

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

The price is on every package.

A Prince of Sinners

By Phillips Oppenheim.
Author of "A Lost Leader," "The Malefactor," "A Makin' of History," etc.

The committee meeting broke up at a late hour in the afternoon amidst some excitement, and Mr. Bullsum walked back to his office with Brooks. A fine rain was falling, and the two men were close together under one umbrella.

"What do you think of it, Brooks?" Bullsum asked anxiously.

"To tell you the truth, I scarcely know," the younger answered. "Ten years ago there could have been but one answer today—well, look there."

The two men stood still for a moment. They were in the centre of the town, at a spot from which the main thoroughfares radiated into the suburbs and manufacturing centres. Everywhere the pavements and the open space where a memorial tower stood were crowded with loiterers. Men in long lines stood upon the curbstones, their hands in their pockets, watching, waiting—God knows for what. There were all sorts of course, the professional idlers and the drunkards were there, but the others—there was no lack of them. There was light and warmth inside, opened and shut continually.

"Look," Brooks repeated, with a tremor in his tone. "There are thousands and thousands of them—and all of them must have some sort of a home to go to. Fancy it—one's working man, perhaps children—and nothing to take home to them. It's such an old story, that it sounds hackneyed and commonplace. But God knows there's no other tragedy on His earth like it."

Bullsum was uncomfortable.

"I've given a hundred pounds to the unemployed fund," he said.

"It's money well spent if it had been a thousand," Brooks answered. "Some day they may learn their strength, and they will not suffer then, like brute animals, in silence. Look here. I'm going to speak to one of them."

He touched a tall youth on the shoulder.

"Out of work, my lad?" he asked. The youth turned surlily round.

"Yes. Looks like it don't it?"

"What are you?" Brooks asked.

"Clicker."

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"Gaffer said he'd no more orders—couldn't keep us on. The shop's shut up. Know of a job, guv'nor?" he asked, with a momentary eagerness. "I've two characters in my pockets—good 'uns."

"You've tried to get a place elsewhere?" Brooks asked.

"Tried? Dye suppose I'm standing here for fun? I've tramped the blessed town. I went to thirty factories yesterday, and forty today. Know of a job, guv'nor? I'm not particular."

"I wish I did," Brooks answered, simply. "Here's half-a-crown. Go to that coffee-palace over there and get a meal. If you can do for you."

"Good for you guv'nor," was the prompt answer. "I'll be any brother on that. Here, Ned," he caught hold of a younger boy by the shoulder, "hot coffee and eggs, you sinner. Come on."

The two hurried off together. Brooks and his companion passed on.

"It is just this," Brooks said, in a low tone, "just the thought of these people makes me afraid, positively afraid to argue with Henslow. You see—he may be right. I tell you that in a healthy-governed country there should be work for every man who is able to work. We'd do the trick now. I land there isn't. Free trade works out all right logically, but it's one thing to see it all on paper, and it's another to see this—here around us—and Medchester isn't the worst off by any means."

Bullsum was silent for several moments.

"I tell you what it is, Brooks," he said. "I'll send another hundred to the unemployed fund tonight."

"It's generous of you Mr. Bullsum," the younger lawyer answered. "You'll never regret it. But look here. There's a greater responsibility even than feeding these poor fellows resting upon us today. They don't want our charity. They've an equal right to live with us. What they want, and what they have a right to, is just legislation. That's where we come in. Politics isn't a huge joke, or the vehicle for any man's personal ambition. We who interest ourselves, however remotely, in them, impose upon ourselves a great obligation. We've got to find the truth. That's why I hesitate to say anything against Henslow's new departure. We're off the track now. I want to hear all that Henslow has to say. We must not neglect a single chance whilst that terrible cry is ever in our ears."

They parted at the tram terminus. Mr. Bullsum taking a car for his suburban paradise. As usual, he was the centre of a little group of acquaintances.

"And how goes the election, Bullsum?" some one asked him.

Mr. Bullsum was in no hurry to answer the question. He glanced round the car, collecting the attention of those who might be supposed interested.

"I will answer that question better," he said, "after the mass meeting, Saturday night. I think that Henslow's success or failure will depend on that."

"Got something up your sleeve, eh?" his first questioner remarked.

"Maybe," Mr. Bullsum answered. "Maybe not. But apart from the immediate matter of this election, I can tell you one thing, gentlemen, which may interest you."

He paused. One thumb stole towards the armhole of his waistcoat. He liked to see these nightly companions of his hang upon his words. It was a proper and gratifying tribute to his success as a man of affairs.

"I have just left," he said, "our future member."

The significance of his speech was not immediately apparent.

"Henslow! Oh, yes. Committee meeting this afternoon, wasn't it?" some one remarked.

"I do not mean Henslow," Mr. Bullsum replied. "I mean Kingston Brooks."

The desired sensation was apparent.

"Why, he's your new agent, isn't he?" "Young fellow who plays cricket rather well."

"Great golfer, they say!"

"Makes a good speech, some one was saying."

"Gives free lectures at the Secular Hall."

"Rather a smart young solicitor, they say!"

Mr. Bullsum looked around him.

"He is all these things, and he does all these things. He is one of these youngsters who has the knack of doing everything well. Mark my words, all of you. I gave him his first case of any importance, and I got him this job as agent for Henslow. He's bound to rise. He's ambitious, and he's got the brains. He'll be M. P. for this borough before we know where we are."

Half a dozen men of more or less

Advertiser Patterns
DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



No. 8453—A Neat and Pretty Waist Model—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

A waist that closes in the back is always nice with yokes extending to yoke depth in front, and this design, with tucks arranged in groups, is especially attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery. The pattern is adapted to sheer wash fabrics, crepe de chine, satin, chiffon, tulle, or plain or figured net. It is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

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

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name

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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, 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 ten cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

importance made a mental note to nod to Kingston Brooks next time they saw him, and Mr. Bullsum trudged up his avenue with fresh schemes maturing in his mind. In the domestic circle he further unburdened himself.

"Mrs. Bullsum," he said, "I am thinking of giving a dinner party. How many people do we know better than ourselves?"

Mrs. Bullsum was aghast, and the young ladies, Selina and Louise, who were in the room, were indignant.

"Really, papa," Selina exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"What I say," he answered, gruffly. "We're plain people, your mother and I, at any rate, and when you come to reckon things up, I suppose you'll admit that we're not much in the social way. There's plenty of people living round us in a slight smaller houses who don't know us, and wouldn't it be a good idea to give them a chance to know us together the fault of your father and mother, either. Selina," he added, breaking ruthlessly in upon a sotto-voce remark of that young lady's.

"Well, I never," Selina exclaimed, tossing her head.

"Come, come, I don't want no saucer from you girls," he added, drifting towards the fireplace, and adopting a more assured tone as he resumed his favorite position. "I've reasons for wishing to have Mr. Kingston Brooks here, and I'd like him to meet gentle-folk. Now, there's the vicar and his wife. Do you suppose they'd come?"

"Well, I should like to know why not," Mrs. Bullsum remarked, laying down her knitting, "when it's only three weeks ago you sent him ten guineas for the curfew fund. Come indeed! They'd better."

"Then there's Dr. Stevenson," Mr. Bullsum continued, "and his wife. Better drop him a line and see if he'll look in and see the office. I can invent something the matter with me, and I'd best drop him a hint. They say Mrs. Stevenson is exclusive. But I'll just let him know he's got to come. Now, who else girls?"

"The Huntingdons might come—if they knew that it was this sort of an affair," Selina remarked thoughtfully.

"And Mr. Selous," Louise added. "I'm sure he's most gentlemanly."

"I don't want gentlemanly people this time," Mr. Bullsum declared. "I want gentle-people. That's all I have to say about it. I let you ask who you like to the house, and give you what you want for subscriptions and clothes and such like. You've had a free hand. Now let's see as to leave that. Half a dozen couples'll be enough if you can't get more, but I won't have the Nortons, or the Marvises, or any of that podgy set. You understand that? And, first of all, you'll have had better write to Mr. Brooks and ask him to dine with us in a friendly way one night the week after next, when the election is over and done with."

"In a friendly way, pa?" Selina repeated, doubtfully. "But we can't ask these other people whom we know so slightly like that—and, besides, Mr. Brooks might not dress if we put it like that."

"A nice lot you know about gentle-people and their ways," Mr. Bullsum remarked with scorn. "A young fellow like Brooks would not think of dinner all right even if we were alone, as long as there were ladies there. And as for the dinner, you don't suppose I'm such a fool as to leave that to Ann. I shall go to the Queen's Hotel, and have 'em send a cook and waiters, and run the whole show. Don't know that I shan't send to London. You get the people! I'll feed 'em!"

"Do as your father says, Selina," Mrs. Bullsum said, mildly. "I'm sure he's very considerate."

"Where's Mary?" Mr. Bullsum inquired. "This is a bit in her line."

Selina tossed her head.

"I'm sure I don't know why you should say that, papa. You're a good fellow. Mary knows nothing about society, and she has no friends who would be the least use to us."

"Where is she, anyway?" Mr. Bullsum demanded.

No one knew. As a matter of fact she was having tea with Kingston Brooks.

[To Be Continued.]

SHAW SCORES WELL

Playwright Says That the Novelist is a Spoiled Child.

London, May 31.—Bernard Shaw never allows anyone to criticise him or his ideas without answering him at once and pointing out the error of his judgment. Hence H. G. Wells' frank opinions on the Social Party in general, and Mr. Shaw in particular, scarcely appeared in print before G. B. retaliated with his frank opinion of Mr. Wells. He says:

"Wells is a spoiled child. Take all the sins Mr. Wells ascribed to his colleagues, the touchiness of Hyndman, the dogmatism of Quelch, Blatchford's preoccupation with his own methods, Grayson's irresponsibility, add every other petulance of which a spoiled child or a successful operatic tenor is capable, multiply the total by ten, square the result, cube it, raise it to the millionth power and square it again, and you will still fall short of the truth about Wells."

"I never met such a chap. I could not survive meeting such another. I pause to read over this description of him and am staggered by its tame inadequacy, its failure to grapple with the outrageous truth."

"Nine-tenths of the difficulties that obstruct Socialism," continues Mr. Shaw, "and every other advance that requires organization and co-operation consist in the propensity of Englishmen to contradict, insult and quarrel with one another, and then trump up moral indictments to excuse their manners."

"Granted that all Wells' rude remarks are true, what then? He might as well say, 'There are milestones on the Dover road, therefore I will go by Folkestone-Boulogne, as say Hyndman is spiteful, Blatchford is vain; therefore I will go home and write novels and not speak to any of them any more.' We are all vain; we are all spiteful. To complain of such things is to complain that the leaves are green and the sky blue."

Poor tea is poor economy—use "Salada" and you will appreciate the excellent qualities of high-grade tea.

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. P. HUNT & SONS, 583 Richmond Street, Phone 997.



GOING-OUT-OF-BUSINESS SALE

Has been running only ten days, and up to the present it is a pronounced success. The people know we mean what we say, and we don't have to emphasize that fact.

Footwear, Trunks, Bags and Leather Goods

Of every kind, usually handled by a first-class shoe store, ARE SELLING AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER. WE CHALLENGE ANY OF OUR COMPETITORS TO DUPLICATE OUR PRICES—STYLE AND QUALITY CONSIDERED. IT CAN'T BE DONE BY ANY RETAILER IN CANADA.

OUR PRICES barely cover the original cost at the

Factory, and in many instances the Raw Materials cost more than we now ask for the manufactured goods. If you doubt the truth of this statement, we ask you to come in and investigate for yourself.

INCOMPARABLE VALUES in Footwear, Trunks and

Leather Goods is our slogan. "Dinna ye hear it?" It will be impossible to mention here the hundreds of Bargains awaiting your inspection, but "The Campbells Are Comin'" our way, and we invite you to join the big procession.

The following items represent only a few of the many wonderful values we offer at this sale, and we desire to impress the fact upon you that such splendid values have never before been offered in this city.

500 Pairs of Men's

FINE BOOTS AND OXFORD

TIES, in Patent Colt, Vici Kid, Box

and Velour Calf, Tan and Willow

Calf, and Chocolate Vici, straight

lace and Blucher cuts. Regular Re-

tail Prices—\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50

and \$5.00. Grover's Sale Prices—

\$1.98, \$2.29, \$2.89, \$2.98,

\$3.29, \$3.39, \$3.49 and \$3.69.

400 Pairs of Men's

SOLID WORKING BOOTS, in

Boston Calf, Kip, Urus Calf, Box

Calf and Dongola, both light and

heavy soles. Regular Retail Prices

—\$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25,

\$2.50 and \$2.75. Grover's Sale Prices—

98¢, \$1.19, \$1.29, \$1.39,

\$1.49, \$1.69, \$1.89 and \$1.98.

300 Pairs of Boys' and Girls'

STRONG SCHOOL AND FINE

DRESS BOOTS AND OXFORDS,

in Dongola, Oil Grain, Box Calf,

Vici Kid, Tan and Chocolate Vici.

Regular Retail Prices—\$1.35, \$1.50,

\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

Grover's Sale Prices—**98¢, \$1.19,**

\$1.29, \$1.39, \$1.49, \$1.59,

\$1.69, \$1.79, \$1.89 and \$1.98.

200 Pairs of Children's

BOOTS, OXFORDS AND SLIP-

PERS, in Patent, Dongola, Choco-

late and Red Kid. Regular Retail

Prices—50¢, 75¢, 85¢, \$1.00, \$1.25,

\$1.40, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Grover's Sale

Prices—**29¢, 39¢, 49¢, 59¢,**

69¢, 79¢, 89¢, 98¢, \$1.19,

\$1.29 and \$1.39.

200 Pairs Women's

HOUSE SLIPPERS, OXFORDS,

STRAP SLIPPERS and SOUTH-

ERN TIES, in Turns and McKays.

Regular Retail Prices—50¢, 75¢,

\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Grover's Sale Prices—**29¢, 47¢,**

69¢, 89¢, 98¢, \$1.19, \$1.29

and \$1.39.

Trunks, Suitcases, Club Bags, Etc.

Thirty Iron-Covered Trunks, **\$1.39 to \$2.69.** Thirty Waterproof

Canvas-Covered Trunks, **\$1.79 to \$3.49.** Thirty Waterproof Canvas-Cov-

ered Trunks, two sole-leather straps, **\$3.39 to \$10.27.** Thirty Imitation

Leather, Matting and Leatherette Suitcases, **79¢ to \$3.29.** Thirty Imported

Japanese Matting Suitcases, very light weight, **\$1.59 to \$4.98.** Thirty Solid

Leather, Brown and Russet Suitcases, **\$3.69 to \$6.89.** Thirty Imitation

Leather Club Bags, **49¢ to 98¢.** Thirty Solid Leather Club Bags, in Black,

Brown and Russet, **\$1.19 to \$9.89.**

We have built up an enviable reputation as the most successful Value-Giving Sales Agents in Canada, and have now reached the climax, the very zenith of our career, as the Greatest Bargain-Givers in the Dominion.

Look for the Big Yellow Sign Over the Door
265 Dundas Street, Near Wellington

C. M. Grover & Co., R. C. Brown,
Canada's Greatest Bargain Givers. Manager.

TORTURED CHILDREN

Growsome Exhibit at Convention of the Protective Association.

London, May 31.—Celebrations are now in progress of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the British National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

In the office of the society the other day a tablet was unveiled to the memory of Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the originator of the organization, who died last year. The tablet bears the inscription: "He was the champion of the child."

In the first year of its existence the society inquired into 95 cases. In the year just ended it dealt with 50,000 cases affecting nearly 150,000 children. In the past quarter of a century the society has befriended 1,500,000 children, and punished 700,000 offenders.

On exhibition in the society's rooms is an assortment of instruments of child torture recently collected. One article is a chain and padlock with which a clergyman was accustomed to fasten his daughter to a bedstead like a dog. Another is a leather belt with a brass buckle used by a mother to beat her children, aged 6 and 8, leaving an imprint of the buckle at every blow. Still another is a stove rake, with which a girl of 15 was beaten until her body and head were covered with cuts and bruises. The society also shows a bunch of sticks knotted together and used by a father to lacerate and bruise a child of 10 and a clog with nails driven through to make the child wearing it limp in the streets and gather alms by exciting pity.

Eighteen thousand children are sav-

ing their pennies, half-pennies and farthings to help other children. These little ones constitute what is called the League of Pity. With the donations are sent particulars as to how the money was earned. For instance, "hemming a duster, two pence;" "having a broken arm set, six pence;" "having a tooth out, two pence;" "taking medicine, one penny;" "being good on a wet day, two pence."

THE REBELS SEIZE PERU'S PRESIDENT

Were Forced by Loyal Troops to Liberate Him.

Lima, Peru, May 31.—An attempt was made yesterday afternoon by adherents of Auguste Durande and Isais Pierola, the former leader of a revolution last year, and the latter a notorious agitator, to overthrow the Government of President Leguia.

The revolutionists assaulted the palace and seized the president, but the army came to his rescue and he was liberated. Many shots were exchanged between the troops and the revolutionists, but the conflict did not last for more than an hour. About a hundred were killed on each side and a large number wounded.

Last night, following the attempted coup d'état, was one of anxiety for all the residents of the capital. Occasionally shots were heard here and there, but there was no serious disturbance. Martial law had been pro-

claimed and strong forces of troops patrolled the streets.

Everything is quiet here today, but the troops are still very vigilant. People are not permitted to assemble on the streets. A close search is being made for the leaders of the uprising, and they will be punished severely if captured. The temper displayed by the people generally, they warmly supporting the Government, shows that they will not tolerate revolutions which heretofore have done so much to set back the advance and damage the prosperity of Peru.

TORONTO VIADUCT CASE

New Scheme Costing Half Million Presented by the C. P. R.

Toronto, May 31.—Dominion railway commissioners, Messrs. Mabey, Scott and McLean, had an array of legal and railway talent before them this morning, when they opened their Toronto sitting with regard to the local viaduct cases. Mr. G. F. Shepley made a plea to get the whole financial question involved by the viaduct before the board, but Chairman Mabey refused. "We are here," said Mr. Mabey, "to hear anything anybody has to say that has not already been said."

Finally the C. P. R. representative submitted an alternative plan, which he said would cost about \$500,000. The proposal provides for subways at Yonge and Bay streets for passengers and street car traffic, with arrange-

ments to be made for the division of other traffic. The hearing of the case was thereupon adjourned until Thursday, the engineers to report in the meantime.

LAMBS MADE \$100,000.

New York, May 31.—The one-thousand-mile gambol of the Lambs, which began at the Metropolitan Opera House here last Monday night and ended Saturday night in Chicago, netted \$130,000. Deducting from this amount \$30,000 expenses incurred in the venture, \$100,000 is left for the club, the amount the Lambs originally desired to raise.

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