

Asparagus Benefits by Rains.

The continuous spring rains seem to have benefited the succulent asparagus. Word comes that the crop is the largest and of the best quality in this history.

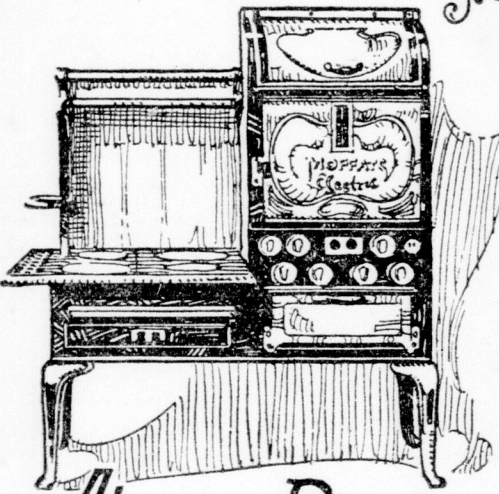
Cocoon Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with. Do not use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Multisified cocoon oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this cannot possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. Two or three teaspoonfuls of Multisified will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage. You can get Multisified cocoon oil shampoo at any drug store. It is expensive, and a few ounces will last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Multisified of imitations. Look for the name Watkins on the package.—Adv.

RED ROSE

For particular people—
Pure! No chicory or any adulterant in this choice coffee



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This is what one woman said not long ago, when speaking of her Moffats Electric Range. "You know, that range is almost too good to be true. Why we've had it over two years; it has been used three times a day, every day, during that time. And we've never had a moment's trouble with it. Our Moffat is always ready for work. Without question it is the greatest and most dependable convenience in the whole house."

That lady wasn't a bit surprised when we assured her that Moffats Electric Ranges are giving equal satisfaction in 50,000 other homes.

The Speediest Heating Electric Range

Watch a Moffat element after you have turned the switch. You can see it heating, and how it is working. There is no "waiting around" for a Moffat, no lost time or delays.

You can put your whole Sunday dinner in a Moffat oven with the switch turned on at "low" and go off to Church, for instance, without a moment's worry. On your return the Moffat has the meal all ready. You can trust Moffats Ranges to do such things; that's the secret!

You need such a range. Every home does! The satisfaction is immeasurable. The economy of time, current and work are endless. See your electrical dealer, or write for full details to Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario.

MOFFATS

Electric Ranges

FOR SALE BY

THE HYDRO SHOP

THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself "Monsieur the Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

INSTALLMENT IX.
THE LEADING CHARACTERS.
J. HUDSON SMITH, an American and alleged fugitive from justice in French Indo-China, who joins the outlaw band of
PAUL LEBRUN, known as Monsieur the Devil, a king among cut-throats and thieves, who had been imprisoned for life. Escaping, he swears vengeance on the man responsible for his imprisonment.
LE MORPION and **CUREL**, cohorts of Monsieur the Devil.
FELICE BONNARD, another accomplice of Lebrun and maid to BERANGERE DES GAUCHONS, the beautiful daughter of
JEAN DES GAUCHONS, the target of Lebrun's vengeance, whose South Sea island retreat is the goal of the bloodthirsty bandits. The latter effect a landing and Des Gauchons, not

recognizing Lebrun, bids them welcome. Smith is weak from a wound suffered in a fight en route and rests in bed while Lebrun engages Des Gauchons in conversation near a swimming pool. Lebrun brutally murders Des Gauchons, and Le Morpion is given instructions to deal likewise with the gardener. Smith is agitated at the news, while Lebrun intimates that he knows something of the American's past that would tend to incite M. the Devil's wrath, too. Smith accuses Lebrun of bearing a false name. When Berangere arrives, she is told that her father and the others have been victims of ptomaine poisoning. Curel, observing her distraught condition, and appalled by Lebrun's depraved imagination, counter-plots with Smith to overcome Lebrun, Le Morpion and Felice Bonnard.

CHAPTER XVII.

Enmity.

During the remainder of the evening Smith was left to his own devices, not a little to his relief. He found it exceedingly hard to digest the proposal of Curel, and he was both amazed and suspicious.

Suspicion, however, was scarcely justified—he realized this quickly enough. Here was a man who still retained something of the gentleman; coming in contact with Lebrun and what Lebrun had done, he instinctively revolted. Curel, or De Curel, must have been in ignorance of all that was intended. Certainly, he had been terribly upset upon getting here. News of the supposed ptomaine poisoning must have been broken to Berangere rather ungently; at all events, the shock had been no less severe to Curel than to the girl.

The amazement of Smith was more justified than was his first impulse to suspicion. This offer of alliance was the last thing he expected. There was some reason for thinking that Curel would be neutral—but an active aid? This was different. It was distinctly encouraging. And yet—What about this girl, Berangere? "I'll have to go slow until I can see her," thought Smith. "If she's some little fool, some hysterical feminine doll, I'd better put her in the motor boat and beat it. If not—well, let the future manage itself! Curel was right about my chances of surviving, however; I'd better lose no time, or Le Morpion won't be easy to handle."

So thinking, he fell asleep. In the morning his breakfast was brought by Felice Bonnard. It was not his first sight of this extraordinary person; he had met her briefly, in Saigon. When she had arranged the tray, she stepped back and surveyed him in silence. Her air was saturnine, unsmiling. "You have changed," she announced critically. "And for the better. I understood that you have undertaken to tame my mistress." In the last word was a covert sneer—a flash of the eye, a twist of the lip.

"That, I believe," responded Smith calmly, "is the arrangement. Do you object?" She shrugged. Already, without word or reason, there had risen between them a wall of intense dislike.



In all his life only once was White Fang knocked off his feet!

A cave by a spruce forest on the edge of icy desolation—

A velvet lawn about a country home, with pudgy puppies playing in the sun—

Between those two lies one of the greatest dog stories ever penned.

WHITE FANG

—the story of the wolf that became a dog—will appear exclusively in The Advertiser.

It will start Monday, July 7, and an installment will be published every day.

White Fang helped to make Jack London famous. It is a corking dog story. And it is the kind of writing that gave the world at large an insight into an ice-bound land of daring and adventure, where every moment brought its thrill.

It's the kind of a story you can't let go once you've started!

And you can start it in The Advertiser on July 7.

Then I'll have a talk with her tomorrow," said the American. He rose. "I'm off for bed—can't afford to overdo now. Good night!" "I'll help you," volunteered Curel.

They left the room together and sought Smith's bedroom. Neither man spoke until they had closed the

On the part of Felice, this feeling was tinged with lofty contempt. "You are not the man for the job," was her cool response. "But since it is settled—take warning! The girl is as fool."

"Ah!" The American's brows were elevated. "Yet she engaged you?" "Take care, you!" "A slow flush mantling her cheek. "A word from me, and the master will put you out—puff!—like a candle." Smith regarded her with a cold smile. Already he perceived how one of his difficulties might be removed. He could scarcely kill a woman, and this was a woman who would require killing—nothing less. A woman? No; a snake. Yet she was no more than a share in the crimes of Lebrun; thus far she had done nothing overt. To kill her would be difficult.

"The master?" he replied slowly. "I suppose you mean your master, charming Felice! Are you not capable, then, of extinguishing your own candles?" Her eyes hardened beneath this raillery; her face became harsh, livid. "You are impudent to me—you!" she said in a level voice. "Take care."

"If you have finished your warnings," said Smith, with a gesture of dismissal, "you may go. I require nothing further, thank you." She darted him one glance that was barred with venom, then swept from the room.

The breakfast was excellent, and Smith enjoyed it to the full. When he had finished, he rose, made a shift to bathe, and dressed. There were clothes laid out for him—garments of silk; but he revolted at wearing the clothes of a murdered man, and he got into his own frayed attire. This effort left him nearly exhausted. He reached an old-fashioned bell-pull near the door, dragged at the cord, and sank into a chair.

In response to this summons, Curel appeared.

"Hens! Up and dressed? But—" "Some coffee, Curel," broke in the American. "I need it. And an automatic."

Curel nodded, caught up the tray, and vanished. In ten minutes he reappeared, bearing a cup of hot coffee. With this, he set down an automatic pistol.

"I trust," he observed whimsically, as Smith pocketed the weapon and gulped the coffee, "that you anticipate no executions this morning?"

"Don't be a fool," Smith chuckled. "Get me a stick, will you?" A cane. Help me to reach the garden, bring me something to read and leave me to recuperate by myself."

In 20 minutes Smith was seated in an easy chair in the sunken garden, drinking in the warm sunlight and the perfume of the flowers around. Magazines and cheroots were nearby. Curel had departed.

As he sat here, Smith was oppressed by the sudden loneliness of the place. As if by touch of a malignant hand, all those who lived here had been swept away. Everything was yet eloquent of their personality. Des Gauchons lingered in the place he had loved. "I could forgive much," thought Smith, "but I cannot forgive this poisoning. Wait a little, M. le Diable."

He had encountered no one. Nor did he see any until noon, when Felice Bonnard came. Lebrun in person fetched his tray and regarded him with a thin smile.

"My dear Smith, you have antagonized Felice. This is unfortunate, really."

"Can't help it," said the American. "Mutual antagonism, I suppose. How's everything?"

The other nodded complacently. "Excellent. Le Morpion procured some brandy, and his wound is inflamed. He'll be around in a day or two. By the way, you'll join us at dinner tonight? We are a bit short of help, you understand, and since you can walk—"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Identified.

"By all means," assented Smith. You are a good surgeon! Lebrun bowed, laughed and departed.

At the dinner table that night, Smith for the first time met Berangere des Gauchons. The household arrangements were, in the nature of things, informal. Le Morpion who possessed some culinary skill was aiding Felice as cook. Curel, butlered, with his tongue in his cheek. At the table in the dining-room, which was lit by two huge candelabra, were only Lebrun, Smith and the girl.

Berangere appeared clad in black, crowned by her radiant hair; her blue eyes were dimmed by sorrow, her face pale. She was silent and unsmiling, yet by the quiet manner in which she assumed her position of hostess, Smith was entirely convinced that his game was to be played out here on the spot—there was to be no running away.

The introduction had been performed mechanically; the talk was all in French. But, when at the table, Smith understood the passion Lebrun in English. Instantly he found the blue eyes of the girl widening upon him, a new light stirring in depths.

"Pardon, monsieur—is not your name Smith? Your are an American?"

Smith smiled and assented. But the girl said no more; she relapsed into her silence, and betrayed slight interest in the conversation. Perhaps Lebrun, who missed nothing, perceived that from time to time her gaze dwelt upon Smith in frowning curiosity. The meal over, Berangere bade the others make themselves at home, and excused herself.

Lebrun and Smith settled down to conversation in the library, where Le Morpion and Curel joined them. Here, presently, came Felice with word that Berangere had retired for the night.

"And," she added, lighting a cigarette and settling into a chair, "I have had enough of being a maid, me! How much longer, Paul, before—"

She broke off significantly. Lebrun gave Smith a glance, and his thin smile.

"M. Smith can hardly become a bridegroom as yet," he responded. "Unless that is he prefers to arrange matters with the young lady in advance."

"Don't worry about me," said Smith. "It's settled that the girl belongs to me."

He saw Curel wince slightly. Le Morpion grinned. Lebrun nodded assent.

"Then I'll have a talk with her tomorrow," said the American. He rose. "I'm off for bed—can't afford to overdo now. Good night!" "I'll help you," volunteered Curel.

They left the room together and sought Smith's bedroom. Neither man spoke until they had closed the

WOMEN and THE HOME



Beginning Tomorrow
Thursday, July 3, at 9 a.m.

Artistic
LADIES' WEAR CO.
158 DUNDAS ST.

Beginning Tomorrow
Thursday, July 3, at 9 a.m.

OUR ANNUAL MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

— The Year's Most Important Event —

This is the last sale of the season, with final reductions to force immediate clearance of all summer stocks, to make room for new autumn merchandise which is soon due to arrive.

Dresses—

The finest dresses shown this season are included in this clearance, canton crepes, satins, roshanaras and other novelty silks in all the gorgeous colors so popular this season, and in all sizes.

Dresses formerly sold at \$25.00 reduced to \$14.75

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Bright colored beaded gowns in regular values to \$59.00, on sale \$35.00

Dark Voile Dresses
In a large variety of patterns. Regular \$8.00 values. On sale \$4.95

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Handsome coats, suitable for immediate wear as well as fall wear, all are full lined and made of choicest materials and range in a large variety of styles.

POIRET TWILL COATS—
Former values \$27.50, reduced to \$14.95

Tricotine and poiret twill coats former values to \$39.50, reduced to \$22.50

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Clearing Beautiful Plaid and STRIPED COATS
Former values to \$27.50. Reduced to \$12.95

Suits—

Clearing our entire stock of suits without reservation, all suits are made of choicest quality materials, all are lined with finest guaranteed silk lining and are reduced as follows:

Regular \$25.00 suits reduced to \$14.95

Regular \$35.00 suits reduced to \$19.75

Regular \$45.00 suits reduced to \$24.75

Regular \$50.00 suits reduced to \$29.75

Also our long tailored suits which, owing to the cool weather, we kept our stocks up and you will now find a complete selection in all sizes. Former values to \$47.50. All on sale tomorrow \$29.75

Clearing our entire stocks of
Suits, Coats,
Dresses, Waists,
Sweaters, Skirts,
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Clearing 34 Dresses At Less Than 1/2 Price

Dresses made of choice quality taffetas, georgettes, canton crepes, tricotine and poiret twills, mostly navy and black, but a few in high shade. Regular values to \$25 \$9.95 on sale, your choice

ONE LOT OF GEORGETTE WAISTS

Slightly soiled, regular values to \$6.00, on sale \$1.35

BROADCLOTH BLOUSES

In white, sand and gray, regular \$4.50, clearing at \$2.95

SLEEVELESS WOOL SWEATERS

All shades and sizes including white, on sale \$2.49

WHITE GABARDINE SKIRTS

In plain tailored style with fancy pockets, near button, regular \$4.50, on sale \$2.50

Artistic Ladies Wear Co.

— 158 DUNDAS STREET —

door, and Curel had lighted the lamp. Then, blowing out the match, he looked at the American and smiled in his melancholy way.

"You can't possibly mean," he said questioning, "that you'll strike tomorrow?"

Smith nodded. "I'll have to be now or never, Curel. Late tomorrow afternoon, perhaps. I'll have a talk with Berangere. He broke into a quick laugh. "What's so terrible about it, after all. The odds are absolutely even. A woman against a woman, wouldn't you have no chance to catch the man, you against Lebrun, Bah!"

Curel laughed his beard. His dark eyes were sombre.

"You mistake," he answered. "It is not so at all. It is Berangere against Felice; you against Le Morpion; and I—against M. le Diable. Well, we shall see!"

With this rather cryptic utterance, he departed.

When Smith awakened to the early morning sunlight in his room, he felt himself again—only the twinge of pain as he left the bed brought him to realization that he was good for little. Still, the weakness had gone. He dressed with cheerful confidence in himself, and went down to breakfast.

When Berangere appeared he saw that she, too, seemed more like the girl she must have been. He wished vaguely that he had known her before this blow had stricken her.

He had already decided that Berangere must attend to Felice. During breakfast Smith discovered that there was something amiss with his handbag, which had slipped. After his meal he returned to his room, adjusted the binding firmly, pocketed his automatic and resolved to have a talk with Berangere at once.

Yet the house seemed oddly deserted. Before speaking with the girl he must assure himself that the others were out of the way; but he could not find them. He went to the kitchen. Le Morpion had vanished. Curel and Lebrun were nowhere.

In the hall, Smith paused before a rack of sticks. His eye was caught by a fine Malacca, and for this he discarded the heavier stick which he had been using.

Then he perceived that the Ma-

Yowler Receives a Surprise When He Strikes Little Porky

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Mrs. Prickly Porky shuffled along with her two youngsters right at her heels. If she had the least suspicion of danger she didn't show it. No, sir, she didn't show it. She didn't look this way or that way, but kept her head little eyes fixed straight ahead. Her two children kept close to her.

It was disappointing and very provoking to Reddy Fox to find that the Coyote and Yowler the Bob Cat, who were hungrily watching, as long as they kept so close to their mother there would be no chance to catch one of those youngsters. Each of the watchers knew this. But each also knew that babies just starting out in the Great World sometimes have short memories, and there was a chance that one of these youngsters might drop behind to look at something that had aroused his curiosity.

It was a sword-cane, three-edged, elegant, deadly. It was a triangular blade finely chased. "I am taking this, and then turned at a step behind him. It was Berangere. She was dressed for the pool, a light wrap about her shoulders, her cloak, her gold-clad figure. She paused at sight of him, and her blue eyes flashed.

"Mademoiselle, I was about to seek you," said Smith. "In order to beg a few moments—"

"Perhaps you will reconsider," said she, coldly, "when I tell you that I know you."

"What?" Smith's brows lifted. "I am afraid—"

"No protestations, if you please," she broke in. "I am also aware that a year or so ago you were the confidential emissary of the governor-general himself. I have remembered your face at last. You are the man who reorganized the police system. You are the man who tracked down the opium traffic from Yunnan and stamped it out. You are the man who broke up the criminal gangs along the western border."

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MORROW—The Death of Le



A yowl of pained surprise and disappointment startled the Green Forest.

This very thing happened. One of those youngsters stopped to examine something that was new to him. Mrs. Porky didn't notice that he had stopped. She shuffled on with the other baby right at her heels. The mouths of all three of the hidden watchers watered. All three stole forward a few steps, taking care not to rustle a leaf. Then they crouched, waiting. Each wanted to be sure that Mrs. Porky was far enough away. Each saw the greatest reason for that stout quilt-covered tail with which Mrs. Porky defends herself.

All unconscious of the disobedience of that little Porcupine, Mrs. Porky shuffled along. The youngster who had stopped was nearest to Reddy Fox. Reddy quivered all over with eagerness. Yes, sir, he quivered all over. It was all he could do to keep from rushing out, pouncing on that helpless-looking baby and make off with him. But he didn't do it. He didn't dare do it. He could see Yowler the Bob Cat creeping forward swiftly, and he had no mind to feel Yowler's sharp claws. He fairly boiled inside with anger. You see he felt that Yowler was going to steal a dinner from him from right under his nose. He knew that Old Man Coyote

must have this same feeling, but that didn't help any.

Now it is Yowler's habit to pounce on those he catches. But he didn't do it this time. Perhaps it was because he knew that this slow moving youngster could not possibly get away from him. Perhaps it was because he wasn't yet quite certain that this helpless-looking baby was as harmless as he appeared to be. Anyway, Yowler bounded out in front of him within a paw's reach and crouched there.

Instantly astonishing thing happened. That innocent-looking baby thrust his nose under an old log he happened to be beside, and instantly a thousand little spears appeared from the hair of his coat, and he began to thrash his funny little tail from side to side. He did exactly what Prickly Porky or Mrs. Porky would have done in his place.

At the sight of those little spears Yowler's eyes grew rounder with surprise and unbelief. Of course those little spears were short and small. They didn't look very dangerous. Still Yowler hesitated. But there was no time to lose. Mrs. Porky was not so far away that he could afford to waste any time. Yowler reached out a paw and struck swiftly but not very hard. A yowl of pained surprise and disappointment startled the Green Forest.

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