

Chase & Sanborn's
HIGH GRADE
COFFEE

The best part of breakfast, to most people, is their cup of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Perfect berries, careful selection, expert blending, insure the rich color and delightful flavor of this best coffee.

94

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
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"If only matters could have been different; if you could have seen well to have given me a different answer, all this would have been avoided, and the unpalatable truth would have been kept secret," he said regretfully.

Olivia was not imposed upon by this pretense, however. "You knew of this alleged marriage when you were here, then?" she asked. "Why did you not speak of it to my father?"

"It was my mother's matter more than mine," he replied, with a frown at the pointed question. "If I could have been fortunate enough to win your hand, there would have been no need for the secret to have been revealed. The unpleasant trouble would have been arranged on a basis of justice."

"My father would also have been able to say what was the truth," she retorted.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



NO. 5956—A SERVICEABLE LITTLE APRON.

The simple little apron here shown needs no commendation. It is easily made and laundered, and is of the many apron fabrics. Broad ties of the material are attached under the arms, and serve not only to hold the fullness in place, but add a dressy air to the garment as well. Cross-bar muslin, linen, gingham and dimity are all suggested for the making. For a child of 5 years, 2½ yards of 36-inch material will be required.

Child's Apron, No. 5956, Sizes for 3, 5, 7, and 9 years.

A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 19 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the 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 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 misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." 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.

Address—PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

"It is not yet too late to prevent further trouble by the same means," he said, fixing his dark eyes on her meaningly. "It is a compromise that would still secure rough justice."

"You mean that I should marry you, Mr. Merridew, in order to secure a claim to this money?"

"I mean that my offer, as I told you at the time, was made quite disinterestedly. I know that by right you had no claim to this money."

Olivia looked up sharply. "You knew that my father's will would not be found, then? That is a most significant admission, Mr. Merridew."

His look of momentary confusion did not escape her sharp eyes, nor his assumption of injury as he forced a smile. "Of course, I did not mean that at all," he replied. "I referred only to the effect of the secret marriage."

"Oh, you had better have my answer at once," she said firmly. "There certainly no thought of my becoming your wife. I do not believe the story of this marriage; and I shall never cease in my hunt for the truth. I believe that if it were an honest claim, it would have been made in a far different manner. I believe that this woman, whom you call your mother, whose sensational method at the time of the world, and at the same time strike at my dear father's health."

"I assure you, on my honor, Miss Parmenter, that you are as wrong in that conclusion as in your insult in my mother. We feel for you deeply; and are conscious that you are innocently a terrible sufferer. To show you that our sympathy is not mere surface talk, one-quarter of your father's fortune shall be made over to you without any idea of marriage with me, if that settlement of the issue between us will satisfy you."

"Olivia's lip curled. 'You would buy my concurrence in my father's dishonor? No, sir,' she cried, raising her head proudly. 'Not if you offered me a penny of the money. If the law gives it to you, take it, and take it all. But neither my faith in my dear father nor my own honor is for sale. I believe that some villainy is at the bottom of this; and I am resolved to discover it. And with that declaration of war she left him."

And the law did give them the fortune. Mr. Casement had to admit that nothing could be done to upset the secret marriage. The proofs were indisputable; and the evidence could not be shaken. Merridew's offer of the million sterling as a compromise was submitted formally to him, and he went so far as to urge Olivia to accept it.

But she was as firm in her refusal to him as she had been to Merridew himself. "Never," she declared. "If I will never be a party to this wrong to my father. The mere fact that they make such a large offer is, in my opinion, a proof that there is villainy somewhere, and that they are afraid I shall discover it. And from this decision of mine I will never waver."

She resolved to leave Silverbeech at once, and then Mrs. Merridew, who had followed her son down there, sought to use a further inducement.

"She went to Olivia's room just as she had been putting all her own things together for removal. There was war to the knife between the two."

"I must speak to you, Miss Parmenter, before you go," began the elder woman.

"You have probably come to see that I am taking none of your property. Just what I should think of you," said Olivia, whom the grief of departure from the home she had come to love so dearly had wrought to intensely bitter resentment.

"You are a most unpleasant girl," was the angry retort. "I have no such thought. But I wish to stop you from doing further mischief. I declare, on my honor, that I am as sorry for you as my dear son is."

"I have no doubt that is true enough," said Olivia, bitterly.

"Why are you so bitter to me? I wish to be your friend."

"It was you who killed my father, in order that you and your son might rob me of my inheritance and my good name. But the wicked do not prosper. Heaven will help me to bring punishment to you."

"I will not take offense, although your words are cruelly unjust. But I wish to warn you that if you persist in unearthing your father's past, you will only add to his shame and bring to light the crime which drove him out of the country."

Olivia turned and looked at Mrs. Merridew sternly. "I do not believe you," she said with all the contempt she could express.

HOOD'S PILLS The Painless Cathartic

Easy to take, easy to operate; cure biliousness, constipation, morning and sick headache; break up colds and ward off fevers. All druggists. 25c. C. L. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

"It is true; as true as that I am speaking to you at this moment. He was concerned with others to rob his employer, Mr. Ringrose, a solicitor of Sheffield; and when the crime was discovered, he fled the country and deserted me. I have said nothing of this so far; but if you persist in flaunting me, I may be driven to tell it all to the world. I wish to do you no more harm than is necessary to right my own wrongs."

"It is false," cried Olivia indignantly. "As false as the whole of your conduct. You killed my father; you have robbed me; and now you would blacken his good name even to me. You are an evil, dangerous woman; and you only tell me this in the hope of frightening me from any attempt to unearth the evil you have done. You are so conscious of your wrongdoing that you are afraid of what I may discover. Afraid of a lone, penniless girl. You are not only evil, you are also coward. And you shall have cause of your fear, too."

"This is beyond endurance," cried Mrs. Merridew. "How dare you speak thus to me?"

"Who are you that I should be afraid to speak the truth to you?"

"I am the mistress of Silverbeech, and you shall know what that means."

"You and your son have conspired to rob me of my inheritance. That is what it means," said Olivia, now bitterly angry.

"It means, too, that I will only have in the house whom I please. You shall leave it at once. I will have you put out. You are an insolent, unreasonable, wicked girl," and Mrs. Merridew, now beside herself with rage, rang the bell violently.

"I am ready to go. I have already ordered the carriage," and Olivia put on her hat hurriedly.

"Carriage, indeed?" was the hot reply, with a sneer and a toss of the head. "You have not asked my permission. You shall have no carriage. Walking is good enough for you. For twenty years and more your father left me to walk."

Olivia looked up quickly with a meaning smile.

"I thought your son was a rich man," she interrupted. "He posed as such here. You should be more careful when you lose your temper, and not let the truth slip out in that way."

"Leave the house at once, you nameless, insolent, shameless girl. Show this person out," she cried furiously to the servant, Olivia's own maid, who answered the bell.

The servant stood white-faced, at a loss what to do.

"It is all right, Harrison," said Olivia. "I am going now."

She went out, holding her head high; and as she crossed the hall the butler, who had been in the house ever since Mr. Parmenter had come to Silverbeech, met her and said: "The carriage is not here yet, miss."

"That person can have no carriage," cried Mrs. Merridew, overhearing.

The old man winced. "Oh, Miss Olivia," he cried in a voice of pain.

"Never mind, gentleman. I am going; that is all. Good-bye."

The tears sprang to his eyes as he took her hand. "Oh, miss, that it should come to this," and falling on his knees, he pressed his lips to her hand.

At that the girl who had come downstairs with Olivia rushed forward, crying bitterly. "Oh, Miss Olivia, Miss Olivia, Miss Olivia, dear!"

Olivia held out her hand to her also, and she covered it with her kisses and tears. "Good-bye, Harrison. I am going. Are my orders to be obeyed?" called Mrs. Merridew from above. "Show that woman out and close the door at once, I say."

And this time Olivia was turned from the home she loved, and set out to face the hard world, but penniless, full of sorrow, and alone.

But, despite all the blows of ill-fortune, her courage was undaunted, and her heart beat high with the consciousness of innocence and the resolve to fight on until she had conquered all the forces which had banded together to ruin her.

CHAPTER VII.

"My Purpose Burns in Me."

"You are a very willful young woman, and that is the truth," said Mr. Casement, setting his elbows on his office desk, and pressing his finger tips together as he smiled very kindly into Olivia's face.

There was no answering smile on her face, but an expression of intense resolve and determination. "I know you mean everything in the kindest possible way, Mr. Casement, but I can do nothing here. And my purpose burns in me."

She had gone to the lawyer at Frampton, on leaving Silverbeech, and he had pressed her to make his house her home until her plans could be settled.

"My wife would love to have you all with us, Miss Olivia. It might be different if we were worldly people and had daughters of our own to marry off. We might then be afraid of your good looks; for not many girls could stand comparison with you. But being childless we want you. Reconsider it."

She shook her head. "Don't ask me yet, at all events. I must try to right matters. I am quite resolved on that. If I try and fail, heaven help me, and creep back to you, beaten and hopeless, and in need of a shelter, you can ask me then. You are very good to me indeed."

"But what can you do, my child?"

"I don't know yet. As my first what money I have, is there nothing at all to come to me of that huge fortune?"

"There would be a quarter of a million if—"

"No, no, not that, please. Never hint to me of a compromise," she cried, quickly.

"Then there is nothing, absolutely nothing, except your actual personal property which you brought away from the manor?"

"My jewels are my own, of course. They will sell for something. Can you arrange that for me, and at once? I must have some money immediately. I shall go first to Sheffield and find out everything I can about that past time."

Of course, you can have what money you need."

Noticing his tone, Olivia looked up sharply. "Not more than they are worth, I mean, Mr. Casement," she said, simply.

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Edward Roberts, a well-known Methodist preacher, is dead at Cobourg.

BRITISH

It was stated at the City of London Court that Mark Levy, a debtor, was always well dressed. "Oh," said Mr. Levy, "I paid 5s for this overcoat, and I have worn it for five years."

Edward Cripps, solicitor, of Steyning, who as superintendent registrar of marriages married Charles Stewart Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea soon after the divorce proceedings, died suddenly at Steyning, aged 53.

A woman named Emma Elsom, 75 years of age, was found dead at her home in Kirkham Buildings, Bath. She had lived alone, and had apparently died of starvation, although a bank book showed £105 to her credit.

Nicholas Quinlan, son of the outgoing mayor of Waterford, Ireland, who was presiding officer at the recent municipal elections in Waterford, is being prosecuted for putting false ballots into the ballot box.

A shocking fatality has occurred to a young Glasgow steeplejack, by the name of Adam Butters. He was repairing the stack that belongs to the weaving factory of Goven & Son, and he slipped and fell 150 feet.

The British Government has placed a large order for the new type of sword for cavalry and colonial troops, with German firms. The weapon is a kind of compromise between the ordinary cavalry sword and a rapier.

When a man was summoned at Doncaster for deserting his wife it was stated that she was 15 years old when he married her. In four years he had lived at twenty-five different addresses and sold up four homes.

A sentence of three months' hard labor was passed at Huddersfield on Vernon Harold Wood, aged 16, printer's apprentice, who broke into some shops, and finding no money, turned every gas jet on, trying to set the premises on fire.

Lady Steel, at Edinburgh, denounced as shameful the fact that the men who would pay a boy of ten or twelve three or four shillings for simply carrying his clubs around a golf course, should offer a girl of nineteen or twenty, three shillings for a week's work.

John Ruddy, of Lisburn, who was the driver of the last mail stage coach between Belfast and Dublin has just celebrated his 77th birthday. As driver he wore a scarlet uniform, covered with gold braid, and was armed with a blunderbuss and two pistols. He saw service in the Crimea as one of Lord Raglan's military guard.

While workmen were sawing through a block of bath stone at Exeter, they cut into a cavity in which was found a cluster of two or three dozen live bees. The incident occurred at the works of a firm of monumental sculptors. There was not much sign of life in the bees at first, but when air was admitted they gradually revived, and after a few hours, several of them were able to fly.

Living in the slums of Cardiff is an accomplished young woman of good birth who is heiress of £17,000, but prefers to live with associates of the lowest social order rather than touch a penny of the money. She can have the £17,000 on certain conditions, but she absolutely refuses to fall in with the wishes of her guardian or friends. She seems to be actuated by a desire to take revenge for wrongs which she alleges were done to her years ago.

Lord Londonderry, speaking at the annual meeting of the Royal Ulster Agricultural Society, referred to the falling off in output compared with former years, of the Irish pig. He commended the work of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, which, he said, had established 919 co-operative societies, and had 400,000 members. There were still 400,000 unorganized farmers to whom co-operation was necessary if they were to survive the keen competition of the other countries.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, lecturing before the British Phenological Society, gave it as his opinion that insanity can be cured with a surgical operation. He cited the case of a boy of sixteen, who was a thief, liar, and bully, and grew more dangerous as his age increased. Dr. Hollander proposed the removal of a strip of bone from the center line of the head down to the ears. The operation disclosed signs of an old hemorrhage on the membranes of the brain. This was surgically treated, and the boy is now normal in every way.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. HAS BEEN USED FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING. WITH CHILDREN'S PAIN EXPELLER, IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLEVIATES ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

To Suffer From Headaches Makes Life Miserable...

It takes a person that has had and is subject to headaches to describe the suffering which attends them.

The majority of cases are caused by constipation and dyspepsia. The dull throbbings, the intense pain, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on, purely indicates that there is something the matter with the stomach or bowels. To the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters reaches every part of the system is due its success in relieving and permanently curing headaches. It has proven a specific for the malady in all its forms.

Mr. Wm. R. Gilchrist, New Mills, N.B., writes: "I was troubled for years with constipation and headaches, but after using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Mr. John T. Kidner, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I was troubled for several years with headache. I tried a number of remedies but they did me no good. I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and it cured me completely."

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.



Buying Isn't Compulsory, But These Prices Compel Your Attention.



\$1.25 Black Sateen Skirt, 98c

Good quality of sateen, well made, all sizes, regular \$1.25, for 98c

Skirt, Special, for \$5.50

Brown, Blue and Black Venetian Skirts, the new gored style, two folds around bottom. Move On Sale price \$5.50

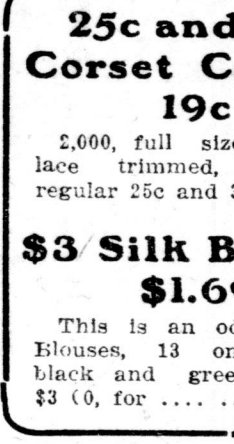


10c and 12½c Muslins, 8½c

Fancy Muslin for ladies' dresses, in spots and floral designs, big range of colors, regular 10c and 12½c, for 8½c

50c Moirette for 39c

Colors navy, pale blue, gray, Copenhagen, reseda, mauve, old rose and white, regular 50c, for 39c

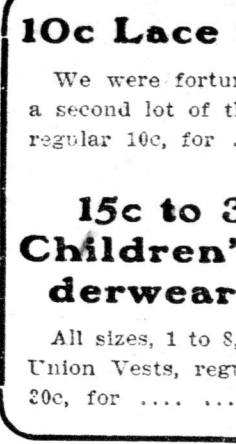


25c and 35c Corset Covers, 19c

2,000, full size, cambric, lace trimmed, all sizes, regular 25c and 35c, for 19c

\$3 Silk Blouse, \$1.69

This is an odd lot of Blouses, 13 only, cream, black and green, regular \$3.00, for \$1.69



10c Lace for 2c

We were fortunate to get a second lot of these Laces, regular 10c, for 2c

15c to 30c Children's Underwear, 10c

All sizes, 1 to 8, Children's Union Vests, regular 15c to 20c, for 10c



After-Supper Sale

The Sixth After-Supper Sale, Saturday Night. The time of Opening Sale 7:30

50c Corset, 39c

Corset, with hose supporter attached, made of good quality of sateen; comes in white only, trimmed with lace, steel filled, regular 50c, for 39c

10c Apron Gingham, 8½c

36 inches wide, blue and white patterns, plain, and with border. Regular 10c, for 8½c

15c and 20c Collars for 5c

Ladies' White Linen Collars, all sizes, some have colored borders. Regular 15c and 20c, for 5c

\$3 White Waists, \$1.98

Dotted Swiss Muslin Blouses, trimmed with fine French Valenciennes insertion and lace. Never sold for less than \$3.00, for \$1.98

\$1.25 Nightgowns, 98c

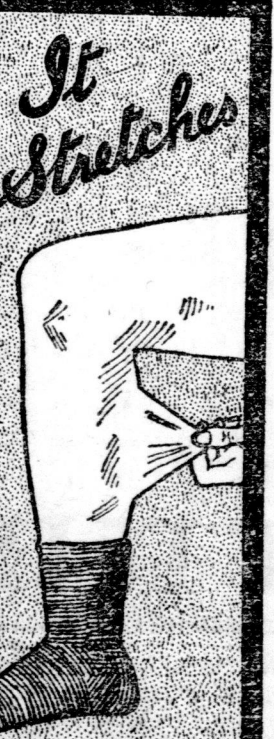
Open front, tuck yoke, trimmed with insertion and lace. Regular \$1.25, for 98c

\$1 White Drawers, 50c

This will be the last chance to get All-Wool Drawers, only ten dozen left. Regular \$1.00, for 50c

Gray & Parker

PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS ST. and CARLING ST.

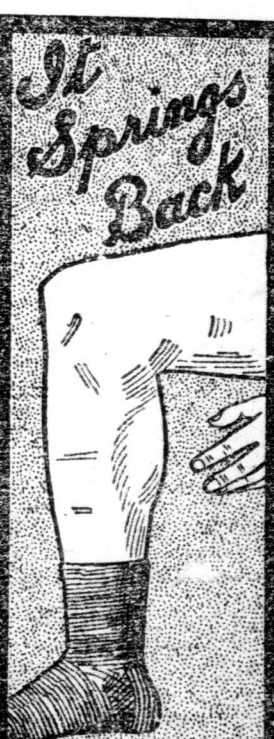


ELLIS SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Don't Listen

to the dealer who tells you there's any other brand of Underwear "just as good" as this. No other Underwear can be as good—because no other Underwear is made with the Spring Needle stitch—which we control for Canada. It gives the garments great elasticity—makes them fit the form.

THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED HAMILTON, ONT.



THE ELLIS SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNSHRINKABLE