Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

The price is on every package.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST

BY. E. EVERETT GREEN.

Author of The Marriage of Marcia, Lady Elizabeth, The Juggernaut, etc.

His eyes rested on Hilda's face as he stood beside her cycle at his gate, where she had dismounted on receiving a friendly hail as she was skimming along. She had come that way half hoping to see Val and tell her tale, and now he took possesson of her wheel and walked it up the road, still regarding her with some attention and a sort of smile of good-fellowship at she liked.

"I shall be awfully sorry when you go," she said frankly.

"Sure?" he asked, the smile creasing the corners of his eyes.

"Plum sure," answered Hilda, with her spontaneous laugh. "It's always horrid to lose one's friends."

"There's sometimes a way out of that horror," quoth the man from the west quietly.

She turned her head to look at him, and suddenly the color flooded her face, but for once she was tongue-tied.

"My country's awful nice—once you're used to it," Val continued, looking straight before him. "You'd admire to see the Rockies, the great canons, the peaks towering into the sky, some of 'em topped with snow most times; the air like new wine; the silence, like the noises, a heap bigger than anything you get here. I'd like to show you a heap of things over yonder, little pard. Some days I think considerable about that."

He paused for an appreciable time, and then went on with a queer sort of drawl that occasionally marked his speech when he meant something rather particular by it. "Somehow—it may sound like big bluff—but it ain't really—the things I get thinkin' of that way mostly figure out same fashion in the making. That's all I've got to say today, Partner. Maybe another time we'll talk of it—again."

Hilda was walking quickly, just a pace in advance of him. The man from the west eyed her lithe young figure and her free, unfettered movements with satisfaction and admiration. Strength and vigor and elasticity of movement appealed strongly to him, and Hilda had all three in large measure.

"She'd like it, sure," he said softly to himself, and into his eyes there sprang a look which no woman had ever seen there before, and which Hilda did not see now.

A few minutes later he was upstairs in the long, low room, where Mary kept guard over a pair of ailing children, who greeted Val with a rapture of delight that showed their indisposition to be nothing very severe.

Mary's face brightened like a sunbeam at sight of him. There was something breezy and invigorating in his personality, and his fund of stories was inexhaustible. The children laughed till they cried, and were presently sung into sound slumber to the thrumming of a banjo and one of those interminable songs of which Val seemed to have an unlimited supply. Hilda declared he made them up as he went along, and the effect upon the small patients was to soothe them off to sleep at last.

"Not much wrong with the kids, Mary, eh?"

"I think not, just feverish colds. They got wet in that thunderstorm the other day, and they've been racing about rather too much in the heat. A few days of bed won't hurt them, I think; but I don't believe it's real influenza."

"Same here; those fools of doctors call everything by some long-winded name. A fellow can't have a bit of a mully-grub nowadays but they reckon to cut him open for appendicitis. They'd better try it on with me, that's all. They'd find it a game that two could play at—that game of knives."

"Val, you are delightful. You should write to the 'Lancet.' But it really isn't Dr. Frampton's fault. He's not a bit of an alarmist. But he's away on holiday, and there's only a young man in his place. And they are all so afraid of possibilities that we are put into quarantine nolens volens."

"I don't see the fun of having you shut up too."

"Ah! but I couldn't leave the babies, they really are poorly, and they would miss me so. I shouldn't be happy to be quite away from them, and there's no choice between that and being with them altogether. Indeed, I don't mind, Val. For some things I'm rather glad."

"As for what?" he asked, with his eyes on her face. He saw her color leap up and die down quickly.

"It is not very much; but that lawyer, Mr. Lawley, has been coming here several times lately. I would prefer to keep out of his way—as I can here."

"If that little skunk takes to annoying you, Mary, just tip me the hint. I'll want no more than that. I'll easy knock his teeth down his blame throat for him; then he'll want a brand new set of tombstones before he comes courtin' again."

Mary could not but laugh.

"Val, you are a dreadful savage. We don't do things that fashion over here."

"Don't you, now? Wal, you'd mebbe find it some better if you did. Anyhow, I'll find the way to square him somehow if he takes to bothering you and don't you forget that. Well, I'm off now; so long for the present. I'll be around some time tomorrow, just to see how the kids are doin'—and you, too."

Mary watched him from the corridor window as he strode away. The children were sleeping still, and the corridor was an airy and pleasant place. The window seat invited to comfortable rest, after a rather disturbed night. Mary sat there, looking dreamily out over the sweep of the drive and the parklands beyond, till she became aware of the rapid approach of a man on a cycle, and she drew back almost involuntarily as Lord Cotswold came skimming up to the doors of Coombe Basset.

They were not giving a luncheon party, Mary was sure of that. Probably this guest had come in more friendly fashion to join the family informally. Well, she would not see him today. She did not tell herself that this had probably been planned. If some such surmise forced itself upon her, she did not give it a place in her thoughts. She only fell into a reverie as she sat beside the window, a reverie that brought sweet and tender lights into her eyes, and a dreamy smile of contentment to her lips.

Several hours later she saw him go, with Bosh as his companion, along the drive and through the park. The children had been awake and lively during the afternoon, but were again dosing in their beds now; and Mary looked up with a finger upon her lips as the door opened. But to her surprise it was not Hilda or a servant that entered now, but—almost the last person she would have expected to see—her cousin Mona.

She rose quickly and silently, and came towards the door.

"Do you think you ought to come in—if it is what you think? Do you want anything, Mona?"

"Come out into the passage," said the elder girl in a curious, quivering voice, and Mary did so, softly closing the door behind her. To her surprise Mona got fast hold of her hands and seemed to be trembling all over.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mary, gently.

Mona's laugh seemed to hold a sob in suspense.

"I've come to you—because I felt—as though—you would understand. Oh, Mary, Mary, I'm so bewildered, and happy, I don't know how to contain myself. And Norma would never understand. She has no sympathy for—for——"

Mary's grave sweet eyes fixed upon the speaker's face seemed to stem the tide of her flow of words.

"If you, will tell me what has happened, Mona——"

"Mary, Mary, I want to tell you. Do you know that Lord Cotswold came here today?"

"Yes; I saw him."

"Saw him? How—when—here?"

"From the window here. I saw him come and go. Mona, what is it? What is the matter?"

"Ah, Mary, can't you guess?"

"I would rather you told me, if there is anything to tell," Mary spoke very quietly, gravely and gently.

Mona gave another little sobbing gasp, and exclaimed:

"He cares for me, Mary—I know it. I feel it. I had thought it before, and now I am sure. I am so happy, I do not know how to speak of it. And yet I must—I must. Wish me joy, Mary dear; I know you will wish me joy."

CHAPTER XVI.

On the Trail.

The boy Bosh was transported with joy.

"I say, Val, how ripping of you! I've scarcely ever been in London yet—and then only just to see the sights; trundled round with a pack of other boys, and crammed with improving information all the while by some blooming master.'"

"I'll cram you with information, sonny, never fear!" spoke Val, with a grin, "and we'll see some sights, too, in our own way. And what you've got to learn, mebbe, is to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut and your tongue well behind your teeth; then, perhaps, we'll see things that may turn out improvin' for someone."

"Val, I wish you'd tell me what's up! I'm safe; I'll not blab it out. I can feel all through my bones that you're going up for something else than just a spree. I'll help you for all I'm worth, if only you'll tell me. Is it something about Mary now? You know I want to be on her side all I can."

"I know you do, sonny; you're staunch all through. Well, it isn't exactly on Mary's business I'm going up, and yet it mebbe will have to do with Mary in the long run; and when I tell you more, you'll begin to savvy what I mean."

It was in the train that bore them up to town that Val became more explicit. The two travellers had the compartment to themselves, and they travelled first-class; Val examining the cushions and photographs with his humorous grin.

"I don't cotton much to these cattle boxes you call trains over here; don't seem room to move around. But they're mighty snug and private if you get a loose box to yourself. I'm doing myself well this trip. I've done my share knockin' round. I'll be gettin' mighty soft one of these days if I stop here long enough; but it's dandy to try a spell of it."

"I say, Val, are you awfully rich? Have you got a big pile over yonder? You seem to do just what you like."

"Well, I've earned a bit of a fling, sonny, and I'm having it over here. As for rich, that's as you call it. My little pile wouldn't count for nothing in the eyes of some of your big bugs and gold grabbers. But it's a tidy little sum for a quiet chap like me. And I reckon it's going to keep a pair of us one of these days, and perhaps more. And there's more where that came from, and I know how to collar it, when the time comes!"

"I wish you'd take me back when you go, and put me on to something! They talk about Oxford or Cambridge for me now, and I just hate the notion. I've got as much Latin and Greek as ever I'll hold. I want to go out somewhere and do things, if it's only to be a cowboy on a ranch. I want to be out of doors all the time, and in a bigger country, too. I'm just seventeen; it's time I was doing something besides schooling and fooling!"

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

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BECOMING BLOUSE WAIST FOR A YOUNG GIRL—NO. 8541.

This design of a misses' waist is most delightfully dainty and girlish, and would be charming made up in dotted Swiss, mousseline de soie and China silk. Tucks are taken up across the upper part of the front, giving a graceful amount of fulness that will prove very becoming. The sleeves are cut in square outline, so popular this season. Linen, gingham and chambray are all suitable for the development. For a girl of 16 years 2 3-8 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes, 15, 16 and 17 years.

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

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Street Address .....

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Province .....

Measurement—Bust Waist

Size (if child's or misses' 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 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 "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.

BLACKMAIL CHARGED

Detective Accused of Attempting To Extort Money From Widow.

Toronto, Aug. 23.—Albert Davis, a private detective, was today committed for trial on the charge of attempting to blackmail Mrs. McElroy, a plucky little English woman, who is trying to earn a living for her family by taking in washing.

According to the evidence, Davis visited her home at midnight last Thursday and tried to get $50 from her under threats of arresting her for keeping a disorderly house. Mrs. McElroy, while protesting against such a charge, promised to try and raise $20 if he would leave her alone.

To this Davis agreed, and next day the woman went out among her friends to try and borrow the money. One friend advised her to inform the inspector of the police station, which she did with the result that when Davis called that night for the money he was arrested.

Davis pleaded not guilty and elected a jury trial.

PULP FROM SLABS

Latest Discovery Adds Largely To Supply of Pulpwood.

Tawas City, Mich., Aug. 24.—Every once in a while a new use is developed for some of the product which the sawmills of a few years ago left when they went out of commission, and which was considered practically useless.

The latest discovery adds largely to the supply of pulpwoods of the country, and promises the establishment of a new industry here.

It is the manufacturing of woodpulp from the slabs and the other materials contained in the deserted lumber docks which line the shores of Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron.

About a year ago Albert Widdis purchased the old spiles and slabs in some of the docks here, and since then has been pulling out the slabs and shipping them to Detroit, as it was generally believed, for kindling wood. It now develops that he has been experimenting with them in the manufacture of pulp. It is claimed that his experiments have been highly successful, that the pulp is easily and cheaply made, and is suitable for making paper.

Widdis has purchased the docks as far north as Cheboygan and has an unlimited supply of the material. Efforts are now being made for the erection of a plant here for the manufacture of the pulp, and will undoubtedly be successful.

AFRICAN HUNT TROPHIES

Will Find a Place in $3,500,000 Museum at Washington.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The largest and most ornate exposition building in the United States has been completed just in time to receive the unique trophies of the hunt gathered by ex-President Roosevelt in Africa, now about to be unpacked in this city.

This building, of granite, with floor space of approximately nine and one-half acres, and costing $3,500,000, has been erected by congress for the national museum and is today being put in order for the proper exhibition of various objects, chief among which are the Roosevelt trophies.

It is likely rooms on the first floor will receive the Roosevelt specimens. Considerable time will be required to prepare these skins, which are packed in brine, in metal casks.

As soon as the 82 pelts gathered by Mr. Roosevelt are taken from the casks, they will be tanned as the best process for their preservation "for all time."

The splendid show case to be provided in the new museum building will give ample opportunity for an arrangement in effective style even of the largest animals. The greatest care will be taken to make this exhibit one of the most unique and attractive possessed by any government.

It will require considerable time to mount the specimens and every precaution will be taken to select the very best to be retained by the museum. An important value is attached to duplicate specimens for exchange purposes. The law permits the Smithsonian to make exchanges for species it may not possess. It is expected that every museum in the world will be anxious to obtain at least one of the Roosevelt trophies. By these exchanges the national museum will be able to come into possession of many new specimens.

PERSCH PLEADS.

New York, Aug. 23.—Pleas of not guilty were entered today by Donald L. Persch to two indictments charging grand larceny in the first degree, in connection with the Joyce-Windsor Trust Company $50,000 loan deal.

Persch was expected to make a statement explaining several features of the case that are still more or less mysterious, but the proceedings in the court were purely formal. Persch's attorney entered his pleas and he was sent back to the Tombs without more than a dozen words having been spoken.

A possible reason for the failure of A. D. F. Adams, the Boston broker, to procure $12,000 bail on Saturday was given today, when it was said that the trust company he depended upon refused to accept as security shares of Ohio Copper stock, because, it is alleged, this stock is under injunction by a Boston court.

Have You Throat Droppings?

Is there a chronic cold in your nose, a dropping in your throat, awful breath, constant spitting and bad taste?—You have catarrh, and to cure it quickly we recommend Catarrhozone. It clear out the nostrils, strengthens the throat, cuts out the phlegm, gives instant relief. Nothing ever discovered equals Catarrhozone. The dollar size is guaranteed. Trial size, 50c, all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ontario.

LITERARY NOTES

The August issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor at Woodstock, Ont., tells how the people in the Maritime Provinces (known by reason of the sea breezes as the "Kingdom of Cooldom") enjoy the beautiful summer weather. This article is profusely illustrated. A delightful paper is "Still Hunting with a Camera"; while of equally absorbing interest is one on similar lines, "Shooting Wild Geese With a Kodak."

The Technical World for September thus deals with the question, "Shall we go to Europe by balloon?

"Yes, say the Wrights, the most daring and successful navigators of the air which the world has yet produced. Yes, says H. Helm Clayton, America's most distinguished meteorologist, who has for sixteen years made a careful study of upper air currents. Not only may we go, taking advantage of what has become known to meteorologists as the great highway of the air, but we may return, for this highway is not a one-way route, but issues return tickets to all who will study its schedules and take advantage of them with the proper equipment. In other words, a balloon several miles high at the latitude of Boston, finds a wind blowing from west to east which is as dependable as the rotation of the earth itself, which will whisk it across 3,000 miles of sea at a rate of speed far exceeding that of the swiftest ocean liner. At a point near the equator it would find an equally steady return current, which would waft it at equal speed back to America."

Funk and Wagnall Company, of New York have just issued the fourth volume of the new Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. The subjects range from "Draesefe" to "Goa," and the number of topics treated is 948, with 500 pages. In this work the speculations of theologians give way to cold, convincing facts. The authenticity of Holy Writ is upheld by the incontrovertible evidence produced by recent explorations and discoveries. Absolute impartiality has been the aim of the editors, and that this might be assured where opposing views are held the opportunity was given to both sides to present them. Efforts have been made to select the men best qualified to write upon the different subjects of which the work treats, and specialized scholarship will be readily recognized from the names of authors of the various articles. The same typographical devices that have characterized the previous volumes make for convenience of consultation in this. There is also a bibliographical appendix which brings the bibliographies for the articles contained in the four volumes published down to July, 1908.

HAPPIEST MARRIAGES RIGHT AGE TO WED

What Miss Sutton, Lady Tennis Champion Has to Say.

New York, Aug. 22. — Miss May Sutton, the famous lady tennis champion, has given rise to an interesting discussion concerning her very definite statements as to the correct age for marriage.

Announcing the breaking off of her betrothal to Mr. George Hahn, the son of a Mexican banker, Miss Sutton said:

"No woman should marry before twenty-five. I stand by that statement. In the first place, no woman before that age is sufficiently matured. She does not know her own mind and has not had experience enough. It does not seem to me right that a woman should have to learn her duties after she is married.

"In America a woman has more to do with the selection of a husband than in the older countries. Parents have little to do with her choice, beyond advising, and when a girl is young such advice is not appreciated. Hence it is of the utmost importance that the American women, at all events, should have a large experience of men and the world before she takes the important step of choosing a partner for life.

"Divorces in this country are due, in my opinion, to the large number of youthful, ill-considered marriages."

The aged Countess of Cardigan, who was born just after the days of the regency, has communicated to the Daily Mail an expression of her opinion as interesting a sit is weighty. Lady Cardigan says:

"No girl knows her own mind in her teens; or at least she did not when I was young. It is all very romantic and charming at eighteen, but no girl really knows the heart of a man until she is in the twenties. A man at twenty-eight is fortyeight in experience, and how can a schoolroom beauty permanently depose the adorable She who has filled the happy youthful years of a man's life?

"Cynics scoff at these turned down pages. Believe me, they are the most sacred of any. For the beauty of realization give me the fullness of a man's love, the perfect marriage, when, after years of disappointment, he meets the one woman who gently knits up his lost ideals and bids him forget. Not that forgetting brings happiness, but it brings repose.

"My advice is: Never marry too young. The chain of love becomes intolerable when it is hampered with the links of doubt and disillusion which cling round later love. Far better is it to meet on common ground, as mutual sympathizers, each eager to forgive the other's faults and to say: 'Let us begin again,' than to begin hoping and live unsatisfied.

"No, the happiest marriages are those that understand all, and forgive all, as the French says. As to the ideals in marriage, what could I quote better than the most human and charming words spoken by Jessica Falconer in "The Choir Invisible':

"'Oh, if you ever marry, don't make the mistake of treating the woman as an ideal; Treat her in every way as a human being, exactly like yourself, with the same temptations. And, as you have some mercy on yourself despite your faults, have some mercy on her despite hers.'"

NUNS OF ST. JOSEPH

Impresisve Celebration in Commemoration of Their Landing at Montreal.

Montreal, Aug. 23. — Two hundred and fifty years ago on Sept. 1, or thereabouts, the first hospital nuns of St. Joseph landed in Montreal. The fact will be commemorated at the Hotel Dieu de Ville Marie on Sept. 1, 2 and 3.

On Wednesday, Sept. 1, pontifical mass will be celebrated at 9:30 by His Grace Mgr. Charles Hugh Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. The sermon will be delivered by Rev. M. Lecoq, superior of the sulpice.

A reception, attended by the delegates of the various religious communities of the diocese, will be held in the cloister. In the afternoon an entertainment will be held for the patients. Solemn benediction of the Holy Sacrament will close the day.

On Thursday at 9:30 Mgr. Burchesi will be the celebrant at pontifical mass and Rev. Canon G. Gauthier will deliver the sermon. The statue of Jeanne Mance will then be unveiled, during which ceremony there will be speeches from the Archbishop of Montreal, Sir Alphonso Pelletier, lieutenant-governor of the province; Dr. Guerin and Dr. Hervieux; in the afternoon the solemn benediction of the Holy Sacrament.

On Friday at 9:20 a solemn service for the deceased nuns and all patients who have passed away will be held at the Hotel Dieu. Mgr. J. S. Brunault, Bishop of Nicolet, officiating. Rev. Father Louis Lalonde, S. J., will deliver the sermon.

DEATH OF HENRY MOTT.

Montreal, Aug. 23. — The death occurred tonight in Royal Victoria Hospital in his 85th year, of Henry Mott, formerly librarian of McGill University, who was at one time one of the best-known journalists in Montreal. Mr. Mott was connected with the Montreal Herald 25 years ago and founded the Canadian Spectator.

DR. BLACK DEAD.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 23. — Dr. Samuel McCully Black, editor of the Maritime Baptist, and one of the best-known literary men in Eastern Canada, died tonight after a lingering illness. He was born in Amherst in 1846.

A FREAK FALL.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 23. — A marvellous escape from death took place at Hull on Saturday evening, when Mr. J. Moussette, son of the governor of the Hull jail, fell 50 feet from the third story of the courthouse to the ground. The accident did not even shake his nerve, for he was on the roof again an hour later.

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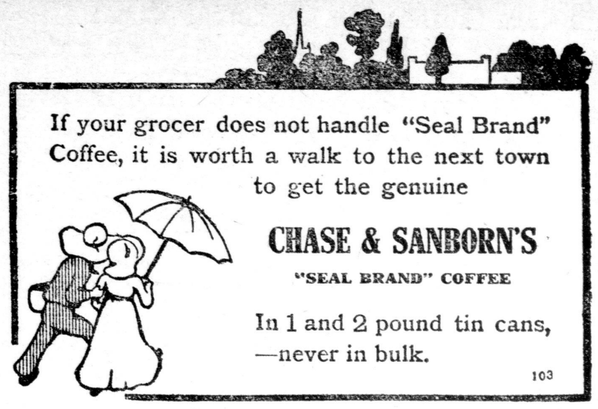
During the past fifty years there were 1,139 earthquake shocks in the United Kingdom, 10,306 in Greece, 27,526 in Japan, and 27,672 in Italy.



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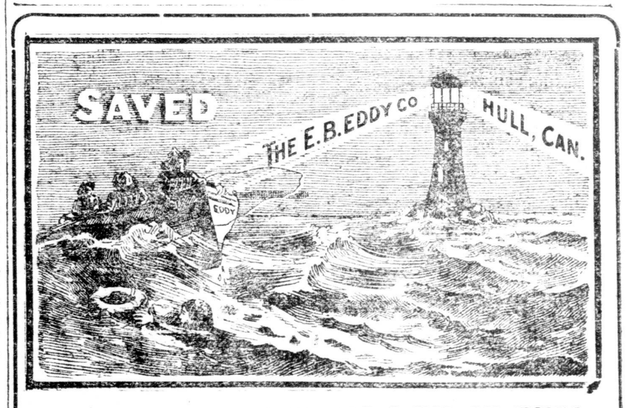

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