

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

[Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.]



Frank and Sammy bought a watermelon for 48 cents, Frank contributing 30 cents and Sammy 18 cents, which they were going to divide in proportion to their relative investments, when spying Billy passing on the road, they conspired to unload a third of the melon upon him for the cost of the whole. After Billy had gone the boys proceeded to divide the money as they thought right, and then each of them ate half of the remainder. How should the money be divided between Frank and Sammy?

ANSWER TO COUNTING-OUT PUZZLE PRINTED WEDNESDAY.
Frank Jones' clever puzzle game of counting out all the girls and leaving the boys is successfully worked by commencing to count from May. Counted round and round to the right it would be found that the thirteenth is invariably a girl, and the boys all "get left" which is really the proper thing for gallant boys under the circumstances.

A ROYAL WARD

By Percy J. Brebner, author of "Princess Maritza," "Vayenne," etc.

"They failed!" he murmured in a low voice, although he may have thought that he cried it aloud in his joy, and believed that the little smile upon his face was a shouting laugh of triumph. "They failed. They did not find them!"

The intense satisfaction seemed to overpower him, and he sank back, his head resting upon his arm. There were no troubled dreams now, only deep sleep. The wagon wheels, turning slowly, rolled further away, the mass of sound broke up into detached units; short periods of silence came, then longer, and the gloom about the sleeper turned to darkness. So for a long time there was silence.

Presently the door of the room opened slowly, stealthily; there was the glimmer of a lantern, and a man, wrapped in a long cloak, with a hat down over his face, came in silently. He stood for a moment listening, then on tip-toe he approached the sleeper. The door remained open, and behind him, even more stealthily, came another cloaked figure, but it did not follow him towards the sleeper. It turned quickly, and was absorbed in the darkness and made no sound.

The man bent over the sleeper and let the light of the lantern fall upon his face. There was no quivering of the eyelids.

"He's asleep right enough," muttered the man, "and will be little the worse, either. I've a mind to finish it now, and say he died. He's roused and drunk the wine, too. We're all going

Advertiser Patterns
DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A GRACEFUL NEGLIGEE.

No. 656.—Comfort and grace are both suggested in the flowing lines of the garment here pictured. A double inverted box-pleat in the centre of the back and tucks in the upper part of the skirt give additional fullness to the mode. The sleeves are in the fashionable elbow length, finished by a rill of the material, although lace could be used if preferred. Several materials are adaptable such as China silk, challis and cashmere. For 56-inch bust measure 3 1/2 yards of material 26 inches wide will be required. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

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

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 sent, 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.

with a noose round our necks, and we're fools. Why not do it?"

The sleeper stirred a little, and the man stepped back, holding the lantern behind him.

"I'll do tomorrow, Jake's throat'll be better tomorrow, though not so well that he'll be likely to forgive. I'll let Jake in. He's savage enough, and won't stand for trifles. That'll loosen the noose a bit, and if anything happens to Jake—well, he doesn't count for much."

Perhaps the man was hardly conscious that he gave utterance to his thoughts; and his fears for his own safety were real enough, for the idea of a noose was sufficient to make him slip his fingers round inside the cloak at his neck as though to loosen a sudden tightening there.

"We'll make an end of it somehow tomorrow," he said.

With a last look into Dubuison's face to make quite certain that he was not feigning sleep, he turned and went slowly to the door; but no figure rose out of the shadows to follow him. He went out, closing the door gently behind him, then the key turned in the lock, and a glimmer of light came withdrawn. Silence was in the room again, save for the sleeper's deep and regular breathing; a long silence—ten minutes, fifteen, perhaps, for the man who had gone out might have forgotten something and return. Then in a corner there was a slight rustle, and a figure, that even the keenest eyes would have failed to discover in that darkness, groped its way to the door and listened for a minute or more, near to the keyhole. Satisfied, it felt its way again to the corner and soon a glimmer of light shone there. The woman, for her form was no longer enveloped in a cloak, placed the lantern on the floor, behind the upright box which stood almost within the sleeper's reach and where it was screened from shedding any tell-tale beam towards the keyhole of the door. Going to the corner again, she brought a coil of stout rope, and laid it beside the lamp. This accomplished, she took a clasp knife from her pocket and severed the cords which bound the sleeper's ankles. He stirred a little, and she bent down to look into his face.

"It seems a sin to wake him," she whispered, "but I must. It means life or death for us both, perhaps."

She smoothed the tangled hair back from his forehead gently, yet with sufficient pressure to rouse him.

"Wake! Wake!" she said, speaking close to his ear.

He opened his eyes, and they looked into her face.

"Lady Betty," he murmured. "The name was a keynote to his dreams. The woman heard, and understood. She had had dreams, waking dreams of loved ones, faint visions, though the dreamer was clad in coarse homespun. She had awoke long ago, and she had come to tonight. She did not know who Lady Betty might be, but the man she bent over looked a worthy lover."

"Wake!" she said.

"What is it?" said Dubuison, rising himself on his elbow, quite unconscious that he had spoken a moment before. "Who are you?"

"Hush! There is danger. Speak low."

"Where am I? I remember last night, but—"

Dubuison struggled slowly to his feet, and the woman held up her finger to warn him to make no noise.

"The night before," he murmured. "Is it so long?"

"Yes, and you must go at once. The door is fast, but there is another way, which I have come to show you."

She pushed away the heap of sackcloth, took up an empty case and set it noiselessly against the wall; then, stooping down, she pulled up an iron ring from the floor.

"Help me," she said; "it is heavy." Barely conscious of what was happening, Dubuison felt whether this was real or still part of his dream. Dubuison helped her to lift the heavy trap door.

"This is the road," she said, "and there is no time to waste."

CHAPTER XI.

"Today, at 3 o'clock, Deborah, a

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



Best Yeast in the World
Sold and Used Everywhere
E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

gentleman is coming to see me." Lady Betty announced, turning to a mirror, perhaps to conceal her face rather than to see that her hair was in order, as she pretended.

"Somewhat an unusual proceeding, isn't it?"

"That is why I take the trouble to specially announce the fact."

"Does the duchess know?" asked Deborah.

"The duchess does not, and even if I should see her this morning, which is most unlikely, I have no intention of taking her into my confidence."

"Then why tell me?"

"My dear Deborah, I have told you a great many things that I have never mentioned to another soul. You must know that."

"I certainly am not so ancient that I cannot enjoy confidences. Indeed, Betty, I must make a confession. I find London vastly more amusing than I ever supposed it to be."

"Don't imagine that I have not noticed it," said Betty, laughing.

"Noticed what? And there was quite an air of alarm about Deborah as she asked the question."

"So conscience is a little restless, is it? Truly, you have become quite gay, and I never expected to find you patronizing the ribbon shops so persistently."

"A woman may grow old in the country before her time," Deborah remarked sentimentally. "In London some of the women who must have been girls with my mother seem quite young still."

"All bought and put on like the rest of their dress," Deborah said. Betty. "There were several like that at Peterham House last night, and I spent half my time in trying to picture them in the cold, early light of morning."

"And the other half of your time?"

"What else but in admiring my own sweet self in the mirror I could find," laughed Betty.

"I thought you might have spent it in captivizing this gentleman who is to call upon you today."

"You know little of me, Deborah, if you can fancy that would occupy more than five minutes."

"Come, what is he like?"

Betty looked serious and thoughtful for a moment.

Indeed, he is a very excellent gentleman; a little over my own head, but not sufficiently so to let him look down on me; and his arms and legs, and his head, too, are all placed just as other men's are."

"Betty, be serious. I am waiting to enjoy confidences."

"Oh, but you are too early for them. There are no confidences as yet. I have told you that he was coming because I thought you might consider it necessary to chaperone me."

"Certainly, I am hardly old enough to do it, but—"

"My dear Deborah, you are perfect in the part on ordinary occasions, but this is an extraordinary one. For once in my life I shall not want you so you will hide yourself somewhere at 3 o'clock, won't you?"

"What would the duchess say?"

"A great deal more than I should have the patience to listen to. I do not doubt," said Betty. "That is why I did not tell her; she would be too tired after the ball last night to listen to explanations."

Deborah Cower was not angry or irritated. Somehow the idea that she was to be chaperoned by a little girl, not only but she felt rather late, perhaps, but not too late to be taken advantage of. She had had proof of this, and it was rather impudent of Betty to laugh at her ribbons, by which term she had evidently indicated a good many changes which had occurred in her dress lately.

The changes were indeed wonderfully full; he had been told so by no mean critic, and he had expressed his opinion in terms which made the fair Deborah blush to remember that she was not the only person who could deal in confidences. Under the circumstances it was perhaps only natural that Deborah should expect a certain pleasure that 3 o'clock came, and 4, and 5, bringing no gentleman to the house in Pall Mall.

It would not be true to say that Lady Betty bore this fact patiently. She had given this Mr. Victor Dubuison an appointment; she had not done so much to her credit; and she felt assured that there was no other man of her acquaintance who would not have presented himself punctually at the appointed hour.

The favor, the immense favor, had been lighted, and there was nothing in the world that could excuse the failure to keep such an appointment. She was angry; she even declared herself so; but that she was outraged by such conduct, but she would not admit there was any disappointment. She had merely been gracious to a friendless individual, and her graciousness had been thrown away.

It did occur to her that Victor Dubuison might be deceiving her, that she ought to have delivered him to the soldiers when they came to Abbot's Chase, but she dismissed the idea immediately. He was not a soldier, and she had looked into his eyes and been certain of that. So it was evident that Lady Betty was rather inconsistent in her reflections concerning this man.

"You were disappointed, after all, Betty," Deborah said, very softly and very kindly. "I am so sorry."

"Perhaps Betty detected the faint glimmer of a smile upon Deborah's face, or heard the ghost of a laugh underneath the condolence."

"I almost fancy I must have been mistaken. The affair was settled so hastily. Naturally, he would imagine that I should welcome no visitor on the day after the ball. He meant tomorrow, and I have wasted an afternoon to no purpose. We might have gone to Bond street, Deborah, and searched the shops for ribbons and laces."

Deborah was not deceived by this explanation, and laughed to herself at Betty's determination to waste the following afternoon for pride's sake. She was considerably surprised, therefore, when a visitor did make his appearance, and enough to make her precisely 3 o'clock. Being engaged in somewhat elaborate toilet operations at the time—an occupation she had acquired since coming to London—the visitor had been ushered into the room, and Deborah was able to hurry down and see who he might be.

When a servant informed her that a Mr. Walter Everston was waiting for her, Deborah's figure stiffened as though she had received a shock, and she entered a room which the visitor must pass on leaving, and which she not to vacate her post until she had seen him.

I believe Betty sent for him on purpose to deceive me, she said to herself; and there was no doubt that Deborah Cower was very angry. Lady Betty, however, had done nothing of the kind. She did not expect that Victor Dubuison would have the effrontery to come a day behind his

Want to Go to Europe?

If you are a lady over 18 years of age, fill in the nomination blank, tell your friends about it and The Advertiser will help you win the trip in your district.

Pin Money For Tour

The London Advertiser Will Distribute

\$30.00 in Gold

Among the four candidates making the largest gain in votes between the result as published Tuesday, Feb. 16 (which is the result up to and including Saturday, Feb. 13) and Saturday, Feb. 27, 10 p.m. The result will be announced, if possible, Tuesday, March 2.

\$10.00 IN GOLD to candidate in city (districts No. 1, 2, 3 and 4) making largest gain.

\$5.00 IN GOLD to candidate in city (districts No. 1, 2, 3 and 4) making second largest gain.

\$10.00 IN GOLD to candidate in country (districts No. 5, 6, 7 and 8) making largest gain.

\$5.00 IN GOLD to candidate in country (districts No. 5, 6, 7 and 8) making second largest gain.

Read the above carefully so that you thoroughly understand it.

Not too late for new nominations. Present unknowns may carry off the prizes. Votes sent in for ladies not nominated will not count. **NOMINATE YOUR CANDIDATE.**

SALEM CHURCH, DERWENT

Conclusion of the Opening Services—
Cost of Buildings Provided For.

Derwent, Feb. 17.—The opening services of the Salem Methodist Church, which have been in progress since the 7th inst., were concluded on Monday night. The services morning and evening were conducted by Rev. Wm. Quance, of Lambeth, an expatriate. His expositions of truth were enjoyed greatly by the large audiences.

At the Sunday school rally in the afternoon Rev. A. K. Birks, LL.B., and Rev. G. N. Hazen, of London, addressed a fair-sized gathering, that had braved the storm.

The tea-meeting and concert Monday evening was a great success, every available inch of space being occupied. Musical selections were given by Miss McBride, Mr. H. E. St. George and Mr. Bluetner, of London. The choir of the church, assisted by local talent, rendered a choice selection.

Mr. A. Venning reviewed the history of the appointment, and spoke of the hardships endured by the pioneer preachers in placing the banner of the cross in the early days. Addresses were also given by Rev. John Currie, of Belmont; G. I. Burns, Gladstone; Wm. Quance, Lambeth; H. D. Moyer, St. Mary's.

The entire cost of the building and furnishings is fully provided for, and a nice sum is available to help in purchasing a new organ in the near future.

Who will win the \$30 pin-money in The Advertiser European Trip Contest.

DIRECTORATE CHANGES.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Mexican Light and Power Company today a change in the directorate was made as expected. Dr. F. S. Pearson being elected president, and Sir Wm. Van Home elected vice-president. The other directors are George Platt, R. C. Brown, S. A. Lash, J. M. Limantour, E. R. Wood. Remarks complimentary to the old board were made by H. D. Patterson, of Woodstock, Ont. The annual report was presented and adopted.

Thirty dollars in gold for the contestants in The Advertiser European Trip Contest.

POISONED IN BEAVER.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 17.—Five men were poisoned today in a mysterious manner in a Cathedral street beaver run by C. F. Hill, an American. One man, Thomas Green, is dead, and the Hill, the proprietor, Ed. O'Connell, E. Dallow, and an unknown man are unconscious in the General Hospital. All drank coffee which evidently contained poison, but how this came there is a mystery.

YOUR DISTRESSED STOMACH WILL

FEEL FINE FIVE MINUTES LATER

ALL MISERY IN THE STOMACH

AND INDIGESTION, VANISH BEFORE YOU REALIZE IT.

Take your sour stomach—or maybe you call it indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or catarrh of stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Eddy's Diapensin and let you eat one 22-grain Triangule and see if within five minutes there is left any trace of your former misery.

The correct name for your trouble is food fermentation—food souring; the digestive organs become weak; there is lack of gastric juice; your food is only half digested, and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping

in bowels, tenderness in the pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness and many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is rickety, and nothing tempts you, or you belch gas or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself, after your next meal, that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong with this fermentation and begin eating what your want without fear of discomfort or misery.

Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take some Diapensin.

NOMINATION BLANK

London Advertiser's Free European Trip.

Each candidate must be properly nominated and indorsed on the following blank, which does not count as a vote.

The names of the candidates nominated will be printed in The London Advertiser regularly.

We hereby nominate and indorse

(Name of Lady.)

(Address of Lady.)

(Who we know was 18 years of age or over on Feb. 1, 1909), as the most popular lady in

District No.

(Name of Nominator.)

(Address.)

Indorsed by

Address

Indorsed by

Address

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THE ST. CHARLES
Most Select Location Fronting Ocean

With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high-class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms with hot and cold, fresh and sea water attachment, showers, etc. Magnificent sun parlor overlooking the boardwalk and ocean. Orchestra of soloists. Golf privileges. Illustrated booklet.

NEWLIN HAINES.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

INCORPORATED 1886

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A favorite in all households. A high-class article strongly built to withstand the wear and tear of the laundry. Ask for the IMPROVED OVERHANGING TOP, which prevents splashing.

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