over lace. The mode will develop well in Brussels lace, embroidered batiste, crepe de chine, louisine, organdie and chiffon taffeta. For a woman of 36-inch, bust measure, 3½ yards of 27-inch or 2¾ yards of 36-inch material will be required.

Ladies' Surplice Blouse—Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure.

The pattern here illustrated 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:

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Street Address .....

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Measurement: Bust Waist

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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 ten cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Ulverton, Que., March 17, 1908.

I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that no medicine I ever took did me so much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did.

I suffered for many years with kidney trouble, with bad pain in the back.

I took every known kidney remedy and kidney pill, but nothing gave me any relief, and I was getting discouraged.

I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and did so—and this medicine cured me when everything else failed.

I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset they gave me relief and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress, and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me. I am very thankful to be once more well, and I freely make this statement for the sake of others who may suffer as I did. To them, I say try "Fruit-a-tives," as they are a grand kidney medicine.

CLARENCE J. PLACEY.

50c a box, 6 for $2 50, or trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

MESSINA WORSE THAN JUST AFTER QUAKE

Actually More Stricken Than Immediately Following Shock That Razed City.

London, April 10.—King Victor Emamnuel is quoted as saying during the visit he made to Messina this week that the conditions there are actually worse than they were in the days immediately following the earthquake.

His majesty's opinion concurs with reports received from time to time from various sources, and it is apparent that there has been little, if any, improvement. The survivors, indeed, seem to be suffering a daily catastrophe owing to the incapacity of those responsible for their relief and the restoration of order.

The Daily Mail today prints a dispatch from Messina in which, among other things, the writer says that no arrangement has yet been made to clear away the city's ruins. The sea front only is available for traffic, and even that is two-thirds full of rubbish stacked 20 feet high.

The steam tramway running along the sea front and extending 40 miles along the north coast and 20 miles to the south, connecting Messina with the villages, would have rendered vast assistance to the populace and laborers in the work of clearance, but it was not available, nor is there any prospect of an early resumption of the service, since the municipality has no money and no funds to pay the arrears due the tramway company.

Exceedingly little has been done in erecting shelters. Most of the rough huts existing have been built by their inhabitants who had to buy the wood and pay labor for their building.

There is no sanitation of any kind whatever. Neither is there sanitary inspection or removal of the filth accumulating daily among the huts.

There are no arrangements for the removal or destruction of mattresses and furniture soaked with putrid matter from the dead and extracted from the ruins. These articles are left lying in the sun, among the wreckage, while millions of large buzzing flies swarm over them and carry deadly germs broadcast among the populace, and deposit seeds of pestilence on the food sold in huts which are used as shops.

Among this food is much which has been recovered from the ruins of shops in the town, which were under blocks of flats.

There is practically no illumination at night in the ruined city, nor possibility of transit.

TOO ARTISTIC

Saharet, the Dancer, For Third Time Would Divorce Husband.

Chicago, April 9.—That love is no kin to business and sentiment in a world's width removed from commercial common sense is the decision of Saharet, the famous Austrian dancer now appearing at a local theatre. And the result of her investigations leaves the young woman torn by conflicting emotions and puzzled over her own future coarse.

Three times has Saharet separated from her husband "for cause." And as many times has she taken him back. Not that she finds her love for him unquenchable, but because he is by far the best business manager she has ever been able to find. Now she has decided to once more seek freedom by way of divorce court, but the scarcity of good managers makes her pause.

Isaac Rose is the husband whose fate is under discussion. He discovered and married Saharet when she was chorus girl in an Austrian theatre. He recognized the possibilities in her grace and physical attraction, and set out to make her a great dancer. He succeeded.

"As a business manager, as an instructor, as an inspiration, he is invaluable," declares the petite dancer. "In all these roles he is without compare, yes. But as a sweetheart, as a husband, no, no. He is just impossible to me now."

It is Isaac's artistic temperament, she explains, that has made him a failure in his domestic relations. He is not amenable to the bonds of matrimony, as viewed by the rest of the world. Even his wife, who has some artistic temperament herself, cannot stand for Isaac, although she is prone to excuse him. But she will not excuse his artistic temperament, even while she recognizes its existence and effect. As a result, when Mme. Saharet's tumult of indecision is ended Mr. Rose is likely to find himself freed from his job as husband.

REBUILDING SALE

Greater Values Than Ever

Our Rebuilding Sale Continues With Unabated Vigor

Every day and week more people are taking advantage of the greatest price reductions. If you don't mind dust and dirt, come now while the stock is large and secure the GREATEST FURNITURE BARGAINS EVER KNOWN IN THIS CITY.

Everything in the Stock at Factory Prices

Lace Curtains

A large assortment of Curtains, slightly soiled, to clear out at HALF-PRICE. Don't come too late.

Room Rugs

All qualities and sizes. Some are slightly soiled. Don't miss these if you need one this spring. The greatest chance ever offered in Rugs — ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF OFF.

Iron Beds

Don't fail to see our large stock and get the prices before buying.

Our $3.00 BEDS now..... $2.25
Our 6.00 BEDS now..... 4.25
Our 9.00 BEDS now..... 6.00
Our 12.00 BEDS now..... 7.50
Our 16.00 BEDS now..... 10.50

MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Our $2.50 SPRINGS now..... $1.95
Our 3.00 SPRINGS now..... 2.50
Our 5.00 SPRINGS now..... 3.25
Our 4.00 MATTRESS now.... 2.75
Our 6.00 MATTRESS now.... 4.50
Our 12.00 MATTRESS now.... 9.00
Our 15.00 MATTRESS now.... 11.00

GO-CARTS AND CARRIAGES

All our new Cabs and Carts are here. The largest display ever shown in the city. Prices are all greatly reduced during this sale. You will make a big mistake if you buy before seeing these. See our Folding Carts at **$5.00, $7.00 $8.50**, and our English Cabs at **$12.00, $14.50, $17.00.**

Linoleum

A big stock of Linoleum and Oilcloth; all widths, clearing out at mill prices during this sale. If you need some, we would advise you to come **NOW**, as it is being cleared out rapidly at the low prices.

GETCHERORDERINQUICK

If you need any

Dressers	Parlor Furniture
Sideboards	Hall Racks
Buffets	China Cabinets
Dining Chairs	Book Cases
Tables	Desks
Couches	Bedroom Suites

Come at once and save more money than you ever saved before.

The Ontario Furniture Co.

London's Largest Housefurnishers

There are Little Soldiers in Your Blood

They are the white corpuscles, and there are millions of them.

It is their duty to defend you against disease, by protecting the red corpuscles and the bodily tissues from disease germs—those dangerous micro-organisms of which so much is now known.

You are helpless unless these little soldiers in your blood have the health and strength to fight for you—to repel the many infectious and contagious diseases whose germs are in the air you breathe, the water you drink, the food you eat, and on things you touch.

Among these diseases are typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, grip, spotted fever, smallpox, malaria, ague, tuberculosis or consumption.

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong, is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does.

It is the best preventive as well as curative medicine.

If your blood is impure and impoverished,—a condition indicated by eruptions, scrofula, eczema, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite, general debility,—then the soldiers in your blood are not in condition to fight for you.

They need better health and greater strength. You should begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

☞Hood's Sarsaparilla effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than 20 different ingredients, each greatly strengthened and enriched by this peculiar combination. These ingredients are the very remedies that successful physicians prescribe for the same diseases and ailments. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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Rooms, $1.00 a Day

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Baggage to and from Station free.

Send 2c stamp for N.Y. City Guide Book and Map.

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For loss of appetite, insomnia, dyspepsia. A strengthening and stimulating tonic for old and young. Especially adapted for invalids and convalescents and indispensable for nursing mothers.

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GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

For clean people with slim purses.

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WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

is a tonic stimulant prepared from a blending of choice Cinchona Bark with an especially selected nutritious Oporto Wine.

Many of the leading members of the Canadian Medical Profession have conferred a favor upon their confreres by an unsolicited expression for the merits of Wilson's Invalids' Port.

For the overworked the convalescent, the debilitated.

WILSON'S Invalids' Port

is specific

Ask YOUR Doctor.

BIG BOTTLE

Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere.

64

WEAK KIDNEYS MAKE WEAK BODIES

KIDNEY DISEASES CAUSE HALF THE COMMON ACHES AND ILLS OF LONDON PEOPLE.

As one weak link weakens a chain, so weak kidneys weaken the whole body and hasten the final breaking-down.

Overwork, strains, colds and other causes injure the kidneys, and when their activity is lessened the whole body suffers from the excess of uric poison circulated in the blood.

Aches and pains and langour and urinary ills come, and there is an ever-increasing tendency towards diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. There is no real help for the sufferer except kidney help.

Booth's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys and cure every kidney ill. London cures are the proof.

Mrs. Adah Browne, of 277 Ottaway avenue, London, Ont., says "A bad kidney trouble has given me intense pain and serious annoyance for some months. The secretions were much too profuse and the hard bearing down backaches were very severe indeed. Using several remedies without success I tried Booth's Kidney Pills procured at the W. T. Strong durg store. The way that this medicine acted on my system was first class and very soon the kidney secretions were made normal and the backaches had ceased. Mr. Browne has also used Booth's Kidney Pills with good results and joins in recommending and indorsing the use of this grand remedy." Sold by dealers. Price, 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Company, Limited, Fort Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Another Royal Appointment.

The recent appointment of Messrs. Steinway & Sons as piano makers to his majesty, Manuel Second, king of Portugal, is another testimony to the greatness of the world-famous Steinway Piano. This makes 17 royal warrants now held by the illustrious house of Steinway.

Nordheimers, Limited, have at present some fine examples of Steinway Pianos, including a duplicate of the Vertegrand recently sold to the Princess of Wales.

Denmark has the highest suicide rate of any nation.