

A MISSION FULFILLED

"What is it to gamble?" asked Margherita, with a pale face.

"To bet money to play cards for money, to lay it on horses at races. It is bad enough for a man; but it is irreparable in a woman."

"But," stammered the girl, "Keith asked me, and Florence—Miss Ronaldson—and Lady Elizabeth, they did it too. I did not want to do it myself."

"Oh, very likely!" snorted Lady Meredith, angrily. "Florence has her own money, and may fool it away if she pleases, and Lady Elizabeth is nothing to you. You are quite different to either of them. They know how to behave, and how far they may go. But you, of course, lose your head."

"Because some of the men about you make you foolish compliments, you think you may do anything. But let me tell you that you are not queen in this house yet, however, far a few knots may go in flattery to you. You shall not lead Keith to ruin!"

Margherita remained motionless; her eyes fixed and full of horror, and her cheeks without color. She said Keith, her husband, to ruin! Ah, what wickedness had she been guilty of! She clasped her hands, and came toward her sister-in-law.

"Tell me," she said, "what I must do! Ah, I will never bet again—never!"

But at this juncture the lace curtain about the open window was pushed aside, and the face of the younger sister peeped in. To Lady Meredith's extreme annoyance, Florence appeared to have overheard the greater part of the conversation, and to be inclined to take Margherita's part.

"What are you bullying the child for?" she asked calmly. "She did nothing wrong. We all staked—why shouldn't she? She only did as Keith told her."

"Perhaps it would be as well if you had not all done it," remarked the elder sister, severely.

"Perhaps it would be as well if you attended to your own business," retorted the younger, frivolously.

"Have you forgotten three years ago?" asked Lady Meredith.

"Oh, bother, three years ago! Who can remember three years ago? I'm not Keith's guardian, nor are you. He is grown up, and must do as he pleases. So shall I. And I would advise you, Mildred, if you are wise, to let Margherita alone." And Florence strode away with an easy step.

Lady Meredith said no more. She rose and left the room with dignity.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



4096

OVERALLS FOR THE BOY—4096.

There is no end of fun to be found in these overalls, which may be slipped on over any suit at a moment's notice, and there is not a boy who would not enjoy wearing them. Such garments as this are indispensable when there is a young Canadian to be clothed, and the lads are wearing them a great deal nowadays, and with good reason, for they protect the suit from dirt and wear, and prove themselves invaluable as a labor-saver for mothers. They may be made of any stout material, such as crash, or denim. For the medium size the yards are needed. Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement—Waist

Bust

Age (if child's or miss' 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 miss' 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 three or four days from the date of order. The fee of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

and after a few moments, Margherita did the same, and making her way outside walked quickly down the long avenue. Her first instinct, when worried or distressed, was always to get out-of-doors, she had spent her life so much in the open air that nature had become her best comforter, her wisest counselor. Here she endeavored to put order into the chaos which reigned in her mind, and to explain to herself the severity of Lady Meredith's reproof. It did not take her very long; for the Italian girl had a clear intellect, and the sin of which her sister-in-law had doubly accused her was one well known in her own country and among her own people.

Had not Giacomo Gordani ruined his old mother by wasting all her savings over the great lottery in Naples; and had not Pietro Libbi brought his wife to starvation and his children to rags by pawning his very boat in hopes to gain a lucky number? Ah, she knew too well what it was! She remembered once when, two years ago, a well-to-do young fisherman from Sorrento had come courting her, how curiously Stefano had bade her have nothing to do with him, not so much as to speak a civil word to him. "I will have no sister of mine," he said, "marrying a man whose spare time is all spent over morra, and whose spare money all goes to the lotteries."

She had never thought that this betting at the races could be the same thing. Keith had laughed and bid her do it; all the ladies round her were making up their little "books," everyone seemed to consider it right and harmless. She had cared no whit herself about her gains; it had only been to please Keith that she had laughed and joked, and made her bets with the other gentlemen. Was it wicked?—could Keith be wrong? Oh, what had she, his sister, said about past days? Did her husband love this English gambling, and was it her duty to try to keep him from it? Ah, if this indeed were so, why, then, had no one explained it all to her and told her how she ought to act?—why did they not speak plainly, instead of these vague references and threats? Could it be that Keith, her dear, loving Keith, had done wrong three years ago? She would never ask him—never! But it would have made her path far clearer could she have known the foundation for those few angry words of Lady Meredith. Should she, in future, refuse to make a bet; tell her husband that, like his elder sister, she did not like race-courses? Ah, she would find her out; he knew that she liked any place to which he went. But if it were right—if it was true that she was leading him into temptation, assuaging him to become a gambler—in that case it must be done, even if it angered him. But it would be hard, very hard, for her to anger him, her Keith.

She was walking quickly onward, her face flushed, her eyes downcast, when she suddenly started and paused. She had nearly walked into someone. It was her husband, clear in mouth.

"Hullo, Marghe," he said, "don't run me down!" Then, as she placed her hand upon his arm, he was not slow to note the perturbation in her face. "What is up?" he asked. "Who's been worrying you, Marghe?"

She blushed deeply and made no answer.

"Mildred or Florence?" he asked, in the same tone.

"Oh, caro mio, it is nothing! Do not ask me, please."

"But I will ask, Marghe. I won't have you bullied. You are a great deal too submissive, and if you won't stand up for yourself I shall stand up for you."

"Dear Keith, there is nothing to make you angry—indeed there is not!"

"You won't tell me, Marghe?"

"No, sposo mio, I won't tell you, because there is nothing to tell. Be kind, mio caro—ask no more. Women are sometimes cross with one another, but what is it? Niente—niente, Keith mio!"

And Margherita smiled up into her husband's face, and blew lightly, in emphasis of her words, at a little seed-down which had been flying past their faces.

"That's all very well, but I am sure that Mildred bullies you when I am out of sight. Why don't you stand up to her? I wish you would. I should like to see her get the worst of it for once," he said, unable to realize what bad advice he was giving his peasant-bride.

"Ah, no, Keith mio, it is not so. But I fear that I am not 'simpatica' to her. I am so ignorant and stupid, caro mio, and she is so stately and so wise."

"You're quite wise enough for me," replied Keith, as he walked beside her down the avenue, for the moment willing to drop the subject.

But it did not escape his memory; and that evening, finding himself for a few moments alone with his eldest sister, he abruptly addressed her:

"Mildred," he said, "were you worrying Margherita this morning?"

Her face turned pink.

"You use polite language, I must say, Keith."

"Politer than yours to her, I dare say."

"So she has complained to you?"

"She hasn't complained to me. On the contrary, I couldn't get a word out of her. I wish I could, so that I might know the truth. But I can guess it pretty well from your habitual manner toward the poor child. Now, let me tell you, Mildred, that my wife is my wife, and is to be treated with respect by my sisters. I shall remain here so long as my father wishes, and it suits us; and, so long as we are here, you will have to behave with civility to Margherita."

"You are talking nonsense, Keith," remarked Lady Meredith, sharply.

"I'm not talking nonsense," said the young man, now thoroughly angry. "as I will show you, if things go on as they are. If your heart is too hard to be touched by Margherita's sweetness, you can at any rate remember her position; and I desire that you do so."

And Keith left the room in a rage.

Lady Meredith was deeply offended. She was not accustomed to be spoken to in so peremptory a manner; and she did not tend to increase her love for Margherita, the innocent cause of Keith's outburst. However, since both he and her father and even Florence were against her, it might be as well to mitigate, at any rate, the outward and visible signs of her dislike to her brother's wife. So she decided; thus for the remainder of the visit allowing the latter comparative rest from her petty persecutions and slights words.

But, if Margherita could not conciliate Lady Meredith, and made no way with her mother-in-law, one member there was of Keith's family who became daily more attached to the Italian girl. It had become her habit now every morning to pay a visit to the sanctum patronized by so few others of the household, where Mr. Ronaldson read and wrote, dined and composed. And first it had been her practice to read aloud a portion of some work, scientific or historic, to her father-in-law; but of late the intimacy between them having greatly ripened, the old man had confided to a manuscript of some length, requiring careful study and learned investigation.

From this date Margherita became a self-constituted secretary, the assistant instead of the pupil of her father-in-law. It was her pride and delight to fetch down the needed volumes of reference from the book-shelves, to look up dates and quotations, and finally even to copy, with slow care and exactitude, pages of the crabbed handwriting of the manuscript on a clear sheet, free from errors. In all this she was so quick, so quiet, and so sympathetic that her help became invaluable to the author in his work.

Day by day Mr. Ronaldson learned to look forward more to her morning visit, and day by day he learned to appreciate better the sweet and unselfish nature of his daughter-in-law. Before the six weeks' visit was over, Margherita had grown very dear indeed to him—more dear by far, he felt, than his own daughters, with whom he had so little in common, and who showed him so little attention or sympathy in his lonely life.

"Keith," he said one evening to his son, as they bade each other good-night, "take care of that wife of yours. You won't find another like her in a hurry."

Keith smiled pleasantly. He was still sufficiently in love with Margherita, and liked to hear her praises.

"I don't know," went on Mr. Ronaldson, "exactly what angels are like; but if ever they come down to earth, I should say she was one."

"I wish the others thought as you do, father," returned the young man.

"What? Don't they like her? Aren't they good to her?"

Keith shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I dare say they are good enough in deeds; but, somehow, they don't seem quite to hit it off together. And I am sure it's not Marghe's fault. Truth is, I think, they're jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Well, you see, it doesn't do for a woman to be so much admired as Margherita. It seems to set all the others against her. Or, perhaps it is they can't get over her birth."

"A fig for her birth!" exclaimed the old man, who was by nature the staunchest and narrowest observer of the social barriers; "no one would know her for anything but a high-born woman. She holds herself like a princess."

"And I'll tell you what, Keith, she's a tender-hearted as she is beautiful."

"I know that, father."

"She's too good for you, Keith."

"Perhaps she is, father. I don't deserve much."

"If ever you make her unhappy, boy, you'll deserve hanging."

"I've no intention of doing so," said Keith, easily. "Good-night, father. I am glad you appreciate my Marghe. I shall begin to get jealous if you say any more." And he stroled off laughing.

To be Continued.

Advertiser Correspondence

A DENIAL.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to correct a statement made by our worthy city engineer at a meeting of the board of works last Thursday?

It seems the board of the Egerton Street Baptist Church complained that a box drain had been put in under the new sidewalk, turning all the storm water from Egerton street down into the corner lot, which belongs to the church, and had done so without asking the consent of the church board, and their chairman, the question, "Is it not, to the least, a breach of etiquette to turn water into our property without asking the consent of the board?"

The engineer made the following answer: "Speaking of matters of politeness, I might say that I gave the lot the church stands on to the board, free and clear, and the board never as much as said 'Thank you.'"

Now, sir, I want to say that this statement is directly contrary to fact. About fifteen years ago those who had the management of the Egerton Street Mission determined to purchase a building for the mission, and bought from the Graydon estate the lot on which the church building now stands, for the same in cash the full value of the property at that time.

I cannot understand what possessed Mr. Graydon to make such a statement, which, of course, he knew was not correct; and I feel sure that as a gentleman, will be willing to withdraw his statement publicly as he made it. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM GURNEY,
One of the board who did not say "Thank you."

P. S.—If Mr. Graydon was not correctly reported, he has had time to correct the same.

Why Forty-Five Women Died

During the month of March 45 women were reported to have died in the United States as the direct result of using "headache powders." The poisonous and powerful ingredients caused paralysis of the heart and nerves, and death followed.

It is not difficult to understand that any drugs which have such hypnotic effects as to immediately stop pain are deadly in their action on the nervous system.

In order to thoroughly cure headaches the nerves must be revitalized and built up, and there is no way this can so well be accomplished as by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does not stop the headache, but cures it by removing the cause. It is not recommended as a relief for headache, but as a thorough and positive cure.

Headache, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of energy and power to concentrate the mind, and all the symptoms of exhausted nerves disappear when this great food cure is used. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WEARY AERONAUT SLEEPS IN AIR

Lashes Himself to Framework as Ship Speeds Along.

MATTERY'S THRILLING TIME

Drifts Helplessly in Mid-Air for 150 Miles at an Altitude of 15,000 Feet.

Gaylord, Mich., Sept. 10.—Capt Wm. Mattery was seen this morning at Wolverine, just before he started on a hunt for his airship, which he left yesterday.

He landed in a dense swamp and after tramping around for several hours, came to the starting point, having walked about in a circle. He took a fresh start and after a walk of fifteen miles, finally came to Wolverine.

His experience is one of the most remarkable in the history of ballooning. After waiting two days on the fair management at Oconto, Wis., and in the face of a high west wind, he made the ascension rather than face the taunts of the big crowd of people who had come miles around to witness the ascension. The ship was a new one, valued at \$10,000, and was owned jointly by Capt. Mattery and A. J. Bodkin, his manager, of Chicago. His description of the trip is graphic. He said:

Caught in High Winds.

"At first I did not care to make the trip on account of the high winds, which I could see by the rapidly moving clouds. Many of the crowd had come over 100 miles to see the big ship, which has been on exhibition for two days, and they began to talk fake. I saw no way out of it. I started to make the trip between 5:30 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon and in about two minutes after I got under way I ran into the high winds, which threw the small gasoline engine out of kilter. I was already over Green Bay, having gotten there so rapidly that it was impossible to make a landing."

"It began to get dark and I tried to land, but got into the water. I threw out some ballast and rose above the clouds. The next time I tried to land was in Lake Michigan. I could see nothing but water. I saw several big vessels and got down to within 50 feet of one big one. I called to a man on deck to catch the anchor rope, but he replied he was in the watching business. It would have been an easy matter to have pulled me down then."

Clothes Froze To Body.

"The next time I landed I got up to my hips in water and had to throw out some more ballast. I had thrown the engine out shortly after I started, as I wished to save the lighter ballast to make a landing. If I got a good chance, I would try to land. I arose and I got into the higher atmosphere and my wet clothes froze to my body. The big gas bag was dripping wet and as soon as we struck the higher air it was covered with a thick coating of ice."

"I expected to be killed any moment, but made up my mind to stick until the finish. At last I resolved to cut loose the frame work of the ship and float with the gas bag if the worst came. The frame work is so frail that one misstep would have thrown me out into space. I was hungry and thirsty from being in the high air and nearly frozen and exhausted, so I made a net out of the landing rope across the frame of the ship tied myself to it and fell asleep."

Finally Landed in Woods.

"I must have slept a long time and was awakened by the basket striking on a tree. I untied myself, made a lasso out of the drag rope and after striking several trees, finally got the rope over one and fastened it. Climbing down to the ground I pulled the ship with me, unfasted the canvas rudder, made a bed out of it at the foot of the tree and went to sleep."

"I was awakened in the night by a big black bear which came sniffing around, but did not attempt to do any harm. I saw all kinds of wild animals and dozens of deer, which would give a look at the big thing in the air and run away in alarm."

"I traveled about 150 miles as the crow flies and was over the water most of the way and on an average of 15,000 feet up in the air."

"I arose in the morning and walked around for four hours, covering about ten miles and then finding myself at the starting point. I took another start and late yesterday arrived here in an exhausted condition. I am now going after the ship."

Capt. Mattery is a native of Paris, France, and is 25 years of age, having made his first trip on his 25th birthday. He has been sailing the air for fifteen years and has had several narrow escapes. He is a member of the Chicago Aeronaut Club.

Growing Old Before Your Time

Broken in spirit, weak in body, nervous and discouraged. Something is wrong, and each day sees you falling away. Just one thing to do—Build up. To do this, use Ferronzone. What a tonic it is! Appetite, why it makes you eat tremendously. Digest, indeed you will. Rich red blood will carry nourishment to every corner of the body, tired organs take on new life, color, spirit and ambition are restored. Perfect manhood and abounding health—the unfailing product of Ferronzone—try it, 50c per box everywhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Bed Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. F. HUNTER & SONS, 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE—Saves forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an elixir before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism and all bodily pains.

RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

I wish you could pay a visit to the Red Rose Tea warehouse—the largest in Canada—and see for yourself the great skill and care that is given to the blending and packing of this famous Tea. The testing room and the packing room (where automatic electric machines, which seem almost human, are used) would interest you greatly.

If you ever visit St. John, it will be a pleasure to show you through; and after you see the care and cleanliness with which it is prepared, Red Rose Tea will taste even better than before.

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets.

Black, Green, and Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B. Winnipeg. Toronto, 3 Wellington St. E.



Tone--Melody--Heintzman Piano

Any piano will produce a tone, but it requires an instrument that is a Piano in every sense of the word, such as the Heintzman & Co. Piano, to produce melody.

OUR WESTERN FAIR EXHIBIT is the best on the grounds. These Pianos were shipped especially for Exhibition purposes and were selected by the manager personally for the Western Fair. Special inducements are being offered to all intending purchasers.

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS have been tested by most of the great artists of the day and is still to meet with an adverse criticism. Madame Albani, the great prima donna, says the Heintzman & Co. Piano excels any Piano she has ever used, and adds: "The tone of the HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO is delightful, the elasticity of action marvelous—every note ringing out in a clear, pearly and limpid quality." When visiting the Exhibition be sure and see the Heintzman & Co. display of Art Pianos in the Main Building, and do not be afraid to ask questions. You will be treated with every consideration and courtesy by the members of the staff of

Ye Olde Firme of
HEINTZMAN & CO.
217 DUNDAS ST., COR. CLARENCE, LONDON, ONT.

SULTAN'S COSTLY WAR

Already Has Lost 50,000 Men in Attempt to Subdue Arabs.

Constantinople, Sept. 10.—During the last fifteen months it is estimated that 50,000 of the Sultan's troops have been destroyed by battle and disease in the fight the Turkish Government is carrying on to subdue the Arabs in the Yemen, a Turkish vilayet in Southwest Arabia, along the Red Sea. Recently it was the cause of a bitter dispute nearly ending in war with England.

The Arabs never have recognized the authority of the Sultan and maintain a ceaseless guerrilla warfare against the Sultan's troops. Little is heard or printed of this desperate struggle, the cost of which to the Sultan is enormous.

The Sultan's troops are all sent from Turkey in Europe, as the native Turkish troops in Syria and Mesopotamia sympathize with the insurgent Arabs.

The troops do not know where they are bound when the transports sail from Turkish ports.

Despite the large forces now in the Yemen, the Turks hold only the shore forts and one or two strong positions in the interior.

This little known war is being watched closely by England and Italy, and Germany, which as Turkey's only friend among the European powers, keeps an eye on the progress of events.

The Ontario Furniture Co.
228-230 Dundas Street.

Special Sale of IRON BEDS, SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES

We have planned a great price slaughter in these lines before "Fair" time.

If you are expecting visitors and will need any of the above articles it will certainly pay you to take advantage of these great reductions. From 20% to 40% off.

The Ontario Furniture Co.
228-230 Dundas Street.

Purity, Brilliancy and Uniformity Found in CARLINGS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS 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."

Dr. Emil Fischer, who four years ago won the Nobel prize for chemistry, has discovered, he declares, that coal is edible. He has been making an extract of coal and finds that this extract has the same nutritive qualities as are possessed by beefsteak and eggs.