Scientists Prove Wheat Is Best Food

THE natural food of mankind is *wheat*. This fact was recognised centuries ago. Scientists prove now what the ancients knew by instinct; they have analyzed *wheat* and found that it contains every food element required for perfect health.

Malta-Vita is made from choicest whole white *wheat*, in which the starch has been converted by pure malt extract into nourishing maltose, ready for immediate assimilation. Then it is flaked, baked, and packed in sealed, air-tight packages, in the cleanest food factory in the world. It does not cause distress of stomach or bowels, or tax the weakest digestion.

"I had been a sufferer from nervous debility and indigestion for several years, without benefit or relief from various tonics and other medical prescriptions used. Imagine my surprise when, a short time after beginning the use of Malta-Vita, I became aware of its beneficial effects by the gradual disappearance of my long-standing ailment. Malta-Vita is incomparable in its nourishing, digestive and strengthening qualities and is deserving of the greatest praise." P. Gersper, Barnesville, Ohio.

It keeps healthy people well better than any other food and often has made ailing people well when medicines failed to do so.

All Grocers, 10 cents.

Out of the Darkness

And yet it was more than two years since she had lost him—and it had been but a nine days' wonder after all—and Robert had written a letter such as few women could have resisted, and had shown her his heart with such a depth of passionate love in it that she might well weep and wring her hands, knowing that it was in vain.

What it had cost him to write it! and yet every line was tinged with hopelessness akin to despair. It was as though he knew that he tried his fate in vain, and still could not resist the attempt.

"What you will say, or what you will think, I dare not pause to ask myself, or I should never send this; but something within me forces me to speak, and demands to be heard. If I cannot wring an answer from you now, perhaps the coming years may do something for me; not that I can afford to wait, God knows, for I am growing old and gray before my time with all this misery, but because I love you so, Rotha, with every fiber of my being, with every thought of my heart, as I have never — dear Belle, sweet saint, you know it now—loved or could love any other woman."

Well may she tremble and cover up her face with her hands, and cry out that it must be a mistake—Robert! Gar's brother!—and then calm herself with saying the dear name over and over again. Does she feel now, as she must have done, that Gar was but a boy compared to this man? She reads on, page after page. Ah! he does not spare himself. She can hardly bear to read the generous self-accusing — the many acts of his past cruelty which he brings back to her recollections; it was as though he strove to humiliate himself even in her sight. Never, he tells her, has he forgiven himself—never is her face, so sweet and reproachful, absent from his mind for one moment; and then he speaks of the long atonement, of the dreary evenings when he and his remorse are brought face to face, and how little by little he feels himself purified by suffering, and more worthy to address her.

"Not that my pride would even now tell you this," he finished, "if I did not know that I might any day command an independent position in England. But, Rotha, unless I grow weak—which I may, heaven knows, seeing to what I have come—I have almost sworn that nothing but you can ever recall me; but speak that word, Rotha, and I come.

"Yours, through and through, however you may scorn my love.—Robert Ord."

Ah, well may she make herself nearly ill with weeping, and creep to her bed that her faithful Meg may not guess the cause of her grief. Not for days—days during which her white weary looks move the vicar and his wife to compassion, not unmixed with curiosity—does she write her answer. "She is in trouble," she tells them; but begs them earnestly not to ask her why, and then goes and sits among her children till her sweet face grows calm and serene again. But that is not until she has written to him, not until she has penned a few lines with many tears, in which she tells him that she loves him dearly, dearly; that she will pray for him, and think of him day and night, but that she cannot forget Gar. No, she cannot, she cannot! And then bids God bless him for his faithful friend and sister.—Rotha.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

But another episode occurred shortly which disturbed Rotha not a little, and which for a short time broke up the tranquillity of Bryn.

It was about four or five months after the Children's Home had been established. So far the trial had been a success. Nine children had been received as patients, and Rotha was now at work in earnest.

Everyone who saw it—and visitors were numerous during the first few weeks—said that the home was admirably managed, as indeed it was.

Of course, Rotha's time was greatly taken up, and an afternoon or an evening at the vicarage became a rare treat. In general it was understood that Meg and she were to have their evenings free, and to spend them together in the old way, but often Meg stopped till the little ones were safely tucked up in their dormitories. Meg used to sing the Evening Hymn with the children, and then come out through the sweet summer air to meet Rotha going to or from church. Rotha used to smile, but she never reproached Meg for her delay. She knew that Meg began to center all her happiness within those cottage walls. The children loved Meg almost more than they did Rotha. She told them quaint stories when they sat among the sandhills, and she could carry two or three together in her strong arms when they were tired. When the children were sick they always asked Meg to come and sing to them. Meg could sing them "Ye faire one with ye goldene locks" as well as she could "The Three Kings" and the Manger songs. Rotha, returning for her afternoon, would peep in sometimes into the refectory, as it was called, and find Meg sitting on the floor with the children swarming round her, telling the story of "Henny Penny," or "Goody Two Shoes," or the "Little Tiny, Tiny Woman"—kittens and children and Meg, and sometimes Rotha's little gray Skye Fidgets, all in a chaotic mass together. The youngest child there, a mere baby, would clap her hands and say "Meg" if asked whom she loved, though she always finished with "Meg, and little mother, too, and Meg loves Annie."

One cloudy afternoon late in October Meg had occasion to go into Blackscar on some business connected with the home. Rotha, remaining on duty during her absence, was sitting writing in the mother's room, with baby Annie fast asleep at her feet, when there was a quick, light tap at the door, and the vicar entered.

"I thought Mrs. Carruthers was here, Rotha," he said rather anxiously. "Is she up at Bryn, then?"

"No, she has just gone into Blackscar, and I do not expect her back until nearly five. Why, did you want her?" she asked, struck by something grave in the vicar's tone.

In reply he went to the door and shut it carefully, and then, taking a seat, stirred the fire thoughtfully, and warmed his hands over it, for the afternoons were growing decidedly chilly.

"Do you think you could find her? he asked after a pause, during which Rotha's curiosity had been strongly roused by his unusual gravity.

"Well, I am not quite sure that I can. She has gone to the infirmary, and to the bank, and to several shops. Is anything the matter, Mr. Ord?"

"There is no time to be lost," continued the vicar musingly, and rubbing his hands slowly over each other. "The rector said so, and I suppose he knew. Rotha, who do you think is lying ill, apparently dying, only two or three miles from here?"

Rotha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then the truth flashed on her.

"Do you mean Jack Carruthers, poor Meg's husband?" and the vicar nodded.

"I have just come from the rector's, Rotha. I hurried on here thinking I could find her before I took the train for Thornborough. You know I have to preach a charity sermon at St. Luke's?"

"Well!" exclaimed Rotha, breathlessly.

"I must tell you what he said. But you must find Mrs. Carruthers, for there is no time to be lost. Mr. Hodgson sent for me directly he found out the truth.

"Early this morning he was sent for by the landlady of the Pig and Whistle, a little public-house on the Leatham road, just before you turn off by the path that leads to the Leatham woods. I daresay you have often passed it; there is an old stone drinking-trough placed under a very fine elm tree, with a small green before it, always full of geese."

"Yes, yes," returned Rotha eagerly; "I went in once with Meg to ask my way."

"Well, the landlady is a very tidy body, and she told Mr. Hodgson when he got there that she was greatly troubled about a poor man who had come in for a night's lodging about ten days ago, and had lain there ever since, growing from bad to worse, till at last the doctor said that he had not many hours to live, and she thought she had better fetch a clergyman to him. She described him when he came in as very emaciated and miserable looking, almost as though he had been half-starved, with a driven hunted look in his eyes, as though he was not quite in his right mind; and she described to the rector his moaning and restless picking at the clothes as a sign that the end was not far off."

"Oh, my poor Meg!" sighed Rotha; but the vicar went on.

"I must tell you exactly what happened, and then leave it in your hands. Mr. Hodgson went up, of course, and found the poor creature just as she described, and a more forlorn object the rector said he had never seen. He had evidently once been a fine-looking man, the rector said, but a more hollow, wasted face he had never seen, rendered more intensely deathlike by the ragged black whiskers and beard, and eyes unnaturally large. He seemed pleased to see Mr. Hodgson, and told him scraps of his history as well as he could. He had been a sheep-farmer in Australia, and had afterward gone to the diggings; had then lost all, and worked his way home again; and in some drunken fray had broken a blood-vessel, and had lain in a hospital for months at the point of death. He gave his name as Jack Carruthers, and told Mr. Hodgson that he had a wife living, he supposed, near London; that he had made some attempts to find her, but had never succeeded. But his description of her to Mr. Hodgson so exactly resembled our Mrs. Carruthers, whom he had met several times at my house, that, without saying anything to the poor fellow, he brought back a scrap of his handwriting with him and sent for me at once."

"There can be no doubt that it is her husband, I suppose," interrupted Rotha at this point.

"None, I think; but, of course, she will recognize his handwriting. Now, Rotha, I can do nothing more in the business myself, and I must leave it, as I said before, in your hands. Will you undertake to find Mrs. Carruthers for me, for I am afraid, from the rector's account, that this is the poor fellow's last night on earth? Mr. Hodgson has promised to go again tomorrow in case he should be alive. But he could make very little impression on him. All the time he was praying he was meaning out to 'Madge'—I suppose that was his wife—to come to him."

"I will go at once," returned Rotha, lifting up the sleeping child in her arms.

"And I will wait and go with you as far as the station," observed the vicar. And in another five minutes Rotha and he had left the house together.

The bank was already closed, but Rotha went to the infirmary and to several of the principal shops before she found Meg in the chemist's dark little back parlor waiting till sundry prescriptions had been made up. Rotha made some excuse to the druggist and took her out, and then, linking her arm in hers, led the way down one of the side streets which led to old Blackscar church and to the Leatham road.

It was a cloudy afternoon, and already it was growing dusk, and one or two drops, forerunners of a wet evening, splashed down on Rotha's mantle.

"Meg, darling, can you bear a shock? Will you promise me not to be too much upset at what I am going to tell you?" began Rotha very tenderly, all the more as she felt the sudden close grip of her arm.

"Something is the matter! You have heard of Jack! He is dead!" exclaimed Meg in a wild, pitiful sort of way, as she caught sight of Rotha's grave face.

"No; not so bad as that. Meg, dear, look at this writing; is it his?" She need not have asked when she saw Meg kissing it and crying over it.

"My own Jack's handwriting! Oh, Rotha, for pity's sake tell me where you have got it. Is he alive? Can I go to him?"

"We are going to him, and I trust to heaven that we may find him alive. But he is very ill, Meg—desperately so; dying, they say." And then as they hurried on, regardless of the fast pattering drops, she told Meg all that she had heard from the vicar, and begged her to prepare herself and be calm for Jack's sake, as well as her own, for he was very ill, so very ill, and so on.

Meg made no answer but to wring her hands and walk on faster; once she broke out into bitter weeping when she heard he had asked for "Madge."

"He never called me anything but that when he was in a good humor," she said. "Oh, Jack, Jack, just to hear you call me that once more," and then quickened her pace till Rotha could hardly keep up with her. It was a wet evening, and still early, and there were few loungers around the door of the Pig and Whistle; and they took very little notice of the two ladies, who, they supposed, wished to take shelter from the approaching storm.

"It is going to be a dirty night, ladies," said one who looked like the hostler.

Rotha said, "Yes, a very unpleasant evening," and pushed past into the little dark entry, where a bright glow shone from the bar, in which a rosy-faced landlady was sitting alone at a little round table drinking tea.

Even under these painful circumstances Rotha noticed how cozy it looked, and what a bright fire it was, before the landlady started up at the sight of the two ladies, and came bustling up.

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE. (6871).

It is during the warm days that a woman takes keenest delight in her negligees, and these are therefore a part of her wardrobe which she does not fail to provide. A very restful and pleasing gown which suggests the kimono in style is sketched, and will prove most charming for the home-sewer to fashion. It is box-pleated, front and back, to yoke depth, so that plenty of fullness is provided for the skirt portion. The gown falls free from the shoulders, and may be slipped on easily for lounging, or as a bath robe. The Japanese fabrics are best suited to the making of this gown, but any soft silk or tub fabric would serve. For the medium size 6¼ yards of 44-inch goods are needed.

6871—Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

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.

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Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

OWES EXISTENCE WHOLLY TO SPITE

Town That Was Expected To Be the Metropolis of New England.

Verona, Me., May 23.—This intensely Yankee town with its intensely Italian name, was born out of spite.

Long before the English fleet sailed up the Penobscot River in the autumn of 1812 and laid Bangor under heavy tribute the present town was known as Orphan's Island, and had been surveyed and mapped out as the future metropolis of New England.

A long bridge, costing many thousands of dollars, was built to connect the island with Buckport and paid for from the sales of a few choice lots near the center of the unborn city.

The Westmores and Heaths and Bowdoins and Bridgesses, who were interested in the plan, looked down on old John Jacob Astor as an amateur in finance and thought the rich men of Boston mere beggars.

Later on it was discovered that the drawing of expensive maps and the making of elaborate plans would not insure an immediate sale of real estate. The promoters ran short of money, and became plunged in debt. They applied to Bucksport for help in repairing the great bridge.

When their prayers were not granted, out of spite they asked the legislature for a town charter, and were made joyful when the new town of Verona was born.

The decline of weir fishing and shipbuilding nearly depopulated the island after the civil war, but recovery has followed slowly through great attention to agriculture.

Though the town is seven miles long and nearly three miles wide at its bilge, though several of the residents are wealthy, neither as Orphan's Island nor as Verona has there ever been a settled clergyman, or lawyer, or doctor reside on its area.

There is no church, and when a citizen dies he has to be taken across the bridge to find interment in a cemetery.

There has never been a murder or any serious crime committed on the island since its first settlement.

No postoffice has ever been placed on the charmed ground by a benevolent and paternal nation.

No sheriffs ever cross the bridge to serve legal instruments.

No minister drops in to take supper with worshipful parishioners.

When a doctor from Bucksport rides through the neighborhood it creates as much of a sensation as a circus parade.

If undertakers relied upon Verona for patronage they would go into insolvency.

It is a place where no barber's pole hangs to allure customers.

No book agent ever calls.

WIFE'S STATUE ON GRAVE

Promise Exacted by Kentucky Colonel To Be Carried Out.

Lexington, Ky., May 23.—At the head of the grave of Col. James E. Pepper, a noted distiller and turfman, will be erected a monument that will be adorned with the statue of his wife, Mrs. Ella Offutt Pepper. A cast of Mrs. Pepper's features will be taken next week, and a sculptor will be put to work at once to complete the model before fall. Mrs. Pepper is a noted beauty, and before her marriage to Col. Pepper traveled abroad, where she was regarded as the most beautiful American woman to visit Europe. Before his death, Col. Pepper exacted the promise from Mrs. Pepper that she would permit her statue to rest at the head of his grave.

We always have on hand a large assortment of used Square and Upright Pianos at $50 to $150, payable 50 cents per week. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence. 23tf

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

The Best Day of the Season to Buy a New Tailored Suit

Read Saturday's Bargain News: Note the Savings:

Nothing better in the way of genuine suit bargains has been offered to the public this season than what we have in store for you tomorrow. These suits are the very newest in designs and materials. They are unusually well made. Cut to fit accurately, and present a very handsome appearance. You can't really tell how much extra value you are getting for your money until you see them, so drop in tomorrow and look them over. Earlier, the wider the choice.

For $15 you can have one of those popular Panama Suits in green or black, or a choice of a series of the smartest kind of tweed effects in light shades. All have the jaunty Eton coats and prettily pleated skirts. Regular price $18.50, Saturday and Saturday only, your choice for.....**$15**

For $18.50 you can select from a splendid lot of the most attractive Eton suits, garnet, navy and black panamas, and natty light tweeds. These are certainly some of the most stylish suits we have shown this season. Worth $22.50, the following bargain price is good only for Saturday.....**$18.50**

$12 Raincoats Marked Down to $10

Two dollars saved on the price of one of these new and most up-to-date raincoats is not to be despised. No space for details—the coats will sell themselves on sight, anyway. You may have a black, fawn or gray cravenette or one of those latest ideas in light tweeds with neat overcheck. This price is just for Saturday's selling.....**$10**

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

Keep Your Temper

Save your time and your strength. Do not waste them trying to make good bread and pastry with an inferior flour. You will get only trouble and disappointment for your pains.

The easy and satisfactory way to bake is to use "FIVE ROSES" Flour, as this brand never gets lumpy or hardens, and never needs any special preparation for use.

Its uniformity is such that, unlike ordinary brands, the same methods, all of them simple, can be used with every bag. "FIVE ROSES" Flour, an oven, some water, a little yeast and common sense will give you a whiter and sweeter loaf, and lighter and flakier pastry, with less trouble than any ordinary brands on the market. Users of it save time, temper, and money.. "FIVE ROSES" is, in fact, the flour that satisfies.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co., Limited.

MONTREAL.

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

Lord Kelvin once showed that all the oxygen in the atmosphere probably came from the action of sunlight on plants. When the earth was a globe of hot liquid it contained no vegetable fuel, and probably no free oxygen. But as it cooled off plants appeared on its surface, and these began to evolve oxygen through the medium of the sunbeams. Upon the oxygen thus derived we depend for the maintenance of life by breathing.

PAIN IS A PUNISHMENT.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health, against carelessness regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity, and takes up its abode in a man, and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain cannot stay where it is used, but immediately flees away.

In 1856 Miss Phelps, a philanthropic Englishwoman, introduced embroidery among the women of Maderia, as an employment which does not conflict with domestic duties. Today about 50,000 women are regularly employed in this work, at wages from 10 to 50 cents a day.

Don't Put It Off Longer

GET RID OF THAT INDIGESTION AT ONCE BY USING MI-O-NA.

Either through slackness or carelessness hundreds of people slowly poison themselves by chronic indigestion. By neglecting to cure at once any sluggishness of the important organs of digestion the system is filled with fermenting and decaying food that results in sick headaches, heartburn, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, specks before the eyes, sleeplessness, nervous troubles and the many other symptoms that are the direst result of indigestion.

The want of a perfectly safe yet effective cure for indigestion and stomach troubles in their many forms was felt up to the time of the successful investigations that resulted in the production of Mi-o-na stomach tablets. They quickly cure the worst cases of indigestion, and the pain and distress which are often felt after meals disappear in a very few days—such is the wonderful curative power of Mi-o-na.

The old-fashioned medicines for stomach troubles merely digest the food, while Mi-o-na strengthens the digestive organs so that they soon become able to care for the food that is eaten.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets cost but 50 cents a box and do more real good than a dozen boxes of the ordinary digestive tablets. W. T. Strong gives an absolute, unqualified guarantee to refund the money if Mi-o-na fails to cure. 46-c-xyx

Bon Ami

The Best Scouring Soap Made

A Scouring Soap
A Metal Polish
A Glass Cleaner

Homeseekers' Excursion.

The Canadian Pacific has announced dates for annual homeseekers' excursions to the Canadian Northwest. From Ontario points dates will be June 4 and 18, July 2, 16 and 30, Aug. 13 and 27, Sept. 10 and 24. Under certain conditions berths in tourist cars can be arranged for. Rates and full information from W. Fulton, C. P. and T. A., 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond. 45c

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.

HOLLOWAY'S CORN CURE is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Artificial silk is made from wood pulp in Sweden. The imitation is excellent, but it is found that many dresses made from it have been discarded because the creases made when the wearers sit down do not come out. It is scarcely possible to distinguish the real from the artificial silk, but this defect has proved fatal for use as dress pieces.

Africa has 3,000,000 native Christians.

India has 25,000,000 acres of irrigated lands.

IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

BIG G. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

Ready for Use in Any Quantity.

For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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