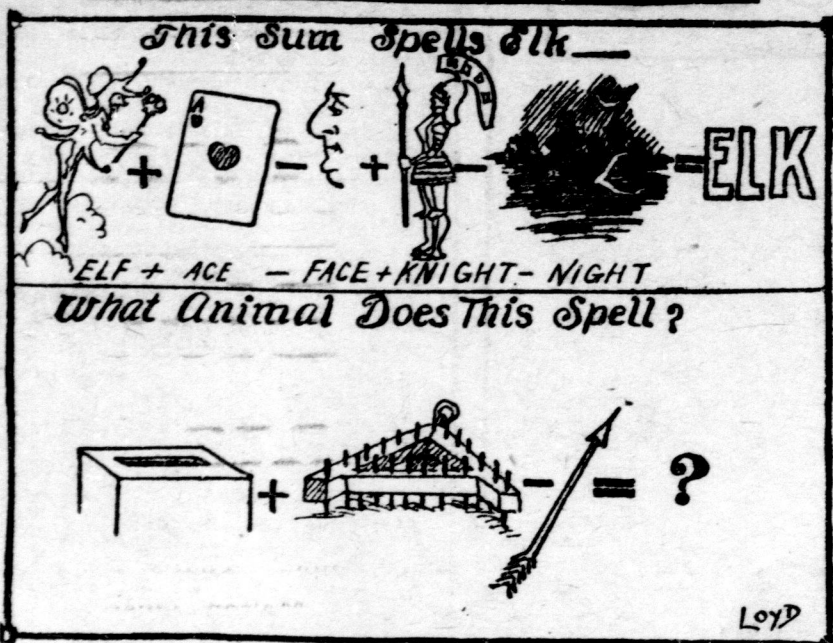


## SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

(Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.)

## Puzzle Sum



**ANSWER TO CRACKERS AND CHEESE PUZZLE PRINTED THURSDAY**

Louis said the cheese weighed ten pounds and the balance board five pounds. Four-fifths of the board, and therefore, four pounds of its weight, was on one side of the balance point. Let us assume that the beam was five feet in length. Then at the point two feet from the fulcrum (the average distance) would be a weight pressure of four pounds, this being equivalent to a two-pound pressure at the extreme end. A two-pound weight at the four-foot arm of a five-foot beam would raise eight pounds on the short arm. The cheese weighed ten pounds, and there was already a half-pound pressure on the short arm, making a total of ten and one-half pounds, which would require two and five-eighths pounds' pressure on the long arm to effect a balance. Therefore the crackers must have weighed five-eighths of a pound.

## THE AMETHYST CROSS

By Fergus Hume

## CHAPTER IX.

Two Girls.

If the course of true love did not run smoothly with George, the girl he loved found it speeding roughly also. Lesbia was as anxious to see her lover as he was to meet her; but parental displeasure and parental authority stood like a wall between this new Pyramus and Thisbe—a wall which could by no means be overleaped.

As Tim had informed George, his master had engaged Mrs. Petty as a housekeeper, and so the domestic arrangements of Rose Cottage were temporarily removed from the hands of Lesbia. Also, in conjunction with The Shadow, Mrs. Petty acted both as spy and a jailer. It was infamous, as Lesbia felt, that she should be watched and heckled in this fashion; but as she had no money and no friends, and no place whither she could go, there was nothing left for her but to wait until such time as Mr. Hale became more reasonable.

Mrs. Petty was a stout, plethoric woman, with an aggressive manner and a loud, common voice, who probably had been a Margate lodging-house-keeper of the worst description. She was a born bully, and within ten minutes of her entry into the house Tim learned to loathe her with all the fervor of an Irishman, impatient of restraint in any form.

Mrs. Petty tried the same tactics of home rule on Lesbia, but was met so firmly, and put in her place so quietly, that—being a coward at heart, as all bullies are—she left the girl as severely alone as was possible, while executing Mr. Hale's instructions. These were to keep a strict eye on his daughter, and to prevent the intrusion of George Walker. Mrs. Petty, after several rebuffs, contented herself by watching from afar, and managed by always being on the right when Lesbia least expected her, to fulfill her contemptible duty. For the rest of the time she worried Tim and looked after the domestic economy of the cottage.

The Shadow, as became his nickname, was an aggressive personage. He was rightly called John Canning, and formerly had acted as valet to Captain Sargent. But that gentleman, being anxious to marry Lesbia,

whom he greatly admired, and having George as a too-handsome and over-zealous rival, had suggested to his friend Hale that Canning should act as an inoffensive dragon to keep away the young man. Hale quite approved of this, as Canning could guard the garden, while Mrs. Petty kept watch on the girl in the house itself. Canning, therefore, glided unobtrusively into his position, and although Lesbia disliked the creature, because he carefully kept George away, she had not the same hatred for him that she cherished for Mrs. Petty. At his worst Canning was a harmless individual, condemned to do the dirty work of others, because he had not sufficient brains to earn an honest wage in an honest manner.

His nickname had been given him because of his marvellously thin looks, and these were certainly remarkably noticeable. At one time, as he confessed to Lesbia, he had exhibited himself in a travelling caravan as The Living Skeleton, but having slightly increased in weight, he had been discharged. What his leanness must have been originally it is hard to say, as even now he was but skin and bone, and, being tall, looked like a line, that is, he was length without breadth. His hands resembled a bird's claws, his legs were like sticks, and his skull would have done for a death's head, so devoid was it of flesh. With his lean, clean-shaven face, with his straight jet-black hair, which he wore rather long, and with his skinny, lengthy, narrow figure encased in shabby broadcloth, he looked positively uncanny; and rude boys made remarks about him when he walked abroad. He glided about like a shadow, haunted shady corners like a shadow, and spoke in a whisper as a shadow should. The name fitted him exactly, and he looked a creature of the night, quite out of place in the cheerful sunshine.

Lesbia did not approve of him at first, for obvious reasons, and even disliked him actively when she found that he dogged her footsteps. But it so happened that the gods chose to turn her heart to a friendless man, and the consequences of the change were more far-reaching than she guessed at the moment.

The days went by very heavily, since her heart was with George, and she could not see him. Certainly she contrived through the ever-faithful Tim to get a note transmitted to him—the same that George read on the river. And under cover of Tim's name he sent an answer which assured her that he was still faithful and still loving, and ever hopeful of better days. Lesbia carried about that letter in her bosom day and night, and read it when she felt particularly down-hearted, which happened not infrequently. She also waited and she also hoped. Then an event occurred, which in after-time showed how mysteriously the gods worked to their hidden ends.

The Shadow fell ill in spite of the warm summer weather. Being of a sickly constitution, he unexpectedly caught influenza, and was forced to go to bed in the little room near Tim's sanctum. Hale, who had a horror of sickness, at once decided to turn him out; but Sargent, also afraid, refused to permit the valet to return to his Cookham house. There appeared to be no refuge for the miserable man, until Lesbia suddenly asserted herself and insisted upon nursing him back to health. Mr. Hale objected, but his daughter, for the first time in her life, remained firm, and, having already sufficient troubles on her hand without creating more, he yielded in the end. Moreover, he thought that acting as a sick-nurse would give Lesbia something to do, and would take her thoughts away from George. So she was permitted to nurse Canning, while Mr. Hale betook himself to Tail's sumptuous mansion at Henley.

Mrs. Petty declined to look after the sick man, so Lesbia took full charge of the case, and was assisted by Tim. Not that Tim approved of The Shadow, but, being tender-hearted, he considered him a poor creature, and so acted the part of a good Samaritan. Canning grew delirious and seemed in danger of passing away; but Lesbia set herself to struggle with death, and in the end she conquered. When the man was sane again and rapidly regaining his strength, Tim

told him all that the young mistress had done. It was then that the Irishman saw two big tears roll down the thin cheeks of the spy.

When Lesbia entered to see how he was, he spoke weakly, but to the point. "I have been kicked about all my life," said The Shadow brokenly, "and no one has ever said a kind word to me. Mr. Hale and Captain Sargent have treated me worse than a dog, and but for you, Miss Lesbia, I should have been thrown out to die in the street. You hate me because I was set to watch you—"

"I don't hate you now, Canning," she interposed hastily. "After all, you only performed the duty you were set to do by my father."

"And by Captain Sargent," whispered The Shadow. "Don't forget Captain Sargent. I never shall," and his weak hand clenched under the coverlet. "But you have acted like an angel. Miss Lesbia, and some day I may be able to repay you for what you have done."

"I only did my duty," said the girl, tucking him in.

"You are the first woman or man who has ever done duty by me in this world," said Canning, the tears rolling down his face. "I know what I know, and some day you may want my help. You shall have it. Yes! You shall have it at whatever cost."

"What do you know?" she asked, wondering.

"Never mind." He turned his face to the wall. "When the time comes, call upon me and I will help you."

Nothing more was said at the moment, as the man was not sufficiently recovered to talk much. Lesbia occasionally thought of what he had said, but could not entirely understand his meaning, unless it was that he would shut his eyes to the coming of George, should that young man choose to risk a visit. But the days went by, and George did not come, for, as Canning was sick, Mrs. Petty kept a very strict watch on the girl.

Gradually the words of the sick man were forgotten by Lesbia, and when he went away entirely recovered, she forgot him, having more important matters to think about.

It was shortly after Canning's departure that Hale returned from Henley with a story which made Lesbia write—and write willingly—the letter of dismissal, which had broken Walker's heart. After she had sent her father patted her shoulder and spoke kindly to her.

"You are now acting as a sensible girl," he said, with a chill politeness; and there is no longer any need for Mrs. Petty to remain. I know that you do not like her, so I shall send her away this evening. Canning has also gone and will not return. Things can revert to their original course, and you can manage the house along with Tim. But remember, Lesbia, that if your heart softens towards this scamp, I shall recall both The Shadow and Mrs. Petty to watch over you."

Lesbia, with a white face and set lips, looked straightly at her father. "I shall neither write to George again, nor shall I see him," she said, with a stifled sob. "But whatever you say about his guilt, remember that I do not believe it. He is innocent."

"Then why not stick by him?" asked her father, cruelly.

"You know well enough why I do not—why I cannot. George and I are now entire strangers, and must remain so until the mystery of this burglary is cleared up."

"It will never be cleared up," because there is nothing to clear up," said her father calmly. "George stole those jewels of Tail's for your sake, and it is only Tail's friendship for his mother and Maud's kind heart that prevented Walker being arrested and condemned as a thief."

Lesbia's lip curled. "I mistrust Miss Ellis' kind heart," said she.

Hale shrugged his thin shoulders. "You can do what you like about that," he remarked carelessly, "but remember that she holds George in the hollow of her hand. All you have to do is to forget him and marry Sargent."

"No!" said Lesbia positively. "I shall never see George again, since circumstances are too strong for him, and for me. But I shall never marry Captain Sargent. Be sure of that."

"He loves you, and—"

"I don't love him. Say no more, father. What I say I hold to."

"You said much before which you have not held by," retorted Hale, his temper rising; "and circumstances may prove too much for you. However, Sargent can wait, and I will wait. Meanwhile, since you have dismissed this young fool, you are free to come and go as you desire."

"One moment," said Lesbia, as her father turned on his heel. "What about that amethyst cross?"

To Be Continued.

## FOR SICK CHILDREN

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Who Has Done So Much Good Among Sick Children of New York, Recommends Vinol.

"In my work among the destitute sick I give Vinol in many cases where it would be impossible to give cod liver oil in any other form, on account of the extreme weakness of the patient's stomach. I have known Vinol to restore appetite and infuse new life in many cases of sick women and children when everything else failed. Little children seem to delight in taking Vinol."

The reason Vinol is so far superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions is because it contains all the medicinal, body-building elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers with the disagreeable oil eliminated and tonic iron added.

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, weak women, delicate children, after sickness and for all pulmonary troubles Vinol is recommended by over 5,000 of the leading druggists of the United States. Your money will be returned on demand if Vinol fails to benefit. Anderson & Nelles, druggists, London, 268 Dundas street, near Wellington. Sign of Red Cross.

## MRS. HAINES DEFENDS SONS

Mother Declares That Both Are "The Best of Men."

New York, N. Y., Nov. 12. — On their way from Fort Hancock to Washington, Gen. Peter C. Hains and Mrs. Hains, whose sons, Peter C. and T. Jenkins Hains, are under indictment for the killing of William E. Annis, passed through New York city today. With them were the three children of Peter C. Hains.

Mrs. Hains talked freely on certain phases of the case against her sons, in particular defending the part played by T. Jenkins Hains in the Bayside tragedy of last August.

"I do not understand why people malign him so," she said. "He was a devoted husband to his wife, and when she died he was grief-stricken. He had always shown the greatest devotion to her and to me."

"I was due to the generous, kindly spirit of Jenkins," continued Mrs. Hains, "that he was with his brother Percy at the time of the shooting."

"I can't understand the world's condemnation of my boys," she repeated. "They are both the best of men."

## REPUDIATE NIGHT-RIDERS

Cotton Growers Deny Connection With Depredations.

New Orleans, Nov. 12. — That it is with the powers of the planters of the south to bring the price of cotton back to last year's level was the declaration of President C. S. Barrett, when he formally opened the convention of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union here today. "After when we succeed in restoring the price of cotton to the figures that ruled last year we will be richer by \$150,000,000," said Mr. Barrett, amid applause.

He said that middle-class busy-bodies had sought to connect the farmers' union with the night-riders. It was illogical and unjust to accuse members of the union with the depredations of the night-riders. He said the union did not need and will not invoke lawless methods to gain its ends.

"You are now acting as a sensible girl," he said, with a chill politeness; and there is no longer any need for Mrs. Petty to remain. I know that you do not like her, so I shall send her away this evening. Canning has also gone and will not return. Things can revert to their original course, and you can manage the house along with Tim. But remember, Lesbia, that if your heart softens towards this scamp, I shall recall both The Shadow and Mrs. Petty to watch over you."

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## THE GREAT SALE Ends Saturday Night

After two weeks of vigorous selling, we bring our Great Annual Sale of Mill Ends and Factory Seconds to a close. Success has crowned our efforts, and we have surpassed all previous records in bargain-giving, store-crowding, and the magnitude of business we have done.

Saturday is the last day, and we're going to make it the greatest day of the Great Sale. What we have left of Mill Ends and Factory Seconds will be sacrificed at prices more ridiculous, if possible, than have prevailed during the sale. Come and take advantage of supplying your Drygoods wants before 10 p.m. Saturday.

## 29 Dozen Children's Vests, 10c Each

This is only one offering, but represents the value and price-liteness that prevails in every department of our store.

29 dozen Children's Vests, winter-weight. Nearly every size, worth up to 25c, for ..... 10c

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No. 6178. Ladies' One Piece Apron. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. Medium size will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. Here is an apron that is not only simple and practical but becoming as well. The upper part of the skirt is fitted to the figure by darts, and is ample enough to cover the entire skirt. The back portion is extended to form straps that cross in the centre and fasten on the shoulders. The usual apron materials are suitable, such as linen, gingham and percale.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 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 .....

Measurements: 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 you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 32, 34, 36, 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 "years." 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.

## PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 563 Richmond street. Phone 997.

## Knowledge is Power

KNOWLEDGE is not confined to "book learning." In this busy world of ours, education is but the preparation for the higher school of life.

The knowledge of "Progress Brand" gives every man the power to buy stylish, perfect fitting, excellently made clothes, at the very lowest prices.

## "Progress Brand" Garments

Their knowledge of values, of style and tailoring, has made the "Progress Brand" trademark a power for high quality. The knowledge of what and where to buy thus becomes a power in economy that may be translated into dollars and cents.

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## Sold and Guaranteed By J. H. CHAPMAN &amp; CO.

The heirs of the late Mrs. Joan Dunsinuir are continuing their suit against her son, Lieut.-Gov. James Dunsinuir, British Columbia, and have retained E. P. Davis as leading counsel. The case involves property valued at millions. Davis was counsel for Dunsinuir when Edna Wallace Hopper sued him two years ago.

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, LAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP