

A MISSION FULFILLED

You must leave off saying "Dio," my daughter; you will shock my mother she hears you. Very likely, however, muttered, smiling to himself, "she didn't understand it."

They were talking in English—as she had encouraged her to do lately—the little expletive had been uttered as usual, in her own tongue.

"Dio, sposo mio, what am I to say?" she said, pausing, a little puzzled. "You might say 'Goodness me!' or 'Heavens!' if you must say something 'goodness-me'!" she repeated fully. "Dio, sposo mio! Oh, no, caro! I could not say that. Ah, Dio! no, it is so funny. Tell me of some word."

With a burst of laughter, one of my sisters is always saying, "Dio!" but I don't advise you to say that, Margie; it isn't good."

"Good form?" she repeated, doubtfully. "Ah, sposo mio, it is those sisters of yours that I am afraid of, more than of your father and mother. Old Dio! I always love; and I will try to like them love me."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the young man. "You mustn't call my mother 'Heavens,' or there will be a pretty kettle of fish."

"Heavens!" echoed Margherita, laughingly. "Yes, I will say that, caro! But why, is 'Dio' better than 'Heavens'?"

"Good gracious, no; you mustn't say 'Heavens!' he exclaimed.

"You leave the 'h' out and call it 'Dio,'" he explained.

"Then, I will say, 'Good—gracious!'"

"But why should the signora be angry? Is she not your own mother?"

"Yes, my dear little simpleton. But English ladies never like to think they are growing old."

She looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"And your father, must one call him 'Dio'?"

"Oh, you may call my father anything you like; it won't make any difference. He's always more or less of a simpleton."

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



AN APRON OF UNUSUAL STYLE (4089).

Mothers who are looking for something in apron styles, which are just a bit different from those the little daughter has been wearing ever since she became big enough to wear pinafores, will appreciate the design shown. The apron is in sack style, but tucked in the yoke outline so as to overcome any slight-fitting effect in front, which so many mothers object to. A unique collar is another desirable feature, as is also the sleeve frill, which may or may not be used. The design is a good one to follow for a princess model, by extending the embroidery from the front at either side of the tucks. This model has none of the "ear-marks" of the ready-made, and will find many admirers, who want something new and original. The medium size calls for 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

4089—Size, 4 to 12 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name

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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 put measure you need only mark 22, 24, 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 "yards." 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.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

cranky, whatever one says to him."

"Ah! he suffers—I will love him," said Margherita, with sudden warmth, and her husband bent over her once more to kiss her, laughing.

"My dear little girl, I am afraid you will find it difficult to win my father's heart. He is not easily pleased."

"But," he added, half to himself, "if anyone can, you will."

"Is he very learned, Keith, mio?"

"He reads a good deal. He can't do much else, being crippled."

"Then I will ask him to teach me."

Keith smiled. The notion of his cranky, unsocial father teaching even so gentle and submissive a pupil as Margherita was a very absurd one.

"And your sisters, sposo mio—they are very grand—very fashionable, are they not? Will they help me to know what to do when I go among all your rich friends?"

"Now, look here, Marghe," said her husband, abruptly. "You are to hold your own when you get home. I won't have you knocking under to my sisters. You are as good as they are."

"But, caro mio, and the pleading face looked troubled. Into his, I thought they would teach me everything. May I not ask advice of them?"

"Certainly not, or they will sit upon you. Come to me when you want to know anything. But you will go on right enough."

"Sit on me," she repeated, with so dumfounded an air that he burst into a roar of laughter. "Ah, what is that, sposo mio? Ah, Dio, this terrible language!"

"You will find Florence the best—the unmarried one. The eldest, Lady Meredith, will probably make herself as disagreeable as she can to you—at any rate, at first; but I dare say Florence will be friendly. But don't try to copy her manners, my Marghe; your own are far better."

Her soft dark eyes had been opening more and more during his last speech, but she thought over it in silence for some time before she answered. At length she spoke, with a certain timidity.

"But they are your sisters, caro mio—they love you, do they not?"

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Love me? Oh, yes, I suppose so, as people do love their brothers and sisters nowadays."

The dark eyes grew more and more troubled, and finally filled with tears.

"But—but, sposo mio—"

"But, but piccola sposa, suppose you let your perplexed brain rest a bit, and leave off worrying round these momentous questions; they will all solve themselves in time. Meantime, child, you haven't told me what the content of your letter was. I am not afraid of your failing. In love with my wife when I bring her out."

And Ronaldson smiled again to himself at the ideas suggested to him by this impromptu little joke, so utterly beyond the comprehension of his simple-hearted bride.

CHAPTER X.

Lady Elizabeth Is Jealous.

"For mercy's sake, Mildred, stir the fire a little. And Lizzie, draw your chair closer up. It's as cold as if it were January."

"And tomorrow the 1st of April!" replied Lady Elizabeth, with a little shudder. "I wonder," she continued, with a laugh, "how the Italian bride will enjoy this sort of weather?"

"I shouldn't think it could affect her," remarked Lady Meredith, in a scornful tone. "Fisher-girls don't usually think much of such things."

"She has probably been used to enduring it bareheaded and barelegged," observed Florence. "Don't you remember Dary's picture last year in the academy, 'A Capri Fisher-girl'? I went to have another look at it again as soon as Keith wrote to inform us of his marvelous marriage. I wanted to get a good idea of my sister-in-law. It was very delightful—legs bare to the knees, arms to the elbow, both of course, a good red-brown dress (what there was of it) a good de-collette altogether; bold black eyes, and matted black hair; skin the color and texture of a walnut."

"And that was the portrait as drawn by an artist's mastery!" exclaimed Lady Elizabeth. "Florence, my dear, I congratulate you."

"It's very odd," said the other; "I can't make it out. Keith used to have some judgment and good taste in women. How on earth he can ever have been so stupid as to marry a lunatic is impossible to guess. He must have been neatly cajoled, some way or other."

"Oh, my dear," remarked Lady Elizabeth, "men are like that." (She had been married herself for two years, and, if report said truly, was already tired of her husband, so that she was a perfect expert in such matters, and entitled to speak.)

"Many men are like that," she repeated, carelessly. "They march on straight enough and sober enough for a time, and then a fit of lunacy comes over them, and they go mad after some woman. He must have been like Henry VIII. over his little brown Anne Boleyn, with a scar on her neck and a finger short."

"It's a change they want," remarked Florence; "we're all alike, Lizzie."

"Just so, my dear—change and excitement. Too much even of champagne and less grows wearisome; and I believe the very coarseness attracts them, as something new."

"It's nothing to me," said Florence Ronaldson, flicking a fire-screen round and round before her face, "so long as they don't marry them. But it's rather too odd to be presented with a sister-in-law of that sort."

Lady Elizabeth stock in laughed, and Lady Meredith frowned and walked away abruptly. She was a hard, unsympathetic, worldly woman, but she was a moral one, and the coarse innuendo of her sister was not to her taste.

No Appetite
Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

"What on earth will you do with her?" inquired Lady Elizabeth.

"I know what I should do with her if Keith weren't here," replied the other, irritably. "I should send her down to the kitchen to wash up for the cook!"

"It will be an awful bore for you, having her on your hands all day long. And at meals, too. How do you suppose she will eat—with her knife, I suppose?"

"Oh, I dare say Keith has taught her not to cut her throat. But probably it will make one sick to sit with her. Heavens! how he, of all men, could be such a fool!"

Lady Elizabeth laughed softly.

"Do not be hard upon him, my dear. I dare say he repents himself bitterly by now for his folly."

"No; that's the most ridiculous part of it. He's quite mad; he writes as if he were just as much in love with her as ever, and talks of her like an equal. Great idiot!" Keith concluded, more forcibly than politely.

Lady Elizabeth looked for the first time really interested. Metaphorically speaking, she pricked up her ears. It was no uncommon thing for social position to ally itself with low-born beauty; the Lord of Burleigh was still to be found in his moon-in-lunatic stage in modern society; but a man who, after eight or nine months' companionship, still adored a peasant wife, and could uphold his choice to his own family, if not to himself—this must be a curious specimen, a very freak of nature.

She had never before, in her acquaintance with his family, and her intimacy with the younger daughter of the house, only dated back a little more than a year ago, when her newly-married husband, Colonel Stockton, a man of means and county position, brought her to his pretty place in Eyrefield Court, only a few miles from the Grange, Mr. Ronaldson's property. Her friendship with Miss Ronaldson—if friendship it might be called, where each only sought amusement in the other—had ripened with the rapidity of such ephemeral growths, the gossamer that springs up and withers in a day. Both were of the good-looking, fair type of Englishwomen, and both were accustomed to ride in the van of every popular or fashionable social whirl, and anxious to be accredited leaders in their own set. For the first few weeks of their acquaintance they had appeared as rivals, but had apparently reached simultaneously the conclusion that an alliance would be more politic as well as more agreeable. As rivals, as friends, they were, or thought they were, omnipotent.

For Elizabeth Ronaldson was twenty-four, and her friend twenty-three years of age; but Lady Elizabeth, though almost childlike in appearance, was more than a year in advance of the other in social experience and social assurance. She it was who generally led, and the follower who followed; and it is a process, if reversed, might have been more edifying to the world and better for themselves. For it was undeniable that Miss Ronaldson was neither so cautious nor so vain as her companion. The advent of a pretty woman into their own immediate circle was the signal for instinctive and immediate preparations of a hostile nature, as it was to her companion. Had the plebeian bride not been her own sister-in-law, she would probably have regarded her with a good-humored indifference, free from jealousy.

To be Continued.

SAYS MAN POOR TEACHER

Cannot Show the Actress. How to Express Emotion.

Paris, Sept. 4.—Is a man capable of showing a woman how a woman's emotion is to be expressed on the stage? Does he know how a woman, every woman, acts and holds herself and looks in love and in hate, in her joy and in her anguish, in moments of quivering sensibility, in moods of innocent coquetry? Does a man feel as a woman feels, the woman's part? Is he able to indicate even to the veriest novice when precisely her face is to begin to cloud at the hearing of news that is to wreck her life, when she is to shrink in outraged sense of dignity at terrible words of insult, and when her natural reply would consist simply in a certain way of putting on her gloves, a peculiar twist given to her parasol as she walks off the boards?

In France the state thinks man is all competent here; so the national school of acting is entirely under the rule of men.

The stage begins to think him inadequate and there is a cry from some of the actresses of France for the de-throning of man from the professional chair and the installing of woman, either as sole priestess of the drama or at least equal sovereign by man's side.

Mme. Almee Tessander, creator of the Ariadne and lieutenant of Sarah Bernhardt, expressed herself decidedly on the question.

"An actress' true training lies in developing her womanly character; her greatness depends upon her being able to feel intensely and translate her feeling precisely into action."

"A man may teach a woman how to enunciate, how to indicate the rhythm of prose and of verse; he may teach her the secret conventional classic attitudes, but he will fall short when it comes to the manifestation of emotion, sorrow, joy and all the multitude of sentiments which stir a woman's being."

The interpretation of a role in the modern theater in which the actress must often in a few minutes pass from laughter to tears, is a complex thing full of subtle delicacies of feeling and of expression which a man, however, he may perceive them when they are acted out before him, could never originate, never indicate to his pupil."

NOT BADLY INJURED.

Washington, Sept. 4.—According to a telegram received at the navy department today from Commander Coffman, commanding the cruiser Boston, which was reported to have gone on the rocks off Peabody Islands, in the Straits of Rosaria, the cruiser is now in port at Bellingham, Wash. Nothing was said in the dispatch about any accident to the ship, and the presumption at the depot is that she was not badly injured.

FACTS ON MURDER OF RUSSIAN JEWS

Description of Bialystok Where So Many Innocent Met Awful Death.

Bialystok, Russia, Sept. 4.—The scene of the terrible massacre of June 14 is a prosperous, progressive and enterprising town on the railway from St. Petersburg to Warsaw and about two hours' ride from the latter city. It is the capital of Lithuania, and a very old town, founded in 1320, with a castle which was the scene of many a stubborn battle between the barons. It is now an institute for girls, and one of the finest schools in Russia. Bialystok, like other Jewish towns, is noted for its educational and benevolent institutions, which are models of their kind. The hospitals are said to be quite as modern and progressive as any in Germany, and the surgeons are famous for their skill. Jews and Gentiles live in harmony together, and the most friendly relations have always existed between them. Four-fifths of the population are Jews. The remainder are Roman Catholics, with a few Protestants. There are scarcely any members of the Orthodox Greek Church, except the Government officials. During the debate in the Duma on the massacre Bishop Ropp, of the Roman Catholic Church, who has jurisdiction over this diocese, testified that there was no racial or religious prejudice whatever, and that the members of his faith had no hostility or prejudice against the Jews.

Bialystok is one of the most important manufacturing towns in Russia, with several large woolen mills, where blankets, dress goods and other fabrics are woven by 3,000 Jewish weavers. The factories are owned and managed by Jews, and nearly all the operatives belong to the same faith. Being situated in the midst of a fertile agricultural country, Bialystok is an important commercial center with several rich banks and large mercantile establishments and commission houses. Some of the latter handle a good many American agricultural implements and machinery. The Jews own everything—nine-tenths of the most desirable banks and nearly all the trades and industries are under their control, and they have made Bialystok one of the finest towns in Europe. The streets are wide and well paved, lined with handsome residences and attractive shops, fine hotels, cafes, restaurants and other evidences of tastes and prosperity.

Bialystok is the civil and military headquarters of Lithuania and an important strategic point near the German border. It is, therefore, strongly fortified, and has a garrison of several thousand troops quartered in barracks surrounding the city. Practically the only residents of importance who are not Jews are the civil and military officials.

Bialystok is also the center of revolutionary activity in Western Russia and the headquarters of the Jewish "bund," the most effective of all revolutionary societies. It has given the police a great deal of trouble, and the military authorities, particularly because of its aggressive propaganda among the soldiers. That was the real cause of the massacre. It was not due to any religious or racial prejudices. There were no citizens of Bialystok in the mob, except a few local hoodlums. The men who did the looting were nearly all strangers, who were brought to this city by the police for that express purpose. It is believed that many of them were hired, others had their expenses paid and were given full license to loot. Several of the rioters were identified as policemen in citizen's dress.

It has been definitely established that Russian Catholics took part in the disturbance, and several members of that faith endeavored to restrain the mob and the soldiers. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to bring them into the affair. Circulars were sent by the police to every house charging the Jews with revolutionary activities and with being enemies of the Government, but no attention was paid to them. A circular was also distributed among the soldiers accusing the Jews of trying to overthrow the Government and to assassinate the Czar, "just as they murdered Christ."

This publication of the official version of the censor, dated June 4, 1906, and closes with the words:

"Away with Zionism!"

"Away with the red flag!"

"Away with the red Jewish free-

dom!"

"Away with Jewish equality!"

"Away with all hostile Jewish innovations!"

"Russian soldiers, up and at the enemy!"

"Forward! Forward!"

These appeals, however, had no effect so far as exciting the prejudice of the Russian soldiers, and it became necessary to employ strangers who entered shop after shop and commenced looting. When the owners resisted soldiers came and killed them. When they fled in terror they were followed with volleys of bullets; and when they were overtaken they were stabbed with bayonets.

The people of Bialystok live in large apartment-houses, four or five stories high, including one or more courts. The street fronts are occupied by small shops. These tenement-houses are not crowded like the ghettos of New York or London. The inhabitants have plenty of room, light and air, but there is only one entrance, through which all must come and go, and therefore it was easy for the soldiers and the mob to prevent people who were in the streets from obtaining shelter in their homes.

SPECIAL NOTICE

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

TURKS AND ARMENIANS.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 4.—The situation in Southern Caucasus, where the Tatar-Armenian hostilities are in full sway, has grown so serious that the viceroy has superseded Gen. Gotchikoff, governor-general of Elizabetopol Province, by Gen. Bauer, whose name is coupled with that of Gen. Akhanooff in connection with the strong methods by which order was restored in the Caucasus after the revolt of last winter.

C. P. R. To Toronto Fair.

\$2.55 on Sept. 1, 4 and 6. Any other date until Sept. 8, \$4.00. All tickets good for return until Sept. 11. Morning train leaves C. P. R. depot at 8:45 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 a.m. daily, except Sunday. Early train leaves at 6:05 a.m., arriving Toronto 8:30 a.m. Strictly first-class equipment, ample accommodation for all. Call at C. P. R. Ticket Office, corner Dundas and Richmond, 194.

A Big List of Timely Suggestions From Our Popular Linen and Staple Dept.

Western Fair visitors will soon be crowding in on us, and all who expect friends to reside with them during the Fair interval should come at once to Gray & Parker's and complete their supplies of Table Linens, Pillow Cottons, Sheetings, Towels, Bed Spreads, etc.

It will pay you to come here for these goods, whether you have a few needs to fill or a list long enough to stock up a big hotel. Gray & Parker prices are winning us a greater following among the shrewd economists every month. It's really "up to you" to see if we cannot more than please you, too.

White Honeycomb Spreads	60c, 95c, \$1.15, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25	Bleached Table Linen, 60 inch, special at	49c
White Marseilles Spreads	\$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$4.50 and \$5.00	Bleached Table Linen, 72 inch, special at	50c
Colored Spreads at	75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25	Unbleached Table Linen, 58 inch	25c
Huck Towels, 30x18, fringed and unfringed. Specials, a pair	20c	Unbleached Table Linen, 55 inch	35c
Huck Towels, 33x19, plain and fancy border. Only, a pair	25c	Unbleached Table Linen, 60 inch	39c
A special line of Pure Linen Huck Towels, fringed and not fringed. Pair	35c and 40c	Unbleached Table Linen, 70 inch	50c
Another special line of Plain Huck Towels, 45x21. Hemstitched, 42x25. Either kind for a pair	50c	Unbleached Table Linen, 72 inch	60c and 85c
Both Towels at a pair, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, up to \$1.50		Table Napkins, specials at, per dozen	17c
Bleached Table Linen, 56 inch, special at	39c	Five O'Clock Tea Cloths, each	50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$3.50
		Tray Cloths, each	25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c and 75c
		Pillow Shams, per pair	90c to \$3.00
		Special values in White and Gray Cottons.	

150 Dundas and Carling.

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling.



An Old Notion

Still held by some women is that it is impossible to make good pastry from flour made of Manitoba Hard Wheat. Consequently they buy hard wheat flour for bread and soft wheat flour for pastry, and go to a good deal of unnecessary trouble.

Since the appearance of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR on the market there is no need for any housekeeper to do this, as the brand is made by a process which renders it not only the ideal flour for bread, but which guarantees equally good results for pastry when used the "Five Roses" way.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR will make lighter and flakier pastry than any ordinary brands on the market, whether made from hard or soft wheat. All we ask is that you will give it a fair and unprejudiced trial for pastry on your next Baking Day. The results will, we know, more than satisfy you.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL.

Limited.

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

SHAW WRITING ON DEATH

Says It Will Be His Most Amusing Dramatic Offering.

London, Sept. 4.—As the outcome of an article by William Archer, which was a dithyramb to death and contained a denial that Bernard Shaw could claim the highest rank as a dramatist till he had faced the King of Terrors on the stage, Mr. Shaw is writing a play about death which, he declares, will be the most amusing one he has ever written.

The play is in five acts with death at the end of the fourth. The death scene will be unlike any ever before represented on the stage, a consultation of doctors giving full scope to Shawisms.

BRIDE A SCRAPPER

Needed No Help in Putting Her Tormentors to Flight.

Taunton, Mass., Sept. 4.—Mrs. George Simmons, a bride of less than 24 hours, was serenaded by a party of 200 girls employed at a factory of Mansfield. Mrs. Simmons, who was Miss Mary Frances Eaton, was married by a Foxboro clergyman, and when her chums heard of it they pursued her. Her bike was tied, she was thrown and her dress torn. Mrs. Simmons at first wept bitterly, then, pushing up her short sleeves she sailed into the crowd.

Hair-pulling matches followed and then the bride began using her fists.

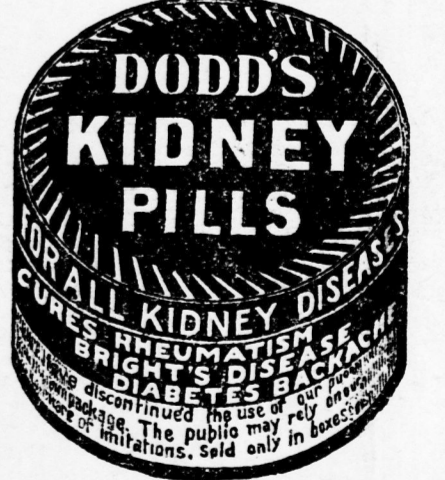
A Frequent Cause of Anaemia

Is constipation which can be avoided if Dr. Hamilton's Pills are used occasionally. None better for stomach, liver and bowels. Clear the complexion and tone the entire system. Price 25c.

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

Going on any regular train, Aug. 23, 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.

She swung right and left and the battle was raging wildly when the husband, attracted by the sounds of conflict, came to the rescue of his bride, although she was more than holding her own. Several of the girls had black eyes and scratched faces, and Mr. Simmons looked on in wonder at his bride's handiwork.



2 in 1 SHOE POLISH Black and White

A child does not need to be shown a good thing twice, and in this respect he is often ahead of his parents.

If you want "2 in 1" don't take anything else. Black in 10c, and 25c. tins. White in 15c. glass.

