

A Glass of Iced

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Will be found most beneficial
this warm weather.LEAD PACKETS ONLY 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.
By all grocers.**The House of a
Thousand Candles**

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. [Copyright, 1906, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

"Miss Devereux," I murmured, I have, I hope, an icy tone for persons who have incurred my displeasure, and I employed it then and there, with no doubt its fullest value.

She and my grandfather were groping in the dark for the lost lantern, and I, putting out my hand, touched her fingers.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured frostily.

Then I found and grasped the lantern. "One moment," I said, "and I'll see what's the trouble."

I thought my grandfather took it, but the flame of my wax match showed her fingers, clasping the wires of the lantern. The clock slipped away, showing her arm's soft curve, the blue and white of her bodice, the purple blur of violets; and for a second I saw her face, with a smile quivering about her lips. My grandfather was beating impatiently with his stick, urging us to leave the lantern and go on.

"Let it alone," he said. "I'll go down through the chapel. There's a lantern in there somewhere."

"I'm awfully sorry," she remarked, "but I recently lost my best lantern."

To be sure she had! I was angry that she should so brazenly recall the night I found her looking for Pickering's notes in the passage at the Door of Bewilderment.

She had lifted the lantern now, and I was striving to touch the wax taper to the wick, with imminent danger to my bare fingers.

"They don't really light well when

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4088

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For little maids whose figures are not yet well-formed, the full aprons are generally chosen. These models are more becoming and answer best for general utility wear. The full skirt of this one is gathered to a pointed yoke and the apron may be made with or without the sleeves. As to trimmings which are often the most extensive part of an apron, one may do as she likes, no other than the garment material being needed for its adornment unless desired. The deep, rich collar which may be made of the apron material is a becoming finish or the neck while this may be omitted and narrow ruffles of lawn used instead. For the medium size 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. 4088—25c, 3 to 10 years.

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the off's out," she observed, with an exasperating air of wisdom.

I took it from her and shook it close to my ear.

"Yes, of course, it's empty," I muttered disdainfully.

"Oh, Mr. Glenarm!" she cried, turning away toward my grandfather.

I heard his stick beating the rough path several yards away. He was hastening toward Glenarm House.

"I think Mr. Glenarm has gone home."

"Oh, that is too bad!" she exclaimed. "Thank you! He's probably at the chapel by this time. If you will permit me—"

"Not at all!"

A man well advanced in the sixties should not tax his arteries too severely. I was quite sure that my grandfather ran up the chapel steps; I could hear his beating hurriedly on the stone.

"If you wish to go farther"—I began.

I was indignant at my grandfather's conduct; he had deliberately run off, leaving me alone with a young woman whom I particularly wished to avoid.

"Thank you; I shall go back now; I was merely waiting to see the gate with Mr. Glenarm. It is so fine to have him back again so unbelievable."

It was not just such a polite murmur as one might employ in speaking to an old foe at a friend's table.

She listened a moment for his step; then, apparently satisfied, turned back toward St. Agatha's. I followed uncertain, hesitating, marking her definite onward flight. From the folds of the cloak stole the faint perfume of violets. The sight of her, the sound of her voice combined to create, and to destroy, a mood with every step.

I was seeking some colorless thing to say when she spoke over her shoulder:

"You are very kind, but I'm not in the least afraid, Mr. Glenarm."

"But there is something I wish to say to you, I should like—"

She slackened her step.

"Yes."

"I am going away."

"Yes, of course; you are going away."

Her tone implied that this was something that had been ordained from the beginning of time, and did not matter.

"And I wish to say a word about Mr. Pickering."

She paused and faced me abruptly. We were at the edge of the wood, and the school lay quite near. She caught the cloak close about her, and gave her head a little toss I remembered well, as a trick compelled by the vagaries of woman's head-dress.

"I can't talk to you here, Mr. Glenarm; I had no intention of ever seeing you again; but I must say this—"

"Those notes of Pickering's—I shall ask Mr. Glenarm to give them to you—as a mark of esteem from me."

She stepped backward as though I had struck her.

"You risked much for them—for him?"

"Mr. Glenarm, I have no intention of discussing that, or any other matter with you—"

"It is better so—"

"But your accusations, the things you imply, are unjust, infamous—"

The quaver in her voice shook my resolution to deal harshly with her.

"If I had not myself been a witness—I began.

"Yes, you have the conceit of your own wisdom, I dare say."

"But that challenge to follow you, break my pledge, my running away, only to find that Pickering was close at my heels; your visit to the tunnel in search of those notes—don't you know that those things were a blow that hurt? You had been the spirit of this woodland to me. Through all these years, from the hour I watched you paddle off into the sunset in your canoe, the thought of you made the days brighter, steadied and cheered me, and awakened ambitions that I had forgotten—abandoned—long ago. And this hideous struggle here—"

"I am glad I followed you—"

"I'm glad that neither fortune nor duty kept me back. And now I want you to know that Arthur Pickering shall not suffer for anything that has happened. I shall make no effort to punish him; for your sake he shall go free."

A sigh so deep that it was like a sob broke from her. She thrust forth her hand entreatingly.

"Why don't you go to him with your generosity? You are so ready to believe in me! And I shall not defend myself; but I will say these things to you. Mr. Glenarm, I had no idea, no thought of seeing him at the Armstrong's that night. It was a surprise to me, and to them, when he telegraphed he was coming. And when I went into the tunnel there in time, that wall that night I had a purpose—a purpose—"

"Yes?" she paused and I bent forward, earnestly waiting for her words, knowing that here lay great offending.

"I was afraid—I was afraid that Mr. Glenarm might not come in time; that you might be disappointed—lose the fight, and I came back with Mr. Pickering because I thought some dreadful thing might happen there—to you—"

She turned and ran from me with the speed of the wind, the cloak fluttering out darkly about her. At the door under the light of the lamp, I was close upon her. Her hand was on the vestibule latch.

"But how should I have known?" I cried. "And you had taunted me with my imprisonment at Glenarm; you had dared me to follow you, when you knew that my grandfather was living and watching to see whether I kept faith with him. If you can tell me,—if there is an answer to that—"

"I shall never tell you anything—more! You were so eager to think ill of me—to accuse me—"

"It was because I love you; it was jealousy of that man, my boyhood enemy, that made me catch at any doubt. You are so beautiful,—you are so much a part of the peace, the charm of all this! I had hoped for spring—for you and the spring together!"

"Oh, please—"

Her flight had shaken the toque to an unwonted angle; her breath came quick and hard as she tugged at the latch. The light from overhead was full upon us, but I could not get with hope and belief struggling unextinguished in my heart. I seized her hands and sought to look into her eyes.

"But you challenged me—to follow you! I want to know why you did that!"

She drew away, struggling to free herself.

"Why was it, Marlan?"

"Because I wanted—"

"Yes."

"I wanted you to come, Squire Glenarm!"

Three springs had awakened the sap in the Glenarm wood since that night. Yesterday I tore March from the calendar. April in Indiana! She is an impudent tomboy who whistles at the window, points to the sunshine and, when you go hopefully forth, summons the clouds and pelts you with snow.

The austere old woodland, wise from long acquaintance, finds no joy in her. The walnut and hickory have a higher respect for the sterner qualities of December. April in Indiana! She was just there by the wall, where now the bluebird pauses dismayed, and waits again the flash of her golden sandals.

She bent there at the lakeside, the splash of a raindrop ago, and tentatively poked the thin, brittle ice with the pink tips of her little fingers. April in the heart! It brings back the sweet wonder and awe of those days, three years ago, when Marlan and I, waiting for June to come, knew a joy that thrilled our hearts like the tumult of the first robin's song. The marvel of it all steals over me again as I hear the riot of melody in meadow and wood, and catch through the window the flash of eager wings.

My history of the affair at Glenarm has overrun the bounds I had set for it, and these, I submit, are not days for the desk and pen. Marlan is turning over the sheets of manuscript that lie at my elbow, and demanding that I drop work for a walk abroad. My grandfather is passing the terrace outside, planning, no doubt, those changes in the ground, that are his constant delight.

Some of the persons concerned in this winter's tale, let me say a word behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me.

With all the honors of war, and (I may add without breach of confidence) a comfortable indemnity, Larry has made a reputation by his book on Russia—a searching study into the conditions of the Czar's Empire, and, having squeezed that lemon, he is now in Tibet. His father has secured from the British Government a promise of immunity for Larry, so long as that amiable adventurer keeps away from Ireland. My friend's latest letters to me contain, I note, no reference to The Sol.

Rates is in California conducting a fruit ranch, and when he visited us last Christmas he bore all the marks of a gentleman whom the world uses well. His life has known many changes in these years, but they must wait for another day, and, perhaps, another historian. Suffice it to say that it was he who married us—Marlan and me—in the little chapel by the wall, and that when he comes now and then to visit us, we renew our impression of him as a man large of body and great of soul.

Sister Theresa continues at the head of St. Agatha's, and she and the other Sisters of her brown-clad company are delightful neighbors. Pickering's failure and subsequent disappearance were described sufficiently in the newspapers and his name is never mentioned at Glenarm.

As for myself—Marlan is tapping the floor restlessly with her boot and I must hasten—I may say that I am no idler. It was I who carried on the work of finishing Glenarm House, and I manage the farms which my grandfather has lately acquired in the neighborhood. But better still, from my own point of view, I maintain in Chicago an office as consulting engineer and I commissions.

Glenarm House is now what my grandfather had wished to make it, a beautiful and dignified mansion. He insisted on filling up the tunnel, so that the Door of Bewilderment is no more. The passage in the wall and the strong box in the paneling of the chimney-breast remain, though the latter is now as a hiding-place for certain prized bottles of rare whisky which John Marlan shall Glenarm ordains shall be taken down only on Christmas Eves, to drink the health of Olivia Gladys Armstrong.

That young woman, I may add is now a belle in her own city, and of the scores of youngsters all the way from Pittsburg to New Orleans who lay siege to her heart, my word is, may the best man win!

And now, at the end, it may seem idle vanity for a man to write a little, but it must have been clear that mine is the humblest figure in this narrative. I wished to set forth an honest account of my grandfather's experiment in looking into this world from another, and he has himself urged me to write down these various incidents while they are still fresh in my memory.

Marlan—the most patient of women—is walking toward the door, eager for the sunshine, the fresh air of spring, the blue vistas lakeward, and at last I am ready to go.

[The End.]

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and upholstered. Feather Beds, Cushions and Spring Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stairs, Turned and Coped Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 383 Richmond Street, Phone 397.

HAVE YOU TRIED Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

A complaint is always exaggerated.

Special Train to Toronto Exhibition.

On Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6, special trains will leave London at 9 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 p.m., and stopping at Exhibition grounds. Special rate of \$2.55 for round trip will be in effect from Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. All tickets valid returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 11. Call at Grand Trunk City Office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets, for tickets and full particulars.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S TEething, COLIC, and ALL THE BRUISES AND SORES OF INFANCY. It is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

The wish to do well seems to have a satisfying effect on so many people.

**MILLIONS FOR
BRITISH EMPIRE**Details of the Late Alfred Beit's
Will—Does Much for
South Africa.

London, Aug. 24.—The largest amount ever bequeathed to public objects has been left by the late Alfred Beit, the South African magnate, the provisions of whose will are announced.

The total bequests in actual cash amount to nearly £2,000,000, while there is also a large and valuable estate, worth several hundred thousands of pounds, left to the city of Hamburg, a valuable legacy left to the National Gallery, and other legacies in art treasures to museums in Berlin and Hamburg.

The only will that has in any way approximated to this was that of the late Cecil Rhodes, who, in providing for the vast scheme of scholarships which have been given his name, and for other bequests, left a sum which totaled nearly £2,000,000.

The largest bequest in Mr. Beit's will provides for the formation of a fund for the promotion of railway, telegraph and telephone construction in Africa, with particular reference to the Cape-to-Cairo Railway. Briefly summarized, the various bequests are as follows:

For railway construction in South Africa.....£1,250,000
For education and charity in South Africa.....480,000
For the Rhodes Memorial fund.....10,000
For the London University.....158,750
For hospitals and charities in London.....60,000
For the Union Jack Club.....10,000
For charitable institutions in Hamburg.....20,000

These bequests total £1,888,750, and when to these are added the Hamburg estate and the various art treasures, the total amount will undoubtedly be well over two and a quarter millions of pounds.

The Will.

The official announcement of the provisions of the will reads as follows:

"Mr. Beit by his will, which is dated April 18, 1906, recorded the fact that he was a naturalized British subject, living in England, where he intended to remain domiciled."

"He appointed his brother, Otto Beit, his cousin, Franz Voelkelin, and his partner, Sir Julius Wernher, executors and trustees of his will."

"Mr. Beit gives his property known as the Borsler Jager, near Hamburg, to the city of Hamburg forever, to be held in perpetuity for the benefit of the people of Hamburg and Gros Borsler, intact and unalienable."

"Should the authorities of the city find this impracticable, they are authorized, but not until twenty years after Mr. Beit's death, to realize the whole or part of the property, and apply the proceeds for educational, public or other charitable purposes for the benefit of the State of Hamburg."

"All expenses of maintaining and preparing the woods and pleasure grounds forming part of the property are to be defrayed out of the revenue derived from the sale of the property, and the sale of the property may be used as a reserve fund for the purpose of being applied for educational, public or other charitable purposes, in the discretion of the authorities of the city of Hamburg."

Works of Art.

"Mr. Beit gives the picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and called 'Lord Cockburn and Her Children,' which was left to the National Gallery, to the National Gallery. He gives the picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called 'Lady and Her Daughter,' to the Kaiserliche Museum in Berlin, and he gives to the same museum his bronze statue, 'Hercules,' by 'Goudon.'"

"He gives the majolica plate, which is d'Este, and was bought at the Spitzer sale in Paris, to the Museum Fur Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg."

"Mr. Beit gives to the College for Technology (including mining and metallurgy), in connection with the University of London, £50,000 and 5,000 preferred shares of £2 10s each in De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited, to be applied for the purposes of the college."

The De Beers preferred shares were yesterday given which gives a valuation of £200,000 to the University of Johannesburg, to be applied in or towards building and equipping university buildings on the site of the property recently given by him to Johannesburg, including the construction of a railway connecting the property with Johannesburg, the income of which £200,000 is to be applied for educational purposes, as the board of education at Johannesburg has decided."

"If at the expiration of ten years the £200,000 shall not have been applied in such building and equipment, then the legacy is to lapse."

£200,000 For Rhodesia.

"He gives £200,000 to be distributed within two years after his death by a board of trustees to be constituted by his trustees, of whom the present Bishop of Mashonaland shall be one, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in Rhodesia, North or South, or other territories within the field of the operations of the British South Africa Company. He also gives:

"Twenty-five thousand pounds to the Institute of Medical Sciences fund, University of London."

"Twenty-five thousand pounds to the Rhodes University, Grahamstown, Cape Colony."

"Ten thousand pounds to the Rhodes Memorial fund, Johannesburg."

"Ten thousand pounds to the Union Jack Club, London—a club for soldiers and sailors to be erected as a South African war memorial."

"Twenty thousand pounds to his firm of Eckstein & Co. of Johannesburg, to be applied, as to capital and income, in the discretion of the firm, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in or near Kimberley."

"Fifteen thousand pounds to Dr. Jameson, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and Sir Lewis L. Maitland, to be applied, as to capital and income, in their discretion, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in Cape Colony (excluding Kimberley)."

"Mr. Beit gives to the King Edward VII. Hospital fund £20,000, and to Guy's Hospital £20,000, and directs his executors to apply and distribute for such charitable purposes in or near London."

"In their absolute discretion they may, in London £20,000, and in Hamburg £20,000, be consulted as to the distribution of the £20,000 in Hamburg."

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The wish to do well seems to have a satisfying effect on so many people.



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20th Century Brand Garments

are the accepted models of style and the accepted standard of tailoring excellence.

AGENTS IN NEARLY EVERY TOWN IN CANADA.

TAILORED BY

The Lowndes Company, Limited, Toronto.**RESTORE DAVID'S THRONE**

Zionist Leader Says It Will Be Preceded by a Commonwealth.

New York, Aug. 24.—Ultimate restoration of the throne of David in Palestine, to be preceded by a commonwealth or republic and tremendous advancement in Zionism within ten years are prophesied in a letter published in this week's Jewish Independent.

The writer is Clarence I. de Sola, of Montreal, who is president of the Federation of Zionist societies in Canada, whose letter says:

"I certainly believe that, within the next ten years Zionism will have conclusively proved its claim to be the only statesmanlike solution of the Jewish problem, that we shall then have the overwhelming majority of the Jewish people as active supporters of our movement. I firmly believe that by that date we shall be able to show very tangible results as the consequence of Zionist endeavor. We shall have improved the material condition of our race through practical colonization work in Palestine, and we shall have upraised their spiritual condition through the diffusion of a knowledge of those great ideals which have kept alive the spirit of Judaism in all ages."

"I believe that if the Jews gain complete control of Palestine our form of government should at first be a commonwealth or republic. As an orthodox Jew, however, I look forward to the day when the throne of David will be restored; but that may only be after our people have created that ideal spiritual kingdom, for the establishment of which we have hoped."

THE GREAT MARATHON RACE

Developed no keener competition than is manifested in the struggle for business supremacy today. We have easily outstripped our competitors and fairly won the laurel for superiority. Our furniture is unsurpassed in quality, workmanship and design, and our price the very lowest consistent with good goods.

The Ontario Furniture Co.

228-230 Dundas Street.

THAT BOGUS BARON.

Berlin, Aug. 24.—The Lokal Anzeiger today announced the arrest at Hamburg of a man who described himself as Baron Santos Von Dobrowski-Donnersmark, said to be a metal worker, named Konrad, who married an American girl of good family in Manila, on May 4, and who is charged with having recently deserted her in Paris, taking with him jewelry belonging to her valued at \$8,000, and also a sum of money. The man's arrest is reported to be due to the American consul at Hamburg. It is added that a great part of the jewels has already been disposed of by the "baron," but that the police seized the remainder.

The trouble with the marriage list is that it has to be revised so often. About the only consolation found in growing old is that there is always one who is older.

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SHREDDED WHEAT

The World's Best Hot Weather Food for the outdoor man or the indoor man—for the invalid or the convalescent—

Supplies the greatest amount of nutriment in smallest bulk—easily digested—cooling, wholesome, satisfying.

MADE IN CANADA of choicest Canadian Wheat.

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