

Red Rose Tea "Is Good Tea"

If you use it you know
it is good. Will you
tell your friends?

A Prince of Sinners

By Phillips Oppenheim.
Author of "A Lost Leader," "The
Malefactor," "Makka of
History," etc.

"A very interesting letter," Lord Arranmore remarked. "Well?"

Brooks crumpled the letter up and flung it into the waste-paper basket.

"Lord Arranmore," he said, "I made this inquiry behind your back, and in a sense I am ashamed of having done so. Yet I beg of you to put yourself in my position. You must admit that my father's disappearance from the world was a little extraordinary. He was a man whose life was more than exemplary—it was saintly. For years after year he worked in the police courts amongst the criminal classes. His whole life was one long record of splendid devotion. His health at last broke down, and he is sent by his friends for a voyage to Australia. He never returns. Years afterward his papers and particulars of his death are sent home from one of the loneliest spots in the empire. A few weeks ago you found me out and told me of his last days. You see what I must believe. That he willfully deserted his wife and son—myself. Then he went into lonely and inexplicable solitude for no apparent or possible reason. That he misused the money subscribed by his friends in the manner in which he took this trip to Australia. Was ever anything more irreconcilable?"

"From your point of view—perhaps not," Lord Arranmore answered. "You must enlarge it."

"Will you tell me how?" Brooks demanded.

Lord Arranmore stifled a yawn. He had the air of one wearied by a pro-

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8521—A Dainty Morning Jacket

In this dainty model for a dressing jacket, the front, back and sleeves are cut in one piece. An unusually trim neat appearance is given at the waist line by the fullness being gathered into a smoothly-fitted peplum, finished by a belt of ribbon-run beading. The style is adaptable to such materials as lawn, batiste, dotted swiss, and cotton crepe. The pattern is cut in three sizes—small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 24-inch material.

Pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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Name

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Measurement—Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is best 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 "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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

ness discussion.

"Well," he said, "I might certainly suggest a few things. Who was your trustee or guardian, or your father's man of business?"

"As a matter of fact," said Brooks, "I am not sure of the name of the man of business."

"Exactly. Your father saw him, of course, prior to his departure from England."

"Well, is it not a fact that instead of making a will your father made over by deed of gift the whole of his small income to your mother in trust for you?"

"Yes, he did that," Brooks admitted.

Lord Arranmore shrugged his shoulders.

"Think that over," he remarked. "Doesn't that suggest his already half-formed intention never to return?"

"It never struck me in that way," Brooks answered.

"Yet it is obvious," Lord Arranmore said. "Now, I happen to know from your father himself that he never intended to go to Australia, and he never intended to return to England. He sailed instead by an Allan liner from Liverpool to Quebec under the name of Francis. He went straight to Montreal, and he stayed there until he had spent the greater part of his money. Then he drifted out west. There is his history for you in a few words."

A sudden light flashed in Brooks' eyes.

"He told you that he left England meaning never to return? Then you have the key to the whole thing. Why not?"

"That is what I want to know. Why not?"

"I do not know," Lord Arranmore answered coolly. "He never told me."

Brooks felt a sudden chill of disappointment. Every vestige of color slowly left his face.

"Mr. Brooks," he said, "I have told you all that I know. You have asked me a question which I have not been able to answer. I can, however, give you some advice which will guide you to the answer. Some advice which will do you well to follow. Shall I go on?"

"If you please!"

"Do not seek to unravel any further what may seem to you to be the mystery of your father's disappearance from the world. Depend upon it, his life had excellent reasons for it. If he had wished you to know them he would have communicated with you. Remember, I was with your father during his last days—and this is my advice to you."

Brooks pointed downward to the crumpled ball of paper.

"That letter!" he exclaimed.

Lord Arranmore shrugged his shoulders.

"I can scarcely see its significance," he said. "It is not even my word against Lacroix's. I sent you all your graphs and keepsakes known to belong to him. In what possible way could it benefit me to mislead you?"

"The telephone on Brooks' table rang, and for a moment or two he found himself, with mechanical set-possession, attending to some unimportant question. When he replaced the receiver Lord Arranmore had resumed his seat, but was drawing on his gloves.

"Come," he said, "let us resume our business talk. I have made you an offer. What have you to say?"

Brooks pointed to the waste paper basket.

"I did a mean action," he said. "I am ashamed of it. Do you mean that your offer remains open?"

"Certainly," Lord Arranmore answered. "That little affair is not worth mentioning. I should probably have done the same."

"Well, I am not altogether a medical man," Brooks declared smiling, "so I will only say that I accept your offer gratefully—and I will do my very best to deserve your confidence."

Lord Arranmore rose and stood with his hands behind him, looking out of the window.

"Very good," he said. "I will send for Ascoug to come down from town, and we must meet one day next week at Morrison's office, and go over matters thoroughly. That reminds me, Bushier, my head bailiff, will be in to see you this afternoon. There are a dozen lease to be seen to at once, and everything had better come here until the arrangements are concluded."

"I shall be in all the afternoon," Brooks answered, still a little dazed.

"And Thursday," Lord Arranmore concluded, "you dine and sleep at Enton. I hope we shall have a good day's sport. The carriage will fetch you at 6:30. Good-morning."

Lord Arranmore walked out with a little nod, but on the threshold he paused and looked back.

"By the bye, Brooks," he said, "do try to remember my meeting you in a little tea shop almost the day after I first called upon you."

"Quite well," Brooks answered.

"You had a young lady with you?"

"Yes, I was with Miss Scott."

Lord Arranmore's hand fell from the handle. His eyes seemed to flash with fire of fierce questioning. He moved a step forward into the room.

"Miss Scott? Who is she?"

Brooks was hopelessly bewildered, and showed it.

"She lives with her uncle in Medchester. He is a builder and timber merchant."

Lord Arranmore was silent for a moment.

"Her father, then, is dead?" he asked.

"He died abroad, I think," Brooks answered, "but I really am not sure."

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Best Yeast
in the World
Sold and
Used
Everywhere

E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

know very little of any of them."

Lord Arranmore turned away.

"She is the image of a man I once knew," he remarked, "but after all the type is not an uncommon one. You won't forget that Bushier will be in this afternoon. He is a very intelligent fellow for his class, and you may find it worth your while to ask him a few questions. Until Thursday, then."

"Until Thursday," Brooks repeated, mechanically.

CHAPTER XI.

"Who the Devil is Brooks?"

"To be three!" declared Sydney Molyneux, sinking into a low couch, "to be downright dead dog-tired is the most delightful thing in the world. Will someone give me some tea?"

Brooks laughed softly from his place in front of the open fire. A long day in the north-west wind had driven the cobwebs from his brain, and brought the burning color to his cheeks. His eyes were bright, and his laughter was like a bell.

"And you," he exclaimed, "are fresh from electroneering. Why, fatigue like this is a luxury."

"Molyneux lit a cigarette and looked longingly at the cigarette set out on the middle of the hall.

"That is all very well," he said, "but there is a wide difference between the two forms of exercise. In electroneering one can exercise his brain, and his brain is never weary. O. S. is the most stupendous exertion. It is my legs that fail me sometimes. Here she comes, Lady Caroom at last. Why does she look as though she had seen a ghost?"

That great staircase at Enton came right into the hall. A few steps from the bottom Lady Caroom had halted, and her appearance was certainly a little unusual. Every vestige of color had left her cheeks. Her right hand was clutching the oak banisters, her eyes were fixed upon Brooks, and he stepped forward to meet her.

"How do you do, Lady Caroom?" he asked.

"We are all in the shadows here," she said. "Molyneux is crying out for his tea."

She resumed her progress and greeted Brooks graciously. Almost at the same moment a footman brought a lamp, and the tea was served. Lady Caroom glanced again with a nervous curiosity at the young man who stood by her side.

"You are a little earlier than we expected," she remarked, seating herself before the breakfast table.

"Sybil, she is dying to congratulate you, Mr. Brooks. Is Arranmore here?"

"We left him in the gun room," Molyneux answered. "He is coming directly."

Sybil Caroom, in a short skirt and a jaunty hat, came towards Brooks with outstretched hand.

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "I only wish that it had been nine thousand instead of nine hundred. You deserved it."

Brooks laughed heartily.

"Well, we were satisfied to win the seat," he declared.

Molyneux leaned forward tea cup in hand.

"Our old man deserved it," he remarked. "You didn't knock him silly? Upon my word, I don't think that any one had cheek stupendous enough to humiliate a constituency like Henslow did. It took my breath away to read his speeches."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Brooks.

"Of course, I do. What I can't understand is how people can swallow such stuff, election after election. Doesn't every Radical candidate get up and talk in the same maudlin way—about the state of the country, about the state of the world, about the state of the nation? And when he gets into Parliament is there a more conservative person on the face of the earth than the Radical member pledged to social reform? He'll do nothing. He'll attempt nothing! Silly farce, politics, I think."

Lady Caroom laughed softly.

[To Be Continued.]

GOT AN INJUNCTION

Strange Reasons for Opposing Water Meter Regulation.

Chatham, Ont., June 9.—The S. Hadley Company and William A. Hadley, through their solicitor, M. Wilson, K. C., have issued an injunction to restrain the water board from enforcing the new meter regulations for factories in the city.

The writ is issued on the grounds that the water board, one of the commissioners, has not proper qualifications, and that Mayor Westman, chairman of the water board, is interested in the plumbing business.

The writ was accepted by Judge Dowling this morning, and the notice will be served on the commissioners immediately.

AMERICAN MEATS BARRED

And No Chance of the Germans Letting Down the Bars.

Berlin, June 9.—American packing interests, which have been living in the hope that the approaching tariff negotiations with Germany would result in an extortion of concessions upon their products, are destined to be disappointed.

The Kaiser's Government will in no circumstances consider the letting down of the bars which now so effectively deprive the fatherland of the privilege of eating American meats.

The ambition which the Chicago packing combine cherished of regaining the million dollars which it formerly enjoyed in Germany will therefore not be realized. If Germany consents to grant any favors, it is declared, they will take some form that is a relaxation of the prevailing exclusion laws against American meats.

Such of them as seek to enter the German market now are subject to a tax amounting on the average to 4½ cents a pound. This is largely made up of heavy inspection charges at the port of entry, the Teutonic authorities insisting upon a rigorous microscopic inspection on this side, without regard to the fact that the meats arrive here with the United States Government inspection certificate already upon them. The tax is, of course, prohibitive, and the American packing trade has dwindled as a consequence to insignificant proportions, such as oleomargarine and lard.

The result of these meat exclusion laws has been artificially to increase the cost of domestic meats to a point where it constitutes a luxury for the working classes. The Agrarian element, however, reaps handsome profits, and as it is the hand that rocks the German cradle of state, there is, of course, little prospect that the laws will be relaxed for the benefit of American competitors.

CHURCH UNION ADOPTED MANY WOULD LEAVE

Startling Situation Arises at the Presbyterian General Assembly—Home Mission Debate.

Hamilton, June 9.—The Presbyterian General Assembly was this afternoon created to a startling situation, when a score of ministers and laymen, being some of the most prominent taking part in the assembly, made formal protests against church union and avowed that should the proposed union be adopted, they would sever their connection with the church.

Those who handed in their names were: Dr. Sedgewick, Principal MacKay, Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. T. W. Taylor, Revs. A. H. Drumm, Jos. McCoy, J. O. Rolison, Wm. Forbes, R. J. Douglas, G. McNamara and Messrs. J. R. Reid, Ottawa; J. A. Lawson, Charlottetown; A. S. MacGregor, L. D. Thomas, Irving, A. T. McIntosh, T. W. Pritchard, Dr. Smellie, McDonald, K. C. Kingston; Dr. Smellie, Fort William; J. W. Lowry, Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., and Thomas Taylor, Hamilton.

At the afternoon's session a discussion on the condition of the mission-aries of the church was started by Rev. J. S. Shortt, of Calgary, who introduced the following request from the Synod of Alberta:

"That the assembly take into consideration the whole matter of guaranteeing in full all salaries of missionaries and leave for confirmation of the synods the results of its deliberation with the reasons set forth in the conclusions reached; and also in clearly and fully inform all missionaries at the time of their appointment as to the terms upon which they are engaged."

He said many of the charges had failed to pay their share of the salary of missionaries, and as a face the grave of hardships.

Mr. A. McLennan, of the Hatfield, pointed out that many of the missionaries had personally applied to members of the church for money in order to save their real estate and life insurance in order to make a living.

Presbyteries Blamed.

Rev. Dr. McLaren, the home mission secretary, said the blame did not rest with the home missions board, but with the presbyteries, who had failed to enforce discipline. In every case, he said, when a hardship had been reported the board had done its best to remedy it.

Rev. J. H. Chisholm said the church's responsibility for the hardships of missionaries was not confined to the board, but to the presbyteries, who had failed to enforce discipline. In every case, he said, when a hardship had been reported the board had done its best to remedy it.

Rev. Andrew Edgington, Chatham, said the methods of the church to its missionaries were notorious, and it was the most humiliating known in any church in the world. He alleged that the missionaries' grievances had been brought up before, but attempts at getting them remedied had been thwarted.

Rev. J. W. McNamara, Drayton, held that the bad treatment accorded to missionaries was not confined to the board, but to the presbyteries, who had failed to enforce discipline. In every case, he said, when a hardship had been reported the board had done its best to remedy it.

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CAUCASIAN PRINCES PUNISH THEIR WIVES

Two Beauties From Tiflis Find Their Husbands Are Vengeful Men.

Berlin, June 9.—Letters from Tiflis, the Caucasian capital, tell of the fate of two princesses who possessed the "fatal beauty" that has filled the harems with their countrywomen.

Prince Stranitski, enormously wealthy and owning a superb palace in Tiflis, a stern, silent, retiring man, has a wife inclined to be frivolous. To prove how little he knows of woman nature the prince tried to suppress her disposition by keeping her in seclusion. Soon he suspected that the princess was engaged in an intrigue with the manager of his estates, the only man who was permitted to approach her. Stranitski set spies on the princess and the manager. They were talking together harmlessly enough one evening recently, when the prince and his servants seized them. Then the prince perpetrated a remarkable vengeance on his wife that none but an eastern mind could have conceived.

Vengeance of Prince.

She was dragged to her apartment, where he was waiting for her. In successive windings of sacking and he watched and directed the operation until she was swathed like a mummy. Her head was covered with enough perforations to admit air. The "bundle," for such the helpless lady dressed to a wholesale butcher whose place of business is some seventy miles from Tiflis.

The "mummy" was driven to the railway station, placed in a freight car and duly shipped to its destination. Arrived there the car was shut down. In her terrible plight the princess lay twelve hours until the butcher carried his "freight" to his shop.

The princess was senseless, nearly dead from suffocation. When she told the incredible story, she was taken to a sanatorium in Tiflis where the learned physicians naturally decided that her mind was unimpaired. There she remains.

The manager was carried to a cell under the palace, where he died of starvation.

Another Georgian prince, Leonidze, had good reason to doubt his wife's loyalty. He and his retainers seized the princess at dead of night and imprisoned her in a mountain cave. He supplied her, accustomed to every luxury, with a bundle of straw and made her household utensils, and twice a day provisions were taken to her which she was to cook.

For three months Princess Leonidze lived in the cave. Then her husband thought it was time she should receive the ministrations of the village priest who had confirmed her.

The good man prayed with his penitent for several weeks. Then the prince sent a physician to examine the state of his wife's mind. When this man of science declared she had "come to her senses" the prince sent a troop of his tenants on horseback to escort his wife with all honors to his palace.

J. P. MORGAN TO REORGANIZE ROAD

\$25,000,000 Required To Turn Chicago Great Western Into New Company.

New York, June 10.—J. P. Morgan & Co. yesterday announced a proposed reorganization of the Chicago Great Western Railway Company.

It is intended to form a new company which will issue \$25,000,000 of first mortgage 5½ per cent bonds, and \$40,000,000 of preferred stock and \$40,000,000 common. The total requirements will approximate \$25,000,000.

A voting trust consisting of J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker and Robert Fleming, the latter representing the more important of the foreign interests, is created for a period of five years.

GRAB ASQUITH

Suffragettes Follow Premier to County Place and Assault Him on Links.

London, June 9.—The suffragettes are being driven to extreme methods to advertise themselves. Determined to carry out their expressed intention of meeting the Earl of Crewe, the colonial minister, if he attended the dinner which was to be given him by the press circle of the Ladies' Suffrage Club, the dinner had to be abandoned.

Premier Asquith, during the Whitsuntide recess, went to a remote part of Devonshire for a much needed rest, but was followed by members of the Pankhurst branch of the organization. On Monday, when the premier was playing golf on the links, several women grabbed him by the arms when he was actually playing, calling him coward and other choice epithets.

Mr. Asquith realized that if he personally used force to free his arms or defend himself he would be denounced, but his caddy did not hesitate to drive the suffragettes off the links.

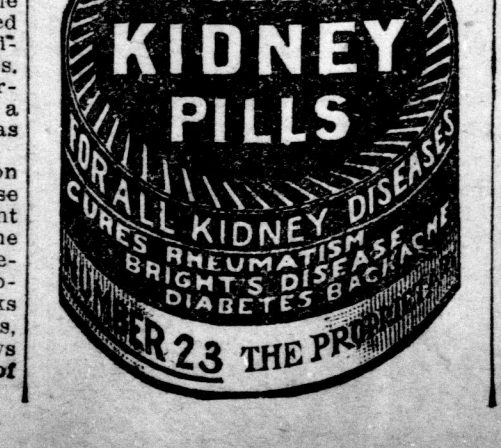
Next morning the flower beds and bushes of the lawn of the house where the premier minister was staying were littered with suffragette posters and leaflets, thrown there during the night by the tormentors. The women of the adjoining village, hearing of the insult, offered to the premier minister, arranged to catch the suffragettes and duck them in a horse pond, and suffragettes, getting wind of the plot, decamped.

DIXIE WEDS.

New York, June 10.—Henry E. Dixey, famous on the stage for nearly a quarter of a century, married Miss Marie Nordstrum, leading woman of the "May Jane's Pa" company, of which Mr. Dixey was the star, to become public today. The marriage is said to have taken place at least three weeks ago.

HEALING CATARRHOZES COMES WHEN COUGH SYRUPS FAIL.

They slip quickly over the sore irritated membranes, drop into the stomach and do little else but harm digestion. It's different with Catarrhoxone—you inhale it. Every breath sends healing balsams to the inflamed tissues. Tightness, soreness and inflammation are cured by healing pine essences. The cough goes away, throat is strengthened, huskiness is cured. Nothing so simple, so convenient, so certain to cure as Catarrhoxone. Try it. Twenty-five-cent and one-dollar sizes. Sold everywhere.



The new white bar

CANADA'S BEST

Your clothes will last longer if washed with "Canada's Best"—a strictly pure white soap—than if washed with yellow laundry soaps which are always loaded with resin—an adulterant that rots and shortens the life of clothes.

"Canada's Best"—the 5c. bar of soap-purity.

UNITED SOAP CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Pure laundry soap

When your stomach goes out of business eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

for ten mornings—then keep on eating it. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

Money Loaned On Property

Money quickly loaned on improved farm or city property. Liberal terms of repayment, without renewal charges. Land appraisal free. No inconvenience—no publicity. Call or write.

THE ONTARIO LOAN AND DEBENTURE CO.

A. M. Smart, Manager
Dundas St. - Market Lane.

LITERARY NOTES

"OUTDOOR CANADA."

The June issue of Outdoor Canada, just from the press, is a splendid specimen of the sort of literature that should go into the hands of Canadians, young and old, at this season of the year. It is an outing number and the forty-eight pages with handsome colored cover are laden with articles and illustrations that have in them the spirit of the great outdoors. You can't read this month's issue of Outdoor Canada without feeling that not only is Canada a good country to live in, but that every Canadian owes it to himself to live, not exist. Holiday trips are suggested, the experiences of others who have travelled the great green wood ways and the sparkling water routes, are given and the illustrations used simply make one hunger to go and do likewise. The regular departments of the magazine are as interesting as the special articles. The series from the pen of Prof. D. M. Barton, on athletics. The magazine is on sale at newsdealers everywhere, or may be secured from the office of publication, Spectator Building, Hamilton. It is a big ten cents' worth.

MISS WYNNE TO WED.

London, June 9.—Ida M. Wynne, second daughter of Robert J. Wynne, the American ambassador general in London, will be married about the middle of June to Hugh Ronald French, a first lieutenant in the Seventh (Princess of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, one of the crack regiments of the British army. The date of the wedding is being advanced owing to the approaching re-advance of America of Mr. Wynne and his family.

UNHEALTHY WOMEN

LOSE COLOR, CONSTANTLY WEARY, LOOK WRINKLED, HOLLOW.