

"My, What Delicious Tea"

The smooth delicious flavor and delicate aroma of Red Rose Tea are very satisfying.

It is worth your while to try a package of Red Rose Tea today, and see how really good it is.

RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD
TEA"

Your Grocer will recommend it.



MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLY.

Virtue disappeared accordingly. Nat, apparently glad of the respite, went back to the hearth-rug, reaching up to whisper something—no doubt an impertinent something—into Alice's ear. Fraser Frode moved across to my side, making some remark about mademoiselle. Mademoiselle still sat at the piano, her hands moving slowly over the keys, but not striking a note. So we all waited for a couple of minutes or so, until Yorkie was ushered in by Virtue.

It struck me, when, after his bow to Madame and the girls, he came to shake hands with me, that he looked tired. But it was one of old Dizar's days at Market Wexford, and it was only natural that he should look tired; so I did not notice that very much. What I did notice was the frown which darkened his face as his eyes fell upon Fraser Frode, a look which the other man reciprocated as a few stiff words of greeting passed between them. Then, as Roger moved across to Alice to receive the message, which she apparently whispered volubly in his ear, I caught a look upon his face, as his eyes rested upon Nat standing beside her, which almost sent me off my balance and quite made me gasp. I had never had the vaguest suspicion of it before. Poor old Roger! Was he another victim to the golden-black eyes of our unknown master? The revelation so confounded me that I only seemed to come to my senses to hear Madame say in her most gracious tones—

"I must introduce you to Mademoiselle Valdin, Doctor Yorkie."

Roger bowed, and followed Madame to the piano, looking rather curiously at the unveiled diva of Parisian music, which Madame wore, and at the elaborate wraiths and twists of dark hair, dressed in Parisian fashion, which crowned mademoiselle's head. She must have forgotten everything but the slow mechanical movements of her hands over the unsounded keys; it appeared, for it was not until my mother spoke that she seemed to be aware of any one near her.

"Let me present Doctor Yorkie to you, mademoiselle," Madame said graciously.

Mlle. Valdin rose with the graceful self-possession which seemed natural to her, and slowly turned her head. As her face was thus revealed, Roger started violently, and uttered an exclamation of disconcerted astonishment. He stared as though he could hardly believe his eyes. Mademoiselle smiled.

"Doctor Yorkie and I are old friends," Madame said to my mother sweetly. "We met in Paris more than a year ago."

"CHAPTER X.

"I say, Ned, isn't it comical?" "Eh? What?" I asked, looking down into Alice Deering's blue eyes.

"What indeed?" she gave my arm a shake. "As though you didn't know! I believe you are thinking about it now. I know I am. I never saw anything so queer. I'm sure it would have astonished you as much as it did me, for your eyes were almost as big as a couple of saucers. And now you say, 'What?' I wonder if all Mademoiselle Valdin's acquaintances look as disconcerted when they see her as Doctor Yorkie did—that's all!"

"Oh, I returned, comprehensively, 'I don't know.' Yes, it was queer enough, wasn't it?"

We were in the line leading from Chavasse to Whittlesford, Alice and I— I escorting her home to the rectory. She had thrown a scarlet wrap over her white gown, and tied

had met Dr. Yorkie at his sister's more than a year ago. She was the friend of Madame's sister, and was then staying with her for her holiday—her vacation. But in England she had not expected the pleasure of again meeting Dr. Yorkie.

So far so good. All Whittlesford knew that Roger Yorkie had a sister, place of residence was Paris; also that it was his custom, when he took his yearly holiday, to spend it in France with her and her husband. That he had done so just now, I knew well enough, for at the time there had been some talk of my going with him. All very well, so far. But, if his acquaintance with mademoiselle had been merely casual acquaintance with his sister's friend, why on earth had he looked so disconcerted—nay, dismayed—to see her in the Chavasse drawing-room? Surely that was odd. I recalled after that bland little speech of hers, how stiffly he had bowed to her, and how coldly he had touched her extended hand, and how, by and by, when Nat was singing, he had sat apart, silent and gloomy, the gay debonaire manner which always made him so attractive gone, and with his stern blue-grey eyes always keenly, almost furtively resting upon mademoiselle's perfectly "got-up" figure. Yes, Alice was right.

Roger Yorkie had been completely thrown off his balance, and he could not help showing it. An uneasy sense of being at a disadvantage, of being awkwardly placed, and of inwardly fighting against it, had come over him, in my opinion, at least, expressed in his whole air and manner—nay, in the very attitude of his figure.

When he abruptly took his departure, with a muttered apology to Madame about having a patient to see, I fancied that his eyes, when he shook hands, fell and avoided mine. It might have been fancy, for I know that I am given to be fanciful; but it is a secret from me.

Another thought came to me as I strolled along in the September moonlight, a fancy that I might find a solution of the problem, after all. I recalled that look from Roger Yorkie's blue eyes at Nat's little brown face, a look which had been a revelation to me—a revelation not only of his love for her, but of the reason for the barely veiled dislike which he had of late shown to her. In his eyes, I thought, that I saw the cause of it. I wondered, that that was not the cause of it, that the cause of it was the love affair which he had in reality been a love affair which he had grown tired of and got out of, and that in her appearance, which he had found so awkward and complicated, and yet—pshaw!—I thought mademoiselle looked a round half dozen years older than he did. It was not, I thought, the cause of it, that was the cause of it, that was the cause of it.

Entering, I found the drawing-room deserted, early as it was, and, ringing the bell, was told by Virtue, who answered it with her usual quiet promptness, that the ladies had retired—Madame because she had a headache, mademoiselle on the plea of fatigue, and Miss Natalie in a temper. That the demure Virtue said this—I gathered it. Obviously there was nothing to do but to go to bed myself, and I went, taking my perplexities with me.

Perhaps it was the heat of the night, for it was unusually sultry for the time of the year, but I was on account of being bothered; but, try as I would, I could not go to sleep. I tossed and turned about, tumbled the bedclothes, got up and walked about, tried again and again, as my arithmetic held out—all in vain! At the end of a couple of hours I thought I had never been so starily awake in my life. I sat up in bed, and, going to the window, pulled aside the blind and looked out.

The full moon was up, the great disk shining out serenely from the dark-blue sky, and its pale light silencing the stately trees of the park. The contrast to the hot room and the tumbled bed was too great. I made up my mind to dress and go out, and try to walk myself into sleepiness.

No sooner thought of than done. I slipped on my clothes, opened my door cautiously, and crept slowly along the corridor and across the garden, laughing to myself to think what a scare there would be if I chanced to encounter one of the maids. But I reached the hall without any such mishap, unharmed and smiling, and so got out into the air in safety.

Now just at that time I had taken to smoking, rather to the horror of Madame, my mother, who had no great admiration for the practice; and my pipe and cigarettes were absolutely forbidden in the dining-room, and regarded with disfavor in the rest of the house.

Not that I minded that much. Roger Yorkie and the vast amount of consolation and enjoyment which he appeared to find in his pipe had first made me begin, and, having once got over the inevitable preliminary pangs and throes, I was not likely to leave off. So, whenever I got out of Madame's way, I smoked and enjoyed it. Nat, I must say, was a little bricked, and let me pull away as much as I liked in her company. I had my cigarettes and matches in my pocket now, and lighted up as I strolled to and fro in the moonlight, the crisp gravel crunching under my feet.

To Be Continued.

Are You Going South or West This Winter?

Now is the time to plan your trip to California, Mexico, Florida, or the Sunny South. Consult nearest Grand Trunk agent regarding low tourist rates, or address J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto, Ont.

KINDERGARTNERS MAY NOT BE DECAPITATED

Pressure Being Brought to Bear to Have Present System Retained.

A meeting of No 1 committee of the board of education will be held tomorrow, but it is not expected that the difficulty over the kindergartners will be touched.

A communication is in the hands of the chairman, Trustee G. N. Weekes, asking for a reconsideration of the whole question, and until that is decided, there will be no applications from kindergartners teachers, nor will any of the present staff be re-engaged. This communication will not be submitted until the regular meeting of the board on Tuesday, Dec. 7, or two weeks from today.

A great deal of pressure is being brought to bear upon the board members from many quarters in order that the present system may be retained, and it is possible that the desired change will be made.

SUICIDE AT OTTAWA OF CIVIL SERVANT

Chas. Coursol of N. T. R. Commission and Former Athlete Shoots Himself.

Ottawa, Nov. 23.—Charles Coursol, of Ottawa, this morning put a pistol to his head and killed himself. He was employed in the engineering department of the National Transcontinental Railway commission. He was a former pupil of the Military College at Kingston and played with the football team of that institution, and afterwards with the Rough Riders of Ottawa.

CITY OF LONDON RECEIVED \$10,000

From the Ontario Government for License Fees Collected in This City.

City Treasurer Bell has received \$10,000 this year from the Ontario Government as the city's share of license fees.

This is about \$300 in excess of last year.

It is a tidy sum, and comes in handy many times, said the treasurer. "We have a larger amount this year than last, owing, I think, to the number of license transfers."

LONDONERS IN GUELPH

Ald. Saunders and Mr. W. McNeil Preparing for Winter Show.

Ald. J. H. Saunders and Mr. William McNeil were in Guelph yesterday attending a meeting of the committee in charge of the Winter Fair, called to complete arrangements for the annual exhibition.

Prospects are bright for a fine exhibition, said the Guelph men. "There is going to be a large entry list, and with the horses, new buildings and the rest, it should be a great fair."

London exhibitors are going to send a large number of chickens this year.

CROOKED POLES ARE CAUSE OF AMUSEMENT

People Say They Grew in Night and Couldn't See Where They Were Going.

The new poles being erected by the city are being subjected to some complaints, some interesting, some otherwise.

It must be admitted that some of them are as crooked as a New York politician. There is one in particular on York street that does not move itself right, but twists and turns more frequently than a time-serving ward heeler.

"It must have grown in the night," commented one citizen. "It could not see where it was going."

Another person, perhaps a joking-loving married man, appropriated that piece of wearing apparel which is supposed to keep feminine figures straight and boned it about the pole with pink ribbons.

"It ought to stay straight now," he declared.

At the present time numbers of citizens are enjoying a laugh.

EDWIN CROWHERST OUT ON BENDER

Placed on Indian List, He Accumulated a Big "Load" Yesterday.

Edwin Crowherst, the man who yesterday asked to be put on the Indian list when he appeared in court on a charge of being drunk and disorderly by breaking down at his boarding house, repaid the leniency of Magistrate Love by getting fighting drunk during the afternoon. When he was arrested about 2 o'clock he was so furious that it took two police men to take him to the station and he roared all the way.

"You were making such a noise that I am sure they could hear you at the city limits," the court told Crowherst. "You know I put you on the Indian list yesterday morning. Where did you get your liquor?"

"Oh, that was a quart bottle that I had before," said Crowherst. "I drank it all in the afternoon."

"How long have you been in this country?" asked the court.

"Three years," said Crowherst.

"It is too bad that you have been here so long," said the court. "I could deport you else. We don't want men like you here. You are no good to yourself or to the city. I will fine you \$10 and \$2 costs or 21 days."

Late George F. Howell.

The funeral of George F. Howell was held this afternoon from the family residence, 523 Philip street, to Woodland Cemetery. Rev. R. S. W. Howard, rector of Christ Church, conducted the services.

Inspectors Meet.

The executive of the School Inspectors' Association of the Province of Ontario are meeting in the city this afternoon to discuss certain matters of routine business connected with the association. The principal business to be considered is the arranging of the programme for the annual meeting to be held in Toronto at Easter. Those who are present are: Inspectors W. T. Standing, of Brant County; W. J. Chisholm, of Kincardine; H. H. Burgess, of Owen Sound; J. J. Craig, M. P. P. J. Thompson, and C. B. Edwards, of this city.

MEDDLED WITH GRAPES LANDED IN JAIL

Sad Case of a Man Who Was Mistaken for a Burglar.

A man employed by the Canadian Oil Company on the corner of Adelaide and Simcoe street, looked on the grape while it rained once too often last evening, and as a result of his actions was shortly after landed into Carling street station charged with burglarizing the company's office.

It seems that he kicked the panel out of the door while intoxicated, and crept in to have a sleep. It was not as comfortable as he expected, however, and he started out to find a more satisfactory bedroom.

As he left the building at about 2 o'clock, P. C. McCrae happened along on his beat, and gathered him in. The man was escorted to No. 5 fire hall, where the men were awakened and the patrol called.

This morning the manager of the company secured his release.

MORE NEW BUILDINGS FOR WHITE COMPANY

The entire plant of George White & Sons is to be removed from the present premises on King street to the East End where the woodworking department is now situated, within a few months.

The company is now getting out plans for the erection of two large buildings near the plant, east of Rectory street, and a short distance south of the G. T. R. One will be 350 feet long by 100 feet wide, and the other 150 feet by 100 feet. Both will be one-story structures.

There are about fifty men working in the East London plant at present, and it is estimated that 170 more will be sent out when the city department is removed. The work will commence work on the new buildings in the spring, said Mr. Arthur White this afternoon, "and will have all the mill work done in the meantime. The whole plant will be operated in East London within a year."

A SURPRISE PARTY.

A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Vera Brown, 217 Adelaide street, the other day by a number of the pupils of Grade VIV, Aberdeen school. The evening was spent in music and games.

Mann-Marshall.

At the manse, on Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 4 o'clock, Miss Sadie Marshall, of London, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Mann, of London Township. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Nixon, and was witnessed by Miss Gertrude Mann, sister of the groom, and the bride's brother, Mr. J. E. Marshall, of Chatham. The bride wore a princess dress of blue lousine silk and carried white chrysanthemums. They left on the evening train for Chatham and Detroit, and will be at home to their friends after Dec. 1.

When "Work" Becomes "Labor"

There's Something Wrong. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills Will Right It.

When it seems as if you simply could not bear up any longer it is high time to look for the cause of the trouble—and the remedy. In an astonishingly large number of cases the real cause of woman's misery is found to be constipation, and the remedy that always cures is Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Neglect of the daily movement of the bowels, so necessary to health, soon poisons the whole system from the impurities retained in the body. Headaches, indigestion, biliousness and lassitude follow, and often more serious female disorders are brought on or aggravated.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only regulate the bowels, but they stimulate kidneys and skin as well to throw off waste matter and purify the blood. The result is quickly apparent in the disappearance of the headaches and biliousness, and the return of health and vigor. Thousands of women all over the world owe their present good health to Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Made by W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd., Brockville, Ont., and sold by all dealers at 25c a box.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

"Black Knight" Stove Polish was made for women—made to save them work, worry and weariness.

"Black Knight" is the easy-to-shine Stove Polish. Just a few light rubs, with cloth or brush, brings a brilliantly black polish that lasts.

It's ready to use—no mixing—no soiling hands—no dirty work—and cheaper than any other because it goes farther and you get a bigger can for 10c.

Get "Black Knight" at your dealer's—or send 10c. for a large can free postage.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.

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HEAL that OBSTINATE SORE!

CUTS and bruises are often very obstinate in refusing to heal. The edges of the wound remain inflamed and sore, and there is a daily danger of disease-germs settling on the raw flesh and giving rise to serious complications. Thus, neglect or improper treatment of an injury, be it a cut, burn, scald, or even a simple scratch, is a menace to life.

In cases where wounds refuse to heal quickly, nothing but Zam-Buk will suffice if the skin is to be made to grow naturally and perfectly once again. Zam-Buk rubbed gently over a wound has the remarkable effect, not only of rendering the wound proof against disease-germs, but of growing new skin-tissues.

Thus Zam-Buk heals wounds in a perfectly natural manner, and the possibilities of eczema and other torturing skin-diseases are entirely prevented. Possessing rare medicinal properties, Zam-Buk accomplishes what ordinary ointments and salves never can do, and its ever-ready character, constant reliability, and absolute purity, render it distinct from all other preparations. If you dress your cuts and sores with Zam-Buk you will never be troubled with "the wound that would not heal."

Of all Druggists and Stores at 50 cents a box, or three for \$1.25.



FREE. Send this coupon (with stamp to cover return) to the Zam-Buk Co., 1000-1001, Toronto, and free trial box will be mailed to you.

Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap?

Why Baby's Own Soap Preserves Your Skin in Winter

Baby's Own Soap is made of vegetable oils which have been purified and carefully refined.

When you wash with Baby's Own you obtain a fragrant, creamy lather, permeated with minute globules of oil.

The absorption of these oils by the skin preserves its soft, smooth texture, increases its beauty and health, and prevents it from becoming chapped or dried up.

Many medical men recommend it for this very purpose. While the experience of Canadian Mothers is that "Baby's Own" is the only soap that ought to be used in the nursery.

Ask your dealer for Baby's Own Soap because there is no other just the same or just as good.

Baby's Own Soap—"best for Baby, best for You."

ALBERT SOAPS, Ltd., Mfrs. Montreal.

is so pure and of so fine a quality that it can be used for the sensitive skin of babies and young children without danger.

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