

**The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of CHASE
& SANBORN'S SEAL
BRAND COFFEE.**

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

A ROYAL WARD

By Percy J. Brebner, author of "Princess Maritza," "Vagabond," etc.

Although a woman may be inconsistent and is seldom logical, she has a faculty of jumping to a right conclusion; men may argue probabilities. The woman gives a definite opinion, and she is seldom far from being right. Deborah jumped to the conclusion that Lady Betty would somehow manage to reach Abbots Chase; therefore she determined to go there. The Duke and Duchess of Petersham finally made up their minds to travel thither, too, and went in their own coach, only to be stopped at Exeter. Deborah, who was in hiding here, as I think you are, was in the coach, and got through to Abbots Chase. She was there when the fugitives arrived, and ran out to welcome them. She was gracious, even, to Mary Rowarth.

"Thank heaven you are safe, Betty," she said; "but you must listen to me before you tell me anything." "It must wait, Deborah," for the present we are safe, but—

"I cannot wait, Betty. It must be told at once, it is all important. I have done you a terrible wrong, and you, too, sir," she said, turning to Dubuison.

"If you are the gentleman who was in hiding here, as I think you are," "You knew that!" Betty exclaimed.

**Advertiser
Patterns**
DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6516—Ladies' Work Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap.

The three useful and practical articles comprising this set were made of checked cloth. Excellent shaping is given to the apron by the seams in the front that extend from the shoulders to the lower edge, and by darts at the sides. The straps are arranged over the shoulders fastening to the belt in the back. Two large pockets are a useful feature, although they may be omitted if preferred. The sleeve protector extends from the wrist to the elbow, and are full enough to accommodate the dress sleeve underneath. The pattern for the dusting cap may also be utilized for a bathing cap, using oiled silk for the making. Gingham, satin, butcher's linen, chambray and Holland can be used in these garments. For the medium-size apron and sleeve protector, 5-13 yards of 36-inch material will be required, and three-quarters of a yard for the cap. Ladies' work apron, sleeve protector and cap—\$1.65. Sizes for 24, 28 and 32 inches waist.

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

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 sent measure, you need only mark 23, 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 ten cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

"Knew it and betrayed the secret," Deborah said.

"And been the cause of much of this mischief that has fallen upon you."

She did not spare herself in telling the story which made so many things clear to Dubuison. If anything, she contrived to make her conduct more despicable than it was. Even in confessing, there is self-satisfaction if the confession is great enough. For a little moment, Deborah held the central position in the drama, and for hero or villain there is some reward in this.

"It is done, and cannot be undone," said Betty. "We shall have labor to prove our innocence, Victor."

"This lady, at least, should know the truth," he answered. "I am no spy, madam, but a French gentleman who landed in England secretly to fulfill an oath to my father. It has brought me much undeserved trouble and ignominy, it has brought me terrible knowledge, but it has also brought me to Lady Betty—to my wife, Dearest, he went on, turning to Betty. "Our moments together have been so surrounded with danger that for confidences there has been little opportunity. The revolution has cut down one old family after another in France, and heaven knows what standing those of the old may have now. My father was of that order. Her name was the Marquis de Chastillon."

"Victor, you should have told me," said Betty. "Is this your secret?"

"Yes; but when could I have told you? It seemed of small importance, and there was so much else to say."

"Chastillon?" said Deborah. "Chastillon, madam. A good name, I assure you. There were Chastillons in the crusades."

"Tell me more of your oath," said Deborah.

"There was a man in England who had helped my father, to whom my father had taken an oath. It was an unfair oath to me. I came to ask absolution from it."

"You have found the man?"

"Yes."

"How?" asked Deborah. She had come close to him, and laid her hand upon his arm in the eagerness of her question. Her name was the Marquis de Chastillon, who had been standing apart with Mary at the end of the room, came forward.

"Indeed, madam, it was somewhat curiously," said Dubuison. "There was a broken silver cross?" asked Deborah.

"Yes; but—"

"How can you know this, Deborah?" Betty exclaimed.

"I know that you cannot have found the man you came in search of," Deborah said, "for he is dead—died more than a year ago."

"Then Sir Rupert Ashton lied," Dubuison said. "I never believed in him."

"If Sir Rupert Ashton claimed to be the man, he certainly is dead," said Betty.

"How did it come into Sir Rupert's hands, then?" asked Dubuison. "He has it. He and I have fitted the two halves together."

"That I do not know," Deborah answered; "but I know that the lost it. It was in a small dispatch-box he carried, and his coach was stopped by highwaymen one night, about ten miles this side of Exeter. He was shot at, but was not hit, and one of the scoundrels struck him on the head and stunned him. The dispatch-box was taken, and with it the broken silver cross. How it came into the hands of Sir Rupert Ashton I do not know."

"But fortune has been very even since you landed in this country," said Betty. "First, you meet Eversten, then you ride to London with Sir Rupert, and they are relations. Sir Rupert sends you to the Brazen Serpent, which wasn't a very friendly thing to do, although it proved good for me; you are imprisoned in the castle of the Brazen Serpent, also a good thing for me, because you brought Mary out of it; and when the Prince Regent is shot at, you find yourself in the midst of these scoundrels who are ready to accuse you. Truly, Sir Rupert does

"I am too happy to be angry," she said as she went out.

"And the end is not yet," said Deborah, turning to Finley Baxter. "Lady Betty is a ward of the King. I do not see how Mr. Dubuison—or the marquis—is to get over that. He must get his consent."

"Or do without it, madam."

"My good man, you don't seem to understand the seriousness of the position."

"I reckon I'd marry the woman I loved, if she'd have me, and make my formal request to his majesty afterwards," said Baxter.

"You do not appear to be a very loyal subject," said Deborah, going out of the room with an upward lift of the head. Having made her confession, she was inclined to be censorious.

"I'm loyal in a little kingdom of my own," said Baxter, turning to Mary, and the head of that kingdom is a woman."

"Indeed, Mr. Baxter."

"A fact, Widow Pinfold, and she happens to be a widow, too."

"Is it very delicate to remind her of it?"

"It may be necessary, anyway," said Baxter, "because there's a man beside her waiting her love more than he wants anything else in the world. He doesn't know where Fate is going to cast him, but wherever it is, he wants that woman with him. Is she going to promise to come?"

"In time she might be persuaded," Mary answered.

"Time's not to be depended on," he said, taking both her hands in his. "Somebody may come into the room at any minute, and opportunity is everything. Be my wife, Mary, I will never follow than a good many people think I am: I'm not certain that I am not a better fellow than I think myself. I dare say Mr. Dubuison would give me a good character."

"I am quite capable of forming my own opinion," she said.

"And a little time ago it wasn't too favorable, was it?" said Baxter.

"I have been reconsidering it, and

"Yes, Mary, and now—"

"Now, if you really wish—if you truly—"

"I do," said Baxter; and, a little to her surprise, he bent in his arms. With such a bold and persistent wooer, what could a woman do but capitulate?

It was late in the afternoon before they were all together again. There were many things in Abbots Chase besides her father's picture which Betty was desirous of examining. Her father's such happy hours as these pass swiftly by. For a long time Victor forgot to be anxious, or if some sudden thought of the future troubled him for a moment, the equally sudden recognition of some new grace or delicious charm in the woman who lay beside him forced it aside. It was a difficult, even to a dream of danger. Yet a chance word presently reminded them both that Betty was a royal ward, and if this particular obstacle seemed to have vanished in its proportions, if Betty laughed at the idea of letting it come between her and the man she loved, the thought of it gradually impressed them with the fact that all danger was not yet passed. Victor's innocence had not been proved. Sir Rupert Ashton, perhaps his greatest enemy, was within a few miles of them, and who could tell what he might accomplish, with the aid of the Duke and Duchess of Petersham, which evidently looked upon him as a leader?

"We must form ourselves into a little council of war, dearest," said Dubuison, "and we'll hear what Finley Baxter has to say."

(To Be Continued.)

not appear to have much friendship for you."

"It has not all been bad fortune," said Dubuison.

"Is the end worth it all?" asked Betty.

"Worth it a thousand times," he answered.

"Come with me, Victor, I want to show you my father's picture. Our fathers must have been good friends to have parted that cross between them. It is a smiling portrait at the end of the library. I think I shall find a new meaning in the smile if you and I stand there together."

"If you had told me everything, Betty, what trouble might have been avoided," said Deborah, as they went towards the door. She could not resist the reprimand for what she considered Betty's neglect.

Betty stopped. For an instant it was on her tongue to remind Deborah of the evil she had done, but her hand was in the hand of the man she loved, and she laughed.

"I am too happy to be angry," she said as she went out.

"And the end is not yet," said Deborah, turning to Finley Baxter. "Lady Betty is a ward of the King. I do not see how Mr. Dubuison—or the marquis—is to get over that. He must get his consent."

"Or do without it, madam."

"My good man, you don't seem to understand the seriousness of the position."

"I reckon I'd marry the woman I loved, if she'd have me, and make my formal request to his majesty afterwards," said Baxter.

"You do not appear to be a very loyal subject," said Deborah, going out of the room with an upward lift of the head. Having made her confession, she was inclined to be censorious.

"I'm loyal in a little kingdom of my own," said Baxter, turning to Mary, and the head of that kingdom is a woman."

"Indeed, Mr. Baxter."

"A fact, Widow Pinfold, and she happens to be a widow, too."

"Is it very delicate to remind her of it?"

"It may be necessary, anyway," said Baxter, "because there's a man beside her waiting her love more than he wants anything else in the world. He doesn't know where Fate is going to cast him, but wherever it is, he wants that woman with him. Is she going to promise to come?"

"In time she might be persuaded," Mary answered.

"Time's not to be depended on," he said, taking both her hands in his. "Somebody may come into the room at any minute, and opportunity is everything. Be my wife, Mary, I will never follow than a good many people think I am: I'm not certain that I am not a better fellow than I think myself. I dare say Mr. Dubuison would give me a good character."

"I am quite capable of forming my own opinion," she said.

"And a little time ago it wasn't too favorable, was it?" said Baxter.

"I have been reconsidering it, and

"Yes, Mary, and now—"

"Now, if you really wish—if you truly—"

"I do," said Baxter; and, a little to her surprise, he bent in his arms. With such a bold and persistent wooer, what could a woman do but capitulate?

It was late in the afternoon before they were all together again. There were many things in Abbots Chase besides her father's picture which Betty was desirous of examining. Her father's such happy hours as these pass swiftly by. For a long time Victor forgot to be anxious, or if some sudden thought of the future troubled him for a moment, the equally sudden recognition of some new grace or delicious charm in the woman who lay beside him forced it aside. It was a difficult, even to a dream of danger. Yet a chance word presently reminded them both that Betty was a royal ward, and if this particular obstacle seemed to have vanished in its proportions, if Betty laughed at the idea of letting it come between her and the man she loved, the thought of it gradually impressed them with the fact that all danger was not yet passed. Victor's innocence had not been proved. Sir Rupert Ashton, perhaps his greatest enemy, was within a few miles of them, and who could tell what he might accomplish, with the aid of the Duke and Duchess of Petersham, which evidently looked upon him as a leader?

"We must form ourselves into a little council of war, dearest," said Dubuison, "and we'll hear what Finley Baxter has to say."

(To Be Continued.)

LASHES HER FORMER LOVER

Massachusetts Girl Gives Alleged Deceiver a Dose

Winchester, Mass., March 25.—Miss Little Frink, a 19-year-old girl, who had been seduced by a man named Alfred Boudreau, in the street here last night, is reported to have given him a dose of her own medicine.

She was shot at, but was not hit, and one of the scoundrels struck him on the head and stunned him. The dispatch-box was taken, and with it the broken silver cross. How it came into the hands of Sir Rupert Ashton I do not know.

"But fortune has been very even since you landed in this country," said Betty. "First, you meet Eversten, then you ride to London with Sir Rupert, and they are relations. Sir Rupert sends you to the Brazen Serpent, which wasn't a very friendly thing to do, although it proved good for me; you are imprisoned in the castle of the Brazen Serpent, also a good thing for me, because you brought Mary out of it; and when the Prince Regent is shot at, you find yourself in the midst of these scoundrels who are ready to accuse you. Truly, Sir Rupert does

"I am too happy to be angry," she said as she went out.

"And the end is not yet," said Deborah, turning to Finley Baxter. "Lady Betty is a ward of the King. I do not see how Mr. Dubuison—or the marquis—is to get over that. He must get his consent."

"Or do without it, madam."

"My good man, you don't seem to understand the seriousness of the position."

"I reckon I'd marry the woman I loved, if she'd have me, and make my formal request to his majesty afterwards," said Baxter.

"You do not appear to be a very loyal subject," said Deborah, going out of the room with an upward lift of the head. Having made her confession, she was inclined to be censorious.

"I'm loyal in a little kingdom of my own," said Baxter, turning to Mary, and the head of that kingdom is a woman."

"Indeed, Mr. Baxter."

"A fact, Widow Pinfold, and she happens to be a widow, too."

"Is it very delicate to remind her of it?"

"It may be necessary, anyway," said Baxter, "because there's a man beside her waiting her love more than he wants anything else in the world. He doesn't know where Fate is going to cast him, but wherever it is, he wants that woman with him. Is she going to promise to come?"

"In time she might be persuaded," Mary answered.

"Time's not to be depended on," he said, taking both her hands in his. "Somebody may come into the room at any minute, and opportunity is everything. Be my wife, Mary, I will never follow than a good many people think I am: I'm not certain that I am not a better fellow than I think myself. I dare say Mr. Dubuison would give me a good character."

"I am quite capable of forming my own opinion," she said.

"And a little time ago it wasn't too favorable, was it?" said Baxter.

"I have been reconsidering it, and

"Yes, Mary, and now—"

"Now, if you really wish—if you truly—"

"I do," said Baxter; and, a little to her surprise, he bent in his arms. With such a bold and persistent wooer, what could a woman do but capitulate?

It was late in the afternoon before they were all together again. There were many things in Abbots Chase besides her father's picture which Betty was desirous of examining. Her father's such happy hours as these pass swiftly by. For a long time Victor forgot to be anxious, or if some sudden thought of the future troubled him for a moment, the equally sudden recognition of some new grace or delicious charm in the woman who lay beside him forced it aside. It was a difficult, even to a dream of danger. Yet a chance word presently reminded them both that Betty was a royal ward, and if this particular obstacle seemed to have vanished in its proportions, if Betty laughed at the idea of letting it come between her and the man she loved, the thought of it gradually impressed them with the fact that all danger was not yet passed. Victor's innocence had not been proved. Sir Rupert Ashton, perhaps his greatest enemy, was within a few miles of them, and who could tell what he might accomplish, with the aid of the Duke and Duchess of Petersham, which evidently looked upon him as a leader?

"We must form ourselves into a little council of war, dearest," said Dubuison, "and we'll hear what Finley Baxter has to say."

(To Be Continued.)

MADE IN CANADA

GILLET'S GOODS

ARE

STANDARD ARTICLES

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them

Magic Baking Powder.

Gillett's Perfumed Lye.

Imperial Baking Powder.

Gillett's Cream Tartar.

Royal Yeast Cakes.

Gillett's Marmoth Biscuits.

Magic Baking Soda.

Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS

(Established 1857)

E. W. GILLET CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

MANY WOMEN'S CLUBS DENOUNCE U. S. TARIFF

Nation-Wide Campaign Against Increased Duty on Apparel Starts in Chicago.

Chicago, March 25.—Women have awakened to realize the doctrine of politicians that "women cannot understand the tariff."

The excrencences of the Payne tariff bill has caused seventeen women's clubs to adopt resolutions inaugurating a nation-wide protest against an increase in tariff upon necessities in every American home, with emphasis upon cotton gloves and hosiery.

A copy of the resolutions adopted by the federation as a whole was forwarded by special delivery to the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, and preparations were made to follow it by separate resolutions from individual clubs.

The secretary of the National Federation of Women's Clubs at San Antonio, Texas, and County Federations of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Francis D. Everett, of Highland Park, president of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, undertook to carry the banner of the protest, and stocking to the Rio Grande.

The clubs which took the action comprise the sixth district and include: Austin Art and Travel, Brookfield, Chicago Culture, Douglas Park, Garfield Park, La Grange, Maywood, Westfield, Century, Maywood Women's, Matheson, Millard Avenue, Oak Park Nineteenth Century, River Forest, Tuesday, West Side Educational, West End, Western Springs.

The meeting was held in Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church. The resolution was presented by Mrs. E. Henderson, and following its adoption, the secretary, Mrs. John McDonald, of Oak Park, forwarded it to Washington. The resolution follows:

"Whereas, the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, in its report, proposes to place a high tariff on cottons, woollens, and silks, or to increase the tariff on cotton stockings of every description, and also upon gloves, silks, and woollens of every description; and

"Whereas, the aforesaid bill also recommends an increase of one cent per pound on tea and an increase of one-fourth because of the peculiar qualities of every description of goods from Brazil; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the sixth district Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois, in protest of such an increase, and that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the ways and means committee of the Payne tariff bill."

People Hoodwinked.

It was not likely to attract the attention of the technical nomenclature of any business save his own, it was noted by a leading tariff authority yesterday that unscrupulous wool dealers have hoodwinked the clothes wearers of the United States in a way almost passing belief.

It was declared that under the Dingley tariff Americans have been forced to pay all wool prices for garments which practically are all cotton, the slight admixture of wool in the better grades being composed of old rags picked to pieces and commonly termed "chadod." The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum.

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be an article so scarce as to merit a glass case in the National Museum."

The clothing manufacturers were declared to have been forced by the manufacture of imitation goods by the tariff legislation, rather than by choice. Best cloth to be made entirely of the best grade of wool the price it would cost to produce, and the charge for it would scare the consumer into nervous prostration.

"Everybody has said the tariff has been proved," the speaker said. "It is a blunder of morals and sentiment. The poor people of the United States have been denied the use of warm and durable clothing by the Dingley tariff for ten years. The Dingley tariff says the poor of the United States shall not be well clothed as regards warmth and durability. The wool used in such a manner is of a good grade of wool was asserted to be