ORANGE JUICE AND HEALTH

FOR STOMACH AND SKIN.

Few of us realize what an important part the skin plays in keeping us well or making us ill.

The millions of tiny glands, or pores, are intended to rid the system of waste matter, which the blood brings to the skin. It is a well-known medical fact that the healthy skin carries off more urea or waste matter than the kidneys. Just think how much poison remains in the system when there is any skin trouble.

The skin and stomach are intimately associated. Find a person with a dry, narsh skin and you will find one who suffers with indigestion or constipation, and both, usually.

Both may be relieved by a judicious use of orange juice. Both can be cured by taking the juice of an orange every morning before breakfast, and taking "Fruit-a-tives" at night. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. The fresh juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are separated from the pulp, and then combined in such a way that the medicinal action is intensified.

Orange juice alone will not cure skin, stomach or bowel troubles. But when taken in connection with "Fruit-a-tives" a positive cure results. "Fruit-a-tives" may be obtained at all dealers or will be sent on receipt of price — 50c a box — 6 for $2 50. "Fruit-a-tives" Limited, Ottawa.

SOMETHING CAN BE DONE

To Stop the Increase of Catarrh in London.

Catarrhal troubles are increasing, not only in London but all over the country.

Catarrh is a germ disease and to cure it, germ life in the nose, throat and lungs must be destroyed, and this can be done only by breathing Hyomei.

There is no dangerous stomach drugging when Hyomei is used; no tablet or liquid mixtures whereby the digestion is often destroyed.

Breathed through the neat pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit, its healing balsams penetrate the most remote air cells, destroying the catarrhal germs so that quick recovery follows. The complete outfit costs but $1, and W. T. Strong agrees to refund the money should Hyomei fail to do all that is claimed for it.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Fancy Serving Pieces

Spoons, knives, forks, etc., can be obtained to match—all marked

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Unexcelled for exclusive designs and lasting quality.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

In buying tea sets, tureens, baking dishes, etc., insist on goods made by MERIDEN BRITA CO.

GILLETT'S

HIGH GRADE

CREAM TARTAR

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.

Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

Useful Gifts FOR Sensible Brides

SILVERWARE, CUTLERY, CARVERS, ETC., WASHING MACHINES, Motor and Rotary Ball-Bearing. MOFFAT NATIONAL RANGES, KITCHEN UTENSILS, CARPET SWEEPERS,

Several of above articles are sold exclusively by us. Prices right.

WESTMAN'S HARDWARE

121 Dundas St. and Market Square

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $2. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 396 Richmond street. Phone 997.

THE CRIMSON BLIND

BY FRED M. WHITE

Apparently the hint was not lost on Merritt, for dinner found him in a chastened mood. His natural audacity was depressed by the splendor and luxury around him; the moral atmosphere held him down. There were so many knives and forks and glasses on the table, such a deal of food that was absolutely strange to him. The butler behind made him shiver. Hitherto in Merritt's investigations into great houses he had fought particularly shy of butlers and coachmen and upper servants of that kind. The butler's sniff and his cold suggestion as to hock slightly raised Merritt's combative spirit. And the champagne was poor, thin stuff after all. A jorum of gin and water, or a mug of beer, was what Merritt's soul longed for.

And what a lot of plate there was on the table and sideboard! Some of it gold, too. Merritt's greedy professional eye appraised the collection at some hundreds of pounds—hundreds of pounds—that is, after the stuff had been disposed of. In imagination he had already drugged the butler and was stuffing the plate into his bag.

Henson said very little. He was too busily engaged in watching his confederate. He wished from the bottom of his heart now that Chris had never seen Merritt. She was smiling at him now and apparently hanging on every word. Henson had seen society ladies doing this kind of thing before with well-concealed contempt. So long as people liked to play his game for him he had no objection. But this was quite different. Merritt had warmed a little under the influence of his fifth glass of champagne, but his eye looked lovingly and longingly in the direction of a silver spirit-stand on the sideboard.

The dinner came to an end at length, to Henson's great relief, and presently the whole party wandered out to the terrace. Bell dropped behind with Chris.

"Now is your time," he whispered. "Henson dare not lose sight of Merritt before he goes to bed, and I'll keep the latter but here for a good long spell. I've muffled the striker of the telephone so that the bell will make no noise when you get your call back from Brighton, so that you must be near enough to the instrument to hear the click of the striker. Make haste."

Chris dropped back to the library and rapidly fluttered over the leaves of the "Telephone Directory." She found what she wanted at length and asked to be put on to Brighton. Then she sat down in an armchair in the darkness close under the telephone, prepared to wait patiently. She could just see the men on the terrace, could catch the dull red glow of their cigars.

Her patience was not unduly tried. At the end of a quarter of an hour the striker clicked furiously. Chris reached for the receiver and lay back comfortably in her chair with the diaphragm to her ear. "Are you there?" she asked, quietly. "Is that you, Mr. Steel?"

To her great relief the answering voice was Steel's own. He seemed to be a little puzzled as to who his questioner was.

"Can't you guess?" Chris replied. "This is not the first time I have had you called. You have not forgotten 218, Brunswick Square, yet?"

Chris smiled as she heard Steel's sudden exclamation.

"So you are my fair friend whom I saw in the dark?" he said. "Yes, I recognize your voice now. You are Miss Chris—well, I won't mention the name aloud, because people might ask what a well-regulated corpse meant by rousing respectable people up at midnight. I hope you are not going to get me into trouble again."

"No, but I am going to ask your advice and assistance. I want you to be so good as to give me the plot of a story after I have told you the details. And you are to scheme the thing out at once, please, because delay is dangerous. Dr. Bell——"

"What's that? Will you tell me where you are speaking from?"

"I am at present located at Littimer Castle. Yes, Dr. Bell is here. Do you want him?"

"I should think so," Steel exclaimed. "Please tell him at once that the man who was found here half-dead — you know the man I mean — got up and dressed himself in the absence of the nurse and walked out of the hospital this morning. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. I have been looking up Bell everywhere. Will you tell him this at once? I'll go into your matter afterwards. Don't be afraid; I'll tell the telephone people not to cut us off till I ring. Please go at once."

The voice was urgent, not to say imperative. Chris dropped the receiver into its space and crept into the darkness in the direction of the terrace.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Little Fiction.

Bell seemed to know by intuition that Chris required him, or perhaps he caught a glimpse of her white dress from the terrace. Anyway, he strolled leisurely in her direction.

"Something has happened?" he whispered, as he came up.

"Well, yes," Chris replied, "though I should like to know how you guessed that. I had no difficulty in getting Mr. Steel on the telephone, but he would say nothing directly he heard that you were here beyond a peremptory request that you were to be told at once that Van Sneck has gone."

"Gone!" Bell echoed, blankly. "What do you mean by that?"

"He has disappeared from the hospital at Brighton today. Mr. Steel thinks they were extra busy, or something of that kind. Anyway, Van Sneck got up and dressed himself and left the hospital without being observed. It seems extraordinary to me."

"And yet quite possible," Bell said, thoughtfully. "Van Sneck had practically recovered from the flesh wounds; it was the injury to his head that was the worst part. He resembled an irresponsible lunatic more than anything else. Steel wants me, of course?"

"He suggests that you should go down to Brighton without delay."

"All right, I'll make some excuse to take the first train in the morning. We have got a fine start of Henson, and that's a good thing. If Van Sneck comes within his net we shall have a deal of trouble. I had hoped to get permission to operate on Van Sneck, and relied upon him to solve the mystery. And now you had better go back to your telephone."

Chris hurried back again. A whispered word satisfied her that Steel was still at the other end.

"Dr. Bell starts as early as possible tomorrow," she said. "If you will listen carefully I will give you a brief outline of all that has happened since I have been here."

Chris proceeded to tell her story succinctly and briefly. From little sounds and signs she could tell that Steel was greatly interested. The story of the man with the thumb fascinated him. It appealed to his professional instincts.

"And what do you want to do with him?" Steel asked.

"Well, you see, I have him in my power," Chris explained. "We can get the other Rembrandt any time we like now, but that is quite a minor consideration. What I want is for Merritt to know that I can have him arrested at any time for stealing my star. It's Enid's star, as a matter of fact; but that is a detail."

"An important one, surely," Steel's voice came thin and clear. "Suppose that our dear friend chances to recognize it? . . . No, don't ring off yet."

"I'm not. Oh, you are speaking to the Exchange people. . . . Yes, yes; we shall be a long time yet. . . . Are you there? Well, Henson has never seen the star. Enid bought it just before the great trouble came, and afterwards she never had the heart to wear it."

"I understand. You want Merritt to know this?"

"Well, I do and I don't," Chris explained. "I am anxious not to frighten the man. I want to get him in my power, and I want to prove to him that it would be to his advantage for him to come over to my side. Suppose that Enid gave it out that the star had been stolen? And suppose that I could save him at the critical moment? I shouldn't mind him thinking that I had stolen the star in the first place. That is why I am asking you as a novelist to help me."

"You would have made an excellent novelist yourself," David said, admiringly. "Give me five minutes. . . Are you there? I fancy I have it. Can't you hear me? That's better. I'll see Miss Gates the first thing in the morning and get her to go over to Longdean and see your sister. . . . Confound it, don't cut us off yet. What does it matter so long as the messages are paid for? Nobody else wants the line. Well, I may for an hour more. . . . Are you there? Very sorry; it's the fault of the postoffice people. Here is the plot in a nutshell. Your sister has lost a diamond star. She gives a minute description of it to the police, and drops a hint to the effect that she believes it was taken away by mistake—in other words, was stolen—from her in London by a chance acquaintance called Christabel Lee——"

"Ah," Chris cried, "how clever you are!"

"I have long suspected it," the thin voice went on, drily. "The full description of the star will be printed in the Police Gazette, a copy of which every respectable pawnbroker always gets regularly. I suppose the people where the star was pawned are respectable?"

"Highly so. They have quite a Bond street establishment attached."

"So much the better. They will see the advertisement, and they will communicate with the police. The Reverend James Merritt will be arrested——"

"I don't quite like that," Chris suggested.

"Oh, it's necessary. He will be arrested at the castle. Knowing his antecedents, the police will not stand upon any ceremony with him. You will be filled with remorse. You have plunged back into a career of crime again a being who was slowly climbing into the straight path once more. You take the blame upon yourself—it was at your instigation that Merritt pawned the star."

"But, really, Mr. Steel——"

"Oh, I know. But the end justifies the means. You save Mr. Merritt, there is a bond of sympathy between you, he will regard you as a great light in his interesting profession. You saved him because you had appropriated the star yourself."

"And go to jail instead of Mr. Merritt?"

"Not a bit of it. The star you deemed to be yours. You had one very like it when you saw Miss Henson, when you were staying in London at the same hotel. By some means the jewels got mixed. You are confident that an exchange has been made. Also you are confident that if Miss Henson will search her jewel-case she will find a valuable star that does not belong to her. Miss Henson does so, she is distressed beyond measure, she offers all kinds of apologies. Exit the police. You need not tell Merritt how you get out of the difficulty, and thus you increase his respect for you. There, that would make a very ingenious and plausible magazine story. It should be more convincing in real life."

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

A PRACTICAL OUTFIT FOR THE BUSY WOMAN—851.

The busy housekeeper will not fail to recognize in the accompanying illustration, a most attractive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work. The front is cut in Princess style, and fits close to the figure. A prettily-shaped bib extends out over the shoulders in a manner very becoming. Gingham was used for the making, but percale, linen and Holland are suggested. The medium size will require 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material for the apron with 1⅝ yards extra for the cap and sleeves.

Ladies' Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap—No. 851—Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of the above illustration will be mailed to any address on 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 .....

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 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 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.

PUNY CHILDREN NEED VINOL

IT BUILDS THEM UP AND MAKES THEM STRONG AND ROBUST.

Rapid growth, overstudy, insufficient nourishment, convalescence after children's diseases, and rundown conditions make children thin and delicate and stops development.

Because Vinol contains all the medicinal, bone, tissue and body-building elements of cod liver oil, actually taken from fresh cods' livers, the useless oil eliminated and peptonate of iron added, it quickly restores robust health and children love it.

Mrs. C. W. Stump, of Canton, Ohio, writes: "I wish I could induce every mother who has a weak, sickly child to try that delicious cod liver preparation, Vinol, as it restored health and strength to our daughter after all else had failed."

We have never sold a medicine in our store equal to Vinol for delicate, ailing children, weak old people, or sickly women and children, and we return money if it fails to benefit. Anderson & Nelles, druggists, 268 Dundas street, first store west of Wellington street. Sign—Big Red Cross. Phone No. 20.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND TAFT'S RUNNING MATE

Mining Expert To Run For Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Washington, June 3. — John Hays Hammond, whose fame as a mining expert extends around the world, authorized the announcement last night that he is a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination, and that his name will be presented at the Chicago Republican convention, Mr. Hammond's statement followed a conference with Secretary Taft.

Mr. Hammond is probably the best paid man in the world. His income is estimated at $1,000,000 a year. Of this, something like half a million dollars comes to him in salaries and percentages from the Guggenheim mining syndicate. The Guggenheim brothers of New York are the greatest mine-owners in the world after the Rothschilds. They have invested millions on the advice of Mr. Hammond, and always with profit. Mr. Hammond himself has certain mining interests of great value. Under the contract he has just signed with the Guggenheims, it is said he will do no more investing for himself. Mr. Hammond is known among mining engineers as "the gold finder," because of his unerring judgment in fixing the value of mines.

Even the Oklahoma Legislature some times wearies of nonsense. The Lower House has killed the hotel bill which required nine-foot sheets on beds and provided a penalty for the use of cracked cups.

Sore throat and sleepless nights are afflicting King Edward of Great Britain.

WANTS FOREMEN TO BE WORKMEN

Tilt in the County Council Over Wages and Methods of Good Roads System.

Business was light at yesterday afternoon's session of the county council—so light in fact that Councillor Glass proposed that the council adjourn until Tuesday next when the elections and the circus will be out of the way. This proposition, however, was vetoed by a numer of the other councilors, and the London Township representative did not press his plan.

It was expected that the finance committee would make its fire report, but the only report tendered was that of a special committee composed of Councilor Glass as chairman, Warden Graham and County Clerk Robson, which has been appointed to draft a resolution of condolence to the wife and family of the late Mr. James Gilmour. The resolution, which read as follows, will be engrossed and sent to Mrs. Gilmour:

"That we, the members of the county council of the County of Middlesex, in session assembled, desire to give expression of our sincere regret at the demise of our brother councilor, the late James Gilmour, Esq., ex-M. P., and ex-warden of this city.

"As a councilor he always commanded the admiration and respect of his associates. His conscientious devotion to the interests of the people whom he served, whether in the township council, the county council, or the Parliament of Canada, forces us to realize more profoundly the great loss that has been occasioned by his removal from amongst us.

"We deeply deplore and mourn the death of one who ever bore himself as a public man without reproach, trusted alike by friends and opponents, his wise counsel ripened by years of experience, was always at the command of the people whom he delighted to serve. In private life (with wife and family) a devoted husband and affectionate father, he has left to them the heritage of an untarnished name. We pray that heavenly consolation may be imparted to them in this the time of their great sorrow."

Tilt Over Wages.

Councilors Gillson and Hodgins engaged in a brief skirmish when the much-discussed question of the wages to be paid foremen under the good roads system was revived.

Councilor Gillson believed in good pay, but asked that the foremen get off their coats and do their share of the work. "My friend, Mr. Hodgins," said he, "is doing work under the system along the Proof Line road, and he is tearing up the road in lumps which cause travelers over the road to say all manner of things about him. Of course he is working under instructions, but I for one cannot see what is going to become of all the dirt he is excavating."

"If Mr. Gillson says I am not doing my work right, he states what is untrue," declared Councilor Hodgins. "And when the job is done I don't want a cent unless it is satisfactory."

"Mr. Hodgins had a nice gun and he shot well," retorted Mr. Gillson, good-naturedly, "but he had no target. I was not criticising him in any way. I merely mentioned that he threw out so much dirt in a day that passersby found difficuly at present in getting through."

After some discussion as to how much more a foreman was worth than a workman it was decided, upon motion of Councilors Glass and Gillson, that foremen employed in supervising work under the good roads system should in every case be efficient and capable at all times, and he expected to perform manual labor. And that the remuneration be adequate for the service required.

The matter will be further discussed by the board of road directors.

Grants to the Sick.

Considerable discussion ensued over the question of grants to sick or insane people in the county who were not suitable patients for the insane asylum or the house of refuge.

Some of the councilors were in favor of the township supporting such patients, while others argued that according to the law the county was compelled to look after them. The matter was finally left to the house of refuge committee.

An adjournment was taken at 4 o'clock, the council meeting again today at 2 p.m.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" and other martial hymns were condemned in speeches at a meeting of the Women's Peace Circle in New York City as tending to militarism.

Colored people of Chicago have organized to fight tuberculosis among the members of their race.

Child Badly Burned By Flat Iron

Mrs. Thos. Allen, of 156 Water street, St. Marys, Ont., says: "My little daughter Mildred, 4 years old, was severely burned a few months since by sitting on a hot flat iron. She received three burns in all, one on her thigh, another on her heel and a third on her instep. At the time of the accident I used oils and then one preparation after another, yet nothing seemed to take out the inflammation or heal up the open wounds. Finally we heard of Zam-Buk and obtained a box. I began applying this balm and was agreeably surprised when in the course of a few days the wounds were not so inflamed and the child rested easier. I persevered in using and gradually the sores on heel and instep healed over, but the wound on thigh took a much longer time. However new skin formed over this as soon as all inflammation and soreness was drawn out. Now only a small mark remains to show where the burns had been."

Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. It is the home "first aid," and no mother or home should be without it. Of all druggists and stores, sell at 50 cents a box.

Grafton & Co., Ltd.

Special Showing of Men's and Young Men's

SUMMER SUITS

At $10, $12, $15, $16, $18 to $25

¶ At these prices you will see a vast assortment of high-grade suits, designed in the Goodwood model. All the approved fabrics, patterns and colorings for summer wear.

¶ From this extraordinary gathering you can make a selection, and with absolute certainty get perfect-fitting garments, as well as materials, workmanship and finish. Men's Two-Piece Suits, in gray, brown, elephant's breath, blue and fancy stripe flannels.

STRAW HATS For Men, 75c to $7.50

¶ Every style shown this season is to be seen in our Hat Department. Sailors and soft shapes. Fashion says: Sennett Straws. Plenty of them here, and the popular Split Straws as well.

Leghorn Straws, in new shapes $3.00
Milan Straws ..... 75¢ to $3.00
Split Straws ..... 75¢ to $4.00
Sennett Straws ..... 75¢ to $2.50

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Take the Crimp

And Take a Good Look at It.

Make sure it's the crimp that insures easy washing and few destroyed linens.

In other words, make sure you are getting one of

Eddy's 2 in 1 3 in 1 Washboards

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