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Recommended and for sale by Parsons' Fair Syndicate of London, London, Ontario, Westland Bros., 155 Wortley Road, London, Ontario.

## A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc. (Copyright in U. S. America. All Rights Reserved.)

"No," she said, "he is no worse—I have not seen him yet; I understand he is better, if anything." Then she stood for a second hesitatingly. He was looking at her with a half-smile, infinitely tender, wholly assuring. What a hypocrite he was!

"I haven't been kissed for hours," he said. She choked, her heart seemed literary to stab her by its forced beating—but she controlled it with an effort. Then, without a reply, she turned and went from the room.

"Oh, it's too much; it's too much," she sobbed in the corridor. "I can't—I can't! I won't be a hypocrite, too—dear God! what must I do?" She forced her lagging feet to carry her to the nursery; she entered and made at once to the bedside. Mervyn was quieter; even as she stood there, thinking dully of the agony of the night past, wondering if it had not

## ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8707. Lady's over-blouse, with body and sleeve in one. This model is made with body and sleeve combined, a feature that promises to hold its popularity for some time to come. It may be worn with any guimpe or tucker, and is simple and readily made and adjusted. Neck, lace, chiffon, silk, cashmere or lingerie fabric are all suitable for its development. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure, and requires 13 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10¢ in stamps or silver.

## PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name .....

Street Address .....

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Measurement—Bust ..... Waist .....

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

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write out the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." 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.

been better that she had died outright before her eyes read her husband's secret. Dr. Gibbs came into the nursery in an unwashed condition. But he made no apology for his appearance; his first thought was for the child.

"He's holding his own," he said after a critical examination. "Your husband was with him until full daylight—he forced me to lie down. Said a man who'd lost as many nights' sleep as I had done, owed it to himself and his patients to rest. At day-break the child was so much quieter that I told Scroggs he must take rest himself—I sat down in the outer room and gave instructions to be called at once. I'm certain we're going to win. Lady Marion. We've got everything on our side now the collapse is over. Dashed plucky—er—excuse me!—extremely courageous on Scroggs' part, administering that restorative. Yes, he's saved your child for you."

Marion sat down limply, her hands idle in her lap. What should she do? If a life had been taken a life had been given. Would it not be better to know no word of this matter—to let it lie dormant in her mind? Time enough for that when the child was thoroughly out of danger. No; she would not speak. She would bear this cross in silence; but she felt that the last vestige of love for her husband had gone from her in an agony of suffering and misery.

Scroggs scratched his head thoughtfully as his wife said this. "Now, who's come over Marion?" he cogitated. "Of course, I know—she's a bit unbalanced. No wonder, poor darling. Still, it isn't like her to go out without a single word of affection. I know I'm unreasonable and all the rest of it; but hang it all, trouble like this ought to draw us closer together instead of shoving us further apart."

Marion thought and thought; no light would come. At one moment she rose to her feet, impelled by a desire to know the truth, no matter what it might be. Could it be that her husband was shielding another man? Could it be that the impossible had happened, and that two men possessed of similar pistols? But no, such a thought was ridiculous. In a sudden wave the whole of the past came to her—she remembered the quarrel that had taken place between Ebenezer and her father—the story of the servant; then she sat up alertly. Of course, Ebenezer would have everything to gain by her father's death.

Scroggs tubbed and dressed; ate a satisfactory breakfast, though the hour was late; and finally, satisfied that all was well in the nursery, drove down in person to meet the nurse. Once they were installed in possession of the sick room, Ebenezer insisted on his wife taking further rest. Rest! Marion could have laughed at that. In person only for the separation to her on this side of the grave, she said. Scroggs noticed the strangeness of her manner—he went towards her and held out his arms.

"Come, my dear," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I shrank back. Nay, she covered her face with her fingers and gave a shrill cry. "Don't touch me!" she said fiercely. "I know everything now—you are stained with my father's blood. I've found out the truth—you killed my father!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Loved Turned to Hate.

There, it was out at last. She had meant to keep silence; she had promised herself that the secret should be locked in her own breast; but she had not taken into account that swift impetuosity that had always characterized her. The die was cast—the truth was told; and it remained only for the separation to be made complete. She heard an inarticulate cry from her husband. Summoning up all her courage—and she had never been a coward—she drew away her hand and looked at him. His face was blanched—an unmistakable sign of guilt, she said. His hands were trembling—well, if not trembling, at least clenching and unclenching rapidly, as they hung at his sides. This was not the attitude of an innocent man. He ought to have darted forward and clasped her in his arms; ought to have stormed at her for her accusation; ought to have convinced her by sheer strength of will that he was innocent. Marion knew very little of men—beyond her own husband she knew practically nothing. She had never seen the male human being in any great crisis, except once, the night before, and then—well, that did not count.

With some undercurrent of vicious anger that was almost vulgar she determined to make him writhe in shame before her. He was almost unmoved by her accusation; then he should be moved—he should have every damning fact hurled into his understanding. She would let him know that she knew the whole truth; she would tell it to him; and then—let him clear himself if he could. He had lied to her; he had lied to the dishonor as men loathe an evil plague.

"Yes, I know everything," she said stormily. "You forgot last night in your haste that there was something else beside a phial of medicine in the secret drawer of your desk. I found it—the pistol with which my father was murdered. In your desk—yours. The inference is perfectly obvious, you murdered my father—you bastard! You shot that helpless, old man as if he were a dog. You, you—the brute that has tied me to him with bonds that are stronger than steel. You, the father of my child, the man I thought I loved—you murdered my father, because he was in your way. You had no thought of the sin and shame you were bringing on me; all you thought of was your own selfish passion. With my father's love you could never hope to possess me, so you took the shortest way out of the difficulty. Oh, I loathe you! You hypocrite! You, a murderer, a base, dishonorable, cowardly monster, and I am your wife! Worse than that, you are the father

of my son. It is unbearable, unbearable. I wish I had died last night before this hideous truth became known to me. Can't you say something—can't you confess? Don't try to hide your sin behind a tissue of lies; the truth must out. You have blinded me long enough. Now I see you as you are, with the veil torn from my eyes, and everything as clear as day. Oh! the damning evidence!"

He said nothing; only he looked at her like a man transfixed. Unable to control herself, unable to read the expression of his face, she named it for consciousness of detection, and naming it, lashed herself to an ungovernable frenzy. "You have nothing to say?" she shrieked.

"You stand dumfounded at my having discovered the truth! Yes, yes, I have discovered it. And now—now that you know I know—we must act." "And you believe this thing of mine?" he asked her slowly. "You have found some evidence; you at once jump to the conclusion that I am the guilty man. A woman who loved her husband would have given him the benefit of the doubt. She would never have hurled such a statement at a man who was all unprepared to receive it."

"Yes, yes—I loved you. You beg the question—you quibble. You were always so plausible, so hypocritical, with a lie ever on your lips. I know you now. I've lived in a fool's paradise long enough. But now the walls are down, and I am ready to speak the truth, whatever lies you might concoct. I thrust this on you without warning, did I? And what of that? An innocent man would have needed no warning!"

She was like a raving fury by this. Scroggs, confounded by her tirade, did not recognize her for the gentle, loving woman of the past. But he tried to reason the matter out. She was overcome with the suspense of watching her nerves were all on edge. It must be the raving of semi-delirium; surely it would be possible to give her some answer that would assuage the flood of vindictiveness and show her matters in a clearer light. Words trembled on his lips, and then he drew himself up with a quick catch of the breath. What of that view of his, taken solemnly in the past. She could believe this of him; and it would not have the same shattering effect on her that—that—

"Listen to me," he began, forcing himself to be calm. "You are overwrought, your nerves are not under control." Never had he been at a greater loss for words. He could not give vent to his thoughts—he stammered, stumbled, horrified at the white anger of Marion's face. "I will listen to you for one moment and on that moment rests everything. Is that the pistol with which my father was killed?"

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## PLAYTIME STORIES

FAIRY BELLS.

A long time ago some of the elfin messengers went on a strike. Yes, a really strike. They elected Spiritely Wing to carry this message to the queen: Most Beautiful Highness:

We, your elfin messengers, have decided to go on a strike. We just won't go and wake up all the trees, flowers, and birds in the spring, and then have to wait till the sun gets warm before we can hit the hopboats, beetles and the rest unless we are paid more money. ELVES.

The queen frowned, saying to Spiritely Wing: "You are lazy. No more honey shall you get, and never again will you be allowed to call my name. Another way shall be found. Go!"

Now, being greatly perplexed, she called Most High Gardener to her and begged his aid.

"Let me see," said he, scratching his head. "Can't I grow some flowers that will in reality be tiny bells? There are still some magic seeds which were given me by Autumn & Sons."

He planted the seeds, but, lo! some grew up blue flowers that wanted to grow in the woods, the others white

ones. The white ones are so fragrant and tiny we will call them Lilies of the Valley," said the delighted queen. "The others shall be Blue Bells. Every spring if these blossoms they will ring at midnight, waking the hopboats, beetles and friends."

Thus came to grow these tiny bells.

## Economize Work—Keep Cool

[By Cynthia Grey.]

Life in the home is made up in a great measure of things that when we housewives adopt methods of economizing time and trouble in doing these tasks, it means a tremendous saving in a year.

It is clearly the woman's duty when the days of summer approach to lighten her domestic labors as much as possible in order that she may enjoy the open-air pleasures, and so store up strength and health for the comparatively shut-in winter days.

One-piece house dresses of white polka-dotted calico or lawn are nice, because they are cool, easily laundered, do not fade and are always becoming.

We wear dingy old gingham aprons just because we have them. Why don't we make our aprons from the cheapest grade of bleached muslin, instead? They are fadeless, always look neat, even when a little soiled, and are easily washed, dried and folded. Many are easily doubled for the comparatively shut-in winter days.

To keep the house cool and clean in the easiest way, we should have bare floors, small rugs which are easily shaken, and simple muslin draperies. Many are easily doubled for the comparatively shut-in winter days.

Supplies water can be taken up with cloth in another mopstick. A wise housekeeper I know keeps a paper over the catch-all pan under the burners of the gas stove, and changes it often. That's easier than scouring the pans.

On the sill she keeps a small pot of growing parsley, and she always has green onion hands to flavor soup and to decorate the meat platter.

In the cool of the morning, she bakes a few individual custards and sets them away to cool for the evening meal, and junky tarts, kept on hand for a quick and easily prepared dessert. Hot spicy puddings and indigestible pies, she says, are not tempting in summer time.

She boils sugar and water together until rich syrup is formed. When cool, she adds juice of lemons and bottles the syrup. She sets it in ice-chest to be ready for a thirsty family or unexpected guest. It keeps indefinitely.

She always has a few cans of salmon on hand or cold meat of some kind. And salad "makings," also.

As we were, when we were young, we always have a comfortable corner on our porches where we could rest and cool off to our heart's content, when the day's work is done. If we have a 10-cent can of cool-looking green paint and use it on those easy old chairs most of us have stored away in the attic, they would be just the thing for the porch "cosy."

The hair should be shampooed every two weeks, a cool sponge bath should be taken daily, and a hot one twice a week; we ought to eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables, wear white stockings while at home about the work to save our feet, and be cool, comfortable and good-natured the whole summer through.

Get the neck and have it cut in pieces. Season with salt and pepper, roll in flour and brown in frying pan with drippings and a sliced half of onion. Add a tablespoonful of flour and a pint or more of boiling water and simmer until the meat is so tender that the bones slip out. Remove from the kettle, bone and put the meat in a bowl. Strain the sauce and return to the kettle for the dumplings. To make them, mix together two cups flour, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a level teaspoonful of salt and a cup of milk.

When the liquid is boiling drop the dumplings into it from the point of a tablespoon, cover the kettle closely and cook twenty minutes, being careful that they do not burn. Put the meat in the centre of a hot platter, arrange the dumplings about it and pour the sauce, to which a cupful of hot strained tomato has been added, over all.

Moisten a cupful of cornmeal with boiling water, add one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of maple syrup, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed, and bake slowly for three hours. Serve with cream.

Line a tin with nice crust and fill with a custard made of one cupful of thick maple syrup, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one egg, one tea-

spoonful of salt, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed, and bake slowly for three hours. Serve with cream.

## COOKING RECIPES

Lamb Stew.

Get the neck and have it cut in pieces. Season with salt and pepper, roll in flour and brown in frying pan with drippings and a sliced half of onion. Add a tablespoonful of flour and a pint or more of boiling water and simmer until the meat is so tender that the bones slip out. Remove from the kettle, bone and put the meat in a bowl. Strain the sauce and return to the kettle for the dumplings. To make them, mix together two cups flour, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a level teaspoonful of salt and a cup of milk.

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Line a tin with nice crust and fill with a custard made of one cupful of thick maple syrup, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one egg, one tea-



spoonful of flour. Cover the top when done with a meringue made of the white of an egg beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of powdered maple sugar, and brown slightly.

Dandelions and Bacon. While the dandelion in the front lawn or crowding cultivated crops out of their proper place is a perennial nuisance, its food and medicinal value are both well recognized. When cultivated and blanched by covering by earthen pots, the dandelion is quite as attractive for a salad as the very expensive imported endive, possessing the same appetizing faintly bitter taste. In early spring the ordinary sun-faded wild dandelion comes a closer second to the cultivated one, and may be had for the picking. As a pot herb, the young dandelion cannot be excelled, whether cooked alone with sorrel or with bacon. Later the leaves become bitter and must either be boiled in two waters or given up.

Clean carefully leaf by leaf half a peck of dandelions. Let stand in a pan of cold water, after cleansing, for an hour or longer. Put into a saucepan, cover with boiling lightly salted water, and cook ten minutes.

Drain in a colander and return to the saucepan, with a pound or less of bacon, two onions sliced, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to season. Pour on fresh boiling water to cover, put on the saucepan lid and cook until tender and nearly dry. Pile in the centre of a hot dish, slice the bacon and lay in a circle around the dandelions. Serve with boiled potatoes.

## BOOM CANADIAN TRADE

London, May 4. — Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has now taken up the matter of instructing the British merchants how to market their wares in Canada. He has become an exponent of "practicality in business" and has sought to indelibly impress the English merchant that he must take that course if he would be successful in trade with his Canadian cousin across the water. His lordship bases much of his text book advice for his publishing pamphlet, which bears the title of "British Trade With Canada," upon the results of his personal observations. When he last year opened the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Great Possibilities. "During my visit to the Dominion," asserts the distinguished instructor, "many facts came to my notice which impressed me strongly with the conviction that the time is ripe for increasing trade with the old country, and that the possibilities of Canadian trade are immense. Traders of all classes were most desirous of buying British goods, and were hoping that a preferential tariff of 33-1-3 per cent in our favor would result in increased British and Canadian trade."

"Secure the services of a first-class resident commercial traveller, one with an 'A' connection and experience," is the first rule laid down by the admiral. "He must know what is required by the Canadian people respecting the class of goods that he would recommend. Having ascertained what the Canadian people want, he must convey necessary particulars to British manufacturers. He should be paid a good salary, or a salary and a commission. This traveller should make an effort to get directly in contact with customers, as well as with merchants and agents."

Other proposals advanced by the admiral recommend no delay in shipping and quick delivery. Every large British manufacturer should have an individual representative in Canada.

French lights are the best along the shores, say the navigators. They are posted low, close to the water line, and so do not mislead like the Italian pharos perched high above the sea. They have the best lenses, and are always visible.

A lift which will convey visitors to the base of the dome is to be inaugurated at St. Peter's in Rome.

## ELKINS HEADED OFF.

Washington, May 3.—Heading off a motion by Senator Elkins to lay on the table his amendment to the traffic agreement provision of the railroad

bill, Senator Cummings withdrew his amendment today. Mr. Elkins then withdrew the Crawford-Elkins amendment and Senator Clay presented his amendment to strike out the entire provision. It will be adopted.

## BICYCLES

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The coolest, prettiest kind of Wash Frocks and Suits bear very attractive prices in our Wash Garment Section.

And such excellent garments they are. Just as carefully made as cloth clothing, out of cotton and linen material of dependable quality. Even to the most minute detail they will pass critical inspection.

## Here Are Some Interesting Details:

## SUITS

Semi-Fitted Coat Suits of fine duck, in blue, brown and black striped effects; graceful pleated skirts .....\$5.50  
Other styles, new and effective, at. \$6.75, \$8.00 and \$9.00

## DRESSES

Frocks for morning, afternoon and evening wear, made of a great diversity of dainty summery textures, in both plain and figured styles. Economically priced at. . . \$3.50, \$5.50, \$6.00

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

## GRAY & PARKER

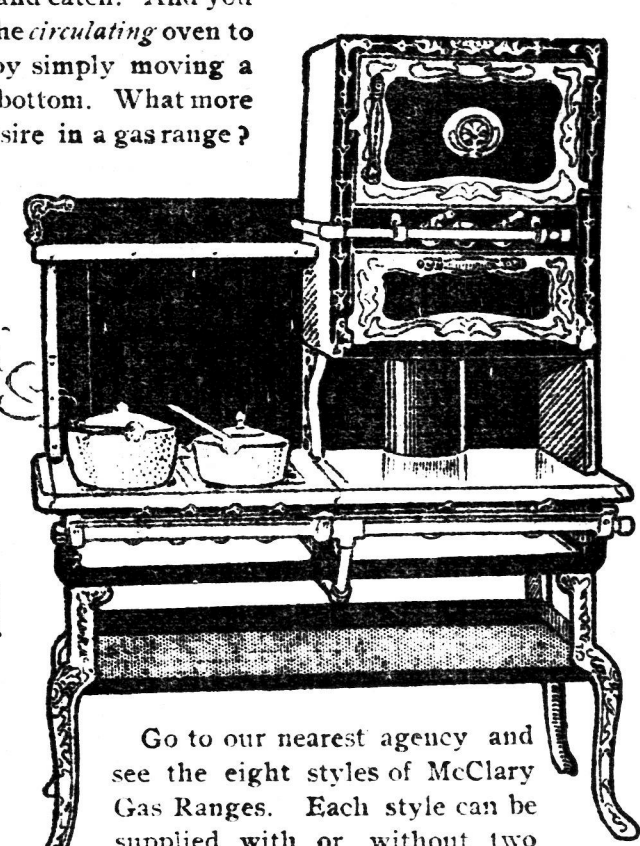
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GET A TAPE LINE and see if you have a space 48 inches wide to spare in your kitchen. If you have, Model H will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Model H is a new 1910 style of McClary Gas Range. It has a double cooking top—equal to eight burners and a simmering burner. You can cook a big dinner without being crowded for room. The broiler and oven are elevated. You can put in and take out pies, cakes, steaks, etc., without "stooping." You see how carefully we studied your comfort and convenience when designing this range.

Like the other styles of McClary Gas Ranges, Model H has the white enamelled broiler and drip pans—Anti Rust linings—spring balanced oven and broiler doors—new style door handle and catch. And you can change the circulating oven to direct action by simply moving a slide in oven bottom. What more could you desire in a gas range?

If you have a space 48 in. wide this is a good style to select



Go to our nearest agency and see the eight styles of McClary Gas Ranges. Each style can be supplied with or without two burner extension, oven thermometer, water heater, reservoir, high shelf, high closet and canopy top. Can be changed from artificial to natural gas in a few minutes. Whichever style you choose your money cannot buy bigger value.

MADE IN CANADA  
**McClary Ranges**  
GAS

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For Sale by J. A. BROWNLEE, GAS APPLIANCE CO., J. A. PAGE.

## STOMACH WEAKNESS MEANS MISERY

W. T. Strong Has a Splendid Stomach Prescription Which He Guarantees to Cure Indigestion.

Nothing will sap a man's vitality quicker than a bad stomach that doesn't furnish pure, nutritious matter to the blood. Nothing will steal his energy or kill his ambition quicker than indigestion, and indigestion is easy to cure with Mi-o-na.

Yes, dear reader, thousands of happy, healthy people throughout America realize the benefit to be derived from the use of Mi-o-na, the mighty stomach tonic and liver regulator.

Mi-o-na isn't a nostrum! It is a physician's prescription, the best for stomach troubles ever written. If your stomach is weak make it strong before it drags other important organs of the body into a diseased condition.

Here are a few symptoms of stomach weakness. If you have any of them use mighty Mi-o-na and be restored to perfect health:

Tiredness at Stomach, Acidity, Water-Brash, Colic, Sensation of Weight, Heaviness at Pit of Stomach, Sour Mouth, Night Sweats, Headache, Flatulency, Heartburn, Nausea, Coated Tongue, Nervousness, Sour Taste in the Mouth, Mi-o-na is sold by leading druggists everywhere, and in London by W. T. Strong or money-back plan.

## Spring Medicine

Is Needed Now, and the Best is Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other does. 40,366 testimonials of cures, in two years. Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere.