

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good
Tea"
It is Always
Worth the Price

CYNTHIA WAKEHAM'S
MONEY
BY ANNA K. GREEN.

"Overwork! That clay-white cheek! Those dry and burning lips! The eyes hollowed out as if death were already making a skeleton of him! I seized the doctor's hand as he went by."

"Are you sure that is all?" I cried.

"He gave me a pompous stare. I did not often repeat myself," said he, and went haughtily out without another word."

"Emma, standing at the top of the stairs, came down as the door closed behind him."

"Father was not so angry as I feared he would be. He smiled at the doctor and seemed glad to see him. He even roused himself up to talk, and his few minutes did not look so ill as he really is."

"Did the doctor leave medicine?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, plenty; powders and pills."

"Where is it?"

"On father's desk. He says he will take it regularly. He would not let me give it to him."

"I reeled; everything seemed turning round with me."

"What?" I cried, "watch—"

"And could say no more. Unconsciousness had come to relieve me."

"It was dark when I came to myself. I was lying on my own bed, and by the dim light burning on a small table near by I saw the form of Doris as she bent over me. Starting up, I caught her by the arm."

"What is the result of your obduracy?"

"Rude noises were in the house. A sound of breaking glass."

"It comes from the laboratory," she exclaimed, and rushed from the room, and I followed her. When we reached the laboratory Emma was already there. A light was burning at one end of the long and dismal room, and amid the weird shadows that it cast we saw our father in a loose gown he often wore when at work, standing over his table with lifted fist. It was bleeding; he had just brought it down upon a favorite collection of tubes."

"Ah!" I cried, "I at his side?"

"Shall I go for the doctor again?" inquired Doris, as she came to my room half an hour later.

"Does he seem worse?" I asked.

"No, but he looks dreadfully. Ever since we got him on the lounge—he would not leave the laboratory—he has been in one position or another upon those broken pieces of glass. He would not even let me wipe up the red liquid that was in them, and it drips from his forehead, peering at his right and left hand, as if he were in a way to make your blood run cold."

"Can I see him," I asked, "without his seeing me?"

"Yes, said she, 'if you come very carefully; his head is towards the door.'"

"I did as she bade, and crept towards the open door. As I reached it he was speaking low to himself."

"Drop by drop," he was saying, "just as if it were my life-blood that was dripping from table to floor."

"It was a terrible thing to hear, for me to hear, and I shrank back. But soon a certain sense of duty drove me forward again, and I leaned across the threshold, peering at his right and left hand, as if he were in a way to make your blood run cold."

"They thought so, too, and in a few minutes Doris stole out after the doctor, but I knew whatever delirium he had long been sought to by adventurous treasure hunters. The body was found and transferred to another island for safety."

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anger at first, but soon settled back into a half-jocular, half-indifferent endurance of the interloper, which tended to impress the latter, and did succeed in doing so, with the folly of those who thought he was weak enough to rouse a doctor up at midnight. Few questions brought few replies, and the irritated physician left us with something like a rebuke."

"But before the doctor appeared that morning father had called me for the third and last time to his side."

"I wish to see my eldest daughter alone," he declared, "as Emma lingered and Doris hovered about the open door. They at once went out. Now shut the door," said he, as their footsteps were heard descending the stairs."

"I did as I was bid, though I felt as if I were shutting myself in with some horrid doom."

"Now come in front of me," he commanded, "I want to look at you. I have just five minutes left in which to do it."

"Five minutes!" I repeated hoarsely, creeping round with tottering and yet more tottering steps to where he pointed."

"Yes. The poison has done its work. At eight o'clock I shall be dead."

"Poison!" I shrieked, but in so choked a tone the word sounded like a smothered whisper."

"But he was alarmed by it for all that."

"Do not tell the world," he cried. "It is enough that you know it. Are you pleased that you have driven your father to self-destruction? Will it make your life in this house, in which you have vowed to remain, any happier? I told you that your sin should be on your head, and it will be. For, listen to me; now in this last dreadful hour, I command you, heard over his table with lifted fist. It was bleeding; he had just brought it down upon a favorite collection of tubes."

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Three Great Bargain Days AT The Bankrupt Clothing Sale

100 DUNDAS STREET

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Clothing and Furnishings Will Be Sold Very Near Next to Nothing

Men's 25c Hose at	8c	Men's Working Pants, worth \$1.50, for the next 3 days at	85c	Men's Working Shoes worth \$2.25	89c	Men's 25c Braces	11c
Men's \$10 and \$12 Suits at	\$4.75	Men's Working Suits. Well made, worth \$7 at	\$3.25	Men's 75c Caps, all sizes and shades at	29c		
Men's black Overcoats, worth \$10. In all sizes. Everybody can buy one now, at	\$2.95	Men's \$16.00 Suits. Black and Blue Serge and all sizes, at	\$7.45				

The Bankrupt Clothing Sale, 100 Dundas St.
Opposite City Hotel. London, Ontario. Near Talbot Street. Open Evenings till 7 o'clock.

THE TRAIN ROBBER AN OLD TIME LOVER

Mysterious Woman Identifies a Former College Hero's Body in the Morgue.

Chicago, May 12.—The body of a train robber shot in a battle over the roofs of swiftly moving freight cars, has been identified by a mysterious woman, a former sweetheart. It is that of James MacDonald, son of well-to-do Minneapolis parents and a handsome college graduate.

The mysterious sweetheart read a description of the body in the papers and hurried, half fainting, to the morgue.

"Oh, it is James! My Jim! My Jim! How could you? Come back to me! I cannot bear it! I had rather live. Get me the antidote, then, there, in the long narrow drawer in the cabinet by the wall. Not there, not there!" he shrieked, as I stumbled over the floor, which seemed to rise in waves beneath my feet. "The other cabinet, the other drawer! You are where the poison is!"

"I halted; weights seemed to be upon my feet. I could not move. He was writhing in agony on the floor. He no longer seemed to know where I stood."

"Open it—the drawer," he cried.

"Bring me what is in it."

"I reached out my hand; heaven and earth seemed to stand still; red lights danced before my eyes; I drew out the drawer."

"Quick, quick, the powder!" he moaned. "Fetch it."

"I was staring at him, but my hand groped in the drawer. I felt a little packet of powder; I took it and crossed the room. As soon as I was near him he stretched out his hand and grasped it. I saw him empty it into his mouth; at the same instant his eyes fixed themselves in horror on the drawer I had left open behind me. The powder in which the poison was kept."

"Curse you, for a—!" He never said more. With this broken imprecation upon his lips, he sank back upon the floor, dead."

To Be Continued.

SOUGHT GOLD, GOT GALE

\$60,000,000 Still in Antipodes as Lure to Treasure Hunters.

San Francisco, May 12.—With no treasure trove, but with a hard luck story of a typhoon, a reef and a shipwreck, Capt. James Brown, who claims that he is the only man in the world who knows where the treasure of the "Cocos Island" cache of \$60,000,000, has returned from the antipodes.

Brown left this city February 2, and March 5, left Sydney, N.S.W., for a schooner with a crew of four, to search the south seas for the treasure. Two days later the boat was thrown on a reef and wrecked. He and his crew were rescued by a French ship.

The aged seaman explains that in 1850, while chief mate of the schooner Sea Foam, his shipper, Dr. Henry Smith, confided to him that he had located the famous Peruvian treasure of gold, diamonds and money that had long been sought to by adventurous treasure hunters. The body was found and transferred to another island for safety.

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POSTMASTER MCGAUGHEY DEAD.
Deseronto, May 12.—A. H. McGaughey, postmaster of Deseronto, died last night after being ill nearly four months, at the age of 56 years. Before being appointed postmaster, Mr. McGaughey was for many years head lumber salesman for the Matheson Company. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

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 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' 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.

CROPS OF ONTARIO ARE UNUSUALLY LATE

Professor Zavitz Says the Spring Wheat Will Be a Doubtful Proposition.

Guelph, May 12.—The continued cold weather, with frequent rains, snowstorms and low temperature, has now created an unusually late season, which will affect the spring grain crops, according to Prof. Zavitz, head of the experimental department of the Ontario Agricultural College, although to what extent the weather of the next week or so will decide. The fall crops, however, are coming on in a very promising manner, and the conditions have as yet not had any effect upon the root crops of the later season, although the time is approaching when they should be in the ground.

The late spring has made the season unusually backward, and the prospects for spring wheat are very unsatisfactory, it being a question if a crop of the spring varieties sown at this late date will mature. But then in Western Ontario there is very little spring wheat now grown, so that this matter is not serious to the farmers."

On the other hand the prospects for winter wheat, clover and timothy are bright, and the continued rains are bringing along the wheat in splendid shape, while the meadows are growing rapidly despite the late start.

"The situation as regards turnips, mangolds, corn and potatoes has not yet been affected. The should be planted during the next two weeks or before the end of the month, and the time for planting the millets and rape does not close until next month."

"At the O. A. College our wheat for spring planting was put in about three weeks ago in one day, when the conditions permitted. One day's seedling is all that has been done, while during the two favorable days last week a large amount of barley and oat seed was consigned to the earth."

On the topic of experimental work being conducted through the experimental department in his spring Prof. Zavitz states that there has been a great increase in the number of experimenters, who are assisting in the work on the farms throughout the whole province. The farmers are becoming very much interested in this line of work, and are now conducting experiments for comparison in almost every department of farm production. The number of experimenters this year has reached the total of 2,851, a large increase over last year. The experiments show a particular interest in oats, husking corn, alfalfa, and mangolds, with an outstanding interest in varieties of barley, in which the department is taking an especial interest.

At the college this year Prof. Zavitz and his department in their experiments, are paying particular attention to the hybridization of different varieties of oats, barley, spring wheat and peas, while experiments are also being conducted extensively in alfalfa. The general object is to ascertain the different varieties and combinations through hybridization best adapted to different localities and soils.

FORGOT THE ALLIGATOR

Never Do That When You Take a Bath in the Dark.

New York, May 12.—Dr. Flannery, whose forte is literature, but who occasionally indulges in other things, entertained a couple in his bachelor apartment in Harlem the other night. They had broken up housekeeping and were on their way to the south. The wife had a lot of pet goldfish, a colony of tadpoles and a tiny alligator in a large glass aquarium that she had decided to take with her.

Her husband had put the aquarium on the parlor mantel of the apartment. In his enthusiastic drinking of the health of his guests Dr. Flannery swept the aquarium off the mantel. The wife ran into the kitchen and brought out a big pan and Dr. Flannery and the alligator gathered up the goldfish, the alligator and the tadpoles and put them in the pan. The doctor suggested that the proper place for the creatures

The new white bar

CANADA'S BEST

Your clothes will last longer if washed with "Canada's Best"—a strictly pure white soap—than if washed with yellow laundry soaps which are always loaded with resin—an adulterant that rots and shortens the life of clothes.

"Canada's Best"—the 5c. bar of soap-purity.

UNITED SOAP CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Pure laundry soap

ending the purchase of another globe in the morning was the bathtub. Water was turned on in the tub and the collection was dumped in. The doctor finally gave his guests good luck and went to his room.

The doctor woke about 4 o'clock feeling a bit nervous and heady. He decided that the best restorative would be a cold shower, and he went to the bathroom and got into the tub. He sat on the alligator, which made a defiance more than worthy of its tender years. The goldfish and tadpoles meanwhile began to wriggle around and over the doctor. He let out a yell that might have been heard all over Harlem if there had been anybody awake there at the hour to hear it.

His male guest was aroused, and suspecting the cause of the outburst went to the bathroom and turned on an electric light. The doctor, after looking into the bathtub, from which he had leaped, remarked, "Thank God, they are real." The doctor and the guest, without disturbing the alligator or the goldfish and tadpoles, took an other restorative. The druglist on the ground floor said that a piece of court plaster would be enough to heal the bite of a very young alligator.

A boy leaving school was saying goodbye to his headmaster. "I owe you everything I know, sir," he said. "My dear boy," was the reply, "don't mention such a trifle."

How to Avoid Sea Sickness

Take along a box of Mother's Sea and Train Sick Remedy. It has recently been thoroughly tested by the British Admiralty and found to be absolutely reliable. Recommended editorially by such papers as London Daily Express, New York Herald, Montreal Herald and the press generally in Great Britain. Write for booklet and press notices. For sale at all first-class druggists. Guaranteed to be the best. The most delicate MOTHER'S SEA SICK REMEDY COMPANY, 217 Cleveland building, Detroit, Michigan.

For sale and recommended in London by W. T. Strong & Co., 134 Dundas street; C. McCallum & Co., Dundas and Richmond streets, and E. L. Gilleman, 404 Richmond street.

Durability Lasting beauty and quality explain the demand for silverware stamped "1847 ROGERS BROS."

For over three score years, bearing this name have stood the supreme test of time. Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped "1847 ROGERS BROS. CO. MADE IN U.S.A." "Silver Plate that Wears."

Every Woman is interested and should know MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new vaginal hygiene. Best—Not conventional. It cleanses thoroughly. Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL Whirling Spray, he will send you a full particulars and directions in full. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



8514-A GRACEFUL HOUSE GOWN.

This graceful negligee or wrapper can be successfully reproduced in challis, cashmere, China silk, cotton crepe and the figured lawns. The fullness in front is distributed in fine tucks and is confined at the waist by a ribbon tied in front with long loops and ends. A pretty and unusual feature of the mode is the collar and sleeve cap combined, which may be of lace or some contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 9 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.