Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

A STYLISH SKIRT—8238.

Ladies' Skirt.—Cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches, waist measure. Size 26 will require 5 yards of 44-inch material. This graceful model is one of the newest, and is decidedly smart. It is made with panel front and girdle in one, and is given the fashionable close fit about the hips. Suitable for broadcloth, voile, silk and linen.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on 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 .....

Town .....

Province .....

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 bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 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 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.

LONDON ADVERTISER. PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Summarizing the world's water powers, a French authority finds a total of 11,000,000-horsepower available for Russia, 4,500,000 for France, 4,500,0000 for Italy, 1,000,000 for Japan, 900,000 for Norway, 763,000 for Sweden, 700,000 for Germany, and an undetermined horsepower for other countries. For the United States 1,500,000-horsepower is credited as utilizable. France already uses 800,000-horsepower, Norway, a large portion of the total; Switzerland 300,000, Germany 100,000, Russia 85,000, Great Britain 70,000, Japan 70,000, India 50,000, and Italy 30,000.

Mr. Z. Benoit, chief of the Montreal fire department, will retire on Nov. 1, after twenty years' service. His successor will be Deputy Chief Joseph Tremblay. The chief's salary is $3,500, and he will retire with a pension of $1,750.

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

"Over-wrought! Not a bit of it! I was dead beat with the struggle and with screaming for you, but please do not imagine that I am going to faint now that all the excitement has ended. I admit that I cried a little when you pushed me aside on the beach and raised your gun to fire at those poor wretches flying for their lives. Yet perhaps I was wrong to hinder you."

"Then you should not have heeded me. No, I don't mean that. You always consider me first, don't you? No matter what I ask you to do, endeavor to please me, even when you know all the time that I am acting or speaking foolishly."

The unthinking naivete of her words send the blood coursing wildly through his veins.

"Never mind," she went on with earnest simplicity. "God has been very good to us. I cannot believe that he has preserved us from so many dangers to permit us to perish miserably in a few hours, or days, before help comes. And I do want to tell you exactly what happened."

"Then you shall," he answered. "But first drink this." They had reached the camping-ground and he hastened to procure a small quantity of brandy.

She swallowed the spirit with a protesting moue. She really needed no such adventitious support, she said.

"All right," commented Jenks. "If you don't want a drink, I do."

"I can quite believe it," she retorted. "Your case is very different. I knew the men would not hurt me—after the first shock of their appearance had passed I mean—I also knew that you would save me. But you, Mr. Jenks, had to do the fighting. You were called upon to rescue precious me. God gracious! No wonder you were excited."

The sailor mentally expresed his inability to grasp the complexities of feminine nature, but Iris rattled on:

"I carried my tin of water to the pitcher plant, and was listening to the greedy roots gurgling away for dear life, when suddenly four men sprang out from among the trees and seized my arms before I could reach my revolver."

"Thank heaven, you failed."

"You think that if I had fired at them they would have retaliated. Yes, especially if I had hit the chief. But it was he who instantly gave some order, and I suppose he meant that they were not to hurt me. As a matter of fact, they seemed to be quite as much astonished as I was alarmed. But if they could hold my hands they could not stop my voice so readily. Oh, didn't I yell?"

"You did."

"I suppose you could not hear me distinctly?"

"Quite distinctly."

"Every word?"

"Yes."

She bent to pick up some leaves and bits of dry grass from her dress. "Well, you know," she continued rapidly, "in such moments one cannot choose one's words. I just shouted the first thing that came into my head."

'And I," he said, "picked up the first rifle I could lay hands on. Now, Miss Deane, as the affair has ended so happily, may I venture to ask you to remain in the cave until I return?"

"Oh, please——" she began.

"Really, I must insist. I would not leave you if it were not quite imperative. You cannot come with me."

Then she understood one at least of the tasks he must perform, and she meekly obeyed.

He thought it best to go along Turtle Beach to the cove, and thence follow the Dyaks' trail through the wood, as this line of advance would entail practically a complete circuit of the island. He omitted no precautions in his advance. Often he stopped and listened intently. Whenever he doubled a point or passed among the trees he [illegible] along the way he had come, to see if any lurking foes were breaking shelter behind him.

The marks on the sand proved that only one sampan had been beached Thence he found nothing of special interest until he came upon the chief's gun, lying close to the trees on the north side. It was a very ornamental weapon, a muzzle-loaded. The stock was inlaid with gold and ivory, and the piece had evidently been looted from some mandarin's junk surprised and sacked in a former foray.

The lock was smashed by the impact of the Lee-Metford bullet, but close investigation of the trigger-guard and the discovery of certain unmistakable evidences on the beach, showed that the Dyak leader had lost two if not three fingers of his right hand.

"So he has something more than his passion to nurse," mused Jenks. "That, at any rate, is fortunate. He will be in no mood for further surprise for some time to come."

He dreaded lest any of the Dyaks should be only badly wounded and likely to live. It was an actual relief to his nerves to find that the improvised dumdums had done their work too well to permit anxiety on that score. On the principle that a "dead Injun is a good Injun," these Dyaks were good Dyaks.

He gathered the guns, swords and krisses of the slain, with all their uncouth belts and ornaments. In pursuance of a vaguely defined plan of future action, he also divested some of the men of their coarse garments, and colelcted six queer-looking hats, shaped like inverted basins. These things he placed in a heap near the pitcher-plants. Thenceforth, for half an hour, the placid surface of the lagoon was disturbed by the black dorsal fins of many sharks.

To one of the sailor's temperament, there was nothing revolting in the concluding portion of his task. He had a God-given right to live. It was his paramount duty, remitted only by death itself, to endeavor to save Iris from the indescribable fate from which no power could rescue her if she ever fell into the hands of these vindictive savages. Therefore it was war between him and them, war to the bitter end, war with no humane mitigation of its horrors and penalties, the last dread arbitrament of man forced to adopt the methods of war.

His guess at the weather conditions heralded by change of wind was right. As the two partook of their evening meal, the complaining surf lashed the reef, and the tremulous branches of the taller trees voiced the approach of a gale. A tropical storm, not a typhoon, but a belated burst of the periodic rains, deluged the island before midnight. Hours earlier Iris retired, utterly worn by the events of the day. Needless to say, there was no singing that evening. The gale chanted a wild melody in mournful chords, and the noise of the watery downpour on the tarpaulin roof of Belle Vue Castle was such as to render conversation impossible, save in wearying shouts.

Luckily, Jenks' carpentry was effective, though rough. The building was watertight, and he had calked every crevice with unravelled rope until Iris' apartment was free from the tiniest draught.

The very fury of the external turmoil acted as a lullaby to the girl. She was soon asleep, and the sailor was left to his thoughts.

Sleep he could not. He smoked steadily, with a magnificent prodigality, for his small stock of tobacco was fast diminishing. He ransacked his brains to discover some method of escape from this enchanted island, where fairies jostled with demons, and hours of utter happiness found their bane in moments of frightful peril.

Of course, he ought to have killed those fellows who escaped. Their sampan might have provided a last desperate expedient if other savages effected a landing. Well, there was no use in being wise after the event, and scheme as he might, he could devise no way to avoid disaster during the next attack.

This, he felt certain, would take place at night. The Dyaks would land in force, rush the cave and hut, and overpower him by sheer numbers. The fight, if fight there was, would be sharp, but decisive. Perhaps, if he received some warning, Iris and he might retreat in the darkness to the cover of the trees. A last stand could be made among the boulders on Summit Rock. But of what avail to purchase their freedom until daylight? And then——

If ever a man wrestled with desperate problem, Jenks wrought that night. He smoked and pondered until the storm passed, and, with the changefulness of a poet's muse, a full moon flooded the island in glorious radiance.

He rose, opened the door, and stood without, listening for a little while to the roaring of the surf and the crash of the broken coral swept from reef and shore by the backwash.

The petty strife of the elements was soothing to him.

"They are snarling like whipped dogs," he said aloud. "One might also fancy her ladyship the Moon appearing on the scene as a Uranian Venus, cowing sea and storm by the majesty of her presence."

Pleased with the conceit, he looked steadily at the brilliant luminary for some time. Then his eyes were attracted by the strong lights thrown upon the rugged face of the precipice into which the cavern burrowed. Unconsciously relieving his tired senses, he was idly wondering what trick of color Turner would rave adopted to convey those sharp yet weirdly beautiful contrasts, when suddenly he uttered a startled exclamation.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "I never noticed that before."

The feature which so earnestly claimed his atention was a deep ledge, directly over the mouth of the cave, but some forty feet from the ground. Behind it the wall of rock sloped darkly inwards, suggesting a recess extending by haphazard computation at lease a couple of yards. It occurred to him that perhaps the fault in the interior of the tunnel had its outcrop here, and the deodorizing influences of rain and sun had extended the weak point thus exposed in the bold panoply of stone.

He surveyed the ledge from different points of view. It was quite inaccessible, and most difficult to estimate accurately from the ground level. The sailor was a man of action. He chose the nearest tall tree and began to climb. He was not eight feet from the ground before several birds flew out from its leafy recesses, filling the air with shrill clucking.

"The devil take them!" he growled, for he feared that the commotion would awaken Iris. He was still laboriously worming his way through the inner maze of branches, when a well-known voice reached him from the ground.

"Mr. Jenks, what on earth are you doing up there?"

"Oh, so those wretched fowls aroused you?" he replied.

"Yes; but why did you arouse them?"

"I had a fancy to roost by way of a change."

"Please be serious."

"I am more than serious. This tree grows a variety of small sharp thorn that induces a maximum of gravity—before one takes the next step."

"But why do you keep on climbing?"

"It is sheer lunacy, I admit. Yet on such a moonlit night there is some reasonable ground for even a mad excuse."

"Mr. Jenks, tell me at once what you are doing."

Iris strove to be severe, but there was a touch of anxiety in her tone that instantly made the sailor apologetic. He told her about the ledge, and explained his half-formed notion that here they might secure a safe retreat in case of further attack—a refuge from which they might defy assault during many days. It was, he said, absolutely impossible to wait until the morning. He must at once satisfy himself whether the project was impracticable or worthy of further investigation.

(To be Continued.)

The Doctors Said "There Must Be an Operation"

"Fruit-a-tives" Saved Mrs. McCready Untold Suffering and Almost Certain Death.

"Publish this for humanity's sake," writes Mr. C. McCready, of Putnam, Ont., in his letter to the owners of "Fruit-a-tives." Physicians said that only an operation could save his wife's life. But again "Fruit-a-tives" proved its wonderful powers. The doctors were wrong—Mrs. McCready is today well and strong—and "Fruit-a-tives" have made friends of every one for miles around Putnam.

"Dear Sirs—My wife suffered for over a year from indigestion and bowel trouble. Several doctors treated her for this trouble and advised her that only an operation would save her life, as they stated it was a tumor that was causing the trouble. The operation was to cost $200 and, while she was debating in her own mind about being operated on, she was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives," which I procured for her from our local merchant. From the first box she improved, and after having taken four boxes, she is completely cured and is now as well as ever.

I decided then that "Fruit-a-tives" was the most wonderful remedy in the world and it certainly saved my wife's life. She still takes one tablet every night, we also give them to the children with excellent results, and they have to thank "Fruit-a-tives" for the fact that their mother is now with them, they fully expected she would be in her grave. Publish this for humanity's sake."

(Signed) C. McCREADY.

For indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness—for all troubles due to defective action of bowels, kidneys and skin, "Fruit-a-tives" is a certain cure. These tablets are made or fruit juices and tonics, are pleasant to take and quick to act. Trial size 25c—regular size, 50c a box or 6 for $2 50.

At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

AUGUST FURNITURE SALE

For months we have been preparing for this August Sale. For months we have been picking up bargains all over the country. Never before were we able to buy at such reductions. The factories needed the ready money and were willing to give great reductions to get it. Prices during this sale are absolutely the lowest ever quoted you:

5-PIECE PARLOR SUITES
Regular $30, now $18 50

COUCHES
Imitation leather, regular $22, now $15 00

BED COUCHES
In assorted velours, regular $15, now $10 75

HALL RACKS
Polished quarter-oak, regular $15, now $10 00

OAK ROCKERS
Neatly carved, regular $3 50, now $2 45

BEDROOM SUITES
Handsome design, regular $24, now $17 50

OAK PEDESTAL DINING TABLES
Regular $28, now $19 00

PARLOR CHAIRS
Best silks, regular $9, now $5 50

OAK PARLOR TABLES
Hand polished, regular $4 50, now $2 75

DINING TABLES
Polished, regular $11, now $7 75

LINOLEUM
A large stock to clear at 25 per cent off.

SANITARY MATTRESSES
Regular $6, now $4 50

BEST WOVEN SPRINGS
Regular $3 50, now $2 50

BRASS BEDS
Regular $51, now $37 00

IRON BEDS
Clearing at regular factory prices.

CHINA CABINETS
Regular $30, now $22 00

SIDEBOARDS
Neatly carved, surface oak, regular $15, now $9 50

LACE CURTAINS
300 pairs to clear at cost.

RUGS
All sizes to clear at wholesale prices.

THE ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.

London's Largest Furniture House. 228-230 DUNDAS STREET.

MATTER OF WEDDING FEES

HUMOROUS SIDE OF MARRIAGE AS SEEN AT THE PARSONAGE.

The bridegrooms do drop the ring in ecstatic moments—a fine time did I have poking one from under a bookcase once while the bridegroom and his best man leered sheepishly at my crimson countenance; do forget to clasp hands and step on the bridal train at that critical second when the turn is made aisleward. One unhappy creature pulled my face all askew for one miserable moment by answering, "Yes, sir, thank you!" to the query, "Do you take this woman?" A later bridegroom added at a private performance in my own house, "And mighty glad to get 'er, yer bet!"

The stranger in a strange town and a strange ceremony furnish the comedy. The clergyman soon learns the faltering steps on his porch, the fumble at his bell, the nervously twisted hat, the shy pretence at some other and different business; soon turns confidently and immediately to the nearest street car post to discover the half hid flutter of bridal skirts. Still such wisdom takes time, and madame during the first year of our wedded life turned three promising five dollar couples from our door. Then came her eye opening.

I was out of town, and when Hattie Parons, a demure, beauless, domesticated variety of damsel, appeared at five o'clock in the company of a young man and asked for me, madame assured her that the minister's wife "always does just as well," a conviction which Hattie failed to share, and even at six, despite some added vehemence, desperately denied. At seven I burst through the front door, glanced into the parlor, beheld a new brown silk never yet seen at church, gloves and hat to match, seated close to a youth very black as to coat, white as to tie and radient as to patent leather.

"Why," cried I into madame's astonished ear, "I didn't know Hattie Parsons was getting married or ever thought of it!!"

"How did you know?" she gasped.

Since that day every youthful book agent with the slightest trepidation of manner is bidden: "Come back at two o'clock, do! The minister will surely be in." Some conversations are uncomfortably thorough.

As to these out of towners, the city of my abiding is full of them. Situated at the corner of two other States it proves a Gretna Green for all lovesick ones. They run to it away from angered parents, suspicious offspring, conventionalities of church weddings—the glory and the splendor and the dear delight as they run to us. It adds materially to our meagre incomes.

The fees are a source of constant palpitations, sometimes of language, sometimes of chagrin, for the minister finds in them all the unexpectedness and something of the excitement of a gambler's days. One pastoral brother advised me to keep in stock two varieties of certificates and discriminate I did. I handed over the $1 kind to a 50 cent couple and bestowed paternally the 12½ cent varlety on a youth who graciously presented me in return a $10 bill. I don't discriminate any more.

But the fees! I have been paid 50 cents, a quarter, nothing but a promise to "kum round Saturday when pay envelope comes in"—which it apparently never did—and from a dollar up, yet not so far up as to be unendurable. But the strangest case arrived from a hilltop town in Massachusetts. She confessed to be thirty summers. She told the truth, but not all the truth, while his assertion of twenty-one was palpably an exaggeration, though there could be no question as to his uncouth beauty.

After the ceremony he inquired, "Wal, mister, what's th' damage?"

"I hope," I cried, politely, "no damage has been done; but if you refer to the expected fee that's as you deem the service worth."

"Wal,' asked he, "will a dollar and a half abaout kiver't?"

"If that suits you it suits me," I responded.

"Say, Jane, I didn't fetch no cash along; yer pay 'im."

Jane thought it worth $2.

ITCHING PILES AND ECZEMA

Cured by One-half Box of Dr. Chase's Ointment—30c.—Others Failed, but This Preparation Cured.

The day of operations for the relief of piles is past. Operations are entirely unsatisfactory, because they are expensive, dangerous and often of no avail. Why should you spend a couple of hundred dollars on an operation, be compelled to quit work, and endanger your life by running the risk of complications setting in? In many cases after the operation is performed the piles return. On the other hand,

Dr. Chase's Ointment

has cured thousands of cases of piles. One box has cured some, two or more others, but in this particular case only one-half box was needed. The cost of this ointment is 60 cents a box, or, in other words, "Itching Piles cured for 30 cents." The treatment of piles with Dr. Chase's Ointment is

INEXPENSIVE, NOT DANGEROUS, Gives Immediate Relief, and Cures.

Herewith we submit an unsolicited testimonial. Read it and judge for yourself. Write Mr. Iles, or call at our offices and see his letter. If you are skeptical, satisfy yourself. We have $500 for you if this testimonial isn't genuine. The results obtained by this preparation are better advertisements than any ads. that can be written.

CURED IN NO TIME.

Mr. W. Iles of Richards' Landing, St. Joseph's Island, Ont., writes:—Recently I have been cured of Eczema and Itching Piles by only half a box of your Ointment. The Eczema was at the back of my left knee, right in the bend. It was of some months' standing. I used vaseline ointment, which I suppose kept it in check, but did not allay the itching. I could not refrain from tearing at it occasionally. Thank God I saw your advertisement in one of The Montreal Witness papers, and got a box of your Ointment. It allayed the itching at once, and effected a cure in no time. I am a man 58 years old.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure "that pain in the back." 25 cents a box.

ALMOST DIED FROM COLIC.

Little babies are affected just like their parents. "Last summer," writes Mrs. E. D. Riker, of Portsmouth, "My children ate green apples and were seized with violent cramps. My youngest child was in agony. I gave them each a dose of Polson's Nerviline; this had an immediate effect. One minute my poor children were doubled up in agony and almost the next they were cured." Nerviline is made to cure, and does cure summer complaint, cramps and stomach trouble. Test a 25c bottle yourself.

Reduced Rates to Toronto.

Via Grand Trunk Railway System, on account of Canadian National Exhibition. Return tickets will be sold at single fare from all stations in Ontario to Toronto, good going Aug. 29 to Sept. 12, returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 15. Low rate excursions will also be run on certain dates, particulars of which can be obtained from Grand Trunk agents. 32tf

New Telephone Directory

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is about to publish a new issue of the

Official Telephone Directory for the District of Western Ontario, Including London

Orders for new connections, changes of firm names, changes of street addresses, or for duplicate entries should be handed in at once to C. H. BEARD, Local Manager. 39u

Always, Everywhere in Canada, ASK FOR

EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of constant betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a height of perfection attained by No Others. Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

DONALD McLEAN, AGENT, 426 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

12 Tumors Removed Without an Operation

Silver Lake, Ont., Sept. 20, 1904.

Dear Mrs. F. E. Currah,—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. Its use in my case caused twelve tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me.

MRS. LOUIS E. BOLTERIDGE.

This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment, and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, leucorrhoea, etc.

I will send a sample box containing ten days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it, if she will send me her address.

Address, with stamp, MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT. 39k-t

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, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS. 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

WORK THAT WEAKENS

Booth's Kidney Pills Have Done Great Service for People Who Work in London.

Many London people work every day in some strained unnatural position, bending constantly over a desk, riding on jolting wagons or cars, bending over heavy housework, lifting, reaching, pulling, all these strains tend to wear, weaken and injure the kidneys until they fall behind in their work of filtering the poisons from the blood. Booth's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, put new strength in bad backs, London cures prove it.

Mrs. H. G. Hall, 513 Grey street, London, Ont., says:

"It gives me great pleasure to give an indorsement to Booth's Kidney Pills, which we procured at the W. T. Strong drug store. Mr. Ball had suffered exceedingly from a severe kidney weakness, a lame, sore back, pains over the kidney regions, and at times an inability to bend, stoop or lift, and when he caught cold the entire trouble would be much intensified and more acute. He has used several remedies, and at last one has dealt with the trouble surely by simply knocking it all out. This remedy was Booth's Kidney Pills and he did not use them only a short time before this result was obtained."

Sold by dealers. Price 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Company, Limited, Fort Erie, Ont., Sole Canadian agents.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

MIDY