

New Discovery Is Rushed Across Atlantic, In Fight To Save Life of Sir Adam

Friend in Paris Secures Powers Recently Discovered by British Scientist.

ARRIVE AT HOSPITAL

Medicine Is Reputed To Have Powers To Cure Pernicious Anemia.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, April 29.—A report published here today reads in part as follows:

"A recently discovered remedy which may be the means of restoring Sir Adam Beck to health was delivered to Johns Hopkins hospital today after being rushed across the ocean from Paris, France.

"Sir Adam is suffering from a form of pernicious anemia, and has been receiving skilled medical attention here for the past two months, being confined to bed the greater part of the time. His health has been failing for several years, and his recent severe illness has caused grave concern throughout Ontario, as well as in many other parts of the world where he is well known.

Fifth Transfusion.

"It was thought when he first entered the hospital that three or four weeks' rest and proper treatment would enable him to recover his strength partially, at least. These hopes have not been realized. Your blood transfusions have been necessary and a fifth is to be given this week.

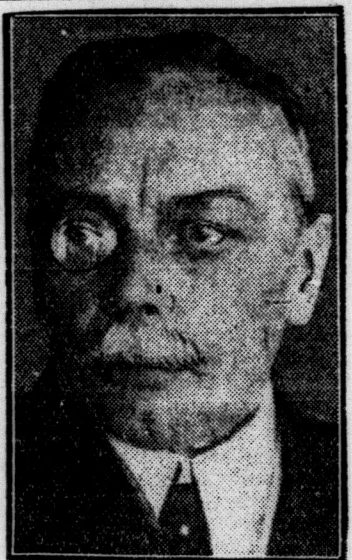
"Seemingly almost providential, therefore, was the discovery made about three weeks ago by Prof. Gardner, a great English chemist. Working in his laboratory in Paris he produced a powder that is believed to be a cure for anemia.

"A friend of Sir Adam, who was in Paris at the time, succeeded in securing a supply of the powder and had it despatched by registered post on the first ship leaving Cherbourg, the Majestic."

Powders Delivered.

The despatch then relates how arrangements were made for prompt delivery of the medicine at the hospital. The Majestic arrived in New York at 10:30 o'clock and the powder was in the hands of Sir Adam's physicians this morning. The despatch concludes:

"It is hoped that beneficial effects will follow its administration, and



GEN. VON SEECKT.

chief of the German general staff, who is said to be siding with the ex-crown prince rather than the Kaiser in the underground campaign for the restoration of the Hohenzollerns to the Teutonic throne.

There is good reason for believing that this will be the case, providing, of course, that the trouble from which Sir Adam is suffering has not become too far advanced. His condition is reported at the hospital as being somewhat encouraging."

SURPRISE TO DOCTOR.

Associated Press Despatch.

Baltimore, Md., April 29.—Dr. T. B.

ICEMEN MAY HAVE TO CEASE

LAYING SHORT WEIGHT TO SUN

London icemen may have to inscribe their wares with minimum weight guarantees, according to a move that was started in No. 1 committee last night.

"Fifty pounds net weight," the block of ice will say. If it doesn't it isn't a 50-pound block, and the iceman will have the ice inspector after him.

Shrinkage on warm days must be taken into consideration. Ice weights must be weights at place of delivery

Fletcher, personal physician to Sir Adam Beck, prominent Canadian, who has been a patient at the Johns Hopkins hospital here for several weeks, said tonight that no special treatment is being given Sir Adam. No medicine for pernicious anemia, reported in a Toronto despatch to have been secured from its discoverer in Paris and sent to Baltimore by a friend of Sir Adam, had been received here, Dr. Fletcher said.

The physician further stated that he had no knowledge of the nature of this medicine, and that the press report was the first he had heard of it. Sir Adam is progressing favorably under the usual treatment, and will probably be able to leave the hospital within a week or two, Dr. Fletcher said.

No comment on the nature of Sir Adam's illness was made by his physician, but Dr. James Smoke, head of the institution, said that while the ailment is a form of anemia, it had not been diagnosed as pernicious, and he did not think it was believed to be such. Several transfusions have been made, Dr. Smoke said.

REV. J. ETHERINGTON IS O. T. A. INSPECTOR

Nickle Declares Minister Is Not Inspector of Beer Permits.

Toronto, April 29.—Rev. J. E. Etherington of Hamilton, former member of the board of control of that city, has been appointed an inspector under the O. T. A., and not "inspector of permits," as was announced in a Toronto paper.

Hon. W. F. Nickle, attorney-general, stated this morning that Mr. Etherington would assist in the preparation of the regulations for the sale of the 44 beer, and later assist in the enforcement of them.

The appointment of Mr. Etherington at a salary of \$180 a month is a

and not at the ice-house. Aldermen argue that a lot of melting can happen between the ice-house and the beer-cooler. John D. London has paid the bill in the past. The council would now try to make the ice-man pay.

Richard Sanders, inspector of weights, was last night asked by the committee to investigate the advisability of possibilities of getting ice weights.

The matter will be recommended to council, and a guarantee of some sort will be sought.

Shrinkage on warm days must be taken into consideration. Ice weights must be weights at place of delivery

not be weights at place of delivery

THE NIGHT OF THE WEDDING

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.
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INSTALLMENT VII.

WHY WHO N THE STORY.

EVERLYN HASTE, beautiful and rich girl, who sits down at the piano on her wedding night and mysterious disappearance.

KENNY HASTE, her husband, who suspects complicity on the part of his old war comrade.

SIR RAWDON WELLS, an amateur scientist, who has insisted on lending the couple Hidden Hall Court, his gloomy and mystery-ridden estate, and who is found after the disappearance in a secret chamber.

PANDORA, a vivacious girl, adopted sister of Kenney's, and secretly in love with Wells.

MISS GILLET, an ex-war nurse, who fell in love with Haste in a hospital, and who is an intense person.

"I wanted her to suffer!" Rawdon asked. "I don't know much about such things at first hand. Do you want to arrest me? Because, if you do, I'll stand up to you."

"Oh, no, sir, certainly not!" Anson protested. "It's quite enough if I have your word not to leave the house."

"You have that," Wells returned promptly. "Only force would get me out. I'm as anxious as you are for every development. I'm praying that Miss Car—Mrs. Haste will be found. And as for Captain Haste, he has a right to know the truth."

After Mariani, Tate, the chauffeur, who had driven Wells from town, was interviewed, without any exciting result. Then the housekeeper was summoned to tell what she knew of the matter.

The sergeant was human enough to enjoy questioning her, for his own impression confirmed what was said about her in the house—that she was a "very mysterious sort of person."

She was dressed in mourning, with a narrow band of delicate white at neck and wrists, and with her long black cover, her black hair that had two wide streaks of silver, her dead white face and her large, tragic dark eyes, she was like a study in chalk and charcoal come alive.

Something odd in her manner as in her appearance, too; something jumpy and frightened, not just ordinarily nervous. She had the air of glancing over her shoulder to see who was behind her, when there was no one there; and her thin, beautifully shaped hands clasped and unclasped each other.

"Not at all the housekeeper for a great country home," Anson told himself. Yet Sir Rawdon had chosen her himself, he had heard, and no one had learned whence she came.

Nothing that Anson was able to say could drag more than this from Mrs. Gillett; but if he had learned little that was enlightening about the disappearance of the bride, he had at least gained some rather surprising information about the woman herself.

She was on such terms with Sir Rawdon Wells as to advise him concerning his private affairs. This made her seem more mysterious than ever. Then there was that daughter of hers, whose eyes betrayed a burning love for Captain Haste, and who had ventured down to visit her mother while the house was lent for Haste's honeymoon with another girl; in fact, on the wedding night.

By the time Anson had finished his unsatisfactory interview with Mrs. Gillett, Captain Haste had sufficiently recovered to free his volunteer nurse. And Miss Gillett followed her mother into the "den."

"Are you willing to tell me why you came to visit here just at this time?" the police sergeant catechized her.

"Yes," answered the V. A. D. without an instant's hesitation. "I came because something forced me to make myself miserable."

"Miss Carroll wasn't worthy of Captain Haste. I wanted her to suffer, too. She wasn't worthy of any man's love. She was just a flirt—a vain little flirt. She was engaged—virtually engaged—to Sir Rawdon Wells but broke with him after she met Captain Haste. He—Captain Haste—didn't know there'd been an engagement. He wouldn't have believed it—against her word—unless it could be proved. And I thought of a way of proving it here. I wanted them to quarrel. I felt it would be the best thing for him to know that the girl for whom he was the sooner the better. That's why I came."

As she spoke, Fanny Gillett looked Anson straight and boldly in the eyes. She was handsome. Her eyes and features were not unlike what her mother's must have been, but there was some other resemblance. Anson tried to recall it, tried to account for it, but could not.

"Do you suggest that the pair had quarreled?" he asked. "That something had occurred which drove Mrs. Haste to leave the house of her own accord?"

"I don't think anything had happened time to occur," Miss Gillett answered. "I knew Sir Rawdon was keeping letters from Evelyn Carroll. I thought I could find them, and I meant to put some in Captain Haste's dressing-room, where he'd be sure to see them. All's fair in love and war! I'm not ashamed of loving him. I saved his life. He would have cared for me if it hadn't been for that—flirt."

"You thought you could find letters," echoed Anson. "Did you find them?"

"No. They were gone. From where?"

"From this room. From a drawer in that desk where you're sitting. I

know they were there once. But I'm going to tell you how I knew. It hasn't anything to do with this affair. And I haven't anything to do with it. But I'm glad Mrs. Haste has gone! I hope for her husband's sake, some other infatuated man has carried her away, and that she'll never come back into his life again."

"Some other infatuated man!" The police sergeant saw a maze twisting ahead of him. It seemed to him that there was some reason for suspecting that both these women—mother and daughter—knew more than he was able to get out of them. He began to be thankful, after all, that a detective from London was coming down.

When he had dismissed Miss Gillett, he had Josephine in—Mrs. Haste's maid—who had come down by train in advance of her mistress. And the French woman's answer to his first question gave the old soldier an odd constriction of the throat.

"Yes, monsieur. I do know something to make me suspect what has become of mademoiselle—I mean madame," she said.

"Sir Rawdon Wells make her a threat one time; she told me to me, for I been with her long time. She give me no confidence. Sir Rawdon say he will keep her if she marry somebody not him."

"Will she tell me Sir Rawdon threatened to murder the lady, yet she accepts his invitation to spend her honeymoon in this house?" blustered Anson.

"Yes, monsieur. I tell you zat," persisted Josephine, "because it ees ze truth. Mademoiselle, she ees too trusting. She think no man can do harm to her. She do not believe. At ze first, she ees frightened—a little; Sir Rawdon ees so fierce. But next day she laugh, and say it ees only a joke. All ze same, she forbid me to repeat what he say to Monsieur le Capitaine. She is afraid if I do he will not let her come to stay in zis house. And she wish to come. She wish eet very much. She is in love with zis house. She would almost ave marry Sir Rawdon for zat, if she had not meet ze capitaine."

"You did not want her to come here?"

"Oh, no, monsieur! I beg 'er not. But she say, 'Stuff and nonsense.' You tell me you travelled down before the captain and his bride. Had you any idea that Sir Rawdon was at the court?"

"I ave ze idea, yes, because I am sure he will come. But I know nothing. I do not know where for dinner. She is appy and gay. She 'as no fear. She forgets w'at Sir Rawdon has said. Zis ees all I can tell you, monsieur."

The constable at the door who ushered Josephine out had a word for his superior.

"The young lady, sir, Miss Haste wants to know if you ain't going to question her?"

"I hadn't thought of doing so," said Anson. "She's so young—a child. They say she turned up here while the Hastes were dining, or about that time. She can't have any information."

"She thinks she has, sir. She wishes to speak with you, says it's important."

"Oh, very well," agreed the sergeant. "Show the young lady in."

Pandora Haste came into the room. Police Sergeant Anson wondered why he had thought of her as a child. His first impression of the young creature with the mop of bobbed hair and big zany eyes was of a girl no more than fifteen at most. Now it was a woman who stood before him, a pale and tragically beautiful woman.

The man felt suddenly embarrassed and did not know how to address her.

"I think you said miss, you had some statement of importance to make," he murmured. "I suppose it's about this bad business. If you happen to know anything that can help me."

"I know everything," Pandora broke in. "I wish you had called me first. I could have saved you a great deal of trouble, and—and the others much pain."

"I thought to spare you, miss," Anson excused himself. "You are so young."

"I'm grown up," the girl said. "I'm a woman—a very unhappy one. Have you never heard anything about me to make you think I might be connected with—in whatever has happened to Mrs. Haste?"

"No, miss. I haven't," replied Anson, not stopping to realize the incongruity of her questioning him. "All I know about you is that you're the younger sister of Captain Haste—"

"Adopted sister," Pandora corrected him. "That's more than being a sister. I owe him everything. It was he who adopted me, not his father. He was a little boy when I was left at the door. I, a tiny baby. If it hadn't been for him I should have been sent to some foundling home. By now I might have been a servant. But he begged to keep me. He gave me his pocket money for my expenses. That was the bargain with his father to test his character. It's Kenneth Haste who has educated me, and given me a lovely home and all the pretty things I ever wanted. Not many real brothers would have made the sacrifice he has made. Is it any wonder I adore him—that I was absolutely wild with rare to see him falling under the spell of a girl like Evelyn Carroll?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

HAD BOILS ALL OVER HIM

There is only one way to get rid of boils and that is by going right to the seat of the trouble—the blood—as the bad blood must be made pure before the boils will disappear.

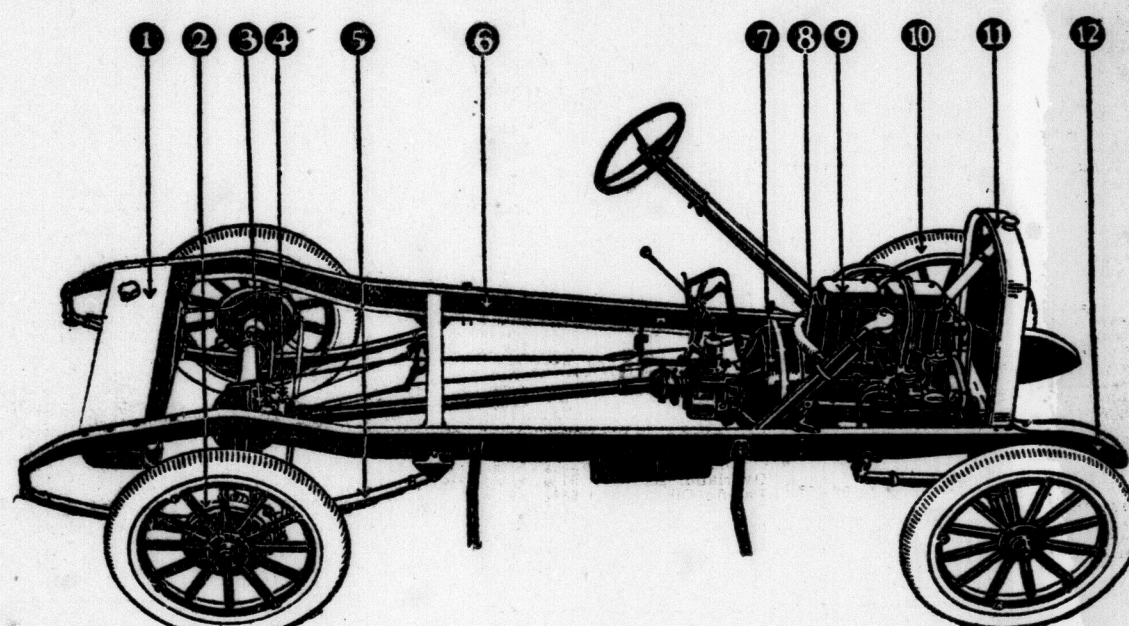
Burdock Blood Bitters

cleanses the system and removes all the foul matter from the blood in a way that few medicines will do. Mrs. Chas. Rankin, Bulyse, Sask., writes: "A few years ago my husband had a terrible time with boils. On one arm he had 16 between his elbow and wrist; five on the back of his neck; and several more on the different parts of his body. He tried everything he could think of, but got no relief until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, and to his surprise it completely relieved him of his boils in a very short time."

B.B.B. has been on the market for the past 46 years; he sure you get it when you ask for it; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.



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- 8 New steering control of semi-reversible type worn and gear construction with fore-and-aft linkage to front wheels makes steering easy, sure and safe.
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- 11 New Honeycomb Radiator same size and capacity as formerly, but with a new, more beautiful nickel-plated radiator shell.
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