

There's Health and Joy
in every Cup of

LIPTON'S

1/2 lb. 38c
1 lb. 75c
TEA Thos. J. Lipton
Tea Planter
Ceylon

Buy the RED LABEL, Aluminum Package.

Back to

**Stonewall
Jackson
Cigar**



The old time favorite
at the old time price

Manufactured by General Cigar Company Limited,
IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, Sole Distributors.

Bicycle
Riding
Best Health
Tonic in the
World.
See G. A. Wenig.

RIDE A RED BIRD

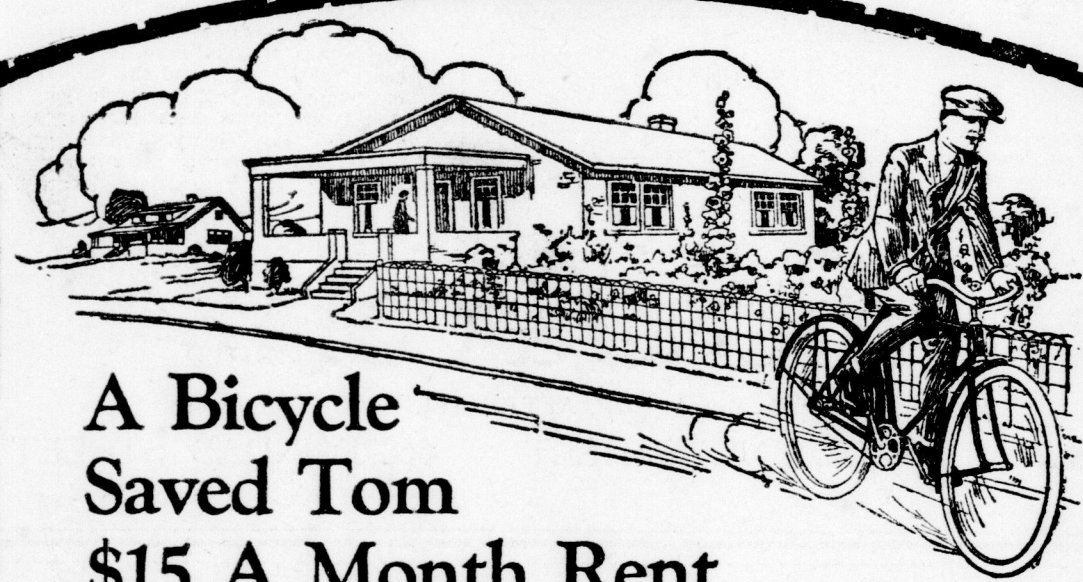
MODELS FOR KIDDIES FROM 2 TO 70.
PRICES FOR EVERYBODY FROM \$35 TO \$60

"The Man Who Made Walking Expensive," and Ride a Red Bird While You Pay.

425 WELLING-
TON STREET.

Bicycle & Motor Sales Co.

PHONE 318.



**A Bicycle
Saved Tom
\$15 A Month Rent**

TOM Reid was sick of paying high rent for cramped quarters in the centre of the town. He only stayed on because he was close to his work.

One Sunday he went to the outskirts to see a friend, and right next door was a snug, cosy home to rent, with a large garden, for \$15 a month less than Tom was paying.

"I've wanted a place like this for years," said Tom, "But it's too far to walk from here to work, and I've never fancied hanging to a strap in a slow tiresome street car."

"Why not ride a bicycle to work?" suggested his friend. "I do. And it's just nice cycling distance. The first three months' saving in rent will pretty nearly pay for a C.C.M. Bicycle, which will last you for years."

"Good idea," said Tom. "I'll bring the wife out to see the place."

A month later Tom moved out to the new home, rode a bicycle to work, and spent part of his spare time in the garden.

C.C.M. Bicycles
RED BIRD—MASSEY—PERFECT
CLEVELAND—COLUMBIA

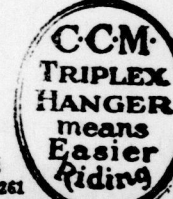
Made in Canada by

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY, Limited

Montreal, Toronto, WESTON, Ont., Winnipeg, Vancouver

Makers of High-Grade Canadian Bicycles for 25 Years.

Also of C.C.M. JOYCICLES—High-grade, Easy-running Tricycles



THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

INSTALLMENT IV.
THE LEADING CHARACTERS:
JULIEN DE MEDICI, a playboy and direct descendant of the famous Italian family of murderers. He rejoices that the finger of suspicion for the recent murder of his father points to his fiancée.

FLORENCE BALLAU, beautiful and talented daughter of Victor Ballau, the murdered man who finds lying on the floor with a Florentine dagger in his heart and a candelabra by his head.

JANE, the Ballau housekeeper.

NORTON, chief of detectives, who believes the crime to be merely a case of suicide. Norton points to the "beard" that is clutched in the dead man's hand, and the disordered condition of the room, indicate that Ballau wanted to divert attention from his self destruction. Norton, however, overlooks a discrepancy in Florence's account of how she rushed home from the theatre in response to a telephone call. At the instant Norton asks Jane at what time, on the evening of the murder, Florence came home.

CHAPTER VII. Bankruptcy.

"I don't know what time it was, she answered.
"Then what happened?"
"When I got into the kitchen I heard Miss Ballau screaming and I rushed out in the hall."
"Just what did she say?"
"I don't remember. She was screaming. I went in and saw Mr. Ballau on the floor. I began to cry."
"I don't remember."
"Come now, Jane, pull yourself together. Do you remember how Mr. Ballau was lying?"
"On his back."
"Did you notice whether a candle was burning in a candlestick beside the head of the dead man?"
"I didn't notice any candle burning."

"How did Mr. Ballau treat you?"
The housekeeper failed to answer. Suddenly, with a cry, she fell forward. Her head lay on the table as the sound of hysterical weeping filled the place.
"That will be all, thank you," said the coroner. A policeman assisted Jane to her feet and led her sobbing from the room.

"Call Mr. Donovan," ordered the coroner.
Donovan, the doorman of the Hudson Apartments, in which building the dead man had lived, took his place stolidly in the witness chair.
"Q—Mr. Donovan, were you acquainted with the dead man?"
"Indeed, when he was alive I was well acquainted with him. I'd known Mr. Ballau for years, and a very fine man he was."

"Between the hours of 7 and 10:30 on the night Mr. Ballau was found dead did you notice any strangers enter or any people you know to be friends of Mr. Ballau?"
"No, sir. There was only Miss Ballau and the gentleman, Mr. De Medici, your honor."

"Q—What time was it when Miss Ballau entered the building?"
"A—Well, it was after being mid-din' late. Around 10 o'clock, I should say, or thereafter somewhat."

"Q—Did you pay any attention to Miss Ballau when she came in?"
"No. I was only for noticing it was her and that's all."
"Q—Did you know any man with a black beard who ever called on Mr. Ballau?"
"Well, now, there was Dr. Lytton, who used to come often, and he had a black beard, but he got rid of it a month ago."

"Q—He got rid of it. In what way?"
"By shaving, your honor, I presume."

"Q—Do you see Dr. Lytton in the room, Donovan?"
A short, thick-set, bull-necked man with a glistening bald head stood up near the wall.

"A—There's the gentleman himself, your honor."

Coroner Holbein regarded the standing man.

"Thank you, Dr. Lytton," he said. "Did you see Dr. Lytton the night Mr. Ballau was found dead, the night of April 10?"

"A—No, sir, I did not."

"Q—Did you see Mr. De Medici come in that night?"
"I don't recall to be exact, your honor. I remember I heard the young lady screaming and that it was Mr. De Medici holding her in his arms and telling me to call the police."

"That will be all, thank you," the coroner nodded.

Five days had passed since the death of his friend and a curious change had come over Dr. Medici. His hand trembled as he dropped it furtively on the gloved fingers of the girl at his side. He ignored the caress. A laceration passed through his heart.

"Cold, aloof and defiant," he mused with a shudder. "She sits next to me like an image of stone. It is I who tremble. This thing grows in me. The feeling of her guilt overwhelms me."

Shrinking from himself, despising the evil intuition that the coroner's opinion of her guilt was developing in him, he had felt himself being slowly dragged into a dark region of himself. Alone in his room he had sat through the nights musing:

"Ah, I'm changing. I feel myself losing the identity of Julien De Medici. The phantom comes closer to my brain. They knock warily at my heart."

He released the unresponsive hand of the girl as the coroner raised his voice.

"Call Mr. Philip Johnson."

Mr. Johnson identified himself as a broker on the stock exchange. The coroner proceeded.

"Q—Did Mr. Ballau play the stock market?"
"Yes, sir."

"Q—How much money did Mr. Ballau invest through you during the last few years?"
"A—I have looked over my books and find that Mr. Ballau invested something like \$250,000 in the last year and a half."

"Q—And what became of these investments?"
"Mr. Ballau was unfortunate. The money was entirely lost as a result of several unforeseen fluctuations on the market."

"Q—Did Mr. Ballau, during any conversation with you, express himself as overwhelmed by his losses and reveal in any way that he was brooding over them?"
"A—Mr. Ballau took his losses without any complaint. He kept his emotions to himself. But from the way he acted and from many things I saw, I felt certain that he was frantic."

"Thank you, sir," said the coroner. "That will be all. Call Mr. William Stone."

A stout, genial-looking man took the witness chair and under questioning identified himself as an attorney.

"Q—You were Mr. Ballau's lawyer, were you not; retained by him to handle his estate and whatever litigation arose?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—Mr. Ballau left a will, did he not?"
"He did."

"Q—When did he make out his will?"
"Eight days ago, April 2."

"Q—Did Mr. Ballau have a will previous to the drawing up of this will that you testify took place April 2, or eight days before his death?"
"A—He did. When I was first retained as legal adviser by Mr. Ballau

some nine years ago, he entrusted to my keeping, among other papers, his last will and testament."

"Q—When Mr. Ballau made out his new will on April 2 was this other will destroyed?"
"A—It was."

"Q—Do you desire at this time to divulge the contents of the second will?"
"I am."

"A—There is little to divulge. Mr. Ballau merely dictated a memorandum bequeathing all his property and holdings in the event of his death to Miss Florence Ballau, his daughter."

"Q—Was she present when the will was drawn up?"
"A—She was."

"Q—Are you in a position to know the extent of Mr. Ballau's holdings?"
"He left nothing behind. As far as I have been able to find out, he was heavily in debt at the time of his death. His present possessions, said would barely pay for the chattel mortgages and loans. He was penniless when he died."

"Q—Do you know whether he was insured?"
"A—He carried a life insurance policy of \$150,000."

"Q—Do you know what kind of a policy it was?"
"A—A straight death insurance policy, collectable in the event of his demise."

"Is there a suicide clause in that policy, Mr. Stone?"
"Yes."

"CHAPTER VIII.
Questions and Answers.

"A—Yes, the policy provides that its conditions shall be null and void in the event of its holder taking his own life."

"Thank you," beamed the coroner. "Call Mr. Meyerson."

Mr. Meyerson walked to the witness chair. Following the introductory questions the coroner proceeded.

"Q—You frequently sold antiques to Mr. Ballau during his life, did you not, Mr. Meyerson?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—How are his accounts now?"
"Mr. Ballau owed me \$12,000 at the time of his death."

"Q—What was the last thing Mr. Ballau bought from you?"
"My books show that on March 28, Mr. Ballau purchased a Florentine dagger, which formed a part of the famous De Medici collection in my keeping."

"Q—Is this the dagger which Mr. Ballau purchased from you on March 28?"
The coroner held aloft the slim weapon which had been found protruding from Victor Ballau's heart.

"A—Yes, without a doubt."

"Q—Was Mr. Ballau alone when the purchase was made?"
"A—He came in alone, but as we were talking, Mr. De Medici entered. He joined us in our discussion over the weapon, contributing to its sinister and romantic past."

"Q—What, exactly, if you remember, did Mr. De Medici say?"
"I recall that he humorously bewailed the habits of his great-great-grandmother and added that if he had enough money he would buy the entire De Medici collection, my keeping and drop it in the middle of the Atlantic."

"That will be all, Mr. Meyerson," said the coroner. "Call Miss Florence Ballau."

A climax! Florence Ballau. There had been innuendoes in the press. She arose—a figure out of the depths of melodrama. Her dress, attire, the tilted and sombre hat that shadowed her face—the night-flower face that had captured Broadway.

The room was stirring with excitement. Murmurs arose around him. "Later . . . later," De Medici whispered to himself. A warm enervation was sweeping him. "My love makes a stranger out of me," he went on. "Ah, Francesca, my cruel and beautiful Francesca."

He sat smiling furtively as the figure of Florence Ballau lowered herself gracefully into the witness chair. His eyes, narrowed and inscrutable, followed the vibrant line of her body.

"We will not detain you long," the coroner began, affecting a heavily casual manner. "But it is necessary for the purposes of this record to learn from you again the story of your finding your father's body. Do you wish to testify?"

The young woman nodded once, answering in a soft contralto, "Yes."

The examination proceeded.

"Q—You were engaged at the time of your father's death to marry Mr. Julien De Medici, were you not?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—And the party your father was giving was in the nature of a formal announcement of the engagement. I take it?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—When did you last see your father alive?"
"In the morning."

"Q—How did he seem?"
"A—He was depressed . . . and sad."

"Q—What gave you that impression?"
"A—We talked. He told me he was ruined."

"Q—Tell us, if you will, what else did your father say to you on the morning of April 10?"
"A—He said he was sorry to have brought this on just as my career was beginning. He said he had put his last money into the play in which I was acting, and that it, too, seemed likely to fail him."

"Q—Did he make any threats against his own life at the time?"
"A—No."

"Q—What did he say?"
"A—He spoke of his insurance. He said that there came a time in every man's life when he was worth more dead than alive."

"Q—What reply did you make to that?"
"A—I kissed him and begged him not to be absurd. I told him that I loved him. Then I said good-bye and went to keep my appointment with Mr. De Medici."

"Q—What time did you leave the theatre?"
"A—I don't remember. It was after the second act. I had a frightful headache and asked the stage manager to call my understudy and left the theatre."

"Q—Did you go straight home?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—What time did you reach the apartment?"
"A—I don't know. I went straight up in the elevator, intending to take a nap before the party started."

"Q—Do you usually carry a key to your apartment?"
"A—I had one until several weeks ago. I lost it."

"Q—So you rang and the housekeeper let you in?"
"A—Yes."

"Q—What was her demeanor when she opened the door?"
"A—I noticed nothing about her. She was not disturbed."

"Q—Did you go into your room that night?"
"A—No."

"Q—What did you see when you entered the library?"

"A—That my father had been murdered."

"Q—Were the lights on?"
"A—No."

"Q—Did you notice anything unusual?"
"A—An ebony crucifix was on his body."

"Q—Anything else?"
"A—A candle was standing by his head."

"Q—Was it lighted?"
"A—No."

"Q—You are positive of that? Or is it possible that in your grief and excitement you may have blown it out?"
"A—It was unlighted. There was only moonlight in the room."

"Q—Have you any theory as to how your father met his death?"
"A—I think . . . he killed himself."

"That will be all, Miss Ballau," the coroner announced.

"Inconceivable imbeciles," De Medici's musing began again. "They let her go. They had only to confront her with the telephone call. Cost must have told them, as he told me. And her flight from the theatre. They have neither eyes nor intelligence . . . or they wait. As he looks at me. Next . . . yes, they will ask me questions now. There was blood on my hands when the detectives came in. I must remember to explain about that. Him, they keep whispering. They know something. About whom?"

His eyes turned slowly toward Florence. A shudder of delight confused his memory. He heard his name called. He stood up and walked to the chair, his brain clear again. He was calm.

Having established his identity and his connection with the Ballau family, the coroner proceeded.

"Q—Now tell us, Mr. De Medici, when you last saw Mr. Ballau alive."

"A—It was around 8 o'clock that evening."

"Q—How did he impress you with regard to his state of mind?"
"A—He was in good spirits. He was pleased that I had obtained Miss Ballau's consent to marry me. He seemed as happy as myself."

(Copyright, 1924, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TOMORROW—A Dangerous Hypnosis.

SERGEANT C. A. SHAW LEAVES FOR HALIFAX

Has Completed 23 Years' Service in Royal Canadian Regiment.

Sergeant C. A. Shaw, who has completed 23 years of service in the Royal Canadian Regiment, received his pension and left London last night to take a new post in the signal station at Halifax.

Before leaving Sergt Shaw was made the recipient of a travelling bag, the gift of the headquarters sergeants' mess, and the men with whom he had been identified at Wolesley were at the station to bid him good luck.

Sergt. Shaw was awarded the M. S. M. in France, the 1914-15 star, the general service and victory medal. He has also been awarded medals for long service and good conduct. Medals are among the highest military awards and justly prized by those who possess them. The M. S. M. won in France was for faithful service and devotion to duty.

R. S. M. Roberts made the presentation on behalf of the warrant officers, staff sergeants and sergeants of the headquarters staff of the R. C. R.

WANDERING OXFORD LADS FOUND AT HALIFAX

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, May 14.—The mystery of the disappearance of two East Oxford lads, aged eleven and fourteen years, missing since Monday morning, is solved by word from the Children's Shelter at Hamilton, and the father of one of the lads left for that city tonight. The boys were found in a C. N. R. boxcar.

TRANSFORMER BURNS. STREETS ARE DARKENED

Lights Are Out On the Main Streets For Several Hours in Evening.

Richmond street, between Bathurst and Dundas, and King street, between Talbot and Clarence, were in complete darkness last night about 9 o'clock, except for a few store lights, when one of the big transformers at the corner of King and Richmond blew out and burst into flames, and threatened the surrounding electric fixtures.

Ladder wagon number one was called, and the blaze was quickly extinguished with chemicals, but it was several hours before the proper lighting system was in effect again.

Chicago, May 14.—Angered because other employees opened a window, John C. Gardner, 60 years old, an inspector for Illinois Malleable Iron Company, yesterday shot and killed two foremen and then, pursued by other employees, placed one of the three pistols with which he was armed, against his temple and committed suicide.

The police said they learned that Gardner and his two victims, R. W. Wilcox, 54, and Herman Krause, 41, had quarrelled because the two men insisted that a window be left open, while Gardner maintained he had a cold and the air would make it worse.

Fresh Air Row Takes 3 Lives

Chicago Workman Kills Two and Commits Suicide.

Associated Press Despatch.

Chicago, May 14.—Angered because other employees opened a window, John C. Gardner, 60 years old, an inspector for Illinois Malleable Iron Company, yesterday shot and killed two foremen and then, pursued by other employees, placed one of the three pistols with which he was armed, against his temple and committed suicide.

The police said they learned that Gardner and his two victims, R. W. Wilcox, 54, and Herman Krause, 41, had quarrelled because the two men insisted that a window be left open, while Gardner maintained he had a cold and the air would make it worse.

Shirriff's MARMALADE
—good for children—it's pure

Other Household Favorites: Shirriff's Vanilla Essence, Shirriff's Jelly Powders.

FREE!
Congoleum Bath Mat

With every Congoleum Rug purchased at this store during Congoleum Week we will give, absolutely free, a genuine Congoleum Bath Mat. These mats are 18x36 inches and made of exactly the same fine material as the rugs.

50c Down--Balance Weekly

During this sale the above liberal terms will also apply. Come in, pick out your rug, pay a deposit of 50c and we send you the rug. Balance weekly in small payments. Our prices are the same whether you pay cash or use our deferred payment plan.

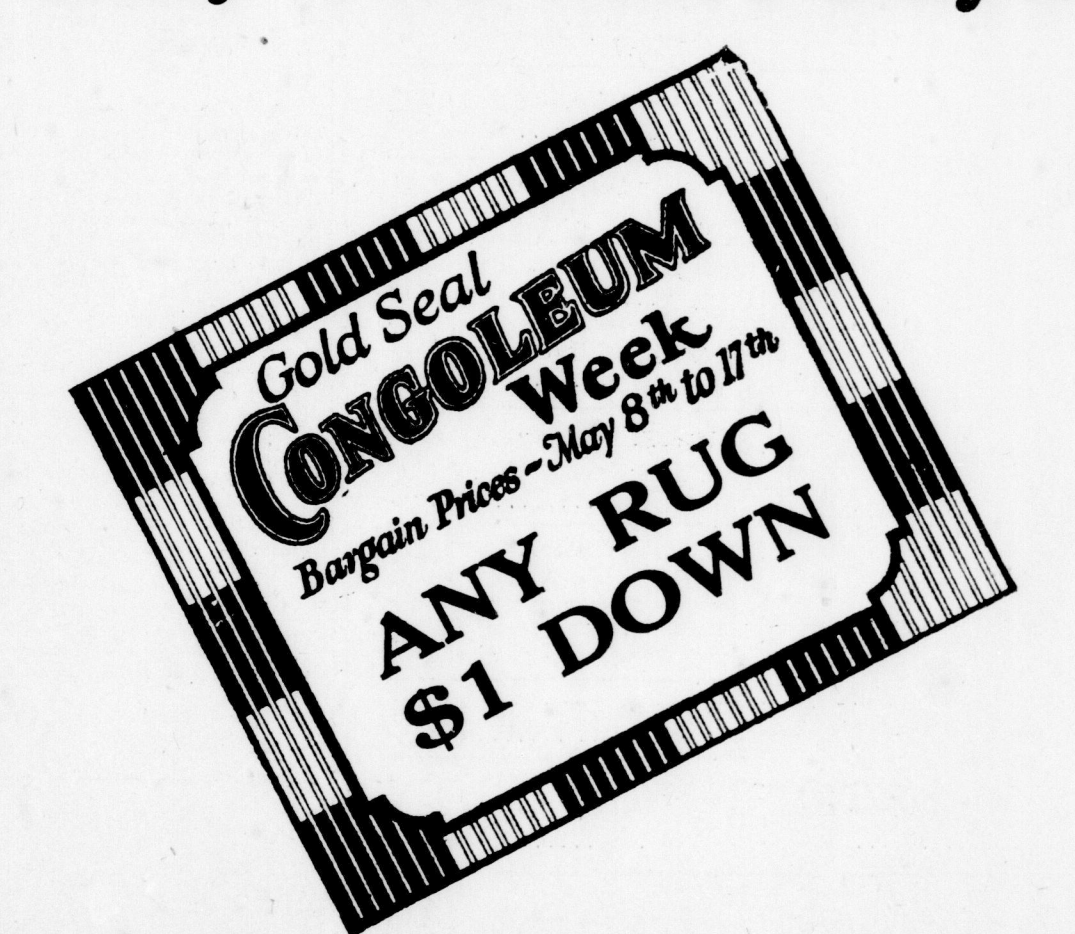
Ontario Furniture Co.
Limited

London's Largest Homefurnishers

228-230 DUNDAS STREET LONDON, ONTARIO

Freight Prepaid Within 100 Miles.

Only Two More Days!



All Patterns **THOMAS** All Sizes

FOR SATISFACTION AND SERVICE. FOR SALE BY
RIDE CLEVELAND Wm. Gurd & Co.
A
185 DUNDAS STREET