

## THE CRIMSON BLIND

BY FRED M. WHITE

"No such luck as that," Williams said, with the air of a confirmed pessimist. "I hope you looked that there bedroom door and put the key in your pocket, miss. I suppose we'd better send for the doctor, unless you and me puts him out of his misery. There's one comfort, however, Mr. Henson will be in bed for the next fortnight, at any rate, so he'll be powerless to do any prying about the house. The funeral will be over long before he's about again."

The first grey streaks of dawn were in the air as Enid stood outside the lodge-gates. She was not alone, for a neat figure in gray, marvelously like her, was by her side. The figure in gray was dressed for traveling and she carried a bag in her hand.

"Good-bye, dear, and good luck to you," she said. "It is dangerous to delay."

"You have absolutely everything that you require," Enid asked. "Everything? By the time you are at breakfast I shall be in London. And once I am there the search for the secret will begin in earnest."

"You are sure that Reginald Henson suspected nothing?" Enid asked. "I am perfectly certain that he was satisfied; indeed, I heard him say so. Still, if it had not been for the dogs! We are going to succeed, Enid, something at my heart tells me so. See how the sun shines on your face in your dear eyes. An omen, an omen—a omen of a glorious future."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## The Pace Slacks.

Steel lay sleepily back in the cab, not quite sure whether his cigarette was alight or not. He had been into the main road again before Bell spoke.

"It is pretty evident that you and I are on the same track," he said.

"I am certain that I am on the right one," David replied, "but, when I come to consider the thing calmly, it seems more by good luck than anything else. I came out with you to-night seeking adventure, and I am bound to admit that I found it. Also, I found the lady who interviewed me in the darkness, which is more to the point."

"As a matter of fact, you did nothing of the kind," said Bell, with the suggestion of a laugh.

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A CHARMING MODE FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

6163. Girl's dress. Cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Eight-year size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material. A dainty mode is here shown that is pretty in the sheer fabrics and in the lightweight woolsens and silks. The blouse waist is mounted on a lining and may be either high or low neck. The princess front is a stylish addition, but may be omitted if preferred. Full length and short puff sleeves are both supplied.

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 .....

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Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or miss's pattern) ....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When miss's 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.

Address: PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

"Oh! Case of the wrong room over again. I was ready to swear it. Whom did I speak to? Whose voice was it that was so very much like hers?"

"The lady's sister. Enid Henson was not at 218, Brunswick Square, on the night in question. Of that you may be certain. But it's a queer business altogether. Rascally I can understand. I am beginning to comprehend the plot of which I am the victim. But I don't mind admitting that up to the present I fail to comprehend why those girls evolved the grotesque scheme for getting assistance at your hands. The whole thing savors of madness."

"I don't think so," David said, thoughtfully. "The girls are romantic as well as clever. They are bound together by the common ties of a common enemy towards a cunning and utterly unscrupulous scoundrel. By the merest accident in the world they discovered that I am in a position to afford them valuable advice and assistance. At the same time they don't want me to be brought into the business, for two reasons—the first, because the family secret is a sacred one; the second, because any disclosure would land me in great physical danger. Therefore they put their heads together and evolve this scheme. Call it a mad venture if you like, but if you consider the history of your own country you can find wilder schemes evolved and carried out by men who have had brains enough to be trusted with the fortunes of the nation. If these girls had been less considerate for my safety—"

"But," Bell broke in eagerly, "they failed in that respect at the very outset. You must have been spotted instantly by the foe, who has cunningly placed you in a dangerous position, perhaps as a warning to mind your own business in future. And if those girls come forward to save you—and to do so they must appear in public, mind you—they are bound to give away the whole thing. Mark the beautiful cunning of it. My word, we have a foe worthy of our steel to meet."

"We? Do you mean to say that your enemy and mine is a common one?"

"Certainly. When I found my foe I found yours."

"And who may he be, by the same token?"

"Reginald Henson. Mind you, I had no more idea of it than the dead when I went to Longdean Grange tonight. I went there because I had begun to suspect who occupied the place and to try and ascertain how the Rembrandt engraving got into 218, Brunswick Square. Miss Gates must have heard us talking over the matter, and that was why she went to Longdean Grange tonight."

"I hope she got home safe," said David. "The cab man says he put her down opposite the Lawns."

"I hope so. Well, I found out what the foe was. And I have a pretty good idea why he played that trick upon me. He knew that Enid Henson and myself were engaged; he could see what a danger to his schemes it would be to have a man like myself in the picture. Then the second Rembrandt turned up, and there was his chance for wiping me off the slate. After that came the terribly family scandal between Lord Littimer and his wife. I cannot tell you anything of that, but because I cannot speak with definite authority. But you could judge of the effect of it on Lady Littimer tonight."

"I haven't the faintest recollection of seeing Lady Littimer tonight." "My dear fellow, the poor lady whom you met as Mrs. Henson is really Lady Littimer. Henson is her maiden name, and those girls are her nieces. Trouble has turned the poor woman's brain. And at the bottom of the whole mystery is Reginald Henson, who is not only nephew on his mother's side, but is also next heir but one to the Littimer title. At the present moment he is blackmailing that unhappy creature, and is maneuvering to get the whole of her larger fortune in his hands. Reginald Henson is the man those girls want to circumvent, and for that reason they came to you. And Henson has found it out to a certain extent and placed you in an awkward position."

"Witness my involuntary guest and the notes and the cigar-case," David said. "But does he know what I advised one of the girls—my princess of the dark room—to do?" "I don't fancy he does. You see that advice was conveyed by word of mouth. The girls dared not trust themselves to correspondence, otherwise they might have approached you in a more prosaic manner. But I confess you startled me tonight."

"What do you mean by that?" "When you sent me that note, what you virtually asked me to do was to countenance murder. When I went into the sick room I saw that Christiana Henson was dying. The first idea that dashed across my mind was that Reginald Henson was getting the girl out of the way for his own purposes. My dear fellow, the whole atmosphere literally spoke of albumen. Walker must have been blind not to see how he was being deceived. I was about to give him my opinion pretty plainly when your note came up to me. And there was Enid, with her whole soul in her large eyes, pleading for my silence. If the girl died I was accessory after and before the fact. You will admit that that was a pretty tight place to put a doctor in."

"That's because you didn't know the facts of the case, my dear Bell." "Then perhaps you'll be so good as to enlighten me," Bell said, drily. "Certainly. That was part of my scheme. In that synopsis of the story obtained by the girls by some more or less mechanical means, the reputed death of a patent forms the crux of the tale. The idea occurred to me after reading a charge against a medical student, some time ago in the Standard. The man wanted to get himself out of the way; he wanted to be considered as dead, in fact. By the artificial use of albumen in certain doses which will be quite familiar to you. He made himself so ill that his doctor, naturally, concluded that he was dying. As a matter of fact, he was dying. Had he gone on in the same way another day he would have been dead. Instead of this he drops the dosing, and going to his doctor in disguise, says that he is dead. He gets a certificate of his own demise, and there you are. I am not telling you fiction, but hard fact recorded in a high-class paper. The doctor gave the certificate without viewing the body. Well, it struck me that we had here the making of a good story, and I vaguely outlined it for a certain editor. In my synopsis I suggested that it was a woman who proposed to pretend to die, and to lure the suspicion of a villain to sleep, and thus possess herself of certain vital documents. My synopsis falls into certain hands. The owner of those hands asks me how the thing is done. I tell her. In other words, the so-called murder that you imagined you had discovered tonight was the result of design. Walker will give his certificate, Reginald Henson will regard Miss Christiana as dead, and buried, and she will be free to act for the honor of the family."

"But they might have employed somebody else."

"Who would have had to be told the history of the family dishonour? So far I fancy I have made the ground quite clear. But the mystery of the cigar-case and the notes and the poor fellow in the hospital is still as much a mystery as ever. We are like two allied forces working together, but at the same time under the disadvantage of working in the dark. You can see, of course, that the awful danger I stand in is as terrible for those poor girls."

"Of course, I do. Still, we have a key to your trouble. It is a dreadfully rusty one and will want a deal of oiling before it's used, but there it is."

"Where, my dear fellow, where?"

"Why, in the Sussex County Hospital, of course. The man may die, in which case everything must be sacrificed in order to save your good name. On the other hand, he may get better, and then he will tell us all about it."

"He might. On the other hand, he might plead ignorance. It is possible for him to suggest that the whole affair was merely a coincidence, so far as he was concerned."

"Yes, but he would have to explain how he burgled your house, and what business he had to get himself half-murdered in your conservatory. Let us get out here and walk the rest of the way to your house. Our cabby knows quite enough about us without having definite views as to your address."

"The cabman was dismissed with a handsome douceur, and the twain turned off the front at the corner of Eastern Terrace. Late as it was, there were a few people lounging under the hospital wall, where there was a suggestion of activity about the building unaccounted for at that time of the night. A rough-looking fellow, who seemed to have followed Bell and Steel from the front, dropped into a seat by the hospital gates and laid his head back as if utterly worn out. Just inside the gates a man was smoking a cigarette. "Halloa, Cross," David cried, "you are out late tonight!"

"Heavy night," Cross responded, sleepily, "with half a score of accidents to finish with. Some of Palmer of Lingfield's private patients thrown off a coach and brought here in the

ambulance. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is Hatterly Bell with you."

"The game," Bell said, cheerfully. "I recollect you in Edinburgh. So some of Palmer's patients have come to grief. Most of his special cases used to pass through my hands."

(To Be Continued.)

## FORTY JAP BANKS SUSPEND

Due to the Treaty With Britain Say Merchants of Nippon.

London, May 12.—With the English commercial classes growing every day more firmly convinced that the Anglo-Japanese treaty is wrecking British trade in the Orient, Japanese businessmen, it now appears, are positive that the same cause is behind the financial difficulties in their own country.

Consular reports and information the Government has been gathering reveal as much discontent with the agreement in Nippon as among English traders with interests in the east. It is to the enormous expenditures the Mikado is making on his army and navy that the Japanese attribute their financial embarrassment, and for the maintenance of so vast a fighting establishment the country is sure a secret Anglo-Japanese agreement, supplementing the published treaty, is responsible.

Forty Japanese banks have suspended since the stringency began, and commercial and industrial failures have run into the thousands. Of improvement in condition there is no sign.

## MONARCH BANK LIQUIDATION

Some Nova Scotia Shareholders Want the Dominion Act Used.

Toronto, May 12.—A motion was made on behalf of several Nova Scotia shareholders in the Monarch Bank of Canada which is at present being wound up by order of the court being wound up by order of the court Chief Justice Falconbridge is moving to have the company's affairs settled under the Dominion winding-up act instead of under the ordinary jurisdiction of the court as is at present being done. Mr. Masten alleged that the affairs would be better conducted under the former procedure. The bank was incorporated in 1905. About 175 shareholders subscribed \$68,000, but in 1907, owing to the fact that sufficient funds had not been raised the organization work ceased after the sum of \$35,000 had been expended in expenses. The remaining \$33,000 is to be divided among the shareholders after the liquidation proceedings have been completed.

## CRUEL BACKACHES

THE TROUBLE USUALLY DUE TO POOR BLOOD—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS THE CURE.

There is a common notion that backache is a sign of kidney disease, but this is absolutely wrong. Not one backache in a thousand has anything to do with the kidneys. Hundreds of people die of kidney disease who never had a backache—such hundreds who suffer continually from backache have nothing wrong with their kidneys. By far the most common cause of backache is muscular rheumatism. Nearly all the rest of the backaches are due to weakness and poor, watery blood, or in the case of growing girls and women, to those secret ailments that make the lives of so many of that sex miserable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills frighten you into the belief that you have kidney trouble. What is really needed to cure the average backache is a tonic, blood-building medicine, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood-making medicine medical science has yet discovered. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, thus curing such common ailments as anaemia, headache, backache, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuritis, rheumatism and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Mrs. W. Gee, Strathcona, Alta., says: "I was completely run down and was tortured with headaches and backaches and dizzy spells. I doctored for a long time, but was no better than when I began. Then I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they completely restored my health."

Get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## Decisive Clearance of Remnants At Radically Reduced Prices

We have gone through all the departments of Dress Goods, Silks, Curtain Materials, and Table Linens, with critical eyes.

Wherever we have found a short piece of goods, "slap" it has joined the other Remnants.

Prices have been pruned and clipped until most of the goods are selling at half price and less than half price. You will have to come early for these bargains.

## Dress Goods and Silk Remnants

We have divided these into two lots.

All goods regularly sold from 40c to 75c, for ..... **25c**

All goods regularly sold from 75c to \$1.25, for ..... **50c**

Silks—We have made one price only. A big lot of fancy and plain, all short lengths, your choice for, yard ..... **25c**

## Curtain Muslin Remnants

There will be two tables of these.

One lot of fancy and frilled muslin, regular 15c, for, yard..

..... **10c**

Another lot of frilled Brussels net and fancy muslin goods, sold from 20c to 25c, for a yard ..... **15c**

## Table Linen Remnants

Have been divided into three lots.

First Table—Linen, unbleached, sold up to 25c, yard, for, yard ..... **15c**

Second Table—Linen, unbleached, sold up to 35c, for, yard ..... **19c**

Third Table—Linen, unbleached, sold up to 50c, for, yard ..... **35c**

## GRAY &amp; PARKER

PHONE 1182

150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST

been ended. Mr. John A. Paterson, K. C., opposed Mr. Masten's motion and moving on the grounds that the present proceedings were quite as efficient as would be those under the winding-up act. Judgment was reserved.

## THE TROLD IS SAFE

Was in Collision With the Ottawa in Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Montreal, May 12.—Word has been received here that the Norwegian coal steamer Trold, which was in collision with the Dominion liner Ottawa Sunday night in the Gulf, has put into Caspe Basin in a badly damaged condition. No details of the extent of her injuries have been received. Up to the receipt of the message there was some doubt as to the fate of the Trold, the messages of the returning Ottawa not having made that point clear. It was feared from the nature of her cargo that her injuries might have caused her to fill and sink rapidly.

## GOWNS TOO DARING EVEN FOR PARISIANS

Authorities Compelled to Hustle Four Wearers Off Streets.

Paris, May 12.—Disturbances which threatened to become a riot arose at the Longchamps race course Sunday morning, the cause being the indiscretion of four young women attired in ultra fashionable gowns.

The dressmakers of rue de la Paix frequently boom their latest creations at Longchamps, but Sunday's experiment was too daring even for Parisians. The gowns were so classic, so tight-fitting and so transparent that some of the onlookers rubbed their eyes in amazement. Others blushed, others turned indignantly away, while some men laughed and jeered. It was the wearers had been sent by their employers to advertise the so-called sheath gowns, an attempted revival of the directoire fashion.

## BEWARE OF HEALTH SALTS.

Avoid strong cathartics, when you need physic—take a tested family medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills—mild, act in one night, make you feel well next day—that's how Dr. Hamilton's Pills work. 25c per box.

The most sensational of them have a divided skirt, showing the outlines of the lower limbs.

The excitement became so great that the police were obliged to remove the young women from the enclosure. A bustling policeman wrapped his cloak around a divided skirt, and conducted the owner to a cab. Summonses were talked of, but the police today decided not to act. Director Touney, of the municipal police, said:

"Seems these dresses are the latest fashion. I think them somewhat daring, but if it is the prevailing fashion, there is nothing more to be said."

## "JULIEN GORDON" MARRIES

Washington Authoress Becomes a Bride of Former Ohioan.

Washington, May 12.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, known to fame also as Julien Gordon, authoress, married today to Wade Chance, of Canton, Ohio, and London, England. The marriage took place at Mrs. Cruger's residence in this city. The ceremony was performed by

Rev. Alfred Harding, rector of St. Paul's Church. The only witnesses were the members of the household and Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder. The bride, whose maiden name was Julie Trinnell Storrow, was the widow of S. Van Rensselaer Cruger. She has kept the old house always ready for her occupancy and has entertained extensively there, having a wide acquaintance in Washington.

The bridal toilet was of pale ecru wool, touched with old pink and white lace, and a corsage bouquet of deep cream roses. Her toque was made of green leaves with a pretty bunch of cream roses at the left side front. Mr. and Mrs. Chance will spend the early part of their honeymoon here, but will sail soon for England, their future home.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, swelling, and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied, 50c. at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

The result of selling fine goods, is greatly increased sales.

## COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

(Maple Leaf Label)

has no superior. It is absolutely pure, very nutritious and very economical.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

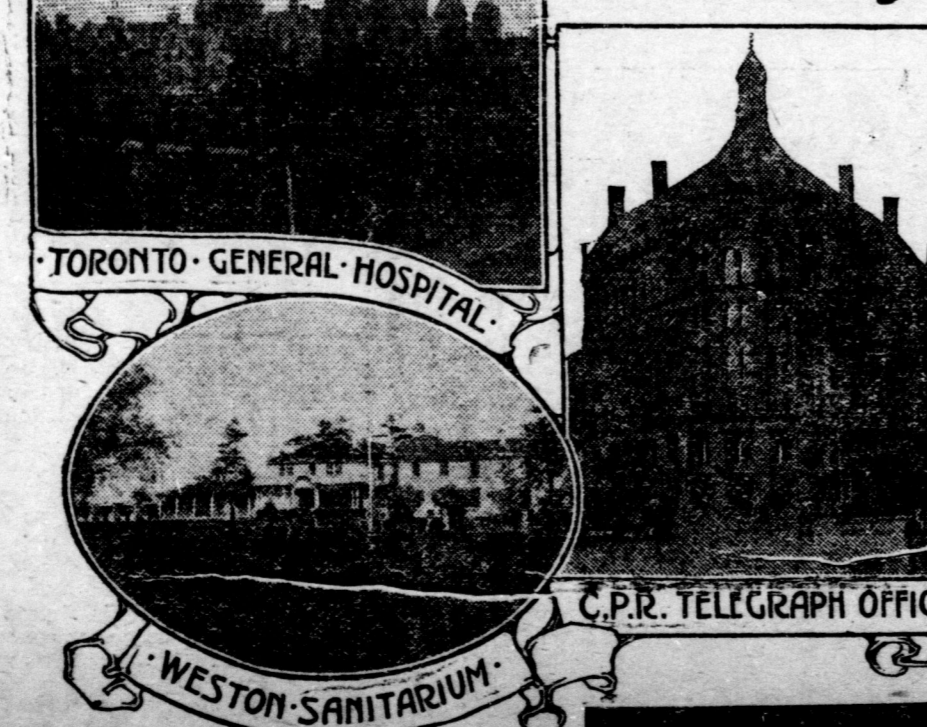
## PIG METALS---Copper, Lead, Tin, Zinc

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS. SEND US YOUR INQUIRIES.

THE CANADA METAL CO., LIMITED, WILLIAM ST., TORONTO

## TORONTO MAN SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

3 Physicians had pronounced his case hopeless.



The above decision given by several prominent physicians naturally depressed Mr. R. Davenport, of 31 Elm St., Toronto, and justified him in saying that he felt each day brought him one step lower into the grave. While in this condition he was recommended to try Psychine. He says: "Following an attack of typhoid fever in Toronto General Hospital, three of Toronto's best known physicians pronounced my lungs incurably and hopelessly diseased with tuberculosis. They insisted on my going to the Weston Sanitarium for Advanced Cases of Consumption and assured me that a few weeks or months at most would be my allotted span. A friend visited me and told me of his wonderful recovery from lung trouble, through Psychine, and insisted on me trying it. I did, and felt so much better in a few days that I said 'Good-bye' to the doctor in charge, and walked out of the institution. I continued using Psychine for some months. I rapidly gained in flesh and strength, until to-day I am back at my regular business in connection with the C.P.R. Telegraph Service, Toronto. My life I undoubtedly owe to Psychine. As you do not know me and probably never before heard of me, I refer you to any of the C.P.R. Telegraph Officials at Toronto for the correctness of the above statement." This was in September, 1907, and Mr. R. Davenport has weathered the severe winter we have passed through. Surely a good test to the thoroughness of the work done by Psychine, The Greatest of Lung and Throat Tonics.

## Psychine Cures

Bronchitis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Weak Voice, Bronchial Coughs, After Effects of La Grippe, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Spring Weakness, Catarrh, Pleurisy, Hemorrhages, Catarrh of the Stomach, Indigestion, General Weakness, Night Sweats, Poor Appetite, Early Decline, Obstinate Coughs, Laryngitis, Speaker's Sore Throat, Throat Catarrh, Chills and Fever, Malaria, Nervous Troubles, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Mal-nutrition, Female Weakness, and Dyspepsia. Psychine Restores the Throat, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, Digestive and Blood-Making Organs to perform their proper functions, and is the only specific known to Modern Medical Science for the cure of Chronic Catarrh, Decline, and Incident or Advanced Cases of CONSUMPTION. Sold by All Druggists and Stores. Price, 50c. Larger Sizes, \$1.00 and \$2.00. PREPARED ONLY BY DR. T. A. STOCUM, Limited, Head Office and Laboratory, 170 King Street West, TORONTO, CANADA.

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THE GREATEST OF TONICS