

THE CRIMSON BLIND

BY FRED M. WHITE

"What a poisonous scoundrel he is!" David cried. "Miss Chris Henson does not hesitate to say that he was more of less instrumental in removing two people who helped her and her sister to defeat Henson, and now he makes two attacks on Van Sneek's life. Really, we ought to inform the police what has happened and have him arrested before he can do any further mischief. Penal servitude for life would about fit the case."

Van Sneek was jealously guarded by Heritage and Bell for the next few hours. He awoke the next morning little the worse for the operation. His eyes were clear now; the restlessness, eager look had gone from them.

"Where am I?" he demanded. "What has happened?"

Bell explained briefly. As he spoke his anxiety passed away. He saw that Van Sneek was following quite intelligently and rationally.

"I remember coming here," the Dutchman said. "I can't recall the rest just now. I feel like a man who is trying to piece the fragments of a dream together."

"You'll have it all right in an hour or two," Bell said, with an encouraging smile. "Meanwhile your breakfast is ready. Yes, you can smoke afterwards if you like. And then you shall tell me all about Reginald Henson. As a matter of fact, we know all about it now."

"Oh," Van Sneek said, blankly. "You do, eh?"

"Yes, even to the history of the second Rembrandt, and the reason why Henson stabbed you and gave you that crack over the head. If you tell me the truth you are safe. If you don't—why, you stand a chance of joining Henson in the dock."

Bell went off, leaving Van Sneek to digest this speech at his leisure. Van Sneek lay back on his bed, propped up with pillows, and smoked many cigarettes before he expressed a desire to see Bell again. The latter came in with Steel; Heritage had gone elsewhere.

"This gentleman is Mr. Steel?" Van Sneek suggested somewhat drily that it was. "But I see you are going to tell us everything," he went on. "That being so, suppose you begin at the beginning. When you told that copy of the 'Crimson Blind' to Lord Littler had you the other copy?"

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



CHILD'S APRON AND BLOOMERS.

Paris Pattern No. 2210. All sizes allowed.

For play time or morning wear, this little apron and bloomers will be found not only comfortable for the little ones but economic for the mother, as they save laundry bills and may be made of left over pieces or inexpensive remnants.

The apron is a plain sack style closed at the back and having a wide extending band at the under-arms secured by a button over the shoulder. It is made of figured cambric. A turn-over collar is a pretty neck finish and is bordered with a tiny frill of edging. The long bishop sleeves have their wristbands finished with similar frills.

The bloomers are closed at the sides and are patterned at the top to bands, in which button-holes are worked to attach the garment to the under-waist. They are drawn in at the knees by elastic in the bands. The apron and bloomers may be of like or different material. The pattern is in 4 sizes—2 to 8 years. For a child of 4 years the garments require 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide; with 1 1/2 yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

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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 sent 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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

something told me my life was in danger. "I was getting pretty sober by that time. It came to me that I had been lured there; that Henson had got into the house during the absence of the owner. It was late at night, in a quiet house, and nobody had seen me come. If that man liked to kill me he could do so and walk out of the house without the faintest chance of discovery. And he was twice my size, and a man without feeling. I looked round me furtively for a weapon."

"He saw my glance and understood it, and smiled again. I was trembling from head to foot now with a vague, nameless terror. From the very first I knew that I had not the smallest chance. Henson approached me and laid his hand on my shoulder. He wanted something, he gave that something over to him I was free, if not free."

"Well, gentlemen, I didn't believe him. He had made a discovery that frightened me. And I had what he wanted in my pocket. If I had handed it over to him he would not have spared me. As he approached me my foot slipped and I stumbled into the conservatory. I fell backwards. And then I recovered myself and defied Henson."

"'Fool,' he hissed, 'do you want to die?' 'But I knew that I should die in any case. Even then I could smile to myself as I thought how I could have my foe. Once, twice, three times he repeated his demands, and each time I was obstinate. I knew that he would kill me in any case."

"He came with a snarl of rage; there was a knife in his hand. I hurled a flower-pot at his head and missed him. The next instant and he had me by the throat. I felt his knife between my shoulders, then a stinging blow on the head, and till I woke here today I cannot recollect a single thing."

Van Sneek paused and wiped his face, wet with the horror of the recollection. David Steel gave Bell a significant glance, and the latter nodded.

"Was the thing that Henson wanted a ring?" Steel asked, quietly.

CHAPTER LIV.

Van Sneek looked up with some signs of confusion. He had not expected a question of that kind. There was just the suggestion of cunning on his face.

"A ring?" he murmured, vaguely.

"Now, look here," David said, sternly. "You are more or less in our power, you know, but we are not disposed to be hard on you so long as you are quite candid with us. Henson required something that he believed to be in your possession. Indeed, you have as good as told us about it. You, Henson lured you into my house to get that more than anything else. That he would have killed you even after that, I firmly believe. But that is not the point. Now, was not Henson looking for Prince Rupert's ring that you got from him by means of a trick?"

Van Sneek dropped his hands helplessly on his lap.

"Gentlemen," he whined, "you are too much for me. The marvelous accuracy of your knowledge is absolutely overwhelming. It was the ring Henson was after."

"The one you stole from him years ago?" But what did you know about it?"

Van Sneek smiled. "There is no living man who knows more about those things than I do," he said. "It is a pattern and a study. In Holland, Henson gave me the description of a ring he wanted me to be in your possession. Indeed, you have as good as told us about it. You, Henson lured you into my house to get that more than anything else. That he would have killed you even after that, I firmly believe. But that is not the point. Now, was not Henson looking for Prince Rupert's ring that you got from him by means of a trick?"

Van Sneek nodded. He was evidently impressed by the knowledge possessed by his questioners.

"That is the time you bought that diamond-mounted cigar-case?" David asked, quietly.

Van Sneek nodded. "I buy it because Henson asked me to. Henson says he made it all right about the Rembrandt, and that if I do as I am told he will give me \$500. His money is to come on a certain day, but I pump and I pump, and I find that there is some game against Mr. Steel, who is a great novelist."

"That is very kind of you," David said, modestly.

"Oh, against Miss End Henson," Van Sneek went on. "I met her, the young lady once and I liked her; therefore, I say I will be no party to getting her into trouble. And Henson says I am one big fool, and that he is only giving me a taste of his own kind of mind. I am a business man. So I ask no further questions, though I am a good bit puzzled. With the last bank-notes I possess I go to a place called Waken's and buy the cigar-case that Henson says. I meet him and hand over the case and ask him for my money. Henson swears that he has no money at all, not even enough to repay me the price of the cigar-case. He has been disappointed. And I have been drinking. So I swear I will write and ask Mr. Steel to see me, and I do so."

"And you get an answer?" David asked.

"Sir, I do. You said you would see me the same night. It was a forgery?"

"It was. Henson had anticipated something like that. I know all about the forgery, how my notepaper was procured, and when the forgery was written. But that has very little to do with the story now. Please go on."

Van Sneek paused before he proceeded.

"I am not quite sober," he said. "I am hot with what I called my wrongs. I come here and ring the bell. The hall was in darkness. There was a light in the conservatory, but none in the study. I quite believed that it was Mr. Steel who opened the door and motioned me towards the study. Then the door of the study closed and locked behind me, and the electric light shot up. When I turned round I found myself face to face with Henson."

Van Sneek paused again and shuddered at some hideous recollection. His eyes were dark and eager; there was a warm moisture like varnish on his face.

"Even that discovery did not quite sober me," he went on. "I fancied it was some joke, or that perhaps I had got into the wrong house. But no, it was the room of a literary gentleman. I expected to see Mr. Steel come in or to try the door. Henson smiled at me. Such a smile! He asked me if I had the receipt for the cigar-case about me, and I said it was in my pocket. Then he smiled again, and said: 'WHEN SEIZED WITH PAIN.'

Don't be alarmed, just apply Nerviline and almost as quick as the attack came, you'll get relief. Nerviline is composed of seven of the most powerful pain-subduing substances known to science. Any of them alone will cure pain—but combined they annihilate rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, stiff neck, lumbago and muscular aches of every kind. For internal use in cramps, indigestion, and stomach trouble. Polson's Nerviline acts just as surely as when applied outside. Nothing better in the family than a bottle of Nerviline. Thousands say so.

REID WEDDING NEXT IN ORDER

The Bride's Trou Beau Includes Half a Dozen Evening Gowns By Worth.

London, June 20.—Now that the ball at Dorchester House, to which all London had been looking forward, is a thing of the past, the next topic of interest is the wedding, the bride of which has made this well-known house her home for several years.

Although Miss Jean Reid and John Ward have known each other for some time, it was not until this year at Biarritz that the betrothal was reached. At that place the prospective bridegroom was in attendance on King Edward and Miss Jean Reid was visiting Mrs. Potter Palmer during her mother's absence in the United States. Then the news of this happy prospect for her daughter, which brought her to London, somewhat earlier than had originally been planned.

Details for the wedding are now complete. They have been carefully planned so as to keep the ceremony on a miniature scale and consistent with the size of the chapel royal. That is, there will be only children in attendance with the exception of Miss Jennie Crocker, who will be the maid of honor.

The dress of the bride is one of those French creations which, while sounding very simple in description, bears in very line and detail impossible to mistake. It is of softest satin a delicate ivory shade. It is draped on the shoulders with old rose point lace which belonged to Miss Jean Reid's grandmother. It is so arranged as to fall in matched by a long veil of rose point, which will fall from a wreath of orange blossoms. The lace of the dress is caught at intervals by little bouquets of tiny white roses and orange blossoms, both on the skirt and corsage. The long and court train is being bordered all round by trails of the same two flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have given their daughter a diamond tiara, and Lady Dudley and a large quantity of old Georgian silver. In fact, the bridegroom's family are contributing much of silver. Ogden Reid has given his sister a pair of diamond pearl earrings, and Miss Reid's grandfather, D. O. Mills, has presented her with a corset ornament of diamonds and emeralds. From Miss Jennie Crocker she has received a pearl and diamond ring. Pierpont Morgan's gift is a unique antique necklace of sapphires and emeralds, from which hangs a large engraved emerald copy of antique. The Duchess of Roxburgh's gift is a pearl and diamond bracelet.

Lord and Lady Barrymore have sent two gilt cups with covers. Mrs. J. J. Astor, a sapphire and diamond brooch. Mrs. W. D. Sloane, of New York, a diamond ring, and Mrs. Twombly a diamond hair ornament.

Mr. Ward has given his bride several handsome pieces of jewelry besides a lovely ruby ring which is an heirloom in the family.

Presentations from members of the royal family, of course, never sent until the last moment.

Miss Reid's trousseau has been chosen more with a view to immediate needs than with the old idea of supplying the bride with a number of dresses which will become old-fashioned before they are worn. Of her half-dozen or so Worth evening gowns the ones most worthy of note are a black net oversatin heavily embroidered with jet black diamonds; a rose-colored gown of de chene diamonds, having also a girde of black diamonds; another is of a shade known as taupe, which really is a pale mushroom gray, and two white ones, all of them in crepe de chine.

ORIENT FLOUR TRADE CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY

Obstacles in American Millers' Way May Help Dominion.

Vancouver, June 21.—Flour mills on the Sound are experiencing a slack time. The export trade to Orient is practically non-existent owing to the high price of wheat and the low price of silver. Mexican dollars are worth only 45 cents this year, as compared with 50 cents last year. There are large stocks of wheat lying at Hong Kong which must be sold before trade can recover its normal position.

The price of flour delivered in China this year is nearly twice as high as a year ago. The trade has not been able to make a profit of cut freight rates to the Orient.

California experienced a poor crop last year and drew on the other states for supplies, consequently draining stocks that would ordinarily have been used for export trade.

With a poor outlook for this year's Washington crops, it would seem that a similar state of affairs will prevail and that the price of flour on the Sound will be too high to be attractive to Oriental buyers. This should shift their attention to Canadian sources of supply and with a bumper crop almost assured, Canada should be able to thoroughly establish her flour in the Orient.

It is significant that at the annual convention of the Millers' National Federation being held in Detroit, the abolition of the duties between the United States and Canada should be advocated, thus showing that the United States millers are looking to Canadian wheat for a portion of their supplies.

The mills at Minneapolis have long been endeavoring to have special legislation enacted regarding spring wheats imported from Canada and as

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Nothing weak or waning about this sale. No diminishing of values, no contracting of assortments, no decrease of bargains. The event is in its prime—flourishing and thriving.

Bargains, and as many as you please, and prices are as low as they can be. Plenty of clerks to show you, and not one to urge you to buy. The crowds are great, but our facilities are greater.

Below are quoted a few items, picked at random from various departments. They are not the BEST in the store, but of about average goodness.

The best English Print, in light and dark colors, selling at 11¢. Regular price is 12 1/2¢ yard.

Door Panels Only a few; regularly sold from 25c to 75c. Selling at 19¢.

Fancy Cream Panamas, with a thread of colors running through. Nothing nicer for summer skirt or suit. Regular 75c, for 39¢.

Spot Muslin All size spots, in white grounds, spots colored; regular 20c and 25c, for 15¢.

Corset Cover Embroidery We never had such value in Corset Cover Embroidery, and never sold so many yards. We passed into stock this morning sixty full pieces like those we have been selling all through this sale. Regular 40c to 50c, for 25¢.

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182

150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST.

they depend largely on their export of patent spring wheat flour to Europe to enable them to manufacture low grades in sufficient quantities to attract the Orient, it is almost a certainty that they expect to have great difficulty in holding the markets they have practically hitherto controlled in the Orient.

With careful and adequate preparation during the next few months the coming fall should see a tremendous increase in Canadian flour exports through Vancouver.

CONVENTION RESULTS MAKE GOMPERS ANGRY

No Use for Procedure Plank—Will Take Own Plank to Denver.

Chicago, June 21.—Samuel Gompers and the other members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, who declared when they came to New York that their presence had nothing to do with the Republican national convention, have made it known that the executive council will meet in Denver on July 6 and will present an anti-injunction plank to the Democratic national convention for adoption in the party platform.

Mr. Gompers and the other national leaders of organized labor are very much dissatisfied with the injunction plank which was inserted in the platform as a result of a compromise here. Mr. Gompers is reported as being red hot over the action of the Republican platform makers. He is quoted as saying to friends that the Republican plank, instead of being anti-injunction, was really a pro-injunction plank, and that its only effect would be to strengthen the hands of the courts in the misuse of the federal legislation.

The view is attributed to Mr. Gompers that the provision that notice shall be given before an injunction is issued is nothing more than a meaningless catch phrase to hoodwink workmen.

The executive council of the federation of labor will have a meeting to consider the injunction question.

According to information received here Mr. Gompers believed that he had the assurance of President Roosevelt that an anti-injunction plank satisfactory to the Federation of Labor would be adopted by the Republican national convention.

MONKEY'S SKELETON FOUND IN RAFTERS

Organ-Grinder Lost His Little Friend Several Years Ago.

Toronto, June 21.—An unusual find, in the shape of a small, well-preserved skeleton, was discovered among the rafters of an old building at 214 Queen street west by Mr. C. Shear.

The building, which is over 100 years old, is being torn down to make room for a modern store, and when Shear climbed among the rafters at the rear, he suddenly came upon the bones lying near the roof.

Fearing that there might be some foul play in connection with the remains, Shear communicated with the police. The bones were carefully removed and examined, when it was seen that they belonged to a full-grown but small species of monkey.

Inquiries brought out the fact that some twelve years ago the monkey in question had formed part of the stock-in-trade of an Italian organ-grinder, named Angelo Grazzo. The two promenade the city streets, Angelo turning the handle of the organ and the monkey collecting the coppers. One day, however, the little animal disappeared, and Grazzo concluded it had been stolen, for the most careful search failed to reveal its whereabouts. It is evident now that the animal wandered off by itself, investigating, as monkeys will into every nook and corner, and in some way become imprisoned among

the rafters of the old house, to remain there until starved to death. Grazzo, who saw the skeleton this morning, was sure this could be the only explanation of the death of his one-time companion.

CAR ON FIRE IN HUDSON TUNNEL

Exploded Fuse the Cause—Rush for Solid Ground and Fresh Air Afterward.

New York, June 20.—The first real fire scare in the Hoboken tunnels occurred Saturday night, when the train which left Hoboken for New York at 9:05 reached the spot directly under the center of the North River.

The train had been running along at a high rate, when there was a loud report, followed by a flash of light, and the train bumped sharply to a standstill. With one accord the passengers who did not know just what had happened, jumped from their seats and stood trembling in the aisles. Most of them were white-faced, and a few women screamed.

"It's all right," shouted the motor-man, leaning into the car. "Just a fuse blown out."

He hardly had finished speaking when clouds of smoke began pouring up from underneath the car and in through the windows. Passengers at once got up again nervously. Men danger, and there were remarks about stopping to see the fisher and exploring the bed of the river.

The train remained motionless. Black smoke continued to fill the cars until the uneasiness increased. Gradually the sense of awe gave way to more of water over their heads and the car beneath them on fire roused the passengers to a pitch of excitement that bordered on panic.

As yet no one had tried to get out, but passengers looked at the steel walls of the tunnel that curved overhead and held them in. What if the car should begin to burn? What if another train dashing through the tunnel behind them should fall to stop and a collision follow, or the tunnel should spring a leak? There was no way of escape without risking the danger of the deadly third rail.

For more than fifteen minutes the train was still. It slowly began to move again and the smoke stopped. Everyone breathed with more comfort and took their seats again. The train had moved only a few feet when there was another slight explosion and another cloud of smoke stopped. The train began to move again. It was too much for the already nervous passengers. One woman stood up, screamed and fell back fainting. A number of other women rushed to her aid.

The smoke was now so thick that everyone was taking out a handkerchief and holding it to his nose. Passengers began to move uneasily from car to car. Suddenly courage seemed to leave all at once and there was a concerted rush for the exits. With praise-worthy presence of mind the conductors jammed all the doors shut. When the train began to move again it was partly restored and passengers again took their seats.

The train continued through the tunnel in this way, starting and stopping every few minutes. When Christopher street was at length reached the train had been nearly an hour in the tunnel. As the doors were opened there was a wild rush for the platforms and the open air of the street.

A few of the calmer passengers remained in the cars till the train reached Fourteenth street, where they were all put off. Had it not been for the fireproof construction of the flooring of the cars, the flames beneath the train might have spread to the upper workwood and there is no telling what might have happened.

The Woman's Peace Circle in New York continues its crusade against the introduction of rifle practice for school boys.

"INNOCENCE AT HOME"

Name of Mark Twain's New Villa in Redding, Conn.

New York, June 21.—Mark Twain departed yesterday for the summer to his new Italian villa in Redding, Conn., which he has named "Innocence at Home."

"Please be careful of the spelling," Mr. Clemens remarked, "for you see, I might offend some of my friends whom I have invited up to see me during the summer."

He was looking remarkably well in his white clothes, white shoes and white panama.

"How do you keep so young and so fit?" Mr. Clemens was asked.

"Well, I have applied the statute of limitations to my age. I don't eat according to the food experts, and I don't do anything according to rule, but I take precious good care to do the things that agree with myself, and not the things that somebody else has found good for them."

The teredo, or shipworm—which, in the days when vessels were made of timber, was responsible for more disasters than any other cause—is now threatening the Canadian timber trade.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.