

SEVEN YEARS AN INVALID

THEN SHE TOOK "FRUIT-A-TIVES" AND IS NOW WELL.

Arnprior, Ont., Nov. 27, 1908.
I was an invalid for seven years from fearful womb trouble. I had falling womb, with constant pain in the back and front of my body and all down my legs. There was a heavy discharge and this made me weak, sleepless, restless and miserable. Often I was obliged to be in bed for a month at a time. I was treated by several doctors, but their treatment did me no permanent good.



A few months ago I was persuaded to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes, and from the outset of this treatment I was better, the constipation lessened, I took for the paleness, several bottles of the Iron Mixture as recommended in the "Fruit-a-tives" book, but I feel that it was "Fruit-a-tives" alone that cured me.

(Mrs.) Eliza Levesque.

Take Mrs. Levesque's advice. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and cure yourself. 50¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50; trial box 25¢. At dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



No. 8534—A Pretty Mode for the Little Miss.

This charming little model with side edges lapped over the front in novel fashion, is something entirely new and exceedingly smart. The dress is in one piece from neck to hem, and closes in the back. The fullness may be held in place around the waist by a belt of the material, or left to hang loose. Linen, gingham, pique and serge are all suitable for development. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

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 you want.

When the pattern is best measure, you need only mark 22, 24, 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 a blouse 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.

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Via Chicago and Northwestern

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21 26 J. 2 17 31 A. 1

A Prince of Sinners

BY PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Author of "A Lost Leader," "The Molefactor," "A Maker of History," Etc.

"I have never seen a squirrel's nest," she said, "is it far?"

Lady Caroom put her sketch away as she heard their approaching footsteps, and looked up. Atherstone's happiness was too ridiculously apparent. He came straight over to her.

"You'll give her to me, won't you?" he exclaimed. "Don't you think I shall be the happiest woman in England if I can make her so. I'm perfectly certain I'm the happiest man."

Lady Caroom pressed her daughter's hand, and they all turned to descend the hill.

"Of course, I'm charmed," Lady Caroom said. "But I don't know what I shall do for a chaperon now."

Atherstone laughed. "I'm your son-in-law," he said. "I can take you out."

Sybil shook her head. "No, you won't," she declared. "The only woman I have ever been really jealous of is mother. She has a way of absorbing all the attention from every one when she is around. I'm not going to have her begin with you."

"I feel," Atherstone said, "like the man who married a twin—said he never tried to tell the difference, you know, when a pair asked him how he picked out his own wife."

"If you think," Sybil said, severely, "that you have made any arrangements of that sort I take it all back. You are going to marry me, if you behave yourself."

He sighed. "Three months is a beastly long time," he said.

Lady Caroom drove back alone. The motor whizzed by her half-way down the hill—Sybil holding her hat with both hands, her hair blowing about, and her cheeks pink with pleasure.

She went on her hand as she went by, and then clutched her hat again. Lady Caroom watched them till they were out of sight, then she found herself looking steadfastly across the valley to the dark belt of pine-clad hills beyond.

She could see nothing very scary, and there was a little choking in her throat. There were no other people about. She was alone. She fancied that at last he was holding out his arm towards her—she sat up in the carriage with a little cry which was not a sob.

When she drove through the hotel gates it was he who stood upon the steps to welcome her.

CHAPTER XI.

Unchanged! Her first eager glance into his face told her that. Waxen white, his lips smiled their courteous greeting upon her, his tone was measured and cold as ever. She set her teeth as she rose from her seat, and gathered her skirts in her hand.

"You are a pig," she exclaimed. "I thought you preferred salt water."

"We had a pleasant fortnight's yachting," he answered. "Then I went with Hembul to Wenden, and I came on here to see you."

"Have you met Sybil and Atherstone?" she asked him.

"Yes," he answered, gravely. "Come into my room," he said, "and I will give you some tea. These young people are sure to have it on the terrace. I will join you when I have got rid of some of this dust."

He was alone for ten minutes. At the end of that time she came out through the folding doors with the old smile upon her lips and the old listlessness in her movements. He rose and watched her until she had settled down in her low chair.

"So Sybil is going to marry Atherstone?"

"Yes. He really deserves it, doesn't he? He is a very nice boy."

Atherstone shrugged his shoulders. "What an everlasting fool Brooks is," he said, in a low tone.

"He keeps his word," she answered. "It is a family trait with you, Atherstone. You are all stubborn, all self-willed, self-centered, selfish."

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "You can't deny it."

"I won't try. I suppose it is true. Besides, I want to keep you in a good humor."

"Do tell me why?"

"If Sybil is going to be married you can't live alone."

"I won't admit that, but what about it? Do you know of a nice respectable companion?"

"Myself," she shook her head.

"You may be nice," she answered, "but you certainly aren't respectable."

"I am what you make me," he answered, in a low tone. "Catherine! A moment ago you were of the old-fashioned, business. What about yourself?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. You have been the one woman of my life. You are free, you know that there is no other man who could make you happy as I could, yet you will not come to me—for the sake of an idea. I am useless and useless, an infidel, an egotist, whatever you choose, at least I love you. You need never fear me. You would always be safe."

"Yes."

"Have you any idea whether the news will be in any way a blow to him?"

"I think perhaps it may," she admitted.

Atherstone was silent. She watched him half eagerly, hoping for some look, some expression of sympathy. She thought too much about what it might mean, and what it was due to himself, and he values his own judgment too highly. However, he has no right to complain, for it is he who suffers, not I. May I dine at your table, tonight? I came over alone."

"Certainly."

They were interrupted a few minutes later by Sybil and Atherstone, and a small host of their friends. But in consequence of Lord Arranmore's visit to Homburg, Brooks a few days later received two letters. The first was from Lord Arranmore.

"Dear Mr. Brooks,"

"The news which I believe Lady Caroom is sending you today may perhaps convince you of the folly of this masquerading. I make you, therefore, the following offer. I will leave England for at least five years on condition that you henceforth take up your proper position in society, and consent to such arrangements as Mr. Ascoug and I may make. In any case I was proposing to myself a somewhat extensive scheme of travel, and the opportunity seems to me a good one for you to dispense with an incognito which may lead you some day into even worse complications. I trust that for the sake of other people with whom you may be brought into contact you will accept the arrangement which I propose. I remain, yours faithfully,

"ARRANMORE."

The other letter was from Lady Caroom.

"My Dear Mr. Brooks,"

"I want to tell you of the Duke of Atherton's engagement to the Duke of Atherton, which took place this afternoon. He has been a very persistent suitor, and he is a great favorite. I think, deservedly, with every one. He will, I am sure, make her very happy."

"I understand that you are still in London. You must find the weather very oppressive. Take my advice and don't overwork yourself. No cause in the world, however good, is worth the sacrifice of one's health."

"I hope that my news will not distress you. You realized, of course, that your decision to remain 'down,' or rather unknown, in Kingston Brooks, made it at some time or other inevitable, and I hope to see a good deal of you when we return to town, and that you will always believe that I am your most sincere friend."

"CATHERINE CAROOM."

Brooks laid the two letters down with a curious mixture of emotions. He knew that a very short time ago he might have considered himself broken-hearted, and he knew that as a matter of fact he was nothing of the sort. He answered Lady Caroom's letter first.

"Dear Lady Caroom,"

"It was very kind of you to write to me, and to send me the news of Sybil's engagement so promptly. I wish her most hearty congratulations. After all, it is the most suitable thing which could have happened."

"You are right in your surmise. After your conversation I realized, quite plainly that under my present identity I could not possibly think of Lady Sybil except as a very charming and a very valued friend. I was, therefore, quite prepared for the news which you have sent me."

"I am going for a few days' golf and sea-bathing into Devonshire, so don't waste too much sympathy. I shall write my best regards to Lady Sybil. Just now I imagine that she is overwhelmed with good wishes, but if she will add mine to the number, I can assure you and her that I offer them most heartily. Yours most sincerely,

"KINGSTON BROOKS."

"P. S.—Have you heard that your friend the bishop is going to bring a bill before the House of Lords which is to exterminate me altogether?"

Lady Caroom smiled at the thought as she read the letter, but immediately afterwards her face cleared.

"After all, I think it is best," she murmured, "and Atherstone is such a dear."

CHAPTER XII.

The bishop sat down amidst a little murmur of applause. He glanced up and saw that his wife had heard his speech, and he noted with satisfaction the long line of reporters, for whose sake he had spoken with such deliberation and with occasional pauses. He felt that his indictment of this new charity departure with demagogues and logical. He was not altogether displeased to see Brooks himself in the stranger's gallery. That young man would be better able to understand now the mighty power of the church which he had so wantonly disregarded.

But it was not the bishop's speech which had filled Brooks with dismay, which had made his heart grow audacious. A great personage stopped and talked to them for a while. Lady Caroom smiled at the news of Sybil's engagement. After that every one stopped to express pleasure. It was not until the young people appeared themselves, and at once monopolized all attention, that Arranmore was able to draw his companion away into comparative solitude.

"Do you by any chance correspond with Brooks?" he asked her.

She shook her head.

"No," he answered. "I was thinking of the idea of sending him to know from one of us. Can't you write him, Arranmore?"

"I could," he answered, "but it would perhaps come better from you. Have you ever had any conversation with him about Sybil?"

"Once," he answered, "yes!"

"Then you can write—it will be better for you to write, I should like to ask you a question if I may."

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good
Tea"

Never varies in quality, every package is good.

YOUNG BRITISH GIANT
LANDS IN NEW YORK

George Dolling Stands 7 Feet 2 Inches
—Wears No. 17 Shoe.

New York, July 31. — When George Dolling, an Englishman, 7 feet 2 inches in height, landed from the Ellis Island ferry at the barge office yesterday his appearance created something of a sensation.

The giant smiled good-naturedly down on the crowd that surrounded him, and after shaking hands with his brother-in-law, Benjamin Corday, a striping of 6 feet 8 inches, told the interviewers how tall he was and said that he weighed 275 pounds. He is 28 years old and wears a No. 17 shoe.

He added that he has a brother in England who is just 7 feet in height.

Mr. Dolling—everybody was careful to call him mister—walked across to the foot wagon at the edge of Battery Park, and, stooping, poked his head in at the window and asked for a sandwich.

"Hey, you!" called out the restaurant man. "Come down off that wheel and come in and order what you want."

Dolling went around to the door and a much subdued waiter served him the sandwich.

The giant said he had been with a show in England, but was here to visit his sister.

DESPERADO IS COMING

Nerviest Man in All the World With
Barnum & Bailey Circus.

The climax of thrilling sensations has been reached by Desperado, a man who is almost past belief, and the thrills that he causes are followed by a sigh of relief. Fortunately the act is of short duration. It would have to be prolonged beyond a few moments.

A platform is built to the dome of the main tent. At the foot of this tall structure there is a small, narrow skid, that forms the arc of a circle. Desperado mounts the top of the platform. Steadying himself at its topmost part for an instant, he places his hands about his head and then dives forward, as would a swimmer about to enter the water. The thing looks like sure death. The nervous tension is great. To take one's eyes from the figure flying through space seems impossible. Where will he land? Desperado hits the chute on his chest. There is a swish, and the next instant the man is standing up and bowing to the people, whose surprise at his nerve and daring has made them spell-bound.

The act is one of the most sensational that has ever been performed by any individual. As a thriller it has never been equaled anywhere in the world. Abroad, Desperado's act created a sensation, and it is doing the same thing here.

This wonderful thriller is by no means the only one contained in the big Barnum & Bailey circus. There is Jupiter, a horse ridden by a beautiful young woman, which is taken up in a balloon and descends in a shower of golden fireworks.

The big circus is full of thrills and, in its entirety, it is the most wonderful aggregation of awe-inspiring feats and acts that has ever been gotten together.

CLAIM TO A CASTLE

Duke of Argyll's Case Against Angus John Campbell.

London, July 30.—In the Edinburgh court of sessions on Tuesday, Lord Johnston closed the record in an action by the Duke of Argyll against Angus John Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, to have it declared that the castle of Dunstaffnage, in Argyllshire, was the property of the Duke of Argyll, and that the defendant had no title to it.

The Duke states that from a very early date the castle was a royal residence and fortress, and was conveyed to him when his family acquired the barony of Lorne from the Stewarts in 1470. In 1509 the defendant's ancestors, as the defendant maintains, rights in the castle this action has become necessary.

The defendant claims that he and his ancestors have been hereditary captains of Dunstaffnage since 1436, a date prior to the acquisition of the

barony of Lorne by the plaintiff's ancestors, and that Dunstaffnage castle was occupied for centuries by his ancestors as the manor house of the estate.

A letter is quoted from Major-General John Campbell to Neil Campbell, the twelfth captain of Dunstaffnage, dated August 1, 1746, which says:

"Make my compliments to your lady, and tell her that I am obliged to desire the favor of her for some days to receive a very pretty young rebel. I suppose you have heard of Miss Flora Macdonald."

The castle was destroyed by fire in 1810, and had not since been used as the family residence.

The case was sent for trial.

WILL THE CHEESE FACTORIES DISAPPEAR

Powdered Milk Business Said
To Be Driving Them Out
of Business.

Toronto, July 30.—The effect of the powdered milk business upon the price of milk in many of the eastern dairy sections is becoming an important factor; for these factories are encroaching upon the territory formerly held by the cheese factories, until the leading dairy authorities are of the opinion that the days of the cheese factories are numbered.

Until the present time the cheese manufacturers have been able to buy their milk at a little less than the price paid by the butter manufacturers, but since the value of skim milk has been established and it can be preserved in a form that is available at any time for consumption, the price of butter and cheese no longer can control the price of milk.

By a secret process the manufacturers of powdered milk are able to produce four kinds of products, one from whole milk, one from half skimmed, one from skimmed milk, and one from whole cream.

Of these four kinds the one from skimmed milk is the most important, and by reason of having the butter fats removed it may be kept for any reasonable length of time in cans or pails for future use.

The chief uses thus far discovered are for confectioners and bakers, to whom a pure article of food is indispensable, for with a barrel of powdered milk in their cellar, they can keep it regardless of the weather, delayed milk trains of city inspectors, for a little of the white powder mixed with water does the business.

The process of manufacture requires about twelve hours, and every precaution is taken to produce an absolutely pure article, and while it is less than three years since the manufacture of it has been started, the business is fast developing and is destined to become an important factor in the price of all dairy products.

An article of diet with so many nutritive qualities as skim milk is too valuable to be wasted or used as a feed for animals.

It will keep in any climate, but when made of full cream it requires cold storage, as the butter fat will deteriorate if it is warm for any considerable length of time.

In cities and towns where pure milk from a satisfactory source is available powdered milk will not take the place of the natural product, but with the price of milk in the largest cities going up out of reach of the common people, the time may come when Mr. Dealer will wake up and find that he is out of business—a back number.

CROWDED LONDON

Record Influx of Visitors From America and Canada.

London, July 30.—The booking clerk in the reception office of a large West End hotel turned away from the telephone to the party of visitors beyond the counter. "That," he said, "makes the sixth hotel I have called up, and they give me the same answer. 'Quite full up and cannot take anyone in this week.' I really do not know where to advise you to try for rooms."

That scene was typical of many which took place in London this week, for London is amazingly full.

"An absolute record for this period of the season," was how the manager of a great London hotel described the condition of affairs. "It is astonishing the number of people now in town," he added. Colonials, particularly Canadians, figure largely in the visitors' lists at the big hotels.

"There are more Americans in London now than there has been for the past three years," said a hotel manager. "The recent international polo matches between England and America brought many Americans to London earlier than they would have come in ordinary circumstances. There are also hundreds of German visitors. Some of the hotels which specially cater for foreigners are at present almost entirely peopled with Germans."

Where the hotel population comes from is shown by the following table drawn up by a manager: America, 30 per cent; continent, 30 per cent; England, 25 per cent; colonies, 15 per cent.

POISONED BY CATARRH

MANY WHO HAVE BAD BREATH, HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH, SUFFER WITH CATARRH.

The poisonous secretions from catarrh are dangerous because they affect the stomach and bowels, giving rise to an unhealthy condition of these organs. Catarrh is a source of much ill-health, and was considered incurable until it was demonstrated that by the use of Catarrhone any case of nasal or throat trouble can be permanently cured. Catarrhone by its unusual merit has enlisted the support and indorsement of the most prominent medical authorities, who freely state that anyone giving it a trial is sure to be cured. For asthma, bronchitis, throat irritation, chest weakness (all types of catarrh), nothing is so certain to quickly cure as the large dollar outfit of Catarrhone. Trial size, 50 cents. All dealers or the Catarrhone Company, Kingston, Ontario.

The Best Sugar Makes the Best Preserves

Does all sugar look alike to you? It isn't, you may be sure. One sugar differs from another sugar in sweetness.

Sugar is sugar, but it is not sugar when it is something else. And, alas, for the weakness of money-making mortals, it is sometimes something else.

One sugar differs from another in what it is made of. One sugar made from sugar-cane differs from another made from sugar-beets.

One sugar differs from another in purity and wholesomeness. Sugar can be made clean like any other food product. And, as it is almost the commonest thing we eat, sugar ought to be about the cleanest thing we eat.

And your preserves, which you want to be the very best, require the best of sugar.

St. Lawrence Granulated Sugar meets the exacting requirements of the best preserves.

Dr. Milton L. Hersey, the Government analyst, in a recent careful and impartial analysis, reports St. Lawrence Granulated Sugar to be 99.99-100 to 100 per cent pure cane sugar, with no impurities whatever.

This season promises to be a good one for berries and other fruits—just the season to get them of good quality and cheap to preserve.

Your home-made preserves are by far the best, and you know all about their real goodness, if you select the fruit and the sugar with equal care.

The best fruit and St. Lawrence Granulated Sugar, with your skill in preserving, will stock you finely for the coming winter.

And don't simply order "some sugar" from the grocer, letting him send you some nameless, ordinary sugar.

Get sugar with a name. Get St. Lawrence Granulated Sugar, in 20-lb. cotton bags, with the name on it, to guarantee the brand, the full weight, and the cleanliness of the sugar itself.

When you buy it in bulk, scooped out of a barrel, you can't be sure of all these important points in your sugar.

You save money by this and get better, cleaner sugar. Try it and see! Then you'll be sweet enough to thank us for telling you all about this matter.

If your grocer cannot supply you with these 20-lb. bags, send his name and address to the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company, Limited, Montreal, and they will tell you where it can be obtained.

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Bargains in Typewriters

We offer carefully re-built Typewriters of ALL makes at a fraction of the original cost. We must relieve the congestion. Second-hand machines are coming in faster on the sale of the famous modern Monarch than we can sell in the regular way. To effect a quick reduction of stock we have put the prices away down, and will make terms to suit. Write today.

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Is Perfection in BABBIT METAL
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Manufacturers the
CANADA METAL CO., LTD. TORONTO, ONT

Why Darn Stockings By Hand?

You Can Get
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122 DUNDAS STREET

per cent; continent, 30 per cent; Eng-
land, 25 per cent; colonies, 15 per cent.