

Suppose you do like the tea you are using, it is worth your while to try RED ROSE TEA. It combines rich smoothness with delicious flavor and fragrant aroma in a way to awaken in you a new sense of the pleasure of tea. You owe it to yourself to try a package. Why not today? Your grocer will recommend it.

## MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLY.

"Here, I say, drop that, young lady!" said, wondering what had come over her, as I looked at her great dilating eyes. "You're giving me cold chills down the back. What put such fancies into your head?"

She gave herself a little shake in her saddle and laughed, looking round slowly at me.

"Oh, I don't know! The fancy got hold of me, Ned. If I stayed here much longer, I should think that I could really see a dead man lying there."

"Oh, all right. Then it strikes me that the sooner we quit the better," I returned, laying my hand on her horse's bridle. "I don't fancy such a realistic nightmare in the day-time. Now what's the next move? Across the common, and then home, I suppose?"

The patch of common lying in front of old Wilde's cottage was close before us, and it was necessary to cross it obliquely to get into the High street.

On our right the cottage, stood, in darkness, but for the faint gleam of a fire which flickered on the panes of one of its windows; on our left was Redpots, almost lost in its tangle of disordered garden, and showing not much light as yet. Nat glanced in as we got abreast of its gates.

"Are both the martyrs to night-bells out, I wonder?"

"Most likely. They're pretty busy, and this is one of Ditzart's days at Market Waxford. Wonder we didn't catch sight of that extraordinary gig of his. I say, look out, Nat—the ground here is awfully rutty!"

Awfully rutty it was, and boggy in places, needing careful riding in the dark. But no care could have averted what happened next. We were half-way across the common, and riding slowly, when suddenly, from a thick clump of tall grass which had concealed him, a miserable brute of a donkey rose up just before the horses. The animal was scared, I suppose, but at any rate he set up a terrific braying. Somehow or other I man-

aged to hold in the grey, who was a quiet animal in general, but Nat's roan was a skittish creature, nervous and mettlesome. She reared, backed, reared again, and then darted off across the common at her utmost speed, got one of her feet in a hole in the rough ground, and in a moment Nat, sent flying over her head, was lying insensibly almost before the door of old Wilde's cottage, while the roan, struggling to her feet again, stood scared and trembling—the wretched beast!

The door of the cottage was instantly flung open, a flood of light streamed out, I heard an inarticulate exclamation between an imprecation and a groan, and looked up to encounter the horrified white face of Roger Yorke. He did not seem to know I was there, but took Nat up in his arms almost as he might have done a baby, and carried her indoors. I followed him quickly.

The little stone-floored kitchen was not too tidy and not too clean, but a large fire was blazing, and a shabby old elbow-chair stood beside it, in which Yorke placed the insensible girl.

Little Lotty's pretty wondering face came peeping from the open staircase door, and from the room above old Wilde's strident voice shouted some loud wretched questions. I saw and heard this without seeming to do either, for all my attention was fixed upon the poor little girl. Yorke had taken off her seakins cap, loosened the buttons of her habit, and then pulled a brandy-flask from his breast-pocket. Her head was lying upon his left arm as he knelt beside her, and he held the flask to her lips, as if he were the first time to know that I was there.

"Open that," he said, shortly, but not turning his eyes from the little pale face lying upon the sleeve of his roan tweed coat. "Be quick!"

I unscrewed the top and handed him the flask; he managed to force a little of the contents between her lips, doing it feebly, although I could see that his hands were shaking over the task, and he looked indeed hardly less white than did Nat herself. It had its effect, for a less ghastly tinge crept over her face, and her eyelids quivered. He made her swallow a little more of the spirit, and her lips moved and her eyes opened, but she shut them again with a shiver, and a slight gasp.

Yorke gently removed his arm, laying her head back against the torn patch-work cushion, and turned to Lotty, who had slipped into the room by this time. "Get me a basin and some warm water," he said. "Be quick—there's a good girl!"

Lotty waited for no further order, but flew out of the room and upstairs, where old Wilde was becoming more indelicately vociferous than ever. Directly she was gone, Yorke wheeled round on me and said, fiercely—

"What did this happen? What were you about?"

"Yes, you. Couldn't you have taken better care of her than this?"

"Well, it wasn't my fault," I answered, by no means relishing this very unexpected onslaught even from Roger, from whom as a rule I would willingly allow anything. "How could I help it?"

"How could you help it?" he repeated. "How could you do it? I want to know. You're a pretty fellow to be tripping over a horse!"

"How upon earth do you think I could help the horse running away?" I returned, galled into active remonstrance. "The confounded brute was as mad as the wind before I knew it. It was as much as I could do to hold in the grey. I wish to goodness I had come to grief myself instead of Nat."

"And so do," said Yorke, with a flattering heartiness, as he turned to take the basin which Lotty had brought in. Nat still lay back with her eyes closed, and he bent down on one knee beside her, sponge away the blood which trickled down her forehead.

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head. She was awfully pale still, and I drew nearer to ask in a whisper—

"I say, old man, she isn't much hurt, is she?"

"I don't know—I hope not. It's quite bad enough."

"I suppose she is only stunned—no limbs broken or anything?"

"No thanks to you if they are not. What made her horse balk?"

I explained. Yorke apparently was gracious enough to come to the conclusion that I was not so much to blame after all, for he surveyed me less fiercely as he put down the basin. "And the beast put its foot in a hole and threw her, I suppose?"

"Yes, I think that much."

"Not much more than skin-deep, I suppose her head struck a stone. But it might—There—don't talk about it! Give me that brandy again!"

I complied, and he turned toward the chair; but Nat's black eyes were wide open now, and she stared at us in perplexity and round the strange room. She tried to sit up, but Yorke prevented that.

"Don't talk," he said, gently. "You must keep still. Drink this."

She did so. The brandy brought some color into her cheeks, and she smiled across at me.

"Don't look so scared, Ned, dear. I don't believe I'm hurt a bit—only my head feels so odd—all dazed and jangling. Did Daphne throw me?"

"Yes, worse luck!"

"Stupid thing! I ought to have been able to hold her in; but it was all so sudden."

She glanced from me to Yorke, whose blue eyes were fixed upon her with tender anxiety, and then her eyes wandered round the room.

"What place is this?"

"Wilde's cottage," Yorke answered. "Don't talk now, my child."

"Yes—luckily."

"Very luckily for me," she said, smiling, and closed her eyes again. (To Be Continued.)

HEATING AND VENTILATION SHOULD BE REMEDIED

Sheriff Cameron Speaks of the Condition of the Court House.

In view of the fact that the presentment of the grand jury regarding the inadequacy of the heating and ventilating system of the county buildings, will come before the session of the county council which opened this afternoon, the subject has once more aroused considerable interest.

Sheriff Cameron, in speaking of the matter, remarked that he could see no reason for building new quarters for a number of years to come, but that the ventilating and heating of the buildings was antiquated, and inadequate could not be denied.

The matter was never called to the attention of the grand jury at the last assizes, but they, in making their presentment, very strongly advised radical improvements along this line. The sheriff spoke of the danger to the health of jurymen who were compelled to sit in the court room for any length of time.

"We never have a case that lasts over two or three days, that I have not had to call a doctor, at the county's expense, to attend to some of the jurymen," he said. "In such a case as the Sifton murder trial the course of justice was delayed a great deal, owing to the illness of a jurymen, and this at a very considerable expense to the county."

Do It Right.

"I certainly think that instead of the constant small improvements that are going on it would be better to re-ventilate the court room and install a modern system of hot water heating. At present, with the small population of the jail, we are in a very serious condition, but there are a number of the cells in the north of the jail that it is impossible to heat by hot air, and if for any reason the jail should become crowded as it was last year, we would again be in a very difficult position. One of the rooms that is practically impossible to heat is the bath room, and has had to be used as a prison cell for a number of years. It is rather hard on them to make them break the ice in the tub before getting in."

Install Furnaces.

The sheriff's solution of the matter is to install furnaces to heat all the buildings in the grounds between the jail and court house. This would also leave room for enlarging the library, which will be absolutely necessary in a very short time.

The present cost of heating the buildings is exorbitant. It is as follows for last year: Jail \$18 11, court house \$461.06, county building \$122.42, the office \$23.25, while \$35.50 was spent for wood, making a total of \$1,518.54.

The sheriff said it was not right to maintain such an expensive heating plant. The Government is bound to pay all the expenses in connection with prisoners charged with indictable offences, and under the conditions of the decrease in number of the charges, the Government is paying a than usual, probably more than half the cost of heating.

Every man feels fidgety once in a while. It's a good sign. Why not wear CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS and feel that way all the time?

A bee, unladen, will fly at the rate of forty miles an hour; but one returning to the hive laden with honey does not travel faster than twelve miles an hour.

MISERY FROM A DISORDERED STOMACH INDIGESTION OR GAS SIMPLY VANISHES

Your Out-of-Order Stomach Feels Fine Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

Take your sour, out-of-order stomach—or maybe you call it Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Catarrh of Stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble away with your own Pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Pappe's Diapepsin and let you eat one 22-grain Triangle and see if within five minutes there is left any trace of your former misery.

The correct name for your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice; you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of the stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness or many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is fickle, and nothing tempts you to eat, or you belch gas if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at least one-half of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself in five minutes that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear of discomfort or misery. Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diapepsin.

## Why Stanfield's Make Underwear



UP to 20 years ago, most everyone considered that all Underwear—no matter how well cut and made—would shrink and harden.

In those days, the makers were working on the wrong idea. They were trying to find a way to finish Underwear so that it would not shrink, instead of trying to find a way to get the shrink out the wool before the yarn went to the knitting machines.

The late C. E. Stanfield—who knew wool as only a man can know it who studies it from the sheep's back to the wearer's back—gave his attention to the problem for years.

Living in Nova Scotia, he soon realized that woolen underwear, and the best of pure woolen underwear, was the only kind that would and could protect the Canadian against the rigorous Canadian Winters. He found that as underwear was then made, he could not make woolen underwear that would not shrink, mat and harden. He devoted himself to this problem and after many years of experimenting, he finally discovered a method by which he could take the shrink out of the wool before the garments were knitted.

This method, improved and perfected, has made possible the immense business of Stanfields Limited, with a larger output of their special classes of Underwear than any other factory in Canada.

The Stanfields make underwear today because Canadian people find Stanfield's Underwear the most comfortable, the most durable, and the warmest for its weight.

The Stanfields are making more underwear every year because the buying public demands more of it. Popularity is a good test of quality.

In 3 standard weights—Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and 17 other weights and qualities to suit the needs and requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle Stanfield's Underwear. Catalogue showing styles, and sample of fabric, sent free for your address.

John Stanfield  
President  
Stanfield's Limited.  
TRURO, N.S.

## SOUTH AFRICAN VETERANS PETITION THE PREMIER

Urge Extension of Time in Which to Avail Themselves of Land Grant.

Ottawa, Dec. 6.—A delegation representing the South African Veterans' Association, waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Frank Oliver this morning, and urged an extension of the time in which South African soldiers can avail themselves of the land grant. The law now requires the land to be located by Dec. 31, 1910. The delegation, which consisted of Lieut.-Col. Hurdman, Major Woodside, Major Winter and Andrew Miller, secretary of the association, asked a two years' extension. They claimed that to force the men to take action within the present year would be playing into the hands of the speculators, as most of the men were forced to sell their rights, not yet having had time to make necessary financial and other arrangements to take up a 320-acre farm for themselves. It was also requested that the veterans be allowed to make applications for grants and locations at Winnipeg land office, instead of requiring all applications to be made at Ottawa. The ministers promised sympathetic consideration of the requests.

## LIVES FOR ART; PRIVATION KILLS

Miss Jenny Mackinson's Is But One Case of Kind in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 7.—Miss Jenny Mackinson, an English painter, aged 40, has been found dead in her modest studio in the Rue d'Ulm, the circumstances, according to the Petit Journal, pointing to death from privation.

Despite her talents, the sale of her pictures barely brought her a sufficient income to live upon, and she was too reserved to disclose her position. Nothing had been seen of her for four days, when an employee of a gas company called to read her meter. As he received no reply to his knocking, the concierge forced open the door. Miss Mackinson was lying dead in her bed.

According to the medical evidence death had taken place four days before, and was due to congestion caused by the cold.

There are said to be hundreds of lonely Englishwomen, no longer young, who make a precarious living in Paris, as artists, musicians and teachers of English. They do not mix with the French, and they are unknown to the British colony, and when sickness or want overtakes them they shrink from appealing to charitable institutions which would gladly relieve their necessities.

## MURDERED IN SLEEP

Young Man Likely To Lose Reason Following Realization of Crime.

Brussels, Dec. 7.—A remarkable tragedy occurred here which is without parallel in police records. A young man named Ceulemans killed his mother while walking in his sleep. When awakened by his father after the tragedy he knew nothing of what had occurred, and gave way to such paroxysms of grief that he is now in danger of losing his reason.

Ceulemans has been a somnambulist for years, and although he has tried

## UNIONIST LEADERS QUIET

Political Situation in England Monday Rather Tame.

London, Dec. 6.—The political situation was rather quiet today, the Unionist leaders being conspicuous by reason of their silence. Lord Rothschild, Liberal Unionist, speaking at Tring, in Hertfordshire, tonight, declared himself a convert to tariff reform.

Winston Spencer Churchill, president of the board of trade, who thus far has been the most active on the Liberal side, made another speech at Manchester tonight. He pointed out that imposition of a tariff would include imports which the Manchester Canal was built to encourage. He advanced his quinquennial value of the land in the vicinity since the canal was built as a justification for placing the increment tax in the budget.

## TWO ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECES

Two of the most magnificent Pianos that have ever been made in Canada are now being displayed to interested visitors at the New Scale Williams piano warehouse. These are the New Scale Williams "Louis Grand" and "Baby Grand."

These grand pianos—with their elegance and beauty of design and finish—would be superb ornaments to any home and certainly reflect infinite credit on the master minds which created them from wood and metal. It is hardly necessary to mention the fact that the tone is fully in keeping with the appearance.

These pianos may be seen at

## Silver Excellence

Knives, forks, spoons, etc., that last a lifetime are the kind stamped

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

For over sixty years this well-known brand has set the world's standard in fine silver plate.

Best tea sets, dinner, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Lasts"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, FORTIFIES THE GUMS, ALLEVIATES ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold



## YOU CAN'T DO IT

You have tried other soaps—but you've failed to get the same complete satisfaction that "Baby's Own" gives you.

Pay what you will, you cannot get a purer, more refined or better soap than "Baby's Own."

Baby's Own Soap is made from the finest vegetable oils—possessing a natural fragrance. When washing these fragrant oils are absorbed by the skin and preserve its soft delicate texture.

Your skin will improve greatly under Baby's Own Soap. Do not accept substitutes.

## Baby's Own Soap

Best for Baby—Best for You.

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., Mfrs. MONTREAL

## BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

"Black Knight" Stove Polish gives the shine that lasts. Just a small dab spreads over a big surface. Just a few light rubs with cloth or brush brings a shine you can see your face in—and the shine lasts for days—fresh, bright, brilliantly black.

Try the quick, clean and easy way of shining Stoves, Grates and Ironwork.

A big can, 10c.—at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED. HAMILTON, Ont.

Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN



## GIRLS' ONE-PIECE DRESS—NO. 8578.

A neat model for school or general wear. Dresses for growing girls should be serviceable, as well as attractive. The model here portrayed may be made of mohair or serge, with yoke facing and collar of tucking or embroidery. The square yoke collar gives breadth to the figure. The plaited panel effect in front and back is most stylish. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for the 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps or silver.

## 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 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. If 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.