

**Sale
Commences
Tuesday
8:30 a.m.**

Travelers' Samples of Lace Curtains

These samples represent Curtains that would sell from 75c to \$4.00. We have marked them to sell at **30c to 90c** a pair. Note. There are two of each pattern, and they are about two yards long.

39c for 75c Corsets

These are for Tuesday only. These don't come in all sizes, but if yours is in the lot you will receive a snap.

15c for 25c and 35c Hosiery

In tans only; sizes 5, 6, 7, 7½ and 8.

15c for 25c Fancy Sateen

Sateen and Denims—just the thing for covering shirtwaist boxes, good cushion coverings, and curtains.

\$2.29 for \$3.00 Lace Curtains

Fine lace pattern, made of Nottingham lace; full 60 inches wide and 3½ yards long.

19c for 25c Curtaining

Bobbinet Ruffled Curtaining, easy to wash, and make a very effective window covering.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns have been a great success with us. So superior in every way to others. Easy to follow. Latest styles.

**Sale
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Great Annual Stock-Reducing Sale!

The Best News in This Paper Today. Read!

We will not mince words. We will merely cite facts, without any frills. We are overstocked with all sorts of Warm Weather Wear-Things, so we radically under-price. Now's the time to clear decks, to effect riddance, to remove hence, much of price reducing.

Prices have never been so deeply cut—such stirring savings, such startling selling. Every stock, every department, is affected. All summer goods must go—all summer goods will go, and at a lively rate.

No reservations—no favorites. Everything summery joins the whirl. Selling will begin with a rush. Come early, while assortments are complete.

Sale Begins Tomorrow, Tuesday, Morning at 8:30, Continues Two Weeks

Shattered Prices on Wash Goods and Linens

11c for 12½c Print

That doesn't sound very cheap, but just stop and think. You will get \$1.00 worth of Print for 88c. These are the best English Prints, in all the best and newest patterns.

11c for 12½c Gingham

These are Apron Gingham, in checks and stripes, with and without borders.

11c for 15c and 20c Muslins

Colors are good, patterns of the newest and prettiest shown this season.

Ribbon and Embroidery Prices at Lowest Ebb

19c for 40c and 50c Ribbons

Ribbons in floral and stripe; suitable for hat trimmings, ties, sashes and hair-ribbons.

35c for 50c Allover Cambric Embroidery

There are nine different patterns; all 18 inches wide. All good designs for waists.

25c for 40c Corset Cover Embroidery

The kind that washes and wears well.

10c for 25c Soiled White Wash Belts

Big Cut Prices in Dress Goods and Fine Muslins

35c for 65c Wool Voiles

All-Wool Voiles, in tans, browns, Copenhagen blue, navy, light green, red and cream. You will be astonished at this bargain.

35c for 50c Fancy Muslin

All this season's goods, embracing a magnificent range of beautiful weaves and colors. You will be sorry if you miss this snap.

19c for 30c Muslins

Prices lower than they can be bought for wholesale.

GRAY & PARKER
Phone 1182. 150 Dundas and Carling Sts.

**Sale
Continues
Two Weeks**

Blouses, Coats and Dress Sacques

—AT—
Greatly Reduced Prices

\$5 for \$10 Coats

Cream Serge Coat and Black Silk Etons, sizes 34 and 36.

79c for \$1 Sacques

Colored Muslin, Trimmed with lace, loose-fitting, good washing colors.

98c for \$1.25 Kimonos

These come in white only; made of good quality of cambric, trimmed with lace.

39c for \$1 White Blouses

These are slightly soiled; trimmed with lace or embroidery; mostly small sizes.

\$3.95 for \$6 Net Blouses

A few odd sizes and odd lines. All this season's goods. We wish to clear these, so down goes the price.

\$1.95 for \$3.50 Jumpers

Only six, in navy and black; sizes 34 and 36; made of French Taffeta.

REMNANTS

In Unbleached Table Linen. It is only at stock-reducing time that you will ever see such low prices on such lines.

**Sale
Continues
Two Weeks**

THE CRIMSON BLIND

BY FRED M. WHITE

A sudden light came to Chris. Henson had found out part of their scheme. He knew that David Steel would be probably away from home on the night of the question. In that case, having made certain of this, and having gained a pretty good knowledge of Steel's household habits, what easier than to enter Steel's house in his absence, wait for Van Sneek, and murder him then and there?

It was not a pretty thought, and Chris recoiled from it.

"How could Van Sneek have got into Steel's house?" she asked. "I know for a fact that Mr. Steel was not at home, and that he closed the door carefully behind him when he left the house that night."

Merritt grinned at the simplicity of the question. It was not worthy of the brilliant lady who had so far got the better of him.

"Latches are very much alike," he said. "Give me three latch-keys, and I'll open 99 doors out of 100. Give me six latch-keys of various patterns, and I'll guarantee to open the other 10."

"I had not thought of that," Chris admitted. "Did Van Sneek happen by any chance to tell you what he and Mr. Henson had been quarreling about?"

"He was too excited to tell anything properly. He was jabbering something about a ring all the time."

"What sort of a ring?"

"That I can't tell you, miss. I fancy it was a ring that Van Sneek had made."

"Made? Is Van Sneek a working jeweler or anything of that kind?"

"He's one of the cleverest fellows with his fingers that you ever saw. Give him a bit of gold and a few stones and he'll make you a bracelet that will pass for antique. Half the so-called antiques picked up on the continent have been faked by Van Sneek. There was that ring, for instance, that Henson had, supposed to be the property of some swell he called Prince Rupert. Why, Van Sneek copied it for him in a couple of days, till you couldn't tell 'tween from which."

Chris choked the cry that rose to her lips. She glanced at Litterer, who had dropped his glass, and was regarding Merritt with a kind of frozen, pallid curiosity. Chris signaled Litterer to speak. She had no words of her own for the present.

"How long ago was that?" Litterer asked hoarsely.

"About seven years, speaking from memory. There were two copies made—one from description. The other was much more faithful. Perhaps there were three copies, but I forget now. Van Sneek raved over the ring; it might have been a mine of gold for the fass he made over it."

Litterer asked no further questions. But from the glance he gave first to Chris and then to his son the girl could see that he was satisfied. He knew at last that he had done his son a grave injustice—he knew the truth. It seemed to Chris that years had slipped suddenly from his shoulders. His face was still grave and set; his eyes were hard; but the gleam in them was for the man who had done him this terrible injury.

"I fancy we are wandering from the subject," Chris said, with commendable steadiness. "We will leave the matter of the ring out of the question. Mr. Merritt, I don't propose to tell you too much, but you can help me a little farther on the way. That Van Sneek you saw in Van Sneek's possession passed to Mr. Henson, by him, or by somebody in his employ, it was substituted for a precisely similar case intended for a present to Mr. Steel. The substitution has caused Mr. Steel a great deal of trouble."

"Seeing as Van Sneek was found half dead in Mr. Steel's house, and seeing as he claimed the cigar-case, what could be proved to be Van Sneek's, I'm not surprised," Merritt grinned. "Then you know all about it?"

"Don't know anything about it," Merritt growled, doggedly. "I guessed that. When you said as the one case had been substituted for the other, I don't want a regiment of schoolmasters to see where the pea lies. What you've got to do now is to find Mr. Steel's case."

"Lightning Remedy for Cramps"

Some people have cramps pretty often, others only now and again. But when you do have them it's a mighty quick relief you want. Polson's Nerviline is as sure as death to relieve cramps in thirty seconds—it's almost instantaneous. Just a few drops in sweetened water and the pain is gone. Buy a bottle of Nerviline today and keep it handy. Nerviline is a common household necessity, because it both prevents and cures. More pain-killing power in a bottle of Nerviline than you can find in any other preparations. Test it today—all dealers sell Nerviline.

"I have already found it, as I hinted to you. It is at Rutter's, in Moreton Wells. It was sold to them by the gentleman who had given up smoking. I want you to go into Moreton Wells with me today and see if you can get at the gentleman's identity."

Mr. Merritt demurred. It was all very well for Chris, he pointed out in his picturesque language. She had her little lot of fish to fry, but at the same time he had to draw his money and be away before the police were down upon him. If Miss Lee liked to start at once—

"I am ready at any moment," Chris said. "In any case you will have to go to Moreton Wells, and I can give you a little more information on the way."

"You had better go along, Frank," Litterer suggested, under his breath. "I fervently hope now that the day is not far distant when you can return altogether, but for the present your presence is dangerous. We must give that rascal Henson no cause for suspicion."

"You are quite right," Frank replied. "And I'd like to shake hands now, dad."

Litterer put out his hand, without a word. The cool, cynical man of the world would have found it difficult to utter a syllable just then. When he looked up again he was smiling.

"Go along," he said. "You're a lucky fellow, Frank that girl is one in a million."

A dog-cart driven by Chris brought herself and her companion into Moreton Wells in an hour. Frank had struck out across country in the direction of the nearest station. The appearance of himself in Moreton Wells on the front of a dog-cart from the castle would have caused a nine days' wonder.

"Now, what I want to impress upon you is this," said Chris. "Mr. Steel's cigar-case was stolen and one belonging to Van Sneek substituted for it. The stolen one was returned to the shop from which it was purchased almost immediately, so soon, indeed, that the transaction was never entered on the books. We are pretty certain that Reginald Henson did that, and we know that he is at the bottom of the mystery. But to prevent anything happening, and to prevent our getting the case back again, Henson had to go on with. The case must be beyond our reach. Therefore, I decline to believe that it was a mere coincidence that took a stranger into Lockhart's direct."

After Henson had been there to look at some gun-metal cigar-cases set in diamonds. The stranger purchased the case, and asked for it to be sent to the Metropole to 'John Smith.' With the hundreds of letters and visitors there it would be almost impossible to trace the case or the man."

"Lockhart's might help you?"

"They have as far as they can. The cigar-case was sold to a tall American. Beyond that it is impossible to go."

A meaning smile dawned on Merritt's face.

"They might have taken more notice of the gentleman at Rutter's," he said, "being a smaller shop, I'm going to admire that case and pretend it belonged to a friend of mine."

"I want you to try and buy it for me," Chris said, quietly.

Rutter's was reached at length, and after some preliminaries the cigar-case was purchased. Merritt took it up, with a well-feigned air of astonishment.

"Why, this must have belonged to my old friend, B—," he exclaimed. "It is not new?"

"No, sir," the assistant explained. "We purchased it from a gentleman who stayed for a day or two here at the Lion, a friend of Mr. Reginald Henson."

"A tall man?" said Merritt, tentatively. "Long, thin beard and slightly marked with smallpox?" Gave the name of Rawlins?

"That's the gentleman, sir. Perhaps you may like to purchase the case?"

The purchase was made in due course, and together Chris and her quick companion left the shop.

"Rawlins is an American swindler of the smartest type," said Merritt. "If you get him in a corner ask him what he and Henson were doing in America some two years ago. Rawlins is in this little game for certain. But you ought to trace him by means of the Lion people. Oh, lor!"

Merritt slipped back into an entry along the street. His eyes had a dark look of fear in them.

"They're after me," he said, huskily. "That was one of them. Excuse me, miss."

She crossed over to the postoffice and dispatched a long telegram thus: "To David Steel, 15 Downend Terrace, Brighton."

"Go to Walsen's and ascertain full description of the tentative customer who suggested the firm should procure gun-metal cigar-case for him to look at. Ask if he was a tall man with a thin beard and a face slightly pock-marked. Then telephone result to me here. Quite safe, as Henson is away. Great discoveries to tell you.—Christabel Lee."

Chris paid for her telegram and then drove thoughtfully homeward.

CHAPTER XLVIII

—Where Is Rawlins?

Lord Litterer was greatly interested in all that Chris had to say. The whole story was confided to him after dinner. Over his coffee on the terrace he offered many shrewd suggestions.

"There is one thing wherein you have made a mistake," he said. "And that is in your idea that Henson changed those cigar-cases after Miss Gates laid your motive offering on Steel's doorstep."

"How else could it be done?" Chris said.

"My dear, the thing is quite obvious. You have already told me that Henson was quite aware what you were going to do—at least that he knew you were going to consult Steel. Also he knew that you were going to make Steel a present, and by a little judicious eavesdropping he contrived to glean all about the cigar-case. The fellow has already admitted to your sister that he listened. How long was that before you bought the cigar-case?"

"I should say it might have been a week. We had inquiries to make, you know. In the first instance we never dreamt of offering Mr. Steel money. I blush to think of that folly."

"Well, blush a little later on when you have more time. Then Henson had a week to work out his little scheme. He knows all about the cigar-cases; he knows where it is going to be bought. Then he goes to Lockhart's and purchases some trifle in the shape of a cigar-case; he has it packed up, yellow string and all. This is his dummy. By keeping his eyes open he gets the chance he is waiting for. Ruth Gates hadn't the faintest idea that he knew anything when she left that case the day she bought it within reach of Henson. He gets her out of the way for a minute or two, he unties the parcel, and places the Van Sneek case in it. No, by Jove, he needn't have bought anything from Lockhart's at all. I only thought of that to account for the yellow string and the stamped paper that Lockhart's people use. He first takes one case out of the parcel and replaces it with another, and

SHREDDED

Try a Seasonable Diet and Give Your System a Chance.

Shredded Wheat with strawberries will be found wholesome, appetizing and much more nutritious than meat; also with raspberries, peaches and other fresh fruits.

It Will Tone Up Your Liver and Stomach.

Sold by all grocers.

WHEAT

SHEATH SKIRT IS BARRED

Anthony Comstock, of New York, Up in Arms Against Garment.

New York, June 14.—Anthony Comstock's dictum has barred the sheath skirt from New York. The chief of the Society for the Suppression of Vice has declared:

"You can say for me that no woman, whether she be of the Fifth avenue set, a chorus girl, or a shop girl, will be allowed to create public scandal by parading the indecent sheath dress so long as the vice society remains in existence."

Police Commissioner Bingham, however, is for the sheath dress. "Not for me to interfere," he said. "Did you ever hear of any one person who could settle what a nation of women should wear? Not for me."

