A MISSION FULFILLED

CHAPTER VI.

"I Have Loved You Twenty Years."

Ronaldson had but a few words with Margherita that evening. It was after ten o'clock when he returned—a late hour for the simple fisher-folk of Capri.

The girl was waiting for him in the black shadow of a rock, out of sight of Geronimo, as he came up from the shore.

"I must not stop, signor," she said; "my mother will be wondering what is become of me."

"One minute, little Margherita, sweet Margherita! When shall I have you all to myself?" he asked as he kissed the beautiful upturned face.

Her eyes gleamed softly in the moonlight.

"If you really love me, signor——"

"Love you, Margherita? I never knew what love was before," he exclaimed, passionately, as he held her in his arms. "Tell me," he added—"you have never said it yet—tell me, Rita, that you love me."

"Yes, signor," said the girl sadly, almost solemnly, "I too love you with all my heart—ah, how can I help myself? But it would have been better not, I know."

"Why so, Margherita? You shall never have cause to repent it. You shall be treated as if you were the finest lady in my own land. Don't you believe me, don't you trust me, child?"

"Yes, signor," she replied, in the same tone, "I trust you—how could I love you otherwise? You are good and noble I believe. But ah, signor, you are not as I am—you are an English milord, and I only a poor coral girl. Suppose that you grow tired of me?"

"I will marry you, Margherita mia, I swear it."

"Ah, si, signor, if you love me you will have to marry me. The girls of our family are not loved otherwise. But will that console me if your heart be gone from me in the days to come?"

"I could never weary of you; you would always be precious to me, my darling," he exclaimed, fervently.

And he believed the words as he uttered them. Something more than the mere beauty of the girl was beginning to wind itself around his heart and bind him to her—an innate sweetness and refinement, and a range of thought and feeling that he had not expected to find in the Capri peasant girl. Barefooted, uneducated though she were, he began already to have a dim conviction that in some points of character she was his superior. And, when respect is added to love, it doubles its force to most men, and especially to men of Keith Ronaldson's nature.

"Margherita," he said, at length, thoughtfully, "have you spoken to your mother of all this?"

"No; the signor told me not!"

"No one knows of it?"

"I fear, signor, that Stefano suspects."

"Why should you fear?"

"Because, signor, Stefano would never consent. He would rather take me up and throw me into the sea to drown than consent to let me marry you."

"Upon my word!" said Keith, to whom this view of the question seemed slightly preposterous. "I should have thought it might have pleased him to see his sister made a lady of!"

"Oh, signor, you don't know Stefano. He is a good young man, but very obstinate. He is four years older than I, and he takes my father's place while he is away. He is very angry if a fisher-girl marries an artist; he says a signor should wed in his own class. He thinks that their lives cannot be happy. He has often said to me. 'Do not listen, Rita, to the signori artisti if they say pleasant words to you, for I will never allow you to mate with any but a fisherman.'"

"Geronimo, I suppose?"

"Ah, signor, chi lo sa?"

"Well," said the young Englishman, not as much impressed by Stefano's threatened opposition as he ought to have been, "had I not better tell your mother, Margherita, and she and I can settle it all very comfortably without asking Stefano's advice?"

"Settling it all comfortably," to Ronaldson's mind, simply meant a short and autocratic statement of his own intentions, accompanied by a tolerably substantial pecuniary present to clinch matters. But his companion guessed his purpose, and knew that, in her family, poor and ragged though its members might be, a wife was not to be bought and sold as in the easy fashion of savage tribes (be they English or African).

"No, no, signor," she said quickly, "do not that. Do not say anything to my mother. She would tell it all to Stefano, and he would go against it."

"Not if I were to buy him a new boat, Margherita?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"If you were to offer him twenty boats, signor. Stefano is not like that."

"Then we must keep our own counsel, Margherita."

"There is no other way, signor."

Ronaldson walked up the hill toward his hotel slowly and thoughtfully, revolving in his mind many plans. It was decidedly in a spirit of generous self-abnegation that he had proposed making public the affair; and he felt considerably relieved to find that Margherita did not approve of this course. The general comment and gossip upon the matter would have been very unpleasant to him, and he was thankful to avoid it. But, under these circumstances, he foresaw that it behooved him to act quickly, as delay might bring about discovery and opposition; and opposition from such a sturdy-minded and resolute young man as was Stefano, by his sister's portrayal might involve a good deal of unpleasantness. And Keith was a man who hated anything unpleasant, especially when it threatened to be in any way a vulgar sort of unpleasantness.

How absurd it seemed to think that there should be any opposition on the part of her family; to think that these fisher-people might object to an English gentleman of birth and means—with whom many a pretty girl of position in his own country would have been pleased to mate—marrying their daughter. "Will my people at home ever believe that, I wonder?" he asked himself, with a smile. Yet it certainly added zest to the affair to feel that it was necessary to carry off the belle of Capri with all the mystery and caution of an elopement in high life.

Was he in earnest? he asked himself. His eager heart answered him, hotly and readily. Could he draw back? No, a thousand times! He would marry the girl, as he had said, and love her truly all his life. He would never be ashamed of her; with her quick observations and natural sense of refinement, it would astonish him if she did not pick up the manners and deportment of good society with a ready ease—nay, if she did not soon learn to excel in them, with her noble carriage, her fearless demeanor, her simple dignity. No matter what her birth or bringing up, Margherita Rucci, he told himself, whether in a cotton gown or a creation of Worth's, would always look like one of nature's princesses; and the man who married her would never have to blush for her. His friends might laugh at him, his family might upbraid him before they saw her, but the sight of her would stop their mouths and answer all their arguments. So thought Keith Ronaldson, as he walked on—as he had truly told the girl herself, more desperately in love than he had ever been before in all his life.

Meanwhile, Margherita crept softly homeward, stepping from shadow to shadow of the vessels on the shore as she made her way; with a caution at once new and distasteful to her proud young spirit, toward her mother's house. She had almost reached it, when suddenly a man stepped out of one of the shadows and confronted her. The fisher-girl had never heard of nerves, and she neither started nor exclaimed.

"Good-night, Geronimo," she said, quietly, going on her way as if to pass him.

But he stood in her path.

"Will you not speak a word to me, Rita, before you go indoors?"

"It is too late, Geronimo. And what is there to say?"

"It is not too late to stay out talking to the English signor," he exclaimed, passionately.

She paused a moment, vexed and frightened that he should have discovered her secret.

"Are you a spy?" she asked, at length, haughtily. "Do you go tracking my footsteps, Geronimo Garroni?"

The young fisherman's face gleamed with fury.

"I would I had killed him this evening," he muttered, in a fierce, low tone. "I would he had been drowned!"

"This evening!" she repeated, her eyes flashing fire. "What evil deed have you been after, Geronimo Garroni, tonight?"

He had drawn the knife from his belt, and was fingering it absently.

"I will do it with this next time," he said, in the same tone; "it will be more sure. He shall not rob me of you, Margherita—I will kill him first!"

For a moment they stood looking at each other in the silent struggle for mastery of two strong natures; then the stronger of the two began to gain ground.

"Geronimo!" said the girl, calmly; and his eyes fell before hers. "Geronimo!" she repeated, more gently, her gaze still fixed upon him; and slowly and reluctantly he raised his head. "You had better kill yourself or me," she said; "for if you harm but a hair of his head, Nimo, I will loathe you all my life as the swimmer hates the devil fish—I would see you die before my eyes and I would never speak the word that would save your life! Swear to me now, Geronimo Garroni, that you will never lay a hand upon this Englishman — never by so much as a thought, do him harm—swear it now."

He turned a face toward her, haggard in the moonlight.

"I swear it! But, oh, Margherita, listen. He will never love you as I do. His love is but a pretense, a pastime. I have loved you night and day for twenty years!"

She gazed at him sorrowfully, her sudden passion already passed away.

"It is of no use, Nimo. Why do you wish for me? Why not love Teresina?"

"I don't want Teresina; I want you, oh, Margherita mia!"

"Good-night, Nimo," she said, softly. Her eyes were full of an angel's pity; but what could she do to comfort him?

So she passed on toward the wooden steps, and ascending them, disappeared within the doorway.

"I will not hurt him, I have promised," said the young man to himself, in sullen misery, as he flashed the sharp blade he held in the silvery moonlight; "but some day I will kill myself with you, my friend." Then with a sudden wail of grief, he flung himself face downward upon the hard shingle. "Ah, Margherita, Margherita mia!"

An hour later the moon set, and the cold wind howled dismally over the darkened sea; but still the prostrate figure of the young fisherman lay upon that comfortless couch. It was not until the night had almost passed, and the faint pearly gray of early dawn began to spread across the sky, that he rose up, stiff and weary, and crept homeward with lagging steps and a heavy heart.

To be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.

A SMALL COAT.—4712.

Coats are quite a necessary part of the wardrobe, and that intended for the little girl or boy must be in quite as good style as those for older wearers. Here is a little coat, very simply made, and of excellent style. It fastens in double-breasted manner, and requires no fitting except for the shoulder-seam. A double cape collar provides extra warmth over the shoulders, and adds to its attractiveness. The coat may be loosely belted in a long-waisted manner if desired. Blue or brown serge, with narrow stitched pieces finishing front, collar and sleeve edges, would prove pleasing and offer a contrast in color. A soft silk should line the coat and offer a contrast in color. Large pearl, bone or enamel buttons serve for adornment and fastening. The medium size calls for 3¼ yards of 44-inch material.

4712—Seven sizes, 5 to 12 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below.

Name ....

Street Address .....

Town .... Province .....

Measurement—Waist .....Bust .....

Age (if child's or miss' 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 miss' 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 three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

Address

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

Colds or Fevers

Are broken up in a single night, and serious illness prevented, by taking

Hood's Pills

All druggists. 25 cents.

A SNITCHER IN THE WAPPO GANG

Beats the Case While Leader Blinky Gets a Stretch.

MIDGET TOUGHS IN THE TOILS

Picture Book Weakly Intrusted to Sister Marie Spoils Good Getaway —Revenge Balked.

New York, Aug. 30.—If Blinky Loretto, leader of the Wappo gang, down on Cherry Hill, had only been wise to the snitcher he wouldn't be doing his latest "bit" in the Catholic Protectory. But Blinky, not unlike other leaders, had to be played false once and as a result, not only he, but four of his followers in the gang, found themselves in the toils yesterday morning after the snitcher got in his work.

There is one thing that is despised more than all others down on Cherry Hill and that is a snitcher. When Dago Pete Bascino was admitted to membership in the gang early in the summer nobody had the faintest idea that he would ever squeal on the mob. Although Blinky is only 10 years old, he is, nevertheless, a reader of human nature and he knew the caliber and makeup of everyone in his gang. It was Blinky himself who proposed Dago and when he was led away yesterday he admitted that it was his own fault, for he had misjudged the snitcher's makeup.

Since school closed early in the summer Blinky and his gang "made good" in all their plundering expeditions down on the Hill and elsewhere where they were accustomed to forage. A few weeks ago Blinky got hep to a good haul at 122 Nassau street, and he put the gang wise. Up on the second floor, occupied by Goodenough & Woglom, dealers in books, Blinky spotted a rare assortment of Catholic picture books, printed in Italian and English. So, one evening, when the coast was clear, the leader and his mob descended upon the place and carted off a hundred copies, eluding the vigilance of the cop on post and making an easy get-away.

The robbery was reported to the police. The sleuths of the Oak street station house hunted high and low for the culprits. They got no line on them. Yet all the time Blinky and his gang were disposing of the books among the Italians on Cherry Hill during the celebration of the feast of San Rocco. Before starting out to dispose of the plunder Blinky outlined the plan of campaign.

"I want all youse guys to spiel off yer best Ginnie wen youse goes trough de houses," Blinky commanded. "Git up agin de women folks and tell 'em dat ye're selling der books fer de priest un' dat de cush goes to Saint Roc. Dat will be a stall and none o' dem won't fall to der game. Spiel off dat choich gag for all youse is woit, and wen we sells all de books we'll git an even divvy."

Armed with these instructions, the gang sallied forth and made a house-to-house canvass on the Hill, with marked success. Within a couple of days all the books had been disposed of. The proceeds of the plunder were equally divided among all the Wappos who had participated in the robbery, and a good time was enjoyed by all hands.

Careless Pete.

Now, it so happened that the snitcher's sister Marie feasted her eyes on one of the books and begged of Dago Pete that he let her have it. He was reluctant about giving up the book, for Blinky had cautioned them all not to leave any of the books around their homes, because as he well knew from past experiences stolen property in one's possession is very often damning evidence. But Dago Pete finally gave in to his sister and allowed her to take the book.

Yesterday Marie was sitting on the sidewalk in front of her home down on the Hill, when Detective James O'Sullivan, of the Oak street station house, happened along and chanced to look at the book. It was of the same kind that had been stolen from the Nassau street establishment, and the sleuth, after making scientific deductions, came to the conclusion that Marie's treasure was part of the booty. O'Sullivan asked the child where she got the book and she told him. Then the gum shoe man went in search of Dago Pete. The lad, who is only 8 years old, was found playing in his back yard. O'Sullivan prompt put him through the third degree; but Pete lied like a pirate and swore in the name of the good Saint Roc' that a boy had given him the book.

Suddenly something came over the lad and he snitched, not only confessing his own guilt, but squealing on the whole bunch. He told how Blinky had planned the robbery and the disposition of the plunder. He also told the names of all the members of the gang who were implicated, and it was then an easy matter for O'Sullivan to round up the bunch. Blinky, whose first name is Tony, put up an awful howl when he was apprehended and accused of the crime. He was taken up to the Oak street station house, and there confronted by Dago Pete, who then and there again reiterated that Blinky, himself and the other members of the gang had turned the trick off.

"You ain't agone un snitched, Dago, did youse?" asked Blinky, in the back room of the station house. "Do youse mean ter say dat youse squealed on de bunch?"

Dago Pete had nothing to say. He hung his head in shame and turned away from the glaring looks of his leader.

"Well, I guess de jig is up," said Blinky; "it's all off, fellers; Dago's a snitcher. I trow up me hands. It's de Protectory fer mine ag'in. Youse guys 'll have ter do de best yer kin. Youse may be able ter beat de case, but de snitcher's fixed me all right, all right."

Played Them False.

Two other members of the band, Gimpy Jimmy Barrino, 9 years old, and Dopey Shierico, 8 years, finally broke down, too, and confessed their part in the robbery, after it became known that the Snitcher had squealed. There was no getting away from it. The Snitcher had played them false, and there wasn't a "ghost of a chanct of foolin' de cops." The lads told where they had sold the books, and the Snitcher even went so far as to tell the police how they had played upon the good Italian mothers down on Cherry Hill in telling them that the books were sent out by the Italian priest in the basement of St. James' Church. The detectives recovered about fifty or sixty of the books and turned them over to the Nassau street firm.

Yesterday Blinky, the Snitcher and the two Wappos were arraigned before Justice McAvoy, of special sessions, in the children's court. There Blinky was immediately recognized as an old offender, and the superintendent of the Gerry Society got up and read the long criminal record of the Wappo leader. Although only 10 years of age, Blinky has done four stretches in the Catholic Protectory and one in the truant school.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" asked Justice McAvoy. "You seem to be a very, very bad boy."

"It's dis way, jedge," Blinky began; "de cops is always a-houndin' me. Everyting dat's done down on de Hill dey blames on me. I done four bits in de protectory, and I went away in de wrong every time. Dey never had de goods on me. Dis time, dough, I ain't a-tryin' to fourflush or hand youse a lemmin. Dey got me right dis time, and I ain't a-tryin' to make no excuse date I didn't do nothin'. But say, jedge, wot do youse tink of a guy dat snitches? Lots o' times I went and takes up fights fer dis Dago Pete wen he was gettin' his block knocked off. I does bunches of odder tings fer him, and dis is wot I gits for bein' his whacker. Dis is de limit!"

"There is no doubt, Tony," said Justice McAvoy, "that Peter snitched, as you say, but he did right. Now, I'm going to send you back to the protectory for a good long time, and I hope when you come out you'll be a better boy."

Blinky never moved an eye. He had expected to be sent back to the protectory before he was arraigned. There was no surprise when the sentence was announced. He never whimpered a bit, and all he said as he was being led out of the court room was:

"I hopes de Snitcher comes up dere wid me. He'll git all dat's comin' to him. De blokes up in de protectory'll hand him a few lemmins wen dey knows dat he snitched on de bunch. He'll git it all right, and I'll just be a-waitin' fer him. It I don't wallop de divil out o' him the foist chanct I gits me name's not Blinky."

Blinky's hopes were shattered for Justice McAvoy took into consideration the fact that Blinky was responsible for the marauding expeditions from the Hill, and that he was the one who led the boys into trouble. He let the Snitcher and the other two lads off on parole. The court told the youngsters that if they got into any more trouble he would send them along with Blinky, and cautioned them to resign their membership in the Wappo gang if they wanted to keep out of the clutches police.

While Blinky was waiting to be taken to the protectory he was told that Dago Pete had been released on parole. Blinky's eyes fell, and for a few seconds he couldn't talk. When he finally found his voice all he could say was:

"Wot? De Snitcher beats de case and I gits a stretch fer de whole bunch! Well I'll be damned!"

YOU SAY "BECAUSE."

And If There Is Any Cause Your Money Will Be Returned.

Trained cutters, so many of them are they that you would be surprised cut out each individual Semi-ready suit. The size and physique type of the pattern are carefully chosen. These are prepared by the chief designer and his assistants. When the garment is being made it is examined by inspectors at eleven different stages, and when the chief inspector has finally passed upon the workmanship, style and quality, the Semi-ready trademark and the selling price is sewn on the inside of each pocket. The treatment means "We guarantee your money will be returned to you for any cause." The head office in Montreal gives the guarantee. .. J. A. GILKER.

ROYAL BABY CHRISTENED

Kaiser's Grandson Has Six Names, the First Being William.

Potsdam, Prussia, Aug. 30.—The son of Crown Prince Frederick William was baptized this afternoon in the so-called Jaspis gallery of the new palace, which had been arranged as a chapel, in the presence of the whole of the royal family, and many visiting princes, princesses and special ambassadors.

After the ceremony the Crown Princess Sophie, seated beside the cradle, held a levee. A dinner followed in the Marble Hall, at which Emperor William toasted his first grandchild.

The streets, houses and public buildings in Potsdam and Berlin were decorated with flags in honor of the christening, and the streets were filled with animated crowds.

HOW TO COLLECT TAXES.

Sharon, Pa., Aug. 30.—Sharon tax collectors seem to have solved the question of how to collect school tax from foreigners employed in the mills here.

Working with the paymaster's department in the several mills, a dollar has been withheld from each foreign laborer's pay envelope, and last Saturday the borough came out about $1,000 ahead. The foreigners are much incensed.

Special Train To Toronto Exhibition.

On Aug. 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6, special trains will leave London at 9 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 p.m., and stopping at Exhibition grounds. Special rate of $2 55 for round trip will be in effect on these dates, and rate of $3 40 will be in effect daily from Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. All tickets valid returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 11. Call at Grand Trunk City Office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets, for tickets and full particulars. 14m

G. T. R. Special to Toronto Sept. 1, 4, 6.

Leaving London at 9 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 p.m., stopping at Exhibition grounds. Low rate of $2 55 for round trip will be in effect on dates of special train service, and rate of $3 40 in effect daily from Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. All tickets valid returning until Sept. 11. Call at City Office, or Depot Ticket Office, for tickets and further information. 14m

What the country needs more than anything else is an increase per capita of common sense.

When a thing is too good to be true look out for the double back action attachment.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

An Authoritative Display of New Fall Walking Skirts

When you come here Saturday you will see a faithful interpretation of the fall styles in Walking Skirts.

These skirts arrived but a day or so ago and embody all the latest fashion features.

Come and see the materials and color fashion fancies, the clever new designs, the different ways of employing buttons, pleats, etc., for trimmings.

These skirts are built of high-grade fabrics—built right too—made to wear, to keep their shapely appearance, to satisfy you in ever way.

Every skirt is guaranteed to be thoroughly shrunk, sponged and sewn with silk. All have tape seams. A careful inspection will show you how faultlessly they are made.

Remember our prices are always the kind that triumph in a comparison test. Buy here and your money goes farther.

A smart style, in all Wool Gray Tweed, overchecked with black. 13 gore flare skirt, with strappings, finished with buttons to form yoke, overlapping seams. Inverted pleat in back **$6.50**

You'll admire this one in black and brown overcheck. 9 gore, pleated skirt, with stitched seams. Folds of self, finished with buttons in front, around foot of skirt. Inverted pleat down back **$6.50**

Very stylish skirt of all-wool Venetian, black navy and raspberry; stitched seams, panel front, box-pleated sides. Finished with folds of self to form, ornamental designs around front skirt. Special **$6.00**

A splendid skirt for $5. Comes in mixed tweed; 15 gore, inverted pleated style, stitched half way down, from which points the pleats flare. A eader at **$5.00**

$3 TO $6 SKIRTS, SATURDAY FOR $2.

A clearance of odd lines, all dark shades; 30 only in the lot. Be early sure. Original prices $3 to $6. Saturday only **$2.00**

New Cashmerettes

Fine, even twill, cream grounds with the fashionable red, black and blue polka dots; also, unique Paisley patterns in light and dark colors. Some black grounds with white polka dots and fancy figured designs. Fast colors. Special **12½c**

Shaker Flannel Blankets

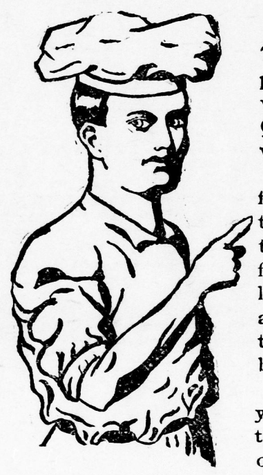
White and gray, with assorted colored borders, all sizes in stock. Save money by purchasing now before advance in prices.

Buy Now

White Wool Blankets

Every pair selected from the large range we are showing will please both as regards quality and value. Every pair clean and fresh. No soiled blankets or left-overs from last season.

150 Dundas and Carling. **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling.



IF YOU READ

The series of advertisements which will appear in this paper every other week, pointing out the many points in which our brands, "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN," are superior to any ordinary bakers' flour, you will see that it will pay you to use these brands.

All we ask you to do is to read the series carefully from first to last—weigh the statements made—compare the advantages you can obtain by using our brands with the worry and anxiety you must have with ordinary flour—consider the reputation we have already established for uniformity and purity in flour, and then send us a trial order—and you will be pleased, and will realize that the time spent in considering the matter has been by no means wasted.

We want your trade. You want our brands—though you may not know it. Can't we get together through the medium of these advertisements and do business to our mutual benefit?

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL. Limited.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

wrong starch and elbow grease make ironing day trouble day

Put a hot iron on fabric well-starched with the right starch and what happens? The heat swells every little atom of the starch—like when you pop corns. As it swell it fills the pores of the fabric and the whole surface is smooth as glass, almost.

Rub the iron along that surface and the heat melts the little cells. As they melt, the polish follows the iron's trail. That's with the one right starch—Celluloid Starch. Needn't even cook it—use it as the package says—use hot irons—iron lightly. Does starched work better in half the time common starch will.

Use the wrong starch and you have to rub the fabric to rags, almost; wear yourself out, almost; rub and rub and rub. Simply because the starch cells won't swell as they should. That's why you have so much bother with starched things now—you don't use the right starch right. 403

Celluloid Starch saves work and spares fabric

needn't cook it
never sticks

A London Woman

Home Testimony in an Interesting Matter.

Mrs. Walter Steels, of 927 Dufferin avenue, says:

"I have given Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill to my 7-year-old daughter, Beatrice, with the best results. This spring she complained a great deal of her stomach, had no appetite, was spiritless, peevish and bilious. I heard how Anti-Pill was good for children so I immediately procured a box, giving them to her occasionally. They worked like a charm. She picked up and in no time was her own bright self again. Since then she has never complained of her stomach in any way. Her appetite is real good again, and I believe she is entirely cured of biliousness and other troubles.

"I have used Anti-Pill with the other children, and have also taken some myself, and find they are about the mildest tablets, causing no inconvenience whatever, for the stomach and bowels."

MRS. WALTER STEELS."

The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

C. P. R. Special Rates To Toronto Exhibition.

Going on any regular train, Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4, and 6; $2 55. Going on any other date, Aug. 27 to Sept. 8, $3 40. All tickets good to return on or before Sept. 11. For tickets and full information call at C. P. R. Ticket Office, corner Dundas and Richmond, or at Depot Ticket Office. 17h

Iceland's fishermen have taken to using motor boats in their business. Automobiles and motor boats have also made their way to Helsingfors, Finland.

USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.—In winter and in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Major E. C. Duncan, in an article for the Popular Science Monthly, dissents from the popular theory that volcanoes "are the chimneys of the world," and is convinced that they are situated over lava reservoirs, "rarely over three miles deep."

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, summer complaint, sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.